



WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R.A.F. PICTON



Vol. 2, No. 5 - October 1942

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V

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Editorial

THOSE who benefit from the service and work of others should give credit where credit is due; all too often the giving is withheld as if the prospective donor were a miser afraid of parting with his hoard. Occasional praise may have the value of fine gold, but like good manners the cost is nil and the result worth the little extra trouble and thought necessary. Encouragement rightly placed, just as criticism rightly delivered will increase efficiency and good feeling many fold.

In print the task seems difficult, and very careful check must be made to avoid offence. Some statements engender protest for reasons entirely unforeseen, usually petty, and in my opinion uncalled for. Obviously the success or failure of any enterprise can never be attributed wholly to one man; in print errors will occur both of commission and omission, and because of lack of time and adequate information to verify statements, absolute accuracy is hard to attain, and some items are all too easily overlooked. If any such errors should occur in "Wings" then I apologize for past misdemeanors, and for any likely to occur in the future.

This month we run the Sports Day as a photographic item. Last month, as you may remember, it was the Outlet Camp, a successful venture, due to the activities of those who provided food and messing, the equipment stores who provided necessary materials, funds from the Service Institute, and above all, the enthusiasm of the C.O., without which no voluntary activity outside strictly service work could exist. Similarly this month the sports committee and officials did a good job of work, and in spite of the usual minor hitches it all came out right on the day.

This issue is in the nature of a sports number, carrying, besides the Sports Day activities, many of the exploits of the football team, a team of which we are justly proud, may their success never go to their heads. The football news incidentally is responsible for the lateness of this issue. because it seems to have been kicking about, and passed around for some time before reaching its final goal.

The latest asset acquired by the camp is a radiogram which apparently Mr. Morris discovered and which the Service Institute decided to purchase. Now a well compèred Sunday evening program of good music is available to those who like to listen to music, as opposed to jazz, jive or what you will interspersed by a resumé of the merits of the latest cure-all.

This month sees the resignation of George Ward, who has been on the magazine Committee since its origin. Ward has worked hard on the magazine and produced large quantities of copy, much of which helped us over the rather flat period of the summer months. However, there seems no reason why he should not still contribute, and in fact he says he will continue to do so when he has time. John Durrant rejoins the committee as press correspondent.

Drafts for a new cover are still being reviewed and a sufficient variety are not yet available to make a final decision. It should be ready for the special Christmas number, which we expect to have ready early in December, that, however, depends on contributors. Further, in the February issue it is intended to run a Photographic Competition, to be divided into landscape, portrait, action and other classes, further details for this will appear in next month's issue.

V. E. B. Ferns.

— V —

What Are We Fighting For?

He sits on high
In his gliding 'plane,
Turns his head,
And looks again.

He sees the
Schoolhouse building neat;
The frantic dash
Of tiny feet.

Downward drops
The yellow nose;
He grins, and bares
His cruel claws.

Madly he dives,
And swoops, and stunts;
See the perforated
And bloody fronts

Of children's dresses,
Of colors gay
Proud mothers washed,
On washing day.

They knew not when
The thunder came;
Or when, or how,
The lightning struck.

Their teachings
Had not been the same
As Goering's 'Schoolboy'
Who ran amok.

A teacher dead
By the schoolhouse door,
A bell in hand
She will ring no more.

Don't ask ME what we're fighting
for.

A. C. Turner

JUST A SHORT STORY

by R. C. Connelly

A tale is told in the westerly community of Lapora of a ghost that trudges the lonely stretches between Lapora and Holville when the February blizzards come. According to local tradition, it came into being within living memory, but the story is likely to be told around the log fires on the long stormy nights of winter until it has become a legend. In case you should be interested, here is the tale, as it was told to me.

THE nature and location of Lapora is a tribute to the courage and endurance of the people who live there. It is a community almost completely isolated from the ordinary pleasures and comforts of life as you and I know them. Nowadays, of course, there is the radio, and I believe that a new and better road is under construction through the thick shrubs at the foot of the "Devil's Washboard," as the mountain over the shoulder of which the old road winds is familiarly, but not affectionately known.

Holville is just twenty-five miles from Lapora, but until this new road is completed, it might just as well be a thousand miles away for all the possibility there is of anyone making a trip there between the months of December and March. No snow plow has ever been sent to clear the way along the mountain road, with its wall of rock to one side and sheer drop of a thousand feet on the other. Then there are the blizzards and resultant avalanches of February and March. The Spring thaw usually brings more avalanches in its train. Only a fool or a very brave man would attempt the journey under these conditions.

Lapora itself boasts just one road, which ends about three miles beyond the last house in an impenetrable salt marsh. On the night on which this story begins, two people were walking arm in arm along the road. The season was late summer, the night was warm, and there was a moon. There is no record of the conversation that passed between these two people, but in view of subsequent events we may assume that it ran something like this:

"But you haven't known me very long," said Felicia.

"Haven't you ever heard of love at first sight?" said Hal Winthrop, in mock reproof.

"How do I know that you haven't got several more wives tucked away in the big city?" asked Miss Wardle provocatively.

"One - two - I can't think of more than seven offhand," said Hal, "there may be one or two more. I can't recollect at the moment."

"Bluebeard!"

"You haven't answered my question," Hal pointed out, "and I might add that my corpse will be found at dawn if you don't say 'Yes'."

"I haven't made up my mind yet," said Felicia, looking at him out of the corner of her eye; "you have a rival, you know."

"Oh;" said Hal, looking rather blank. "If I'm not being too inquisitive, who is he?"

"Jabey," said Felicia impressively.

"You little devil!" roared Hal, "I ought to turn you over my knee and spank you till you couldn't sit down. I thought for a minute you were serious."

"Jabey is," said Felicia. "Did you ever notice what nice kind eyes he has?"

"No," admitted Hal, "I never notice anyone's eyes but yours these days. And don't try to change the subject. Will you me wed?"

"The answer," said Felicia, gazing dreamily at the moon, "is in the affirmative."

Thereafter, they became so engrossed with each other that they failed to see a large awkward figure that arose from near the place where they had been holding this momentous conversation and melted away into the darkness.

Neither Hal nor Felicia were natives of the community; in point of fact, neither of them had lived there more than six months. Hal had arrived in the Spring to investigate a statement made to his company that there was oil to be found in the district. He had failed to discover any trace of it but had found equally interesting indications that the land was likely to be rich in cobalt and had stayed on to complete his survey. Felicia had come from Holville at about the same time to take the duties of teacher to the Lapora school.

Jabey was an enigma and Felicia had spoken no less than the truth in what she had said about him. By choice he was a hermit, avoiding the company of his fellow men as far as was possible, and possessing as his own friend a large sheep dog whom he called Jonathan "because," he had once explained to Felicia, "his is a capacity for loving far more worthy than its object." He was not old and no one knew whence he came. His speech was cultured and even his infrequent observations revealed that he was widely read; but he seemed to prefer to go alone and people respected that wish.

The advent of Felicia had evidently disturbed him. He had started to come into the village more often than was his wont and had managed to convey to her his feelings without saying anything about them. She had often chanced to meet his eyes, eyes much older than himself, and seen in them kindness and something else besides.

Although she could not be entirely unaware of it, she did her best to disregard the situation. None the less, she was a little frightened by it. She had an intuition that there was a strong undercurrent of emotion somewhere that was interwoven with her destiny.

The ensuing months passed happily enough for Hal and Felicia, who had no reason to be anything other than happy. They viewed without a qualm the prospect of being isolated from the town; if anything they rather approved of it.

But the local sages feeling the first nor'easter chilling their ancient flesh were not pleased. In the warmth of their chimney corners they discussed winters that had been and more particularly the winter that was in immediate prospect. By all the signs and portents, this was to be a winter to end all winters.

And the wise men were by no means wrong. From November to January the weather could only be regarded favorably by esquimaux and polar bears.

February was borne in on the crest of a blizzard that dragged at the whining timber and hurled the flying snow spinning over the rooftops. It abated somewhat, and in the period of comparative calm that followed, Dan Carson, a sheep farmer, made the alarming discovery that a hundred head of sheep had escaped from his fold.

In the face of a calamity of this nature, it was the recognized thing, that all the community, men, women, and children should turn out to do what they could; if the sheep were lost, or found dead, Dan would be out of pocket to the extent of several months' work and profit.

Accordingly the entire community, Hal and Felicia included, fanned out in search of the lost sheep. They were finally located in a huge snowdrift on the west side of the village.

Working in shifts it took three hours to reach the first of the sheep, which were all packed together for warmth. One by one they were hauled to safety. Seventy-nine of them were alive at the final count and seven they had been unable to find.

As they trooped wearily back to their homes Felicia noticed that her wrist was aching. She showed it to Hal, who examined it and said briefly: "Sheep tick bite. They're not usually dangerous."

"I don't like the feel of this one," said Felicia. "It's beginning to swell."

"Better see the doctor to be on the safe side," said Hal.

"I will tomorrow," Felicia promised. "I am too tired tonight."

She went straight to bed but tired as she was she was unable to sleep. Her head ached abominably, and her wrist burned. Aspirin gave her temporary relief, but in a little while the pain became unbearable. When she could stand it no longer, she dressed and struggled through the snow to Dr. Grant's house.

The Doctor was not pleased.

"What's all this?" he grumbled. "What a foul night to get a man out of his warm bed."

His expression became more amiable when he recognized his late visitor. He liked Felicia.

"I suppose you'd better come in. What's the trouble young lady?"

"I wish you'd look at my wrist Doctor."

He looked closely and frowned. "What happened?"

"Mr. Winthrop says it's a sheep tick bite," said Felicia.

The Doctor pursed his lips and whistled soundlessly.

"I've only seen - - - -," he mused. Then interrupting himself: "I'll give you a couple of tablets to make you sleep, and I want you to go straight home and get into bed again, before you take them. I'll be round again in the morning."

He gave her the tablet and ushered her out, then he sat down; he seemed to have aged a little as he sat in thought. As if making a decision he rose and dressed quickly.

