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Royal Air Force, Debert

Volume 1--No. 6

September, 1942

PARKINSON



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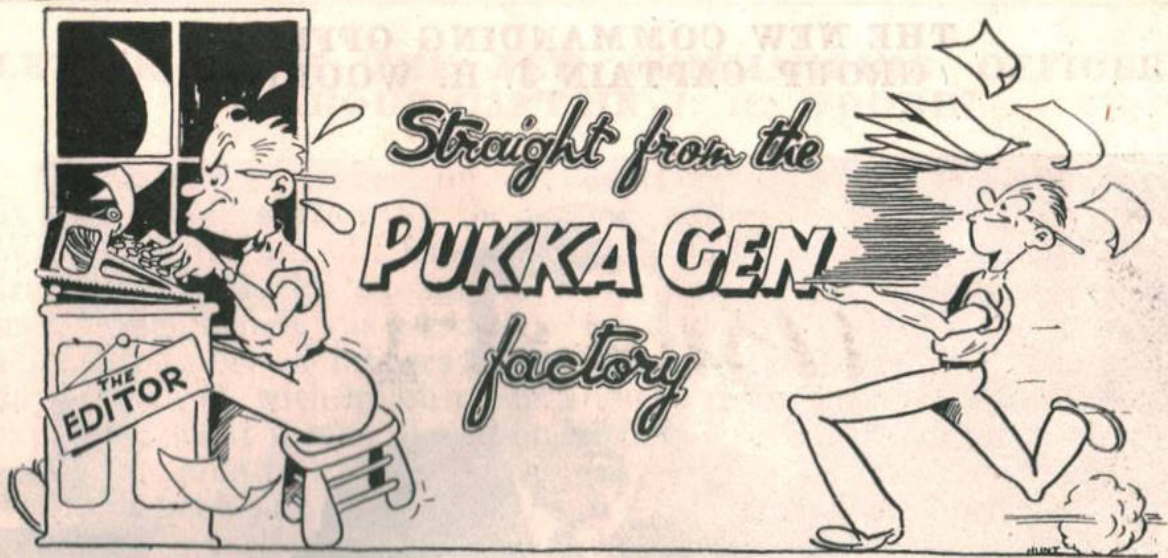
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**EDITORIAL**

It is at once a pleasure and a duty to welcome our new C.O. Group Capt. J. H. Woodin, who took over command during August. He comes at a time when the camp is looking its best. The many belts of green grass, fir trees (which grew up over night) and the colourful array of sweet smelling flowers, have given the camp a more cheerfully English atmosphere. This plus the cheerful, happy contentment which now exists have made a first good impression. We hope that the C.O. will have a very pleasant and happy stay here, and I know that everyone will do their utmost to make it that way.

At the same time I should like to thank Group Capt. W. E. Purdin our late C.O. for all he has done for us. His job here has by no means been an easy one. With so many men, plucked bodily from the pleasantries of matrimonial and congenial home life, and planted in the wildness of Debert, he certainly had his hands full. His was the job of making the Camp comfortable for work, play and relaxation. Looking around one can see only too well, how successfully this has been accomplished. In the centre of this issue you will find photographic evidence, all too few, of the good work he has put in here to make our stay a pleasant one. On behalf of the camp we extend our best wishes and thanks to Group Capt. W. E. Purdin and hopes that he finds his new command to his liking.

Finally we extend a hearty welcome to all new arrivals. Our relief by gad.'? May your stay here be a pleasant one and that in taking over the torch, you benefit by our mistakes. You, are the men who will form the nucleus of the new entertainments committee. Come forward, and help in whatever capacity that you can—the magazine, the concert party, camp dances, choir, orchestra and so on.

EDITOR.

## THE NEW COMMANDING OFFICER GROUP CAPTAIN J. H. WOODIN



In extending a very hearty welcome to our new Commanding Officer, on appointment to his first Command in Canada, it would perhaps be of interest to mention a few of the more salient features of his Service career.

Group Captain Woodin joined the R.A.F. in 1923 and underwent the familiar course of postings and transfers until 1926. From this date until 1928 he served Overseas—first in Heliopolis, and then with No. 47 Squadron in Khartoum. During his time in Khartoum, he took part in the Cairo to Cape Flight.

During 1928 and 1929 he was Personal Aide to the A.O.C., Middle East and later held a similar position to the Deputy Chief of Air Staff at Air Ministry.

The outbreak of War found him holding a position in the Directorate of Operational Requirements, which was followed by a transfer to Intelligence Duties.

The Group Captain has already demonstrated his keen understanding and appreciation both of our difficulties and of our achievements, and in accepting this welcome, he can be assured of the whole-hearted backing and sincere co-operation of all of us who have the privilege of serving under him.

## LETTER FROM THE NEW COMMANDING OFFICER, GROUP CAPTAIN J. H. WOODIN

I arrived at Debort on the 31st July 1942, and was welcomed at the railway station by the Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. E. Purdin, an old friend whom I had not seen since 1924 in Iraq. I was lucky enough to arrive on the night of the officers' mess dance which was a grand affair, and which enabled me to meet a large number of officers and their wives and friends. The next day, the C. O. with much pride, showed me around the Station and explained what it was like when he first arrived fifteen months ago, and I was able to appreciate the vast amount of work and energy that had been put in by the Group Captain and all concerned, and to see for myself the results of your labours—a really excellent and up-to-date Royal Air Force Station. It is difficult for the newcomer to realise that some two years ago the present site of the R.A.F. Station, was more or less a swamp.

Having spent five weeks here, I can quite honestly say that I am delighted with my new command and greatly impressed by the work of the Unit, and very pleased that during the month of August, the highest number of flying hours were recorded. O.T.U. Requirements can only be met successfully by the very closest co-operation between flying and ground personnel and it is clear by the excellent results shown, that the necessary team spirit, which is so essential to achieve our aim, namely, to turn out the most efficiently trained air crews within our power, is very much alive.

I have not had the opportunity of serving at an O.T.U. before now, but I have already grasped how interesting the work is and how important to the War effort. I feel convinced that you all realise how essential it is to put the maximum energy into your work so that the policy of training an increased number of air crews may be achieved. Our object must be to go on progressing, and I am convinced that we can do this if everyone pulls his weight.

I am sure you all welcome, as I do, Wing Commander N. B. Littlejohn, the new C.I. He is an old friend of mine from Calshot days and very experienced in Coastal O.T.U. work. We are indeed lucky to have such an able officer posted to us.

We all wish Group Captain Purdin and Wing Commander Maxwell the very best of luck in their new appointments. I will end by hoping that those whose tour in Canada is nearly completed will soon realise their ambition of returning to the United Kingdom and so back to operations, and to those who are remaining at the unit I wish the very best of good luck.

## AN IDEA OF HEAVEN

Short Story by William Porritt

When you spent all your life amidst noise and confusion, noise and unrest, there had to be a time for peace and quiet. It was like living between two unscalable walls of noise which hemmed one in like a trap. There was no escape until one could temporarily scale these walls and get away to the soothing world outside and so, find quietness—the silence of a world so still it seemed to drip like water. What was the poem—?

“What is this life if full of care

We have no time to stand and stare?”

That was it! Dreamy, inactive afternoons and sleepy evenings with soft music and mellow light: the hush of the world outside breathing in through open windows, stirring at the curtains and spreading the sweet, good smell of garden flowers.

That was how their holiday would be, they vowed. Just like that—quiet, sleepy and dreamy and they waited, almost in fear that it might be taken away from them. Days passed, hours, minutes, but the day came and with it the train that snorted and tugged and took them away. It was a magic carpet flying past fields, lakes and forests; past mountains dipping and rising to the sky in splendour. It was all happening so quickly that as they watched from the train window, there did seem to be a touch of magic about it. After all, life was so simple; you just got into a train and—poof! You were away like that, speeding into the future and leaving all the past behind you. Now it only depended on the house where they would stay and the people who were to be their hosts. Otherwise it was perfect.

The house was all they might have dreamed about for it stood well back from the road, hiding behind a curtain of trees that changed into banks of flowers as you walked up the drive. It was a friendly-looking house, rambling and bearing a lived-in atmosphere. But what was more important, the people might have been put there solely for them, so charming they were. Mrs. Toby might have been a dresden-china figure breathed into life, so gracious she was with her pink and white skin and wispy white hair. She led them upstairs from the hushed lounge and they saw glimpses of quiet bedrooms and a rapid succession of soft eiderdowns coloured pink, blue, yellow, purple and green—all cool and soothing. And lastly she said, “This is the bathroom” and they were dazzled by an array of gleaming tiles, bath-rugs, soap and towels that pleaded with you to wash and be clean.

How quiet it was! Everything was so perfect that you felt as if you wanted to hug yourself in delight. Surely this was worth everything cruel you had suffered in the past. This was the great compensation. So that night they relished a cup of tea (how good it tasted) before they went to bed. It was early but what was the use of staying up, they thought, when there were good books in your bedroom and chairs and bed-lamps glowing in friendliness.

AN IDEA OF HEAVEN—*Continued*

Then lastly, the complete delight of a bed that waited to enfold and drift you away to bliss. But above all else, there was peace and quiet. How could one sleep in this? They pulled faces at each other and laughed and laughed, but they couldn't sleep.

The next night they were back early from their evening walk and sat on the verandah chatting with Mrs. Toby and someone else. They went to their room a little later and started to write letters but there was nothing very much to write about. One couldn't describe walks very well—at least, not to make an interesting letter. They twiddled with the radio and somebody-or-other's orchestra played enchantingly from New York. But sh! They thought it best not to have the music too loud or it might disturb someone, so they kept it low and tried not to feel excited. Yet they could not quell the feeling of wanting to do something. It was a lovely night too and when they were in bed and had turned out the lights, the moon gleamed brilliantly into the bedroom and the leaves on the trees rustled and danced. They were both awake for a long time, thinking, moving, unable to be still.

The following day they arose early and told Mrs. Toby not expect them back until late for they were going to the town, just out of curiosity, of course and to do a little shopping. There were shops?—ah good, then they **would** be able to do some shopping.

The bus went at nine-thirty, gliding away with a rush and a purr. There was something exciting about travelling, not that they were bored but a change was as good as a rest and they were here for a rest.

In the town, the quietness had erupted into noise and it was good to feel a bustle of activity in the air, and people moving in a hurry, and talking in loud voices. The number of shops almost made you feel dizzy but thank goodness for the variety and a chance of seeing so much. It was a change but by the end of the afternoon they had bought everything they wanted and seen everything at least three times. Then suddenly all the shops shut up with the rapidity of limpets and when that happened, everything seemed dull and lifeless and they were bored with the town. They were contemptuous and told each other how different it would be in a reasonably-sized town. After all, this was really nothing more than a village so they caught the early bus back. There was no one else in it and they said little, both wishing it would go faster instead of crawling like this. But after all, these were only village buses. So what could you expect? They said how good it was to be back and told Mrs. Toby so many times as they chatted with her. She yawned at last and said it was late and went to bed, asking them to put out the lights when they came. She was so charming they thought as she disappeared. It must have been very late when they went to bed for everything was even more quiet than usual. But they had finished their whispered discussion and retired feeling satisfied at having done away with a problem.

