



# WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R.A.F. PICTON



Vol. 2, No. 4 - September 1942

15c to Service Personnel

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# "WINGS"

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— V —

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# Editorial

THIS number marks the anniversary of the arrival of the second Echelon, also the expiry of the first Echelon's tour of duty. And last but by no means least, the birthday of the war, three years ago.

Three years, two years, even one year is a large chunk out of anyone's life to be marking time, and the period seems longer depending on one's age or prospects for the future. As the period lengthens we tend to lose our sense of perspective. We forget what home was like, what faces were like, and manners, customs, habits. We only remember parts of our home life, which give a distorted vision to the whole, according to letters received and our present conditions.

We have to win this war, but there is a cynicism and singular lack of any ideal or any faith in the future, which pervades the papers and most people's thought. The Fascists have the old Roman gods and heroes of the past to look back to, the Goths and Huns have their own particular black magic in the ancient Norse mythology. And the Japs have their system, oriental as it is. All these have an ideal, fostered by judicious propaganda without doubt, but nevertheless, an ideal. Their own ideal and lust for power gives them a peculiar efficiency, which up to date has only been equalled on the allied side by the Russians. That they have an ideal goes without saying. What of the ideal of the English speaking nations?

That we know, we are fighting for our lives, is certain, but this cynicism, tends to make us sneer at—not merely criticise, every and any effort, anyone makes on our behalf. Tends to make us suspect everyone's motives, and generally belittle everything. That mentality cannot be put to enemy propaganda, it has little to do with our morale, it is merely a lack of faith in the future. What of the future? Like the soothsayers crystal ball "the glass is clouded."

At the moment we fight and work for our lives, our existence, and the rights of man; freedom of speech, freedom of the person, the right to live our own lives and the rest, factors which after a few years of enforced discipline we may be better able to appreciate. But as for the future we say that will take care of itself. Will it?

"Til the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flag is furled,  
In the parliament of man the federation of the world."

We have lost P/O. P. J. Edwards, who became Chairman of the committee when the old committee was breaking up. During the four months he held office he helped form a strong and active committee. Though posted, "Wings" will benefit from the work he did.

S/Ldr. W. H. Corkill now takes over as Chairman, at the head of the strongest committee we have had; his experience should profit us considerably. He has already agreed to one or two improvements, and suggested others. There is now an eight page pictorial supplement and next month there will be a new cover, more in keeping with the present day trend in cover design.

In the past "Wings" has been a perpetual drain on the P.S.I. funds. I know that on some stations the Station Magazine is distributed free, but on R.A.F. Stations, where such journals are an innovation, the outlook is different. For the last four months the magazine has just been able to break even.

To ensure that all expenses are covered necessitates more work. That work, except on very rare occasions is done in our own time, outside other station duties, and there is no editorial office in which to do it. I say this because, unfortunately, there is a tendency to look upon all members of any committee as Grade "A" scroungers, at least as far as my limited experience goes. On what grounds I never can quite discover, unless it be that those who try to do anything constructive are always shot at.

Since February I have been advocating raising the price to 15 cents, but have been told that this will decrease sales; much argument has been done 'around it and about,' most of the argument being based on the assumption that "Wings" is a national weekly with a circulation akin to Life. I only wish it had. Our circulation, however, is limited to this station and its friends, also among other stations with whom we exchange magazines. On "Wings," merits in many cases is this station judged by outsiders. So it lends much to our reputation and record during our stay in Canada. Therefore, in order to keep it at a high standard the price must be raised, better no magazine at all than a cheap shoddy article; too much is second rate in quality and sentiment these days.

During the last four months our sales have increased 20%, Oh yes; I know the answer to that one too, each member of the committee bought an extra copy!

Reputations are hard to gain and keep, unless one merely wishes to be notorious. As far as "Wings" is concerned no one can say, I haven't tried: to keep it up to a high standard in layout, written matter and illustrations is not easy because people have to be coped with as well as mere paper and print.

Next month we hope to continue the eight page supplement backed up by photos taken on the Station Sports Day. I hope that it doesn't rain.

Enquiries are being made about despatching "Wings" overseas in the proper quarters.

J. E. B. Fern.

### THE COVER

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

From Sea Fever by John Masefield

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D. E. VOMER, like all good North Americans, was quite intelligent, having the usual co-education, supplemented by Dale Carnegie and the Readers' Digest, not to mention all the pretty pictures in Life, Esquire, and others. He had lived by his wits since he was twelve; then as an amateur lemonade vendor he had sold his stand within ten minutes to a couple of fellow students for fifty cents. A good bargain since he had made the brew from his kid brother's box of paints. He had used one lemon with which to make the real McCoy and bait the trap.

Of course as he used to say, all you had to do was use a little psychology. Trouble was he got things "psyzed" up all wrong one day as amateur psychologists and even their professional brothers are apt. However, who can blame a man for making just one slip, or maybe two; unless of course he breaks his neck in the fall, then no one will worry.

He got along very well until thirty-five by selling things. He sold his father's gold watch when he was thirteen—at least he took a two to one chance on it at a shop with three golden balls hanging outside. The man inside gave him \$100 and a ticket, and his father gave him quite a sore posterior in return for the ticket. After that the trait seemed dormant for a year or two, but probably school covered up such activities as far as his parents were concerned. Unfortunately about his seventeenth birthday, he sold a local merchant's daughter an awful pup, and deemed it best to finish high school education there and then. So, the black sheep of the family left the fold, and his parents weren't sorry either, he had caused them an awful lot of worry, deciding which side of the family he took after. His mother said it was his father and of course the poor man strongly disagreed.

As Vomer grew older he learnt much and lived easily by his wits. During his travels he had acquired a Harvard accent, and one or two other appendages of civilization, such as a pair of trousers and a tie. The tie being of the right color and having the right stripes would support anything from his trousers to the tale he told about the time he wore a top hat at Eton, when his parents lived in England.

In short one might say he had graduated at Eton, Harvard or Borstal according to the company in which he found himself, but you would only be right in one case. He really was a most adaptable cove; could shoot any line to which his audience would listen, phoney through and through and as amiable as could be, until someone rubbed off the veneer.

So much for the layout, now to get down to the facts. Vomer hated facts unless of his own fabrication, always being afraid they would be his undoing; trouble was this particular set of facts got him very well done up. For once he slipped.

He was on holiday in England when the war broke out. The air was healthier for him there. The authorities knew less about him. He had come over with a fine consignment of diamonds, and his partner had never discovered the loss until too late. Neither had ever seen business at Hatton Garden or at Tiffany's. They had got into the diamond business by a side door—the De Ville necklace was worth a breaking and entering, it was as easy as that.

Somehow or other a short time later America also became unhealthy for Vomer's partner and he decided to hunt further afield. He was hunting Vomer too.

Vomer was reading in the lounge of the Strand Hotel, London, when Klube walked in and registered. Vomer watched his partner in crime wander towards the elevator, and decided that though England was a health resort for one of them, it was most unhealthy for both. A nuisance for he was feeling in excellent health. Had been for the last six months, and more trouble too, because he could not use a gun with impunity.

Action must be taken. After some thought he wrote a short note, addressed to himself telling him a buyer would visit him at his cottage on the river as arranged during the week-end. He sent the note up by call boy to Klube's room.

That note was bait for a bigger fish than in the day he sold his first bucket shop in the form of the lemonade stall.

Knowing Klube, the crook would turn up in place of the fence on Friday evening. Now all that remained, having baited the trap, was to see that it was well laid.

Klube came as expected. Found the place deserted and started to search the premises. While searching the study and trying to find the combination to the safe something hard hit his head and he lost interest in the subsequent proceedings.

Vomer dragged the body out to the jetty, it was lucky there was a good moon the blackout made work without a light hard; weighted with rocks it should stay down until it became unrecognizable. He bundled up the body, jumped into the boat, shoved off and drifted down stream. At first he tried to push the body over from the unanchored boat, but half way through found that he had drifted inshore. Rowing out again he got up to throw over the anchor. One foot stood in a coil of rope, he knelt down, lifted up the weight, and threw it over. As he did so the coil tightened. Vomer struck his head on the gunwhale as the rope jerked him off balance and went into the water. The boat disgorged its unwelcome cargo and drifted away down stream.

England had become unhealthy for Klube and Vomer and for the last time, as the river flowed on between the osier beds in the still night air, they sought fresh pastures.

Ellelby

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## IMMERSED

It was an inquest, and the deceased had met his death by turning his gun on himself, when cornered by the police, who were trying to arrest him for robbery with violence. The Coroner told the jury that their proper verdict in such a case was not one of suicide while the balance of his mind was disturbed, but one of "felo de se." The jury retired to consider their verdict. After an abnormal delay they returned, and the foreman got up to say his little piece. "Well Sir, we finds that deceased 'ere met 'is death by shootin' 'isself, but as you 'as it that 'e fell in the sea, we wishes to record a verdict of "Found drowned."

# BIRDS AS FLYING ANIMALS



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

THERE are different types of wings. Most of the birds you will have observed are members of the Passerine Order which flutter to and fro in the hedgerows. Their wings are usually short and blunt and as broad as they are long. Gulls, on the other hand, have long, narrow wings. Why is this? The reasons for these differences must be generalizations to which there are many exceptions.

The Pheasant lives in wooded country and when it wishes to escape from harm it must be able to rise steeply at high speed, like a Lysander. If it had long narrow wings like the gull, the bird would get its wings entangled in branches and thus come to disaster. Therefore, it has broad rounded wings which give strong rising power while occupying the smallest possible space.

Most of the small birds haunting the hedges content themselves with short fluttering flights. Their time is spent searching for food and they have little use for long wings. Indeed, long wings would be a severe handicap to these small creatures because the greater wing span would make a heavier demand upon the wing muscles. The larger the wing the greater the resistance to the air and the larger the effort required to maintain the wing beat. It must not, however, be thought that birds with short, rounded wings are always weak flyers. The Pheasant is a powerful flyer, although for only short distances.

