



# WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R.A.F. PICTON



No. 11 - May 1942

Price: 10c to Service Personnel .

THERE IS SOME PLACE  
LIKE HOME!



*In Picton It's*  
**The GLOBE HOTEL**  
"A GOOD PLACE TO EAT"

★ FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE  
**SERVICE IN EVERY TOWN!**  
**At the Sign of the Red Indian**

- IN PICTON  
GRINDROD'S SERVICE STATION
- IN BLOOMFIELD  
JANDREW'S SERVICE STATION  
HERB CLARK'S SERVICE STATION
- IN WELLINGTON  
McNEILL'S SERVICE STATION
- IN DEMORESTVILLE  
G. T. HOUGH SERVICE STATION

**H. R. MacDONALD**  
DISTRIBUTOR

McColl Frontenac Products — Firestone Tires  
BLOOMFIELD PHONE 331-J-1-1

# "WINGS"

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



*The Executive*

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE  
P/O. P. J. Edwards

VICE CHAIRMAN  
F/Sgt. E. J. Groves

TREASURER  
CPL. H. E. Panton

SECRETARY  
LAC. W. A. Eagles

ADVERTISEMENTS  
L.A.C. R. P. R. Young

DISTRIBUTION  
A.C. W. Page

EDITOR  
LAC. F. E. B. Ferns

PHOTOGRAPHY  
Cpl. G. C. Ward

SPORTIVITIES  
Cpl. R. W. Smale

ART  
Cpl. W. Shropshall

Y.M.C.A.  
Alf. Morris

V

## Contents of May Issue - -

HURRICANE FIGHTERS (by W. Shropshall)	- - - - -	Cover
FAREWELL MESSAGE TO SQ/LDR. SIR. A. SETON	- - - - -	2
EDITORIAL	- - - - -	3
ON SLEEP (by E.C.H.)	- - - - -	4
THE TAXICAB DRIVER	- - - - -	6
PLAYBOY IN HARLEY STREET (by E. D. B.)	- - - - -	7
THE NITH VALLEY (by Smale)	- - - - -	8
POISON IVY (by W. A. Pithie)	- - - - -	9
HAMPDEN BOMBER (by Shropshall)	- - - - -	10
V.R. (by Philokurion)	- - - - -	11
TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN PICTON (by G. C. Ward)	- - - - -	12
FROM THE ARCHIVES	- - - - -	15
THE HEART OF LONDON BURNS (by C. H. K.)	- - - - -	18
PHOTOGRAPHY (by G. C. W.)	- - - - -	20
THE C.O. ENTERTAINS	- - - - -	22
SERGEANTS' MESS DANCE	- - - - -	24
CANADIAN IDIOM (by Greenhorn)	- - - - -	25
MINIATURE RIFLE CLUB (by T. Enright)	- - - - -	26
ROUNDBOUT (by All and Sundry)	- - - - -	27
SPORTS SECTION (by Alf. Morris, Cpls. Hood and Smale)	- - - - -	41

(Copyrighted 1941. All rights reserved)



## “VALE”

“Sandy” has gone. A well loved officer has left us with his wife for England. Who is “Sandy,” what is he that all his Thanes commend him?

Squadron Leader Sir Alexander Hay Seton, Bart, Carrick Pursuivant in the Lyon Court, had the affection and respect of all the camp, both officers and men. The Canteen stands as a memorable tribute to his zeal and his interest in his job, and daily he delved into matters affecting the comfort of the humblest airman.

The number of wives who have come to Canada from England is due in considerable measure to his unremitting energy and persistence, to his Scottish determination and fervour. Both Sir Alexander and Lady Seton belong to the oldest Scottish families with roots stretching remotely into the past. It may well be that they have left with us some of that spirit of courtliness and grace, courage, fortitude, and charm which distilled

through centuries of tradition and matured by the weathering of years, in sickness and in health is still maturing through war and peace and war again. To you both we say, “Bonne Chance” and “Lang may yer lums reek.”

F. SENIOR, Flying Officer, Station Adjutant.

## “GOOD-BYE”

Little did I think a month ago, when I was saying goodbye to Group Captain Keith on your behalf, that I would find myself in the same position as him, in such a short time.

We have all had our worries during our time here, and I want you to know that my worries have been reduced by the wonderful co-operation all airmen have shown. It is, therefore, all the harder to put one's teeth to the bit, and say “Goodbye.”

My ambition of last year has been fulfilled, in that first and foremost many of the wives of airmen of this and other stations are now here. Secondly our domestic side of the camp takes second place to none. It is the best that can be done. I expect you all to keep it like that—which I know you will. If you give my relief the backing you have given our new C.O. and myself, then rest assured that your happiness will continue, and above all Picton will still be in the lead, as it deserves to be.

And so, Lady Seton joins me in saying, “Goodbye and God bless you all,” and this is said with a very deep and sincere affection.

ALEXANDER H. SETON, BART.,  
Squadron Leader.

## EDITORIAL

“WINGS” this month sees a change of crew. With the resignation of J. P. Handford, our former Editor, we have suffered a serious loss since he has worked and spent most of his spare time on the magazine for the past ten months. He has now decided that he would like more time to himself, but is still ready and willing to help when required.

As the incoming Editor, I thank all those who have helped and contributed to this issue, and especially those who sent in their material early. May the flow continue. In future the last day for contributions will be the last day of the month. We hope thereby to get “Wings” out for publication by the 15th of the month, or the nearest day thereto. Thanks are also due to Mr. Calnan of The Picton Gazette, and his staff, without whose assistance the magazine could not be what it is.

Last month saw a new Chairman of the Committee in P/O. Edwards, and this month sees a new Editor. It is unlikely, therefore, that the magazine will run on exactly the same lines as before. A questionnaire will be found in the article “Truth is Stranger Than Picton.” I should like as many copies of this filled in as there are magazines sold and put in “Wings” contribution box. Perhaps those who live in the Officers’ Mess and the Sergeants’ Mess will also co-operate.

A valiant attempt is to be made to make the magazine more topical and interesting for everyone, and to introduce some original humour. A fine example of which will be found in the extract from “The Archives of the R.A.F. Station, Twittering.” This, I am assured, by the contributor is authentic. In fact, it actually happened! The magazine will be the only permanent record available to everyone on this camp, of a long sojourn in Canada; most of which has been spent at Picton. We should, therefore, like to make the record as complete as possible, besides being merely amusing. Station activities both social and serious, will be recorded as fully as circumstances permit.

Our part in the war incongruous as it may seem now, will when looked back on, appear in its true light as an experience and an education worth more than present conditions reveal. Later many may want to remember their stay in Canada, perhaps this magazine may serve in part as a souvenir in the best sense of the word.

In coming to Canada we were surprised at the progress made by so ‘young’ a country, young to our European minds. In coming to Picton we were lucky, as many who have been posted further afield have learnt to their cost. Many have married while out here and many have brought out their wives. Whether arrangements have been made to demob those who wish to stay on after the war is not known, but not all will want to return, those who are permitted to stay may perhaps be the vanguard of the wave of immigration from the Old Country, which it is understood so many Canadians would like to see. Those who return to Britain will,—if they are just—by their reports be the ones to encourage the inevitable post-war mass of unsettled and unemployed to try their luck further afield. If any country in the Commonwealth of Nations has a great future, then that country is assuredly Canada.

# ON SLEEP

---

IF YOU think you can go sleep after "lights out" in "B" barrackroom, how greatly you will be mistaken. To most of the young bloods it is an immediate signal to begin some form of activity. Before the orderly corporal puts his head round the door and thumbs up the electric switch, they are lying about on their beds in various attitudes of exhaustion: attitudes they have struck since early evening. But immediately the room is lighted only by the flickering fire light, they seem to revive. They remember a hundred and one things that they have to do. George has at least six letters to write to his beautiful young cousins. Jack suddenly recollects that he has no buttons on his trousers and gropes about in the semi-dark for a needle and thread. Bill hasn't made his bed yet. So the lights are put on again.

Those wishing to sleep are already in bed. Their heads appear from the blankets, somewhat like tortoises out of their shells. They demand in rough tones for the light to be put out. They are told to do this that and the other; feats beyond even a gifted contortionist.

Now Fred likes his sleep! He tucked himself up with a sigh of content as soon as the room became dark. The cold, hard brilliance of eight 100 watt lamps springing to life again infuriates him. He dances on his bed like a dervish, clad only in his underwear. "How about those effing lights!" he bawls at the top of his voice. The cry is taken up by others wishing to sleep. Bedlam reigns for several minutes.

George continues to write busily. Bill calmly makes his bed. Jack sews on his buttons. The uproar continues. Exasperated, Fred jumps off his bed, holding his shorts in one hand, patters down the long gangway and turns off the lights. Grunts of satisfaction break out from those wishing to sleep. Jack, Bill and George, on the other hand, protest violently. Fred patters back to bed again and Bill puts on the lights. By this time, everyone is thoroughly aroused. Unprintable insults are hurled at one another. Lurid threats are made. And what newspapers call "an ugly incident" appears imminent. At this moment the orderly corporal returns.

"I thought," he says, with weighty sarcasm, "That I put those so and so lights out."

There is a short pause as we hurriedly form a solid front against this new aggressor. A barrage of insults are hurled at him. After all, he is only an A.C.1. He is, however, immune to this kind of abuse. He snaps up the switch. "When I says lights out, I mean lights out," he informs us. And he withdraws with dignity.

Even those wishing to sleep will not tolerate such binding. They heatedly demand that the lights should be put on. This is done. Many unkind things are said about the corporal. After some delay, George, Jack and Bill finish their tasks and get into bed. The last one puts out the lights.

For at least five minutes, there is an uncanny stillness in the room. This is a moment for which you live. The flickering fire light makes strange patterns on the ceiling. Your spring bed gently takes the weight of your body. Your blankets are snug around you. A relaxing warmth steals through you. You reflect on your day. You think of that someone who is so far away. You say a mental "good night." You feel sleep clouding your brain and you . . . . ., but that is where you are wrong.

From out of the darkness comes a sound that sets your nerves tingling. You become wide awake. You sigh with irritation. Ginger is grinding his teeth again. Now Ginger is a very odd lad. He has not been with us long. Without being unkind, we hope he won't be with us much longer. His contribution to the social side of "B" barrackroom can be written off as bad debt. Since he has been with us, he has said hardly more than a dozen words. When he is asleep, however, his social contribution takes on new proportions. His habit of grinding his teeth when asleep will keep anyone awake, no matter how tired or sleepy he may be. Usually we endeavor to sleep before he does.

We bear with this molar symphony for five minutes, then heads begin to pop up and angry glances are directed at Ginger's bed. He blissfully continues to gnash his teeth.

Fred reaches for a boot. It is launched with considerable force. Whizzing over Ginger's bed, it strikes George in a tender spot. The outrageous fuss George makes is out of all proportion to the injury he has suffered. A selection of intensive binding follows. This eventually dies down and we withdraw under our blankets again. Although sleeping through this uproar, Ginger suspends further dental activities. You, however, lie in your bed, fuming for a dreary half hour before you become drowsy again. The time is 22.59 hours. Those on late pass are about to arrive. If you are not asleep before they come in, another hour will pass before you can hope for the mercies of morpheus.

The delay has been fatal. The door opens and three happy airmen tramp in. They immediately put on the lights. Their beds are at the far end of the room. Like a herd of bison they charge down the room. Fred's muffled voice can be heard asking, "How about those effing lights?" but the newcomers have yet to make their beds. One of them decides that he ought to have a shave. Two more go over to George to tell him in loud tones of their adventures of the evening.

Then the worst happens. Joe comes in with his push bike. As a conveyance, a pushbike is of great value, especially on an out-of-the-way station such as ours. But in the barrackroom, at 22.59 hrs., it can be a considerable drawback. There is bound to be someone who wishes to ride it, no matter what the hour. So it proves. Bert, always an uneasy sleeper, cannot resist the temptation. He bounds from his bed, clad only in his shirt. He endeavours to ride the bike up and down the narrow gangway. Everyone sits up in bed; some to cheer him, others to abuse him. Fred, a little mauve about the gills, is past speech.

