

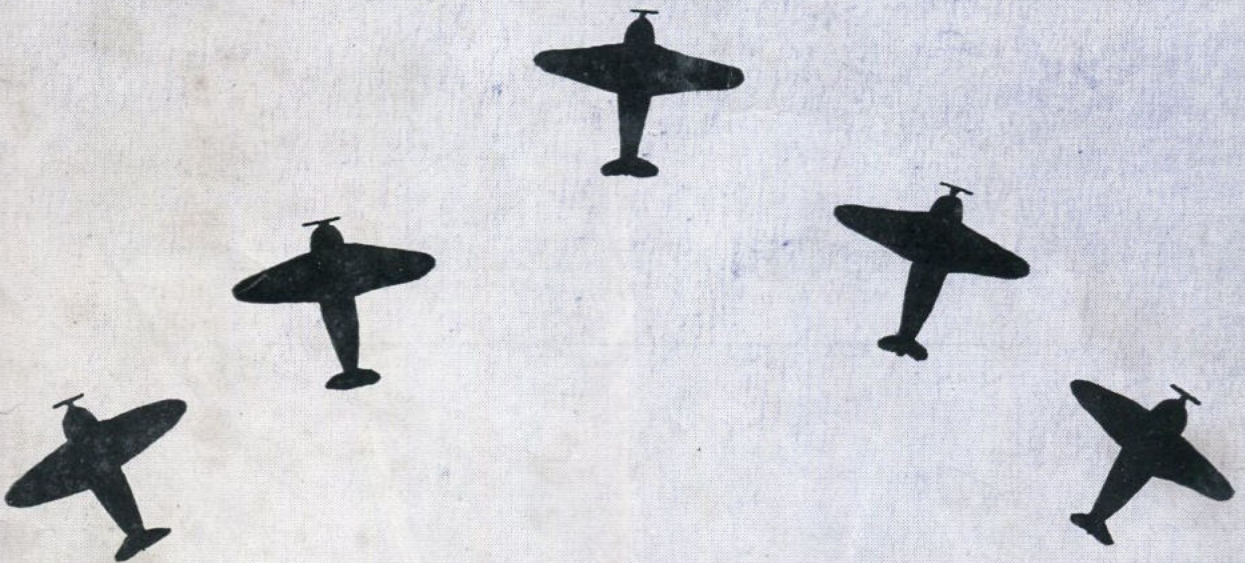
WINGS

MAGAZINE

No. 4 - Oct. 1941

PICTON

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“WINGS”

The Magazine of No. 31 R.A.F. Bombing and Gunnery
School, Picton



The time will come, when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies,
While agéd peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying fleets of wondrous birds.
England, so long mistress of the sea,
Where wind and waves confess her sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall hear,
And reign, the sovereign of the conquered air.

(Translated from Gray's "Luna Habitabilis," Cambridge 1797)

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WINGS

Has a large circulation throughout Ontario. It also reaches thirty-five R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Stations.

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EDITORIAL



WHEN you receive this issue and find that there are not as many pages as were in the last, do not suppose that we have reached a pinnacle and are on the decline. On the contrary, contributions this time were on such a scale that it would have been possible to double the number of pages. The reason for the reduced size is the fact that the magazine is self-supporting, and it was an expensive matter to produce a double issue last month. However, if the circulation continues to increase at its present rate, who knows . . . the New Year may even see us producing in colour! To those of you who find your contributions are not in print this time, please bear with us, for your efforts have only been held over through lack of space.

In view of the increasing number of you sending your copies of "Wings" home, we hope to be able to produce a special Christmas number. This may seem rather early to mention the festive season but, from the time this issue is on sale, you will have only six weeks in which to prepare articles. May we ask every one who has not so far contributed, to make a special effort.

For deeds do die, however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;
But wise words, taught in number for to runne,
Recorded by the muses, live for ay;

—Spencer.

J. P. H.

“Damnheerli”



HAVE you ever experienced the ineffable joy of deliverance from a floating Chamber of Horrors of a motor boat to the sweet bliss of a sail boat? We did! Some exceedingly sharp practice on both sides sealed the bargain. The “DHAMD-HURTI,” saved from an ignominious end, justifiably earned, was exchanged for a sloop — whose lines suggested that the builder’s mother, while he was yet in embryonic state, had a nightmare in which Chinese junks careered madly and made frolic with Spanish galleons.

The erstwhile engineer, with typical caution and due consideration to the task in hand, “asked me to help sail the vessel from Wellington to Picton. I, who am as mentally deficient as he, assented. So, one bright Saturday forenoon, having missed two of the more superfluous courses at lunch, which was no great hardship, we sauntered forth, fully booted and spurred.

The sail boat was an inspiring sight. The mast rose sheer, then for a quite unaccountable reason, hung shy of the perpendicular, and bowed sublimely to the forward deck.

However critical one’s first impressions — they need not dishearten. We were not disheartened. Our preparations for the voyage were as thorough as usual. We had nothing. The engineer waved my suggestion airily aside, when I proposed that we might suffer from slight hunger. Pointing in an abstract manner towards a barren coastline he mumbled, “. . . pull in for the night.”

The mainsail jerkily commenced its painful ascension on the rail, and cleaved with the mast in divine supplication to the deck. The stays creaked ominously, and the top spar, bereft of its justification, made music of Dante’s Inferno variety. A scarcely perceptible ripple at the stern seemed sufficient to prove that we were on the way—and time mattered nought.

Out, into the open lake, with the aid of two row-boats, and we had finished the first stage. Quietly confident — yes, even complacent, we sat at our post of action — casting aspersions at our shore-clinging men — and invoking the gods to send down their worst. Precisely at Salmon Point, one of the deities, having playfully nursed us straight through the centre of a rock-reef, decided to end his bonhomie. The pair of us, also, ceased to bask in our mutual admiration. It was rather sudden. One moment we were sitting, breathing relief at our narrow escape — the next, we lay in a most excruciating position, watching the mast describe a series of exquisite parabolae, at an acute angle — most acute — to the now turbulent water, whilst the mainsail, as some great animal in its death throes, lay kicking. Partially dazed, I might have lain considerably longer, pondering on life’s little whims — but a bellow aroused me,

above the wind "Get up — you congenital imbecile — and get that main-sail down!"

With much effort I arose — and for my pains was flung, with a resounding crash into the cockpit, where my partner was sadly entangling himself with a homogeneous selection of harness and lines, preparatory to sinking a sea anchor, which, on inspection, we did not possess. Facing the elements with no small concern for my safety, I snake-crawled along the deck, looking longingly at the comparative safety of the cockpit — and forward at my own hazardous task.

Curses, strangely enough produce most lurid parlance. For purposes which the editor has gone to some pains to explain, snatches of dialogue have been diluted to many degrees below proof.

"Who the hell do you think I am — the man on the flying trapeze?"—was flung to the winds, and the answer, borne back on another gust, taunted "Stop nattering, and get the confounded thing down!"

A titanic struggle ensued between a series of Knots, most unnautical, and myself. Eventually, with a sickening shudder, the mast unburdened itself of its unwelcome accessory, and the sail, devoid of all dignity collapsed in a heap on top of myself and the engineer, who had given up his frantic search for a sea anchor. Extricating ourselves from a jungle of broken rigging and rent sail cloth, swaying perilously on the crest of waves which no longer appeared playful, we looked shorewards—to the receding point and approaching darkness—then upwards, to see the main halyard lazily disappearing through the pulley.

"We've had it."

The cryptic words, sobbed to the unheeding elements — aptly summed up the plight of two airmen in distress.

Recriminations followed.

"This was your brilliant idea—nitwit—now look at the mess we're in. . . ."

"If you don't pipe down, it will be nothing to the mess you'll be in"—and as an afterthought, "and keep your observations on my mental prowess severely to yourself."

A prolonged silence ensued, punctuated frequently by the sounds one would associate with a storm at sea.

"We are drifting out."

"You say the most unobvious things, don't you?"

"Well, can't we do anything? You have vast experience of the Bristol Channel, on rough days—and you may"

"Oh, shut up. If you want to do anything climb up that d-----mast, and thread through the halyard."

"Who, me?"

"Of course—I would sooner see you die than myself."

"It's getting very dark and cold."