Birds which are found in open country or over the sea have little to fear from obstacles and they have long wings. Gulls for instance have long, narrow wings which enable them to fly over great distances with ease, and they also provide a large supporting area which allows the bird to rest by soaring. Birds which soar at high altitude such as eagles and vultures have very large and broad wings which provide larger supporting areas. In general then, birds which frequent the hedgerows and woods have short rounded wings, while birds of the open country have long, pointed wings, and are capable of long distance flights.

No bird can fly unless there is some air resistance to the wings. The swift, for instance, has great difficulty in rising from the ground. Normally it makes a dive from a somewhat high position so that it drops on a cushion of air which will offer sufficient resistance to its wings to make flight possible. Even the Eagle must make a stumbling run before it can gain sufficient air resistance to its wings.

A long-legged bird like the Heron simply folds its legs and opens its wings which meet with the air resistance as the body drops forward. Ground-living birds have long legs, which enable them to beat the air with their wings and create an air resistance before they lift their feet, or their legs must be strong enough to enable them to leap high so to make effective wing movement possible for the beginning of flight.

There is much we do not understand about it how birds can leap into the air and fly successfully. The chief fact is that flight is attained by the creation of an immediate speed and flying is arranged by nature for the bird to attain this speed with the least possible delay. It is worth noticing how birds begin their flights and the part played by the legs in the take-off. Watch how one bird dives forward from a branch, and how the Duck flaps its wings and beats the water with its feet before he can attain flying speed.

In our next installment we will discuss the question of birds which soar and glide. For the information of those concerned, all the birds brought to my office this month have been saved. Two humming birds repaid this interest by taking to their wings and seeking food and shelter for themselves. One, however, a female of course, decided that my home was hers, and there she exercises a somewhat autocratic rule, demanding honey on a spoon whenever she feels like it, flying round the room alighting on the curtains and making no attempt whatever to escape. Her bedroom is a large cardboard box. For a tiny bird she has an amazing nerve.

H. C.

## AN EMPIRE COCKTAIL

As I went in the Ante Room,  
I paused, and could not help but think:  
Here was an Empire "cocktail brew,"  
That Hitler well might hate to drink!

From East and West — from North and South,  
These lads were here to bomb the Hun,  
And though they speak with accents strange,  
A common purpose makes them one.

The "baron" stood, in grim repose,  
And, wrapped in thought, he chewed his gum:  
His D.F.C. shone on his breast—  
But Courtrai was his odium!

Vancouver claimed this rugged lad,  
Who'd photographed a Belgian town,  
And turned Courtrai into Roulers—  
But this mistake he would not own!

The Manxman talked with Guernsey's son:  
South Africa was drinking beer;  
My Welshman whined in argument —  
New Zealand stood and rubbed his ear.

In vivid blue, Australia's sons  
Were poring o'er a new war map:  
A Scotsman sipped his "barley wine"—  
A Cockney dozed in peaceful nap.

An Irishman knocked out his pipe,  
And idly tapped the empty bowl:  
Then, wrapped in thought, he sat and gazed  
At pictures in the glowing coal.

As I looked round, from face to face,  
A flood of mem'ries came to me,  
For I had known these lads' homelands,  
When I had journeyed o'er the sea.

An atmosphere of stern restraint  
Hung heavy, in that crowded room:  
Determination paramount,  
Not gaiety nor morbid gloom.

Tomorrow night there might be gaps:  
The Gods of War demand their price,  
But still the job must carry on,  
Whatever be the sacrifice.

And one day we must all set out  
To journey whence there's no return:  
And there, may hap, we all shall meet—  
And there our future fate shall learn!

C. H. K.

# STRANGER *than* PICTON

STRICTLY HEP . . . In linotyping a colyum of this kind one has to be as careful as a nudist crossing a barbed wire fence. But in spite of precautions we oftimes find ourselves in dutch, but bad, with somebody—or something! Once more we're due to duck 'cause the Station Band is next in the line-up for a little slamming. No matter what they say, as far as dances go, the accent has not been on the attend lately. If we could spell ambiguous that's what the last sentence would be called. Any-hoo . . . there doesn't seem to be so many folks tripping the light fantastic, cutting rugs, or what-have-you just now. Not entirely due to the heat—or the humidity. Fact is, what may have been solid a year back is right off the beam in 1942. The whole trooth and nothing but is this. We're kinda tired of hearing the same tunes week in, week out . . . and ninety per cent. of the music the band gives out has a long white beard. T'is a pity. Because station dances are about the best way of passing passless nights we know. We're not criticizing the band specifically. But we should like to know why some new jive isn't coming up once in a while. We'd like to see you outta the rut, Rafians, and into the groove.

★ ★ ★

WE WONDER . . . why two chesterfields were issued to GIS recently . . . if you have met the new sergeant SP—and duly memorized his face and figure . . . if you heard about the Security Guard who was so worried he couldn't sleep nights . . . if they finally managed to get a sewing machine for the camp tailor . . . why somebody hasn't thought of a squash court . . . if you read about the black jeep of the army . . . if a certain flight sergeant is satisfied with his garden as an outstanding contribution to the war effort . . . if you know the local girl who is so mean she powders her nose with a marshmallow before eating it (the marshmallow, jerk!)

★ ★ ★

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN . . . Most spectacular romance of the month has a certain corporal humming — don't get us wrong — “Be careful, it's my heart” with an oh-so-far-away (132 miles to be exact) look in his eyes. We wonder if that gorgeous blond he's been currently dating is on the receiving end of those telegrams and those flowers . . . If our memory is clicking right, it was this same two-hooker who recently ran off with the Boner of the Month prize. Seems it was Station Dance night and it was dark . . . and the corp walked up to what he thought was a taxi to greet the occupants with a mean “Hi, girls! What,

no sergeant pilots! Thank goodness, etc., etc." Ten minutes later the "taximan" said "Sorry to disappoint you, old boy, but here's one — and there's another in the back." Whoo, whoo . . . Incidentally, to the sergeant who complains his love affair is taking a beating on account of the tire shortage we say, why not meet the little woman half way? . . . Then you can have your date and keep it. After all, two miles apiece isn't so far to walk. . . . Then there was the storekeeper who told us he didn't believe in wine, women, or song. We thought it was too good to be true . . . . and we knew it after that night we saw him zoot-suiting at Martin's. He wasn't drinking, and he wasn't singing.

★ ★ ★

DIDJA KNOW . . . CR's headman recently bought three nipples for baby bottles (which little piggie went to market, John?) . . . we saw a sign on a club wall which read "Please do not leave during a blackout. You may be lit and not know it." . . . an average of eighty barrels of draught is drunk in the airmen's canteen every month (we hadn't time to count the bottles) . . . a certain officer wanted to know what made the grass grow on the square . . . a Ranges man found himself being hijacked into a headquarters and objected. He was told he'd joined the airforce for better or for worse. Maybe it turned out worse than he expected. In any case, we always thought that was the marriage ceremony . . . a local gal quit going steady with one of the boys on account of his accent. She also informed him that he'd been merely "something to go around with." Was it a coincidence that the split was timed with the rumor of a new bunch of Security Guards arriving?

★ ★ ★

DEAR DIARY. Remember that night at the show I got so mad because of the two little girls who sat in front of me and laughed uproariously throughout the entire footage of King's Row? Well, the other week I handed out my forty-two perchance to see My Favorite Blond, and, so help me, the same little girls sat themselves down in front of me again. The funny part about it was that they didn't so much as open their two little mouths all through it. Which only goes to show either yours truly, or Bob Hope, is slipping.

★ ★ ★

WE'RE WAITING TO SEE . . . the results of that private war between Maintenance and Central Registry. . . . the panic when all the bells in SSQ start ringing at the same time . . . how many more of the flight boys will be getting their toenails lacquered red over at Waupoos . . . what will happen to the sergeant who, within five minutes of telling the NCO i/c Cookhouse how to do his job, walked into Pay Accounts and did the same thing.

A COLLECTION OF  
NEWS, VIEWS,  
VERY ODDS AND ENDS

# INNOCENTS ABROAD

## IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES

TALKING about navigation, I shall never forget my early attempts at navigation on dry land. I was acting guide to a most critical party—to-wit—my fiancée and my sister. My sister was acting chaperon on this walking tour, and the way she chaperoned us is too long a story to tell, besides it's none of your business. But to get back to this guide question.

The day's program was a walk from the village where we were staying in the Yorkshire Dales to Ripon; from Ripon to Fountains Abbey, and from there back to the village and a well earned rest.

For days I had poured over maps, read over guides, looked up the landmarks, and memorized the turnings, in order to impress these mere females with my knowledge of the local topography. With a lordly air I collected them at the arranged rendezvous, and set off at a spanking pace through the hot summer morning with my nose pointing like a setter towards Ripon. Oh, the vanity of youth. How I have kicked myself in later years for the byways I missed, for the little cool paths I chose to ignore, pressing on that predetermined dusty road to Ripon. Oh, the impatience of youth, as I angrily glanced at my watch to find we were half an hour behind schedule.

My sister, with the audacity which favorite sisters assume, suggested, in view of the heat and the chance of shade, that we should change our plans and call at Fountains Abbey first. Unholy thought, ungrateful suggestion, even though the Abbey was there at hand looking cool beneath the trees. No — on and on until, topping the last ridge we saw below us the spires of Ripon Cathedral with the town crowding around like a brood of chicks round the mother hen.

Half an hour behind schedule and the girls must waste time looking over the old shops and marvelling at the grace and stolidity of the old Cathedral whilst I studied the face of my watch and saw my well laid plans frustrated. At last I wrenched them away from this, to them a treasure store, to me a point, and led them onward toward our second goal.

Even now, upon the square, I quiver when deciding right from left, but what a catastrophe on that day when the book said turn left and I, followed by my faithful two, turned right to halt at an impassible barrier about a mile down the wrong road, and slowly had to retrace my steps. The threats of mutiny were swiftly dispelled when our feet felt the softness of the glorious turf of Fountains Abbey, when we gazed in rapturous wonder at the wonderful pile amidst the woods and glades of that lovely dale. I often try to recapture the joy of walking through the Park at Studley Royal. Even I, impatient and hot, fell victim to that hallowed spot.

