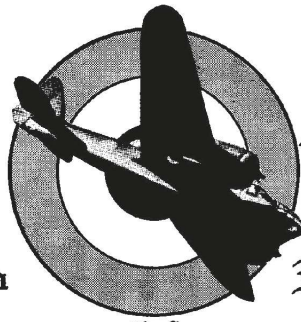


# Mountain

R.C.A.F. Station



# Viewpoint

Mountain View.

Ont.

VOL. 1—NUMBER 12.

PER ARDVA AD ASTRA

NOVEMBER 15, 1942



WING COMMANDER LISTER TAKES OVER

## WING CMDR. LISTER IS ACTING C. O.

### Takes Over From Group Captain Dunlap

On Saturday, October 31st, Group Captain Dunlap said farewell to the Officers and men of Mountain View and turned over the Station to Wing Commander Lister who will act as Commanding Officer until the appointment of Group Captain Dunlap's successor.

The Officers and men were lined up in the drill hall due to heavy rain where they heard a brief message of farewell from the Group Captain. Wing Commander Lister then officially took over the station and presented Group Captain Dunlap on behalf of the Station with a Group Captain's pennant inscribed "R. C. A. F. Station Mountain View" to carry with him as a gift from his old station.

In bidding farewell the Group Captain thanked the Station for the sincere and loyal effort that they had given him during the time that he had been Commanding Officer. He asked that the same spirit of service would be given to Wing Commander Lister.

## AN APPRECIATION

By the time this appears in print Canada's third Victory Loan will be completed and the final score for this Station will be a matter of record. At the present time, the middle of the third week of the drive, the total stands at over \$42,000. A very commendable effort indeed and one which reflects credit on every officer, airman, airwoman and civilian employee, who contributed.

It will be of interest to the Station to know that our original objective was \$15,000, and that this figure was reached in the first few days of the drive. The thermometer, so ingeniously conceived and devised by Colonel Manhard, bubbled over the \$30,000 mark in the second week and required an extension to record the additional sales.

To all who contributed on this Station and in particular to the Group Leaders, who displayed such energy and enthusiasm for this cause, I wish to express my appreciation.

M. D. Lister,  
Wing Commander,  
Commanding Officer.

## VICTORY LOAN GOES OVER THE TOP

### Quota Trebled at Mountain View — Air Armament School Leads All in Volume of Sales.

The Third Victory Loan Campaign went over with a bang at this Station. When the quota was first set there were many who looked wise and shook their heads and didn't see how it could be done but it only took one day to prove that it could be done and every day proved more and more that the impossible can happen.

The success of the whole show can be largely attributed to the good spade work done by Wing Commander Lister, Squadron Leader Dunn, and Squadron Leader Wilson, who divided up the station into groups under group leaders who were responsible for the canvassing of the groups allotted to them. The varying quotas set for the different groups were based on the earning capacity of each and their ability to subscribe. Several meetings of group leaders were held at which the various aspects of the drive were discussed and group leaders voiced their various views on the campaign. At one meeting Squadron Leader Ralphs explained that if each group leader were actually given the bonds and allowed to sell them and so save much paper work that things would be much easier to handle and more bonds would be sold. He was warned that in this country any suggestion of making anything simple and easy was verging on revolutionary activities and viewed with alarm. He therefore retired in wrath to his own bailiwick and with the sterling aid of F/O Breckenridge proceeded to out-sell all other groups on the station.

It would be unfair to pick out any one section for praise. All did splendid work as the following figures will prove.

Headquarters and M. T.....	\$2725
Equipment and Accounts.....	1888
Hospital and Dental.....	1250
Guard and Police.....	1500
Works and Buildings.....	3650
Station Services.....	4847
Training Wing Headquarters and Visiting Flight.....	2250
G. I. S. Arm.....	7670
G. I. S. Air.....	5540
Gunnery Flight (Pilots and Maintenance Crew) Tarmac	2900
Personnel.....	2200
Drogue — ditto —.....	2550
Bombing — ditto —.....	2818
Armament Range and Marine Section.....	3400
Aero Engine Mechanics.....	2000
Airframe Mechanics.....	1350
All other trades Maintenance	1350
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$48,538</b>

## PER ARDVA AD ASTRA

By F/O R. BETHUNE

Canada is at the Crossroads! We all have to decide whether this war is just to get back to the old days when we were quite happy to let things drift, so long as our own backyards weren't disturbed, or whether we are fighting to make Canada a great nation.

Our ancestors fought and worked and sweated to lay the foundations of a great nation stretching from sea to sea. It's our turn now to carry on the battle; so we had better pause and think what makes a great nation.

The great nations of the future will be those which will give most generously of their material and spiritual resources for the good of the whole of mankind.

A start is being made by the United Nations who are giving to the limit in the struggle for survival. This spirit of giving must be carried forward into peace-time if our victory is to be worthwhile.

We Canadians have been given so much that we in turn have plenty to give the world. At present we are pouring out our lives and our resources. These sacrifices will not be wasted if in the future we continue to give as freely. We can give a new spirit to international relationships and a lead to all the war-weary people who look for a better world. We can give a new meaning to the word "Canada," so that, all over the world, people will rejoice when they hear the name.

The spirit and the strength of a nation is a direct outcome of the spirit and strength of her citizens. It is no use expecting the government alone to do the job of making the nation great. We must be willing to become great ourselves and give our lives to the country, not only in war but in peace. Personal courage and sacrifice must be part of our everyday life, and for most of us this means uniting with all other patriotic citizens in

(Continued on page 2)

# 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 BE OR NOT TO BE?" THAT IS THE QUESTION.

Back last March the Viewpoint was all wrapped up in its burial shrouds and ready for the grave. Headquarters were advised we were packing up and Headquarters did not concur. We were told that a station paper was a fine thing, that it should be encouraged, and that most certainly the Viewpoint was not to be discontinued. So much for that.

Now we reach the month of October and once more station papers are the subject of correspondence from Headquarters. This time however things are a bit different because Headquarters didn't say that the station paper must be carried on . . . they just said that the carrying of any and all types of advertising must stop forthwith which is all the same as saying to close up shop.

At the present time the Viewpoint is supported to the extent of one hundred dollars per month from station funds and the balance of the cost of publication is from advertising revenue. It is not logical to presume that station funds could bear the whole cost of publication unless the Viewpoint is radically reduced in size and no cuts used. It has been proposed that if a charge of five cents per copy were imposed that the revenue from sales would largely offset the lost advertising revenue. These are suggestions. It is for the men on this station to decide whether or not the Viewpoint should be continued or whether it "should fold its tents like the Arabs and silently steal away".

The Viewpoint has grown to a sizeable paper through the fact that splendid co-operation has been given by all sections and all flights on this station. It is felt that such co-operation would not have been possible unless the station as a whole felt that the Viewpoint was a valuable addition to station life. That being the case it seems a bit of a shame to chuck it all overboard. However it must be realized that the publication of a paper takes both time and money. It is possible to make the time to do the work but the finances must be definite and no hit and miss methods will ever prove satisfactory. It is therefore up to the men on the station to decide whether or not they want a paper and if they do then, and most important, what method of financing is to be used.

\* \* \*

### THE SMITH BUS COMPANY

In the past two issues of the Viewpoint there have been a couple of blasts let loose in the general direction of the Smith Bus Company. These blasts dealt generally with overloading and the failure to maintain schedules.

While the Viewpoint does not now intend to paint a halo of complete righteousness over the head of the Smith Bus Company it nevertheless wishes to point out a few controlling factors which should receive the full consideration of all Officers, N. C. O.'s, Airmen and Airwomen who use this service.

The Smith Bus Company along with every other bus company must obey the rulings set forth by the Transit Control Board who have stipulated that not only shall busses take all possible passengers per trip but that schedules are not to be strictly adhered to when the busses are not loaded.

The question of obtaining additional busses to meet the passenger demands of Mountain View is also one in which the Smith Bus Company cannot make its own decision. Additional busses may only be acquired with the consent of the Transit Control Board and to date the Board has not consented to such an addition.

The above should clarify the situation to the men but it must be said that regardless of whether the Smith Bus Company was at fault or not that the actions of certain of the personnel of this Station has

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 Finest Milk Products  
 in Purest Form . . .*

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 MILK PRODUCTS**

WELLINGTON, ONT.

not thrown any particular credit on the uniform they wear. Light globes have been stolen, useless damage has been done, and in the case of some personal behaviour has sunk to a sorry depth of disgracefulness. Whatever fault or blame may lie at the door of the Smith Bus Company does not matter one iota in respect to personal behaviour. Only one thing controls an Officer's or an Airman's or an Airwoman's behavior and that is the amount of pride in the uniform one wears. It is trusted that a much greater sense of pride and a consequent improvement in behavior will be shown by certain personnel on this station.

### DISCUSSION GROUP

A discussion group meets every Wednesday evening at 1900 hours in the Airwomen's Club. Everyone is cordially invited. The attendance has reached thirty or more.

The completed program and the tentative ones are:

Theme: "What we are fighting for."

Oct. 28—"The democracy we are fighting for". Leader, F/L R. Cameron.

Nov. 4—"Aerial warfare in the last war". Leader, F/L Salter and F/L Weaver.

Nov. 11—"Norway and the Nazis." Leader F/L Jarl.

Nov. 18—"Women in the war effort." Leader, A.S.O. Chivers.

Nov. 25—"How the war is effecting Canada." Leader, S/L Gwynne-Timothy.

Dec. 2—"Food and morale." Leader, A.S.O. McNeil.

### Classified Advertisement

**LEARN TO IRK YOUR SUPERIOR** officers. Why come to attention and salute when entering a F/Lt's office? Don't be a sissy, stand up for your rights! Take this marvelous course for the small fee of 3 days C.B. **THE WICKETT SCHOOL OF DISCIPLINE.**

### PER ARDVA AD ASTRA

(Continued from page 1)

a national program. Unity doesn't just happen — it can start by putting things right by apologizing to the fellow we don't get along with. Instead of "burning up" about other people's faults, we can burn up a few of our own and start a national bonfire. Personal courage means fighting with all that's in us against our own softness, laziness, extravagance, "buckpassing". The battline runs right across the country. When we lick the enemy inside ourselves we can get the next fell wo to join us in the fight.

When we embark on this program, we can demand the same qualities in our public men, and can support those leaders who put the country first. We shall find the answer to national and personal debts, taxes, graft. National policies will be framed which will be in keeping with the role of a great nation. Free enterprise will be devoted to the national service, rather than to individual profit and power. Labour and management will join in a program of working together to build a new world.

Then we shall have a new pattern for democracy, designed by God and worked by everyone.

So, away with small thinking! Lift our eyes to the stars — and fight!

## MUSIC ON THE STATION

F/L ROSS K. CAMERON, Padre.

Ten weeks ago two airmen came to the Padre's office and asked in all seriousness if it were possible to have classical recordings presented once each week in concert form. Some will say this is a strange request. Yet it is not so strange after all when we realize the tremendous genuine revival of interest that there has been in the last few years in good music. The "Prom" Symphony Concerts in Toronto have been crowded for many seasons and young people are among the most enthusiastic and most interested. At any rate the experiment was begun on this Station and has proved itself most satisfactory and successful. Airmen and airwomen numbering anywhere from 40 to 100 gather in the Recreation Hall every Friday at 1930 hours to listen for two hours to the world's best music. This is reproduced on the loud speaker system from the K. of C. phonograph, in silence with no distractions those persons who know and enjoy this may find themselves carried into the realm of musical reality.

During these weeks the music of many composers has been presented: Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Verdi, Chopin, Sibelius, Schubert, Mozart, Strauss, Wagner, Bach and solos by Marian Anderson, Caruso, John Charles Thomas and many others. One of the recent Gunny classes presented us with the complete ninth (choral) symphony of Beethoven — a splendid and thoughtful gift by those who enjoyed the program.

The Station is building up gradually an excellent library of records. The Station Funds Committee has provided some funds for this purpose. These are being purchased with a view to future exchanges with the Y. M. C. A. recordings at Trenton where there is a large and excellent selection. Through the kindness of a few persons in Belleville we have been able to borrow other complete symphonies and selections.

We have learned also that our Station is not singular in this respect. Many R. C. A. F. Stations have been carrying on with such concerts for a considerable time. There are many enthusiastic supporters at Picton, No. 5 IIS, and at Trenton where two concerts each week are presented.

Improvements might be made as we continue. For instance a more congenial and comfortable place to sit to listen might be arranged eventually. We hope, however, that the Rec. Hall will not hold all who enjoy these concerts. We welcome the loan of records and we plan to buy more as the weeks pass. Those who know of where records might be obtained are asked to report to the Padre. Everyone on the Station is made welcome. Brief explanations accompanying the playing of many of the complete symphonies. These aid the novice to understand better these treasures which may be heard and enjoyed every Friday evening.

## ACCOUNTS SECTION

"AND IT CAME TO PASS--"

In the beginning the Government created Mountain View Station. And the earth was without form and order there was none; and the spirit of progress moved upon the face of the waters; and D. A. P. S. said let there be light, and there was the Account Section!

And the civilian contractors said let the waters be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear. And they called the dry land Headquarters and the gathering together of the waters, "The Officers' Parking Lot."

And D. A. P. S. said let there be two great lights in the portal of the Account Section; the greater light — Corporal Blake — to rule the Ice Cream Bar, and the lesser light — Flight Lieutenant Dack — to rule the minor matter of Pay. And they created the stars also — the W. D. And D. A. P. S. saw everything that they had made and behold, it was good — but not too good.

And it came to pass, after forty months and forty days, the place was snowed under with vouchers, and Squadron Leader Dunn said, "Thou shalt make a cupboard, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch, and pitch the vouchers within without delay. And this is the fashion which thou shalt make it of: The length of the cupboard shalt be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits; and the door thou shalt set in the side thereof, with lower, second, third, and fourth stories shalt thou make it." Thus did the Long and the Short of it, all Squadron Leader Dunn approved, so did they.

And in the selfsame month, after many days of the ringing of hammers and anvils, the cupboard was finished, and Stubby and What-Watt and the creeping things that creepeth upon the earth — Corporals Flint and Blake, moved in, and N. P. F. was happy!

But D. A. P. S. sent a signal to Squadron Leader Wilson, and said unto him: "Let your men go that they may serve me in remote spots and fighter planes. Else if thou refuse to let them, behold, to-morrow, will we bring the W. D. into thy office, and they shall cover the face of the earth, that one cannot be able to see the earth." And so it came to pass, that the W. D. came, and multiplied and filled the office and ate the chocolate bars and drank the cokes; and even Sergeant Lucas was crowded out to Dunnville. And Squadron Leader Wilson saw the great work that the W. D. did, and said give me more, and behold, D. A. P. S. sent Baldwin and Widenean, and Mountain View rejoiced!

## PERSONALS FROM THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

F/Sgt. Taylor certainly gets on with the opposite sex; we — your roving reporters — get around — to wit: October 10th — Taylor returning from the canoe, hand in hand with Humphrey — talking invoices. October 17th — Taylor return-

## PHOTOGRAPHS

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## MEYERS STUDIOS

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Please try to have your portrait taken in November to Avoid the Last Minute Christmas Rush.

ing from the dance with Humphrey, cheek on cheek — definitely not talking invoices. October 20th — W. D. Thompson back from sick leave — Taylor kept her out 'till —? (Damn it! They ducked us.) But they both looked like no sleep in the office next morning.

Our chess expert, P/O Willcocks is still taking a prominent part in Officer-Airmen Chess Tournaments. Of course, he hasn't won any; but neither have any of the other officers.

Corporals Hep, Rockie, and Mac, cannot stand P. T. parades; but perspiration runs by the gallon in their daily slow motion ping pong workouts. One of these days, your star reporter will whip Hep — just wait and see!

And Sergeant White. It is really easier to turn out for our weekly route march than cover twice the distance dodging up and down camp streets to escape being caught in the draft.

Sergeant Probert, Majordomo of Dependents, etc., is back to normal. His pay staff is organized, and reconciled to the fact that Sergeant Probert is king, and they the slaves.

Congratulations to Leduc. Air Force Headquarters finally convinced him he should be a Clerk Accountant. Welcome to the ranks of "D.A.P.S. Forgotten Men."

A month has gone since the last issue of our paper, and with the rest of the station, we find ourselves fretting over an R. C. A. F. rumour. This may be the last publication of the local news monthly. The Jackson Building, Ottawa, has decided to force the Mountain Viewpoint out of publication, by banning the sale of advertising. We understand a Headquarters (Jackson Building) publication will appear shortly, for sale to Air Force personnel. If the Mountain Viewpoint has been of interest to you, keep this copy, as a souvenir of a paper that has become an institution on this station. Your Station Fund cannot finance publication of this free monthly without the assistance of advertising revenue.

If this is good-bye, thank you, F/L McCombe, for the fine job you and your staff have done in promoting the Mountain Viewpoint, our own paper.

## NOVEMBER AIRMEN'S DANCE

Inspired by the music of No. 6 Repair Depot's outstanding dance band — with a bevy of beautiful girls for partners — prize dances and last but not least, refreshed by the sumptuous lunch provided at intermission time . . . the November Airmen's dance held in the Station Drill Hall on Thursday evening, Nov. 5, will go down in the annals of the Station history as an outstanding event.

Vocal numbers were interspersed during the evening by L.A.C. "Bus" Laidlaw and his singing of popular songs accompanied by the band was a real highlight of the fair. "Bus" is a member of a newly formed "Station Quartette" which will shortly make its first public appearance. A piano duet by Clark and Woodhouse was a pleasing novelty.

The prize winners in the special events held during the evening were A.W.1 Marie Morris and A.C.2 Ward Allen in the first number, while Cpl. and Mrs. William Davidson were the lucky winners of the second event.

F/L Ross Cameron headed the committee in charge of the dance with the K. of C. supervisors, Urban Hughes and Douglas Graham, acting as masters of ceremonies. Great credit for the success of the dance is owed to the Snior N.C.O.'s and other personnel on Station who gave generously of their time under the leadership of F/Sgts. Maybee and Duffort and Sgts. Gordon Harris and Tim Iveson. F/Sgt. Bickerstaff assisted greatly and contributed to the success of the dance in the providing of the much enjoyed refreshments served during the evening.

The thanks of the committee are tendered to the Belleville and St. Michael's Hospitality Clubs for bringing us such a charming group of girls and to our own Women's Division members who attended in large numbers and made such a great contribution to our enjoyable evening by their presence.



The trademark guarantees your satisfaction

*Player's Please*

MILD or MEDIUM

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Plain End or Cork Tip

**EQUIPMENT QUIPS**

Again, we go to press giving you folks all the news and views of the good old Equipment Section.

First of all, congratulations to Flt. Lt. O. J. Currie in taking over the position of Senior Equipment Officer of the Station.

Welcome to Flt. Lt. H. J. Haley who is here from No. 6 I.T.S. on temporary duty and again we say goodbye to Flt. Lt. B. B. Lindsay (congratulations too on the other ring) who has gone from our happy midst to do temporary duty at Training Command Headquarters.

It is noticed that Sgt. Kelly and Cpl. Tasker are standing around comparing notes. Could it be the same subject (wedding bells)?

If rumor has it right, this Station may see a very odd sight in the service. For further information read this column or see AC1. Lindsay in the I. and R. section.

