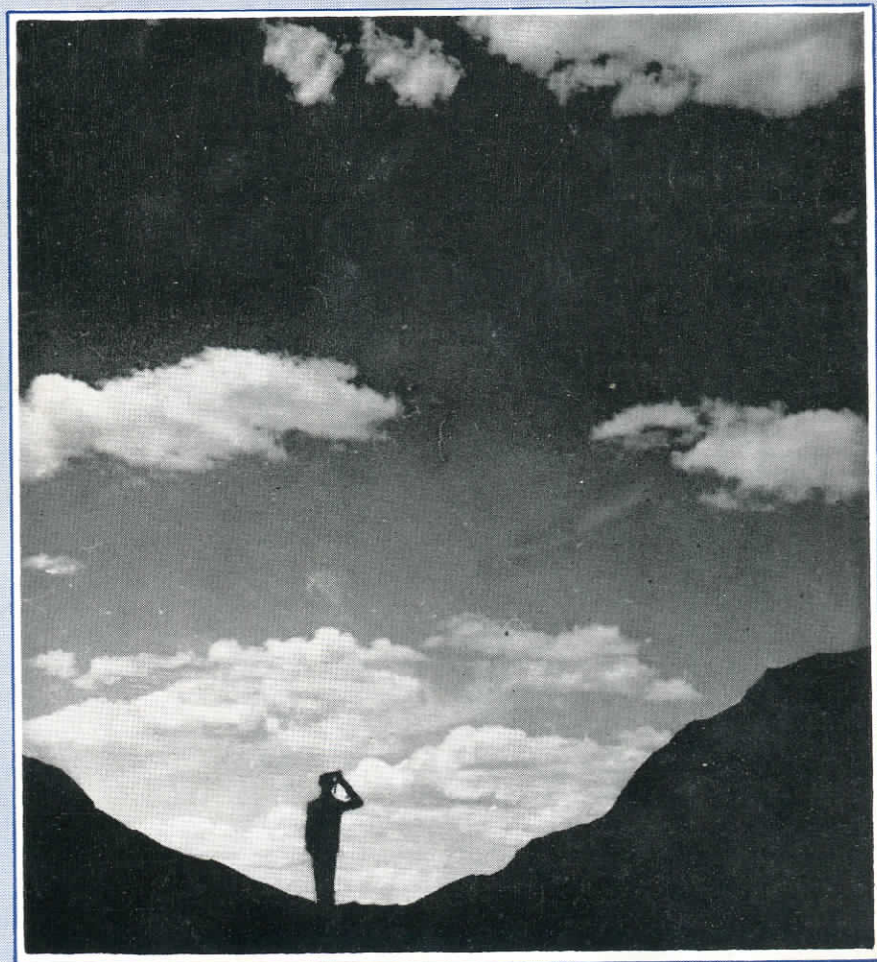




# WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R.A.F. PICTON



"I SAID TO THE MAN WHO STOOD AT THE GATE OF THE YEAR"

No. 7 - JAN. 1942

PRICE 10c

*Bonchon*

THERE **IS** SOME PLACE  
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IN PICTON - - -

*It's*

*The* **GLOBE HOTEL**

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*To The  
R. A. F.*

Never since English ships went out  
To singe the beard of Spain,  
Or English sea-dogs dived with death  
Along the Spanish Main;  
Never since Drake and Raleigh won  
Our freedom of the seas,  
Have sons of Britain dared and done  
More valiantly than these.

Whether at midnight or at noon,  
Through mist or open sky,  
Eagles of freedom, all our hearts  
Are up with you on high;  
While Britain's mighty ghosts look down  
From realms beyond the sun,  
And whisper, as their record pales,  
Their breathless, deep, "Well done"!

—Alfred Noyes

**The Picton Gazette**

"Printers of 'Wings' Magazine"

# "WINGS"

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



We Sailed wherever ship could sail,  
We founded many a mighty state;  
Pray God our greatness may not fail  
Through craven fears of being great.

Tennyson.

---

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Pictures of Christmas and New Year dinners by The Picton Gazette.  
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The characters in this magazine  
are not always fictitious and probably  
point to some known or unknown  
persons, with or without offence.

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## WINGS

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MANY fellows will have by this time bought copies of the photographs taken at both the Christmas and New Year dinners but we include some in our picture supplement to make as complete a pictorial record as possible of our first Christmas in Canada. Continuing the series of articles depicting adventures which have befallen people on the station, we present this month Bulgarian Adventure, as told by Squadron Leader Seton. The raspberry was such that a record of the incident now rests somewhere in the archives of the Foreign Office.

It is proposed next month to start a page entitled "Letters to the Editor" for many of you must have criticisms and ideas which are interesting and would improve the magazine. You may have received letters from home containing items of interest or noticed pieces in the papers which you consider worth talking about. If you have not had time to write an article for the magazine, here is your opportunity—write to us.

The introduction of a new cover last month proved such a success that it has been decided to retain the basis of it permanently, changing only the picture each month. For January we have attempted to illustrate the beauty of a quotation from M. Louise Haskins used by King George at Christmas, 1939. These words seem so apt even now.

And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year,  
Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown;  
And he replied,  
Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.  
That shall be to you better than light, and safer than the known  
way.

# A GERMAN BATTLESHIP

ORDERS came through that twelve aircraft were to be despatched to attack the German battleship Scharnhorst. She had been spotted earlier in the day swinging at anchor in Trondheim Fjord with a cruiser, destroyer and supply ship, by one of our reconnaissance aircraft.

This was the chance our C.O. had been waiting for, to take a large formation as high as possible and drop a pattern of bombs on a small target. For months we had been practising this form of attack, and our opportunity had at last arrived. The general idea of the operation was to leave our home station in the afternoon, proceed to an advanced northern base, refuel, and attack at approximately two o'clock in the morning. This would give us the protection of what little darkness there was, thereby minimizing the effect of fighters and anti-aircraft fire.

Unfortunately we planned without the vagaries of the weather. As we were due to take off, a summer fog rolled in off the North Sea, cutting visibility to five hundred yards, with the top of the fog bank at 800 feet. All engines had to be stopped, much to the annoyance of flight sergeants and erks, who were anxiously waiting for us to take off, the starting of 24 engines being doubtful—one always had to balk.

The C.O. and all pilots collected in the operations room and a further weather report of our destination was obtained — but there the weather was still clear. At least there was no fog and the visibility was good with broken cloud at 1,500 feet. It would have to be a fog take off, and climb through into clear air with a heavily loaded aircraft, but the decision was soon made to set off. Just before climbing into my aircraft "Mouse," the flight commander of B flight yelled, "Bet you can't make it!" What pleasant thoughts that fellow had, and he was probably quite right!

That take off was unpleasant, and I thought of all those pilots with very little experience who were still on the ground. However, the gods were still with us, for in an hour and a half we had all landed at the advanced base and were being refuelled for the night's operations.

Pilots again reported to the operations room and consulted the Met. officer, and then we began to feel gloomy. The weather report was bad, and the operation would have to be postponed. By nine o'clock that night a gale was blowing, and scudding low clouds and rain made the attack that night impossible. We cursed the met. man for that lot, but he told us with a cheerful grin that by 10 o'clock the weather would be perfect. That is what we were afraid of, as it would probably mean a daylight attack and it was common knowledge, that an aerodrome full of 109's and 110's was situated 12 miles from our target. Still there was nothing we could do, so everyone got down to a good old singsong and a spot of refreshing Scottish beer. But generally it was an extremely uncomfortable night, as there was no sleeping accommodation for us and even in the summer the early mornings are chilly to say the least. Some of the boys stretched out on the floor and what chairs could be found in the local hotel, others made their way to the camp hospital, which was only a small tent, and slept on stretchers, one of the boys climbing on the operating table.

At 4.30 I was awakened, extremely cold, by an aircraft taking off on rec. duties to report on the German battleship, so I decided the only thing to do was get up and walk around to get warm. My perambulation led me along the line of aircraft where an interrupted buzzing attracted my attention—on investigation, only "Mouse" and his navigator asleep in their aircraft. Pilots began to appear soon after 4.30 and aircraft were unpicketed and run up, all inspections being completed by seven o'clock.

The report from the rec. aircraft came through just after nine o'clock. Take off was scheduled for 11.30, an early lunch being provided, but very few crews took advantage of this, although you could see sandwiches and thermos flasks being taken on board all aircraft. One felt more like eating after it was all over.

The C.O. gave his last minute instructions, a word here to one air gunner, a jocular remark for another. Eleven-thirty to the minute and the C.O. roared down the runway, barely cleared the hedge at the far end, a steep turn to the right to avoid the hill in front and then plain sailing. One after the other your 12 aircraft left the ground and formed up.

"As high as possible," the C.O. had said, and he mean it. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen thousand feet, the powerful engines half starved for want of air but still pulling us steadily on. All crews had their oxygen turned on by this time and were muttering to themselves about the heat, uncomfortable oxygen masks and head phones that seemed to absolutely flatten one's ears.

The weather was perfect, not a cloud in sight, the ruffled surface of the sea shining in the sun some three miles underneath and a visibility that had no limit. What a day for enemy fighters.

The enemy coast came into sight when we were still 100 miles out, stretching out like a gigantic map in front of us. Sixty miles of that country had to be crossed to reach the Scharnhorst, and we could see her lying there before crossing that coast. Surely they could see us, we felt as if we filled the whole sky.

On sighting the target the formation closed to correct spacing and held—the continuous practice was to prove its worth. The C.O. made every use of sun and wind, throttles were now wide open and still 25 miles to go. A little black cloud appeared on the right, funny it wasn't there a few moments ago—then the sky was suddenly filled with them. The complete formation was weaving, up, down, now right, now left, but keeping towards that battleship. I glanced to the left, a hole had appeared in my formation, a trail of fire and smoke marked the downward path of my No. 3.

"Fighters", the dreaded word came through the intercom. The rear gunners had their hands full.

Then word from the C.O.'s Bomb Aimer, "Steady formation." The weaving stopped, bomb doors opened. A short silence which seemed like years. Then "Coming up, steady—bombs gone." The bomb aimers had done their job.

"The C.O. wheeled and dived, everyone followed. Someone straggled—formation was impossible to keep during those antics.

"The fighters got that one that slipped behind," this from my air gunner.

Eventually we crossed the coast and headed out to sea, throttling back as soon as the fighters disappeared to conserve the precious petrol. The last 50 minutes had been at full throttle.

Formation was not picked up going home, each pilot relying on his own navigator for the 300-odd mile sea crossing back to our base, also it may be added, the pilots wanted to let "George" do some work so they could get at those sandwiches.

