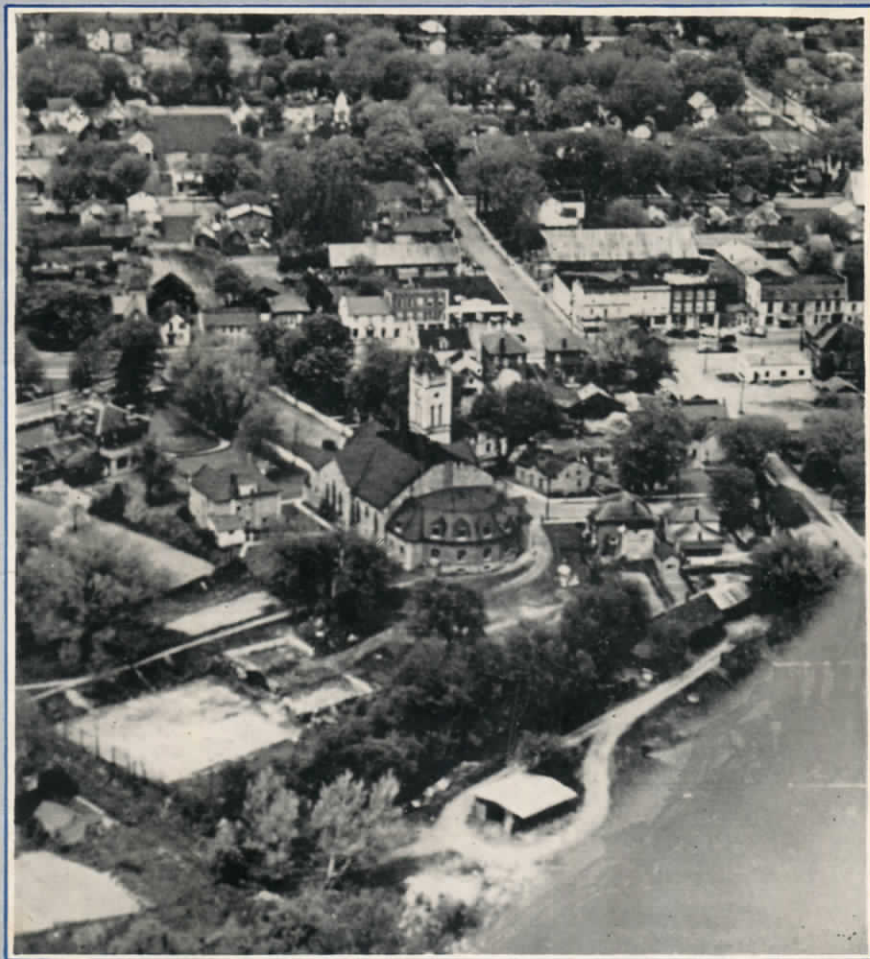




# WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R.A.F. PICTON

Anniversary Number



Vol. 2, No. 1 - June 1942

10c to Service Personnel

*Bonky*

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# CONGRATULATIONS

## “WINGS”



TO the editors, staff and to everyone at No. 31 Bombing and Gunnery School, Congratulations on this the First Anniversary of your grand magazine, and all best wishes for your future success.

**H. R. MacDONALD**

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# "WINGS"

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

By Kind Permission of Group Captain J. Cox, D.F.C.



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— V —

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# Editorial

HOW should an Editorial begin? Should it be a resumé of material in all; or better still should it contain abstruse comment on nothing at all; or better still should it be a blank page! Only the few read it and a magazine of this type should cater for the majority. However, I am short of satisfactory copy, so this one will begin at the beginning.

This is our first anniversary issue; perhaps in the light of present conditions and reports, volume two will be the last complete volume of "Wings." Pray God it is. "Wings" has run for a year and seen many changes in shape, size, character, and material, and weathered many changes on the committee. The committee has now been split to facilitate handling, and Sergeant Verney joins us as Production Manager. All that is now wanted is double circulation and then we shall be satisfied.

Some think that what they call "an Education" is necessary before they can write an article of any sort. That is not so. Anyone with an original idea and a simple style can write an article if they try. A knowledge of every word in the Oxford dictionary is not necessary.

Everyone who can talk, . . . and who in the R.A.F. cannot? . . . Everyone who can write a letter, and who never writes home or to the girl? They have the material for "Wings." Maybe you sketch or paint. Just try. If no results are forthcoming, there will be a mourning card in the next Editorial, in memory of all the idle minds and the ideas that have died therein! A few contributors have been choked off because copy has been cut or refused. There is no copy submitted that does not receive some alteration, whether to make it fit the space available or to cut out some uncalled for remark . . . humour and wit, Yes; but vulgarity and caustic comment, NO!

The front cover is the only aerial view of Picton we have, it shows part of Main Street with the United Church in the foreground, with Bowery Street running off Main Street, and if you don't know where the Bowery is, don't ask me!

Finally let the First of June be put on record. Like a fashion parade at Ascot in peace time, we came out dressed up to the nines in our latest summer creations; these ranged from rompers and shorts of varying sizes and fits to drainpipe trousers. In order not to disappoint us and remind us of home, the weather excelled itself, "Jupiter Pluvius," i.e. it poured.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Calnan of The Picton Gazette for the loan of the blocks of S/Ldr. Corkill and of the Black Bears on page four.

F. E. B. Fern.

# Welcome

Squadron Leader W. A. Corkill has succeeded Squadron Leader Sir Alexander Seton as Station Admin. Officer. S/Ldr. Corkill is already well known by sight to all, having spent much of his time, especially in the evenings, around the Station, observing the conditions and the running of his ménage, seeing that all runs smoothly and efficiently.

First sent out to Canada on loan to the R.C.A.F. as a Staff Officer, he was stationed at No. 4 Training Command at Regina. Last month, he came to Picton.

A graduate of Manchester University, he served in the last war as a Platoon Sergeant in the King's Liverpool Regiment, both in France and Belgium from January 1915, to February 1919. He was wounded four times, twice seriously.

Coming to Canada in 1920 as a Stipendiary Lay Reader, he took charge of three Western Canada parishes. Returning to England in 1928 he took a post at Reading, where he taught English and History.

Better known outside the Royal Air Force as Harper Cory, the author, naturalist and lecturer, an authority on the wild life of Canada, he has written thirty books; among them being "The Story of Civilization," "The Story of Man", "Lovable Beasts," "The Wonderland of Nature," "Grey Owl and the Beaver," and "Wild Life Ways." He has also written numerous articles for English, American and Canadian publications, is well known on the wireless for his talks and as a lecturer. He is a Fellow of the Canadian Geographic Society.

Now, in addition to his literary work, S/Ldr. Corkill is working hard for the R.A.F. and especially for those stationed at Picton.

## IN UNITY, PROGRESS

On behalf of the personnel of Picton, Royal Air Force Station, I extend my sincere thanks to the Advertisers in our "Wings" magazine, an appreciation of their kindly assistance, bestowed on us, throughout the past year.

May I ask, that during our stay at Picton, the Advertisers will continue to support our magazine, as the personnel will undoubtedly support the Advertisers.

Yours sincerely,  
(Signed), ROY P. R. YOUNG,  
(Advertising Manager)



SQ/LDR. W. H. CORKILL

# The Ways of The Black Bear



## —≡ THE CLOWN OF T

Most wild black bears which I have met were natural crazy comedians, the exceptions being females with cubs. The she-bears can in such instances be raging terrors if they but imagine their offspring to be in danger. The male bear is a cheery, peaceful customer as long as he is unmolested.

The black bear is born about January 1st; usually the litter consists of twins, of which one may be a black cub and the other brown or cinnamon. These puny, blind creatures weigh only from nine to twelve ounces, although a mature black bear may weigh as much as four hundred pounds, a development that speaks well for a diet largely vegetarian. The twins have great heads, long ears, and feet out of all proportion to the rest of their bodies—they are decidedly grotesque. Forty days are spent in blindness, and the cubs stay in the den for ten weeks. Mother Bear then takes her family for a stroll. The old lady never bothers to look around to see what the cubs are doing; she seems to know that they are imitating her as faithfully as any naughty boys mimicking their schoolmaster.

After her winter spent in the den the female has very tender feet, and so she waddles unsteadily over the grass. The cubs waddle in the same manner on sound, strong feet. If she grunts with pain and stops to lick a paw the cubs grunt and lick a paw. The mother may stand erect to growl at a distant human, in which case the cubs erect themselves to add their squeaky defiance. Or perhaps the older animal may swat a fly from her nose—the cubs nearly bang off their snouts although unvisited by winged pests. Whatever the mother may do they copy without hesitation or question. Thus by faithful imitation they gain an education in

the lessons of the wilderness. There is no scarcity of nurseries for these wild babies, for in the trees they are as agile as monkeys. While the mother rests during the drowsy part of the day the cubs play hide-and-seek among the upper branches of the nearest tree. They ascend or descend the trunk hand over fist in sailor fashion; if in a hurry to get down they sometimes let go and come down with a rush, hit the ground with a thud, grunt, and run away unconcernedly.

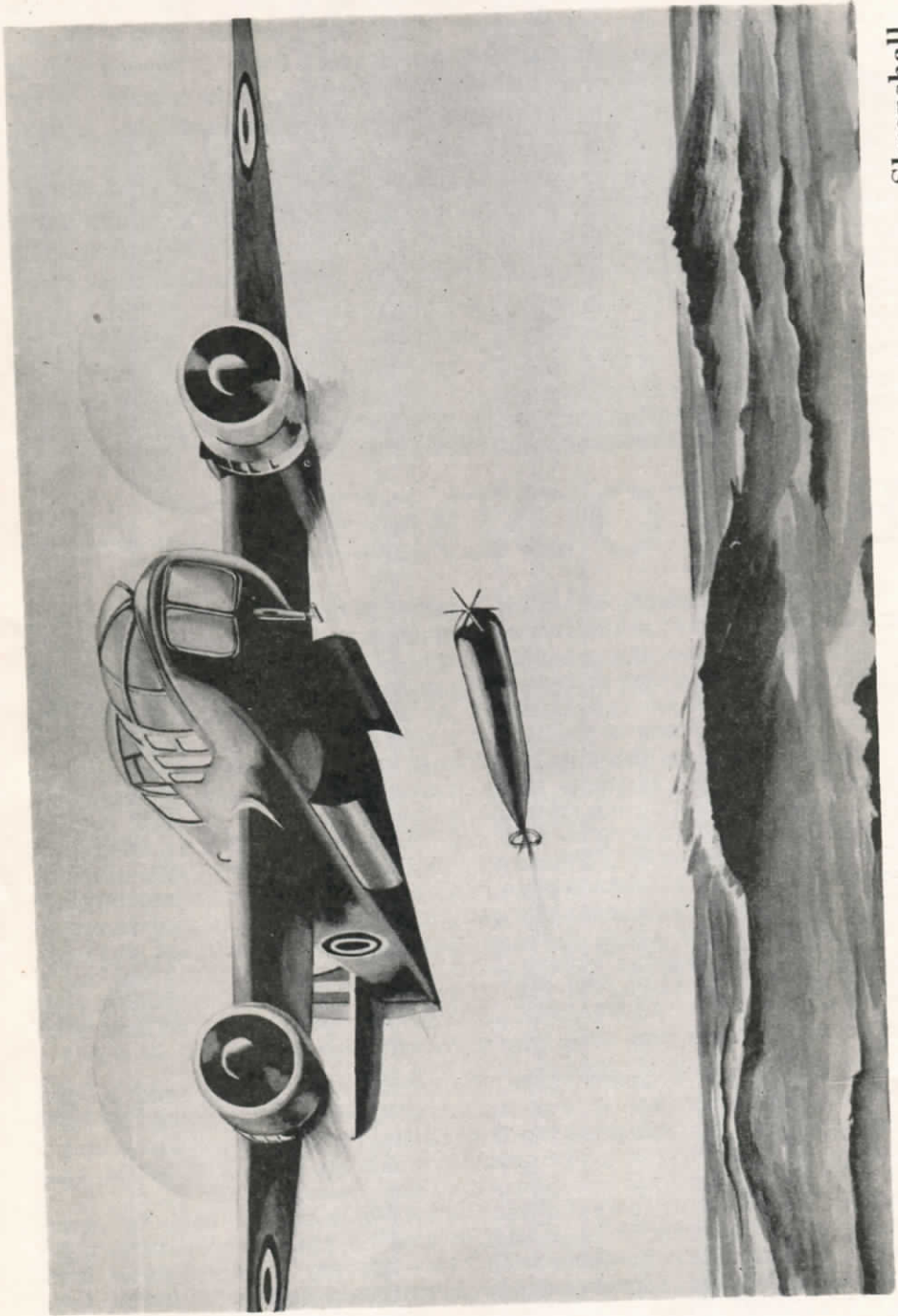
The male cub, when about eighteen months old, may decide to blaze his own trail. Off he waddles peering short-sightedly into likely and unlikely places for dainties such as mushrooms and juicy roots. He sniffs the air almost as often as he smells the ground, for his weak sight makes him depend chiefly upon his nose and ears to warn him of the approach of danger. His greatest delight is to rob wild bees of their stores of honey; the bees sting him unmercifully, and Bruin growls and groans with pain, but no amount of suffering will lessen his activity while one scrap of honey remains. And sometimes he takes his revenge by munching the robbed nest to shreds.

