

# Mountain



# Viewpoint

R.C.A.F. Station

Mountain View.

Ont.

VOL. 1—NUMBER 13.

PER ARDVA AD ASTRA

DECEMBER 15, 1942



## MOUNTAIN VIEW AIRMEN GRANTED HIGHEST AWARD IN DOMINION

Mt. View (Delayed) 2 12 42  
It was learned today that the Dominion Marksmen, Montreal had awarded the highest award for Sporting Rifle Shooting to three members of the R C A F Mountain View Miniature Rifle Club. The award, a Silver Maple Leaf mounted on a dark wood base is given to shooters of Sporting Rifles for scoring the following scores without using a sling or telescopic sights

1900 2000 Standing, 1900 2000 Sitting-Kneeling, 2000 2000 Prone  
The three airmen, Sgt. H. A. Schultz Training Wing, LAC L. F. Dawes, Training Wing, and W/O C. L. Yarrow, O.I.S. (Arm'd) obtained the coveted Expert Shield with the following scores:  
Sgt. Schultz, 5934-6000. LAC Dawes 5932-6000. W/O Yarrow 5927-6000.

When interviewed by Yehudi, special investigator of the Club, they all agreed that the hardest part of the shoot was standing up, but they kept at it and in the end could shoot as well standing as lying down. Their only fly in the ointment is that there is nothing left to shoot for at present, but maybe \$20 a month will tempt them, and it is learned that the C.S.B.A.

Montreal, are offering some Silver Beer Mugs for good shooting.

When your reporter left them they were trying to decide whether the Beer Mugs should be put to good use, or put on the mantelpiece as a souvenir. Does Silver give beer a better taste?

## TO STAFF PILOTS MOUNTAIN VIEW

This is a legend of a staff pilot on any B & G, including Mountain View, which should have and has the best Flying Squadron of any B & G School in Canada. This is a statement which we can back up and here is how we can help do it:

Staff pilots are selected from all types of Flying Schools, single engine, twin engine, C.F. School, C.T.S. Communications and Ferry Flight. Most are average pilots and some are above average. All need more time and experience, so they are sent here to get it.

On completion of their flying courses each pilot awaits his posting, hoping it will be Halifax, but to some comes, what to them, is a blow, they are posted to Mountain View or some Bombing and Gunnery School. One big reason for this feeling is that they have overheard some instructors say "Be good or you will be posted as a taxi-driver in a B & G School." As a result we have on arrival at Mountain View, one more disap-

To all ranks and civilian employees of R.C.A.F. Station Mountain View, I wish a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

As a Station we can look back over our accomplishments in 1942 with a good deal of pride. In spite of many frustrations and difficulties we have met and in many cases exceeded all our commitments. This has been achieved only through unity of purpose and esprit de corps; every man and woman on the Station has helped and can take pride and satisfaction in the results.

It serves a very useful purpose, I think, for us from time to time to pause and take stock of the part we are playing in this bitter business of war. Our leaders put into words for us our war aims as a nation. What of our aim as R.C.A.F. Station Mountain View? The task we have been allotted is to train Aircrew and Armament personnel. It is not a great role. There is no violent action, no glory involved. Nevertheless it is a vital role—Aircrew and Armament personnel are the material from which the very fabric of our Air Force is woven—for victory that material must be provided in an ever increasing flow of the highest quality. If we fail to ensure this we lose faith with those gallant Canadians who have held the breach thus far with those fine men who have given their lives in every corner of the world and on this very Station, in the cause for which we are all fighting. Christmas is a time when we are wont to exchange gifts. Let us resolve then that we will during the coming months here at Mountain View put our utmost into the struggle that we may be worthy of our comrades in arms about whom Rupert Brooks has so well said:

"There's none of these so lonely or so poor or old  
But dying's made us rarer gifts than gold."

Wing Commander M. D. Lister,  
Commanding Officer.

pointed or disillusioned pilot, whereas he should be feeling jubilant that he is getting more experience and is going to do a job every bit as important as fighting and will be much better prepared when his turn does come to get in the front lines and do his best work on the delivering end.

There has been in the past a feeling that a staff pilot is a "JO". This is a feeling which should be overcome quickly as it is definitely not the case. It can become a "JO" job but that depends entirely on the individual pilot and his interest in the work.

At a B & G School a staff pilot should not be just a pilot. He is an instructor in that he is responsible for the practical application of the theory taught to aircrew on this station. He can be an in-

structor by improving his own knowledge of the particular work he is doing. Any pilot can fly a bombing or gunnery exercise, but to do it right is another thing. To do this you should take an interest in all the aircrew you may fly because on that and your instruction and flying depends the quality of the aircrew graduating from this school.

One of our graduates today may be your own tail gunner at some future date or he may be gunner for your buddy overseas. It is up to you and I as instructors to give the boys all we can in the time they are with us. You can do this by explaining to them why the horn may blow in the air or why the a/c vibrates when you lower your undercarriage. On

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# MOUNTAIN VIEWPOINT

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Editor

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Advisory and Business Officer

F/L G. WILSON

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### THE VIEWPOINT CARRIES ON

Since the last issue the uncertainty regarding the future publication of the Viewpoint has been cleared up and its finances assured. This was made possible through the financial backing of the Airmen, the N.C.O.'s and the Officers. It was both a pleasing and generous gesture and with the confidence that it inspires in the popularity of the Station paper there is little doubt but that the Viewpoint has many issues and a continuing popularity ahead.

### SO WE'LL SAY GOOD-BYE TO THEM ALL

It is a really hard and difficult task to sit down and write, or rather try to write, an editorial without one legitimate moan to start with. At the present time, unquestionably the first since I joined the Service, I am left completely moanless.

In all sincerity I want to say that looking after the Viewpoint has been a real pleasure, and putting out a paper is usually not that. It has been a pleasure because of the fine co-operation given by all ranks and because of the complete freedom given by the Commanding Officers.

It would be unfair to single out any one person or persons for credit but I do want to mention F. Sgt. Ellison who, starting from scratch, has built the Central Maintenance page into an outstanding contribution. I want to thank F. Sgt. Hagenson for all the work he has done looking after the advertising, and I want to thank the Photography Section for the fine work they have always so willingly done.

The January issue of the "Viewpoint" will be edited by F. Sgt. MacDonald and F. Sgt. Perks and I am completely satisfied that with their ability and enthusiasm that the future of the "Viewpoint" is indeed bright.

I shall miss Mountain View and all those at Mountain View more than I even care to think about and I have a feeling that there will be many times when home, and mother, and the brass rail at the Officers' Bar will seem a hell of a long way off, but as the song so aptly says: "There'll be no promotion this side" and so forth.

## GOOD MUSIC

By ROSS K. CAMERON, Padre

The weekly concert of classical recordings continues to give enjoyment to all who attend and appreciate symphonies and vocal violin and piano selections. These are held at 1930 hours in the Recreation Hall every Friday. The Station is gradually building up an excellent library of records Class No. 65 of Air Observers which finished here last Friday and moved on to Ancienne Lorette showed its appreciation by presenting the Station with the Mendelssohn Concerto in E Minor for violin and orchestra. This is played by Yehudi Wenchin and the Orchestre Des Concerts Colonne conducted by Georges Enesco. We wish to thank the members of that class for this valuable gift and for the wish it indicates,

namely that these recorded concerts should be a permanent feature of the Station's entertainment. The commentaries which we made each week with the various selections are enabling persons who do not understand the meaning and purpose of the music to appreciate it. Brief biographical sketches of composers, artists are given also. We are most grateful to Urban Hughes and the K. of C. for the use of their phonograph and motion picture machine. For several concerts we have used the latter for reproducing the sound and have found that the volume and tone can be produced and controlled excellently. Recordings are borrowed from the Y. M. C. A. library at Trenton and from individual persons in Belleville who have been kind and generous in their interest and tangible support. Everybody is welcome to attend on Friday evening and, if possible, suggested selections are obtained for future programs.

## WORSHIP AND CHURCH PARADES

By R. K. CAMERON, Padre

Worship is an essential part of every normal person's life. It is one of the expressions of the religious instinct which is the deepest instinct in human nature. It is also a means of the recreation of the spiritual nature of man. It is composed of acts of devotion designed to set forth man's longings and aspirations. One of these acts of devotion, although it need not be included in a sermon, its purpose is to instruct worshippers in matters concerning the faith they profess. It is to remind them of the eternal truths of God in relation to the lives that men live. It is to confirm men in their faith. It should be as beautiful and as intelligible as possible.

Faith is necessary for any great action. Faith is the source of thoughts and deeds, the things that men believe will make them what they are. Hence church parades in any military organization are important. They are designed in their form and substance to meet the needs of men and women whose personalities cannot be fully developed without religion and worship.

Our R. C. A. P. Protestant Station Church Parade is held every Sunday at 1130 hours followed by the celebration of Holy Communion for all who wish to remain. We desire to make the service as all-inclusive as possible — that is to meet the customary forms of the various Protestant Communions represented on our Station.

There is a real need at present for the formation of a choir — both men and women who can sing are required to lead in the singing. This will help our worship immeasurably. If you can serve in this way please report to me as soon as possible in the Recreation Centre.

## THANKS

When you start out to find whom to thank for saving your life and find out they are stretched out from Mountain View to Belleville to Trenton Station it becomes very embarrassing.

We've tried to find a way to thank everyone but have resorted to just a simple letter in the Mountain Viewpoint and we sincerely hope it reaches every person who feels they had a hand in the doings.

Money could never buy or help pay off the debt I owe you, nor could any present express the thanks Mrs. Weese and I have in our hearts to every last one involved, not only for ourselves, but for our friends who shared in the accident.

The hospital staffs "you all know their value" thanks a million. To the nurses and doctors of Belleville General Hospital, we'll never forget what you have done for us, and a special thanks to the blood donors, you lost that I might gain, and I'm ashamed to admit I never had my name in as a donor when I could and should have.

Thanks everyone, I only hope I can again stand up and say I belong

to the R.C.A.P. and do for some unfortunate one what so many did for me.

Yours faithfully,

Mr. and Mrs. I. Weese.

★ ★ ★

F. S. Edwards desires to express his very sincere appreciation and thanks to all who, under the leadership of F. L. McCombe, so kindly and generously contributed to the band with which he has been presented.

## DROGUE DOINGS

As we sit and scribble with the wind whistling in our ears due to the loss of our hangar roof. We would like to take time out to thank W. O. Kitchen and company for their able assistance as tarmac crew, thus enabling the last A/C class to graduate. (Cheer up fellows, I. T. S. can't be far away now.)

With the Christmas season just around the corner all thoughts turn to home and roast turkeys etc, but we know of a few lads around here whose thoughts are far from the fowl side of events and turn to the fouler side of enjoying a "crock". It seems that any reason is good enough for them to indulge even if it is on trains. Too bad fellows, next time "kill it" on the station platform.

We'll close now with our thanks to the three messes whose donations have kept alive OUR STATION PAPER.

Since when have the railways converted their cars into taverns for certain drogue operators from Mt. View?

Why hasn't the Station adopted the new "gliding drogue line" introduced by Flt. Sgt. Dickie and why was the same pilot so disappointed when WO2 Cain ran the weather check one windy morning?

Suggestion: That all drogue pilots wear high boots following the "Weasel's" return.

### Questions About the "Boys"

Why do "theatrical actresses" always send their love messages on pink paper embroidered with white lace?

Why are Dilks and Maclean not sleeping in town any longer — could it be an army invasion from Hamilton?

What Flt. Sgt. Pilot woke up one morning and found himself minus his Air Force jewelry?

Why is a certain handsome drogue operator no longer visiting Syracuse on his 48's?

Thanks to Bombing Flight Droque Flight managed to fly for a few hours during the week of the big wind. Squire Kitchen and his pilots make good tarmac crew. The squire has changed his mind about being checked out in a lizzie, says he doesn't want anything to do with an AC, that take ten pilots and a tractor to taxi it on the runways.

The big wind was even too much for F/L Salter's multi-engined Ac.

Did you know that over one-quarter of the permanent personnel of this station is taking some educational course?

# For Children Only Santa Claus, Christmas, Etc.

By F/LT. G. E. MULLIGAN

Once upon a time, it must have been very long ago, much before Junior and Shirley started into the world at one or two years old on their roller skates or bicycle.—well in that old-fashioned era youngsters were quite normally happy and lived very much in a land of their own. Those were the days when there was in every normal home a "Children's Hour" at twilight a time consecrated to golden legends tales of folk-lore when youngsters and oldsters lived for a spell in the fairy dreamland of legitimate wishful thinking.—and hoping

A very much beloved poem expressed an almost universal human longing in verses that began:

"Backward, turn backward, O time  
in thy flight,—  
"Make me a child again, just for  
tonight . . ."

Later on, about the time Rousseau and Voltaire and the skeptics became the rage, when "cultured" Germany produced her nationalism and higher criticism and Bismarck advanced his cult of blood and iron, then it became a smart thing to deny almost everything and kick over everything that could not be measured with a government standard or gauged in a test-tube. About that time Santa Claus was attacked and, alas, almost murdered.

Oh yes, there was a very real Santa Claus, yes indeed he is a reality, oh yes he still "lives" and he continues to bestow on all good boys and girls the things that made him famous about sixteen hundred years ago. At that time Asia Minor was the great centre of human culture. Nicholas lived there: even when he was a youngster he used to accustom himself to "Commanda fare"—for on Wednesdays and Fridays he quite refused to eat a thing 'till after sundown; you see he knew that some day he'd have to raid the lair of Evil and ransom captives. The story is told that there were three young maidens who were very, very poor, so poor were they that they had no dowry and could not hope for honorable marriage. Nicholas heard of this and for three successive nights he managed to slip through the window of each one in turn sufficient wealth to provide each with an honorable lover and husband. Later when he was chosen Bishop he was best known for his generous liberality to the poor, especially orphans and widows.

December 6th was chosen as the day on which he was feasted after his death. For centuries his fame spread and old and young still appealed to him. They knew that in the security of eternity Nicholas still loved them and was interested in them, just the same as we know that death only appears to separate those who really love each other.

During the course of time it was discovered that the calendar was out about twelve days. Gregory the Great succeeded in having the correction made in the West but the East still hung on, as in Russia and the Ukraine to the old Julian Calendar. According to the new way of reckoning, which is our own, Dec. 6th became December 18th and St. Nicholas Day was kept with a whole

## TELEPHONE TALK

"IS THAT YOU, MYRT?"

How about a little chatter from the "Girls Who Keep Them Talking," as we do like to get our little scay in once in awhile besides saying the prosaic "Number Please" or "Sorry, the line is busy."

Since the posting of our own last airman, LAC Dubois, from our staff the W D have taken over so hereafter only feminine voices will be ready to answer to your call.

We were sorry to lose two of our staff recently, A W Higgins posted back to her home in Vancouver and A W Vienneau posted to Uplands Ottawa, also to her home town. We know they will be happy but their cheerful voices will be missed.

★ ★ ★

### "THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW"

Why local 25 can never hear us answer their signals?

Why people don't ask for the numbers of the sections instead of by the name of it?

Why is it not as easy to place a phone back on the hook as to leave it off?

Why some people, when the operator answers their signal, insist on carrying on conversation with someone behind them?

Why some people who seat fivs all day for something to do are the most impatient when using the phone?

★ ★ ★

### "AS WE SEE THEM THROUGH OUR EARS"

#### Local

0 Scarcely heard and scarcely seen  
With their business they're very keen

1 The C O of Mountain View  
Through courtesy—bouquets to you

octave or week which brought him right in to the time of Christmas.

Strangely enough it was the culture of Spain throughout that peninsula and also in the Hapsburg empire and the Netherlands that kept St. Nicholas before the people. In Spanish, Saint is Santa and Nicholas became shortened to the Austrian Klaus or Claus. During December in every town and city a young boy was chosen as the local "Nicholas" and he reigned in truly regal and carnival style bestowing his gifts and bounty on all who deserved it.

So today Santa Claus still "lives" and loves those who are deserving. Tradition maintains that he has entered a "kingdom" the wealth of which is without limit from there he comes in this chosen month of December, yes even on the eve of his birthday whom men and women and boys and girls of "good-will" adore as the Divine Child of Bethlehem. Letters to Santa Claus confidently directed by such as are deserving are requisitions and demands on "stores" that are inexhaustible. These are the facts; let's outlaw the "image-breakers", depose the Christmas monopoly usurped by "big and usually crooked business and give the kids, young and old, a break.

2 Flying Officers Barret and Rhodes.  
With bands and sports are right on their toes

3 Sqn Leader Bevon, just new at Mountain View  
As Tel Operator, we aim to please you

4 Flt-Lieut. McKee, as busy as a bee.  
But do we Tel Ops like to work for you? Yesiree!

5 Pay and Accounts and W D section.  
Over one phone is there any friction?

6 Sgt-Major Simmons in the Orderly Room  
Born with patience no wonder things boom

7 Officers Mess what a busy phone.  
Calling another officer? No wonder they groan

8 Officers Quarters the Orderly Officers abode  
Wake me at seven, that's his code!

9 Hospital that we know  
Where the sick and wounded go

10 To locate people, where to go?  
Why to service police, local one 0

11 Clothing Stores, Hick's here.  
Always on the job, never fear!

13 and 17 Too much alike are GIS air and GIS arm.  
No wonder we cause them great alarm

14 M T Section—busy? You can bet  
When your local is wanted how folks fret

15 Decpy's Office whose eyes are always open.  
"Be a perfect airman" that's their slogan

16 Wireless Section—tools and tin.  
When they lift their receiver what a din

9 When Security Guard call there's nothing new  
As the local they want is always 52

20 For weather reports they have such fun.  
Straining their ears to hear Kingston.

22 P O Bethune is one of the best.  
Nothing is spared at your request

24 C T O's office such friendly chaps.  
To all of you we doff our hats

25 What's this local? Why Gunnery Flight.  
Ready to answer, morning, noon and night.

26 Never complain, not enough to mention.  
What local is that? Why the Photographic Section.

No more space and no more time,  
So we will end our little rhyme;  
If your local we failed to mention  
Look for it in the next edition.



F. S. BICHERSTAFFE

Born in England in 1902 and was in the Merchant Marine at 14. Served in it for a year and wanted more action so he joined the Royal Navy in 1917. He served on submarines and destroyers for the next three years. He was discharged and later went to sea again as a cook where he spent the next five years.

