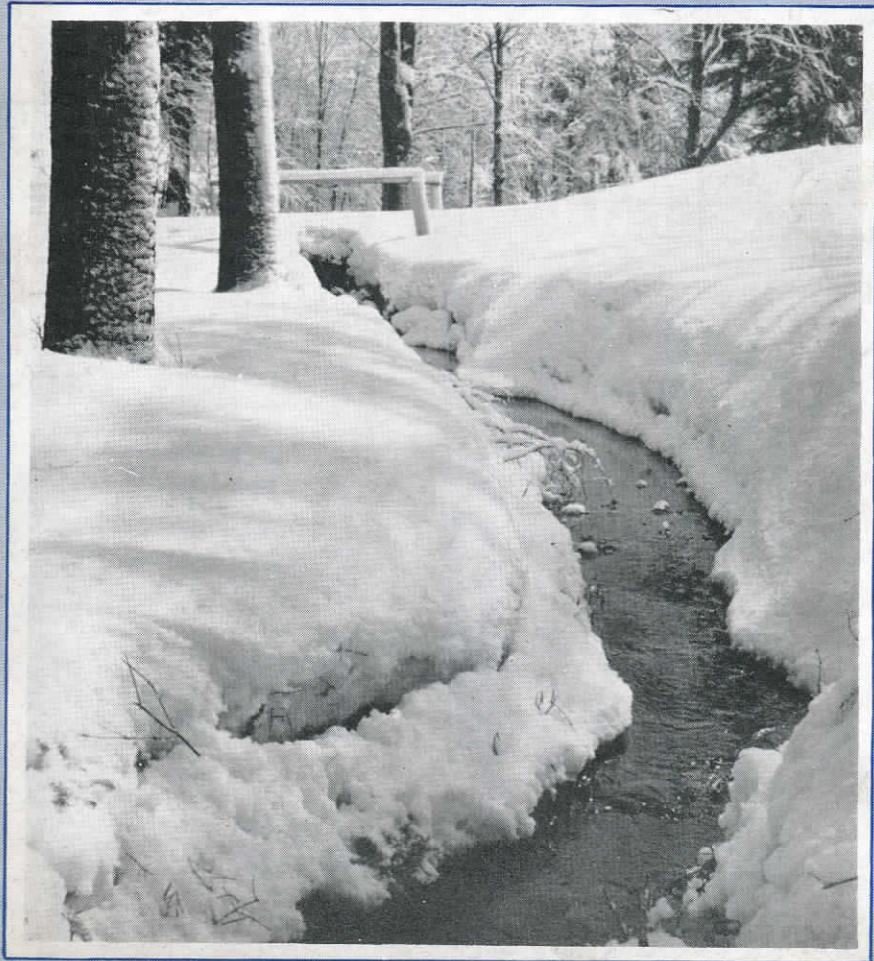


Christmas Number

# WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R.A.F. PICTON



No. 6 - DEC. 1941

PRICE 10c



With Best Wishes  
For a Very Merry Xmas  
And a Happy New Year.

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AND

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OTTAWA**

7th November, 1941

I am glad of this opportunity to send my Christmas greetings to all those who are serving at No. 31 B. & G. School. Since you have been in Canada you have worthily upheld the magnificent reputation of the Royal Air Force and I hope that next year the results of your training may bring confusion to our enemies and air supremacy to our own forces on every front.

*Athlone.*

---

# "WINGS"

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



For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through streams and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright!

—Arthur Hugh Clough

---

## *The Executive*

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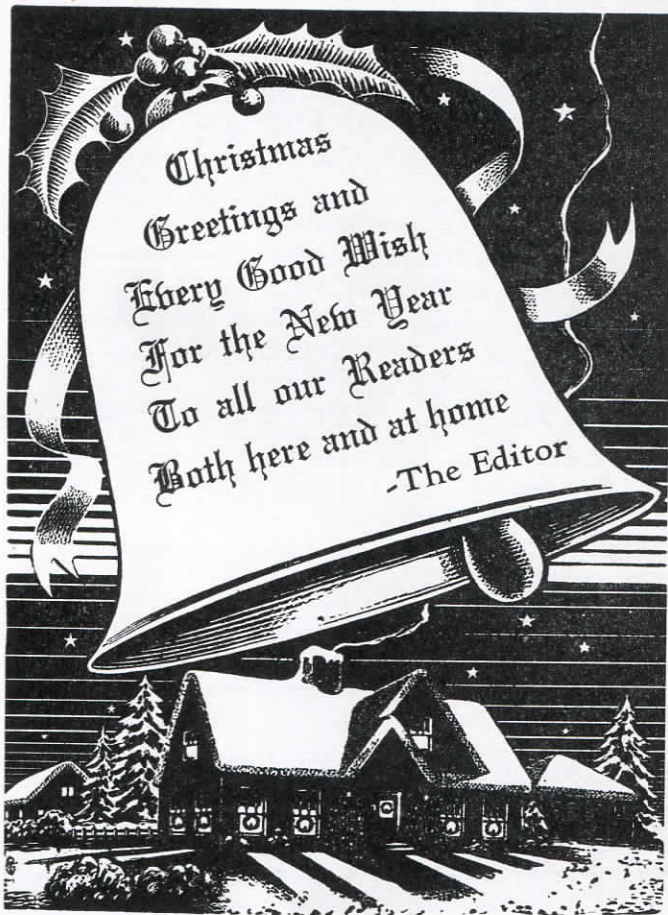
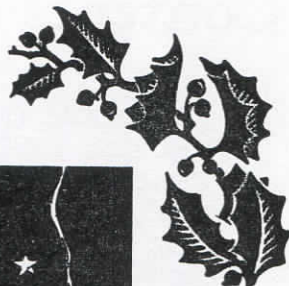
Andy Reekie

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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.

Appreciation and thanks are extended to Mr. E. R. Hodgson of  
The Gazette staff for the use of his photograph of a snow scene  
on the front cover.

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— V —

## 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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# NOSTALGIA

Or

## Oh, To Be in England

Or

## Hey For Boot & Horse, Lad

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Three titles and a preamble are what you've had for your money so far, and still the author is not satisfied. For your ultimate enjoyment, he is prepared to labor indefinitely, up to, but not including, opening time. WE MUST HAVE A FRESH TITLE.

"Nostalgia," that ugly word, is defined by the Oxford Dictionary as "home-sickness as a disease," a matter-of-fact way of describing that longing, that often very painful longing, for persons and things one has left far, far behind.

"Hey for boot and horse, lad," says Charles Kingsley, "and round the world away," in his poem "Young and Old," but even Kingsley suffers from little old Nostalgia before the poem is finished. Here it is:

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen;  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down;  
Creep home, and take your place there,  
The spent and maimed among;  
God grant you find one face there,  
You loved when all was young.

Robert Browning, too, with his "Oh, to be in England" and his longing for native scenes, captures it all most memorably in his "Home-Thoughts, from Abroad" . . . . Home-Thoughts . . . our new title, the one we've been looking for . . . .

Evenings in the English country, blood-red sun-sets, bats describing perfect arcs and figures of eight; cool, gracious lawns, the leisurely coming of night in blue, green, lilac and grey, and the twi-lit red of roses; old taverns, flagged and beamed and full of friendly ghosts; mellow ale for grateful throats, the companionship of tobacco in a bit of good wood, and the quiet, knowing talk of men who live close to the earth; the woman one loves, cool, clean skin, smelling of rainwater, rain on the woods and the ploughed fields; the touch of lips, like the caress of a butterfly's wing or the petals of a bud, soothing, stirring, maddening, peaceful, lovely; sleep, and the feel of sheets, "the rough male kiss of blankets"; delicious, time-less losing of consciousness, heavy with lotus; the touch of a hand, a stirring in the night, nearness, the fragrance of hair, tendrils against the casement, and the soft breathing of the garden. Tea in blue cups, and the challenging crow of scattered cocks; blue eyes and white bathrooms, nail-brushes with black bristles, the certain smell of bacon, and green water lapping softly round one's legs; sun on the trees, that first cigarette, the scent and feel of leather; boots and saddle, glitter and polish, and the easy grace of the woman you love; - - - a new day, with old friends and old things.

And when the tumult and the shouting have died, and the captains and the kings have gone, "God grant I find one face there, I loved when all was young."



# Brotherly Love

“GOING to be a real Dickensian Christmas,” said the grocer, who might well have passed for Mr. Pickwick himself with his rubicund, cheerful countenance. “Good for trade. Everyone buys more when it snows.”

“Likely,” agreed the little man in the green trilby, but his attention seemed to be wandering. A close observer might have seen that he was watching a man outside, to all appearances intent upon a gigantic Christmas cake displayed alluringly behind the plate glass window.

“Can I get you anything, sir?”

“You can get me a box of chocolates,” responded the other, hunching himself up in the collar of his heavy overcoat so making himself look smaller than ever. It was an instinctive action, bearing a marked resemblance to that of a child who hides its head beneath the bed-clothes, to shut out the shadowy terrors of a dark room. Not once did he take his eyes off the man outside.

“What sort of chocolates?” inquired the grocer.

“It doesn’t matter,” the man replied absently. “It really doesn’t matter.”

The man outside looked up, and stared straight at the little man in the green trilby, with a singular intensity. Then, abruptly, he walked away.

The shopkeeper had noticed this exchange of looks and the man’s subsequent action. “Don’t remember seeing him about before,” he observed, “and I’ve lived in this district since I was knee-high to a barn-acle. “I can’t say that I care for his looks over much.”

“That,” responded the other with a pallid little smile, “Was the Ghost of Christmas Past. You were right, my friend. It is going to be a Dickensian Christmas with a vengeance.”

“I don’t understand you, sir,” His face did not belie the words; one could almost see a question mark in the lines of his forehead.

The other man did not enlighten him any further. He merely said: “I don’t doubt that either.” He looked out into the darkening street. “Is my chocolate ready?”

“Yes, sir. You didn’t say what kind you wanted so I put in a pound box of Dairy Milk Assorted. Hope that will be all right.”

“It will be all right,” the man replied as he took the package, “Keep the change.”

“Thank you, sir,” said the shopkeeper, as his customer went out. “A Merry Christmas to you.” There was no humour in the laugh that answered these words.

“Rummy little beggar, that,” thought the grocer. “Always was close as an oyster, Mr. Gains. Still, I suppose he couldn’t know that he had given me just the right money for those chocolates.” He eyed the coins in his hand with the quizzical humour of a man who appreciates a joke against himself.

It was Christmas Eve, and a great fall of snow had wrought a miracle upon the bleak, grey roads and uninspiring houses. A soft, white blanket covered the naked ugliness of city streets. Snow was falling, as it had been all through that day, as though the Weather Clerk were cutting up white feather mattresses specially for the occasion. A slight but persistent east wind whirled the flying crystals into the corners and against the walls in huge drifts.

Disregarding the flakes which blew coldly into his face, a small man, in a trilby, that would have shown green but for its covering of snow, was pacing slowly down the street. He became aware of footsteps padding softly along behind him, gradually overtaking him. Without looking around he dug his chin deeper into his overcoat and continued to walk at the same even pace. At length the footsteps sounded right beside him.

"Why, Benny, aren't you going to say 'hullo' to your dear brother that you haven't seen for such a long time," said a vaguely unpleasant voice—unpleasant because ingratiating. Its owner was seedy, and looked as though he recently had given up the practices of washing and shaving. His clothes, too, would have been rejected by any self-respecting rag-and-bone man.

"Did you have to come here?" said the other tonelessly, without looking at him.

"A very long time," said the seedy man, "Two years, isn't it?"

"Without the option," agreed the man addressed as Benny, with bitter sarcasm. "What do you want? Money?"

"Now, now, Benny. You ought to know better than that. Money means nothing to me. All I want is a nice comfortable home and good food. It's all I ask, Benny, It isn't much."

Benny turned and faced him in anger. "You know I can't take you home. Moreover, I'm not going to."

The man who professed to be his brother wagged an admonitory finger at him. "Is that the way to talk to your only brother? I seem to remember the time when you weren't quite such a little Lord Fauntleroy as you make out to be now. I'll bet your wife would like to hear about that little affair in Birmingham. Of course, I didn't believe it, but people did talk."

"They lied," said Benny in white fury, "And I'll thank you to keep my wife's name out of your dirty mouth or something will happen to you, even if you are my brother. How much will you take to go away from here and never come back?"

"Well," said the man, pretending to stall, "Never is a long time and I just don't know how I'd be able to live without my dear brother to cheer my lonely hours."

"Never mind your lonely hours. How much money will you take to go away?"

"Nothing doing, Benny. I'm only human. I'm curious to see what sort of a little nest you've built up for yourself, and maybe share it with you."

Suddenly Benny smiled. It was not a nice smile but there was something of triumph in it.

"Of course you shall come home, Dex. I'll take you there now,"

The man, Dex, was taken aback by this change of front. He hesitated, smiled uncertainly. He shot a glance at Benny, but that individual was once again hunched up in his coat, a non-committal expression on

his mild features. Taking heart from this he once again resumed his normal personality of furtive ingratiation.

"I knew you weren't the sort to run out on a pal, particularly a pal who knows so much about you. I must confess I am deeply touched by this display of brotherly love."

"What did you get your last stretch for?" Benny asked him.

"Now is that a nice subject? But since you ask me so pointed—it was for robbery."

"Something about murder, too, wasn't there?" Benny gazed sideways at him with a great show of innocence. He saw the other man shudder spasmodically.