All joys must end and soon our steps must turn to home. My sister again suggested we should try a little path she spies heading across the

Park. Pshaw — am not I the guide? Have not I planned the trip? To be guided by a girl — and my younger sister at that. Never. And so we plod on and on until my instinct and the setting sun tell me we are lost. I dare not disclose this guilty secret to my followers but carry on in the hopes of finding some landmark or some native to put me to rights. But the inner man will not be denied and soon hunger drives my admirers to further question my designs. Alas, nine weary miles have we travelled when my sister — a plague on knowing sisters—suddenly looks up and speaks fateful words. "That tower looks familiar." We stop in the road where a wicket gate opens in the hedge, look around and slowly the awful truth descends upon us. The tower is familiar, as also is the path. Nine weary, dusty miles to gain one hundred yards. "How low are the mighty fallen." The mutterings of rebellion increased as weary legs followed the never-ending road. Soon the cry of "Give us Food" was raised and, amidst the wilderness, the prophet was helpless.

A passing traveller cheered the girls with the knowledge that food was just around the corner, but for my private ear the corner was three miles long. These three miles will forever live in my memory. Every step in silent reproach. The sun had long sunk ere we approach our oasis. A little inn set at the cross roads.

The Good Lady settled us in the snug and there we sat, our feet raised from the ground in a most undignified manner, and waited for something to happen. The silence in that little room was electric. In order to relieve the tension, I tentatively enquired from one of the party whether she was tired or hungry, this, eight hours after the last meal, and having walked about twenty miles through the heat of a summer day. Her reply was tense and to the point. Collapse of the guide. At last our patience was rewarded and our Good Samaritan conducted us to an upper room where a table groaned with food that only a Yorkshire housewife can produce and we did full justice to it. Not until the last bun and last piece of chocolate cake had disappeared did we let up on that meal, and I must admit the last few miles to home were completely overshadowed by the memory of that glorious feast. But do we remember Fountains Abbey? Ask Mrs. . . . .

J. S. C.



AS we enter this fourth year you of the Old Land can look back over the field of unpreparedness and desolation and forward to the horizon of strength and rising power, not without sense of sacrifice, but with vision of a supreme attainment, a task well done.

**CARTER BROTHERS LIMITED**

# A Philosophy of Life

— BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS —

I believe it is essential that every one should have a certain philosophy of life—a kind of code, or personally evolved plan, by which all the course of life could be guided and fortified.

Aimless people are really never happy. Nor are they efficient. It is far better for character to aim at something, and miss it, than to aim at nothing—and get what you don't want!

No one philosophy could fit all in the same way, nor could it be applied without plan and effort. After all we are guardians of our own fate and fortune, as well as our happiness. But a philosophy something like this may be taken to benefit us all. Believe in your own Star. Pursue a definite objective in life. Take things as they come without complaint. Learn from every mistake. Try and do every task just a little better than you think it has ever been done before. Take sorrow, disappointment, and all loss, and face them bravely. Believe in God, even though your finite mind is unable to fathom His purposes in regard to you.

Live each day in a triumphant spirit. Keep in a cheerful frame of mind. Nothing is more important, especially when so many are confused and distraught, as at the present time. All things pass. Most of the bridges that people imagine they will have to cross they never even have to meet!

Nothing more is expected from any of us than that we do the best we can—and be kind, tolerant, and understanding. Each one of us is linked in a vital manner to every other human being with whom we come in contact. The final judgment upon our lives is not going to be measured by what we have failed or succeeded in, but by the undishonored fight that we put up all through life.

One of the loveliest passages in all the writings of Stevenson is this one, which, if memorized and lived, is philosophy quite sufficient to carry us to the end of life, happy and well content:

“To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.”

(Protected, 1942)

Reproduced by Permission from The Evening Telegram, Toronto

☆ Camera . . .



*Galatea 42*

*-Ward*



## THE OUTLET CAMP



● Hot and cold in every bedroom!



● Getting in some rowing time.



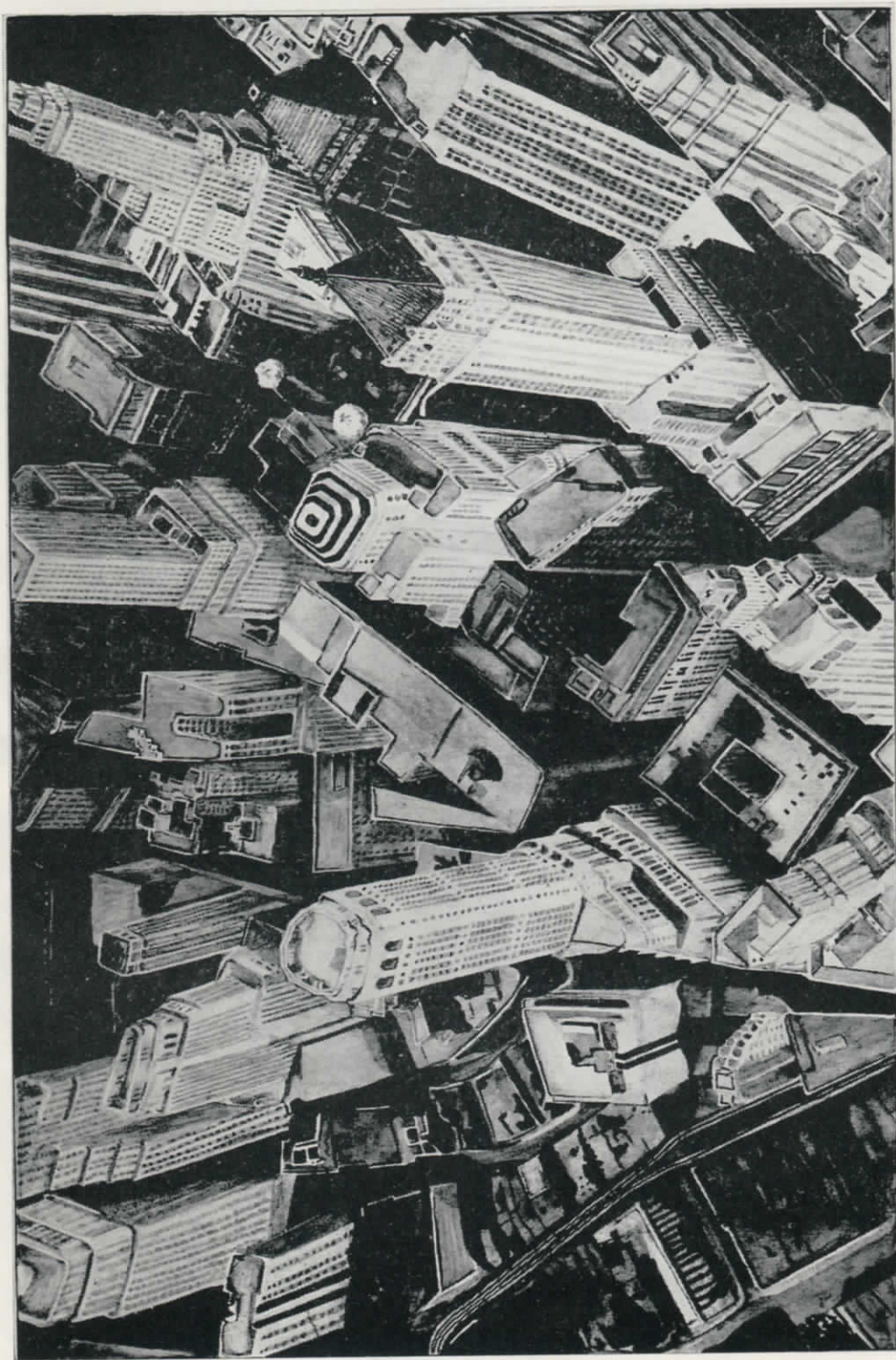
SOMETHING brand new in the way of healthy entertainment made its debut this summer—the Outlet Camp. The idea of a camp where chaps could spend forty-eights and leave was conceived by Squadron Leader Corkill. It was a tough job. The camp had to be within easy reach. Cost had to be reduced to a minimum. There had to be plenty to keep the men amused. All three were accomplished. The camp was only eight miles from the airport. Cost was nil. Transportation, food and accommodation were free. And there is no charge to swim in Lake Ontario, sunbathe on the beach, or dance at Martin's. If evidence of the "good time had by all" is needed, then the pictures on these pages speak for themselves.

THE novelty of cooking one's own food gives it added flavor, and fresh air whets the appetite.



● Under canvas, and enjoying it.

● Ready for a game of softball.



“BRAVE NEW WORLD”

—Smale



# THEY CALLED IT U. S. A.

MISTER Columbus awoke with a start. Somebody was beating out time to the Anvil Chorus on his head. At least that's the way it felt. Which was silly. Then he realized the racket was going on inside and not outside.

"Hangover?" said a voice.

"The daddy of them all" replied Chris, or would have if he'd been able to speak the language. He didn't move an inch. He had a sneaking suspicion that if he did he would fall into small pieces.

"It's twenty after three."

Chris sat up. Mentally anyway. The voice was sweet and female. It was a struggle but he finally made it. He hadn't so much trouble opening his eyes since the time he woke up with a pillow over his face.

"Remember me?"

It took him two seconds flat to see she was young, beautiful, had blond hair, blue eyes, a small scar on her left ankle, and would just about come up to his shoulder. But he didn't remember. And had it been possible would have kicked himself in the pants.

"I'm Casey. We met last night. You had to be put to bed . . . Here drink this. It'll fix you up alright."

It was fizzy and tasteless.

"Alka Seltzer" was the answer to his disappointment, "it always works."

Mister C. was doing some fast thinking. About as fast as coffee goes through a percolator. The details of the night before gradually seeped back.

"Who was that lady who insisted on going to bed?"

"Huh?"