# THE WOODS

One of his tricks is to watch humans in camp or at work. He sits near the actors, but well screened by foliage, and gently moves the branches so that he can peer through. If surprised by humans he immediately climbs a tree or runs away as fast as he can—he is too good-natured to fight if he can escape. At night he visits the orchards, climbing the laden trees to shake down ripe apples for his supper; or he may visit a pigsty to enjoy a late dinner of juicy sucking-pig. As he grows older the bear becomes more sure of himself when humans are about. He is selective in his friendships, but when he learns that certain people have good intentions he will visit them so often that he wears out his welcome and becomes a nuisance. In Jasper National Park, Alberta, there are over 4,000 wild black bears who have lost their mistrust of man. Many of them visit the town sites and make a din in the early hours of the morning as they upset garbage tins in their search for dainties. Others make daily begging visits to the houses, and will climb ladders if a slice of bacon is placed at the top. The really knowing bears lie across the motor trails to hold up traffic, and the only way to move them is to call a mounted policeman or to pay a toll of cake or sweets.

Kind-hearted campers make the mistake of giving food to the bears, little knowing that if you feed a wild black bear today he will return tomorrow—bringing all his friends for their share of the bounty. Should the campers be away the animals willingly help themselves, and without evil intent wreck the camp as they rummage for food. It is frightfully hard to turn away a bear empty-handed, for each of these creatures seems to wear a huge smirk, and he can be so disarmingly friendly. One needs to be stern with him—bravery does not enter into the question, although I have heard and read some tall yarns by hunters about his ferocity. The truth is that this clown of the woods will let you photograph him at close quarters if you pay his fee of one tin of honey or jam.

HARPER CORY.



—Shropshall

STORMY PETREL

# Spring - - -



This is no spring  
For birds and flowers;  
The deed's the thing  
For burning hours.

No time to bathe  
In lolling doubt:  
We cannot weep  
The fire out.

For every tree  
Is hung with Christ  
And every field  
Become blood-priced.



Not bleeding flesh  
Alone can save  
Us from the blackened  
Helot's grave.

Spring is not bought  
At price so cheap:  
It comes to those  
Whose death is deep.

N. R. Bowles

# W E D O N T

“WELL, HONEY, I gotta scat. My favorite fly just walked into my parlor.” Maxine put the receiver back, stretched in her feline way, and slid out of the chesterfield as slowly as she knew how.

“Hullo sugar.”

“Hullo yourself,” said Mr. Tenny—and put a neat little hole right between her green eyes. Funny . . . . . she didn’t even squawk. Just flopped to the floor like a freshly made pancake. Mr. Tenny put the gun back in his pocket and proceeded to help himself to her rye. Considering it was the first time he had ever killed a person he was doing alright. He’d been telling himself for two weeks that the only difference between shooting rabbits and shooting people was that rabbits don’t talk.

It was four years since he’d first met up with Maxine. She had a chassis designed to make any man forget home and mother. And Huck Tenny was no exception that proves the rule. Smart — in a gaudy kind of way — she had a comeback that made most folks scared of opening their mouths in front of her. He always said she hadn’t been around when they were handing out consciences.

He remembered the first time she walked into Waynesburg. It was one of those blazing August days when

## LIKE STRANGERS

even the thermometer on Pop Hagnor’s wall looked surprised. Pop kept the town’s one and only drug store. Waynesburg boasted a train service. One called twice a week. And it never brought anything but mail and newspapers from Portsville — except on that sticky, sweaty day when it was loaded with a stick of dynamite. She crossed the tracks, a weary valise in her hand, and came down Main with a look on her phizz that smelt like nobody’s business. Her high heels seemed foolish in the hot dust, and her hips reminded Huck of the pendulum in his mother’s clock. She swung into Pop’s place, past the mob on the porch, threw down a coke, and asked where she could find a room. After walking out of three places she finally set herself up at Maw Sloan’s.

By this time the whole town knew there was a stranger around. The last time Waynesburg got excited was eight years before when the beer parlor got burned down. Where was she from? Who were her folks? Why had she come? The air was buzzing with guesses but nobody knew the answers. And four years later it was exactly the same way. One thing was right—she had “Big City” plastered all over her.

For a stranger she did pretty good. Within a month she knew everybody and was a special friend of the bootlegger. The women hated her, but she bought the kids candy and even had old Gramp Bedwin eating out of her hand. The men thought she was alright.

Huck Tenny was the kind of guy you’d like your sister to go around with. For that matter all the Tennys were nice folk. Born in Waynesburg, he’d spent all of his twenty-eight years there. His dad had died when he was too young to remember him, and Mrs. Tenny had

joined her husband when Huck was seventeen. That left him kid brother Joe to take care of. Besides being big brother, Huck played mother, father, and sister to Joe. That was until Joe upped and married Nora. The kids used to go to the school house together and even then everybody knew they'd marry. So when they left Huck to keep house himself he wasn't mad, and he wasn't surprised.

In those days a parish dance was held every month, but later the preacher stopped them on account of they always led to a fight — with Maxine playing referee. It was in the Hall Huck met Maxine. She greeted him "Hi-ya sucker." He didn't like that. Later it was "Hullo good-looking." And that was fine. Three months later they were married. Huck remembered the look in the preacher's eyes when he pronounced them Mr. and Mrs.

Everything was swell for a time. Maxine was sweeter than molasses to everybody and even the women began to believe they'd misjudged her twice-as-hard-as-cold-steel Aura. Then one evening Huck came home to supper and found her lying on the floor with an empty glass in her hand. She was dead drunk.

For many weeks Maxine carried on with her own particular brand of fun. Then she began inviting men to the house. Huck decided he didn't love his wife anymore and walked out on her. He took a room down street. He'd oftimes come home late from the pool room and pass Maxine's. The house looked like a lighthouse on a lonely seaboard with its lights blazing in a street of darkness.

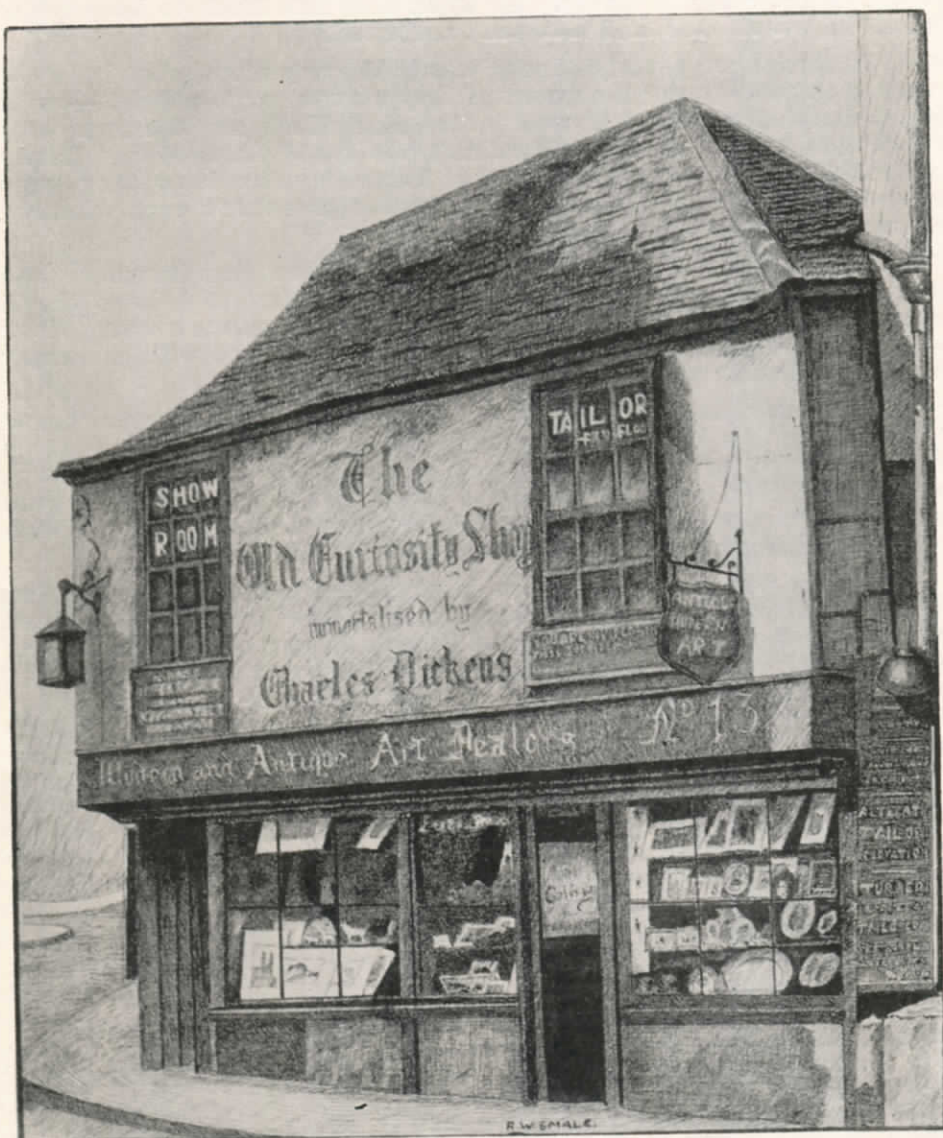
Climax was the evening Nora came around to see him alone. She sat down and stared at exactly nothing for all of ten minutes. Huck knew her enough to know she'd start talking in her own good time. So he stared back. Suddenly she began to cry. Women are funny that way. Since he'd married Maxine Huck had seen Female in many moods but this one was a new one on him. After getting nowhere fast for half an hour Nora broke down. Joe had been seeing Maxine. It would be more in order to say Maxine had been seeing Joe. That was all Mr. Tenny needed.

