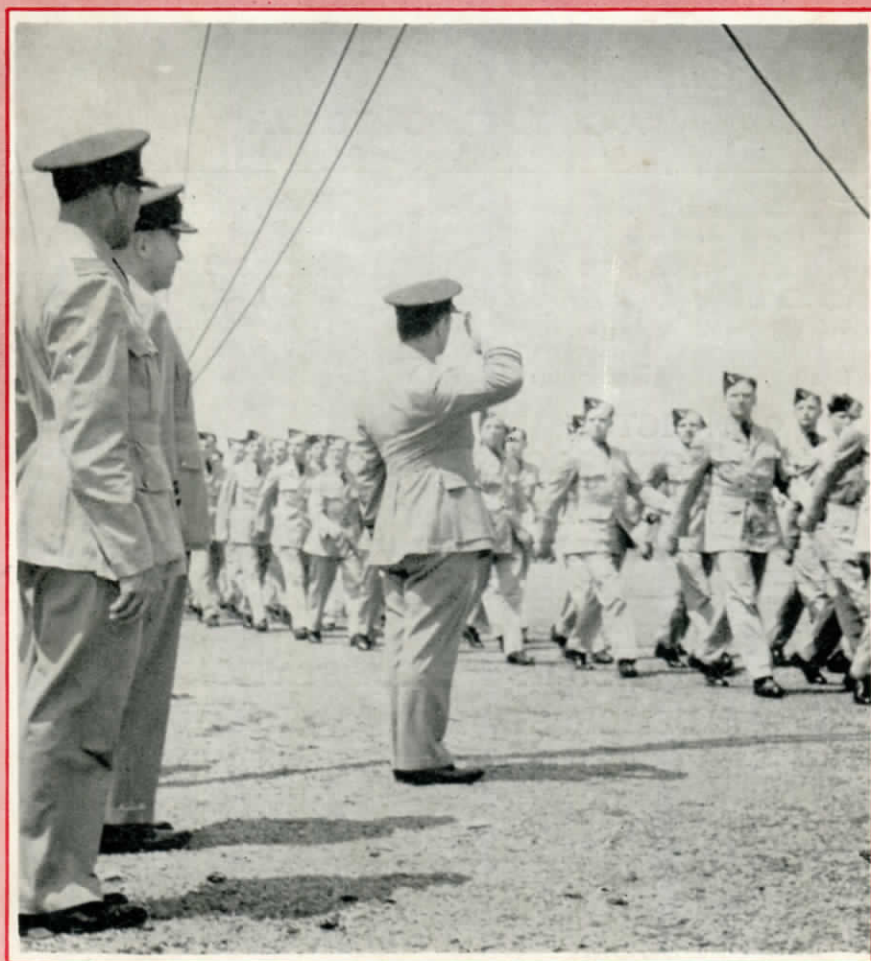




WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R.A.F. PICTON

Summer Number



Vol. 2, No. 3 - August 1942

10c to Service Personnel

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Editorial

MAN is a conservative beast. He hates anything to alter. He gets used to the one job; settled to doing it a certain way, at definite times, and accustomed to his own corner in the universe.

Then comes the great change—war; change in mode of living, altered places, different jobs, and for those in the forces never-ending uncertainty and change. He is never sure where the whim of records will send him next, nor even if he will be able to get an 'early chit,' to catch a train, start his leave in comfort, and arrive at his destination at a reasonable hour.

Fortunately man is the most adaptable of the animals. Though he is temporarily put out and loses efficiency when change and uncertainty hold sway, he can, after a lapse of time, settle down once more to a new routine. He tries to adapt himself. He has to.

Pity it is that when the changes continue mercilessly, he ceases to adapt himself, becomes unsettled and no longer cares; things run, but not half so well. Like the car gear box, the vehicle still runs, whatever gear it is in, but at a different tempo, and with varying strains and stresses, depending on the gear selected. If the gear is changed badly, there is a grinding of the cogs, discords occur, and the machine may run into neutral or break down to stop altogether. To change down to climb a hill or back to 'top,' to run smoothly along the level is good; those changes are necessary. But, change for the sake of the thing, because there is nothing better to do, is bad, it injures the gearbox.

Frequent change is unsettling, though occasional change is refreshing and makes the machine run better.

We saw things in a new light when we came overseas. G. K. Chesterton once said that the whole object of travel was not to set foot on foreign land; it was at last to set foot on one's own country as a foreign land. To quote the relevant dialogue from his autobiography, *The Man Who Was Chesterton*, he narrates as follows:

"One day when I was leaving London for a holiday, a friend walked into my flat in Battersea and found me surrounded with half-packed luggage.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Battersea," I replied, "via Paris, Belfort, Heidelberg, Frankfurt."

"I suppose it is unnecessary to tell you," said my friend, "that this is Battersea?"

"It is quite unnecessary," I replied, "and it is spiritually untrue. I cannot see any Battersea here; I cannot see any London or any England. I cannot see that door. I cannot see that chair; because a cloud of custom has come across my eyes. The only way to get back to them is to go somewhere else. The whole object of travel is not to set foot on foreign land; it is at last to set foot on one's own country as a foreign land."

So said G. K. Chesterton. Is he right? We are now overseas, we have seen many changes, and have begun to appreciate that 'cloud of custom' which shrouded us, which protected us from petty irritations and shielded us from insignificant and annoying changes. Maybe the interesting changes, such as going overseas have been overshadowed by others. Environment will bias one's impressions and outlook.

To conform with other changes, "Wings" has had to be reduced in size this month. Since quality and not quantity is my prime consideration, cutting out four pages of rubbish is, to my mind, sounder economy than cheapening the paper and altering the layout.

The committee is fighting to improve this magazine and at the same time cut down unnecessary cost. The two do not travel on the same class ticket. To make a first-class magazine on third-class revenue is difficult. However this is the cheapest issue we have yet produced, and with the help of The Picton Gazette, promises to be the best yet. Oh yes! my trumpeter died long ago, destructive criticism is cheap in this world and credit hard to come by, so one is left to assess one's own merits, if any.

Finally, in future, magazines and periodicals cannot be despatched overseas at Paper Rate. Nothing can stop them going Letter Rate. The cost letter rate is 10 cents. Since "Wings" is the Station Magazine, it is worth that much to send home to your family and friends, you might even save yourself much letter writing and still let those at home know that there is plenty of activity on the station.

F. E. B. Ferns.

— V —

Ultima Thule

In the quietness of evening, as the sun goes down to rest,
I sit alone, with thoughts both old and new, to things that I loved best.
The past, with peace and restfulness, with home and those we loved;
The present in a changing world, with fear to look above.

The village church, the peel of bells, the singing of the choir,
The gladness for the eventide, which marked the end of toil,
The friendly hearth, the twilight glow, within the house though small
Security, rest and plenty, which God had meant for all.

The present, now, though changing fast, war, hate, and battered world
The love of lust, the frightfulness of Satan's flag unfurled,
The long and weary road, the bitterness of strife,
The fight for justice, freedom, and for man to live his life.

But even now, there waiting lies, a day that's bright and clear,
Gone will be the terror, and the misery and fear.
And in its place, a better world, a world once more at peace
With justice and security, when tyranny has ceased.

H. G. Edwards.



IT was 1492, a beautiful Saturday, and just because a bunch of fellas decided to go fishing instead of playing golf, history was being made. They sent their wives to Court—the Queen was giving a morning speech at matinee prices—then loaded their automobiles with tackle, outboard motors, a few cases of Shultz, several forty ounces of Four Roses, and with a hey-nony-nony drove down to the ocean. Gas wasn't rationed in those days. En route a cop handed them a ticket for speeding, but that has nothing to do with this story. When they arrived at the beach they hired some row boats and took to the water. But after a few hours decided the fish weren't biting around those parts and sailed out farther. Still no fish. So they sought consolation in a few

drinks. Then they did some more of the same thing. After all, it was hot. They consoled themselves so much they finally fell asleep.

When they awoke it was night. They knew this because it was dark, and they couldn't see the shoreline. So they flipped a coin to decide which way they should row — and rowed. I should have mentioned they were fresh out of gas. If they'd brought along a compass they'd have known they were going West. But they hadn't, so they didn't. They rowed all night, all next day, and several days and nights after that. But there was no sign of the bright lights. And one of them was beginning to wish he hadn't used that double-headed nickel. Then they ran out of liquor and got mad at the man who had suggested the trip. His name, incidentally, was Columbus. And Columbus took an awful razzing from those boys.

Having studied Dale Carnegie in his youth, Mister C. kept giving them pep-talks about how land was just around the corner. A week later they hadn't seen so much as a traffic light and they began to loose faith in this around the corner business. So one day, after they had rowed about thirty-three blocks, and Columbus had finished the usual line, they hollered: "Oh yezh," which was Spanish for "Don't give us the screaming chi-chi's." Thus the American language was born. Thanks to Barbara Stanwyck it's made great strides since then.

Anyway, Columbus and the boys held out longer than Di Maggio in Spring and at last they sighted land. "Look at that dizzy dame taking a shower" said one. "Listen, jerk," said Mister C. "that ain't no frill. It's the Statute of Liberty. And it's raining." They disembarked at pier 42 and found the newshawks waiting for them. That night Walter Winchell quoted them as having asked where Madeleine Carroll was. "The boys" said Mr. Winchell, "were disappointed to learn she was on a desert island along with the entire fraternity of Harvard. There is no truth in the rumor that they are about to row back. We have it on good authority that Mayor La Guardia has persuaded them to stay over for the ball games."

