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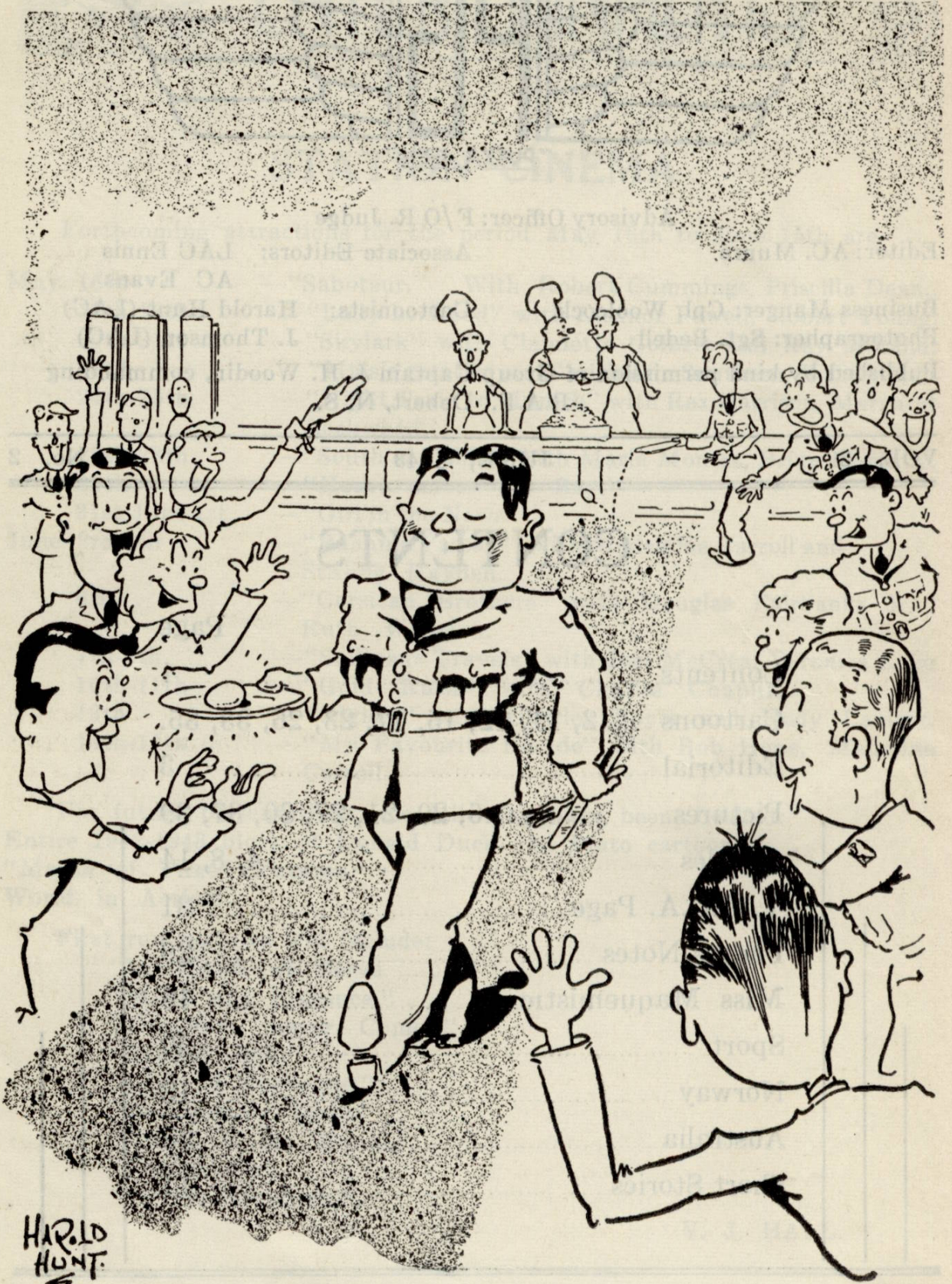
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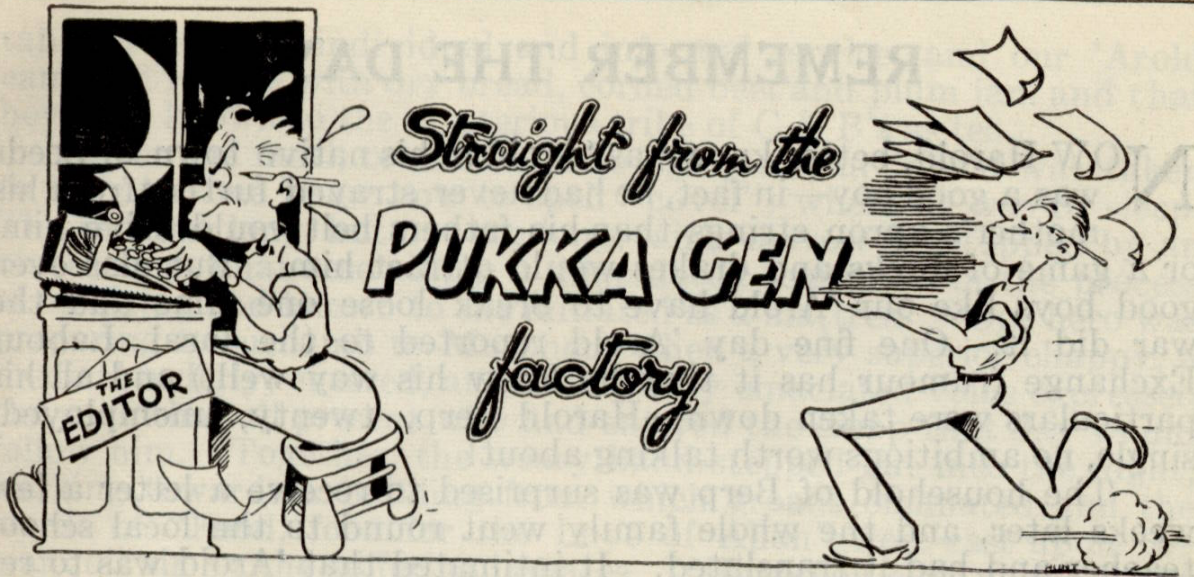
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The man who got a soft boiled egg for tea.



EDITORIAL

THIS our June issue, is full of glad tidings.

From all fronts comes news of great victories. Our boxing team invaded Moncton last month and retired triumphant, after inflicting grave casualties on the enemy. From New Glasgow, we hear of the inhabitants cheering our choir as it warbled its way to victory. This is the third year in succession our singers have won the cup, which can be seen in the Y.M.C.A.

Our new debating society will be coming out on its own soon, but don't let this rather dry statement scare you, stagger along and I'll bet you enjoy it. (Fancy being able to ask why we have to spend 24 months in Debert and getting a satisfactory answer. Marvellous ain't it?).

For this issue, we managed to persuade one of our Norwegian pals to write an article on his native land. For your information, we have left this story exactly as we got it. I am sure you will agree that it is exceedingly well done considering that this lad knew no English until the invasion of his country. Sgt. Cavendish has also been talked into giving us the slant on the Aussie side of things.

The Shakespearian effort, was written by an aircrew member, who has promised to let us have a similar play next month. Then we have Miss Maquemisic, our kind and gentle adviser. If any of you erks have "Wimmen Trouble," drop us a line and let Miss Maquemisic solve it for you.

We have decided, that in order to save the lads from East Camp a bit of shoe leather, it wouldn't be a bad idea to stick a box up in the canteen on their side. Instead of walking all the way over here, they can deposit their gen in the said box.

Well, lads, I've taken up enough of your space, so turn over and let's have some constructive criticism to aid us in the future.

The Ed.

REMEMBER THE DAY?

NOW Harold, better known as 'Arold in his native town of Leeds was a good boy—in fact, he had never strayed further from his mother's apron strings than his father's belt would drive him, or a game of ducks and drakes would attract him. But alas even good boys like our 'Arold have to break loose one time and the war did it. One fine day 'Arold reported to the local Labour Exchange (rumour has it that he knew his way well,) and all his particulars were taken down—Harold Berp, twenty, unemployed, single, no ambitions worth talking about!

The household of Berp was surprised to receive a letter a few weeks later, and the whole family went round to the local school teacher and had it translated. It intimated that 'Arold was to report to an R.A.F. camp somewhere in the heart of England (or it may have been Wales) on such and such a date.

The whole street, after a week of feverish preparation during which 'Arold was treated with such awe and kindness that he didn't know quite what was happening to him, gathered at the railway station to see him off, surrounding the hero and his two parents and weeping many a bitter tear. For they felt sure that 'Arold would not survive in the dark depths of England all on his own. The train set off and 'Arold was on it and so was half the street—but they descended at the next station and lived to tell the tale.

Our 'Arold was quite pleased to find that several other inhabitants of his home town were on the same train and, what was stranger, were bound for the same destination. So 'Arold tagged along and finally arrived at his destination, not a little awed at the size of England. He was greeted at the station by a deputation consisting of one corporal and two fairly interested 'erks, who shepherded the little tribe in the right direction and told some awesome tales of the tribulations and hardships they were about to undergo.

The camp, no doubt known to many, looked from the outside like a cross between Cruft's dogshow and a mudbath and which was apparently inhabited by ants who scuttled round in droves at the command of a bigger and more awesome ant who wore many stripes, had a loud voice and who could not be said to have any sort of an inferiority complex. This larger ant who was known as F/Sgt. Bellow—a crass and ignorant fellow really, but he had the advantage of being able to sleep with a 252 under his pillow and to know how to use it, approached our 'Arold and asked him where he hailed from or words to that effect, and when 'Arold told him, our villain smiled grimly and said he had broken more men wot came from Leeds than from any other town in Hengland. Portentous words, and well fulfilled by the aforesaid villain, rumoured by some to be a back-throw from the Spanish Inquisition. But he finally released the little tribe and they were ushered into the Dining Hall, the scene of more wishes and less realization than any other building in the Royal Air Force, and were there fed. The food, ah! but what words of mine can express the delicious feast spread before them, the lovely white

table cloths, the individual and informal service, and our 'Arold came out replete with dry bread, corned beef and plum jam and that beverage known to the mysterious tribe of C & B's as tea.

After the meal, or should it be banquet, our 'Arold was taken to the (Anyone know how to spell "hovel") where he was to sleep. The bed was long, but not too long, fairly narrow and topped by an object somewhat resembling a dilapidated scarecrow in the process of moulting and known to the initiated as a mattress. Our hero was preparing to succumb to Morpheus when a very superior chappy, a medical orderly, entered, and with a very emaciated voice expressed the wish that all present who had entered the camp that day would follow him. Together, the weary band stepped out into the night, walking towards a building from which groans emanated and the words of "Food, food for the Love of Allah" were cast upon the tranquil air by the suffering inmates. (Have you ever noticed that Medical Orderlies are always a little corpulent). They entered to be greeted with a white clad figure with a needle poised and surrounded by bottles bearing the necromatic titles of "Mist Expect Sed" and "Mist Expect Stim." The figure approached the now terrified men and with the quotation "With these words I thee inoculate," plunged the needle into the bare flaccid arm and leered.

After they recovered consciousness, the medical orderly wiped the spot, patted each man on the shoulder and bade him return to his bed and sleep, if he could. The now weary band of travellers returned to their boudoir and settled themselves in the depths of their stys, and over their limbs spread a weariness as of death but not a one slept. Wild-eyed they stared into the night, imagining the deeds to which they would succumb on the morrow, and say it in a whisper, many a tear was shed for the loved ones they were doomed never to see again, or so they thought. Their arms stiffened the swelling grew and the night passed, and on the morrow morn 'Arold arose, a recruit of one days standing with fear in his heart and a prayer on his lip.