But this is where we came in.

He looked at her again. Her scarlet mop looked as if some dope had started a fire in the middle of the carpet. Mr. Tenny decided he could use another drink. That damn hooch wasn't treating him right. He went over to the dresser and for the first time noticed a letter by the bottle. Wouldn't do any harm to take a peek. It was addressed to him. Mr. Tenny wondered. Then he opened it up—suddenly and viciously. Maxine was going to end it all. She had an incurable cancer that was going to spell curtains within six months. The easiest out was suicide. And she'd poisoned the rye.



—Geo Ward



DICKENS' LONDON

—Smale

# E. J. PRATT

## Canadian and Poet

IT WAS FEBRUARY. I was riding one of those red and yellow waggons that take Toronto folk to work and away, when he climbed aboard, wearing the same old greatcoat, as cosy as a marquee, carrying his brief case loosely at his side, and wrapped still in that familiar somewhere else air. It was E. J. Pratt—Ned Pratt—on his way to work, to lecture at the University. When he saw me, he was as paternally genial as ever, asked about my success since graduation, and reminded me of the gay days when he would take the class home with him, feed us hugely, and entertain us with his musical reading of poetry. That was E. J. Pratt, the man—kindly, unassuming, human.

But what of E. J. Pratt, the poet? You will find in his poetry some of the strongest heroic verse written in our generation. I do not think that this is the biased appreciation of a compatriot. A poet is only an Englishman, an Irishman, or a Canadian by accident; he is inevitably a poet. It was but lucky chance that brought Mr. Pratt from Newfoundland to Canada.

The first of Mr. Pratt's published poems, *Newfoundland Verse*, appeared almost twenty years ago. While the verse was none too promising—it echoed loudly of Shakespeare—yet both its form, the heroic line, and its themes, the sea and man's elemental struggles, were to recur, in growing strength and clarity, in his later work. The most significant of his subsequent publications, simply to name them, are *The Titans* (1926), *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe* (1930), *The Titanic* (1935), *The Fable of the Goats*, which won the Governor-General's prize in 1937, and, recently, *Brébeuf and His Brethren* (1940) and *Dunkirk* (1941). The subject matter of these poems is large and heroic: two treat of shipwreck and rescue at sea, two are semi-mythical animal fables, one is an epic of religious martyrdom, and the title of the last tells its own tale. It takes a robust spirit with dramatic vigour to venture on such perilous seas.

Mr. Pratt walks with step firmer than St. Peter's. He knows about what he is writing, and he writes, if simply, yet with gusto. *The Titanic* bears straight to its essential tragedy—the conflict between the inevitabilities of nature and human pride,

That ancient *hubris* in the dreams of men,  
Which would have slain the cattle of the sun,  
And filched the lightnings from the hand of Zeus.

The Greek sense of doom follows us from the opening lines to the final coda:

And out there in the starlight, with no trace  
Upon it of its deed but the last wave

From the **Titanic** fretting at its base,  
Silent, composed, ringed by its icy broods,  
The gray shape with the paleolithic face  
Was still the master of the longitudes.

Even more demanding is the theme of **Brébeuf**, the Jesuit missionary to the Huron Indians, whose incredible heroism was recognized recently in his canonization by the Roman Catholic Church. But the poet, approaching his subject with simplicity and humility, touches the sublime. From utterly simple narration, the poem climbs to lyric heights in Brébeuf's death scene. The hostile Iroquois have captured the priest and subjected him to their final tortures. But he has not winced.

Where was the source  
Of his strength, the home of his courage that topped the best  
Of their braves and even out-fabled the lore of their legends?  
In the bunch of his shoulders which often carried a load  
Extorting the envy of guides at an Ottawa portage?  
The heat of the hatchets was finding a path to that source.  
In the thews of his thighs which had mastered the trails of the  
Neutrals?

They would gash and beribbon those muscles. Was it the blood?  
They would draw it fresh from its fountain. Was it the heart?  
They dug for it, fought for the scraps in the way of the wolves.  
But not in these was the valour or the stamina lodged;  
Nor in the symbol of Richelieu's robes or the seals  
Of Mazarin's characters, nor in the stir of the lilies  
Upon the Imperial folds; nor yet in the words  
Loyola wrote on a table of lava-stone  
In the caves of Manresa—not in these the source—  
But in the sound of invisible trumpets blowing  
Around two slabs of board, right-angled, hammered  
By Roman nails, and hung on a Jewish hill.

Mr. Pratt's achievement is the more remarkable in that he is not himself a Roman Catholic.

Something of this lyric spirit is caught again in Mr. Pratt's latest poem, **Dunkirk**. Its occasion is too close, the memory too fresh, for any man to write of it with the detachment of the greatest poetry. But this poet has said what can be said, here and now. The opening lines are quiet, but tense:

The English May was slipping into June  
With heralds that the spring had never known.  
Black cavalry were astride the air;  
The Downs awoke to find their faces slashed;  
There was blood on the hawthorn,  
And song had died in the nightingales' throats.

From this elegiac plane, the poet proceeds to a vivid depiction of those strange crews that converged on the port of Dunkirk. But again, as we approach the actual conflict, the atmosphere becomes tense with heroism and tragedy.

Out on the Channel—laughter died.  
Casual understatement  
Was driven back from its London haunts  
To its clinical nakedness  
Along the banks of the Ilissus.  
In front of the crew were rolling mountains of smoke,  
Spilling fire from their Vesuvian rims;  
The swaying fringes of Borealis blue;  
The crimson stabs through the curtains:  
The tracer's fiery parabolas,  
The falling pendants of green from the Verey lights;  
The mad colours of the murals of Dunkirk.

The verse rises in hectic crescendo as the actual evacuation is described, and falls away once more, with the fog-screened flotilla, to serenity,

to England,  
Saved once again by the tread of her keels.

We are left with the assurance that, in the unequal struggle of human spirit against relentless machinery, it is the spirit which triumphs, for in it alone are found the things which give victory its meaning.

N. R. Bowles

## “The Trees are Hewed - The Ground is Tilled”

One hundred years ago our forefathers cleared this land of ours that Mother Earth might bring forth her abundant store.

One year ago your Editors and associates embarked on the arduous task of creating a periodical worthy of your station.

At this first anniversary, we think they, too, can just and proudly say “The trees are hewed—the land is tilled” and go forth to reap from month to month an ever-increasing harvest of Good Literature, Art, and Humor.

**CARTER BROTHERS LIMITED**



Before going into our song and dance we should like to point out that any references to persons living, dead, or working in Headquarters, is purely coincidental.

**Suzy Q. Kumber wants to know:**

.....who is the A Flight LAC who recently got himself thrown out of a boodwah?

.....what's all this about that thur Accounts Section bus—and that thur unmade bed?

.....who is the H Q Corporal who greets his girl friend on the telephone with "Hi-ya, sugar. This is Vic Mature"?

.....who is the LAC. Fitter 2A who tried to milk a bull on May 20th?

.....who said "My predecessor left in a blaze of glory—and I walked into a latrine"?

**Superman's Kid Brother:**

The B Flight pilot who jumped from a first floor window of the Royal Hotel—without a parachute.

**Blues in the Night for Hitler Inc:**

We're informed that Lockheed's new P.38 combat climbs like a homesick angel . . . . and while we're up in the air, there's another new plane in operation that's going to take the stinka outta the Stuka. Our bomber done tole them. ....

**Mutual Admiration Society:**

LAC. Whiteley and AC. Rigby.

**Memo to Mr. Ripley:**

Your correspondent has found an airman running around loose on the camp who's never heard of Ann Sheridan. Like to oblige with a word-description, pal, but trying to describe Miss Sheridan is about as easy as stuffing a tornado into an ink bottle.

**Observations of an Innocent Bystander:**

Overheard in the canteen..... "Is your coffee drip or regular grind?". Drip, brother, Two per cup.

**Plutonic Friendship:**

The airman who has a girl friend in Toronto — and doesn't know if he's leading a dog's life or having a helluva good time.

**Ouch Again:**

Who visited the Dental Clinic and said "That's the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?"

Sports are in the news. What made the cross country runners mad? Fat stock prices?

### **You-call-their-bluff-but-don't-forget-to-duck Dept.:**

11R would be very happy if some linguist would visit them. Seems they've an occupant who chutes the line in seven different languages.

### **What Next:**

Strange thing ..... nobody in Headquarters complains of that Monday morning feeling these daze.

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

An AC1 Fitter 2E, lately imported from Ye Ancient Countrie, doing a strip—and I do mean strip-tease in the canteen. It was one of those nights when the mercury goes up ..... and the beer goes down. In fact the thirst sign of summer.

### **Reddest Face of the Month:**

Mine. The night Major da Costa came to present cups, medals, and things to the Miniature Rifle Club.

### **Most Optimistic Man on the Camp:**

The guy who tried to sell LAC Davies a '34 Chrysler sedan for \$250.00 cash.

### **Many Thanx Pop:**

.....for your newsclip about ex-slacks. But keep the party clean, please.

### **Dear Mr. Winchell:**

Is it true that since New York City's "dim-out" you no longer say "I'll be back in a flash—with a flash"? Rumor has it that you've switched to "I'll be back in the dark—with a remark."

### **They've Been Gabbing Agin:**

"Every man has it in his power to make one woman happy—by remaining a bachelor."

### **Grand Slam:**

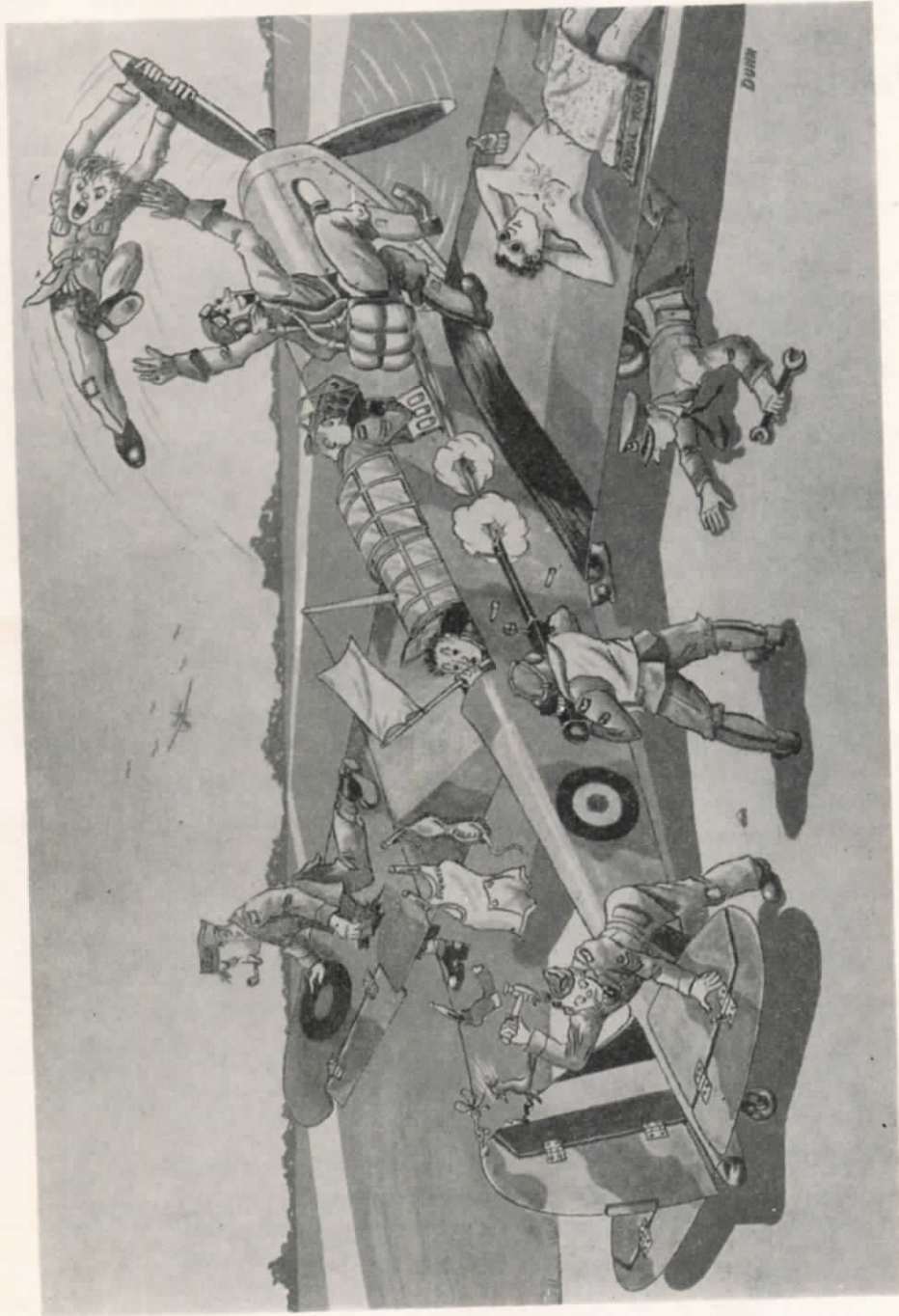
Passed to Equipment Section—a Demand for more lifebelts. Apparently the news of a freighter being sunk in the St. Lawrence River has reached the M.B.C.'s.