They were zipping along 34th. Somewhere there was a wild clanging of bells, and the Mayor was speaking. . . .” You’ll need an apartment, Chris. I know just the place. It’s small but cozy. I’ll send along a few people to give you a housewarming.” The Mayor had only known him four minutes and was already calling him by his given name. Normally Mr. Columbus would have been embarrassed. But he wasn’t because the way the Mayor said it gave him a warm glow inside. “Tell you what, Chris, while the folks are arriving we’ll take time out for a couple of drinks.” Ouch! thought Columbus remembering the last time he’d quenched his thirst. The Mayor said something to the chauffeur. In a few minutes they stopped. It wasn’t until they got out that Columbus discovered he’d been riding a fire engine. They crossed the sidewalk to be confronted by a colossal black moustache. The moustache said: “Evening,” Sir. Shall I park the chariot?” “No thanks, Charlie, we won’t be that long.”

“Was that an admiral?” asked Columbus. “Heck, no” replied the Mayor “the doorman.” They got in an elevator. Two more men joined them. The mariner wondered why they had put twenty-one other elevators in the building. His musing were cut short by a rushing in his ears. They were going up. The Mayor and the two men were having a violent argument about some people called the Dodgers and the Yankees. His stomach gave a sickening lurch. They’d stopped. “You’ll get used to it. . . . eighty-six floors less than a minute.” Four hours later when they came down Columbus didn’t feel anything and wouldn’t have cared if he had.

The bells started ringing again. They were on the way to the apartment. The Mayor had called it small but cozy. It was big enough to park the Queen Mary in. The few people proved to be a small crowd of about a hundred. And they were all very cozy.

This is the first of a series “specially” written for Wings by Corporal Ward. Watch for more Hysterical History and further adventures of the Merry Mariner next month.

V

STATION SPORTS DAY

A station Sports Day is being arranged on the camp for September, possible dates being the 16th or the 23rd of the month. The Sports Day committee have arranged a program of events, sufficiently varied to promote keen competition between sections and finally between the three wings on the station. Novelty races and events for the ladies and children will be included. The following is a draft program:

Inter-Wing Points Events

Track Events

100 yards race
220 yards race
440 yards race
880 yards race
1 Mile
3 Miles
1 Mile Relay

Field Events

Long Jump
High Jump
Shot Putt
Tug-o-war
Throwing the cricket ball.

Messes

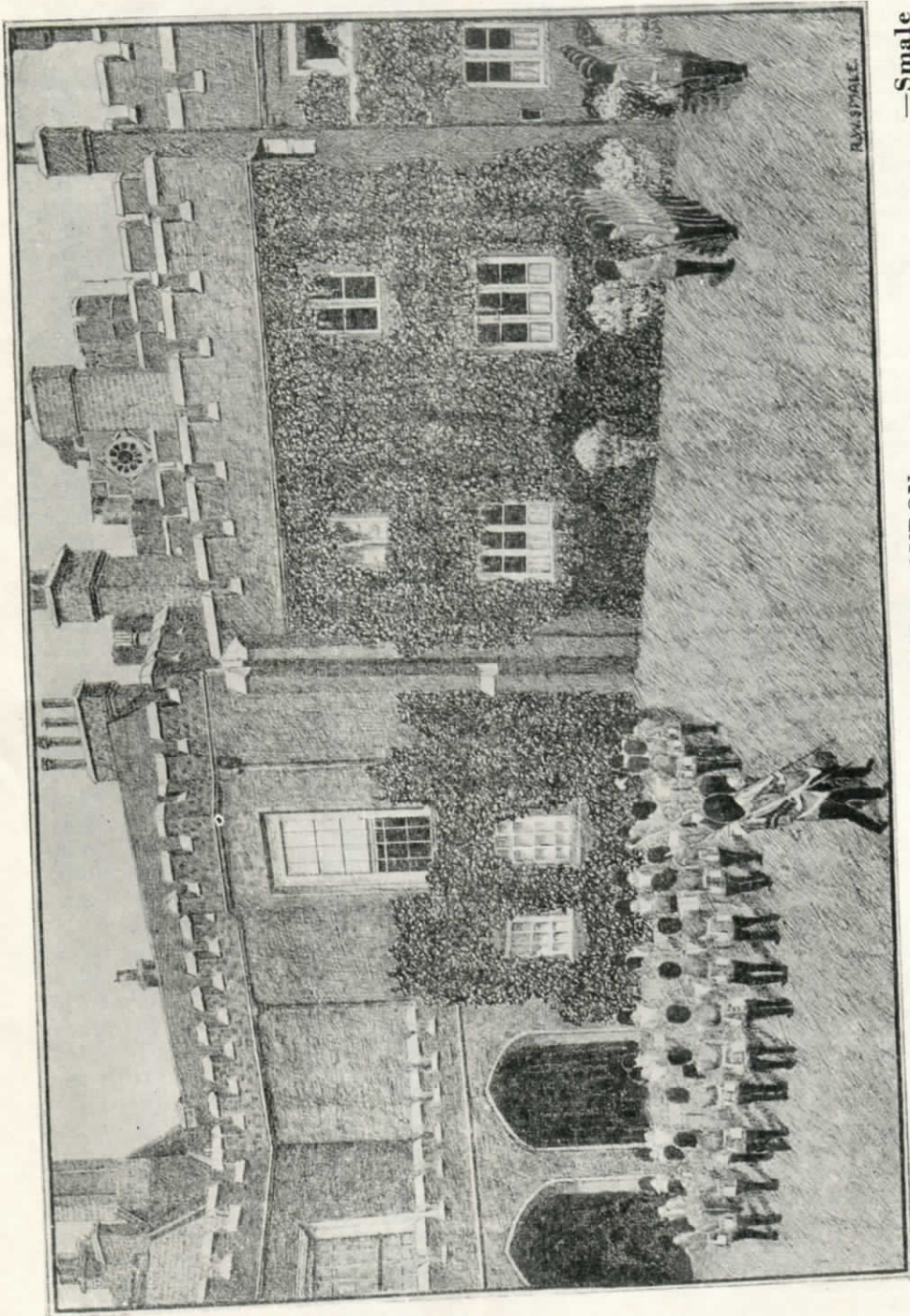
Officers’ Race
Sergeants’ Race
Corporals’ Race
Relay—Officers’ v Sergeants.

Tug-o-war

1. Officers v Sergeants.
2. Winners of 1 v Corporals.
Ladies’ race
Children’s race.

Inter Station Relay

In the meantime, keep an eye on D.R. O’s and notice boards for further announcements and keep in touch with your section representative on the Committee.



—Smale

CHANGING OF THE GUARD, ST. JAMES PALACE, LONDON

Roll on The Boat

This is intended as a criticism of the article written by A. F. C. Verney in last month's issue of "Wings" under the same title, although I do agree in some respects with what he wrote.

THE expression "a cry of despair" is putting it a little strongly; does the previous writer seriously think that the airmen on this Station would admit defeat? I don't think so. I agree though, that if such a feeling of discontent prevailed over all activities in the life on this Station, the effect would eventually be so demoralizing, that all ambition to attain the ultimate goal would be nil.

What of the inability to adapt oneself to one's surroundings, and the cry for the better things one has left behind? Is it not natural for all of us to notice many differences in the ways of living in this country and the one we left?, and do we all consider that the ways of this country are better in all respects than the ways we were brought up to understand? I do not think so. Therefore we must inevitably express our preference for our own way of living. This is not the inability to adapt oneself so much as a natural reaction. No doubt many of us have acquired habits out here that will stick to us for a number of years.

Is it mentally unhealthy for one to discuss the folks at home in terms of affection? It is not this kind of talk that spreads the mental disease referred to by the previous writer, rather, I would say, this sort of conversation could prove to be an asset, insofar as one can see the faults or otherwise of the other fellow's way of living and maybe avoid or encourage similar traits in one's own family life. Further, does the previous writer not think, that if a man has a home problem on his mind, a problem that has possibly been causing him mental anguish for some time, and discusses the matter with a fellow airman, his friend, it will relieve the mental strain to some extent and maybe dispel the feeling of depression.

The reference to radio and cinema programmes aiding and abetting a feeling of despondency is not quite correct. In the first place, most of the songs we hear are either really a little too sentimental for anyone to take seriously or are light and cheerful and invite us to go around whistling or humming them during the day. In the second place, the films we see that are connected with the war only help to keep us in touch with the things we are to expect when we return and which our own people have constantly experienced in our absence. This is of course, a debatable point, but I do not seriously think that the producers of these films would run the risk of undermining the morale, not only of the people on this camp, but of the whole civilian population, if they thought such films were detrimental to morale.

Yes, sport or healthy occupations of one kind or another are very necessary to maintain a healthy mental outlook on life at present, as it is also necessary in any other walk of life, whether it be in war time or in peace time, therefore this does not necessarily affect the point at issue. This sort of thing should be a natural inclination with all airmen.

[Continued on Page Nine]

Ansons of The Bird World

By HARPER CORY, F.C.G.S.



TO say that aeroplanes and birds have aspects in common may seem more than a trifle far-fetched, but I will leave you to form your own opinion. While visiting a B. & G. Station out west last year, I watched two Ansons coming in to land. Suddenly I noticed a flight of, as I thought, seven Ansons flying serenely in the distance. Then one of the seven began to flap its wings. I blinked—then chuckled. The seven things with the sunlight glowing golden on the undercarriages were seven graceful pelicans.

On they came serenely with great wings outstretched, necks tucked back like a figure Z. Taking time from the Wing Commander, the birds flapped their wings some four or five leisurely beats, then floated on. So they came, a series of flaps, float, more flaps, float, and so forth, and it was hard to believe that such creatures slowly crossing the sky were the birds I had watched earlier on a nearby lakeside.

It would be hard to find a more ungainly bird on land than is the pelican. Big, ugly and ponderous, it waddles about slowly on land, or shuffles through the water near the beach scooping up the lake in its huge bill, then straining out the water and swallowing what plant and animal food it has entrapped. It looks like a creature condemned to spend its life on the land, a view which is supported when the pelican tries to take-off. It flaps along the surface off the water making a rare splashing as it taxis along, bumping up and down as if some pupil at the controls knew not what to do. Suddenly the nose goes up, the bird is airborne and aloft it climbs steadily if slowly, metamorphosed automatically from a clumsy galoot into a thing of extreme beauty. The Anson is under weigh. Incidentally, the pelican would love the Red Flag if it could understand human language, for a more communistic creature never lived.

