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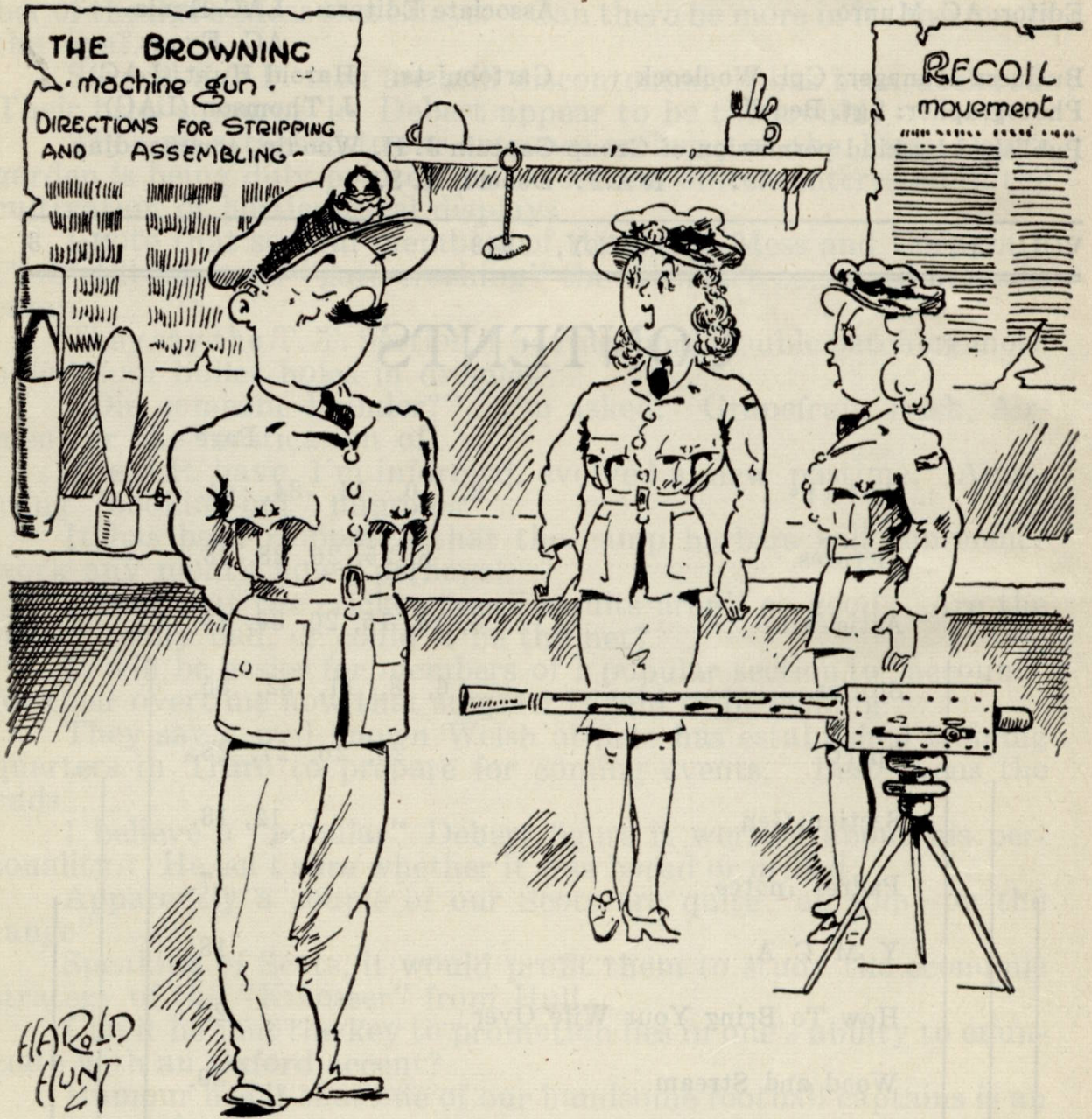
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STATION ARMOURY.
POSITIVELY **NO** SMOKING



“Come on girls—Start stripping.”

Conversations and Letters on the Subject of Cats in the Cookhouse

L.A.C. Brown-Doff to Orderly Sergeant: "Can you do anything about the cats that keep roaming about the cook-house?"

Orderly Sergeant to Orderly Officer (after three reminders): "There's a complaint, sir, about cats being in the dining-hall, sir. Can anything be done about it?"

Orderly Officer to Administrative Officer: "The airmen's mess is full of confounded cats. Will you attend to it?"

Administrative Officer to C. O.: "There seems to be a hell of a mess in the airmen's mess: the place is swarming with cats."

C. O. to Group:

Cats, Airman's Mess, Unexplained Presence Of In

1. Attention is drawn to the presence of felines in the airmen's mess.

2. Have these animals any right to be on the Station?

3. If not, what action is to be taken?

C. O. to Group (after a lapse of three weeks): Has nothing been done about the felines in the airmen's mess?

Group to C. O.: Yes.

C. O. to Group: What?

Group to C. O.: Nothing.

C. O. to Group: The matter is urgent.

Group to C. O.: The number of felines in the airmen's mess was not stated. P.S.—How many cats are there?

C. O. to Administrative Officer, A. O. to Orderly Officer, O. O. to Orderly Sergeant, O. S. to L.A.C. Brown-Doff: "How many cats are there in the airmen's mess?"

L.A.C. Brown-Doff to Orderly Sergeant, O.S. to Orderly Officer, O.O. to Administrative Officer, A.O. to C.O.: "Four."

C.O. to Group: After careful counting it has been found that the number of felines in the airmen's mess is four (4).

Group to C. O.: What sex?

C.O. to Administrative Officer, etc., to L.A.C. Brown-Doff: "What sex are those damned cats in the ruddy airmen's mess?"

From L.A.C. Brown-Doff to C.O.: "Two Tabby, two Tom."

C.O. to Group: It has been found by examination that the sex of the cats in the airmen's mess is as follows: Two female, two male. So the matter is most urgent.

Group to Air Ministry:

1. The Commanding Officer of..... Station reports the presence of felines in the airmen's mess.

2. The total strength is four (4)—at the moment.

3. The sex of these felines is as follows: Two female, two male.

4. Are these animals permitted on the Station? If not, what steps are to be taken for their removal?

5. It is requested that the matter be investigated without delay.

Air Ministry to Records: We are enclosing a copy of the letter received from 13 Group with regard to felines in the airmen's mess at..... Station.

Can you give them any information?

Records to Group, Group to C.O., and then from the C.O., verbally to L.A.C. Brown-Doff:

1. There is establishment for six (6) cats at this Station.
2. The other two will be posted in a few days.

"ENLIGHTENING DISCUSSION"

By Eavesdropper

- 1st Erk.* "Ar! Lincoln 'aint wot it wos. 'S a dirty 'ole now."
- 2nd Erk.* "Oh! 'Taint bad. I 'ad a good time when I wos at Waddo for a bit."
- 1st* "I've lived there all my life an' it ain't wot it blurry well wos."
- 2nd* "'S a bit flat I admit."
- 1st* "Flat? Lincoln's built on a 'ill! An' 'ow about the ruddy Wolds?"
- 2nd* "Never seen 'em. Anyway we're I wos it wos flat."
- 1st* "Oh! You wanna get around! It's the Raff wot's spoilt Lincoln. The lads got theirselves invited out shootin' the line 'bout bein' lonely, got their plates of meat under the table—then wot? w'y they made love to the daughters. That's wot's wrong with Lincoln."
- 2nd* "I reckons it's the cathedrals. All these towns with cathedrals is dirty. They runs the place."
- 1st* "Well anyway! They got some good pubs there—Saracens and the Falcon."
- 2nd* "Ah! not bad. Gimme a bottle of nut-brown now 'an I'd show you wot. Wot do you judge a town by anyway."
- 1st* "Oh! I dunno. It's size fer one thing."
- 2nd* "That don't make no difference. 'Cos a town's big, don't make it any ruddy good."
- 1st* "Well, it's cleanliness."
- 2nd* "Ow about the people?"
- 1st* "Ow about 'istoric places?"
- 2nd* "Ah! that don't matter. Wot odds do it make w'ere the Battle of 'Astings wos fought or w'ere Alfred burnt the cakes. The cook 'ouse do that every ruddy day, but it don't make the cook'ouse famous."

IT MAY BAFFLE BRAINS BUT NOT WITS

In this short ode we wish to say
Some gen with which you're not au fait,
Because we find that D.R.Os.
And chits we send your N.C.Os
Plus notices placed in the Mess
Don't meet with what we call success.

The cattle in the countryside
Part with their hides you to provide
With boots and shoes, but not to wear
Into a state beyond repair,
So hand your footwear into store
For prompt despatch to Ordnance
Corps.

The scale lays down that Flight Lieut.
Witt
Shall give you all some P. T. kit.
Two shorts and vests he'll issue free
So that with all facility
Our F/O Brown may say "Knees
Bend"
And know that you your pants won't
rend.

In scale Q six stroke five you'll find
A housewife (not the female kind)
Which you're intended oft to use
For sewing buttons on your "trews"
And mending clothes you'd like to
swop
At Robbie's natty suiting shop.

You men who daily do your toil
Amid surrounds of grease and oil,
Remember please to always wear
Some overalls to save the pair
Of suits blue grey and khaki drill
That make you look just dressed to
kill.

Don't think we're such a binding
crowd
When your exchange is disallowed
The A.O's always on our track
Complaining that the Stores are slack,
And he would raise an awful stink
If at his regs. we cast a wink.

We always find some stupid clot
Whose intellect is not so hot
Who moves the furniture around
Until no likeness can be found
Between the inventory as signed
And what few sticks are left behind.

Your need is not the only one
We have to meet 'ere work is done.
There's Holden's Hudsons needing
spares
And Roberts raving for his flares,
While Doctor Brown bawls out for
pills
To cure his patients' many ills.

So please remember that we do
Take action on demands that you
With pessimistic mien place
Before the E.O.'s cherub face.
And if you doubt our energy
Just try us with an A.O.G.!

So do not panic, do not fret,
For your demands will all be met.
Just bide your time and wait a while
We'll give you service with a smile.
We do our best and never falter
And don't demand what you didn't
oughter.

G. H. T. (Sqdn. Ldr.)





“P. G.” Delivered By Air

Lonely Lighthouse Keeper Cheered

By “Paraparcels”

Startling thoughts crossed the mind of a lonely lighthouse keeper on the Isle of Haute, Nova Scotia, when he saw a missile come hurtling down at him from the first aeroplane ever to fly over his isolated dwelling. His relief can be imagined when he discovered that the missile was a parcel of “comforts,” sent him by our own C.O., Group Captain Woodin, who had heard of the long months the lighthouse keeper spent on the island with no connection to the mainland.

Chief among the contents of the parcel was a copy of "P. G." But the story can best be told by a letter received by Group Captain Woodin from the man himself. Partly owing to this epistle, the C. O. decided to adopt this island, and has issued instructions for our aircraft to drop supplies there every fortnight.

June 7, 1943.

Dear Sir:

I wish to take the opportunity of thanking you for your thoughtfulness in sending me the magazines and other articles dropped to me by plane Sat. afternoon 5/6/43. I received them in excellent condition, and I find myself hardly able to express my gratitude in words, to you, Group Captain Woodin and the Wing Commander, in thinking of me out here on this lonely island.

Although this lighthouse was built here in 1874 this is one of the only times it has been visited by an aeroplane, and consequently numerous reasons rushed through my mind. As my knowledge of aircraft recognition is rather limited I did not at first recognize it as one of the giant Hudson bombers from R. A. F, Debert. "Maybe it is somebody secretly signalling to my wife" or "perhaps it was just an aeroplane lost on a navigational exercise," "Or could it possibly be an R. A. F. plane mistaking the lighthouse for a submarine?" My mind was full. Then I thought my worst fears were realized, for the aeroplane, after completing its square was actually dropping something on this tiny island. But, thank God, this unknown missile did not explode on coming to earth. As I very slowly and cautiously approached it I began to recognize the outline of something resembling a magazine. On going nearer I could now definitely distinguish it as a magazine, the cover of which outstandingly displayed the letters "P.G."

Well, now I know that those letters are the symbols of Pukka Gen, and since I have been initiated into reading this excellent monthly R. A. F. paper I sincerely hope that I shall be getting regular monthly calls from the aircraft of R. A. F. Debert.

Although the dropping of Pukka Gen itself was the main attraction I also greatly appreciated the daily newspaper dated June 5th, as the only way I have of reading the news is by taking a boat to the mainland, which, unfortunately the weather does not often permit. I was here 88 days last winter without any communication from the mainland, so it is little wonder we class this plane event a big one. I am sending this letter to you by a fishing boat that is here to-day and I will mail the parachute to you the first trip I make to the mainland.

