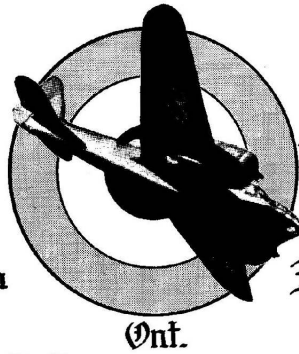


Mountain

R.C.A.F. Station



Viewpoint

Mountain View.

Ont.

VOL 1 — NUMBER 11.

PER ARDVA AD ASTRA

OCTOBER 15, 1942

COMMANDING OFFICER POSTED

To Leave Mountain View End of October

Adhering to its established policy of always bringing you the news two weeks late the Viewpoint now brings evil tidings, namely the posting of Group Captain Dunlap. We can't even say where, officially, because the Group Captain won't talk, but the moccasin telegraph says "overseas" and somehow or another the moccasin telegraph is usually right.

Group Captain Dunlap took over his duties as Commanding Officer of this Station on February 7th of this year and since that date has carried out his difficult duties sincerely and well and in doing so has won the high esteem of Officers and men alike.

The Group Captain in his fourteen years of service with the R. C. A. F. has had a full and adventurous flying career and in his duties has flown over much of the little known wilderness of our north country. He has flown photography, he has searched for lost flyers, he has hunted and fished in the interior of northern B. C. and sometimes now as he struggles over a thousand problems he must wish he was back there again.

The Commanding Officer whether by choice or chance, we do not know, went to Armament and was responsible for the set up and development of Armament in Canada. It was a big job and he did it well. Much of the credit for the present efficiency of Armament in Canada is due to his work.

Wherever the Group Captain goes he can feel that he carries with him the best wishes for success from all at Mountain View.

TODAY'S SMILE

"Bring me some cold porridge," said the soldier to the waitress. "Burn some toast to a cinder," he added. "Fry two bad eggs and serve them on a dirty plate. Make the coffee so that it tastes like mud, and bring it in a cracked cup so that it drips down my chin when I drink it. When you've done all that, sit down and nag me. I'm homesick."



The Commanding Officer Bids Farewell to the Troops

A large Station, like a large family, can be a source of pride and joy to the head of the house. The extent of such pride depends upon the success, the energy, the spirit and the deportment of the various members. The members of the family at Mountain View are well known to all. Their names are Maintenance, Equipment, Accounts, Armament, etc., etc. Regardless of name, regardless of trade, the one aim of the whole family is to produce highly trained personnel for service against the enemy. The fulfillment of this aim is not always easy. There are problems, there are obstacles, there are long hours, there are monotonous tasks. The spirit with which these difficulties have been tackled, the spirit with which each unit has competed to attain individual superiority whether it be at work or at play, has from the start filled me, as Commanding Officer, with pride. In one respect this does not make the parting easy now that the time has come to bid farewell, but it does permit me to leave with a knowledge that Mountain View will carry on, that each member of the family will lend mutual support to make the institution stronger. With the fullest appreciation of your loyal support I say . . . Au Revoir.

C. R. DUNLAP, Group Captain.

THANK YOU — NAPANEE

A story of the thoughtfulness, aptitude and help given by civilians in our country to the Service is not often told, even though it must happen, but this one must be broadcast. It shows resourcefulness to its fullest.

It happened Saturday night, September 26th. Sgt. McQuarrie, accompanied by two students, left on a bombing detail at 2000 hours. He became lost in the squall that blew in, finding that Mountain View was not where it should be (the squall had shifted it, he thought), he went looking for his lost station. Through the downpour he sighted the lights of a town.

Circling and circling the lights, wondering undoubtedly, where he was, he showed an intelligence unsurpassed, as the future proved.

Downstairs happened a Rotarian, a coal merchant named Harry Vine possibly doing his Saturday night shopping with Mrs. Vine, and he noticed the circling of this aircraft overhead (seemingly headed nowhere but to a convenient 50 acre field if the pilot knew where to find one). Mr. Vine thought he would take the matter in hand, provide the field, the lights and give the pilot all possible aid to land.

He went to work immediately, recruited about 300 cars and drivers, shepherded them to a fifty acre field on the outskirts of town, owned by a dairy man named Hunter, aligned the cars on one side of the field providing a flare path by means of the headlights.

Meanwhile, one of Mr. Vine's assistants, a Mr. Hubbert, gathered a quantity of straw, lit it so the pilot could judge his wind speed and direction and hurried back to help in any other capacity.

Mr. Vine then posted himself in the most logical spot to act as a control officer, armed with a flashlight, circling it to direct our pilot. Time went on but, in less than an hour from the time the aircraft was noticed it was nestling knee-deep in clay and stubble.

Upon the arrival of F/O Gregory and his boys for the commencement of the guards' long vigil, Mr. Vine took the pilot and crew to his home for a dinner, warmth and a rest, not once did he lose any surveillance over the matter until everything was disposed of to the satisfaction

(Continued on page 3)

MOUNTAIN VIEWPOINT

Published monthly by permission of the Commanding Officer.

★ ★ ★

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

EDITORIAL COMMENT

★ ★ ★

TO WHOM SHALL THE CREDIT GO?

At Athens beside the blue Aegean Sea a Greek peasant watched his family slowly die of starvation. Later he was apprehended and shot for killing a German officer. All this had come to pass because little Greece had dared to resist an invader, had loved freedom more than life without it, and in so doing had asked for neither credit nor acclaim.

In the burning desert south of Tobruk a wounded Australian pilot made a crash landing and two days later died with parched lips and swollen tongue. He left no note behind asking that due credit should be paid him.

There was a Russian guerrilla who was captured by a lost German patrol and told to guide them back to their own lines. He led them into a Russian land mine field and died with them and in this asked for no credit.

In Poland a girl was left for dead after the Huns had done with her. She didn't die and killed five Germans before she faced a firing squad. She hated too much to worry about credit.

As the ghostly legions of the dead march down the endless corridors of time they must sometimes give forth soulless laughter as they see little men worrying about who shall get the credit. When we have suffered as the Poles and the Greeks, and the Czechs and the Russians have suffered, when our women have been raped and our children murdered, when we have died as these people have died, then and not before should we think of the credit.

It is not the men who are doing the suffering and the dying that are asking for the credit. They are doing a job, they are giving all they have to give, and in their hearts they are content for they know their own sacrifice.

We need no publicity to build up our effort. If it is good we know it, and that is enough. If it is bad it should not be window dressed into a false fronted success.

If we deserve credit, we shall, in good time, get it. Those who worry so greatly about what credit we shall have would be well advised to spend some time in quiet contemplation as to who will take the blame if we lose the war, for the issue is still far from secure and much blood is going to run under the bridge before the balances are struck, credit and blame allotted, and the books closed.

EDUCATION ON THIS STATION

Did you know that:—

Over 100 are taking Canadian Legion courses in academic, technical and agricultural subjects.

8 are continuing their college degrees by correspondence.

25 are taking a pre-aircrew course in mathematics, science and English.

60 from Maintenance are going to Belleville Collegiate two nights a week to take welding, blue print reading and machine shop practice.

15 W. D.'s are taking a typing course in Belleville two nights a week.

A musical appreciation group of 50 meets every Friday night.

The Legion gives courses in nearly every subject desired.

That classes will be organized and instructors found for any group which desires such instruction.

J. R. Tippett, P/O,
 Education Officer.

Hon. F/L Tom Rathwell Leaves on Overseas Posting

After being with us at Mountain View R.C.A.F. Station during the summer months, Tom Rathwell, K. of C. supervisor, has left on an overseas posting. Tom was very active on the sports and entertainment programs while on the station and we join with all his friends in wishing him every success in carrying out his assignment overseas.

Dynamite is no good if it's all wet . . . neither is democracy.

*Prince Edward County's
 Finest Milk Products
 in Purest Form . . .*

COMPLIMENTS OF

**QUINTE
 MILK PRODUCTS**

WELLINGTON, ONT.

OUR SECOND FRONT

By F/O BETHUNE

What kind of country do I want Canada to be fifty years from now. Why am I in the Air Force and why are we fighting the Axis.

"We're fighting to save our skins and make the world free for democracy."

What does that mean?

Free to do as I like?

To grab off all I can at the expense of my neighbours — money, position, power?

Free to scrap with the people I live and work with, making them unhappy and slowing down their productiveness?

Free to let the country run itself as long as I get mine?

Free to pass the buck so I don't have to stick my own neck out?

Free to blame everyone but myself when things go wrong?

Many nations have had that Idea of Democracy and their selfishness has made them duck soup for the Dictators.

Democracy can be dynamite for the world but dynamite is no good if it is all wet. Do I want Canada selfishness and greed and hate sky high? If so what is needed in the country and what can I do to start it off?

It means that I as a citizen have to have the morale in myself and vision for my country to accept her destiny and work for it. It's no good leaving it to leaders to do it alone without wide awake public opinion and support to back them up.

It means everyone pulling together, working together, fighting together — a great national team

with Jack Canuck calling the signals.

It means that my job is an important part of the whole program and how I do it affects the whole. No machine can run when all the parts aren't working.

It means my giving up private dislikes to work with the people I think I can't get on with.

It means criticizing my own war effort instead of other people's.

It means a whole new spirit of practical patriotism.

One worker on the maintenance crew of a station apologized to another and teamwork began there that greatly increased the number of serviceable aircraft available.

The head of a business admitted dishonesty in firing two men, reinstated them and the result was that the important product of a whole national industry was improved with no extra war time cost.

The management of a large war industry put all its cards on the table with the union heads in a spirit of honesty and fair play and a strike was averted.

With this kind of spirit spreading through the nation Canada can lead the British Empire to a new lease of life and usefulness, the war can be won sooner and all nations can join in pooling their resources and giving of their best to build a new world.

Business and agriculture can then produce to fill world-wide needs and there can be work for everyone. There can be new vision in politics and parents can bring their children up to a great future when a man is judged not by his money but by his usefulness to Canada.

This can be our future, not by wishing for it, but by everyone working and fighting for it.

FABLES FOR FLYERS

The Fable of P/O Glutz

Once upon a time there was a Wing's Parade at a certain S.F.T. S. at which many young men received their wings and straightaway departed to their various allotted tasks. So some went east and overseas and some west west to do coast patrol, and some went to Ferry Flight and one, P/O Glutz by name went to a B. & G.

Now Glutz's file said that he was just average, but unfortunately wee Sammy Glutz never read what his instructors said about him and so he went along his way of life foolishly thinking that he was God's gift to aviation.

P/O Glutz didn't like the B & G School and the B & G, generally speaking, was not particularly taken with P/O Glutz for although he talked loudly and at length of how he should be flying a Lancaster overseas, he never seemed able to ever get better than a two hundred yard error on his bombing exercises. Also he made the aircrew sick by doing things that an Anson was never built to do. He was warned in turn by his Flight Commander, the O. C. Flying, the Chief Instructor, and finally the C. O., but Glutz being a very smart young man knew better than all of them and admitted as much to a few, who he mistakenly thought to be his confidants. In fact he told them that you could go anywhere in an Anson providing you knew how.

So P/O Glutz kept right on being silly until one day the Anson hit Lake Ontario and disappeared a complete bunch of junk which was divine retribution on P/O Glutz but a bit tough on the two Air Bombers who had really nothing to do with it, and a bit disheartening to a young Armament Officer who instead of looking after his job on the ground, was busy evading his income tax.

After a while the bits and pieces of the Anson were pulled out of the lake on the end of a steel cable, and Glutz and the Air Bombers and the Armament Officer were pulled out one by one on the end of a grappling iron with fish hooks tied to it.

The Air Bombers looked a bit surprised, which they probably were, the Armament Officer looked very pained which he had a right to be, and P/O Glutz, as his head broke the surface on the end of a grapple, looked very stupid, which he undoubtedly was.

Bye and bye there was a funeral and they buried the Air Bombers and the Armament Officer and P/O Glutz with full military honours which Glutz certainly didn't deserve.

Well anyway the Air Bombers never got to drop bombs on Germany which they had planned to do, and the Armament Officer didn't evade his tax which he had hoped to do and Glutz never got to fly a Lancaster, which he couldn't have done anyway.

In due time their names appeared in the papers and many people read and said "too bad, too bad", but not many pilots bothered to read it or to learn any lesson from it which was really a shame, because if they had, perhaps P/O Glutz's demise might not have been as useless as it was.

PAY AND ACCOUNTS SECTION

This office is beginning to resemble Toronto Union Station on a weekend. The staff turnover here is comparable to beer in the airmen's afraid (?) to go on a forty-eight for fear (?) of a posting.

Au revoir F/O Wood (who'll be Orderly Joe now?) — Dunnville; Cpl. Richman (I'll be the last corporal posted) — Moncton; LAC. Barker (100 miles nearer my wife to thee) — Toronto; LAC. Bouck (Believe it or not — he didn't—but he's there, — Gaspé.

Welcome home Sgt. Probert, the dependant's friend, from campaigning on the east coast. The dust is off his desk and the Dependant's Advisory Committee is back in action — See Classified Ad Section.

So many W. D.'s have arrived we are six weeks behind in our introductions. But anyway, welcome Fraser, Quigley, Humphrey, and Hughes. Hughes will never tell you; but we tell all — she is the gold medalist of her course — — — and also a good steno.

Thompson has gone home on sick leave to regale the neighbors, the Cree and Blackfoot tribes, with a glowing account of "How to Have an Appendectomy in the Air Force and Live."

Sgt. Major Larin gave birth (maybe we're wrong) to a six pound Paul Howard Larnin. Paul and the mother are doing their best to offset the handicap of the father. The father, with buttons popping in all directions, boasts the whole affair was his doing. — Well, we don't argue unless we have the full facts.

Ramshaw, Corporal Ramshaw to the uniformed, has been thoroughly initiated N. C. O. 1/c Barrack Block No. 12W and Canteen Orderly Corporal on Pay Night is enough to drive even Ramshaw to drink.

We are glad to be able to report Sgt. Grandma Lucas is fully recovered from his bush-blush operation; and can now lift a ledger without W. D. assistance.

For the information of all Mountain View W. D.'s — Please leave the Accounts Section toaster alone. Toaster Custodian McCallum has reached the breaking point.

One more breakfast without toast, and your scalps will decorate Mac's belt. Mrs. Mac's gentle nature will not stand John D.'s newly acquired lumber camp vocabulary.

The tasks of public advisors are sometimes unpleasant. However it is our duty to inform you of the disgusting conduct of three example-setting corporals. To wit: Butch Larock and Hep Heptonstall took Growing Pains Cohoon carousing in the Airmen's Canteen pay night with the resultant complete disruption of peace and quiet in huts 33 East and West. Despite the frequent warnings against the hazards of low flying, Butch and Hep insisted on teaching Growing Pains take-off and landings, at 0030 hrs. Take-offs were perfect; but one come down finished the course. He made a one-point landing on the seat of where his pajamas should have been, and made his run-out, still on the one point, under two beds.

With Flying Officer Wood, Offi-

PHOTOGRAPHS

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and

GREATCOATS

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there will be no one left for next pay day even. Get your casual advances early, but for Heaven's sake, make your stories good — our accountant officers have paralysis of the purse strings and flint-ized hearts.

NAPANEE

(Continued from page 1)
faction of the A. P. M. and the Technical Officer, F/L Ward.

On Sunday, W. O. Shaw and his sturdy men from No. 5 betook themselves to the scene prepared the ship for flight on Monday. Old Timer F/L Salter in his nonchalant way stepped in and hedge-hopped off, all very ordinary, but a job darned well done.

To Sgt. McQuarrie, from us in Maintenance, you did a grand job in your belly landing and to our old timer, young F/L Salter whose brilliant flying brought the ship out and home, congratulations.

Our appreciation to Mr. Vine, his assistants, the townspeople of Napanee for their thoughtfulness, help and afterwards, their hospitality is deep, the least we can say with feeling is "stout fellows" and thank you. May you continue in your helpfulness — Napanee.

Scientists agree that the earth at one time was on fire, rushing through space with no life and any kind.

A little more of the present commotion and it will be in the same condition.

cer i/c Procurement of women, gone, the officers' dances shape up as dull affairs. Any suggestions for entertainment, where women are not essential, would be appreciated. No Wood — No Women! !

There is no truth to the rumour that P/O Willeocks is off duty with a broken leg suffered in that last championship game of chess. Bruised and battered, he claims ability to fight it out on the chess board with the best of them. John Bull carries on.

F/Lt. Wilson is on the move again. What? Landlord trouble for the umpteenth time? Oh well, when you run out of landlords, you can always try for a posting to a new locality. And how can a man laugh in your face and bellow "No" at the same time.

One and one half year Janes is now happy in the service. Who is the W. D. that brought the contented puppy look? — — — Fraser! — — — We tell all. But, with walks in the moonlight, quiet bliss huddled in the movies, 48's at the same time, you other lotharios have lost a prize. Never mind Janes. If it weren't for our family ties, we'd probably try to give competition.

And in conclusion we offer an open letter to the wife of F/Lt. Dack, Editor in chief of this column and patron saint (supposed) of Accounts Section Reporters:

"Dear Mrs. Dack:

Much as we loathe to do this, for we are very fond of Mr. Dack, we must bring to light a startling discovery. Apparently the man who led you to the altar is a "Hyde in Jekyll Clothing".

An old undated mess bill reads as follows:

F/LT. J. HOWARD DACK
in account with
R.C.A.F. STATON, SOMEWHERE
TO:

Wine	\$30.00
Women	50.00
Song	25.00
	<hr/>
	\$105.00

Stamped:

Dissipation paid in full.

And there, Mrs. Dack, is why the children have no shoes.

There, dear readers, is all the dirt we could dig up on such short notice. And libel suits mean nothing in the performance of our duties. Hope to be back next month. But with postings as they are, maybe



The trademark guarantees your satisfaction

Player's Please

MILD OR MEDIUM

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Plain End or Cork Tip

EQUIPMENT QUIPS

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to LAC. A. B. Sangster. He was united in marriage to Miss Theresa Victoria Gregoire by Reverend Cragg in St. Andrew's United Church in Sudbury on 17-9-42. Best of luck, A.L.

The Equipment Section threw a party recently in the Idlewyde Hall at Ameliasburg. It was in the form of a "corn ball". In fact, we even had the corn but in clearing the debris on the "morning after" the corn was found in the corner unwanted and un-boiled. "Scotty" Grainger took the part of the clown having his face painted in a weird design with lipstick by that well-known artist, Doyle. Tom Robertson poured and in fact, he poured over many of the guys and gals. F/O Lindsay had his own little Hawaiian booth and many of the frolickers paid a visit for a lecture on the ancient art of "hulu". Music was furnished by AC2. Joe Woodhouse. The kitchen staff was represented by A/S/O McNeill and Flight Sgt. Bickenstaffe. The party broke up very early and all had a good time even Smitty and Mowder.

We are saying good-bye to the Senior Equipment Officer, Sqdn. Ldr. K. J. M. Smith who is packing his worldly belongings prior to his transfer to No. 4 Training Command Headquarters in Calgary. Sqdn. Ldr. Smith has acted in the capacity of S. E. O. for seven months having arrived here from A.F.H.Q. at Ottawa. Good luck at your new job. Speaking of postings, Flt. Lt. C. O. King, has been posted to No. 1 "Y" Depot reporting the 30-9-42 and has enjoyed (?) two weeks embarkation leave. F/O Lindsay is away at present on temporary duty in Fingal.

