

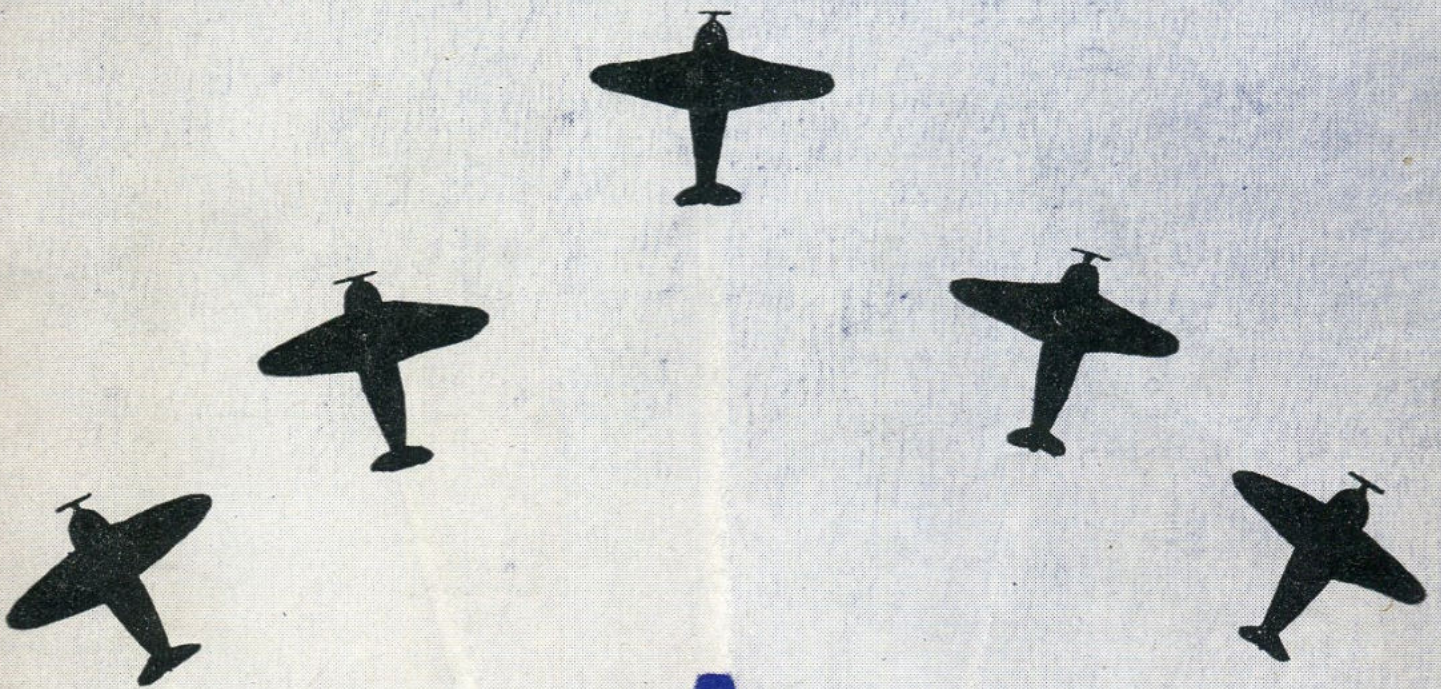
WINGS

MAGAZINE

No. 3 - Aug.-Sept.

PICTON

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WHEN IN BELLEVILLE VISIT OUR PLANT



WING COMMANDER P. W. LOWE-HOLMES

Foreword

I hope that this magazine, humbly conceived and bravely compiled, will wing its way to many stations and into many homes. May its gentle humour and merry tilts be always appreciated by the readers and acceptable to the victims. May it also serve to cement the bonds of friendship which exist between the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F.

P. W. LOWE-HOLMES,
Wing Commander,
Chief Instructor,
No. 31 B. & G. School

"WINGS"

A Magazine of the R.A.F. Bombing and Gunnery
School, Published Monthly at Picton



"Saw the heavens filled with commerce,
Argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight
Dropping down with costly bales.
Heard the heavens filled with shoutings,
And there rained a ghastly dew,
From the nation's airy navies,
Grappling in the central blue."

Locksley Hall —Tennyson.

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The characters in this magazine
are not always fictitious and probably
point to some known or unknown
persons, with or without offence.

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Editorial

ANOTHER month has passed and again we have the pleasure of presenting, in panoramic splendour, the literary and artistic compositions of the Station. Last month we moaned at the lack of support afforded us but admitted that the fault may be largely ours: it seems that this was so, for by certain rearrangements, based on your criticisms, support has shown a marked improvement. This is as it should be, for above all this is a Station Magazine in the fullest sense, so continue to send in your criticisms—better still, send in your criticism accompanied by a contribution.

We are glad to be able to reproduce some of the photographs taken by our camera man on the occasion of the visit of the Under Secretary of State for Air. Our staff reporter was hot on the scent of "pukka gen" but his efforts became so enshrouded by the cloak of British diplomacy, that he was forced to admit defeat. After all, this is war time, what!

For this issue we are honoured to have a foreword by our energetic Chief Instructor. W/C Lowe-Holmes, who entered the R.A.F. College in 1924, and has been flying for nearly 17 years, returned from India after two and one-half years' service there to become an armament specialist. Since then he has held many important positions which included, two years at the Air Ministry, 18 months at No. 1 A.D.G. Headquarters, Staff Duties at the Air Armament School and commands of Flying Squadrons at Eastchurch and Manby.

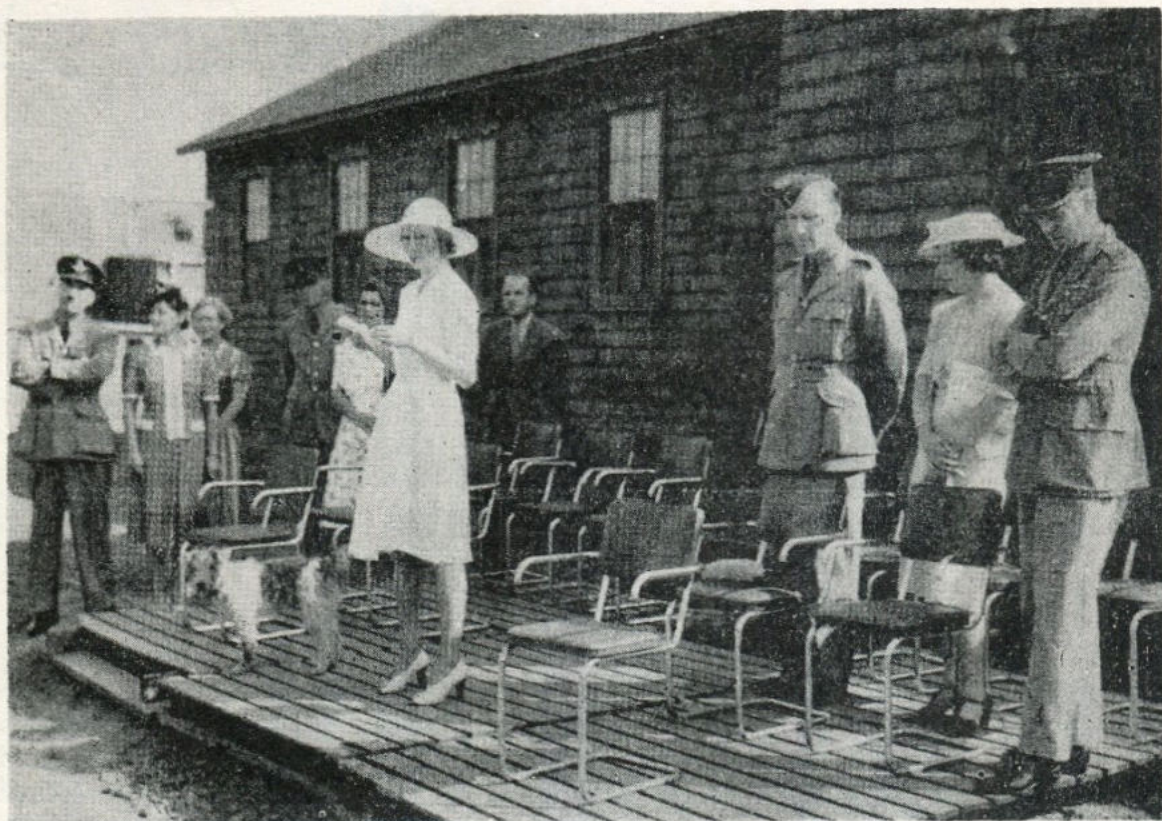
You probably wonder why we should take it into our heads to mention V for Victory at this juncture! There are times when the war seems very remote from us over here, we are apt to lose that feeling of vital participation in this very real of conflicts, however, this slogan is now racing across Europe, even the world, so we too add our humble effort to spread it still further.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing:
Learn to labour and to wait.

—Longfellow.

J. P. H.

Opening of Airmen's Canteen



THE BEAUTIFUL afternoon of August 1st was a significant one for the airmen of No. 31 Bombing and Gunnery School, as it marked the occasion of the official opening of the Canteen for the sole use of airmen.

The short ceremony, which Group Captain Keith opened with a few well chosen words, introduced Lady Seton, who had graciously consented to open the Canteen. Among those present were Mrs. Keith, Mrs. Phipps, Mrs. Pithie, Mrs. Boucher and Lady Seton, who, with her inimitable charm addressed the following words to the airmen:

"I have been honoured today, by being allowed to open officially this Canteen, and I hasten to thank all concerned for that honour.

"Before, however, declaring it open, I want to take this opportunity to tell the married airmen on this Station of the position as regards their wives coming to Canada. Recently you have had a lot of disappointments, and I want you to realize how much your courage and patience have been admired, especially by those who have been lucky in having their wives here. I can tell you now, that this very important matter has been referred to officials in high positions, both here and in England, and there is now every chance that greater facilities will be afforded immediately. Shipping companies will be kept in closer touch with Air Ministry, and boats will not arrive out here empty. I do not mean this in idle promises, but I most emphatically assure all airmen that definite arrangements are

now in hand, and that from what I have seen and heard, not in idle chatter or rumour, but in actual fact, that your wives will join you, and join you very soon.

"I don't want to keep you waiting, as I expect you have had a lot of work today, but just before opening this Canteen, I would like to say that great praise should be given to Mrs. Grundy of Robert Simpson's, who has co-operated so magnificently, and to Sergeants Hammond and Warry for their hard work in getting the Canteen to its present condition. It is now up to you to look after the place, and take care of the furniture.

"I now declare this Canteen open, and hand it over to the President of the Service Institute."

After this address, a fitting tribute was paid to Lady Seton with the presentation of a bouquet by A.C. Shanley on behalf of the airmen. The Canteen was then inspected by those taking part in the inauguration, and refreshments served.

It was apparent from the furnishing and decoration of the Canteen, that no effort had been spared in its planning, and special thanks and congratulations are tendered to S/Ldr. Sir Alexander Seton, Bart., President of the Service Institute, for its conception and the able way in which it was carried out.

V

Personal

CONGRATULATIONS to "Doc" Oliver on his promotion to F/Lt.: Sgt. Bennett, on acquiring his crowns and to the long suffering 'erks,' who overcame the inquisition in the recent exam—we hope!

A cordial welcome to Wing Commander MacDonald, F/Lt. Bergin and F/O Enright, who joined respectively, the Armament Section, Hospital and the School.

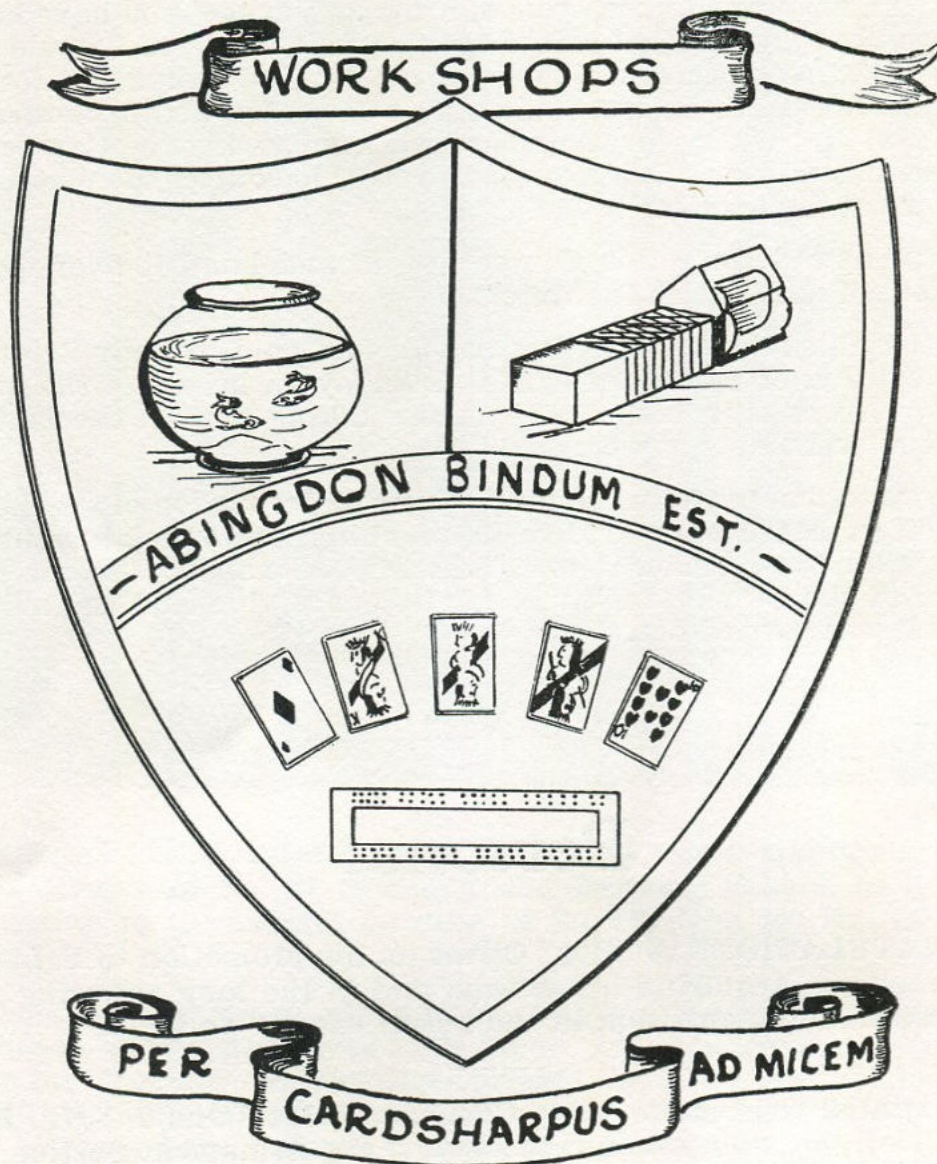
The accounting autocracy welcome Sgt. Wheeler, who will take over Stores Accounts—where did you get that number Serg?

