



WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R.A.F. PICTON



Vol. 2, No. 2 - July 1942

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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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Editorial

JULY is the National month for this continent, July 1st being Dominion Day and July 4th Independence Day. Of Canada and the States potential ability, and latent power there is no doubt, but time is valuable, it would be a tragedy to see the English speaking nations hung from their own red tape, and kicking away the support beneath them by petty animosities and personal strifes.

A letter from a friend at home contained a report of a squabble between two neighboring towns whereby the one faction wanted to class the others as outsiders, when they sought employment in the local mill. If a small town can so behave like a small child, it is not surprising that nations fight, yet people still say problems can be settled by common sense. It would seem that common sense is lost with the whirlwind when a heated argument arises, and personal problems and feeling enter the picture.

Last month the first echelon put in its applications for return to England, home, and beauty, and the air was rocking with "rolling boats," the boat will probably oblige in Mid-Atlantic, but there is little point in unsettling oneself and getting that "end of term" feeling just on the prospect of a none too definite date; better to settle down and expect the event a year or more hence, and be agreeably surprised if it occurs earlier, than to expect it two months too early and be disgusted ever after. As an article in this number suggests—find some form of recreation or mental occupation. You could try contributing to Wings.

If I did not think that a mourning card, however wittily worded, be singularly inappropriate in the face of events over the last few weeks, there would be one in this Editorial; dedicated, as suggested in the last issue, to the death of original ideas.

Nevertheless, whether it be the effects of the hot weather, or pure laziness, a certain fog seems to have settled over the minds of possible contributors. I hope that fog will clear some day, and there will be contributors who can supply the necessary material; after all, I do not feel energetic enough to write the whole magazine myself.

Any sound material, whether it be English prose or American Grammar, will be welcome. Let it be recorded that just at the moment the American Grammar predominates; whether good luck has given us a handful of talented Canadians, or whether our own race lost its freedom of thought and action in the days of Elizabeth and Shakespeare, I know not. But it seems more than their native reserve that holds them back, maybe it is the exigencies of the service and they do suffer from overwork. I doubt it. The few constant contributors we have—all praise to them—always seem to come up trumps in spite of pressure of work. My thanks, and those of the committee, go also to those who though not contributors, do help and co-operate, for studied lack of co-operation is worse than lack of copy.

V. E. B. Fern.

The Memory of It All

WELL "blokes" its "Goodbye"—at one time I had hopes of some of us going back in a party—as we came—"Bray Mint" 71 Draft!

A chapter of events is pictured in my mind's eye, the weird and wonderful days of kitting up at Weeton—our departure from thence in the early hours of one very dark morning, lorries looming in the darkness—a fervent hope that the muster is "present and correct"—but no, a Sergeant Pilot is missing—the last lorry is due to leave, the Sgt. Pilot has achieved notoriety with amazing rapidity—where is he? The facts creep out—he's just been married, and has permission to sleep out (?), "but we're not sure where he's living, sir." Oh; how you were christened, Joe; how we craved your presence. But one bloke cannot hold up a movement, and you did manage to join us before the train moved out. I collected a beautiful black eye there on the station, some of you might still wonder how I got it—but it was a hastily closed carriage window—and I forgot to pull my head in in time!

Our crossing was almost uneventful — there were some interesting sessions in the Sergeants' Bar, and you had a pretty good Quartermasters store "Joner," Woolworths missed a good manager in you! That last night aboard was rather hectic — a new game was introduced "hunt the seaman" with the fighting Scotsman well to the fore.

My first impression of Canada was of a large embarkation officer, with an equally large cigar, who called his assisting LAC. "Franky"—so democratic—but I suffered.

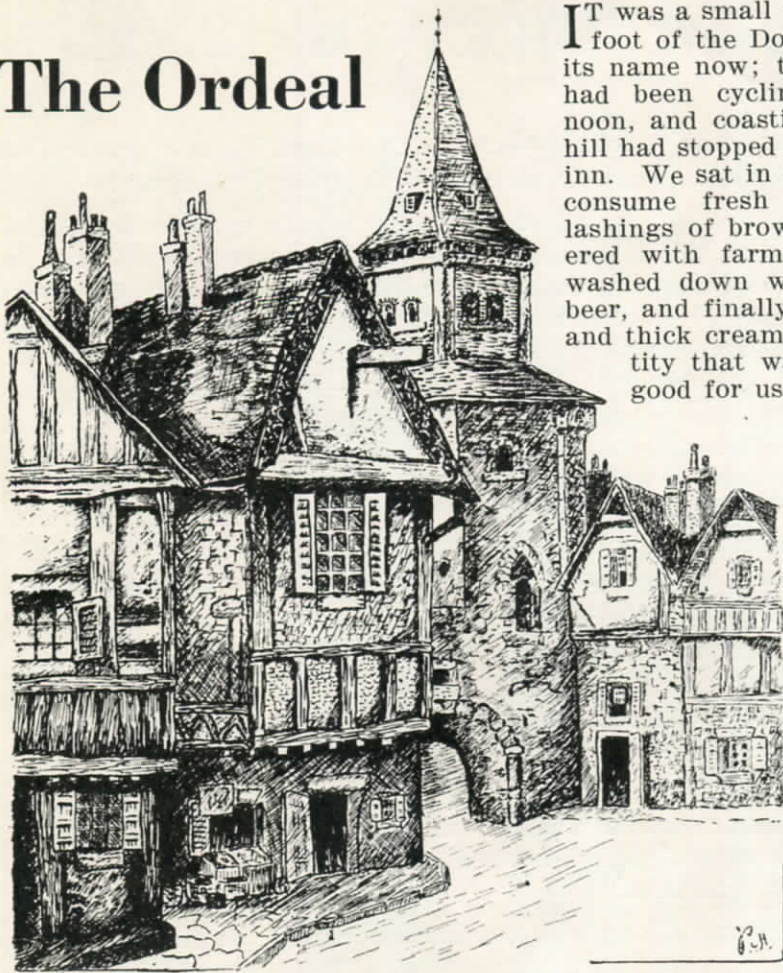
The train was a long one, I found that out by perambulating its length many times before we finally arrived at Picton—and what a mud heap! I'll draw a veil over the ensuing period in which the school gradually took shape; sufficient to say its job has been well done—and will be carried on—changes are inevitable—but we shall always think of 31 B. & G.S., Picton, as being our own particular effort.

In bidding you farewell I'd like to give an extra handshake to those of the Wireless and Electrical Section who have helped me during the past fourteen months, also to those stalwarts of the Rugger Club who pulled their weight so magnificently—and to the members of the Sergeants Mess.

Good luck to you all, may the cessation of the present spot of bother bring to all of you, happiness, health and prosperity. Who knows? we may meet again, that's a happy thought, till then, "Goodbye."

P/O. Sam. G. Collins.

The Ordeal



IT was a small village at the foot of the Downs, I forget its name now; the two of us had been cycling all afternoon, and coasting down the hill had stopped for tea at the inn. We sat in the garden to consume fresh boiled eggs, lashings of brown bread covered with farmhouse butter, washed down with the local beer, and finally strawberries and thick cream, in a quantity that was more than good for us.

Not feeling energetic enough for cycling, we decided to walk it off round the village — a good tea if ever there was one — so good, that on the second lap round, we decided to sleep it off for half an hour instead.

We sat down and drowsily surveyed the scene; the wide street fringed with limes, now casting long shadows over the road and against the walls of the warm stone cottages, with their heavy tiled roofs, spotted here and there by patches of bright orange lichen. They stood, as they had for centuries, clustered around the village square and sprinkled down the road, their steps worn hollow by generations of feet; to the left the road curved off, a mere track, over a low bridge to the village church, which appeared Norman with its arches and square tower, though the history of the village reported it to have older foundations.

Gazing at the white mountain of cloud drifting across the vacant blue of the sky, we sat on the village stocks and meditated on the peacefulness of life, the quiet was broken only by the distant shrill of the urchins playing by the meadow stream, and the metallic chitter of the sparrows. I watched the locals pass too and fro; very busy they seemed for such a sleepy village, some in little groups discussing matters of no doubt great importance to them. Their costumes seemed to belong to ancient history, giving an appearance one would imagine to be more in keeping with early Anglo-Saxon times, say the tenth century, rather than August 1939 and the twentieth century at that.

I continued to watch the scene—idly—as in a dream. The crowd seemed very excited. Perhaps we had dropped in on some special occasion, or probably more news about Poland. I turned to Bill to make some comment, but he had vanished—into the inn or to buy postcards, I suppose. The crowd grew and began to gather round the church door, close to which I was sitting; they ignored me, so still feeling lazy I sat and watched.

Suddenly they opened up to form an avenue, down which passed an official of some sort, followed by a dignitary, who from his dress must be a village priest, and last a haggard looking villager who was escorted by two burly farmers. The official dressed in black with gaiters, long frock coat, and three-cornered hat, reached the church steps; there he paused, and began to read some form of ritual from a scroll. It occurred to me that I must have fallen asleep, and awakened in the middle of filming a shot of some scene of Old England dating back to the ninth century; perhaps if I kept quiet I should pass unnoticed and could watch from a front seat.

The Beadle droned on . . . "and concerning the ordeal we enjoy by the command of God and of the archbishop, and of all the bishops; that no man come within the church after the fire is born in with which the ordeal be heated, except the mass priest and him who shall go thereto: and let there be measured nine feet from the stake to the mark, by the man's feet who goes thereto. And when the ordeal is ready, then let two men go in of either side and stand on both sides of the ordeal along the church; and let the mass priest sprinkle holy water over them all and let each of them taste of the holy water; and let no man mend the fire any longer when the hallowing is begun; but let the iron lie on the hot embers till the last collect; after that let it be laid upon the 'stapela' and let there be no speaking within. And let him go thereto; and let his hand be enveloped, and be it postponed till after the third day whether it be foul or clean within the envelope, and if festering blood be found in the track of the iron then shall he be judged guilty. And he who shall break this law, be the ordeal with respect to him void and let him pay to the King one hundred and twenty shillings as 'wite.'"