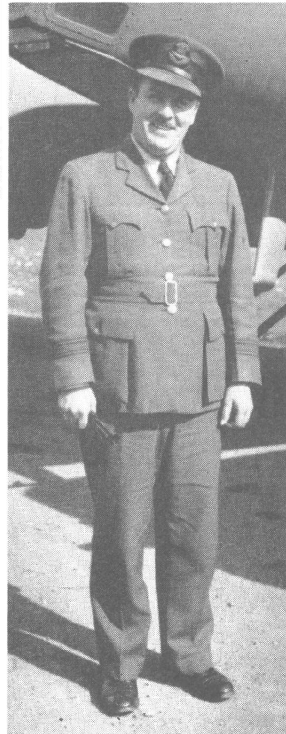
AW1 (underline the 1) Doyle has returned from annual leave and has the tan of Moncton, N. B. It is

reported that she had a very enjoyable fortnight.

The Equip-Accts' ball team went down fighting and were eliminated from the play-offs bowing to the Maintenance by the score of 3-0. The lads made a good showing during the season and much fun and exercise was derived from this organized sport.

This section has an airwoman who is very fond of beefsteak. In fact, she was so thrilled one night she forgot she wasn't eating beefsteak and began to throw salt around. Many people were disgruntled and it seems that the next week-end she didn't get her 48 for some reason or other — or was she posted to another pool and she wasn't aware of the fact, until Monday morning when she was "smartened up" that she had missed her 48. Never mind, Mary, we all know beef is very hard to get these days. Pass the opener, please.

FOSTED TO CALGARY



Every so often there appears to be a terrible urge come to G.H.Q. to upset everybody as far as is humanly possible and this urge seems to be only satisfied by posting all sorts of people hither and yon to the great discomfort of everybody concerned. A victim of this urge is pictured above, he is S/L Kemp Smith, Senior Equipment Officer. S/L Smith joined the Air Force as a

Pilot Officer at Camp Borden in 1936 after graduating from the University of New Brunswick in 1934. Since then he has worked in various stations across Canada including Rockliff, Trenton, Kamloops, Vancouver, Calgary, Moncton and Air Force Headquarters.

Since coming to Mountain View six months ago he has won a host of friends by his ready smile, good humor and willingness to help and co-operate with all.

The station is sorry to see him leave and we all join in wishing him good luck and every success in his new duties.

HEADQUARTERS HAPPENINGS

Last issue we were a little too cautious perhaps in our submissions, after seeing last issue and seeing what others think in no uncertain terms we can now begin to lay 'em out without the slightest reticence.

Since our last attempt at so-called journalism, we have unfortunately lost, due to posting, our incentive for writing, disparaging though it may have been (it was certainly meant to be), consequently this trip we must be content to blather and blab about anything and everything that enters this astounding vacuum.

These halls of venerable confusion are noticeably lacking in friction these days due to some all too apparent happening—that of a certain wise move by D.A.P.S. (and it does not concern our officers) who knows we might have had an open insurrection here at Mountain View had not such an incident been foreseen by higher authority and wisely averted, but such is war.

By the time this hits the press H.Q. will have suffered the loss of several officers—F/O R. T. Rhodes, our O/C Band, it is rumored is Gander bound, and will in no time, no doubt become "Ganderized" as they say. F/O E. G. Woods has been moved (or removed) to Dunnville. F/L J. M. McPherson has also been fortunate in landing a very nice posting to A.F.H.Q.—the legal branch more particularly.

S/L Dunn, our able Senior Administrative Officer, is busy bemoaning the fact that all the nice postings will be taken up by the time H.Q. get around to him—if H.Q. never gets around to him it will suit us fine—that straight from the shoulder.

In answer to continued requests we again run our want-ads.

Anything—Apply Lajoie.
More trips to Kingston — Apply Tartaglia.

Armaments—pro or con — Apply Fortier.

Sick leave—Apply Moore.

Hanny Hunting Grounds (closer to Napanee)—Apply Pilotte.

Bosse—Apply Stevenson.

More Carcasses—Apply Cox.

Posting overseas—Apply Buckler.

Wanted to know—What's going to happen to us—Apply any male clerk. Would like know what keeps Mallette so late once a week in Belleville.

★ ★ ★
MORE VARIETY

There was a young girl from St. Paul

"WHERE MANY MEN MEET"

BILL COOK'S CIGAR STORE

PIPES - LIGHTERS
CIGARETTES
CIGARS

223 Front Street

Phone 74

Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball.
The dress caught on fire and burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all.
—Anonymous.

At this point we regret to report that someone has very kindly stolen our repertoire of alleged humor stories—second hand thought they may be someone may not have seen them. In view of this unforeseen fact we shall have to close here with the usual promise that next month we shall try to excel ourselves.

SCOOP

W.O. 1 Zadko and F/Sgt. Hagenon Exposed

Our special correspondent has just unearthed the lurid pasts of W. O. 1 Zadko and F/Sgt. Hagenon, alias "Cinders Steve" and "Cannonball Hagie" respectively. Not so many moons ago both these Knights of the Road occupied a prominent position in that said alleged trade. Times innumerable these members of the Legion of Floating Derelicts have panhandled meals and pilfered rides the length and breadth of our fair Dominion. Far be it from us to reveal this hidden skeleton, so closely located in their stone cold hearts, but in this case after due deliberation, and with the sole idea of clearing up one of the most talked of topics of the service, we feel we must explain the reason behind the lack of hair on the domes of these two fugitives from the ticket office.

There is undeniable proof that the loss of their flowing locks was solely due to the constant rubbing of their heads against the ends of box cars, and by being burned away by flying sparks during their unlawful wayfaring.

Time and space does not permit us to reveal all of their past crimes but rest assured that in future issues we will bring to light more of the exploits of this infamous pair
Niagara Water

L. P. KEANE REXALL DRUG STORE

Wellington, Ontario.

Phone 29

MAN ABOUT MOUNTAIN

WINCHELL AT NO. 6

(MOUNTAIN REVIEW)

MOUNTAIN VIEW—Last month's weather—the Prodigal Sun. . . . Sgt. Swackhamer's marriage—Bliss Above All. . . . It seems that the WAAFS are doing P.T. now, with Buckler leading the field. The only thing this column has to add is good advice—to keep from getting stiff in the joints, stay out of the joints. . . . A darky, when asked to fly, replied that he preferred to stay on Terra Firma; and the more the Firma, the less the Terra. . . . It reminds me of some of our Air GoGners To Be who are still sick from the ride the stork gave them. . . . The Russian defense of Stalingrad and the closed doors at Clothing Stores have a lot in common. . . . Canadian scene—Sugar is rationed, and hundreds of hungry people may be found standing on street corners waiting for a traffic jam. . . . Mussolini is ten good reasons why birth control should be retroactive. . . . It was suggested after last month's issue that Winchell should do some apologizing. Tch, tch, only a fool apologizes. And a bigger fool accepts. . . . Shakespeare would have been a failure in 1942. Imagine Shylock after his pound of flesh with a ration card. . . . Cartley's face is lined with wrinkles these days. The Mayoress of Wellington (formerly of Ameliasburg) finally pressed his Wet-Wash uniform. And left Cartley in it. . . . Who is Mrs. 'W.'? . . . It is rumored that there was some dissension in the WAAFS' barracks the other night. Now, now, girls, better stick to water. . . . W.O.2 Dean (it is said) made a habit of teaching his instructors how to fly. Even to frightening the poor fellows by doing slow rolls and spins in a Fleet. Where is this guy Corrigan? . . . A new scheme for teaching Aircraft Recognition has been hatched in the States. They print pictures of aircraft on playing cards and play with them. We did it on this station in the Spring of 1941. . . . Our latest is a method of teaching Robin Recognition to worms—and Flight Sgts. . . . If P/O Maynard flies the proper distance from the drogue again—that'll be once. . . . The consumptive Chinaman—One Lung Phooey. . . . The skin you love to touch—the skin they won't let you touch. . . .

★ ★ ★
THEME SONGS:

- Pearl Harbour—Remember Me?
- Sgt. Macdonald—You Talk Too Much.
- Non-Flying List Officers—Deep In the Heart of Taxes.
- LAC. McNeven—Somebody Stole My Girl.

★ ★ ★
This month's orchid goes to Sgt. McQuarrie for his nifty Hollywood landing on a farm near Napanee. The obliging farmer, hearing an aircraft cruising about on a dark and stormy night, obtained the cars of his neighbours; the headlights of which provided an excellent flare path. Flying 200 feet below the submarines, McQuarrie made a nice downwind landing, earning a chicken supper for himself and his crew. Good work. We understand that Our Hero has now memorized the reciprocal course from here to Target Number 3 and has promised not to get lost again—like a good boy.

★ ★ ★
OPEN LETTER DEPARTMENT

To the Smith Bus Company:
The personnel of this station would like to know if it is absolutely necessary to pack 45 men into a bus before making a trip. I understand that the government demands full loads, but full overloads hardly agree with a little thing called safety. Thanks to the hot weather, the 'fish incident' wasn't too serious, but it could have been, had the bus been full of vertical airmen, as it usually is.

To F/O Barrett:
You did a commendable job of handling the station baseball team. The soccer team is a horse in another race. Flying schedules were changed to permit some student players to go to Trenton, ostensibly to play. They arrived there in time to watch Trenton play Picton, hmmm. . . .

To Some Canadian Insurance Companies:
In order o safeguard your interests, transports are not allowed to pick up hitch-hiking service men. What would happen to your profits if those self-same service men failed in their task? Or do you remember the Battle of Britain?

To Those People on this Station who object to working after 1700 hours and on Sundays:
. . . Did you read about Dieppe?

★ ★ ★
THE UPPER CRUST.

The musical appreciation evenings organized by LAC's Cox and Cadloff have possibilities, but it is hard to understand why our 'racquetearing' officers must be so noisy when returning tennis equipment. Why isn't the Airmen's Club available for these concerts? Such activities deserve backing, not breaking.

The Saturday night 'Panic' at the Rec. Hall is a fine idea, but too many tag dances sabotage the fun.

Some of the better social activities at the Airmen's Club almost caused the WAAFS to be banished. The little miss should bear in mind that it would be much less "fool-hardy" on her part if she reserved her sparkin' for the Spark Plug Section where she works.

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GAG OF THE MONTH.

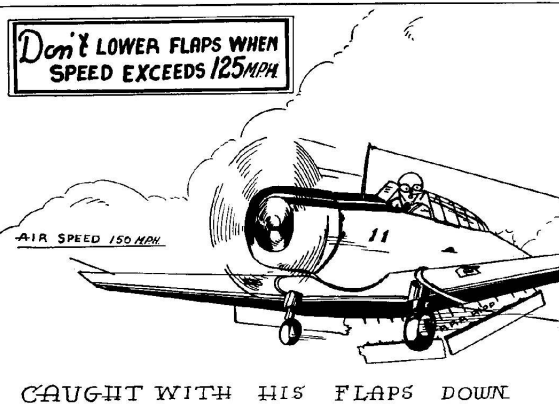
What has more fun than people do?
Rabbits.
Do you know why?
'Cause there are more rabbits than there are people.
Do you know why?
'Cause rabbits have more fun than people do.

★ ★ ★
FAMOUS LAST WORDS.

'Just to be sure that the gun was working, I fired a short burst into the hangar.'

★ ★ ★
THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH.

If there were more patient pedestrians, there would be less pedestrian patients.



SMOKE

"TARTAN" CIGARETTES

FOR REAL ENJOYMENT!

SICK BAY NEWS

Things have rapidly been happening around the Station sick quarters. We have occasion to welcome F/Lt. Graham, our new S.M.O., who is replacing our good friend, F/Lt. Peart—whose posting to Trenton is their gain and our loss. We take this opportunity to welcome F/Lt. Graham on his return from the wilds of Gander and hope he will be very happy at Mountain View. The need of a new M.O. at No. 7 E.F.T.S., Windsor, again robbed us of another good friend, F/Lt. Gordan, to whom we wish the best of luck in his new field.

There has also been many fluctuations in postings of hospital assistants. We bid farewell to three of our W.D.'s, McClellan and Peterman on their posting to Trenton, and Wilson who has left for Montreal to take a wireless course and wish to say welcome to Ryan and Bradley who are replacing them.

We are now boasting the arrival of Cpl. Dundas who comes to us from Manning Depot and is very ably carrying out his duties. Something else to add to our regret has been Cpl. Walker's posting to Picton. The noble work is being carried on by our very efficient W.D. kitchen staff, A.W.I. Moss, A.W.I. Wilson and A.W.I. Wilson. Welcome back to Sgt. Cromble from his annual leave and A.W.I. Matlack, back from sick leave. Who is the tall heavy-set Sergeant from the hospital who is stealing Fred Astaire's stuff?

Who was the A.W.2 who was so nervous about reporting to the Station Sergeant Major's office? Could it be her guilty conscience?

In addition to his Pharmacopit, F/Lt. Garand wishes to announce the publication of his yellow paper.

F/Lt. D. C. Graham has just completed his monumental tome—an index to end all indices of R.C.A.F. orders.

We are all anxiously awaiting the outcome of the duel between the two Corporals in the M.I. room over a member of the fair sex in the Orderly Room.

We are wondering when a certain L.A.C. nursing orderly is going to invest in a pair of clothes pins to keep his shirt pegged down.

The latest problem confronting us is why a certain Junior N.C.O. in the Orderly Room seeks outside assistance in the treatment of his cold? Could it be the druggist's daughter?

We are afraid that Mother Saint Anthony Sullivan will come to an early grave if the worries, responsi-

bilities and heartaches of her W.D.'s keep piling up on her.

We are very querulous as to why a certain M.O. is brushing up on his meat cuts. Could it be he is thinking of remustering, or does he wish to carry on his duties, as president of a Mess Committee more capably.

Wonder how our Pharmacist is getting along without his female assistant?

It seems that the Corporals in the Station sick quarters hold a more honored position than the Sergeants. The Sergeants have to be at work earlier.

The absence of what Sgt.-Pilot from his Mess dance was a great disappointment to a certain Nursing Sister?

What W.D. in our Orderly Room has such a strong affinity for New Zealanders?

DROGUE DOINGS

Well, comes time for your correspondent to publicize the doings of the "Lizzie" Lounge. We are happy to announce that the even tremor of schedules is still being kept up, under the able supervision of Sgts. Bentley and Corporals Maley, Thrasher and Jarvis known as the "Terrible Three". "Little Man Maley" is due, they tell me, to apply any time for his Tractor Operator "A" if he can find a trade-board and "P. J." sits around wondering if a special course he took at St. Thomas is a detriment or boon to humanity. The mighty "Bull" is just back from a brief sojourn in the local Mayo Clinic, where he underwent a serious operation which again allows him to clip around the hangar at his usual fast gait. We wonder if he really was named after that famous Indian Chief Sitting Bull or whether he just suffers from a combination of heart failure and dropsy. We notice every time he sees a chair he drops and then his heart fails him when he has to get up.

We have a few things we would like to know so we will put them down in the hopes that next issue someone with a might amount of grey matter and an insight into the future will be able to answer them: (A) When is gunnery flight going to get organized enough to get enough aircraft to complete schedules and if they haven't got the aircraft why are they always after our tractor? (B) When is Bombing Flight going to get a refuelling tender? (C) When is Corporal Cooke "the Brantford Flash" going to stop getting all the bad luck and get a break? (D) Why is it, that when

Maintenance is going to send down a crew on a repair job, they come by way of Hoboken and get here two days late or is it the headwind from the West they have to fight against to come up here that takes them so long? We wonder. We will leave it at that for the present and see if we have a Mastradamus in the camp and if we have, there are a lot more questions to be asked.

I guess we've about used up all our space for this issue so we'll close for now. We would just like to say that we are always ready at any time to show our technical knowledge with any section on the Station that wishes to bring itself up to our high degree of efficiency. Sincerely,

Dangerous Dan,
The Drogue Flight Man.

DROGUE OPERATORS

Well, here we are once again. This is just some news and gossip from the Drogue operators.

First we would like to welcome back to the flight L.A.C. Babin after his stay in the hospital.

What is this we hear about our timekeeper (female) being so happy after meeting a certain .A.F. boy? Is this true or could it be someone trying to kid us?

Who are the two N.C.O.'s who went on leave a short time ago and had to be helped off the train at Montreal? Did you enjoy yourselves in the big city, boys?

We are happy to say that the largest per cent of drogue operators who remustered to Air Gunner have made the grade and are now wearing their "hooks" and wing. Good luck again, boys.

We also notice a certain L.A.C. walking around with an expectant look on his face. It couldn't be another seven days in Syracuse, could it?

It seems strange that lately a couple of the more learned operators have taken quite an interest in book reading and letter writing. I don't suppose the W.D.'s would have anything to do with this. What would you say, Gordie?

Congratulations to L.A.C. Jeffries on his marriage. We are wondering why it was a secret for so long. How about Jeff. I guess he was afraid he would have to buy the beer.

DENTAL CLINIC

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Things have been happening thick and fast around the clinic during the past month. Although there have been several postings, nobody will need to worry about getting aches and pains relieved as we still have lots of time open for everybody.

Everybody who knew Capt. Andrews and Capt. Bruce will be sorry to learn that they have been posted, Capt. Andrews going to Debert, Nova Scotia, and Capt. Bruce to Ottawa. They were both good officers and swell guys to know. Capt. Warnica, who was in charge of the clinic at Belleville I.T.S., is now with us. He

What a Life!



Seen from afar he pleased her eye,
At closer quarters . . .
MY, OH, MY!
You can avoid his fate,
my friend.
You must *perspire*,
but don't *offend*!

Bath tonight with LIFEBUOY
FROM HEAD TO TOE
—IT STOPS B.O.

played against our baseball team several times, and we hope he will play with us next year.

In the absence of our star reporter, Wobble Water Weir, we hope you will forgive this poor attempt at reporting, but he will be back next month with his good writing.

Horace Hollinger,
Pro tem reporter.

M. T. SECTION

THE NUT AND BOLT FACTORY

Groans and moans are always heard and complaining never ceases here—just one LITTLE happy family now. We are still waiting patiently for the day when more men will arrive to replace a few of the large number that have left us.

We want to wish A.W. MacConnell the best of luck in her new position in Montreal. A few days ago Cpl. Golding left for New Brunswick. We trust he likes herring! Best of luck Goldie.

One of our old timers is leaving for Trenton. Al Rice got his wish and is going on a course. Everyone is going to miss old man Rice as he is one of the best. May we see you again soon, Al.

Spl. Emery is leaving the hospital and is going home on sick leave. Here's hoping he recuperates and is back with us soon.

As usual, some of the lads of the Section are curious about such things as:

Why does "Red" sing "Love is the sweetest thing" when he passes the stockroom?

Can anyone tell us a good cure for a sore leg? Does Hepner know?

There is a lot more of "stuff like that there" but we'll save some for next time.

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Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life

A Day at D. A. P. S.

A Drama in One Act and One Scene (which is plenty.)

The scene is laid in the office of the controlling mind of D.A.P.S. At 0900 hrs. the controlling mind enters and pushes five buzzers simultaneously. Receiving no response he pushes the sixth and the 2nd. O.C. appears.

O.C.: Why does no one answer my buzzer?

2nd. O.C.: You posted them all away yesterday, Sir.

O.C.: Good God! This is sabotage. Give me an aspirin. (Takes aspirin and sits in deep meditation). Where were they posted to?

2nd. O.C.: One went to Alaska, one to Gander Bay, one to Vancouver, one to Halifax, and one to Saskatoon.

O.C.: Ah, good distribution. I knew I hadn't lost my touch. Where are the replacements coming from?

2nd. O.C.: Well Sir, the whole five are coming from Mountain View but they are mad as hell and want them to be replaced.

O.C.: Of course, of course. Did you arrange for them?

2nd. O.C.: Yes Sir.

O.C.: From where?

2nd. O.C.: One from Alaska, one from Gander Bay, one from Vancouver, one from Halifax, and one from Saskatoon.

O.C.: Good work. Couldn't have done better myself. How many of them were married?

2nd. O.C.: All of them, sir.