They were nervous at telling Mrs. Toby next day so they

*Continued on page 10*

**AN IDEA OF HEAVEN**—*Continued*

tossed a coin and the loser went down to see her. He soon came back grinning happily and then the other breathed a great sigh of relief and smiled too. As they began to collect their things they bumped into each other and made funny grimaces until they wanted to sit on the bed and laugh and laugh but they cautioned themselves and thought it best not to make a noise. Soon they were on their way and the train was like a magic carpet bearing them away.

The city was squalid and dirty and their room bore the painful signs of such ruling powers. They saw the stains on the musty wallpaper, the greasy floor, the ill-laundered bed clothes, damp and uninviting, but thought that after all it was what you expected in a city. One of them 'accidentally' spilled his bottle of after-shave lotion on the floor and they both sniffed and thought that that was much better. They did not stay there long and silently breathed with relief when they were walking along the busy street.

That night the "Hawaiian Grotto" was more crowded than usual and the air was thick with conflicting odours of cigarette smoke, heavy perfumes and liquor. An orchestra thumped wheezily from one corner and as they played, the perspiration trickled in streams down the faces of the players but they had no time to wipe it away and it kept on trickling wearily. Someone sang periodically in a voice that was lost beneath the din of the room. Everyone shouted, everyone sang and the saxophone went:

oomp-ba-ba,

oomp-ba-ba.

They were crushed at a table in a dim corner and they smiled and shouted across each other. They were sure they were enjoying themselves and frequently one would ask the other if it wasn't really the thing, whereupon the other would laugh loudly and shout in reply that it really was good and what one needed for a change. And all the time the saxophone went:

oomp-ba-ba,

oomp-ba-ba.

They kept on laughing and saying how good it was.

**CINEMAS FOR THE MONTH:**

- Sept. 18: "The Girl Said No," Robert Armstrong, Irene Hervey.  
 20: "Nice Girl," Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone.  
 22: "Underground," Jeffrey Lynn, Kaaren Verne.  
 25: "Kitty Foyle," starring Ginger Rogers.  
 27: "Flame of New Orleans," Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot, Roland Young, Mischa Auer.  
 29: "The Maltese Falcon," Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor.  
 Oct. 4: "Naval Academy," Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon, Billy Cook.  
 6: "The Roaring Twenties," starring James Cagney.  
 11: "Hit the Road," Little Tough Guys, Dead End Kids, Gladys George.  
 13: "International Squadron," starring Ronald Reagan.  
 20: "They Died With Their Boots On," Errol Flynn, Olivia deHavilland.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

During the past five or six weeks, entertainments of rather major importance have been noticeable by their absence.

This has been due largely to the fact that the Members of the Dance Band have been given an opportunity to take well earned leave, and also because of the summer weather, which is always an occasion for outdoor sports.

Regular dances are being started once more with a Station Dance in the new Drill Hall, which should give a good send off to the season. A date for this Dance will be announced later. There is also a Concert in process of organising which, it is hoped, will be put over on or about the same date that this issue of 'P. G.' is being sold.

With the long winter months ahead of us, it behoves us all to start now and lay the foundations for a season of good entertainment. Most of you know what the winter here is like and will agree I know that a prepared programme is essential.

In appeals for local talent in the past, the response has not been too good. Now I'm sure that there are many amongst you some who could do something in the way of entertainment—sing, dance, clown, dramatics—anything. Please come forward and your offers will be only too willingly accepted.

It is hoped to promote an Amateur Dramatic Society for the purpose of putting on something of a more serious nature—although comedies too will not be overlooked. Any airmen who have had experience in this sphere are asked to come forward and give their names to the Entertainments Officer. We are anxious to put on some plays so do help by coming forward if you have the necessary talent. Everyone will appreciate that it is only by having a number activities "under way" that we can hope to provide a reasonable programme for the winter.

### Station Dance

The commanding officer has given permission for a station dance to be held in the drill hall on the evening of sportsday. The date proposed is Wednesday, 30th September 1942. This date may prove to be unsuitable, but by the time that this notice is published, a definite announcement should have been made in D.R.O.'s. The dance is to start at 2000 hours and finish at 2359 hours.

Entrance will be by ticket only, and only one double ticket will be available for each member of the station. Exceptions may be made for anyone wishing to bring more than one lady, or for other special reasons if tickets are available.

Beer and soft drinks will be on sale at the bar. A buffet supper for which no charge will be made, will be provided.

Arrangements are being made to invite ladies from Truro and New Glasgow.

Further details of the dance, including entrance fee to be charged, will be published as soon as possible in D.R.O.'s.

It is hoped that everyone will turn up to make as great a success of the evening as possible.

HIGHLIGHTS OF DEBERT NO. 6

*The Chief Ground Instructor-*

**SQUADRON LEADER  
E.A.F. REEVE.**



HAROLD  
HUNT  
21

## ADASTRAL BODIES

### Clothes and the Airman

Our uniforms caused us some anxiety in the early days. We had no complaints against the clothes themselves, and some of us discovered with gratification that our hats ("head-dresses," officially) exactly covered our balder patches. No, our anxiety was due to remarks made by airmen of longer standing than ourselves—men who were perhaps advanced as far as their fifth week of training. They said that we looked "sproggy," and even hailed us as "sprogs" as we went by.

We wondered how long it would take the wind and weather of Muddington-on-Sea to reduce us to the venerable unsproggy which distinguished the greenish-blue figure of, for example, our own Corporal Baker.

It took less time than any of us had dared to hope. Before long, glancing hopefully under our lapels or at the underside of our belts, we were heartened to see that these pieces of unexposed material were of a surprisingly dark blue. Our daily activities also did their best for us by taking the creases out of our trousers and causing other creases to appear across the toes of our boots; and the blows which we rained upon our hats to keep them in place during strenuous bouts of marking time soon began to spread them flatly over our heads and to impose upon them a certain individuality. When matters reached this stage we were happy men. We were no longer sproggy. We hoped our critics would notice and approve.

Actually it was Sergeant Llewellyn who noticed it—and without offering one word of approval. It was Sergeant Llewellyn's business to look after our entire Flight. His practice was to arrive without warning and subject us to terrible ordeals of drill and invective, and it was upon the very day that we had unanimously pronounced the devil of sproggy to be finally exercised that it occurred to him to hold a dress inspection.

When he had scrutinized the boot-heels of the very last man he sprang up on to the narrow sea-wall, the pounding sea below him, and behind him the weed-slippery crags and the long plunge to the beach. We awaited his verdict calmly. We looked like airmen, and we knew it.

The sergeant paced up and down a little, no doubt deciding in what terms to couch his expressions of congratulations, sensing perhaps that for once none of us was praying for him to miss his footing and disappear backwards. At last he spoke.

"You—" he began, and choked a little—"you—SLUTS!"

After that he found his words more easily, and every man grew pale.....

Many of us went without our teas that night. We were fighting to get at the billet's solitary flat-iron. We stood in queues, our trousers over our arms, tugging at our headdresses, pulling at the pocket-flaps which had only that morning delighted us by tending to curl like rose-leaves.

*Continued over*

### ADASTRAL BODIES—Continued

We were late to bed. And one there was, Second-Class Aircraftman Gunthorpe (whose role in civilian life had been Something in Gents' Outfitting), who sat by a candle with needle and thread until the dawn's grey fingers began to pluck at the black-out curtains.

Second-Class Aircraftman Gunthorpe was not without his reward. When we gathered at breakfast next morning, it was plain that he was the smartest of us all. The creases of his trousers were like bayonets' edges; his pocket-flaps lay snug against his breast; there was a slenderness about his waist and a becoming squareness about his shoulders. And when he donned his head-dress to accompany us on parade, exclamations of admiration escaped us for the noble uprightness with which it stood upon his head. The rest of us were neat, clean—sproggy, indeed, but Second-Class Aircraftman Gunthorpe was immaculate. He might almost have been mistaken for an officer.

Sergeant Llewellyn awaited us, dapper, fierce, hypercritical. But when at last he sprang again on to the seawall it was not to lash us with words. He said gently that we would do; and turning an appraising eye upon Second-Class Aircraftman Gunthorpe, splendid in the front rank, he invited him to take two paces forward and to turn about. This brought the dandy of the squad face to face with the rest of us. We did not grudge him his moment of glory.

"I want you to look at this man," said the Sergeant. "I want you to look at him, because if any of you ever come on parade looking like he looks, you're going where he's going—*on a charge!*"

Beau Gunthorpe turned white, red and white again.

"This man," continued the voice from the sea-wall, its inflexion rising, "will be charged with making unauthorized alterations in the uniform of the Royal Air Force. He has put press-studs on his pocket-flaps; he has inserted pads or blocks in his tunic shoulders; he has removed a V-piece of material from the back of his tunic; he has inserted a V-piece of material in his trouser bottoms; he has *sewn in* his creases; he has moved two of his tunic buttons, replacing one of them upside-down; he has shortened his tunic belt, causing it to buckle in the end instead of the middle hole. Lastly, he has stitched up the top of his head-dress with black cotton. Corporal Baker, *put this man on a charge!*"

And as Sergeant Llewellyn bicycled away, as the Corporal sadly took out his notebook, as Second-Class Aircraftman Gunthorpe tottered to his place, a great whistling sigh arose from the rest of us. For which one of us, given the criminal's ingenuity, perseverance and skill, might not at that moment have stood in similar peril of damnation for the duration.....?

*Punch.*

---

## "ROLL ON THE BOAT!!"

**AIRCRAFTMAN BLOGGS REPORTS SICK**

The pain was worse after lunch and Chiefie, who's not a bad chap at heart, said, with a sigh, "You'd better go Special Sick." So, unversed in the weird and wonderful ways of 31 O.T.U., I ambled across to the hospital, and, ploughing my way through half a dozen assorted corporals and a stray L.A.C. or so, I bearded the Sargeant in his den and asked to see the M.O. The Sargeants cherubic face went white, then red, then several rapidly deepening shades of purple, and he emitted several short but violent explosions which I took to mean 'Go and get a Sick Report before you show your face in here! ! !'

Discreetly, I didn't stop to argue, but dashed back to the Flight Office, to enquire what and why was this Sick Report which is so essential to an airman's wellbeing. Chiefie referred me to the Wing Orderly Sergeant, who, after considerable search, was found at his usual place of duty (the billiards table in the Corporals Canteen). It was several minutes before I summoned up enough courage to interrupt his dissertation on the Decadance of the Modern Erk long enough to ask for my all important Sick Report, but when I did so he rewarded me with a fatherly smile.

"Sick Report?" muttered the Orderly Sergeant (Corporal B, Class 'E' Reserve) "Sick Report? I seem to remember seeing one somewhere. Oh yes! It was in Habanya, in '24, just after the 2nd Entry left Halton. Let me see, it's a Form 624, isn't it? Hold on a minute, I believe I've still got one in my pocket." He pulled out a wad of 295's, a couple of Application Forms and three Pay Books, from the oldest of which he produced a tattered, but still unused, buff form. Licking his pencil with evident relish, he rapped out a few questions as to my antecedents, and before I knew where I was I was en route for the Sick Bay, bearing Corporal B's genuine antique, made out in favour of 1234567 A.C. 2. Bloggs B.F.

