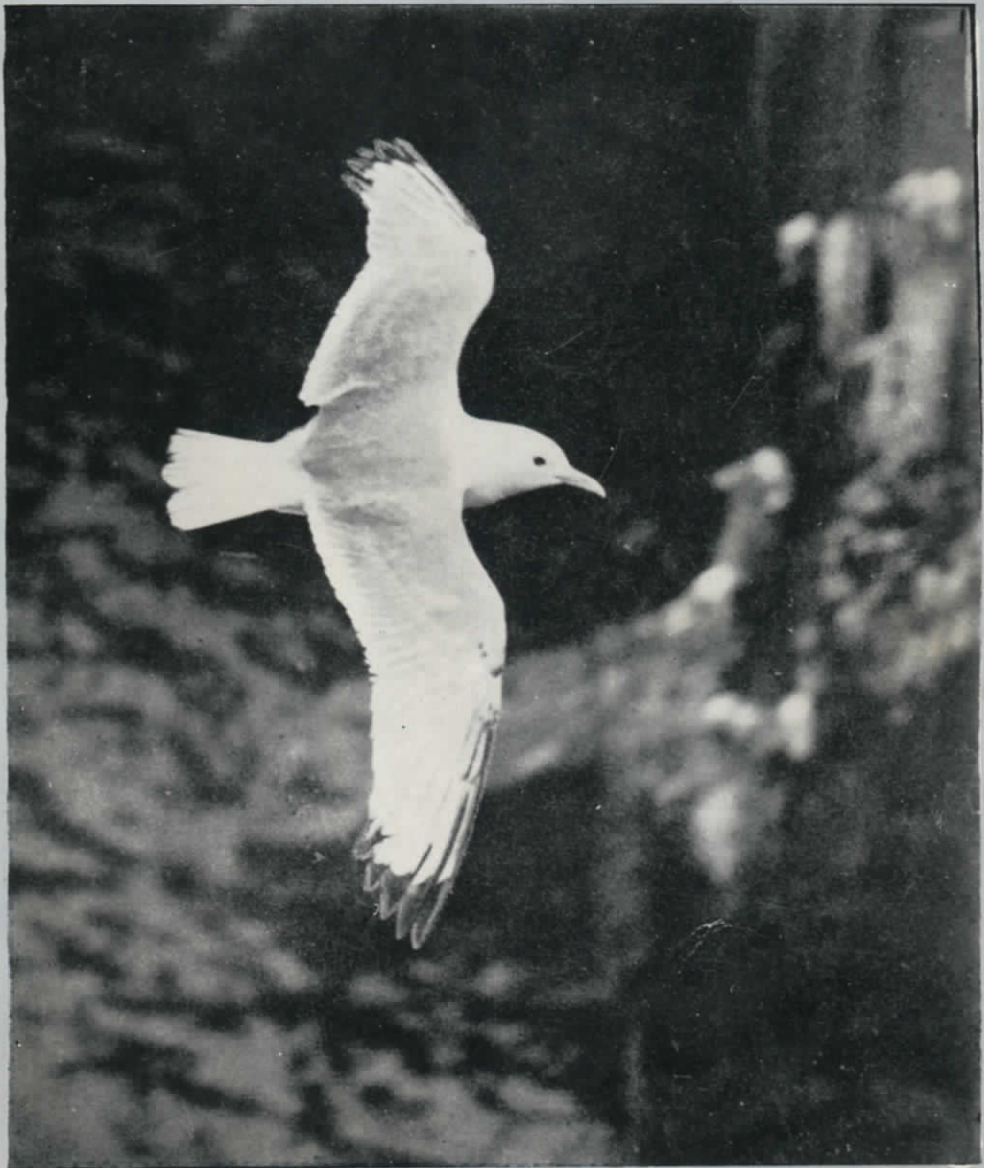


Christmas Number

WINGS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE R. A. F. PICTON



Vol. 2, No. 6 - Nov.-Dec. 1942

15c to Service Personnel

THERE **IS** SOME PLACE
LIKE HOME!



In Picton It's
The **GLOBE HOTEL**
"A GOOD PLACE TO EAT"



**Merry Christmas and
Best Wishes for
The New Year**

To The
Officers and Other Ranks of
The Royal Air Force Station, Picton

H. R. MacDONALD
Distributor — McColl-Frontenac Products

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BLOOMFIELD, ONT.

"WINGS"



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

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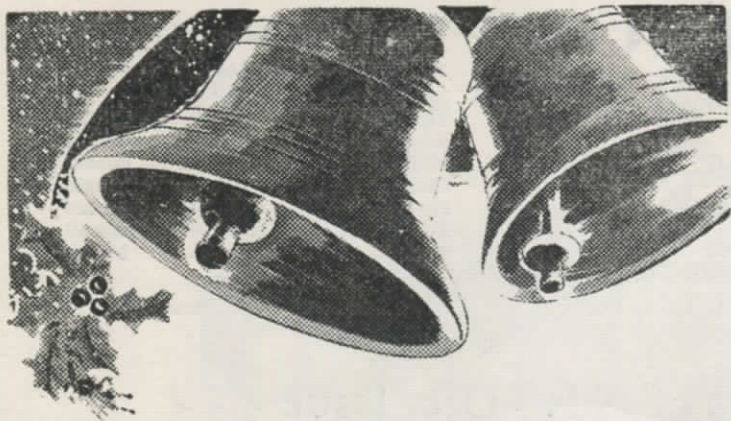
EDITOR

Cpl. F. E. B. Ferns

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Until the bells ring
out again: — To all
our readers wherever
they may be — we
extend our best wishes
for a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New
Year in 1943.



Editorial

ORDERS from Headquarters at Ottawa forbid the further acceptance of advertising matter by all station magazines. The letter from Ottawa further expresses the wish that we find a way to carry on, in spite of the considerable reduction in revenue which this order naturally entails. A new magazine titled "Wings" is to be produced by H.Q., half the proceeds of which are to go towards the cost of the individual station magazines. The proceeds will probably be slight since "Wings" will sell at 5 cents per copy. It will contain news from all the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. stations in Canada. Some, on reading this, will notice a similarity in the new paper's name to that copyrighted by our journal in 1941. It is said, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

"Wings," of the RAF Picton, is to continue, and a January issue will appear in due course. I should like camp activities to be covered more fully in the magazine, but it seems difficult to persuade people to send in items of news, however small, and I have to rely on myself and one or two others. Naturally we do not always find everything of interest, so if anything interesting occurs in your section, make a note of it and drop it in the "Wings" contribution box in the Canteen, or tell the Editor.

Life in any branch of H.M. Forces tends to create a mental apathy which can in part be shaken off by reading, writing, painting, music or sport. Facilities for all these have been provided on this station. A recent example of an organized effort on a large scale to encourage any form of creative work is the Armed Forces Exhibition which was held in "Hart House" at Toronto. There is a short article on it in this magazine. The exhibition is limited to work in the Ontario region and shows a surprisingly high average in the work turned out. The major errors were due to lack of practice and technique. Maybe this exhibition will encourage those who have worked for the establishment of facilities on stations and those who show any talent in the arts, there are other subjects that can be taught in spare time besides French and elementary mathematics.

We do not want this war to leave, on demobilization, a mob of war shocked morons, with no interest in life, neither aim nor ambition, and worse, a grudge against the community at large, for from that material potential dictators draw their supporters.

No one can say that this camp has been behind in encouraging the objective use of spare time. We have an efficient sports organization, in spite of criticism to the contrary; there was a summer camp; the usual cinema shows and dances are always well attended, and better still a recent innovation is a musical programme every Sunday. There is the Hobbies Club, the results of whose activities we hope to see in mid December. The Rifle Club is starting up again, in far better conditions than before. There is a good library, which unfortunately is only open in the evenings and never at mid-day and finally, educational facilities

for those who wish to learn. There is some activity for everyone provided they look for it. I might suggest finally that I should be glad to see those who can write or draw or have good photographs. Don't go and excuse yourself on the grounds that someone else is better than you, or that it's too much trouble.

Besides the usual articles this month, there is an excellent one on Canadian painting and painters; the blocks used to illustrate this were very kindly loaned by the Toronto Art Gallery. They are representative of the country in the Ontario and Quebec area, so even those who are not in the least interested in painting or drawing — except in Varga and like handiwork—will be able to appreciate that they interpret Canada and the Canadian scene much as we ourselves see it, but are unable to describe it on paper.

By now, it is general knowledge in town that some have left us for more familiar scenes. They will find much has changed and things are not—as many fondly imagine—exactly as they left them over a year and more ago. However, we hope they will settle down and wish them and everyone who reads this magazine a Merry Christmas, and may all the news they hear in the New Year be good news.

V. E. B. Fern.



The Duchal Hermits

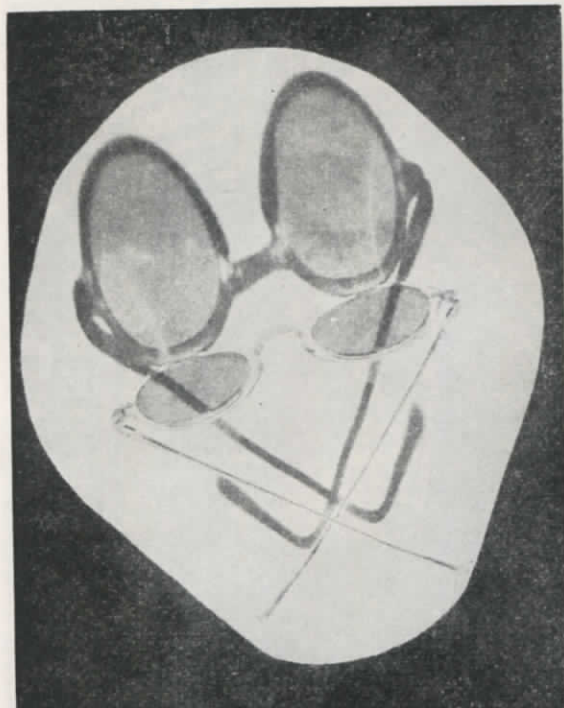
Week-end cycle rides to Duchal, close by Kilmacolm,
Pitching tents along the green banks of the Grife;
Fording streams and climbing fences; through the woods we used to
roam,
Never tiring of that free and healthy life.

Diving, swimming in blue waters, underneath a sunny sky,
Our gay and cheerful laughter filled the air,
And peacefully 'neath shady trees we watched the skylarks fly,
And listened to the night-owls' eerie blare.

As the nights grew cold and darker, round the camp fire burning bright,
Singing to the strumming of the old banjo;
Western tales of lonely cowboys floated gently through the night,
And negro spirituals we hummed there, soft and low.

Now, our freedom has been threatened, our country is at war,
And the "Duchal Hermits" gladly join the fray,
We're in the Navy, Army and the Air Force, fighting for
To get back to peaceful Duchal some bright day.

—D. P. Currie.



The Body Screamed Once - - -

THE day was sultry, but when they set out there was no sign of the storm which was to break. However, as they traveled further into the country the distant rumble of thunder could be heard, and the sky steadily grew darker.

The road drove straight ahead until distance and the heat haze hid its eter-

nity. No dwelling could be seen, only the twisted and bent poles which carried power and telephone to some farm yet invisible.

"What a place to pick for a walk," grumbled Bill.

"Well if a car would come along it might give us a lift," his companion replied.

"No car owner with any respect for tires or springs would ever come down this apology for a road," Bill retorted.

To give the lie to his words a speck of dust on the horizon grew to a cloud, and rushed by shaking, and jolting along in the opposite direction. The dust cleared, they shook themselves and breathed the sultry air again.

"I hope we find some shelter before this storm catches us," Bill resumed, forgetting his last comment about the car. "Here's the turning which leads down to the bay."

Conversation lapsed as they trudged down the dusty hill. Occasionally one or other would glance back, hopefully looking for the car which never came. This road curved down through a wood towards the lake shore; by now the storm was at hand, the first heavy drops were hitting the canopy of leaves above.

"Look, there's a cottage."

"But it's nearly a mile off," cursed Bill.

"Any port in a storm so we'd better run for it or be soaked."

[Continued on Page Seven]



CHORISTERS OF ST GEORGE'S, WINDSOR

—Smale

Adeste fideles, laete triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem,
Videte infantes
Regem Angelorum,
Venite adoremus venite adoremus,
Dominum.

18th Century Christmas Carol.

"Oh come all ye faithful."

They ran; they lost the race by five minutes, and stood panting in the doorway; Bill knocked.

The cottage stood on an outcrop of rock among the trees; a clearing looking out over the lake whose opposite shore was now hidden by the storm. The rain came down in a steady rush, splashing through the surrounding cypress and maple, spraying whatever it could not hit directly. A thin curl of smoke arose from a stove inside.

Bill resumed his knocking, "Couldn't have heard," he said. "I wonder who lives here anyway."

"I hope she's pretty" murmured Pete whose mind always wandered from the point.

"You won't find any Sleeping Beauties for you to play Prince Charming to around here, this isn't a pantomime, I am getting wetter, have a scout round and see if there's a door at the back."

He hammered hard at the door again but his energy was drowned by another peal of thunder, which rippled out over the lake, echoing and re-echoing from the rock behind. The downpour redoubled. Pete came back at a run. "Bill," he gasped. "There's someone inside. He's sprawled over the table, he looks as if . . . he's dead."

"Your imagination running riot again," Bill retorted.

"No Bill . . . no . . . come and see for yourself."

They gingerly unlatched the door at the back.

"Good heavens, you're right," Bill whispered.

They stood aghast at the scene which was suddenly illumined in detail by a flash of lightning which seemed to burn up the clouds themselves, and left them blinded. In that short time the scene fixed itself in their minds; an easel in one corner with an unfinished canvas on it, on the walls were hung work in pastel and oils, mainly views, even in that short flash of light they stood out as fine work. But, forcing itself on their attention over the desk in the centre of the room was sprawled the body of a man. A burnt out cigarette left a trail of ash where it had fallen and scorched the wood; a cup of coffee had upset and mingled its sticky contents with a dull red smear which oozed from beneath the head.

"Look he's been murdered, that's blood on the desk."

"Well I am not going in search of police in this storm," said Bill. "How about drying our clothes first, we might as well warm up that coffee, it smells good and it's a pity to let rationed goods go to waste."

"It may be poisoned."