Yes sir! We sure get more cosmopolitan every day, but we are never-the-less glad to welcome yet another contingent of American Officers.

Best wishes to F/Lt. Orange, F/O Thomas, F/O Mitchell and P/O Mumford in their departure to fresh fields.

Apropos of the July issue, we learn with regret that P/O Jones has now left us for good — or worse!

Station Heraldry



HAVE not we all, at one time or another during our stay in Canada, visited our workshops? and there beheld the wonderful spectacle of a Bond of friendship Binding all the workers together?

Abingdon, the theme of conversation—now far away,—will never be forgotten, and the deeds wrought there will forever be brought to mind. The Card Table behind Blacksmith Rowell's "range" adds to the beauties of that well appointed, Aquarium cum Zoo cum Casino. The hulls of great ships—literally something of the deeds to be Dunn—find their places amongst Mills' bombshells and shavings.

Tools bearing the rust of uselessness are scattered and forgotten, and men think of higher things than work,—Goldfish, and White Mice, Playing Cards, and Cribbage Boards is the order of the day.

—P. O. P.

North Sea Patrol

Dedicated to Men of 224 Sqdn. Coastal Command

20-7-40

Over the waves to the valleys and caves,
To Norways grim fjords and cliffs,
Far o'er the ocean, so constant in motion
To the land of chasms and rifts.
The engines roar as onward they soar
Over that grim, rocky land,
Till they reach their goal on the "S" one patrol,
Men of the Coastal Command.

Death they're defying as they are flying
Pups of the Bulldog breed;
With never a fear of the lightning spear,
Never the thunder they heed:
Though ice-formation is dimming the station
On the wireless op's radio;
The pilot is swearing for he can't get a bearing,
Yet onward still they go.

There is no promotion for flying o'er ocean,
There is no glory to win;
But they've got a goal on the North Sea Patrol,
To them to fail is a sin:
Many have tried and many have died
For the sake of Britain's fame;
To patrol the sea and keep it free,
But no one knows their name.

Scarcely a word has Britain heard
Of men who have gallantly died:
Without decoration for the sake of a nation,
Over the ocean wide.
There's many a name unknown to fame,
Written off the Nominal Roll;
There's many a 'kite' made its last flight
And failed to reach its goal.

There's no debating when ME's are waiting,
The objective has to be gained:
Or a patrol carried out till there isn't a doubt,
Britain's might never has waned;
From Narvik to Stavanger there isn't a hangar
Unrecorded by Coastal Command:
There isn't a ship which unnoticed could slip,
Through that blockade of Britain's demand.

If I could enter each name on the roll of fame,
I'd fulfill my hearts desire,
For no one knows the names of those
Who have fallen to enemy fire:
Those who have gone will still live on,
Ever watchful of Britain's shore,
Far out at sea they'll keep Britain free,
Now and for ever more.

—LAC. E. S. ASPINALL

“Mentioned in Despatches”



GROUP CAPTAIN KEITH

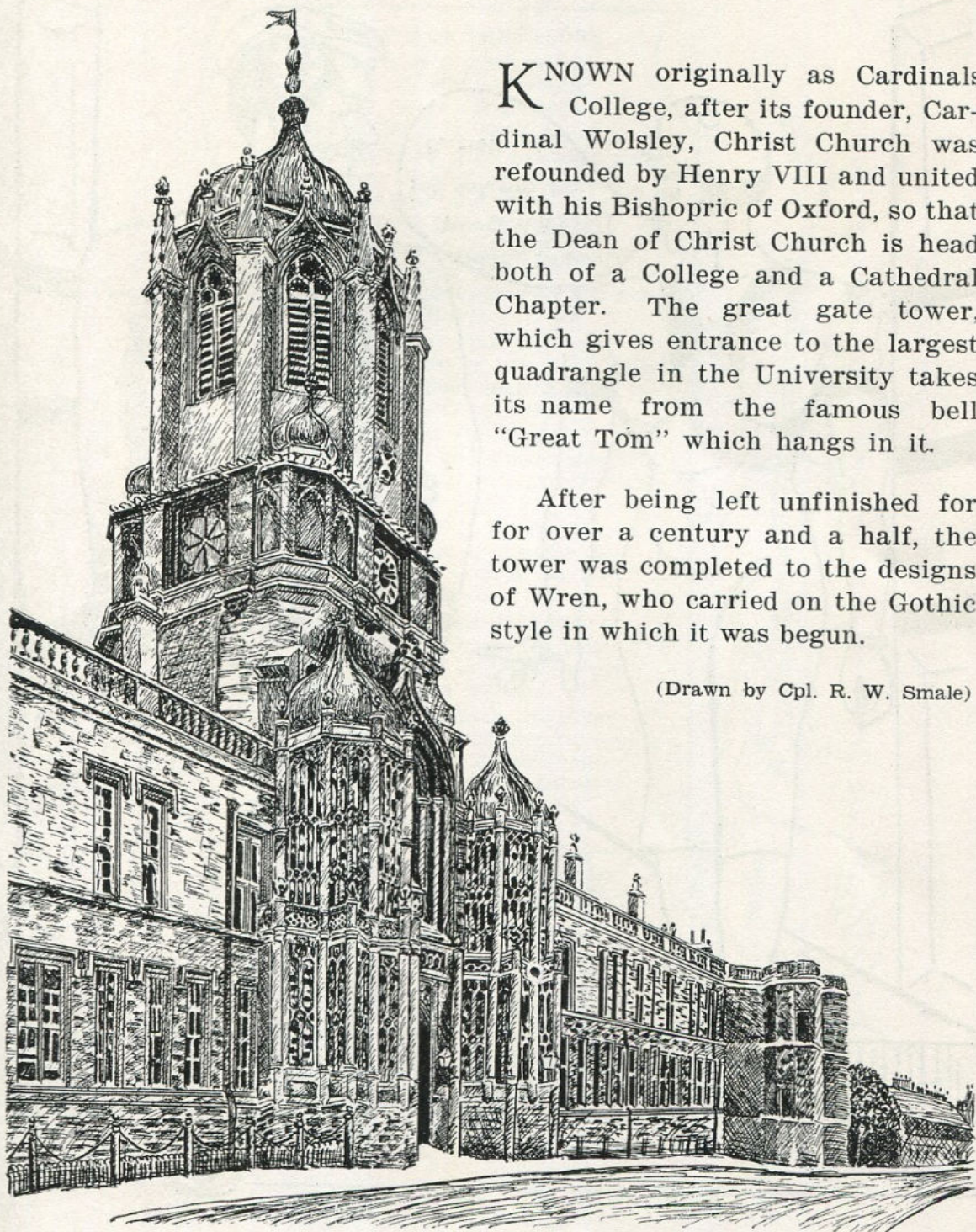
THIS STATION is proud of the fact that another of its members has been honored. The Station Commander was mentioned in a despatch dated 6th October, 1940 from Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal, KCB, DSO, MC, the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of Bomber Command, although the certificate recording “His Majesty’s high appreciation of the services rendered” has only just reached Picton.

Group-Captain C. H. Keith commanded the R.A.F. Station at Marham in Norfolk from 26th November, 1939, until 25th September, 1940. During this time his two Wellington Squadrons at Marham regularly attacked enemy targets in Germany as well as in Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France. An attack against targets in Italy had to be abandoned owing to the opposition of the French to the use of re-fuelling grounds in France. North Sea offensive patrols were also carried out, and units of the enemy fleet bombed at sea and at Heligoland. Soon after his arrival at Marham, Group-Captain Keith had the sights of all aircraft turret guns harmonized by actually firing the guns 400 yards, across the aerodrome, and adjusting the sights on the mean point of impact. This probably increased the confidence of the Air Gunners in the use of their sights and may have contributed towards the successes obtained against enemy fighter aircraft. Everyone was horrified at the danger of firing across the aerodrome, but the A.O.C. remarked: “If it improves our air firing and you don’t kill more than one farm laborer a year, I don’t mind!” Several Air Gunners received decoration for successful air combats. The first successful night photographs were obtained by a crew from Marham, flying over enemy occupied country. Before being posted to Marham, Group-Captain Keith had spent eight of the preceding nine years on Armament Development work. During his time in the Design Department at Woolwich, most of the bombs used in the present war were perfected. His time at Air Ministry saw the introduction of the power-operated turrets now in use, the adoption of the Browning and Hispano guns and the laying down of the designs of the eight-gun fighters, which won the Battle of Britain.



Tom Tower

Christ Church College, Oxford



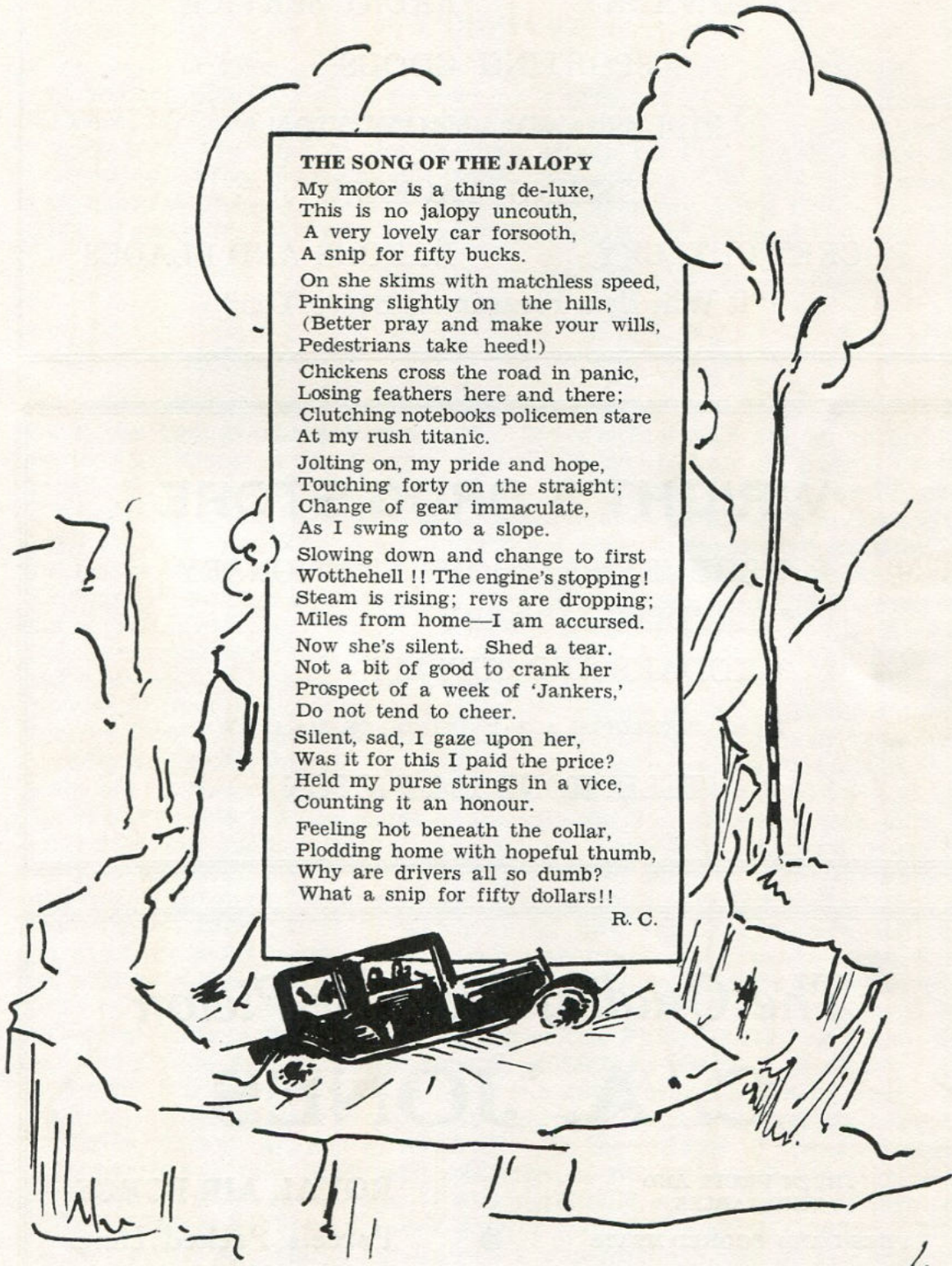
KNOwn originally as Cardinals College, after its founder, Cardinal Wolsley, Christ Church was refounded by Henry VIII and united with his Bishopric of Oxford, so that the Dean of Christ Church is head both of a College and a Cathedral Chapter. The great gate tower, which gives entrance to the largest quadrangle in the University takes its name from the famous bell "Great Tom" which hangs in it.

After being left unfinished for for over a century and a half, the tower was completed to the designs of Wren, who carried on the Gothic style in which it was begun.

(Drawn by Cpl. R. W. Smale)

HOTEL





THE SONG OF THE JALOPY

My motor is a thing de-luxe,
This is no jalopy uncouth,
A very lovely car forsooth,
A snip for fifty bucks.

On she skims with matchless speed,
Pinking slightly on the hills,
(Better pray and make your wills,
Pedestrians take heed!)

Chickens cross the road in panic,
Losing feathers here and there;
Clutching notebooks policemen stare
At my rush titanic.

Jolting on, my pride and hope,
Touching forty on the straight;
Change of gear immaculate,
As I swing onto a slope.

Slowing down and change to first
Wotthehell !! The engine's stopping!
Steam is rising; revs are dropping;
Miles from home—I am accursed.

Now she's silent. Shed a tear.
Not a bit of good to crank her
Prospect of a week of 'Jankers,'
Do not tend to cheer.

Silent, sad, I gaze upon her,
Was it for this I paid the price?
Held my purse strings in a vice,
Counting it an honour.

Feeling hot beneath the collar,
Plodding home with hopeful thumb,
Why are drivers all so dumb?
What a snip for fifty dollars!!

