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Royal Air Force, Debert

Volume 2—No. 2

November, 1942

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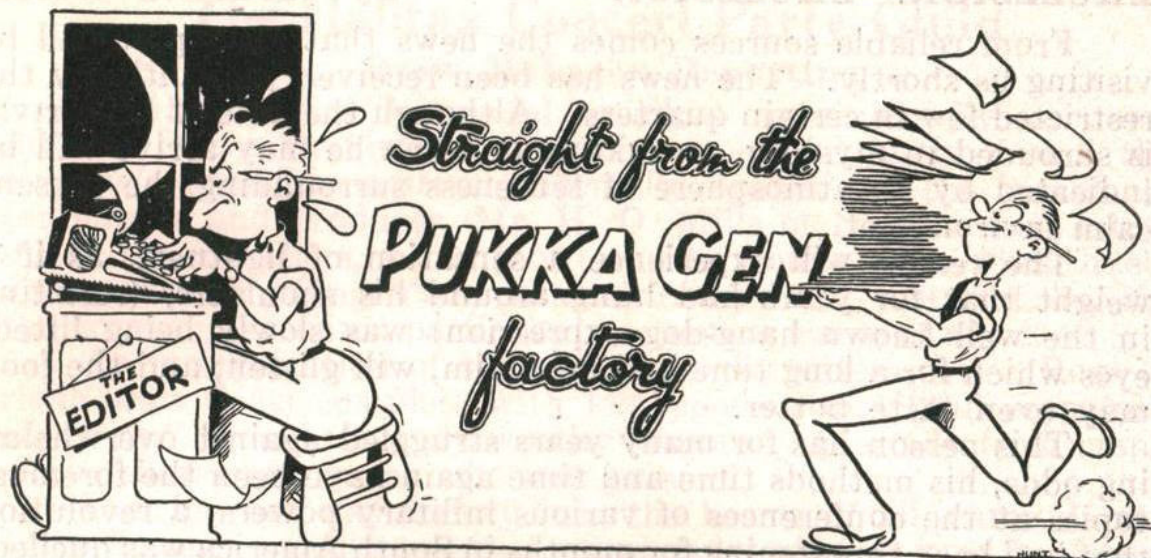
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## Editorial

All good things come to an end. Like the death of an old and tried friend, or the passing of a good phase in one's life. So, P. G. comes to a sudden end in all the glory of its lusty youth. An order issued by the Air Council, prohibiting advertising by all private firms in Service publications, has put an end to P. G., for, without the considerable revenue provided by advertising it will be impossible to carry on.

We are sure none of you can mourn the passing of P. G., as do we of the Editorial staff, for we had grown fond of it and nursed it through some trying times. It had become an essential part of our daily lives. We shall miss it.

We should like to thank all our contributors, as well as the many who have come forward with helpful suggestions, and others who have shown their enthusiasm for P. G. with their gestures of encouragement; we should like to thank them for helping us to create something worth while. During our existence of eight months we have made many friends, and had many "pats on the back" from both civilian and official readers. Our circulation has been for the last few issues well over a thousand copies.

We have had letters from all over Canada, the U.S.A. and Britain. Copies have been sent to the Middle East to the West coast of Africa, to China, to British Trinidad, to Iceland and to members of H. M. fleet at home and abroad. Australian and New Zealand pupils have been sending copies to their friends and relatives 'down under.'

In fact for a service magazine it has certainly travelled the globe. But now dear readers you must join with us and say Good-bye..... and so, we write "Nemesis." Editor.

**EXCELSIOR. EXCELSIOR.**By **Frederick Messer**

From reliable sources comes the news that an expert will be visiting us shortly. The news has been received jubilantly by the restricted few in certain quarters. Although the date of his arrival is shrouded in mystery, an inkling of when he may arrive will be indicated by an atmosphere of tenseness surrounding the present calm environment.

The reader will experience a sensation of lightness, as if a weight that for years had hung around his shoulders, (resulting in the well known hang-dog expression) was slowly being lifted; eyes which for a long time had been dim, will glisten; and the food may even taste better.

This person has for many years struggled against overwhelming odds, his methods time and time again have been the foremost topics at the conferences of various military powers; a revolution that had been threatening for months in South America was quelled; an army had a purge of its officers and N.C.O.s'; and in another country a general blew out his brains—and another blew out someone else's. All these incidents are attributed to this daring, resourceful, revolutionary scientist, whose cold methods of working and blunt facts have caused serious upheavals in each country he has passed through.

His theories and demonstrations have been propounded and enacted before the highest of military experts, and once, when they passed the acid test of a prominent 'Air Expert,' it was said of the scientist, 'his work can never be fully appreciated; the time and man hours he will save in the service will be recognised as one of the greatest advancements through the ingenuity of the militarists.'

The reader will no doubt be wondering what this remarkable person's abilities are to warrant such high praise as this.

This person can, when leaving for work,

"Make up a bed without the aid of photographs or diagrams."

In these few lines, challenging as they may be, is the stark truth. And we shall see how greatly his methods affect us. Those few lines recall memories; memories of photographers who collapsed under the strain of carrying beds out of the billets to photograph them. Of officers and N.C.O.s' who, unable to cope with the multitude of photographs and diagrams, failed in their task of creating the perfect bed layout, and sadder, disillusioned, but not wiser, left us. Of airmen who suffer constant overstrain, of the thunderous crashes that emanate from the billets in the early hours of the morning when the airmen have attempted to strangle a mattress with a blanket and balance the other blanket on top.

Yes indeed we shall welcome him; he heard the few voices crying out in the wilderness and soon he will be here. It is rumoured that the photographers will erect a monument to him; and warrant officers who suffer from blood pressure will present him with a complete new issue of a bed and three blankets, two sheets and a bolster and a pillowslip, so that he can carry on demonstrating his technique, and assist us further to victory.

## The Halifax Concert Party Guild

Drew McLaren Reporting

Commencing with several excellent renditions by our own Station Dance Orchestra, of which we are all justly proud, the evening's entertainment was formally opened by the master of ceremonies and producer, Mr. H. O. Mills of Halifax, who introduced the melodiers, a group of exquisite young ladies whose lively deliverance of "Sing Your Worries Away" did just that, leaving the large audience in a particularly receptive frame of mind.

An interpretation of the old soldier by veteran Alec Ross (a right braw Scot) complete with kilt, sporran and "full corporal's chevrons," brought a truly worthy response, especially from many of his fellow countrymen who were present.

Dancing her way lightly into the hearts of all, came dainty Irene Spence, a really talented young lady, ably assisted by Charlotte Guy at the piano.

A sweet rendering of "How Green was My Valley" and "The Way you Look Tonight" by a trio of young ladies in harmony was awarded a generous round of applause.

May I pause here to mention competent Mary Marsh, a young lady of infinite charm who accompanied the renderings of the lady vocalists throughout the evening.

Dixie Dean of the Royal Canadian Navy whose astounding mastery of the accordeon defies description, was warmly acclaimed for his playing of "Dark Eyes" and Gounod's "Ave Maria." In response to many requests Dixie obliged with his own "New Year's Eve Meldley" as an encore.

This excellent performance was followed by that of a brother navyman, shipwright Tony Stechison of Russia who sang with his own guitar accompaniment, a number of songs, including a melody of his homeland. The tremendous response evoked from the audience did, I think, convey their appreciation better than I can in print.

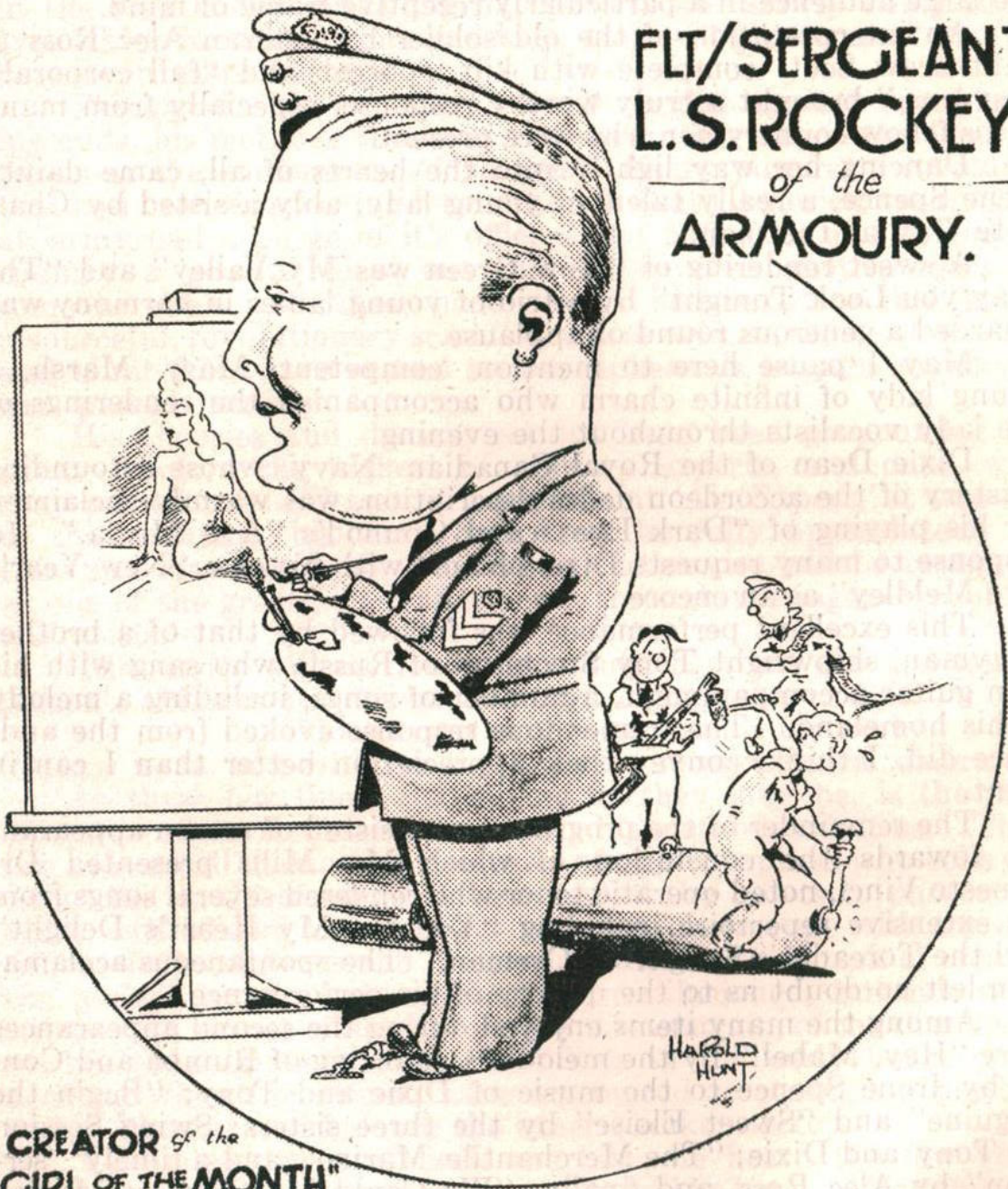
The remainder of the programme consisted of return appearances towards the conclusion of which Mr. Mills presented Dr. Ernesto Vinci, noted operatic tenor who rendered several songs from his extensive repertoire including "You are My Heart's Delight" and the Toreador's Song from Carmen. The spontaneous acclamation left no doubt as to the quality of his performance.