O.C.: Hmmm. That only means moving fifteen families. Splendid, splendid. Remind me to recommend you for promotion.

2nd. O.C.: There's an urgent letter here Sir. Would you look at it?

O.C.: Yes, let's have it. (Reads and looks progressively more annoyed.) This is absurd, it's fantastic.

2nd. O.C.: Yes Sir. It's Mountain View again.

O.C.: Here they say that they are carrying a F/Sgt. Green supernumary to establishment but as the establishment is being increased by one flight sergeant they wish to hold him to fill the position. Really, some of these people don't realize they are in the Air Force.

2nd. O.C.: What do you want done Sir?

O.C.: Post F/Sgt. Green to Dartmouth. From Dartmouth post F/Sgt. White to Regina. From there post F/Sgt. Black to Goose Bay. From Goose Bay post F/Sgt. Blue to Dutch Harbour. Post F/Sgt. Jones from Dutch Harbor to Winnipeg. From Winnipeg post F/Sgt. Smith to Vancouver. Post F/Sgt. Brown from Vancouver to

Dartmouth and from Dartmouth post F/Sgt. Green to Mountain View.

2nd. O.C.: But Sir. F/Sgt. Green is already at Mountain View.

O.C.: Damn it, man, don't argue, do as I say. What do you want to do, break down our system. Ah, I see it is 1200 hrs.

(Both depart smiling, happy in the knowledge of a morning's work well don.)

Curtain.

BOMBING FLIGHT

Well, another month has rolled by and really, we haven't had time to notice. You see, Bombing Flight is going places, why this last month we put in 1680 hrs. flying, which tops our record for this year which was 1340 hrs.

Now that just goes to show you that Sgt. Mallinson is really on the beam, but he sort of figures that we'll have to top 2000 hrs. before he gets his long awaited promotion, but cheer up Sarge, there are brighter days coming and you're not the only one who has troubles, I've heard plenty of beefs coming from F/O H - - - - .

I can't recall the name but a certain F/O from the control tower seems to think that S/L Staddon was demoted, instead of promoted 'cause he asked for Major Staddon. For your information Sir, it was a promotion.

We have a couple of new arrivals, F/O Moore and P/O Zelko, replacements for F/O's Blasingham and Holland.

Congratulations to W/O Kitchen on his promotion. We were thinking of having a corn roast to celebrate, but on second thought, that wouldn't do, would it?

Sgt. Matherly: How high do the trees grow in Canada? Were you following F/O Horton's example the other day?

F/L Shaffer's School of Navigation to the fore again, just why did a twenty minute trip between Centralia and Port Albert take 1 hr. and 35 minutes, and on top of that, come into P. A. from the wrong direction? The next trip took the prize, need we say, the Shaffer School again, this time the mighty navigator found himself around Lake Simcoe, when he should have been around Lake Ontario, and who was the certain W/O1 bush pilot, who, when he found no bush under him while flying got lost, and instead of finding Toronto on Lake Ontario, called in at Collingwood, Georgian Bay district, but then, he stopped overnight in Toronto, which would make up for getting lost.

It has been proven that when a bombing pilot is forced to land in a terrific storm at night, no damage will be caused to the A/C -

Compliments

of

NEW QUEENS HOTEL

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Maintenance will be required to put in a few new Spark Plugs and the A/C will be flown from any cow pasture, regardless of mud or high tension wires.

The co-operation given by our pilots in Bombing Flight is certainly appreciated by our Flight Commander, concerning careful taxiing, timing of schedules and the careful handling of A/C. Keep it up boys, as we are proud of our Bombing flight personnel as the outstanding flight on this R. C. A. F. Station.

NAVIGATION NEWS

The Shaffer School of Navigation has again distinguished itself through the medium of F/L Shaffer (founder), W/O Kitchen and P/O Zelko, who passed their course with high honors, having succeeded in getting lost returning from Centralia to Mountain View. In view of F/L Shaffer's past navigational ability, it is thought that Air Force H.Q. might be well justified in awarding this officer—the symbol "N". New enrollees of the school who have yet to graduate are F/L Summerville and W.O.2 Dean, both of whom have had personal instruction from F/L Shaffer. It has been rumored that a rival school was to have been inaugurated by P/O Benson, but perhaps the competition was too tough.

If it's hate, bear and greed we are fighting against, perhaps our second front should be opened here at home!

A FROSTY FRIDAY MORN

By LAC. MORROW

On a frosty Friday morning, when this bloody war is o'er, When the last air raid has sounded from the siren's mighty roar, When they've taken down the black-outs, and lit the old street lights, When a man can see for certain what he's staking out at nights.

When there ain't no Air Force rations, and they issue T-bone steaks And all the Sgt. Majors are stricken with the shakes, When all the Cpls. and Sgts. lose their lusty power, And the water's sometimes warm when you go to take a shower, That will be the day, my lads, and you'll be glad that you were born, They tell me that it's coming some frosty Friday morn.

We'll toss away our uniforms and heavy issue shoes; We'll watch the cooks all dining on their own mysterious stews; We won't be there on church parades, no guards and no fatigues, No more blistering route march and those would-be blitzkriegs. We'll hang our rusty rifle upon the C.O.'s wall, And give him back his forty rounds he issued us last fall. And when our web equipment, some farmer's mules adorn, We'll all be very happy, that frosty Friday morn.

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and does he expect to find them in the Sergeants' Mess?

★ ★ ★
THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE

1. F/Sgt. Cleland with his commission.
2. The Solution to the "waiting Details" problem in the Flights.
3. A "Washed-out Pilot" who didn't get a dirty deal.
4. A decent Bowling Alley in Belleville.
5. F/Sgt. Perks analysing a bombing chart.
6. Martial law in Belleville.
7. L.A.C. Weir with a smile on his face.

★ ★ ★
NEWS AND VIEWS

The big news of the month would appear to be the untimely demise of Sgt. Swackhamer. Swack has taken on extra responsibilities inasmuch as he is no longer married to the Service. Seriously, though, we all extend our very best wishes for future marital happiness to Sgt. and Mrs. Swackhamer.

The "Lighter for Brant Fund" was an unqualified success, the "windscreen special" is now in service and a Maintenance Fund has been organized.

The Precis Room Boys have developed the most abominable habit of locking the keys to the Canteen in the Canteen. This usually necessitates somebody, usually Lavallee, crawling through the window to retrieve same. We are not sure that crawling through the window is an absolute necessity but probably the boys are practicing for trade tests as second story men. Or Winchells.

It seems that Keys has developed a new affair of the heart in Belleville. Reliable sources say that the girl has everything. We say, everything but taste.

Our genial friend, the "Duke" Abelson has left us for Malton. It is understood that he had a Dental appointment before he left. Or is he still having them?

Bombing Flight's plans for a study room for the students waiting to fly are a practical step in the right direction. Now what about Gunnery Flight?

The Air Crew Scourge, F/Sgt. McCurrie, has been posted to Trenton on a discip's course. Mac is very happy about it and the students believe there is a Santa Claus now.

Sgt. Weir has finally caught up with his WO2. A year's back pay should go a long way towards brightening up the existence of young Canadian womanhood.

Willy Godin returned from his last 48 looking as if he had been through the Dieppe raid. Willy says he received his wounds fighting for a girl's honour. It seems she wanted to keep it.

★ ★ ★
THE GOOD GUTS

From the Aussies of 61 Course: When 42 travel-wearing Australians first arrived at Mountain View it was with the darkest suspicions and deepest misgivings. We could see no mountain and no view worst. But the kindness and toleration shown towards the "Bloody Aussies" soon dispelled our fears and we have indeed enjoyed our

WM. A. DAVERN

General Hardware

WELLINGTON - ONTARIO

PHONE 68

stay. Special thanks are due to S/- Ldr. Gwynne-Timothy (a dinkum sport), F/Sgt's Brant and Bullock, the Pilots and Ground Crews, the Plotting Office staff; in fact to everyone who has had the misfortune to have anything to do with the Aussies. This of course includes the W. D.'s.

We like your station and we like Canadians.

Your weather is lousy but no matter how far we go or how well we fare, we won't forget Mountain View. By the way, we definitely do not speak or think like Englishmen.

So long, Mountain View!

THINGS TO COME?

Sigmund Freud went to heaven. As was customary, he was met at the gate by Saint Peter.

St. Peter:—Name, please.
Freud:—Sigmund Freud.

St. Peter: Not Freud, the world renowned Phychitrist and Psychologist?

Freud: Yes, the same is I.

St. Peter: Well thank the Lord for that. Come in at once—we have a Flight Sergeant McCurry here. and he thinks he's God.

FROM A CANADIAN EXPRESS

Vast pine forests of every tint of green,
Though vast, do not fail to hide
The blushing maple leaves
Appearing oft upon this moving scene
A mass of pine logs ride,
Through silver birches weave.

O shackled hut, how insignificant you seem
Among those towering trees
Of every tint of green;
The rocking arbour'd seas
Are mocking at your theme.

— A. COX.

HOT AIR FROM AIRCREW

G. I. S. Aircrew now gives a good idea of what International Squadron must look like with all hands present. The Nominal Roll of this month's contingent of Bomb Droppers and Trigger Pressers looks like the line up of a Notre Dame football squad. Every nation still in the fight for freedom is represented and the instructors are taxed to the limit to find a common mode of expression. Flight Sgt. McCurrie can now say, Quote: "You're on charge" Unquote, in seven different languages. However, we are getting by, despite the lack of a trained interpreter. Our representatives of Little Norway have earned the admiration of all concerned by their willingness and by their ability to absorb instruction given in a strange tongue.

The cooler weather is rather welcome up this way, as far as comfort in the classroom is concerned. Everyone is happy but the boys from 'down under' who are alarmed at the prospect of snow. It seems that most of our Aussies have never seen snow. It also seems that most of them don't want to. The Australian Santa Claus must look pretty nifty in a sarong, or perhaps he only wears a long white beard.

The Powers That Be have finally seen fit to increase our establishment of Flight Sgts. The battle for advancement is on and may the best man grin. We'll have more news on that score next month. The School Staff was pleased to note the promotion of F/Lt. Gwynne Timothy to S/Ldr. No promotion was ever more deserved, and all concerned convey their congratulations.

★ ★ ★
UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

1. When in Sgt. Macdonald going to stop being a student and start being an instructor?
2. What would F/O Sinclair do if there were no wall charts?
3. What has Victor Mature got that I haven't?
4. Why does F/Sgt. Oetiker still travel to Belleville every evening when his "Sister" has left for Toronto? Could it be his "Sister's" sister?
5. Why is Sgt. Skidmore continually searching for paint brushes.

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SERVICE BIOGRAPHY OF TERRENCE E. ROURKE

It was 0630 hrs. on a drizzly February morn, in 1914, at Bristol, England (home of Bristol A/C and engines), when above the roar of the engines, which were then only experiments, a shrill clear cry pierced the air and was heard for 7 miles, right down to the Bristol Channel. Captains stopped their boats, they knew not why, they just did, mothers kept their children indoors, no—o, the 1st World War had not begun, it was not the birth of a nation but the birth of a pink cheeked baby boy. They named this unfortunate walf Terrence Edmund Rourke, however, he got over this handicap and attended two elementary schools, at Bristol and Plymouth, from there to the technical school in Bristol and Merchant Venturers Technical College prior to taking the entrance exam for the R. A. F.



He enlisted as an A/C apprentice in the R. A. F. at Halton, Buckinghamshire on January 1930. Having successfully completed his course he graduated as an LAC. Fitter-Armourer in December, 1932, and was posted to the School of Army Co-operation at Old Serum near Salisbury, here he was attached to No. 16 (AC) which at the time were equipped with Atlas and Audax aircraft. Being an AC Sqdn. there was plenty of chance to fly (minus 75c per day) in army manoeuvres and Arm't. practice camp. At the same time, W/C Lloyd, now of No. 1 Training Command was a budding young pilot and F/O Ray was a Fitter-Armourer.

In January 1936 he was posted to Iraq and sailed on the maiden voyage of the troopship 'Dilwara', it was a bit rough going in the Bay of Biscay, the ship did everything but a snap loop.

Arriving at Basra he was posted to Hinaidi, outside Bagdad, and worked in Arm't repair shop, Squadron work and I. D. Explosives Laboratory, examining and testing explosives.

The whole station was made up of various units, Armoured Car Co., Squadrons, Native troops and General Hospital.

Air Force Headquarters was then moved to Habbaniyah, 65 miles into the desert from Bag-

dad, Cpl. Rourke was i/c of the advance party of Armament H. Q. Promoted to Sgt. in March 1938. During his stay in Iraq, he had several detachments to Egypt, Palestine and Transjordan.

When posted back to the United Kingdom, he stopped off at Karachi, India. Arriving in England June 1938 he was posted to No. 604 (F) Sqdn. at Hendon, London, as N. C. O. i/c Arm't. and Training Pilots and Air Gunners. From here he was posted to No. 1 A. A. S. at Manby in January 1939, for an S. A. I. course and back to 604 Sqdn. which was then equipped with Bristol Blenheim Bombers, that had to be converted to fighters by fitting turrets to all A/C and four guns to the belly. He was then given the job of teaching turrets, turret manipulation and rel. speed, which at the time was a new principle to A. G.'s.

He built up the Arm't. section from 5 Auxiliary Armourers to 20 Armourers and Fitter-Armourers.

At the time of the German invasion of Poland, the Sqdn. was mobilized and posted to North Weald.

When war was declared, the Sqdn. was engaged in North Sea Convoy patrols and later designated for night operations. At the present time, 604 Sqdn. is the ace night fighter unit in the R. A. F., using another Bristol A/C, the Beaufighter, which proves conclusively that Bristol turns out SOME good things.

Late in December 1940 he was posted to No. 2 A. A. S. at Pembrey, South Wales, as a staff instructor where he obtained leave and took the final step in life, that of marriage and was almost immediately posted to Canada. Arriving at A. A. S. Trenton, January 28/41. In August his wife followed him from England and they established residence at Trenton.

On Sept. 1st, 1941, Trenton had a repeat performance of Feb. 1914 — an 8 lb. baby boy, now in it's 13th month and doing very well.

He was posted with A. A. S. to Mountain View and promoted to W/O 1 where he instructed on the old type Armourers courses, Armourers guns, G. I.'s, S. A. I.'s and Officer's courses.

He is at the present time W/O i/c Armourers Courses as well as Chairman of the Sgt's. Mess and Senior W/O on the Station.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Congratulations to Sgt. "Dimples" Hagenson, who has just received his Flight. That means more drinks on Dimples, so stand by boys. ust wait until Violet hears about this Sarge, maybe your next 48 will be to the church instead of Montreal. But take this advice from your friends and stay clear of Sgt. Smith as long as you have ideas about Violet.

A. W. 2 Morris said she went to Montreal to see her brother. Quote "Never was a brother loved so much, by a sister as her brother is by her". Unquote. Besides, what's he got ? that other brothers haven't?

Lind who works (?) at the Plotting Office had to have a stool made so that she could see over the

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BELLEVILLE

PHONE 1677

top of the wicket, get up off your knees, Lofty.

Shea (Slim) isn't going to Kingston on her next 48. The coming graduation of Class 61 H wouldn't be the reason would it?

Wonder why Lemon was feeling so blue last weekend? How about that American in Class 60.

Anyone wishing to see F/Sgt. Perks call during break periods from 9:45 to 10:00 A. M. and from 3:00 to 3:15 P. M. We can assure you that he, as well as the cokes will be in his office during that time.

Scene in the Plotting Office opened at 1300 hrs.

W. D.:—Yes Flight, who is going to use it?

F/Sgt.:—The General List Officers Course.

W. D.:—Gee, I'm glad I brought my aspirins.

★ ★ ★

Open Letter to the Sgt's. Mess Secretary.

Who is going to pay the bill for approximately 6 lbs. of Virginia ham, consumed by a certain S/L's young pony in the dining room of the Sgt's. Mess, at the dance Saturday night?

6 lbs. of Virginia ham at 92c per lb. — \$5.52.

As the Officers' Mess has undertaken the training of MAX, it is suggested that at the next Sgt's. Mess meeting that a Disciplinarian be detailed to train MAX in Sgt's. Mess etiquette.

It is hoped that by the next Sgt's. dance that Max has reached such a degree of training that he does not hinder the War Supply Board in the performance of their duties, in that he will not waste GOOD ALE at 20c per bottle.

By the way Sir,—Is Max allergic to red peppers? End of letter.

CHAS. J. SYMONS

●

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GROCERIES
and
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE

★

WELLINGTON, ONT.

PHONE 12

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

GUNNERY GOSSIP

Since the last edition of the Mountain Viewpoint went to press the new gunnery aircraft, the Bolingbroke has been tried and tested for thirty days. They are proving themselves, but it might be added that it is mainly due to Flight Sergeant Orange and his hard-working crew of trouble-shooters. As yet we have never had an aircraft that remained serviceable through an entire day's flying. It can readily be seen therefore, that they are kept quite busy. Night maintenance also have co-operated to the fullest extent, and thus we are never short (A/C) for the following days' exercises.

As the months go by there is a constant changing of personnel and a continuous addition of so-called improvements. Some no doubt are a great benefit in the operation of the flight but there are others -- well those in other flights will acknowledge my trend of thought. However through the medium of experimentation these can be weeded out and discarded when their true worth becomes apparent. F/O Rutherford has left us and is now in the United States Service. We who have known him and had the pleasure of his acquaintance since the inauguration of gunnery will miss him greatly in the future. The best of luck to you Captain Rutherford.

It has been rumored that in the near future Mountain View will be in the limelight over a coast to coast hook-up. In view of the talent that is dormant at present on this station, I am afraid that Walter Winchell, Bob Hope and a host of others will have to look to their laurels or else. The musical ability that swells forth in the wet canteen on pay night reveals that such notoriety as "Fats Waller" and "Little Jack Little" are also in a precarious position. If such a rumor becomes a reality then, as in the past, the personnel will, I am sure, make a real effort and the programs will be as successful as our other endeavors.

A great loss which we will have to surmount is the loss of Flt.-Lieutenant Shaffer, our O/C. He was as much a part of gunnery flight as the aircraft themselves and as indispensable in the operation of gunnery exercises as a Vickers G. O. or a Browning machine gun. In his place we have the well-known and greatly admired Flt.-Lieutenant Thomas. I am sure that he will acknowledge that if gunnery runs as smoothly after Mr. Shaffer's de-

parture as it did before, he will be well satisfied. I am sure he will receive the same co-operation and the fullest effort from the personnel, and with F/O McKenzie as second in charge will have a most proficient assistant. As in the past also, your writer has run out of the proverbial guff so we'll leave again until the next edition.

★ ★ ★

THE GUNNER'S LAMENT

A ship is serviced, gassed and oiled
And started right on time;
Four gunners in, all full of vim,
And then out to the line.

One trip down and then one back,
And not a round is fired,
The pilot's dizzy, for there's no Lizzie
Nor a drogue at which to whack.

For twenty minutes this goes on,
Using petrol by the drum,
The boys sing tunes, the pilot fumes,
When will the drogue ship come.

Then out of the blue there heaves
in sight
A black and yellow plane,
With his washing out, he comes
about,

But we start back again.

The pilot lands and taxis round,
Back to the gunnery strip,
At first glance, the armourers
dance;
No work for them this trip.

Now droguing is an easy job,
So is flying on the line,
So when you hang your washing
out,
Please put it there on time.
—Gunnery Gus.

OFF THE TARGET

MINIATURE RIFLE CLUB NEWS

As yet there can be no information given about the monthly prizes that were mentioned in last month's despatch, but as the Committee is meeting in the near future, there may be a stop press item at the end of this news bulletin.