The victim was then thrust forward and entered the church with the priest. A fire was kindled and a ploughshare set in the flames, the priest came out on to the porch and measured nine paces; meanwhile the iron now glowing red was dragged from the fire. The accused stepped forward hesitantly. The crowd like ghouls watched eagerly. Plucking up courage he picked up the iron, nearly dropped it, winced and plunged forward. The smell of burning flesh and the singed wool of his clothing, drifted to me and I was for the moment nauseated, the man's face, too, was twisted with pain as he staggered. I looked round, something, surely must be wrong . . . the crowd was hushed; but only as vultures watching their victim die, it was all too real. I saw his hands and arms, with the flesh burnt raw and blackened where he had gripped the iron, his body twitching with pain, his mouth working but he made no sound, he vomited and throwing himself on the ground grovelled in the dust. He was picked up, and the priest once more came forward, bound up the raw arms and finished the ritual with what must have been a blessing. They led the victim away down the road. The crowd dispersed. So, I mused, in three days they would open those bandages and examine his burnt arms, if they had festered he was guilty, if clean he went free. A slim chance he had, bound with that linen rag—the rough justice and arbitrary methods of an earlier day.

[Continued on Page Twenty-four]



FINCHINGFIELD, ESSEX

—Smale

Hidden Glory

“WHERE there's muck there's money,” and the black belching monsters, rearing their ugly heads to heaven, seem to defy the Deity himself, to find the golden spots in this County Palatine.

The merry clatter of clogs has gone with the universal cobbled streets; even the towns, conscious of their shortcomings, have curtailed the heavy smoke screens which hid the poverty, aye, and the pride, from the eyes of heaven. But, should that pride be hidden from the eyes of men? How can you learn to love my county until you know it; not only by a superficial peep through the smoke filled air, but with a deep understanding of its struggles, its hopes and fears. How can you know, you, who pass quickly by, in car and train, the dogged fight against poverty and grime. Oh, that my pen with words of gold could paint the picture of these wonderful people.

Artists everyone, their deft fingers piecing an end here, filling a shuttle there, eyes forever darting from one loom to another, ordinary speech made impossible by the clatter of these iron spiders, but news passing by signs and lips. Cheerful but dogged, never slackening, never tiring, husbands and wives working side by side . . . “A trap? Here let me help, you run my looms whilst I take it up.” “Mary shouldn't be working now, but she'll want the money . . . Doctors have to be paid . . . and Lloyd George goes nowhere these days . . . I'll carry her weft.” “Aye, and I'll carry her pieces up.” These are not isolated cases, for, although we are proud with strangers, we feel and act for one another. We know what it means, another mouth to feed with only half the income. We know the struggle to be decent, and that Mary will be back at her looms before six weeks are gone. A paler, frailer Mary, but with the glint of determination in her eyes.

In the home the same fight continues, still side by side, husband and wife must keep the home respectable. The fight with the grime that pays the rent must go on. Never slackening, always fettling, turning a brave face to the world, though anxiety may be gnawing within.

Born on the tears and sweat of children, every improvement of conditions fought and paid for, every step paved with sacrifice. No wonder I am proud of my people and my birth. No wonder I am proud of the results of your labor and your dreams which could not be crushed. Though the crepes and satins you spin and weave are finer than the spider's web, to delight the eyes of all who behold; though the gabardines and drills you weave are stronger than the tanner's hide, yet finer still, and stronger far, is the spirit, enterprise, and grit you have born into your children.

But is all this county grime and smoke?

We, who have stood upon your wind swept moors and heard the curfews plaintive bell-like tones or wandered by the chattering stream midst bluebells and the primrose bank, can safely answer . . . No.

Like a dirty child's smile these little spots of paradise peep forth and Arcadia is here, where dust and dirt, and worry and work, are lost amidst a tranquil rustic peace. The busy factory is just around the corner, but here the farmer tends his kine, the shepherd gathers in his flock; the children from the neighboring town come and paddle in the

[Continued on Page Nine]



Fairey Battle

Today we stood on Wings Parade,
Upon the Flying Field,
Where gaudy little Harvards roared,
As from the line they wheeled.

I watched a Fairey Battle leave
The runway for the skies;
I swallowed hard, and as I watched
The tears came to my eyes.

A drab old Fairey Battle with
Some patches here and there,
A veteran of Dunkirk,
And all that happened there.

My mind strayed from the Wings Parade,
Just why I could not tell,
But I stood to attention for
That Veteran of Hell.

Out-gunned, out-flown, outmoded, yes,
Out-classed in every way;
That same old Fairey Battle helped
The British save the day.

They say the Fairey Battles there
Were blasted from the skies.
But 'though the men and 'planes were lost,
The spirit never dies.

And as I watched the Battle fly
Away, I felt a thrill,
I realized that grim old crate
Was in there fighting still.

For Battles have the spirit. They
Instil in those who fly,
The absolute conviction that
Old warriors never die.

ex THE MOUNTAIN VIEWPOINT
With Acknowledgment to
LITERARY CRIMES by J. C.



He's An Expert

The other day, one man was watching another at work. The workman was an expert electrician, and he was deep into the other man's wireless set.

Bits and pieces were strewn all around. Screws, washers and all sorts of things were continually added to the heaps. Everything was, to the uninitiated eye, in a state of complete confusion. Then, all at once, the reverse process began. The screws and the washers and the bits and pieces began to go back into the set. Finally, the last one disappeared. The back of the set was screwed down, the switch was turned—and the set worked once more. "What I can't understand," said the watcher, "is how you know just where to look for the trouble, and how you know just what to do to put it right. You never seem to be in any doubt. You never do anything wrong. You never do anything twice. Why?"

The other smiled. "I dislike work intensely," he said. "I've always disliked work. I'm lazy. Terribly lazy. So I decided long ago to learn my job very thoroughly, so that when I had anything to do I should be able to do it at once, and do it right first time. As a result, I don't waste time, energy, or anything else." Well, there's an expert's own account of his "expertness"—in his own words, and every word meant. This particular man is lazy. He's almost unbelievably lazy—but he never scamps a job. He never does a bad job. He never dodges a job. All he does is to make sure that he never has to do a job twice. He makes very sure that everything he does is done right first time.

V

HIDDEN GLORY [Continued From Page Seven]

trout-filled stream, or play those games of make believe which some day may come true. Fathers and mothers, tired from their week's labor sit upon the grassy bank and rest, whilst lovers, hand in hand, wander through the ripening sward and plan a different future be their lot. Plan, not dream, for evening classes are the rule, not the exception; ever striving for improvement, in mind and body. The factory can never crush the dogged spirit and fierce determination for independence, nor can it destroy the love of beauty, and admiration for our countryside.

Love of beauty . . . Aye, in every form. Have you never heard our men singing, not just words and music, but pouring out their souls, voicing their hopes in those majestic tones which have thrilled thousands. Singing with the clash of the picking stick beating out the time; not the bawdy hurdy-gurdy tunes which squirm through the ether, but the tunes born of God himself, inspired and inspiring, the songs of men and of angels, for men who live and work and pray.

County of the red rose, in my small way I have tried to show a little of your soul, a little of the heart which is never worn on the sleeve.

I know your history, rich in fights against oppression. Throughout the age your emblem has been the emblem of right, throughout the ages your heroes have fought the wrongs of the people, and no sacrifice has been too great to ensure the goal in sight should be attained. And now your sons are still fighting for the greater goal, translating our dreams into action, whilst our wives, true to tradition, are working side by side in this new fight. Busy fingers, made deft with piecing ends, are filling shells or setting fuses, keen eyes, no longer watching shuttles, are watching lathes and presses; brave hearts, with husbands absent, are seeing in their work a greater end than ever Whitehall dreams. "Bravo Lancashire! Tha's doing a gradely job."

J. S. C.



The Pause That Refreshes:

At a station dance recently your snoop saw a certain Clerk Accounts showing a certain blonde some new steps. The kind you sit on.

T'ain't Funny McGee:

J. C. C. Davies has left us for an aircrew course. The "C.C." does not stand for Confined to Camp.

Blessed Event:

The long-legged bird has called on the Manleys. Bill is now playing proud papa to an eight pound baby girl. Our best wishes to all three of them.

Funnyboner Dept:

There was a commando raid in Picton just lately. Somebody can thank his lucky stars and stripes it wasn't that long-talked-of invasion.

Didja Know:

The base of a telephone in headquarters bears the following inscription—"Take a deep breath before calling lung distance."

There is an airman in S.S.Q. who calls his girl friend Grapefruit. Everytime he squeezes her she hits him in the eye.

Two buildings were cleared of their rats recently. For one the extermination cost \$50.00, for the other \$25.00. Rates evidently depend on the building—and the rats.

United States servicemen can buy all the best brands of cigarettes in their canteens for 6c (six cents) per large package.

Idiot's Delight:

We hear that a corporal storeman wanted to remuster Cook and Butcher at Port Hope. The date, Mister Bones, was June 8th. No prizes.

We Think It's Corny Too:

This story comes from Detroit—where Men are Men and Wimmin are Nervous. Auto factories there are now turning out machines of war. Seems the switchover was done so fast the first tank off the assembly line had a canvas hood and a rumble seat.

Orange Blossoms:

Priorities are still on Dan Cupid. Among those who have taken the plunge since we last typewrote this colyum are Sergeant Mitton, Corporals Burfoot, Davies, and Smith, and Messieurs Beardall, Bishop, Frost, and Greig. Our congratulations to all sixteen of them.

Ode to a Doghouse:

I love this little house because,
It offers, after dark,
A pause for rest, a rest for paws,
A place to moor my bark.

