



# WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R.A.F. PICTON



No. 9 - Mar. 1942

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# “WINGS”

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



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— V —

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## Appreciation

IN APRIL 1941 we received a signal, with some feeling of apprehension, that Group Captain Keith was on his way out to take command. Word went round the camp like wildfire, and much conjecture was made about the kind of C.O. he would turn out to be. The men who knew, who had had the honor to serve with him before, smiled and said, "wait and see." Well, he arrived, and we soon found out.

I remember with mixed feelings his power of observation, because one morning, I came into breakfast with the sleeves of my uniform mended, very neatly mark you, with a thin leather binding. I felt quite pleased with it, but not so the G/C. He hardly looked up, but his comment was enough for me. Anyway, leather bindings are untidy, that is what I think now! Perhaps he may have relented a bit now, with Income Tax where it is!

The G/C's first thought has always been for his officers and men, this was readily proven by the way he took up the aggravating questions of 'income tax,' '5% pension fund' and many other matters which the 'Powers-that-be' did not comprehend. Not many know the trouble to which he went and the work he did to help others. We, who have served with him, realize how lucky we have been, not only to have him as our C.O. but as our helper, adviser and friend in all things. He has been of great value to the Station in handling training where his unique knowledge of armament makes his parting our loss. We know, however, that in the bigger job to which he goes, he will be a considerable gain to the R.A.F. at home.

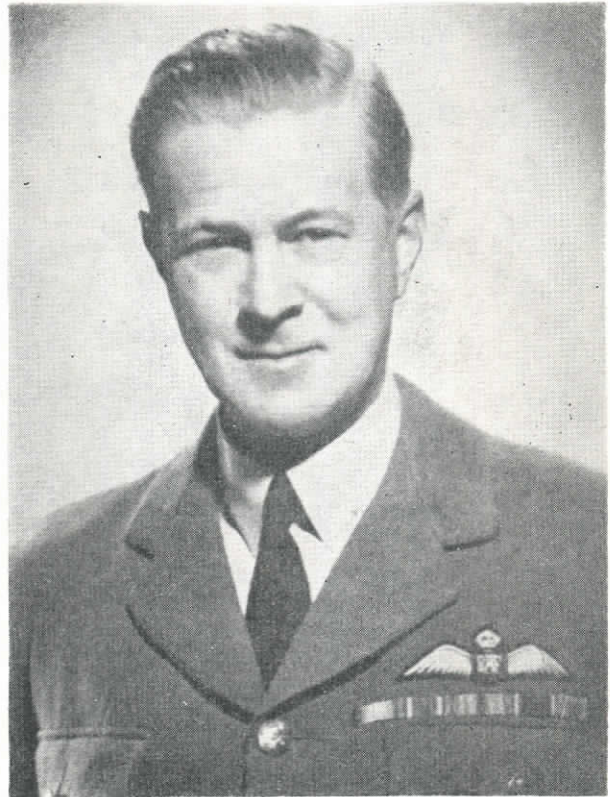
Not only is the success of this station due to his hard work and eagle eye (remember black Wednesdays!) but also much is due to his gracious and charming wife. Mrs. Keith has a smile and a kind word for all, and is a great favourite among officers and men.

We are very sorry that they are going, and on behalf of everyone on the camp, let us wish them a safe trip back.

Good luck and God Bless both of you,

SIR ALEXANDER H. SETON, Bart.

Squadron Leader



## Au Revoir!

Although I was born in Canada I had never lived here, but I had always been desperately keen to spend time in this land of my birth. My sudden posting to Picton was, therefore, a great joy to me. Yet, when I say that I contemplate retiring to spend the evening of my life in Helford, a centuries old Cornish village, it will be realized how deeply I have become attached to England, where I was brought up and educated. I have lived in many places all over the world where the British flag flies and also in South America, and I know most of Europe, but all this world-wandering has merely made me realize the better how truly blessed are those small islands which rejoice in the grand title of "Great Britain." All of you whose origin is in Great Britain have a splendid heritage, and Prince Edward County may be congratulated in having as temporary war-time residents some of the very best blood of "the old country." On our Station we have many highly skilled tradesmen, athletes of proven worth, expert musicians, war-proven pilots and air gunners, experienced senior N.C.O.'s to set a high standard in the Sergeants' Mess, and a team of officers willing and capable of organizing station activities for the general good and happiness of all ranks. With such backing I have always felt our station to be sound at the core, and it has been my pride as well as my privilege to be the first Station Commander of the R.A.F. at Picton.

As Station Commander I have always felt my first responsibility must be to ensure that we carry out our allotted task, but my second very considerable responsibility has always been to look after every one of you on the Station, both generally and individually. Lastly it has been my aim to attempt to provide facilities and sympathy for those who are wise enough to desire to look beyond the horizon of this life, towards the hereafter which inevitably awaits us all. I must stand judgment in the manner of my success or failure under these three headlines. It has always been my belief that a happy station may be efficient, whereas an unhappy station seldom achieves efficiency. In trying to do what I have, I have been very happy in Picton: I hope you may have been happy too. All I have attempted to do has been rendered the easier by an almost universal and wholehearted backing. For this I thank you: in this I suggest you have helped the best traditions of our service and made our common life at Picton the more enjoyable. May good fortune attend you in all your future.

In my future I hope I may meet many of you again—if I may seem short-sighted, do not let this cause me to pass you by.

"Happy have we met—happy may we part, and happy meet again."

C. H. KEITH,  
Group Captain,  
Station Commander

March, 1942.



WING COMMANDER LOWE-HOLMES

THE School has suffered another loss this month, in the posting of Wing Commander Lowe-Holmes, or "Bungalow," as he was more affectionately known amongst airmen. As C.I. he proved himself as having a unique knowledge of both armament and organization. He commanded 31 B. & G. at the outset, and helped considerably towards its rapid formation a year ago. Quiet, steady and hard working, he did his job, but in doing so, had a knack of doing it better than most people, which has been proved by the most important thing of all—results. We have enjoyed the high privilege of being ahead in gunnery especially, of many other schools, and credit for this goes to the C.I.

We wish him the best of luck in his new post at Dafoe, and feel sure that the R.C.A.F. will benefit under his knowledge and guidance.

Good luck to you and Mrs. Lowe-Holmes.

A. H. S.



IT IS with some regret that the magazine plays its part in wishing "Bon Voyage" to Group Captain Keith. Not once since its inception has he been too busy to listen or advise when difficulties have arisen, and the regularity of his contributions bear evidence of his continued interest. This month also, has seen the departure of W/C. Lowe-Holmes, who just 12 months ago collected the original draft and transferred us to Canada. We wish him well in his new appointment and extend hearty greetings to W/C. Humphreys, his successor.

This month we are printing the last article in the series "The Thinker": it is not, however, proposed to drop the idea completely, but to use it, under a different heading, for any serious article of a topical nature. If there are any subjects which you consider interesting to yourself, drop a note into the "Wings" box in the Canteen and we will endeavour to find someone with a knowledge of the subject to write the article. "From First Beginnings" commences a new series of articles dealing with old time customs and their origin: this month the subject is 'Maundy Money.'

With the completion and opening of the new Hostess House, the camp has been provided with yet another attractive place to spend leisure hours. For the R.A.F., this house is something entirely new, for it has no counterpart on English stations. Quite apart from being a place to read, write letters and obtain light refreshments, either Mrs. Kenny or Miss Cook will be pleased to entertain you or assist in the manipulation of your "housewife"!

It is proposed each month to devote the two centre pages of the magazine to photographs of activities on the station or groups of Flights and Sections. For the latter, if anyone has a collection of group photographs suitable for reproduction, please get in touch with the photographic editor. A collection would be even more attractive if it includes 'shots' of members of the Section at work; 'action' shots are always more interesting.

# So You're Going to NEW YORK!

AS MANY of you fellows will be calling on Uncle Sam's greatest city sooner or later—and as likely it will be unknown territory, and time precious—we thought it would be a good notion to publish these impressions to help you make the most of your visit. Although there are five boroughs comprising Greater New York, the heart of the metropolis lies in its smallest, Manhattan, an island of 14,200 of the most valuable acres in the world, connected to the mainland by sixteen bridges and four tunnels. Our notes will be chiefly concerned with Manhattan, for it is here you will find the New York of which you have always dreamed.

Common with most of the New World's cities, Manhattan's streets and avenues are laid out in an orderly fashion—streets running East and West, avenues North and South. So you shouldn't get lost. Fifth Avenue is the dividing line between the East and West sides of the borough. Buses and subways are the chief ways of getting around, though you will have no difficulty in finding taxicabs—your main trouble will be avoiding them.

You'll probably arrive at the Grand Central Terminal located at Park Avenue and 42nd Street—and if you don't, it's worth a visit anyway, particularly to anyone who likes to watch trains. Six hundred and fifty a day pass in and out. And every day 60,000 travellers walk under the star-studded ceiling of the concourse 125 ft. above the floor. Its Information Bureau has answered up to 17,000 queries in twelve hours, without anyone trying for the six dollar question. To me it suggests young children coming in from the West coast, labelled like baggage; old ladies visiting the Big City once before they die—and getting lost from the minute they step off the train.

Contrary to popular impression, Manhattan's greater buildings—the Empire State, the Chrysler, and Radio City — are not huddled together, but are scattered through mid town. If you seek groups of them you'll have to go down town to the Financial Section, typified by Wall Street . . . where by lifting a telephone receiver a million is made—or lost; where dreams come true, move to Madison Avenue—and those that don't, take a walk down to the East River.

Thinking of big business brings us naturally to Rockefeller Centre, which runs from 5th to 6th Avenues, and from 48th to 51st Streets. It has 22 restaurants, 13 schools, 22,000 telephones, and any amount of wrong numbers. It houses the vast N.B.C. studios in spite of their commercials. For a magnificent vista of the city, by day or night, take your life in your hands, and one of its 198 elevators to the Observation Roof, 70 floors up in the clouds. Still talking of figures, the Rockettes play daily to an audience of 6,200 in the Music Hall, which would be worth visiting even if they didn't. Twenty-six thousand humans work in this gigantic ant-hill—keep it breathing—and the Rockfellers in the money.

My only impression of the Aquarium is of little fish and big fish outstaring each other.

Fifth Avenue . . . with its Irish cops, and its beautiful women, whose aura of supreme self-confidence comes only with the knowledge of their beauty. Between this temple of fashion and Columbus Circle,

North lies Central Park. . . . "miles of beautiful paths"—where stuff-shirts ride horses, and flannel shirts walk; its zoo, its hamburges, and its sports fields; the melting pot of the metropolis, where May and June romance, while December—covered with yesterday's Mirror—sleeps on a park bench.

If you've a pocket full of small change that you want to get rid of, then visit an automat—where you can get a full course dinner, from soup to nuts, out of a slot.

Sports fans will want to visit Madison Square Garden at 50th Street and 8th Avenue, along with several thousand others. In that line also is the Yankee Stadium, home base of the "Yankees," at 161st Street and Jerome Avenue. The N.Y. Giants may be found, oddly enough, at the Polo Grounds located at 155th Street and 8th Avenue. If skating is your dish, then hey-ho for the Gay Blades at 239 West 52nd Street.

There is no admission charge to the Statute of Liberty. Boat trip from the Battery costs 35c.

Our Mayor's brain-child, La Guardia Airport, is on Grand Central Parkway in Queens. Admission fee for sightseers, 10c. Maybe you don't care for busman's holidays.

Coney Island, playground of a million men-in-the-street—along with their families—is situated on Long Island, an hour's trip by subway. Here you'll find surf bathing, a wonderful boardwalk (but don't try walking on it), a thousand different ways of throwing away your money, in fact, anything but a square foot of unoccupied sand.

Cleopatra's Needle—no relation to the one in London, England—is located at 82nd Street and the East Drive in Central Park. Cleopatra must have gone in for a lot of sewing.

Among other things to be seen in the daylight is the Hayden Planetarium (81st Street and Central Park West) which dramatizes the stars—and I don't mean the movie variety. If time permits you could also cover the University at 181st Street and University Avenue, the Chrysler Building at 42nd Street and Lexington Avenue, Ripley's "Believe It or Not" Odditorium—48th and Broadway, and the Wax Museum on Broadway at 50th. The Greyhound Bus Line, which runs guided tours has terminals at 50th Street and 8th Avenue, 34th Street and 7th Avenue, 43rd Street and Broadway, 45th Street and Broadway.

Note for Photographers: the only way to get skyline shots is from the water. Take the B.M.T. subway to Whitehall Street—and at the Battery you'll find ferry boats running trips around the island. Season, May to October inclusive; fare, \$1.50; times, 10.30 and 2.30.

At night the city takes on a new magic, and excitement runs high. Broadway; that one-time Great White Way, where more orange juice is drunk than in any one other street on earth; exists only between 42nd and 59th Streets (beyond these boundaries having nothing on your own Main Street); but within them is the rowdy, the fabulous, and the sordid; famous successes, unknown suicides, and flea circuses; a thousand electric signs that make a mockery of Night. Subject of course to the Little Flower's blackout plans. Times Square on Broadway and 7th Avenue, from 42nd to 47th Streets . . . . where at 2.00 a.m. you'll find—vainly competing with the flashing news-sign on The Times Building—newsboys screaming tomorrow's headlines at the crowds, its hundred theatres and clubs disgorging into the night; tired crowds that call a taxi, and go home to bed; the crowds that seek further entertainment until dawn itself sneaks over the spikey skyline.

The Pennsylvania Roof . . . jitterbugs' Seventh Heaven, Utopia, and Shangri-La all rolled into one session; could be that one Glen Miller

—who took swing out of the rut, and put it in the groove—waves a baton there. But if your tastes are at the other end of the scale, you'll visit Carnegie Hall, where Park Avenue and 10th Street East listen to great musicians and greater music; and Time limps on.