"A" barrackroom, next door, bang on the wall with considerable violence, hinting in their uncouth way that they are being disturbed. This is immediately taken up as a challenge. We, in our turn, hammer on the wall. An intricate Tom-tom effect results from these hammerings.

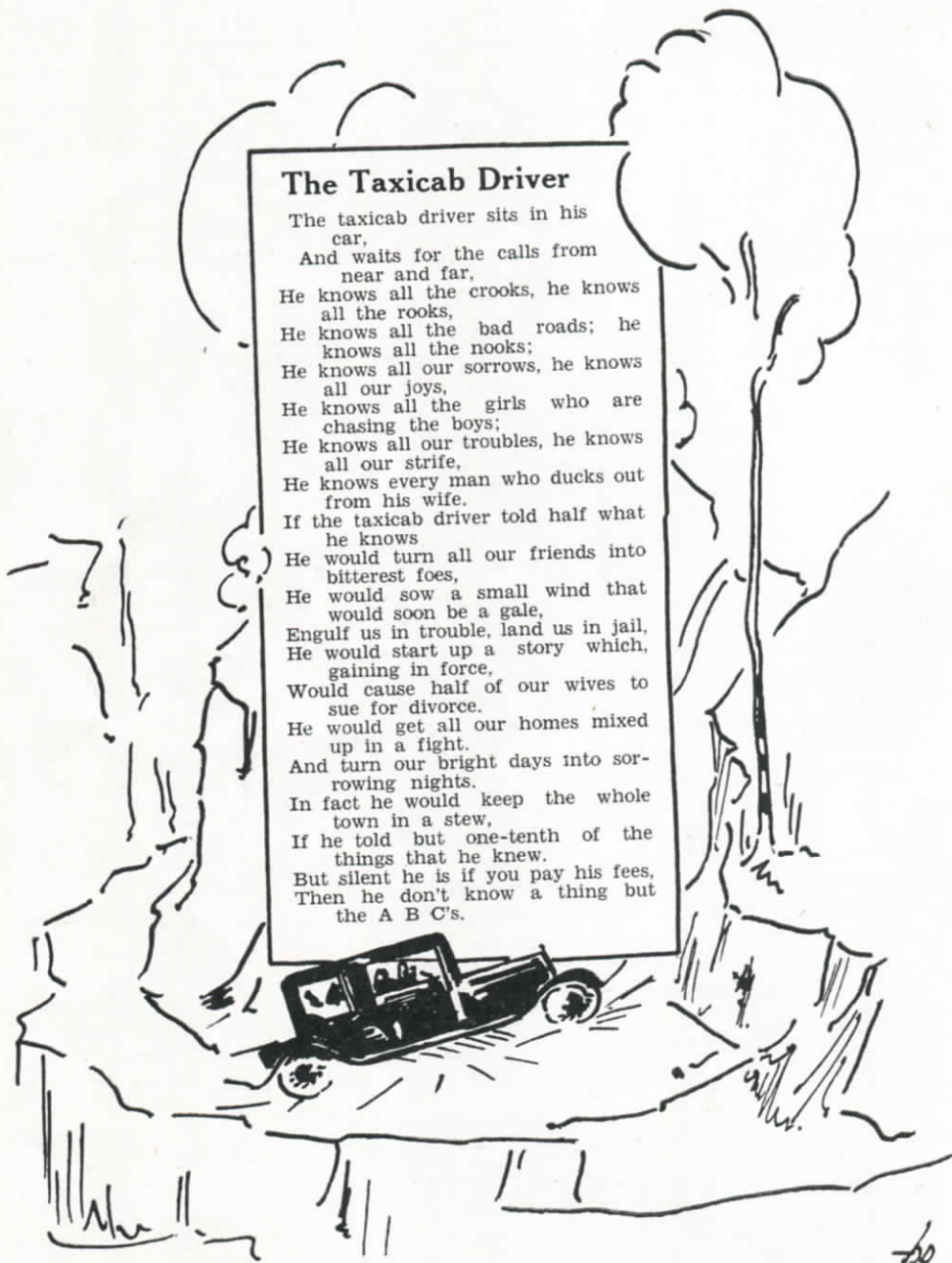
Bert, who has always shown enterprise, decides to ride through "A" barrackroom on the bicycle. Willing hands send him on his way. The uproar next door is music to our ears. Bert comes out much faster than he went in. He loses interest in the bike and returns to his bed.

We all settle down again, except the one who wishes to shave. He is a deliberate sort of fellow. He likes everything just so. The shaving water must boil. He believes in softening his beard thoroughly before touching it with his razor. He is completely indifferent to insults. We therefore give up calling him names and cover our heads with our blankets. We lie slowly suffocating. At last, even he must finish and he tramps down the gangway, turns off the light and gropes his way back. His return journey compensates us. When he barks his shin

[Continued on Page Seven]

## The Taxicab Driver

The taxicab driver sits in his  
car,  
And waits for the calls from  
near and far,  
He knows all the crooks, he knows  
all the rooks,  
He knows all the bad roads; he  
knows all the nooks;  
He knows all our sorrows, he knows  
all our joys,  
He knows all the girls who are  
chasing the boys;  
He knows all our troubles, he knows  
all our strife,  
He knows every man who ducks out  
from his wife.  
If the taxicab driver told half what  
he knows  
He would turn all our friends into  
bitterest foes,  
He would sow a small wind that  
would soon be a gale,  
Engulf us in trouble, land us in jail,  
He would start up a story which,  
gaining in force,  
Would cause half of our wives to  
sue for divorce.  
He would get all our homes mixed  
up in a fight,  
And turn our bright days into sor-  
rowing nights.  
In fact he would keep the whole  
town in a stew,  
If he told but one-tenth of the  
things that he knew.  
But silent he is if you pay his fees,  
Then he don't know a thing but  
the A B C's.



With Acknowledgments to Quinte Taxi of Belleville.  
Phone 867

# Play Boy in Harley Street

Very simple anatomy; for the benefit of the staff of S.S.Q. (and others).

THE SKELETON—As these spend most of their time in cupboards we will pass on to the

SKULL—This, on being cracked by a blunt instrument will either pop or ping. If there is no response the subject is either an assistant editor or a Flight Sergeant.

BONES—You all know the Humerus (or funny bone) and the Radius, the latter so called because it describes a radius during the elbow-lifting process.

RIBS—There are twelve of these on either side even in men, so the rumour about man having been done out of one is all false.

ORGANS—These cover a vast field, barrel, steam, mouth and of course the mighty Wurlitzer at your local Cinema at home.

OCCIPITAL—This is where you go to have the organs taken out.

JOINTS—There are many of these; first the one you used to have a piece of for dinner; Fixed joints which are respectable and Moveable joints which are not so respectable and often get raided. Leg joints usually have a cabaret! If you get beer and cigarettes also it's a Swell joint.

APPENDICES—These you find in the back of books and film stars have them taken out regularly. Only one operation is necessary for this and if another one is needed it is odds on that the doctor has left his fountain pen inside.

LIVER—This was discovered by a Scotsman called Andrews, hence the salts!

## V

### ON SLEEP [Continued]

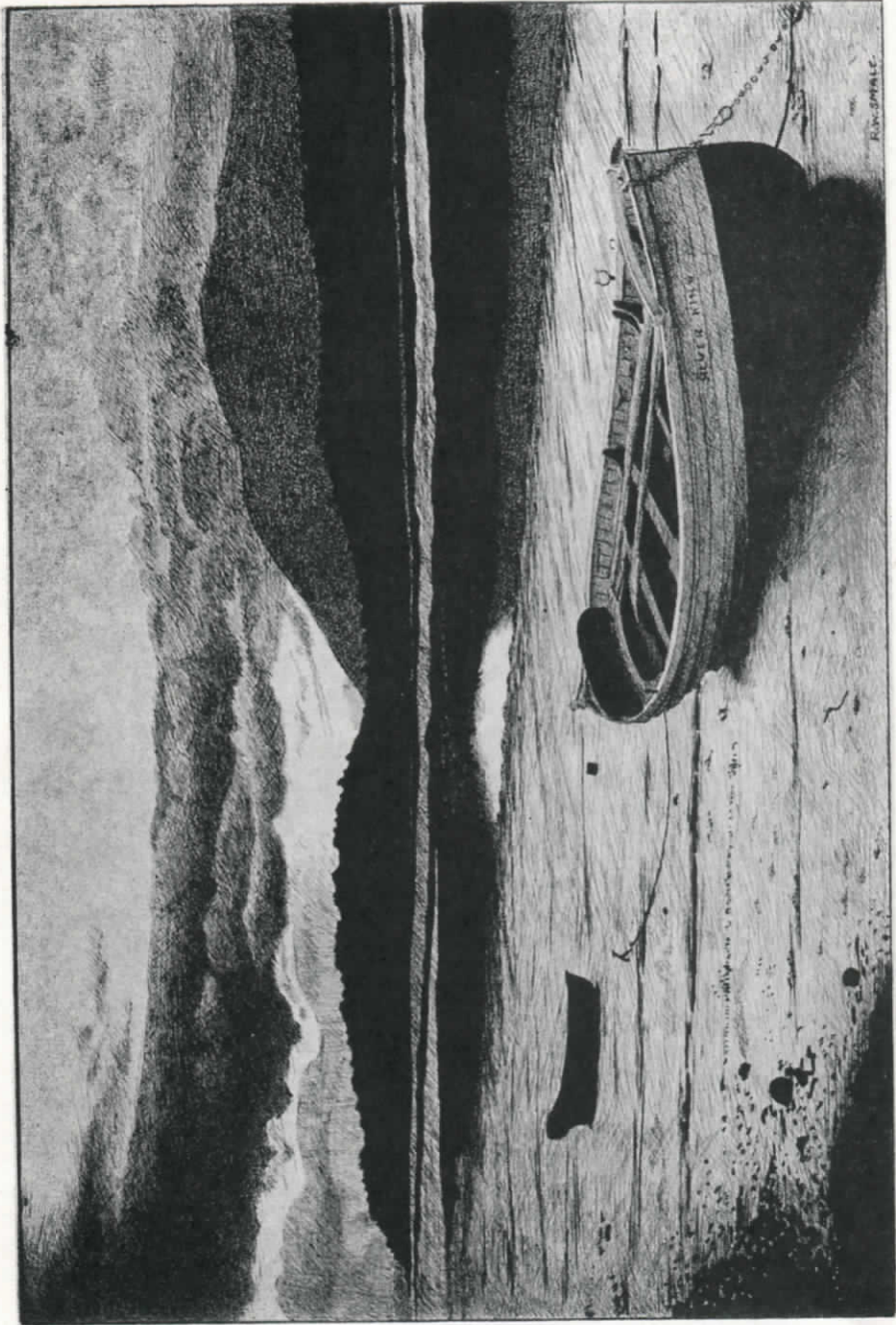
on one of the beds, his violent utterances fill us with contented delight. It is now 01.30 hrs. The rest of the night is for sleep.

You, however, lie awake. You listen to the sounds of the night. Faintly, you hear the drone of an aircraft. You wonder if it's Jerry. It comes nearer and you decide it is one of the night fighters returning from patrol. You envy the pilot. He too must be tired, but his tiredness must give him great satisfaction. You hear another aircraft take off and go roaring across the runway. Solitary night flyers, keeping watch while you lie in your comfortable bed. You hear the wind sighing in the tree tops! The rustle of leaves against your window. All sounds are accentuated in the lonely watches of the night.

George begins to snore. He has a trombone note, regular, rich, and in its way, almost majestic. Bill joins him in a duet. His snore is a little reedy, like the note of an embarrassed oboe. Together they move up and down the scale with confident skill. Once they have established a motif, Fred joins them. The sound he makes cannot be classified as a snore. It is a thin wailing sound of a cold, unhappy ghost. A surrealist movement is introduced when Fred punctuates his wailing by talking in a loud voice to someone called "Curly" in a peculiar gibberish that you cannot understand.