It was with a light heart that I wheeled into the Hospital Orderly Room this time, and I didn't bother to trouble the Sergeant; I simply grabbed the nearest Corporal and said "Come on, Jock, I've an appointment with the M.O." Jock took one look at my precious document, and cried "Whit's a' this? That's no' a Sick Report. Dinna forgit ye're in Canada noo. It's a Form M.F.B. 292 ye're wanting, made out in triplicate." I would have liked to argue, but I saw all six corporals bearing down on me with murder in their collective eye, so I beat a hasty retreat.

Corporal B....., muttering something about the Evils of the Expansion, referred me to Sergeant C....., who had my 292 completed in a jiffy, and it wasn't long before I was back in the Hospital again, ready for all comers. I studiously avoided Jock and, nipping smartly round a couple of Canadian corporals I presented my Sick Report to the Sergeant again. I knew by the look on his face that I still hadn't found the 'Open Sesame' and I wasn't n the least surprised when he whispered in pained tones, "When will these S.H.Q. people learn their jobs? Look here, my lad, these forms have been obsolete for months; go back and get an R.C.A.F. Form 25, made out in duplicate, and hurry up, because the M.O.'s going out to play Borden Ball."

*Continued on page 18*

## WITHOUT FANFARE

Not long ago Australian and New Zealand troops got back into the battle of Egypt, and immediately the news correspondents began sending out detailed stories of their exploits. A short time before, the South Africans were widely publicized. More power to them. They are magnificent fighting men doing a magnificent job.

But alongside them, fighting equally well, are men of the British regiments who so far have fought without the glory of publicity.

Only yesterday did these British troops get a meed of the praise due them. The story, from London establishes that troops from Britain have borne the brunt of the fighting. An official eyewitness of the War Office declares that "all the tank crews and most of the gunners engaged against Rommel's African Corps come from the British Isles," and that nearly two-thirds of the total strength of the Eighth Army at the beginning of the battle consisted of British troops.

He names the regiments: The Royal Tank Regiment, mostly Yorkshiremen; the Coldstream Guards; the Scots Guards; the Worcesters; the Green Howards; the Durham Light Infantry; the East Yorkshire Regiment; the 7th Motor Brigade; the Rifle Brigade; the King's Own Rifle Corps. It was the Guards and the Worcesters whose magnificent fighting enabled the South Africans to withdraw from Gazala. Nearly every one of these is a famous regiment, their colors already ablaze with battle honours of other wars.

Tommy Atkins is still a superb fighting man. He knows "when bragging time is over and fighting time is come." And he fights without worrying about getting his name into the papers. But it is only fair that he should receive public credit, just as our Canadian boys and the Anzacs and the South Africans do.

*From Montreal Star.*

---

### MIND MY \_\_\_\_\_ ARM

There's an elephant in football boots a-dancin' in my head,  
The dinner in my tummy's lyin' heavier than lead;  
My back is cold an' shivery, my forehead's awful warm,  
An' my bed is lurchin' somethin' like a rowboat in a storm.

My pals lie all around me, and they all seem equal sad,  
The language that they're usin' is extr'ordinary bad;  
They're discussin' all the details of each 'orrible sensation.,  
An' wishin' they'd refused to 'ave that last inoculation!

We'll be better in the mornin', but we do feel bad to-night  
(I did go out for arf an hour to keep my spirits bright;  
But when the girl-friend held my arm—well, once was quite enough—  
I came straight back to camp before she found I wasn't tough).

*Continued on page 18*

# Home of Good Shoes

HARTTS Regulation R.A.F.  
Oxfords

Money Belts, Kit Bags,  
Badges, Shoe Trees, etc.

WOLSLEY—English Hosiery

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members of the  
**AIR FORCE**

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Sporting Goods

**Truro, N. S.**

**Mind My—Arm—Continued**

If you could see our camp to-night, I don't know what you'd say,  
 As we sidle past each other in a very cautious way;  
 An' every now an' then you hear the "general alarm"—  
 "Look out, you cock-eyed, clumsy cuss, you! Mind my blinkin' arm!",

A Cincinnati film exchange man who asks—discreetly—that his name be withheld, passes on the following, although he claims that otherwise he is perfectly normal:

It always has been a puzzle to me  
 What sailors sow when they plow the sea.  
 What was it that made the window blind?  
 Whose picture is put in the frame of mind?  
 When a storm is brewing, what does it brew?  
 Does the foot of a mountain wear a shoe?  
 Can a drink be gotten from the tap on the door?  
 Does the edge of the water cut the shore?  
 How long does it take to hatch a plot?  
 Has a school of herring a tutor or not?  
 To a king who reigns, why shout, "O, Hail!"  
 With a powder puff is one's mind made up?  
 Does a saucer go with misery's cup?  
 Can you fasten a door with a lock of hair?  
 Did a biting wind ever bite you, and where?  
 Who is it that paints the signs of the times?  
 Does the moon change her quarters for nickels and dimes?  
 What tune do you play on the feelings, pray?  
 And who is that mends the break of day?  
 And say—I'll admit this is quite absurd,  
 When you drop a remark, do you break your word?  
 Can a rope be made out of ocean strands?  
 Have the silent watches of midnight, hands?  
 Can money be tight when change is loose?  
 Now, come, you wiseacres, what is the use  
 Of going through college and taking degrees  
 When ywe're posed by such plain, little problems as these.

*Motion Picture Herald.*

**AIRCRAFTMAN BOGGS—Continued**

It was the S.W.O. who finally made out the correct Sick Report, and at 16.00 hours precisely I was wheeled into the M.I. Room. The M. O. stroked his moustache lovingly, and, Irish accent and bedside manner well to the fore, he enquired solicitously "And what are you complaining of?"

It was then that I panicked, for it was only then that I had time to realise that my pain had vanished, and vanished so completely that I couldn't even remember where it had been. I caught a glimpse of the M.O.'s diagnosis—it was 'Amnesia,' but how he knew what was wrong with me when I couldn't tell him a thing about it I can't imagine.



"No! No! Throstlebottom, a smart salute is sufficient!"

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Phone 636

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Attached Shirts, Hosiery, Gloves,  
Ties, Underwear, Etc.*

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- -

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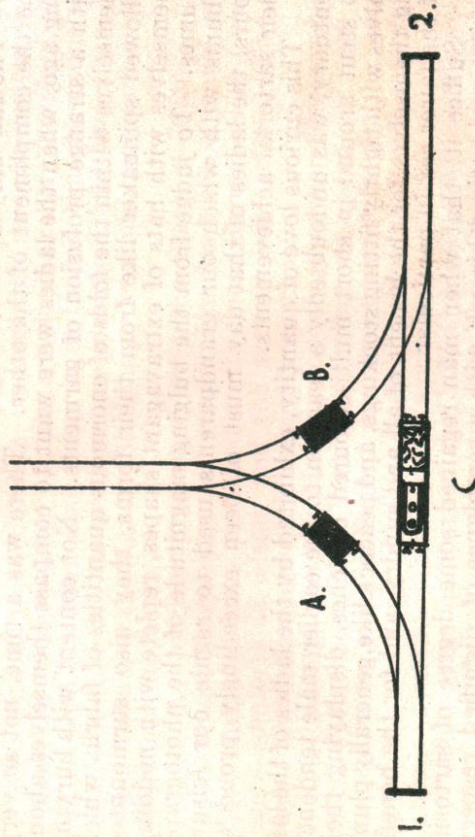
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16 Inglis St.

# \$5.00 Prize Offered For The Solution To This Puzzle



The above drawing represents a section of railway lines and sidings. 'A' and 'B' are trucks, 'C' is the engine, '1' and '2' are sidings. The capacity of siding '1' is one truck only. While the capacity of siding '2' is one truck and the engine. The lines at the top of the apex will hold both trucks and the engine. Right, now all you have to do is to move truck 'A' with the help of the engine, to where truck 'B' is, and move truck 'B' to the position vacanted by truck 'A', and then move the engine back to its original position. You may shunt the trucks in any order that you wish. Hand your solutions into the Y.M.C.A. Canteen, complete with your number, rank and name. The closing date is 14.00 hrs. on Sept. 30.

A \$5.00 Prize is offered for the best scenic photograph taken in Canada. Entrants are to send in three snaps, in an envelope, plainly marked with name and number, to the Y.M.C.A., or into the suggestion box, situated in the Canteen. The closing date is 14.00 hrs. on Sept. 30th.

The \$10 prize offered for the best Essay last month, goes to L.A.C. Bright of R.S. Who's essay appears on the next page. The prize money has been very generously denoted by our old friend "Dick Turpin" alias.....?????

## WOMEN'S CLOTHES

By Joseph Bright

If it is true as has been claimed, that "clothes maketh the man," then surely it might be stated, with at least an equal degree of accuracy, that "clothes are the woman."

The fair lady and her draperies must be considered together; one the compliment of the other. There was a time, not so very long ago, when the ladies were wont to compass themselves about with a strange profusion of garments. Not content with burying themselves within the folds of enormous quantities of fabric, which billowed spinnaker like from their forms, they also surmounted themselves with hats of extravagant shapes, replete with nodding plumes. To judge from the bulging magnitude of the photograph albums with which our grandparents used to regale our leisure hours, the ladies of that day must of been exceedingly proud of their sartorial achievements.

This curious love of quantity, exhibited by the ladies of the last century, was undoubtedly a reaction to the earlier male tendency to strut around in short multi-coloured breeches, displaying their calves with tightly fitting stockings, and peacock like, generally pluming themselves for the benefit of all and sundry, and for the benefit of the fairer sex in particular.

Suffice it, that when man regained some degree of sartorial sanity, and attired himself with a semblance of dignified respectability, womankind ever quick to appreciate a new situation, discarded her voluminous habiliments. Inch by inch she began to lift the veil of secrecy which surrounded her form and at the same time, developing an astonishing degree of skill in embellishing the exposed parts with sundry paints and powders.

Today the fair sex clothes itself with a science so intricate, that it defies all the efforts of mere males to analyse or comprehend. Robed in rare creations of silk and satin; cloaked in cunning contrivances of cotton and chinchilla; "cloathed in white samite, mystic, wonderful?"; woman presents herself for the world to see and to admire. Admiration she deserves and admiration she gets. Few people there are who cannot appreciate a beautiful woman, beautifully dressed. Those who cannot do so must be dead or moribund.

But let us ask ourselves if in thus achieving an almost sublime degree in sartorial sociology, women have not become blinded to the greater possibilities which are open to, at least, many of them. True it is they dress excellently—but they all do. The standard is high, but so many have reached the standard. Has woman not retired to a modest mediocrity amid a welter of fur coats and silk stockings; or if you like, to a conventional depravity behind the form revealing concealment of tussore and milansese.

Woman has realised that to exist well, she must dress well—but she appears to have forgotten that for real fame, and a page in the annals of history, she must display an outstanding originality

*Continued on page 30*

## NEW YORK

With an eagerness that was not entirely due to the prospect of the holiday ahead, I shook the dust (and I do mean dust!) of Debert from my heels on a sunny Sunday morning not so very long ago.

In company with two no less eager friends I boarded the Debert "Special" on the first stages of the journey to New York.

As with all train journeys—or seemingly so—the way was wearisome—the journey long. It was a welcome relief, therefore, when we reached St. John nine hours later to find that no trains were available that day to continue our journey. The choice was between remaining the night in St. John or we could carry on by coach. We chose the latter.