The nearest approach to the Lysander in the bird world must be the partridge. It shuffles along in the undergrowth hoping that it will be overlooked, but once it is really alarmed, up it shoots on whirring wings, rising almost straight from the ground. In flight it can bob this way and that like the Lysander answering the control of a pilot trying to put the wind up some Anson pilot.

Martins are speed merchants of the bird world, but so are swallows. They may be compared with Spitfires and Hurricanes, the swallows, with their greater manoeuvrability, being the Hurricanes. There are several flocks of swallows to be seen this summer on the road to the Outlet. Notice how Hurricanish is their flight.

Falcons and some of the hawks might well be termed the Lancasters and Stirlings of the bird world as they travel well aloft, descending swiftly and gracefully to the kill, and always leaving a packet of trouble for their prey. Eagles, rarely seen this far east, are the Flying Fortresses of the avian world, packed fore and aft with powerful armaments, capable of great flights and able to travel at great altitudes.

It might be thought that the helicopter might strangle our imagination as far as avian comparisons are concerned. Not a bit of it. There are a few humming-birds round Picton. Tiny little creatures, they do the seemingly impossible, for they can hover stationary while they suck the nectar out of a flower trumpet, or fly backward and forward at will. If you doubt this statement, keep your eyes open when near town. If you see a tiny jewel flashing to and fro among the flowers, watch when the bird seems to be perched on a flower. You will find that its wings are beating, and that the small morsel is actually flying stationary, in no manner resting on the plant.

"What about the Tiger Moth?" you may ask. That's an easy one. The Moth seems to be able to fly in almost any position, and to defy certain laws of nature when nervous pupils take control. Have you ever noticed how closely the cheeky sparrow behaves like a Moth? And by the way, there are scores of varieties of sparrows in this Dominion. The best way to distinguish them is by their songs. One makes a noise like a buzzing bee. Another goes "Pres-pres-presbyterian-ian-ian."

So far we have only noted popular comparisons between birds and aeroplanes. There are others based on aerodynamics. Of those, more later. In the meantime, observe how all the flying birds drop their under-carriages before coming in to land. Do thou likewise, unless you would have the birds wiser than you.

H. C.

V

ROLL ON THE BOAT [Continued From Page Seven]

It is nice to seek out cheerful and encouraging friendships, but most fellows who have formed such friendships, have met their friends some distance from this Station, and it is probably only possible for them to visit these friends every few weeks, the travelling facilities to and from this Station being what they are, and far too expensive.

If a fellow has a girl at home, it is his duty to think of her as his ideal, or else why should he even bother to consider her at all. The suggestion that that certain girl should not be imagined as a saintly, irreproachable Venus, smells of a soured mind to me, somebody has been badly let down. I think most of us consider the faults as well as the virtues of the one most often in our minds, and if we think enough of them we can trust them to use their own discretion in their choice of amusements and friendships, after all we do please ourselves and we can't expect others to do any more or less than we do ourselves.

Most of us had differences of opinion and did from time to time get fed up with the common daily routine at home, but then, we are going back, perhaps not to civilian life, but at least to be closer to the people we love best. We shall not get eggs and bacon and all the nice food we get here, but is a man's stomach his guiding influence? At any rate, as a famous general once said, "An army marches on its stomach," and therefore I do not think that the "powers that be" would allow us to starve entirely. Yes, we shall miss all the good things in life as it is here, but is this the first time that any of us have had these things? and is it the first time that we have gone without them?

We have a lot to be thankful for so long as our duty keeps us here and I do not think that we express enough appreciation for them. Therefore let us take a more cheerful view of life as a whole, take more advantage of the social and sporting activities on the camp and instead of constantly grumbling let us take what comes and smile a little more often.

Nevertheless, "Roll-on-that-Boat."

A. J. HILLS.

STRANGER *than* PICTON

★ Since last month's drip from our poisoned pen a lot of water has flown under the bridge. Mostly dirty. It has been a month of surprises. Mostly unprintable. But here are two items that rate front page spreads. Both are true. But everything else around here you can take 'em or leave 'em. We wish we could print the names of the two Clerks-Accounting, who do their necking the hard way—in a graveyard. And the name of the other Golden Eaglet who took the smoothest cookie that's hit town in many a day home from a Saturday night dance. On leaving him, she presented this right knight with a cake of Lifebuoy soap.

★ Outstanding social event of the month was the brainchild of one Corporal Smith. Seems he thought up the idea of having the CWAAF's over from Mountain View for a Sunday evening session at the Corporal's hideout. And wotta jamboree it proved to be! The canned music was a swell notion. But the "mike" wasn't. But definootly! There was some impromptu vocalizing by anybody who cared to stagger up and make a fool of himself for the good of the cause. The first victim made a mistake. He opened his mouth wide. He said afterwards it was the first time he'd swallowed a tomato without chewing it. But in spite of it all, it was a terrific evening and may there be lots more like them. They were really the grandest bunch of gals we've met in a long while and the boys were more than glad to have them. They hope vice versa. Only next time less noise from the cookhouse. Puleese.

★ Talking of good ideas, we'd like to pass along a special boutonniere to whomever conceived the Outlet Camp. It was generally thought—in a typically pessimistic way—the camp would be a no-show from the word "go." But for once the wise guys had to climb down from their limb and admit it to be a hit. Ask anybody who's spent any time at the camp. Incidentally, we hear the "Y" merman was caught with his pants at shore-level out there recently. We'd like to know how he got back to terra firma without being see-worthy. And talking of seeing. . . . as far as we can, the local gals are well tanned this year.

★ From soup to aw-nuts (or, This ain't the Waldorf-Astoria). Dear Cooks: We don't like stale bread, but we have a great big yen for French fried. So keep 'em frying, boys. Sincerely, 700-odd stomachs.

★ Twelve hearts on a griddle. Flight Sergeant Simpson, Sergeant Broughton, and Messrs. Bullock, Merchant, Trodeson, and Wark, decided to prove that two can live as cheaply as one this month. Congratulations, folkses!

★ The Corporals—who seem to be going in for a lot of things lately—threw another midmonth dance. For some time your correspondent wondered whether a noted Oxford accent was the real McCoy or just a phony. Seems the owner got lit . . . and the accent did the old one, two, three jump. Oxford must be celebrating. Apart from the usual hangovers, there were other signs-of-the-night-before next day. One two-hooker worked until three p.m. before the fact that it was his day off registered. And another remembered going to bed in one hut but woke up in another. Such goings on.

★ War is hell: Our sympathies go out to the "C" Flight NCO. who took a tumble for the Original Five-Letter Female . . . And to the Maintenance LAC who is carrying a torch bigger than the Statue of Liberty's for that cute little fever frau who works in a drug store. It started out by way of being a double-decker freeze. No thaw has been reported . . . though ten sheets have been torn off my calendar since it all began. Malady Lane: We hear Sergeant Taylor is suffering from rhumbatism.

★ Headlines: A factory down in Memphis, Tenn., can turn out a house every thirty minutes. It has nothing on a certain M.T. driver who can turn one inside out in half that time. . . In Washington State young women have taken up jobs in the sawmills. Lumberjills? . . . Tires are going to be worn very thin during this war. Like Axis alibis . . . Boots and shoes are to be rationed. Everything for defense, nothing for de-feet.

★ Five pertinent questions. Who was the Warrant Officer who had to go downtown to get his clearance certificate signed! The Sergeant who had an argument with a Hydro pole—and lost? . . . The LAC. who just returned from Ottawa and announced to a startled world that he'd dined on three occasions with the Auditor-General of Canada? . . . The airman (on charge) who reported to the SWO. and said: "I have an appointment with the CO."? . . . The "B" Flight airman whose sole ambition is to do handsprings during a working parade?

★ If ham wasn't rationed we'd be sending the biggest we could find to Edward Small of Hollywood, Calif. Edward Small, ladies and gentlemen, is the man responsible for the most gawdawful show we've had the misfortune to clap peepers on in years. Twin Beds. To me it was symbolic. It showed just how much the public will put up with for the sake of three grand troupers — Joan Bennett, George Brent and Mischa Auer. The ads said it would have 'em rolling in the aisles. It did. Until an usher took the dice away. This marked the first occasion your correspondent has had the privilege of paying forty-two cents for an earful of corn.

A COLLECTION OF
NEWS, VIEWS,
VERY ODDS AND ENDS

Postman's Knock

"HELL! That's torn it." With a disinterested splutter the machine coasted to a standstill. Sergeant Barton dismounted at the roadside and swore gently to himself as he looked down the deserted road. Three miles from Bath and fifteen more to go . . . what a climax to a week's leave. Oh well, that was a lesson for letting her out on the Gloucester-Bath road, batting along between 70 and 80 m.p.h. had burnt up all the juice.

He leaned on the handlebars and started off, trudging along pushing the now unwieldy B.S.A. beside him. The Wellington bombers were warming up on a nearby drome and one by one took off, circled, and left for foreign fields. In the gathering dusk homebound cars passed by ignoring him. Never was a road so lonely as this, with the prospect of getting a lift or petrol fading like the failing light, as the night closed in.

He carried on in the darkness, and after what seemed hours, finally came to the outskirts of a village. If he was lucky he might beg half a gallon of petrol to get him back to camp. The dark form of a petrol pump loomed up, and behind that the garage itself. Setting the bike against the wall he searched for the door, knocked, and waited. On the second banging there were sounds of activity within, and shortly the door opened. He explained his plight and after some parly with the proprietor was given two quarts of the necessary. So, he mused, his luck had not deserted him after all, but it would be well after midnight before he got in, and he was on early duty next morning. Kicking the machine to life he was on his way once more.