Scene 1. Observation Post, South Coast.

Officer, scanning horizon through his glasses, suddenly starts and says:—

"Private Smith, take down this message:—

'Enemy force in large numbers approaching coast, range 10,000 yards, light and heavy naval units, and approximately 5,000 barges in tow, supported by troop carriers, dive bombers, fighters in huge numbers—visibility good, wind S.W., sea slight, gentle breeze.'

"Got that down correctly, Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good, transmit at once."

Scene 2. Private Smith Transmits.

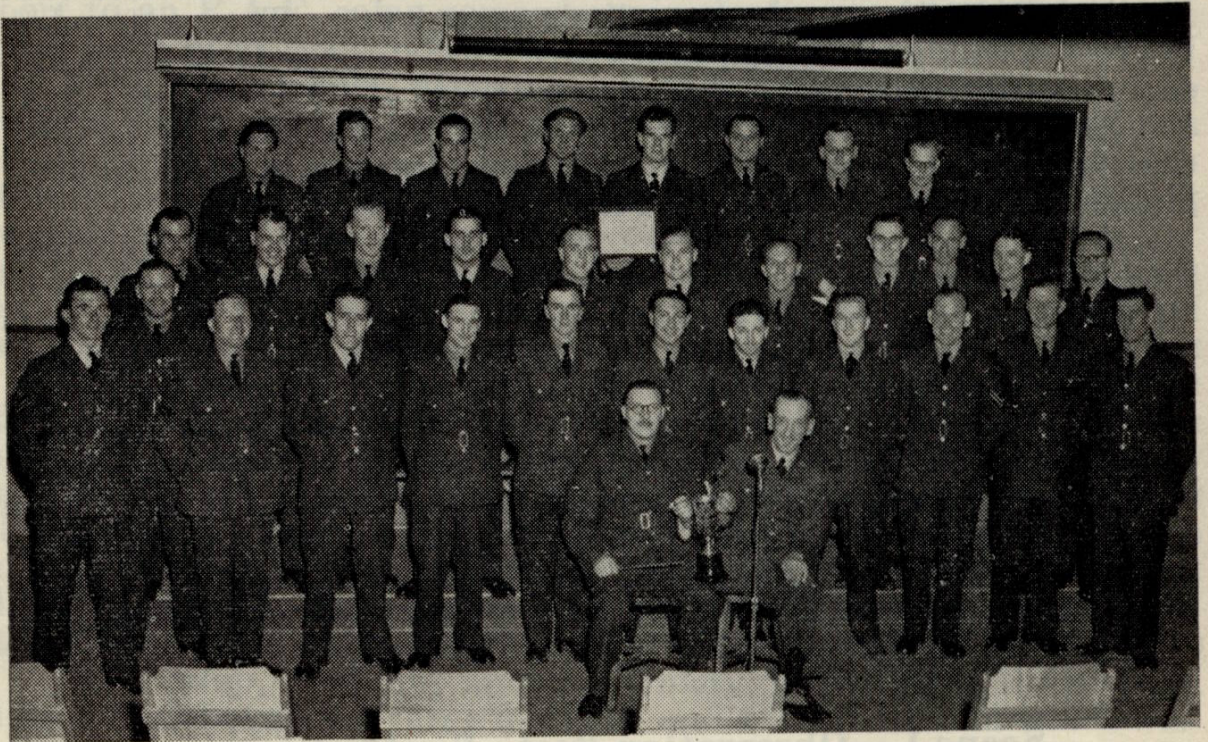
"Is that you, Alf?"

"Yes, Bert. What is it?"

"You can ring the bloody bells, the b——rs are here!"

DEBERT SINGERS BROADCAST By George Graves

MAY the 18th was an important date for the Station Male Voice Choir, for on that date we were due to "invade" New Glasgow in full force for the famous festival. For weeks previously the choir had been very busy struggling with the two test pieces and the choir's long suffering Conductor, (LAC PASSEY) finally assembled all the different parts and we were quite surprised to find that the test pieces really were, pieces of **music**. One of them entitled "Sigh No More Ladies" was considered very appropriate for an R.A.F. Choir, the second line being—"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."



Transport having been arranged by Pilot Officer Cooke, the choir's "Business Manager," the "convoy" left camp on the afternoon of Tuesday 18th May, bound for New Glasgow, determined to make the Cup, which had been won the previous year, our own property. Having safely survived the journey, more by good fortune than by good management, we assembled in the First Church Hall at New Glasgow and awaited our turn to mount the platform, with very mixed feelings. The hall was crowded to capacity, and it was something of an ordeal facing this large audience, (including Group Captain Woodin and party) under the critical eye of Dr Charles Peaker of Toronto, the Adjudicator. As things turned out, we need not have feared for our reception. The audience was quite enthusiastic and Dr. Peaker himself warmly praised the choir's singing, awarding us 86% marks, which proved to be the second highest in the whole festival. *Continued on opposite page.*

THE CORPORAL'S CORNER



HAVE heart, you lonesome two stripers. Although your Club may appear to be quite dead at present, things are definitely moving behind the scenes, and your committee is working quite hard on both your and their own behalf to provide a Club that everyone will be proud of. As for the Clubroom itself, thanks to the efforts and the utmost co-operation from S/Ldr. Chambers, F/O Judge, P/O Green and the S.W.O., we have managed to procure new furnishings including chairs, tables, carpets, curtains, and a few nice pictures to relieve your eyes of the rather grim surrounding countryside. Also thanks to Sgt. Swaddle the ceiling and walls are now nicely painted, and the floor is now being stained and polished to put the finishing touches to a most delightful club room which will be the envy of the whole camp.

By the time this appears in print we should have had our own dance which, judging by the work the committee have put into it, should be a smashing success.

It is hoped that we shall be able to run tennis and football teams from among the Corporals this season, but all this will need every corporal's support so please patronise your own club and give support to all who are interested in your welfare; and do let us have your suggestions backed by help, to make the Corporal's Club the best and most enthusiastic concern at Debert.

DEBERT SINGERS BROADCAST *Continued from opposite page*

Peter Lockwood, our famous "Italian" tenor sang very well in the tenor solo class, and Vic Benny of Dance Band fame played a violin solos brilliantly. Both soloists won cups and were highly praised.

We were honoured by an invitation to return on Thursday evening to sing in the final concert of picked entrants, which was to be broadcast over "C.J.F.X. ANTIGONISH". Once again we had a very enthusiastic reception and were asked specially to sing our favourite number "I've got Sixpence" as an encore.

Immediately afterwards, the members of the choir were whisked away to the Oddfellows building, where they were served refreshments by the charming lady members of the "Veedettes," prior to an evening's dancing.

Incidentally, if any of the fellows in camp feel that they would like to share in these good things they are welcome, particularly first and second tenors.

All told, the New Glasgow "DOUBLE HEADER" was a memorable occasion, and gave the newly formed choir and its able conductor, very great encouragement, and splendid stimulus to the further effort required to maintain this high standard.

WHO SAID SHAKESPEARE?

A fragment, inserted to give P. G. a literary flavour. No apologies.

Dramatis Personae

Scribonius—*Chief of Orderly Room Staff.*

Leonora—*A war-minded dame.*

Cynicus—*As implied; a cad.*

Orderly Room Staff: *erks; general chorus.*

The setting has a Nova Scotian flavour. Time, circa 1600 A.D.

Scribonius: This scroll I hold within my hand,
Is like to cause grave disaffection in the ranks.
The names enlisted here are not those chosen few,
Destined for the boat and England's faery realm.
Where exiles thoughts are ever-turned,
Envisioning the old-world friendly inn,
Where winks the good malt ale from bearded pot,
(For Mars Himself owes not the power
To stem the flow of England's sap).....

1st Clerk: The news is gone about; I have heard them in the
huts and banqueting-halls, each to his fellow: "The
boat list is come:" and speculation gains from hour
to hour; with flushed countenance and eager-eyed
expectancy, the two-year men discuss the news.
Jubilation reigns supreme.

2nd Clerk: I would not be the herald
Whose daily duty to proclaim the news
Takes him amidst the mustered horde
And loud proclaims the orders of the day.
Such is the mob, that little reasons when inflamed
Will seize upon the most immediate cause
Of its displeasure.....

3rd ditto: Not for a hogshead of Bass would I be that man!

Scribonius: This calls for thought.
Deep-seated contemplation of the case
May slant a ray upon th'embittered scene;
I to my tent, there, with frenzied toil
To seek an answer to this coil.

1st Clerk: And I.

2nd Clerk: And I.

(Exeunt severally)

Scene: Scribonius' tent. S. dozing fitfully.

Scribonius: "A dozen bottles to each man!—"
Nay, ten thousand bottles would not serve
To quench the thirst that these men know,
Nor all these foreign vats contain

A Lethé with a wide enow expanse
 To dim the lustre of an English shore.
 "Seven days leave, with transport free—"
 —Leave! wherein to think of joyous days
 In spring-dressed fields or leaféd lanes;
 The sound of bat on ball; the thunderous hooves;
 The winding lanes; the warm generosity of English
 maid

(In martial dress or out!); the humour of his native wit,
 To greet familiar faces in the ways.....

What tho' the land be girt about
 With wingéd foes, and impious monsters of the deep
 Spit sudden death at surfaced craft.....

But soft! a blessed scheme
 Creeps forward in my teeming brain.

Come! blesst Muse and whilst I sleep

Embroider fair the stuff which now

So enchantingly presents itself.

(Sleeps)

Two Days Later

The scene: A packed auditorium. A beautiful girl on the dais,
 accompanied by a very nervous Scribonius.

Leonora: I see bewilderment (and other things)
 Plain writ upon the masséd countenance
 Which now confronts me.
 I will make straight to clear the mists
 That thick enshroud
 The reason for my presence here.
 I would with all my heart that I could be
 That messenger who swift should say
 "Here is an end; art free to go
 To seek your best desire where e'er it take
 Your eager feet! "Alas! it is not thus
 And I must wing a barbéd shaft
 Deep in your hearts, transfixing Hope
 Even as she beats with joyous wings
 Within your breasts.
 By government enaction 'tis proclaimed
 That terms of service in this land
 Are now extended for a span
 Of twelve more months.

Alarums, excursions. Confusion. Riot.

1st Erkus: What in Hades.....!

2nd ditto: Do they think that we are slaves, to be served so!

3rd ditto: By Jupiter, 'tis too much!

4th ditto: But soft! let us yet extend

The courtesy of silence to this dole.

(Clamour gradually subsides.)

Leonora: If you but knew the anguish of my soul
That I should be the cause of this displeasure,
Your hearts would turn to me despite your ire.
I am not here for sympathy, rather say
I come to fan the spark of chivalry
That, deep-embedded in the deadening ash
Of oft-repeated spurn and burnt-out hopes
But needs the gentle breath that I may give
To fan it to the glorious cause of Sacrifice.
In few, I will bestow
Upon each gallant who with purposed voice
Agrees to stay for one more year upon this soil
A kiss—and with it goes my heart.

(Confusion; babble)

Cynicus: Must be as sown with hearts as a pomegranate with seeds!

1st Erkus: What! more bull!

2nd ditto: 'Tis a tempting bait. So starved am I, am like to seize it 'spite the hook!

3rd ditto: 'Tis a noble wench, forsooth, and comely too!