As our journey progressed over the State of Maine, Connecticut and Massachusetts I grew to like this mode of travel which the Americans have perfected to its finest degree. The Coaches were comfortable, clean, and the scenery less tedious. The cost was a few dollars more but definitely worth it.

At midnight on the Monday following we were decanted into West 34th Street, New York City feeling very tired and very provincial. No great difficulty was encountered in finding accommodation but I would advise intending trippers to wire reservation ahead—a small trouble, but well worth it.

That great institution, the Y.M.C.A., was, we found, well to the fore in the matter of looking after the interests of Service Men. We decided upon making their West 34th Street Branch Hotel our Headquarters. Here, for the modest outlay of \$3.90 we had single comfortable rooms for a week, which were maintained in a style sufficient to satisfy even the most carping of critics. All the usual conveniences were more than efficiently supplied and with a clean change of linen each day we were more than satisfied. Anyway, what is a hotel more than just a headquarters to keep one's luggage, and sleep it off!

It would be impossible to give an hour by hour report of all our doings in the big city and I will simply note a few of the more outstanding points of interest.

Before going any further with this discourse I would like to mention the U.S.O. This organisation, set up in the first place solely with the object of catering for the amusement and interest of American Service Men, generously extended all its privileges to Service Men of any nationality of the Allies—a gesture which has earned the sincere appreciation of all R.A.F. personnel that have been there.

A visit to the U.S.O. main reception centre at 99 Park Avenue (which is on the corner where 40th Street crosses) fulfilled our keenest expectations. Here we found that almost all New York was ours for the asking (or so it seemed)—and all free! We had a bewildering choice of tickets for cinemas, stage plays, ice shows, radio shows, night clubs, amusement parks, hospitality, dances

*Continued on page 31*

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*Continued on page 30*

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*Dressed CHICKEN*

*Dressed TURKEY*

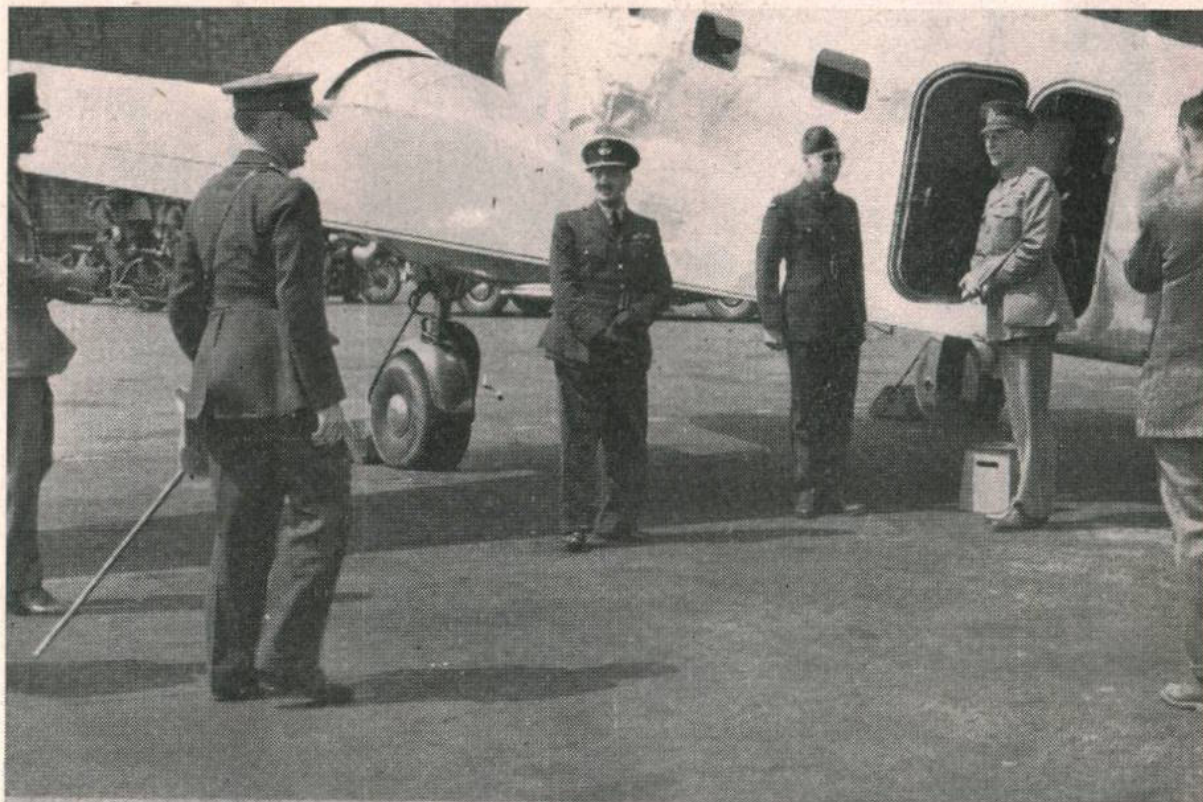
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### *A Dream of Fruit and Cream*

Earl of Athlone's Visit



Cpl. L. Shrivell breaking the Maritime Record (Halifax)

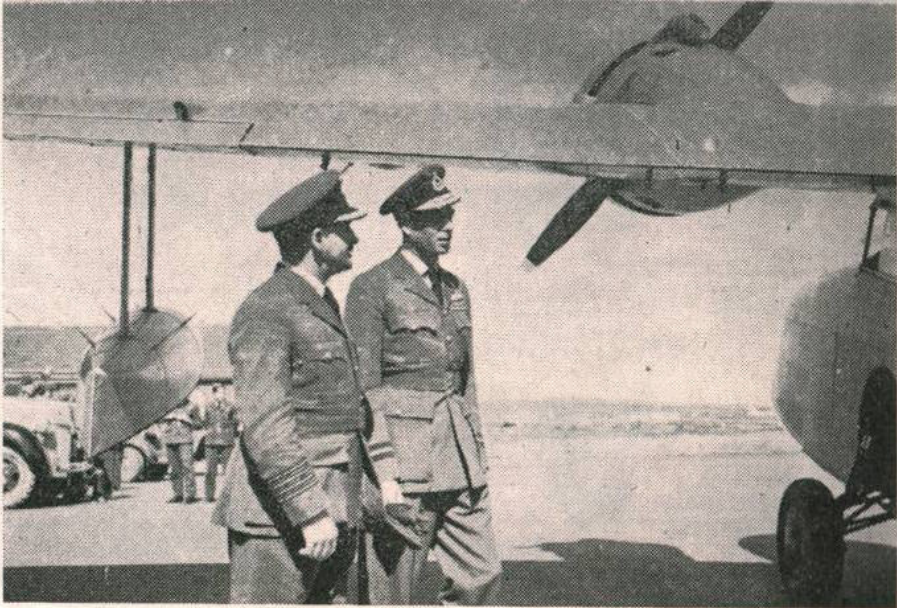
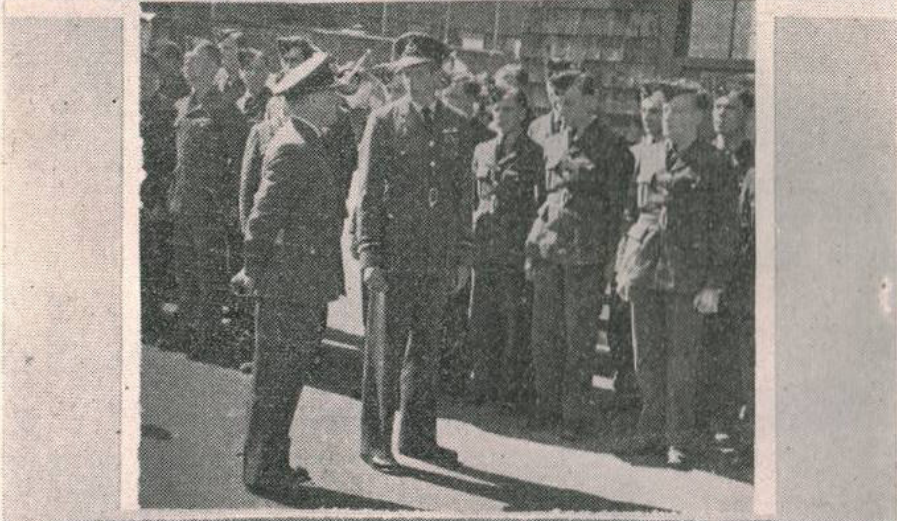
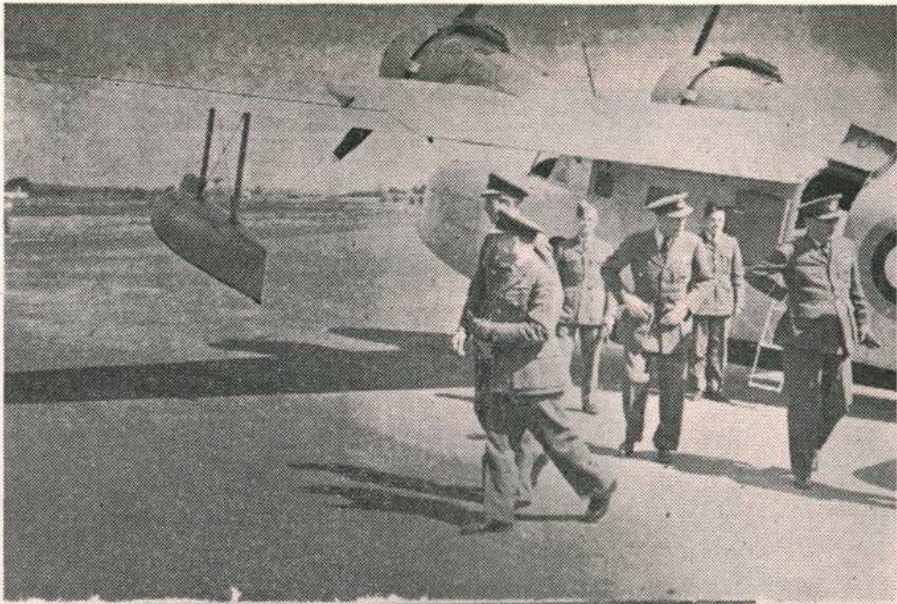
**Armistice Parade, Truro****Victory Parade, Truro**

**Group Captain Purdin and partner at a station dance**



**Burns Supper, Truro**

The late H. R. Duke of Kent's visit to Debert



The late H. R. H. Duke of Kent's visit to Debert

## Y. M. C. A. PAGE

"P.G." is now six months old. It is still an infant, but now lusty and articulate. It was born in difficult times, and its guardians feared for its young life. Environment, we know, often determines whether the youngster will be puny or healthy. We who sought to give it nourishment in those days declined to predict the length of its life. Forces we could not control would determine its life or death. Truthfully, we admitted that the possibility of indifference to its welfare would "knock it on the head." Now, after six issues, "P.G." is part of the life of the station, and it will be so as long as the life of which it is a part, continues to seek expression.

First honors for its success go to the "nurses" who seldom left it alone, by day or by night. They are the editors, the men who pound typewriters, who rattle their brains for ideas and material, who, sometimes frantically, gather up contributions, whip them into a semblance of good journalism, fearfully offer them to the censors, rush the copy to the printers, walk fretfully up and down as an impatient and potential father—waiting for the first signs of life from the printer's type. Before the copies of the issue are sold, work has begun on the next one. You need only glance through the list of names comprising the editorial staff, as found on one of the first pages of this copy, to know these men.