Et. Cetera:

On a recent cover of one of Canada's national weeklies appeared the flags of the United Nations—in various sizes and positions—apparently in order of greatness and importance. We wonder if you looked at it as carefully as we and if the same thought struck you.

While the bus service to Belleville—and the bus—may be perfect subject matter for Damon Runyons and O'Henrys that's little consolation when you're in a hurry to catch a train—or find yourself stranded in Belleville.

The Sky's the Limit:

We hear a lot of cracks about our taxi drivers but not so very long ago one got out of his car and the darn thing flew over the hill. And we ain't kiddin'.

Surprise, Surprise:

In April this colyum said: "It's high time somebody put an electric clock in the airmen's mess. And put it well out of reach." On June 4th, so help me, the aforementioned clock made its debut. It was nice to know that from there on my watch wouldn't be wrong six mornings in a row. And yours too

The Innocent Bystander Again:

What with the rayshuning and all that, its fortunate that few folk read gas ads now. Particularly Mobiloil. Which is just our way of saying that we think the "creator" of the Red Horse is something of an ebony gee-gee himself.

Safety in Numbers:

An airman reported to the M.O. suffering from palpitations the other week. We diagnose four little heartthrobs in Picton.

Thought for Food (or What the Juice):

That grapefruit is a welcome change these mornings. So is the moo-moo juice. We only wish their appearances in the Mess weren't so erratic.

Chitter 'n Chatter:

Women have more courage than men. Imagine a man going into his tailor with fifteen cents in his pocket. And trying on seven suits.

They died with their boots on. So they wouldn't stub their toes when they kicked the bucket.

Veni-vidi-vici:

Who were the airmen who were making such a racket on Ferguson Street in the very early hours of the morning? We're told it wasn't even musical.

Motto for Victory:

Use your elbow grease to smear the Axis.

Most Extraordinary Sight of the Month:

A senior N.C.O. at the Outlet Beach in his new swim suit. It fitted him like a glove. In fact a mere handful.

The Final Fling:

Well my friends—anybody who has read this far must be my friend — July 4th marked the first Independence Day of World War 2. There were some new firecrackers this year. By way of celebration Uncle Sam dropped his first bombs on enemy territory in Europe. May we express our hope this is the beginning of a united effort by the United Nations for a united victory.

— G. C. W.

General Flying Orders or How To Become an Old Pilot

1. Suitable flying weather for a doubtful pilot, for his first solo: Cloud height 500', visibility 500 yards with heavy rain. By adopting this procedure the pilot either "makes it" or "breaks it."
2. When taking-off, pilots are to climb just at stalling speed. Should the engine cut, the aircraft immediately falls onto the aerodrome thereby minimizing the work of the Sick Quarters and maintenance in collecting the "beds" and the aircraft.
3. Gunnery exercises should be carried out by the pilot flying in a looping and rolling manner. This enables the dirt, etc., and the odd ammunition pan to fall overboard, which in turn gives the accounts section a little practise in writing off procedure.
4. To obtain official recognition for services rendered, a pilot when taxiing down the tarmac should put his head in the office, open the throttle to the half-way position, being certain to keep his hand off the brakes. This is an approved method and will bring the pilot concerned into contact with very high personages.
5. When visiting another aerodrome, the pilot should fly over the control tower at 50 feet to be sure he sees the signal area. If a red arrow is displayed do a left hand circuit. This enables the pilot to receive much practise in evasive tactics and is recommended for all fighter pilots.
6. When landing in conditions of "no wind," the landing direction is indicated by the landing "T." You land from the top of the "T" down the long arm and this method serves two purposes.
 - (i) Ensures that everyone on the aerodrome will see you.
 - (ii) Ensures that on taxiing in someone will be waiting for you to answer any questions and show you where you wish to go.
7. If on coming into land at a strange aerodrome you hear a loud noise in your aeroplane and see a red Verrey Light from the Control Tower you should pay no attention. The red Verrey light has been adopted at most Stations to warn the Station Commander that you have arrived, so that he can send his car for you.
8. If weather conditions make it imperative to fly below 1,000 feet on a cross country, the pilot must fill in the Low Flying Book immediately on landing. Don't do this, it is just a trap to make things easy for the Court of Inquiry when they are trying to ascertain which aeroplane flew low over the centre of a large town. Let them find out, it's their job.
9. When caught in thick weather and it is necessary to fly blind always rely on your instinct and not the instruments. After all the instruments are mass produced and are liable to error. Instinct is like a homing pigeon, it will get you down to earth much quicker than instruments ever could.
10. Finally when landing, a pilot should not look at the aerodrome on the down wing leg. This allows the pilot to get well away from the aerodrome, necessitating a long pull in with engine from upwards of mile back. This serves the purpose of keeping the pilot in low flying practise and gives the passengers much amusement by watching animals scurry around fields and an opportunity to wave back to enraged householders.

S/Ldr. Avent, D.F.C.

ONTARIO COMMENT . . .

ONTARIO'S GREAT NEW WARTIME HIGHWAY WILL SPEED PEACETIME TRAVEL

With Highway Officials promising a probable opening about the middle of July—depending on what the weatherman does in the next few weeks—Ontario's last link of the great Trans-Canada Highway now nears completion, and foretells the early day when motorists can drive from the eastern coast of Canada, a distance of more than 4161 miles to the west coast, on the one great highway. This last link, running through 153 miles of virgin territory in Northern Ontario, was so difficult of construction, and yet was completed in such expeditious time, that it has drawn even Washington's eyes to Ontario, and the U.S. capital has asked for the loan of Mr. R. M. Smith, Ontario's Deputy Minister of Highways and Chief Engineer in charge of the job, for work on the new Alaska Highway.

While the Ontario link of the Trans-Canada was planned long ago, it would probably not have been completed so rapidly except for the pressure of the war, for this highway will be the only cross-country means of transportation aside from the two Canadian railways. The road will have a gravel surface, about 30 feet wide, and has no grades over 5% . . . indeed, only one that even approaches that figure; all curves are less than 2 degrees.

It runs through truly virgin territory. There are absolutely no settlements along this last link—153 miles from Geraldton to Hearst. Yet in this vicinity, at Beardmore, in 1933, were found Norse weapons which indicate that the sturdy Vikings passed this remote section 400 years before Columbus discovered America. Today there are even no resident Indians, although some bands of them trap through the area.

One of the most difficult circumstances in the building of the road was the getting of supplies and equipment in to the road site from the railways. Fourteen construction companies tackled the job, each in its own way, and altogether several hundred miles of "tote roads" were built for this purpose. These feeder roads had to be of such a standard as to carry extremely heavy equipment, and will automatically become the basis of a system of secondary roads, as time goes on. The longest stretch of tote road is over 40 miles in length—which meant building 40 miles of highway to get to the spot to begin to build real highway!

While Ontario is counting this new road more as a military necessity right now, it will also have tremendous appeal to sportsmen, for it joins the Timagami Forest, that heaven of fishermen and nature lovers, and hitherto inaccessible from western Ontario, to the just as heavenly

Nipigon, hitherto inaccessible from the east. Both areas are world-famous vacation districts.

BRITISH COMMISSIONER ONCE THOUGHT OF CEDING ONTARIO PARADISE!

Times change! Perhaps in post-revolutionary days camping, hunting and fishing were too much a part of everyday life to be very attractive. At any rate, after the American Revolution, a British Commissioner, regretting a border dispute over territory which he believed neither the United States nor the British would ever occupy . . . the Lake of the Woods territory . . . suggested that it might be well to cede it and other parts of Canada in return for Labrador and Newfoundland fishing rights.

Today Ontario claims this Lake of the Woods area as one of her proudest possessions—2,000 square miles of broken water, dotted with lovely islands; the waters replete with fish and the forests full of game. And all now made easily accessible by railway and by 3,000 miles of roads built in the past few years. One might think that the country would suffer by its new-found accessibility, but thanks to government protection and the sincere interest of camp owners, it remains and will remain a happy hunting ground for nature lovers. Of immense practical assistance in this, is the Quetico Park, 3,000 square miles of territory in the heart of the Rainy River District, southeast of Lake of the Woods, where game can multiply without fear of molestation, and spread to less favored spots at will. Lake of the Woods holds the world's record for "muskie," and salmon trout, wall-eyes, northern pike and nearly every other fresh-water fish are found in abundance. The country is from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above sea level, the days are sunny and mild, and the nights are cool and restful. If one wants to relive history, one can follow the same old water trails as LaVerendrye, the red skins and the fur traders of the Hudson's Bay and North West Company. By good fortune, the portages are relatively light, so that even a "greenhorn" will enjoy the trip. The scenery on such trips is tremendously impressive; while not far distant is Lake Nipigon, a splendid lake with 800 miles of coast line and awesome 1,000-foot cliffs rising straight from the deep, cool water. This is Indian country, too, and travellers will see Ojibways gliding along in their birch bark canoes, and in the fall will hear them calling the moose for hunters.

So, today, the country that was considered "not very important" has become a vacation paradise.

From: Mary Ainslie, Ontario Travel Bureau



No. 15 Clinic, Canadian Dental Corps

Captain H. L. S. Martin, Officer i/c of this station clinic since February 1942, re-posted on June 6th to Mount Hope Clinic RAF. as Officer i/c. He practised in Hamilton for 15 years before enlisting in the Canadian Dental Corps 36 Coy.

Captain A. S. Dunn, present Officer i/c of this station clinic starting June 6th. He enlisted as a private with the 5th Field Ambulance, judged worthy of a promotion, he was sent to a cadet school at Ste. Omer in France. Later was appointed to commissioned rank with the 17 Lancashire Fusiliers. He also served in the R.F.C. as an Observer in France and Italy, and during the post war disturbances in Egypt. Took up Dentistry at Varsity and practised in Kapuskasing before enlisting in the Dental Corps last November.