"They did find a corpse, but they couldn't prove a thing. There was only one man who could have witnessed it and he disappeared.

"That's what I'd heard," nodded Benny, "But I thought you might be able to throw some more light on the subject."

Once again, Dex looked at him in uncertainty and with a trace of fear. "Just what did you mean by that?"

"Figure it out any way you like," said Benny, who was now quite at ease.

Thereafter, the other preserved an uneasy silence. He seemed less sure of his ground than formerly. Benny had at least succeeded in putting a damper on his furtively jaunty spirit.

"This is the place," said Benny at last, stopping outside a large, gabled house. "Do you still want to go in?"

"Gee. You must have risen in the world, Benny. Sure I want to go in. I always meant to spend Christmas at home, but I never got round to it before."

Benny rang the door-bell and waited. Footsteps approached the door from inside. It opened to disclose a large, grave man with greying hair.

"Hullo, Santa Claus," said Dex. "Is this—" He broke off suddenly and his lips went white as he stared, wide-eyed, at the large man. "It can't be," he whispered, "Not—"

The large man uttered only one word. "Murderer."

"The witness," jibbered Dex in abject fear, "The missing witness." He fainted.

"I guessed what had happened when I saw the two of you, Benny," said the big man.

"Yes, I brought him here instead of taking him home. He might have ruined my life, as he ruined my parents.' Of course, he couldn't be expected to know that you were a great friend of mine, and that you had disappeared from the trial at my express request."

"We'd better get someone to take care of him for now and then send him on his way. I don't think he'll trouble you again."

"I don't think so. When you do send him on his way, give him this, will you?" 'This' took the form of five pound notes. "After all," said Benny, "Even if he is—well—what he is, he's my brother and it is Christmas."

"And after all," said Benny to himself, as he walked home, "I did find my present happiness on the money he and I stole together. But he was always a bungler when he went out on his own, and I warned him about carrying firearms. Merry Christmas to anyone who can get it, I say."



THE 07.50 PARADE

by ROSE

## FEED THE BRUTE!

The night had been a sticky one,  
With cloud and ice and rain,  
But still they bombed their target well,  
And crews were back again.

I tackled one and asked him how  
The trip had gone with him;  
I knew he'd had a gruelling time—  
His face was tired and grim.

He stood up to attention, and  
Looked hard and straight at me:  
"The sandwiches were stale, Sir,  
No sugar in the tea"!

I laughed out loud to think that, on  
This very strenuous raid,  
The only things which worried him  
Were just those things he'd said!

I knew his wings had piled on ice,  
And he had lost control,  
And plunged head-long a thousand feet,  
But still he reached his goal.

I knew for anti-aircraft fire  
He did not care a hoot,  
But still he proved the saying true:  
"You have to feed the brute"!

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# The Thinker

## It All Depends On You

The peacemaking after the last German war was too hurried; there was a lack of organization, a surrender of statesmanship to political expediency; the dimensions of the problem were not sufficiently realized, the strength of undisciplined human instincts was not sufficiently calculated. It is significant that we never celebrated the peacemaking but only the armistice, the cessation of actual fighting. The armistice was only a truce. Next time we must have peace.

"All the problems of the world could be easily solved if people would only think."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler

Europe, and indeed the whole world, will need a long convalescence after this last murderous attack of fever. Those who hope and pray for a saner civilization will

have to be in constant attendance by the bedside of the patients. The economic and social systems which are the necessary basis of enduring peace will have to be fostered with sacrifice and diligence and persevering thought. The better world is not going to come by wishful thinking.

As after the last war,—when hostilities cease,—men will want to go home. Just that, back to make a home, to the wife, and kiddies, an easy chair, Saturday afternoon's football and Sunday's laziness, the old familiar haunts and the good old ways. It is in the cry "Roll on the boat." It is the undertone of the song

Oh my I don't want to die,  
I want to go home.

Most people, combatants and civilians alike, will resent any summons to war on a peace front. They have supped full of horrors, endured enough for struggle and separation. They will want to go home . . . and to be left alone. Human emotions, like a bit of stretched elastic, the tension removed, will have lost resiliency and power. That happened after the last war and will happen again.

When peace comes and Christmas bells ring again from the lovely old towers of the English churches the people will be very tired. The world will be full of hungry, homeless and bitterly angry people. There will be refugees, millions of them, waiting to get back to their own countries. Prisoners will be crying for repatriation. How shall the hungry be fed, the naked clothed, the homeless housed. How shall we check invading disease? How shall industry be switched over from war production to peacetime activity without enormous unemployment? We had better be thinking about these things **now**, even amid the preoccupations of the war.

## The Problem of a Bad Neighbor

What shall be done with Germany? "Kill 'em all" is not political sense. It is one of those phrases men use to prevent themselves thinking. It is true that Germany has lived for war. "A victorious war is the social ideal, not a community of men of freewill. It is in war that the State displays its true nature." That statement was made by a professor of International Law in Berlin some years ago, and it is still the German view of political life. The German thinks of the State as a mystical, semi-divine thing, a biological force, an uprush of racial energy, stronger than other peoples, purer. By virtue of this superior blood it is the German task to dominate the world. Humanity consists of one ruling race and a number of other races naturally and eternally inferior. "A lower race" says Dr. Ley "needs less room, less clothing, and less food than a higher race. The German cannot live on the same lines as the Pole or the Jew."

This ideal of world domination has become an obsession with Germany. "Anyone who sincerely wishes that the pacifist idea should prevail in the world must do all he is capable of doing to help the Germans conquer the world. The pacifist-humanitarian idea may indeed be an excellent one when the most superior type of manhood will have succeeded in subjugating the world to such an extent that this type is then the sole master of the earth—so first of all the fight and then pacifism" (Hitler in 'Mein Kampf').

All the educational system of Germany, and the technique of modern psychology have been harnessed to the task of capturing German childhood and youth for these views, this program of world domination. The inexperience, the easy credulity, the passion for whole-hearted loyalty, always characteristic of youth, have been exploited to the full.

"We begin with the child," says Dr. Robert Ley. When he is three years old, as soon as he begins to think he gets a little flag put into his hand. Then follows the school, the Hitler youth, the S.A. and military training. We do not let him go; and when adolescence is past then comes the Labour Front which takes him again and does not let him go till he dies, whether he likes it or not."

"The whole function of all education," says Dr. Rust, Minister of Education, "is to produce a Nazi."

It is this Germany, fanatical, passionately convinced, Satanic, that the free nations are resisting. And when the struggle is over what is to be done? How will Poland feel? What fiery anger will be deeply smouldering in Prague, Rotterdam, Belgrade, Athens, London? One thing is certain. The peoples of the free countries are determined that Germany shall not again let loose on the world the dogs of war. The Prussian teeth must be drawn once for all. German disarmament must be made absolute and her education changed so that the right of other peoples to live their own lives shall be fully acknowledged. Such reparation as is possible will have to be made. These problems must be faced in the light of knowledge and with cold, even handed **justice**.

## Reconstruction

There can be no blue print of the post war world. A new house cannot be built until the site has been properly surveyed; there will be many changes yet before peace comes. Shall there be a new League of Nations or a world federal union? Will it be possible to organize social security on an international scale? One hundred and seventy delegates

# By The Tomb of Napoleon

A LITTLE while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon, a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead Deity, and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rests the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolour in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsig in defeat and disaster; driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris; clutched like a wild beast; banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an Empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo. And I saw him at St. Helena, his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made; of the tears that had been shed for his glory; and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children on my knees and their arms about me: I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

## V

### THE THINKER [Continued]

from thirty-five countries recently met in Washington to consider some of these questions, and groups of people are hopefully and seriously engaged already on the task of thinking throughout the enormously complicated problems of world reorganization. If we can count on a united Commonwealth of Nations, a co-operating eagerness in the Americas, the future is bright with hope. Out of the travail of these dark hours will come, not the millenium, but a fairer, healthier, more just world. I remember hearing some time ago that the King and Queen were journeying from London to Scotland and whilst waiting at the station the King talked to the engine driver. The driver was a bit nervous and after some conversation said rather shyly: "I hope you will have a safe journey, your Majesty." The King smiled a bit and replied, quietly: "Don't you think that depends a bit on you?" For the war and for the coming peace so much depends on the common people of every land, on you.



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On This Anniversary of  
the Birthday of the Prince  
of Peace, may the world  
return to a consciousness  
of His Teachings,  
"Peace on Earth,  
Goodwill to Men."

## The Pirton Gazette

"Printers of 'Wings' Magazine"

# *The Grand Old Clock of England Chimes On and On*

By GRAHAM SCOTT, in *The Cape Argus*, South Africa

When Mars again from slumber rose and loosed the dogs of war,  
When evil birds with wings outspread attacked our peaceful shore,  
When o'er the seas foul death appeared and chilled the hearts of men,  
A sound there rose that spurred them on—the chimes of old Big Ben.

Above the roofs of London Town, above the river's wall,  
Above Westminster's stately pile, the Abbey and the Hall,  
Above the fears of those below, when home and hearth were gone,  
The grand old clock of England chimed, chimed on and on and on.

They sought to smash it from its tower, they sought its voice to still,  
By night, by day, they struck again, to force their Fuhrer's will  
Upon that dauntless grand old face, so dear to England's men,  
But still the chimes went pealing out, the chimes of old Big Ben.

Then word went forth from Nazi chiefs to all their flying spawn,  
That come what may that tower must go before another dawn,  
Their foul birds came and struck again, their countless bombs screamed  
down,  
But England's grand old clock chimed out, chimed on and on and on.

So desperation seized the Hun, in towering wrath he swore  
To smash that clock at any cost and hasten on his war,  
And so once more the brood flew out and crossed the seas again,  
To still the heart of London Town—the chimes of old Big Ben.

They hurled destruction from the air, they wrecked the streets near by,  
In frenzied hate their bombs lit up, then blackened out the sky,  
But through the smoke pall and the glow the peals rang out "Ding-Dong,"  
As England's grand old clock chimed out, chimed on and on and on.

And so throughout the world today a voice calls loud and clear,  
That seems to speak to all free men and bids them have no fear,  
From Norway's icy northern coast to Greece's hill and fen,  
The voice calls out for faith and hope—the voice of old Big Ben.

"It matters not," it calls to us, "if all our buildings fall,  
"If now we're fighting doggedly, our back against the wall,  
"It only matters that our faith stays dauntless till we've won."  
Thus in our hearts Big Ben chimes out, chimes on and on and on.

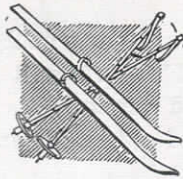
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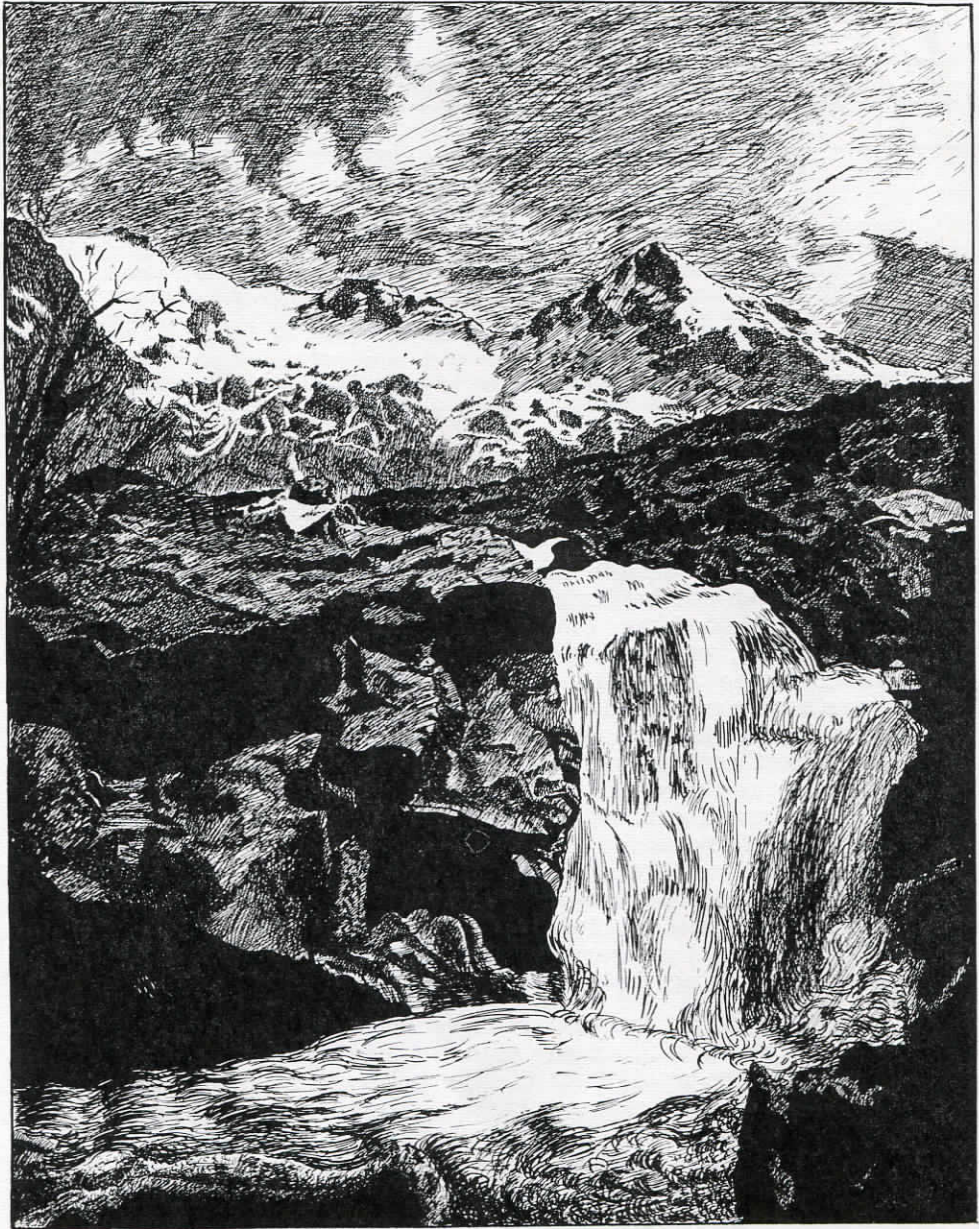
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THE SNOW CAPPED SUMMIT OF BEN CRUACHAN  
FROM GLEN NOE.

