

Spring Number

# WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R.A.F. PICTON



No. 10 - April 1942

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Men like Group Captain Keith are born and not made, and therefore I fully realize that in undertaking to follow in the footsteps of your most popular former Commanding Officer, I am faced with a Colossal task.

As most of you know, I came here from Carberry, and the very favorable opinions I heard about Picton have been borne out in no uncertain manner.

My first impression is that this station is working as a team, pulling together, and doing a fine job. As your new Commanding Officer, I ask you to carry on this team spirit which is such an essential to an efficient and happy station.

We are bound to have our troubles, but let us face them in the right frame of mind. There are thousands of others in this service of ours who are infinitely worse off than we are, and it is up to us to "pull our weight" by them and get on with the job for which we have been sent here.

I want every Officer, N.C.O. and Airman on the camp to appreciate that if they have any real troubles on their minds, I would like to hear about them, and that the door of my office is open to them, through the proper channels.

My wife joins me in thanking you for the very warm welcome you have all given us. We are anxious to get to know as many of you as we can, and to meet your wives, fiancées and friends.

I hope that none of you will have any regrets that we have been sent to this station, and that we shall all be one happy family.

J. COX,  
Group Captain

# "WINGS"

The Magazine of No. 31 R.A.F. Bombing and Gunnery  
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**S**PRING is here! What a change to look out through the window and see the wind busily engaged in blowing the snow flakes in as many directions as possible, and to feel it's crisp cool swirl as you step jauntily out at 07.44—intent on breakfast. However the Glen Allen came safely up the bay on Wednesday and the "Engineer" has commenced diving operations in search of the Damnheerli's winter berth.

The outstanding social event of the month was the Anniversary Dance held at the Gaiety Theatre to commemorate the arrival of the First Echelon, which reminds me that the next set of photographs in the series should include a boat, or rather the blunt end of one, unless of course it is possible to obtain illustrations of the launching ceremony between times.

Following upon the extract from the South Wales Echo published last month, comes a further article on General Sir Thomas Picton by the late Sir Marchant Williams, together with a photograph of a statue in the Marble Vestibule at Cardiff City Hall. This statue was presented to the City of Cardiff by the late Lord Rhondda and is by the well known sculptor, T. Mewburn Crook, based on an oil painting which is to be seen in the Guild Hall at Camarthen. We are much indebted to F/Lt. Pithie, who's sister obtained both the article and illustration on page nine.

It has been possible to devote our centre section to photographs and a write up of "A" Flight this month, it is our aim to do the same for a different section in each issue, but to do this, we need interesting photographs. How about it you photography fans — you take 'em, we'll print them. There is each month a need of articles, short stories, and drawings as well as photographs, particularly for the June issue which is the anniversary number. There is also a vacancy on the magazine committee for a reporter to collect items of news, any sort of topical news. The salary is 5,000 a year (pounds) and a chit to go to the head of the Cookhouse queue — any offers?

# The Return OF A SON

BRANT walked down the road with his shirt sticking moistly to his back. Pheh, it was hot! He took off his hat and waved it once or twice in front of his face. It gave him momentary relief, but not enough to afford real comfort. He looked about him with curiosity. The last time he had been here was eighteen - twenty, yes twenty, years ago. A fair-haired, fresh-looking youth then, different from this stranger, with little lines crinkling up and down his face as if caused by always peering into space.

Yes, curiosity was in his gaze as he glanced at the buildings around him. Two cinemas, a large Woolworth's, a Fifty Shilling Tailors and a whole line of shops with gaudy-looking fronts and very little else made the scene.

At this time in the afternoon there were few people about. A woman pushed a pram wearily, containing a youngster sucking a multi-coloured sweet, while every now and again a shop door opened and a woman emerged with a bundle or shopping basket in her hand. Not a very impressive sight, thought Brant, but typical of so many small towns springing up around the countryside.

The freshly made up surface of the road drew his feet making him feel even more uncomfortable. Suddenly, as if in answer to a prayer, his gaze rested in the middle of a row of older shops, on one which looked even older and dirtier than the others in which one or two bored-looking flies made periodic flight from a plate of rice cakes to the window and back. The redeeming feature of this sight was the word 'TEAS' in chipped white paint across the front of the window.

Brant walked across and opened the door. In response a bell tinkled somewhere in the back to be followed by a door opening and the appearance of a young girl about seventeen years old. In the dim interior of the shop she looked quite pretty, but when an occasional ray of sunlight chanced on her face, it could be seen that her complexion was already almost ruined by the use of too many cosmetics. Her voice when she spoke showed that one or two visits to an elocutionist would have done no harm. After ordering a pot of tea and a plate of pastries, the latter with some trepidation, Brant sat down at one of the glass-topped tables the room boasted.

Twenty years! Would the Grange look so very different? Were the grey walls still covered with creeper or had it been cut down to stop its overcrowding the windows? Strange, that small things like that should keep tumbling into his mind. Was the drive still covered with weeds? Was the biggest rhododendron bush still the one by the South wall, and the thought that gave the theme to it all, how were his parents and how would they receive him?

Twenty years since he had that frightful row with his father and left the Grange by means of the creeper from his bedroom window. Twenty years—it seemed a lifetime.

Long years of hard work in North Canada, first as a trapper and then as a bush-flier flashed through his mind. Long years during which he had started many a letter only to tear it up in disgust. Well, at last he had conquered his foolish pride and soon —

At that moment his reverie was broken into by the girl placing the tea and a plate of yellowish-looking objects, presumably the pastries, on his table. The tea wasn't bad and feeling better after its stimulating affect, Brant began talking to the girl.

He started with the usual pleasantries about the weather and how hot it was and then asked her how long she had been there. Even Brant had not realized the flow of talk a simple question like that would start. It appeared that the girl had lived there five years, and five years in Brampton to a girl like that, was worse than any prison Dumas' mind could construct. In short, she was fed up with Brampton in general and the tea shop in particular.

At the end of this five minute burst of eloquence, Brant asked if the Garden Party was still held at the Grange, the big house about two miles out of town.

"That place," replied the girl, "Why, that big old barn was pulled down last year. The Renfrew Housing Estate was being built there. Nice houses, too — wish I had one. Why, the bathrooms —"

Brant felt his mind whirl. The Grange gone—it was impossible. The girl must be mad, she looked mad, he decided. Mechanically, he rose from the table and gave the girl a handful of change without asking for the bill. The door had slammed behind him now, he was walking swiftly down the street.

The Grange gone, no, no, it couldn't be. After all these years of longing, to have it taken from him by the words of a silly girl—his walk almost became a run.

The town was left behind him now and the heat of the afternoon bore even more heavily on him. His hat had been left in the tea shop. Never mind, he could go back later. Now he must see if the Grange was there.

Thirty minutes later and here at last was the lane. Another hundred yards and he would know. The Grange! The girl had been mad. There it was, cool and inviting even in the afternoon sun.

In front of him stretched green lawns with poplars marking the edges, while in the background, a row of rhododendrons blended into the creeper-covered walls of the Grange. This sight which brought back so many thoughts of youth, halted his stride and he stood for a moment lost in the beauty of it.

He moved forward again, slowly now, not up the drive, but round the edge of the lawns at the foot of the poplars.

He couldn't just go to the door and ask to see his parents, no that would be too sordid. Instead, why not enter the house the way he had left it, by means of the ivy. Yes, that was it. He would climb up to the room where his parents had always taken afternoon tea.

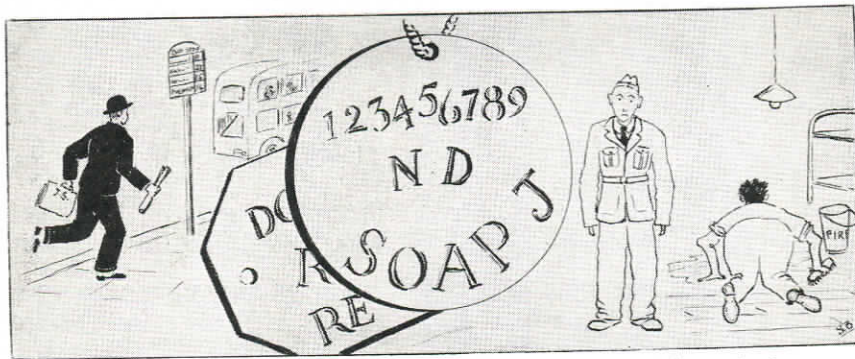
Tea, his mother sitting there in a cool white dress pouring tea out of a teapot shaped like a cottage into dainty china cups. Yes, he even remembered they had cornflowers painted on them.

Brant was at the foot of the house now, amid the sweet smell of the rhododendrons flavored with the musty scent that only an old English house can give.

With hands that shook a little, he tested the ivy. It seemed firm enough and he commenced to climb. Up and up he went. Gone were all the aches of past years, his youth was back with him again. There was the room over on the right. Only a few more upward pulls and he would be there.

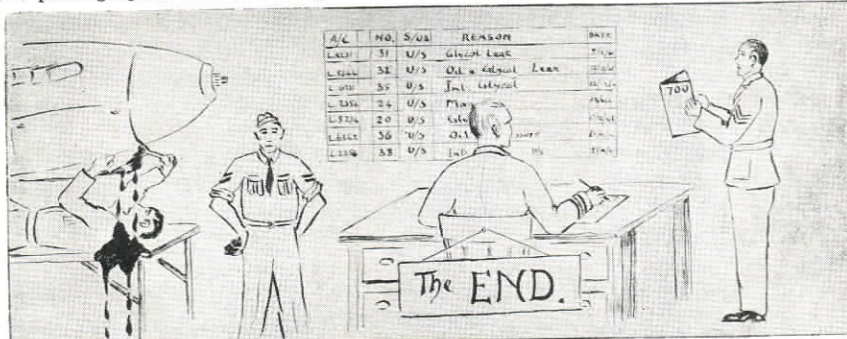
Was that his mother's voice he could hear? He would soon know, one more pull and —. The ivy, it was coming from the wall. He reached desperately up to the window but his hand fell short. Next moment he was falling, falling, falling.

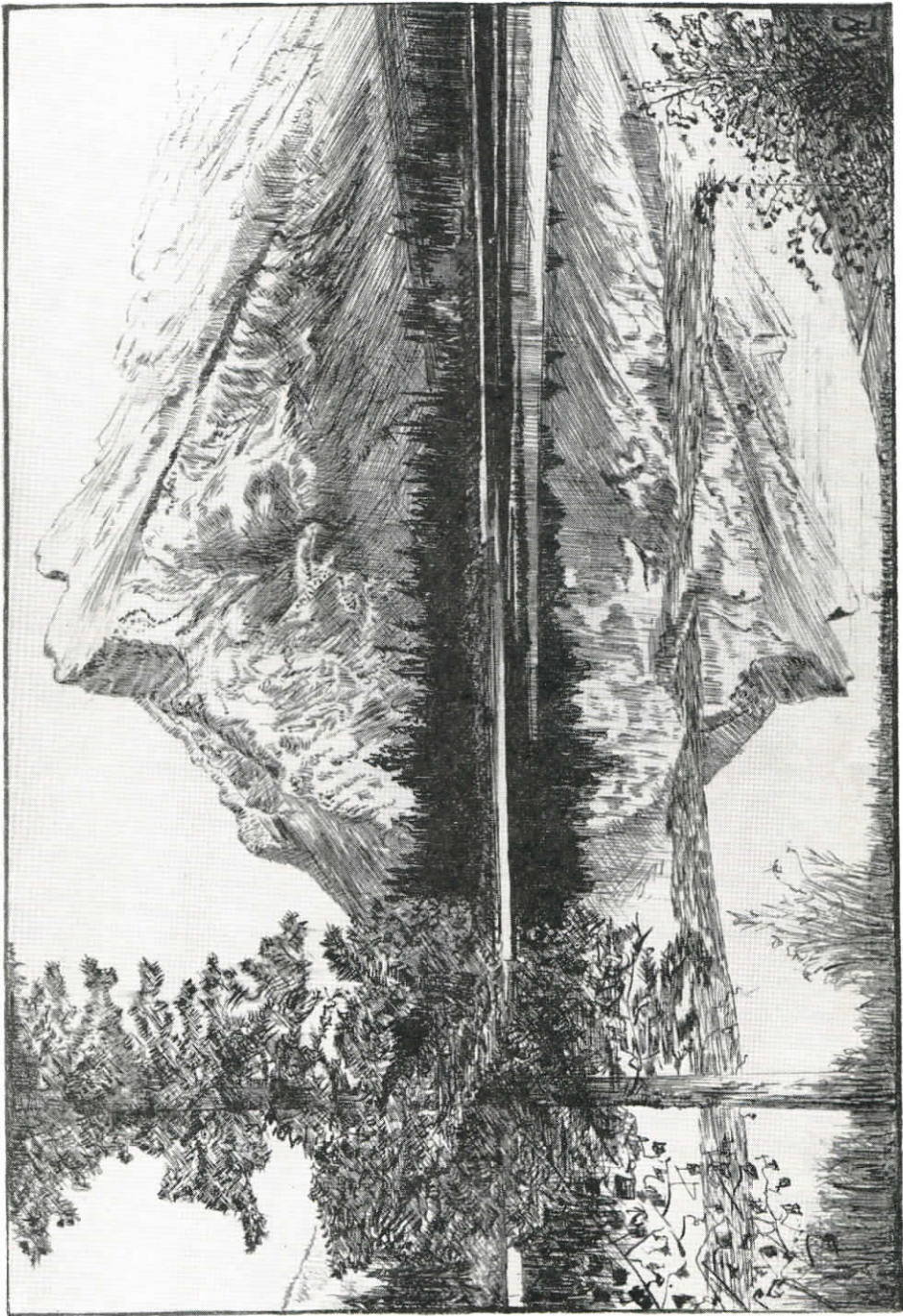
At the inquest a few days later, the Coroner added a rider that a fence should be placed round the sandpit on the Renfrew Housing Estate.