Although they are the toilers, their work would be in vain were it not for you who, by your interest and active support, encourage this enterprise. Just as the shaping of the pea in the pod is the result of sun and soil, so is the shaping of this project the result of your interest in it. So, for six months, you have sustained its life. That is good. It is, we are inclined to think, an indication that the attitude of personnel as a whole is in favour of attempting things here which, after all, do not need to be done. We are here for work—the work of helping to win a war that must be won. True, we can "get along" without a magazine—or a male voice chorus—or concert parties—or music appreciation sessions. Yes, we can "get along"—but who is the man who wants merely to "get along?" A nose to the grindstone—uninterruptingly nosing the grindstone—will hump one's back; the Arts we keep alive keep us alive—alive to fine, enduring creative urges which no war or no reversal can prevent man from seeking. So we turn to writing, or singing, or drama, or appreciation of enduring music. Yes, these are some of the things which make life more than flesh and bone and blood.... They are not merely hobbies; they are part of a healthy life. And in these days when men's minds are necessarily bent in one direction—the winning of the war—it is well to remember that war need not rob us of our appreciation of beautiful things; it may also throw new light on their worth.

By means of this page, then, I remind you of the enterprises of the Station which not only need your support, but which, in return for your support, support you in these times.

REG DUNN

## WOMENS CLOTHES—Continued

in her choice of wrappings. Where today are the great personalities of yesterday?

Joan of Arc achieved immortality by donning a jacket of mail. She also did other things, like watching sheep and having visions, but it was undeniable the metal brassiere which winged her to the stars.

Cleopatra must have affected something particularly 'chic' and unusually alluring, to have made such a name for herself; although we are rather inclined to doubt the schoolboy who suggested that she wore the biggest aspidistra. If she did, we hope it was "the biggest aspidistra in the world."

Boadicea, we admit, was handicapped by the fact that Paris fashions were not in print when Julius Caesar waded ashore. Yet, with an admirable display of British determination and ingenuity she was able to dazzle that august gentleman with a gown of brightest paint; a veritable spectram of wode—trimmed no doubt with miniature coracles, and of course the ensemble was suitable rounded off with a very imposing chariot.

These were the truly great, sartorically speaking. If the women of today would follow them to similar heights of glory, they must tear themselves from the plumage of the common herd, however graceful, and evolve that little extra something—that "je ne sais quoi"—that last word effect. It is open to them to be numbered among the great.

The writer however, permits himself the hope, if this essay should inspire any of the fair sex with a longing thus to climb the ladder of fame a certain lady of his acquaintance not to be one of those so effected.

---

## OFFICERS MESS NOTES

This month we have the pleasure of offering a very warm welcome to our new C.O., Group Captain J. H. Woodin, who took over command from Group Captain W. E. Purdin on the 18th August.

Group Captain Purdin leaves with our best wishes in his new appointment, and we hope that "Father Neptune" will deal kindly with him on his crossing. It would not be out of place to pay a tribute to Mrs. Purdin to whom we are all indebted for the un-failing interest she has shown in personnel of the unit and for her outstanding talents as hostess in dance nights, her presence will be missed at future dances.

Other absentees will be W/C and Mrs. Maxwell, who are now no longer with us; but we understand they have gone to Miami—oh boy! oh boy!

We wish them luck in their new venture. To W/Cmd Littlejohn we offer a welcome and hope he will enjoy his stay amongst us.

*Continued on page 31*

**OFFICERS MESS NOTES—Continued**

Other changes are the ousting of F/Lt. Orange our late Adjutant whose personality will be missed around the mess, but our loss is Port Alberts' gain, and we wish him the best of luck.

For the past month the mess has been living a quiet life, only relieved by tea on Sundays. It is encouraging to note that our ladies appear to enjoy these occasions and we trust they will continue to do so.

To the disappointment of some members there has been no dance during the current month, but in line with the rest of the station we hope to start our season with the Station Dance on or about the 30th September.

**NEW YORK—Continued**

and almost every form of amusement devised by man. The friendliness and warm hearted welcome of the charming young ladies of the U.S.O. we found almost embarrassing. We were pressed to try this; urged to go here and persuaded to go there!

The most outstanding building in New York to my mind is the Empire State Building. From the top of this amazing edifice—1250 ft. up we gazed down on to an ant-like world below. This is an experience I would not have cared to miss. Coming almost in the same category is the Associated Press Bureau which seemed to us to be a throbbing hive of teleprinter machines and those instruments peculiar to radio telephony. Here we saw news coming in from all points of the world and being relayed unceasingly to newspapers from coast to coast. Not to be missed.

Radio City, Rockefeller Centre, the Bronx Zoo, Central Park, Jack Demseys, La Guardia Airport, and I could go on indefinitely, but a long recital of experiences would become boring. Sufficient to say that none of these places should be overlooked.

Before concluding I would like to mention Coney Island. Though deficient of much of its pre-war illumination Coney Island still manages to infuse the note of gaiety necessary for a good time. Sufficient is left to guarantee all lovers of the burlesque, the hurley burley of the circus, and all the fun of the fair a thoroughly rousing time. If you like the fair don't miss Coney Island.

Finally, the American people. I must admit that my preconceived notions of this great nation of peoples was radically at fault—coloured as they were by the influence of films. Whilst to a large extent they do conform to the pattern, in reality deep down there is little resemblance.

The parades were there—the ballyhoo was there. There was hustle and bustle and many flags. There was also a sincerely warm hearted people whose hospitality is second to none. A friendliness and welcome that was not simply for the occasion. It was a welcome that meant come again—and one day I will.

I'm glad I saw New York.

S. BRAITHWAITE.



ROLL ON THE BOAT!

HALIFAX HERALD - READ ABOUT THE BIG PUSH!

OH, WHY DID I EVER JOIN?

WHY ARE WE WAITING?

HOLD MY PLACE, CHUM. I'M GOING BACK FOR A MATTRESS!

I'M \*\*\* CHEESED!

HAROLD HUNT 1942

They also serve who only stand and wait.

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

We would like to offer a welcome to G/Capt. Woodin as our new Commanding Officer and our best wishes to G/Capt. Purdin on his new appointment.

We offer too, our sympathies to W/O Walcroft on his recent bereavement. The late Mrs. Walcroft and Michael were well-known to many of us in the Mess.

Noteworthy news of the Sergeants' Mess seems scarce these days. Is it perhaps because so many of the "old contemptibles" are over the way?

It has been noticed that at recent clam sessions of the "Order of the Knights of the Black Horse" their well known trophy has not been in its customary place of (dis) honour. It should be pointed out that this trophy is not for competition.

Are the two "Jeffs" no longer interested in bridge, or is there some other game in New Glasgow?

A most enjoyable evening was spent in the Officers' Mess recently when the Mess were guests of the officers at a games tournament. What were the games anyway, or does no one remember?

Was "Dice" the last station of a certain Johnny?

SPORT—Interest in Soccer seems to have flagged during the past month but has revived with the advent of the knock-out competition in which it is confidently expected that the Sergeants' Mess team will go a long way.

There are several entries from the Mess for events in the coming Sports Meeting. More are required to help make the first meeting a big success. Take note that there is to be a special sergeants' handicap race.

Ginger and Joe have had a restful holiday. That's what they say!!! It is even rumoured that they will sign on in consequence of a renewed interest in country life. And is Leslie to do a daub for Broadway Rose?

No dance during the month but it is hoped that another will be held shortly.

Serviettes on the rearranged tables, celery tops as table decorations, but the Messing Committee will not put on a floor show. Alas Big Eats bring Big Debts and we return to the ways that were with regard to grub.

"Bugs in Ottawa" but only on leave, and he was able to see the place where more hot air is produced than anywhere else in the Empire.

It has been noticed that 10-cent autographs are not appearing as regularly as they should in the Billiards Book.

---

**—ROLL ON THE BOAT—**

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JUST

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HOME-MADE

## THE SON

## A Short Story by Kenneth Ewen

"Who are you going out with?"

The words were always spoken by his mother whenever he announced that he was going out to play. The world he lived in, his personal freedom, his daily jaunts during the summer holidays, were always preceded by a raising of maternal eyebrows and this note of urgent insistence. It was as if the fate of the whole family depended upon his mother knowing the social and moral background of each one of his friends, for he was unlucky enough to have been born into a middle class environment, and he had to be careful for his mother's sake, to whom he spoke—when the neighbours were watching. His mother's desire to have him brought up just so, had developed into an obsession, that made his life intolerable. Somehow, it seemed to him that his world of bourgeois etiquette was more complex and bewildering than the diplomatic world of a cabinet minister's, that his potential success in life was precariously hanging upon a code of behaviour, as vague and fragile as a spider's web. He had to uphold not only the awful respectability of his parents, but also a defence against their endless invocations that he should mix with a better class of friends. It made him unhappy to disobey his parents wishes, and it hurt him to have to cut some of his friends, whose exterior of roughness, hid kindness and sincerity. Like most boys—perhaps the most democratic creatures in the world—he recognized no barriers of stupid convention; he would mix gladly with anyone, be him Duke or Dustman. Not being particularly impressed by pedigree, either in humans or animals, he would go into raptures about a mongrel dog which had followed him for a couple of hours; he would go through hell and high water to defend a friend, especially one that met with his parents disapproval, and nearly all of them did, at least the friends he had chosen himself.

He slammed the door without speaking. "Please, please," he whispered fiercely under his breath, "let me get away before she starts again."

The door opened with a bang that startled him into thinking, "Oh, lor', now I shan't get out."

"Johnny, come here, immediately," his mother demanded.

Reluctantly, he turned and looked wearily at her.

"Where are you going?" she pressed.

"Down the road," he answered. He stuck his hands in his pockets. "Here it comes," he thought, "here it comes, the same old row, all over again." Unconsciously he dug his fingernails into the palms of his hands. When his mother spoke again his whole being jerked into stubbornness.

"Who are you going with?"

He never answered, so she repeated the question.

"Oh, damn it, damn it, damn it." He felt a panic of temper sweep through his brain, blinding him to everything but the need to grit his teeth, till they grated dully in his ears, grip his hands so that he could feel the physical reality of the tensed muscles of his forearms. When he spoke his voice exploded, short and sharp:

"Shan't tell you."

"Then you won't go out until you do," his mother snapped.

"You're always asking questions—my life's not my own."  
He was near to tears.

"There wouldn't be any need to ask questions if I could trust you—you're not like other boys—they don't go sneaking around back alleys, and poking their noses into filthy old warehouses."

"I don't sneak." He felt dispirited and docile now that his anger had spent itself.

"Can I go if I tell you," he queried.

"There's no need to tell me—I can guess—you're sneaking off to see that horrible old man. You can go this time, but I should'nt like to be you when I tell your father."