Hal Winthrop was awakened from a healthy slumber by a pounding on the door of his house.

Dr. Grant, who stepped into Hal's still sleepy vision as he opened the door, wasted no time about coming to the point. "About Felicia - - -."

"Felicia," exclaimed Hal, now very wide awake. "What's wrong with her?"

"I was going to tell you," said Dr. Grant reproachfully. "That sheep tick bite on her wrist - - - it's infected."

"You've got more to tell," said Hal.

"Yes, she may die."

"Good grief man, do you know what you're saying. Die - - - from a little thing like that!"

"It's a very rare occurrence," admitted the Doctor, "but not unprecedented. In a few cases these ticks carry deadly bacilli, which infect the wound and spread through the system, causing local inflammation and acute nausea and headaches."

"Can't you do anything?" Hal burst out.

"I did all I could with what I have at my disposal, when I gave her a couple of morphine tablets and sent her to bed. That'll send her to sleep, but it won't cure her. To cure her I must have a serum, but the only stock of it around here is at Holville Hospital."

He avoided looking at Hal. He felt a hand grip his shoulder hard and winched at the pressure.

"Thanks Doc for coming to me. Did you know we were engaged?"

"I sort of guessed. Then you'll - - - try it?"

"Of course," said Hal pulling on his trousers.

"I'll write a note for the Supervisor," said Dr. Grant.

Neither said anything of the probability that Hal would never return alive. Silently Hal pocketed the note and as silently gripped the Doctor's hand.

Without warning the door opened to admit a huge snow covered figure. It was Jabey.

"What are you doing here?" enquired Hal in amazement.

"Sometimes I walk a little in the silent hours," said Jabey calmly.

"I saw Miss Wardle go to your house Doctor. Then I saw you come to this house. I was worried, so I investigated. I, too, know a little of medicines, Doctor, and I have seen Miss Wardle's wrist. Am I right Mr. Winthrop, in saying that you are proposing to travel to Holville for an anti-toxin serum?"

"Your deduction is perfect," said Hal, half ironically, half in admiration. "But where does that bring you in?"

"I am going to Holville," said Jabey. "You will stay here."

"Thanks," said Hal, but it's my pigeon."

"It is your pigeon, indeed," said the Hermit cryptically. "That is why I shall go. I unwittingly heard too much of a certain conversation for my own good, and I take this opportunity of congratulating you. And now if you will give me that paper, I will go.

"That you don't," said Hal angrily.

"Then I must use force," said Jabey sombrely.

He moved too swiftly for Hal to counter the blow which felled him unconscious.

"I go," said Jabey. "Goodbye, Doctor."

"Goodbye," replied the Doctor, "and good luck."

People will tell you of the great blizzard that broke with the dawn. It swept with unparalleled ferocity through the valley, dwarfing the previous storms by its ponderous crescendoes and howling cadences. Felicia's condition had worsened and a shadow was over Lapora - - - the thought of two lives in deadly peril.

At two in the afternoon a large sheep dog limped into the community, through the gradually diminishing storm. Hal watching moodily from Felicia's bedroom window was the first to see him.

"Jonathan," he yelled. "The Hermit's dog."

Excitedly he dashed out of the house, calling: "Jonathan! To me Jonathan!"

The dog sat down in the snow and whined as Hal came up with him. The Doctor was close behind.

"Where's Jabey?" said Hal.

The driving snow gave him his answer.

"Look at his collar," cried the Doctor. "There's a package."

It was the package, the precious serum—and a note faintly scrawled in pencil. "My strength is gone. Do not look for me."

Hal and the Doctor looked toward the distant mountain in silence, before turning to the house.

"Where's the dog?" said Hal suddenly.

Jonathan was nowhere to be seen. His last duty faithfully discharged, he had gone on the long last journey, to join his master.



STRANGER

Than ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PICTON ★ ★ ★

SUDDENLY, out of a clear blue sky, it's October. Or, as the Big Rose said to the little Rose, Hi Bud! An egg nogg has nothing on the feelings we have about September. It was an eventful month. Started out by being hotter than July—outside thermometer registered 83 one night at 10.00 p.m. — and at time of writing its cold enough to freeze the proverbial. A forcible reminder that Old Man Winter is on his way. Fast. To those who have not yet spent a winter here in Picton we issue this subtle warning. Thar ain't much adoin' round these hur parts. Seven shows a week, or seven dances, or seven painful sessions—on the ice—is not our idea of a bangup sockeroo time. So it seems time to get interested in something. And there's plenty on the camp to while away all your spare time. The library (at date issuing over 200 books weekly), billiards, table tennis, miniature rifle shooting, and many more. Coming up we have promise of Musical Clubs (both classical and swing, please), Camera Club, Art Exhibition, Hobbies Club, etc. Our own contribution to the Notions Department is the idea—only the idea of

★ ★ ★

THE THINGS THEY SAY: Mrs. "The melodies are so nice, but I can't make out the words." This was the night a celebration in the canteen rocked the Hostess House. A headquarters AC1 . . . "This is the first time I've been to breakfast since I joined the airforce." Do we have to tell you? Sergeant Verney . . . "It's the old soldier in me" . . . when asked why he called one of his boys Mr. Flux. The announcer at Syracuse . . . "He calls his girlfriend Spearmint, because she's so Wrigley." Joan Davis, talking about Ned Sparks—"He looks as happy as the Chief Taster in a castor oil factory." Corporal Durrant to Corporal Handford "Do you mind if I finish my dinner while you smoke?" A nameless sergeant "We call him Icicle — the drip that was caught in the draft." Jack McPhee — talking about the Clothing Store — "That's where all those two-tone jobs come from." Any airman — talking about the same thing — "Never before have so many waited so long for so little."

★ ★ ★

DISA AND DATA . . . We had a nifty line on the Flying Clerk GD but he got wise before we went to press and requested that it be deleted. Always happy to co-operate with anybody who can't take it, we have omitted the item as requested at the corporals' midmonth dance one of the boys bought a "round" of three beers — and drank them all

himself. Celebrating his first two hooks . . . good news for our hep-chicks and hepcats. Reference this colyum's paragraph one of last month, the band has some brand new 1942 jam coming up. By the time you're reading this, likely they'll be giving out . . . who caught who putting vanishing cream on what squadron leader's chair? . . . they are not going to extend the guardhouse . . . we heard a certain WO refer to a certain NCO. as the Man With the Whip . . . not a few of our sergeants seem to be going in for solid sets to threads lately (civvie suits to our English speaking readers). Tastes vary. Some go in for tweed. Others prefer flannel

★ ★ ★

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES:

If we could rustle up a number Seven-four gent's model glass slipper around here, today we'd be eating it over the lucky sox of Mister V. And the V does not stand for victory. It's a very great temptation to tag Mister V Picton's blue ribbon Cinderella man. He's very much in love with the loveliest girl we've met in years—and its mutual. Sentimental? Possibly. But sentimentality does not necessarily mean that a soft heart goes along with it. Nothing weeps more copiously than a block of ice. In coffee lingo, old bean, I'm no drip.

★ ★ ★

THE OTHER EVENING . . . I was at a young lady's birthday party. On the way home I noticed how dismal Main was looking — the dim-out having crept even over Prince Edward. In a blacked-out world about the only lights to go on soon will be those on birthday cakes . . . provided the curtains are efficient . . . Night after night in Broadway supper clubs the band leader ups to the mike and announces that Miss Whosis or Mr. Whosis is celebrating a birthday, and the band always swings into "Happy Birthday." The people always applaud sincerely, or so it seems to me. No matter how often you hear it, its a nice tune. Incidentally, to my friends (yes, I have friends) who think they know me . . . the young lady had only three candles on her cake.

A COLLECTION OF
NEWS, VIEWS,
VERY ODDS AND ENDS

A History of Soccer

By ED WARING

THOSE who do not like the game often ask who or what should be blamed for its origin. The ideas about its origin are legion, but there seems to be no doubt that the game of football or "headball" as the early Romans called it, is one of the oldest games known to man. Speaking of "headball" it might be of interest to know how that name came about. It appears that the Romans used to kick the heads of their victims around an open field, the idea being the same as now to beat anyone who got in their way. Some present day players still adhere to the old Roman practise, as many heads are kicked during a soccer season.

The oldest recorded history of the game is of the Chinese playing it long before the coming of Christ. Explorers have found a poem dated 50 B.C. written by Li Yu reading something as follows:

"The teams take their places according to the venerable rules,
The ball goes flying across like the moon,
No allowances are made for feelings,
There must be no partialities."

Then again the Greeks have been kicking the ball around a long time. They used to play it with a stuffed pigskin and called it "Sphennida," with about a hundred men on a side. Kind of first come first served. In some clubs they don't need a hundred men to play that type of game. The Greeks then slipped the idea to the Romans, apparently the more gentlemanly type of Roman, who refused to play the "headball" variety. The Romans weren't up on their Greek language and not knowing what the word "Sphennida" meant (neither do I), renamed the game "Harpastum," a word that we are told means "stealing." This name fitted the game because the lads of that era used to pinch the ball quite frequently, and the game would develop into a session of "ball, ball, who has the ball?"

In the middle ages in England the game flourished among the common people, having been introduced there between 330 B.C. and 410 B.C. Not much is known of the sport around that time as apparently the sports writers of that age were no different from the present, and their writings weren't worth preserving.

Along about the year 1300 the game took on a new lease of life and the local lads of the day really delighted in hoofing the bladder around of an evening. However, the boys got out of hand and the nobility really frowned on the sport, due to the fact that so many shop windows were being broken by the continual bad shooting of the players. You don't have to go back to 1300 for that.

The game finally got a break during the reigns of Edward II and III. During that period the favorite method of fighting was archery but do you think the lads would practise this business? No sir, — every time they could get the king or his officials out of sight, they would fetch a piece of cloth, stuff it with stones, paper or grass and proceed to enjoy a lively game. Things became so bad that the game was banned by royal decree. It was about as bad to be seen kicking around a ball then, as it is to be seen walking out of your favorite bootlegger's on a Sunday night now.

