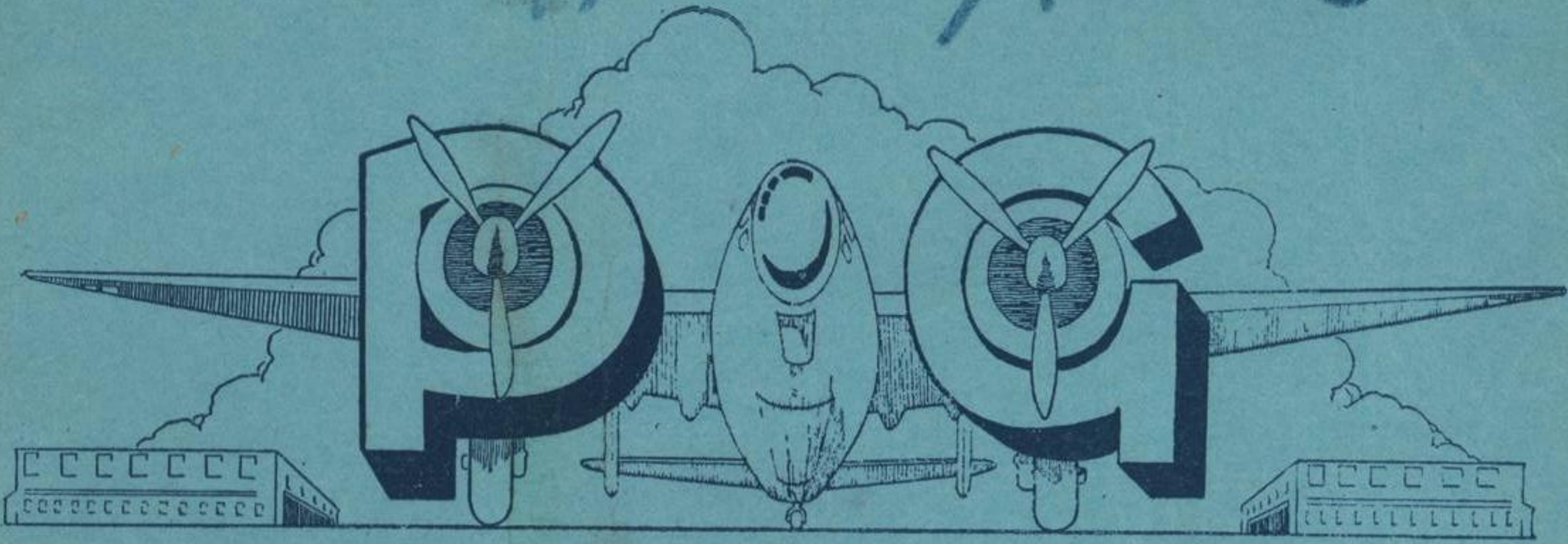
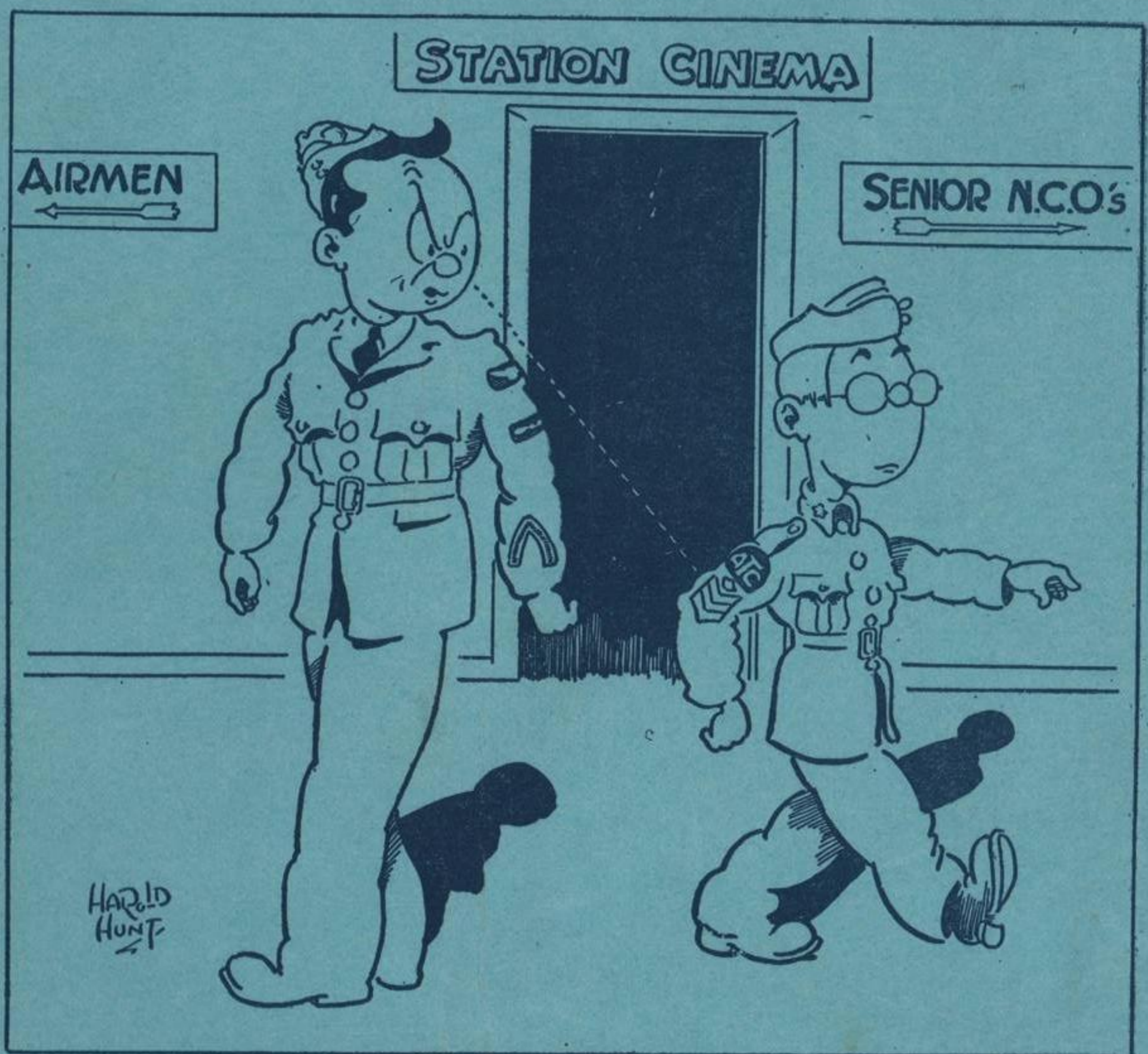
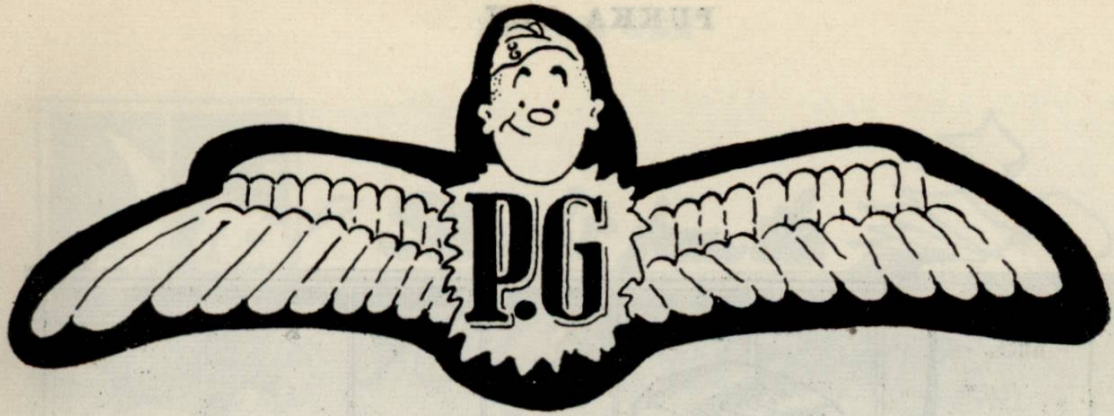


P/O + chg patrol



The Royal Air Force . Debert, N. S.