Old Joe was his best friend, and worked in Dale's warehouse, on the High street. Old Joe was also his mother's pet aversion. Johnny had given up trying to explain his friendship with Joe. When you were a kid you couldn't explain the wonderful qualities of an old man who did obscure things with a hammer and a fistful of nails, in the warehouse of a canning factory. Johnny had tried to defend Joe with impassioned little utterances that sprang from his sensitive mind; his reasoning was sound and he possessed an elemental logic which more than once pierced the tough hides of deception and prejudice his parents had allowed to grow around their souls; it was, however, no good, they did not seem to understand about human relations, and what constituted goodness and badness. He was determined to go on seeing Joe, until matters became too unbearable at home. Then he would tell Joe that he was unable, owing to school studies, to visit the warehouse any more.

Forgotten now, was the narrowness of his environment. He turned the corner of the street, skipped off the pavement twice, and like a frisky colt on a windy day, broke into a trot that brought him to the edge of a hole in the middle of the road, where two council men were replacing a manhole cover. Cautiously, he peered into the hole, leaning over his body and placing his hands upon his thighs, like some intrepid explorer searching the plains from lofty heights. One of the men said, "look out, sonny," and with a grunt heaved back the manhole cover.

He skipped on and was temporarily stopped at the railway crossing. He climbed half-way up the gates and hung there in a state of ecstatic excitement. When the train had passed, he idled in the vicinity, watching some trucks, shunting beyond the gates.

A crowd, some way past the station, drew his attention, and fearfully, expecting to see the victim of an accident, or at worst, a drunken man, he edged towards the crowd. But it was only a sale at Clarks', the shop that sold everything, from pins to kitchen grates. Becoming disinterested at this display of commerce, he moved on, one foot in the gutter, and one foot on the pavement, hopping along like a man with a wooden leg.

He saw a man take out a watch, look at it, and begin to run towards the station. It reminded him that he had only half an hour before seeing Joe.

The park looked neat as a bank manager's desk and green and cool and very tranquil. There was the sweet smell of newly mown grass and little heaps of grass sat quietly under the shade of the Elm trees, that stood like friendly giants, with outspread arms, each touching the others fingertips. Johnny lay on his back under the trees, his eyes closed, and one heel gently tapping the turf, as if in rhythm to the trend of his thoughts, punctuated here and there by a thud and a pause, as though suddenly his mind had reached a resolution. He wondered, not without a twinge of remorse what other boys—Charlie West, for instance, who was reputed—and this came from his mother—to be a model son, and called his mother "Pet," would have done in Johnny's case. Of course, Charlie never met exciting people like old Joe, so the comparison was silly; like comparing milk with water; one so thick and rich with clogging cream, poured into bottles for everyone to look at and admire, and fed to kids by doting parents; the other free as the hills it came from, bubbling with life, gurgling with happiness, and singing its song of freedom. People praised water, it had character, it was clean when they allowed it to run free, but people never gushed about it like they did milk.

Now, what prompted him to think like that? That was old Joe talking.

And he could see Joe very clearly. Rather small he was, hair white and thin and brushed down towards his brows. When he wanted to say something significant—and if you listened attentively everything he said was significant—he stood sideways and inclined his head towards you, and looked at you over the top of those disreputable old spectacles that perched on the tip of his nose. Joe was as old as Methuselah, as wise as Soloman, and as quaint as an Elf. Joe was the friend of all humanity, of fish in the streams, of birds in the air, of beasts in the field, of all the infinitesimal forms of life that hopped and crawled, over and under the earth; his pity and understanding were boundless; he had been everywhere, and he had done everything that a man is both proud and ashamed to have done.

One day, Johnny had said to Joe:

"Joe, how can you be so happy stuck in this dingy old warehouse? You talk about freedom, you talk about places where the sun shines all day, about living and life, and—oh, I don't know, you talk so much, and see so little."

Joe had looked at Johnny with a whimsical expression that presaged a practical demonstration of his philosophy. He had procured a ladder and placed it against the wall immediately under the topmost, grimmest window of the warehouse, mounted the ladder and unfastened the window. "Son," he had said, "freedom is only a state of mind and is where you find it—come up here."

Johnny had climbed the ladder, puzzled.

"Look, son, you see," Joe had said, steadying Johnny, and pointing to a patch of blue sky, like a small lake visible through a belt of trees.

"I don't see anything."

*Continued on page 40*

## NATTY NOTES FROM THE CORPORALS' CLUB

In keeping with the Camp generally, the warmer weather we have been having (or have we!), temporarily suspended all indoor activities.

However, Old Man Winter seems to be just around the corner once again and it is time a programme was mapped out to cope with those long winter nights ahead of some of us.

At a Committee Meeting held on 1st September, the question was raised as to whether a Corporals' Dance should be promoted early—in fact before the Station Dance, which is being held at the end of this month. It was decided, however, that it would perhaps be better if the first Dance of the season was a Station Dance and accordingly the motion was not carried.

Instead, a proposal was made that a good old fashioned Smoking Concert should be organised for the 7th of this month. This idea was popularly received and arrangements are going ahead at the time of writing. The 'Smoker' will, of course, have been held by the time this reaches print and on the success of this depends the organising of a Social Evening for 21st September. It is intended that lady friends will be invited to this Social Evening, which will be held in the Corporals' Club Room. A programme for the evening is being tentatively arranged to include dancing, music, refreshments, and something in the way of a floor show. The success of these evenings, and all subsequent ones, depends upon YOU. Roll up and make a "go" of it. Patronise your Club Room. Give a hand in arranging these "Do's." But for heaven's sake come!

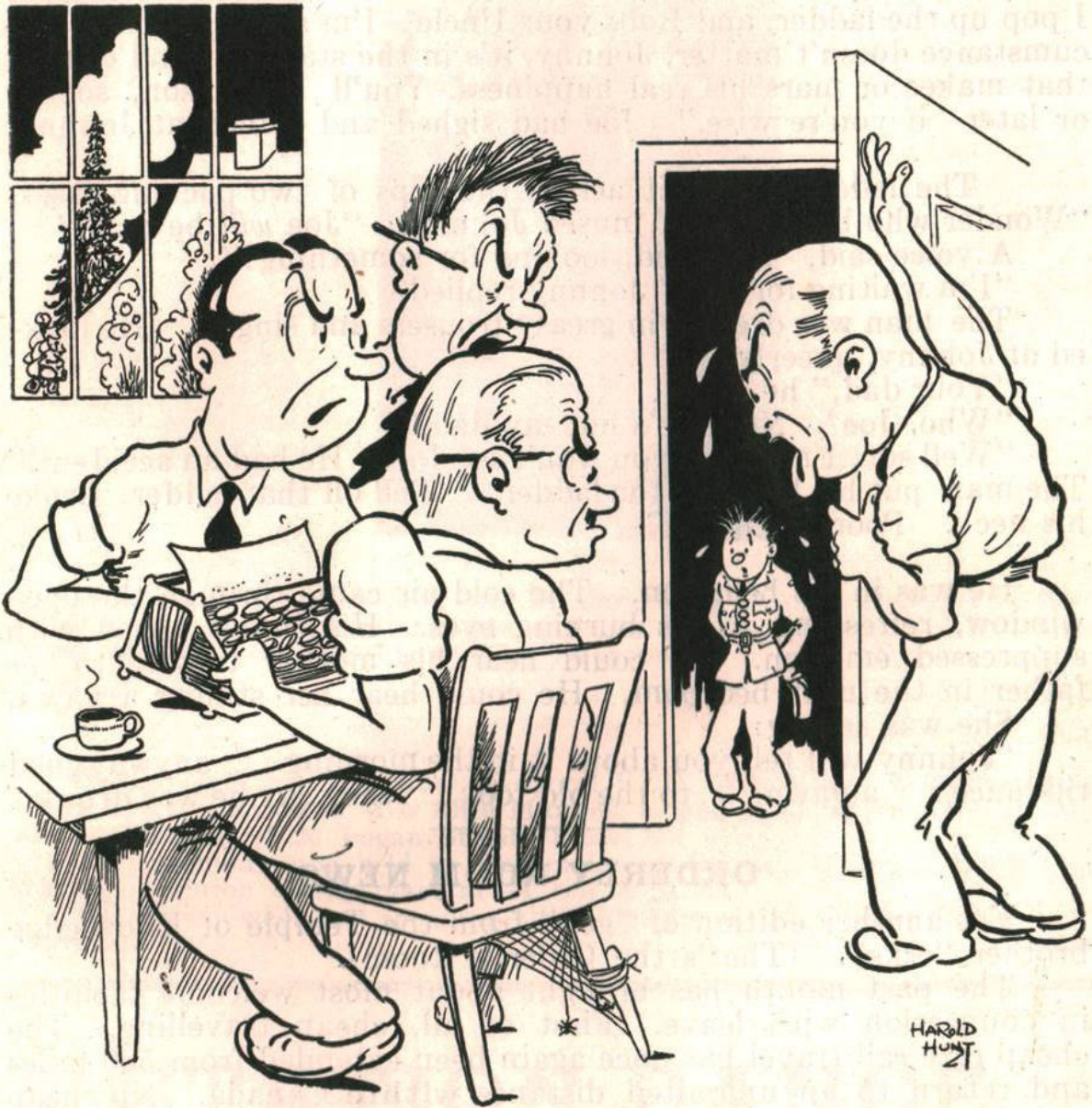
A team from the Sergeants' Mess has rashly challenged us to a Bridge Game and a Snooker Match and I have no doubt that their rashness will meet with its just deserts. These two interesting events will be run off—again—before this article reaches the press and there will be no need for me to forecast the inevitable result.

To the Corporal who is panting to get down to New Glasgow for another week-end, I can assure him that he need not worry—she won't get married in his absence! And speaking of married people, congratulations and best wishes for a long (he'll get that anyway) and happy married career go to Corporal R. D. Wilson who, with that aplomb that comes only to the very best people, successfully negotiated the nuptial rites at Immanuel Baptist Church in Truro on September 1st. Good luck to Mr. and Mrs Wilson.

In passing, there is of course that dapper product of East Camp who fetched his friend from somewhere to Truro and still in a daze came back and volunteered for another Tour of Duty in Canada. Ah me! Truly doth love put us in a flat firkin!

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**—ROLL ON THE BOAT—**



**The airman who dared to enquire about his credits at pay accounts**

## THE SON—Continued

"No?"

"No, only the buildings opposite, and—well, I don't see anything but buildings."

"Look, up there, Johnny. If you lean out a little farther you can see the sky, and you can see the sun. You've only got to climb the ladder and stick your head out of the window, and for a few moments you know you are a free man. Whenever I feel regret I pop up the ladder, and Bobs your Uncle—I'm a new man. Circumstance doesn't matter, Johnny, it's in the state of mind of man that makes or mars his real happiness. You'll learn, son, sooner or later—if you're wise." Joe had sighed and smiled at Johnny.

The ladder lay split across the tops of two packing cases. "Wonder who broke that," mused Johnny, "Joe *will* be mad."

A voice said, "hello kid, looking for something?"

"I'm waiting for Joe," Johnny replied.

The man was dressed in greasy trousers and singlet. He looked at Johnny, queerly.

"Your dad," he asked.

"Who, Joe? No,—he's not my dad."

"Well son, I'm afraid you won't see Joe. He had an accident." The man put his hand on the ladder. "Fell off that ladder. Broke his neck. Poor old devil."

He was in his bedroom. The cold air came through the open window, refreshing to his burning eyes. His throat ached with suppressed emotion. He could hear his mother talking to his father in the next bedroom. He could hear her stifling a yawn.