The latter part of his life he resided in Toronto and joined the RCAF in January 1940. Sent to Camp Borden he took a course and was soon sent overseas. Remained at Borden until May 1940 and was put in the 112 squad and sent overseas for fourteen months.

When he returned he was posted to Debert, N.S. for a short period. When Mountain View opened he was posted here. That was April 1941 and he saw it grow from a mud puddle.

When first opened all personnel ate their meals in the Airmen's Mess. Then the establishment was only about 200 men of all ranks.

He was an LAC and rapidly rose up through the ranks and has done a swell job.

He has taken a great interest in all activities and sports.

He has seen many men come and go from the various messes. He is greatly responsible for the building up of the Sgts' Mess. He does a great job of putting on the monthly dances and parties.

He has the full support of all the men that work under him.

## NEWS FROM THE MESS HALL

Quotation from famous sayings in the kitchen

"Never did so many wait in line so long and get so little"

"An airman's choice—take it or leave it"

"Sorry sir, no seconds today or any other day"

★ ★ ★

Things we would like to see:  
Privacy at the cook's table at breakfast

P Sgt slow down to a walk

Cpl Duckworth catch the 220 train

Lac Woods of M.T. Section shave off so-called moustache.

(Continued on page 10)

THE BIOGRAPHY OF WOJ S. ZADKO or THE UNVEILING OF A CULPRIT

W. O. Zadko, alias "Cinders Steve" was born Oct. 11, 1917, during the last war which probably accounts for his thunderous attitude all this happened at Cando somewhere in the wilds of North-western Saskatchewan personally. I never heard of the hamlet. When he was just a little fellow his father put shoes on him and sent him to school to get himself a little book learning which he might or might not have proceeded to do for 9 or 10 years during those years I feel sure that he must have been expelled many many times from that little Red Schoolhouse for various reasons too numerous to mention some of them in the way of pulling little girls out of seats and cataloguing wads of paper soaked in ink. He must have done these things one who is a W. O. Z.

For 4 years he was fagged and then at the age of 16 he was sent to the coast of British Columbia for his expertise in sailing. He was a member of the Red Cross and he had a good time. His wanderings being such he had to take him over all of the west and I feel sure that when the war was over he came back up with the fugitive of the future. He felt this wander of god he will repent for his sins so many times. He was to be caught up with and then sent to the bank and enlisted in the R.C.A.P. in June 1937 as a Motor Boat Crewman with the coasted bank of A.C. and was immediately posted to a course at the Technical Training School at Trenton. From the I.T.B. course which he passed unbeknownst to his instructor he went to work in the Air Navigation School where he sailed and explored all uncharted ports and islands in and out of the open Bay of Quinte and up and down the Murray Canal what a life. Join the Air Force and see the world through the spotless windows which were cleaned a dozen times a day by your trail under the watchful eye of one S.I. Mawdsley of A.N.A. hangar that overlooked said bay.

In Jan. 1940 he got the posting of postings A.A.S. to try and instill a little discipline in the boys going through as armourers a tough enough job alone without the added disadvantage of Zadko.

No doubt some of you who were at Trenton during the winter of '39-40 will remember him as the Deputy Minister of Labor under the able tuition of S.I. Mawdsley in this capacity he earned himself a very bad reputation and mothers in Trenton use his name to good advantage in order to get obedience from their children or any stray dog that happened along to invade the Victory Garden.

Oh happy day Zadko was posted this time to Mt. View in May '41, and here he has remained to vent his feelings on all and sundry at Wellington.



When Canada went to war it was stated in parliament that there would be no profit made by anyone well all I have to say in that respect is let me have one just one look at 2 or 3 of Steve's bank books. He says that he is single, take note girls and always in financial difficulties but in the words of his own men. May the wrath of the gods descend upon his lowly being and teach him the error of his ways.

Honestly though fellows and gals be aint quite as bad as he is painted and has done an excellent job of work as W.O. Marine Section at Wellington. He has owned 6 or 7 cars in the past three years which probably accounts for some of his so-called financial difficulties and cracked-up almost as many.

Ed Note: Even the Insurance Co. of Paris France would insure him. Lloyds of London please note.

NEWS FROM THE WATER FRONT

FAREWELL TO OUR COMRADES

For months we faced the wrath of the elements together but now you have left us in this bleak and desolate duggoon. Alone we stand and gaze thoughtfully at the deserted dunes and the whipping white caps. Even as we sit here we can sense the beginning of the end. Our fair novel such as it is, is being torn from around us. Already the winds become colder and instead of tip-toeing they walk at random. Before long this will be a memory but before we leave we bid a hearty farewell to Hood Doc and Botwood. They left so hurriedly and so eagerly that even our farewells were cut short. May your sojourn at Trenton be a happy and lengthy one.

From all accounts we gather that a jump from the frying pan into the fire is not so welcome to our Medico. However we comfort with the following "Have you ever seen an Irishman happy?" You asked for it and you got it. The war can't last forever. Eventually the peace bells will chime and after the victory celebrations at the Marine Grill that red cap will again rest on those case-hardened ears, and all will be well. You have a trade which will live forever and competition should not be keen."

"Botwood" presents a most heart-rending case. After ten months in Newfoundland anything can happen to any Airman and it has happened here. Please handle this case with extreme care. (Trenton and Toronto papers please copy).

Hoot rules the grease boys by day, but by night—oh, boy! Happy is he who sheds the manacles that bind a family man. Go to it and we don't blame you. (Ottawa papers please omit).

They are all veterans of the "Dunes" and of "Woodbine". They have left us temporarily for supposedly better and greener pastures, yet we know that when the warm breezes linger over the Dunes and when the first signs of spring receive us all we know that they will return to us. With bag and baggage they will return to take their old places in our kitchen, our shop and last but not least on our various patrols both lake and otherwise.

Till those happy days return we beseech the powers that be to spare these bleak and flimsy walls that they may yet support the roof which leaks and groans but shields us from the sunlight's glare and moonlight beams.

YOUR WATER REPORTER

IF YOU MUST KNOW

You ask me why I hide the gold. The realm's coin bills new and old. And what I plan to take on high. To that fair place after I die.

The gold I hide that evil eyes. Even the soft-toned and in disguise. Shall never see and never tell. The awful day that Zadko fell. When I shall die I aim to face. My Maker in His glorious place. And bring with me my heart so pure. That my place there shall be secure.

You ask me why my car I hide. There in the dust its time to bide. And why I count my bonds and stamps. And burn the oil in midnight lamps.

No furthermore let me but add. It does not enter your fair head. That cars these days, even my machine.

Runs but on rationed gasoline. And gasoline 'tis plain to see. Is our first bid for victory. So while you scoff and sadly yearn. I see you have a lot to learn.

You say that when it comes my turn. To buy the rounds I slyly spurn. To ply the waiter with the green. And this by all is plainly seen. You name the time and the fair place.

Where we might meet for a great race. And I dare say that e'er the night. Hath taken wings on her great flight.

For every round you buy and take. A bargain here and now I make. I'll buy as many and even more. And while you sleep, walk out the door.

In language bold you clearly say. That West I went one sunny day. And travelled near and travelled far. In a huge and cool cattle car.

My friend, I must confess and say. The gold I spent whilst being away. Would buy you Sunday boots and tie. And that my friend without a lie. And if you should at all complain.

That this does not at all explain. The mode of transport used by me—My Pullman was the Napanee.

A lunch I packed you made it plain. And this I ate while on the train. That in between these morsels ran. For food not one cent did I spare.

My appetite oft knew no bounds. And to the diner I made the rounds. Till e'en the steward frowned on me. And that was dreadful, don't you see.

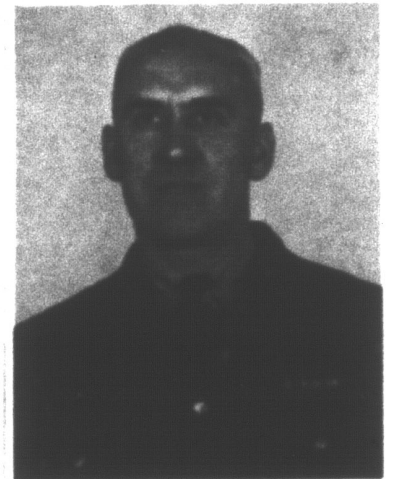
But money talks, and when the gold. The crisp and new I did unfold. No tickets there stared in his eye. And he was happy so was I.

You counter with remarks so sly. Remarks so bold that even I. Must gasp and reel with shocking pain. But truth will rid my name of stain.

My poor misguided wandering soul. I cannot see what is your goal. Whilst yet you live I do entreat. You change your ways, grow up a bit.

Grow up and cast your eyes around. Go forth wherever men are found. And say, "What I said was not true."

And some day I may forgive you. S. ZADKO, W.O.I.



JAMES R. ARMSTRONG

Born in the city of Toronto. Educated and raised in the old historical town of Niagara-on-the-Lake. Joining the Forces 1915-1919 C.E.F. along with four brothers and a sister, who served as a nurse. Serving in France 1916 to 1919 Christmas of 1918 in Germany with Army of Occupation 3rd Bat. Toronto Reg. H.Q. 1st Brigade.

Returning to civilian life again in April 1919 Brushing up again in business education serving at the trade till 1923, then entered the business world as a sanitary engineer holding the certificate of the youngest sanitary engineer under the Health and Sanitation of the City of Toronto. Offering services to government 1939. Carrying on business until February 1940. Serving R.C.A.P. Mountain View to the present time. Now as foreman of Works.

Also completed two refresher courses under Col. McCamus, and Col. Scroggie, Canadian Machine Gun Ass. Toronto 1939-1940.

Col. McCamus now is in charge of tank battalion at Camp Borden.

Col. Scroggie at present directing refresher course for machine gunners in Toronto.

# MAN ABOUT MOUNTAIN

## WINCHELL AT NO. 6

(MOUNTAIN REVIEW)

Christmas is coming and the booze is getting flat

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Dey wuz all soused

Overheard in the W.A.A.F.'s barracks

"I know what he wants for Christmas, but I'm going to get him something to wear instead"

Sgt. Campbell wants a course in deaf and dumb speaking for Christmas. He says when he's out at night, he prefers to do his talking with his hands. Winchell is hanging a silk stocking up this year. Who knows? Maybe there'll be a leg in it in the morning. They're still talking about the last Sergeants' Mess meeting. Vitriolic humour was the keynote, with a few personal remarks thrown in. After the smoke cleared, Skidmore and W.O. Shaw were only on spiking terms. Little Audrey says that hand-holding stops being a pleasure when it starts being a necessity. The Aircrew lads who held the ink fight at the Airmen's Club still haven't confessed at the time of writing. Their good taste resulted in the club being placed out of bounds to their chums. That rates them about three smells lower than a polecat. Don't forget to do your Christmas shop-lifting early. Come late and avoid the rush of those who came early to avoid the rush. Gartley's back but his uniform looks as if it's still on leave.

### THEME SONGS

- LAC Hall—"Nurse, Nurse!!!"
- The Sweater Girl—"You can't pull the wool over my eyes"
- W.O. Monk—"Praise the Lord and give me my commission!"
- Sgt "Molson" Smith—"I'm dreaming of a wet Christmas"

### ZOOT SNOOTERY OR MOB SNOBBERY

The Station Band has come out of retirement and should be in action at the next Airmen's dance. Our musicality is thus cleared up. A few hundred dollars worth of instruments have been reclining idly in the band room while the lads from No. 6 R.D. collected for the Airmen's dances. Winchell wonders why we haven't a man with a full time job of running the orchestra, similar to the set-up at Trenton.

The Saturday night impromptu scrambles at the Recreation Hall are O.K. The last one was so crowded — I had to go outside to change my mind. It's the only time I ever sang "I Got Spurs" and wished I had.

The new Airmen's Club is swiflegant, even if it did scuttle the Station funds. The decorating is right pert and the fireplace would warm even the Station Sergeant Major's heart.

### ORCHID FOR THE MONTH

This month's orchid goes, unreservedly to our Editor P.L. McCombe for his amazing consistency in "getting things done". P.L. McCombe not only conducts the business of the Viewpoint with unquestioned efficiency, he also manages to guide and direct the Ranges, the Marine Section, Plotting Office and the Armament Section. For your versatility and general all-round ability, Mr. McCombe — orchids. Our only complaint against you is that you're not quintuplets.

### BEST GAG OF THE MONTH

A beautiful and buxom young miss dreamed that a sinister, but handsome dark-haired man appeared at her bedside. Before she could protest, he yanked her from her satin covers and carried her to a luxurious limousine waiting at the door. Hurling her into the back seat, he drove swiftly into the country, drawing up at last in a secluded, moon-flooded lane. Then he turned and leered wolfishly at the beautiful girl.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked, quivering.  
"How should I know," he retorted, "It's your dream." — Readers Digest

### THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

A chicken was found hanging by its neck from a signpost in the Place de l'Opera Paris. Attached to it was a sign saying "I'd rather hang for France than lay for Germany."

POST SCRIPTUM—Winchell was lacking in news this month but it matters not if you remember the old saying "No nudes is good nudes"

### F/SGT. MacDONALD

Alias "Old Mac"

"Powerhouse Mac" - "Munster"

Old Mac was born in July '30 in Liverpool, England. He came to Kingston, Ont. in 1935, where he attended school, as all children do, but during his schooling he differed

slightly from others in that the whole time he was in school, in every phase, he was at the top of the class, a deed of which even I could not boast. However, he did not spend all of his time studying—he was very active in such sports as basketball, softball, hockey and all the games that average children play. All these



points considered, he showed a tendency to a life of academics, but he fooled everyone and started out in life as an automotive machinist at which he proved to be very successful until all of a sudden the war came along and this timid lad of 19 years immediately enlisted in the R.C.A.P. arriving at Manning Depot in October '39, about six weeks after the declaration of war. His experience as a machinist immediately put him in the armament branch and on No. 10 Armourers' course at Trenton, on which he also stood first.

On completion of the course he was sent to 120 (B.R.) Squadron at Vancouver, B.C. with the rank of A.C.I. from here he went to Patricia Bay where he attained the rank of L.A.C. Group A Pitter-Armourer. During this year at the west coast he gained a great deal of practical operational training as an armourer before returning to Trenton on an S.A.I.'s course in April '41. Before finishing his course the school was moved to Mountain View and finished the course near the end of June at which time he started to work at No. 6 B and G with the rank of Corporal. He was promoted to Sergeant in September '41 and Flight Sergeant thirteen months later. During his stay of a year and a half at this station he has taught A.C.'s, W.A.G.'s and Air Observers. Old Mac is in of Aircraft Recognition at G.I.S. (Air) and the system used there is probably the most advanced system of any B and G. As an instructor "Muscles" has deviated from the usual serious preacher type of lecturing and brings humor into lectures as a necessary and vital ingredient.

In his youth he played the drums and wash board in a small orchestra in Kingston and is quite well known in this city. He is at present an ardent pupil of the piano. He also plays a mean game of table tennis. I speak from experience—I have been beaten many times by him.

### HOT AIR FROM AIRCREW

Christmas is coming and Fowler is getting fat. Everyone around G.I.S. these days is getting the Christmas spirit (or spirit). Headaches are getting bigger and bigger and pay checks smaller and smaller. The other day some students received a little classroom instruction and now they think there is a Santa Claus. As the students say of the instructors, "Never before in the history of human conflict have so many been confused by so few."

Many newcomers grace our halls, among them three new P.O. Observers. Welcome P.O.'s Lambeth, Murray and Wullum, long may your recumbent forms fill the chairs of the Instructors' Room. F.S.'s Campbell and Harris, Sgt. Inch and Cpl. Foden also find themselves unfortunate enough to be exposed to the organization of W.O. Monk, the soap box oratory of Skidmore, the sure-footedness of Holland, the cynicism of Oetiker and the corny humour of MacDonald. The staff has been modified to include AC2 Pennell and AW2 Delong in the Orderly Room. Moe Wheeler has left us and now sports his wrinkled forehead at St. Catharines.

### NEWS and VIEWS

1 Mr. Jewell who left to enlist found that his eyes were no good for the Air Force, his feet were too fat for the Army and his knees too watery for the Navy. He now works in Belleville, his place here being taken by Mr. Smith J.W.

2 P.O. Sinclair has invented a new Wallchart to keep track of all the other wall charts.

3 Miss Lavalie is back from leave refreshed, but dissipated (or disappointed). When asked whether or not she enjoyed her leave, Colette answered, "Woo! Woo!"

4 Joe McCarthy proved himself an admirable fortune hunter as Oetiker's new greatcoat will show.

5 At last they talk about building a new wing on the school. Now we can find out just how many students are in the bottom layer on the classroom floors.

6 Our own Christmas Draw is shaping up rather nicely, everyone expects to make money, but P. Sgt. Brant, who is old enough to know better.

7 Miss Neal, one of our more ardent W.A.A.F.N. has moved to Toronto on a course. Greatly missed by Cpl. Simmons I hear.

8 Why did MacDonald back away from the suggestion that a W.D. Sgt. sit in on his lectures. Could it be that he'd be speechless under such circumstances?

### Suggested Christmas Presents for the Staff

- 1 P.O. Sinclair, a red pencil
- 2 P.O. Farmer, a book on how to read a slide rule
- 3 P.S. Oetiker, a new sister
- 4 P.S. Skidmore, a muzzle
- 5 P.S. Gartley, an old age pension
- 6 AWI Lavalie, A. Passionate Xmas tree
- 7 Sgt. Campbell, someone else's wife

### Bright Sayings of Children

- F.S. MacDonald: "I've got Scott in my blood, but none in my stomach."
- Sgt. East: "I wanna be a Santa Claus. Last year I caught him necking Mommy."
- Willy Keys: "Two weeks ago I dreamed of Veronica Lake. Since then I've lain awake all night trying to remember what I ate before going to bed."
- WO? Robertson: "To beer or not to beer that is the Question?"
- Strippy Rose Lee: "To bare or not to bare, that is the Question?"
- F Sgt. Oetiker: "Sirens is horrible wailing creatures, with no teeth scraggly hair and varicose veins like women, only worse."

### SO LONG FOR NOW

A new collapsible rubber boat for pursuit pilots can be inflated in less than ten seconds, which constitutes some sort of record for ship-building.

## OUR FIGHTING FAITH

By F O R. BETHUNE

An airman said recently that Christianity is not drastic enough to bring about the reforms that are going to be necessary after the war. The Christian way of life is supposed to be linked up with the freedom of democracy — the great cause for which we are fighting — so we had better see how drastic Christianity can be.