R. C.



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TO ENGLAND

The Retreat From Greece

FOREWORD

My brother wrote the following letter from Crete. It was written shortly before he became a prisoner of war in the German invasion of Crete, and it contains a description of his experiences in Greece from the time of the German attack on that country until the evacuation. I feel it may be of interest to readers of "Wings." He was in a mechanical infantry unit of the Territorial Army using Bren Gun carriers. I have drawn a map to show the location of some of the towns.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT D. M. MAW.

May 8th

My Dearest Mother:

Now that I have some time to spare I'll try to write in more detail about the events of the last month. My writing may not be so hot, as we are still living in the "rough" and this is written on my knee. I'll try to tell you of the lighter side of things, as I'm quite sure you won't want to hear about much that happened. Although we escaped from Greece on April 28th, we are still in an operational role "somewhere" waiting for the Boche to attack us. This time we will be on equal terms with him if he comes, and we are confident that on anything like equal terms we can thrash him. I last wrote during the first few days of April. At 9.30 a.m. during a service on Sunday, April 6th, we heard that the "balloon had gone up." I immediately moved my carriers forward three miles of the rest of the Company and occupied the village of Petros in Macedonia. For the first time the local inhabitants who had always been extremely friendly and kind, threatened trouble. At 10 p.m. on the first night they came out of their houses (although we had imposed a curfew) and the Greek police told me to get out of the village! The situation was soon in hand and they calmed down. At dusk on April 8th, I had an order by wireless to withdraw to Armgatin (about 40 miles). The Boche had penetrated through Yugoslavia, and had completely outflanked us. It was a race against time, it was raining like hell, and a very difficult journey over the mountains. Many more such journeys were to come, with bad narrow roads winding up the mountain side by hair-pin bends when a skid or a slip on the wrong side meant a fall of 2000 feet or more. We arrived at Vere in the southern mouth of the Phlorina Gap at 5 a.m. before the Boche and occupied a hasty defensive position at dawn. All day on the 9th we spent digging in on the mountain side behind Vere. At 4 p.m. my wireless carrier came up again with ammunition, and inconveniently "threw" a track in a bad ditch in the village. I spent all night in recovering it, and (although unknown to me at the time), there was a German patrol in the village. It was bitter cold, and as I walked through to find a despatch rider, a Greek soldier offered me some Cognac which I gladly accepted. Had I but known I was in the midst of 12 Germans dressed in Greek uniforms. Those same swine one hour later shot one of our sentries with a Tommy Gun. I sent back for another carrier which arrived about 2 a.m. and promptly "threw" a track too, in the process of towing out. I risked a third which arrived at 9 a.m. next morning, and

we cleared all the carriers by 11 a.m. I tried to get my wireless up the mountain side, but she "threw" the other track! My luck was out. We eventually got her out by 6 p.m., and all this happened in full sight of the enemy reconnaissance unit. Meanwhile Boche tanks in large numbers had shown themselves 8 miles down the valley, and our field guns were quick to find their mark. Our bombers, escorted by fighters, flew over again and again to drop tons of bombs on the German lines of communication, and we cheered each time when we saw just as many planes come back: Our artillery fired all day spasmodically from about noon. I had banked on getting my carrier away over the mountain but had found it impossible.

There was only one alternative as we had blown up the road after the other two had gone through, this was through a mine field. I've never gone more gingerly, and to make matters worse, our artillery started ranging on the village road as I came down it. We made it all right and I left the carrier for the night with an anti-aircraft battery behind us. Climbing up the mountain again with one of my sergeants, I found that the village was full of Boche (it was dark by now) and we could hear them shouting orders in guttural tones. John wanted the village shelled instantly, so off I went again to a phone line at the foot of the mountain. It was now about 10 p.m. and I had had no food since breakfast. I was nearly on my knees. I got through to our heavy guns who were shooting at a range of about 8 miles, and in 10 minutes they opened up and blew the village to hell. I struggled back to the top of the mountain again and spoke to John Lascelles on the phone. I found that a large German patrol in Greek uniform had penetrated the Aussies on my right flank taking 12 prisoners and capturing an Aussie machine gun post 50 yards from my right flank position. A whole section of mine had gone to its assistance, been overwhelmed and taken prisoners or killed. I made my way hurriedly over to my platoon with an Aussie officer, but we too ran into the patrol, were surrounded, but escaped. From the outset it was obvious we were fighting very superior numbers, and it turned out later that we had in front of us the best part of the two crack S.S. divisions including the Adolf Hitler regiment itself. Furthermore my company took the whole brunt of the attack, our other Companies together with the Aussies were barely touched. By about 2 a.m. on the morning of Good Friday, April 11th, we managed to reform our line in our alternative position. The whole day was fairly quiet, with intermittent artillery exchanges and machine gun fire on both sides. About 9 a.m. it started snowing very hard, and it continued for two days. Never in my life have I felt more miserable, we were wet through lying in the snow for hours on end and dog-tired already. We had no food or water and we fell to eating the snow.

We were all out of tobacco and cigarettes, having shared around what few any of us had left. In the evening we were brought some food, some tea and a primus with empty petrol tins to boil the tea in. The tea tasted strongly of petrol, but it was the most enjoyable drink I think I ever had!

We faced another dreaded night in the snow when we knew that every man must continue to keep awake; the penalty we knew could easily mean a bayonet in the stomach from the German patrol. This night we arranged for every man to stay in our section position from 9.30 p.m. till dawn next morning, shooting on sight any man moving about whether he was Greek or German. Soon after dark a German field gun opened up on our position and this was all the more disturbing as we had no tools to dig in with. It continued for 1½ hours, and the miracle was

that no one was killed. John Lascelles was slightly hit in the leg and John Husky had his bottom badly bruised. One shell fell against a three foot stone wall behind which I was kneeling with my batman. We were covered with stones and earth but unharmed. All night we fired intermittently at dark shapes, many of them figments of our vivid imagination. But after dawn on the 12th we crawled out and found a goodly harvest of dead Boches lying in the snow. These were the first definite identification of the presence of the Adolf Hitler regiment. At 9.45 a.m. on the 12th the battle started in earnest. The whole force of the attack came in on my company's position starting with a terrific barrage of shelling and helped by heavy machine guns. This was followed by an infantry attack which was initiated on my platoon position. I was holding the key position at the top of a ravine, and I still had eight Bren guns in action. The Boche came over the ridge literally in mass formation and we mowed them down; they must have suffered terrific casualties. My platoon continued doing that until about one o'clock, when I was told by my batman, much to my consternation, that the rest of the Company had been ordered to withdraw, and the order had not reached me! I was left surrounded on three sides and I was being fired on at close range by more than one machine gun. We actually withdrew without losing a single man killed, although four were wounded. I lost the whole of my belongings and I had to carry a wounded Corporal down the mountain. Later that afternoon the Colonel furnished us with seven Bren guns to cover the withdrawal of the whole of the rest of the British force on a railway station. The Boche got round our flank on both sides and machine-gunned us from the rear, but we hung on for three-quarters of an hour and then withdrew, not only through this fire but also through a barrage of shelling, and when I tell you that shells burst in the station we were occupying on the line down which we withdrew, only 20 yards ahead, and all around, truly the hand of God was protecting us. I only lost one man, killed. All that night we withdrew arriving at Procestin near Phosemais at 2.30 a.m. on Easter Sunday, April 13th, to fight our next delaying action. We were in position before dawn and the Boche arrived about 11 a.m. They started with a huge tank attack, employing between 100 and 150 in all. We beat them off, and when they put in their infantry we took just as heavy a toll as we had the day before.

That day we had our first taste of dive bombing and machine gunning by M.E. 109's, which was far from pleasant, but as we got it from dawn to dusk every single day till we left Greece, we soon got accustomed to it. Every place we stopped, we hastily dug split trenches which afford good protection and when attacked on the move we used to stop and lie in ditches. By the evening of the 13th the position was very grave. A number of enemy tanks had outflanked us and got in our rear, more were coming up the last 200 yards in front of our position. I may say that we knocked out a considerable number of them all day with our anti-tank guns. Just as dusk was falling at about 8.30 p.m. the Brigadier ordered our withdrawal in the nick of time as it turned out. We sped down the road covered by our own heavy tanks, and it was comforting to see the German armour-piercing tracer bullets going a little too high over our bonnets. We passed a blazing tank, a reminder of what might happen to us. My only remaining despatch rider rode with his head down under the cover of my own armour, and so we again escaped through a thin line of enemy tanks. Another long journey of 40 miles was ahead of us to the main bridge over the river Alechnon, where I arrived at 4 a.m. The Brigadier stopped me with four of my carriers and

(Continued on Page Seventeen)

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The Retreat From Greece

(Continued from Page Fifteen)

ordered me to defend a bridge 30 miles down river where I arrived about 10 a.m. on the 14th. The rest of the Battalion went back to Pcoma to rest, but I was unlucky. I had not slept at all since Petros on April 7th. My task was well-nigh impossible. I asked the sapper sergeant how much he wanted to blow the bridge on my orders and he replied in broad Scotch, "I canna blow it, Sir, there is not enough dynamite under it"! I only had four carriers and to make matters worse, a German troop-carrying aeroplane landed two miles away. At 2 p.m. I wirelessly back with this information and demanded reinforcements; the Colonel glibly said this was impossible, and I made it clear that I would not hold myself responsible for the safety of the bridge. I was also told that the Boche had got round them at Grevena, 35 miles in my rear! My withdrawal route took me over two ravines, both bridged, and a very dangerous mountain pass. The Boche bombed those bridges all day, but mercifully never hit them. At 8.45 p.m. I was ordered to withdraw and arrived safely at Crevent at about 2 a.m. on the 15th, negotiating innumerable bomb craters on the way. We moved on to take up our next position at Elenthovion, hoping to negotiate the worst pass of all before the dive bombers were about. Hoards of Greek refugees completely blocked the pass, and when daylight came there were vehicles stretching for eight miles head to tail, a perfect target if there ever was one. The first bomber, a big Dornier, flew at 500 feet over the column, but bombed wide and unfortunately for it flew nearly down the barrel of an A.A. gun which sent it spinning in flames into the ravine below. So it went on all day, very gradual progress and masses of attack by M.E. 109's. My carrier again shed a track, and it chose the hottest spot of all near the bridge, but we worked feverishly, taking refuge in a bomb crater every time we were directly attacked, and got going in time to reach our position on the opposite side of the pass at about 4 p.m. Again we had miraculously escaped from the Boche. By this time I was so damned tired that I could hardly think, and John ordered me to sleep all night, which I thankfully did. I am glad I had that opportunity because I had five days after that before I got another shut eye. It amazed me afterwards that my endurance was so great. Early on the morning of the 16th we learned that the Boche had again got round behind us and might easily cut us off at Kalabaka, 30 miles in the rear. The withdrawal started at 9 a.m., but being last away we started off at 5 p.m. with a terrible drive ahead of us of 250 miles to our next stop behind the line at Thermopolea, I will skip over this quickly, we went through Kalabaka again, escaping by a lane two towns, Irinkale, Larissa, and by the coast road via Volos and Uma to Thermopolea and Atlantis. Having had much difficulty with my carrier, I insisted on being sent back a new bogey wheel for which I waited four hours, very valuable hours. At Kalabaka I became the last vehicle on the road. I collected several of my own carriers on the way back and moved independently, not catching up with the battalion till 2 p.m. on the 19th at Atlantis, where we arrived 24 hours after them and found that they had slept those 24 hours! For our part we had driven all day and all night, scrounging petrol when our tanks were empty, and after Volos I found an abandoned airfield which saved our skin with some aero spirit. One of my carriers broke down in the middle of Larissa, well known to be a hell on earth for its bombing. Soon 37 Heinkels appeared at about 20,000 feet and got down to business. They dived inces-

santly for 30 minutes which seemed like an eternity, and left it in flames with dust and debris all around. Again we were not so much as scratched.

When I reached Volos I learnt that the Boche were in Larissa, this was about 4 p.m. and we left at noon. As I was making a detour 15 miles to avoid the worst pass in Greece over which I doubted my carriers would go, I was faced with the ominous possibility of being cut off at Urania by the Boche, taking the direct route. We wasted two more valuable hours near Volos refuelling and changing another bogey wheel and then set off at top speed while daylight lasted. The Greeks insisted on showering us with flowers as we passed through the villages, which seemed a curious thing when their own army had capitulated and we ourselves were fighting a rear guard action. It was not surprising that we frequently fell asleep at the wheel, but there was no time to waste. Once again we beat the Boche to Velonia and arrived at Thermopolea at about 10 a.m. on the 19th, (the first German tank attacked this line that afternoon). Behind Thermopolea we stopped and washed in a hot spring and made some tea and ate a wonderful breakfast. We pushed on and I met a very anxious John Husky at the Battalion headquarters. I expressed the hope that we were not moving before morning, but was told that the Battalion was moving on to Thebes at 8 p.m. We barely had time to refuel and maintain our carriers, get some food and shave. Shave! I hadn't shaved since Petros 12 days before, so you can imagine I had a bit of a beard. We set off just before dusk but we broke two track pins three miles out, and again got left behind. The Battalion arrived near Thebes at 3.30 a.m. on the 20th, and we caught them up at 10 a.m. We were caught soon after dawn by a number of bombers, so we drove away from the road and cooked breakfast. I shot a nice fat pigeon with my rifle (I am afraid it was a sitting bird) and ate it later for lunch. We spent about three days resting here and slept nearly all the time. Then we moved back for two days for embarkation. On the evening of the 24th we were to move down to the beach, but at midday came the unwholesome news that the Boche had landed by sea near Klallein in front of us. The Battalion moved off to take up a defensive position covering the beaches at Maslena. I was ordered to go forward to take up an outpost position and my force consisted of four carriers, a cruiser tank and an armored car. I spent a very anxious birthday waiting all day for the Boche to come, knowing I was the only post between him and the Battalion 25 miles behind. We were bombed all day, and when I got orders to withdraw just after dusk I was not sorry. I reached my Company position at 3 a.m. on the 26th. I spent most of the time asleep, and then prepared for the night move to the beach at Rafina. At 7.30 p.m. we set off on the last journey in Greece. With the Colonel and a sapper Major we brought up the rear, blowing up all remaining bridges on the road, which had previously been prepared, as we went. We reached the beach about 9.30 p.m., and I had the unpleasant task of blowing up my faithful carrier which had taken me all the way from northern Macedonia, but I preferred that than let the Boche use him. With that, of course, I lost everything except what I could carry the $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the beach. I took my flag from the wireless aerial, and I've still got it. Having arrived at the beach the slow process of embarkation began, and we sat for hours waiting our turn. The men were wonderful and never attempted to break ranks. At 2.30 a.m. on Sunday, April 27th, came the most shattering blow of all. The Brigadier told me the ship was full, and in order to have a chance of saving the lives of the men on board she must sail without delay. With very heavy hearts we told our men this and set off for the woods a mile

away where we were going to hide. Again the men never murmured, although they fully knew how grave the situation was. The Boche were close on our heels and could easily get us if they knew where we were. The Brigadier had decided to surrender, as he said "in order to save the lives of so many men who had fought so valiantly for him, rather than have them massacred in a hopeless fight without weapons and ammunition." That Sunday was like an Eternity. We all hoped and prayed a boat might come in next night for if it didn't there was no hope for us. I certainly had the utmost faith and I think my men never despaired. At midday we discovered there would be a boat at a beach 17 miles to the south, so we decided to make a forced march rather than risk the non-arrival of a boat at Rafina. Our feet were terribly sore and we still suffered from frost bite from Vere Ridge. My feet were so swollen that my boots pinched and there was bleeding on the soles, many others were in the same plight. We set off on our march at 6.30 p.m. but had to turn back after a few miles as the Boche had cut us off. Again we waited and waited. Midnight came and still no boat, and I think it was then that I did despair. John Husky and John Lascelles and I lay down together and wrapped ourselves up in our blankets, it was very cold. I tried to sleep but couldn't. I was trying to plan an escape somehow as the enemy were now reported two miles down the road, and held up by our last demolitions. I knew that if no help came the order would be "Every man for himself."