Now that the wintry weather is about to fall upon us and warm, sunny evenings are but a memory, I expect to see an increase in club profits and ammunition expended. Works and Buildings are being contacted with a view to the installation of heating ducts, so that the range will be a very cosy place during the cold weather ahead. In

Airforce and Army Needs—

BLUE HAVERSACKS - BLUE DUNNAGE BAGS
KHAKI HAVERSACKS - KHAKI DUNNAGE BAGS
HANDLES AND LOCKS FOR DUNNAGE BAGS
BUTTON STICK

FISHING TACKLE FOR EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS

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a wild moment the Secretary had visions of the Range being equipped with a Soft Drink Bar and several cosy armchairs. Can't you imagine yourself lolling in a "Berkeley", sipping an imaginary shot of Rye-Ginger Ale to you, whilst awaiting your turn at the Firing Point. Ah, well, it's nice to dream occasionally, who hasn't and even though that dream won't come it is a nice dream.

The Club is getting well known down in Montreal, every so often a few more targets and claims go in for Dominion Marksmen Pins, and before the winter is out I hope to send away for a few Expert Shields. With steady shooting any member of the Club should manage to qualify for the Bronze, Silver, and Gold Pins, and a few for the Expert Shield.

The following members have been awarded their Bronze or Silver Pin, and two are awaiting the granting of their Gold. Good shooting.

W.O. Yarrow, bronze.

A.W. Morley, bronze.

Sgt. Schultz, silver.

Lac. Dawes, silver.

When A.W. Morley was handed her Bronze Pin anyone would have thought that the Secretary was giving her 28 days' leave with pay and allowances. What excitement. What will she do if he ever has to hand her an Expert Shield? Will the Secretary need a body-guard?

Talking about the ladies, Yehudi, ace investigator, has uncovered a vile plot. The ladies so it is said, are thinking of forming their own Rifle Club and possibly doing their shooting on one special night of the week. Now, now, surely you aren't going to deprive us of your company on Range night. Be sociable girls, after all we are not that bad, or are we.

Over in England, a certain Lord Nuffield makes, or did make automobiles, to wit, MORRIS cars but on the side line he evidently has his own method of shooting--the MORRIS way. For further information about this unique Rifle hold contact the Plotting Office. And then again the Mari-

times has a way of its own, useful of shooting in confined spaces--consult the spark plug department in Maintenance if you are interested.

And that's all for now folks, I'll be with you next month—I hope.

STOP PRESS:

The Committee meeting will take place after this edition has gone to press, but the system of monthly prizes will run something like this:—A prize for the men's highest score of the month—ties to be shot off. This can be only won once, so everybody has a chance.

A prize for the ladies' highest score of the month, under the same conditions as the men's.

A Self Handicap Prize. In this competition you are your own handicapper. If your total score i. e. your actual score plus your handicap is over 100, then the amount over is subtracted from 100. Exp.: A score of 94 and a handicap of 3 results in a total score of 98. A member only shoots once per month for the Self Handicap Prize, so it's know your shooting ability. Your own handicap makes or breaks you.

Two Hidden Score Prizes, one for the first half, and one for the second half of the month. The amount of money allotted to prizes will depend entirely on how much shooting is done during the month, so how about it.

After the Committee has settled the problem an entry in will appear in D.R.O.'s and upon the Notice Board in the Range.

—SECRETARY.

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GEORGE A. LEE

MILITARY TAILOR - ALTERATIONS

ARMAMENT SECTION

Many of the personnel on this station do not realize how great a part the Armament Section plays. Neither do some of the (Joe) Armourers.

We have small departments, large departments, in fact any kind of department we please. Yours truly will try (and I mean try) and give you a blow by blow description of some of our (cracking) departments.

In a secluded corner in our Section (you have to look twice to see it) we have one of our busiest departments our ammunition filling room. (That's where we belt up rounds for Air Firing.) 25 yard range take notice please. In fact we are so busy that Lac. Hurst (who is in charge, we hope) cannot find time to discuss his harvest leave with anyone. (Save it for the long Winter nights, Hursty). Incidentally Lac. Hurst would like to know who the spy is in the mess hall. After all if he is hungry and tries to pass off a bogus meal ticket, wel — Whoa! we're off the beam.

It's quite a monotonous job they have (in the filling room) belting round after round, round after round, in fact about tenth round W. O. Splude (who also works there, or does she) goes into a Conga. It sure helps to break the monotony. No bottlenecks, please.

Down the hallway a bit, we have another booming section, called workshops. (No cracks please). Yes, we also have tools. (4 Joe Armourers to a bag). You may walk in there anytime of the day and find F/O. Youngman and Lac. Mills in a huddle. (Incidentally Lac. Mills will have an addition in the family soon. Congratulations Mills even though we are a little early. So far just about every month someone has been a proud father in this section. Wot a record.)

We have to take our hats off to F/O. Youngman; he sure has had quite a few headaches in the last two months. (Not only the morning after type) but the kind that comes with the Bristol Turret. (Open for consultation.)

We have used every kind of ejector chute imaginable. (Deflector bags we call 'em.) That is, when a round is fired in a gun, the case left to fall down into a chute—but the chute does not allow the empty case to fall all the way down, get it. The first six of our tests resembled a comic strip invention more so than something that could be put to practical use. Every day sure as ??? F/O. Youngman had a new idea and would say "I think it will work." So poor Joe Armourer (Lac. Mills to you) would have to make new dies, patterns, blueprints, paused for a roll your own and all the time his hair is getting grayer. Next on our list were: The mouse trap chute, the squirrel cage chute, and last but not least, one that resembled a silk stocking combined with a stove pipe. Well praise the Lord and pass the ammunition, this is over with and on our assembly line we have a Mark (34) thirty-four chute turned out at a rate never before thought possible, (3 a day.)

A sample (also pictures) have

been sent to Ottawa for approval (we have been using the new chute anyway. It works fine) and when we get word back from Ottawa (on on about September, 1944, we will again say keep up the good work F/O. Youngman.

Whenever a new headache crops up "Never say die." Youngman dons the old buckskin shirt and goes to work (at workshops.)

(P.S.: F/O. Youngman take note that your name has been mentioned four times in this issue. Progress I calls it.)

At this point in the column we must throw a few flowers (congratulations to you reader) to our night maintenance crew, Cpl. Grant and company. This is a new dept., opened up ince the arrival of Bolingbroke. The crew are doing a swell job. Keep it up and the past records will be broken.

Also (I hope this isn't annoying our dear readers) to Cpl. J. A. Smith, a pat on the back to your 'line crew. Where do the boys get the good answers for the air gunners Cpl. The difference between our two crews here: Our night crew have money. Our day crew, three guesses.

How about carrying something else besides our score board J. A. and stop Joeing Manns so much. Remember he still owes you a dollar.

To our office boy (never around Dickson) before you go back on course (rumored so) let yours truly know where you have been spending our time so regularly.

A couple of weeks ago we had to part with two of our bomb armourers. Lac. Beyers (why by now has applied for a re-muster to the M. T. Section) and Lac. Chisholm. They are back at school for a B. I. course. Luck and sympathy to the future bombing pupils.

Watching Lac. Beyer and the W.D. M.T. (military code) doing the Conga at the recreation hall last Saturday night would impress any dancing instructor.

"What has Clark Gable got that I haven't got and where can I get it," murmurs Lac. Chisholm as he combs his hair. (All you need is a fiddle Chissy.)

Beware Armourers! Rutherford returned from his harvest leave with a complete barber's outfit. (Scissors, clippers.) Since when did horses stop getting haircuts Rodgy.

Hanging up on our notice board one may notice this:

WANTED
An Armourer with a 1940 Ford V8 (in running condition) with ten gallons of gas, WISHES TO MEET a W. O. on No. One Pool who has four good tires, (spare not required).

OBJECT
Toronto.

A certain Armourer being late in opening the 25 yard range one sunny morning (never be late again Kinner) was confronted by Flight Sergeant (hard to handle) Smith.

His reply: "What's more important, getting here on time or going slow and saving my rubber heels."

Looks like he is doing his bit on rubber rationing. Yours truly will do his by signing off till ? ? ?

EXTRA:
In the next issue we will go from the ridiculous to the slime and re-

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veal the true facts of a Joe Armourer's full day's work (and I mean 'ull). So order your copies earlier than usual—till then,

Yours truly,
JOE ARMOURER.

SERVICE HISTORY

R.A.F. (GB) 513322 W.O. MONK, W.B.

1930—Enlisted in the Royal Air Force, September 22nd.

1931—Remustered Armourer at Eastchurch, and posted to No. 41 Fighter Squadron, Northolt, remaining with No. 41 Fighter Squadron until 1933.

1933—Posted to No. 800 Fighter Squadron, H.M.S. Courageous, and completed a commission in the Fleet Air Arm. During this time, the squadron moved to the following places: Malta, Gibraltar, Spain, Africa and the Canary Islands.

1936—Was posted to R.A.F. Station Andover, and remained there for six months. The latter end of 1936, was posted to No. 5 F.T.S., Sealand, Chester. Worked in the Advanced Training Squadron until 1937.



1937—Was promoted Corporal and posted to No. 601 Bombing Squadron, Hooten Park, Chester, remaining with that squadron until 1938.

1938—Posted to Station Headquarters, Monston, Kent, and was promoted to Sergeant, 1939.

1939—Was enrolled on an S.A.I.'s course, Mamby, in March, completing the course in September, and was posted to No. 12 F.T.S., Drem, Scotland. From No. 13 F.T.S., was attached to No. 13 Fighter Command Headquarters, and was in

charge of disposition of ammunition throughout the Command — also station gas defence, and station anti-aircraft defence. Remained there until January, 1940.

1940—Posted from No. 13 Fighter Command to R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, Ontario, Canada, in January, and promoted Flight Sergeant in June. Instructed Armourers throughout stay at Trenton until April, 1941.

1941—Posted to No. 6 B. and G. School, Mountain View, Ontario, on its formation, and was promoted to Warrant Officer in December.

1942—Presently employed as the School Warrant Officer at No. 6 B. and G. School.

It was observed by a New Zealander on charge: Flt./Sgt. McCurrie was passing: "There, but for the grace of God — goes God!"

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• CENTRAL MAINTENANCE •

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

GROUND CREW GETS CREDIT FOR SAVING GREAT BRITAIN

Work Without Glamour Performing Noble Task High Tribute of Chief

By AIR MARSHAL HAROLD EDWARDS
(Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, R.C.A.F. Overseas)

THEY TOIL WITHOUT GLORY. I would like to talk to you about those four simple, little words and all they imply in the air force in Britain, in Canada, and in the U.S., and everywhere. To us in the air force they have a meaning that, perhaps, others do not see. To us they are symbolic of men who have done much to make the air force what it is today. Without them we should fail. Without them the Battle of Britain would have been lost. Without them—and I say this deliberately—this mighty island might, long since, have been battered to its knees. But thank God we had them. They—no less than the men in the air—helped send the Luftwaffe back into Germany to lick its wounds. They—no less than the men in the air—made it impossible for flames to roar over this island as they did over London more than fifteen months ago. I am paying tribute to the men of the ground crews—the riggers, the engine mechanics, the armorers, the clerks, the equipment assistants, the transport drivers, the instrument makers, the parachute riggers, and all that host of people in air force uniform who are among the 50 ground-crew trades that we have today.

Would Be In Air.

The valiant young men who fly before whose sheer, stark courage I always feel humble when I go to see them off on a raid — are a gallant company. I would take away from them no whit of the credit they so rightly deserve. But I would ask you to remember that an air force is a team — a team in which each section is interdependent on the other. Those gallant young men in the air are the brilliant halfbacks who carry the ball. The ground crews are the men who run interference for them, and make their spectacular gains possible. Few of the ground crew are youngsters. Those who are young — you can take my word for it — would be in the air if they could follow their own desires.

Gave Up Good Jobs

Many of the ground crews are long past the age when air force service means high adventure, travel, a chance to see new things.

You reach an age, you know, when you like to come home in the evening after your day's work is done and, depending on your walk in life, take off your shoes and put on your slippers, loosen your collar and spend a quiet evening with your wife and children. Many of these ground crews have reached that age. They held good jobs in peacetime. There were many firemen mechanics among them. The majority were already skilled tradesmen.

But they had in them the love of fair play, that hatred of a bully, that characterises our people wherever you find them. They tossed aside their good jobs. They accepted the lowest rate of pay in the R. C. A. F. They exchanged the comforts of home life for life in huts. They bade their wives and children good-bye and headed out for a future in which everything was uncertain. There was one thing that was certain — and that was, as ground crews, their lot would be toil without glory.

Battle Sleet, Wind

Let us look at these ground crews for a few minutes and I will try to let you see them as I see them. On one of our stations there is a man called Paddy. Paddy is the sort of man you would pass in the street and never notice. Paddy is 47 years old and, if you could get him to talk about it, he would tell you of a dirty night, near Amiens, in another war, long years ago. He brought back a souvenir from that war — a jagged one that surgeons dug out of his shoulder. When this war came along, Paddy enlisted again. He knew he was too old for active service. He also knew that he was a first rate cook.

Away to the north of this air-drome is another. The wind never seems to die down there. In the winter it howls from the north and brings on its frozen breath that hard, stinging sleet that numbs the fingers and chills the marrow. There are fine Canadian boys flying the aircraft from that station. They battle with sleet and hail and wind long before and long after they have battled with the enemy. But they can only do that because of a group of ground-crew men whose names never strike the headlines.

I would like to tell you about the radio mechanics. You don't hear much about them, more because the jobs they do is one of the things we don't talk about. They are highly skilled men. They are doing a job that has much to do with the successful defence of this island. But no glamour surrounds them. They are hidden away, many of them, in isolated areas. They do not have the fellowship of the mess. They sleep at odd hours, but they do their job magnificently.

Let me take you to a fighter station during the season when cross-channel sweeps are being made. On the days when these are at their height the squadron may take off three or four times. That means heavy work for the ground crews. It means constant and careful check-



"O. K. JONES, LEVEL HER OFF."

king of engine and airframe. But these men do not complain. If the aircraft they service are in action it is their fight. If their pilot does a victory roll as he comes in to land it is their victory.

Weren't Headlined

Let me tell you of another incident. Recently one of our bomber squadrons was converted from twin-engined bombers to heavy four-engined types. The aircrew had made the change in record time — just half the time previously taken by any other squadron. They completed their conversion a few days before the first thousand-bomber raid on Cologne. But while the aircrew was completing its job the ground crew had accomplished an even greater task. Faced with new aircraft there were hundreds of minor additions and modifications that had to be made. Fitters, riggers, engine mechanics, armorers, even clerks, all turned in. They worked night and day. They had as little as four hours of sleep a night. At times there were as many as 30 men working on one aircraft. But when the commander-in-chief gave the order that sent another thousand bombers into the raid that squadron was ready.

You didn't read about those ground crews in the stories that were headlined all over the world, because they toil without glory. But, the men who flew the giant bombers knew what the ground crews had done. They did not spare their praise. And I can tell you that the wing commander of that squadron knows he has the finest ground crews now serving in the British Isles.

Each time you read of a bombing attack, or of a vicious fighter battle, or the sinking of a submarine,

remember the ground crews. Each time I leave an air station (usually at night) my heart goes out to these men to whom I now pay tribute.

(From the B. B. C. magazine, "London Calling")

Correspondents note: — A few days ago I was fortunate enough to read this article by Air Marshall Edwards. It is so appropriate for the Central Maintenance Section of the Viewpoint that I have used it as our leading article.

September 15th issue gave you an

airman "Grease Monkey's" point of

view, but this issue gives you an

identical point of view by one of

the top ranking men in the Service.

Possibly, you students will

learn the hard way, but some

of you may realize the words of

wisdom given to you, as well as to

the public, by men such as Air Mar-

shall Edwards is of inestimable

value to you in your part of the

team work required to maintain the

freedom of our country, for our-

selves, our children and our child-

ren's children.

★ ★ ★

Our C. O. S/L Hill arrived back

in harness after seven days leave,

dressed in a brand new uniform,

looking very fresh and trim, and

wearing a cherubic expression, rea-

son, he has, at last, joined the ranks

of the Benedicts.

On Wednesday, September 23rd,

at 1100 hours, at St. Peter's Church

in Toronto, Miss Alice Bryson Coch-

rane was united in the holy bonds

of matrimony to S/L Hill, who

promised to love, honour and main-

tain as long as both shall live.

The newlyweds spent their honey-

moon at Muskoka Lake and will in

the near future take up residence

in this vicinity.

Maintenance offers its sincerest

congratulations to you both.

SCREW THREADS

The following is the first of a series of short articles pertaining to various technical questions that arise daily in our work. Each month a different subject will be dealt with.

By F/L WARD

Much has been written on this subject, but the question still persists, "What thread is that?" As an answer which is repeated frequently, they will say, "It is standard". In 90% of the cases in question the answer is standard, but what standard? There are as many screw threads as there are guesses. The well-known United States Standard (U.S.S.) has now been changed to National Course (N.C.). The Society of Automobile Engineers (S.A.E.) is now National Fine (N.F.). The American Society of Mechanical Engineers (A.S.M.E.) has remained the same. The British Standard Whitworth (B.S.W.) is used principally in Great Britain. It was proposed by Sir Joseph Whitworth and a table of sizes published in 1841. The British Standard Fine (B.S.F.) supplements the Whitworth Standards where finer pitches are required.

It is the custom of many concerns to try to use one fine and one coarse pitch standard thread. American automobile manufacturers use the S.A.E. and manufacturers of farm machinery the U.S.S. British concerns use B.S.F. and for farm machinery the Whitworth. These four threads are standard though they differ in the angle of thread and in many cases in pitch or number of threads per inch.

The question has often arisen whether it is possible to combine the S.A.E. and B.S.F. bolt. The angle of the B.S.F. thread is 55° and the S.A.E. is 60°. The B.S.F. will, therefore, have a deeper thread groove than the S.A.E. due to the sharper angle. The largest diameter of the bolt and the largest diameter of the hole in the nut are always the same. What about the smallest diameter? The S.A.E. nut with the 60° or shallow thread can be screwed onto the B.S.F. bolt with the 55° deep cut thread, due to the difference in angles, which leaves a clearance between the bolt and nut thread, but on the S.A.E. bolt with its 60° thread groove and the B.S.F. nut having a thread angle of 55°, which is smaller than the smallest part of the S.A.E. 60° thread groove. The result would be the same as trying to force a square piece of steel through a round hole.

In certain cases it is possible to interchange a nut or bolt. The 10 x 24 A.S.M.E. standard can be used when 3/16" screws are specified, as the difference in diameter is only .003 thousands of an inch. The 14 x 20 A.S.M.E. are interchangeable with National Course (N.C.) as the difference is .0025 thousands of an inch. Although the practice to change a nut is possible, in Air Force procedure it is not permissible.

★ ★ ★

Maintenance photo for the month shows our night hawks, Night Maintenance, whose duty it is to see that you get every aircraft that it is possible to give you ready for service each morning. And they work hard too. Try it sometime



NIGHT MAINTENANCE — R. C. A. F. STATION — MOUNTAIN VIEW

FABRIC SECTION FICTION

By A.W.I SEAMAN

As my pen goes to paper once more, I sit here pondering as to what I should put into this article to give it a little more "gen." I have been asked to outline in some sort of manner the work of the "Fabric Worker" in regards to this station. Our job here is an arduous one. Lacking the excitement of operational stations, apparently out of grips with the enemies we long to contact and destroy, removed in the majority from the loved ones we hold so dear, we know that our task, small though it is, is of vital importance to the successful victory of our cause; and we must remember that our lot is infinitely better than many of our comrades and allies in the war-torn areas, of this ghastly war.

To begin with let us make a tour together, and our first stop of interest will be that of the fabric and dope shops. These two shops, situated in No. 6 Hangar, is considered the "Fabric Section". These rooms are built together for the sole purpose of preventing recovered components being exposed to outside air, before doping. Outside air will cause a slackness of the fabric, and thus prevent tautness required in doping.