It is easy enough to say "Oh, keep that kind of stuff till after the war." To win the war we need the spirit that produces the unity and fighting qualities that will be needed to secure the peace. Madame Chiang-kai-Shek has stated that the best soldiers in the Chinese armies are the Christians.

Great periods of growth in the history of the British Empire have followed great religious revolutions. The Protestant Reformation gave birth to the spirit of the times of Queen Elizabeth and the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The campaign of John Wesley saved England from the horrors of a revolution like that of France and paved the way for the great political reforms and industrial expansion of the early nineteenth century.

New life in a man is felt first in a different spirit in his family, then through his job to the nation. A married couple had heavy debts and a small income. They felt that the little they could pay would be too insignificant to impress their creditors so they were doing nothing about it. The burden of debt was affecting the man's earning capacity, so one day they faced drastic honesty and found that they could make a start by paying a small amount each month. As the burden fell from his shoulders his earning capacity became greater and the small amount has since increased. As a result he was able to outline a new financial policy for his firm. Suppose this happened to all debtors what would be the result on the national credit structure?

A union leader in a large aircraft factory by apologizing to a fellow worker for his jealousy started a new spirit in the plant that harmonized the conflicting interests of management and labour and greatly increased the production of planes for the United Nations.

As people look forward to the post-war era there is always one spectre which rises to haunt their minds — the grim spectre of unemployment. No system can long endure unless it finds the solution to this problem. Can Christianity do it?

The answer given by a small minority who took Christianity seriously in one nation before the war began says "Yes." Through the initiative of a small group of people who cared profoundly for their country and believed that unemployment is a symptom of national ill health, a movement was launched which put hundreds of thousands to work. It began with individuals who, because they tried to interpret and apply the will of God to national affairs, decided to take personal responsibility for curing the unemployment they saw around

them, instead of waiting for the government to do it. A woman who was making a large profit in her business decided to put herself on a regular salary and to devote all the surplus to taking on new hands. The owner of a plant explained the position to his men. They voted to work for less money in order to employ more men.

Committees caught the idea and formed civic projects to put their own unemployed to work. The value to the nation was so obvious that a National Committee of big industrialists, labour and unemployed leaders was formed to carry on this work on a national scale.

Is this drastic enough? How are these for samples of the kind of thing we want to see? Are they drastic enough?

The secret lies in the great forgotten truths that when man listens God speaks, when man obeys, God acts, when men change, nations change. Contact with the living God produces moral backbone and fighting qualities. Only the mind of God is large enough to reconcile and unite all the conflicting interests in the world.

If every one cared enough and everyone shared enough, everyone would have enough. Imagine a rising tide of absolute honesty and absolute unselfishness sweeping across the world. What would be the effect on Politics, Craft, Unemployment, Economic Recovery, Debts, Savings, Taxes, Production, Distribution?

It is a stiff program, only perseverance and fighting qualities can win out. It is like flying the early aviators made many mistakes but their enthusiasm and guts made possible the great developments of today and tomorrow. Who knows what marvels the future holds?

## DER FUEHRER'S PRAYER

Gott! Gott! dear Gott! attention please

Your pardner Adolph's here  
Und has a word or two to say  
Indo your private ear,  
So darn away all odders now  
Und listen vell to me,  
For val I say concerns me much,  
Metnself and Shermany

You know dear Gott, I was your friendt.

UnUd from mine hour of birth  
I quietly let you rule the Heffen  
Vile I rule o'er der Earth  
Und ven I told metn soldiers  
Of by-gone battle days  
I gladly split der glory  
Und gave you half der praise.

In every way I tried to prove  
Mein heart to you vas true,  
Und only claimed metn honest share

In great deeds dat ve do  
You could not half a better friendt  
In Sky or Land or Sea  
Dan Adolph Hitler number van,  
Der Lord of Shermany.

So val I say, dear Gott, is dis:  
Dat you shouldt still be friendts  
Und you shouldt help to send mine foes  
To meet der bitter endts.  
If you dear Gott, vill dis me do  
I'll nothing ask again,  
Und you and I vill pardners be  
For evermore — Amen.

## CANTEEN NEWS

There are very few who realize the benefits they receive, when they make a purchase at the canteen.

All monies made in the canteen are returned to the airmen and airwomen in the form of extra messing, dances, sports, library and rifle club profits from the canteen paid for the Recreational Centre, orchestra, and band instruments, etc.

In the near future, the canteen is going to be redecorated, and the snack bar and wicket on the sundry side extended which improvements are anxiously awaited by all.

If you have any suggestions for bettering the canteen, please give them to one of the Canteen Committee namely LAC MacDonald, in the Equipment Section, or LAC Tamblin, the Armament Section, or else give them to any of the canteen personnel.

The canteen has passed a very successful month, taking in around \$12,500.00 which is very good, considering the difficulties we have had in getting cigarettes and other merchandise but by the look of things there will be no shortage of cigarettes for Christmas and New Year. We are expecting a shipment of flat 90's any day now, for the holiday season.

We have a nice line of cushion covers, scarves, hankies, and sweat-shirts which make ideal gifts for mother, dad, sister, brother, or sweetheart. There are still a few Christmas cards left, so hurry if you want any.

At this time, the canteen staff takes the opportunity of wishing one and all a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

By the way we wonder why that shy little boy, Corporal Davison, spends so much of his spare time in Picton?

Good-bye Flying Officer Rhodes, and thanks for the co-operation you gave us. The best of luck in Picton.

Welcome to Flight Lieutenant Wilson, our new Canteen Officer. We are looking forward to a long pleasant association.

"Joe, The Canteen Steward"

But list, Gott, it must be quick  
Your help to me you send,  
Or else I half to stop attack  
Und only play defend.  
So four und twenty hours I gif  
To make the Allies run  
Und put me safe into mine place,  
Der middle of der Sun.

If you do dis I'll do mine part,  
I'll tell der vorldt der fact—  
But if you don't den I must think  
It is a hostile act.  
Den var at once I vill declare  
Und in mein anger rise,  
Und send mein bomber ships to vage  
A fight up in der skies.

Dis Ultimatum now, dear Gott,  
Is von of many more:  
Mein mind is settled up to clean  
Der whole worldt off der floor,  
Because you vas mein pardner, Gott,  
An extra chance is giften,  
So help at vonce, or else I'll be  
Der Emperor of Heffen.

## DENTAL CLINIC

On the posting of your erstwhile correspondent, W. W. Weir, yours truly will attempt to carry on his brilliant work. "Bill" has been posted to Basic Training, at Newmarket. We received a letter from him, in which he says:

"We got our rifles and bayonets today. They should have made them a pound heavier, and put wheels on them.

The camp is quite nice, but I'll take Mountain View any time.

All the N.C.O.'s have kind faces — the mean kind.

There are some army girls here, but so far I have only seen them.

The camp is very hilly. When you have all the pack on, you think that you're in the Rocky Mountains. It's so steep, to walk is torture. For a while I thought I landed in a concentration camp, by mistake."

We know that your many friends on the station will join us in wishing you the best of luck, Bill! By the way we wonder if a certain W D who works at headquarters, misses Bill as much as he misses her? In his spare time, he is studying books on the Orient.

The personnel of the clinic has changed again. Leut. W. Elliott has been posted here from Toronto. An old friend, Corporal Shaunessy has been reposted to this station for the third time. Pte. George Emmerson arrived here the other day from Toronto. In the Belleville station, our reporter overheard him say that he was looking forward to working in the clinic here. Of course W.D.'s could not have had anything to do with it, as he is definitely taken. Too bad girls!

Cpl. Williams, you may remember from the last issue, was contemplating wedding rings. Well, he was married in November, and he says that everybody should do it. Blacow, who has been married for some time, can hardly wait to get home, on his five days' leave. Maybe there is something in this marriage, after all.

Cpl. "Mimi" Browning seems to be very happy on the station. Can anyone tell me why? (Incidentally since coming here, she has gained six pounds—in the right places.)

Spectators at a certain W D basketball game may have noticed a certain corporal dental assistant who spent a good deal of her time playing sitting down. This technique is quite novel, and several experts were heard to remark that they had never, in their experience, seen it employed before. Could it be that she is getting a little top heavy?

On leaving the sergeants mess one night, Sgt. "Red" Aspden was heard to say that he was starting a bank account. Can anyone tell me what the cause of this resolution could be?

Well that seems to be all for this time. If you have enjoyed this article, let us know the next time that you are in to have seven or eight teeth pulled.

The gold, the adulation soon would fade,  
Yet through the years how onerous a toll,  
When he alone, not those whom he betrayed,  
Must live companioned by his own warped soul!

—Stanton A. Coblenza.

## G.I.S. (ARMAMENT)

### CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STAFF

Dear Santa:

Want a little pukka gen? I been thinking (for a change) that a few tips might relieve a bottleneck of ideas up at your place. Yea, I know, a few bottlenecks properly opened might release a few tips down here too but just in case you were intending to leave anything, you might as well know what would come in handy, so scan the following list and see if these suggestions wouldn't be useful.

F S Jackson—Someone he could beat at Chess.

Sgt. Simmons—A mega-moan.

Sgt. Wright (J. D.)—"The gestapo drill manual".

Sgt. Hook—A billiard table.

F Sgts. Watts and McKie—A bow and arrow set.

F O Breckenridge—Pen and ink (God bless him).

F L Whiteley—that class of "draft dodgers".

P O King—"How to win friends and influence people."

W O I Rourke—A strainer.

W O I Yarrow—A few spare gas coupons.

F S Mossip—A case of "Pats".

Cpl. MacIntyre—A "Third Paid".

Sgt. Irving—A drill manual that agrees with him.

Cpl. Gouge—A muzzle.

★ ★ ★

#### Up and Down the Halls.

Promotions—So Pink's a corporal. Look out Lac's, and Acey Deuceys better have those guns O.K.'d before you return 'em to stores now.

What's all this about mixed "rasling" it was fun for the W.D. the W.O. AND the spectators.

Crocket no more rooms the halls and answers the calls yep overseas.

Good luck from everyone to him. Want your car greased, mister?

At last the famous battle cry is worn out but not the "cloaks of office" Oh well, you can get used to almost everything in time who invigilates when and where see Irving's ready reckoner.

Cheer up Dick they'll come before many more years and an Lac. will soon be a novelty.

Mac says he's going to revert himself just for a change of arm bands. Why are all the W.D.'s "agin" South of the Border postings.

The "Officers Only" sign seems lonely. Why don't they get one beside it reading N.C.O.'s ONLY Please.

Then too, what about the wash basins it's an idea if the other was so Leary can get anyone on the station off the station if she wants to and does she?

You can get a side bet on that by seeing Sgt. Hall anytime the pool table is occupied by someone else I mean that will be the day.

Jackson claims he was on leave without anyone but his wife knowing it times have changed.

Definition—Plotting Office—a place where Perks ain't. Was the W.D. who delivers for the above office gullible cant tell a plug of wood when she sees one. It really wasn't that Smoky said it was

## W.O.I "CHUCK" YARROW

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Yarrow, of Bishop Auckland, a son, Charles Leslie, June 16, 1914.

Thus began the life of W.O. C. L. Yarrow.

Like all other humans the small boy gradually grew up, and at a very early age had a tendency towards Armament. Was this the writing on the wall?

In 1922 the family moved to Shipley, Yorkshire, and in the course of the journey passed by the R. A. F. Station at Catterick. Whether this had any bearing on the future is hard to say.

At Shipley the boy resumed his scholastic studies at Shipley Secondary School, won a scholarship and attended Saltos High School, age 13 years. There he studied all they had to teach for three years and with one year to go for Matriculation he suddenly took the Air Force Examination for Aircraft Apprentice and passed.

The next chapter of his life started there and then for on September 9th, 1930, he signed on the dotted line for 12 years service with the R. A. F. For the next three years he was at No. 1 S of T T Halton as an Aircraft Apprentice and Fitter Armourer. There he learnt the use of hand tools besides Armament and in due course, July 1933, to be exact, he passed out of Halton an L.A.C. with top marks of the 22nd Entry Fitter Armourers. For this the Air Ministry gave him a prize which he still has, and posted him to No. 3 P T S Grantham. His lot for the next six months was cleaning 100 rifles and four Vickers guns each day, then the Station installed an A. M. L. Teacher and he was placed in charge of it.

The Summer of 1934 rolled around and becoming restless, he volunteered for service abroad. In

Daisy Beatty should soon return from leave. Kench is now back reports meeting P O Hanna in Vancouver always said Hanna was a resourceful chap. Charters would like the name of a good preparation for the removal of ditto ink from hands and face. Babcock says the old Gestetner is more reliable we always said the old reliable was best even to relieving that crowded feeling in the tummy while flying next time take a paper bag as well never do things by halves. What officer thought up the name. Sloc eyes being modest I leave it at that she do pour a mean cup of tea the duty watch detail at sixteen thirty hours is really giving the boys plenty of notice they don't have to be on duty watch parade until after eighteen hundred hours snappy work if the instructor can still find the pupils that's all that can be told more would make snappy reading but anyway you hear the rumors Annon. II

A notice at an office in a military establishment in Scotland, where civilian callers sometimes cause a draught, reads:

"This is a free country  
"You may open or shut your eyes,  
ears or mouth as you please.  
"But keep the door shut."



★ ★ ★

October was posted to No. 8 (B) Squadron, Khormaksar, Aden. Life there was interesting and varied the Squadron being on operations against tribesmen practically 9 months out of 12 and at Government Expense he saw the Aden Protectorate Sport was plentiful from soccer and cricket to shooting "Piehards" and he made the Command Team in the first two mentioned sports.

When the Italian-Abyssinian war broke out No. 8 (B) Squadron were ordered to supply a Flight to patrol the British Somaliland border and so with "B" Flight he was detached to British Somaliland with headquarters at Burao. There in conjunction with the Kings African Rifles, and the Somaliland Camel Corp. the Flight did three day patrols of the 1000 odd miles border and had grandstand seats watching the "Eyeties" bomb h-l out of the natives. The Flight's main job was to see that the belligerents didn't cross the British bor-

der and that gun running was something not done. In between times they carried mail and freight, called themselves the B. A. T. S. (Burao Air Transport Service) and had a good time.

Those were happy days but in January, 1937, the Flight was disbanded and he returned to Aden where he found himself on operations against a tribe in the Hadramount. The "Boat" left in March, and there was a mild panic since the Squadron was quarantined after the Risib operation but all went well and in March 1937 he left for Malta on the Trooper "Nevassa".

In Malta he was posted to Kalafrana, Armament Repair Section for the Fleet Air Arm. May 1937 he was promoted to Corporal and in October 1938, to Sergeant when he took over the Arm. Repair Sect. The Italian Crisis in 1938 found him attached to No. 202 (P. B.) Sqdn. operating from Alexandria, Egypt.

In March 1939 he boarded the Trooper "Dulwara" homeward bound, landed at Southampton April 1st, had 12 weeks hectic leave and then reported to his new unit No. 7 (B. T.) Sqdn. at Pinnerley, Yorkshire, where he became acquainted with modern aircraft. The Sqdn. being equipped with Hampdens and Automatic Sights.

When war was declared the Sqdn. moved to Doncaster Airport, moved back two weeks later and then moved again to Upper Heyford.

In January 1940 he was posted to Canada where he arrived at A. A. S. Trenton on Jan. 25th. Since that day he has been in the Arm. School, Instructional Workshop teaching others what was taught him 12 years ago. Promoted to P. Sgt. March 1940 and to W. O. in April 1941 and is at present Warrant Officer in G. I. S. Arm. W. shop, and Sect. of the Miniature Rifle Club.

## ODE TO D.A.P.S.

'Twas the night before month end  
And all through the school  
All the sergeants were worried  
And wondering (poor fools)

Who tomorrow'd so proudly  
Be wearing that crown  
When the five o'clock bell  
Would release them to town

From workshops was heard  
What resembled a groan  
"If it isn't for me  
I'll invent a new moan"

And down from a room  
At the end of the hall  
A voice seemed to come  
With a slow Western drawl

"I've been to a campus  
Where grow the degrees,  
A simple solution  
Can only mean me"

While back in "his" office  
Important and stern  
A strong man is saying  
"It must be my turn"

Alone in a corner  
With chin on his throat  
And waiting to hear  
The result of the vote

Another is saying,  
"It just isn't fair  
That a three to two margin  
Should leave my arm bare"

So each had his dream  
(Though 'twas troubled repose)  
Of seeing his name  
In the next D.R.O.'s

But "establishment" limits  
They must Gwynne and bear  
For the crowns? They were transferred  
To G.I.S. Air

## STAFF PILOTS

Continued from page 1:

rough days smooth out the bumps and prevent them from becoming a crack. Know your patter and make sure your gunner knows his and several other things which go to help make a good gunner or bombardier.

For the present this is our job to do to win this war. On our work here depends the quality turned out and on our chances of moving up to the front lines for a direct attack at the enemy. So dig in boys and make a good Flying Squadron a better one.

G. W. MacKENZIE, P. O.  
O. C. Gunnery Flight

## GAG OF THE MONTH

Sending Willie to Stores with an E-42 demanding 50 AC 2, Unit Heatmakers, Airwomen, for the use of. To be added to the inventory of 14 W. Urgently required for the duration of the west wind!

# CENTRAL MAINTENANCE

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

## SERVICEABILITY PLUS

It has come to the ears of your correspondent that various stations in the command nullify our efforts and our record by maintaining a serviceability very close to ours. We therefore so state of our top spot proud of our record of the cleanliness of our aircraft of our Maintenance Section as a whole looked into these records of other stations. In various questions of those who have been and are there. If there is any foundation of truth to the statements given, we find that aircraft awaiting parts for over a given period of time are not counted in as their initial equipment. Likewise crashes which will give them an increased percentage without any further effect on their part. Do you people know that we have had one Anson tied up for six months another for two months a third awaiting engines three Lyanders tied up for from three to six months awaiting parts one Bellingbrooke for five months two others for several weeks parts again. With our Yales we have had one or the other out of service for the past month at the time of writing with various needs parts again. Yet still that look at these percentages.

Including these ten aircraft we showed over the month of November an average of 70.7%. Had these ten aircraft been deducted from our statement sent daily to No. 1 T.C. we would have jumped our serviceability average to 80% approximately.

Our mechanics are as much "serviceability" conscious as anyone would desire. They work and strive to maintain this record yet not at the expense of workmanship or quality and endeavor in their own efforts to "play ball" with the entire squadron.

