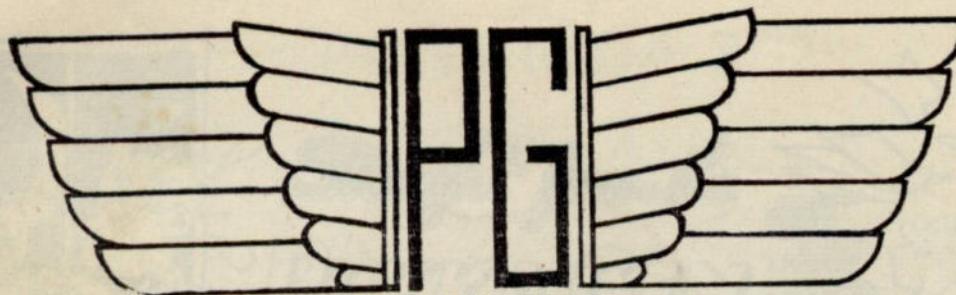


Sykes



"PUKKA GEN."

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Published by kind permission of Group Captain J. H. Woodin, Commanding
R.A.F., Debert, N. S.

VOL. 2

MARCH, 1943

No. 5

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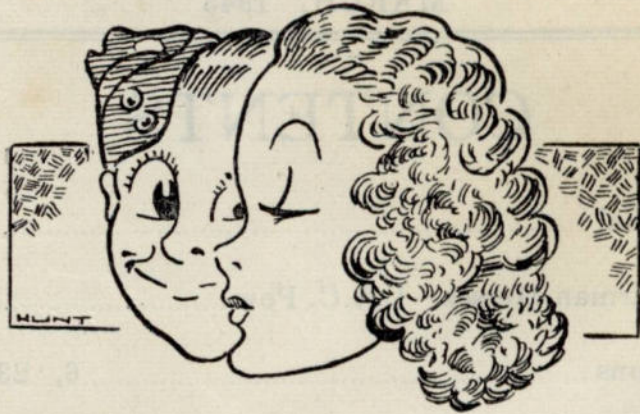
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P. G. published on the 15th of the Month by the
personnel of R.A.F. Debert, N. S., Canada.

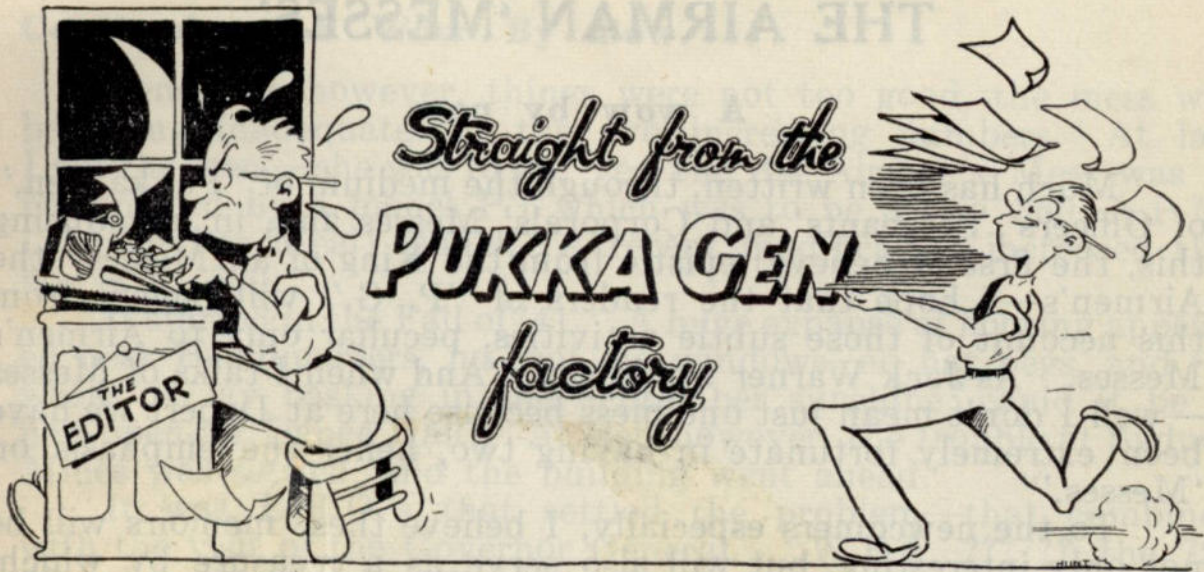
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SHOOTING THE LINE



Yes Honey, I have signed on
for another tour of Duty



EDITORIAL

If I may be unoriginal, I would like to open up with a quotation. It is from Longfellow who, amongst his many other literary offerings, committed the following to paper:

"Look, then, into thine heart and write!"

All of us are gifted with imagination. True, in some it is more marked than others but I believe we all, at one time or another, tend to live in an inner consciousness that is usually the world (or our own domestic sphere in that world) so arranged as to be to our best advantage or enjoyment. In many ways we compensate a thwarted wish or ambition by mentally substituting ourselves for people we either read about in books, or see on the cinema screen. Its an automatic or sub-conscious mental readjustment to compensate disturbed emotions, which has to take place if we are to keep a normal outlook.

It is well known that one of the best mediums for easing a troubled mind is for the subject to sit down and write out all his (or her) thoughts and feelings on paper. In this way, the stress is eased and the cause of one's distress is usually effectively minimised.

Writing an article, or a story, is really nothing more than taking a good look into one's inner imagination. Stored away there, are literally thousands of experiences, hopes, and intentions. You have only to scratch the surface of the present, and delve into the past, and a good story can be born. Stories, or articles, are born, then, of one's actual experiences through life, or wishes, or definite intentions. On this basis, it would seem that all of us are potential authors or writers.

With this thought, and a request for more contributions, I say, "Cheerio until next month."

THE EDITOR.

THE AIRMAN 'MESSES'

A wow by pow

Much has been written, through the medium of "Pukka Gen," of Officers', Sergeants' and Corporals' Messes and, in introducing this, the first (I believe) epistle from the King of all Messes—the Airmen's—I hope that the readers of "P. G." will benefit from this account of those subtle activities, peculiar only to Airmen's Messes. As Jack Warner would say, "And when I talks of Messes—well I don't mean just one mess because here at Debert we have been extremely fortunate in having two, hence the emphasis on 'Messes.'"

To the newcomers especially, I believe these memoirs will be not only interesting, but will also serve as a measure by which, hope, they will be able to uphold the many fine traditions which those of us who are now fitted (and fatted!) to return, will remember always.

On 22nd May, 1941, the first Airmen's Mess was officially opened to the pioneers of Debert and it is well to remember that this structure was also of pioneer quality in that, unlike our present 'twin-engined' job, it was of the single-seater variety: nevertheless, for official purposes, it was a nice mess.

Unfortunately, as is the way of life, trouble came to the Mess and in less than a month strange odours were smelt to be emanating from the mysterious depths of the grease-trap to whet (?) our appetites. Rumour was strong at that time that the Mic-macs were experimenting as to the possibilities of cultivating 'green' cabbage in Nova Scotia!

Fortunately, for we pioneers, the redoubtable 179 Draft arrived in time to relieve the situation by completely evacuating the "soft underbelly" (with apologies to Mr. Churchill) in a magnificent attempt to rescue us from asphyxia. This action was completed by 'erks' burrowing like rabbits with their hards and feet to remove the hidden remains of 'Mcose Jaw' and other prehistoric mammoths.

Our first difficulty was thus overcome and the Mess settled down—not, let me hasten to add to the usual routine—cinema shows were a great feature of the Mess in the early days and later the wet canteen was also located there. It was nice, after tea, to be able to sit around and chat and eventually find one'sself involved in the first rounds of beer. The bar in the Mess was quite a novelty, scraps from tea—bread and jam, and all airmen's delicacies (including wal-duc)—could be obtained and indeed went down quite well with the 90 octane Nova Scotia beer. Early-comers (the chosen few) to breakfast next morning were able, so I am told, to obtain full benefit by partaking of the rare alcoholic fumes which would gently mingle with the morning tea (later Grape Fruit Juice).

Continued on page 5

Continuing—'A Wow By Pow.'

Generally, however, things were not too good, the mess was becoming inadequate for the ever-increasing numbers. At last I got the 'gen'—she was to go: yes, the B.4 Airmen's Mess was to be replaced by a model P.1 which was to be a two 360 A.P.M. (Airmen Per Meal) model. A recent modification increased this power to 500.

It started in the Fall of '41. A huge expanse of flooring appeared near Headquarters, no roof, no windows, no hat pegs, and for weeks it lay basking in the September sunshine: could it be a new open-air Dance Hall? At last, however, the trouble at Sydney Mines was settled, and the building went ahead.

It was D.R.O.'s that settled the problem—that combined with the visit of the Governor General. "W.E.F.??????, the 720 Mess is to be used by all airmen." That accounts for the two 360, I said to myself, yes, it was a 720 Mess.