And when you have given up all hope of sleep, you hear the distant wail of the sirens, coming to a violent crescendo as the station alarm sounds. A few minutes later, the crash of gunfire, the sharp whip-like crack of the Bofors, lull you into a dreamless, peaceful sleep.

With acknowledgments to the Royal Air Force,  
Weekly Bulletin, September '41



—by SMALE

THE NITH VALLEY Solway Firth

# POISON IVY

—by A VICTIM—

**P**OISON IVY (*RHUS TOXICODENDRON*), a plant found throughout North America and reaching as far south as Mexico. It grows about nine inches high on single red colored stems with three shiny dark green leaves, the seed forms in clusters of gray white berries. The plant is poisonous all the year round, but in summer there is more chance of contact with it than in winter, when even the bare stalk is poisonous. The poison is contained in the milky oily sap. It is possible to be poisoned by particles of pollen falling on the wet skin, by brushing against a leaf, or even in handling shoes which have been thus in contact, or through petting animals which have passed through the weed. If you are sensitive, and happen to stand in the smoke from a bush fire in which the weed has grown, you may be blistered by the smoke particles which carry minute drops of the oil.

As a newcomer to Canada I was annoyed to find that I had become an innocent victim of this pest, unknown even by name to me who had lived always in Europe. Up to the end of my two weeks treatment I had no idea what it looked like. The descriptions of the plant by my friends were enough to turn me against all green growth, they were so varied.

It is a fallacy that some are immune to Poison Ivy. No one is immune, even after years of immunity in handling the vine it is possible to become infected.

The poison raises irritating blisters on the skin — similar to mustard gas poisoning — which swell and eventually ooze or discharge a colourless fluid. This fluid comes in contact with other parts of the skin and causes the poison to spread rapidly until all parts of the body may eventually become infected. Immediately an eruption occurs, cover the place with gauze to prevent any spreading and consult a doctor.

Some say that eating a few of the leaves in the spring gives immunity. That is not so, and is very dangerous; severe cases of poisoning have been known to result therefrom. One wonders then how the Indians fared; the early Indians could not have followed the prescription supposed to be invented by Captain John Smith, of gunpowder and milk. There appears to be no sure cure, some people respond to treatment better than others and a remedy suitable to some is non-effective on others. Even an injection of the toxin prepared from the leaves cannot meet all cases and must be used with care and discretion. It is said moreover that once a victim the infection re-occurs every spring.

If exposure to the plant has been made, one should at once lather the whole body with carbolic or some other disinfectant soap rinse and repeat. There is every probability that this will wash away the oil. If it is necessary to work where Poison Ivy grows, a cream to which has been added 10% Sodium Perborate should be smeared on the exposed skin surfaces. This should give immunity for three or four hours when a fresh application should be made.

The weed could be easily eradicated if proper steps were taken either by digging up the plant or easier, by dosing it with strong brine or a solution of Sodium Chlorate or dry Sodium Arsenate, but care should be taken that cattle and livestock are not endangered thereby.

Identify, respect and beware of *RHUS TOXICODENDRON*.



—by SHROPSHALL

“BOMBS AWAY”



## V. R.



AT THE outbreak of the war I found myself in fighter command headquarters. This was a busy place, but I soon got tired of chewing through paper and desired a more active form of service.

I was posted to a squadron and then things began to happen. My C.O. in time won the D.F.C., and I was proud of him, though only remotely connected with the distinction, but as a humble member of the squadron I took pride in all its victories.

At last the establishment of my section was doubled and another joined me, I felt my personality was halved, though as a better known member of the unit no small amount of work came my way.

In those days the echelon travelled with the squadron and I much enjoyed the journey from station to station in the old Harrows. These great birds took the air with a freight of over a dozen of us and not being subject to air sickness I made the most of the flights.

The day came when I found myself on a station in the North of England remote from civilization on the borders of the land of the Scot, posted to what turned out to be an almost permanent home. Life brightened and good times were had by all. If it were not a buckshee party on the Officers' Mess then it was a free-for-all in the Sergeants' Mess, or an Airmens' hop in the Primrose Hall. In one way or another I managed to make my way into the company of all.

At last the squadron was posted, and as it was decided that my opposite number was doing a better job I was left behind, so it was that I fell from grace. The fall was so great that one night for my sins I got caught, literally in a trap; while I bemoaned the departure of my friends I was careless, and I put my foot in a snare. It shook me and I still have unpleasant memories of that night. What hurt most, I was listed among that highly hopeless lot, the church orderlies, and so it was that I joined the Padre's staff.

My only merit seemed to be my attractive appearance and I was a magnet as far as the ladies were concerned. The squadron wives gave me a great time indeed and I was constantly being entertained. When I was reduced in status I had no hopes for the future. It was January, it was cold, and the Padre was stern. He thought I should be a chorister, and so I learnt to sing. I was not naturally musical, but after a while I could keep a long note, and mount the scale with the best of the colaturas. I began to find that life was not so bad after all.

Then alas my O.i/c went to Canada and every prospect displeased immensely. My C.O. put on a good face, being a plucky soul, and sometimes when things were a bit overwhelming I put my hand in hers and quietly sang a little song, though now I sang with but little persuasion.

I still have a duty to perform, to keep up the morale of the folk back at home. You ask "Who am I?" . . . I am a roan cocker spaniel . . . Chippie . . . The Padrés dog.

Philokurion.



**Bouquets:**

.....to Mr. Sinton of the Globe Hotel, who has entertained four airmen to dinner every Sunday since April 3rd, 1941. Over two hundred dinners ..... that's hospitality-plus.  
 .....to all the kind folk down town who have taken the R.A.F. into their hearts, their homes, and their cars.  
 .....to the LAC. who gave "The Strawberry Blond" new words. Ask one of the Accounts boys to sing you it sometime.  
 .....to that Unknown Genius who has the highest number on the camp.  
 .....to the Corporal who bought a package of cigarettes for one very broke Security Guard—without the S.G. knowing it. And he wasn't in the R.C.A.F.  
 .....to the guy who keeps loading the canteen juke box with all those new records — and us hep to the latest in jive.  
 .....to the boys who work so hard Sunday nights to provide one kolozzil jamboree for those of us who go str-eight to the bar.

**Brickbats:**

.....to the most consistently unco-operative man on the camp. It works in the Equipment Section, sleeps in 12R, is short, and has never heard of Kreml.

**Twenty-two Words to the Dumb:**

In fact to the aforementioned storeman. You're a little behind the times brother. Nowadays the smart thing is to wait for Records.

**Fourth Floor — Notions Department:**

Why can't an admission of 5c (one nickel to you pal) be charged at the camp movie — **only** until proceeds are sufficient to cover the cost of a second projector. Uninterrupted programs . . . and with the box office we have, it should only take about two weeks.

**We Snoop to Conquer:**

What LAC. recently spent a week-end at Niagara — and didn't get so much as a peek at the Falls?

Why has the Accounts Section "Knock" on the door? The late LAC. Durrant has the answer to that one.

**Help Wanted:**

Primarily Wings is an airman's mag. and I believe you should have a say in its policy. If you think it could use a little improvement in the way of contents, fill in the ballot above, and put it in the Canteen Wings Box. No names needed—so you can be honest about it. If you don't wish to cut the page—copy the details out on any old piece of paper. You must have some interest in Wings (the fact that you dug deep for a dime for this issue proves that), so help out, won't you? I've been plugging for a few changes many, many moons, but one man's opinion has gotten me nowhere fast. So nowza time for all good intelligentsmen to come to the aid of your correspondent.

Get the grey matter working—and let's have a collective effort to make Wings truly **your** magazine.

A. I liked these features best:	1.....
(State by name, in order of preference)	2.....
	3.....
B. I liked these features least:	1.....
	2.....
	3.....
C. I didn't bother to read.....	
D. I think you should have more.....	
.....	
E. I think you should have less .....	
.....	

C'mon fellas, give! And thanx a lot.

**The Shape of Things to Come?**

We hear that a certain Squadron Leader has been practicing marksmanship shooting the rats in his cellar with a revolver. . . .

**More Ouch:**

Lapland is the most thinly populated country in the world. Not many Lapps to the mile?

Extract from local newspaper's Nature Notes quote "Two little dears were seen recently in the neighborhood." Blonde or brunette?

There's a Scotsman in the P. & S. department who wishes to assure what few readers I have that he has **not** saved his toys for his second childhood.

**Confoosin' Isn't It:**

What with all those RCAF. suits on the camp it looks as if the local stores are going to have a sell-out on "Canada" arm badges.

**The Most Extraordinary Sight of the Month (or Someone's-rocking-my-dreamboat):**

An LAC not-so-M.T. driver walking (and that's being generous) along Avenue B. to his hut at 2.00 a.m. giving forth with "Till the Lights of London Shine Again." The citizens of Belleville will be happy to know what woke them up that night.

**The Things They Say:**

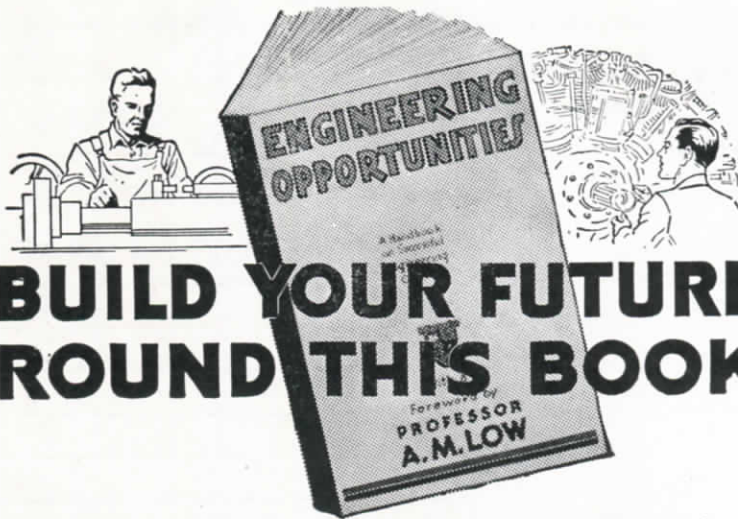
"Women are as transparent as cellophane — and just as hard to remove once you get wrapped up in them."

**My, How This Country Has Changed:**

Eleven more wives have arrived. It's nice to see twenty-two twinkles in as many eyes. Come to think of it, I should have said forty-four.

**The Final Fling:**

Which is a tribute to Carter Brothers of Picton — for having the courage to print — with complete sincerity — more home truths in ten lines than I have ever seen in this, or any other, magazine. For those of you who have not yet read their ad. in the April issue, it is located on page twenty-eight.



# BUILD YOUR FUTURE ROUND THIS BOOK

TO MEMBERS OF THE AIR FORCES. You are invited to write for a free copy of "Engineering Opportunities," our 176-page handbook illustrating home study courses in all branches of engineering. Address your enquiries to Canadian Institute of Science & Technology Ltd., 118 Chester Bldg., 219 Bay St., Toronto.

Special attention is called to our courses in aviation listed below. These courses have been approved by the Royal Aeronautical Society. They cover syllabuses of recognized examinations in aeronautics but begin with elementary work if necessary:

### AVIATION

- A.F.R.Ae.S. Examination
- Air Ministry Exams for Ground Engineers, A, B, C, and D.
- General Aeronautical Engineering
- Advanced Aeronautical Engineering and Aeroplane Design
- Aero Engine Course
- Aircraft Apprentices' Course
- Pilots' "B" License
- Air Navigators' Certificates

### MECHANICAL

- A.M.I. Mech. E.
- Drawing and Design
- Die and Press Tool Work
- Welding
- Etc.

### ELECTRICAL

- A.M.I.E.E.
- General Electrical Engineering
- Electrical Installations
- Electric Meters, Measuring Instruments
- A.M. Brit. I.R.E.
- General Wireless
- Adv. Wireless and High Frequency
- Radio Servicing, Maintenance and Repairs
- Short Wave Radio
- Etc.