By Smale

# An *Escape from Holland*

(Conclusion)

In the first installment of this narrative, which appeared in our last issue, the writer, who resided in Geneva at the time, described how he and his wife were in Amsterdam when the Germans invaded Holland on the morning of May 10th, 1940. The chances of escape by road through Belgium and thence to Switzerland were slight due to the blocked roads and the fact that the only way of escape lay via the Hague and Rotterdam where fierce fighting was going on. Nevertheless, as the alternative was a concentration camp, at best, there was no choice. After repeated hold ups and a fortunate escape from parachutists, the car which they hired was finally commandeered by the Dutch military authorities and they were left with their baggage on the roadside at Sassenheim—the main road leading from Haarlem to the Hague.

WHAT A TREAT it was to be able to enjoy excellent coffee (the Dutch have the pick of the Java markets) at the cafe-restaurant at Sassenheim, although our adventures had destroyed our appetite for food: We learned that it was possible that the electric tram service running to Amsterdam might not be disrupted, and true enough, after a two-hour wait, we were able to board one. Whilst waiting, we witnessed columns of soldiers, trucks, ambulances, naval units and the like passing through Sassenheim on the way to the scenes of the fighting ten miles further on. It was really pitiful to see the unprepared condition of this Dutch army, for with but few exceptions did they even possess packs — rifles, yes, and in most cases a spare pair of boots and a cap hanging to their belts, yet with the thousands who passed I counted but one machine gun and one anti-aircraft gun. But of their valour and high spirits there was no doubt, for as they passed through the town—probably to their doom, for Holland is reported to have lost 400,000 of her finest men during those five days of resistance—the boys were singing and full of "joie de vivre." As we returned by electric tram, we saw above the distant dunes dozens of aircraft and we were consoled by the thought that these planes would be encountering the stiff opposition of our own aircraft.

Upon arrival at Amsterdam, I returned to the office to find all working quietly and without any signs of fear—a quiet confidence that Holland's resistance would hold the Germans until aid arrived. In fact throughout all the scenes we witnessed, the calm and courage of the Dutch was to be admired. It was arranged that each employee should be paid two weeks' salary for emergency money, and I was able to talk with each member. No telephonic communication was possible in Amsterdam other than by the Embassies and Consulates, nor were people or cars permitted to leave the city—a curfew was in operation and persons were forbidden to leave their houses, whilst in every street were armed sentries. It had been estimated that 10% of the population in Amsterdam were National Socialists, and Holland was taking no chances. People who could not produce passes or authentic documents were shot without further ado, so I was informed. The next move was to visit the British Consulate and there we were told that, although up to the previous week special ships had been waiting at Amsterdam with steam up in order to evacuate British subjects, should the contingency arise, these ships were now at Rotterdam. It was thought that in the case of emerg-

ency, any German attack would come from the north, and there would be time for British subjects to entrain from Amsterdam to Rotterdam, some 60 miles further south. The British Consul advised the group of Britishers that each must use his own initiative in attempting to get away—that there might be a Dutch boat leaving the following day (Saturday) but that officially the British Government could do nothing. We were advised against trying to get to Rotterdam by road and running the blockade as several cars attempting it had already been destroyed and their occupants killed or wounded. One of the pleasant incidents of this visit to the Consulate was encountering pilots of the R.A.F., who had been forced down in Holland prior to the German attack, and who were released automatically by the invasion. Friday night, May 10th, saw the complete blackout of Amsterdam and the beginning of the bombing. It was that night that we were able to listen to the broadcast of Neville Chamberlain's important announcement by which he handed over the reins of government to his worthy successor.

The following morning saw us again at the British Consulate where it was learned that a Dutch ship of the Royal Dutch Steamship Company of 7,000 tons would be leaving that day and Britishers were advised that they could get passages at their own risk. During the day repeated bombings of Amsterdam took place, and whilst at the shipping offices and en route to the docks we were forced to take cover a dozen times. We were able to get aboard about 7 p.m., and from that time until we sailed, about 11 p.m., we were also subjected to air attacks. It should be explained that to reach the North Sea from Amsterdam it is necessary to pass through the IJmuiden Canal, some 30 miles long, as due to the dam built across the Zuider Zee in recent years, ships can no longer pass by that route. About 3.30 a.m. I went on deck and was unpleasantly surprised to find the ship stationary before the locks at IJmuiden, subsequently it was learned that we were awaiting an emergency crew and that the ship had been tagged from Amsterdam. The ship was a fine target for enemy bomber aircraft and during the 27 hours we lay there repeated attempts were made to sink us by dive-bombers. Fortunately the nearest bomb fell some 30 yards off and neighboring anti-aircraft guns drove off the planes repeatedly. The captain got out rifles and we tried to shoot them down but without success. Late on Sunday evening, the long-awaited scratch crew arrived and about midnight we started to move through the locks, about half an hour after the last bombing attack. Most passengers, tired with the ordeals they had endured, slept or rested in their cabins. My last thoughts on retiring were that when we woke up it would be morning in the North Sea with a navy to protect us. A terrific explosion shook the ship at 2.30 a.m. A magnetic mine had struck the starboard side carrying away the lifeboat number 1. My wife and I were thrown out of our bunks to the cabin floor, and the lights were extinguished by the collision and there was a crash of broken glass. It was perfectly dark and one could feel the ship heeling over. Hastily donning our Berberrys and lifebelts and without even waiting for shoes we stumbled along the passage way to the deck stairs which due to the angle of the boat were almost perpendicular, and on reaching the slippery deck we groped to our life-boat to find it gone. We had to cling to the rail to avoid being thrown back at each step as the ship was listing all the time. To add to the situation there was a terrible hissing of steam, fortunately due to the Chief Engineer turning on the boiler valves, but just the same I had an uncomfortable feeling that the ship might blow up at any minute. The second life-boat was useless, being full of water

caused by the column of water thrown up by the explosion of the mine. Eventually a rope ladder was discovered and after getting away the children and women, including an old lady of 75 (how we were able to put her on the ladder and how she climbed down, of necessity unaided, and in the dark still puzzles me), we followed making a seven foot jump at the end of the rope ladder into a motor boat manned by Dutch marines. Some people had jumped into the water immediately, thinking the ship was sinking at once, for it was only when the light increased that we found that we were not at sea but in the harbour mouth of the IJmuiden. The ship would have gone down in two minutes otherwise. In other cases the lifeboats could not be lowered and on being cut away the boats went under nose first. Kiddies were taken out of the water looking like little negroes, the ships oil covering the adjacent water. We were fortunate in being on high out of the water on the starboard side as most of the injuries and mishaps occurred on the other side where the lower deck was under water. Again we were fortunate as the only injury sustained by my wife was a cut foot caused by broken glass. The five persons on our rescue boat were taken to a small hotel and we were no sooner there than the old lady collapsed with a heart attack. Whilst searching for a doctor, over came twelve German bombers causing much damage to the harbour and town. At IJmuiden there was a wonderful reunion of parents and children, wives, husbands, etc.—all had been scattered, some being in the hospital, others at barracks, police stations and hostels. Some wore strange borrowed dress as they had been in night attire when thrown into the water. It was then we learned that the Captain—Haastens—had died from heart failure when the ship was struck. Eventually after a weary crawl in coaches and trams we arrived at Haarlem. There were 150 Britishers who boarded the boat at Amsterdam and of those who escaped injury, many elected to stay in Haarlem, whilst others preferred to stay in their homes in Amsterdam. Consequently, on reaching Amsterdam and experiencing more bombs on the way, there were only 40 of us left. Having had no sleep for nearly three days it was difficult to keep awake. It was unanimously decided that nothing less than a British destroyer would be demanded from the British Consulate for the next morning. The party had barely partaken of food at the restaurant to which we were taken by the ships company representative, when two attaches from the Consulate appeared. We then heard of the devastation of Rotterdam by which nearly two square miles had been ruthlessly bombed and some 35,000 people killed. It was expected that Amsterdam would share the same fate and be a shambles the next day, and we were therefore urged to make another attempt to escape. A motor coach was about to save and another ship would try to get through. Upon hearing this our party decided that whatever happened it would never go through another experience like that which they had undergone. I was confidentially advised that, after the ship had left, the locks would be blown up and that a party of blue jackets were in IJmuiden for that purpose. This decided my action as this meant the only avenue of escape would be closed and I was able to persuade the others accordingly. Even so, several people turned back half-way there on hearing that a minesweeper in the canal had been blown up a few minutes earlier. At eight o'clock on the Sunday evening, the motor coach crept the 30 miles from Amsterdam back to IJmuiden and we finally arrived at the docks and boarded a 17,000 ton ship which it was decided at 24 hours' notice should sail via England for the Dutch East Indies and thus avoid falling into German hands.

There is little more to recount. During the voyage a Scotsman and I kept hourly vigils on deck for our party. On one occasion he came to

## “I DIE”

**A**ROUND me were the faces of a hundred frantic people being forced into the cave-like structure of death. Strong men fought each other for ways and means to escape, but all in vain; a woman screamed, and started to cry hysterically as the weight of that doomed crowd pushed us forward. Vainly I tried to save myself by holding on to one of the pillars of our prison, only to lose my hold and be brutally swept on. Strong men cursed, women wept, children cried in that room of terror.

In the distance the dull roar that marked the approach of the monster was first heard. That sound will haunt my memory for time to come. As the sickly yellow eyes of the beast were seen, the crowd sensed its hopeless position, and made one last desperate effort to save itself.

Happy memories of my life once more flashed through my mind, as the weight of the frightened hundreds pressed me against the wall helpless. As I started to go down under the pressure of that fighting, panic-stricken mob, an old man caught hold of me, “Courage, son.”

The monster's green, slimy sides were now plainly visible, as it crept slowly toward us, weaving from side to side with the satisfaction gained, from knowing that we its victims were helpless. Its greedy jaws opened with a hiss of hate; we were thrown forward to satisfy its hungry innards. I felt its jaws snap shut with another hiss and—the subway train moved on.

### V

## ESCAPE FROM HOLLAND [Continued]

me and whispered that he was sure that we were being followed by a submarine. Sure enough, by the moon's half light, an oval shape could be seen breaking water half a mile astern. When the dawn came we discovered that we were being followed in by half the Dutch Navy and at the Douns, the next noon, we were able to see them steam in — the latest submarines, minesweepers, etc. We were taken off the ship by British tars in a naval launch and at the port of disembarkation we caused quite a sensation. A fifth columnist in the party gave himself away by talking too much and by his un-British attitude, which caused me to demand to see his passport or papers. He had none and was promptly turned over to the police. Later in the day when landing formalities were complete, we caught a train for London and arrived nondescript at our hotel. After sending off various cables we gave orders not to be disturbed for 48 hours. Soon after I received an invitation from New York to send my wife and child to Canada and after those bombing and ship wreck experiences which my wife had borne so bravely, I did not hesitate to accept the proposal as I felt that before long the bombings would extend to England.

If there is a moral which this story emphasises, it is that determination and persistency is always worthwhile for, had we ceased our efforts to escape at any time, the end would have been entirely different. As it was we were very, very fortunate.

The  
**Season's Greetings**

FROM MR. AND MRS.

**C. A. JONES**  
AND STAFF

PHONE PICTON 6

To Those Who are Far from Home  
at Christmas Tide

MAY KINDLIEST Thoughts be winged across  
the sea. May Canada extend to you her  
warmest Christmas Cheer.

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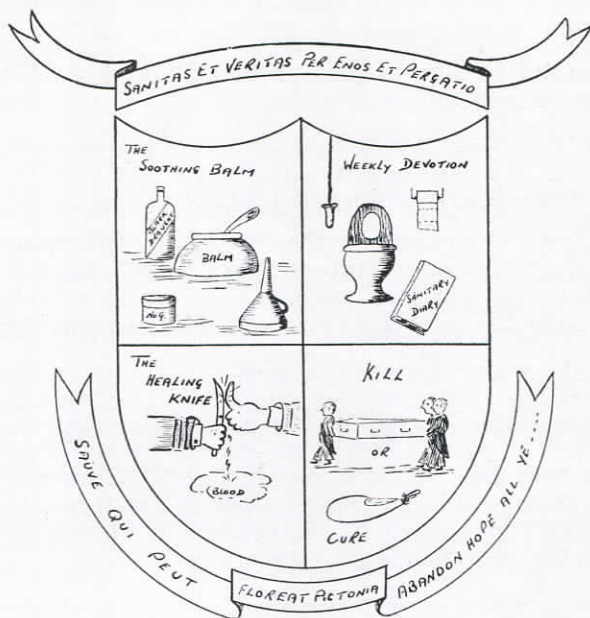
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TELEPHONE 194, PICTON

# Station Heraldry



THE STATION HOSPITAL at Picton — round which the Air Ministry (after consultation with the Senior Medical Officer) decided to build a Bombing and Gunnery School — is easily identified by the visitor to the district whether by sea, land or air, by the distinguished character of the lofty pile comprising the Hospital proper.