### **Wedding Bells:**

.....for the Fitter-Armourer—as foretold in this colyum in April. The name's Smith, boys. And congratulations from me, Ted.

### **The Final Fling:**

I quote A. J. Robinson—via Walter Winchell's "Broadway" — "Tolerance is the bigness that enables us to let people enjoy themselves in their own way instead of ours."



—Dunn

“B” FLIGHT KEEPS ‘EM FLYING

BEHOLD 'B' Flight in action, drawn to show us, and the world, that Gunnery in modern warfare is indispensable. F/O. Dunn our artist knows this only too well, he got eight! Bombing instruction is just by the way, it gives the poor goons a little leisure from the strenuous firing exercises carried out.

A stray figure has somehow moved into our picture, we note gold braid, and lots of rings, is it our Commanding Officer?, and is that a spanner in his hand?, as we said, this is THE flight. Working with that keenness which is so typical of old Ricey, is our Flight Sergeant, it is quite beside the point that he appears to be enjoying a cigarette, on the tarmac of all places. So intent is he on his duty, he hardly notices that he has an assistant working by his side, which reminds us that Flight Sergeant Spencer, i/c the N.C.O.'s, put that tail unit u/s today, L.A.C. Woodpecker, can put that right—it is unfortunate that there is no one of such name on our roll.

Before proceeding further with our liquidation, may we point out how keen that driver Spencer is regarding his washing, behold his flying suit, and only sock on the line, but what has Flight Sergeant MacDonald been doing, surely he does not wear these, shall we say, upper coverings, or did he spend an exciting evening lately?, we must cover that question in a later issue of our monthly gossip. At least we do know where all our aeroplane cleanser gets to.

Corporal Goody has been blowing her out again, unaware that the phantom fitter of 'B' Flight was at the controls. The phantom fitter, Strudwick, of course, is intent on the instruments, a Merlin expert if ever there was one, naturally he makes mistakes, as Corporal Goody seems well aware, but what does the pressing of a few wrong switches mean to a man of his capabilities!

Like a bird on the wing 'lies' F/O Dunn, he is not on a detail at the moment, but busily dreaming of that last visit to Toronto, but we do hope he is not regretting his recent adventure in another sphere.

On the port wing our ACH, Evans by name, is going over the ground, preparatory to planting a few petunias, there are a few to spare, and in one person's opinion the whole issue could do with some transplanting—out of Ontario! Go to it Evans, the Potteries are expecting great things of you.

It appears that our radio expert, unaware of any great activity around our serviceable aircraft, has been interfering with the intercom. again, no wonder the u/t's opened fire on the towing 'aircraft'—"That's what the pilot said," came a meek voice. Anyhow Dodd's head appears, followed by a flag of truce, that warrior with the shooting iron is out for blood, but great things are expected of this bloke, his commission is due, he will be instructing shortly, his name is Smithson-Humphries, "shoot up! shoot up! and shoot the cad." In this case the cad appears to be P/O. Stringer, his lurid past written all over his face, you won't slip in again, the potential O.C. Flying is probably out for your blood, in red, in your log book, and mind you taxi at a walking pace.

Escorted by vultures Sergeant Betts makes his approach, he will leave his wheels until the last minute. "I'm being posted to Ferry Command anyway." F/Lt. Looker cannot be seen, he was last noticed conferring under the port wing, probably he is with Slim, discussing "B" Flight's future policy in the light of present developments in the international situation.

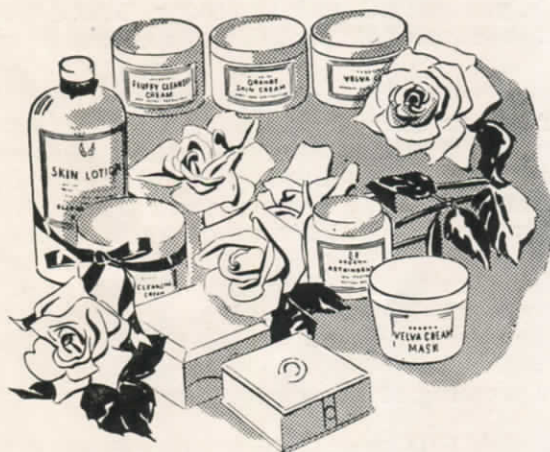
Anyhow there goes Sucksmith knocking on the wall, tea up, we guess, and time to knock off.

Sgt. Green

The Gift Every Woman Appreciates

*Elizabeth Arden*

Essentials for Loveliness



Lipstick - - - - - 1.60  
 Rouge - - - - - 1.50  
 Nail Polish - - - - - .95

Ardena Orange Skin Cream - - 1.25 to 5.00  
 Ardena Cleansing Cream - - 1.25 to 6.60  
 Ardena Skin Lotion - - - - 1.25 to 4.25  
 Ardena Velva Cream - - - - 1.25 to 6.60  
 Face Powder - - - - - 2.20 and 3.30  
 Blue Grass Flower Mist - - - - 1.50  
     With Atomizer - - - - - 2.15  
 Blue Grass Perfume - - - - - 1.50 and up  
 Blue Grass Dusting Powder - - - - 1.85  
 Sun-Pruf Cream - - - - - tube 1.25  
 Sun Tan Oil - - - - - 1.00 and 1.50  
 Elizabeth Arden Soap - - - - - .75  
 Complete Beauty Boxes - - - - 6.50 to 25.00



**TEASEL'S**  
 REXALL  
**DRUG STORE**  
 PHONE 172 PICTON

## Minor Variations On An Old Theme



**S**URVEYORS confer and say "This shall be our new Station. There will be the aerodrome, there the sheds, there the barracks and there the S.W.O.'s office." The fields are levelled, the hedges removed, and from nature's fair handiwork a mess is evolved.

After much frantic effort the Station, Little Bognasty, settles down, and with the shedding of the C.O.'s few remaining hairs (grey by now) the mud dries, grass grows, and 99 Group's latest becomes a thing of beauty, of cleanliness, and the joy of the Station Commander.

Then, when it looks at its best, in file the hordes of McAlpine. Equipped with dirty great shovels, they proceed to tear a furrow with mathematical accuracy across the camp. The good earth is shorn of its laboriously acquired grass and is thrown out to make more honest mud when mixed with the rains that inevitably follow the hordes. The gay immobile idols propped on shovels and the earthworks and ramparts are a necessary part of the new station; no one ever knows why they come, whence they came, or why they dig—they just happen and no august authority can say them nay. Like the poor—they are always with us. One day there is an open stretch of road, clean and neat, the next day McAlpine and his mob have cleaned up and dug for victory—or maybe just for the hell of it! Then they retire in good order leaving the shambles with but a guard, usually a decrepit ancient. That was England.

We moved to Canada, in fact to Picton, but there was the same layout. A few hangars buildings and huts sticking forlornly from what had obviously been a battlefield at an earlier date. Men came with weird un-English machines and levelled and scraped the debris to a more pleasing array. Roads were made—in the camp at least—earth was put down on the virgin rock and grass seed was scattered. Then came Winter, but on that let us draw a veil.

With Spring came the change—now for the first time in its history R.A.F. Picton assumed an eye-pleasing shape. The green grass hid many a fault, the more ambitious had dug and planted, and built flower beds and rockeries.

But, if Canada, it was still a camp. Men appeared armed with newer and more amazing juggernauts, and, of all things, began to plough a furrow across the landscape—even through the solid rock! Being a progressive race they are not content with mere plebeian digging—that quiet unassuming perfection of a buck Irish navy in action is too silent for them. They own a great snorting engine fitted with a scoop, strangely reminiscent of Disney's "Reluctant Dragon"; this does the work of ten such navvies with a noise increase of a hundredfold, and it needs only twelve men to operate it!

What is more they are not content with this fine example of lusty power; they also have a Dynamiter—a man of explosives. He digs holes deep in the solid rock to plant his foul blasting chemicals and rocks the camp with his heavy detonations, waking up S.H.Q. — yes even awakening Pay Accounts ! ! But the trench must go through. Maybe it is true, that our trench is to be the most important link in the Alaska Highway project.

—by H. G. Hewitt

# TURTLE-TATTLE

IT IS interesting to recall that a chance remark, overheard in a taxi, should have led me to the truth about them—you remember they were the topic of everyone's conversation for a week.

There were two or three u/t Obs. going down to town, with me, and as usual they were binding about their days successes.

"My second bomb hit something in the water at The Range today."

"Oh, I expect it was a log or some garbage from Picton sewers."

"No, it was a queer elongated shape, like a huge tortoise."

"I know, it was that German sub. that sank those ships in the St. Lawrence, did you force it to the surface?"

"Oh, wrap up . . . . ."

That was all I heard for the driver had pulled up outside the "Royal," and while I was hunting for that damned elusive dime, the u/t Obs. had drifted off in the direction of the I.O.D.E. So I went my way and thought no more of bombs and binding—for pleasant times fill peaceful minds—until I was getting into bed. "Almost like a huge tortoise," I wondered.

About six or eight months ago there had been some ugly tales about snapping turtles; the real truth never came out, for this district is a favorite summer resort and is noted for its sports, aquatic, I mean.

Well, only the day before I had heard that these snapping turtles had been seen again, out in the bay, and felt then that the truth should be known to allay all the demoralising gossip that would be the outcome of their re-appearance. I was on pass, and pay day, like all other good things, had long since passed so I decided to visit the Range on the morrow.

What I saw would make interesting reading for too many people, for on our doorstep is a vital war industry. So I am not at liberty to discuss many details.

I can, however, say that the snapping turtles are no myth though some of the tales should be taken with a glass of beer. Usually they are quite harmless, but rubber maddens them. Those who have gone swimming at night in these waters wearing rubber bathing caps can tell of many exciting experiences, and one girl who fell in fully dressed was never the same again. The turtles have also been known to come out on to the highway and eat the tires off a parked car; this was the first occasion on which both the boy and the girl walked home.