### GENERAL

- A.M.I.C.E.
- Civil Engineering
- Structural Engineering
- London Matriculation
- B. Sc. (Pure Science)

**CANADIAN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY LTD.**

118 Chester Bldg.,  
219 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

Please forward free of cost or obligation of any kind your 176-page Handbook, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES."

Name .....

Address..... Age.....

Course interested in .....

# FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE R. A. F. STATION

## Much Twittering

Scene I—Flight Commander's Office. R.A.F. Station. Much Twittering.  
Time—Wartime.

Enter—1234567 Sgt. Wunwinglow (pilot). Salutes.

Sgt. Wunwinglow—Please Sir, when I opened the cockpit hood before I came in to land, the slipstream caught my goggles and blew them away. The strap on my helmet broke.

Flight Commander—Oh, that's all right. Make out an application for a write off and you can get a new pair free.

Sgt. Wunwinglow—Thank you, Sir (Exit).

From O.C. "A" Flight.  
To Senior Accountant Officer.

Subject—Goggles—Application for write off. Sgt. Wunwinglow.  
Date 29/3/42.

Attached, please find an application for write off for one pair of flying goggles.

(Sgd.) J. Pranger,  
F/Lt. O.C. "A" Flight.

Enclosure

### R.A.F. Station. Much Twittering.

Report on loss of or damage to Royal Air Force Stores

1. Date of loss 26/3/42. Flight or section, "A" Flight.
2. Description of stores.

Section	Reference	Description	Quantity	Price
404 AB	10124	Goggles, flying Mk. XII	Pairs, one	\$1.34
3. Circumstances attending loss with reports from personnel concerned.  
Breakage of securing strap on helmet thus allowing goggles to blow away in slipstream whilst flying.
4. Remarks of Flight Commander.

I have investigated this case very thoroughly and am satisfied that the goggles were not lost through negligence, but due to the failure of the securing strap on the helmet when the goggles were caught in the slipstream.

Date 26/3/42.

(Sgd.) J. Pranger,  
F/Lt. O.C. "A" Flight.

5. Recommendation of Squadron Commander.

The goggles be written off.  
Date 28/3/42.

(Sgd.) B. Quiatt,  
S/Ldr. O. C. Squadron.

From Senior Accountant Officer.  
To O.C. "A" Flight.  
Subject Goggles — Application for write off.  
Date 31/3/42.

It is requested that a full report be submitted by Sgt. Wunwinglow on the loss of his flying goggles, stating the precise location of the aircraft, the time of day, height and airspeed, and also the magnetic course on which the aircraft was being steered at the time of the loss.

(Sgd.) I. Bind.  
F/Lt. S.A.O. Much Twittering.

---

From O.C. "A" Flight.  
To Senior Accountant Officer.  
Subject Goggles — Application for write off. Submission of report thereon.  
Date 3/4/42.

Attached herewith please find a full report from 1234567 Sgt. Wunwinglow on the loss of his flying goggles.

(Sgd.) J. Pranger.  
F/Lt. O.C. "A" Flight

Enclosure.

#### Statement Regarding Loss of Goggles

Whilst flying Battle Aircraft US 4114 on 26/3/42 at 1210 hours (Daylight Saving) steering 312° (Magnetic) at a point 6.5 miles (estimated) N.N.E. (True) of Much Twittering at 134 m.p.h. (indicated) and 1500 ft. (computed), I opened the cockpit cover prior to making a circuit and the slipstream caught my goggles tearing them off my forehead and breaking the securing strap on my helmet.

(Sgd.) I. M. Wunwinglow.  
1234567 Sgt.

---

From Senior Accountant Officer.  
To O.C. "A" Flight.  
Subject Goggles — Application for write off.  
Date 8/4/42.

Before any decision can be taken in the case of Sgt. Wunwinglow's goggles, you are requested to state the date when the kit concerned was last inspected and to explain why it was allowed to fall into a state of disrepair contrary to K.R. & A.C. 1 para 2545.

(Sgd.) I. Bind.  
F/Lt. S.A.O. Much Twittering.

---

From O.C. "A" Flight.  
To Senior Accountant Officer.  
Subject Goggles—Application for write off.  
Date 11/4/42.

The kit in question receives a daily inspection from the pilot. Pilots generally attempt to place their flying kit U/S long before this is really necessary.

The kit concerned had not fallen into disrepair contrary to K.R. & A-C.1 para 2545.

(Sgd.) John Pranger.  
F/Lt. O.C. "A" Flight.

The following personal appeal was sent to a brother officer.  
Dear Boozy.

I was making enquiries today regarding the whereabouts of an application for the write off of some goggles, which one of my Sgt. Pilots lost while flying. It seems to have gone astray in H. Q. and I would be awfully obliged if you could get one of your stooges to hunt around for it. As a matter of fact the pilot can't really fly until he gets his new pair as it is against K.R.'s.

Yours Stinker.

P.S.—In my ignorance I used to think you could write goggles off as easily as Battles. S.

From Senior Accountant Officer.  
To Commanding Officer, R.A.F. Station Much Twittering.  
Subject Write off — Goggles, flying.  
Date 28/4/42.

Having carefully considered the case in the light of the regulations, I recommend that the cost of the goggles be charged to Flight Lieutenant J. Pranger, who is Sgt. Wunwinglow's Flight Commander.

(Sgd.) I. Bind.

F/Lt. S.A.O. Much Twittering.

From Commanding Officer R.A.F. Station, Much Twittering.  
To Senior Accountant Officer.  
Subject Goggles, flying.  
Date 30/4/42.

I heartily commend the very thorough manner in which you have investigated the case of Sgt. Wunwinglow's flying goggles and I am glad to see such pains taken to ensure that the public are not charged with one penny more than is necessary for the successful prosecution of the war.

However, without intending to set a precedent, I direct that the goggles be written off against the public.

(Sgd.) U. Box, W/Cdr.

Officer Commanding R.A.F., Much Twittering

To Sgt. Wunwinglow.  
Date 5/5/42.

Authority has now been received to write off the goggles you lost last March. You are therefore to make out in triplicate a demand voucher (Form XZ 4283/CAN/RAF/BOLONEY) quoting "W.O. with authority form WO 612X/EQ/VG."

(Sgd.) J. Pranger.

F/Lt. O.C. "A" Flight

Scene II Flight Commander's Office, R.A.F. Station, Much Twittering  
Time Two months after Scene I.

Enter 1234567 Sgt. Wunwinglow (pilot) Salutes.

Sgt. W.—Please Sir.

F.C.—Yes

Sgt. W.—About my goggles, Sir.

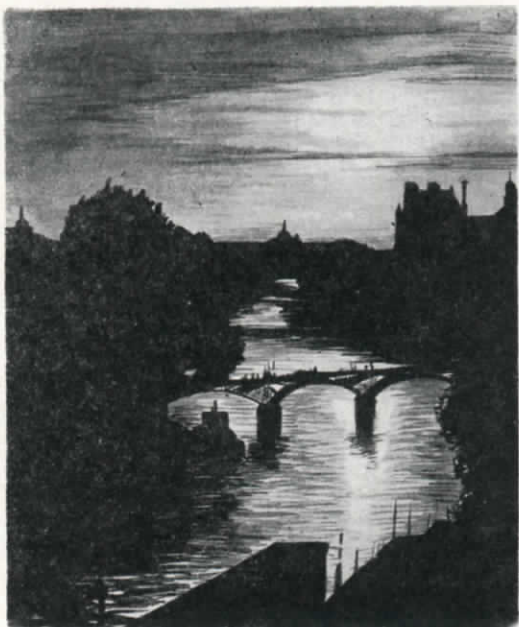
F.C.—Well, what about your goggles?

Sgt. W.—Well, the stores, Sir.

F.C.—What about the stores?

Sgt. W.—They haven't got any goggles, Sir.

F.C.—\* ! ! ! \* \* \* ! ! ! \* \* !



# The Heart of London Burns

Deep in the bowels of Mother Earth,  
Full forty feet beneath the ground,  
The War Room staff were hard at work,  
And here the C.A.S. was found.  
He asked the news and scanned the map,  
Whereon are shown the latest plots,  
For now this showed, towards London bent,  
A widespread mass of small red dots.

On Ludgate Circus, near St. Paul's,  
Three short-wave beams were found to stand,  
And messages came pouring in,  
Which showed a London raid was planned.  
With mist enshrouding many 'dromes,  
And low cloud-ceiling everywhere,  
Our Fighters would be handicapped  
If they, at all, could take the air.

An anxious silence fell on us:  
This waiting nearly drove us mad,  
Then I rang Home Security  
And asked what news, so far, they'd had.  
Their answer was an ugly one,  
"The heart of London burns," they said,  
And I hung up my telephone,  
Obsessed with an almighty dread.

Then all the London area,  
Was notified as going "red,"  
But we in lighted safety, moved,  
With tons of concrete overhead.  
We knew the best, we knew the worst  
For all the latest news comes here,  
But, somehow, when a raid is on,  
Our consciences do not feel clear.

I went up on the old stone roof,  
And thence looked out, across Whitehall:  
The night sky glowed a wav'ring pink  
And ghostly shadows danced the wall.  
Towards the east, great tongues of flame,  
Like tentacles of octopi,  
Were straining round St. Paul's great dome,  
And stretching upwards, towards the sky.

Though chill the air, 'twas what I saw  
Which turned my very heart to ice,  
For London seemed beyond all hope—  
A ghastly burning sacrifice!  
Dear London that I loved so well.  
And on the stone, I knelt me down  
And very fervently I prayed  
That God might save old London town.

When I returned the way I'd come,  
They asked me what I had to tell;  
I thought of all I'd seen above,  
and said: "It looks like molten Hell!"  
Our fighters could not leave the ground,  
For weather went from bad to worse,  
And later raids turned back at sea—  
Conditions now were too adverse.

Our firemen then were free to work  
To quell the vicious flaming mass.  
Though London soon went back to "white,"  
The damage was profound, alas!  
But though the heart of London burned,  
The spirit of her people lives,  
And she can still take knock for knock,  
Our "Home of Empire" still survive.