Captain F. N. Bennett, posted to this station May 7th, 1942. Past President of the Sault Ste. Marie Dental Association and Past Director of the Sault Ste. Marie Rotary Club of which he is now an Honorary member. Graduated from the University of Toronto, practised in Sault Ste. Marie for seven years before enlisting in the Dental Corps.

Sergeant G. W. Fletcher is the laboratory technician who makes all the dentures at the Dental clinic. Prior to his enlistment one year and a half ago he worked with the Red Cross at the Christie Street Military Hospital, making dentures for the veterans of the First Great War, and those enlisting in this war. Previously he worked in other labs. for four years learning his trade.

Corporal J. I. Pettit chair assistant to Capt. Bennett, has been a member of the Dental Corps for the past 14 months. His home town being Brantford, Ont., where he worked in the research department for the Massey-Harris Co., before enlistment with the C.D.C. He was Vice Chief Ranger of the Canadian Order of Foresters, one of the largest Fraternal Organizations in Canada.

Pte. C. H. Holmes, chair assistant to Capt. Dunn. Enlisted in the Dental Corps last February. Hails from Acton, Ontario, where he worked in his father's hotel for one year previously to his enlistment. Is an expert truck and tractor driver and was formerly an employee of the Ajax Engineering Co. He is married and lives in Picton.

Pte. R. S. Maebus orderly. The artist who drew the accompanying cartoon. Previously worked for The Toronto Star Weekly as a story illustrator. Studied art in Northern Vocational school and the Ontario College of Art for a total of six years.

Roll on the Boat!

AS a contributor to the magazine last month put it, "From morn till night 'twas all some ever heard; Roll on that boat, roll on that home bound boat" And it's true! Sometimes tearfully, sometimes pleadingly and generally sincerely, that cry went up.

What was it? It was and is the cry of despair, due to an inability to adapt oneself to one's surroundings. The cry, for all that one has left behind, or rather the better things that one has left.

Torn from his customary surroundings, a man will inevitably talk about his home, his friends, his family, wife or sweetheart, and it is inevitable too, that his audience will feel depressed about their own position; so this pernicious, infectious disease (for nostalgia or homesickness is a disease) spreads.

It is evidenced in our conversation and our songs, it is aided and abetted by the radio and the cinema, and thus we are constantly thinking of home in terms of self-pity. This may rapidly develop into a major problem for our war-experts.

Let us get a healthy outlook on this problem and combat it. In the first place, any other interest that can be aroused is beneficial for it tends to divert the mind from thinking too much of home. But is this necessary you may ask; certainly it is. Even for those who really have someone or something to which to return; and there are many to whom distance and time have substituted a blurred and glamorised image for what may well have been, just another woman.

Better to seek out cheerful and encouraging friendships. These perhaps being more genuine than the mirage that has been constantly before you. Better to become interested in some activity, mental or physical; whether photography or football, it will clear the air. In fact, any wholesome, **clean** excitement can be recommended.

Now a few don'ts, both for you and those from whom you are separated. Don't allow yourself to believe that the girl at home has become some saintly, irreproachable Venus while you are away, otherwise you will be a victim of reaction when you return to reality. Remember her faults as well as her virtues . . . the quarrels as well as the happy hours. Don't forget the disadvantages of the place you have left. Your home life was no bowl of cherries; you had boring times there too. Don't, in letters home, emphasize or dwell upon your personal problems or your feeling of depression, fear or longing for home; that may only encourage similar letters in reply and a similar feeling over there. On the other hand, don't be so darned cheerful that it does not ring true; write of the happy times you have and the amusing incidents that take place.

Remember this; when you return it is an even bet that, after a few days of emotional greetings, you will begin to wish that you were back. You will remember the eggs and bacon (however badly cooked), the lights in the street, and the other amenities you enjoyed. . . .

Snap out of it. . . there's a lot to be thankful for here, and during your stay show a little appreciation for it, instead of decrying all around you. It really is a problem and we should not allow our morale, or that of our friends or family, to be affected. We will not allow the war effort of our government to be under-mined by playing the part of homesick malcontents.

A. F. C. Verney

For Your Comfort and Welfare

BY THE P.S.I.

(Squadron Leader W. H. Corkill)

THERE is no doubt that all airmen will be glad to learn that the Service Institute is once more in the clear—only just, but still, in the clear. Which means that we have the means with which to show how much the Service Institute Committee appreciates the splendid manner in which all personnel accepted the unpleasant but necessary period of retrenchment. How will we allocate the shekels?

Firstly, we have, as a number already know, been endeavoring to commence Summer Camp at the Outlet beach, but have been held up owing to the fact that marquees and tents were not available. Anyway, these have now been procured, and by the time that this article is published it is hoped that all airmen will be taking full advantage of this camp and enjoying healthy, happy visits to the beach.

Secondly, the present scale of rations, by a wide consensus of opinion, is generous in scale and quality. There is no need for heavy expenditure on extra messing, but a little "something out of the ordinary" is always welcome. Porridge all the time is not quite so welcome as porridge with occasional cracked oats and so forth. A little extra messing will be forthcoming.

Thirdly, sports equipment is becoming very hard to buy, but we have already obtained some new gear this month. Do treat it with care; all the money in the world cannot buy bats, balls, etc., which are not for sale. The civilians need sports gear and their demands must be met as well as ours, and the manufacturers cannot meet half the demands—the stuff just isn't being made. So treasure what we have. We have a few other plans for spending our income for the general welfare, and the S/L Admin. will welcome your suggestions. Here, by the way, is a suggestion for you.

Where does the bulk of our income come from? Most of it comes from the Camp Y.M.C.A. Every time you make a purchase at the Y.M.C.A. Dry Canteen, you get good value for money and put a little in the P.S.I. kitty. Although theoretically you are buying from the Y.M.C.A. actually you are buying from the P.S.I. Sounds a little involved, but here are the simple facts.

The Y.M.C.A. does all the buying, selling, bookkeeping, etc. for the R.A.F. Schools out here. Obviously they can do this sort of thing much better than we could hope to do, and it saves us a whole lot of work. But, after they have deducted all costs and expenses, they hand the entire profit over to P.S.I. to be used for the welfare of the airmen. A profit of 5% on our turnover would be considered a good business profit; the Y.M.C.A. does much better than that. This can only be done by really hard work on the part of the workers in the Y.M.C.A. Dry Canteen. So when you enjoy the camp at the Outlet, extra messing, the use of first-class sports gear, or any other P.S.I. activity, give a thought to the splendid work being done daily for us by Mr. Alf. Morris and his willing co-workers of the Y.M.C.A.

Confoosin but Amoosin!

SOME people lose sleep over cross-word puzzles; others, over thoughts of "The One" back home; others, just lose sleep. But there are some who enjoy pondering over the odd conundrum, problem or what-have-you. So in all fairness to you, dear reader, be now informed, before continuing, that this page is devoted to the latter. Though the following puzzles have long since sprouted white whiskers, they may be new to some. Now that our readers are limited to a selected few, let us continuo—

Many years ago a sailing vessel met its Water-pew off a cannibal-inhabited island in the south seas. The few survivors displayed their European diplomatic genius, lived peacefully among the natives and became civilized. As the years rolled by, as years are wont, the skin of the ship-wrecked sailors gradually assumed the dusky hue of the blacks. Also, the natives became quite proficient in speaking the whites' language. So that, as we come on the scene, it is practically impossible to distinguish the blacks from the whites both in appearance and speech. Another fact which we must assume is the blacks **never**, but whites **always**, tell the truth. If this sounds strange you must remember that this all took place "many years ago."

Years afterwards, a ship happened past the island and the captain decided to call on the survivors. Now do not ask how he knew about them; that is the \$64.00 question. As he gained the shore, three men approached.

Addressing the first individual, the captain enquired,

"What are you, black or white?"

The first person answered but had the annoying habit of mumbling his words such that the captain did not catch what he said. So the captain turned to the second man, asking him what the first man had said.

The second man replied that the first man had said he was **white**.

Being a man of scientific training and so desiring confirmation of this statement, the captain then asked the same question of the third man.

The third man replied that the first man had said he was **black**.

For these answers the captain immediately knew the racial origin of each of the second and third men.

Do you?

Then there was the hunter who left his cabin one morning and walked five miles south, turned west and walked a further five miles. At that point he shot a bear. Walking still another five miles he arrived back at the cabin. What color was the bear?

Now let us tackle the problem of the poor little amoebae. If you do not know what an amoeba is, do not lose any sleep over the fact because you won't ever catch one on your fishing line or meet one on a dark night; furthermore, they do not bite. For now, all we have to realize is that an amoeba is a very minute form of animal life which is composed of only one cell but which has the silly habit of growing by breaking into two amoebae, each of these two amoebae breaking into two amoebae and so on ad infinitum.

[Continued on Page Twenty-seven]

☆ Camera . . .



"What Goes Up . . ."

-Ward



S/LDR. W. H. COEKILL
Administrative



G/CAPT. J. COX, D.F.C.
Commanding Officer



F/LT. R. S. GEACH
Adjutant



“Wings” Visits Headquarters



Orderly Room Inc.

Above—The Orderly Room with Sergeant Brand, Fred Rigby, Reg Turner, Basil Field, and Corporal Freddie Fox. Inset—Corporal Tom Hodges of the SWO's office.

At Left — Top: The Archdiocese of Centralis Registrals with Corporal John “Pope” Durrant, George Jones, and Arthur Settle.

Middle—Arthur Hill, who for months has been trying to reproduce his collection of lovelies on DRO's. Unfortunately experiments have been unsuccessful so far.

Lower—Publications and Stationery-When-You-Can-Get-It with Corporal George De La Hays, Jock Campbell, and Bill Page.

Absent — F/O. Ruck, P/O. Groves and AC. Jennings.