"First you say he's murdered, then a suicide, you'll be deciding that he's not dead next, Pete. Never mind, we'll just dry out, you've spoilt my taste for coffee. Get some wood and let's heap up the fire."

CRASH! . . . a terrific flash followed instantly by a clap of thunder and Pete, by now very jittery, dropped half the wood he had brought in. It rolled in all directions.

"There's no need to get so worked up. Come on, help me pick it up."

[Continued on Next Following Page]

While they were collecting the wood neither noticed the figure move. Suddenly a scream tore through the air to add to the noise of the storm. "Don't do it . . . don't . . . stop . . . stop!" followed by a moan. The two might have seen the Medusa herself, they stood so motionless and paralyzed with fright; then recovering their wits they spun round to look at the desk.

"Goodness, two visitors come in out of the storm. Well don't stand there staring at me as if I were a ghost."

"Look Bill it's a hal . . . halluc . . . hallucin . . . it is a g..ghost," stuttered Pete. "He has been shot, there's blood all over his face."

The figure spoke again: "My word you two do look scared. I wonder what you saw. Anyway you awakened me, I must have fallen asleep." He yawned and rubbed his eyes, then drawing his hand across his face swore softly when he looked at it. "Damn, I've gone and squashed that tube of vermillion paint all over my face too, the last tube I had. Ah yes, I was having an awful nightmare before I woke up." He looked at the desk, stepped over to the mirror, then turned to look at his two visitors who stood silent and shaken. Then the truth dawned on him, and he burst out laughing. "Come on don't look so scared, you must have thought I was a ghost after all. I am no ghost, merely Arthur Ballard, painter. Sit down and make yourselves at home, while I wash and warm up some coffee."

"Well Pete," said Bill as they sat down. "We are a couple of prize fools, but, I should have liked the excitement of a first-class murder or suicide."

A thin squealing pierced the air.

"Just a minute and I'll go and get it," said Ballard as he went out.

"Let's get out of here quick Bill before we get done in by that talking ghost."

The two made for the door, but there stood Ballard. He held up a buck rabbit still warm. "Just caught him in one of my snares," he explained. "Well you've got your murder now, but I don't think that's indictable. Now let me show you my paintings."

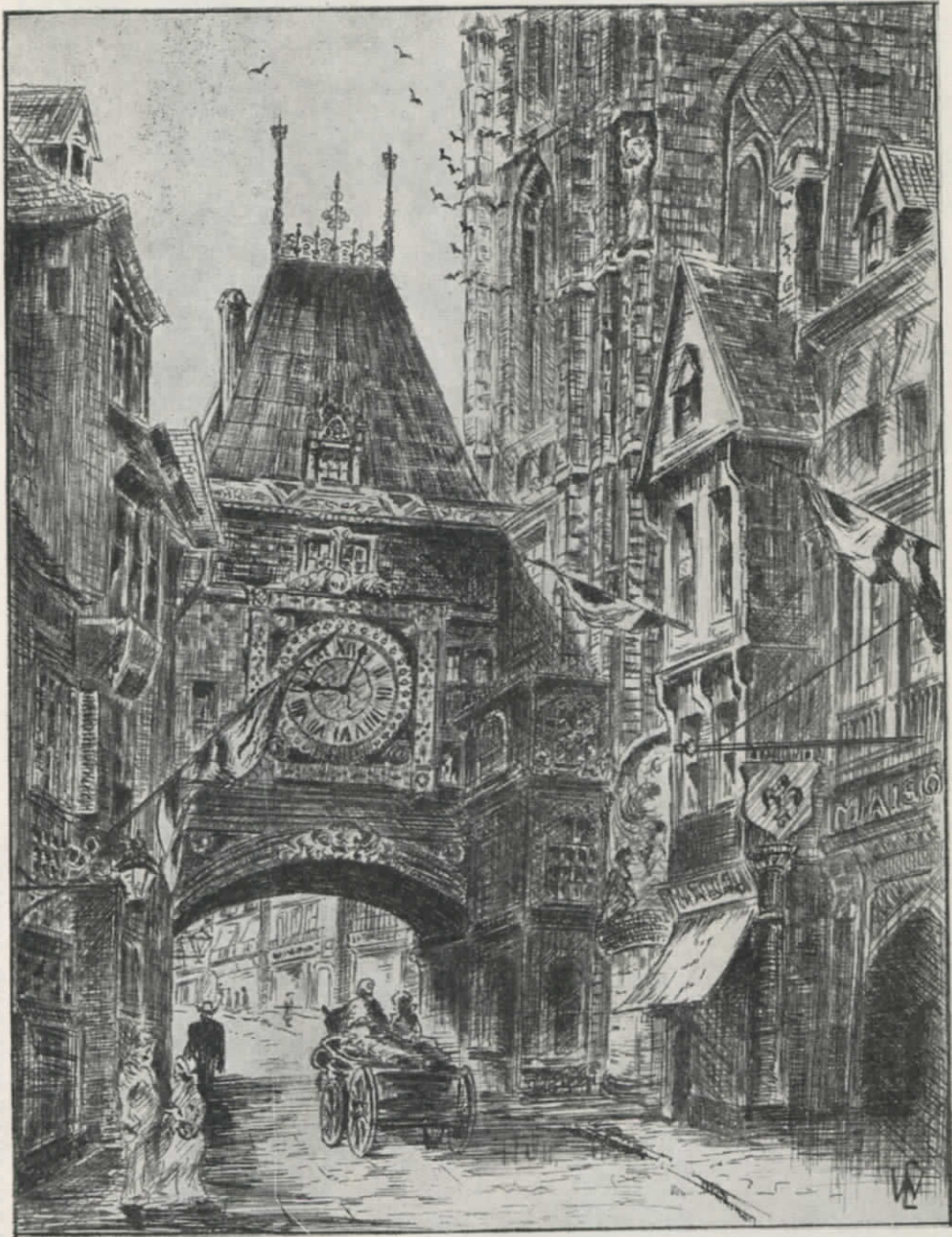
Ellellyb.



A "Merry" Christmas

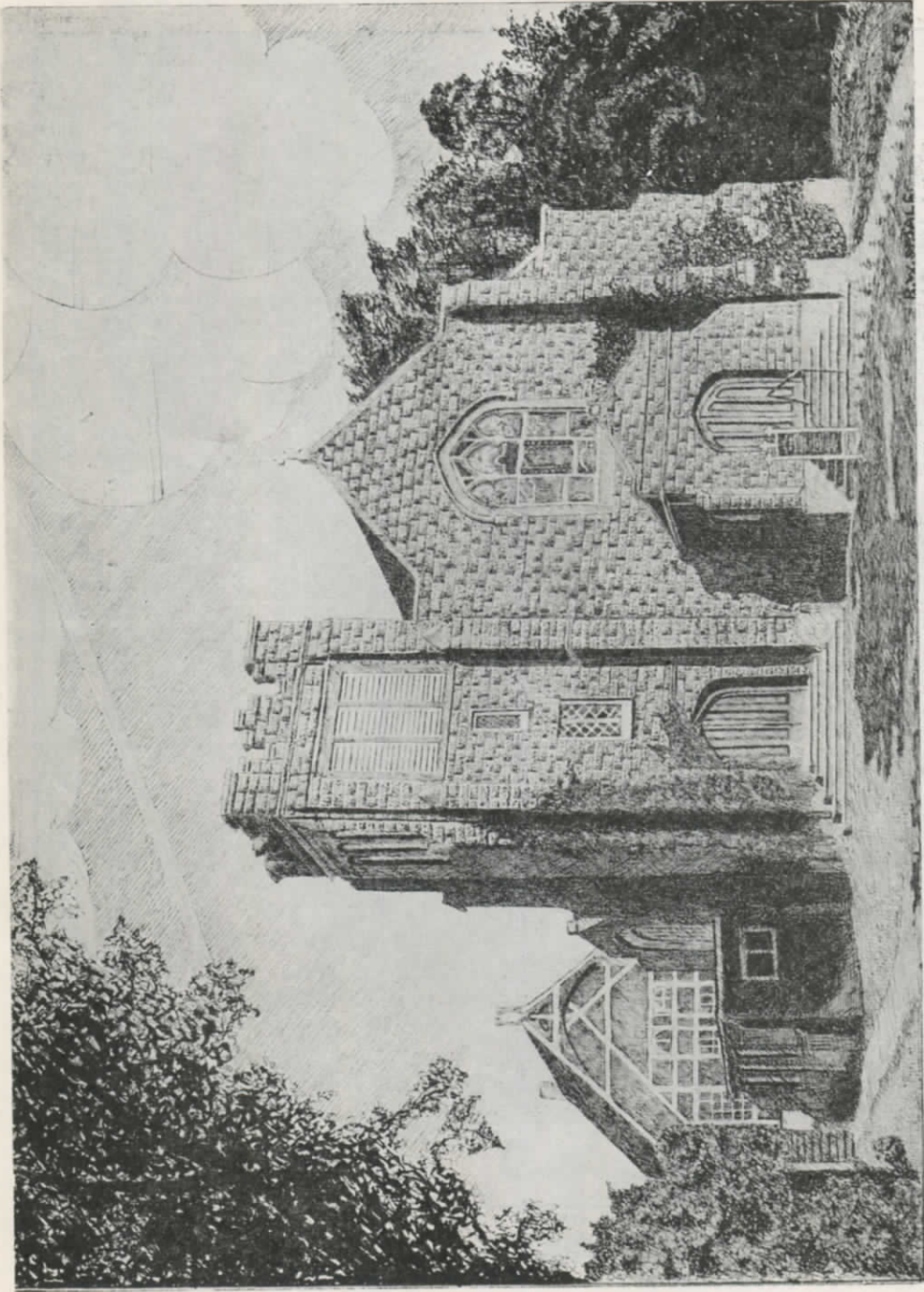
It was Christmas Day in the Brown House,
And the Nazis were seated there,
Bawling their Party War cries,
And sipping their Ersatz beer.
Then up spake their mighty Fuhrer,
He was smiling a sickly smile,
"I wish you a happy Christmas".
And the Nazis answered "Heil".
"I have given you guns for butter",
"I have given you planes and tanks"

"I have given you my New Order",
And the Nazis answered "Thanks".
"What would you like for Christmas?"
"Well, now we must face the facts.
I haven't much more to give you,"
"Except for some broken pacts."
"You won't have a Christmas pudding,
"For the cupboard is almost bare:"
"But I ask you all to STICK IT."
And the Nazis told him "Where?"



LA GROSSE HORLOGE, ROUEN

—Eagles



THE ANGLICAN CHURCH, PICTON

—Smale

TAKE OVER MR. ROBINS

BY GEOFFREY A. H. BIRT

WE remember being in London during the latter part of the summer of 1939, walking down Baker Street, and buying an early edition of an evening paper. Hitler had made a speech which was causing some excitement, and for happier, more civilized reading, we turned to the back page and the Stop Press News to study the fortunes of our beloved Surrey, and of our adopted county, Somerset. From a report by J. G. Orange, Sports Editor of The "Evening News," we realized suddenly that we were near Lords, where Middlesex were playing, and a few minutes later were paying our "bob" and walking in under those low slung stands which frown across the turf towards the famous Pavilion.

Most of us were aware, then, even if we would scarcely admit it to ourselves, that an ugly force was closing in on us. We feared it, and we resented it, but there was nothing any of us could do about it. We snatched these odd half hours to luxuriate in the atmosphere of a cricket ground, or play the game with all our enthusiastic amateur imperfections on our own village greens, as long as we could do so in peace, and wondering all the time where we should all be next summer. We felt certain we should not be playing cricket.

A wicket had just fallen when we arrived at Lords, and R. W. V. Robins was on his way back to the pavilion. He has told us since that this last glimpse of him on a cricket ground is at least typical, and a story went the rounds of a friend who telephoned him at Lords one day and being informed that Mr. Robins had just gone in to bat, replied: "Well, that's all right. I'll hold the line."

A cloud, darker than any which has ever before interrupted our game, has overshadowed all our famous grounds and humble village greens. The men with whom we played are dispersed all over the world. If we feared war, it was never a fear that we could be defeated; and if we resented it, our resentment was directed only against those who would rob us of all the decent things of life. We went to war as we had previously gone out to bat, on a sticky wicket and against a great score. If we were often bowled out, so that even our friends could laugh at us, we could retire to the pavilion to rest and prepare to bowl out the other side, couldn't we, Mr. Robins?

Sometimes in this Service life it is given us to meet these old friends of our peaceful, summer days, as happened last month when Robert Walter Vivian Robins came in to bat at No. 31 B. & G. School, R.A.F., Picton, Ontario, as our new Adjutant, and the weather, playing a great joke on us, heralded the arrival of this famous English cricketer by snowing.

It is but another strange vicissitude of war, and the great changes it brings to all our lives, that J. G. Orange, who on that past day—which now seems so far away—was reporting the Middlesex game, preceded Mr. Robins here, and is now also an adjutant on our neighboring station at Port Albert.

We are glad to have you with us, Mr. Robins. We hope your stay may be long and pleasant. We ask only one thing from you. When you play for the Station team next year please imitate your record for England versus the West Indians at Lords, in 1933, when you took six of their wickets for thirty-eight, and not your disastrous work-out against the Australians at Lords, in 1930, when you turned in an analysis of one wicket for a hundred and seventy-four!

PRUNES and PRISMS



by SPECTRUM

Plums:

★ To Mr. Mann of Peterboro for putting something in the bank for the War Victims' Fund everyday. He has been indefatigable in working for the fund and collected \$46,687.38 up to October 15th. The Picton v. Mount Hope match on October 3rd netted \$311.05 to swell this fund, making the total on the 15th \$46,998.43 . . . to S/Ldr. D. M. Maw on being awarded his A.F.C., and to Bob Smale on gaining his third; proving that hard and conscientious work does get you somewhere . . . and to S/Ldr. Bergin, who made an excellent speech without notes—on behalf of the Victory Loan. Anyone want to buy a battleship? . . . then there's F/Sgt. Wiseman who doesn't give a Canadian damn what he says, to whom, or where, or how from what we've heard. Twenty years of fire fighting in Toronto, and he's been a bright spark around here lately.

PAGE TWELVE

▲ SHAFTS AND MANY COLORED FACETS OF LIFE ON CAMP AND IN PICTON AND PLACES . . . AND PLACES . . . AND . . .