Among the many items enjoyed during the second appearances were "Hey, Mabel!" by the melodiers; dancing of Rumba and Conga by Irene Spence to the music of Dixie and Tony; "Begin the Beguine" and "Sweet Eloise" by the three sisters; Swing Session by Tony and Dixie; "The Merchantile Marine" and a timely "sermon" by Alec Ross, and finally, "We Could Make Sweet Music" and "Why Don't we Do this More Often" by the melodiers, a fitting conclusion to a really brilliant, wholehearted effort on behalf of all the company.

Audience and cast then joined in singing "The King" after which Group Captain J. H. Woodin addressed a few words of thanks and appreciation to the company on behalf of all present.

# HIGHLIGHTS OF DEBERT NO. 8

## FLT/SERGEANT L.S. ROCKEY. *of the* ARMOURY.



HAROLD HUNT

CREATOR *of the*  
"GIRL OF THE MONTH"

## CORPORALS' CLUB

Changes in the personnel of the Committee. The General Meeting, held on 19th October brought about the resignations of the Chairman, Corporal Braithwaite, and Corporals Allen, Bringlee, and Turrell. These retirements were accepted with real regret, and appointments made to fill the vacancies. The new Committee now stands as follows:

Chairman: Cpl. Swift. Committee: Cpl. Woolcock (Treasurer); Cpl. Priestley (Secretary); Cpl. Perkins, Cpl. Humphries, Cpl. Wood, Cpl. Derbyshire, Cpl. Bullen, Cpl. Smith, Cpl. McIntyre.

Immediately following these elections, the business of providing entertainment and amusement for the forthcoming month was discussed. Cpl. Woolcock reported a real lack of subscriptions and it was resolved by all present at the Meeting that every effort be made to induce defaulters to "shell out" promptly.

On lighter topics, a Dance is being arranged for November 4th and there is every indication that the arrangements under way at the moment will bring about a successful evening. A Darts Tournament is being played off at the present time and there is a Snooker Tournament all lined up to follow. One or two new games are available in the Club now, with more to follow as soon as we can get delivery. Most of the foregoing events will have been "played off" by the time this reaches print, but more activities are being planned and there is every intention to make activities as lively as regulations permit.

That long awaited Darts and Snooker Match with the Sergeants was finally played off and as you know, we "duffed" them on Darts and in the Snooker Team the tail end "wagged" sufficiently well enough to make that match a draw. The whole evening was a complete success and a return is being arranged very shortly.

A new innovation that was proposed and accepted is a Weekly Games Night. This night will probably be fixed as Thursday and there are to be collective games for prizes. In addition there will be Bingo, Whist or Bridge, Monopoly, and the usual Darts and Snooker.

### Notes in brief.

After a short but proud ownership of the "Flying Auburn," Corporals Woolcock and Braithwaite were compelled to relinquish possession on account of a big-end that "went for a burton"! It is to be hoped that the new owner finds out about the big-end before he drives very far!

We understand that Battling Stan is still searching to kill somebody!

Heard at the Snooker table—"Which is the brown?"

Heard at any table "Where's that boat?"

**LOVE IS BLIND****A Short Story by Kenneth Ewen**

After a while it was the feet of men she watched, and she got to know lots of men that way; not intimately of course, because few men would wish to be seen conversing with a servant, dressed in working uniform, down on her hands and knees, scrubbing steps. But they passed her every morning and she would listen, crouched on her hands and knees, interest quickening, to the echoes of their heels ringing on the hard pavement. Making her scrubbing last as long as she dare, she played the game of listening to the endless tramp of feet, picking out here and there a familiar, friendly foot-fall, until by clever deduction she was able to guess correctly the owners of many of them. Becoming more observant, she learned to judge the nature and character of men by the way they walked, by the varying sounds and tempos they tapped, clicked, and stamped; rhythmically, musically and humourously into the receptive morning air. He's in love, she'd say; the light, clipped step of carefree youth telling her its happy secret. People in debt, burdened with a thousand other petty fears, sad sad people, the dragging footsteps that came too often; she sensed their secret, knew instinctively by heart and ear their profound disappointment in a world which had left them stripped of hope, and often decency. From the naked level of the pavement, like a beggar, for one hour each morning, she witnessed the infinite pageant of humanity's feet going from nowhere to nowhere.

One lovely morning in the spring, the air vibrant with excitement and anticipation, the children laughing, jumping, shouting, singing and bowling their hoops along the gutter, there came to her a new note, struck on the pavement slowly and deliberately, like the walk of a mourner at a funeral. Amidst the hurry and bustle of the sharp morning she fancied she detected a quality of dignity and aloofness in the tread. She stopped scrubbing, resting her damp hands upon her thighs, and closed her eyes to shut out the interruption of all senses except her acute and attentive hearing. This was indeed a strange note, and not at all in keeping with the morning. She did something she had rarely done before. She turned her head and looked at the man; first at his face and then sweeping her eyes down the whole length of his body, at his feet. He was young, about twenty-four, and tall and thin. His face was extremely sensitive and sad. In his eyes was a look that missed its apparent objective and went on into the future, not caring much for what it saw in the present. A pair of old brown brogue shoes, polished, carefully polished, but worn, cracked and down at the heels, stepped cautiously forward, and kept on stepping forward, like a man groping carefully in the darkness of a remembered room.

She saw him every morning afterwards. He would come round the corner, hesitate like a lost child, and walk slowly past her, stopping later to gaze into the tobacconist's window three blocks down the road. Because he looked lonely and shabby she always made a point of smiling at him, but it wasn't until her sympathy overcame her timidity, and she spoke to him, that he noticed her.

She said, 'hello there.'

He must have been terribly nervous for he stopped abruptly, his mouth wide open and his eyes startled like a timid animal's; he continued as slowly as ever, turning his head slightly in her direction, sensing it seemed, rather than seeing her. He smiled warmly enough, expressing a gentle pleading for her friendship which she was so willing to offer. But he would never smile or acknowledge her in any way unless she first of all gave him the reassurance of her cheerfully spoken words. She grew impatient with the periods between seeing him each morning, desperate in her efforts to win the friendship he promised her with his smile and then so reluctantly withdrew in silence. During the day she worked twice as hard to bring the night to her quickly, and she was impatient with the night, wishing it away on the wave of a deep sleep that brought her to the next morning without having experienced the irritation of waiting.

She drew a deep breath and on the peak of the breath said, 'OH,' deliberately knocking over her bucket of hot water. The scrubbing brush, shooting across the pavement like a pursued cat, hit the heel of his right foot. She stepped in front of him, significantly, as much as to say, 'now you'll have to speak.' He stood there with a puzzled frown on his face, till she spoke, and his relieved smile was both friendly and shy.

'I'm sorry,' she said, 'I really am sorry.'

What she wanted to hear from him, had waited days to hear, she got softly and kindly in the tone of his voice. Like his smile his words were shy, but they possessed a pride that was a legacy of his obvious poverty.

'I'm sorry too, if I was clumsy. I'm sorry if I upset you.'

'No,' she cried gayly, 'you never upset me, only the bucket, and it's got no feelings so it doesn't matter.'

He never attempted to pick up the bucket and brush. He seemed conscious of his awkwardness standing there with the bucket behind him and she standing—determinedly—in front of him. Yet if he moved he might escape in a panic of shyness, and she would have achieved nothing. She had to beat out a conversation, to ask him questions, any question, so long as she could hold him there long enough to complete her larger task. She had stopped him, spoken with him, and she still had to set him at ease and break his reticence.

'Here's your bucket miss,' a youthful voice sang out, and the bucket was placed against the steps by a boy who kept taking very large bites from a very green apple.

'Thanks son,' she said adding quickly, 'would you mind picking up the brush as well?'

Then she felt lost in the emptiness of their silence. What did people find to talk about? There must be something to say, something, something? Please let her think of something. Why didn't he say something? She'd have to let him go soon; the bleakness of their standing and saying nothing, she looking at him, and he staring over her head, was acutely embarrassing. She said what millions

of other people would have said under the same circumstances, and it sounded just as silly:

'Lovely day, isn't it?'

'Why yes, I suppose it is,' he answered.

'Aren't you sure?' she asked.

'Yes, if you say so.'