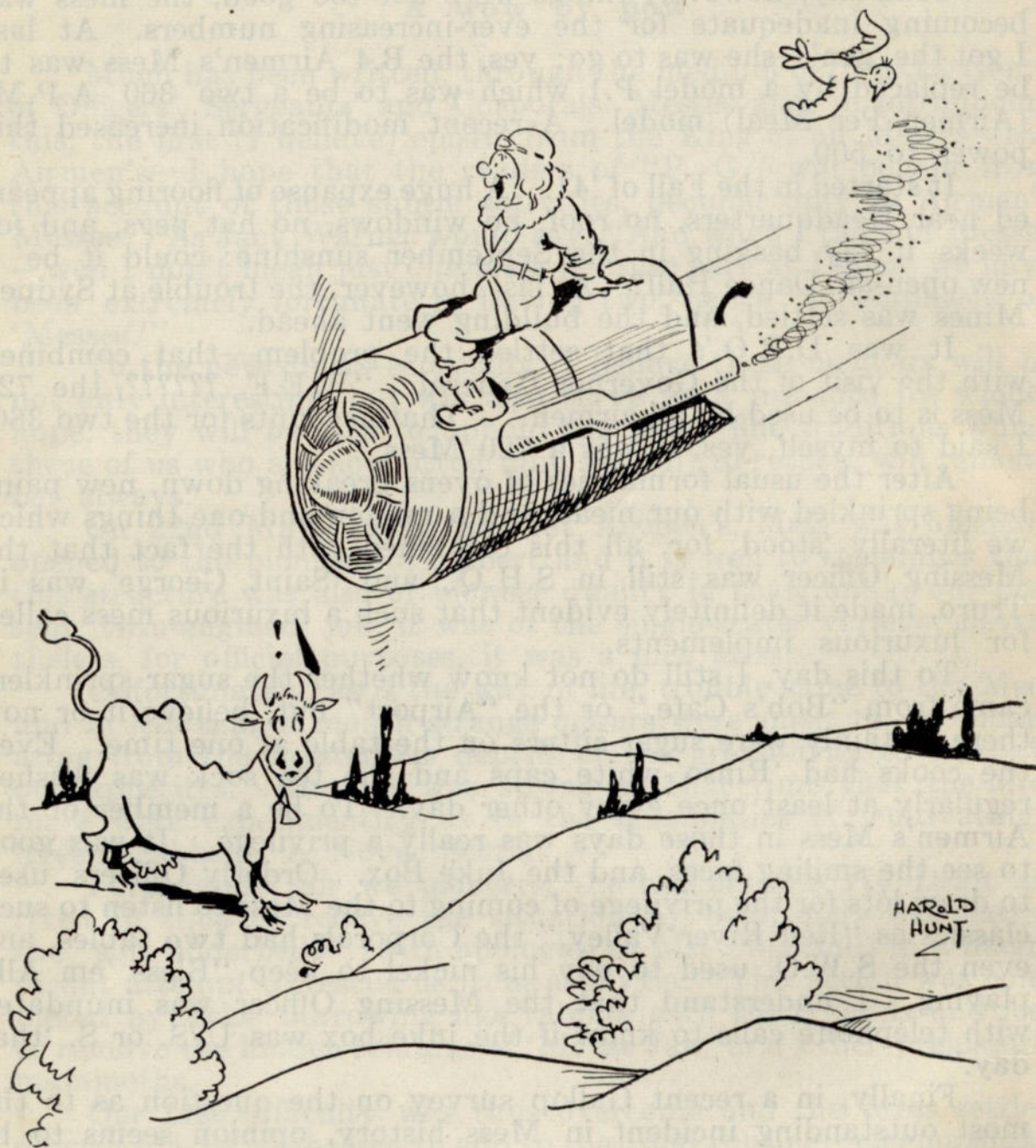
After the usual formalities of ovens breaking down, new paint being sprinkled with our meat, and a million and one things which we literally 'stood' for, all this combined with the fact that the Messing Officer was still in S.H.Q., and 'Saint George' was in Truro, made it definitely evident that such a luxurious mess called for luxurious implements.

To this day, I still do not know whether the sugar sprinklers came from "Bob's Cafe," or the "Airport" but, believe it or not, there certainly were sugar sifters on the table at one time. Even the cooks had 'Rinso'-white caps and the tea sock was washed regularly at least once every other day. To be a member of the Airmen's Mess in those days was really a privilege. It was good to see the smiling faces, and the Juke Box. Orderly Officers used to draw lots for the privilege of coming to the Mess to listen to such classics as "Red River Valley," the Corporals had **two** tables, and even the S.W.O. used to pay his nickel to keep "Bless 'em All" playing. I understand that the Messing Officer was inundated with telephone calls to know if the juke box was U/S. or S. 'that day.'

Finally, in a recent Gallop survey on the question as to the most outstanding incident in Mess history, opinion seems to be divided. 50% voted for the juke box, while the remainder maintained that "Herman's Oasis Act" was worth the nickel.

But those days are gone for ever and now we've a clock in the Mess. Its written in black and white just as you enter, when you may, and when you may not go for a meal. And with twelve eggs per person per week, what can one say—even though we are hard-boiled?

Whereas many men go through life with an object, others remain single. (Edinburgh "White Jacket.")



Pilot Arriving Home on one Engine

Cabaret shows are mainly gauze and effect.
 (Edinburgh "White Jacket.")

THE Y. M. C. A. ASKS YOU

Instead of using this page, as I usually do, to answer a lot of questions for you, this time I want to ask a lot of things of you. Just as it is a rather newsy tidbit when a man bites a dog, instead of vice versa, so do I hope that the content of this page for the March edition will stir your interest.

First, a word about station personnel; when I first came to Debert, one year and six days ago (Oh, Happy Day!), I was a bit bothered because there was no one here I knew. It took me about six months to rectify that situation. And now, when I am beginning to feel much better about it, lo, most of the personnel decides to "roll on the Boat." So, farewells are in order. But, as men may come and men may go, but the Station goes on.....a lot of new faces are being supported by weary bodies all over the place. Perhaps by now, hundreds of new men are here. Most of them I, as the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, have not met personally. I know, that as time goes by, we will become acquainted, but while you are still new here, and a bit confused as to the advantages of being in Debert, I want to offer you, through the medium of this page, all the services that the Y.M.C.A. has to offer. You know of our Canteen—you've heard rumours of the new cafeteria—you've used our writing paper and envelopes—you've played on our game tables and used our small games—but I want to assure you that the Y.M.C.A. may be able to do other things for you. Any personal services we can render, any questions we can answer, and any contacts we can make for you, we will be pleased to do. As Canadians to English (and I think I'd better add, Scots) in Canada, we say: "We enjoy your being here, and use us and our facilities as much as you will."

Also, still talking to new personnel, we are on the prowl for new talent, to take the place of those returning home. Talent for the Concert Party, for the Male Chorus, for the Station Band, for all kinds of sports—in fact, we need talent for every activity I can mention. No matter how insignificant you think your talent is, please get into touch with myself, or the Entertainments' Committee, and let us help you to decide. I'd like to mention here that we've lost practically all of our track and field team; we had an excellent one last year and, as spring is not far away, we are thinking in terms of outdoor activity again. If you are a miler, or a dash runner, or a field-even man, please leave your name with the Sports' Department or the Y Supervisor. You'll find it is fun being on these teams, and in these activities, and we need your help.

A word now about the Canteen: I want to ask your cooperation in regard to Canteen service. In short, please be patient if we haven't what you want when you want it. We try to have our shelves full of a large variety of goods, but due to the heavy demand on distributors and the piling-up of orders with manufact-

Continued on page 8

Continuing—The Y.M.C.A.

urers, etc., we often have to open the shutters with a few bare spots on the display rack. Some fellows become impatient with us because we haven't what they want. Please be assured that is **not** the fault of the Canteen staff; we have lots of back orders that just don't come in—and there is nothing we can do about it. They will come sometime, so please hold on until they do. Remember that it is just as hard on the staff as it is on you when our merchandise is not on hand. If it is humanly possible, any line that we are allowed to stock, will be in stock. Your patience and your "gentle resignation" will be appreciated when merchandise is slow in coming.

Since my suggestion in the last issue regarding the "cafeteria," you will want to know: what progress? Perhaps, by the time this copy reaches you, the "cafeteria" will be open for business. If not then, shortly afterwards. It is no "cinch" in these days to secure either equipment or labour, but it is our hope that, very shortly, all will be in order for the grand opening. As the time approaches, copies of our menu will be posted in the lounge, and your constructive suggestions of it will be appreciated.

This is all for now; the Editor is standing over my shoulder as I type, leering at the page, and suggestively tapping his foot on the floor. So, having "bound him rigid," I yank this from the machine.....from me to you.

REG DUNN,

Supervisor.

AU REVOIR, AND NOT GOOD-BYE.

And why do you leave me thus?