If you seek columnists, cameramen, and cover charges, Manhattan can well provide . . . . . Sherman Billingley's Stork Club, Lindy's, Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, Leon and Eddie's, the 21, La Martinique, the Copacabana, the Havana-Madrid, Dinty Moore's, the Casino Russe, the Beachcomber, Sardi's, the La Conga, the Persian Room in the Hotel Plaza, the Hurricane, the Versailles, and of course, the El Morocco—where, as Ed. Sullivan says, "600 of the '400' battle for 200 seats." The New York Information Center is located at 42nd Street and Park Avenue.

If you want to be like any other tourist then include Harlem and the Village—but be warned that both have been completely commercialized.

But if you're not a sophisticate—or haven't many of the blue chips—I suggest visiting a part of the city that only New Yorkers who know their Manhattan get around to. The lower East side from 14th Street down to Houston Street. Here is where the name "cosmopolitan" was born—Little Italy, the Roumanian and Russian Colonies, Chinatown, the Ghetto and a dozen more nationalities have all given color and their own customs to this part of the borough. It is here you will find more fun and gaiety than anywhere else. Visit the Kretchma on 14th Street, the dozens of small cafes (who put their tables out on the side-walk during summer) and theatres on 2nd Avenue, and the Church of All Nations.

Here you are getting very near the real New York . . . the New York that lies behind the brownstone front, and the tenement . . . . . stripped of its glamour and tinsel; proud edifices of steel, glass, and concrete rearing their heads into the clouds; playboys and breadlines; authors, actors, and people who work; the rich that play at Jones Beach—the eastside kids that keep cool under a fire hydrant; the peace of Grant's Tomb—the tumult of the subway; a \$600.00 a month penthouse—ten thousand two-room apartments; stage doors, chromium doors, and dark doors; little ferry boats and great liners; 8,000,000 souls, white, black, and others, who are New York . . . the people who built it as far as the eye could see, then upwards to the stars . . . and to know New York you must know the teeming, struggling, scrambling millions that made it the greatest city man has ever known.



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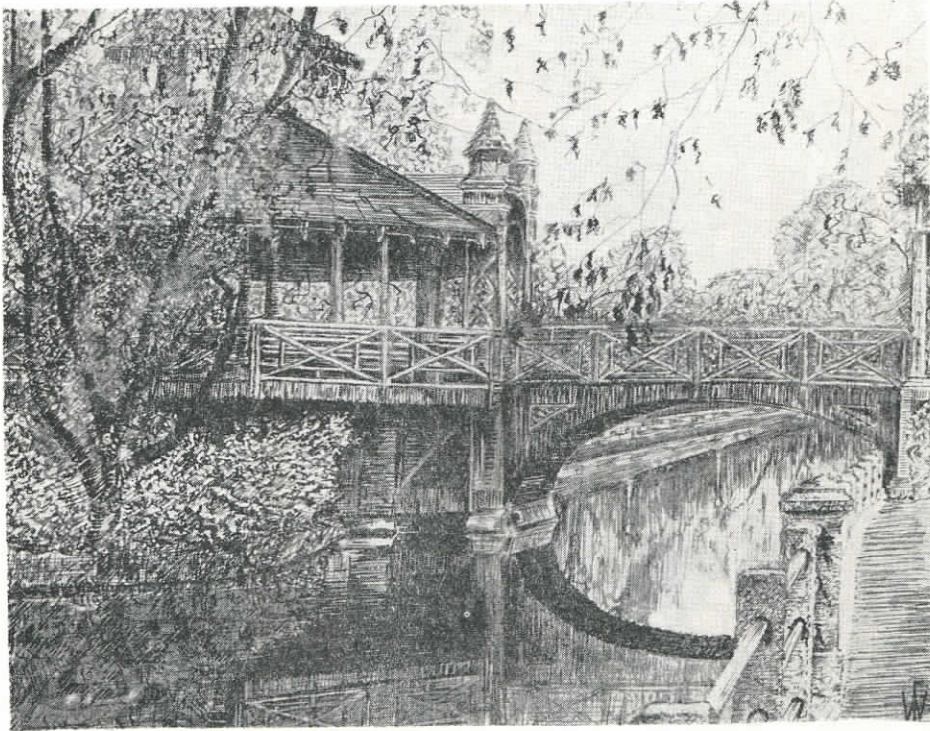
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OTTAWA

By Eagles

## MESSAGE FROM SINGAPORE

(By G. L. CREED, Squadron Leader, R.C.A.F.)

"So long, my Canada! You may not hear  
again  
From one to whom your very name is  
dear . . .  
And so this message I must send you ere  
The yellow tide of death that creeps so  
near  
Flows over yet another of your sons  
Whose priceless freedom is your greatest  
dower . . .  
To help preserve this birthright for man-  
kind,  
I dedicate my life to its last hour . . .

"I go to join my comrades of Dunkirk—  
Narvik—Tobruk—Hong Kong—and many  
more  
Whose names in tears are written on your  
heart  
From sunlit West to grey Atlantic shore . . .  
Gladly give I, as they have given, all  
One man can give to pay the debt I owe  
To you, my Canada, who, freedom-blest,  
This blessing on your children still  
bestow . . .

The above poem by Squadron Leader G. L. Creed, Deputy Provost Marshal of the Royal Canadian Air Force, was inspired by a recent event of great though sombre significance — the fall of Singapore. It is a composition with a capacity to arouse patriotic fervor, as Canadians as a whole must be stirred to such fervor if our efforts to finance the nation's war drive is to succeed to the utmost.

"The sands are running out . . . the yellow  
pack  
In full and snarling cry is closing in! . . .  
So little time is left in which to play  
My humble part . . . but, if my death  
should win  
One single foothold for the steps of those,  
My brothers, who—to save your freedom  
dear—  
Must follow me, with gladness I shall go  
To meet my Maker . . . and without a fear!"

### EPITAPH

He died, this son of Canada, for YOU!  
To help preserve YOUR towns from  
raining hell—  
YOUR wives from rape—YOUR daughters  
from the lust  
Of beasts—your shores from shot and  
shell . . .  
He died for lack of guns—of tanks — of  
planes—  
Of ships—of all that wins in modern war . . .  
All he had left was courage! . . . and the rest  
Is what we stay-at-homes are praying for.



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# Hot Dog-Gerel

"The Met report," said Horace—  
With his joy but ill concealed,  
Is ceiling zero, 10/10th cloud,  
Boys, the Met man's done us  
proud,  
Thank the Lord the weather's  
muggy,  
Batman, fetch my horse and  
buggy.

A word or two on P/O——  
A lad who's still quite pure and  
clean,  
A credit to the G.I.S.  
Though wedded to C.S.B.S.,  
A poorish type but still quite  
keen,  
Our little Maestro P/O ——

The chief concern of F/Lt. ——  
Is to get the daily "gen" right,  
But alas, it seems he fails  
When fixing G.I.S. details,  
Perhaps he's bothered by a trifle,  
A Miniature .22 rifle.

I have my wings, I'm P.M.C.  
And S.M.O., these things to me  
Mean less than nothing, I'm  
obsessed  
With learning how to use the  
rest,  
And in a really dreadful plight,  
I simply cannot pot the white.

A brief pen sketch of ——  
Who's placid manner is quite  
phoney,  
His gentle way and kind grey  
eyes,  
Great strength of character  
belies.  
In fact his pose is all baloney,  
A cunning dog is ——

P/O —— so they say  
May cook his books and stop your  
pay,  
But if you lose your sky blue  
raiment,  
And you need a casual payment,  
Just get on your knees and pray,  
With P/O —— holding sway.

Devil dodging Padre ——  
Said each Section and/or Flight,  
By an order should be made,  
To attend at church parade,  
Gazing up to heaven's blue,  
Pray by numbers, one pause two.

That tallish chap P/O ——  
Has found an alibi that's grand,  
Instead of spending time on  
lecturing,  
Passes all the day conjecturing,  
How much beer he has in hand,  
Here's how P/O Labatt ——

## Spring Is On the Way

If you feel a foolish thrill  
Whilst gazing at a daffodil,  
And with deep emotion stirred,  
Hearken to each singing bird;  
Spring is on the way.

If some charming maiden fair  
Makes you feel you walk on air,  
Be on guard for careless words,  
They've trapped many wary  
birds;  
Spring is on the way.

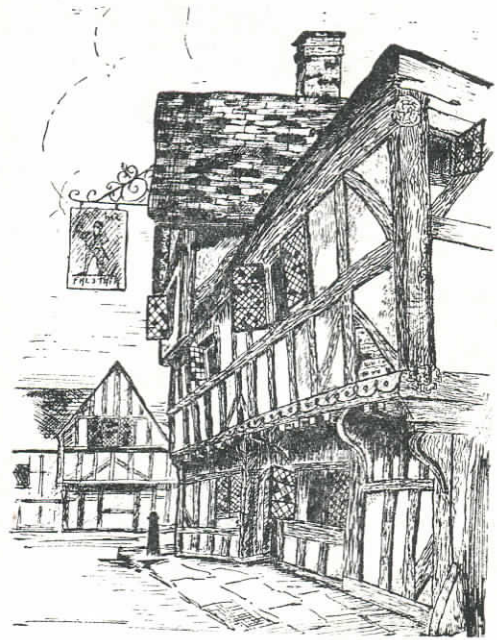
If you're feeling slightly potty,  
And your face is slightly spotty,  
Don't assume that you'll be ill,  
You just need a sulphur pill;  
Spring is on the way.

The carpet's up the dust sheet out  
You wonder what it's all about.  
You find each window lacks a  
curtain  
By these signs you'll know for  
certain;  
Spring is on the way.

# From First Beginnings

Let not the fair memory pass away,  
For those things done in an earlier day,  
In lands where custom, tradition, and pride  
Have oft lent dignity, grace and charm,  
To work-a-day lives, devoid of harm:  
That—few can deny and none should  
deride.

So, now we scan parchments and old  
archives,  
With legend and story of former lives;  
To find, on slowly turning the pages,  
How, down the years on Maundy Thursday,  
Kings to the poor gave clothing or pay,  
Thus, does custom link hands with past  
ages.



**I**N these cynical days when custom and traditions are crumbling as fast as the ancient monuments into whose bricks they are woven, it should be of interest to recall the origins of those few picturesque customs which still survive.

Good Friday falls on April 3rd this year, and is observed as a day of mourning by Christian peoples in all lands, much is known of its origin, but little is known of Maundy Thursday, and the ancient origin of the present day custom of distributing Maundy Money at Westminster Abbey on the eve of Good Friday.

Let me take you back to the time of Christ. St. John records in the 13th Chapter of the Gospel, that Christ washed the feet of his disciples after the last Supper—St. John's own words are these, "After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciple's feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded."

Although the actual washing does not today form part of the annual ceremony at Westminster Abbey, the Sub Almoner and others who officiate at the ceremony do bear white towels across their shoulders, symbolic of the towel used by Christ.

The last Sovereign to perform the rite of foot washing was James II, and he in common with his predecessors washed the feet of poor persons who were to receive these Royal gifts. William III delegated this honor to a subordinate and in 1754 the foot-washing was omitted.

The Maundy consists of two parts—£1. 15s to each woman and £2. 5s to each man in lieu of clothing that was formerly given, and a red and white purse containing as many pence as there are years in the king's age.

A set of Maundy money consists of a Groat, threepence, half Groat, and a penny, and although not intended for currency, it is legal tender. Long after copper coins had been used for small currency, silver was thought to be the only fitting gift for the King to make to his honoured subject, in commemoration of the holy act, and in fulfilment of the ancient custom.

# Widows in The W.A.A.F.'s

The Waafs — the Waafs!  
Who look so smart and march so well;  
Those dainty little blue-clad Waafs,  
What tales of sorrow some could tell!

The birds were chirping in the trees, and white had grown the dawn,  
When I got back and crept to bed, both weary and forlorn.

Three crews had gone, and four young wives were waiting now, in vain:  
And bye and bye t'would be my job to try to ease their pain.

No more those gallant lads would know their young and pretty wives.  
I lay awake and cursed the war, which breaks so many lives.

I lay awake and planned that I those widows would persuade  
To join the Waafs, and seek in work their sorrow to evade.

The Waafs — the Waafs!  
Some bury sorrow out of sight,  
Those dainty little blue-clad Waafs,  
And carry on their husbands' fight.

"I'll carry on," said one, "as David would expect me to";  
Another said, "I wish to God you'd put me in a crew"!

Their sorrow was a painful sight, but gleaming in their eyes  
Was grim and brave resolve, which I was quick to recognise.

I sent them off to London town, where they were soon enrolled,  
And they were doing very well, I later on was told.

When they were trained they wrote to me, in brave and cheerful strain,  
That they were doing useful work, and hoped we'd meet again.

The Waafs — the Waafs,  
How bravely some have faced their loss:  
Those dainty little blue-clad Waafs,  
Of whom some bear a heavy cross.

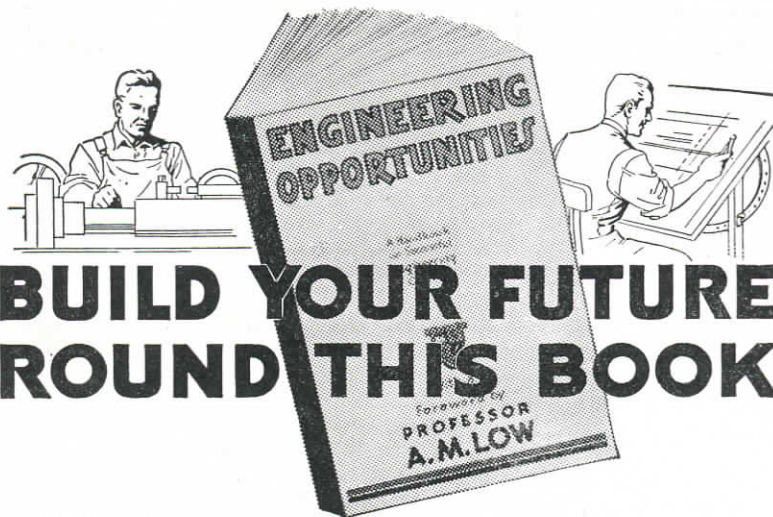
Now one of them, on cypher work, was posted back to me,  
And in her smart Waaf uniform, was very nice to see.