He blushed. "Well, she wanted to undress all the time."

Casey laughed. "That must have been Gipsy Rose Lee. She writes murder stories. Strips as a side-line."

"And who were those young people who kept doing gymnastics?"

"Hey, hey. You got me wrong, brother. I'm no Quiz Kid. Do you always pick the hard ones?"

That didn't completely register, but Chris somehow got the idea that further details were necessary.

"Well, it was all very extraordinary. There was some big machine playing the queerest kind of music I ever heard, and they were all around it, throwing each other all over the place. Incidentally, what sort of music was that? Rather barbaric, don't you know. But made me want to dance."

Casey looked at him as if he'd just rated the People's Choice For The Biggest Drip of Them All.

"Don't you know?"

"No"—meekly.

"Say, what kinda place d'you come from? Haven't you ever seen hep-cats?"

"Hep-cats!"

"Yeah, and jitterbugs?"

"Look" said Chris. "This is no time for a lecture on Mother Nature."

[Continued on Page Nineteen]

*The Quality Store of Picton*  
**C. A. JONES**



FRESH FRUIT AND VEGETABLES  
FRESH AND COOKED MEATS



Phone Picton 6

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- R.A.F. PAPER AND PADS
- BRYLCREEM AND MEN'S TOILET NEEDS

We Have Your Favorite Penguin Book

PICTON, ONT.

PHONE 194

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**"Your Favorite Store"**

WHERE SHOPPING IS A PLEASURE

**BRANCHES LOCATED AT**

PICTON  
NAPANEE

— BELLEVILLE —  
— GANANOQUE —

— TRENTON —  
— BROCKVILLE



# SPORTS DAY

16th September, 1942



## Programme of Events

<i>TRACK EVENTS</i>	<i>TIME</i>	<i>FIELD EVENTS</i>
3 MILES	2.30 p.m.	High Jump
220 YARDS	2.50 p.m.	Throwing Cricket Ball
100 YARDS (Corporals)	2.55 p.m.	
3 LEGGED RACE	3.00 p.m.	Officers V Sgts. Tug of War
INTER STATION RELAY	3.05 p.m.	Cpls. V Pupils Tug of War
SACK RACE	3.15 p.m.	Shot Putting
1 MILE	3.20 p.m.	
RELAY RACE 4 x 110 Yards	3.30 p.m.	Long Jump
INVITATION CHILDREN 60 YARDS	3.35 p.m.	
440 YARDS	3.40 p.m.	
OBSTACLE RACE	3.45 p.m.	Inter Wing Tug of War
SGTS. 100 YARDS HANDICAP	3.50 p.m.	
LADIES' INVITATION 60 YARDS	3.55 p.m.	
OFFICERS' 100 YARDS HANDICAP	4.00 p.m.	Hop, Step and Jump
100 YARDS	4.05 p.m.	Discus Throwing
880 YARDS	4.15 p.m.	Tug of War Final (Messes)

The Above Events and Times are Subject to Alteration

---

# Station Sports Day

BY PERMISSION OF GROUP CAPTAIN J. COX, D.F.C.

## Officials

CHIEF STEWARD  
S/Ldr E. Y. Lapham

### CHIEF JUDGES

TRACK EVENTS  
F/Lt. A.C. Boucher

FIELD EVENTS  
F/O A. B Laithwaite

### JUDGES

P/O R. J. Tothill  
P/O R. W. Lawes

P/O G. V. Earwaker  
P/O E. J. Groves

### RECORDERS

S/Ldr. J. R. Bond

F/Lt J. Calland

### TIMEKEEPERS

S/Ldr J. M. Wright  
P/O G. R. Wood  
W/O J. H. Crowther

### STARTERS

P/O A. E. W. Laband  
F/Sgt. J. D. Alexander

### CLERK OF THE COURSE

Mr. A. G. Morris

### ANNOUNCERS

F/Lt. F. Hartnell

P/O R. O. Sturgess

### PRIZES

F/O R. Ruck

### REFRESHMENTS

F/Lt. R. S. Geach

### MUSIC

The Midland Band

By kind permission of Major Hughes Officer Commanding  
Fort Frontenac, Kingston

Presentation of Hepburn Challenge Trophy and Prizes by Mrs. D. Cox

PRIZES DONATED BY THE BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL  
MEN OF PICTON

The Public Are Requested to Be Off the Station by 6 p.m. (18.00hrs.)

---

# Events

Start 2.00 p.m.	S.H.Q. WING	TRAINING	MISCELLANEOUS
3 Miles .....	AC. ROSS AC. HEAPS	F/SGT. BRUTY LAC. GRAHAM	<b>OFFICERS TUG OF WAR</b>
1 Mile .....	CPL. HODGES LAC. ROBERTS	F/SGT. BRUTY LAC. GRAHAM	S/LDR. PHIPPS F/Lt. CALLAND P/O. HUGHES
880 Yards .....	CPL. STAVELEY LAC. SMITH	F/SGT. BRUTY P/O. ANDERSON	P/O. WOOD, P. D. P/O. JOHNSTON P/O. WOOD, G. R.
440 Yards .....	CPL. STAVELEY LAC. WILLIAMS	AC. LEITCH LAC. MOLE	P/O. STOCKS P/O. SIMCOX
220 Yards .....	CPL. LAMBOURNE CPL. DUFFETT	LAC. LORD AC. LEITCH	<b>OFFICERS, 100 YDS.</b>
100 Yards .....	LAC. HALDENBY CPL. DUFFETT	LAC. LORD AC. WARK	S/LDR. BERGIN S/LDR. PHIPPS S/LDR. LAPHAM S/LDR. MAW
440 Yards Relay .....	CPL. LAMBOURNE CPL. DUFFETT CPL. STAVELEY LAC. HALDENBY	LAC. LORD AC. WARK LAC. MOLE SGT. EUSTACE	F/Lt. WARE F/O. RUCK F/O. LAITHWAITE F/O. MILLS P/O. HICKS P/O. CONROY P/O. ANDERSON P/O. SIMCOX P/O. LOCKWOOD
Sack Race .....		F/SGT. LAVER F/LT. GARRAD	
	CPL. QUICK AC. ELSIE		
3 Legged Race .....	SGT. WHEELER W.O. BLACKSHAW	SGT. SHEDDON CPL. THOMAS	<b>CORPORALS 100 YARDS</b>
Shot Putt .....	LAC. ROSS LAC. MABBUTT	AC. BRADY W/O. BENNETT	CPL. BURRY CPL. ISON CPL. SMITH, C. C. CPL. STUTHRIDGE CPL. JONES CPL. HODGES CPL. THOMAS CPL. DUNN CPL. DUFFETT CPL. DUDLEY CPL. VAUKINS CPL. DALTON CPL. MAILER CPL. CLARKE
Cricket Ball .....	LAC. CARGILL CPL. DUFFETT	SGT. POLLARD W/O. SIMPSON	
Throwing Discus .....	AC. ROSS F/O. LAITHWAITE		
High Jump .....	CPL. LAMBOURNE AC. BEADALL	LAC. SANDERS CPL. DALTON	
Long Jump .....	CPL. LAMBOURNE CPL. DUFFETT	P/O. ANDERSON CPL. BAXTER	
Hop, Step and Jump	SGT. WHEELER AC. ROSS	W/O. SIMPSON CPL. BAXTER	
Obstacle Race .....	CPL. HODGES LAC. ROBERTS	SGT. CAGIENARD CPL. DALTON	<b>CORPORALS TUG OF WAR</b>
		CPL. THOMAS AC. BROOKES SGT. LEEPER CPL. STEWART W/O. CROWTHER P/O. ANDERSON LAC. GREENAWAY LAC. GEORGE	CPL. GIBBONS CPL. WHITE CPL. DUDLEY, G. CPL. LAMBOURNE CPL. THRUP CPL. THOMAS CPL. SHROPSHALL CPL. JONES
Tug of War .....			

NOTE: The Above Names are Subject to Slight Variation and Alteration.  
(Maintenance and Pupils Wing Not Available at Time of Going to Press)

**WATCH OUT FOR SPORTS DAY PHOTOGRAPHS IN  
OCTOBER ISSUE OF "WINGS"**

*Enjoy the Best*



*Delicious  
Appetizing  
Nourishing*

**Neilson's**

"Now you've got me!"

"Well, animals, insects, and such like."

"Gawdamighty!"

They finally got it all straightened out. And lots more too. The party had broken up somewhere around five. Chris had got into an argument with some man. He'd been foolish enough to say they spoke the same language. The man said they didn't. It was agreed there was a similarity. But the man insisted that he spoke American. In the middle of it all Chris had passed out. Oh yes. His friends were being taken care of. By the USO. No, there was no charge for the apartment, or anything else for that matter. He was a guest of the city. Casey had been assigned by her paper to show him around.

"By the way" she said "there's a bunch of people outside waiting to see you. They've been here since ten this morning, it's beginning to look like a breadline. And if I know that mob they'll stick until they get results. So you may as well get it over today. Go freshen up a little. You'll find a shower through that door."

"Couldn't I have a bath?"

"Why, sure, if you want one." But she look surprised. It transpired that nobody took baths. They wasted too much time. And a shower was far healthier. "We're all daily dippers" said Casey.

When he finally got around to seeing the "mob" he was sorry he hadn't gone down the fire escape. There seemed to be at least forty people in the lobby. His appearance was a signal for them all to start talking at once. Consequently they were soon yelling. But loud.

"How about a few shots for Life, Chris?"

"Have you seen the burlesque?"

"What do you think of the WPA?"

"Would you endorse our shirts, Mr. Columbus?"

"Our cheese, Mr. Columbus?"

"Our golf balls, Mr. Columbus?"

"Have you ever played baseball Chris?"

"I represent The Ivory Tooth Paste Company, Mr. Columbus. I have here a six month radio contract. One hour show a week at a thousand dollars a throw. Your Mr. Churchill was heard from the Senate by the courtesy of Ivory Tooth Paste. We owned the air time. What was good enough for him should be good enough for you, Mr. Columbus. Sign here please."