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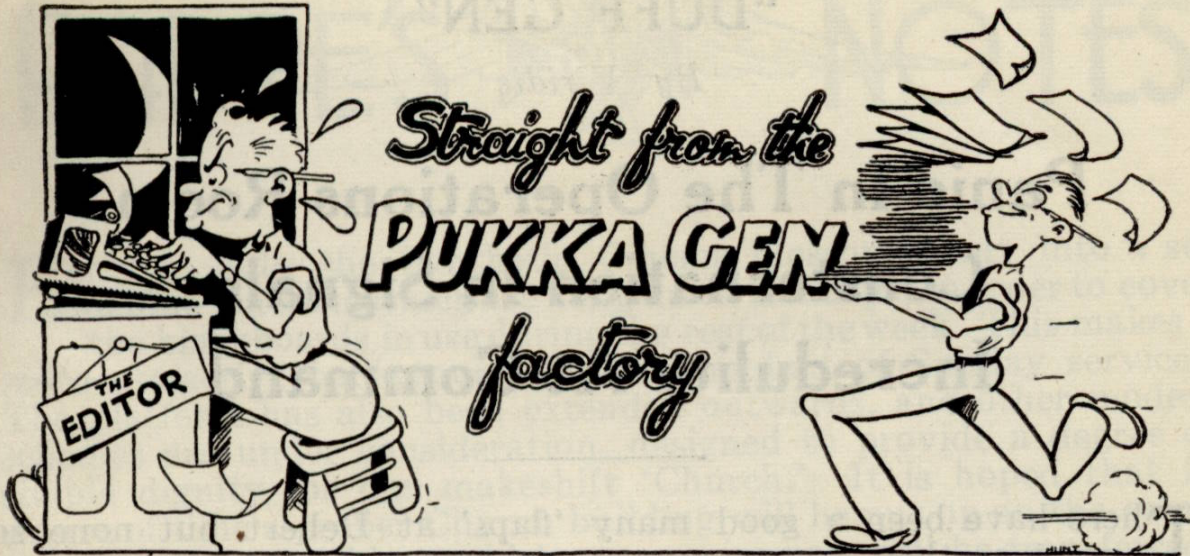
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"It is useless trying that method of approach Wilberforce—you can *not* have a forty-eight this week end!"



IN the course of the last month, it has been my lot to receive a fair or rather unfair amount of criticism from a number of expert critics. You know the type. All talk, with not the slightest attempt at constructive advice.

Most of it has been due to the lack of articles forwarded by myself. My critics are convinced that unless most of the articles are written by a chosen few, such as the staff of the Magazine, P. G. cannot possibly be a magazine worth reading. That kind of view is, in my opinion, not even worth considering. However I thought I would mention that the Policy of this magazine is to receive *and* print the opinions of every rank and file on the Station. Not just my own.

You have naturally noticed that this month we have a new cover, drawn and designed by Harold Hunt. This is only the start in our campaign to brighten P. G. in our aim to please our paying customers. Each month for instance, we shall print a photograph of the sections around the camp. We hope that this effort of ours will encourage you to buy three copies. One to read, one for the girl-friend in Truro and the other to send home.

I take this opportunity in thanking all our contributors for their help in aiding us with actions, instead of cynical remarks. The box which was installed in the Y.M.C.A. several weeks ago, has not been met with much success. However most of the articles were handed to the staff personally. A great majority of the lads unfortunately are entirely ignorant of the identity of the men behind the scenes, so we took the liberty of showing a photograph containing some of them. Next month we will show the rest of the staff so that you will know to whom to hand your suggestions.

Before I finish, I would like to wish our very popular Y.M.C.A. supervisor every happiness in his recent marriage. Yes Reg, I am speaking for all of us when I say—"Best of luck, and may all your troubles be little 'uns."

"DUFF GEN"

By Viridis

Panic In The Operations Room Consternation In Signals Incredulity At Command

There have been a good many 'flaps' at Debert. but none so great as this.

The Operations Room where activity is normally quiet and apparently easy going, suddenly became a pandemonium. Wireless operators who usually discharge their duties in an almost casual fashion in a second became transformed into human masses of energy. Obviously, something momentous had happened to have caused these startling changes.

Something momentous it was.

A wireless operator had nonchalantly received a coded message. The Cypher Officer had nonchalantly begun to decode it. After the first two or three words his hands began to tremble, his head began to swim, for the message contained the startling 'gen' that a German invasion fleet consisting of battleships, cruisers, destroyers and landing craft was heading for Canada.

When the last word had been decoded the astonished Cypher Officer rushed from his room and delivered it to the Operations Controller. The Controller gasped, seized his telephone, informed the Commanding Officer, and then informed Command. At Command Headquarters, there was astonishment and alarm.

So Canada was to be one of the theatres of war!! The Hun had done the unexpected once more!! Well, at any rate, he could anticipate a warm reception here.

Just as everybody was beginning to take action to cope with this startling new development, the origin of the whole matter was discovered. A couple of W.A.G.S. were practising sending and receiving messages according to official codes. Unfortunately for a brief period their sets were insufficiently screened and so it was that the most startling and improbable message which they had composed during the whole evening leaked out to exactly the people who knew what it meant.

Once again, there was peace in the Operations Room, tranquility in Signals, and confidence at Command.

PADRE'S NOTES

Early in July the Synthetic Cinema blossomed out into a set of blue curtains which are hung up on Sundays, in order to cover the blackboards in use during the rest of the week. This makes a more attractive background for the conduct of Sunday services. The platform has also been extended outwards, and other modest schemes are under consideration, designed to provide a degree of simple dignity for our makeshift 'Church.' It is hoped that in course of time a proper Church building will be put up on the camp to which the furnishings which we acquire now will be transferred.

A celebration of Holy Communion follows the usual Parade Service, every Sunday. This is timed to begin at 10.45, which allows for a short gap between the two services, and enables those who wish to attend the Holy Communion service to do so, regardless of whether they have been present at the first service, or not.

Communicant members of all denominations are warmly invited to attend these services of Holy Communion. While the form followed is that of the Church of England, my sincere wish and hope is that those who are accustomed to other forms will not hesitate to avail themselves of the opportunity and welcome offered. There is no question of any change of Church membership. We just want to feel our unity of Christian fellowship in this great act of Christian worship. Little differences of custom, etc. or even big differences, matter relatively nothing beside the one supreme loyalty for which the service stands, our spiritual fellowship with Jesus Christ, through the means which He Himself appointed.

For those who are members of the Church of England, Confirmation is the normal preparation for the privilege of coming to Holy Communion, and I invite any who would like to find out more about it, to come and talk things over with me. Instruction can always be arranged to suit those concerned, and affords an opportunity which many have valued, for learning more about the Christian Faith, and the Christian way of life and service.

R. de B. WELCHMAN

Summer Season of Recorded Orchestral Concerts

By Sgt. N. C. A. Downes

As N.C.O. i/c the Station Musical Committee, I think it is about time that I broke my silence and furnished some information and guidance on that very debatable subject, "Classical Music" for the benefit of those airmen, who invariably when they hear the announcement over the radio "Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Sir Ernest McMillan will now render the Fifth Symphony of Tchaikowsky," immediately switch over to music of a lighter nature.

In my opinion, most people are afraid of good music and in consequence are inclined to be biased towards the works of the great Masters. One should ponder for a few moments and ask himself the following questions, "Why do thousands flock to hear and see grand opera?" "Why is London's Queens Hall crammed to capacity during every evening of the Proms?" "Why are such internationally renowned virtuosi as Menuhin, the violinist, and Rubinstein, the great Russian pianist, filling every concert hall in which they make appearances in America?" Surely there must be something in this kind of music after all." Quite truthfully, I myself was one of the dubious supporters of great music, until one day, I was fortunate in hearing a brilliant performance of Verdi's opera "La Traviata," and since then, my outlook has altered out of all proportion.

Do you realise that such successful dance hits as "Our Love" is a modern adaptation of the love theme from Tchaikowsky's Fantasia Overture, "Romeo and Juliet," that "Tonight we Love" was beloved by countless thousands of concert goers before an American band-leader adapted its theme from the same composer's No. 1 Piano Concerto, that "I'll see you in my Dreams" is in reality a modern version of a concert study for piano by Liszt, that "Moonlight and Roses" is a lyrical setting of an "Andantino" by the French organist, Lemare, and that "In the Hush of the Night" is taken from the third movement of Rimsky-Korsakov's Symphonic Suite "Schererezade," to name only a few examples. In fact, investigation of the recordings made by most of the finest American swing outfits will reveal just how enthusiastically these musicians incline towards the works of their more illustrious predecessors.

Every Thursday evening at 20.30 hours in the Synthetic Building, airmen have an opportunity of hearing recorded concerts of the cream of orchestral music presented by experts, namely S/Ldr. Masters Brown and L.A.C. Knight on orchestral music, and L.A.C. Bell on opera. Although the attendances are at the present time

considered fairly good for a Camp of this size, they could be much more enthusiastically appreciated and patronized.

In conclusion, I consider the most voluptuous love music ever written is never rendered in the dance hall, but in the opera house when a performance of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolda" is being staged, with apologies to any critics who may disagree with me.



HAROLD HUNT.

Break time in the hangars

HAPPY ENDING



SOME day, an author, in a fit of pique, will write a play. In that play, certain characters and situations will be *tabu*. For instance, the story will not be an incident in the life of people who appear to be of no use to the community. There will be no baronets in it. There will be no maid servant. The scene will *not* take place in a breakfast room (Whatever that may be); and there will be no morons on holiday from a public school. Then we may see a great play.

But while eminent playwrights insist on giving us these insipid vehicles for our amateur societies to play, all we can do is to judge them by the acting ability, or the amount of work put in by the actors.