One day I said, "Your buttons are not new as they should be?"  
"They once belonged to David, Sir," she softly said to me.

And, knowing what is true of some of those whom I have met,  
I feel we all should realize to them we owe a debt.

For I have found they do their work with loyalty and care,  
And work, I know, for some of them has saved them from despair.

The Waafs — the Waafs,  
With sunshine curls and laughing ways,  
Those dainty little blue-clad Waafs,  
Who brighten all our gloomy days.



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# What Price Glory!

Sound sound the clarion fill the life,  
And to the sensual world, proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

A GREAT stir was felt throughout the length and breadth of Little Slocombe, an area of approximately four square miles. It was started by Jemmy Banks who delivered meat and groceries with creditable efficiency, and was also a universal purveyor of local news. Being essentially a modest lad, the naked truth offended his sense of decency. He sought to veil her in a shimmering gown of speculation.

Dismounting from his bicycle on this bright morning, he ran whistling up the drive which led to the house of Mrs. Jones, a widow of some forty winters.

"Morning Mrs. Jones" said Jemmy, with the politeness due to a good customer. "Rare nice morning, this is."

He beamed at Mrs. Jones and his red hair seemed to radiate goodwill.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Jones laconically, and waited. She knew from past experience that Jemmy, in this mood, always brought with him food for thought besides more material necessities.

"Yes, indeed. Never saw it so nice," said Jemmy, concluding his summary of weather conditions. "Tommy Somers is coming home on leave on Saturday."

"Really, how delightful," said Mrs. Jones rather flatly. She did not like Tommy.

"Surest thing you know," Jemmy assured her. "And what's more he's been decorated."

"Heavens!" Mrs. Jones was shaken. "That young ----". She pulled herself up sharply as she remembered that one does not as a rule refer to heroes as 'young Blackguards.'

"Did he get a V.C.," she enquired more mildly.

For the first time during the conversation; Jemmy's forehead creased in a worried frown. He was a member of the Little Slocombe choir and had a dislike for telling a direct lie. After a brief struggle with what might loosely be termed his conscience, his better self won.

"I don't really know Mrs. Jones" he confessed. "All I know is that it is some kind of a decoration. He wrote to his parents about it."

"Oh, well. Thanks for the meat," said Mrs. Jones ambiguously preparing to close the door.

"Good morning," said Jemmy, taking the hint, and muttering under his breath, he wheeled his bicycle round and prepared to spread the good news elsewhere.

Jemmy's method of news reporting was effective, and there was considerable discussion in the "Green Man" that night. Although, Tommy had been very far from a universally popular young man in the days when he had infested Little Slocombe with his presence, his action in volunteering for service with the R.A.F. had done much to dull the memory of certain not very creditable deeds performed in the past.

In view of this latest revelation and possibly under the mellowing influence of old-and-mild, the habitues of the "Green Man" unanimously agreed that he should be accorded a welcome that he would not forget.

It was to be declared a gala day and bunting should be hung out. The parson, sipping an inconspicuous Scotch-and-lemon in the chimney corner, agreed to make a speech on the village green, after that there would be fun and games and a bun-fight with which to finish up.

Harry Hitchens had already assumed that he would be in charge of the proceedings, organization was his strong point, and he was outlining his plan of campaign over a foaming mug of brown ale.

"To begin with, we'll meet him at the station. I'll find out what time his train gets here, and, "Sim," turning to a man of melancholy aspect, who was eating potato crisps pessimistically in one corner, "we'll borrow your flivver for the occasion."

"If anybody can start it, they're welcome to it," said Sim gloomily. "I haven't used it since the beginning of the war."

"We'll start it alright," rejoined Harry, "We'll use it as the processional carriage."

"I'll make all the other arrangements," continued Harry. "We'd better not tell Tommy's parents about it. Let it be a surprise to them."

The following day dawned redly, and many and despondent were the comments passed about "shepherd's warning."

"It'll clear up tomorrow," prophesied Harry.

With its customary obtuseness, the weather refused to be guided by these signs and portents, and after a glorious spring day the sunset showed even more brilliantly scarlet than the dawn had been.

Mr. Hitchens had caused bunting and other brightly colored ornaments to be hung across the main (and, to all intents and purposes, the only) street, on which the railway station served to mark the southern boundary of the village. The general effect was rather marred by Mrs. MacCafferty's washing which was strung in flannelled splendour across her front garden. She had, she explained to Harry, who had gone to expostulate with her, done her washing on Saturday now for the last twenty years, and she was not going to change her times to suit anybody. Even Harry's persuasive eloquence failed to move her, and he was forced to admit defeat.

"The train's due in at 2.30," he informed his audience. "That means that if we get there by three o'clock, we'll be in plenty of time. I've told his mother that there was going to be a little celebration today, but I didn't tell her what for. Do you all know what you've got to do?"

There was a full-throated chorus of assent, and they retired to deck themselves out with garments more suitable to the occasion.

Thomas Lumley, lately an inhabitant of Little Slocombe, was unaware of the great welcome that was waiting for him. To be quite just, in fact, he did not think for a moment that anyone except his parents would give a hang whether he came home or not.

A glance at his watch told him that it was five minutes after three.

"Damned old tub three-quarters-of-an-hour late as usual," he soliloquised bitterly. "Nothing ever changes around here."

Ten minutes later he was rubbing his eyes and wondering if Air Force life had, as he eventually anticipated, brought upon him the first stages of madness. It seemed to him that there were at least eighty or ninety people out there on the Little Slocombe platform, all wearing the set expressions of honest folk, who meant to do their duty at all costs. Peering fearfully out of the carriage window as the train shunted to a standstill, he saw that he must believe the evidence of his eyes. There were a lot of people on the platform, and they were advancing towards his compartment with every outward sign of pleased anticipation.

There could be no mistake; his sins had caught up with him and this could not be other than a lynching party.

With admirable presence of mind, he quickly let himself out of the door opposite the platform and struck out across country.

Albert, who had been nearest the train, caught a glimpse of the manoeuvre and ceased his harmonica version of "See the conquering hero comes" long enough to shout: "There he goes, fellows. Across the other side. It's his natural modesty. After him."

The pack, nothing loth, took up the cry. This was likely to be a good afternoon's sport. Everyone except the members of the band gave chase, but these worthies stood their ground and added to the general excitement by rendering an impromptu version of "John Peel," in three separate and distinct keys. The old timer was a little slow in the uptake, but finally getting into his stride and showing an astonishing burst of speed over the last three lines, he won by two bars.

A cheer burst from the pursuers as they swooped down upon their quarry and carried him triumphantly, shoulder high, to the waiting ceremonial car, an old Ford, T Model, which had condescended to start despite pessimistic mutterings by its owner, Sim.

"What's all this?" enquired Tommy. "I don't get it. Are you taking me to the county jail?"

"County jail, my eye," said Harry scornfully. "You're a hero."

"Who, me?" Tommy was so surprised that he had not another word to say until they reached the village green.

"Look, fellows," he said, as Albert opened the door of the car for him, "you're making a big mistake. I'm not Cobber Kane, I'm just a poor innocent airman that's come home on leave. Won't you let me go and say hello to the folks?"

"Plenty of time for that later on," said Harry firmly. "Just now you're the hero of the hour and we're not going to let you get away so easily as that. Pretending you don't know about it, indeed."

Tommy shook his head despairingly.

"You're talking double-Dutch or I've gone nuts. Pretending I don't know about what?"

"Your award, of course; as if you didn't know. Didn't you write to your mother saying that you had been decorated?"

By now Tommy was recovering from his initial shock to some extent and the cause of the trouble dawned on him. He held up his hand for silence, which he immediately got. "Listen, folks," he said. "I'm very much obliged for all this show. It's pretty swell of you and I appreciate it, but you're barking up the wrong tree. All I said in my letter was that I had received my L.A.C. I don't know how it got around to this." A howl of rage broke from the crowd. They looked at each other and at Tommy. Then with one accord they looked round for someone to rend; as one voice, a hundred voices cried:

"Where's Jemmy. Where is the little ——?"

Jemmy was brought weeping to the front of the crowd.

"What on earth induced you to tell a tale like that, Jemmy?"

"I ain't done nothing wrong," sobbed Jemmy, knuckling his eyes.

"But surely you know what L.A.C. means," said Harry. "I thought everyone knew that."

"Course I know what it means," said Jemmy, stung. "It means Laudable Action Cross."

And that was how the skirts of fame touched Little Slocombe for the first and, possibly last time.



Perhaps he's bothered by a trifle  
A Miniature .22 rifle.

## New Faces

PRIOR to the war, party policies determined the content of the Cabinet. The leader of the Party in power became Prime Minister, and he selected members of his party for ministerial positions. In war time this cannot be done, there has to be a concerted effort to pool brain power as well as man power; there are clever and sincere men in all parties and many owing allegiance to none. Thus we saw at the outbreak of war a Conservative Government with all the vices and virtues of a party Cabinet. A few additional members were enlisted from other parties, but it was not until Churchill took over the Leadership that the Cabinet took on a National aspect.

The war has taken a very devious course. The capitulation of a decadent French Government, Dunkirk, advances and retreats in Norway, Greece, and Libya, and now retreats in the Far East. Each campaign is sapping the enemies strength but is boosting his morale. The Allies cannot achieve miracles although they have achieved somewhat akin to them at times, and the retreats cannot be laid at the door of individuals, or the army, or the air force, or the navy, or the civilians. In a democratic country, it is not necessary to purge bloodily the General Staff or the Government; a democracy recognizes the fallibility of individuals. Nevertheless this does not detract from the courage that Churchill has shown in reorganizing his cabinet.

Churchill has not hesitated in dispensing with the services of powerful party leaders and public leaders alike in order to obtain a more efficient and keener cabinet. Captain Margesson, the former Conservative Party Whip, Colonel Moore Brabazon are among the former, Arthur Greenwood the latter. The necessity for an efficient Minister for War has led Churchill to take the unprecedented step of selecting Sir J. Cragg a Civil Servant for that job. This has met with general public approval. Sir Stafford Cripps is a man of different mould. A brilliant, sincere man, who has placed his country's ideals before personal and party gains. He has captured the imagination and admiration of the British people by his superb handling of a difficult job. He will bring about a closer collaboration with Russia for action during the war and post-war decisions. He believes, like Churchill, Roosevelt, Chiang-Kai-Shek, the leaders of the democracies, and Stalin, that the differences in the temperament, and therefore in the government of these peoples, are not insurmountable stumbling blocks to an amicable relationship and collaboration after the victory. What we can do in war can be applied to peace also.

In bringing these men into the Cabinet and cutting away others, Churchill is closing the schisms that were appearing in the minds of the people.

They are not asking for immediate victories but for a more vigorous leadership that invites and demands confidence for the great task that we have before us. They felt that many members of the government were incapable of this. It has taken a big man to do what Churchill has done, and he IS a big man.

As Cripps pointed out in his recent broadcast, Russia's successes were due to this unity of purpose, and this was dependent upon the fighting qualities of their leadership.

If we have the same invigorating leadership now, we will develop the same victorious will to win and win quickly.