Mountain View will stack themselves against any other Station Maintenance Squadron over a period and under the same "set-up" and come out on top.

There are several types of staff pilots some are flying instructors some at various schools communications, ferry, flight B & C schools all have a job to do which is just as important as being on actual operations.

A staff pilot is not "Joe" as a good many seem to think. Being "Joe" is directly up to the individual pilot. If he takes no interest in his work at a B & C school he is making "Joe" of himself.

If a pilot takes an interest in his work then he becomes not just a staff pilot but an instructor. Upon the pilot rests the quality of the bombardier or the gunner that graduates from this school. Any pilot can fly a bombing or gunnery exercise of a kind but to fly an exercise right, there is more to it than just flying over the target or up and down the gunnery line. Do you talk to your student and show him you are interested in helping him all you can?

Do you tell him what the horn blows for, or why the aircraft

vibrates when you lower your undercarriage so he will not be nervous when these things occur? All the men are interested in how an a/c flies and how the controls work. Some time they may have to help you land an a/c and any such knowledge is invaluable. In bumpy weather when you take new students up smooth out the bumps for them until they get the feel of the air and will not get sick. A sick man means an unserviceable a/c as well as being unpleasant for all concerned. All these points and many more besides all go to help the men along and improve their aim and morale.

Remember you may be going overseas in the near future to fly a bomber. The man you train today may be in your tail turret or he may be with your buddy overseas so he should be the best. Ours is the responsibility for his training in the air so remember we as staff pilot instructors hold a most responsible position.

Aside from all instruction a staff pilot gains much valuable knowledge in the types of a/c he may fly plus the confidence gained by length of time or number of flying hours. So the experience gained here along with the quality of the work done gives a rating which decides whether or not you are promoted and to what type flying you are posted to when opportunity offers.

This is the staff pilots contribution to winning the fight so it is up to us to make it the best.

## NUTS TO THE AXIS

By CPL. OWEN

A new amazing plastic is being made out of walnut shells they are ground into a flour to form the mass.

The walnut and resin plastic begins with the careful measuring of the various ingredients into an old dough mixer. Here the resin is added.

Into the spinning mixture goes the catalyst that starts the reaction which transforms the liquid into a solid plastic.

Now the flour made from ground walnut shells is measured into spinning liquid and the process continued flour acts as a filler.

The walnut plastic is poured into the mold for a router block within three hours it is ready for plant use.

After the pouring into a mold the semi-liquid plastic is put into an oven to bake into a tough solid. Oven temperature is around 175° P.

These drill jigs made from walnut plastic are light and tough.

Even the largest plastic dies may be made from the walnut shell plastic at a great saving in cost and time. So again, Nuts to the Axis.

## CINDERELLA METAL

Lately people have heard of this metal but had no further knowledge of it, only its name.

It is the lightest of all known metals. It is called magnesium, and is being used greatly in the manufacture of aircraft and bombs. Its

usage grows daily. Magnesium the Cinderella metal is procured from both land and sea, and has become one of our most vital war minerals.

It flies into battle in both hot and cold forms of forgings and castings of war-plane engines, landing gears, and numerous smaller parts. In the hot form the miracle metal is used for many of the war utensils that the bombing or fighter plane carries on its mission.

In shaved or powdered form, magnesium is needed for the making of incendiary bombs, tracer bullets and shells, signal flares and rockets.

It is the lightweight champion of metals being four times lighter than steel and one-third the weight of aluminum, and is admirably suited to the building of aircraft. In fact plane builders use 75% of America's output, the makers of engine and propellers consume about 64% of it, manufacturers who fabricate wheels and landing parts use another 19%. The remaining 17% is used by air frame builders.

In many ways the material is going through precisely the same stages as did the now widely used Alclad aluminum alloy during the late 30's. Men are striving earnestly to develop processing methods and construction techniques.

A large chemical corporation recently co-operated in the design, construction and testing of an airplane wing structure that showed great promise. It was built on the same line and pattern as an aluminum alloy wing. The complete magnesium wing weighed only 719.8 lbs. A typical magnesium alloy as used by an aircraft company is something like this: 1% zinc, 3% aluminum, 15-160% of 1% manganese and the remaining 81-85-100% magnesium.

The Nazis were the first to use an alloy such as this on aircraft. They used them for motor mounts on liquid cooled motors, also for small castings and forgings for engine parts and landing gear components.

Most of the magnesium we used had to be imported from Germany, but now large companies in the U.S.A. are or have developed their own process. One of these is the manufacture of magnesium from sea water. The first piece of solid metal ever derived from water was turned out in January 1941.

Oyster shells obtained from the beaches are burned to provide slake lime salt in crude form is obtained from the sea. The ocean water, when mixed with the lime, forms an unrefined equivalent of magnesium that we take as milk of magnesia.

This is then treated with hydrochloric acid, which is derived from salt, and becomes magnesium-chloride, which in turn is dried and then melted in a furnace. Electric currents then separate the magnesium from the chloride. The molten magnesium is drawn off and made into ingots and set away to harden. Needless to say, the process is far more complicated

than it sounds. Here is what can happen in the case of an engine—a 1700 h.p. Wright Cyclone 14, such as used in a Curtiss Helldiver or a Vultee Vengeance. These are two dive bombers.

Approximately 91 lbs of weight are saved by substituting magnesium for aluminum in the fabrication of the motor's nose section, supercharger housings, oil sump and small fittings. Put in another way it can be said that 180 lbs of magnesium in this engine does the work of 270 lbs. of aluminum. As an example, a four-engined bomber, either the Flying Fortress or Liberator—the weight saved would be 360 lbs. It would mean carrying two extra 175 lbs bombs or that much extra gasoline.

In the case of a single-engined fighter, the use of magnesium in the engine and the entire wing structure could increase top speed by 10%, rate of climb 13%, and cruising range by 8%, because of the saving in weight.

And what a great part this new Cinderella metal is going to play in the building of the new large transports of the future.

## TRUTH ABOUT THE ZERO

The most of us have read about the fast little aircraft that the Japs are using against the U.S., so here is something about it.

The best way to describe a Zero is to compare it with a Curtiss P 36. It looks just like the Hawk, but is very much smaller. Most of our pilots would be unable to get into the cockpit as it is very small, as most of our Jap enemies are very small.

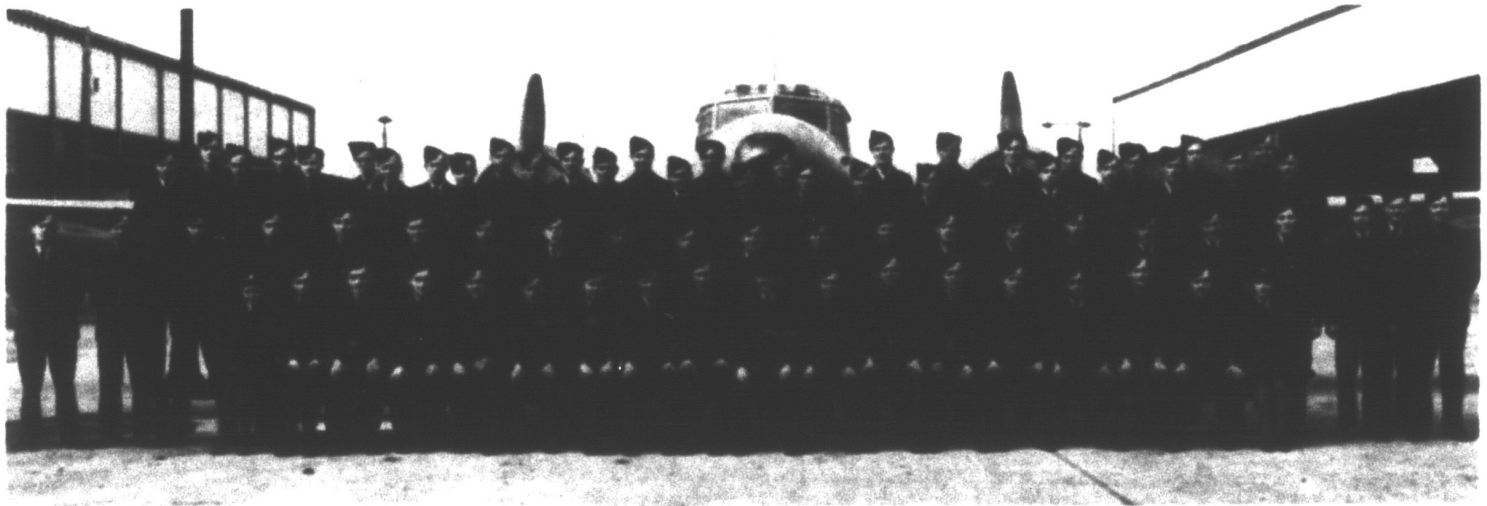
The ships are of all-metal construction except for the fabricated ailerons, elevators and rudder.

The engines are an imitation of the Wright Cyclones, approximately 1000 h.p. They have some armor plate around the back of the pilot's seat, but otherwise have no armor. Gas tanks are bullet-proof. The prop is two-bladed, controllable pitch. The instrument panel has only basic flight instruments.

The pilots do not wear parachutes. Apparently they would rather die if shot down. The majority of the Zero's have four machine guns, two mounted in the nose and two in the wings about the size of our .30 calibre.

The frame work is mostly of steel and aluminum tubing, not quite as strong as ours. As one technical expert says, the Japs can copy but cannot produce good strong durable metals on their own idea. Due to the weakness of the long wing spars the Zero's are seldom put into a long dive. The Japs sacrificed strength in construction protection in armor plate for what? speed? maneuverability? rate of climb? range? The Zero possesses all four of them. The Vultee P 40 is superior in all ways but one and that is in rate of climb. The Zeros are not near as fast as we were led to believe at first, their top speed is around 250 m.p.h. The Zero can climb at

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The photograph depicts Major Maintenance. This section of Central Maintenance is located in No. 5 Hangar and does all the major periodical inspections, engine changes and repair of crashes, etc. Theirs is the job that takes time, care and effort, not the headaches of minor unserviceabilities but a steady day's work that involves hard labour, technical knowledge and the patience of Job. The Station serviceability is of their making equally with the remainder of Maintenance and believe me, they're proud of their record.

## ZERO

(Continued from page 8)

an estimate of 2500 feet per minute. They can climb up to 300 feet. They use a German made supercharger and some copies of a French design. Their range is about eight hours flying time, which means they could accompany bombers on an 800 mile mission and still have time to ward off our fighters. Their fuel is carried in the wings and also in the fuselage. They can land and take off in a very small place much like our Lycanders.

The Japs are copying the different parts of our Allied aircraft. The props are based on French patents, engines for aircraft are modeled from the Armstrong Siddeley (British), Hispano Suiso (French), Junkers (German), and the Wright and Pratt Whitney of the U.S.A. Reduction gears and superchargers are of French origin, carburetors of English design. The Japs are also using the Handley Page automatic wing slot, the most highly efficient lift device employed by the R.A.F.

## INSTRUMENT SECTION

By P SGT. SEABROOK

You who are prospective pilots or navigators it is to you I address this brief discussion. No doubt in your classes you have had impressed upon you the importance, yes the absolute necessity of instruments and their use in modern aircraft. Perhaps this short talk on their principle, construction and application will help to make them more interesting and therefore more easily interpreted when the day arrives that your very lives depend upon them.

In the last war a plane was considered well equipped if its panel contained a crude form of airspeed, altimeter, oil pressure gauge and perhaps an R.P.M. Today our modern fighters are equipped with as high as fifty different indicating systems. This number increasing

rapidly with large multi-engined aircraft. Friend you no longer fly by the seat of your pants. Flying today requires endurance, concentration, two pairs of eyes, and a good set of nerves. Technical training is required in order to understand instrument function and apply it to navigation. Let us concern ourselves in this instance to gyroscopes, their principle, application and development. Newton tells us that any body will continue in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line unless some force acts upon it to change that state. The gyroscope or "rotor", suitably mounted in bearings, spins at high speed, eight to twelve thousand R.P.M., depending on its application. These bearings are mounted in gimbal frames or rings which in turn are mounted in bearings. This leaves the gyro free to rotate about its own axis and also about the horizontal and vertical axis each at right angles to the other. We will not go into the phenomenon of precession due to applied forces, as this is a subject in itself. Needless to say this gyro, scope, when used first in the Turn and Bank instrument, became very beneficial in making a correctly banked and rated turn. The gyro is mounted in a single gimbal ring which is free to turn about the fore and aft axis. Precession due to the turning influence of the aircraft is calibrated and is indicated on the dial in rates of turn.

This application was further developed in the Directional Indicator. It was found that due to the vertical components of the earth's magnetic field, flying on a straight course was impossible by means of the compass alone. The Directional Indicator was developed to give the necessary immediate indication of deviation from true course. It also enables the pilot to make definite degrees of turn in course changing. The compass is not reliable for this due to what is known as northerly turning error. In this instrument the gyroscope is mounted on a horizontal axis, free to rotate in any direction. It is provided with an azimuth card and setting device. The gyro spinning at 1000 R.P.M., when set on the desired heading tends to maintain

that position independent of the aircraft. Any movement of the aircraft on its vertical axis will immediately be indicated as a deviation from the heading on the azimuth card.

It then became necessary to develop a fixed reference in the aircraft for use in night or bad weather flying when the horizon was obscured. The gyroscope was again used for this purpose. The gyro being mounted on a vertical axis and again being free to rotate in any direction due to its horizontal and vertical gimbal rings. This time the inner gimbal, having a horizontal axis, took the form of a housing or case for the rotor. Suitable pendulous vanes on the outside of this case control the precessional forces applied to the rotor and enables it to maintain a fixed position relative to the earth. This instrument's indicating bar, which you all know represents the horizon. The small aircraft image on the instrument dial represents the aircraft as it is related to the true horizon.

Due to the tremendous distances traversed by the modern aircraft it became necessary to develop some means of relieving the pilot of some of the strain of constant manipulation of the controls. It was then that the gyro pilot "George" was developed. This instrument or combination of instruments cannot fairly be dealt with here. Let it suffice to say that the principle of the gyroscope and its basic physical laws, again were used for fixed reference. If you look back over the Directional Indicator and the Artificial Horizon, you will understand how with the necessary linkage the controls could be operated to keep the aircraft in straight and level flight. The Directional Indicator for rudder control, the Artificial Horizon for aileron and elevator control. The Automatic Pilot can be operated by control knobs to make correctly banked turns, to climb or dive at definite rates, or to maintain a definite altitude. It can also be overcontrolled manually in case of emergency. By instrument makers it is fondly known as the Plumber's Dream "Nightmare".

Now just a few words about the

## LETTERS WE LIKE TO GET

I was recently on a B and G course at Mountain View and have left to continue training as an Observer elsewhere. Since I did not have time to exchange farewells with all my friends I made while training on the Station I should like to do so through the medium of the Viewpoint.

The training interest and help given by instructors and pilots was first rate. I should also like to express my thanks to the Maintenance for the way they keep the "Crates" flying.

I will carry back to the Old Country many pleasant memories of watching my bombs miss the target by plenty of quiet, homely evenings at Hostess House, of flights in Ambling Anlies or maybe of "Boley" chasing a waspish "Lizzie" on a tight turn over the lake. Those of you on the station who feel your job is a little dull, please do not think that aircrew trainees are unappreciative of your efforts. I do and should like to give you all a "big hand".

Again many thanks and great love to you all.

GB-139670

Lac Parkin, G.

Instrument Section at Mountain View. At present we are situated in station workshops but expect to move soon to the northeast corner of number five hangar. When we are settled and have our test equipment set up we will be glad to show you the methods used to check the accuracy of aircraft instruments. At present we are twenty-five men, these being divided into three crews. These crews alternate monthly between night duty, maintenance duty and flight duty. Our work consists of checking, calibrating instruments, minor and major periodical inspections, minor unserviceabilities, daily inspections and necessary modifications. Allocated space is running short but if you are interested and would like to discuss instruments in some future issue, let us know. Till then we remain Instruments at Your Service, Night or Day, Fair Weather or Foul.

## MORE DRIPS FROM THE BOWSERS

One of the first questions a W D is asked is usually, "I suppose you are from the west?"

Reaction to the first taste of Winter is one sure way of telling. Any complaints? Score one for the Eastern girls. "Wow! We wonder if a smiling face W D who hails from the wide open spaces, hasn't a yen to belong to the W A A P. Could it be the Picton influence? Possibly the accent rings a bell and reminds her of the carefree days when Big Ben was the only call to rise and shine.

What is this thing called home? Carol is a blue-eyed blonde W D as she heads in the direction of Hyacks Point on an early run.

It wouldn't be having breakfast with a tall blonde airman that accounts for the note of Spring in her voice and her willingness to get up with the birds in the A.M. And how does she feel when fish day rolls around? Or maybe the Grill serves a variety.

What is the reason for the sudden interest in London, Ont. evidenced by a red-headed W D. Would it be a posting for a lad in Khaki from Camp Borden?

What W D of the M T is it who can jump "like a rabbit" on skis and is it possible they call her "Bunny"?

Guess who?

Enters a breathless, flushed faced blue-eyed M T driver. Where is Newbold? Where did she go? Who went with her? How long has she been gone? What vehicle washed and polished and checked did she take? When will she be back? Have you had your dinner? When are you going? How? Now! May I go too? Check!

What M T driver found herself securely locked in a garage when the wind blew the door shut and was it Presbyterian prayers that melted the ice blocking the door? She huffed and she puffed till the air was blue and the door gave way too. This is unfortunate as she just got a new tunic and skirt and she lost all the calories and vitamins she gained while she was in the "Hail and Honey Run".

We are sorry to lose Lac Rose who is posted to Goose Bay also Lac's Damals and St. Amant who have gone to Vancouver B.C. We wish them the best of luck. We welcome the two Grace's Perrin and Bunting on their posting to our section. We hope their stay will be long and happy.

What's the matter Gordon? Don't you like the R A P or is it love?

Rick should have a good time this Christmas by all accounts. Must have a good hole card Al!

We are glad to see citizen Barber back in the fold again; he says he has taken the "veel".

Wonder if Hegner is laying in the weeds or getting eggs in his coffee?

Who will Lapointe argue with now that Rose is gone?

Did Sgt. McKenzie and Lac Reddy take their snowshoes on their 48 or did they go north?

Would Osgood like to take the run to the Corporal's dance in Picton? Or has his friend the W O I got over his grievance?

