

**MOUNTAIN
VIEWPOINT**

UPON my departure from RCAF Station, Mountain View, I wish to express my sincere gratitude to all ranks and civilian employees for their splendid co-operation during my tour as Commanding Officer.

I am sure each one of you will extend the same splendid co-operation to your new Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. C. Tennant.

With the world at peace once more many of you will be returning to civilian life. I wish each one of you good health, happiness and prosperity.

—G/C R. F. GIBB, AFC.



THE DEPARTING C.O. WELCOMES THE ARRIVING C.O.

20-48

BOMBER HIT 3 TIMES IN 10 SECONDS!



F/L Reg Swartz, DFC and Bar

THE big Lancaster broke through the clouds at 2000 feet. Below them was Le Havre, and below them too was an enemy gun position. The anti-aircraft batteries must have been as thick as flies around honey because in a matter of seconds they were hit three times! The first got them in the bomb bay and set off the target indicators and fired a header tank. Immediately the aircraft filled with smoke and flames. Two of the crew lost consciousness. The second tore off ten feet of the starboard wing and the third went right through the same wing between the fuel tanks and tore a hole the size of a washtub. The skipper opened a window and ordered the escape hatch jettisoned. He feathered the two starboard propellers, dumped the bomb load and ordered the crew to abandon the aircraft, while he strove to maintain enough altitude to allow them to jump safely. The bombardier and navigator managed to revive the two knocked-out airmen and see them safely over the side. The flight-engineer, the only R.A.F. member of the crew, in his excitement pulled his 'chute and tangled it in the pilot's controls. They helped him gather it up in his arms and assisted him to the escape hatch. But it was jammed half-way. They pulled and pushed and finally, door, engineer, 'chute and all dropped from sight. Then they bailed out. By the time the skipper "hit the silk" the aircraft was down to six hundred feet and his 'chute just opened as he hit the ground and he landed on one shoulder bruising it badly. That was the only injury suffered by any of them! They all landed safely in friendly territory except the tail-gunner who was made prisoner by the Germans.

The bomb-aimer of this for-

tunate crew and now a trainee on the Long Armament Course here at Mountain View, F/L Reginald "Reg" Swartz was awarded a bar to his D.F.C. for the above exploit. When asked how he was decorated the first time, he replied, "Oh, the usual thing — devotion to duty — and gallantry in action—that sort of stuff."

Reg, who in addition to the DFC and Bar has the '39-43 Star, the CVSM and Maple Leaf, the Gold Pathfinder Squadron Eagle, the Ops Wings and Bar for two tours, and the Caterpillar membership insignia for hitting the silk, hails from West Lorne, Ont., and before the war was an employee of Simpson's in Toronto. He enlisted in the RCAF in March of '42, and served his apprenticeship at No. 1 ITS, Toronto, No. 5 B and G, Dafoe, and No. 1 CNS, Rivers, where he received his Wing and commission on the 13th of May, 1943. He was shipped overseas immediately and joined the 405 Pathfinder's Squadron.

In his two tours of Ops, Reg put in about 250 hours of tough flying—usually on "Master of Ceremonies" jobs. These consisted of leading the way and marking the target for the later arrivals. Except for one early change the same crew stuck together through it all. Pilot was W/C Howie Morrison, DSO and DFC, from Lauder, Man., and now at AFHQ, Ottawa. The navigator was F/L Mickey Queale, DFC and Bar, from Victoria, B.C., now also stationed at AFHQ. Wireless Operator was P/O Red D'Arcy from St. John's, N.B. and now at Moncton. The only one not decorated, Red proves that it's best not to sass your O.C. P/O Benny Benabo, DFM, the mid-upper gunner, is back overseas. The tail gunner, P/O Bill Kubiak, DFC, from Montreal is now at No. 1 AC, Trenton, and the flight-engineer, WO1 Roy Matcham, DFC, of the RAF, whose home is Southampton, England, is now with the Ferry Command at Dorval. The bomb-aimer and second navigator, of course, was Reg.

In the total flying done by this crew the incident over Le Havre was the only one out of the ordinary, although they had many hot receptions, especially over Berlin which they visited nine times. They were also over Stuttgart four times and Frankfurt, three times.

While talking of England, Reg said that the Canadian girls were on the average better-looking but not quite as friendly as girls in England. He admired their fortitude and courage under the Buzz-Bomb attacks and raved about that old English institution, the "Pub". All in all, he really enjoyed his stay.

MOUNTAIN VIEWPOINT

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Editorial Comment

By F/L Floyd, Protestant Chaplain

News that Japan was ready to accept the surrender terms of the Potsdam Conference, came with startling suddenness to millions who for some time had believed that the Asiatic War would continue well into 1946. Now the heart of humanity is aglow because the bloodiest and costliest war in human lives and money is over. The Scriptural prophecy has been fulfilled: "They who take up the sword shall perish by the sword." After six years of sweat, blood, and tears, the Free Nations of the world have seen the day of which they dreamed.

While we celebrate victory let us at least stop to think of the wounded, the prisoners and others who will wear their scars as long as they live. This is their country. They gave it of their best. We wonder whether the country will remember them in other ways than by giving medals and hearty votes of thanks.

What does V-J Day mean to thousands of us who are still members of the RCAF? It means a speedier return to our homes and loved ones. While we have been happy living on various stations, yet our lives in the mess or barracks have been abnormal ones. We have formed many valuable friendships in the Service—and these friendships will become more valuable as time goes on, especially among those who are now very young—yet, we miss the love and companionship of our wives, mothers or sweethearts. No nation is greater than its women. They are makers of men. The Roman poet, Horace, confessed in deathless verse that it was to the disregard of home life alone that Rome owed her ultimate defeat and decay. The strength of a nation depends upon the strength of its homes. The members of the Women's Division, RCAF, will make better wives and mothers because of their life and work in the Air Force.

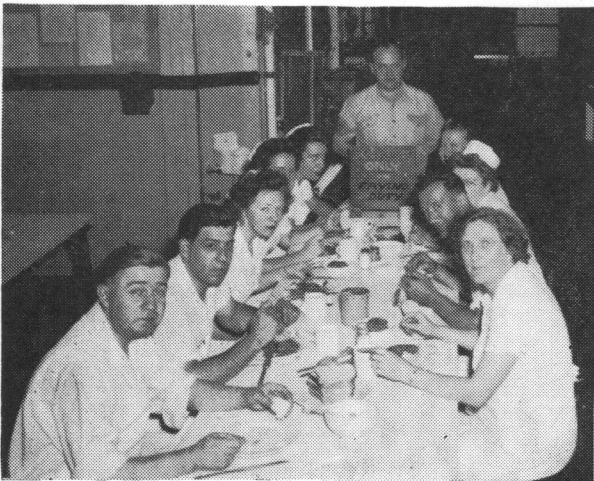
V-J Day means that the great majority of us will take up civilian jobs. We may, at first, be a little awkward and rusty, but we shall soon overtake those who did not have the advantages of Air Force training. We will be disciplined men and women, with the additional advantage of knowing how to get along with others because of our experiences in living and working with others during the years of the War. Some will take advantage of the government's splendid post-war rehabilitation plans and return to a University or learn a trade. In either case, do not neglect to make the most of the opportunities offered you by the government. Remember what the poet said: "The saddest words of tongue or pen, are these, 'It might have been'."

Lastly, V-J Day means that we shall take our place in the Church and Community. The leading citizens, in a large measure, are bound to come from those who served in the Armed Forces. In the years to come the young Airman or WD will be leading citizens of their respective communities. Let us all resolve to pull our weight in the community as we have tried to do in the RCAF. "A gentleman," says Bernard Shaw, "is one who puts more into life than he takes out of it." Who can face this definition without a feeling of humiliation? Listen to more from the same pen: "We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than we have to consume wealth without producing it."

Men and women of the RCAF, may the Almighty bless you and guide you, as you resume your civilian life and begin again your life's work!

"It's time," says Dottie, "to give our Mess Hall Staff some of the credit due them."

By Cpl. Dot Edwards



Devotion to duty not recognized by public award remains unjustly obscure. Sudden gallant action performed, likely, without premeditation and in reality only a reflex of self-preservation receives loud applause. Fate, fortune, opportunity, whatever it is that decides what our glories shall be, is not kind to many of us. Resigned, we may serve wholeheartedly or grudgingly. Very worthy of praise and award are those who serve faithfully and quietly. Their names will never be recorded in the annals of history. They will receive no "gong" to wear with pride. For some of these many, I want your consideration. Allow me then to direct your attention to one particular group of tradesmen and women — our chefs.

Their hours are long, their task is a tedious and thankless one. A great deal of their happiness is a reflection of ours. Note, at some dinner hour, how quickly your smile or nod is returned. And how a pleased grin breaks into a satisfied smile when you return for a second with "Hmmm . . . that was good!" Past festive occasions, Christmas, V-E Day or V-J Day have proven the smallness of our own efforts. We feast and rejoice, and they work with indulgent care to make our feasting and rejoicing memorable occasions!

Small things come to mind. At Christmas, a Santa Claus apple, silver sprayed trees, beer, a fire-place . . . dances, coffee and doughnuts, a three-tiered cake . . . weddings, punch and wedding-cake . . . graduations, guests, sandwiches . . . children's parties, vegetables and ginger bread men. I consider them my very own private memories. Yet they were prepared for each and every one of us to carry away as some of the pleasing experiences of Service Life. There have been so many occasions when our Mess Hall staff have served thus quietly and without the glamour of public appraisal.

'Tis time then. . . . Let us in this manner appraise our Mess Hall Staff and their efforts and bring to the attention of our readers — the Messing Officer, Flight Sergeant Jackson, and his staff!

THE EXPERIMENT

By LAC Ernie Perrault

On the evening of the twenty-first of July, 1945, he finally made his decision. It had not been an easy thing to do. There had been sleepless nights, and anxious days of worry and blind speculation. There had been times when he doubted, with a horrible doubt, his ability to go through with it. But in the end his courage prevailed, even as the courage of Pasteur had prevailed, even as had the courage of Madame Curie.

On the evening of the twenty-first he decided to go through with the experiment.

From the very first, he combined methodical genius with an inherent artistic talent. An entire week was spent in preliminary research. Neat sketches littered the top of his work table and by his side, within easy reach, were a dozen national and international volumes from which he could draw information. The thing must not be a haphazard affair. It must be practical as well as aesthetic in form. It must appeal to the masses rather than to a few. It must capture the mystery of the East, at the same time embodying the modern attributes of the West. It must be, he decided, the ultimate in perfection.