# ★ *the new* photography ★ ★ ★ ★

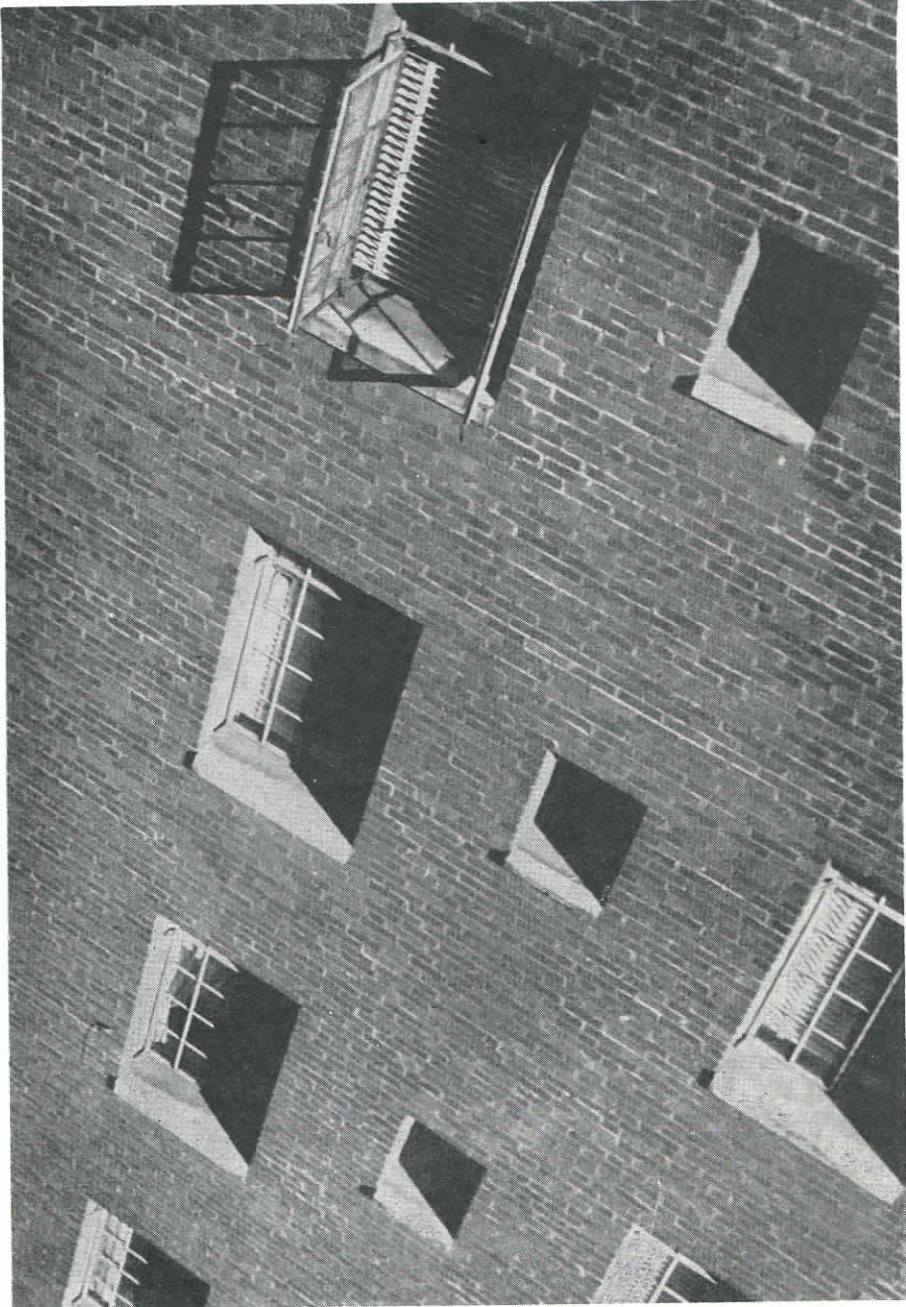
GEORGE C. WARD

THE next step towards good composition and better photography is to cultivate the habit of seeing your backgrounds automatically as part of the picture. Many amateur lensmen forget all about the background until they see the finished prints, and discover that the girl friend has a hydro pole growing out of the top of her head, or that Aunt Matilda's face seems to be suspended in mid-air—because her black dress cannot be distinguished from the dark wall, she stood patiently in front of, while they took the shot. Seriously though, a principle that cameramen may well copy from painter Manet is to surround a dark area by light tones, and vice versa. This will produce clear cut composition, and will enable any element in the picture to stand out from the others. Beware of carrying it to excess—a chequered effect will result. Avoid also “busy” backgrounds, choosing wherever possible plain ones until you have mastered the art of making the background part of the picture—no easy task. When photographing people outdoors shoot from a low angle, making the sky your background. Use your filters discriminately to vary the sky tone—a red filter will give ample contrast when your subject is dressed in light clothes, and a light yellow if the victim is in dark clothes. If your subject cannot be separated from its background by a difference of tone, then the only thing to do is open up your lens to throw the offending background well out of focus.

We arrive now at that much-maligned “centre of interest”—the first thing to catch your eye when you look at a photograph (rather, it should be). So to start with, avoid having any other influence in your picture strong enough—whether by reason of its size, shape, or tone—to attract the eye away from the main theme, that is, the centre of interest. The next thing to be determined is where should the centre of interest be placed. Oddly enough, only on rare occasions literally in the centre of your picture. Draw your inspiration from Nature, who is, to say the least, capricious in her arrangement of scenes. Thus you'll find asymmetrical photographs the truest to life, the most varied. Mostly the strong point should be near one side of the picture — witness last month's “Breaking the Ice.” Above all be careful of any lines that may cut the picture in half. Never place an horizon in the middle of your photograph—but in the top or bottom half. The only exception to this rule is on those “rare occasions” when you deliberately use a symmetrical arrangement to give solemnity to a scene — for example a shot of a wedding group. However, use a symmetrical composition only with restraint and discretion — it needs careful handling.

Meanwhile do not forget that a centre of interest is not absolutely necessary. Some photogems such as a row of pottery, or the windows in an apartment house—in fact, any picture composed of a repetition of the same thing—have no centre of interest yet are still beautiful to look at. A picture of no less than sugar lumps—laid out in an orderly design—has been hung at a salon. So do not let the centre of interest become a fetish—a direction of lines, vertical, horizontal, circular, or spiral, can well substitute it.

*Picture of The Month*



"SO SOMEONE ELSE IS UP . . ."

—Ward

# Odorous Ode

Oh to be in England, now that winter's there.  
For whoever wakes in England will not have all day to stare  
At the mounds of snow. And with some relief  
Will see no Battles come to grief,  
While Chiefie sings at the "Orchard Bough"  
In England, now.  
And after Chiefie's ringing hollows,  
A round of beer (prodigious swallows).  
Hark, where my medalled P/O by the ledge,  
Leans on the bar and scatters to the loafers  
Whiskeys and brandies, at the old "Spray's Edge";  
That's a wise cuss, he orders drinks twice over,  
Lest he should lose and never more recapture  
That first, fine, careless rapture.  
What though our eyes be dim with hoary dew?  
All will be gay when aspirins wake anew  
The erks and ranks, our pride and England's flank,  
To contemplate the English beer they drank.

(O, Bards of long ago, pray cease your frowning, convey profound apologies to Browning).

## V

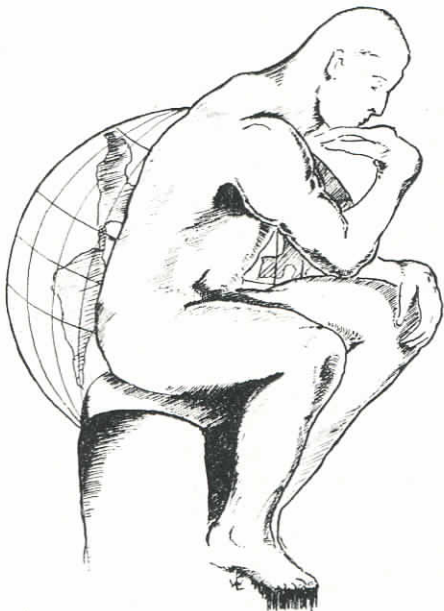
### Signed, Sealed and Delivered - - -

At his O/C's request L.A.C. Isaac Dilk, R.C.A.F. handed in the following communique explaining why he overstayed his leave two days:

"On September 1st I left camp on ten days' leave at my brother's farm in Manitoba. On September 11th he decided to repair the silo right away because he had to get his corn in it. I rigged up a barrel hoist to the top. Then we hauled up several hundred brick. This later turned out to be too many bricks. After my brother got all the brickwork repaired there was a lot of brick at the top on a working platform. So I climbed down the ladder and hauled the barrel all the way up. Then I climbed back up the ladder. I untied the line to let the brick down and climbed down again to hold the line.

"But I found the barrel of brick heavier than I was and, when the barrel started down, I started up. I was going pretty fast at the top and bumped my head. My fingers also got pinched in the pulley block. But at the same time the barrel hit the ground and the bottom fell out, letting all the brick out. I was heavier than the empty barrel and started down again. I got burned on the leg by the other rope as I went down until I met the barrel coming up, which went by faster than before and took the skin off my shins. I landed pretty hard.

"At that time I lost my presence of mind and let go of the line, and the barrel came down again and hit me squarely on the head. The doctor wouldn't let me start back to camp until September 16th, which made me two days' overleave, which I don't think is too much under the circumstances.



## The Thinker

IT is a compliment to be asked to write this article. It credits a man with the faculty for deeper thinking than his fellows, yea sets him apart as being a man of thoughts, in a service where some allege men are not allowed to think for themselves. This page contradicts all that.

On due consideration, "the thinkers" who have expressed themselves on this page have been sufficiently docile in the face of Butler's pronouncement, it has cast its spell upon them, and they have, therefore, been at such pains to keep in line with it, that they have only written an extension of the same theme. It has been only in acceptance of the truth of this statement that articles have been written.

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

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler

Perhaps after all the statement of Butler is not true, or perhaps it is only a half-truth. It may have been a Will-o'-the-wisp that beguiled so many for so long, and kept statesmen at Geneva. The Butlerian philosophy here stated was indeed the over-riding belief of very many students in the years before the war. Since the dragon of Prussia has once again raised its head, can this philosophy positively stand, or should it be discarded when we review the horrors perpetrated by the Hun since 1939.

Do problems lend themselves to such simple solution as Butler seems to suggest? Let us lightly examine the suggestion that Butler has made. Do the people really think? If they do, what is the chief occupation of their thoughts? Is it not true that few apply themselves to thoughts about world affairs? Many are all too ready to offload world problems on to the often incompetent shoulders of politicians. Are we capable of concise, consecutive, constructive thinking? Can we think in terms of international politics, when we are often unaware of major trends of thought nearer home. We have delegated for too long constructive thought, and its issue ultimately in concrete proposals and appropriate action. We have been reluctant to add our share to the solution of problems by making our influence felt in the world of ideas and action. The development of our thinking faculty has been at great fault. There are other things of perhaps more importance than thought, and character is all important. Our lack of it is a reason for our reluctance to take our share in affairs national and of the world.

Thought about higher problems in world affairs is only possible to men who have received an education. Men able to think fairly are those who can bring finely trained intellects to bear on the solution or facing of problems. An education is the "sine qua non" of men who may reasonably prove of use in such a job, but it is not a wild guess to say that there

are only a mere thirty per cent. of our people who are so enlightened by a fair schooling. It is hard luck that education is not the prerogative of the many, but the property of the few. Something is wrong somewhere in education, for even those who have some, have only interested parents to thank; though it was not considered entirely a kindness when we were reluctant time-serving scholars, with one eye on the clock at day school, and the other on the calendar at boarding school.

There is, however, a necessity for a real leading out of men's personality in a broader education than that which so many unfortunate children are at present used to receive. There must be a concise, a fearless approach by educated people to sift facts, to decide honest issues, to attack the citadel of evil things, to root out the cancer that prevents humanity from enjoying more than a spell of peace. For so long we have not been able to do this, that we have become notorious for slackness.

Our friends across the border in the United States are at present rather bewildered by one of our attitudes to our troubles, and our mental adjustment to the eventful times in which we live. "You English laugh at everything; you turn everything into a joke, a humbug. In that you seem to be different to us." "Yes, of course we laugh," we say, "because if we did not, we should break down and cry, because the whole thing is so tragic." This detachment should not divorce us from reality, this should not absolve us from facing the facts and applying ourselves to their intelligent, thoughtful solution.

Let us return to the environment of our article. Who are we to do the thinking? A great and famous paper, the one and only of our times, has alleged that the average member of the R.A.F. occupies his mind with the consideration of a very few things. He is concerned with proficiency at his job, a love of home, an absorbing interest in the affairs of the heart, and of the screen and possibly of the club as well. These are not thoughts that in action can be marshalled to the solution in time or in eternity of the problems of the world. Yes, the airman is in the vanguard of the educated manhood of our times. He is a fine cross section of the better type product of the average English secondary and public school. If the five occupations of our thoughts are representative of our highest thinking, preserve the world of problems from us and also preserve it from those in less informed circles.

The fighting services, whoever they are, whatever their uniform, whatever little idiosyncracies of their own they may have, compose a large proportion of the young population of the men and women of our countries today; therefore, the people generally can scarcely be counted upon to think.

On the other hand when we look out on this big world we may see easily that our processes of thought may be the same as those of other peoples, but the objectivity of our thinking is not the same as theirs. It is true that Dorothy Thompson looks across the seas to England as the spiritual home of the civilized soul. It can, however, be stated quite definitely that what may be highly edifying in Honolulu may appear to be grotesque in London. A barrack-room philosopher added weight to this contention the other evening, when from the upper deck he declared that "Scotland is only a country for Scotsmen."

In those piping days of peace we were all so confident of the truth of Butler's statement that all problems were capable of equitable and happy solutions around the conference tables. In those days the omniscient undergraduate was passionately bound to vows of non-belligerency. Those were the days when there was nothing worse than war. But there has been a Munich, and a September '39 since then, and the

undergrads absolved themselves and fought and won, for surely many of those same lads held the cliffs of the channel and the city of London against the Hun. In those days of Armistice, men's minds were not made up. In these days the tide of events even without deliberate thinking has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that there are some things worse than war. The issue we used to think was a choice between right and wrong, instead of a choice between two evils. Since that day in September 1939 we know that we decided, not between black and white, but rightly, between two greys.

The air is clearer than it was when problems were scratched at conferences, when the real problem was left unsolved, which is not a problem of thinking in any case but a moral one, to do with the problem of human greed and selfishness. It is not a righteous war. War never is, but the aim of this war is righteous. It would appear as far as we can see at present that at the end the victorious allies will not merely sit and think, or possibly only sit, but guard and direct the world, that justice, truth and freedom may not perish from the earth.

To police the world demands an enormous force. There would be few postings to home stations, and the civilian population would be compelled to live on standards that are below those fit for Englishmen and their Allies, because of the drain on the exchequer for the services.

There must be some solution to our problems along Butler's lines. As yet the people do not think. They must concern themselves more fully with the direction of their countries' affairs. Proper education in good management of national affairs and economics is an answer.

Sir Richard Livingstone in "The Future and Education" finds hope for the democracies in adult continuation evening schools. Democracy can only thrive—nay breathe—in an educated world. Dr. Temple said recently "Democracy that has lost its faith in God, soon ceases to be a democracy." Problems will meet their solution when knowledge and faith are given anew, or restored to the people.



Out of chaos must inevitably follow  
order.

May we be given a greater vision in  
the days that lie ahead.