Stories of these snapping turtles and their associations with the Indians have been handed down from father to son for the past three generations, and have, like Superman, become a part of the folk lore of this land. Any regular at the "local" can amuse you for hours with these stories but no one seems to know for certain how, where or when, these turtles originated. One of the men at the turtle farm, however, put forward this theory, which I will repeat for it is worthy of the notice of the naturalist as well as the lay-man in these matters. They came, it is believed, from another land and were brought from across the Great Waters to work for the natives of this country. Their arrival had a profound effect upon the whole community and they were soon indispensable.

[Continued on Page 29]

# This "Going Home" Business

Being two small contributions to the topic of the month,  
one in a serious and one in a lighter mood.

## THE BLOKE THAT STAYED BEHIND

'Twas dinner time in Airmen's  
Mess,  
One lovely day in May,  
"Hast thou seen D.R.O.'s says  
Sam,"  
"It's application day today!"

"All right Sam," says Bill,  
sarcastic,  
"Why don't you get knotted?"  
"I want that blinkin boat says  
Sam,"  
"For fourteen months I've  
rotted."

You never would convince our  
Sam  
That chances were remote,  
To orderly Room he blithely  
went,  
For application for the boat.

That night to Picton town went  
Sam,  
A lass by chance espies,  
Says he, "that's very tasty chum,"  
"Fair hits you right between the  
eyes!"

It took our Sam till four in morn  
Squeezing "Yes" from Susie May,  
Then sadly in his wallet searched,  
And looked, to find he had no pay

Ten hours adrift, Sam grimly  
went,  
For to see his bankers,  
But all he got, from S/L.A.  
Was, no less than ten days jank-  
ers.

Now Sam's only hope was Ernie,  
The bloke what drives the trucks.  
"Ern," says he, "I'm in a jam,"  
"Could'st lend me fifty bucks?"

To Orderly Room next morn went  
Sam,  
"Sarge," says he, "Please don't  
bind."  
"About that there application,"  
"Well, I've changed my blinkin'  
mind."

"I want to alter 'No' to 'Yes,'  
"In no uncertain terms,"  
"It's blooming right what they  
say Sarge,"  
"It's early bird what catches  
worms."

Sarge looks at him with baleful  
stare,  
That look made Sam feel faint,  
"Sam," says Sarge, "You're a nit-  
wit,"  
"Not half you blinking well  
aint!"

In ten years time if you come  
back  
To Canada's fair shore,  
You'll find poor old Sam and Mrs.  
Sam,  
And little Alberts by the score.

"How's old country lad," he'll  
say,  
"Hast patched up all the ruins?"  
"It's 12 years come Thanksgiving  
Day,"  
"Since I swigged a good Mc.  
Ewans."

"I've always meant to go back  
home,"  
"Missus won't let me get,"  
"But am I ever going back?"  
"Some day—" "YOU BE - - ET ! ! "

## "1ST ECHELON"

Now fourteen long and weary months have passed,  
    Since first to those quiet Western shores we came,  
From distant lands of rations, bombs and blast,  
    To one which was to us but just a name.  
Many a man, though he may not confess,  
    Said to himself: "I shall be happy here,"  
For though we thought of home and friends no less,  
    Our heartfelt thanks were only too sincere.

Alas, our joy was soon by memories blurred,  
    And then from lonely heart and weary throat,  
From morn till night, 'twas all some ever heard,  
    "Roll on that boat, roll on that home bound boat"  
'Twas then we found experience will teach  
    That we are rarely happy with our lot,  
Until there comes disaster, family breach,  
    And realise the worth of all we'd got.

We feel 'tis no disloyalty to you  
    To say how much we long for friends and home  
That of us there would be but very few,  
    Wherever in this world we yet may roam,  
Who would not in our hearts admit that we  
    In Canada had lived a life of peace,  
Seen smiling hills and valleys once again,  
    And ways of living we had thought to cease.

But sometimes when the night is dark and bleak,  
    When sleep has banished all the thoughts of war,  
It seems we hear the air-raid sirens shriek,  
    We hear the bursting bombs, the Ack-Ack's roar.  
We know for home we never cease to care,  
    And by the side of loved ones there we stand;  
Vainly we wish that they could come and share  
    The peace and beauty of this pleasant land.

And so you'll hear us cry "Roll on the boat"  
    Rations, blackout, bombs, the strain and stress  
We'll gladly face, till sounds a peaceful note,  
    Once more to feel a loving hand caress  
The homesick brow, and ease the longing heart,  
    Let us return and come what may our fate,  
We'll share the joys and sorrows of our friends  
    Until the last "All Clear" for which they wait.

But not for boats alone we cry "Roll on";  
    Roll on the happy end the saner life,  
Roll on that sunlit day that soon must dawn  
    When we shall search and find no war, nor strife.  
Roll on the day when friends are all united,  
    Roll on the hour when shot and shell shall cease,  
And time heal all the wounds of lands war-blighted;  
    So side by side pass through the years of peace.

—by R. W. Brand

☆ Camera . . .



*Guardian Angel*

--Ward

# “Wings” Visits The Canteen



● A general view of the Lounge is shown at the bottom.

## ROLL OUT THE BARREL

● “Ernie” and “Paddy” hand out the beer. Their customers are McGlynn, Wilkinson and one other.



### DARTS AND SANDY

● Around the darts board are L.A.C.'s Longmore, Screen and Friend, also AC. Smith.  
Inset: Sandy serving at the dry canteen.



### AFTER DUTY

● S/Ldr. Corkill emphasises a point when talking to Cpl. Hood, P/O. Ruck looks on.  
The Bottles have only had milk in them! We are sorry we can't show you the S/Ldr. Admin. jump, as he did when the flash went off.

● This picture shows the bar, with "Ernie" Carter serving. Incidentally this is where you buy your copy of "Wings." Note the poster top left centre.  
Inset: Two airmen busy writing home.



PHOTOS BY G.C.W.



● Let's take a trip to Niagara,  
This time we'll look at the Falls,  
Let's rent a hutsie  
Go out on a bustie,  
Let's get away from it all.

PHOTOS BY P/O. EDWARDS  
AND CPL. WARD



## THIS TIME WE'LL LOOK AT

# The Falls

A TRIP that can easily be made on a forty-eight is to the one place every distinguished visitor to The United States or Canada is taken. Niagara Falls . . . and even tho' you may not claim distinction, they are well worth calling on while you're at Picton.

About getting there—we'll presume you'll use your thumb — the way lies via Toronto. Once in the City take a westbound Lakeshore street car at Sunnyside, and ask the conductor to whistle when you get to the four-lane highway (Queen Elizabeth Way). Most likely he'll forget —so remember to get out at the Humber. From there on the road is yours. The Falls are about 85 miles from the center of Toronto, so with good luck you should make them in three hours.

Once in Niagara there are plenty of tourist cabins (rates from 75c up), private homes (\$1.50 per night up), and the Hotel General Brock (unless you rank Squadron Leader, or above, it's way beyond your pocket). Most of your time will be spent looking at the Falls—after all, that is what you're going for. Or is it? Anyway, they're under armed guard right now, so if you plan taking any pictures be sure to ask permission first. You're lucky coming in from the Canadian side—it's the best view. But in order to get some notion of their size you must take a trip in the Maid of the Mist. Strictly speaking there are two Maids of the Mist — but either will do. When you look at the Horseshoe Falls remember that's seven feet solid depth of water pouring over.

While you're on this side of the border you might also take in the Oakes Gardens which are very beautiful—at the right time of year—and a trip under (we said under) the Horseshoe Falls by trolley. If history is your dish then you'll enjoy Niagara—it's rich in historical events. Full information may be had from the Tourist Bureau—but be sure to see the monument at Queenston Heights erected to General Brock, who defeated the American "Regulars" back in the war of 1812. The view from the top on a fine day is amazing.

If you have the necessary passport, and the other ten thousand documents, cross to the American side and visit the Cave of the Winds. But don't refuse to put on the oilskins. The man is only trying to prevent you getting very wet. If you like cereals then call on the Shredded Wheat Factory. They have guided tours . . . . .

Our Good Neighbors have been quick to recognize the commercial value of the Falls and you'll notice the American City of Niagara is far better than its Canadian counterpart. But Canada was first to cash in on the Falls. Only a hundred years ago a Canadian farmer owned all the land around the Falls—and charged people a quarter to cross his land to see them.

If you have the time—and your heart is good—you might also take a trip down to Crystal Beach on Lake Erie. It's a half-hour ride from Niagara and has something worth visiting in the way of Amusement Parks. Not only is there a super-duper Dance Floor, but also the fastest Roller Coaster in the world. The banking on the corners is vertical—and we guarantee you'll only try it once.

This then covers Niagara. We, ourselves, are in fact anxious to take the trip again—"this time we'll look at the Falls."

G.C.W.

# The Miniature Rifle Club

THE presentation of the "Da Costa" Cup by the donor, Major Da Costa, to "A" Flight, the winners of the Inter Flight Miniature Rifle Shooting Competition, took place at the Miniature Range on the evening of Tuesday, 19th May, 1942.

A large number of officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen were present. The Station Commander introduced Major Da Costa, outlined the formation of the Club and its various activities since its formation. Major Da Costa replied with an address outlining the history of the Silver Challenge Cup which he had donated.

Major Da Costa was an officer in the Royal Flying Corps during the last war, and saw active service on the Western Front. In 1917 he was sent to Canada to form No. 86. Flying Training Squadron R.F.C. near Deseronto, Ontario. The Cup was presented for Inter Squadron Athletic Competition and in August 1917 was won by No. 86, F.T.S. R.F.C. In the subsequent Athletic Competition in 1918, it was again won by No. 86 Squadron.

After the war this squadron was disbanded, and the personnel donated the cup to their Commanding Officer, Major Da Costa.

As No. 31, B. & G. School was the first R.A.F. school of its type to come to Canada, Major Da Costa offered the Cup to this Unit, and it was gratefully accepted. The existence of such a beautiful Challenge Cup for Miniature Rifle Shooting has done much to stimulate interest in this recreation.

The cup was presented to the Captain of "A" Flight team, F/Sgt. A. J. Lewis. Gold Medals were presented to the team members:

F/Sgt. Lewis (Capt.), F/Lt. D. Maw., LAC. Sharp, LAC. Slack, LAC. Guirron, and LAC. Greenaway.

The runners up, "B" Flight, received Bronze Medals:

Cpl. Goody (Capt.), LAC. Ferns, LAC. Screen, LAC. Bradbury, LAC. Warwick, and LAC. Strudwick.

The following Dominion Marksman prizes have been awarded.

## Bronze Pins

L.A.C. Pennell, A. J.  
L.A.C. Kerr, J. W.  
L.A.C. Wheatcroft, A. J.  
L.A.C. Langlands, H.  
L.A.C. Denny, L. F.  
L.A.C. Sinclair, J. M.  
L.A.C. Tanswell, A.

L.A.C. Aldridge, J. W.  
F/Sgt. Bruty, F. A.  
L.A.C. Turner, A. J.  
L.A.C. Wallace, B.  
L.A.C. Smith, P.  
Cpl. Ball, L. W.  
Cpl. Shropshall, W.

Cpl. Austin, R. W.  
L.A.C. Sanders, A. J.  
L.A.C. Burgess, P. S.  
L.A.C. Crook, B. J.  
L.A.C. Francis, J. E.  
L.A.C. Page, J. E.  
L.A.C. Lowery, D.