In A.D. 1938  
 Each week-day morn at ten past eight  
 A young man left his parent's house,  
 And, with a muttered curse or grouse  
 Would make his way with heart like lead  
 To where he earned his daily bread.  
 This youth, his parents' joy and hope  
 Was known to all as Young Joe Soap.  
 He spent his hard earned filthy lucre  
 In local halls at playing snooker.  
 Although not quite beyond the pale,  
 He even took a glass of ale.  
 Then came the outbreak of the war,  
 Joe carried on much as before  
 And felt no overpowering urge  
 To don a suit of sky blue serge.  
 But former chums of young friend Joe  
 Had joined up long before and so  
 Joe found it hard to force a grin  
 When told that he "should get some in".  
 They shouted "join", which forced the lad  
 To talk it over with dear old Dad.  
 His father said "Now listen Joe",  
 "I really feel that you should go".  
 Joe thought so too and went next day  
 To join as AC2. Soap, J.  
 An Uxbridge Sergeant said "Now Soap",  
 "In Service life there's lots of scope"  
 "For lads like you, for you'll be paid"  
 "According to your rank and trade".  
 "Now choose whichever trade you like".  
 Said Joe, "Well sarge, I own a bike"  
 Then said the Sarge "it seems to me"  
 "The job for you is FITT 2E."  
 Bewildered Joe then joined a draft  
 Of others in this trade and craft,  
 And sent to Blackpool, it was there  
 He marched for hours around a square.  
 Went peeling spuds and scrubbing floors

Or doing most unpleasant chores,  
 And nightly like a man half dead  
 He fell exhausted, into bed.  
 In course of time this AC2  
 Learned all about the one-pause-two,  
 Then came the oft remembered thrill  
 Of posting, Joe had learned his drill.  
 At Cosford after many week  
 Joe learned to deal with glycol leaks.  
 He knew each radial or in line:  
 He even knew which forms to sign  
 If with a minor he could cope  
 He gladly signed the sheet, "Joe Soap".  
 Engine, flame trap, blower, prop.  
 He knew them all, he cured mag drop  
 Was even known to do his stuff  
 When pilots said "The engine's rough".  
 This latter feat caused great commotion  
 Earned Joe Soap a swift promotion,  
 Until at length the erstwhile erk  
 Through many months of careful work  
 Rose through the ranks, and in a year,  
 Became a Squell (Engineer).  
 But having gained these dizzy heights,  
 Joe pined a lot for past delights.  
 He thought of happy days of yore,  
 And how he swept the hangar floor,  
 Or how in very dextrous manner  
 He learned to wield a crafty spanner.  
 The sad fate of this FITT 2E  
 Made clear to others such as he  
 That they should never do their stuff  
 When pilots said "The engine's rough".  
 It's fatal to the peace of mind  
 To cure mag drop of any kind.  
 The moral of this ode is clear  
 Do sweet F.A. and have no fear  
 That you will ever have to cope  
 With problems like Squell Joe Soap.





BANFF

—by EAGLES

# SIR THOMAS PICTON

1758-1815

“PICTON IS IN” were the magic words that passed in whispers from lip to lip in the trenches of Badajoz on the night of April 6th, 1812, and quickened the courage and renewed the hopes of the flower of Wellington’s fighting force in the Peninsular when on the very verge of defeat and despair. The night was dark, and a thick fog blotted out the landscape from the sight of the commander-in-chief, who, with his staff was mounted on high ground some distance away from the fortress, and was moody and silent, and at this moment utterly despondent of success. He knew of the unparalleled heroism of his men, and if he understood the meaning of their exultant shouts that now and again rent the air, he also understood the significance of the ceaseless wailing and groaning that assailed his ears. He was in constant communication with his officers at the front but not from one of the messengers that came to him did he extract even a ray of hope. Just as he was about to order the retreat to be sounded Picton’s aide-de-camp, guided by the glare of the torches on the ramparts, rode up to him at full speed.

“Who’s that?” said Wellington.

“Lieutenant Tyler,” was the reply.

“Ah! Tyler. Well?”

“General Picton has taken the castle, my Lord.”

“Then the place is ours,” said Wellington. “Tell him to keep it at all hazards.”

“Picton is in,” muttered the soldiers; they knew, as well as their chief, that the beginning of the end had come, and the words, we may feel sure, converted many a groan into a smile of peaceful content, and even the agony of death into a delightful dream. The next day the garrison surrendered, and the triumphant British soldiers entered Badajoz.

Wellington’s eulogies of his lieutenants were usually restrained and subdued, but Lord Liverpool when he spoke in the House of Commons on April 27th, 1812, must have been inspired by the dispatches of Wellington. These were his lordship’s words:—

“The conduct of General Picton has inspired a confidence in the army; he exhibited an example of science and bravery which has been surpassed by no other officer. His exertions in the attack on the 6th cannot but excite the most lively feelings of admiration.”

I may as well state in this place that Picton received the profuse thanks of the House of Commons seven times, and had he been more supple in the knee than he was and more pliant in the back, softer of speech and more obsequious of manner, there can be no doubt whatever that a peerage would have come his way. Five of Wellington’s lieutenants were raised to the peerage. And today they have all been practically forgotten except by the students of military history; whereas Picton, on the other hand, stands forth now, as he did a hundred years ago, as the one really great figure of Wellington’s army. To remove his name from the annals of the Peninsular War and from the story of Waterloo would be like removing the name of Stonewall Jackson from the story of the American Civil War, or the name of John Nicholson from the records of the Indian Mutiny. Three more striking and heroic figures than these men have never brightened the page of history.

Picton was above six feet in height. He carried his stature well — stood up straight as a lance. All the thirty-three bones in his back were in their places, and were well and firmly set. He had a stern, confident, and masterful look at all times and in the presence of all men; but, being a man of genius, he was occasionally a sufferer from depression of spirits.

He generally wore a blue frock-coat, very tightly buttoned up to the throat, and coiled round his neck was a large black silk handkerchief. There was thus but little or no collar showing. He usually wore dark trousers and a round hat, and it was thus he was dressed when at Quatre Bras and on the field of Waterloo, for his uniform had not arrived when he and Wellington, in the small hours of the morning, had to ride out together to the front. He was a fine horseman, and always carried a slight cane in his hand on the field of battle.

Foul language he never used, but of strong language he was a consummate master. He damned every duffer that stood in his way and the longer the pedigree of the duffer the more certain and varied was the damnation. He was a severe disciplinarian, and though, perhaps, he was not greatly loved by his men, they had unbounded admiration for him, and under him they fought better than under any other man.

But let there be no mistake. Picton was not simply a daring, impetuous, and fiery soldier. He had been all his life a student of the art of war, with the result that he was a master of strategy. It is recorded to his discredit that he declined, with a big D, to support General Craufurd at Coa, and thus caused Craufurd to suffer defeat at the hands of the French. But may not Picton have refused to aid that splendid but at times very reckless soldier because he had made a grave tactical blunder? Picton had little or no patience with blunderers at any time.

Sir Walter Scott says that Picton was second in command at Waterloo. Sir William Fraser, the great-nephew of General Craufurd, carries the matter a little further, and declares that when Picton's coat was unbuttoned on the field of Waterloo the commission appointing him commander-in-chief, in the event of Wellington being killed or disabled, was found in the breast pocket.

A few figures would seem to be necessary here. He and Nelson were born in the same year—1758. At Poyston, in the county of Pembroke, Picton first saw the light. His eldest brother took the name of "Turberville" and inherited his mother's property. General Sir Thomas Picton bought Iscoed, which is situate near Ferryside, Carmarthenshire, with the money left to him by his uncle General William Picton, and he




was only there to put the place straight, as he intended residing at Iscoed if he had returned. General Sir Thomas Picton inherited considerable property through his father. He began soldiering when he was but fifteen years of age, and for a long period of time ill-luck persistently dogged his footsteps. I have no space to deal with the scandalous persecution to which he was subjected, or even to deal with the series of glorious episodes that followed his final triumph over his enemies. I must refer the reader to the history of the Peninsular War for a list of most of his brilliant achievements.

In the year 1815 General Sir Thomas Picton was elevated to the rank of Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, being the highest class of that distinguished Order.

When he had retired to his home full of honors and to pass, as he thought, the remainder of his days in peace in the land of his fathers, he was suddenly summoned by his old chief, Wellington, to Belgium to meet the great Napoleon and his marshals. He immediately obeyed the summons. The night before he left his native land for ever he spent at Poyston, his home, before he proceeded to Waterloo. He had a presentiment that he would never return alive. A few days before, whilst dining at Tregyb, near Llandilo, he said, "When you hear of my death you will hear of a bloody day." It was the bloody day of Waterloo. On that day "he was holding the key of a vital position." In that furious irresistible charge which swept away the dense columns of the French into space Picton was in front waving his hat, and his mighty shout "Hurrah!" was heard with a thrill by tens of thousands of men. It was his last word. A bullet pierced his temple, and his death was instantaneous. So passed away the greatest soldier that Wales has produced in modern times.

Sir Thomas Picton was buried in the graveyard of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, but was moved and re-interred in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1859, the place being specially shewn by an inscribed grave-stone over the remains, and a monument erected in one of the transepts of the Cathedral. Mr. William Owen (who was then the High Sheriff of Pembrokeshire, and the father of Dr. Henry Owen who now resides at Poyston, the residence of General Sir Thomas Picton), and Sir John Henry Scourfield, Bt., then M.P. for the County of Pembroke, were the only mourners who followed the remains. I believe that the finest and noblest monument of the gallant and heroic soldier will hereafter be found in the magnificent City Hall of the City of Cardiff.

Sir Marchant Williams.