In conclusion, I once again, wish to thank you and offer my best wishes to you all from my wife, family and myself.

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) Donald K. Morris,

Lighthouse Keeper,

Isle of Haute.

MR. LI'S INFELICITY

by

S/L. H.C.

In the autumn of 1926 or thereabouts, Li Ching-lin, the Governor of Tientsin was calculating to a nicety how much "squeeze" he could extract from the Chinese merchants of that prosperous city to swell the considerable loot already deposited to his credit with the local branch of one of the largest commercial banks of Japan. For certain political reasons which need not concern us he preferred not to entrust his "savings" either to a Chinese or foreign bank.

From time to time his agents had reported to him the activities of the "Christian" General, Feng Yu-shiang in far-away Jehol some hundred miles west of Peking. But it was singularly pleasant in Tientsin; he was on a very good wicket and he paid scant attention to scare-mongers until one bright morning he woke up to find that Feng and his troops had silently occupied Peking overnight, almost without a shot being fired. A few days later, when Feng's troops occupied Fengtai, an important railway junction on the Tientsin-Pukow railway, he really sat up and took notice, realising that Feng meant business, and made hasty plans to defend the city.

In this he was quite unsuccessful and after a very half-hearted resistance with inadequate forces he deemed it prudent to slip quietly away disguised as a coolie in a junk bound for a port in the province of Shantung. Here he sought out the Governor, one Chan Sung-chang and together they agreed on a plan of campaign. Chang—for a consideration—was to help him re-capture Tientsin and push Feng back where he belonged. But there was one snag; for while Chang had plenty of troops, the provincial coffers were empty. In fact his army had not been paid for several months though this was not uncommon in Tuchun's armies at that time.

Then Li had a brain-wave. He called in a printer from Tsinan-fu and instructed him to print large quantities of new notes, in the usual denominations, which he called "Military Notes" to ensure the acceptance of which he had printed on each note in bold characters "This is good money" over his signature.

In due time the operations against Tientsin started. All the troops—about 150,000 of them—were in high fettle, their pockets well lined with new money which they knew well how to spend on the delights offered by such a metropolis. After a siege of some days Feng and his soldiers were permitted to withdraw—after the ancient custom of China which always allowed a defeated general a way of escape—and the victorious Shantung troops took possession of the native city.

Here the first trouble started, for the merchants, the tea-shop proprietors and the gentry running the less reputable haunts of pleasure would not look at Li's new money in spite of his printer's assurance that it was good. They wanted real silver dollars or notes from the foreign or Chinese banks and after a number of

them had been shot out-of-hand for being difficult they packed up and in a body fled with their families to the protection of the Foreign Concessions (which, as a gesture of goodwill, have since been handed back to China.)

The failure of Li's financial racket naturally led to some hard words and one or two cases of looting by the troops occurred. In order to check this turn of events—which, had it developed, would have killed for Li the goose from which he hoped later to gather many golden eggs—a proclamation was issued that all his military notes would be withdrawn and real money paid out in exchange.

A requisition was then made on Li's private funds with the Japanese bank for two million dollars in cash and later several lorries with armed escort went to collect. On their return, the sealed packets were checked but each was found to contain an assorted collection of Li's own military notes. Li's frantic protests were met with the bland reply from the Japanese that he had guaranteed the money himself. What could be fairer? Li had his money and the bank had the boodle!

ROVER-SCOUTS

There is a Rover Crew in this unit. It started a couple of months ago among half a dozen or so enthusiasts, most of whom had been Scouters in Truro and the District for many months.

The Commanding Officer is very keen, and at the moment about two dozen fellows get together on alternate Monday evenings. Most of them are Permanent staff, but some are Pupils on the course.

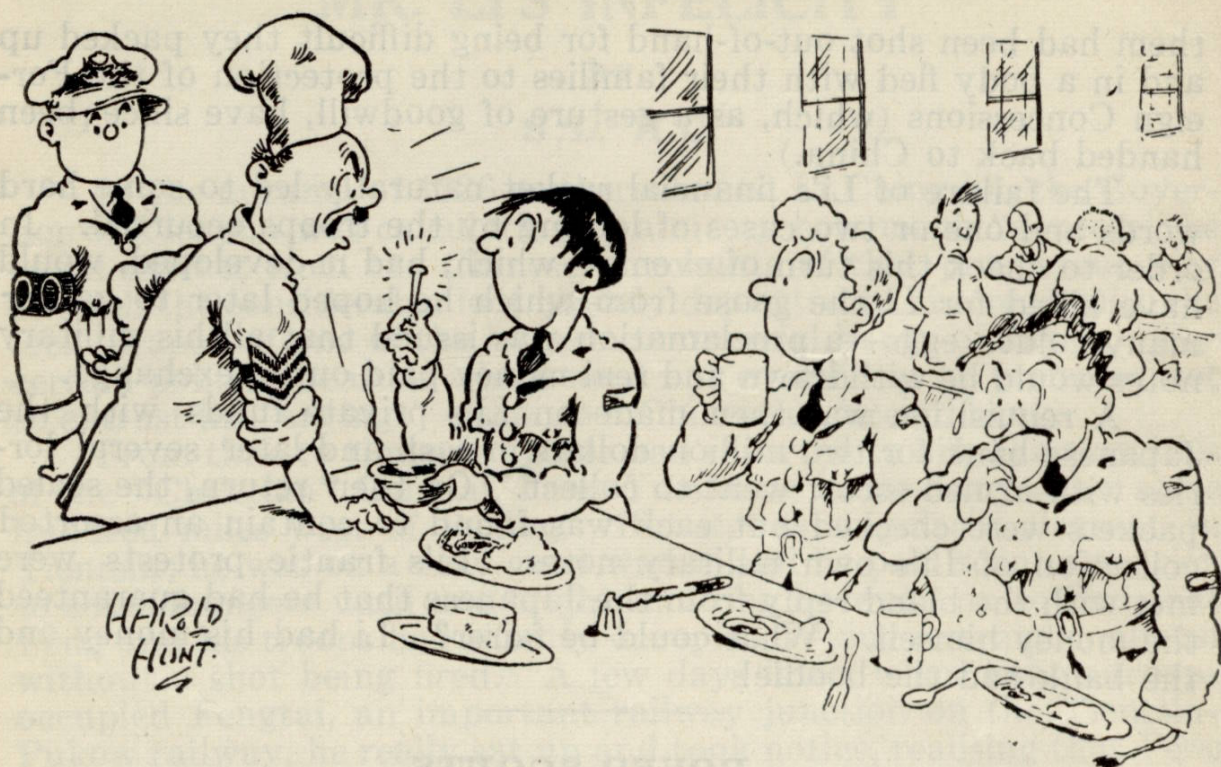
There must be many Old Scouts and Rovers about the Camp, and if they would like to revive old Memories, help create new ones, enjoy day or overnight hikes, explore the Forests and Rivers of Nova Scotia, Bivouac on weekends,—there is no need for tents in this Country,—and generally enjoy such Freedom as is possible during "Off-duty" periods, they should contact the Training Wing Adjutant (Tel. 138), F/L McLauchlan (Tel. 21), or W/O Millard (bel 42), the Rover Leader and Assistant Rover Leaders respectively.

Invested Rovers who turn up will be heartily welcomed and offered full membership of the Crew. Those who have been Scouts previously, and those who have not, will be just as welcome and given the opportunity of joining the Scout Movement as Rovers, if such is their desire after they have tried it out.

Training in Scoutmastership is also an important part of the Crew programme and it is hoped that arrangements can be made with Dominion H. Q. at Ottawa for Wood Badge training to be organised within the Crew.

The wearing of Scout Uniform is completely Optional; the Scout Law and Scout Discipline regulate all our dealings, and any of the Scouters will be delighted to answer any further questions.....

M. N. B.



“Well, what did yer expect ter find in it—a blasted battleship?”

HEARD IN HADES

Demon: Well, the guy in furnace 21368 is away on a forty-eight year pass, we could stick him there temporarily. Or, there is the special S.W.O. furnace. We could let him have a certain reserved seat for a day or so.

Satan: (gloatingly) Good, good! Check! How does that appeal to you, WAG?

W.A. G.: Goodoh! I've always been one for heat; lead me to it.

Demon: I have a new device completed which emits VE AR unceasingly—perhaps a century or so with that?

Satan: What about it, O WAG?

W. A. G.: VE AR was ever my favourite lullaby (Croons diddy di dah dit, lovingly).

(Satan obviously shaken, sits in contemplation. Then his countenance glows with diabolical glee)

Satan: I have it! Return him to his body; have him restored to England and arrange for his posting to Debert, Nova Scotia, for the duration.

Crescendo of hellish glee as the local citizens applaud yet another master stroke. W.A.G. is led away, groaning and sobbing piteously.

NOT TO BE CONTINUED.

"AT SEA 31 - 4 - 43"

A copy of a letter received by an airman on this station from a pal in the Royal Navy. Perhaps after reading it we shall all realize how lucky we really are.

Life has been pretty tough recently. Early in the morning we received a gale warning with the additional information that gusts of 90 miles an hour were to be expected so I went around seeing things were battened down and keeping an eye on the barometer which proceeded to drop steadily. The weather got progressively worse and we were shipping green so much so that we had to take crews away from some of the guns. There was some work which had to be done on the foc'le so I took the chief bos'ns mate and three ratings along with me and we set to. I had on sea boots, oilskin trousers, a towel round my neck and a sou-wester plus a cork life belt.

I have never experienced anything like it. We had to cling on with one hand and do work with the other. Every few minutes seas would come inboard and crash on to us or else the spray would lash into our faces. At times we lost sight of the bridge because the sea got between us. Several times I opened my mouth and shouted an order but the sea got there first choking me. It was just as if I was being ducked into a rough sea headfirst. We were swept off our feet several times or were forced by the wind up against the deck work and simply pinned there unable to move and just gasping for breath.

Finally I lashed myself to the guardrail and worked that way. By this time the sea had found a hollow place at the top of my coat and just poured down it like into a drain. My sea boots were full of water and my hands were blue with cold. However, the job was almost over in 15 minutes although it seemed nearer an hour. We all scampered below when it was reported to me that the seas had broken through the hawse-pipe covers and was filling the Cable room. When I got right forward things were in a delightful mess, water everywhere; there were only two people who could work in such a confined space. I and the leading seaman went in to put back the covers. We were over our knees in water and every few minutes a sea with tremendous force was roaring through the hawse-pipe, and, of course, the scuppers could not clear. However, we managed to get the covers back and the sea very slowly drained away.

By that time I was soaked through so decided I may as well make an inspection to see how the ship was standing. Except for slight damage here and there the old girl was doing very well, despite rolling and pitching like the devil.

Returned to my cabin like a drowned rat, blinking salt out of my eyes, everything tasted of salt and I found my hair was full of it. I undressed outside my cabin leaving a pool of water outside of my door. After a warm rubdown, a cup of cocoa, and a change I went on to the bridge to join the O.M. The gale and storm was

at its worst. Everywhere one could see high seas, frosted with white and green foam, the spray lashing against the bridge making noises like machine gun bullets.

I entered into the log "wind force 9" Beaufort scale, a thing I have never done before. There is only one other—10, which means hurricane.

Porpoises followed us leaping up and through great waves with much delight. They evidently thought it great fun, but we didn't.

I was soon pretty wet again, but this time I had stuffed all kinds of things round my chest and neck and tied string round my sea boots, so felt quite snug and warm except for my hands and face which are very sore now with so much wind and wetness.

The lads looked a bit green but I was too busy to worry about the ship rolling.

The glass is still dropping and I can see we are going to be in for a jolly session. However, it may be worse but not much.

ARMOURY BOMBSHELLS

By "Empty Round"

EVERYONE is affected by progress, even our opera star. He is becoming quite a student of popular music, and his main interest in life at the moment is the 06-45 shuffle, while his versatility ranges even to scrub-time.

It seemed for a while as if Amherst was losing its attraction for our ironmonger friend. Can it be that Gladys proved unfaithful? The old lure has proved much too strong to resist, however, we wish you the best of luck Pearl, you'll probably need it.

Last Friday a dozen wild-eyed, inebriated erks descended upon the Great Village Dance, to delve into its mysteries. I understand that civilians have been guaranteed police protection for future occasions.

One of our three corporals recently lost his most treasured possession. The culprit when discovered is assured of a swift kick in the teeth. Incidentally after the last corporals' dance three individuals were seen weaving shakily through the hut in the wee sma' hours of the morn. It must have been a wet night.

