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THE MAGAZINE OF 31. O. T. U.

Volume 1—No. 3

Royal Air Force

JUNE, 1942

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JUNE, 1942

NO. 3

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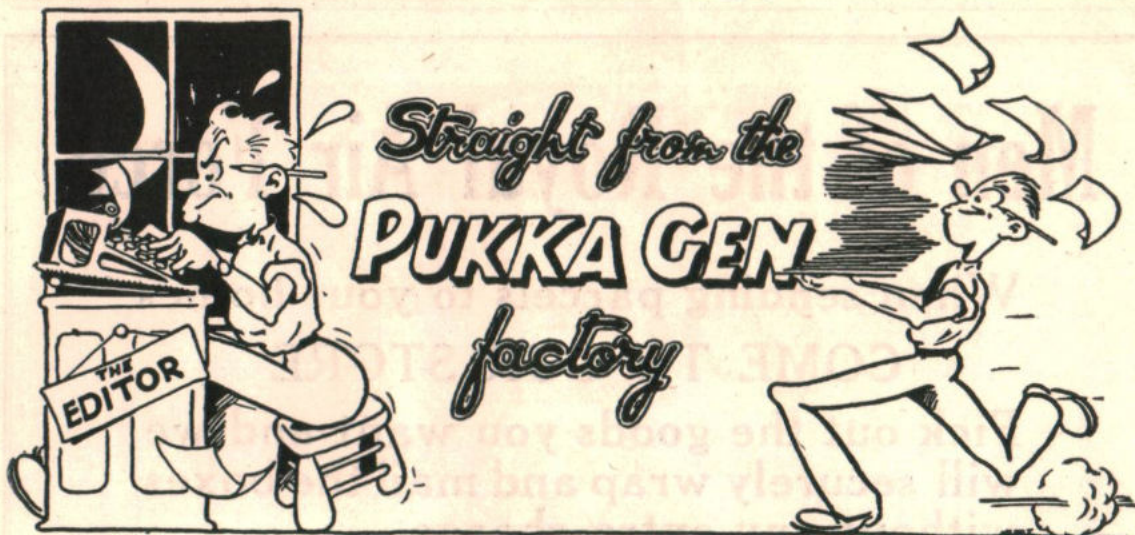
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"I travelled among unknown men
 In lands beyond the sea,
 Nor, England, did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee.

How well Wordsworth expresses the thoughts of nearly everyone of us stationed in the desolation of Debert. It hardly seems possible that we have been here twelve months. Do you remember the English weather? How true to English form the wet week-ends are being repeated this year in Debert.

But we are fast adapting ourselves to this environment, and liking it. "Environment blends the soul," they say. We remember our first strawberry festival at a farm in Moncton, followed by our initiation into the square dances. We remember our first blueberry pie, ice cream and the inevitable "coke."

If you haven't enjoyed your year in Canada, at least you must admit it has been an education and an experience you will surely remember for the rest of your lives, especially by those of you who have associated yourselves with many friends. Still we hear the cry, "Roll on, Roll on."

Thank you for your co-operation in making this issue possible. Your contributions have been many and of good quality. Owing to lack of space some have had to be held over for the next issue. Keep it up please.

In this issue there are a lot of new writers of prose and poetry. This is a "Blighty" number, introducing two articles in the series "My home County." They create an atmosphere essentially English—memories of village greens and cricket and thatched cottages and beer.

* "We shall not die in vain," is the theme of Stanley F. Jefferson's short story entitled "Now I understand."

*Do you remember the day you joined? Or don't you wish to remember? Sydney Braithwaite tells you his experiences with the help of Harold Hunt's clever illustrations.

*Welcome to Flight Sergeant Rockey with his first "Rockey Girl". He's doing one each month for us.

*Kenneth Ewen went to New Glasgow and covered the first public appearance of the Male Voice Choir at the Musical Festival. He witnessed the choir's first big success.

*Also in this issue are short stories and articles by Drew Allison, Chris Crosthwaite, and R. M. L.

*The circulation of P. G. is going up. The size of the magazine depends on your contributions. It's not enough to buy it each month, we want your copy.

EDITOR

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MY HOME COUNTRY

S. Braithwaite

Queen of the Midlands—a title well won against larger, and perhaps richer Midlands cities. A vision of wide thoroughfares, busy shops, and leafy avenues. Where the silvery Trent takes its leisurely course across the southern entrance to a city renowned for its lace, cigarettes, bicycles, and perhaps more for its beautiful women.

What Nottinghamian can fail to be moved at the mention of Long Row, Beastmarket Hill, Market Street, and the ever popular "Slab Square"—a worthy preliminary to the magnificent City Hall, surmounted by the now silent "Little John?"

Is there a sportsman amongst you who will not thrill to the call of the City Ground—even if the effort of Notts County and Nottingham Forest in the football world have only brought third division standard football in recent seasons? But the day is not far distant when we shall once again take our place amongst the champions and, who knows?—there is always a place for the Cup!

The broad green acres of Nottingham Forest loom next in my mind, with its wide expanse of playing fields forever, in the glorious summer sunshine, dotted with white clad figures representing, as so well they do, that ancient and well-tried tradition—the English Sportsman.

How often have the trees echoed back, in the crisp sharpness of a winter Saturday afternoon, the gentle urgings of many a true partisan of a local football team. How many times the clarion cry "Kick" is ruddy feet away" has rallied the flagging spirits of a tired and losing team.

By no means the least part of the life of any proud city is that unchanging institution without which no capital, no town, nay—no smallest village—is complete—the "local." "Ye Olde Trip to Jerusalem" stands for much in the minds of many Service Men, and not the least of its attractions is its most excellent beer. Who can taste the delights of locally brewed "Shippo's" and not be filled with the joy of living? "The Rose of England," "The Exchange," "The Welbeck," "The Corner Pin," "The Peach Tree Inn," so on down to the smallest "Pig and Whistle."

The endless delights of a Sunday morning walk along the top of Colwick Woods from where one may look out over the Race Course, the Trent, and away across a limitless vista of fields—the true beauty of any English town or city.

Following the course of the Trent could quite well fill a book in itself. But for beauty near at hand one has only to saunter along the banks until Clifton is reached. A shady avenue of friendly looking trees, a placid river, and a peacefulness of view that is a tonic to the city-weary. And my own particular favourite—Colwick Weir, where the summer stillness is broken only by the soft gurgling of swiftly running water, and the calls of the birds overhead. A spot of happy memories.

MY HOME COUNTY (Continued)

And for the pleasure seekers the best in the entertainment world is at hand. "The Stadium" for ice skating, "The Palais" and Victoria Halls for dancing. The Ritz and The Carlton for films, and for those who like their play-acting in the flesh, the Theatre Royal offers some of the best in theatreland. "The Empire" provides all that one could wish for in Variety and "leg," and for the more strenuous-minded the city supplies attractive bathing pools, and boating in all its phases which may be had on the ever-useful Trent.

Policed by one of the best boxing Police Forces in the country, Nottingham can justifiably be proud of its civic departments, equipped as they are with all that science can devise for maximum efficiency in the various departments of operation.

In all, Nottingham, a city of green parks, clean, busy streets, and lovely ladies: of friendly people, and an eternal atmosphere of happiness—almost gaiety—which rationing, black-outs, and all the inconveniences brought about by war cannot suppress.

MY HOME COUNTY

N. E. Roberts

Rolling heather covered downs, satin trunked birches, sweet smelling pines, cool bracken undergrowth in spring; cobble stone streets, stately old world dwellings, standing serenely in their own grounds. The beauty of the Devils Punch Bowl—truly the English Switzerland-at-Hindhead. The colourful autumnal tints, of tree and fern at Haslemere in the shooting season. The deep purple of the heather covered Weavers Downs shimmering in the intense heat of July. The quiet cool blue beauty of mystery shrouded Silent Pools, amid the ever changing panorama of Newlands Corner. The wonderful view, from the top of St. Martha's, of undulating downland, blue hills, wind stirred trees and winding waterways. The placid trout lakes of Waggoners Wells, set like a jewel amid the evergreen forestry.

The English tea, of fresh water-cress, homemade cake, and 'honey from our hives,' served in the shady coolness of a wisteria draped Inn at Shere. The peaceful backwaters of the Thames and Wey, their banks dotted with Weeping Willows, whose dainty sweeping branches caress the water; flowing through fields of golden buttercups, kingcups, and milky-way. The old romantic Coaching Houses on the steep slope of Guildford's cobble High Street, complete with pull in for coaches and Stables.

Abinger Hammer as picturesque as its name implies, hidden almost by tree lined hills, and arrived at by twisting leafy lanes, with its lovely old clock and unique hammer.

Moss and Ivy covered castle remains, still standing in their proud and weather beaten defiance of the erosion of time. White stoned church spires rising in all their inspiring grandeur impervious to the speed and bustle of modern times.

For enjoyment I have memories of:—Richmond Ice Rink, 'All in Wrestling' at Kingston on Thames, the Ace of Spades on the

Kingston-bypass, a point to point meet on the Epsom Downs, the Aldershot Tattoo, a Hunt Ball at Godalming, Lido's, Riding Schools, Theatres, and last but not least, electric railway connections up to the Metropolis, and down to the Coast.

I can still picture the farmers, smelling faintly of the peaty rich loam from which they derive their living, playing Darts with 'horsey' looking trainers from Epsom, in the low beamed ceilinged Bar of the Kings Head; and almost smell the foaming pints of the ruby and amber mild and bitter; and hear the nightingales sing in Gomshall woods, and again breathe the healthy pine laden air of SURREY.....

UNDER AN ENGLISH HEAVEN

I slept:
 And as I slept I dreamt:
 I dreamt:
 And in memory was carried away.

Beautiful the mountains, fruitful the valleys,
 Starry the woods among the flowers;
 A lark twitters from the quiet skies—
 Sombre and rich; the silence clings.
 A grey mist hovers o'er the still waters face,
 The cliffs of England stand,
 Glimmering and vast in the tranquil Bay.

A windy day with the white clouds flying,
 The full sea rolls and thunders.
 Then comes the sunset,—the purple twilight,
 Rich, deep, like love without end,
 Low over dim fields, fresh with bloomy dew,
 Whilst castle-like clouds float magnificently on high,
 And murmuring pines whisper in the gentle breeze.

Antiquity blossoms in every nook and corner;
 Castles, and ground where Conquerors have stood.
 In this rich country, every one is explorer,
 And all can taste of its resplendant good,
 The grandeur of the cathedral spire,
 The tranquil chanting of the choir,
 And early christendom slowly is revealed.

The intricate loveliness of leafy country lanes;
 The resplendant freshness of the mountain flowers;
 The deep, o'er brooding shadows 'cross the lake,
 And shady pleasantness of woodland bowers.
 The simpleness of wandering sheep,
 The freedom of the soaring birds,
 And happiness of hearts at peace, "under an English Heaven."

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DO YOU KNOW ????

The sound of a kiss is used by bird experts to call birds..... it being similar to the distress call of numerous species!

The laughing Kingfisher of Australia serves as an alarm clock. About an hour before sunrise, these birds set up a din of laughing, whooping and shouting that even the soundest of sleepers cannot ignore.

Rev. Bernard Egan, a Jesuit chaplain, has earned his parachutist's "wings" passing the same secret tests as the men with whom he will serve so he may accompany them into action.

Owning or operating a scooter is illegal in McGehee, Ark.

The gas called ozone is very rare. If our atmosphere were compressed into a layer 5 miles deep, there would be only a one eighth of an inch thickness of ozone. Yet this natural "armour-plate" is what shields us from excessive ultraviolet-ray penetration—which would otherwise destroy all life on earth.

Americans are the worlds wealthiest race in terms of electrical and other power consumed. The average American family has working for it daily the equivalent of 120 horses, doing a 7-hour shift.

A new lens for professional movie cameras takes pictures in perfect focus from four feet to infinity. Electrically operated, it vibrates, or moves forward or backward, seven times in one fiftieth of a second, superimposing focused and unfocused images upon themselves so rapidly in each frame that there is hardly any diffusion.

The earth is struck by Lightning on an average of fifty times every second.

Some day the Canadian branch of Niagara Falls will cut around behind Goat Island and steal the water that now goes over the American Falls.....Leaving the American side bone dry.

The auditory ossicles, the three tiny bones in the middle ear, are the only bones in the human body that are fully grown at birth.

On their periodical pilgrimages to the shrine of Melki Meran near Mosul, Iraq, the Yezidi women get together at a certain hour of the day, and, in time with the baton of their leader, wail for their dead in rhythmic harmony.

S/Ld. J. A. F. MacLaclan, who lost an arm while flying in Malta, recently returned to action with his Squadron. Despite his physical handicap, he shot down one Dornier 217 and damaged another over France.