'Well I do say so; the sun's shining, peoples faces are shining—though I only see their feet.'

'You're funny,' he said; 'What do you mean, only see their feet? You must be very very small.'

'I mean I spend my life like a baby, on my hands and knees. I scrub floors, polish grates.....'

'I see what you mean. I live in a strange world too, and I never see people as they really are.'

'Why?' she asked.

'I'm—I'm—don't you see—I'm—,' he lifted his hands in an expression of helplessness.

'I know,' she said, 'you're like a child.'

She realised with a shock of gratitude that there was going to be no slipping back now, no need to look for excuses to stop him. He was as easy to talk with as the butcher boy, though he was as different from other boys she knew, as she was different from her girl friends. That made it easier. Two square pegs for two round holes.

'Are you a child' she pressed?

Before he could answer a cry like a fire alarm came from an upstairs window of the large house, intimating that the breakfast pots were still in the sink—unwashed.

'You've got to go,' he said; though she could not tell from the way he spoke whether he was stating a fact, or asking a question.

'Yes, but you'll stop and have a chat tomorrow, won't you?'

'Tonight,' he said earnestly, 'I'd like to see you tonight.'

'Where,' she asked, rubbing her hands down the front of her apron and feeling her heart swell with a song that spilled musically on her lips. 'I'll meet you tonight—anywhere—upstairs—downstairs.....'

'And in the gentleman's chamber,' he finished.

They both laughed and she shook the sleeve of his jacket in a gesture of familiarity.

'In the gentleman's chamber?'

'Yes.' He fumbled in his pocket and produced a letter. He tore off the front of the envelope and handed it to her. 'There's my address,' he said. 'Come anytime you like.'

She noticed that every piece of furniture in the room, bed, table, chair, and a chest of drawers had been so arranged as to leave the centre of the room completely clear. He procured his pipe and tobacco in three long strides and two swift motions of his hands, exactly as if he were trained to do so, precisely as if the distance from his armchair to the table had been marked out in white lines along the floor, and his actions practised until a mechanical perfection had been reached. Like a dancer he pivoted round on

the ball of his toes, and in two long strides, identical to the strides that had taken him to the table, he returned to his chair. In the isolation of the familiar room he was in complete command of her, surprising her often with his deliberate moves. Everything he did had a definite purpose, was utterly methodical and appeared to have been preconceived and born of necessity.

He asked her to sit on the floor, near him, and his hand on her shoulder firmly hinted by its refined pressure just where he wanted her to sit; legs curled under her, her back leaning against the armrest of his chair, his long, keen fingers fondly traced invisible patterns of thought over the smoothness of her cheek and neck.

They sat content in their mutual silence, each aware of that of which the other was aware; into their idleness and dreaming crept the delicious enlightenment which comes only to those who love to the exclusion of all else.

'You're quiet,' she said. She caught his fingers in her hand and squeezed them.

'I'm thinking.'

'A penny for your thoughts—and twopence for the truth.'

'I was thinking that if I were as lucky as most people you wouldn't be here now. And I can't decide whether I'd rather be normally lucky and not have you tonight, or unlucky and have you.'

'That's a terribly complicated thought,' she laughed at her own bewilderment. 'What does it all mean?'

'That isn't to be explained tonight; I think I just want to be happy; and I want you to be happy.'

'I am,' she said.

'Will you have faith in me?' he asked. 'Will you have faith to believe that what I tell you is for the best? Could you have faith to believe in me without asking questions?'

'I think so,' she said puzzled. She twisted round and looked at him, releasing his hand. He sat up straight in his chair. He looked serious. He leaned his elbow on the arm of the chair and cupped his chin in the cleft between his index finger and thumb.

'Well, remember, no questions.' When she nodded he continued, seriously, 'I can't see you any more; this must be the last time.'

'Are you married?' she asked quickly.

'Good lord, no, nothing like that, I'm one of those unlucky people born to live and die single.'

She said nothing, for there was nothing to be said out of the desolation of her mind. So it was to end like this, with no explanations. Her happiness slipped from her as though moved by a cold wind. She wished she could leave the room and shut in the experience and emotion of the evening, close the door and leave all previous feeling behind her, as easily as leaving an old and ugly coat hanging upon a wall.

He rose from the chair and looked down to where she was sitting. His eyes were expressionless and dull. 'You'd like to go now?' he queried.

She nodded and whispered something. She rose and stood beside him. Suddenly she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. Snatching her handbag and gloves from the table she ran blindly to the door.

The next morning he went out at the usual time, travelling by bus to the city and making his way on foot to the place where he would stay until business dwindled to a few coppers. This morning he avoided the street where he knew she would be kneeling, scrubbing the steps of the big house. Not being familiar with the locality of his detour he lost his way in a maze of back streets, so that when he arrived at his destination he was over an hour late. He went into a tobacconist's and bought a packet of his favourite tobacco. When he came out of the shop he had under an arm a small canvas stool whose legs were splashed with spots of mud, and whose seat was worn smooth and shone as though polished. He placed the stool on the pavement outside a building which had the appearance of a bank, pushing it against the hard stonework, warm now in the sun, and sat down. He took off his cap, placing it between his feet, on the pavement. Putting his hand in a pocket he brought out a small, white metal disc, attached to a short length of chain. He fastened the disc round his neck. On the disc, so that passers by could see, were some big black letters which said, 'BLIND.'

### CINEMAS OF THE MONTH

- Nov. 15: TIGHT SHOES—Broderick Crawford, Leo Carillo and Binnie Barnes.
- Nov. 17: FLYING BLIND—Richard Arlen, Jean Parker, Nils Asther.
- Nov. 20: THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO—Robert Donat, Elissa Landi.
- Nov. 22: SAILORS THREE—Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert and Michael Wilding.
- Nov. 24: RANGE WAR—William Boyd.
- Nov. 27: FIT FOR A KING—Joe E. Brown, Helen Mack, Paul Kelly.
- Dec. 1: CHRISTMAS IN JULY—Dick Powell and Ellen Drew.
- Dec. 4: MEN AGAINST THE SKY—Richard Dix, Kent Taylor, Edmund Lowe.
- Dec. 8: BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN—Jack Benny, Rochester, Phil Harris and Ellen Drew.
- Dec. 11: MEXICAN SPITFIRE OUT WEST—Lupe Velez, Leon Errol.
- Dec. 15: ARISE MY LOVE—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland.

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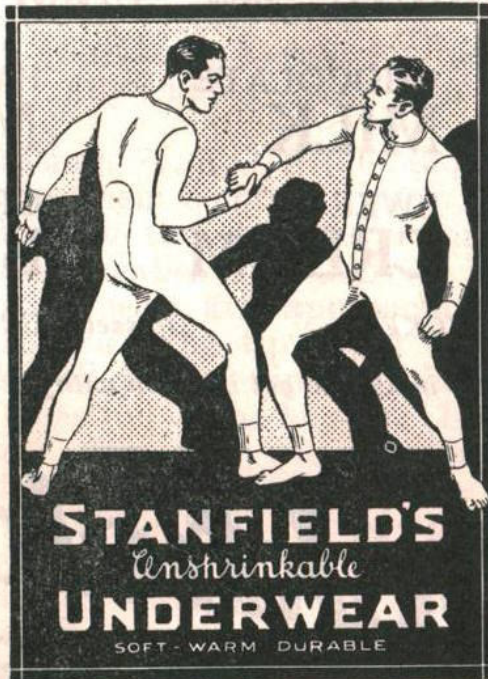
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By Peep - Keyhole

L.A.C. Hogg has NOT joined the Station Choir as a treble, rumours to this effect are absolutely untrue.

A prospective aircrew applicant (B/O Bedder) recently attached to the Flight had an alarming experience on his first solo. It appears he got into a cloud and had some difficulty in getting out as he was unable to find the hole where he went in—or so he says. No, my friend, it won't do, I suggest you stick to "daylight sweeps" in the hanger.

The Welsh and Scottish members of the "fraternity" angrily acknowledge the receipt of the pamphlet "Manifests to Minorities," and are they wild about it? "Whats yellin' Llewellyn."

L.A.C. Binder strongly denies that his heart beat is a "respectable" married woman. Need I say more?

For those interested L.A.C.'s Chamberlain and Dicks are holding practical demonstrations every morning and afternoon on "How to make tea from hot water and skinned milk," plus a minimum amount of sugar (and brother I do mean minimum). These demonstrations are held in "Ye olde Flighte Workshope," (First turn right from the tail/unit of 564.)

I understand that L.A.C. "Bowser" Boeg has refused M.G.M.'s offer of the lead in their new film entitled "Famine in Russia."

What I want to know is, why L.A.C. Dixon is so often to be found at the "Harmony Grill." Maybe he goes to hear the "Harmony,"—I wonder?

A.C.'s Mawson and Taylor wish their many friends to know that the cure for insomnia which they have recently been undergoing at S.S.Q. is slowly having an effect. "Ma-a-a-wson!"

L.A.C. Leech appears to have a fondness for french fried potatoes, could be, by any chance, have been in France anytime—I wonder?

Noticed in passing. L.A.C. Millbank giving two of our quieter members advice on their coming trip to the "States,"—he was A.W.L. there so long we thought he was running for Congress!

Trade Training (oodles of "Gen"). Question. If on night flying and you should see a kite approaching with the red "Nav" light on the Starboard wing tip, what is the correct procedure? Answer. Run like 'ell, he's comin in upside down.

The burning question of the hour in 11A centres around L.A.C. "Intrepid" Hunter. I wonder what he has in the little bag with which he sallies forth every evening. May be he's making a sectional wardrobe for someone in Truro—you never know—wish he would tell us anyway.

I know for a fact that "Smithy" (729) has a blond. At any rate it wasn't "Scruffy" he was making love to in his sleep t'other night—"Oh you lovely thing!"