Components such as allerons, elevators, rudders, are recovered here on the station. Before recovering they must be thoroughly cleaned, and protective coating applied. The cover, made of mercerized cotton, is stitched by hand, onto the frame, and is rib stitched securely before the standard doping scheme is applied. The doping process is very interesting work, and it is to this portion of our task that we exert most of our skill and patience.

The fabric section also takes under its wing the making and repairing of drogues. You who fly them know what they consist of and the labor employed for their repair.

The average working day calls for much repair to aircraft, scattered throughout the hangars. Large repairs, as well as the numerous smaller ones. Holes caused by battery

acid in the Lysanders have, until a recent date, been one of our greatest worries. Modifications to the battery-housings have greatly lessened this source of trouble. These major repairs have been handled quite efficiently (we hope) — and have in several instances, saved the ship a trip to a repair depot.

Enough of "dope" and its uses. Let us proceed to the parachute room. Practically every one of you has, at some time or another, had cause to visit this room. A great number of you have expressed little or no faith in a parachute packed by a female, but let me advise you that all parachutes packed by these said girls, are packed with extreme care and an ever watchful eye. However, if your chute should chance not to open, if need arise for it to do so—(and I don't mean just pulling the rip cord to see its functioning)—just bring it back, and we'll issue you with another. To the average flyer, a parachute is looked upon as a means of escape, should anything chance to go wrong during flight. He comes to look upon it as something quite capable of protecting him, but one thing he fails to do, and that is to return the faith bestowed in him to take extreme care of this very valuable parachute. All parachutes must be returned to the section for repacking once each month. During the course of packing a parachute, the packer never leaves the 'chute. Not until the log book has had its entry made, and the packing tag of the 'chute has been signed and replaced, is the packing considered complete. Our John Henry in that log book makes the individual fully responsible for the quick and correct opening of a 'chute. I for one, have been on this station for three and one half months, and during that short time I have encountered many different types of work. All of it interesting. Yes, I'll admit some of it is messy, but funny thing about it, we all seem to be quite a happy lot.

All in all, we do enjoy our work, but then, as in every section, we feel we have reason for complaints. Our outstanding fly in the ointment is that ever present expression "Flying Pay". No matter how large a major

repair has to be made to the aircraft, the fabric worker is not entitled to a "flip". Yet our work must be 100% perfect, for men's lives depend on it.

We fabric workers are but a very small cog in the wheel of maintenance, but we are maintenance and we are mighty proud of it. It's the maintenance crew who keep 'em flying. They're the men, behind the men, behind the guns. Experienced men in their trade—all of them, and hard conscientious workers at that. Each one, a willing worker doing his or her bit.

War means only one thing. "We've got to work to win, and win and win we must. So why leave it up to the other fellow? These are days for determination. Civilization has been threatened before. Men like Tamerlane, Genghis Khan and Alexander strove with mighty legions, to bind free men. They are dust—and most men are still free. While civilization is again threatened, men with determination, joined together by the great desire of "freedom" will banish the shadow of the yoke forever from the earth. We can do what we determine to do.

We ask you . . . does not maintenance do her share? We work, and we work willingly, but what we really would like to see, is the rest of you—yes, everyone of you, working with us.

★ ★ ★

With a smile and a hand shake we said good-bye to a grand guy, but our hearts were heavy. We hated to see you go Mr. Pierson, even though you may be joining Mr. Gahble. Your work and endeavors on behalf of the boys in maintenance were unsurpassed and though you are glad to get overseas we sincerely regret your leaving us. The best wishes for your future from every man is all Maintenance can say. Good luck.

★ ★ ★

Maintenance softball team won the Station championship through default. We are disgusted to have to take it this way but the outcome was apparently a foregone conclusion. Better luck next time other sections.

“DAVID”

By PONTEFRACT-THE-BEAR

The morning of May the 10th. ground its slow way. It was now 0530 and the Flight Commander had had a chance to get things a little organized. He had brought the 'Red' section to full 'Readiness.' He would lead himself. Sergeant 'Sammy,' still thirsting for blood, would fly on the left. David would fly on the right. David was an odd, complex character, the only son of one of the world's ablest and best known actresses, he was a veritable mas sof strange introspection.

His upbringing may have had a lot to do with it, but he would spring from wild depths of despair to wild elation at the slightest provocation and back again with the agility of a gazelle. When one knew him one loved him, if one didn't one wondered how he had survived so long without justified extermination. This morning he was at his worst. The fact that he had missed the earlier fun and its delightful collection of hunns, had driven him into a mild state of self pity. He believed that he had missed his chance. He considered the morning's show had been a try-out trip and that, having found that they suffered, the Hun would let the war drop back into the usual state of mental and physical decay. Sulking pathetically, he sat on the bench outside the dispersal hunt. equipped as were the others with his helmet hung round his neck by its oxygen tube and radio wires.

The telephone rang and the Flight Commander jumped for it. "That Red One" came the crackly voice. "Controller here. Three enemy Roulers in Belgium. Three enemy Roulers in Belgium. Off you go."

The Flight Commander thumbed down the klaxon switch. The fitters raced out to the waiting aircraft. Grinning happily David raced out to old 'S', the oldest Hurricane in the Flight. Known as the "Wreck" and hated cordially by everyone, it was the pride of his contrary heart. To everybody's amazement it started almost as the delightful 'Go.' The two fierce, heavy growing aircraft streaked across the wet grass, leaving Sergeant Sammy, perhaps the finest fighter pilot of all time, standing disconsolately beside a dead aircraft its engine turning uselessly on the starter. Sergeant Sammy had missed his only time.

Wheeling in formation, the two fighters headed, climbing hard, towards the northwest and into Belgium, still neutral but already a battlefield. David, flying in close for a moment, gave the famous two fingered sign, that is said to mean 'V for Victory' but, to the initiated, has a far ruder and more expressive meaning.

In a matter of minutes the Flight Commander sighted the enemy, three fleet Ju88's, circling away from the town of Roubaix, a little south of Roulers. Making the appropriate signal he pulled his plug and the chase was on.

The enemy were slightly higher and sighted the Fighter Formation almost as soon as it climbed after them. They headed east at terrific speed and the throttle held wide open as the need for speed

was great, 'G' started to pull away from the slower 'S'. The distance began imperceptibly at first, to close and the Flight Commander began to think. With only two aircraft the proper formation attack was impossible. The enemy leader must be left as to enter the centre of the Formation would be a needless risk. Still the unattacked rear gunner bothered him.

"Take the mon on the right," he called over the radio. "I'll take the other. Leave the leader and get in and get out fast." He switched the set to 'Receive.'

"O.K. Red Jimmy. O.K. Red Jimmy. I get the idea. I get the idea." Came in reply and the Flight Commander, worry creasing his brow, glanced over his shoulder, as he switched on his sight and turned the firing button over to 'Danger.'

David was not too far behind and they were way out over territory that was not, as yet, at war. He would attack immediately.

At three hundred yards he opened fire and held it, overtaking fast until the enemy seemed to envelope the sky. As he pulled wildly up and away, he saw the enemy sink, both props stopped and flames pouring from each nacelle, the mushrooms of two parachutes opening up behind it. Once clear he pressed the plug back home and watched. David came in close before he fired his first burst.

Eight spurts of flame spouted from the leading edges of old 'S's' wings. The right hand Junkers seemed to check in the air and then rolled onto its back. The rear gunner of the unattacked aircraft was firing hard a long line of tracers streaming out behind him, all directed at David. In his seat, the Flight Commander stiffened. For suddenly a tiny cloud seemed to cover the cockpit of the distant Hurricane, stay for a second and then, as the aircraft turned down into the mist below, the float behind it and slowly disperse. Forcing the throttle wide open, he threw the faithful 'G' into a turn down and after his now vanishing formation partner.

"Hello, Red David. Hello, Red David," he called over the radio. "Are you hit? Are you hit? Try and follow me. Try and follow me. Don't land here—neutral. Don't land here—Neutral. Over to you, over to you. Over. Over." For a moment no reply came, and then . . .

Jimmy," came a stifled reply. "I'm hit in the face. Hit in the face. I'll try to get back to France. I'll try to get back to France. I think I'm going blind. Where are you. Over."

"Hello, Red David. I can't see you but I think I'm near. I can hear you well. I can hear you loud and clear. Keep on flying. Keep on flying. I'll try and contact base!"

"Hello, Controller. Hello, Controller." The Flight Commander called, turning his set to full volume. "Are you receiving me. Are you receiving me. Red one calling. Red one calling. Red two hit and trying to make France. Going blind. Will stay with him if I can. Over to you. Over."

In a few seconds the Controller replied, his voice sounding faint for he was more than a hundred and eighty miles. The lame aircraft struggled back, the Flight

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Commander trying to keep touch but never seeing him down in the mist. From time to time David called. His eyes were hurting him like hell, he said, but he could still see enough to keep going. At last the Controller joined in.

"Keep going David boy. Keep going," came the voice of dear old George, the squadron's fat, cheerful Controller. "You're nearer now. I can hear you quite well. How's it going now?"

"O.K. O.K." came David's voice. "Only twenty miles to the border now. God but this hurts."

rrrrr hdu hdu cmfwyp vbgkajppj The Flight Commander kept nearby still seeing no sign of the wounded pilot. As the border came up below he called out once more.

"Hello, Red David. Hello, Red David. Red Jimmy calling. You should be in France now. Do what you like. I shouldn't try to land."

"Hello, Red Jimmy. Hello, Controller," called David. "In France now. In France now. Can't see much. Over."

"Hello, Red David," came George's kindly voice. "Good show boy. Good show boy. If in doubt ball out. If in doubt ball out. Over." "Damned if I will," came David's reply. "I'll land her on her belly. Over."

Knowing now that he could do little, the Flight Commander raced back to the aerodrome at Little Seclin, peering through the mist, and landed as quickly as he could. As he taxied in to the Dispersal hut he heard David's voice once more.

"Hello, George. Hello, George," he called. "I don't want to hurt old 'S'. I'm going to land her. Going to land her. Over." His love for his ghastly flying 'bag' had done out once more.

"Hello, David. Hello, David." George's voice sounded, for once, anxious. "Don't try it. For God's sake don't try it. Over." There was no answer.

The Flight Commander stood now, with the others, outside the hut, a running Hillman van beside him for any emergency. From across the aerodrome the ambulance rumbled its weary way. Suddenly a Hurricane probed out of the mist. It was old 'S'. Rough-

JAMES H. RUTTER

GROCERIES

PHONE 80

WELLINGTON, ONT.

ly and jerkily David circled the aerodrome, the whole aircraft swinging wildly under the coarse use of the rudder. The breathless, waiting gang saw the under-carriage slowly lower. It turned into wind and down came the flaps.

Swerving wildly it neared the ground. The whole thing looked impossible, and then it steadied to touch down with only a slight bounce. Slowly and deliberately it was taxied over to the place near the hut. Even before it stopped the waiting pilots were running out to it. As the engine died David pulled back the horribly shattered cockpit cover and climbed painfully to the ground. Upright and steady he walked up to the Flight Commander. His face was a sticky red mask. His right eye had been blown out through the side of his face. Blood dripped steadily from the upper eyelid of his left eye, which hung all but severed down the side of his face. With the back of his hand, as he had for the whole trip, he wiped the blood from his bare eyeball splinters of glass falling from the bloody socket as he did so. He saluted gravely.

"Did I get him?" he said. "He looked as though he went. I saw yours go down." He staggered a little, and then spoke again.

"Put a new windscreen on the old girl," he said. "She'll be as good as new. Good old girl, worth the trouble. I think." The Flight Commander and Sergeant Sammy caught him as he fell. Gentle hands put him in the ambulance and he was away.

The C.O. came up and took the (Continued on page 15)

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WORKS AND BUILDINGS

Mountain View, the mul-hole of Ontario, the place which so many shunned if at all possible, the Camp of Complaints; for postings further East and West, of the Bus Service, and a thousand and one things that a new Station cannot offer. Yes, maybe mud covered the ground, and Duke forgot to make the 7 o'clock run, but to-day we have a station to be proud of. A camp of paved roads, beautiful lawns, bus service, theatre showing the latest movies three times a week, recreation hall, softball, soccer and cricket teams, our own dance orchestra, for our monthly dance; a sports committee always ready and willing to help in promoting any sport meets, and tournaments. And now Works and Buildings are in the final stages of completing one of the most modern libraries and lounge rooms in any military camp in Canada. In this building the Station has designed under the careful supervision of S. O. Ball and Col. Manhard a combination reading and writing room for W. D.'s and also one for airmen, with a large up-to-date variety of books. Padres' offices are also located in this building. The common lounge for W. D.'s and Airmen in a large bright airy room, with maple floors, an eight foot stone fireplace at one end, the walls are painted in a rich peach, with a ceiling of semi-gloss ivory, full draped curtains of a heavy oatmeal material with indirect lighting give this a warm, cozy, homelike appearance, complete with wine and dark green upholstered furniture, occasional chairs, tables for bridge, radio-phonograph, darts, etc., will this winter make the personnel of the station realize that Mountain View to-day has officers looking after the interest of men in their off-duty hours.

★ ★ ★

"There is no place like home." Numerous airmen who have left Mountain View, W. & B. Section have since written and expressed appreciation of the excellent C. O. they had in Col. Manhard, and how they wished they were back again, under his command. Ron Leck who was posted to Newfoundland, Benny Goodman, Cpl. Hooper, Jack Simmons, Nick Nicholson, Bradley and others have all written expressing their desire to return to Mtn. View. This alone should make the balance of W. & B. personnel glad of the fact that they are working with Works and Buildings at Mountain View.

Why do the tractor drivers go apple picking on their 48's. Is it the money, the bag of apples, or — (Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me?). Perhaps LAC. Smith or Sgt. Mattern can answer.

Now that duck season is in we hear many stories as to they were not flying etc., etc., and are still waiting to see some ducks. Perhaps with a little persuasion we may arrange to have some prairie at the 25 yard range for these so-called duck hunters.

A. W. 1 Davidson has returned to W & B, with new ideas for her spare time. First it was flying. Private lessons but after having her first flip decided to change. Now it is tap dancing and with the assistance

of the boys of the office staff our Clerk Acct. in particular, we are sure she may develop real talent. Keep trying, if you don't succeed, try and try again.

If any delivery of signs or other material on Sundays are required, LAC. Gower would be glad to make the delivery on one condition. (The same pick up driver) M. T. section, take note.

Will Scottie have time to complete the outside stone work before the cold weather sets in. (or something). Old soldiers never die.

Nice job of the fireplace in new Recreation, Scottie and Joe. Keep the good work up.

By the way folks our new recreation and reading library will be finished by the time you get this paper. We trust you will enjoy it as much as we have had the pleasure to make it for you.

We're pleased to inform you the basketball back stops now being made and erected by the four Stalwarts are none other than F/O Barrett and his able bodied assistants. Works and Buildings are supplying the goods and tools. They are doing the job. Keep the good work up boys, that's co-operation and we sure need it.

Howard A. gets so tired during the day. Late hours Howard for a junior. Dancing every night does take considerable energy. Better let up or the Navy won't take you.

Now that the heating season has started we ask your co-operation in order to maintain service. Remember when using electric irons, washing machines, etc., see they are in good condition (we will gladly check them for you), otherwise they blow fuses and interfere with the heating units and controls and the barrack becomes cold. We wish to give 100 per cent. service. Please do not remove fuses but call Works & Buildings.

Trouble is like some people. Either one will come for a visit without being invited.

New automotive power is being planned in for mot bricks. But wouldn't miniature tombstones be more appropriate.

Maybe it takes several generations to make a gentleman, but one year at finishing school for daughter is usually enough to finish Dad.

COULD ANYONE TELL US?

Why a certain ginger-headed electrician spends considerable of his time at Consecon, Is it to repair lighting, get lit, or does he really live down that way?

Why doesn't Barney the carpenter finish installing the hangers in the W. D.'s quarters. No stalling Barney.

How long before a white elephant on the painters' shelf will have to stay before a certain W. D.'s No. and name will be painted on. Perhaps LAC. Gower could tell us.

Now that the new bake oven is set up at the Airmen's mess hall, we trust there will be less complaints and more baked goods — (Cooks take notice.)

Hip, hip McFarlands have started re-surfacing our roads but unfortunately have run out of material. We trust they will have them completed before bad weather sets in. Cheer up boys, we still have a parking lot outside the gate.

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AMERICAN PLAN

"DAVID"

(Continued from page 14)

Flight Commander's intelligence report. Together they rang up the hospital. Doc was not encouraging. One eye, as they knew, was gone. There was but little hope for the other. He would be taken to a Base Hospital. A few minutes later, to everyone's amazement, the ambulance rolled up once more. The doors opened and there stood David. His head was covered in bandages. Two medical orderlies helped and guided him into the Hut.

With his head lowered to ease the pain he made his intelligence report. In quiet tones he told his story, confirming his leader's Hun, which was found later.

He listened while the Flight Commander told of his shots and the effect on his target.

"Thank God," he said wistfully. "At least I got on." Then he rose and turned to the C.O. and apologized for the loss of his aircraft.

"But she'll be all right with a new screen Sir," he said. "I'm afraid it was an awful landing, but I wanted to get her home." Fumbling, he shook hands all round and then a gentle orderly took his hand and helped by the C.O. and the Flight Commander, led him back to the waiting vehicle. As the doors closed he spoke once more.

"The old gang isn't doing so badly," he said. "Keep it up and let me know the luck." The doors closed and the engine started. The C. O. put his arm round the Flight

Commander's shoulders and together they stood, not daring to speak, watching the grim grey chariot bearing a very brave man to a life of perpetual twilight.

AN OLD SWEAT'S PRAYER

Please give me a rifle and bayonet
A sword or a cutlass or knife,
For I'm fed up with being a Batman
And taking no part in the strife.

My duties have made me regusted
I crave for a chance with a gun
So I think I shall join the Com-mandos
And dust off a few hundred Huns.

My range finders ain't what they should be,
And my bellows, they sometimes blow hard,
But I still have that old trigger finger
I picked up in Heinies' back yard.

They say I'm too old for route marching,
Shake their heads when I say forty-four,
"Beat Hitler with buttons not bullets,
And do your bit polishing floors."

But should it take twenty years longer
To vanquish the Hun and the Jap,
We shall trade that old broom for a musket,
A belt, bandolier, and a cap.
Mac.

SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

TRACK AND FIELD

When it was originally announced that a track and field meet was to be held in Toronto, Mountain View, with only twelve entries, was not considered a potential threat to carry the meet. Well, to make a long story short, on a basis of points scored, 5, 3 and 1 for first, second and third, the lads from the hilltop school of learning breezed in with enough points to finish third on the day's efforts. Kingston R.A.F. placed first with No. Manning Depot second. No. 5 I.T.S. of Belleville were fourth, and we consider the boys did a fair day's work. To get down to cases, we find L.A.C. Archer of G15 (Air) carting home three trophies, a first in the 220-yard final, a second in the 100-yard final and a second in the all services 880-yard relay. Not a bad day's work and had he not been handicapped with a slipping start in the 100-yard final, all present are certain he would have won that event too. Remember, all final events were run off in the face of a driving rain storm, so his 23.5 seconds for the 220 yards was phenomenal.

P/O Bill Maynard, Gunnery Flight's contribution to our team, set the pace all morning in the pole vault, and during the afternoon, between rub-downs by S/L Gwynne-Timothy, Cpl. Iverson and F/O Barrett, managed to untangle himself from amongst the towels, blankets, trench-coats, etc., that surrounded him, to go out and win the event, barely missing 12 feet. This is a remarkable height in view of the fact that he wore running shoes and did all his final jumping during a torrential downpour. Not to be outdone by Archer, Maynard went out and tossed the 16-pound shot-put over 47 feet to place a good third in that event.