When a certain vault at Christ's Church in Barbados was opened in the Spring of 1812, it was found that several of the huge lead-lined coffins had been thrown about. The coffins were straightened and the vault closed with a ponderous stone slab—but twice more the caskets were found piled in confusion. Finally Lord Combermere, hard bitten British soldier, investigated. He had the walls of the vault sounded, the floor covered with sand, and placed a guard before the sealed entrance. When the vault again was opened, the coffins were once more found in a heap. The seal had not been broken; there were no footprints in the sand.

HIGHLIGHTS OF DEBERT, NO. 3



GROUP CAPTAIN W. E. PURDIN,
Officer Commanding No. 31, O. T. U. (R. A. F.) Debert

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Who was the Corporal and two L. A. C.s who went picking Violets in the woods?? And were they for the S. W. O.?

What L. A. C. has a "Queen" in 'Five Islands' who thinks L. A. C. means "Leading Air Commodore?"

Which Airman was it who tried to jump out of a Bay Window when he heard 'Hubby' coming, and just about broke his neck on the mosquito netting ???

Who are the "lucky" people who will become Staff Pilots, Staff Wags, and Staff Observers ????

Who said: "I can do with some exercise—I wish they'd give us a parade now and again".....Sgts Mess please copy.

Who was the junior N. C. O. who would like to see electric toasters on each of the tables in the Dinning Hall ??? ? Why stop at Toasters? Give us stoves and a pan and we'll do it in real style.

Who was the Pupil who when told to fly on the reciprocal of his present bearing, merely rotated the Verge Ring of the Compass through 180 degrees and continued to fly straight on ??? ?

Which well known F/Sgt. calls his Flight Boys "the cream of Britains youth?" And are they curdled ?

Who was it who went to the Drome Cafe and ordered "Coffee without Cream" and received the reply "I am sorry we havn't any cream, will you have it without Milk ??? ? ? ?"

Famous last words:— By "C" Flt. Sgt. "Ah naw me Gin" obviously Scotch.

NOTICE SEEN IN DOUBLE DECKER BLOCK

TO ALL AND SINGULAR.

All personnel domiciled in this room, will not, under any considerations whatsoever, indulge in

Acrobatics
Gymnastics
Bawdyism
Hooligansim
Horseplay
Street fighting & etc.

or any form of rowdyism, viz., raising ones voice above a reasonable pitch, as this practice adds to the general distraction of other inmates of the room. The corporal i/c wishes to point out to all concerned that the above particulars must be adhered to strictly to the letter, and any contraventions will in no way be tolerated as he is engaged in studies of a very profound and complex character. In short a modicum of decorum will be observed.

Signed,

.....Corporal i/c.

The question we want to know is, would he be (CROSS).
We must (WAIT) and see.

LIGHTS OUT!

If you think that you can go to sleep after "Lights Out" in Hut 4A, how greatly you will be mistaken. To most of the young bloods it is an immediate signal to begin some form of activity. Before the orderly corporal puts his head round the door and thumbs up the switch, they are lying about on their beds in various attitudes of exhaustion; attitudes which they have struck since early evening. But immediately the lights are out they seem to revive. They remember a hundred and one things they have to do. George has at least six letters to write to bright young things. Jack suddenly recollects that he has no buttons on his trousers and gropes about in the semi-dark for needle and cotton. Bill has not yet made his bed. So.....the lights go on again.

Those wishing to sleep are already in bed. Their heads appear from the blankets and they demand in gentlemanly manner for the lights to be extinguished again. They are told to execute feats beyond the power of a gifted contortionist. Bedlam reigns for several minutes.

George continues to write busily. Bill calmly makes up his bed. Jack sews on his buttons. The uproar continues until someone who can stand no more jumps off his bed and patters along the room in bare feet to turn out the lights. Grunts of satisfaction break out from those wishing to sleep. The benefactor of mankind staggers back to bed but before he gets there the lights are mysteriously on again. By this time everyone is thoroughly roused. Unprintable insults are hurled around the room. At this moment the Orderly Dog re-appears.

"I thought" he says....."of course I may be wrong, — but I thought that I put these lights out once."

A solid front is formed against the common enemy. A barrage of abuse is hurled at him. After all he is only an A.C. 1/A.C.U. However, he snaps out the lights and withdraws with dignity.

Even those wishing to sleep will not tolerate such binding and heatedly demand that the lights should be put on. There are however no volunteers for this dangerous mission.

Peace reigns supreme—but not for long. By this time the revellers from the wet canteen have devoured the sandwiches in the "Drome" and return to the Happy Home. They enter the room, switch on the lights and tramp through the hut like a herd of bison. Two of them go over to George's bed and recount their adventures of the evening in loud tones. An uninterested audience is compelled to listen and suffer in silence. It is mutually agreed that the best policy in this connection is to let them have their say.

And so finally at 23.30 hours approx. peace once more comes to our habitude and we sleep the sleep of the just and dream blissfully of the C.O.'s parade at 07.30 the following morning.

J. E. Stoddard



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ORDERLY ROOM BULLETIN

Introduction

Well Mates, the idea of this bulletin is to let you know what's what in the way of opportunities going, from a Service point of view. I'm going to try and give you some gen not generally known, understood, or sufficiently publicised.

Some of you (very few) read our Daily Rag known as D. R. Os, but rarely understand exactly what to do, and what opportunities there are, and my job is to see you all get a good chance—hence Orderly Room Bulletin.

First there's this reclassification of A.C. 1. A.C. Hs. to L.A.C. This business has been put forward to higher authority for consideration. At the moment we are only allowed 20% of all A. C. Hs. on the camp as L. A. Cs, and we are far over that amount, so we are trying to either increase the percentage or go back to the other system of being eligible for L.A.C. after 6 months as A.C. 1. We won't guarantee results but we're trying—what could be fairer?

Now you A.C. 2. A.C. Hs of over 6 months service; let your Flight and Section Officers know you've got some service in, then you won't get overlooked like some of the other blokes who just sat back and waited for things to come to them. You've got to strive and have ambition to get on—remember 6 months' service only makes you eligible—you have to be recommended to get anywhere.

The common mistake of some chaps who want to learn a trade is to put in an application for "remustering." Now remustering is only done when you actually know the trade and can pass a R.A.F. trade test, so, if you want a course ask for one, and remember only certain trades are now open for airmen under 35 years of age who are fit for flying duties—enquire first before wasting good application forms and headaches filling them in! Here again you have to be recommended, so make sure you have the right educational qualifications. If you haven't them don't forget that there are correspondence courses for all and sundry, and you can always get help and advice from the Padre regarding these courses. After that you have to be recommended for the actual course so learn a bit about it first, and gen up while you're waiting for the course.

A golden opportunity occurs for airmen who have had good education to try for a commission in the Ground Defence Branch. You can try for it any time, but if you're fit for flying you must be over 23 years old. Here again you should prime yourself for the job beforehand.

To those married men who want to get their wives out here from U.K.—apply now! The earlier your application goes in the quicker the results. It will cost you about £21. for just your wife, and of course it doesn't cost so much for children. If you were posted to Canada before 1st October, 1941, you must sign an undertaking to do a 3 year tour in Canada. Next, fix up some accommodation for your wife and GET A LETTER from your prospective landlady saying accommodation will be available when your wife arrives in Canada. Submit the special application form which

ORDERLY ROOM BULLETIN (Continued)

you can get from us, and, after, arrange for a life insurance on yourself so that in the event of anything happening to you out here your wife wont be left destitute here, then you can sit back and await results,—good luck to you.

I'm sorry you single men, we just simply can't get your fiancees out here, no matter how much we try.

That's all this time chaps, don't forget the Orderly Room is here to help you in all genuine cases, but we definitely are not barrack room lawyers so don't get too legal. F. T. H. F/Sgt.

BUNTY

By Drew Alison

Old Sol slowly pushed his jovial features through a break in the grey sagging clouds and, smiling benevolently on the soaked Earth playfully chased shadows from their corners. Poking an inquisitive finger through the small window, he lightly touched particles of dust on the floor of her room.

All winter Roy had neglected her. He hadn't taken her to the movies nor to visit their friends. No week-end trips into the country or afternoons by the sheltered lake where she had shared little intimacies in quiet treeshaded spots and leafy glades. She had been alone, except for a few odd occasions when the gardener had looked in.

Not that Bunty minded. She had her house with its bright red roof, little white windows and green doors; its low walls and tiny garden plots. Rather, she welcomed the change from the picnics, fishing trips and dances. Hot sunny days when he had coaxed her, panting, over rough roads and steep hills, straining every part of her body. Still, she enjoyed the knowledge of having done her bit to make those excursions pleasant memories. Responding to his every touch; never complaining if they had been caught in heavy showers or when he had brought her home late. Nor could anyone accuse her of being unfaithful.

The bright sunshine made him blink and shade his eyes. Roy didn't normally get up this early in the morning, but he had been thinking of Bunty. His hat perched at its customary ridiculous angle, hands in pockets, and a tuneless whistle puffing his cheeks, he strolled nonchalantly in the direction of her house. Fumbling in his pocket for the key he considered how fortunate he was in having her. Perhaps she wasn't showy like most modern bright young things, but she had never let him down. The green door opened somewhat reluctantly in response to his touch. Inside he stood looking at her. He felt guilty as he placed his hand affectionately on her cool body. "Gosh" he whispered humbly, "I **have** neglected you old girl!" She remained quietly aloof.

Someone had rudely referred to her as a jalopy, but his bosom swelled with pride when, after a polite cough or two, her friendly chatter filled the air. He hadn't forgotten her little whims and peculiarities. But more important to Bunty—he had come back to her.

P.G. GIRL OF THE MONTH



Sideslip

L. S. Rocky

OFFICERS MESS

How strange that, having shown so little enthusiasm for a dance at our last mess meeting, we should find it so enjoyable when we got it. No longer need we be envious when we hear the sounds of revelry which periodically emanates from the Sergeants mess. So successful was this first venture that it is whispered that it will be a regular monthly occurrence.

It was gratifying to hear so many compliments from our guests on the appearance of the mess, for jaundiced as our eye is, we never thought to write home about it. We have come to the conclusion that a little feminine charm about the place makes a world of difference—and should be encouraged. This at any rate must be the opinion of “pop”, whose blood pressure stood up very well under a great centrifugal force.

Incidentally, judging by the amount of “khaki” on view, we wonder whether “Army co-operation” does not apply more fittingly to West Camp.

Before digressing further we feel in honour bound to express our appreciation of

(a) The “mums” and lady-friends who so nobly suffered their toes to be trampled on by our unpractised feet.

(b) The mess staff and the band, whose efforts made it all so successful.

We must record too, how pleasant it is to have feminine company for Sunday afternoon tea, asking us such ingenuous questions as “Are these the Planes they use to bomb Berlin?”

Was it by accident or design that the mess purchased that very tasteful Japanese crockery? Or were we thinking that, since Japan had probably bartered it for American scrap-iron, which they were now returning in another form, we should break it as soon as possible and drop the bits on Tokyo.

Strange sounds of “Boogie—Woogie” now emanate from our hitherto dignified piano, produced by a new member who seems to believe strongly in beating us daddy eight to the bar, or bouncing us brother with a solid four. We are longing for the day when all restraint is cast aside and Wing Commanders roll back the carpets for a jitterbug session. But God forbid that we should ever acquire the title of “The Honky-Tonk Mess.”

We understand from informed sources that a reward is being offered to any dog trainer who can teach “Hoopie” to salute when entering an office. Otherwise we feel that authority may take objection to his lack of decorum.

And while on the subject of animals, please amend your silhouettes to exclude the anti-torpedo bulge recently apparent on H. M. S. “Wildcat.” There seems to be good reason to believe that the mess may soon make a handsome profit from the rearing of imitation silver-fox furs.

Hum Yue

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Truro, N. S.

NOTES FROM THE SERGEANTS' MESS

Your contributors almost decided to divide these notes into two parts, one for Warrant Officers and Flight Sergeants, and the other for the ignoble sergeants, but, as we imagine (in common we hope with everybody else) that our war effort is the thing that counts, we decided to be democratic and forget about it. Incidentally W/Os and Flight Sergeants have now returned to the fold and once again, so to speak, we all eat at the same trough.

The Mess these days is not what it was. To bandy a famous phrase "Never did so few multiply into so many with so little excuse."

It has come to the notice of one or two members that three Staff Officers have recently bought a 30' yacht and, as their intention to slip over to Blighty is obvious, we thought we had better nip it in the bud straightaway.

The Mess Football Team maintains its discipline on the field as well as on the Camp. Our captain gives occasional instructions, and the usual reply is "%\$& \$" (%\$%\$%&?"!!!! Toujours la politesse! Incidentally they say Geoff Petts plays better football on an empty stomach. Gertcha!!!!