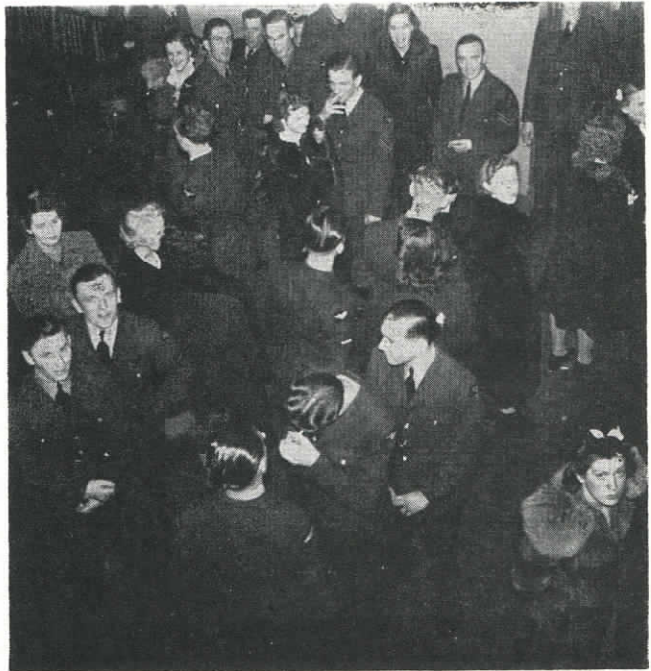
**CARTER BROS. LTD.**



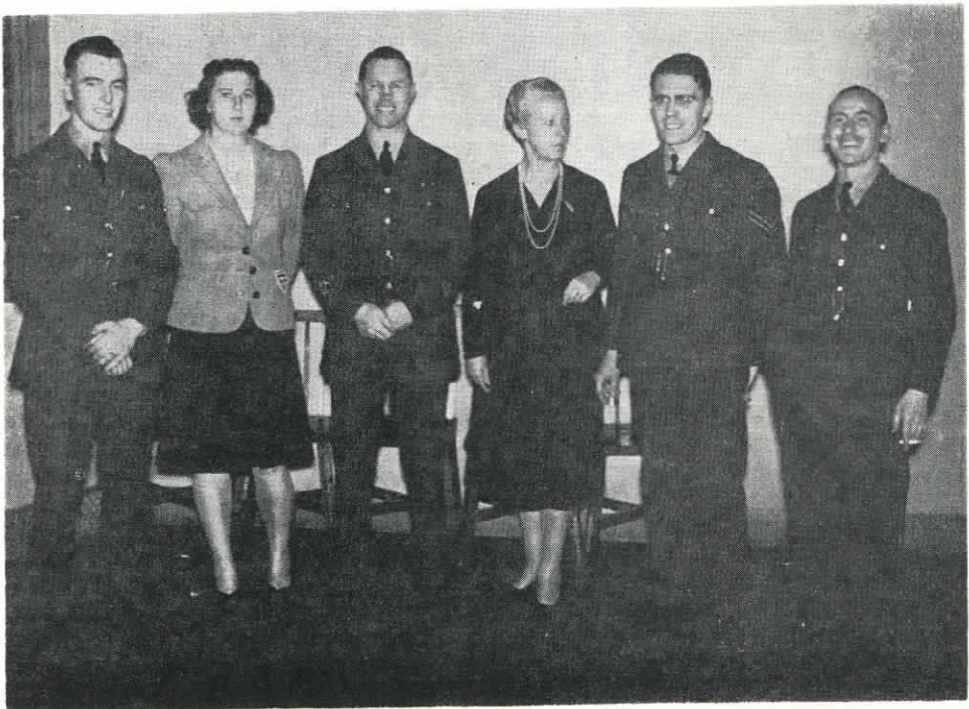
*Wednesday Night at the Gaiety*



HIGHLIGHTS of these evenings are "spot," "birthday," and other prize and novelty dances. Music, of course, is supplied by the Station Orchestra—which caters to all tastes, be it swing, rhumba, or just an old-fashioned waltz. Formal group is of the Dance Committee with the Y.W.C.A. hostesses, Mrs. Kenny and Miss Cook. As usual the dance was attended by a large



crowd—too large in fact to include all your faces in this issue. So don't be disappointed if you're not in these photographs . . . we'll be around again.



# Never Look BEFORE YOU LEAP

An Extract from a Letter Written by Giles Bromley Martin  
Training for the Parachute Corps; those Men on  
Whom the Initial Success or Failure of the  
British Offensive Will Depend.

24th November, 1941

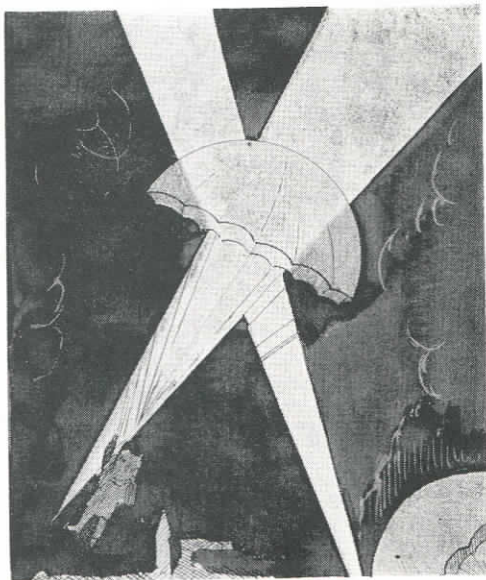
I'm sorry I've neglected you for so long, please to forgive. We arrived here a week ago, and have done several things already, which few Army Officers have done. First of all—the jumping. Another windy day today, which means I've only had two possible days out of seven. Last Wednesday was without a breath of air and I did my first jump from 500 ft. from a balloon, a very cold blooded affair. The balloon, twice the size of a barrage balloon, came down and four of us sat around the gaping hole—3' 6" in diameter. Then slowly it seemed—oh, how slowly—we went up, and up.

"Derrick," I said, really seriously, "this is the most awful moment of my life." Worse was to come. I was No. 3; Major No. 1 went as soon as the instructor said, "No. - Go." I didn't dare look down. No. 2, whom I had not noticed till then, I saw, was really frightened, and was showing it, poor chap! "You ready?" said the instructor. "Give me a few seconds," he said. "Oh Christ!" (not blaspheming) I thought "how much longer is this agony to last." No. 2 wouldn't go—and refusing is like laughing—it's damned infectious. At last after I suppose a minute, I could stand it no more (it seemed like an hour). I swung my legs into the hole, and said "I'm going," "One, Two - Go"—Swish, swish—I knew I had to fall for two seconds before the 'chute opened. It was like going down a fast lift, but more so. Then I opened my eyes. A lovely day, an enormous canopy holding me in mid-air, and a lot of people looking at me. This is wonderful—floating just like one does in a dream. "Keep your position as you are—hands a bit higher—that's perfect," I heard the instructor from the ground through a loud-speaker. "Gosh, here's the ground!", and before I knew any more I had landed safely, not a jar, just like jumping off a chair. Then I forgot all the discomfort in the balloon and thought of the jumps to come, and longed to go up again.

A brief and very inadequate description of my first jump. Then bad weather . . . . Sunday morning, up at 6.30—comfy breakfast. At 10 a.m. I thought I'd wander down to the hangar just for a stroll and see what was happening. I was due to jump in the afternoon. Hey, Martin, do you want a jump—we are one short in this stick." So I hurriedly drew a 'chute and helmet and into the plane.

We jump at ——— about seven miles away, by plane it only takes three minutes including the circle round. We waited — no red light. First man get ready to go — ten minutes — what's up? You can't see a thing inside the fusilage unless you are next to the hole, and I wasn't. Then we heard the engines throttle down — forced landing? No—the aerodrome. "Out you get boys." "Say, what's the great idea?" Apparently the oil pressure of the engine went below danger point, and the pilot came straight back. We were all tee'd up—what a wasted mental effort! Relax—Oh no—into that plane again and away we went. I was No. 10, last to go. We were dropping singly — that meant a three-minute wait between jumps — "No. 1 Go"—smack went the static line as he was air-borne. The instructor turned round to

us and smiled with one thumb up. One by one they went; nearer and nearer I got to the damned hole. "I hate this, why did I — oh for the wings of a dove — where the antelope roams—never again—No. 9 ready. I'm right opposite him now by the edge of the hole. Don't look down, don't look down. I look up. No. 9 Go—crack — thumbs up again. Then slowly, oh God, how slowly, the time went. Look up, look up —I looked down, I can't help it, and of course I happened to see the ambulance. Never again I say to myself — No. 10 ready. I find myself right on the very edge of the hole, rigid, tense, looking up at the instructor's lifted hand—No. 10 Go. I pushed forward to the centre of the hole,



I feel a terrific wind push my legs from me (the force of wind from the engines) there's a crack and I open my eyes. This drop was from 800 feet and the ground seems a long way off. I'm swinging like a pendulum, and horror! My rigging lines are twisted. This means the 'chute is not quite fully open, and I shall drop too fast—but as I float down they gradually unwind, and about 100 ft. off the ground they are O.K. I'm facing the line of drift, that's all right, but I'm swinging from side to side—the wind is 25 m.p.h.—about the maximum considered safe for beginners. "Bend your legs a little more, and lean slightly forward" I hear the instructor call from the ground. Here's the ground — oh good — I shall hit it at the bottom of the swing, that's grand. But no such luck, I shall touch down before I get to the bottom of the swing. "Look out right side, it's coming to you — then **Bump!** Heavens, that's broken everything. But no. I get up to run round my 'chute and find I can't feel a thing! I thought then how valuable my training had been.

Well that was my first plane jump. In the afternoon I did the first of a pair as No. 3. The same nasty feeling en route in the plane, only possibly not quite so bad and I'm with my own lot and we sing and crack jokes which makes the few minutes go by much faster. All the same I didn't feel any too happy! However, I slipped out and landed without any ill effects — yes, that floating in the air is the most wonderful sensation.

#### Tuesday

I've done two more. Yesterday was no good so I did something else instead which I will tell you about later. At 9.30 a.m. we took off. I was No. 2 of the first pair. Oh grand, I don't feel nearly so frightened. No. 1 ready? Comes very quickly this time. This means I've got to get ready all but putting my feet down—incidentally I did the 5 minute trip right on the edge of the hole, aft of it, being No. 2. No. 1 Go, and before I realized he's gone I find I've gone too! ! This time I'm not facing the line of drift, so in order not to land backwards, always more tricky, I turn! This one was from 500 ft. I swung quite a lot, but made quite a good landing — no ill effects anyway.

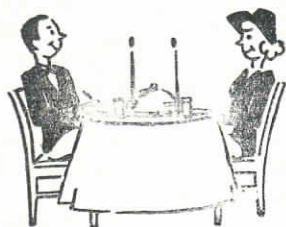
After the jump I stood by the instructor, A F/Lt. who has done about 1,500 jumps! and saw some of the men come down, and got some

tips off him. We then walked away to put our 'chutes in the truck. The balloon was a few hundred yards off—the other side of a small wood. "C" Syndicate to do their 2nd Balloon jump before going back." We heard someone shout out. Gosh—up down, up down, they'll make us giddy soon.

I made the 2nd Balloon jump today, no qualms at all — well possibly a teeny weeny qualm — something approaching fear like the first time, but last No. 4 — and I heard afterwards that I came out like a Guards Sergeant-Major, and that was from the Regimental S.M. High praise! I did enjoy that jump! I was able to concentrate entirely on doing everything in the right way, knowing as I did exactly what sensations to expect.

I tried another jump this afternoon, but it didn't come off. This is like dope, the more you have, the more you want! So far I've done five out of my seven qualifying jumps. I now do two more as a team of five, i.e. —5 one after the other as fast as possible.

Now to go back to yesterday. We went in and asked if there were any chance of a ride and the pilot said "Sure." I've got to take a kite to ———— come as my passenger." We went racing across the ground at a terrific lick. What a thrill—then suddenly the seat pressed right into my back and the ground left us very rapidly. We were soon up to 1,000 ft. or so, and on a steep upward turn. We stopped turning and climbed steeper. The wings were almost vertical with the ground. We circled the 'drome once but we were going so fast—300 m.p.h., that the circle was a huge one, in fact so big that I lost sight of the aerodrome! We picked it up, flew right over the main hangars at about 500 ft. they whizzed past underneath us and then we headed off for ———— up to 2,000 ft., like a streak of greased lightning—and then in about 4 minutes, rather less actually, we were over ———— about 17 miles !! Then we headed off there and climbed thro' the clouds to 5,000 ft. Quite a different world—like fairyland. We stayed above the clouds for about five minutes and then dived thro' a gap to get our bearings. We dived at a little over 340 m.p.h. and it didn't take long to get very near the ground. "Sorry, I couldn't let her out, old boy," the pilot said afterwards, "but it was a bit too rough and we hadn't enough height." I thought it was quite fast enough! Then we did some hedge hopping at about 100 ft. and saw two Fairey Fulmars (single-engine Fleet Air Arm Fighters) in front and above us. We gave chase. We just sailed past them, I waving to Derrick in the back of one. They were going at least 200 m.p.h. and looked as though they were not moving. We visited ———— and then landed near ———— 25 minutes later we took off from ————. Gosh it was fun! An Anson collected us and took us straight back to ————. That only took 18 minutes, but it seemed slow !! I got back for lunch at 3 p.m.



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# CAUSE and EFFECT

Did I ever tell you the story of the whimsical Valentine?  
. . . . I didn't! Well, perhaps you didn't miss  
much . . . . or did you?

IT seems a long time ago now when we were in Canada in the last war, '42 or '43 I think. Yes, we were evacuated from home to a training school; ground staff you know. We did, so I am told, quite a useful job of work, but most of us were more interested in the first boat back. Personally I've seen worse places . . . and . . . better.

Anyway St. Valentine's Day fell on February 14th as it always does, only that year February 14th was a Saturday, and the Valentine about which I speak was posted on Friday 13th, so for once ran true to the legend, because it seemed to have a jinx on it.

On the front, if I remember rightly, it had a purple cattleya orchid and inside the usual inappropriate verse, to which had been added an indecipherable hieroglyphic, which though not a love knot certainly raised some knotty problems.