Our other competitors who completed the team were:

L.A.C. Christie (Maintenance), on the relay team, got away to a good start, handing the baton in third position to

L.A.C. Tood (Air Armament), who held third spot well handing over in turn to

L.A.C. Parker (Maintenance), who was jostled about considerably dropping back to fifth as he gave the baton to Archer who in turn was shouldered off stride.

L.A.C. Zadow, the strong man from Maintenance failed to qualify after hurling the discus just under 100 feet and the shot put 40 feet.

RCAF-RAF SPORTS LEAGUE

At a recent meeting of the Bay of Quinte Sports League, your Station sports officer was elected president and your Station Knights of Columbus supervisor was elected secretary. Elaborate plans for a complete fall and winter program were lined up and to keep you posted we shall give you an account of the present organization.

Executive:

President—F/O Barrett, Mountain View.

Secretary—Urban Hughes, Mountain View.

Members—P/O Laithwaite, Picton; Alf Morris, Picton; Jack McLeod, Picton; F/O Horton, Trenton; H. Goodman, Trenton; P/O Rushton, No. 6 R.D.; H. Stevenson, No. 6 R.D.; F/O Munro, No. 5 I.T.S.; R. Hackett, No. 5 I.T.S.; H. Davidson, Mountain View; Tom Rathwell, Mountain View.

BASKETBALL

F/O Munro, acting as convener for this sport, is drawing up a home and home schedule with all stations except Picton entering a team. The first games will begin the first week in November. Practices have already begun at Mountain View, so if you are a recent arrival, contact F/O Barrett or any member of our auxiliary or P.T. staff and come out for the team. Practices are announced in D.R.O. and the weekly sport sheet, and are being held in the drill hall.

BADMINTON

P/O Rushton, acting as convener in this sport was instructed to arrange a monthly knockout tournament with all five stations acting as home team alternately, and supplying birds for that evening. Four courts in the drill hall and one court in the recreation hall for the W.D.'s are in use now, with a ladder standing being conducted by F/Lt. Ward of Maintenance as O/i/c Badminton. The representative teams, invitation and tournament, will be selected from the six top ranking players each month. Birds may be purchased at below cost through the canteen.

HOCKEY

Be it known to all and sundry at this early date, if you intend to make a spot on the station hockey team, begin next week, on Monday, Oct. 19 to be exact, at 1830 hours to get into shape. Conditioning exercises will be conducted every week night at that hour until the season opens. Regardless of the fact that last winter you played in the N.H.L. or the local town church league, you don't earn a spot without working for it. Conditioning classes will be handled by F/Sgt. Dupont and Sgt. Iveson, while the actual coaching will be the responsibility of F/O Jackson. We are fortunate indeed in having a man with the vast professional experiences of the above mentioned officer at our disposal, and if "Stan's" past speaks at all for his method of handling Mountain View' sentry, then you young hopefuls are in for a hard season. Plans are now under way to have the use of the Belleville Arena one night a week, a double-header feature each week in the R.C.A.F. Bay of Quinte League, beginning in about less time than you can imagine. Consider this as fair and ample warning, because this league is going to be very keenly contested this year.

VOLLEYBALL

A monthly knockout tournament will be held on one of four stations, Trenton, Mountain View, No. 6 R.D. and No. 5 I.T.S. Practices will begin on the station any time now so keep your eye peeled on

D.R.O. and the weekly sport sheet for the first announcements.

HOUSE LEAGUE SPORTS

An exhaustive survey is being conducted on this station to line up inter-unit teams to form house leagues in the various fall and winter sports. A sensational season was experienced in softball with over 225 games other than station team fixtures, were played here. As far as we know, this is a record for any station within this command. There is no reason why a successful season cannot also be carried out in our approaching seasonal sports. So get behind your own section and see to it that representation is made to the station sports committee through the medium of the information sheets already distributed.

The soccer team has been taken under the capable wing of Sgt. Williams of G.I.S. (Air), and they report all set for their coming fixtures in the Bay of Quinte League. The team lost to Kingston army team here by a score of 1-0, but won their return match at the home of the Signallers in Kingston Thursday, Oct. 1 by a score of 2-1.

ENTERTAINMENT

SATURDAY NIGHT DANCES

The first of the series of impromptu Saturday night dances was held in the Station Recreation Hall on Sept. 26. About seventy couples were present and all agreed that it was a most enjoyable evening. The staff at the Recreation Hall had put a lot of work on the floor and after those present had put a polish on the newly waxed surface in the pleasantest way possible — by tripping the light fantastic, the offerings of Brian Field at the piano were used as an inspiration by those present to get in as much dancing as possible.

During the evening Ted Shannon arrived with a drum and trap outfit and his drum boogie was enthusiastically received and added greatly to the evening's fun.

The second dance of the series on Oct. 3 was also a success and the dances will be held each Saturday evening if they continue to provide as much fun and recreation as the initial ones have done. The committee in charge were Sgt. McCorkindale, A.W.1 Watt, A.W.1 Rutherford of the Women's Division and L.A.C. Tem Shannon and A.C.2 Brian Field. Urban Hughes and Bud Davison, K. of C. supervisors, acted as masters of ceremonies.

AIRMEN'S DANCE

At the time of going to press arrangements are about completed for the holding of the October Airmen's dance in the Station Drill Hall. The committee in charge are confident that the October dance will set a new high for entertainment provided

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by these dances. The committee hope to present the dance band from No. 6 Repair Depot, Trenton, and their reputation of being one of the outstanding bands of the district will assure a real evening of fun. Special decorations, prize events and refreshments will be other attractions at the dance.

Moving Picture Programs

Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings are movie nights at the Station Recreation Hall.

Urban Hughes, K. of C. supervisor, announces that the following features have been booked for showing at Mountain View on the dates shown:

Sunday and Monday, Oct. 11 and 12—"Damsel In Distress" with Fred Astaire and Burns and Allen.

Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14 and 15—"Nice Girl" with Deanna Durbin.

Sunday and Monday, Oct. 18 and 19—"Sky Giant" with Richard Dix and Joan Fontaine.

Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 21 and 22—"Secret Seven" with Florence Rice and Barton McLane.

Sunday and Monday, Oct. 25 and 26—"Hitting a New High" with Lily Pons and Jack Oakie.

Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28 and 29—"Doctor Takes a Wife" with Loretta Young.

Sunday and Monday, Nov. 1 and 2 —To be announced.

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WELLINGTON, ONT. PHONE 70

PERSONALITIES

Maintenance Technical
Warrant Officers



W.O.2 MAURICE LAROCHE, saw the light of day back in 1910, at Hull, Que. Brought up there and attended Hull Tech. until 1929 when in April of that year the R.C.A.F. accepted him as an A.C.2 apprentice. Trained, grew and advanced at Borden, Trenton, and is now one of our Technical Warrant Officers on this Station. Was one of the original members of the Air Armament School at Borden 1932. Is single but close to being a benedict.

other of our Technical Warrant Officers. Is married, has no children, and lives in Brighton. Another old Air Armament man.



W.O.2 DANIEL KEYWORTH COWLEY, our Junior Technical Warrant Officer. Born in Bristol, Que., in 1911, attended Glebe Collegiate High, played hockey for Ottawa Juniors and toured Europe with an all star hockey team. Joined the R.C.A.F. in 1935, served at Ottawa, Trenton, Dartmouth, Jarvis and now at Mountain View but though still single, is like W.O. Laroche, close to being a benedict.

NEWS FROM WINKLE

AT MOUNTAIN VIEW



W.O.2 ROBERT STANLEY SHAW from the West, born in Winnipeg to be exact in 1916. Like most Westerners, moved around. Educated in Alberta, felt the urge to do air work and enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Feb. 1936. Trained at Borden, transferred to Trenton as a sergeant. Is now an-

Who was the WO1 Pilot seen coming out of the Sergeants' Mess with a toothpick in his mouth, when he has just had all of his molars out and waiting patiently for his chinaware?

Who is the Armourer since inviting Auntie to visit him has to sleep in barracks?

Now that the apple season is almost over where will Daisy Mae and Little Abner be spending their evenings?

Who is the Sergt. in the Plotting Office acting as a Dorothy Dix and giving our new arrivals advice on love from the forlorn kind of a late start. Isn't it Higgins?

Who could the corporal with a small black moustache (not the bowser type) be, who has so many excuses to go to the Plotting Office since the arrival of the W. D.'s. Could Daisy Mae be the reason?

Sun in Montreal: A certain Flt.-Sgt. Pilot strutting down Windsor Street with his little bundle of joy with the expression on their faces

they must be contemplating matrimony.

There is a certain Flt.-Sgt. who plots bombs having so many trimmings at playing snooker he is now considering buying a miniature table for use of practicing at home so he can play the late arrivals who don't know him for an ale.

Can it be possible that R. G. Smith actually had a paint brush in his hand (under the work bench) at Bombing stores. What's wrong with above the work bench R. G. We will see that you have a parachute in case the height is too great for you.

★ ★ ★

No. 5 G. L. COURSE

SHOW APPRECIATION

I should like to say a word of appreciation for the members of No. 5 A.L. Course and myself with regard to the extremely interesting "gen" that has been given us by our hard working instructors during our stay at Mountain View.

We have had many good lectures and a thing I will say that we thoroughly enjoyed was the "visiting lectures". One very interesting lecture, one which course members will recall even when they have long white flowing beards and are shooting lines to their grandchildren, took place early in the course. The exact title of the lecture I have forgotten, and the lecturer's name I have censored. It was on the noble art of placing an egg-like object in the centre of a white triangle from a rather dizzy height, and also on the rather doubtful art of flying an "Annie" really well. We entered the lecture room green, and unintelligent and left loaded down with confidence of our capability to at least get the old girl off the ground now, and the happy thought that we could (oh! spare our blushes) confess our complete ignorance of, let us say the brake system, and even get a practical demonstration.

We were so impressed by this that it was with joy and excitement that we learned of an "encore". This lecture was on the noble art of placing a small piece of tin into a white thing, which trails rather mournfully behind an aeroplane of doubtful parentage called "Liz", and how to fly the giant four place two motor attack bomber with nothing on the clock and still climbing D:Da Di Da.

One day at Consecra was great fun and we are really enjoying the course. Little incidents like shutting one's finger in a breach block, and being stepped on by Max go to make life so interesting.

Well, I have written for long enough and I now have to visit the G. L. Course's Information Bureau, and find out the correct method of maintenance for bows and arrows, so I will end this rather illiterate article.

★ ★ ★

GUESS WHO. . . This Maintenance Pilot Officer climbed into three different Lysanders to go for

a flip. Much to his dismay all these were U/S. He then decided that his time was needed elsewhere, and declined to ride when a serviceable Lizzie was located. \$64.00 question —was it the aircraft or the pilot that made him change his mind?

The other day we took great pleasure in listening to a Gunnery Pilot and a Drogue Pilot telling each other what a fine exercise they had just flown. Why don't we do this more often?

★ ★ ★

DID YOU KNOW

Among our pilots we have an (expert??) handicapper on World Series games. For further information see Sgt. Forrester; he has all the dope, the dope.

And next we have the Thousand Island kid who can drink huge quantities of beverages because when he becomes full he simply sticks his finger down his throat and calls for more.

We have a famous Hampden Pilot who has condescended to come to Mountain View after some time on Coastal Patrol. After three months (dual) we figure he is safe to fly the Yale. Good show.

That we have an expert navigator in our flight? Ask F/L. Shafter, who picked up the strays returning from Centralia. Was he a W.O.2 from Florida.

That there is a romance afoot between a certain R.A.F. pilot and "Susie."

A certain Corporal and Sgt. Pilot went to New York. And who looked after the Sgt.? Why Corporal, of course.

That Lac. Jeffries was "hitched" for two weeks before making it known. Could it be possible he was trying to dodge buying the drinks? Congratulation "Wonk."

A certain drogue operator likes them old and decrepit.

That Gunnery Flight are sending pilots to Drogue for experience.

Notice to Gunnery Pilots

It will be of interest to Gunnery pilots to know that Drogue Flight is trying to facilitate their work for them. On Oct. 15 we expect to open a special complaint department for the express use of Gunnery pilots. All complaints will be received and dealt with promptly. Exact location of this new department will be made public very shortly. We expect to have a special arbitrator to settle all disputes between Gunnery and Drogue pilots.

★ ★ ★

Congratulations to W.O.2 Cain on his recent promotion. Incidentally, Ernie, how did your wife take the Mont Joli excuse?

WELLINGTON GARAGE

GENERAL REPAIRS
GAS and OIL

WELLINGTON, ONT. - PHONE 15J

WOMEN'S DIVISION

This article is intended to deal only with the Women's Division on this station. Everyday quibbles and quips — every momentous change of the female personnel of this station. So here it is, and no matter how you guzzle it, it is still all in fun.

Before I proceed further I wish to express our sincerest regrets at losing our Senior Officer A/S/O Ball to the station at Arnprior. All of the girls join in with me and we hope that your new posting will be a pleasant one. It's an ill wind that blows no good, and so to the girls who will be stationed under you we want to say how very fortunate we think they are. To counteract the loss of A/S/O Ball we have had the privilege of welcoming to our midst Senior Officer A/S/O Chivers who comes to us from Jarvis. We sincerely hope she will enjoy her posting here.

While at this phase of the column I wish to extend a hearty welcome to all our recent additions to this station. The two equipment assistants, AW1 McFarlane, C. R., and AW1 Barton, K., both from Vancouver. These girls joined for broadening experience, and both are keeping their fingers crossed for a Western posting. Two recent additions to the switchboard include AW2 Higgins, E. (a bit of old Erin) and AW2 Clarence, F. E., (just call her Flo). Higgins and Clarence, both from Vancouver, are still debating over who's buying who's birthday dinner. Perhaps you have not heard the "gen" on these two girls who joined up as cooks, only to remuster to telephone operators after a two and a half hour "close-up" of cookhouse duties at Rockcliffe. Just ask Higgins! She will really give you the low down! Don't ask Clarence. After making the acquaintance of a certain cook at Mountain View, she is seriously considering re-mustering again.

AW2 Thomson, E. F., clerk stenographer, hails from Nelson, B. C. For sixteen years Thomson was secretary of the Chamber of Mines of Eastern British Columbia. Nelson, B. C. During the World Fair at San Francisco, she spent several months in the B. C. Pavilion as representative of B. C. and Kootenay Mining. AW2 Federspell, M. T. and AW2 Blair, I. J., both postal clerks and both from Saskatchewan. They joined the airforce having as their main reason the fact that they are the only eligible members of their respective families for enlistment in the armed forces. AW2 Fraser, B. M., from Edmonton and AW2 Quigley, V. C., from Regina, decided they would both put in their two bits worth to win the war and joined up as clerk accountants.

AW2 Humphrey, D. P., and AW2 Hughes, P. M., come from Powell River, B. C. Humphrey says she is one of the girls who first wrote to the government plaguing them to start a Women's Division. Thank you Humphrey. Hughes had a great desire for travel, as well as being patriotic. By the way Hughes, how do you like Eastern Canada? I feel sorry for you Westerners, once

winter sets in — Brrr — I am feeling chilly just thinking about it. Our two clerk generals are AW2 Copeland, M. J., from Regina, Sask. and AW2 O'Leary, I. P., from Winnipeg. AW2 Brandley, M. F., and AW2 Ryan, A. R., two hospital assistants, who recruited together at London, Ont., love their work. It was this that induced them to enlist.

To any of you whom I may have inadvertently omitted, I am sorry, and it is purely unintentional, but to you, as well as to the girls mentioned above, we extend a hearty welcome.

Of recent date we were honoured by a visit from A/S/O Elson. Congratulations, and we hope you enjoy your posting.

And now to other things. One evening last week I decided that instead of the usual gadding about I would spend a much more advantageous hour or two reclining on my bunk — and so spent a most amusing evening listening and watching — for something interesting which I might snag for my column. To relate each incident would crowd me for space, so I will touch lightly over the more amusing episodes. There on her bed sat McDonald reading a letter from Picton. Her face was wreathed in smiles. Looking up she caught my eye — "Gosh," she exclaimed, "I want to go to Picton again." Glancing down the line I noticed AW1 Henderson trying on her new P. T. outfit and wondering out loud if she would be cutting quite a figure.

On the bunk next to mine — curled up quite contentedly, was Brown who had just returned from a 48, busily sorting out parcels from home. This is a lucky girl and pretty soon we will all be gaining weight if her family keeps up the good work. Mmm — chicken sandwiches. A few beds further down the room, dashing madly to and fro was the figure of another W. D. After closer scrutinizing, I concluded it was AW1 Olive. I soon learned that the reason for this rush was the fact that her "steady" had returned from leave, and was inwardly fuming, just outside the barrack block door. Never mind Kelly, now that you are back again there will be several noses definitely out of joint. Isn't that consolation enough.

Wild exuberance at the end of the room drew my attention at that instant to Charter and Kench. These two airwomen, sprawled on Charter's bed, were busily planning their long awaited furlough. (Incidentally to B. C.) and were trying to picture in their furlough crowded mind, just what mummy will say when she sees me.

Across the hallway perched on her bed, sat Benze. How she could concentrate I can't still figure out, but there she sat reardless, writing another letter to the handsome Sergeant pilot overseas who watches her from her locker shelf.

There on another bed sprawled Peterman and McNeill, conniving as to how to wangle a late pass out of Corporal Magee.

It was at precisely the same moment that a loud guttural snore attracted my attention. It was still only 7.30 but sleeping quite soundly was AW2 Babcock. Must have been a terrific 48. AW1 Wilson, M. E., came just then to say good-bye to

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BELLEVILLE

me. She was worrying about making new friends on her new posting to Montreal. Can you imagine our Willie finding that a hard occupation. Good luck Mary on your new course! We know you'll come out tops.

And now before I go further, I wish to extend my apologies to Corporal Magee for misspelling her name in last month's issue.

For the past several Sunday evenings the Corporals from Picton have been entertaining a number of the WAAFS, much to the enjoyment of all, especially Yost and Cresswell. Yost was on the receiving end of numerous birthday greetings, while Cresswell just had that certain magnetism when it came to spin the bottle.

By the way friends, Corporal Bushel would like to know where Bombing flight happened to get 20 Sergeants, all W. D.'s for the daily parade states. He knows the girls are very deserving but promotion just doesn't come that fast, even in a service of such recent origin as this one.

Corporal Walker seems to have had a very enjoyable 36. Could Toronto be the answer.

A sleepy head is not an uncommon sight in Barrack 14 East or West, but this one I believe is worth mentioning. 6.30 a. m. found Drinnen half-heartedly performing her duties as Duty Airwoman. A quick tumble out of bed — a turn of the light switch, and the room was flooded with light, but alas — quickly she forgot she was D. A. No sleepy heads were wakened from slumber until the Corporal — emerging from her private quarters entered the ablutions. There was Drinnen, all washed and shining. At sight of the Corporal, it came to her — Heavens! ten minutes to sev-

en and 50 other girls in 14 East slept blissfully on. Drinnen, where were you? Overseas?

Bosse gives us another angle, by way of comparison as she hollers loudly from her bunk, "Hey you, jerks, its 8.30 why do you need me to wake you up this is so silly 55.

I must not forget to say Happy Birthday to AW1 Yost, AW1 Bosse, AW1 McDonald and AW2 Higgins. The chocolate cake was very good Mac. How about the party?

And now before closing may I say a short word on saluting! A salute is supposed to be a signal of recognition, between service men and women, and is not so much an imposition as a right, possessed only by members of the service. This of course is a matter of discipline, and frankly we can't help thinking that if any member of the service, either officer or airman, is incapable of complying with so simple an order as that regarding saluting, he is unlikely to be at all trustworthy when it comes to carrying out a more important order. You will hardly be regarded as a smart member of the service if you fail to salute, or only give a very sloppy one. Does this apply to you?