Our sympathies go out to the little Senior N.C.O. who sits in the Aquarium in the Synthetic Training Building. Doubtless he's seen some queer fish in his time.

What takes "Curly" to church on Sunday evenings? Does he really need it or is the strain beginning to tell. Press-on brother but the Roving Reporter has his eye on you !!

What Senior N.C.O. sent his P. G. home, not realising that one comment applied particularly to him. He is anxiously awaiting a letter from home and is fervently hoping that his wife was not "smart" enough to notice it.

Sorry to see that a very nice love affair has broken up after one full year. It seems that 18 months is too much of a strain, but who is the unfortunate Truro Lady against whom the swain is Marshall-ing his forces?

The Mess Dance was a huge success and it was pleasing to see the clam bowl in such a prominent position, as it is now becoming synonymous with these "do's."

Thanks must be accorded to our new Aussie Instructor who so ably decorated the mess for the dance and to the artist who brought the sex theme well to the fore.

Now that the summer season is here "Uncle's" eyes are turned South, but we want to know who will keep him supplied with cigarettes if he goes?

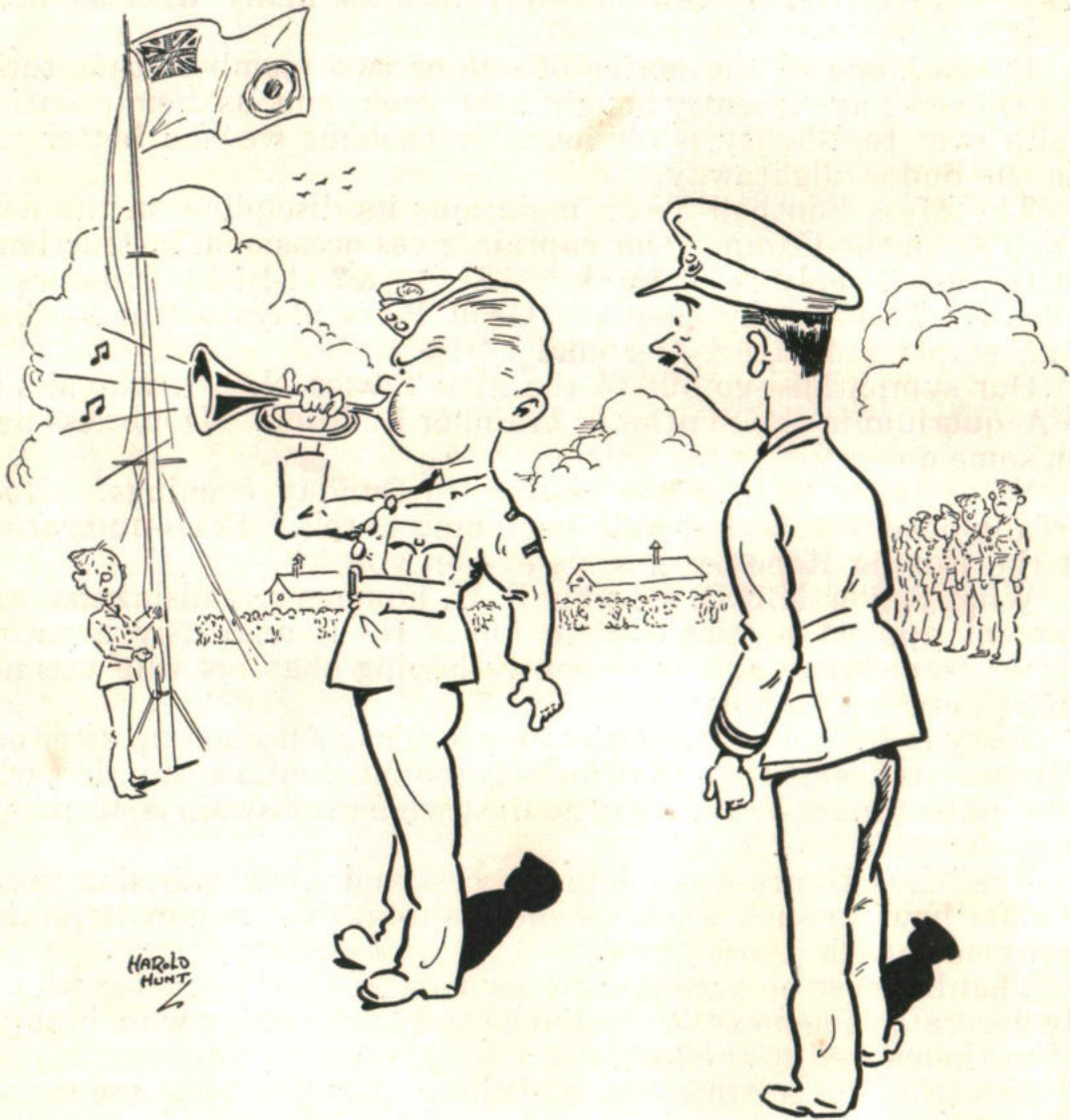
Who was it that said "It's an ill wind etc." Anyway, new uses have been found for burnt-out Oleo Legs. For patent and designs, please apply to Synthetic Training Building.

In the near future we hope to get our long awaited piano. If anyone has a line on a good cheap one, please give particulars to the C.M.C. W/O Ruck.

Here's wishing W/O Smith the best and may he soon return to duty. He assures us that it wasn't "Debert fever" that got him down.

V.
G.

COLOR HOISTING PARADE



No, no, Pickering, this is neither the time nor the place, to play your version of "My Momma done told me."

CORPORAL'S CLUB

Very many thanks are due for the efforts of the indefatigable few who toiled unceasingly to make a success of the opening night formal dance. Their endeavours were rewarded—the dance was a wow.

It would perhaps be unfair to single out any special name for mention, but it is generally agreed that the Buffet produced by Corporal Hopewell was nothing short of superb. There was a unanimous expression of opinion on the magnificence of the spread and our thanks are certainly due to Corporal Hopewell.

Before passing on with a hearty vote of thanks to the willing and hard working committee, and the other volunteers, the name of "Hiawatha" is prominent for his energy and much valued assistance. His cheerful willingness was appreciated more so in consideration of the fact that he is a non-dancer—or was that a waltz you were doing "Hiawatha?"

Then there were the two corporals who shall be nameless, who expended a great deal of time and energy to make things just so. Indeed, they were so overcome by the time the dance commenced, that they both fell asleep. One arrived at one a. m.—just in time to view the last waltz, with—shall we say—mixed feelings. The other was a complete non-starter. Were they tired? Were they ever?

On the question of incidents—what corporal bandsman (it is a paper and comb, isn't it?) mistook the elimination dance for a "carve-up." And what same corporal was the centre of attraction in the first spot-waltz—and which S. P. operated the spotlight?

Before leaving the subject of assistance, it would perhaps be an injustice, not to thank, very warmly, Flight Sergeant Rocky, both for his advice and help in decorating the Club Room, also for the loan of his excellent paintings.

In conclusion, tribute should be paid to the masterly performance of the band. The station dance band has shown great improvement since the occasion of its augmentation, it can now be said to have reached the peak of its form.

So, many thanks to all those who contributed to the highly successful evening, not forgetting Flying Officer Rhoden, who, as is customary with him, did his deeds behind the screen of officialdom.

On Club matters, it is with regret that we have lost the valued services of Leonard Fell, on his appointment to commissioned rank. At the same time however, all his fellow corporals extend hearty congratulations. Our sincere good wishes go with Pilot Officer L. Fell.

Club doings generally are in their infancy, so far the comfortable and cosy Club Room has not been taken advantage of by more than a small regular number.

A snooker tournament is being organised, as is also a darts competition. Details are available in the Club Room. So roll up you corporals.

ENTERTAINMENTS

By Flying Officer Rhoden

If you have any latent talent, or think you have, now is the time of your great opportunity. The Entertainment Committee cannot promise to make you world famous, but at least your names shall sound at R. A. F. Debert. There might even come the time when it will resound in Truro—so roll up.

In case you wonder what sort of talent is sought—here goes: We require artists for the Concert party, at the moment we have singers, pianists and comics; but that still leaves a very wide field.

We require contributions for this magazine—in the form of articles on topical interest—on happenings in the camp; and on, in fact, anything that may interest anyone—at least send it in, it can but be turned down.

Just in case anyone is hiding his light under a bushel; we shall require, shortly, a conductor for the Male Voice Choir, to take the place of P/O Clark when he leaves about the middle of June. If anyone really has the necessary talent we shall be very glad to hear from him.

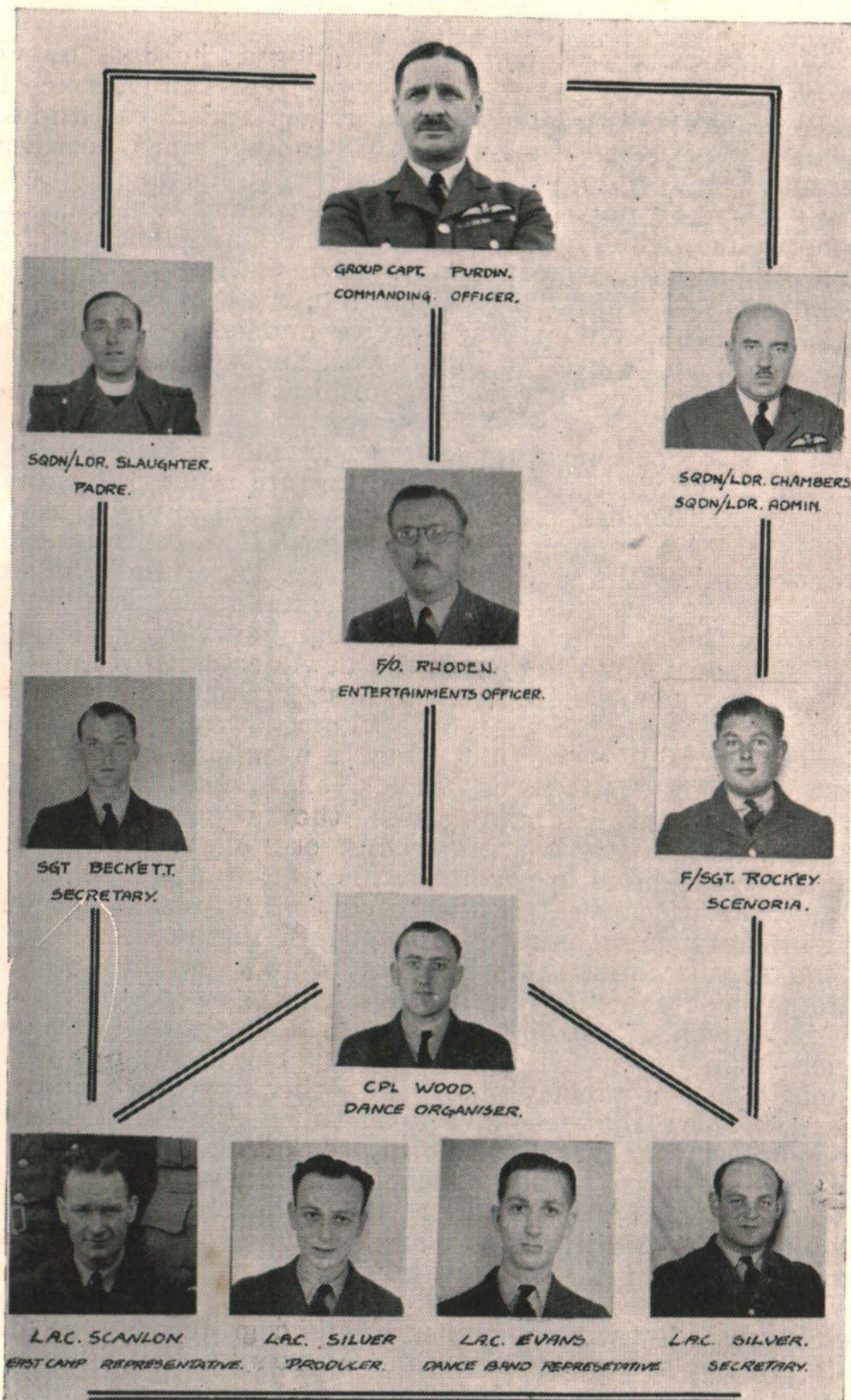
Now there are one or two points about which you might like to hear. You have all seen probably, the upheaval that is going on in the Rec. Hall? Well it is all in aid of a better, if not bigger stage. The P. S. I. has come through nobly with the wherewithal for extentions, a spot of lighting and last but by no means least a track for the curtain which (we hope) will not fail us now at a crucial moment. As a P. S. to these alterations the rather alarming colour scheme at the stage end of the Rec. Hall is to be effaced, we sincerely trust for the better.