At 1800 hours, I landed back at the advanced base, the C.O. and one other aeroplane had beaten me back. Within half an hour most of the aircraft had landed, two had been left in Norway.

Three of the four pilots and navigators lost were married, their wives awaited their return to our home station.

Reports were written out and handed in, as far as could be ascertained hits had been scored on the cruiser and supply ship.

While the aircraft were being refuelled, crews launched into a meal which had been prepared. Laughter marked the passing of remarks regarding the afternoon's expedition, jests at someone who hadn't seen any fighters, cracks at the expense of one pilot who claimed to have attained the phenomenal speed of 400 m.p.h. The tenseness had gone.

As dusk was falling we returned to our own aerodrome, relieved, yet proud that the job was successfully completed but conscious of the gap in the formation and the inevitable sadness it contained.

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*-and Smile*



BOMBS AND BITS !

PAGE SEVEN

# The Sergeants Are "At Home" Tonight

The Sergeants are at home tonight  
And all their Mess is clean and bright.  
Then comes the Warrant Officer,  
And he creates an awful stir.  
It is his job in life, you know,  
To see that things are done just so,  
And even when things look quite well,  
He'll poke around, and raise blue hell.  
One patch of dust and he explodes,  
And words of wrath his tongue unloads.  
A cigarette-end comes to sight,  
And he goes incandescent white,  
He quotes from Orders — calls on God,  
The place vibrates where'er he's trod.  
By nine o'clock he's full of cheer—  
He's soothed his nerves with much good beer;  
And, as the guests are ushered in,  
He welcomes each with studied grin.  
When dancing he is so correct,  
His back is straight, his head erect.  
Then, when the C.O.'s wife comes in  
You'd hear it if you dropped a pin.  
They stand as though they're carved in ice;  
Their manners are so very nice.  
The C.O. then goes to the bar  
And takes his pint — lights his cigar.  
He winces as he drinks that beer,  
The taste of gin is all too clear;  
He knows that mixture has been brewed,  
To see if they could get him screwed.  
The "M.C." shouts in martial tones:  
"You're wanted for the next Paul Jones."!  
The men, like panthers, stalking prey  
Around the women, make their way,  
And, as one sees a pretty face  
He lags at once—reduces pace:  
But he is pushed on, just the same,  
And when he meets a huge fat dame  
The music stops — he heaves a sigh:  
There's no escape — he must comply.  
It matters not the slightest jot,  
That some can dance whilst most cannot!  
Enthusiasm matches skill  
And toes are crushed in all good will.  
Some couples bump and others bore  
As they gyrate around the floor.  
The supper is a big event:  
The band retires in great content  
And when they recommence it's clear  
Their playing has improved with beer.

Now heat and sweat infect the air  
 And elder members seek a chair:  
 Although the floor has cleared a lot,  
 The pace is still kept up, red-hot.  
 Some wives are hunting round, forlorn,  
 Uncertain where their men have gone.  
 Some girls are missing from the dance—  
 Have any husbands seized this chance?  
 Two steely eyes and heaving breast  
 Spell troubled times for Sergeant Best!  
 But then the band begins "The King,"  
 And everyone stands up, to sing.  
 The guests depart and lights go out,  
 And then there comes a savage shout:  
 "Who boned that beer, that I put down?"  
 The W.O. cries, with a frown:  
 "I'd two good tots of rum in it,  
 And someone's drunk up every bit!"  
 Now many knew, though no one told—  
 It was his wife who'd "made so bold"!

(Note: These couplets were written in February 1941 and do not, therefore, refer to Picton).

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# The Thinker

IN making my small contribution to this very interesting and controversial subject of "What is to be done," may I state straight away that I am not an idealist or Utopian.

A Utopia is neither to be desired nor is it practical within many generations, human nature being human nature. The work to be done therefore in preparing mankind mentally and physically for a practical New Order will of necessity be arduous and often very disheartening.

It will be remembered that Hitler, with the aid of his proselytes Rosenberg and Feder were able to put before the German people an almost idealistic state with the prospect of very little effort. This

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

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler

attracted the dissatisfied middle-classes to a lesser extent, the working and upper classes, for the line of least resistance is very inviting. Having once fired the imagination of the people, Hitler and his very able propagandists Goebbels, Streicher, and Goering, who each appealed to a distinct class of the people, were kept busy explaining and apologizing for the lack of real construction and fulfillment of promises. Jews, Communists and Catholics were each in their turn blamed, and finally it was the "vicious encirclement by aggressive democracies" which was holding back the reconstruction of Germany. This is merely stated to prove that the future of the world must not be based on either the romanticisings of a paranoiac, the ravings of an embittered cripple or the sadism of a drug addict, but on practical theories, put into practice by men who know life and its complications. Men who are qualified by their knowledge and ability and sincerity must be the administrative heads of industry and economics of the world.

We have seen experiments in dictatorships and by each class, and neither will be suitable to the English mentality, rather must we have a guidance through the troubled times that lie ahead, particularly after the war, by men of courage and selfless devotion to their country and fellow men. They must prepare themselves now to take their place in the fight for peace that will commence after the eradication of the cancerous growth of fascism that threatens our freedom to live, think or act as individuals.

Because we are in one of the Services it is not an excuse to allow our brain and mind to grow stagnant. It's true that our work does not now give the same facilities for expressing our talent or individuality, but that is because we have at present **one** job to do and we are all in our small way contributing to that. But we have leisure time, perhaps too much, and we can utilize this time in acquainting ourselves with

current affairs and developments. Admittedly there is 'no blue print of the post-war world,' but the site on which it will be built is the peoples of the world. **And we are the people.**

We must be prepared to take our place in the new world that is at present in the melting pot, it is we who are shaping the mould. This time we must not win the war and lose the peace. Last time men were only too glad to have the war over and were content to go back to the remains of their previous existence leaving it to statesmen and others to rebuild England. Can we blame them alone? No—we must equally blame all those who allowed their apathy and war weariness to outweigh their duty to the future generations. This time we must not do this or allow statesmen to lead us back to 1930 to start again that vicious circle.

It is not enough to agree with or believe in Democracy, or even vote for it now and then. It has been proved, to our cost, that we must fight for it too, and after victory we must continue to fight for its further progress. Peace, they often remind us, hath her victories, no less renowned than war. We must not be an era of tired men lying back to enjoy the fruits of victory, we must continue to fight against the other forces of darkness, ignorance, crime, bad-housing and fascism in all its forms until we achieve real Democracy.

Let us then educate ourselves. Use every facility that is offered us, and there are many, even in war time. Let us learn what we are fighting for and the knowledge will give us the greater incentive to win.

Democracy, too, we realise by now, cannot remain insular or the peculiar possession of one country. It must be universal and co-operational. Maybe Hitler was right, for once, when he referred to the agreement between the U.S.A. and England on the question of air bases as the beginning of the end of the British Empire. But he was not nearly as correct as he would liked to have been, for maybe this is the beginning of a new co-operational commonwealth of nations which will rally to centre all decent freedom loving peoples. This can be the solid foundation of the new order, unlike the jerry-built constructions of the totalitarian states which will crumble and bury the architects and builders in its rubble.

What have we then? A world bound together for constructive purposes, with each nation contributing to the others welfare. Each with the type of democratic government suitable to its peoples temperament, for democracy is elastic, and yet in each case with men at the helm who are technical men, skilled tradesmen, so that the best use may be made of every industry for the benefit of all people, and not for one man's glorification. They must be sincere understanding men, who are able to understand the wishes of the people even as a psychologist is able to understand and interpret and guide a patient. These men will all be patriots, not the flag wagging type, who before the war passed as patriots, but men who are imbued with the love of their country to the extent that they recognize the faults in it and do their best to rectify them. . . .

Then let us pray, that come it may,  
As come it will, for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er all the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that,  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be, for a' that. . . . .

## THE SKEPTICAL "GHOST"

IGNATIUS AUGUSTUS SMYTHE was born in skepticism. His father was skeptical—very skeptical, considering he was fully three score years and ten—and the doctor, doubtful of the gender of the wrinkled red creature, was also skeptical. It was not surprising, therefore, that Ignatius absorbed, at birth, some of the skepticism which had enveloped his birth.

At the age of three, Ignatius shocked his maternal parent by leering knowingly at her when she talked of cabbage patches, storks and mulberry bushes. Five years later he shocked the entire community by demanding, in church, of the presiding clergyman, why the apocrypha had been removed from the Bible. His progressive skepticism caused him to be removed, at the age of fourteen, from one of the better known public schools—where he had openly professed his skepticism for the life of alleged celibacy the bachelor Principal was living.

Truth to relate, Ignatius was too skeptical to live. Ignatius knew this—but he was also skeptical in believing that the spirit could rise from the mortal coil—in chastened state—devoid of every stigma of mortality.