No reply—

"Do you think the storm will last all night?"

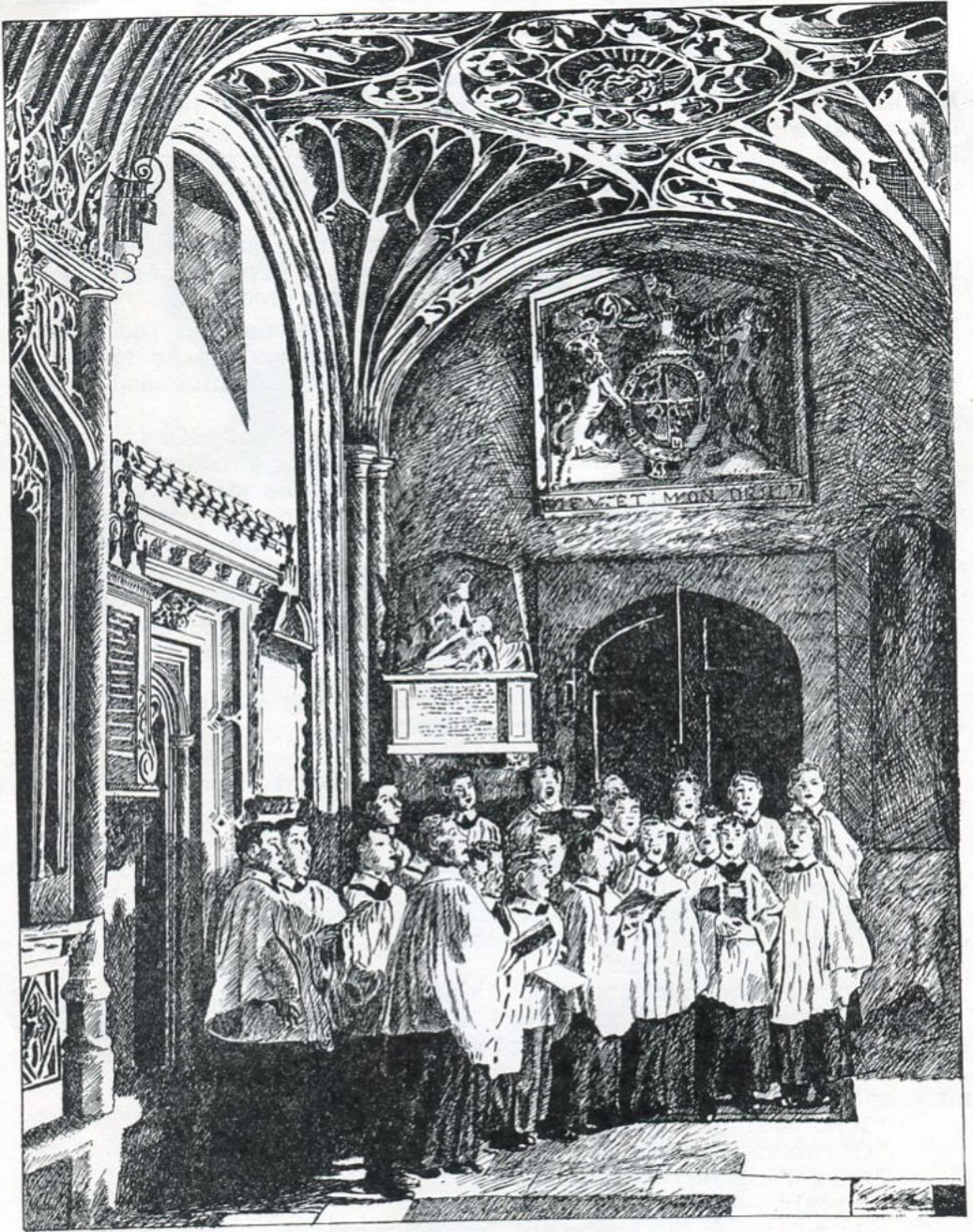
Still no reply.

"Dying of hunger and exposure isn't what it is cracked up to be, is it?"

This one-sided conversation, dwindled. Even the fuel for talk was damp.

Above the howl of the wind and the lash of the waves—an internal rumble was predominant. Investigation showed that the cabin was half-

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CHORISTERS OF ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR

—By Smale

Airmanship Examination

- Q. What is the procedure after a forced landing?
- A. The pilot, after extricating himself from the wreckage should summon the nearest onlooker, borrow a cigarette, and inquire his whereabouts. If he has landed in an onion field he should fill his pockets with this rare and exotic fruit, explaining that A.F.H.Q. will pay for everything. He should then ask to be transported to the nearest house containing a telephone, a well-stocked cellar and a pretty daughter, who has not yet met the Air Force. It is well to ring one's C.O. the morning after, to have a car sent round.
- Q. What is the procedure when landing at a strange aerodrome?
- A. Dive within 20 feet of the control tower to wake up the duty pilot and pull out in a climbing roll. (Note: Twin engine pilots may execute a stall turn, it will have the same effect). Carry out an opposite circuit to let them know you are a visitor and land as near the mess as possible.
- Q. What is the best way to descend through a cloud?
- A. In an aeroplane or attached to a parachute.
- Q. You are flying above the sea, at an altitude of 20 feet, visibility nil, the nearest land 400 miles away to starboard. You are suffering from cramp, suddenly both engines fail and the port wing drops off, what is the immediate action?
- A. Make out in triplicate a request to be granted six days compassionate leave.
- Q. What action should the pilot take prior to take off?
- A. First of all, you ask yourself if you really wish to fly that day or not. On deciding to do so, or having it decided for you, having chosen the aeroplane you must ask an airman to be good enough to wind the thing up while you sit yourself in the cockpit. By the time you have your parachute harness adjusted, the airman should have the engine primed and be winding like a mad thing, casting occasional reproachful looks into the cockpit. Choose a moment when he is not looking to turn on the switch. When the engine starts, throttle back to prevent running into the hangar and tie a knot in your rip-cord to remind you the next time to use the chocks. Do your cockpit check by casting a rapid glance round your instruments to make sure that they are all there and wave the airman away. (You do not know of course that he fell when the engine was started and is now struggling out from under the tail wheel.) Having surmounted the obstruction offered by his writhing legs, you taxi smartly into wind and take off, and the sky is yours.
- Q. You are doing stall turns in a Harvard aircraft at an altitude of 100 feet in order to impress your girl friend who lives just below. The aircraft suddenly drops its right wing and goes into an inverted position. What do you do?
- A. Nothing. A salvage crew will pick up what is left of the aircraft and a Committee of Adjustment will settle your affairs. Your girl friend will transfer her attentions to a farmer.
- Q. Your instructor—who is an old fogey with 5,000 flying hours—tells you that you are not to do aerobatics below 5,000 feet, and that you must not dive at cows, barns, or trees, or do steep turns close to the ground. What is your reaction?
- A. Pay no attention to him, everybody has to die sometime.
- Q. After executing a series of intricate manoeuvres (many of which have not yet appeared in published form) in the vicinity of the aerodrome at a low altitude, you make an excellent landing—only three bounces—and on taxi-ing smartly to the apron at 30 m.p.h. you find your Flight Commander walking to meet you. What should you do?
- A. Be nonchalant. Show him that you appreciate the courtesy by standing at attention and say "Yes Sir," whenever he pauses for breath. He really loves you, and only bawls you out to conceal his true feelings.

S/Ldr. Mc. F.

Cranberry Tart

a Short Story by A. M. CHRISTIE

"It's amazing," remarked Snugden, looking over the edge of "The Times," in the reading room—"how frequent suicide is these days. I sometimes wonder if the element of insanity prevalent in these cases isn't a bit overrated in the Coroners' Courts."

This observation was directed at no one in particular, but Fenton, the elderly architect brought his eyes to a point of focus through his thick lensed spectacles.

"Hmm, yes"—he ruminated for a moment—"perhaps it isn't so much actual insanity, or mental unbalance, if you wish, as the inability of the troubled mind to grasp the significance of the commonplace, and so revert to normal."

"Y'know, Snugden, I've rather a queerish story to tell, if you wish to hear it. I think it illustrates my theory to some extent. You remember Donaldson, the former cashier at Bender's? Ah, yes, I thought you would. He had rather a regrettable lapse, remember, and was put away for a bit."