Despite many set backs, we are hot on the trail of a new screen which we hope to have shortly for the Cinema. At present, it is hardly inaccurate to say, that one sees a picture as through a glass darkly. Whilst on this subject it has not escaped our notice that Deanna Durbin sounds infinitely better if allowed to sing without a spasmodic rumble and/or screech from the amplifier; and a lot of thought is being expended on the matter by our Reginald.

You may have noticed that the Airman's Canteen rather resembles a Palais de Danse, but without the attraction of a Band and other talent, this state of affairs will not last much longer. Furniture and fittings are on the way; the delay in delivery being due to a pretty successful combination of busy workshops and even busier Railways; at any rate that is the reason advanced to us and which we have had to accept.

G. RHODEN, F/O.

Know Your Entertainment Committee



Y. M. C. A. PAGE

The Y. M. C. A. Supervisor, standing as he does by virtue of his work, half-way between "Civvy Street" and service blue, naturally is expected to interpret and understand the attitudes and problems of both. He also is a sort of "contact man" between the two groups. Part of his job is to see to it that the man and woman in "Civvy Street" possesses the right idea about a service man—what he is like, what he expects of the civilian population, what features of his life they can supply while he is part of a service whose job it is to win a war. Then, too, the service man often is perplexed by the civilian—can't quite understand or appreciate the Canadian, isn't quite "at home" with the people, gets "brownd off" because he fancies a lack of hospitality or even interest in his doings.

An R A F Station, dropped down on the outskirts of a small town such as Truro, throws the problem into relief. It is difficult enough for an English lad suddenly, and officially, to be transplanted. A new country, new customs, new attitudes, and a different kind of life.....few fellows can make the adjustment quickly. There are usually misunderstandings, hesitancy in appreciating these 'different' people, usually cloaked by an appearance of superiority on the part of the bewildered R.A.F. man. On the whole the people living in the area surrounding our Station **want** to be friendly, to provide a "home away from home" for Station personnel. Sometimes they are rebuffed because they think the station wants to be "exclusive," or because their efforts are misunderstood. In many cases, they wonder why an AC2 should tell his host he is an instructor or a flight commander, or what not, when he is asked about his work. After all, an AC2, no matter what his work is on the station, is just as welcome to homes in the vicinity as a series of stripes on the sleeve.

And so, at times, there is a hiatus between the one seeking hospitality and the one offering it. This need not be; one has only to be 'natural' to be accepted and appreciated. Friendship is much alike everywhere; it is always based on mutual trust, confidence, and appreciation of the other's worth. That is so largely true here that we have need to be grateful. Many lads will remember Canada, if for no other reason, because of the homes which are open to them. Debert.....Truro.....Stewiacke.....New Glasgow.....Pictou.....all through the county, and even as far as Halifax or Amherst, there are folk who are wondering about you and who would like to know you. And when this war is won, and you and others who will follow you to Canada will have returned home, they will remember England gratefully—because of YOU. Do not hesitate to approach Truro's "Civvy Street;" it is glad you are here.

REG DUNN

CINEMA SCHEDULE FOR NO. 31 O. T. U.

- June 14: "Too Many Blondes," A Rudy Vallee musical comedy.
 June 16: "The Sea Hawk," with Errol Flynn and Brenda Marshall.
 June 19: "Pacific Liner," with Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris,
 Wendy Barrie, Alan Hale.
 June 21: "Ships with Wings," Exploits of the Ark Royal.
 June 23: "Three Cheers for the Irish," with Priscilla Lane and
 Dennis Morgan.
 June 26: "Stage Door," with Katherine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers,
 Adolphe Menjou.
 June 28: "Come on George," with George Formby.
 June 30: "It All Came True," with Ann Sheridan, Jeffrey Lynn,
 Humphrey Bogart.

BINGO NIGHT—WEDNESDAY 20.5.42.

About one hundred of the airmen spent an enjoyable evening in the Recreation Hall with L.A.C. Silver and the Bingo Set. There were the usual prizes of cigarettes and also, on this occasion, the Y. M. C. A. through their Supervisor Mr. Dunn, donated a Box of chocolates as the final prize.

Midway through the evening A.C. Benney provided a musical interlude, by playing four or five violin solos which were very well received. At the piano as usual was A.C. Eric Evans. Sgt. Beckett voiced the thanks of all present to the two musicians for giving up their time to come along and entertain everybody, and hoped that Bingo Night would see them both again very soon.

Following this the lads had a chance to sing themselves, and a session of community singing was enjoyed by all concerned.

Then came L.A.C. Silver and Bingo again. And then—to bed.

The next Bingo Night will be advertised on the Notice Boards by the Airmens Mess and the Recreation Hall. We can cope with as many airmen who like to come along, so keep the date in your minds.

**Appreciation from the Truro Commercial Travellers
 Association Apple Fund**

Editor, P. G.,
 Debert Camp.
 Dear Sir:

Truro, N. S.
 May 27th, 1942.

May I take this opportunity through your magazine, on behalf of the Truro Commercial-Travellers Association, to extend our sincere thanks to Group Captain Purdin, Squadron Leader Chambers, Flying Officer Rhoden, and the boys of the R.A.F. Orchestra, for their fine gesture in donating the services of the orchestra to our Apple Fund Dance, at Truro town, on May 22nd. Your fine orchestra was very much appreciated by our club, and I know by all the patrons at the dance.

Once again, may we wish fair sailing and good luck to the R.A.F.

I am,

Yours very truly,

BERT MACPHERSON, President, Truro Travellers Club.

THINGS AN AIRMAN DREAMS ABOUT



MALE VOICE CHORUS

Highlight of Entertainment

By Kenneth Ewen

The afternoon of Monday, the eleventh of May, was an important afternoon for the little industrial town of New Glasgow. On that date the Fourth Annual Competitive Musical Festival opened at the first Presbyterian church hall, with one thousand, two hundred entries. Mayor J. G. Cotter officially welcomed the contestants from Prince Edward Island, Pictou, Antigonish, Colchester and Guysboro counties, and the adjudicator, Dr. Charles Peaker, from Toronto.

"In times like these," said Mayor Cotter, "it is only fitting that musical organisations should continue to function in order to help the morale of the people."

Miss Jennie Fraser, president of the musical festival society, introduced the adjudicator.

Canadian accented Dr. Charles Peaker was born in Derby, England, and began his musical education in Hull, Yorkshire, where he first studied piano. He came to Canada in 1913 and took his A. T. C. N. in Saskatoon, when he won the silver medal for the highest marks in the Dominion.

He then went to Toronto at the invitation of Dr. Vogt, where he studied Piano with Ernest Seitz on the Heintzman Scholarship. At the same time he studied organ with Sir Ernest MacMillan, who was then Dr. MacMillan of the Timothy Eator Church, and studied theory with Dr. Healy Willan. He graduated from the university of Toronto in 1925, receiving his Mus. Bac.

In 1927 he returned to England, where he took the A.R.C.O. and won the Sawyer prize for organ playing. In 1929 he took the F.R.C.O., and gave recitals in various London Churches. In 1926 he wrote the Mus. Doc. examination at Toronto University and since that time has been engaged in teaching and giving Organ recitals. He is associated with the Coliseum Chorus and the Hart House Glee Club.

To the evening session of the music festival, on Tuesday, the twelve of May, travelled the station male voice chorus. They went in taxis, but not without incident. Outside Truro one party was delayed thirty minutes with a puncture. In New Glasgow, Welsh members of the party, singing softly to themselves in anticipation of a pleasant evening, came into collision with another car.

Waiting in the wings they had a good chance to observe the large audience. Said the only non-singing member of the party,

MALE VOICE CHORUS

(continued)

and P. G. representative, "One look out there gives me stage fright for the rest of my life." Out there on the stage they faced the audience with great confidence, sang two beautiful songs, "Gypsy John," arranged by Page, and "Dear Land of Home," from Finlandia, by Sibelius. The audience was appreciative, and called for an encore. Pilot Officer Clark addressing them thanked them for their appreciation and said that although it wasn't usually done at music festivals, he and his chorus would give an encore. So they stayed on the stage and sang "Waltzing Matilda," an Australian folk song. Officiating backstage was a Welsh woman, Mrs. G. A. Seaman. With true Welsh admiration for chorus singing she spontaneously said, "You have a lovely choir, they sang very very beautifully."

Now came the solo class. Baritone, L. A. C. Jack Taylor, mild-mannered and modest, rather obscure in the back row of the chorus, slipped diffidently to the centre of the stage, politely coughed and nodded to his accompanist. Only when he sang did he show his real confidence, the confidence of an artist who from experience knows that his interpretation cannot fail to attract an appreciative audience. This time he sang "Go, lovely Rose" by Quiltes, and Schubert's "Impatience." Afterwards, competing in the baritone solo (Oratorio) class, for the "Festival Cup," won in 1941 by Barkley F. Grant, Taylor sang "Lord God of Abraham."

Remembering the words of Sir H. Walford Davies who said, "In music Festivals the object is not to gain a prize nor defeat a rival, but to pace one another on the road to excellence," the Male Voice chorus felt that if it were helping to perpetuate the cause of fine music by appearing at Music Festivals that fact alone justified it's frequent and searching practices. So when Dr. Peaker said, "The R.A.F. Chorus from Debert is a first rate ensemble and has made the evening eminently worth while," the members were delighted. When Dr. Peaker gave them Ninety marks, which was the highest score of the evening, excitement ran as high as the audience's esteem. When Dr. Peaker presented them with "The Gyro Cup," to keep in remembrance of the festival, they would gladly have sung all night to this hospitable New Glasgow audience.

L. A. C. Jack Taylor had many hands to shake, many congratulations to acknowledge after the Adjudicator's report. He was termed well trained, with a nice lyrical style, was presented with a cup donated by the musical festival.

Invited to the conclusion of the festival, the male voice chorus again went to New Glasgow on Thursday, the fourteenth of May. They sang three songs to a large audience who had waited eagerly to hear the chorus.

The Padre, Squadron Leader Slaughter, extended a vote of

MALE VOICE CHORUS

(Continued)

thanks to the society and all those contributing to the success of the festival and then lead the chorus in three hearty cheers to the New Glasgow society and to the audience for the very enthusiastic reception which the chorus had received.

Dr. Peaker, in closing remarks said, "I have enjoyed the festival and have heard some very fine and beautiful renditions and excellent performances. Contestants have come many miles to compete.....I should like to see more performers in the various contests. We should feel very grateful to all those who made the festival possible and gave their time unstintingly."

Invitation to Festival Concert at Truro

The reputation earned at New Glasgow kept the Male Voice Chorus busy. Longer days of summer brought more and more station duties, less and less chorus practices. Winners of the New Glasgow Musical Festival received invitations to perform at a Festival concert, on Tuesday, the twenty sixth May, in the First United Hall, at Truro. Designated "Festival Cup" winners, the chorus sang a Frederick Clay arrangement of "Gypsy John" and "Dear Land of Home." By now they had learned to anticipate the inevitable encore, sang their favourite, "Waltzing Matilda." Still they had not finished, for later in the evening they sang "All Through the Night," a Pierce arrangement, "Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes," arranged by Parks, and "My Heart Commends itself to Thee," by Orlando di Lasso. That, they thought, is enough for one night, but the audience liked them enough to call for another encore, and again they sang "Dear Land of Home," a tribute to both the discerning Truro audience and to the composer, Sibelius.

Pilot Officer Clark—Conductor

Chorus has a worry. Present Conductor and man of much choral experience is lively, stern rehearsaler, Pilot Officer Clark. Soon he must leave the station. His going will be an irreparable loss to the chorus, not only because he is extremely useful, but also because he is particularly popular with the chorus members and a constant creator of inspiration. It is hoped that the chorus will remember his untiring vitality, and, despite their normal hard routine, continue to give their enthusiasm and energy to choral practices. What they will not forget though, is the first conductor and mentor, Pilot Officer Clark. Neither will he forget the chorus, one does not create attachments of sincerity every day.

A HISTORY OF MUSIC

Music throughout the ages has been roughly divided up into four periods. It is intended to devote one article to each period of music and give a short discourse on the known fundamentals of origin and the possible effect music of the past has had on music of the present.

1st Period—Mediaeval.

There is very little music left of this period and of what little there is, we cannot be too sure of it having been re-written (which was essential for modern presentation) as the composer intended.

Musicians of the past employed a very rough system of music writing, this being due to the fact that full use of the many different note values which are in use to-day, had not been discovered. In those far off days, a musical composition consisted only of what, to us, would appear to be all black notes (*i. e.* crotchets): hence, when music of this period was found, it was practically impossible to get a true picture of the composer's intention because it was not known which notes should be short and which should be long.

The composer in those days was usually the sole performer and, having written the piece, knew just how this composition should sound. Indeed, in a good many instances song accompaniments would not be written down at all but just depend on the instrumentalists inventive genius as the song was rendered.