More of our Equipment assistants have been posted away. LAC's Shea and Baldson went to Labrador, LAC. Beatty to Torbay, LAC. Sangster to Quebec City and AW1 Ruthenford went to Toronto to take a "muscles" course.

★ ★ ★

Here is this Section's prize "open" letter:

"Senior Equipment Officer:

"Sir: After reviewing No. 1 T.C.'s letter regarding salvage I would suggest that you put to a demand on No. 1 E.D. for a horse and cart and also ask for an increase of establishment for one more equipment assistant as by the reading of the above letter it is of my humble opinion that the salvage will become a full time job.

"(Sgd.) M. J. Grainger, LAC.

The reply:

"LAC. Grainger:

"A beast of burden is already employed. A vehicle will be procured immediately.

"K. J. M. Smith (S/L), S.E.O.

Law. "Shorty" Selnes is on a well-earned vacation and can you imagine she went clear out to Strome, Alta. Hurry back, Shorty.

The Trade Test Board is over and everything is back to normal routine. No more cramming CAP. 16 in fact, it is a closed book. Speaking of T.T., we are thankful some of the candidates didn't write the precis of stores accounting.

Who is the Cpl. heart-throb in Picton that has M.O.C. all a-flutter?

Why is local 11 on the telephone exchange used so often to locate pilots? It can't be the operators think this is the number of the pilots' room?

★ ★ ★



**W. O. 1 CRAWFORD, R. C.**

The Major was born in Manitoba in 1912 but early in 1920 he moved to our neighbouring city of Belleville which has been his home for more than twenty years.

He was educated and graduated from the Belleville Collegiate Institute and Vocational School there.

After a short period working at Trenton the Major enlisted on Aug. 4, 1934.

Since that time he has been stationed at Camp Borden, No. 5 E.D., Moncton and prior to posting to Mountain View at No. 5 Manning Depot.

He is married, with two children . . . very capable and possesses a keen sense of humor.

★ ★ ★

**Lost, Strayed or Stolen.**

Fourteen pilot officers. Apply front office clothing stores.

★ ★ ★

**Laugh of the week:**

Goldstein and MacDonald appear to be very allergic to typewriters. In fact, they just won't carry them.

★ ★ ★

**Dedicated to "The Great Lover"**

In a section in Tech Stores, Sits a chap whom Doyle adores, But this great lover loves them all, Blondes or brunettes, short or tall.

Every morning bright and early, Doyle fusses with her hair, so curly; All clean shaven, fit to kill, Cullen comes in and takes his fill.

At their desk they are so loving, Coo-ing, goo-ing, turtle-dov-ing; Then in come Accounts on the rush, And Cullen goes into his famous blush.

These pretty girls come into check, And Cullen says to Doyle, "By Heck"

Get on your wheel; and find those papers, And cut out all those silly capers.

We hope in time he'll see the dawn And cut out all this carrying on, And settle down to married life With Nora as his loving wife. . .

**BOMBING FLIGHT**

Wire received from W. O. 1 Kitchen after a complete silence during indefinite leave in the West, did not mention the shipment of ducks or deer as promised, but did mention something about a train wreck which nobody took seriously. We welcome Mrs. Kitchen to our locality and several of the personnel of Bombing Flight are anxious to give her details of what Kitch has been doing on his 48's and where.

Bombing Flight continues to be noticed by Headquarters. It seems that in view of talk of a second front it has been found necessary to use the services of F/O Horton (Day and night Bombing Pilot) and P/O Green (Night Bombing Pilot) in that connection. Congratulations boys and the best of luck from all of us in Bombing Flight.

A new pilot posted to Bombing Flight a few days ago has already received his Commission. A further compliment to Bombing Flight. Congratulations to our old pal P. O. Kirley.

Bombing Flights trained pilots are still in demand by the other Flight Commanders and requests and transfers are being made almost daily. We understand F/L Love (Drogue Flight), is busy studying a new language that he may be able to converse freely with each of his Pilots.

We hear from the West that D. D's Kitchen and Woodley are quite efficient in the art of poaching turkeys by using the famous Woodley cackle.

Well here we are, back after another most successful month of flying with a bang-up record of 2 hours, which gives everyone connected with Bombing something to emile about. At last F/S Mallinson is sporting his crown above the three stripes, we offer our congratulations and hope he continues on up the ladder.

At last Cpl. Hales' long wait has terminated, Ralph leaves for I. T. S. on Sunday to go to Belleville to start his training for Por. O. We wish him the best of luck and everything that goes with it.

The 14 New Zealanders wish to thank W/C Lister, F/L Salter, S/L Staddon and F/L Love for their co-operation in enabling us to secure the use of four planes, to fly to Ottawa to broadcast to New Zealand.

"WHERE MANY MEN MEET"

**BILL COOK'S CIGAR STORE**

PIPES - LIGHTERS  
CIGARETTES  
CIGARS

223 Front Street

Phone 74

It was a grand trip, a splendid time being had by all. The 17th of October will be remembered by all who took part in the trip. Such help from Canadians is greatly appreciated by the lads from "Down Under".

Will a certain pilot take note. The officers did not appreciate your stall turns after completing a bombing detail.

It is easy to see that the "New-sie" pilots who flew to and back from Ottawa on the 17th October did not graduate from Schaffer's Navigation School.

What did Sgt. McQuarrie go back to Napanee on his 48 for? Perhaps forced landings do help.

Did WO1. Kitchen and WO2. Woodley have a good time on their leave? We all think so, judging from those dissipated countenances.

What happened to Sgt. Bebarfold's prize, a bottle of rum, I wonder if Sgts. Chiddenton, Brown, Springer, Williamson, know. Has P/O Zeiko learnt to land without breaking his undercarriage yet?

Did P/O Kirley have a good time in the Sgt's. Mess on the 4th of November? As F/L Salter, F/O Thring or F/L Love. They know.

Who tipped the garbage cans over after a "Wings" party at the Quin-te Hotel?

Congratulations on getting your commission, P/O Kirley, from the boys of Bombing Flight.

Who tries to bomb without bombs on his aircraft? Ask Sgt. Clements.

**JAMES H. RUTTER GROCERIES**

PHONE 80

WELLINGTON, ONT.

**L. P. KEANE REXALL DRUG STORE**

Wellington, Ontario.

Phone 29

**MAN ABOUT MOUNTAIN**

\*\*\*  
**WINCHELL AT NO. 6**

(MOUNTAIN REVIEW)

MOUNTAIN VIEW — It's a wonder that more Airmen weren't on hand to see the sergeants vs. the officers in soccer. It was strictly a case of dog eat dog. . . . Motto for the officers' soccer team—never did so many run so much to score so few. . . . The trouble with local 'dear' hunting is that a 'buck' is seldom enough 'doe'. . . . What happens to all the worn out Airmen's uniforms, mommy? "Somebody sells them to F/Sgt. Gartley, son." . . . It appears that wedding bells will jingle jangle jingle with Christmas bells for Harry Lindsay and WAAF MacGill. . . . Sgt. East's classic remark—"I was fifteen years old before I knew there was anything else to a chicken besides the neck. . . . A certain restaurant in Belleville advertises a sandwich known as Lover's Delight. Hmmm, so they put it in sandwiches now. . . . The new Battle Dress is right snappy and Zoot Sootish for all but living out members who must change their suits twice daily. Rather a waste of time and energy, we think. . . . F/Sgt. Oetiker's bosom pals are all girls. . . . The station sergeant-major's new method of finding Joes to unload bombs is unique to say the least. I hate to be a spoil sport, but I think you'd better keep your hands out of your pockets, boys. . . . Joe McCarthy has long threatened to get married but is still as far from it as ever. It appears that the Nurses' Aid needs the girl more than Joe does. So she says. . . . M.D.'s Olive and Selnes are broken-hearted. Selnes misses Wallner, the Aussie, and Alice is wondering why the N.C.O.'s always have a girl at home—with priorities. . . . The best unanswered question going the rounds currently is undermining the moral of lads of the Armament Branch, such as it is—"Have you a trade or are you an armourer?" . . . Notable amongst our peculiar orders is the recent one forbidding the use of Anson props to light matches on. The order was not too popular so one of the boys cut his initials on the prop and let it go at that. . . .

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One of the better and more skilful members of Staddons Commandos in the person of F/Sgt. Curley, received some merited promotion this month, when he joined the commissioned ranks. Curley's general all-round flying ability has long been recognized on this station, especially in the Yale. This month's orchid and our congratulations go to P/O Curley.

A secondary orchid should go to GIS Air for their victory over the Air Armament School in the War Bond drive.

\*\*\*

**FAMOUS LAST WORDS:**

"So I told the Aussies that "Waltzing Matilda" was a Hell of a song."

\*\*\*

**THEME SONG:**

F/Lt. Raymond . . . "Any Bonds To-day?"

\*\*\*

**GAG OF THE MONTH:**

Mary—"Why doesn't Harry take you to the show any more?"  
Helen—"Oh, it rained one night and we stayed home."

\*\*\*

**THE UPPER CRUST:**

The last Airmen's dance was very successful, with a few small exceptions. The music, girls and food were all first rate, but the floor would turn even the prettiest ankle. Incidentally, where did all the sergeants come from? . . . The WAAF's little social gatherings on Wednesday and Friday nights are free, fun and informal. A good idea. . . . The musical appreciation evenings are very successful and appear to be an established thing here now. I wonder what happened to "Roll Out the Barrel"? . . . Miss Neal, of GIS Aircrew is maintaining a high standard in her social studies, even to sending mash notes in and out of the classrooms during working hours. The best part of the whole situation is that a Senior N.C.O. is the messenger boy. Little Cupid Oetiker, he was known as. . . .

\*\*\*

It appears likely that this may be the last issue of the Viewpoint, due to Headquarters policy. However, as the paper has made great strides under F/L McCombe, it is hoped that something will be done to enable him to carry on. Winchell says goodbye for now but may be back later to make himself liable to libel.

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**DROGUE DOINGS**

We don't like to start rumors, BUT, Drogue Flight is being sabotaged. Knowing that the Drogue Flight is the heart of the Station, the saboteurs are trying to disrupt our efficiency. Two mornings in a row now while the majority of the Station was debating about whether or not they could stay in their flea-bags for another ten minutes, we have been down early getting the Station in shape for the day's flying and we have been handicapped by someone throwing a handful of sand in the machinery, in the shape of a great "Flying Orange Crate" which uses the name of Anson and some pile of scrap that is supposed to fly going under the name of a Bolling-broke. These two great nuisances were parked directly in front of our aircraft in the hope (we think) that it would hold us up and thereby allow the slower members of the flying end of the Station to catch up to us for a change. We use the term "flying" in regard to "Gunnery Flight" a little broadly because we think if they would change to a tank unit and run the "Broken-Bolts" along the ground they might possibly stay serviceable longer. While we don't mind the delay (we could take a couple of days off and still be away ahead of the rest of them), we do resent them dirtying up our usually immaculate hangar with the 'chunks' and besides that, they leak oil all over the place. We thought we were supposed to save oil and there was more oil on the floor one morning from one of the "visiting" aircraft than there was in the oil fields of Texas. Is there any truth to the rumor Sgt. White that you use ninety gallons of oil a day? Oh well, they can try to hold us up but with our efficiency as it is we'll carry on.

You know, we were told by the government that there would be no profiteering and the Prices and Trade Board were supposed to put a ceiling on prices but I guess Gunnery Flight never read the papers (or can they read?) because the "Cokes" suddenly jumped up a cent. It smells to us like a "get-rich-quick" scheme.

I guess we've used up all our allotted space for this month, but we would like to know what the Corporal was drinking when he swore he saw seven ducks in the pond between Gunnery and Drogue Flight. Well, if Corporal Williams and Co., of Maintenance keeps up his splendid work on our engines, we'll keep 'em flying 'til next month. Yours, for repercussions, Dangerous Dan the Drogue Flight Man.

**DEDICATED TO THE BOLDY BAGS**

We have suffered too long these nasty cracks. We get from those satirical chaps, Who try to tell us how to fly, The Drogue line schedules low and high.

First they say, don't turn so steep. You wake us from our gentle sleep,

You fly so slowly that we stall. Next, they can't catch up at all.

Now they say, we turn up late, And try to put us on the slate, But your excuses do apall, When you don't turn up at all.

Especially at dinner times And after 1700 chimes, Whilst we are faithfully flying there, You're dozing in some cozy chair.

So boys before you phone again, Remember, we're experienced men, In fact to tell the honest story We lads are on the inventory.

\*\*\*

**As We See Them:**

F/O Todd: Gone but not forgotten — Drogues' loss and Gunnery's gain?

Cpl. Agnew: Smoked too much when he was young. Should be allowed to do schedules in Link only.

F/S Puterbough: Adhere to advice of W. O. 2's and your exercises will undoubtedly improve(?)

S/P Egan: No toys when he was a kid.

S/P Fincham: That tired look.

F/S Egan: The more active type.

F/O Mackenzie: Knitting bundles for Britain.

S/P Wessels: Gone to the dogs.

F/O Youngman: Willie — The Wizard of Oz.

P/A Archambault: Just a gambler at heart.

Congratulations to F/S Sequin, F/S Hay, F/S Dilks and F/S Reed, who have recently received their Flights.

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**SICK BAY NEWS**

Here we are again! Since last we met the Station sick quarters have had several things of note happening.

As probably you all know . . . on October 15 tragedy visited us. We take this opportunity of thanking the R.C.A.F. Station in Trenton and the R.A.F. Station in Picton for their splendid assistance. Also we would like to congratulate our own very competent staff on the very good work they did during the emergency.

We are very pleased to report the boys are all on the way to recovery and we wish them all the luck in the world. This poem submitted and composed by A.W.1 McNeill is, I think, a very fitting tribute:

**TO THE HOSPITAL STAFF  
AND INJURED BOYS**

With willing hearts and hands they worked

Until the job was done;

Long hours they toiled but not in vain

At last—their victory won!

It wasn't just a pleasant job  
That they were called to do,  
But with a prayer upon their lips,  
to God,

Who saw hem through!

So let us not forget, dear friends,

In unity we stand;

To heal the wounded and the sick,  
And lend a helping hand.

The boys were brave and patient too,  
While suffering pain and sorrow;  
We hope they never will forget  
There's always a bright tomorrow!

\* \* \*

Several additions have been added to our staff. We have a new M.O. in the person of F/Lt. Harbert, who comes to us from No. 5 I.T.S., Belleville. We hope he will be very happy here.

As hospital orderly we have L.A.C. Morisette—feeling very bewildered in his new surroundings, after having looked after our former C.O. so capably.

A.W.2 Lenintyne comes to us having remustered from a telephone operator. Here's wishing her all kinds of luck in her new field.

We have lost a very able man from our M.I. Room—Cpl. Sellen, who has gone to Gander Bay.

We are now to have moving pictures for our patients. The K. of C. have kindly consented to present a bi-weekly movie at 2 p.m. on Monday and Thursday. Our heartiest thanks to this very noble organization.

Things are beginning to quiet down here after weeks of worrying. The trade tests are over. For the past three weeks every available moment has been spent by the staff in studying. The day of the exams was actually frantic. Some of the students had to be supported to and from. However once more the air is free and people are breathing normally again.

News comes that one of our former W.D. hospital assistants has finally taken the initial leap into the sea of matrimony. Congratulations are in order to Sgt. L. Cox and Cpl. E. McLellan of Trenton. May they have many happy years together in and out of the service.

\* \* \*

Things we would like to know:

Where is the red-headed sergeant's new library?

What W.D. is so bashful except at temperature time?

Who is the W.D. and what has she got that the perfume of carry are flying about?

Who is the Orderly Room W.D. who lost ten pounds recently? And why?

Who is the hospital cook who plays a mean game of badminton?

Where does the W.D. disappear frequently for a long period of time and what does she do?

What W.D. sported black circles around her eyes lately?

What M.I. room attendant is investing in electric razors these days and why?

Has our nursing orderly met his lady sergeant yet? And how is he enjoying his associations with the elite?

What hospital sergeant is trying to purchase a gurdle? And why?

Why the orderly room staff are so clannish they even spend 43 hour leaves together?

What hospital cook is doing a Madame Wanda on us—and does she really see those things in the tea leaves?

On our list of patients this month we have had two of our staff, A.W. Bready who has had a long siege of illness but is well on the way to recovery now and A.W. Wilson—one of our cooks.

Cheerio until next month.

**DENTAL DIARY**

Yours truly, which is me, finally returned from my furlough, in Toronto, and the mothers in that fair city are letting their daughters go out alone again.

I put on so much weight since I came to Mountain View, that my civilian clothes won't fit me now, credit for this is divided between the cooks and canteen.

There are some new faces in the clinic now, and we made a very handsome group when I was in Toronto.

I seem to be thinking in circles, as usual, which inspires me to discuss rings. There are several kinds of rings — engagement rings, wedding rings, curtain rings, napkin rings, bull rings, pig rings, and doorbell rings.

Corporal Williams has already obtained the engagement ring (it's a honey) and no doubt he will soon learn that wedding rings are trumps in the land of romance, and thus bring about a pair, ace high. Curtain rings probably come next, followed by napkin rings, or pine or something, anyway we wish he and his bride the best of everything, excluding taxes.

Corporal Stewart is wearing his stripes, and this brown-eyed bashful boy certainly deserves them, in fact he's damn near as good as me. This sounds like lousy English. I mean this sounds lousy.

Sergeant Aspden is greatly missed here at the clinic, and we hope he has a swell furlough. What I like about Sarge is his sunny disposition and his hair.

Corporal Hollinger, our new lab. assistant has proven himself quite capable as a lab. man and date-maker. His favourite pastimes are playing marbles and slugging cops.

Pte. Stan Shaw having been posted, is greatly missed both in the clinic and on the Station. He was a right guy and our best wishes follow him wherever he goes.

A certain S. P. dared me to write a little article about the S. P.'s so I hereby take him up.

Dear S. P.,  
I cannot express what I think about the S. P.'s, as my secretary is a lady, and I am a gentleman? However, the S. P.'s being neither, should understand perfectly what I mean.

Yours with love as always,  
WOBBLE WATER WEIR.

\* \* \*

FLASH—Captain Warnica, our new C.O. has the clinic running smoothly. His splendid qualifications as an officer have won him the utmost respect and co-operation from the clinic personnel; and we wish him the best of luck in everything, including playing horseshoes.

DASH—Sgt. Aspden, that dashing, debonair man about the Lab has returned from his furlough looking like a well-spent waswolf. He says he had a good time but glad to get

**What a Life!**



We all must perspire  
*Offending's* the error—  
That's why the girls  
Think the Sergeant's a terror.

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

back, so he could collect the dough I owe him, he hopes.

CRASH—New W. D. corporal crashes clinic, petite, dainty, in fact a completer, neater or sweeter parcel of femininity was never wrapped up in Air Force Blue, than the one labelled Mimi Browning.

PASS—Of course this isn't official but with all our best wishes behind her we don't see how Cpl. Walker could help passing her trade test.

ALAS—Cpl. Stewart, that brown-eyed, bashful boy (with or without shoes), is about to leave us, which is the reason I write this through a mist of tears. I got in the right temperature, I mean temperament by eating a raw onion, anyway we'll miss him plenty and he'll miss the 65 cents I owe him.