In conclusion. As a patriotic gesture A. C. Chalkey has presented a pair of his socks (unwashed) to the Department of Chemical Warfare.

# ARMAMENT TERMS-ILLUSTRATED.

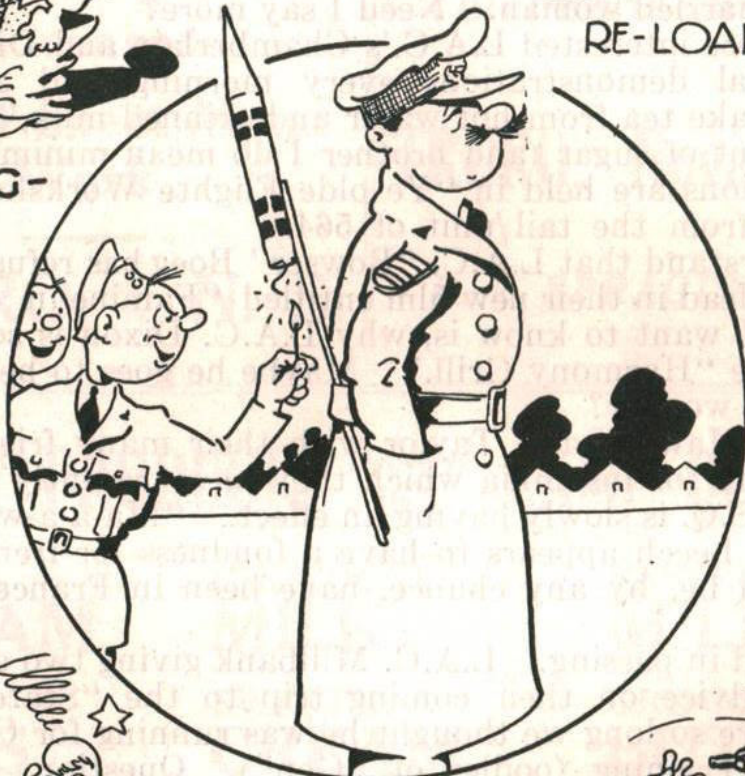
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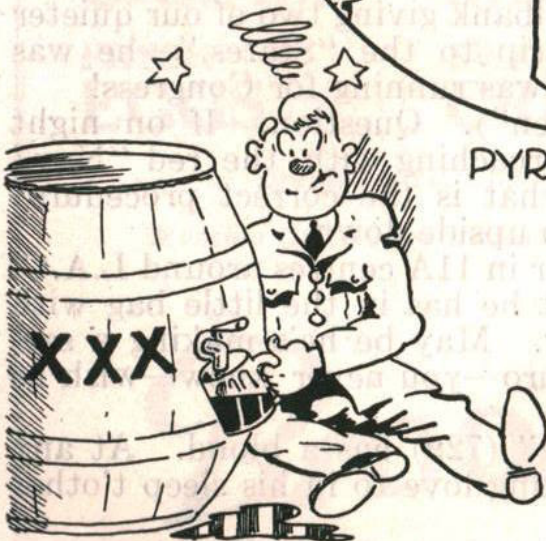


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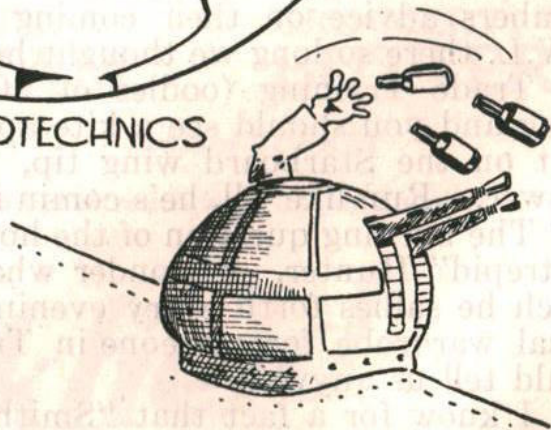


HAROLD HUNT

PYROTECHNICS



CLEANING OUT THE BARREL



REMOVING THE EMPTIES FROM THE TURRET



# A TRIP TO TRURO

by SID BRAITHWAITE



When I came to Debert, I arrived in the dead of night and tramped for five miles through the pouring rain, that half a mile of road from the "deepo" to the Camp. I recovered in a little under a week.

Naturally, my first reaction upon returning to more or less normal reasoning was, "Where's the big city?" My companion (a hardened seasoner of four weeks service at Debert) smiled pityingly and said, "Truro." There was a peculiar significance about



Hardened Seasoner of four week's service

his utterance: a sort of half implied sympathy. "Yus," he said, "Truro's the place." "How," I asked with pardonable curiosity, "does one get there?" "Well," he replied, "there's 'itch 'iking, there's taxis, and for them that can stand it, there's a bus." "Show me the bus," I answered boldly, "I can take it." He showed me.

Viewed from any angle, the bus was not a pretty thing. Sturdy and apparently capacious—yes; but beautiful—definitely not. However, with no misgivings (in the optimism of youth) I boarded the vehicle. After a period of complications with the automatic change-giver plus the ticket-cum money receptacle I swayed in a daze down the bus and found myself a seat. I can definitely assure you that this seat was sprung, the spring insisted on hooking itself to the nearest portion of my anatomy which, not surprisingly enough was my.....well, never mind! Thoughtfully I removed the

spring, and the object itself showing no particular desire to return from whence it came I decided to throw it out of the window. I cast around for the wherewithal to open the window. In each corner of the bottom of the frame reposed two horizontal strips of metal about half an inch in length with a gap of perhaps a quarter of an inch between them. It was made clear to me by an interested onlooker that the thing to do was press the two strips together and pull upwards. Ten minutes later a perspiring and defeated object, I surreptitiously slipped the spring under somebody else's seat.



Insisted on hooking itself

All this time the bus had been gradually filling up and when I began to take an intelligent interest in outside proceedings once more, it was to find all the seats occupied and a column of passeng-

er standing down the centre of the bus. "Should be away an minute now," I said chattily to my neighbour. He vouchsafed no reply—just that same inscrutable half pitying smile.

We waited. The minutes passed, more passengers; more minutes, more passengers. I began to get alarmed. Still they came. Two deep, three deep, four, five, six. At last the driver took a general survey and, finding that no one was sharing his seat, squeezed in another body. Away we went.

They still speak of Paul Revere's Ride with bated breath, of Turpin's ride to York with awe. But the memory of my ride to Truro dies hard.

The designer of the road over which we passed must have had just such a moment in mind as he planted a pot-hole here, a semi-ditch there, and millions of stones over all. We lurched here, bumped there, and banged everywhere. The unfortunate standing nearest to me (I mean the one with his elbow jabbing continually in my ear) showed fine impartiality as he sat first in my lap, then staggered up and over to the opposite fellow and would, I feel sure, have sat further down the bus had the crowd not been too dense. I had it on good authority that some fellows were not even standing on the floor. I don't believe the tale of the chap that said he put his hand in his pocket for his cigarettes and found he'd taken them out of the pocket of a fellow next to him!

We did eventually hit a smoother strip of road and by arranging that one side of the bus breathed in as we breathed out on our side, fairly good progress was made. After what seemed days we panted to a standstill. The driver opened the door and the six or seven nearest the door immediately fell out. Moving out in shifts, we finally all found ourselves on the pavement. I took my first view of Truro. I found solace for my mind and balm for my soul in the delightful view of the main tree-lined street stretching away ahead of me. The dreadful nightmare I had just passed through receded into the inner fastnesses of my mind, only to be recalled in the nights following a particularly heavy pigs-trotter supper.

Making certain that all my bones were in good order, I started off down the street in search of solace to my jangled nerves.



She glanced around her hastily

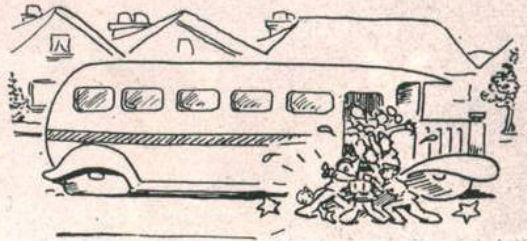
In the pleasant surroundings of the Hub Town, and notably Victoria Park, I gradually rid myself of my unsettled notions, and life took on a rosier aspect. I beamed upon a considerable number of attractive young ladies: one, after glancing around her hastily, beamed back, and hurried along. But I refused to be down-cast.

By process of elimination I arrived at the I.O.D.E. Here I found a bevy of extremely attractive and friendly ladies who were determined to make me feel at home: they did! An hour spent in the well appointed Club Room of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire did much to compensate me in my first

attack of home-sickness. I left, feeling much happier.

Homeward bound, I came upon the Y.M.C.A. This Branch of that famous institution was no exception to the fine reputation it bears, and here again I found friendly and charming people to interest me. I felt better for having met the friendly people of Truro and with this visit and many others learned to appreciate their many activities in the interests of the Services.

Walking down the street, deep in thought, I suddenly came upon the bus, sinister and leering. Almost I jibbed, I was on the point of turning and running but courage prevailed. Gritting my teeth I steeled myself for the ordeal and stalked into a crowd of the ever-patient Services. I was thrown out. Politely I waited. Then it was borne upon me that to get anywhere in this game one must throw aside the gentle conventionalities with which one had been inculcated in a secluded youth, and shove. Soon I found myself the centre of a milling mob, whose one frantic thought, severally and individually was to get in that bus. It was like trying to get the wick into a cigarette lighter; a prod on this side and a little went in, a push on that side and another small portion was swallowed up; and so on until all were absorbed.



The centre of a milling mob

To repeat my description of the ride in, would be boring. Sufficient to say that a menacing inky blackness was added to those trials and tribulations, and eventually I arrived back at Debert with aching body, tempered a little in thought that I had at least met some very charming and friendly people.