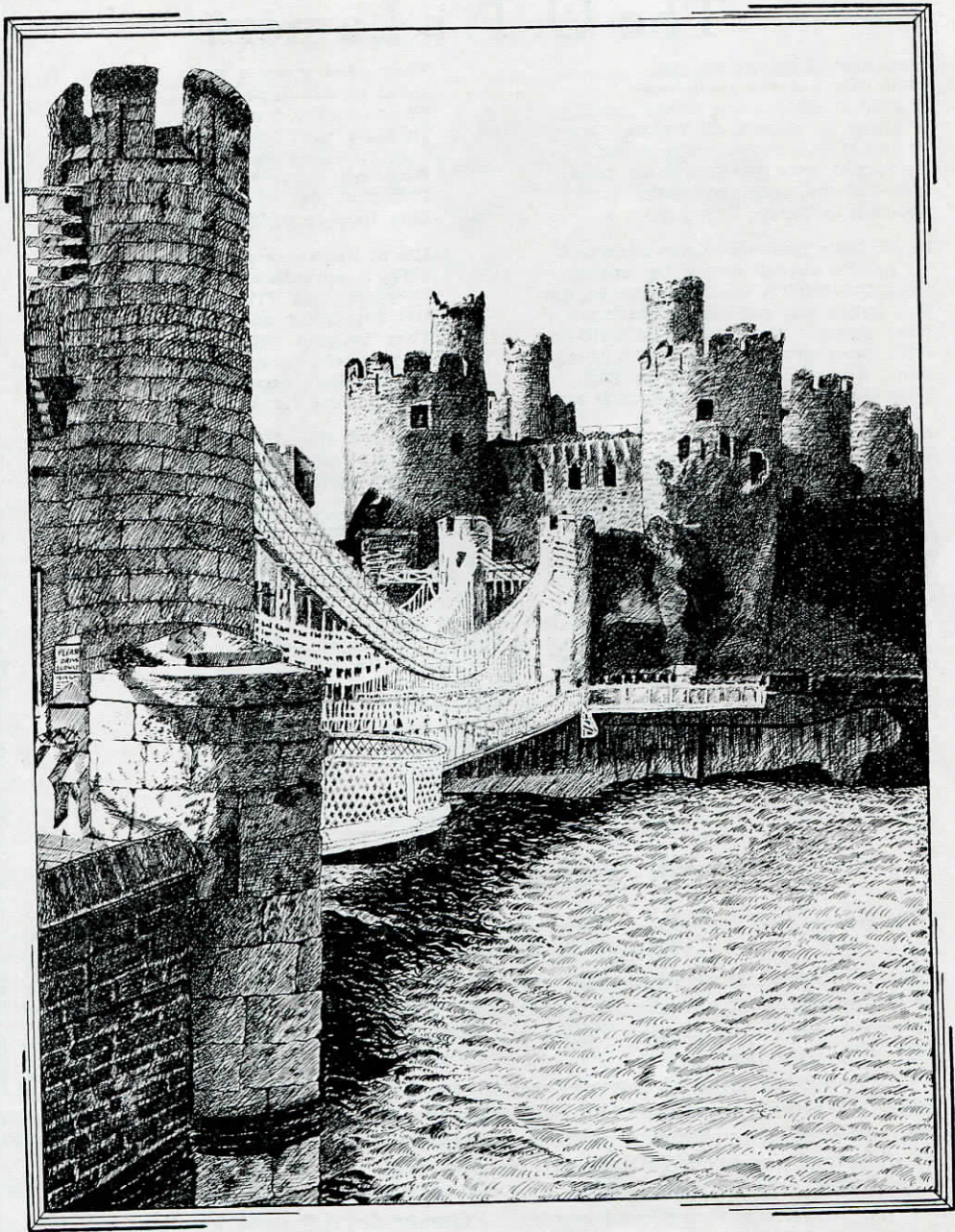
In due course, in order to strengthen his skepticism, and make life less worth living, he joined the R.A.F. His skepticism was more than somewhat strengthened . . . — so he felt justified in vaunting his skepticism of life by trying out the cutting qualities of the airscrew of an Oxford aircraft—of which he was also skeptical. The airscrew's cutting qualities were quite to standard—and made such a thorough job of poor Ignatius, that even Rigor Mortis had a pretty stiffish job to stiffen what remained of Ignatius. Typical of Smythe that even in death he should make it difficult for everyone and everything, including Rigor Mortis.

Ignatius awoke. Of sequestered swards and glades and emerald pools there was none. Of welcoming hosts of seraphims and cherubims there was also none. Ignatius felt a growing skepticism. His only consolation, the gnawing indigestion, the cause of which he, with due credit, had long since ceased to be skeptical—had completely gone. He jumped lightly off his pulped cranium to facilitate the removal of his earthly remains by three visibly nauseated medical orderlies, and viewed, with ectoplasmic eyes glowing with skepticism, a medical officer, who was doing some manual labour with a nailfile.

Then it occurred to Ignatius that the time was ripe to prove some of his skepticisms. The closed doors of an enigmatical Headquarters were no longer closed to him. The C.O. was quite as busy as Ignatius had expected. The neatly cut-to-size copies of Esquire bound within the austere cover of K.R.'s—the surreptitious peppermints — were quite what he had expected. The phone rang. "That you, Smithers," said the C.O. "Pity," said the C.O. "Is the screw bent? Could be worse. Send the usual condolences, and arrange for a firing party." The C.O.—temporarily deprived of his study of military tactics and targets — resumed his treatment of the targets—and the tactics presented to him.

The Orderly Room had its usual appearance of orderly disorderliness. Ignatius, perched on the point of a paper-skewer, digressed in

[Continued on Page Fourteen]



### CONWAY CASTLE AND TELFORD'S BRIDGE

The castle was built by Edward I and Telford built the bridge in 1822 to harmonize with the castle, and the embattled gateways give the impression of a huge drawbridge.

# The U.T.'s Lament

Even now, it haunts me yet,  
That rain I never shall forget.  
A wind swept plain, a wintry morn,  
A group of airmen all forlorn,  
A row of raw recruits who stand,  
In ragged rows, their bags in hand,  
A bewildered, sad, and motley crew,  
Aspiring to become "the few."

In all their innocence they thought,  
To handle aircraft they'd be taught,  
They thought "A bomber waits for you,"  
Was pukka gen and must be true.  
They thought that they'd be welcomed in  
With open arms, they thought they'd win  
Their wings within a week or two  
They thought they'd soon be made air crew.

And these young men, I see them now,  
The sweat of labour on their brow,  
Unheroic, on all fours,  
Defend their country scrubbing floors,  
Forgotten men, down trodden irks,  
Cleaning out the station works,  
Doing 'Jankers', earning pence,  
U.T. blokes on Ground Defence.

And when at last they get their wings,  
They hope among the other things,  
That they will have to do on OPS.  
That all the bloody scrubbing stops,  
And when at last they reach that state,  
I'm sure they will not hesitate,  
To get some unsuspecting ERK  
To carry out the Dirty Work.

Then, after many a weary day  
Spent in this unglamorous way,  
Their moment comes, the hour is nigh,  
To blaze their trails across the sky.  
They take new hope, they polish brass,  
They wear white flashes, but alas,  
They find that in their new domain  
They have to polish floors again.

And so the weary days pass by,  
Without adventure in the sky,  
They sweat at Trig and Law and Gas,  
And march for miles from class to class,  
They learn a subject called HYGIENE,  
They learn to keep the classroom clean,  
But still they hope that there will be  
No scrubbing for an L.A.C.

And then they leave their land of birth,  
To travel miles across the earth,  
Unto a land where men are free,  
(Except, of course, the poor U.T.),  
And then they learn to do the work  
They'd joined to do, but mustn't shirk  
The equally important duty,  
To make the floor a thing of beauty.

## V

# The Skeptical Ghost [Continued]

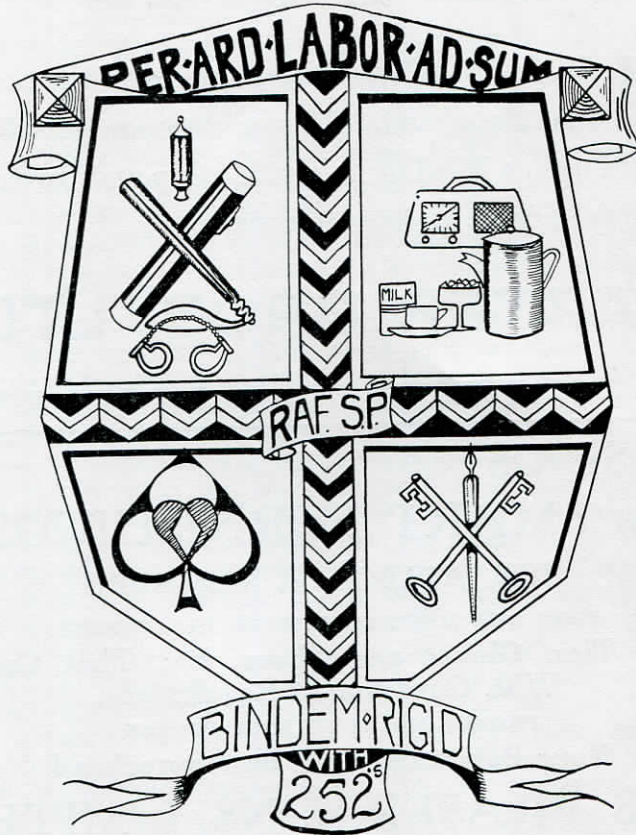
thought on the subject of how many spirits could dance on the point of a needle. An interesting point—thought Ignatius—although he was quite skeptical that it proved anything. "1234567, Smythe, I.A.—struck off the strength," sang out a sergeant. "1234567, Smythe, I.A.—struck off ration strength, same day," sang out a Flight Sergeant, and the typewriters tattooed a lament.

Ignatius floated barrack-room-wards. No dirge for him could be heard. He was most skeptical that Mademoiselle from Armientieres had endured such a prolonged period of chastity—and even more skeptical of the physical powers attributed to Eskimo Nell.

"Old Disgustus wasn't a bad fellow," said a comrade, helping himself to Smythe's razor and socks. "Queer devil," said another, appropriating Ignatius' boots. "The damn fool would go and kill himself when I had a week-end pass due," said a third—and Ignatius followed the trail of his disappearing suitcase.

Suddenly Ignatius felt his skepticism leaving him. In its place was left a feeling of utter sadness and loneliness. And then the miracle happened; a Presence was beside Ignatius. "Are you ready, Smythe?" said the Presence. "Yes," meekly murmured Ignatius. So our hero was lifted up to realms where skepticism does not exist—and, we should like to believe, lived happily ever after.

# Station Heraldry



THIS well-known coat of arms is respected and feared by all personnel serving in the R.A.F. (or nearly all). The first quarter represents the articles of the trade of which I shall do my best to explain more fully. The Torch, for instance, is very useful, especially when conducting the girl friend home at night or finding a convenient spot in the dark. Next comes the truncheon, which besides enforcing order makes a very useful implement in the opening of cans of milk. The whistle comes in useful at Footer or Rugby games and can be lent out at any time upon request.

The next quarter denotes tea, without which no Guardroom would be complete, also the wireless which was subscribed to us by various chaps in return for past favors. In the next quarter are the emblems representing cards. We police are great card players and always open to competition (Hut 18R any time). Our favourite games are Patience, Rummy and Knock Out, but we can manage other games if called upon (25 cents the limit). The last quarter brings to mind thoughts of home and the happy hours we spent in the "Cross Keys" Tea Rooms, while the pen explains itself and is mostly used for writing home with.

You will observe the tartan running across the sketch and we can assure you that this is not Scotch mist. The mottoes we try hard to live up to, especially the bottom one, and so dear readers, here's hoping we see more of each other in the near future.

To 1942

MAY a spirit of humility guide us in the tasks that lie ahead. May a common sacrifice weld us in a bond of human kinship and reveal a vision of happier days to come.

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# Adventure in BULGARIA

IN 1931 when I was in Varna in Bulgaria, I conceived the stupid idea of trying to make a trip by sea from Varna to Burgas, a distance of about 42 miles, in a small fifteen foot hydroplane.

Varna is commonly called the queen of the Black Sea, it is a bathing resort of considerable fame in the Balkans, and is only a little smaller than its sister seaside resort, Constanza in Roumania. On the other hand Burgas is a small, but important shipping and export town further south.

It was impossible to take a direct route down the coast line because of Point Emminey. This point juts out about four miles, and always has nasty choppy seas running around it, no matter how smooth it is farther out. After this there is a long run of land, towards Burgas.

