

Royal Air Force. Debert

Volume 2—No. 6

April, 1943

PARKINSON.



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 R.A.F., Debert, N. S.

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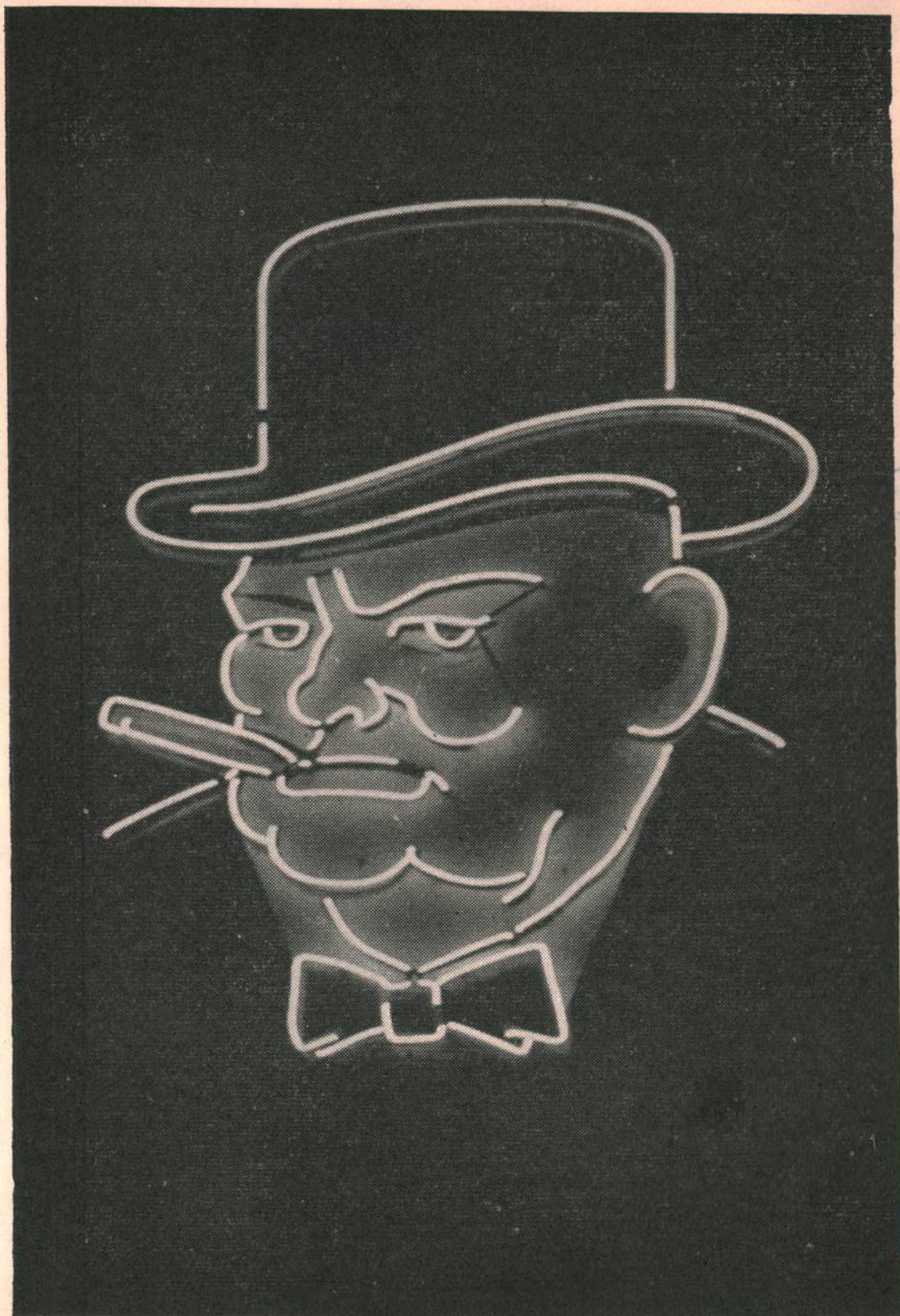
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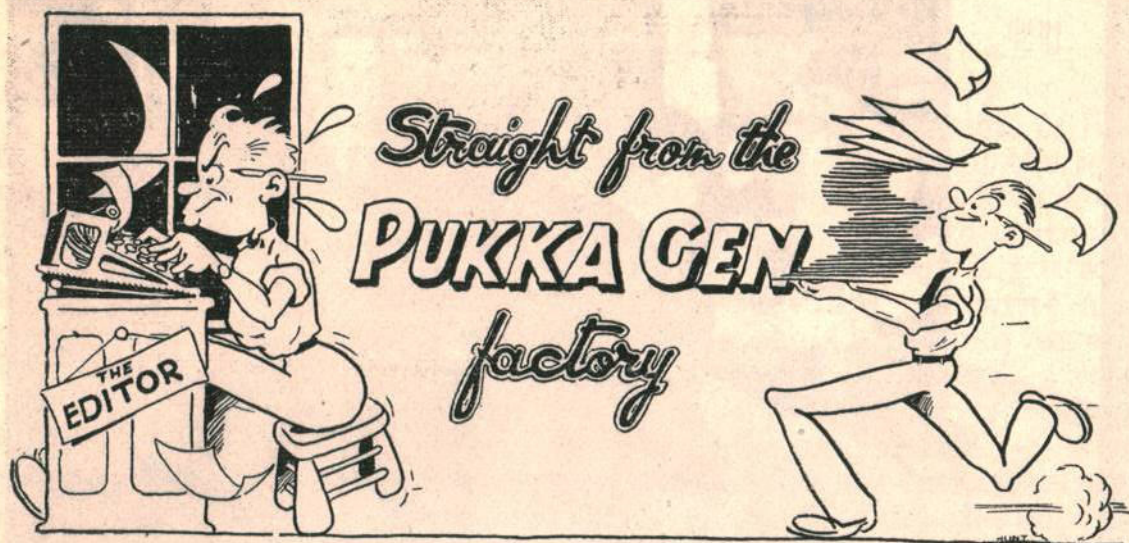


Photo

G. A. Osborn

NEED WE SAY WHO!

(Neon Sign. Victory Square: Vancouver.)



EDITORIAL

The ultimate arrival of the boat, in fact of several boats, has necessitated a further change in the Editorial staff of P. G. Another group of volunteers has been formed to take the stick and keep it "on course." Our primary objective is, naturally, to provide you each month with a magazine which is entertaining, informative and interesting. You, the reader, have the assurance that we shall do our best to produce a magazine of which you may be proud. BUTregardless of how hard we at this end work, our efforts can only result in frustration without YOUR conscientious and SUSTAINED support in the form of contributions.

We firmly believe, and the sales record justifies such belief, that there is a demand for an organ representative of your camp life. Why not help us to satisfy that demand by maintaining a source of copy from which we may draw items of interest to you, the reader. Only by co-operation on your behalf can we hope to achieve our primary objective. ALL ranks are requested to give this matter their earnest attention.

We welcome to the staff a recent arrival in Canada, J. Thomson, whose work we have the privilege of introducing in this issue.

Next month we hope to present a story by that ever popular writer, Wm. Porritt; articles by K. Ewan, Drew Alison, LAC Pow, Perceptus and others, in addition to our regular features.

THE EDITOR



Group Captain J. H. Woodin receiving first order at the new Y.M.C.A. Cafeteria. Watched by the Station Padre S/Ldr. N.M. Slaughter.

Another picture on page 29

THE Y. M. C. A. CAFETERIA

Now that we have had the opportunity of dining in our own camp cafeteria and experiencing the excellent quality of the fare provided, I feel sure you will agree that a few words of appreciation are in order.

First of all, allow me to remind you that the ladies who so attentively and charmingly take care of our welfare, are doing so on a purely voluntary basis. They are the wives of camp personnel working in conjunction with the ladies of Truro, as organised by the Commanding Officer's wife, Mrs. J. H. Woodin and Mrs. Jim Doane. To all of them we extend a welcome to R.A.F. Debert, and our warmest thanks for their whole-hearted co-operation which has made practicable this addition to the camp amenities.