HASH—This is a mess mystery. In civy life, hash was something to eat. It's different here; they make a sort of V for Victory food out of it. They put the dots in the hash, and when you've eaten you'll dash, but plenty.

TRASH—This is what I am writing. I knew I was a genius at something. . . . Pte. Blacow is still going around privating, me too. . . . The other day I said to Mimi in French, "Do you like it here?" . . . versatile devil aren't I? . . . Anyway she answered "Oui, oui, oui," and I hear Blacow, who is standing around working, mutter, "If she does she'll bloom in well clean it up herself."

SPLASH—Someone just threw an inkwell at me. I think it might be a hint to quit. So this is William Winchell Weir, saying, "Good-bye dear dental diary for now."

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## THE WINNAH



In subscribing \$7,670. to date the Air Armament School has raised 450% of its Victory Loan quota. This outstanding effort was "master-minded" by S/L Ralphs, our indefatigable O.C., whose enthusiasm was reflected in the cheerful and generous response of all ranks to the appeals of the Adjutant, F/O Breckenridge and his canvassers. It surely is something to have an Adjutant who is a born salesman, vigorous withal, yet not of the "genus bull-dozus".

Shown above is S/L Ralphs, proudly displaying the Dagger Pennant, assisted by Sgt. Simmons, our first subscriber. It is said that he set his alarm for the wee sma' hours in order to beat the gun. What a man! Such restraint!!! Some men would have stayed overnight and hit the head-lines!!! But that's us all over—as the armourer said when he bit on the detonator.

### G.I.S. (ARMAMENT)

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Again G. I. S. Armament is out in front; of course this is just another example of the esprit de corps in the unit. It started about when our Officer Commanding, not very familiar with stocks and shares business, gave a very brief little talk on Canada's third Victory Loan. Well, after the beans were spilt who should be battling in the rear of the hall to see who was going to be first in the School to buy his bond, but our fitter of G. I. S. Workshops, and a certain Sgt. who just loves parades, and likes to be out in front, (nobody but our efficient Sgt. Wright) but the latter was beaten out by a few strokes, poor boy — for his mother does love him so.

Up to date the School has raised \$7670. and still they jam the door of Flying Officer Breckenridge's office. But he is not kicking; neither is his next door neighbor S/L Ralphs.

The Station Pennant was sent down by the Station Sgt. Major, and it was immediately put on display for the benefit of all who so willingly gave toward getting it placed there.

But that wasn't all about the Pennant. Who should have their pictures taken with it? S/L Ralphs and the above (regretfully) noted fitter were the chosen victims.

A certain Sgt. Discip. was kind of peeved at this for he planned a great picture in his mind of the pupils, Instructors and Officers, also our own W. D.'s to have theirs taken with the Pennant but of course this fell through, as orders are orders. (Ed. "Something else might have fallen through too!")

After taking the money off the lads in the School, they were approached by Flying Officer Breckenridge about giving blood. We had

175 donors off different courses.. (Now please don't take much more off our lads or there won't be anything left of them for the hard fight that lies ahead)

A certain Orderly Room Corporal who is always chewing gum and who is well deserving to be made a Sgt. feels like a recruit again when he hears about a certain Cpl. — (ladies' man in C. R.) who recently got promoted to Sgt. Never mind Cpl., there is a certain LAC, who works in your office thinks he should be a Group Captain! Now watch your tobacco — there may be pins and glue mixed in it.

We hope our W. D.'s are having a good vacation way out there in B. C. Hurry up back Charter and Kench; the work is piling up. Welcome to the School Staff, S/L Begg. Hope your stay is long and happy.

Well that is about all the scanda-day for now lads, so cheerio!

**Joke of the Month**  
A certain Discip. Sgt. to an LAC: "Do you know what esprit de corps is?"

Answer: "All I know, it's a new part for one of them guns."

A certain LAW. has two suckers within her reach. One a model F/S, the model A/C man and secondly but not least a P/O who recently got his commission but couldn't spell "theoretical".

Who's gonna be the biggest?

Well what have you got to say for yourself Sgt. H-11? Don't tell us a certain Sgt. Instructor and a Teacher (lady) can't get along — so he falls back on a W. D. from Trenton.

They're always dependable anyway.

Certain people would like to know why married Instructors try to date up the W. D.'s. (Usually without

*Compliments*

*of*

# NEW QUEENS

# HOTEL

**BELLEVILLE, ONT.**

any results) — we hope!

★ ★ ★

The "Flame" is doing pretty well lately — eh! She gets 'em all if she wants 'em. I think I'll get her to do a little catching for me.

We'll miss her when she goes, won't we BOYS?

★ ★ ★

Congratulations are in order this month to two stalwarts of G. I. S. (Arm), or "Air Armament School" to old timers. Both WO- Wareham and F/Sgt. King have received commissions in the R. A. F. Technical Branch. Both have been on the staff of the school for a long time and both have played their part in making the school, as should rightly be recognised, a key unit in the Empire Air Training Plan. "Wally" King came to Canada in October 1939 and was posted to A. A. S. Trenton, he was one of the advanced guard of R. A. F. Instructors. "Bill" Wareham arrived in Canada in January 1940 with the main R. A. F. party and was posted first at St. Thomas. Later he was sent to A. A. S. at Trenton. Since then he has been a Staff Instructor on S. A. I. courses until recently when he was made a member of the Armament Visiting Flight, a position in which the service will benefit even more by his experience. "Wally" King took an S. A. I. course shortly after arriving at Trenton and since then has been staff instructor on Armourers Courses and G. I.'s and also the new type of G. I. Aircrew.

We offer our condolences and

hearty congratulations in the same breath, particularly the condolences go to "Bill" Wareham who can console himself in the fact that he really has got a promotion over if it is an "Irish-man's Promotion". Apart from that good luck to both.

T. E. R.

The A. A. S. laments the passing (to pastures green — U. K.) of S/L Ralph Trites. Lucky man! We always wondered where he got it. However he has it, in the bag too. So the best of luck and bon voyage, Ralph!

The G.I.L. Officers' Course is taken over by S/L "Johnny" Begg and we are glad to have him here in the "workhouse". He has what it takes here — a good constitution!

S/L Begg has seven years service. He joined at Camp Borden in '35, and subsequently graduated from No. 3 Armourers and No. 2 S. A. I. Courses. After serving for 2 years with 110 Squadron, and commuting to No. 119, Hamilton in his "spare" time he finally landed at the A. A. S. Trenton in 1938 as instructor. He taught 'em all there, and ultimately succumbed to the wiles of S/L Ralphs on No. 8 Armament Officers' Course.

After a rest at Camp Borden, he was posted to the West, and after dipping Mossbank out of the moss, or sand, or whatever it is they have there, he was elected for the same job at Lethbridge. Finally, A. F. H. O. signalled Mountain View: — "Take a peg of Johnny Begg." Being fond of doubles, we did — and here he is.

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PICTON

## HOT AIR FROM AIRCREW

The NEWS OF G. I. S. (AIR) is little changed from last month except that there's more of it. To our League of Nations setup, has now been added a few members of the Fighting French. All we need is representative of the Czechs and Poles and we've seen and heard everything. The shortage of classroom space is still a pressing problem, and it looks as if a "swing shift" going all night is the only solution. Lavallee has already applied for the job as night clerk, as it seems more Aussies are coming in.

A few promotions last month brightened up the lot of the hapless S. A. I. and made life a trifle more bearable, SGT's Holland, Skidmore and MacDonal are now crown jobs and it is earnestly hoped that we'll hear a little less beefing from these verbose gents in the future. Cpl. Godin now eats in the Sgt's. Mess and our congratulations may be added to the others he has already received. Incidentally, the glorious battle Willie put up for the girl's honor was unsuccessful — but he's still trying.

It is gratifying to note that our drive for War Bonds went easily over the top. Our own War Bond slogan is probably responsible for the howling success — "Nothing Matters Now" (period). Our universal cry "I want my Commando Dagger" floats out of the Instructors' Room at weird times, especially when Gartley comes in.

### "THINGS WE TALK ABOUT"

One of the outstanding reasons for the paper shortage is Sgt. Webb. At any time, a little salvage drive may be started from the contents of his pockets which usually contain samples of everything in paper — except Army Form Blank.

The beloved Smoke Room has fallen victim to the expansion program. It is now a classroom and the only fog left in it is in the Students' minds.

Sgt. Swackhammer is back to normal after over a month of married bliss. Well, he has stopped walking on his knees anyhow ....

Godin and Weir are finding the Typing Courses in Belleville very interesting; at least they don't have to carry their books home. Reliable sources indicate that they are being lugged back to camp by "Miss Neal" of the W. O.'s office. "Gen-

tlemen of the Air Force" — Himmmmmm.

Roy Dent is looking unusually worried lately. His girl is joining the W. A. A. F.'s and Roy is probably afraid she'll be Corporal before he is - - -

Visiting Flight is with us just now, and seems to be missing nothing, even Lavallee was investigated, but the findings may not be published — yet.

It has been said that a criminal always returns to the scene of his crime, at any rate, Sgt. Smith is back with us as Discip .... Welcome Smithy.

Willie Keys — Sweet William — is getting very thick with his Belleville heart-throb — even to sending sweet smelling flowers. Could it be because the little Miss likes to dance in her stocking feet?

### PERSONALITIES

1. That nice old man—F/Sgt. Brant.
2. Waltzing Methusalem—Gartley.
3. The Little Dictator — Guess Who?
4. The Inner Sanctuary Man — F/L Raymond.
5. The Sponge—Sgt. Campbell.
6. "Uncle Roy"—Sgt. Fowler.

## NEWS AND VIEWS FROM THE NEWSIES

### THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE, OR HEAR—

Further dramatic changes in the Allied policy similar to the recent changes in the phonetic alphabet. Hold on Russia, there's a new spirit abroad!

The prescribed diet at the Air-men's Mess Prescribed, and one introduced that would eliminate many of the things that now make us shudder. Where is the breakfast fruit juice — and would the C. O. have supper with us sometime?

Aircrew trying to do a twelve week course in eight weeks exempted from the time-wasting Thursday and Friday morning parades. Sgt. Bayley in charge of the quadrant towers where his enthusiasm might be turned to useful account in observing our bombs correctly.

A certain W. D. in the state that caused her to write in her diary: The Polar bear sleeps in his white bear skin,

And sleeps very well I am told; Last night I slept in my white bear skin,

And caught a Hell of a cold! F/Sgt. Macdonald giving an "all out" description of an "all in" wrestling match.

More Instructors. Sgt. Campbell — sober at night. F/Sgt. Skidmore's wife.

### "WOE IS US"

We joined the bleedin' Air Force, When we found we had to fight, And right then we started swottin' And we swotted day and night, First, 'twas ruddy mathematics, And the theory of flight, And when we finished swottin' And we had them tapen all night, They told us to forget them— So we got the bleedin' blight!

We learned law and bleedin' hygiene, And we learned them good and fast,

We learned all about salutin', When an Officer went past, And we got to feeling' perky, That our knowledge was so vast, We learned sneakin' into doorways, Saved salutin' — or a blast! So we came in to Mountain View,

And thought the place was grand, 'Till we met a bleedin' Sergeant, With a smile too ruddy bland. Who said, "Lads. I want to take you And lead you by the hand To a place where King Macdonald Rules the Recognition land, And I'll teach you blank blank aircraft,

'Till you know each blank blank brand". So we started swottin' aircraft, And we swotted day and night; We swatted in the sunshine, And electric ruddy light. 'Till we thought we knew an Anson From a bleedin' Messerschmitt. But when the bleedin' test came MacRuddy-Donald got the blight For ain't we got an Anson, We didn't get it right.

Then they pushed us off to England, We came face to face with War, And we heard the cannons cracklin' High above the engine's roar. And we knew, thanks to our Sergeant, 'Twas a Dornier 24. And we grinned and closed our "Rec" Books As we saw him earthward soar

And the pilot said "By Gad, sir, That's a ruddy Albacore!" By N2 423564 L.A.C. Brown W. J. No. 63 Air Observers Course

## INJURED ARMOURERS SHOW IMPROVEMENT

It is indeed good news to all at this station to know that the airmen who were seriously injured in the accident of October 15th, the details of which are known on the station, are showing steady improvement. F/Sgt. Edwards and LAC. Weese the most seriously injured are still in the Belleville Hospital, Sgt. Smith is in the Station Hospital and AC1 Stewart is back on duty after sick leave.

F/Sgt. Edwards is up and about, has gone for walks and has been able to go to the movies. L.A.S. Weese as we go to press has been up for short periods but still doesn't feel that his legs are serviceable. Sgt. Smith expects to be out shortly and is looking forward expectantly to sick leave and Montreal.

The courage and cheerfulness shown by F/Sgt. Edwards and LAC. Weese should prove an inspiration to every person on this station. The manner in which F/Sgt. Edwards and his splendid wife have met their trouble and face the future is an example of what personal courage can accomplish.

Every person on this station is pulling for them and wish them a speedy recovery and the best of luck.

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**ARMAMENT SECTION**

Every sound the machine gun made was like a spear of white flame stabbing his brain. He tried to steel himself against the pain and tried to shut his ears to the relentless staccato yammer. Suddenly he opened his eyes and realization came to him that the sound wasn't outside his head, it was all inside and it wasn't a machine gun either. It was the usual one hundred and one little jerks that drive spikes in your brain on the morning after a terrible night.

Yes, that's why the armourers are on the water wagon eighteen hours every day. With all the extra stripes flying around here (promotions to you) we could not help but celebrate. Thanks for the cokes, fellows. L.A.C. Mills in charge of workshops just received his corporal hooks, also Cpl. Smith was caught in a draft and found himself with another hook. How does it feel to be a sergeant, Smith. Before I go any further, sergeants take note:

Our sergeant sure acts like a champ,  
He blusters, roars and Joe's us around camp,  
But when he is home with the Missus,  
He's all love and kisses,  
While she kicks him around like a tramp.

Also we extend congratulations to L.A.C. Sands, corporal now. I asked him to what does he attribute his success to. His answer: a good game of pinochle. Incidentally since Sands received his hooks he has been moving his mattress, and sleeping in the wash room. We didn't know you wanted to be alone, Sands.

While we're on the subject of promotions we cannot forget to mention the Joes that received their props. Since receiving their props F/Sgt. Smith has been carrying a long black wicked whip. (I put wicked in there to make it more realistic and if you don't shudder when you read it, we will refund your money.) Next month F/Sgt. Smith is giving away a surprise packet to the armorer who does the most work. The only reason that the Joe armourer's have been working hard lately is because they are outnumbered by the N.C.O.'s. "There'll come a day."

Once again we lose four more men to A.A.S. L.A.C. Parish, L.A.C. Dickson, L.A.C. Spinks and L.A.C. Kinner all A group, rhmph. Might I mention here when these two lads were working in our section we couldn't find either one of them. Good luck, fellows, come and visit us when you receive your two strips of bacon.

We have three research workers (armourers to you) working on L.A.C. Moffat's case. Not how he caught pneumonia, but how he wangled the leave. Any luck, fellows?

Bombing flight have been rather fortunate. They are slowly increasing their personnel, which makes the corporals happy. They won't be able to argue among themselves. I believe the game is called "pass the buck".

A short while ago we had somewhat of a bad day in gunnery exercises. The whole section was on end. Our master minds put on their thinking caps and found the trouble. Defective links. No cracks please. The next day we broke our record.

Good work, Joes. At the rate we have been going, our filling room is still a humming place. Roll call. L.A.C. Hurst in charge when he is there, A.W.2's Splude, Grant, Drouin, Mills and Mowat. Might mention here the last five names are from the growing W.D. Section in Mountain View. Overhearing one of the W.D.'s (who is working in our ammunition) telling her boy friend, "even though I am not in the front line I am working where the bullets are the thickest."

Good spirit, eh, what!  
Taking the top honors in our "invention every month or die club" this month is none other than our own "I'll get it for you if you can't" F/Lt. McCombe.

Welcome to our Brotherhood of Nuts Club and may your invention revolutionize the "Drop the Drogue" Club.

I haven't seen this invention but from hearing things it has to do with releasing drogues that the Lizzies carry on air firing exercises. You better hurry up and try your invention out, sir, or your wife will be wanting the kitchen utensils back which you used to make up this Droga Roga. Good luck and hope that for the next write-up we can have more dope on the invention.

Requiring a parka the other day, I ambled to our stores (in our section and I got in too), and told L.A.C. Nelson. Before I could get the parka I had to sign over my right arm, my right leg, and half of my salary, wot a man. Slow down Nelson, you will run out of pencils, then what?

Before closing I'd like to put in a word about the drive for bonds. I believe that the way the returns have been coming in, Mountain View will rate very high, compared with other stations.

Don't forget, lads, every pay day you can also purchase stamps and put them away for a rainy day.

Yours truly has been purchasing stamps. So far I have one air mail and two threes.

I hear the bell ringing the deadline is up till next month, then may I say "Au Revoir".

—Joe Armourer.

**F/SGT. SMITH, A. C. W.**

F/S Smith was born in a little country market town called Skipton, Yorkshire, England.

He enlisted in the R. A. F. in Oct. 1935 at Uxbridge. 2 months later was posted to Eastchurch to undergo an Armourer's course for 6 months at the Air Armament School. On the completion of the course he was posted to 502 Sqdn. at Aldergrove, North Ireland, where he remained for only 6 months.

He was then posted overseas to Iraq and sailed on the troopship Nevassa. On arrival at Hmaid, Bagdad, he was sent to No. 55 Sqdn. for 2 months, from here he was posted to No. 70 Bomber Transport Sqdn. which was equipped with Vickers Velencia's, which were used for transporting men, equipment, etc. During his stay here he visited Egypt on two occasions for 5 days leave.

The latter part of 1937, the whole of the station, which includes No's 30, 70, and 55 Sqdns., Armoured Cars, Equipment Depot, Repair Depot etc., moved to Habbanyah. 70 miles west of Bagdad on the Euphrates River and about 3 miles from Lake Habbanyah, which is the

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stopping place for Imperial Airways flying to the ar East.



1938 saw a bit of a panic when all units packed up and proceeded to move 300 miles into the blue (desert to you), on the way to Egypt 1100 miles away. after 5 days the units were recalled and needless to say, arriving back at Hamsidi, it took all of a month to sort the sections out again.

At the end of 1938 he was posted to India, but 2 days before this took place, he was deleted from the India roll and added to the roll of the U. K. and has to wait until the following March for a boat home. On the way home he touched at Karachi for 1 day. Bombay was the next stop to change boats, next stop Aden, then Port Sudan, halfway up the Red Sea, they then entered the Suez Canal by way of Port Suez, at none of these ports were they allowed off the boat until they reached Port Said and were allowed out on

a 5 minute route march, after leaving Port Said the boat stopped at Valetta Harbour, Malta, and then the final stop was Southampton where he received six (6) weeks disembarkation leave before posting to No. 213 (F) Sqdn. at Wittering Lincolnshire where he remained until posted to A. A. S. Trenton in Jan. 1940 and then moved with the school to Mountain View and has been here since.

While in Iraq he was winner of the Annual Open Championship Rifle Shoot, which is open to everybody including Army, Navy, Air Force and Native Troops.