This state of affairs continued for quite a spell, and then Henry VIII decided there must be something about the game when so many of his men preferred to play it than to fight the French. He decided to play a game and elected himself captain of one of the teams. He didn't last long, as the yeomen quickly saw how they could get even for past abuses and literally kicked the noble noggin to shreds.

After this not much was heard of football until 1848, when a bunch of the lads who wore "the old school tie" got together and formed a league, playing under the Cambridge rules by which, when a player touched an opposing ball carrier that gent immediately stopped and considered he had lost possession. How nice. Eh, what? This league didn't do so well and in October, 1863 the present Football Association was formed at a meeting held at the local pub in Old Queen Street, London. The proper name of the place was the Freemasons' Tavern, which goes to show that things haven't changed much since then. The present day clubs still congregate in places where more than mineral water is served. It is of interest to note that the original clubs of the Football Association were Sheffield, Blackheath, Hallanshire, Old Harrovians and Forest afterwards called The Wanderers.

In 1857 the game was brought to the United States and here again it had to fight hard for its very existence. That it succeeded is to be seen in the fact that the average registration of players with the U.S.F.A. is 75,000. It is also one of the major sports at all colleges.

During the course of many arguments on the game this writer has noticed that one point which causes a lot of dispute is "What is the biggest crowd to ever attend a game?" Well, the biggest recorded crowd is 149,547 at the Scotland-England International game at Hampden in 1937. The game was won incidentally by the Scots 3-1. The largest gate receipts were £27,776 taken at the 1923 Cup Final at Wembley Stadium between Bolton and West Ham. The attendance officially was 126,047 but the turnstiles were rushed, and it is estimated that over 150,000 people actually saw the encounter.

It should be remembered that in the early days it was a combination of "rugger" and "soccer" that was played. The word "soccer" was given the name in the United States to differentiate between Association Football and Rugby Football. It was first used in the Western Gazette in 1894 in a discussion of the rival attractions of "rugger" and "soccer."

Ed Waring is the soccer writer for The Globe and Mail and other Toronto papers, many of the football enthusiasts will have seen him at the matches we have played.

Send Flowers Home for Christmas



We can have Flowers delivered to any part of the British Empire or U.S.A. The Flowers plus cost of cable is all it costs you!

Either look round our greenhouse on the Bloomfield Road or Phone Picton 311 for full information from S. G. Lockyer.

LOCKYER'S GREENHOUSE

★ HIT and MISS ★

I N our village of Hegglemere there are three shopkeepers who deliver newspapers.

More correctly, there are three shopkeepers who undertake to deliver newspapers.

Green, it is true, may omit to call at your house; Johnson may put the wrong journal through your letter-box; and you will be lucky if it is through your letter-box that Taylor pops the paper.

Green's occasional deliveries are no doubt still an agreeable surprise to those who have forgotten to erase their names from his list of clients. The customer who really suffers is he who, new to the district perhaps, is unaware of the strange lapses of Green's memory, and is suddenly the victim of them. I recall that I had not long been on Green's books when one of the several invasion scares occurred. My wireless set ceased to function, and I went to bed that night in acute apprehension. Next morning I was still unable to get as much as an atmospheric out of the set. I sped to the garden gate. Green was not to be seen. I understood it all. The invasion had begun, the B.B.C. had closed down, no newspapers were being printed. Dejection spread over me. "It is useless to try to go to town today," I said to my wife. "I must stay here. The invasion has begun. We shall soon be hearing the church bells." Just then my friend Postlethwaite passed by—on his way to the station. He was carrying his newspaper. As I ran down the road two minutes later in a vain but gallant attempt to catch the 8.35 I cursed Green and all his works. Later I transferred my custom to Johnson.

Johnson began his innings with a punctual and correct delivery of *The Daily Telegraph* as ordered. It was not until the second week that there was a fall from grace. On the Wednesday, I remember, a copy of *The Daily Express* reposed on the hall floor; and on the Friday a copy of *The Daily Herald*. Resenting this obvious but no doubt well-intentioned effort to widen my reading, I expostulated with Johnson, received apologies and was told that the boy had confused me with Number 16 on the one day and with Number 20 on the other. Johnson asked me to overlook the incident on the ground that the boy was a deserving case, being the only son of a half-witted father. I thought no more of the matter till the following Tuesday morning when on the hall floor I found the current issues of *Rainbow*, the *New Statesman* and the *Feathered World*. After that I gave my order to Taylor.

Taylor's boy, who does his round on a bicycle, shows a marked reluctance to dismount at each house he visits. He prefers to lean perilously on the gates and from his saddle lob the papers into the porch. This method is satisfactory provided that (1) the distance from the gate to the porch is very short, (2) there is no adverse wind. My own house happens to have a gravel approach which puts it out of the range of the boy's hand artillery; and he therefore hit upon a method of increasing the velocity of his fire. He would approach cycling at great speed; when he was at the nearest point to the objective (and only then) he would release the projectile viz. *The Daily Telegraph*, and turn sharply

to the road to avoid a collision with the gate. In principle it was similar to dive-bombing; in practice it was less effective.

At first I was so interested that I even suggested to the boy that the projectile would be more likely to reach its target if weighted with a stone or some other heavy object. But after paying two bills for the repair of windows I implored the boy to revert to his earlier tactics. I regret to say that his hand lost its cunning, or else the local monsoons or water-spouts (or whatever they are) interfered too much with his aim. I do not know. What I do know is that once I have had to mount on a step-ladder to retrieve the paper from the top of a laburnum tree on which it had been impaled and that on another occasion I have had to wade through water-logged flower beds in order to read a particularly uninteresting (as it happened) communiqué from the Middle East. Sometimes the paper would tear; and rain-soaked fragments would have to be collected from various corners of the garden to be dried before the dining room fire and patiently pieced together, provided, that is, that the cat raised no objections.

It was after the newspaper had completely eluded me one morning by hiding itself under several inches of snow—that I hit upon the solution of the problem.

No further attempts are made to deliver the newspaper at my house. Instead, I collect it myself at the railway book-stall.

A. Williams.

V

BEANS

The scene was a local "pub", the argument gardening, the participants Dai Fulpelt and Ianto Jones.

As usual there were some remarkable theories expressed of which only Dai and Ianto had knowledge. "Take my beans for instance," said Dai, "I've got some 14 ins. long and what's more there are none in the valley to beat them in either quality or length."

"Don't talk through your hat man retorted Ianto, I've got better beans than you ever thought of growing, and what's more I can produce them in half an hour."

"Right you are," said Dai, taking up the challenge if you can show me a bean as long as 14 ins. and as fat as mine I'll buy drinks for the whole house, but mind you if you can't, the beer will be on you.

"Enough said," replied Ianto, "Half an hour from now you shall have your beans, and here's to the drinks that you've lost."

Ianto disappeared into the darkness and sure enough in 20 minutes he came back with 4 beans wrapped up in an "Echo." "Fulpelt lad just come by here and measure these beans, everyone of them longer than 14 inches and as fat as any of yours.

Dai measured each one carefully and turned round to the onlookers. "Well boys, they are longer and as fat as mine, indeed to goodness, so drink up my hearties, for I'm well and truly beaten."

Dai made his way home before Time this night a thing which was almost unbelievable, and when he got home the Mrs. was waiting for him. "Dai Fulpelt," she said, I've known you now for 25 years, but I've never known you to send Ianto Jones to borrow a candle and a ruler to measure your beans for an exhibition at the Horse and Hounds before and while you're here I'll be glad of that half crown you owe me."

Dai shuddered, "Sorry girl, but you'll have to wait till next pay day, I lost a bet at the pub tonight and now I think that I'll visit Ianto and have a little talk with him. I'll give him beans.

H. G. E.

— ≡ ≡ ≡ Lia Fail ≡ ≡ ≡ —

JACOB set out on a journey to find a wife among the daughters of Nathan, resident at that time in the land of Canaan. On the way he slept at a place called Beth-el, using a stone for a pillow. During the night he had his famous dream, "the vision of Jacob's ladder," and next day he set the stone on end as a pillar and made a sacrifice there, saying that God was in that place, and that the Pillar should be "God's House," and a witness to the promise or covenant of God the Abraham and to his seed for ever.

Many years later, when Joseph, then Prime Minister of Egypt, sent for his father Jacob, the latter and his sons, carried this Stone with them down into Egypt.

The Stone which is approximately 22 ins. by 13 ins. by 11 ins., was heavy, and to facilitate its transport, they let two iron rings into it, one at each end, and took turns to carry it on a pole, two at a time.

We now skip centuries to the time Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt to the Promised Land. So valuable did they deem it that they carried the Stone with them all those miles during 40 years of wandering.

In Palestine it was installed, along with the Ark of the Covenant in the Tabernacle, and later, when King Solomon built a permanent Temple in place of the tented church or Tabernacle, it was duly installed; and upon this Stone, successive Kings of Israel, and later Judah, placed their hands when being anointed King.

In 597 B.C. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, captured Jerusalem and took a large part of the Children of Israel captive to Babylon. (The rest of the Israelites had been taken captive to Assyria a century and a quarter before). Twelve years later, after an abortive rebellion by Zedekiah, the puppet King of Judah, the Babylonians returned, quelled the rebellion, sacked Jerusalem, and also took most of her people captive.

They robbed the Temple of all its gold and silver and tin and jewels, both ornaments and the overlay on the walls and pillars, but overlooked the Israelites most prized possession, the Covenant Stone, as a mere piece of rock. Also, curiously, though they killed or captured the King, his family and his nobles, they overlooked one of the King's young daughters, the Princess Tea Tephi.

A few remnants of Judah fled to Egypt, taking with them the prophet Jeremiah, against his will, rather on the grounds that a prophet is useful to have by you, whether you believe him or not, which as a matter of fact they didn't. With them they also took Jeremiah's scribe, or secretary, Baruch; the Princess and the Stone.