Rumour has it that we shall all be invited to a wedding in the very near future, or could the bride-to-be's family stand it? The main snag seems to be the ring which is very much among the "things to come." A tough problem I grant you Glen, but time grows short.

Sport is very prevalent in the section these days, cricket and Borden-Ball teams almost ready to begin operations, while at last we have found a football team. An 8-1 win over the Instrument Section was very gratifying, and we look forward to other victories. Our left back is nursing a badly swollen knee, but we hope he will soon be with us again, so look after it Bob and don't strain yourself working.

FROM UNDER THE SUMP

By Differential

THAT group of wooden shacks situated to the left of the main gate as you enter the camp is the M. T. Section. It was put there so that the orderly room runner doesn't have far to go with the 658's, and so that S.P.'s don't have far to go to see if "there's anything going to town today."

It functions under the loving care of two Chiefies, one of whom is almost a Nova Scotian, (Pictou County), and the other has a family, a dog and a long walk home every day. Three corporals answer the telephone and shout things like, "Take 548, 722's u.s.," and, "'Ows them bowsers" through the doorway. They come in three sizes, large, medium and small, and they have nightmares about mule-drivers who "wansumgas" in the middle of the night and people who want to know at what time the shuttle leaves for East Camp.

The cream of the section, the working men, the drivers are a fine collection of the best types of humanity, or at least, so our friends tell us.

An extremely versatile bunch. Some have linguistic tendencies, and one member mutters to himself in Spanish when he isn't trying to sell vegetables. Others converse rapidly in Welsh much to the disgust of the fellow members who hear their own names mentioned frequently in the conversation, and all show a remarkable control of the English language when circumnavigating a shoal of itinerant pupils or when asked their opinion of Fords.

Their spare time activities are many and varied. Some hie themselves into the woods at every opportunity, one or two in search of photogenic material. The others seem to find the bird life of Londonderry an interesting study. Others roam as far afield as New Glasgow and vicinity, where we are informed their research work concerning "rara avis," takes them into the small hours of the morning.

A few of the more stalwart spirits took an active part in a recent display of fisticuffs, and it is possible that the success of one of our able brethren in this field led him to try conclusions, most unsuccessfully with certain members of the Provost Corps in New Glasgow. At the time of writing we see him wandering around with a downcast look muttering, "only three more days to do."

A popular pastime in the section is the telling of tales, we seem well supplied with veterans of Spain, Dunkirk, Singapore, India and Libya, to say nothing of the disciplined veteran of Uxbridge. At any time one may be cornered by one of these people and told how they used to do it "way back." Then there are the old-timers of Debert who wander around muttering, "These new blokes aren't as good as the old 'uns" and tell how the night shift used to bring "wizard suppers."

FIREMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT!

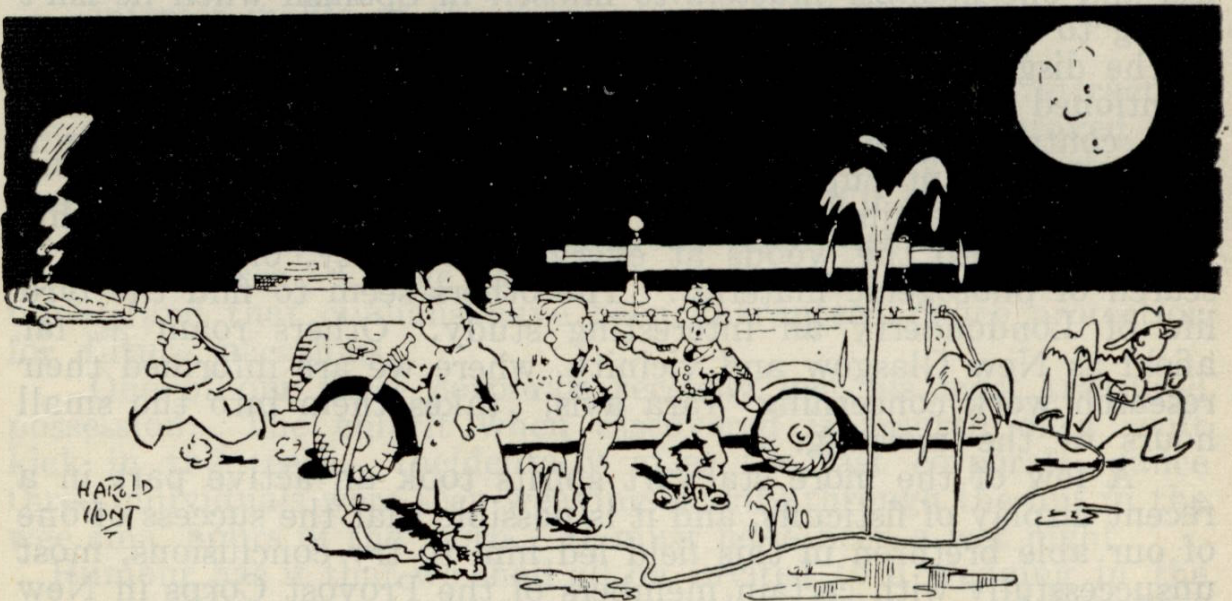
“By “Ever” and “Anon.”

(Written with apologies to the Fire Section, may their hoses never dribble but always squirt)

L OUD snores are emitted by Debert's brave firemen as they lie in the arms of Morpheus, they dream the dreams that only an airmen can dream. The pilot lamp burns low high up in the ceiling and all is peaceful, (at least comparatively).

This peaceful scene is suddenly shattered by the persistent ringing of an electric bell—the crash alarm bell and what follows now would have to be seen to be believed.

Imagine if you can, the Last Trump sounding in the vaults of an old country church with the inhabitants of those cosy wooden jackets arising therefrom, can you imagine it? Very well then, in this case the corpses (pardon us, no offence meant) fall from the tops of double-deckers and crawl from underneath, tugging at trousers, struggling with boots and cursing the Wright Brothers and Messrs. Lockheed with great gusto. It is not a short curse, but a long comprehensive one covering both brothers from birth to death, and the Lockheed concern from office-boy to designer.



At last with trousers worn in styles varying from that of half mast to back to front they clamber on to the fire engine, joined, at the last minute by one unfortunate gent who has been caught napping as it were and whose trousers have become entangled with portions of his anatomy also an N.C.O. clad in natty blue pin-stripe pyjamas and macintosh (“Esquire” please note.) The section's mascot, a tiny black kitten, has already taken its position perched on the bonnet of the truck, a safe enough position as long as the driver manages to keep awake during his trying ordeal.

The fire engine moves off. The powerful engine missing well, propels the vehicle at the spanking pace of ten miles per hour. They round the hangars and see before them an aircraft wallowing in the mud with a plume of black smoke curling from its tail.

On seeing this the fire staff respond like fire horses to the smell of smoke and neigh joyfully rejoicing that at last there is a fire for them to extinguish.

The roaring red monster now cracking its pace up to the vicinity of the 11 m.p.h. mark, reaches the spot and shrieks to a halt. The fire staff also shriek as their heads come into contact with the ladders stowed on top of the engine.

In ten minutes dead (well maybe fifteen) the hoses are out and they are playing vigorously on the tail wheel which has become heated up through friction. The reason for the delay in extinguishing the blaze seems to be because of some argument as to which class of fire this one should be placed. A, B, C and D are all favoured in turn, the matter finally being decided by the toss of a coin. After all this and the fight over the ownership of the coin it is not difficult to see why the tempus fugits (For the benefit of those of you who did not attend St. Ethelburgers, the last two words mean "time flies").

The fire engine is now joined by the blood-wagon and the red monster's half brother, the crash tender. Everyone, except the pilot who is wondering how long it will take to purchase a new outer cover (Sect. 27A) out of his wages, is in high spirits.

At last all is over, the engine clatters off once again bearing the weary firemen back to their abode. After their arrival there lengthy discussions ensued, some explaining how they crawled through fire and smoke to save the pilot (who was, by this time enjoying a glass of malt liquor in the mess). Others extol their marvelous feats of valour but they all bind at the lack of perspex. Cries of "Don't bind!" and "Let's get some sleeping hours in" eventually restore peace, and snores once again reign supreme!

Once Again We Bring You Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Maqumisic:

Further to my letter to which you replied in June's P. G., I have discovered what my late girl friend meant about not pulling the wool over her eyes.

Satisfied, Truro Hospital.

Dear Miss Maqumisic:

The last two or three times I have visited my girl friend in Truro her father has walked through the room with a shot-gun under his arm. Do you think that there is any significance in this?

Apprehensive.

Dear Apprehensive:

If you were born any time between Jan. 1st and Dec. 31st your horoscope shows that July will be Propitious for matrimony; nor is there any indication of a long sea voyage. CHECK!

Dear Miss Maqumisic:

I have never been out with a girl before, but I have recently been thrown into contact with a young lady from Truro. When I asked her to come up to my room in the Nova Scotia Hotel to see my stamp album she said "That's a new one, anyway," but seemed quite interested. However, at eleven o'clock she hurled my album out of the window and left in SUCH a temper. Can I possibly have offended her in any way?

Inexperienced.

Dear Inexperienced:

Philately and philandery are strange bed-mates. Perhaps you'd better stick to stamps and send the lady's address to me. I know large numbers of airmen who are interested in etchings which I think are more in her line.

Dear Miss Maqumisic:

The other night I met and danced with a girl at the Forum. At the end of the evening I asked her to come to the Palliser for a sandwich, but she cried "Wolf" and raced off with two girl friends, laughing hysterically. I would like to meet her again.

Wistful.

Dear Wistful:

WHY?

Dear, dear! Tantilised:

Tut! tut! And all those books there are on the subject!

Dear Miss Maqumisic:

Three months ago an Air Force sergeant approached me and asked if I would mind getting him something from the Liquor Store. I did so and he took my telephone number saying that he would ring me sometime. This he has done, at monthly intervals, and I have repeatedly bought rye for him at the L. S.

With me it was a case of love at first sight, but I am beginning to wonder whether he is only interested in me in a spirituous way. What do you think? I enclose my picture.

Romantic.

Dear Romantic:

What do YOU think? Are you sure you enclosed the right snapshot?



PADRE'S NOTES

Those who attended the Church Service on Trinity Sunday, June 20th, were agreeably surprised to be greeted by string music, in addition to the usual harmonium band. Since I didn't originate the idea, I can say that I thought it a jolly good one, as I know everyone else did, and I hope that our violinists will be able to keep it up, if not every Sunday, at least quite often. Incidentally, if anyone else has any good ideas about arrangements for Sunday services, please come and tell me. There is always room for improvement, and pleasure does contribute to the spirit of worship, which is what we want in our services, however simple the outward effects and surroundings have to be.

We have lost one of our organists, Pilot Officer Passey, recently commissioned and posted to another unit. We wish him all the best, with many thanks for his valuable help. Fortunately his going does not leave us without an organist, since our regular organist, L.A.C. Hurst, is still going strong, and there are others who are always game to help, when necessary.

A Note On The Old-Timers

When you read the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, do you sometimes wonder what it was that made those old-timers claim Divine authority for the smallest injunctions of social custom and civic law? To cut a long story short, it was because human conduct, and the relations between man and man, were seen to be so closely linked with religion, that to separate them would be as unnatural as it would be tragic. When a man fulfilled his proper obligations to other men, to his family, and to society as a whole, he was fulfilling a part of his natural duty to God.

Think of what modern Democracy means, at least in ideal. It stands for Freedom,—certain specific "freedoms" in particular. What are to be the safeguards of such freedom? Put together a saying of Edmund Burke, to the effect that 'the less control there is **within**, the more there must be **without**,' and William Penn's assertion that "men must be governed by God, or they will be ruled by tyrants," and the answer is in sight. The only safeguard of freedom is a keen sense of responsibility, and a reading of history will show you, (and your knowledge of men today will bear it out) that that is closely allied to reverence for God, and the natural expression of that reverence in everyday relationships.