Long months have I laboured with you.

Long months have we endured the test

Of trials and tribulations, and yet

Now you leave me.

Why do you leave me thus?

Have I not too enjoyed with you

The fleeting moments of leisure

And yet you blithely leave me

Now you leave me.

How can you leave me thus?

You, who are bound for home.


You leave me then to hold the torch

To continue the good work, and then

To pass the flaming baton on,


And follow you again.

M.



LIBRARY NOTES

A SURVEY OF THE
~ NEW BOOKS ~



Once again "P.G." seems to have taken on a new lease of life and, thanks to the tireless efforts of its staff, looks as if it will continue, brighter and better, month by month.

Quite a number of us now are looking forward—shall we say with mixed feelings—to black-outs, rationing and a certain high-pitched undulating note! To those fortunate people, we wish God-speed and a safe voyage. We hope that in the future they will spare us a kindly thought here at Debert for, in spite of everything, there is much on this Station which we will all remember in the years to come.

Latest amongst those drafted to leave is David Hutton who, in addition to his normal duties efficiently performed, has found time in his restricted spare moments to act as librarian for the best part of a year. In taking leave of him, I know you will join with me in thanking him most sincerely for the enthusiasm and energy he put into his work in the library.

Believing that the whole break is better than half, the second part of the library twins, Harry Harvey, has decided to avail himself of the opportunity for a well earned rest. Having assisted in the opening and maintenance of the now well equipped library, Harry feels that he can now safely relinquish the responsibility and interest to another. Both David and Harry leave the library with not a little regret. They have derived a great deal of pleasure and not a little education from their activities in this line, and in leaving take this opportunity of thanking all members for their co-operation and suggestions.

At the time of writing, only one stalwart has been appointed to fill the vacant posts, and he is A.C.1 B. Elliott who, we feel sure will deal efficiently and promptly with your requirements. All he asks for is your co-operation and observance of the few simple rules.

In conclusion, and as heretofore, we will append a list of the new books. These are new purchases and appear to be varied enough for most tastes.

And now, as ex-librarians, we tender our respective bows, and wish all of you best of luck and a speedy return to a normal peace-time life.

Library Notes continued on Page 10

Library Notes—Book Review

Personal Exposures.

The Man Who Could Not
Shudder.

Harvey Garrard's Crime.

This is the Enemy.

The Adventures of Ellery Queen.

Flotsam.

Orpheus.

Thinking to some Purpose.

Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.

Sergeant Nikola.

Reprisal.

The Man with two Left Feet.

Getting Along in Life.

Rex Beach.

John Dickson Carr.

Phillips Oppenheim.

Frederick Oeschauer.

Ellery Queen.

Erich Maria Remarque.

Soloman Reinach.

S. Susan Stubbing.

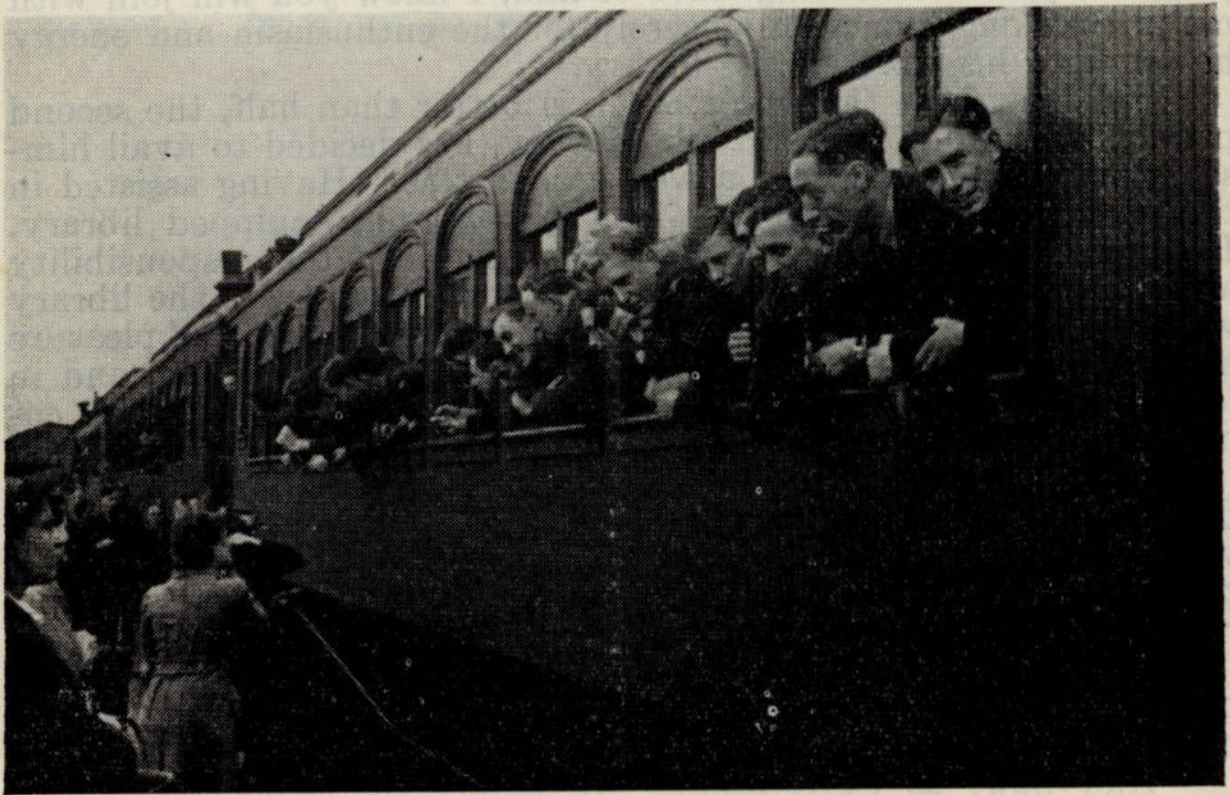
Robert W. Service.

Istvan Tamas.

Ethel Vance.

P. G. Wodehouse.

Vash Young.



Pioneers!

The Covered Wagon Hits Truro!

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

Trials of a D. R. O.'s Clerk

After craftily nipping into the Airmen's Mess for a cup of char and marmalade sandwich, L.A.C. 'D.R.O. Part 1,' and L.A.C. 'D.R.O. Part 2,' repair to the Orderly Room, arriving at 08.10 hours. On arrival, Cpl. Allen (i/c) can be observed sitting at his desk and, as the D.R.O.'s twins enter, he has a quick but obvious glance at his watch: nuff said! After consuming sandwiches and swallowing the tea, now somewhat chilled by its progress through the fresh air from the Mess, the twins load up the typewriter with stencils which, much later will emerge from a considerable bashing through the typewriter to be your **own** D.R.O.'s.

A few minutes steady typing follows, and then the telephone. Ginger answers and then, "Here Firebug, F/O Walduck wants you." "Oh, I'll bet he's after his ration strength at this unearthly hour—tell him I'm out!" This from Firebug. The message is duly transmitted and the typing continues. Firebug takes up the conversation with "My machine's almost U/S. If the Accounts Section come round scrounging for it again, they've had it." From Ginger, "Has anyone seen the Station Duty Officer Roster?" As if on a cue, the S.W.O. enters at that moment in time to answer, "Yes, I've got it. This is the third Station Duty Roster I've prepared this week and now S/Ldr. Tiley has to go on temporary duty and its all ppppppppp'd up again."

Enter a flustered looking 'erk' with "Who do I see for D.R.O.'s?" "Which part?" comes the answer. "I don't know, but I've got married." "That's me," says Firebug, and proceeds to get the gen from the old Marriage Certificate. Closely following on what is the first step, comes what is usually the second, and another 'erk' enters with a Birth Certificate.

The scourge of the D.R.O.'s Section is the next interruption as the i/c D.R.O.'s distribution comes in with a dirty look in his eye and interprets said dirty look with "If you lads are any later than 3 o'clock with Comic Cuts, you can take 'em round yourself, Curley's on weekend again, Taffy's on early tea, and I'm all alone, so get mobile." "If the Adjutant or S/Ldr. Admin.'s holding you up, close 'em off and tell them they've 'ad it."

Voice from the Registry: "Ginger, any gen in the rag to-day?" "No, only inoculations," replies Ginger. "Am I on it?" persists the voice. Patiently Ginger scans the list and says, "571 Johnson—yes you've had your time!" "Coo,.....me. It's a pity Sick Quarters haven't got more to do. My arm gives me hell after inoculation."

Following on the heels of this interlude comes a ring from the Adjutant's bell, and Cpl. Allen, Firebug and Ginger toss a coin to see who shall answer. Cpl. Allen loses and returns a few minutes later with the request from the Adjutant that an entry be put in D.R.O.'s about a visit on Friday from some big bug. This arouses comment from the rest of the staff, terminating in the classic remark, "A bit more bull for the boys!" Continued on page 12

Continuing—“D.R.O.’s

Answering a second ring from the Adjutant, Ginger returns to say, “Change of command to-morrow, Firebug, the old man’s going on leave.” “How long for?” asks Firebug. “Five days, and a crafty 48 on the end,” says Ginger. “Nice work,” comments Firebug.