Some pointer to help identify the sender was thought necessary, and so a heart was inscribed in lipstick on the envelope; perchance it lent color to the identity of the sender. The idea no doubt was that different lipsticks suit different tastes and the observant receiver might thereby recognize the sender if he so chose.

The writer sent other letters that day; there were the usual number of letters from friends to be answered, and, the weekly letter home. The last letter written was jammed on the pile with a firmness and air of something accomplished, something done that was unwarranted, especially with so much lipstick flying about. Dangerous stuff lipstick Bill, you never know where it will get to next!

Our Valentine, sad to relate, transferred its ruby affections to two letters in the pile, and the writer never noticed. Three letters with unmistakable signs of lipstick on them, I think you will agree that was a very dangerous combination.

The Valentine arrived, the receiver smelt a rat, probably due to his natural knowledge of the fair sex, and the joke got no further; at least no further in the direction intended. As a matter of fact it was not the Valentine that caused the trouble, but the lipstick, when it transferred its charms to the other two letters.

The letters of course arrived, they would! . . . . nothing ever gets lost in the wash that should. An ever observant mother opened the letter home noticed the tell-tale red marks, and at once jumped to all the wrong conclusions. She promptly sent off a snorting letter to her son. What, didn't I tell you the sender of the Valentine was a man? Ah well, now you know, he'd sent it as a joke. The mother pictured a synthetic blonde with mascaraed eyelashes, pencilled eyebrows, and rouged cheeks, blooming like a hot-house rose; with lacquered talons—"all the better to scratch you with my dear." The letter was written with this vision before the mother's eyes. It shook the recipient to the core, for he didn't know

what it was all about. Explanations and recriminations followed in later letters, and just when everything was nicely straightened out, the second delayed action bomb went off.

The receivers of those two smudged letters, as these things sometimes will happen, compared notes, and jumped to their own conclusions all over again. Of course it would be his luck to get that confounded muck all over a letter to a girl and to his mother. The fat, or should I say the greasepaint was now properly in the fire. The mother was wondering with what she might be landed as her daughter-in-law, and the girl was thinking that a good thing was rapidly slipping from her hands.

The sharp ring of the doorbell and the rattle of letters on the hall floor cut through their meditations. The afternoon post had come. No letters from the miscreant; just bills, and one or two circulars, in spite of the paper shortage, and last, a letter from the B.B.C. Why the B.B.C? Surely it was the Postal Authorities who dealt with overdue wireless licenses, not the B.B.C.! Some rubbish obviously, but tear it open and let's see what they have to say. My word! . . . what luck! . . . it couldn't have come at a better time . . . an invitation to talk to him in the overseas broadcast to the forces in Canada. But they couldn't tell him what they thought of him on the radio, so how else was it to be done? The combined ingenuity of the mother and the girl caused them to hatch a plot, although the mother never stopped to wonder why the girl should suddenly have taken so much interest in her son.

Another cigarette . . . Turkish this side, and those are my special Virginia, a light . . . thanks. Now where was I . . . Oh yes . . . Well the day for the broadcast arrived, our practical joker was sitting back at his ease listening to the wireless, waiting for the overseas broadcast. He was in congenial company. His host had four daughters and a bottle of whisky; it was at least three years old! Our friends taste had obviously deteriorated since he joined up, but everything in the garden was lovely as far as he was concerned, and he was getting on very well with the little blonde daughter.

The wireless paused, and after one or two crackles, the introductory patter came over in those dulcet Oxford tones familiar to English listeners. The broadcast got under way in the usual style. It is a pity that the reception was so good that day. The families to speak were introduced, the compère said his little piece, and one by one, in varying stages of mike fright they stuttered and mumbled their way over the air to Canada. Some had not had letters from little Johnny for weeks; it would appear he must have been better occupied, or worse, as the case may be, anyway he had not written; most hoped they were 'well and safe,' and on the whole all seemed well at home.

Finally our friends were announced, "Aircraftsman Jones, are you listening? With us tonight we have your mother, father, and your fiancée." Yes, he heard perfectly, and so did the others, even the pre-war whisky couldn't help him survive that shock.

When he came out of hospital . . . Oh, no . . . the blonde didn't hit him that hard, as a matter of fact she never touched him; he slipped as he reached for the bottle, and injured his eye. He had had a bit of an eye opener but only metaphorically speaking, the black eye he got was a museum piece.

What finally happened! You are impatient. Well two can play at the game he had played on him, so he wrote home to thank all concerned very much, and to say that he had decided to get engaged. To whom! Why! . . . to the girl he intended to marry of course.

# Wings Over Britain

An extract from the South Wales Echo recently received  
by an airman on the camp.

## Famous Welsh Warrior

IT has been my pleasure to secure from Mrs. Morgan of Springfield Gardens Tiredunaw, Swansea, a copy of the original illustrated catalogue of the unique Welsh historical sculptures which were presented by the Late Lord Rhondda to Cardiff in 1916, and which are so remarkable a feature in the marble vestibule at the City-hall. These statues have become world-known and copies of the catalogue, which are to be found in every big library on the five continents, including articles by Owen Rhoscomyl, Sir Marchant Williams, Llewellyn Williams, K.C., M.P., and other great Welsh worthies who have long since gone to their rest.

The interest of the moment rests in the point that Mrs. Morgan wants a photograph of the statue of Sir Thomas Picton, the hero of Waterloo, which is included in the National gallery of Welsh sculpture at Cardiff, in order to send it to Ontario, Canada, where her brother, an R.A.F. Flight Lieutenant is serving with his unit. The lads in the unit, contribute articles, prints and other material reminiscent of the Old Country, to the Station Magazine. There is an article on Sir Thomas Picton in the November issue of "Wings," and it is of interest largely because the town of Picton is named in memory of the old Pembrokeshire warrior.



## PROOF!

The article above proves that folks back home take an interest in our activities, so why not make up a complete set of "WINGS" to take back with you? Its contents will no doubt revive some stories for you to relate in future years . . . . get the back numbers you are short of from the Canteen - now - - - - 10c per copy.

"Where d'ya get the black eye, corporal?"  
"In the war;" "What War?" "The boudoir!"

—Wall Street Journal.

# APART FROM ALL THAT

## The Princess and the Frog

The sun was shining brightly that afternoon as the princess stepped quietly through the french windows on the terrace. She paused a moment to admire the palace gardens as they stretched away to the green trees. Exotic and heady scents permeated the slight breeze, the stillness of the afternoon was accentuated by the chatter of the royal parrots.

Gently picking her way down the wide steps she made her way across the mossy flagstones through the dutch garden. She looked happy, as indeed she should, the first lady in the land, beloved by all her people and soon to be wed to her Prince Charming. It was like a fairy story.

She paused at the rock garden which flanked the pool, to admire the water lilies as they gleamed in the sunlight.

And suddenly out of the pool jumped a little frog, "what a darling little frog" said the Princess to herself, and stooping down she picked him up. Obviously very frightened, he sat there panting in her hand—the Princess gently stroking his back. And then she saw why he had jumped out, poised to strike, was a water snake, still there, swaying angrily at being robbed of his prey.

The Princess picked up a large stone and threw it, the snake hissed and darted out of sight.

"Little frog" said the Princess "I will take you back with me and look after you." And so in due course the frog was carried to her own bedroom, with his own pool, rock garden and fountain.

But in the middle of the night he turned into a handsome prince and rather frightened the princess. "You saved my life," he said, as he came towards her.

It was unfortunate that in the morning neither her mother nor her future husband believed the story.

## By My Halidom

Varlet—A lady waits without, Sir Guy.

Sir Guy—Without what varlet, speak right speedily lest I have you flung from the battlements, a fate you richly deserve.

Varlet—Without food and raiment my lord.

Sir Guy—Then feed her forthwith and wheel her in by my halidom.

Gadzooks and gramercy!



## The Funnies

We've been out here quite long enough  
To think about this thing,  
At first we didn't read them much,  
Not even dear old "Ming."  
We looked perhaps at one or two,  
Then tossed the lot away,  
And hoped that no one ever saw  
We'd spent our time that way.

Of course we all read "Pop" well he  
Was in the "Sketch" at home,  
But "Jane" she never got out here,  
She left us all alone.

But girls like "Tilly Toiler," she  
Was quite another type,  
"Flash Gordon and "L'il Abner,"  
We didn't call them tripe.  
We didn't quite just get them,  
Knew not what had gone before,  
And reading through old "Lady Luck"  
Was really quite a chore.

We thought they were for children,  
And we left them quite alone,  
Spent more time on our "Petty"  
And his ladies with the 'phone.

But looking round the camp these days,  
It's really quite a game  
To find a copy vacant now,  
Not like when we first came.

And even dear old "Superman,"  
He does his level best  
To fox you with his antics,  
When he last took off his vest.

I don't know where this gets us,  
But excuse me if I pause an'  
Grab that copy that is vacant and  
Catch up with dear old "Tarzan."

## Extracts From Official Correspondence

From F/O. Allbull, R.A.F. Station Great Thundercloud.

To F/Lt. Pushover, R.A.F. Station Little Thundercloud.

1.3.42.

Dear Bob:

Have you got a spare typewriter, mine's in a shocking state, or do you know how I can get another? By the way, do you remember the widow, she called up yesterday, could you look after the friend again next Saturday. I think the trouble is my clerk is ham fisted.

All the best,  
Yours,  
Crikey.

From F/Lt. Pushover to F/O. Allbull.  
2.3.42.

Dear Crikey:

Typewriters are a tricky business, there's some form about it somewhere, try the stationary marks at S.H.Q. You might like to know I've got a W.A.A.F. Stenog, she's a fizzer. I'm not keen on the widow's friend, could I bring my W.A.A.F.? What are we using for money?

Yours  
Bob.

From O/C. B. Flight to Officer i/c Stationary Stores.  
3.3.42.

### TYPEWRITERS

It is requested that a new typewriter be supplied to this Flight as the present one is practically u/s through fair wear and tear.

May this be treated as urgent, please?

R. Allbull F/O.  
o/c B Flight.

From Officer i/c Stationary Stores, to o/c B Flight.  
4.3.42.

### TYPEWRITERS

In order to obtain typewriters it is necessary to forward the attached pro forma duly completed. On receipt of this from you the matter will be put forward. It is suggested alternatively that your present machine be sent here for inspection and repairs.

R. U. Stuck, P/O.  
Officer i/c Stationary Store.



From F/O Allbull to F/Lt. Pushover.  
5.3.42.

Dear Bob:

Thanks about the typewriter. I've got some ruddy form to fill up now, I think there is something wrong with the carriage because I can't ring the bell. Yes bring your W.A.A.F. on Saturday. Can't you borrow some money. The widow likes double brandies.

All the best,  
Crikey.

From F/Lt. Pushover to F/O Allbull.  
6.3.42.

Dear Crikey:

I knew there was some form about it. My W.A.A.F. says you will never ring the bell, unless the carriage movement is adjusted. I'll borrow some cash, but you'll have to pay for the widow's double brandies—can't stop for more now. Up to my eyes in it. I've had to work late three nights this week, bad luck on my W.A.A.F., but she doesn't seem to mind.

See you Saturday,  
Yours,  
Bob.

From Officer i/c Stationary Store to O/C B Flight.  
7.3.42.

### TYPEWRITERS

An inspection of the machine received from your office has been made and repairs are necessary to the clutch release button and the margin stop rod. The type bar fork is also rather worn.

Arrangements will be made to have the necessary repairs made, but it is requested that your confirmation be given to the fact that your establishment of clerks is two, in which case you are only entitled to half a typewriter.

R. U. Stuck P/O.  
Officer i/c Stationary Store.

From F/O. Allbull to F/Lt. Pushover.  
10.3.42.

Dear Bob:

They are repairing my typewriter, but there is some awkwardness about establishment and I am only allowed to have half of one.

Did your W.A.A.F. enjoy herself. I'll swop the widow if you like, that brandy business is awfully expensive.

Are you still working late? You don't want to overdo it old man.

Yours,  
Crikey

From F/Lt. Pushover to F/O. Allbull.  
12.3.42.

Dear Crikey:

Sorry to hear about the typewriter trouble. I'm in the soup too. I tried to fix up an establishment for my W.A.A.F. but they wouldn't wear it. I think S/Ldr. A.

A had his eye on her. Any way she works for him now and I can't get a look in—could you ask the widow to bring her girl friend on Thursday.

When I get my half ring I'll be after that bloke.

Chin Chin,

Bob.

---

## Gremlyn Gen

In response to numerous enquiries as to the habits and functions of a Gremlyn, a noted authority has been approached for information. Unfortunately the gen has not yet arrived.

Still on the same theme, the following is a true story which is an example of efficiency to which we raise our caps winter.

Two instructors acquired a boats sailing 15 ft. officers for the use of—in a bright and carefree moment this was christened the "Gremlyn," and in the course of casual correspondence home, the fact of its existence was stated and the probable date of launching.

Enthusiastic relatives in England not content with mere Air Mail, sent a cable—"Bon voyage to the good ship Gremlyn and good luck to all who sail in her." Exactly 6 hours after the cable had been sent, a frantic telephone call was received from an OFFICIAL BODY. Information was urgently requested, what was the good ship Gremlyn. Apparently she was not listed at Lloyds Shipping. What was her



cargo? What date did she sail? Destination? etc., etc., and worst of all, can you imagine trying to explain to an Official Body over the telephone, what a Gremlyn is. Which only goes to show !



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# Roundabout

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## OFFICERS' MESS

### The Changing Face of Time and so Forth

Since last issue there have been some changes in the Mess. W/Cdr. P. W. Lowe-Holmes has left us for R.C.A.F. Dafoe, and in his place we welcome W/Cdr. H. Y. Humphreys from the same station.