The party of refugees met disaster in Egypt, all died by the sword, famine or disease; except Jeremiah, Tea Tephi and Baruch. These three, with their precious cargo, the Stone, escaped by ship from Alexandria. They arrived at Tyre, and fearing to disembark in an equally inhospitable land, they changed ships there. Whether by design or chance is not recorded, probably they were too glad to get away to care whither the ship was bound, but they and their cargo arrived safely on the East coast of Ireland at Tara, not far from Dublin.

There they were hospitably received, and the Royal Heiress, direct descendant of King David first King of Israel, married the reigning King of Ireland, and they were crowned upon Jacob's Stone. From this union there descended a long line of Irish kings, all of whom were crowned upon the Stone, and from these kings, by direct descent, we can trace our present Royal Family. The genealogical tree, tracing back from King George VI. of Great Britain, through Princess Tea Tephi to King David of Israel is in actual existence today in Windsor Castle, and in times of peace can be inspected by the public.

Meanwhile the Stone was set up as a pillar again on the top of Tara Hill, and became known as the 'Lia Fail,' the 'Stone Wonderful.' The word 'lia' incidentally is Celtic-Irish for 'a precious stone,' and 'fail' is Hebrew for 'wonderful.'

Irish poetry records that at the time Princess Tephi was crowned, a prophecy was made, presumably by Jeremiah, that wherever the Stone went, the people would always have a Royal King.

In 530 A.D., King Fergus the Great of Ireland invaded Iona, and was proclaimed King of that part of Scotland, but remembering the prophecy, would not be crowned there until he had sent for and fetched the 'Lia Fail.' The Stone of Destiny was then installed in the Abbey of Iona, and all subsequent Kings of Scotland were crowned in that Abbey upon the Stone.

In 787 A.D., after further conquests, King Kenneth of Scotland transferred his headquarters to East Scotland at Scone Castle, and removed the Stone there, where it became known as the 'Scone Stone'.

In 1296 A.D., King Edward I of England conquered Scotland and seized all the Scotch Royal Regalia including the Stone. These he removed to London, and the Stone was installed in Westminster Abbey, which though commenced centuries before, had just that year been completed.

King Edward III suffered a beating by the Scotch and made a treaty at Northampton, in which he agreed to return the Scotch Royal Regalia. He complied but when he tried to return the Stone in accordance with the Scotch demand, the London Regiment of his

[Continued on Page Twenty-seven]



SACRIFICE carries its own reward. I would then that the good within me should permeate things about me and thus define itself, an atom of life throughout all ages.

CARTER BROTHERS LIMITED

Smart "Footwork"

IT was a week before the Hospital Cup Match and the whole town was already speculating on the United's chances on winning the most important game of the season. Their opponents were a team from over the valley, and it promised to be one of the most bitter struggles in the history of the Cup.

The United's strongest supporter was undoubtedly Twm Jones, who as usual was giving the reasons why his team wouldn't and couldn't possibly be beaten. The scene was the Square at the top of the town hill, and where usually the town parliament was in session. Twm this day held the sway by his very strong points in the United's invincibility.

"Now boys, you take Evan Evans our centre, there's not a player on the Valley's side that will even see which way he goes, and our backs well they'll make them look stupid, and our goalie; I do hear that he had an offer from a big League Club, but had to turn it down, because his girl didn't like the idea of him travelling around the country on week-ends, when they got married." This and a lot of other things did Twm expound before the gathering broke up, only not before they were all convinced that there was only one team that stood any chance at all of winning the Hospital Cup.

The weather was really beautiful on the great day and at 12 o'clock when the men came home from the colliery, all you could hear was a very excited buzz about the afternoon's event, and not a few bets were being taken on the quiet by Philip Thomas, the town 'bookie'; looking very smart in a grey check suit and a vivid red tie with white spots.

Of course Twm was there to have a bit on with the gentlemen, and it was surprising where he had been able to get the money to put on the locals, when his wife was only giving him five bob a week with which to get the necessaries.

When the match started the park was filled to capacity, and if a team couldn't win with the support they were having, the United did not deserve to win a game of marbles leave alone a Cup Final, but fairplay, the United did put up a grand show and beat the Valley by two goals to one, and as could be expected there was no happier man leaving the park that afternoon than Twm Jones.

We will now go in to the Boars Head, on the evening of this memorable occasion, and there we find partners in crime, namely the Valley 'bookie' and none other than our old friend Philip Thomas, who were holding forth over their pints of beer. They were not in the best of humor because each had not had a very successful day. It appeared that a certain fellow by the name of Twm had rather scuttled their pockets, by putting quite a bit of money on the winning team, and they were still wondering how he had managed to put on so much money, with such a small income.

If the story was told to them probably Twm would not have been a very wealthy personage going home that night. You see what had happened was Twm—in a very tactful way—had borrowed five pounds from the United goalie to put on the Valley in the previous Saturday's game, and of course being in the know had picked the winning team, then of course the profits from that bet had enabled Twm to put quite a substantial sum on the United for the big game.

Bookies usually win, but Twm didn't seem to think so on this occasion. You see, it's easy when you know how.

H. G. Edwards

★ SPORTS DAY ★



through the lens of CPL. WARD.

★ OUR first Sports Day was a splendid success. The day dawned wet and cloudy and showed every sign of being a washout, but the weather relented towards midday and the sun filtered through. The track was not improved by the severe storm of Tuesday evening but dried up better than was expected. By 1.30 p.m. the clouds had cleared, the sun was full out and spectators were streaming in through the gates, where Sgt. Milford and his assistants gave parking and any other directions required.

★ As the above photograph shows the day finished up so fine that sun glasses were needed by some spectators.



★ THE first event of the day was the three mile won by LAC. A. P. Graham with F/Sgt. Bruty 23 seconds behind, so Training Wing drew first blood in the competition for the challenge cup presented by James de C. Hepburn. LAC. Dutton of the Pupils Wing came in third. These photos show the early laps of the three mile with Graham leading in the first and lying second in the lower picture. F/Sgt. Bruty, who came in second is lying third in both pictures.





THE GRANDSTAND



★ SOME of the officials, Fl/Lt. Hartnell and P/O. Sturgess, by the mike, F/O. Laithwaite, P/O. Tothill, and the Padre have their backs to the camera the others we will leave to you to identify.



★ ON the left we have the shot putting, the active member of the party has been variously identified, but is believed to be LAC, Mason, with F/O. Laithwaite and Sgt. Hassel looking on.



★ ANOTHER picture of the shot putting event, this time F/O. Laithwaite is being energetic.



★ BELOW the Corporal's tug-of-war team succeed in getting nowhere fast, for such a terrific expenditure of energy.



★ CORPORAL Hodges and the glass blowers union. He was the man whose balloon wouldn't play. You know, the one with the gent's natty trunks.



Competitors, Officials and Spectators



★ THE other end of the mike W/O. Wilson, F/Sgt. Newton and Sgt. Insley, who kept the amplifier working.

★ The Recorders: F/Lt. Calland and S/Ldr. Bond.



FOLLOWING ARE THE RESULTS OF THE EVENTS:

Three mile race—LAC. A. P. Graham, Fl/Sgt. Bruty, LAC. Dutton, time 19 min., 52 1/5 sec.

220 yards — LAC. Leevers, LAC. Lord, LAC. Wilkin time 25 4/5 sec.

100 yards, Corporals — Cpl. Lock, Cpl. Mailer, Cpl. Dudley and Cpl. Duffet, tie; time 12 1/5 sec.

High Jump — Sgt. Hassel, LAC. Thomas, AC. 2 Beardall, Height 5 ft. 1 1/2 ins.

Three-legged race—LAC. Hope and LAC. Barr, LAC. Shields and AC1 Heavy, Cpl. Thomas and Sgt. Sheddon. Time 14 1/5 sec.

Throwing cricket ball—LAC. Flockett, 100 yards; Sgt. Pollard, LAC. Shields.

Inter-Station Relay Race—Kingston, Picton, No. 5 I.T.S. of Belleville, Mt. View.

Long Jump—LAC. Leevers, 16 ft. 9 1/2 ins., P/O. Anderson and LAC. Flockett, tie.

880 yards—Cpl. Mailer, LAC. Matterson, P/O. Anderson. Time 2 min. 21 1/5 sec.

Sgts. handicap race—Fl/Sgt. Wiseman, W/O. Simpson, Sgt. Pollard.

100 yard race, open—LAC. Leevers, Cpl. Lambourne, LAC. Lord. Time 11 1/5 sec.

★ TUG CF.





★ THE children's handicap race, and at the bottom of the page P/Os. Green, McEvoy and Leveroni, Fl/Lt. Enright, F/O. Greenfield, P/O. Wood, F/Lt. Garrad, W/Comdr. Lowe Holmes and S/Ldr. Phipps.



★ S/LDR. Lapham, P/O. Sturgess and F/Lt. Hartnell round the mike. Both the announcers did an excellent job of work during the afternoon.

Officers' 100 yd. race—F/Lt. Ware, Group Capt. Cox, Fl/Lt. Geach.

Discus throw—P/O. Laithwaite, 94 ft. 2 in., LAC. Mason and LAC. Ison tied.

Ladies' race — Margaret Gentile, Mrs. Lapham, Rose Gentile.

440 yd. relay—won by Pupils' team in 59 secs. Maintenance, Training.

Shuttle Relay — Pupils, Maintenance, Training.

Sack Race — LAC. Munton, LAC. Plotzkar, Fl/Sgt. Laver.

Mile Race — LAC. Graham, 5 min. 34 1/5 sec., Cpl. Hodge, Fl/Sgt. Bruty.

Children's handicap race — Angela McCaw, Greenbush; Marie Taylor, George Cole.

Shot Putt — Sgt. Hassel, LAC. Mason, F/O. Laithwaite. Distance 31 ft. 7 in.

Obstacle Race—LAC. Barnes, Sgt. Cagienard, LAC. McCann.

440 Yards—Sgt. Hassel, LAC. Lord, Cpl. Staveley.

Hop, Step and Jump — Sgt. Miller, Cpl. Baxter, LAC. D'Abadi.

Tug-of-war—Pupils defeated headquarters in final. In semi-finals, Training defeated Maintenance and Maintenance defeated Headquarters.