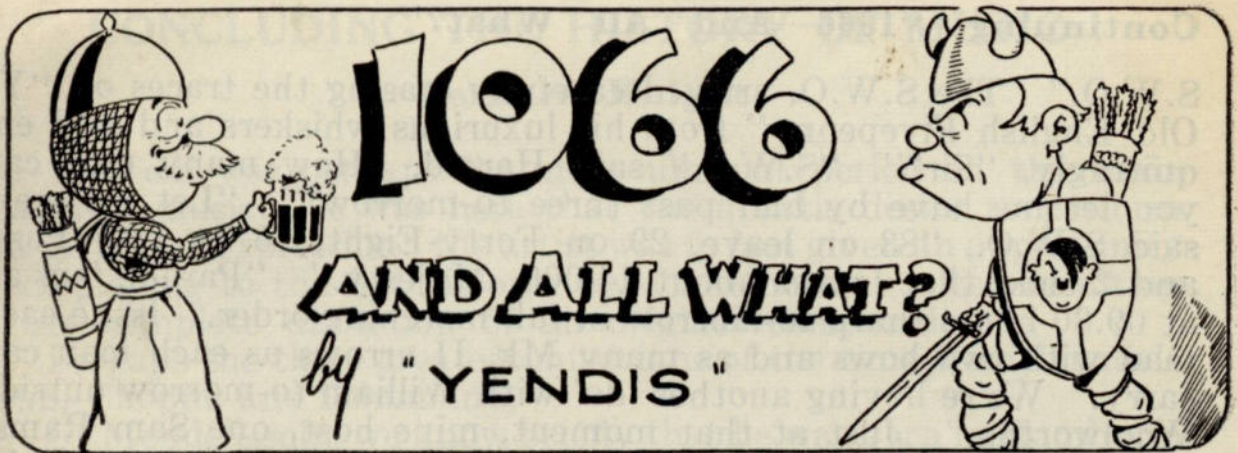
There is a short pause for dinner, and following this, the distribution section really go to town on Messrs. Ginger and Firebug. Amidst the threats, pleadings, and contempt, Cpl. Rickard notices that he will be deprived of his Saturday trip to Truro by the fact of him being Duty Clerk. With a gleam in his eye, he tackles Ginger with, “What the devil?” “I’m off on Sunday and want to sleep in Truro on Saturday night so that I can stick some photographs in my album.” “O.K.,” says Ginger easily, “I’ll put Haggis Johnstone down.” “Oh, no you won’t!” comes from Haggis in broad accents. “I’m away with the choir to Trenton on Saturday night, so belt up Ricketts!” Sorely tried Ginger makes another attempt and all is well until Tich Sewell sees his name down and takes exception. The reaction is prompt and the Orderly Room door bashes open. “Hey, Chambers, what d’you think you’re on. I was Joe last week-end and I’m not going to be Joe this week-end.” A wordy battle follows with no side giving ground, when ‘Arry Poultry—an interested spectator chips in. “Wot the devil? Johnny will be out of dock, and should be recovered enough from leave, to do it. Put him down for Saturday.” This being the obvious solution, and Johnny not being near enough to argue, Ginger says, “Fair enough,” and the deed is done.

Time is running out by now, and its close on 14.30 hours with the gen sheets ready for signature, when in dashes friend Flash—out of breath. “Oh, lor!” he says. “This is an order for D.R.O.’s and I’ve ’ad to write it all out meself. Is it in time?” The long-suffering Ginger heaves a sigh, and says, “Lob it over.” The missive is duly lobbed, and Ginger reads “A.C. Peewee is to collect his boots from the Stores immediately which have been repaired.”

The ever present distribution section chips in again with “I’ll read the notices, fixtures, and things out to you, or we’ll never get D.R.O.’s.” His first attempt is on the musical programme and starts off with “Eine Kleine Nachtmusik” by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. After two or three attempts, distribution gives it up with, “Why doesn’t the Padre get some good music like “Mr. Five by Five,” or the “Jersey Bounce.” He walks away in disgust.

Completion is reached, and the D.R.O.’s twins march into the Adjutant’s office for signature. After squeezing past various officers, airmen, and round tables, the familiar form of the Adjutant can be seen, and with weary gesture and browned-off expression, the Adjutant does the necessary.

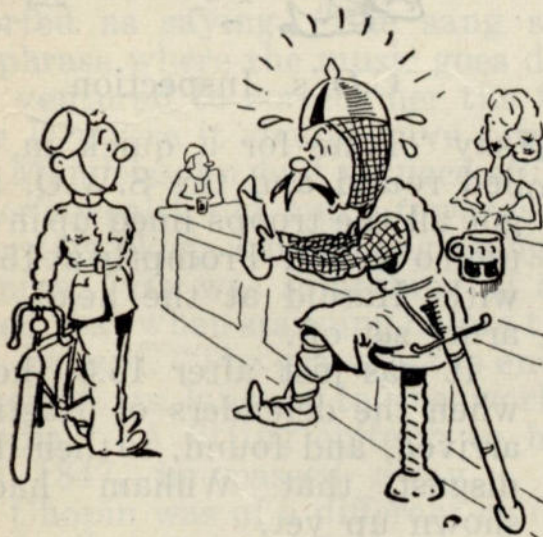
And once more your D.R.O.’s have reached print and Messrs. Firebug and Ginger try to forget. But often in the stillness of the night the nightmare of D.R.O.’s looms close and to tortured minds assume distorted proportions and promulgations that read anything but what they should.



Many of you will probably not be aware of the fact that leading up to the main Battle of Hastings in 1066, were a number of lesser known battles of an inconclusive nature. Of such was the Battle of Ramsbotham's Goat and if you will bear with me for a few minutes, I'll tell you all about it.

'twas thus:

The year was 1065 and for the second time in his career William (The Conqueror) had gathered together a small army and caught the ferry over from France. At the time this story opens, he was encamped on the outskirts of Hastings, and was sitting outside his tent tucking into a fish and chip supper. A little puzzled was William because Harold of Hastings hadn't, as yet, sent any reply, polite or otherwise, to the little billet doux William had despatched per messenger.



Harold Reads William's Ultimatum

In Hastings itself, Harold was seated in the bar of the Ramsbotham's Goat reading, at the precise moment, the billet doux in question. It read thus: "Have arrived with 15,000 Archers, 20,000 Spearmen, 20 A.C.H.'s, and two or three Cooks and Butchers. You've had your time. See you outside Woolworths at 3.30. (William).

Of course William actually had 20,000 Archers, and 25,000 Spearmen, not to mention 100 Coppersmiths and Sheet Metal Workers to look after the spears and things. However, as William said, "Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense," which can be freely translated as, "What the hell. If he falls for that he deserves all he gets!"

Harold suddenly came to a decision and yelled, "Send me

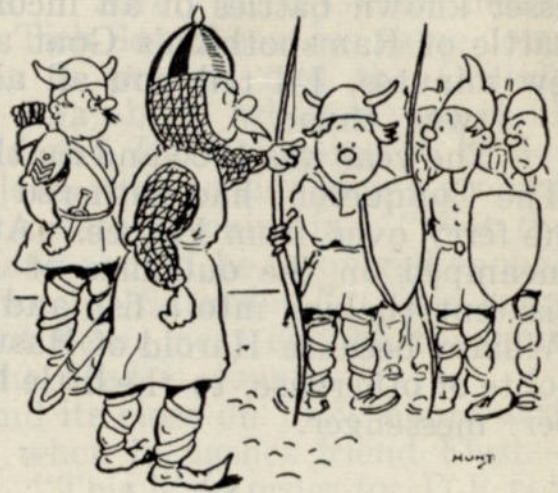
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Continuing—"1066—And All What?"

S.W.O." The S.W.O. arrived carefully erasing the traces of "Ye Old English Fivepenny" from his luxurious whiskers and said enquiringly, "Sir?" "S.W.O.," said Harold, "How many men can you let me have by half past three to-morrow?" "Let me see," said S.W.O., "83 on leave, 29 on Forty-Eight, 15 on Day Pass, and 2 sick; that leaves about 14,000, Majesty." "Parade 'em all at 09.30 hours sharp to-morrow in full marching order. Issue each man with two bows and as many Mk. II arrows as each man can carry. We're having another 'do' with William to-morrow outside Woolworths." Just at that moment, mine host, one Sam Ramsbotham—a fugitive from Lancashire—popped his head around the door, and cried, "Time gentlemen PLEASE." "Sam," said Harold. "Yes, Majesty," said Sam. "Sam; William and me's having an-

other 'do' to-morrow at half past three. Now it gets dark about half past eight, which means we shall pack up about twenty minutes past. Allowing a quarter of an hour to get back here, that means we should return about a quarter to nine. The lads'll be a bit thirsty, so you'd better get a few dozen extra crates in."