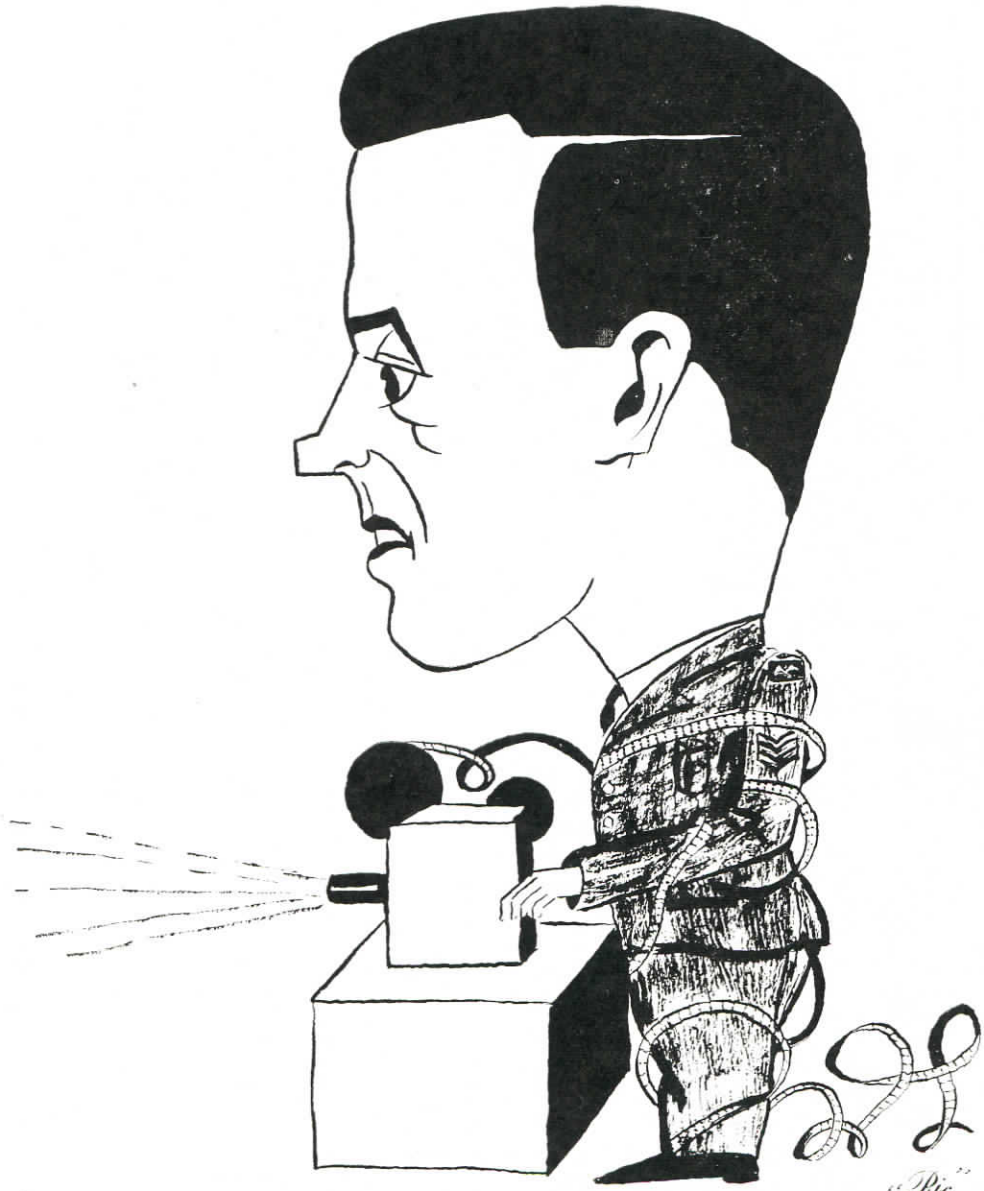
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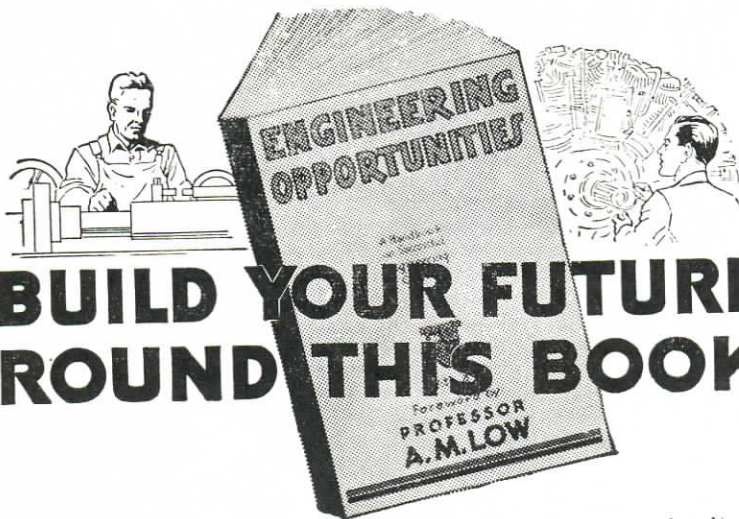
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# At Random

I have a need of silence and of stars,  
Too much is said too loudly;

I am dazed.

W. A. Percy of Grenville U.S.A.

EVERY day is Guy Fawkes day in this war; especially for those Rip-Rap critics who jump about exploding in all directions, looking for someone to blame for every major or minor setback which we suffer. There was the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, Pearl Harbour, Dunkirk and many more; all discussed and debated heatedly by the critics, who were looking for some Guy to burn at the stake. No one wants silent acquiescence and apathy when such disasters occur; but, to jump to conclusions based on no more than the few details given in the papers and the brief reports over the wireless, is all but criminal.

Seldom does anyone know all the facts, and if any man does due to the fallibility of human nature, he may have interpreted them wrongly; many problems have more than one answer. Criticism should assist in finding the right answer it is a necessity, a duty too often neglected, but let it be based on sound reasoning and hard facts, pointing out faults and suggesting corrections; not merely the blind groping and screaming of the man who has been hurt and swears to relieve his feelings.

Every act, every person, every act of every person and every thing, is open to free criticism, discussion, and debate. Too often, alas, insufficient knowledge and a mere facile acquaintance with the subject matter, causes wrong conclusions to be drawn. J. S. Mill once said that "he who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that." How often has the cry been heard, "Oh, I never noticed that before!" How many times has a different mood and different company, so attuned one's feelings, that some object is seen in a new light? Even the uncompromising roof tops and smoky dwellings of the city, viewed from dirty train windows day after day, have a certain mystery and beauty of their own at dawn and dusk, when the shadowy half-light hides the shoddiness and dirt beneath. Much depends on the point of view.

Suppose totalitarianism is mentioned in the course of conversation. All distrust it on the common ground that the Axis Powers are totalitarian states, but each thinks of it a little differently, having obtained his ideas from different sources. Jack thinks of it as a form of decentralized government, where those in power leave the details of local control to the local authorities who must at stated periods account to headquarters and report on progress; meanwhile the state is left free to settle matters of major importance, such as foreign policy. That would be a quite satisfactory arrangement and could dispense with many unnecessary bureaus and much pink ribbon. John on the other hand thinks of it as a form of government where the individual is shackled to the state, its slave, who will be sacrificed on the state altar, if the governing body deems that the best way to further its own intrigues and schemes. The one thinks of the administrative section only; the other sees the effects on the rights of the individual, and takes in the broader viewpoint including the legislative, executive and judicial bodies; sees not a single aspect, but sees the whole system as the antonym of democ-

racy, where the sovereign body the state serves the community to the best of its ability, and bows to their wishes. Last Jill comes along, thinks of totalitarianism as a long word difficult to say and hopeless to spell, so dislikes it automatically on entirely different grounds. When each has even a brief outline of the others' viewpoint that will help the discussion rather than hinder it; whereas before progress would be hindered due to a confusion of ideas.

A discussion without some knowledge of the facts is futile. A subject should be looked at from as many sides as possible. More will be learnt if one of the parties has a working knowledge of the subject. Needless to say we cannot know everything about the subjects on which we talk or examine them from every angle, a discussion would lose much of its novelty and unexpectedness if we did.

Any criticism, discussion or reasoned argument is based on facts, but it is the accuracy of the facts and their quality which decides the purpose for which the argument is to be used. Whether they are half truths, mere counterfeits dressed up to look real, to hoodwink the unthinking and gullible, or the plain truth. There is the manufacturer's argument; he by advertisement and sales talk tries to prove that his goods are better than those of his rival. That of the soapbox orator who talks on anything and everything, whose apparent modesty shuns the naked truth and bare facts, or perhaps only sees those which help to prove his own case. Akin to these but more subtle, is the propaganda argument, put over to prove, plead, or force home a creed or cause. All these are biased to a varying degree, with many of the facts twisted and torn to show a good face to the public. The public are the judges and in their innocence may accept such one sided arguments. Unless they acquaint themselves with the other side of the case they cannot arrive at a correct solution, except by luck.

In courts of law, the correct decision is not always reached, even with counsel trained to collate and sift the evidence, and to put both sides of the case before the judge for a decision. The facts are carefully weighed and considered by the judge or jury. The judge decides on points of law and directs the jury on these. The jury decide all questions of fact. Rumour and second-hand reports are not admissible as evidence. Hearsay evidence is not allowed, that is, evidence based on such remarks as "Well, Mrs. Jones told me," or, "So and So said it." or, the wireless with its famous "a usually reliable source reports that . . . ." In spite of all these precautions, further evidence may come to light, a decision may be reversed, on appeal to a higher court, due to different interpretation of the law, cases are recorded in criminal law where the accused has been convicted and sentenced, and only after many years has fresh evidence been produced, and the victim released. This is rare. The converse is common. A man goes free through lack of evidence to prove his guilt. He is found not guilty and acquitted. Yet, everyday we ourselves accept gossip statements, newspaper and wireless reports, without comment or question. Statements which no court would allow, since by experience it knows them to be unreliable.

If decisions can go wrong in a court of law where all the facts are carefully examined, how can we presume to criticise and judge such setbacks as the escape of the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau and the many more which will follow before the war is won? In peace-time similar losses have occurred; there was the submarine Thetis in Liverpool Bay, the Gresford Colliery disaster and one or two serious railway accidents. In all those cases the court of inquiry arrived at decisions differing greatly from those of the Rip-Rap critics. The best use of criticism in

such cases is to demand an inquiry, instead of filling the air with a fog of surmise.

Macaulay, the historian, wrote, "Men are never so likely to settle questions rightly, as when they discuss them freely." The essence of this statement is 'free discussion,' the question must be discussed—not heatedly argued—and the discussion must be free. Due to lack of information on war matters, it is unlikely that any discussion will be free enough to reach a useful decision, except by those in a position of trust selected to do the job. The war, however, is the most important topic of the present day and needs careful discussion, as does the government need criticism to keep it up to the mark. Fair comment and discussion are a sign of healthiness in a nation. There are many who think that the decay of France was due to the suppression of information which the people should have had, and a cynical apathy towards her future. Comment, however, should not be such that it is calculated to stir up revolt and dissatisfaction. Those who are forever shouting "It's wrong! Wrong!! WRONG!!!" would perhaps do better to calm down a little and try to set matters right. To destroy is easier than to build.

The India problem is but one of many resulting from this war. If all cannot be solved by free discussion then some must be. The greatest problem will be The Peace Treaty. Once more we shall hear from the critics and cynics that the League of Nations was no use. Perhaps, they will point some new way! The idea was good if nothing more, but civilization had not reached the standard necessary to make it a success. Britain, as a gesture, disarmed to an almost suicidal point. Historians agree that the League failed due to selfishness and little else. Also in a lack of interest in the common good and an inability to carry out those decisions it did reach. To resign from a meeting just because you cannot get your own way is useless. Those present must be won over by hard work and logical argument.

No discussion will ever come to a successful conclusion unless personal interests and animosities are put aside. The success of the next peace conference will depend solely, whether all the nations look after their own interests, and grasp for what they can get, looking at the problem from their own narrow-minded viewpoint, or whether all combine to view the situation as a whole, with open minds and a willingness to shelve personal interests. The same dreary cycle must not run us towards war again. All depends on the point of view.

### JUST SO!

"It has been estimated that about twenty million people in the British Isles take in daily papers. Statistics relating to the number of people taken in by the daily papers are not available."