Cynicus: Shall we not hold out for more—

Cries of: "Shame, Cynicus!"

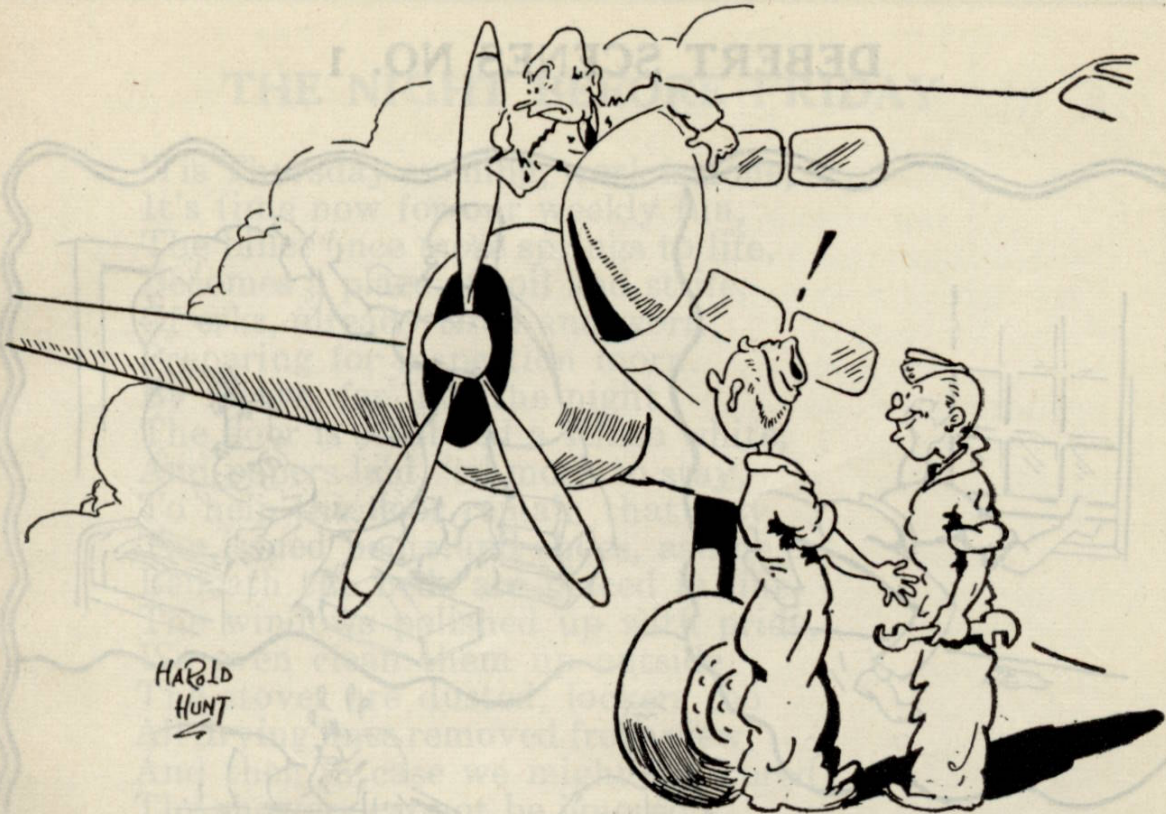
Scribonius: Now shall we see the outcome of my plan;
Already glows the spark and once it flames
Th'example of one man will soon ignite
The entire woodpile—here he comes
With chastest mien was e'er observed at court
Raises the lady's hand and with a gesture
Discards another year of life.
Another and another; ha! there's one does not empawn
His freedom sans relish.....
So, 'tis done.....Now must I away
To post me straightway to some distant part.
A bargain sealed with kisses may not seem
So binding in the morn, I deem.

Exeunt, hurriedly

A/C Peewee confronted the C.O. the other day. "Sir," quoth he "I would like three days leave, as my wife has just been made an S.P. corporal in the W.A.A.F.'s."

The C.O. looked suspiciously at our bold lad. "What d'you want three days leave for?" he harshed.

"Well sir," answered Peewee, "I want to do something that every erk has dreamed of doing since they joined up."



That's not a gremlin, that's our Flight Sergeant.

LOST OPPORTUNITY

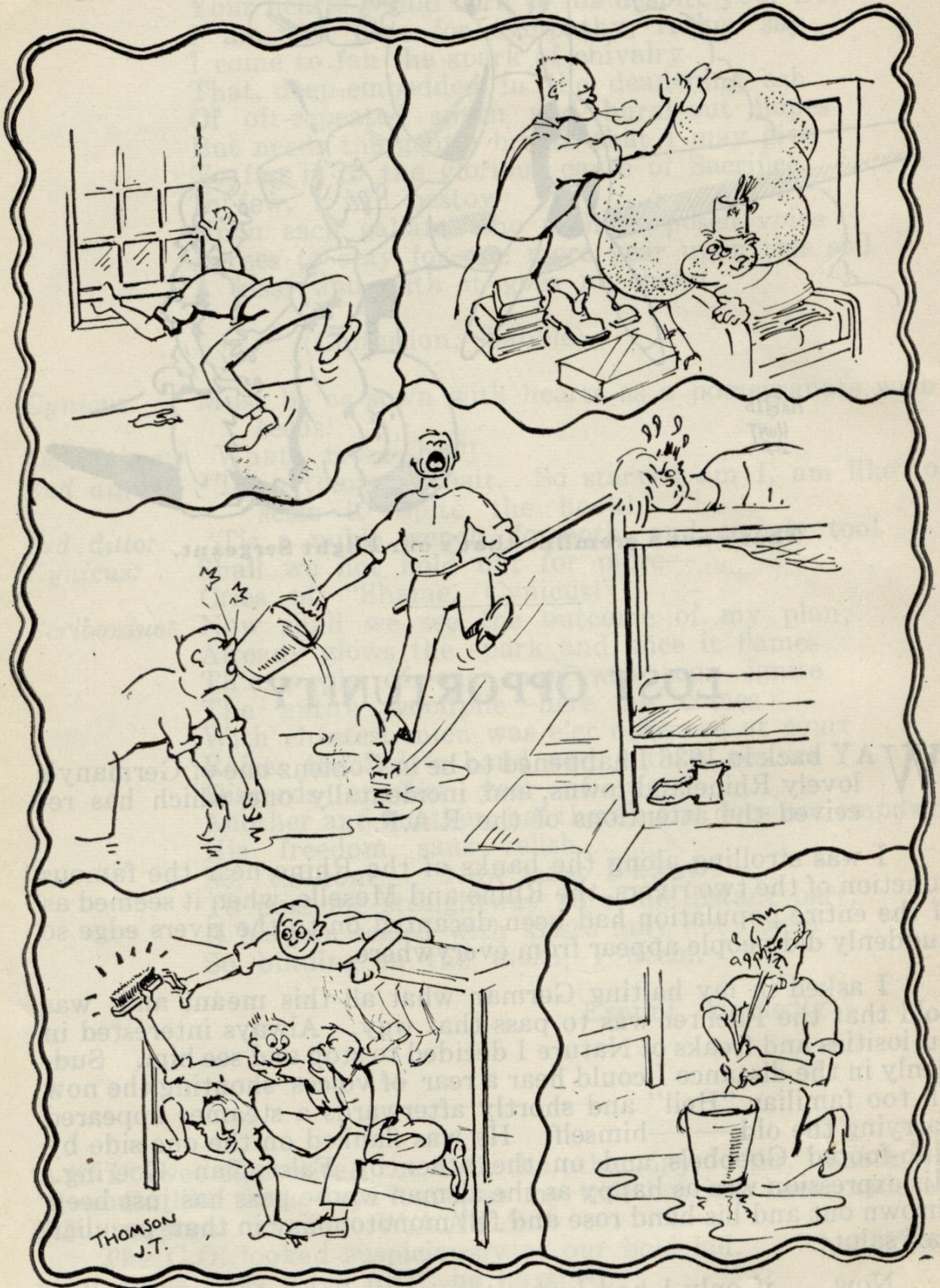
WAY back in 1936 I happened to be in Coblenz one of Germany's lovely Rhineland towns, and incidentally one which has received the attentions of the R.A.F.

I was strolling along the banks of the Rhine near the famous junction of the two rivers, the Rhine and Moselle, when it seemed as if the entire population had been decanted on to the rivers edge so suddenly did people appear from everywhere.

I asked in my halting German what all this meant and was told that the Fuehrer was to pass that way. Always interested in curiosities and freaks of Nature I decided to stop and see him. Suddenly in the distance I could hear a rear of voices shouting the now all too familiar "Heil" and shortly afterwards a steamer appeared carrying the old——himself. He was flanked on the one side by club-footed Goebbels and on the other by Falstaffian Goering. His expression was as happy as the airman whose pass has just been thrown out and his hand rose and fell monotonously in that peculiar nazi salute.

Now.....if only I had had a tommy-gun up my sleeve or a grenade in my pocket, what an awful lot of trouble I could have saved the World.

DEBERT SCENES NO. 1



BARRACK ROOM SPORTS

THE NIGHT BEFORE FRIDAY

'Tis Thursday evening, work is done,
 It's time now for our weekly fun,
 The billet once more springs to life,
 Becomes a place of toil and strife,
 Of erks, already tired and worn
 Preparing for inspection morn.
 By relays, far into the night
 The floor is scrubbed a Rinso white,
 And papers laid, 'til morn to stay,
 To help the floor remain that way,
 The issued boots and shoes, ashine,
 Beneath the beds are placed in line,
 The windows polished up with pride,
 We even clean them up outside,
 The stoves are dusted, lockers too
 All drying lines removed from view,
 And then in case we might get bored
 The showers cannot be ignored.
 The wash-bowls have to be in shape,
 It's time they got their weekly scrape
 We've almost finished now, there's but
 The rubbish lying round the hut,
 There that's disposed of, now to go
 Off to the current picture show,
 And in this consolation seek,
 It's only Thursday once a week.

Fred Austin.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

What aged N.C.O. had a narrow escape from the N.S.P.C.A.?

There are certainly a lot of blue looks in the sergeants mess these days. Or should I say green?

Is the Station Concert really good enough to go on tour?

Rumour has it that this camp is being "gingered up." Will this mean an improvement in "flying hours", or does it mean that polished buttons will be the order of the day?

Who is the guy on this Station that can do 23 feet in the long jump but is too lazy to train for the Athletic Team? Or is he merely shooting a line?

Who was originally responsible for the erks having to "book out" when they want to go to the Airport or the Drome?

THE MAN IN THE TRAIN By John Ennis

THEY tell me that my imagination rules my life, and judging by some of the things that happen to me, I sometimes think that what they tell me is true.

Take, for instance, the episode in the railway carriage. It was in England, in the black-out.

Railway carriages in England are vastly different from those I have seen while I have been in Canada. On local lines (and the experience I am about to relate happened on a local line) there are many old-fashioned carriages still in use. These are divided into compartments, each self-contained, with a door either side, and no means of inter-communication. The seating arrangement is very simple—a long seat, holding five fat and six thin persons, lies along front and back of the compartment, so that when it is full, the occupants sit and stare at one another's faces, or jockey for a good place to put their knees.

When I entered the compartment it was empty. I sat down in a corner, and the train jerked moodily out of the station. For the moment I was alone.

Not for long though. At the next station a man got in, and sat down directly opposite me.

He was not a pretty man. He may, in private life, have been kind to his wife and children, but he did not go around giving that impression.