It is safe to assume, then, that mediaeval music, re-written in modern score, perhaps does not sound very much like what was originally intended. Even supposing we could use the old and practically extinct type of musical instrument it is doubtful if modern musicians could produce a composition to sound as the composer intended. We must, however, give the composers of this period credit for leaving behind them the material on which is based the music of the present day.

In conclusion I would like to name a few of the better known of these past musicians whose music is still in use to-day. Perhaps it would be wrong to class them as mediaeval musicians as their period is more towards the close of this era and may perhaps be called the "transition" period. Of these men, the better known are:—

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625), Thomas Tallis (1520-29-1585), Palestrina (about 1525-1594).

It is interesting to note that the first piece of music that came to light was composed about the year 1200. The original record of this piece was in all probability found on a stone tablet or perhaps on the skin of some animal.

THIS THING CALLED SWING

by R. M. L.

"Good evening folks, we are going to entertain you with a programme of swing music. Let it go boys" How many times have we heard our radio announcers or favourite band leader say that?

"Swing." There it is again. We've heard the term with increasing frequency of late months. We've heard the top-notch orchestras described as swing bands—Louis Armstrong is the so called "King of swing," Benny Goodman the new "swingmaster." What is this thing called swing? According to reports, Europe first appreciated swing and swing clubs are scattered across the continent. We read that scholarly treatises by French music critics forecast a great future for this new American music.

To understand swing one should attend a good jam session—if you are fortunate enough to find one. If you do, remember not to applaud as you are an alligator (a non-playing fan) and as the musicians are "kicking it out" in the way they like, applaud reminds them of their commercial work.

We'll drop in on a session, shall we, to get some idea of what this is all about.

One o'clock a. m. down a narrow stairway, into a low ceiling subteranean room. We procure a table by the bandstand. On a foothigh platform, half a dozen musicians are lolling in their chairs. Others have drawn close to the stand and are "sitting in;" They have dropped in with their instruments to jam. Their postures indicate extreme physical relaxation and nowhere do we see a sheet of music.

Without any outward sign the musicians begin to play. We notice that there is no leader. The muted, mellow notes of a clarinet are picking out the thread of a familiar melody. The other musicians seem to be arousing themselves from lethargy. First one, and then another puts his instrument into play and falls in behind the clarinet. Eventually, by stages, the whole battery of instruments come into action. By some unspoken consent the clarinetist continues to predominate, setting the rhythm and melodic trend. Soon we notice that the melody we are accustomed to is no longer discernable—the clarinet soars above and below it. We feel somehow that the melody is still present, but only by inference. It persists through it's very negation, on through a long series of counterpart and obligato. Even though neophytes we recognise the superb command this player has over his instrument. The clarinet subsides and melts into the supporting music. Without signal a negro trumpet player assumes the lead and soars into an unbridled improvisation and it becomes almost impossible for us to detect any further semblance of the original melody. Up and on the trumpet rises, brilliant startling sequences, one upon another. The effect upon the other players has been electric, and now they play as though possessed. There is no music to guide them, no longer any sensuous thread of melody to which they may hold. Nothing but that hot, mad trumpet pushing up and down through varying vistas of sound, and yet the players are not a split second behind the negro.

(Continued on page 35)

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THIS THING CALLED SWING

(Continued from page 33)

Screwball.....lick, sock, ride and gang, boy oh boy "the cats are frisking their whiskers," they're "getting off," they're "mugging light," they're "mugging heavy," they're "in the goof"—they're "swinging"..... The big negro is standing now, his trumpet at a 45 degree angle, his eyes hard closed and rivers of perspiration coursing down his face—his whole body in a state of extreme agitation.

This negro—who can he be? None other than Louis Armstrong, of course, perhaps the greatest trumpet player of our generation. We are fortunate enough to stumble into a jam session where he plays solely for the joy of jamming. The white suit and black tie he usually wears when playing before kings, presidents and debutantes, takes a back seat to-night. There is no one thousand dollars an hour to play for.

The common birthplace of jazz was undoubtedly around Mississippi delta, where most, if not all the players were negroes. Not being able to read a note of music and possessing great musical talent, they make music of their own. In 1914 the greatest jazz classics were composed, namely—"The St. Louis Blues" and "Memphis Blues." Throughout the early period the music was known as jazz. What then is swing?

Jazz is a body of music which can be recorded and preserved on paper as most of it has been.

Swing is a manner of playing recorded or remembered music, (one can swing Bach or an old English Pastoral).

The manner of playing called swing is a manner of creating as you play. Your truly swing musician will never play the same piece in exactly the same way twice in succession. Melodies and rhythms are improvised around a given melody. Most of the melodies so far employed by swing players have been jazz because firstly, the simple and definite melodies of jazz leave plenty of space to play in and around and secondly, jazz tunes are familiar, thus providing the audience too with a thread to hold to when the improvisation departs from the straight and narrow course of music.

Thus jazz and swing come from the same cradle, but swing has now produced music that is certainly far richer than the original jazz. It's earnest devotees will tell you that it will go far—that it will bring forth a deeper and finer form of music. You critics will appreciate symphony only—highbrow stuff will undoubtedly disagree. O. K. then, go to it. Time alone will tell.

"Give us swing."

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE

The Ocean Limited was about to leave Halifax for Montreal when an immaculately dressed young man boarded the train. The negro porter took in his expensive clothing and flashy luggage at a glance and weighed him up as a cert for a good tip. He consequently ministered to him in the best possible manner through-

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE

Continued

out the journey—wishing him frequent “Good Mornings!” and dusting off his clothes on every possible occasion.

On arrival at the Mecca of all erks the negro wasted little time in removing the young gent’s luggage from the train and stood in a prominent position with his hand outstretched as the passengers alighted. The young man delved deep into his pockets and finally extracted three cents which he carefully placed in the porter’s hand. The negro contemplated the coins for several moments thus causing the passenger to remark “Well, what’s the matter? They’re alright aren’t they?” “Oh, yaas, suh boss, they’re alright I guess but they seem to be telling me something” came the reply. This aroused the young man’s interest. “Oh!, What is it they are telling you then?” he asked. “Well, boss the first one tells me that you are of Scotch origin” “That is so,” said our friend. “As a matter of fact I was born in Dundee 25 years ago.” “Well, boss, this second one seems to tell me that you are not married.” “Quite so” was the reply, “I am a confirmed bachelor.”

The negro hesitated but was soon prompted by the traveller “and what does the last one say?” “well, suh, I can’t quite make that out but if I hear a’right it seems to tell me that your father is not married either.”

AIRFORCE TERMS FOR PUPILS NO. 3

- Pitching—Tree point landing exercise, prop-boss and two wheels.
 Pitot Tube—A tube, similar to a pea shooter, used for finding the speed of a current when propelled by outside air.
 Plane Symmetry—Sometimes spelt: Cemetery, a tool used for planing tombstones, when lining them up.
 Port—A left handed opening—or anyone when sea or air sick, *i.e.* any port in a storm.
 Range—The maxium distance any airman can travel under a full load.
 Rolling—One time only applicable to Mateloes. But now any Airman on pay night. Anecdote: Wear heavy tin hat or deep sea boots.
 Rigging Position—censored.
 Rudder—An English slang expression—“Where the rudder hell.”
 Shock Absorber—*ie.* Colonel Blimp’s corporation.
 Side Slipping and Skidding—also tottering, doddering, and stumbling *ie.* a ‘stinko’ condition or Colonel Blimpitis.
 Skin Friction—Osculation between Mae West and Wallace Berry.
 Slip Stream—A frozen rivulet.
 Span—Removing the yoke of an egg.
 Spar—A longitudinal beam used by boxers, in their gloves.
 Spinning—Rotating movement, when a pupil rotates the ‘Kite’ in an opposite direction to the propeller.
 Stability—A poor fish, a total abstainer.
 Stagger—Finding your way home with one finger on the curbstone, after the stag party.

Continued

Stalling Speed—Slower than that.....Quit stalling.

Starboard—A star shaped board for measuring star fish (not a fishy yarn).

Streamling-Body—Hmm.....Hmm.....very nice, in other words.

Streamline Wires—For containing the above, a garment.

Sump—Sump'conscious mind *ie.* a low mind.

Tail unit—remember the horse with the green tail??? or the golden rivet??

Tail Plane—A tail thats on the level; obviously not the above.

Tail Skid and Slide—“on the rump.....down.”

Taxying—Or curb crawling for a pick up, memoirs of Blighty.

Thrust—A really strong word, shove or push etc.

Time Lag—The split second between pack up hooter and the last bloke leaving the hanger; this of course refers only to peacetime.

These scroungers.

TO OUR LOVED ONE AT HOME

WE were so happy and carefree
 In days that seem long ago
 We loved, and lived for each other;
 And our love, every day seemed to grow;
 With a smile and a kiss you would greet me,
 At the close of each trying day,
 And alone in our own little home dear,
 We were happy, as years rolled away.

But then all our sweet dreams were shattered,
 As the whole world was plunged into war;
 And I answered the call of my country,
 To fight for the land we adore,
 I had vowed that I never would leave you;
 “Till death do us part” were my words,
 But a man must protect all his loved ones,
 From those devils who live by the sword.

I had hoped in my heart as I left you,
 That the war would help me forget;
 But the memory of tears at the station,
 Are the heartaches I'll always regret,
 For while we were fighting for glory,
 And winning the nation's acclaim,
 Who praises the courage
 Of the loved one we left at the train?

Yes! you are the heroes of this War,
 Who just have to stay home and wait
 For the sound of our footsteps returning,
 Or a message that tells of our Fate,
 So please God I pray every evening,
 To return to my home once again;
 And atone for the sorrows I've caused you;
 So your waiting will not be in vain.

A NON.

NOTICES

Classes are being organised for pupils who wish to be initiated into the mysteries of Clearance Certificates. There is no charge, and incidently there is no guarantee that you will ever understand them. We can say however that the walking involved will do you as much good as a long cross-country run.

Will the Airman who will persist in having his break in the Adjutants Office please refrain from smearing jam all over the desk. Really chaps play the game. The Adj wants to read his P. G. as well as anyone else, without getting all the pages sticky.

Will the airman who uses the C.O.'s map as a dartboard please report to same at 09.00 hrs. Monday morning for a game? The stakes being a 'Coke.'

ADVERTS, ADVICE??

Patronize the Shuttle service, operating between the Drome Cafe and East Camp. Everybody treated with civility—Buckshee jobs done in between. Leaves the Drome hourly if you can get the driver away from his hourly 'Coke.'

Notice to all Gardeners.....Starch rubbed well into the hands before gardening will prevent them becoming chaffed and Blistered. After the exercise wash hands with 'green water' for lily white finish.

When pressing your slacks, and you happen to scorch them slightly; try rubbing the patch with half a brick. The rough edges of the brick will rub off the singed fluff, and the scorch will disappear after a few minutes—leaving a hole! Then put in for a new pair.

ALL THE GEN

Perfect "Harmony" doesn't get the fish that are found in "Rockey" streams.

Robbie mustn't worry about his love affairs, as the female scent has now crept into the romance, better "Marshall" his talent elsewhere. Now that the better weather is here a certain F/Sgt. is looking towards San Diego, but if he goes who will be left for committees? Who was the Pupil who said the food in the Mess exceeded his greatest expectations? We wonder which occupied country he came from, but maybe he's fastidious.

OBITUARY

It is with regret we record the death, due to a flying accident at Debert, on Saturday morning, the thirtieth of May, of Pilot Officer Hoffman.

An American, Pilot Officer Hoffman was extremely popular amongst his fellow pupils and Airmen.

Our sympathy goes to his people and many friends in Canada and America.

TALE FROM TRURO

One of those "now it can be told" episodes comes from Truro, Nova Scotia, released by the recent death of H. R. H. Duke of Connaught, who was governor general of Canada prior to and during the World War I. On August the first, 1912, the Duke laid the corner stone of Truro's then brand new Civic Building. Now comes F. A. Doane, an old time Truro resident, remembering that only a few hours before the time set for the ceremony, he noticed that the name "Connaught" had been misspelled "Connought" in the inscription engraved on the stone. A hasty consultation among those in authority, resulted in the recall of the erring sculptor, who turned the block over and cut a correctly spelled record of the occasion on the opposite side. This probably makes Truro the only community in Canada possessing a Civic Building bearing a twice inscribed record of its erection, one of the inscriptions egregiously inaccurate.

MARCHE MILITAIRE

In our interview with the "March Hare" section A/496 we found him very depressed and suffering we understand, with Blackhorse fever, contracted whilst Stationed at Debert—"Cavalry and all that."

He told us that he attributed his health and success to Shadow-Boxing early every morning; and Barrack Room Sports every evening.