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IN PICTON — IT'S  
**THE GLOBE HOTEL**  
A GOOD PLACE TO EAT  
BANQUETS ARRANGED PHONE 42

## MORE DRIPS FROM THE BOWSERS

There is a certain L.A.C. in the M. T. Section who took his uniform and greatcoat to the Modern Cleanse last Friday morning and went to collect them Saturday morning and the driver of the truck reported not having them, that morning. So this No. 1 runt let it go 'till Tuesday morning and went back to see Modern again, and found out that somebody else had picked them up, and mind you, paid for them \$1.50. So whoever has them, will he gladly call at the M. T. Section to get his money refunded, if he brings the greatcoat and uniform.

Since last issue we lost one of our able drivers who had the good fortune to click on a course for P. T. (imagine a 97 lb. W. D. as a P. T. instructor), but the best of luck to her and we wish that she was still here. She deserves all the breaks that are coming her way. So long Peck.

We have 4 new girls with the M. T. Section now. Symons, Trojek, Newbold and Walmsley. We hope their stay will be for a longer time than the rest had here. (Boy, do they ever take them away on courses in a hurry. About 5 weeks and away they go.)

### Things That Worry Us All

We would like to know why some of the drivers like the East Lake range run. (Some project?)

Why a certain W. D. likes the W. & B. truck. Is it the work or the way the truck runs? Maybe it needs (new bolts).

Why the stock room is such a nice place to work? (Is it the clan?)

Why a certain L.A.C. likes the grease pit? (Does she like to get a change of oil?)

When is our swing artist going to make use of his Canada badges?

When is Pridmore going to get a new greatcoat? (Scruffy eh what?)

How is the budget coming Flight?

Did Lapointe really ask her or his last 48 or 96? or did he finish the job and marry her when he was there?

Does Woods really help to unload his truck or just see that it's done satisfactorily?

When are we going to get replacements?

Was Lea surprised when he came back off leave. (Congratulations)

Has Rose run into ration trouble at Napanee or are the stores well stocked with bread and salmon?

How does it always happen that they night fly when I am on duty watch?

Who will catch hell for writing this?

## OFF THE TARGET

Miniature Rifle Club  
News

The club's activities this last month have been confined to the members who are shooting for the Dominion marksmen pins. W.O. Yarrow, Sgt. Schultz and L.A.C. Dawes have been awarded their gold, and are now endeavouring to win an expert shield. They have, or did have, high hopes of receiving a Christmas present from the Dominion Marksmen at Montreal.

Mr. Smith, who is three score years and ten, has been awarded his bronze pin along with L.A.C. Jehan of Maintenance Section. Several others are awaiting confirmation from Montreal.

### Cash Prizes.

Effective the first of December there will be five cash prizes each month for competition shooting. The last issue of the "Viewpoint" outlined the competitions, but here they are again:

1. Gent's high score.....\$ 5.00
2. Ladies' high score..... 5.00
3. Self handicap comp..... 5.00
4. Hidden score (2 off)..... 10.00

All competitions must be shot off on official C.S.B.A. targets, and must be witnessed by two members of the club. Also all scores must be entered in the Ammunition and Range Book and the targets forwarded to the secretary, W.O. Yarrow.

The self handicap competition may only be shot for once every month, and entered in the Ammunition and Range Book before shooting takes place, and the targets rotated as self handicap competition.

Section representatives are asked to contact the secretary for further information about these competitions, and also about inter-section team shoots, in preparation for the forming of a station team for inter-station matches.

## HOME ON THE RANGE

What is your opinion of a girl that would phone her sweetheart long distance and reverse the charges? What do you think about a girl like that Flight Hagenson?

We would like to know what a certain W. D. plotter finds so interesting in a far away corner of the locker room, after duty. Don't you see enough of the boys at the wicket during the day Morley?

Now that we have made the office larger, Shea doesn't have quite as much difficulty in getting around, but this morning she informs us she has to have a few

## Airforce and Army Needs—

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HANDLES AND LOCKS FOR DUNNAGE BAGS  
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## Walker Hardware Co., Limited

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minutes off to go to the tailors. Don't tell us it's to have a piece putpin in your uniform or maybe a new one Shea.

Anybody on the Station wishing to have their section remodeled or painted just contact AW1 Lind. For recommendations on her work take a look at the result of the plotting office.

So Lemon tells us she doesn't indulge in intoxicating beverages, well after seeing her stroll into the washroom at 5 to 12 at night with a towel over her shoulder and tooth brush and paste in her hand saying she had to be at work by 6:30 and she didn't have much time left. It sort of makes one wonder, doesn't it?

We often see the boys taking the odd aspirin, the morning after the night before, but as we all know those aspirins are taken for a hang-over. Don't tell us that's why you are taking them Coppo? Or maybe you just carry them in case the officers start to bomb again, but you need something stronger than that when they bomb.

Why oh why is Daisy sending her ring back to her brother? His name wouldn't be Sid would it Daisy, and if so we know for a fact, he just isn't a brother of yours, and just what brother are you talking about, the one in Toronto, Montreal, or Ottawa?

Lemon spent her last 48 on the station "for reasons" says she. Loosen up and tell us the reason.

Shea from the plotting office was extremely anxious to get off to Kingston on her last 48. She returned all smiles and praises for Kingston. Again our curiosity is aroused.

### Side Glances from the Plotting Office.

Daisy Mae (AW1 Morris to you), busy plotting.

Shae arguing with a bombardier about a lost cigarette.

AW1 Lemon busy repeating: "plotting office" over the mouth-piece.

P/S Hagenson looking very ambitious at his desk.

L.A.C. Hunter standing by ready to offer a helping hand.

## "THOUGHTS"

By LAC. KING

The author sitting outside the drill hall this week was really amused to see, on Tuesday evening, a man walk by displaying the unmistakable sign of a hang-over. The man had a creased forehead, his face was twitching, his breath coming in short pants, and his pace the deliberate, automatic rhythm of one who's senses are dulled.

I straightened up though, and took notice when this man was followed at intervals by a second, a third, and then four others in a similar condition. Had there been a big party last night? Why, these men are still drunk, they are turning the wrong way — the hospital is to the left.

Here comes the first man back again. He still has the creased forehead, and his step lags, but he no longer quivers, and his breathing seems normal, except for occasional, heart rending sighs.

Apparently he has had a sedative or — could it be? Holy Doodle! The Trade Test Officer is here!

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

WELLINGTON, ONT.

PHONE 70

## HEADQUARTERS HAPPENINGS

As Aunt Minnie said of Sister Bessie who was about to be married, "She's gettin' married next month so she's pretty busy gettin' her torso ready" . . . so the same for us . . . gettin' our entry ready we've torso d . . . many up trying to satisfy the editor and meet the deadline.

To begin with, we begin the old round of bull . . . Congrats to the promoted, pats to the demoted, rats to the cut-throated, and of course our best to Sgt. Cox in his new venture—someone should offer to take him aside and give him the facts of this cruel life and tell of all he may encounter in years to come. What with two uniforms in that wedding it might be truly termed "military". Good luck Sgt. and Mrs. (Cpl.) Cox.

A thought for the meditating airmen. A woman flies from temptation but an airman crawls away praying it will catch up with him. Intriguing thought, what?

Contrary to popular opinion many of us are seeing yet another month here in Mountain View, quite resigned to our fate, grim and all as it is.

In contrast to our previous patter wherein we poked certain ridicule at certain people we shall attempt a little modified plagiarism in this issue just for sake of variety.

### IN CHARGE OF ORDERLY ROOM



**W.O.2 Charles Alexander Simmons**

Born in Frankford, Ont., Feb. 3, 1917. Attended Frankford Continuation School from 1932 to 1936, enlisted in the R.C.A.F. on May 10, 1939. Remained at Trenton until posted to Mountain View in July of this year. Is now in charge of the Station Orderly Room at tris Station. Is married, has one child, and lives in Trenton.

Could this be so? . . . A tax assessor's office had to decide on which side of the U.S.-Canadian border her farm lay. It was proved that it finally lay just within the U.S. boundary. "That's just fine," she said, the winter's in Canada are so terribly cold, I've been told."

At a certain medical session in a distant city, one medico was dis-

ussing the subject of prenatal influence, when a voice from the audience very certainly took exception to his theories: "That's a lot of bunk, why just before I was born my mother stepped on a phonograph record—and it ain't done me no harm, no harm, no harm," he said.

The old Queen Bee, bless her soul, Knew nothing at all of birth control, And that's the why, you see, We have so many sons-of-bees.

### Wanted.

A trip to D.A.P.S. . . . apply Cpl. Tartaglia.  
A trip . . . apply L.A.C. Pilotte.  
Married quarters . . . apply Sgt. Cox.  
Marriage . . . apply Stevenson.  
Someone to tell the truth . . . apply A. W. Copeland.  
Someone . . . apply A. W. Moore.  
Recognition of rank . . . apply McCullough.  
Recognition . . . apply Fortier.  
'Sall for now. Yours (30).

### Central Records.

Why did A.W.I Copeland get so excited over a letter she received the other day. (When is it going to be, Copeland?).

We hope that L.A.C. MacArthur gets enough drag to obtain a permanent S.O.P., we hate to see him act as a milk-man at seven o'clock in the morning.

Congratulations to Sgt. Hopkins, Sgt. Cox, Cpl. Fortier and Cpl. LaJolie on their new promotions, we hope that Fortier's height will be increased by his stripes.

Why is A.W.I Moore always hanging around the Disciplinarian's office? Could it be a certain corporal?

Why L.A.C. Pilotte, the Montreal play-boy always needs a week to recuperate after each 48?

It is strongly suggested that the telephone operator's office be moved to Records office for the benefit of a certain red-head.

Why is L.A.C. Stevenson so popular with the W.D.'s? Is it his rank or personality?

Congratulations are sincerely extended to Sgt. Cox on his recent marriage with a most charming W.D. from Trenton. It is hoped that he will settle down from here on.

Why is A.W.I Copeland always singing "Carry Me Back To Old Regina"?

## R.C.A.F. STATION FUND

We have just completed a quarterly period in which your money, airmen, has accomplished something. All of you know something of our new Airmen's, Airwomen's Recreational Centre; and we are all agreed it is a fine addition to the station. Use it. Get in the habit of dropping in; but take common sense care of the furnishings. Over \$4,000.00 of your own money is invested there. Remember that when the temptation comes to carve initials in tables, etc.

Follows the profit and loss statement and an indication of how your Station Fund Committee distributes income.

# THE STAR CAFE

THE MODERN CAFE — WITH MODERN MEALS

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PHONE PICTON 370

### Profit and Loss Statement for the Quarter Ending September 30th, 1942:

Total gross profit and sundry revenue	\$6041.30
<b>Operating Expenses:</b>	
Salaries and bonuses	\$358.56
Canteen operating expenses	106.00
Postage, express and telephone	42.24
Insurance	58.87
	\$565.67
Benevolent Fund contribution	404.42
Depreciation reserve	410.25
	\$1380.34
Net profit from canteen	\$4660.96

### Statement of Revenue and Expenditure for Quarter Ending Sept. 30th, 1942:

<b>Receipts:</b>	
Net profit on canteen	\$4660.96
Station paper	726.14
Government grant to library	120.00
Library fines	9.06
Rifle Club fees	62.85
Sale of tennis balls	4.50
Sports events	13.50
Meals sold	788.80
	\$6385.81
<b>Expenditures:</b>	
Extra messing	\$2218.88
Sundry	532.10
Orchestra	60.44
Station paper	1116.50
Library	90.28
Rifle Club	80.14
Sports	436.25
Recreation Centre	1098.07
Entertainment	407.66
	\$6040.32
Excess of revenue over expenditures	\$ 346.49

NOTE: In addition to the expenditure of \$1098.07, on the Recreational Centre, shown in the above statement, an amount of \$3194.30 was spent on furniture and fixtures, making a total expenditure of \$4292.37.

### "BUD" DAVISON LEAVES

ON OVERSEAS POSTING  
Harold "Bud" Davison, K. of C. Supervisor, who during his stay on Station took such an active part in all of the entertainment and sports activities on our programs, has left for an overseas posting.

We are sorry to lose Bud, but we know that his enthusiasm, his training and his fine voice will provide many happy hours for our men on active service overseas. We wish Bud every success wherever he may be sent on his duties and may good fortune attend him always.



**F. SGT. MAYBIE, J. E.**

### Our Genial Station Warrant Officer

Born Oct. 8, 1913, in Vancouver, B.C. Attended Sexsmith Public School in Vancouver, and Alexandra and East Calgary High School in Calgary. He established a record for the three mile junior championship for Alberta, and the record still stands after thirteen years. . . (He was slim then, folks, 144 pounds soaking wet.) In his youth he accumulated between 15 and 20 medals for running.

He worked (?) with Marshall-Wells in Calgary as a traveller for four years prior to enlistment.

He enlisted at Calgary and was sent to Toronto Manning Depot and from there to No. 1 Equipment on the Security Guard. He was then sent back to Manning Depot on a discip's course, remained for 18 months and received a medal for his organization of station sports.

When first posted to Mountain View, he was a F/S Discip (which he has been for fifteen months) at Air Armament and is now Station Warrant Officer.

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# • CENTRAL MAINTENANCE •

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

## A PROPOS

In previous issues, we have written of ourselves, our work and of how we have kept them flying. Many of you will consider us verbose and of the genus "conceit", however such shall not be the case this month for we are discussing a different phase of keeping them flying. To your relief, no doubt.

Thinking of the work involved to keep them flying, being gratified with the efforts of the "grease monkeys" in building a serviceability ratio that is comparable to the best, we have others to thank and approve of in their efforts to maintain this Station as the premier Bombing and Gunnery School in this Training Command, yes, perhaps in the Dominion.

Though the aircraft and the mechanics are as indispensable to any Station as the essentials of life, we are powerless to carry through any further phase of the B. C. A. P. T. other than the delivery of the aircraft, in as good a condition as it is humanly possible to be, ready to fly.

Our plaudits for the month go to our staff pilots, the next in line to take over and carry on the "dove-tailing" of all these "trades" so that the work of turning out students, (which is the sole objective of everyone on this station, or should be) with maximum hours and maximum "completed exercises" may be continued.

Of these men, who take the crates after our O. K., who put in the hours of, sometimes deadly monotonous days, our thoughts are, they are the ones whose power it is to do or not to do, to handle an aircraft with skill and consideration or with abuse, to think continually of the future success of these students who may some day be their own Bombardier or Tail Gunner, or not think at all and let anything go.

But to these men, these staff pilots, most of them "stop gaps" since our "cousins" from south of the line left us, we can say you are doing a grand job. You must be in your unselfish "esprit de corps" to think of the other fellow and attempt to aid us in keeping them flying.

Perhaps old timers Salter, Kitchen, Thomas et al, have some bearing in this matter, but the youngsters must have the integrity and inherent foundation to absorb the knowledge that Staff Pilots sorely require to place self second, yet turn out the work. It seems to us, in Maintenance that we have as good a crew as it is possible to find, anywhere.

A year ago we were sorely taxed with continual unserviceabilities, but, times have changed for the better. Perhaps we are better equipped with aircraft or with a ground crew, but that is not so to any extent, a few more aircraft and a few more men but infinitely more and still more hours involved, more students and more hours per machine per day.

Much of the reason can be attributed to the clean cut, intelligent handling of the youngsters who are now our staff pilots.

They came in, green from S. F. T. S., (The exodus of our "cousins" leaving us short handed). These green pilots, with the silver not yet dry on their wings, all of them ready for overseas duty and many stopped just prior to embarkation, and sent to various schools.

We received our quota, "Sheep Herders", "Limeys", and some of our own "Canucks" who stepped into Salter's C. F. S., the routine training necessary for them to become staff pilots of a Bombing and Gunnery School.

Worse, they had to learn to take the place vacated by pilots who had had months of Bombing and Gunnery work, yes some of them a couple of years, many of them experienced pilots prior to the war.

Overcoming the hazards and without any thought or worry as to their predecessors' reputations, under the benign and careful guidance of those pilots left to us, these additions of ours have learned and are now in daily and nightly operation in the production of Bombardiers and Air Gunners.

Our aircraft are having the "pants" flown right off them, we frequently receive an aircraft in five days after it has gone out, to have the next inspection period carried out, yet during the interim, the unserviceability is low.

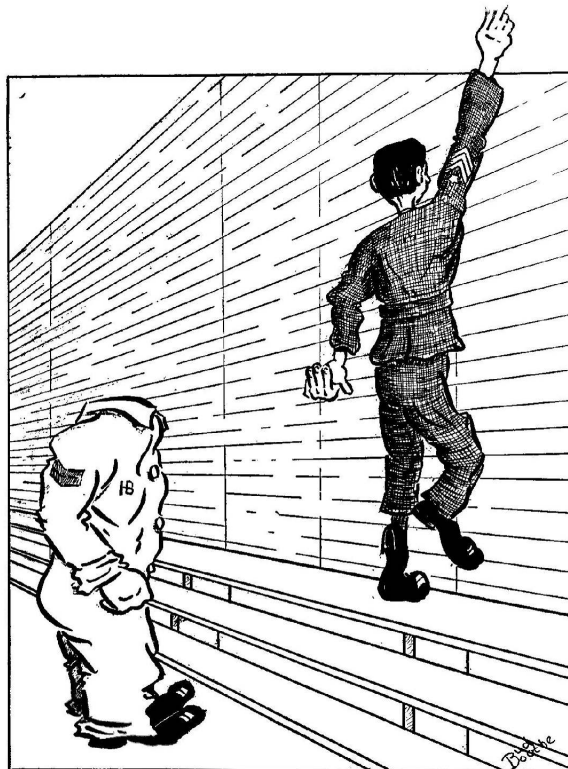
Much of that is attributed to our pilots, their early training and the decency they have in not abusing the "crate" that is the production carrier. They know the value to the service and to their crew and themselves to do other than treat the "baby" with consideration. May you all continue to do so and stay with us a long time.

Our regret for the month is the departure to points unknown of Group Captain Dunlap. He was a darn good Commanding Officer, commanding the Station, commanding the respect of every individual under him, those who knew him, knew that they can go to many stations and fare decidedly worse. We are sorry to see him go and I know that he has left the Station in smart condition. We will not say "Good-bye" but "Au Revoir" as many of us hope it will be our privilege to serve under you again.

To our present incumbent, we will be happy to serve you as well as we have served the others in the past. Our best wishes for your success.

The Victory Loan has gone over with a bang. Mountain View has showed its patriotism financially as well as physically. Freedom of speech, democracy to its fullest is what we are fighting for and will endeavor to maintain. That feeling has been emphasized by the over-subscribing to this latest issue.

Maintenance has its own top man in the person of an LAC. rigger who purchased a \$500.00 Bond and non-



PARDON ME FLIGHT, BUT NUMBER 7445 HAS A SLIGHT DENT IN THE PROPELLOR!

chalantly paid cash for it. That is giving to the fullest. Congratulations.

Our old test pilot, F/Sgt. Kirley received two surprises in the form of promotion in one week. We of Maintenance knew he was good and he always proved it in every test flip he took for us. His remarks were concise and factual and the Aircraft was well tested to prove any unserviceability that might be there or might develop.