Soon after 1 a.m. on the 28th I sat up and saw a dark shape in the bay and declared it was a boat. We became frantically excited, and soon afterwards it was confirmed. Then a launch came and a bluejacket shouted, "Anybody there?" to which one of our boys shouted, "Like hell there is"! It was a famous destroyer that we've heard a lot about in practically every sea battle of the war except the River Plate. It was not long before all 1,500 of us had climbed on board where they gave us wonderful hot cocoa laced with rum, and sandwiches. The navy had certainly saved us in the nick of time, and at 4 a.m. we sped off at 30 knots away from the Germans. The officers and men of that destroyer gave us everything, even their cabins and mess. I had the most enjoyable pipe in the world, lying on the floor of that cabin, for, of course, we could not smoke in the dark for fear of giving ourselves away. At 11 a.m. we landed at this "somewhere" where we now remain for only a short time. I've told, if somewhat lengthy, something of our experiences in the Greek campaign, and I hope you've not been bored, it probably sounds like a terrific rout, but in fact it was an inevitable rear-guard action, after the failure of the Jugs, on whom our government relied implicitly. Actually our Battalion has made itself famous out here, and the press has made a story out of it. You see, the Greeks never fought at all, and the British forces were outnumbered by about 10 to one, consequently we had to fight without rest of any kind. The Adolf Hitler regiment was so badly cut up by us at Vere Ridge and Proshin that it had to be withdrawn, a poor tribute to the Crack Storm-Troopers' division of the German army. Throughout, the morale of our boys was magnificent. Under the continuous air strafing to which we were subjected for days on end, they remained completely confident and never disguised their joy when a Boche was seen diving in flames and smoke. On one occasion we shot down a M.E. 109 with small arms fire, it had been machine gunning us up and down the road. The pilot bailed out, and every rifle for miles around together with machine guns barked in anger at him. He was not hit, but later complained to his captors that he had been shot at, and this after what he had

(Continued on Page Twenty-one)

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The Route From Vere Ridge to Atalante

The Retreat From Greece

(Continued From Page Nineteen)

done to us. I especially mention the morale of our boys, the only infantry from England in Greece, in comparison with other infantry. Although we have been only away for six months it seems like years.

I suppose I have seen many beautiful things, including the snow-capped Greek mountains with green valleys covered with violets, and other spring flowers, but I've come to the conclusion there's nothing more beautiful than the English spring, which by now has about gone. I should like to be back in England to see you all, but maybe it will be much sooner than we realize. Somehow this period of waiting, after so much activity, becomes very tedious. We can get nothing to read here, which makes matters worse. I found a copy of Hamlet on our withdrawal, so that is what I am reading at the moment. I must close now and will write again after I've got some news from John. I hope you will let my brothers have all the "low down."

I've often wondered since our reverse at Rafina how many men out of the hundreds who must have prayed ever gave thanks. It was a miracle. I hope I shall soon get some more letters from you all, but lots must have been lost.

Very much love to you all. Your very affectionate son,

DAVID

(The above letter has been passed by the official censor)

Vice-President of the Air Council Visits Picton



ON THE afternoon of Tuesday, 15th of July, Captain H. H. Balfour, M.C., M.P. for the Thanet Division of Kent and Under-Secretary of State for Air, paid a flying visit to Picton, accompanied by his Parliamentary Secretary, Flight-Lieutenant W.W. Wakefield, M.P., for Swindon. Although provided contrary to orders which had miscarried, the U.S. appreciated the smart Guard of Honor turned out by the R.C.A.F. Security Guard, remarking that their precision was a good augury for their future careers as pilots. Both "Harry Balfour" and "Wakers" must be regarded as "of the

R.A.F.," for both have seen war service in our uniform, and the latter sent up our shares in the rugger world during those memorable years when he skippered the R.A.F. Fifteen. He had a friendly chat with Warrant Officer Collins, himself also a valuable member of that famous team which defeated both the Royal Navy and the Army. The U.S. can be very human at times. Upon one occasion he laughingly proclaimed that he really only had one unique claim to fame: he had looped a B.E.2c over Hunstanton in a birthday costume! A party of pilots had landed on a desolate part of the Norfolk coast for a bathe. (One wonders what would have happened if he had had an engine failure.)

The opportunity of his visit was taken to present to him Miss L. Boulter, Regent of the I.O.D.E., Mrs. Reycraft and Mrs. Webster of the Picton Red Cross, the Mayor, County Attorney and Clerk of the Police Court—to all of whom he expressed his appreciation of the kindly help they had accorded the R.A.F. He came to Picton expressly to deliver an official message to all grass-widowers. One can but hope that the first-hand experience he must have gained during his extensive air tour of R.A.F. stations in Canada may have repercussions more generally palatable than his message.

—C. H. K.

CASTLECOMBE

WILTSHIRE

BY

LAC.

JAMES P. HANDFORD

PAGE TWENTY-THREE



Old St. Mary Magdalene Church

by *Rev. J. B. Creegan, B. A.*

(Officiating Chaplain R.A.F.)

THE EARLY SETTLERS in Prince Edward County were much concerned with their religion. Their forefathers had brought from England high Christian ideals, and had settled in a New World primarily to worship God as they chose.

Each man's home was his church, and family prayers opened and closed each day. They lived close to God, and their religion was not only evident on the Sabbath.

Circuit riders cared for the spiritual needs of the early settlers and these hardy preachers travelled many miles by horseback and canoe, to bring their messages. The arrival of the Circuit Rider was a time of thanksgiving and rejoicing, - a festival, for often he was the only contact with the outside world, he could solemnize marriages, baptize children, and read the burial services for the dead, and, perhaps of equal importance he brought the news from other settlements.

After the establishment of the Methodist Churches the circuit riders disappeared, and the inhabitants of each settlement were cared for by their own minister.

The Church of England was the second to enter the field of work here and in 1819 the Rev. William Macaulay founded a small day school, and conducted his church services therein. This Priest was determined to have a church; so, St. Mary's was built by him, and, at his own expense four years later, in 1823; and dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene.

This edifice situated at the foot of Macaulay's Mountain, is built entirely of brick and although it possesses nothing historical, it repays a visit as surely it is at least a monument to a fearless, charitable, and very determined churchman.

A few words concerning the life and work of the Rev. Macaulay would not be amiss here, of his private life we know little, the good he did—and he did good things often—was unobtrusive, he was a quiet reserved man, possessive of a determined nature, he could not stand evil and injustice, and was quick to stamp it out; he was kind and considerate, enterprising and public spirited, in all his activities and he had power in Government circles.

In the early days of his Ministry here there were two villages, and when one village progressed more than the other the people of Hallowell wanted to incorporate the two and name the town Hallowell. Macaulay had other ideas, he favoured the name of Picton—after his friend and relative, General Sir Thomas Picton—who had rendered conspicuous service in many campaigns, and died in the Battle of Waterloo in 1815—largely because of his tenacity, and partly because he owned most of the land, his wishes were granted, and the villages became amalgamated as one—Picton the town.

William Macaulay presented the property on which the Court House stands, and he too was largely responsible for its erection.

Another of his gifts was the land on which the Roman Catholic church was built.

To return to St. Marys; in the pleasant green cemetery an interesting headstone is to be seen, marking the last resting place of one William Pierce, who died February 31st, 1860 — surely this is unique.



From 1823 until 1877 the church had a square tower and there was no Chancel and feeling that the building could be beautified and enlarged to advantage, by the addition of a Spire and Chancel the Rector immediately went forward with the work, at the same time effecting minor restorations to the fabric.

From the foundation of the Church, until his death, the Rector collected Pew Rents from the parishioners, and these monies were his, as he was, as we have learned, the builder of the Church and also owned it. A deed was drawn up holding the parishioners responsible for the building and after her husband's

death, Mrs. Macaulay conveyed this deed to the congregation, thereby presenting the Church as a gift to the Anglicans of Picton, and fulfilling the wishes of her husband.

In 1913 the last regular service was held in St. Mary's, and in the same year the new church was dedicated.

Unfortunately in 1924 the roof of the old church collapsed under the weight of the snow, and although the roof was restored, the interior had been damaged beyond repair.

Once a year a service is held, and there are still many who worshipped within its walls who return to Picton for the anniversary service.

When visiting our church, leave it not without one prayer for yourself and for those who ministered and worshipped there, for this is still the House of God.

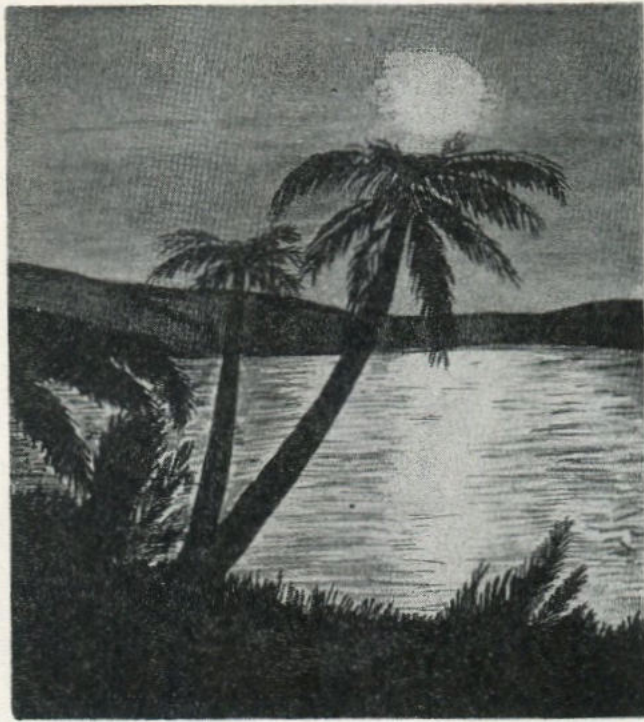
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"BLACKOUT"

The New Photography

WARNING if you are one of those people who crave, and delight in, technical data and formulae by the score, don't read any further—you'll find little to satisfy you here. This series of articles is being written to explain photography, in simple language, to those genuine cameramen who really want to improve their photo-technique, but who have so far found that all the text books they have handled have been far too technical to understand, far too dull to enjoy, and written with the idea that the average amateur has a small fortune to spend on his hobby.

So let's see if we can't have an improvement.....

Believe it or not, to be a successful photographer is not so difficult as many people imagine. In fact, the secret of success lies in three things only:—

1. Knowledge of your camera, and dexterity in using it.
2. Knowledge of your materials—films, filters, papers, etc.
3. Vision.....that precious ability to "see" pictures.

Perhaps I'd better give my reasons for saying that. Up to a certain point, photographers may be divided into two classes. The first type can produce a picture (in the full sense of the word) at spasmodic intervals, and the second can turn out technically perfect photographs every time, but they are hopelessly lacking in originality and inspiration. The former may get an idea for a picture, and is quite likely to make several exposures of it, in the hope that one of them may be correct—and sometimes he is lucky. The latter will be so lost in a sea of sensitivity, gradation, light values, the rules of composition, stops, speeds and focus, that he will miss the subject altogether, and even if he sees it, will fail to observe its full possibilities, so occupied is he with what he is doing.

The ideal worker is a fusion of both types with the faults of neither. He is the man to whom technique has become a second nature—the man who has the knowledge (and the confidence that goes with it), so that, without worrying about a multitude of technicalities, he can devote all his energies to seeking and creating pictures, and to cultivating a photographic style of his own.

In this series I propose to cover the technique of photography—and by the time I'm through I hope you'll have acquired those three secrets of success. Space won't permit me to deal with "Knowledge of your camera" this month, but here is, at least, something that will give you "dexterity in using it."

V

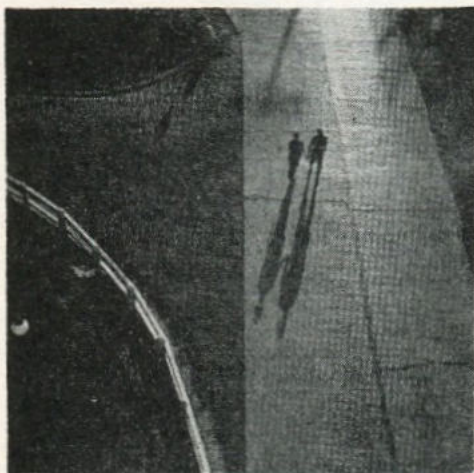
A Snapshot System

The purpose of this system is two-fold. Firstly it has been devised to enable those of you who have just bought advanced type cameras to make correct exposures, and get, if nothing else, technically good results. Secondly, to enable all of you (I'm including the knowledgeable few) to be ready for that emergency, when precious seconds may mean success or failure in capturing some elusive subject on your celluloid. It affords maximum depth of focus, and a speed that will cope with most subjects. Its main virtue lies in its simplicity.....