"Will you appear at a Navy Relief Benefit tomorrow night Mr. Columbus?"

"Hold it . . . thank you . . . now just one more."

"What do you think of our city, Mr. Columbus?"

And so it went on. A movie company wanted him to fly immediately over to the west coast. A man with a beard wanted him to finance an expedition to the Artic. Somebody tried to sell him shares in an oil outfit. A reporter asked him things only his Mother could have answered. A female of the species wanted to know what he ate for breakfast: ". . . . . for my column. It will appear in five hundred national dailies tomorrow. I've three hundred thousand readers, you know. . . ."

It wasn't until somebody asked him whether he thought blue pyjamas more conducive to a good night's sleep than red ones that Mister C. passed out for the second time in twelve hours. Last thing he remembered was feeling disappointed. No one had tried to sell him the Brooklyn Bridge.

---

Good news, fellas! The final installment will appear next month.

G. C. W.



## --- AND HOW ABOUT YOU ?

FOR the past two issues there has been a column devoted to the puzzle-hungry readers. If you have tried the problems presented and have solved them, you may well pat yourself on the back because they have required a certain degree of concentrated thought; if you have not tried them, it doesn't really matter because many people consider puzzles and problems a waste of time. It may be noted that the questions have been chosen with a view to testing one's powers of reasoning and deduction rather than special knowledge of mathematics or other subjects. Or, in other words, this column is a challenge to one's so-called intelligence irrespective of academic education.

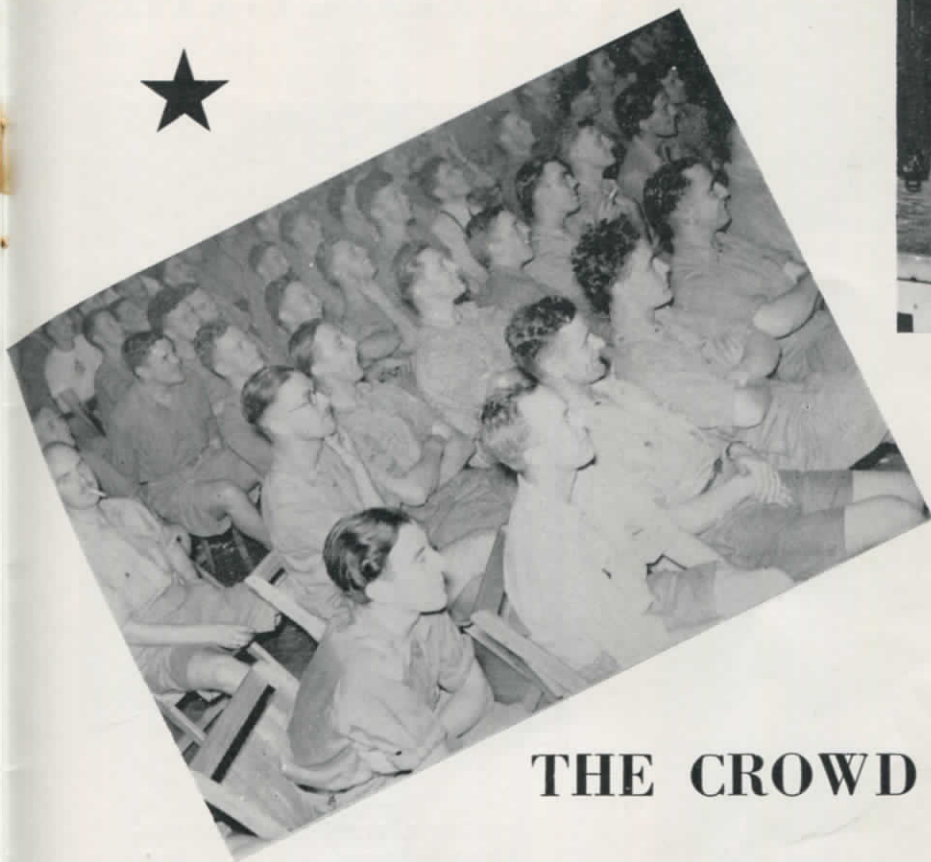
Here is a snappy problem that turned up again in J. V. McAree's "Fourth Column" a while back . . . . . A business man who lived near Eastbury commuted to Westbury. He ordinarily left Westbury by train at 5 o'clock, and arrived in Eastbury at 6 o'clock, when the chauffeur met him and drove him home. There were hourly trains leaving Westbury for Eastbury. One day he left Westbury an hour earlier, without notifying his chauffeur, who left at the accustomed time. When the business man arrived at Eastbury, he walked until he met his chauffeur, when he got in the car and drove the rest of the way. He arrived home 20 minutes earlier than usual. Assuming that the chauffeur always left home so as to arrive at the Eastbury Station at exactly 6 o'clock, for what period of time had the business man walked?

A business man devised this one to try on his employees. . . . A coach with a group of tourists stopped before an inn. The driver agreed with the innkeeper that he would get a 5% commission, payable in drinks and calculated on all that his patrons and he himself would buy. Half a bottle of stout cost  $8\frac{1}{2}d$ , half a bottle of ale cost  $8d$ , and a little glass of gin  $7d$ . A "dog's nose" is half a bottle of stout mixed with a glass of gin.

Each of the patrons bought drinks for the same amount and the driver took a "dog's nose." When all had finished, the host poured out half a bottle of ale and handed it to the driver with a wink. How many passengers were in the coach?

Now let us consider last month's problems . . . . First of all, the Three Spots — How did the person who stopped whistling know that he had a spot? — Let us put ourselves in his place. His line of reasoning would be something like this — "Each of the others has a spot, so for all of us to be whistling I needn't have one myself. But if I hadn't a spot, each of the other two would see the other one whistling and know that he himself must have a spot. So they would stop whistling. But they haven't stopped! Therefore I must have a spot on my forehead." — He stopped whistling! . . . . The other problem concerned the "Spider and the Fly." If we imagine the room opened out as a card-board box with one end wall hinged to the floor and the other end wall hinged to the ceiling, then the distance between the fly and the spider is 30 feet.

# CAMP MOVIES



● Operator Arthur Dyson, who has run the projector for over a year.



## THE CROWD ROARS!

—PHOTOS BY GEORGE WARD



# Pupils on - - - INSTRUCTION



ABOVE — F/Lt. Hartnell giving a pupil final instructions before a trip.



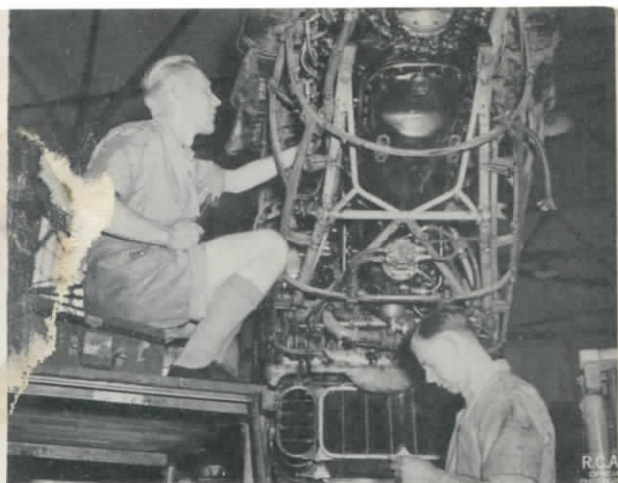
TOP LEFT AND DOWN — F/Lt. Looker, O.C. Gunnery Flight, watches a pupil check over his gun before practice on the ranges . . . . Next . . . P/O Edwards clears up a problem for a member of his class . . . and below . . . Don't forget to take the pin out—always — not only on practice bombs. . . . . Finally . . . turret training.



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE  
PHOTOGRAPHS

THE GROUND STAFF, sometimes called 'the boys that keep 'em flying,' but we always thought that the engines did that, assisted by the 'prop,' unless it is just put there to cool the pilot! Top Right and Down . . . LAC Coombs and Ernie Tracey at work on a Merlin in Maintenance . . . AC. Morgan and an assisting fitter show an unnatural interest in the instruments for men of their trade. . . . Break period in No. 6 Hangar, dirty no doubt, but then we've been working. . . . The mainstay of the Station, a tractor. Guaranteed to do anything, depending on the driver . . . and last but not least, a pause from cleaning operations or shades of Wednesday evenings!

Photo of group by F. Fewtrell;  
Tractor and Cleaning by G. C. Ward. All others Royal Canadian Air Force Photographs.



## Ground Staff - - - IN ACTION



**JUST US!**

—ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE PHOTOGRAPH

# Roundabout

Being a Space Devoted to the Goings on in Camp

## Sergeants' Mess

Again this month there has been a dearth of real healthy news and views. Whether this is due to the influence of that steadily growing 'married patch' and its bourgeois respectability, or whether indoor sports are taking up the N.C.O.'s time, is not certain.

This month has seen the departure of some of the more colorful characters of the Mess, Sergt. Basil Betts, the Pride of the Old Country, John de B. Holland, the swash-buckling caballero of South America, besides Bashful Turner and Fishy Whale.

Messrs. Butler, Beckley and Worley have a scheme afoot to train the flies, that swarm in their thousands in the Mess, to carry the meals to the diners. That of course is if all Sergt. Butler's efforts to exterminate them, fail.

Jock Simpson is to be congratulated on his promotion to Warrant Officer rank, but it has caused much speculation and sweating amongst several of our seven figured friends.

We have also said goodbye to Jack Hards, whose escapades need no repeating. He may have done it the Hards way, but he DID it . . . Don't you wish you were cuckoo? . . . Les Greenwood, for instance, isn't nuts, he's just a Freudy cat. . .

The love interest is still predominant in the Mess, and once again there have been marriages and rumors of marriages . . . Sergt. Webster, our Ancient Mariner, has now tied a different kind of a knot, and several N.C.O.'s can be heard lying on their beds in the evenings breathing HER name. Even Thomas S. Sankey, that seemingly sanctimonious soul, considered a posting out West for some very ulterior motive, and only put it on one side when he realized his obligations here.