CF..... WAR



★ Watching the camera, not the sports.



★ LOWER GROUP — From left to right, Mrs. Lapham, Mrs. Cox, James deC. Hepburn, M.L.A., who donated the trophy for Inter-Wing competition, Group Captain J. Cox, D.F.C., Commanding Officer.

★ MR. Alf. Morris assisted by Mrs. Messenger, who did yeoman service at the tea counter.



★ THE Corporals' race with Cpl. Lock winning and Cpl. Mailer lying second followed by Cpls. Dudley and Duffett who tied third. Also ran Doug Quick and Bob Smale, the rest I can't recognize.





The Prize Giving

By MRS. J. COX

★ The C.O. receives his prize. He was second in the Officers' Race. F/O. Ruck picks out the next prize.

★ LAC. Graham the winner of both the Three mile event and the one mile, shakes hands with Mrs. Cox, and at the bottom F/Lt. Geach, gets a prize for coming in third in the Officers' race.



★ Lac. Plotzkar, who came in second in the Sack Race. Cpl. Mailer salutes as he comes up to the table, the winner of the 880 yards . . . and last the major item, LAC. Marshall accepts the Challenge Cup on behalf of the pupils, with group Captain Cox looking on. The end of a successful day.

OUR thanks are due to those who worked to make the sports a success. And to those who competed in the events and provided the spectators with an enjoyable afternoon's entertainment.



OFF THE HIGHWAY - - -



WHERE'S THAT FLY?

—Deane

THE *Leopard Frog*

THOSE of us who sometimes look downwards may see, if the eyes are keen, a green, gaily-colored buddha-like object, motionless and steady eyed except for slight breathing movements of the throat. This amphibian, or as it is better known—The Leopard Frog—is not very different from the type we find at home, though it is more brightly colored.

The frog is the most highly developed of the Amphibians, its ancestors were huge creatures with skulls the size of a donkey. The only remains of these unwieldy creatures are great footprints found in Old Red Sandstone quarries in England and elsewhere.

As the wind blows more harshly and the nights become colder a great change comes over the Fauna of Prince Edward County, especially the cold-blooded reptiles and amphibians. The supply of insect and animal food on which frogs depend for a living, becomes depleted. Evolution has created a remedy for this season of famine . . . hibernation. Even as these lines are being written the Leopard Frog, as well as the Pickerel, Green and Bull Frogs are edging themselves into the mud at the bottom of pools and streams all over the county. There, with nostrils and mouths sealed up, eyes closed, and breathing only through the pores of the skin, they exist in a comatose state, until insects and worms are active again and the ice cracks. This method of respiration through the pores of the skin is the most primitive of all methods of breathing, and is common in the lower forms of life.

A great number of these frogs will never awake in the spring, frozen in their sleep they die; the feeble heart action stills and they disintegrate where they lie; but the supply of frogs won't grow less. Each female frog lays in the spring up to two thousand eggs which are fertilized externally by the male.

Everybody knows the changes, or metamorphoses, as they are called, of the frog. How when the eggs are ejected into the water by the female, the jelly swells up and fourteen days later the young tadpole struggles free of the jelly and attaches itself to a stalk of a green plant. External gills appear which later are replaced by internal types, the mouth grows a hard covering and the lungs begin to form. The tadpole now takes the shape of a frog, the front legs appear first followed by the hind limbs, the changing tadpole loses its taste for feeding, internal changes take place, the tail is absorbed into the body as food and a frog crawls out of the water. In an aquarium if the young frogs are not provided with a raft, they drown.

This tremendous change from tadpole to Frog takes about three months. It is a period of relative safety, for the chances of death for a weaponless, unarmoured little animal are fewer in water than on dry land.

Through the remaining summer months the frogs have an orgy of feeding, and being fed on, many fall prey to Herons, Snakes and Muskrats. Until with winter, the ice begins to form round the lakes and the wind blows cold again.

D. Deane.

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Cookin' With Gas

SOMETIME ago Air Ministry sent their first trainees to the States and, so the boys wouldn't get confused about anything, gave them all a little Blue Book. The Blue Book was intended to explain Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces, and their way of life, to the kids. In the little Blue Book is a sentence which begins — "Just because Americans speak English"

Scene I. A kitchen. Something in skirts is fixing supper. Enter Junior. Junior: "Hey, sis, can I use the ameché? I just found out my heart's back in town and I'm just lathering to give the li'l hot potato a call." Without waiting for an hoy-toy-toy, Junior dials. Pause. "What's cookin', sugar? Your right knight has turned into a regluar drizzle-puss since you up and left him dying on a vine. How about a li'l hoofin' tonite? Swell. I'll sneak Pop's chariot and we'll throw the switch. . . . Aw quit pouring on the roses. You don't have to hand me a line my fever frau. I know I'm good. You're a pretty smooth cookie yourself. Unh, hunh. Well I'll grab a cuppa witch's brew while you're throwing on the paper bag. We should go boom in about ten minutes from now. Yeah. Reserve a seat on your front porch. I've a notion to do a li'l polite smooching. Yeah. Put Hank on the line if he's in circulation." Longer pause. "Hi drip. What that little mealie with the dull line! From sad apple to sirenola in three easy lessons. And I thought that barb was our number one droop. Just loaded with yum-yum eh. Now you're shampooing with Fitch brother. Yeah tomorrow. You can say that again. Wal I'll be in there plugging for you pal. So long, li'l chum."

The skirts: "Who was that?" Junior: "Oh just a frill." The skirts: "Well before you take the car you'd better duck down to the delicatessen. You know what a sucker Pop is for limberger and we're fresh out."

Which only goes to show you shouldn't believe all you read. Or something.

GUESS WHO

V

LIA FAIL (Continued from Page 15)

Army threatened a revolution if the Stone was removed, and despite King Edward's promise, the Stone remained. The thrones of England and Scotland were later united in King James I.

King Edward I had a special Coronation Chair built to fit over the Stone, which became known as the "Coronation Stone," and every King of England since 1296 A.D. has been crowned upon that Stone, including our own King George VI.

So great is the veneration for the Stone, known variously as "Jacob's Stone," the "Covenant Stone," the "Kings' Stone," the "Stone of Destiny," the "Stone Wonderful," the "Stone of Fate," the "Sacred Stone," "Lia Fail," the "Scone Stone," the "Stone of Israel" (Gen. 49, verse 14) and the "Coronation Stone"; that immediately bombing started in the Great War, it was removed to a place of great safety, while many thousands of other priceless relics in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere were left to take their chance.

After the Great War it was reinstalled in its place, but now is again in its secret sanctuary. According to popular legend, the British Isles are invulnerable by invasion (other than sporadic bombing), so long as the Stone of Destiny is held intact within the Isles.

Never in a crisis has Britain been ready, but always out of partial obscurity has come the man of the hour to lead us; and now in the hour of our "Stone of Destiny" its greatest need comes the Man of Destiny to protect it — Winston Churchill.

V. M.

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THE STATION TEAM

Reading from Front to Back, the players are LAC. H. McConnell, Captain and Centre forward, Ayr United; Pilot Officer W. Lockwood, outside left, Durham University; LAC. G. Flockett, inside right, Spennymoor United; LAC. T. Thornton, goalkeeper, Wolverhampton Wanderers; LAC. J. Williams, full

back, Manchester City; LAC. R. Williams, left back, Eastbourne Town; LAC. R. Smith, right half, Elgin City; Corporal W. Staveley, outside right, Bishop Auckland; LAC. Kellett, sub; Sergeant P. Ross, left half, Johnson Juniors; Sergeant Sheddon, inside left, Queen's Park; Pilot Officer Campbell, centre half-back, Patrick Thistles.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF TORONTO STAR taken at the R.A.F. vs. Ulster City game at Ulster Stadium, Toronto, September 1942.

Roundabout

Being a Space Devoted to the Goings on in Camp

Officers' Mess

We extend a hearty welcome to the new members who have recently joined us, including F/Lt. Smith-Bingham, who comes here from Pennfield Ridge, and F/Lt. Williams from Medicine Hat. We are of course very happy to see our old friend F/Lt. Garrad back from his meanderings at Mountain View, but we really do wonder what happened about that leave in Montreal. Was the pace too hot, Bill, after all, or was the call of Picton (and neighborhood) too strong?

Alas, we also have our losses; "Jumbo" Swyers has departed for the West and we sort of suspect that we aren't the only ones hoping for his speedy return.

Johnny Edwards just missed his reserved seat on the Prairie Flier, but caught one going the other way to Pennfield Ridge. Frank Stringer's extended series of farewell celebrations and fond goodbyes, finally came to an end, (we regret to say!) and he duly packed his snoe-shoes and 'mushing' equipment, (don't misunderstand us), for the journey North. 'Doc' Beacock has left for Toronto once again, but this time on posting we are sorry to note.

There seems to be a marked tendency towards domesticity these days—especially in the cases of S/Ldr. Wright, F/Lt. Calland, P/O. Wood and P/O. Charlesworth, who have been lucky enough to have their wives join them. We confidently expect 'Sam' Calland and 'Timber' Wood to settle down to a nice quiet life now.

P/O. Allen, on returning from leave, immediately sought out his knee pads, which had been strangely put away for a few weeks.

Sergeant's Mess

Many and varied have been the cars recently seen on the mess car-park, but the usefulness of some of them has escaped the logic of many idle observers.

Bill Rice, however, in a more respectable model was seen hastily pulling up his tie in the dead of night, but then, perhaps he's an experienced back seat driver! Let's hope he puts on some more flannel if he intends keeping his end up in the coming months.

Our heads are not bowed since our decisive defeat at the hands of the officers in the 'Tug-of-war' on Sports Day . . . even they have to pull their weight sometimes. After the 'Throwing the cricket ball' event, in which Jack Simpson proved what a good husband he is, Polly Pollard was heard to say something . . . it sounded rather like 'Flockett.' As a result of Polly's worthy effort, we have no time for 'Bolivar' in the mess; it's 'Ingraham' from now on, which has for its slogan, "Sixty seconds got together" or "Just so much cog."