"Happy Ending," by Ian Hay, as given by the Station Amateur Dramatic Society on Wednesday, July 14th went over well. The audience, despite the sultriness of the evening, were appreciative, and the laughs came with what must have been pleasing regularity to the actors. (One or two laughs came in the wrong place, but then an audience of airmen must claim that licence on any occasion).

Although working under difficulties, the players managed to be quite convincing mainly through their having the sound virtue of being word perfect in their parts. One of the chief difficulties they had to overcome was the lack of even one "Oxford" accent between them. But all, Cockney or Canadian, were clear on their diction, and the acting, though never brilliant, was of a very high standard throughout.

The main object of an Amateur Dramatic Society to provide an amusing evening for their audience— and in this one play, certainly succeeded. The climax in the last act was put across well and had the right effect on the audience.

The cast, in order of appearance was:— LAC Peter W. Sharp, as Denis Craddock; Sgt. Eric J. Dyer, as Harold Bagby; Mary Swan, as Simmonds; Helen Howard as Joan Craddock; AC2 Bernard C. Elliott as Sir Anthony Fenwick; Beryl May as Molly Craddock; Jessie Compton as Mildred Craddock; Doris Johnson as Laura Meakin; LAC Edward S Compton as Dale Conway; AC1 Robert W A Myford as Mr. Moon; LAC Stanley E. Swan as Sir Thomas Moberley; Elizabeth Brown as Phyllis Harding.

The production was directed by AC2 Alfred Newgrosh.

J.E.

DRAMATIC SOCIETIES' FUTURE

Next to efficiency one of the necessities of any Unit is entertainment, and the Dramatic Society pledge themselves to do their part in providing good entertainment in the future.

Several plays are being considered for future presentation, amongst which are "On the Spot" a Gangster play by Edgar Wallace, and "Quiet Wedding" which is still running in London after twelve months.

Following the success of the "Happy Ending" other engagements have followed at Greenwood, New Glasgow and Truro.

Should the decision to produce "On The Spot" be made by the Selection Committee, I am looking forward to many members of the Airmen's Mess applying for roles. They will not be disappointed.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Woodin for her encouragement and practical assistance, without which "The Happy Ending" could never have been produced.

And lastly, I know that in my eagerness to establish the Dramatic Society, I have unwittingly trod on people's toes, figuratively speaking, but I think the end has justified the means.

I am put in mind of a piece by my favourite authoress, Dorothy Parker who wrote:—

In my youth it was a way I had
To do my best to please
And change, with every passing lad
To suit his theories

But now I know the things I know
And do the things I do
And if you do not like me so
To Hell, My love, with You.

A. NEWGROSH

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SALLY THE CAT

A lot of people in the Officer's Mess have commented on the fact that Julia, my youngest child looks very like me. I agree, she is just what I was at her age; but I cannot help but feel that the remark "well so she should be, goodness knows the old girl's had enough practice," borders on the vulgar. After all the government has urged us mothers to have more children as our part in the War Effort.

A couple of my other daughters have returned home, Blanche (she's the white one of course, or at least the almost white one) and Miss Rogers (the very snappy ginger number). I'm afraid they've forgotten a lot that I had taught them and I have had quite a job making them understand that nicely brought up young ladies never venture into either the dining room or the anteroom except on very special occasions; such as the arrival of an outsize in salmon or perhaps a cocktail party with fishy trimmings. My claws are a little tired now but I think they'll remember what I've told them.....

So far I have heard no adverse criticism of the fact that my ration of raw meet has not been changed. I would merely say in advance that while Julia is so young I naturally need a little building up. I expect some vulgarian will remark that some of my children always are young but what would you and in war time too? Another thing I am after all the sole Female Founder Member, and I think I'm entitled to some privilege on that score.

How well I remember that first winter at "31." I had eloped with my first husband (the big speckled one with the torn ear, do you remember him?), and I was very young then and rather frightened. Contractors, Contractors everywhere and what a lot of mud! But we didn't care, we were in love, we were together, what more could we ask? Quite a lot of course. Do you blame me leaving him when I got the chance to be adopted by a night watchman? Tom took it very badly of course and slunk off vowing vengeance in a way which thrilled me and terrified me at the same time, like a visit to the S.W.O.

The Watchman was kindness itself and we lived very happily together until he joined the R.C.A.F. It wasn't long before he was a W.O. 1 and then all sorts of complications arose. For one thing he took a very poor view of the way I moulted on his naive new uniform, for another, he went and bought himself a dog. Naturally I wasn't going to stand for that sort of thing and waded into the little beast straight away. Unfortunately he knew a thing or two himself about in-fighting and anyway the Officer's Mess was finished by that time, so really I was better off, if you follow me, and quite a lot have you know.

My mother had brought me up very strictly and from the first day in the Mess I behaved just as she had told me. I was dignified without being aloof, friendly but not sycophantic (have you ever known a cat who was?), and above all I knew my place. Very rarely do you find me anywhere in the mess except on the little table in the hall; 'and why! do you ask?' do you choose that particular spot?' The answer is an easy one. Firstly I'm off the floor and therefore away from the draughts, secondly I don't get trodden on (which may be poor grammar but is good sense, believe me) and lastly sitting up there I'm sure of getting a succession of pattings, strokings and cuddlings from a series of handsome and intrepid bird-men which would make me the envy of Hollywood.

Julia is making the most terrible row outside so I must be off. Just one little detail, have you noticed that she is learning to meow with a long A?

DEBERT PUDDING

Ingredients:

One Hangarful of Airmen.

Half Doz. "Lockheed Hudsons."

One pound Senior N.C.O.'s (Binding Type preferred)

Quarter pound Crash Gang personnel.

Half pound "295's" properly Filled.

One packet "C.O.'s Inspection" Baking powder.

Pinch of "Lysanders" to taste.

Method:

The best time to make this pudding is during fine, flying type weather; then take the one hangarful of airmen, and half doz. Lockheed Hudsons and mix well together with plenty of panic. (Use special "Minora" bowl for this mixing). When the mixture becomes smooth add the 116 Binding N.C.O.'s and this will be found to roughen up the texture somewhat.

Add the one quarter lb. Crash Gang Personnel to make things really urgent, then the "Inspection" Baking Powder and this will stop all developments. After leaving the ingredients standing for a whole morning (this depends on how long the "Inspection" Baking Powder takes to rise) stir in the Lysanders, then bind the whole lot rigid and cook in a hot oven (N.S.)

At the last moment tear up the "48's" in order to get the last straw which can be used to drain away the excess fluid.

PIGEON POST

All good film fans know that it was Don Ameche who invented the telephone; I wonder how many remember that Edward G. Robinson did much the same thing for Pigeon Post?

The title 'the friend of Man' has been bestowed upon such variegated objects of affection as:—The Horse, The Dog, The Mother-in-Law, and Dr. Snodgrasse's Giggle Drops. Personally, were I sitting some distance from land, partially submerged and totally saturated, I'd swap the whole of the foregoing collection for one (or better still two) 'pigeons, carrier, air crew for the use of,' for it is in some such whimsical manner as this, that the gent who makes us inventory conscious would refer to what in my young days was known as 'our little feathered friend.'

A pigeon, unlike the domestic fowl, ostrich or duck billed platypus is a true bird, that is, it can fly. Furthermore like the R.C.M.P., farmers horses and certain highly developed drunks, it possesses the faculty of finding its way home. Unlike the drunk however, it objects strenuously to travelling by night. For that reason (perhaps), the navigator sometimes complains of the dreadful anti-climax, when, having thrust the little waif out through the hatch, expecting an immediated flight for the home loft, he finds hours later that it is roosting peacefully on the direction finding loop, thereby increasing wind drag, and quite possibly the petrol consumption as well. However, do not imagine that this is just laziness on the part of the bird; on the contrary, as soon as pearly dawn steals stealthily across the sky (or perhaps just a teeny weeny bit later if the pigeon has been on the strength of an R.A.F. unit for a long time), he will wake up, shake himself and start off for home, the all important message written on rice paper strapped to his leg, just as they do in the pictures.

At a certain R.A.F. station in England, a weary bird is seen teetering on the edge of the pigeon loft. It is only saved from plunging to earth by the strong, sinewy hand of A.C. 1. Entwistle, Pigeon Keeper u/t.

"Eh Mabel you're fair tuckered oop," he says in a strong Macclesfield accent. He holds the bird in the aforementioned S.S. hand and strokes her head thoughtfully.

"Let me see," he says "it must be all of a week you've been gone." He submits the bird to a search worthy of the Gestapo or the Chief Guard Room Stooge.

"What's tha done wi' message, lass?" he asks chewing his moustache in a dispirited manner. Just then his friend L.A.C Whittlebottom a fitter, clambers into view.

"Happen this be thine, Alfred?" he says— producing a small wire cage.

"Happen it is, Herbert," he agrees after a minute examination. "It belongs to Mabel here," and he waves the bird under Herbert's nose, thereby causing the latter to flinch and almost lose his balance on the ladder.

"Where didst find it lad?" Alfred continues, when he has pulled his friend back into safety.