Nowadays, when a newcomer to the Camp asks me where the nearest town is, I smile pityingly and say, "Truro." And when he asks me how one gets there, I reply, "Well, there's 'itch 'iking, there's taxis, and for them that can stand it, there's a bus!"

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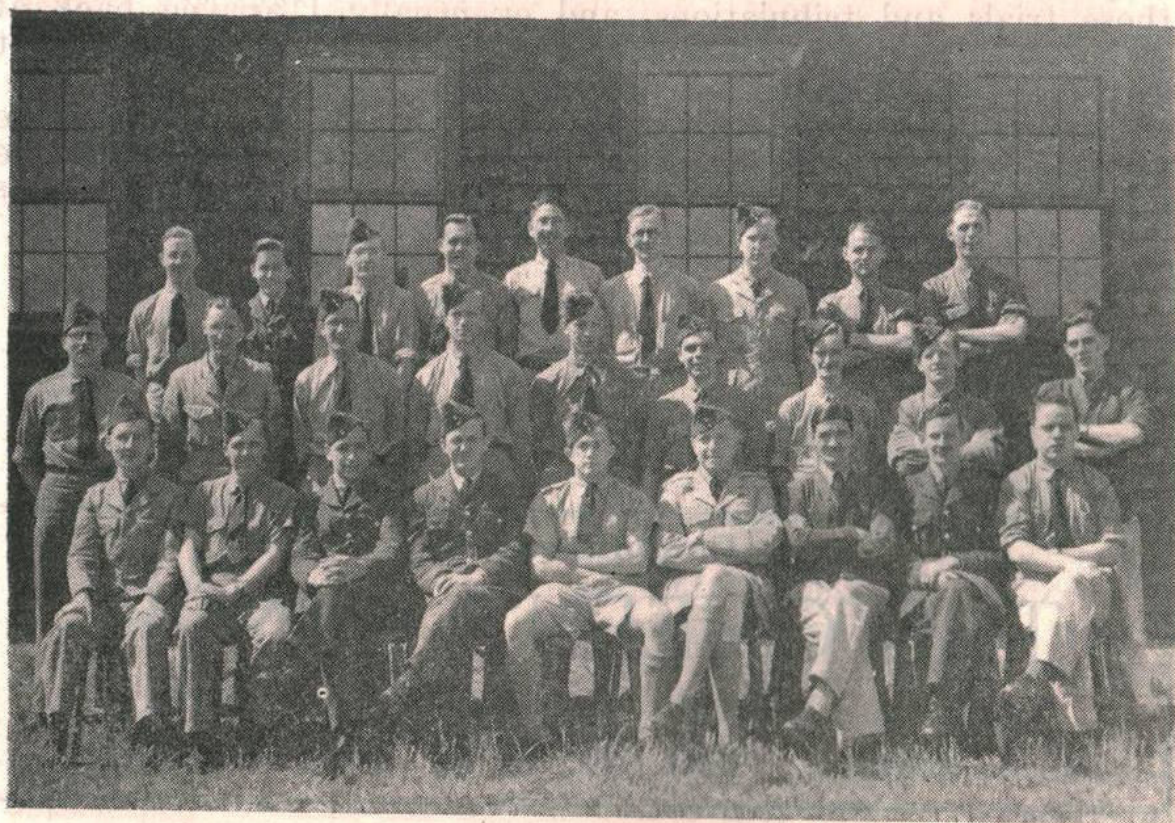
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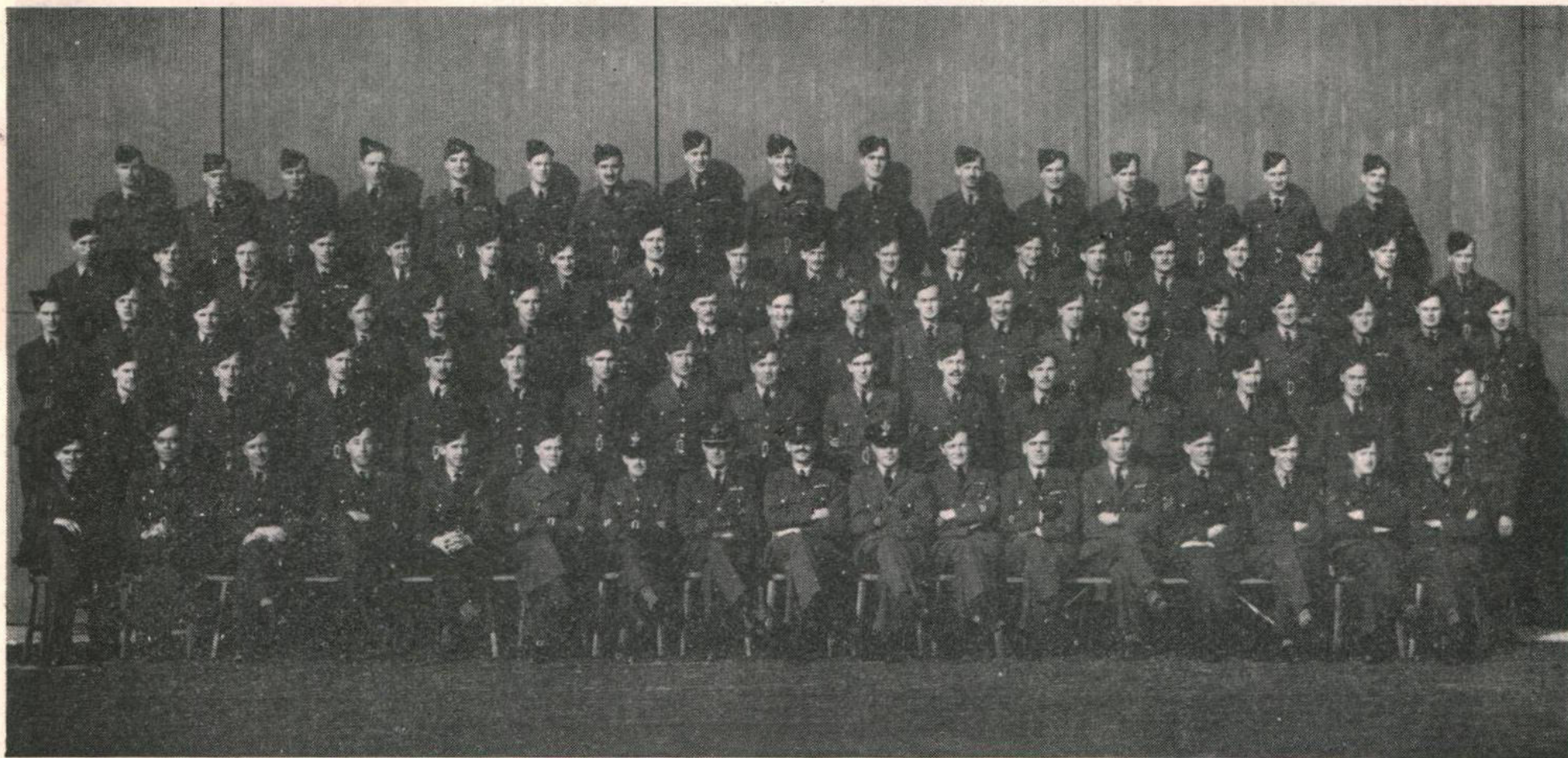
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STORES PERSONNEL



SERGEANT'S MESS PERSONNEL



PHOTO

ON LAKE ONTARIO

JOE JOHNSON

**THE HARD ROAD****Short story by William Porritt.**

When the first act of the play had come to an uncertain close, a young man in a light brown suit arose from his seat, some six rows from the front of the theatre, and walked out. When he reached the foyer, he began to run until he came to a fruit shop a little way along the street. Hurrying inside, he stopped and glanced over the bewildering array of fruit and vegetables. Apples, plums, pears, bananas? No. Oranges? No.

"Have you any tomatoes?" he asked the elderly man behind the counter.

"Yessir. Right here." They were indeed right in front of him.

"O, I couldn't see them. Er—let me see—" and inspecting them, he picked one up from the back of the counter. It was an over-ripe tomato long past its prime and now wizened and ready to burst unless carefully handled.

"Will you give me half-a-dozen of these—the softer the better."

"Sure," said the elderly man, showing no sign of surprise.

"And put them in a cardboard box, if you have one."

The owner obliged, handed over the tomatoes and took the money. Carefully holding the box under his arm, the young man went out as quickly as he had come, along the street and back into the theatre. Good! he thought as he went to his seat. An expectant hush was falling over the audience and the second act was almost ready to begin. He settled back, the box on his knees, ready.

The heroine was very pretty but she seemed a little unsure of her lines. She was young too and this might have been her first chance of a leading part. In the first act, it had not been so noticeable for it was a crowded scene where characters came in and out, leaving the heroine no dialogue longer than a few sentences. The second act, however, was one that would have tried the most experienced actress.

She was alone on the stage, soliloquizing over her lover who had deserted her, although she did not know the truth. The audience knew what was happening and if only the girl could have let herself go, show the full beauty of her innocence, she might have gained the sympathy of her audience. As it was, there were one or two whispers and sound of a impatient rustling.

The young man quietly opened the box and leaned forward expectantly in his seat.

The girl was looking up at the clock which had just chimed three.

"Three o'clock already! Why doesn't he come? He said two o'clock—I'm certain. I distinctly remember." Her voice rose falteringly "He doesn't mean to come. He's left me, gone away."

The young man took aim and threw, just at that moment.

The tomato landed with a burst, right on the wall beside the clock and its red mess slowly began to trickle down. The girl was half-turned from the audience and she visibly jumped when the missile landed, but she pretended not to notice and went on in a voice that faltered more and more.

"Now, I'm alone. Just as I was at the beginning. What is there for me—" Plop! Another tomato landed, this time near the feet of the would-be-tragic heroine. Tears began to roll down her cheeks and no one knew whether the part called for them or whether they were induced by the tomatoes. She said a few more hesitant words and then stood motionless on the stage.