It is considered a racing certainty that Dave Taylor and Dug Worley, two reasonably intelligent types, are making what is known technically as a 'hitch' in the near future . . . maybe that's why Duggie is always complaining of a ringing in his ears.

Something of a dark horse in the Matrimonial Stakes is the Virtuous Vern whose frequent visits to Cobourg seem to have brought out the more romantic side of his character.

Biggly Beckley reports, for the benefit of the 'froth blowers,' that in England the cost of living has gone up tuppence a pint . . . happy daze.

"So I took the forty-five thousand dollars and bought myself a pea-nut stand."

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PHONE 379 FOR APPOINTMENT

Accounts Section

There is not much news from the people who count this month. At least, the news we Enos boys would like to print wouldn't get as far as first base. But here's what's left. . . . Farewells to our three Canadian boys. We were sorry to see them go (in several different ways). Bon voyage kids . . . Some girl has been knocking down Bert Uttley's garden wall—learning to drive. The shape of things to come? Talking of girls, birthday greetings to Mike's for November 3 (my own greetings to the GB in addition). And talking of birthdays, Miss Mary Blackshaw celebrated her third since we last typewrote this colyum. This is what's known as sequence of thought. In the way of new arrivals, here's a great big hand to Jerry Elsey, who daily saves the lives of the department. No, we don't know why. Corporal Willis has been sick—and recovered. I didn't say that! Corporal Ward moved into Pay and at end of first day assured us that ". . . as far as being foggy, London, England has nothing on me." A week later it was "I'm not a genius. I've just loads and loads of unrecognized talent." Cyril Hillard was recently seen pushing his wheel up the hill . . . around five of twelve, midnight. Which reminds us, Cyril will be saying "I do" come October 17th, and is our first man to walk (or be carried) up the straight and narrow. We have not adopted "This is worth fighting for" as a theme song. It's "Jankers aweigh." Anyway, that's our story and you're stuck with it.

The Isms

Socialism

If you have two cows, you give one to your neighbor.

Communism

If you have two cows; you give them to the government; the government then sells you some milk.

Fascism

If you have two cows, you keep the cows and give the milk to the government. The government then sells you some milk.

Nazism

If you have two cows, the government shoots you and keeps the cows.

New Idealism

If you have two cows, you shoot one, milk the other. Then pour the milk down the drain.

Capitalism

If you have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull.

Workshops

So Picton is having a baby show! If this event is to be held next year then I would imagine that we shall be well represented.

Queries: Why does "Wee Joe" wash his white shirt twice each week instead of the customary once a month? . . . When is our Senior Corporal remustering to the Medical profession? He is so good at binding . . . Why does a certain fabric worker have late passes every week? . . . Why has Eric's tune changed from "Always in My Heart" to "Somebody Else Has Taken My Place?"

Wanted: A permanent milkman to relieve our more technical Flight Sergeant for arduous productive work!

Congratulations to Corporals Thomas and Turner on the recent acquisition of their tapes. May their morals never change. Better luck next time "Submarine Corporal" Bond! Does "Lofty feel lost among this galaxy of stripes?"

So one of our fabric workers recently got married. Is this because he was "doped?" However we all join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Powick a long and happy married life.

Fire Hall

There seems to have been quite a debate about the time recorded for our last practice alarm, which was almost unbelievable. Someone had better beWare.

The Fire Party is open to challenge anyone at darts any evening, so step right up you crafty dart throwers, we are always willing to accommodate. Just call round the Fire Hall any time you feel like taking us on.

We certainly have a Wright guy on the section these days, anyway all the boys



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seem to think so; thanks for all the past favors Ted.

Did you know we had a new theme song, namely: "Hit the Deck." Our shattered nerves and feet. It's like B.O. nobody likes to tell him. Three guesses you wisemen.

Who was the guy who jumped out of bed in one of the billets when one of the fire party came in from his tour of duty. Did he think it was the Orderly Officer?

"So long" soaks, and don't forget to drop in any evening, don't let the 'menace' put you off!

"A" Flight

Beware! Oh you fitters and riggers, our Cooper is on the war path these days, cockpits clean and don't forget that extra seat.

Sad to relate we have lost: Little Peter, Tommy, Jeff, Mac, and Uncle Robert. But Ah, we have in their place, Skeets, Polly, Our Norman, and a host of other popular men. My, my, are we lucky!

The annual outing of the Honorable Society of Tea Drinkers took place on the 16th. According to reports received it was a great success, indeed Greenaway was so full of it, that it was necessary to inform the whole billet early that morning.

Although our list of entries for the Sports Day was not as big as it could have been Messrs. Baxter and Dalton managed to keep our end up a bit.

Our Phantom Armourer has been posted to Repair Squadron Y. Our loss is Sgt. Robinson's run-a-round.

Several of our lads look a bit bilious on hearing the old refrain: Roll on that Boat, and we suggest the quotation be altered to—Glide on that boat.

Maintenance

Though we have not been in the news lately, we still frequent Hut 10R, No. 6 Hangar and sundry other places; even the black bear has found us at home on periodic visits, we wonder has the department of police enlisted his services.

Did Jonah hear of a whale waiting at Halifax, otherwise why did he suddenly check all hangar equipment? So, even W.O.'s get hold of "duff Gen!"

Congratulations to Corporal Alf Oates on his marriage; best of luck and good wishes to you both, from us all. Also congratulations to Jack Williams for his consistent form on the Station cricket team. Keep it up Jack boy.

Who was the little A. C. H. who changed his day off to Thursday, I don't blame him, do you chums!

Wanted—Experienced kennelman, any airman with a knowledge of bloodhounds needn't apply through the usual channels and forms to the C.T.O. in writing.

Furriners.

Heard one evening at tea-time. Mummy you know the English children I told you about at lunch. Well they're not English at all, they come from Lancashire. They speak funny.

Station Sick Quarters

Our amateur lab. assistant has been suffering from spots (or was it stripes) before the eyes for some time now, any offers for a sure cure? You Bet!

We congratulate our new N.C.O.'s, and others in the October honors list. Our motto now is, 'Less bobbing, more binding.'

We were sorry to lose F/O. Beacock, but we welcome F/Lt. Williams, who comes to us from Medicine Hat. We may see new things in the world of medicine, who knows, he may perform the hat trick yet.

'Lofty' Edwards has been walking about with the 'married' look on his face for a few weeks now, however, he can take it. We wonder if he has found Sgt. Diarrhoea yet, at any rate who is he?

Believed to have been heard in S.H.Q. recently:

"Are you a nursing orderly by trade?"

"No Sir, by profession!"

Good news for the sisters; we are thinking of having another bell installed; to sound the 'warning' and 'all clear,' on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons.

We noticed a strange odor about the hospital one afternoon, after investigating we found a large gentleman smoking a large cigar, in one of the lesser known parts of the hospital. We are anxious to find out what brand of cigar this might be, as we also would like to go into the fumigation business.

"D" Flight

Who is the LAC. who fills up kites to the tune of "I am thinking tonight of my blue-eyes?" To that NCO. Pilot who prefers Belleville to Picton. Ah! Well—shall we soon find out?

Once again that certain friend of "D" Flight has been in our midst, have we a saboteur? Also the shadow of the cell doors has been darkening our inner sanctum. One would have thought Grimm—would have thought up a better fairy tale.

We offer our best wishes to AC. Bush on his recent marriage. Some P/O prefers rum cokes to dancing. Once more the fish have come in for attention a case of keep-'em-swimming.

When is the tea swindle going to burst forth and have its usual "dinner?" at the Globe?

The Hostess House

I would like to say "Fare-thee-well" to my many friends on the R.A.F. station at Picton. I would also say a most sincere "thank you" for the friendship and co-operation extended to me here in your Hostess House. I take with me to my new post, many beautiful mementos of kindly, helpful acts and happy hours spent with you—treasured mementos for my book of memories. Fare-thee-well then, and happy landings wherever these are destined to be made.

POPE BROS.

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26-27—"SONG OF THE
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28-29—"MAN WHO CAME TO
DINNER"

30-31—"SHIPS WITH WINGS"

Nov. 11-12—"WIFE TAKES A
FLYER"

23-24—"MRS. MINIVER"

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M. T.

Hard luck on the old South American Boy when he lost his Boardman, better luck next time Cisco.

It used to be "the oldest colony" and then Toronto, but now its Pinal.

Long distance: where is our office boy hanging out lately? Norr is he in Toronto, maybe he's in the Wright place.

Who were the two drivers caught speeding over railway crossings. Maybe they thought they were in blighty with the gates open.

Even with our Essomby of Hinds 57 varieties, we didn't gain anything from our garden.

We'll be losing two valuable men in Cpl. Watkins and LAC. Butt soon, best of luck lads.

Entertaining You

We are beginning to gather our forces for the winter, for the problem of entertaining you is no cinch, but now that our concert party is getting under way, we should be able to put on some fine shows. We have got to rely on our own talent to a greater extent this season, for the visiting concert parties who entertained us last year, will not be able to come so often, owing to transport difficulties. Under the leadership of Sergeant McLeod, and Sergeant Liggett our own concert party should be able to make up for any deficiencies, so if you can do anything in the way of entertaining, come and give us a hand, get in touch with the concert party right away.

Another new feature which has been added to the Gaiety Theatre is the Radio-Gram. Its potential entertaining value is immense, for not only can we put on recitals on records, but with its five wave band Radio, we can scour the world for entertainment and bring it to you. Its ability to make records has possibilities also. We want you

to suggest programs of Gramophone records, and we will have a regular evening for music lovers.

The dances are still going strong and as the winter comes along, it will be wise to buy your ticket early or you will have had it, for we must limit the number to 120 men for comfort.

We are experimenting with other activities such as Bingo parties, and Whist Drives, and we only need your support to make them a success, when we promote something, all we ask you to do is to come along and try it, and not condemn it in advance. Sunday is our biggest problem, it has been suggested that we have a film show, this unfortunately is impossible, owing to the huge cost of getting a regular feature, but we are trying to get some good educational films, not like we had last year, canoes, fishing, fishing, canoes, ad finitum, but some real interesting stuff, on various subjects. A good recorded program could also be put on.