Therefore every man Jack of us were pleased when, on November 2nd he received his WO2., but when two days later he received his Commission everyone was tickled. You worked hard for us Mr. Kirley and we know you have deserved every bit of your advancement.

Our accompanying photograph this month shows the Servicing Crew.

It is a small group to handle three flights and maintain the schedules.

They are the craftsmen whose duty it is to see that each aircraft is properly equipped for each flight. They also have the headache of training every six weeks or so, the embryo P's or O's who do tarmac duty in lieu of guard duty, and believe it or not, that's no sinecure.

Aircraft in, Aircraft out, gas, oil and 'chutes down to dark, day after day. Are they doing a job,

you can say that again. A heavy working, thinking, "on your toes" job that leaves a body ready for his rest at night.

## ELECTRICAL SECTION

By SGT. HARDY

Since the first Aeroplane was built the importance of the Electrical system has developed as fast and as much as the design and performance of the Aircraft itself. The first types had only an Electrical system of ignition. Then they gradually developed a lighting system supplied by a windmill driven generator mounted in the slip stream of the airscrew (propeller). From then until the present day the system had developed in a short time to such an extent that there are very few components used on or by the aircraft which are not in some way dependent on the electrical supply of the machine. Instruments on large machines are all operated on the remote principle by the use of electrical power transmitted over the increased distance of the machine by comparatively light wires. Temperature gauges, trimming tab indicator, flap indicators and undercarriage warning devices, bombs and guns fired and controlled, turrets operated, elec-

(Continued on next page)

### ELECTRICAL SECTION

tical gun sights, not to mention the many and varied systems of lighting, engine starting, etc.

When electricity was first used in aircraft its function was not essential to the operation of the machine so that those whose responsibility it was to see that the machine was airworthy were really "Jack of all Trades" and combined a smattering of all the branches of the work.

With the increase in number and speed of machines, the scope which each trade was called upon to cover also increased a great amount of care had to be taken with all parts of the Aircraft structure. New trades came into being so that the safety factor could be increased to a maximum and so the electrical branch came into being with many other trades.

An electrician's training in the Air Force is one of the most interesting and useful of all the trades employed on the aircraft, and they have to be blessed with a power of deduction which is above the average. Electricity as is popularly known is a phenomenon which even our most learned professors cannot explain and it has the property of doing very peculiar things. An electrician has many headaches in the course of his experience in any branch of the trade many are never satisfactorily explained.

The scope of the training includes all applications as applied to aircraft, beside which there are many auxiliary sections: Link Trainer, Light Beam Trainer, Bombing teachers, Turrets, Aerodrome flood light trailer, Recognition Beacon trailers, Trailers for camp lighting in the field, Telephones and magnetos, any of which in themselves is an interesting field of study. Last, but not least, there is the care and maintenance of Accumulators (Batteries) and their charging equipment.

So it can be seen that a full course requires no small amount of learning and provides a very interesting afterwards, not to mention its uses in a civilian capacity.

On a station like this one, it will be seen that there is scope for many of these items of training. We have here all sorts of training equipment which relies on electricity for its operation. Light Beam trainers, gun turrets, Link trainer, and Bombing teachers, etc., while the aircraft are a very large part of the work.

The Battery room too is a very important section and few people realize when they are using electrical equipment on aircraft just how much this section is responsible for. Aircraft batteries are necessarily very light in construction but at times are called upon to deliver very heavy loads especially when engines are idle. When exercises are of comparatively short duration, there is a lot of time when the machine is on the ground with generator inactive. Then anything used on the aircraft becomes a "drain" on the batteries, which "drain" cannot be replaced by anything but a continuous period of charging. Therefore batteries are required to be charged very frequently, and require constant attention to ensure that they do not become a cause for unserviceability.



MAINTENANCE SERVICE CREW — R. C. A. F. STATION, MOUNTAIN VIEW

The section here at Mountain View works on a full time basis. There is someone on duty every hour of every day, twenty-four hours per day, seven days per week, 365 days per year.

The day crew consists of three "Pools" and averages about ten men whose time is fully employed on the many inspections, minor unserviceabilities and work in the battery room (including the heavy work of replacing those batteries which are required from time to time by the aircraft on exercises.)

When the day shift have left for their well earned rest, two "pools" take over the night duty. This consists of all the Daily Inspections required for the next days flying. Entailing the replacing of all batteries which will not pass a vigorous test as to their capacity. Then the minor unserviceabilities which these inspections reveal must be repaired. The average number of Daily Inspections carried out is quite large and 50 per cent of these require batteries so the night shift at times is no cinch.

When these boys take their way home in the small hours the batteries must still continue to bubble so then Graveyard Shift takes over. This shift consists of two men when the night flying is in order and one man at other times. His time is employed between workshop and battery room, in the one testing and removing fully charged batteries, and in the other changing and servicing aircraft starting generators, gill motors, drogue winch motors and landing lamp motors, etc.

So is twenty-four hours spent in the electrical section. Every man in the ten days between forty-eights experiences the same work, from day shift through battery room to the Grave Yard.

### SUPERCHARGERS

By F/Sgt. HOFFER

The question often arises as to why we have superchargers and

what is boost.

First, I will deal with superchargers and their purposes. What is supercharging? Supercharging, in respect to an Aero-Engine, implies a condition of an increase of pressure produced artificially in the induction system.

What is a supercharger? A supercharger is a mechanically operated system installed in an engine for the purpose of increasing a charge of mixture entering a cylinder.

Why are Superchargers fitted?—To overcome the loss of power at high altitudes. "By what system is supercharging carried out? By means of a blower, which is driven at high speed through gearing from the crankshaft. What is its purpose? To increase the induction pressure and consequently the power output of the engine.

How many types of supercharger are used in modern engines? There are two common types of superchargers in use on aeroplane engines. These are: internal driven, centrifugal type; and external, turbo driven centrifugal type. There is a third type known as the Boost Blower. It is a gear driven, rotary positive displacement type, which is not used due to excessive bulk and weight. How is this induction pressure or (boost) controlled on a supercharged engine? — by controlling the opening of the throttle either automatically by a boost control or manually by the pilot.

How is this boost pressure recorded? — On a boost gauge fitted to the pilot's panel. The gauge is graduated in lbs. per square inch, inches of mercury, or millibars.

What is the special feature about this gauge? — The boost pressure registered on this gauge may be positive or negative (above or below) standard atmospheric pressure according to the type and horsepower of the engine. Atmospheric pressure is indicated on the boost gauge by "O" zero.

What is meant by the term zero boost? — Zero boost pressure is equivalent to atmospheric pressure, i. e., 14.7 lbs. per square inch or

thereabouts depending on the barometric pressure of the day.

What is meant by the term Maximum boost? — Maximum boost is the boost pressure permitted by the manufacturer for take-off and in case of emergencies. This boost pressure is not to exceed over five minutes at any one time.

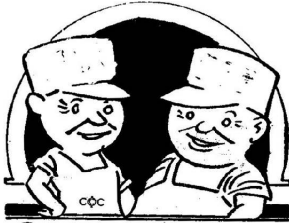
Supercharging is, therefore, a means of maintaining atmospheric pressure at all altitudes. The term "boost" signifies just that. The greater the altitude, the less pressure per sq. in., therefore the need of a method whereby the air pressure in the induction system may be "boosted" up to maintain a satisfactory charge of mixture into each cylinder at all speeds and altitudes.

### CLASSIFIED AD.



**HICKS' HABERDASHERY**  
Coveralls cut to measure for  
Particular Airmen.

PHONE 11



GET A "CLOSE UP"  
OF OUR WORK...  
YOU WILL SEE WE  
NEVER SHIRK...

## WORKS AND BUILDINGS

If we do a good job every day, have a purpose and follow out a useful plan, we don't have to worry about what anyone will think of us, they will think well. It's funny how we worry over situations that rarely come to pass anyway.

It's our job to face difficulties and to overcome them to take our stand to meet thrusts and set back and yet go ahead never fearing. Most of us humans suffer from dizzy spells which probably explain the queer things we sometimes do. But this in one time we are sure, and pleased to announce Works and Buildings have done well by finding it's self in that notable group who have gone far over the top in this Third Victory Loan Subscription, not only has the quota for our section been exceeded by nearly 300% but out of a total strength of 53, subscriptions have been received from 45 for a total to date of \$3,600.

We are anxious to know the Carpenter who is so generous to give our W. D. driver a couple of sticks of Dentyne gum every morning, and if he gets better deliveries on the storm windows. A jolly good fellow.

Why does H. M. look so sad these days? Is it that W. D. D. is away on her 14 days, and is that the reason Howard seems to restless?

Who are the M. T. drivers that are always buying Cokes at rest time for a W. D. M. T. Friend.

### TO A PAL IN FLANDERS FIELD

To a pal I know, of long ago,  
Who gave his all to fight our foe,  
A pal so true, to you and you,  
How could we then forget.

We will finish what you started,  
Even the Death came to part us,  
I remember when you fell  
And you called out 'Give him hell'.

Could not finish when we parted,  
And became quite chicken-hearted.

Gave him recess to repair,  
Now we'll get him everywhere.

On the land, on the sea,  
In the air over there,  
Remember Pal, we're at it yet,  
We won't forget, we won't forget.

We wish to thank those who are so kind to assist us in maintain-

ing our heating units by leaving the fuse boxes alone. We will do all in our power to give you service and comfort providing you will carry out your end of the bargain. Thanks again.

Remember the ideal condition is not possible unless a minimum of 11 cubic feet of air is supplied every minute, this of course is not air which is mechanically recirculated but fresh air. Overheating is responsible for a great deal more pronounced sensation of discomfort than adors. Thanks for reading. I'll be seeing you.

### LAMENT OF A TIRED AIRMAN

Of, in the chilly night,  
'Ere slumber's chain hath bound me.  
I must arise and get more sheets  
To tuck in around me.

The elusive sheet that covers my feet  
Will never stay in place;  
But if I drag it down too much,  
It will not reach my face.

The little lads are prone,  
Their loud snores serenade me;  
I shiver, shake and moan,  
And curse the Powers that made me.

Until the war is won,  
My nights of rest are through;  
The bed is six foot one,  
But I am six foot two!

The toasting toes of five foot  
Joes  
Are comfy, warm and tame,  
While my size tens like sleeping  
hens  
Roost, frigid on the frame.

Thus in the chilly night,  
'Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,  
I curse with bitter spite  
The sheets that fall around me.

### GUNNERY GOSSIP

Well readers, another month has swiftly receded into the annals of the past and your reporter will endeavour to bring up to scratch again with a few lines about gunnery.

S/L Staddon presented F/S McDermott and P/O Green with a small token of his appreciation for the pilots co-operation in his new gunnery efforts. Both had an equal number of exercises completed in the month of October. All round gunnery has improved considerably but as our former C/O said in his farewell address to the Station. The time never arrives when there is no room for improvement. Perhaps I haven't got the words precisely but I'm sure you'll agree the meaning is there. During his all too brief stay here gunnery has experienced many changes but I think due to the co-operation of all personnel has achieved an enviable record.

Records have it that we are now going to lose P/O Green and F/S "Scotty" Agnew. Congratulations to them in their postings. At the close of last month it was a serious debate as to whether we were going to erect a hard luck chart among our many graphs. It was voted down however as we came to the con-

clusion that our allotment of ink wasn't sufficient to do justice to all. The last month has decided the issue. It seems the jimx is broken and let's hope it continues that way.

Did anyone happen to notice gunnery forge to the front in the recent one wheel landing of the Anson. While the fire truck was laboriously being pushed along the taxi-strip to promote motion, the insignificant little shop mule towing a large extinguisher emerged to the fore. Then when the excitement died down, did anyone hear the driver of the fire truck or one of his assistants say to S/L Hill, quote: "There is not much damage Sir, just a slight glycol leak in both engines."

The recent Third Victory Loan drive has been a huge success. All the sections did themselves proud. F/O Mackenzie took over the job of selling the bonds and just a few wise words from him were sufficient to quell any doubts as to the advisability of the investment. He was well satisfied with the showing the personnel of gunnery made and needless to say the amount subscribed was well over the quota set.

F/S Orange and his crew carry on from day to day endeavouring to maintain their high record of serviceability and without fail we have our quota of serviceable aircraft to start the days activities. Never let it be said that gunnery is unconcerned about the appearance of their aircraft.

After striving for a month to get brushes to clean gunnery ships we were told by equipment section they just couldn't be had. Nothing daunted however, we made enquiries in Trenton and Belleville and brought back a couple of samples. Then after showing these to F/S Simmings in central maintenance were permitted to get a half a dozen on a Local Purchase Order. It might be added however that a half dozen will soon go the way of the rest with our zealous crews on the handles and it might be well to look a little farther ahead the next time. How about it Stores?

After a bad siege in the Trenton Hospital, LAC. Clawsey is home on ten days sick leave. We all hope your convalescence is rapid Alf and that you are back again with us

soon. It no doubt will be of great interest to readers to know that Sergeant Smith, F/S Edwards and LAC. Weese are well on the road to recovery after their accident in the bombing strack and that one and all wish them a speedy convalescence also.

Once again I will have to sign off in order to get this in on time, or there will be no edition of Gunnery Gossip in the next months issue of "The Mountain Viewpoint".  
Gunnery Gus.

### OCTOBER AIRMEN'S DANCE

The October Airmen's dance will go down in the book as an outstanding success. The band stand was set up and a new background built by Work and Bricks, this was turned over to "Bud" Davison, K. of C. Supervisor, for his tender treatment. The things Bud can do with a few folds of crepe paper is nobody's business, result: drill hall turned into a first class dance hall, with gaily decorated lights casting a fastive glow over the dancing jitter-bugs.

Add to this the really fine music of the service dance band from No. 6 Repair Depot, Trenton, then later in the evening announce the supper dance (the crowd really enjoyed the sumptuous refreshments provided by our genial host of the Airmen's Mess, F/Sgt. Bickerstaff) put all these features together and you have the October Airmen's dance, and call it a recipe for a good time. Winners of spot dance prizes were Cpl. and Mrs. Finston while the winners of the jitter-bug contest were A.W.2 Splude and L.A.C. Boyleau). All members of the Women's Division able to attend were with us and the Belleville Hospitality Club and St. Michael's Hospitality Club favored us with the company of over a hundred members of the fairer sex. There were as usual a greater number of airmen than girls, circle and tag dances however gave all the men present a chance to show their dance steps.

During the evening musical numbers by the Turcotte twins and solos by L.A.C. Laidlaw and Bud Davison added to the entertainment with several featured "Moonlight" waltzes getting acclaim as the crowd-pleasing numbers of the evening.

TRY US FOR YOUR SHIRTS - UNDERWEAR -  
GLOVES - HOSIERY - ETC.  
OFFICERS' UNIFORMS CUSTOM MADE

# QUICK & ROBERTSON

"THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES"

258 Front St.

Belleville

Phone 221

CLEANERS  
**SUPERIOR**  
AND DYERS  
Quality Workmanship Prompt Service  
PHONE: BELLEVILLE 393  
EASTERN ONTARIO'S FINEST CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT

## NEWS FROM THE WATER FRONT

**Confessions of a Professional**  
Since most "Scoops" are usually two or three sided, I wish to put the finishing touches on the "Scoop" on page four of the October 15th issue of the Mountain Viewpoint.

There was a time (oh, happy day!) when "Cinder Steve" was a full fledged member of the "Mystic Knights of the Road" and could travel the length of the country gratis and unheralded but alas those days are gone forever. Today men everywhere are paid to learn those secrets; to shift and live off the land Commando style.

Before the rationing days when everyone but the railroads had everything they desired, all was well but of late my conscience has bothered me continuously. Sleeping or waking I could not brush away the visions I had of railway officials having to hunger and thirst all because in years gone by I had succeeded in traveling unknown and unticketed. With such ideas I recently proceeded to a local ticket office and paid my share in full and up to date. Not to show any preference each Railway Company got 50%.

Needless to say I have been bountifully rewarded on surrender of said sum I was handed a rather lengthy ticket which allowed me to travel hither and yon in a Pullman (even sit in a diner, if I paid for it.) Secondly my hair has since been rejuvenated and in a few weeks I am certain that I will lose that unmistakable mark which so readily identifies the Ticket Evaders.

My suggestion to all who have committed this almost unforgivable sin (there are many) is this: Shed your disguise and face the music. Pay the railroads your dues thereby becoming master of a clear conscience and an empty pocket-book. Your rewards will be numerous and if you lack those much-coveted flowing locks, doubtless the Lord will eventually provide them if you lead a good life.

Now a short but rather personal note to my would-be-partner-in-crime. Why don't you pay up and forget the past? Why not get away from it all? I will be only too willing to help you out with the technical problems if you agree to carry the financial responsibilities. Let's go! We must stick together.

Your Water Reporter.

### An Open Letter to the Editor, Mountain Viewpoint:

During these hectic times it is most annoying to be misled by an advertiser who will not live up to the high standards of honesty which your publication must demand from its advertisers.

We have on several occasions contacted and dealt with your advertisers and found them to be honourable business men. Lately we have been less fortunate and we are asking you to clarify this issue.

It so seems that by various ways and means certain undesirable and uncontrollable (shall I say animals) have made a rather bold appearance in our barracks. To add to the consternation none of the occupants could suggest a reliable counter-measure. After several futile

attempts to exterminate these things someone read Doc. Shanahan's Ad. in your paper. With all haste we dispatched a courier to the Dental Clinic for the much advertised generous sample of Insect Killer. Our runner returned and sheepishly mumbled that some Cpl. (W. D.) had informed him that she had heard about the "Killer" but would make no definite statement. Thereupon he stumbled out and she had most of his teeth extracted, but we can't imagine why.

That same night we sent a second and trusty envoy to the Plotting Office as directed in the Ad. but as yet he has not returned.

In the meantime our uninvited and most unwelcome guests are holding field manoeuvres and Commando raids galore with such gusto that the worst is to be expected at any time.

We therefore beseech you to unfold this enigma and clear up this situation as we are sure that Doc. Shanahan means good by his advertisements. We therefore implore you to dispatch this with all haste to his residence and if no answer is forthcoming within the next few days we will take it for granted that he is a phoney medico and will turn the matter over to "Digger" and his Gestapo. If, on the other hand he is the man we wish him to be, he will promptly relieve us of our persistent acquaintances and all shall be well.

Trusting you will give this serious matter your immediate attention.

Yours truly,  
Cpl. Soap, J. H.

### MERMAID LAND

Somehow to me it seemed unfair,  
That damsels young with light  
brown hair

'Tho' beautiful and fair to see  
Could never dashing mermaids be.

So with such thoughts I ventured  
forth,

From Wellington and to the north;  
All haste I made in my machine,  
To parley with the Mermaid  
Queen.

'Tis true enough" to me she said,  
As she reclined her raven head,  
'We too are short of recruits here  
To tide us through the coming  
year.

So I will send this word around  
Wherever maidens fair are found,  
That coal black hair no more shall  
be  
Deemed a recruit's necessity.

Will you go back and tell them all  
Perchance this may be my last call,  
I call on those with light brown  
hair,

A year ago I did not dare.

Home I returned in happy mood,  
Before me now a vision stood,  
With mermaids dark and mermaids  
fair,

With coal black locks and flaxen  
hair.

Some there were grey and some  
were brindle,

The auburn ones their hats had  
donned;  
But one apart, her head was bare,  
She sported queer mouse-colored  
hair.