I must also mention with gratitude the efforts of S/Ldr. Chambers and his associates, who did much to further the project in its initial stages.

Our sincere thanks go too, to the members of the M. T. section whose voluntary services in connection with the above, has given Debert the first Y.M.C.A. operated camp cafeteria east of Montreal.

A. D. McLAREN

STORIES, SHORT, Mk. 1. each 1.

It is, I suppose, the ambition of everyone, at some time of life, to write a book, a play, or a love song. That is, all except the people who have already written one, book, one play or one love song. For some reason, many of the latter deem it necessary to write another book, another play or another love song, but this is not ambition. And it would be much better if they did not write any more. Nobody should write more than one book, one play or one love song.

I have already written my love song, and my play. Nobody has ever sung or seen either. I did not publish them. They were far too highbrow. Like Browning's poems, their meaning was known only to the deity. And now there remains only the book to write. I could write my reminiscences, or an autobiography; I might describe my hunting expedition in the Amazon valley; or I could give some lengthy advice on the best way to rear chickens on fifteen shillings a week. Passing from fact to fancy, it would be possible to create a detective character, who was a genius, or portray life in a fictitious village in Alaska. But this is not good enough; all these things have been done before. An entirely new aspect is required.

It is only recently that I have decided on the subject for my book. Only it isn't going to be a book. It is possible that sufficient material could be gleaned to string the thing out into a volume, but I prefer to condense the whole business, and make it into a really interesting short story. The chief character will be a detective, but not one of the usual calibre. The most inconvenient part of having a detective who is a success, is, of course, that once he solved the insoluble and made himself famous he has to go on doing the same sort of thing, which becomes monotonous. If he, during the course of one of his escapades, happens to get lost, or mislaid, or fall over the cliff, he has to be found or resurrected, or else it has to be explained that the whole thing was a mistake from the beginning.

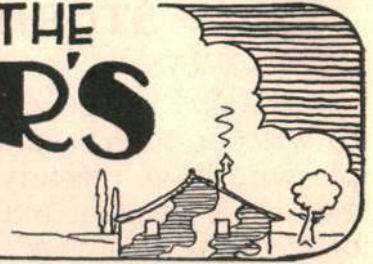
The name of my detective will be Hamish Mactafish, and he will be known as Hamfish for short. He will only be engaged on one case, and he will fail. As a matter of fact, I think he will get shot in the kidney, but that is neither here nor there. The point is that during his brief sojourn on this earth, he will so endear himself to the general and reading public, that they will never wish to hear of him again, and everything will be just as it should be.

Of course, the beginning will have to consist of a short account of his early love life, just to stimulate interest, but I am afraid that poor old Ham's first affair was not very successful. As the only son of a gamekeeper, at the age of thirteen he fell in love with Anastasia, the local plumber's daughter. Anastasia, at the time, was forty-three, but she looked much more. Everything was progressing very well, until one afternoon, in the kitchen, Anna mentioned

(Continued on page 27)



GEN FROM THE OFFICER'S MESS



Generally Speaking

The highlight of the month is, or was, of course, the provision of our new bar, which was constructed with lightning rapidity quite recently. It was at least two days, however, before it was correctly christened by having a full glass of beer spilled over it. This shows clearly how seriously we are taking this liquor rationing business.

The Squash Tournament provided a large number of entries and is progressing well, despite the regret of a particular member that it is not possible to give a handicap of more than plus eight. But why isn't the Adj. playing?

February 19th showed that there is certainly no falling off in the popularity of Mess Dances. There was an excellent gathering, and all appeared to enjoy themselves to the full.

Particularly Speaking

It was an evening in mid February,
The sort of one, one would call "dank and drear,"
And sundry types, and other bods, and people,
Were standing round, or sitting, drinking beer.
(Or other beverages, according to taste.)

A few odd bridge games were in session,
And normal quiet reigned, except for cries
Which rose at constant intervals of minutes
Of "Ouchy, Ouchy!"; and "How's that for size?"
(Strangely enough, nobody was playing "Massachusetts")

The time was round about elevenish,
When from the bar there came the sounds of strife,
And Ritchie's voice rose loud above the tumult:
"I never did a handspring in my life!"
(Just like that).

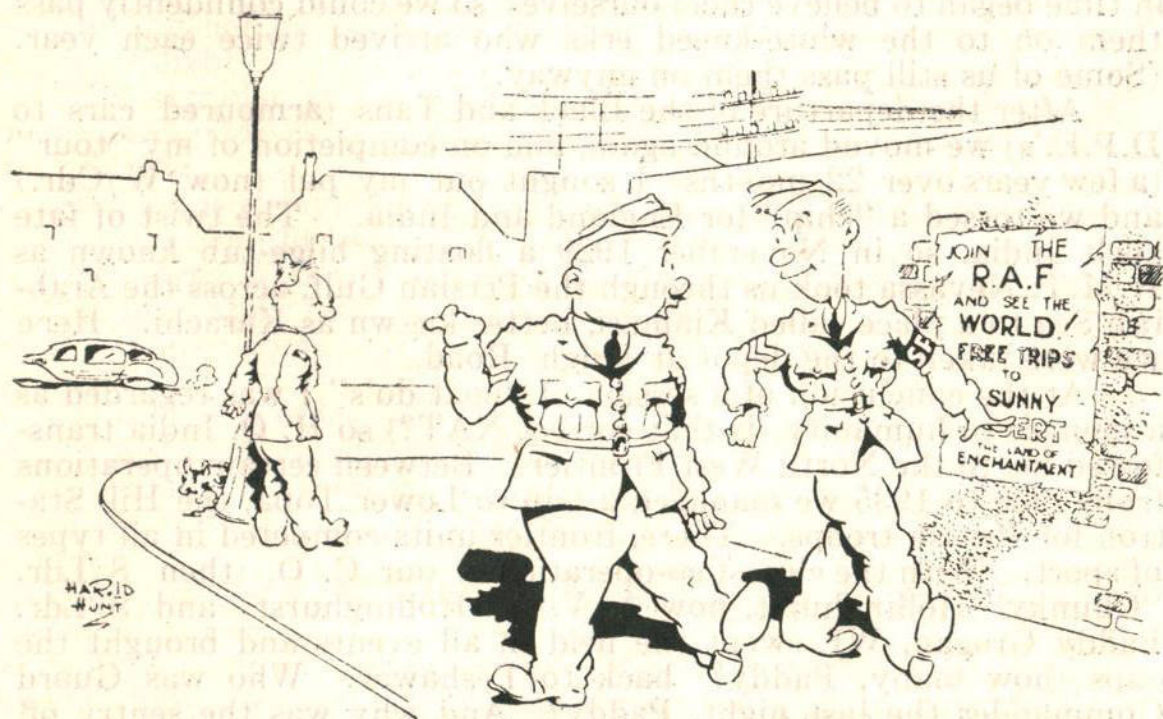
It seems that Sprog had been upon the point of
Ordering another round of favorite gruel,
When suddenly he found himself distracted
By Richie handspringing upon a stool.
(So he says.)

Amazement at this blatant exhibition
 Of acrobatic feats so unopposed
 Caused him to lose his grip completely
 And on re-turning barwards, found it closed.
 (Ah! me.)

When Richie was this explanation given,
 Momentarily he was of speech bereft,
 Until his vocal chords delivered:
 "I only just slipped slightly to the left."
 (And other justifiable remarks, for which we have no room here)

The two sides to the story show quite clearly
 Misapprehension easily may arise
 Upon the slightest misconception
 Of unintentional enterprise.

The whole affair—uncommonly distressing,
 Provides the obvious moral, so we think!
 Let nothing, absolutely nothing,
 Distract you when you're purchasing a drink.