On the first of August he commenced operations, working from a detailed blueprint and specifications. From now on the secrecy of this work must be guarded at all costs. This experiment would involve more than a creation; it would involve his very position in society. Should he succeed he would earn undying homage. Should he fail, (his throat constricted at the very thought), he would be the laughing stock of his community. It would be too much to bear, to be thus derided. To fail would be — horrible!

Working exhaustively among his test tubes and retorts, he concocted an aqueous solution to speed the initial reactions. With the aid of this he was prepared to recognize success, — or failure at the end of a week. He constructed a graph whereby he could chart his progress hourly, and added to the line faithfully as each test was completed.

At the end of the second day definite results were indicated. He checked dimensions with trembling fingers. His calipers registered five thousandths of an inch, — not much, but a beginning, at least a beginning.

At the end of the fourth day the process was moving with the rapidity of wild-fire. The line of the graph extended, almost per-

pendicular, to the top of the sheet. Frequent tests showed that the texture was excellent and unchanging. The tensile strength increased by the hour. The experiment was precipitating itself, at break-neck speed, towards success!

On the sixth day the graph still soared heavenward. He was beside himself with joy. On the morning of the seventh the experiment had increased slightly over previous records. He was able to sit back in confidence, awaiting the final result. He viewed, with interest, the news of the atomic bomb, and the smashing of the atom. It was strange, he contemplated, that great discoveries should come in pairs. Today they had come forth with the shattered atom. Tomorrow he would show the world—. He lost himself in triumphant speculation. Then at three minutes past noon it happened! The regular periodic check indicated no change! The process had come to a dead halt!

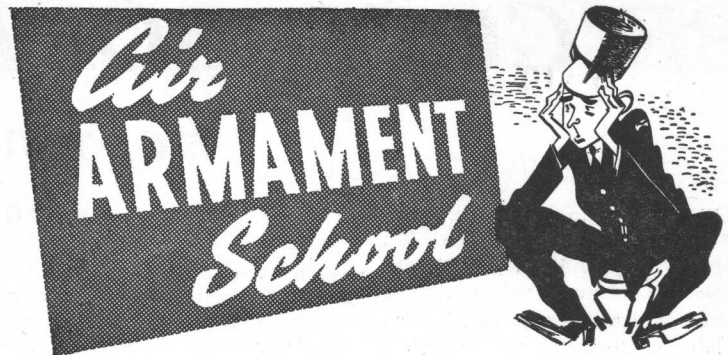
In the next few, nightmarish hours he taxed his ingenuity to the utmost, in an attempt to revive the experiment. He doubled the amount of catalyst, applied heat, and failing this, cold. He swabbed, desperately, with acid and alkali. All to no avail.

It was not till the very last hour that he admitted his failure, and sat back in black mists of despondency, too deeply shaken even, to pray. He had failed! At the zero hour he had failed. It was too much to endure! Too much! How could such well-laid plans go wrong? How could a perfect experiment end in nothing? Nothing! That was it! For all his trouble he had earned nothing! The thought obsessed him. He rose slowly to his feet and went to a cupboard, drew from it a small leather case, and as in a dream, opened it.

The bright, keen metal gleamed in the dim light and drew his gaze hypnotically. He was dimly aware of his thoughts. The Japs might have a name for this. They have a little ritual also, when they fail. He laughed a little crazily, and grasped the blade. Once, twice he slashed, with the strength of desperation, and then fell back.

With two clean strokes he had wiped away the vestiges of a moustache that wouldn't grow!

Airman (on arriving at girl friend's house)—"We're going to have a swell time tonight. I've got three tickets for the show. One for your mother, one for your father, and one for your brother."



By Sgt. Pat Barter

Three new recruits have been taken on strength for the Baby Bonus in the persons of a son to WO1 Cralle, a daughter to WO1 Martin, and a daughter to Sgt. Dempster. Mercenary types, eh what?

★ ★ ★

The old cry, "Where is AAS?" should no longer be heard with the appearance outside our school of a freshly painted sign complete with our crest. This fine work of Cpl. Stephens should facilitate the work of the poor unfortunate discharges on clearance.

★ ★ ★

Congratulations are in order to F/S Kerr on his award of the BEM. Also we have a new corporal—Swanson by name. How'd he dood it?

★ ★ ★

On the night of Tuesday, July

31, weird and mysterious noises, peals of laughter and gaiety emitted from the staff rooms of Air Armament School. What was going on? Why, a staff stag no less. Bags of food, music and refreshments to the satisfaction of all. What went on till the wee small hours of the morning? Well Ask S/L Watts about his experience in India—or in the Main Lecture Hall. Whatcha got in the box, Watt?

★ ★ ★

All is not brain at AAS. Brawn has at last come into its own. Our tug-of-war team went undefeated against all comers and each individual, though slightly muscle-bound, is the proud recipient of a fine ash tray. Our individual high scorer, Sgt. Mike Pero, received the school trophy awarded for the highest aggregate.

The C.O.'s Clerk

I don't have to get a wire that my grandmother died
If I want to get off for the day,
The C.O. won't grumble, the C.O. won't chide,
I've got the perfect way!
I don't have to resort to buying cokes
Or use any Airwomen's wives—
They can't post me—for the past two years
I've been keeping the C.O.'s files.

Yes, I have a system that's all my own,
And it can't be explained and it can't be shown.
I file by number, I file by letter,
I file by ways that are ten times better.
I file by subject, I file by date,
I file by city, I file by state,
I shun the trite, and I scorn conventions
My filing system has four dimensions.

I regard "in re" at the top of a letter
As something to make it balance better,
I pay no attention to underlining,
And seldom get down to the person signing.
I've got the names of the Air Force officials
Neatly arranged by their middle initials;
Civilian letters I've filed instead
By the color and size of their letterhead.

If my girl friend calls to gossip a bit
When I'm taking the C.O.'s dictation,
He folds his hands and prepares to sit
Till we finish our conversation.
If I pass his cigars when my boy friend stops
To visit me for awhile
He's got to be calm though he's mad as hops—
I'm the only key to the file!

BE GOOD BONES . . .

Baby needs a new pair of shoes!

By LAC Ben Halter

BEYOND a doubt the favorite indoor pastime of the Air Force, Army and Navy is shooting craps. It even outranks that noble entertainment called variously, "Chesterfield Rugby", "Pitching Woo" and "Necking". To do that its drawing power must be terrific. Because practically any time devotees can be seen down on their knees in an attitude that would seem to be suggestive of religion, and many do offer very sincere prayers, but we can assure you that it is frowned upon by the padre.

Now, don't be like the Moron who phoned up the cookery expert of a leading newspaper and wanted to get a recipe for preparing craps, because her husband was out shooting them and she wanted to surprise him. Craps are dice, dice are Galloping Dominoes, Galloping Dominoes are African Golf, African Golf is Bones, etc., etc., etc. But they all add up to the same thing, two cubes of bone or ivory or plastic, numbered each from 1 to 6, and the various combinations they make when they are rolled out simultaneously causes great moans of anguish from some and yelps of glee from others and the changing of money from hand to hand by all.

The real reason for writing this article is because so many of the lads who shoot craps don't seem to know anything about the odds and combinations, or their chances of winning or losing. And yet they always seem to win, whereas smart guys like myself, who know the score, always seem to get taken. Therefore to give us smart suckers a chance there are two courses (a) forget everything we ever knew or (b) teach the poor ignoramus all we know. As the first is impracticable for in these matters we seem to have a memory like an elephant, we have no other recourse but to smarten up our more fortunate brethren, and thereby gain an even break for ourselves.

The game originated in France and was called "Hazard" and was brought over to America by a New Orleans gentleman named (take a deep breath) Bernard Xavier Philippe de Marigny de Mandeville about 1800. Of course there are references in Shakespeare, such as "The die is cast", and even in Caesar's time there are mentions of the "casting of lots", but the way we know it now is popularly credited to France. Well anyhow, our friend Bernard Xavier brought it to us,

much to my deep sorrow and regret, and being a wise guy, got taken at it for all the money, land, mistresses and gew-gaws that he possessed. The only compensation he had was in the old saying, "Unlucky at gambling, lucky at love", and according to stories he had plenty of compensation. He was about the richest of all the Creoles at the start, and owned so much property that he even named many of the streets of New Orleans. One he named "Rue de Craps" later changed to Burgundy Street when a church moved in. Others he named "Grand Homme, Rue d'Amour, and Bons Enfants" (Great Man, Love and Good Children). We'll let you guess why. When the Yankees from the north visited New Orleans at that time they contemptuously referred to the game that all the Creoles were playing as Johnny Crapaud's game, (Johnny Toad's) but nevertheless they took the game back with them and it spread like wildfire, reaching Canada. It was re-christened "crapauds" and later abbreviated to the now familiar "craps". There are those who credit Bernard Xavier with being the first to cry, "Come seven, my baby needs a new pair of shoes!" but we doubt it very much because, from all accounts, Bernard, to keep up with demands, would have to win a warehouse full.

Well, that's the history of

craps. Now for the game itself. In short, a man picks up the dice and plunks down a dollar or two or ten and somebody "fades" him with an equal amount and he rolls out the dice. Should he throw two aces or ace deuce or two sixes he loses immediately. Should he throw a 7 or an 11 he wins just as fast, but should he throw a "point" that is 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10, to win he has to bring back the same point before he 7's. If he throws the "Ole Debbil Sebben" before he brings his point he loses his money and the dice, and somebody else gets a roll. Should he make his point he starts all over again with twice as much money as he originally plunked down. So far it is easy to follow, and there are no complications, but it is when odds are taken or laid that a lot of the lads have no idea whether they are taking the worst or best of it.