Snugden did not appreciate the euphemism, and interposed,—
"Do you mean when he got four years penal for embezzlement?"

"Precisely," answered Fenton—"but I don't see any very good reason why we should go into the facts of the case, now. Anyway, what I have to say merely shows how the commonplace, at the so-called psychological moment, can have a sobering effect—shall we say—on the would-be suicide. Mark you, Snugden, there is nothing of the spectacular in the story I am about to relate, and it may have happened thousands of times without us ever realizing. Strangely enough, I ran into Donaldson, the other night, and we had quite a long chat together. His enforced retirement from public life has left its mark on him, but I am convinced that he is as straight as a die now. For all his faults, I think that Donaldson was a thoroughly decent fellow."

Snugden offered no comment, and Fenton proceeded—"Without any intention on my part, the conversation veered round to his case. Donaldson, as you know, was always a frank sort of fellow, and never made any attempt to whitewash himself. Apparently some influential relative has fixed him up with a job where the temptation of appropriating money doesn't exist. That's how he put it!"

Both men chuckled at this remark, and Snugden laid down his copy of "The Times" with the air of a man relinquishing the tenure of a valuable document.

Fenton continued—"He spoke of the fateful night preceding the auditor's report. He knew only too well the mess in which he was involved—and the ensuing consequences. Up to that night, his family had no inkling of the trouble, he told me, and after much deliberation he wrote a short note of explanation and apology, then when the household was asleep, left the house, fully intent upon suicide.

"Now, Snugden, I do want to impress you that the details and reactions he gave me were those of the truly suicidal mind—if I know anything of psychology—and I would lay a pound to a penny no man ever came nearer to dying by his own hand than Donaldson came that night.

"Leaving the house, he went on to explain how he had a conviction that he had already severed his connections with the mortal world.

[Continued on Page 13]



Hi! a W.A.A.F. Ah!

(Without Apologies)

In a great and distant country
Very bleak and lonely country,
Long deserted by the Indians
On a plateau close to Nowhere
Lived a band of blue-clad exiles
Men that fly, and work (and others)
Longing for their wives and loved ones.
Then from o'er the Mighty Waters
From the land of the Hereafter
Through the wisdom of the Elders
Pukka gen of great importance
W.A.A.F.s were coming, here in Picton!
To relieve the pains of working
(Or to cause them — who can answer?)
Mighty were the wild rejoicings
Great the drinking of firewater
Gone the weary void expressions

Panic changed to preparation.
But alas the hopes were shattered
Like the ice-bound lakes in springtime
No one used the empty wigwam
Papered windows covered nothing.
Only disappointed moanings
Now remain to end this story
(Very sad and dismal story).
So the band of blue-clad exiles
Living in the distant country
Shrugged their tired and drooping shoulders
Carried on the work unfinished
And through deep and careful thinking
They decided it was better
To go on with patient courage
Longing for their wives and loved ones.

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“ - - beginning at the 7th verse of the
4th chapter of the Book of Gen - - ”

AND it came to pass that certain of the Elders did meet together in their Wisdom, and did send messages to the Tribal Leaders thus, “We will foregather a body of our Young Men, and we will send them out on a Ship upon the Waters and they will go, in secret, lest the Enemy at our Gates hereth, to settle in a New World, by the Shores of a Mighty Lake at Pikkton. Give you, therefore, Leave of Absence to your Young Men that they might first Settle their Debts, and bid good bye to their Loved ones.”

So the Word of the Elders went out through the land, and the Young Men did go unto the Houses of their Fathers and did protest and Wax exceeding Wrath and say, “Father, I am going Overseas.”

Then at the day appointed these Young Men did come, some of them clad in uncouth garments and Full Pakk and they did Congregate and their Hearts were heavy within their Breasts and all were exceeding Brownd with the Browndness that passeth all understanding. The Learned of the Land did entertain them, not with Feastings, as there were Rations in this Land, but with Kit Inspections and Parades, and with other Quaint revels peculiar to the Blue Clad tribes. And there was much Shouting of Duff Gen, and much Red Tape, also for the entertainment of the Travellers within their Bounds.

Then, before Cock Crow, the Young Men were aroused from their Sleep, and they were herded into a Train and they were taken thus down to the Waters, where they saw many Ships, and they did go aboard one of these Ships where was much whispering of Tin Fish and of Flying Machines that did release Missiles to stop the Ship.

For many days and Nights the Ship was on the Water and there was No land, and of the Young Men there were some who were Land Lubbers and who did regret their meals, and there were some who were Mess Men and who did eat more than their Rations. Some there were who lived down in the Bilges and did swing in their Hammocks all day, and who did chant to themselves to alleviate their distress, “Why did I join?” And they were very ill.

There were many Matelows and Swaddies, who did nothing, and there were many Duties. Then did the members of the Blue Tribe get Caught for Guards, as the Sage who commanded the Ship on the Water was an Elder of this Tribe.

They came at last to the Frozen Country, and did see Snow and Ice. And they did see Lights where there was once Darkness, vast Signs lit to the Heavens, bearing such inscriptions as “Hot Dog,” or “Hamburger” and even “Coca Cola.” They did quit the Ship and did yet again get on the Iron Horse and they did go West. And there were many Peoples who did welcome the Caravan, and they did speak Strange tongues, but the Caravan did Tarry not but did Push on. And the Young Men did Gamble and some did lose many Bucks.

They came at last to the Promised Land and did see Pikkton Camp, which did lie under a Sea of Mud. And one of their number, who knew the tongue, did say unto the Multitude. “Yea, verily, brethren, it is a One Horse Joint. Then they did go up to the Plateau on the Hill by various Jaloppies and did see All and a loud cry did come from the assembled Hordes, “Roll on that boat!”

Cpl. H. Hewett

A Cockney Taxi Driver

She'd telephoned, and asked me out to dine,

There was so much to talk about—could I be there by nine?
In London I had just arrived, a few short hours ago,
But she was sweet and she was young and very nice to know.

The night was dark, though clear the sky;

My hostess said, with scolding eye,

"Tonight will come a raid, for sure,

You'd better stay and be secure."

I said I'd come and meet her anywhere,

But as I dressed the wailing moan of sirens filled the air:
A ghastly sound that heralds ill and shakes one's very heart,
But she was now expecting me. I had to make a start.

With tin-hat on and torch in hand

I started off, as I had planned.

The night was dark, there was no fuss,

But when I looked, I found no 'bus!

So I stepped out, not feeling very brave:

The streets were dark and empty too, as silent as the grave—
And then above, up in the sky, I heard a droning sound
And all the guns gave tongue at once, and shook the very ground.

I hurried on, my thoughts on her:

I hoped to reach Victoria,

For there I thought there might be found,

A train, on London's Underground.

With panting breath and bathed in icy sweat,

At length I reached the entrance gate, and lit a cigarette:
The gate was shut and barred and locked, no trains were running now,
But I had got thus far and vowed I'd carry on, somehow.

There still were four more miles to go

For I was making for Soho;

To go on foot was much too far—

Somehow I must locate a car.

Then I saw coming down Victoria Street

A taxi-cab with his blue light, which I dashed out to meet.
He pulled into the side and I asked him if he would go
Through all the hell that now was on, and drive me to Soho.

He laughed and said in cockney broad:

"Refoose yer dibs, I can't afford—

I'll drive yer there or anywhere,

So long as you can pay yer fare."

Although he wore four ribbons on his breast.

No tin-hat graced his head, and I felt sorely overdressed.
He rattled on past traffic lights, with no one there to see:
"Ole 'Itler's on the job ternight," he shouted back to me;

'E's lit 'isself a fire, I'm told,

Because' is feet are feelin' cold"!

And as I looked a flame shot high

In angry red, which dyed the sky.

We turned sharp right, to dodge a barricade;
He kept up speed through flash and crash, and never seemed dis-
mayed,
And when we reached that distant street, I duly said a prayer.
His clock was showing two-and-six, but I asked him his fare:
"It's on the clock" he snapped at me,
This 'Itler show, I chuck in free."
I handed him a One-Pound note;
He turned and fumbled in his coat.