The next day dawned bright and clear and all through the morning, Harold was busy inspecting the troops. He was very conscientious, checking this man for a haircut, and that for dirty boots. Almost before you could



C.O.'s Inspection

was dinner time. 15.00 hours rolled round and the S.W.O. had

said "Time for a quick'un," it got all the troops lined up in column o' route. Promptly at 15.15, with Harold at the head, the army set off.

It was just after 15.30 hours when the defenders of Hastings arrived, and found, to their deep disgust, that William hadn't shown up yet.

"Just like him," said one Saul Barter, a native of Hastings. "I mind the first time we came up agin William, we had to wait for over half an hour!" Just then the strains of "She'll be coming



Bloody Conflict Raged

Continued on Page 27

CONCLUDING THE HISTORY OF MUSIC

Bernard Knight

This era was perhaps the most unusual period in the main phases of music. It was here that the artistic desire to perform was given full expression: the artist was in fact given an opportunity of displaying to the full his own musical emotions, often resulting in the complete distortion of an original composition.

Perhaps the three greatest musicians of the time were Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann.

Of Mendelssohn we know briefly that he was born in Hamburg, in 1809, with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, his father being a rich and successful banker. Mendelssohn began his musical studies at an early age. He speedily became a first class pianist, eventually ranking amongst the most famous concert pianists in music's history. During his life time he paid many visits to England and Scotland and was so impressed by the Scottish Highlands that he was moved to compose his Symphony in A Minor—more commonly called "The Scottish Symphony." Arising out of this tour also came the Overture Hebrides. His first visit to England was in 1829 when he gave a Springtime performance in London. It was on this visit that he conducted the London Philharmonic in the playing of his own Symphony in C. Minor.

On his final visit to England, he played at and conducted concerts in Birmingham, Manchester, and London. He was accorded the honour of performing before Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The Queen sang one of his songs and Mendelssohn is reported as saying, "She sang simply and charmingly—only in the phrase where the music goes down to D she sang D Sharp and, as I ventured to correct her the first two times, the last time she sang D where it should have been D Sharp!"

Mendelssohn had a successful life and although no doubt his father's wealth did much towards furthering his ambitions, he was a hard worker, usually beginning his studies at 5 o'clock in the morning. He was something of a philosopher too, for it is reported that when standing before the graves of Beethoven and Schubert, he said, "The grave is the end of all endeavour. Genius must relinquish its labours to the world and then crawl into a corner and die." A fitting epitaph to his own endeavours when, in the year 1847, he passed away.

Chopin was of a different calibre and first saw the light of day in a small town just a few miles from Warsaw, in 1809. His mother was Polish and his father French. He began his studies early in life at the Warsaw Conservatory. His progress was marked and rapid and, at the age of 15 played part of a piano concerto as his first public piece. His activities both as composer and performer took him to many German cities, but finally he settled down in Paris to teach, play, and compose. His fame lies in the many piano

Continued on page 31



L.A.C. Swidenbank Boasts:

I Can Handle a Lockheed any Time!

ODDITIES

Who was the airman who approached the S.W.O. for an application form for an advance of pay because his young lady wanted to see "How Green was My Valley?"

Which senior N.C.O., when he found he wasn't on a boat list, ran such a high temperature that the M.O. had to get a fire ladder to read it. Was it a Mic-Mac?"

Then there was the Flight Sergeant who, because he had the trembles, was employed by the M.O. in the Dispensary. Is that what is known as a 'shaky do?"

There was a senior N.C.O., a hardened traveller on the Hub Bus, who suggested frying bacon on the heater pipes in the buses.

We understand that 80 passengers on the bus is a normal load in War time. Sardines have the advantage—they are packed in oil.

More Oddities

Heard in the Tailor's Shop. "Will you have that done in time for the boat?"

We are authorised to deny the currently strong rumour that the "Airport," the "Drome," and "Bob's Inn" are being included on future Clearance Chits.

It is also denied that D.R.O.'s distribution list includes New Glasgow and Stellarton.

Somebody else felt sick when they told the S.W.O. that he couldn't go sick without first putting himself on the Sick Report.

The strain is beginning to tell on the usually imperturbable Cpl. Allen. He was distinctly observed in Station Headquarters the other day when he walked into the Orderly Room, up to the telephone, took off the receiver and said in all seriousness and apropos of nothing, "Cpl. Allen, Station Headquarters." Hold tight, George, the boat won't be long.

A recent transfer puts another harrassed and "brassed off" Corporal where the dogs do bite!

Then there was the crew who was so intrigued by the great occasion that they remembered only to take candid camera shots.

At a recent Airmen's Dance, it was estimated that at least six of our lady guests were successful in getting refreshments. This was apparently because they surrounded the buffet and attacked from the rear. Very unfair.



Bus Driver Boasts:

I Can Handle this Bus with any Load on

THE CORPORAL'S CORNER



As the humble correspondent for these notes, it behoves me month by month to flutter round about in a radius sufficiently narrow to encompass only the Club Room, to mark, record, and repeat the various activities (if any!) of the workers of this Unit. I bracket 'if any' immediately following the word 'activities' for good reason.

There was an occasion when there were several events of peculiar interest to the clan to comment on and advise for and against. Recently, however, there has been a marked dearth of social events planned or put into effect—a dearth as marked as the absence or performance, in any capacity, of the Club Committee. The cry goes forth 'Where's the Committee?' Factually, this said Committee would appear to be as extinct as the proverbial dodo, and as stagnant—more than somewhat.

It seems to me that the Club needs new talent and a new grip on life. The Commanding Officer is keenly interested in its welfare and very anxious to do all he can to assist. There must be a considerable number of Corporals who have arrived on the Unit in recent months and have not made use of the Club simply because it has nothing to offer; which is reasonable enough.

It is to these Corporals in particular that an appeal is made for them, along with all other Corporals who are interested, to attend a General Meeting in the Club Room, to be held on Wednesday, 24th March, 1943, at 20.00 hours.

The Chairman, Cp. Swift will be in the Chair and an entire revision of policy and arrangements for forthcoming events will be discussed. Please make an effort to be there.

DRAMA !

COMEDY !!

HORROR !!!

No experience is needed to join the Station Amateur Dramatic Society. Players are needed now. Rally around and make this new venture a success. Will all those people interested hand in particulars to L.A.C. Newgrosh in Station Headquarters.



A Representative Gathering of the Corporals' Club, January, 1943.

DO NOT DESPAIR

You Too Can Be Slap-Happy

Dear Friendly Fanny:

My face has broken out into pimples and blotches. I have tried Dixie's Dainty Dental Chewing Gum but this has only made matters worse; the spots turned purple. Please help me.

WORRIED.

Dear Miss Worried:

Set your mind at rest, my dear, and follow these simple directions. First remove your teeth and lock them in the safe. Then procure half a sheet of fine emery paper and a small block of wood. Stretch the emery paper tautly over the wood and fasten down securely. Assume a comfortable position on a wooden table and get your mother to rub the block with firm swift movements in an anti-clockwise direction over your face. In a week it should all be gone.

FANNY.

Dear Fanny:

I have been keeping company with an airman for the past six months, and during that time he has seen quite a lot of me. Would you recommend getting married in a church or in a Registrar's?

COY.

Dear Miss Coy:

I think I should get married in a hurry if I were you.

FANNY.

Dear Miss Fanny:

I have been invited to an Airmen's Dance and am wondering what is the correct thing to wear.

VIOLET.

Dear Violet:

The foundation garments can be as usually worn, my dear, but the safest top layer wear would undoubtedly be jodhpurs and knee high riding boots. These dear boys are SO boisterous.

FANNY.

Dear Fanny:

I am just a lonely airman, like many others, but am getting worried that this state of affairs won't last very long. In New Glasgow recently I met a young lady and she asked me to come again. The second time she took me around the furniture shops looking at suites and perambulators. Do you think there was anything behind it?

PEEWEE.

Dear Mr. Peewee:

Perhaps not. The young lady may be genuinely interested in these things just as a hobby. Just to be safe, however, you should endeavour to place yourself on the next boat list.

FANNY.

THE BOAT

THE TRIUMPH OF MATTER OVER MIND

W. Johnstone

The new Draft for "The Boat" had been the chief topic of the day. It was not my good fortune to be "listed," but my turn must be drawing very near, and as the lights went out at 11 p.m., plunging the billet in darkness, I snuggled under the blankets with visions of Blighty and the welcome that awaited me. I felt unduly elated and uplifted. And "uplifted" I was.

As if to gratify my unspoken thoughts, my bed, mystifyingly adorned with a pair of wings, suddenly became airborne and wafted out through an open window, bearing me, bewildered and apprehensive, upwards and onwards into the still of the night, his Highness the Moon looking down from his exalted position in resplendent glory with a knowing grin on his rotund and genial countenance. For a time I lay stupefied and uncomprehending. Eventually, with great trepidation, I ventured to peer over my precarious perch, and the waters of the Atlantic, shimmering in the moonlight, met my gaze.