An American bishop has recently declared that "The Church of the future must bring to the world a renewed sense of solidarity.... an ever widening Spirit of fellowship." The Church, however you define it, is a fellowship of people, quite ordinary people, united by reverence for God. Every man can do his bit to strength-

Continued on page 19

Y.M.C.A. — PAGE

By Reg Dunn

BY the time this issue reaches you, almost one half of the Canadian summer will have disappeared. Please—no witty remarks such as “*What* summer?” Admittedly we were rather late in getting at it, but then, we were so busy with the war effort. There are a couple other mid-summer “efforts” I’d like to bring to your attention by mentioning them in this page:

Travelling Exhibition of Photographs: this magazine should be in your hands on the 15th of the month. The evenings of the 15th and the 16th will be the last two evenings in which this exhibit of pictures is on display. At the time of writing, I’m not quite sure where these pictures will be hung—probably either in the Drill Hall or in the Airmen’s Lounge (Y.M.C.A. building). In any case, previous bulletins around the station will give you that information. But this I do want to say about the exhibit: if you haven’t seen it by the time you read this, please dash along and look it over. The Y. M. C. A. has arranged with the Pictographers Society of Toronto for the use of this exhibition of photographs—sixty in all—and these pictures are on exhibit on this Station between the 10th and the 16th of July. Anyone interested in this type of art will find much to appreciate in this exhibit. Any of you who are particularly interested in photography might like to join the already existing Photographic Club on the station. Others interested in art, or art classes, may register their interest with me, and we will make an endeavor to form an art class for the autumn and winter season. Anyway, please visit the exhibit before it leaves the station.

Summer schedule for Cafeteria: beginning with the first of July, you have noticed that the cafeteria is running under a new schedule, for the summer months only. The new schedule is so arranged that the tasks in the kitchen may be lightened during the warm weather. I’m sure you will appreciate the need of that; the ladies who have been so faithfully serving personnel with hot foods since the first of April certainly need a “break” during the hot weather. Although other notices have given you the gen on this summer schedule, perhaps I’d better repeat it here: the kitchen is not open on Sundays for the remainder of the warm weather. Hot food nights will alternate with cold food nights the rest of the week; for instance, one week, hot foods on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, and cold food the other three nights. And the next week, it just reverses—hot foods on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights. I feel that this schedule is working fairly well, and many thanks for your cooperation.

Continued at foot of page 19

NATURE NOTE

While energetic u/t newsboys were selling "P.G." at East Camp's Pay Parade last month, a young duck was found wandering on the tarmac by L. A. C. Ken Crewe, of the Instrument Section (Minors).

For safety it was put in the box with "P.G." while its finder was paid, and then passed a night in the Instrument Section, where it was fed on choice chopped worms, dug out of the new garden outside the hangar.

We regret to say that "Donald" died during the night, possibly owing to the inability of the Instrument "bashers" to give a sufficiently convincing imitation of a duck's mother.

Can anyone give a rational explanation of the existence of a piano and /or a radio in every room on the camp which is fitted out for writing. As an ex-journalist I have written in some noisy and hectic surroundings, but never before have I tried to write endearments to my wife with "Rinso White" entering one ear, and "In the Mood," played with the wrong chords, hammering away at the other.

Music may have charms, but in this instance, it aroused even more savagery in my breast.

Does it ever!

PADRE'S NOTES---Continued from page 17

en and extend that fellowship, and every man's bit is going to count. It does count, every time some matter of human responsibility is thought of, and fulfilled, as part of one's duty to God.....The old-timers had something, after all, hadn't they?

R. de B. WELCHMAN

Y. M. C. A. PAGE---Continued from page 18

Incidental: as even Y.M.C.A. supervisors have a spot of leave occasionally, no one will be surprised when I note that I expect to be off the station for 14 days, beginning with the 23rd of July. Just what I intend to do with that 14 days is entirely my affair. In all probability, while I am away, the Y.M.C.A. will have a replacement on the station to do the chores. Whoever he may be, all I ask is that you feel free to make as much use of him as you do of me. I'm sure he will be able to cope, and will render any assistance he can to your activities.

BEGINNING OF THE SOCCER SEASON

By "Snoop"

IT comes on the end of May and not many of the citizens go much on the Camp cinema as it is pleasant in the evenings and it is like English Spring.

There is plenty of beer in the wet canteens and many congregate there and sing "Nellie Dean," "Old Mill Stream," and I do not know what else, including "Salomie," although we do not go so good on this because nobody remembers all the words and half the time we are all just going ho-hum-hum-ho-hum-hum, like guys nearly always do when they are singing "Salomie," except the boys from the Flights, who seem to know all the words, and they are good words at that.

It seems that many of the citizens do not so much on this drinking and singing either, but they are not very old, and as I say, it is like English Spring. Furthermore, this English Spring is supposed to do things to young guys and many of them dash this way and that way and every which way after they have finished work, and catch vehicles to Truro. And when it comes on evening there, they all seem to head for Victoria Park, including all the young merchants with stir haircuts and no sideboards, and many beautiful young dolls wearing blue and yellow and red flowers, and old fat guys in sports pants and straw hats, and old dolls who walk as if their feet hurt them, and the chances are they do at that. Moreover, besides the guys with stir haircuts there are many gigolos from the Debert East Side who wear bell bottom trousers and they wear their hair so long it is rumoured they put it in nets at night. I am not very bright, but it is said to me that The Purge will operate on this East Side shortly and even I can imagine the S.W.O. putting much business in the hands of Knell, the barber.

But on this evening I am talking about I am not at Truro, or the cinema, and the Corporals Club wet canteen is Out of Bounds for spring-cleaning or some such, so I am dragged into a large football game between S.H.Q. Signals versus Maintenance Sparks.

I am not such a guy as you will expect to find on a football field at any time. But there I am, and the reason I am there is because the canteen is closed and on account of I have no potatoes for the price of the cinema or the fare to Truro, although I wish to say I want no part of this walking in Victoria Park as to me dolls are the old "phedinkus," & more than somewhat dangerous. Moreover, they are the old phonus-bolonus.

I am asked to play in this large football game by A.C. Sargant, who is very keen at this sport, and is short of a man at the last minute. Now, it is ages since I perform at this soccer although no doubt this Sargant hears me shooting a line about how I play in England and the chances are I will be with the "A's" at Uxbridge if I do not have other things to do.

Also this team is supposed to be S.H.Q. Signals and S.P.'s combined, so I guess this Sargant is giving the gendarmes a little courtesy play in including me. But he is taking a big chance on

me as, for all he knows, I may be as useful as dandruff. And perhaps I am, at that.

I afterwards hear that S.H.Q. Signals are considered quite a good thing before it is known that I am playing for this team but our price falls to 3 to 1 against us and the cynics say it is a nice price at that.

Well, what happens but the whistle goes and we commence the large football game. This whistle is blown by a guy called the referee who is a very fair guy indeed, as we win by two goals to nil.

Quite a sprinkling of erks are standing around and shout at us how to play and often they make very distasteful and ironical noises. Before the game I wonder why there are not more at these games, especially this large one which is first in the League, but I figure it is because a citizen reckons he can see a football game when he is old, while many things are taking place around and about that it is necessary for him to see while he is young enough to really enjoy them such as Victoria Park and beautiful young dolls, to say nothing of the wet canteen.

Well, we wear red shirts and socks and Maintenance wear blue, and as it is an early-season game many of us are stiff, and I am more than somewhat. It is only a middling game and the customers are requesting us, in the second period, to use the leather on each other, as they are tired of us missing the ball. Furthermore, one guy complains we are as dim as a Toc H. lantern.

But I always say a customer has the best of it at a football game, especially on this pitch which sends the ball this way and every which way. Furthermore, the ground is very hard and we all are pretty sore when we leave the ground and I personally find I have stud-marks imprinted on the soles of my feet, when I take my boots off.

I meet A.C. Sargant as we walk to our business, and as he hops along beside me with a bad knee-twist, he says this way:

"Why but it is a wonderful game. On Thursday next we play the squirts from Training Wing and we hope to beat them more than two-nothing."

He adds that our defence is very good, but I consider he is just modest, as he is a forward and almost scores an excellent goal, while I am a back.

So I say to him back this way:

"Why but you were excellent too. Furthermore, that was, nearly an excellent goal you just missed."

I am puzzled at this piece of back scratching more than somewhat, but I can only think to myself that A.C. Sargant maybe takes a portion of the 3 to 1, and he no doubt credits me with the fact that we shortened to this price from evens.

Furthermore, the chances are that I will take a portion of the 3 to 1 myself, but I am a gendarme. Yes, 3 to 1 is a nice price indeed, and anything that is good enough for A.C. Sargant is good enough for me, although ordinarily I will not bet a pound that I am alive.

Nobody will deny that I will send it along if I like a proposition and if it were peace time I would have had plenty of potatoes on me.

FAMILIES WELFARE COMMITTEE

A Families Welfare Committee has been created on this unit and the first meeting took place on 22nd June. The committee consists of the following members:-

Chairman.....	S/Ldr. Oxley-Sidey (Senior Accountant Officer).
Secretary.....	F/O Green (Station Education Officer).
Members.....	S/Ldr. Coulson (Chief Ground Instructor)
	Welchman (Station Chaplain)
	F/Sgt. Marks (Training Wing)
	LAC. Beaufort (Station HQ.)

The purpose of the Committee is to assist and advise personnel on matters affecting their families in Canada. In particular it is concerned with the ever present problem of families seeking passage to the UK.

A register of all living out personnel has been compiled and will be kept up to date. In this connection, the secretary (F/O Green) would appreciate it if he is advised of all changes of address of families while they are in Canada.

“HQ. C-33-1-26”

Copies of a booklet dealing with the question of families wishing to join their “heads” (ie husbands and fathers) in the UK. should be read by all personnel whose families are in the Dominion. Copies can be obtained from F/O Green.

All members of the Committee are anxious to help solve problems arising from the repatriation of personnel who have their families with them in Canada. So don't be backward, if you've a snag, please let them know and they'll do their best for you.

There have been a number of rumours flying around the camp re “that Boat.” This magazine is not called “PG” for nothing so see the Welfare Committee, before the rumour becomes an “established fact.” It doesn't long!

GETTING 'EM ON THAT

Now that things seem to be waking up all along the repatriation, front, a lot of us are wondering just where we stand as regards getting the wife and kiddies home, as soon as possible after we're “on the boat” ourselves.

There have been a whole crop of rumours on the subject, most of them fantastic and all of them incorrect. To get things straight I think a plain statement of the facts as at present might be helpful so here goes:-

Some people hold that “money is the root of all evil.” Apparently though this view is not shared by the shipping companies so that the first question you've got to settle is the usual one of cash. Approximately \$180.00 is required for your wife, the same sum for

a child of twelve or over, \$90.00 if its over five and under twelve, \$45.00 if over one year and under five, while for babies (ie under twelve months), the charge is \$10.00. This sum is payable by bank draft in favour of "Civil Liaison Officer, United Kingdom Air Liaison Mission."

I have heard a number of complaints on the score that the fares quoted are all flat rates, irrespective of whether the personnel involved are airmen or officers. I would point out however that under AFRO. 148 /43 concessions are granted as regards the payment of rail fares in Canada. This very valuable concession applies to the families of airmen only.

If you have money in England, you may pay for the fares in sterling. This can be done by arranging for the equivalent in pounds, shilling and pence, to be paid over to the Air Ministry under advice to Ottawa. To arrive at the equivalent, divide the total number of dollars by the decimal 4.43. Thus if your wife has a baby of under a year when you make application, then \$180.00 (wife's fare) plus \$10.00 (baby's fare) equals \$190.00. Divide this by 4.43 and the figure 43.89 results ie 42.17.9d. which is the total sum payable, plus 2-6 for the Canadian Government wharfage fee (50c per adult).

Assuming that you have the cash available, either in Canadian dollars or English sterling, make your application for an ocean passage for your family, as soon as your own final posting instructions are received. The application must be accompanied by a statement of health covering all members of the family and pregnancy of the wife **must** be stated.

Also include with the application the Canadian address of your wife. Impress upon her the necessity of keeping Ottawa informed of any changes in address, otherwise her passage may be delayed simply because instructions are sent to her old address and so fail to reach her. If your wife has a passport, send this too and if the children are not included on it, attach a slip of paper giving their names, sex, place and date of birth. If your wife has no passport, one will be obtained for her, but mention the fact on your application for ocean passage.