Plop! Yet another tomato and it fell with a rich burst of pips and juice. The girl sat down in a chair and weeping uncontrollably, buried her face in her hands. Then with even greater virility, the fourth tomato fell on the stage this time even nearer to the suffering heroine. Her tears stopped and she looked up, her face trembling with rage. She arose and walked defiantly to the front of the stage whilst the audience trembled in a silence that was deep and expectant.

"Stop this minute" she said. "How dare you do this?" and she stamped her small foot "O, how dare you" and she clenched her hands pitifully and bowed her head as a fresh fit of tears commenced.

Then a tumult sounded in the theatre as people stood up in indignation.

"Yes. How dare he do this, the scoundrel?"

"Shame. Shame."

"Throw him out."

"Where is he? We'll give him tomatoes if we find him."

"Throw him out I say."

Hundreds of disgusted people began to look round for the offender and those who knew who it was cried out of their knowledge. The young man cringed in his seat and when he saw several men coming threateningly towards him, he shot into action and ran swiftly out of the theatre.

When he had gone, applause began to sound and gathered until it roared like thunder.

"We want Miss Parker. We want Miss Parker."

"Start the act again."

"Bravo!"

And when the cry—"We want Miss Parker" started again, everyone rallied and shouted the words together until it became a chant.

"We want Miss Parker."

At last, she appeared, the tears hardly dried on her face although she was smiling happily.

"Thank you—all of you. You are splendid. Now, with your permission, we shall start again with the second act" and she bowed and disappeared to the sound of thundering applause.

The curtain rose upon the same scene, now tidied and clear of all traces of tomatoes. She began to speak in a clear voice, carrying herself with greater poise and certainty so that the audience

waited breathlessly, hanging upon each word. When she spoke her tragic words, several women began to weep and the men did their bests to swallow noiselessly and hide the tightening discomfort they were feeling in their throats. Others watched wide-eyed with a look of awe on their faces.

After the final clamorous curtain when Miss Parker was safely in her dressing-room, a young man in a light brown suit hurried along to her room. He gave three short knocks on the door.

"Come in" she said. He opened the door and went inside.

"Hello" said Miss Parker in greeting but he only looked at her searchingly, almost in fear.

"The tomato-thrower in person. But don't look so tragic" she said. "Look what's happened now. You've helped to bring me success."

She turned to her mirror and grimaced at her make-up. "Excuse me a moment whilst I take all this off."

"Before you do" he said "I want to be the first to give you a wedding present," and he brought a parcel, carefully wrapped and tied with a huge bow of pink ribbon, from behind his back.

"O, how sweet. This is very thoughtful of you."

He watched her unwrap the ribbon and take off the paper to reveal a cardboard box. Her face was bewildered.

"Two tomatoes!" she exclaimed and then burst into happy laughter. They both laughed together until tears rolled down their cheeks.

"Even though it was your idea" he said ruefully "I hated doing it. It was one of the hardest things I ever had to do. Now I'm going to give you four of the biggest kisses you ever had--just to make up. One.....two.....three....."

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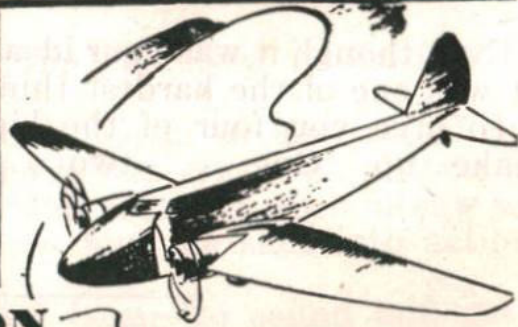
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**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

Sir:

I am writing on behalf of my friends and myself, to request that the practice, recently discontinued, of including in P. G. excerpts from popular "home" periodicals, be continued.

Further more we would like to see the reappearance of the "Do you know" page; which was in our opinion both interesting and educational.

Trusting you will grant our requests your consideration, and cease to bore us with so much continued reference to??xxxx!! boat.

FIOUS ACHATES

Thank you, oh faithful friend, The reason that the "Do you know page" and the excerpts from home press were discontinued was because of the amount of work it entailed. Being Airmen we dislike work. Seriously though, how about you running those two pages for us with the help of your friends. Let us have your first contribution in time for the bumper Christmas number. As for the ??xxxx!! boat—see below

EITDOR

Sir:

Will it be possible for us to receive a copy of P. G. when we have returned to 'Blighty,' can some arrangement be made where by we can pay for a years subscription when the ??xxxx arrives?!!

L. A. C.Silman

Thank you for your confidence in P. G., a years subscription, Hmm, a years subscription eh, that would buy quite a few beers, Hmm? This matter will receive our attention when the ??xxxx!! arrives.

EDITOR

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## RUGBY FOOTBALL

**R.A.F., Debert, 3 pts.      Mount Allison University, 3 pts.**

On Saturday, 17th October, the station rugby team travelled to Sackville for Debert's second encounter with Mount Allison University, and it should be stated that they were faced with no mean task in opposing a well trained University side who were flat out to avenge their 9 pts. to 6 pts. defeat of that year.

The university has an excellent ground, and as luck would have it, the weather smiled on us, encouraging a large number of spectators. Particularly noteworthy was the enthusiastic Mount Allison organised cheer section which was in action throughout the match, and completely overwhelmed the valiant shouts of our two or three supporters.

Winning the toss, the station took choice of ends and the following was their line-up facing Mount Allison's kick off.

Full back P/O Wilkinson.

Three quarters; L.A.C. Butler, P/O Oxley, L.A.C. Freeman, Flt./Lt. Murison.

Halves: P/O Strachan, L.A.C. Thomas.

Forwards; S/Ldr. Frant, P/O Kear, Cpl. Marks, F/Sgt. Moss, L.A.C. Hunter, L.A.C. Bird, A.C. Bell and L.A.C. Graves.

Right from the start the game became a clean but very tense and keen tussle with neither side conceding any appreciable ground. Surprisingly, Mount Allison were getting the best of the set scrums, and it was evident that the station was missing the invaluable services of Mitchell who regrettably received such a serious injury in an earlier match. Despite this superiority, the Mount Allison backs were unable to get in action, due to good marking by the station, and at half time neither side had succeeded in breaking through their opponent's defence.

The opening of the second half was marked by some spirited forward rushes on the part of the station, with S/Ldr. Grant, Moss, Marks and Hunter particularly prominent. One of these rushes carried the play into Mount Allison's half, and Graves securing the ball, made a determined run past Mount Allison's defence, to touch down between the posts for a try which was not converted. The university immediately piled on the pressure and after ten minutes were rewarded with an equaliser, when their fast winger, Kerr, a freshman, dived over in the corner for another unconverted try. Freeman just failed to hold him with a desperate tackle, two yards from the line. Mount Allison's training began to tell in the last five minutes, but some good defensive kicking by P/O Strachen safely dealt with any of their remaining efforts.

In conclusion, sincere thanks go out to the university, not only for an excellent game, but for the very warm reception and hospitality they extended to our team. They were kind enough to accommodate those members of the team who stayed in Sackville for the week end and our best wishes go to the University for a successful season.

L.A.C. GRAVES M.

**WANTED, A WAND**

Story by J. D.

I don't vouch for this mind you, and I am in the awkward position of having to spend the next two years or so, in and around the same bedspace as the bloke who related the story to me, so perhaps the best course would be to set down the facts as they were given to me and leave the rest to the reader's credulity.

It came to my ears a few nights ago, back in the billet; the rain had been bounding off the roof and wending its guttural way down the drains for what seemed an endless age. The film show in the Rec hall had for some reason or other been scrubbed; and night life in this corner of the world, being what it is, any one interested enough to look in would have found the sixty odd inhabitants of barrack hut 12Z, either lying on their own, or grouped around someone else's bed, engaged in discussions, the range of which only an airman can imagine or appreciate.

What the nature of the tete-a-tete was, that had attracted some seven pairs of anything but clean boots on the portion of the floor which George and I scrub once a week, I cannot say. I had been spending the last half hour in the canteen, and had returned in time to hear George elbow his way into the conversation.

'Speaking of dogs,' he began, 'recalls a queer do that happened when I was at Padgate.'

I gathered from the looks cast at George by the various owners of the above mentioned footwear, that the topic up to then had been somewhat divorced from canine matters.

George continued: 'I think you'll readily agree that almost everyone could account stories of the 'Joe' in their first squad at the reception unit.'

I thought that this was reasonable and was about to murmur assent, but obviously George didn't think that agreement with his suggestion was necessary, for he immediately continued, 'the bunch I came in with was no exception. The 'Joe' was an inoffensive looking soul. He was tall and skinny and his almost saucer like eyes that beamed from behind a pair of horn rimmed spectacles were I'll vouch, the most docile pair of peepers I have ever seen. He captured the limelight the day we arrived. We were queued up in the orderly room having our 'particulars' noted. I can't remember all the details but his name I recall was Horace Hemmingash, and his civvy occupation—Magician, rather a change from the usual run of things you will admit, and it brought forth a muttered comment from the orderly wallah, that a thing like this wasn't allowed. Horace was adamant though, and in no time at all had repeated his statement to two corporals, a sergeant, a flight sergeant and the S.W.O. They tackled Horace individually and in unison, but whilst he remained meek, he was none-the-less steadfast; and a ferocious glint lit up his eyes for an instant. Finally, Horace excluded of course, agreed on a compromise, and his civvy trade was listed as 'Illusionist'.