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NEWS FROM THE WATER FRONT

By YOUR WATER REPORTER
Be A Man

"Parade Atten-shun!". The clear harsh voice snaps out and seven hundred airmen spring to attention with clock-like precision. "Surely everyone can't be right, certainly someone was late." "We will try that again," and again the command resounds through the neighboring countryside.

This goes in indefinitely while seven hundred airmen sweat in the sweltering afternoon sun or freeze on the wind-swept parade ground. They all move with such snap and gusto at the stern command of one man who stands perfectly but unnaturally still or moves smartly but stiffly to and fro. Who is this man who is so calm and collected, so exacting and observing, so doubtful and so hard? You are right! He is a Disciplinarian. He is the absolute master of seven hundred mtn. All day long from 0800 hrs. to 1700 hrs. he rules with an iron hand. All ranks are ground and trampled beneath his iron heel.

But hark, that is only half the tale. That is only his Station Life. Come and we will see the rest. Come and we will see more of our hero's life. Let us follow him as at 1700 hrs. he leaves for home.

As he nears the main gate that hard and cold look vanishes for a second and as he clears the barrier we have before us an ordinary man, meek, mild and usually henpecked. The bus is crowded but he slumps down and stares into space. With machine-like movements he leaves as the bus stops at its destination. With weary feet he trudges homeward. Come, let us follow him and watch closely as he cringes before he opens his own side door. (Front door for visitors only, So she says.) What has happened to our hero?

Even as we wonder a violent storm of rather abusive language greets him even before the door is closed. "Where have you been? What rank is she? What does she look like? How long has this been going on? Where is your pay? Similar, even more personal questions flow forth in profusion if not confusion.

Does this not call for a stern if not harsh reply? Must he not take immediate and appropriate action? But from our hero, not a word of protest, not a single murmur or a word of self defence. Unbelievable but how true. Certainly our great leader of seven hundred men is not so easily defeated. Alas, that is exactly the case. Angel-face is really in complete command here as in many other homes. Surely that is not in accordance with the Black Book. Surely there must be a remedy. Don't give up the ship at the first sign of a storm.

Be A Man!

Go home tonight and after the usual first, second and third rounds, stand up (not necessarily to attention; as you may want to use your arms and hands for emphasis) and in your own words (please do not quote me), tell her thus. (Results guaranteed).

"Since man was first created (un-

happy day) he has bowed before the woman; not because he fears her but because he loves her. After the first surgical operation, Adam was at a disadvantage and thus Eve had to assume temporary command, while Adam suffered from the loss of his rib, Eve the Curious took over the reigns of household and led him astray. Certainly man has recovered sufficiently since then to turn the tables. Surely the Lord expected man to rule, that is why man was created first. The fact that man provided the material is more reason why he should be supreme in the field as well as at home.

Eve the Curious was not created from the head of man lest she should be vain, nor from his eyes lest she should be wanton, nor from his mouth lest she should be given to gossiping, nor from his ears lest she should be an eavesdropper, nor from his feet lest she should be a gadabout, nor from his heart lest she should be jealous. She was drawn from man's rib, a hidden part, so as to make her modest and retiring. (What a hope) And yet, notwithstanding all the precautions taken by the Creator, women have all the faults God wished to guard against.

Pause for a few moments and then finish at your own leisure in your own words for by now Anglface will be speechless. Assume that look of confidence and let your voice snap through the house. You are now and forever the boss.

Be A Man

P. S.—Let us know how she reacted.

THE EXILED CORPORAL'S LAMENT

Oh when will I again return
To that place I love so well.
Gladly would I all bridges burn
Yea endure the wrath of hell.

I live again the distant past
Dreaming of what might have been,
But futile dreams, the die is cast,
Hell on me has vent its spleen.

No more the friendly faces see
Banished from the dunes for e'er.
No kindly ear lists to my plea
The exile's lot 'tis hard to bear.

As the Christians cast in Rome's arena,
As the weary slaves of Babylon,
As the corporal banished to St. Helena,
Such is my fate at Consecn!

—Niagara Water.

LITTLE THINGS

"A little more time on the buttons there",
"Spend a little more time in setting the hair",
Two little things found here at large,
Attend to them girls or be put on charge.

There's a little R.P. if the bed's not made right,
And a little C.B. if you're out late at night.
We'd manage, obey, if it weren't for the fact
That there's a million little 'don'ts' in the Airforce Act.

NOTICE

Now that the Mermaid Season is over and our lease on the dunes

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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THE LONG DARK WINTER nights will soon be here. Prepare yourself. Would you like to become the life of the party? Would you like to be a social success? Learn how to be a popular hostess. Learn how to make after dinner speeches. Learn all the latest dance steps. Learn how to jitterbug. Hurry! Hurry! Make your application now and watch for the gala opening. **MAC'S SPUD ISLAND SCHOOL OF POPULARITY.**

has expired, we regret to announce that the Marine Grill is closing May 1st, 1943.

We wish to thank those who patronized our establishment and those who so generously contributed to our coffers during the past season. Knowing you and catering to you gave us great pleasure. We trust that in years to come you will visit us and bring your friends with you. Our service is second to none. Thank you.

—The Management—Marine Grill

TO YOU WHO FLY O'ER DISTANT LANDS

In quiet schools, on farms, in cities,
You gayly played, you learned to spell,

In days before the grim Dictators
Their vaunted tales of force did tell.

Today you soar on wings of glory
Today you rise to meet the foe;
You vanquish him 'tho far outnumbered,
Your deeds of valour long will glow.

'Till you return we all will envy
You who have won such far renown;

We pray for you, for peace, for freedom,
When you will wear the victor's crown.

Then only when life is so peaceful
That each may choose and love and live
Will not forget those who so nobly
For freedom's sake their lives did give.

Did clear the skies, did fight our battles,
To help preserve our ways of life;
Did subjugate and bow forever
Those who resort to wanton strife.

So you who fly with Spartan courage
O'er foreign seas and distant lands,

Return to us when strife is ended,
We wait for you with eager hands.
—Your Water Reporter.

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PICTON — PHONE 6

G.I.S. (ARMAMENT) MUST YOU REMUSTER?

Although in our last issue we deplored the loss of five valued instructors, we have been more than fortunate in the recent additions to our staff. In welcoming W.O.2 Ramsay, F/S Kerr, Sgt. Draycott, Sgt. Thompson, Sgt. Draycott and Sgt. Chance we should say that already these fellows have proved themselves to be much more than "replacements". They have taken hold in such a way that there will be no loss of efficiency in the quality of the school's output, and that after all is the criterion. We wish them a successful and satisfied stay at Mountain View.

Congratulations to F/S Mossip, Jackson, McKie and Gourlay on their deserved promotions. In these days when promotions are, unfortunately for efficiency, taken too much for granted by many personnel, it is refreshing to be able to felicitate whole-heartedly with four chaps who really deserve their promotions. They have toiled for a long while under adverse conditions and are an example to imitate. The service as a whole will benefit when promotions are based entirely on merit.

If the last "gen" is "pukka"—there isn't a man on this station, or in the R.A.F. but who approves whole-heartedly of the latest promotion to commissioned rank. Here is a great big hand for F/S Crowley, R.A.F., whose busy, pattering feet are symbolic of the spirit of the Air Armament School.

* * *

CHURCH PARADE — NATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER

It was the privilege of the Air Armament School to represent Mountain View Station on the Belleville observance of His Majesty's command, marking the third anniversary of the war's beginning.

The lads did their job in a right workmanlike fashion and brought credit to the Station by their efforts. Marching was particularly fine, and was commented on by the townsfolk. In Church, their singing would have done credit to the angelic choir; it is some time since we heard such fine singing on any church parade. The rector of St. Thomas' Church, the Rev. A. Beauchamp Payne, spoke very appropriately on courage in sailing to the mast the flag of duty, and the need for grit and endurance in keeping it flying there. The lesson was very fittingly read by Squadron Leader W. J. Ralphs, Officer Commanding the school.

A very good show, lads, and congratulations to Flight Sergeant Maybe for his fine effort.

Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of the present generation, probably of the past two generations, is the easy-going tendency to escape from unpleasant realities. In the field of world politics, no matter who is ultimately saddled with War Guilt, there is no doubt whatever that the persistent refusal of the democratic peoples to face facts squarely has been the prime reason for much of the success of the Axis Powers to date.

It is needless to review the dismal parade of European nations who, for reasons moral or material, were found asleep at the switch when the Nazi juggernaut rolled across the border. So they fell. They fell because their leaders refused to face the unpleasant reality that they might be the next; because they declined to believe that sacrifice of self-interest was more vital than financial prosperity and a make-believe peace. So much is clear. It is not yet fully realized in Canada, however, that a similar dry-rot is jeopardizing our own war effort; the sacred bonds of friendship, and the old school tie frequently counts for more than zeal and personal efficiency.

And so we go round the old mulberry bush on a cool and frosty Friday till we come to the P. B. Airman — and, of course, that's what this is all about.

Granted that the soldiers' most prized privilege is to grouse about everything in general, and nothing in particular, there is a time, however, when it becomes necessary to declare a 'close season' on grouching. It is time to stop when the sport becomes a game of 'ca'anny, and gets in the way of the war effort. For the uninformed, 'ca'anny is the trade union name for lying down on the job, or just plain sabotage in war-time.

Now the first plain fact that many Air Force personnel don't like to look in the face is, that we did not join up to fight this war on our own individual, or joint and several terms. We enlisted, or should have done, with the realization that much hard work and a cheerful discipline would be necessary for success. Must you remuster to achieve happiness and satisfaction in the Service?

The Air Force now makes a definite attempt to place its men in the jobs to which they are best fitted, keeping in mind, however, the changing needs of the particular moment. If, however, Mr. G. D. Person, a bank clerk, wishes to enlist, and the Service at that moment has no urgent need for clerks, he is doing not one whit more than his plain duty as a citizen if he consents to come in to some other

trade for which he may be intellectually fitted. Having taken the step, he will get on with the job, and he is guilty of gross selfishness, to say the least, if he proceeds to use the plea of mis-employment to explain an otherwise quite understandable feeling of let-down and disillusionment that at times assails everybody. If he has what it takes, or if he has not lost sight of the ideal for which he first decided to strive, he will buckle down and make a go of it.

Assuming, though, that the recruiting people do bungle things sometimes, even to the point of deliberate mis-representation, does it really matter to, say a student, or even a general clerk, or yet a teacher, whether he spend the next two (!) years as a clerk, or an armourer, or even as a service policeman? I mean — satisfaction comes from ANY JOB WELL DONE and not merely from the knowledge that one is where one wants to be; that is an unattainable millenium, anyhow. The war being duly won, Mr. P. will then be free to be just whatever he desires, always bearing in mind, however, that if he has taken a Legion course of training instead of fretting and grouching, he may be something even better. Should G.D.P. perchance decide that, because he can't make his own rules he is going to take his bat home—in short, that he will quit cold, then he is guilty of sabotage, and only in a democracy will he not be interned or shot. A quitter never wins — a winner never quits.

The second unpalatable fact that Mr. P. refuses to countenance in, that no one person is indispensable, nor yet, in fact, as good as he himself thinks he is. There comes a time when it is both wise and necessary to accept the inevitable. Granted that it would be fine to bring home a four-motored bomber on one engine and a pint of oil, or allowing that all the nice girls love a gunner; it still doesn't make sense to expect that, having once flunked, a chap can succeed another time whilst still possessing the same weaknesses. It is better by far to get on with the job nearest at hand, and make a real job of it. It passes comprehension to understand how some people, fortunately in a great minority, hope to achieve success by doing their worst; definitely, that is a mark of low intelligence, and poor tactics in any sort of war.

A well-known magazine used to

carry this verse on its fly-leaf:

'The World is a bundle of hay,
'Mankind are the asses that pull;
'Each pulls in a different way,
'And the greatest of all is John Bull'.

Satiric doggerel, but full of wisdom and always topical.

Why then should we not face facts, and admit frankly that the first seven years will doubtless be by far the worst, and that it is not always the man, but the job as a whole that counts, particularly when that job may have been but an eleventh-hour choice of the lesser of two evils.

Let us all emulate the wise asses in the adage and pull in the same way; then there will be hay for all — we hope.

A. B. Whiteley F/Lt.
O/C Armourer Courses.

THE DAWN FLIER

Out of the fleecy heavens we come
My silver plane and I — the hush
Is shattered by the eager engine's
roar,

And up we spiral to the rising sun.

The world has faded — and the
world round earth

Seems in the distance but a dim-
ming clod;

Higher I climb — and an angel's
song

Heralds my coming to the face of
God.

Breathless I skim where sunlit
clouds lie deep,

Winged thing of beauty is my
plane that lies

Flecked by a crimson dawn that
slowly comes

Cradling it richly in the morning
skies.

—The R. C. Padre.

A bricklayer applied for a building
job.

Foreman: "Are you handy?"

Bricklayer: "Yes, sir! I can do
anything with a trowel."

Foreman (picking up trowel and
twirling it in his fingers): "Can you
do that?"

Bricklayer: "Sure! (And starts to
do the same.)"

Foreman: "Ah! I'm afraid I
can't start you. I have too many of
your sort already."

It took a San Francisco boxer 18
seconds to score a knockout last
night. Note to Allied Nations War
Council: Look into this guy.

BEST OF LUCK

TO

Mountain View Air Station

DEACON BROTHERS LIMITED

BELLEVILLE - ONTARIO

Manufacturers

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

RIVERS OF HEART'S DESIRE

By F/Lt. ROBERT McCOMBE

In the year of grace 1931 things were not as hot as they could have been in mining. Only a few hardy wildcats remained to howl from the dens of the mining brokers on Bay street, and the majority of their various kinfolk had long since been duly buried without fanfare or remorse. Collins Bay had out the S.R.O. sign for mining stock salesmen and all in all the time was not opportune to take to either Toronto or Montreal a "prospect with definite possibilities".

This was indeed a sad state of affairs and something had to be done about it, something had to be figured out to make some dough, and if possible something pleasant in the line of work. One day the great thought came and the more my brother and I thought about it the better it looked. We would take in trout fishing parties to the Albany River country, Americans with lots of gold preferred, and we would set our rates high enough to interest even the idle rich. Canoes, outboards, tents, tarpaulins, and so forth we already had as part of our prospecting outfit and it already had travelled the trout waters of the Albany. We could put the bee on somebody for the balance of the necessary equipment and get it on jawbone, and so without further adieu we entered into the business of guiding and there followed the four happiest years of my life.

It's always a bit of a problem to sit down and try to tell a story without making it a prosaic yarn of every day occurrences and without losing the spirit of the work and the days as they were lived, for it is hard to ever put on paper the quiet of the forest or the song of a rushing stream; the smell of camp fire smoke, or the morning mists that hang low over the valleys; the freedom of big water or the click of shod canoe poles; the challenge of great rapids or the sweat of the long portage; yes, it is hard to bring these things to paper but of them I shall try and tell you and of the speckled trout of the Albany River country.

Somewhat or another I always have a bad time in trying to get started but in one way I believe it best to first of all try and outline the territory concerned. It's a bit boring, I know, but I shall try and be as merciful as possible.

At the head of Lake Superior are the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William and if from this point we travel two hundred miles on the map due north we will be well over the divide and on the northern watershed whose waters flow to James and Hudson Bay. Here also, among a myriad of forest hidden lakes, we will find Lake St. Joseph, better known as Lake St. Joe, and it is from this forest margined northern lake that the Albany, the Gitchi Zebí (Great River) of the Ojibways, takes its source, to flow east and north seven hundred and fifty miles to meet tidewater at historic old Fort Albany on the west coast of James Bay.

The Albany is a great river, a grand river, a majestic river, that once known, once travelled, once

fished, never lets one rest until it has called him back to travel and fish and fight it again. It leaves Lake St. Joe in a roar of rapids and from there to Martin's Falls, three hundred miles below many are the rapids such as "The Frenchman's" and "The Birches", many the falls such as Miminiska and Kagiami, many the forest bordered lakes such as Petawanga and Makokabatin where the river seems to rest a while before its next wild run. From Martin's Falls to the "Bay" the river races over a clear gravel bottom which is a canoe man's dream going down and a canoe man's

full sweep of the current, forming deep swift back eddies below. Here one may fish trout water that is crystal clear, a full mile of trout water on either shore. The trout do not run very large but will average out at about two and one half to three pounds per fish . . . but enough of Martin's Falls . . . we shall return to them later.

Most of the tributary water of the Albany enters it from the south and starting from Lake St. Joe and going down the river we first find the Gravel, then the Shabuskwia, then the Miskow, then the Portage and the Opichuan, all trout streams, the

upper waters we took a flaming, flashing, speckled giant of seven and three quarter pounds.

Again travelling down the Albany we leave the Ogoki a hundred miles behind before we again find tributary water, and this is the "Big Forks" where the Kenogami flowing from Long Lac joins the Albany. The Kenogami itself provides trout fishing in the rapids of its upper reaches, that is between Long Lac and the mouth of the Pagwachuan, better known as the Pagwa, and its tributaries are well known by trout fishermen the continent over for they are more readily accessible than the waters of the upper Albany and have been fished for many years by ardent anglers. These tributaries are the Drowning, and the Little Current and into the latter flow the Squaw, the Esaginiga, and the Kowkash.

Now let us go back to the upper Albany for a moment and take a look at the northern tributaries as we go down the river from Lake St. Joe. The first tributaries met are the Troutly and the Cedar which join the Albany within a short distance of each other at Miminiska Lake. We will visit both of these streams again. The next tributary is the Eabamet where it flows out of Eabamet Lake to meet the Albany at "the turn off for Fort Hope". From the Eabamet there is a long stretch, all the way to Martin's Falls before any more tributaries are found, but on the north side of the river at Martin's Falls the Northwind, a steep wicket little river blends its jet black water with the crystal clearness of the Albany. And below Martin's Falls some twenty miles, sneaking in behind a sand bar, is the Wabassi, least known of them all. And now, enough of geography, let us get to some fishing.

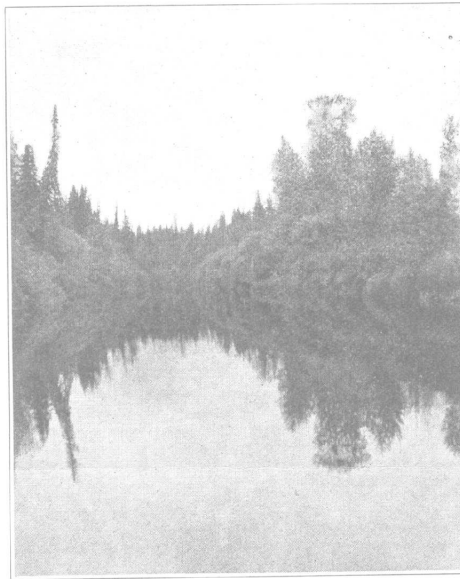
The summer of 1932 was fairly good and we had parties on the Squaw and Little Current, the Opichuan and the Whitefish, and one party down the Albany and across the "Bay" to Moosonee.

The fishing had been good. We had made many friends to help drum up business for 1933 with the result that we had our first party booked for June 1st. Personally I was none too sanguine about what the results would be, for June 1st is still well within the high water period and how the fishing would turn out was problematical. However the party was booked and it was his own dough that this bloke was spending and not ours so on the first day of June we left Ombabika.