Having enough petrol to carry him three times the distance to camp, he let her out and in record time he saw the camp pass by on his left, and a few seconds further on turned to bump and buck up the hill and to the gates. Passing the guard he called in at the guardhouse to check up on his early call and continued to his billet. Now he could get into the warmth again, and he had asked one of the erks to light his fire and make his bed, so he should be asleep in no time now.

The thought of having to get up at 5.30 a.m. made him wince as he fumbled for the keyhole. Pushing home the key, he unlocked the door and turned on the light. Brrr . . . the room was chilly . . . he looked at the stove standing serenely in the corner, as black and bare and unresponsive as when he left it . . . no fire . . . so it had gone out . . . well perhaps there was some spark of life in it still. He opened the top. Oh! that was too much; the fire had never been lit and his bed had never been made. That was the last straw, even if it was one o'clock in the morning. A.C. Gee should have as sleepless a night as he, the little devil.

Picking up his torch he flung open the bunk door and strode into the hut, past the still and shapeless forms, to the bed in which Gee was wont to snore.

Seizing the inert form by the shoulder, he shook it, it grunted, and he shook and swore it awake in no uncertain terms: "Why didn't you light my fire you lazy devil and my bed was not . . . suddenly the body came to life and sat up. Sergeant Barton stopped in mid-air. There in the hard light thrown by the torch was revealed a shock of hair, liberally bespattered with haircurlers, and beneath the head a figure that never had been nor ever could be A.C. Gee's, unless the R.A.F. had reached new heights in filling in forms. Sergeant Barton fled, pausing only to pick up his case at the door, and made for the open air.

Stopping to collect his scattered wits outside, he noticed in the moonlight, the dim legend "WAAF Personnel Only" freshly painted over his billet number.

Suddenly a voice hailed him from the road "Sergeant Barton! I forgot to tell you at the guard-room, the billets were altered during your leave and the Waafs have been moved into that one, yours is in X block." He turned, and homeward trod his weary way.



—Ellelby.

—V—

Confoosin but Amoosin!

Did you ever hear the problem of the "Three Spots"? You did? Then we'll leave you while we tarry here to consider this excellent brain-teaser.

As a test of their powers of reasoning, a learned tutor placed three of his charges in a circle, or triangle if you will, each facing the centre. His explanation, in brief, was something like this.

"Gentlemen, your positions are such that each of you can, by looking straight ahead, see the other two. Presently I shall blindfold you. While you are blind-folded I shall touch each of your foreheads and in doing so I shall either leave a mark or I shall not. Then I shall simultaneously remove the blind-folds."

(This act justifies the description, "learned tutor," for to remove three folds with two hands must require some ingenuity.)

"As soon as you observe at least one spot on the foreheads of your friends you are to commence whistling—and continue whistling until you know by logical reasoning that you have a spot on your own forehead."

This performance was carried out, the tutor leaving a mark on each of the three foreheads. When the folds were removed, each student, of course, started whistling and the resulting discordant sounds led the professor to regret introducing the test. However, just as the students were turning purple and physical collapse seemed imminent, one stopped whistling.

How did he know that he had a spot on his forehead?

"Come into my parlour," said the spider to the fly.

So the fly came — and went the way of all gullible flies, but there's a little more to this fable.

This parlour was no ordinary spider's one but an empty room, twenty-feet long, eight feet wide and twelve feet high—a trifle spacious for a spider but that's the way we heard it. When this arachnid issued his kind invitation to the unsuspecting fly, he was on an end wall, four feet from the sides and two feet from the ceiling. The fly landed on the opposite end wall, two feet from the floor and two feet from a side wall.

[Continued on Page Twenty-five]

Nil Desperandum



You've heard about Sam and his lion
And Tiger he met at the Zoo;
But I'll tell you what happened to Sammy
When his duty he tried hard to do.
He joined up in t' Royal Air Force,
And they sent him to Picton, Ont.
When he got there they said: 'it's ont' ranges
Where chaps such as you are, we want.
So Sam spent his days just awatching,
For smoke puffs and bomb bursts ant' like
With his feet stuck on stove really comfy,
And his eye glued to telescope sight.

Na that were all right during day time,
But at night it were more than a lark,
For Sam had to empty t' bucket
As soon as he thought it were dark.
Na th' hut that young Sammy were watching
Was perched right on t' top of a cliff,
And Sam was afeard he'd be falling
If he stayed too long o'er that niff.
So he hurried to t' cliff edge one evening,
And tipped all that stuff into t' bay,
And said 'Now to sweeten this bucket
Ont' top of this cliff it mun stay.'

Na this is where t' stories exciting,
For whilst our poor Sammy's asleep,
O'er top of that cliff a great wind swept
And blew t' blinking bucket into t' deep.
Na t' waves battered bucket summat awful,
Then threw it to 't foot of them rocks
Whilst Sammy slept peaceful above it,
With his feet in his muther's bed socks.

Next morning, when Sam looked for t' bucket
For nature he must always obey,
He was very put out when he'd fun it,
As at foot of t' cliff it did lay.
For a day it had Sam really worried,
But being a Lancashire Lad
He soon found a way to get oer it,
In t' country it wasn't so bad.

But when they came to check stock there,
And found missing: One Bucket Latrine.
Th' Accounts staff were beefing right awful,
And made such a terrible scene.

'What! write off one bucket latrine?
That's nobbut been used for a week.
If tha wants to help us win t' war lad,
Tha'd better some good reason seek.

So Sam sent a lengthy report in,
About Cliffs, and t' bucket, and t' gale,
And th' Officer i/c endorsed it,
And thought it a jolly good tale.
But th' accounts turned it down good and proper,
'If that's th' only thing tha can say,
We'll charge it right up to th' holder
And he'll soon make poor Sammy pay.
For if that could see t' blinking bucket
A lying right there down ont' beach,
That's not barn to tell us that know it,
That bucket was reat out o't reach."

So they sent down a Squadron Leader
To the scene of this terrible crash,
And a Flight Lieutenant and two others,
In order to save t' country's cash.
Na Sam knew that they couldn't reach t' bucket,
Not even if they knotted all t' braid,
That were humming and hawing o'er cliff top
Without a decision being made.
Naw One suggested a rope down
With Sammy tied on at th' end.
But Sam said 'not Pygmalion likely,'
If on you chaps I have to depend.'

When t'chap came right up from Toronto
To see why that bucket weren't saved,
Young Sammy could see a Court-Martial
For th' unreasonable way he'd behaved.
Na't chap from Toronto said 'Sammy,
To salvage that scrap have a go.
But Sammy took one look o'er t' cliff edge,
And gave him a Lancashire No.

Position was getting right desperate,
And Sammy couldn't get any sleep,
What wi' finding fresh spots out int' country,
And trying his patience to keep.
But Sammy's trouble soon ended,
For a Goon trying target to hit,
Missed Quadrant, and target and t'water,
And dropped his bomb right into t'bucket.

So t'bucket was now pronounced U.S.,
And seven true copies were made
To write off against t' British Public,
And t' British Public has paid.
But Sammy has now learnt his lesson,
Of Buckets Latrine he takes care,
He goes for a walk into t'country,
You can guess what he does when he's there.

J. C.

The Complete Angler

SITTING on my bed last year, in England, idly turning the pages of a fishing catalogue, I wondered when I could get in a day's fishing. The book fell open at a picture taken in Canada of a day's catch of pike. Then I thought that some day perhaps I might spend a fishing holiday over there.

Now by a strange turn of fate that wish is fulfilled.

The winter passes getting the news on angling over here. What tackle shall I need? Where are the best spots for bass, pike and pickerel? Is it best to fish from the boat or from the shore? This information is gleaned from many sources and over sundry beers. Next, I begin to haunt the sports and hardware stores. What shall I buy? I finally decide on a steel casting rod! shorter perhaps than the one I am used to at home, but suitable for most types of fishing, except perhaps fly.

Finally the small tackle, reels, lines, hooks, sinkers, gut leaders, plugs, spinners and landing net or gaff if the funds allow it. Being fairly well fitted out, I eagerly await my "48." Oh! will it ever come?

The great day arrives, I set out for Smith's Bay, complete with "early chit." A very kind friend takes me to a charming spot where I can hire a cabin and boat, mine host fixes me up with worms and some minnows for live bait. He also points out the most likely spots for good sport.

There are several fishing parties staying here, we sit on the lawn talking fish, and enjoying a pipe of baccy as the evening draws in. Early to bed and up at dawn. A perfect morning, a drink of hot tea, and I set off breathing a prayer that I have seen on the wall of the dining room. I believe it runs as follows: "Please God that I may catch a fish so big that I may never tell a lie."

The 'hole' is found. I bait my hook. A duck startles me as it flies out from the reeds. I wait. A slight tug on my line, I've got one! My first fish caught in Canadian waters lies at my feet — a small sunfish.

Now for a spot of spinning, shall I use plug or spoon? I'll try my old favorite kidney spoon. After a few casts the line tightens, the rod bends, a silver form leaps from the water, and lands again—smack, sending up a silver of spray, a black bass, two and a half pounds of fighting fish. Yes, I brought the evidence back. The early row was worth it, four good sized bass before breakfast.

Now an appeal to would be anglers, that they return the little fellows to the water, they are the 'Big uns' another day, and so to breakfast and what a breakfast, what eggs and what coffee!