ROCKET BOMB IS USED BY RUSSIAN AIR FORCE

The magazine "Aeroplane" said in a recent issue that the Russians are using "rocket bombs" which are far more effective against tanks than dive bombers.

It went on to say that "dive bombing" has had its day and called the rocket bomb possibly the most important tactical advance in air weapons since the war began.

The rocket bomb, it explained, is slung on the guide rail under either the Hurricane's or the Stormovik's wing. When the target is sighted an electrical firing button is pressed and the bomb is projected by a rocket apparatus in its tail.

The advantages of these bombs, the magazine said, lies in their great hitting power and accuracy as compared with dive bombing or low level attacks.

ALL THE FUN OF THE CANTEEN

Airmen's Humour

The N.A.A.F.I. is handy when you haven't time to get into town. To-night finds us there, eating buns and swilling the tea that is often called other things, smoking and gossiping.

At the next table a thick-set, rosy-faced youth with propellers on his tunic sleeves is arguing loudly with his two companions. "I tell you it were in 1938 Pompey licked the Wolves." He turns round. "Ere, chum, 'oo won the Cup in '38?" He addressed a corporal who, between mouthfuls, mutters something

FUN OF THE CANTEEN

Continued

about "Middlesex," but his humour isn't appreciated.

Another coterie is being amused by that peculiar fellow called "Dusty," who was at our table a few minutes ago. He has a store of the old, crazy trick questions, such as "How far can a man walk into a wood?" When somebody says "Half way," he looks disappointed and goes on to more advanced stuff, which requires pencil and paper. Once he has pulled one over he smiles impressively and moves off. I can see him now drawing something on the inside of a cigarette carton.

Through the noise of conversation and laughter one can hear the stock of nicknames: "Lofty," "Tich," "Taffy," "Pincher," and the conventional Service slang phrases: "Don't bind," "I'm easy," "Cheesed off." An airman coming away from the counter drops one of his "wads" or "gravestones;" it disintegrates on the floor. His pals laugh. One of them says "You've 'ad it!"

The "Fags" Joke

From the next room comes the steady tap tap of a table tennis ball. The harassed attendants looked worried, try to smile away the cheerful, monotonous impertinences of the customers. Little red and yellow coupons and the necessary coins are changed for cigarettes. "Aincher got no better fags than these?"

"No."

The airman looks, unbelieving, at the N.A.A.F.I. man. "They'll go stale undert he counter!" he says.

More men crowd inside. Suddenly Big Ben is booming through the room, and I look up and see two boys carrying the portable set over to one of the tables. Still there is some talking, until the pause after the chimes, and everything goes quiet.

You could almost hear a "wad" drop.

Then: "This is the Home and Forces programme. Here is the news, and this is Alvar Lidell reading it." It isn't Mr. Lidell's voice that's now roaring an American hit named "Chattanooga Choo Choo." The voice passes the windows; the voice comes in at the door. The voice is a kid who looks about eighteen.

"O'K. Pipe down, Tauber!" somebody shouts.

After the news, nearly everybody leaves. As we pass the first hut in the line in which ours is situated we hear one man hold forth; "I got some 'gen.' The Russians are....."

W. G. G.

WEDDING

HAMER—WHITE

A wedding of interest to many friends was solemnized at Christ Church, Stellarton on April 25th, when Jessie P. White, R.N. daughter of Mr. James White of Stellarton and the late Mrs. White, became the bride of Cpl. W. E. Hamer. Rev. F. A. Heffler performed the ceremony.

The bride was attired in a navy blue dressmaker suit with touches of white and wore a white straw sailor and navy accessories. Her corsage was of Johanna Hill roses.

Miss Kathleen Durne, R. N., of the staff of the Blanchard Fraser Hospital, Kentville, was bridesmaid. She wore a black tailored suit with powder blue accessories and her corsage was of Talisman roses.

The groom was supported by Cpl. S. Walters, R.A.F. Following the ceremony the bridal party motored to the Norfolk Hotel, New Glasgow, where a wedding supper was served. Members of the immediate family and several friends of the locality and of R.A.F., Debert were present.

The bride is a graduate of the Payzant Memorial Hospital at Windsor and has been practising her profession for some time in New Glasgow.

WHERE IS THE ITALIAN FLEET?

By "Sparks"

There is a lot of speculation as to the whereabouts of the Wop fleet—more so than ever now since we received at the signals office a report from a semi-official source (Hub Coach Co.) that the Vittorio Benito had been sighted south west of Bass River dry docks heading north toward Great Village. Two days after we had informed the duty pilot, soared two Hudsons into the blue (Debert shade) to investigate. Two days later soared two more on search for the first two..... And all the time the cry went up "Where is the Italian Fleet?" Two more days. Still no official gen.

Then—a clue! We received another report from a semi-official source (Hub Coach Company driver) that whilst sucking a "coke" (obviously a "coke"

sucker) at the Drome Cafe he had actually seen a greasy bloke ordering a dime's worth of spaghetti and also over-heard the word "wop" mentioned during the conversation. Surely this man must know something? After all bags of spaghet etc., So we decided to act. However investigations proved futile this chap had been a w/op since passing out at Yatesbury months ago and besides he liked spaghetti, so what? So nothing—we just retired. Days, days, days, and still "Where is the Italian Fleet"....?—the burning question.

Then came word that units had been sighted in Folly Lake, three fields up the line. So we transmitted a signal that "Debert expected every man".....etc. Two days later soared two Hudsons into the blue (same shade) but they found nothing except a few erks fishing.

Well this got a bit of a bind so we decided to treat all relative communications with suspicion. The telephone rang one day and someone reported a ship movement up the bay. Would this be the Pukka Gen at last?

Was it heck. Some old women it was who gave us the "duff" excitedly twittering that she had been told by one of the aviators (Ach GD) at the I.O.D.E. that the Italian fleet were suspected of being in the neighbourhood and that was she ever thrilled when she had actually seen a big boat herself moving around in Cobequid Bay and would we mention her to the newspapers if her report proved to be correct.... After telling her where to go we hung up.

.....So still the cry goes up "Where is the Italian fleet?"

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OR DID I DREAM IT?

By Ronald Jeans

From Lilliput, March, 1942

On a fine spring morning of the year 1989 a little boy stood gazing up at an impressive statue in Parliament Square, London. His grandfather, by his side, doffed his hat and stood, bareheaded, in silent homage.

"Why do you take your hat off, grandfather?"

"As a token of respect, my boy. Forty-odd years ago that man, Augustus Shakewell, saved England and the British Empire."

"What did he do?"

"I'll tell you the story," replied the old gentleman.

* * * *

Augustus Shakewell was the son of a dispensing chemist, whose real name was Shackwell, but his friends always called him Shakewell, because of the labels on his bottles, so he finally adopted it, judging it to be good for trade.

Augustus never showed any aptitude for chemistry, and when he had failed for the seventh time to pass his first examination his father, deciding that he had inherited his mother's brains, apprenticed him to a cheese factory, owned by one of his friends. As Augustus had a natural liking for cheese, and there were no exams to pass, he soon became manager.

The beginning of 1939 found him in the early forties, married, comfortably off, with a pleasant little country property on which he reared a few poultry and an occasional pig. In fact, to use an expression current in those distant days, everything was okey doke.

Then came the war. Week after week, from morning till night, Augustus pored over Government forms, demanding details of plant, machinery, factory space, output and returns.

From the threat of having his factory turned over to making steel helmets, he was only saved by his error in addressing the completed forms to himself instead of to the Ministry concerned. Before the mistake could be rectified he received a letter from the Ministry of Food stating that permission would be granted to continue the manufacture of cheese, on condition that the plant installed was capable of turning the cheese back into milk in the event of children being evacuated to the area.

Forms were enclosed asking for the number of female employees, including cows. Expert advice on the conversion of existing plant could be obtained by filling up more forms—which turned out to be applications to other departments for still further forms.

In that moment Augustus made a great resolve. He took all the forms, crunched them into a bundle and threw them on the fire, then he stalked out of the office, arriving home, for the first time for weeks, at tea-time.

"I'm so glad you've come," said Sophie, setting out the tea-cups; and Augustus wondered how he could tell her of the awful thing he had done. But her next sentence brought him courage. "I want you to help me fill up this form," she said.

Without looking at it he put the form in the fire.

OR DID I DREAM IT ?

Continued

"But Augustus," she protested, "now we shan't get any more meal for the chickens!"

"I don't care," he said. "I am filling up no more forms." he told her what he had done at the office. "Go on—tell me I'm mad," he said, bitterly.

"No, dear," she said; "I'm sure you know best." Which Augustus found very irritating, for all the way home he had been preparing a devastating defence of his action.

That evening Sophie asked the doctor and his wife in to play bridge, and taking the doctor aside on the pretext of showing him her varicose veins, suggested that Augustus was slightly unhinged through overwork, and would he have a chat with him after the rubber? So after the rubber, on the pretext of showing her varicose veins to the doctor's wife, she left them alone together. When they returned she found the doctor exasperated and Augustus obstinate.

"But," the doctor was saying, "what about your directors? They won't stand for this high and mighty attitude."

"I don't expect them to. I'll probably get the sack. But at least I'll have no more forms to fill up."

"You'll have to fill up your unemployment form," replied the doctor.

"I shan't do it," replied Augustus.

And so it turned out that Augustus lost his position of manager of the cheese factory, the directors appointing in his place two ex-schoolmasters and a retired Civil Servant—who, by working twelve hours a day, managed to keep the form-output up to the level necessary to run the factory at a loss.

Sophie was furious. In vain did Augustus point out that he had done what he had done as a matter of principle.

"What are we going to live on?" she asked, and was unimpressed when he explained that it was really the Government who would be the losers, since although his income was nominally paid to him, eventually it all went to them.

Augustus made no secret of the reason for his dismissal—indeed, he boasted of it to his friends. And Sophie could not help feeling secretly proud of the awe with which they regarded him.

Very soon the Shakewells' house became a centre of interest to the neighbours; one by one they saw the amenities of life being sacrificed—first the chickens—then the occasional pig; the motor car was stored; the butcher ceased to call; it was only a question of time, the neighbours said, until the Shakewells would be starved into submission. And indeed already they were beginning to look a little wan.

It was at this point that one of the great national Sunday newspapers printed an article headed "What will the Shakewells eat this Christmas?" in which the writer held up Augustus as a martyr to the crying scandal of Government Formania. "If we all had the courage of Augustus Shakewell and his charming blonde wife," he wrote, "the Government would have to act."

OR DID I DREAM IT? (Continued)

The article stirred the imagination of the public. Letters from sympathisers poured into the newspaper office; an endless stream of ham, cheese, sausage-roll and the like were delivered at the Shakewells', emanating from well-wishers all over the country.

Augustus decided to make a tour of the country, at the invitation of the newspaper Editor, and lecture on "Forms and what to do with them."

The tour was an instantaneous success. Even those who brought their forms to the lecture to be shown how to fill them up, after hearing Augustus speak, were quite content to throw them into the enormous waste-paper basket provided.

So far the Government did nothing, because this is a democratic country. But when the Anti-Form League, with Augustus as its President, openly called upon its members not only to refuse to fill up forms, but to obtain as many as possible from the post office with the avowed object of destroying them, it became clear that something must be done.

Questions were asked in Parliament, and the Home Secretary replied that in the opinion of his legal advisers there was nothing illegal in the refusal to fill up a form if the refuser was content to forgo the advantages which the filling up of the form was intended to bestow.

A Labour Member pointed out that this answer could hardly apply to the Army, where the filling-up of forms bestowed no advantage on anyone, and asked, in the event of the movement spreading to the Army, how did the Secretary of State for War intend to keep our soldiers occupied?

It was at the end of the debate, which had become heated, that another Labour Member shouted, "Then the Government admits it can do nothing!" This time the reply came from the Strangers' Gallery. "Yes it can. It can abolish forms."

The voice, you will have guessed, was that of Augustus. He was ejected without ceremony; but the effect was electric. Not only the manner of the interruption, but the simple, penetrating truth of the assertion came upon the House like a breath of fresh air. Every Member present, from the Premier downward, turned to his neighbour, as if to say, "Why didn't we think of that before!"

Thus it happened that the greatest political reform of the century was passed—the Act prohibiting the wholesale issue of forms. It has been calculated by experts that the Act saved, in the first week of operation, over seven million man-hours per minute of the nation's time; that the number of Civil Servants released for service with the Forces, standing shoulder to shoulder, would have reached from London to Llandudno and back to Willesden. This sudden access of man-power turned the scales and eventually won the war for the Allies.....

"That, my boy," said the old gentleman, "is what our country owes to Augustus Shakewell. Ever since then it has been illegal to issue forms except by special licence."

"How do you get a special licence?" asked the boy.

"You have to fill up a form," said the old gentleman.