I wonder who would lock the steering and then try to steer it

before unlocking it? (Kane says it can't be done)

We understand that after the other night Langpre doesn't believe in Santa Claus.

Lac Coveyduc can't get home fast enough lately. (We wonder why?)

Why does Cpl Bullock stamp his feet when he comes in to make the early call? (Better get slippers, Joe.)

When is Neate going to get chains for his bicycle? Better hurry up, the roads are getting icy early in the morning.

What is the position Roberts wants and where is he going to get it?

Reid must have had a good 48 when he wakes a man up at 5:30 hours to get a cigarette then tells him to go back to sleep.

Is it true that Lac Woods has an agreement with Sgt. Matern of W A B for the use of a lawn mower to trim his moustache and the use of the waxer to wax it?

Cpl Belnap went deer hunting. Were there horns on them, Corporal?

We wonder if Cpl Emery thinks that he is in that picture "Holiday Inn"?

Boorman has his chest out these days. What could cause it? A little Boorman. Congratulations Reg. (You dood it.)

Lac Gallant has the flu. Demerera is good Ed!

Lac Smith's main lament, letters in the box with no stamps nor money. (Stuck again Smitty!)

Cpl Lee has quite a time looking after his brood on the refueling tenders but he does an excellent job when he can find them. Try 45 West!

Moans and groans are still heard in our section. Oh why don't we get replacements. Men are being posted and none coming in. Double duty watch yet and no relief in view. Has anybody got San's Claus address?

The busiest man in the M T is Ptl Sgt Lockwood. Another day like December 2nd and we'll buy him a straight jacket.

We are thinking of starting a trouble department. Some of the troubles that we are asked to remedy would drive a man to drink.

Milk. My battery is dead, my speedometer don't work. I have a flat. I am in the ditch. I'm on a 48. Is our tractor ready? Can I get a ride on the mail run? Will you pick up my bags? Can I charge my 48? Why can't I get my books? Can she work for me tonight? (And so into the night!)

Things I would like to know: Did Smith call Operator 6? Does Langpre still pray for the N C O?

What is the attraction in Concession for Charming?

How does Emery get so much leave? (Snow leave.)

What does Harris do with all the money he makes these days?

## GUNNERY GOSSIP

We have it on good authority that Christmas is just around the corner with New Year's not far behind. Before any cracks are made about any fool knowing that, we'll explain it was only an opener for the column. In view of the festive season—"good will toward men"—we'll stretch a point and refrain

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## GRUNTS AND GROANS FROM THE SGT'S MESS

Things we would like to see:—

Them old days when the act of having your hat on in the mess cost you the "rounds" and you liked it, or are those days gone forever?

"Casino Open", with young Urilin sitting reading a paper, that will be the frosty Friday.

A certain N C O without a cheap cigar.

A non-flying day with a vacant seat.

The mayor of Ameliasburg having a meal without any liquid assistance.

One N C O who could replace a newspaper in it's proper condition when finished with it, that is, the front page showing not the funnies or is that asking too much?

The radio turned on full blast and the party who turned it on, just once, stay and listen to it.

Any W D N C O sit down without being over-crowded.

Our new Ante-lounge room, in order that we may see if our "General Fund" is real money or just a myth.

A near midnight "Toasting Brew" with some order of cleanliness.

The Esquire or any other magazine stay in the Mess for at least 48 hours.

A casino game with no more than six kibitzers.

More pay-days, bigger pay-days, and fewer creditors.

Things We Would Like to Know:

Who put the salt in the sugar? Who stole the lemon pie?

If Mac really likes Kingston or does he only go there because it is home?

Do "dice post-mortems" ever make anybody any money?

What happens to the hats and badges that go astray?

If our meetings are for the benefit of only one member or can anyone else speak too?

Does the member who teaches the W D's to shoot get a kick out of them, or just a kick, period?

If it is the chicken we had that tasted that way, or is Norman taking over the M D's job on No. 9's?

Who are the "Dusty Seven" and why?

## MESS HALL

(Continued from page 3)

Lac Ainley thrown out of the wrestling match again. It cost but 30 cents.

Clothing parade for the cooks.

Jack Rosell quit smoking.

Sandy not worrying so much.

More cooks in the Airmen's Mess.

Cpl Sherwood go straight home instead of the Army and Navy.

made himself very popular with all ranks at the station. The Airmen's Mess certainly will miss him although we have a very capable and efficient assistant in A S O J I McNeill. As officer in charge of civilians P/O Rhodes did a good job and was never too busy to listen to any complaints no matter how small they may have been. Since coming here he has brought the station band to its fine peak of efficiency and deserves great credit for this grand organization. Although we are sorry to see him go we know that no matter where he may be he will always be the same old "Dusty" and Picton is to be congratulated on getting a grand officer.

So we say Au Revoir and hope that some day he will be back with us. What say "Dusty"!

## ANALYSIS OF EXTRA MESSING

During the month of November, 1942, R. C. A. F. Stn. Mountain View, Ont. Airmen's Mess:—

Cherries	\$ 76.45
Cranberries	10.80
Pork Liver	51.25
Beef Tongue	35.00
Parina	6.80
Catsup	59.50
Shortening	27.97
Peaches	12.38
Corn	27.60
Mustard	2.10
Lemons	8.00
Pickles & Relish	13.50
Lettuce & Celery	42.50
Flavoring	27.70
Jelly	72.04
Dessert Powder	54.00
Baking Soda	1.38
Spices	18.70
Plums	15.84
Breakfast Foods	69.54
Mince-meat	53.78
Ice Cream	39.70
Raisins	2.70
Tomato Juice	22.92
Cream	10.80
Peas	64.92
Doughnut Flour	27.50
Pie Filling	69.25
Total	8924.43

## "STALAG XLV"

(With alogogies to Stanley Holloway)

There's an Air Force camp near Belleville.

Where washed out pilots from Britain

Come with their heads hung in shame

They come here to be Air Observers, To learn how to bomb and to gun.

To flatten out places like Hamburg And shoot up the hun in the sun.

On Ansons and Boeys they hurtle On days when the weather's alright.

And sometimes the poor lads get no stumber

For bombing all hours of the night. There's one great big major called Robertson.

You'll agree should know all the gen When he tries to explain drop a bullet

It's plain to all but the men. The chaps are all keen and excited As under McCarthy their studies progress.

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## ARMAMENT SECTION

With the ushering in of the month of December, we have had our taste of a blizzard which all say only Mountain View can produce. This also brings us to realize Christmas is not very far off. This section can boast about being visited by Santa Claus before the holiday season. Why? Well, our personnel has been increased by fifteen gun Joes. This means that instead of working sixteen hours a day as we did before, we only work twelve. (N.C.O.'s take note).

Before going any farther we must not forget to extend our congratulations to one of our N.C.O.'s in our section who has received a promotion which he really deserves. He is responsible for the fine way the section is working together and producing bigger and better records. He is always willing to give anyone a ride into town in his car (if you chip in for gas) or give you the shirt off his back if you need it. (It's not his only one either.) I speak of none other than Flight Sgt. A. C. W. Smith, who today is WO.1 Smith. On behalf of the section I repeat the best of luck for the future. Thanks for the Coca Cola, Major.

Coming into the spotlight this month and also receiving his membership into the "Brotherhood of Nuts" Inventions Inc. is Lac Hurst. Being in charge of our ammunition belting room he decided to make a machine that would belt a hundred (100) rounds at a time and not ten (10). Was he successful? He sure was. Not quite finished with the work on this machine, says Hurst, "but it will work. It belts about a hundred rounds in about seventy seconds. Not bad at all. Description of the working model? Well, have you ever seen a cabbage cutting machine for shredding the cabbage? Purpose sauer-kraut. Well, instead of using sharp blades in this table affair, Hurst used rods, spaced just enough for a round to sit comfortably on. After placing your links on these rods and the 100 rounds of ammunition, you tighten one side of this sauer-kraut machine by means of two handles. You have to keep on turning (the handles, I mean) till a light goes on, which indicates that the round is far enough in the link. You unscrew the two basebolts and presto—you have a belt of a hundred rounds ready and positioned correctly, etc. Good work, Hurst. All you have to do now is to invent something that would load the ammunition into the guns and we will buy you a drink (coke) if you pay for it yourself.

I wonder where Lac Hurst derived the idea from for the belting machine. Were your folks in the sauer-kraut business?

Also hitting the spotlight right in the eye this month is Sergt. Schultz and Lac. "A" Group Dawes. They are the two lucky ones to win the shield in the rifle contest held on this station. Good eye, fellows, but don't draw any beads on me.

Sgt. Schultz quotes "a bottle of milk at the canteen (airmen's) every night puts my eye into shape." (Try carrots, Sarge.) Lac. Dawes quotes: "It doesn't mean a

thing, old chap, as long as I can have coffee in my bunk."

Moving over to Bombing Flight for a little session. Believe it or not, a bombing armorer had been going out with a young lady for 4 months when he realized he was in love with her sister. Stewart, you better sharpen up a bit.

Have any of you readers received a letter which has been written and then cut up into pieces, in form of a jig-saw puzzle? You haven't? Then see Lac. Sadler for some advice how to piece them together. He is really good at them. "Ain't love grand, fellows" — V for Victory.

Some of the lads would like to know where McGlade got his gas from. McGlade's definition of A W O L: "any woman or liquor." Slow down Jock or we will throw a white — at you. Keep away from them rum dum despatchers. They'll teach you bad ???

A hearty welcome to Cpl. Hutchinson, who has been away on temporary duty. He was hoping it was temporary anyway. We missed your smile around the section.

Bombing Flight's theme song — "I'm dreaming of a tight Christmas."

A little tip to all you readers. Four of the finest ways of developing powerful arm muscles are weight-lifting, parallel bar exercises, a good crap-game and beating eggs for the Christmas eggnog.

Cpl. Crozier wishes to announce that he is running low in his reading material. Anyone having any books on light reading, such as Westerns, Detective, Ranch Romances, etc., send them to the Turret shed. Educational, eh, what!

At this point of the column, on behalf of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen which compose the Armament Section on this Station, may I express the gratitude and appreciation to the other sections on this Station, for their co-operation, in making this section be on the beam for the year '42. In the future — ? I ain't talking.

The Armament section has no objection in wishing you all good cheer. To you, season's greetings. To the Axis—the season's beatings.

A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—JOE ARMOURER.

## MINIATURE RIFLE CLUB

Save for a few members, interest in rifle shooting seems to have hit a low spot. Even the tempting offer of cash prizes hasn't brought any response from members.

Ever since I arrived in Canada, I have been under the impression that practically all Canadians could shoot. Whenever I have mentioned shooting there has always been an affirmative answer. Oh yes, they go hunting in the Fall, go out after duck, etc., and most of them have their own guns. Well, last May the Miniature Rifle Club was formed on the Station and the response was terrific. At one time it was considered closing down the membership book, there were so many members.

Here was an opportunity for these self confessed shooting men to keep in practice, and as an incentive monthly cash prizes were offered for the month of June. What happened—the response was so great that the committee washed out the prizes.

here was so very little shooting.

It was decided that the summer weather was responsible for the lack of enthusiasm and that come winter all would be well. Looking out of my office window I can see a mantle of white and a howling wind is driving snow before it.—the calendar says December. This must be winter, but take a look at the ammunition book of the club—it's still summer. That book tells an interesting story—the saga of three men who were keen enough to spend an hour or two on the range, summer weather or not. Granted they had something in view.—the Dominion Marksmen Expert Shield, highest award in Canada for Sporting Rifles. At odd times different names appear in the ammunition book but all through the weeks those three names appear with clockwork regularity. It can truly be said that they kept the club alive.

As Sid Walker would say, "Wot's going on here, chum?" Was I misled in those early days? Are there shooters around these parts or are they just "line shooters" in the Service sense of the word?

Because I still believe that the latter definition is false the club has renewed its offer of monthly prizes, the particulars of which were given out in the last two issues of the Viewpoint. Also it has been decided that for competition shoots there shall be no charge for ammunition. Until the inter-section league is under way all that is necessary is for any section to make up two teams of four, five or six men per team, inform the secretary who will arrange for a specified number of rounds to be placed at their disposal. All scores obtained on these shoots will be eligible for the monthly awards.

Of special interest to representatives of O.I.S. (Aircrew) and (Armament) is the following: pupils of these two houses of learning will not be charged any entrance fee to join the club. While these pupils are on the Station they may use the club range under the same conditions as ordinary members, i.e. the cost of the ammunition—10 cents per 14 rounds, or 15 cents per 20 rounds.

Club activities for the month of November have been slight. A few members have shot for their Dominion Marksmen Silver Pin and are awaiting the granting of the award by the D.M. The members concerned are Mr. Smith, Cpl. Flint, Cpl. Crozier and P.L. Whiteley. A.B. The new president has finished his bronze shooting.

Three members, W.O. Yarrow, C.L. Sgt. Schultz H.A., and L.A.C. Dawes, L.P. have been awarded the highest award in Canadian sporting rifle shooting, the Dominion Marksmen's Expert Shield, with scores as follows:

Sgt. Schultz H.A.—6934 6000  
L.A.C. Dawes, L.P.—6932 6000  
W.O. Yarrow, C.L.—6927 6000

The Armament Officers shot against the Armament N.C.O.'s on Monday Nov. 23 and lost by 34 points. Wing Cmdr. Lister with a score of 96 was top scorer of the evening.

W.C. Lister 96  
S.L. Ralphs 85  
S/L Owynne-Timothy 77  
P.L. Fuller 76  
P.L. Whiteley 69  
P/O Leach 69

Total 694

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W.O. Smith 95  
Sgt. Schultz 90  
Cpl. Crozier 80  
L.A.C. Dawes 86  
A.N. Other 82

Total 528

On Wednesday, Dec. 2 the W.D.'s braved the wintry elements and invaded the range. At first it looked like a fashion show, or what to wear in Mountain View by the ladies, but whatever their attire some of them can shoot. Methinks that the people who are supposed to wear the pants will have to look to their laurels. Morley finally managed a 91, which puts her out in front for \$5 this month, but there will be competition. Selnes is tagging along with a \$5 gleam in her eye and the Maritime Gulls is gradually getting on the home beam. Competition makes one do wonders and practice makes perfect girls, so go to it:

Charters	47	56	76
Morley	75	79	91
Gulls	122	135	167
Selnes	74	74	83
	60	68	84
	134	142	167

## BOMBING FLIGHT

How we are expected to carry on without the services of our esteemed friend of Bombing Flight, P.L. Bob McCombe who is leaving for overseas.

P.L. McCombe has always been a part of Bombing Flight, usually the one blamed for no targets, not enough targets, badly lighted targets and even targets covered all over with ice or SWEET VIOLETS. His many experiences on the waters of James Bay as a guide, prospector and engineer could be the reason why boats were not always necessary for the boys to proceed to the targets several hundred yards from shore but that all personnel in the Marine Section should be of such perfect calibre to be able to even "walk on the water." All of us in Bombing Flight wish you the best of luck, P.L. McCombe.

Why our old friend P.O. Horton did not return to Bombing Flight to fly multi-engined aircraft again after his training on operations?

Why Major Beau, president Sgts. Mess, showed favoritism with invitations to the Sgts. dance.

How wrong Drogue Flight will manage with 50% of their pilots away on leave or is it possible to divide 9 by 2?

Why we have to argue with Works and Bricks for the loan of a tractor each morning. Some of our boys even drive automobile.

Where P.L. Currie will spend his evenings at Deseronto and if he will be requested to bring his own chicken?

First Officer (bald). You can't have hair and brains too.

Second Officer (not bald). Suppose you don't have either?

What drogue flight will do with out the assistance and advice of bombing pilots while taxiing Lykes on what they call windy days.

Why S.P. Todd and Neville are early and late pilots for a week. Could it have been a party?

What happened when Malcolm parked his gun on the jetton light?

(Continued on page 16)

## MORE DRIPS FROM THE BOWSERS

One of the first questions a W D is asked is usually, "I suppose you are from the west?"

Reaction to the first taste of Winter is one sure way of telling. Any complaints? Score one for the Eastern girls. "Wow! We wonder if a smiling face W D who hails from the wide open spaces hasn't a yen to belong to the W A A F. Could it be the Picton influence? Possibly the accent rings a bell and reminds her of the carefree days when Big Ben was the only call to rise and abate."

What is this thing called home? Carnie a blue-eyed blonde W D has the heads in the direction of Myak's Point on an early run.

It wouldn't be having breakfast with a tall blonde airman that accounts for the note of Spring in her voice and her willingness to get up with the birds in the A.M. And how does she feel when fish day rolls around? Or maybe the grill serves a variety.

What is the reason for the sudden interest in London, Ont. evidenced by a red-headed W D. Would it be a posting for a lad in Khaki from Camp Borden?

What W D of the M T is it who can jump "like a rabbit" on skis and is it possible they call her "Bunny"?

Guess who? Enters a breathless flushed faced blue-eyed M T driver.

Where is Newbold? Where did she go? Who went with her? How long has she been gone? What vehicle washed and polished and checked did she take? When will she be back? Have you had your dinner? When are you going? How? Now! May I go too? Check!

What M T driver found herself securely locked in a garage when the wind blew the door shut and was it Presbyterian prayers that melted the ice blocking the door? She huffed and she puffed till the air was blue and the door gave way too. This is unfortunate as she just got a new tunic and skirt and the loss all the calories and vitamins she gained while she was on the "Balad and Honey Run."

We are sorry to lose Lac Rose who is posted to Goose Bay also Lac's Dumais and G. Amant who have gone to Vancouver B.C. We wish them the best of luck. We welcome the two Grace's, Perrin and Bunting on their posting to our section. We hope their stay will be long and happy.

What's the matter Gordon? Don't you like the R A F or is it love?

Rice should have a good time this Christmas by all accounts. Must have a good hole card Al!

We are glad to see citizen Barber back in the fold again he says he has taken the "veil."

Wonder if Hepner is laying in the weeds or getting eggs in his coffee?

Who will Lapointe argue with now that Rose is gone?

Did Sgt McKensie and Lac Reilly take their snowshoes on their 48 or did they go north?

Would Gagnon like to take the run to the Corporal's dance in Picton? Or has his friend the W O I got over his grievance?

I wonder who would lock the steering and then try to steer it

before unlocking it? (Kane says it can't be done.)

We understand that after the other night Langpre doesn't believe in Santa Claus.