"I'm grateful for this trip you've done tonight,"
Said I to him, "And I should say it's worth a sovereign, quite."
"I ain't the one to profit out o' 'Itler's 'ymn of 'ate—
So 'ere's yer change—may be you'll need it when you celebrate."
I said "Goodnight" and wished him well,
And then I turned and rang her bell.
She said just what I'd hoped she'd say:
"Tonight, of course, you'll HAVE to stay" !!!

C. H. K.

—V—

CRANBERRY TART (Continued From Page 8)

The night was starry and clear, for he had vague recollections of noting the fact, and meditating on how little it meant to him. A few neighbors passed him on his way down to the river, and after wishing each a "good night" he idly wondered what the reaction of each would have been, in similar circumstances. He stressed that to all intents his mind was placid, but was governed by the unswerving factor of self-destruction.

"On reaching the river, he remembered clearly how he stood with his back to a tree, watching the fantasy of light play on the still water. That only functioned as a magnet for him. Morbid thoughts crowded into his mind—how long would it take to recover the body?—it would be bloated and black—maybe they would hush up everything for his family's sake. And so the kaleidoscope of thought rushed in on his overwrought mind. But he strongly emphasized that not one of his thoughts, at this time, was in the nature of driectness, but more of a mild curiosity, very difficult to explain.

"Prone to habit, he related, his hands strayed to his pocket in search of a cigarette. He clearly remembered thinking that he may as well have a last smoke, and that anyway, the cigarettes would be a soggy mess in a very short time.

"Extracting the packet, his hand automatically felt for a cigarette. In doing so a small rectangle of cardboard fluttered to the ground. For no very good reason, he averred, he stooped, picked up the card and glanced at it. The colouring showed a cranberry tart—delicately brown pastry and on the other side, under the heading "Cookery hints—a Series of 50"—instructions for baking. He alleges that with the examining of the card, his mental equilibrium returned. You see, cranberry tart was his favourite sweet."

"And now," summed up Snugden—"I presume he views all cranberry tarts with great thanksgiving."

"Funnily enough," rejoined Fenton, picking up the discarded "Times," "he has now a healthy repugnance for the things—but is a very keen cigarette card collector."

Friday, 13th September

They were in their usual attitudes, Lofty Thompson stretched out before the fire with his long legs terminating in the coal scuttle; Dave Martin busily blowing smoke rings from a perpendicular position on the sofa: Hal Graham, Pete Cooley, Stewart White and Brian Andrews encircling the card table; and the rest. It was always a source of enjoyment to me to walk into the Crew Room and see them all and hear their good natured chaff. I always had the feeling that, were it not for the maps protruding from flying boots and Mae Wests over the backs of chairs it might have been the pavilion again, when rain held up play for a while.

On reaching the card table I stood watching for a few moments. Stewart, as usual, was doing quite well. Strange his luck: he was not a particularly popular fellow though in no sense could he be called unpopular. If you had asked anyone present what they thought of him, the probable answer would have been, "Oh all right, bit tight." Yet that would hardly have been correct, rather was he careful, he could not bring himself to take risks. Such a trait would be the more noticeable in the circumstances, for a fighter pilot in the thick of the Battle of Britain, well

They were playing Poker and there was about 15 shillings on the table, Pete had packed but the other three seemed to have good hands and slowly the stakes mounted. Several other chaps detached themselves from chairs and gathered round as though sensing the tenseness which invariably prevails. Suddenly the microphone above the fire place clicked and in that instant, cards were forgotten, each man tense, expectant.

"Stand by for announcement." They were already fastening loosened buttons and stretching for Mae Wests in anticipation of "Red and Blue sections, on patrol." Hardly was the announcement over when the room was clear. A few cards on the table, face down, a novel straddling the arm of a chair; a strange sight this orderly untidiness, a room devoid of life and yet the tense expectation of a few moments ago seemed still to brood over the scene.

In operations, on a dias above a W.A.A.F. surrounded map stood the S/Ldr. in charge of the operation. He was talking into a microphone before him. "Hullo Blue Leader, what is your height?" The reply came back, "15,000 feet, still climbing." "O.K., go to 20,000 over B—— and look out for squadron of Huns, they should be below you to the S.W."

The S/Ldr. sat back, his alert eye covering every section of this "nerve centre." There would be no mistakes: quietly yet efficiently these men and women would work, for the lives of the men in the air were in their keeping.

Blue and Red sections were over B—— at the required height: "Hullo Blue 2, Blue Leader calling; see any sign of them?" "No Sir, not a thing." "We'll turn left and go down a bit." "Hullo Blue Leader, Red 1 calling: what is that just coming from the cloud below and to your right?" "Tallyho, Tallyho! It's them, Ju 88's I believe. Here we go."

In a matter of seconds they were on them and to each man the world, his world, rushed to meet him, revolved, was replaced by sky amid the roar of engines and whine of bullets. The first fierce onslaught saw one bandit hurtling to earth with smoke pouring from the port engine, one Hurricane still on his tail to make sure. This was too much for Jerry,

The Smith's Lament

Beneath the shingled workshop roof
The surplus blacksmith stands,
There's not a tool kit on the camp
With which to soil his hands.

He's growing old, his eyes grow dim,
He's had to take to glasses,
But even this and other ills
Can't wangle buckshee passes.

His arms are bare (except for hair)
He's corns upon his toes,
Why he stands there day by day,
"Gor Blimey" no one knows.

—'POP' ROWELL

FRIDAY 13th SEPTEMBER (Continued)

he had no fighter escort. Turning tail each plane made for the French coast but not before one straggler went diving down with flames spurt-ing from each engine.

"Hullo Blue and Red sections, Blue Leader calling. Form up, form up: we haven't enough petrol to follow them."

Gradually the scattered sections collected and dropped into their stations. "Hullo Blue 3, where's Blue 2?" "Don't know, Sir. Last I saw of him was following that first Hun down." "O.K. He probably ran out of ammunition and made for home."

A short while later they landed at their base and sauntered back to the Crew Room, once more to wait.

"I say Lofty, Stewart's not back yet."

"No Brian, a report has just come in saying that one of our kites went into the sea just off S——."

"That must have been him!"

No one seemed to have much interest in books, cards or talking; some made pretences of reading but knew before they started that it was hopeless. Lofty Thompson, after staring into the heart of the fire for a few minutes, turned and strolled over to the card table. "Strange his luck," he said. "Good thing in a way for he could not have afforded to lose, wife and a couple of kids you know." Brian Andrews looked up. "Very fond of her, too, knew her quite well. She was a bit of an invalid, but gosh she looked after those kids." "Say Hal, let's play this hand out, I'll take Stewart's and if it wins we'll send the money to his wife," said Lofty. They settled down, the three of them, and played on. The stakes mounted until Hal Graham packed leaving Brian and Lofty playing on. At last Brian said, "Well Lofty, I shall have to see you now, what have you got?" At that instant the microphone clicked; each man automatically reached for his flying kit. "Stand by for announcement," came the voice. "Patrol boat XG 17 reports"

"Stewart," someone muttered with relief, "Strange his luck."

J. P. H.

Introspection

"Alter Course 5 degrees Starboard to 088'M."

Inwardly praying that my somewhat haphazard calculations are correct, I pass the slip over to the pilot. His thick leathered fingers take it clumsily, and he leans forward to catch the day's first anaemic light.

I watch his face, white with cold, and note the tiny pearls of moisture on his moustache. His eyes are screwed up in concentration, and I notice for the first time that one eyebrow is shorter than the other. I watch the little hairs in his nostrils move with each breath, and realize that he is a stranger to me. This is not the man who accompanied me on that memorable night in Town, or the fellow who more or less gracefully deposited his beer over my car radiator, or the man who beat me at snooker last night. He was my friend. This man is a stranger. The other self he left behind him when our trip began. He looks so very tired and old.

Do I look so strange to him, I wonder? Perhaps I, too, have the dark ringed eyes and the quiet confident face of an aesthetic. I would like to ask him what he is thinking of throughout the long cold hours. But I dare'nt. He would understand why I ask, but would not admit it to himself. He would laugh and cease to be the stranger, and probably say "Women!"

He looks up, grins, and raises his thumb in understanding of my message. His eyes turn to the instrument panel, hands and feet answer subconscious signals and the smile dies, leaving its chrysalis.