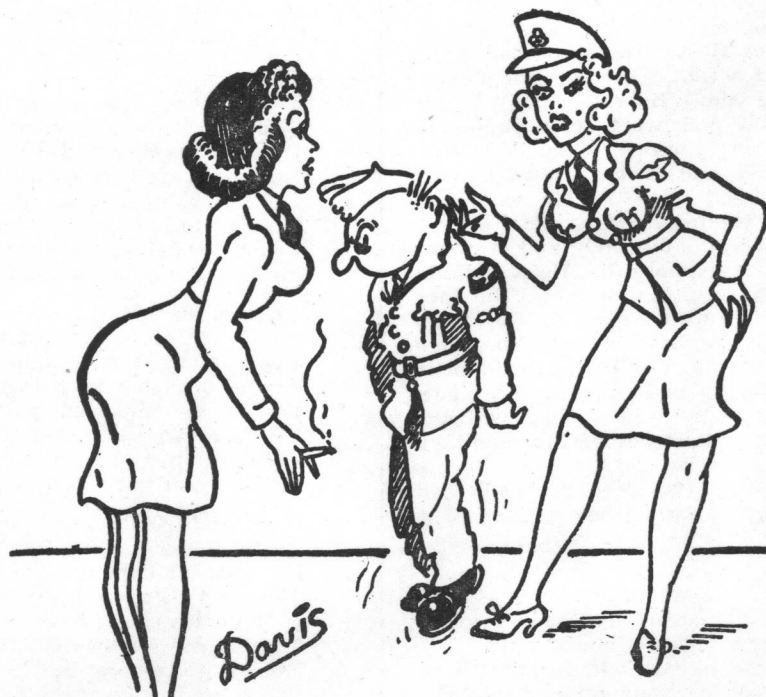
You are rolling the dice. You start with two dollars, and I fade you. Following the regular pattern whenever I fade, you will come out with a 7 or an 11. The four dollars are now yours. You decide to shoot it all and I put down another four bucks with great anguish of soul, and you roll again. Aha! this time you come out with a "little Joe" in other words a 4. Now I coax you to take odds (I should know better) and I convince you that 2-to-1 is a good bet. Wherupon

you plunk down another buck and I stack another two on it. If you 7 I pick up the eight bucks "centre" and the three dollars side bet, but if you throw a 4 first (if I'm betting wrong this is usually what happens) you pick up all the dough. Now the question is why do I always lose . . . no that's not it either. The question is how did I arrive at laying you 2 bucks to 1 on the 4? It's very simple.

As I mentioned before, there are two cubes each numbered from 1 to 6. To get the number of combinations that can possibly appear on the dice, multiply 6 by 6, and to save any wear and tear on your mental equipment, I will give you the answer. It is 36. Remember that, it is important. O.K. that is your base, from here we go breaking these combinations down. How many ways are there of making a 4, a 7? If you know the answer to those two questions you know how the odds are figured. There are only three ways of making a 4, two deuces, ace trey and trey ace. "You've got the same one twice!" No such thing. Each die has a trey and an ace on it and therefore trey ace and ace trey are two different combinations. Catch? Now the 7—there are six ways of bringing a 7—ace six, six ace, deuce five, five deuce, trey four, and four trey. The same rule still applying. All the other combinations can be disregarded for the moment, because your point is 4 and you can only win with a 4 or lose with a 7. Therefore as there are six ways of losing and three ways of winning, to be even the odds should be 6-to-3, or breaking it down to simpler figures 2-to-1. The 10 is exactly the same as the 4, the 9 and 5 are 3-to-2, and the 6 and 8 are 6-to-5. Naturally, all are against the shooter. A little thought will prove this to be true.

Proposition bets are weird animals that lure an unwary craps shooter by offering get-rich-quick odds. For instance, you may like to take the odds on an 11, because you have a hunch you are going to make it. The proper odds are figured this way. There are two ways to make an 11, 5-6 and 6-5, which are only two of the possible combinations out of thirty-six. As this bet only applies to one roll of the dice, it figures very simply to be thirty-four ways of losing and two ways of winning or 17-to-1. If you take any less you are giving the layer the best of it, even if he loses.

Here are other popular bets



"LOOK WHAT I WON IN A CRAP GAME!"

and their odds. Throwing a crap which is the term used for two aces or ace deuce or two sixes as well as being the name of the game, is 8-1 on any one roll of the dice. Throwing a pair is 35-to-1, also on the one roll. A seven is 5-to-1. The simplest way to figure all these bets is to understand that if all combinations appear in their proper amounts, out of 36 rolls of the dice ace ace will appear once, ace deuce twice, a 4 three times and so on. If all combinations appeared exactly as they are supposed to in one lot of 36 rolls of the dice it would be almost a minor miracle, equivalent to getting a perfect hand in bridge. But if the dice are on the level, over a period of time, this must hold true.

One other bet I will mention because of its popularity, is making a point the "hard way". This bet stipulates that the point, either 4 and 10, or 6 and 8, will be made with a pair. If made any other way the bettor loses, and if he brings a seven he loses. To all intents and purposes each roll of the dice for this gamble is a new bet so we will figure it that way. There are five ways of bringing a 6 or 8, one of which, the pair will win for you. There are also six ways of bringing the 7 and losing. Therefore there are ten ways of losing and one way of winning, giving you your odds 10-to-1. The 4 and 10 are 8-to-1.

No article of this type would be complete without a few pointers on how to avoid getting cheated at craps. Of course the obvious way never to be cheated is never to play, but if you don't heed my warning and insist on losing your money, here are things to watch for. It is always best to shoot dice out of a cup, with a lip on the inside of it, if obtainable, if not a plain cup is preferable to rolling out of the hand. But should they be rolling out of the hand, first of all make sure that the shooter is "cackling" the dice. No amount of explanations will beat an actual experiment. Take both dice in your closed hand and let them rattle loosely against each other while shaking your hand vigorously, and listen closely. Hear that sound? Well remember it. Now hold one die so that it doesn't move and rattle the dice again. Get the difference? Any time you hear the latter, watch out for squalls. The reason is any one that can palm one die, on a 5 for instance, and bring it, can make sure of not bringing a crap and he can make it an even up bet on his point whether it be 8, 9 or 10. If the shooter spins the dice out of his hand like spinning a top, and he is shooting on a smooth surface like linoleum, or if he picks them up by placing them first in a certain position, and then rolling them out on a blanket, be very, very careful. A lot of fellows believe because the shooter rolls them a

The F. O. and the Winco

"The F. O., the Flight-Loot, the S. L. and the Winco
Were all in the mess getting quietly stinko.

"The F. O., with dreams of two rings on his arm
Thought buying the drinks could do no harm.

(From back in the corner came a horrible din
As the rest of the drunks sang "DON'T FENCE ME IN!")

Then the Winco came forth in dignified tones
And suggested they all start rolling the bones.

Now the dice don't respect any rank as you know,
And as dawn broke the F. O. had everyone's dough.

Soon the others had left and all you could see
Was the man who had one ring and he who had three.

Now the F. O. had won and he longed for his bed,
So with fear in each word,—"Goodnight, Sir," he said.

Then he slowly got up from his place on the floor
And was practically out of the ante-room door.

When the Winco suggested they roll just once more.
"Of course," said the F. O., "but tell me—what for?"

"If you lose," said the Winco, "It will do you no harm—"
We'll wager your winnings for two stripes on my arm!"

Now our story is finished—its ending is cruel,
For the F. O. gives the orders—the Winco gives dual.

And each night in the mess getting quietly stinko
Are the F. O., the Flight-Loot, the S. L. and the Winco."

—F/O Sid Seid.

long distance that they are safe, but if the shooter happens to be an expert, he can roll the dice so that he uses two faces of the die as an axis and thereby eliminates those two faces. For instance if he rolls them and uses the six ace as the axis he eliminates all chance of throwing a crap and at the same time reverses the odds on the points, making the odds in his favour instead of against him.

Another thing to watch for is crooked or loaded dice. Make sure that the dice aren't "tops" or "bottoms", in other words that they aren't dice with points left out or their order changed. Proper dice have all the points on them from 1 to 6, arranged so that the top and the bottom numbers of the die add to 7. In other words under the 6 is the 1, under the 5 is the 2, and under the 4 is the 3. That's the first thing to make sure of. Then measure the two dice against each other and make sure that they square up no matter which way they are turned. If they don't they are "flats" and have been squeezed out of shape so that the percentages are changed. If you must gamble with those kind of dice, bet the same way as the owner. At all times be suspicious of dice that seem to bring a point the same way, more often than they should. For instance if the dice are loaded against the shooter they will probably throw too many 7's the

six ace way, because for a wrong bettor that is the best combination, as craps will also often turn up.

There are literally dozens of ways that dice can be loaded. The dot can be hollowed out slightly and iron or platinum be put in and the dot repainted. In the former case a magnet under the table usually helps. An extra coating of a heavy type of shellac can be given to dice on one side only to influence them. A good test is to drop a die slowly into a glass of water numerous times with different faces of the die up and if it always lands with the same face up you know it is loaded. I have seen dice that are so finely fixed that only after the heat of the shooter's hand has communicated itself to the dice do they act "queer". Just because dice are transparent doesn't mean they can't be loaded, but, naturally, solid or opaque dice are easier fixed.

The fitting end of a story of this kind would be to tell of how many men had lost fortunes at craps, but somehow they are the kind of stories that get no publicity. It is only the rare few who have been lucky that find themselves famous. And you can believe us that you won't be amongst the rare few. But on the other hand if you do know of a good game going on, don't be an old meanie and let me know. After all, I have to get even!

What To Do In An Air Raid

Now It Can Be Told!

(Military instruction No. 89653—Chapter 26, Section 14A, Paragraph 8).

1. As soon as the bombs start dropping run like hell. It doesn't matter where, as long as you run. If you are inside a building run outside. If you are outside run inside.

2. Take advantage of opportunities afforded you when the air raid sirens sound the attack warning; for example

(a) If in a bakery grab some pies, buns, cakes, etc.

(b) If in a tavern grab a bottle.

(c) If in a movie grab a blonde.

3. If you find an unexploded bomb always pick it up and shake it — the firing pin may just be stuck.

4. If that doesn't work, place it in the furnace. The Fire Department will come later and take care of things.

5. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building throw some gasoline on it. You can't put it out anyhow so you might as well have some fun.

6. If no gasoline is available throw a bucket of water on it and then lay down — you are dead. The properties of the bomb free the hydrogen from the water with rapid combustion, in fact, it will explode with one helluva bang.

7. Always get excited and holler—it will add to the fun and scare hell out of the kids.

8. Eat heavily of onions, garlic, limburger, etc., before going into an air raid shelter. This will make you unpopular with the crowd in your vicinity—eliminating any discomfiture which would result if people crowded close.

9. If you should be the victim of a direct hit don't go to pieces. Lie down and they won't even see you.

10. Knock the Air Raid Warden down if he starts to tell you what to do. They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends, anyway.

OUR COVER GALS

This month's cover depicts two of our WDs on the tower at the swimming pool. They are Cpl. Ella Muir and LAW Bernice Winters. What! You didn't notice these two girls before? Well it just goes to show what an uncomplimentary uniform can hide sometimes! Front and back cover pictures by Cpl. Jerry White.