In architectural style it is pseudo-Prince Edwardian having been the conception of that great master of architects, W. & B. Ware of the Bloomfield school of post war collapsists.

Approaching this edifice from the S. East (magnetic) the visitor will pass along a magnificent carriage drive, flanked on the left by the Keith Arms, and on the right by where the fire hydrant used to be but isn't, and shortly after this the keen-eyed will catch sight of the Flag of St. John of Jerusalem flying proudly at the mast-head and a moment later the whole vista comes into view.

In the distance is seen the grey old east wing (believed in parts to be at least 300 days old) while nearer at hand are the ever open doors through which a happy band of pilgrims to the shrine of healing, make their joyous way fro and to.

What a comparison is to be seen here by the observant. On the one hand, going into the Hospital, are those craving help; some waiting in "patient" lines for the longed for injection which may (if they hit it just hard enough) give them the sick leave they deserve so fully. Warrant Officers with little personal problems, Flight Sergeants with the scars of battle, Sergeants with flat feet, Corporals with knock knees, Erks with toothache, bellyache, heartache, earache, workache; what a heartrending sight!

But observe those coming out! Gone are the lines of care on the foreheads. The lame leap for joy, (on hearing they've diddled the M.O. into giving them E.D.). The deaf hear, (having had their ears washed), and the flea ridden are alone at last—what a transformation; what felicity we observe.

But come, let us step inside the portals, and see for ourselves the reason for these wonders.

Within are gleaming corridors, and pale green doors behind which screams of agony, (as the awful No. 9 does its deadly work) or the laughter of the temporarily insane floats in the fresh cool air.

Up and down the corridors flit the white coated angels of healing (known as (N/Ords) each intent upon his mission — that purge for the Sergeant, (at last I've got my own back) or healing balm for the eye of the Corporal, who got too fresh with his girl friend.

What a life of devotion to the cause of human suffering these men lead—never thinking of themselves; their one ideal to make the world a more bandaged, purged, and poulticed place than they found it.

What secrets lie behind those fast-shut doors on either side of the passage — from one the distinct smell of burnt toast; mingled with the hoarse cries of the cook, as he belabours a luckless G.D. with a rolling pin, proclaims that without doubt this is the kitchen.

In another, a mysterious being broods over pestels and mortar, over pill and purge, drops and draughts, concocting the most terrifying brews, guaranteed to tickle the most obstinate kidneys, the coyest liver, or dispel the heaviest hang-over. In yet a third are all the many instruments with which the cleverest "swinger" is foxed. This is the torture chamber, delight of all M.O.'s. There you are expected to blow up the mercury to unbelievable limits, while at the same time they hit you smartly on the knee-cap (the clever patient will at this juncture kick the M.O. sharply on the shins — just to teach him)—tell you to say "Ah" and then scratch your tonsils to see if they're still there. While this is in progress another ogre disguised as an angel in a white coat, seizes your arm in a vice, stabs you with a blunt, rusty needle (to test your toughness) tells you to read an invisible notice with one eye shut and the other covered with frosted glass, tells you to hold your breath and then tickles you or hits you in the stomach to note your reactions. When you come round after this, under the impression of course that you are dead, you are coldly told that you are A3HPB, N.B.G., which means little, until a medical orderly in his cups one night becomes expansive on the mysterious symbols and you learn to your chagrin that all those letters mean is that you are old enough to get married, and can, with written permission, travel in steam trains provided you sit with your back to the engine.

As a final indignity you are told to strip starko which you do, and at the critical moment the M.O. is called to the phone, forgets you, and is surprised when an hour later he is showing the local needle work society round the premises, to find you still standing there in your nakedness.

In order to save the ladies (and possibly yourself) embarrassment, the best you can do is to look like a piece of wall-paper or a modern painting until the deputation has passed on its way.

But we digress—further down the corridor we approach the very hub of the system—the heartbeat of the Hospital—Ssh, it is the Senior Medical Officer's Office.

Only those who are very ill, very important, very bad, or have very many stripes ever penetrate this holy of holies.

Communication with the outside world is maintained only through a small opening in the wall (apart, of course, from the door, two windows, the telephone, and a system of bells). There the secrets of all are laid bare; the sordid, morbid, vice-ridden, drug-bound life histories of all, from the humblest AC2 to the loftiest Air Marshal.

What secrets, hopes, fears or aspirations have been unfolded in that sanctum. What grim tales of disease and woe. But no trace of this is to be seen in the office itself. There at the desk sits the great panjandrum himself, books of reference (hastily referred to when the patient's back is turned) keys, files and dockets all indicate the loving care with which every detail of camp life is watched, and warded night and day. The Sanitary Diary speaks of constant devotion to our comfort in little personal matters of hygiene, and ever reminds us that "cleanliness is next to Godliness"—(though many seem to find it next to impossible).

The charts on the wall tell of the rise and fall in numbers of those clever enough to delude the M.O. that they need a week in bed, while the constant ringing of the telephone bell telling of crashes, smashes and dispatches, reveals the devotion to the cause of duty which is the hallmark of all who toil within these walls.

We would tell more but time does not permit — of the orderly room whirring with typewriters where the motto is "Hear all, see all, pretend you know all even if you don't know anything"—of the area marked "Sisters Quarters 'Private'," wherein no man save the Senior Medical Officer has ever trod, (publish it not in Gath) of the ambulance standing there like a leashed greyhound straining to surge forward on its errand of mercy at the first wail of the sirens note.

We would weary were we to tell more of the unsung heroes who dwell in this Citadel, but truly of them may it be said, "Never in the field of human endeavour has so much been done by so few, with so little result."

"Floreat Pictonia."

— V —

## TO MY BALD PATE

Oh head that once was blonde and curly,  
To dress you right I rose quite early;  
Now upon my pate one spies.  
A skating rink for agile flies.

Upon this pate the sunlight glints,  
The flies (it seems) indulge in sprints;  
While from my eyes the teardrops trickle,  
As their feet my fancies tickle.

But at night when all is still,  
How I miss this daily thrill;  
For with pate beneath the sheet,  
There is no beat of flies flat feet.

# My Old Grey Town

My Old Grey Town, can they who live about thee,  
Where'er they go, forget their love for thee,  
Timeworn with age thy habitations hold me,  
Though clustered round about and rough may be,  
Far strewn are now thy children in their exile,  
Living out again their lives in thoughts that flee,  
An ancient Burgh that shelters high and lowly,  
My Old Grey Town midst Hills so dear to me.

The Stragglng stream that winds its way within thee,  
Wending its way through ever changing scene,  
Bearing the marks of many a hardy craftsman  
Who toiled, to clean the yarn of Kendal Green,  
The Woolly Fleece that fed the trout at nightfall,  
The Watermill that fed the mouths of men,  
Where mirrored Sun and Moon or cloud beset thee  
My Old Grey Town, who could but like thee then.

Thine ancient Kirk lies snug along the River,  
A quiet place for those who love to reap  
The Inner Peace that passeth understanding,  
And makes the transient things of life so cheap,  
The Shallow ford that almost lies beside thee,  
Where Horse and Man in Armour once were seen;  
On Castle Hill, a Stoney Kneeling Camel,  
Keeps watch through time for "Kendals Queenly Katherine."

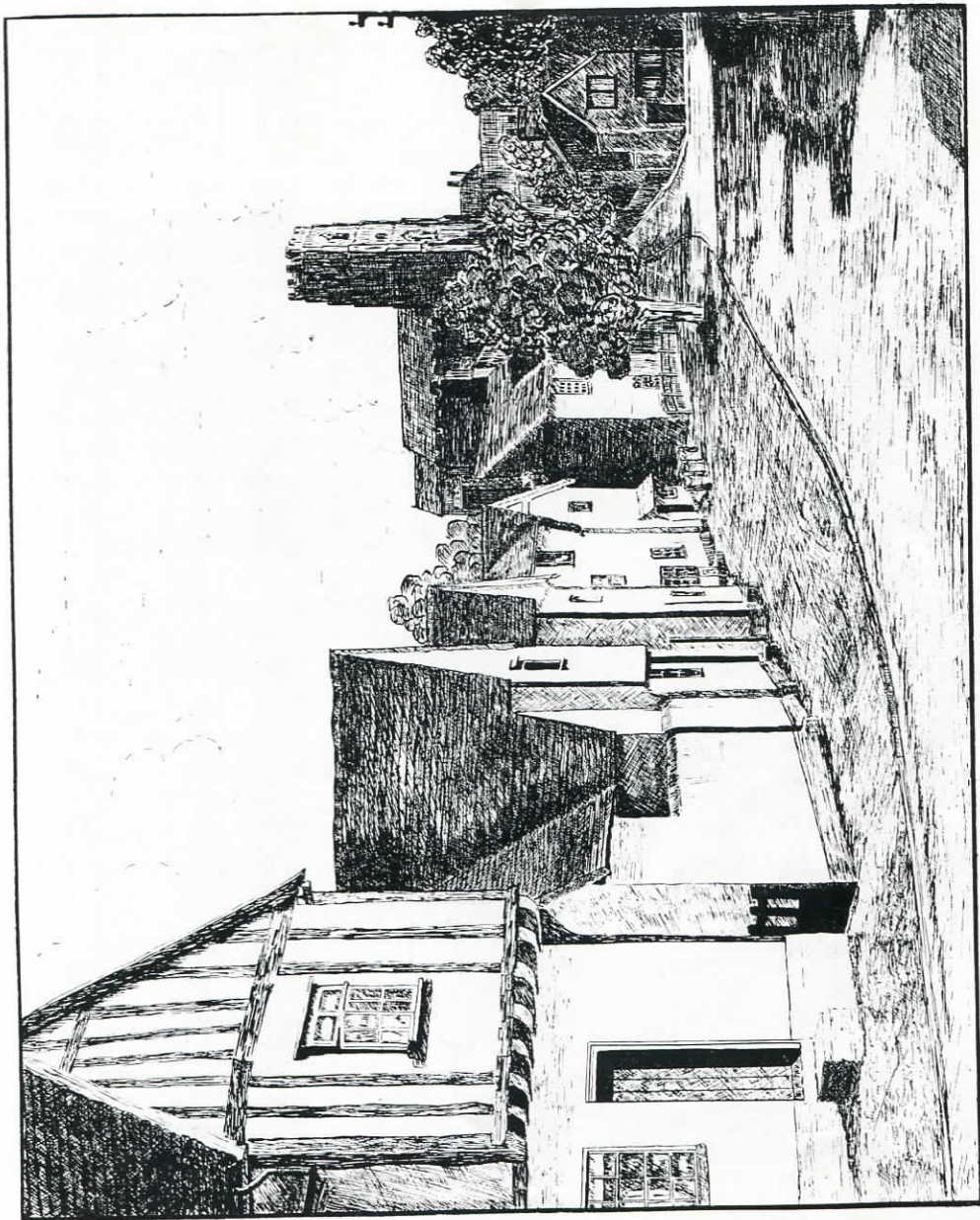
Full many a man has left thy homely shelter,  
To seek the Gold on which men's hearts are set,  
And as their Sun sinks low on Life's Horizon,  
Come memories that they can ne'er forget.  
And when the Western Sun sinks o'er the Hillside,  
Spreading its shafts of light on stone or pine,  
My Old Grey Town, 'tis then thou dost enchant me,  
My Old Grey Town, none other place would I call mine.

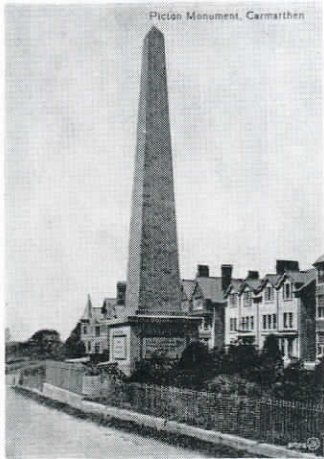


## THE SUFFOLK VILLAGE OF KERSEY

Sleepy and sequestered as it is today, Kersey can yet claim to have given a word to the English language—the “Kersey” cloth that was woven on its looms in the days when the woolen industry made East Anglia one of the most prosperous regions in England. Few Suffolk villages preserve so many of their old timber-framed houses, which line an up-and-down street dominated by a characteristic fifteenth-century church of stone and flint.

by HANDFORD





Photograph Courtesy of  
Valentine Series

## “A Brief Biography of General Picton”

SIR THOMAS PICTON was born in August 1758 at Poyston in Pembrokeshire. He entered the Army at the age of 13 as an ensign in the 12th Foot, and was for three years at Gibraltar.

In 1778 he returned to England as Captain in the 75th, and on the disbandment of his regiment five years later he returned to his native county for a considerable period. Failing to secure an appointment despite repeated efforts, he went to the West Indies in 1794 and by the influence of Sir I. Vaughan, the Commander in Chief there, he became a Major in the 68th, and Deputy Quarter Master General. He distinguished himself in the capture of St. Lucia in 1796, and was promoted Lieutenant Colonel. After sharing in operations against St. Vincent, Martinique, and Trinidad, he was appointed in 1797, by Sir Ralph Abercomby, his Commander-in-Chief, Commandant and Military Governor of the last named island. He administered the island with marked success, and in 1801 he became its Civil Governor, being soon afterwards promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. He resigned his post in 1803, and soon afterwards took part in the recapture of St. Lucia, and Tobago, being appointed Commandant of the latter.