1. Load your camera with SuperXX.

(Continued Bottom Next Page)

Sunday Evening and How It Was Made



ALTHOUGH the contact print may be misleading, "Sunday Evening" is the result of careful planning, and is not one of those lucky chance shots. We arrived at our location at six p.m.—late in the day, because we wanted the evening sun for long shadows—and instructed the models to wait on the road below us, until we gave them a pre-arranged signal to commence walking down the road.

It wasn't until seven p.m. that the conditions satisfied us, and by that time we had become anxious about the light, as the sun was rapidly sinking below the crest of the hill—not to mention the harassed models, who were becoming uneasy. Perhaps I'd better explain that we had already attempted this shot on a previous occasion, but failed completely to secure it. Unfortunately, being a public highway, we were continually pestered with cars passing below us, and pedestrians wandering all over our "set."

As we were about to give up hope, there was a miraculous lull in the "storm," and we frantically signalled the models. Several exposures were made, to be certain of success. They varied between 1/100 at f/16 and 1/200 at f/11, all on Super-XX. No filter was used, as we wanted to use small stops to get maximum depth of focus throughout the field of view, and the light would not permit heavy filtering without using wide apertures.

"Sunday Evening" may be quoted as an example of my theory that "a part is greater than the whole"—in photography anyway. The contact print is, of course, compositionally weak, and — far worse — the left edge of the highway practically cuts the picture in half. However, to take it any other way was impossible, so these faults were rectified in making the final print, when the paper was trimmed diagonally, and to exclude all unwanted details.

—GEORGE C. WARD.

V

A SNAPSHOT SYSTEM

(Continued From Previous Page)

2. Set your aperture permanently at f/11.
3. Set the focus at:— 10 feet for groups, and similar medium shots.
25 feet for long distance shots (e.g. landscapes)
4. Use the following speeds, under their appropriate lighting condition:
Bright Sun..... 1/200. Cloudy-Bright1/50.
Hazy-Sky 1/100 Cloudy-Dull 1/25.

To take an example:—

Supposing you are out on the beach on a sunny afternoon, and you are planning to take a series of candid shots of your friends. All you have to do is — set your stop at f/11, your focus at 10 feet, your speed at 1/200, AND LEAVE THEM. You can then shoot away to heart's content — concentrating solely on your pictures (not technicalities) and the only thing you have to remember is to wind your film on.

Good hunting.....

—GEORGE C. WARD



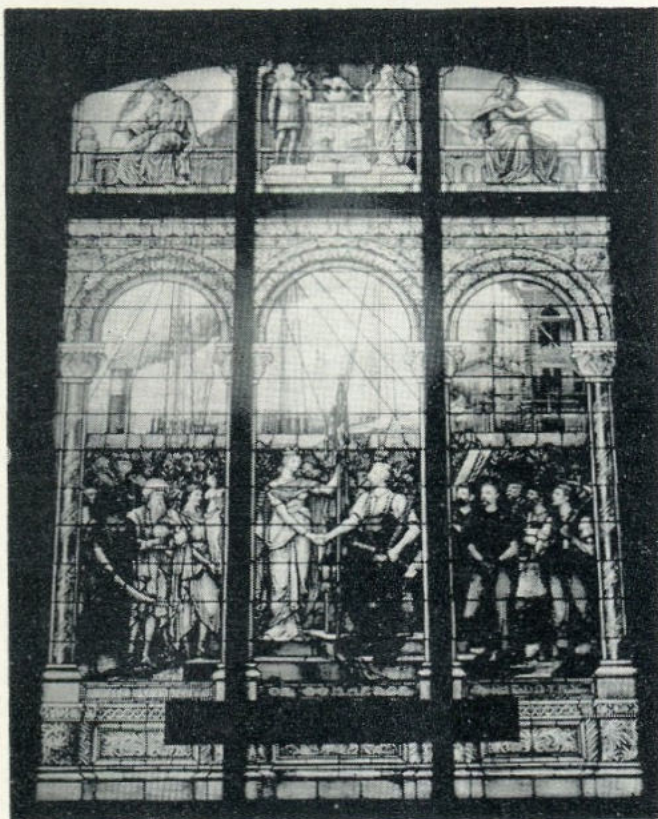
SUNDAY EVENING

-Ward

ANNOUNCING - - -

The Winners of the Photographic Competition

Senior Class



FIRST PRIZE OF \$3.00 to 908606 LAC. Ball for his Picture "Study in Glass" which needs no comments.

SECOND PRIZE OF \$2.00 to 971683, LAC. Handford for his unusual shot "Barnacles." More pictures of this type are needed, Jim.



THIRD PRIZE OF \$1.00 to LAC. Ball (Again!) for his picture "Serenity." Nice going, Alf!

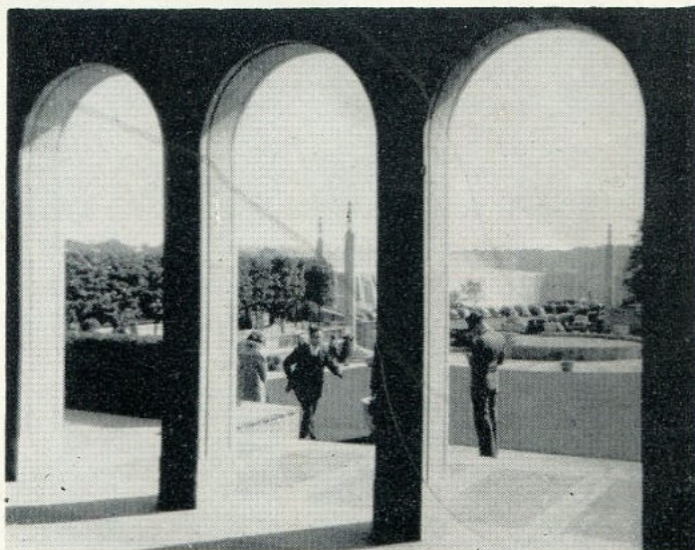
MORE WINNERS - - -

Junior Class



A well deserved FIRST OF \$3.00 goes to R.61049, CPL. McBryan of the R.C.A.F., for his remarkably fine shot "Amid the Peaks." Not only is it well composed, but the tone rendering is grand. It's a pity more amateurs do not include clouds in their shots.

SECOND PRIZE OF \$2.00 was won by 1051443 AC2 Atkinson for his picture "Black and White." Because it shows that he thought a little before shooting, nicely framing his photograph in the arches, and gaining perspective and composition at the same time.



THIRD PRIZE OF \$1.00 to 1255757 AC1. Smith, for being on his toes to capture "Blasting" just at the right moment. A split second sooner, or later, would have blurred the whole "Eruption." While not an artistic triumph "Blasting" has a news-value that most papers would lap up.

Hard Lines - - -



"NIAGARA FALLS"

By LAC. Bringeman



"THE FALLS" —Sgt. Anderson



"TAXIMAN'S DELIGHT"

—ACI. Heap



"KINGSTON CATHEDRAL"
—LAC. Fox



"SPARKLING WATERS"

—CPL. McBryan

The First Photographic Competition

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE we are reproducing some of the entries that came to being near winners. Our sympathies must be extended to:

LAC Bringeman for his ingenuity in taking three separate shots of Niagara Falls, and joining them together to produce his panorama. Unfortunately, beyond that, there isn't really very much to the photograph—and so he missed a place.

AC1 Heap for his picture, which he has very aptly titled "Taximan's Delight." What let an otherwise fine shot down was that ungainly telegraph pole that practically cuts the picture in half. He should have taken it from a little farther up the road, thus avoiding the pole, and that heap of garbage just to its left. Incidentally he's got just the right side-lighting to give relief to those furrows.

Sgt. Anderson, who gained sixth place with his "The Rapids." Here again it is the type of picture that anyone could take, having no outstanding qualities beyond its undoubtedly beautiful tone rendering.

LAC Fox for his picture of Kingston Cathedral. Unfortunately this is just another record shot, but credit must be given for making such a good job of a very difficult exposure to estimate. The foreground is too heavy, but this could be trimmed out in an enlargement.

Cpl. McBryan for his picture "Sparkling Waters." He has certainly decided on the right title, but the shot needs something in the foreground—bathers, or perhaps a boat drawn up on the sand. As it stands one feels that it is a little empty.

The number of fellows who were interested enough to send in entries is gratifying, and so here is another competition for them, and, I hope, lots more of our amateur cameramen.



A New Style Competition

For the MOST UNUSUAL picture of the month, \$6.00 in prizes will be awarded.

PRIZES: FIRST - - - - - \$3.00
SECOND - - - - - \$2.00
THIRD - - - - - \$1.00

Send your most unusual picture to:

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR,
"WINGS" MAGAZINE,
c.o. THE STATION POST OFFICE

Up to three photographs (on glossy paper) may be submitted by each competitor. There is no entry fee—just write your number, rank, name, and picture title, on the back of each print.

Last date for entry—September 8th, 1941. Everyone may enter—so don't forget to let us have YOUR most unusual picture.

Question Time

Well, you photogs, here we are again at question time. You may think that all this month's contributors wish to remain anonymous—but this is not the case. To tell the truth, we haven't had any actual written queries from you, so we're printing a selection of those of a more general interest that have been asked us by various cameramen on the camp during the past few weeks. Incidentally, this seems rather a good idea—if you see us around and about the camp, just ask us any particular query you have, and we'll do our best to answer it for you, there and then. If you can't get in touch with us in the flesh — then by all means write us. Send your photographic queries to:

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR,

WINGS MAGAZINE,

c/o The Station Post Office.

Q. Can you tell me how to dry my velvet-surfaced prints?

A. Photographic blotting paper, which you can get from your dealer, is best.

Q. I am going to buy a camera. Can you please advise me the best type to get?

A. Impossible to answer that question until I know what sort of photography you go in for, and how much you intend to pay for the camera. Of course, if you are just beginning photography, then buy something simple, with not too many gadgets, otherwise you may soon become very, very discouraged.

Q. Will the orange safe-light that I use for enlarging be safe to use for making contact prints?

A. Yes. Since contact printing paper is considerably slower than most bromide (enlarging) papers, a light that is safe for the latter will never fog the former.

Q. Is Kodachrome available in the 120 size that my camera takes?

A. No, not at present, but I understand that it will be marketed in all regular sizes before the end of this year.

Q. Can you give me the formula for a stop bath please?

A. The formula is as follows:
Sodium bisulphite ¼ oz.
Potassium Chrome Alum ¼ oz.
Water 16 oz.

Q. Is it possible to print a very thin negative without having extra "contrasty" paper on hand?

A. In an emergency, you might experiment with a more concentrated developing solution, to obtain maximum contrast from very thin negatives with your normal printing paper.

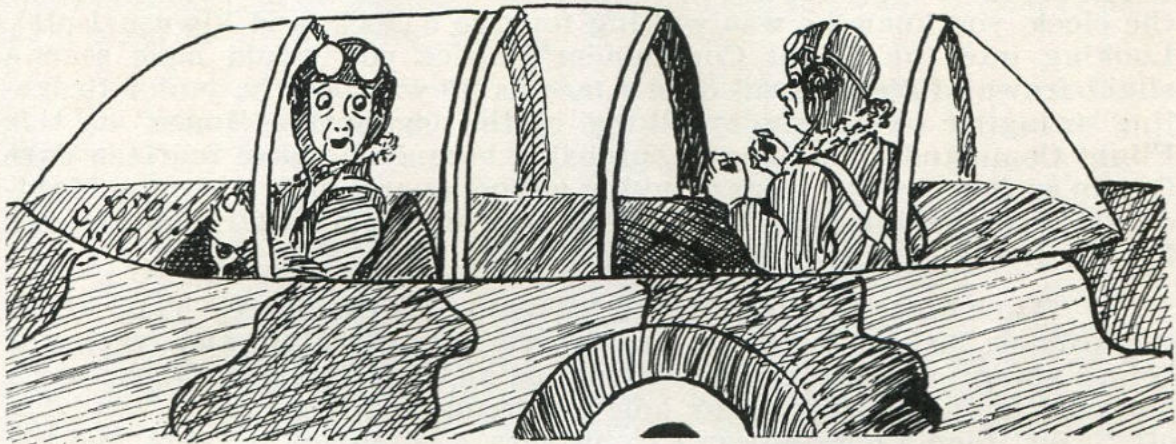
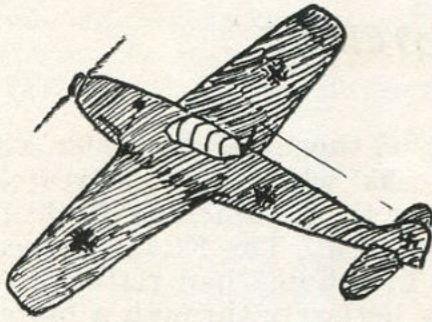
Q. I have a f/2 Summar in my camera. Is there any danger of obtaining flare, when using this lens at full aperture?

A. On the contrary, there is more danger of obtaining flare with high speed, high grade lenses, when you stop down considerably. This phenomenon occurs when fast lenses are used at very small stops, and only then on very rare occasions. In any case, you should always use a lens hood.

Q. I have bought a foreign-made camera, and have since found that the tripod I used to use does not fit the bush on my new camera. Is there anything I can do about it?

A. Most dealers can supply you with a bush adaptor, very cheaply, that will enable you to use your new camera on your tripod.

If, perchance by some peculiar whim of the fates, there is some little thing that you don't know about photography—and would like to know about it—don't forget to write me that's what I'm here for.



SHADES OF No. 19 COURSE

“Drat it, I knew I had forgotten something.”

A Lay of An Airman's Life

Who ruined me, when I had sworn
The Royal Air Force to adorn,
And greeted me with “Wakey, wakey” every
morn?

The Corporal!

Who formed us on the square and said,
That wood had chiefly made my head,
And saw by ten I'd gone to bed?

The Sergeant!

Who turned my week-end pass down, flat,
And had me up upon the mat
For merely having “shot the cat”?

The Flight!

Who's been browned off such a lot,
And wondered if it's worth a shot,
But ponders yet, 'cause Hell's so hot?

The Airman!

—H. G. Edwards

Who lectured me as a poor thing,
And told me that he wore no ring,
When I mistook him for the King?

The Warrant!

Who does not know that I'm no “erk”
And praised me on the way I shirk,
And swanks because his name's in Burke?