The new arrivals are P/O. J. W. Conroy, W. R. Dunn and Ensign E. V. Hardway of U.S. Naval Reserve, the latter having arrived for instruction in Gunnery.

For unknown reasons there is a lamentable lack of gen this month—possibly a re-action after the hectic festivities over Christmas and New Years.

The duty gremlin having removed the wall chart of the first snooker tournament it has had to be abandoned. However, another has started and once more the atmosphere of the billiard room is strained and tense whilst the phantom \$12.00 slides further away, or nearer, as the case may be.

### 1st Awful Pome

#### HORACE'S HORSE

Due to lack of gas and tires,  
And before the thing expires,  
He has bought a horse and carriage,  
It will now rest in the garage.

Heard now, in a new tone of voice, is:  
"Home James and don't spare the horses."

### 2nd Awful Pome

#### THE AWFUL VOICE

As the light of dawn appears and consciousness is born,  
There's an apprehension that comes with the smiling morn,  
Wash rooms silent as the night until that voice is heard,  
Hard and rasping there it is, it's just what I had feared,  
Changed my bathroom to next door, the one along the hall,  
But alas, the walls are thin, I hear it through the walls,  
If we could find someone—now a bloke who has the wit'll,  
Think of something that could just be done, to stop it just a **Little**.

## SERGEANTS' MESS

There has been mud in and around the Mess recently, and to reach there, one has to have a good knowledge of navigation; several inches of uncharted and unsounded water lying around. However, the Mess is rapidly becoming worth the danger involved in getting there.

We are very comfortably and adequately furnished, and a billiard

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# Buckingham

*-and Smile*

table is installed (on what our Transport expert calls the "drip-feed" system).

Sunday evenings are now convivial affairs in which the girl friends etc., of the N.C.O.'s take part. They take the form of a Bière-Dansant: and even those who have no girl friends to bring, but only wish to sit and drink coke, can feast their eyes on the beauty arranged before them. In fact, as at the opera, it is becoming customary to bring glasses. But really these evenings are promoting a feeling of camaraderie and intimacy (ask Sergeant Argent).

Well, to go from the sublime to the ridiculous; among those we omitted to congratulate were Flight Sergeant Simpson and Flight Sergeant Garrett; both richly deserving their promotion; and I hope they will both accept these belated wishes for their continued success in their respective spheres. This month our old friend the "Glamor Boy" has won another crown, this one carrying a 30c per day increase. Congrats, Flight Sergeant; you deserve all you get (still on the wagon?).

We also welcome here a driver; Aircraft, Flight Sergeant Spencer, who seems to be making himself felt in Picton already.

Leave is rife at the moment, and several Sergeants have to see the land of the free. One red-headed member of the mess appears to have had New York at his feet until he made the faux-pas of mistaking a lady for a dance hostess and vice-versa. Miaow!

## "B" FLIGHT

By some casual mischance Gunnery Flight and its cosmopolitan personnel have remained aloof from the pages of that "Rag," Wings, that is, until the O.C. remembered that the erstwhile fair Flying Log computer was now available for other sundry clerical duties. Thus "B" Flight enters these pages.

Although we regret the loss to Servicing of that master of profanity, Chiefy Auch, we welcome to this notable establishment one or two newcomers, the appearance in "Battle Dress," of one of whom namely "Greatcoat Spencer" seems to have inspired our budding fighter boys, whose ranks have recently been increased by the arrival from Moose Jaw, that bottomless reservoir of Staff Pilots, of yet two more airframe drivers.

As regards the loss of two pans of ammo, we make no comment but refer readers to one, F/O Watters who if he cannot solve the mystery can at least enlighten "his Sprog Pilots" on the finer points of "correctly" executing Stall Turns?

Before bringing our first monthly gossip to a close, who was the junior N.C.O. out all day on the Sabbath? We don't think it Good-y-nough.

So long dear readers.

## MAINTENANCE II (Alias Servicing)

We are getting such a reputation we have had to change our name to Maintenance II in case anyone catches up on us.

We welcome Corporals Gough and Vaukins, who have recently acquired their tapes and been transferred to this hangar.

The phantom fitter has ceased haunting the crew room, but now we suspect that someone is practising as a trunk murderer, one day a Corporeal skeleton will be found in the crew room cupboards.

Talking of bodies reminds us that the chicken run shows increased activity during the day and even excels the noise servicing itself can

produce. One day some light hearted stalker sniper or what-you-will, will let fly in the wrong direction, then it will be a case of "another goon-skin biting the dust" or was it "redskin"?

#### **Theme Song for the Month:**

He was only a greengrocers boy, but he knew how to bind the swedes . . . . and now we'll push this one out at the back.

#### **Impossible People:**

The electrician who had a car for sale and advertised it as being in "first crash condition."

### **MAINTENANCE I**

The Ministry of Information sees fit to release the following bulletin on Maintenance I, situated in that desirable residence Hangar No. 6. This dwelling has every modern inconvenience. On the left going in we find the annex, some new benches, with fitters reclining on them like Roman Emperors, all very snug and cosy. Next there is an abode where Stokey and his fellow croney sleep the day away and get fat—this is stores: when the door is locked he's sure to be somewhere in camp, so you can always find him! Further along we find the Temple of Knowledge . . . as you were . . . I mean the office. Within its shady precincts, behind the veil, lies the high altar of Maintenance where dwells the guiding providence. Between these two mystic doors there is one with the inscription "Instrument Section" and the less said about it the better, a cloak or Hood is drawn over all its activities. Perambulating further, on the left as you go out, is the hangar crew room, or the nearest approach thereto we ever seem to have. Then on to a trap door behind which an offshoot of Stores resides. There are a few machines sprinkled over the concrete floor, and that is about all there is to see. Now, gentlemen, what am I bid? What was that I heard? No! No!! Fruit is no use, birds must be in money.

Congratulations to Corporals Oates, Ison, Taylor and Dunn on their promotions and to the myriad L.A.C.'s who recently obtained their 'props'.

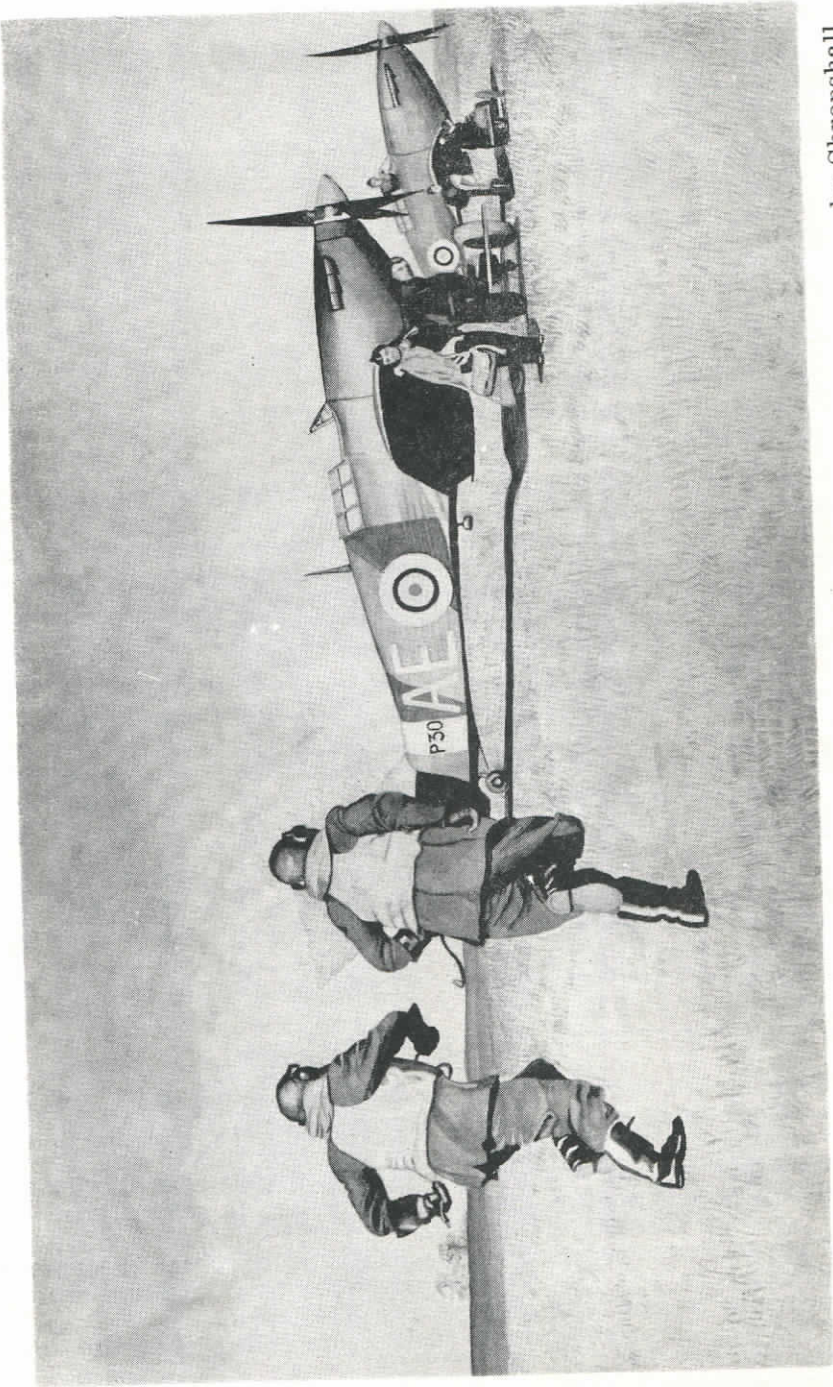
Spring-heeled-Jack or N.C.O. i/c Stores should join the parachute corps, he should come down well with such an elastic gait. Ianto, the hangar portable test bench continues to do good work; we understand his little finger is used for testing header tank valves and his thumb for valve springs, his third finger nail is a sure test for valve clearances and the other two fingers I'll leave to you.

### **STORES**

Unless things improve, your correspondent will be forced to put in a demand for slanderable or misrepresentable words or deeds for use by those who dwell herein. At present we have nothing on hand that would be printed in a moderately peppy Church Journal.

"E" Group insists that it is by no means Green and there are Heaps of good Fellows in the R. & I. Section; on the other hand, "B" Group has a surfeit of Beans and the Blunt ways of the Clothing Store are the last Straw. (We regret the Barberous puns).

[Continued on Page Forty-two]



by Shropshall

SCRAMBLE!

## STORES [Continued]

### Conversation Overheard at the Top Hatchway; or, Why Storebashers Eventually Go Nuts.

1st Voice: Is this where I get the stuff?

2nd. Voice: The Stuff? What stuff?

1st Voice: The stuff he sent me for.

2nd Voice: Who sent you?

1st Voice: I don't know his name but he seems a nice man. He had three stripes on his arm and he says he's got a sister in the W.A.A.F's.

2nd. Voice: What did he send you for?

1st. Voice: He didn't say but he told me to get it.

2nd. Voice: Did he give you a voucher?

1st. Voice: What's that?

2nd. Voice: A voucher. An E.42.

1st. Voice: Oh, no. My leave doesn't start until next week.

Chorus of Voices: Wrap up. Go away.

1st. Voice: Right ho. It is cold, isn't it? Good-bye.

(Chorus of Razzberries.)

Our congratulations are extended to F/Sgt. Newton on his recent promotion.

It is rumored that there are to be some changes made among the groups. This will be very unfortunate for a number of people who will have to alter their method of approach when desirous of drawing equipment at the wrong time; and the future occupant of the Clothing Store will be able to "bind" in both English and Welsh.

For the moment, as they say in the W.T. Section, "that is all." We hope to bring you something new each month.

## ACCOUNTS SECTION

### Open Letter to Edgar Bergen.

Dear Edgar:

We should like to place on record our emphatic denial of the rumor that your side-kick has escaped and is now "working" in the Accounts Section—though you can't blame the boys being fooled. Apologies to Charlie.

Love,

Walter.

P.S.—How d'you switch the darn things off?

Last month saw a farewell to three of our Canadian U/T's. Bon voyage, boys, best of luck, and don't forget, keep your noses up.

The hen roost managed to survive the five days our Sergeant was in hospital. Nice to see him "back" in circulation in spite of that.

- Note to those who find our open letter just so much double-talk:
1. Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are two amateurs who have been trying to crash radio for years.
  2. We have a recent addition to the Section called McCarthy—though that's not his fault.
  3. Walter refers to a rival corn manufacturer by the name of Winchell. Get it now?

## "A" FLIGHT

"Plenty of flying done," and week-ends still continue, but with only one a month. Certain girls are asking questions, "What Price is love? Of course! there are certain airmen on this subject who are Slack, and spend their time in the "Wet Canteen" drinking their Greenaway' (s, sorry! bluesaway, while other in Sisson going down the Hill to dance, but then they don't all "Twig" the girls. The Sheppard seems to do rather well, perhaps!, this is the answer; of course he doesn't dance. Another guy goes down town, and what happens is kept to himself, so we cannot Tellet to you. Yet another has got engaged, "Congratulations! Benny," I hope it ends like I think it will, "Good Luck." Another congratulation to our Flight Sgt. Lewis gunner, on obtaining his shield. "Fine shooting "a", "you said a mouthful! Lastly, "red hot news," the cups are wearing out in our tea swindle; "Why?" because its changed hands again. Two! of the lads have now taken over, one seems to be saving up to buy an Austin for his week-end pleasures, while the other has the idea Mangan make tea, or is it a scrounge? So once again we must close wishing "Charlie's Lunch" bags of success.

## HOSPITAL

Now that the Hockey season has started in earnest on the camp, the hospital staff are working overtime on the many "cutting" results of this very "sticky" game.

The Hockey Team are being taught to be Ware, or else they will be Berginning to slide down the League and will have to be saved by the Bell, and Hunt for some new players. Any Betts on this?