"Very Patriotic, that bloke. Always gives me the "V" for Victory Sign."

I JOINED TO SEE THE WORLD

Do you recall the old peacetime recruiting poster? "Join the Royal Air Force and see the world!" I do, and in January 1924 I signed on the dotted line to find myself a fully fledged LAC.

Through thick and thin, wet and fine, summer and winter we, the old crowd, stuck together thus forming the foundation of the service. Soon however, the powers that be considered I would be more valuable to them in another part of the world. And so, after packing my kit, tropical, airmen for the use of, I duly reported to "Embarkation Southampton" where with many more of the rank and file, I was thrown lock stock and barrel on a trooper known as the Mar Glen.

Following a stiff struggle of many days between "sweepers" and "guards" we crossed the "bar" and landed in what we thought an oasis, now known as Basra. Once ashore we found a first class bullock-truck freight train waiting to take us to the "Arabian Nights" (pardon me, I mean Baghdad.) We were in Iraq! land of sweet content, so named because married families are not allowed. Later it became known as "bachelor's paradise" though some thought Paradise Lost more appropriate.

Anyhow, amid the sparkling waters of McEwan's Fountain of Goodness and dancing girls (on bottles) we succeeded in keeping our spirits up. An occasional Mesopotamia letter now and then maintained touch with home! We heard many tall tales from old sweats, and in time began to believe them ourselves, so we could confidently pass them on to the white-kneed erks who arrived twice each year. (Some of us still pass them on anyway.)

After the departure of the Black and Tans (armoured cars to D.P.E.'s) we moved around again, and on completion of my "tour" (a few years over 22 months) I sought out my pal (now W/Cdr.) and we tossed a "chip" for England and India. The twist of fate spelt India, so in November 1929 a floating bilge-tub known as H.M.T. Nevassa took us through the Persian Gulf, across the Arabian Sea to a place called Kiamari, better known as Karachi. Here we were taken to the depot at Drigh Road.

At the conclusion of a session of "boat do's" I was regarded as a menace to humanity (is that correct NAT?) so H. Q. India transferred me to the North West Frontier. Between certain operations from 1930 to 1935 we managed a trip to Lower Topa, the Hill Station for British troops. There, frontier units competed in all types of sport. With the closest co-operation of our C. O. (then S/Ldr. "Chunky" Hollinghurst, now A. V. M. Hollinghurst) and S/Ldr. Paddy Grogan, WE swept the field in all events and brought the cups (how many, Paddy?) back to Peshawar. Who was Guard Commander the last night, Paddy? And why was the sentry off his beat shortly after the last dance. History will, and has told, the secret of success.

(Continued on page 27)

FROM THE BREEZES

By "Windsock"

It would appear that the chief feature of the officers' new bar is the old familiar foot-rail.....

Speaking of bars and things, makes one wonder if a well-known Scot received his "crowns" for ability to handle his national produce.....

Heard something about an SOS connected with S.H.Q. signals. Was it transmitted or received?.....

A French security guard is said to have shot at "Beesley" but missed the bull.....

Wonder if one of our "popular" S.P.'s is collecting autographs of section officers, or is he operating a personal paper salvage scheme.....

Can it be that the new M.C. at airman's dances is bashful, or does his gum get stuck on the mic?.....

S.H.Q. Staff appear to be realizing the prominence of their position in camp life, at least they have a car.....

I understand the members of the M.T. section are doing some knittin for Brittin now there are no shuttles to worry them.....

According to our "clickbox" expert, the quick way isn't always the best.....

Yet another milestone on the hilly 'ard road has been passed: congrats "flight".....

With summer just around some corner or other, the fire boys are preparing for their annual exercises. Gardens must be watered y'know.....

Amherst is enjoying a wide popularity among station personnel these days, no doubt because it is easier to get there.....

Our stores W.O. is believed to have remarked that his boys are just one big happy family. They once were.....

Boats may come and boats do go, but the camp poker schools carry on.

I'm told that officers find swinging their legs over the balcony rail in the station cinema an aid to visibility.....

A prominent member of sick quarters staff has, I hear, been elected "Chief Moose" in the recently inaugurated Sgt.'s mess chapter.....

Is it true the T. W. personnel have established a fund for the orphans of Amherst?.....

Smiling faces among the airmen's mess staff replacements would appear to indicate immunity from that common ailment, debertitis....

Reports from Montreal state that the gale which swept through its "hot spots" recently, had little cooling effect.....

Meanwhile the night instruction of training wing signals continues. Latest cliche is the word "invigilator." One invigilates any old time.....

THE TALE OF THE SERGEANT-MAJOR

The major was a "toughy,"
A manly man was he,
"Fifty chest, and features hardly
Schubert's Symphony in C.

Dozen whiskies in the club-room,
And still very far from "foo,"
When a messenger came dashing from
Whitehall 1212..

"Well, sir?" roared sergeant-major.
The messenger went grey,
Quavered, "Message, sir, from White-
hall,"
And fainted clean away.

"Bah!" the sergeant-major thundered,
As he lifted the despatch,
Read the contents, grimly snorted,
And tossed off a double Scotch.

"Hoi, valet, pack my bag, there,
And, you lubber, pack it right!
To a regiment I'm posted,
And I've got to leave tonight."

Soon—the trembling task completed—
With a suitcase in each hand,
The S.M. dashed down a couple
Ere he stepped into the Strand.

"Taxi there!" he fiercely bellowed.
The traffic stopped in fright.
The valet, peeping from the door,
Smiled, "IN TOWN TO-NIGHT."

Not until his taxi vanished,
And a man had dropped a pin,
Did pedestrians and drivers
Dare to start again the din.

Straight from Euston to the Northland
Steamed the engine through the night
Blowing, chuffing, hissing, puffing,
Till the S. M. shouted "Quiet!"

Then till dawn it glided forward,
 With a mouselike lack of din,
 Till it fearfully subsided
 At the town of Pllyllewyn.

But no guard of honour stiffened,
 As he stepped into the light,
 For a sleepy little porter
 Was the only one in sight.

Then in language richly garnished,
 That went booming to the hills,
 S. M. wakened up that porter.
 With his military ills.

But the sun was climbing higher,
 As the S. M. struck the town,
 In his speech the same proportion—
 Fourteen adjectives: one noun.

When he stopped outside the barracks
 The building seemed quite dead.
 "Gad!" the sergeant-major volleyed,
 "Eight o'clock and still in bed!"

Vowing vengeance on the laggards,
 And with monumental roar,
 He went dashing through the courtyard,
 Right up to the "doss-house" door.