My hydroplane, the "Speed Nymph" was fifteen feet in length and powered by a 32 Johnson, sea horse outboard motor, with a maximum speed of 40 M.P.H. with two up. Her hull was very thin, and did not like being strained on big waves, so the day had to be chosen carefully. I emphasize this, because the Black Sea got its name for its well known treachery, and its aptitude to suddenly produce a short and sharp hurricane from nowhere, and this is exactly what happened to us.

I say us, because the party consisted of Prince Kyrie, (King Boris of Bulgaria's brother), myself, and a Bulgarian boatman called Christoff. It was decided to start at daybreak on the 15th of July, and accordingly the previous night she was filled up with petrol, oil, and two large four gallon tins of spare petrol. Notifying the harbour guard that we would be starting at about 4.00 a.m. and having had the boat searched for heaven knows what, we were told we could go. The prince was travelling under an assumed name, because we did not want any publicity or crowds rushing around us.

We set off in grand style, and left Varna harbour at 4.15 a.m., speeding along in the dark at about 25 knots. We swung out to sea, and when about four miles out, and clear of any obstruction, we turned to starboard and headed for Burgas at a good 30 knots. Speed Nymph seemed to enter into the fun of the show, for her engine fumed away, and her bow was lifted gracefully out of the water. The propeller wave was a little white mound of water rushing along behind us at a steady constant speed, and our bow wave left two white strips running into the blackness on either side. At this speed we would be in Burgas easily within the hour, but none of us had taken the Black Sea and Point Emminey into consideration.

After we had covered ten miles, a slight sea started, which necessitated cutting down speed to alter course towards land. The waves appeared to be coming from our starboard bow, from the direction of Emminey, so we decided that as the light was improving, to head straight at the shore and then cut across the end of Emminey, and turn again to port to put Speed Nymph's nose into the wind. This appeared a simple evolution, but of course would lengthen our trip by about 10 miles.

I knew the water was deep close in, so left her going until we were within 300 yards of the shore. Just as we were turning to port to get back on our course, there was a nasty noise like the crack of a whip, and

a 'plonk' into the water about fifty yards behind us. Yes! it was a bullet, followed by many more. Some damn fool guard had mistaken us for a smuggling gang, and they don't ask questions out there, they shoot first. It was at Kyrie's suggestion that I turned hard away, and gave the engine the gun. We simply tore across the water, heading for the black tip of Emminey, now about two miles out on our starboard bow. By this time, the sea was really nasty, and we were beginning to hop and jump about like a cork. It was also easy to see that Christoff was scared even more than I was, and that was saying a lot. However, I shouted to Kyrie, that I would lek her going, and sweeping round the end of the point, head for a custom's port at the end of the bay to report what had happened. Round we swept, within two hundred yards of the point, that rose sheer into the air above us, engine grand, boat dashed wet, and our seats complaining of the bumping they were getting. Just as we cleared, with my hand on the throttle to ease down, we hit. Lord knows what it was, but we seemed to leave the water completely, and come back again amidst a smother of foam. Christoff was lying on his face in the stern, shouting, I was snow white in the face, and Kyrie was struggling to empty one of the big spare petrol tins. The engine appeared to be alright, but we had split our hull, and were making water fast. I roared at Christoff to pass an axe along to Kyrie, to cut off the top of the tin. We jettisoned our other tin, and began to bale feverishly. I had to remain in the bow at the wheel and headed her for the only bit of sand we could see, about two miles away. Kyrie told me to give Speed Nymph all she had, but it was no good. The water was rising fast, and the engine was getting lower and lower into the water. We were sinking by the stern, and sinking fast. Suddenly, Christoff lost his head, he dived at Kyrie for the axe, and began trying to chop the engine off the stern board. Mercifully, it was covered in metal, for strengthening. This gave me time to leave the wheel, hop over Kyrie who was busy bailing, and clout Christoff on the side of the head with the only object I could find, namely a six inch spanner. This put him out, and we slowly limped towards the shore. We never made it. Speed Nymph slowly but surely settled by the stern, and the engine with a sob and a grunt disappeared below the surface. We were about a hundred yards from the shore, and swam for it, half drowning the unfortunate Christoff who had come to life again. We got ashore, only to be met by some dangerous looking Bulgar soldiers with rifles at the ready. Kyrie explained who he was, but having no identity cards, because we were dressed in shorts and shirts, they merely laughed. They did, however, give a hand in dragging the poor little Speed Nymph ashore, and then we fell into line, and were marched to the local jail in Emminey village. We tried our best to make explanations as to why we hadn't stopped when fired on, but it was no good.

The three of us were put into a filthy cell, and spent one of the most damnable days I have ever known. Prince Kyrie told them again and again who he was, but this merely called for a lot of laughter. We tried sending messages to Mr. Baker, the Consul in Varna, but they never arrived, or at least so we were told.

Having had no food all day we were nearly starving, so we suggested to our guard, that we would, if necessary, buy our own food, as I had about 150 'Levas' on me. This seemed to appeal to them, especially as we told them they could eat with us. Eat we did, fish, cheese and bread, and then glory be, the guard, our own personal guard suggested that a drink of "Slivo Vitzza" would be welcome. Now "Slivo" is a Bulgarian drink, and is much the same as Vodka, but if anything a bit stronger. We gave the guards as much as they wanted, and when they

became confidential, I suggested we should change to wine. We did little drinking ourselves, but the guard lashed it back in grand style. Our next move was easy. We just walked out, hired a car, a very dilapidated one, to take us to Burgas, and arrived in time to see Mr. Kendall, the Consul, who was about to set out to collect us. We bathed and cleaned ourselves and made arrangements for Speed Nymph to be collected. The story soon got round, and hundreds of Bulgars collected to cheer their Crown Prince. News travels fast in Bulgaria, and by the time the boat was repaired, and the engine dried out, it had been exaggerated to such an extent, that it appeared, we had been sunk by gunfire, Christoff had saved Kyrie, and I was severely injured!

However, our reception at Emminey was glorious. The so called town band turned out, and much to our amusement the Police asked us to have a drink with them, which we paid for. They have a delightful sense of humor, those Bulgars, and appreciated our method of escape, but kept on pointing out, that the only person to get into trouble would be the guard who fired at us—for missing. I asked what would have happened if someone had been killed, his only answer was "Niz Nai" or God knows.

Our journey back to Varna, was grand. Sea good, our spirits full (but not with Slivo) and boat going in great style. We did the 37 miles from Emminey to Varna in just the hour, and received an almost royal reception. All I got out of this was a certain amount of publicity, and a raspberry from the Legation in Sophia for endangering the life of a Royal body!

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# The New Photography

FORTUNATELY or unfortunately — it's a matter of opinion — we arrive at the point where polite conversation among photographers, both professional and amateur, abruptly ceases to be polite and develops into a first-class shindig. I refer, of course, to the cameraman's No. 1 argument, composition. What exactly is this menace on which so much potential photographic energy has been expended? To ask a lensman to define composition is fatal. It will start an eruption only equalled by a swing fan trying to explain his swing. It has been called "the rhythmic and balanced arrangement of proportions of tone masses," and that is about as clear a definition as I have heard. So you can see what I am up against. In fact there is absolutely no hope of saying all that can be said in one little article — so first let's see what it's all about, and next month discuss what can be done to help you compose your pictures.

It all began in the days when a photographer needed a truck to carry all his equipment around. The school of thought (?) laid down certain set rules of composition — among them being that your main theme should lie in a circle, triangle, "L" or "S" shape — and unless the budding cameraman strictly adhered to these commandments he was regarded as a revolutionary, saboteur, fifth columnist, or whatever was fashionable in those days. Furthermore he had absolutely no chance of ever crashing a salon. Luckily, in 1942 we are more tolerant, more broad-minded, and have enough sense to know that ninety per cent. of composition is purely a matter of personal taste, interpretation, and feeling. Our grand-daddys would have never dared take a "looking down" shot, or tried to show what the world looked like from ground level. Even if they had had the audacity to be original, they couldn't do it—their cameras being far too big and cumbersome. They would have had quite a time climbing a telegraph pole, complete with whole-plate (and tripod) to get some new angle. Seriously though, I believe therein we have the root of all the trouble — the fact that our cameras have undergone such violent changes in design and capabilities. In this day and age the vast majority of cameramen use the miniature, that amazingly light and handy miracle of metal and glass that can record life, as we see it, swiftly — and without an hour's preparation before each shot. And with the coming of the miniature our technique had, of necessity, to change.

Now the diehards — those devotees of the plate camera — insist that one must compose right to the edges of the negative, and they can more or less do it with their focussing screens, provided they have lots and lots of time on their hands; but with the miniature (and here come the screams of protest) it is impossible to compose a picture perfectly, and right to the edges of the negative, in its tiny finder. How often have you dutifully peered into the finder, striving to compose your subject to the dictates of that fetish, the negative's edge, only to find time and time again that your eye was not keen enough to discern some minute object that threw your composition to the winds when you blew your negative up to 8 x 10?

A new technique had to be evolved. I have found that the best place to compose your picture is in the darkroom. That doesn't mean that you can totally ignore composition when taking a shot, but only that your final picture will be created in your enlarger. Unscrupulous? Possibly, but it gets results, which, after all, is all that matters.

Further discussion on this new technique will have to be left until next month as I have talked the Editor into printing several pages of pictures in this issue, and to even things up he's only permitted me these six hundred words. Perhaps it's just as well.

*Picture of The Month*



"MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE . . . ."

—Ward

A SALUTE TO OUR NEW ALLY

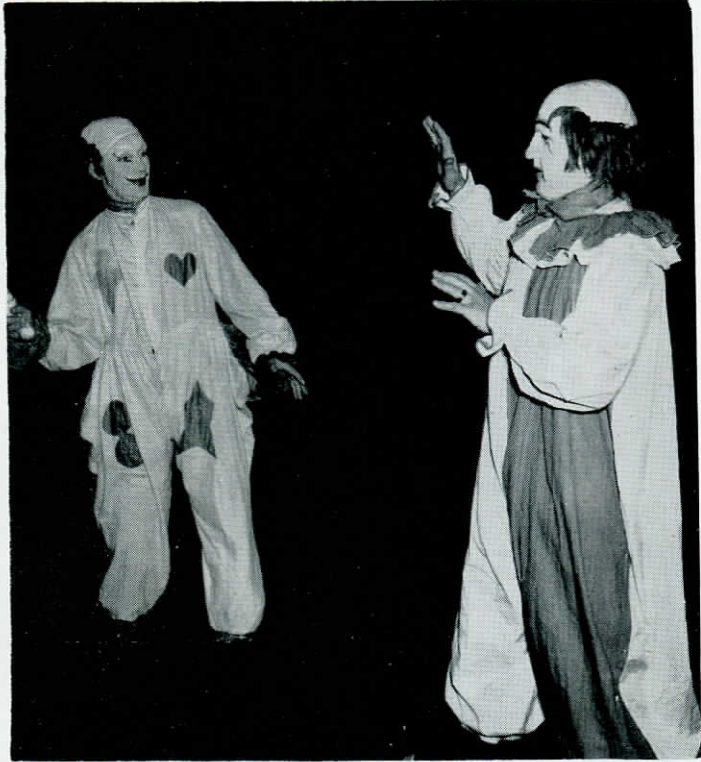
## CHILDREN'S PARTY

Right:

The clowns, Cpl. Rigby and Sgt. Rice, caused shrieks of laughter from children and adults.