At Last! It must be true! Impatient at my noninclusion in the boat list, Fate had taken the law into its own hands and was answering my prayers. Yes, I was going back to Blighty. As the truth gradually dawned on my sub-conscious mind, I lay back in thankfulness, albeit with a touch of fear striking at my heart cords as my unusual carrier, reminiscent of the magic carpet, bore me swiftly and noiselessly in a line for the dear old motherland.

But I was not to leave without farewells. As my mind was still trying to grasp the reality of it all, a continuous flapping noise and human cries, drawing ever nearer, assailed my ears. Could my eyes deceive me? Surely these "birds of the air" could be none other than our little friends, the "Gremlins," and surely those figures perched on top were the lads I had left in sweet repose only a short time ago?—"Gubby" Allen, Rickey, Ginger, "Brainfag," Sewell, "Arry Poultry," Pow; in fact, the whole blooming issue of them seemed to be swarming around. Even "Lofty" of "Ret-chistry" had got "off his mark" and tailed along, anything but comfortably esconced, his long limbs tied in a knot round a sorely tried Gremlin almost hidden beneath his bulky frame, vainly trying to seek a needed resting place on my bunk. "Coo!" said Johnny, with his hands in a vice-like grip round the wind-pipe of his diminutive but gallant Gremlin, "You've 'ad that, Charlie." "Take your finger out, you silly little thing, you," came from "Brainfag" as he gracefully executed a neat swerve out of Johnny's erratic course.

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Continuing—"The Boat"

Somehow my unorthodox departure had not gone undetected, and by some fantastic means best known to themselves, the lads had contacted the Gremlins and taken off in pursuit. Rickey ingeniously manoeuvred his Gremlin to make a perfect belly landing, and in a trice I was almost inundated with Gremlins and airmen, whose weight threatened to flop me into the sea. "Have you a chit?" said "Gubby." "You lucky erk," said Rickey, "take me with you." "Yes, take us with you," came in chorus. "Get some in, eh?" said I. "Very sorry, pals," I added, "but this is only reserved for the immortals; you will have to wait on the boat."

Great was the disappointment thereof, but like true pioneers who had helped to carve the name of Debert in the war history of Canada, they bowed gracefully to the inevitable. Evidently the Gremlins could only travel so far and no further. They were soon obliged to leave. "Ginger," with fond visions of Newcastle, was seemingly determined to accompany me. With tearful eyes, he beseeched me to take him along and would navigate my course, but his strong little Gremlin pulled his despairing clutches from my blankets, threw him astride his back and made off. As they soared into the air, the lads gave me a throaty farewell and bon voyage, and words from Rickey floated faintly over the ether—"Give love—girl—rock."

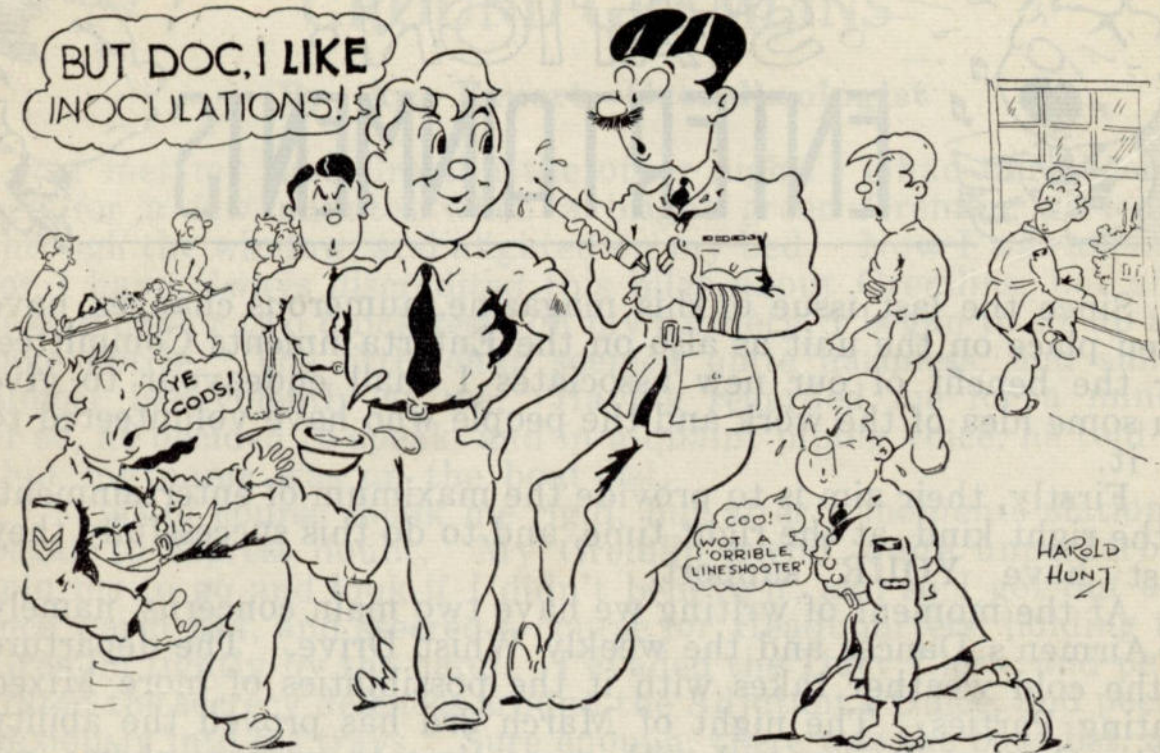
I settled down on my "ship of state" and allowed my mind to dwell on events of the past months spent at Debert since '41—familiar incidents, "bull" episodes, office grind and bind, wise-cracking colleagues, billet pranks and wit, happy companionships, friendly rivalries, recreative and social associations—pals—and there was a sinking feeling at the pit of my stomach in leaving all behind. But the day of parting had to come some time; and memories and friendships would always remain.

I must have dozed for a time, as when I "came to," dawn was breaking. Searching the vast ocean below, I discerned several dark objects, which, on near approach, proved to be ships homeward bound.

Then a thought flashed through my mind. Of course, "Firebug" and Nutt and Hughes would be aboard; and I chortled quietly to myself as I thought how after all I would reach Blighty before them. Poor innocents! Little did they think that the colleague they had so recently left behind, was at that very moment passing overhead and would be enjoying leave ere they set foot on home soil.

At last I sighted the shores which I had not seen for nearly two years. My excitement was tense as I visualised the astonishment and welcome of my homecoming. Then a query struck me. How on earth was I to land? Dilemma! I tried to conjure up all the magic words I had read about in the past. My thoughts were rudely shattered by the sudden tilting of my aerial bed, which nearly

Continued on Page 23



The Age of Miracles is not yet Passed

Concluding—The Boat

topped me over the side. What was happening? And then I saw. The ground defences had evidently mistaken me for a dangerous craft of ill intent, and had opened up a barrage. "Crikey," I thought, "this will never do—to be almost home and become a casualty." My bed shook and rolled something fearsome, did a falling leaf stunt and, in tangled shreds, plummeted to earth. Ye gods! I felt myself enduring the tortures of the damned. Wildly I saw the ground rise up to meet me, and then—

"Hey, Haggis—Wot the devil—Wakee, wakee—wot do you think you're on?" I opened my eyes and found myself on the billet floor struggling exhaustedly to free myself from an enveloping mass of mattress and bedding, with two bedmates gazing down and grins spread over their countenances. "Wow," thought I, "only a dream, thank goodness." Feelings of relief flooded my mind, and as I gradually rallied to regain my normal calm and mien, I determined that after all it would be preferable to wait for "The Boat."



STATION. ENTERTAINMENTS



Since the last issue of this magazine, numerous changes have taken place on the unit as also on the Entertainments Committee. For the benefit of our new associates I shall endeavour to give you some idea of the work and the people who have volunteered to do it.

Firstly, their aim is to provide the maximum of entertainment, of the right kind, at the right time, and to do this successfully they must have YOUR support.

At the moment of writing we have two main concerns, namely the Airmen's Dances and the weekly Whist Drive. The departure of the cold weather takes with it the possibilities of more Mixed Skating Parties. The night of March 3rd has proved the ability of the Concert Party, and with more time to prepare shows, we hope to give you better shows, but this we cannot do without more helpers, both in the limelight and behind it.

With the able assistance of the Y. M. C. A. we have been able to run the Whist Drives, which have proved a great success and it is hoped they will continue to be so.