Accounts Section

At Right - Top—Flight Lieutenant Calland, Warrant Officer Blackshaw.

Middle — Sergeant Chapman, Sergeant Verney, Jack McFee.

Lower—Corporal Doug Quick, Cyril Hillard, Corporal Charlie Henderson, Corporal Mike Collins.

At the bottom of the page — reading in the usual way — Sid Smith, Terry Haldenby, Jack Williams, Innes Caie, Jack Hayhurst, Sergeant Wheeler, Corporal Alf Hills, Art Blahout, Corporal Bryn Willis.

Corporal George Ward — The Original Flash in the "Pan" — is not shown with the Accounts Section because he took the photographs — and hates having his taken anyway.



S/LDR. JOHN R. BOND
Senior Accountant Officer



M U S K O K A



Photos by courtesy of Ontario Travel and Publicity Bureau, Toronto.

These photographs of Muskoka show: "The Segwun" at Bala, which makes a hundred mile cruise of the lakes, calling at Bracebridge, Cedar Beach, Beaumaris and Bala in the course of a day.

The girl is surf boarding on Lake Windemere and the canoeist in Snowshoe Bay on Lake Rosseau; while bottom right are the Highfalls which flow into the Lake of Bays.



Land of Blue Waters

IF you have thrilled to the stories of backwoods adventures as described by Fennimore Cooper, then Muskoka is a region you **must** visit this year. A few hours travel from Picton will take you past spots blackened forever by the bloody battles between Huron and Iroquois Indians of by-gone days, and to trails made famous by intrepid explorers Samuel de Champlain, La Verendrye, and others who opened this vast continent.

You can, if you wish, when Muskoka is reached, live well and inexpensively, or you can, like the backwoodsmen of over three centuries ago, explore a thousand trails by canoe and foot, meeting wild creatures of many species in their native haunts all so untroubled by man that they regard him as a curiosity and allow him to approach closely for exquisite camera studies. The lakes, of which there seems to be no end, are well stocked with fish, and the traveller can catch and cook his meal at his leisure.

It may be that you prefer a little female companionship for your vacation. Muskoka is the spot for you, for the region is a favorite resort with members of the fair sex who delight in swimming, rowing, sailing, and so forth. Some of them prefer golfing and hiking in this delightful wilderness. At night there are dances galore at the various hotels dotting the shorelines of a myriad bays, and girls from the U.S.A. as well as from Canada are present to enjoy the fun.

Whatever your idea of a good holiday, you can thoroughly enjoy yourself at little cost in the Muskoka District. P.S.I. has arranged with the Canadian National Railways to transport at low cost, and the hotels are doing their parts to give as much as possible for as little as possible. Before you decide on your annual this year, ask Mr. Morris of the Y.M.C.A. to let you see the literature available on Muskoka, and to tell you about the cost. This is a holiday you must not miss.

Harper Cory.

YOU'LL ENJOY . . .

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VIA No. 11 HIGHWAY TO GRAVENHURST

VIA C.N.R. TO GRAVENHURST (100 Miles)

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For information or folders write, phone or wire

W. K. DOAN, Manager, Gravenhurst, Ontario

REVISIONS IN VERSE

Jehu was a racing driver from Daytona Beach,
He swore that thirty was the most his two horse bus would reach.
His driving was magnificent his cornering commended.
One day he cornered Jezebel—
His licence is suspended.

David was a General and wrote from G.H.Q.
To his Commanding Officer re. one stroke two;
Please put poor Uriah where there's no chance he'll be saved,
His wife is here and very nice,
With love and kisses Dave.

(From, "Sketch" Christmas Number 1939.)

V

THE ORDEAL [Continued From Page Five]

I became sick and dizzy again, probably by the thought of what I had just seen, to my surprise when my head cleared, as if by a miracle I found the same crowd which had dispersed but a few minutes before. There once more stood the priest and the accused facing each other, but the accused now seemed barely able to stand. This time the priest began to strip off the bandages; the three days had elapsed and fascinated I leaned forward, the better to see. A hand fell on my shoulder, and Bill's voice brought me back to earth with a bump.

"Come on old boy you've eaten too much it's time we were moving, you've been asleep over half an hour, on a stocks of all the uncomfortable things too."

I swore under my breath when the significance of what I had just seen dawned on me, and Bill retorted "Well perhaps you'd rather I left you there all night, with a ploughshare as an armrest. You do go to sleep in some odd places." However, when I told him I had had a very interesting dream he seemed quite disappointed, for he kindly offered to hit me over the head to let me find out how it ended.

I wandered disconsolately over to my bicycle, passing an ancient sucking noisily and contentedly at an evil smelling pipe. I stopped on the impulse of the moment.

"Ever heard tell of any felons being tried round here?" I asked,

"Ee..e!" he took the pipe out to speak better. "Some sez they see'd ghosts or summat round 'ere, but I doan't b'lieve them old wives' tales." He spat in the dust to emphasize his disgust; then resumed. "Some sez a murderer was buried near that thar cross, torn limb from limb 'e was, so the story goes, but I durned know who'd 'e dun in. Must ha' been in them unsissilised days; in toime of A..Athliston or some king a student once told me of last summer." "Do you mean Aethelstan?" I suggested. "Ay that be him, he asked same question as you, similar day to this too, same day last year now I come to think of it, he seemed awful interested in them stocks too. Told me some rigamarole but I think the local brew got to 'is head."

We said no more, bid the old sceptic good-bye, and wondered at his philosophy concerning the uncivilized days of the tenth when compared with the twentieth century.

Ellellby.

The Station Library

Why is the percentage of men on this camp who are using the library so very small? Is it because of the summer, or because you didn't know there was a library on the camp, or is it the range of books that's at fault? We have a number of new books which should improve the range and the quality. There are many famous books by modern writers already in the library which I am sure are worth reading, apart from the usual run of crime and romantic tales, and other light reading material.

I have one moan for you chaps, you are not playing the game in returning your books, I want to ask you to get them back to the library as soon as you have read them, so that the other chap can read them too, don't wait until you want another book, our slogan is "We want the book not the fine."

Opening hours for the Library are 18.00 to 19.30 hrs. every evening except Wednesday and Saturday.

V

Entertaining You

We have had quite a number of good things in the past month, such as the "Cracker Jacks" concert, with that unique man playing a huge variety of musical instruments which he produced with monotonous regularity from that ornate if tattered coat he wore. The Magician was also good; I wonder if S/L. Lapham is still brooding over that jar with the water in it.

The Spanish Dancer was all a Spanish Dancer should be, AND HOW! The girls in the cast really had glamour, beauty, sex appeal—ED:— Alright Nuff Said.

Another successful evening was the experiment with the Smoking Concert. Sgt. Hards did a really good job producing it. We may expect more of them at regular intervals.

The films this month have been good. I think we all enjoyed "Cherokee Strip," and "Great McGinty," and Joe E. Brown was up to his old tricks in "So You Won't Talk." "Horror Island" would have been good if the sound had been better.

Pictures coming in the near future are not a bad bunch either. Fred Astaire in "You'll Never Get Rich," should be good, and "I Was a Prisoner on Devil's Island," sounds interesting, for those who like the Dead End Kids there's "Call a Messenger." Bing Crosby is due here in "Rhythm on the River," and "Mystery Sea Raider" is an epic of the Graf Spee, and last "Golden Gloves," speaks for itself starring Richard Denning.

The Dances are still as popular as ever, although the weather is hot and the Gaiety Theatre gets like an oven during the evening, they will be kept going while they are being supported.

So cheerio for this month, lots of luck and lots of fun.

R. W. S.

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| PICTON | — | BELLEVILLE | — | TRENTON |
| NAPANEE | — | GANANOQUE | — | BROCKVILLE |

Vagrant Wafts from Ye Hostess House — or Something

How many of you lads have called at the Hostess House?
Well, why not? Ever have the odd half hour when a place that
felt a wee bit like home would help?
Ever write home — or to HER — on Y.W.C.A. note paper?
Ever want female help or advice re gifts or such problems?
Ever want to sing? Ever want a comfy place to read?
Ever want a quiet game of Checkers, Chess or Cards?
Ever want to talk about home and family?
Ever—well, you don't need an excuse. We are here and interested, if
you want us to be.

EYES FRONT

You are far from home and quite fed up,
You just want to be "over there"—
You've got the blues, feel a lonesome pup,
Carry a load of care?

The days are bleak and the nights are long,
And lonesome as the devil?
Ever try trading your blues for laughs—
Finding a working level?

Tomorrow, when the sun shines through
and all are re-united.

One must remember how to smile, lest flow-
ers of Peace be blighted.

Mab Kenny.

CONFOOSIN' BUT AMOOSIN' [Continued From Page Eighteen]

The assumptions that must be made for this puzzle are that amoebae are of standard size and that they double themselves every twenty seconds. Got the idea?

Well, one day an American scientist took time off from measuring the quantity of nicotine, resins and tars in certain brands of cigarettes to put an amoeba in a beaker and with a stop watch in one hand and a thermos of Chase & Sanborn coffee in the other patiently awaited results. At the fifteenth puff on the sixty-third Camel cigarette, or figured by the English system of measuring time, at the ten hour mark the beaker was brim full of these peculiar little creatures.

Now, what you are to figure out is, if he had started with eight amoebae, how long would it have taken to half fill the beaker?

When you have the answers to the above, write them on a crisp five dollar note, enclose the wrappers off five grand pianos, and mail to the editor of Wings under cover of G-11.

Art Blahout.

CA CANNY

Bruises hurt
Erased afford
Erected
Analysis hurt too
Infectious dead.

The above was a telegram sent by a Scot who had been in a motor accident, and who still kept his eye on the dimes. Perhaps you can interpret it. Answer on page - - - well, you, look for it.