I turn and wriggle back to my perspex kingdom. Distastefully I squint at my chart, and picking up the dividers begin to step off the distance flown. But although my hands do the routine check up, only half my mind is working on it. I am still thinking of the revelation that I have just experienced.

Dimly I begin to realize why war in the air can be so ruthless. In each flier there is a Jekyll and Hyde; once free of the ground and the normal self is immersed and the cold impersonal automaton takes charge of the body. The man becomes part of the machine, and as such feels as hard as the metal that surrounds him. Unyielding, he senses that nothing can hurt him. A pilot has no conscious courage because his body is no longer his own.

The man who swings his turret at those elusive black shapes is the only one who knows fear, and the intense desire to live that conquers it.

Alone and away from the wordless companionship of his fellow beings, with nothing to occupy his mind save the endless searching, he has too much time to think and realize that man moves in space on the sufferance of others.

My mind clicks back to focus as I mark our position with a cross. Two hundred miles flown. Two hundred miles away my cap hangs on a peg, my best tunic lies thrown on a chair, and my bed is probably still warm. Friends lie sleeping within ten yards of it. Suddenly I feel terribly alone. I hate this glass-house where I work. It becomes unbearable. I struggle out of the imprisoning cell. The pilot catches my eye and raises hand and eyebrows.

"Coffee?" His lips form the word. Nodding I turn for the thermos. Coffee.

F/O. LI. T.

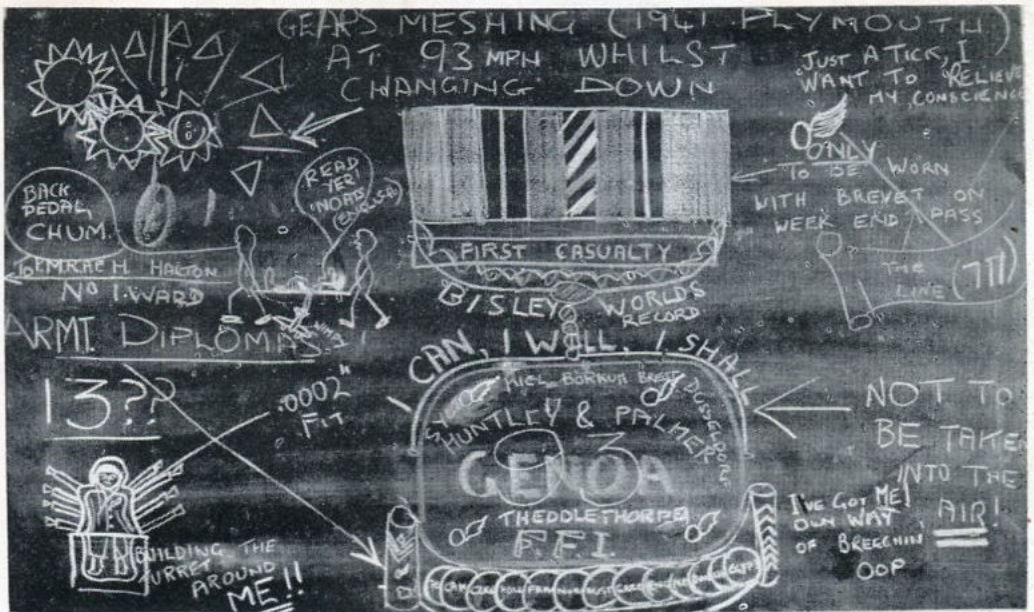


Nature's Fire

Wash Drawings - - - by MOLE

Fires of War





Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

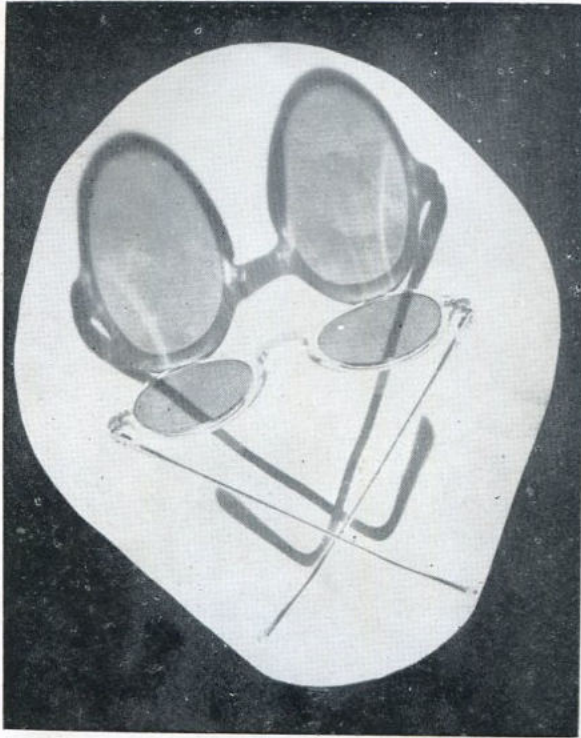
WE ARE PROUD, in this issue of "Wings," to be able to include this fitting tribute from the grateful pupils of No. 23 Course to the man who has done so much to brighten their hours of boredom on ground instruction. While only the merest fraction of his genius has been touched on by this illustration, all of those interested will be able to realize just how fortunate we are in having here in exile with us, so great and virile a part of Britain's strength in the sky. To some of us here in Canada, it has been a source of amazement that England is still able to carry on with by far the greater part of her striking force centralized in Picton, Ont. But she has managed.

V

ESSAY BY AN EVACUEE BOY, AGED 10 (GENUINE)

The bird that I am going to write about is the owl. The owl cannot see at all by day and at night is as blind as a bat. I do not know much about the owl, so I will go on to the beast that I am going to choose. It is the cow.

The cow is a mammel. It has four sides: right and left and upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away, so that they will not fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns, and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with. The mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, the milk comes and there is never any end to the supply. How the cow does it, I have not yet realized, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell. One can smell it far away. This is the reason for all the fresh air in the country. The man cow is called an ox. It is not a mammel. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice, so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because all its inside is full of grass.



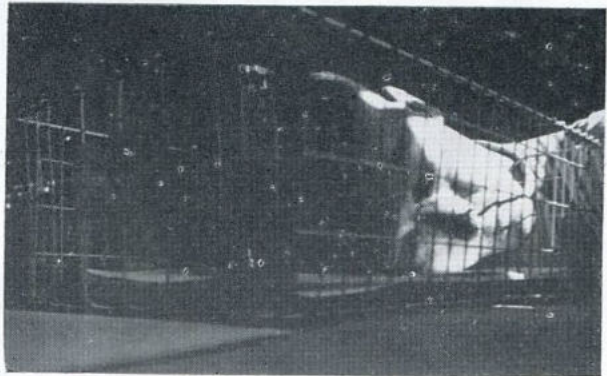
*The Winners of
the Photographic
Competition - -*

FIRST PRIZE

"PROFESSORS DILEMMA"
by Alf. Ball

SECOND PRIZE

"OUT"
by Tom Evans, R.C.A.F.



THIRD PRIZE

"POWER"
by John Mole



"REFUGE"

—Ward

Picture of the Month

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY

AS Kruchenhauser would have it "we now come to the two F's that embitter the souls of all good Christians—Films and Filters." However I don't think things are going to be that bad.

FILMS

You know, it is really amazing, the number of people who still go into their favourite druggist and just ask for "a film" without the faintest idea of what they are buying or rather—to be more exact — of what they are getting. Something ought to be done about this sad state of affairs, and I think the best way to show you what it's all about, is to print a chart which I have devised. A technician would probably accuse me of making it too simple — and he would be perfectly correct — but, as I explained last month, the whole object of these articles is to show you photography the new way — the simple way.

FILM GUIDE

TYPE	EXAMPLE	SPEED	SENSITIVITY					GRAIN	GRADATION
			Blue	Green	Yellow	Orange	Red		
Ortho.	"Regular"	26°	Coarse	Normal
	Verichrome	28°	Normal	Normal-Soft
Pan.	Panatomic-X	27°	Ultra-Fine	Nor.-Contrasty
	Plus-X	29°	Fine	Normal
	Super-XX	32°	Normal	Soft

It is quite possible that such words as "Sensitivity," and "Gradation" mean very, very little to you at present, but don't let them alarm you.