Now before closing I should like to say a few words about the committee itself. First your retiring chairman. Since he arrived here he has devoted his spare time to the promotion of entertainment, he has M. C.'d the dances, and run your Whist Drives, and we feel that the vacancy created by his absence will be hard to fill, so it is with much regret that we see him go and so we wish him Au Revoir and Bon Voyage. And in conclusion I can only say, that I sincerely hope I make as good a job of filling his vacancy as he did. For the remainder of the committee they are as follows:

Mr. Dunn (Reg.) Y.M.C.A. Supervisor. F/O Morris Entertainments Officer, A.C. Pedder, Cpl. Braithwaite, L.A.C. Allsop, L.A.C. Sewell, Cpl. Wheel.

L. S. ROCKEY, F/Sgt. B.E.M.

Chairman, Station Entertainments Committee.

It shall be said of a country that's 3,000 miles away,
They've always fought for what was right.
There's always been fair play.
And when threatened and in danger
Fought most overwhelming odds.
Emerged a most deserving Victor,
By the graces of their God.

GROUND GREMLINS

By An Expert Gremlinologist

I met my first Gremlin the other night. I had only been in bed for a few minutes when a bright green Gremlin wafted in through the window, and alighted on my bed. Now I was amazed, for I have always discredited this bilge about Gremlins, but after taking one or two quick tests on my sobriety, I began to sit up and take notice. The little chap seemed quite harmless, and smiled almost benevolently at me. Having regarded me for a minute or so, he decided to speak, and in a quaint piping voice, he told me that my name was on the boat list.

This of course shook me rigid, but after a moments elation, I began to express doubt. My Gremlin friend, quite unperturbed, told me to go and look if I didn't believe it, and so I got out of a nice warm bed, and steered a course for Headquarters, holding the Gremlin tightly by the hand. I evaded the Duty Clerk, and penetrated the secrecy defences around the Adjutant's Office, and peered anxiously into his trays. Sure enough, there was the boat list, and there, bless you, was my name right on top. Just as I was beginning to gloat over my luck, another little Gremlin popped up from behind the waste-paper basket, and right under my very nose he rubbed my name clean off the boat list. In an instant he was gone, and I could find neither my kind informant, nor the rude intruder, and so I trudged somewhat wearily back to bed.

This being my first experience with these little supermen, I decided other people must have met them too, and so I toured the camp in quest of information. Most people were kind, though some regarded me with a look that implied that 20 months at Debert had affected my sanity. However, all those who have seen them agree that they are small, diminutive creatures, with pugnacious facial expressions, and invariably wear green zoot suits. Occasionally they carry green umbrellas too, but this variety is only seen around the Airman's Beer Bar after 9 p.m. at night. Gremlins are consistent in their habits, such as patrolling the runways, and tight-rope walking along the Signals aerials. However, occasionally, some hidden mischievous trait, which I had found so annoying comes to the fore, and then weird things happen.

Let me explain. The other night a certain high ranking officer was trying to get through to his wife on the phone, but was connected to Greta Garbo instead. It was not the fault of the poor telephone operator, who did all he could. Occasionally the Gremlins raid the P.B.X. and change all the cords around. On the way out, they sometimes visit Signals, and if you have ever tasted the tea which they so liberally provide for all visitors, you will see the results for yourself.

Continued on page 26.

Continuing—"Gremlins"

My next informant gave a pleasing description of the work of the Gremlins in No. 1 Hanger. Gremlins, I was told, have an uncanny habit of detonating bombs. They are expert tool thieves and in fact are at the root of all irregularities in the Flights.

On the runways, they become a positive menace. They stand in front of the propellers, holding them with such an iron grip that it is impossible to rev. up, or again, when a kite is in motion, they take great delight in hitch-hiking, and jumping onto the wing tips, just to go for a flip. Their harmless intentions however, often end in disaster, and through no fault of the pilot, the plane leaves the runways, and cracks its undercart in the mud.

In the Fire Section the Gremlins have been sleeping in the hoses, and are reported to be learning how to play Cribbage. During the summer months, they often went out courting in the romantic setting of the gardens, but the snow has rather spoilt that.

Then Officer's Mess can probably blame more on to the Gremlins than any other section of the camp, but I am authorised to deny the popular impression that certain officers are themselves Gremlins in disguise. At an rate, a Gremlin always looks happy.

Sick Quarters has long been the home of the big Wasp Gremlins. These are a poisonous specie, with an unpleasant sting, and are very contagious. In fact, almost everyone meets them at some time or other, and they have been very active of late.

The Stores again have a special type, all to themselves. They are fat and podgy, with a cast-iron digestion, which enables them to consume with ease all forms of clothing, equipment, forms, and even aero-engines. To them we must attribute the blame for stock-taking.

The Cook-houses are pestered with Gremlins, but any observant airman can see the results of their activities, and so, apart from saying that they are responsible for the wrinkling on the Messing Officer's brow, I will leave the rest to your vivid imaginations.

Headquarters is the home of the older Gremlins. These are the lazy type, who prefer to browse around the files and accounts, altering a figure here and there, and eating any form which may catch their fancy. The largest influx of Gremlins onto the camp came with a high ranking officer, who arrived recently with an escort of 500 Gremlins. However, the total number now on our ration strength is little under 10,000 although for security reasons, the exact figure must be withheld. Any further experiences with Gremlins should be reported for P. G., addressed to P. G. Gremlin Investigation Committee, c/o P. G. Suggestion Boxes.

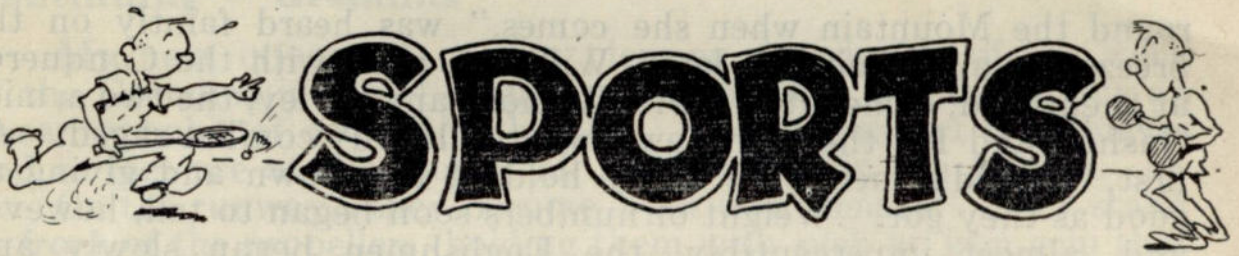
A walking tour is the shortest distance between two pints.
(Edinburgh "White Jacket.")

Continuing—"1066 And All What?"

round the Mountain when she comes," was heard faintly on the breeze and a few minutes later, William's men, with the Conqueror at their head, came into view. Without any parley, the two armies clashed and for the next few minutes bloody conflict raged. At first, Harold's men were easily holding their own and giving as good as they got. Weight of numbers soon began to tell, however and, almost imperceptibly, the Englishmen began slowly and reluctantly to retreat. Fighting all the way they began to fall back. Occasionally there was a rally, and William's men would be forced to give ground. So it raged for two hours with bows becoming red hot and arms weary. William threw in fresh troops and weary as the Englishmen were, they began to fall back. Slowly they gave ground, back and back through the streets of the old town. To Sam Ramsbotham the sounds of conflict came nearer and nearer and it didn't seem very long before the battle was plainly visible from his upstairs windows. Painfully the battle crept nearer to the Ramsbotham's Goat, and Sam began to get worried about Harold's chances of winning the fight. Just then one of the English Archers slipped in the door, "Sam" he said, "I'm as dry as Nova Scotia, give us a quick'un and chalk it up!" Without any argument, Sam whipped up a tankard and the Archer drained it at one gulp. Then with chest out and eyes filled with a determined gleam, the Archer picked up his bow, flung open the door, and pelted off to the fray.

Sam was thoughtful for a few minutes; then, suddenly making up his mind, he slipped around the back to re-appear in a few minutes at the front with a wheelbarrow. Swiftly he loaded up with three large barrels of "Ye Old English Fivepenny," and as many tankards as he could muster, and without any more ado, locked up the Ramsbotham's Goat and set off down the road to the battle. He soon reached the outskirts and, without any talk, began his mission of mercy. Steadily he ploughed on through the slightly wounded, the exhausted, the weary, and so on into the actual front line of battle. One tankard per man was his ration and you can imagine the gratification in the eyes of the warriors as Sam bobbed up from nowhere with a foaming tankard of ale. Trip after trip Sam made back and forth to the Ramsbotham's Goat to replenish his stocks and as the effects of his ministrations became apparent a terrific surge seemed to sweep through the whole British Army. Sam felt a bit foolish when he found once that he had given one of the enemy a tankard, but he saved the situation by knocking the man smartly on the skull and extracting tenpence from his pouch. Fiercely the battle raged and with a concerted effort, borne of Sam's unselfish devotion, the Englishmen got the enemy on the run. The defenders of Hastings were fighting like demons, some were even shooting two arrows at once! The enemy were breaking! they were running! Swiftly the advantage was followed up and the enemy turned tail and legged it for the

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Ice-Skating

I advise all who are keen on ice-skating (particularly the newly-arrived personnel) to take and make the most of a very favourable opportunity offered by the Forum in Truro, to skate as much as you possibly can, in preparation for the next winter season. The 'gen' is, 'bags' of skating hours!