On proceeding to England, he was arrested in consequence of charges of cruelty made against his administration of Trinidad. In 1806 he was tried before the Court of King's Bench. After two trials of some length, he was practically acquitted in 1810. He attained the rank of Major General in 1808 and took part in the Walcheren Expedition in 1809. In 1810 he went to Portugal, to command the 3rd Division under Wellington, and during the Peninsular War he generally distinguished himself, especially at Bersino, Vittoria, Ortherz, and Toulouse. In 1813 he was created a Knight of the Bath, and in 1815 a Knight Grand Cross. During the Waterloo campaign he commanded the 5th Division — and the reserve. He took part in the preliminary battle with Ney, at Quatre Bras, and sustained a severe wound in the ribs, but he concealed the fact from all but his servant. In the great battle which ended the Napoleonic era he was killed by a ball, which struck him in the temple.

A story is told that the night before Waterloo, Picton visited his men and found that their rations had not arrived. He saw the Officer responsible, who offered some lame excuse. Picton's reply was "The Grub up at once, or yonder tree." The Officer complained to Wellington of Picton's threat. The Iron Duke's answer was, "You had better get the food up, for I know Picton is a man of his word."

Needless to say the grub was immediately forthcoming.

*Picture of The Month*

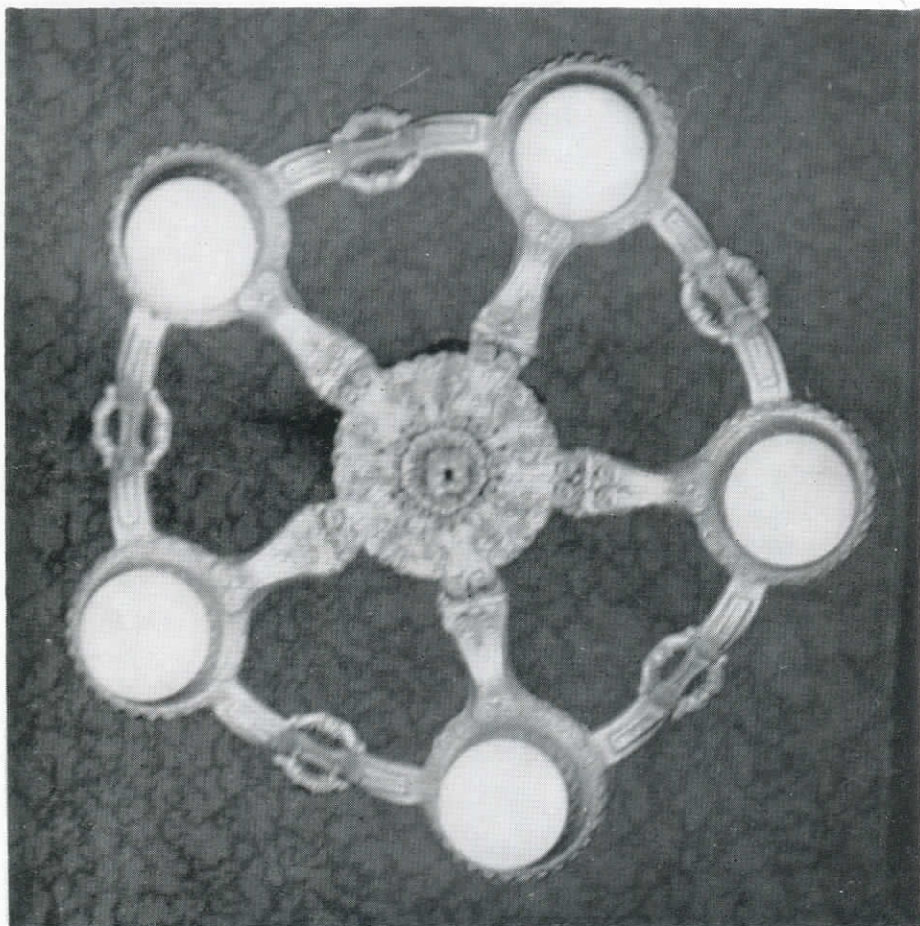


*Quo Vadis*

*... Ward*

Sorry, folks, no New Photography this month—space just wouldn't permit it, but we'll be back again in January. Meanwhile, to our readers (both of them), Merry Christmas — and Good Hunting.

*“Ceiling Lights”*



Don't look now, but - - - - -

*“Ceiling Zero”*



hasn't someone been reading Lilliput?

Photographs by George C. Ward



AND AT 26 FEET I COMMENCED TO PULL OUT!

## BAILEY'S Cigar Store

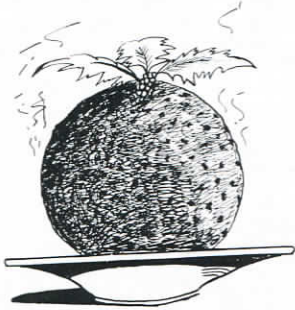
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# APART FROM ALL THAT



## Yuletide and What Not

Bubbling cauldrons of Christmas pud. turkeys, baskets of bacon, and all sorts of pieces of nonsense. Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Good Gremlyn: Stop drivelling. You're wasting time and space.

Myself: I would like to point out that you have interrupted a quotation from the immortal William.

G.G.: Nevertheless and notwithstanding let us proceed. You are wasting other people's time and space, also doubloons, eftsoons, to wit and so forth.

M.: Very well.

## Stupid Pome

There was a young deacon who said,  
May I take off my gaiters in bed,  
But his Bishop said No,  
And wherever you go  
You must wear them until you are dead).  
(Nice for him.)

## Extract From Official Correspondence

From F.O. Allbull R.A.F. Station Great  
Thundercloud,  
To F/L. Pushover R.A.F. Station Little  
Thundercloud.  
21.8.41.

Dear Bob,—

Sorry to worry you, but I've busted the lock on my desk. How do you get these things fixed over here? Can you make next Saturday? Those two blondes keep phoning. I think we might take a chance. Let me know about the lock as soon as you can, will you? I keep losing my fags.

Chin, Chin,  
Crikey.

From F/L. Pushover,  
to F.O. Allbull.  
23.8.41.

Dear Crikey,—

Saturday's O.K. I'll have the tall one. I think you chase the Equipment marks on that desk lock, anyway try it. Don't forget it's my turn to sit in the back on the way home.

God Bless,  
Bob.

From O.C. 6 Flight,  
To Sen. Equip. Officer.  
25.8.41.

### DESK'S OFFICE

It is requested that a new lock be provided for the above, as the present one is U/S due to fair wear and tear.

R. Allbull, F/O.  
O/C. 6 Flight.

From Sen. Equip. Officer,  
To O/C. 6 Flight.  
27.8.41.

### DESK'S OFFICE

With reference to your letter of the 25th, the matter has been referred to the Barrack Officer, who will no doubt communicate with you.

A. M. Hopeless, F/Lt.  
Senior Equip. Officer.

Minute from Barrack Officer,  
To Senior Equip. Officer.  
28.8.41

### DESK'S OFFICE

It appears to me that some enquiry should be made into the question of barrack damages. I have pointed this out to the O/C. 6 Flight in my letter.

A. Bolster, F.O.  
Barrack Officer.

Minute From Senior Equip. Officer,  
To Barrack Officer.  
30.8.41.

### DESK'S OFFICE

I Concur.

A. M. Hopeless, F/Lt.  
S. Equip. O.



From Barrack Officer,  
To O/C. 6 Flight,  
1941

#### DESK'S OFFICE

Before it is possible to make an exchange of locks, it will be necessary to inform this Dept. whether the lock in question is a Yale lock, or of an alternative type. If it is not a Yale lock, the matter should be referred to the W. & B. dept. May this dept. be informed please, whether any investigation has taken place with regard to the question of barrack damages.

A. Bolster, F/O.  
Barrack Officer

From F/O. Allbull,  
To F/L. Pushover.  
2. 9. 41.

Dear Bob,—

Hope you got home alright. I've got another date next week. I'm not getting anywhere with the ruddy lock so far. If you're seeing yours, we might make a four-some.

Chin Chin.

Crikey.

Minute from O/C. 6 Flight,  
To Barrack Officer.  
2.9.41.

#### DESK'S OFFICE

It is advised that the lock in question is a Yale lock. There is no question of Barrack damages. I did it myself. Can this be expedited please?

R. Allbull, F.O.  
O/C 6 Flight.

From Barracks Officer,  
To O.C. 6 Flight.  
3.9.41.

#### DESK'S OFFICE

It is regretted that it is impossible to change the lock in question. This lock is of a special type and is not allowed for in the scale of issue. It will be necessary to refer the matter to Higher Authority for sanction. Your remarks with regard to the question of barrack damages are not understood.

A. Bolster, F.O.  
Barrack Officer.

From F.O. Allbull,  
To F/L. Pushover.  
4.9.41.

Dear Bob,—

I can't make next week-end, her husband's turned up. I think they have to pass an Act of Parliament to get my lock. . . . It's a shocker him coming back. I was getting on frightfully well. Can you dig out a substitute? I suppose you haven't any desks to spare up there?

Chin Chin,  
Crikey.

From Barracks Officer,  
To O/C 6 Flight.  
2.10.41.

#### DESK'S OFFICE

It is advised by Higher Authority that there is no entitlement of the above for officers below the rank of S/Ldr. It is requested therefore that immediate arrangements be made to return the item in question to Main Stores.

A. Bolster, F.O.  
Barrack Officer.

From F/L. Pushover,  
To F/O. Allbull.  
4.9.41.

Dear Crikey,—

Thanks for your note—it's bad about the husband, just spoils everything. Anyway I'll see what I can do. I should try to repair the ruddy thing yourself, it's much easier. I haven't any to spare at all. Do you want another blonde?

God Bless,

BOB.

From F/L. Allbull,  
To F/O. Pushover.  
6.9.41.

Dear Bob,—

Excuse this scrawl, I'm writing this on a packing case, I've lost the desk too now. I don't care whether it is a blonde or anything as long as it's not too tall. There's a rumour here that we are off to the Arctic Circle. Do you know how to demand candles?

You might bring along that 40-ouncer of rum I left behind, it helps to warm things up. See you Saturday.

Chin Chin,

Crikey.



#### Shakespeare Might Have Put It

I come Greymalkin—pray you lets have no more about it, but give me your blessing—

Shakespeare knew all about the R.A.F., he must have done; some of his characters

would have put things so much more neatly, had they been in the Service. Take the case of the O/C, Flying who has just seen one of his beloved aircraft taxied straight into another,—his remarks would probably be unprintable, but could it be put better, than King Duncan in Macbeth (Act I Scene 2) "What bloody man is that? Or alternatively, if the aircraft was a new one just delivered, could he improve on the words of Pandarus in Troilus and Cressida (Act 4 Scene 2) Antenor obviously being the benighted pilot. Pandarus: Is it possible—no sooner got than lost. The devil take Antenor, I would they had broke his neck."

Then we might have the Flight Commander who lives out and proposes to take Saturday morning off, in order to throw a party in the evening. Obviously, King Henry V was thinking of the very occasion when he said (Act 4 Scene 1) "Commend me to the princes in our camp, do my good morrow to them, and desire them all in my pavilion."

Enobarbas, in Anthony and Cleopatra (Act 1 Scene 2) was obviously thinking of Mess Night, or the Sergeants' Dance, when he said "Mine, and most of our fortunes tonight shall be drunk to bed."

They were aware of the adjutant too, in those days. Can you imagine a Flight Commander or someone about to take a charge, enquiring as to what paragraph of K.R.'s he should quote, and the adjutant, a twinkle in his eye, will look up and say, like the Soothsayer in Anthony and Cleopatra (Act I Scene 2). "In natures infinite book of secrecy a little I can read."

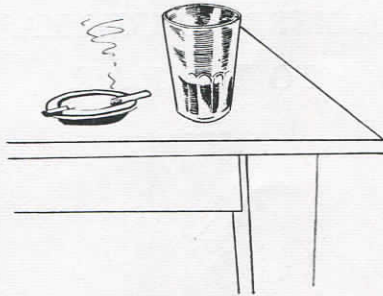
The Sergeants' mess caterer is not left out. Can't you picture him, as he hands over to his successor, say in the words of the Mariner (A Winter's Tale, Act 3 Scene 3): "I'm glad at heart to be so rid of the business."

A most beautiful and touching episode could be made of the visit of the Orderly Officer to the guard room on his tour of duty. Instead of his unusual perfunctory remarks, let him say as did the Duke of Vienna in Measure for Measure (Act II Scene 2) "Bound by my charity and my blessed order, I come to visit the afflicted spirits here in prison. Do me the common right to let me see them, and to make me know the nature of their crimes, that I may minister to them accordingly." Provost: (who might be our old friend Sgt. Garrett): I would do more than that, if more needful, (I bet he would). It's a lovely scene, isn't it?

Finally there might be the words of the Editor to one of his correspondents admirably phrased by Touchstone in "As You Like It" (Act 3 Scene 3) "When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical."