★ For a Speedy
Delicious Snack
Try Our Chocolate
MILK SHAKE
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Picton

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Vegetables
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PHONE PICTON 6

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EVERYTHING IN AIR FORCE OR CIVILIAN
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We Do Alterations. Bring Your Troubles to Us.

PHONE 147

OPP. ROYAL HOTEL

“Framed”

Dear Cousin:

Your uncle has a job at last. The first time that he has worked in over forty years.

We are rich now—\$17.25 every Thursday—so we sent up to T. Eaton for one of them new fangled bathrooms, like youse people have in Toronto. It came and we had her set up, you should see it, it's real purty.

Over on side of the room is a big long white thing like the pigs drink out of, only you can get in and take a bath all over all at once. Over on t'other side of the room is a little white gadget hanging on the wall, called a zinc. This is for light washing, like hands and face. They also sent us a roll of writing paper but it's kind of cheap I think. It's not very good for writin' as it rips easily.

But over in t'other corner, wow — they really got sumpin'. It's a thing you put one foot in and scrub till it's clean and then you pull a chain and get fresh water for t'other foot.

Two lids come on the darn thing, and we ain't got any use for them, so Ma is using one for the bread board and t'other we framed Grandpa's picture in.

Your lovin' cousin,

MERT.

—V—

A Chain Letter

To Whom it May Concern:

This chain was started in the hope of bringing happiness to all tired business men. Unlike most chains this does not cost any money. Simply send a copy of this letter to five male friends, then bundle up your wife and send her to the fellow whose name heads the list.

When your name works to the top you will in return receive 15,176 gorgeous girls.

Have faith do not break the chain. One man broke the chain and got his wife back.

TOLERANCE is like unto charity, the
greatest of virtues.
Easiest to lose—most difficult to attain.

From "Thoughts by the Wayside."

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| Rail Fare | % \$29.60 | % \$12.80 | % \$34.10 | % \$16.70 |
| Parlor Seat, Belleville to Toronto, Return | 1.40 | | 1.40 | |
| Lower Berth, Toronto to New York | % 4.07 | | % 4.07 | |
| Canadian Funds | \$ 35.07 | \$ 12.80 | \$ 39.57 | \$ 16.50 |
| Lower Berth, New York to Toronto | \$ 3.68 U.S. Funds | | \$ 3.68 U.S. Funds | |
| % - Based on exchange rate in effect June 1st, 1942. | | | | |

| | | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|------------------|---------------------------|-------------------|
| Going— | SCHEDULE— | | | |
| Lv. Belleville | 4.22 A.M. Daily | | | 2.25 P.M. Daily |
| Ar. Toronto | 7.15 A.M. Daily | | | 5.20 P.M. Daily |
| Lv. Toronto | 8.00 A.M. Daily | 1.30 P.M. Daily | | 7.35 P.M. Daily |
| Lv. Niagara Falls | 10.40 A.M. Daily | 4.23 P.M. Daily | | 9.44 P.M. Daily |
| Ar. New York | c 9.30 A.M. Daily | | | £ 9.05 A.M. Daily |
| Returning | | | | |
| Lv. New York | c 8.50 A.M. Daily | | | £ 6.50 P.M. Daily |
| Lv. Niagara Falls | 7.10 P.M. Daily | 1.05 P.M. Daily | | 6.15 A.M. Daily |
| Ar. Toronto | 9.40 P.M. Daily | 3.25 P.M. Daily | | 8.35 A.M. Daily |
| | Sun. Only | | | |
| Lv. Toronto | 9.445 P.M. | 11.15 P.M. Daily | 4.00 P.M. Daily | 9.15 A.M. Daily |
| Ar. Belleville | 12.35 A.M. | 2.05 A.M. Daily | 6.09 P.M. Daily | 12.25 P.M. Daily |
| | £—Pennsylvania Station. | | c—Grand Central Terminal. | |

Through Sleeping Cars Toronto-New York: From Toronto 7.35 P.M. Daily
From New York 6.50 P.M. Daily

NOTE: Canadian National overnight trains arrive and depart Pennsylvania Station, New York, 7th Ave. and 33rd St., near William Sloane House, Y.M.C.A.

ACCOMMODATION: There are many Hotels in New York City offering a full range of accommodation at standard rates. Canadian National Agents will furnish particulars on request.

R.A.F. VACATIONS — HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO (Train Service June 26th to Sept. 5th)

| | | | | |
|--|-------------------------------|-------------|-------------------------|-------------|
| To: The Muskoka Lakes District via Muskoka Wharf (Gravenhurst) | Fares Based on Special | | Regular Furlough | |
| | Furlough Blue Warrant | | Fares | |
| From: BELLEVILLE | First Class | Coach Class | First Class | Coach Class |
| Rail Fare | \$ 2.65 | \$ 2.30 | \$ 7.85 | \$ 6.80 |
| Parlor Seat, Toronto to Muskoka | 1.40 | | 1.40 | |
| Wharf and Return | \$ 4.05 | \$ 2.30 | \$ 9.25 | \$ 6.80 |

| | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|--|-----------------------|---|
| Going— | SCHEDULE: | | | |
| Lv. Belleville | 4.22 A.M. Ex. Sunday | | | |
| Ar. Toronto | 7.15 A.M. | | | " |
| Lv. Toronto | 11.05 A.M. | | | " |
| Ar. Muskoka Wharf | 2.11 P.M. | | | " |
| Returning— | | | | |
| Lv. Muskoka Wharf | 12.29 P.M. Ex. Sunday | | 7.05 P.M. Sunday only | |
| Ar. Toronto | 3.45 P.M. | | 10.45 P.M. | " |
| Lv. Toronto | 4.00 P.M. | | 11.15 P.M. | " |
| Ar. Belleville | 6.09 P.M. | | 2.05 A.M. Monday only | |

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Roundabout

Being a Space Devoted to the Goings on in Camp

Officers' Mess

Since our last issue, several of our friends have departed. Slim Avent has gone to join the great MacSwartle at Greenwood, and we hope he and his wife will be very happy there.

Cyril Holland-Martin has left us (we hope only temporarily) to spend the summer at Port Albert. We hope to have him back for the hockey season!

Bill Garrad has joined the intellectuals and gone to study mysterious subjects at Mountain View. We understand there have been many vain attempts on the part of his fellow-students to emulate the famous face-fungus.

We were sorry to see Doc Martin go—the Glee Club will miss him (quote) more than somewhat (unquote).

Congratulations to P/O. Sturgess on his recent marriage. We wish the pair of them every happiness, and as a special concession will refrain from any further reference to the blind. We hear that the contingent from Picton distinguished itself at the wedding which was more or less expected and just about true to form.

The season of leave is now once more upon us and there is a general exodus in search of adventure, sunburn, heartburn, or what-have-you (or haven't you yet?).

Tommy Green seems to have found something or other way up in those mountains.

And P/O. McEvoy came back from Montreal with a more than usually contented expression. F/L. Looker and P/O. Stringer have returned from the States which in itself is a bit of an effort, we think.

We wonder where Sam Calland suddenly disappeared to? Not Beam Ends surely? One hears he had good sport practising a spot of relative speed with his bow and arrow.

Bill Lockwood, of course, is just a homing bird and made straight for Hamilton. Wonder what the attraction is. And has P/O. Edwards suddenly become attached to the wide open spaces. We have heard it confirmed that there is a lot of attractive scenery around Muskoka at this time of year.

Talking about attractive scenery, we wonder whether Arthur Boucher considers Miss British Columbia was worth the loss of two of his favorite trees—and incidentally when do we go over and get 'em back!

P/O. Allen is looking a little worried

these days. Can it be that he is spoiled for choice or was that Red Cross Dance just a flash in the pan.

Well folks after that lighting mess meeting the other day there are prospects of much social activity to come, so look out of this department just **might** pick up some "gen" but that, like our poor adjutant's leave, is rather problematical.

Sergeants' Mess

It's a nice thought, don't you think, to begin this er—article on a congratulatory note to our one and only Samivel Broughton, on his impending marriage . . . he is the first of the N.C.O.'s to fall a victim to the wiles of the capricious Canadiennes. His natural modesty had brought forth many denials, but at last he has brought the lovelight from under his bushel . . . it now gleams in his eyes.

It is possible that this is merely the forerunner of several such events. One N.C.O. has become so confused that he sent his beloved silken hosiery wrapped in a copy of Wings that contained an account of his misdemeanors. The sugar is generally on the outside of a pill . . . Prendergast!

E hyphen H is seriously considering his future and intends, by all accounts to change his civilian career from cobbling to travelling in ladies lingerie, and has been getting a few hints straight from the "mares nest."

Then, of course, there were those N.C.O.'s from that usually respected and respectable domain, the Accounts department, who attended a conference in Toronto and returned looking very tired and overworked after two days and three nights . . . Our sympathies are extended, we realize what these conventions are. . . .

And while we are on that subject, what was Jock Stewart doing wandering along the road to camp early one morning late in June?

Now, for other sports activities, our football team has done well and awful. Against the Messes they played a really fine game, deserving their win against some very worthy opponents. It is unnecessary for me to add a word of praise to the play of Sgts. Miller and Ross, or a word of condolence to our right winger Worley, who must have been a shop walker in private life. Every member of the team played really excellent football. But against "B" Flight on the following Sunday, well . . . they were too confident and indolent.

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PICTON

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Repairs**

The Range Staff Contributes

The following few verses are sent for your entertainment by the Range personnel. It is true we didn't write it, but you have never heard it so what's the odds? It was cut out of a paper sent from home, and written by a soldier in Southern Rhodesia. Anyway here goes.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

1.

On active service where all is new,
Where grub is good and risks are few;
Where work is ended when day is o'er,
And finding amusement is sometimes a bore.
Tis then one's thoughts begin to roam,
With speed of light to scenes of home.

2.

To the local 'pub' or village inn,
To friends and pals and kith and kin;
To peaceful scenes that once we knew,
And skies much cloudier than this blue,
Then homeland calls with a dullish pain,
And we wish to God we were back again.