To begin with, he was large. Large, that is, in all directions. His face was hidden in the shadows, but in the thin beam of light that is the British railways' idea of conforming with the black-out regulations, I could see his hands. They were strong hands, with long cruel fingers, tufted on the back with black hairs; and as I gazed at them I became aware that those fingers grasped a wicked looking knife.

Fascinated, I stared at the knife, and my imagination began to get into its stride. What was he going to do with it?

Then, as I watched, gradually becoming more afraid, I saw his other hand reach into his overcoat pocket, and, finding what it sought, it began to emerge.

At that moment the light went out. Just like that. No warning. Poof, and it was dark.

Now there is nothing will set a good, self-respecting imagination off better than the sudden failure of a light. And in this particular instance, mine worked overtime.

That knife! What was he going to do with it? Was he going to kill me?

I stared, horrified, at the spot where I had last seen the knife. I felt as if I was falling forward on to it, and I leaned back quickly.

If he did kill me, how would he do it? Would he slash at my throat, using its keen edge razor fashion, or would he stick it in me, point foremost? Neither I nor my imagination could answer.

Perhaps—and I began to reassure myself—he was not going to kill me at all. Perhaps he would kill himself. A suicide, no less!

A suicide! How would I explain the presence of a dead body in the compartment when I reached my destination? Even my imagination could not cope with that question.

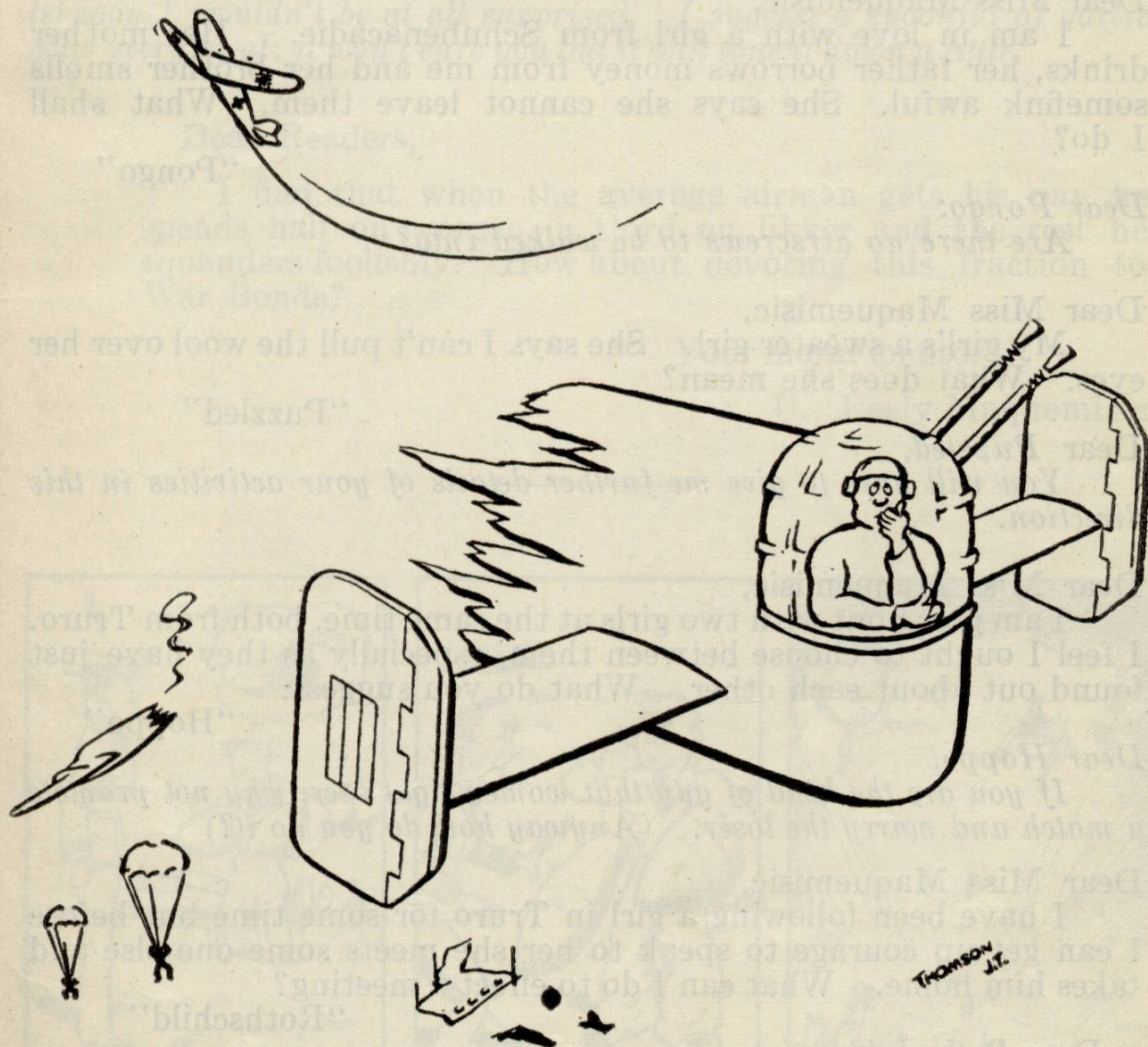
Then a new thought struck me. His other hand! What was he taking from his pocket? A gun? Another knife? No, not another knife, that would be ridiculous. But then.....what?

Suddenly I heard a sound. It was a curious scraping sound, broken intermittently with a faint "plop," as of something very light falling to the floor.

My imagination by now having failed me completely, I curled up into the corner—terrified.....

As suddenly as they had failed, the lights came on.

"Have a piece?" asked the man, offering me a quarter of the apple he had been peeling.



NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME!

At great cost we have secured the services of Miss U. Reely Maquemisic, who will write a column each month on the affairs of the heart.

Miss Maquemisic has a long and distinguished career as a teacher at one of England's better known girl's schools, (Scotland Road Reformatory, Liverpool) where she often came near to turning a girl from the primrose path.

With such a world of experience to delve into, the editor rightly thinks that she can be of great service to the 'erk who has trouble with that tough gang, the weaker sex.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Miss Maquemisic,

I am in love with a girl from Schubencadie. Her mother drinks, her father borrows money from me and her brother smells somefink awful. She says she cannot leave them. What shall I do?

"Pongo"

Dear Pongo:

Are there no airscrews to be walked into?

Dear Miss Maquemisic,

My girl's a sweater girl. She says I can't pull the wool over her eyes. What does she mean?

"Puzzled"

Dear Puzzled,

You will have to give me further details of your activities in this direction.

Dear Miss Maquemisic,

I am going out with two girls at the same time, both from Truro. I feel I ought to choose between them, especially as they have just found out about each other. What do you suggest.

"Hoppo"

Dear Hoppo,

If you are the kind of guy that women fight over, why not promote a match and marry the loser. (Anyway how do you do it?)

Dear Miss Maquemisic,

I have been following a girl in Truro for some time but before I can get up courage to speak to her she meets some one else and takes him home. What can I do to effect a meeting?

"Rothschild"

Dear Rothschild,

What do you do with your pay? Are you sure her address has not appeared in D.R.O.'s?

Dear Miss Maquemisic,

When sharing a bottle of rum and coke with a girl, is it courteous to wipe the neck of the bottle before drinking oneself?

“Al Coker”

Dear Al,

This is really a question for the M.O. However I should say that rinsing the neck with 1 in 2 Condy's fluid will neither injure the girl's feelings nor the beverage.

Dear Miss Maquemisic,

I have not been having much success with girls in Truro or any where else. An advertisement suggested that something might be wrong with my breath. What do you think?

“Perturbed”

Dear Perturbed,

If it was you I detected in the Capitol Cinema last Wednesday afternoon I wouldn't be at all surprised. I suggest a spoonful of garlic after every meal: it won't cure you but it will tone it down a little.

Dear Readers,

I find that when the average airman gets his pay he spends half on women, a third on likker and the rest he squanders foolishly. How about devoting this fraction to War Bonds?

Your moral mentor,

U. Reely Maquemisic



NEW ORDER IN NORWAY

By Sgt. C. B. (R.N.A.F.)

NORWAY 1940. The allied troops had been driven out of the country, and the Norwegian government had managed to get safely over to England which was very unfortunate for the Germans and the Quislings. Our little army had for sixty-two days defended our country with great courage. The war was over; but Norway was not yet conquered.

The Norwegian people now began a silent but very effective fight against the Germans and the vice-government of Quisling and his liege vassals. That vice-government however, could not exist for twenty four hours if German military might did not protect it.

The "New Order" came. Terboven with his German soldiers and Vidkun Quisling with his "Hird" started to re-form Norway and the Norwegian people to be a part of the "Great Reich." The Norwegians didn't agree with that "order" and then came forced labour, executions, concentration camps and also starvation. But all this cannot unbend the will of a people who stay united and fight back.

Everywhere and always you hear of sabotage. Ships and bridges being blown up whilst at anchor in harbour and work delayed. Those who are caught will be shot but that means only that more ships, bridges and factories will be destroyed the next day. To get their work done the Germans are using Russian and Polish prisoners.

The two things which make Norway most angry are the "Hird" and the Gestapo tortures and in addition the food which grows gradually worse and worse. Meat is impossible to get under normal conditions. For a while we had whale-meat; but later the Germans found it was good meat, so they took it themselves. Some people in Norway only get dried fish once a day. When the war began we had enough wheat, sugar and coffee to last three years. The Germans took it. Occasionally you could see wagons laden with meat, eggs, potatoes and vegetables ready to be shipped to Germany. The Norwegians had to be satisfied with what was left—nothing. Those who tried to store a little food were sooner or later arrested by the Quislings and brought before the Gestapo. In almost every instance they were put in jail or a concentration camp.

At Christmas 1940 a German supply ship arrived in Oslo with food for the German soldiers. It also carried a large quantity of cigarettes, tobacco and whisky etc. A couple of days later it was known that the whole cargo was loaded in Dröbakk, a small town near Oslo and brought to Oslo as Christmas food from Germany.

There aren't many Quislings in Norway, and the membership of the "Hird" is decreasing every day. Those who are still trying to destroy the Norwegians and Norway, are living in constant

fear of their lives. What will become of them if the Germans have to withdraw their troops from Norway? It is an easy question to answer.

After the evacuation of Norway, two Norwegians who had been living in England, came back to their homes in Televaag, a small fishing village about three miles west of Bergen. The Gestapo were advised of their arrival and immediately sent out some men to arrest them. One of them was immediately shot while the other one managed to kill some Gestapo officers before being killed himself. To kill these men wasn't enough for the German Gestapo. All the men in Televaag, seventy four in all were sent to concentration camps in Germany; eight of them are known to be dead. Two hundred and eighty-eight women and children were sent to the concentration camp in Norheimsund. Thereupon the village was burned and the cattle butchered and the German soldiers obtained more meat. Those who tried to help any of the prisoners were taken prisoner themselves or shot. All the fishing vessels were taken by the Wehrmacht to use as escort vessels along the Norwegian coast. For this exploit the Gestapo officers probably received the Iron Cross and won their "Waffen-ehre."