# ★ the new photography ★ ★ ★ ★

GEORGE C. WARD

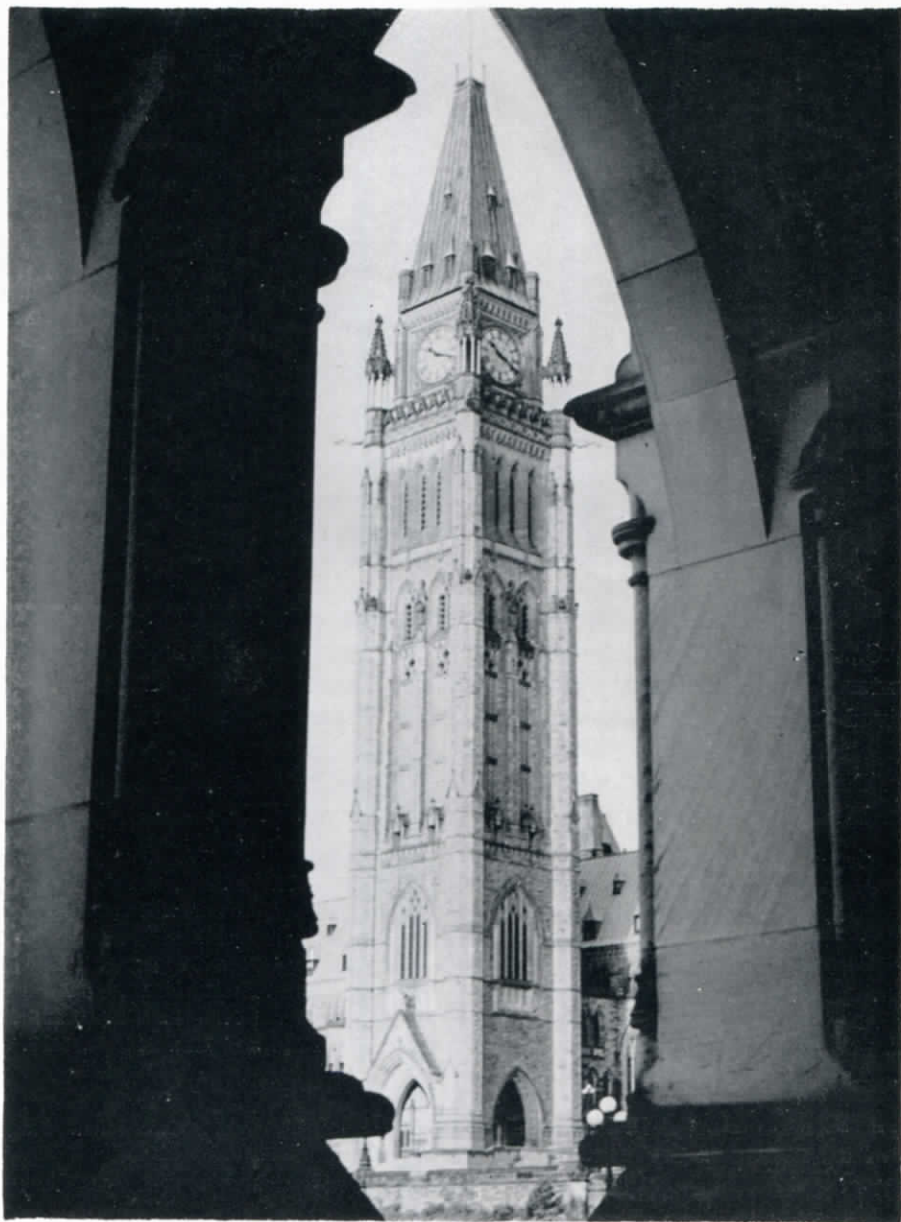
IF perchance you happened to read last month's contribution, you may remember the session ended with a note about how converging lines aid perspective. I was unable to tell you what to do if you came across a scene with No Converging Lines. Too many of them haven't. So needs be we must look for an alternative that will give our pix relief. The answer is foreground. A foreground, whether it be a tree, fishing nets, a human figure, or what-have-you, will help separate the planes in your scene giving the necessary third-dimensional effect. If you can make your foreground "frame" the scene so much the better — witness the shot on the opposite page. Just two things to be careful about. Make sure your foreground harmonizes with the rest of the shot, and don't let it compete in interest with it. If you are shooting your favorite girl friend (don't misunderstand me), make it one of her and her only; but if you are taking some country scene (with the blond in the foreground) don't let her occupy all the picture space—make her just an accessory to the scene. But don't tell her that.

Talking of girl friends — ever tried your hand at a little portraiture? A word of warning, portraiture is usually considered the most difficult branch of photography. To discuss it fully would fill this and next month's Wings—so remember these notes are only intended to start you off on the right foot—and only if you use a miniature (3¼ x 2¼ format, or less) and are not one of the lucky possessors of supplementary long-focus lenses for your outfit. Paradoxical though it may seem, its better to take your close-up at six feet rather than at three. Most modern cameras have short-focus lenses which almost always give distortion at three feet. Again, the depth of focus at three feet is far less than at six — so if you guess your distance the chances of you being right are better at two yards. So take your shot at six feet — the desired portion of the negative can be blown up later. You'll avoid distortion, get more "drawing power," and the effect will be more third dimensional.

A word about lighting. Until you learn to control direct sunlight wait for a hazy day when the sun is slightly obscured by light, fleecy clouds. This diffused light suits all heads, forming delicate and transparent shadows on the face. If circumstances won't permit you to wait for such conditions, take the blond to some shady place and shoot her there (darn it). Later, if you're feeling venturesome (and can be reasonably sure you won't have to show your prints to the victim) try a few portraits in the sun. To start with never shoot with your subject facing directly to the sun. Screwed up, and squinting eyes will result — among other things — and no relief due to the flat lighting. Try side-lighting, but use a reflector of some sort to light the shadowed side of the face. A sheet of newspaper or anything white will bounce the sunlight back. A backlighting can be very effective and there again, use a reflector of some kind.

Lastly avoid heavy shadows, especially if they are located around the nose or eyes, that will make even the most beautiful face look like the morning after. So watch for them—before shooting.

*Picture of The Month*



PEACE TOWER

—by WARD

## The C.O. Entertains



On Wednesday afternoon, April 29th, Group Captain J. Cox, D.F.C., and Mrs. Cox entertained N.C.O.'s and their wives at tea in the Airmen's Lounge. Also received at the function were airmen recently arrived from the Old Country, with their wives. The occasion provided a pleasant opportunity for all to get acquainted. Catering was done by Mrs. Kenny and Miss Cook of the Y.M.C.A. Hostess House, assisted by Mrs. Messenger, Mrs. Byers, Miss Reta Betts and Miss Helen Kelly.

Guests were W/O and Mrs. Collins, W/O and Mrs. Bennett, F/Sgt. and Mrs. Betts, F/Sgt. and Mrs. Byers, F/Sgt. and Mrs. Garrett, F/Sgt. and Mrs. Prior, Flt. Sgt. and Mrs. Sanders, Flt. Sgt. and Mrs. Woodman, Sgt. and Mrs. Sicotte, Cpl. and Mrs. Bennett, Cpl. and Mrs. Bowyer, Cpl. and Mrs. Cox, Cpl. and Mrs. Dane, Cpl. and Mrs. Dudley, Cpl. and Mrs. Frith, Cpl. and Mrs. Howe, Cpl. and Mrs. Parliament, Cpl. and Mrs. Sleeper, Cpl. and Mrs. Smale, Cpl. and Mrs. Willis, LAC. and Mrs. Broughton, LAC. and Mrs. Byers, LAC. and Mrs. D. Clapp, LAC. and Mrs. R. Clapp, LAC. and Mrs. Clarke, LAC. and Mrs. Gale, LAC. and Mrs. Huff, LAC. and Mrs. MacPhail, LAC. and Mrs. Messenger, LAC. and Mrs. Shields, LAC. and Mrs. Stone, LAC. and Mrs. Taylor.

In bidding his guests good-bye, Group Captain Cox thanked all who had attended for their co-operation in making his first tea such a success, and expressed the hope that further opportunities would be provided for airmen and their wives to make pleasant social contacts. The Commanding Officer's efforts in this direction were much appreciated by our community of strangers far from home.

An informal group over by the fireplace. Facing the camera are Cpl. Bowyer and his wife, who has just come over, and LAC. and Mrs. Gale.



The photograph on the opposite page is a general view of the guests. Many have unfortunately been missed out but our photographer has done his best. In the foreground to the left of the lady in the light colored coat sit Cpls. Dudley, Cox, and L.A.C. Shields, and to her right, three of the wives. Further back holding her baby is Mrs. Garrett, F/Sgt. Garrett against the wall. Then comes a melée of indistinguishable heads which I will leave you to identify.



Group Captain and Mrs. J. Cox talking to some of the guests.

# The Sergeants' Dance



## MAY-DAY GUESTS

On the left S/Ldr. Sir A. Seton is seen making his farewell speech to the Sergeants' Mess at their May-day dance. Centre: Miss G. McCabe escorted by F/Sgt. White and Sergeants Robinson and Brame. Below: F/Sgt. Grindley and Sgt. Wheeler stand absorbed in their own business.



The Group Captain and his wife attended, as also did Sir Alexander and Lady Seton, the Padre and other officers. Among the guests from the town were Major and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Pearsol, Miss Allison, Miss M. Parks, Miss Riley, Miss Warmsley, Miss J. Ostrander, Miss L. Burrows, Miss E. Byers, Miss S. Sayers and Miss J. Hart.



# CANADIAN IDIOM

## or English as "She is Spoke"

To carry on an intelligent conversation out here, it is imperative that all who wish to join in the social whirl should know the correct use and meaning of the Canadian idiom, since it composes fully 50% of any conversation in which you may take part. We'll start with . . . . .

### "You be . . . et"

This should be pronounced with a long and lingering 'ee.. ee' sound as if the lambing season were well under way. Has nothing to do with the winner of the 2.30, nor is it an invitation to have a flutter. It merely means 'certainly' or to be more explicit . . . "You've said a mouthful baby!"

### "Oh, Phooey"

Or 'nuts to you' . . . attempt to say you're talking tripe, hot air, or bunkum; may merely be blowing fly off nose, so don't be alarmed.

### "Son of a . . . skunk"

Definitely derogatory . . . think it was skunk, smells in any case. Applicable to Hitler and any one else who proves a bit chafing.

### "I guess so . . . 0"

Thoughtful and pensive version of "you bet" or "No . . . ow ain't that sumthin."

### "A whale of a time"

That's what you should have in America if you go there on Independence Day.

### "What's cookin'?"

Alfred's burnt the cakes again.

### "Jees!"

Mister to you.

### "Well I'll be goddarned"

This sounds like the comment of Juppiter's socks when his wife was darning them for him. Actually just a variation of "Well whaddy know about that."

With this information you should not be so nonplussed when shooting the line to your latest acquaintance. It should run something like this . . .

You—Let's go to see "Maria Martin and the Red Barn."

She—You bet.

Y.—Those seats over there will do.

S.—I guess so.

Y.—I flew over Lake Ontario today.

S.—You did so . . . 0.

Y.—Yes, dived right down on the ferry.

S.—Oh phooey. (Debatable point whether you should offer to help her off with her coat, due to the heat, or whether she was saying 'Oh nuts!' or since it was the lake 'Oh fish' might be more appropriate).

Y.—News reel seems the same as usual.

S.—Now ain't that little dog just too cute.

Y.—Ah, the feature film, Shirley Temple in it . . . (interjects) Oh she's too cute . . . and Donald Duck . . . (Says.) Oh he's the cutest thing I ever did see . . . and Hopalong Cassidy . . . Well whaddy know about that. (That was a good rally. Coming outside in the "main drag," you head for the nearest soda bar, and try to resume the conversation, which, after one very good rally relapsed through shear exhaustion.

Y.—Quite a good film wasn't it?

S.—Oh swell.

Y.—Do you want a sundae.

S.—Okay.

Y.—Well I hope you liked it.

S.—Oh! yes I've had a whale of a time, Jees it was just too cute.

Y.—You be . . . et.

# The Miniature Rifle Club

During April the Inter-Flight and Section Competition for the "Da Costa Cup" was held. Teams were entered from the following Flights and Sections.

"A" Flight scoring	....	....	....	....	459.13	x	500.
"B" Flight scoring	....	....	....	....	458.11	x	500.
"D" Flight scoring	....	....	....	....	555	x	500.
Workshops scoring	....	....	....	....	416	x	500.
S. H. Q. scoring	....	....	....	....	298	x	500.

"A" Flight are the winners of the cup and will hold it until the next competition in September. The Club has provided gold medals for the winners and bronze medals for the runners up.

### Station Spoon and Medal Competitions

Series 4, 5 and 6 have been fired during the past month with the following results:

Series No. 4	....	....	....	....	F/Sgt. Lewis	....	....	Silver Spoon
					Cpl. Goody	....	....	Silver Medal
Series No. 5	....	....	....	....	Cpl. Goody	....	....	Silver Spoon
					L.A.C. Bradbury	....	....	Silver Medal
Series No. 6	....	....	....	....	F/Sgt. Lewis	....	....	Silver Spoon
					L.A.C. Greenaway	.....	.....	Silver Medal

### Dominion Marksman Competition

Sets of targets for forty members have been forwarded to Dominion Marksman Headquarters for the award of prizes. Names of the winners will appear in the next month's issue.

On the evening of May 5th the Station Commander (Group Captain J. Cox) inspected the Club Range. During the evening he presented prizes to many members of the Club. In the course of a brief address he congratulated the members on their keenness and enthusiasm shown by the number of competitions entered and the prizes won. He pointed out that the Club was doing good work by providing a very interesting competitive pastime for all ranks as well as valuable instruction in the use of hand fire arms. The Chief Instructor was also present. The Committee and members hope that the Station Commander and Chief Instructor will be frequent visitors.

### Canadian Small Bore Association

This Association is the Canadian counterpart of the English Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs. The standard set in competitions sponsored by the C.S.B.A. is the highest in miniature rifle shooting. It has been decided to enter these competitions as soon as possible. Full details are published on the range notice board.