And so, here's hoping that next month will see bigger and better things (vide Sergt. Beattie), we have the material and character who could do things. (You wouldn't nob it!) ask Sergt. Milford, the Ambling Alp or Promenading Posterior. . .

## Accounts Section

From deep in the heart of headquarters comes our news of the Slap-happy Gang. We have the long-delayed arrival of LAC Bernard Thomas from Assiniboia (?). He took one look and was immediately hospitalized. And finally released, scooted off

to Winnipeg for two weeks' vacation. So we've little dope on him at present. And little hope for him in future. When he gets back first thing we're going to find out is what Winnipeg has that Picton hasn't. To keep the establishment down to its usual level, this month saw a farewell to Corporal Charlie Henderson. We wish him bestest of luck at his new station. We also have—at last! — information on that killer-diller Walrus. Mike informs us that he didn't care for it at first, but it grew on him.

We have it on good authority that before Christmas two of the boys will be headed up the straight and narrow. However, there is no truth in the rumor that the entire staff are going to take over an apartment house downtown.

Things we want to know . . . how Terry keeps his shirt collars the right color these daze (or should we have said "why"?). . . if they are going to paper the ceiling when the walls are covered. . . who told Miss Young your correspondent was married and had two children!

A last-minute flash brings news of the arrival of Mrs. Calland and family. Our best wishes for lots of fun and happiness to them all.

## The Hostess House

Summer gallops past—winter, flaunting warm autumnal glories, stealthily comes in.

We are hoping to find increasing numbers anxious to join us at Red Cross meetings, Thursdays at 2.30 p.m. in the County Building, Judge's Chambers. Here we sew and talk, and sew and chat, and sew, and get to know all about each other (almost) and others, and Sew, and so on and on—helpful, interesting and instructive.

We are hoping also, to get the more recent arrivals from the British Isles, (as well as recent brides from these parts), up to the Hostess House, to meet the old timers. Won't you come up, any time, we are easy to find?

Any of you having a desire to suggest or organize club or group meetings, please remember that we are here to help or join you. That is what we and your Hostess House are for, too.

Thank you ladies—we love having you use the Hostess House whether for study, music, reading or discussion—not to mention the odd spot of tea, etc.

Mab. Kenny



► For a Speedy  
Delicious Snack  
Try Our Chocolate  
**MILK SHAKE**  
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Picton

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**L** OVELY gift gowns, pyjamas, slips and pantie sets in soft crepe and lustrous satin in tailored or elaborate styles and new autumn tones in silk stockings are the gift sure to please her. Come in and see the selection offered by our lingerie department.

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

MAIN STREET

PICTON

## Training Wing

We cannot attempt to explain Training Wing's non-appearance before unless it be that a vendor of top class goods never needs to advertise. That we are the hub of the Station we most definitely assert. The Station centres around us and we provide the sole excuse for its existence. Do we not control training and flying, the two most important branches of our unit's work?

Do we not act as foster mothers to our friends the cadets during their stay with us? Most certainly we do and our controlling fingers extend not only the length and breadth of the Station but even off it—all training matters—examinations and results, including plotting and records—aerodrome control—ranges and marine—armament—ground school—photography—and up in the air with aircraft, pilots and crews. All these activities are directed from our modest headquarters, beneath the flashing beam.

We feel justly proud of our share in the work of the Station, and feel obliged to inform you of our activities before giving you some idea of the more personal side of our life, which perhaps, we shall be able to include in subsequent issues of Wings.

If our introduction to you has seemed somewhat bombastic, we apologize and extend a very cordial 'Hello' to all our friends in other wings of the Station.

(What a build up! Ed.).

## Fire Hall

"Hy-ya Binders! "Here is the latest gen from the Smoke Eaters Department.

Methinks I hear the sound of wedding bells in the distance. Another good guy has gone and "dood it."

Our blond-bomber is still flying around the country-side, and 'Boy' when he bombs them they stay bombed!

Two of our members have attended the long sought after course at Trenton. They are pukka fire fighters now—what does that make us?

Who were the two guys who after hitch hiking 800 miles had to hire a taxi at Belleville?

We have a "Wiseman" on the Station now. Any news, views, arguments, etc., please step forward.

I suppose many of you have had social contact with "Chuff." "Get some in Dawson." You may see him almost any evening pounding the ivories in the canteen.

"So long" boys, and you may pay us a visit any time, providing you bring your own tea and sugar and all that goes with it.

I REGRET THE ABSENCE OF THE OFFICERS' MESS NEWS AND OTHER COPY BUT IT ARRIVED TOO LATE.

—Editor

## POPE BROS.

Airmen Are Always  
Welcome



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Smiles 'n' Chuckles and  
Neilson's Famous Candies



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O U R SPECIALTY

THE  
**ROLEX**  
HURRICANE  
\$49.50 WRISTWATCH



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**ROLEX ACCURACY  
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**J. D. Walmsley, Mgr.**

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50 WITH BATH  
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AND BICYCLES**

PHONE 985 299 Front St., Belleville

## Station Police

We are sorry to see F/Sgt. Garrett go, and we are sure that you will join with us in wishing him "all the best" at his new station. At the same time we also welcome Sgt. Milford whom, we hope, will soon settle down and make himself popular.

The guardroom floor, as you will have noticed, is now looking more like its natural color, thanks to the 1800 staff Parades. We have had one or two complaints of 'Housemaids' knees', and hope that this will be a lesson to those who are inclined to stay off the straight and narrow.

One of our members feeling the urge to sprout wings, was turned down because suitable aircraft was not available, so don't be surprised if you see one of the new 'Curtis Commandos' land here one of these days.

"Happy" still goes fishing, what for we don't know, but he always comes back on his knees. "Andy" still burns the road as soon as his time is up, he should do alright in the Cpls. 229 Yds. race. "Duff" still goes about with that "far away" look in his eyes, because the boat is still coming in, or is it his Temporary?

Owing to space we shall have to finish, so bear in mind that there is plenty of scrubbing to be done in the guardroom.

F/Sgt. and Mrs. Garrett wish to thank everyone for their combined efforts in giving them their lovely present.

## "C" Flight

Well once again we have come out of hybernation to give a little account of our misdeeds for the past month.

Who is the guy who because he rolls his own cigarettes wants to buy a horse, and a couple of Six Guns? Is it a case of 'Holmes on the Range'?

Who is the certain corporal who got mad with a "Lizzie" elevator and afterwards repented by giving five dollars to the Benevolent Fund? A case of 'Wade'-ing through it?

We would like to lament on the loss of our dear friend Bungay, who passed on to "D" Flight. Hard luck on the card school. We all feel the switch was "Hartley" worth it.

"Chiefie" was rather wild the other day when he found a couple of 'queer' things merrily chewing his prize tomatoes. He has now put us on guard duties over them. By the way the tomatoes are 15 cents a pound.

Cpl. Hogan is now glad no more Trig. and Algebra swatting is required. His Fish and Chip wagon is still in commission. Does it jump when the clutch is let out?—12 feet easily.

Which LAC. is going to Montreal at the first opportunity he gets to "skip" his betrothed in Toronto? Good "Lord" the things these airmen do!

## Airmen's Mess

Just a few items from those illiterate outcasts of "Hells Kitchen" who's motto is "Blood, Sweat and Sneers."

We have had several new arrivals since the last issue, among them is "Janker Boombs," the "Cherry Picker Cavalier," and Georgie Sneads, the answer to the swill man's prayer. Welcome serfs!

### Local Gossip:

Cpl. "Red" Lambourne has discontinued his pilgrimages to the Shrine of St. Labatt, together with his other frequent indulgencies. He is now on his knees.

When the M.O. attempted to take a blood sample from LAC. "Shadow" Chadwick he reconsidered the case and ordered an immediate transfusion.

Cpl. "Gladys" Stavely, who used to talk in his sleep, now makes boat noises—how come?

The entire staff wishes to congratulate P/O. Cooper for his achievements as the "Sorcerers Apprentice."

As to the sporting activities, we have to hand it to the H.Q. "A" team, they definitely have the best team—and referees. To our supporters, those who have so ably shouted for us in the past we say—watch us in the K.O. competition.

### Foot Note

What is it that the Canadian girls' got that the English girls haven't, ask Cpl. 'Sandy' Sims. Ans. nothing, only they have it over here.

## "A" Flight

We have heard about the 'mouth biting the hand that fed it'; but was it the "Sheep" that scratched its Sheppard?

Our 'Snag' party we think is worthy of being mentioned in dispatches.

The chief has had wheels put on a pair of steps, he says it saves him carrying them. But our serviceability is entirely due to their efforts. Personally they work too fast for us.

There seems to be a shortage of matches and Messrs. Bennett and Shaw would welcome any contributions.

After 17 months we bid farewell to Cpl. Cook, who has gone to "D" Flight, and we welcome in his place Cpl. Roper. Who was the man who put his foot so low that a vehicle passed over it? Perhaps he was picking up one of his pieces of paper.

We commend the sporting spirit of the two airmen who, although they were going on 48 hrs., stepped aside and allowed others to take their place in the aircraft which was to take them to their destination.

**Wanted:** 'Monkey Gland' treatment for footballers. Any offers?

### Footnote

Wedding bells have been ringing for our Flight Commander unbeknown to us. We wish to offer our congratulations to F/Lt. J. S. Newall, on his recent marriage. Our best wishes go to Mrs. J. S. Newall.

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## THEATRE

GEO. COOK, Manager

### Coming Attractions

- Sept. 16-17—"ALWAYS IN MY  
HEART"  
 18-19—"EAGLE SQUADRON"  
 21-22—"TAKE A LETTER  
DARLING"  
 23-24—"YOU BELONG  
TO ME"  
 25-26—"49th PARALLEL"  
 28-29—"CITIZEN KANE"  
 30-Oct. 1—"WINGS FOR  
THE EAGLE"  
 Oct. 2-3—"FEATHER YOUR  
NEST"  
 5-6—"MAIZIE GETS HER  
MAN"  
 7-8—"ROXIE HART"  
 9-10—"PARDON MY  
SARONG"  
 12-13—"CROSSROADS"  
 14-15—"MEN IN HER LIFE"

## MORDEN'S Bakery

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### "B" Flight

Howdy folks! It is many moons since we contributed, so we are endeavoring to cast off the mantle of Rip Van Winkle and amuse you (we hope) with our burlblings.