'Twas not her fault and I was sure  
That her new life she would en-  
dure,

# HOTEL QUINTE

## BELLEVILLE

# 100 ROOMS 50 WITH BATH

## AMERICAN PLAN

When nature planned her colour  
scheme,  
Of mermaids little did she dream.

But why must you a question ask,  
Let's all our shoulders to the task,  
Go tell the news in every land  
And write it with an eager hand.

I only ask before you go,  
Reprint this in your D. R. O.,  
'Tho' they search here recruits to  
find,  
I'm sure you airmen will not mind.  
Your Water Reporter.

### CAUSE FOR LIBEL

Who's that counting out his gold,  
Sorting new ones from the old,  
Counting over and again,  
Missing some, brings gasps of  
pain.

Every night his hoard uncovers,  
Near his cache always hovers,  
Never ventures very far,  
Even hates to use his car.

When it comes his turn to buy,  
He gazes solemnly at the sky,  
What will we have, should one ex-  
claim,

Replies: I think we might have  
rain.

Far West he went upon his leave,  
For his poor stomach how I grieve,  
This is true, so have no doubt  
A lunch he packed to eat enroute.

'Tis said that he the rods did ride,  
But the truth to you I now con-  
fide

A deal for a cattle car he made,  
Five dollars for the trip was paid.

Who is this misfit soul you ask,  
This Shylock I will now unmask;  
Come! To the Marine Section with  
me go  
And gaze upon Major Steve Zadko!

### BOYS WANTED

(A Note from the Scrap Book)  
By EDGAR A. GUEST

Wanted: boys, who'll bide their  
time,

And wait the hills of life to climb;  
Boys out of school, who do not seek  
A grown man's wages in a week,  
And will not sell the future years  
For some small gain which now  
appears;

Bright eager boys that want to  
learn  
And work for more than what they  
earn.

Boys wanted of a rugged stock  
Who will not dally watch the clock;  
Ambitious boys, alert to see  
Wherever they can useful be;  
Boys who are not inclined to shirk,  
But put their hearts into their work  
And go to tasks which must be done  
As though it were their greatest  
fun.

Boys wanted — not the flabby kind  
That seek some easy post to find;  
Not careless boys, who think the  
boss

Is rich enough to suffer loss;  
BUT BOYS WHO THINK AND  
WORK AND TRAIN  
For that promotion they may gain,  
AND FOR THAT JOB AHEAD  
PREPARE  
Such boys are wanted everywhere.

## SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

250½ Front St.

Phone 602

**GEORGE A. LEE**  
MILITARY TAILOR - ALTERATIONS

### SPORTS

With the arrival of the first cold snap on this November morning, we find our Fall and Winter sports program well under way. So that you will have a complete picture of what is happening, we will deal with events as they appear below in order:

#### BASKETBALL

A House League of 8 teams from Headquarters, Sergeants, Officers, Maintenance "A", Maintenance "B", Air Armament School Armourers, Air Armament School Rank, Equipment Section, got underway Monday, Nov. 8th. Home and home games will be played in the Drill Hall at least 3 nights a week in a double-header basis. A Station Cup will be presented to the winners, so as the shine and new engraving goes on the cup, get your teams in shape for a real tough campaign.

The Station team plays home and home games with Trenton, Belleville, I. T. S., and No. 6 R. D. in the Bay of Quinte League, so there should be plenty of basketball for the boys this year.

The Women's Division will have a team to play against Trenton and whatever other civilian organizations we can organize in the near future.

Keep a weather eye peeled on D. R. O. part II for all scheduled games and other basketball news. Your team captains will be supplied with the weekly edition of the Sports and Entertainment in the Station for each week.

#### BADMINTON

Bi-monthly tournaments will be held on the Station and the top 6 seeded players will represent Mountain View in the monthly Bay of Quinte tournaments with Picton, Trenton, No. 6 R. D. and Belleville. I. T. S. Badminton birds are for sale through the Airmen's and the Airwomen's canteens and the Officers' Mess at 15c a bird. Station Funds absorb a loss on each bird sold, so with that fact in mind and the other question of their supply being limited, you would be well advised to treat them with as much care as possible.

#### HOCKEY

About 22 men have been turning out religiously every free night for the conditioning program under F/Sgt. Dufort's direction. They are rapidly getting in shape for their initial skating prior to the actual opening of the Bay of Quinte All-Service Hockey League to be operated at the Hume Arena in Belleville. There's still time to turn out to the early practices at the Drill Hall, and if you expect to make the team you would be well advised to get in good shape soon. Belleville ITS, Trenton and No. 6 R. D. are all getting set, so write home for your skates now and be prepared.

A House League will be conducted this Winter so organize your teams now and be ready to answer the first whistle when the call goes out from P/O Barrett for teams to make up the loop.

#### SOCCER

Under Sgt. Campbell's (GIS AIR) able management, the soccer team



OFFICERS vs. N. C. O.'s — THE N. C. O.'s WON

has made a very excellent showing against Picton and Trenton. They recently extended the much-travelled and highly-respected Picton eleven, and will continue to cause much trouble for any team expecting a good game.

The Sergeants and Officers held a challenge match last month, and a most enjoyable smoker in the Sgt's Mess. All and sundry, both in the game and later in the Mess let their hair down, and it was agreed by all that more such informal gatherings should be staged. S/O Clemes resembled Percy Williams in his hop form as he was closely checked by the ever reliable sea-level. The Sergeants are the best, but the officers say, wait until hockey and basketball get going.

#### TABLE TENNIS

The officers team made up of F/Lt. Vic. Thomas, F/Lt. Ward, S/L Shadden, F/O McKenzie, F/O Sinclair, P/O Todd and F/O Barrett remain on top of the heap in the challenge basis. They have asked your reporter to issue challenges open to all and sundry. Any wishing to accept, contact the Knights of Columbus officials thru Mr. Hughes, and he will make the necessary arrangements.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

As we predicted in an earlier issue of this very fine paper, the Drill Hall additions are now under way, with accomodation being provided by way of a lean-to on each side of this building giving space for showers, dressing rooms, equipment rooms, offices, lounges etc. In addition, a wooden floor will soon appear at the Drill Hall, so that augurs well for our basketball and badminton play this year.

A boxing ring will be delivered here from Petawawa, so get ready for a big tournament and smoker in the very near future. Boxing will be introduced, under service rules, in Picton at the end of this month. If you have had any experience in boxing, give your name and full particulars to any of the Physical Training staff, P/O Chuck Ellis, the popular 2 1/2 in Bombing Flight is getting ready for a wrestling bout in Picton on that night, Dec. 9th. Get your entry in early and you will be matched with a suitable opponent checking regard for experience and weight.

#### GENERAL

Should by any strange stroke of mighty authority, future printing of this most excellent morale-building organ of propaganda be suspended, we wish to take this opportunity in congratulating the editor on a job well done. Nursing a baby such as this paper was up until a few months ago, has been a man-sized job, and the selection of F/Lt. McCombe was well made. We all owe Bob a great deal, so here it is Bob, thanks for all your swell co-operation.

### STOP THE PRESS NEWS

#### BASKETBALL FOR THE W.D.'S

A six team loop is in the process of organization as we go to press. Trenton and Mountain View W. D.'s will compete against teams from Deacons, Zellers, Y. W. C. A. and Reliance Aircraft. With the possibility of two games a week on the station, it begins to look like a big season for the girls. Watch D. R. O. for further particulars.

### STATION MOVIE ATTRACTIONS

New arrangements now being conducted by the Services and by Auxiliary Services will assure lovers of the moving picture entertainment on Station of outstanding attractions in the near future, picture releases are already definitely improving and within the space of from four to six months all pictures shown on Stations in the R.C.A.F. will be first run showings.

Following are the attractions coming to Mountain View R.C.A.F. Station during the next two months:

- Nov. 11-12—"Tight Shoes."
- Nov. 15-16—"23½ Hours Leave."
- Nov. 18-19—"It Turned Out Nice Again."
- Nov. 22-23—"Sweethearts of the Navy."
- Nov. 25-26—"Man Who Lost Himself."
- Nov. 29-30—"The Saint in London."
- Dec. 2-3—"To be announced."
- Dec. 6-7—"Follow the Fleet."
- Dec. 9-10—"To be announced."
- Dec. 13-14—"The Gay Falcon."
- Dec. 16-17—"To be announced."
- Dec. 20-21—"Star of Midnight."
- Dec. 23-24—"Special program to be announced."
- Dec. 27-28—"Look Who's Laughing."
- Dec. 30-31—"To be announced."
- Jan. 3-4—"Hurry, Charlie, Hurry."
- Jan. 10-11—"Too Many Girls."
- Jan. 17-18—"The Windjammer."
- Jan. 24-25—"The Lady in the Morgue."

## WOMEN'S DIVISION

By VALERIE BUCKLER

Hallowe'en has come and gone! Hallowe'en with its pungent memories of witches on broomsticks, fireworks, wild escapades and later being brought before a stern parent to answer for the consequences. No furtive avoiding of eyes this time but many a moist one, as first one and then another remembered what had happened at home on previous years. It was the pumpkins cut into grinning faces, scooped clean and with a lighted candle in the inside, at the windows of the Women's Canteen, that brought these memories back so vividly... Which all brings the happy thought that we have a Canteen all to ourselves now. We slip into sports clothes, we kick off our heavy shoes we put down our hair and relax. A bit of home. I remember the night our Canteen was first officially opened. It was our birthday, the Women's Division R. C. A. F., it being just one year. There was a cake with one candle and lots of chocolate milk to celebrate. We waited, feasting and playing games until 10.15 p. m. when we listened to a broadcast from Toronto to celebrate the occasion, in which two of our girls took part in. Seamen and Splude. It felt a bit eerie listening to their voices, a little too well practiced for the part to be real. Did we really know them? Were they really and truly one of us? How very excited we all felt.

We have lost one of our officers A/S/O Ferguson. Miss Carmichael has come as a replacement and we feel glad to welcome her to Mountain View. Still it is a pity that Miss Ferguson had to leave so soon. She and Miss Ball were with us when we first established ourselves at Mountain View. A visitor — A/S/O Bridges, Messing Officer, has also left after stopping with us for about three weeks. Amongst the girls we have four new M. T. drivers. AW2's Walmsey, Newbold and Trojek, who hails from a Diamond City Alberta farm, and Symon who after a week at Hagersville decided to come to Mountain View. AW2 Mills from Thorndale, Ontario, a member of the Women's Land Brigade before she joined up is here to help us get our mails with AW2 Drouin, who hails from North Bay, Ontario. Drouin studied to be a nurse but because of her tender years could not go into training, so joined up.

AW Braaten from Milestone, Sask., and AW2 Barnhart, from Fort Erie are helping with the parachutes. Welcome to all you new girls.... Corporal Browning at the Dental Clinic to help Corporal Walker, AW2 Lenentine from New Brunswick, Fredericton, and AW2 Vienneau from Ottawa, Ont. Welcome and may you have as happy a time here as we all have had since our arrival.

Someone yelled at top of their

lungs one morning "Girls, its snowing!" Beautiful fresh white snow. This changeable weather, however, is calling its tolls. AW1 Walker, N. A., and AW1 Mowat, E. R., are sadly missed, having departed for Christie Street Hospital. Walker with her perpetual little song of "Coming 'thru the Rye" in a small flat voice and Mowat, her conscientious, puckered face, always ready to please. An empty bed next to one's own generally means either a 48 or leave. Many of these supposed 48's however have proved hospitalization and no one the wiser. So that, although one big large family, everyone really and truly lives their own lives. As women we come into the category of being great gossipers, but very little of that really goes on. Occasionally terrific arguments like—"I'll bet he passes with honours" — or "He's bound to get his commission" — "He's swell" — and then distorted tail and bits of rumor which if one happens to know the truth, seem very amusing. With different shifts and pools it is difficult to settle down to an honest to goodness session of cat clawing.

Trenton has us down to their Swimming Meet. We arrived exactly one hour late and the girls in Trenton with the true courtesy of a host, donned on their wet swimming suits in order to compete with us. We have a real swimmer in our midst. Pat Hughes' legs work in the water like an outboard motor. She came second in one of the events and then we had a wonderful time splashing and swimming around the beautiful pool. Wish we had one at Mountain View....

In our small way we wish to bid welcome to Wing Commander Lister. Looking at the Service generally and after being accustomed to working in civilian business, it is amazing how smoothly things are run here. People are posted, new hands take their place and there is hardly a tremor in the general routine. Imagine the difference with a civilian business man. A dozen things in his mind, another dozen on little slips of 'reminder pads' and strings connecting various and sundry to himself, suddenly takes ill and having to leave the general mess up to someone else to try and pick up the threads from. What a wonderful thing is the K. R. (AIR) although I must admit it is frightfully dull stuff to try and memorize from.

In conclusion, a question that came up the other day. Is Service life changing us girls in any very marked way. One immediately thinks of a number of things which might be applicable, but there is one very sure thing and that is table manners. Why, the other night at a dinner party which some of us happened to attend I found to my horror and disgust that I had polished off my plate before anyone had even thought of starting. And what was worse, I was just about ready to gather up my plates and cutlery to leave the table. So much for force of habit! But I don't think there is a girl amongst us who regrets having joined up. We all agree that had we known we had to give up so much we probably would never have joined up, but now that we are in it, — definitely no regrets!

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## A SGT. PILOT TELLS HIS SAD STORY

I volunteered with visions of huns torn from the skies in flames. I am an A.C.2. I have a rifle. I have also sore feet and two shillings and sixpence each day. But I do not mind. They have wrapped me in blue cloth and balanced a little hat on my head. They have shaved me and left me an inch of hair to cover my pate. They have given me a square piece of cloth to hang on me if it rains, a tin helmet to save my cropped head when it's shrapnel instead of water, and a respirator to breathe through if the smell is overpowering me. Sometimes they also feed me and wash my clothes, all free of charge.

Many months come. Many months go. "At last," I sigh, "I am an L.A.C. I work considerably less. My feet are less often sore. I wear shoes instead of boots for walking out. I have a small emblem on my sleeve. Some insist it is a pair of paddles and ask when I am receiving my canoe. But I heed them not. I hold myself with dignity as befits my new station. I know it is a propeller.

Then one day there is no porridge for breakfast and a choice of tea or coffee, also two eggs. I am in Canada. I look for buffaloes but there are none. They have been replaced by large machines. In Canada you always carry plenty of nickels to feed

these machines. When you feed nickels to the male of the species, it gives vent to its mating call, which is both weird and wonderful for the uninitiated. The female of the species, however, gives a drink differing somewhat from the milk of the domestic cow. The natives, I believe, call them "juke box" and "coke machine".

I am paid two-twenty-five which I exchange for nickels in order that I may feed the machines. Sometimes I purchase a newspaper so that I

(Continued on page 24)

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## RIVERS OF HEART'S DESIRE

By F/LT. ROBERT McCOMBE  
(Continued from October issue)

The following morning, the fourth day out was a perfect early June day. It was cold as we got under way at six o'clock and ran down Mahamo against a fresh west wind that raised white caps and drove spray in our faces. High fleecy clouds moved across the azure blue of the sky throwing deep shadows across the green forest, that stretched away northward to the shores of Hudson's Bay.

At the west end of Mahamo we entered Kagiagami Creek and followed its swift and tortuous course through wide marsh lands until before us spread a vista of lake and island and bald granite hill . . . we were at Kagiagami and the head of the Opichuan. We followed along the west shore to avoid the wind, passed the Ojibway encampment, the

The water was still too high for this particular bit of water as the good back eddies were all washed out in the sweep of the spring freshet but Roy managed to get a couple of two-pounders on a Parmachinie Bell streamer. I figured that there should be better fishing half way down the portage where the river widened out and the high water didn't affect things so much. We piled all the odds and ends and Roy into the canoe and ran down the first two rapids to the half way landing where we beached everything. Jack went to packing and I took Roy out and showed him where to fish. At this point the river is wide and comparatively shallow except along the cut bank on the west side where the water is deeper and there are three fine pools. It was difficult fishing because the water was thigh deep and running like the devil but it was grand fishing. Roy must have had seven fish hooked but he only landed three of them. They weighed about three pounds each and he had not taken less than

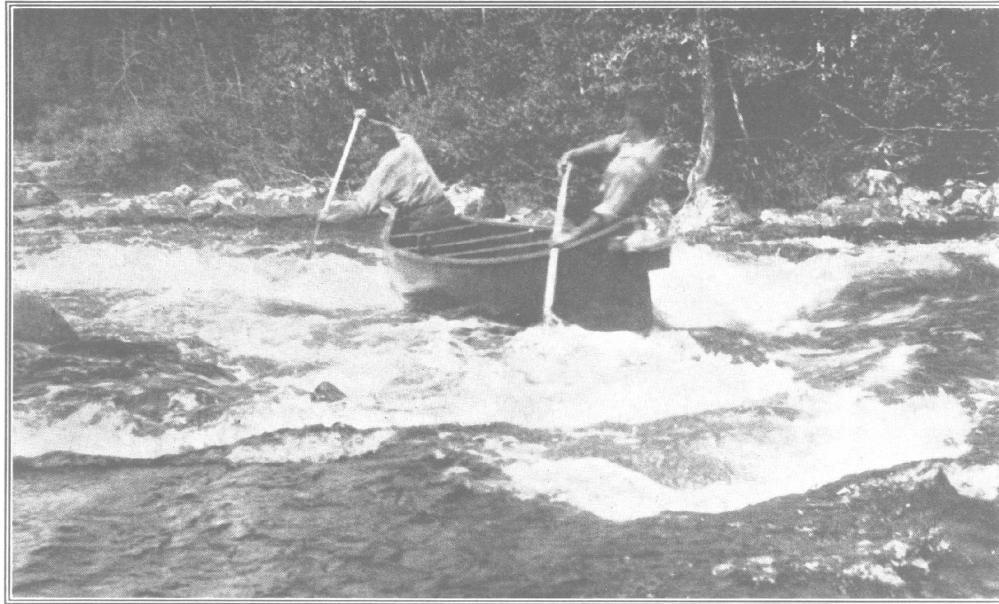
of junk some people brought to catch fish.

After lunch we started down river and the going was fast because it was nearly continuous rapid but with the exception of one short stretch we did not have to carry until we reached the "High Hill" where we had to portage everything. Below the "High Hill" there is only a short run to the "Rock Wall" and here everything except the canoe had to be carried. It can be run with light canoes and in certain water with a quarter to a half load but not in high water. It is too steep and the swells too heavy with anything but a light canoe. At times I have had good fishing both at the top and bottom of the "Rock Wall" but we didn't bother trying as we wanted to get to Sucker Rapids in time for fishing before supper.

Eight miles of quiet river brought us to Sucker Lake which we crossed to the head of the Sucker Rapids where we made camp. We unpacked everything that we needed for the night and then ran the balance down

there was a swirl of golden color and the reel wailed as the trout took the lure and headed cross-current. It was a beautiful fish, we could see that as it broke water (and don't ever let anyone try and tell you that a trout won't break water for I have seen them put a bass to shame), and Roy's rod bent double. It was a battle that took every bit of his experience to win, and he was a good fisherman. Finally he brought the trout close enough to get a net under it and lift it to safety. It was a beautiful fish that weighed five and three-quarter pounds. Roy kept on fishing and I had a go at it myself. Every pool yielded trout and they ran well, all better than three pounds. We kept Roy's first fish and a couple of others. The rest were returned unharmed for other fishermen (I hoped ours) to catch some other day.