## Silver Pins

F/Sgt. Bruty, F. A.  
L.A.C. Langlands, H.  
L.A.C. Whatcroft, A.  
L.A.C. Kerr, J. W.

L.A.C. Strudwick, E.  
L.A.C. Fulton, J. L.  
Sgt. Henard, G.  
Cpl. Austin, R. W.

L.A.C. Sanders, A. L.  
L.A.C. Pennell, A. J.  
Sgt. Giles, F. C.  
L.A.C. Sinclair, J. M.

## Gold Pins

L.A.C. Strudwick, E.  
L.A.C. Stenning, J.

L.A.C. Smith, G.S.  
Cpl. Lindgren, F.

Cpl. Austin, R. W.  
L.A.C. Fulton, J. L.

## Expert Shield

L.A.C. Smith, G. S. Scoring 5916 x 6000.  
Cpl. C. E. Dudley 5915 x 6000  
Sgt. B. Knight 5815 x 6000

# The Station Library

THE STATION LIBRARY has now arrived at the old Link Trainer hut, and is under the care of L.A.C. Andrews, who is always willing to help you in your choice, a difficult undertaking, for it has been said that it is easier to choose a man's wife, than his book, anyway Ron Andrews is there at your own risk.

A fine selection of books is available covering all fields of taste.

Suggestions are wanted for new books, if you have any ideas let the Librarian know. We also have in mind the idea of getting the "Book of the Month" as soon as it is published each month, so we can keep the library up to date, so don't forget, let us have your suggestions as early as possible.

It has been suggested to us that there may be quite a lot of chaps who belong to book clubs, and have books sent to them from time to time, and that after they have read them, are at a loss what to do with them, why not give them to the station library, then everybody would get a chance to read them, it would be better than having to carry them around with you when you are posted.

We intend to give you a monthly review of new books that come into the library to help you to select your reading material so watch for it. One last word, we of the Library Committee ask you to co-operate with us by returning your book to the library as soon as you have read it, and not pass it on to somebody else, remember the library is the medium of exchange, and if the other fellow wants to read it let him come and get it from the library, we would rather have the book than the fine.

So cheerio for now, good hunting and good reading.

## V

### TURTLE TATTLE [Continued From Page 20]

They worked hard and long and were given indifferent food. Some carried the chiefs around, others pulled and pushed crates about aimlessly, as was the custom, from dawn to dusk; in fact they did everything. There were even the more fortunate who were let out for the pleasure of the local inhabitants. With the passing years, however, they changed much, long hours bent their backs, and their hides became hardened to the gibes and curses of their masters, continuous walking wore down their legs, till they were on their knees; toil through the long night hours so darkened their outlook on life that they became browned off and useless for work on land. They were driven to the waters, there to breed like rabbits.

Man soon learnt that turtle made an excellent dish, turtle tail soup is the last thing in delicacies, and it is said that the shells were used as domestic utensils. Today in a world at war man has found new and greater uses for the turtles. Down at the turtle farm on the Range they are reared by the hundreds as a source of valuable raw material, for from their shells are made the frames for sun glasses, that enable the airman to turn his face up to the sun and peacefully sleep.

That is all I can say about the snapping turtles, but it is sufficient, for here I have written the facts, and if in the years to come you repeat these stories over a glass of good English ale, and your friends doubt you, remember the truth is even stranger than Picton.

—by C. E. Morgan

# Roundabout

Being a Space Devoted to the Goings on in Camp

## OFFICERS' MESS

WE welcome S/Ldr. Corkill, F/Lt. Newall, Capt. Bennett and P/O's Robinson and Scott, who joined us last month. We are sorry to say goodbye to S/Ldr. Avent, and F/O's Wodehouse, Sargeant, Watters, Senior, Thomas, Lingenfelter, Blasingame, Nolf, Fallon and Curtis. We shall miss our American friends and especially hearing the Civil War being fought over again by Bob, Tommy et Al.

Heartiest Congratulations to F/O. Bill Dunn (lucky dog!) on his marriage, the first one this season from the Mess. Come on, you bashful bachelors and get cracking, this is supposed to be the land of opportunity. Incidentally Bill will now be able to check up with Freddie Craft on that story about the blind.

The Marathon Snooker Tourament was finally completed and the winners were none other than Jumbo Swyers and Hurricane Hicks — admirers of Jumbo's prowess on the soccer field, please note! It is even rumored that he indulges in other sports — in season.

Incidentally if our new Adjutant doesn't supply this column with as much material as his predecessor, we'll be seriously considering going out of business.

We hear Frank Stringer is going to New York again—always a glutton for punishment; we understand he has arranged for an ambulance to meet him at Belleville Station on his return.

Frankie Hartnell is looking fit these days. Is it the bike or his newly acquired domesticity? We hear the liquor sales are not so high in the Mess these days. Is this a coincidence?

We have been somewhat puzzled by the continued use of such mysterious expressions as "Beam Ends" and "Stealth." We should simply hate to imagine what "stealth" is, or what "Beam Ends" is for, but we warrant there's a connection somewhere. Perhaps Johnny Edwards might be able to help us out there, (but don't be too sure!)

## BOUQUETS

### We Take Off Our Hats to:

G/C. Cox; for representing the station teams at both cricket and soccer.

Padre Wright for successfully coming through his operation, in spite of being put in the Maternity Ward.

Frank Senior; for successfully retaining his pants in the face of strong opposition.

Bill Dunn; for still having time to put in an appearance in the Mess in spite of considerable attractions elsewhere.

S/Ldr. Anderson for losing no time in discovering Outlet Beach, and its various attractions.

## SERGEANTS' MESS

Well — I don't know, mind . . . (as our mutual friend Grunbaum would say), but it appears to me that there have been some very strange cavortings and mental contortions in the Mess.

To start the month, 1st Echelon N.C.O.'s have expressed the desire to either return to the Old Country, or to stay here for three years with the prospect of their wives joining them. . . . You can imagine what heart-searchings took place before decisions were reached . . . some N.C.O.'s not being sure whether they are married or not, or if they are where their wives are. . . . It is debatable whether the final decisions reached were the results of thought or instinct.

In fact, so serious did this mental state become that now only officially living out members, live out. . . .

The sergeant-pilots, the lads who supply the comedy for the Mess, have been letting us down lately, no split-arch turns over the drome, no low-flying no nothing . . . can it be that the prospect of wearing a different kind of uniform and \$2 a day flying pay instead of \$1, has had some sobering effect ? ? ? Of course we had the case of a famous, (or notorious) artist who after forming on a Flight Commander gaye the Victory salute. . . (or was it) and Prendergast D'Arcy got really hot and had his engine catch fire.

It is with a catch in my throat that I bid a fond farewell to some of our intrepid friends, the inimitable Pussy, of Merry widow fame, the taciturn Arthur, the Lancashire hot-pot, Gemini or the Heavenly twins, and Percy Bysshe that big blonde Teuton. However, our loss is Charlottetown's gain. . . . (or is it?)

To counteract these losses, we have had several new faces appearing, one Sgt. Hards, who appears capable of anything from singing at the dances to running a hot-dog stand in the Mess . . . Maybe he is only Hard by name. . . . We also have some New Zealanders with us, and we extend to them our open hand or palm . . . one is so retiring that he has to be told to draw his pay . . .

This is all for now, folks, except to congratulate the team on their excellent showing so far, in the league . . . although one person seems to be able to get himself injured every time . . . fools rush in, where angels, etc., etc. So with an appeal to the Mess members to bring their dirty linen to me to peruse prior to the washing of it, adieu.

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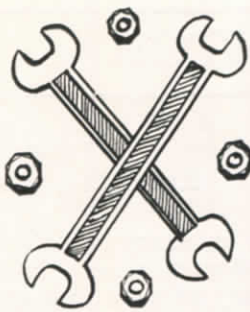
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## SERVICING SQUADRON

The can carrying Flight is here once more in spite of all the efforts by u/t Observers to exterminate us with machine gun bullets.

Painful Panton has returned to the fold after his convalescence on inventory checking; the fires of jealousy are now burning out. Sharp as the recently scalped Hogan looks, the airman who swiped two of his tunic buttons whilst the tunic was still being worn was even sharper.

The Senior of our N.C.O.'s are wearing permanent "Cheshire Cat" grins; perhaps the reason is because they now have a clear field down town after the Cinderella hour.

Our burning question of the month is, "Where were the Screw-jacks when needed for changing Lysander wheels?"

Oh! You old jalope.

## PICTON PEELERS

Well here we are again, not in our official capacity, and we hope not binding, but passing on the "gen" which has come to light during the merry month of May.

We are sorry to report that the present rationing restrictions have hit Picton pretty hard, but personally are not dismayed, we never did like chocolate especially in "Large Lumps" anyway. The substitute for this scarce commodity is indeed distasteful to some.

One of our numbers having completed his trade test was waiting to soar into the dizzy heights and unfortunately had sore repercussions. He finished up not in the more acknowledged position but on his back, he says it was lumbago, but connecting his result on his T.T. with his affliction, we wonder, what actually caused his ache.

**Crash!**

Policeman walks into the Orderly room requesting that his application to go back be altered. Seems that in the very near future a son of slough and a daughter of Demorestville will be united after all. He is now saying with tears in his eyes, "So long the boat."

## CENTRALIS REGISTRALIS EST:

Writing for this issue of flaming June — where's my greatcoat? —we find that our big numbered Scotsman failed in the Bobbing Stakes. Too bad, Jock. Our Channel Islander had a horrible fright last week. While supporting the Corporals' Bar (define support?) he and his fellow soak almost had to pay for a beer. They swore that the darts were crooked. The corpulent LAC. has settled down now, quite used, he tells us, to answering the strident call of a faraway Crown. Rumor has it that our Learned Research Corporal is missing the boat to look for hidden Redskin bones and what-have-you. Shades of Wellington! What will Sheila say?

Isn't it amazing the foreign mail some clerks receive. Obviously no Jonah in New York. Well, time drags along and so whilst listening to the lamentations of a Store Basher about some boat (don't ask me which one) we leave you—still the overworked, overcrowded C.R.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To: The Editor,  
Wings Magazine

April 12th, 1942

Dear Sir,

I have entertained several of your R.A.F. boys on many occasions and have always found them to be true British Gentlemen, at all times and most appreciative of that Home atmosphere we try so hard to make them feel, during their sojourn in Canada. I am an old Country mother myself and take a keen interest in all their activities, and therefore quite an enthusiastic reader of your Magazine "Wings," which I receive regularly.

On the last occasion of a visit from two of your boys, they suggested that they turn the tables for once, and wait on me by making breakfast and serving it, instead of the other way round — I may mention it was beautifully cooked and well served, and I thought that this rather thoughtful and kindly gesture was perhaps worthy of a humble little mention.

I have purposely omitted names to save embarrassment and the usual "razzing," as the parties involved will immediately recognize to whom I am alluding, and so set the others guessing.

Wishing your Magazine continued success,

Yours affectionately,

"An Old Country Mother."

### Atlantic Charter

THE PRESIDENT of the United States and the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, representing His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom, being met together, deem it right and make known certain common principles in the national policies of their respective countries on which they base their hopes for a better future for the world.

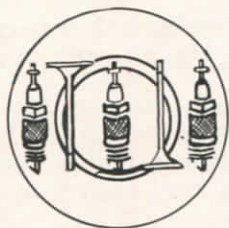
Clause 6:

"After the final destruction of Nazi tyranny, they hope to see established a peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries, and which will afford assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want."