A member of our flying personnel recently struck a bad patch in his efforts to keep up a fast schedule; to wit, breaks, tyres and now a wing tip, in fact he is doing a whale of a job.

We welcome to the flight another bird-man, who joins us from Rockcliffe. We hear on good authority that he is a Jolley good fellow.

The flight now appears to have divided itself into two sections. One has decided to pay more attention to its religious devotions; at long last they have discovered a Bishop and a pSalter in their midst. The others have gone all racey (no I didn't say "Ricey") judging by the number of Betts they have placed recently.

The office copes, in spite of the pandemonium that reigns therein. Its not Good(y) enough the way these Corporals ride in rumble seats, especially in Joe Francis' jalope. Overheard on the phone a few days ago; is the water cloudy down there?

### Murmurs from W and B

Many guesses have been made by newcomers as to the significance of the initials W & B. Among many, the following have been heard—Ware and Bateson, Ware and Byers, Water and Brimstone, Wood and Bricks, and others not readily called to mind, but the climax seems to have been reached when Weary and Bothered entered the list.

After all there may be some excuse for these various designations but for the latest, the only justification can be seen in the following.

With a natural born Sleeper to start the racket we wonder Howe one can Bett on things being much to Crowe about.

Nevertheless Whatt-am I to do when Vestervelt becomes Hill and Dr. Demarais fails to cure him and McPhail too.

However all are not pygmies because one man can Lever (a) ton with a Drum and stick and another can Beardall who come without Sex-smith using a hammer, and we can do a jolly Roger around the Kitchen floor and romp a German to a Frazzel with a couple of Clapps to applaud.

This may sound Paltery unless you can read between the lines, but when we boast of a real Livingstone we have the Prior claim to that, and though we may look like a Collier at times, you can't make a Mouck out of him.

And though it may sound Seeley we always get our things Taylor-ed after coming from the Laundry, and Ralph always takes care to Se-cote is not turned Brown.

And Clarke never gets into a Huff be-

cause Ryam will persist in reducing costs to suit the Byers.

Until we come again have another shot at W & B and see if we give a hoot.

### Servicing

"Ours not to reason why,  
Ours but to make 'em fly."

A year ago the second echelon arrived; to give any opinions or make any comparisons here would cause nothing but controversy — but we have our happy memories.

It is a sign of the democratic times to meet a "fella" like Pinder in the ranks— if his name was Binder he would soon be higher up the ladder.

Vic Dowle and Sheepwash are to cease fire-fighting and pinder-baiting, and devote all their spare time writing to love-sick co-eds. They should be able to tell all good girls what they should know!

McCrum assures us that his 'last three' are not 252.

That night even the moon hid in an eclipse and the sun rose blushing in the moon—no wonder you dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair Williams!

The Three Musketeers of the R.A.F.—our very own Lee, Dawson and Cunningham—who zoomed into Boston with so much publicity, did not find so pleasant a welcome at the guardroom on their return. They said they had had a forced landing at Gananoque—these u/t Pilots!

Birkett, Davies and Morgan, the rest of the gang who go fishing on their days off—seem to make some very nice catches—we have seen them in town on Saturday nights.

Wanted; an experienced shop-walker to relieve a technical man for urgent war duties.

Query: Has A.C. Morgan run out of razor blades.

Do you suffer from insomnia? A cure guaranteed in seven days! Work night shift!

Remember, on your knees, always at it, Servicing for ever!

### Station Sick Quarters

We welcome Corporal McLaughlin and LAC. Thomas, who have both come into the fold recently, and wish Sgt. Langford 'all the best' for the future at his new station, we didn't want to lose him but we knew he ought to go!

Yes, 'Lofty' Edwards is in the news again, all the staff join in wishing him a long and happy married life, and may all his troubles be little ones.

We hope he will not neglect his duties, and would like to warn him to be very careful when preparing certain items for the post, especially the bottled variety.

Our Albert has visited the States; he tells us he shot an awful line when he was there, nearly convinced them he was the Medical Corpse. He seems very happy about something and has worn out several dozen pen nibs already.

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MAIN STREET, PICTON

### THE 8.30 PARADE

The doors open wide to admit the great tide;  
What a sight to behold as they all come inside,  
This crowd of the lame and the halt and the blind,  
With strangest complaints you ever did find;  
Their faces the marks of much suffering bear,  
As they gaze on the orderlies, who've never a care.

They crawl on into the waiting room then;  
Sit there in silence awaiting the bell, when  
To the S.M.O.'s query came the oddest replies,  
"I ate something sir, and right here it lies,"  
With a glance at his throat, and a look of real doubt,  
The S.M.O. says, "Must have your tonsils out."

His look of despair turns to one of dismay,  
As he says, "Really sir, it's gone right away,  
I feel O.K. already, I need not stay,  
If it gets any worse I'll come back in a day."  
And so with others who need little aid,  
We come to the end of the day's sick parade.

E. D. B.

### Entertaining You

It's very encouraging to notice how well the weekly Station Dances have been going during the summer, and what a happy crowd gathers in the Gaiety Theatre every Tuesday evening, it makes those responsible for the promotion of them feel satisfied that they are doing a good job of work.

The Station Dance Orchestra we will all agree is pretty good now, although a few new tunes wouldn't come amiss, (Public hint No. 1), anyway we thank them for their efforts, and under the leadership of P/O. Woods, their new boss, will, we are sure improve still more, by the way, the nicknames on the music stands have been approved by all and sundry, thanks for your efforts boys for they go a long way toward the success of the dances.

The Outlet Camp hasn't been what you would call a huge success despite a good deal of money being spent, and a lot of time and trouble by the Squadron Leader Admin. and the Padre. What is the trouble? Is the location wrong or the sleeping facilities? If they are a bit hard they are at least healthy, anyway it's a cheap way of spending a "48" or a day off, and we are sure that if there was a big crowd a fine time could be had by all, it's too late to do much about it this summer, but

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**Buckingham**  
*-and Smile*

next year we ought to solve all the problems and make it a popular place for those spare week-ends and days.

The concert party which is lying very low these days is by no means extinct, and our present talent is still keen and raring to go, but we need more, if you can sing, dance, play an instrument, or be funny, (literally we mean) go along to the Gaiety Theatre and see Cpl. Smale, he will see that you get a hearing, we want to make our concert party a "Wow" so that we can keep you entertained during the coming winter.

Our entertainment officer F/Lt. Oliver is on a course in Toronto for a month and while he is there he has promised to hunt up all the concert parties he can and book them to come and perform for us during the winter, so that when sport is at its lowest the Gaiety Theatre will be the place to go in the evening.

The films during the past month were quite up to expectations with such good pictures as "It Started With Eve," "Road to Singapore," "I Wanted Wings."

There is a tasty dish of films for the coming month seasoned with such spice as Bob Hope, Abbott and Costello and Bing Crosby. These will be stirred in as follows: "New York Town" with Fred McMurray, and Mary Martin. "In The Navy," with Abbott and Costello, "Cat and Canary" with Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard, "Flame of New Orleans" with Marlene Deitrich, Bruce Cabot; "Three Men From Texas," starring William Boyd, "On The Beat," with George Formby; "Road To Zanzibar" starring Bing Crosby.

Cheerio for this month, good dancing and lots of fun.

## The Station Library

It was the main intention of this section to recommend books from time to time, but up till now we felt we could not endure the contempt that might be poured upon us, as u/t book reviewers. So it is therefore with some trepidation that we venture into this thorny field.

It is really a pity that the majority of

airmen get so one tracked in their choice of reading material. Ever since the Library opened airmen have been calling in to enquire the whereabouts of a certain Miss Blandish. On being told that she doesn't live here any more, they glance contemptuously around the shelves, voice their disapproval, and wander off again. We admit that one needs spice in reading, but too much of it blunts the enjoyment of more solid food; and after so much erotic stimulation one loses the inspiration that led us on through the pages of a Sabatini or a Jeffery Farnol novel. And soon one becomes incapable of reading any other sort of fiction. So with plenty of bows in the direction of the dubious Miss Blandish and her consorts, we venture to suggest a few books that deal with the stuff of life in a much deeper sense. In the first two books sex plays a dominant theme, but it is sublimated to the main purpose of the story, and not used as an artificial flavoring.

**Marcella** by Marianne Azuela. A beautifully written story of pre-revolutionary Mexico, centred around the girl Marcella, who, through the love and hate she arouses, becomes a symbol of the degradation of the peasant class to which she belongs.

**Turning Wheels** by Stuart Cloete. A story of a Boer trek into the African interior to find freedom and land away from the English. Throughout the story there runs the primitive urge of love in all the characters, set off against their bitter struggle for existence—both of which lead to a final tragedy.

We would recommend also **Cleopatra** by Emil Ludwig. The amorous queen stands out in these pages as a thoroughly human woman with all her faults and virtues seen with understanding. One of the best books written about her.

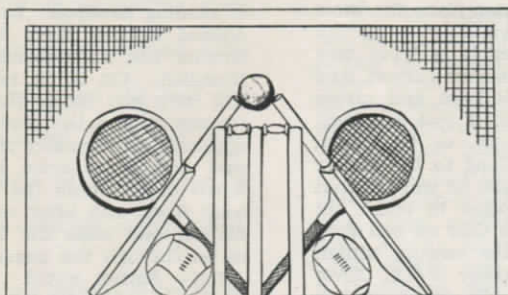
Another good book is **The Story of San Michele** by Axel Munthe; the autobiography of a doctor and a very unusual man, who gave up his fame to fulfil a lifelong ambition—the building of San Michele on the island of Capri.