The Flying Officer!

Who hold inspections, now and then,
And tells us all we're fine airmen,
But of our life what does he ken?

The Group-Captain!

A Peaceful Evening

IT WAS almost packing up time on one of those lazy summer afternoons, somewhere in Scotland. The 'erks' who had all migrated to the Dispersal Field, well out of earshot of the temperamental Flight Sergeant, were doing their best to acquire a suntan. The Flight Sergeant, nicknamed "Old Thunder," (no one knew by whom) had retired to his sanctuary where he was thumbing his way listlessly through a battered and well-worn copy of "Razzle" but from the way he kept glancing at the clock, you knew he was waiting for five o'clock, and his usual pint. Looking into the Flight Commander's office you would have seen a slight frown of disapproval on his face as he watched the junior fledgling swinging compasses by filling in the log book. "Mouse" as this Flight Commander was known, probably because he gave fourteen days C.C. in such a nice way, was thinking almost approvingly of Group Headquarters for having gone to sleep on this particular afternoon and not having dished out the usual nightly raid.

"Time for tea" mused Mouse, "Wasting my time here." Then began the arduous task of fastening on revolver, gas clothing, and respirator before going messwards. On leaving, as an after thought, Mouse stuck his head in the Flights cubby hole and remarked laconically, "Shoving off." Just then a buzzing came to his ears, a persistent buzzing, and the faint "Damn" that broke from Mouse inferred that he knew very well it was the C.O's bell. Maybe if I wait a minute he'll think I've gone and everything will be set for tea, thought Mouse. But the buzzing did not stop.

"Were you ringing, sir, I was just going to tea," Mouse said hopefully.

"Sit down," greeted the C.O. "We have a job to do tonight. An aerodrome to be attended to, twelve aircraft in one formation, I'll lead, you take the second flight, bombs, let's see, Incendiary and large G.P., take off 23.30 hours, detail crews and get charts worked out, bomb up and have all crews in operations room at 22.30 hours. I'll speak to everyone then. Bring weather report and chart to me in an hour. That's all."

"All in one breath too" Mouse said to himself as he left the C.O's office. He returned to his office and suddenly realized it was after time and everyone had gone. "Old Thunder first," he muttered and reached for the phone.

"Sorry to trouble you Flight, but I'd like twelve aircraft ready for tonight—Incendiary and G.P. bombs—that'll mean taking off the Anti-sub bombs—collect W/Ops and A/Gs—see to rations—get the pigeons ready, have the tenders standing by at 22.00 hours and start up at 23.15 hours." Before Flight could say anything about anyone's ancestry, Mouse put the receiver down. The job would be done and all engines, he knew, would be running sweetly at 23.15 hours.

"Fine bunch of 'erks' I've got—don't know how they cope with such long hours," the Flight Commander said to himself.

Mouse suddenly tensed, "Damn, there goes tonight's date," and to relieve himself the wastepaper basket did a neat flick roll across the room. But work had to be done—navigators were collected, charts pre-

pared—flights and crews detailed, weather report obtained and report again to the C.O. within the hour. Plans were discussed and finally everything was in readiness for the evening's show.

At 22.30 hours all pilots and navigators were in the crew room, collecting all information needed for the trip and receiving last minute instructions.

The C.O. then gave the general idea of the night's operations, four flights of three in line astern—bombs will be dropped in a pattern which should pretty well cover the aerodrome. If there is any fighter opposition close up the formation. Will fly at 10,000 feet—all wireless operators must keep a listening watch.

That was all, crews filed out and headed for their aircraft. As the last light was leaving the sky the aircraft took off, formed up and headed to the East.

It was a fine night and formation was easy to keep. After two and a half hours the coast was crossed and of necessity the formation drew a certain amount of Ack-Ack fire, but without effect.

Without warning one of the A/Gs roared through the inter-com—"Fighters on the Port Beam and Above," and let loose with a long and brilliant burst of fire. The formation closed like an accordion and forty-eight necks were craned for the fighters. But no fighters materialized and on the C.O. demanding to know where the fighters were positioned, the same A/G breathed through the inter-com, "I mistook a star for a fighter." The C.O.'s remarks were never recorded.

The formation was nearing the target, necessary orders were given by the C.O. for correct spacing for an effective pattern. Two minutes to go when the aerodromes defences opened up. Aircraft rocked, and a small hole would appear, now in a main plane, now in a cabin—crews looked carefully to their parachutes.

"Coming Up," the C.O.'s bomb aimer had the target on the wires with only fifteen seconds to go. "Bombs Gone." A hundred and twenty bombs dropped from the formation—timing was perfect. The formation wheeled, headed west, soon the Ack-Ack fire dropped behind.

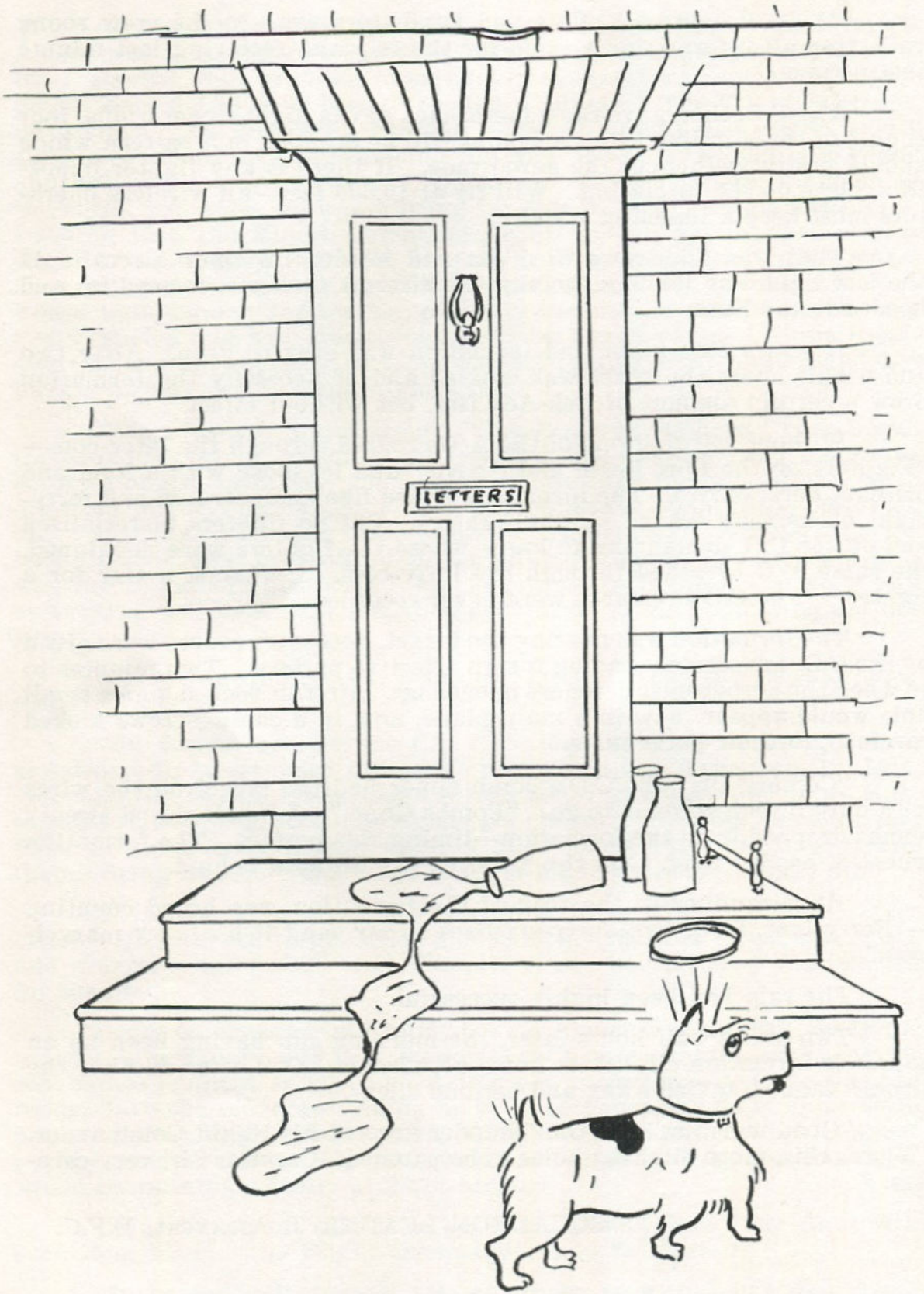
An airgunner in the rear of the formation was heard counting—"Forty-four, forty-five, forty-six fires so far, isn't it b . . . y marvelous."

The raid had been highly successful.

Two and a half hours later, the morning sun having been up an hour, the formation circled its home aerodrome. One after another the aircraft landed, taxied away and became silent.

"Good morning Sir," Old Thunder greeted his Flight Commander, "What's this, more blinking holes to be patched—Careless Sir, very careless."

SQUADRON LEADER J. A. Avent, D.F.C.



Christmas Cards

An Opportunity to Win \$25 in Cash!

Who ever heard of Christmas Cards in September! Yet, if our friends and dear ones in England and elsewhere are to receive our Seasonal Greetings in time it behooves us to plan Christmas Cards in advance, bearing in mind that in order to ensure reaching their destination in time, cards must be dispatched at the latest by November 20th next.

The No. 31 Bombing and Gunnery School wants to have its own distinctive Christmas Card and therefore the Station Commander has permitted "Wings" to offer a substantial monetary prize of \$25.00 for a suitable design.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the School Christmas Card would be available at a very small cost due to the facility of quantitative printing, a large demand being anticipated.

The following brief rules govern the contest:

1. Officers and airmen are eligible to enter.
2. Entries must be submitted at the latest on October 15th next.
3. The successful competitor (s) will grant to the P.S.I. ("Wings" Magazine) the exclusive right to use the design for present or future requirements.
4. A special committee, headed by the Station Commander will be formed to judge the entries and select the prize winner. Its decision will be final.
5. In the event of the prize-winning effort being enhanced in merit by the inclusion or combination of the work of another competitor, the prize money will be pro-rated between the entrants according to their respective merits, as decided upon by the committee.
6. The size of the card should be of average dimensions, and may consist of a single or double card. The accompanying words—greetings (if any) are of secondary importance but nevertheless consideration should be given thereto. The subject matter of the card is left to the competitor. Possibly topical snow scenes or those of the festive season would be most appropriate, but even if merely plain designs are submitted, all will receive due consideration.

Here then is a chance for all with ideas and a fair hand at sketching to participate in a scheme which must appeal to all—so roll up your contributions and good luck to the winner.

KING KEYHOLE'S KOLUM

A king of shreds and patches.

With all his crimes broad flown, as flush as May.

W. S.

Can there be any connection between the following announcements? "Sgt. Newton voted Station Glamour boy." "F/Sgt. Groves attending hospital for treatment to the nasal organ"!

The S.W.O. is still holding the false teeth returned from a local laundry, and is now prepared to arrange fittings by appointment—if you are lucky enough to find him in his office.

The Dhamdhurti has successfully undergone her 180 hour inspection and it is now discovered that a carburetta is superfluous to requirements.

What is the attraction at the Outlet Beach? S-women!

A personal recommendation for the Station Chiropody department: After two applications of the ointment the corn has quite gone. The S.M.O. is still waiting for a further supply of artificial toes, but they should have arrived by the time this is printed.

Some-one is Bergin-ing to realize the error of his ways by instituting a special sick parade for those persons suffering from backache and housemaid's knee, he must also have heard of the age-old adage, "New brooms sweep clean."

Even the balm of frequent week-ends renders the countenance of our pocket Romeo no less venomous. Can it be a case of sour grapes—or is it just repressions?

Is it true that the "Nastys" are repenting their sins? Their theme song at present seems to be:

"There is a Church-hill far away."

A W/O was so displeased at the 'erkish revels' on regatta night that he infused more life into the proceedings by 'a walk out.' He gave us a Payne in the neck too!

Who "Shouldn't have joined"?—Well, he has plenty Moore time left to reconsider. Floreat Haltonia!

Perhaps some nimble mind can suggest an answer to this extract from a letter recently received:

"And the evenings were quite jolly. With the acquisition of more pretentious accommodation, however, a subtle change became evident, it seemed that at last it had been discovered that the "erk" was not the acme of companionable charm as at first was supposed. His clothes seemed coarse though the color was the same, the badges looked different though they implied the same. Gradually the truth dawned, gradually it was realized the world over....."

It is said that no two pilots are cast in the same mould. Maybe not, but No. 2 Course think they know a mouldy lot.

We were aggrieved to hear of a boating mishap amongst our noble ranks. Was it a Magnum Bass which caused the trouble?

To American Pilot: Say, you sure had a good time last evening. Pilot—So they told me this morning.

It is understood that "Never in the realm of Air Observers' endeavor, have so many 'been browned' off by so few—but oh boy—are they good in the house!

The armouries have a new answer to "Where's George?"—doing his AB and trying to C how it all happened.

So the latest golf attire is pyjamas, eh! Do they "Shield" one from the sun?

Our sympathies to the irate gentleman of Picton who, on the occasion of a bomb falling a few yards from his house, called us to account in no uncertain terms. How fortunate the bomb was not of larger calibre, that he was still able to telephone, and that the offending missile was not made in Germany.

And so dear readers, with the shouts of "The king is dead, long live the king," still ringing in my ears, I retire to oblivion for another month, but have a care; have a care.

—J. P. H.

—V—

Whilst I Drank

I HAD TWELVE bottles of whisky in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every one down the sink or else. . . .

So I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and emptied the whisky down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then pulled the cork from the fourth, and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle and drank the glass. I pulled the next from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle. I then corked the sink with my glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles, corks, glasses and sinks with the other, which were twenty-nine. To be sure, I counted them again and when they had come by again, I had seventy-four. And as the house came by I counted them again and finally had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses and sinks counted except one house and one bottle which I drank.

Albert in The M. O.'s Den

There's an R.A.F. Station at Picton,
With Sick Quarters all clean and neat
Where AC2 Albert Ramsbottom,
Went sick, with a boil on his seat.

He went in through Casualty entrance,
And there, he caused quite a to-do;
He couldn't sit down like the others,
'Sides losing his place in the queue.

After four hours of waiting,
He finally reached front of queue;
Sergeant says "That's not a Sick
Report,"
An' they all told him what he could
do.