"Out behind hangar, int' long grass." Herbert says breathing a little heavily.

"Well that beats all," says Alfred "no wonder poor Mabel's taken such a long time to get home; she must have brought cage back too." Herbert regards Alfred, Mabel and the cage with impartial suspicion, but before he can put his scorn into words the 'phone rings and he listens to the usual one sided conversation.

"Eh Pigeon Keeper, 'ere," says Alfred. Thereafter his part in the talk consists of a numbers of "ohs, "ahs," and an occasional "well I'll be....." After he has hung up Don Ameche's pride and joy he passes a dazed hand across his brow, (or perhaps it is the other way round since it is really very dark in the loft).

"What ails thee lad?" Herbert asks after some five minutes of strained silence. Alfred shakes his head.

"Can't maak it out at all, proper dumbfusted I am and that's a fact."

"Well?" Herbert prompts.

"That was t' crew who took Mabel ont' trip. They've been boating int' Channel for a week, Herbert. Just fancy thaat, some folks have all the luck. Now I mind a week up a Blackpool....."

"I've heard that one before," Herbert interrupts.

"Well it seems they'd got tired of carting Mabel all over Europe, didn't seem to appreciate all the places she was seeing at Government's expense. So this time they left her behind." His voice trails off and there is silence except for the cooing of the pigeons and the creak of the C.O.'s bicycle chain as he cycles briskly by.

"So it took Mabel a week to fly from t' hangar to loft, eh" says Herbert in a nasty, sneery sort of voice "Gradely done lad, tha must be a reet good instructor." He is just preparing to clamber down the ladder, chuckling away like a W.O. on pay parade when Alfred calls him back.

"Stop your cackling do, Herbert and look at this." he says. The other turns and sees that Alfred is pulling at a little green feather which is struck in Mabel's rather dull plumage. He examines it closely and then holds it out for inspection.

"Look at yon, Herbert Whittlebottom," he says in the sort of voice he used in civvy street when selling coal. "Dost know what that is?" Herbert shakes his head and Alfred crows with delight.

"Eh tha's a saucy lass," he says wagging a finger in Mabel's rather leering countenance" so that's what you were up to, eh."

"And what was she up to?" demands Herbert.

"Never you mind," says Alfred "but if I know a parrot's feather when I see one, we'll be having some pigeons soon as 'll sing their messages just like greetings telegrams ont' screen."

MAKES YER THINK, DON' IT?

*I've been on strength a long long time
How long, I just don't know
So long, I know, I must have lost
My reason long ago.*

*It shook me to the core that time
I saw a husky erk
Panting down the dusty road
For a milk shake after work.*

*I thought I'd mentally bought it
When I heard outside the Jug
"Come on down into Truro, mate
And help me cut a rug."*

*The yellow wagon was on its way
When I read the "Comic Cuts"
(After years of faithful service, too
I knew that I was nuts).*

*I thought that some brave gen-man
Was sweating for his boat
It was signed, so its most unlikely
He knew not what he wrote*

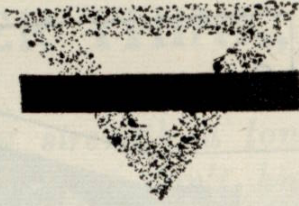
*This is the fact that scouffed me
A statement at full length
Numbers wet, their names and all
"Pigeons now on strength."*

*I give up the unequal struggle now
I know I cannot win
In black and white before me is
"Pigeons—next of kin.*

*In the darkness of my mind
A thought is resurrected.
Saying, "Post a Blue Cheg. Cock away
Rations—not affected."*

A. W. R. P.

Y.M.C.A.



PAGE

By Reg. Dunn

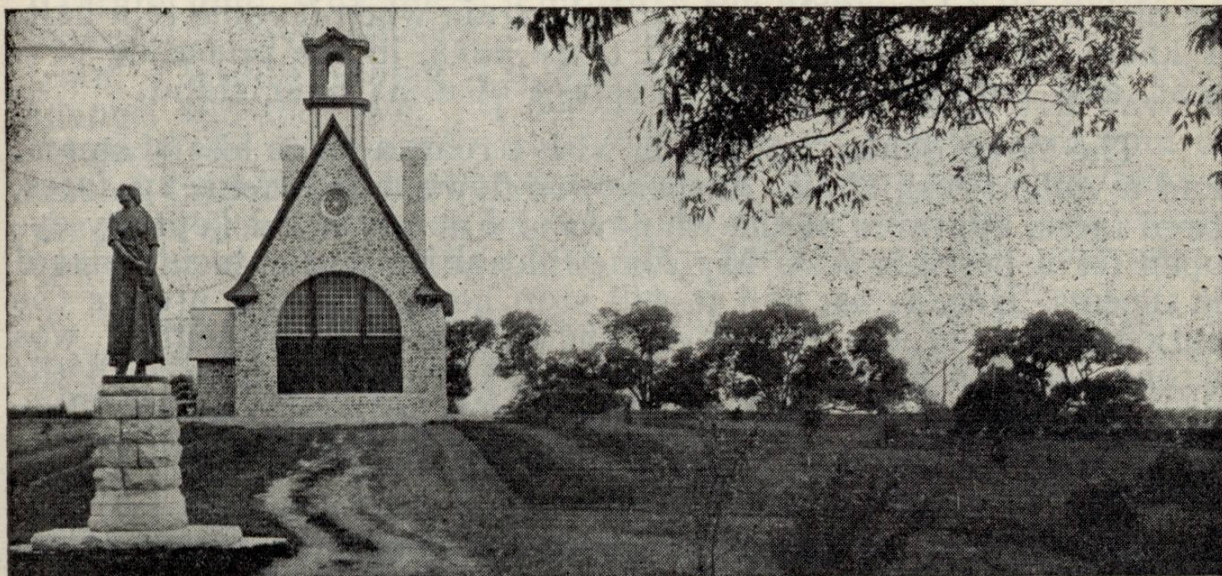
I feel inclined to devote the whole page to "personal items," but I will refrain and leave them for the last paragraph only. First of all, a few items concerning things which have happened in the last few weeks in connection with Y.M.C.A. War Services. Among the things which come to my thoughts is the exhibit of photographs which were on display in the Y.M.C.A. Lounge for four days and nights during July; reporting on it I can say that a large number of men were quite interested in the exhibit and many spent quite a bit of time in examining and comparing them. I wish to express my appreciation to the "Hanging Committee" which, voluntarily, took charge of selecting and hanging correctly. Among those who were of great assistance were L.A.C. Whitmore, himself an artist of no mean repute, who acted as judge and general overseer; also, A.C. Mansfield who represented the Photographic Club—and three or four others who kindly came along to be of assistance. I hope that, sometime in the autumn or early winter, we may be able to exhibit a selection of Canadian art. That remains to be seen.

Some of you have been wondering about the interruptions in the schedule of the cafeteria which operates in connection with the Y.M.C.A. Canteen; what with "hot and cold" nights, and then the disappearance of the lady staff, questions are certainly in order. "Hot and cold" has been going on during the summer in order to lighten the burden of frying and what not in a kitchen which at times is almost too hot to bear. The ladies, who have been doing a fine piece of work since we opened, were unable to appear for approximately a fortnight, mainly because of a shortage of voluntary help during the vacation period. Our sincere appreciation is extended to station personnel who volunteered to fill the gap; from now on, the schedule should run without interruption.

One more item before I close with the "personal" note; about two weeks after you read this, we will all have half a day off for the Station Sports' Meet, in the afternoon, and the Station Dance, in the Drill Hall during the evening. The Y will be operating a dry canteen for both events, and your cooperation in helping us to be of real service will be appreciated.

My last paragraph: I would like to have a red border around this paragraph so none of you would miss it. For, through the medium of this page, I want to thank all of you, on behalf of the

very new Mrs. R. S. Dunn and myself, for the perfectly wizard gifts which you presented to us. To all the airmen and friends for the gift of a beautiful silver set—to the friends in the Mess for their splendid gift—to the many individuals who shared in these, our sincere thanks. You are too many to name, and we consider ourselves fortunate to call you friends. AND—please, no matter what your doubts and queries—although I will be maintaining domicile in Truro, I do not intend to spend most of my time there Business will be as usual—I have a sneaking suspicion the wife will see to that. For both of us—our sincere thanks for the many expressions of goodwill and friendship.



Cape Blomidon, Nova Scotia

WAS MY FACE RED?

By Jack Ellis

WHAT I am about to tell you is quite true, though if you were to doubt its authenticity, I couldn't blame you.

It was 11.30 p.m., on a dreary, wet, Sunday night, and I was returning to my unit in Scotland. As I stood on the platform waiting for the famous "Aberdonian" to steam in, my feelings were somewhat mixed, for after all, returning to one's calling after seven days leave isn't conducive to an atmosphere of joy and happiness. All about me were men in uniform, and women too, no doubt feeling as I did. I found myself wondering about each one of them as my gaze wandered leisurely from one to the other. Where did they come from? What was their part in the conflagration, that raged the world over? What were they leaving behind? A thousand and one other things about them I wondered at. I found it an interesting way of passing the time, for our train was late—no doubt the raids, I thought to myself. We've been lucky up here, when will our turn come?