Prunes:

★ To an ex-contributor to "Wings," who is now so overworked composing and despatching special delivery letters, that the obvious conclusion must be drawn: he's in love . . . always has been . . . with himself. R.I.P.

To those whose inability to express themselves clearly makes them color their speech with an adjectival vocabulary, as lacking in originality as their conversation. Can it, if you see what I mean.

To the bright lads who after a \$150 worth of punchball was got to improve their training were found playing Over-the-Garden-Wall and swinging around giving pseudo demonstrations of Tarzan and Bobo.

The Hitch in the Hike

★ The editor tells me that he went to Kingston the other day, "A lovely hike quite good riding too—when you can get a car." Shades of summer '41! Hitch-hiking is a mere ghost of those

palmy days—there must be a war on after all. To those working out here I would dedicate the following lines: do you know who wrote them?

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets.
Come hither, come hither, come
hither,

Here shall ye see no enemy,
But winter and foul weather.

Rumor of the Month

★ In view of the recent issue of Blue Book 222, giving all the "Gen" on Sod houses, Igloos, Natives, Fishing and so on . . . in the frozen North. The first Echelon doesn't know yet—they haven't been down town lately, but unusually reliable sources of misinformation give us to understand that they are proceeding to Alaska, or Iceland or Greenland or Norway or Russia or . . . what a lot of chilly places there are, around here, perhaps they are just staying in Canada anyway.

Joking apart, there is a little concrete news, one item being the Christmas Dance scheduled for December 17th and the Children's party which, all being well, should be on the Monday in Christmas week. The biggest item perhaps is the Football team is going over the border to Detroit in December.

Does Anyone Know?

★ Why the Station Library is never open at lunch time . . . what Santa Claus is giving the C.T.O. for Christmas . . . how to get up, get breakfast, get your hair cleaned, your face polished, and buttons washed and generally get all confused in time to be late for parade in the morning . . . if Fried Construction has anything to do with the devitaminized concrete eggs we sometimes regurgitate at breakfast . . . which day summer will be next year?

Inverted Commas

★ "Peterboro," in The Daily Telegraph, London: "Persons normally resident in dwelling houses constructed wholly or mainly of glass or other vitreous substance, should bear constantly in mind the potential repercussions of stone projection." Whitehall proverb No. 1.

¶ EMILY POST: "It has become fashionable in America to copy the London accent."

¶ H. W. SEAMAN: Reporting on a film in London, England, "A tramp crawled into a box car, a young man behind me says to his girl, "Ee's a' aowbaow," an actress on the screen says, "I just kean't go through with ut; I just kean't." The voice behind says, "I daown't mawnd the blinkin' sleng; it's the naysal tweng I cawn't stick."

¶ GEORGE WARD: "I have never been able to discover why everybody eats with a fork (right handed). I've a suspicion it's so they can hold a newspaper in the left at the same time."

¶ F/Lt. LAITHWAITE: "Well, I've heard my voice called a lot of things, but never 'sort of boyish' before." This was a result of a subdued conversation at the other end of the line.

¶ AN OLD LANCA SHIRE SAYING: "There's a fool born every minute. Thank heavens some of them live."

Quack Quack:

★ The other day Cyril Hillard had spasmic contractions of the diaphragm - - - hiccups you dope. Evidently caused by the recent removal of his tonsils. Some budding horse doctor in S.H.Q. concocted a posting to Medicine Hat. Cyril swallowed it hook, line and sinker, they nearly had to administer Sal Volatile, but the shock affected a complete cure.

Talking of cures, can anyone suggest a remedy for the trick

chairs in the canteen. When sedate people like Cpl. Durrant sit on them, they just fold up at the knees. Complete relaxation of the victim is thus assured.

Did You Ever Think:

★ Of sending an Airgraph instead of a Christmas card? . . . it's far cheaper, and will probably be appreciated much more . . . Of sending flowers by wire? . . . that knowing it takes 100 links, 22 yards, or 44 poles to a chain, then how many chains are there to an erk?

Let's Turn the Beam On:

LAC. R. Otherwise—Pop. Civilian occupation—Traveller. Favorite saying — “Well I think.” Weakness — eating. Fate — going pop.

CPL. H. Otherwise—The acting corporal. Civ. occ. ‘acting’ different parts. Theme song — “When I was manager at the Ritz.” Weakness—talking off the point. Fate—dining car waiter.

F/SGT. M. otherwise — Pooh Bah. Civ. occ. — pre-occupied. Theme song — “I . . . I . . . I . . .” Weakness — wine, women and song. Fate — ten days sick.

AC. M. Otherwise — Moggy. Civ. occ. — Accounting (for what?) Favorite saying — “I’ve Forgotten.” Weakness — Wau-poos. Fate—unforeseeable.

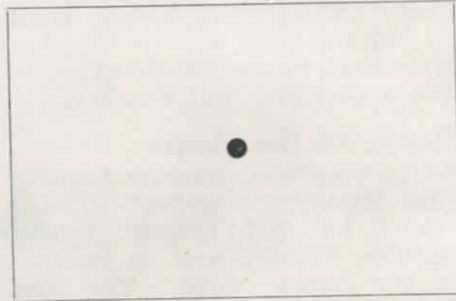
F/LT. O. Otherwise — Doc. Civ. occ. — Medicine. Favorite saying—“can you sing, perform or play an instrument.” Weakness — minstrels. Fate — talent spotter.

“Nostradamus” Berlin:

★ Irving, I mean, who has with Bing Crosby and an ever descending line of crooners been dreaming of a Whi-ite Christmas. The prophetic dream bids fair to come true, unless a first-class thaw leaves us paddling around in riv-

ers of slush. Besides the snow being white, my nose is red and my hands are blue, all round a most patriotic combination of colors. Nevertheless, I used to like that song but it falls in the hands of indifferent performers.

Picture of the Month



THE LONELY SPOT —by Vibgyor
or 31 B & G.S. Dreaming of a White Christmas, in memory of 2nd December and a blizzard.

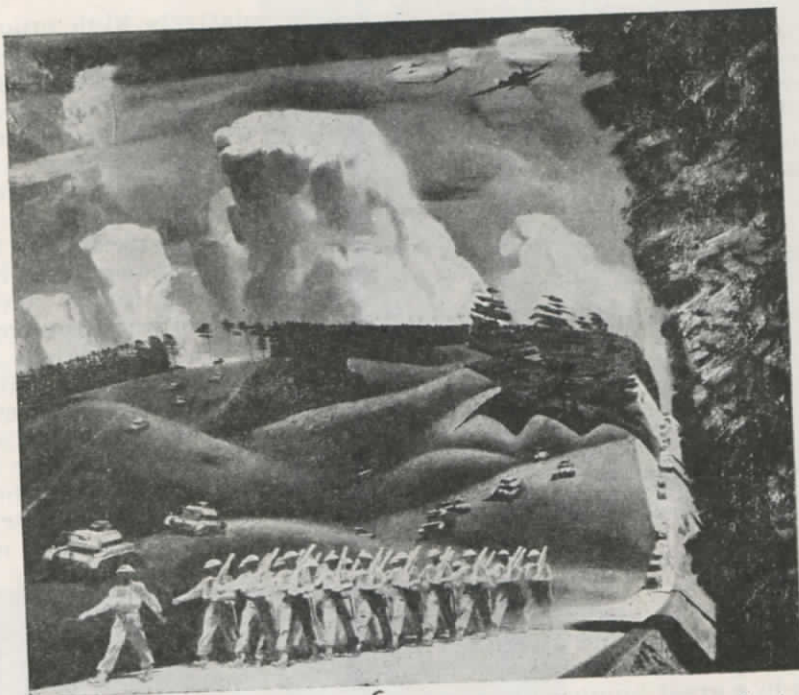
Buzz, Buzz:

★ For further information I would refer you to the Red Cross Sewing Bee. They even know what is on D.R.O.'s before they are posted on the camp. Either someone is a very busy bee or else Picton is full of mental telepathists. It fairly hums with information.

Picton Proms:

★ As an additional item for Sunday, 29th November, we had Miss Sylvia Michas, who very kindly consented to come again and sing for us. Over 300 men listened to the usual Sunday evening programme of records which were as good as ever, and the S/L Admin. made apologies for the delay in the arrival of the artist, who languished in the cold on Belleville station while the transport sent to fetch her contrived to ditch itself at high speed.

She gave us a fine performance with many favorites, a show all the more noteworthy considering her enforced wait in Belleville.



ONTARIO SUMMER

—by Charles Comfort

CANADIAN PAINTING

ART, we are told, is universal. Artists are products of a nation; and in the course of its history every great nation produces work reflecting its national spirit.

It is very hard for young countries to develop any of the arts in their own right. They are overshadowed by the traditions of older and more mature cultures where slow organic growth developed an awareness that is so frequently lacking in the younger countries. In countries like Canada and the United States where much the same development takes place in a hundred years that took place in a thousand years or more in England a great many of the arts become derivative rather than creative, in an attempt to catch up with the older cultures. Rapid industrialization tends to telescope further the grafting process of a complex civilization onto a primitive land.

The pioneers will not be the artists of the country. They are too busy wresting a living out of the new land to stand back and secure the perspective necessary to interpret a country-side. It needs a people moulded by a country, and who have moulded it adequately to do this job. Thus with the rise of a stable culture along the shores of the St. Lawrence there arose the first distinctively Canadian Art; regional rather than national this art failed to survive the industrialization that followed, but the impression it made in wood-carving and architecture should not be minimized.

The first art of which we have record in Canada is that of the West Coast Indians. Although the Algonquins in the East decorated their simple utensils of every-day living the only aboriginal inhabitants of

Canada who achieved continued work of a relatively high order were those who bordered on the shores of the Pacific. This art is ritual in purpose and highly stylized in form, brimming with social and religious symbolism definitely akin to the material background. The totem pole is the best example, and the most widely known of this handicraft. A complicated group of tribal symbols, originally related to birds, animals and fish, but finally conventionalized to the point of abstractions, is carved from the tall British Columbia cedars in such a way as to reveal the native grain and beauty of the material. Only latterly did the Indian learn to pick out his outlines with cheap house-paint, thus degrading his own work. This skill in wood-carving found an outlet in the carving of ceremonial masks, dishes, spoons, and such tools from wood and bone.

The next form assumed by Canadian art was the religious architecture and wood-carving of the French-Canadians along the banks of the St. Lawrence. Localized though it was its influence may still be found in home and church architecture throughout French Canada. Another aspect that should be noticed, although outside the true realm of art, is that group of men, most with military backgrounds, who became known as the topographers. These men, interested in the country and its life from the point of view of recorders, preserved for us some notion of the actual appearance of Canada in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

During the nineteenth century Canadian painting was trying to find a surer footing and a broader basis of appeal. Paul Kane, an Irish-Canadian, made two voyages to the west between 1845 and 1848 which resulted in a great number of paintings, most of which can be seen in the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. His paintings of Indian life in the old west have never been surpassed. There may be some controversy as to whether or not they are good work; there can be none as to their value as a documentary record. In his defence we may note that there is a vigour, an honesty and a simplicity that offset his stilted manner and frequent poor colour. Besides he was painting his environment, and doing so without the devices of classical foliage and formal figures; and although he may have idealized his subjects to some extent, his was definitely a personal reaction to the Canadian scene. A greater artist was the Russian, Cornelius Krieghoff, who for ten years or more lived and painted in Quebec, where he recorded in all its colour, its brutality and crudeness the life and surroundings of the 'habitant.' In canvases such as his "Habitant Farm" or "Running the Tollgate," we see the 'habitant' as he was, his habits, his clothes, his sleighs, customs, and background. His bright colour and unerring sense for composition, although frequently so much in the European manner as to deserve the epithet Christmassy, nevertheless make him the first really fine painter in Canada.

Horatio Walker and Homer Watson are two other well known Canadian painters of the nineteenth century. The term 'the Canadian Millet' has been applied to Walker so often that it loses any significance except as an indication of his style and technique. He lacked, however, Millet's insight, which was a defect, and his sentimentality, which was probably fortunate. His subject matter was the 'habitant' life in and around the Ile d'Orleans, and frequently he produced very decorative and pleasing pictures. Of these "The Woodcutters" is a very good example. He was primarily an illustrator, so his canvases lack a sense of the spirit of the scene that nearly reduces them to the rank of posters. Homer Watson, was a more individual painter with a static approach, repeating over and over the scenes of his native section of Ontario. Of his work

[Continued on Page 44]

• GATINEAU
MADONNA

—by Andre Bieler



• TENANTS

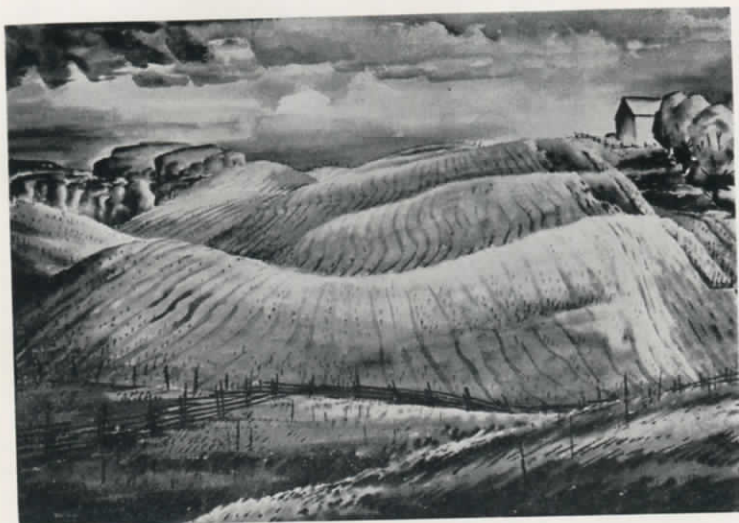
—by Marian Scott

Blocks loaned by courtesy of
Toronto Art Gallery.