She was saying:

"Johnny will tell you about it in the morning..... anyway good riddance..... a yawn..... to the old fool..... they say he was drunk."

## ORDERLY ROOM NEWS

Yet another edition of "gen" from the Temple of Knowledge brother "erks". (That's the Orderly Room).

The past month has brought about most welcome facilities in connection with leave. First of all, cheap travelling. The cheap rate rail travel has once again been extended from 500 miles and return to an unlimited distance **within** Canada. No cheap travelling rates for journeys in the States exist. This privilege has not, however, been extended to R.A.F. trainees nor to R.A.A.F. or R.A.A.F. personnel, and in this connection I would request that you refrain from visiting the Orderly Room to emit a "Why?"—"higher authority" works in many mysterious ways!

The other very welcome, and I might say, eagerly awaited major change in R.C.A.F. administration is the introduction of ration allowance payable to all ranks proceeding on leave. The allowance is 50c. per day so in future we collect \$7 more when proceeding on leave than we used to. What with the new travelling

*Continued on page 51*

**WEDDINGS**



Wedding Photograph of F/Lt. D. Christie of R.A.F., Debert and Miss Patricia Jean Reeve, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reeve of Toronto. The honeymoon was spent in The Laurentians, Montreal.

On Tuesday, 1st September, Corporal R. D. Wilson, of Wolverhampton England, was married to Miss Alice Maxwell, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs Arthur Maxwell of 24 Logan Street, Truro.

The ceremony was held in the Immanuel Baptist Church, Truro, the ensuing reception taking place at 24 Logan Street.

The Newly-weds are spending their honeymoon at Chester in the Province. same

**STATION DANCE**

**Sept. 30th**

**WET BAR**

**REFRESHMENTS**

**DANCING 8 p. m. --- 1 a. m.**

## BOOK REVIEW

For the information of library subscribers, I think the best we can do this month is to set out a list of the books which the committee have purchased this month for the Station section of the library. As you will readily notice although most of them are really new books, you will find one or two old favorites.

MIDWINTER by JOHN BUCHAN.

THE BRIGHTER BUCCANEER.

THE HOLY TERROR.

THE SAINT IN NEW YORK.

THE LAST HERO.

THE ACE OF KNAVES.

BOODLE

KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

THE MISFORTUNES OF MR. TEAL.

SAINT OVERBOARD.

PRELUDE FOR WAR.

THIEVES PICNIC. All the above are by Leslie Charteris.

LOUIS BERETTI.

THE INNKEEPERS DAUGHTER—Donald Henderson  
Clarke.

SHORTY BILL—Sapper.

RUSTLERS OF BEACON CREEK.

HAPPY JACK—Max Brand.

FLYING WILD—Colin Curzon.

THE GOLDEN YEARS—Philip Gibbs.

THE DAMNED DON'T CRY—Harry Hervey.

OLD JULES—Mari Sandoz.

CANYON OF GOLDEN SKULLS—Bliss Lomax.

THE DUTCH SHOE MYSTERY—Ellery Queen.

THE WINDOW AT THE WHITE CAT—M. R. Rinehart.

FLIGHT TO ARRAS—Antoine de Saint Exuperey.

DOVER — OSTEND—Taffrail.

THE SONG OF BURNADETTE—Franz Werfel.

THE CITADEL (2nd copy)—A. J. Cronin.

THE NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS.

SKIN AND BONES—Thorne Smith.

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD.

THIS ABOVE ALL—Eric Knight.

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY—Helen MacInnes.

PIED PIPER—Nevil Shute.

Space forbids us to give a review of all these books, but each will no doubt, find at least one more that will appeal to his taste. I should like to draw attention to at least two of the above which I have managed to read. 'Flying Wild' by Colin Curzon I thoroughly recommend to all, the author tells his experience of joining the R.A.F. as an Equipment Officer! Don't let this put you off, for it is one of the funniest books I have read for quite a time, and I challenge all comers, to read it from cover to cover and not smile once.

**BOOK REVIEW—Continued**

Old Jules, is a very extraordinary book for it is a biography of a Swiss who came to America and the New World in the middle of the last century, and in spite of enormous difficulties planted the roots of a family in the face of overwhelming odds both natural and man made.

Apart from the books mentioned above we have had another selection from the Canadian Legion.

Space again prohibits us from giving a list; but it includes Northwest Passage!! and also a book which I have just finished 'London Pride' by Phyllis Bottome. This I recommend to all those exiled Londoners. The author has caught the marvellous spirit of the London which shone a thousand times brighter, than all the fires put together, which Hitler in his infamy started; until its light penetrated to the farthest corner of the world and warmed the terror chilled and anxious hearts of those decent living "little people" who wondered "what next." The spirit which gave them courage to hold on and fight back, and destroyed once and for all the carefully nurtured belief that Mr. Hitler and his hordes were invincible. A truly wonderful story—not, as one would imagine, about the Londoners whose length of life in the City of Cities has hardened and toughened so that one expects to find dauntless courage against overwhelming odds, but about the Londoner of tomorrow when, we sincerely hope, will live to see and help to build the new London which will again take its place as the leader of the civilised world. Well folks that's enough for this time.....Cheerio.

H.H.D.H.

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**PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER**

In amplification of a recent D.R.O., which notified the appointment of a Public Relations Officer in Ottawa, I would like to make clear one or two points, for the guidance of any personnel who may be interested.

Letters, articles, essays, experiences in Canada, and impressions will all be of great interest to your people and friends at home. Your local newspaper is willing to print any contributions on the lines outlined above.

In some cases I know there are a number of fellows from one particular town and I propose to secure permission to have group photographs taken for publication in local newspapers. At the moment I do not know whether such permission will be granted but in the meantime would like anybody interested in this scheme to get in touch with me.

Finally, I am only too willing to give any assistance in any direction where writing is concerned, if required.

S. BRAITHWAITE

## ATHLETICS

The Station Team journeyed to Halifax on Friday, 31st July, 1942, for the Maritime Inter-Service Track and Field Championships, which were held on the new track at the Navy League Recreation Centre.

The Team sent was quite a strong one, although we lacked the services of our  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile man, L.A.C. Dolman.

First on the programme was, as usual, the 100 yards dash. L.A.C. Johnson won his heat fairly comfortably but in the semi-finals was beaten by inches after getting away to a good start. L.A.C. Lovatt, the other entrant for the Team, was unfortunate enough to be drawn in the fastest heat and was up against the ultimate winner of this event. Although Lovatt ran very well, after getting away to a bad start, he was unable to make up the lee-way. It would appear that Lovatt and Johnson both have peculiarities. Johnson usually gets away to a good start and leads for about 70 or 80 yards, and then fades somewhat. As for Lovatt, he usually makes a poor get-away, but comes through well in the last 30 yards. If both these things could be remedied by these two sprinters, I think we should see some really fast times in the "100."

As everyone knows by now, Corporal Shrivell won the mile in splendid style. He won his heat fairly easily and also the final on the following day. In both races he broke the Maritime Inter-Service Track Record and I think the Station should be very proud of such a fine performance—especially as Corporal Shrivell has only been running since he came to Canada. Congratulations Corporal!

In the other events, the opposition seemed a little too strong for us. However, in the 880 and 440 yards relays, the teams really "went to town" in their respective heats and won both very easily. In the 880 relay Behenna got away to a good start and handed over to Clater a good five yards in the lead. As the race progressed the lead was increased and Lovatt, running fourth man, finished up a clear thirty yards ahead of the nearest rival. As in the 880, the 440 relay was won by a good margin. L.A.C. Johnson got away to a good start and handed over to L.A.C. Smallwood a few yards ahead of the nearest man. This lead was increased until the final man, L.A.C. Lovatt, took over and gave the team a clearcut victory by 20 yards. The final result of these two heats was based on the fastest heat principle and, in each event, the Station Team was placed second to the R.A.F. from Moncton—who just managed to beat us by a second on each occasion.

In the final team placings, the Station was placed third to Moncton R.A.F. and the "Y" Depot at Halifax.

It was altogether a grand meeting, and credit must be given to the Station Team for putting up such a grand show.

I would like to remind everyone that a Station Sports meeting is being held in September on the Station Track. Preparations are already under way to make this a grand day of sport, and there should be some good competition—so come on lads—what about those entries!

K. M. JOHNSON.

## STATION SPORTS DAY

“IT SHOULD BE ONE OF THE AMBITIONS OF EVERY OFFICER AND AIRMAN TO REPRESENT HIS STATION OR UNIT IN SOME FORM OF TEAM COMPETITION.....”

On Wednesday, 30th September, next, by kind permission of the Commanding Officer, a half day's holiday has been granted, for as many personnel as can be spared from essential duties, so that a Station Sports Meeting can be held. It is for everyone to do his best to make this occasion a success and it is hoped that a full number of entries will be forthcoming for the various events.

The track which is being prepared on the Sports Ground adjoining the Station will be used and the Meeting will be open to visitors.

The events will be as follows:—

### TRACK

100 yards Dash.	440 yards Relay (4-110 yards)
220 yards	1 Mile Medley Relay (880, 440, 220, 2 x 110 yards)
440 yards	
880 yards	
1 Mile.	

### FIELD

Discus.	Shot Put.
Javelin	Tug-O-War
High Jump.	Long Jump.

### OPEN EVENTS.

3 miles.  
 3 legged race.  
 Officers Race (over 30) (No spikes. Handicap 1 yard per year.)  
 Sergeants Race (over 30) (No spikes. Handicap 1 yard per year.)  
 Kiddies Race (under 12)  
 Ladies Egg and Spoon Race.

For the purpose of competing teams, the Station will be divided into four Wings, namely:—

Station Headquarters—Representatives: F/O. Rhoden and W/O. Smith.

Training Wing—Representatives: F/Lt. Kenny and F/Sgt. Smart.

Maintenance Wing “A.” (East Camp Servicing Squadron)—Representatives: F/O. Ford and F/Sgt. Preston.

Maintenance Wing “B.”—Representatives: F/O Collins and W/O. Elliott.

Intending competitors should hand their names in to their representatives.

## WIMPEY PAGE

### Things we Would Like to Know

Which is the biggest attraction at S.H.Q.? Borden Ball or Cpl. Charles' haircut?

Are Signals going to erect a Bandstand in their Sunken garden?

Is it true that an Erk on being asked any complaints in Air-mens' Mess on looking at his pastry replied, "Give us the tools we will finish the job!"

Who are the Tee/hee men on the S.P.'s and did they send a defaulter to whitewash the last post?

Is there any truth that one M.O. at S.S.Q. treated a pupil for six weeks for Yellow Jaundice then found out he was a Chinaman?

Can we believe the news that a Hudson flying low over the Hangars when a P/O WAS HEARD TO SAY "Look he is FLYING ONE WING LOW" and detailed an Erk to pump up the tyre on landing!

Who was the Sergeant who on reading the fixture Maintenance versus S.H.Q. at Cricket said "I'll mow 'em DOWNS? And who is going to help him find the ball?"

A certain Sapper returning from a recent Commando raid wearing a German tunic. He was ordered by his C.O. to remove same. I hope I am not going to lose this, Sir, he said as I had to kill eight men before I could get one to fit me. The C.O. looked at the soldier's feet, which were rather large. Well, he said, Should you want a new pair of boots I shall consider the War practically over!!