Lac Coveyduac can't get home fast enough lately. (We wonder why.)

Why does Cpl Bullock stamp his feet when he comes in to make the early calls? Better get slippers, Joe.

When is Neate going to get chains for his bicycle? Better hurry up the roads are getting icy early in the morning.

What is the position Roberts wants and where is he going to get it?

Reid must have had a good 48 when he wakes a man up at 5:30 hours to get a cigarette, then tells him to go back to sleep.

Is it true that Lac Woods has an agreement with Sgt Matern of W A B for the use of a lawn mower to trim his moustache and the use of the waxer to wax it?

Cpl Belnap went deer hunting. Were there horns on them, Corporal?

We wonder if Cpl Emery thinks that he is in that picture "Holiday Inn".

Boorman has his chest out these days. What could cause it? A little Boorman. Congratulations Reg. (You dood it.)

Lac Gallant has the flu. (Demerol is good Ed.)

Lac Smith's main lament letters in the box with no stamps nor money. Stuck again Smitty!

Cpl Lee has quite a time looking after his brood on the refueling tenders but he does an excellent job when he can find them. To 45 West.

Means and groans are still heard in our section. Oh why don't we get replacements. Men are being posted and none coming in. Double duty watch yet and no relief in view. Has anybody got San's Claus address?

The busiest man in the M T is Plt Sgt Lockwood. Another day like December 2nd and we'll buy him a straight jacket.

We are thinking of starting a trouble department. Some of the troubles that we are asked to remedy would drive a man to drink. Milk. My battery is dead, my speedometer don't work. I have a flat. I am in the ditch. I'm on a 48. Is our tractor ready? Can I get a ride on the mail run? Will you pick up my bags? Can I change my 48? Why can't I get my hooks? Can she work for me tonight? (And so into the night.)

Things I would like to know. Ed Smith call Operator 6? Does Langpre still pray for the N C O?

What is the attraction in Concession for Charming?

How does Emery get so much leave? (Snow leave.)

What does Harris do with all the money he makes these days?

## GUNNERY GOSSIP

We have it on good authority that Christmas is just around the corner with New Year's not far behind. Before any cracks are made about any fool knowing that, we'll explain it was only an opener for the column. In view of the festive season—"good will toward men"—we'll stretch a point and refrain

(Continued on page 16)

## GRUNTS AND GROANS FROM THE SGT'S MESS

Things we would like to see—

Them old days when the act of having your hat on in the mess cost you the "rounds" and you liked it, or are those days gone forever?

"Casino Open", with young Urilin sitting reading a paper, that will be the frosty Friday.

A certain N C O without a cheap cigar.

A non-flying day with a vacant seat.

The mayor of Ameliasburg having a meal without any liquid assistance.

One N C O who could replace a newspaper in it's proper condition when finished with it, that is, the front page showing not the funnies or is that asking too much?

The radio turned on full blast, and the party who turned it on, just once, stay and listen to it.

Any W D N C O sit down without being over-crowded.

Our new Ante-lounge room, in order that we may see if our "General Fund" is real money or just a myth.

A near midnight "Toasting Brew" with some order of cleanliness.

The Esquire or any other magazine stay in the Mess for at least 48 hours.

A casino game with no more than six kibitzers.

More pay-days, bigger pay-days, and fewer creditors.

Things We Would Like to Know:

Who put the salt in the sugar?

Who stole the lemon pie?

If Mac really likes Kingston or does he only go there because it is home?

Do "dice post-mortems" ever make anybody any money?

What happens to the hats and badges that go astray?

If our meetings are for the benefit of only one member, or can anyone else speak too?

Does the member who teaches the W D's to shoot, get a kick out of them, or just a kick, period.

If it is the chicken we had that tasted that way, or is Norman taking over the M D's job on No 9's?

Who are the "Dusty Seven" and why?

## MESS HALL

(Continued from page 3)

Lac Ainley thrown out of the wrestling match again. It cost but 30 cents.

Clothing parade for the cooks.

Jack Rosell quit smoking.

Sandy not worrying so much.

More cooks in the Airmen's Mess.

Cpl Sherwood go straight home instead of the Army and Navy.

Sgt Mulford lift a chair off the floor. What say, sergeant.

Lac Hill go straight home on a 48 or does his wife live in Oshawa.

No night shifts for the cooks.

Whittet with a pair of white pants that fit.

★ ★ ★

It was with regret that we heard P/O R. T. Rhodes was posted to R.A.F. Station, Picton. He has been with us since February and has

made himself very popular with all ranks at the station. The Airmen's Mess certainly will miss him although we have a very capable and efficient assistant in A S O J. I. McNeill. As officer in charge of civilians P/O Rhodes did a good job and was never too busy to listen to any complaints no matter how small they may have been. Since coming here he has brought the station band to its fine peak of efficiency and deserves great credit for this grand organization. Although we are sorry to see him go we know that no matter where he may be he will always be the same old "Dusty" and Picton is to be congratulated on getting a grand officer.

So we say Au Revolt and hope that some day he will be back with us. What say "Dusty"!

## ANALYSIS OF EXTRA MESSING

During the month of November, 1942, R. C. A. P. Stn. Mountain View, Ont. Airmen's Mess:—

Cherries	\$ 76 45
Cranberries	10 80
Pork Liver	51 26
Beef Tongue	35 00
Farina	6 60
Catsup	59 50
Shortening	77 97
Peaches	12 38
Corn	27 80
Mustard	2 10
Lemons	8 00
Pickles & Relish	13 50
Lettuce & Celery	42 50
Flavoring	27 70
Jelly	72 04
Dessert Powder	54 00
Baking Soda	1 38
Spices	18 70
Plums	15 84
Breakfast Foods	69 54
Mincedmeat	53 78
Ice Cream	39 70
Raisins	2 70
Tomato Juice	22 92
Cream	10 80
Peas	64 92
Doughnut Flour	27 50
Pie Filling	69 25
Total	\$924 43

## "STALAG XLV"

(With apologies to Stanley Holloway.)

There's an Air Force camp near Belleville.

Where washed out pilots from Britain

Come with their heads hung in shame

They come here to be Air Observers.

To learn how to bomb and to gun.

To flatten out places like Hamburg

And shoot up the hum in the sun.

On Ansons and Boleys they hurtle

On days when the weather's alright.

And sometimes the poor lads get no slumber

For bombing all hours of the night.

There's one great big major called Robertson.

You'll agree should know all the gen

When he tries to explain drop a bullet

It's plain to all but the men.

The chaps are all keen and excited

As under McCarthy their studies progress.

(Continued on page 15)

## ARMAMENT SECTION

With the ushering in of the month of December, we have had our taste of a blizzard which all say only Mountain View can produce. This also brings us to realize Christmas is not very far off. This section can boast about being visited by Santa Claus before the holiday season. Why? Well, our personnel has been increased by fifteen gun Joes. This means that instead of working sixteen hours a day as we did before, we only work twelve. (N.C.O.'s take note).

Before going any farther we must not forget to extend our congratulations to one of our N.C.O.'s in our section who has received a promotion which he really deserves. He is responsible for the fine way the section is working together and producing bigger and better records. He is always willing to give anyone a ride into town in his car (if you chip in for gas) or give you the shirt off his back if you need it. (It's not his only one either.) I speak of none other than Flight Sgt. A. C. W. Smith, who today is WO1 Smith. On behalf of the section I repeat the best of luck for the future. Thanks for the Coca Cola, Major.

Coming into the spotlight this month and also receiving his membership into the "Brotherhood of Nuts" Inventions Inc. is Lac Hurst. Being in charge of our ammunition belting room he decided to make a machine that would belt a hundred (100) rounds at a time and not ten (10). Was he successful? He sure was. Not quite finished with the work on this machine, says Hurst, "but it will work. It belts about a hundred rounds in about seventy seconds. Not bad at all. Description of the working model? Well, have you ever seen a cabbage cutting machine for shredding the cabbage? Purpose sauer-kraut. Well, instead of using sharp blades in this table affair, Hurst used rods, spaced just enough for a round to sit comfortably on. After placing your links on these rods and the 100 rounds of ammunition, you tighten one side of this sauer-kraut machine by means of two handles. You have to keep on turning (the handles, I mean) till a light goes on, which indicates that the round is far enough in the link. You unscrew the two basebolts and presto—you have a belt of a hundred rounds ready and positioned correctly, etc. Good work, Hurst. All you have to do now is to invent something that would load the ammunition into the guns and we will buy you a drink (coke) if you pay for it yourself.

I wonder where Lac Hurst derived the idea from for the belting machine. Were your folks in the sauer-kraut business?

Also hitting the spotlight right in the eye this month is Sgt. Schultz and Lac. "A" Group Dawes. They are the two lucky ones to win the shield in the rifle contest held on this station. Good eye, fellows, but don't draw any beads on me.

Sgt. Schultz quotes "a bottle of milk at the canteen (airmen's) every night puts my eye into shape." (Try carrots, Sarge.) Lac. Dawes quotes: "It doesn't mean a

thing, old chap, as long as I can have coffee in my bunk."

Moving over to Bombing Flight for a little session. Believe it or not, a bombing armorer had been going out with a young lady for 4 months when he realized he was in love with her sister. Stewart, you better sharpen up a bit.

Have any of you readers received a letter which has been written and then cut up into pieces, in form of a jig-saw puzzle? You haven't? Then see Lac Sadler for some advice how to piece them together. He is really good at them. "Ain't love grand, fellows" — V for Victory.

Some of the lads would like to know where McGlade got his gas from. McGlade's definition of A W O L: "any woman or liquor." Slow down Jock or we will throw a white — at you. Keep away from them rum dum despatchers. They'll teach you bad ???

A hearty welcome to Cpl. Hutchinson, who has been away on temporary duty. He was hoping it was temporary anyway. We missed your smile around the section.

Bombing Flight's theme song — "I'm dreaming of a tight Christmas."

A little tip to all you readers. Four of the finest ways of developing powerful arm muscles are weight-lifting, parallel bar exercises, a good crap-game and beating eggs for the Christmas eggnog.

Cpl. Crozier wishes to announce that he is running low in his reading material. Anyone having any books on light reading, such as Westerns, Detective, Ranch Romances, etc., send them to the Turret shed. Educational, eh, what!

At this point of the column, on behalf of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen which compose the Armament Section on this Station, may I express the gratitude and appreciation to the other sections on this Station, for their co-operation, in making this section be on the beam for the year '42. In the future — ? I ain't talking.

The Armament section has no objection in wishing you all good cheer. To you, season's greetings. To the Axis—the season's beatings.

A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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(Continued on page 16)

# SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

## SPORTS

It was great news to this correspondent to learn that the "Viewpoint" was not to fade into journalistic obscurity, as has been the unpleasant experience of how many good efforts. So let's get on with the news in Mountain View sporting realm.

We have entered the fall and winter activities with great gusto and should have a grand season ahead of us. The Station basketball team is rendering a great account of itself in the Bay of Quinte League and after a rather shaky start against No. 5 I.T.S. has settled down and at the moment are sailing all and sundry to the very end of trouble. As we go to press the standing is as follows:

Team	W	L	Pts
Belleville	3	1	6
Trenton	3	1	6
Mountain View	1	2	2
No. 6 R.D.	0	1	0

The W.D.'s are staggering as the result of the loss of two of their most reliable performers. AWI's Pat Baker and Basket, but with such a good support crew practice every evening at 7:00 hrs. These weeks they will be lead from when their league gets under way after Christmas. You people must support them as the way to success there and play hard basketball. Last week there were over 300 supporters with the Officers Meeting going out practically in a car after their Meet meeting and dinner. Trenton, Belleville Y.W.C.A. and Iwawis's Sports and probably No. 6 R.D. will send out a closely organized organization. Plans are under way to provide at least one game a week in the station as well as a social evening.

Our own Station House League will be able to get rolling on all things winter. Two or three are working but the remainder are completely quiet along with the winter league. Let's see some concerted effort on the part of team captains to lead the week's sports events. Now when your team is to play, please make every possible effort to lead a team. Basketball is a wonderful game for exercise and enjoyment and the fans are really interested so come on you captains take heed and make this loop complete favorable with our successful football league of last summer.

### BADMINTON

Each night in the drill hall large numbers of officers, W.D.'s and Airmen gather to participate in an energetic game of badminton. Many don't realize the skill it takes to accurately propel the elusive shuttlecock back and forth keeping it in court. P/Sgt. Mayhew will verify the statement that this is not a stony game as he learned much to his chagrin one warm afternoon not so long ago. During the day men on night duties also enjoy whiling away the long afternoons in an enthusiastic badminton game. We have some players of no mean ability who journeyed to Belleville a few weeks ago and came out on top in a tournament against No. 5 I.T.S. Trenton, Picton and No. 6 R.D. Another

Quinte League tournament is in the offing so watch our sports sheet for further developments on the badminton front.

### SWIMMING

Thursday Nov 19 our mixed swimming team invaded Trenton with high hopes and aspirations of victory in the Invitation Meet. We were repulsed by more experienced squads from Belleville and Trenton but went down fighting. Our W.D.'s led by AWI Baklain, who achieved the remarkable distance of 38 feet in the long plunge were only beaten by two points when the final analysis was taken. Trenton coming out on top. The feature race of the evening was the officers' 50-yard free style won by Air Commodore McGill of Trenton. He splashed and churned his way to victory over his younger rivals in the remarkable time of 30 seconds flat for a very popular victory.

This station has been very fortunate in being able to secure the Trenton pool from 2000 to 2100 hours every Monday for team practise. Personnel interested in swimming and who would like to represent this station at future meets contact P.O. Barrett at Headquarters of the P.T. staff in the Recreation Hall.

### RUGGER

Wednesday Nov 25 our Station rugby team under S.L. Gwynne-Thombs entertained the R.A.P. squad from Picton on the Station sports field. Picton showed a better attack and at the conclusion of the first half were leading by a score of 6-0. Our boys rallied in the second half to score five points while holding the visitors to three. The game ended 11-3 for Picton but our lads battled grimly to the finish going down to defeat covered with glory and mud.

Our Canadian game of rugby with its pads and stoppages of play looks very mild after seeing these two aggressions. Literally tear each other apart. This reporter wondered why the ambulance hovered nearby but after watching these teams in action the question was quickly answered. As one spectator yelled during the heat of the game when a Picton lad was being stepped on in a scrum. "Kick him in the ribs he's still breathing!"

### MISCELLANEOUS

As this paper goes to press we are still without a hockey cushion on the station. Winter is here and interest is running high many are just itching to don the blades and get out on the ice for a trial run. Our hockey team which has been getting into condition for the greatest of all winter sports are beginning to wonder if they will have to wait until the warm suns of April melt the snow so that they can have a swimming team instead.

At long last our boxing ring has arrived from Petawawa and now resides in the drill hall awaiting to be set up. Since we are having a new floor in the drill hall it has been deemed advisable to wait until the floor is laid before attempting to set up the ring. It won't be long now, so keep your shirts on you masters of the grunt and groan, and you

aspiring mittmen and watch for further developments.

### STOP THE PRESS NEWS

Our Station team is now included in a league with Trenton and Belleville and affiliated with the Ontario Hockey Association. Games will be played in the Hume Arena in Belleville and the loop is all set to operate the beginning of the new year.

### W. D. SPORTS

The W.D.'s on the Station have proven themselves to be "good sports" in more ways than one, showing that they are willing to enter teams in organized games, competing with clubs that have been functioning for some time. After the new year the basketball team will go after the honors for the Bay of Quinte Girls League against Trenton, Belleville, Y.W.C.A. Deacons and probably 6 A.R.D. also. The winners of this loop will play off with the Kingston winners for the right to proceed in the Ontario playdowns.

Trenton has kindly reserved their pool for our swimmers from 2000 hrs to 2100 hrs every Monday through the winter. Transport leaves the Rec Hall each Monday until further notice at 19:00 hours. The W.D.'s can give their names to Sgt. McCorkindale and the men to Sgt. Cairns of G.I.S. (Air). Mixed meets will be forthcoming all winter so take advantage of this opportunity.

## MOVIE PRESENTATIONS

Movie feature pictures for showing at the Station recreation hall during the next six weeks are announced as follows by the Knights of Columbus supervisor.

- Wednesday and Thursday Dec 16 and 17 - "I See Ice"
- Sunday and Monday Dec 20 and 21 - "Star of Midnight" with William Powell and Ginger Rogers.
- Wednesday and Thursday Dec 23 and 24 - "He Stayed For Breakfast" with Melvyn Douglas.
- Sunday and Monday Dec 27 and 28 - "Look Who's Laughing"
- Wednesday and Thursday Dec 30 and 31 - "Girls Must Live"
- Sunday and Monday Jan 3 and 4 - "Hurry Charlie, Hurry"
- Wednesday and Thursday Jan 6 and 7 - "Burma Convoy"
- Sunday and Monday Jan 10 and 11 - "Too Many Girls" with Lucille Ball.
- Wednesday and Thursday Jan 13 and 14 - "Keep 'Em Flying"
- Sunday and Monday Jan 17 and 18 - "The Windjammer" with George O'Brien.
- Wednesday and Thursday Jan 20 and 21 - "40,000 Horsemen"
- Sunday and Monday Jan 24 and 25 - "The Lady in the Morgue"
- Wednesday and Thursday Jan 27 and 28 - "Wolfman"

### GENERAL SPORT NEWS

As we go to press, the flooring of the drill hall is already well under way, operations there will of necessity be suspended temporarily, but Badminton and Basketball will get under way again as soon as possible.

A boxing meet will be held at Picton early in January, so start getting in shape now. P/Sgt. Dupont will look after your condi-

tioning period so get crackin'.

### FLASH!

The nights of Columbus are responsible for providing us with one of the most up-to-date boxing rings obtainable in Canada. Upon the completion of the drill hall flooring it is hoped early in the new year to have a formal opening of the "Sport-Palace" by way of a boxing show and smoker. How about it, lads, talk this coming event up and give us your reactions early, so that plans can be made as soon as possible.

### ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

The recently reorganized Station Entertainment Committee is comprised of the following members: Chairman, P.L. Ross Cameron, Protestant Chaplain; Secretary, Urban Hughes, K of C Supervisor; P.L. Mulligan, R.C. Chaplain; P. Sgt. Bickerstaff, Sgt. Gordon Harris, Sgt. McCarthy, Sgt. Roy Fowler, AWI Watt and AC2 Woodhouse. The chairman and secretary attended a meeting of representatives of all air stations in the district held at the Belleville Y.M.C.A. on December 3rd, meeting was called to form an organization and formulate plans which it is hoped will result in supplying all stations in the district with at least one, and possibly two "Road Shows" each month during the remainder of the Fall and Winter season. —prospects are rosy for this most popular form of entertainment and every effort will be made to provide the better shows available.