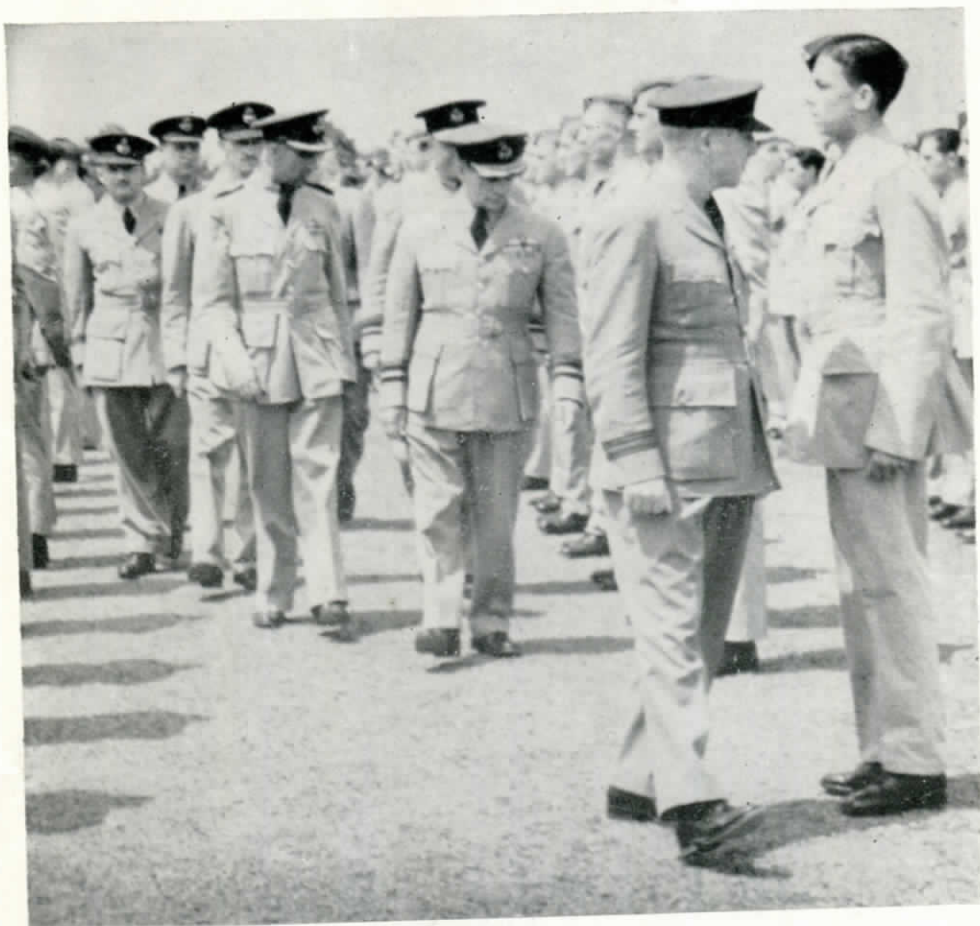
L. L. Billingham.

☆ Camera . . .



Great Expectations

-Ward



● HAIRCUTS, BUTTONS,
BOOTS - - - -

● AT LEFT: The C.O. leads
the March Past.

● BELOW: S.H.Q., Stores and
M.T.

Visit of the Inspector General





● An Informal Evening in Camp.

“Wings” Visits The Corporals’ Club

The Corporals Throw A Party



● ABOVE: Competition for the Andrews Sisters.



● LEFT: The Entire Company.

● The Bus Home



BILLION DOLLAR BACKDROP . . .



Seventy floors above the metropolis, on the Observation Roof of the R.C.A. building, photographer Ward shot these tourists taking a peek at the world's most glamorous skyline.



FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Cost of constructing centre—\$70,000,000.00. Annual rent collected—\$12,000,000.00. Number of companies leasing space—1,400. Number of people who work in centre—26,000. Number of daily visitors (business and pleasure)—125,000. Number of elevators—198. Speed of fastest elevator—1,400 feet per minute. Height of highest building—850 feet. Number of restaurants—22. Number of schools—13. Number of telephones—22,000. Capacity of Radio City Music Hall—6,200. Number of windows—21,292

ROCKEFELLER CENTRE

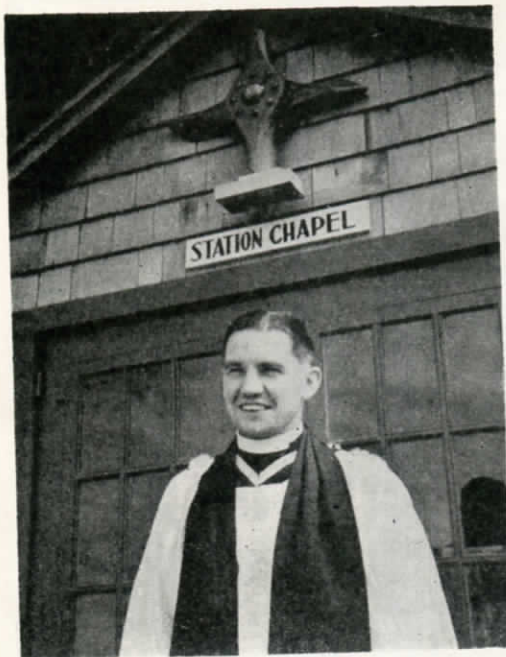
THERE was once a man who decided that New York City needed an opera house. The name was John D. Rockefeller Jr. With that end in view, John D. took out a long-term lease—at a mere \$3,600,000 a year—on twelve acres of Manhattan. The opera project never materialized. But thanks to Mr. Rockefeller's foresight, bold imagination and bank roll there now stands in the heart of New York a towering stone and steel symbol of hope, vision and opportunity. Rockefeller Center.

It consists of the 70-storey RCA Building and its West Extension, the US Rubber Company's Building, the Associated Press Building, and the International Building. Also the British and French Empires, Time-Life, Eastern Airlines, and RKO (which houses the world's largest theatre—the Music Hall) all have their own individual buildings.

This sky-high monument to the future has become the all-time greatest single tourist attraction in the New World. Even more so than Niagara Falls and Mount Vernon. Throughout the summer season more than twenty thousand out-of-towners call on the Center daily. They gaze in awe at its heroic murals, its imported marbles, its stainless steel and its aluminum—and play with the gadgets in the Science Museum; they wander over its roof gardens, and at street-level look at its fountains and green lawns that surround the sunken plaza; they see their favorite radio stars in action at the vast N.B.C. studios—and gasp at the size of the Music Hall and at the beauty of its palatial lobby and powder rooms; they eat and dance, one-sixth of a mile above the sidewalk, in the Rainbow Room—and shop at the Center's hundreds of stores; they shoot up to the Observation Roof to wonder at the city and its millions huddled at their feet; they see ice shows at the Center Theatre, but most of all go for the Rockettes, who are the most popular attraction in the Center, and whose dancing is something to be marvelled at.

But most tourists overlook the fact that the Center's main purpose is to provide a place for people to work. Owner Rockefeller rents his floor space at an average of three dollars per square foot. And today 97% is rented. His biggest tenant is the National Broadcasting Company. Others are Curtiss Wright, Shell, Standard, and Consolidated Oils, Eastern Airlines and many more. Eighteen foreign countries have their consulates in the Center. It houses perfumers, stamp dealers, prophets, and press agents. The RKO Building is full of theatrical agents. A whole floor of the International Building is occupied by dentists. Its stores sell books, rugs, groceries, clothes, candy, canaries, cigars and the inevitable souvenirs. In fact the only things that can't be had in this unique city-within-a-city are a night's lodging or liquor in bottles.

G. C. W.



The **Station Chapel**

S.-Ldr. J. M. Wright

Padre's Notes

It has not been the custom of the service generally to provide churches for use of personnel until recently. As the plan for the construction of station churches has not yet been applied in this country, we have been free to use our own ingenuity and initiative in the matter of providing a church for ourselves.

The derelict civilians mess was selected for this purpose, the Station Commander who sotto voce even now may anticipate the arrival of the W.A.A.F. bravely decided that the building could be put to a realistic purpose immediately, rather than await a contingency that may never come about—the arrival of the belated W.A.A.F.

A fine job of work in the interior of the building was done by Station Workshops and Works and Buildings, a panelled chancel was erected, and altar rails, Communion Table, Oak Cross, and an appropriate picture of the "Lost Sheep Found" were placed in position.

The church was dedicated on Sunday, 5th July, 1942, the officiating Chaplain Rev. J. F. Reycraft being the preacher, and the station Padre read the dedicatory prayers.

It has been pleasantly observed by many that an atmosphere where worship can be conducted is now present, better singing and interest are evident.

Communion Services are held on Sunday mornings at 0730 hrs., and it is hoped that attendances at this service will improve, for who is not in need of the grace and help of God in these difficult times. We say, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him"—an answer may be forthcoming, for surely it is still true that God is more easily found in the company of two or three gathered in His name, than elsewhere.

You and I have now got our station church—Let us see if we can give it a real place in our lives, and hence in the life of our station.

J. M. W.

The Dedication Address

Ps. 95 - 6 - "Oh Come Let us Worship"

I consider it an honor to be associated with the dedication of this your station chapel. The Scripture is dotted throughout with calls to men to approach in worship the God of all the Earth. This chapel is just another voice saying to the people who may be a part of this station, "Come let us worship." Worship is the best in man looking up. There are folk who in their self sufficiency seek the world's solitudes, but in days of need and emergency they seek again the ways of their fellow men. At their best they are lonesome souls. There are folk who dwell in one world only surrounded entirely by the material and its reactions. They deny the being or the fellowship of God. That is their privilege. That is their right. They are lonesome souls that in emergency seek that which they would deny. To the most of us the approach to God in worship is a necessity and an answer to the deepest within us.

The setting aside of a place especially for worship is significant in several ways.

1. It is a place where our highest expresses itself. We have not, nor will we, reach any higher level of human existence than when we approach the Infinite in humble prayer.

2. It is a place of refuge. From life: we get weary of the pressure of life, and there are times when the quiet of this place at the time of prayer will be a ministry beyond compare. From ourselves: we sometimes get ourselves befuddled in our living and in our thinking and the call to "Be still and know that I am God" has an adjusting influence, that helps us find ourselves and be at rest.

3. It is a place of helpfulness and refreshing. No person here who will allow himself to be in the current of this service can help the uplift of the first hymn you sang together. The fact that here we have a common centre, and a common approach to a common Father, helps us touch each others' hands and feel the stronger because we belong to each other.