My musings came to an abrupt end, as a low and distant rumble heralded the approach of the Edinburgh train. I stooped to pick up my kit, ready to board the train when it came to a halt. I knew the difficulties involved these days, in the procuring of a seat, and I didn't relish the prospect of a six hour stand.

The "Aberdonian" pulled in with a roar, a fierce hiss of steam, and a violent rush of air. As she slowed down, blinds went up, faces, tired faces, appeared at the windows and doors, and I kept my eye open for a possible seat. My somewhat anxious search culminated in success. Here's one, and it will stop here; but as is always the curious case, in the matter of choosing a compartment, I was wrong, so with a firm grip on my kit, I trotted in pace with the now crawling train, until she finally stopped, the carriage door opened, and I was in; a matter of seconds to dump my kit on the luggage rack, and sit down.

My fellow travellers to be had vacated the compartment with a view to obtaining refreshments, while I had been occupied with my kit. I lit a cigarette, and thought of nothing in particular. Eventually they returned, in ones and twos. First a junior naval officer, who sat down on my right, then an A.T.S. girl, who seated herself on my left by the window, a sailor who also sat on my left. Quite a cavalcade, I thought. The last to arrive were three soldiers who took their places opposite. Cigarettes were ignited, and the usual observations were made, on times of arrival, prospects of making connections, and the nature of the journey.

A gentle heave, a roar of steam, a tremendous rumble as wheels of the engine strive to get a grip on the rails. When we were in motion

As the train picked up speed, the dim lights of the station flashed past with ever increased momentum, then abruptly gave way to inky blackness. We were out of the station, the blinds were pulled down to conform with blackout regulations, cigarettes extinguished, and a thoughtful silence predominated. The clatter of the many points, changed to that not unpleasant rhythmic beat. This, and the gentle sway of the train, soon had its effect on us; comfortable positions were sought, yawns were politely subdued and Morpheus prepared to reign supreme, but in my case not unchallenged,

"Why does the chap opposite keep looking at me? "Now he's looking at me with one eye open," "I'll ignore him, and get some sleep, heaven knows, I'll need it." "He's still watching me," "Do I really look a criminal type?" "I always thought people joked, when they summed up my appearance in this way; now I have my doubts, for this fellow is watching my every move, with that persistent eye."

"I'll stare him out, he has a nerve anyway," "Gosh the atmosphere is thick" "I'd be able to stare him out, but for this atmosphere, as it is, I can't seem to face him," "What a sinister eye it is, seems full of evil," "Everybody else is asleep, just he, and I, I must face that relentless stare alone," "OH why doesn't he speak? It seems to be getting bigger," "I feel shaky; I feel panicky,, "Damn him, Why doesn't he leave me alone?" "Why doesn't he look at the naval officer?" "Why me?" "I wish this was a corridor train, I wish anything, I'd welcome even a bomb," "This awful silence, and that eye," "I feel as if all the forces of evil have me cornered, in this compartment," "The man with the eye, and the rest of them are conspirators, members of some evil cult, bent on the devil's own work, and I am their victim," "There is no escape, but what are they waiting for? Why don't they get it over with?"

"But they won't get me without a fight, "Oh, no, "First I'll just lean over, and tell him what I think of him," "I feel better now that I have made my decision," "Now for it," "He's stirring," "A snore, a loud honest to goodness snore," "At last he is going to speak to me." "My hand trembles, as I give him the light he asks for and with an effort, I control my voice as I agree with him, that night travel on a train is a tiresome business.

I learned something about myself that memorable night, that I possess an imagination, of such magnitude, and vividness, that a souvenir of Dunkirk, a glass eye, almost drove me to insanity.



The departure of "Snell" Conner, John Shannon and Khan has depleted still further the ranks of the "old" hands of the Mess. For them the Boat has at last rolled on and because "Snell" has gone back his mantle of contributor of these notes has fallen on me.

It is a changing world. What with a set of coffee percolators, a tea urn looking very silvery and bright, the tennis courts taking shape it is difficult to believe at times that it is Debert. But it still is for there are still voracious mosquitoes and rain and still more rain.....

The trinity of Observer types mentioned above had a send-off in the manner fitting and an unusual one at that. For the first time a piper appeared in the ante-room, the clan Urquart skirling away in the "wee sma' hours," and to the strains of "The Road to the Isles—" appropriate enough—the types marched and counter-marched in a manner which might—or might not—have pleased the Station Warrant Officer but Baliol was in the rear and all was well—until the morning after. So passed a trio we will miss.

As I write S/L Paddy Grogan is on his way too and it seems that we needs must meet him again on t'other side, no doubt coming through the rye. "Slainte Padraig!"

The reliefs have arrived for all of those gone and there is an ever-changing in and out in the personnel of the staff. Quarters are full and Cpl. Hughes has at times had forty fits trying to sort out the rooming question but has invariably done it. How, is just nobody's business.

The last dance was a terrific success and there's another on the horizon as I write which will, no doubt equal it. More and more there has been the ever-welcome visits from the types in the various Army units and the return hospitality in the Messes there has been—well, is "staggering" not the word for it? Maybe, I don't know but we'll all remember our visits there gratefully.

IN DEFENCE OF JAZZ

THIS article is going to be just as frank *and* I hope convincing, as any one I have yet seen printed in P.G. At the moment, the author will remain anonymous. The reason will no doubt be obvious by the time end is reached.

Why is it that everyone has a definite disrespect for jazz and jazz musicians as a whole? Well I shall tell you. Firstly, possibly they have not the time, or the interest; and secondly, probably they have been told it is not the thing to delve into the mysteries of this thing called jazz. I wonder how many of the "Music Appreciation Hour" people, know of the existence of Red Mackenzie or Eddie Lang, or if they have heard of the "Mount City Blue Blowers?" I doubt it.

For your information, Eddie Lang was the greatest Guitarist that ever lived, and will undoubtedly go down in "Jazz history" for his great work in the "Golden Age." Notice the expression "Jazz History." I stress this point, because the "Music Appreciation" people, will not even mention him in their files, or in their weekly meetings. My opinion is, that even if they did mention him, would they take the trouble to play one of his records? Oh no. Just because the tunes he played weren't composed by Bach or Chopin or Schubert, or someone who lived in the good old days and recognised by their forefathers, it wasn't the thing.

Don't however, think that this this is an attack on the M.A.H. Far from it. As far as I am concerned, the M.A.H. is a jolly good thing and extremely well organized. At the same time, I am very, very tired of hearing people connected with this class, (and people who are too damned lazy to go, although they think they are Music Appreciators) hold forth on the depreciating effect of jazz on the present generation. Granted, it has been proved that jazz is the more exciting of the two, but has it been proven that it is played by less efficient musicians. Has it also been proven that jazz tunes are arranged less cleverly than classical music! I haven't heard anyone on this camp forward an argument worth listening to, and I have talked with many of the other type.

The argument "for" is fairly obvious. Most jazz musicians learned to play some kind of instrument from the day they could walk. The great majority of them have found conditions pretty rough. It is not an uncommon thing for them to pawn their instruments when things are not as they should be. Is that a disgrace? I think not. In this way, they not only learned to play their own instruments, but also any other that happened to be handy. They worked in and around dives, Poolrooms, Speakeasys and really played their music until they had made enough money to start out on their own. From then on it was the survival of the fittest or should I say is still the survival of the fittest for *Jazz* Musicians must

be the master of their instruments or give up at the beginning. This, mind you, is talking of first rate Jazz Musicians as comparable to the same class of Classical musicians, and in that direction I advise anyone who has reason to attempt to argue to first of all find out the meaning of "Jazz." I shall say that it is certainly not the stuff that is being dished out at the moment by such people as Mart Kenny, or the "Pop" tunes as played by dance bands all over the country. Jazz as I know it is played by a combination of musicians who "Give out," "Improvise" and generally send in a manner which is not only convincing, but played in a manner as only such people as Red MacKenzie, Eddie Condon, Lang, Venuti, Bix Beiderbecke, Red Nichols and the "good old good 'uns can play." How many classical musicians could sit in a session and play music for periods of three to four hours not having the remotest idea of what the next bar was to be? I wonder.

For the classical musicians there are also arguments. Admittedly their music is fine but after all my point is "in Defence of Jazz and it's musicians" so let's have an article by the other side to put their views forward. In any case there is not enough room in this issue to continue any further, but I should like to see an article in next month's P.G. for the other side. Could it be that the "Music Appreciation Hour" would deign to even play a Hazel Scott record, or Goodman's "Concerto for Clarinet" and try to "Appreciate that?" "Jazz" is only a "short and unattractive word" but has a wealth of meaning.