Extracted from Punch, 1938

## ADVERTISERS!

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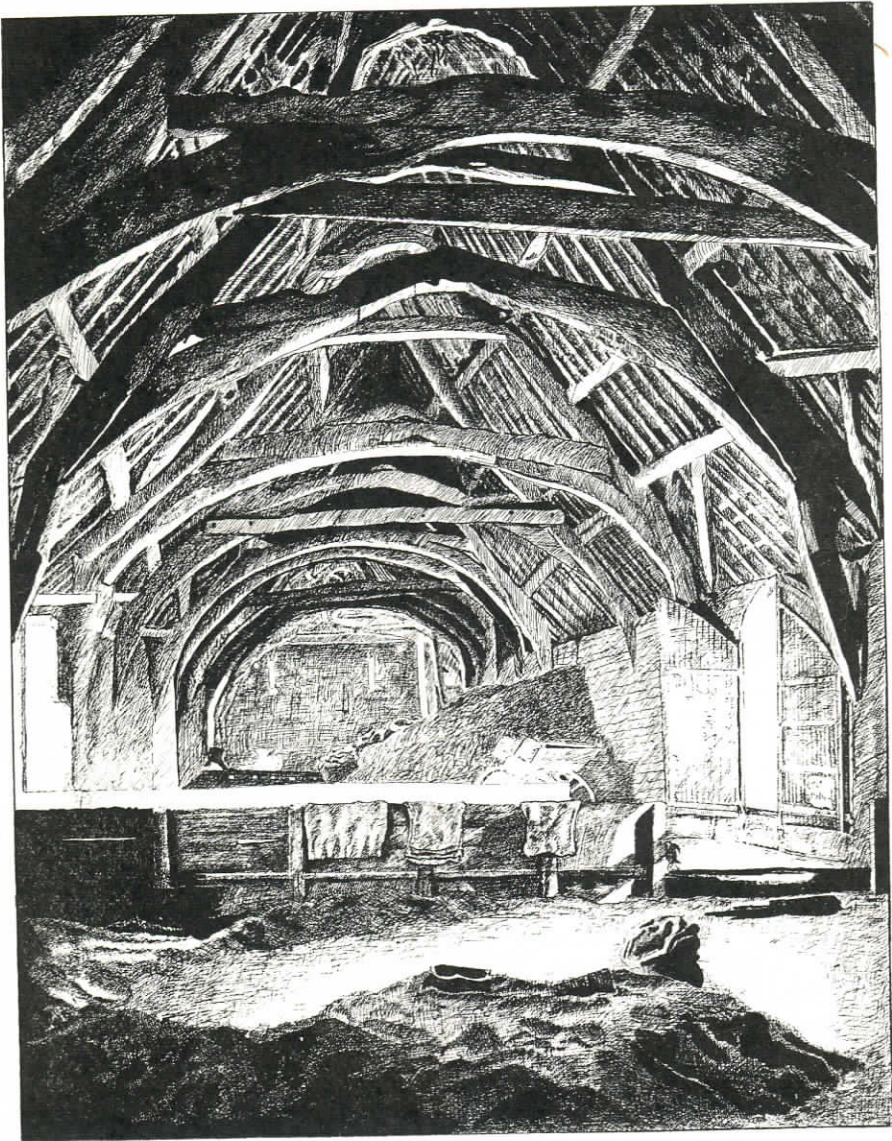
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"WINGS"  
R.A.F., PICTON, ONTARIO

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to President of Service Institute.



THE GREAT BARN, TISBURY, WILTSHIRE.

Draped in their mantle of cobwebs and dust,  
The old oak beams bear the nation's trust.  
At the open door, in the sunlight beam,  
The silver dust motes float and gleam.  
At night from the rafters the old owl cries,  
And among the eaves a soft wind sighs.

Patched and thatched through scores of years,  
The peoples' larder it proudly bears.  
In autumn stacked high with golden grain,  
Reaped from the meadows with sweat and strain.  
It guards through the years the wealth of earth,  
Silent in tribute to labours worth.

—by SMALE

# From First Beginnings

**T**ITHE BARNs are all that now remain of a once picturesque rite. Many of these like many other ancient landmarks are being pulled down to make way for more modern buildings. Once a barn could be found in every old parish, but now they grow scarcer. The one shown in the line drawing on the opposite page has some very fine old oak beams, the shape of the trunk from which they were once hewn.

Tithes in these days are merely a charge on land, payable by the owner, who just writes out a cheque, he no longer needs to make his payment in kind — in sheep, corn, cattle or other produce of the land. Their origin dates far back in the history of civilization. They were universal in the ancient world, in Babylon, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Greece, Rome and even China, later in the eleventh century spreading over Europe to Iceland and the Scandinavian countries.

They were a payment of usually one tenth of the fruits of the land to the king. This later became a payment to the church. Payment in the fourth and fifth centuries was a matter of conscience and duty. Compulsion did not enter into the question until later when the Catholic Church decided that more money was necessary. They obtained it by interpreting the old voluntary custom in such a way, that a tithe became a due, which must be paid at the risk of his soul by every believer. Excommunication was even threatened if anyone neglected to pay. Since excommunication was akin to a sentence of death in those superstition ridden days, the coercion used to exact payment was extreme.

Eventually Charlemagne, during the late eighth century and early ninth, enacted that tithes be paid and applied to the maintenance of the clergy and church fabric. Under this emperor for the first time they became a compulsory payment by law, and not merely voluntary or under threat.

England absorbed the idea of tithes from Europe, and along with benefices and advowsons evolved a system to keep up the income of the monasteries and the churches. This came down to the nineteenth century, but by then most church dues were paid in money and not in kind. They were divided into three classes. Praedial tithes were derived from things arising immediately from the ground, such as grain, hay, timber and the like. Mixed tithes derived from things nourished by the earth's produce, animals such as colts, sheep and other farm produce. There was also a tithe on profit resulting from man's labour, such as milling, carpentry and similar crafts and manual work, these were called personal. Tithes were only payable once a year when all the produce was brought into the parish barn, checked and sorted.

As the monetary system grew, currency superseded barter and payment in kind. The old system grew obsolescent and was finally commuted for a money payment by the Tithe Commutation Acts 1836-60. These acts made the tithe a permanent charge on land which is known as a Tithe Rent Charge. The rent charge being a money payment in lieu of goods, which varies slightly from year to year, being based on the average price of corn for the previous seven years up to the year the payment is due. Thus a tithe rent charge is still linked to the old system from which it evolved.

The Tithe Acts are not applicable to the City of London, where the tithe is exacted and based on a rent valuation instead of a corn value.



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Picton

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Vegetables  
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PHONE PICTON 6

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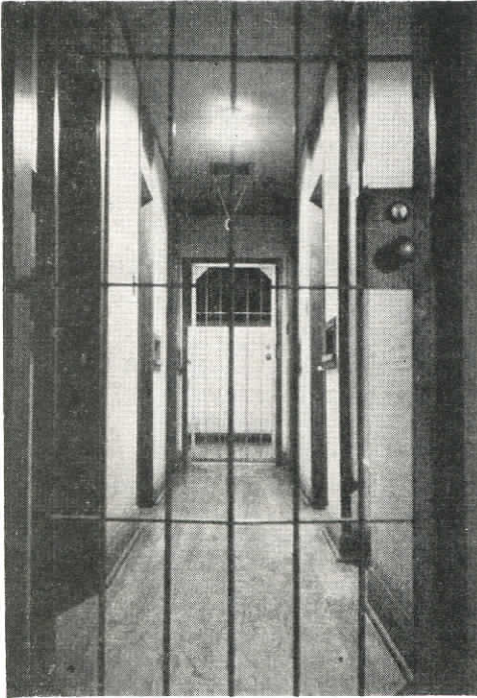
PHONE 147

OPP. ROYAL HOTEL

# Truth is Stranger Than Picton

.....Being a Collection of News, Views, and Very Odds and Ends

Attention Mr. and Mrs. Picton, and all you folks who live on the hill. Seems we decided to hang an Under New Management sign over the ancient establishment of one King Keyhole. So hold on to your caps, field service, airmen for the use of (or anything else you have handy) for here we go with a streamlined 1942 edition of the Musty Monarch, and something new in the way of columns.



## To Let

This charming residence which has only recently been vacated by two of our brighter boys who discovered that Freedom of Speech has its limits — and themselves behind the eight ball.

Anyhoo . . . the owners will be only too happy to have you look the place over anytime.

## Bouquets and Brickbats Department

**Bouquets** . . . to the civilian who recently gave one of the boys a ride to Belleville — and did not give the usual warning not to spill cigarette ashes over the upholstery; thank goodness somebody believes there are gentlemen even in the airforce. And it wasn't a jalopy.

..... to Guy Lombardo for having the unique ability of being able to play a hundred tunes in one evening—and making them all indistinguishable from a cross between the Dead March and the Lost Chord.

..... to the Editor—for printing this stuff (that's only one man's opinion).

**Brickbats** ..... to the Corporal who classifies his bunk as a room job.

..... to the personnel who are small enough to make as much mess as anybody during the week—but who are not big enough to help clean up Tuesday nights.

..... to the Canteen Cowboy, who has the odd habit of picking up half empty bottles.

## The Voice of Experience:

Steer clear of that red head, sergeant. Many a boy's been burned by that old flame. And I do mean burned.

## **Most Extraordinary Sight of the Month:**

Cpl. John Durrant (I repeat that: Cpl. John Durrant) . . . at the Anniversary Dance . . . tripping the light fantastic . . . **and enjoying it!**

## **Can Anybody Tell Us:**

. . . . . how many taxies there were in Picton before the Department of National Defence decided to build an airport up here?

. . . . . why the Accounts Section has the Blues in the Night — and day?

. . . . . why the Station Orchestra doesn't give out with a Conga sometime?

## **We're Telling You:**

. . . . . that it's high time somebody put an electric clock in the airmen's mess. And put it well out of reach.

. . . . . that the boys in blue (meaning you and me) are responsible for ten thousand greenbacks being put in circulation downtown every week. \$520,000.00 a year. Even in my arithmetic that's no chicken feed.

## **Ouch!**

A local farmer is feeding his bovines green sawdust. Bilking his cows? We hear a lot about airforce beds. Personally, I'd say it was a case of mind over mattress.

Then there was the artist who would only paint people laughing. Afraid of breaking his art?

## **Spring Tra-La and All That Tra-La:**

Rumor has it that a certain Fitter-Armourer will be headed up the straight and narrow in June.

And who is the Clerk-Accounts who is thinking seriously of having his mail addressed "Mr. and Mrs."?

## **Disa and Data:**

**Scene: Regent Theatre:** Airman liked "Babes on Broadway" so much he went to see it again the following evening. Happened to remark at the box office: "It's not often I go to see the same show two nights in a row," . . . and the lady behind the little glass screen refused to let him pay a second admission. So he saw the show for free. This is a true story. The airman was the writer of this colyum.

## **An Invitation:**

My column is your column. If you've any contributions in the way of ideas, grouses, the latest scandal, or what-have-you, use that box in the canteen. If you don't want your name published—just don't put it on. So if you've any skeletons in your closet — dig 'em out — and I'll dust 'em off. But have a heart — the man in the spotlight is always on the spot.

## **The Final Fling:**

I quote Lord Halifax: "Remember you won't sharpen the eagle's claws by tweaking feathers out of his tail . . . and you won't sharpen the lion's nails by giving his tail a twist."

## A Pair of Tiny Shoes

He sat alone, his head bowed down,  
Upon his face an ugly frown;  
He clutched, as though he feared to lose,  
A tiny pair of baby's shoes.  
He started when he heard a chime,  
For he had lost all sense of time;  
The "raiders past" had long since gone  
And now, he thought, it must be morn.  
The silence in that shattered room  
Was like the silence of a tomb;  
The air was stale and still as death,  
He started gasping for his breath.

He stood up-right, hand on his head  
And wished that he himself were dead;  
What use to him was future life,  
Without his baby or his wife?  
Whene'er he'd heard a raid alarm,  
He'd always prayed they'd take no harm,  
And yet, when he'd returned last night,  
A ghastly shambles met his sight;  
A bomb had fallen just outside,  
And by its blast they both had died!  
He bowed his head in deep despair;  
Had God refused to grant his prayer?

No more those tiny shoes would sound,  
In pitter-patter on the ground;  
No more he'd hold in fond embrace,  
That tiny form, and kiss her face;  
No more his wife, so young and trim,  
Would hold her arms to welcome him;  
He'd have to carry on somehow,  
And wondered, could they see him now?  
The sorrow in his heart, though great,  
Was stifled by a growing hate:  
A hate which cried out for revenge,  
And made him vow he would avenge!

Within one week he volunteered,  
And for selection he appeared;  
He was so keen, we squeezed him through,  
As member of a bomber crew,  
And he was sent away to train,  
But later on we met again.  
In uniform he now was dressed—  
A D.F.M. adorned his breast,  
They told me that, where'er he flew,  
His mascot was a baby's shoe!  
They told me, as a bomber how  
He nightly kept his tragic vow.

# ★ *the new* ph○t○graphy ★ ★ ★ ★

GEORGE C. WARD

ONE of the chief attractions of the new photography—thanks only to the design of modern cameras—is the variety of viewpoints from which we can take our shots. The handiness of the miniature makes for new original viewpoints and permits you to let your imagination really have a fling. Try a few shots from an upper window—where even ordinary scenes look new and different—and as long as you don't mind impersonating a worm, some shots from ground level are perfectly in order. In older days you may have been criticized for not being "true-to-life" but in this day and age people are more broadminded. There's just one thing to remember—subjects will look deformed when taken from a high or low level if you shoot too closely to them. The parts closer to the camera will appear exaggerated in size—which may be all the better if you want something in the way of humor—but if you want to retain the subject's normal appearance take your picture from a greater distance.