## Conversation With Pilot Officer Awkward

- Pilot Officer Awkward—I say.  
 Long Suffering Brother Officer—Well.  
 P.O.A.—This snow business.  
 L.S.B.O.—What about the snow?  
 P.O.A.—It—er—decreases the degree of one's mobility.  
 L.S.B.O.—What are you talkin about.  
 P.O.A.—My—er—girl friend.  
 L.S.B.O.—(patiently) Alright I give in, now what about this female?  
 P.O.A.—She—er—resides at a considerable distance.  
 L.S.B.O.—So what!  
 P.O.A.—I understand there is a possibility of being snowed in.  
 L.S.B.O.—Sure—weeks at a time—what of it?  
 P.O.A.—Well—er—how do I see her?  
 L.S.B.O.—You don't, you're stuck here,  
 P.O.A.—But that's extremely disconcerting.  
 L.S.B.O.—That's alright, someone else'll look after her.  
 P.O.A.—Yes that's what I'm very much concerned about.  
 L.S.B.O.—What do you mean?  
 P.O.A.—Well you see—  
 L.S.B.O.—Spit it out—go on—  
 P.O.A.—Her husband.  
 L.S.B.O.—Her what ! !  
 P.O.A.—You see—her husband.  
 L.S.B.O.—(Looking for a heavy object). What about her husband?  
 P.O.A.—Well—er—he might cut me out (departs hastily).



### Mr. Hyphen-J

Mr. Hyphen-J  
 He stayed away  
 From home one night  
 As he was tight  
 And now his wife  
 Is making life  
 Not very sweet  
 So be discreet  
 And have a think  
 Before you drink.

SO STUPID OF HIM



**Merry  
Christmas  
to you all!**

\* \* \*

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Grocery**

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ALL PORK**

WONDERFULLY TASTY  
AND TENDER

PRODUCT OF  
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**Lockwood's**

A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
TO THE R.A.F.



Overseas Parcels For  
The New Year

MAIN ST. PICTON PHONE 21



**Season's  
Greetings**

TO

**No. 31 Bombing  
and Gunnery  
School**

FROM

**Robert B. Otto**  
Phm. B.

DRUGGIST

Bloomfield

Phone 240 J-3

# Roundabout

Being a Space Devoted to the Goings On in Camp

## OFFICERS' MESS

SANTA CLAUS was worried about Picton, in fact so worried he figured a couple of "Doubles" would help him get more worried. The big question was appropriate Christmas gifts. Another "Double." Ah!!! His brain was getting clearer, or did someone switch on the lights? What, to give these hard working boys in the super-fine. Another "Double," that's better — Hm — No Dennis Maw would not like a bottle of hair restorer — or would he? Hm — another "Double," thanks very much. Now would our C.O. (God bless him) like a month with no magazine to worry about. Hm — food for thought there. Ah, a brain wave — a list (not to starboard, I've got that now), of what I would like to give them.

- Bill Wodehouse: Gypsy Rose Lee and a 48.  
Bill Garrad: Four straight pots of the ten ball.  
Frankie Senior: Geometrical proof that a fraction of the whole is nobody's business, or a first deep sleep.  
Harvey Kohler: Another six inches in stature.  
Jumbo Swyers: Three wishes—the first two won't count.  
Padre White: 100% "Voluntary" Church Parade.  
Leslie Hornabrook: Spotting Lindrum a hundred at snooker—and winning.  
Mac Macfarlan: A short cut to Toronto.  
Frank Hartnell: A pot of vanishing cream, a girdle, and you dear.  
Hamish Watters: A "Flit" gun — more pictures and bigger walls.  
Preston-Potts: A violin — some curlers and a gun to shoot the guy who wrote this tripe.  
Sandy Seton: Six lessons from Madame Lazonga, or who bust my bag.  
Stib Stibbard: A toy train and a bow and arrow.  
Doc Oliver: A jolt in the arm twice a day from now on—make it both arms.  
Kenneth Bergin: A billiard table with adjustable pockets.  
Horace Shield: An anti-dummy run device.  
David Looker: The "Reluctant Dragon" on a platter.  
Chris Mills: Nifkin — just any old nifkin.  
Freddie Craft: A honeymoon at the North Pole.  
Fal Fallon: A new pair of shorts and five minutes with the other guy.  
Brian Lewis: 20 miles of straight road and a supercharged Model "T."  
Slim Avent: That new song hit "Invitation to a Dance" (Masquerade).  
The C. I.: Just one day with no phone calls.  
New Zealand Mac: A ticket to "Sans Origine."  
Daddy Lang: Battles!! Battles!! Battles!!  
Bee Phipps: Another duck shoot at 6 R.D.

Dougie Hince: A posting to C.T.S. ? ? ?  
Lap Lapham: The presidency of the G.I.S. moral uplift society.  
Clem Sargent: Another week of early details.  
Ham Wagner: An interest in the Maw factory.  
Tommy Green: Little Alphy begging for mercy.  
Paddy Enright: A day off  
Cal Calland: A Lancashire Hot-Pot and Longman's Elementary Maths.  
Cap Collard: Toothache.

### The Pipes of Pan (Demonium)

A new and complicated collection of pipes, wheels, and other machines have made their appearance in the Mess.

There are various schools of thought as to their purpose, the generally accepted one being that the Mess is being converted into a submarine.

When the torpedo tubes are fitted it is believed that a crash dive will be attempted—this should not affect the glass breakages.

However one must be Ware.

—The Stroller.

### SERGEANTS' MESS

It has been suggested in high circles that permission to wear Brevets on overcoats would prevent many cases of pneumonia this winter.

During the last few weeks the accent in the Sergeants' Mess has been on youth and Oxford. (Or **must** poor Oxford take the blame?) Draughts and pokey die are definitely infra dig, old man. . . .

Is it true that some of the Sergeants thought that skating was an all-the-year-round sport in Canada?

Our No. 1 Glamour Boy was re-elected recently at a Church Social, but it is rumored that the long eye-lashes of a certain G.I.S. Flight-Sergeant have been causing a flutter in some circles.

One of our Oxford **accentuated** youths was recently seen in town wearing his Cap, Yukon. Must he be different, or was he giving his impersonation of a tea-pot?

By the way, that rat has been heard again trying to gnaw its way into the N.C.O.'s quarters. Hasn't it seen the Accommodation Return? We are full up. . . . .

Is it a coincidence or long service that is the reason for the close resemblance of the Golden Eagle to the N.C.O. i/c of that department which keeps it. . . . ?

Owing to the devotion to duty and other things, there is a dearth of tasty, printable episodes this month, but who knows what next month will bring forth for that cosmopolitan mass, sorry, Mess.

### THE ARMAMENT SECTION

#### (Affiliated Plumbers' Association)

In the eyes of the "wise" men of the Flight we, the "plumbers," are the scourge of the earth. They term us scroungers and describe us in ways far too numerous to mention. But the reckoning will come, for who would these wise men blame for their trouble and strife if we were not here? As a brief resume of our talent we give you firstly, but not least, the "Brute of the section who spells his name with a Y,; for why we

don't know. Then of course Stanley Holloway's protege, our "Sam." How about checking that inventory, or better still put tha' musket away? Does this make you as mad as an ox? Then again we cannot forget the person of great renown who called at Toronto on his way to Trenton, maybe he was looking for the 50 Bob tailors of similar birthright. Also we must present you to our battling Scotsman, who is always broke, can it be that the slot machine is the cause of his worries? We are given to understand that wedding bells will soon be ringing for the village Smithy, maybe the Kingston kidnapper will also take a hint from this "you want what chum!" Picton females have been heard to enquire whether the dark haired person with all the waves, gets seasick when he combs his hair; Gorgonzola should be spelt Morganzola. Yet again we have the ace ACH of the R.A.F., who wants to remuster Fitter Ile Photographer. Regards to the Fitter Ile's.

### THE PICTON PEELERS

Having read so much about other sections and their activities, we feel it our bounden duty to do likewise.

There are twelve of us bright boys, also Sid Garret, but he is only i/c. The work is somewhat tedious, especially serving gas, to "Ard-up Erks" and receiving laundry from "Bachelor Binds," but we don't mind that — (much), it's a good job it's a Chinese Laundry.

Will a certain Police N.C.O. stick to organ playing as he will "raise the wind" better that way? Another Robert wastes too much time phoning someone, (you'll never guess). Overheard the other day, "Has that Scotch mail arrived yet?" Then there is the A.C. Plonk, who was brought before a Flight Cdr. Said the latter on giving sentence . . . "and I hope that next time I see you, you will be in a better position," to which the erk replied, "The same to you sir." Have just discovered that the longest part of the year is between pay days.

W. S.

### MAINTENANCE

We wonder if a certain corporal finds servicing oleo legs a "Topping" job.

Congratulations to "Yanto the Whipper" on his promotion to sergeant.

The hardest thing to do in the service is for an airman to "Kipper" girl to himself.

We appreciate a certain airman's chivalry, in defending a member of the fair sex the other night, but trying to explain to the lads just **how** you received the black eye is beyond a Jock(e).

"Hill man!" Why did you say you were a conscript after receiving a blow on the jaw? We fail to see the connection between a sore head and a conscript. Still, maybe they are one and the same when you think it over.

### MAIN STORES

Technical Section reverberates with loud bangings—it is believed that Yehudi has become imprisoned in the pipes and can't get out—before being issued an E42 will be required.

Congratulations to L.A.C. Connelly on getting hitched up—if we all weren't so broke we would subscribe to a bicycle made for two.

Good luck to Cpl. Davies on his posting to Moncton—hope it keeps fine for him.

More and better gen next month.

"Basher"

◊ ASTRAL ◊ HOUSE ◊

AIR MINISTRY



I DIDN'T LIKE CANADA.!

*W. Shropshall.*

## "C" FLIGHT

The past month has witnessed an event of some circumstance, the formation of a station dance orchestra, this will be welcomed by all on the station regardless whether one dances or not, it will add definitely to the station background and will doubtless do us credit in the district.

The leader of the orchestra, F/O. Fallon, has indeed worked hard to achieve his end, I think we would be right in assuming that he has achieved one of his ambitions.

Another item of general interest to the station has been the reclassifications and remusterings of eligible airmen.

The numerous airmen of our "Flight" who succeeded in passing these examinations are to be congratulated for their performances, and are too numerous to mention for space is rather limited—hard luck those who tried and failed, better luck next time.

Listening to the radio the other night to a popular sponsored program this humble chronicler, suddenly had a thought as to how these boards could be made quite exciting.

Suppose every airman about to be reclassified entered the board room as A/C II and the board proceeded to examine men in the following manner:

"Well, A/C II —————, you are now before a Quizing Board and if you answer the following questions correctly you can have your A/C I."

Then:—

"Having answered these questions correctly you are now eligible for L.A.C., however, if you fail to answer the questions you will revert to A/C II again."

This formula could be adhered to until say the rank of Squadron Leader had been obtained.

All those who attained the rank of Squadron Leader could then be mustered together and questioned further until they emerged a Wing Commander.

This method probably would create a large surplus of officers, who would have no one to give orders to and chaos would reign—so, authorities **do not copy.**

How did the airman, recently married, enjoy being wakened (?) on his wedding night in the early hours of the morning and the wakees insisting on him accompanying them to town. They must have used great persuasive powers to overcome this Bill of Manley strength.

The pilot who recently mistook the aerial on his "Kite" for the wire controlling his rudder should bear in mind when flying a 'battle' that it has in its embodiments a few advancements on the old "Bleriot" days of bamboo struts and wire controls.

The Christmas leave is now all fixed up and we can make up our minds for at least a really seasonal Christmas this year with piles of snow, etc. (unless the locals are kidding us again as they did about the summer).

Those lucky enough to possess skates will have good chance to use them in the near future and those who become proficient enough at this sport will want to form themselves into an ice-hockey team — how about it?

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IF IT'S GOOD

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YOU WANT

WE CAN SATISFY YOU  
WITH OUR UP-TO-DATE  
MODERN MACHINERY

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## Billy Henley

PHONE 758

MAIN ST. E.

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### "C C M" SKATING OUTFITS

SKATES SHARPENED THE WAY  
YOU LIKE IT

A TRIAL WILL CONVINC

## BEFORE 'BOOKING IN'

Step in for  
A SNACK

at

## Bob's CAFE

(UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT)

Soft Drinks Sandwiches Also  
Served

PHONE PICTON 99

## "C" FLIGHT

Some Chalks are White and pure if handled Grace-fully in places.  
Since when are Merlins repaired with a mallet and chisel? A certain Sgt. should know.

C Flight appetites have improved since they have good meat shared amongst them. Is it Bull or Mutton.

Are blondes a Paine in the neck to some LAC's? Others would like to know.

At Picton, is one Page of sleeping beauty enough?

How Lowe does a corporal have to stoop to become an office boy?

Underwood or under the table—suits Jean anyway.

Does a guy have to shoot a horrible line to - Ir - Win his way back home?

A car a day should certainly pay,  
When brought to old Robbie from Ranks;  
But what does he get at the end of the day,  
Just — I'll see you tomorrow and thanks!

## G. I. S.

We notice that at long last the Payne has been replaced in the G.I.S. runabout. Was it getting draughty in the back seat?

Why was said car idle for a time? Would it be too obvious to suggest that he "charge" the battery?

We understand that someone has been willing to take on all comers at bombing, and for a hefty wager too. We sincerely hope that he is not too Green at his job.

Who said that bows and arrows are not used in this war? It takes the G.I.S. to prove them wrong!

We did not know that we had such a good cartoonist amongst one of our late courses. Before he left he certainly Rose to the occasion.

Who knows the joke about the Ballet Dancer? So early in the morning too.

In closing, welcome to our new course and good luck to the old one.

G. N. A.

## SICK QUARTERS

The Hospital Staff are willing to challenge any other team at Darts, as the M.O.'s are in fine fettle after a 'stabbing time'.