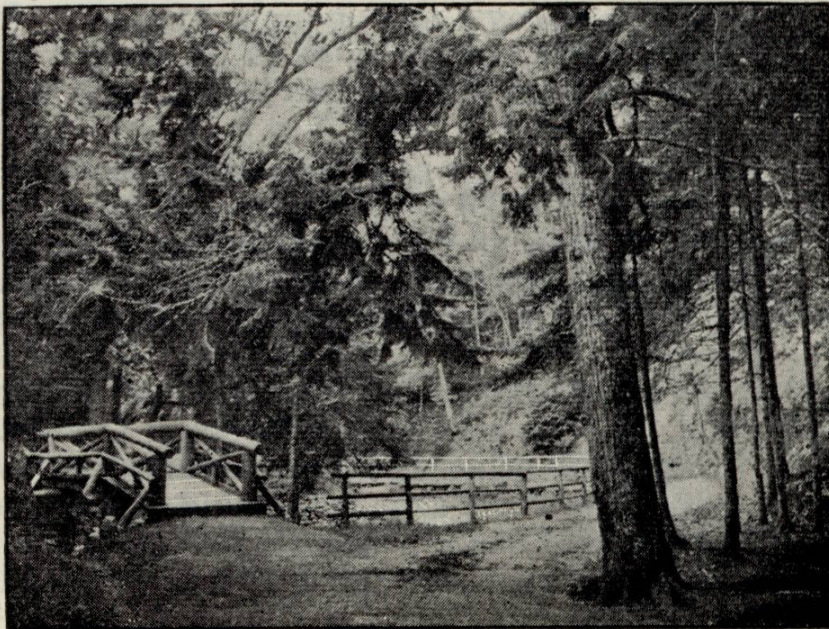
One last point. Even though her passage money has been paid over, and her rail fare to the embarkation centre has been taken care of, she will still have the following expenses to cope with on her way to the ship:-

1. Cost of meals while travelling to the port.
2. Accommodation and meals at the embarkation centre.
3. The 11% premium which will be payable on the ocean fare money if the ship is sailing from an American port.

That's the story as it is at present. Any changes will be advised in "PG" the editors of which magazine have very kindly allowed me a page per month for the purpose.

NOTE: Canadian wives and children following family head

(or husband) to United Kingdom, to take up permanent residence, requesting or requiring passage to United Kingdom, are on an equal basis with wives and families who came from the United Kingdom.



I have heard a number of complaints on the score that the rates quoted are all but rates irrespective of whether the personnel involved are women or officers. I would point out however that the AFRO 148 1/3 concessions are granted as regards the payment of all rates in Canada. This very valuable concession applies to the families of airman only.

If you have money in England, you may pay for the rates in sterling. This can be done by arrangement for the equivalent in pounds sterling and hence to be paid over to the Air Ministry under advice to General. To arrive at the equivalent divide the total number of dollars by the decimal 2.27. Thus if your wife has a baby of under 12 months you would pay \$180.00.

one will be obtained for her, but mention the fact on your application for ocean passage. One last point, even though her passage money has been paid over, and her full fare to the embarkation centre has been taken care of, she will still have the following expenses to cope with on her way to the ship: 1. Cost of meals while travelling to the port, 2. Accommodation and meals at the embarkation centre, 3. The 1% premium which will be payable on the ocean fare money if the ship is sailing from an American port, and 4. Last of the story as it is at present. Any changes will be advised in "PC", the editors of which magazine have very kindly allowed me a page per month for the purpose.

NOTE: Canadian wives and children following family head of any unit will now pay no passage money.



SPORTS

SOCCKER

By Jock Munro

Soccer is certainly here to stay. Well—for two months anyway, until the 'good' weather breaks. The Station League is in full swing and a series of International matches has been started, which promises to be a very popular feature in our future sporting programme. The first game was played between Scotland and England at Truro Athletic Club on Saturday, June 26th, and for sheer football skill it would have been hard to equal.

On this occasion, Scotland won decisively by 5 goals to 1, but actually, there wasn't such a large margin in the play as the score suggests. Here was essentially a game of contrasted styles, with the Scottish team playing their usual game of short, sharp, passing, mixed with some very clever head work. The English lads of course, played typically English football, which although a good game to watch, was never really effective against a solid defence.



SCOTLAND—Back Row. Grigor, Burnside, McIntyre, F/Lt. Kenny and Thomson. **Front Row.** Brand, McKenzie, McConnack: Bickerstaff, Ferris and Kennedy.



GOSSIP



Bickerstaff, the Jock centre forward, played a brilliant game and scored three excellent goals, which finished off some good forward movements. Ferris was his usual 'canny' self, getting more like George Brown every game. In goal, McIntyre surprised everyone by displaying a flair for goalkeeping, although he has never played this position previously. Both backs, Grigor and Burnside were 'safe as houses' and the half back line could not be improved upon.

At forward, Scotland succeeded where England failed. They knew *where* the goal was and *what* it was for. Both wingers played the correct game and kept Bickerstaff well supplied with the ball, and what with two thrusting foragers like Kenny and Kennedy they proved a bit too much for the gallant Kelly and company. England's chief weaknesses were at goal and back. In the early stages, Saddler, Woolcock and Johnston were decidedly shaky, although they steadied up in the second half. By this time, however, the damage was done, and all the trying in the



ENGLAND—Back Row. Robbins, Woolcock: Kelly, Saddler, Austin and Johnston. **Front Row.** Brooks, Pullum, Dawson, Bland and Newman.

world could not improve the position they found themselves in. At half back Robbins, Kelly and Freddie Austin were grand and I honestly thought Kelly and Austin would play themselves to a standstill. The number of times these three broke up Scottish attacks was unmentionable. The quartet of forwards were not, unfortunately, of the same standard as the halves, and were very weak near goal. Best of them was Brooks when he was outside right. I don't know why he changed to centre, but I thought it was a big mistake, as the goal he scored was a pip. The play leading up to it, was one of the finest pieces of work it has been my pleasure to witness. From the centre, not one Scot touched the ball before it entered the net. Bland put up a good show but lacked finishing power at centre, never caused Thomson any trouble, but it should be a different matter when Chapman reappears.

BOXING

Highlight of last month's boxing activities, was the smartly taken victory over the Moncton team by 19 points to 17. When I say 'smartly taken,' I mean our team had to move pretty nippily in the last two bouts, in order to gain the lead over their adversaries. On the whole, it was a very well-balanced contest, except in my opinion, for two 'walk-overs,' in which Cpl. Mickey Smith of Debert, and F/Sgt. Lansdale of Moncton had two very easy scraps. Too easy, as a matter of fact, for the general opinion of the audience. When next we beat Moncton I would like to see Smith and Lansdale meet. It should prove a good scrap.

Apart from these two fights I have mentioned, the meeting was excellent. Both from a sporting, and from a skilful point of view. The best fight of the evening was the first one, in which young Taffy Davies (Debert) gave a first class exhibition of hit and run tactics. His footwork was superb. He managed to hit his very clever opponent and then get away without any damage to himself. I think Davies is one of our most promising young pugilists, and should he have another attempt at the Amateur Maritime Championship, his chances will be even better.

The Griffiths-Baker fight was of course, the most 'looked forward to' event of the evening, and when at last it did come, both men did justice to themselves. It was touch and go all through, with Griffiths taking three of the first four rounds. Baker, however came away at the finish and made things tough for his much lighter opponent. There was a lot of doubt about the decision. Most of the spectators would have declared the fight a draw (so they say), and others would have given Baker the verdict. However, the result was quite in order to those who know something about the game. The majority seemed to overlook Griffith's very wicked left job, and his crafty usage of the ropes.

It was with this knowledge of ringcraft, acquired through years of experience, that enabled him to turn retreat into attack, time after time. This is the third time these two have fought, with two wins to the Debert man.

LAST MONTH'S BOXER'S



Above are the teams which participated in the Boxing Tournament, which took place in the drill hall.

The rest of the fights were all good. Bags of action and hitting and no attempt at dirty work. The standard was a marked improvement and most of the thanks for this must go to Mickey Smith and Griffiths who taught the lads a few tricks which could be seen in their boxing. I haven't any idea what our future programme is, but I suggest a contest between the Army and the Air Force. This would really test our mettle and give us something to shoot the line about. I am told the last time our boxers ventured near the Army, it was a sad day for us. But then we didn't have Griffiths and Davies and our present team.

The results of the other bouts were as follows:

Winner	Loser
Hester (Moncton)	Battles (Debert)
Sams (")	Boan (")
Abbot (")	Hughes (")
Hart (Debert)	Buckeley (Moncton)
Shepherd (")	Thackeray (")
Samuels (")	Sloan (")
Unsworth (Moncton)	Thornton (Debert)
Gornley (Debert)	Dawson (Moncton)

CHOIR CONDUCTOR IS COMMISSIONED

CHOIR NOTES

By George Graves

OWING to the promotion of its conductor, the choir will in future sing under the baton of L.A.C. "Nobby" Myerson.

L.A.C. Passey, who conducted the choir through its recent success at New Glasgow, has been commissioned, and goes to Calgary as P/O Passey, Equipment Officer.

Every member of the choir is sorry to see him go. He took over from L.A.C. Allsopp at a very difficult period, when the choir was fast losing its old stalwarts. He made an excellent job of recruiting new talent, and with the remnants of the "Old Brigade," moulding it into a well-balanced choir. The New Glasgow Victory bore witness to the splendid work which he put in.

The new conductor has now taken over and with the help of a new pianist, A. C. Roberts, and a newly formed committee, he hopes to maintain the high standard set by his predecessors.

We all join in congratulating P/O Passey on his well deserved promotion (realised at last after a very long period of waiting) and wish him the very best of luck and success in his new sphere.

LOVE, THE IMPOSTER

By Drew Allison

IT was raining the dampest of rain the night it happened. Everything I touched seemed to burst into tears and shower me with wet. When raising my coat collar to prevent the drips from the doorway trickling down my neck, I saw her.

Of course, being busy with the top button of my coat and thinking how fortunate I was to have Anne waiting for me back home, I did not look again. That is, not right away. She might have been equally remote from me in the Sahara or the bargain basement of a big department store. During the next ten minutes I was trying for a seat on the bus to camp.

Stepping into the bus, I noticed her again. This time I looked twice without stopping to move my eyes. The rain played quietly in the dark curls that threatened her tiny hat. Reflected light from the shiny whiteness of her waterproof searched and found the blue of her eyes. I was tempted. Then I noticed her mouth. Full red lips, parted in the loveliest smile I had seen since..... well.....since I learned how to look.

For no apparent reason I smiled too. If you can call grinning sheepishly, smiling. A none too gentle dig in the ribs brought me back to the bus queue. Silly trying to hold it back alone.

Each time I caught a glimpse of her white coat showing from behind the two or twenty-two people standing between us, my heart beat faster; filled me with a desire to know this lovely creature. Once, I could see her eyes. They smiled to me over the parcel which kept swinging in and out of my vision. I felt my face warming. The warmth spread to my toes, and then back to my head, bearing thoughts of love at first sight in its wake.

The bus was becoming emptier. Now the soldier whose parcel had spoiled my vision was gone. I could look across at her. The seat beside her was unoccupied too. Did I dare move over beside her! Before I had decided to move, we were almost at the corner. Reluctantly I reached up to fasten my coat collar only to find I hadn't loosened it. To my surprise and joy she too, was preparing to leave the bus. Hope again. Visions of speaking to her as we walked along the road began pushing their way into my thoughts.

Jumping to the ground, I held out my hand. Her fingers were warm and soft. Their touch exciting. My mouth was dry, my tongue wooden and uncontrollable. At last it responded.

"Do you mind if....." I began.

"Hiya honey! seems ages since last night." The voice was deep and full of tenderness. Tenderness that froze me. I stopped to pick up my glove, purposely dropped. From my new position I could see a white coat disappearing, swaying very close to a rough khaki one.

PUBLISHED AS A SERVICE TO CANADIAN AND OTHER OFFICERS COMING OVERSEAS

by the National Federation of Merchant Tailors (Inc.) of Great Britain

Don't Worry About That Baggage Regulation

THE regulation that officers proceeding overseas may take with them only what baggage they can carry aboard ship, makes it difficult to decide what to pack. In the clothing line you need have no worry.

It's true that clothing is couponed in Great Britain, but the coupons you, as an officer, get each year, are ample. You don't need to load your luggage with bulky things.

You'll find it like carrying coals to Newcastle to bring extra uniforms to Britain. You are coming to London, the home of the world's finest tailoring. Austerity has not lowered its standards. It has not done away with the pleated and patch pockets which are the official Air Force pattern. They do not deviate in any way from those tailored in Canada.

The materials too are the finest of British woollens, the same wide selection you get in Canada, and the prices are reasonable.



● YOU'LL NEED A FLASHLIGHT

You can, of course, buy flashlights in Britain, but the variety is not great. On your station, in the blackout, you'll need a good serviceable one that will provide hours of burning. Batteries too are scarce, so we suggest you bring along a few extras to last until you get a source of supply arranged.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SILVER SCREEN

By John Arnott and Ken Evans

As the Cinema is to-day regarded as an essential part of our everyday life it may be of interest to readers of P. G. to read a short survey of this most interesting business.

First of all let us consider the pioneers of the Cinema, the men who fought financial difficulties, theatrical opposition, fire and many other hardships we know so little about.

Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky and Samuel Goldwyn were the most prominent men in this field. Zukor and Lasky started to make films way back in 1912 in an old disused warehouse in New York City and were known as the Famous Lasky Players Film Company. This was the first concern to devote their time and money to film productions exclusively. A disastrous fire resulted in the dissolution of the Zukor-Lasky partnership and Zukor—a very determined and farsighted man went farther afield in search of a new location. Hollywood was to be the scene of his new business venture and alone he started his company of film producers. Fortunately luck was with him and before long he was producing such films as "Queen Victoria," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and many others which are never to be forgotten.

By this time in London a company had also started work on films but alas was not to meet with such success as did its American counterpart.

We feel that we must mention Cecil B. DeMille, a producer and director of great distinction who along with Zukor made "Sign of the Cross," "Kings of Kings" and many others and who has probably done more for the industry than any other man.

The conditions under which these films were shown was most primitive and to us to-day with such super cinemas as we have seems most comical. One would often find that a cinema was situated in an old warehouse, office or perhaps a large room of some business premises. The seats were of course hard wooden forms or benches (a la Debert), a ten minute interval between the change over of reels was a common occurrence. There were no safety precautions as we have to-day, no exits, very often in fact there was only one entrance which also had to serve as an exit. Fires were all too frequent and on the whole these cinemas were most uncomfortable and possessed a ghostly appearance.

Early film actors took many more risks of bodily harm than they do to-day. Such as Lon Chaney for example who at one time had his face in irons and plaster of Paris in order that he may look just as his part in "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame" required of him. Scenes in which the hero jumped off a cliff on to a running horse or a runaway freight train were very common, they always caused a great deal of excitement though to-day one would find them laughable.

1927 was to see the turning point in the motion picture industry. By that time the cinema had established its entertainment value and cinemas were springing up in even quite small towns, in larger towns of course the era of the "Super Cinema" was ushered in. The "Singing Fool" starring Al Jolson, the first all-talking film was produced, and this event caused an upheaval in the industry. Incidentally September 1927 was the date of its London premiere and the Royal Family attended a Gala Performance.

On the question of the talking film the industry was divided. The cinema musicians who incidentally had quite a large control in the industry stood to gain nothing by this development. However as always the public was to decide and from then onwards talking pictures gained an ever increasing popularity, until they became universal. As mentioned previously the musicians who provided all the musical and sound effect and the interval music were no longer required and the greater majority of them found themselves jobless.

In 1930 the sound was "fixed" to the film by photographic means, the old method of using records of approx. 14" in diameter was discarded. These records which had to be synchronised with the picture by judgement often resulted in the characters talking at least twenty words ahead of the sound, which explains why in the early days the actors appeared to be saying something very different from what was heard. This then is the film of to-day. What of the future? Many people wonder whether television will affect the cinema. According to the experts it will not. Television will no doubt take the place of news reels where ever possible but beyond this I do not think it will go further. Three dimensional photography will undoubtedly be used giving much more realistic effects.

Taking into consideration the fact that the two greatest film producing countries are at war, the standard of films to-day is better than ever before. "In Which We Serve" was a pinnacle of perfection in British production and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" in American productions. You may take it from me that future productions from both sides of the Atlantic will be well worth seeing.

As a matter of interest, cinemas are to be found to-day in the remotest parts of the world, in Tibet, Mongolia, Iceland, Malta and even on the Burma Road, we might mention in conclusion that among these remote parts there is even one at Debert.

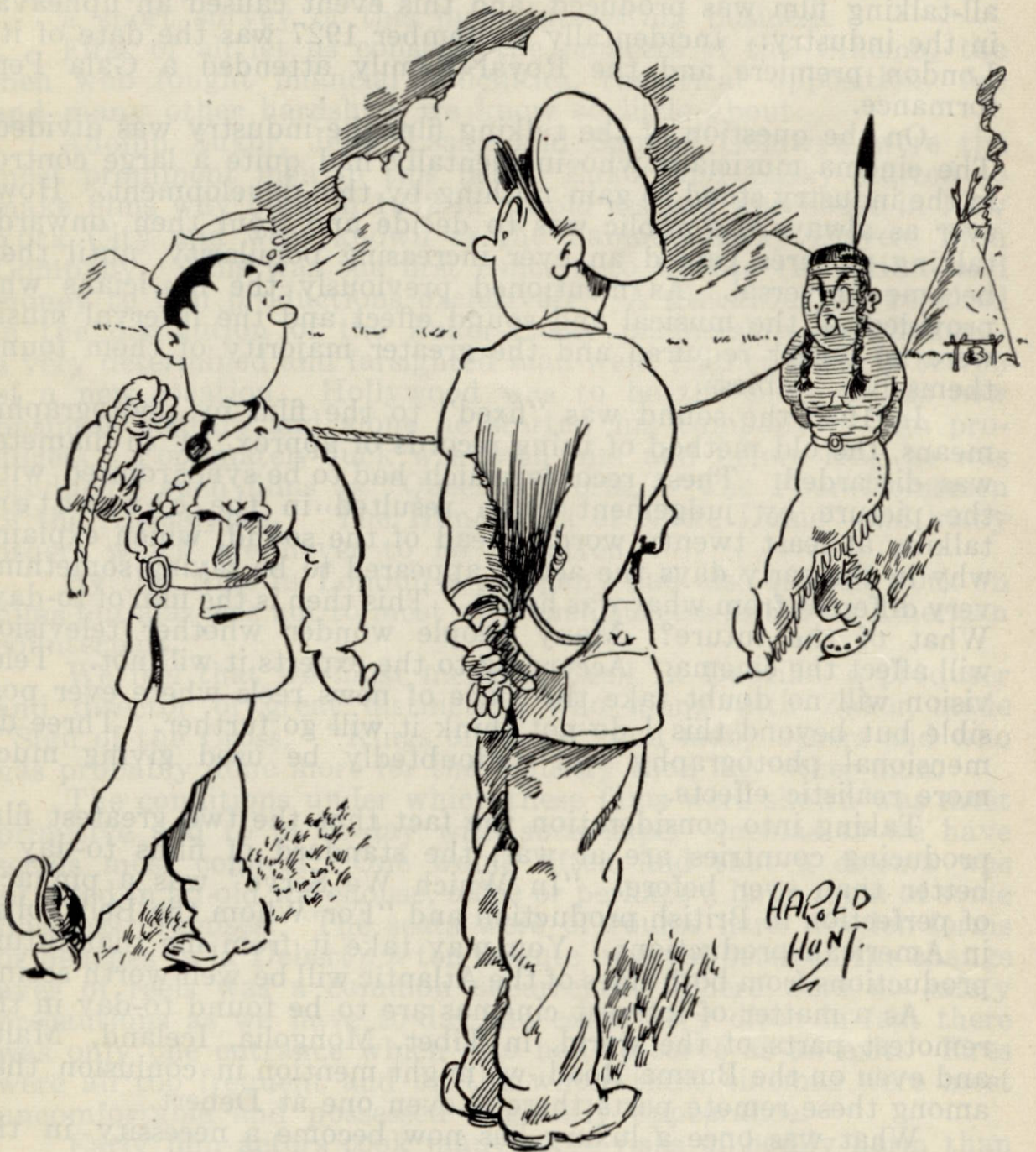
What was once a luxury, has now become a necessity in the upkeep of morale to to-days high standard.

A gangster rushed into a saloon in Chicago, shooting right and left, yelling: "All you dirty skunks get outta here."

Customers fled for the doors—all except an Englishman, who stood at the bar calmly finishing his drink.

"Well?" snapped the gangster, waving his smoking gun.

"Well," remarked the Englishman, "There certainly were a lot of them, weren't there."



**"Come, come, Dingleberry! Aren't you rather overdoing
this souvenir business?"**

"CLEO"

By Werdna

Way back in the good old days before the birth of Debert and the first juke box, there lived on this fair planet a great leader whose name was Caesar. Known to most of us as the bloke who bashed out "Et tu, Brute!" on his morse key prior to hitting the silk from a Hudson, this noble fellow was the first male to excite the emotion of the then Queen of Egypt, Cleopatra the Seventh.

The story opens about the time when Julius, having signed a declaration to the effect that he had no further territorial claims, was chewing the rag with a chap called Pompey to decide who would be boss of the world. Julius led his brownshirts to victory at a place called Pharsalus, in Greece, and Pompey took a powder leaving his blackshirts to send their uniforms to the local dyeworks.

Now while all this was going on, Cleopatra was having a spot of sisterly trouble with her younger brother Ptolemy with whom she shared the throne of Egypt. According to the ancient custom of the Pharohs, they should have married. But Cleo found that Ptolemy was low on S.A. so she told him to go roll a peanut and that what she did on her forty-eights was her own business. Right there and then Ptolemy decided to be a bad boy and prepared to cause trouble

Cleo had not long been queen when via Rome the headquarters of der Fuerher, came a message from one of his stooges the proconsul of Syria, to the effect that all the Roman troops who had been left in Alexandria on a previous visit, were to return to the homeland. This did not please the troops who had been dumping in S.O.P.'s each month and drawing living out allowances from the local Labour Exchange. They invited the messenger who brought the D.R.O.'s to attend a celebration in honor of the boat, and when he wasn't looking, rubbed him out. Cleo, highly indignant at such goings on, ordered the arrest of the murderers and sent them under escort to the proconsul who issued a chit informing her that only the Roman Senate or its officers had the right to arrest Romans.

A short time afterwards a motor torpedo-boat came into the harbour bearing Gnaeus Pompeius, old man Pompey's favourite son. By offering the troops in Alexandria free beer and seven days every week, he succeeded in convincing them that to die for Pompey was fun. Cleo, always the perfect hostess, lent Gnaeus fifty transports to take his men away.

Then Cleo boobed. One night when young brother Ptolemy returned from a swing session and sought the favours of his beautiful wife, he found the door of her room bolted. Taking the advice of his three most trusted mentors, he summoned his friends to rally round and revolt against the queen.

And so, Cleo found herself thrown out of the palace. With a few faithful troops she fled to the Red Sea and began recruiting an army amongst the Arabs and other tribes there. Thus it came about that when the Fuehrer, having settled his argument with Pompey, finally took charge of Alexandria and became ruler of

Egypt, he found nobody at home in the palace to fill his hot-water bottle. So he sent for Cleo.

By this time, Cleo was working overtime trying to find a way out of the mess she had fixed up between herself and her brother. Down on the floor of her tent where cushions lay in glorious abandon, Cleo threw her tired body. She did some hard thinking. After swatting a couple of mosquitoes that were pitching a little woo on the front of her radio, she came to the decision that the Fureher was only a man, and laid her plans accordingly.

Rolling herself in a carpet she was transferred from the loneliness of her little tent to the palace where the conquerer of her land sat chewing his thumbs and murmuring, "Bring on the dancing girls!" Der Fuerher, whose one ambition in life was to have a son and heir, found before his astonished gaze the blushing, beautiful Cleo. Now Cleo was no dope! She knew how many has-beens make jive and how to fix the ignition switch of a car. Drawing powder and lipstick from the region of her G-string, she proceeded to give the noble Caesar a worthy demonstration of application while he looked on mumbling "experto crede" or words to that effect.

Noting the puzzled look on the face of the boss, Cleo explained how his faithful servant Appolodorous had rowed her round the Nile Delta and smuggled her through the minefields in the harbor without any of his naval men spotting her; finally wrapping her in the carpet to pass the palace sentry.

Now she was smiling and, giving Appolodorous half of her gum told him to scram and buy himself a packet. He went. Standing alone in front of the great Caesar, Cleo tried to remember the technique she had planned to work on him. Instead of sweeping him off his dogs, she sat meekly beside him on the Royal soapbox wondering which after-shave lotion he used.

There followed a number of dinner dates and night club crawls during which der Fuerher played lover, escort and sugar daddy. This led to nasty rumours about the queen who was in no condition to deny them. So she suggested a long trip on the Royal yacht, during which Caesar told her his life story and she gave him the latest dirt from Hollywood.

Shortly after their return to Alexandria, Cleo presented him with a son thereby completing her role as lover, comrade of the greatest general of the age, and mother. Caesar, out of gratitude, granted her a book of late passes, the privilege of throwing cocktail parties in her own billet. As he sailed out of the picture to return to headquarters in Rome he doubted if he would ever see his queen or his son again. But he did!



Eavesdropping at THE SERGEANT'S MESS



By Nosilla

One of our intrepid members started the month off with a raspberry when he marched the length of the dining room one day and complained to the kitchen staff that he had only got six chips for lunch while everyone else had got at least a dozen. Ye gods and little fishes.

It's not true that the new theme song of Block 96 is "They're shifting father's grave to make a sewer."

The subject of the cartoon de luxe of last month's P. G. is smiling again. His "red-chested" letters are coming through once more.

We are sorry to report that we have made no further progress in the case of "The Mystery of the Vanishing Flowerpots."