Below:

The Padre, S/Ldr. H. J. White and P/O. F. M. Senior learn from one of the little visitors, the intricacies of "Oranges and Lemons."



Right:

The slide was a great centre of attraction.

Group Captain Keith and "C.G. Junior" (Flight Lieutenant Holland Martin's son) are seen here enjoying a dive.



Below:

"The Belle of the Ball," Little Miss Boucher, assisting Father Christmas.



Right:

Smile please.  
Are We  
Down  
Hearted!



## AIRMEN'S CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR DINNERS

Below:

The Messing Officer (F/Lt. F. Hartnell and his Staff.



Right:

F/Sgt. Bruty  
and Sergeant  
Stringer sign  
for Cpl's Dud-  
ley, Burfoot  
and Duffett  
and L.A.C.  
Smith.



“GIVE US THE MENUS WE’LL SIGN ’EM”

Below—Squadron Leader Sir Alexander Seton Reaches the  
500 mark.



Right:

Too full even  
to smile.



### SERVICE — WITH A SMILE



Left:

Wing Com-  
mander P. W.  
Lowe - Holmes  
issues the soup.



SERGEANTS'  
and  
AIRMEN'S  
DANCES

THE Airmen's Christmas Party and Dance was a popular event and took place in the Armouries just before the Christmas and New Year leaves. Group Captain and Mrs. Keith and several other Officers and their wives were guests.

The hall was very well decorated by Cpl. Smale and his cohorts and with the newly formed Station Dance Orchestra, under F/O. Fallon, providing the music, everyone seemed to be having a good time. Numerous prizes were won by various dances as spot prizes, jitterbug competitions, etc., and taken down from a lighted Christmas Tree. The refreshments were much enjoyed by the throng which surged before the tables at the interval.

Right:

Ft.-Lt. F. Hartnell in the role of official tipster of the Boxing Day Gallops held in the officers' mess. His voice was in perfect condition but the tipping left much to be desired. The races were very much enjoyed by all present—"fortunes" being won and lost on each race.



Below:

A group of officers, their wives and friends at Ladies' Night in the Mess, December 26th. It was a very jolly party. Following a real slap-up dinner, races and games were enjoyed. The novelty of the party was in the form of partner choosing. Regardless of one's partners on entering the mess, each lady and gentleman was handed one half of a proverb. It was then necessary to find the other half in order to secure a partner for the evening.

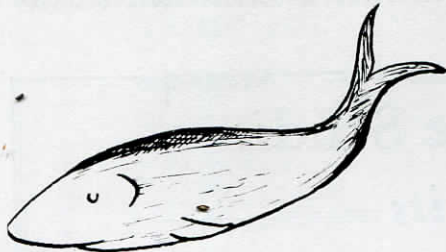


# APART FROM ALL THAT

## New Year Resolutions (Or the Morning After the Night Before)

In view of the particular circumstances appertaining to the peculiar situation in which one is liable to be involved quite possibly in stealth and various portions of nonsense, it would appear to be a good thing to give up making resolutions altogether. Not to be put off, however, with a flood of meaningless verbiage I propose with great sacrifice and loss of life to give up the following:

1. Drinking water, in any case it rusts the pipes.
2. Eating caviar — this in case you did not know comes from virgin sturgeon.



3. Walking—one should economize in boot leather anyway.
4. Smoking—my own cigarettes — one does not wish to be churlish and refuse what is obviously a gesture of appreciation of one's sterling worth.
5. Paying Income Tax—quite obviously it must cause the accounts department a lot of trouble, it would be much easier just to take all my pay without any messing about.

One cannot be reasonably expected to give up anything else or life would become completely miserable.

### Miss Slapham Pours

Miss Slapham is receiving for the first time on Wednesday the umpteenth. Her mother, Mrs. Franskisseniore will receive with her (she hopes). Mrs. Franskisseniore will be gowned in sky blue pink ensemble with wine accessories — her mother will wear the new shade of Blacksea Blue with coal accessories. Pouring tea will be Miss Hifenpotts, assisting in the tea room will be the Misses Holland, Hannen, and Cubitts. Pouring beer will be Mr. Nifkinmills, if his wife doesn't catch him. Assisting in the cellar will be the old friend of Mr. Nifkinmills, Major "Fruity" Madhouse — Major Madhouse is not expected to stay long, only until the beer is all gone. Mr. Nifkinmills will then probably find the bottle of Scotch he hid earlier and pour a noggin for Miss Heartenell—if his wife isn't looking.

## FURTHER CONVERSATIONS WITH PILOT OFFICER AWKWARD

P.O. Awkward. (Somewhat in his cups). I shay.

Long Suffering Mess Member. Yes?

P.O.A.—Ishn't it awful.

L.S.M.M.—What's awful?

P.O.A.—All over placsh, mosh dishconsh shockingsh.

L.S.M.M.—What's all over the place.

P.O.A.—Mind you, far from me, be it to shay a wordsh.

L.S.M.M.—(Gets up). Now look here old chap, what's on your mind?

P.O.A.—Lovely white soft thingsh, all over roadsh.

L.S.M.M.—White what old chap?

P.O.A.—Notishes and thingsh very exsh-traordinary.

L.S.M.M.—Notices?

P.O.A.—Never should be lefsh all over roadsh.

L.S.M.M. — Quite old man, I thoroughly agree.

P.O.A.—No plash for ladiesh, all over roadsh.

L.S.M.M.—(Rather weakiy). I'm afraid I don't quite.

P.O.A.—Furthermore, notish outside camp shays sho.

L.S.M.M.—What notice.

P.O.A.—Shoft Shouldersh, Shurprised at Government putting notishup.

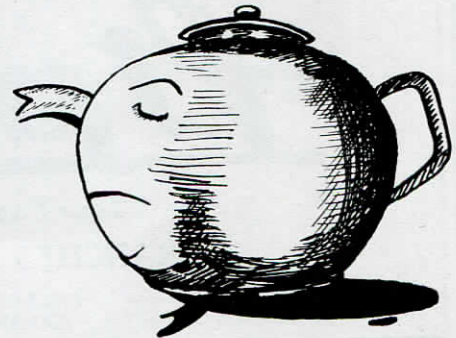
L.S.M.M.—Soft shoulders, that's nothing to do with . . .

P.O.A.—I shall pershionally remove it. Itsh a blotsh on the fair name of the dishtrict and tel girlsh.

L.S.M.M.—Come along, old chap, we'll go to bed shall we?

P.O.A.—Firsht shall remove all notishes.

L.S.M.M.—All right old chap, come along, (Both exit slowly).



[Continued on Page Thirty-One]

**GREETINGS - - -**

**TO OUR FRIENDS**

FOR your patience and co-operation under war-time conditions we are deeply grateful and extend to you all a Happy New Year that will bring Peace and Victory.

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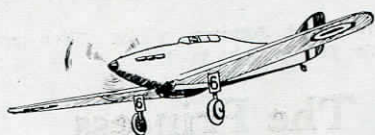
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TRENTON  
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## APART FROM ALL THAT [Continued]



### Your Job

One day my lad you'll stand in camp  
And see an aeroplane,  
Maybe look up and say now that's  
The reason that I came  
To join up in the service  
And try to do my bit,  
To sail away above the clouds,  
Not think, and write, and sit.

But I don't get that kind of job,  
My job its kind of tame,  
In fact I feel at times that I'm  
Not in this ruddy game  
To sit and peel potatoes,  
To type out lots of tripe,  
To drive a heavy lorry or  
Just stand and fix a pipe.

And that's the kind of feeling,  
That far too often comes  
To people who stay on the ground,  
Not fliers them, like some  
They may be fitting rivets,  
They may just clean the place,  
Yet right inside the heart of all  
They want to be an ace.

But don't think that the job you do,  
Because you cannot fly,  
Is one that doesn't matter  
That my lad is all my eye.  
To make that engine function  
They must have chaps like you,  
To fit on all the nuts and bolts,  
And other things you do.

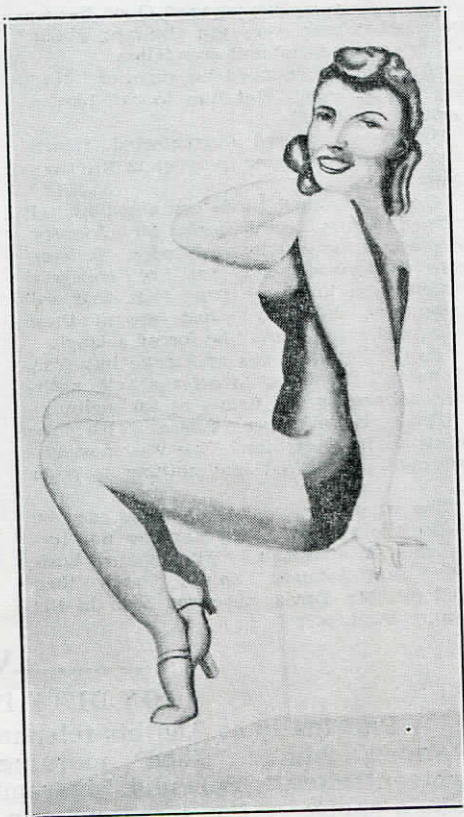
And when that pilot's done his job  
He'll come back for his tea,  
And how's he going to get it?  
If it weren't for you and me,  
And someone's got to fill up, too,  
A form about the trip,  
With lots and lots of columns  
Which gives a chap the pip.

For every aircraft in the air,  
There's people on the ground,  
And if those chaps don't do their jobs,  
The kites'll be earthbound,  
So polish up those teaspoons,  
And hit that nail like hell,  
The chap who's worth his salt my lad,  
Does any job damn well.

### Service for Ladies

It seems to be a growing practice to adopt a film star as a sort of glamour mascot. Carberry have adopted Rita Hayworth—so she's booked—but there are lots of others.