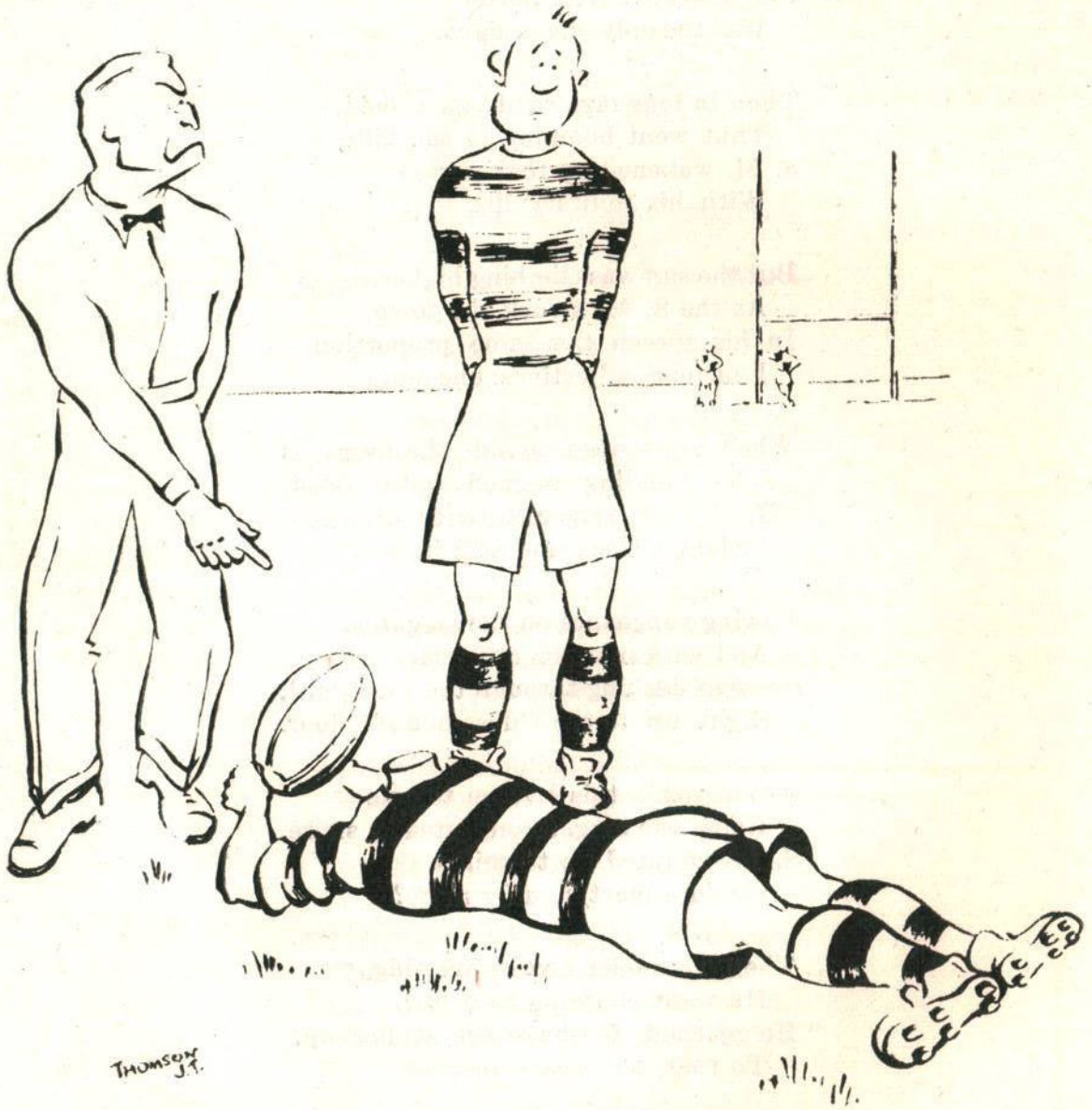
From within this Lydian temple
 Came one long, strong, steady snore.
 S. M. counted up to thirty.
 Could a martyr suffer more?

Then, his boiler nearly bursting,
 He went charging to a bed.
 He reached, to shake the soldier up,
 To roar, to swear—instead.

He headlong dashed for safety,
 And the barrack square he rent,
 With a "D— those fools in Whitehall!
 It's a WOMEN's regiment!!"

V. M. H.

"SCHOLA REGIA"



THE PADRE'S NOTES

There are three things to which I want to draw the attention of the Readers of P. G. this month, and the first one is connected with the season of the year. Easter is late this year, Good Friday falling on April 23rd and Easter Sunday on the 25th. This is the greatest of the occasions in the Christian year and it is our responsibility to celebrate it fittingly. On this Station there will be a morning service on Good Friday, and on Easter Sunday there will be celebrations of Holy Communion at 08.00 hours and 10.30 hours, in addition to the regular Parade Service at 10.00. May I make a special appeal to all readers of P. G. to try and be present at one or all of these services.

The second matter concerns the Meeting which is held each week in the Padre's Office on Tuesday evenings. It is quite informal in character, and as those who attend it will tell you, gives everyone an opportunity of expressing his opinion or asking questions as he desires. At present we are reading and studying St. Mark's Gospel and are finding again how appropriate its words are today. The Meeting begins at 20.15 hours and lasts for about an hour.

Lastly, the Welfare Committee—since the departure of so many of the original representatives back to the U.K., a number of new representatives have been appointed, and there is one for each Barrack Block on both East and West Camps. Find out who your representative is and pass on to him any suggestions you may have concerning the life of the camp in general, and the Committee will try to secure that useful suggestions are put into practice. The Committee meets on alternate Wednesdays, and a full list of the Members appears in the D.R.O.'s for the preceding Monday.

N. M. SLAUGHTER.

ALL RANKS

REMEMBER—Never discuss military, naval or air matters in public or with any stranger, no matter to what nationality he or she may belong.

The enemy wants information about you, your unit, your destination. He will do his utmost to discover it.

Keep him in the dark. Gossip on military subjects is highly dangerous to the country, whereas secrecy leads to success.

BE ON YOUR GUARD and report any suspicious individual to your Squadron Commander or Civil Authorities.

THE Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Newcomer (from England): "Where is the N.A.A.F.I.?"

Mr. Oldtimer: There aint none!

Mr. Newcomer: What, no N.A.A.F.I.!

Mr. Oldtimer: No.. when we want anything we go to the "Y".

Mr. Newcomer: "Y," Why? What is the "Y"?

Mr. Oldtimer: The "Y" is the Y.M.C.A., the Young Men's Christian Association—a Canadian organization which has an agreement with the R.A.F. to look after the interests of the men in the various R.A.F. stations throughout Canada.

Mr. Newcomer: So what. What has the "Y" done here in Debert for the fellows?

Mr. Oldtimer: Well, the report just completed for the past year by Reg. Dunn, the "Y" Supervisor, shows that among other things, the "Y" has,

Distributed 95,250 sheets of stationery and 59,225 envelopes to help us keep in touch with the folks back home and our friends here.

Put on for our free entertainment 182 cinema shows—56 of these being for the benefit of fellows in the hospital, who can't make the regular show.

Supplied more than 500 games for our entertainment, such as darts and dart boards, chess, playing cards, monopoly, and many others.

Has helped furnish the Airmen's Billiard Room, the Corporal's Club, the Recreation Hall, and the Security Guard Room, spending no less than \$2,000.00 during the year to do this.

Has provided over 350 pieces of sports equipment, so that we could play Basketball, Borden Ball, Hockey, Soft Ball, and Ping Pong.

Through the efficient Canteen which it maintains, it has served more than 248,000 customers—we R.A.F. laddies being the said customers.

At morning breaks—it has provided free tea to more than 58,000 fellows—and that's a lot of tea for any one!

Through the "Y" Supervisor, Reg. Dunn, many personal services are rendered to the fellows, and finally, through the operation of the Canteen, the "Y" has turned over to the P.S.I. Fund the magnificent sum of \$9,553.31—and you know that P.S.I. funds are spent to make life happier for you and me.

Mr. Newcomer: Where is the "Y"—Lead me to it!

"There is one unfortunate drawback to every modern play," a producer remarks. He probably refers to the curtain. (Punch).

STARDUST

With the February Officers Mess Notes appearing in the April issue of P.G., the chronicles are up to date, and this lets us out. So, with everyone talking about boats, and other things, but chiefly boats, the time is ripe for me to relate my dream. Because, you see, my dream was about a boat. That in itself is unusual. I doubt if anyone has ever dreamed about a boat before. I mean, not this type of boat. It was one of those pointed at one end, with a paddle in the middle. Or it may have been two paddles. I cannot remember. In any case, I only saw one side of it, so I cannot say for certain. But this is not a dream I have just had. It happened months ago. Why I have just thought of it, I cannot remember either. So you will have to make allowances for any slight in accuracies.

The opening scene was in a hotel. A party was in progress. To the best of my recollection, it was a shocking party. I had three trunks, and a small handbag. Not a lady's handbag. There are other types. And speaking of types, they were all there. At the party, I mean.