As you can see from the chart, films may be divided into two main groups—orthochromatic, and panchromatic, (better known as "ortho" and "pan" respectively). I have given you a few examples of these types so that you will be able to recognize them. Perhaps you have already discovered that some of the films you have been buying have green backing paper, while others have red. Well, the red denotes that the film is ortho, while the green shows that the emulsion is of the pan type.

That is not their only difference, however. Their most important difference lies in their Sensitivity — the colors to which they are sensitive. It will be seen that the everyday Eastman "Regular" is only sensitive to blue, green, and a portion of the yellow spectrum. It is "blind" to the oranges and reds, and that is why, if you took a picture of your best girl friend in a red dress, it would come out practically black, if taken on "Regular"—because the film is insensitive to red. The faster of the ortho group—for example Verichrome—has an increased yellow sensitivity, but otherwise it is exactly the same as the "Regular."

Now take the panchromatic type. It can be seen that even the slower types are sensitive to all the colors of the spectrum, right from blue to red. You can take my word for it that they will give an immense improvement to your photographs, but if you feel sceptical—and extravagant — sometime take identical shots of the same subject, one on an ortho film, and one on a pan film, and see the difference for yourself. Chiefly it means that all the colors of your subject are recorded in their

correct tone values—with the same values as if your eye saw everything in terms of black and white (and of course, the intermediate grey tones). It will also be seen that the faster a pan film is, the more sensitive to red it becomes—so remember that Super-XX will record your reds slightly too light, because it is over-sensitized to red. A pan film also permits you to take photographs much earlier, and far later in the day, than an ortho film will. Everyone knows that in the evening the predominant light rays are red, and that is where the pan film scores. An ortho film, being insensitive to red, demands an excessively long exposure in the evening, but on the other hand, with a pan film in your camera you can give practically normal exposures, because it is sensitive to red. The pan group are also the best for taking night shots—shots of streets at night, in the theatre, and illuminated signs—because, there again, practically all the light is at the red end of the spectrum.

Another advantage of the pan film is its fineness of grain. You have probably noticed when you have had an enlargement made of some favorite shot of yours, taken on an ortho film, that the grain has become very apparent. Normally the faster a film is, the grainier it is, but remember, that a pan film of average speed (like Panatomic-X) will give you amazingly fine grain, permitting enormous enlargements of even portions of negatives, and that the fastest of the pan group (Super-XX) only has the equivalent grain of a far slower ortho film. You may ask, what is the advantage of speed. Well, it permits you to take photographs under lighting conditions where normally it would be impossible—on very dull days, and at night (without having to give long time exposures).

The gradation of a film merely means its scale of tone values. Normal gradation is a scale as near to that as the human eye; that is, of course, in pan films. It means that the scale goes right from black to white and has all the intermediate grey tones. A film of contrasty gradation means that many of the grey tones are missing—giving your pictures tones all near the black, and white, end of the scale. A soft gradation, on the other hand, is exactly the opposite. The dead whites and jet blacks are missing—your print will be in the grey tones.

About speed, all you need know is that every three degrees more means a halving of your exposure time (for any given subject under the same lighting conditions) and every three degrees less means a doubling of it. For example, supposing your exposure with a film of 27° was 1/50 at f.11, with a film of 30° it would be 1/100 at f.11 (half your previous exposure), and with a film of 33° it would be 1/200 at f.11. On the other hand, if you were to take the same photograph with a film of 24° (three less) it would be 1/25 at f.11 (twice as much). As a point of interest, the speeds I have indicated in the chart, are "European Scheiner"—there are also other scales, like "DIN" "American Scheiner," "Weston," and "H. and D.," but as they all amount to the same thing, we needn't worry about them.

Taking pan films on the whole, they are all sensitive to every colour of the spectrum, the faster they are, the more sensitive to red they are, the softer is their gradation, and the more grainy they become. The best all-round film you can buy is Panatomic-X if you have a simple camera—its speed, being about the same as that of Verichrome, won't cause you any worry, just give normal exposures with it. It will enable you to make some really fine enlargements, and give your pictures "quality." If you have a more advanced camera, I'll leave the choice to yourself, you ought to know what you want, and really shouldn't be reading this anyway.

FILTERS

There are some two hundred different types of filters on the market at the present day, and to discuss each and everyone of them would be far too a prodigious task for your correspondent, and in any case this is not a photographic magazine (how I am going to get all that I have written so far past the Editor I don't know), so let's talk about the three main filters — yellow, green, and red.

One of the first things you must realize is that your photographs are all taken by **reflected** light — a red roof reflects red light, and a green wall reflects green light. Remember that.

Any colour filter will permit light of its own colour to pass through it, but stops light reflected from its complimentary colour. Green is a compliment of red, and a green filter will permit green light to pass through it (thence to the film) but will not allow any red light through it, (to put it technically, it absorbs red light). Another thing to remember is the sensitivity of your film. If you are using an ortho film — which is absolutely blind to red—it is no use using a red filter with it, because the filter only allows red light through it, and as the film is insensitive to red, you will not get your picture, in fact you won't get anything. Here is another reason why you should always use a pan film —because (being sensitive to all colours) it permits you to use any colour filter with it. All filters demand an increased exposure, because they cut down the amount of light entering the camera. If your exposure without a filter was $1/50$ at $f. 8$, with a filter of a factor of two (called a "2X filter") it would be a $1/25$ at $f.8$ — twice as much. All our filters can be obtained with different filter factors, the deeper the shade, the higher the factor — that is, the more increased exposure it requires.

Still generalising, all filters will lighten (in the tone scale of your negative — and, naturally, your print) colours the same as itself, and will darken its complimentary colours, so by using different filters you can vary the tones of your pictures to please yourself. A yellow filter will darken a sky sufficiently to give contrast between the white clouds and the blue sky—an orange one will darken the blue still more, and a red filter will give you an almost black sky, depending on how deep your filter is. All films are over-sensitive to blue, particularly the ortho group, and as a result unless a filter is used (especially with an ortho film) your skies will have little or no tone, sometimes being pure white. Now if you were going to take a white building, on an ortho film, and you used no

[Continued on Page 25]

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H. B. TULLY Opposite Royal Hotel

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY (Continued)

filter, the building would be practically lost against a white sky, so you should use a yellow filter (or better still, an even deeper one) to darken the sky, giving you contrast that will make the white building stand out against it.

The yellow filter is the best all-round one to get, and most people begin with it. It can be used with any film—ortho or pan—and is good for any subject. Pictures that contain little or no sky should be taken with a light yellow filter, landscapes with a medium yellow. Good snow pictures are next to impossible without a filter, and the medium yellow is again the best for this type of subject. It can be used for almost every conceivable outdoor picture that one can name, and is admirably suitable for portraiture, giving correct tone values which are so important in taking photographs of people.

The green filter is mostly used with pan film, especially with the faster types, as it will give correct tone rendering. It can be used with ortho but as it gives nearly the same results as a yellow one, and demands a far greater exposure, there is no point in using it with this type of film. As we learned, the faster pan films are over-sensitized to red, and unless a green filter is used with them they are inclined to reproduce reds too light. It is grand for landscapes — with pan film — giving beautiful tones in trees, and other greens and browns. A light green filter is also to be recommended for indoor portraiture by artificial light, where the predominance of the rays are red, and unless some correction is used, your subject will appear very pale and ill. In fact photographers who have for years sworn by the medium yellow filter are gradually changing to the light green, because of its great versatility, and because nearly all the pan film available today is over-sensitized to red. The yellow filters give correction only between the blue and yellow colors, but the green filters hold back both blue and red rays, and thus give correct tone rendering for the entire spectrum. Only one thing — never take a close-up of your best girl, in daylight, with a heavy green filter — it will bring out, startlingly clear, every blemish in her skin, and if she uses a fairly dark lipstick, her lips will come out almost black in your final print. So be warned.

A red filter is really a specialist — the best thing it can be used for is giving you really dark skies when contrast is needed. In landscapes it will darken the greens—and will lighten all reds. For example if you were to take a red mail box, with a blue sky for a background, through a red filter, in your photograph the mail box would appear almost white, while the sky would be practically black. Remember . . . a filter lightens its own colours, and darkens its complimentary colours.