At the foot of the Sucker the north channel flows out over a gravel bar to join the foot of the east rapid and form a stretch of fast water thigh deep and some three hundred



THE FOOT OF THE "ROCK WALL" — EVERYTHING BUT THE CANOE HAD TO BE CARRIED

R.C.A.F. gas cache, turned a point and ran up to the dock of the H.B.C. outpost. Here we stopped for twenty minutes, bought a few odds and ends we needed, and started the crossing to the north east arm.

It was rough and we had to take advantage of every bit of lee shore we could. The runs across the open water between the islands was bad going and we took a lot of water, but in an hour we were into the arm and in protected water. We ran on down to the Opichuan and unloaded at the portage head.

While Roy got his fishing gear fixed up Jack and I took a load over the three-quarter mile carry and when we got back we found Roy already fishing, in a strong back eddy just below where the Opichuan starts its journey in a smother of white swells.

fifteen minutes to land any one of them. Roy was in a bit of a dither, he had never had trout fishing like this before. We took the canoe over to the foot of the portage, packed over the balance of the outfit from the top end and made a lunch. Fresh fried trout is hard to beat and we lingered beside the fire.

I couldn't help but think back to the first time we had ever fished this water some years before. At that time we had only a couple of fishing rods which were used for anything that came along, some line and some black hooks, as the fly book had been lost somewhere along the route. The trout had wanted flies so we had made some flies with sock wool, the end of a shirt tail, the odd feather and what have you, and the trout had gone for them in a big way. It was funny to see the loads

to the foot of the rapid and unloaded it. This done, Jack went back to get camp ready while I took Roy in the canoe to do some fishing.

The Sucker Rapids are divided by a narrow island some twenty feet wide running parallel with the stream. East of the island the rapid is flat and wide but north of it the stream plunges over a series of drops that form deep, clear, boulder-strewn pools below and it was to this island and these pools that I took Roy.

Because fishermen love to try out all the gadgets in their tackle box Roy discarded the Parmachinie Belle streamer that he had used in the morning and put on a Coachman but as many casts failed to bring results he decided to change back to the streamer. The results were explosive. On the very first cast

feet long. Below this is a deep gravel bottomed pool. I tell you of this because the previous August we had fished all of the pools early one morning without luck although the previous evening we had had first rate fishing in all of them. In the swift water I speak of there were fish jumping and so there we went and fished and fished but still no luck. Suddenly one of the party decided to try a dry fly and then what a field day we had. Every cast was a strike, there was no end of it. There were five of us fishing and at times every man would be playing a fish. It was unbelievable . . . it was wonderful . . . it was every fisherman's dream come true.

Early sext morning we left Sucker Rapids with Rabbit Rapids our next scheduled stop. From the foot of the Sucker to the head of Eagle

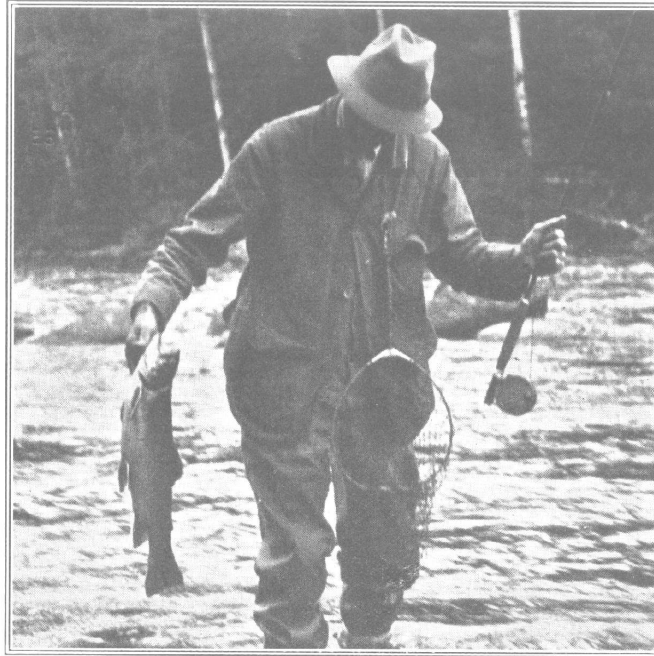
Rock Lake there are four rapids but we were able to run them all with a full load although we had to let Roy walk the portage at a couple of them.

We crossed Eagle Rock and reached its northern end where there are two choices of reaching Abazotikitchewan Lake on the Albany. One may take a portage three quarters of a mile in length that leads to a creek that in turn leads to the lake or one may follow the river as we did and make the portage at the Sucker rapids.

From Eagle Rock to the Rabbit there are a series of rapids but the river is narrow and the water deep and the running good with a full load. We reached the Rabbit in good time, about ten o'clock and while Roy went to fishing Jack and I got everything over the portage except the grub box and the canoe.

Fishing was none too good. Roy took a couple of trout about two and one half pounds but either they were not there or were not striking. I rather figured they were not there as the water was too high for this particular spot. The pickerel were there though, and with a casting rod and a plug one took a fish every cast. They ran about two pounds, struck like dynamite, and fought like the devil, we had a lot of fun.

When the trout are striking at the Rabbit it is a delightful place to fish. Looking up the river there is a succession of white crested rapids with wide clear pools between, margined by spruce and pine and silver birch. The head of the Rabbit is a fall of about six feet over which the water cascades to flow for the next half mile through a heavy, crooked, dangerous rapid.



“... IT WAS EVERY FISHERMAN'S DREAM COME TRUE”

ran the balance of the rapids that lay below and then as we rode out the last rapid and followed the river's turn we saw big water ahead. We were on th Albany.

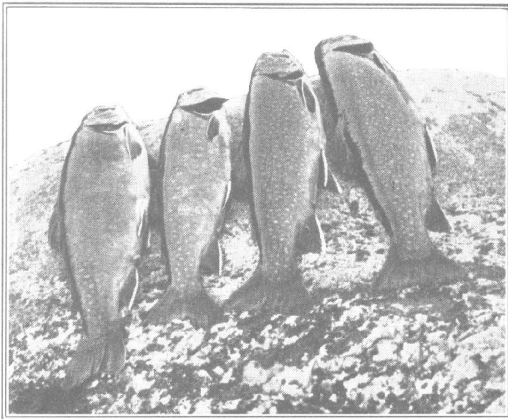
are four heavy “swifts” and with the high water it was all the motor could do to force our way up but at five o'clock we were fighting our way up the foot of the Frenchman's to the camp spot on the north bank at the head of the third drop.

We worked up to the landing with motor and pole and unloaded the canoe to make camp for the night.

We pitched our camp on a flat moss covered rock which commands a perfect view of the big horseshoe curve of the Frenchman's. Here is

a camp spot one could happily linger at for days, beauty to fill the eye, the song of the river to hear, the smell of spray and clean forest fill the nostrils, and trout fishing to bring the angler full delight.

On the north bank, perhaps three hundred yards above the camp spot a little clear brook splashes and chatters its way into the Albany and at its mouth waiting for the food it carries down the big trout lie, so there we went and there we found the trout.



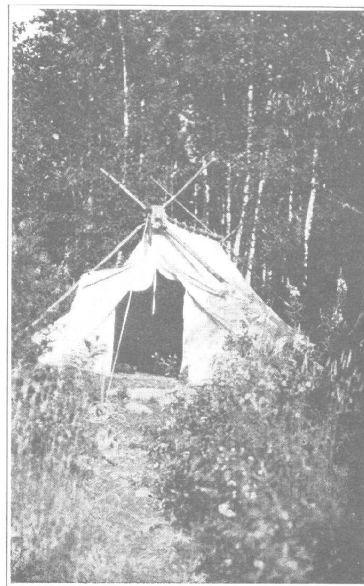
“... AND THERE WE FOUND THE TROUT”

This time the trout were not there but there had been other times when the sport at the Rabbit had been magnificent. Two hundred yards above the portage head on the east bank there is a little bay, perhaps twenty yards deep, and in this bay is a spring hole where a clear cold spring bubbles up through silver sand. There is July and August the big trout lie, and there we have taken them, taken many of them, four and five pounders.

We had a lunch and then Jack and I let in the canoe below the first fall and ran the balance of the rapid to pick Roy up at the portage foot. We

The Albany always gives the same thrill, the same exhilaration whenever one reaches it again. It is a magnificent river to travel, a river of ever changing scene, of ever changing mood, a river of wide vistas of lake and hill, a river of thundering falls and vicious, swirling, foam capped rapids, a river that casts a spell on a man, a spell that never seems to grow less.

We passed through Abazotikitchewan Lake and into Petawanga and up it to its head where we felt the might of the Albany under our keel. Between the mouth of the Opichuan and the Frenchman's Rapid there



“WE PITCHED OUR CAMP . . .”

It is a place where the trout have every advantage and a place where a fisherman must use every bit of his knowledge and skill to bring one to the net. If one tries to land a trout here with only a normal trout line on his reel he would fail, and fail every time, for when these trout head for the centre of the river and the heavy rapids it takes many yards of good linen backing line to let them finish their run and begin the slow job of getting them back to shore. When one runs out of line one also runs out of fish for no normal trout gear will hold a four pound trout with the Frenchman's to help him. Roy took three fish that evening and it was dark when he got to supper but I know that those three fish he took in those swirling waters, where one had to shout to be heard above the rapid, will linger in his memory when much

(Continued on page 23)

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### DEFEAT BEFORE THE FIGHT

It was one of those crazy press stunts that the sports columnists cook up, and I wasn't keen on it. The day before a fight I like to sit back and take things quietly and try and forget I'm a fighter. I'm like that before I fight, scared to hell, wishing I was anything except a boxer, wishing I was back on the Brooklyn street corner selling newspapers again. I'm okay once I'm in the ring. Then I forget everything except the guy flexing his muscles in the opposite corner; I only know that he's standing between me and a crack at the heavyweight title.

But Pop Daley said it was good publicity, so I gave my okay. Pop's my manager, and what he says goes. I was selling newspapers before he took charge of me and steered me to the top ranks of the heavy brigade — so when Pop says something's good for me, you can bet your last sawbuck that it is good for me. But I wasn't keen on it. I wanted to stay in the apartment and read and listen to the radio, and then take a short training run and some light gym work before an early night.

This particular stunt was the brainchild of Pete Cason, sports writer for the 'Echo'. He wanted me and Jake Callaghan to go down to one of those amusement salons and take a swing at a punch-recording machine. That would be a good story, he said, to see which of us had the strongest wallop. Mebbe good for publicity, but plain hell for my nerves.

When you go into the ring with a guy who's got a punch six hundred stronger than yours, there's not much else to do except take it on the chin.

That's what Bill Durbanks did in this month's short story by Michael Gardner.

There was a crowd of newspapermen and photographers when Pop and I arrived. Pete Cason was there to greet us. He shook me by the hand and turned to the crowd that had gathered.

"This is Bill Durbanks, folks," he said. "He's fighting Jake Callaghan at the Garden tomorrow night, and the winner's getting a crack at the title." The crowd gave us a good hand and I was busy signing autograph books when there was a disturbance behind me. I look round and Jake Callaghan was getting out of a flashy roadster.

Callaghan had a personality okay. That was why Pop's keen on me getting publicity. He says I'm too

quiet for a heavyweight. Maybe I am. I'm not seen around the night spots and I don't get into fights with the gossip columnists or mixed up in divorce cases. I'm just too ordinary. I'm engaged to a girl in Brooklyn, and that's box-office poison; not sensational enough.

Callaghan's name wasn't always in the sports section. He played around with debs and dames with more money than intelligence. He'd just got his second divorce and he was playing around with a film star. As far as personality and attraction went, he oozed with it, and he was good-looking with his dark Irish features and long curly hair. The dames and the public liked him.

He waved a hand to the crowd and then pushed his way thru them, standing above them, his broad shoulders dwarfing them.

"Hi, nervous," he said to me and the crowd tittered. I knew he was out to rile me and I kept a check on myself. Socking Jake Callaghan in an amusement salon might be publicity, but not the sort I wanted.

"Hi," I said.  
"How about shaking, boys," said Cason, and the photographers lined up as Callaghan shook hands with me. The magnesium flares flashed and I let go of his hand.

"I'll wash the perfume off later," I remarked to Pop, and the crowd laughed. I felt rather pleased. It wasn't often I could beat Callaghan to it, and he didn't like it. He scowled but said nothing. Pop gave my arm a warning squeeze.

"I'll go first," said Callaghan, "so you can go out and get a new machine for Durbanks to us. A nice little mosquito size one." I balled my fists, then relaxed them. Hell, what was the use of getting sore? There'd be fifteen rounds tomorrow night to disarrange his curly hair and alter his good looks.

Callaghan slipped off a bright-colored sports coat. That guy certainly had broad shoulders, and the muscles rippled under the texture of his shirt. Cason put a nickel in the machine, said, "I'll get that out of office expenses" while the photographers lined up again. A hush fell on the crowd as the Irishman sauntered lazily up to the machine. He looked at the dial.

"Too bad. Only goes up to three thousand," he said, and swung his right at the punch ball. His balled fist hit the leather with a smack and the ball leapt back. The indicator needle flew round the dial, quivered and stopped at two thousand five hundred.

Two thousand five hundred! Hell, a mule can't kick that hard. That was a Dempsey. Joe Louis, Bob Fitzsimmons punch all rolled up in one. If I caught a right from Callaghan tomorrow night I wouldn't be conscious for Thanksgiving.

I suddenly stepped forward, without even bothering to take my coat off, and swung at the ball. Even as I heard the smack of my knuckles on the leather I knew it wasn't as hard as Callaghan's punch, and slowly I lowered my eyes to the indicator. The needle was quivering at one thousand nine hundred.

Six hundred less than Callaghan's punch.  
And tomorrow night I was going to go into the ring with a guy with a punch like an erupting volcano. If that guy landed with his right tomorrow night I could kiss the title goodbye. A punch six hundred stronger than mine. Six hundred. Jeeze, the guy wasn't human . . . and if he landed that punch on my jaw I wouldn't be human any longer.

There was an excited buzz of conversation from the crowd, but I couldn't hear what they were saying as I shoved my way thru them and jumped into a taxi. Six hundred . . . a love tap from him could almost kill a guy. Six hundred . . . and if I wanted a crack at the title I'd have to go thru fifteen rounds with Callaghan without getting a right from him.

★ ★ ★

Before I opened the 'Echo' next morning I knew what Cason would write.

poor account of himself in the ring, and it will be a long time before I forget the way he dispatched Dick Ranto in the first round last month, but after yesterday's experiment at the amusement salon I don't fancy his chances against Jake Callaghan tonight.

"Callaghan's record is not so impressive as his younger opponent's, but if he can land that dynamic right of his only once during the fifteen rounds, I can't see Dur-

(Continued on page 22)

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**COOK'S TOUR OF JAPAN**

By **VALERIE BUCKLER**

The best time to visit Japan is during the Spring. April and the beginning of May. Then it is that the cherry blossoms are in bloom, the tourist season at its height and the country most beautiful. It was my first time in Japan except for a short stopover in 1934. This was 1939 and the Sino-Japanese war was in full swing. At the entrance to the pier at Kobe we had to open up our purses and the men take out the contents of their pockets for inspection. Only 10 imported cigarettes per person were allowed. The rest were confiscated. We found the rickshaws prohibitive as compared to China. Evidently man power (the haughty Japs) were considered more valuable than gasoline, for taxis were cheap. Also there was a certain queer democratic spirit in the atmosphere, carried to a very high degree. Whilst in China there was that easy camaraderie between the coolie and the rick man, each aware of his own and the other's appreciation and dignity of life, in Japan when one Jap spoke to another however humbly would be bristling with self-importance and aggressiveness. In a way it was quite attractive. A loin cloth Jap would almost look like a son of God that he professes to the world he is.

We took train from Kobe to Kyoto the old capital of Japan, the city in whose palaces the Emperor and Empress are crowned and all the state functions carried out. Otherwise it is empty. To our surprise and dismay we discovered that except for the Information Bureau at the hotels no one in Japan spoke English. Even the waitresses at the hotels who waited on guests in their national costumes, fluttering around like butterflies with flying sleeves and occasionally clattering all together in a corner and giggling for all they were worth, could not speak English. It was a bit disconcerting. If we got lost we had to climb into a taxi and shout the name of our hotel as loud as we could, hoping he would understand. In the stores it was a case of sign language. As for getting on the correct train, we would shove our book of Cook's tickets into the red cap's hand and trust to luck we would not be let down.

Trains are the chief mode of travel in Japan and it is very cheap. They are always filled to capacity by men, women and schoolgirls. The latter were all dressed alike in a white sailor top and long shapeless serge skirts. I

often wondered where and why so many people were continually travelling on the trains, and one schoolgirl, American born and in Japan for her education, told me that that was part of the Japanese education to visit all the temples and shrines in the country. It was interesting to watch the Japs as they came in. The first thing the men would do was to kick off their shoes. Japanese shoes are most shapeless looking things — and I am sure they must wear alternate shoes for each foot every second day or so. Next, they would either change into their national costume or else make themselves as comfortable as possible in European clothes by discarding their coats and opening up their vests and sitting cross-legged on the seats reading the paper. As for the women, if they had any changing to do it was done on the train and right in front of everyone. Modesty is quite unknown to them. That was something that rather shocked me at first but when I heard that when you ordered a bath at a hotel in Japan and a woman would come in with a washcloth to give you a rub down, irrespective as to whether you were a man or a woman, I ceased to be surprised at anything.

I noticed one very interesting incident whilst on the train. We had come to a stop and on the platform in front of another train I noticed a small crowd who were all bowing and bowing and bowing. The passengers on our train stood up and started to do likewise. It was all very intriguing and I could have sworn that it was a prince or someone of the royal family on the train. I went from one Jap to another asking him what it was all about, but as per usual no one spoke English and I was absolutely ignored. Finally as our train was about to move one Jap volunteered an explanation in not too bad English at all. He said that that train was carrying the ashes of the soldiers who had been killed in the Chinese war. I could have laughed out loud. It was so ironical.

On the whole while travelling in Japan the Japanese left the European alone. One knew that one was being watched and constantly followed, and one felt that in Japan one was just tolerated for what one could put in towards foreign currency into the country's coffers. Tourist trade, however, when I was there was absolutely nil. The foreigners in China felt too much of a grudge against Japan for warring against China; so they found themselves other summer resorts than Japan. The few tourists that were there, were made much of especially by the representatives of large

firms in the city who had wares to advertise and peddle.