Well, about two-thirry, —I beg your pardon,—I mean two-thirty,— a coolie informed me that everything was ready to leave. Or rater, that everything was ready for me to leave. So we took a moose head off the wall, and led the way down the garden path. We went through a cornfield plucking ears of barley. At least, I plucked ears. The coolie was still carrying the moose head. After what seemed to be a few minutes, we arrived. He afterwards told me that we had walked twenty miles. The beach was wonderful. White sand everywhere. It might have been St. Lunaire. But it wasn't. As it happened, I did not know where it was. Somewhere in China, I think, but that does not really matter.

We sat down and bathed in the sunshine. Then my coolie started taking off his Wellington boot. Perhaps I should have mentioned earlier that he has only one leg. I did likewise. We waded out into the water. And there, just around the bluff, was the boat. It was a truly magnificent sight. Its camouflage, of rusty streaks and black splurges, was extremely effective. It looked exactly like a boat.

We stepped on to the escalator, and were soon aboard. I walked into the lounge. A shocking party was in progress. It seemed familiar. It was. It was the party I had just left. At the hotel. But after all, who bothers to ask questions at times like these? I found that I had only missed two rounds.

Thirty-one cooks are now employed in one canteen. This does away with the necessity of explaining the quality of the broth. (Punch.)



BADMINTON

The badminton league has now finished for the season with Maintenance Wing "A" under the guidance of LAC Hutton as the winners.

At first everything ran smoothly, but after a series of difficulties there was indeed a struggle for existence. The shortage of birds became so acute that eventually the government stopped all issues, and so strict rationing had to come into force.

This worried our ace players, who are accustomed to using a bird for only one game and then discard it, although the lesser brethren whose only concern is to make the bird last the maximum number of games didn't feel it so badly.

Then boats began to arrive and take away players until finally no section could raise a decent team, thus the league had to remain incomplete. The training wing always had the manpower problem, and, after having an unbeatable team at the beginning of the season a course was posted leaving F/Sgt. Gibbs running round in circles screaming for players, and having found them automatically losing them when the next course was posted.

Despite these difficulties the season was a success. Members were able to get plenty of healthy exercise in both practice and league games, many new players being introduced to the game.

(Continued on page 19)

GRIMWOOD'S TRAVEL TALKS!

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

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

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

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

Though it may not be good taste, 'mine host' often makes an audience of his guests. Our hero, being this type of host, stood, "his back to the 'bar-Mac'," and scanned the Mess horizon for two likely victims to 'start up' for him. On a bearing of 090 degree from the bartenders shoulder and at a distance equal to the fifth line of the 'shoove ha' penny,' board, his eyes alighted on an extremely suitable target, to wit, one table, three chairs and two fair damsels. Allowing for deviation due to 'liquid swirl,' our hero made that trip in record time, arriving at the target with bomb doors open, but with his bombs disguised as pearly white teeth so that his victims were fooled and ignored the 'hair raising siren.' He launched himself into the remaining cockpit and 'primed' himself for the start. "At last, the moment has arrived" he thought. But no, not quite. On doing his cockpit check he finds need for

refueling. So, steering a reciprocal course, he makes good the 'boozer' and obtains sufficient fuel for the first hop, in the form of 1 Molsons, 1 gin and lime and a Coco-Cola. Spilling a little of the fuel over one of the damsel's dress, he 'switches on' a sheepish grin in apology, but she, thinking he wishes to start 'switches on' a small 'GRIM ACE' in reply and in a matter of seconds they are 'airborne.'

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

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

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

We have all viewed this land of Canada from some angle or other, the 'irks' as it ambles past the windows of the old 'jalopy,' the elders as it speeds by the station transport and the pilots from every height between minus 20 feet and the base of the wispy 'cirrus.' But no one had viewed it from such heights as those to which the 'chiefs' imagination had soared. Which soared the higher, his imagination or his estimation of himself, no one will ever know, for no other mortal has reached these heights and survived.

Would that I could record his descriptions of this fair country as he saw it in his flight of fancy; the hills and dales; streams and

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

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

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

G. A. R.

Badminton Concluded---

The courts are still available and it is hoped that more birds will be in the sports store for April.

Members of the Badminton Committee are:- S/Ldr. Slaughter
 F/Lt. McLaughlan
 F/Sgt. Gibbs
 LAC Brady



Eavesdropping at THE SERGEANT'S MESS



To continue our eavesdropping pursuits commenced in February's issue of P.G.

A very successful impromptu concert was held at East Camp on the occasion of the departure of Mess Members on repatriation. R.B.B. made rather a "faux pas" in his opening speech, Nick cunningly "woofed" the only bottle of "Robbie Burns" ever known to have loafed at East Camp Mess. Joe lost his lines. Eddie was a success with his medals earned in service "before you came up, chum," and altogether it was one of the best efforts I have ever attended at Debert. R.B.B. and Nick might do well to make a more thorough study of A.P. 804 and Powers of Subordinate Commanders. The Constitution Hill Bloke made his debut with the Bronx Orchid, on the strength of the glamour of THE medal, the Blue Ribbon Garter etc. We are indebted to the ingenuity of F/Sgts. Carter, Brooks, Preston, Ruff, Beesley, and Sgt. I.B.A. Battersby. Bon Voyage and our Best Wishes to Sergeant Peters.

Further entertainment was provided on the occasion of the Trainees' Dance, although the Trainees were possibly unaware that it was, in fact, a Mess Dance. The appropriate Medical Air Publication states "Coke stomachs are not easily adjustable to 22 1-2 fluid oza. of 2 1-2% proof spirit."

With reference to February's issue of "Pukka Gen," a NIL return is rendered in respect of Lockheed Hudson Mark VI Aircraft accommodated in Mess. All other items of flying equipment are still to be seen.

During the month, quite a few "reliefs," those ever-welcome "Battle of Britain" etc. N.C.O.'s arrived. Whereas the Staff expected to initiate these Members into the finer points of the procedure known as "filling your boots," these reliefs have obviously had previous experience. A Certain member of the Medical Staff and one of "Grogan's Gorillas" are taking the appropriate steps to ensure that the Mess Funds, through Bar Profits, will not deteriorate below the \$4,000 mark. These pillars of Society are characterised by their oft-heard expressions "a kitty," "a crate." Contrary to popular belief, these expressions do not form the sum total of their vocabulary.

Speaking of 'Fill your Boots', the Anson Pilot in company with "Mad Karu" well and truly coped, and in fact, narrowly escaped a watery grave on one of their hunting safaris. From the "hunting" point of view, however, the results obtained were

encouraging and comprised a "moose-hen", a dicky bird and a ferocious wild squirrel.

There will be a series of lectures in the near future by "J.J." entitled "Fish and their Capers". These lectures will cover the habits of eels, gasperoles, and suckers. (He should know).

Incidentally "Fill your Boots" Brookes, fell in the brook and filled his boots on the same day as "Mad Karu". He will shortly, I hear lose his nom-de-plume, having been reported for retiring to bed with cookies, candy, and hot chocolate, (what a revolutionary change). 'S'mazin! Bad Show!!

This Camp is full of systems, the latest one to be introduced being "5c cover charge on beer bottles". How about coke and 7-Up Bottles? Mess Bills, purchases at the Bar, are paid for in empty bottles and one member of our fraternity has even started to "smoke his own".

Roll on the goofer.

CANDIDUS.

FLASHES FROM SIGNALS

We hear that the residents of hut 2B are offering a reward for the whereabouts of an old inhabitant, last seen whistling his dog and wimp-ering "roll on the boat."

On looking over the last batch of arrivals at Debert, we are now sure there was no truth in the rumour that Uxbridge is no longer functioning. If still in doubt, try booking out.

What section runner does his running in his "car" since taking charge of the tea swindle. Was he born with a silver spoon in his mouth?

Since vacating the S.H.Q. building we notice the garden has gone to ruin. Are the accounts holden out on us?

We believe one of our telephonists has been corresponding with Miss Betty Grable. Atta boy! don't stant-on any ceremony.