It is a good notion to try your hand at various types of subjects. Not only will you gain practical experience, but it will also enable you to decide on exactly what type you will finally specialize in — that's if you want to. How about a little architecture to begin with? The most certain way to make your efforts shriek "Novice," "Amateur" and other insults (just when you thought you were getting along so well) is to get right up close to the building to take your shot. You find then that the top of it won't get in the finder, so you tilt the camera, and feel quite happy about the whole thing. That is, until the prints come back from the long-suffering druggist and you discover that your building is in imminent danger of collapse. It's going to fall over, and it will go right on falling over until you get farther away from the subject, so you can include that elusive top floor without bending backwards. If you find on your negative a lot of things you don't want, they can always be eliminated in your enlarger.

Of course this applies to "serious workers." If you take pictures for the fun of it — as I do — you'll pick a sunny day, fix on a red filter, get as close to the building as you can, and lay down on the floor to take the shot (not forgetting to tilt the camera sideways at the same time). Seriously though, it all depends on what kind of edifice you are taking. The latter treatment would be most unsuited to a church, museum, and other old buildings, while the former would give equally horrible results with some modern streamlined skyscraper.

Meanwhile remember that landscape photography does not entail only good composition and detail — perspective is also necessary to complete the impression of reality. For example, nothing could be easier than to convey the depth of a road. The lines vanishing at the horizon, the trees or houses that grow smaller all give an impression of remoteness. If you look for them you'll find converging lines in many subjects (railroad lines, furrows in a field, etc.) so take advantage of them. Next month we'll discuss perspective further, covering foregrounds and the relative sizes of subjects and their surroundings.

*Picture of The Month*



BABES ON BROADWAY

—Ward

# "WINGS" GOES VISITING

## "A" FLIGHT



THIS is the original bombing Flight with which "D" Flight has now been merged. The main idea we understand is to bomb the targets, but bombs have been dropped in back gardens, too. This was the famous occasion when the S/L 'A' was informed by the irate owner "You might think there's a war on."

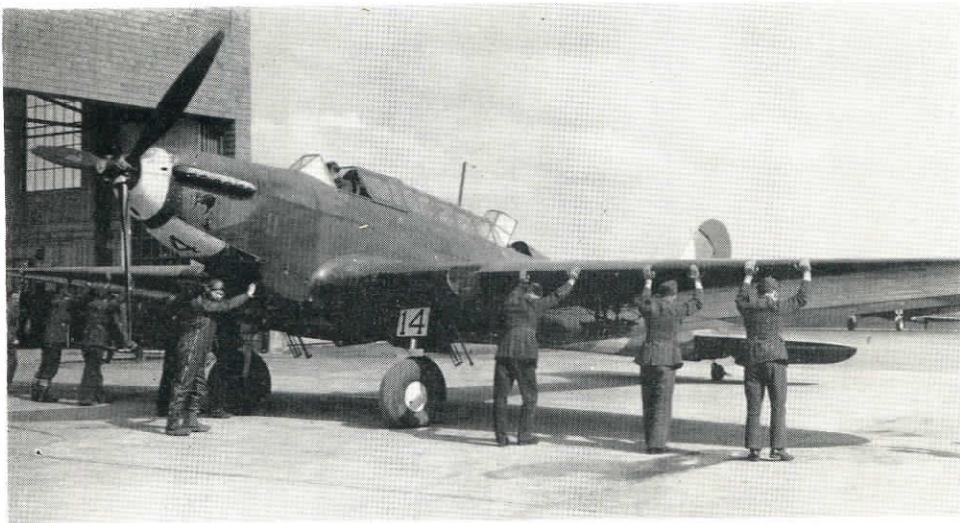
Night bombing has been introduced recently, and we can truthfully report "As our aircraft were leaving fierce fires were observed in the target area."

Our first picture shows F/Lt. D. M. Maw, the Flight Commander, with F/Sgt. Lewis, discussing the day's flying program, or possibly yesterday's winners.

The aircraft in No. 2 is being serviced between flights. Messrs. Stakes and Slack are in the cockpit whilst Hawksworth peers coyly out of the refueller. The other two are

bombing up but it's too dark to see who they are—in fact the whole affair is very dark to us.





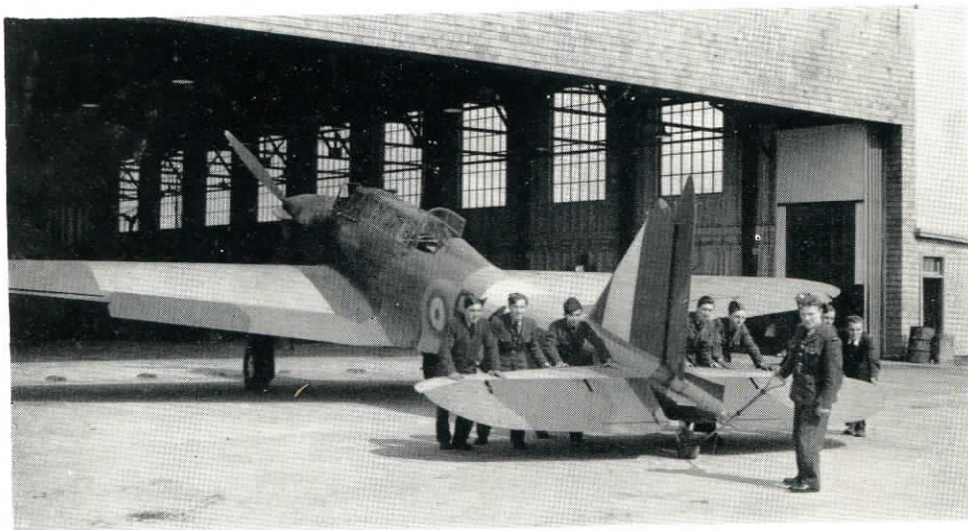
The next picture shows an aircraft being pushed out for the day's flying—we are informed that this took place at 07.00 hrs. It rather looks as if they are all camera shy except Birchall at the extreme left. Sgt. Knight can be observed in the centre pushing (yes really pushing) P/O. Hicks is in the cockpit no doubt controlling operations.

The Black Cat on the side of the aircraft has no significance but you might like to know that it's the Flight Commander's favorite aircraft—look with awe.

Sgt. Broughton and Cpl. Dalton are shown on the cover, locating a fault—whose fault it was or why, we were unable to find out—as has been said before the whole thing is very mysterious.

The last picture shows an aircraft being towed out of the hangar for the day's work. Cpl. Friel is holding the towing arm and amongst others leaning gracefully on the tailplane are Messrs. Penn. Slack, Sharp and Ireland.

Well, it's been nice seeing you 'A' Flight. Good luck.





The great streets of Europe  
Have names that history brings  
Of victories and battles,  
Heroes wars and kings.  
(Sieg Allee, Rue Royale,  
The Viennese Rings),

But the little streets of London  
Are Named for simpler things.  
Pudding Lane, Poultry, Fish Street Hill,  
When the great have fallen, let these be there still.

The capitals of Europe  
Have many splendid streets  
Named after queens and consorts  
And all the high elite  
(Wilhelmstrasse, Quai d'Orsai,  
Avenue de la Reine Marguerites)—  
But the little lanes of London  
Are named for things to eat.

Bread Street, Milk Street, Mincing Lane.  
What'er befall the great, let these remain.

The great streets of Europe  
Are like a world who's who—  
Soldier, Dictator, Statesman  
Prince and Parvenu,  
With all their high flown titles

Plastered on Platz or rue,  
But the little streets of London

By  
JAMES HILTON

Give other things their due.  
Love Lane, Air Street, Paternoster Row—  
Things that will stay after all others go.

(Reprinted from This Week Magazine, U.S.A.)



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PHONE 172 PICTON

# Sniff

If you can't peep ahead or e'en about you,  
Or use your wits as common folk must do;  
If you can't trust yourself, and most men doubt you,  
And there's a reason for their doubting too;  
If you were born too tired to earn your living,  
Or, knowing the whole facts, prefer half-lies,  
Or, constitutional taker, shrink from giving,  
And yet can talk that good and look that wise:

If you can't think—and precedent's your master;  
If you can't dream that life's a soldiers game;  
If war won't make you move one knot the faster,  
And overtime's the only treat you claim;  
If you can't bear strict orders straightly spoken;  
If all you're built for is an office stool—  
Worn out and stooping, soft skinned for a token,  
You're one tenth twister and nine tenths the fool:

If you won't leap, however long your looking,  
And hate all chaps in blue or khaki cloth,  
And never breathe the word, when ten are cooking,  
That one can brew a cheaper, stronger broth;  
If you've no nous, no go, no guts inside you  
Except to wait your turn—and then hold down,  
Until short years with pensioned ease provide you,  
The cushy job of Hob, Nob, Dobb or Brown;

If you daren't mount the clouds, or keep sea-station,  
If handling Bren guns hurts you overmuch,  
If all you know about administration  
Is how to muck-up every thing you touch:  
If you can merely fill the unfilled minute  
To pass and pass and pass till Kingdom Come,  
Yours is the Civil Service. Up, and in it,  
And snitch one K.B.E. the more, you bum!

## SECOND MESSAGE TO THE R.A.F.

A YEAR AGO marked the coming of your personnel to Picton. The association with your Force has been most pleasant on our part and we trust your stay has been as enjoyable as war time circumstances permit. Strange environment is not easy for everyone to assimilate; very often the memories and love of home react against a new station and you have no doubt contacted a people with somewhat different temperament than your own. Time alone can give a proper appreciation of each other's characteristics; let us give all thought to the best in each of us, that we may attain the greatest good. If ever we needed harmony, unity, and strength it is now.

## CARTER BROS. LTD.

# APART FROM ALL THAT

## SOCIAL NOTES

### (Or It Pays to Be Careful)

(All characters in these notes are entirely fictitious and legal action will be taken immediately against anyone conceited enough to imagine himself or herself to be depicted herein, whereas, notwithstanding, in case of, and without prejudice to for or from).

15-3-42

Mr. John Dogpatch will shortly leave Picton to stay in Montreal with relatives.

16-3-42

Mr. John Dogpatch has left Picton for Montreal to stay with relatives.

17-3-42

The beautiful and attractive Mrs. Helena Dogpatch remains in Picton, her husband has left to visit relatives in Montreal.

18-3-42

Mr. Albert Whoosit from Winnipeg, an old friend of the beautiful Mrs. Helena Dogpatch (whose husband is visiting relatives in Montreal) has arrived in Picton for a short stay.

20-3-42

Mr. Albert Whoosit (from Winnipeg) and the beautiful Mrs. Helena Dogpatch spent the evening in the beverage room of the Royal Hotel. (Mr. Dogpatch is still visiting relatives in Montreal). They returned by taxi.

21-3-42

Mr. Albert Whoosit's car was found in Main Street. Fine \$20.00

23-3-42

Mrs. (Ginger) Rockinghorse was hostess at a party last night. Amongst those present were the beautiful Mrs. Helena Dogpatch and Mr. Albert Whoosit (from Winnipeg). Mr. Dogpatch is still in Montreal visiting relatives.

25-3-42

The beautiful Mrs. Helena Dogpatch threw a party last night; present amongst others was Mr. Albert Whoosit (from Winnipeg). Mr. Dogpatch is away visiting relatives in Montreal.

26-3-42

Mr. John Dogpatch arrived back unexpectedly from visiting relatives in Montreal.

Mr. Albert Whoosit left hurriedly for Winnipeg after a short stay in Picton.

27-3-42

The beautiful Mrs. Helena Dogpatch is indisposed and has been ordered a complete rest by her doctor.

28-3-42

Mr. Dogpatch has left Picton for Belleville where it is understood he will consult his solicitors.

## Weather Report

A deep depression has centred over Winnipeg. A wedge of high pressure has started in Belleville and is moving rapidly Westwards.

Further outlook cloudy, and very much warmer indeed.

## "SOME" AIRCRAFT

After which appalling tripe we will hurriedly pass on to a story about W/Cdr. Macdonald, who left us a few months ago.

Whilst doing a detail one day, he had an idea that his undercart was still down.

He spoke to the bomb aimer on the intercom and asked him how many wheels he could see —

To his amazement came back the answer "48 Sir, and very good visibility"

(For explanation see foot of page).

## Conversation With Pilot Officer Awkward

P/O Awkward: I say.

Long-Suffering Mess Member: Well?