## V

### On the Danger of Jumping to Conclusions

An elephant having escaped from a circus in Ireland, arrived in the garden of the village priest, and began to eat the cabbages. The little maid seeing the kitchen window suddenly darkened by its immense bulk took one look and then ran to the priest's study. "Oh! yer Riverence," she gasped, "There's a terrible baste in the gardin. What it may be I cannot say, for it is like nothin' at all, at all. 'Tis pulling up all the cabbages with its tail and where 'tis putting them, I could not insult yer Riverence's ears by telling ye.

# Roundabout

Being a Space Devoted to the Goings on in Camp

## OFFICERS' MESS

We are pleased to welcome several new members into the fold, S/L Anderson, F/L Geach, F/L Ruck, Lt. Constock and P.O.'s Wood and Conroy. We hope that they will soon get used to the beer.

It is sad to see the "Old Originals" departing and we are sorry to say goodbye to S/L Lang, F/L Hince, and F/O Shield—we wish them "all the best" in their new ventures. Best wishes also to S/L Macfarlan and 2nd Lt. Ghent, who also left us this month. The departure of our popular Macswartle leaves David Looker the sole member of our "Never Free" Club.

The grand snooker tournament still wages. Sensation ! ! . . . The hot favourites, "Slapper" Lapham and "Windy" Ware have been defeated by "Battling" Bond and "Gasher" Green, who were themselves knocked out in the next round by the formidable combination of "Jumbo" Swyers and "Hurricane" Hicks. The honor of meeting them in the final now rests with the winners of what promises to be the game of the season. Roll up folks and see "Sandy" Seton and "Slugger" Sargent play "Peddler" Hartnell and "Gorger" Garrad.

A very enjoyable evening was had the night the Sergeants visited us. We had the advantage of being on our own ground (and brew) but the scores finished about level. It has since transpired that Sgt. White's leg has been U/S longer than F/Lt. Boucher's ankle, so we score some extra points there. The C.O. seems to have started something with his chicken game. . . . Jumbo says he is going to wear his flying helmet next time. The accounts section seemed to enjoy the newspaper game, or was it a bit one sided?

The mess dance was a great success and everyone had a good time. The hard-working dance Committee are to be congratulated on a really good show. Many of us had a trial run the previous night as the guests of the N.C.O.'s (Frankie is still wondering what happened to Saturday) and were therefore in good trim. But what about the respectable young officer who drove away easily and had got to the guardroom before he discovered that he had company.

Not quite the clean potato—what?

One has seen (and heard and smelt) some peculiar objects about the front of the Mess lately, and one wonders whether F/Lts. Garrad and Oliver have recently been to a jumble sale. Perhaps Horace's buggy and Frank Harnell's bike are not such bad vehicles after all.

One hears that Sandy Seton is going to borrow the Adjutants rattling suit for his next midnight rat hunt.

And what about our stalwart rugger skipper who got back from the match at Hamilton at 9 a.m. and said he had had several blow outs on the way back ! !

### Officers V Sergeants Soccer Match

Our reporter has no comment to make.

### Answer to Last Months Quiz

What new nifkin



**STOP PRESS SPORTS**

**RUGGER**

Picton (7) v Kingston (0)

Played at Kingston

**Don't Pass Through—**

STOP AT

**MOORE'S**

OF

**Bloomfield**

PHONE 78 J 11

**MORDEN'S  
Bakery**

Home-Made Cake  
a Specialty

Main St. PICTON Phone 570  
(Three Doors Above Monument)

*With the  
Compliments of*  
**Lockwood's  
Grocery**

MAIN ST. PICTON PHONE 21

Chevrolet Oldsmobile  
Chevrolet Trucks

**PRINCE EDWARD  
MOTORS**

Guaranteed Used Cars

TELEPHONE 88 PICTON, ONT.

**TOMMY'S LUNCH**

PROVIDES

The Quality Meals  
OF

Picton

A Special Welcome is  
Extended to Airmen

*With The Compliments  
of*

**Hepburn Bros.**

COAL — WOOD — ICE  
Phone 36

## SERGEANTS' MESS

Well, soaks, I am glad to tell you that Wings must be a great influence for good, or a deterrent for evil, for there is no doubt that since Wings brought to the light the murky doings of some of the N.C.O.'s there has been either less of them or they have been done more discreetly.

Of course that does not mean there is nothing comical happening around here, for as long as there are Sergeant Pilots we shall be well supplied. (Voice from without: Don't give me the screamer).

For example this month has seen Casanova Pussy cavorting and carousing in Toronto. That Voice of Inexperience has taken on a new tone, almost a strident ring as he relates the story of the Merry Widow.

Another lady killing pilot has achieved a new Low, (it's not in them to hit a new High) and came back with Bullrushes in his rad. History repeats itself, except that Moses MADE the commandments not BROKE them.

It's rumoured abroad that a certain gang, group, gaggle, or whatever collective noun is suitable for Sergeants, has acquired a yacht and it's been queried by the lighthouse keeper, for he does not understand the signal of the red light at the mast head. Tell him, Steve. . . .

The Mess dance on Mayday was a great success. The decorations were really great, and all concerned deserve praise, the murals, particularly were excellent, our crippled artist, Sergt. White, fresh from H.M. Institution is to be complimented on his skill. He deserves to be hung . . . (don't misunderstand me). Every one was at his or her best (or worst), and all, I think, thoroughly enjoyed it, including "D" Flight, who may be able to explain the mysterious disappearance of refreshments from the window ledges.

Another event has been that evening at the Officers' Mess, where the Officers tried but failed to beat us at our own games, Scavenging and Drinking. . . .

At football we are really getting set, of course we have only played two matches, but both have been very decisive victories. Our prolific goal scorer, Cagienard, being very ably supplied by Ross, one of the many barbarians that we have from the North, and Miller our new P.T.I. wallah.

Lastly may I extend on behalf of the Mess, best wishes and a welcome to the salubrious township of Picton, to the wives of the more fortunate N.C.O.'s who have recently arrived, the wives of W.O.'s Bennett, Collins and Nicklin, and Flight Sergeants Garrett and Woodman. That little black book of W. O. Jones has already gone into action. . . .

## ADVERTISERS!

### ADVERTISING RATES

1 Page .....	\$15.00
1/2 Page .....	7.50
1/3 Page .....	5.00
1/4 Page .....	3.75
1/8 Page .....	2.00

"It Pays to Advertise" in  
**WINGS**

R.A.F. Monthly Magazine  
WRITE: ADVERTISING MANAGER  
"WINGS"  
R.A.F., PICTON, ONTARIO

All Cheques Must Be Made Payable  
to President of Service Institute.

★ **THE STAR CAFE**  
 THE MODERN CAFE — WITH  
 MODERN MEALS  
 COME TO  
**THE STAR**  
 AND ENJOY  
**"The Best Meals in Picton"**  
 AT  
 THE MOST REASONABLE PRICES  
 DINE WELL AND LIVE WELL  
 PHONE PICTON 370

## LAUNDRY

Special Attention to  
 R.A.F. and R.C.A.F.  
 Customers

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCED YOU  
 OUR LAUNDRY IS BEST

## SAM CHONG

MAIN STREET, PICTON

## JAS. HOOPER & SON

SHOE REPAIRING

Agents for Greb Shoes,  
 Langmuir, Staco Luggage

Purses and Wallets

Overnite and Leather  
 Cases

SPECIAL ATTENTION  
 to R.A.F.

## The Nourse Studio

portraits

PASSPORT PHOTOS A SPECIALTY  
**DAILY SERVICE**  
 ROLLS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED  
 30 CENTS

OPEN EVENINGS UPON  
 APPOINTMENT  
 MAIN ST., PICTON, ONTARIO —  
 OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL

## Crawford's

DRY CLEANERS  
 PICTON

Can Give You Quick Service  
 on Your Cleaning and  
 Pressing

REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS

J. D. Walmsley, Mgr.

MAIN STREET PHONE 190

Open Evenings Except Wednesday



*Smoke*

# Buckingham

*-and Smile*

## "D" FLIGHT

### The Dinner

The Flight held a dinner in the Globe Hotel on the evening of the 20th April, with the profits of the Tea Swindle. This was made possible by our inimitable Freddie Giles, who did not spare himself in making the necessary arrangements. It is interesting to note that F/O Mills, who was a guest at the dinner, was so impressed by the results of Freddie's preparations that he promptly filched him for the Maintenance Section. We are all very sorry to lose him.

The performance of the Flight that evening (consumption 100 beers per hour cruising — Total for flight 400 + Beers) was first a snappy take-off by Sgt. Scarr with much spluttering, followed by some smooth aerobatics on the accordion by Sgt. Welch, a useful newcomer to the flight; a masterly exhibition on the mouth . . . um the harmonica by Corporal Haldane; then, of course, Chiefie Wills raised the hangar roof with his brother Sylvester, who as far as I remember was wearing his top 'at. Susie also attempted to sit in the shoe-shine shop but gave it up towards the end of the evening. The strain was too much for her, poor girl. Mr. Sinton eventually and tactfully threw us all out about 12.30 p.m.

### The Garden

Unfortunately nothing has started to come up in the garden yet, but maybe that is because the seeds were only sown yesterday. The "pièce de resistance" is undoubtedly the pond which now has water in it. This is an obvious advantage to those who were diving into it before the water was put in.

Incidentally the Flight Commander wishes all concerned to note that the pond is not to be used for the purpose of washing the feet. These should never be washed but oiled occasionally with a penetrating oil. Everybody has done his fair share towards the garden but Corporal Hughes and his A.C.H.'s and L.A.C. Geordie Armstrong deserve special mention for their hard work. We are as yet unbeaten in the silent garden fight between the flights.

### Tailpiece

Sgt. Giles (after night flying has ceased) "Have you lowered the boost on that kite Jardine?"

L.A.C. Jardine. "Right down to the tarmac Sarg!" Oh! I nearly forgot, in our spare time we have maintained and flown the Battle which has been graciously allotted to us.

## SERVICE POLICE

After a lapse of some two issues and in answer to numerous requests (Ahem), we take great pleasure in contributing once again. There has been plenty of dashing about amongst a few of us, notably the married ones during this past month, but they seem to be settling down, that is except one who now has his hands full. Another one came to work with one eye covered,—he said it was a sty, we wonder. Yet a third came back from an escort job to Belleville with tears in his eyes, after seeing a certain A.C. off home. Willie ever forget his pals, there is one who still thinks of him but it is Duff gen. There is no truth in the rumour that a certain police N.C.O. has taken up cycling, tyres are rationed now and steel isn't as strong as it was. At the present moment he is in hospital with a swollen nose. That wasn't due to enemy action either. Well I guess that is about all now so until next issue . . . Cheerie.

**Save Your E. 42 Coupons for  
Delightful Premium Gifts at**

**B. PHIPP'S EMPORIUM**

Gent's Misfit Clothing a Specialty  
You Want It, You've Had It.

Store  
5 Hangar

Est. 1941  
The Hill

**Let Me Be Your Father**

**SEND YOUR BOY TO G..... I.....  
SCHOOL**



A Variety of Subjects Ably Taught by Incompetent Instructors.

Toxophily a Specialty.

Write for Prospectus to Robin Stibbard Hood, Headmaster

● **ARE YOU UNHAPPY WITH YOUR WIFE?**

● **IS YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW A PERMANENT  
GUEST?**

**See Cesare Bergin Borgia and Lucretia Oliver Borgia  
For Subtle Poisons**

Mist: Alb. and Calomel Our Specialty

Read the Unsolicited Testimonial from F/O Senior.

## HOSPITAL

Our Albert has not lost his head in the lion's den at Blackpool, but rather to a certain Mary (not of Little Lamb fame).

Congrats to Cpl. Akehurst on getting his tapes. No binding please Cpl.

Our chain gang is in operation again. Any volunteers for membership please give names to Cpl. Akehurst. Any seeds, weeds, dandelions or even pansies gratefully accepted.