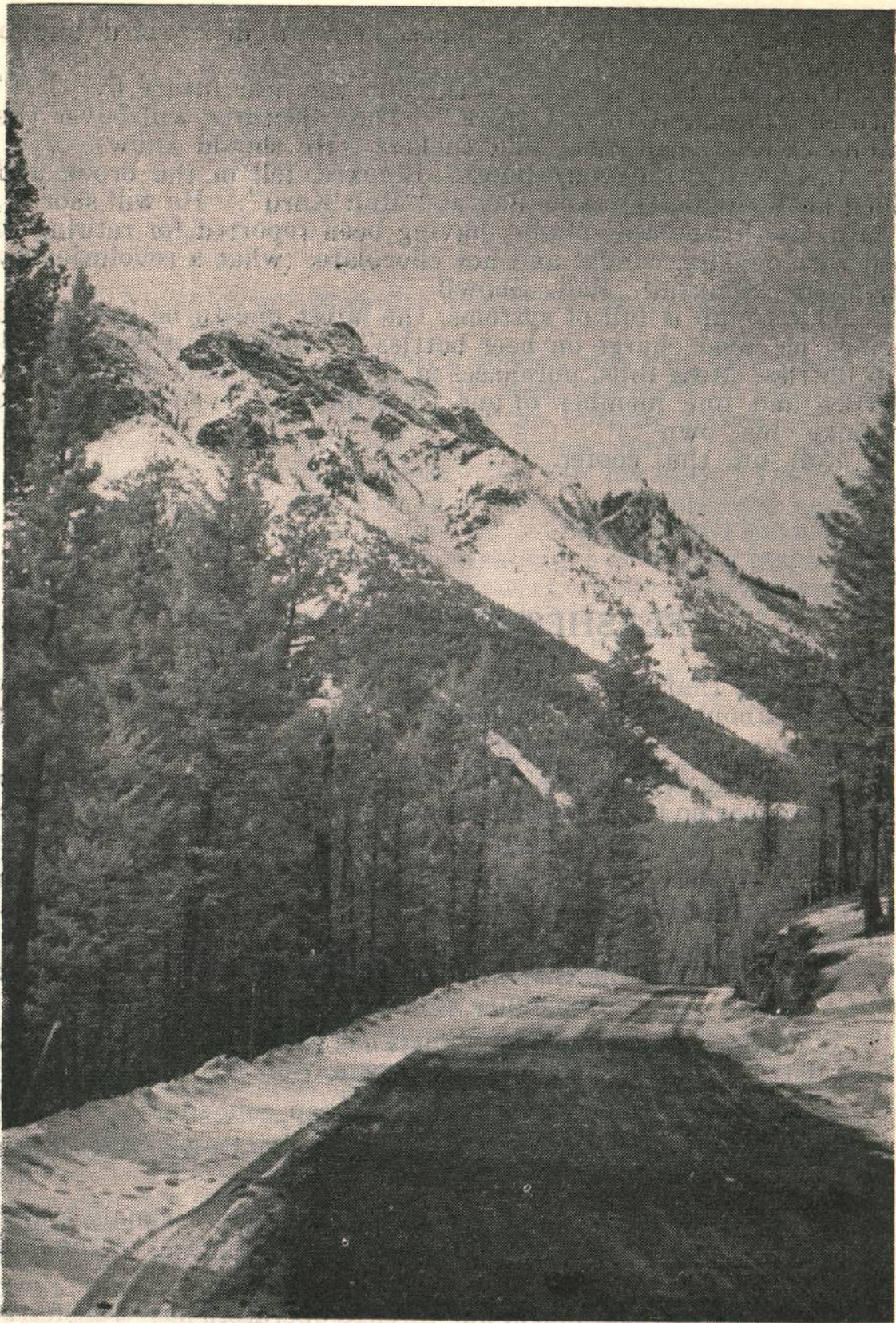
Heard during the SOS. Flap! Flap! keep coul-son.

Where is the signals runner when wanted? Down the O'Regan TRAIL?

We have discovered a new germ which prevails in signals, known as Toronto-phobia. Scotsmen are not immune; not even the bull-dog type.

Can it be true that one of our wireless operators has transferred his affections to New Glasgow? What! no orchids for Miss Montreal?

Finally, don't forget that it is still possible to remuster to W /OPat your own risk!



Photo

G.A. Osbon

MOUNT NORQUAY
(Nr. Banff Alberta)

SPORTS

The Voluntary Sports Subscription

A few airmen who have not been in the Service very long may have been surprised a week or so ago to find that they were asked to contribute towards a Voluntary Sports Fund. For the benefit of these, it is well to point out that in the first place, no public funds are available in the Air Force for sports activities and that all the necessary money must be subscribed by individuals. In the R.A.F. in the United Kingdom, there are two sources of income for sports purposes, namely, a voluntary sports subscription from all personnel on each R.A.F. Station which normally amounts to 1--per month, and in addition, a contribution, monthly or otherwise, from P.S.I. Funds. Perhaps it should be pointed out here that the P.S.I. funds are built up from a small initial contribution from Air Ministry public funds (in our case this was £50) and by the appropriation of a percentage of the Canteen profits.

On our Station there has been a total expenditure on sports activities of over \$2,000 from P.S.I. funds as was explained in the July issue of the Station magazine. In view of other expenses which this fund must meet for the benefit of the airmen, compared with its nominal income it is unlikely that so much money will be forthcoming from it in the future for sports needs. At the same time, a large amount of money is still required to provide additional sports clothing and equipment and also to provide further facilities for sport on the Station. It will be clear therefore that we must attempt to raise money by the normal method of instituting a voluntary sports subscription and it is hoped that all airmen who are interested in sport will contribute the small amount of 25c per month. It should be mentioned that the Officers and Sergeants Messes have agreed to make a worthy grant to the Station Sports Fund.

It will doubtless be of interest to readers to know that there has, for over a year, been a project for the provision of a swimming pool on this Station and that the main obstacle in the way of providing this amenity has been lack of funds. At the present time a scheme for the provision of such a pool is again under consideration and it is estimated that this will cost approximately \$3,500-\$4,000. The only prospect of bringing this scheme to fruition would appear to be by the collection of sufficient voluntary funds. It is felt that the provision of such a swimming pool as is contemplated would be very much appreciated by all ranks on the Station and this is an added reason why it is hoped that all airmen will contribute to the Sports Fund.

It is realised that quite a large proportion of airmen on this Station are nearing the completion of their tour of duty in Canada and will therefore shortly be posted away. Nevertheless, it is necessary to regard the provision of sports facilities on Stations from the point of view of the Air Force as a whole. Sometimes, one

Continued Overleaf

is posted to a Station where ample facilities for sports already exist, but these have been provided by our predecessors. At another time, one may be less fortunate and be posted to a new Station where there are no sports facilities, and these have to be gradually built up. It is only by thinking of the Air Force as a whole in this connection that we can realise how reasonable it is that all personnel should contribute towards the provision of these amenities during the whole of their service no matter where they may be stationed

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE: AND IT DID!

OR

THE TALE OF TWO (OR THREE) TYPES.

This is no piece of duff: there's no 'duff' goes into these pages. In fact we think Ripley should have seen and heard what happened.

A certain member of the personnel of this Camp (we're working on the old 'un, you see, of "No names, no pack drill"), hung around inside a certain building on a very recent auspicious and busy occasion, much to the extreme displeasure of a certain other type—very much his senior.

Said another senior type, telling of what happened, "So he lifted him sir, and threw him out"

"Oh," said the 'sir,' by way of surprise and with an enquiring look.

"There may be some 664B action to take, sir," continued the aforesaid senior type with much obvious relish and satisfaction over what had happened. "Why?" asked the 'sir.'

"Well, sir, it was like this, sir. The doors were closed when he was thrown out"

Such was episode No. 1.

Episode No. 2 is rather different.