### STATION BINGO PARTIES

Bingo parties are being held each Tuesday evening in the Recreation Hall for all Station personnel and their success to date is very gratifying to the committee in charge. New features are being added each week and with the attendance increasing each week those attending will be assured of more fun and of larger prizes. If you have not already joined the Tuesday night Bingo club, put a string around your finger to remind yourself to be with us next Tuesday and bring your four leaf clover with you, —all lucky horseshoes must be checked at the door. SHAKE IT UP — and join the fun.

### SATURDAY NIGHT IMPROMPTU DANCES

These Station dances held every Saturday evening are becoming increasingly popular. Have you seen the new "Juke" Box in the Rec Hall? It's a beaut. 24 new and popular numbers and this music supplemented by the K - C radio-phonograph and broadcast over a P.A. hook-up will give you any and all music you may like. — a member of the Station personnel has just received about 30 "Glen Miller" recordings from home and it is our plan to have a Miller night at one of these dances. We cordially invite all personnel to spend Saturday evening with us at the Rec Hall. There is fun to be had at these parties. Why not get in on it?

### GLEE CLUB ORGANIZED

AC2 Halstead, a recent arrival on Station, and an experienced pianist and Glee Club director is organizing a trained singing group. Airman Halstead at the request of (Continued on page 13)

**GLEE CLUB**

(Continued from page 12)

the entertainment committee called an organization meeting to further this project and the response was gratifying, amazing, and successful in its purpose. The initial turn-out held on Thursday, December 3rd, at 1830 Hours numbered about twenty airwomen and airmen, the group went to work the pleasant way. They started right in singing, it was fun for all present and when the group is satisfied that they have trained sufficiently engagements will be forthcoming on Station and in the district. If you like to sing we invite you to attend this group. Meetings will be announced through D. R. O. You do not have to be a trained singer to attend this group, or to have a voice like MacCormack—just a desire to sing with the rest.

★ ★ ★

**"NO. 3 M.D." VARIETY SHOW**

The first big show to visit Mountain View Air Station during the current season was Capt Morley Plunketts "Three M.D.'s" from Kingston, Thursday evening, November 26th.

Over 800 Station personnel crowded in to the Recreation Hall for the show—for some it was the first intimation that the old hated "FORMS" had been supplanted by comfortable folding chairs—these chairs 700 of them—were supplied by stores and set up on the day of the show. Santa Claus himself couldn't have given a more timely gift.

THE SHOW was really good. Capt Plunkett brought a troupe of eleven talented young ladies, lovely to look at, beautifully gowned, and with personality plus. They sang their songs, executed their dances and filled the evening with friendly smiles. Rounding out the troupe were two very good, very entertaining young fellows who "wow-ed" the audience with their comedy. As M. C. Morley Plunkett carried right on in the manner which won the old "Dumbells" lasting show fame. His presentation of the numbers offered was in the best of the old tradition. His opening number, community singing by the audience did much to start the entertainment off in a happy mood.

While the show was very outstanding from an entertainment viewpoint, the real hit of the evening was made by the audience, all members of the "3 M.D." show troupe were loud in their praises of the "grand audience." The committee in charge were very happy about the way the Station personnel carried on, the way in which they received the offerings of the Kingston group. All in all, it was an evening of real fun.

It is the hope of the Entertainment Committee to receive another visit early in the New Year from this very talented group, and we were assured that the troupe would accept an invitation from the Station for another show. There was a very happy condition of affairs, the members of the 3 M.D. show liked our Station,—and we sure liked them.

Hitler, it is said, is no longer the boss of the German army. But nothing can keep him from being its Jonah.

A wrestler is like a turtle. When he's on his back, he's all but in the soup.

**WOMEN'S DIVISION "OUT OF THE JUG"**

By VALERIE BUCKLER

With the coming of Christmas three of our girls from the Equipment Section have decided to plight their troth and take the vows of holy matrimony. Miriam McGill was the first, December 5th, cold and crisp with the sun shining her approval and defying the storm of the last two days was the auspicious day. A small, cozy and exceptionally well organized little ceremony took place at the New Recreational Centre. The bride and the bridegroom both wore their Service uniforms — looking slightly different withal from the others for an air of self-centred happiness which surrounded them. The tall stately floor lamps played shadows in the pastel shaded deep armchairs and the soft sea-green carpet. The fire in the old fashioned fireplace was low and the mahogany tables glistened while in the centre of the room on a table covered with fine linen and two tall candlesticks stood the three tiered wedding cake. P. S. Bickerstaff had made the cake for the bride and topped it off with a little silver aeroplane. At the striking of the chords of "Here Comes the Bride" with slow measured steps Miriam McGill came down the length of the room on the arm of Wing Commander Lister, our Commanding Officer. Padre F. L. Cameron, with his back to the fireplace received the bride and the ceremony of joining Miriam McGill and William (popularly known as Hank) Lindsay as man and wife commenced. The ceremony was impressive. Padre Cameron's deep rich voice when he called the blessings bowed everyone's head in veneration. The bride's mother and sister were both present. So were the bridegroom's father and sister with her husband. Mrs. McGill looked striking and exceptionally youthful; fit to be taken for the sister of the bride and not the mother — Padre Cameron's words in black with rainbow coloured dolman sleeves set off with a string of pearls. A gay little hat of pink rosebuds and a flyaway veil completed the picture.

Molly McGill, sister of the bride looked charming in blue velvet and like her mother had a little perked hat of red chrysanthemums. Mrs. Cummings, sister to the groom looked smart in a simple black dress relieved by a heavy gold chain and old fashioned medallion. On her head she wore a soft black floppy hat.

After the ceremony Padre called a "spiritual" toast — for there was no alcohol. ("Your fault" was someone's laughing comment from the side). Padre came forth with a joke or two when the groom was called to make a speech. Wing Commander Lister said a few words of congratulation and a guard of honour consisting of six airmen and six airwomen formed outside the door for the bride and groom who left for their honeymoon at New York.

Among the guests present were Mrs. Lister, in a smart black ensemble, the bridesman Irene Brown and the best man Corporal Hamel both in Service dress, S. L. Bevan, our new Administration Officer, P. L. Currie, Equipment Officer,

By W. L.

A month ago life was sublime. With 15 S. P.'s upon the line. But now alas we're filled with woe. As we have seen 7 of them go. There now are 8 to keep the pace. Of law and order in this place. Of 15 men who had before, the Lord knows what will happen, (to us 8).

If we don't get any more.

In future Sergeant Mulford, don't try to be so darn courteous toward civilians when the Sergeants are holding their dance. We realize that courtesy is a great thing but when they start kicking please count me out.

Did you ever hear about the time that two Service Police had a chance for a flip. Upon reaching the hangar they found that there was only one chute. Of course, Cpl. Parker being the bigger of the two obtained the chute without any argument. The other policeman proceeded to the Parachute Section and after an argument returned to the

Mrs. Chivers, Miss Carmichael and P. O. Rhodes never slow and one of the first to kiss the bride. Also about fifty Service friends of the couple.

Kathleen Bartin, also Equipment Assistant will be married to Al Smith, formerly of Mountain View and now at Headquarters Ottawa. The wedding will take place in the home of the groom's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Port Arthur, Ontario and will be on Christmas Day, December 25th. Best of luck Katy.

Milly Cresswell has told me not to say anything about her forthcoming wedding but it is coming up sometime this month.

The 1st of December saw several appointments to Corporals' rank: Corporal Moss (Hospital Cook), Corporal Crone (Clerk Accountant) and the Cameron sisters now Sergeants, who retransferred from M. T. drivers to Clerk. Jeannal Mae is still with us but Jean has been posted to Mont Joli.

Latest moves since last we went into print. M. K. Baldwin our swimming champ came and went to Toronto. P. Patterson on a short visit here before joining the Admin Course. M. Viennueau gone to Uplands and E. Higgins to Vancouver, her home. Lucky girl P. E. Neal has also left us for a Clerk General's Course at Toronto. As for arrivals: G. E. Perrin from St. John N. B. and S. I. Bunting from Verman, B. C. both M. T. drivers. O. M. De Long of Inshore Saskatchewan and S. R. Dixon of London, Ontario both Medical Clerks. Also the three cooks welcome additions, Conger Hayes and LeBlanc, just graduated from their course at Ouelph, came on Saturday Dec 5 as did D. G. Gratian-Smith, from Victoria, B. C.

May we, the Women's Division, through our column wish everyone a very happy Christmas and a bright New Year. We certainly like being here and are glad to help in any way that we can so that our efforts may perhaps see the end of this war. So until next year, au revoir.

hangar with a chute, just in time to have Parker wave as he took off. Instead of putting the chute in the proper place however, Parker threw it on the floor and forgot about it. The Pilot must have had a grudge against the Service Police, for suddenly he put the plane into a dive and when Parker looked at the floor there was the chute heading for the Bomb Hatch. Parker didn't get excited of course, oh no. He just grabbed the first handle he saw. When I next saw him he had a bundle of silk in his arms and was heading for the Parachute Section. I hear it costs a dollar to get a chute packed. Is that right Parker? You should know. But don't worry kid, for I hear that it can happen to anyone, even Flying Officers.

Anyone wishing instructions on transportation facilities in Canada, Cpl. Mills is the man to talk to. Transportation isn't so hot right now in the east but twelve miles shouldn't be far to walk after getting kicked off a train out west and arriving back at Mt. View five days late.

Perhaps you also heard the story of Cpl. Wardley who went all the way to Picton to listen to the Fibber McGee program only to find that there is just as good a reception at Mountain View and the interference isn't so awfully bad.

That was an awfully familiar voice in the show in Belleville the other night. The show was Flying Tigers and right in the exciting part a voice suddenly yelled, "Say lady would you keep your damn head still so I can see." Was the ziggling when you were ziggling Burns? I thought you and Halls were getting good at that. That isn't as bad as the time that Haggart tried to swim the Bay of Quinte with his clothes on though.

When it comes to bumping though Mills and McDuff have a steady go at it all the time. It sure hurts McDuff because Mills has a louder voice than he has and when he gets about 40 paces away he detours away from the gate so that Mills won't call him over and try to bum a cigarette.

A few months ago we were honored by the addition of Cpl. Cooper to our "Forgotten Men Club" and the first thing he did was to run into a fellow on the Station who he worked with in Toronto. The fact that this fellow had a car helped things immensely and the two of them proceeded to celebrate their reunion. Poor Old Cooper didn't know what he was letting himself in for. He was doing fine in the back seat until they hit the ditch then he had to use his energy to push the car out. A little later, when they hit the ditch a second time Cooper again pushed but he was beginning to get sore. When they hit the ditch the third time, however, he actually blew up. Boy was he sore but, not at the fellow driving. He was sore at the girl for it seems that she bit his lip.

"You're a failure," nagged the wife. "When you courted me, you said I should always be the flower of your life, and now—"

"You're still the flower," said the henpecked one, "but no rose — I should say 'snapdragon'!"

## A DAY AT THE PLOTTING OFFICE

To most people, the words plotting office doesn't mean a thing, a small percentage have a slight inkling as to the work that is carried out there, but still others have a vague notion that courses and stuff are plotted for out-going aircraft, how silly some of these ideas are anybody can plot a course, they have a whole staff of people at the Ferry Command for that sort of thing, I presume.

The normal working day for both the Office and Range staff starts off at 0600 hours (an unheard of hour that is unheard of by the majority of the station, at such time the Range crews begin to stagger and fall out of bed in their haste to find a little warmth in some clothes and one by one they meander up to the Plotting Office in order to catch the M/T to be taken to their respective ranges. At 0615 hours the W/D who is on duty watch stumbles into the office attired in greatcoat, issue overalls and pink lace pyjamas (there under, Daisy take note). On arrival at the office she awakens the airman on duty at the W/T ground station, and checks the clocks in the plotting office with Dominion Observatory Time (instructors please note, during this time one sleepy and bearded P/S Hagenson occasionally shows up, checks in, says "good morning", checks the time, checks out and checks in again at the Sergeants Mess for breakfast.

The next to put in an appearance are the Air Observers, sleepily asking for T2's or which to plot four or five alleged direct hits, computers and grease pencils which they never return. After being reminded several times to synchronize their watches they then proceed to the Dispatch Office where they are informed who they fly with in what A/C and which target they are supposed to bomb.

In the meantime the remainder of the office staff appear and the duty watch W/D slips away for breakfast and a change of clothes. About this time the range crews are checking in from the various quadrants and checking on the correct time from the office, students take note this time. All this is recorded in the office log book while some of the girls are recording the flying time of each individual pupil for the previous day, others are checking the scores that have been entered on the large charts in the chart room which shows all the pupils scores to date and at the same time filing the charts, still others (we have six girls all told) are busily engaged in camouflage the section with an air of cleanliness in the way of sweeping, dusting etc. Along about this time, the members of the "inner sanctum" begin to arrive starting with a race between P/L McCombe and one ambling P/S Perks. I think, to date, that they are just about even, then comes P/O Leach (we don't know enough about him yet, but give us time and watch the next issue). The next we see (but he doesn't see us) is P/O Youngman, listing badly to port.

Along about here we have a slight pause, but not for long, the results of the first detail are ready to be



F. S. R. H. PERKS

P/Sgt Rodney Perks first thrilled to the sound of bombs and guns in the Old Country in 1915 of the last war. This no doubt has some bearing on his career in the armed forces, having spent five years and left as a CSM in the Canadian Militia five years with 110 Squadron and now four and a half years with the permanent force. He enlisted as an A/C 2 Fitter Armourer; took No 8 Fitter Armament Course and No 7 SAI Course at Trenton. P/Sgt Perks instructed three and a half years at AAS and recently took charge of the Plotting Office where his genial nature has made him popular with all students taking courses at Bombing Flight. The Flight is married and the proud possessor of a son.

### A Tribute To "Perky"

Upon arriving at Mountain View quite some time ago to take an Armourer Bombs course I was privileged to have as my instructor P/Sgt Perks. Previously an instructor to my mind was nothing more or less than a made-over school teacher—excellent on theory the opposite on practical. However, Perky (as we called him behind his back) combined both theory and practical in an excellent manner and removed the arduousness of the course through his own characteristic teaching ingenuity and his helpful interest in the individual student. So here's to you Flight—may you be a Squadron Leader in the next war (if any). LAC Stewart Armourer Bombs

transmitted these come to us via the telephone they consist of quadrant readings which are nothing more than a line of sight in degrees and minutes from two towers on the range to the point of impact of the bomb, these bearings, when transferred onto a plotting chart, cross at a certain point thus indicating the point of impact of the bomb, then with the aid of a pair of dividers, the distance on paper from the bomb burst to the target is applied to a scale of the chart and the actual yardage is given, these errors are then converted to 10,000 feet. Before these bombs can be plotted, we have a "game" we play, called "patience". You see, two A/C (normally) are bombing the same target at the same time, so the only way these bombs can be segregated is by the times of strike, that the observers put on their T2's and the times of strike taken at the range, if these do not coincide then a great scramble, times, bombs, etc., must be

unscrambled. (Observers please note: synchronizing of watches is most important), then the Observers come to do battle (strictly verbal), this is not my bomb, my bomb hit the target, this one belongs to Pete Somebody-or-other (who bombed on some other target an hour or so later) and so on until about 1800 hours. After the results are published they must be entered in the records.

Along about 1700 hours, preparations are made for night bombing. Now night bombing is just a repetition of day bombing except that we have a little variation, occasionally somebody drops a flare or two accidentally, (methinks it is because somebody has never seen a flare dropped). On these occasions a report has to be submitted to the O/C Armament Range and Marine which usually goes something like this:

Nov 18, 1942, 22:00 hrs  
Bob At about 20:35 hrs tonight, A/C 7581 piloted by S/P Tedford was over No 4 target LAC Tanner had just dropped his five (5) bombs and came back to the pilot's cockpit and he was showing the pilot his T2. The other student, LAC Tedds, was still in the back part of the A/C. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the two flares fell off the A/C and on further investigation it was discovered that the remaining five (5) bombs had also fallen off. When the A/C returned to the airport it was examined and only the five selector switches were in the "on" position; however, the pilot had apparently left the "master switch" in the "on" position, which as you know is strictly against all rules (Gotta have rules you know, gotta have rules. Can't have an air force without lots of rules).

The exact location where this happened is not known by the pilot or the students, except that it was somewhere in the vicinity of the target but a little to the south and east of it.

The electricians checked the A/C and couldn't find any trace of a "short" or anything else out of order. Up to the present time we haven't heard any complaints, so they (the bombs) may have fallen in the danger area or there in "some corner of a foreign field" (apologies to Rupert Brooks).

The only explanation Ellis and I could think of is while the student was talking to the pilot, part of his harness caught the guard of the Jettison Switch and as the A/C gave a lurch he accidentally pressed the switch and the bombs fell off the A/C. Another explanation is that a couple of those much talked of, but never seen, OREMLINS, climbed inside off the wings and pressed the Jettison Switch and away went the flares, bombs, et al.

It's only about 22:15 and I'm beginning to feel weary already, so I don't know what it'll be like at 0800 hours.

So long for now

—Stclair.

### A LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS

I'm writing this letter to tell you, The "Defense Tax" has taken away. The things that I mostly needed My workshop, my reindeer, my sleigh. So I'm making my rounds on a donkey. He's old, he's crippled and slow And if you don't see me next Xmas, You'll know I'm out on my "ASS" in the snow.

## SIDELIGHTS FROM PLOTTING OFFICE

The plotting office staff wish to thank the boys of course 65 for their appreciative gesture and with your departure we wish you the very best of luck from all of us to all of you.

Looking into the office we see:— AWI Lind busy as a bee plotting, Lemon, our "hello" girl taking calls at the switch board, Morley checking computers at the main wicket, Shea, handing out keys to the new class of observers, P/S Perks tolling as always on charts over — "Bombs that aren't mine", (observers take note).

Peeking into the "big chief's sanctum" we find P/L McCombe busy at his desk, vainly looking for some unfortunate L/P/O or attempting to convert "orders verbal" to "orders work" C W E 100' and things.

Our happy-go-lucky Daisy Mae, deep in addition over the bombing and gunnery charts, (which had to be done over again).