So back he went to Orderly Sergeant,
An' says "this 'ere's giving me 'ell!
Orderly Sergeant said which ear?
They're both looking perfectly well!

Now the Serg. was quite nice about it,
When Albert had told of his plight.
And he said that if anything hap-
pened,
He'd best take first turn on right.

So Albert went back to Sick Quarters,
And once again told his sad tale,
Corporal said "M.O.'s not here at the
moment,
He's gone to the Mess for some Ale."

Then Albert came over all funny,
The Surgery spun round and round,
And giving a kind of a shudder, he
Slid with a moan to the ground.

Just then who should come in, but
Sergeant,
Who said: "You're an emergency case;
I think its a punctured appendix—
I can tell by the look on his face."

Albert went to the Ward on a
stretcher,
Where there's plenty of women and
wine,
Corp. said "Poor lad's unconscious,
Perhaps he's had Pill number nine."

The Sergeant counted his heart beats,
And said the prognosis was grave,
So turning to one of the others,
Said "Give him a prep and a shave."

Orderly came back with razor,
And shaved all the hair off his tum,
Swathed him in towels and bandages,
Till he looked like an Egyptian Mum.

Then in rushed the Station M.O.,
He was a most blood-thirsty chap,
And said: "Why this case is gall-
stones,
It's written all over his map."

Suddenly up spake Albert Rams-
bottom,
And asked why they'd shaved off his
hair,
He said: "You've removed all me
manhood,
Eee! but me tummy feels bare."

M.O. gave considered opinion,
That none was really to blame,
But he added in terms most emphatic,
He'd have to do op. just the same.

At that Albert got proper blazing
He said: "I'll see you all dead first,
You can buy me a new pair of
trousers
That boil has ruddy well burst!"

(Extract from Life in Sick Quarters)

"DOC-O"

Compliments of THE CITY HOTEL

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Proprietor: J. Yanover

Phone: Belleville 1648

J. B. Falconer

MAIN STREET, PICTON TEL. 319

SHOW ME YOUR
BROKEN WATCH!

WE KNOW HOW!

AIR FORCE
JEWELLERY

SPECIALIZING IN
CHRONOMETERS

S-M-I-L-E

WITH CORPORAL RIGBY

To Sam, accused of stealing a watch:

Well, Sam you're let off.

Sam: What's that, Judge?

Judge: You're acquitted.

Sam: Does that mean I've got to give back the watch?

Inebriated youth at bar to rather plain young lady.

"Gee! but ain't you ugly!"

Y.L.—"You are rude — moreover you're drunk."

I. Y.—Yes, Darling, but I'll be all right tomorrow!

Speaking of heavy rain—a Picton farmer tells us a story that about 30 years ago it rained so hard one year that he had to go down the potato rows in a rowing boat to knock the bugs off.

The recent split up between Hitler and Goering is said to have been caused through Hitler wanting to take America on a Friday and Goering insisting on a Tuesday.

A woman charged with driving a car at a speed of 75 miles per hour replied that this was impossible as she had only been driving the car for 10 minutes.

Phil Scott, one time heavyweight champion of England, is now an All-in Wrestler. Owing to the fact that he has a hump on his back it is necessary for his opponent to cut a hole in the mat before they can pin him.

Two divers at the bottom of the sea, when one turned to the other and said:

"Say, Bill, the Captain's just signalled we've got to come up, the boat's sinking."

—T.R.

It is rumored that a Scotch airman visited a Picton Cafe and left a 25 cent tip. I wonder ! !

A letter received by the Army Pensions Office read—"Dear Sir, Please send my husband's allowance soon as I have fallen into errors with my landlord."

Another read—"I have not received my husband's allowance for four weeks. If I don't get it soon I shall be forced to lead an immortal life."

An airman in my Hut is so dumb that he thinks Scott's best work was Emulsion.

One of our dumb mechanics has been trying for weeks to buy a single file.

Hitler originated the word "Dictator" from an old friend of his who died—his name was Richard Spud.

An N.C.O. rebuked an airman for swearing in the barrack room. The airman looked at the N.C.O. and remarked, "Well, someone's pinched two of my blankets and tied my pyjamas in knots: my towel and soap has gone and I've got to clean my buttons and boots: I've got to see a girl down in Picton at 8 o'clock and its 8.15 now—what the deuce do you expect me to do—Laugh?"

The high diving Competition held at Trenton swimming Pool last Thursday was won by Aircraftsman Doodlesquirt. The prize will be awarded to his Next-of-Kin as there was no water in the bath when he made the dive.

Two pigeons were flying over Berlin when one suddenly remarked that they were flying over the place where Hitler lives. "Well what are we waiting for," replied the other.

An airman rather the worse for drink was walking along the High Street in Picton with one foot in the roadway and the other on the pavement. An S.P. saw him and told him he would have to escort him back to camp as he was drunk and incapable. "Me drunk!" said the airman, "Do you mean that?" "Of course I do," said the S.P. The airman promptly felt in his pocket and handed the S.P. a dollar bill saying "Have a drink with me old cock—you've taken a load off my mind—I thought I was a cripple."

I ordered a glass of beer in the Canteen the other day and I asked the Sergeant in charge how many barrels of beer he sold in a week. "About 10" he replied: "Well" I said, "I can tell you how to put your sales up to 14 barrels a week." "Please tell me how" asked the sergeant. I told him to fill the glasses up.

—T.R.

Roger Blakely

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OCCASIONS

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a Few Hours

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DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Coal,
Wood, Salt, Flour
and Feed

GRINDING

PHONE 48

PICTON

Your Food

The Messing Officer (and his Committee) Speaks

PERHAPS you fellows will be interested to know just how the food served to you in your Mess arrives on the table.

Every morning the total strength of the Station is taken and the number of rations needed to feed this number is worked out and filled in on Indent Form No. M.F.C. 552. The various rations obtainable varies according to the day of the week and the commodities available. This form is taken to the R.C.A.S.C. Stores Depot here in the Station, who obtain their supplies from Kingston. (This Store is worth visiting one day to show you the clean and hygienic condition of the storing and handling of our food).

The various amounts of food are worked out according to the ration allowed, e.g., 720 men are entitled to 14 oz. of meat which means 630 pounds. An occasion arises naturally where 630 pounds of meat is not required and in lieu of that we can draw—fish, tinned meat, tinned fish. Following in like manner are the various amounts of other foods.

Now this is all very easy—it appears so at least—but behind the scenes is your strong committee who labour incessantly to give you variety, taking into account the weather, the suitability of meat or fish, the necessary vitamins in your vegetables, fruit, drinks, etc., etc. Now, instead of say prunes, which is an issue, we get jam, oranges, rhubarb, cherries, ice cream. Instead of turnips and carrots we get onions, fresh lettuce, cucumbers, radishes and fresh tomatoes. We know of course you still would like other dishes, but your committee knows that these are not always possible to get, and the Canadians have their likes and dislikes just as we have. For example, macaroni as a sweet is unheard of in Canada. We like Yorkshire pudding, sausages, chip potatoes, real fruit cake, and so on. Well—all those will gradually come. Your committee has these things well to the fore. Always remember that even with a strong committee you must have **cooks**. We feel sure you agree with the committee the cooks are doing a grand job of work for you, and of course, their helpers in the kitchen. A cheery word to them now and again as you pass is very encouraging.

Well, that concludes our broadcast. Good hunting and good eating.

—PILOT OFFICER H. S. MUMFORD

—V—

Observers U. T.

Far far from old England
Away from our dear ones,
In lands that are vast
Remote from the Hun:
Ever our hearts ache
Yearning for those,
Back in that strafing
Amid'st danger and foes.
Transmute all their sorrows
Turn back all those tears,
Laugh and look forward
England ne'er fears.

E. A. B.

Secret Weapon

THE DUFF GEN section of Picton have expressed an opinion that hostilities will shortly cease. This is based on the fact that they have recently discovered a new secret weapon. Exhaustive tests and trials carried out on Lake Ontario have convinced them that this weapon is the most deadly thing known to the realm of science. It takes the form of a bomb. Although the full facts cannot yet be told I am able to reveal the following details:

Body—

Manufactured from Ersatz Tripe, cast and machined.
Marked a 'Present from Oswaldtwistle.'

Main Filling—

German Sausage, solid stemmed.

Secondary Filling—

Gas, the formula of which is unknown even to the inventor.
This makes the bomb a secret weapon.

Exploder—

Concentrated Patzenhofer Lager.

Terminal Velocity—

Four feet per week.

Action—

Attached to the body are two sound devices which operate on the release of the bomb. The first device imitates the voice of "der Fuehrer." This is expected to cause the populace to rush to the town square to hear the latest Bull. Thus concentrating the intended victims on the target. When no Bull is forthcoming, they will obviously riot. The next device now operates by calling out the army to quell the riot. When they are out of barracks the device breaks into the strains of "Deutschland uber alles" causing the army to goose step, thus enabling them to be more easily blown over. About this time the bomb will strike the square and the confusion should be terrific.

The secondary filling now operates. Unobserved in the confusion, the gas creeps into army headquarters gets onto the documents of the soldiers on the square and poisons their unfortunate next of kin.

"Der Fuehrer" will now be even more furious and rushing to the nearest microphone he will issue an ultimatum to the rest of the world giving everyone twenty minutes to get out. We will then evacuate this world and settle on Mars; the German Reich, having no more territorial claims due to their surfeit of Leibensraum, will dictate peace terms to themselves. The war having died a natural death, the secret weapon will have achieved its purpose.

SERGEANT D. A. LAVER

To England

England in this thy darkest hour,
Nearer than ever to the conqueror's door.
Take courage from the lads that fly,
To do your battles in the sky.

In air combats hell's own delight,
We've shown the Huns the way to fight,
Without one doubt, without one fear,
Those 'few' have sacrificed what's dear.

Through hell on earth, on Dunkirk's beach
Our "Tommies" fought until retreat;
And showed the world, true British strain
And lived to fight the foe again.

Our navy too has done its work
In Greece, and Crete, and at Dunkirk,
And Britain still shall rule the sea
As long before, to keep us free.

And so to God shall be our cry,
Let not our freedom ever die,
To thee with humble hearts we pray,
Give peace, and help us win the day.

—A/C. H. C. EDWARDS

—V—

Silver Wings

Have you ever heard the airman's song,
When the night is dark and the journey's
long?
Have you ever heard the airman sing
When the rain comes down with a blinding
sting?

(This is his refrain)

Silver Wings don't grow weary,
Carry me safely thro' the sky,
Back to the drome where my loved one is
waiting,
Waiting for me as the night rolls by.
Silver Wings don't grow weary, don't mind
the song the night wind sighs,
Somebody's eyes are watching the skies,
So carry me safely Silver Wings."

—SERGEANT G. N. ANDERSON

Guard Gossip

The RAF Bombing and Gunnery School, situated high on the plateau overlooking the little town of Picton, was a welcome sight to the 45 young men who, on Friday, the 8th of August, arrived from the Manning Depot to commence their Security Guard duty there.

To most of these 45 potential pilots and air observers—young men from all over Canada and the United States—it was their first sight of an authentic wartime Military Camp.

That first sight of the camp was to all a reassurance that they had started on the course that they all hope will lead them into battle against the enemy overseas.

Your correspondent, on behalf of the men of the present security guard, takes this opportunity of extending to each and every one of these men, best wishes and good luck. Keep your nose up, boys!

SECURITY SMILES

For the first few days the association of these boys and the Britishers was somewhat strained. The following are a few comments overheard in the Guard's Quarters. All are given in a spirit of fun.

"They say that they are English," commented Joe S. from South of the Border, "then why the hell don't they speak our language."

With a bewildered look spreading all over his Irish "pan," Pat Dempsey, hailing from Jacquet River, N.B., said in his thick brogue,—in answer to a comment made by your reporter:

"Sure and you ses, begorra, they're a nice bunch to talk to and the Saints be praised that they may be alright, but Holy Saint Patrick I've niver learnt the sign language."

So with no further ado I'll put a stop to this so that you may get back to some interesting reading. First, however, I wish to thank the boys of the R.A.F. for this opportunity of letting the Canadians stretch them over the coals. Thanks lads and good luck to all of you.

—By KENNETH LUNNY

Teasel's Rexall Drug Store

SODA FOUNTAIN - - - TEA ROOM

KODAK FILM

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

AN IDEAL PLACE TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS

PHONE 172 - - - - PICTON

THE FACTORY OF DEATH

(A Visit to Woolwich Arsenal)

I walked through the shops of this factory of death,
My heart seemed to stop and I fought for my breath,
For out of the din and right into my brain,
A voice seemed to cry in a dreadful refrain:
"Never enough; never enough"!

The wheels were all turning, and turning so fast,
And men who were tending them seemed so outclassed;
They seemed to be slaves to this dreadful machine,
Themselves to be ruled by its tragic routine:
"Never enough, never enough"!

I felt, as I looked at the shining new shell,
The Devil was here and that this must be Hell!
For how could one think that these efforts of man
Were other than run for the Devil's own plan?
"Never enough, never enough"!

A million or more is the output, they say,
Of cartridges made, in the course of one day.
And how many lives do you think it will take
Before we shall find we have made a mistake?
"Never enough, never enough"!

Did God, in His wisdom, decree in His mind
That we should be made to destroy our own kind?
That babes should be born to be fodder for war,
That man should kill man, without breaking the law?
"Never enough, never enough"!

I went out of doors, in the joy of the sun:
I started to walk, but I wanted to run.
The grimness of all I had felt where I'd been
Was still like a pall: I could still hear that scream—
"Never enough, never enough"!

—C.H.K.

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Flight F-l-a-s-h-e-s



CHERCHEZ LA DROGUE

WE SHALL endeavor to give to our readers a picture of our daily life in the Towing Flight. We need not apologize for our lack of literary ability for, after all, most of us are only V.R.'s. But—"revonons a nos moutons."

It has become a full time job to maintain the service-ability of the Battle. Our next great difficulty is the satisfactory streaming of the Grumman-type towing gear. Whilst we are informed that this has proved satisfactory in this country, it is, nevertheless, new to most of us. Fortunately, we had the advantage of some instructional drogue flying at Trenton and since that date we have been quite successful in adorning the bed of Lake Ontario with little pieces of material known as drogues. Needless to say this procedure has not enhanced the popularity of the towing pilots. Quite apart from this, entertainment of perhaps somewhat exciting nature has been afforded to the Range Officer and his staff. We refer, of course, to the dropping of cables at the end of which is attached a steel fish weighing many pounds. This is drawn across the sky and dropped about 500 feet above the heads of those interested onlookers in the Range Tower. This exercise is carried out with great skill and realism in case one should get out of the technique of dodging missiles from the air.