The services of this column are therefore at your disposal for this project. Write down the name of the lady you think suitable for this high honour and state briefly why;—drop your suggestion in the "Wings" box in the Canteen. The lady getting the most votes will be duly contacted, and full details about it all will appear in next month's issue.



## And Without A Paddle

The Bank Manager removed his hat and coat and hung them in the corner cupboard. It was a bright September morning, he felt good—very good.

He lit a cigarette and rang for his assistant, amusing himself mean-while in blowing smoke rings up to the high ceiling.

His young assistant entered briskly. "Good morning Mr. Davis, had a good leave I hope."

"Very pleasant, Hemingway, thank you, I hope all has gone well in my absence."

"I think you'll find everything in order Sir. I have been able to arrange a new loan of \$2,000 for Mr. Johnson."

"Johnson?" mused the manager. "Is that the Johnson who is the Chairman of the Chemical Works?"

"No," replied his assistant, Mr. C. A. Johnson, the farmer.

"Well no doubt you obtained the necessary collateral, Hemingway," beamed the manager.

"As a matter of fact, Sir, I didn't," his assistant hesitated. Davis' expression changed abruptly.

"No collateral, Hemingway? Good heavens man, what ever were you thinking about."

His assistant faltered crestfallen.

"No matter," snapped his superior. "I will see him at once. Get him to call here as soon as possible."

Hemingway retired discomfited, returning half an hour later to usher in the sharp featured Johnson.

"Good morning." Davis contained himself with difficulty. "Sit down Mr. Johnson. Now about this-er- loan of yours. It is-er-usual to deposit some sort of collateral security you know. I trust that that will present no difficulty. Just one of those little foibles you know," he forced a laugh.

"Sorry" Johnson was apologetic but firm, "I haven't anything to offer at all, nothing." Johnson gazed firmly at the ceiling.

"Hm," the manager fussed with the papers in front of him. This was most unfortunate—\$2,000 out and nothing to cover it.

"For what purpose, Mr. Johnson, do you require the money." The manager was trying another approach. "The manure business," said Johnson calmly, and then "Tell me, Mr. Davis, have you been in the manure business?"

"I am-er-afraid that I have never had that privilege." Davis looked rather surprised.

"Well," said Johnson, rising, "You are now, Mr. Davis, right in it."

## The Princess Awakes

Quietly the third lady in waiting entered the great bedchamber, followed by a maid-servant bearing a tray. The tall hangings of the great fourposter, gleaming faintly in the morning light, stood proudly in their stiff folds as if to guard the lovely form that lay fast asleep.

Gently the maid drew back the heavy curtains, and the figure stirred faintly 'neath the silken sheets. It was possible now to see the breath-taking loveliness that was hers, features exquisite beyond description, crowned by a head of golden curls.

Gradually the long lashes parted and the deep grey eyes looked up into the light of day. A few minutes and she sat up in bed, to drink the delicate tea served by her attendant lady. She did not speak, and through the silence of the great room was heard nothing but the distant sounds of the great palace, preparing for another day. Slowly she pushed back the silken sheets, and assisted by her lady donned the sandals and the exquisite negligee. The beautiful figure worshipped through the length and breadth of the land, showed faintly through the delicate coverings.

Slowly she rose to her feet, and with grace in her every movement, moved slowly over to the high window. Pulling back the filmy hangings she gazed quietly at the glorious view that lay spread beneath her eyes. And as she gazed she spoke:

"Gor blimey" she said. "It's rainin'."

### With Apologies to 43 Squadron Line Book.

A Fury giving an aerobatic display at a strange aerodrome, for an even stranger Embassy, lost its prop and spun in, during a vertical upward roll.

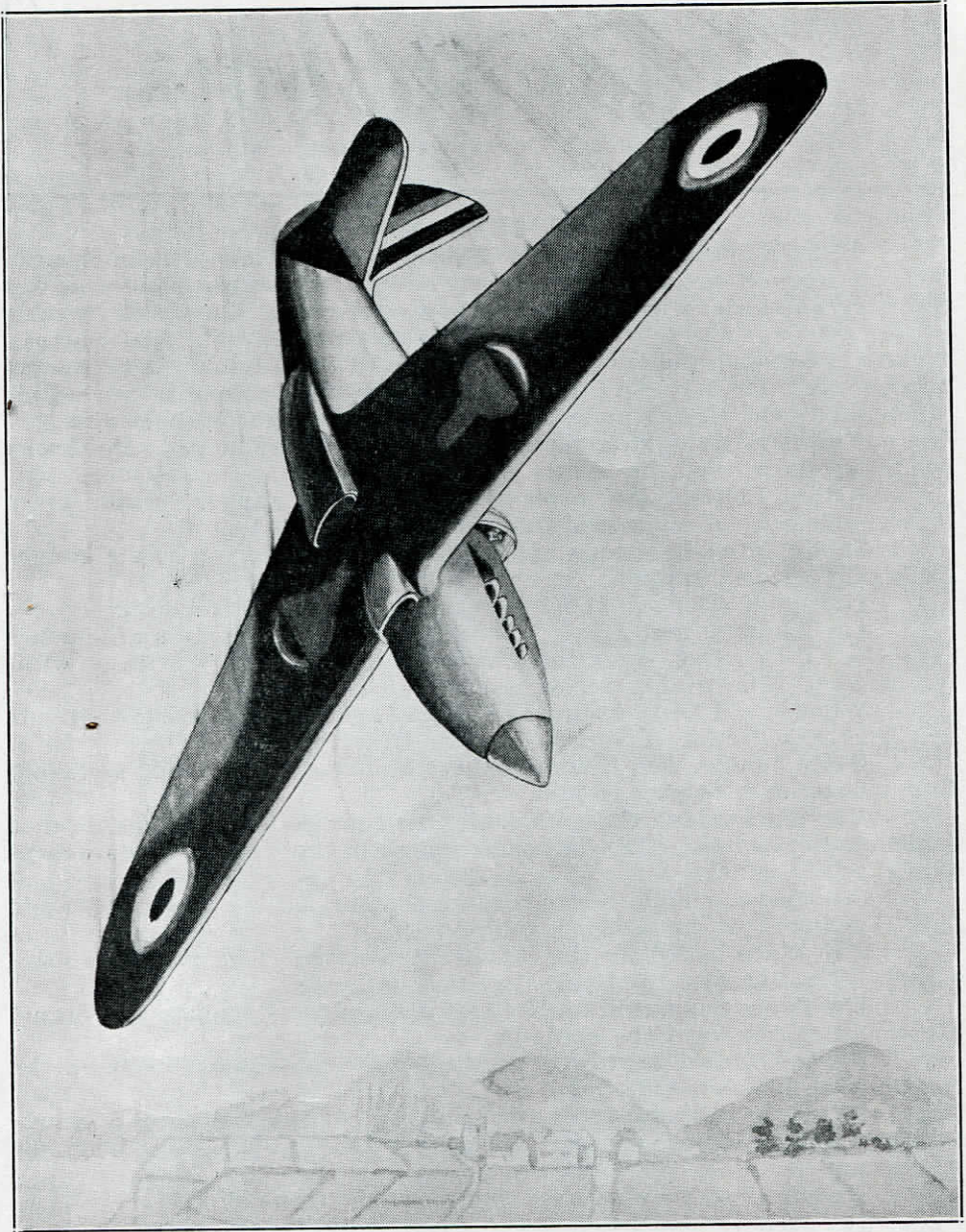
The home engineering officer, suspecting "ham" use of the throttle, telephoned the following request to the clerk of his opposite number at the scene of the involuntary descent. "Please measure the distance from the throttle to the gate."

Ten minutes later the self same clerk called him back and said: "Thirty nine yards, two feet, seven inches." Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ asked, "How the hell did you know it crashed near a gate."

## V

### ON DUTY IN OTTAWA

Punctually at 7.30 his telephone bell rang, and a charming voice informed him: "Good morning, it's seven-thirty and we're eighteen below." "Splendid," he replied, "then send up three: I'd like to make a choice — I'm very lonely up here"!



“ATTACK”

# Roundabout

Being a Space Devoted to the Goings On in Camp

## OFFICERS' MESS

"I gotta horse, I gotta horse," sure he had a horse—six of them in fact, no, make it seven, his throat was one in the morning and that was the only one that won so far as I was concerned. What did Frankie Senior get out of it ? ? ? that's easy, he got gypped out of it—partner, nickles, week-end and everything. Heard David Looker say to Bill Wodehouse, "Oh boy isn't that one bowlegged" — replies wise Bill: "Lookout David, there's many a poor fish been caught on bent pins."

The C.O. can't get anybody in a dice game any more — he throws too many sixes, even the horses were beginning to get suspicious.

Arthur Boucher just loves playing hide the slipper (reason given if you enclose a self-addressed stamped liquor permit.)

Sandy Seton has made application for remustering to air gunner (will provide own cannon).

Harvey Kohler ran short the other night but not for long.

Lap Lapham and Frank Hartnell will take all comers at snooker —on their own terms—very short terms, striped or baggy, with or without buttons. The winner gets a hair singe (he did).

What would Dennis Maw be doing hanging over a window sill one evening? Ask Tommy Thomas—He was Orderly Dog.

David Looker has become expert at fire-eating or hot panhandling, makes no difference to him.

Mac MacFarlane claims it isn't true that he is going to consult a fortune teller as to whether he was or wasn't in that car on the date mentioned.

Bill Garrod should really take up skating, falling down stairs and the "Welcome" on the mat, ask Slim Avent.

Roy Ware called up the butcher and asked: "Do you keep dripping?" The butcher, "Yes pal, ain't it a nuisance."

The Padre has put in an E-42 for a soundproof room or a shotgun. He would rather have the shotgun.

Horace Shield borrowed an "ashtray" one night. What's the matter with his own ashtray?

Stib Stibbard wants to know who mailed the last copy of wings to Santa Claus because he DID get a bow and arrow with a train for Christmas.

Freddie Craft now believes that story about the blind.

There was an F/O. called Watters  
With the ladies quite rarely he  
falters.

The "Lady in Red"  
Went straight to his head,  
His line was something terrific,  
The boys thought it time  
To put a stop to the line,  
So a phone call just did it—  
specific.

Home, Home on the Range,  
Where Thomas and his battle did  
lay,

The snow was too thick,  
So he pulled back the stick,  
Yanked the throttle back to the  
tail.

A nice bit of handling,  
But OH Boy what a landing.  
He was A.W.O.L. for two days.