May this place become an institution and a memory, going with us and helping us in dark and lighter days to be conscious that, after all, we belong to Eternal things.

Rev. J. F. Reycraft.





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OPP. ROYAL HOTEL

CONFOOSIN' BUT AMOOSIN' [Continued From Page Thirteen]

Without emulating the "Man on the Flying Trapeze," the wise old spider took the shortest path to the fly.

How far did he run?

In the last issue there appeared, under the above title, three problems. If there be any person interested in the answers, here we go—

The solution of the "Captain's Dilemma" centres on the reply of the first stranger. Since blacks never, but whites always, tell the truth, the first man must have said that he was "white." So the second told the truth and the third, lied (the bounder!). Answer—second, white; third, black. Deucedly simple, eh-wot?

The hunter walked five miles south, five miles west and yet only five miles back to his cabin, thus describing an equilateral triangle. To do this, the cabin must have been perched aloft the north pole. Therefore he shot a polar bear, so, unless the zoologists have been kidding us, the bear was white.

Don't look now, but those annoying amoebae are here again. Let us consider first the "Case of the Lonely Amoeba." In 20 seconds there were 2; in 40 seconds, 4; in 60 seconds, 8; and in 10 hours, who cares! Since the beaker was filled in 10 hours, it must have been half-filled in 20 seconds less time or in 9 hours, 59 minutes, 40 seconds. Further, we see that the eight amoebae had a one-minute advantage over the single one. Ergo, to half-fill the beaker the eight amoebae took 9 hours, 58 minutes, 40 seconds.

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MAIN STREET

PICTON

GOD give us strength, that we may choose
The road that nobler souls have trod;
And striving on, embrace the thought
That Sacrifice alone, could merit "His
Most Precious Blood.'

Prayer from "Horizon of War"

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Roundabout

Being a Space Devoted to the Goings on in Camp

Officers' Mess

The month has marked a milestone in the history of the Mess. Our magnificent soccer side has registered its first victory, (in fact two of them against the Mountain View Officers' Mess, 8-0, 10-0) and also one draw in the Station League. Our first league win is expected any day now, so keep trying, chaps.

Congratulations to P/O. McEvoy on his engagement and forthcoming marriage. Good show, Mac, we hope to be with you on the fifteenth.

An item of interest this month is the new piece of scrap, added by no less a person than our Adjutant, "Sunshine" Geach, to the distinguished collection at present adorning the front of the Mess. Come on, chaps, I'm sure we can go one worse than that one.

Of course, the chief event this month was the I.G.'s Inspection. We have got wind of some deserving awards which were made as a result:

S/L. Phipps was awarded the N.I.V. and L.P.O.

"Doc" Bergin received the P.M.C. and bar.

Bob Geach, of course, got the D.R.O.

And Tommy Green, awaiting posting (he thinks) was awarded the Long-Suffering Medal, with Band.

We understand Frank Hartnell just missed getting the D.T.'s.

Les Allen received the N.B.G. on behalf of his car.

And Bill Dunn has succeeded in getting the S.O.R.S. at last.

We also understand some of our Battles were awarded the U.S. Continual Medal !!

A very enjoyable evening was had when the Sergeants came to visit us. We held on to our ascendancy at the Tug-o-war, but were rather outclassed by our guests in the re-telling of anecdotes! Can it be that our memories are failing, or that our moral tone is on the uptrend? But anyway, our Adjutant was to be seen some days later visiting our erstwhile adversaries apparently "genning up" for next time. We hope he got back alright.

Incidentally, reference the above investiture, we have heard that some of the Sergeants have recommended our Bar Officer for the T.N.T. and followed by the Order of the Boot !!

The Garden Party-cum-Informal Dance was a great success. Among our distin-

guished guests were Group Captains Dickens, Tighe, D'Arcy Creig, and Dunlap. We were very pleased to see our old friends "Duggy" Hince and "Uncle" Mumford returning to visit the haunts of their youth. No small contribution to the success of the evening was the excellent performance of our own band, "Tommy Green and His Playful P.O.'s," who worthily rose to the occasion despite the distracting influence of refreshments, fair admirers, amateur-but-none-the-less-determined vocalists, and what-not.

TAILPIECE

It is learnt in well-informed circles that there is no truth in the report that proximity to "Beam Ends" is being advertised as an attractive feature of some of the lake-side hotels.

Sergeants' Mess

The Sergeants have had their usual quota of ups and downs this month, and other movements not falling under either category.

Let us commence with Sergeant Greenwood, alias Gruenbaum, alias Lulu, he has been observed collecting salvage in the form of cigarette ends, is this his war effort? . . . as a side-line he also writes little notes to his more intimate friends, maybe he will permit us to print a few. . . .

F/Sgt. Simpson has not been seen so often on the football field lately, can it be that marriage has brought him to his knees? . . . Also we extend our rather belated congratulations to him and our sincerest sympathy to his very attractive wife, who has proved her courage. . . .

We also offer our best wishes to the wives of W. O. Blackshaw, F/Sgt. Spencer and Sgts. Wheeler and Jones, O.M.C. (no, they are his initials, silly. . .) These ladies have already made their influence felt in the accounts department, and Sgt. Jones no longer goes to Toronto.

Many old faces have departed this month, among them being Big Chief S-Auch, pronounced Awk, winsome Wilkie, pronounced imbiber, and doughty Fulton, not to mention fatuous Finnie and Pete Hood, we wish them all the usual bump of new spheres of influence . . . and many new faces are peering in the Mess, to them we say, cheer up, the first ten years are the worst.

It has been rumored abroad that in New York has been seen the amazing sight of

our musical sergeant wearing THREE good conduct stripes and a lyre, (I think that's how one spells it). What was he supposed to represent? . . . now will you try for the 8 dollar question?

The other mystery is the cry that follows Polly round the football field, Remove digit? Explanation required, please.

From the number of enquiries re Family Allowance by the eligible sergeants I anticipate quite a few new marriages soon, so it is proposed to turn this column, next month, into an Advice to Those About to Marry column and hand over to Sergeant Beckley.

Servicing

"They also serve, who only stand and wait. . . ."

The other evening unbelievable chaos swept the camp—at least that is how it would have appeared to the outsider—was in the excitement of the arrival of the boat? . . . the panic of an enforced evacuation? . . . nothing like that, it was merely the station re-organising itself and out of it all emerged the whole gang of Servicing Squadron to bear down on and inundate 9 left. Can we win this war by advancing from hut to hut?

The hangar, however, has not been re-organized this month, though the command of the squadron has been assumed by F/Lt. G. S. Mason.

"No early chits" means a very bad start to a week-end, but everyone seems to enjoy their days off despite the erk who observed that he did not know what the Canadian summer was like, because he had only been out here eleven months.

Many of the boys go fishing and others find a variety of sports at the Outlet Beaches. Who was the Fitter who rowed around in a circle for half an hour with the anchor down?

Since Aircraft Control have found that a roll of sticky paper hung from the ceiling can ground their flying pests, it might be suggested that some of the surplus 'bumph' that flies around, be itself grounded, before half the non-flying staff get themselves

gummed up, or, to thoroughly mix the metaphor, before they come unstuck.

Maintenance

Since this was last in print much water has flowed under the bridge. Critchley now lives 'away from it all,' his wife came out with the last draft, so also did Taylor's, and many others in other sections on the camp. We wish them all the best of luck, and trust they do not spend their husbands' cash too lavishly.

The gang from the Hat have been up to their conjuring tricks again. While the cat is away the mouse will play. Especially when the cat is a Tom in Ottawa, and the mouse is playing in Toronto. Another conjured a rabbit right out of the Hat itself. How many more bunnies are on the way from that haunt of magicians? There was the recently appointed LAC, who, when he returned from leave three days adrift, spun the yarn that he had fallen in the lake with his blue on. And it took three days to get dry. Come on Paddy are you sure it was the lake or was it some little blonde who liked your brogue. You might have got away with it at Medicine Hat, but tricks are different here.

It is rumored that the Instrument Section has had to redraft its blueprints for the oxometer, the original one was not strong enough.

And then there was the Fitter fisherman who was heard asking where he could get glow-worms for night fishing, we are not sure whether it was Billy or 'Any Mail.'

Those who have left us we wish 'God speed,' they are too many to mention individually, though Young and Sudworth spring to mind, the latter should be back soon, he will, we think, find many changes on his return.

For those who have not been posted off the camp there has been a sort of General Post, not the midday post or Emily Post but a game whereby one moves from one billet where one was quite comfortable to another. Who was the erk who broke the cups when washing up and said it was the hard water?

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Wireless and Electrical Section

Lest it be forgotten, here is a word from that now sadly depleted section. Though undernourished, understaffed and overworked, we still possess some Manley characters, even if, they are perhaps becoming somewhat Green and Doddering. There are numerous reports that various members of our staff are qualifying for the possession of the wheel chair, located for the benefit of possible contestants in the R. 1. stores—our Welsh element is piling up grey hairs in his attempt to master 'Holmes' Law.

We are not out of the Woods by a long way Mak-ay while the sun shines in Buffalo, is our motto. Regarding those unfortunates who believe that electricity may be made by plugging into a brick wall, information is to be had from our more lofty members, preferably those with Heath Robinson tendencies. The war will soon be over if our noble Bart-lets the secret of the wild oat sowing machine become the property of the War Office. To all concerned, notice is hereby promulgated that the above mentioned relic may be modified to act as an amphibian if the boat failed to arrive. Having seen it in action we agree anything is possible.

In spite of the loss recently of our W.O. we feel sure that Sgt. Insley will succeed in harnessing the elements. It is true though that his waves may be somewhat 'attenuated' by the 'attraction or repulsion of some Toronto field.'

Wil-son day afternoons eventually lead us to the church door? Not while we possess a Silvest, or- - - -

The ever-increasing shouts of—come on Steve—do not appear to help our budding pilot in getting his course; perhaps those golden waves merely retard his spark train.