In fairness to the Flight it should be placed on record that some satisfactory streaming has been known to occur, the records of which are to be found in the archives of the Drogue section. Whether these are now legible due to the recent flood is yet to be ascertained as it is felt that an investigation should remain in abeyance pending the issue of a Suit. Divers—Airmen, for the use of

Little has been said about the team-work of the Flight itself. It is sufficient to say that there is little dissension or grumbling when Pay Parade is convened. During the day most of the airmen can be found without much difficulty on the fore-shore of the Hangar, basking under the hot Canadian sun. No displeasure is registered on their faces when their morning tea is served, which all goes to prove that, generally speaking, the organization and harmony of the Flight is worthy of the motto "Per ardua ad astra."

—FLIGHT LIEUTENANT H. A. HINCE.

WORKSHOP

What was said when a certain carpenter found his vice in BOND, was it—what the "EC-CLE" they do next!

Do fabric workers fabricate on the "card" system, have they anything to "crib" about.

When are the mariners going to "Push the boat out" or are they scuttled for ideas. "SHEL/DRAKES" spirit be resuscitated to help them.

Who is DE-FAYE, has he MET ALL WORKERS in Belleville yet.

Is one person nonplussed over being surplus, are enquiries "forging" ahead. It's a long time since he "POPed" the question.

"M" Flight Hangar Sweepings

COLLECTED BY NEMO

A certain tradesman is said to prefer typewriters to "Battles" but we find it hard to SWALLOW that.

Trade Test Board motto—"Careless AUCH costs 'props' — and how!

Is it true that the new "M Flight" car owner has really stopped VAUKIN!

We note the new 'coke' king is carrying on with the fleecing—in HONOUR bound?

We wonder if N.C.O.'s really do scrub their cell floors? Also we are told that the wet bar in the Sergeant's mess did great business for 14 days.

Congratulations to Corporals Knott and Gavell on their recent promotions; two new chairs have been ordered for "M Flight" office.

We hear that one of our men was seen digging near a certain fence the other day; for ancient aniMAL BONES?

Work must go on! Can men LANGUish in the garden? A crop of raspberries we think!

FLIGHT NOTES

THE CHAUFFEUR in "A" Flight who borrows his friend's car for courting purposes seems rather "browned off"—eleven gallons of gas for Picton, single too, is all he can get — things seem rather in a pickle—we advise him not to "Botherwich" it again.

We understand a member of "C" Flight recently satisfied the learned examiners and was awarded his "props"—with the coveted "distinction" pinned on his tunic—he visited his girl friend, and asked that lady if she noticed 'anythink abaht me thas diffrent' after a moment's thought she sweetly smiled and said, "Why Bill, darling, you've had your trousers pressed. His charm was more Manly.

Who is the certain Senior N.C.O. who has neither time nor inclination?

Last Saturday one of "A" Flight's machines returned from a lonely "bombing raid." Had a Milford farmer not brandished his pitchfork so threateningly and used the telephone to Headquarters so quickly we shudder to think of the consequences.

An ACH/Armourer in the Armoury believed the best way to fuze a bomb is his method,—plenty of nerve and bags of hammer—would he too satisfy a Trade Board.

We don't see the point of the "Compass Case Key" unless of course the Flight thought it was the one that fitted the Royal Bar—or his friend's stony heart.

The personnel of the Flights are glad the early mornings are not so War-ry. Let him remember, We shall not flag or fail we shall go on to the end.

—E. L. C. S.

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REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS

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CRICKET

ON JULY 5th against Peterboro C.C. the Station team batted first and scored 85, LAC, Davies carrying his bat for 23 not out, and AC Griffiths, AC. Stakes and LAC. Eagles each scoring 10. After tea Peterboro had 31 on the board for the loss of four wickets, and then completely collapsed against the bowling of LAC. Davies (6 for 13) and AC. Edwards (4 for 3), and were all out for 36.

The following week the team journeyed to the Royal Military College ground at Kingston for a very hard fought game with No. 31 S.F.T.S. Again we batted first and scored 96, Cpl. Hibbert hitting hard for 26, and LAC. Haldenby stolidly facing the bowling for over an hour for 21 not out. S/Ldr. Hornabrook infused some life into the tail with a quick 16. When Kingston's opening pair came in to bat it was soon apparent that they, too, would have to fight for runs as the Station eleven were all on their toes, and the fielding was exceptionally good. Five men had a turn with the ball and eventually Kingston were dismissed for 70, after a thoroughly enjoyable game between two very keen sides. S/Ldr. Hornabrook had the best analysis with 3 wickets for 14 runs.

On July 26th the team visited Peterboro for the third time this season, this time to play a return fixture with the Whitaker club. Play was restricted to 2½ hours as it had previously been arranged to draw stumps at 6.30. This was the occasion for a very exciting finish which resulted in a very even draw. Winning the toss Whitaker's decided to bat first, and declared with the score of 55 for 7 wickets, L.A.C. Haldenby taking 3 wickets for 7 runs. This left the Station team 40 minutes to score 56 runs. Disaster soon befell them, P/O Mills, Cpl. Hibbert and ACs. Jennings and Stenning all being out with only three runs on the board and 6 wickets being down for 11. The game almost appeared to be won, but LAC. Whiteside had other ideas, and using the long handle with effect scored 26 before being well caught at deep third-man. At the close, with the last two men at the wicket we still needed another three runs for victory.

It is very good to note the added interest of the fellows, and the consequent increased attendances on Wednesday evenings. It also appears to have become a good habit amongst members of the team to trot along to the Drill Hall on any old evening they haven't anything to do and knock around for an hour or so. Nice work fellows, keep it up! If there is anybody who has still not yet come along and wishes to do so, well let us see you down there next Wednesday evening at 6.30.

Our August fixture list looks very attractive—a return game with Kingston on the 9th should prove very keen to say the least of it. Then on the 16th we journey to Oshawa and on the 23rd to Trenton, this time to play against No. 6 Repair Depot.

—LAC. W. A. EAGLES.

YACHTING

EARLY in July the P.S.I. fund offered to supply the materials for building two skimmers if labour was provided at the camp. A meeting was immediately called, and it was decided unanimously by those present to form a Sailing Club and for the members of the club to supply the labour to build the boats. We are fortunate in having in L.A.C. Eccles, a boat builder, and he consented to supervise the building of the boats, which Squadron Leader Lang allowed to be built in the workshops. By the end of July one boat was nearly completed, and the second was not far behind and incorporates several minor improvements which were suggested by difficulties experienced in the first.

At about the same time that the boats were started, races were organized starting soon after six on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The Prince Edward Yacht Club very kindly lent us an International 14' dinghy, "Snow White," and another 14 ft. dinghy, "Coronation," and Mr. Tully kindly lent us his skimmer, "Dopey." These three boats are drawn for among such of the entrants who are considered sufficiently experienced to have charge of them, and less experienced entrants act as crew. Unfortunately, on some evenings there was not enough wind—it has a habit of dropping away in the late afternoon—and on one or two occasions Snow White was out of commission owing to some gear having broken; but usually these boats were joined by F/Lt. Lewis in his skimmer "Happy" or S/L. Stibbard and F/O. Lapham in "Grumpy," so there were usually four or five starters.

The Prince Edward Yacht Club offered to give a race at their sailing regatta on Sunday, August 3rd, for a team of boats from the RAF station at Kingston against a team from the Picton Station—Kingston to bring their own boats and Picton to use boats lent by members of the P.E.Y.C. Unfortunately at the last minute Kingston found that they were unable to send a team, and the P.E.Y.C. left the offer open for any race that we cared to arrange.

Though there was very short notice, Mountain View, C.T.S. and 31 B. & G. School each put up a pair to sail the three dinghys available. The dinghys were drawn for, Mountain View, W/C Lloyd and F/Lt. Smith getting "Benetta," C.T.S., F/O Cardinal and F/O Ladd, "Coronation" and 31 B. and G. School, F/O Holland-Martin and Corporal Blunt "Snow White." Unfortunately the C.T.S. pair were delayed and only "Benetta" and "Snow White" were ready at the start. "Snow White" got just the better and managed to gain a little on the first leg, which was more or less of a run—more or less as the wind was very puffy and as well as varying in strength from a light breeze to a flat calm, it also varied in direction so that the leg was at one moment a very close reach as well as being a run. The second leg was to windward and "Snow White" went right away from "Benetta," and finally finished some ten minutes ahead. "Coronation" crossed the line some 20 minutes late, but even on elapsed time she was third. Thus 31 B & G School managed to win the race.

The twice weekly races will continue, and it is hoped that before long the station's own two skimmers will also be taking part.

—FLYING OFFICER G. C. HOLLAND-MARTIN

TENNIS

TENNIS at Picton is at last alive, for on Sunday, 27th July, a team led by F/Lt. Hince visited the Oshawa T.C. A really enjoyable day resulted although the "Canadian King Sol" was on top form and proved a bit too much for match play, however, we are hoping to accommodate this club in the Drill Hall on Sunday, 10th August, in a return match. Other matches are being arranged at Belleville, Peterboro, Kingston, and other towns, in fact a largish fixture list should result, and if our friends from Oshawa are any criterion of local tennis, we have our work cut out to emulate the success of our cricket eleven.

Interest and keenness is generally showing itself by the number of new raquets being flashed around the camp, but there is plenty of room for more of you fellows. I'm sure there are a number of budding Perry's and Austin's not yet playing; in case it is not generally known, balls are provided free, and raquets can be obtained at very "easy" terms. (Particulars can be obtained from committeemen Cpl. Hibbert and AC. Grundy).

The committee, under the enthusiastic leadership of F/Lt Hince, is hoping to run more than one Station team, and special evenings will be arranged for coaching. The three courts in the Drill Hall will all be ready for play very shortly, and the game should provide recreation for a large proportion of the camp personnel. This should be particularly attractive when the cooler weather arrives, leaving behind the present popular swimming and sunbathing.

A/C. G. R. GRUNDY.

ATHLETICS

A TEAM of athletes travelled to Oshawa competed in the Open Ontario Championships and Added Service Events, but owing to lack of training, we have no successes to report. They did, however, put up a good show, and gave sufficient evidence of talent and keenness to warrant expectation of big things in the near future.

We congratulate AC. Savage on obtaining third place in the 880 yards Added Service Event. It was an unfortunate race for Savage as he was forced to take the lead early on by a man who took the race by storm and then collapsed at the half way mark. Savage, who was chasing him, was then left out in front but with all his energy gone, two fellows just caught him on the tape. A.C. Stakes also ran a good race to come in fourth in the 100 yards; he made a bad start from the holes but was coming up very fast at the distance. An experimental team entered for the one mile relay and came third, but here again, two men were right out of their distance, one being a miler and the other a three miler. The team consisted of Cpl. Hodges, A.C. Savage, A.C. Marsh and A.C. Stakes. Cpl. Sheldrake and A.C. Marsh entered for the three mile race, but wisely gave up inside the distance for they were not in good enough trim. Both these men have good records behind them, and as there are no really good distance men in the country, we can certainly look forward to successes from them very soon.

In the near future it is hoped to organize a Station Sports Day, this should disclose the talent which most certainly exists on the Station, so you fellows who are interested should get down to some training, for we hope to attend several more meetings before the end of the season.

CPL. R. W. SMALE.

SPORTS DAY!



Get yourself fit for our first Sports Day, at a date in Mid September, with an Inter Hut Competition. See that your Hut is well represented.

There will be 10 events in the competition. The winner in each event will score four points, the second place will score three, the third two, and the fourth one point. A trophy will be awarded to the Hut scoring the most points.

Individual prizes will be given to the 1st, 2nd and 3rd in each event.

The events will be:

100 yards Scratch

440 yards Scratch

880 yards Scratch

1 Mile Scratch

120 yards Hurdle

High Jump

Long Jump

Shot Put (15 lbs.)

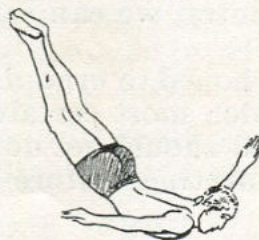
880 yard Medley Relay Race (220 x 110 x 110 x 440).

Tug of War.

In addition there will be Novelty Races such as Three-legged race, Wheel-barrow race and Obstacle race, etc., to complete a grand day's fun.

So get your Hut organized, there is an event for everyone and let's put on a good show.

CPL. R. W. SMALE.





Entertainments

THE RE-FORMED Entertainments Committee is now really under way and has already tackled the—by no means easy—task of providing a suitable answer to both a Canadian winter and Camp boredom. With the possibility of a female section still hovering in the background, plans have to be made to incorporate them.

“Doc Oliver” has made an excellent start by forming sub-committees for both dancing and concerts; in both these Cpl. Gupwell is taking a very lively interest, so from past experience we can expect a lot. A concert party has actually been formed and gained a certain amount of experience by giving shows in the locality during the past few weeks.

Dancing, of course, takes pride of place as it is felt that this is the most popular form of relaxation, but our aim will be to provide as many and varied forms of entertainment as is possible.



The picture shows in the Y.M.C.A. have been a continued success and we are indeed grateful to A.C. Dyson of the Station Hospital Staff and A.C. Wilkins of the C.T.S. for their work in operating the projector at every show. The good humored way they have accepted your chaff during breaks, is a credit to them, for at times they must surely have felt like chucking the whole paraphernalia out through the window, with a prayer that it may land on your heads.



Next month it may be possible to give more details of proposed entertainments, so we do hope you all will co-operate and help the committee in every way, so that the coming winter may be made an era which we can all look back upon with pleasure.

—CPL. R. W. SMALE



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" 3-4—"Life With Henry"
" 5-6—"Doomed Caravans"
" "West Point Widow"
" 8-9—"Love Crazy"
" 10-11—"Meet John Doe"
" 12-13—"Saint in Palm Springs"
" "Along the Rio Grande"
" 15-16—"They Met in Bombay"
" 17-18—"Blondie in Society"
" 19-20—"Barnacle Bill"
" 22-23—"Little Bit of Heaven"
" 24-25—"Nice Girl"
" 26-27—"Shepherd of the Hills"
" 29-30—"A Woman's Face"

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—Moore

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