Badminton

Under the guidance, and ever-eagle eye, of F/Lt. McLaughlan, this sport is one of the most popular and best organised sports running at the present time. Shuttlecocks are a very difficult problem but in spite of rationing, the League games are still running to schedule. Particularly to the new comers, who are replacing the repatriated, I say welcome and every success in your Badminton games. If you want any 'gen' at all on the game, see any of the Sports Staff or F/Lt. McLaughlan in Station Sick Quarters.

Boxing

A great sport, and we are expecting to put on a very good show at the next tournament. We must, of course, have the full support of all personnel. Training is well established now and is in progress from 15.00 to 16.00 hours, Monday to Friday inclusive. Cpl. Smith, P.T.I., is quite willing to instruct in the 'noble art.' It is understood that there some keen exponents of boxing among the Officers and it is to be hoped that the next tournament will produce some bouts from this section.

Cross Country Running

All running aspirants should contact L.A.C. Johnson (S.H.Q.) or Cpl. Wheel (P. T. I.) Practice runs are now being held over a distance of 3 to 4½ miles on Tuesday and Thursday of each week, leaving the Recreation Hall at 18.15 hours prompt.

Weight Lifting

Classes in this comparatively new sport in the Camp are being held under A.C. Bloomer of the Electrical Section, who has 6 years in Club Weight Lifting to back up his instruction. The

Continuing—Sports

great secret in this type of sport is not so much in lifting prodigious weights, but in lifting small weights incessantly. Believe me, done correctly, this will positively increase those muscles.

Voluntary P. T. Parades

I'd like to make an appeal to the lads who wish to indulge in a little physical exercise to turn up, if possible, on the P.T. parades which are scheduled for 19.00 hours every Tuesday and Thursday.

Basketball

Here is a great game for athletes who would like to broaden their sporting activities. F/O. Lewis in the Navigation Section is in charge here and information generally can be obtained from this Officer. Reg. Dunn of the Y.M.C.A. is coaching the Station Team and is having a little difficulty in keeping together sufficient players to field a team. Crack player Harold Hampton is a very busy man these days, concentrating on a job that will eventually lead to him scoring over a different kind of basket. And jolly good luck to him.

Ice-Hockey

This particular brand of sport requires a definite type of weather and a consistent lack of this kind of weather has unfortunately led to a cancellation of the English and Canadian Ice Hockey Leagues. To the few who consistently assisted in maintaining the rink in a fit condition for playing, very many thanks. Future games now depend entirely on the weather, and also on the volume of support we receive from volunteers to look after the rink.

Cpl. TOMMY WHEEL,
Physical Training Instructor.



Things The Librarian Has to Put Up with

"LORDS OF THE AIR"

The first in the new series of Camp Concerts, produced by a newcomer to the Station, L.A.C. L. Dix, made a promising opening on 3rd March.

All the known and organised talent on the Station took part and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was had by a large and appreciative audience.

A collection in aid of the Red Cross Society of Canada was held during intermission, and this very deserving institution benefitted therefrom in a sum of quite generous proportions.

L.A.C. Dix is keenly anxious to get hold of as much talent for future Concerts as possible and tells me that there is still room, in the auditions now being held, for more. Even if you've never performed before, contact L.A.C. Dix for an audition and—who knows—you may be hiding another George Formby, or Bing Crosby beneath that shy exterior !

WEDDING BELLS

"P.G." is very happy to be able to announce the forthcoming wedding of popular Sergeant Campbell to Miss Ruby Creighton, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Creighton of Toronto. Sergeant Campbell arrived on this Unit with the first of 'em, and is well known for having taken a leading part in chasing the Indians off the Reservation.

The engagement was announced on 1st January, this year, and it is expected that he will formally take Miss Creighton on ration strength on 5th June.

Our congratulations and best wishes to Sergeant and the future Mrs. Campbell!

He who works like the devil, often raises hell.
(Edinburgh "White Jacket.")

Continuing "1066 and All What?"

coast. Last seen they were rowing wearily out to sea in the general direction of Normandy.

In the days that followed, Sam's name, and the account of his gallant action, rang through the town. But Sam would accept "No more than t'cost of t'ale," from a grateful King.

But even to this day, Sam's heirs have the sole rights for the supply of ale and beer to the Hastings Light Foot Brigade, and the Ramsbotham's Goat, still standing in Hastings, is the only tavern I know which bears an authorised coat of arms. If you are in Hastings again, look carefully on the wall under the window, where you will see his coat of arms, thus:



Continuing—"History of Music"

compositions he put out and, indeed, wrote very little for any other musical instrument. His sonata for cello and violin did not achieve any particular recognition and, unlike his nocturnes, preludes, and other piano works, is heard very little on the Concert Hall.

He died in 1849, not particularly famous—fame was to come posthumously. To-day his compositions are widely known and often used as studies and concert numbers by many of the great pianists of to-day.

Of quite a different character to those of his two contemporaries was Robert Schumann, born in 1810 (towards the close of the Napoleonic Wars), in Saxony. Very much against his will, Schumann was sent to College to study law and matriculated in Leipzig at the age of eighteen. He was a keen student of poetry and literature in general and at one time was publisher of "Neuer Musik Zeitschrift"

Schumann studied piano and theory with Friedric Wiecke and soon developed into a brilliant pianist. His great ambition to be a concert pianist was, however, thwarted early in life when he permanently injured his right hand through over-practice. It was due to this thwarted ambition that he turned to composing, and from his pen flowed musical works in almost every form.

After much opposition from Herr Wiecke, Schumann finally persuaded his former teacher to become his father-in-law and he married Clara Wiecke. This talented young pianist was to become perhaps the finest pianist the world has ever known and it is undoubtedly due to her fine renderings of his works that the foundation was laid for the popularity that Schumann's works enjoy to-day.

Tragically, this delightful musical combination in husband and wife came to an end comparatively early in their married life. After sixteen years had elapsed, Schumann began to show signs of insanity and, following an unsuccessful attempt at suicide when he rushed from the house and hurled himself into the Rhine—he was sent to an asylum. Here he spent his remaining days until death brought merciful relief in 1856.

And so we have a very brief picture of music in its romantic stages. There were many other composers of this day, but space allows me only to mention the three, greatest of which was perhaps Schumann. Mendelssohn's works as a composer were limited, due principally to the amount of time and energy he spent in actual performances. He was without doubt a great soloist. Chopin too was limited, preferring to compose almost exclusively for piano.

Schumann's works, which covered so large a musical sphere, vocal (in the form of opera), masses, cantatas, and numerous songs, his Concerto in A Minor for piano and orchestra—which is almost an everyday word in the musical world—combined with his four symphonies, and piano pieces, to make him perhaps the most outstanding musician of his day.

NO. 3 SQUADRON NOTES

By "Perceptus."

New fellows have come, and many of those who have completed their tour of duty have left us. This transition, we feel, will have no marked effect upon the efficiency of the Flight. It will not be long before everybody is familiar with Squadron routine.

Of course, a few of the old faces are still with us:

Among those of the old school, we have Manfred von Kay, brilliant commentator, potentate, leader of the world of fashion and the arts: he tells us that a new era awaits mankind in the post-war years. It is comforting to hear from this gentleman—whose name is synonymous with the more gracious aspects of finer living, that the luxuries of yesterday, which were hitherto confined to the fortunate few, will be at the disposal of all to-morrow.

Professor J. Pennock, savant, academician, and profound inquirer, tells us after much thought and meticulous study, that he now agrees with Einstein's findings after all—in principle, at least. He informs us that space is curved, and that the concepts embodied in the theory of relativity have been verified to his satisfaction. We are relieved that we now have nothing more to occupy our thoughts, except the successful conclusion of the war.

That gentle member of the flight, who is anything but wild, says after many years of research and experimentation that the Houses of Helena Rubenstein and Elizabeth Arden have little to offer him. He has disclosed that he relies on his own formulae which he has created only after the most exacting and tedious laboratory work. Shortly, he is to introduce a new liquid which will transform the hair into any given colour at will. This gentleman, an acknowledged beautician, patron of none but the finer arts, and an aviator in his own right, can be seen daily in a recumbant posture with two wads of cotton wool in position over his eyes, his hair sweeping to the floor. He will not divulge the nature of the secret preparation in which the wool is soaked.

Energetic Curly Carter, indefatigable, keen, ambitious and diligent student of the Fabian policy, informs us that the secret of his copious supply of energy and clearness of mind is due directly to regular hours of work, rest and sleep. Sleep, he adds, is most important.

To be continued

MESS NOTES

The Editor regrets that the monthly notes for the Officers' and the Sergeants' Mess, were not received in time for inclusion in this month's "P. G." They will appear in our April issue.