I have often been told that modern panchromatic emulsions do not need any filtering, and to those people, as I have said before, I shall say again — take any subject you will without a filter, and then take it again with a filter, and you'll find that these fascinating little pieces of optical glass really do make a difference.

GEORGE C. WARD

full of water—and swirling aimlessly around in this minor maelstrom were our effects—to wit—two shirts, two tunics and two pairs of trousers. The boots had sunk. The pump, always a vital part of our equipment, was salvaged—and we rendered unto Lake Ontario some of which was Hers—whilst Lake Ontario generously returned the debt with interest.

“We may drift for days, the middle of Lake Ontario is about the last place I can imagine our Criminal Investigation Bureau looking for us,” quoth the engineer.

“Courage, friend” quoth I, “think of all the people who have survived after many days in lifeboats.”

“Yes, but they have had at least dry biscuits, and, most important, congenial company, which takes one’s mind off things a bit.”

“Thanks” said I.

The twinkling lights of the shore discernible on the crests of all too frequent waves, were no longer visible. There was nothing to be done but sit huddled together, with the remnants of the mainsail shrouded around us. Damp, cold, hungry—gone was the gay bravado which had marked our start; gone was the crude paganism which we had flaunted to high heaven.

A trend of thought bordering on the spiritual assailed me.

“We’ve batted, old man, I think” I said, in tones suitably sombre—“and it now remains for us to, firstly, make peace with each other, and then get well in with St. Peter”

A belch, predicting an oncoming bilious attack greeted this sally—and when the new vacuumatic stomach had deflated itself, the engineer spoke.

“I suppose there is graft and corruption in heaven. I hope so for your sake.”

Mentally calculating how much spiritual lucre I could summon, at a pinch, and finding the amount infinitesimal—my evangelical tendencies were hastily suppressed, and at the express wish of the engineer to “get from my sight, and leave me with my thoughts”—I retired with what little decorum one could muster in the circumstances, to the cabin—where I contrived to follow the cult of Yogi, in finding oblivion lying full length in icy cold water.

The cold light of dawn came, and with it a lessening of the storm. A faint smudge on the horizon suggested what might be land or a nomad of the Canadian Steamship Line. Somewhat heartened by the feeble rays of the sun, unruffled in her majestic climb to the zenith, we hoisted the jib, which flapped in mockery, then flatly refused to perform the purpose for which jibs were designed.

Paddling, the engineer suggested, was the only means of reaching land. Floorboards were torn up, and we attempted to coax the boat to respond to compromise of jib and paddle.

Steamships came and went. A sodden shirt, agitated to fury by the ranting and raving engineer, failed to elicit more than a casual cheery wave in response. Hours passed—and the paddling grew wearisome. We saw much land—but mirages are dangerous hallucinations. We saw many meals—floating past—but such sights, too, are dangerous hallucinations.

The sun had long since reached its zenith—and was on its nadir—when the coastline stood crisp and clear. The rending noise of splintering wood was music in our ears, as the boat grounded on the rocks off Point Petre.

L.A.C. A. M. Christie

KING KEYHOLE'S KOLUM

A king of shreds and patches
With all his crimes broad flown as flush as May.

—Shakespeare

J.P.H.

Can it be that you are being careful! Can it be that the long arm of the tattered monarch has found the Achillian heel! But wait . . .

It is rumoured that tea in Accounts section is now being made with mineral water—is that to assist the "Golden Eagle in its appointed task!

The neo-anglican art exhibited in the Sgts. Mess seems to have lacked the expected appeal—maybe the penny has yet to drop.

A deep depression hovered round the Photographic section for a couple of days but has now moved to number six hangar.

There is a tap, tap tapping—will it be followed by a drip, drip dripping, or is the twig at fault! Aquatically speaking, we should know very soon.

Moustache and "civvies." Uniform and no moustache! Pithie good going during the course of one dance for a P/O, but there must be more to it than has so far been accounted for.

We hear that a leak in the drainage system of the Sgts.' Mess has caused the rats to beat a hasty retreat — s'a fact, you can see where they have nibbled their way through the floor boards.

The States may have a Corrigan who went East instead of West, but we have one who nearly went West instead of straight on.

In a census of the civilian occupations of cooks and butchers, it was discovered that three were bricklayers, one was a horse doctor and the other a maker of antiques. The N.C.O. I/c was a french polisher.

Overheard in the barrack room:

First voice: "I hate kit inspections, it's such a fag laying things out."

Second voice: "Oh, it's quite natural to me, I'm a commercial traveller!"

No, Malbon is not in the drapery business.

L-A-V-E-R means "to wash" in France. In Canada it spells opposition to Lee Lee.

In answer to the question "Name three persistent gases," the examiner was rather surprised to read . . . "D.R.O., N.C.O., and F.F.I." We shudder to think what his ideas might have been on decontaminating them.

What is the correct reply when one is asked for a 3 cent stamp? Do tell us what you said, Doc. Anything about passage?

And so my fellow exiles, another month has safely passed . . . the musty monarch too is counting!



Station Heraldry

G. - I. - S.

Graciousness Industry
Sociability

These Utopian characteristics could conform to the highest ideals of this Ground Instructional School.

The talent is there and the dignity of learning pervades every corridor. Those of us who have visited the "Station's University" have doubtless seen a person of Walrus-appearance hastily and earnestly disappearing into the Tea Room, at all hours of the day; and should

we find the "Sheepdog" in his Kennel perhaps he is doing work of national importance—be it only a syllabus or a gunnery report — but nearer the mark he too will be "teasing" or attempting to write Editorials for "Wings."

Stop! Listen! From behind a half-open door a voice of screeching intensity can be heard proclaiming the stirring deeds of old—of a "raid" on Genoa—after an attack upon the concentrated forces of "Nazidom" or pedantically whispering of the diplomas — from "thirteen" nations—for instructional deeds.

A visitor is approached with that "old world" decorum so lacking in life today and one immediately wonders if one is within the ancient walls of that English Public School that has for its motto, "Manners Mayketh Man."

But lo, this Ground Instructional School is not the Seat of Ancient Kings, neither is it the assembly place of English Parliaments; rather it is as peculiar to 31 B and G. S. as the Armouries is to Picton, and just as important too.

Had we time and space we would gladly continue this description and mention more fully the Leader of the Squadron, describing his elegance and perseverance where railway engineering is concerned; the Flight who presents the medals and orders in the approved French style; of the Irishman cunningly assembling his class for a learned lecture; of the hilarious cries of the Stuthridge bird caged within these walls; of the "Stooges" hard working in the library; of the F/O more at home in S.H.Q. than in his office; all these and more besides strive heroically to maintain hearts upon clouds; souls in the "Battle, tho' their feet are upon clay."

C. B. P.

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The Laws of The Air Force

(From "The Odd Hints to the R.A.F.")

Now these are the Laws of the Air Force, descended from Barrack and Ship,
And he that is wise will observe them, lest his foot on the ladder may slip.

As naught must outclimb us in fighting, even so will the law and its span,
For the strength of the man is the Service, and the strength of the Service the man.

Take heed what you say to your Rulers, be your words spoke softly or plain,
Lest a bird in the air tell the matter, and so shall ye hear it again.

If ye labour from morn until even, and meet with reproof for your toil,
It is well—that the gun may be humbled, the compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of one link in the cable dependeth the might of the chain,
Who knows when thou mayest be tested? So live that thou bearest the strain.

When the plane that is tired returneth, with the signs of the air showing sore,
Men take her in hand for a season, and her speed she reneweth once more.

So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary in flying from morn till eve,
Pray for rest — for the good of the Service, — and wend thy way softly on leave.

Count not on certain promotion, but rather to earn it aspire,
Though the sight line may end on the target, there cometh perchance a mis-fire.

Canst follow the track of the Dolphin, or tell where the sea swallows roam?
Where Leviathan taketh his pastime? What ocean he calleth his home?

Even so with the words of thy Rulers, and the others those words shall convey,
Every law is naught beside this one — "Thou shalt not criticise but obey."

Saith the wise; "How may I know their purpose?" then acts without wherefore or why,
Stays the fool but one moment to question and the chance of his life passeth by.

If ye win through an overseas bomb-raid unmentioned at home in the press,
Heed it not; no man seeth the piston but it doeth its work none the less.