One of our Orderlies has sprained his shoulder by the weight of his new "props."

We wish stores would revise their forms E. 42. "Purpose for which required— Give job number if possible" is rather embarrassing, especially in the 'tinned line.'

No. It's only a rumour that we have an organ installed in 'Sick Quarters'. It's only the laugh of a 'Lofty' one.

We are expecting a larger attendance at Sick Parades in the near future. The lads will be wanting 'Sisterly' affection with the Winter 'Waafting' on.

Signature tune of the Hospital is now changed from, 'He's Dead But He Won't Lie Down' to 'My Sister and I.'

C. K. B. H. G. E.

## "A" FLIGHT

Big happenings! Stringer-long with us for gen on one-wheel landings.—Good show, serg!

And once again the tea swindle changes hands; apparently tea HAWKINS a big **strain!** But some fellows prefer beer, resulting in occasional lapses into beverage **Black** outs.

Is it WRIGHT that one of our fellows has a pressing engagement at Peterborough.

We wonder however Picton managed without the Great Lover. BIRCHALL can't guess who that would be?

Who has been DARTON here and there, in search of work? A case of up to de eyes in D.I.'s?

Apparently Group and glory has no appeal for some chaps, who in SISSON remaining Group 2. Let's hope HILL not regret it!

It appears that we also have in our midst a would be SHARP shooter.

We have been wondering lately if Jitterbugs are human? After seeing one airman's efforts we doubt it—most "A" Flight men will TWIGG this one!

And lastly, to end on a serious note, we would like to place on record our sincere appreciation of Sgt. Wise, and what he has done for the men of "A" Flight. We are very sorry to see him go, and wish him bon voyage, the besk of luck, and may his watch keep good time.

## WORKSHOP

Since our last issue we notice that the aquarium-cum-zoo-cum-casino has been remodelled, and now we hope to set amongst the multifarious notices and signs, a banner bearing the strange device "Pop — Fruiterer and Florist." We wonder if there is any mercenary design in his collection, there are no raspberries on his fruit stall, tho' perhaps the flowers are meant to be a Lingeren peace offer for previous lapses. However, as one second echelon Cpl. said to a first, "It is a good man who can take a joke against himself."

## BOMBING RANGES

O. C. Ranges states that the bush telegraph is not peculiar to the natives of darkest Africa. On visits to the billets of his range staff, he has always been nonplussed by the ability of these kindly folk—the billetters—to answer his queries before the actual questions have been asked. He is now convinced that on leaving Point Traverse the bush telegraph is set to work. Natives at the other end of the county are warned of his approach and given the latest "gen" on billeting allowances, thus destroying the element of surprise.

To combat this, he is working on a scheme to bend the beams of the Plotting Office, where they will be distorted by his spies and rebroadcast.

Incidentally, mysterious noises, which he attributed to a defect in the station wagon, have now been explained.

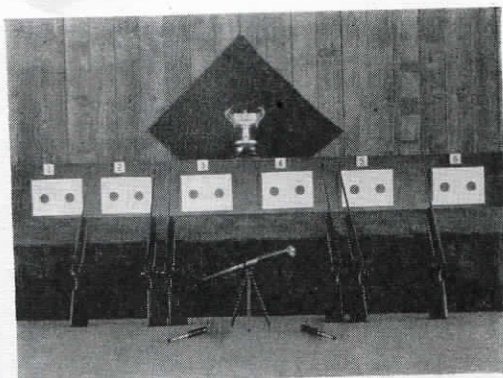
Query from No. 1 Range (blokes working on observation mirror with Douglas Protractor): "Sir, does an aircraft's heading mean where it comes from or goes to?"

O.C. Ranges: —? ! : - —

If your Flight or Section is not represented that's up to you. Find a scribe, chain him by the neck, and next month let's hear from you—that is unless you feel unworthy of mention—perish the thought!

# The Miniature Rifle Club

IN THE NOVEMBER issue of Wings, mention was made of the Indoor Miniature Range which was then under construction and of the objects of providing such a recreational facility. Since the last issue of Wings, the Range has been completed, and Miniature Rifle Shooting organized.



A meeting of all interested personnel was held in the Main Lecture Hall, G.I.S., on 12th November, and at this meeting it was decided to form a Club to be known as "No. 31 B and G. S. Miniature Rifle Club, R.A.F." Membership is open to all personnel on the Station and the Club subscription is 25 cents per month. Ammunition is on sale to members at the Range. Six Mossberg .22 calibre rifles, three spotting telescopes and 10,000 rounds of ammunition have been purchased, and Membership cards printed, these are issued to all members on joining the Club. At present there are over 100 members in the Club, and more are joining.

The Range is open on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights from 19.00 hrs. to 21.30 hrs. The Club has affiliated with the C.S. B.A. and registered with the Dominion Marksman. For the time being the Club is shooting in the Dominion Marksman competitions only. Later on, when experience has been gained, competitions for Station spoons and medals will be organized.

We are very fortunate in having as a member of the Committee, Flt. Sgt. Lewis, 'A' Flight, who is a member of the famous "Embankment Rifle Club," Blackfriars, London, and the "Lee Rifle Club," Lewisham, London. He is the holder of numerous shields, medals, cups and spoons for miniature rifle shooting. He renders valuable assistance and advice to novice shooters, and to the Club in general.

It is hoped that everyone on the Station will become a member of the Club, and participate in the various competitions. No one should feel that, because he has never done any miniature shooting before, he would not be able to shoot proficiently now. Novices are particularly welcome, and the experienced members will give the novice all possible advice and assistance.

The valuable assistance given by the Works and Buildings staff in the construction of the Range and by the Committee in organizing the Club is very much appreciated. Likewise, the assistance given by the Dominion Marksman and by the various rifle and equipment dealers.

The Station Commander, Group Captain C. H. Keith, has kindly consented to act as Honorary President of the Club. It is solely through his and the Chief Instructor's (Wing Commander, P. W. Lowe-Holmes') efforts that Miniature Shooting has been made possible on this Station.

It is desired to impress on all Station personnel that active support of the Miniature Rifle Club is the best mark of appreciation, and a strong membership will enable the Committee to plan worthwhile competitions, and eventually enter shooting teams in Dominion competitions. Next month we hope to publish more details of competitions and winners of prizes.

Many thanks to those who have helped, and are supporting No. 31 B. & G. S. Miniature Rifle Club, R.A.F.



WITH BEST WISHES FOR  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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BRANCHES LOCATED AT

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PHONE 20

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HOCKEY STICKS OR OTHER SPORTING GOODS

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# HOT AIRS

A SHORT TIME ago the chaps in "C" Flight were startled to hear curious wailing noises emanating from the direction of the Pilot's room, and on popping their various heads round the edge of the door discovered that it was the Station Dance Band being born.

Since that date, however, steady progress has been made under the able guidance of F/O. Fallon, and now the only wailing to be heard is intentional when the Sax. team really gets going. By the time this appears in print the world in general will know that vast improvements have been made since the early attempts to murder that once popular young lady "Dolores," as the Band will have made its debut at the N.C.O.'s dance.

Dance music fans may be interested to know that, at present, the combination is a seven-piece, the instrumentation and line up being as follows:

1st Alto Sax .....	F/O. Fallon	2nd Tenor Sax AC1	Harry Sharpe
3rd Alto Sax. ....	AC2 Fred Rigby	Guitar ....	P/O Green
Trumpet .....	AC1 Ernie Lawson	Piano ....	LAC. Cliff Hughes
	Drums ....		LAC. Nick Carter

1st Alto and 2nd Tenor Saxes also double on Clarinets, but financial cramp prevents the acquiring of "Gobsticks" just yet; they will come in time.

The library, while of modest proportions at the moment, includes some of the "good old good ones" that have been hotted up by first class arrangers. The only favour that the Band ask of its critics is, that for a time, their criticism be tinged with kindness until such time as they can play Benny Goodman arrangements as Benny himself would play them. Speed the day !!

Every man in the band is pulling his weight, and there have been rehearsals of two or three hours each night for a week or two so that they could acquit themselves with credit at their first engagement.

F/O. Fallon has had considerable experience on Alto Sax and Clarinet, and can be relied on for a peppy solo pretty often. Harry Sharpe on Tenor and Clarinet is a top notch reader who wades through the most complicated arrangements without turning a hair . . . a valuable member indeed. As for third Sax, myself, . . . my natural modesty bids me hold my peace !! (Joke over !!!) But at any rate, the trio of Saxes blend very well together.

Our newest acquisition, P/O Green on Guitar, was a real "find," and his steady four in a bar helps both rhythm and melody sections tremendously.

"Satchmo" Lawson has been playing trumpet in Brass and dance Bands for the past eighteen years, and his prowess is well known to every one on the Camp for he has played for all sorts of occasions, from blowing the "Last Post" at the recent Armistice Service, to solo trumpet with the Kingston R.A.F. Dance Band when they have visited Picton.

At the Piano is Cliff Hughes, who was a dance musician in "civvy street." Besides pounding the ivories, (which includes drum effects on the piano in "C" Flight Pilot's room!), Cliff shows a natural aptitude for taking "drunk" parts, (Dramatic Society please note,) even carrying it so far as to fall off the piano stool.

[Continued on Following Page]



## "S-M-I-L-E-S"

An airman recently stayed at a Toronto boarding house. When shown his room he remarked. "This room reminds me of a jail."

"It's just a question of what you have been used to," said the proprietor.

× × ×

### Headline:

"Two Jewish-owned cars collided in Toronto. Seventeen passengers were injured."

× × ×

The life-boat had been tossing in the open sea for nearly a week, and its occupants were feeling very "browned off." The oldest member, from Aberdeen, took to his feet.

"Is there nae here wha can say a wee bittie frae the guid book or maybe gie a prayer?"

No answer.

"Or maybe sing a hymn or a psalm?"

Still no response.

"Och weel, we maun dae somethin' religious — We'll tak a collection.

× × ×

Orderly Sgt. Any complaints.

Airman. Yes, Sarg, there's a beetle in my soup.

Orderly Sgt. Shut up you fool, they'll all want one.

× × ×

Erk (reporting sick). I ought to have seen you three days ago, Sir, but didn't want to trouble you, so went to a drug store.

Medical Officer. You fool—don't you know that these quack doctors always give you infernally stupid advice—what did he tell you to do?

Erk. Come to you, Sir.

## V

### HOT AIRS [Continued]

The drums are pounded by Carter, Nick of that ilk. Unlike the other Nick that most of you know, the only bars this one can put you behind are the musical variety. He has a penchant for standing outside Lee Lee's singing, La Cucar-ra-ra-racha, La Cucar-ra-ra-racha (ad infinitum), and annoying the Security Guards by beating Rhumba time on the wires at the Oak Gate.

Each of the fellows intends that the Station shall be proud of the Band, but the combination still needs a string bass, and either another trumpet or trombone to make it complete, so if any of you chaps can play these instruments, get in touch with F/O Fallon and then, Glen Miller—look to your laurels! O.K. Let's go, one, two . . . .

## P. S. I.

**F**EW AIRMEN perhaps realize what the words "P. S. I." stand for, or what its functions are. P.S.I. means President of the Services Institute, and he is responsible for the running of the Airmens' Canteen, extra-messing, sports of all descriptions, in fact anything that will help the airmens' comfort and outlook of life. In this he is assisted by a committee of airmen who are selected by the personnel of the Camp, and who receive suggestions or complaints which are thoroughly gone into at meetings.

Considerable interest has been taken on this Camp as far as the comforts of the airmen are concerned, and it was decided that a really good Canteen would help. There is no doubt, that the Canteen here is certainly one of the best in Canada.

Money has also been spent on sports clothing of all kinds, teams representing the school have been sent to compete with the unit with success, and arrangements are now in hand to have a really good Billiard Room.

A great amount of money was spent originally on extra messing, but this was abused, with the result, that a certain portion of it had to be withdrawn. However things have now brightened considerably, and it is proposed to show a simple balance sheet in the next issue of Wings, together with a monthly statement of activities.

In conclusion, don't run away with the idea that airmen's money is being needlessly spent. Think for a minute of some of the benefits you have derived, and those which are coming to you. We are out to help, but to do so we must have your co-operation, and, shall I say, appreciation of what is being done. One last word, try and treat your Canteen like your home. Don't chuck cheese about on the floor of the Wet Bar, and when you go into the Lounge Bar, remove your hats, it doesn't cost anything.

### V

## A Tragic Incident

**H**E LOOKED at himself in the mirror and his thoughts were bitter ones. His face was rather pale and there were circles under his eyes. Worry, worry, it was getting him down; if he kept on like this something was bound to happen. Only that morning his employer had looked at him queerly when he had asked if he could leave a bit earlier than usual. There was only one way out and he quickly opened a package he had brought in with him and withdrew an object that glittered as it caught the light. It was a nasty looking weapon, and he shuddered as he drew his thumb along its edge. Good job the family were out and no one expected. He must take a chance on callers.

The bathroom of course was the best place, and so with a determined manner, he made his way there, switching the light out as he left. He thought of washing his hands, and smiled. Of course, no need for that. He busied himself at the sink and then once again he picked up the sinister weapon. For a moment he hesitated, and thought of his girl and what she would think. He shrugged his shoulders and with a determined trust he drew the blade across his throat.—Ah well, it wasn't so bad as he had expected, and whistling cheerfully he continued with his first shave.