Our Baseball Team

By The Coach, F/O Pat Wilson

THROUGHOUT the season, the coach, in any sport, has a perpetual headache. Now that the summer is almost over and I look back, several incidents which stand out in my memory are, by no means, sad. How could there possibly be a dull moment with a roster such as ours!

Let's introduce the gang.

"Dutch (call me Jimmie) Cain. Few people about camp realize that Dutch was actually an active and essential member of the club. Not only is Dutch quite proficient at high diving from the rafters of the Drill Hall, but he also does a good job of calling "balls and strikes" behind the plate. To add to his capabilities, he plays a mean game at second base. At an after-the-game social gathering in Milford recently, Dutch was asked to display his talents as a violinist. He graciously declined and explained that as he played the fiddle in French we wouldn't be able to understand his effort.

To keep Dutch happy behind the plate, we have the inimitable "Silent Jack" Van Brunt. Van and Dutch work in such close harmony that we are considering presenting them with a loving cup. Jack caught very fine ball all season and had a great time discussing the crop situation with some of his farmer "friends"? (They all loved Van, (like) so much!)

Our P.T. and Drill Officer, F/O "Ernie" Bullis as manager and utility right-fielder did a fine job of promoting games and goodwill around the various towns and villages in the district. "Muscles" is considering a comeback after the fine effort he made at Milford playing right field. He played a good game—for Milford!

The mound staff, consisting of four strong-armed individuals, left nothing to be desired during their season's toils. F/L "Grant" Knowles, F/L "Clare" Bassett, Sgt. "Cliff" Bullock and Cpl. "Ralph" Waters all tossed good ball and the three games we lost during the season cannot be attributed to any faltering on their part.

Losing Gelineau, our ace first-baseman, half-way through the season was a hard blow to the team. His work with the stick was outstanding and his fine work around the initial sack was a treat to watch. His shoes were ably filled by "Frank" Aube and although Frank only played a few games, he gave a good account of himself.

Yours truly held down second base. How ably is not for me to say. With "Sammy" Skora and "Gerry" Corbett to work with, there were few gaps in our infield. Each of these men was a "sure catch" and their pegs were always dead accurate. "Gerry" attributes his strong arm to the throwing practice he got as a boy at home in Peterboro where he and his buddies used to hold contests to see who could clear the Otonabec River.

In the outfield, Waters, who never missed a game even if it meant hitch-hiking home to Cannie afterwards, and Richardson and MacIntosh ran miles to gather them in and all were very potent with the bat. At the baseball tourney in Toronto, Richardson gave the boys a peep at what the well-dressed LAC will wear in post-war years. Believe me, he cuts a mean figure in a "pin stripe with drape-shape".

Johnnie Johnston, the "Copper Cliff Kid", was ever faithful when called upon to fill in at any position. His infectious grin would soften a heart of stone. Another sad blow to the team was the loss of Frank "Irish" Collins, who broke his right leg sliding into third base during a game in Picton. Frank played the game well and was very well liked by all his mates. We wish him a speedy recovery and hope that he will be playing ball again next season.

A ball team isn't complete without a dependable trainer to keep the players fit and take care of the equipment. "Pop" Thompson's work in this respect was "tops". "Pop's" days as an active player are almost over (he's 65), but just lose a ball in a hay field and he gets to it like a homing pigeon.

F/O E. BULLIS SAYS :

Since the last edition of the Mountain Viewpoint, there has been little activity in PT and Drill because of the lack of trainees. Nevertheless, we are in hopes of reviving the PT activities in the near future. During the lull of physical classes, the PT staff are kept busy building back-stops for tennis courts, conditioning ball diamonds, and painting the Drill Hall, etc. Sgt. Godin and Cpl. Gorham are doing an excellent job of giving PT to the WD's.

The Sports Club is open from 0800 hours 'til 2130 hours every day. We have equipment to suit your every taste. Although our sports program may leave much to be desired, we are pleased with the summer program so far.

Sporting News

Sports Editor

Sgt. Jack Devine

STATION SOFTBALL TEAM FINISHING SUCCESSFUL SEASON

DESPITE POSTINGS, DISCHARGES AND INJURIES THE OLD BALL TEAM HAS BEEN HITTING ON ALL NINE . . . CHAMPIONS OR NOT, THEY HAVE BEEN TREATING THE GALLERY WITH CHAMPIONSHIP BALL ALL SEASON . . . NICE GOING GANG !

The softball team got away to a very poor start this season. They just couldn't click. It didn't take long, however, before they rounded into shape and were playing high class ball. Behind the pitching of LAC "Ossie" Degrow, former Hamilton pitching star, and F/L Al Noel, Montreal speedballer, the boys really went to town and made things very interesting for the spectators and the other clubs in the league.

The sweetest victory of the season was when the "Bombers" journeyed to the Air Force

"Knowledge College" (Trenton to you) and came back with a 5-1 victory under their belts.

Postings and discharges have hit the club hard. Three hurlers, Degrow, Noel and Brock were posted to the east coast. The star of the keystone sack, Frank Collier, broke his leg playing hardball. The captain and third baseman, "Gabby" Gibson, went to Mount Hope, and shortstop "Hank" Hanke got his quit slip. Replacements have been made, however, and the boys are quite confident they'll give a good account of themselves in the play-

offs.

All the teams are so evenly matched this year that league officials decided to have a six-team play-off. At the time of writing the Bombers are championing at the bit and ready to meet Deseronto in the first round of the playoffs. Win, lose or draw, you can rest assured they'll be in there giving their best.

The team will rely on the chucking of Sgt. Tommy Fair and Chuck Miller for the series. "Andy" Clyde will be behind the plate, Frank Aube at first, "Doc" Emmett at second, "Don" Stuper

at third and "Sammy" Skora at short. Roaming the outfield will be Doug Cooke, "Chick" Young and Joe "Indian" Talbot.

We wish them every success in "Pat" Wilson was one of the best players to ever don a "Bomber" uniform. His work at second base was superb and he had no equal at the plate. His excellent coaching and fine team spirit was in no small way responsible for the "Bombers" fine showing this season.

Their quest for the Eastern Ontario RCAF softball championship.



THE W.D. SOFTBALL TEAM

At the time of writing the WD softball team is in first place and going into the playoffs, with a very good chance of coming out on top. BACK (left to right) — Vic Bagnato (manager), Nonie Davis, Anne Gillespie, Pat Gorham, Gladys Webster, Margaret Hunt, Vic Hillier, Doreen Edwards, Ethel Holmes and F/L "Doc" Emmett (coach). FRONT (left to right) — Dot Strachan, Yvonne Mills (captain), Margaret Bradfield and Willie Wilhelm, and of course the team mascot, Monty the Pooch.

Here's Looking At Sports

The WD swimming classes have been going very well this year. In case you're interested, the classes are held at 0800 hours, Monday thru Thursday.

★ ★ ★

An orchid to Cpl. "Vic" Bagnato for the fine job on organizing the noon-hour softball house league. It had a very successful year.

★ ★ ★

Casual bowling has come in for a lot of play during the summer months. Even during the hottest weather the trundlers were hard at it, "striking, sparing and . . . bowling".

★ ★ ★

Don Mogard, Mountain View's gift to the boxing ring, has been keeping fit this summer working as a life-guard at the pool.

★ ★ ★

The horses took a lot of beating during the summer. The highway between camp and the stables took on all the aspects of a dude ranch — including mosquitoes!

★ ★ ★

There's talk of another sports

day. Let's hope it's as successful as the first.

★ ★ ★

Congratulations to Cpl. Pat Gorham and LAS Ross Malkin for carrying off the top honors on Sports Day. Ross did the same thing last year.

★ ★ ★

The tennis courts were kept busy all year. Our thanks to WO1 Martin for organizing the tournaments.

★ ★ ★

We'd like to see an exhibition game between Headquarters and the Officers' team. Their games during the regular season were a treat to watch. How's about it? Maybe it could be played in aid of the "Legion of Lost Souls" or some other such organization?

★ ★ ★

A vote of thanks to the life-guards who have so superbly supervised the old swimming hole this season — F/O Eddie Taylor, WO1 "Alabama" Buslan, WO2 "Sid" Sydenham, Sgt. Bennett, Cpl. "Fearless" Young and LAC Don Mogard. It's no wonder that WDs have thronged the pool all summer!

• Softball House League •

AT THE time of going to press the stage is set for the final series of what has been the most active softball league in the district — the Mountain View Noon Hour League. The league was comprised of seven teams — Headquarters, Air Gunners, Air Armament School, GIS, Maintenance Repair, Officers, and Flying Squadron.

After a very hectic schedule and the smoke had cleared away, the final standing was Flying Squadron, Air Gunners, Maintenance Repair and Headquarters left to fight it out in the playoffs. Maintenance Repair with Sgt. "Tommy" Farr, Zabah, Miller and Clyde sharing the spotlight defeated Flying Squadron whose line-up included such stars as "Dave" Clayton (I'm the only man to ever hit Russ Johnson) Gibson, and Christie, in two straight.

"Red" Flynn's AGs starring Saya and Hicks were tied with "Ernie" Hunter's Headquarters nine at one game each when the AGs got special leave and so had to drop out. This left the league "officials" in sort of a quandary as to what to do. After a lengthy conference similar to Potsdam, it was decided that the Flying Squadron should meet Headquarters in a sudden death game for the right to take on Maintenance Repair in the Mountain View "World Series".

It was a hot day and Hunter had his most formidable line-up on deck, Doc ("Did I ever tell you about that bunt") Emmett, the hitting star of the league, Gord "Discharge" Reid, the "Little General" Bagnato, and "Chucker" Miller. It was to no avail however, as Flying Squadron hadn't read the papers and so didn't fear the galaxy of stars they were facing. Yes, Flying Squadron defeated the highly touted Headquarters outfit. And so now it's Frank Zabah's Maintenance Repair and Northcliffe's Flying Squadron in a best of five series for the station championship. May the best team win!

Much credit for the success of the league is due to Cpl. "Vic" Bagnato. Vic spent many long hours rounding up the teams and trying to settle all the difficulties that cropped up during the season. Nice work, Vic.

Father Rabbit—"What's Junior looking so pleased about?" Mother Rabbit—"He's proud of himself—just learned how to multiply today."

"That will be enough out of you," said the milkmaid as she moved over to the next cow.



S/L WATTS — OUR NEW CHIEF INSTRUCTOR

S/L J. H. Watts, the new CI, has had a long and varied career in the Air Force. He enlisted on the west coast in 1928, and was immediately shipped to Camp Borden on a rigger's course. He remembers washing his own tin dishes and carrying them around with him wherever he went. The food then was just fair, but he liked it—and in fact, liked the whole set-up.