In the weeks that followed nothing seemed to go right with Horace; he was continually "in the dark" for something or other, and his visits to the S.W.O., and subsequent nights spent on Fire Picquet and Canteen Fatigues became too numerous to recite here. In brief, he led a veritable dog's life, but all of this he appeared to accept with that same meekness. Finally the great day dawned when we finished our square bashing; from what I have heard since from others who were at Padgate, we must have been exceptionally lucky, for we were given a seven days leave before going on our courses—even Horace. He was just in front of me when we queued up at the S.W.O.'s office to have our 295's and travelling warrants signed. I remember now that I noticed that glint in his eyes again, I believe I was the only one who did. But quite a few heard a low muttered "Abicardza." It seemed to come from the office, but, Horace, who had gone into the office just previously said that he had heard nothing.

During the enquiry regarding the S.W.O. who had been missing from the camp for over two weeks, the lad who had gone into the office just previous to Horace said he had seen the S.W.O., and presented the signature on his pass to prove it. Horace however, meekly but steadfastly maintained that all he saw when he entered the office was a pink coloured dog sitting at the desk with a pen between it's paws. Nobody could recall having seen the dog in the camp before. I heard later that despite all the efforts of the new S.W.O. the dog wouldn't leave the office, and there was never a parade held at Padgate but what the dog wasn't on it.'

Just as George finished his tale the orderly corporal opened the door and knocked out the lights, and the crowd dispersing, I managed to climb up above George, and get into bed. Try as I might though, sleep eluded me, and leaning out of bed, I said, 'George, did you ever find out what became of that pink coloured dog?'

The heap of blankets down below stirred, and, up into the darkness a voice sleepily murmured:

'Yes, it bit the hand of an 'Erk' who ventured into the cook-house with his cap on, and they had to shoot it.'

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## LIBRARY NOTES

Once again, we have our little piece to say. However, before carrying on with the usual gen, there are one or two points which we have been asked to bring to your notice. First and foremost, there is the old question arising about the return of books. This is definitely our most troublesome problem. Obviously we cannot chase round every week and chivvy the laggards up, we can only appeal to all of you to bring your books back **as soon as possible** after you have read them. At the moment, there are so many books not returned, especially in the Station Section, that it is noticeable and is very exasperating when we are continually asked for a book, and have to admit that it is out and has been for weeks. So once again we appeal to you all, if you have any spare Library Books about (or see any) bring them in, and don't be scared of the fine, we are very merciful to genuine cases, after all we want the books far more than the fines.

The other point is the question of the Library Hours, these are (for those who apparently are unable to read) every evening from Monday to Saturday from 1830-2030.

There have been and still are notices up setting out the above times but we still get a few people trying to gatecrash at 20-45 hours and later who plead ignorance of the rules. In future we will have to harden our hearts on this point, after all, although "we say it as shouldn't" the Librarians put in a very full day normally and, although we like the job we have undertaken for the evening, we do get a trifle wearied. So fellows please try to remember that in future we shut the doors at 20-30 hrs.

Now that we have finished "binding," let us get back to "more interesting gen." The following are the list of books which have been added to the Station Section since last month:

- The Exile by Pearl Buck.
- Random Harvest by James Hilton.
- The Trespasser by D. F. Lawrence.
- Then Came The Test by Margaret Pedler.
- The Red Lamp by M. R. Rinehart.
- War and Peace by Count Leo Tolstoy.
- The Killer and The Stain by Hugh Walpole.
- White Banners, The Magnificent Obsession, Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal, Forgive Us Our Trespasses, The Green Light, Invitation to Live by Lloyd C. Douglas.
- The 39 Steps by John Buchan.
- Thieves Picnic by Leslie Charteris.
- Mutiny on the Bounty by Chas. Nordhoff.
- The Saint Goes West by Leslie Charteris.
- Bomb Doors Open by Cecil McGivern.
- Fame Guard Goings On by Basil Boothroyd
- A Strong Story to Tell by Peter Fleming.
- Seven Tempest by Vaughan Wilkins.
- Saxon Ashe: Secret Agent by Anonymous.
- Mother Finds a Body by Gypsy Rose Lee.
- Haunted Lady by M. R. Rinehart.

Black Orchids by Rex Stout.  
 The Voodoo Goat by Audrey Gaines.  
 Anything For a Quiet Life by A. A. Avery.

Of the above we can personally recommend Random Harvest by James Hilton, Forgive Us Our Trespasses and The Magnificent Obsession by Lloyd C. Douglas, The Saint Goes West by Leslie Charteris and Bomb Doors Open by Cecil McGivern.

We have on order books by Vickin Baum, Warwick Deeping and Damon Runyon which no doubt will be on the shelves very soon.

Well, fellows that's all for now. Cheerio. H. H.

---

AND SO TO BED.....

The lights in the great concert hall dimmed. The orchestra, which had been noisily scratching for the preceding ten minutes, diminished quickly into silence, as a crowd of school-boys on the approach of the headmaster. The audience, which had chatted as only an English audience can, gradually quietened, and the murmur died away. At long last, after what was in reality only two or three seconds, but what seemed like an eternity, silence prevailed. There was a feeling of anticipation—a climax,— an impatient imposition. An English audience is a very peculiar thing: it will wait long hours in a queue without murmur, but once the scene is set, each small delay becomes magnitudinous, and each pause an opportunity for idle chatter.

The great moment had arrived. A small figure in meticulous dress appeared at the side of the stage, and walked slowly to the centre. Each step was measured, as though there were stepping stones to be carefully negotiated. Slowly yes, and even thoughtfully this figure walked to the small stand, erected in the front of an orchestra, considered to be one of the best in the world. How tantalisingly slowly he picked up the baton, and motioned this huge machine into action.

The sweet notes clung to the dense air. Softly, and then rising into full crescendo the music came, to dwindle and fade in quiet pianissimo. Tranquilly, peacefully the music lulled, to rise again in tempestuous gusto, and in clashing discord. Then came the finale, as though even music itself were inadequate to express the heights and nobility of all that had gone before. As though there were too many things wrapped around the theme to bring forth sufficient grandeur, sufficient force to say—Amen. The final chord was marvellous. It was full rich, and sombre. It filled the hall. It lingered in the rafters, and sank deep into the soul, to the very heart and core of the being.

I wondered slowly with the crowd, through the open doors into the cold damp air of night. The buildings of the ancient city stood silhouetted against the darkness of the heavens. The square of the old Norman tower stood firmly before the flickering of the lights. And so to bed.....

H. M.

## OFFICERS MESS NOTES

With the advent of Winter, there should be some justification for opening this month's contribution with an appealing poem, all about snow-capped peaks and icicles glistening in the moonlight, etc., but we don't. There is nothing very poetic about a Debert Blizzard, anyway. Actually, we did write a few verses recently, on a subject we cannot for the moment recall, but fortunately for readers the script has been lost.

Our enterprising, up-to-the-minute Mess Committee has triumphed again. When the suggestion was first made in July, 1941, it was taken up with alacrity. "Yes," said the Committee, "This will be arranged immediately." Obviously the Member who again referred to the matter on 25th November, 1941, was completely out of order, and if the writer of another suggestion on the same subject ten months later in September 1942 had given the question further consideration, he would have realised that there had hardly been time. But the fact remains—during the last month we have had our piano tuned.

The success of Mess Dances is becoming almost proverbial, but the gathering on the 23rd October was the best yet. Strangely enough, too, there were quite a number occasionally to be seen dancing. There is only evidence that one Member fell down, though one other recovered from a kneeling position quite early in the evening, and went on to stay the full course.

Proposals have been put forward for the design of an "Old Debertian" tie. Any ideas on the subject, provided they are not too rude, will be welcomed.

After having perused editions of the Local Press for several weeks, we feel that insufficient publicity is being afforded to the social activities of Officers. In order to keep abreast of the times, the following brief jottings are appended in the hope that they will prove of interest.

### Society Notes

Squadron Leader Clovelly spent Wednesday evening in the Mess. He did not enjoy himself very much.

Squadron Leader McLintock motored into Truro on Thursday evening. He undertook the same journey on Friday evening, after having returned to Camp on Friday morning.

Flight Lieutenant Lincoln will pack his raspberries on November 25. They are reputed to be nice and juicy. He planted them yesterday.

Pilot Officer Gretel passed Sunday quietly at his flat in Truro. It was his day off.

Friends of Captain Eisenstein, who last month spent a short week-end in Boston, New York, Washington, Toronto and Montreal, will be pleased to hear that he has now fully recovered.

Flying Officer Simmer was building a model aeroplane.

Pilot Officer Byron was admitted to hospital the other day with an ingrowing toenail. It is doubtful whether he will be ever seen again.

Flying Officer Wardrobe was the dinner guest of a well known local resident on Saturday. He held his fork conventionally in his left hand.

Several prominent Officers have not yet arrived safely overseas. This is hardly surprising. Unfortunately for them they have not yet left this country.

Readers of last month's Magazine may have been slightly mystified by the appearance of an irrelevant heading--"Gramophone Notes"—in the text of the O. M. N. Actually there should have followed a pretty pithy summary of the gramophone situation in general, but something went wrong. The remarks, however, in the main still apply, and if the printer comes across them, he may insert them here:

(Never mind.—Perhaps it's just as well he didn't find them.)

### WHISPERS

We hear of the W.O. (technical) who on being handed a sample of Hydraulic Oil in a 7.U.P. bottle, made out the demand voucher for 15 gallons of 7.U.P. Hydraulic Oil.....

Regarding the "Green" Cake recently served in the East Camp airmens mess, the cooks in other messes are now experimenting with cakes, the colours and edible qualities for which Science admits of no analysis.

N.C.O.'s who leave behind their tapes and/or Brevets please note:—The airmens dances are not masquerades.

SABOTAGE? Who threw the cricket cup in the dusbin and set it on fire? ? ?

Numerous "Erks" would like to know why they can't have fortnightly Dances as in days of yore.....

It has happened.....At least someone has dropped a contribution in the "P.G." Box provided in the Canteen!!!

Many would like to know if it was really the weather that delayed the return of two Staff Sgts. recently; and if their Long (er) staff remembered to take his 'Chute.