P/O A.: These roads up the hill —

L.S.M.M.: You mean the disused cart-tracks that lead to this place?

P/O A.: Yes — they're not very good, are they?

L.S.M.M.: They're (censored) awful.

P/O A.: And there's a shortage of tires.

L.S.M.M.: Well, so what?

P/O A.: Well, the surface of the roads being as it is so to speak, if you see what I mean —

L.S.M.M.: Get on with it.

P/O A.: Well, if they repaired the roads —

L.S.M.M.: Yes?

P/O A.: It would save tires.

L.S.M.M.: Quite, quite.

P/O A.: Well, there's plenty of road stuff, isn't there?

L.S.M.M.: Possibly.

P/O A.: And plenty of bodies to do it.

L.S.M.M.: (wearily): Possibly.

P/O A.: Well, why don't they do it?

L.S.M.M.: I don't know — perhaps they will (yawns).

P/O A.: Well, I wish they would. You see —

L.S.M.M.: What are you nattering about?

P/O A.: My bicycle —

L.S.M.M.: Your what?

P/O A.: My bicycle. I could ride it so much more easily.

(Departs hastily.)

("fields" nitwit)

## SUMMERS ON THE WAY

Mr. Hyphen J  
Was sailing round the bay  
When he espied a girl  
Himself at her did hurl  
He said we could pitch woo  
Said she I cannot do  
Her husband came up then  
He had a kind of yen  
That all was wrong that day,  
And Mr. Hyphen J.  
Was thrown into the lake  
A bath was forced to take  
Which shows to you and me  
The perils of the sea.  
Which only goes to show, doesn't it?

### MEDICAL INTERLUDE

"Well", said the doctor, stepping back and laying down his stethoscope. "I can't find any trouble, my dear; you are a picture of health, and a very nice picture, too".

Slightly flushed, Elaine stood up from the couch, clad in the smartest of step-ins. There was no doubt the doctor was right.

"Tell me," he said, "where on earth does your husband get these ideas about you being - 'er well - not quite normal . . . . have you any peculiar hobbies or anything like that?"

"Doctor, I don't understand at all" . . . . and her big eyes opened very wide, "the only possible thing is that I'm very fond of pancakes".

There's nothing peculiar about that," he smiled, "In fact, I must - er confess to a very great partiality myself".

"Do you really like pancakes," Her voice was muffled as she slipped her dress over her head. "Doctor, I'm awfully good at making them . . . , then rather harshly . . . would you come and try some of my pancakes, I will give you a plate piled ever so high with them". The doctor coughed. "Well my dear, that's very kind of you, if I might perhaps come along one day in the week . . ."

### FLIGHT LIFE

Crowded crew room, smoky haze,  
Dirty floor, where airmen laze,  
Tea in cupfuls left untasted,  
On the walls nude figures pasted.  
'Chutes lie scattered round the floor,  
And a constant opening door.  
On the runways aircraft 'lob',  
Through the panes a muffled throb  
Filters as the kites run up,  
Someone's sold an awful pup.  
Obs, pale and concentrated,  
Run to aircraft, much belated  
While the ground staff 'on their knees'  
In the open, curse and freeze.  
Crews chatter reaches apex  
Centred round the fairer sex,  
Very rarely silence falls,  
For this subject never palls.  
Office boy comes in demanding,  
"Tea for Officer Commanding"

P A G E T H I R T Y

She beamed. "That'll be just fine doctor, any time you like, I've got four trunks full of them . . . ."

### SEASONAL NOTES (With Apologies to G.I.S.)

The flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la  
have nothing to do with the case,  
If someone will buy me a drink tra-la,  
It won't be much trouble to sink tra-la,  
Just tell me the time and the place.

I'll shortly be taking some leave tra-la,  
Pool 6 is the time I believe tra-la,  
So here's to a gay and a hearty good party  
with lashings of wallop  
etc. ad nauseum

Good Gremlyn—Pool 7 stupid.  
Myself—I fail to see what it has to do with  
you whether its Pool 6, Square 7 or Trap  
8—get out.  
Good Gremlyn—Have it your own way.  
Myself—Very well.

### APROPOS INSPECTIONS

He sought it here, he sought it there,  
The Sisters sought it everywhere,  
Said S.M.O. where can it be?  
That damned elusive D.D. key.

### TAILPIECE

Official Correspondence by Shakespeare.  
From:- William Shakespeare.  
To:- Stooze (an adjutant).  
Time:- Anytime.  
But this exceeding posting day and night,  
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot  
help it;  
But, since you have made the days and  
nights as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold you do so grow in my requital  
As nothing can unroot you - In happy time.  
"As You Like It" (Act V Scene I)

Chiefie's head pops round the door,  
"Come, what's wrong with twenty-four?"  
Corporal answers, "Well I guess  
That the 'censored' thing's U/S."  
Flight Commander much annoyed,  
'Browned-off' crew is overjoyed.  
Hangar six 'gen' men start work,  
Watched by hangar sweeping 'erk',  
Gazing with lack-lustre eyes  
On these wisest of the wise.  
Tractors, drivers by the score  
Up the tarmac, rip and roar.  
Harvards gingerly alight,  
Many moans from Duty Flight.  
In the evening doors are shut  
Airmen flock back to their hut.  
Hoping that they won't be late,  
For their super-special date.  
Soon the sound of work will cease,  
And the flights will be in peace.

# Exiled

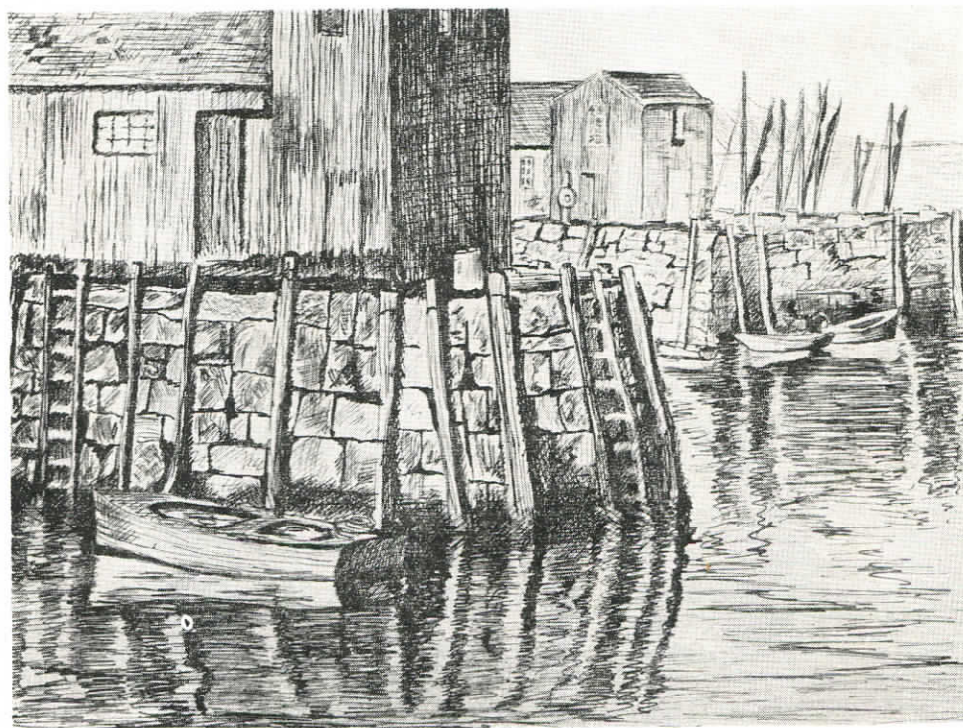
The languorous winding of green-flanked lane,  
The cascade of song from the Lark,  
The saucing of Rooks as they build again,  
In the trees at the foot of the Park.

The thrill of finding the first Snowdrop,  
As it timidly heralds the spring,  
The glory of seeing the Daffodils dance,  
With a zest only nature can bring.

To hear once again the laughing stream,  
As it burbles upon its way,  
To see the Bluebells hazy hue,  
On the hillside over the way.

To share in the love of a wakening world,  
To watch day by day beauty grow,  
To see recreation of wonderful life,  
And nature's vast secrets to know.

These are the things we dream of today,  
For these things our heavy hearts yearn,  
'Tis strange we should travel for thousands of miles  
The Beauty of England to learn.



—by Mole

# The Miniature Rifle Club

The miniature Rifle Club has had another most successful month in which a large number of members have again participated in the Dominion Marksman Competitions. Membership now numbers 335 and during the past month 30,000 rounds of ammunition have been expended.

Prizes in the Station Spoon and Medal Competitions have been won as follows:

**SECOND SERIES**—Silver Spoon—F/Sgt. Lewis.  
Silver Medal—W/C. Lowe-Holmes.

**THIRD SERIES**—Silver Spoon—Sgt. Wheeler.  
Silver Medal—Cpl. Walker.

## DOMINION MARKSMAN PRIZES

### Spoons

Sgt. Knight (6)	Sgt. Matthews (2)	LAC. Slack (1)
P/O. McEvoy (6)	LAC. Bradbury (6)	Cpl. Walker (6)
Cpl. Goody (4)	LAC. Warwick (5)	LAC. Guirron (5)
Sgt. Brand (2)	Sgt. Le Marquand (3)	Sgt. Carr (2)
Sgt. Brame (1)	LAC Greenaway (1)	LAC. Sharpe (1)
	Cpl. Dalton (1)	

### Gold, Silver and Bronze

S/Ldr. Grey	P/O. McEvoy	Sgt. Andrews
Sgt. Le Maquand	P/O. Tothill	Sgt. Knight
Sgt. Brame	W/O. Blackshaw	LAC. Slack
LAC. Hoddell	LAC. Sillivan	Sgt. Carr
LAC. Smith	LAC. Penry	LAC. Darton
LAC. Wilson	LAC. Rich	LAC. Rutter
LAC. Laraman	LAC. Nixon	LAC. Connell

### Silver & Bronze

S/Ldr. Lapham	Cpl. Roper	Sgt. Holland
LAC. Williams	P/O. Burnham	LAC. Taylor
LAC. Moulton	Cpl. Dudley	Cpl. Wade
LAC. Smith G.S.	LAC. Smith W. J.	Sgt. Prior
LAC. Bowes	LAC. Vaughan	LAC. Fisher
LAC. Reynolds	LAC. Whitsed	LAC. Caldwell
LAC. Withey	LAC. Dix	LAC. Bell



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# Y.M.C.A. War Services

IT IS with some trepidation that I pen this my first article concerning Y.M.C.A. activities on this station. Before attempting to bring anything to the readers' attention, may I express my sincere appreciation for the manner in which you have received me as a fellow worker in the life of the station.

Andy Reekie, former Y.M.C.A. supervisor sends his very best wishes to all former associates on the station and he is looking forward to seeing many of you upon your return via Halifax—locate him at the Y.M.C.A. Dept, Halifax.

May I offer some pertinent facts and observations regarding our sister organization, namely the I.W.C.A. On our station we have a Hostess House, and many a curious airman has asked the question, "What is it here for?" or some like question. May I offer this as the explanation. At the beginning of the war the National Council of the I.W.C.A. offered its facilities and it's personnel to the Canadian Government to assist the war effort wherever the long experience of the Association would be found most useful. The Government asked them to become responsible for Hostess Houses connected with Army and Air Force training camps. In short order the Hostess Houses were in full operation right across Canada, rendering a valuable and friendly service to Canadian and Empire service men, their families and their friends. At these Hostess Houses, service men have a friendly place to meet their wives and children, here families of service men can wait for their men folk. Information desks, friendly help, dances and entertainment, clubs for airmens' wives, room registers — in all these, Hostess Houses and branches of the I.W.C.A. give service, help maintain morale and make lonely hours more pleasant. Mrs. Kenny and Miss Cook, our Hostesses, are ready to serve in any of the above mentioned services every day and in any way.

Already they have organized a sewing group composed of the airmens' wives, this busy circle meets every Thursday afternoon doing Red Cross work.

One particular service is the selection of rooms for airmens' wives or families either for a short visit or for permanent residence. Sewing on buttons or stripes is another service that is available for the airmen. Our weekly dances have felt the effect of the efforts of Mrs. Kenny and Miss Cook, where they act as liason between the "Picton Hospitality Group" and the camp. Therefore fellows, if you desire to spend an evening in congenial, homely surroundings where you can read, write letters, play quiet games, enjoy a sing-song, have some sewing done or just have a quiet time, visit the Hostess House.