Rumour has it that instead of the usual notice of a mess meeting the following will appear in future D.R.O.s: "A lecture will be given in the Sergeants Mess at 1830 hours. All members must attend."

Was it coincidence that Sgt. Swaddle was given a week-end at the same time as the Officers Mess Dance or was it because of the little painter's enthusiasm for making dance bands play "The King" at the most awkward moments?

The erk who thinks that when he becomes a senior N.C.O. he will be saying good-bye to those mad dashes for breakfast only to have a leering cook, with one eye on the clock, say "You've had it" is going to be sadly disillusioned when he enters our lofty portals.

On the night of the Mess Dance a certain Sgt. Photographer (who wishes to remain anonymous) was observed trying to insert a ham sandwich into his camera instead of a slide. Isn't it awful what a mixture of rum and coke will do to a steady sober lad? But the Finger of Guilt has branded a F/Sgt. Photographer as the felon who led him astray.

The most notable day of the year was Wednesday 16th June. We enjoyed the lunch in the Mess on that day.

The sequence of events on the evening of the 22nd also proved interesting. The beer ration arrived, a session went into full swing, lightning flashed, thunder rolled, rain fell in sheets, two tomcats scratched and clawed each other in the ditch outside the mess, blood flowed freely in the gutter and wireless sets flew up and down passages and in and out of windows, Wot a night, indeed.

With the gracious permission of F/Sgt. R. B. the Station Choir will render that popular English ballad "You're intoxicated you ass, you silly old ass" at the next station concert. A noble gesture, Ron.



THE RE-BIRTH OF THE MESS

THE outstanding event of the month was the formal opening of the newly decorated mess by the Commanding Officer on Wednesday 16th June. He was accompanied by some other senior officers and from their comments they seemed much impressed and pleased by the smart appearance and excellent condition of the various rooms.

Afterwards they honoured us with their presence at lunch and here the kitchen staff excelled themselves by producing a meal which was wonderfully cooked and served.

At the formal dance in the evening the Air Officer Commanding along with Group Captain and Mrs. Woodin were the guests of honour. The function was an outstanding success and I'm sure that all guests thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Great credit is due to the various committees, artists, painters carpenters and others who sacrificed so much spare time and labour to renovate the Mess. But to give honour where honour is due the greatest credit must go to Warrant Officer Montgomery who fought and worked so hard to give us a real home from home.

"Nice work Monty and 'lang may yer lum reek."



After genning up on the article below, you should be a hot favourite for the prize of FIVE DOLLARS which will be presented by the Commanding Officer, Group Captain J. H. Woodin for the largest catch of the season. The fish caught by the winner will be weighed by F. O. Judge, and upon his judgement the winner will receive the prize-money. We just thought we'd mention that nipping down to Truro to buy a cod is barred and not at all sporting.....

By F/Lt. Sara

A PART from Finland, Nova Scotia has more rivers and lakes to the area than any other country in the world, and the majority of these waters can provide excellent sport for the fisherman. Mainly, because the Fishery Board spends over a million dollars per year restocking its waters. To residents and members of H. M. Forces these waters are absolutely free and it is possible to fish where and when you please. To a man from G. B. this really is something as most of the good fishing at home is either privately owned or too expensive. Anyone who is keen on the sport should take full advantage of this golden opportunity to master the craft of the Salmon—Trout or Sea Trout which are to be found in these waters. “But,” Please don’t take more than the daily limit of 3 salmon and /or 20 trout not exceeding 10 lbs. “There are other people who like to fish”.....

So far this season the Trout fishing has not been up to the standard because of adverse weather. The water has been, and is too high for the best results also the temperature, both water and air has been much too low. When the water is too high over the banks of a river or a lake, the fish feed in the weeds off the larvae which would normally turn to fly. Then again when the air temperature is low, flies will not hatch and you have just about the same results. The ideal conditions are—Wind N.W. to S. Water temperature 58 degrees to 62 degrees. Air temperature around 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

Bait fishing was very successful at the beginning of the Season but has slackened off because of Natural feed in the water. How-

ever, good results may still be obtained by fishing the deep runs. Live Minnow is an excellent lure for large fish as this is their main diet. The pickled variety can be used but a spinner is advised to create a better action in the water.

Wet fly is good at present and apparently is favoured throughout the season. Any Wet fly which has a fair amount of hackle is recommended: The Montreal-Cow Dung—Silver Grey and King of the Waters are about as good a selection to use on a size 8 or 10 Hook. Fish across and up stream, fairly slowly at about three inches deep. Usually a Trout will take coming up but occasionally they will turn over on the surface and take going down. If this is the case, strike immediately the fish is under water.

Locally, there are no Salmon running—you will have to wait until September or October, when “fresh run” fish are to be found in the Bass, Salmon and North Rivers. Anyone who is lucky enough to hook one of these boys will have a grand fight as they are straight from the sea.

Good Luck and keep a straight Line.

“WAS MY FACE RED”

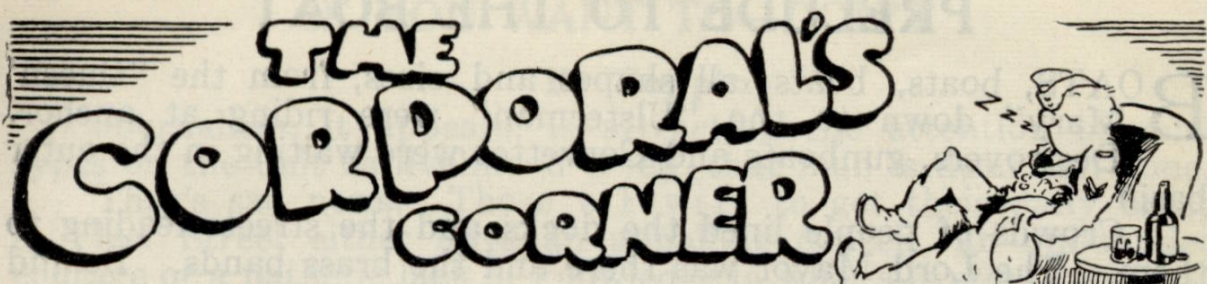
SOME years back I was employed as a Telegraph Messenger at Buckingham Palace. On one memorable occasion, the day and time of the Trooping of the Colours, I received a telegram addressed to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, who then resided at York House, St. James Palace.

Those who know their London, will picture my intended route—out of the gates of Buckingham Palace around the huge memorial and down the Mall turning left after a few hundred yards, at the entrance to St. James Palace.

All obstructions, such as lamp standards and obelisks had been removed from the centre of the Mall which had been well sanded and converted into a suitable carriage way, over which in a matter of minutes was to pass the grand procession of many men so grandly arrayed.

The scene outside the Palace gates was unforgettable. The Mall was enclosed completely on each side by a cordon of police, when to my dismay the cheer came forth solely for my benefit. It was just too much for the crowd to suffer the appearance of a lone messenger a few seconds prior to the sight they were awaiting, and it was almost too much for me as the cheers grew along my route. I would gladly have beat a hasty retreat. Instead however I proceeded and in my dilemma almost skidded and collided with a mounted police officer, who before scrutinizing my pass barred my entrance to St. James Palace.

What was your most embarrassing experience? Write it in short form and send it in for publication in our next issue. We won't reveal your names so don't be afraid that you will get a wiggling from the lads!



Once again it behoves me to make another contribution to P.G. on behalf of the Corporals, their doings and the what-have-you for the month.

First of all, I think everyone deserves a pat on the back for the wonderful effort put up to make our last dance such a grand success and our only hope is that there is more to follow. The committee had hoped to be able to run some type of social activity once a week but that has not as yet got under way due mainly to the extensive entertainment programme which the camp as a whole, have been running lately, boxing shows, etc. Much to our disappointment our dance scheduled for the 7th July has had to be postponed because of other activities on that night, but it will most certainly be put on at the first available moment.

We started off on the right foot as far as Soccer goes, by giving the Sgts. a real beating the other week, not wishing to rest on our laurels, we want you to get "weaving" on some dart and shooter practice, so as we can just show these Senior N.C.O's what their Juniors!?? can really do when they want to.

By the way, we haven't as yet got many players together as yet to get our proposed tennis team organised, so as to take on some local teams, but maybe it's this summer weather?? that is doing it or could it be that there is a tendency to indulge in others sports?? at Great Village!!

What's this I hear about the formation of a "Knick- Knick, Club" within the precincts of our worthy club?

FROM THE CAMP OF THE RISING SUN

"East is East, and West is West, " says the poet, "Never the twain shall meet."

There is a distinct impression prevalent in East Camp that the man who wrote that must have been the editor of "P.G." East Camp is rather left out of things at times, but not any more. In this issue the "Orientals" are well represented, and in future a slight search will reveal a page of special interest to the lost souls.

Anyone in East Camp who would like to add to the number of our Eastern contributors can leave their brain-children in hut 12B, for L.A.C. Ennis, or drop it in the box which we hope will soon appear at the entrance to the canteen.

PRELUDE TO THE BOAT

BOATS, boats, boats; all shapes and sizes, from the "Queen Mary" down to the "Ulsterman" were riding at anchor. Destroyers, gunboats and Corvettes were waiting in the outer basin.

Crowds of people lined the docks, and the streets leading to them. The Lord Mayor was there and the brass bands. Behind them on the hill were more crowds, some sitting atop the large hoarding, which bid one "Drink Canada Dry"—lord know's I had tried hard enough—Over on the Herald News building were the white blobs of many more spectators, while above them the neon flashed out "Have you seen this month's P. G.?"

From this large gathering, I surmised something of import was about to take place.....Probable some 'big-wig,' possible even Joe Stalin himself might be arriving ? ? ?

Here and there I picked up fragments of conversation..... "M 6.....158....Debert...." and the word "sailing" seem to be on everyone lips. By this time my curiosity was thoroughly rousedI bent and whispered in somebody's ear—"What's the jolly old party for?"

Above the noise of the band, blatantly swinging "There always be an England" I was informed—"Those English boys from Debert are going back"....."Oh I see..... What! I exclaimed, 'here let me out of here, I should be with them.'"

I started pushing my way forward, but, just then I espied blue rows of grinning faces gaily marching towards the docks, lustily singing "Roll out the Barrel".....and so they went by—faces that I knew; while I was hemmed in by crowds of cheering, sweet young things, brandishing apples.

My shouts were in vain. I couldn't move, while just in front of me my pals were marching on to the Queen Mary, in double quick time. I prayed for Superman, for the flying Yorkshireman.....all to no avail. But wait, whats that up there ? ? Is it? why yes, its my pet Gremlin, the one with the mauve spots. He slowly circled, and then swooped low. Grabbing hold of me by my hair, he lifted me bodily from the amazed crowd. When we were clear of the clutchings, and gaping faces of the many people, I realised that the BOAT was moving, moving out to sea.

The gremlin did not seem to be in any difficulties about navigation. He was heading after the Queen Mary, like a super-charged Gordon Harker bomber. He circled once, then commenced his run from the stern.

He dived, and as he dived he kept chanting "Ah for Apples," and then he levelled out, and the same time he released me. I fell, and fell straight towards the gaping funnel.....and then oblivion.....

I opened my eyes, and found myself on the billet floor, having fallen from the top bunk. I climbed back in, while the man on the lower bed solicitously remarked "You want to take more water with it.".....I didn't answer and I certainly didn't mind because tomorrow I knew I was sailing.....sailing for Blighty.

IF YOU WANT TO—DON'T

By Poppins

Journalism, it appears, is attracting the attention of some types on the unit as livelihood when 'that man is dead and gone.'

That's sad news. Those who want to get their daily bread in Fleet Street either have an appalling conceit, an unbounded courage or a pathetic lack of knowledge in what's in store for them.

It is not my wish to discourage anyone who really thinks he could make a go of it but for every million who have been soaked in the glamour stories made by the movie industry around newspapers and reporters only one has the gen on Fleet Street.

Varied the life certainly is. Work changes from day to day and in every day almost from hour to hour, news follows on the heels of news minute by minute and one's brain never need be lacking the stimulus which change after change brings.

But it is as exacting to body and mind as its produce—news—is varied. No industry demands more of everyone connected with it than newspaper production. Once you're in it it's your master. You're not worth the proverbial tinker's curse if you don't give it all you have and then a lot more as well. And Fleet Street will very soon tell you so. You're on the staff of a paper one day, you're out of work the next. You've written the 'Splash' story of the front page, beaten all the other reporters with all the gen one day, your next story is cut and cut again by Sub Editors down to a paragraph on some back page that few ever read. Why! Don't ask *me!* Don't ask anyone in Fleet Street. There's no answer to it.