Five different stations were his home from then until the outbreak of the war, at one of which in 1935 he managed to get on an Air-Gunner's course. His one ambition was to be a pilot, but this course was discontinued in 1931 and so he took the next best thing. He remembers wryly the trip from Calgary to Dartmouth in the old Wapitis of No. 3 Bomber Squadron, with only an hour's notice, and all the labor the hand-pumping involved at their stops every two hours for fuel.

At Dartmouth they were formed into the first Bomber Squad-

ron in Canada equipped with modern aircraft—No. 11 B and R. There were no hangars and it was in the dead of winter, and life was no bed of roses.

His next station, Trenton, he received an Air Armament Officer's Course, and on completing it was commissioned.

In 1942, by dint of perseverance and spare time instruction he obtained his private pilot's licence and finally made good at St. Hubert on an SFTS course. Several postings followed. At Lethbridge he was OC flying and at Mt. Pleasant he was also CI.

S/L Watts, who is married and has two children, is very happy here at Mountain View. That is, he is as happy as he can be away from Vancouver. He had no comment to make on the station's training program after the cessation of hostilities, but waxed enthusiastic about the women in the Air Force. He said, "The girls in the Women's Division are doing a grand job, and are a real asset to the service. I am all for them."

News From Pay And Accounts

"There must be an easier way than that," called out S/L Dickson, as he watched Margie Gibb and Freddie Egan battling it out in the lifesaver race. He and Willie had finished long before them, and had come back to see the stragglers who seemed to be enjoying it all.

Highlight of the afternoon was the baseball game where Willie and Dot Strachan shone. So did Robin after her trip around the bases to the home plate. Joe Benning, Tom Sawyer, Red Skirrit, Kitty and Barb pulled a fast one by sneaking away for a quiet dip. Pretty soon the party, led by Miss Walker, moved to the water, and even our cave men, Wilder and Tarzan Gordie, went for a dip. Sporting their Florida bathing suits Lois and Marie were in their glory. Our "meat ball" really went for a swim.

Then came the eats and stuff. Joe Southall had quite a time trying to get rid of numerous pieces of cheese, and pretty soon Freddie White was in there helping her. After a generous helping of watermelon S/L Dickson rose, and after a well given speech, presented Frankie Crone, our Discharge Kid, with a fountain pen from the gang.

Cooker with the curls got the girls combing it after supper; and who would have thought that Mr. Harty was such a "spiker". Neva went for a sleep on the teeter totter while Marion and Teddy went riding on the swing. So ended a perfect day.

Conspicuous by their absence were: Major Jock who was at home in Kingsville; Penny, who returned from leave this week with a rock; Carl, who finished his "third tour" at an exclusive cottage at Wasaga Beach.



By N/S Enid D. M. Bartleman

The most popular, and most populated place on Friday mornings, — a good place to have a rest — modern rooming and living accommodations (sorry, no vacancies at present) — a beehive of industry — that's our Station Hospital.

Many of the old timers on staff have been posted and many more have arrived to replace them. Sgt. Dundas is at Debert; Cpl. Hogger, our 'gen' man, has gone to 'Y' Depot Moncton, and really browned-off too we hear. LAW Wigston has joined her husband at No. 8 R.D. Winnipeg; N/S Dawson and Sgt. Ruth Foster are both released from the service. This depletion of our staff was quite a blow. We miss each and every one of them and wish them good fortune in their new environments.

With the closing of St. Thomas our staff has been admirably rejuvenated by some of the better types from that station. We welcome LAW Hall, LAW Bonar, LAW Forsyth, LAW Brockwell, Cpl. Bailey and LAC Meinziener, all arriving almost en masse with N/S Hawes and N/S Spencer. Cpl. Dionne from Scoudouc and LAW McCracken from Deer Lodge are remarkable in that they DON'T come from St. Thomas.

N/S Kerr, from Trenton Sta-

tion—the corner stone, or is it the milestone of the RCAF, is our new sister in charge. A big welcome to you all and we hope you'll be staying with us for awhile.

LAW McKenzie (nee Shepley) and Cpl. Buckingham (nee Moss) are now wedded, honeymooned, and back on the job. We are still stumbling over the new names, but bear with us girls and we'll learn. Much happiness to you both. We hope it won't be long before Elva ceases to stare into the driver's seat of every passing MT.

Not only S/L Brown but many of us are "cheesed" with diet accounting, inventories and the seemingly increased number of duds in the coke machine. Florid F/L Emmett, with that irresistible personality plus, seems to have escaped any part of our added responsibilities. Perhaps 40 old greenbacks (he says it's safe) has something to do with his immunity and glowing charm.

By the way, that "thing" in our garden at one end of the hospital is NOT a cross. For the information of those not able to see for themselves it is a caduceus—a \$2.00 effort on the part of S/L Brown!

No more news for now. Will see you all on Sick Parade on Friday morning—if you dare!

LAC BROWNELL SAYS:

Your hospital needs guests. Doc Brown is trying hard to keep his staff busy, but he keeps running out of patients (patience?).

One patient ran out on the good doctor. An air cadet being led away from sick parade, asked where he was being taken. "To bed!" hissed the escort. "No, I'm not!" screamed the Gremlin, dashing for freedom.

If you are feeling run down and over, then come along. At present there are two hospital assistants for every inmate.

Here are a few essentials to take to bed with you. You must bring the latest copy of Time, Life and Satevepost. The only magazine that has been seen in here during the last month is dated June, and it is in Quebecish.

You will need a pocket filled

with nickels for offering to our ideal—the "Kokokolamaschine".

A new deck of cards is a must, and with these, you have to fill up another pocket with dimes.

Simple eh? Just ask the M.O. to put your fallen arches to bed. We want some company.

Airman (in a hurry to get to Belleville)—"Can't you go any faster?"

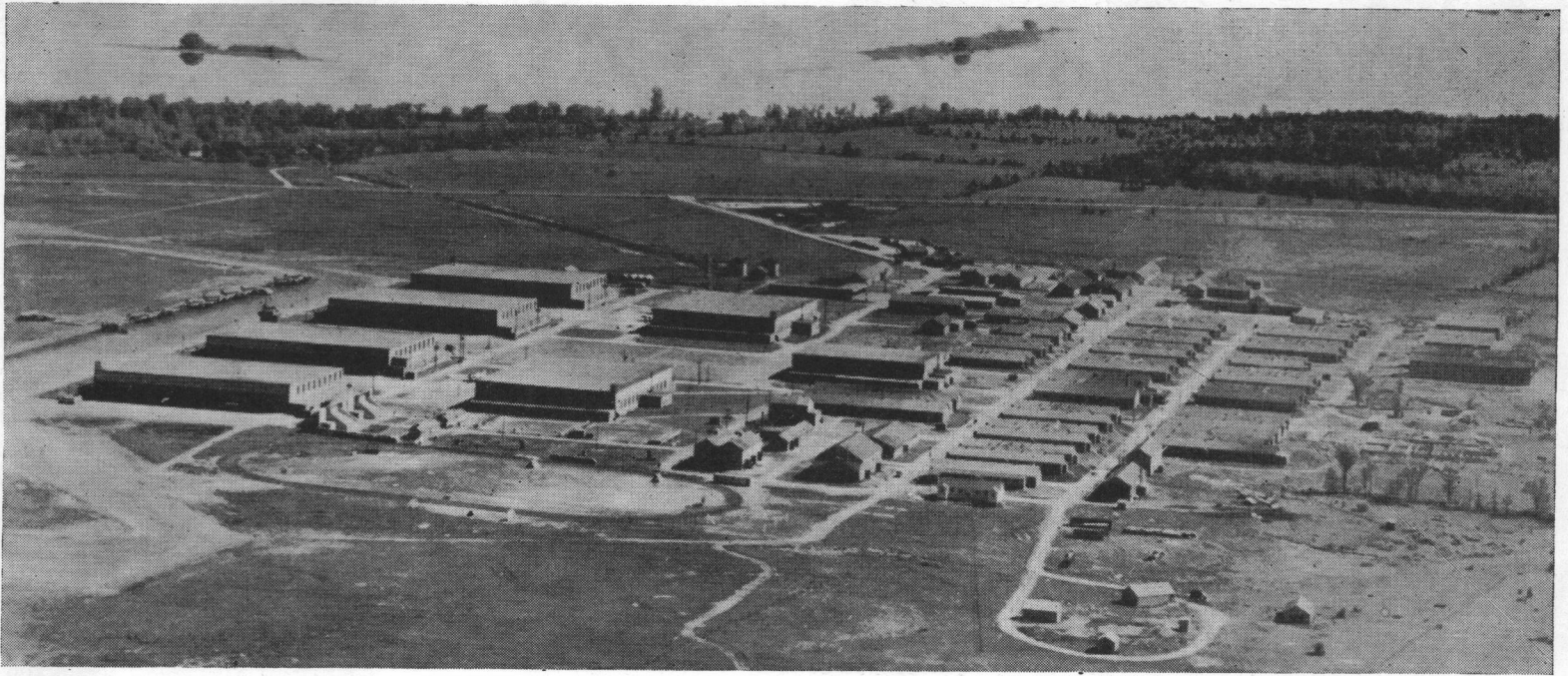
Smith Bus Driver—"Sure, but I have to stay with the bus!"

LAC's Brown, Smith and McGregor went into the canteen for some beer. Brown stood a round, Smith stood a round, and McGregor stood around !

First W.D.—"Do you approve of loose skirts?"

Second W.D.—"No, I think we girls should behave ourselves."

GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN VIEW . . . Ontario's Vacation Spot



Don't get sentimental boys and girls — but here she is in all her glory — with the Bay of Quinte sparkling in the background. We thought that many who are leaving would like to take along this fine aerial view as a memento of many happy times and pleasant associations.

LIBERTY

By F/L MOONEY

NOW that hostilities have ceased in Europe and the last of the aggressor nations is about to follow the course of its other axis partners, conferences are being held here and there to make laws for a more secure world. Lengthy speeches are being made, and international councils set up in order to give to mankind the much talked of Four Freedoms. 'Freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, and freedom from fear.' These beautiful phrases have been flaunted a great deal and the ideas are splendid, but first we must realize the true idea of freedom or liberty. In order to do this correctly, we must give at least two erroneous forms of liberty.