We look like having some fine entertainment from the films this month, and they will be coming to you in the following order:

Thursday, 15th October — "South of Tahiti," starring Brian Donlevy.

Monday, 19th October—"Skylark," starring Claudette Colbert.

Thursday, 22nd October—"Keep 'Em Flying," starring Abbott and Costello.

Monday, 26th October—"Nothing But the Truth," starring Bob Hope.

Thursday, 29th October—"Penny Serenade," starring Irene Dunne, Cary Grant.

Thursday, 2nd November — "Invisible Woman," starring Virginia Bruce, John Barrymore.

Thursday, 9th November — "Flying Cadets," starring Wm. Gargan, Edmund Lowe.

The Station Library

The advent of new books to the Station Library will be an occasion for hanging out large flags and banners, for a victorious battle over red tape will be won, for the process of getting them here seems to be very involved. Despite much binding on our part, action is not yet evident.

As promised we will recommend a few books to you which we hope will amuse you as much as they did us.

Those of you who like travel books and real life adventure will enjoy the following two books:

"BEACHCOMBER IN THE ORIENT"

The story of a voluntary Hobo, who in his chase after a Frenchman, who stole his money gets adventure in all parts of the world, and makes good and entertaining reading.

"MAGIC ISLAND" by Seabrooke

A travel story which takes you right into the heart of Voodoo land, written by a man who really has travelled, and this is his real experiences and he studied the Black Art with an open mind, and was nearly converted.

"MICE AND MEN" |

An unusual story of two wandering cowhands, Lennie's huge strength and simple mind is contrasted with George's shrewd cunning, with George's brain and Lennie's brawn they plan to buy a farm and live "on the fat o' the land." But the best laid scenes of "Mice and Men" "gang aft agley," for Lennie's uncanny strength and his obsession for stroking soft things, brings their dream to a tragic end.

"MADMEN DIE ALONE"

A crime story with an unusual twist, the murder takes place in an asylum, and is mixed up with escaping lunatics, and peculiar doctors, a well written story for those who like crime stories.

PIGEONS OR SEAGULLS?

Why are the White Cliffs of Dover so white? Too many bluebirds over?

A Good Idea for Christmas

Do you know that it is possible to send Flowers by wire or cable to any part of the British Empire or the United States, by using the Florists Telegraph System. You give the nearest member of the scheme the order for the kind of flowers you would like, and they will be delivered right on time. Mr. Lockyer says that over 350 towns and cities are served by this system and over 100 members in London (England) alone.

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In the last two years, I've met no one wise.
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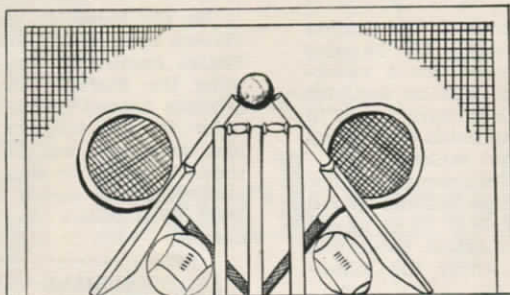
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Sports



Section

By ALF. MORRIS,
TERRY HALDENBY
and PADDY HOOD

Inter Station Sports

Recently a representative group of sports officers of the local Air Stations met at Mountain View to talk over and plan the coming season's sport activities. It was decided to hold an inter station league in Ice Hockey, and Basketball, Picton R.A.F. would only play exhibition matches in these particular sections, (maybe Picton can challenge the winners of these sections?). A Badminton tournament will be held monthly, at one of the local air stations. A station team of three doubles teams would represent each station. It was also decided to hold a knockout competition once a month with all stations participating at one station at Volley Ball. A team of six men to represent each station.

In order to make use of outdoor sports when possible, it was agreed to draw up a new schedule in Soccer with all stations competing.

Now that we have a boxing ring, the representatives agreed to co-ordinate their efforts to put on a Boxing and Wrestling Night in the near future at the Picton R.A.F. Station. If any of our personnel have any boxing and wrestling experience, contact the Sports Officer F/O. Laithwaite at your earliest convenience. There's a possibility that on our station we have a seasoned Mit and Mat man, who would undertake to train and supervise the men interested on the station.

Ice Hockey

It seems to be a little premature to mention Ice Hockey at this time. However, it is planned to play hockey this coming winter and equipment is on order. As a word of advice, BUY YOUR SKATES NOW! If at all possible.

The Hospital team, led by S/L. Bergin, believe they can beat the Works and Buildings team this year.

Basketball

Basketball proved to be a popular activity last winter on this station. Many Airmen are asking when this activity will start this season. Just as soon as the Soccer teams have decided the winners of the Challenge cup, we plan to get Basketball under way.

Cricket

With the Cricket season now definitely over, all we can do is to review the past.

On the whole, we had a very good season, and many thanks are due to such stalwart players as Sgt. Pollard, Sgt. Miller, and L.A.C. McCay in the batting list, and L.A.C. McCay, Cpl. Tabbenor, L.A.C. Whiteside, and L.A.C. Haldenby as bowlers, for they were the backbone of the side. L.A.C. Haldenby must also come in for a large portion of the thanks for his secretaryship, and the hard work he has put in to keep the Station team up to scratch.

The final wind up shows the averages as follows:

CRICKET AVERAGES (Up to and Including 19.9.42)

*BATTING:

| Batsman's Name | Total Runs | No. of Inns Not Out | Average | Highest Score |
|--------------------------|------------|---------------------|-------------|---------------|
| Pollard, Sgt..... | 365 | 11 4 | 52.14 | 109, not out |
| Miller, Sgt. | 184 | 8 1 | 26.29 | 104, not out |
| McCay, LAC. 154 | 9 3 | 25.67 | 54 not out | |
| Williams, LAC. 214 | 9 - | 23.78 | 57, not out | |
| Mounsey, LAC. 67 | 5 2 | 22.33 | 24, not out | |
| F/O. Ruck | 95 | 6 - | 15.83 | 50 |
| F/O. Lockwood 86 | 7 - | 12.29 | 27 | |
| Stakes, AC1 | 43 | 6 1 | 8.60 | 13 |
| Tabbenor, Cpl. 43 | 8 2 | 7.17 | 16, not out | |
| G/Cpt. Cox, DFC. | 43 | 6 - | 7.14 | 21 |
| Grundy, Cpl..... | 63 | 9 1 | 7.00 | 21 |
| F/O. Laithwaite 37 | 6 - | 6.17 | 13 | |
| Haldenby, LAC. 25 | 6 1 | 5.00 | 8 | |
| Whiteside, LAC. 16 | 6 1 | 3.20 | 10 | |

* (Three completed innings to qualify)

*BOWLING:

| Bowler's Name | Overs | Mdns. | Runs | Wkts | Average |
|--------------------|-------|-------|------|------|---------|
| Whiteside, LAC .. | 14.0 | 1 | 44 | 7 | 6.29 |
| McCay, LAC | 32.3 | - | 116 | 17 | 6.82 |
| Tabbenor, Cpl. ... | 74.4 | 6 | 219 | 29 | 7.56 |
| Haldenby, LAC ... | 69.0 | 14 | 198 | 26 | 7.62 |
| Moulson, LAC. ... | 23.1 | 2 | 77 | 8 | 9.68 |
| Miller, Sgt. | 13.0 | - | 54 | 4 | 13.50 |
| Pollard, Sgt. | 11.0 | - | 56 | 4 | 14.00 |

*(Ten overs to qualify).

Rugby Club

One could hardly write about present activities without a word in passing for our old coach and friend, Sam Collins, and those staunch members of the club, Moon, Davies, Say, who did so much to further the spirit of Rugby at Picton.

We wish them luck.

Already the station has proved itself with two good home matches at the Picton Fair grounds, when the permanent staff played the G.I.S. No. 62 course, and, when, to everyone's joy the honours were divided. On September 27th a fairly representative station team lost to R.A.F. Clinton, in a hard tussle at the University of Toronto grounds. By 6 points to nil. However, valuable information was gained in the knowledge that we sadly need a well trained set of backs.

With matches both home and away, against Kingston, Mount Hope, Port Albert, Trenton, and possibly Ottawa and Toronto Universities we really look forward to an active and prosperous season. All you rugger enthusiasts watch D.R.O.'s for the next general meeting, then come along and join the Club. Kit has been ordered and will be available to members, thanks to the P.S.I. and the help of Alf. Morris.

Soccer by Paddy Hood

As will be seen from the appended League table we have completed the Inter-sect league and already the winners Headquarters "A" have been celebrating their achievement in the Globe Hotel. It only remains for them to be awarded some token as a happy reminder of having won sufficient points in the series of very sporting games to allow them to come out on top. Their achievement is all the more meritorious when we consider that the H.Q.'s team called on the services of but thirteen players during the season.

Messes the "Runners Up" team were unfortunate with injuries and had they been able to force a definite decision in some of their drawn games the final table would have read differently.

Sergeants had a very good season but let themselves down badly by dropping the points in games in which they considered "good things."

Maintenance have the reputation of playing the classiest football but lack that final punch which gets goals and wins matches.

The Flight teams are all to be congratulated on the splendid fights put up considering they have not so many players to choose from as the other sides.

Officers, although "Wooden spoonists" are deserving of a pat for the very sporting manner in which they conducted themselves in all their games and even though beaten by double figures on occasions, were always willing to take the field for more.

The games have always been interesting and many are no doubt going to miss them each night. When one had no "date on" there was always the football match with a visit to the canteen afterwards, to replay the match.

The Group Captain Cox Challenge Cup is now the centre of attraction. At the

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moment the second round is in progress. In the 1st Round Messes disposed of "D" Flight by the score of 3—1 after a hard struggle, but could only manage to draw with "A" Flight in their second Round tie which will have to be replayed.

G.I.S. advanced to the 2nd Round at the expense of the Officers, and are due to meet H.Q. "B" in this Round. The H.Q. "B" team blighted the hopes of "B" Flight by the score of 3—2.