When the Quislings attempted to re-form the schools and the church they met with tremendous opposition. It may be easy to tell a German boy or girl what and what not to believe in but the Norwegian Youth has its own opinion of what to believe in. It finally came to a school strike. No honest teacher would teach the "New Order" in their classes. They lost their jobs and were later sent to hard labour at the Russian front or on airfields and roads in Norway. But the Nazis didn't win anything after that; the Youth fought its own struggle against its new "teachers" and the "New Order." One day in Bergen it came to a quarrel between some high school boys and some Nazis because the high school boys wore pins with "H.T." (King Haakon the Seventh). The Nazis were wearing their uniforms which was a thing that made the school-boys see red. The next day the Gestapo made a "razzia" in the school-rooms trying to obtain evidence against the pupils. This "razzia" resulted in a school strike. Anyone who tried to break the strike was caught by a high school boy who was standing strike watch. Only five boys went to school and they were Nazis. A couple of days later the pupils of the colleges and university who sympathised with the high school boys also started a strike. The Gestapo told the pupils if they didn't go back to school within two days they would be turned out. When the day came nobody went back to school, so the Gestapo and teachers had a meeting which lasted a whole night. The pupils were in contact with each other by phone, and the leaders of the pupils kept them informed about the progress of the meeting. The result of the meeting was expulsion for the leaders of the pupils.

And so life goes on in Norway, the people carry on with their jobs,—jobs which are difficult and dangerous; but as long as they know the task can be done, they are satisfied.



SPORTS

By Jock Munro

IT was decided at a general meeting of chinwaggers on April 30th, that it would not be at all a bad idea to get weaving on the Station League. Having got this far the teams were then chosen which would comprise the said League.

Your P. G. Soccer Critic, intends to give this 'ere football, quite a write up in the future and also intends to keep a check on the games played, in order to print just who is winning and who isn't in our mags. to be.

To make the League sound more interesting we are changing the name of each section to the name of one of the big English Scottish and Welsh first division clubs such as Everton, Rangers or Cardiff City, etc. The best idea then would be, to have a copy

of P. G. on hand, so that you will realise if Arsenal are at the top of the League. No. 1 Squadron is doing all right.

Below is a list of teams which will participate in the intersection fight for fame and honour:

Airmens' Mess	Liverpool
Motor Transport.....	Cardiff City
Training Wing 'A'.....	Manchester City
Training Wing 'B'.....	Manchester Untd.
Officers Mess.....	Charlton Ath.
S.H.Q. Sigs.	Glasgow Rangers
Instrument Sect.....	Everton
Repair Squad 'A'.....	Stoke City
Repair Squad 'B'.....	Preston N. E.
Main and Elec.....	Patrick Thistle
Main Wing Signals	Hibernian
Target Towing Flt...	Newcastle
S.S.Q. and S.H.Q.	
Armoury.....	Hearts
Equip. and acnts...	Birmingham
No. 1 Squadron	Arsenal
No. 2 Squadron	Portsmouth
No. 3 Squadron	Celtic
Works Shops Rpr.....	Brentford
All Canadians.....	Blackpool



Fred Austin (Hearts)

Flt. Sgt. Carter, Sgt. Downes, L. A.C. Rogers and L.A.C. Clarke have been chosen as official referees.

The meeting also decided that these games will be battled out during the week, and fellows, the pitch is to be rolled and graded, no foolin'.



GOSSIP



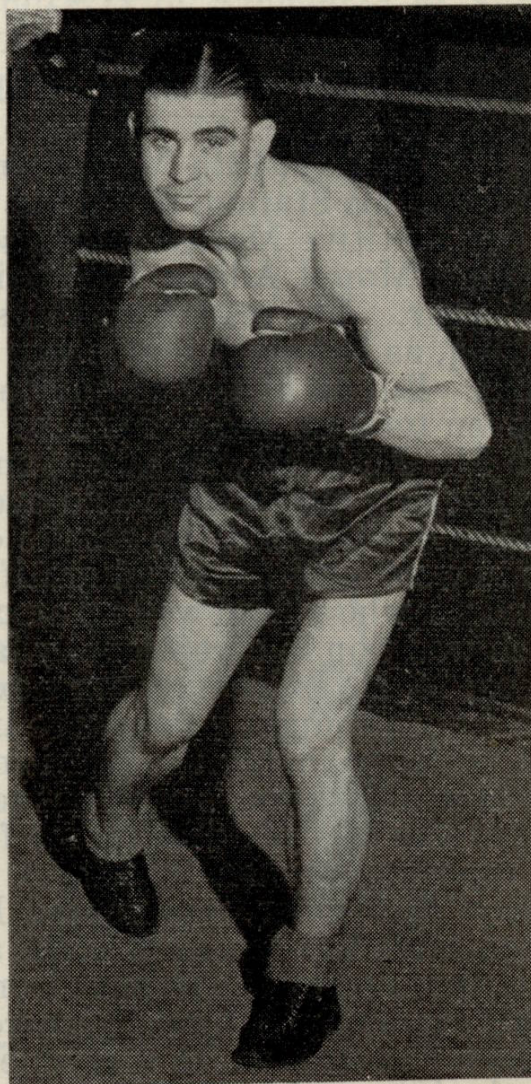
BOXING

GOOD news lads....., Debert is on the map. Not geographically I mean, but in boxing circles. Last month, a comparatively untrained team of lads from this station, travelled to Moncton and there licked the home side by 16 pts. to 13 pts. Not bad going, when we take into consideration that most of our boys had done little or no boxing in front of an audience.

Most of the laurels go to Corporal Mickey Smith and L.A.C. Johnson of the Airmans Mess, who spent quite a lot of their spare time in the training of our inexperienced Gladiators. On approaching the subject I was told by the aforementioned Mickey, that Group Capt. Woodin and the station in general were more than satisfied by the magnificent show which Griffiths, Abel and the rest put up.

However, Mickey is not one to rest on his laurels and he reckons that there is but few of the great number of you publichouse scrappers coming forward with the view to making the honourable name of Debert ring down through the ages. Your humble scribe is also of the opinion that there are more U/T Tommy Farris and Jackie Browns amongst us than meets the eye.

To get back to the memorable victory which was fought out on the 15th May, we must mention our star performers. Our No. 1 man was without doubt, "Young Griffo" who defeated Moncton's Billy Baker and the Maritime Amateur Welterweight Champion.



"YOUNG GRIFFO"

This is no mean feat, as it meant that Griffiths, who is only a lightweight, had to fight under the great difficulty of giving away 20 lbs. This cut no ice for our little Champ, who tore into his weighty opponent with a savageness that took the heart of the 1200 spectators gathered in the station drill hall. This bout lasted 6 rounds and Baker and his adversary packed as much action into these heats as a pukka professional contest. Sorry Griffiths, I take that back. You fought well.

The rest of the matches were 3 round efforts, which were received with no less enthusiasm, by an audience which got full value for their money.

Abel as usual, won in no uncertain manner, despite the fact that the Moncton man was disqualified for low punching. We say here and now that the issue was never in doubt. Winners in our side were A.C. Budge, A.C. Boan, Cpt. Smith, L.A.C. Shepherd, L.A.C. Abel, L.A.C. Griffiths. Our plucky losers were L.A.C. Samuels, A.C. Glucas, A.C. Tomlin and A.C. Battles.

The inter-station match was received so well, that Moncton are after a return contest. Good spirit Moncton, but next time you've *really* 'had it.'

RAF RUNNERS PUSH WINNERS FOR COVETED CUP

ON Thursday, 13th May, a small but enthusiastic running team from this Station, entrained for Sackville, N. B., for the highly-competitive Maritime Interservice Track and Field Meet, sponsored by Mount Allison University, holders of the cup for the previous year. The team from this station left for the meet with scanty training, as but short notice was given to all prospective competing teams. But on Friday afternoon, in clear and sunny day, this team of seven took up the cudgels for RAF, Debert, facing strong teams from Mt. A., RAF, Moncton, and six others.

Lacking men for the field events, our team concentrated on the running events, and the results of the afternoon's record-breaking events were surprising and gratifying. Our first entrant was W/O Saunders, who placed well up among the leaders in the 100 yds. dash, which was won in exceptionally fast time by the Army entrant from Sussex, N. B. Although our next entrant, AC Jack Ross, strained a tendon in rounding the curve in the 200 yds. dash, he finished in fifth position among the Maritime's best dash men. LAC Riggs, a veteran of last year's excellent team, got "caught" at the gun which started the 440 yd. dash, came from last position to fourth before the tape was broken by Mt. A. Cpl. Laurie Sargent, a fast and "gritty" half-miler, represented Debert in that event. Mt. A. representative was forced to break a long-established record as he was closely pressed by the runners from the RAF stations. Placed third in this event, Cpl. Sargent garnered two points for the Debert team. In the mile event, which everyone concluded would be a "soft touch" for the international miler from the RAF Station in Moncton, F/-Sgt. Lansdale, strong competition was offered by our miler, LAC

Jeffries who followed Lansdale closely all the way. Possessed of infinite stamina, Jeffries received an ovation from the packed stands and he drove home to a splendid finish, placing closely behind Lansdale.

Tension gripped the spectators and teams alike as the last event of the afternoon was approached. If RAF, Moncton copped one of the first three places in the mile relay (4-440 yds.) They would eke out enough margin to win the meet. But a fighting Debert team ran the Moncton team into the dust to take third place, while the two Mt. A. teams took first and second, thereby allowing Mt. A. to win the meet. There was rejoicing from Mt. A., for RAF Debert, but disappointment for Moncton. Total score for Debert 9 points. The meet indicated that Debert has the nucleus of a hard-fighting and aggressive running team and, as the summer advances, we should be able to field a team second to none in the vicinity.

Debert finished 4th out of 9 teams that competed in a tough sports meet.

The team included:- W/O Saunders; Cpl. Sargent; Cpl. Sherry L.A.C. Sawatskp; A.C. Ross, L.A.C. Riggs, L.A.C. Jeffrey, Sgt. Wheel, Coach; Reg. Dunn, Y.M.C.A., Team Manager.

Tommy Wheel



LARGE CONTESTS BETWEEN CITIZENS

By "Snoop"

IT is a wet evening in April and I am standing in the R.A.F. Drill Hall at a place called Debert, in the Province of Nova Scotia, and the reason I am standing in such a place is something that makes a long story quite a bit longer.

What I am doing in this Debert on the day of a very large contest of strength and skill among the erks, is a matter that calls for a certain amount of explanation, because I am not such a guy as you will expect to find in such a spot, being known to one and all as a peace-loving character at all times. Furthermore, I am not such a guy as you will expect to find in Debert at any time when off duty.

The story goes back the morning before, when I am going about my lawful business, when I run into one Thomas Wheel, who has just received his third and is chasing this way and that way looking mighty busy, so as to indicate to the citizens that he deserves his recent third.

I give him a big Hello, as is my usual custom, for I am considered to be a sociable character and I am not one to pass up a friend, even though he is a sergeant.

"What," Sgt. Wheel says to me, "Am I doing but organising an extra large contest between various citizens."

"I never personally witness one myself," I say, "but the way I understand it, a number of guys get into a ring and punch and punch and punch until their tongues hang out and they are half dead. Why they tucker themselves out in this manner, I do not know, but," I say to him, "I am too old sto start trying to find out why these guys do a lot of things to themselves."

"But," Tommy says, "Boxing is a fine sport. Also, many of these characters do jankers in your House of Correction by the West Gate, and I know personally, that one is signing on at the hours laid down at this time. This merchant feels he would rather take part in this large contest than report at these hours, especially as he has to scrub and scour somewhat, and more than somewhat on the night of barrack sports.

I can only read large print, but I see the names of the contestants on the programme and what the sergeant says is very true indeed, for some of the fighters are very tough characters.

"Why," I say, "some of these guys have certainly been our guests at the big house at various times, but I am not very bright, and I do not see what this large affair has to do with me."