P/S Hagenson, busy at the phone notifying one and all that Friday is the deadline for the Mountain Viewpoint.

LAC Moreau seems to like the plotting office lately, a certain little blonde seems to be the centre of attraction.

It looks quite serious when a couple of our boys go out and later in the evening don't recognize each other, too much coke Moreau and Farrell?

A little bird told us that Mercier and Ginn are competing for the title of "Don Juan" of East Lake.

Cupid is at work again, this time between Gord and Shea, must be something when she'll sew and press his trousers.

Why does AWI Morley spend her 48's in Belleville? Surely not the scenery and to keep your sister company, is it?

The so-called "milk shakes" served in the Sgt's mess must be powerful concoctions when they make a well known P/S go out and milk cows. Besides Flight none of us go for the "Barny" odor.

Shea will be C/B soon if her new uniforms soon don't arrive. Her old ones are more than a fit, and helping her struggle into them is really quite a job.

"Little Butch" (AWL Lind to you) can be very secretive when it comes to handing out information, be it either military or romantic. Everyone's on enemy to her when it comes to handing out some information.

Can AWI Lemon offer any explanation of why she's "turning in" so early these nights?

What happened in room 21 at the "Queens Hotel" over the dates November 21 and 22? We know a couple of W/D's who could explain.

He hears a motor, and its noise Comes to him from afar; It pines and he says, "Look, boys, It IS a motorcar!" Then once again his sledge he swings And says, as well he may, "I knew when I first saw them things They wasn't here to stay!"

## HOME ON THE RANGE

It was a lovely day when the range crew filed into the plotting office hanging on to each other making a heavy ballast so that the wind wouldn't blow them and prevent them from appearing on duty.

The young lady in charge of the vehicle drove the Demorestville crew to their posts from whence they started for East Lake to open that range.

On the way up a fine snow blew across the windshield but our stout little lass at the helm drove right on disregarding the strong wind and snow (congratulations Betty, for the first display of calmness and determination, or was it the range crew being present that gave you the confidence?)

Cpl. Smith who was in charge of the crew commented on the possibility of flying being washed out for the day, but set out to prepare for the target to be ready should there be bombing.

As the hours passed on we were beginning to feel a pang of hunger and waited very impatiently for our lunch rations, but alas, no rations.

There we were, four of us, stranded in our quadrants with no rations and no telephone connection due to the lovely weather.

So after holding a conference we decided to take advantage of our good friends' Roses' hospitality and mooch our lunch from them.

After a good meal we felt a little more cheerful so we trekked back to our quadrants to wait again for time to march on.

Three o'clock, no truck to take us back, four, five and six o'clock and still no vehicle to bring us home.

The wind seemed to grow stronger as the possibilities of rescue from our posts grew weaker.

We wondered whether they had just forgotten us, as has happened before or if they just couldn't come out to get us.

Again we reached the decision to appeal to Roses kindness and we had a good supper.

Vicie Rose certainly can cook and bake. All the range crew will verify that.

It was worth being stranded to partake of such delicious victuals as was offered to us.

It looked hopeless for any truck to pick us up so Vicie decided we sleep there.

So as the hand of the clock kept climbing to the top and our heads began to nod wearily we climbed up the stairs where Cpl. Smith P. E. and LAC Monahan retired in one room and LAC Gord and AC1 Ginn dozed off after a long day of waiting.

Next morning after a hearty breakfast we had only just finished building the fire in our stove when the M. T. section came thru.

We, out at East Lake wondered if the others were left to sleep in their quadrants but determination was in the hearts of Sgt. Therrien and his crew.

It is quite a long hike, in good weather, to the Demorestville range but in weather such as it was on Dec. 2nd, it was hell.

They, the brave four, locked their doors from the outside (take note

LAC. Hunter) and began their trek to the station.

With their parkas bound tightly about them they walked, ran and did everything and anything to keep warm and yet reserve enough energy to fight the gale.

I doubt if they were ever any happier than that day to get into their barracks, were you Sgt. Therrien, LAC's Hunter, Kimmerly and AC1 Elkas?

If anyone on the Station would like to take lessons on how to swim in ice cold water in December, consult Cpl. Hatter and Mr. Dunn who on their way out to the target in Huyck Bay fell thru the ice and swam to safety.

Drenched to the skin they made their way back to shore where it was decided to wait till the ice was strong enough to hold a man.

Good dunking boys, or perhaps it wasn't so good.

Swimming in December during a gale I imagine is not very pleasant, but then our work must be done.

We don't know if Sgt. Harnden got what he came for but whether he did or not we wonder if it was worth crawling along at a snail's pace on the slippery highway, blinded by the snow storm, to run into an R. A. P. truck and wind up in an open field.

We are happy to find that neither you nor LAC Channing pilot of the M. T. were not hurt.

Was the clothing parade successful for you Sgt. Harnden?

Whose bunk did you sleep in when you found you couldn't get back to your barracks on that eventful day of Dec. 2nd?

This article should give you on the Station an idea of how fortunate you are to be working there where you can get your three meals every day and when your day's work is done you can return to your quarters without relying on the M. T. drivers, who thru rain, or shine or snow have always brought us back alive.

## FROM THE NORWEGIANS OF NO. 65 COURSE

### Friends and Brothers in Arms of Mountain View.

At the moment of writing No. 65 Air Observer Course has had about all the General Purpose and Armour Piercing it can stand for a while, and prepares for a little community overshooting at one of the many large hotels in the Beautiful City. That seems to be the accepted patter for the International Brigades at G.I.B. (Aircrew.)

No doubt many of us would like to have had a little manipulation time transferred from turrets to the curriculum before we signed off, for we certainly have not paid our respects to the Women's Division as much as that grand lot of Canadiennes have inclined us to. This we consider to be a definite educational drawback, and we wish to see the visiting flight or P.O. Lyons take the matter up with headquarters. They may quote freely from the following verse of a 300-year old Norwegian drinking song, written by a bishop as lovable as our own padre:

(Continued on page 16)



F/S F. E. HAGENON (ALIAS CANNON-BALL)

Believe it or not folks, it took exactly two attempts to even find out where this Simon Legree of the Ranges was born, but we applied the pressure, you know, the power of the press and all that sort of bunk, and eventually found out that he was born in the year 1903, in Montreal (he can't help that), which probably explains the reason he spends so many 48's there, but me? I take some convincing. When asked about his past, he just looked, it was a funny kind of look, you know the kind of a look you get when you ask a man to change a \$20 bill, two days before pay day, and then he chuckled, not a mean chuckle but the chuckle of a man satisfied (about the centre section) and let me tell you that centre section cost a lot of money boys, however, getting back to his past (such as he would reveal) he went to work as correspondence clerk for the Grand Trunk Railway at the early age of 14 or 15, he remained there for 4 years when he got the urge (as young fellows usually do) to do a little travelling. He says he spent the next four years as a free-lance harvester in Western Canada and the U.S.A., but you can't tell me that a harvest lasts 4 years. Personally I think this lad saw quite a bit of the two countries and I think that the railways bore quite a bit of the travelling expenses, so maybe our "water-front reporter" wasn't so wrong about him after all. However he says he paid for his transportation and who am I to doubt the word of such a fine upstanding specimen of a P.S.? He then went to work for the Durant Steel Locker Co as supt. of Erection in Michigan, New York, Boston, and Toledo. In 1932 he went to work in Cincinnati for a year before returning to Montreal in '33. He then worked for the C.P.R. at the Seignory Club at Montebello for a year and from there to the Eagle Club where he remained until enlisting in the R.C.A.P. in November, 1940. Leaving Manning Depot he was posted to No. 4 B and O at Fingal, where he worked in the Plotting Office until he was posted to Mountain View. While on this station he has worked in the Plotting Office and Ranges until he is now in charge of Bombing Ranges, which is a bit of a job and if you don't think so, just come over some time and you are welcome to the Range Inventory (less 10 stop watches.)

To date he has done a fine job

on ranges and will continue to do so, providing of course that the O.C. Bombing Flight (F.L.S. —) will leave him alone and quit calling (I say calling, cause I'm a decent sort of a guy and besides, O.C.'s don't holler or yell) for 6 or 7 targets 24 hours a day.

Hobbies? He wouldn't say except maybe 48's and a little "Molson's Blue" or Baseball and Mississipp!

## STALAG

(Continued from page 10)

When not working out harmonization.

They're chucking their plates 'round the mess.

They nip out of bed bright and early To be on parade just at eight.

But once they just couldn't quite make it.

Arriving there two minutes late; Sergeant Smith saw their tardy arrival.

He gave them such withering looks: "Your names and your numbers," he thundered.

"I'm putting you all on the hooks!" So in to see Officer Sinclair.

He marched 'em all one by one; "What's to do here?" asked officer puzzled.

"What dirty work has been done?" They prejudiced order and discipline.

"By coming out late for parade," Said Smith with leer all triumphant.

"And I will have my orders obeyed!" This is no case of minor importance.

It's high time we made a firm stand."

Said Officer very judicial: "We've got to take air crew in hand."

"They ain't any different from others."

"Why should they chuck plates on the floor?"

"And wander 'round camp causing havoc."

"It's a very poor show to be sure!" Thus officer gave us opinion.

"That they were not really to blame," But it's high time we made an example.

"So here's three days C.B. just the same."

On gunnery early next morning A battle there chanced to be.

"They made an example of us," said Middle.

"So I'm going to make one of three!" Allowing for bullet reflection.

He placed ring and bead on its nose And giving it long squint with Browning.

Said "Ay get a load of all those!" The hopeless poor battle disabled.

Limped back to its base on the shore And Middle relates with justified pride.

Of the day when he started his score And bombing flight ain't no picnic.

As Goodall learned to his cost When airplane caught fire after take off.

And crew were very near lost And shooting distress signals out of the window.

They landed again in a flop, And CO nearly missed luncheon.

Trying to find cause of mishap So think of the fellows from Britain.

Who came here patrolling the skies, And you'll know all the lines that they hand you.

Are nothing but ruddy great lies.

It doesn't seem logical for an ardent prohibitionist to propose that dyes boycott tires made from alcohol.

If alcohol is used in the production of rubber, less will be available for use in liquor.

GUNNERY GOSSIP

Continued from page 10:

from any derogatory remarks about our next door neighbor... known commonly by the inexperienced as 'Drogue Flight'...

Poor Santa Claus with the war and all has to consider requests such as these:

From Drogue Flight: An extra ping pong table, a billiard table, a few more easy chairs and smoking jackets to replace the pilots to stay out of the mess...

Drogue also requests a number of hundred pound anchors to cast to seaward to hold their submarines in place after landing...

One of our Headquarters a local marine facsimile to get the things it needs here or there...

Happ's head would like a new haircut every day with a comb, just a ready whiffle down.

Commander's cabin needs for more comfortable gunners. He wants more and more of them who should be trusted too!

Arkansas: A couple of high temperature rabbit feet and a few more. Also a fur lining for his mess kit to keep him warm when waiting.

Bill wants flying weather. Always a little complaint.

Doc: An old well and powder refinery in his back yard.

Smootin': Just to fly, but not for the army. The scenery was nice anyway.

Pinch would like to have Belleville and Mountain View moved closer together. Six o'clock comes awfully early he says and it's so-o-o late when you get home.

Bull: A deck of cards and enough guys to get a game going. Also 100% Link schedules.

Sleazy: A smart come-back.

Roy would find use for a good secretary to sign his initials on clearances. The fact is he manages to be away almost every time a clearance sheet comes around so we can't see the object of a secretary.

Uss: Longer 46's or to have Mountain View relocated at Island Airport.

Johnny: Rainy days and snowy days; cloudy and blowy days.

Old Nick: Rubber buggy bumpers on all Boley undersides. 'Sterlin' would like the Air Force to stop interfering with his social activities.

Our R A P Mentor: To have the R C A P abolished. It's no bloody good anyhow, says he.

Simon Legree: A new bull whip and chains for the P or O's 'Snarlin'.

Tommy 'the coke man': A bushel of pennies to help out the poor destitute pilots.

Our O C Flying: Well this column just isn't long enough, anyway the S P C P (scotte pour prevention de cruelté aux pilotes) wouldn't permit some of it. Or are we wrong?

Enough bandinage: We have a few losses in personnel and also a few gains.

P O Greene (O C A C Cleanliness) went into exile along with P O Test Pilot Horton. One came back but 'Fighter Pilot' still languishes way down there. On those over-powered butterflies known as boarders! However we are sure he'll succeed no matter what the task and hope he'll scratch one sub for dear old Mt. View. Well all miss his hard working earnestness.

A little later we lost Put-Put and Woody. Kirley went alone to hear 'Wubbiyou-oh-two' Peter-tough held Woody down. P O Kirley was transferred out of Gunters a while back but he seemed to be part of the whole Station. Lots of back boys and we know you'll keep your promise to have the war over by Christmas. Wish you would wait until we get over to help though.

Welcome to our newcomers P O Ephram S P's Aahbe, Burt Cowton and Jackson. Hope to enjoy your stay here and are still on the outside of the boot-hatch by this time next year. Then of course P O Horton returned to Mountain View and came to the best flight command on that and it will remain the best flight in spite of a fact what are we saying? No adding Mountain View wouldn't be the same without Hort.

Exercise completed even with all the storewares so we'll go home. A Merry Christmas and a Glad-Happy New Year to all. Even Drogue Flight. Yabbi-h.

GUNNERY GUS

BOMBING

Continued from page 11:

Whether Wannamaker would rather fight fly at Mountain View or at the Quinte Inn.

Why P O Ellis and P O Douglas were appointed guardians of the ladies basketball team and if it is true that P O Ellis is becoming interested in Commando training.

When the squire will be getting his teeth or if he will require them for the few short years remaining.

HELP

They had been married only a month and he had left for a few minutes while she prepared a salad in the kitchen.

Suddenly a piercing scream rang out, and he rushed to the kitchen, prepared to face he knew not what.

'Whatever is the matter, darling?' he panted.

'It's a - a caterpillar!' she gasped. 'Oh, Reg, what if I had been in the house alone!'

HEADQUARTERS HAPPENINGS

This is going to be a truly difficult job this month. During the past month we have been so well behaved that there is nought left for slander save the following unmentionables.

Of late there has been an increase in the interests of the duty clerks particularly by phone. One Belleville Telegraph Co claims that just the other night they tried unsuccessfully for 40 minutes to contact S O R but to no avail, then to our utter enjoyment, a certain good-looking corporal comes along and sticks his neck right smack into our puzzled countenances and solves all our queries—he had done it and didn't pay his nickel or even promise her a date (this is one case where talk is really cheap that's a lot of gab for five cents).

Also of late someone seems to have been handing out unbalanced amounts of work in our revered orderly room—consequently some poor people have to do all the work every other week-end (or at least, so they claim). That is just too tragic, when all during the rest of the week they do more reading than writing (if you know what we mean). However we trust that this, too, unfortunate situ-

COURSE '65'

(Continued from page 15)

A skool to life and love and song And friendship never failing Those joys to us by right belong. Through ill the times prevailing And shame to him who thinks them vain, Nor fights to win them back again.

A skool to life and love and song And friendship never failing

But let it be said that although love and song were more severely rationed than dairy products, friendliness, helpfulness, and cheerfulness have prevailed on Mountain View. Nobody I believe, can appreciate this more than the Norwegians who have been here, and we want you to know grateful we are. But you'll have to be patient, for there will be more of us coming as long as our merchant marine has ships left to pay our way.

We have posted a warning for future groups not to expect certain things. The first and foremost disappointment—the traditional one you have already guessed, and it was particularly aggravating for us and our Swiss friend on the course. But we expect to make up for it in the Laur-entians this winter. Nor must they take for granted before arriving that aircraft rec will be a dull succession of Me. He. Ha and Do as long as P S MacDonald stays with the school, and W D's stay out. And while we are on the subject of instructors, and not vice versa what a fine lot they are. As to our own papa, P S Brant, well, he will always have a place in our hearts.

This farewell letter has become longer than waiting periods in the dispatch offices, so we can't kick about certain paperwork and the other things you know. We wish the very best for your station, for the united and the suppressed peoples, and for a speedy and united peace.

V. Coucheron-Jarl  
Lieutenant, R.N.A.F.

ation will re-occur, and in the interim we'll all catch our own calls and not let anyone else take over our favorite tasks—(enter the executioner).

To diverge a little—anyone wanting information or instruction on how to spend a most pleasant 48 (including the money angle) just consult 'Tommy' our fast becoming local 'Cook's Tour on a 48 gal' How were things in St. Louis last week-end, Tommy?

Why does our little Bugler Boy have to get so much batter every day he blows that horn? Couldn't we devise some sort of a staggered schedule whereby he could blow three days one week and not blow three days the next in order to keep him in fit shape?

As usual this trip we must mention the recent postings—two of our officers are gone—two that we will miss most certainly—S L Dunn and P O Rhodes—they both have built enviable reputations here and we may rest assured that they will continue to do so on their new assignments—fortunately they have only gone to Belleville and Picton respectively and we may see them occasionally about the countryside.

Time has almost arrived for a certain swarthy Montreal Lac to blow his top as to why he hasn't remustered to aircrew—they do have House of David men in aircrew so we're informed. Needless to say we admire this spirit and if he will just persevere under adversity satisfaction shall be his in the near future.

Comes now the want ads:

Wanted—A heated bugle mouth piece for these fine mornings—Apply Costello

A trip to Havana—Apply Thompson

Consolation—Apply Moore

Co-operation—Apply Sgt. Cox

Operation—Apply Stevenson

Consideration—Apply Buckler

A first class mail deliverer—Apply Copeland

Our sales volume being greatly reduced so are our ads so we say 30 to them for the present.

We'll close here and now with the thought in mind, but firmly, that we are perfect and have not a single fault in all the whole wide world.

The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, the windows were barred,

In Pay and Accounts, G Wilson stood guard

His stocking was hung on the door of the safe,

A gun in his hand an expectant look on his face,

He waited for Gregory who soon was to come;

And bring him some spirits,—a bottle of rum.

Then all of a sudden, with a terrific crash,

A gangster ripped out the window sash.

But Gordie bravely stood his ground, and in the morning all 'twas found,

Gordie Wilson had swallowed his gum,

And twenty-four ounces of Jamaica rum.

An airman's future is sad  
If the shine on his boots is bad,  
And his end will be bitter,  
If his buttons don't glitter,  
And he's seen by Picton—by gad!