One wonders at the belittled erk who maintains his weekly appearance plus application at the Station Orderly Room, he

must indeed be up the spout, or with a touch of finesse—the Breach.

Tommy Atkinson would have us remember that New York is an ideal spot to feel groggy on the last hours of ones leave. To be perfectly Frank neither we nor anyone else, ever realized that it takes five days to recover from a battle with Morpheus.

In conclusion, we wish to remind everyone that an Electrician is not an attachment to a Fitter's tool kit.

Accounts Section

News item of the month was the arrival of Mrs. Ron Blackshaw and Mrs. Jack Wheeler—and families. There were great rejoicings. On the part of both the Warrant Officer and the Sergeant—and the Staff. Fact is, everybody is happy about the whole thing and sends best wishes to the new arrivals for loads of happiness during their stay in Canada.

Pilot Officer Day was posted back to Moncton and we were all sorry to lose this democrat. Particularly Corporal Ward. Seems he lost a fan.

One of the equip boys took up Type-writer Cleaner as a substitute for tea when the swindle was stopped. It couldn't have been that bad—a visiting Warrant Officer tried it and lived. Fortunately for the local liquor store tea was relegalized before the worst happened.

You might ask Terry (who's efforts to out-walrus Mike Collins bore tragically little fruit) and Sid just what was popping no Danforth the other week-end. Talking of the Walrus, Mike is doing his part to help win the war. Could be he sacrificed his girdle to the Rubber Campaign. And his waistline.

Bert Uttley has returned from T.D. at Ottawa. Is very quiet about the whole thing. The only comment your correspondent could get out of him was that it was very hot up there. You can take that as it's written or the way I took it.



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Station Sick Quarters

We welcome F/O. Beacock to our midst once again.

Although the Sisters did not get harvest leave, it was noticed that they were very busy making hay on the evening of the 22nd July. This same evening was the occasion for many to run to and fro in the hospital; N.C.O.'s busy picking up cigarette ends, and even the S.M.O. himself indulging in a little exercise on the lawn. Later one member of the staff; having partaken of a quantity of neck oil, to replace the energy he had used to clean the corridors, entertained the occupants of 11R, with strong man stuff until the early hours of the morning.

Lofty Edwards has been reading last months' issue of Wings and had to go to Muskoka to see if all was as bright as H.C. had painted it, we trust he has not been disappointed.

"A" Flight

Before beginning let us stand in memory of a dear friend now laid to rest. Gentlemen: "Our Tea Swindle." "Non Omnis Moriar."

The entry of the Armament section into 8r has no significance, but they are a fair exchange for the Corporals.

Butterflies still play an important part in the administration of the flight. Captors of specimens are asked to send them in without delay.

Our hearts are moved by the Masonic touch in relation to more working hours. We have now a few hours to spare. (If we do not go to sleep).

The flowers in our garden have grown without the aid of fertilizer, contrary to belief.

In conclusion our sympathy is extended to L.A.C. Tellet, and all our friends join us in wishing him a speedy recovery.

"C" FLIGHT

Evidently hiding their light under a bushel. Or maybe just shrouded by a drogue.

"D" FLIGHT

Is every four weeks of the month so uninteresting? Time someone dropped a bomb, and not on the target either.

HEADQUARTERS

I have it on good authority that they are up to their eyes in work. Possibly the visit we paid them last month disorganized the routine.

WORKSHOPS

So busy building an ark that they have their hands full.

WORKS AND BRICKS

Have never dropped a brick or crumb of mortar into our hands since they came onto the camp.

FIRE SECTION

No news or views. Yet I know they spent quite a time one evening trying to extinguish a fire extinguisher!

M. T. SECTION

Probably on their unlawful occasions, as unfortunately they were when we wanted to visit them one day. Since then we have neither had the opportunity nor the time.

G. I. S.

Gone into a Stupor.

CORPORALS' CLUB

Don't tell me nothing ever happens to you! ! !

STORES

Moving shortly, but do notify us of the change in address.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT

Squadron Leader L. A. Nickolls has recently been appointed R.A.F. Public Relations Officer at Ottawa to organize a service of news and photographs for publication in English national, county and local newspapers.

Local papers at home are willing to print contributions in the form of letters or articles by people from their own districts dealing with life and experiences in Canada. Here is a way to let the people in your home town know how you are doing in Canada. Contributions should be submitted to the Station Administrative Officer who will forward them to Squadron Leader Nickolls after he has approved them. They will, if suitable, be issued through the Air Ministry in London.

The post of Station Press Correspondent is also open to any one who has some idea of how to do the job. Volunteers for this post are required—names to be submitted to Station Adjutant. Items—anything from two line paragraphs upwards—are wanted, particularly for local papers at home. If some one gets married, wins the local boxing championship or scores a century, it will be of interest locally back home. Send it along. Ask the station adjutant about this.

In the case of all contributions full home addresses, including street numbers, should be given.

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28-29—"MY FAVORITE
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31, Sept. 1—"TORTILLA FLAT"
Sept. 4-5—"SHORES OF TRIPOLI"
7-8—"I MARRIED AN
ANGEL"
11-12—"TARZAN'S NEW YORK
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16-17—"ALWAYS IN MY
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House**

PERTINENT QUESTIONS

Do you ever say "thank you" to your Hospitality Group? They are the ladies from Picton y'know, who select, collect, deliver and return, those delightful dancing partners, for your weekly dances.

Do you ever tell your wives about the Picnics arranged for them and the kiddies to the Outlet Beach—mentioned in D.R. O's? Do you boys? Come on now, give the girls a break—we get them back to town by 6 p.m.

Do you ever invite the girl friend or wife, to collect a couple of friends and meet you at the Hostess House for an evening of cards, music or games and chatter, followed by a light snack?

We want to meet you and your friends—Do use your Hostess House—that is what it is here for.

We have chosen Friday as Picnic Day for wives and children of airmen and N.C. O's and their lady friends. Any wishing to join us please telephone the Hostess House for particulars.

We are still carrying on our Red Cross Group meetings each Thursday afternoon at 2.30 in the County Building in Picton. The attendance has dropped off lately. I met one young wife the other Thursday when on my way to Red Cross—and asked her why she had stopped attending. Her reply was: "Oh, it is too hot to sit and sew"—my answer was a question—"Do our lads on the various fronts quit when the weather does not suit them?"

NEW COMERS

Lads—if your wife has just arrived here or—if you have just acquired one recently, won't you tell her to come on up and see us or, better still, bring her along yourself one afternoon or evening.

We have called again for registration of rooms, apartments and houses for rent, and expect soon to have more listings—please help us by letting us know when and where you have settled.

Then again—there was the little wife who pledged herself to go help get the berry crop gathered—yes sir! even passed up the picnic — Was my face RED! Such is the stuff good Ambassadors are made of.

M. Kenney.

THE LAST DAY FOR ALL COPY IS THE LAST DAY OF THE MONTH PRECEDING PUBLICATION. SOME MONTHS HAVE THIRTY DAYS, OTHERS HAVE THIRTY-ONE. I AM NOT GOING TO ARGUE ABOUT FEBRUARY, BUT IF ALL COPY CAME IN BY THE 28th OF EACH MONTH, I SHOULD BE VERY PLEASED AND AWFULLY SURPRISED. The Editor.

Library News

The long promised batch of new books have not yet arrived owing, I believe, to a lot of that dangerous colored strip material which is strangling so many things just now, it seems to be a case of who is going to pay or deliver the goods first, but I hope they will get disentangled by the time we go to print next month.

We are still open to accept private books that you have no room for in your kitbag, in fact we don't mind taking them now, before you are posted.

Entertaining You

Here we are again with all the fun for the past month, we started off with another of those fine Smoking Concerts, which, if anything, was a bigger success than the previous one, and included many more sketches, a notable one being "Witchery in the Cookhouse," the ingredients of the stew they were making brought back painful memories of some meals served in the mess. Fine singing by L.A.C. Phillips and L.A.C. Ferguson was very much appreciated by all, Sgt. Welch gave us plenty of music with his squeezebox, and led the community singing admirably.

As a passing note let us thank those chaps that went and entertained at a local gathering at Doxsee's Church recently, a really fine show was put on by them for a worthy cause, this little crowd of lads put on over 50 shows for the Red Cross and other organizations last winter, and are willing to do it again. There were many dollars sent to the British War Victims' Fund through their efforts, and being over here in comparative peace and comfort it's the least we can do.

The dances have been carrying on with success despite the hot weather, and almost record attendances have been shown, so to stop them is out of the question. We must thank the girls also for their continued attendance, and a special word of thanks to the Group Leaders, Mrs. Leavitt, Miss Pearce, Mrs. Nourse, Miss Keep, Miss Delany, Miss Vincent.

The films for the last month have been good, the highlights being: "I Was a Prisoner On Devils Island," "Rhythm On The River," "Call A Messenger." The forthcoming programs promise to be excellent, with some of the most famous of stars in pictures, such as: "I Wanted Wings," starring Ray Milland, "It Started With Eve," starring Charles Laughton, Deanna Durbin, "Road to Singapore," starring Bing Crosby, "His Girl Friday," starring Cary Grant, Rosaline Russell, "Lady Eve," with Barbara Stanwick, "U Boat 29" with Conrad Veidt, "Rangers Of Fortune," starring Fred. McMurray, "Give Us Wings" with the Dead End Kids, so I think these will provide a very entertaining month for the movies.