We know that Ansons, Lysanders, Hudsons, and Hurricans roar down our runways and take off and neither you nor us would think of being on the runway, would we (we hope!)

But this 'Brown job' type—a Corporal to boot—stood out on the edge of that so-and-so runway and TRIED TO THUMB A RIDE! There he stood, all expectant and hopeful like, his thumb up to an Anson. Would the kite stop to give him a lift? Not it! Would a Lysander heed his thumbing plea? No so-and-so fear!!! Would a Hudson? Would it, little-Nell!

Strange, strange to tell though, to the fastest kite that could have taken him to where he wanted to go—a Hurricane—he never once even raised his thumb at all.

The pity of it all—that one of the pilots didn't pick him up (that's so easy, of course!) and, having got him well on the way, said to him, "I'm going to Iceland!"

That would have shaken the Corporal to the core!

THE CORPORAL'S CORNER



Following a prolonged period of restlessness, the members of the club have at last made a concerted effort toward producing a more stable constitution.

Through apparent lack of interest on the part of all the members, the entire social and business operations of the club had become passive. Thus, after several months of discontent during which many proposals and disposals were made, a general meeting was called. The outcome of this meeting held on Wednesday, 24th March, was the inception of a new committee as follows:-

Chairman—Cpl. Woolcock.

Treasurer—Cpl. Hall.

Secretary—Cpl. Clarke.

Sports Representative—Cpl. Smith.

Members—Cpl. Holden, Cpl. Hampton, Cpl. Horne, Cpl. McEvoy.

The new committee let no grass grow on the runways, and before the meeting concluded a full social programme for the coming month was arranged. A call for volunteers to take care of club-room cleaning and maintenance one evening weekly, met with approval.

I hope to see every Corporal at present on the station strength taking an active interest in the welfare of his club, thus encouraging a spirit of co-operation and good fellowship.

In conclusion, may I on behalf of the club, address a few words of thanks to departed members for their untiring efforts in the club's interests, and wish them God speed and safe return to their native heath.

T. WOOLCOCK.



VICTORY—THEN WHAT?

By Drew Alison

Can we, while in the throes of mortal conflict clearly visualise what we really hope for in the future? What does future life hold for us? What do we expect to find in it? Will we continue where we left off prior to the outbreak of hostilities, seeking contentment with a peace such as followed the last major upheaval? Returning to our same lethargic mode of living; blindly blundering onward towards further chaos. Time, no doubt will reveal the answers to these questions, but meanwhile we must prepare to fight for a victory, after victory. Must be ready to fight for some form of faith or ideal which will bring to the world a new conception of living.

Many of us find it desperately hard to believe in God. We cannot believe in ourselves, and even less in our fellow man. The transgressions of our fellow humans have obscured belief. How hard it is to believe in love if we have never been loved; to believe in justice if we have never had a square deal; to believe in right if most people we have met seemed crooked; or to believe in self sacrifice when all around us are selfish. It is not only hard. It's impossible. If we cannot believe in that which we can see, how then can we believe in God Whom we cannot see?

Some do not want to believe in God. Their desires in life are so opposed to God's teaching it wouldn't suit them to believe. They can't. Yet, by believing in God we can provide a foundation upon which to build a new, better and more stable conception of life in the future. The foundation of hope, which is the spark of life. To the furtherance of this end we must dedicate ourselves and all our resources. Let us learn to believe, and when we have done so, teach others. Let us begin to LIVE.

TO WORDSWORTH

While seated with your quill in hand,
Or dream-walking in some foreign land,
While sailing on the river Thames,
Or visiting some sequestered glens,
Dids't ever dream that such as I
Would sometime your sweet verse descry:

Did'st ever dream in future years,
Perhaps some youth would know your tears?
Know your loves and reveries,
And try to write poor lines as these?
Oh, Wordsworth, may my soul impart,
Such sweet verse as thy rhythmic art.

D. PELLELY

Stories, Short, Concluded—

casually that a few years before, she was an adept at standing on her head for quite a long time. It was Ham's insistence that she re-perform this feat there and then for his benefit, that caused them to drift apart. He should have realised that such exhibitions in those days, were not considered in the best taste, even in the privacy of one's own kitchen.

I mention this episode, because it was the turning point in the whole career of an extremely dull youth. Hamfish from that very moment decided to become a policeman. At the age of 18 he fluffed his exams at Hendon College, and it was only a private interview between his mother and the Chief of Police that gave him any sort of chance at all. From then on his record was one of dismal failure until at the age of eighty-three he was made a detective. Then came his great moment; he was put on to trailing the corespondent in a divorce case. But after all, I have told you he gets shot, and it would be wrong of me to acquaint you with any further details; you might read the story some day, if it ever gets written.

I Joined To See The World, Concluded—

When leave rolled round, a party of four of us made a trip to the capital city of Kashmir state, Shrinagar. There we lived in house boats on the famous Dall Lakes at the foot of the Himalayas. Time passed quickly. Fishing, boating and shooting were the order of the day. This was really "home from home!"

While attached to H. Q. flight at Delhi, I saw a remarkable record made by a fire tender driven from Lahore to Delhi, a distance of some 480 miles. The driver Cpl. Tommy The cldd (th one and only), wanted to make the Corporal's Club bar before closing time. Corporal Ruck was on hand to check him in! (was your stop watch correct mate?)

Later I visited Agra where I saw one of the seven wonders of the world—the Taj Mahal—whose incomparable beauty defies description. It holds one spell-bound with its crystal marble sparkling in the moonlight.

Eventually, in the early months of 1935, I was on the boat list for the U. K. and with profound regret had to leave my squadron to journey south. Kit, service and otherwise packed, I commenced the homeward trek across the Gobi, Sind and Thar Deserts, finally arriving again at Karachi. There I sighted a "goofa" bearing the name H.M.T. Lancashire above the blue line. After twenty-one days, of which I remember ONE only, we docked at Southampton.

Throughout my travels I never once possessed a bicycle, and although a local lad I DID manage to see a bit of the world. So to those of you who consider you have done a full tour of duty I say, "roll on the boat—EAST or WEST!"

A. H. J. SMITH, S. W. O.

Summer Sports ARE HERE AGAIN!



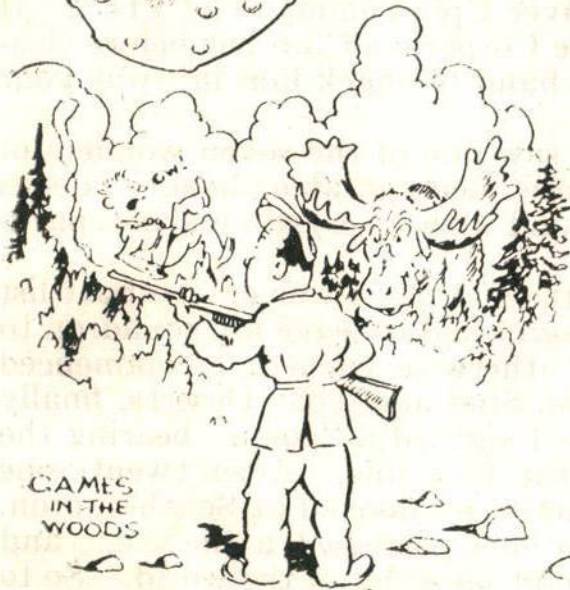
SUN-SIZZLING.