Suggestions for programmes in off duty hours are always welcome, and if at all practicable, they will find a place in the week's activities. It is hoped to develop a camp site for the airmen who are on 48 hour passes. It is recognized that many of our personnel will, unless some plan is put into practice, be forced to spend their 48's in camp.

Movies still play a major part in our programme and are keenly appreciated, however, I wonder how many chaps realize that there are always two airmen who give of their free time voluntarily to operate the projector. You are doing a swell job, thanks a lot, LAC. Dyson and LAC. Inglis.

# Roundabout

Being a Space Devoted to the Goings On in Camp

## OFFICERS' MESS

Group Captain Keith's farewell dining in night will be one long remembered. S/Ldr. Avent, DFC. very ably spoke of the many happy memories of Service with him, and the Group Captain's reply was both humorous and interesting.

Group Captain Cox, DFC. spoke later, introducing himself for the first time. On behalf of the Mess we offer him a warm welcome and all the co-operation he needs. Present for the first time at a dining in night were L. B. Calnan, Judge E. H. McLean, Dr. C. A. Publow, Major W. R. C. DaCosta, Prof Iva Martin, Jas deC. Hepburn, our honorary members. We hope this is the first of many evenings we shall have them with us.

Group Captain Keith was chaired to the car and sent off with musical honour; the hounds then invaded the new C.O.'s quarters, dragged him back into the ante room where they insisted on a short speech.

The new C.O., obviously moved by his reception thanked the assembled officers and excused himself at once in order that the party might go on. — *Le Roi est mort vive le Roi.*

Subsequent events became somewhat involved. P/O. Burnham caught his eye against something whilst P/O. Tothill suffered awkwardness with ribs. F/O. Curtis didn't do too well either, judging from appearances.

### Promotions

Congratulations to S/Ldr. Lapham on getting his half ring.

### Arrivals and Departures

We offer a welcome to P/O. Wolfenden and P/O. Lockwood, who have recently received their commissions. We wish S/Ldr. England, DFC., all the best in his new job out West.

There is once more somewhat of a lack of gen this month—the terrific scramble to get in annual leave by the 31st took place as usual and on most evenings the Mess presented a fair imitation of Aberdeen on a Flag day.

F/O. Dunn is still stricken with the palsy, but we hope to see him back soon. F/O. Senior has returned to circulation—we understand from the S.M.O. that S.S.Q. is now recovering too.

P/O. Hicks distinguished himself in New York by staying with the Roosevelts. F/Lt. Hartnell and F/Lt. Looker we understand also distinguished themselves in Montreal—but the less said about that the better.

F/O. Thomas returned from Florida looking very fit. F/Lt. Boucher returned from New York—we understand that he did not get involved with the Rockettes, in fact didn't even see them—anyway, that's his story and he sticks to it.

F/O. Mills has also managed to get back from New York—but is very quiet about the whole thing.

David, Dennis, Frankie, Jack  
Said our tums are rather fat,  
Clem agreed and joined up too,  
Lose weight that's what they must do.

David ate his steak too raw,  
Made him ill, then there were four  
Grand cigars said Dennis, he  
Smoked too many, that left three.  
Frankie yes perhaps we knew  
Missed his beer and that left two.  
Jack had auditors by gum,  
Shook him badly, that left one  
Clem at snooker couldn't bend,  
Drove him crazy, that's the end.

### Things We Want to Know

Why does the Adjutant go for rides in chairs?  
Who is Mac Swartle—information to P/O. Allen?  
Was P/O. Burnham's eye trouble infectious?  
How does the S.M.O. like being a patient?  
Who was the new nifkin?

### THE SERGEANTS' MESS

Well, friends or readers, March has been a month of leave, and many of the N.C.O's have been disgracing, sorry, gracing New York with their presence, and many and varied have been the experiences.

One seemingly Brameless sergeant came back with a most interesting, (so I am told, I have not been privileged to see them) collection of real Art. Ah well, boys will be boys: and talking about 'boys' some of our members nearly lost that which is most dear to them, at New York. Their excuse being that they did not believe in fairies.

It is rumoured that Flight Sergeant Spencer now has a controlling interest in the billiard table, and he estimates that in two more months he will have bought it.

Our Administrative Flight Sergeant's assistance will be sought, it is understood, to enlighten a certain F.A.E. Flight Sergeant as to the procedure in dealing with supernumary 'femmes.'

Please do not mention chains, iron bars or even Victory bonds in the presence of Messrs. White, Woodham or Robinson. Even Lovelace could not have convinced them that 'Stone walls do not a prison make, or iron bars a cage.' The expression 'get some time in, chum' now has a new significance. . . .

Sergeant Jones, Porky by nature, has been pulling his weight, this time to the consternation of our tame Link Instructor, one Bill Finnie, and the result made him "madder than a b . . . . .

As there is only one copy of the Funnies in the Mess Cam (short for Camshaft), Beattie has provided in serial form a most interesting episode, or episodes. It is nice to know, however, that his 'endearing charm' is appreciated.

Well, dear friends, this concludes this month's contribution, although I am sure that many of the N.C.O's hide their lights under bushels. For instance, I am sure that Sergt. Matthews does something worthy of mention.

In conclusion, on behalf of F/Sergt. Simpson, I can tell you that this year the Sergeant's Soccer team will be even better than that of last year (if that is possible). So look to it . . . . .

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Flash . . . .

And so we say farewell to the illustrious P.T.I. wallah, Flight Sergeant Dawes . . . he has departed to the legion of the lost, Moncton . . . from whence he 'hopes' to proceed to his homeland . . . and this is definitely the closing of the Dawes.

## GROUND CONSTRUCTIONAL SCHOOL

### Robin Hood and His Merry Stooges

Once upon a time, Robin Stibbard Hood pressed a bell and summoned his henchmen, saying these words: "Now listen you mugs, verily I have been hearing a lot of griff about a guy named "cupid." Since when has he been wielding a crafty bow in these parts. Forsooth, I'll have his guts for garters—musseling in on my territory—avast, blast and fiddle-di-dee—he can't do it. Now here is the plan. In my workshops deep in the heart of G.I.S. I have mastered the art of fashioning the slickest bows and arrows in Training Command. Is there anyone to say me nay—O.K.—your 48 is cancelled.

We will form a band of bow stretchers and search out this gangster cupid. You Green Marion, Little John Leveroni, Maid McEvoy, Willie Wagstaff, Friar Tothill and Laband the Target Maker will procure for me sturdy bows and straight arrows—or else—and will be my henchmen. We will search out this plunger of arrows into unsuspecting hearts and plunk a crafty dart right between his woodshed and barn. Away and prepare for the fray."

And so were born the Commandos of Picton.

## AIR TRAINING SECTION

Doing all right in this country eh? We wonder if George misses his horse and sleigh?

Congratulations to the Boss on his half ring.

Who said Wing Commanders didn't believe in Swing.

What officer has for his theme song—"Home on the Range."

What senior N.C.O. was presented with a piece of blue ribbon? Is it correct that he'll get a haircut when the snow comes again?

Was an E.42 put in for the new pair of Handlebars issued to Plotting Office from G.I.S.

We thought that it was only in hot countries that one could make omelettes on the pavement. Or didn't a certain senior officer believe this?

Heard in the plotting office. The bubble in the level's jammed.

We wonder if it was an observer who drunk the alcohol out of the C.S.B.S. compass in 'D' Flight or is he using it instead of petrol for his jalopy?

We wonder if our most recent acquisition will learn the old adage 'Birds and Fools' or does he need the 75?

Heard in the GIS. by one of our members. 'You got the best of the Bargain'.

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## "B" FLIGHT

Spring has arrived and once more the hangar frontage is lined with erks, who will shortly ripen under the pitiless rays of old man Sol, into husky British warriors—too bad the W.A.A.F.s are not with us!

This past month there have been few incidents, although we do hope "C" Flight are not going to make a practice of trimming their main-planes with our airscrews.

We extend best wishes to our new C.O., hoping that he will be happy with us, and visa versa of course!

From "Deep in the Heart of Texas" comes P/O Dunn, having strayed en route, to collect six Me.s into his bag. Congratulations, we hope you will stay with us out here, you find it tame — sometimes.

Congratulations to Chiefy Rice on his recent promotion to the 'figure head' of "B" Flight.

That Keen young Lancashire man has deserted the Swindle, and now basks in luxury as "head time-keeper"—he now has to pay for his char, we hope he is not finding it hard.

## MAINTENANCE I

With the better weather the inspections stream in. All have been on leave during the past month and are safe back from the hazards of 'seven days', to discover there is still work to be done. Those who went to America have returned full of New York and its hospitality, bright lights and late nights.

We welcome the fourth echelon—both of them—it is rumoured that the fifth echelon is coming on a bicycle.

Sgt. Meynard and his fellow satellites from Trenton have their hands full with cylinder blocks and flame traps, and are doing much to lighten the work of the fitters.

Robinson Crusoe is back from his sojourn in No. 5 Hangar. Where can he find a Man Friday? We shall shortly, probably by the time this is in print, say farewell to those who are going further south. In spite of only five dollars a week subsistence pay, we wish them luck and a good trip home when the time comes.

By the way, who was the airman, who was looking for an illuminated harness for a nightmare?

## MAINTENANCE II

The great moustache race continues, Messrs Curry and Clark being well in the lead, Bunny Bowen should try a little fertilizer on his, perhaps glycol well rubbed in would make it grow. The rest of the Hangar may be trying to enter the competition or merely be unwashed or unshaven, Sgt. Denyer gave up the unequal struggle two weeks ago.

Sweenie Todd tried to carry out his old Fleet Street trade the other day on Jimmy Wilkinson's finger, which he apparently wished to drill off and sell to the cookhouse, unless he was merely trying to sabotage the war effort.

Teddy Pantan and Dickie Hogan are now the proud possessors of a car, from the noise made when changing we think they must be starting a sun bathing corner by stripping their gears.

Chidwick and Ben Burn returned from leave at Sudbury, where we learn they were fêted as the "veterans of the blitz." Such is fame in the backwoods.

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**Coming  
 Attractions**

April 17-18—"How Green Was My Valley."

20-21—"Johnny Eager"

22-23—"Appointment for Love"

24-25—"Confirm or Deny"

27-28—"Bugle Sounds"

29-30—"Corsican Brothers"

May 1-2—"Remember the Day"

8-9—"Hellzapoppin"



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## ACCOUNTS SECTION

Bend an ear fellas, while your correspondent digs up something in the way of what our wandering boys have been doing these nights. Seems there's been a whole lot of goings and comings on lately. The lunar Corporal has been posted. "Where" is a military secret; but I have it on good authority that he's the envy of the whole department, and is not travelling by that notorious BOAT. Flying Officer Little has been posted overseas. We wish them both bestest of luck.

"Something new has been added" to the Walrus. Nice going, Moike. We sympathize. Congratulations are also due to Flying Officer Calland on his promotion.

Leave runs rampant; most of the inmates scooted over the 49th parallel to see how Uncle Sam lives. Had a wonderful time. But just try and get them to admit it.

One of our triple-tapers has returned from way out West. Calgary has never been the same since. But we understood that things will pick up again in the near future.

A strange apparition has been haunting Equipment lately. Seems a dense cloud settled at one of our desks. A week later somebody decided something ought to be done about it. Investigation revealed it to be only the Original Man of Harlech. So after a jubilant (?) "Surprise, surprise!" and other welcoming noises—we thought it best to leave him floundering in the mysteries of Stores Accounting (just meanies at heart). Light will dawn one of these years. We hope. Meanwhile we trust his successor at the NCO's pay table will treat his charges as well!

It is denied that future entrants to the trade of Clerk Accounts will be given the rank of Corporal after seven days in that trade. An authoritative source stated quote "The whole matter will be reviewed along with other items of policy, meanwhile it is felt that no undue hardship will prevail if the present period of 14 days is retained" unquote.

### **Ode on Promotion or You Want the Best Corporals - We Have 'Em**

Six little LAC's sitting in line,  
One was made a Corporal,  
The rest marked time.

Five little LAC's' buttons shining now,  
Another is made a Corporal,  
Gosh—they'll soon be a row.

Four little LAC's now getting trim,  
Another is made a Corporal,  
The rest must be dim.

Three little LAC's' hearts all a'flutter,  
Yet another is made a Corporal,  
The rest just mutter.

Two little LAC's life no longer matters,  
Just one hope left,  
Re-muster — Cook and Butcher.