● WOODLAND
HILLTOP

—by L.A.C. Panton



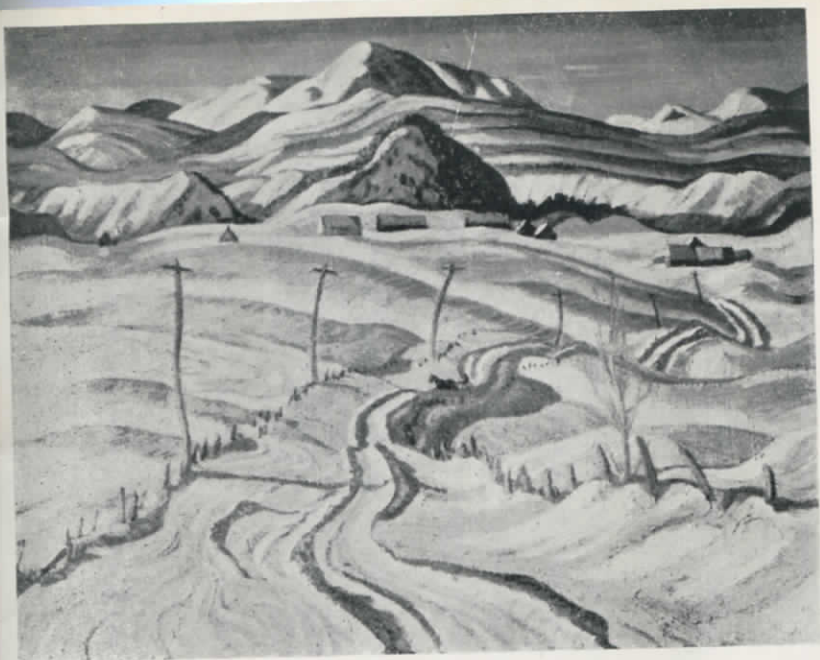
● FIELD
WITH STUBBLE

—by Carl Schaefer



● COUNTRY
NORTH OF
LAKE SUPERIOR

—by Lawren Harris



• WINTER MORNING
CHARLEVOIX

—by A. Y. Jackson



• THE
WOODCUTTERS

—by Horatio Walker



• THE
HABITANT
FARM

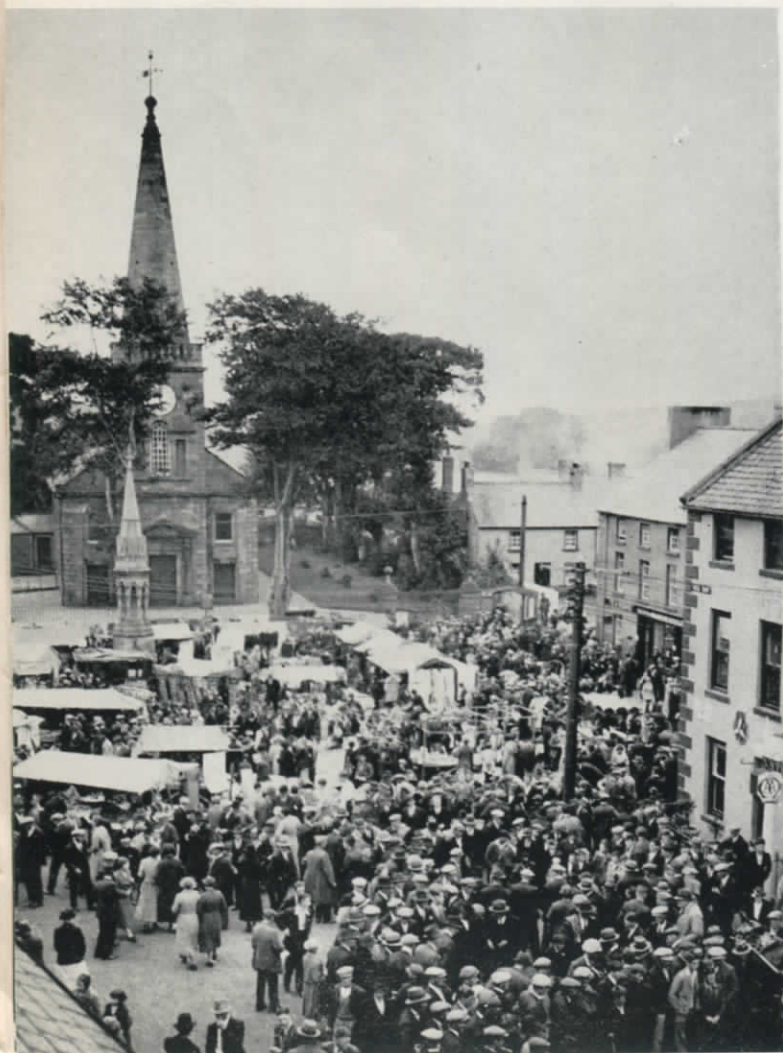
—by Cornelius
Krieghoff

The Lammas Fair

- - Ballycastle

Photos by C. D. Deane.

General view by courtesy of
Belfast Telegraph



● TOP — Man from Glen Antrim.

● BELOW — “a huge ebony negro expounding his persuasive patter”—

“An old, gaunt Glensman leaning against a windowsill, watching eagerly for a buyer of his restless cows.

● BOTTOM LEFT—A general view of the Fair.

THE LAMMAS FAIR

★ AT BALLYCASTLE, NORTHERN IRELAND

THE local Fair at Picton during the first week of October reminded me of a visit to the oldest and most famous fair in Ireland, held on the second Tuesday in August, from time immemorial in the market square of the ancient town of Ballycastle, in Northern Ireland. It was in the times of peace before the shadow of War had spread its fungoid growth over bewildered peoples and a pint of Guinness was still Guinness.

Situated in the Valley of Glendun among the wild Glens of Antrim, Ballycastle is sheltered behind the gaunt form of Fair Head, screened from the Atlantic Ocean by Rathlin Island and shunned by nobody with money in their pockets and a taste for strong liquor, especially on the day of the Lammas Fair.

Originally the Fair was a time of great feasting and began with visits of the Scots from the Western Isles of Scotland to the Irish mainland with gifts, roasted oxen and trinkets to sell. Today, apart from the exchange of stock, fancy goods, card-sharpers and tough women, the Lammas Fair plays an important part in the lives of the Glensfolk. It is a Hiring Fair, where farm help, milk-maids, etc., are hired out to farmers for the next twelve months.

In bygone days the Lammas lasted a week and great are the tales of the heroes who drank poteen for seven solid nights and went to work on the eighth day with nothing more than a slight headache, but those Herculean days are over, the Fair officially lasts only one day.

I arrived in Ballycastle on the morning of the second Tuesday in August in a local train over a special narrow gauge, that runs in the heart of the Glens of Antrim, through village streets, across barley fields and peat bogs, climbs through the heather-covered moorland and jolts down into Ballycastle.

Many of the people that lived deep in the Glens came by this train. They had fresh brown faces, shiny blue suits and brown boots. They enjoyed being in the narrow box-like carriages, crushed and standing on one another's toes, for was it not a holiday? They cackled mightily at the slightest thing humorous, they chuckled at the sight of their less fortunate friends working in the fields, they encouraged fat old ladies and stiff-jointed grandfathers hobbling up lanes towards the train which stopped for them. What seemed to amuse these happy Irish folk the most was whether the jolting train would ever reach Ballycastle.

"The Diamond," which is what the market square at Ballycastle is locally called, was packed with Glensfolk, Gypsies, Tinkers, shrieking pigs, obstinate cattle, old clothes, ripe fruit and the odor of draught.

One of the first salesmen I encountered was a huge ebony negro expounding his persuasive patter to an audience who were interested not so much in his threat, that everybody was fast becoming degenerate by living on tinned foods and could only be saved and cured by his wonderful, fantastic and highly-coloured stomach powder, as in the eerie way he showed the whites of his eyes.

There were the usual stalls of old clothes, pots and pans and farming implements, where men haggled over prices with a consistency usually attributed to women. Here, too, was a white-bearded old man,

swaying and breathing whiskey over his listeners as he invited them to kick a punctured football through a hole in a fence for three-pence a kick. There was an old, gaunt Glensman leaning against a window-sill watching eagerly for a buyer for his three restless cows.

Gypsy waggons, each with a gaudy placard with the words "Original Fortune Teller," ringed the square with scores of ragged children playing beneath the wheels, while their mothers breast-fed the latest addition to the family. Among the shouting and gesticulating stallholders was a fat, little man in a black coat perched on a box. He was shouting as enthusiastically as any; in front of him a banner with the words "All Have Sinned" on it and around him a little group, quiet-faced, with open hymn books listening intently to his teachings. On one side of this group was a stallholder loudly extolling the beauty of his bananas, while on the other side a merchant flourished pokes of ice cream—and so the show goes on.

I had great admiration for these stallholders, the flow of language, fantastic expressions and weird attitudes would have done credit to a politician. Their methods were different, some were confidential, others humorous, a few flattering, but all kept up a running flow of words to hold the attention of the milling throng. Their custom was to begin at a fantastic price for an article and gradually get lower until I felt that they were going to give it away and somewhat surreptitiously they would press it on an innocent bystander as if they couldn't bear to part with it, adding in a low voice a price that was no doubt still a high profit to them.

A bargain over the sale of livestock between two Ulstermen is settled by the purchaser slapping the hand of the owner and giving him a 'luck penny' to seal the bargain which is soon spent.

The roads and lanes leading to the Diamond were cluttered with horse traps, country carts, pigs, sheep, dogs and somnolent forms of those who had "got young," which means drunk. Frequent lurid remarks from these happy mortals were addressed to anybody who would listen and referred to an exalted ecclesiastical personage or to a Dutchman who once rode across a river on a white horse.

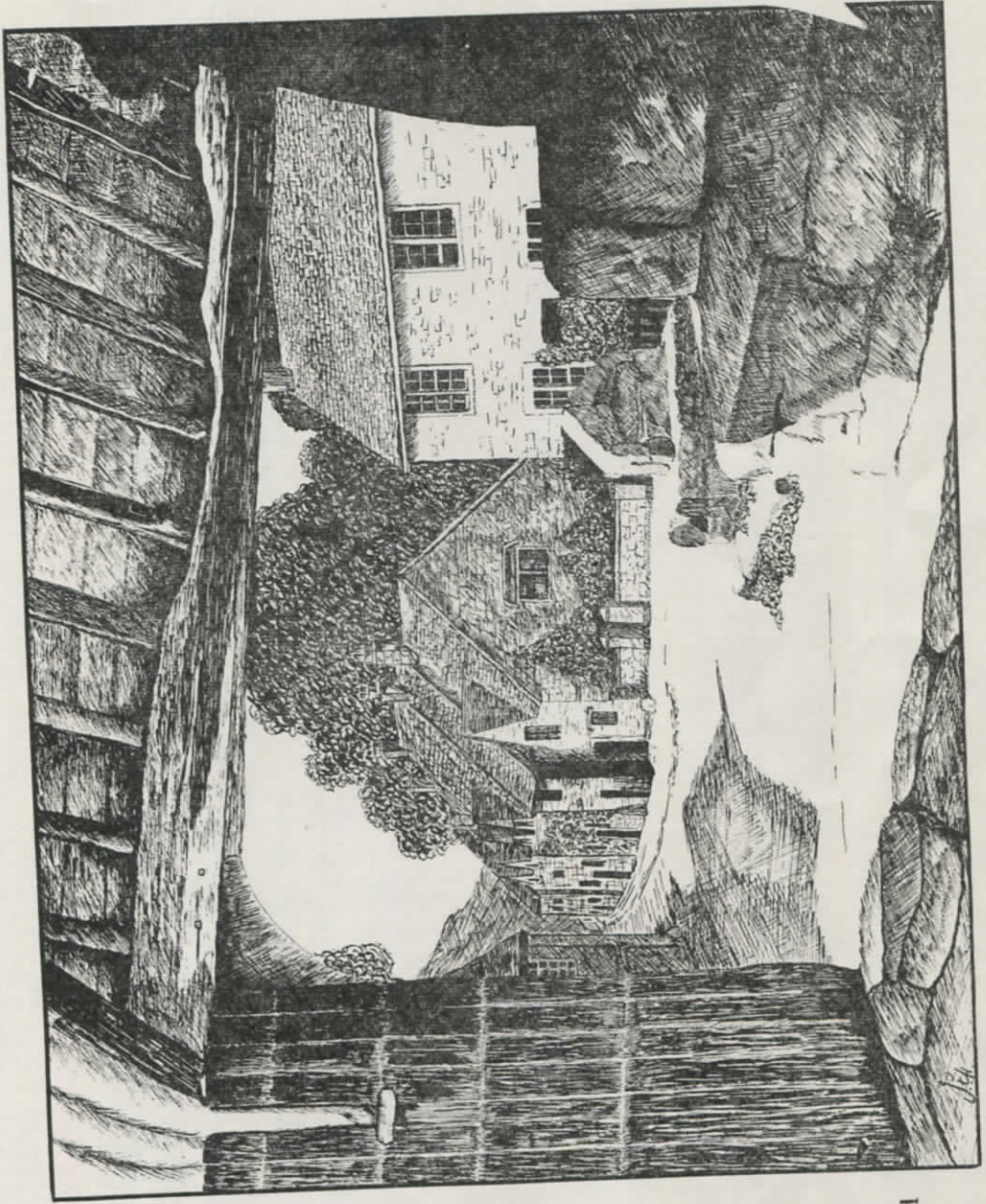
As I moved among these Ulster people, many were the occasions I heard the remark: "I mind the time," as old friends who had not met since the last Lammas renewed their friendship.

And so I left the Lammas Fair its tinkers, its card sharpers exhorting people to "find the lady," its happy people, its bewildered farm stock, with the tune of the Lammas Fair folk song in my ears, played by a blind violinist, ringing in my ears. I hope to revisit the Lammas Fair soon.

C. DOUGLAS DEANE.



ELEMENTARY MY DEAR WATSON. An Englishman walking in the Highlands, entered a farmhouse to ask the time. Noticing an old grandfather clock said: "Your clock is surely wrong?" "Naething wrong wi' it," answered the farmer." It's you that doesna' understand it. When the wee hauns straight doon, it strikes ten; but the right time's five o'clock. "After that," he continued, "Ye've naething to do but calculate."



CASTLECOMBE,
WILTSHIRE

—by Handford



NOTHING IS HERE FOR TEARS, NOTHING TO WAIL
OR KNOCK THE BREAST, NO WEAKNESS, NO CONTEMPT
DISRAISE OR REAME, NOTHING BUT WELL AND FAIR
AND WHAT MAY QUIET US IN A DEATH SO NONE.