The first one, let us call it the "liberty of indifference". It is so-called because it is indifferent to truth, morality, justice and social order. It defines itself as the right of the individual to say or do or think anything it pleases, assuming that there is one absolute standard of right and wrong, it sets up the individual as the supreme authority and regards all regulations of liberty as unwarranted and unjustified restrictions. The manifestation of this idea would contend that there is no such thing as truth, purely ambulatory, make as we go conflicting viewpoints. In order that the world might be safe for so many conflicting viewpoints, "broad-mindedness" was cultivated as the most de-

sirable of all virtues. The man that still believed in truth was called "narrow". In education, it would term an unjustified attack on individual's rights as "self-expression"; in politics, morality would be a question of arithmetic, counting votes — quite forgetful that "Right is right, if nobody is right and wrong is wrong, even if everybody is wrong".

"Liberty of necessity" arose because something had to be done to counteract the individual selfishness, some remedy had to be found to bind the economic forces to the common good, to equalize inequality. Religion could have done this; for only religion has the power to inculcate charity and justice without which no society can endure. Religion was neglected and hence in some European countries force came into play. Wealth and power were seized in order to equalize inequality and dictatorship was born. The so-called unity achieved by the totalitarian governments were not inside through religion, but from outside through force. This represents the swing of the pendulum from a concept of society with the individual supreme, to the equally absurd society where the state is supreme. Of course, no dictator could ever succeed in winning the masses unless he promised them "liberty". He would use force, act like a tyrant, blot out all opposition, purge the minorities but always was careful to do it in the sacred name of liberty, and so liberty took a new meaning, "liberty of necessity".

The true idea of liberty is not "to do as I like". We cannot have that because we, by our nature, are bound by law. In the physical order, let someone jump out of an aeroplane at 2,000 feet, and he will find that he is bound by the law of gravity. In the moral order, consider the drunkard who first drinks the whisky because of the goodness of some sort in it. Let him continue and he will soon lose his liberty. He then drinks whisky because he cannot get along without it. He has become a slave to it. There is no such thing as freedom from law. There is only freedom, and liberty within a law.

Liberty consists in fulfilling the purpose for which a person is made, and if you wish to find out the purpose you must go to the Maker. The Maker of man is God. He has made man to know and serve him here on this world in order that he might be happy in heaven.

While Christ, our Master was upon earth, there was first, the "liberty of indifference" exercised by Pilate. He, the governor of the land, had within his power to free Christ, one he knew to be innocent of the alleged crimes. Still, because of the people he disregarded truth. On the cross, Christ, was most free and exercised true liberty. He came into the world to redeem mankind. That was done by His crucifixion. In other words, Christ exercised true liberty by fulfilling purpose. We likewise will have true liberty when we follow the purpose for which God has made us.

A CHALLENGE

The girls have weekly been attempting to entertain you with dances in their Canteen and Rec Hall. They have done so for a good many months.

Recently a challenge was issued to the airmen in the Viewpoint. That includes you NCO's as well you know. It was about a dance, remember?

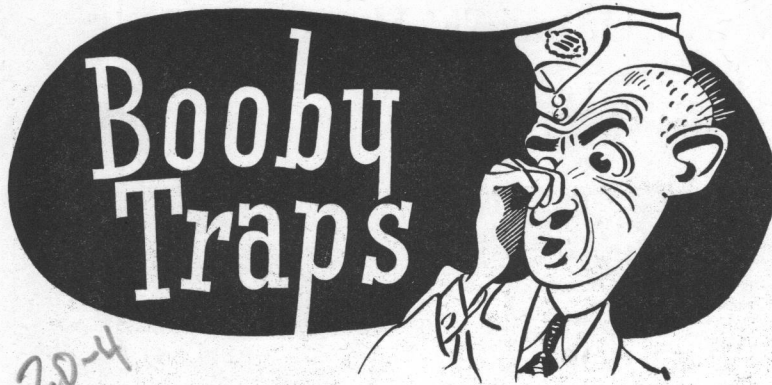
What's the matter? No fighting or competitive spirit? Can it be that you just can't run a show without the help of the girls?

Now this is in no way to be interpreted as a reflection upon the lads on the committee — their efforts are very obvious. It is, however, a very decided "rub" against those of you who attend regularly and "beef" if, for instance, there are no refreshments, or the music doesn't suit, and the whole blessed affair is a flop. In fact there seems to be so much wrong a body truly wonders why you bother to attend at all!

Try sponsoring one and experience a few of the difficulties yourselves. Bear in mind, too, the financial limitations and let's see what you can produce.

Frankly, after hearing the various remarks you men continue to issue, it is going to be interesting indeed to witness your endeavours. IF YOU HAVE THE NERVE!

The equipment assistants on this station have unanimously agreed to fight to the last drop of ink.



BLABBERING BARBERS

By F/O Sid Seid

I've yet to meet a barber who
Does not persist in telling you
Everything he knows,
And even more.
That's not what I go to a barber-
shop for.

"This is a silly question, but
When barbers get their own hair
cut,
Which one talks?
Who makes the speech—
Neither — both — or a little of
each?"

★ ★ ★

Aceyto — "So you met
your wife at a dance? How
romantic!"

Aceyone—"No embarrass-
ing. I thought she was home
taking care of the children."

★ ★ ★

Airman (on phone)—"Hello,
what are you doing?"
Feminine Voice — "Getting
ready for church."
Airman—"Sorry, wrong num-
ber."

★ ★ ★

F/S Eadie (arriving home
late) — "Can you guess
where I've been?"

Mrs. F/S—"I can, but go
on with your story."

★ ★ ★

Airman—"I'm afraid we're not
going to have any fun tonight.
I've only got some change.

Belleville Gal—"Well, what do
you think it takes to send Junior
to a movie, a five dollar bill?"

★ ★ ★

Sgt. Greenley (in the Ser-
geants' Mess)—"Of course I
wouldn't say anything about
her unless I could say some-
thing good. And, oh boy, is
this good . . ."

★ ★ ★

"Rabbits have more fun than
people."

"Why do rabbits have more
fun than people?"

"Because there are more rab-
bits than people."

"Why are there more rabbits
than people?"

"Because rabbits have more
fun than people."

★ ★ ★

Her name was Gertrude,
so they called her Gert for
short and left the rude part
out.

Wabbits is a funny wace,
The things they do is a disgwace,
You'd be supwised if you but
knew
The awful things that wabbits
do—
And often too!

★ ★ ★

Her name was Virginia, so
they called her Virgin for
short but not for long.

★ ★ ★

Airman — "What say we do
something different tonight,
baby?"

Blonde—"O.K. What do you
suggest?"

Airman—"You try and kiss
me and I'll slap your face."

★ ★ ★

MY BUNKMATE

"Ooooooh — bed — wonderful,
wonderful bed!

I'm dead! Absolutely fagged!
I'm not even going to do my
haid tonight; better give my face
the once over lightly though.
Don't anybody wake me for a
week, well, don't dare try before
seven — but I've got to get up
for breakfast or I'll starve.

I will not growl — I said I
wanted to get up for breakfast,
and I'll get up for breakfast, so
there! You just call me, that's
all!

'Night you windbags.

Ooooooh — bed — you beau-
tiful, lovely thing.

ZZZZZZZZZZ

Eh? Uhhh? Oh, sure, sure —
I'm awake — sure, sure. Oh for
Pete's sakes go away, leave me
alone! I'm awake I said!

ZZZZZZZZZZ

Uh? O — yeah — yep — I'm
(yawn) getting up (yawn).
Ooooooh, gosh, no! Please! Aw,
please don't pull the cover—hey
leggo! Hey—I'll have to make
the whole darned bed. No! No!
I'm getting up, honest! Please go
away. (Yawn) (Sigh).

Aw heck — (yawn) — I'm not
hungry, I don't want breakfast
anyway. Just let me have ten
more minutes. Please kids, just
let me sleep. I'm so awfully
tired!

ZZZZZZZZZZ

Ouch! Yie! Hey! Oh rats, I
hate mornings! I hate all of you!
I might just as well get up,
there's no peace here!

Lookout below! T-I-M-B-E-R!
Coming down!

Hey! Wait, don't go without
me, I'll be dressed in a jiffy.

Headquarters Happenings

Since we last went to press there have been quite a few sub-
tractions and additions to our
ever-changing staff. We have
bid adieu to F/O B. A. Gill who
left the Adjutant's chair to F/L
Ustick and went to Command,
F/S Luke Warden, LAW's Terry
Lessard and Kay Steele — we
could add LAW Peggy Cameron
to that, but after a couple of
weeks over at the 'Big Gen-mill'
(1AC) Peggy pined so much for
good old Mountain View that
she got herself posted back.
Anyhow, Peg, we're glad to see
you back. Some of the additions
are in the form of S/L Hallon-
quist who is understudying the
Senior Admin Officer — Cpl.
Frank Leaker, LAC's Lou Car-
rignan and Charlie Backus, all
WOG's who are being (un)will-
ingly employed as teleprinters.
Welcome to the best station in
the Command, fellows.

Probably the most important
happenings around here to all
the readers will be the dis-
charges which appear to be
pouring into R and D Section in
a never ending stream. Don't
panic, folks, there's bound to be
one for everybody — some day.
Ye Olde Civvie Street shall soon
be overflowing with all our GI
types. The favorite moan of the
Headquarters staff is "Why don't
they discharge some clerks? We
work like hades on everyone
else's but our own." That is but
too danged true!

The sudden—and short—burst
of sunshine we had brought on
a lot of sunburned back and legs.
It also brought on that yearly
yen for leave and the freedom of
a thousand or so miles between
you and station. WO2 (don't
worry about it) Green wandered
off for a week of leave in one of
Ontario's summer hangouts and
came back looking like a new
man—you know, bags of wim
and wigour! Away over in that
country called Newfoundland,
Cpl. Nina Elliott is probably
wondering what is happening in
the land of the Maple. Nina
managed to wangle a month and
we hope to see her in top shape
in that time if the fish down
there aren't too much for her.
The littlest gal of them all, Bar-
bie DeWitt, after spending a few
weeks in the hospital is now en-
joying some sunshine away out
thar in New Brunswick. Last on
the list, but far from least is our
ray of sunshine from Kitchener
—June Wood—who is spending
a restful week at home.

Woe is the day they posted
him away! The look that Cpl.
"Dizzy" Lennox is walking about
with these days can come from
only one thing. Oh well, Lennie,
the war can't last that long. And
anyhow, the Bahamas aren't all
that far away—just about three
thousand miles.