And so, all you ships and clippers at sea, that covers our news but remember we still have our ear to the ground and will be around again next month.

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'BOOKING IN'**

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A SNACK**

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Sat., Mon., Tues., and Wed., April 25-27, 28, 29. Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck in "Ball of Fire."

Thurs. and Fri., April 30-May 1st— Two Features: Jimmy Durante, Phil Silvers, Jane Wyman in "You're in The Army Now." Also "The Mexican Spitfire's Baby" with Zasu Pitts.

Sat., May 2nd for 4 Days — Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year."

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Maundy Money

To the Editor, "Wings"

Sir:

Having read the article on Maundy Money in the March issue of "Wings" I note with interest a column in The Toronto Daily Star of April 4th, which reports: "Lord Lang, the former Archbishop of Canterbury, who retains his office of High Almoner to the King, distributed the money on Maundy Thursday. Forty-seven men and forty-seven women, one for each year of the King's life, received 47 silver pennies." I send this letter thinking it might be of interest to you, if you have not actually seen it.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) J. A. K. TERRY,  
Belleville, Ont.

### Any News?

To the Editor, "Wings"

Dear Handford:

Two airmen have suggested, independently, that we have a section in the magazine covering news from other R.A.F. camps in Canada.

The ideas put forward are:

- (a) That we write to other R.A.F. Stations in Canada and ask them to send a brief monthly report on any camp activities of topical interest.
- (b) That those who have friends at other Stations should hand in to the Editor's Office any news from home, which may be of interest to others who come from the same county or district.
- (c) That local news from home, of general interest sent directly to members of this camp, whether gleaned from newspapers or letters from home, be also sent in.

If this idea is satisfactory perhaps contact can be made with other R.A.F. Stations, in Canada, and action taken.

Further I suggest with reference to news from home that anyone able to supply information of local, topical or personal interest, should see the Editor or some active member of the committee who would supply further information if required.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) F. E. B. FERNS.

Seems an excellent idea. I will endeavor to obtain material from other stations and collate the whole if fellows will supply the rest of the information.

### "Oh For the Wings of a Dove"

Dear Editor:

Is the rumour correct that Picton taxi drivers are taking gliding courses this spring, with a view to fixing wings on their taxis and traveling to Picton direct over the hill and via the cemetery?

Yours in need of enlightenment.

R. I. P.

Why bring the cemetery into it?

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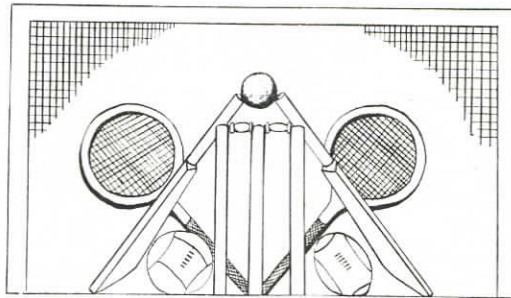
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## BASKETBALL

It was with some trepidation that this game was started on the station as an indoor activity during the winter months. However, once the Basketball floor was marked out and the back-boards put in place in the drill hall, the die was cast. The game has taken exceptionally well on the station, and very keen competition was shown by all who took part in this very Canadian-American sport. From an observer's viewpoint the R.A.F. boys with shooting practice at the all too small hoop would prove a menace to many a Canadian team. The very close checking of the players and passing plays showed all too well the inculcated knowledge of soccer and rugger being brought to bear in this sport activity.

After some practice and explaining of the game's fundamentals, the players were keen for an organized competition. Twelve teams were selected representing the flights and various sections of the camp and games were arranged each evening of the week. Although many were the games that were played, it was not until the play-off games that one could ascertain the development of the various players and teams. The teams that showed most aptitude through their persistent efforts were, The Drogues, Service Police, S.H.Q., "B" Flight, "D" Flight and G.I.S.

S.H.Q. captained by Flight Sergeant Dawes opened the play-off series by defeating Service Police 23-15. The Police fought hard but could not match the smooth passing plays and scoring of L.A.C. Davies, Cpl. Moon, F/Sgt. Dawes. Service Police lacked their Irish spark-plug, Cpl. "Paddy" Hood.

"D" Flight, under Cpl. Gavell, played a sterling game against G.I.S., and won by a very close margin, 10-6. Sq. Ldr. Stibbard scored all the baskets for G.I.S., and had a team of players that towered above the diminutive players of "D" Flight, in such players as P/O. Sturgess, P/O. Laband, P/O. Leveroni, Sgt. Finnie. The scoring of "D" Flight team was evenly divided among the following players, F/Lt. Holland-Martin 2, A.C. Patterson 2, L.A.C. Banks 4, Cpl. Gavell 2.

The Drogues lost their first game of the season when they met S.H.Q., who went on a scoring spree to the doleful tune of 25-8. S.H.Q. scored at will and the highly touted team, the Drogues, simply could not find the hoop. The combination of L.A.C. Say, Cpl. Moon, F/Sgt. Dawes, L.A.C. Davies, and Hallanby was too effective for the Drogues.

Service Police received a severe drubbing from the Drogues to the score of 30-4. Paced by L.A.C. Holt, who scored 12 points, F/Lt. Swyers 6 points, L.A.C. Knox 4, L.A.C. Arrowsmith 8, the Service Police were hopelessly outclassed by the hoopsteers from "C" Flight. Cpls. Stuart and Thomas played a very good defensive game and started many passing plays for the winners.

and Thomas played a very good offensive game and started many passing plays for the winners.

When "B" Flight met "D" Flight, an interesting individual scoring tourney between A.C. Tully and Sgt. Giles took place, for all the points were scored by those two players. Final score was 14-11, A.C. Tully scored 14 for "B" Flight and Sgt. Giles 11 points for "D" Flight. All of "D" Flight's points were scored in the second period.



G.I.S. challenged the Drogues to a game which proved to be very close competition, the final score being 21-13. The G.I.S. trainees led by Sq. Ldr. Stibbard gave the Drogues all the speed and check desired, however the team-play of the winners and the scoring combination composed of F/Lt. Swyers, Cpl. Thomas and L.A.C. Holt decided the final score.

All in all, Basketball has proved to be a major activity in the station and has given the R.A.F. a chance of knowing one of the favorite winter sports of American and Canadian sportsmen.

The Drogues are to be congratulated with their splendid showing for the season, and proved by persistent practice and team play to be the outstanding basketball aggregation on the station. (This was attributed to their Flight Commander, F/Lt. Swyers, who was always on hand to lead his section with deadly rugby rushes).

Service Police and S.H.Q. were the logical contenders for the next best position. However, it was a grand finish to a somewhat strenuous season, and although all the teams could not come out on top, they certainly can be credited with exhibiting the real spirit of English sportsmanship. This, after all, should be the ultimate end of all athletics.

## SOCCER

Soccer is here again and a meeting held on Thursday, April 2nd produced some constructive proposals about the organizing of this sport, and an effort will be made this year to promote a satisfactory league.

It was decided to form a Flight League of eight teams, namely, "A", "B", "C", and "D" Flights, Central Maintenance, the Combined Messes, G.I.S., and Headquarters. But the first problem is a ground, the one we used last year is definitely U/S, so now we are looking around for something else in the vicinity of the camp, in the meantime we will have to use the Fair Grounds in Picton, this by the way, will most probably be our home ground for the station team.

A selection committee was formed consisting of two non-playing members, Cpl. Hood, L.A.C. Jack, with three playing members, L.A.C. McConnell, L.A.C. McLaughlin, and L.A.C. Clapperton, their job will not be an easy one, for the responsibility of choosing the station team will

rest with them, and they will get the brickbats when anything goes wrong, but very little when they go right.

Cpl. Smale, who was elected Secretary and Treasurer, has cast bread upon the water by sending a circular letter to other stations in the near vicinity for station matches, home and away, and it only remains for the station team to bring home the bacon by winning the matches cast up.

"WINGS" Magazine wishes the Soccer Club good matches and good hunting in the coming season.

### BADMINTON ACTIVITIES

Badminton on the Station has been directed by F/O. Watters. During the winter months the two courts in the Drill Hall have been used regularly by the bird and racquet enthusiasts. Home and home tournaments were held with No. 5 I.T.S., Belleville. However, on each occasion the station team was outclassed in play; but the matches were thoroughly enjoyed—along with the social hour after each tournament. During the last month two courts have been marked out in the Gaiety Theatre, which has proven to be quite successful from various viewpoints. The new courts have ample playing area, besides being a little easier on the feet. The new site also provides better accommodation for the entertaining of visiting teams, whether they are men's or mixed teams.

Home and home series have been played with the Picton Club, and our team has shared the points quite evenly. Our racquet wielders have been, S/L. Lapham, F/O. Mills, F/Lt. Hartnell, F. Lt. Gardiner, Sgts. Robbs, Scarr, Dawes, Betts, L.A.C.s Grundy, Breach, McKay, and Mitchell.

An enjoyable time was spent on Tuesday evening, April 7th, when twenty ladies and men from the Picton Club played a mixed round robin tournament in the Recreation Hall. The evening was a huge success, with table tennis, and music on the P.A. system acting as a diversion while the matches were being played, and refreshments served as a welcome climax.

There is more to this game than meets the eye, and it takes a very good man to go through a night of it without losing some of the old vim; Plans are being made now to hold a station tournament in both singles and doubles, so when the date is announced, all players and potential players are invited to enter, and aid in making this event a success.

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## TABLE TENNIS ACTIVITIES

This indoor activity has been very popular on the station during the winter months, and eight tables have been used very consistently by the Table Tennis enthusiasts. There have not been many tournaments, mainly because our "Gaiety Theatre" has been in use so much during the winter season, and it has been difficult to get all the tables together in one place, since they are located in the Drill Hall, Supply Depot, and the Gaiety Theatre. However the persistency of the followers of this sport was rewarded when the Annual Ontario Championships were held in Toronto. A preliminary tournament was held in the "Gaiety," to decide the best team of four players who would be eligible to enter the Ontario Tournament. Sixteen players entered in the men's singles, in which Sgt. Gagenard met L.A.C. Smith in the semi finals and after three sets defeated Smith by 21-15, 14-21, 21-20. In the other singles bracket L.A.C. Grundy met L.A.C. Gibson and eliminated Gibson after very close competition 21-18, 20-21, 21-20. Sgt. Cagenard met Grundy in the men's singles and Grundy proved his overreaching mastery of the game by winning to the tune of 21-10, 21-10. A doubles tournament was held in which there were eight teams. The outstanding combinations were Sgt. Verney and F/Sgt. Dawes, Sgt's Chambers and Cagenard and L.A.C.'s Grundy and Gibson. Sgt's Chambers and Cagenard met and lost to Grundy and Gibson in the finals, but only after some very spectacular playing on the part of each team. After the station match the following airmen were selected to represent the station in the Annual Ontario Table Tennis Championships which were held in the West End Y.M.C.A., Toronto, Sgt. Chambers, Cpl: Tabbenor, L.A.C. Grundy and L.A.C. Gibson.

L.A.C. Grundy was the station's most successful competitor in the men's singles in which there were forty-four entries. He went as far as the semi finals and lost to Bill Weissbuch (Californian Pacific Coast Champion) who later won the Ontario Singles Crown by eliminating Lu Harber, who had been the Ontario Champion for the past four years. L.A.C. Gibson was eliminated in the first round by Lu Beadle (Canadian National Champion). Cpl. Tabbenor, was defeated in the second round by Ed. Porter (Winner of Mixed and Men's Doubles). Sgt. Chambers met stiff opposition in the first round and was eliminated. Cpl. Tabbenor and L.A.C. Grundy were very successful in the Men's Doubles and went straight through to the finals. On the way to the top rung play-off they easily disposed of the Toronto and District Champions, and also Bill Weissbuch (Men's Singles Champion) and his partner. However they were only defeated by the expert wizardry in this spectacular sport of Lu Beadle (Canadian National Champion) and Ed. Porter, the score being 21-16, 18-21, 15-21. Silver cups suitably embossed were awarded to Grundy and Tabbenor as mementos of their splendid showing in this tournament. The whole team deserve our hearty congratulations for their splendid showing in this first appearance in such august company. Congratulations, Sgt. Chambers, Cpl. Tabbenor, L.A.C. Grundy and L.A.C. Gibson. It is encouraging to realize that our station has players of such standard and it should prove helpful to budding hopefuls in this very active of indoor sport.

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—Kipling

## The Picton Gazette

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