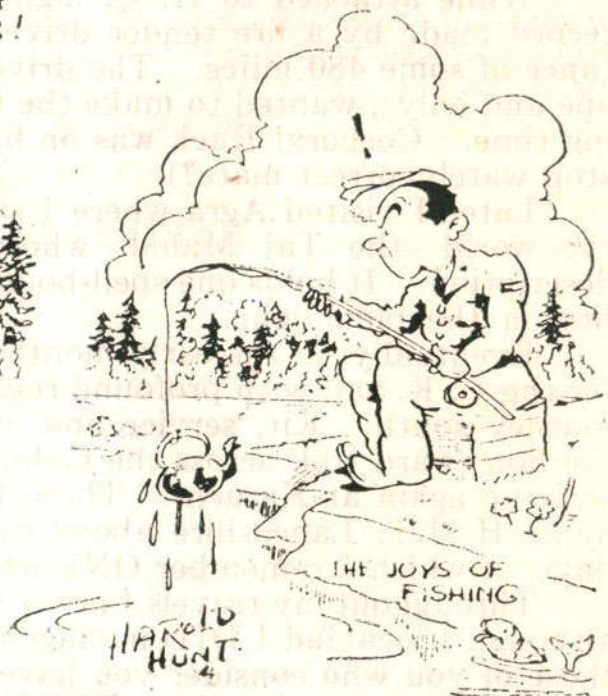
THE SECOND FRONT OPENS UP AGAIN.



THOSE PESKY
'SKEETERS!



GAMES
IN THE
WOODS



THE JOYS OF
FISHING

HAROLD
HUNT



The Commanding Officer's Wife, Mrs. J.H. Woodin (Centre)
with lady volunteers from Truro

LIBRARY NOTES

Well folks here we are again, another month has slipped by and yet a few more of us have left for that mysterious "concentration" camp known as No. 31 P.D., where it is rumoured all airmen (whether good or bad) are eventually sent after graduating as "Coke" Drinkers Group I—ah well—to those who are left one can only say "Wait for it!"

I am afraid that this month these Notes must needs be a trifle disjointed owing to the absence of some of the Members of the Library Staff on Leave. At the moment of writing it is not possible to let you have a list of the new books, but as soon as it is available it will be prominently displayed in the Library.

By the way, we are endeavouring to enlarge our Technical Section, we have long felt the need for this Section to be augmented and have recently approached the Senior N.C.O's in various Trades to let us have some idea of the types of books which would be most advantageous for those wishing to improve their knowledge of their respective Trades. We hope therefore to be able, in the near future, to place on the shelves a selection of Technical Books which will be of great assistance to you all.

H. H. & B. C. E.

FOR LANDS SAKE!

Oh, do shut up about this boat question! Here we are hibernating in this place for well nigh two years, and the only question we are ever asked is, "Aren't you due to go back?" Why, we're almost beginning to like the place, and with the officers getting so chatty these days, life becomes really congenial. One of them even went so far as to say good-morning to us the other afternoon, and though slightly bewildered, we hastily responded to keep up the atmosphere of good fellowship. His intentions were good though his observation was at fault.

Anyway, how are we going to know what happens to Aunt Lucy when Bunny Rogers joins the Happy Gang? Meaning the Air Force of course! We all have made arrangements to be kept informed of the latest developments in the leading washboard weepies, but there's nothing like hearing them first hand. We might forget which soap gives the whitest wash...ever! Well, we will keep tuned -in daily until we go.

Another thing! Who will keep the new chaps in touch with all the "hot-spots" and niteries around here? We know there are many familiar with every gay rendezvous in the district, but a little advice here and there regarding cover charges, service and the Debert society "400" pleasure haunts, always comes in handy.

And who is going to introduce the newcomers to the stores section? It is a recognised fact that none of the staff there will entertain your enquiries or exchanges without first having a formal introduction.

Look at the accounts section too. All right, turn your back if it hurts to do so. Admittedly they're not a very handsome bunch, but that doesn't solve the problem of converting income-tax in pounds, shillings and pence to dollars and dimes. Without our advice the accounts people will no doubt become confused.

Again there's the question of beer. Without the aid of the "91" veterans it is quite possible the ration-conscious Liquor Commission will cunningly cut down the allotment of nectar to a mere seven or eight bottles per head per day. That is, if we are not around to keep them up to scratch.

Speaking about scratching! There are the mosquitoes to contend with in the summer months. You'll need advice concerning the habits of these winged !/c"&c" (censored . Ed.) Though the little fellows probably mean well, their fun and games are liable to be irritating; especially to you, baldy.

Yes, the three year heroes will have reason to be most grateful to the old 'uns, but take heart, it doesn't sound a long time if you say it quickly!

T. C. H.

A grocer pleaded guilty to having faulty scales. He saw the error of his weighs. (Punch.)

OVERHEARD IN EAST CAMP CANTEEN

"Yes "announced Tubby majestically, reaching for another bottle of beer, I formed my opinion of this country as soon as I left the boat at Halifax. It's primitive, mate, that's what it is. They call it a civilized country and they serve you with stuff like this! Cor! What an 'ole! There's no REAL beer here; give me Birmingham every time!

There was a sound of feet scraping on the floor as Tubby prepared himself for another tirade. Without wiping the froth from his mouth he resumed. "Now! Take the food; breakfast for example. Flap-jacks! Cowboy stuff! Cor! I'd rather stop in bed for the few moments you fellows waste." "Well," boomed Lofty from somewhere in the region of his noble tens, "You don't look too bad on it. Getting as fat as a pig!"

"What d'ya mean, FAT?" roared Tubby, beer trickling down his three chins. Me? Fat? That's muscle, mate, not fat! It 'ud do some of you blokes good to get a little meat on your bones."

"Yes," piped Slim, "But we DO take some exercise! Don't you EVER get off that bed of yours?"

Tubby braced himself against this fresh onslaught. "Don't I go to Truro every '48'?" "Oh, yes, of course," interrupted Jock, "But only to do a bit of business, and then back on the next bus."

"Cor! what is there to do or stay down there for? Backward 'ole!"

"Don't you ever stay in town for a meal, Tubby?" asked Jock "I'm sure they'd love to see your sword-swallowing act."

"Nah!" Tubby replied disgustedly, "they don't know how to use a knife down there. Use a fork all the time. I tell you they're backward, mate. Primitive! that's what they are."

Anyhow' said Lofty "why don't you take a trip somewhere—say Montreal, or Toronto—and take a look at a REAL city? Are you hard up or something?"

"Nah!" replied Tubby, indignation creeping into his voice, "I've got the ackers, mate! I'll shake you all one of these days, you'll see!"

"Well, now's the time chum" added Lofty. "You've got 14 days leave to come. Why not get your application in right away?"

Poor old Tubby He searched the froth on top of his sixth glass for an answer, but all he could see was 295. He filled it in under direct supervision of his three friends. Yes, Tubby is on his way to Toronto now. No doubt the outcome of his visit will be a changed opinion of Canada. He'll discover that it's himself, not the country that is backward.

A North of England Council has two secondhand steam-rollers for sale. They make excellent paperweights. (Punch.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir:

The landscape pictures appearing in recent issues of P.G. were greatly appreciated both by myself and those at home to whom I forwarded them. I hope you will continue to include a few of these delightful studies of Canada, but couldn't you use some of the pictures taken by members of the camp personnel?

PEEWEE.

Thank you for your suggestion Peewee. We had already decided to adopt such a plan, the result you will see in this issue.

EDITOR.

Sir:

Judging from the amount of "tripe" you are publishing in your magazine, don't you think ten cents too much?

P.J.

Dear P. J.:

We welcome your criticism, but do not recollect having received any material evidence of your trying to improve the quality of YOUR magazine's contents. We trust this will be forthcoming in the near future.

EDITOR.

Sir:

Along with this humble effort I extend my best wishes for the future of P.G. Although I shall not be here to offer further criticism of your valiant work, I will look forward to receiving forthcoming issues of "the mag" with keen anticipation.

FIDUS ACHATES

Thank you for your contribution, good wishes and the appreciation of my predecessor's work. I shall endeavour to maintain the standard of P.G. and make every effort to comply with your request for future issues of "the mag."

EDITOR.

DO YOU KNOW?

That all copy MUST be in the hands of the Editor by the 25th of each month for publication in the following month's issue. This is the "DEAD LINE" and material received after that date will be held over until the following month. Submission earlier than "dead line" will be greatly appreciated by the staff and myself. EDITOR.