### BIG CELEBRATION JOB IN TRURO!

Stanley House, Truro, was recently the scene of a major operation in the sphere of celebration, when the immediate associates of Corporal R. D. Wilson, and L.A.C. E. Evans, gathered in anything but solemn conclave.

The occasion and intent was to deliver the body of the said corporal from the ranks of the wifeless to that state which has, and always will be, more ably described by better pens than mine. It marked too the speeding on his chosen way of Eric Evans—U/T A.G. and though joviality and happy spirits were most marked, the occasion of the departure of one who might be said to have been everybody's friend was cause for anything but celebration.

Promptly at 8 p. m., the assembled—consisting of Station Headquarters personnel—seated themselves before a magnificently organised dinner. A Toast to the King started the ball rolling in the orthodox style, and after sparring around with preliminary Toasts and opening speeches, the gang got together.

Highlight of the evening was a presentation to Corporal Wilson of a Coffee Percolator (which we all promised to see in operation at a later date) and also a Wall Lamp. George Allen, in a neatly

I WONDER

What's beyond the looming dust,  
Is evolution doomed to rust.  
I wonder?

What is heaven far above,  
Does it contain past ones we love.  
I wonder.

Religion should it run our life,  
Lead us safe, through storm and strife.  
I wonder?

Wars oe'r pride in honours name,  
Muddled earthlings in foolish game.  
I wonder?

What for our life to give to cause,  
Or hesitate in cowards pause.  
I wonder?

Why thousands poor, some over-rich,  
Some born on mountain, some in ditch.  
I wonder?

Elusive happiness where can we find,  
Peace of spirit, contented mind.  
I wonder?

Have we improved since men in skins,  
Roamed in carefree wanderings.  
I wonder, wonder?

Exuse my scattered thoughts in verse,  
To find wisdom in the universe.

M. STEVENS.

**BIG CELEBRATION JOB IN TRURO**—*Continued*

worded speech presented the prospective 'groom with these two wedding gifts—together with, an artistically prepared scroll—the work of one L.A.C. Rickards, noted for his verbosity.

Music for the evening was provided by the combined efforts of those two virtuosos Messrs. Freestone Evans; songs by all and sundry, and a selection of those brilliant impersonations by L.A.C. Scott.

Happy, though a trifle the worse for wear, the party began to wilt at an hour when all good people were sleeping the sleep of the just, and with the aid of two good natured Taxis, due delivery of several part worn airmen was made to the Camp Gates.

In closing I might mention that the Toastmaster and General Factotum was L. A. C. Johnson—but I won't!

S. B.

### THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Who is the person that always takes a shave with an electric razor every time the B.B.C. broadcast a news bulletin?

Whether it is the same airman who says he will not be going back to Britain as his new electric razor will not work over there.

Who was the 'A' flight Sgt. who suggested using water in lieu of Hydraulic Oil ? ? ? ?

Who's the armourer of East Camp who's known as "Lambie Pie," at Stellarton? ? ? Is he henpecked or something? ? ?

Whether a certain F/Lt. pinched his ceremonial hat of a member of the Luftwaffe? ? ?

Why the heck is there a police patrol in East Camp Dining Hall. We understand that there is no truth in the rumour, that the Mess is run by an ex-warder from the Big-House.

Who is the sweet young thing from Windsor, who figures she gets a Royal Salute every time the R.A.F. fly over her house. What does Co-Pilot Giles know about this? ?

What FL/SGT. sometimes wears his girl's false teeth. Does he just borrow them, or does he get up late and choose the wrong glass?

What FL/SGT. tried to bale out of the Truro Bus one afternoon? You shouldn't sit over the Road wheel Flight.

Who was the Pupil in the Sgts Annexe who told the Messing Officer that the meat was cut against the grain? Apparently this aviator had been a lumber-jack six months ago.

Who was the F/Sgt. who had nearly completed 24 years? and received the 'gen' from his wife that he could sign on for a further six years. Guess she likes "his pair of silver wings." GNATS!

#### Wanted—For Sale—Exchange

(A nominal sum of 10c is charged for each advertisement, 20c if a Box No. is required).

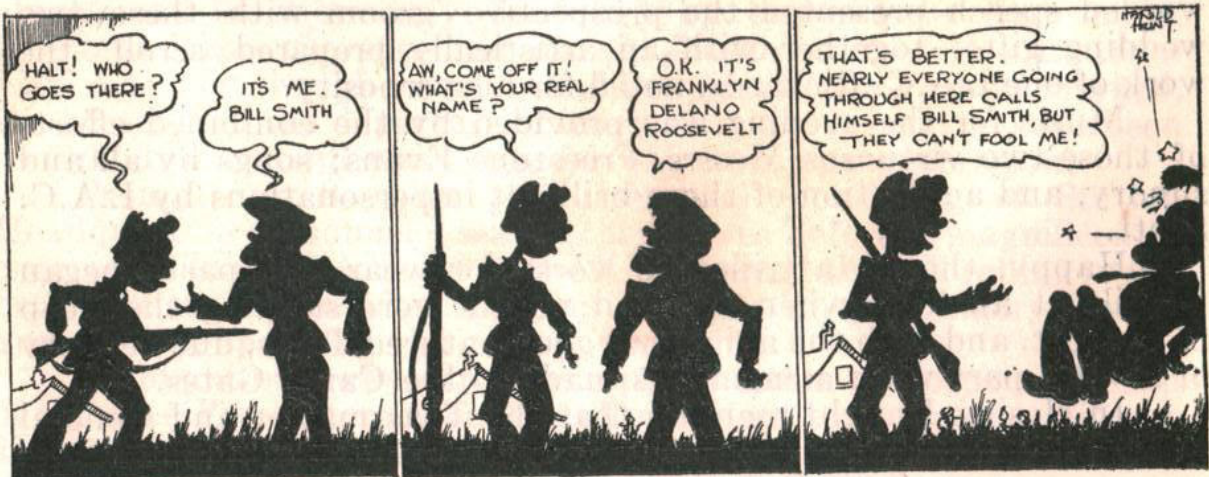
#### Sales:

Back No's of P.G. are on sale in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen. Enveloped (P.G. size) 1c each.

#### Wanted:

More copy for your Station Magazine. Suggestion Boxes are now situated around the camp.

#### A. C. CRACKERS



On your next leave to Pictou County  
 Enjoy the hospitality  
 of the

**JUBILEE THEATRE**  
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*There's Always a Better Show At the Jubilee*

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**THOMAS'**  
 Book & Stationery Store  
**TRURO, N. S.**

**Evangeline**

**Beverages**

ASK FOR

**Evangeline Fresh Fruit Orange**

**Fresh Fruit Lime and Lemon**

**Pale Dry Ginger Ale**

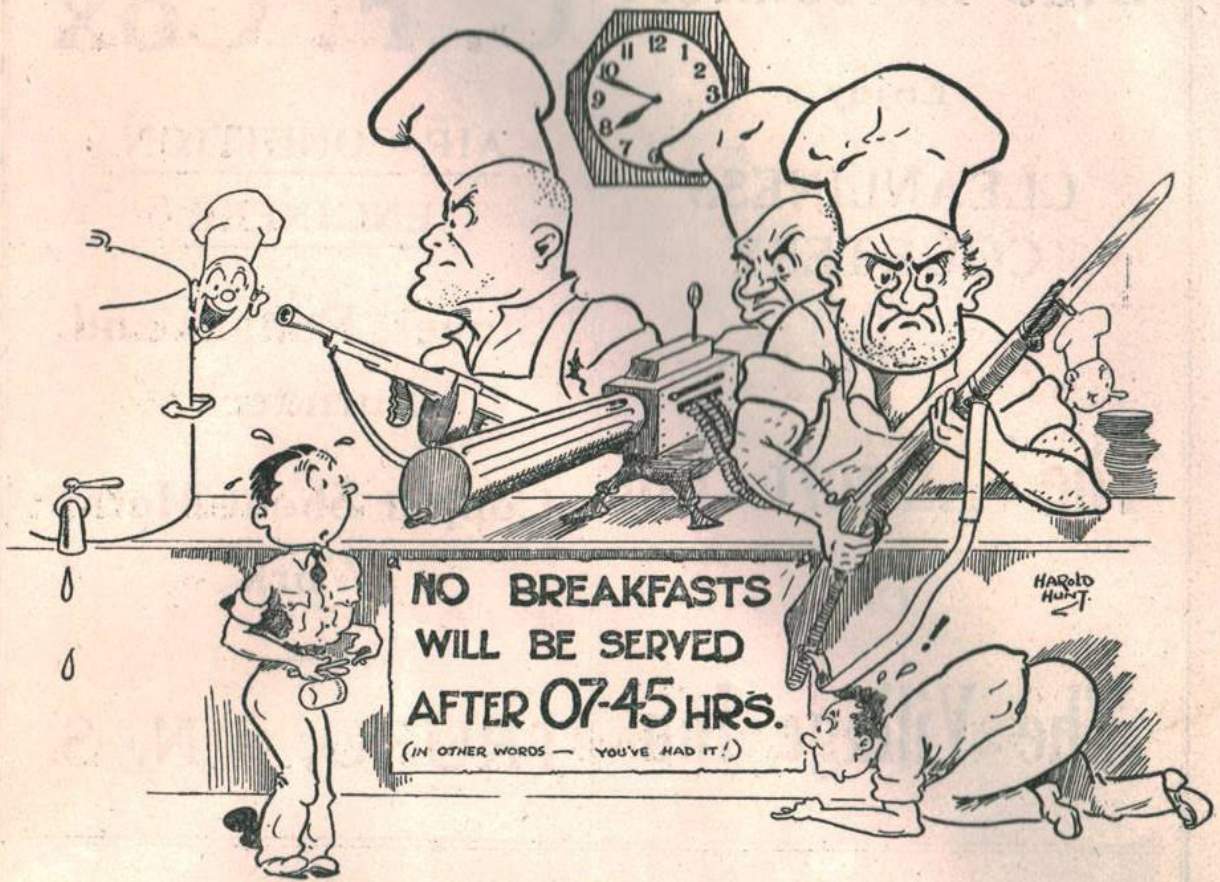
**Root Beer and Seven Up**

—A MARITIME PRODUCT—

**DIAL 754**

**TRURO,**

**Nova Scotia**



The Second Front

**ORDERLY ROOM NEWS**—Continued

regulations and this extra \$7 which will be very handy to pay for meals on long rail journeys, we shall soon be travelling for nowt.

You fellows who took your leave in the summer months have not been forgotten—the ration allowance for leave becomes payable with effect from the 1st July, so many of you can expect a little “back pay.”

Now this is not “pukka gen” but more in the nature of a well meaning tip. An airman is a privileged person in that he may as he desires, approach his senior or other officer at any time—but a word of warning, this should never be done directly, but always through either the N.C.O. in charge of one’s section or through one’s immediate superior. Do **not** walk into an Officer’s office direct and expect any “change”—its simply not done. Besides if you have any complaint or matter in which you require advice, the N.C.O. i/c your section is the person who can assist you in presenting your case.

Until next month. In the meantime you might let your slogan be, more contributions to the old “P.G.”

D.M.J.D.

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Enjoy

**CLEANLINESS  
COURTESY**

At

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Or

**The Village Inn**

**C. F. Cox**

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