In conclusion I would put forward the suggestion that any first class "Jazzman" of the "Age" could play in any orchestral concert that you would like to mention, but could the same be said of the so called Classical musicians? My point has been proved time and again in that direction. The occasion you will remember being that of Benny Goodman in Carnegie Hall. Can you think of a classical musician who could even start to play "Jazz"?

TREVOR GOES FLYING

Majors (Repair Squadron) Crew Room resounded to the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" one afternoon last week, when all the lads gathered to make a presentation to Cpl. Trevor Evans, who left the following morning on his pilot's course.

Sgt. Tennant blushing handed over the gift, which was a toilet case of black Morrocco leather, inside of which was tucked a neatly folded ten-spot—left over after the case was bought.

Everyone in Majors Hangar wishes Trevor the best of luck and Happy Landings.



By **JOCK MUNRO**

A good deal of attention is being paid to the forthcoming Station Sports, due to be held on the 1st September. Many of the athletes around the camp have already entered for the events at which they consider themselves best. However, I learn that there could be a lot more entries than have already been forwarded. Although a good many of the boys are entering for the sports, it is surprising how few of them have already gone into training. As far as I can gather, the majority of them are listed for the hundred yards and the two-twenty. It should be interesting to see what times are knocked up.

For the mile, Jeffries of Station Signals should do pretty well. Hardly a day passes, that he can't be seen returning from a short run of about eight or ten miles. *He* is one who thinks training necessary for running. The four-forty is another of his accomplishments, so it looks as if anyone entered for these two events will have to get some in.

Soccer

Due to the wholehearted efforts of the Repair Squadron lads, our soccer pitch is in good condition. They have even rigged up a miniature grandstand made out of planks of wood and a few sentry boxes. The next thing they'll be dreaming up will be a Royal Box for Scruffy. Incidentally, the Repair mascot has had a crafty hair-do from some East Camp Artist.

The Station League is pretty much in the bag for the Repair "A" lads, their nearest challenger being the other Repair side. On the season's play they are undoubtedly worthy of this position at the top of the table. The standard set by Kelly, Ferris and the boys, has been too great for the rest of the teams. It is my opinion that they will also win the Station Cup which has recently been started. On the next page I print a copy of the league to date, so that you can judge for yourself.

Incidentally, footballers will be relieved to hear that barracker No I. to wit, one TICKLE, is on the latest boat list. Ah shud---think so!

SPORTS GOSSIP

STATION FOOTBALL LEAGUE (UP TO JULY 31st)

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals		Pts
					For	Against	
Repair "A".....	9	8	0	1	43	7	17
Repair "B".....	10	8	1	1	38	10	17
Airmen's Mess.....	10	6	1	3	41	21	15
Electricians.....	8	5	2	1	32	18	11
No. 2 Squadron.....	8	4	2	2	17	13	10
Officers' Mess.....	8	3	2	3	17	12	9
No. 3 Squadron.....	8	4	3	1	23	19	9
Training Wing.....	6	4	2	0	21	12	8
Signals & S.P.'s.....	7	4	3	0	11	14	8
S.S.Q. & Armoury.....	8	4	4	0	27	21	8
Work Shops.....	8	3	4	1	25	22	7
Motor Transport.....	6	2	4	0	10	12	4
Maintenance Signals.....	7	1	4	2	10	19	4
Instruments.....	9	2	7	0	10	36	4
No. 1 Squadron.....	5	0	2	3	10	17	3
S.H.Q.....	7	1	5	1	12	26	3
Target Towing.....	8	1	7	0	9	37	2
Equipment.....	7	0	6	1	8	45	1

VISIT TO MONCTON

A Kick By Kick Description of Game

By Sgt. Tennant and Cpl. Nichol

THE first match of the season for the Station team took place at Moncton on July 17th, and although they suffered defeat, it was by a narrow margin which well reflected the closeness of the play.

Before a good crowd Moncton won the toss, and set Debert to play against a strong sun which was shining almost down the pitch. Play for the first 15 minutes was pretty, both teams having good runs which were stopped by the respective defences.

A strong shot by Beattie just beneath the bar was magnificently handled by Ellsworth. From his clearance Debert had a good run with neat passing between Pullum and Robbins for Pullum to go very close off Robbins centre for Debert.

Kelly showed good defensive work as Moncton commenced to pass very hard. Ellsworth made three consecutive saves in a masterly fashion, which won applause from Supporters of both

teams. Pullum and Robbins, again with fine understanding, took the ball right down the field and finished by Robbins placing a hot shot on top of the rigging.

From the goal kick Moncton came away and after Ellsworth had made a full length save forcing the ball out along the line. Meadley (Tottenham Hotspurs) rammed home an oblique shot and opened the score for Moncton. Ellsworth made a strong effort to get it but the shot followed too close on the previous one.

Shortly after this Austin had the misfortune accidentally to handle in the Debert penalty area. Sloan (Manchester City) scored from the penalty with a low drive making Moncton two up.

End to end play continued with Moncton having slightly the better of the exchanges, Ellsworth coming often into the picture, with splendid goal keeping which won well deserved applause.

When it was almost half time, Beattie put on another for Moncton. These reverses didn't lower the morale of the Debert supporters who were grouped in a compact bunch in the stand and, ably led by Cpl. Woolcock as cheer leader, lustily encouraged their team, quite drowning the efforts of the numerically superior Monctonians.

Debert's First Goal

After half time Debert opened in a determined mood in spite of being 3 goals down and swept down the field with accurate passing for McKenzie at outside left to cross for Pullum to open the score for Debert. A few minutes after this a run by the right wing gave McKenzie the chance to head in a low shot. At this the Debert supporters gave a creditable imitation of the "Hampden Roar."

Midfield play ensued until, from a breakaway by Debert, which forced a corner, Falder headed strongly onto the rigging from Robbins Corner kick. Moncton then took up the attack and Andrews had a grand run from a neat pass by Sloan, and from his centre Knight scored a lovely goal, giving Ellsworth no chance.

Shortly after this Ellsworth punched clear two very dangerous situations, coming out of the goal to do so, and taking the ball right off the opposing players' heads.

Meadley was at this point given too much space and ran through to score Moncton's fourth. A penalty given against Kelly met with the disapproval of all the spectators and the Moncton Captain, Cpl. Randall ran up, took the spot kick, and very sportingly shot wide.

A penalty goal was given against Moncton and Ferris made no mistake with a neatly placed shot.

Pullum and Robbins had a nice run and Pullum going out, Robbins ran in to take the ball and score with a powerful low drive from 25 yards out, off Pullum's centre.

Debert tried hard for the equalising goal and, with almost the last kick of the match, Robbins had a powerful shot when nicely placed, but the ball tricked him on the hard pitch and his shot went wide.

The Final Score Was 5—4 For Moncton

For Debert Ellsworth was outstanding, keeping a splendid goal and receiving an ovation from the crowd. Burnside played a splendid game at left back. Kelly was the only half pick of back playing up to usual form. Pullum and Robbins were the forward line.

Moncton was a good team all round with Sloan scheming most of their dangerous moves, and Cpl. Randall at left back being an excellent stopper.

In company with the Cricket team, the Soccer team were entertained and billeted on the Station. Every co-operation and help was given by Flight Lieutenant Lathwaite, Sgt. Taylor, Cpl. Randall and the P.T.I. staff. After the match a supper was given in the permanent staff Mess.

Flight Lieutenant Lathwaite, having been thanked for the good time by Sgt. Tennant, on behalf of the visitors, and three cheers being given for Moncton, replied that Moncton was delighted to have visiting teams from Debert and slyly remarked that when Moncton visits Debert for the return that they'd do it on Debert again.

All the Debert men are confident that the boot will be on the other foot. This return match should be a game well worth seeing, so don't miss it.

The teams were:—

Debert:—Cpl. Ellsworth, Grigor, Burnside, Paulder, Kelly, Ferris, Robbins, Pullum, Cpl. Bickerstaff, Austin, McKenzie.

Moncton:—Sgt. Taylor, Cpl. Carter, Cpl. Randall, Cpl. Bradbury, Cpl. Ransome, Sgt. Goodland, F/Lt. Andrew, Sgt. Sloan, L.A.C. Knight, Cpl. Beattie, Cpl. Medley.

TENNIS

By G. Potter

Although we have had Soccer, Rugger, Borden Ball and the usual sports going for quite a while now, it is only in the last week, since the advent of the tournament, that tennis has aroused any more than the average amount of interest. Even after the draw was posted on the notice board a lot of time was lost in "getting on with it" mainly because everyone thought they needed some practice. However, at last it seems to have got going and people even arrange their own matches (much to the amazement of the committee).

At the moment the officers seem to be taking a beating. Out of the games that have been played only F/O Iverach remains. F/O Sims succumbed to Cpl. Jones of the Special Police, S/Ldr. Walmesley was beaten by L.A.C. LeGrice (Signals) while F/Sgt. Brooks passes into the next round at the expense of F/O Morris. P/O Johnston and P/O Tucker were beaten by Drummond (signals)

and Reid (Accounts) respectively. In the other matches the Weather man (Mr. Cameron) just ??? managed to beat Sgt. Marshall (Link) and from all accounts the Sgt's Tennis was as Synthetic as his training. Cpl. Wright and L.A.C. Brady (Pay Cpl. Wright Accounts) fought out a real "Pen Pushers Paradise" and although managed to win 6-3, 7-5, it was no easy victory and decidedly well worked for.