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TRURO,

Nova Scotia

NOW I UNDERSTAND

Stanley F. Jefferson

Now I understand, at least in part, what I have never until now clearly understood; for I am again living among so many sights and sounds dear to me through familiarity, which before I accepted but now treasure. For now I understand why we gave our lives, willing to sacrifice the promised future rather than let our successors lose their heritage.

Again, after so many long years I am walking almost aimlessly along the Strand. It is a mild autumn evening with just a hint of drizzle in the air. The lights outside the theatres are blazing bravely with promise for the newly-opened season, as white tie and ermine cape arrive from the restaurants.

There are newspaper-boys shouting as in the old days, "News, Standard, classified!" and a raucous, brazen noise comes from the pin-table arcade. Down the road little knots of young couples are hurrying from the tube station to the dance hall, their shoes under their arms.

It is not just the same as it was, for there are changes that make the heart ache for lost glories and lost beauty, and lost lives. There are wounds gaping in the great heart of London, where once stood the stages on which Tree played, and the bench from which English justice was meted out, and the rooms where Edmund Burke composed his speeches.

But still the perky Cockney rattles up the hill into Covent Garden, and still the old women waddle down with their baskets of flowers, labouring on to crowded 'buses under the cheerful tongues of the conductors.

I want to cry out with the pain of the memories that crowd about me. Of nights when the sky was a saffron curtain to silhouette St. Paul's, lurid with the agony of a tortured East End: when the rush of the fire tenders through the empty streets left the heart numbed with dread of their mission: when silver-white spots of light burst on the roof-tops, a split-second overture to yet another roaring fire of destruction. Of days when the high blue sky was festooned with balloons as if for a gala: when the hum of the traffic ebbing softly into the park was flooded back by the startling warble of the sirens: when high, high in heaven men drew twisting white trails behind them as they played a game against death.

I wanted to get away from the buildings, standing gaunt at the shrines of their fallen partners; I wanted to lose the memories of the past and find something that had stayed unchanged, something to give me a hope for tomorrow.

I turned down Villiers Street, past the idle prostitutes and the gardens where the band used to play under its garlanded canopy. I remembered that the last time I had walked down here my feet crunched on shattered window glass, and the stock of one of the book-shops had been vomited out on to the road. A muddy copy of "The Decameron" was sprawled in the gutter, its yellow jacket soddened with smoke-stained water.

NOW I UNDERSTAND

(Continued)

Slowly I climb the seventy stairs and walk on to Hungerford Bridge. The night wind is blowing cold from the east, bearing the vibrant hoot of a ship's siren as she casts away from her berth below the Tower. More as a gesture than a shield I turn up my coat collar as I lean over the iron railing and strain my eyes to the water below.

Here flows Thames as he has flowed since history began, deep and black and unhurried, conservative and slow to anger in flood or gale, the very artery of our nation's life. Here he flows still, faithful in service whether to bishop or bargee, cockney or king. He has changed but little in appearance, constricted here by the granite walls on which they built his embankments, spanned there by the triple crescent of a bridge, attended on by jetties and cranes

Yet here, I feel, I have found true permanence; something beyond the squabbles of parliament, the injustice of tyrants or the struggles of men. Here is my people's heritage, the life blood of the humanity of London which I love.

I raise my head, in confidence and gratitude for the enduring things, which were not lost when chaos rained through our proud streets. And as I look down the river I see the first sign of the promised future, like the crocus that shows its white tip in the lawn.

No longer do the geometrical girders sprawl across the Waterloo, nor the pile-drivers pound their incessant clamour against the sky. Out of their ugliness of sight and sound has grown a new monument for tomorrow, clean-cut arches of white stone leaping youthful athwart old Thames. Here is the theme to make our victory worth while; this is the inspiration to lead us forward through the peace.

I turn away, and huddled in the shadows I see a pair of lovers, close-held in each other's arms, murmuring their hopes and desires. No longer are they haunted by the sorrow of separations, the shortness of leaves, the dread of death. Now they can build their own world, in freedom of body and spirit.

And now at last I am content, for now I understand why we gave our lives. Now we can rest in peace.

Weep no tears for us, for we sleep peacefully, knowing that it was not in vain, and relying on you, who still live, to finish our work.

Benevolent Fund

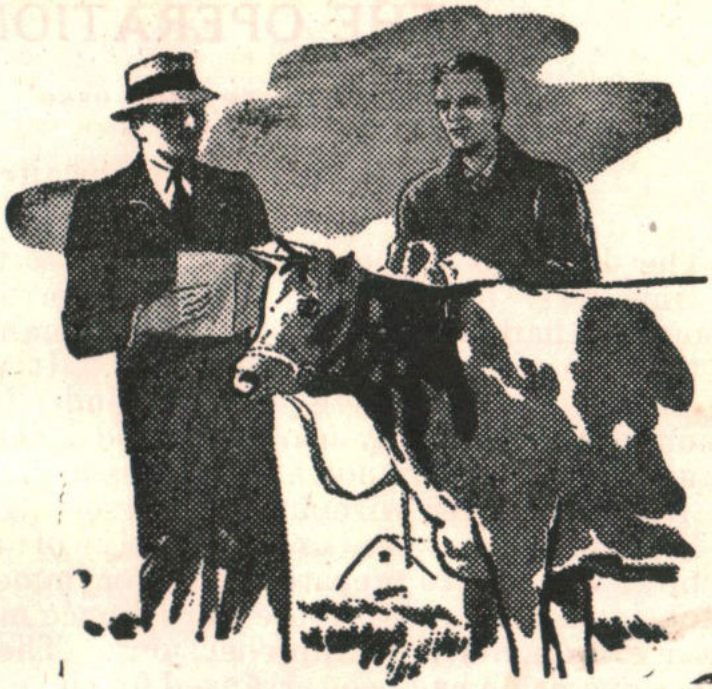
At various strategic points about the camp, boxes have been placed so that anyone, feeling 'flush' or can spare an odd copper, may make a donation to the Benevolent Fund.

This Fund is run to aid any Airman who may be in real financial distress of any kind—so whilst it may never affect you, personally, it is a fund worthy of full support. So please give it at least your consideration.

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THE OPERATION

'A posse ad esse'

By Chris Crosthwaite

The diagnosis was completed, I was to undergo an operation and time was short. What nameless terror took possession of my soul? I had been told, not once, but many times, not to worry and that everything would be alright. It was all very well for them to say that, they were not going under the knife. My apprehension grew, and as my fears mounted I became more convinced that an operation was not at all necessary. I felt perfectly sure that I could recover without them resorting to surgery.

My advisors were unfortunately of an entirely different opinion; I was told to prepare myself for immediate hospitalisation. Upon being settled in a private ward I once more took to conjuring with my thoughts and apprehensions. The nurse informed me that the operation had been arranged for eleven o'clock the following morning—so, they had it all planned out just like that, had they? Well, there was little I could do about it now, except endeavour to impress my physician that to resort to the scapal should be the last of his considerations.

What empty hopes were these indeed, my fate was ordained, it was all arranged even to the minutest detail. How can I ever eradicate from my memory the rest of that day and night, and above all, the following morning up to eleven o'clock? What mental torment mere apprehension can work! All manner of fantastic possibilities ran through my mind—I conceived a whole gamut of possible happenings, other than the routine planned. As the clock drew near to the fatal hour, I had worked myself up to such a state of nervous exhaustion that the very tick of the timepiece seemed to spell my doom.

It was now eleven-fifteen. Could they have realised that an operation was not necessary after all—or had they forgotten me altogether! But perhaps the surgeon was late? Just then my nurse entered with a tray containing diverse clinical impedimenta, amongst which I recognised iodine, swabs of cotton-wool, a hypodermic, containing apparently, anthrope. The outcome of this was of course an injection, which was duly administered. A few moments elapsed and gradually I felt less nervous, but how I craved a drink. I asked for one and was promptly refused. A knock on the door and two internes entered without ceremony, wheeling a bed trolley. So I was to go after all.

Upon arriving at the theatre I was at once lifted upon the table, a cold shining affair of tubular steel. A trolley with various cylinders was wheeled into place. The anethetist seated himself by my head, and after applying his stethoscope, placed a mask over my mouth. A new and more violent wave of foreboding swept over me; the anethetist was murmuring something about

THE OPERATION

Continued

breathing deeply and slowly—'count with me,' he said. There was a steady hissing—one two—three—four—a sensation of utter chill passed through my nose and throat—five—six—seven—eight—nine—the chill was going now—ten—eleven—twelve—his voice was weakening—he must be moving away—fourteen—fifteen.....

Obscurely some lines of Edgar Allen Poe drifted across my mind.

'Sadly I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length—
But no matter—I feel
I am better at length.'

Oblivion, utter and complete,—then slowly, perceptibly, the blackness gave way to a suffused glow—I was sinking—sinking through vapourous mist—slowly at first and then more rapidly—would I ever stop?—the mist was clearing and dim forms were receding rapidly into a vast distance—geometric forms—and forms for which geometry would admit of no analysis, drifted past and beyond me—and then fled rapidly down a corridor it seemed. Suddenly, the forms began rushing towards me. There was a flash of light and I heard voices, excited voices, 'I shall have to give him a spinal' the doctor at my head said, 'nurse prepare an ampule of ponotocaine—a hypo of novocaine—quickly—thank you.' I was half lifted, half rolled on to my side, I felt the jab of a needle, and then a small screen was erected at my head. There was an icy clatter of instruments and I felt a tugging at my chest as the surgeon worked on my abdomen. There was call for more hermostats—I drifted off once more into Poe.

'The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased with the fever
That maddened my brain.'

I awoke slowly, and wondered if it was all over. Someone was holding my head. It was my nurse. She assured me that it was over and that everything would be alright. I was not to worry. I felt better now.

'And ah, let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For a man never slept
In a different bed—
And to sleep, you must slumber
In just such a bed.'

I felt contented now, and wanted to sleep. I should never have terror for another operation. What groundless fears I had entertained.

FROM CLEAN NECK TO ROUGH NECK

The days were, when I washed three times a day and was no end of a lad—baggy flannels, sports jacket and all!

Then came a day when a certain gentleman (we will mention no names), had certain ill-advised intentions, and a great change came over me.

My eyes turned skywards where sundry light-hearted gentry were doing careless deeds with things called "Spitfires" and the like, with a nonchalance that amazed the beholder.

So I bought me a bottle of Brylcream and went along to interview a very polished thing who, to my awestricken gaze, must have been related to a very high peer indeed.

This gentleman was most helpful and insisted on turning over lots of papers and cards and spoke of different trades and a mysterious "establishment."

I suggested very timidly that I had a bottle of Brylcream and could I please be a pilot?



This must have caused him a lot of thought and not a little worry, because he began pacing up and down, biting his lip, and twirling a very neat little moustache (which I had already secretly resolved to copy). Finally he said that they did quite a bit of flying too and there really wasn't any reason why I couldn't be a pilot

—"Were my mathematics good?" Now these were the days when I had been drawn from the seclusion of a sheltered and gentle life and being a truthful sort of individual I accordingly said "No." My questioner was sorry—that was plain to me right away I think I even detected a tear in his eye as he urged me not to take it too much to heart, but just at the moment I couldn't be a pilot. Later, perhaps.

Blowing his nose noisily he turned back briskly to his papers and cards and shortly afterwards I emerged from the office as—he assured me—a Physical Training Instructor.

The magic day dawned when I was to report to a Recruiting Centre and—along with several other fellow-adventurers from the city—I was borne swiftly away from the bosom of my family and friends

From the moment that we were met by a scowling Corporal—I sensed trouble—I was a recruit—a rookie—I could go no lower.



The days that followed left their mark too. Hours marching aimlessly here: hours trailing disconsolately there. Dressing; undressing: revealing our shrinking torsos to the gaze of curious and non-committal—wholly impersonal— Medical Officers. Arms high, turn around, jabs in this arm, jabs in

that arm, bats in the belfry!

FROM CLEAN-NECK TO ROUGHNECK

Continued

It was here that words like "trade," "remuster," "group" became understandable and not just so much jargon. Here, too, I was interviewed and persuaded not to be a Physical Training Instructor (this by a ruthless Flight Lieutenant who evidently regarded my claims of experience in the field of Physical Training as clear proof that I would make a good "Clerk/General Duties"). And here, too, I spoke wistfully of my Brylcream and ambitions to be a pilot: but again; "Later, perhaps."



All things come to an end, and one morning, bright with an early sun, several of us gathered on the local railway station, self-conscious in stiff new blue (civilian respirator complete), snowy white kit-bags, and dare-devil expressions on our faces, and, after much sorting, shouting, and pushing managed to board the train which was to take us to a new form of torture, which was called "Square-bashing."

Of the short weeks that followed much could be said—much!