I thoroughly recommend this last book.  
—Editor.

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## CRICKET

Since the last report went to press, the winning sequence of the Station team has been interrupted once more, when a Mountain View side won comfortably by four wickets on the 29th August. Our team was successful in all other engagements, generally speaking, by comfortable margins. One of the most pleasing victories occurred at Kingston, when we managed to beard the R.A.F. lion in its den. Cpl. Phillipson, the Lancashire county bowler, turned out for the Kingston side, and with good support from Cpl. Greetham, who is deeply respected by the members of last year's Picton team for his performances against us, we were dismissed for 94 runs. Honors for a quite heroic 41 go to the left-handed Jack Williams. It was perhaps fortunate that Cpl. Tabbenor and LAC. Moulson, a newcomer to the team, were in excellent form with the ball. In twelve overs the Kingston side was all out for 25, Tabbenor taking 5 wickets and Moulson, four.

Later, we managed to beat a combined Peterboro and Oshawa eleven in a challenge game. This match was played at Peterboro (Nicoll's Oval) on the 5th September. The Combined Eleven batted first, but could only muster 51 runs, and D. Bennett of the Oshawa C.C. was the only batsman to stay long at the wicket in scoring 21. LAC. Haldenby did the damage this time, taking six wickets for ten runs.

The Inter Flight League has carried on under unfavorable conditions, a shortage of players causing difficulty in raising teams.

**R.A.F. Picton.** Played 14: Won 10: Lost 3: Tied 1.

### Results—

15.8.42 v Peterboro-Whitaker C.C.

(at Picton).

Peterboro—113 (A. Padgett, 30; F. Dyer, 25; Cpl. Tabbenor, 4 for 27).

Picton—123 for 2 wks. (Sgt. Miller, 28; Sgt. Pollard, 53 not out).

22.8.42 v R.A.F. Kingston (at R.M.C., Kingston).

Picton—94. (LAC. Williams, 41).

Kingston—25 (Cpl. Tabbenor, 5 for 5; LAC. Moulson, 4 for 10).

29.8.42 v Mountain View (at Picton. Mountain View—103 for \*, dev. (Smith, 33 not out). Picton—90.

2.9.42 v K. T. S., Trenton (at Picton) Picton—92 for 5 wks. (LAC. McCay, 33 not out).

K.T.S.—86. (LAC. Everett, 2 for 7; LAC. McCay, 2 for 14).

5.9.42 v Combined Peterboro-Oshawa Eleven (at Nicoll's Oval, Peterboro) Peterboro-Oshawa—51 (LAC. Haldenby, 6 for 10).

Picton—76. (Sgt. Pollard, 22; LAC. Williams, 21).

**BATTING.** (Three completed innings to qualify).

Batsman	No. of Inns.	Times Not Out	Highest Score	Total Runs	Average
Sgt. Pollard	10	3	109	350	58.67
LAC. McCay	8	3	54	147	29.40
Sgt. Miller	8	1	104	184	26.29
LAC. Williams	8	-	57	157	19.63
F/O Ruck	6	-	50	95	15.83
LAC. Mounsey	4	1	24	42	14.33
P/O Lockwood	7	-	27	86	12.29
AC. Stakes	6	1	13	43	8.60
Cpl. Tabbenor	7	2	16	43	8.60
Cpl. Grundy	8	-	27	59	7.38
G/Cpt. Cox	6	-	21	43	7.14
F/O Waithwaite	6	-	21	43	6.17
LAC. Haldenby	6	1	8	25	5.00
LAC. Whiteside	6	1	10	15	3.20

**BOWLING.** (Ten overs to qualify)

Bowler	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Average
LAC. McCay	26.3	-	85	15	5.67
LAC. Whiteside	14.0	1	44	7	6.29
Cpl. Tabbenor	68.4	6	199	28	7.17
LAC. Moulson	14.1	1	45	6	7.50
LAC. Haldenby	69.0	14	198	26	7.62
Sgt. Miller	13.0	-	54	4	13.50
Sgt. Pollard	11.0	-	56	4	14.00

## MOUNT HOPE R. A. F. OUTSCORES STAR-STUDED PICTON ELEVEN

Best Game in Years Played at Airport With Blues Winning Close Tilt By 2-1.  
Spectator Cup Draw on Monday

In what was easily the best soccer game seen in these parts in some seasons, Mount Hope R.A.F. Blues defeated a star-studded R.A.F. side from Picton by a score of 2-1, but in doing so must be accounted a trifle fortunate, a fact which the Blues were first to admit. The Picton side lived up to all advance notices and really had the best of the play, but soccer games are still decided by goals scored and this is where the Blues had the edge, scoring two goals against one by Picton.

### EXCITING FOOTBALL

Very few minutes had elapsed before the good crowd present realized that the Blues had at last met their match, for the Picton side played beautiful football on a difficult ground, and the right wing especially shone. However, the Blues were first to score, and again "Handy Andy" Lockhart did the trick with a beautiful effort. The goal came after ten minutes of play and started with a grand sweeping pass to Blackwell by Taggart. Blackwell, in turn, passed to Lockhart, who tricked two men before shooting the ball past Thornton from a difficult angle. Cockcroft made two brilliant saves from Staveley and McConnell and there were several occasions on which the Blues were very hard pressed.

### SECOND HALF

The 1-0 lead which the Blues had at the interval looked none too secure, but Lockhart scored again right after the interval to give his side a 2-0 lead, and right then the Picton side decided that it was time for a change. They pressed hard, but grand defensive play, particularly by Woods, Taylor and Davidson, to say nothing of Cockcroft, kept them out.

Then Gilbank had a chance and hit the post. Hudson got through, but shot wide, and away came the Picton team, with Cockcroft making a brilliant save from Lockwood.

Picton won a corner, which resulted in a scramble, and McConnell shot the ball through a forest of legs into the far corner of the net to make the count 2-1. Picton kept up the pressure, but before the end Thornton made a grand save from Lockhart. There was not a weak man on the field, and the Picton side, with players who formerly played for the Wolverhampton Reserves, Ayr United, Queen's Park, Patrick Thistle, St. Johnstone, Bishop Auckland and Spennymoor United, gave the crowd many thrills. The Mount Hope boys put up a grand defensive display, with occasionally some brilliant forward work, but a draw might have been a better result.

The teams:

Picton R.A.F.—Thornton; J. Williams; and F. Williams; Flockett; Campbell and Ross; Staveley, Shedden, McConnell, Lockwood and Adams.

Mount Hope R.A.F.—Cockcroft; Davidson and Rae; Taylor, Woods and Yuilden; Blackwell, Taggart, Lockhart, Gilbank and Hudson.

Referee—Corporal Parsons.

The above is an extract from The Hamilton Spectator of 29, 8. 42.



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**R.A.F. PICTON INTER-SECTION FOOTBALL LEAGUE  
TABLE UP TO AND INCLUDING 7th, SEPTEMBER, 1942**

Teams	Pld.	W	L	D	Goals		Pts.
					For	Ag.	
Headquarters "A" .....	18	16	2	0	74	12	32
Messes .....	16	11	2	3	48	16	25
Sergeants .....	18	11	5	2	58	22	24
Maintenance .....	18	10	4	4	45	27	24
"D" Flight .....	20	8	10	2	36	37	18
G. I. S. ....	15	7	6	2	25	42	16
"C" Flight .....	16	6	7	3	38	34	15
"B" Flight .....	19	7	11	1	34	64	15
Headquarters "B" .....	16	3	11	2	22	41	8
'A' Flight .....	17	4	13	0	17	34	8
Officers .....	18	2	15	1	21	92	5

The Inter-section league is nearing completion. Headquarters "A" have established themselves at the top with a clear lead of three points over Messes, their nearest rivals. It only requires the H.Q.'s team to win one of their last two games to make the winning of the competition secure. Both these teams have been running neck and neck for the honors right through the season, but Messes are faltering in the penultimate stage and allowing their rivals to get their head in front.

Messes, however, have been rather unfortunate in that they have lost the services of some of their best players since the beginning of the season. Credit must be given them for the high position they have managed to attain, despite the misfortune of having to change the team in almost every game. No small amount of this credit is due to their faithful band of supporters who attend their every match, and I am sure the players would be the first to admit that the encouragement they get from the stentorian voice of Peter Jack and the whispers of Sandy Sims and Bill Lewis has helped them to come out on top in lots of their games.

"C" Flight are coming through with a "bang" after lying low for most of the season. Perhaps their objective is the Challenge Cup—due to be played for shortly. It is unfortunate that they must lose the services of their lanky centre-forward "Five-goal" Wemyss. However, "Jock" Carruthers, their astute manager will no doubt produce another from the bag when the need arises.

Sergeants and Messes had a rare set to

in their last game. Messes, leading two goals to nil with four minutes to go, looked to be winners of a very hard game, but the match is only finished for sergeants when the final whistle blows; and during that last four minutes "Chiefy" Alexander popped in two goals to square things and deprive Messes of a very valuable point in their race for league honors.

The Station team engaged in four games during the month, defeating the R.C.A.O.C. at Barriefield Barracks, Kingston by two goals to one, and the same opposition, 11 goals to 2 at Picton. In the Quinte league we downed Mountain View at Picton by 7 goals without reply. The team was forced to acknowledge defeat for the second time this season, when, after travelling to Mt. Hope we went under 2 goals to 1. Mt. Hope have a strong side, including as it does, some seven or eight professionals, but they very sportingly admitted after the game that only the cleverness of their goalie, Cockcroft of Grimsby town had prevented the Picton lads from coming out 'tops.'

We have a few very attractive fixtures arranged during the month of September against stronger opposition than we have been meeting hitherto. Some of the games will be to aid the funds of British War Victims; so lads, give the games all you know. The better you play, the bigger the crowds will be to watch you, and the folk back home will benefit all the more.

The record of the Station team up to date is as follows:

Pld.	W	L	D	F	Goals	
					A	
19	15	2	2	98	22	

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## The Picton Gazette

PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS