

"PUKKA GEN."

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir:

Last pay parade I noticed quite a number of Airmen did not appear to realize that it was the camp magazine which was offered for sale. Might I suggest some form of notice or display card be erected to ensure attention.

L.A.C.

Thank you for the tip L.A.C. We shall endeavour to have the matter rectified.

EDITOR

Sir:

The chief criticism I have to offer in connection with April P. G. is that it seemed to me too full of the service. How about some stories or articles not connected with the service?

HOPEFUL

Dear Hopeful:

P. G. is, as you know, a service magazine. We feel therefore that it should contain mostly matter appertaining to the service. Your suggestion will, however, be given careful consideration.

EDITOR

Sir:

I thought your April issue of P. G. was very good indeed and I have sent several copies home. Do you think we could have a few more section notes? I think this would add interest and be appreciated by the lads in general.

REGULAR READER.

Dear Regular Reader:

Thank you for your compliment and the excellent suggestion. We too, would like to be able to present a greater variety of section notes, but alas nobody gives us the "low-down." Perhaps you can persuade yourself or some of your friends to let us have the "gen" from your section. You may be sure it will be most welcome.

EDITOR

Sir:

I am only an R.A.F. 'wife' but I have felt for several months past that I should like to write a small appreciation of your magazine.

I always look forward to my husband saying "Oh! here is P. G. for you." I enjoy reading all the little quips about people I have heard of in the camp and find the cartoons amusing.

I feel sure I am not alone among the wives in saying that we do get real interest and pleasure from reading of the activities of our friends at the camp.

So—Thank you Mr. Editor and please keep it up.

Yours truly,

EILEEN V. PIKE

(Mrs. R. V. Pike)

## R. A. F. COMFORTS AND WIVES' CLUB

On arrival in Canada I realised that something was needed to enable the wives of all ranks at Debart to meet one another, to understand the local point of view and to add to the comfort of the airmen at Debart, so, with my husband's blessing, I started the Wives Club. A number of wives have met each Monday during the winter months in a Hall kindly loaned to us by Mrs. Patterson of the Red Cross, to whom we are all very grateful. For the sum of 10 cents we have been able to provide tea, cakes and sandwiches and Mrs. MacWilliam of Truro, has given invaluable help in serving teas. Mrs. R. V. Pike has proved a very able Secretary-Treasurer and has been a tower of strength to me. Up to date we have made 153 garments. Squadron Leader N. M. Slaughter addressed us twice and informed us that good use has been made of the comforts. He hopes that during the summer months a store may be laid in for next winter. P.S.I. kindly pays for the wool. Anyone requiring wool has only to ask me for it and it will be provided.

During the past two months we instituted a weekly raffle to collect money for various War Charities, and have been able to send \$17.00 to the Queen's Fund and \$16.00 to the Merchant Seamen's Fund. One day we may even have a collection for the C.O.'s Fund!

I think I can say that the Tea Parties have been a success as many wives have made friends and I sincerely hope that these friendships may last, wherever you may be stationed, on this side of the "Pond" or the other. Personally, I have made many friends whom I shall always remember.

The Red Cross has opened an "Opportunity Shop" in Truro which the Army and Air Force Wives are helping to staff. So far, it has been a great success; an "Opportunity" not to be missed. All takings go to the worthy cause of the Red Cross.

Thanks to Mr. Dunn, the Y. M. C. A. Canteen in the Camp seems to be highly successful and I would like to say how much we all enjoy working under Mrs. McBurney and Mrs. Doane's supervision. It really is a joy. I will end by saying "Thank You" to all those Wives who have so energetically supported my various ventures, it has been quite hard work but well worth while if it adds one jot to the comfort of the boys at the Camp.

(Signed) JOYCE WOODIN,

President R.A.F. Wives' Club.

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# BUY WAR BONDS

## JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS

"Yo, Heave Ho!", yodelled John, "Push out the boat."

"Just come ashore, and let's have it the right way up first, shall we?" I said.

Slightly abashed, he crawled up the beach, and we rearranged the boat with the hollow side uppermost.

"And not quite so much noise," I added. "Have you forgotten that it is three o'clock in the morning? We shall wake up all the neighbours."

"What neighbours?", said J. "I haven't seen anyone for three days."

"That is largely due," I was forced to point out, "to the fact that, for the last three days, during the hours of daylight you have been in bed. And incidentally, where is that bucket of bait I told you to bring down?"

He disappeared in the general direction of the house, and reappeared ten minutes later, bearing a bulky package.

"Since when does one carry bait in a crate?" I asked. "You appear to have overlooked that this is a fishing trip."

"Not at all, old boy," he replied. "This is an essential part of the equipment. Have you never heard of the fishermen of,— I forget the name of the place,—somewhere round here. They find it necessary to build their rafts with railings round the side; obviously they must have the right idea. Do you think we should put a few railings round this boat?"

"No," I said. "And don't break that golf club: it is the only one I have to play with tomorrow morning."

"This morning," amended John absently, "Isn't the moonlight wonderful? I think I shall go for a walk along the front."

There was obviously nothing to be done about it, so I sat down beside the crate.....

Half an hour or so elapsed, and John returned.

"What are you doing up that mast?" he enquired suspiciously.

"Fixing the sail," I answered.

"Wouldn't it be better to have the boat afloat first?"

I look around; there seemed to be mud everywhere; the tide had gone out about a mile.

"And incidentally," went on John relentlessly, "What are all these empty bottles lying around?"

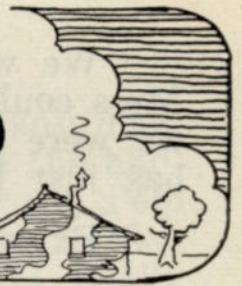
Perhaps it is just as well we did not get afloat that night. I was told later that the salmon did not start running until the following Tuesday.

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Official instructions to the public on how to secure a drifting barrage balloon state that the guys should be seized and tied to a tree. It is an advantage if you can get some other guys to help you. (London Opinion).



# GEN FROM THE OFFICER'S MESS



Our home from home assumes more and more the appearance of a morgue. Except on the odd day, of course. That we can still get a pretty good party going on the rare occasion was evidenced by the dance on 16th April,—at which, if nothing else, we received an excellent demonstration of naval tactics during the later part of the evening,—but the self denial required to make this possible is getting a bit steep.

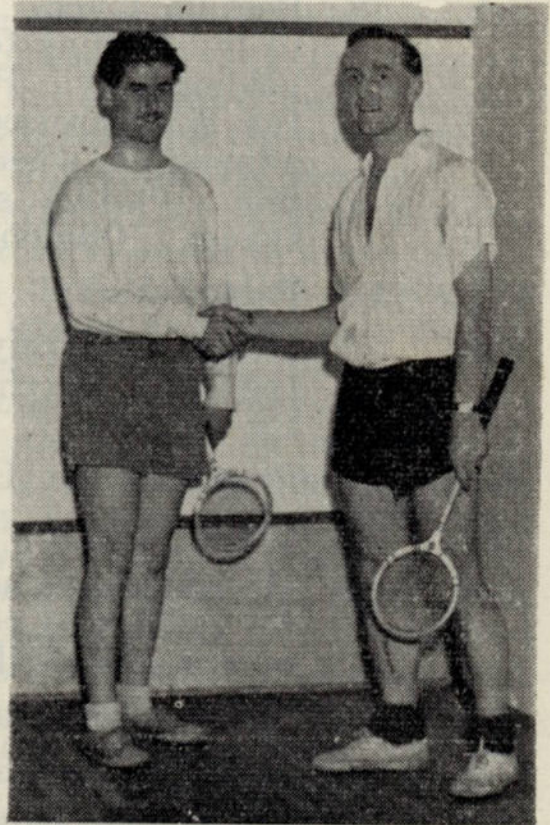
The majority of the types have at last moved out, and a new president and committee are needed for the Veterans' Club. And, incidentally, a new choir master, but the choir practices are so few and far between these days that the latter appointment can wait a while. To be perfectly frank, we had hoped that the departure of Mouse Fitz, Winkle, 'Jimmy' and Co. would result in supplies being available for other Members, but apparently we did them an injustice. We do feel, however, now that a dart-board has been instituted in the Mess, that a representation should be made to the Authorities for an extra ration. Every one knows the fatal consequences of playing darts on an empty stomach.

Our hearty congratulations go to Winkle on the award of the A. F. C. (We imagine by now the roof of the Mount Royal will have been replaced).

There are few other items of interest to record, except:

(a) S/Ldr. Slaughter won the squash tournament, and is posted;

(b) The strains of boogie are now no longer heard at all hours of the day and night— someone else must have left.



**S/Ldr N.M. SLAUGHTER (right)**  
**Winner of squash tournament**  
**with S/Ldr C. Foxley-Norris.**

### Postscript

We were, until recently, unaware that any Member of the Mess could find sufficient material to keep a diary; it seems that we were wrong again; we reproduce below a parchment which has just been unearthed:

Extracts from:

#### The Diary of a Deadbeat

- Feb. 15 Beef for Dinner. Went to Truro. Returned early. Forgot what went for.
- Feb. 18 Beef for lunch. Bridge in evening. Partner objected to my bidding four hearts as an opening bid without holding any. Pointed out that in accordance with the Standardised Code of bidding this is perfectly admissible, when one has seen one's opponent's hand first. Partner said in this case bid should be five spades. Obviously partner cannot play bridge.
- Feb. 19 Party, Party! Met Clementine.
- Feb. 20 Heard am likely to be posted to England. This is the end. Purchased new suit of summer drill. Beef for dinner.
- Feb. 21 Proposed to Clementine.
- Feb. 22 Choir practice. My God! Chicken for lunch.
- Feb. 24 Heard there is no possibility of getting back to England for at least  $7\frac{1}{2}$  years. This is better; sold new suit of summer drill. Beef f.d. Coffee for tea.
- Feb. 25 To the Cinema. "Ben Hur." Splendid!
- Feb. 26 Married Clementine. Peach jam for breakfast.
- Feb. 27 For a long walk. Lost a galosh. B.F.D.
- Feb. 28 Paid?—No. Borrowed 50 cents to buy petrol. Threw away other galosh. Beef.
- Feb. 29 ? ? No such day this year. A misprint.
- March 1 More choir practice. Badly needed. Forgetting words of repetoire. So are other members. (B.F.D.)
- March 2 More Bridge. Opposition not in favour of spilling beer over cards, more than twice in evening. Prefer Whisky,—not so plebian, Disagreed;—all for democracy. In any case Bar sold out of Whisky.
- March 3 Marmalade for lunch.

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"Italian General wounded," states Rome radio. "In the 'seat' of War' presumably. (London Opinion).

## ON DUFF GEN

To award the time-honoured title "Pukka Gen" to any magazine copy, or grape-vine information, is to stamp it with the hallmark of "Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, s'elp me." In other words, the vendor has sifted the gossip and verified the accuracy by consulting the appropriate authority, finally checking the documents of the previous purveyor, to ensure that worthy was never on the fizzer for hawking duff gen. Then, and only then, may the gen under review be deemed "Pukka," and released for crew-room circulation. As dabbling in duff gen ranks with high treason, or passing cocaine, the penalties attaching to this most heinous offence will be apparent to any thinking individual. If found guilty, the culprit has invariably been "written off" one way or another. Especially was this so if the major charge contained a further indictment of "Bumming his Hooter."

It is a sad commentary on the accuracy of our English History, as recorded in the school readers, that no mention is made of duff gen hawking, despite the fact it was quite prevalent among the armed forces of the Crown, and persists to this day in a milder form. The historical omission is due to the fact that any prominent duff gen monger was put on the mat on some alternative charge, which nevertheless, provided the same capital sentence. In this way, the proud family name was saved from eternal odium. For example, take Sir Walter Raleigh, founder of the wellknown Cycle Works. Combining duff gen with a spot of personal publicity in the worst possible way, he spun a bender to the King about the silver mines in the New World. James, being a thoroughbred bannock-snatching Scot, and itching to get this mitts on some easy "siller," told our Walter to get organised, and bring the booty on charge-pronto!! When our hopeful returned, the King held out an expectant duke, and with typical Caledonian eloquence, said "Gie' us'—but the unfortunate knight could not fork out even a thin dime by way of a sample. Naturally, the disappointed monarch shouted the odds, having been led up the garden like that, hastily thumbed his copy of A. P. 804, and finally ordered Raleigh to be reduced to produce. To cite the original Form 252—"In Thatt Hye Dydd Hawke Duffe Genne."—S'fact!!

Take the celebrated Archbishop, Thomas 'a' Becket, who had Canterbury Cathedral on his charge at one time. According to the history books, one of the Henrys (Mk III, V, or VI, I forget which) was held responsible for Thomas being found, beyond economical repair, by one of the vergers whilst doing a 40-hour on the chancel. In actual fact, the Archbishop came unstuck over a little sharp practice with the offertory bags, through refusing to "divvy up" with the deacons, who were also in the swindle. However, when at school, you'll recollect how we boys had to mug up a load of guff about the King's subsequent penance. A lot of tripe about it being a mark of the Royal regret at Thomas a' Becket being converted into a "Category A" crash. Childlike and simple-

minded (as indeed some remained) how we feasted our eyes on the coloured illustration. There was Henry, top cowlings removed, benders retracted, as he knelt at the chancel steps, whilst the hefty Abbot sorted him out good and proper with a length of rubber hose. Actually, not as chronic a punishment as one would imagine, as, for all that he'd never been on coal fatigue, Henry had the hide of a rhinoceros. Here's the real McCoy on why that walloping was administered by the peeved prelate.

Wishing to get quids in with the Abbot, who had succeeded Becket, Henry promised the cleric he should figure in the next "London Gazette." Unfortunately, the Chancellor, one Wyken de Firkin, didn't go a bundle on either his Royal master or the Abbot. Three times running had the King detailed him for church parade. On each occasion the reverend gent had made matters worse by stinging de Firkin for a spot of honest toil on the tenor bellrope. It must be admitted the Chancellor fairly asked for it through cracking his head down during the sermon. Thus, the wily Wyken chose the morning after a guest night to present the King with the final Honours List for approval. Henry, still somewhat under the weather, and suffering from brewer's fidgets, didn't bother to scan the roll, but merely appended his thumb-print and called it a day.

Having been promised his "Acting Archbishop/Paid" the elated Abbot lashed out on a new bit of sackcloth; hinted darkly to the brethren he would consider making early church parade voluntary in the near future. Of course, the brotherhood saw in this their heaven-sent opportunity to check their football coupons in peace. All seemed merry and bright in anticipation.

When the List was published, obviously the enraged dignitary found he was "also ran." Grabbing the Domesday Book, he nipped smart and airmanlike around to the palace, and flatly accused the King of shoving duff gen around in choirs and places where they sing. Got quite nasty about it; gave it big licks in fact. Shouted he would excommunicate Henry with hell, book and candle as a common or garden duff gen monger, unless full satisfaction were forthcoming, and that right speedily!!! The monarch knew full well that, if proclaimed thus from every pulpit, he might as well pack in right away. So by way of appeasement, he agreed to a public flogging at the hands of the aggrieved Churchman. Quite obviously, the man in the street could not be told the real reason for coshing the King. The press duly informed a gullible public that Henry's penance was quite a voluntary affair, as an expression of grief at the filleting of the late lamented Thomas. I imagine the same fable is still being retailed to every school-attending bread-snapper.

Which I'll freely admit, gives you no clear indication why the foregoing commentary has been written, other than to drive home the seriousness of hawking duff gen. Brother, you've got it!! For one single individual, knight or monarch though he might be, to thus offend, is certainly bad enough. But, when a corporate body, no less than the Editorial Staff of "P. G." are guilty of dis-

tributing duff gen—well—as Ripley's sweep would exclaim "Cor stone the crows—Cor Sufferin' wars!!"

Friend, you and I cough up our ten cents each month, and have a right to expect that the Station magazine contains only matter which, (to quote verbatim from the editorial) is "Entertaining, informative, and interesting." Agreed, they don't actually specify TRUTHFUL also, but, just like a Flight Mechanic sliding craftily off the premises for early "break," that "goes without saying." The accuracy is taken for granted by each trusting subscriber.

Well, let's see who is in the cart. I presume you have read the April issue of "P. G." On reflection, the charge may be scrubbed against the cartoonists and the photographer; they may replace head-dress and fall out. But, as accessories before the fact, in addition to peddling duff gen on the grand scale, a true bill can be laid at the editorial door and that of the contributor also. Why?

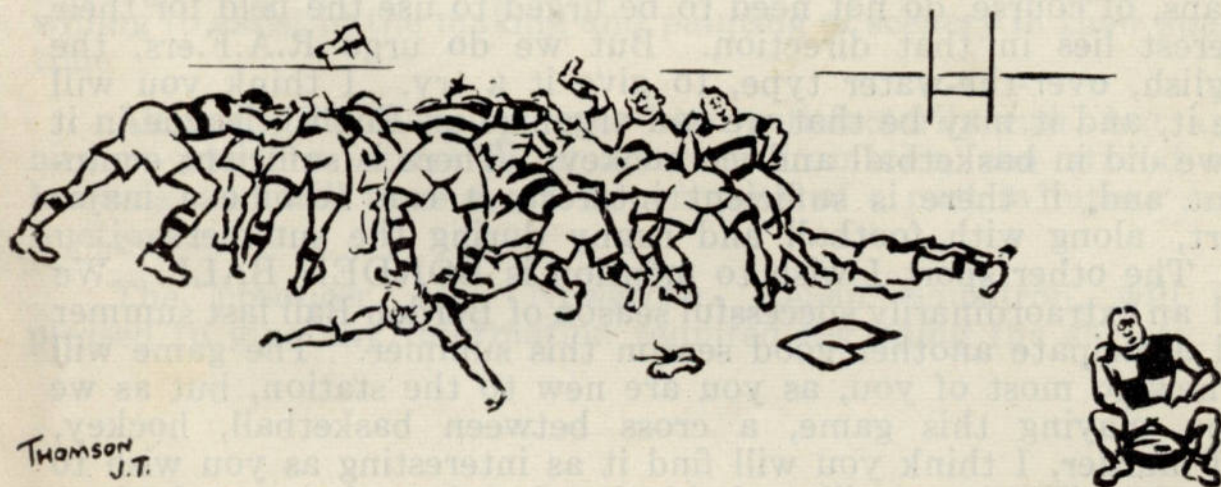
Admitted, it is probable the famous Taj Mahal can hold the average erk spellbound. (Howefer, I've known S.W.O.'s even more staggered when some notorious janker-bird has offered 'em a pint at a farewell evening.)

**BUT, I'll lay a bit of "folding" money no T.O.C. airman ever followed in the footsteps of Marco Polo, and trekked the Gobi Desert, to get from Peshawar to Karachi !!!**

X—20

(The editor, on behalf of his staff and himself, wishes to place on record that, owing to the high standard of veracity demanded from contributors, the above article would not have appeared had it not embodied an attack upon the editorial policy of P. G. Even so, perhaps the author of the article in dispute DID go bi way of the desert mentioned—in his dreams.)

EDITOR



## Y. M. C. A. PAGE

The editor pulls the time-honoured gag, "We just CAN'T go to press without **your** page," so I pull up my socks and throw a piece of paper into the typewriter. I, however, know "P. G." **can** go to press without this page, but I don't want it to if I can help it. So, midnight darkness or no, here we go:

I want to thank you for your interest in the Y.M. page in the last issue of the magazine. Many of you expressed interest, and some of you, surprise, at the barefaced catalogue of what the Y.M.C.A. on this station managed to do during the past year. As a matter of fact, a few fellows were quite skeptical and the skepticism wasn't washed away until I backed up the report with the original reports from which it was taken. But I liked the skepticism for it indicated that many fellows hadn't realized that the Y.M. did anything except chisel nickels out of the poor erk at the canteen counter. By this time I hope that my blatant propaganda is casting "light upon those who live in darkness." Actually, I'd like for the Y's presence here to speak for itself, but propaganda is a national policy and so I fall into line.

At the moment I am not so much interested in what has already happened but what we hope will happen on the station in the coming months. Although many of you have determined, "It can't happen **here**," it actually has. The "it," of course is spring, and its handmaidens, sun, grass, budding trees, many strange yens, and the call of the outdoors. Already many have found trickles of water into which they can peacefully dangle a fishing line; the country roads are full of wandering airmen and things. Spring also signals a new season of activity on the station—new programmes, new games, and most of them out of doors. I want to mention two of them. First, SOFTBALL. Yes, softball; may I remark here that it is **not** "rounders," any more than the Y.M.C.A. is the NAAFI. On the far side of the Drill Hall a field is being prepared for the use of softball teams, and should be about ready by the time this issue gets into your hands. Canadians, of course, do not need to be urged to use the field for their interest lies in that direction. But we do urge R.A.F.ers, the English, over-the-water type, to give it a try. I think you will like it, and it may be that we can organize an English league in it as we did in basketball and ice hockey. There is sufficient equipment and, if there is sufficient interest, it can become a major sport, along with football and rugby during the summer.

The other sport I wish to mention is BORDEN BALL. We had an extraordinarily successful season of Borden Ball last summer and anticipate another good season this summer. The game will be new to most of you, as you are new to the station, but as we begin playing this game, a cross between basketball, hockey, and murder, I think you will find it as interesting as you wish to make it. The game will probably be played on the ground where the ice hockey rink is now situated, and that should be convenient for everyone.

One more word and then I'm away: it's about the Y.M. Canteen and kitchen department: the new kitchen has been operating for one month now, and I am greatly pleased at its initial success. I feel it is filling a great need and I am sure you appreciate the work being done by the voluntary workers. R.A.F. wives and Truro ladies have responded nobly to the call for help. Without their help, the kitchen would not be open.

You have been very cooperative all through the month. There are but a few things to which we wish to direct your attention. First, a goodly number of men do not return their dishes to the serving counter when they are finished with them. As you know, this slows down service, and handicaps the workers in the kitchen. Please remember to return them as soon as you are finished. I don't think you'll need to be reminded of this again. Second, every night three or four fellows order food, and then leave before the order is ready. I doubt if this is because the service is slow. I think the ladies do remarkably well in getting them ready as soon as they do. Please, if you must leave before your order is ready, will you cancel the order and we'll all be a lot happier? For which, our thanks. No more moans for tonight. Remember always: any suggestions you wish to offer, or any question you wish to ask, will always be received with interest by the Y Supervisor,

REG DUNN

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### THE STATION DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Station Dramatic Society is producing "The Happy Ending" by Ian Hay, in a few weeks time.

It must be appreciated that, as a new venture, the Dramatic Society has set itself a big task, and would welcome any personnel willing to assist in the making and painting of scenery in their spare time

All parts for the play have been satisfactorily cast, but any airmen who are interested in amateur dramatics, can attend rehearsals, and will have every opportunity of a part in future productions.

The producer A.C. Newgrosh, Repair Squadron, will be pleased to give any information required regarding the society.

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There is "always a lot of gossip about a star actor in Hollywood," says a writer. Much of it is probably just old wives' tales. (London Opinion).

## SOME GEN ON PUKKA GEN

(For the benefit of our new readers, who are fast coming to like their Station Magazine P. G., we are reprinting herewith a letter which appeared some time ago in the pages of the Royal Air Force Journal.)

"I listened recently to a broadcast 'They Also Serve'—R.A.F. No. 8—The 'Gen' Office, at the start of which I understood the speaker to say that nobody knew how the word 'gen' had crept into Air Force speech and also that nobody knew what it really meant. I have an idea that I do know what it means and I thought perhaps you might be interested.

"The word 'gen' is the Romany (gypsy) word for 'knowledge.' English gypsies have contracted it to 'jin' but the word is the same wherever you go amongst gypsies, *i.e.*, it is 'gen' in Germany, 'jan' in Hungary, 'tchen' in Russia, 'gen' in America and so forth. A gypsy asking for general information about anything would say, just as the Air Force officer does 'Have you any gen on such and such' though of course the 'have you' would be in Romany as well.

"I was also particularly interested in the expression 'pukka gen.' Of course 'pukka' in this sense is the Anglo-Indian for good, but its use with the word 'gen' is striking to any gypsy scholar.

"'Pukka' in Romany means 'speech' or 'language' throughout the many countries where gypsies are to be found. A gypsy speaking to a non-gypsy like myself who happens to know the gypsy language, would most certainly say (in fact I have had it said to me many times) at some time in the conversation "I see you 'jin pukker'". In other words, 'I see you have knowledge of the language.' A German gypsy would say 'I see you gen pukka' and indeed I have had one say that to me.

"It seems to me altogether too much of a coincidence to find the word 'gen' in use in the right context in the Royal Air Force and in such close juxtaposition to the word 'pukka.' I would suggest that if you really want to find out the person who brought the words into the Air Force, you should look amongst the serving personnel for either a true Romany or Romany Rai.'

B. V. F.

### DO YOU KNOW?

That for a small sum (less than 20c) you can send a copy of the camp magazine to the people at home, or friends on your old station. This includes the price of P. G., postage and an envelope for the purpose. Why not send a copy of P. G. instead of trying to write all about what is going on where you are now. It is much easier and saves time.

## TRIALS OF THE WOULD-BE SHOPPER

Shortly after arriving in this country, I found it necessary to purchase some articles of clothing. Up to that time it had been a perfectly simple operation. One walked into a shop, stated precisely what one required, was given it, and walked out again. Now everything is changed. I will give you an illustration:

I walk into a shop.

"Good night, sir," says the shop assistant.

"I, er-oh, goodnight," I say, and walk out again.

This is just a preliminary obstacle. After two or three such episodes, I found that this is quite normal. I recently saw a film, the name of which I cannot remember,—possibly you also saw it, in which case you will undoubtedly know far better than I do what it was all about,—but in one scene the father of the house in New Delft, or it may have been Little Delft, points out from the foot of the stairs to the suitors of his daughters:

"Gentlemen, when a man says 'Goodnight' he does not mean 'Hello.'

As far as we are concerned in our locality, this is absolute fishpaste; he does, and will probably go on doing so.

All of which is, however, beside the point. Having mastered the correct salutation, one again ventures into the emporium. For example:—

I walk into a shop (again).

"Goodnight, sir," says the shop assistant.

"Goodnight," I say, "I would like some pants."

"Very good, sir,—How do these appeal to you?"

"Not at all. I require pants, not trousers."

"Ah! you mean shorts."

"No, I do not mean shorts; as it happens, I also need some shorts, but at the present moment I am requesting pants."

"Well, now, as far as shorts go, sir, we have a very good line here. They come only at \$25.95."

"When I need bathing trunks I shall ask for them by name," I reply. "In the meantime please be so good as to bring me a pair of suspenders."

I am now wondering how it is I have contrived to acquire another pair of braces, when I have already six pairs.

Or yet again:

I walk into a shop.

"Goodnight" says the young lady behind the counter.

"Goodnight," I say. "I would like a collar stud."

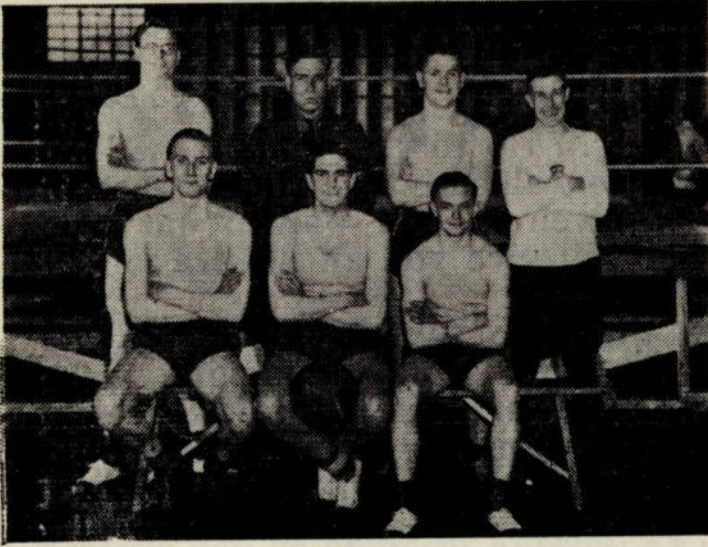
She looks blank.

"I don't think we have any," she says, "But just a minute."

She calls the supervisor, who has a sudden inspiration.

"Oh, No," says that worthy. "You want the hardware department. That is downstairs."

After all, I mean to say. Is it any wonder we are walking about improperly dressed?



### WINNERS

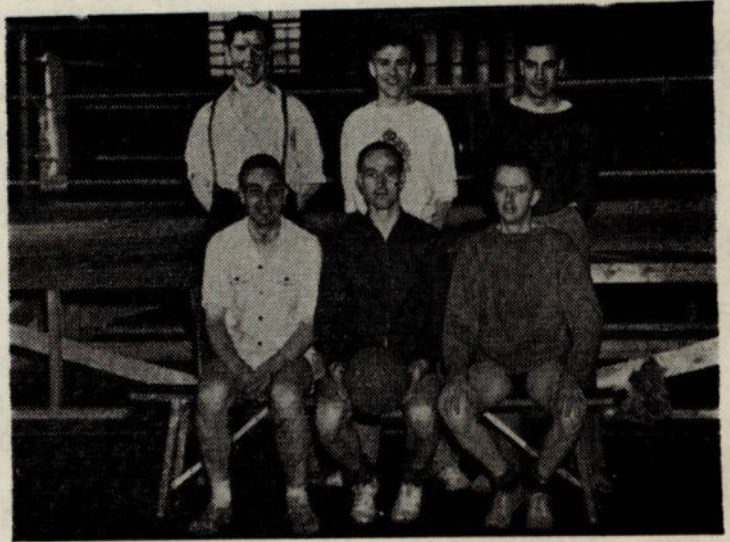
#### SIGNALS SECTION

Back Row: L.A.C. Irvine,  
L.A.C. Thornley, L.A.C.  
Fishwick, L.A.C. Jeffrey  
(Coach). Front Row: A.C.  
Reddish, L.A.C. Butler,  
L.A.C. Clarke.

### RUNNERS-UP

#### PADRE'S TEAM

Back Row: L.A.C. Mercer,  
(Referee), Capt. Goldberg,  
Mr. Cameron, (Met. Office.)  
Front Row: F/O Lewis,  
The Padre, F/O McKinnon

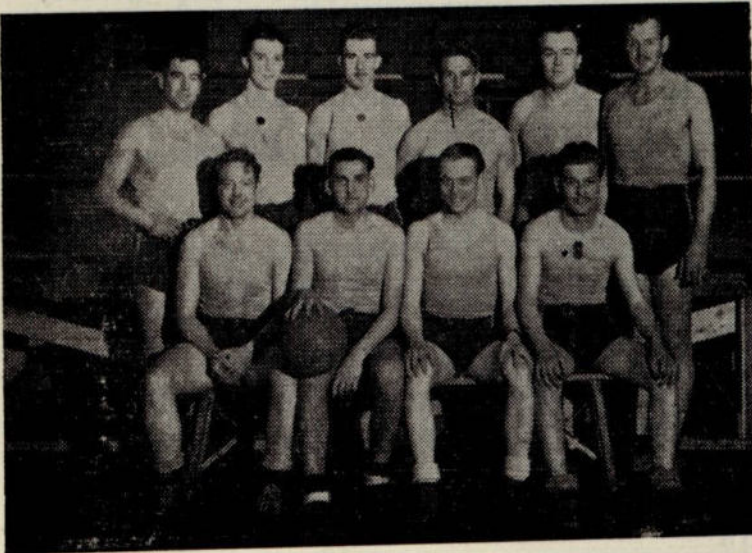


### STATION TEAM

vs

#### QUEENS' OWN RIFLES

Back row: F/O McLeod,  
P/O Hall, P/O McGuire.  
Sgt. Wheel, A.C. McEac-  
hern, F/O Tisdale.  
Front row: P O Costie,  
Cpl. Hampton, Reg. Dunn,  
P/O Dawson.



## SPORTS LETTER

**Boxing.** takes a major place in our sporting activities, but we have not had any cooperation from the potential boxers at training sessions, with the exception of a faithful few who like to attend, if only to keep fit. F/Sgt. Hutchinson is going to be a great asset if only he can spare a minute or two for training. We have new gloves, ropes, shorts, boots and all other necessities. Such personalities as 'Jock' Manzie, Harry Thompson, 'Taffy' Davies, Hughie Hughes, F/Sgt. (Security Guard) Guppy and many other friends will be there to take part in our next boxing meet.

**Soccer.** The Station League is expected to start any moment now, or when the committee can find time to get together:

F/O. Brown.

Cpl. Woolcock.

L.A.C. Mason.

A. C. Sargent.

We are having difficulty getting the essential strips for organising this 'Game of all Games' and I now make a plea to the people using kit, 'Please return kit by 10.00 hours on the day following the day of use.'

F/Sgt. Price of Target Towing Flight, although a Rugby player himself, aided the Sports Store by presenting it with 20 pairs of Soccer boot laces and enough cloth to enable us to provide the Rugby, Soccer and Borden Ball fields with flags to last a season's play.

**Rugby.** This is a great and originally English sport, that is being well run by F/Lt. Murison, F/Sgt. Moss and F/Sgt. Brookes. Being an Englishman myself, I still think that the Welshman can be beaten at our own game. I should be very pleased to see the Scotch and Irish field teams for a game. W/O MacLean will probably field a Scotch team if Squadron Leader Grogan can find plenty of support from the 'wearers of the green.' See what you can do chaps and arrange with either F/Lt. Murison or myself.

**Basketball.** The season is nigh over for this sport. To most Englishmen, it is new and looks very much the ladies game, but it is highly scientific when played correctly. The Inter-Section Cup Competition, (cup kindly presented by Wing Commander Littlejohn) was won by the Signals Section team who gained a narrow victory over the Padre's team in the final.

**Field and Track.** We are glad to welcome to our station F/O. Tisdale, who is a great athlete. Eighteen months ago he competed in the 1941 4th Division Debert Military Camp, Sport meet, and took 6 out of 7 events, thereby helping R.A.F. Debert obtain 93 points out of a possible 100 points, which established this station as a sporting camp with bags of talent.

We had our first meeting on Sunday the 26th at the track that surrounds the Rugby Field, and we expect more soon. If there are any other participants who wish to join our happy Field and Track gang, please made the necessary enquiries from either

Reg Dunn or myself. We have running shoes (spikes), javelins, shorts, and discus awaiting, airmen for the use of.

**Tennis.** Three courts have been completely marked on the parade ground. Eight tennis racquets and balls are available in the Station Sports Store, but we wish to have some tennis enthusiasts create a Tennis Committee, to help arrange games between the various Messes and possibly outside engagements can be taken into consideration.

**Softball.** A game, typically Canadian, is none the less very popular on other R.A.F. Units throughout the whole Command. We want to arouse interest, with the U. K. lads as the challengers after a few months play. Reg Dunn is to be informed regarding any softball suggestions or queries, so roll up chaps and let us see a bigger and better sports programme. We have the goods if only you will help us to aid you.

To all new arrivals my advice is, interest yourself in Canadian and American games whilst you are here for they will make you keener and help occupy your mind until the day comes when you will go back home. Then you can cherish many happy memories of Debert and Canada, which I can assure you, isn't home but is justly a great foster mother country.

Sgt. TOMMY WHEEL, P. T. I.

### BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER TOURNAMENT

Tuesday the 13th April saw the finals of the above played before a considerable gathering of interested spectators, including S/Ldr. Chambers and Padre Slaughter. Both games were good and some really fine play was witnessed.

In the Billiards final L.A.C. Chambers played exceptionally well, winning easily from L.A.C. Monaghan. The Snooker provided some thrills all three frames being played. The first frame was captured by A.C. Pollitt on the black ball; and the second, too was a black ball game. In the third frame, A.C. Pollitt appeared to be rather nervous and his play suffered accordingly. A.C. West continued to play well finally winning the game and the tournament.

S/Ldr. Chambers, deputising for the Commanding Officer who, unfortunately, was indisposed, presented the prizes.

### WARNING

We feel it our duty to warn all personnel to beware of purchasing second hand goods without first consulting an authority on the article in question. This applies particularly to cameras, radio receivers, cars, sports equipment and any other "bargains." Don't be a sucker!

## BASKETBALL INTER-SECTION CUP FINAL

**Drew McLaren Reporting**

Signals 24

Padre's Team 22

The teams: Signals—L.A.C. Butler, L.A.C. Fishwick, L.A.C. Irvine, L.A.C. Clarke and A.C. Reddish.

Padre's Team—S/Ldr. Slaughter, Capt. Goldberg (C.D.C.) F/O McKinnon, F/O Lewis and Mr. Cameron (Met. Office).

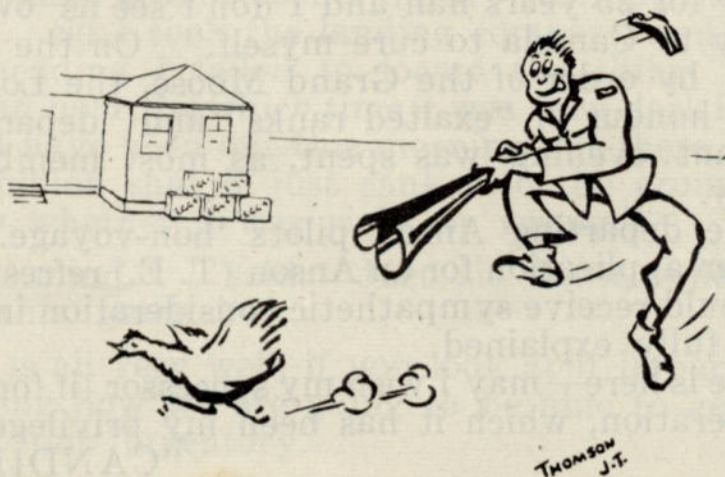
Referee—L.A.C. Mercer, (123 Sqdn.)

Because of their superior team-work and indomitable spirit, the Signals team dashed their way into winning the final of the Station English Basketball League played in the drill hall on April 14.

Following a lively period of attack and counter-attack during which Signals appeared to be marking rather closely, the game loosened up a bit and early in the second period the communications men gained a well-earned lead. Despite spirited thrusts by the Padre's centre, Signals continued to do most of the attacking and maintained a comfortable lead until close on the finish of the final period. Here the Padre's men seemed to have found their second wind and carried out a series of harrowing attacks on the Signals basket. Several successful shots were recorded bringing the score to 24-22 which stood until the final whistle.

Outstanding in the play was D. Butler of Signals whose dash and endless reserve of energy chalked up 17 points of his team's total score. For the Padre's team, McKinnon appeared to be the most dangerous attacking force, but lacked the support necessary to finish his thrusts.

On the whole the game was good. Play was hard and fast and although Signals were in trouble once or twice through their enthusiastic marking, the game was clean throughout.





# Eavesdropping at THE SERGEANT'S MESS



Why are Mess members so very reluctant to spare a few moments of their very great amount of spare time to pen a page or two of notes about their 'home-from-home?' Any volunteer can go ahead with the notes, after all it is far more advantageous to the Mess, to have different opinions and activities reported, by more than one member. "Candidus" is a very busy man and would like a relief from writing notes at lunch-hour on the "dead-line-for-P. G.-Day" Gentleman, all I ask is for your cooperation.....

We all take pleasure in welcoming members of the new draft, including our new P.M.C. (W/O. Montgomery). A live wire if I ever saw one! (This opinion is justified, if the expenditure of Mess funds is any criterion!) A vote of thanks from every one of us goes to the retiring P.M.C. (W/O. A. H. J. Smith) for the way he has carried the Mess through the difficult embryo stage. It is to be remembered by the 'Old Debertians' that the original Sergeants' Mess in no way compared with the comfortable dining and lounge rooms, we have now.

A matter of great moment—the beer famine. I don't think this is recognised as a major calamity. I assure you, being directly connected with the war effort, it is. Where are the smiling faces in the Mess, where is that happy carefree feeling, experienced after working hours?—obviously stifled by the lack of nutritious qualities to be found only in BEER. The only exception appears to be the "Moose Club," who gather as heretofore for their Grand Lodge meetings with camaraderie and jollity beaming from countenances half-hidden by 7-ups or cokes. Being all good fellows, however, we recognise the famine as being one of those unavoidable conveniences attributed to wartime. The only difference of opinion coming from the "Grand Moose," who constantly moans, "Ah bin drinking my beer for 25 years nah and I don't see as 'ow I 'ave to come all the way to Canada to cure myself." On the evening of Friday the 16th, by order of the Grand Moose, the Lodge held a special dinner in honour of "exalted ranks" and "departing members." A pleasant evening was spent, as most members had a day off next day.

We wish the departing Anson pilots 'bon-voyage.' If they desire to submit an application for an Anson (T. E.) refresher course, I am sure this would receive sympathetic consideration in the U.K., if the facts are fully explained.

The dead-line is here—may I wish my successor (if forthcoming) the bags of cooperation, which it has been my privilege, NOT to receive.

"CANDIDUS"

## ARDUA AND ALL THAT

It was all Robbie's fault: everything would have been all right, if he had only kept quiet. There we were, on a Sunday afternoon, busily engaged in preparing lectures for Thursday week, when he had the bright idea. He does not think it is quite so bright,—now, but what is the use of that?

It was about fifteen thirty, on the afternoon in question, when the magnificent scheme hatched itself in his brain.

"I have solved it," he cried, leaping to his feet. "The reason we do not get results is because we swing them indoors."

"Sit down and get on with the game, I said, "You seem to be forgetting yourself."

"But you don't understand, this is important," He insisted. "I must go."

And he did,—went I mean. He hustled from the room, and that was the last we saw of him that day. He turned up with a doleful expression the next morning.

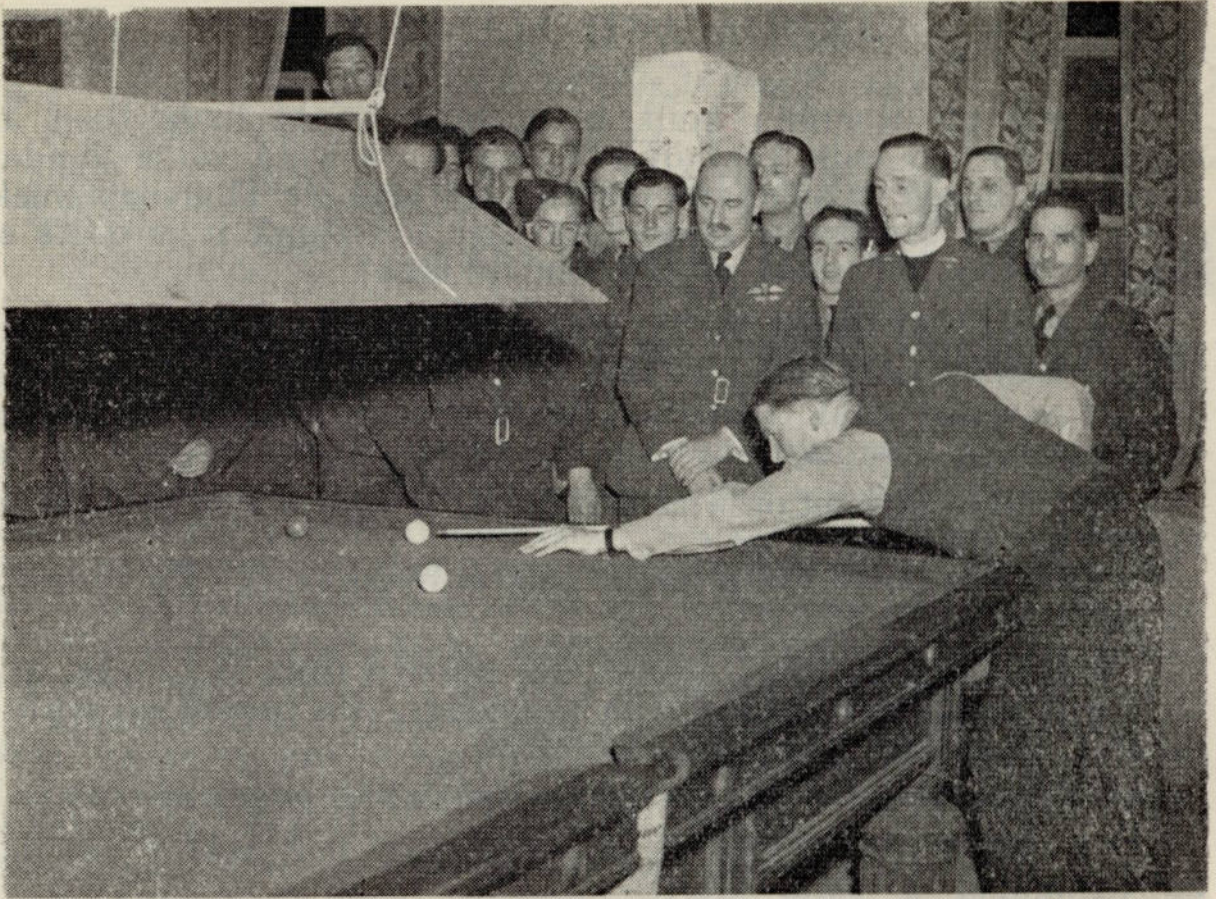
"Well, where did you get to yesterday?" I enquired.

"It didn't work," was his only response, but later in the day he expanded a little more.

"You see," he began, "It's this way. For some time past I have been bothered by the very poor results we have been getting. It was only yesterday that it came home to me that we were approaching the problem from entirely the wrong angle. So I took it out on to the runway, and tried it there. Mind you, when I say 'took,' the operation was not as simple as all that. I had to dissect the instrument, and transport it in pieces. There was a further spot of trouble, when I came back the second time; I found that someone had removed the turn-table, but eventually ran it to earth in the Officers' Mess, where they were using it as a dair board. Very stuffy about the whole affair, they were, too, when I took it. And then I discovered Stanley gnawing one of the brass-knobbed iron rods in the corner of the flight office. By this time it was, of course, getting rather dark. Nothing daunted I decided to carry on. So I took the landing compass, and started, but on the third heading I failed to locate the thing. I searched for about half an hour, by which time it was very dark indeed, and then gave up. I have been out this morning but there is no trace of it. It is my opinion that it just sank into the ground. And I still don't know whether I was right or wrong."

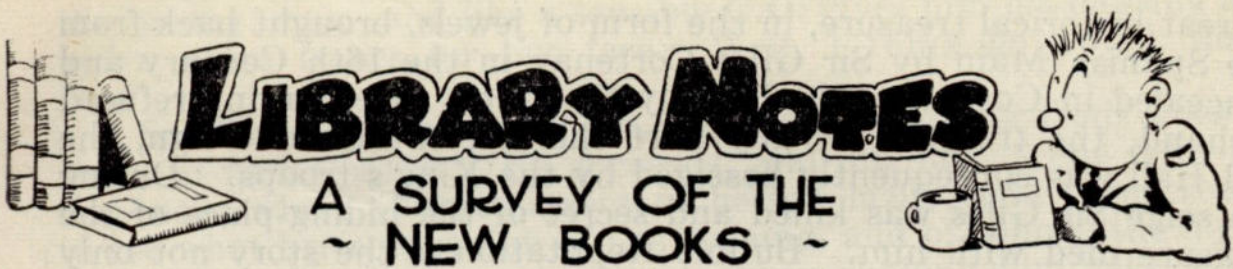
"Never mind," I said, "Just sit down, will you, and let's finish off this game."

Which is all very well, if you look at it impartially, but I am still wondering how we are going to be able to get one deviascope written off our inventory.



Above - Winner of the Billiards final LAC Chambers is watched by the Padre, S/Ldr. H.M. Slaughter, and President of Service Institute S/Ldr. H.Chambers: who also saw the final of the Snooker, being won by AC West (below)





# LIBRARY NOTES

A SURVEY OF THE  
~ NEW BOOKS ~

Hello everybody! With the passing of another month the newcomers are gradually settling down to the routine of the Unit. It would seem, judging from the number of books issued during the month, that they have quickly found the Library path.

By the way, at long last the Library is now under new management (so to speak) the new Librarians being L. A.C. Fells and A.C. Bridges, both of repair squadron. No Doubt they will carry on the good work with, it is hoped, the same close co-operation that you have given their predecessors. It is also hoped that under their capable supervision, the Library will increase in size and popularity.

Of the new books which have been added this month, the following are perhaps the most outstanding:

**The Seventh Cross** by Anna Seghers. This book is up among the best-seller class and needs very little introduction. It is a powerful story of the experiences of a fugitive from a notorious Nazi concentration camp. The horrors and inhumanity which, since the rise of Nazidom, are synonymous with the term "Nazi" are vividly portrayed as well as the almost unendurable sense of being continually hounded by one of the most efficient detective forces in Europe. In fact it is a strong and well written book which clearly emphasises that the main purpose of fighting this War is to see that such a state of affairs can never arise in our own countries.

**Bright to the Wanderer** by Bruce Lancaster. This well written and interesting novel is particularly recommended to all those of us who would learn more about the Country to which we have been brought by the fortunes of War. It is a story about the Upper Canadian Rebellion of 1837, a rebellion of which very few Englishmen (except a few students of Canadian History) may have heard and yet it was a rebellion which might quite easily have stripped all our possession in the New World from us. The Canadian Rebellion was carried forward by the same driving force which had been behind the American Revolution namely Freedom of Government, Religion and Speech which cements North America today. From it, eventually, merged Canada's Dominion Status. Alive with romance, action and scenes shifting from Toronto to Buffalo, Albany and Quebec, it expresses the jealousy with which free men eternally guard their rights.

**Bubble Reputation** by P. C. Wren. This novel by the Author of "Beau Geste" is a story of the days immediately preceding the War, the scene being set in Devonshire. The story concerns

a great historical treasure, in the form of jewels, brought back from the Spanish Main by Sir Giles Cortenay in the 16th Century and concealed in Cortenay Old Hall by Sir Giles. He, having refused to hand, the treasure, or any part thereof, to his Sovereign, the Old Hall was consequently besieged by the King's troops. During the seige Sir Giles was killed and secret of the hiding-place of the treasure died with him. Bubble Reputation is the story not only of the present-day Sir Giles Cortenay's search for the treasure but also of the search conducted by less-authorized people who have come into possession of information, false or true, of the supposed whereabouts of the Treasure. The story is one of conspiracy, adventure, crime and love, told in the way which has made the Author one of the most popular of modern novelists.

Well, folks, I think that is all for this month, so Cheerio and happy reading until next time.

H. H.

**While Rome Burns** by Alexander Woolcott. Alexander Woolcott was one of the greatest writers' America ever produced. I say "was" because he died about two months ago, after a visit to Canada. This remark leaves me vulnerable to several wisecracks, but it happens to be true.

"While Rome Burns" is a collection of stories and articles on various well-known personalities and is written in a rather Rabelaisian style, which in itself should recommend the book to many people, for after all aren't we all?

One story in particular called, I think, "Cosette" is typical of Alexander Woolcott, this concerns a famous demi-mondaine, which incidently does not mean, as one Clerk G/D translated, a woman half in this world and half in the next. Still it cannot be expected of a Clerk G/D to know French as well. To revert to "Cosette," it seems that in France there was a beautiful and alluring girl whose photograph adorned the hut of every soldier, and as an after-thought airman, and of whom it was well known that her "favours" could be bought for 5000 francs, which was a lot of money for a "favour," but being a warmhearted girl she did not discriminate between rich and poor, providing they could get the 5000 francs.

The scene turns to the famous military college of St. Cyr where many of the greatest officers of the French army are turned out.—Yes I know, but I can't help it. One of these future military genius's or genii (I will have to see the Education Officer about that) gets a brilliant idea. He proposes that all the 1000 students should put 5 francs in a pool, and that a raffle should be held, and the winner to have the privilege of enjoying the "favours" of Cosette. This suggestion is agreed upon, and the students beg, borrow and do whatever one does when one is short of money. The great raffle takes place. A fortunate young man of sixteen years receives the money and, of course, many bits of "gen" which he might not have known, but you know these Frenchmen, they seem to know all about it anyway.

The Commanding Officer hears about the raffle and sends for the young man, and like a sensible C.O. gives him his blessing and a few extra francs for bus fare.—Well, I think he would, don't you?

So, like a conquering hero, this darling of the Gods goes to Paris to find Cosette. He succeeds, and our next scene is in her bed-room where Cosette stretches herself lazily, and turns round to see what her companion of the evening, and of course, the night, looks like. She looks and marvels, then shaking him asks where a young student of St. Cyr obtained 5000 francs. Being so young, he blurts out the truth about the raffle and tells how each student scraped together his 5 francs. For some time she stands there with a rapt look (I know) on her face, then turning towards the student, says "I consider this the greatest compliment, I have ever been paid. To show you, and the whole of France, that Cosette is not a heartless and mercenary woman, this night will not cost you anything," and going to her handbag, with a superb gesture, she hands back to the young man—5 francs.

The rush for this book should prove to be too much for our librarian and I suggest that airmen put their names on a list which will be found on the library door.

An article featuring the famous columnist Dorothy Parker, is one of the funniest ever written. One of her cracks, is "If all the girls in Vassar were laid end to end, I wouldn't be at all surprised." Another is about a girl friend of hers who let all and sundry know that she was in a certain condition many months before the happy event. When Dorothy Parker eventually heard the news of this, she sent her friend a wire reading "Congratulations, I knew you had it in you."

I have only given two of the very many and varied articles in this book, which should help many an airman over the periods of depression, and browned-offishness which sometimes come over all of us.

In addition to "While Rome Burns" there is also "Young Ames" by E. V. Edmonds, which contrary to the opinion of many airmen, is not written by the officer of that name on our Camp. This book and others I will review in the next issue of P. G. providing of course this article is accepted.

A. NEWGROSH

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Quoted from a famous initial address—"My predecessor has done a wonderful job of work here. I intend to reorganize everything!"

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Overheard in the Airmen's mess, "Ain't this fish luscious!"

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"Airmen will be clean and tidy," a notice reads. Is this the solution to obtaining a new "blue?"

## FROM THE BREEZES

By "Windsock"

They say one of our fitters is still applying for posting to a glider station.....

Several aircrew members vow never to bail out because that will mean 50c to the parachute tea "swindle".....

I hear that one of our "Chiefie" clan is extremely popular. His boys even present him with flowers.....

I'm told a staunch reformist was seen cleaning the windows of his bunk at 0216 hours—and during a snow storm too!.....

Have noticed that a meticulous L.A.C. daily digests two dinners and edition of last week's "Blackchat for Egotists".....

I have been asked if the Officer's and Sgt's messes contribute their share to section tea "swindles.".....

I note a popular (?) L.A.C. no longer buys a copy of P. G. Is this because it now costs him 10c or has that long-awaited letter arrived from Pugwash?.....

They tell me a certain F/Sgt. has been doing some hard thinking since his mincing machine declared itself U/S.....

I'm asked if the "Mighty Mite" supports the Masstown Mission to quiet a guilty conscience.....

Can the planting of grass seed outside the Airman's mess mean that a change of diet is on the way?.....

We now have a "one man" Sgt's mess, I'm told.....

I believe No. 2 Squadron has inaugurated a private bombing range.....

Wonder if it is Spring (?) fever that's upsetting the wizard of the canvas and brush—or is it acute Marjitis?.....

Ever been to Shaibah? I hear it's quite a place!.....

In the Airman's lounge the Chess "bug" has apparently beat the mosquitoes to it?.....

It appears that cafeteria facilities are now available for certain S.O.P. men who have introduced the "lunch in billet vogue".....

It is rumoured that two cooks have been attached to the Airmen's mess by mistake!.....

I'm told certain members of the Sgt's mess have formed their own "Fill your boots club." They use mud!.....

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Bowes, the Yorkshire cricketer is the first football referee to wear spectacles. The others have been told to often enough. (London Opinion).

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"One of these days we shall salute the dawn of the day of victory," says a German spokesman. Hail! Heilim gnor! (London Opinion).

## SUMMER SEASON OF RECORDED ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

Due to the departure of S/Ldr. Slaughter from the Unit, it has been decided to continue the "Music Appreciation Concerts," which have been so ably presented by him since the opening concert in the Y.M.C.A., now the Corporals. Mess over a year ago, commencing in the Cinema, Synthetic Building, at 20.15 hours on Wednesday, 5th May, 1943, and at the same hour every following Wednesday. In connection with the new arrangements, the following Committee has been elected to attend to matters involving presentation, selection of programmes and publicity, etc.

F/O. R. Judge	—Officer i/c.
Sgt. N. C. A. Downes	—N.C.O. i/c.
L.A.C. B. H. Knight	—Presentation Staff.
L.A.C. A. Bell	—
A. C. 1 L. Taylor	—Publicity.

In recent weeks, we have been unfortunate in losing many of our most avid supporters, their "prayer for the boat" having, at long last, been answered, and in order to enlighten the newcomers who are now among us, as to the nature and aim of these concerts, the following information is gladly given. Although our slogan might well be "The very best music by the very best artists," and although such names, by no means so "terrifying" as you probably imagine, as Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Wagner, Tchaikowsky will appear frequently on the programme notes, we hope you will not dismiss the entertainment with some disgusted comment, such as "highbrow stuff, Bah." The word "highbrow" is a gross misnomer, and even if the major bulk of the items will comprise of the recognised orchestral and operatic repertoires, we are open at all times to listen to any suggestions or "request" items you might care to hear, but please do not roll up in the hope of revelling in "jive" by Kay Kayser, Duke Ellington, or any of the other "Kings of Swing." Much as we would like to cater for all tastes, we find we have our hands quite full with the orchestral side of the art. In conclusion, we ask you to give us your support, and even if your liking for music of the better class is only a mere "flicker in the fire," do please come along and, we hope, increase that "flicker" to a "very bright flame." We are aiming to make these programmes as interesting as possible, and should you have a particular affection for any work, amble along to Sgt. Downes, Maintenance Wing H. Q.'s, No. 1 Hangar, or to L.A.C. Knight, Meteorological Office, and let them know about it. In the meantime, here's hoping we see many new faces every Wednesday at 20.15 hours in the Synthetic Cinema.

Detailed programmes, the range and variety of which has been recently considerably enhanced by a grant from the P. S. I., will be published on the notice-boards in the various messes and places of recreation in the Camp. several days prior to the concert.

L. A. C. BELL

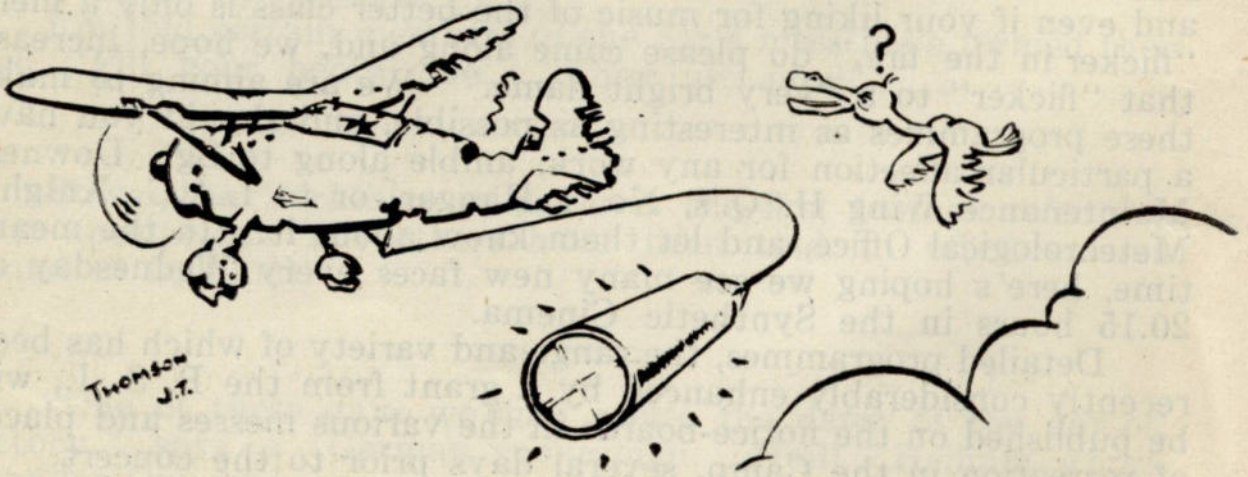
# THE NEW LIFEBUOY FOLLIES

Drew McLaren Reporting

Presenting a song and burlesque show recently, the above company received a warm welcome from all who attended either of the performances. Produced by J. McLaren and managed by R. K. Cheetham, the show featured a pot-pourri of material all of which proved highly acceptable to the large audience in attendance at both performances.

The cast included Pat Rafferty, Helen Bruce, Joan Elaine, James Devon, Daphne Macfarlane, Irene Hughes, Sasha Dener and Jack Ayre, who introduced themselves with a song which was quickly followed by "Beauty on Parade" an item greatly appreciated by the audience. Extremely clever and exhilarating dancing by Irene Hughes and James Devon, lilting melodies by Daphne Macfarlane who induced the members of the audience to accompany her in community singing, a song or two from tenor Sasha Dener, and superb renderings of popular melodies by charming Helen Bruce, a really gifted soprano, were all awarded generous rounds of applause. Accordion medleys by enchanting Joan Elaine, whose mastery of this particular instrument defies description, were warmly acclaimed, and the tremendous response evoked from the audience did, I think, justly convey their appreciation. "Canada's female forces carry on," under the watchful eye of the inimitable Pat Rafferty, Jack Ayre and his parody on "The Book of Numbers," and Pat's presentations of "Mary Ann" and "Sentry Chatterbox" all contributed to a highly entertaining evening.

A vote of thanks to the company was proposed by Group Captain J. H. Woodin, after which audience and cast joined in singing "The King."



## WHEN PEACE COMES

When we have found peace—not a negative truce with war as the positive factor, but an absolute peace, inviolable and inflexible, then, and only then, can we turn the full vigour of our thoughts to the great planning and reconstruction that is to be.

I wonder if the majority of us give the subject of post-war planning the consideration it so justly deserves? I think not. Many of us are unfortunately, not a little doubtful as to what the ideals and the blueprints which would make these ideals possible should fundamentally consist of.

First then, we must look for the root of our past troubles. Where shall we find them? Some people suspect the "isms" as constituting the basic evils of mankind—we must look further than this for our answer.

The bricks upon which a new world could be built are at hand—they have been at hand since the days of Plato but they have, to a very large extent been ignored or overlooked. They have become covered by the dust of ignorance, until now they are almost obscured from the sight of man. Plato laid great stress upon the education of children up to the age when they could rightfully take their place among their fellow beings. We do not lay enough importance on this paramount necessity of schooling the youth in a proper and beneficial manner.

It is a moral sin to lie; surely then, it is a greater criminal offence for us to tell a child anything—the very principles of which are controversial and doubtful even to ourselves! No knowledge should ever be imparted to man or child until it can be demonstrated to be true; all other knowledge should be treated as speculative guesswork until such time as it can be proved to be true or untrue.

There are rampant among mankind, dogmas, fallacies, and superstitions that have been in circulation since the dawn of recorded history. Only through a common-sense approach to education can this deplorable and pathetic condition be overcome.

Let education be rationalised then. There is no need on this account for the schooling to be cold and without feeling. On the contrary, let it be warm, unprejudiced and not in any way biased by the erroneous traditional beliefs of our forbears. Let tolerance be the outcome of this new education—aesthetically tempered; cultivating a finer sense of appreciation in the Fine Arts in Music, and in Literature; a new graciousness to living; and, a rationalised morality and society will inevitably ensue.

CHRIS CROSTHWAITE

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We await with interest Mussolini's fall from power. THAT should be some power-dive. (London Opinion).

Bad news travels fast, but never gets the length of Italy. (London Opinion).

## CONVERSATION WITH A GENIUS

"What we need," said the genius "Is an instrument by which we can tell at a glance the tonnage of a ship when viewed from the air."

"Yes," I replied, "You have something there. I personally have never felt the want of such an instrument, but I can appreciate that there are people without my great experience, who would welcome an invention of this kind."

"Now, here you have a photograph of a ship," continued the genius. "I will tell you that it was taken from an aircraft at a height of thirty feet. At what figure would you estimate the tonnage of this vessel?"

I looked at the photograph. To me, the whole thing was absurdly easy.

"Provided the captain is standing on the bridge," I said, "That ship would register at one hundred and fifty three tons."

"Allow me to inform you," said my friend, "that is the S. S. 'Miranda,' which in the last Lloyd's list was cited as being of fourteen thousand three hundred and ten tons, gross. So much for experience. Now, here we have an instrument which will eliminate all possible error. Let me demonstrate."

"The first thing to do is open this flap. Inside is a light meter, similar to those used in photography, but of course, much more sensitive. Then you turn this wheel until, by looking into a barrel shaped attachment, which I have not yet had time to affix, you see the horizon quite clearly on the ground glass screen. Is that quite clear?"

"No," I said. After all I had to be quite frank about the whole thing. There are people who would have said "Yes" and let it go at that, but not me.

"Never mind," he went on. "It does not really matter

"That is merely the preliminary set up. The main essential to the instrument is this telescope affair, which fits along the top. Inside you will find two sets of cross wires, which you turn until they appear to be moving backwards. Then, provided you have set your ground speed correctly the name of the ship will be spelled out in Morse code through this loud speaker.

"How will that help?" I asked. I mean, I had to take an intelligent interest.

"My dear fellow," he said. "The rest is perfectly simple. By referring to your copy of 'Janes Ships of the World and Then Some', which of course you always carry, you can read the tonnage straight off."

Well, I don't know. Maybe he has got something, at that.

# NO. 3 SQUADRON NOTES

By "Perceptus"

Here is your page once more fellows; I trust you like it, if not you know what to do. Send your comments and criticisms to Perceptus, c/o the Magazine. May I also suggest that it would be a great help if you sent along any events or anecdotes pertaining to the Flight which you think worthy of print. This is your page, and with your help I shall endeavour to make it interesting.

We all appreciate the great improvement of the Station Cinema. Some of us do not or, are not always able to attend. Some fellows then, are at peace in the billet. Upon the return of the picturegoers, they are rudely disturbed by something akin to a herd of bison sweeping through the rooms, wildly enacting the indecorous sequences and discussing in raucous terms the more sordid details of some scenes in the photoplay. They are inclined to lend to their re-enactments a decidedly higher degree of decibel value than the actual recording equipment on the movie lot could have possibly captured.....They quieten however as the memory of the film fades.

If the passers-by on the Debert-Masstown highway were gifted with X-ray vision as they passed 304 Block, they would stop transfixed, shudder, utter cries of astonishment and stupefaction, collect their composure, and quickly pass on thinking that they had suffered hallucinations. They would be witnessing the inmates of the building in the midst of their normal activity..... Here they would see an Appolo-like being and another sylph-like youth—King of the Elysian Fields—both gentlemen of the Ballet, executing intricate dance routines, unconsciously lending to their movements a rare grace and an exquisite rhythm. It is seldom that one has the pleasure of witnessing such vigour and power of expression, such purity of motion and truth of interpretation, coupled with an almost aesthetical fanaticism for perfection of beauty in action. Nowhere has such delicate balance and poise, such consummate mastery of the finer technicalities of the Dance—transcending almost this mundane plane—been seen before..... We wonder who is their choreographer.

Then perhaps they would see a fellow standing in front of his open locker, the contents of which are arrayed in magnificent confusion—reminding one of a shelf in an apothecaries shop—wondering which salve, ointment, potion, paste, elixir, lotion or cream to use next. A Corporal too! In other rooms, various inhabitants are desporting themselves in diverse manner, each a law unto himself. Doubtlessly the passers-by will ask themselves whether the building houses a lady's seminary or a maison de sante.

That peer of humourists John Atkinson, a truly brilliant wit and exponent of that exquisite drollery so seldom found in these troubled times, tells us that the secret of a happy disposition is married life, a smile, and freedom from worry. This astute thinker has truly found peace by dint of his simple philosophy.



# STATION. ENTERTAINMENTS



## STATION CINEMA

Forthcoming attractions for the period May 16th to June 15th are:

May 16th	—"Saboteur." With Robert Cummings, Priscilla Dean..
17th-18th	—"Lady be Good" with Eleanor Powell, Robert Young.
20th-21st	—"Skylark" with Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland.
23rd	—"Maisie gets her man" with Ann Southern, Red Skelton
24th-25th	—"Night Train to Munich" with Rex Harrison, Margaret Lockwood.
27th-28th	—"South of Tahiti" with Maria Montez, Brian Donlevy.
30th	—"House across the Bay."
31st-June 1st	—"Girl in the News."
June 3rd-4th	—"Bahama Passage" with Madelaine Carroll and Stirling Hayden.
6th	—"Corsican Brothers" with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Ruth Warwick.
7th-8th	—"Sullivans Travels" with Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake
10th-11th	—"Gold Rush" with Charlie Chaplin.
13th	—"Algiers" with Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr.
14th-15th	—"My Favourite Blonde" with Bob Hope, Madeline Carroll.

For future presentations, the following have been booked:  
Entire 1942-1943 block of Donald Duck and Pluto cartoons.  
"March of Time" features.  
World in Action.

First run features will include:

- "In Which we Serve."
- "Moon and Sixpence."
- "Tomorrow never Comes."
- "Crystal Ball."
- "Lady of Burlesque."
- "Dishonoured Lady."
- "Guest in the House."
- "Powers Girl."
- "Suicide Squadron."

V. J. HALL.