Dyson of film fame has returned from New York full of beans, but is very quiet about his overnight stay in Montreal.

Addition to Stn. Standing Orders.

Bed patients in the hospital are to have their feet at an angle of 45 degrees during the C.O's inspection. Breathing allowed only if not heard.

The hospital busy again after a between season lull. Hillditch struck a hell of a ditch to break his arm, but never fear Sister is taking good care of him.

### Warning

U./T., Amb. Drvr., u.s., nbg., N./O. LAC. Betts L. J. takes to the road shortly. Any obstacles removed free of charge voluntary or otherwise. Len's motto is, if we **can't** get them on sick parade I travel the road for them.

First foot parade inaugurated last week. Any corns, bunions, or flat feet painfully treated. Guaranteed to have you on your knees within 24 hours.

### Special

A Nursing Orderly was seen to bail out on land recently. Apart from a few choice words from the parachute section and a fine of 50 cents the orderly escaped unhurt.

It has been noticed of late that the hospital staff have been looking undernourished. We respectfully ask that permission be granted to reopen the refrigerator during non working hours in order to regain those once rosy cheeks which now, only the Sisters possess.

## STATION DANCE ORCHESTRA

The main part of the dancing season is nearly over, but we are hoping to keep those feet of yours moving regularly if not so frequently; during the summer. But we would like to use "Wings" as a source for this half an appeal, half an ultimatum. Out of a camp this size we have still to find a deputy pianist and another brass player. So far we have managed to pull through, but when leave periods come round, then unless some of these instrumentalists who **must** be in existence on the station, come along and help, then we're sorry chaps, but you will have 'had it.' However, we can look back with satisfaction at the progress made since the early days when strange wails came from No. 1 Hangar. Any lack of ability has been more than made up by enthusiasm and before long we hope you will enjoy dancing and listening to one of the best service dance bands in Canada.

Until then, cheerio and good dancing, good huntin', good fishin', good gracious we had better be careful.

"The Rafians"

## WRIGHT'S DRUG STORE

- PRINTING - DEVELOPING FILMS - - 30c Roll
- KODAKS and FILMS
- R.A.F. PAPER AND PADS
- BRYL CREAM AND MEN'S TOILET NEEDS

We Have Your Favorite Penguin Book

PICTON, ONT.

PHONE 194

## Blakely's Hardware AND ELECTRIC



OUR AIM IS TO SUPPLY QUALITY GOODS AND  
SATISFACTORY SERVICE AT RIGHT PRICES

YOU'LL ENJOY SHOPPING AT

# Lipson's

"Your Favorite Store"

WHERE SHOPPING IS A PLEASURE

BRANCHES LOCATED AT

PICTON  
NAPANEE

—  
—

BELLEVILLE  
GANANOQUE

—  
—

TRENTON  
BROCKVILLE

## G. I. S.

Our grapevine reports that the maestro of the G.I.S. is writing a new version of Elmer's Tune, which is punctuated every eight bars with "where's that G - D - N TEA! Other voices have been raised in protest, too — what we need is more "bull" and less flowers (What do you think, F/Sgt.) and of course still bigger and better systems.

Welcome to Sgt. Westen—may we remind him that A.P. 1243 defines an S.A.I. as "shy and ignorant"! But we have to record a departure, too, since W/O Payne has seen a great vision of the proverbial dirty big ship with large white letters painted on the side—"W/O Payne, HIS BOAT."

This month's true G.I.S. story: I opened the door labelled Course Commanders, only to be met with a sight that sent a shiver down my spine. It had happened at last, I knew it would one day, but why did fate have to pick on my best friend. His tunic was undone, his hair hung down, and the knuckles of his clenched fists were white. He was a good instructor while he lasted but now there he was beating his head on the desk, his whole body seemed wracked with anguish. I put a friendly hand on his shoulder and raised his head from the tear stained exam paper, "Oh my aunt," he moaned "just listen to this one! . . . .

## CENTRAL MAINTENANCE

The darts match between Maintenance and "A" Flight was a rolling success, we won. Are there any other challengers?

No. 5 Hangar bids farewell to Sinbad, who has resumed operations with pencil and paper in 6 Hangar. After a short stay in the hospital he has returned with renewed energy.

Messrs. Herr Kutt and Ivan have found new pasturage; prices have increased since they set up shop in the hangar and Mess. Have you brought your tools? The sheep shearing season is in full swing.

We welcome the return of Sgt. Giles and hope he will find the work to his taste.

Congratulations to Sgt. Hood on his recent promotion. The instrument Section has at last received some recognition, other than its doubtful ability to brew tea twice a day.

This month we say farewell to S/Ldr. Lang, who is replaced by S/Ldr. Anderson, perhaps he can work a greater magic on Merlins than we and breath new life into their battle worn bodies. The only alternative to Bostik or monkey gland for machines, being a requisition for some nice new kites that can fly.

Should auld maintenance be forgot,

And ne'er more be a bind.

We'll work till we are bathed in sweat,

So for the sake of Auld Lang sign. . . . .

whether it be Form 700, C.A.P. 83, 664,B. or better still 295.

With the advent of the summer weather the number of "brownd" airmen is steadily increasing, of course there are several ways of getting brownd.

### Impossible People:

The fitter who said that his rev. counter was dropping 2600 revs and his Boost gauge wouldn't work, so would someone test the god-darned things; then perhaps his engine would start!

Points to Be Remembered

## When Getting That Spring Change Over

- A Complete B.A. Chec-Chart Lubrication.
- B.A. Autolene Oil Change
- Trans and Diff. Changed and Flushed
- Front Wheel Bearings Cleaned and Repacked
- Complete Wash and Polish and Repacked
- Cushions Vacuumed
- Tires Changed, Inspected, Rotated and Repaired. Battery Pepped up While You Wait.

# Roger Blakely

B.A. Service Station  
P I C T O N - - O N T A R I O  
PHONE 699

THERE'S ALWAYS A  
WELCOME FOR YOU AT

# Hotel Quinte

BELLEVILLE

100 Rooms  
50 WITH BATH  
Phone 1820

# REGENT

## THEATRE

GEO. COOK, Manager

### Coming Attractions

- May 20-21—"LITTLE FOXES"  
22-23—"DESIGN FOR SCANDAL"  
25-26—"ALL TROUGH THE NIGHT"  
27-28—"VALLEY OF THE SUN"  
29-30—"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"  
June 1-2—"WOMAN OF THE YEAR"  
5-6—"WEEK-END IN HAVANA"  
8-9—"COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY"  
10-11—"BALL OF FIRE"  
12-13—"JUNGLE BOOK"



COMPLETE  
**SHOE REPAIR  
SERVICE**

- Goodyear Welt System
- Cement Process
- Quality Materials and Workmanship Guaranteed

## Billy Henley

Phone 758

MAIN ST. E. P I C T O N

C.C.M. Bicycles and  
Repairs

## STATION HEADQUARTERS

### Orderly Room and Central Registry

Orderly Room "gen" has been conspicuous by its absence so far in this magazine, but we have appeared this month to bind you by way of a change.

Firstly, we wish to shatter the illusion that Orderly Room staff just sit on what they were born with and issue Daily Routine Orders. The truth is, that the Orderly Room is the Silent Service, only to those who do not work in it, and the blood and tears shed therein will ever remain unwritten except in the annals of the Recording Angel, who, we hope, will do us justice.

The "tea swindle" is, of course, an inevitable part of the organization. We are thankful to say that we have at last ceased eating our tea with a knife and fork and are benefitting by the high finance of our comical Yorkshireman, whose sense of duty is such that when he borrows the cash for a night out, he raffles a watch for which he probably didn't pay anyway. Unfortunately, he has never been the same since the Adjutant discovered that his new pint pot was made in Japan.

We congratulate certain members of our staff on their recent promotions, but tender our regrets to the Accounts Section that we cannot compete against them in the current "Tape Derby," as we consider their record too good to be challenged.

The 5th Echelon is reputed by Maintenance to be arriving on a bicycle, but the 1st Echelon is rumored to be going home in rowing boats. Any complaints? In this connection, we appeal to all those enthusiasts who are contemplating staying up until 0001 hrs. on 1st June with a view to submitting their applications for the boat, not to, as we are confidentially advised by the Duty Clerk for that day that he intends to be A.W.O.L.

Of our personnel we will say little, as most of them, from the Chief downwards, are notorious. Space does not permit to tell you fully of our garrulous friend who will discuss with you any subject under the sun, of our "Admiral" constantly floating in a sea of documents, of the D.R.O. Clerk who would break his heart if given another job, of the Sergeant whose top lip has taken a turn for the worse, of our Shorthand expert who was so used to storms that he turned Meteorologist, and numerous other chappies. The "Big Noise" is still, of course, the "Big Noise."

Finally, here is a little ditty entitled "Guess Who," concerning one of our more colourful characters.

Away in the cloisters  
Of our Registry,  
With monk-like expression,  
And as mad as can be.

Surrounded with fossils  
And useless old stones,  
Thin in the thatch,  
And rheumatic in bones.

Clasping his hands  
In clerical style,  
Turning on Padre's,  
His angelic smile.

Trips out to Wellington,  
Back on his knees,  
Blue-jowled in the morning,  
Miserable as you please.

Taking a shower  
At 3 in the morn;  
Craziest fossil  
That ever was born.

Binding his staff,  
Cursing the mail,  
Putting all Sergeants  
Beyond the pale.

Fed up with signals,  
Bound rigid by files,  
Probably loose  
In one of his tiles.

Learned in Litany,  
Well up in art,  
But secretly breaking  
Some fair lady's heart.

This erratic old fellow  
Is all set to be  
The next Archbishop  
Of Canterbury.



★ For a Speedy  
Delicious Snack  
Try Our Chocolate  
**MILK SHAKE**  
10c

**INRIG'S DRUG STORE**

Phone 149

Picton

*The Quality Store of Picton*

**C. A. JONES**

Fresh Fruit and  
Vegetables  
Fresh and Cooked  
Meats

PHONE PICTON 6

ROYAL AIR FORCE  
Parcels Packed Here  
SEND QUALITY GROCERIES  
TO ENGLAND

**H. B. TULLY**

THE STORE WHERE THE MEN LIKE TO TRADE"

EVERYTHING IN AIR FORCE OR CIVILIAN  
CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

We Do Alterations. Bring Your Troubles to Us.

PHONE 147

OPP. ROYAL HOTEL

## "B" FLIGHT

Early last month the hard earned gains of the tea swindle were expended in the Corporals' Mess. Immediately following this rather breezy occasion flying commenced for the day. It appears that a Flight Sergeant led the evening's festivities, and those who saw him the following morning getting into flying kit, must allow for the fact that our worthy friend had never retired.

We regret the passing to "A" and "D" Flights of four of our pilots. To the two to whom "A" Flight opens its doors we express our sorrow, for they have indeed entered like Daniels into the lions' den. May they prevail against that Force which forever assails the N.C.O. pilots of No. 4 Hangar.

There is remarkable activity these days, especially in front of the hangars. Men are working, some feverishly, some wearily, and will shortly be asking for relays of Mr. Middleton's talks on the wireless. The mud pie enthusiast in this flight is Educated Evans, who is our tame landscape artist. From the bog outside the crew room if Chiefie stood there too long he would take root and grow, if paddy fields form the vegetation in these parts.

Our N.C.O. pilots' faces lit up one day last month, as the word passed round that: "Slim has returned."

Will anyone take Bet(t)s, that a certain member of this Flight is secretly hoping to fly big stuff shortly.

We say farewell to Sgt. Irvine and Cpl. Harvey, and welcome Cpl. Gavell to the Flight.

L.A.C. Dodd is expected to remuster to draughtsman shortly, having completed a drawing of the Battle petrol system.

## M. T. SECTION

Since the Pool System started, the queries for trips to Belleville are legion, should the rush become too great we shall have to take on lady conductors.

Owing to a warm spell our gear crusher decided that his hair was too thick, there were great goings on as the biggest of all Corporals took a hand in the matter. We know that they clip horses in the summer, but surely not Bullocks.