In spite of our efforts to disable our opponents we still occupy the top of the bottom position in the Basketball League. Our last match was played with the Police, and if it were not for retaining our late "passes" we should have entered into more "chargeable" negotiations with our Police friends.

"For goodness Sykes stand up to the 'bloody' test," as was said by one of the Orderlies.

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# REGENT THEATRE

GEO. COOK, Manager

\* \* \*

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

March 23-24—"Wild Geese Calling"  
 25-26—"Suspicion"  
 27-28—"Kathleen"  
 30-31—"Week-end in Havana"  
 April 1-2—"Sing Another Chorus"  
 "Flying Cadets."  
 3-4—"Babes on Broadway"  
 6-7—"H. M. Pulham Esq."  
 8-9—"You're in the Army  
 Now"  
 10-11—"Rise and Shine"  
 13-14—"Maltese Falcon"  
 17-18—"How Green Was My  
 Valley"



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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### "Deep Thought"

The Editor, Wings.

Dear Sir,

I venture to suggest that "The Thinker," an article sometimes good, sometimes bad, and more often indifferent, should be scrapped. The original idea seemed good but there is a sameness about the article and a tendency to harp on the one theme. Perhaps the Thinker could get off his perch and walk further afield to get some fresh ideas. After all they say that 'travel broadens the mind.'

Yours hopefully,

"Nil Desperandum."

Surely, will you write something on the lines you indicate?

### How Long?

Dear Mr. Editor,

With short stories as long as the "Gas Stove" in the Camp Magazine, perhaps it would be a good idea to put the reading time on every article. Then we should know whether we should fall asleep before finishing it.

Drowsily, yours,

C. M.

Quite a good idea, but that would necessitate the editor reading the confounded things.

Dear Sir:

I should have thought a station of this size, should have sufficient sports to furnish a sport section in "Wings" each month.

Where was the sport section in the February issue? Who writes it? and don't they? What are the sport committee playing at?

Yours faithfully,

F. B. S.

They probably froze up.

Dear Sir:

Where can I get back numbers?

Yours truly,

L. B.

Turn to page 33.

### Strip Tease

Dear Wings:

Your printers certainly do a swell job on you, but as a Station Magazine you'd make a fine Readers' Digest. Seems that you've forgotten that firstest and lastest you're an airmen's mag. Suggest you climb down from that big high hoss. Sales ought to prove how right — or wrong — I am in that respect. So come what May, and come what June, I think a little hair letting down wouldn't be out of order.

Sincerely,

U/S. A.

Unless I am mistaken, this was written by the author of "New Photography"—if you see what I mean!

# The Miniature Rifle Club



**D**URING the past month, membership has increased steadily, present membership being 297 Officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen. The Range has been open daily from 08.00 hours to 17.00 hours which allows Pilots and Air Observer Pupils to use the range while awaiting their flying details. This arrangement also permits Security Guard and personnel on night shift to make full use of the range.

The Air Officer Commanding No. 1 Training Command, inspected No. 31 B. & G. School on February 17th, 1942. During the inspection he displayed great interest in the Organization and Activities of the Miniature Rifle Club. He kindly consented to visit the Club Range that evening and present to winning members, Dominion Marksman Prizes and Station Spoons and Medals. Presentation of prizes was made to 53 members of the Club, after which the A.O.C. gave a brief address.

He stressed the importance of skill in the use of firearms, and pointed out that the Miniature Rifle Club, besides providing a very interesting recreation was also doing a very valuable service job by providing small arm training for all station personnel. He further expressed gratification at the keenness of all members, as shown by the average nightly attendances, ammunition expended and prizes won. The address was closed by congratulating the Station Commander (G/C. C. H. Keith), the club committee and all members for the very remarkable initiative, organization and keenness displayed by all.

The A.O.C. then took part in a pool shoot and set an example to all by proving his ability in the use of small arms. He scored a possible with excellent grouping.

Finally the A.O.C. was made an Honorary Member of the Club and presented with a membership card.

During the month a series of Scratch Cards were fired at 25 yards with target rifles. Prizes were as follows:

Station Silver Spoon won by F/Lt. D. Maw.

Station Silver Medal won by F/Sgt. Lewis.

## DOMINION MARKSMAN PRIZES

### BRONZE PINS

S/Ldr. Sir A. H. Seton Bart.	W/Cdr. P. W. Lowe-Holmes	S/Ldr. J. Avent
S/Ldr. Grey	Sgt. Hiddleton	Sgt. Smith
Sgt. Hills	Sgt. Knight	Sgt. E. Reynolds
Sgt. I. W. Rutter	Sgt. S. C. Larraman	Sgt. A. W. Rich
Sgt. Roper	LAC Satow	LAC Whitmore
P/O. Stringer	LAC Hughes	

### SILVER PINS

W/Cdr. P. W. Lowe-Holmes	F/O Boucher	LAC Green
LAC Bey	LAC Screen	LAC Mercer
LAC Smith	LAC Warwick	

### GOLD PINS

W/Cdr. P. W. Lowe-Holmes	Sgt. Wheeler (1)	Cpl. G. Dalton
LAC Aspinall	LAC Bradbury	LAC Smith
LAC Warwick		

### SPOONS

S/Ldr. F. C. Stibbard (1)	Sgt. Matthews (3)	LAC W. G. Greenaway (3)
Cpl. Goody (1)	LAC Guirron (1)	LAC Ferns (4)
A.C. Coombes (1)	LAC Warwick (1)	LAC Turner (1)
W/Cdr. P. W. Lowe Holmes (6)	Sgt. Wheeler (1)	

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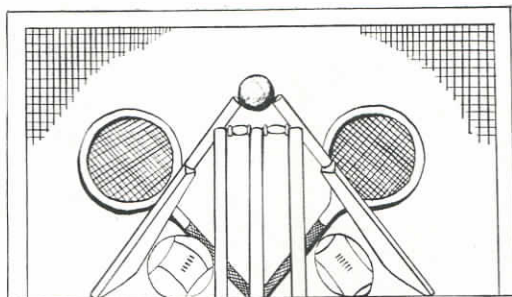
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# Sports



# Section

CONSIDERING the facilities which are available on the station, for various forms of sport, it is disappointing to note that full use is not made of them. Perhaps it is not generally known however, that Badminton, Tennis and Basketball can be played in the Drill Hall, on almost any evening of the week. "What's On" the weekly program of sports and entertainments, always indicates what space is available for play. It simply remains therefore, that racquets be drawn from the sports store and returned after use.

Tennis balls and Badminton shuttles are hard to come by these days. At present shuttles may be bought, at a price much below the actual cost, from the Y.M.C.A. representative, Mr. Alf. Morris. The canteen usually carries a stock of Tennis balls. Take good care of your equipment, there is a shortage of such gear at present, and this will become more acute in the near future. Sports dealers state that they cannot guarantee to continue supplying basketballs, racquets, shuttles, etc., so look after the ones you are given on loan.

Badminton shuttles are repairable so don't throw your used ones away, hand them in to the sports store.

Each section has its own sports representative. He is open to receive suggestions from you and to help provide for your requirements in the way of sport. Remember however, that the policy is to provide for the majority and that it is not always possible to cater for the few. Anyway have a chat with Mr. Alfred Morris or "A" Flight LAC. Greenaway; "B" Flight Cpl. Goody; "C" Flight Cpl. Thomas; "D" Flight Cpl. Gavell; "Maintenance" Sgt. Lloyd; Servicing Cpl. Haldane; S.H.Q. Sgt. Dawes.

## BADMINTON

The Badminton club is now in full swing and is having regular weekly practice evening with excellent results. This sport should make a lot of headway, for there is plenty of enthusiasm.

The club would like a bigger membership so that matches and competitions can be arranged, so, those who are interested and have not yet joined—we're waiting for you.

There are three courts available most evenings, and from 20.00 hrs. onward the whole drill hall is free for practice. Raquets can be drawn from the sport store and birds are on sale in the canteen.

Badminton birds are going to be difficult to get in the near future, they are also expensive, and that in this country they get very dry, so a good tip won't come amiss; before you start to play with your bird, cup it in your hands and breath into it, at the same time roll it gently, this will soften up the quills and make the feathers pliable so they stand up to a lot more knocking about.

# BELLE THEATRE

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JACK OAKIE, LINDA DARNELL  
WALTER BRENNAN in  
"RISE AND SHINE"  
Second Hit  
GEORGE SANDERS in  
"A DATE WITH THE FALCON"

SAT., MON., TUES., March 28-30-31  
BETTE DAVIS in  
"THE LITTLE FOXES"  
Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright

WED., THURS., FRI., April 1, 2, 3  
Dorothy Lamour, William Holden  
in "THE FLEET'S IN"

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## ICE HOCKEY

Ice Hockey has proven to be a major activity on the station during these winter months. Through the efforts of F/O. Sargent considerable equipment was given by the Sports League of Toronto. The station has a team in conjunction with 6R.D. Trenton, 5.I.T.S. Belleville and Mountain View, and were affiliated with the Ontario Hockey Association. Although the team was not successful enough to win any games in the group, the games were very keenly fought and proved of great interest to the players and spectators alike. The team captained by F/O. Sargent was as follows: goal, Crockett; defence, F/Lt. Swyers, LeMal, Fader, Pope; forwards, F/Lt. Ware, F/O. Craft, Freemark, Kanalohas, Pope and Robbs.

After the station team had finished their series an Inter Flight Hockey League was arranged with "A" and "B" sections, each section having four teams. The winner of each section would play-off to decide the winning team in the League. Works & Bricks led by F/Lt. Ware opened the series against the Hospital captained by S/Ldr. Bergin. Although the Hospital lost the game by 4-0 they gained satisfaction that first-aid visits were required to relieve the bumps, bruises, aches and pains of the older but more capable players of Works & Bricks. G.I.S. started a winning streak of games, motivated through the efforts of F/Lt. Hartnell, who scored his only goal of the series right after the initial face-off. The goal was a combination of deft footwork, astonishment of "D" Flight players, who lost by 2-0, and the unusual stick wizardry of F/Lt. Hartnell.

Note: F/Lt. Hartnell has not found it necessary to play since this game, but is waiting patiently for the play-offs.

The M.T. section (with a strong representative group from the Cook-House) played a tie game against "C" Flight in their first game, score being 1-1. "B" Flight led by scintillating Sgt. McDonald scored at will in their opening game with Maintenance, the score was 8-0. Maintenance brought out a revamped team on their next appearance with "B" Flight, led by F/O. Mills and Frenchy, they were determined to wipe out forever the ignominy of their previous defeat, and were successful to the tune of 10-0.

The most exciting game of the series was the game between Maintenance v's G.I.S. G.I.S. were only defeated by the score of 2-1. Maintenance had, however, won a moral victory, for they (lowest in the league) had beaten the unbeaten G.I.S. G.I.S. players fought hard and were even used as targets by the Maintenance team. F/Lt. Lapman was cut neatly on the chin by the puck and retired for repairs, returning to the game, but too late to stimulate the team to a win.

"D" Flight, captained by F/O. Sargent, with such players as F/Lt. Holland-Martin, F/O. Craft, Sgt. Giles, Cpl. Curry and their chief roofer F/Lt. Garrard are anxiously awaiting the day when they will cross swords with the G.I.S. captained by S/Ldr. Stibbard. (Note: G.I.S. players have been practicing secretly and it's their ambition to win the Hockey awards, they even have an imported coach, so the writer is informed).

### Standing to Date Score of the Teams is as Follows:

"A" SECTION							"B" SECTION								
Teams	G	W	L	T	F	A	P	Team	G	W	L	T	F	A	P
W. & Bricks	5	5	0	0	31	5	10	G.I.S.	4	3	1	0	14	6	6
Hospital	4	2	2	0	9	15	4	"D" Flight	4	2	2	0	7	7	4
M.T.	6	1	4	1	14	17	3	"B" Flight	5	2	3	0	13	18	4
"C" Flight	3	0	2	1	1	16	1	Maintenance	5	2	3	0	15	20	4

The play-off series will consist of the following: The leading teams in "A" & "B" sections will play off as will the second place teams in each group. The winners meeting in the finals.

## RUGGER

Although there is nothing to report with reference to Rugby Fixtures or Rugby matches as yet, we are contributing a Rugby article as usual, for several important reasons.

Firstly, the Rugby Dance was held on Friday, January 23rd, and we feel it would not be right if we let it pass without a few words of comment. When it was first decided to hold this dance, numerous obstacles and difficulties had to be overcome, and no-one held out much hope that it would be a success. However the obstacles were slowly surmounted, and owing to the energy and keenness displayed by the Dance Committee, the Rugger Dance turned out, socially, to be one of the most successful of the station efforts in this direction.

It's success has encouraged us to hold a second dance on February 20th—and the Commanding Officer has kindly consented to allow us to do so. Dancing will be from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. as in the first dance, and it is our hope that this dance will be a greater success ever, than the first.

Now we want to send out a Clarion call for . . . MORE MEMBERS for the Rugby Club, and firstly we want to point out the amended rule of membership. The total membership fee in future will be 50c. Therefore you can become a full-fledged member of the Picton R.A.F. Rugby Club.

The benefits include the fact that the first opportunity to travel with the Station Rugby Team during the coming season will be granted to members of the club . . . whether they are playing or non-playing members.

It is earnestly hoped that we shall be able to turn out two Rugger XV's this year. . . . And we also hope to stage regular matches on the Picton Training Ground. Amongst our away features we hope to include Hamilton, University of Toronto, Kingston and Montreal "Anzacs" and "Aussies." To be able to travel to these numerous places, however, we shall need all the financial support we can get. . . so let's have further support for the Rugby Sporting Club! Come on Fellows. . . Join up.

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—Kipling

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"Printers of 'Wings' Magazine"