In the games to come one of the outstanding should be the meeting of F/O's McKinnon and Judge. I am told on good Authority that F/O Judge has gone into strict training and now hangs his own hat up every morning on entering the office. Seriously though, it should be a good game and will at least supply the officers with another candidate in the next round. By the time you read this the second round should be under way and, the Doubles too. Incidentally, just in case anyone had any ideas about scratching etc., it might be a good thing to remember that the P.S.I. has very kindly promised to supply the prizes for the Tournament. Said prizes are not "Scotch Mist" and in addition to the winners of both Singles and Doubles there will also be runners-up prizes.

"Things to come" in the Tennis world appear to be very bright indeed. F/O Brown has already arranged a double match with the Truro Tennis club and other matches are in the process of being arranged. The visit to the Truro Club should be particularly interesting as they have a number of good players, and should give us a very hard game. It is possible that a dance and supper will take place afterwards too, so that it's worth just a little extra practice to get on the team. Internal matches involving the Officer's, Sgt's and Airmen will also be played and on the whole the standard of Tennis on the station should be considerably improved ere long. Before things can really get under way though, it is essential that we progress a little quicker in the present Tournament so it's up to you chaps, don't waste any time.

On the whole the Tennis so far has been fairly good, but it would rather difficult to pick out anyone as outstanding at the moment. However, after a little careful "snooping" in an endeavour to "back the winner" I have come to the conclusion that F/O Tisdale is the "Commissioned Favourite" and L.A.C.'s Reed LeGrice, Scarr, and Drummond of the men. By the time the next report is due I hope that the officers are a little better represented in order to prevent the "Occiputs" of certain A.C.'s, Sgt's etc. becoming even more discernable than they are at the moment.

Just before ending for this month I would like to point out to the regular players on the station the necessity of returning the kilt promptly to the sport stores after each game to give F/O Brown and his staff every help possible. A tremendous amount of work has been, and is still being put in, by them on the nets etc., and apart from the fact that valuable time is wasted running after "forgetful" people it cuts down the playing time of other people who have to wait for the rackets to be returned.

P. S. Latest reports put L.A.C.'s Potter Pay Accounts, Carson (M. T.) and Hardiman (S.S.Q.) into the next round. \$64.00 question.....Where are the Officers?

P.S.S. Still later—I've had it!—R. J., F/O

CRICKET

By Nobby Clark

The Station Cricket team won a friendly game when they played Stellarton at Truro on Saturday, July 24th. The scores were:— Debert 153 for 6, declared; Stellarton, 102 all out.

Winning the toss, Debert batted first, and the innings were opened by the captain, F/O Sims, and LAC Walmesley. Walmesley's wicket fell early, and he was closely followed to the pavilion by LAC Eckersley. LAC Mason then joined F/O Sims at the wicket, but he was caught out after starting well, and was followed by Cpl. Smith. Soon afterwards F/O Sims was caught out, after batting well.

By this time things were looking rather black for the R.A.F. team, the score being 22 for 4. Cpl. Smith was in great form, and the runs were mounting up rapidly when Sgt. Downes, who replaced F/O Sims, was stumped, just as the pair appeared to be making a nice stand. Cpl. Fishwick then joined Cpl. Smith, who was by this time putting up a show worthy of country cricket. He continued to punish the bowling with zest, and soon reached his half century. Fishwick had made himself comfortable and was batting steadily, when Cpl. Smith went under to a beautiful catch, after scoring 81. The Debert Skipper then decided to declare the innings, the score then standing at 15 for six wickets.

After a short rest the visitors' opening batsmen donned pads and went out to face the bowling of F/Sgt. Marks and LAC Owen. It seemed as though Turner was going to emulate Cpl. Smith, but after knocking a useful 24, he was caught nicely by Sgt. Downes. Beason, the Stellarton Skipper, played a great game, and scored 23 before being bowled by Fishwick. Their only other player to reach double figures was MacDermott.

The remaining wickets fell rapidly, bringing an exciting and enjoyable game to a close.

It has occurred to us that the female of the species has a high surrender value.

THE FEUD

AS I drew near to the village of perhaps a score of modest dwellings early one morning I was struck by the odd fact that it appeared to be deserted. And of the many things a Chinese village may be said to lack, an abundance of life is not one of them—unless the Japanese have passed that way. Even the pack of dogs that noisily herald one's approach were nowhere to be seen.

I crossed a small stream by a bamboo bridge and became aware that this strange quiet was broken by a voice, at first barely audible, but as I drew nearer it increased in resonance and power and repeated at short intervals an accusation or a threat. Rounding the corner of a courtyard I saw an old woman in blue cotton coat and trousers beating her breast and screaming "Turtles' eggs. Turtles' eggs" wildly, vehemently, and with concentrated passion and scorn.

Nothing stirred. There seemed to me to be no object to this grim picture of a demented woman wasting her passion on the empty air, effective as it was in keeping all signs of life safely behind closed compound gates.

"Turtles' eggs. Turtles' eggs." The cry went on unabated, shrill and piercing until I was out of earshot. It was clear that she had something on her mind.

Later I fell in with a peasant from whom my "boy" got the story. It appeared that the old woman was a widow who, living frugally, kept a few chickens but like most domestic livestock they were left pretty much to fend for themselves. She was overjoyed therefore to notice that they frequently strayed into the courtyard of a neighbour to feed with his chickens and the idea or eggs at absolutely no cost to herself was an exhilarating thought.

The previous evening however they had failed to return home to roost and at first light that morning she had visited her neighbor to point out his mistake in having, doubtless inadvertently, closed his gate with her chickens inside.

"YOUR chickens?" queried the neighbour. "I have seen nothing of your chickens. It is true that for some days a few stray chickens have been loafing about in my compound and eating my grain but these of course couldn't possibly belong to you." And he thereupon closed his compound gate loudly and secured it with great deliberation.

The old widow could not at first believe that this was more than a misunderstanding. She described her chickens individually and in great detail but at last, failing to get any response she demanded them angrily. She beat on the bamboo gate which remained firmly closed and finally realised that she was outwitted. She had committed the unpardonable crime of having "lost face."

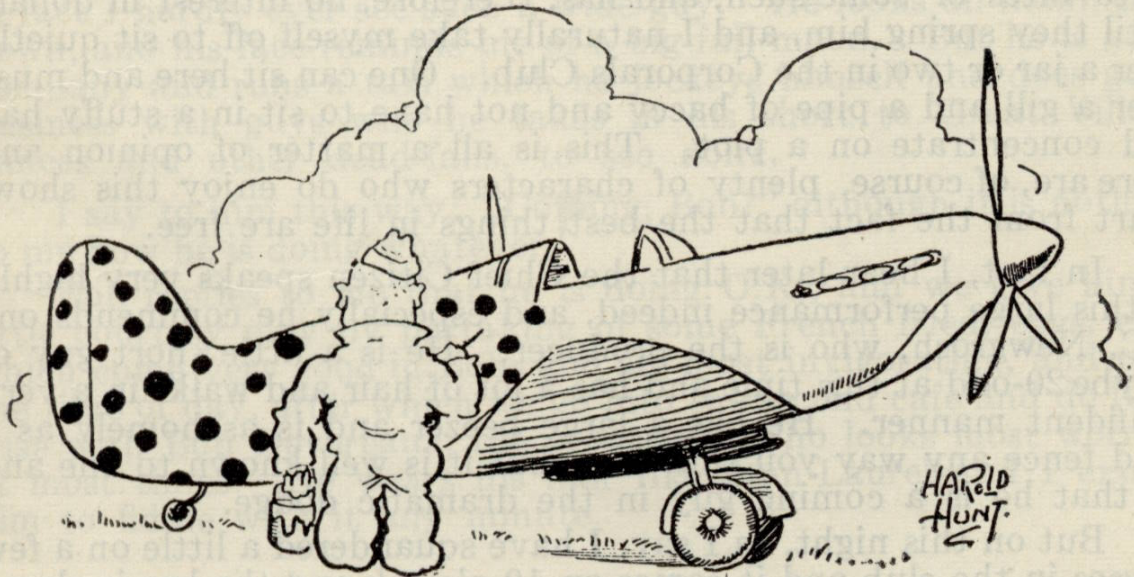
There was left to her only one course—to discredit her neighbours in the eyes of the village. She thereupon called to high heaven that she had been robbed and revealed that there dwelt among them a pair of hitherto unsuspected turtles' eggs.

The Chinese regard the turtle as being possessed of morals of singular depravity and it is credited with a partiality for mating with its own young. To accuse one of being a turtle therefore, or still worse, a turtle's egg, as being nearer in tune to the act of the crime is to cast the worst possible aspersion on one's antecedents. This is a frightful insult in a land where the sanctity of family life is held supreme.