The palaces at Kyoto were a disappointment. Not perhaps because there was nothing to them, but because we were allowed to see so very little. The fact that we had to get special passes in a very special Bureau, by a very severe looking Jap who asked us many questions, among them why we wished to view the Palaces, made us think we were in for something good. Also, our passes said "Men in frockcoats and women with long sleeves." One of the boys had an open shirt and shorts and the girls all had short sleeves. We were, however, let in. A magnificent sight of acres upon acres of well kept lawn met our gaze. There was hardly a tree in sight. And in the distance somewhere lay a small clutter of low-lying buildings Japanese style, wooden with paper partitioned windows. We were let into the courtyard of one of these. The courtyard proved to be rather long and we crossed it quickly only to be let into another courtyard showing us the facings of paper partitioned walls. One of these was drawn open and we were shown what was the banquet hall. Thick Japanese straw matting on the floor on which the Japs squat to eat their meals, on a low round table. Paper partitioned doors closing the room from the rest of the house were at the further end of the room but otherwise it was quite empty. We were disappointed. Evidently there was a ceremony of some significance that took place in that room for the guide tried his hardest to explain it to us but his English was so poor that we gave up trying to follow his explanations. And then into yet another two or three courtyards when we were let out. And that was all we saw of the Palaces.

Our next train ride took us to Tokyo. Like most large cities in the world Tokyo was rather dull. The Imperial Hotel, built by a mad American from Shanghai who drank himself to death, was quite the most interesting place to see. It is

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said to be built on a floating foundation around a fountain in the centre, in case of an earthquake. Be that as it may be, the building itself is most beautiful, original and labyrinthic in design. It could almost be said to be a madman's dream come true . . .

Our next train took us to Miyazashita — the pearl of all summer resorts. One gets off the train about two hours ride from Miyazashita where a car waits for tourists going that way sent by the Fujia Hotel. The weather was rather disappointing being stormy and wet but we did manage to get a most unforgettable view of the Fujiyama, as the clouds were racing furiously at the base of the mountain hiding its base, the cone itself was clear and in the sunshine. It almost looked as though it was suspended between heaven and earth. With deep regret we allowed ourselves to be persuaded to continue on our way to Miyazashita.

Mr. Yamamoto is the owner and manager of the Fujia Hotel. He is as near the type of a perfect Chinese mandarin gentleman (and they are the epitome of what a perfect gentleman should be) of any Japanese (Continued on page 22)

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**DEFEAT BEFORE THE FIGHT**

(Continued from page 20)

banks lasting the distance. It will be a good fight, but it's my guess it will end before the eighth round with Callaghan one step nearer that title fight.

\* \* \*

I ducked under the taut rope of the Garden ring, with a numb steely feeling in the pit of my stomach. I'm not one of those guys who kid themselves that everything's gonna be okay. I knew when I was up against it, and I didn't fancy my chances against Jake Callaghan any more than Pete Cason of the 'Echo' did.

A sudden hush had fallen on the crowd, the way it always goes before the big fight of the evening. Callaghan was already in the ring, and his seconds were strapping on his gloves, while he leaned over the ropes and wisecracked with a blonde in a ring-side seat. He looked happy, and contented, like a guy who's out to enjoy himself. I felt slightly ill and rather weak, and I couldn't keep my eyes off his ring — six hundred stronger than mine.

"Snap out of it, Bill," Pop pleaded. "He's not all that good. You can beat the hell outa him."

"Listen Pop," I said, "you know the score as well as I do. If Callaghan lands with his right I'm finished. No one could stand up to a right like that."

The referee called us over to the centre of the ring, and while I walked stiffly, tauntingly, over, Callaghan sauntered over in his lazy manner, like a guy wandering to the bar for a drink. The ref. went thru his usual warnings.

"The crowd expect a good fight," he concluded. "Give it to them. And keep it clean. I'm not standing any dirty stuff from either of you. Break as soon as I tell you."

Callaghan stood looking at me. "I hope Pop's got some tools to scrape you off the canvas," he said. I didn't reply. I just walked back to my corner like a guy waiting for the electric chair.

Pop gave me an encouraging slap on the back.

"You can beat him Bill. Don't go in and mix it. Just box him."

The bell rang. Callaghan waved to the blonde, grinned at the boys at the press table, lounged towards the center of the ring. I put up my hands, flat-footed it out of my corner. I kept my distance from him, with my left well out.

Callaghan moved in towards me and I shot out a left that jerked his head back. There was an appreciative cheer from the crowd. I stepped in to follow up with a right cross, then I saw him shift his right and I moved back out of reach. One crack from that right and I might as well go back to

selling newspapers in Brooklyn again. That right of his ... if I could just keep out of the way of that I'd be okay.

Callaghan advanced again, blocked me in a corner. I jabbed twice with my left and drew blood from his lips. He came in with a right and I covered us, pushed in to him under his guard and went into a clinch. The referee slapped us on our shoulders and I slid round him, broke, and we squared up again. I jerked out my left and it knocked his head back. I ducked, jabbed him in the ribs and started to swing an over-arm right. He moved his right and chopped at me. I stepped back and felt the leather graze my cheek. If that punch had landed I'd've been out. It was six hundred more than mine.

I got into the middle of the ring and back-pedalled as he came after me, jabbing my left in his face. One eye was a little puffed, and I caught him three times with a stinging left, but I couldn't use my right without leaving myself open to his right.

He came in again, and we went into a clinch. As the referee slapped us the bell went. I walked to my corner. I'd held out for one round, but I couldn't do it for fourteen more. He was bound to land with that right sooner or later — and once was enough. Pop massaged my legs.

"Use your right on him, Bill," he said. "As soon as you've landed with your left follow up with a right cross. Just one-two, left-right. I don't want you to mix it, but get a bit nearer him."

I said wearily, "I can't win this, Pop. Face up to the facts. That guy's got a right six hundred stronger than mine."

"But you've got to use your right. You're as good as him. Do as I say, follow up with your right and ..."

The bell clanged, and I got to my feet. Callaghan came out of his corner with a rush before I was properly out of mine. He charged in swinging left and right. His left landed on my ear, but I didn't mind about his left. I could take as many lefts as he cared to throw at me ... it was that right of his that scared me. He swung his right, but I covered up and took the blow on my forearm. Then we went into a clinch, and when the referee broke us I dodged into the center of the ring. I landed with three lefts and started to swing my right — then I saw him move his and I back-pedalled out of range.

He followed me up and tried the sucker punch — leading with his right. I held up a glove to block it — and something exploded inside my head, and I felt myself sliding down the ropes into a soft blanket of black cloud. I didn't feel my body hitting the canvas,

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**THE  
ONTARIO INTELLIGENCER  
JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT****COOK'S TOUR OF JAPAN**

(Continued from page 21)

only thru the swirling darkness I heard faintly the counting. "Two..." and more clouds of black poured over me and held me down.

"Three..." the clouds turned to treacle and I couldn't move my arms or legs.

"Four..." my head throbbed and I wanted to sleep, and never wake up again.

"Five..."

"Six..."

"Seven..." the treacly blackness flowed over me, thicker than before.

"Eight..."

"Nine..." I just wanted to be left alone, in peace, to sleep.

Thru the darkness I heard the roaring of a train bursting thru a tunnel, of a thousand waterfalls pouring down gallons of rushing water, of a thousand waves lapping noisily on the beach ... then I realized it was the crowd cheering the winner, and suddenly I realized I'd lost.

The darkness receded, and the black clouds blew away, and I saw Jake Callaghan leaning over me.

"Tough luck, kid," he said. "And about yesterday. Mebbe you didn't know it, but after I'd punched the ball nobody put a nickel in the machine before you took a swing. You sent that needle right around the dial, and up again to two thousand nine hundred. I was the only person that saw that, everyone else was too busy looking at you. Hell, man, you must have a four thousand punch; you broke the damned machine."

I rolled over on my face and I felt myself breathing the powdered resin into my lungs.

I'd been knocked out by a left hook. A LEFT HOOK.

nese that I have ever seen. To look at, he is rather peculiar. For one thing he has a flowing beard which is parted in the centre with a point on either side. Also a moustache that starts right from the beard and I am sure could be curled round his ears if he so desired. I heard that he belonged to the world's Society of Moustaches which is an authentic organization, for I saw pictures of many of its members from all over the world. He is also a member of the worlds Taxi Owners. In appearance he is extremely dignified, slow and well bred and a most fascinating personality to watch. During the day he dressed in European clothes, at night he wore his national costume and it was hard for me to say in which he looked better — both became him extremely well. His hotel too, bespoke of his good taste. Each room was named after a flower and decorated in bearing to it. His tale was excellent and the service above reproach. Owing to the war there were just a handful of guests but in spite of that everything ran on oiled wheels, and Mr. Yamamoto sat as dignified as ever on his place and saw to it that all was as it should be. I felt terribly sorry for him. That beautiful hotel, where he had entertained all sorts of famous people from the Prince of Wales to Ripley, and whose comments and signatures were framed on the walls of the drawing room, the lovely grounds with the swimming pool and indoor sulphur baths, the lovely dining room, all gone to waste

(Continued on page 23)

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COMPLIMENTS OF  
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**RIVERS OF HEART'S DESIRE**  
(Continued from page 19)

is forgotten.  
That night we decided to get an early start and fish again on the way back. There was still many miles to cover. So next morning we made the portage and ran on up the Albany, past the Red Banks and so to Eabamet and Fort Hope.

Fort Hope lies at the western end of Eabamet Lake which from this old and storied fur trading post stretches away to the east for twenty-eight miles. It is a big lake and when it gets to blowing it can hold one land bound for days. Many a time we have had bad going and have fought along from point to point to make the post but this time we had fine weather and the run from the Frenchman's was uneventful.

At Fort Hope is situated both the Hudson's Bay Company and, Revillon Freres, better known as "The French Company". We pulled around the French Company dock and went ashore to renew a lot of old acquaintances and deliver the mail and papers we had brought in for both posts.

Roy was interested in the post so we lingered and had dinner and picked up all the bits of information we could gather. We found that the Portage River was running bank high and so were well pleased we had not bothered with it on the way up from the Frenchman's. The Eabamet, we were told, was not unduly high and that we could expect good fishing both in the rapids below Bib Lake and also in the upper river beyond. We learnt of who was on the way to Lansdown House and of those who were expected out and who we might expect to meet along the route. We learnt how this Indian had a good season and that Indian a bad one. We talked over all those things so interesting to a northern post, small things to most people I know, but to those who live and work in the north they are all things of interest because they are part of living there, where everyone's success or fail-

ure, happiness or unhappiness, welfare or hardship, is of vital interest to all those that call that country home.

We left Fort Hope at about three o'clock in the afternoon and an hour's running brought us to the foot of the rapids. We camped at a spot we knew on the south bank about half a mile below the portage landing and after getting unloaded took the light canoe and went up to the rapids to fish. Jack and I poled up the first rapids and Roy got to fishing. It is a good stretch of water to fish for the two miles of rapids all yield fish but that evening we only fished the bottom rapids and found all the trout Roy needed to keep him busy. The fish ran about three pounds but they were feeding in the full strength of the rapids and put up a truly magnificent fight. We took three fish but for every fish we took Roy lost two. At dusk we returned to camp and lingered long beside the camp fire talking of this and that, but mostly of fishing and of what the morrow would bring. We talked of what we might expect in the rapids above us and of what we might find in the rapids above Bib Lake but none of us even dared to hope that we would find the fishing that we did find that following day. So we went to our sleeping bags and dreamed dreams of mighty trout as the moon rose high and painted the rapids clear cold silver and the smoke of the camp fire blended with the odor of balsam and spruce, and dirty socks, and the fish slime on our dungarees.

(To be continued — I hope)

**COOK'S TOUR OF JAPAN**  
Continued from page 22)

because of a few grabbing politicians.

From Miyanoshta we took our last train to Nikko. Nikko is a city of temples. All Japanese go to Nikko on a pilgrimage at some time or another. After having tasted of Miyanoshta we were spoiled for Nikko, though it was beautiful

enough. The remains of cherry blossoms still lingered on the trees and the crowd of pilgrims was as thick as ever. For one yen we were privileged to see a temple sword dance danced by Japanese girls in their national costume, and we were also given some sacred cake to take away with us which we later threw away as it was so tasteless. A Japanese man attached himself to us and explained as best he could the various legends and histories of some of the gods and temples. He claimed that it was a pleasure to speak English again and refused our tip. We saw an ancient red bridge which was supposed to be very famous but which to us looked like old wood painted red. And so from Nikko to Yokohama where we caught our boat, some for home, others to the United States. Our trip through Japan lasted exactly a week and what struck us most was the way the Japanese catered to the tourist trade by building the most luxurious and expensive hotels, whilst most of their countrymen lived from day to day on a handful of rice and sea-weed. And yet they seemed to take it and accept it as the right thing. About the only thing wrong with the hotels and something which filled us with contempt was the way a book or two would be left in each room expounding the virtues and culture of the Japanese nation. Such things are obvious, and in the case of Japan facts speak for themselves. However, I do not regret having had an opportunity of visiting Japan by myself and seeing things as they really are.

**THE JOY OF LIFE**

"Man is that he might have joy," so said a wise old Persian sage many years ago. Now it is evident that because no hard and fast rules were given, man goes to any extremes to achieve this purpose. To cite a splendid example I will refer you to Page Six of the Sept. 15th issue of the Viewpoint. "Meet the Major" — yes, a truly marvelous literary presentation. So convincing is the article that it would be difficult if not almost impossible to disprove even one paragraph. Therefore, if I may, I'll carry on with the truth. It is the truth that hurts and I sincerely hope that no one is disabled for life.

Without a doubt this mentioned article must be the work of a genius who in our estimation ranks a close second to that world famous painter, Salvador Dali. Though his paintings are numerous and elaborate the majority of critics class

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them as absolutely pointless. Being no authority on literature I will leave this judgment to your own imagination. By so doing you may derive some joy and even the anonymous author may live a happy moment.

Normally we presume that all unsigned articles are products of the Editor's pen but in the case of the Viewpoint that is not possible unless the Editor is a full brother of Superman in person. Why any man will hide his identity is a mystery to me especially when such appropriate "nom-de-plumes" as "Moose-face", "Work-less" or even "Judas" are available at no extra cost.

On the other hand we often hear "No names — no pack-drill", so I will refrain from mentioning any names. I know a man whose back never bowed by toil and whose brow never dampened by honest sweat who could be the author of this bold but utterly feeble Japanese good-will gesture. To expose this person would be a simple matter but to what end. Suffice it to say that in my estimation, raising poor innocent minds in captivity only to slaughter the defenceless creatures to gain a few paltry dollars is not my idea of amassing a million. I prefer to resort to a more manly method to achieve financial security. For example, stooking, threshing, mixing cement by hand, etc., are manly arts but of course call for some elbow-grease which soon takes the joy out of life.

We are now in the fourth year of a bloody and destructive war which is being fought on every continent and ocean because our

(Continued on page 24)

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**THE JOY OF LIFE**

(Continued from page 23)  
 democratic ideals are so heroically defended by millions of young lives. To us democracy means Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, (a bit streamlined) and our views include freedom of speech, worship and the press. Were I a member of the "Kick-all-you-can-Clan" I would press a libel charge against the Viewpoint. This my able attorney could so easily and very willingly do. Such action would soon sound the Last Post for our fair publication as these suits run into plenty of gold. By doing so we would deprive some people of some pleasure and we believe that man must have joy. So that the erroneous statements so graphically presented will not be the death warrant of our Viewpoint.

Now this in itself will convince most people and show that I am not a friend of Mammon or even one of his numerous disciples. Here a golden opportunity presents itself (opportunity knocks but once) and I toss it aside as if only a dime was involved. (A dime is one year's interest on \$5.00 at the post office). To say that I am not eager to start on my second million but be misrepresenting the truth and as always I shall refrain from that. They say that money talks, well it talks my language too, in roubles and kopeks, also dollars and cents, not in terms of pints and quarts but in terms of War Saving Bonds, Certificates and Stamps, not in terms of browsing and carousing but in terms of acres and quarter-sections.

Health is wealth and that is why I am so far up the financial ladder. 'Tis the mind that makes the body rich so that after eating R.C. A.F. rations for almost six years



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my constitution, (nerves included) can still take it and not disrupt the trend of the mind.

It is a well known fact that stopped shoulders are the product of hard manual labor. People who sit around doing very little usually start to bulge in the wrong place (both fore and aft) and I may safely say that my Plimsoll line is not at all distorted. Stooking, even at five dollars per diem tends to sag the shoulders. Even at that I rejoice because I have helped humanity as far as the receding hair-line goes; it goes rather high in places, may I state that I am not losing any sleep over it at all. The chief reason for that is because bald heads are respected throughout the universe.

The fact that I am a bit late in distributing my valuables and documents will certainly be overlooked because there is a reason for this tardiness. If you must know see me at the Marine Grill from 0630 hrs. to 2000 hrs, daily and enjoy life with us.

Your Water Reporter.

**A SGT. PILOT TELLS HIS SAD STORY**

(Continued from page 17)  
 may peruse the advertisements, "births, marriages and deaths" column and other more interesting sections. But Canadians, I find, read the "funnies" instead. These are highly interesting. Like Tolstoy's "Karenina" they describe the loves and life of the heroin day by day and week upon week.

I now hear clearly only one snore because there is but one other airman snoring my room with me. I am permitted to paste photographs around the walls of my room, some of which are disfigured with "Sergeant's Mess" rubber stamped in purple across them. I am less gregarious and may move around the camp by myself, in fact I consider myself quite important. I long to creep up to some unsuspecting airman and bawl "smatter up there!" And watch his confusion as, fear looking in his eyes, he answers "yes-sarge".

I think of the three-seventy I now earn per diem, I reason thus: "You are a rich man now. How will you spend so much money? I think I shall get me a house, just a small one, an automobile and maybe a wife. Also a new black tie because mine is very frayed. But a flat hat with a sad face comes to see me and speaks as follows: "Sign here!" says he. They are taking sixteen dollars from my pay for His Majesty's collector of taxes. They ask would I like to live an old-age unsupported? I answer, "I have plans, I shall cast about me and seek out a maid, not too pretty, not too clever, with whom I could. . ." They grow sadder, "We speak of old-age pension."

I take the stipend between my thumb and forefinger, feel the crisp notes crinkle pleasantly, argue with myself, "Who are you to dream when men are risking and losing their lives for you in Asia and Europe? Who are you to think of home and stability before those men have fought and won that last battle for you? The least you can do for them is this." And I do, I buy a Victory Bond. And I feel better as I drag my dismal drogue. Perhaps I have, at last, found the way I too can help win the war.

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**JUST A WISH**

"News from the Outpost," published by Americans in Britain for Americans at home, gives the following extract from a letter written by an "evacuated" London school teacher.

"My children . . . are wild little creatures, 80 per cent of whom have been through the Battle of London up to date. But they have the Cockney air of defiance. Yesterday we came across the line 'Oh, to be in England!' I waited for someone to go on, but no sign. Then I said, 'That is the first line of a famous poem. Do you know who wrote it?' 'Hitler!' someone shouted. There was a wild yell of joy from the whole room."

**PAGE F/LT. LOVE**

A man entered a barber's shop for a haircut. The barber mentioned that his client's hair was getting thin on top.

"Why not try a little of my wonderful hair restorer?" he urged. "It's only a shilling."

The customer bought a bottle. A week later he returned to the shop.

"Well," asked the barber, "how did you find the hair restorer?"

"I left the bottle on the kitchen table, and my wife, thinking it was a new kind of furniture polish, started to use it," he said. "How much do you charge to shave a sideboard?"

**HER IDEA**

"I asked if I could see her home."

"And what did she say?"

"She said she'd send me a photo of it."



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