Information has reached us from a reliable source concerning a pupil W.A.G., he maintains that W/T transmissions take place on a fictitious frequency.....

Can it be that a talented member of the Photographic Section s forsaking Art for china collecting? ? ?

We hear of a certain F/Sgt. who parades every morning, just to ascertain if the BOAT has arrived on the parade square.....Harman you've 'ad it.

Who was the F/Sgt. Gunnery Instructor who on a very bumpy day, hid the toggle, in order to achieve haven in a friendly Hanger?

Then there's the Corporal Clerk who has taken to stencilling knitting instructions.

Was it the same gentleman who took a young lady home from a recent dance in a taxi and when asked to go inside for a little while replied that he couldn't because he hadn't brought his hat.

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**STATION ENTERTAINMENTS—OCTOBER 1942**

Now that the winter season is under way, station entertainment has once more become of paramount importance and the Entertainments Committee is beginning to settle down to serious business. Since the arrival of the new Entertainments Officer, F/O Morris, the Committee has discussed all aspects of station entertainment with which it is concerned and it is hoped that a successful season will be enjoyed.

Dances as usual are the most important, and it is hoped that Airmen's Dances will be organised eventually once every three weeks, with a Station Dance each month. Watch for the next date on the Notice Boards, and while we are on the subject of dances, any suggestions for novelties and improvement will be very welcome. It is very hard indeed to please everyone, and however confident we might be ourselves, it is impossible to escape some criticism. But a Committee thrives on sensible criticism, so if you have any good suggestions to make please send them to me or to any other member. We want you to run your own entertainments yourselves, by your own suggestions, so don't be afraid to let us have YOUR views.

Arrangements have been made for a Halloween Concert on October 31st, given by a Halifax Concert Party, and it is hoped that in future, more evenings like this can be arranged. Admission is by ticket only, obtainable from the Y.M.C.A. Canteen. The Station Concert Party is rehearsing for another show and the aim is to put on a show once a month.

Bridge Drives, Whist Drives, Bingo Nights and Talent Competitions all hold places in the season's programme, and to insure a reasonable amount of success we need the maximum co-operation from YOU. The Committee has lacked publicity in the past so spread the word around the Camp that it is here for your benefit. We want suggestions—we would welcome new members with organising experience in any branch of entertainments—we want criticisms. Above all, we want you to feel that the Entertainments Committee is working for you personally, because in that way we shall have every prospect of a successful season, and perhaps most important of all, we can make you feel a little happier until that elusive "Boat" is there to take you back home.

G. E. BECKETT, Sgt.

Chairman, Station Entertainments Committee.

28.10.42.

**COMPETITION RESULTS**

Holiday snapshot competition. Prize of \$5 goes to L.A.C. Johnson of the M.T. section.

Winning Caption: 'She' escaped the third division.

Prize of \$5 goes to L. A. C. Messer of the Electrical Section.

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FROM THE BREEZES

By "Windsock"

I'm happy to intimate that "Smiler" Reg Dunn of the "Y" has almost recovered from his "Bona Fide" illness—

Word of An S. H. Q. Signals member being loaned to another department on account of his ability, gives me great pleasure—

A Pukka "Flight" Sgt. was disappointed last pay parade Based on faithful day to day reckoning he expected pounds, shilling and pence—

I believe a noted pilot got in a fix recently. His wag was already in one—

Wonder if a new N.C.O. received promotion for his mail sheet or his "Reet Beat"—

An eminent F/O has founded a transport service for the "Home Comforts" men. Will he find it easy to retire?—

It is rumoured that a popular section officer is eagerly anticipating his annual trade Test Board during the Festive season—

Cpl. C. has gone west. So has his hammock on the Boat. Rotten luck Old Man!—

I'm told that some members of accounts O.R. etc. miss their after-lunch "Smoke Room" chats now sigs have found a better 'ole—

S/Ldr X passed round the Cigars a short time ago. Congrats, sir!

Noted a Sgt. washing dishes in Airmen's Mess on 29th Oct. Was it "All For the Lads" spirit, or was it K. P.?—

Overheard at kit inspection—One there, Sir, one on, and the other Hum H.—

My sympathy to S.H.Q. Sigs men whose nocturnal Safari route has been extended—

Wonder which officer the Anzacs are longing to welcome on the Rugger field—

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## HOMETOWN

By "Wimpey"

After the fall of France in June, 1940, Britain found herself the sole defender of that freedom without which no Englishman worthy of the name, and glorious heritage could live. It was apparent to all of us that our little Island was the last bastion on this side of the World. We must defend it to the last man, for our cause was the fight of decency and justice against the most tremendous forces of intolerance, inhumanity and primitive savageness the world has ever seen. Englishmen throughout the Empire prepared themselves for the savage onslaught that would obviously come, day and night they guarded these shores, alert for the threatened invasion.

The drone of enemy bombers was heard day and night over towns and hamlets: there was no panic, though we realized the lives of our loved ones were in peril in this struggle for survival.

In this Summer of infinite beauty, death lurked in the skies, and we in London were first to taste the murderous efforts of the Hun to enforce on us his desire of World domination.

To the average Londoner this birthplace of his had experienced many stormy scenes and sieges during its colourful history, and to us it seemed that try as he may, Hitler must never break that sacred soil or defile this hallowed ground with his legions. In the streets and squares, people looked out with steady eyes and workers thronged to normal occupations through lanes of sandbags, to a strange symphony of familiar sounds and the wail of sirens, they realised that they were actors in a vast struggle of life and death to what end no man could say.

September came, and the vaunted squadrons of the Luftwaffe were hurled against the capital night and day, London was subjected to the fiercest aerial attack in the world's history, homes were demolished, women and children rendered homeless, fires raged and as before in her history, London was to endure the trial by fire.

Firemen worked unceasingly and with a courage that had to be seen to be realised. Doctors and Nurses worked through the night under conditions that seemed toward the visions of Dantes inferno. For three long months the civilians stood up to a murderous bombardment, and we men of the Services were proud to be with and fight beside them.

"This nation of Shopkeepers and the Decadent Race" in those days of peril showed the World the value of breeding and tradition, and attack after attack was smashed on that rock of iron courage that is the armour of those who fight on the side of Justice. These simple folk yours and mine, with their shrewd "Cockney humour," who laughed in the face of Death-to you must go the credit of victory, to you with your grit who inspired us of the services to fight as never before, without thought of rest.

The men who fought in the Battle of Britain have earned for themselves eternal glory. Living or dead they are immortal, and

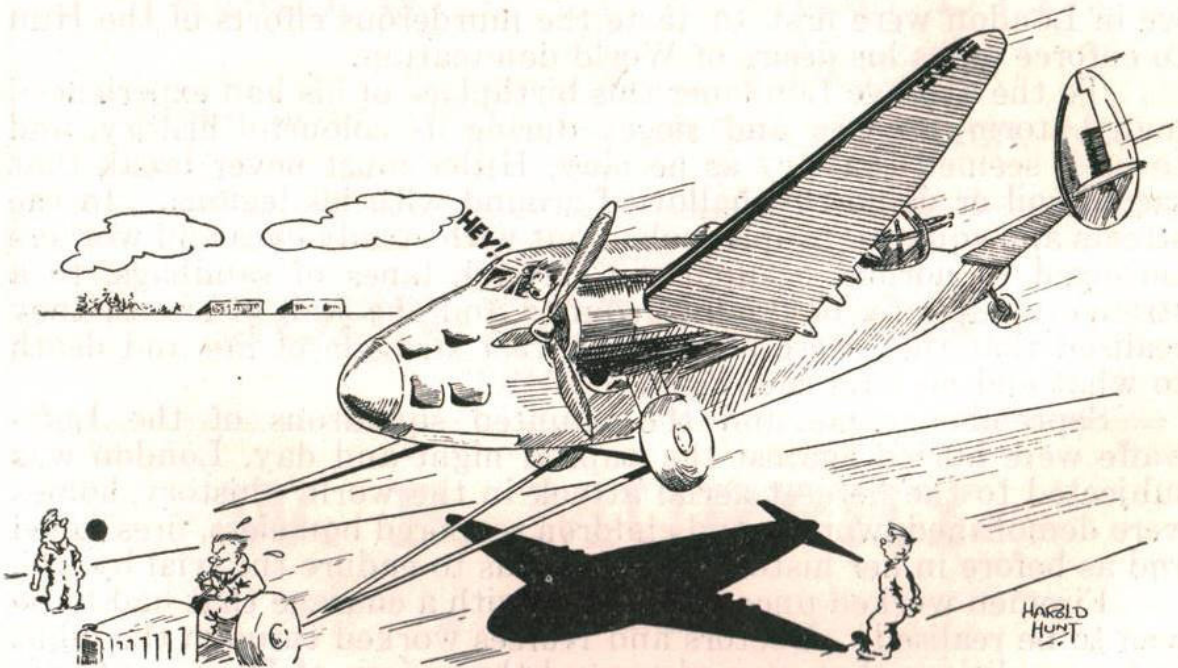
the fugitive years cannot rob them of their triumph. Forced back again and again, to their own goal line, bloody, tired and torn for two years they have held that line: held it night and day against the massed savagery of the Luftwaffe. But the line HELD fast, and they are now in the position to attack and are moving up to the enemies' goal the second half has begun!

► We of the R.A.F. who had the proud privilege of serving with them through those desperate days, know they gladly made in the words of Laurence Binyon:

"They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of shoulder, true of eye, steady and aglow,  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell, with their faces to the foe."

So my hometown survived, battered and blasted, but confident that in the end, through their faith and endurance, Liberty and Freedom would prevail. The Freedom, without which, life would itself be intolerable. ]

Cpl. LEN CHEFFERS. ]



The practice of driving mules at excessive speeds whilst towing aircraft must cease forthwith.—*Extract from D. R. O's.*

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