3.

Back to the land where we were born,
Back to the fields of waving corn;
Of wheat and rye, of grass so green,
That lands like this have never seen.
What would we give for powers to soar,
To visit those scenes we loved of yore.

4.

That land we knew was loved so well,
Until she suffered the pangs of hell;
While bombs crashed down, and ack-ack
 roared,
And overheard the bombers soared;
While sirens wailed their haunting sound,
And peaceful folk went underground.

5.

Twas then we vowed that vengeance dire,
With many planes and bombs, and fire;
Should fall upon that nation foul,
That dared thus on our land to scowl;
And on this job we now are bent
Upon this mighty continent.

6.

So our efforts and our work,
On tasks that bore, and often irk,
Depends how soon we shall once more,
See again those scenes of yore,
Greet wives and sweethearts, children,
 friends,
And for enforced absence make amends.

7.

So thoughts meander to and fro,
To future years that we shall know;
Of calm content, a task well done,
A tale to tell in time to come.
And feel perhaps our separation,
Has helped to save the British Nation.

Motor Transport Section

The neighbors along the shore in Picton Bay on Saturday were suddenly seen to emerge from their homes and solitude to gaze seawards, where Messrs. E. Brown, B. Gubbins and Jock Lonsdale, were giving forth their version of "My Bonny Lies Over The Ocean." Was it tears that fell or was it rain? We have since heard that two German subs had to crash dive owing to a large number of objects floating in the water.

Many logical suggestions have been turned down, (like a bedspread) for it is evident that a "good line" is the shortest distance between two dates, or so it is understood from Cpl. Hinds.

Our transport section is as **one unit or two parts**. One which is little known, such as the M.T.M.'s, the other the drivers, making in all two teams; "A" the makers and "B" the breakers respectively.

It has come to our notice that since the stoppage of our hard earned 02-00 hrs. passes, that night operations have been seriously affected and to a large extent curtailed altogether; but Messrs. Horton, Pyper, Archard, Bullock and Jones have overcome this difficulty via the old jalopy.

The favorite theme song of our transport drivers today seems to be, "Love Is The Greatest Thing," for at least three of our boys are looking forward to marriage. We extend our best wishes and good luck, and may all their troubles be little ones.

L.A.C. H. Evans, "B" Flight, and Cpl. L. Burford, S.P., could easily 'hold' the 100 yards sprint especially with a snake start from our snake charmer boy, Jock Lonsdale. All and sundry are hereby challenged. Here we finish our usual tête à tattling.

Stores

Having, from time to time, viewed the new Stores building, which is growing with the smooth celerity of a mushroom, we can only conclude that:

- (a) as a dog kennel it is tops and
- (b) it will certainly draw this section closer together.

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Corporal Blunt on his recent posting to No. 1 I.T.S. as pilot u/t. He was one of the hardy citizens that formed the nucleus of the Stores when all was chaos way back in '41 and he has many friends outside this section. For all of them we say "Best of luck, Don."

Tired of Toronto and misled about Montreal, the members of this Section are apparently all set to scatter their ennui along the sidewalks of New York. Several have already been to the world's most glamorous city but insist that they left it as they found it, after a sober week and eight hours sleep every night. Of course, we believe them — but where did they get the dark circles under the eyes?

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27-28—"TWIN BEDS"

29-30—"REMEMBER THE
DAY"

31-Aug. 1—"HOLD BACK THE
DAWN"

Ang. 3-4—"KING'S ROW"

7.8—"BORN TO SING"

10-11—"SHIP AHOY"

12-13—"DANGEROUSLY
THEY LIVE"

14-15—"RIDE 'EM COWBOY"

19-20—"SABOTEUR"

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Servicing Squadron

The first trade pioneers of Draft 242 have gone to the wide open spaces, (for a millinery tonic), to Medicine Hat. Welcome to our section Lac's Flockett and Gleave. Have you come to stay? The daring Young man of the Lysander trapeze has been deputising for F/Sgt. Denyer and has kept the work well in hand. Although Chiefy Denyer has been in 'dock' we are glad to say he has made a recovery.

"Sweet Caporal" Chidwick is still waiting for what? Who is Eunice? Apparently the boy who met her was hit so hard, he was knocked senseless, and remains so still.

Corporal Panton has now returned from a rest, doing the inventory check, to take an indefinite rest at the Aircraft Control Sanatorium. The Matron gets very flustered when his patients are due for treatment, but then Sgt. Jones isn't State Registered. By the way fellows, we now have three jalopies in the section. One has come off a major, one is on a major, the other goes in fits and starts; starts and then has a fit. All three will be seen at the Outlet very shortly.

Workshops

Well customers you'll be happy to know that at last the ring of the anvil will be heard under the shingled roof, but it may be a week or so before we can forge ahead in Gretna Green style 'cos Pop's under pressure at present. Still in the meantime urged by memories of apprentice days and our Mighty Atom, the Sergeant, the Co-bourb Cupid, will perform. By the way, if a dull buzz is heard amidst the noise of production don't be alarmed its not the bees in our bonnets, but the Bugle Boy's new saw, so mind your fingers Bondy.

To pass a thought of depth unknown; spring is sprung the grass is rising, wonder where those blue pencil flowers are that wee Joe's shaking hands have sown.

"A" Flight

Many are the joys and woes of us lads, especially of our able football manager. How he can Penn a natty list.

We welcome the return of our beloved chief, who, strange to say, went on leave without collecting the sub's. perhaps he won a sweep-stake unknown to us.

In reply to your advertisement last month. We have to inform you that we did have a Serviceable Battle but the children of "B" Flight are using it. "Keep it flying," there will not be another one for some time.

Our chief moan is: The gents of No. 5 hangar will persist in having kites ready for test at eventide, but lucky are they to have the sun shining in the early hours, and we have for disposal a number of chairs.

Much rivalry exists between the two parties as to the number of kites to leave out each evening. "B" party leads by nine, at the time of going to press.

Belleville appears to have a lot of interest for our pilots. They blame it on the wind. Ah, but we know better.

Is it W-right for a young lady to have an army number.

Accounts Section

The Squadron Leader has returned from Muskoka and, we trust, completely recovered from his recent illness. Flying Officer Calland came back from a week's furlough complete with tan that looked as if it came straight out of Miami. Bert Uttley has gone to the Capital on temporary duty and hopes it will last forever. Apparently he has three dates week nights and six on Sunday. Best of luck to Alan Kelsall who has left us for a pilot's course. Among the newcomers we welcome Pilot Officer Day from Caron, and Sergeant Chapman from Trenton. Owing to the new procedures Warrant Officer Blackshaw and Sergeant Wheeler were in a little maze of uncertainty and so betook themselves to Toronto to attend a convention—and other things. They returned after two heavenly daze. But little wiser.

Meanwhile spare a thought for the pay boys who have had their noses to the grindstone for a whole month — and for the grindstone which has long since given up. Also for the Equipment Accounts which lately bears a striking resemblance to the Black Hole of Calcutta. A new notice has appeared warning them not to breathe in all at the same time. Visitors (business and social) are advised to call at one of the windows. It's so much easier than climbing over the desks. It is with this crushing thought that we say farewell to the Nest for this month.

STOP PRESS: For "Flying Officer Calland" read "Flight Lieutenant Calland." And congratulations, Sir, from all the staff.

"C" Flight

We welcome to the Flight, two new pilots P/O. Wood and P/O. Hill, may you be happy with us here.

June has been a very busy month for flying, in addition to our own "chores," we have been helping "B" Flight quite a lot with pilots and planes. Incidentally we've heard quite a lot from "B" Flight about an imaginary nudist colony at Napanee. Tex didn't feel so merry after his Lysander trip, and do we hear correctly, Mutton, is there an engagement in the air? Our Chinese corporal nearly bought a wristlet watch while on leave in Montreal, but found other uses for his dollars. "Chalky" came to work one morning with a thick lip. No, he hadn't been scrapping, merely out with his lady friend. Incidentally he is very fond of strawberries and cream, to the extent of requesting transport to get it.

P/O. Allen and W/O. Bennett are at daggers drawn trying to get the hours in.

As a final note—We'd like to know if K.R.'s and A.C.I.'s should be quoted on the football field?

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Fire Hall

"Hello binders"! Here is the latest news. One of our members had a very fortunate accident recently. As a direct result of this the water has now moved from his brain to his knee. What was the matter with our chiefs' optical apparatus the other day—was it a case of "Smoke gets in your eyes," or was it too many late nights at Belleville? Maybe "Nellie" had something to do with it. When we questioned him the only answer we got was "Wigglesnoops," whatever this means we don't know. After a nine days' vacation our "Glasgow Kid" has been granted another holiday — with full expenses paid this time. "What again"!

Last month we were highly honored by the visit of a certain officer with a very distinguished name. He taught us all kinds of quaint fire customs, among these, which end of the hose the water comes out.

What about the airman who challenged the Fire Party at checkers, is it true he is now **running** for his life?

With the return of the good weather the firemen are getting quite "brownd off." There is always an "outlet" for this.

Well blokes this is all for now, we'll be back next month with bigger and better news flashes. "So long," and as the M.O. would say, "If you can't be good be careful."

Station Sick Quarters

Our research department has been experimenting with a new anti-mosquito lotion, we hope to have it in use by September 21st, at the earliest.

We hope to start a Hospital Museum shortly; our only exhibit at present being a pickled appendix. Any odd tonsils or toenails will be very gratefully accepted by the curator, Professor Langford.

A certain Corporal nursing orderly, u/t. gardener, has become quite 'brownd off' with his gardening efforts of late, just take a look at him!