Our mail driver noted that he has had to deliver several letters to the M.T. section each bearing the same handwriting, was he Wright? When opened by the owners each letter came from the same Sally Snowdrop. We now have new names for our staff, such as Heart Breaker, Fuzzy Wuzzy, The Missing Link, and Killer Diller.

Who was the Corporal who came in late one night and thought that the twin engine bed was a Hamburger sandwich. Did the occupants swear when they awakened to find they had been (a)salted.

You can Gamble your shirt that the driver who has taken up shooting will never hit anything unless he tries to beat Crash Horton's Hydro scheme.

We used to wonder which was Britain's oldest colony, Butt now we know, we have heard so often.

Congratulations to our Mr. Middleton, we shall now have a grand Essomblly of at least 57 varieties.

The crane driver was seen to Pasfields on his record breaking dash down to Picton, alas he lost the claim to a 1771 by a few seconds his password is now, back in a flash.

**BEFORE  
'BOOKING IN'**

**Step in for  
A SNACK**

at  
**Bob's  
CAFE**

Next Door to Camp Boundary

Soft Drinks Sandwiches Also  
Served

PHONE PICTON 99 J

# BELLE THEATRE

BELLEVILLE-ONTARIO

## Coming Attractions

SATURDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY  
May 16, 18, 19

Betty Grable Victor Mature,  
Jack Oakie in

"SONG OF THE ISLANDS"  
(In Technicolor)

SATURDAY AND MONDAY  
May 23rd-25th

Here is a Smash Hit!

RITA HAYWORTH in

"MY GAL SAL"

(In Technicolor)

SUNDAY MIDNIGHT—MAY 24th  
After 12.05 a.m.

(Special Preview Presentation)

M.G.M.'s Million Dollar Musical —  
Their Funniest picture—IT's Terrific!

BUD ABBOTT, LOU COSTELLO in

"RIO RITA"

With

Kathryn Grayson John Carroll

## Stephen Licence

FOR WELL KNOWN

**SPORTS GOODS  
AND BICYCLES**

PHONE 985 299 Front St., Belleville

## MASON'S BAKERY

For Delicious

- BREAD
- PASTRY

PICTON

PHONE 259



## The Guild Restaurant AND SODA BAR

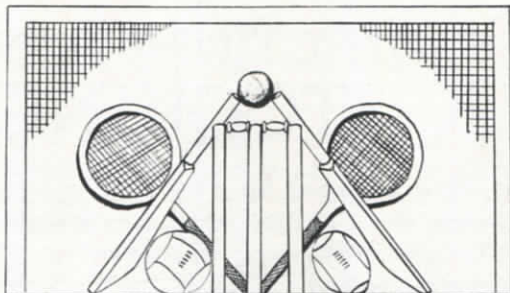
- Good Food and Good  
Service at all Times

SPECIAL SUNDAY  
DINNERS

Our Taxis Are Always at  
Your Service

Ross Pearsoll

# Sports



# Section

Outdoor sports are now in action for the personnel of the Station. A football field has been located on the Station grounds, and is a vast improvement over the boulder-stream field of last season. Through the co-operation of Works and Bricks, and the net-making efforts of the Drogue, we have a good set of goal posts and nets. Eleven soccer teams are in the throes of an inter-flight and section League, with teams representing both the Officer's' and Sergeant's' messes. Football still maintains its predominant place in the sports life of the camp. The Rugger Club is still progressing in its activities, and hopes to have a first-class field in the local Fair Grounds.

Preparation for the cricket season is under way. Already two cement practice pitches have been laid in the large ice-arena, where cricket enthusiasts may practice their bowling and batting. A full-size cement pitch has been laid out adjacent to No. 6 Hangar, and it is on this site that Station matches will be played. Enthusiasm for cricket is high, and cricket enthusiasts are assured of keen competition during the coming season from visiting teams.

It is planned to lay out two softball diamonds for this Canadian version of English rounders. If this sport proves of interest to the camp as a whole, a league will be formed between the various sections.

Commencing Thursday, May 7th, the Bay of Quinte R.C.A.F.-R.A.F. Sports League got underway. Stations represented in this League are Mountain View, No. 5 I.T.S., Belleville; No. 6 R.D., Trenton; Trenton Airport; and Picton R.A.F. Every Thursday there will be inter-station competition in the following sports: Softball, touch-rugby, tennis, soccer, and swimming. The station tennis team is made up of six men forming three doubles teams. The swimming team, of six men, participates in the following events, with no man competing in more than two events: 100 yards free-style; 50 yards breast-stroke; 25 yards back-stroke; under-water plunge; and four-man relay, each man swimming 100 yards. Soccer is well represented by our station team, although each station feels that it can field a team that will surprise Picton R.A.F.

Touch-rugby and softball may prove a stumbling block to our station representatives, because these sports are essentially Canadian. However, let us show the rest of the league that we can master these games, as well as our own.

Once a month, it is the desire of the League to organize an Inter-Station Track and Field Meet. Any track and field stars should get in some training in preparation for the first meet, which will be announced at an early date.

Through the medium of this R.C.A.F.-R.A.F. league, it is hoped to stimulate and maintain an interest in competitive sport among the men in the various stations in our locality.

The Gift Every Woman Treasures  
**SILK STOCKINGS**

Exciting new shades toned to your spring into summer costumes — choose sheer chiffon or service weights. "Orient," "Weldrest," "Phantom," hosiery, exclusive in Picton with Fraser's. Moderately priced.

**G. E. FRASER SONS, LIMITED**

MAIN STREET

PICTON

**SPORTING GOODS AND CUTLERY**

FOR 1942

Fishing Tackle  
Softballs

Guns and Ammunition  
Tennis Equipment

Pocket Knives

Everready Blades

Safety Razors

Radio Equipment

OUR STOCKS ARE WELL ASSORTED

**CARTER BROS. LTD.**

HARDWARE

RADIO SERVICE

TINSMITHING AND PLUMBING



**BUY BRITISH**



AGENTS FOR

**BOOTS CHEMISTS ENGLAND**

SODA FOUNTAIN

TEA ROOM

PERFUME BAR

Complete Lines of Cosmetics

Kodak Film

Developing and Printing

**Teasel's Rexall Drug Store**

PHONE 172 PICTON

## BADMINTON

The final tournament of the season was held on Tuesday, April 28th. It took the form of a handicap match. However, after the preliminary rounds were over in the men's singles, those who entered the semi-finals were F/O Mills vs. LAC. Grundy and W/C Gregson vs. F/O Watts. LAC. Grundy met W/C Gregson in the finals, which the latter won very handily by the scores of 15-6 and 15-1. In the finals of the men's doubles, LAC Grundy and A. Morris lost to W/C Gregson and LAC. Say by the scores of 15-1 and 15-9. W/C Gregson proved to be a badminton player of no mean calibre and combining all the qualities found in a first-class player; namely, speed, a good eye, unbounded energy, a good but wicked service, and an exceptional control of all his movements. Thus ended another season of badminton.

## SOCCER

### Messes Vs. 'C' Flight

The match between the Messes and 'C' Flight was marred by an accident to Sammy Hilditch, 'C' Flight's popular defence player. When jumping to head the ball, he fell with his arm underneath him, receiving a bad fracture of the forearms. The incident was purely accidental, no one regretting it more than the cooks. Everyone wishes him a speedy recovery. It was unfortunate for 'C' Flight to lose the services of Sammy, as until then the sides had been evenly matched, but even with a depleted side the Flight boys put up a very good performance to hold such a strong side as the Galley boys to the narrow victory of two goals to one. Hilditch and Jack Smith were outstanding, and Darkie Stewart deserves mention for his magnificent display in the Flight goal.

### Headquarters 'A' vs. 'B' Flight

The contest between Headquarters 'A' and 'B' Flight proved rather tame. H.Q. scored four goals in the first fifteen minutes and then were content to rest on their laurels for the remainder of the game, only endeavoring to prevent their opponents scoring, but in this they failed, for Jack Leitch went through on his own to give Tommy Thornton in the H.Q. goal no chance with a fast grounder. The irrepressible Hughie McConnell registered a hat-trick and on this form should be a hot handful for opposing defences during the season.

### Sergeants vs. Headquarters

The Sergeants proved too strong for the Headquarters 'B' team in Thursday evening's match, winning by five goals to nil. Dougie Laver in goal for the Sergeants is the first 'goalie' to emerge from a game with a clean sheet. So get going sharpshooters and show us how good he is. Headquarters 'B' have still a number of players to try out and may prove stronger as the season advances.

### G.I.S. vs. Maintenance

G.I.S., the darkhorses of the competition, soundly whacked Maintenance on Friday evening to the tune of six goals to two. LAC. Marsden has recruited quite a good side from the pupils with a blend of youth and experience. If it were possible to keep this team together, many fancy that it would prove the ultimate league winner. Maintenance failed to respond to the prompting of Ginger McLauchlan and Flockett and so retired a well beaten side.

## Picton R.A.F. vs. Kingston R.A.F.

The Station team journeyed to Kingston on Saturday, 2nd May, to engage Collins Bay Station team on the University ground. The pitch was perfect and the afternoon ideal for the game. The final result of five goals to three in favor of Collins Bay rather flattered them, as a draw would have been a more fitting result. Hughie McConnell unaccountably missed two open goals and was right through in the last minute when he was brought down from behind. The referee failed to notice the incident, and did not mete out the necessary penalty, which drew noisy protest from the spectators. A few of the Collins Bay people who had witnessed our team play at Kingston last season, complimented us on the improved display, and admitted that with a few changes we would be a very good side indeed.

The Station team has entered the Quinte League, which comprises two teams from Trenton, and one each from Belleville I.T.S. and Mountain View. Our first match is against Trenton at Trenton on Thursday evening, the 7th instant.

We were delighted to see our Commanding Officer at the match on Wednesday evening. His interest in our sport and pastime is greatly appreciated by everyone.

### PICKTON R.A.F. INTER-SECTION FOOTBALL LEAGUE

#### Results and League Table Up to and Including 1st May 1942

##### April 27th

MESSES ..... 2 (Cpl. Campion and A/C Smith)	'C' FLIGHT ..... 1 (LAC. Knox)
--	-----------------------------------

##### April 29th

HEADQUARTERS 'A' ..... 1 (LAC. McConnell, 3, and LAC. Davies)	'B' FLIGHT ..... 1 (LAC. Leitch)
---	-------------------------------------

##### April 30th

SERGEANTS' MESS ..... 5 (Sgt. Cargienard, 3, Sgt. LeMarquand and Sgt. Pollard)	HEADQUARTERS ..... 0
---	----------------------

##### May 1st

G. I. S. .... 6 (LAC. Beesley, 2, LAC. Leitch, LAC. Teed, LAC. McLaughlin, LAC. Marsden (own goal))	MAINTENANCE ..... 2 (Cpl. Stephens and LAC. McLaughlan)
---	--

Teams	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against	Points
Sergeants' Mess .....	1	1	-	-	5	0	2
Headquarters 'A' ....	1	1	-	-	4	1	2
G. I. S. ....	1	1	-	-	6	2	2
Messes ....	1	1	-	-	2	1	2
'C' Flight ....	1	-	-	1	1	2	0
Maintenance .....	1	-	-	1	2	6	0
'B' Flight ....	1	-	-	1	1	4	0
Headquarters 'B' .....	1	-	-	1	0	5	0
'A' Flight .....	-	-	-	-	0	0	0
'D' Flight .....	-	-	-	-	0	0	0
Officers ....	-	-	-	-	0	0	0

Make  
**The Royal  
Hotel**  
Your  
**Headquarters**

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

TELEPHONE No. 25

*Compliments*

of the old established  
hardware store . . .

**C. E. HADDEN - HARDWARE**

Established 1841

Phone 8

# C.D.S. FOR *LUGGAGE*



A wide variety of luggage, both for Service Men themselves, and luggage that makes a very exceptional gift is offered in our Luggage Department. Come in and see the large selection.

**THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES LIMITED**



The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

## The Pirton Gazette

“Printers of ‘Wings’ Magazine”