## ACCOUNTS SECTION

Never a dull moment. Your correspondent was just pulling out of a beautiful balmy daze, when a voice — and what a voice — said: "I want a hundred and fifty words from you about the Accounts." Happy day, it was the old Sheepdog himself. I mean the Editor of course. After ten minutes he took the hint and left. But I still have to find my 150 words. Wait while I count up how many so far. Seventy-six. We're doing alright. Of course I could put in a few cooking recipes, but I'd hate to be accused of being subtle. Maybe, out of a week of just one headache after another, I could find something to say about the people who underpay you. Here is the result of a census taken to find out how many of them enjoyed their leave. 70% said "Yes and no"; 43% said "Mind your own business"; the more polite ones (28.5%) replied "Go away"; 56.4% refused to talk, 13% were incapable of speech, and 2% had hysterics. The remaining 88% were just rude. So maybe I'd better leave anything else I have to say until next month. Funny thing, if you keep on tapping the same little key, how the same little thing insists on coming out, like this . . . . .

## PICTON PEELERS

Well I hope you enjoyed a good Christmas and here's hoping that we see more of each other in the near future. Hope you have thought out your good resolutions for this year, it would save us some trouble, I'll bet. No doubt you have seen our new recruit and wondered. Don't blame us for it, anyone can have it. He awoke one night at 11.15 and asked what the time was. Some bright lad said 7.30 whereupon the aforementioned gets up, dresses and reports for duty. What a lad. He's still worrying us about painting the last post with the striped paint he fetched.

Some people are hoodwinked easily, one of our lads is, I won't mention his name, but he speaks bad Irish with a Scotch accent which reminds me, did you hear of the Scotsman who crawled under the gate to save the hinges, and now please note.

S.P. stands for Service Police and not S"||&\$'/c £? P"||&\$'/@ £?

A 252 is a charge sheet and not a brand of whiskey. Service Police cannot be bribed. (Our hut is 18R).

There's no difference between the Japs and Italians, they're both yellow.

Any more questions. Call at the Guardhouse, don't bother about bringing any cards, we keep a pack for testing drunks. They sometimes complain that they can see spots in front of their eyes. (We make sure they do).

## G. I. S.

No longer do the sweet tones of "Ho! Handmaiden" echo through the dusty corridors of the House of Knowledge. (But who said they were dusty?—if that be the truth I doubt if someone will get off Scot free.) Instead our peace and tranquility has become disturbed by bells and buttons and more bells. Nor does the long arm of the great power wax short since the lifting of a finger summons slaves from distant corners. But

[Continued on Page Thirty-Seven]

# *Teasel's Rexall Drug Store*

SODA FOUNTAIN - - - TEA ROOM

PERFUME BAR

KODAK FILM

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

AN IDEAL PLACE TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS

PHONE 172 - - - - PICTON



YOU CAN BE SURE  
OF SHELL

- Now is the time the Walrus said,  
To speak of many things—  
Of ships and cats and sealing-wax,  
And cabbages and kings.  
And that reminds we all you chaps,  
It's time you wrote for wings!

## ROUNDABOUT [Continued]

be careful! — there are traps for the unwary — we still have not received that oxometer! By the way, we know of one officer who got his Christmas present, and spent it in Belleville—or did he?

Our recent clear-out in the library brought to light at last the true answer to the following oft-disputed abbreviation. Truth must out.

A.C.2 Air Commodore (2nd Class).

G.D. Generally dirty.

Obs. Obsolescent

U/T Undiscovered talent.

F.O. Flat Out.

S.A.I. Shy and Ignorant.

And last but not least—

G.I.S. Ground Into Submission.

and so am I until next month.

### C FLIGHT

The past month has surely been a very memorable one for most with the background of Christmas, and New Year activities still fresh in our minds, and our more recent “adventures” on skates, painfully reminding us that the near perpendicular is the correct posture for this pastime.

The holiday arrangements were very well planned, and not a single moan has reached my ears on any score, that in itself is a tribute of the first order.

Christmas dinner seemed a very edible affair, altogether, and very ably served by the senior N.C.O.'s, and officers, whom I trust had their “Working Blue” on, for the soup was rather thin.

Skating seems to have absorbed most of our attention since the flooding of the rinks, and the freezing of the bay. This is the first time some of us have attempted the sport, so do not be dismayed if you should feel that you need some splints to hold your ankles from dislocating at vital points. They will eventually, so I am told, toughen up to their job.

We have settled in our new domain quite comfortably, and the “C” Flight spirit is beginning to make itself apparent once more.

We welcome back to the Flight F/Sgt. Bennett, or rather W.O. Bennett, a rumour of his promotion has just penetrated our “Den.” Congratulations both on your promotion and on welcoming your wife from across the Pond—W.O. Bennett—how did you do it?

Much heralded, the 3rd echelon has at last arrived, somewhat depleted in numbers, they appear to have saturated into various depots en route to Picton. For those who did reach us here “C” flight extends a hearty welcome and hope to see a few of your numbers in our midst.

There is a frantic rush these days to push the “Kites” out, not on the “Erks” part, for they, bless them, are chiefly to be found in the “Funk-Holes” that exist so numerously on the south side of the Hangar—It is a great pity a “Battle” will not fold up small enough to push through the keyhole door, to eliminate the necessity of opening draughty doors.

Keep 'em flying, and don't let the weather get you down.

## STORES

Bewildered Flight Storekeepers wonder just what goes on behind the closely portals of the R.A.F.'s Fred Karno department. Retiring beneath a shower of invective with dimly remembered instructions about E.42s and other pro-forma and pro-fauna, they whisper among themselves fearfully. It is right that we should clear their shadowed minds. See, we lift the curtain and take you by the hand to peer amid the awful gloom. . . .

We see one LAC. fighting terrific battles on paper and occasionally losing them. Another sits in splendid majesty, contending impartially with vouchers, jugs, and the Airmen's Mess. He is ably assisted in these good works by one sergeant, one flight-sergeant and one of the "Upper Ten."

Moving on, we see before us what bears a marked resemblance to an earthquake in a junk shop. Actually, this is nothing less innocuous than the snatch, match and despatch section, known familiarly as R. & I. Here are all manner of things, ranging from striped paint to boxes of nut-holes and similar useful articles. In this province, a Mighty Atom holds sway, lifting cases bigger than himself and moving hither and, occasionally, thither with considerable industry.

If we go a little further we shall be privileged to meet the man who started the "Vee for Victory" movement by placing his footprints in the Sands of Time. (We have no official confirmation of this). He frequently disappears from human ken for long periods and comes back with fishy tales of Local Purchase.

The reigning Petrol King will go down to history as "The Man That Took Dips With an Eleven-Inch Foot-Rule," though we are forced to admit that the fault may justly be laid at the door of that great improvising concern, W. & B., who manufactured the dip-stick, (or should we say—invented it.)

Delving amidst piles of erks' natty, summer, suitings, we may, perhaps, see the most blunt Corporal of all. He appears to be searching for something, a hopeless gleam in his eye.

From there, it is but a short step to the Holy of Holies, lair of the S.E.O.; an Inner Sanctum with its attendant mysteries. It is from here that W.R.B.P. and his right-hand man attempt to keep the wolf from the door of 31 B.G.S.

## V

## THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

HIS heart was pumping madly and his breath came in short gasps, he thought he would never get his second wind and that was his biggest problem, if he was to come through. The drumming in his ears was maddening and he thought it would never cease. He could feel the blood rushing to his head, and his heart began pumping harder than ever before, must it go on for much longer. Now his arms were beginning to go numb and it seemed as though they were not there. His breath came in shorter,—shorter gasps — his lips were dry and his throat felt as parched as the driest desert, it could not last much longer and he thought he would die. I must come through, I've got to, was his uppermost thoughts, and at last, at last, he saw the final bar and gave a whoop of joy as he finished the last long note of his cornet solo.

# The Miniature Rifle Club



THE progress of the Miniature Rifle Club has, from all points of view, been very favorable during the past month.

Active members of the club now number 145 and nightly attendances have averaged 40 members. Since the opening of the range on November 15th, 1941, 14,000 rounds of ammunition have been expended and this figure really indicates the popularity of this recreational facility and the keenness of all club members.

The following have qualified for the Dominion Marksman Bronze Rating and have been awarded the Bronze Pin:

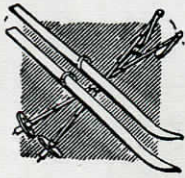
Sgt. Denyer	Cpl. De La Haye	LAC Lewis
Sgt. Mathews	LAC. Screen	LAC Vaughan
Cpl. Giles	LAC Sharp	LAC. Gorfin
Cpl. Knott	LAC. Braid	AC 2 Coombes.
Cpl. Goody	LAC. Bradbury	
Cpl. Tupper	LAC. O'Connor	

Attractive competitions for Station Spoons and Medals have been arranged by the Club Committee and details will shortly be placed on all Station and Club Notice Boards.

The competition is divided into two classes—Skilled Shots and Novices. A Silver Spoon will be awarded to the Highest Score and a Station Medal to the runner up in the Skilled Shot class and a Silver-Plated Spoon and Bronze Medal respectively in the Novice class. There will be no limit to the number of spoons and medals to be awarded except that any one individual may not win more than six spoons and medals.

The Inter Section Competition for the "Da Costa Cup" will be organized by the committee to take place during the month of March, and it is hoped that all Flight Section Commanders will put forward a team for this competition. Rules and details of the "Da Costa Cup" competition will be published early in February.

It is hoped that the Miniature Rifle Club will receive, in 1942, the same enthusiastic support from all members as it has during 1941.



# WINTER SPORTS



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## H.B. TULLY MEN'S WEAR

When in need of Uniforms, Shirts, Ties, Hos-  
iery, or anything in Men's Wearing Apparel,

CALL IN

Make this store your meeting place.  
You Are Always Welcome

We sell and service Uniforms, also Men's  
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Gloves, Hosiery, Pyjamas, Shirts, Underwear.  
Agent for Dack's Shoes

### H. B. TULLY

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OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL

# HOT AIRS



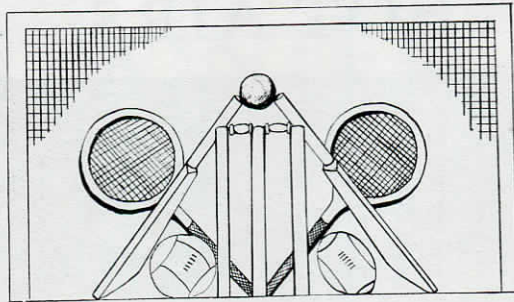
WELL fellows, by this time most of you have heard the Station Dance Band in action. There have been several suggestions as to how it could be improved and they will be acted upon. Our library is growing steadily and before very much longer it should be possible to satisfy everyone who comes along to make a request, only I warn you, don't come along like one fellow did and ask if we play anything by request, and then when told "Yes we do," ask us to play Dominoes.