### The Pirton Gazette

"Printers of 'Wings' Magazine"

## M. T. SECTION



It is suggested by two well known Transport personnel that the highway from camp to Milford be graded. We were wondering if it be for a quick get-away or as "B" flight pilots were heard to say, "It be a bit Bumpy lad." Which?

Our dear friends who so graciously wrote those anonymous letters some time ago were accidentally found out and a suitable reply given.

Quote: "His sharp words left silences—stony spots where no further words could grow!"

Heard of the C.O.'s driver. "Can best be described as having a beautiful profile all the way down her face looking like a window that had caught the sunset."

An apt expression was heard from a "Readingite" on a trip to Belleville.

Quote: "The locomotive flashing past was working rapidly with its elbows."

Transport talk is very affable and of a high standard, but what else could be expected from such denisons of the highway especially when "Sisco" remarks that, "Croquette is but hash that has come to a head."

And—our demolition boy's words (Horton) — Often its easier to do a good job than to explain why you didn't . . . Some people are good losers and others can't act . . . The secret of polite conversation is never to open your mouth unless you have nothing to say. Often we have been obliged to listen to that "man" of all trades boasting of his homeland, but personally we think in his generation the dominant religion is confusionism.

### Dedicated to Britain's oldest Colony Boy.

The famous war cry from London lads has been changed from Get off my Barrow to The Donkey's been all over the Strawberrys. We wonder why?

## AIRMEN'S MESS

This is the first bulletin issued by the Galley. Anything relating to anybody dead or unconscious is purely incidental.

First, a pat on the back for our soccer team, the best on the Station, and likely to remain as such—much to the consternation of Cpl. Hood.

Cpl. "Red" Lambourne has finally achieved his most cherished ambition—it's marvellous what moustaches will grow on.

Our glamour boy is now definitely Cpl. "Sandy" Sims, who if his legs were green might pass as a daffodil.

When "Paddy" Henry was born, the first comment his disillusioned Pa made was "I'd hoped it would be a boy."

Mme Mole wrote to a lush piece in New York. 'Tis rumoured that he received an inky raspberry in answer.

### Splash—

The Messing Committee has decided to add kippers to the menu as a welcome change !!

## "C" FLIGHT

We say farewell and good luck to Sgts. Andrews and Brame on posting; also "hard luck" Buck Rogers and Snub, that you aren't here with us to use the Lizzies.

Mac's Lunch isn't such a profit-making venture after all — as shown by the bi-monthly auditing of accounts. Possibly the "10c Special" accounts for this, but wait until our tomato plants bear fruit! They were donated to our esteemed F/Sgt. by a well-known lady citizen.

Our own Bill mis-timed his leave, we all think. All he did for a whole week was to wait and twiddle his thumbs. Manley of him wasn't it? Operations begin on the garden once more as soon as the weather permits.

As a final gesture we take off our hats to all the local residents who have apologized for the rain and cold we have had lately.

### "C" FLIGHT'S ODE TO A "LIZZIE"

There is terror on the tarmac,  
And panic in the town,  
Now Leveroni's struck with awe,  
For Jumbo's coming down.

The kites out on the aerodrome,  
Scatter in wild dismay,  
They take the air and fly for life,  
For Allen's on his way.

The ambulance is starting up,  
The tender revs its din,  
The M.O. packs his instruments,  
For Bennett's coming in.

The drogue ops stand and gaze in awe,  
Old Chalkie gives a shout,  
Carruthers groans and hides his eyes,  
For Worley's flattened out.

The fitters yelp, the riggers gasp,  
The C.F.I. turns pale,  
The C.O.'s tearing out his hair,  
For Cagie's dropped his tail.

Turner makes a powered approach,  
With wings that saw the air,  
Both Maintenance and Servicing,  
Are ready for repair.

And last comes old Sgt. Gover,  
With sweat and fume and fear,  
He makes the grade, and proudly,  
Struts off to Mess for beer.

## "D" FLIGHT

Once again the main feature of our contribution is the fish pond. Having proved watertight, it was decided to experiment with some sort of underwater vegetation. So one morning, with fifty cents misappropriated from the tea swindle profits, two of our intrepid airmen set out by car to scour the countryside. The results of this adventure are now flourishing in the pond. The first inhabitant was a frog, who despite D Flight's hospitality, left hurriedly and was later found enjoying the comparative safety of the pilot's seat in a "Battle." Two days later the Flight Commander astonished us by arriving with a bucketful of fish of doubtful origin. Scattered reports of thefts from the Glenora Fish Hatchery have drifted into camp.

The cookhouse cats have not yet shown up, the fish are still alive and kicking. Rumor has it that Lamberty has been spotted painting an advertisement "Fish Sandwiches — 5c."

We should like to point out to one of our Anson Pilots that the evening of May 24th is the time usually set aside for fireworks displays.

It is with regret that we say goodbye to F/O's Sargeant, Wodehouse, Thomas, Craft, Fallon, and also Sgts. Hyde, Scarr, and Underwood. We wish them luck in their new duties. We offer a hearty welcome to Sgt. Knapman of New Zealand and Sgt. Hale. The "N.Z." shoulder badges are said to carry a lot of weight with the local "talent."

Flash! LAC. Baret, born to the wife of, a son! Congratulations extended.



## ACCOUNTS SECTION

April and May having traded places on the calendar, here we are finally straightened (or is it laid?) out with June, moon, tune, and all that. Our department was conspicuous by its absence last month. Seems our little contribution to this journal was doomed never to see the light of printers' ink. Perhaps it's just as well. Anyhoo, here's our News from the Nest of the Golden Eagle.

### So-longs:

Birds that have flown: Bill Drake and Charlie McCarthy have migrated to England-home-and-booty. Don't say it! Dennis Hodgkiss, our ex-camel-keeper, has left the Nest on two counts. First there was Point Traverse—but that's a long story—and now there's the Ranges. All we hope is that they don't keep any guns down there.

### Hello-Theres:

Recently hatched: Charlie Henderson, Jack Hayhurst and Bert Uttley coming fresh from the green shores of Blighty. Correction there—Charlie's from Bonnie Scotland. From Toronto we have Art Blahout—but don't hold that against Toronto. Next in the line-up is Innes Caie who hails from Brantford—which has never been the same since. And lastest but not leastest we have Jack McPhee from Fernie, B.C.—and we mean British Columbia. Welcome fellas, we're glad to know you and glad to have you.

Last month saw the coming—and the somewhat rapid going—of the Foo-foo Birds. We know! Then of course there is Coburg—but that is surrounded in mystery. All this and our Fire too. Apart from that there is little or no news. So after all this hamming and hawing we'll bid our usual reluctant adieux, hoping to be around agin next month to tell what's cookin' up in these here parts.

## STORES

With the twenty-five yard range to the left of us, Works and Bricks in one of their more abandoned moods to the right of us and a couple of maintained Merlins doing their stuff to the front of us, this place gets more like a madhouse in the blitz every day. And, believe it or not, Winter has come to stay. No, not that sort of Winter; this one has three stripes on his arm, upon the third of which we congratulate him.

We record with tears in our eyes the passing of 26JJ/36DD/Uvadt Verney (to Maintenance). From time to time we see him wandering forlornly among the skeletons of derelict Battles crooning "Time Was" in a low voice.

Talking of theme songs—LAC. Womersley has adopted "No More Money in The Bank," while F/Sgt. Newton, perusing E.42s, has been heard to mutter (vide Tennyson — or A.P. 830?) "Would that I could utter the thoughts that arise in me!" S/Ldr. Phipps, listening daily to Works and Buildings' symphonic arrangement of Johannes Ware's "Melody for Two Hammers," might well adopt the popular jive, "I Hear You Knocking." And finally, in faint, wailful harmony, comes the cound of the "Washday Blues" from the Barrack Stores.

Scandal is scarce and space is precious (also time marches on — but perhaps you knew that) so we must take our adieux for the time being and retire, like the proverbial oyster, with our pearls of wisdom.

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## DROGUE FLIGHT

The "Rogues" make their debut with a collection of odds and ends intended (question mark) to be amusing and interesting to all on the Station. Before getting down to business a few introductions on the different "rag-draggers," or operators as they are more generally known.

First we have "Ace" Thomas, "Taff" to everyone on the camp but "Whip Man" to the operators (we have other names depending on the occasion and place, they would be definitely out of place here). Next we come to the sleeping partner of the firm "The Angel of Picton" as christened by the S/Ldr. Admin. Congratulations to our newly wed operator, who is now entering his second month of wedded bliss, may he continue his Raf trade, so long as his wife demands—at home. Congratulations also to our other "very much engaged" operator — getting "nursed" into matrimony eh; They say "Brooks" run smoothly but I know of a fast "Winn-er" in Picton.

We regret the loss of four of our Tow Pilots—Skeets and another to the "attackers" and Andy and Pete on a G.R. course—the very best of luck to them all.

**Classified Column** for special rates phone Jumbo 2-6, ask for "Lizzie".

For Sale—Perambulator, owner decided that it won't be necessary until the war is over. Apply "Stony Broke."

For Sale—Good Tea Swindle: monthly turnover of three hot dogs and two sandwiches. Apply Bennett and White, Shareholders at large.

Wanted—Good serviceable Battle, anyone finding same in the vicinity kindly notify the Flight Commander.

Lost—A really good left full back, answers to the name of "Sammy"; last seen heading a ball on the Station pitch.

N.B.—We are still open to any basketball challengers (Gally-boys preferred—what say you Smithy).

## FIRE HALL

This is our first flip into the realms of journalism (pause) . . . . excuse a moment while we climb out of bed to investigate the cause of the alarm . . . . everything is all right it is only Philips practising his high notes for the forthcoming concert.

Three of our erstwhile colleagues have returned after a short vacation. One has his Hart in the job, one has a Sinkin feeling and was loath to return as business was pressing, and the last has acquired the "gen" on aquariums. It's a pity that he wasn't present to see it Stocked. Our football critic is Marshalling his thoughts for a battle of wits with his opponent in this sphere. Let's hope he can Stave him off. Our Corporal experienced his first flip last week. What was it he said when he came to earth?

Several Picton young ladies are wondering why the fire-fighters are no longer to be seen down town after the mid-night hour. However the Passing of time will tell.

By the looks of things we shall all be coal miners when the war is over, we certainly know enough about the job.

**Slash!**

Who was the airman who suddenly found himself on his back in Main Street, what happened, did the ballast slip?

Our young veteran is still making trips over the border and we believe he is doing some good shooting over there.

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## STATION SICK QUARTERS

We have just had two distinguished visitors with us, the Station Chaplain and the Senior Accountant Officer. A very pious atmosphere prevails and there are rumours that the staff may get 'A' grouping now.

Our nursing orderly u/t observer, has been up to his ears in higher maths. We advise him to sell his next tennis racket, and not raffle it, as eight quarters do not make four dollars!

No longer will the call of "Next two please" echo down our corridor, we wish 'Doc' Bower 'all the best' for his posting to the U.K.

There is now a vacancy for a chiropodist on the staff; a few feet need 'finishing off.' Anyone able to use a pocket knife, nail file, and tooth pick, should apply.

We did not know there was a black out in effect until one member of the staff tried to lower a flag that wasn't there! He was one of the 'Boys from Syracuse,' if he goes to the States much more he will become a "Yank in the R.A.F."

Although we only have one Canadian player, our soft-ball team is doing quite well, the others work so hard they have no surplus energy.

'Lofty' Edwards caught a cold in those shorts, and had to have a rest in bed after playing such strenuous games.