Perhaps the nearest comparison to it is the world of the stage—stars come, fade and disappear; the plums of the game are few, the public's taste fickle, changing. It's a heartbreak house if there ever was one.

It is competition at high speed; at a speed with which no other industry can compare. In a few short hours a newspaper has to be produced for millions of people, readers who want facts, news, opinions—Everything a newspaper can give and it has to be accurate, as accurate as every possible precaution against inaccuracy can make it.

And when you've lost your reputation for accuracy—Well, it's just too bad; you've had it. Tire, lose your drive and your energy, flag or let up—and you've had it.

Resourcefulness, ingenuity, a 'nose for news,' the ability to soak fact from opinion, endless energy and self denial—you'll need them all if you're going to have a chance of succeeding where thousands have tried and failed, where thousands of capable fellows earn no more than a few pounds a week even after years of trying.

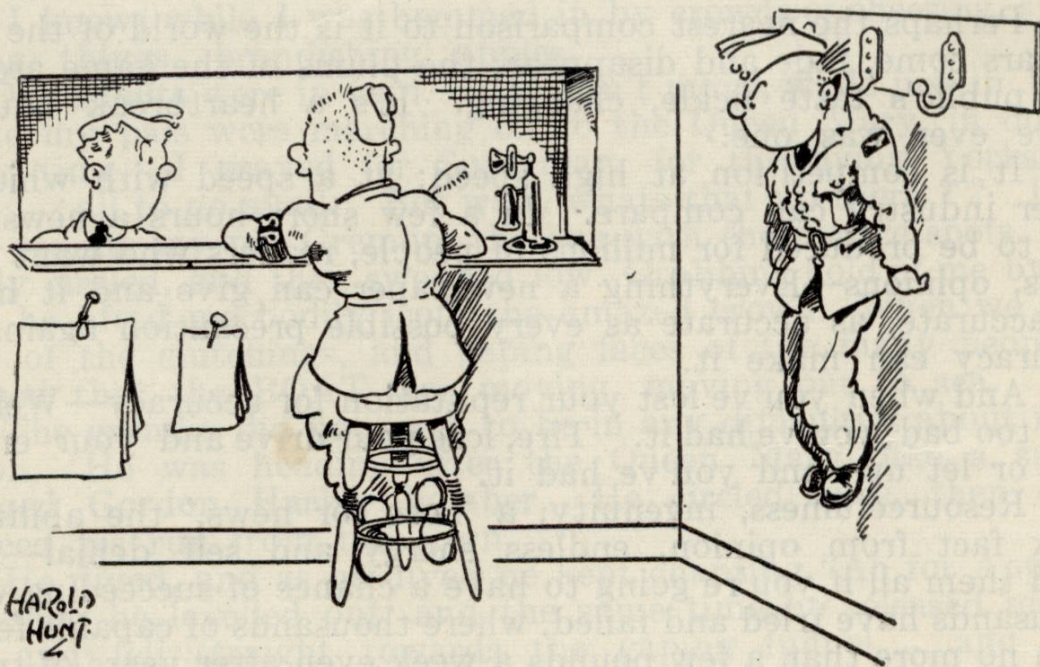
It will mean you'll seldom be sure of getting a meal when you want it most for you'll be too busy. It will mean, too, that you won't get home to your ever-loving girl friend, fiancée, or dutiful wife when you think you will, and your fiancée or wife will never

understand how it is that when you're only supposed to work eight hours a day you've put in ten or twelve.

All Fleet St. men should be bachelors. They should never need food; they all have thirsts, quite prodigious thirsts at times, too. They have thick skins and never take 'No' for an answer from anyone whom they want to interview or photograph at any hour of the day or night. No matter what else happens the paper *must* get the news. It must get it on time, in good time.

And if you're the one who doesn't get your story and you're beaten by the others—well, you might as well go in to the office next day and go straight to the cashier, collect your pay and say 'Good-bye' to the News Editor before he fires you. News Editors, I'm sure, were the first human species to say 'I've had you' and mean it. They're merciless. They've got to be. There's no room in the newspaper world for a man who knows when his beaten, knows when he's fired. If you've got that in you—and all else besides—then Fleet Street may not beat *you*. If it doesn't and you beat it you'll be one of the few, the very few.

And, by then, *you'll* have had *it*. But you'll go on till the pen drops from your hand and you'll have had life, too. It's like that, is Fleet Street.



Pewee's on the pegs again

Does this look like the behind of
your old man?

HOLD IT!

CAMERA CLUB NOTES

President: S/Ldr. D. Masters Brown.

Secretary: A.C. E. J. Mansfield (M. T. Section).

DESPITE the high proportion of camera fans on the station it's surprising how many people have never taken a photo or profess not the slightest interest in the hobby. Why?

Do they think it's too expensive? At 5 cents or less a picture? Or not worthwhile? Surely snaps of your friends or places you saw on leave will be treasured in years to come? A personal snap, however poor, is a hundred times more valued than a picture-postcard. Or too complicated? Too complicated to snap the shutter and turn in the film for processing? there's no need to develop your own, even many professionals don't. They realise that the art of photography lies in the work before the exposure—not after it.

All you need is a camera, some film, and a little common sense. Don't, for instance, load your camera in brilliant sunlight and so fog the film: take it into the shade—indoors if possible. *Don't* shoot directly into the sun unless your camera has a lens hood. Such an accessory is invaluable: it should be the first you buy—yes, even before a filter. *Don't* attempt to photograph moving objects unless your camera is equipped to do so. *Don't* tilt your camera out of the vertical—especially at buildings—until you can tell what the result will be. *Don't* always take portraits from eye or waist level—try kneeling down instead—it will eliminate a distracting background. Finally, *Don't* forget to wind on the film before you make your next exposure.

If you really want to take up or improve your photography why not come along to the Club's meetings or rambles. They're quite informal affairs, but we think you'll find them very helpful. Lantern lectures, loaned from Kodak's, are held on alternate Monday evenings in the Synthetic Building Cinema. Our next, on Monday 19th July, is about miniature cameras—come along and hear it! Rambles take place on Saturday afternoons and Monday evenings, and are very good fun—join one, you'll be more than welcome. Watch out for particulars of Club activities on D.R.O.'s or on the Y. M. notice board.

E. J. M.

This month, P. G. offers \$10 for the best photograph sent in to F/O Judge. The picture will be chosen by the Editorial Staff and produced in our August issue. Now then you members of the Camera Club, get weaving with some unusual pictures and lets see how much you need that ten dollars. There are no restrictions except of course, things of military importance, therefore a very wide field is offered to choose from. Send in your entry to Sgt. Jacks S.W.O.'s Office, along with your name and section.

EGGS

In Britain, there are folks who'd beg
 To see upon a plate, an egg,
 With bacon, french fried, toast just
 right,
 'Twould be to them a lovely sight,
 Well once I too, thought it was great
 To eat my breakfast eggs in state,
 I loved my eggs, I loved them well,
 That's why this tale is hard to tell,
 I ate too many I'm afraid
 And bitter is the price I've paid.
 In camp with sixteen eggs each week,
 Mere sight of one will make me shriek,
 Spring quickly on the nearest chair
 And gibber with demented air,
 I've had so many eggs I find
 They've started to affect my mind,
 At night, in dreams, I feathers grow
 And oft in search of worms I go,
 Then for such energy I pay,
 By feeling very tired all day,
 If I told why, I know too well
 I'd end up in a padded cell,
 It really is a bit too steep
 To claim that eggs have cost me sleep.
 To breakfast, yesterday, went I
 Since then I've been in agony,
 The cooks had tried to pull a bluff,
 For piled on toast was yellow stuff,
 'Twas egg, and began to bind
 Why it was eating mine own kind,
 So in the dregs of bitterness
 I quickly left the airmen's mess,

How could I know, while full of wrath
 A juicy worm would cross my path,
 A worm I never will forget,
 I wish that worm I'd never met.
 I stopped, and stared with all my
 might,
 This was the worm which came each
 night,
 In dreams to rob me of my health,
 While acting as my feathered self,
 With hate my brain began to swim
 I knew I must get rid of him,
 So quickly down upon my knees
 I fell to spear that worm with ease,
 Forgetting that I was a boy
 I ate it with sadistic joy.
 'Twas then I heard the swelling sound
 Coming from the chaps around
 Who'd stopped to watch, en route to
 huts,
 Who now are quite convinced I'm
 nuts,
 My reputation's smashed to bits
 And insults from their nimble wits
 About that worm I bear each day,
 I wish I could be sent away,
 I'll never sleep at night again
 Just one more dream I'll go insane,
 My face is white I can't go on,
 I've aged, the bloom of youth is gone,
 I dodder, on my shaky legs,
 The victim of too many eggs.

FRED AUSTIN

 THE COLOUR HOISTING PARADE

"Bunny"

*These are my men, paraded at my bidding,
 Red, tongue tied men, who loved their native tilth,
 Yeomen with one unbending purpose, ridding a
 continent of a recurring filth.
 Proudly they stand, eyes rigidly asmoulder,
 Chests out and stomachs in, big boned and square cut.
 Its a privilege to tap each shoulder
 And murmur "HAIR CUT."*

CINEMA PROGRAMME

July 15th to August 15th

July 15th	"My Favourite Spy."
16th	"Give Out Sisters."
18th	"For Ever and a Day."
19th	"Shadow of a Doubt."
20th	"Powder Town."
22nd	"Seven Miles From Alcatraz."
25th	"Bambi." A full length colour cartoon.
26th	"Who Done It?"
27th	"Jacare."
29th	"Madame Spy."
30th	"Commandos Strike at Dawn."
Aug. 1st	"Talk of the Town"
2nd	"Arabian Nights."
3rd	"Devil with Hitler" and "Ku Kan" (Battle cry of China)
5th	"Once upon a Honeymoon."
6th	"Journey into Fear."
8th	"Sweetheart of the Fleet."
9th and 10th	"In Which We Serve."
12th	"Big Street."
13th	"Friday the 13th."
15th	"They All Kissed the Bride."

A young Ph.D., taking a cruise, signed his name, "Dr. Brown," on the passenger list of the liner. He was just putting things straight in his cabin when a steward knocked and said:

"Are you Dr. Brown?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, the captain's compliments, doctor, and will you please come and have a look at the second stewardess's leg?"

He was off like a shot, realizing the obligations of a medical man, but alas, he had no luck. Another was there before him—he was a doctor of divinity.

NURSE (telling bed-time story): "Once upon a time there was a handsome young Prince who was very friendly with a beautiful Princess. Well, one day.....!"

LITTLE BOY: "Yeah! I know, then sex reared its ugly head."

Have you noticed that fifty per cent of excess is SEX?

FROM THE BREEZES

By "Windsock"

The chief item in the breezes at the time of writing is rain.....

I am pleased to intimate that our popular Rugger player D. Butler, has now almost completely recovered from his injury.....

Room orderlies tell me that offensive sweeps are being curtailed due to the shortage of armaments.....

A repair squadron member relates the tale of the S.O.P. man who reminded him that there is a war being settled somewhere.....

I'm told that the letters D.S.O. can be misleading. They don't always mean "duty sleeping officer".....

They say that two of our prominent Section Officers have quite a bit in common.....

It appears that the Debert existence is again being threatened by the Debert epidemic..... Debertitis.....

I hear that the Photography section are working 61 minutes to the hour to cope with the business boom.....

It has been said that the Airmen's Mess Staff members are grateful to the fellow who introduced the baked potato.....

I hear that a well known member of the Signals Section is suffering from nuptial neurosis.....

It is suggested that many students of French and German, first master the vernacular.....

Current comment would indicate an ever increasing number of "Breezes" enthusiasts. I bow, gracefully.....

Snooker appears to have lost favour among Airmen despite inclement weather. Can it be a case of "no tipping the cue?".....

I have been asked if the "ship's biscuits" issued recently, were a purchase from the special P.S.I. grant?".....

I wonder why billet philosophers and critics must expound their pet theories after "lights out" or should be out.....

One of our barbers passed round the cigars a short time ago. Could it be that I was forgotten, or did he read last month's P. G.?

They tell me that the football "international" was good, but the stand commentators corny.....

Many worshipping fans have been enquiring about the progress of our popular Y. M. Supervisor in his dramatic career. Speak up Reg!.....

By the way have you read that interesting little bulletin on the wall of the Airmen's Mess? It is called "Diet Sheet".....

It is suggested that the introduction of a "juke box" in the Sgt's Mess Annex would improve the pupils' appetites.....

There seems to be some doubt about the date of Bannockburn. Was it 1314 or June 26, 1943?.....

Lastly, to all those who have read the salvage advertisements I would reiterate the slogan, DON'T WASTE BUTTER!.....