There were three of us in the party, namely the gentleman from New York whose name was Roy, sitting in lone grandeur amidships and Jack Robertson (wounded with the Camerons at Dieppe) in the stern and myself in the bow. The canoe was a nineteen-foot Chestnut freighter equipped with a 3.3 H.P. Johnson outboard motor. We had gasoline and supplies for five weeks so there wasn't too much freeboard as we pulled away from the canoe dock and headed up the Ombabika, bound for Fort Hope, one hundred and eighty miles to the north.

There are two portages on the Ombabika River, the first, a short carry of some three hundred yards called the "Graveyard" because of an old Indian burying ground at its upper end and with its path worn

(Continued on page 22)



. . . and into the Ottertail, which we followed . . .

nightmare coming up.

The Albany itself is trout water all the way from its source to Martin's Falls, but it is erratic fishing and is much like the little boy for "when it is good it is very very good and when it is bad it is awful". Off hand the best fishing in the Albany is in the long rapid below the mouth of the Gravel not far below Lake St. Joe; below Miminiska Falls; on the north side of the Frenchman's Rapid just below where the spring creek comes in; at Kagiami Falls; and last, but of all places the most lovely and the best, Martin's Falls.

In reality Martin's Falls is not a falls at all but only a fairly heavy rapid, about a mile in length and roughly shaped like an "S". It can be run in freight canoes with a good half load in normal water. There are three dips where the water pours over limestone ridges, the first of which is the heaviest, and in all three and in the back eddies between them, fine speckled trout can be taken, and by speckled trout I mean true speckled trout, which to me will always be the finest fish that swims. At the head of the first dip the river is roughly three hundred yards wide and through this narrows the whole might of the Albany rushes in in a smother of white crested swells. The shores on either side are clean limestone with points that run out into the

equal of which would be hard to find anywhere. Below the mouth of the Opichuan there is a long stretch without any sizeable tributary from the south, for we have to go below Martin's Falls all the way to Ogoki Post to reach the mouth of the Ogoki. The Ogoki is a big river and a thoroughly bad river below the High Falls. In summer water the Ogoki is bad enough but in high water it is something to remember for a long while after. It is, in many places, just a succession of falls and rapids that in high water make a purely wicked river to run. The Ojibways call it Agaki Gitchi Zebí (a great river running to meet another). They should have said galloping.

The Ogoki is good trout water but like the Albany is erratic and largely dependent on river levels but into the Ogoki flow two tributary streams which are a fisherman's paradise, namely the Whitefish and the Crooked. The Whitefish, except in very low water, provides good fishing over its entire length but especially in the rapids just below Whitefish Lake where the trout will run up to five pounds but on an average will run about three and one half pounds per fish. The Crooked . . . ah, there is a stream that I won't say too much about because I sort of want to save it for another day, but I can tell you this that from its

deep into the solid rock from countless packers who for a century had used this route to Nipigon and the head of the lakes to take in supplies and to bring out the rich furs from Fort Hope, Landsdown House and Weibcuel. The second portage is three quarters of a mile long and a bit mean because half of it is over duck boards in the muskeg. With the high water it was pretty good going because we were able to pole half the load up the second rapids.

The first couple of portages on any trip are always the worst not only because there is more to carry but because it takes a couple of portages to get the loads sorted out for the best packing. But we made good time and had lunch at Cross Lake, seventeen miles above Onbabika. Cross Lake is some six miles long and about two miles wide. It is a truly lovely lake and in the spring just after break-up and in the fall just before freeze-up one can get fine fishing for lake trout over the reefs on light tackle. To those who have only fished lake trout with copper line in deep water the experience of taking them at the surface on light tackle is thrilling for they fight like demons.

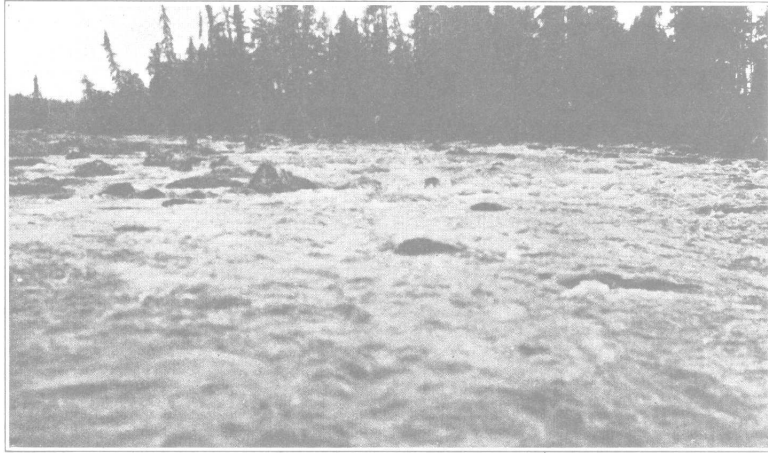
From Cross Lake we turned up Summit Creek and with the high water we were able to run with the motor all the way to Summit Lake. Later in the summer Summit Creek is choked with weeds and it takes hours to force canoes the few miles that it winds through fields of wild rice from Summit to Cross Lake. So we reached Summit Lake and ran across it to its northern end and the head of the Kapikotongwa River whose waters flow to James Bay. We had crossed the divide and were on the northern watershed without making a portage. That night we ran late and made camp in the dusk at the mouth of the Pawitik, three miles below the "Howling Portage", a short carry-over, so called, it is told, because one night a papoose got lost and the squaw

edge of the Ojibway makes the above sound reasonable enough.

The next day we made good time. We ran the Whitehorse and the Cedars with a full load but at the

out of either end, half down Summit Creek to the Ombabika and Lake Nipigon and half down the Kapikotongwa to join the Kowkash at O'Sullivan Lake and form the Little

paying members was disheartening. We ran down Frog Creek without too much trouble because the water was high and into the Ottortail which we followed down to the



TROUT WATER ON THE OPICHUAN

Medicin we could only run a half load through the top half and the canoe light through the bad bottom section. At the Clayhill we packed everything. It is too steep and crooked to run without taking a chance on the canoe and that never paid when working on a pretty close time schedule, especially when somebody else is paying the bill for the time wasted mending broken ribs and putting on patches.

From the Clayhill we had a clear run down the Kapikotongwa to Makoki Creek which we turned up and ascended to Spider Lake. From Spider Lake the "Height of Land" portage leads to a small pond from which a short portage leads to Frog Lake. It is perhaps worth while to

Current. The portage out of Spider Lake crosses the divide between the Little Current watershed and that of the Ogoki.

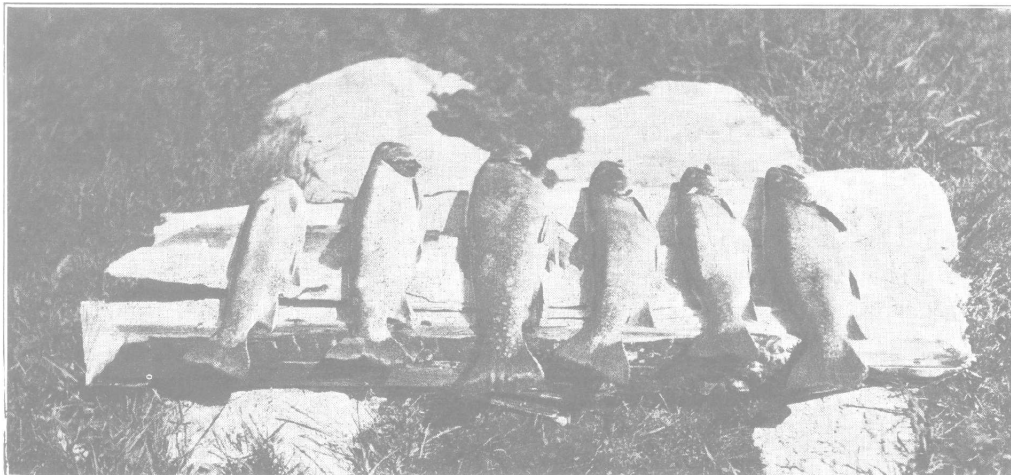
At Spider Lake we made our second camp and cached a case of gas to be used on the return trip. The following day, the third day out, we made the "Height of Land" portage and then the next one into Frog Lake. From this lake there is a creek that leads to the Ottortail and it is called Frog Creek and it always made me think of the Pish bird which flew in ever diminishing circles until it disappeared, well, never mind where. It is so narrow and crooked that you can nearly meet yourself face to face going around the corners. Heavy tag

Ogoki. At this point the Ogoki is wide and deep and remains so until the High Falls eighteen miles below. We followed the Ogoki for twelve miles as far as the "turn off" at the French Channel, a short creek which we ascended to French Lake and the "Bad Portage". In the afternoon we made the portage and in the late afternoon made camp at a golden beach on Mahamo. When one looks back over thousands of miles of river and lake travel and hundreds of camping spots there are always a few that stand out in one's memory and so it is with that golden beach on Mahamo Lake, with the clean jack pine forest behind. It is a perfect camping place, a crescent beach, inviting the camper in an otherwise rock bound shore line, crystal clear water, and pickerel and great northern pike in unbelievable numbers.

On the east end the beach curves around to a rock point and in behind this point there is a small deep bay. We took Roy around there and he went to work with his casting rod. In ten minutes he had minutes he had supper all caught, two four pound yellow pickerel. We kept on fishing though and every cast was a fish, a pickerel or a pike, and the pike ran fairly large, one up to twelve pounds Roy was happy that night for he

had caught fish until he was tired and tomorrow we would cross Kagiamagi, wind permitting, and camp beside trout water on the Opichuan.

(To Be Continued)



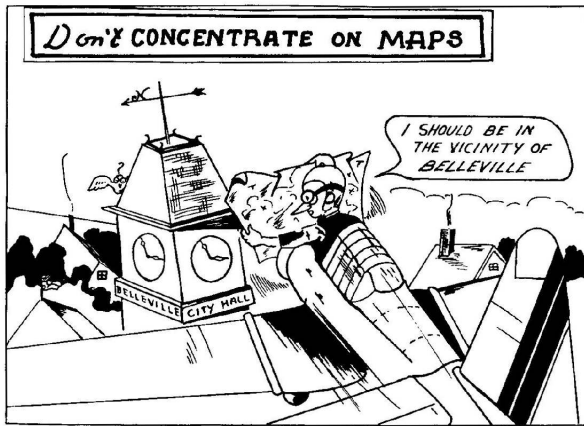
THE TROUT OF MARTIN'S FALLS

and the brave and all their various other children and relatives and the dogs and what not all sat around and howled like hell right through to daybreak. My personal knowl-

point out that the true height of land, that is, the divide between the St. Lawrence watershed and the James Bay watershed was crossed on Summit Lake whose waters flow

alders hang out from either bank nearly forming a tunnel which, when it is raining, or snowing in the late fall, makes everything just too cosy. The effect on some of the

had caught fish until he was tired and tomorrow we would cross Kagiamagi, wind permitting, and camp beside trout water on the Opichuan.



NEWS FROM THE SOUP POT

O. Officer to cook:
Please explain to me what that sign on your table means.
Is there really a frying duty?
A word to the W. D. in answer to last month's edition. The baker is very anxious to get the formula on how to bake pies without an oven. Would some good sport give it to us, please.

We now have a wonderful bake oven and can oblige the W. D.—thanks to F/O Dusty Rhodes.

Things we would like to know.
Did Sandy really shoot all the ducks and drakes he brought back?
What kind of "dears?" is O'Conlon going hunting next month? Be carefull, Tubby.

Subject to change without notice: Bake-shop in airmen's mess.

We would like to know when Ducky is going to turn over his new leaf.

Who is Red Primmore, M. T. section getting quite chummy with. Ah, ha!

Notice to Woodbine fans, a turtle track is open by some W. D. in the drill hall. Get your tickets early. Straight place and show. See Timmy for particulars.

A corporal doughboy would like to know the name of a certain W. D. who is going to fly back to Texas some day.

Could it be that LAC. Whillet sprained his ankle while booting home his own winners at Woodbine?

Who is a certain Corporal (Sherwood) who gets duck bumps every time he hears about Goose Boy.

Things we would like to know:
Since when do LAC's have to

wear props on their shirt sleeves? How about it, Corporal.

The motherly type, life of the party trim who gets a kick out of nursing cats.

We wonder when a certain Sergeant in the Airmen's Mess who got his horoscopes all balled up about a certain Blessed Event is going to pay off.

We salute LAC. Angus once more. Congratulations on your baby boy.

Flt.-Sgt. N. Bickenstiffe is doing a good job at his new sideline, the N. C. O. mess. Keep up the good work, Bick.

Woodbine fans please note: there will be another tournament held at the turtle track soon. Get your tickets early. How about it girls?

TOAST TO A TOASTER

Here's to that little spot of steel
That puts the kick in morning meals
When clocks are pointing ten to eight

And Air Force gals are coming late;
With timid walk and bread in hand
Say, please sir, may I toast a few
As patiently we wait and stand:
What knave could ever be so mean
As to deny an Air Force Queen
The right to make herself some toast
For they are "tops" and that's no boast.

I TOOK THE RISK

I hail from an Island
Cape Breton by name
Always noted for beauty and fame;
To Moncton I came
And there did enlist
For better or worse I still took the risk.

You too will enjoy-

Neilson's JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE

*Delicious
Nourishing
Appetizing*

MAKE THE ROYAL HOTEL YOUR HEADQUARTERS IN PICTON

From Moncton I embarked
In Rockcliffe I parked
Four weeks of hard training
Was all our first start,
Then all of a sudden the East met the West
And from then until now we still have no rest.
To the hospital we paraded,
All the way we did pray
Now roll up your sleeve
And nobody leave;
The needle went in
And the needle came out,
I thought for a moment
I'd let out a shout.

To a station we were sent,
To a mountain they meant;
No mountain we've seen,
But those in our dream;
God knows how I grieve,
For my annual leave.

—a W. D.

AIRMEN'S INTERLUDE

Out of the gate on a "forty-eight"
With the speed of a cannon ball,
Humming a tune like a wild gooson,
That sounds like "Bless 'em all";

Grabbing a bus or hopping a train
To keep that rendezvous,
And whisper again love's old refrain
To his girl in Air Force blue.

But how quick time flies as he says
goodbye
And leaves her at the gate,
Then counts his cash and looks at his pass,
And shouts "Damn the 'forty-eights'."

"Grain Elevators Bulging With 1941 Wheat Carryover; Farmers Storing Record Harvest in Homes, Garages," says a Kansas City headline. Next we'll hear the famous farmer saying to the equally celebrated travelling salesman, "Yes, you can spend the night here—if you don't mind sleeping with a sack of oats."

AGENTS FOR "BIRD'S EYE FROSTED FOODS"

STAFFORDS

"The Modern Store of Picton"

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YOUR BELLEVILLE DRUGGIST

AND HOW

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for democracy, what a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought and I fought, but had to go anyway. I was called in Class "A". The next time I want to be in Class "B". Be here when they go and be here when they come back. I remember when I registered. I went up to a desk and the guy in charge was my milk-name?" I said: "You know my barked. So I told him, "August Childs." He said: "Are you an alien?" I said: "No, I feel fine". He asked me where I was born and I said Pittsburgh. Then said he: "When did you first see the light of day?" I said: "When we moved to Philadelphia". He asked me how old I was so I told him 23 the first day of September. You'll be in France and that will be the end of August.

A veterinary started to examine me. He asked me if I had ever taken fits, had measles, smallpox or St. Vitus dance. I said no, only when I stay in a saloon too long. Then he asked, Can you see all right? I said sure, but I'd be cockeyed tonight if I pass. Then he listened to my heart and said I think you have a wart around your heart. I said, "Wart, my neck, that's my button in your ear." The doctor said he has examined 140,000 men and that I was the most perfect physical wreck he had ever seen. Then he handed me a class "A" card.

Then I went to camp and I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card Flying Corpse. went a little further and some guy said, "Look what the

wind's blown in" and I said, "Wind nothing, — the draft's doing this." On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit. As soon as you're in it you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes — too small and too large. The pants are so tight that I can't sit down. The shoes are so big, I turned around three times and they didn't move. And what a raincoat they gaveme. It strained the rain.

I passed by an officer all dressed up with a fancy belt and all that stuff. He said, calling after me, "Didn't you notice my uniform when are you kicking about. Look what they gave me."

I landed in camp with \$75, in ten minutes I was broke. I never saw so many threes and twelves n a pair of dice. No matter what I did I went broke. Something went wrong even in cards. One time I had five aces and I was afraid to bet. A good thing I didn't. The fellow next to me had six kings. Finally I said: "This is a crooked game of poker". The fellow next to me said "We're playing pinochle." Everything was crazy. If you were a livery man you were put in the medical department. If you were a watchman you were made an officer of the day. I saw a guy with a wooden leg and asked him what he was doing in the army. He said: "I'm going to mash potatoes."

Oh, it was so nice, 6 below zero one morning and they called us out for underwear inspection. You talk about scenery, red flannels, B. V. D.'s, all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The Lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said? "I'm up, this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he put me to digging a ditch. A little later he passed and said, "Don't throw that dirt up here." I said: "Where am I going to put it?" He said: "Dig another hole and put it in there." By that time, I was so mad another guy and myself drank a quart. So, Jones, (the other guy) and I got real plastered. The Lieutenant came along and asked me if Jones saw pink elephants and I said "No, that's the trouble. They're here and he don't see them."

Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more hard luck. I have a Sergeant that stutters and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up and said "Fall in." I said "I've been in." I was on the boat 12 days, seasick for 12 days. Nothing going down, and everything coming up. I leaned over the railing all the time. In the middle of one of my leans the Captain rushed in and said, "What Company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said that if I had swallowed it, it was. Talk about dumb people. said to one fellow, "I guess we dropped the anchor," and he said, "I knew they'd lose it. It's been hang-York." We had lifeboat drill. When the boat was being lowered over the side of the ship, it spilled some of the men into the water. Only the second lieutenant and myself were left in the boat. The lieutenant gave orders to pull the men out of the water by the hair of the head. I was struggling with them when one fellow with a bald head called

CAPITOL

Thurs., Fri., Sat., Oct. 15 - 16 - 17
JESSE JAMES JR.

RED BARRY
SHE'S IN THE ARMY
MARIE WILSON - LYLE TALBOT

Mon., Tues., Wed., Oct. 19 - 20 - 21
MEN OF ST. QUENTIN

CHARLES MIDDLETON
COME LIVE WITH ME
JAMES STEWART - HEDY LAMARR

Thurs., Fri., Sat., Oct. 22 - 23 - 24
BELOW THE BORDER

BUCK JONES
SUBMARINE ZONE
Pat O'Brien - Constance Bennett

Mon., Tues., Wed., Oct. 26 - 27 - 28

BOMBS OVER BURMA

ANNA MAY WONG

THE WESTERNER.

GARY COOPER

Thurs., Fri., Sat., Oct. 29 - 30 - 31

KING OF DODGE CITY

BILL ELLIOTT

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Midnight Show After 12:05
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"Pull me out." I said, "Go down and come up right."

We landed in France. We are immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree, but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top". I said, "Captain, I'd like a furlough." He said, "Where would you like to go?" I said, "Anywhere where it is warm." He told me where to go. Five o'clock we went over the top. 10,000 Aust. Hung. came at us. The way they looked at me you'd think it was me that started the war. Our Captain yelled, "Fire at will," but I didn't know any of the names. I guess the fellow behind me

thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement. On the way to the hospital, I asked the fellow where they were taking me. He said, "You're going to the morgue." I said, "There's some mistake, I'm not dead." He said, "Lay down, do you want to make a fool out of the Doctor?" Finally a pretty nurse came in and said "Move over --- of ---". What am I saying. That's another story.

A Negro woman went to the city hall one morning to register her last child's birth:

Clerk (meaning the day of the month, murmured)—Let's see, this is the eleventh, isn't it?

Negro woman (glaring)—No, it ain't de 'leventh. It's de twenty-fifth. Ah ain't no race suicider.

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