11th NOVEMBER, 1942

—B. Burwell

The Canadian Armed Forces Art Exhibition

ON the walls of the Art gallery in Hart House, in the University of Toronto, hangs, at the moment of writing, a show which bids fair to make tremendous art history in Canada. Certainly it will be one of the most widely publicized shows in Canada this year, if not in the whole continent. It consists of two hundred and seventeen pictures, done in oil, tempera, water-colour, wash, gouache, chalk, pastel, crayon, pencil and pen and ink during the months of September and October by the men and women of the Armed Forces stationed in Ontario; and in addition to representation from the navy, the army and the air force, both Canadian and Royal, there is work by men and women of the Polish Army, and by the Royal Norwegian Air Force. This is truly an epochal event in the history of Canadian art.

When the suggestion for this show was first made by one of the members of the art committee of Hart House last spring it was adopted with a good deal of hesitation. The consensus of opinion was that it would be difficult to get men interested in work of this sort, that the general level of work would be crude and amateurish in the worst senses of those terms, and that the show would attract considerable unfavourable attention, both from the powers-that-be and from the public. However, when the matter was tentatively mentioned to certain of the Auxiliary Services Officers in Toronto they agreed to do what they could to further interest in the show. Mr. Charles Comfort designed the posters sent out by the Citizens' Committee for Troops in Training, mimeographed memos were sent out to the various centres in each camp, and the work was under way.

From time to time reports started drifting in to those of us in Hart House, who were most eagerly awaiting any stray straws the wind might blow our way. Again and again the report came in: "Little or no interest here," until we began to wonder if we ought just to call the whole thing off. Then the entries began to come in, one or two at a time at first, about the end of September; then, as the deadline approached, in larger and larger numbers until every mail brought a flood of pictures. And the quality! Not one of the two hundred and thirty-two pictures received were so badly done as to justify rejection. A very few were obviously the work of very inexperienced artists, but the quality of life and energy that ran throughout the work was such that we looked forward to each new batch that came in.

In opening the exhibition Mr. H. O. McCurry, Director of the National Gallery, pointed out that this show was, to the best of his knowledge the first effort of its kind in Canada during this war, and he hoped that much the same results would come from it here as came in the United States following the competition held there for the armed forces by Life Magazine, and as came in England in the wake of the exhibition for the armed forces in the National Portrait Gallery. He stated that art, as a means of relaxation should be encouraged because it afforded a means of escape and because it was a very much less expensive and exhaustive form of amusement than many of the recreations afforded at present in many of the camps. Besides in this way it would

[Continued on Page 42]

The Gift Every Woman Appreciates

Elizabeth Arden

Essentials for Loveliness



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

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



TEASEL'S

REXALL

DRUG STORE

PHONE 172

PICTON



WANTED—ANYONE WITH TIME
ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT
THIS UNUSUAL QUIZ.

Classify These if You Can

The classified section of a newspaper never looked quite like this. Each notice, you will see, carries an allusion to some literary work; all you have to do is name the work from the clue given in the ad., whether it be novel, play, short story, opera or poem, or possibly a government publication.

Count one point for each correct answer, and one point for each author or composer correctly named. The total possible score will be 100.

This idea has been adapted from a similar idea in *Coronet*, and they say that a score of 66% can be considered pretty good.

A packet of 50 cigarettes and the next six issues of "Wings" will be given for the best answer received before December 31st. Second prize next three issues of "Wings." The January issue to the next five runners up. In most cases the answer will consist of the name of the work and the author; in one or two cases there is no individual author, whereupon two works to which the clue could apply must be given. **COMPETITION OPEN TO ALL.** Entries in "WINGS" CONTRIBUTION BOX OR ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.

1. **PERSONAL** — Rudolph come back. All is forgiven. Am dying. Mimi.
2. **LOST** — Large gold pocket watch; if found return to White Rabbit.
3. **FOR SALE** — Special attention R.A.F. Two famous Blue Books, containing all the "Gen"; no airman should be without these books. Absolutely essential to hardened offenders. Price 7/6, H.M. Stationary office.
4. **INSTRUCTION** — Animals trained to speak like human beings. Cats a specialty; elephants will not be accepted.

5. **HELP WANTED — MALE** — Qualified factotum to serve as valet to moneyed, amiable but half witted English gentleman. Answers to the name of Bertie.
6. **WANTED**—Companion to share jug of wine and loaf of bread; beautiful wilderness setting.
7. **FOR SALE**—Vanity, vanity all is vanity. Mirrors guaranteed to give a clear view of road outside; no need to turn head while working. Apply Box 239 Camelot P.O.
8. **NOTICE**—News and views given daily on page 12 by famous Chinese traveller. Read all about Vauxhall Gardens next week.
9. **WANTED URGENTLY**—268 signatures to make Trojan horse serviceable for flying. No delay. See Sgts. Irving, Jones, Uncle Tom Cobley and all 5 Hangar R.A.F. Picton.
- 10.—**SEANCE TONIGHT** — Appearance of Marley's ghost, complete with chains; scheduled to begin promptly at midnight.
11. **PERSONAL**—If Tinkerbelle is going to live, please tell me. Peter.
12. **OPPORTUNITY** — Anyone wishing to accompany American on world tour in record time for a small wager.
13. **NEEDED**—Twelve or thirteen pots of honey. Bring along to Pooh Corner at 11 a.m. Winnie.
14. **BOATING**—All information on how to enjoy a boating holiday by three experienced campaigners and a dog. Will also sell good boat and camping equipment at rock bottom prices. Any offers. Box 295.

15. **AUCTION TODAY** — Entire property and household effects of Charles Foster Kane. See "Rosebud" for information.
16. **BARBERS SHOP AND EQUIPMENT**— To be sold as a going concern. Well appointed shop in Fleet Street with pie shop adjacent. Apply Exors. S. Todd. Box 252.
17. **WANTED** — For hair cuts and other odd jobs by Spanish Barber. Apply Box 100.
18. **PERSONAL**—"I've got a little list and they'll none of 'em be missed." All orders promptly executed Koko.
19. **TEACHERS WANTED** — Schoolmaster with great experience of boys, to take post of Headmaster of Brookfield for the duration of the war.
20. **ESCAPES**—Organized by able and daring team. French aristocrats given every attention; let Percy Balkeney help you.
21. **PERSONAL**—Come for a hike over the moors. Secret. Hannay.
22. **WATER** water everywhere and not a drop to drink. A.B.
23. **LOST**—Pair of gold candlesticks, property of Bishop of No questions asked.
24. **SITUATION WANTED** — Cooks general. Three cooks, experts at making stews. Meet in thunder lightning or in rain at the Cavern.
25. **COOKING**—Lesson on how to roast pig, by ancient Chinese method. Send 10 cents in stamps.
26. **FOR SALE**—Famous engraving. Mezzotint with masked figure guaranteed to change its position every night. To make your flesh creep. Apply M.R.J.
27. **LOST**—Small dog. Answers to the name of Flush. Companion to invalid lady. Sometimes bites visitors, but otherwise quiet and docile. E. B. Wim-pole Street.
28. **NOTICE**—Microbes hunted down by experienced exterminators. Apply Leu-wenhoek, Koch and Pasteur.
29. **PERSONAL**—Rhett loves Scarlet.
30. **PERSONAL** — Member of the Armed Forces and friend wish to meet attractive English girls in the Auxiliary Air Force.
31. **TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN**—In the absence of Peterson, all dirty work will in future be done by Irma and her assistants.
32. **IMPERSONATIONS** — Faithfully carried out by amateur. An Oxford undergraduate. Widowed Aunts a specialty.
33. **CATALOGUE**—All the fighting ships of the world, complete and unabridged revised version to be published after the war.
34. **WANTED — DEAD OR ALIVE.**
\$1,000 REWARD
LOBO, KING OF CURRUMPAW
35. **500 PAIRS** of green spectacles for sale. Apply, The Vicarage.
36. A well-known lecturer will deliver a lecture entitled
"THE RAINS IN SPAIN FALL MAINLY IN THE PLAINS"
At the Town Hall on Wednesday.....
Avoid disappointment and book your seats NOW.
37. **MISSING** — Missing from his home since Tuesday last, a man wearing his working clothes who was last seen on the Great North Road. Will any person who can give information of his whereabouts please communicate with Mrs. Oakroyd.
38. **THE PREFECTURE** of the Paris Police is anxious to get in touch with the young man described as dark, with sallow complexion, who was seen to enter the Bois de Boulogne in the company of a young lady on the evening of Monday last, February 17th, 18—
39. **PERSONAL.** Lou. Meet me at at the Malamute Saloon tonight. X.
40. **DO YOU SUFFER FROM ILL-HEALTH?** Buy one of our cottages situated everywhere along England's broad breast and live in peace in the haven she offers. Watch your cheeks bloom again as the free winds fan them. For full particulars, write The Freemen of England Building Society, LONDON.
41. **INFORMATION** is required, leading to the identity of a middle aged man found lying in the middle of the road on the Hog's Back near Guilford, recently. Please get in touch with S.T., Berkley Mews, London. Reward.
42. **LOST**—Fine hunting dog. Answers to name of Ranger. Best pal I ever had. Boots.
43. **ALARM-CLOCK** in good condition. Handsomely covered in crocodile skin. Apply Captain Hook.
44. **FOUND**—Green eye, probably belonging to doll or idol. Apply Officers' Mess.

[Continued on Page 42]



The Miniature Rifle Club

—by F/LT. T. ENRIGHT

This club was formed on 18th November 1941, and continued active until 30th June, 1942, when the range site in No. 5 Hangar was wanted by Maintenance Squadron.

During its active period more than 450 personnel on the station used the range and 100,000 rounds of ammunition were fired, various competitions organized and numerous prizes won by the club members.

It was felt that provision for another range should be made, especially during the winter months, but it proved very difficult to locate and secure a suitable site on the station. The "lean to" at the end of No. 1 hangar was finally chosen and authority to use it and approval of the necessary alterations granted by Headquarters No. 1 Training command.

It is expected that this range will be ready for use in the next few weeks. When the construction of the range nears completion a meeting of the club committee will be called and the program for the winter drawn up.

Full details of the program, hours of opening, and price of ammunition will then be published. It is hoped that the Miniature Rifle Club will receive the same enthusiastic support this season as it did last.

★

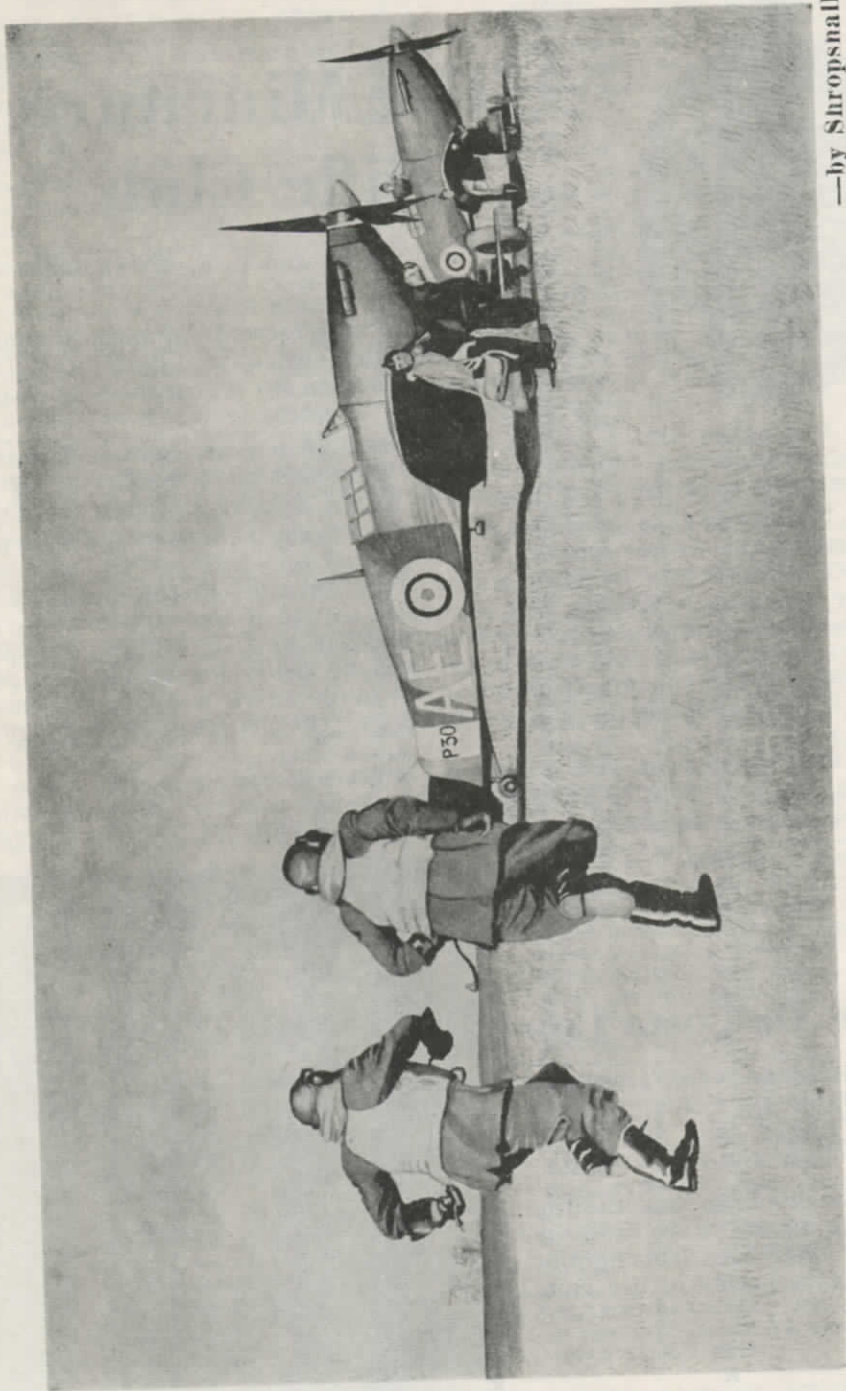
The Da Costa Cup

A Challenge Cup presented by Major Da Costa, won by "A" Flight last year with "B" Flight the runners up.

The silver spoons and the station medal were won by many members throughout the active period of the club.

★





—by Shropshall

“SCRAMBLE”

A LINK WITH THE PAST

A few weeks ago I spent a week-end leave in Toronto. On the Saturday morning while out on a shopping expedition, I happened to catch sight of an old medal in the window of a small second-hand shop. Being curious, and having a few dollars to spare (unusual but none the less true) I enquired the history and price, and was able to purchase it for quite a small sum.

The history attached, although only a series of dates and facts, will I hope, be of interest to most Englishmen, especially those who have been down to the sea in ships.

The story starts in a ship-builder's yard in Plymouth in the year 1789, where the keel of H.M. S. Foudroyant, at a later date the flagship of Britain's most famous admiral, was laid.

The meaning of the word Foudroyant is Thunderstricken and history records that during the 94 years she was commissioned with the British fleet, she never once lowered her flag to an adversary.

The Foudroyant was the second two-decker man-of-war to be built in England, and being modelled upon the French ship of the same name (Captured by the British in 1758) had a tonnage of around 2000 and carried 80 guns.

The materials used in her construction were the finest of that period, her outer walls, three feet thick were built of English oak, varying between 100, and 500 years old, while hardwoods from Africa, pines from Carolina, and copper of such fineness it contained a large percentage of silver, were also used.

She was launched in the spring of 1798, and in June of the same year with a crew of 600 joined the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren.

After his victory at the Nile, Lord Nelson used the Foudroyant

for his flagship, and from this ship, commanded the fleet which forced the now important strategic island of Malta to capitulate.

In 1892, after 94 years good service she was withdrawn, and 5 years later sold to a German firm to be broken up. When the British public heard of the sale, they arose in indignation and demanded that the ship already on the way to Germany should be recalled.

In the Irish Sea, while being towed back to Barrow-in-Furness to be reconditioned, a gale sprang up, the tow ropes snapped and the magnificent ship drifted ashore between the two iron piers at Blackpool.

When the tide ebbed, and the gale abated, she was left high and dry with her masts broken, lying on her side, on the sands.

The usual Blackpool holiday crowd, soon surrounded the wreck, and it was not long before every detachable or transportable part of the ship had been stripped for souvenirs.

The next day a Manchester firm purchased the wreck, and transporting it very quickly to Manchester, manufactured souvenir furniture, and mementoes, from the oak, brass, and copper.

So after over 40 years, in a little shop in the new country of Canada, I was fortunate enough to purchase one of these small souvenirs, in the shape of a medal. head and shoulders of Horatio

The medal which is struck in copper is about the size of a crown. On the face is stamped the Viscount Nelson in Admiral's uniform, with the dates of his birth and death, while on the reverse is a full view of the three-masted Foudroyant, with the dates of the keel-laying, launching, and the date she met her unhappy end.

The Customer is Always Wrong

THE long, long awaited day had arrived. For weeks Aircraftsman Second Class Twirt had scanned Daily Routine Orders, but in vain; peering through red-rimmed eyes at the brief and ruthless orders that emanated from the Powers That Be, and under whose authority the hapless ACH. GD. was permitted to exist. No amount of persuasion or cajoling could bring any information to relieve his anxious mind, and he had been forced to wait from day to day until at last he would be able to see the words which would take this problem off his mind.

And now at long last here they were! D.R.O.'s for this day of grace containing the blessed news that a Clothing Parade would be held for his flight in two days' time. Only two more days and he would be stepping up to the counter of the Clothing Stores to exchange the articles that he had been holding for so long and so uselessly.

Twirt's step was livelier that day than for weeks past, he even hummed a little tune until his Flight Sergeant told him to report sick if he had to moan like that. His eye was brighter and with the prospect of two day's hence heralding his opportunity for which he had waited so long, he was indeed a happy erk.

The next two days seemed to drag, for Twirt was imagining everything that could possibly go wrong to mar his opportunity which was now so near. Perhaps he would have to go sick and miss the parade, perhaps he would be posted, but no, fate couldn't give him such a beastly break as that! Barring any such unlucky accidents like these he couldn't imagine anything stopping his great chance. Everything was buttoned up from his end as far as he could tell and now all that remained was to wait for the great day.

Nothing did happen, and at last our hero queued up with the rest of his flight to wait patiently until his time came. That day Twirt had got up even before the gentle cooing of the Orderly Sergeant was heard in the barrack hut. Nothing must mar his day of days!

The parade was due to start at 0900 and promptly to time he was waiting with several hundred (or so it seemed) of his companions, who were eagerly chatting of the equipment they were going to "flannel" out of the stores. The next two hours passed uneventfully and at last Twirt's time was drawing near. He felt no anxiety, just a supreme confidence that nothing could go wrong now. (Keeping his precious garment hidden from his companions' eyes).

"001-Twirt" came like a pistol shot from the lips of the N.C.O. presiding over the Clothing Stores like a judge at the High Court. "Sir," quavered Twirt, his voice almost failing him at the crucial moment. "What's this — you're trying to exchange **this**? With a contemptuous finger the N.C.O. pointed at the article which Twirt produced and had placed on the counter. The Witnessing Officer leaned forward and placed his head between his hands while a shocked whisper went round the Clothing Stores and looks of disdain and ridicule were shown at him.

Overcome with shame and misery, AC2. Twirt shambled away from the Stores with the mocking laughter ringing in his ears as the enormity of his crime was passed from group to group. Outside the stores Twirt gulped and threw the now useless and offending body belt to the ground and stumbled away. Only to find himself on a charge for throwing away valuable equipment — to wit "Rags Cleaning."

A. Nickless.

Panorama of 1941 - '42

Being a Collection of Prints
Picked at Random, Show-
ing Station Activities Over
the Past Eighteen
Months



- TUESDAY, 15th JULY '41—Captain H. H. Balfour, M.C., M.P., for Thanet Division of Kent and Under Secretary of State for Air, who paid us a Flying visit, accompanied by his Parliamentary Secretary, F/Lt. W. W. Wakefield, M.P. for Swindon, and Group Captain C. H. Keith.



- S/LDR. SIR ALEXANDER SETON bids us farewell at the Sergeant's May Day dance, 1942.



- GENERAL VIEW OF THE OUTLET CAMP

—Summer, 1942



- S/LDR. MAW, A.F.C. with F/Sgt. Lewis. Since this photo was taken last April S/Ldr. Maw has been transferred from "A" Flight which formerly used Battles, and appointed O.C. flying. He was recently awarded the Air Force Cross for his work on this Station. F/Sgt. Lewis was the N.C.O. i/c "A" Flight and has since left us for home, he did great work for the Miniature Rifle Club last year.





● IN FEBRUARY 1942 the extension to the Officer's Mess, a private enterprise by the officers, was completed. The work was executed by Mr. L. C. Ward of Bloomfield.

● A GROUP taken at the camp's birthday party, shortly after the cutting of the cake. F/Lt. Oliver holds the "mike" and the cake can just be seen in the bottom left hand corner of the photo, April 1942.



● 29th APRIL, 1942. Our new C.O., Group Capt. J. Cox, D.F.C., and Mrs. Cox entertain married N.C.O.'s and airmen with their wives to tea in the Airmen's Lounge.



● NOWADAYS the Corporals' Club is no longer an innovation. Here a group of visitors from Mountain View are on the bus back. AT LEFT—The Christmas dinner last year.

Photos by G. C. Ward



● THE CROWD laughs at a cinema show last summer, starring Bob Hope. Preparation for twin projectors is now in progress.

● LAC. GRAHAM in the 3 mile with F/Sgt. Bruty close behind. The first event of the sports day held on 16th September 1942.



● MRS. COX hands over the Challenge Cup to the representative of the Pupils' Wing with Group Captain J. Cox, D.F.C., looking on.

● WORKS AND BUILDINGS. The crew who keep the camp wind and watertight. List of names reading from left to right appears on page forty-three.



Getting Down to Business

THE FIRST THREE PAGES show the Station at play. Here we have it at work. Work takes up most of our time, but naturally photographs of a technical nature cannot be published.

- Taken at the inspection in July. The I.G. takes the salute, with Group Captain J. Cox, D.F.C. at extreme left.



- THE H.Q. & M.T. WING stand to attention on the square, led by S/Ldr. W. H. Corkill and S/Ldr. Bond

- INSTRUCTION on bombs and bits, before trying to hit the target.



- A PUPIL checking over his gun before practice on the ranges.

Flight Lieutenant A. C. French Introduces Himself

AS a new comer to this station, I welcome the opportunity of addressing a few words to you as your Padrè, through the medium of this magazine.

As you probably realize, it takes time to become accustomed to the routine and organization of a station and to become acquainted with the personnel. However, I am glad to say that I already know many of you, and I hope that as time goes on we shall all become good friends.

It was a great joy to me to find such a well-equipped Chapel, and those responsible for the provision of such a place of worship are to be congratulated. The Chapel is open at all times for private meditation and prayer. I hope that full use will be made of it.

On Sundays, Holy Communion is celebrated at 07.00 hours; while the service is conducted according to the rite of the Church of England, communicants of other denominations are welcome. Holy Communion is the central service of the church, the only service actually instituted by Our Lord Himself. At this service you will find, if you come prepared and in the right spirit, strength and refreshment for the days that are to come. You are invited . . . come. A welcome awaits you.

I do want you to know, that if I can be of assistance to you in any capacity, that I am at your service. Please feel quite free to approach me at any time. Come to the Chaplain's office, which is to be found in the Recreation Hall, or make an appointment.

If ever we needed the strengthening hand of God it is in these dark days. Our Lord has promised to help all those who call upon Him sincerely. Let us pray that we may be upheld and strengthened so that whatever happens we can face the future with confidence and high hearted courage.

A.C. French, Chaplain.



CHRISTMAS is the festival of Happiness and comes once a year to remind us that after all true happiness is worth while. May it come to you in abundance, and may it be the augury of a happy year to come.

—DR. FRANK CRANE

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As a Result of the Entire Satisfaction of
Yourself and Your Friends

“Journey’s End”

THE Picton R.A.F. Drama Group, by kind permission of Group Captain J. Cox, D.F.C., presented R. C. Sherriff’s well-known play, “Journey’s End” on Saturday, 5th December.

This is the first time a show of this kind has been produced on this station; now, once started, we expect to see more.

The play was ably produced by Sergeant H. Liggat, who played the lead as Captain Stanhope. Sergeant MacLeod was Stage Manager, assisted by Sergeant R. Smale and LAC. M. Wilson, who was the electrician. Uniforms were furnished by Mallabar of Toronto.

We were lucky in having two professional actors and an experienced Stage Manager.

LAC. M. Worrall-Thompson, played the part of 2nd/Lt. Raleigh whose sister Captain Stanhope loves. Around these two the plot revolves. Thompson, whose father is a well known Shakespearian producer, is better known as Michael Ingham at home, in England. He has been with the Old Vic, of Lillian Bayliss fame, for the last few years, and immediately before joining up was playing Shakespearian parts at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, England. He gave an able performance in the part of Raleigh, and with Sergeant Liggat — Hamish Liggat, the two carried the weight of the play on their shoulders.

When war broke out, Hamish Liggat, whose home town is Bridge-of-Weir, Renfrewshire, was playing in the part of Robert in “George and Margaret” at the London Coliseum. For those who do not recall, “George and Margaret” was a very successful comedy, which ran for a long time before the war, but on declaration of war closed down, along with the other London theatres. When the theatres re-opened, Liggat was playing in the Gate Revue at the Ambassadors. He has acted in several English films, notably “The Garrison Follies” and “Pack Up Your Troubles” and has also played in the “Ghost Train” with Basil Radford, Radford incidentally was an observer in the last war, in the days when observers went up with a tourists map a bottle of rum, and a revolver.

Hamish Liggat’s first professional appearance on the stage was as a “light comedian and dancer” at the Floral Hall, Hornsea, he was fired the first night. He admits that the best part of that performance was when he fooled the manager of the show into employing him for the week. He has played in “Journey’s End” before, and last played the part at Inverness when he was cast in the part of Raleigh, which was played by Michael Ingham in this show. On that occasion Sergeant MacLeod was the stage manager, it was at the Little Theatre. A far cry from their meeting again to collaborate in producing an amateur show in Canada at Picton. The remainder of the cast were: Captain Hardy, P/O. W. Old-



ACT
II
SCENE
I



HERE'S
TO
US



PAGE FORTY

“Journey’s End”

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

field; Lieutenant Osborne, Sgt. N. Salter; Private Mason, LAC. C. Hughes; 2nd/Lt. Trotter, P/O. S. Hughes; 2nd/Lt. Hibbard, Sgt. S. Cooper; Company Sergeant Major, Sgt. R. Smale. The Colonel, P/O. J. G. Johnstone; a German Soldier, P/O. P. Jennings. Considering that none had any previous experience the performance was excellent.

The first scene dragged a little, but then the cast warmed up. Sgt. Salter as “Uncle” needs special mention among the amateur cast, for coming on to a stage for the first time in his life and giving a thoroughly efficient portrayal of the part, we hope to see more of him and that he is as well cast next time as he was this. Things went very well until the last scene, when, as Sgt. Smale brought in Raleigh, who was dying, the steps leading into the dugout broke, and he plunged on to the stage with a 15 stone body in his arms, which was nearly bad luck on the body, fortunately it was safely deposited, but the spontaneous mirth from the audience took the edge off a serious scene.

Sergeant Liggat says that everyone carried their parts wonderfully well, and that there is nothing wrong with amateurs as far as he can see, except perhaps, that they are haunted by a special squad of Gremlins, who do the most mischievous things at the most inconvenient moments. He is expecting his wife, Lorraine Clewes, over shortly, she has just completed a tour at Leeds, and is a well-known actress at home. So we are looking forward to another show with first-class acting, then.

F. E. B. F.

TOP PICTURE: Act. II, Scene I. Reading from left to right—2nd/Lt. Trotter, P/O. S. Hughes; Private Mason, LAC. C. Hughes; Lieut. Osborne, Sgt. N. Salter.

CENTRE: Act III, Scene 3.—Raleigh dying, with Captain Stanhope, Michael Ingham and Hamish Liggat.

BOTTOM: Act III, Scene 2—2nd/Lt. Stibbard, Sgt. S. Cooper; Captain Stanhope, Sgt. H. Liggat; Private Mason, LAC. C. Hughes; 2nd/Lt. Trotter, P/O. S. Hughes.

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CANADIAN ARMED FORCES EXHIBITION [Continued From Page 25]

be possible to build up a considerable record of the war in its relation to Canada by the very men who were doing the job on the spot, and who would as a result have the insight into what they were doing that makes for strong art. He further held out the prospect of providing instruction in art in the various camps, and not in art only. The various cultural aspects of life were receiving more and more attention from those of the army's leaders, among whom might be reckoned General MacNaughton, who believes that the best fighting man is the one who makes the most objective use of his spare time.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This show has since been hung at the National Gallery, Ottawa. Of the material sent in by the R.A.F. entrants alone; eight of the fourteen received came from this station.



CLASSIFY THESE IF YOU CAN [Continued From Page Twenty-eight]

-
45. **ADVENTURE** — See the land of the giants and of the pygmies. G..
-
46. **CRECHE**—Able care of children. Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, Riverside.
-
47. **FOR SALE** — Forest near Arden. Jacques.
-

-
48. **AUCTION**—George's alfalfa field. Well stocked with mice, rabbits and other livestock.
-
49. **SPECIAL OFFER** — Case of Amontillado. Montresor. The Catacombs.
-
50. **DID YOU KNOW?** — All Gaul is divided into three parts. Occupied, unoccupied and preoccupied.
-



THAT MAN AGAIN

What do you do when you have nothing to write home about?
Oh! I write home about having nothing to write home about.

Roundabout

Being a Space Devoted to the Goings on in Camp

Sergeants' Mess

Highlight of this month's activities was the marriage of Dave Taylor and Phyllis Collier, to whom we extend heartiest congratulations, and wish them both every happiness.

The Mess was well represented at the wedding, and although he wasn't the best man, Mike Verney took the cake . . . or most of it anyway! Even Swinburn (They-Sleep-With-Their-Boots-On) Sankey was a little too punch-drunk to wear customary sleeping attire!

Straying somewhat from the straight and narrow, Arthur Green, our County Palatine comic, whose main pleasures are usually derived from the radio . . . (non-stop variety) . . . accompanied Biggley Beckley on a trip to Montreal, where he paid for experience (?) and brought back the impression of a dainty "straight left" on the side of his face, for promoting an impromptu spelling bee ! ! !

For the benefit of those members who cannot remember very much about it, the dance went off very well . . . thanks to Stan Cooper's untiring efforts in charge of arrangements and decorations, etc., though we were nearly robbed of the presence of dashing, debonair Alexander Campbell . . . I'll never smile again . . . Passing thought . . . Why was J.E.H. so engrossed in conversation with the duty minister??? . . . Can it be??? . . . No . . . after all, it's purely platonic despite circumstantial evidence to the contrary!! Ho Hum!! Such is the "lighter" side of life. . .

Congratulating Headquarters "A" on their Cup Final victory was made easier by Peter Ross' goal in the last few minutes of the game which he regained a certain amount of lost prestige (we hope), though the game was a particularly scrappy one, and the Mess was beaten by superior strategy in the use of the very strong wind . . .

Anyway, here's hoping that we have some ice-hockey and basket-ball talent, or maybe someone who can juggle a bit . . .

Yet Another Definition

"My new boy friend's a perfect gentleman, although he's only a private. I had to slap his face last night, he acts just like an officer".

Servicing Squadron

That foreboding grey which at first seemed to foreshadow a cloudy future has turned out to be a sign of better weather and the winter may, after all, be made tolerable.

Here is an interesting extract from the little blue book of gen on winter operations: "Establish friendly relations with the natives in the vicinity . . . their characteristics can be determined from the local police". The Air Council are not kidding!

It is suggested that Aircraft Control be incorporated in the newly formed Test Flight then the erks need not bother about flying.

There is an abundance of talent in the hangar — not one but eight crazy gangs. "Sirs" Thomas Woodbridge, Ronald Wylie and many another aspirant whose sole qualification for musical fame is a loud voice and an overgrowth of hair, are for ever practising. Statisticians tell us that "Music Maketh Efficiency" ! !

"The Origin of Panic" by Prof. Drag-Bag, author of "Come on Laddies", etc., is now in circulation and may be described as an industrious piece of work, but the binding does not appeal to the popular taste.

That's all—keep waiting and hoping for the boat, a cup, a turn with the soap or what you will, for everything comes to he who waits—if he goes out to get it.

Works and Buildings

Following are names of personnel appearing in Works and Buildings photograph:

Back row, left to right—A. McConnell, J. Gourley, S. Williams, Sgt. Sicotte, J.R.; A. Gordon, A. Chapman, Cpl. Desmarais, J.J.; LAC. Byers, G. H.; H. Helmer; J. Howe, G. Leverton, H. Taylor, E. McConnell, AC. 1 Beardall, J.C.; Cpl. Rand, E.

Centre Row, left to right—W. Collier, A. Laundry, W. Whattam, Cpl. Howe, F.; A. Harrison, Cpl. Sleeper, R.A.; F/Sgt. Prior, A.S.; C. Vestervelt, Cpl. Clapp, G.R.; W. Vance, R. Hill, E. Hudgin, A. Brown, H. Vincent.

Front Row, left to right—A. I. Morris, R. Rogers, F. Markland, R. Smith, C. Reid, E. Sexsmith, F/Sgt. Bateson, E. J.; Flight Lieutenant Ware; F/Sgt. Byers, H.R.; S. Vincent; H. Frizzell, R. German, R. Crowe, LAC. Clapp, D.L.; D. Huff.

Canadian Painting [Continued from Page Sixteen]

"The Flood Gate" is probably the best known. These men painted the scenes and life around them, but their debt to the European painters is evident in every stroke of their brushes.

Until after the last war any worth-while Canadian work was done by such men; they looked at Canadian subjects, it is true, but with the eyes of English and French painters. It was not until the years immediately following 1919 that a group of young men decided to follow certain trends in which they had been interested before the war. Indeed, the most prominent of them, and certainly the spiritual leader, Tom Thomson, had died in 1917. This group was drawn to one another by a common love for the Canadian north, and when they united they gave Canadian painting a tremendous stimulus. Thomson, a farm boy, who loved the woods, had started sketching early in the century on pine boards. His colour sense lacked subtlety, but it betokened the spontaneous instinctive response, with freshness and clarity, with which he reacted to his native Owen Sound country and the north. He is a fine painter, but his value lies in his enthusiasm and the inspiration he afforded to those who were to follow as much as in his actual painting.

With Thomson, before the war, was a young man from Montreal, A. Y. Jackson, who became very close to him in his attitude to the country around Owen Sound, in Algoma, and north of Lake Superior. When the war was over Jackson banded together with a group of younger men. As he, himself, has phrased their aims: "We felt that there was a rich field for landscape 'motifs' . . . and we frankly abandoned attempts at literal painting, and treated our subjects with the freedom of the decorative designer. We tried to emphasize colour, line and pattern."

Here we have the kernel of the new approach. These painters appreciated that the peculiar qualities of the Canadian scene, with its vivid seasonal colours, great masses of rock, and crystal atmosphere needed a new 'venue.' This new approach was profoundly original; as an art-form the work of the Group of Seven, as they were called, holds a unique place in the history of painting. The emphasis was applied to the dynamic lines of the raw material of Canada, not to Canadian life itself. Herein lay their weakness. However, this is not to impugn them. We have only to study such canvases of A. Y. Jackson as "Winter Morning, Charlevoix" with their stress on strong organic unity of line and colour, the sense of limitless space and profound strength of structure to realize that here is for the first time a true and individual approach to Canada. Tom Thomson's "The West Wind" or "Spring Ice" carry us more into the spirit of the Canadian North than books of words, or dozens of canvases produced during the previous hundred years. From these literal, more or less, renderings of the Canadian landscape to the abstractions of Lawren Harris, such as his "Country North of Lake Superior" is not such a far cry that he is trying to tell the same story with a simplified canvas, and similar painting technique; the same story of barren open spaces where only the hardy things can survive.

These were the men who did most to Canadianize painting in Canada. It remained for their successors and imitators to apply the lessons learned to life in this country. The Group has had many followers. Of these L.A.C. Panton is typical in the landscape field. Here, in such works as "Woodland Hilltop," we find the emphasis of the group of line composition over-emphasized until what amounts very nearly to an abstraction results. Charles Comfort, however, although an early disciple, has managed to free himself to some extent of this influence. His "Ontario Summer," a rather later work, shows considerable individuality of style, with a strong infusion of the illustrators technique. Carl Schaefer in his "Field with Stubble" shows again a slight influence from the group. He has managed to achieve marked individuality, however, and has made the farms of southern Ontario his theme. And here and there we find artists, such as André Bieler, capable of going their own way, interested in what goes on around them, but on the whole uninfluenced. His "Gatineau Madonna" is an example.

Contemporary art in Canada is a strange mixture. A. Y. Jackson is still painting his strong northern canvases. Men like Schaefer, Comfort, Panton, Harris are turning out work all the time, some of it derivative, some of it highly individualized. Then there are the younger artists. Jack Nicholls, Michael Forster, Marian Scott, Henri Masson, these are only a few names picked at very random from the roster. Many of these people show traces of what might be called Americanism. That cannot be very surprising when we consider our closeness to the United States. Many of them are leftist propagandists, a very natural tendency in young men and women who have had to paint 'the hard way, taking time off from their work in factories and farms to record their intense reactions to the life around them. However that may be, Canadian art may be said, at least, to have found some native roots, and is beginning to broaden out into a strong national expression.

The Drogue Tatters and Chatters

The absence of our contribution this last couple of months can be blamed on that well known proverb, "Never put off until tomorrow what one should have done yesterday".

Procrastination is an elastic word and this month can be applied to the 'whip man' who is the chief procrastinator, in that on leave he just 'put off' applying the brake until it was too late. It's a funny thing the 'Pole' didn't even move. Damages to the extent of at least three forty-eights was a shaker, even to the 'performing moths' who I'll bet were more shaken up than he.

A Miss is as good as a mile, says "Dad", when he shouted "Halt" to the Fairey that persistently tried to make a meal out of his Lizzie . . . it's a good job it wasn't a Moth! How about "Jinx" who has now changed the well known puzzle "Brothers and sisters have I none but this guy's "cousin" is nobody's business."

"Superman" is shortly changing into boxing rig-out . . . look out for him in the gym. We are sorry to lose "Boy Wonder Adam" to the range but we're hoping to get him back in time for the basket-ball season . . . so look out you basket-ball fans!

Welcome to F/Lt. Grenfell, P/O's Campbell, McKellar and Henderson . . . here's hoping that this flight is really gonna be tops!

Manager Carruthers would like to know if there's any more "Fitba" players want to join the flight—and we do mean "Fitba" . . . to our English Cousins "Fitba" is played scientifically—they wouldn't know anything about that !!!

Last, but not least, the Pilots' theme song: "The Jersey Bounce". (The drogue operators' lament). And so, over to you

Repair Section

There have been several changes and interesting happenings in No. 6 since last going to press. Firstly we have changed our name to Repair Section, which means we either fix 'em or wreck 'em.

The Instrument Section has flown to the Artificial Horizon, and stores, complete with Stokey, is now situated next door to where most of this "gen" comes from.

One of our Battle Aircraft was placed u/s. for seized controls by Sergeant Toggles, we wonder who seized them!

10 L. wants to know where the bugle has gone from 10 R., we can Twigg it, if you can't.

It's rumoured the C.T.O. making a tour of No. 6 ordered some rubbish to be removed, but he was informed it was the remains of the Anson we had to use for spares . . .

Ali Baba and the forty thieves !!

"A" Flight

Well lads and lassies, since our last copy very little has happened.

Cpl. Lowe has returned to bind us, after several weeks of scrounging. But we would like to know what Page of history is being made at Ottawa, and we would "Long" for More knowledge of it.

As we have so many phantoms in the flight, we are thinking of changing the name from "A" Flight, and calling it the "Ghost Flight".

W&B's take note, we have in our midst two very strong men, very good at demolition, especially with the tail planes of Ansons. All offers to be made to Messrs. Sharp & Longmore.

ERRATA

Apologies are due to Wing Commander Humphreys in the October issue on the centre page of the sports photos. He was erroneously described as W/Commander Lowe-Holmes.



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SAM CHONG

MAIN STREET, PICTON

Station Sick Quarters

We welcome to this abode of the faint and feeble, our new hospital cook, LAC. George Walker; who comes to us from Mountain View. We are all doing our best to say 'nowt' about the old socks that he smokes, but no doubt we shall get used to it in time if we survive.

We extend our congratulations to the S.M.O.; being the proud father of a son and heir.

That 'out of bounds' place, the Orderly Room, is the subject of much discussion of late; as there is always much confidential and secret "gen" in there, we are thinking of having the walls insulated soon.

Amendment for Orderly Sergeants orders: Before placing a man on sick report the following questions must be answered:

Can you play a mouth organ, piano, or act the goat?

If reply is in the affirmative, proceed in the normal manner, if otherwise, would-be patient is not worth considering.

Why all the excitement on the morning of the 4th of November? well:

All the bells are ringing,
All the traffic stops,
For the S.M.O. is coming,
To take some movie shots!

By special request:

Lofty: R.I.P.

DRESS OPTIONAL—At a Hallowe'en party for the Rompers' Club there was a levy for refreshments: 10 cents for those in costume, 25 cents for those without. What we want to know is what they charged the man who came as Adam.

The Station Library

With the advent of the long awaited batch of new books, the Station Library has taken on an air of importance which has long been its due, and these new books have come at an opportune time, just when winter is on its way and the need for something to read is strongest.

They are a splendid lot containing all the very latest and most topical books, and some of the most famous works of modern times, such as those masterpieces "How Green is my Valley" and "This Above All" are well worth reading.

There is one thing in particular I should like to say about these books, that is play fair with them, as soon as you have read them, return them, so that they can go around more quickly, and don't take more than one at a time, that's if you are lucky enough to see two at the same time in the Library, for I am sure there will be a rush on them.

Entertaining You

The winter programme is beginning to get into its stride

First we had the return of Lowney's Caravan show on Monday, October 11th and I am sure it was enjoyed by all just as much this time as on the previous occasion. Claire Rouse was just as fascinating as ever with his instruments, and the Spanish Dancer was just as FASCINATING, her vivacious personality and dancing will long live in our memories, and the conjuror has not been able to empty that jar yet.

A surprise was sprung upon us with the Massey-Harris Combines, and they arrived at very short notice, but what a grand show they put on, with such a galaxy of dancers, that fine pair who gave us our first Adagio dance and sent the heart into the mouth of Maurice Wilson our tame electrician, every time the girl was whirled around within an inch of the footlights, the Tap dancing was really excellent, being performed by a man who was obviously a first class dancer. To crown it all they produced the finest singer we have heard in this hall; Sylvia you can come and entertain us as often as you like.

Captain Armitage gave us another evening of Dickens which must bring home the grand tradition of the English theatre and its value which brings us to the Station Concert Party which is striving to form itself into a strong and valuable asset to the Station, we will have to rely on the members during those cold bad days of the winter months when trips to town won't be so pleasant, and something on in the Gaiety theatre will be welcome, but don't leave it to a few to do it all and then complain, "I've heard him before", remember variety is vital, so we ask you not to say you could do better, but come along and do it, come along the next time you see a rehearsal announcement in D.R.O.'s. We want your help. The smoker held on Wednesday, 28th of October was a success, thanks to the efforts of Sgt. Liggett and Sgt. McLeod who put in much hard work to produce it. W/O Reick was the life of the party, and was mainly responsible for the fun and games, L.A.C. Harry Phillips was called for by the crowd, and stepped up to give us some songs in a manner that only he could do, as for the rest they did their best in a manner which did them credit.

The Radio Gram is proving a very useful investment and the Sunday problem in particular is solved with the now famous Picton Promenade Concerts and the acquisition of a good selection of records, an appreciative crowd of about 350 airmen assemble every Sunday to listen to the world's finest music, played and sung by the best artists.

We can now look forward to Christmas and its attendant frivolities. Arrangements so far are very vague, but it can be said now that a big dance in the Armories on the 17th is booked so keep that date open, and other entertainments are being cooked up, including the usual Christmas dinner.

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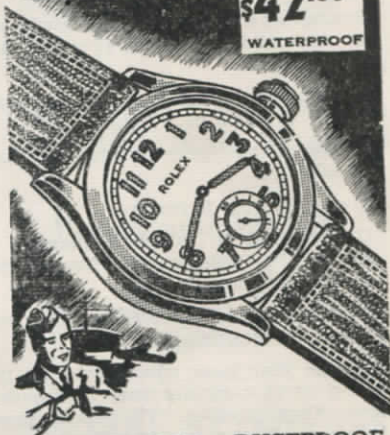
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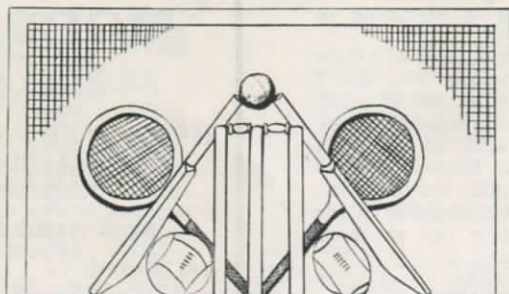
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Sports



Section

As Station Sports Officer, I think that I should inform all men on the Station that the Service Institute has been very kind to us of late and that a very sincere vote of thanks is due to them. Much needed sports equipment has been purchased and a few of the items are mentioned for your information:

- (a) 1 doz. Tennis Racquets, $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Badminton Racquets with balls and shuttles to suffice.
- (b) Boxing kit for the enthusiastic who are turning out in fine style, 17 so far, any more names?
- (c) Enough Hockey gear to equip completely 4 teams of 9 men.
- (d) Enough Soccer gear to equip 4 teams completely.
- (e) Rugger kit for 3 teams
- (f) Cricket gear in sufficient quantity to ensure that cricket will flourish for another summer at least
- (g) Shield and Medals for Soccer Cup and League competitions.

Please use your head when you read the above and don't complain that one section got more than another. The above items are to augment what we already have on the station. Certain games were already well equipped. Equipment for certain games cost more, too, and it is wrong to judge by monetary values. Secondly, remember that in war time you can't get what you want in the shops, you have to take what you can get, and that you wouldn't get it at all in some countries. So, don't always try to judge on quality.

Then again if you think that our spending was too liberal in certain cases, I would have you remember that there is a possibility that certain, if not all, manufacturers of Sporting equipment will cease to operate and that by our action now we should be able to make our sports programme a reasonable certainty for at least two seasons.

It ought to be mentioned that all Soccer minded personnel on the station should be very grateful to our C.O. for his very fine cup for the challenge competition.

F/Lt. Laithwaite

BOXING

THE VISIT TO TRENTON

On November seventeenth a team visited Trenton, consisting of Corporals Duffett and Betts, trainers and seconds, with F. W. Markwick, who turned the scale at 120 lbs., L. Marshall, 132 lbs., J. Samuels 152 lbs., and M. Thomas 180 lbs. The reserves were Wark, Barry and Taylor.

This team had had little or no training since they last boxed, and Thomas last boxed seriously two years ago; as yet the Station Ring is not used due to alterations in the Drill Hall. In spite of this lack of practice and facilities, the above team was picked and put up a sporting, if not successful show, due to lack of training.

Markwick fought J. Farrell of Kingston. Farrell weighed only 110 lbs, so both parties decided to make it an exhibition bout. They gave a neat and entertaining display.

Marshall was knocked out in $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes by Cpl. Blanchard of Trenton. Corporal Blanchard was in excellent condition and is a professional boxer. Marshall was unlucky, but could have given a better account of himself if he had kept his head. Training and practise should remedy that.

The next match was Samuels versus Clairman, again from the R.A.F. Station at Kingston. This was a good exhibition in spite of Samuels being out of trim, he only decided to fight at the last minute. He went down in the third and last round for a count of five when the bell finished the bout.

The last match was the best of the four; Thomas took on Sgt. Fulton of Trenton. Sgt. Fulton being a Physical Training Instructor at the airport. The first round was well fought and skilful defence by Thomas took most of the blows on the arms. He could punch hard when the opportunity arose, and held his own well until the end of the second round, when lack of training began to tell. He got a blow behind the ear in the third round which was soon followed by one which seemed to wind him, he went down and out.

Rugger

The Rugger Club has had a very successful month with fixtures against Clinton, Port Albert, Mountain View (3), Mount Hope (2) and Toronto University.

On Saturday, October 24th. The team visited Mountain View whose side consisted chiefly of New Zealanders, so an excellent game resulted.

Picton opened the scoring when the ball came out from the scrum on the Mountain View '25,' and L.A.C. Shields, lying back, had time for a perfectly timed drop at goal which just cleared the post. Mountain View soon retaliated with a try scored from a strong forward rush, this was not converted. Just before half time Picton went further ahead when P/O. Johnson broke through from a loose scrum near the opponents line. F/O. Mills converted, making the score at half time 9-3. The Picton forwards took control of the game in the second half and continuously hammered the Mt. View line. Their defence held out until near the end when from a scrum inside their '25' the ball came out quickly, and F/O. Mills cut through the defence to score between the posts. L.A.C. Shields converted, making the final score 14-3.

The hardest fought game of the season to date was at Mount Hope where the Picton pack found themselves outweighed by the heavier home side. Ably led by P/O. Johnson they played a magnificent game giving our three-quarters the greater share of the ball. Mount Hope opened the scoring with a try from a scrum near the Picton line which they converted. Picton, however, fought back strongly, both sides going all out in a fiercely contested and hectic twenty minutes' play; Libbett's hooking was noteworthy and the Picton forwards aggressive play was rewarded finally when the ball came back to F/O. Mills, who broke through the Mt. Hope defence and scored near the posts. The kick at goal was successful. Picton continued to attack hard and following a loose scrum near the Mt. Hope line P/O. Johnson broke away and crossed the line for a further try which F/O. Mills converted; at this time the Picton forwards were right on top and only the stout defence of the home side saved their line on many occasions. F/Lt. Laithwaite made a fine burst through but was brought clean down on the line by a magnificent tackle by the Mt. Hope full back. The half time whistle blew with the score 10-5.

On resuming play Mt. Hope soon reduced our lead after a sound movement which resulted in a try, far out near the corner, this was not converted. Mt. Hope were now attacking strongly, making good use of the following wind. The Picton defence was fully tried in the early stages of the second half. The pressure was relieved by a swift movement by Shields, Sgt. Purvis and Sgt.

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Wright, resulting in the latter racing away and scoring a grand try in the corner. F/Lt. Laithwaite just failed against the wind with the kick. Score 13-8.

Mountain View (home) Wednesday, October 21st—A very hard game on a wet pitch, notable for the fact that three tries were scored by the backs and this on a wet day. The first score came when F/Lt. Laithwaite went over in the corner after a blind side dash. Then Mt. View evened up the score with a forward rush to score a try. The kick failed. A break through by F/Lt. Laithwaite resulted in a try by Pomeroy who scored after a grand dash of 30 yards. The kick failed. Sgt. Davies completed the victory with an unconverted try to leave Picton the winners by 9-3.

The reports on the following games will appear in next month's issue.

University of Toronto away, November 7th, win 28-3.

Mountain View away November 28th, win 12-5.

Soccer

The season is drawing to a close, much to the regret of everyone. We have completed all our local League and Cup fixtures, with Headquarters "A" completing the "double" by winning both competitions. Peace and quiet reigns in the Canteen and Airmen's Dining Hall, with nothing to argue about, though one may occasionally hear groups hark back to past history, "You were lucky to beat so-and-so" and, "If what-you-call him had been playing for us we would have won. Now that hostilities have ceased we must admit that all this friendly argument was instrumental in fostering the amount of interest shown in every game even though the lowly league clubs were engaged, and few games were a "cinch" for any team until the final whistle had blown.

The different contests in "The Group Capt. Cox Challenge Cup" occupied most of our attention during the past month and the class of soccer displayed in each of the games was of a very high standard, quite as good as any we have seen in Canada, which is very creditable, considering the limited number of players available to choose from.

In the second round of the cup games, Headquarters "D" were Ko'd by G.I.S. in the closing stages of a very scrappy game in which the losers more than held their own until the "Bombardiers" from the School got their sights adjusted and scored four direct hits on the target to win by 4-1. G.I.S. by virtue of the victory qualified to meet Sergeants in the semi-final but were evidently overawed by the imposing array of talent in the ranks of the opposition and never reached the form displayed in the previous game, and though Hassall in goal gave an inspired display in his efforts to stave off defeat, the pupils were forced to

make their exit from the competition by the score of 2-0.

Sergeants were now all set for the Final, but doubt existed about their opponents since Messes and "A" Flight had drawn twice in their 2nd round tie and were still deadlocked, with Headquarters "A" standing by and ready to do battle with the winners for the right to oppose Sgts. for the Silverware. However, Messes struck the form expected of them in the 2nd replay and rammed home five goals while holding "A" Flight scoreless.

It may have been due to the strenuous games they had played with "A" Flight but whatever the cause Messes struck a bad patch in the semi-final game with Headquarters "A" and went out to the tune of 3 goals to nil.

The final, with Sergeants and Headquarters "A" as the contestants, developed into a struggle between Sgts. forwards and H.Q.'s defence. H. Q.'s attack rarely got going but during one of their few incursions to the other end, McConnell was adjudged to have been unfairly tackled by an opposing defender and from the resultant "penalty" the centre opened H.Q.'s account from the "spot". The goal was much against the run of play, but try as they might Sgts. could not overcome a sturdy defence until ten minutes from the end Chambers headed through from a corner taken by Sheddon. The game ended in a "draw" of 1 goal each.

The weather for the replay was against good football. A fall of snow in the morning had melted and left the going underfoot rather heavy. With a strong gale blowing from end to end, control of the ball was very difficult. H.Q.'s winning the toss, elected to take advantage of the wind and with this powerful ally pressed continuously in the first half. Dudley opened the scoring and Pope added two more to leave Sgts. behind by three goals at the interval. Sgts., with the gale in their favour after the turnover were expected to monopolise the game, but evidently feeling the strain of their first half gruelling were unable to take advantage and it was not until the closing stages that Ross scored a consolation goal to leave Headquarters "A" winners by 3-1 and the first team to have their names inscribed on the handsome trophy presented by the Commanding Officer.

The presentation of the Cup and League medals will be made to the winners at one of the Station dances.

TEAMS

Headquarters "A"—L.A.C. Thornton, L.A.C. Williams and L.A.C. Dobby; L.A.C. Pope, L.A.C. Clapperton and L.A.C. Haldenby; L.A.C. Long, Cpl. Dudley, L.A.C. McConnell, A/C Kellett and L.A.C. Ross.

Sergeants: Sgt. Wright; W/O Bruty and Sgt. Giles; Sgt. Pollard, W/O Simpson and

POPE BROS.

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Sgt. Ross; Sgt. Chambers, Sgt. Sheddon, F/Sgt. Alexander, Sgt. Miller and Sgt. Cagienard.

Referee: P/O I. G. Campbell.

The activities of the Station team have been limited during the month. Our only important fixture was when we entertained Dominion Bridge, runners-up in The Toronto and district Senior League. The match played at Picton Fair Grounds, on Sunday 11th, was well patronized but the large crowd who expected to see a close game were disappointed as the Bridge did not prove up to the calibre of our previous Senior league visitors, Ulster United, and retired soundly beaten by the score, 6-2.

A new schedule of games in The Quinte League was mapped out. Our first away game in the new schedule saw us win a point at Trenton in a drawn game of 2 goals each. The return game at Picton we won 6-1.

Mountain View visited us and were defeated. We visited Mountain View on two occasions and won both games 5-3 and 4-2.

We are well ahead on points in this competition and should bring the league Pennant to Picton.

Future fixtures definitely arranged at the time of going to press are versus Clinton R.A.F. at Ulster Stadium, Toronto, on 14th November, sponsored by the Canadian Sports Service League and versus Detroit All Stars at Detroit on a December date not yet decided upon.

Other fixtures, both home and away, are in the offing and may be fixed up later. For particulars, watch the local papers.

Cpl. Hood

R.A.F. SONG TITLES

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| "You Are My Sunshine" | —Pay Parade |
| "Come All Ye Faithful" | —Church Parade |
| "I Passed By Your Window" | —Weekly Inspection |
| "What Do You Know Joe?" | —Trade Test |
| "Beautiful Dreamer" | —Security Guard |
| "Whispering" | —Duff Gen. |
| "Once in a While" | —48 Hour Pass |
| "It All Comes Back to Me Now" | —Hot Dogs |
| "Just an Angel in Disguise" | —S.P.'s |
| "No, No, a Thousand Times No" | —Early Chits |
| "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie" | —C.O.'s Office |
| F.A. | |

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ONE THAT'S BEEN GOING THE ROUNDS

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They were the only passengers, the cargo consisting of guano.

At Dublin the Captain was hailed by the Customs with, "What cargo have you?"

"A load of guano and two actors", came the reply.

"Blimey", said one comedian to his partner. "Ain't we ever going to top the bill?"



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The Picton Gazette