The above photograph was taken at the Armouries on the night of the Airmens' Dance on December 20th, and I think you will agree it is quite a good one. It would have been better still if Harry Sharpe on Tenor Sax. hadn't had that distinct list to starboard. . . or is it Port? He explains that he was just doing a tough passage and the position helped him to get going.

Since it was taken we have all been fitted with white mess jackets which give the stage quite a "posh" appearance when we are all draped on it. When we donned them for the first time Cliff Hughes, Piano, confessed to an almost irresistible desire to order a double scotch from me. You will notice no mention of soda . . . oh no! Cliff is like that. Incidentally it seems very difficult to get a full face picture of him, they are usually side or back view, but one of these fine days we shall catch him on the hop and get him "bow on" and then you can all get a load of those beautiful dreamy "Tallulah Bankhead" eyes. To be serious for a moment though, I think it can be generally agreed that we are showing some considerable improvement . . . we notice it, for now Nick Carter can play his drum orchestrations in 5 flats without any trouble.

We shall be making much more frequent appearances in the near future for it is proposed to hold weekly dances for the benefit of the Airmen in the Y.M.C.A. Recreational Hall, so until the first one on January 21st . . . . . so long.

# Sports



# Section

## Boxing

So far, for some unaccountable reason, the boxing section hasn't been much of a success. After starting off with 10 chaps the first night the numbers dwindled away, and apart from a couple of enthusiasts the attendance has been very unsatisfactory. The reason for this is difficult to understand, as we have a very good man in L.A.C. Thomas, who is very keen and willing to help you learn the art, and one day you may wish you had taken advantage of this opportunity.

The general moan is that there is no ring or punch bags, but as has been said before, these will be forthcoming when we get sufficient numbers to warrant the expense.

So let us start again this year and prove that there is a need for equipment, and we will get it.

## Basketball

The basketball season is now in full swing, and some very fine games have been played by the Security Guard for the Station in the Airforce Basketball League. We beat Albert College in one match, result Picton 17 points, Albert College 14 points, but we have been beaten in all the other matches: 41 to 44 against No. 5 I.T.S., Belleville, who are unbeaten so far; 21 to 30 against Trenton; and 27 to 35 against Mountain View. So you see we have the Security Guard to thank for a fairly good start.

The Inter-section League is starting this year. This should provide plenty of practice for the Station team, for each section will have at least two games per week, and the Drill Hall is open nightly for anybody who wishes to practice.

## Billiards and Snooker

Now that we have a billiard table, which will be used to capacity during the winter, we should have some competitions played on it. At present we are charging 20c per half hour, and I would like you to cooperate with the billiards committee in booking the table, also, remember, many people like the game, so at present a half hour is the limit any one man can play in one evening, for until we get another table the pressure will be very high, for there are crowds of enthusiasts.

Remember please to be careful with your cigarettes, use the ash trays provided, and do not smoke while taking a shot as the cloth is soon ruined.

## Ice Hockey

Now we have the ice, we want to form an Ice Hockey Team, but we realize many of you have got to learn to skate first, so for the time being we will have to rely on the Security Guard again to get us started, for I understand there are some players among this new bunch.

Quite a lot of fellows have bought skates and the ice has so far been well used, so it's now a case of, we have the ice and we'll do the skating.

The Y.M.C.A. has given us some hockey sticks to practice with, so as soon as you get your skating legs we will have to get some stick practice in.

## Rugger

There is, I am afraid, nothing to report concerning Rugger matches this month, as no further fixtures were possible owing to the first descent of Old Man Winter upon us.

However, it was very gratifying to know that we did play rugger on the last day upon which it was possible, and on that day, a full complement of players turned out, despite the freezing cold wind, to participate in a trial match. This is the spirit which bodes success in the future.

Much has been done on the constructive side of rugger during the past weeks and a Rugby Club has been formed with a view to developing the team spirit that now prevails among the "ruggerites," and keeping the players in close touch with each other during the close season.

With regard to obtaining membership of this club, the following is the line of attack. A form should be obtained from the Club Treasurer, Cpl. Moon, complete this and return to him together with 50c, which is the only membership fee. After that fees are at the rate of 25c per fortnight.

It is hoped that the money thus collected will help pay the expenses of the Station Rugger Team during next season when we are all looking forward to a bigger and better fixture list! Non-playing, as well as playing members, are welcome—and it should be remembered that these members will have the first opportunity of travelling with the Station Team for its away fixtures next season. Therefore, in the old, and well worn, phrase of the R.A.F. we call on those interested to "Join Up."

The Rugby Dinner held at the Globe Hotel, Picton, was a fitting climax to the 1941 season. Seventy-one members and visitors collected there—and all had a really grand time.

It would not be fitting to close this article without mentioning also those two stalwarts of rugger, our Vice-President W/Commander Macdonald, and F/Lt. Swyers, to both of whom we all feel indebted for the very active interest they have taken in the game this year. We all hope they will still be with us throughout the coming season.

Now to close, it gives us very great pleasure to extend to the rest of the Station on behalf of the Rugby Club the wish that this will be a Very Happy New Year—and for more than the obvious reason.

## J. B. Falconer

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SKATES SHARPENED THE WAY  
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A HAPPY NEW YEAR  
TO THE R.A.F.

Overseas Parcels For  
Your Friends Overseas

## Lockwood's

MAIN ST. PICTON PHONE 21

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If You Read This Space,  
So Do Hundreds of  
Others

## C. MEE

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Chec.-Chart Lubrication

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Complete Winter  
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NEVER-FREEZE ALCOHOL  
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AUTOLENE OIL and GREASES

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PICTON - - ONTARIO

- Dunlop Tires
- Exide Batteries



## ENTERTAINMENTS



UNDER the heading of Entertainments must necessarily be found the majority of off-duty activities on the camp except Sports and the Rifle Club. The Entertainments Committee meets every Tuesday evening, and is composed solely of Airmen, the Y.M.C.A. representative, Mr. Morris and one Officer, the Chairman. The committee is representative of all sections on the camp and is composed of enthusiastic volunteers. Ubiquitous, energetic Corporal Smale is Secretary of the Committee and has worked like a Trojan since we have been established in Canada. Since that memorable 1st of April when the 1st Echelon arrived in a new land, entertainments have matured slowly but surely as has the Station.

Establishing a new organization on an R.A.F. Station at least makes one realize the enormous amount which is taken for granted on home Stations with their N.A.A.F.I., E.N.S.A. etc.

Station dances at first held on the camp but laterly in the Armouries have proved to be popular but the future policy of the Entertainments Committee is to hold weekly dances in the Recreation Hall possibly with limited numbers at each dance, but at a considerably reduced entrance charge.

The dances for 1941 culminated in the Christmas Dance and Party, the whole cost of which was generously borne by prominent local citizens, the prizes being donated by well known local stores.

The assistance from the citizens of Picton in running these dances has been great and too numerous to mention and thank in detail but it is hoped that they realize we are all very grateful for what they have done.

We now have our own Dance Orchestra under the very able leadership of F/O Fallon and thanks to W & B, LAC Wilson, LAC. Eccles and many others a very satisfactory stage, one of the best on any Service Station. The Y.M.C.A. continue to provide entertainment in the form of films now under the general direction of their representative Mr. Alf. Morris, who is so ably and regularly assisted by LAC Dyson at the machine in the operators box.

Nineteen Forty-one has seen to our regret the departure of our old friend Andy Reekie. Welcome to his successor, Mr. Morris.

We were very pleased to see that first-class show "Ritzin the Blitz" on our stage which I think, most people who saw the show will agree, was one of the very best amateur or professional shows they have ever seen. We hope they will come and visit us again. Other shows are booked to perform in the Recreation Hall during the winter. Other activities put on by the Entertainments Committee include table tennis tournaments, Housey Housey, Whist Drives, Canteen Smokers, "Sunday evening in Camp" etc. The Committee hopes that personnel advocate the continuance of the news sheet published weekly "What's On" advertising Entertainment and Sports Activities for the week.

The Magazine was originally part of the Entertainments but it has grown into such a lusty, independent child that it has become quite a separate organization of its own.

The 1942 policy of the Entertainments Committee is generally to produce bigger, better and brighter entertainments. Many improvements are planned to make the Recreation Hall and the Billiard Room more comfortable, there will be more dances, as many outside concerts as can be obtained and a general improvement in activities already started. F/Lt. Lapham is working to produce our own Station Concert Party and P/O Senior is going to produce the well known play "Wind and the Rain," one of the hits on the London theatre. Towards the end of March the first Station Revue will occur, with gorgeous girls—real ones—and all sorts of nonsense—but more of that in due course.



We ask everyone to give the Committee all the support possible because more helpers mean more results, and we hope that we have been able to promote things you have enjoyed, if not, let us know and we will do our best to make 1942 a boom year for Entertainments at 31 B & G. S.



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**The Cheapest Meals**  
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 A Special Welcome is  
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**MORDEN'S**  
**Bakery**  
 Home-Made Cake  
 a Specialty  
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 (Three Doors Above Monument)

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**C. A. JONES**

<p>Fresh Fruit and Vegetables</p> <p>Fresh and Cooked Meats</p> <p>PHONE PICTON 6</p>	●	<p>ROYAL AIR FORCE Parcels Packed Here</p> <p>SEND QUALITY GROCERIES TO ENGLAND</p>
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# REGENT THEATRE

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News Comedy
- Jan. 12-13—"Birth of Blues"  
News Comedies
- Jan. 14-15—"Unfinished Business."  
Comedies
- Jan. 16-17—"Very Young Lady"  
News, March of Time  
Comedy
- Jan. 19-20—"New York Town"  
News Comedies
- Jan. 21-22—"Smiling Through"  
Comedies.
- Jan. 23-24—"Man Hunt"  
Disney Cartoon
- Jan. 26-27—"Navy Blues"  
News
- Jan. 28-29—"Lydia" Comedy
- Jan. 30-31—"Scotland Yard"  
"Last of the Duanes" News
- Feb. 2-3—"Feminine Touch"
- Feb. 4-5—"Nothing but the Truth."



## News Item!

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A welcome gift for those back home would be a pair of beautiful real silk hose or the more practical type of fine wool yarns. Visit your nearest C.D.S. Store at your first opportunity and buy hosiery for Mother, Sister, Wife or Sweetheart!

### C.D.S. Hosiery is Priced at:

- **EATONIA LIGHT SERVICE.** Colors: Honeycomb, Suncharm, Brown, Butter, Wine Blush, Smokehaze. Sizes 8½ to 10½. Price per pair ..... **1.19**
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