Do they growl? . . . It is well. Be thou silent, so the work goeth forward again.
Lo! the engine revs up to two thousand and shouteth, yet none shall complain.

Do they growl and the work be retarded? It is ill, be whatever their rank,
The engine may miss but still shouteth, but can a mis-fire turn the crank?

Doth the fabric make war with the cowl? Do the wings to the engine complain?
Nay; they know that a clean and a polish unites them as brothers again.

So be the heads of the Departments, growl, but smile as a matter of course;
Lest ye strive and in anger be parted, and lessen the might of your force.

Dost deem that thy Station needs paintwork, and the Bolo forbear to supply,
Put thy hand in thy pocket and purchase, — there be those that have risen thereby.

Dost think in a moment of anger, 'tis well with thy seniors to fight?
They prosper who burn in the morning the letters they wrote overnight.

For some there be shelved and forgotten, with nothing to thank for their fate;
Save that, on a half-sheet of foolscap, which a fool "had the honor to state."

If the homeway be crowded with buses, diving downward the hangar to win,
It is meet that, lest any should suffer, each pilot pass cautiously in.

So thou, when thou nearest promotion, and the peak that is gilded is nigh,
Give heed to thy words and thy actions, lest others be wearied thereby.

It is ill for the winners to worry, take thy fate as it comes with a smile,
And when thou art safely gazetted, they will envy, but may not revile.

Uncharted the bumps that surround thee, take heed that to meet them thou learn,
Lest thy name serve as mark on a tombstone or else the Court Martial return.

Though the wires may escape from the Archie, the fabric shows scars on the side,
It is well if the Court shall acquit thee, it were best hadst thou never been tried.

As the cloud rises over the windscreen, flashes past and is lost in the wake,
So shall ye drop astern, all unheeded, such time as these laws ye forsake.

R. M. PINK
(Late Air Commodore R.A.F.)

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Miniature Rifle Shooting Cup

ON SATURDAY, 6th September, Major W. R. C. DaCosta and Major D. C. Greey visited the Station. Major DaCosta, now on the Toronto Stock Exchange, was formerly in the R.F.C. and the R.A.F., and at one time flying at an aerodrome at Deseronto before being sent to England in 1917. A Challenge Cup was won by No. 86 Canadian Training Squadron, and upon the disbandment of this Squadron the cup was presented to Major DaCosta when he returned to Canada. He has now very kindly donated the cup for miniature rifle shooting competition at Picton, and

when the Miniature Rifle Range is completed, and during the winter it is hoped that this very beautiful cup will promote a keen competition between the various Flights and Sections on the Station. In addition arrangements are in hand to obtain shooting spoons in which will be incorporated the 31 B. & G. S. badge. It is desired to put on record our thanks to Major DaCosta for his interest and generosity in making available this very fine cup for competition on our Station.





SPORTIVITIES

It is in a way unfortunate that we have to go to press so early in the month, for it means that the report of an event like the Sports Day will have to be held over until next time. However, Cricket is defying the first frosts, football just starting up and Tennis, of course, which will continue throughout the winter, so, without more ado, on to the experts.

CRICKET

"Pride goes before a fall" — The Station team proved this adage still true. — On August 9th we visited No. 31 S.F.T.S., Kingston, — the gruesome details follow.

In the very short time of 45 minutes the Station team were in, and out, being dismissed for the meagre total of 24 runs. Kingston passed our score for the loss of only one wicket, but then several batsmen were disposed of cheaply, with the result that 7 wickets were down for 38 runs. Cpl. Greetham, their skipper, and Cpl. Talbot then proceeded to put a different complexion on things, so effectively that at the close of Kingston's innings the score had reached 87. The Station team in their second innings started off somewhat more hopefully, the opening pair putting 16 on the board, but the centre again crumpled, and the final score only reached 38, of which AC. Stakes hit 16.

The following Saturday we visited Oshawa for the first time this season, where the opposing side batted first and scored 70, AC. Stakes taking 5 wickets for 21 runs, and AC. Haldenby 3 for 9. The Station again had a bad day, and despite a fine effort by AC. Stakes who hit a grand 21, only managed to muster 41 runs.

On August 23rd the team journeyed to Trenton for a game with No. 6 Repair Depot. Winning the toss we sent the home side in to bat. Wickets fell quickly before the bowling of Cpl. Clarke and AC. Edwards with the result that 7 men were out with only 17 runs on the board.

Then W/Commander. Trethewey, No. 6 R.D.'s C.O., (13 not out) and Sgt. Cort, their skipper, (10) set about improving the position. They carried the score to 30 before the latter was caught and bowled by AC. Stakes. LAC. Whiteside took the remaining two wickets in his first over, and Trenton were all out for 31. In the first half-hour the Station had scored 30 runs for the loss of 2 wickets, and then went on to score 125 for 5, of which AC. Grundy, playing sound cricket, had 47. Other successful batsmen were LAC. Eagles — 19, AC. Jennings — 15, and LAC. Hood — 12.

Despite the reverses the confident spirit of the team remains unbroken, and at present everyone is looking forward with great anticipation to our return fixture with Oshawa on September 13th. This time . . . well?

LAC. EAGLES.

(Editor: And well they did it! Oshawa 24, B. & G.S. 68.)

FOOTBALL

Football is starting with a swing, and the Inter-Hut League Competition has been organized, and we hope to see the leading places in the League keenly contested. Up to the time of going to Press, only a

few matches have been played, so we cannot say yet what to expect, we are, however, quite sure that the matches so far played have shown that we have plenty of talent from which to draw a first-class Station Team to revenge our defeats of last spring.

TENNIS

Those who missed the Tennis Matches between Kingston and our Station Team recently held in the Drill Hall, can be counted amongst the unfortunates.

We hope Squadron Leader Gregson and his team will be back again very soon as these matches provided an evening of excellent Tennis. Naturally we hope the next time we will reverse the count, but this is the most unimportant thing, as skill, and good fellowship is of primary importance.

Arrangements are being made to have Team Tournaments once weekly, so watch D.R.O.'s for further announcements.

ENTERTAINMENTS

The last two Dances promoted by the Station Entertainments Committee and held in the Armouries, have been very popular. The spirit of co-operation between members of the Dance Committee and personnel of the Station is very gratifying. We appreciate the efforts of those responsible for promoting the Dances, and we are looking forward to them in future.

We would like to thank all our helpful friends, the ladies of the Canadian Legion Auxiliary for the refreshments, they were anxious to help us, and were splendid in removing one of the greatest worries from the shoulders of the Dance Committee. Phil Dodds of The Gazette, found us the dancing partners—many thanks Phil, and Major W. G. Grothier for the use of the Armouries. Sergeant Warry and his party did the decoration, and Sergeant Garrett and the Police sold the tickets — many thanks.

The evening of recorded music was a success and a great desire to form a Music Club has been shown. We intend to make a small room available in the Recreation Building where records can be played.

By the time this magazine is published we hope to have this plan working, and to overcome the present difficulty regarding records, those of you who have access to good records are invited to contact Cyril Hillard at the Accounts Section and he will make arrangements for playing them.

According to all reports the trip arranged by the Entertainments Committee to Toronto was a huge success. Those who managed to get a "look in" on the last evening of the Canadian National Exhibition were high in their praises. Actually the trip was an experiment and in future, should there be an equal demand, it is quite possible that arrangements could be made.

The Table Tennis Tournament held on 27th August, was again won by our star, Bob Grundy. Lacombe of the Security Guard, however, gave Bob a good run for the title. The second tournament of the season was very successful, it was run in two sections. In Section "A" Bob managed to beat S/Ldr. Hornabrook after a well-contested series. George Gibson was the winner in Section "B" with Laidlaw as runner up. In all twenty-four men took part in the games and thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Table Tennis is again becoming increasingly popular and good skill is being demonstrated.

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There was a stately drama writ
By the hand that peopled the earth and air,
And set the stars in the infinite.
And made night gorgeous and morning fair,
And all that had sense to reason knew
That bloody drama must be gone through.
Some sat and watched how the action veered—
Waited, profited, trembled, cheered—
We saw not clearly nor understood,
But, yielding ourselves to the master hand,
Each in his part as best he could,
We played it through as the author planned.

—From "The Hosts"

—V—

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