"Well," Tommy says, "it is this way. You will watch these sporting bouts from the entrances, as I want four coppers at the entrance to see that no suspicious persons enter the building. Furthermore you will be able to watch that none of Cpl. Micky Smith's fighters get knocked out before they enter the ring, as it is known that many of the spectators are very rough characters.

I see that what Sgt. Wheel says is very true indeed, and this is the reason I am at Debert on the night of the large contest.

It comes on 7 o'clock and the crowd is almost all in the bowl and only a few parties such as bulls and chauffeurs are left standing outside and there is much buzzing going on inside.

From where I take my stand, I see many notable citizens including the C.O. and S.H.Q. officers, and behind a large flag at one side of the ring is the Padre and F/O Collins.

From this, and other evidence of preparation, I see that Sgt. Wheel has indeed earned his third hook, and furthermore, from the way he rushes here and there and every which-way, and in and out of the ring, I can imagine him getting his crown at any time.

Well, the M.C. now gets into the ring and the erks become somewhat disquieted when the M.C. announces that he does not tolerate booing or cheering while the fighters are going biff-bang and bang-biff, as it appears there is some law against this booing and cheering. Moreover, says the M.C., this booing is most unairmanlike, indeed.

All of a sudden two very short characters nip smartly between the ropes into the ring and they seem to have come out of the floor. They are wearing dressing-gowns which fit them down to the ground, and they perch on stools while the M.C. tells the guys in the audience who is which guy. Furthermore, he tells how heavy these guys are, as though he is aware that the customers are curious about the size of these boxers; in fact one sprog in glasses has not yet registered that these midgets have put in an appearance, at that. Personally, I do not give these boxers 100 lbs. sopping wet.

One of these fighters appears to be called Johnson and is a Scotsman or some such, and I get to thinking to myself that this half-portion is the one who is in possession of the chit from the Adj. which cancels his obligations as a janker-wallah, and enables him to go biff-bang with a clear conscience, and nothing to worry about from the guard-room strong-arm squad. Furthermore, he looks quite confident.

Well, what happens but this advertised blood-stained bout turns out to be nothing but a ballet dance. Now, this is most irksome to the citizens, especially as this ballet dance goes on into the second round. In fact, it is not until the last round that they mix it, and halt such foolishness.

Well, this disappointment is very distressing to the customers and to the management, and I notice F/O Brown, the Sports Officer, urging various future contestants to hot things up.

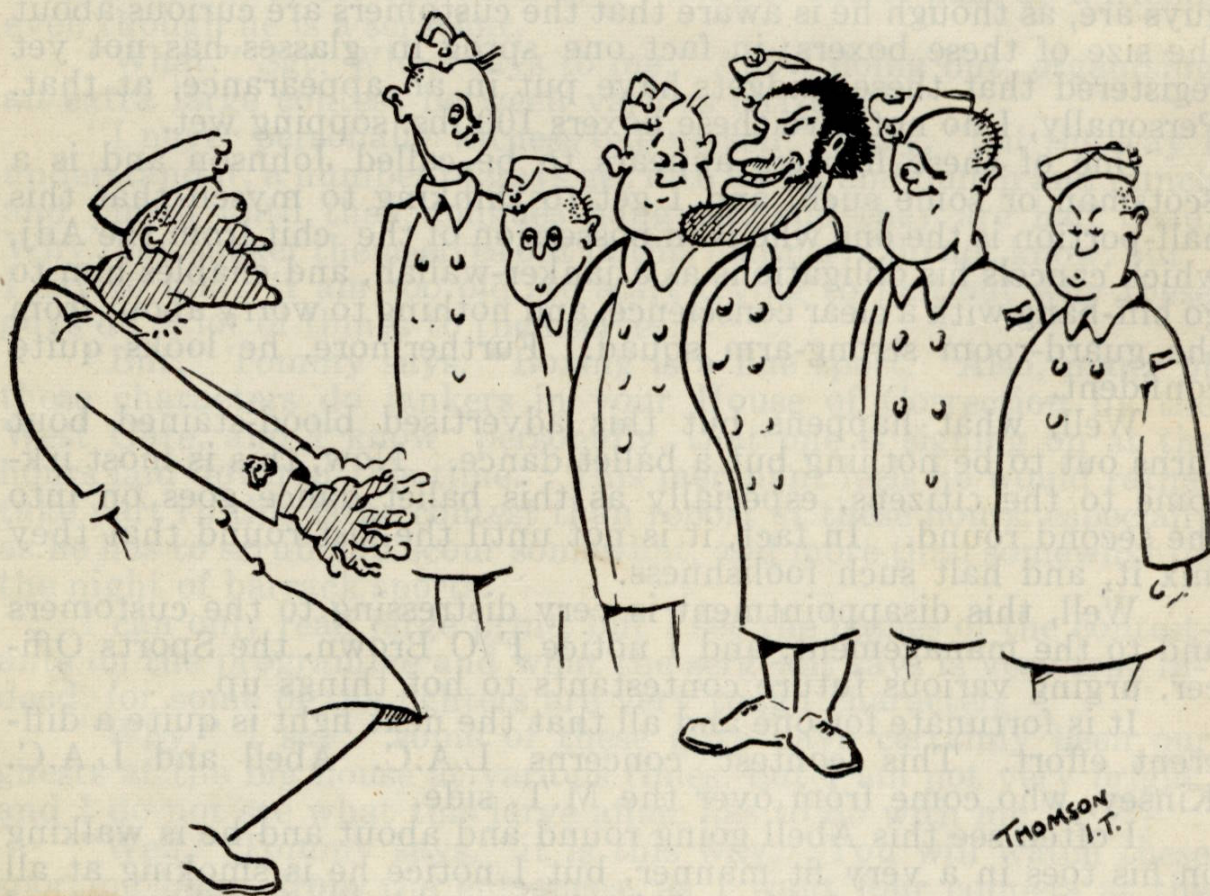
It is fortunate for one and all that the next fight is quite a different effort. This contest concerns L.A.C. Abell and L.A.C. Kinsey, who come from over the M.T. side.

I often see this Abell going round and about and he is walking on his toes in a very fit manner, but I notice he is smoking at all times. On account of this, and the damage this smoking is supposed to do to a guy's wind, I am only willing to lay 6 to 5 on this Abell, although later I know I am mistaken. This Abell is what is called a south-paw, which is probably confusing to Kinsey, who is all of a sudden knocked horizontal in different parts of the Ring. It seems to me this Kinsey is looking at Abell's right, every time Abell shoves

out his left, biff-bang, and so Kinsey goes bump-bump, having been hit on the noggin and the chest and round about, including some vital spots. This Abell seems to have a more than somewhat vicious left.

This, of course, is red meat to the customers. This contest shows what is wanted, and from then onwards the large contest never fails. Noggins and bodies are swiped and blood flows freely and erks are amazed at Battle's right upper-cut, although Shepherd is even more amazed, as he stops it, while Rous's opponent is cheered for coming back for more so often. In fact he is termed boomerang, although Rous finally gets rid of him with the old one-two.

(After which I retire to a nearby eating-joint, and whilst I am not such a guy you will expect to find thinking, I think. Moreover, I decide this Debert must put the honkers on its citizenry in no small way when they get to pounding each other and no scratch in view.



Have you attended my lectures?

"UNSUNG HEROES"

WHEN you recline in the Station Cinema and look with globular eyes at the glamorous bit of fluff pictured below or at Dorothy Lamour as she slips down to the edge of a limpid lagoon to bathe, do you ever think of the cinema operators who are making it possible for them to appear before you?

No, of course you don't, your minds are much too full of the latent possibilities of the aforesaid damsels. But let's forget them for a moment and return to the operators. We think it is about time they received a bit of well earned recognition. After all without them there would be no cinema shows. So here and now we would like to express our appreciation of the grand job they are doing and we know that you'll all join with us in thanking them.



They are all volunteers of course and the job is done on their evenings off. It's pretty tough to be cooped up in a stuffy operating box for a couple of hours, and that isn't the sum total of their work. Before the show commences the projectors have to be warmed up and thirty oiling points all have to receive their ration. Arc carbons too have to be changed and turntables tested to make sure that we get our overture of "canned music." Pretty gruelling eh!

So next time you visit the cinema don't forget the "Unsung Heroes" behind the scenes.

TO TALK OF MANY THINGS By F. O. Green

WE have all heard of that strange and insidious malady known as Debertitis, which afflicts those who are compelled by force of circumstance to live in this part of the world. Many specifics have been prescribed for dealing with this complaint. Alcoholic refreshment on a generous scale from legitimate or, if they fail, illicit sources is the cure most frequently advocated. Forty-eight's once a month, or, for the ingenious, once a fortnight, have also been known to alleviate the suffering of the afflicted.

We hope, on this station, to try in the near future a new cure, Discussion Group. There are those I suppose, who, hearing of this venture will imagine that the cure is worse than the disease. I hope in the space at my disposal to dispel any suspicions of this kind.

A Discussion Group can serve a number of useful purposes. We are all in this world, and although we seem a long way from it at times, we're all in this war. If we are going to play our part in this world and particularly in the war, effectively, we must understand what brought the world to its present state and how we became involved in this war. No soldier (and no airman) can fight his best if he doesn't know what the battle is all about. One of the things a Discussion Group aims to do is to show us why we are, where we are, and where we hope to go from here.

The objection will be raised of course that it is ridiculous to expect a group of involuntary immigrants in a remote corner of Canada to arrive at any definite conclusions on matters, which the experts are not agreed. There are two answers to this. In the first place the experts are agreed on the broad issues as a rule; it is on detail that contention arises. Secondly we have no wish to reach final conclusions. Our object is simply by discussing matters of vital importance to arrive at final conclusions on contentious matters. We want merely to discuss facts about which there can be no dispute and then draw our conclusions from them.

For Heaven's sake don't get the idea that a Discussion Group is some highbrow institution which can only appeal to the superior minded. It is nothing of the sort. I know from personal experience that all sorts of important topics are eagerly discussed in the barrack huts. All we are trying to do is to extend these discussions and, by guiding them, make them more interesting.

Here are some of the topics which we hope to discuss.

"The importance of the Allied Victory in N. Africa."

"Russia's place in the war."

"The U-Boat Campaign."

"The bombing of Germany and its Importance."

"China's place in the World."

"The War in the Pacific."

We are all interested in these topics and they all vitally concern us. By mutual discussion and exchange of information we should be able to get at least a little way behind the headlines and serve our

Continued on opposite page

PADRE'S NOTES

R. de B. WELCHMAN

I am grateful for the opportunity of some space in this month's "P. G.", which I can use both in recording my appreciation of the very friendly way in which many of you have already welcomed me to the Station, and in saying "Hullo!" to those of you whom I have yet to meet.

My friends at home sometimes ask me to write and tell them a bit about my job in Canada, what my duties are, and all that sort of thing. On the face of it, that sounds a straightforward question, and easy enough to answer; but when I try to write down something about it, I find, as no doubt people in other branches of the Service find, that it is by no means as easy as it seems. In my particular case, the chief reason for this is that, apart from the recognised and regular public duties of a padre, my work is very largely personal, and has to do with individual men, and the varied circumstances of their individual lives.

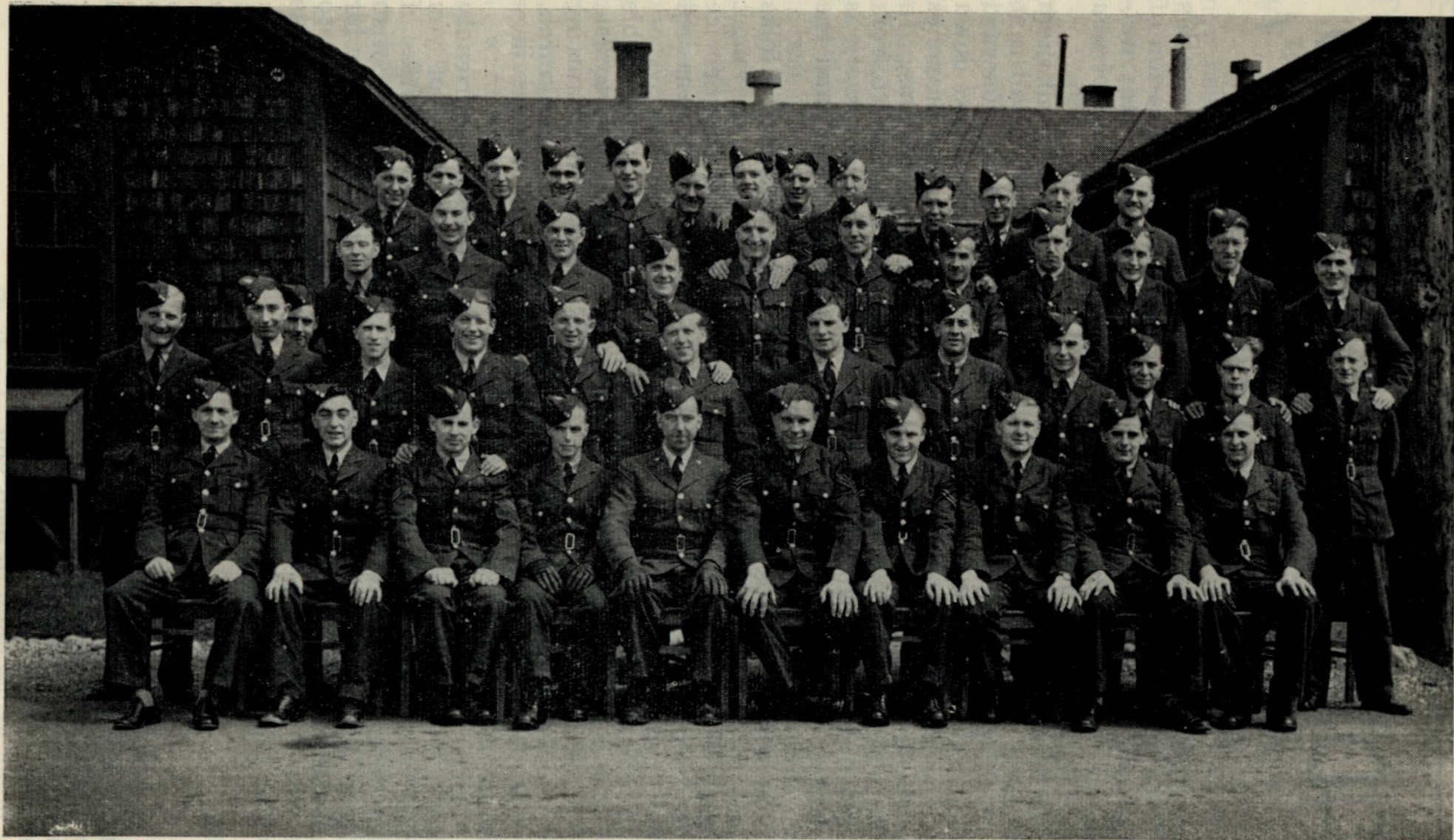
Now while that doesn't make very exciting 'gen' for the folks at home to read, it actually indicates what is perhaps the most important of the responsibilities laid upon a padre in the Service just as it is in civilian life, that is to say, what is generally described as his "personal work."

Let me say at once that, in addition to its being a responsible duty, it is also a padre's highest privilege to be given such a task. Most of us feel that, in a certain sense it is the natural starting point of any service we may be able to render to God, to the Church, and to our fellow men, and we are deeply conscious of the privilege conferred on us by virtue of our calling.

For this reason, as well as for the "social" pleasure of friendly contacts, I shall look forward to getting to know many of you personally, as time goes on, and shall value all opportunities of moving informally about the camp. It is also my sincere wish and hope that none will ever hesitate, or delay, to come to me for a personal chat whenever the need arises. My one desire is to serve you to the very best of my ability, and, to borrow a phrase from the Prayer Book, "By God's help so I will."

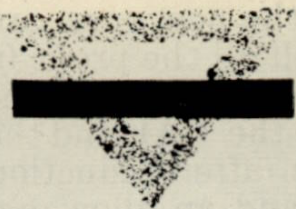
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Country and Empire all the better by understanding the world in which we are placed. So that when you see in D.R.O.'s that a Discussion Group is being formed don't just shrug your shoulders and dismiss the matter from your mind, but try to come along and help us as much as we hope to help you.



STAFF MESS OFFICERS

Y.M.C.A.



PAGE

By Reg. Dunn

I'VE just had a visitor; he has the harried, yet vaguely hopeful look, that all people in his position acquire. Hence, I knew at once that he was the new editor of "P.G." As we talked, I discovered he has a lot of good, sound ideas on the subject: "How To Run a Station Magazine." If he has an opportunity to put them into action, he and his office staff should have a most successful "tour of duty." One matter of which we talked, hinged around a question which often has been asked me by chaps who have responded to the cry of the editor, for material by sending in contributions: "What happens to my material? It never appears in print!" There must be some point in this question for it has been asked many times. Evidently there are many reasons for the non-appearance but we are assured that all material, in future, will be promptly acknowledged, even if it can't be used.

I want to bring your attention to two other matters in this issue: first, arrangements which exist for hospitality, and secondly the affairs of the Canteen. We start with—hospitality. Most of you are quite new to this Station and, therefore, new to this part of the country. No matter what some station propagandists may avow, Debert and vicinity is part of Canada, and the people in this locality are as hospitable as you will find anywhere. That's saying quite a bit, for within the last four years this county has been trying mightily to fill the need of thousands of men of men for hospitality, and it is not yet weary. What you want to know is, where can you go for your day off, or for a 48, or even longer—that is, who can you visit, and how do you go about it? Some of you want to spend the time thus, because you are "flat" and some, just because you want to meet people and share in some Canadian home life. In any case, this is the set-up. The Y.M.C.A. in Truro (on the main street), has a full list of all homes in the vicinity of Truro which are open to service men whenever possible. If you want to spend your time in one of these homes—within radius of thirty miles of Truro—you may come into my office here and I will secure the necessary information and make the necessary arrangements with the Truro Y.M. or, if you are in Truro when the idea hits you, go into the Y.M. see either Dave Morrison, the Supervisor, or Angus Rose, his assistant, and they will fix it for you. The hospitality scheme is centralized thusly so there will be no possibility of overlapping or loading six or seven men on one doorstep at the same time. Any further questions you have to ask, I will be glad to answer any time.

Next, the **Canteen**. Two things to mention:—firstly

many of you, especially the new ones, are of the opinion that the Y.M.C.A. takes unto itself all the profit from this part of our work here. This is far from actual fact. According to the agreement, arrived at in 1940 between the RAF and the Y.M.C.A., the following is stated: "The net profits (after deductions for the wages of clerks, replacements, insurance, and an allowance of 2% to cover cost of National Headquarters expenses are made), shall enure in their entirety for the benefit of Royal Air Force personnel." We adhere strictly to that agreement. Every month we turn over to P.S.I. a cheque which represents the **net** profit of the operation for the month previous. I hope this answers one of the questions you have in mind regarding the operation of the Y.M.C.A. canteen.

Secondly how fares the kitchen department? As there are many people with a strong interest in this part of our Y.M.C.A. work, and many who have assisted greatly in its operation, I note here a few facts regarding its operation during the first month of its existence—and these facts have to do with the kitchen only.

1. It has strictly maintained its intent of being open two hours each night of the week.

2. During the month, the ladies who serve in it, have served 3019 separate orders. If you wish to figure that out, you will find that means slightly more than 50 orders per hour.

3. The receipts in the kitchen for the month were \$672.23.

4. About 60 different ladies have worked in the kitchen during the month. These ladies were wives of RAF personnel, Truro ladies, and a group from Glenholme and Lower Debert.

The Y.M.C.A. is particularly indebted to Mrs. J. H. Woodin, wife of the Commanding Officer, for her invaluable aid and interest; to Mrs. Jim Doane of Truro, for her share in supplying us with an adequate number of helpers; and to Mrs. MacBurnie, chief-cook-and-bottle-washer, for her excellent work, her sustained interest, and her quiet tact and understanding. Wholehearted support has always been forthcoming from the Commanding Officer, G/Capt. Woodin and the Senior Admin. Officer, S/Ldr. H. Chambers.

GERMICIDALS

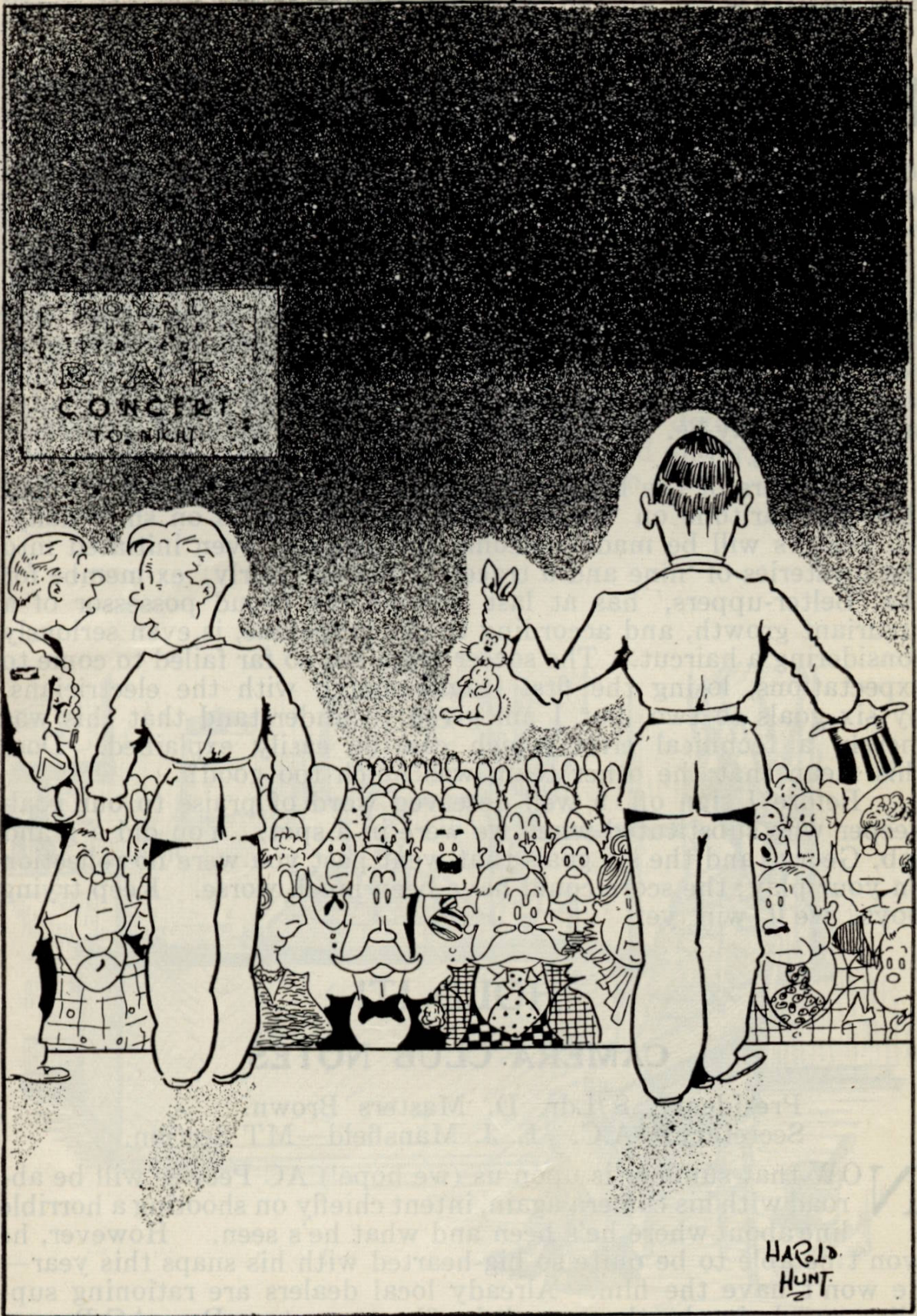
Do you know that 25,000 bacterial germs placed side by side would make a row only an inch long?

That a quart of well water has something like a million in it?

That thousands of them live in our bodies and neither help nor harm us?

That many germs can stand extremes of temperature varying between that of superheated steam and temperatures below freezing point?

C. F. R.



We must keep up the civilian's morale, you know.

ARMOURY BOMBSHELLS By "Empty Round"

Reports from the Station Armoury have so far been conspicuous by their absence, and really it is high time something was done about it. Since there has been no deluge of applicants for the job of Armoury correspondent I have elected myself entirely without permission, and certainly with little hope of it's being a popular election. Anyhow, no-one can say I didn't have a go.

The main subject of conversation in the section is of course, the inevitable one, and the presence of the amber fluid sold in the wet canteen as beer only adds to the pleasure derived from this topic. Naturally, after spending two weeks in camp theorising on how best to deal with the various shortcomings of the feminine sex, off they go to put theory into practise with Mary or Gladys as the case may be. I understand though, that Amhurst is bearing up under the strain.

Admirers of the better class of music, will be pleased to hear that our baritone on 'Faust in the filling room' is on show daily. All visitors will be made welcome and perhaps even initiated into the mysteries of 'nine and a tracer.' Friend 'Curly,' ex-membe for the 'Belter-uppers,' has at last become the proud possessor of a luxuriant growth, and according to the grapevine, is even seriously considering a haircut. The soccer team has so far failed to come to expectations, losing the first league match with the electricians, by six goals to two, but I am given to understand that this was merely a technical error which can be easily explained. Does this mean that the other team was much too good?

Before I sign off, a well deserved word of praise to our goal-keeper who substituted when we were in a spot. You did a grand job, George and the six goals that went past you were no reflection on your play; the score could have been much worse. Keep trying boys, we'll win yet.

HOLD IT!

CAMERA CLUB NOTES

President: S/Ldr. D. Masters Brown.

Secretary: A.C.—E. J. Mansfield—MT Section.

NOW that summer is upon us (we hope!) AC Peewee will be abroad with his camera again, intent chiefly on shooting a horrible line about where he's been and what he's seen. However, he won't be able to be quite so big-hearted with his snaps this year—he won't have the film. Already local dealers are rationing supplies, so, obviously, there won't be film to waste. Does AC Peewee really know what he is doing with his camera? Is he quite certain that every shot is going to come out? How, then, can he get the gen on this photo business?

Well, as all you avid readers of DRO's well know, a photo club

has been started on the camp. Now, every fortnight in the Synthetic Cinema a lecture will be given, illustrated by lantern slides and movie film, and designed by Kodak's especially to help AC Peewee improve his snaps. Later on there will be more advanced lectures, but at first the club will be catering mostly for the beginner, so don't be afraid to come along because you think things will be over your head.

Also, once or twice a week the club is organizing a camera ramble. "Organizing" is perhaps the wrong word to use, for these are quite informal affairs in which a half-dozen or so chaps get together of an afternoon or evening to wander around the countryside (it's surprisingly photogenic) and experiment in picture-making. The more advanced fans try to help the novice and exposure meters and tripods are pooled to the common cause.

So come along, AC Peewee, you will enjoy yourself as well as picking up useful hints and tips. Watch out for details of meetings and rambles on DRO's, or the YM notice board and try to turn up. you'll be more than welcome. And we do mean *you*.



What appears to be the trouble sergeant?

FLASHES FROM SIGNALS *By Abdulla*

We hear that a certain Junior N.C.O. from Signals will shortly be seen taking the pigeons for their morning walk going where he (Wills).

It has been brought to our notice that certain members of the signal section now realize that Manual Labour is no longer a Spaniard D/Finitely, keep COULL DRUMMOND and collect the GEARE also get WISE to yourself. Someone is OWEN you money.

Heard in Ops Room:- Is Mac-in-on S/Ldr. Shields fishing trip down the Shannon. You just KAHN (T) do it, it ain't FAIR.

Heard around the camp:::: GET an 8th Army haircut!

We hear that flannel shirts and collars are now classed as civvies. If you don't believe us, try booking out.

Who was the young telephone operator who tendered his Liquor permit for his identity card at the post office. Now, now Jack, you must STEELE yourself against these things.

Pay Accounts will attend to all queries in the Airport Inn. Hours from 9 to 5.

We are now at liberty to divulge the true meaning of the letters S.P. Send stamped addressed envelope; all enquiries treated with utmost confidence.

Our roving reporter was stopped in Truro the other night and asked if there was any truth in the rumour that our aircraft now landed without their wheels in order to save their tyres.

We are awaiting our special correspondents report as to whether bells will be attached to bicycles this month at Niagara Falls. Good luck Eric.

Who was the sergeant who invented the Debert Radio Beacon!!? He just GRIN D ON and on.

Wednesday's mess meeting "Something New has been added "OLD GOULD".

A certain young Corporal in Signals will swap a good address in New Glasgow for a new one in Amherst. He will re/LEESE all rights.

P. G. would like to thank all those of you who sent in contributions for this month's edition. We are only sorry that owing to lack of space we could not include them all. As you will see we have had to enlarge this month's edition as it is. However we hope to include them all in later issues. Thanking you once again for the grand support you have given us.



RECOGNIZE THIS?

AUSTRALIA

By Sgt. Cavendish

THE primary object of this article is to give many R.A.F. men a general idea of life in Australia. When this show is over, probably many Allied servicemen will choose to seek their livelihood in this part of the Empire.

In many respects, our country is modelled on the Motherland. The Govt., for instance is built on exactly the same lines as the British Govt. Our educarional system with its Primary, and Elementary Institutions, which come before graduation, into the secondary, or High School, is almost identical to the British idea. Most of the great Public Schools, which charge for instruction, wear that "Old School Tie." Rate of Exchange is on a par. The quid is still good and true for twenty shillings, and if you are lucky, you can get a pint of the best for tenpence.

Our railways however, are one of the badly organised concerns in a Country which has really remarkably few serious problems. The trouble is caused by the fact, that the gauges are constructed on a different scale. The war has proven that this is much more serious than had been previously imagined, for it means that loads have to be shifted from one state railway to another and this means unloading the goods several times on a long journey.

Our larger cities are situated on the Coast. Sydney for example, boasts of an excellent Tube System, supported as in other cities by trams and either electrical or petrol run buses. These cities are much the same as British cities as far as entertainment is concerned. Through the week, large crowds patronise the Horse Greyhound and Whippet racing and at the week-end, still larger ones roll along to see their respective Rugby, cricket or life-saving teams in action. A game that also attracts a great deal of attention, is Australian Rules drop-kick, a version of non-tackle ruggar. This is very popular in the Southern States. Swimming has a big say in the everyday lives of the coast dwellers. Shark and drowning casualties are negligible, owing to the strict surveillance of the various life saving clubs. The most famous sports in Australia however, are undoubtedly football, swimming, tennis and cricket. Our sports men are household names and for years to come, Jardine and Larwood versus Bradman and M'Cube will still be topics not lightly to be laid aside. Body line will always savour an argument.

Our abundant fruit, vegetables and sheep raising areas make Australia an independent country. Our stock of fruit for example, is more varied than that of any other single country in the world. Pineapples, bananas, paw paws, mangoes and dates etc., are from the north, while peaches, plums, pears and so on, come from the coast or from the irrigated expanses inland. Cool weather products are grown profusely in the South and in Tasmania. Sheep raising, cattle and crops, thrive on the plains and it is remarkable that the animals can live on Salt Bush and Mulga Weed wth brackish

white water to drink. The red dust so noticeable in Western New South Wales and Southern Queensland, does not deter the quality of the wool.

The Continent of Australia is old. Creatures such as the Platipus, lizard and other prehistoric reptiles bear this out. Mount Kosciusko, once the highest peak in the world, is today, merely a raised plateau. Owing to this war, Australia has found it necessary to have several thousand trained Alpine troops. These sturdy lads, were trained by Norwegians who were formerly employed as ski-ing instructors at some of the mountain resorts.

This is all I have space for this month, lads, but next time I hope to discuss in more detail, the life and people of "DOWN UNDER."

ENGAGEMENT

Sgt. Eric J. Dyer (Electrical Section) and Miss Isabel Mac-Tavish, of Marlette, Mich., U.S.A.



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS?

FROM THE BREEZES

By "Windsock"

A popular F.M.E. tells me that two can still live as cheaply a one, even if it is wartime.....

It is whispered that a "Gen-peddling" W.O. has lost confidence in his wireless operating ability.....

Can it be that members of the sickquarters staff are forsaking the "Schick" for the "Click".....

A lot of D.S.O. operation seems to be coming to a certain member of the Sgt's Mess these days. Can there be more in it than meets the eye?....

Several S.O.P. men are still discontented, it has been declared. Their brief sojourns in Debert appear to be the trouble.....

The sign attached to the entrance archway of the Fire. Dept's garden is being duly pointed out to section officers interested in the cultivation of horticultural displays.....

I note that several members of the Sgt.'s Mess and Corporal's Club still insist on "gate-crashing" the Airmen's social evenings in camp.....

They say the T. T. Section is having more trouble patching moth holes than bullet holes in drogues.....

'Did someone blunder?' I'm asked. Grapefruit, fresh, Airmen for the mastication of.....

The S.P. have, I'm informed, evolved a new pastime. Allocating "booking-out" numbers.....

It has been rumoured that the camp barbers will commence work any month now....perhaps!.....

I hear that the cricket "net" results aren't so good. Are the results really bad, or could it be the net?.....

It will be easier for members of a popular section to "account" for their overtime now that summer is said to be coming.....

They say a well known Welsh athlete has established training quarters in Truro to prepare for coming events. Best evens the odds.....

I believe a "popular" Debert figure is worried about his personality. He isn't sure whether it was bored or drilled.....

Apparently a couple of our Scots are quite "at home on the range".....

Speaking of Scots, it would profit them to study the economic strategy of the "Kinossor" from Hull.....

Can it be that the key to promotion lies in one's ability to enunciate with an Oxford accent?.....

Rumour has it that one of our handsome football captains is an excellent talent spotter.....

It appears that members of the newly formed Sgt's Mess "Glee Club" are rather glum because of the lack of public appreciation.....

Not even ju-jitsu could help a certain member of the Photography Section when he encountered trouble in Halifax.....

Meanwhile General Montgomery "remusters" his forces for future offensives to keep the old school tie flying.....