The forms for the return of the first echelon were filled in with much joy by some, others pondered over the thought of little girls, in Montreal and Picton, weeping over the loss of their nice English boy friends.

## "B" FLIGHT

This month we have welcomed the return to the flight of P/O. Stringer, one of the old timers of this station. This time we all hope he will remain with us. In addition two N.C.O.'s have joined us, both from 'C' Flight. We guess they have come to assist, or should we say organize, our floral efforts, possibly on the lines of those of Towing section. Anyhow both are noted, one for his flying, and incidently for his after duty efforts amongst the ladies of the village, the other for his prowess with the willow, and it ain't baseball either.

Congratulations to F/O. Dunn, not only on his promotion, but on his launch into matrimony, we wish him all the best. F/O. Nolf has gone, not only from the flight, but from the R.A.F., we wish him all the best of good luck in the United States Army Air Corps.

The ranks of the Hangar Staff have also been greatly reduced, Jock Irvine, now a Sergeant, has gone, never no more to roll out onto the tarmac to keep 'B' Flight flying. Those strange flights X, Y and Z, will no doubt benefit by the keenness and zeal of our boys.

However, we still notice that odd and very aloof figure, gliding across the hangar, climbing into this cockpit, and then that, but particularly into that of G.I., the grand-pappy of them all. This chappie cannot be mistaken, the cap (R.A.F.), Franco fashion, and you have got him. Possibly one of his forbears kept wicket for England, but we really don't know.

The other day, Sunday, to be precise, our N.C.O. pilots turned up at the hangar like dandies. Church was not their destination—a Commission Board was to sit and pass judgment upon our worthy drivers. We are proud to relate several representatives from this flight achieved success.

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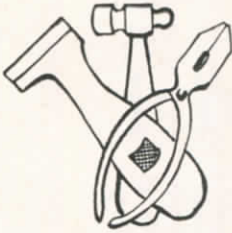
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## WORKSHOPS



After a long and possibly notable absence of comment from this section we arise from oblivion to render this contribution.

Our "big White"—or should we say "Little . . . . . perhaps we'd better not—was absent the other week. However comparative peace reigns once more.

Which two members of our staff are continually on their knees? Perhaps this is due to living out. May all their troubles be little ones!

What has happened to the Yacht Club this year? The skimmers which adorned Five Hangar all last Winter have now returned to Workshops, only to come to another halt. Have the electricians and others, who made such a dash last year, lost all interest?

It is said that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Maintenance—beware. Your darts team lives in a house made of very thin glass, or have we shattered all the panes and hopes?

## MATCHLESS ERIC

Full many a time we hear him chime,  
(Although their cost is not a dime),  
Perhaps he'll get fed up in time,  
"Geese alight."

If on his knees, he'd not say 'please,'  
That proffered match he'd quickly seize,  
And let all others stand and freeze,  
"Geese alight."

His daily mail comes without fail,  
On '48's we see him sail.  
From Montreal there comes his wail,  
"Geese alight."

On that last day we'll hear him pray,  
That Yorkshire voice will croak and say,  
"I'll have a smoke, I think I may,"  
"Geese alight."

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- 26-27—"SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS"
- 29-30—"MY GAL SAL"
- July 1-2—"THE MALE ANIMAL"
- 3-4—"THE BUGLE CALLS"
- 6-7—"BLONDIE GOES  
TO COLLEGE"
- 8-9—"THE GOLD RUSH"
- 10-11—"RIO-RITA"



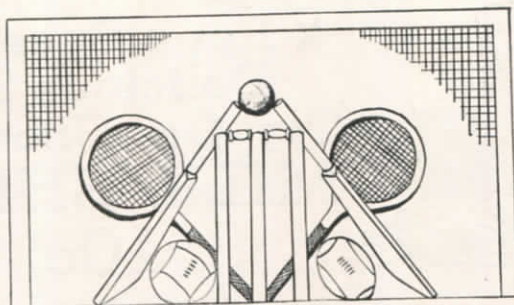
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# Sports



# Section

## CRICKET

During the close season two practice nets were erected in the Ice Rink, opposite S.H.Q. . . . and a cricket pitch of our own laid out where we hope to entertain visiting teams this season. With regard to the practice nets, it should be noted that Net No. 1 (that is the one farthest away from S.H.Q.) is reserved on two nights of each week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, between the hours of 6 p.m. and 8 p.m., for station team practice. Apart from this one reservation, the nets are open at all times for the use of all personnel on the Station.

It is hoped to organize Cricket matches between the various sections in the Station, and to form a league, as has been done with regard to Inter-section soccer. Nothing definite has been decided about this project as yet, but you may expect that something will be done before many moons have passed, and for the present, all we can advise, is that the cricket followers in each section get in as much net practice as possible.

With regard to Station team matches, we have what appears to be a very tough program before us. Matches have been arranged with Peterboro (four matches), Kingston (two matches), Oshawa (two matches), A.F.H.K. Ottawa, Mountain View, and with the following teams who are members of the Toronto Senior League . . . Grace Church (two matches), Toronto Kentish (two matches), and Toronto C.C. Also we have received a very interesting letter from the Secretary of the Eglinton Club of Toronto, in which he suggests that a match might be arranged between the Station team and an All-Ontario team, at the Armour Heights ground in Toronto. However we shall probably have more definite news about this suggested game by the time the next issue of "Wings" is printed . . . but I believe the fixture list, as it stands at present, is sufficiently interesting to encourage all the cricket enthusiasts on the station, to make every effort to gain a place on the Station team.

One last thing we should like to state . . . this is, that the selection committee for the Station Team, consisting of F/O Mills, Sgt. Pollard, LAC Grundy, LAC Haldenby, and LAC. Davies, will be taking a very keen interest in all the net-practice that takes place, and they will see that every man who appears to show promise, will get every opportunity of practising with the Station team "probables," and of playing for the Station team if he proves worthy of his place. So, all you people of the Second and Third echelons, who were not with us during the 1941 season, now is the time to step forward and demonstrate that you are potential Hammonds or Larwoods . . . we shall be delighted if you can bowl our present star batsman six times in one over, or hit our opening bowlers for innumerable boundaries, for we shall know that the Station has gained new stars, to carry on where the old ones of last year left off.



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## SOCCKER

The Inter-Section Soccer League has got well under way on the Camp.

Our first duty in this column is to convey our sympathy to our injured comrades, and so to LAC. McBean, Headquarters "B," AC. Aitchison, Messes, and A/C. Hilditch, "C" Flight, we wish them a speedy recovery and may they soon take the field again to strengthen their respective teams.

Congratulations to AC. Walker, Messes Centre forward. His goal-scoring abilities have placed him at the top of the list with a total of 13 goals in six matches. His feat of hitting the "bull's-eye" seven times in the match against the Officers should win for him a bronze medal or set of spoons. It is the highest individual score recorded in any match in the league this season.

AC. Hill, Headquarters "B" centre forward, is a close second, with ten goals for five matches.

Easily the best game, seen so far, was that in which the Messes defeated "A" Flight by two goals. The result just about represents the balance of the play in favour of the Cooks. The amount of stamina shown by both teams prompted a Canadian seeing his first game to remark: "It's a doggone shame to waste all that energy with a war on."

Noticed the improvement in the Officers team lately? Not all of the credit is due to their latest acquisition at outside right. The team as a whole is settling down, and may surprise some of the fancied ones before the season is over.

"B" Flight, Officers' companions in distress, down the cellar, are quite good individually, but until they learn team-work, they cannot hope to improve their position.

It is unfortunate that G.I.S. are compelled to change their team so often. They certainly give the lie to the saying: "Never change a winning team." They have managed to come out on top in five of their six matches played, only dropping one point for a drawn game with the Sergeants.

The "Derby" game between Headquarters "A" and "B" teams was a ding-dong struggle during the first half, with the score standing at two goals to one in favour of "A." In the second half, the "B's" were not so busy, if we except the goalie, Cpl. Bert Hinds, who had the mortification of picking the ball out of the net on five occasions. The match frizzled out, from the spectators point of view, in the latter stage, and the final score of 7-1 in favour of "A" was the heaviest defeat inflicted on "B" this season. The members of "A" need not worry that their "mail" may be held up in consequence.

The Station team was engaged on four occasions during the month of May.

We visited Kingston on Saturday the 9th and defeated the Collins Bay Station team 2-0. This was the first time we had managed to defeat the Kingston team in five attempts. It was a very creditable performance, and gives weight to the argument: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." And now that we have succeeded, in future our theme song will be: "We have done it before, and we can do it again."

We again visited Kingston, to engage Collins Bay, on Saturday the 23rd and, after one of the best games ever, the result was all square at one goal apiece. Our team played magnificent football, at times making the opposition look like novices. Only the goal-keeper stood between them and heavy defeat. He was in top-form and saved shot after shot at all speeds and from all angles.

It would not be fair to single out any individual player as having been better than his team-mates. If I mention Sgt. "Mickey" Miller it is because of the many spectacular long shots he fired at goal. He certainly made the crowd gasp, and one could hear the chorus of "Oh's," from the moment the ball left his toe.

Again, misfortune was with us in the matter of injury. We were compelled to leave LAC' "Ginger" McLauchlan behind us in Kingston General Hospital with an injury to his ribs. Happily, he is out again and weaving to have another kick at the big ba'.

The station also got off to a very good start in the Quinte League by defeating Trenton 9-2 at Trenton on Tuesday, May 19th. AC. Jack Leitch at centre forward scored five of the nine goals, a very good performance indeed, since it was his first match for the station. Trenton took the lead early on and their bustling type of play had our team upset for most of the first period, but we managed to finish the period in the lead, 3-2. In the second half, our team settled down and completely ran Trenton to a stand-still, piling on a further seven goals without reply.

On Thursday, May 21st, we visited Mountain View, again in the Quinte League, and, with six changes from the line which had defeated Trenton, proved too good for the Mountain View team, coming out winners of a good game by the score of 3—0.

With the abundance of talent we have on this station, I fail to see any obstacle to our winning the Quinte League. There are but three teams entered in the soccer section, Trenton, Mountain View, and ourselves, and our opponents are handicapped in that, most of their personnel being R.C.A.F. and unfamiliar with the game, they have a limited number of players from whom to choose.

The "lend-lease" methods of the teams rich in players to the poorer teams is to be commended. It all goes to levelling the standard of play, and so making the games more competitive. Already some of the "loans" have given their new teams a new "lease" of life. Don't let us hear this remark from the lenders if some of the "leases" defeat them: "Ah! You beat us with half of our team on your side!"

It is not true that the M.O. has applied for an interpreter who can speak and understand "braid Scotch" so that he (the M.O.) can ascertain where the players are injured.

Who said the Scots can't take it?

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

### Table Up to and Including 8th June

TEAMS	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals		Points
					For	Against	
MESSES .....	6	6	0	0	24	5	12
G. I. S. ....	6	5	0	1	20	6	11
SERGEANTS .....	6	4	1	1	20	3	9
HEADQUARTERS "A" .....	5	4	1	0	21	4	8
MAINTENANCE .....	7	3	2	2	16	14	8
HEADQUARTERS "B" .....	5	2	2	1	13	15	5
"D" FLIGHT .....	7	1	5	1	15	18	3
"C" FLIGHT .....	5	1	3	1	8	14	3
"B" FLIGHT .....	7	1	5	1	9	31	3
"A" FLIGHT .....	6	1	5	0	7	14	2
OFFICERS .....	5	0	5	0	3	37	0

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