Many were the seemingly ill-dispositioned Sergeants (who I feel must have had a very sad home life) who snouted unintelligible words at us, and drew unfavourable comparisons between us and dumbbells.

Often were the days when my gentle soul revolted and I had great difficulty in refraining from remonstrating with the more "difficult" of the numerous chevron-armed monsters. I had visions of a place and time where I was free to pass amongst these monsters—being permitted to bounce all and sundry on the skull with a respectably proportioned club!

But the weeks passed and gradually I found that a Sergeant was simply a human being with three stripes and that invariably the proportion was more "human" than "stripes." It was borne upon me that we were the monsters. Soon I learned to halt on one foot and one foot only. Soon, "Squadron Leader and ranks above approaching your Post, to the front salute" became an order with meaning, and not just an unintelligible gabble that left me cold. I acquired a new vocabulary and learned to avoid that animal the "Binder." I could even speak of my Service number without blushing. Which was indeed a great stride forward.

And a day came when I was considered fit enough to be passed on to a working unit and I was not a little curious to know where I was destined to go. Northwards it was to be, and it was with a little more poise and knowledge of Service procedure that I entered my first "Station."

It was a peaceful and happy (in some respects) life and throughout the summer of 1940, day simply succeeded day, week ran into week. Occasionally one or other of my friends were spirited away to be seen no more and "Overseas" began to take on a meaning in my mind.

FROM CLEAN-NECK TO ROUGHNECK

Continued



Inevitably my name appeared in the file of "Postings—Overseas," and a mad rush of days ensued finally culminating in a choppy bay and pitching boat. In imagination I went all over the globe; South Africa, India, Libya even Russia. But it was not to be. "Go West, young man," adjured the great American Writer, and West it was. To the hospitable shores of Canada—as yet a land of plenty, no restrictions, no blackouts, and plenty of petrol. And to the majority of my readers, I need not describe this land of wide open spaces. In the consciences of all of us will be the due appreciation of everything done—and done for us—here.

Now, I, as with the select few—a confirmed roughneck—look backwards on a twelve months gone, bringing us nearer and nearer to the day. The select few yearn only for that day, and who rise, in common accord, to yell

"ROLL ON THE BOAT."



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BORDEN BALL TOURNAMENT

Under the leadership of SL/dr. Slaughter, P/O Murison, P/O Witt, and the Y. M. C. A. Supervisor, Reg Dunn, a stiff "Knock-out" Tournament in Borden Ball has reached the semi-final stage. The tournament began on Monday, 25th May, with the following fourteen teams entered:

- Accounts "A" vs. Equipment "B."
- Accounts "B" vs. Accounts Conscripts.
- Padre's Team vs. Officers Mess Staff.
- Orderly Room vs. "A" Flight.
- Sick Quarters "A" vs. Maintenance Staff.
- Fire Staff vs. Signals (H. Q.)
- Equipment "A" vs. Sick Quarters "B."

In the first game of the competition, Accounts "A" won a hard-fought battle from a strong Equipment team, by the close score of 4-3. The Accounts team, skippered by P/O Murison, had a slight edge by virtue of better teamwork and close defensive action. In the second game, Accounts Conscripts were swamped by a smooth-working Accounts "B" team, by the score of 7-0. In the first round, too, the Padre's Team, playing with 'Imported' talent, won over the Officers' Mess Staff, but the game was awarded to the latter team as it fielded its full team. Sick Quarters "A" one of the stronger and more experienced teams, dripped the Maintenance Squadron by the score of 9-0. Sick Quarters, belying their name, mopped up the field with a dash and precision indicative of careful teamwork, and well-thought action. "A" Flight trimmed the Orderly Room by the score of 11-0, in a surprisingly one-sided game. Equipment "A", also a strong team, captained by F/Lt. Lovell, won over Sick Quarters "B", score 9-2. Fire Staff, unable to field its team for the first round, was scratched in favor of its opponent, Signals (H.Q.). So, ended the first round of the tournament. The semi-finals, to be played during the week of June 1, will find the following teams lined up against each other:

- Accounts "A" vs. Accounts "B".
- Officers' Mess Staff vs. "A" Flight.
- Sick Quarters "A" vs. Signals H. Q.
- Equipment "A" vs. Maintenance Signals (drawing a bye).

All these teams are well-matched, and stiff matches are in the offing. More and more station personnel are turning up to watch these fast-moving, exciting matches, and it is expected that the rest of the tournament will be even more interesting as the teams garner experience and confidence in their playing of this new game. A suitable trophy will probably be awarded the team winning the competition.

Following the completion of this "Knockout" tournament, plans are being made to work out a schedule of regular games to be played by all sections who can organize a team. The game requires little else, for a start, than two six-man teams, and an adherence to rules which are simple and easily understood. Notices of games and future plans will be found in D. R. O.'s, which everyone reads, so a lively competition is in store for the station.

R. D.

TRACK AND FIELD MEET AT MOUNT ALLISON

Saturday, the sixteenth of May saw seven members of the athletic team, competing in the invitation University meet at Sackville. Hopes ran high and limbs were supple as L.A.C. Johnson lined up for the start of the hundred yards dash. Competition was very keen in this particular race, and Lofty, getting off from a bad start failed to secure a place. Sergeant Hendry was next man. Setting the pace in the quarter mile and looking set for a good win, he succumbed to shortness of breath and finished fifth. Ah well we thought, in spite of these two setbacks we still have the 220, mile and relay, so we can show our worth. The fleetfooted Lovatt ran a superb race in the 220 yards dash. However fate took a hand and whilst going on to win, he tripped, stumbled and fell headlong into the cinders. This was extremely unfortunate as he would definitely have secured a place in the final. L.A.C. Dolmon, running in the quarter mile did not show his usual turn of speed, probably due to lack of training. He finished the race in fourth position. The relays did not prove to be in our favour either and once again we met defeat. The team of Johnson, Corporal Johnson, Riggs and Lovett, each running 220 yards, put up a game display against the winning crack University team. The final race of the day was the mile. Corporal Shrivell, although spiked through the heel at the first bend, continued and ran magnificently into second place.

Lessening their chances of success was the fact that members of our team possessed no spiked running shoes. As we go to press we learn that spikes are on the way. We look to the future and anticipate success from the athletic team.

FOOTBALL

Football seems still to be the leading sport on the camp, and looks as though it will continue to be throughout the summer, despite the much vaunted high temperature. However, the weather will be the controlling factor. We have yet to see the formation of the football committee, although a station football meeting has been called. The league will commence in the very near future. Make the matches a success by attending and supporting them whenever possible. Truro ground, and the upper part of the pavilion, are now available three times a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, many of the league games will be played on this ground. Remember to keep the pavilion tidy.

There are a few pairs of boots to be had from the sports store if anyone wishes to purchase them. It is hoped to be able to purchase more in the near future. It pays to have your own boots and makes all the difference to your play.

CRICKET

Very few are seen at the nets nowadays. Why? The committee has formed a league and made the draw. Cricket is a game that requires lots of practice, surely it is not too far away to the nets? Two more games took place in Truro. One was cancelled owing to the rain. The other ended in a victory for the station team. Two more mats are being purchased and a ground in the neighbourhood of the Camp may shortly be available.

ATHLETICS

The javelin and discus have been drawn from the sports store which indicates that interest is being taken in that direction. It is hoped that other branches of athletics will now be taken up, as it is hoped to hold a station sports meeting, at the end of this month.

GENERAL

Everyone is asked to co-operate by returning their kit to the sports store on time. More interest in sport generally should be taken by personnel on this Unit. It should be realised that owing to the rationing of petrol distant outside fixtures will have to be strictly limited in future.

SGT. PETERS.

Horseshoe Pitching Tournaments are becoming increasingly popular among R. A. F. personnel at 31 O.T.U., since the new pitching court adjoining the Fire Hall was opened recently by the Fire Fighters. An open challenge is given to all sections to enter teams in the tournaments being held each evening. Arrangements for games may be made through Cpl. Rutherford.

S. PARKE,
Flight Sergeant.



A. C. Peewee says he can never find his P. G.

APPRECIATION

Red Triangle Club, Truro

Young Mens' Christian Association

On Saturday afternoons the streets of Truro are dense with sauntering soldiers and Airmen. Civilian shoppers dressed in clothes as multi-coloured and various as English spring flowers, greet each other, or smooth the covers in many black perambulators. From the cafes, which are as numerous as English Public Houses, comes the cacophonous notes of the jute boxes, and the click click of the pin tables, sounds vaguely reminiscent of Hampstead Heath on whit Monday. There is the long, tree lined Prince Street, level and swept with patches of delightful green lawn. Summer strollers are grateful for the shadowed relief from the oppressive heat of the afternoon, and turn to one another with something new to say, in appreciation of it's comparative coolness.

Between seven and eight in the evening a sudden breeze ruffles the upper branches of the trees, and tinted clouds, like long blown candle flames, flutter across the last rays of the sun, and, before the garish illuminations of the neon signs flood the sidewalk with green and red lights, queues are forming outside the Capitol and Royal cinemas. The crowds notice the sidewalk suddenly splashed and darkened, some Airmen already going back to camp, run for the bus station, others turning up their tunic collars, look hastily around for a taxi.

The majority call to each other, "quick, the Y. M.," disappear with a clatter of boots behind the red doors of the most cosmopolitan club in Truro.

Rarely does the red triangle club turn anyone away. Though it operates for the benefit of servicemen, ex-servicemen, and occasional civilians, if they have nowhere to go are permitted to stay.

Saturdays, especially in the summer, are naturally the busiest days for the Red Triangle Club. Between the hours of 9 a.m. and midnight, on Saturday, the thirtieth of May, 1942, three thousand and fifteen men used the services of the Y. M. C. A. in Truro. Recorded peak attendance was a day in 1941, when four thousand and seventy men made the Truro Y. M. C. A. their mecca. Every day there are between five hundred and six hundred men using the Red Triangle Club. There are fifty beds in the dormitory. Sailors, soldiers, Airmen and men of the Merchant Marine, passing through Truro, far from home and on leave, use on the average thirty of these beds every night.

Representative of the excellent cuisine is the approximate week-end ration scale of ninety dozen eggs, sixty two quarts of milk, fifteen and a half quarts of cream, one hundred and forty pies, twenty five pounds of butter and sixty loaves of bread. Chiefly responsible for the purchasing of food, is super-housewife Mrs. S. A. Fulton.

Mrs. George Reid is the Convenor for the Red Triangle Club's Womens' organisation, which includes the canteen and Mother's

APPRECIATION—Continued

corner, where fumble-fingered servicemen can take their many holed socks to be darned under the sympathetic fingers of expert needlewomen. Mrs. R. H. Doane, is the extremely busy and capable Director of the Club's group organisations.

Altogether there is a volunteer force of two hundred and fifty-eight ladies, who in their spare time unselfishly give their energy and enthusiasm to serving this great cause.

Chairman of the local committee is Charles Stanfield.

Two men who seem to work the clock round—they are always in the club from early morning until late night—are the club supervisor, silver haired, dynamic Mr. Luck, and secretarial assistant Mr. Angus Rose. Mr. Luck was a Y. M. C. A. Officer in World War 1. For five and a half years he was general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Charlottetown, and has been with the war services since June, 1940.

We, the boys of 31 O. T. U. Debert, want to express our sincere appreciation and thanks to all those hard working men and women of the Y. M. C. A. Red Triangle Club in Truro. Their conscientious devotion to our welfare is making our visit to Canada a pleasant one. We wish for a long and continued association.

K. E.

IN APPRECIATION

One year ago a conglomeration of Airmen arrived at a desolate spot which later was to be termed 31 O. T. U., Debert. What a vast difference we city fellows noticed between the life we had known and the existence which was before us. Slowly but surely, entertainments of varying natures arose. Football, cricket, swimming and the movies. It is of the latter I wish to speak.

We offer our thanks to an airman, an ordinary common or garden "Erk." Many of you have never seen him, hardly ever realise his presence, yet he is there in the projector room of the "Rec Hall." As Jack Warner has it, "He's the bloke what shows pictures to the scabies." How many times have catcalls, hisses, boos and raucous shouting greeted a bad patch of the film? The man behind the camera being the recipient. If we stop to think of how many times the film has been used, how constant running wears the perforations, we obtain some idea of the difficulties that beset the operator. Surely it is logical to assume that "flickering" is not the result of bad operating. Let us remember too, that whereas we of the audience have a good view of the screen and can hear the sound track perfectly, the man behind the scenes is not so fortunate, for he has the noise and the constant watching of the projector to contend with.

The services of this Airman are entirely voluntary and are an essential factor towards our enjoyment. Let us be patient, exercising restraint should snags arise. Tom's is a thankless job. Do not make it more difficult.

We appreciate your efforts Tom. We look forward to many more films with you behind the camera.

R. M. L.

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