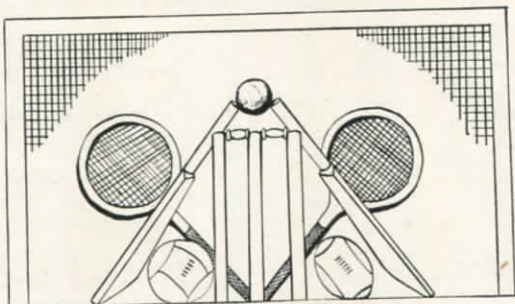
Lac's Blackburn and Thompson have returned from leave in the States, they appear to be very thrilled about it, but have very little to say about it all.

The latest scandal: Who was the blonde our Corporal cook was seen with recently?

CA CANNY

Bruce is hurt
He raced a Ford
He wrecked it
And Alice is hurt too
In fact she's dead.

[See Page Twenty-seven]



CRICKET

It is encouraging to note the increased popularity which has been accorded to cricket during the present season. Facilities for playing are far better now than last year; for instance practice was confined to two evenings each week in the Drill Hall where the light was hardly satisfactory, but now we have two matting wickets laid out in the Ice Rink opposite the H.Q. Building. These are available for use every night in the week.

The Commanding Officer is largely responsible for the installation of these new wickets, and we can best express our appreciation by making the fullest use of them. Here, and in the Inter Flight matches, you will find every opportunity to graduate into the Station team, and everyone, regardless of prowess, is encouraged to turn out to net practice, especially.

INTER FLIGHT LEAGUE

Twelve teams were represented in the League, and it is hoped to arouse as much interest in the competition as was shown in the football league. The matches are to be played on a time limit basis, and it is proposed to play one match each evening. The time limit system, which is necessary to complete the league by the end of the summer, should also make for brighter cricket. Results of the games played so far are tabulated below.

- 1.7.42: Officers XI—56.
Sergeants XI—98 (Sgt. Miller 53)
- 6.7.42: Headquarters XI—62
for nine wickets.
Combined Messes XI—64 for 9
wickets.

STATION TEAM

After making a bad start at Peterboro in the first match of the season, a decided improvement has taken place, and it is safe to say that the team this year is stronger than the team which had such good results last season. Some of last year's players are not with us now, but generally speaking, the loss has been more than compensated by our new acquisitions. The new batsmen

are proving to be very capable indeed. On 20th June, versus the Peterboro—Whitaker C.C., Sgt. Miller set a new individual batting record with 104, and a week later, Sgt. Pollard raised it to 109, when we engaged our old rivals from Kingston. Both these batsmen were 'not out.' In addition to this, F/O Ruck and AC. Williams have beaten last season's figure. (47, by LAC. Grundy at Trenton). There are other batsmen in the team who are capable of scoring equally as well.

Bowlers are the main concern. As was the case last year, there is little variety in the attack, and a good spin bowler would be a very welcome asset to the side. On a suitable wicket, Cpl. Tabbenor and LAC. Haldenby have been very effective, but the attack must be further strengthened and varied.

The fielding has been patchy, very good one day and just as bad the next, but as the composition of the side becomes more settled and each man is assigned his individual place in the field, we can expect more consistency. Results to date are set out below.

- 30th May—at Nicholl's Oval, Peterboro'
Peterboro—Whitaker C. C. — 62 for 6,
declared.
- R.A.F., Picton—33 all out. (F. Dyer, 4
wickets for 15 and G. Coldbran, 6
wickets for 17).
- 8th June—at Port Hope
R.A.F., Picton—74 all out (AC. Williams,
20).
Trinity College School—74 for 4 wickets.
- 20th June—at Picton
R.A.F. Picton—176 for 4 wickets, declared.
(Sgt. Miller, 104 not out, F/O.
Ruck, 50.)
Peterboro—Whitaker C.C.—28 all out
(LAC. Haldenby, 6 wickets for 5
runs and Cpl. Tabbenor 4 for 19).
- 27th June—at Picton
R.A.F. Picton—200 for 8 wickets declared.
(Sgt. Pollard, 109 not out, and AC.
Williams, 57)
R.A.F. Kingston—94 all out. (Cpl. Tabbenor
5 wickets for 17, and LAC.
Haldenby, 3 for 33).

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Buckingham

-and Smile

SOFTBALL

This most American of Canadian games has an enthusiastic, if small, following on the station. Five teams are in the struggle for the mythical mug: Works and Buildings, Maintenance, Army, Security Guard and G.I.S. Their league standing, with slightly less than half games played, is indicated in the order of their listing. While Works and Buildings have not yet lost a game, the Maintenance Mound-boys are only a game behind them, and with the hot pitching of Pennell they are bound to give the Carpenters a run for their money. It is the enthusiasm of Windy Ware that has kept his team out in the front.

The Army Service Corps, teaming up with our Dental Dizzie-Deans, are next in line. Undoubtedly their best player, and one of the best all-round men in the league, is Lt. Comstock.

The Security Guard boys had the misfortune of losing some of their best players, just as the league got under way. In spite of this handicap, they are fielding a game little team which may upset the applectart yet. It has been even harder for G.I.S. to field a team, since most of its personnel is totally unfamiliar with the game. But S/L. Stibbard and F/L. Hartnell have trained a team which has turned in several fine performances.

The Station Softball Team, in games against Mountain View and Kingston, has shown need for practice work-outs, not having yet won a game. With more regular practices, and more intensive coaching, material on the station can be moulded into a smooth little team. Here's watching you!

SOCCER

We have reached the half-way stage in our Inter-Section League. There are one or two postponed matches yet to be played, and it is hoped the teams will arrange to have these games played off before we enter on the second leg of the league program.

The league at the moment is in a very interesting state, with but three points separating the top four teams; although Messes, who are one point behind the present league leaders, Headquarters "A" have a match in hand.

We were treated to a few surprises during the month. Who, for instance, would have predicted the lowly "D" Flight to beat the strong Headquarters "A" team by two goals? Then "B" Flight, not to be outdone, took a hand, or rather foot, in the surprises, and scored four goals to Sergeants' three goals. These "turn-ups" add interest to the games and, as someone remarked after the "B" Flight versus Sergeants' game: "It only needs the Officers to

beat the Messes to complete the round of surprises." Can't you just hear those Galley Boys—"That'll be the day!"

A very high standard of football was reached in the game between Headquarters "A" and Sergeants, with H.Q.'s coming out victors 2-1. H.Q.'s tactics from the start were to bottle up Sgt. Miller, tactics which were carried out successfully and which in no small measure contributed to Sergeants' defeat. The game drew the biggest attendance of the season and the spectators got full value for their expenditure of lung-power in cheering the players on.

It was decided to play the Messes v. Sergeants' game on Picton Fair grounds immediately following the Station versus Army (Kingston) game. It was surprising to see how little interest the local inhabitants showed in these two games, only about a dozen civilians taking advantage of the facilities to witness two matches in which, I bet, the standard of football was

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MAIN STREET

PICTON

equal, if not superior, to any played in Canada.

There was no quarter asked or given in the latter game. It was a ding-dong struggle from start to finish, no team holding advantage for more than a few minutes at a time. The keen tackling and rare abandon with which the players entered into the play can be credited to the good condition of the pitch. "Chiefly" Bruty's goal midway through the second half was the only score, and gained for the Sergeant's two valuable points in the race for the championship.

Dereck Pope, H.Q.'s "A" inside right, created a record which may not be surpassed in the league this season, that of scoring a goal thirty seconds after the commencement of Headquarter's game versus Officers and completing a hat-trick of three consecutive goals in 2 minutes 50 seconds. Altogether he registered 7 times during the game and equalled the record of AC Walker, Messes centre forward, who also scored 7 goals against the Officers' team.

The games during the month were singularly free from injuries (touch wood), if we except a few minor cuts and bruises which served to give some of the lads a few days' "scrounge." A good memory is necessary for some of the lads to remember which leg to limp with.

The Station played and won five games during the month, 5-0 versus the Army-in-Kingston at Kingston, and 3-0 in the return game at Picton. Collins Bay, Kingston R.A.F. team, visited us for the first time and were our opponents in the first station match played on the Fair Ground. We had the best of matters all through and finished up worthy winners by the score of 7-2. The match was played in the early afternoon and no doubt the heat was a telling factor in the low standard of play, hitherto of excellent quality when these two teams meet. It is to be hoped that all future matches will be played in the evening when the rays of the sun are less strong.

In the Quinte League, we visited Mountain View and won on a tight rein by 5-3. The game was noticeable for the fact that our C.O., Group Captain Cox, was one of the participants, playing at right half, and was in no mean way responsible for our win. Two goals were scored from his passes, one by Johnnie Long at outside right, and the other by Hughie McConnell. It is the first time I have known of a C.O. playing for a station team, nor can W.O. Nicklin remember a precedent, and he is qualified by his lengthy service to be an authority on the matter. We visited Trenton again in the Quinte League and by virtue of our win by 4-3 have brought the bacon home to Picton. We have 6 points for 3 matches, with Trenton 2 points for the same number, and Mountain View tail-enders with nothing to show for 2 matches.

The Trenton team showed great improvement from our previous when we whacked them 9-2. All the players must be highly commended for their stamina, as most of the game was played during a thunderstorm which swept the ground. The heavy rainfall turned the pitch into a quagmire.

Geordie Aitcheson, one of our players who had his leg broken in a previous game at Mountain View, and has been in Trenton hospital since his mishap, was an interested spectator at the match and one of our most enthusiastic supporters.

The Station team is looking for new fields to conquer and, having noticed the boosting the Toronto papers have recently been giving the R.A.F. team from Mount Hope, we feel that one or other of the War Charities would benefit to a great extent if a challenge match were arranged between the teams in Toronto or Peterboro, where the game has a big following.

Now for the second half of the league program. May we continue to see the same standard of sportsmanship displayed as in the first half.



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If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
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If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a man, my son!

—From "Rewards and Fairies."

The Pirton Gazette

"Printers of 'Wings' Magazine"