Voted the best games this season were the two necessary for H.Q. "A" to "Knock-Out" Maintenance. The first game ended in a "TIE" of one goal each, the same state of affairs prevailing at the end of the replay extra time was played, during which Headquarters snatched the winning goal to advance to the semi-final.

The Sergeants in a good game with "C" Flight reached the Semi-Final by virtue of a 2—1 victory.

Our Station team has been soaring to great heights during the past month and already are known across Canada from east to west. We have met and defeated some of the best teams in the Dominion most of the games being in aid of British War Charities.

The class of soccer played in our first game with Ulster United at Toronto, was considered by those privileged to see it as the finest seen in Canada for many years. We were narrowly defeated in this game 2—1, but our display prompted Ulster to invite us back to Toronto for another game which played under floodlight proved even better than the previous one and ended in a "tie" of 3 goals each. Comments from the Toronto papers were: "The more the fans see Ulster and the Picton R.A.F. teams in action the better they like them." In spite of the rain a large crowd witnessed another grand game under the lights at Ulster Stadium, and will return for more, that is if a third clash can be arranged." Since the above was written we have had Ulster as visitors to our home ground at Picton and soundly whacked them 3 goals to nil. Extracts read: "Completely outplayed, Ulster United went down to a 3—0 defeat at the hands of Picton R.A.F. here yesterday afternoon. Hughie McConnell, former Ayr United player was the outstanding man on the field, scoring two goals and giving Alexander the pass for the other."

Having won, lost and drawn in our three games with Ulster, the fourth game was played at Ulster Stadium on Thanksgiving day, 12th October, a National holiday.

We were also paid visits by Mount Hope R.A.F. and King Edward Hotel, leaders of the Toronto and District Senior league, "B" Division.

In the Mount Hope game we were seeking revenge for a 2—1 defeat handed us by our visitors when we played them at Hamilton in August. We had our revenge by winning a magnificent game 2—1. It was felt that a third meeting between the teams was called for to settle the deadlock and so Peterborough stepped in and booked the game to be played at Peterborough in aid of The British Bombed War Victims Fund on Saturday, 3rd October. An account of the game will be found on page 40.

The visit of King Edward Hotel credited us with another victory by 7—1. The visitors were no match for our team and were

completely outclassed in all positions. Our usual team in these encounters is: Goal, Thornton, Wolves: backs, Jack Williams, Manchester City, Reg Williams, Eastbourne; half-backs, Flockett, Spennymoor United, Smith, Elgin City, Sgt. Ross Johnstone Jnrs.; forwards, Staveley, Bishop Auckland, Sgt. Sheddon Queen's Park, P/O. Campbell Partick Thistle, Sgt. "Mick" Miller Middlesborough and McConnell Ayr Utd. Reserves: Walker, Chester; F/Sgt. Alexander, Alloe; P/O. Lockwood, Durham Uty., Adams, Dundee Juniors.

**EXTRACT FROM BILL ENTWHISTLE'S
REPORT ON THE ULSTER-PICTON
GAME AT ULSTER STADIUM**

The rainswept field didn't hamper the lads at all. The fact that six goals were scored might give the impression the goalies were a little off. On the contrary, Thornton of Picton was the best man on the field and Breadon, in the Ulster goal, was little behind him.

But let the clock tell its own story

20 minutes. Miller, tall angular Picton inside left, received the ball 30 yards from goal. The Middlesbrough professional strode forward five paces, then let fly with a daisy cutter. The ball skimmed along the grass and into the corner of the net at a great rate. Breadon went down but had no chance.

30 minutes. Johnny Aitken equalized with a smart drive from close in. The ball went off the goalie, on to the upright and then into the net. By this time George Graham, who started at outside left for Ulster, had gone to centre and Harry McQuestion had taken over the outside left berth.

40 minutes. Ulster took the lead when George Graham did all the donkey work and passed to Harry McQuestion, who made no mistake.

43 minutes. Miller missed a penalty for Picton, awarded when an Ulster defender gathered the ball to his breast. Miller shot low to Breadon's left. The goalie partially stopped the ball and had the goal-mouth been dry the ball would have gone in. However it stopped dead on the line in the mud. There was a split second of indecision by everybody and then the Ulster defenders scrambled the ball away.

44 minutes. Flockett equalized for Picton with a terrific left foot shot from 30 yards out, the ball crashing into the net low to Breadon's right. It was a first timer.

60 minutes. Dawes gave Ulster the lead at 3 to 2 from close in after Thornton had stopped Porter's shot.

75 minutes. Staveley made it 3-all with the best goal of the night. He hooked the ball across from an acute angle. It formed a shallow arc as it sailed over, hit the upright and cannoned into the rigging.

88 minutes. George Graham twice nearly won the match for Ulster. Twice he topped the bar.

89 minutes. Miller and McConnell nearly won the game for Picton from point-blank range.

There is a chance that Picton may come to the city for still a third meeting with Ulster. There couldn't possibly be a better attraction.

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**EXTRACT FROM REPORT IN
PETERBORO EXAMINER ON THE
MOUNT HOPE-PICTON GAME
AT RIVERSIDE PARK**

Sparked by two fast and clever Scottish players, centre forward Ian Campbell, formerly of Partick Thistle and outside left Hugh McConnell, formerly of Ayr United, each of whom scored four goals, Picton R.A.F. smothered the Mount Hope R.A.F. 9 goals to 1 in the benefit game at Riverside Park in aid of the British War Victims Fund. Picton led at the half way by 3 to 0.

The biggest crowd in the history of local soccer was on hand for the R.A.F. show

The two elevens had met twice before this season and each had defeated the other 2 to 1 so that another close struggle was anticipated. Instead Picton staged a scoring bee that saw them drive five goals into the rigging before Mount Hope succeeded in registering and then come back with four more to turn the game into a rout, so far as the score was concerned.

A shift in the Picton lineup is given credit for the decisive win, Campbell, who had previously been playing on the half line was moved up to centre forward and McConnell who had had the centre role was shifted to outside left and the result was a forward combination that was entirely too fast and elusive for the Mount Hoppers. The Picton forwards, inspired by the brilliant work of these two stars, each of which scored four times, gave a fine exhibition of teamwork in their organized raids on the Mount Hope goal. The shooting of the Picton forwards was deadly and although Cockcroft, former Grimsby Town goalie, made some clever stops, he had little chance with most of the shots that were driven at him.

While Campbell and McConnell starred for Picton, there was glory enough to go round so far as the winning team was concerned. Thornton, late of the Wolverhampton Wanderers was a stonewall between the posts and the two Williams at back were a tower of strength. Smith at centre half played brilliantly and Sheddon at inside right fitted into the Picton attack very effectively and got one of the goals.

For Mount Hope the crowd liked the work of Harrison at outside right and Taggart, former Queen's Parker, at inside right. The latter got the only Mount Hope goal and it was a beauty. Taylor and Youlton on the half line worked heroically to stem the Picton attack.

Mayor James Hamilton officially welcomed the players of both teams before the game, expressing the city's gratitude to the Air Force men for coming here to stage a match for the War Victims Fund. Group Captain J. Cox, D.F.C., the officer commanding the Picton station, kicked off.

Picton went on the attack early, showing clever combination but the good work of the Mount Hope defence held them at bay for some time. Finally, however, Sheddon after a nice run transferred the ball in front of the net to Campbell and the tall centre made no mistake, his quick shooting beating Cockcroft all the way.

Mount Hope had a lot of the midfield play after this reverse but their attacks petered out when in close and it was finally the Picton team who scored when Campbell raced in alone to beat Cockcroft at close range. The play looked to be offside but there was no whistle. A little later Sheddon put Picton three goals in front when he whistled one into the net after Campbell had set up the play by back-heeling a neat pass to the inside right.

After the rest McConnell and Campbell in turn beat Cockcroft after some clever passing, making it 5 to 0.

Mount Hope fought back and for the next few minutes they swarmed around the Picton net and did everything but score. Thornton had to make a number of clever saves to hold them but finally Joe Taggart took a pass from Harrison and went in close to give the Picton goalie no chance.

The Mount Hope goal came with ten minutes left to go. Then, the attack got rolling again and before the end of the game McConnell had scored three goals and Campbell once to turn the affair into a rout.

Picton R.A.F.—Goal, Thornton; right back, J. Williams; left back, R. Williams; right half, G. Flockett; centre half, Smith; left half, Ross; outside right, Staveley; inside right, Sheddon; centre forward, Campbell; inside left, Miller; outside left, McConnell.

Mount Hope R.A.F.: Goal, Cockcroft; right half, French; left back, Rae; right half, Taylor; centre half, Wood; left half, Youlton; outside right, Harrison; inside right, Taggart; centre forward, Stokes; inside left, Mathieson; outside left, Charlesworth.

Referee—Cpl. Paddy Hood, Picton.

FINAL LEAGUE STANDING

| Teams | Pd. | Won | Lost | Dn | Goals | | Pts. |
|------------------------|-----|-----|------|----|-------|-----|------|
| | | | | | For | Ag. | |
| Headquarters "A" | 20 | 16 | 3 | 1 | 76 | 16 | 33 |
| Messes | 19 | 12 | 2 | 5 | 52 | 18 | 29 |
| Sergeants | 20 | 13 | 5 | 2 | 65 | 26 | 28 |
| Maintenance | 20 | 11 | 5 | 4 | 52 | 30 | 26 |
| "C" Flight | 20 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 47 | 38 | 20 |
| "D" Flight | 20 | 8 | 10 | 2 | 38 | 38 | 18 |
| G. I. S. | 19 | 8 | 9 | 2 | 31 | 53 | 18 |
| "B" Flight | 20 | 7 | 12 | 1 | 37 | 66 | 15 |
| Headquarters "B" | 20 | 4 | 12 | 4 | 26 | 46 | 12 |
| "A" Flight | 20 | 5 | 15 | 0 | 21 | 40 | 10 |
| Officers | 20 | 2 | 15 | 3 | 22 | 93 | 7 |

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