Cor lumey, I nearly forgot!
We have a proup pappy in our
midst now. Cpl. Ernie Hunter
(Assistant SWO) handed out the
cigars and is now walking
around with three feet of chest
and his chin dragging on the
floor. Congrats and stuff, Ernie.
What have you named him. (In-
cidentally, I didn't get a cigar).

Just to rub it in I shall have to
talk a bit about the Station
Sports Day. The Headquarters
gang (we could make that singu-
lar and say WO Green) came
through with top points and
walked off with the first prize—
now on display in WO Green's
boudoir. It could come in pretty
useful there, too.

The Swimming Hole . . . Types

By LAC Ernie Perrault

From an analytical point of view
You'd be surprised if you only
knew,
The character sketches to be
made,
When the ladies and gents make
the big parade,
At the pool.

There's the brawny male with
the chest toupee,
And a tan where errant sun-
beams play.
How he wishes the girls would
keep away,
At the pool.

And the quavering lad with the
bony knees
Who chatters with cold in the
summer breeze,
He'd be more at home dressed in
BVD's.
At the pool.

The gal in the two-piece swim
device,
A little naughty, but awfully
nice,
Basking indifferently, cool as
ice,
At the pool.

And the girl thrown in, how she
splashes around,
Screaming and sputtering, al-
most drowned.
She's a better swimmer than you,
you hound,
At the pool.

There are divers too, with bird-
like grace,
Cutting smooth capers in airy
space,
Also the guy who lands flat on
his face,
At the pool.

There are great old times at the
pool, you bet!
Things happen there that we'll
never forget.
It's the only place you can be all
wet!
At the pool.

Dental Assistant, Cpl. Ella Muir Lauded For Her Service Spirit

"We need something new—a new theme for this party. Hasn't anybody any ideas? S.O.S. for Ella—she'll help us out." Thus goes the oft repeated cry, for during her two years on the station, Cpl. Muir has proved to be a veritable dynamo when it comes to organizing after duty activities, and her stock of original ideas seems inexhaustible. A live-wire member of the Station Entertainment Committee and president of the WD Dance Committee, she is always ready to co-operate in any venture and generally ends up by doing most of the work. She has been responsible for decorating the theatre and WD canteen for innumerable dances and the originality and freshness of her schemes have never failed to delight. Unfortunately, her energy and enthusiasm for the job in hand, prove sometimes to be a disadvantage, for, on many occasions, others have been only too ready to sit back and "leave it to Ella". And so, earnestly repenting our shortcomings in this direction, we would like to express our gratitude and appreciation for the many pleasant hours she has made possible.

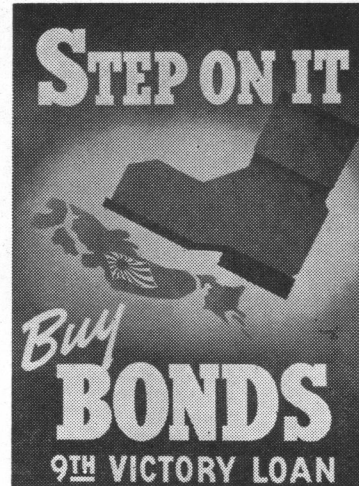
Born in Scotland, Cpl. Muir came to Canada at an early age and was brought up in Whitby, Ont. There, after matriculating, she took up office work until she was inveigled away from her

desk with the offer of a modeling job in Toronto. Overcoming her family's opposition, she, rather dubiously, decided to give it a try, and was apparently a huge success, for reasons not very difficult to fathom.

She joined the Service as a clerk-accountant in January, 1942, shortly after the WDs came into being. After short periods at TTS, St. Thomas and No. 14 SFTS, Aylmer, she was posted to Gander, which, to Cpl. Muir, was the next best thing to going overseas. Unfortunately for Gander, she was posted to Mountain View in September, 1943, and here she has remained for nearly two years. This spring she re-mustered to Dental Assistant after a period of contact training and now takes the mind of many a patient off his prospective torture.

Brown eyed and vivacious, Ella is a most accomplished young lady, and numbers among her many talents blues singing, dancing, writing, sewing and dress designing. However, she has decided to make use of still another aptitude when she becomes Miss Muir again, and plans to take up commercial art as a career. As her admirers at Mountain View need no sales talk as to her artistic abilities, we are quite sure of her future success in this endeavor and wish her the best of luck.

NINTH
VICTORY
LOAN
TO GO ON
AS
SCHEDULED



Although the war is over the government has announced that the Ninth Victory Loan will go on as scheduled. Two of the entries from this Station in the nation-wide poster contest are shown here. At the top is the one submitted by Ralph Tripp and at the left is Ralph Laing's. To us they look like big-time stuff and it wouldn't surprise us the least little bit if they copped a couple of the big cash prizes. Well here's wishing you luck anyway, fellows!

Motor Transport Section

By Cpl. Grace Perrin

It has been quite some time since we have had our name in the Viewpoint. We take this opportunity to say hello to everybody. Glad to have our widely read paper back in circulation.

The Transport Section still carries on with a lot of changes in personnel. It would be difficult to mention them all, but with so many anticipating the big move into civilian life, sometimes some are here in body but their minds are on 5th Avenue or with the grass skirts in Hawaii. (Not mentioning any names.)

Since the last time we went to press two of our boys have been to Accounts to change their next of kin. They are Cpl. Thompson, married to Gwen Collier, Picton, Ont.; and LAC Mackenzie (who wants to keep the family in the Air Force) to Elva Shipley of the Hospital Staff. To the newly-weds all the best.

We have a new theme song, "Night and Day". If you'd like a copy of the words see McGeogh, our despatcher. She knows all the gen, and if you want a truck to go on a picnic see the boss. Now that the Gremlins are back home we have more time to devote to the welfare of our own personnel. We are planning a party or small "do" for our section and if you have any suggestions as to transporting our boys, kindly let us know.

Congratulations are in order to LAC Jones on the birth of a daughter, (father doing well), and to WO1 Ing, his daughter can now count to eight (so father understands).

LAC Wetherald would like four new tires with a guarantee that they won't go flat between Northport and Mountain View.

Grease Pit Joe has been promoted to pilot of the bus. You may have noticed that he is an able supporter of the WD ball team.

Pete, our sergeant driver, is going around with his head down; it seems that getting up to call roll is getting him down.

Our new marker, Cpl. Thompson has leaded what foot to halt on.

The major has a great time playing with our new P.A. system, and LAC Graham suggests that we buy him a rattle out of our coffee fund, or can we afford it?

Beveridge seems to have found out what the under side of a car looks like. She emerged from the grease pit with more grease on her hair than on her hands.

We wonder why the long face of Marg. Sloman? Could be too long to wait for the big day.

We'd like to thank all in our section who helped to improve our lawns and buildings. LAW Price (Do-Do) asks personally, if you must walk in our flower beds, please take your shoes off.

ADIEU MT. PLEASANT

'Twas an eventful day, June second,

When a muster parade to all beckoned.

"POSTINGS!" the magic whispered word

Around the station flew, and was heard.

Ah! At last had come the day.
The men grinned and spat upon the clay,

(Thick and red and sticky with rain)

Through which they plodded in mute disdain.

A deep voice bellowed names and places

And brought looks of wonder to the dreamer's faces.

Kingston, Trenton and Mountain View—

Bayley — White — and yes, me too!

For twenty long months we had strained

While half the time it snowed and the other half it rained,
And if the sun came out to scoff,
The CI and CO and fifty Bolys took off.

Yet the trainees came and the trainees went

While the Mt. Pleasant staff grew old and bent.

The forgotten legion in a forgotten place,

With eyes staring vacantly off into space.

Some muttered and swore, some paled,

And some even mentally failed.
For Mt. Pleasant on the wee island by the sea—

Is a wonderful, wonderful place not to be.

But rest you now your weary head

You arrived here feeble but not quite dead.

There's WD's and fun and games
And yet beware! Cupid still makes his claims.

But softly as the evening comes stealing

And I sit and dream, 'tis my feeling,

Old Mt. Pleasant—we've been friends you and I.

There now—God bless you ol' No. 10—Goodbye.

—Sgt. M. T. Pero.

What's Doin'?



MOUNTAIN VIEW'S FIVE ORIGINAL WD'S



LEFT TO RIGHT—Sgt. Ida Simpson, Cpl. Joey Southall, Cpl. Diana Charter, LAW Betty Mowatt and Sgt. Frankie Crone.

The third anniversary of the WD's at Mountain View found five of the "Originals" still on the Station — Sergeants Simpson and Crone, Corporals Southall and Charter and LAW Mowatt, who had arrived on June 20th, 1942, with the first small band of airwomen — forty in all — to invade the sacred male precincts of Mountain View. For all five it was their first station, but not one of them would have predicted at that time that they would be destined to homestead here for some thirty-six months or so. All westerners, with the exception of Betty Mowatt, they hoped to see a bit of the east and then get a posting near home — that is, if they couldn't go overseas! Ah, what beautiful dreams one has in the early innocence of first airforce days! However, now, after three years they have become reconciled to their fate and are agreed that Mountain View, and especially Mountain View WD's, would be pretty hard to beat.

SGT. IDA SIMPSON, Clerk Administrative. The Training Wing gal, hails from Transcona, Man., and after matriculating and completing a secretarial course, worked in the office of an aircraft factory before enlisting. During her three years on the Station, in addition to being a most efficient stenographer and NCO, she has become one of the most popular WD's here with both airmen and airwomen alike, and is always ready to "pitch in" and help out in any way possible, whether it is assisting with Station activities or lending a friendly and sympathetic ear. Ida plans to go to university in Toronto when she gets her discharge and we take this opportunity of wishing her the very best of luck in her future plans, although we hope she will stay with us for some time to come.

SGT. "FRANKIE" CRONE, Clerk Accountant. As this issue hits the press, we bid farewell to Sgt. Crone who is leaving us for "Civvie Street". Not only is "Frankie" one of the old-timers, but she also has the distinction of being one of the first two airwomen to arrive on the Station — she and Cpl. Southall arrived a day ahead of time, and for twenty-four hours were two lone airwomen amongst a horde of inquisitive airmen! During her last three years here, Sgt. Crone has become one of the mainstays of the Accounts Section, and it is very doubtful whether they will be able to carry on in this bewildering section without her. Miss Crone is planning to take a post-graduate course at university in the fall (she already has a B.A. degree under her belt) and in the meantime is going home to Edmonton for a rest. All the best to you, Frankie — we

are quite sure of your future success in whatever endeavor you tackle.