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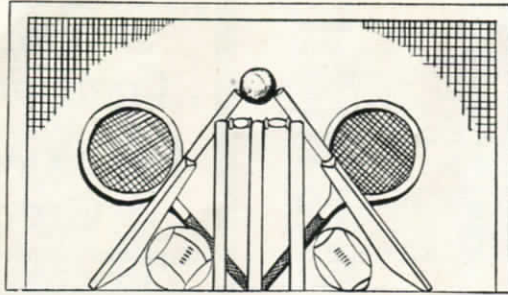
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Sports



Section

I AM taking this opportunity of introducing myself to those men whom I haven't been able to meet. I have found this a very happy station to date and a good sports scheme in operation. Facilities for our two main games of soccer and cricket are very good compared with most stations especially those on the prairies, the ground at the Fair ground is one of the best I've seen in Canada, and I would urge as many as possible to get out and play some game or other. Take stock of yourself, are you fit? You have no excuse if the answer is "NO." You are a hindrance to your country in the war effort. There are several men on the station who never come out for any recreation at all and would do well to try and take part in station activities. There must be something you can play so what about it? Deck Tennis is a very popular sport usually, but our courts here are not in great demand as yet. Those who are putting on weight should try half an hour of this. Station Sports Day, September 17th, is coming up, let's all make it a good one, communal effort is vital, if you can't run, walk. But at least carry your egg in the old stand-by, the Egg and Spoon race.

F/O. A. B. Laithwaite.

CRICKET

The station team have a good account of itself during July, losing but one game, and that against a strong Toronto C. C. Eleven, at Armour Heights on Sunday, 26th July. In every other game, our team gave creditable performances and usually won comfortably.

It was unfortunate that circumstances did not permit us to take our strongest side to Toronto, and indeed it was a strange and sadly depleted side which

appeared there. Picton were asked to bat first, and from the start our men were in difficulties. Toronto opened the attack with Kerr, a fast bowler, and George McLean, the skipper, and this combination had four of our batsmen back in the pavilion with only twelve runs scored. Sgt. Pollard held the fort, and scored a valuable 27. He has been consistently our most resourceful batsmen. The recovery we had hoped for, did not materialize and the last wicket fell at



Smoke

Buckingham

-and Smiles

58. The Toronto opening bats, J. Fuller and W. K. Smith started well and were quite comfortable against bowling which definitely lacked fire, and it was left to Sgt. Millar to take the first Toronto wicket at 44. A second wicket fell to this bowler at 52, but the Torontonians passed our total without further loss.

It is hoped that a return game can be arranged in the near future when we hope to give a better display.

In the last issue of this magazine, I mentioned that the team was short of a spin bowler. The call did not go unanswered, and in LAC. McCay, we found the solution to one of our major problems. He has proved to be a very valuable addition to the side, both as a batsman and as a bowler. We regret the loss of AC. Stakes, our wicketkeeper, who will be difficult to replace.

Results of Station matches are listed below:

July 11—v Mountain View—

(Home)

Picton—146 (LAC. Grundy, 27; G/Cpt. Cox, 21, AC. McCay, 21).

Mountain View—91 (Cpl. Tabbenor, 4 for 35; AC McCay, 3 for 15).

July 15—v Mountain View. (Time limit (Home) match).

Picton—108 for 9 wkts. (Sgt. Miller, 27; P/O. Lockwood, 20)

Mountain View—82 for 8 wkts. (LAC. McCay, 2 for 7; and LAC. Whiteside, 2 for 4).

July 18—v Peterboro Whitaker C.C.

(Away)

Peterboro—14. (AC. McCay, 6 for 13; LAC. Haldenby, 4 for 1)

Picton—124 for 7. (Sgt. Pollard, 42; (F/O. Ruck, 25).

July 25th—v Toronto C.C.

(Away) Picton—58. (Sgt. Pollard, 27; McLean, 4 for 8; Rees, 4 for 18).

Toronto—65 for 2 wkts.

July 28th—v Reliance Aircraft Company. (Time limit match).

Picton—129 for 1 wkt. (Sgt. Pollard, 59 not out; AC. McCay, 54 not out).

Reliance Aircraft—56 for 6 wkts.

Averages—Up to and including the 28th July.

BATTING—Three completed innings to qualify.

Batsmen	No. of Inns.	Times Not Out	Highest Score	Total Runs	Average
Sgt. Pollard	6	3	109*	248	82.67
Sgt. Miller	6	1	109*	151	30.20
LAC. McCay	5	2	54*	88	29.33
LAC. Williams	5	-	57	83	16.60
F/O. Ruck	6	-	50	95	15.83
P/O. Lockwood	5	-	27	65	13.00
G/Capt. Cox	4	-	21	37	9.52
AC. Stakes	6	1	19	43	8.60
LAC. Grundy	6	-	27	43	7.15
LAC. Haldenby	5	-	8	19	3.80
LAC. Whiteside	6	1	10	16	3.20

Also Batted: Cpl. Tabbenor, 2 completed innings, average 17.50.

BOWLING

Bowler	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Average
LAC. McCay	16.4	-	53	11	4.82
LAC. Whiteside	14.0	1	44	7	6.29
Cpl. Tabbenor	40.4	3	129	16	8.07
LAC. Haldenby	54.0	12	163	18	9.06
Sgt. Miller	12.0	-	48	3	16.00

CATCHES—

LAC. Whiteside, 4; AC. Stakes, 3; P/O. Lockwood, 3.

Inter Flight Cricket—

A number of matches have been played during the month, but greater co-operation and liaison between the Sports Officer and the Flight Representatives is necessary to ensure success of the league.

"M. D. N. OVER."

SOCCER

Owing to the excessive heat during the past month, and the fact that a great number took advantage of the good weather to proceed on their annual leave, so most of the teams found themselves shorthanded, and consequently the schedule of games played during the month was on the light side.

However, the coming month should see us make up for lost time, and it is requested that the teams endeavor to meet their fixtures as arranged, and now that the Committee has evolved a scheme whereby teams who are short of players can draw from a pool formed of surplus G.I.S. players there should not be any excuse for a team failing to fulfill their engagements owing to lack of players.

Most of the sections evidently do not

know that these football matches are a form of Physical Training and our genial Sports Officer F/O. Laithwaite wishes that all men would take advantage of these games to get their exercise in this most enjoyable way.

It may be opportune to mention at this point that players are under discipline while on the field of play, the referee being in sole charge of the game and if he should be forced to order a player "OFF" for rough play or ungentlemanly conduct, disciplinary action can be taken against the player. I am sorry that it should be necessary to mention this fact, but recently some of the players have been apt to lose their tempers, and it is during a heated moment that a person may be injured for life, and please remember that referees are not infallible

and may often miss some little incident which to the player was glaringly noticeable. Nevertheless his decision is law.

We hoped to stage a Knock-Out competition between the eleven teams comprising the league before the season ends, and if it can be arranged, here is a chance for some of the lowly league teams to stage a surprise and let us see that their league form was all wrong. Anything can happen in a cup tie.

The Sergeants, by defeating "B" Flight 6 goals to 3 took ample revenge for the defeat handed to them by the last named team in the last week of June. The Sergeants were on top of their form and the forwards with the prompt and astute passes given them by Sgt. Miller could quite easily have doubled their score. Maintenance keep plodding on, they have quite a good side and only lack the services of a good, scoring, centre forward to have one of the best teams in the league. The display given by them against Headquarters "A" although defeated by two goals was up to and sometimes better than the winners, and if the centre forwards had been swapped I am sure the score would have been reversed as only McConnell's opportunism in scoring the goals for the H.Q. team was instrumental in Maintenance defeat.

Officers team is improving by leaps and bounds. They gained their first point by a one goal tie with "C" Flight. By scoring three goals against the Sergeants in a recent match it is evident they have found the way to goals, although defeated seven goals to three the result shows a distinct improvement in the team from the first meeting between these two when the Sergeants scored nine goals without reply.

It was a pity the Sergeants were forced to take the field without three of their best players against H.Q. "A", to replace three players of the calibre of F/Sgt. Simpson, Sgt's Ross and Sheddon is a difficulty, and it reflects credit on the substitutes that they aided the team in holding the powerful H.Q.'s team to a three goal win.

The Station team still go on their way victorious, adding another four victories to the already long string they have had since being defeated at Kingston in the first match of the season.

During the month we have met and defeated the Royal Corps of Signals at Kingston, incidentally we have beaten this team on three occasions without losing a goal. Trenton, at Trenton, went under to us by four clear goals, and Mountain View proved no match for our own team on the same ground, both of these matches were in the Quinte league, and at the moment we are top of this league without loss of a point.

We had a visit from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and at Picton Fair Ground defeated them by eight goals to nil.

Mountain View also visited us at the same venue, and after a strenuous game in which "Jack was as good as his master," we had to be content with a draw of one goal each. We scored early, and after the visiting defence had staved off all our attacks, the forwards managed to come through in the last five minutes and snatch the equalizer.

The ranks of the Station team have been strengthened with the acquisition of P/O. Ian Campbell. This player represented the Glasgow Intermediate League versus the Leinster Senior League in Dublin in 1937, and it was his display in this match which prompted Partick Thistle the Scottish first division team to add his name to their list. His position then was inside right and for quite a time he acted as understudy to the famous Scottish International, Peter McKennan. Later he developed into a wing half back, but it is at centre half that we hope to gain most service from him on the Station team.

We are negotiating with the most famous of Canadian teams, Ulster United of Toronto, to play an exhibition game with them in Toronto sometime in the near future, at the moment of going to press nothing definite has been arranged but we hope to give you particulars as soon as everything has been settled.

R.A.F. INTERSECTION FOOTBALL LEAGUE TABLE UP TO AND INCLUDING FRIDAY, AUGUST 7th

Teams	Pld.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					For	Agst.	
Headquarters "A"	14	12	2	0	53	11	24
Messes	13	10	2	1	41	10	21
Sergeants	15	10	4	1	51	19	21
Maintenance	14	8	3	3	37	22	19
G. I. S.	10	6	3	1	22	23	13
"D" Flight	16	6	9	1	27	32	13
"B" Flight	14	5	8	1	23	49	11
"C" Flight	12	4	6	2	29	30	10
Headquarters "B"	9	2	5	2	15	22	6
"A" Flight	14	3	11	0	15	26	6
Officers	14	0	13	1	12	81	1

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The Picton Gazette

PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS