

APPENDIX "D"

October
1942

RECTE VOLARE



Vol. 1 No. 2

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1942

RECTE VOLARE

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After an interval of time, which, to those of us who are responsible for thrusting this magazine amongst you, and I expect, to a number of its credulous recipients, must have seemed almost interminable, we have burst into print once more. In its new size, appearance and policy, I hope that this time, our Station magazine will enjoy a long and certain life, helped on into maturity by the support of advertisers, purchasers and contributors. One thing, however, is certain: the total blame for so late an appearance cannot be taken by those of us who are responsible for its appearance, tardy though it maybe be.

Of the large, and seemingly ever increasing number of personnel on this unit, and in spite of repeated appeals in D.R.O.'s only four could be induced to give any material aid, and leave and sickness have reduced this number most of the time to two. To those of you on the camp, who think that the production of this issue was an easy matter, I can say quite sincerely, that you have been misinformed, and so, if any of you would like to give a hand, I can assure you that your aid, be it in terms of sheer hard work, or of articles, poems, cartoons and the like, will be most thankfully received. And, if any of our former advertisers hesitate to prolong their patronage because, as it often the case nowadays, they have nothing much to advertise, let us assure them, that the best business proposition nowadays is to carry on your advertising. That way, you will be right in the position to 'beat the pistol' when peace comes and money begins to flow.

What of the Camp? Practically all of the 'Old Gang' have now gone and we who are left, seem besieged by new but friendly faces. May they enjoy their stay at Port-Albert! To all, who by recent postings, have lost their pals, let it be a consolation to them to know, that one can make such friends in the Service as one could never make in 'Civvy Street'. Fancy feeling 'cut up' because your next door neighbour but one, has moved to another district, and then remember the pangs with which you parted from the 'bloke' who usually stands next to you on Tuesday Morning's Parade. That's one good thing the Service does for you! And so in bringing to a close this unwarranted 'blurb' let me once again ask for your support. If you feel like doing something, come along and see any one of us anytime, won't you? Till the next time 'Au revoir' chaps.

F.B.H.

Grimwood's Travel Talks!

It started on a Friday; not Friday the 13th., but just an ordinary Friday, the 18th. of September to be precise, for which we were truly thankful, for Friday the 13th. bids good for no man or undertaking, least of all for an epic flight such as was due to start that day.

Now as well all know, there are three kinds of pilots, namely, Sprog Pilots, Nob-hound Pilots and Taxi Drivers Airframe. Recently admitted to the ranks of Taxi Drivers — who are the alpha and omega of the bird men, having flown at least 1,000 hours in their kites and 2,000 or more in the Mess — is one 'Snazzle' Grimwood, he of the new crowns and that coveted title of 'chiefy'.

Now we also know that they say everything comes to him who waits, and this is perhaps true in the Service if one starts waiting after receipt of Good Conduct Badge No. 2. But there are exceptions to this rule, one of these being the aforesaid 'chiefy', who, with Badge No. 1 still below the horizon had become a Taxi Driver and a 'Chiefy', and was now about to become one of the heroes of this epic flight. Yes, even he had to admit that he was to become a hero, not verbally of course, his modesty forbade that, but by the fact that he had left at least one inch between the pocket and the brevet of his new tunic ready to receive the ribbon his deeds should merit.

As we have said before it started on a Friday, this flight of all flights, though it was not until Saturday evening that our hero was able to give his full account. Meal-times without number he had tried to complete the flight for us, but the departure of his audience to their respective duties had made the machine so Unserviceable, so that he had to return to Base. Added to these departures were the facts that he had found seventeen leaks in the oil pipes, sundry 'gremlins' in the starboard motor, and at no time had the visibility extended over a hundred miles. However, by Saturday evening the sons of G.I.S. had chased away all the 'gremlins', the Senior Medical Officer had supplied enough adhesive tape to cure fourteen of the leaks, four O'Keefes had doubled our hero's vision making visibility 100.01 miles, and above all it was a guest night in the Mess.



IT'S A "GRIM"
FLIGHTY-TALE

Though it may not be good taste, 'mine host' often makes an audience of his guests. Our hero, being this type of host, stood, "his back to the 'bar-Mac'", and scanned the Mess horizon for two likely victims to 'start up' for him. On a bearing of 090 degrees from the bartenders shoulder and at a distance equal to the fifth line of the 'shooove ha' penny' board, his eyes alighted on an extremely suitable target, to wit, one table, three chairs and two fair damsels. Allowing for deviation due to 'liquid swirl', our hero made that trip in record time, arriving at the target with bomb doors open, but with his bombs disguised as pearly white teeth so that his victims were fooled and ignored the 'hair raising siren'. He launched himself into the remaining cockpit and 'primed' himself for the start. "At last, the moment has arrived" he thought. But no, not quite. On doing his cockpit check he finds need for refueling. So, steering a reciprocal course, he makes good the 'boozer' and obtains sufficient fuel for the first hop, in the form of 1 Molsons, 1 gin and lime and a Coco-Cola. Spilling a little of the fuel over one of the damsel's dress, he 'switches on' a sheepish grin in apology, but she, thinking he wishes to start 'switches on' a small 'GRIM ACE' in reply and in a matter of seconds they are 'airborne'.

"The first hop is to Camp Borden" he tells his audience, a route he knows so well he can fly it with his eyes shut. At least that was his explanation on being caught in such a manner, though as we all know, the fifth Molson's is apt to make one feel drowsy. At Camp Borden we refuel—"Same again, Corporal" — and are airborne once more. His next stop is at North Bay, two hours hence, but our hero, having aboard such a high octane 'fuel', does this in a matter of minutes, though not without a few moments of apprehension, for this part of the route is unknown to him and it is not until he reaches North Bay that he can tack himself onto the rear of the early morning train from Toronto and so follow the railway to his destination in far distant Calgary.

By now the sixth Molson's has done its work, again closing his eyes and also removing the few wits he owns for a few brief seconds. At that moment 'Joe' Bricknell, operating the pin-wheel in the games room beckons such guests who can sport a few nickels, with his famed 'Come ooon' and our hero, thinking it is reveille, awakens with a 'start' and once more is airborne as soon as he takes aboard the seventh Molson's. With a slight shrug of the shoulders, such as becomes all modest heroes, he answers a question as to his popularity with the W.A.A.F.'s at North Bay the previous evening.

'Campuscasing'; 'Casuscampin'. No he could neither say it or spell it and anyway who could after seven 'refills'. Anyhow that was his next port of call, there to take lunch and again refuel. Little did he realise that is was still only 10.30 p.m. and that the 'lunch' was only the usual refreshments provided on guest nights. Nor did he realize that he had been refueled with Labatt's octane instead of the correct Molson's, though as it turned out this was all to the good for it took his thoughts to a higher plane, and realising that his guests may become bored by his 'take offs' and 'landings' at strange ports, he continued the trip from the scenic point of view.

We have all viewed this land of Canada from some angle or other, the 'irks' as it ambles past the windows of the old 'jalopy', the elders as it speeds

by the station transport and the pilots from every height between minus 20 feet and the base of the wispy 'cirrus'. But no one had viewed it from such heights as those to which the 'chiefs' imagination had soared. Which soared the higher, his imagination or his estimation of himself, no one will ever know, for no other mortal has reached these heights and survived.

Would that I could record his descriptions of this fair country as he saw it in his flight of fancy; the hills and dales; streams and lakes; the sun setting over the prairies and the glimpses of animal life disturbed by the roar of the engines. But this needs a worthier pen than mine for to me a forest is just a conglomeration of trees. "Ah! Did he hear the word 'forest'". Back from the heavens he drops to that wordly ego of his. "Could he make his guests realise the danger of flying over miles and miles of forests?" Of the life he would have to lead if he were forced down amongst them?" Days, maybe weeks, living on nuts and berries; of his genius in trapping rabbits and catching fish from an aircraft dinghy of his skill in making a fire without matches?" "Lucky he had been a Boy Scout in his youth." "Yes, he would try", and breaking into the 'iron rations' which in reality were the usual mess cookies that are part of the refreshments, he gave an account that glowed so much that the forest fire from which he had to run for life on the tenth day appeared by comparison the mere flicker of a dried up cigarette lighter.

"Ha! What now." His flight of fancy has taken him away from the serious business in hand. He is lost. But what is that to a man of his calibre? He knows he is in Manitoba, the land of the flowing wheat fields and grain elevators. Down he comes to zero feet and, Lo and behold, printed in large type on the grain elevator that towers above his port mainplane is the name of the village, Rathwell. Once again all is well, at least till he gets over the prairies and again he is lost for the strain is beginning to tell and the train has gone to . . . well. But even heroes have luck. Stood at the bar are 'Timber Woods', ace pilot, Sgt. Rushton, himself no mean performer in the 'bird' line, and that wizard of radio 'Aelectrician' Hales. In two shakes of the barman's head when asked for a 'Tom Collins', they have a bearing on him. Now they switch over to Low Frequency in the shape of the duty waiter and once more our hero goes gaily on his way with a Q.D.M. 270 degrees Lethbridge.

Now he is over familiar ground. Medicine Hat. He would always have a deep affection for this place for was it not here that he was taught to be a 'bird man'? Were not the trials and tribulations he endured here in far distant days, at least twelve moons ago, the reason for him being the hero he was today?

"What is this?" "One of his audience leaving him?" "What, you are her husband?" "Yes, there is a dance on in the station hall." "Does he do such mundane things as dancing?" Well, perhaps he had better, though it seems a pity to have to return to Base with only 200 miles to go. Ah well, perhaps the aircraft would really be serviceable tomorrow and the weather fit. If they delayed their departure much longer he was going to have spent the dollars they had given him to tide him over the journey especially as he had needed so much 'fuel'.

P.S. Flight Sergeant Grimwood left Port Albert flying Anson XYZ and in company with two others of the same breed at 15:01 hours Sunday, September 20th., destination Calgary.

G.A.R.

“Funnies”

Being little humorous happenings from Huron's Hotspot

Did you hear the one about the newly arrived Pilot Officer, whose first expressed desire was to “shake” a certain Warrant Officer pilot, whose stature was twice, and service thrice his own? 'S' fact!

☆ ☆ ☆

Or about the Wireless Operator who was seen standing longingly by the roadside? A car pulled up, and the driver said, “where d'you want to go, buddy?” “Kincardine” replied the W.O.P. “Well” said the driver, “I'm not exactly going to Kincardine, but to a place four miles the other side of it.” “O.K.” replied the W.O.P. wearily, ‘I'll wait for someone else’!!

And Gandhi still gets away with it!!

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And then there's the Corporal on the camp, who, although he thinks he's past his age of usefulness in the Royal Air Force, still manages to ‘cope’, practically every night in nearby Goderich. Hope I'm like that when I'm nearly eighty!!

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Perhaps you know the Pilot Officer, who by wearing battle dress and ‘bashing’ in the front of his ceremonial hat contrived to make himself look like the owner of the camp.

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Have you met the Sergeant's Mess waiter who is always' looking round? Or the airman in headquarters who proceeds to work with tennis balls and racquet? Or D.A.P.'s (pronounced Deps) special representative on this Unit?

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“Signals Sweepings”

It would require, I am afraid, more than a page or so of a pocket size magazine to chronicle the incredible “goings and comings” of the Signals Section since last we were in print.

Apart from those we have lost; and who does not remember John, Robbie, Bob, Teddy and many more of their ilk, we have received in exchange, an assorted parcel of “super-hetted” radio technicians, who, true to type, are at present making the air hideous with “X” signals. May they soon get their undercarfts down! !

An irretrievable gap in the Section was left by the repatriation of “Tommy”, a gap that cannot be filled even by Cpl. Gaddes, with two fair sized W.O.P.’s wedged in as makeweight

And then to pass on, . . . it seems that “The Wedding March” has been adopted as the Section’s signature tune. To the numerous members, who have got “out of hand” and “under the thumb”, go our congratulations. Same congrats. go to “Chiefy” Vaughan on the addition to his family. Pity its hadn’t been a boy Chris, as it is just about old enough to join up and be a Corporal W.E.M.

Now we come to the most incomprehensible happening it has been my luck to behold. On every camp that I have been stationed on except this one, the Signals Section has invariably been about as popular as a Jews Harp player in the Berlin Philharmonic, the word “wireless” generally having been quite sufficient to cause the S.W.O. to throw a fit. Not here though!!!

Woven around a theme of Blake’s and tended by Harizs and Minson Mk. 1, aided by many keen, if not clever, gardeners, the Beaufighter flower garden blossomed into a thing of great beauty and easily won the First Prize for the best garden on the camp. Not content with this blow at Discip’s midriff, the hut next amassed itself a set of sixty-eight “Buckshee” half days tacked on to its week-ends, by being the cleanest hut on the Unit. And, believe it or not, we are plenty capable of doing some more “shaking” before long.

The mention above of Minson Mk. 1, leads us ot welcome to our midst Minson Mk. 2, and we feel sure that Mk. 2 will make the ideal “stand-in” for Dicky in his nefarious deeds.

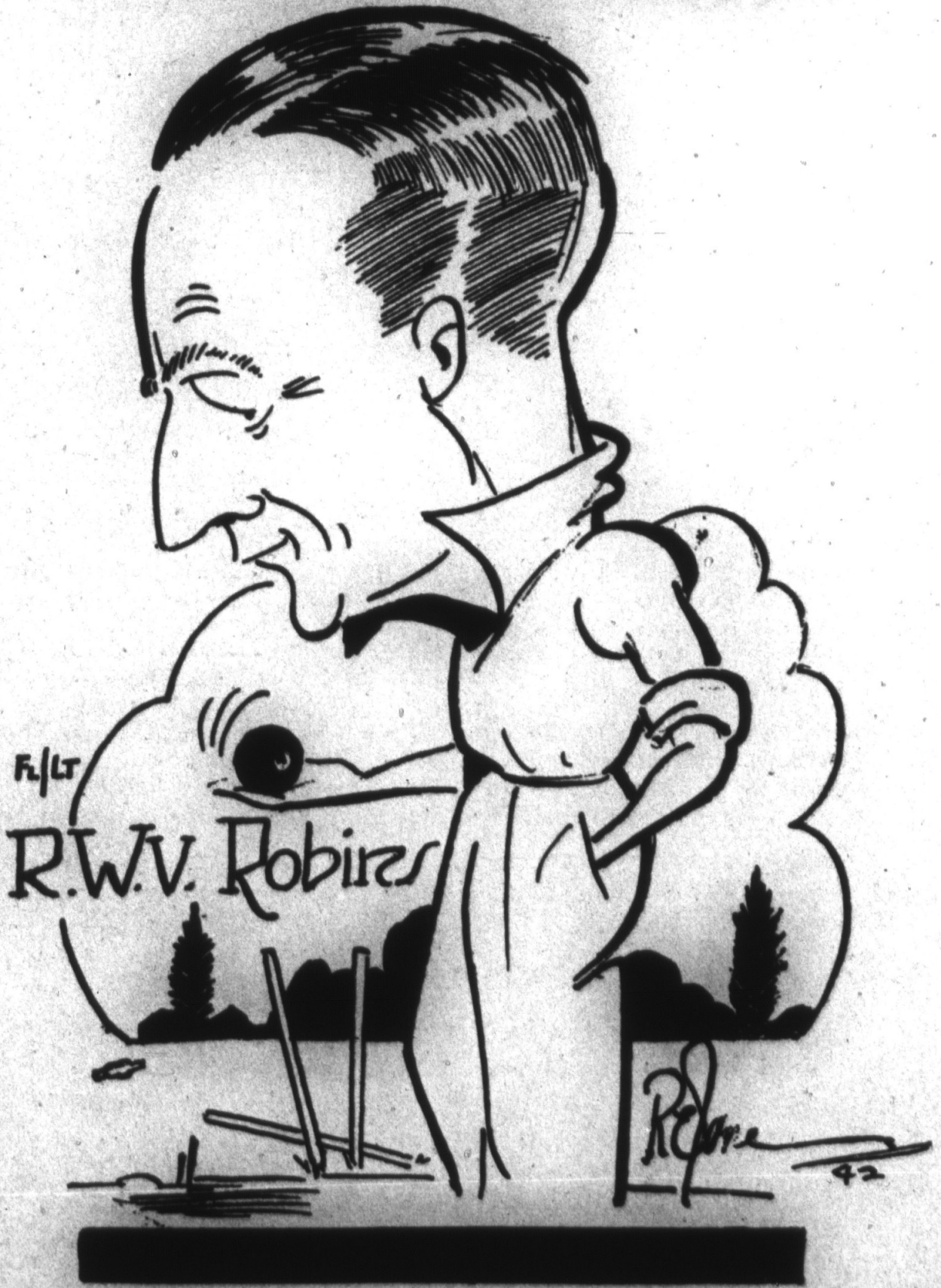
And now, before we “four-nine-six”, let us congratulate all those, who since our last issue have been re-classified or promoted; Good show, all!!! So till the next time, “Keep them flying”; but not at meal times, please, even a Senior N.C.O. can tell you that trying to manoeuvre spaghetti, whilst flying in bad weather, at ten thousand, when both navigators are sick and the W.O.P. can’t obtain a Q.D.M., . . . well it’s just plain “Sgts. Mess” !!!

One-nine-five

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Day of Festivities 19 - 9 - 42

Our friends in the Met. office had the last word on Saturday, September 19th. when a veritable cloud burst upset the scheduled activities at the Thirty One Club (Matthew's Estate). We were looking forward to the Cricket Match,—Officers and Sergeants versus Airmen—and especially to seeing R.W.V. Robins in action without having to pay the usual shilling at the turnstile. Unfortunately rain stopped play with the Airmen 23 for 3.

Captain Freel and his friends had arranged to put various sideshows to fill in the odd hours but again the rain interfered and they had the trouble of transferring them to the various messes. They are to be thanked for the efforts they made.

Later in the day a Ladies Soft-ball Team with Trainer, Manager and Supporters came up from London to beguile the Station Team into forfeiting their golden opinions won as finalists of the local League. After tea in the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House, a break in the weather seemed to suggest a possible start. Captain Nefsky and the P.A. team started two short and had to co-opt their opponents reserves. The few spectators that braved the poor weather conditions were rewarded by an hour's excellent entertainment. Captain Nefsky, who pitched for us, mixed them well and the initial stages of the game were in our favour but things evened towards the end when P.A. won 6-2; perhaps the Umpire, Sgt. Tingey was rather prejudiced in favour of our fair visitors as the result did not justify our team's reputation locally.

The visitors were entertained in the Airmen's Mess and the unusual display of table-cloths and shining silver brought shamed-faced grins from the cooks; great interest was displayed in the subsequent inspection of the kitchens particularly as Sunday's breakfast was then in preparation. Thanks are due this time to the staff of the Mess.

Finally came the Dance in the Empire Theatre. Cpl. Tedder and his working party made their usual excellent job of decorations and a special vote of thanks must be given to the Band, who, though sadly depleted by recent postings, triumphed over their difficulties and contributed in no small way to make the evening a success.

Squadron Leader McLellan, our Entertainments Officer and Master of Ceremonies incurred great displeasure when he discredited many of us in the eyes of our former admirers by requesting "All those who have never flown in an aeroplane to leave the floor". How were the mighty fallen!

Mrs. Crofton was amongst the visitors and kindly consented to present the prizes to those whose faces were given unparalleled illumination by the dexterity of LAC Harris, our versatile electrician, at the spot-light; the Dance Band also owe him a debt for his judiciously placed amplifiers.

Again we were pleased to welcome the Wingettes and hope to see them again in the future just as we hope that the next time the party of WAAF's from Centrallia will not have trouble with their transport. We would have enjoyed having them with us.

Finally it is to be hoped that the same co-operation that made this evening such a success will continue throughout the Season so that many more of these dances can be held in the Winter months.

C.E.H.B.

Sergeants' Mess

Having been assigned by the Editor to report on the activities of the Sergeant's Mess I will procede to tell the truth and nothing but the truth concerning its Members, not forgetting that I disgraced the Mess on the 24th. of September by conking out at 22-30 p.m. whilst sober.

It is too late now to bid "bon voyage" to our dear departed time expired members, but I think we can all secretly say "Aur revoir". PLUM was well burdened with a kit bag containing a large quantity of "pale yellow fluid" which, it is learned, was consumed long before the party reached Moncton. By this time the activities of Tubby Griffiths during his last few moments at Goderich are pretty well known, but for those who did not hear the full story it is probably as well to record the fact that he was last seen waddling up the railroad track in a vain attempt to board a rapidly departing train. What a pity TOWNY wasn't there with his candid camera.

We welcome with enthusiasm all new members of the Mess, especially those who experienced the civilian invasion of their beloved E.F.T.S.'s of which I am a victim, and I am sure we all hope that they will try to make Port Albert their home for many months to come.

Congratulations are extended to our recently promoted Sgts. McLernon, Symonds and Gilmore, and to the recent uplift of "Snazz", who obviously got it very prematurely. He has yet to purchase his admittance into the sacred circle of Flight Sergeants. Congratulations also to Sgts. Dyson and Holmes on receipt of the 'third'.

Since the issue of the last magazine there has been very little mention of golfing episodes, but I can state that at the time of writing I have been accused of converting the well known nine hole course into that of a twenty hole; for this I am truly sorry, but my tutuors Messrs. Chittam, Hales and Guyatt have taught me all they know.

Warrant Officer Canham recently graced the course by going round in 30 (so he says) after having had a grand time crossing the brook on the "eighth". I also think it is well to record that candy, in the shape of 'O Henry' and 'Nutty Bar', is a very essential part of the evening golf so far as Timber Wood and Boy Guyatt are concerned, in fact it is rumored by Tubby Masters and Albert Stokes that they've been approached by Timber to get in a supply of 'Nutty Bars'.



Despite the difficulty in acquiring a Mess caterer for the month of August I am certain that we can all say that Tubby Masters, having come to the rescue, carried out his job with more zeal than any previous caterer. It did not take him long to learn the art of differentiating between a bottle of "O'Keefe" and a bottle of "Kist Orange". Good show Tubby, we all appreciated your services so much.

There are faint rumours that a number of us have become surplus to Establishment, in fact it is known that at least half a dozen of us are expecting to experience the horror of once again lugging kit bags and suit cases about this vast Continent, and in this respect at approximately 1630 hours each day I feverishly open the mail from "DEPS", expecting to find the familiar draft notes posting us to such places as "Okak" (there really is such a place in Labrador) or even to Baffin Bay, which is equally as far North. Already we have said "cheerio" to ten of our Pilots including Timber Woods and Snazzle. Until time comes let us continue to enjoy being surplus to Establishment.

Congratulations are extended to Chris and Mrs. Vaughan on the appearance of Chota Vaughan recently christened Sandra Elizabeth and to F/Sgt. and Mrs. Clements on the occasion of the birth of a son, recently christened William John.

Warrant Officer Gosden is still looking for his lost fire extinguisher, and rather suspects it to be hidden in somebody's bunk for the purpose of crowning a noisy "night driver", who on return from night driving has no thought for those who really work during the day.

Warrant Officer Canham recently spent two consecutive nights in the Mess. Surely he cannot imagine that the song "Somebody Else is Taking My Place" can be applied to him? At least we hope not.

I hope the slight re-organization of the furniture in the Ante-Room meets with the approval of everybody. When the new carpet and coffee tables arrive we should feel much more at home.

Finally I should like to convey to the members of the Fighting Free French and the Royal Australian Air Force our pleasure in being able to entertain them in our Mess.

R.R.M.

Picturesque Splutter

"As dim as a Toc H. lamp"	Chitham
"Poppycock"	R.R.M.
"I'm too busy"	S.W.O.
"That a monthly dance be held . . . etc." proposed by	W. O. Bricknell
"I'm too busy"	W. O. Gosden
"Roll on the boat"	almost everyone
"I'm too busy"	W. O. Stephenson
"This practice to cease forthwith"	D.R.O.'s

Wellington Hut

THE ABODE OF THE MORONS

I was lying in bed reading the Air Almanac for the First of October when I was asked to write something about Wellington Hut for this issue.

I was annoyed at the interruption as I enjoy the Air Almanac for light reading and especially for the first of October. I may be a little peculiar and conceited about this date; it is my birthday and I feel that the L.H.A.'s for that day offer a fascinating, attractive line and that my stars are particularly well-behaved.

The task appalled me. The people in the hut are like the War — they just don't bear thinking about if one wants to retain a sense of decency or an idealistic outlook on humanity as a whole. Maybe though the soured outlook is due to living too close to them and I should go out into the highways and byways and hear what others think of us.

When I presented myself to an instructor and in a faltering voice broached the subject, he said "Wellington Hut! A more abandoned crew of morons I have yet to meet", and withered me with a stare from his large brown eyes then returned to his desk and as I faded away I saw him write in letters large and clear, BY GUESS AND BY GOD and on a virgin log that lay before him.

Just at the gates of Heaven I met Wellington and told him why I had come. "You're not named after me" he bellowed, "but after some fool contraption that stops wars from being won on the Playing Fields of Eton, confound it." "I don't know", he muttered angrily, "whether I'm a field marshal who won Waterloo or a flying gadget with a distinctive tail and no dihedral that bombed Berlin" "You're lucky" said Queen Elizabeth, tapping him on the shoulder imperiously with a bejewelled sceptre, "I'm not sure whether Charles Laughton is not my father"!

I saw that nobody was really interested in me so I returned to base, shedding M.T.B.'s at half hourly intervals and arriving on E.T.A.

Wandering disconsolately along the shore I met the Spirit of Huron, and with Wellington Hut uppermost in my mind, the conversation drifted to that topic. Huron had been his sunny, placid September self until that moment, then in a flash he changed to November, menacing, dark and turbulent. "I'll tell you what" he said. "For thousands of years men have paid tribute to me with blood sacrifice. I have lured them upon my great waters with a magic beyond the comprehension of men. In my deep caverns before my most sacred totem I have cast spells that brought them to me. Now", he yelled, with a voice like the crash of a fifty foot breaker, "these unimaginative dolts label my magic an uncorrected Coefficient E that lands them South of base".

Reading this through before rising from my bed and returning to the G.I.S. where we:-

"Spend in pure converse our eternal day,
Think each in each immediately wise
Learn all we lacked before",

I know I'M screwy. This in tabulated form may be due to (a) it was manufactured on a Northerly heading in the northern hemisphere and probably has a large uncorrected Coefficient P and (b) the course is getting me down.

Seriously, though, the hut is inhabited by Courses 53, 54 and 57 and the more indispensable members of the G.I.S. staff. All are well and happy except for recurrent and distressing attacks of minor ailments on Tuesday mornings. Before concluding I might also mention that nocturnal aviation is very popular on Monday evenings as this enables the courses concerned to also escape the Parade. "Strange it is not" I mused, "that man should prefer the bouhtful joys of nocturnal aviation to the pleasure of rising early on a Tuesday morning and deriving benefit from a brisk march past."



Enjoyable Entertainment

Voted by those, who were privileged to witness it, as one of the most enjoyable parties yet to entertain at Port Albert, Lowney's Caravan is a much travelled, and much witnessed show, as the following facts will show. Nearly 300,000 members of Canada's armed forces and their relatives and friends have been entertained during the past three months by Lowney's Caravan, a group of professional entertainers who are presenting Canada's first outdoor show on wheels at military camps throughout Ontario and Quebec.

Since the Caravan began its extensive tour on May 22 to help maintain the morale of the troops through the provision of good, clean, wholesome entertainment, more than 70 army camps, training centres and air force stations have been visited.

Realizing the need for good entertainment in military camps and training centres. Lowney's Caravan was sponsored by the Walter M. Lowney Company in co-operation with the Navy, Army, Air Force and Citizens' Committee for Troops in Training as an aid to Canada's war effort. The show was produced by Harry "Red" Foster, well known Canadian athlete, in Toronto.

The cast of the Caravan is comprised of headliners of stage, screen and radio. First there's Joe Carr, the master of ceremonies, who acted with Jimmy Cagney in "Captains of the Clouds". Clair Rouse, the one-man band who plays no less than 17 different instruments, many of his own invention, has performed in theatrical houses all over the world. Rex Slocombe, magician, Senorita Conchita Triana, Spanish dancer, Miss June Barrett, talented vocalist, and a group of other professional performers combine to make Lowney's a well-balanced evening's entertainment for the troops.

Bombing Budapest and Berlin

The following excerpts from the diary of Hero of the Soviet Union Major Shtepenکو, navigator of a long-range bomber, were recently printed in *Krasnaia Zvezda*:

The heavily loaded plane wheels along the field and rises, steering a course for Budapest. Night is falling rapidly. The front line is marked as usual by frequent flashes of guns, flaming streams of tracer bullets and the scarlet glow of fires.

Hearing the drone of approaching engines, searchlights begin to scan the sky and anti-aircraft guns open fire. But anti-aircraft guns certainly cannot be spread evenly along the whole front, and we make for one of the loopholes. Long after we have passed, the searchlights anxiously probe the sky and anti-aircraft shells burst behind us. Then for some time there is no more war. The sky and ground are calm. Nothing interferes with the monotonous drone of the engines. The night is dark and moonless. Infrequently one sees below the peculiar shadow of a river—so precious to navigators.

To make our oxygen supply last longer, we fly quite low. The flight lasts many hours. Every muscle and nerve is strained to the limit, but one doesn't feel any fatigue, so great is the nervous excitement. One is possessed by a single thought; make no mistake. Carry the bombs to the target, drop them accurately into the enemy's very den. At such moments one feels particularly keenly how correct and precise is our nickname "the winged avengers". We are the harbingers of future revenge, heralds of the punishment the fascist fiends will take for our burned villages, demolished towns, for the blood of our wives, sisters and children, shot, strangled and tortured to death by the fascists.

The First Bombing of Budapest

The outlines of a big city, with the characteristic spires, appear before us. So we have reached Budapest. The city has never been bombed. It is calm. The air is filled with orchestra strummings.

We reach the river and I take note of the bend, so familiar from photographs. Still no searchlights or anti-aircraft fire. Then comes a flash below, followed by another. The usual pillar of smoke and flame rises into the air. That means that some of our comrades got there ahead of us. Well done, comrades!

At once something unimaginable begins on the air. The orchestra strummings are silent, and for five minutes some frightened voice incessantly shouts the word that means "alert" in Hungarian. The anti-aircraft guns open fire. Their fire is so unorganized we realize at once that the fascist ringleaders felt themselves quite safe here. Well, so much the better.

I drop a flare. It floats in the air; one of the searchlights catches at it immediately and follows it to the ground. Is it really possible that the Hungarians mistook it for a Soviet bomber? Now the target is distinctly

visible. A finger automatically presses the push-button release. A shudder runs through the plane. The first high explosive goes down. So you didn't expect it? Here, take another. The search-lights execute a frantic dance. Once more a panicky voice shouts a warning. All right, let them shout! Let not a single enemy town feel safe — each one's turn will come in time.

We make a circle to check on the results of the bombing. More and more flares are seen floating in the air, more explosions are distinctly seen — that means more of our bombers have come. We are through with our job and steer a home course.

On my way home the nervous excitement dies down gradually. One begins to feel hunger and fatigue. We are over our own airdrome now. We land, get out of the plane, and then we know how utterly tired we are. The earth swims under our feet—fliers, gunners and navigators walk unsteadily across the vast landing field.

Germany Shrouded in Darkness

Germany I had seen her from aloft on an August night last year. Then beams from a light-house illuminated the whole German coast. Ships sailed the Baltic with all lights on; trucks moved in columns along highways with undimmed headlights. All cities, settlements and railway stations were flooded with light. Locomotives, emitting puffs of white steam, were plainly visible on the tracks.

Now fascist Germany looks wholly different. Her entire territory is shrouded in darkness. The light-houses on the coast are out, fascist ships steal along the coast like thieves, German towns carefully conceal their presence, the locomotives slowly grope in darkness, pulling trains over darkened tracks. They even avoid whistling, so as not to betray themselves by the white steam. These are the results of the intense bombing of Germany from the air.

We crossed the front line. For a few dozen miles the German air raid defense harassed us, or rather attempted to harass us. In places searchlight beams shot up, or a anti-aircraft battery opened fire. A night fighter tried to take off from one airdrome. But soon even these signs of activity ceased. There Germans, of course, lack both forces and means to make even a pretence of defending the whole of the occupied territory. Certain vast areas have been stripped bare of air raid defenses, but all guns are being concentrated in the defense of certain cities.

Concentration Camps Brightly Lighted

Now our ship is over the enemy's territory proper. Rare lights immediately go out at our approach. But here is a square brightly lit with electric lights. It is a concentration camp. Blackout rules do not apply there. The Germans are afraid to leave the inmates in darkness and then if bombs do hit this lighted square, the biped beasts would only gloat.

A fire! Another one! A third! I hear the voices of the gunners in the earphones of my helmet. I look intently. Fires? They are indeed fires, but isn't there something queer about them? Aren't they too much alike and too regular? Aren't they too neat, in true German fashion? These are imitation fires; this is a dummy target placed at the approaches to the real target, in the hope that the deceived flier will drop his bombs on the electrically worked, toy dummy fires.

Soviet Bombs Make Real Fires

But here are real fires. One, two, three! There's no German neatness about these fires, which have been caused by our Soviet bombs. But they are fine fires nevertheless. One can't say anything against them. The fliers who got here ahead of us have done a good job. Before our gunners lost sight of the glow from them, new fires became visible ahead of us, in another city along our course.

We proceed further. Berlin is already visible, though it is still a long way off—a solid palisade of searchlight beams points to the sky. Along the whole horizon we see a seemingly impenetrable barrier of anti-aircraft fire. Our fliers are bombing the city already.

Soviet Bombers Over Berlin

So here is the octopus city which has gripped the whole of Europe, the whole world, in its tentacles. Last winter British fliers wrote us that they would be glad to shake hands with Soviet fliers over Berlin. Well, we have done everything to make that hand-shake possible. We are governed by one thought; to pierce this barrage of anti-aircraft fire, this solid wall of many tiers. We start to manoeuvre. Fine luck! We are over the city. Other fliers came here ahead of us, we see the bombs dropped by our comrades flare up in successive explosions. But here our plane is caught in a searchlight beam. We are blinded. By a deft manoeuvre our pilot releases himself from the searchlight beam. Now everything is possible—so long as we are not caught by another searchlight. We can find our target. Sticks of bombs drop on the city. Quite a few of our planes hover over this octopus city. Flares float in the air.

Here is our target at last "Attention! Stand by for bombs!" comes the command. The plane is tossed upward, the bombs are on their way down. Shells burst on our right and left, above, below, everywhere. The air is thick with the smell of powder. Again we are blinded by the searchlights which catch our plane. Shall we get away this time? Yes, we do—by a swift manoeuvre we pierce the barrage of fire. We don't believe our luck—did we really find a loophole?

Farewell, Berlin! We shall meet again, and more than once. We will drop more and more bombs upon your factories, we will smite you until the bright, happy day of final reckoning comes.

The night spent by our crew over Germany is drawing to a close. We are on our way eastward to meet the rising sun.

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Y. M. C. A. Notes

by Cliff Britton, Supervisor

It is with certain satisfaction that I avail myself of the columns of the Station magazine. It is the one medium on the Station which enables every man to know what is going on and also give him an opportunity to express openly many of the things that may be on his mind. So we hope that everyone will give their whole-hearted support to the effort that this Magazine may be the expression of life and work on this Unit. Besides bolstering the morale of the personnel, the Magazine should foster the competitive spirit amongst the units, so that, whether it is in our work, our sport or our recreation, we try to outstrip our own record of achievement.

So here's a toast to a bigger and better magazine. Long may it flourish.

★ ★ ★

Here is something we have been hoping for. The construction of a reading, writing and small games room at the end of the Y.M.C.A. Canteen has been approved. It is hoped that in the winter months this will provide a place in which we will be able to hold the odd bridge, whist and cribbage tournament as well as the Sunday evening programme. With the increased restrictions on travel this winter we may have to spend more of our time providing our own amusement within the camp.

★ ★ ★

May I send a cable please? How often have we heard this question? Would you really like to know? Well, 1245 cables have been sent from the Y.M.C.A. office since the 1st of January, 1942. This is a Y.M.C.A. Service, so if you want to send another, don't hesitate to come around and do so. Birthdays, anniversaries, promotions, are all occasions when a cable will do the trick.

★ ★ ★

Want some place to go for the week-end? Call round at the supervisor's office and perhaps he can fix you up. Remember that transportation is not what it was and facilities are limited — a fact which we have learned to our regret. Our former practice of sending out courses as they came in, to the various towns, has been sadly curtailed as a result.

★ ★ ★

Two things to remember:-

CHARACTER is the result of two things — mental attitude and the way we spend our time.

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them;
Power flows to the Man who knows how. — Elbert Hubbard

B. A. R. F.

In Memoriam



**Roll of Honour, No. 31 A.N.S.
Dedicated by the Bishop of Huron
August 19th, 1942**

PADRE'S NOTES

No. 31 A.N.S. was the first R.A.F. Station in Canada to have a 'permanent' Station Church. It has been fitted up entirely by men at the Station, and those who knew it in 1939, when it was a civilian's Canteen, would have difficulty in recognizing it now.

L.A.C. Barrington and Corporal Piper gave up many hours of their time in making the Altar, Altar steps, Altar rails, Lectern and Font. Warrant Officer (now Flying Officer) Ford made the beautiful carving on the Reredos (a reproduction of the R.A.F. Chaplain's badge, consisting of wings surmounted by a Maltese Cross). Corporal Jones and Corporal Robinson planned and carried out the decoration scheme, assisted by Sergeant Williams, while the beautiful Roll of Honor, bearing the names of seventeen officers and men of the Unit who have given their lives while in Canada, was carved by L.A.C. Weston and illuminated by Corporal Jones, the lettering being done by Corporal Ambrose.

All this has been a labour of love and reflects great credit not only at the keenness, but also in the artistic sense and craftsmanship of those concerned. They have provided, by their unselfish labour, a beautiful and inspiring place of worship for us all, a place where we may, if we will, find strength and guidance in our fight to be loyal to what is the best in us, and loyal to those we love who are far away.

Of the fifty two men from this Unit who have become full members of the Church during the past eighteen months, forty have been confirmed in our little Church, and it is hoped that others who have not been confirmed and thereby admitted into full membership of the Church with all that it implies, will take the opportunity now open to them of drawing nearer their Creator.

Apart from Communion Services, the Church is entirely un-denominated and members of all denominations are invited to use it for private devotions as well as public Services.

A.H.

To Whom We Honour

KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN CANADA

S-Ldr. E. D. Chandler	Cpl. C. D. Bradbury	LAC I. Hughes
P.O. R. E. Ransome	LAC L. G. Folkard	LAC J. W. Clarkson
F.O. R. H. Weins	LAC I. W. Jackson	LAC D. C. E. Evans
F-Sgt. J. C. Bell	LAC S. Porter	AC1 C. Douglas
S-Sgt. H. Dodsworth	LAC E. A. Rundle	AC2 B. A. George
Sgt J. G. Jones		AC2 J. S. Debenham

'Spotlight on Sport'

by P/O W. M. Petty

It is with a feeling of strangeness and perplexity that I put my pen to paper to write an article, which I hope will be a monthly one, for a new magazine on an old Station. A new Sports Officer in surroundings which are indeed very different to those of my last Station for a year, 39 S.F.T.S., Swift Current, set in the middle of the huge prairie. There were lots of Sports there — Soccer, Rugger, Ground Hockey, Athletics, Basketball, Softball and Boxing and the Sports Section of this Station are determined to 'go to town' and organize some real sport for this station too.

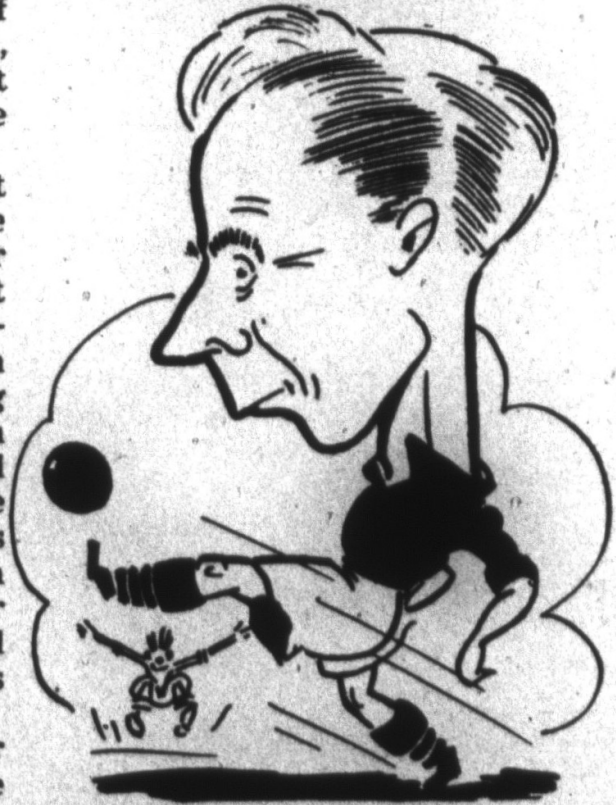
However hard we may work to organize this side of our social life together, much depends on the interest of the Airmen themselves and if YOU will co-operate and do your part, the Sports Section will see to it that you get your games through the coming dreary and dark winter.

Already feelers are being put out by the Sports Officer concerning the Drill Hall and Recreation Halls for their true uses and it is intended that a Basketball Court and several Badminton Courts shall be marked out on the Drill Hall floor for use during those evenings. It is hoped that an Inter-Hut Basketball League and Knock-out for a silver trophy be played this winter and equipment is being obtained. Inter Station team matches will be arranged between our Basketball and Badminton teams and teams from our neighbouring Stations and civilian clubs.

The Ice-rink will be prepared for Ice Hockey very shortly and we hope to get at least TWO Station teams to play in local leagues and also to run an Inter-Station League on the Station. Another rink is in the offing, through Works and Bricks, so watch out.

With regard to the past season's Soccer, which has been intensely popular, the League was won by 'Liberator' who won practically all their games, and the final of the Cup will be between Liberator and Wellington. The Station team played and drew with Clinton recently and have hopes of continued success. The Rugger season has begun and it was hoped to start a Rugger League between G.I.S., Maintenance, S.H.Q., Officer's and Sgt's Messes to play regular games, but the winter comes quickly upon us. However matches have been arranged both at home

CPL PAINTIN



and away against Clinton, Mount Hope and Picton. The Station Rugger XV meet Mount Hope at London for the benefit of the Queen's Fund on October 17th. and the match against Picton, it is hoped, will be staged at Varsity Stadium, Toronto if it can possibly be arranged.

Plans have already been reviewed as to the ploughing, levelling and turfing of the Sports Field and next season it is intended to have two first class Soccer pitches and a Rugger pitch there, so that one game will not encroach upon the other, and if other ground can be obtained and English Hockey pitch will also be made.

Badminton

Three Badminton Courts have been marked out on the Drill Hall floor and will be available for use during the evenings in the week.

Softball

The Station Softball team won the Championship of the Goderich District League comprising ourselves, Goderich, Sky Harbour and Clinton with but a double defeat, against Goderich on both occasions. The diamond is settled now in the Matthew's Estate which will, from now on, be our home pitch. The Station uniforms are green.

Skating and Ice Hockey

The ice rink will soon be flooded and prepared for Ice Hockey and it is intended to run an Inter-Section League within the camp in addition to a couple of teams to play in outside leagues. All airmen sufficiently interested should see the Sports Officer.

Athletics

At Toronto a few weeks ago our "scratch" Track team did their best, but owing to shortage of notice and lack of training our boys did not do so well as they could have done had they turned out the best track team they could get from the R.A.F. However congratulations to LAC Wade, P/O Buffery and LAC Lampard who reached the finals of the 100 yards, 220 yards, quarter and the Mile respectively. Maybe next year the Royal Blue of "31" will really "go to town" in Toronto.

Boxing

Coming from a Station in the wilds of the prairie, which has a reputation for its boxers (incidentally we had the Feather, Middle, Light Heavy and Heavy weight championships of Alberta and Saskatchewan) and were undefeated in all its Inter-Station Tournaments against R.A.F., R.C.A.F., Canadian Army and Canadian Navy, the Sports Officer is particularly anxious to have a similar successful Boxing Club on this Station too. A ring will be constructed and the Drill Hall will be filled with punch-bags for training and all airmen who are keen on the Noble Art should see the Sports Officer. Let us get together and show the people that we don't talk at "31" get on with it. After all Toronto is not far and the Service Championships are taking place there in November, so how about bringing some of those cups back here.

Much of this first contribution is so much theory and "what is to be", but with your active co-operation the Sport's Section think it will be a different story in the next issue of the Magazine.

Station Cricket Team

Season's Results

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
11	6	4	1

BATTING AVERAGES

(Qualification, 3 Innings)

	Innings	Times not out	Runs	Highest score	Average
Molyneux	9	2	307	87	43.86
Heaton	7	5	84	40*	42.00
Marsh	4	1	64	30*	21.30
Dix	5	0	104	49	20.80
Hall	6	0	87	29	14.50
Batten	5	1	57	15	14.25
Whyman	7	1	69	22	11.50
Robinson	8	0	72	30	9.00
Tollison	4	0	30	21	7.50
Johnson	4	0	29	12	7.20
Phillips	4	0	23	13	5.75
Emerson	3	1	10	8	5.00
Ellis	10	1	40	10	4.40
Crawford	3	1	3	2	1.50

* Not out.

Also batted. Ackling 1-30; Chambers 1-4; Jones 1-4; Branch 2-32; Brand 2-21
Betts 3-12; Bellamy 2-32.

BEST STANDS

1st. wicket	Molyneux and Hall vs. R.C.O.C.	100 runs
2nd. wicket	Molyneux and Robinson vs. Clinton	46 runs
3rd. wicket	Dix and Whyman vs. R.C.O.C.	45 runs
7th. wicket	Molyneux and Phillips vs. St. George's	44 runs
6th. wicket	Molyneux and Johnson vs. St. George's	43 runs
6th. wicket	Molyneux and Branch vs. R.C.O.C.	41 runs
2nd. wicket	Molyneux and Brand vs. Clinton	41 runs
9th. wicket	Heaton and Marsh vs. St. Thomas	39 runs

BOWLING AVERAGES

(Qualification 10 wickets)

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Heaton	104	10	289	36	8.03
Batten	62.3	5	197	24	8.21
Crawford	33.5	8	83	10	8.30
Emerson	22	1	102	11	9.27
Johnson	29	1	161	13	12.38

Also Bowled. Dix 11-0-42-4 (10.5); Betts 2-0-3-0; Branch 5-1-12-0; Clarke 3-0-7-1 (7.0).

Best Performances

Heaton vs. Woodstock	6 for 6
Heaton vs. R.C.O.C.	5 for 5
Batten vs. R.C.O.C.	5 for 8
Heaton vs. R.C.O.C.	4 for 13
Emerson vs. R.C.O.C.	4 for 12
Johnson vs. R.C.O.C.	3 for 6
Batten vs. Clinton	4 for 23
Crawford vs. St. Thomas	5 for 30
Emerson vs. St. Thomas	4 for 30

SOFTBALL

The increasing number of Canadian personnel of the Station, interested, as we are in their national sports, is adding to the number of competitive sports played by 'Port Albert'. One of these additions is soft ball, a game which, for the uninitiated, is similar to that of baseball but with the chief difference that a larger and softer ball is used.

In the early summer months Captain Nefsky of the Dental Section, and some of his fellow countrymen, formed a soft ball team on the Station, provided themselves with kit and obtained the use of the baseball ground in Victoria Park, Goderich. After a little practice they entered a team in the Goderich City League, making the League's total up to six, two teams of which hailed from Sky Harbour and the remaining three from Goderich.

Evidently they must have put on a good show (we will ignore the fact that they were supposed to have had the worst of things against their lady opponents on the Day of Festivities) for, after a series of sixteen games they were in the top four and eventually, by three out of four in the 'play offs', headed the league thereby winning the Venus Cup given to the league by the Venus Restaurant. A team of pilot instructors from Sky Harbour were in second position.

Now that the league competition has ended they are trying to arrange a number of matches with local teams, and by making a charge for admission to these matches, hope to swell the coffers of the B.A.R.F. From both the spectatorial and the playing points of view, I understand that the rest of the Station has taken very little interest in the team's activities, so perhaps here is the opportunity to see, and maybe try, a new game, and at the same time help the cause for which we have so long worked.

The same crowd of fellows who have kept the team going are thinking of turning their interest in soft ball to one in ice hockey for the winter, and here, I think, some of us may have ambitions. Nothing definite has been arranged but we should be hearing more about this soon and if there is any further news before we go to press you will find it in these pages.

In conclusion our thanks should go to the following lads who by their efforts are assisting in upholding P.A.'s reputation on the sports field: Capt. C. H. Nefsky; F/Sgt. J. W. Villeneuve; Sgts. D. Wolfe, W. Ballantyne, J. L. Pilon, A. H. Lemieux, H. H. Brox, S. F. Hull and L. J. Cooper: AC's H. N. Lambert, J. El. Brewer and J. A. Cairns. G.A.R.

A Visit to Clinton

On Tuesday, October 7th. Clinton was the venue of a double success for P.A. when our Station Soccer and Rugger teams scored victories over the Station Teams of Clinton.

Our Soccer team, after a hard fought game in which all the players of both teams pulled their weight finished the winners by the odd goal in five. Stephens of the P.A. forward line was probably the most outstanding player with the outside right of the Clinton team as his nearest rival. The Clinton Rugger team, whilst giving our fellows a stiff game, did not keep the margin quite so narrow as the 12 points to 6 result indicates.

After the games our players and supporters, of whom there were quite a number, were entertained in the usual magnificent manner by the Clinton personnel, the evening finishing after visits to the various messes with an enjoyable sing song in the Airmen's Canteen. Good show P. A. and many thanks, Clinton.

KINCARDINE - - "Where You're A Stranger Only Once"



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