CPL. DIANA CHARTER, Clerk Administrative. "Oh for a West Coast posting, there's no place like home." This is the familiar lament heard from Cpl. Charter, who has done "her darndest" to obtain either an overseas posting or one to the west, almost from the day she arrived at Mountain View. However, she has resigned herself to the inevitable, and her efficiency and cheerfulness belie her thwarted hopes of being stationed at Pat Bay or some such other dream spot. While on the station, Diana has kept track of the intricacies of armament training, and, except for a brief sojourn in Training Admin. Orderly Room, has been one of the fixtures in the Air Armament School. Probably one of the main reasons why the school is such a going concern today.

CPL. "JOEY" SOUTHALL, Clerk Accountant. A hard-working bookkeeper in New Westminster, B.C., before enlisting, Cpl. Southall was well prepared for the arduous life of a clerk accountant in the Air Force. One of the "pillars" of the Accounts Section, she has been employed on both pay and non-public funds and is now buried deep behind huge piles of equipment ledgers, thus earning the title of "Inventory Queen". A member of the Station Fund Committee, she has always upheld the Airmen's rights and does her best to ensure that their money is well spent. Well liked on the Station because of her cheerful smile and willingness to co-operate, "Joey" is always well in the forefront when it comes to organizing any WD activities.

LAW BETTY MOWATT, Telephone Operator. Latchford, Ont., is the home of LAW Mowatt, although she claims to be a pioneer, as she spent two years "in the bush" beyond Haileybury prior to enlistment — very good conditioning for Air Force days ahead! After working in the Library and the Armament Section Orderly Room, she remustered two years ago to the trade of telephone operator, and ever since, has been one of the most cheerful and obliging of our pleasant group of "Hello Girls". Of late, she has been wandering round camp with a rather starry eyed expression, and it is rumored that she may contemplate following the example of so many Mountain View WD's and take the "fatal plunge". How about it, Betty, are we just imagining that we hear a faint suggestion of wedding bells when you are near?

A WD'S FIRST FLIP

'Twas a Harvard—a beaut
And the pilot was cute
But my very first worry
'Case to exit meant "hurry"
Was how could fall
If the darned thing should stall
When about me were tied
Many straps, side by side.

When I asked what to do
If my fears should come true
All around smiles appeared
So—how could I be sc(e)ared?
Then below things got smaller
And I wanted to holler
Guess I did once or twice
But soon thought—h'mm nice!

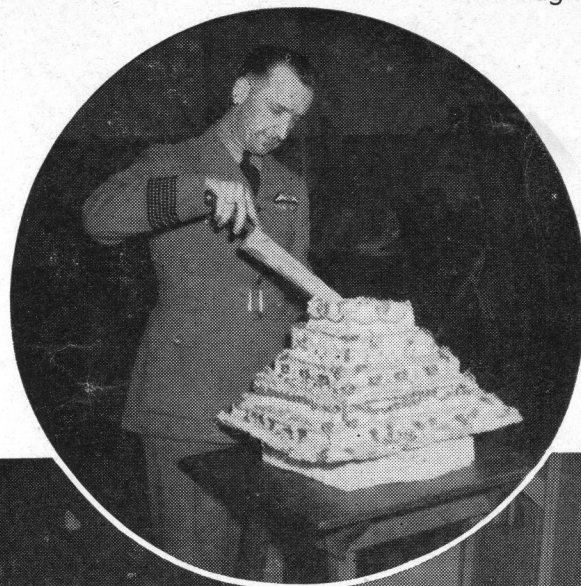
Yes I even felt brave
So this signal I gave:
How about a few loops?
Ooh—golly—gee—woops
Yipe! I feel awfully dizzy
Can't you straighten this lizzy?
But he looped, stalled and turned
My poor tummy felt churned.

By Cpl. Ella Muir

Oooh—at last! Solid ground!
—But it's movin' around!
No it isn't, it's you,
Come on kid, you're through
Said a voice close at hand
As I staggered on land
I practically fell—
But it really was swell!

WD's Celebrate Their Third Anniversary At Mountain View

Group Captain R. F. Gibb, Commanding Officer, Cuts The Birthday Cake As All Have A Swell Time At The Big Dance

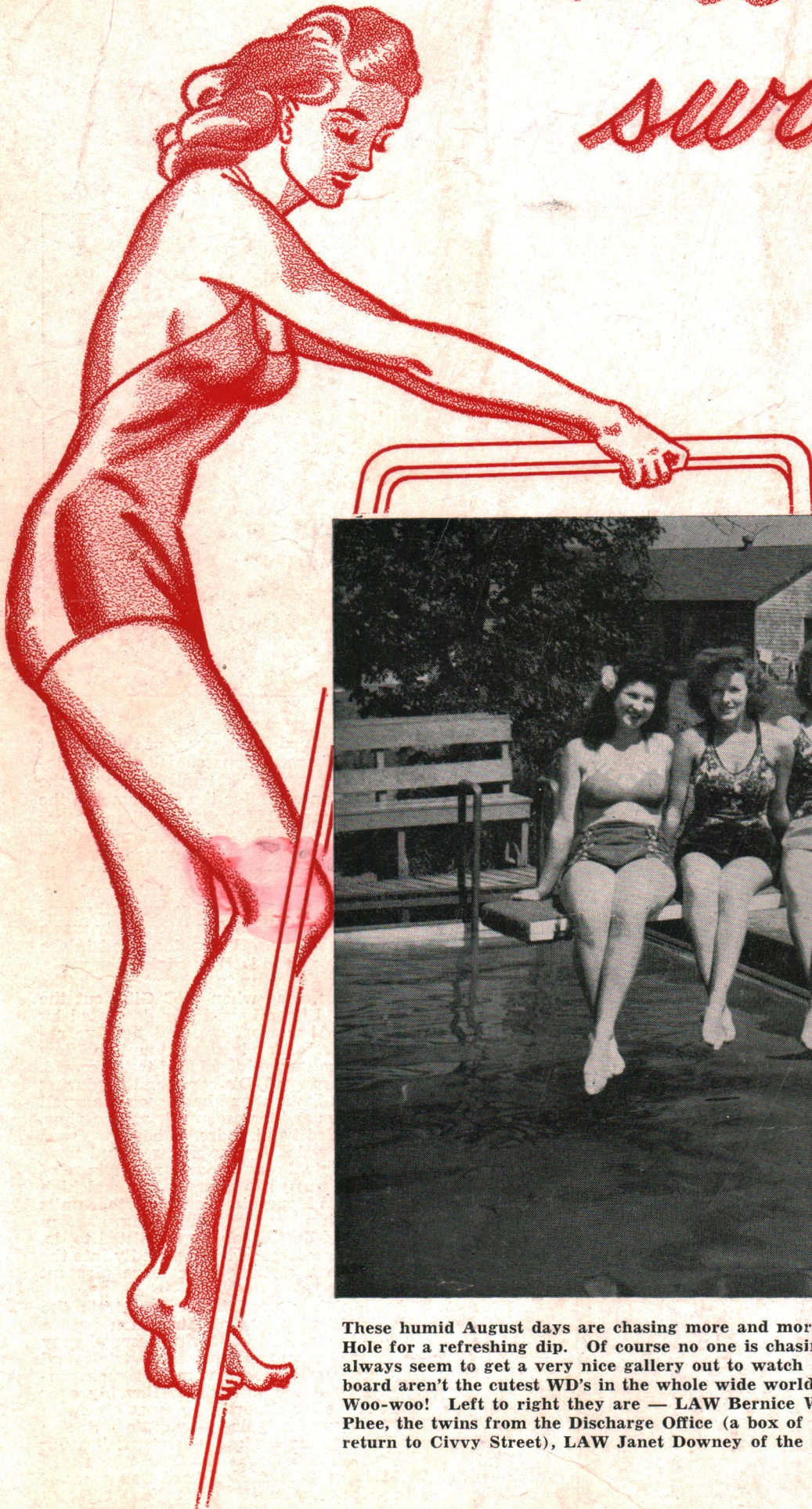


June 20th marked the third anniversary of the WD's at Mountain View, and this auspicious occasion was celebrated with a dance put on by the airwomen in the theatre. And what a dance!!! For the first time on the Station, our WD's were permitted to wear civilian clothes and many were the whistles and catcalls that greeted the transformation, when the Mountain View wolves were confronted with a bevy of be-au-tiful gals, bedecked in the most feminine dresses they could lay their hands on. Thanks to Cpl. Muir, Sgt. Simpson and several other energetic members of the dance committee, the party was a huge success. The recreation hall was decorated in the garden motif with vine covered lattices edging the walls, and tables and chairs were set up in cabaret style. The highlight of the evening came when G/C Gibb cut the birthday cake which had been beautifully decorated by F/Sgt. Jackson of the Airmen's Mess, and the five remaining Airwomen who had arrived at Mountain View with the original squadron were introduced to the crowd.

These five have seen many WD's come and go during their three years on the Station, and have seen the small original band of airwomen increase until, at one time, the number here exceeded two hundred. They have seen nearly every section invaded by the fair sex and have watched while the original doubts and misgivings of "this man's Air Force" turned to appreciation and high regard. For the WD's at Mountain View and other units have proved their worth a hundredfold and have shown that they not only could do the job they enlisted to do, but have also thrown themselves wholeheartedly into the task of making life on a station a far more pleasant existence.

It would be well nigh impossible to enumerate the "goings on" of a transient group of Airwomen over a three year period — the majority of the successes, happy hours, friendships made, laughs, romances, trials and tribulations, heartaches and boredoms must remain untold. However, now that the war is unbelievably over and our small part of the job almost done we at Mountain View would like to say: "Nice going — you have done a grand job; and if you take back into civilian life the spirit you have contributed to the Air Force, you will help ensure, that this long dreamed of hard won peace of ours becomes a permanent reality and a birthright of our children.

The old swimming hole



These humid August days are chasing more and more of the Station Beauties down to the Ole Swimmin' Hole for a refreshing dip. Of course no one is chasing the Airmen but somehow or other the girls always seem to get a very nice gallery out to watch their antics. Maybe the five above on the diving board aren't the cutest WD's in the whole wide world but the consensus of opinion is that **THEY'LL DO**. Woo-woo! Left to right they are — LAW Bernice Winters from AAS, LAW'S Daphne and Beryl MacPhee, the twins from the Discharge Office (a box of chocolates or a bunch of roses might hasten that return to Civvy Street), LAW Janet Downey of the Officers' Mess, and Cpl. Ella Muir of Dental Clinic.