# "How Good Are You?"

## QUIZ CORNER

### Questions

1. Who "Just grewed?"
2. What is a "Stirrup cup"?
3. Can a whale drown?
4. What moss covered object hung by the well?
5. Do fish shut their eyes when they sleep?
6. What are the D.T.'s?
7. What have the following in common:— Lot's wife, Bluebeard's wife, Adam's wife?
8. What cartoonist created the character "Old Bill"?
9. What is meant by the "Black Maria"?
10. What is the origin of the expression, "Goodbye"?
11. Had the South Sea Bubble anything in common with the Mississippi Bubble?
12. What is a chukker?
13. What Englishman revised the rules of boxing?
14. In what sports are the following terms used: (a) Stymie, (b) Foot-fault, (c) Huddle System, (d) Squeeze play, (e) Puck?
15. In Basketball a field goal counts how many points?
16. Has a pawn anything to do with a pawnshop or a game?
17. What was Mr. Micawber always waiting for?
18. What type of underwear is known simply by a set of initials?
19. Which is lighter in weight, a good egg or a bad egg?
20. Who said and on what occasion, "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead,"? In the following five questions give the next line in the poem or quotation from which they are taken:
21. "Shoot if you must this old greyhead,"
22. "I shot an arrow in the air,"
23. "The shades of night were falling fast,"
24. "God's in his heaven——."
25. "I am the master of my fate,"
26. What nation would come to mind when each of the following are mentioned: (a) Chew-mein, (b) Haggis, (c) Vodka, (d) Sake?
27. From what poem does the following come, and what is the next line? "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,"
28. To distribute strains on the hull most favorably, a big ship usually is launched: (a) Frontward, (b) backward, (c) sideward, (d) upside down.
29. Superchargers are: (a) wartime profiteers, (b) devices to feed air under pressure to gasoline motors, (c) boosters to give storage batteries more than rated voltage.
30. The Cochlea is a member of (a) the crew of an eight-oared racing shell, (b) the vegetable kingdom, (c) the British Privy Council, (d) the ear.

31. You will find isobars, (a) in shallow rivers, (b) around ships' compasses, (c) on weather maps, (d) in taverns, (e) at candy counters.
32. Canis Major is (a) one of your front teeth, (b) a felony formerly punishable by death, (c) the Latin name for the Great Dane, (d) a constellation containing the star Sirius.
33. Cartographers make (a) wagons, (b) cartoons, (c) Crop forecasts, (d) maps, (e) player-piano rolls.
34. Give the name of (a) the dangerous rock and (b) the whirlpool, on the opposite sides of the Straits of Messina, between Italy and Sicily.
35. Who was the Little Corporal?

Now turn to page 59 for answers.

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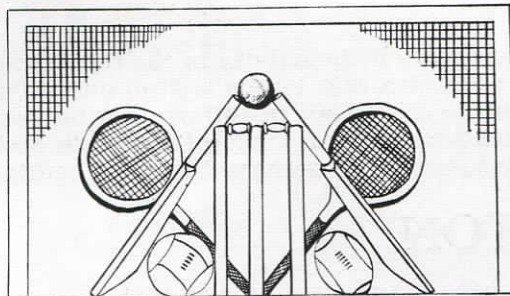


*Smoke*

**Buckingham**

*-and Smile*

# Sports



# Section

## SOCCER

Our venture of a Scotland vs. England international match in aid of the Sports Fund seems to have raised a furore in this country, for all the local newspapers had something to say about it, and the CBC broadcast it over the air. So Picton football will soon become very famous.

The game itself was grand, a real needle match, but very cleanly played. The day was fine and the ground in good condition, and in consequence the lads had every opportunity of showing us their best. This, in the case of Scotland was very good. They were obviously much superior to the English, who none the less, put up a good show.

Scotland started the scoring with a penalty goal, which was taken by A.C. Hilditch, the left back, and he made no mistake, then Sergeant Simpson scored from a breakaway after the English forwards had had a good spell of play. England's turn to score came from a melee in mid-field, A.C. Jennings, the right half, lobbed a loose ball over the heads of all the other players to score a snap goal.

Scotland started to go ahead then, goals by L.A.C. McConnell and Sergt. Simpson were added to their score, to make it 4-1. Following this A.C. Kellett scored a lovely goal for England by cutting in with a fine angle shot. The play slowed up at this point for a time, but soon broke out again with two more goals for Scotland by McConnell and Sergt. Simpson, then to round the game off nicely, Kellett gave England another very good goal.

A fair crowd turned out to watch the game and the Sports Fund was helped by a handy sum.

Squadron Leader Sir A. Seton, Bart., must be congratulated on his efforts of playing the bagpipes under very great difficulties, or should I say the "pipes," for the bag had burst, and it is no mean feat to use your cheeks for a reserve of air, and the color of his face by the time he reached the other end of the pitch rivaled the color of the Englishmen's shirts.

## BASKETBALL

This activity had not started up to the time of going to press, but plans are ready and every Wednesday will be practice night. The Security Guard has challenged us to a game, we have got to get moving for they must not have the laugh on us. This game which is, in England, considered a girls' game, is in fact, a very fast and strenuous one, and when you do get started you will enjoy every moment of it.

# TENNIS

There has been very little activity in the tennis world of this camp lately, but don't get the idea that tennis is dead on this station. We hope to see the courts in the Drill Hall in full use during the coming winter, and some tournaments organized. The officers are probably itching to challenge the airmen, now that we have two good courts.

# BADMINTON

By the time this edition is published, there will be three courts available for use in the Drill Hall, and under the leadership of Flight Lieutenant Lapham, badminton should become very much alive. We have a few good players on this station, who should be able to challenge any outside team with confidence. So get yourself a racquet and some birds and have some practice.

# RUGGER

Hope was strong in our hearts when we promised you Rugger stalwarts that by the time this edition of the magazine was printed we should have a ground of our own. Unfortunately, hoping did not get a ground for us—nor did countless discussions at innumerable meetings. Now we must face the facts. There is no ground at, or near, Picton, suitable for use as a Rugger pitch — so we must resort to the next best thing — that is, construct a passable ground out of the places available. The best place by far appears to be the Fair Grounds at Picton. It will need hard work to make this resemble an English Rugby Ground in the very least — but being convinced that this is our best, perhaps our only hope, we are determined to make an effort to bring about the metamorphosis required. The fruits of our labours will not be tested until next spring when another Rugger season starts—but we feel sure we can depend upon those people who have so ably supported us so far, to give us their full co-operation in the plan.



Two matches have been played since last we wrote — both against the "invincible" Kingston. On November 8th the Station XV, unfortunately weakened through the illness of three stalwarts, played Kingston for the first time on the Royal Military College Grounds. Playing with a high wind behind them in the first half the Station XV made use of the favourable conditions and penned the home team in their own half. Finally a well-deserved try was scored by our left centre, L.A.C. Shields, who went over near the left-hand corner flag. Cpl. Willis, our Vice-Captain, crowned this try with a grand place kick.

On changing ends, the Station, however, found themselves hard-pressed, but organized hard tackling kept the home team at bay until 15 minutes from the end, when Flt. Sgt. Williams, the Kingston Right Wing, ran in for a try near the right corner flag—this try was unconverted.

Henceforward a battle royal was witnessed amongst the forwards —neither pack asking for nor giving quarter—and until two minutes from time the score remained Picton 5 points, Kingston 3.

Unfortunately, the Station then lost one man through injury—and Kingston forcing the pace always, managed to score one more unconverted try—and the match ended with the Station down—the score, Kingston 6 points, Picton 5 points.

On the following Saturday we visited Kingston again—and this time faced our conquerors on the Station Grounds. On a perfect day, on a pitch “fore and aft” for good Rugger, unfortunately the Station did not manage to play the open Rugby we had expected of them, and knew they could play, and after a keen game—which was chiefly noted for the heroic struggle between the two packs—we again had to retire defeated—this time by the score of 3 pts. to nil.

At the time of writing, snow is not very far off—it’s easy to feel this, especially at 6.30 a.m.!—and the Rugger season is drawing to a close—but we are hoping against hope that before the curtain is finally drawn over the 1940-41 season we shall have met the Anzacs and Aussies at Montreal and maybe Port Albert at Toronto.

## BOXING

The boxing section having started, the present problem is getting equipment, there are plenty of gloves and medicine balls in store, also some punch balls which need erecting in the Drill Hall. We are also endeavoring to scrounge an old kitbag to make a punch bag, and by the time this appears in print it is hoped the boxing class will be in full swing. Of course the major problem is the ring which is going to be an expensive item to fix, but it is hoped even that will be overcome in the near future. It is certain if we prove by a good demand that a ring is necessary we shall get it without much trouble, but the main thing is to have a good crowd down to the practices. We have made a good start, let us keep it up and everything needed will be provided.



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- Dec. 15-16—"Our Wife". News.  
Comedies.
- Dec. 17-18—"Aloma of South Seas."  
"Target for Tonight."
- Dec. 19-20—"Badlands of Dakota."  
"Tanks a Million". News.
- Dec. 22-23—"Ringside Maisie." News.  
Comedies.
- Dec. 24-25—"Lady Be Good."  
Gang Comedy.
- Dec. 26-27—"Father Takes a Wife."  
News. Cartoon.
- Dec. 29-30—"Come on George." News.  
Comedies.
- Dec. 31-Jan. 1—"Sun Valley Seren-  
ade." "March of Time"
- Jan. 2-3—"Dance Hall." News.  
Comedies.
- Jan. 5-6—"Smilin' Through."
- Jan. 9-10—"Yank in the R.A.F."  
News.
- Jan. 12-13—"New Wine." News.
- Jan. 14-15—"Unfinished Business."  
Comedies.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS



With the coming of darker nights there is a tendency to take more interest in events happening on the Station.

For the benefit of the movie-going personnel of the station, the following films are scheduled for showing in the Y.M.C.A.

"Argentine Nights"

"Mr. Doodle Kicks Off"

"Good Girls Go To Paris"

"Bringing Up Baby"

"Rhythm on the River"

"Top Hat"

"When the Daltons Rode"

"Story of Vernon & Irene Castle"

"Starmaker"

"The Great McGinty"

Watch weekly schedule of Station program for play dates.

Whist Drives evidently hit the spot. There will be fortnightly meetings in the Y.M.C.A. under the supervision of Cpl. Rowell.

The Amateur Night was well received and an enjoyable evening had by all. The men on the camp appreciated the efforts of Messrs: Webb, Kellett, Field, Kendrick, Herdman, Swallow, Ingleton, Penn, Bowes, Pinchard, Morgan. Thanks fellows, bring along a few more artists the next time.

Table Tennis still attracts a large number of men who are playing at every possible opportunity, with more and more activities taking place in the Y.M.C.A. it is getting harder and harder, to get a game even with six tables on the go.

The last tournament promoted by Sgt. Moore was very successful. By a bit of luck and good handicapping the games were very well contested, and interest held up to the last game.

Plans are under way to organize a station team to take on other stations in the vicinity.

The Sunday evening in Camp is getting popular. A varied program is being arranged for the coming weeks. That drink of cocoa is very welcome at the conclusion of the evening.

Six dozen hockey sticks have been secured from the Y.M.C.A. ready for the ice when it arrives. Other equipment in the small game type has also been arranged. While on the subject of equipment given by the Y.M.C.A. the following items might be of interest. In the last six months the Y.M.C.A. has given to the men of the services 23,284 soft balls, 7,974 softball bats, 3,857 softball gloves, 1,440 rugby balls, 1,044 sets of boxing gloves, 5,827 checker boards and men, 30,000 decks of cards, 6,312 hockey sticks, 1,063 pucks, 2,352 sets of horseshoes, 5,054 ping pong bats, and 52,560 ping pong balls. Moving picture and film rentals cost the Y.M.C.A. eighty thousand dollars a year.



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## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 51

1. Topsy, in Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe.
2. A parting cup of liquor as that taken by a mounted horseman.
3. Yes.
4. The old oaken bucket.
5. No. They have no eye-lids.
6. Delirium Tremens. A disease of the brain caused by excessive and prolonged use of intoxicating liquors.
7. They were women whose curiosity about forbidden matters led to disastrous consequences.
8. Captain Bruce Bairnsfather in Fragments from France.
9. A police or prison van.
10. Contraction of "God Be With You."
11. About 1711, English Company formed to pay National debt in return for privilege of trading in South Seas. It collapsed about 1780 ruining thousands.  
Mississippi Bubble — a speculative scheme formed under John's Law for paying off National debt of France. Burst in 1720.
12. Name given to a period of play in a polo match.
13. John Sholto Douglas, eighth Marquis of Queensbury. (1844-1900).
14. (a) golf, (b) tennis (c) football, (d) baseball, (e) hockey.
15. 2 points.
16. Chess.
17. Something to turn up.
18. B. V. D.
19. A bad egg.
20. Admiral David Glasgow Farragut 1801-1870, at the Battle of Mobile Bay, Aug. 5th, 1864.
21. " 'But spare your country's flag', she said," from Barbara Frieschie, by John G. Whittier.
22. "It fell to earth I know not where,"
23. "As through an Alpine village passed,"
24. "All's right with the world." (Pippa Passes)
25. "I am the captain of my soul."
26. (a) China, (b) Scotland, (c) Russia (d) Japan.
27. From "Lay of the Last Minstrel." "Who never to himself hath said."
28. (b) backward.
29. (b) devices to feed air under pressure.
30. (d) the ear.
31. (c) on weather maps.
32. (d) constellation containing the star Sirius.
33. (d) make maps.
34. (a) Scylla, (b) Charybdis.
35. Napoleon Bonaparte.

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