On my return as night was falling I passed again through the village. It was still strangely silent except for a faint cry of "Turtle's eggs." Surely, I thought, the old lady can't still be holding out. But there she was, much enfeebled, her hair dishevelled, her face streaked with dust and sweat. Beside her was a small girl clearly inviting her to desist and to return home. But she was adamant. Hoarse and spent she still managed to croak at lengthening intervals her vituperation on the dispoilers of her property.

"Turtles' eggs. Turtles' eggs" she panted.

And the whole village knew that the seeds of a feud had been sown. Hatred, fear, and revenge between two families.



Aircraft Spotter

MUCH ABOUT NOTHING

By "Snoop"

(With apologies once more to Damon Runyon)

Now it comes on the eve of pay day when the July "P. G." is being rushed through the Presses and it is after a long, hard fortnight and times are very tough indeed what with credit being very uncertain indeed owing to fellows saving for holidays and spending money in the canteens, and the Law gets very nasty about this and that and one thing and another, and many citizens are compelled to do the best they can.

There is very little scratch anywhere around Debert and very many citizens are walking about with a hungry look, like bloodhounds, and have practically nothing to spend in the eating joints and it is a condition that will touch anybody's heart.

It is very fortunate therefore that the Dramatic Society's performance of "Happy Ending" is a free show, gratis and for nothing, except for the walk to the Recreation-hall. Furthermore, this show is very well patronised as a result, and I personally have to hand it to the producer for choosing the eve of pay day for this performance, citizens having no potatoes to spend in Truro or at the inns.

Personally, I am able to raise a few bobs on the strength of my good name from a fellow gendarme who is in hospital with mosquito bites or some such, and has, therefore, no interest in dollars until they spring him, and I naturally take myself off to sit quietly over a jar or two in the Corporals Club. One can sit here and muse over a gill and a pipe of baccy and not have to sit in a stuffy hall and concentrate on a plot. This is all a matter of opinion and there are, of course, plenty of characters who do enjoy this show, apart from the fact that the best things in life are free.

In fact, I hear later that the Chief Citizen speaks very highly of this large performance indeed, and especially he commends one A.C. Newgrosh, who is the producer. He is a little short guy of maybe 20-odd at this time and has a lot of hair and walks in a very confident manner. He has a large beezzer and is as homely as a mud fence any way you take him, but it is well known to one and all that he is a coming guy in the dramatic dodge.

But on this night, as I say, I have squandered a little on a few glasses in the club and it comes on 10 o'clock and the bar is closed down. This period before "lights out" is a very pleasant time to sit in the Club, and on this night there are maybe four of us sitting in the joint doing a bit of quartet singing very low, so as not to disturb the Orderly Officer or citizens across the road who have come from the performance and retired, having no scratch, and consequently no occasion to sit up and spend it in the cafes.

Of course, as a rule, I never buy any drinks for myself or anybody else and especially for myself, because I am a personal friend of the chairman, Tom Woolcock and he will not sell me any drinks even if I wish to buy any, which is unlikely, as he figures that anybody who buys drinks is apt to drink these drinks, and he does not care to see any of his personal friends drinking drinks in his place. If one of his personal friends wishes to buy a drink, Tom generally sends him to the eating joints or the "Y" for milk or Coke and, in fact, Tom will mostly go with him.

So I only go to talk with him and to sing in quartet, as, if there is one thing I love to do more than another, it is to sing in quartet. A guy in spectacles, Bernard Shaw, accompanies us at the piano. He is called Trapper, as, when he wears an open-necked shirt, you can see he has a fine black pelt on his chest, and, in fact, it has been suggested that he have "Welcome" cut in this mat.

As I say, the drink is nothing extra and is, moreover, only for customers, so after rendering a few songs and torch songs, we are finding we do not get much zoom in our part-singing, so we conclude that the barkeep has made a mistake by selling us Eastern beer instead of the fourteen-penny Western, and it is off-colour at that. So we give our singing up, especially as we are without two very good harmonisers called Corporals Hull and Carpenter who are, at a guess, broke and unable to raise scratch, or are saving for leave. Times are very hard at this time, indeed.

So we put out the lights and gander over to the first eating joint called Bobs. Bob is about four feet high and five feet wide, in fact I hardly ever see such a wide guy. He looks all hammered down, and his face reminds me of a big full moon. But he is good company and runs a taxi which he jockeys himself and does good business with guys who he takes in his short to Great Village dances and other dead-falls, to see dolls.

I say to him this way: "Coping, Bob?" although it is nothing to me how he is doing whatever.

Bob replies to me that he is doing O.K., and we give him a little courtesy play by partaking of some French fried, eggs, etc., which come very good in Bobs and are most invigorating, and pass the time of day, after which we go into the second cafe and do likewise with Bob Devereaux, the proprietor, who looks most worried at most times. He wears his hair like Stan Laurel and I expect him to fiddle with it any minute.

So we buy enough smokes to last us over pay day and take it on the lam from there. We crawl back to the billets and we talk of this and that, and mostly of the hard times being experienced and how much scratch we owe and how much we expect to collect from the Golden Eagle on the morrow.

Like so many pay day eves, it ends uneventfully and we retire, being thankful that at least the billets are quiet for one night in the fortnight.

STATION WELFARE COMMITTEE

There is little to report this month regarding the above Committee. The Master Register, containing details of those married personnel who have their families in Canada, is nearing completion, but the Secretary of the Committee, F/O Green states that a number of officers and airmen have still to see him. Until the latter have given the details required, namely names of wife and children, address in Canada etc. the Master Register cannot be completed and inevitably this will cause delay when personnel are posted home at short notice. So those of you who are 'defaulters,' please call in and see F/O. Green and get the job finished; the Committee is here to help you, why not help them (and yourselves); five minutes isn't very long, is it?

This month an A.F.R.O. has appeared dealing with the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund (Canada). The number is 1408 and all personnel are advised to read it. The salient points are as follows:— All applications for assistance from the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund (Canada) must be made through the C.O. of the Unit. The official form must be used and will be forwarded to the Honorary Secretary of the Fund together with the comments of the C.O. Lastly it should be noted that applications for relief may be made on behalf of dependants of deceased personnel; the only proviso being that the dependant beneficiary must sign the official application form for assistance.

Last month reference was made to the large number of rumours which appear to be floating around the station. The latest one concerns the statement that the C.O. has power to defer or even change postings. Where the rumour came from is not known but it is quite untrue. Owing to the peaceful atmosphere in which we live, it is sometimes apparent that a sort of 'flabby' thinking develops, in which the individual's own problems, wishes and preferences increase to such proportions that the fact that we are engaged on a desperate fight for survival is completely ignored. Let us be grateful for the happy times we have had on this station. but let us remember also that while we have gone our way in peace and quiet, disturbed neither by blackouts, food shortages, bombings nor any of the other unpleasing aspects of modern war, that many of our colleagues are in North Africa, many doubtless will be visiting Italy shortly, many languish in prison camps. So when your posting comes, accept it cheerfully.

Overheard in the Fuehrers Berchtesgaden retreat:

"Marry some Poles to de French an d some French to de Poles....
I want some French Polishers.

Beware of the woman who says that you are one in a hundred—
you may well be that.

ON GETTING IN THE GROOVE

By Mickey Dunn

HAVING arrived in Canada some months ago, and being rather fond of dancing in England, I decided to attend a Canadian dance session at the first opportunity. The dance came about a week after my arrival in Canada, when I set out one evening to explore the possibilities of the nearby town. After many misleading directions, I came to a side-street in which strains of dance music were coming from a well-lighted doorway. Paying the entrance fee, I struggled through the heaving mass of uniforms which constituted the "stag line" and eventually reached the dance floor.

Here I was confronted with the sight of couples performing queer contortions together, and I began to wonder whether I had blundered upon a "YOGI" class. The men—and their expressions seemed to bear out this surmise—were hopping around as if some unkind person had just dropped a heavy weight on their best corns, while they were throwing their lady partners around like so many Yo-Yo's of the horizontal type, with complete disregard for modesty. Several times I had to avert my eyes in blushing confusion. You don't believe it, do you? Anyway all this weird cavorting was accompanied by the chewing of gum in strict tempo to the music of the band that was hiding itself modestly in some remote spot I couldn't locate.

After watching the crowd, I mustered sufficient courage with the kind assistance of my old pal, Johnny Walker (1820, and still going strong) to take a chance at this "Chunky Rhythm." Approaching a young lady, I asked in the best "Old School Mannah," "May I have the pleasure of this dance, please?" The girl looked amazed, and even shocked, so realizing I'd committed a "Faux pas" I beat a hasty, but what I hoped was a dignified retreat.

I wandered round the hall once or twice, then decided to try once more. The next girl I addressed with.—

"C'mon, snake, let's crawl," and was immediately accepted. I knew the rudiments of the Highland Fling, and had seen African war-dances on the screen, so forgetting the music of the band as seemed most essential to good jutterbugging for the next few minutes I sweated, kicked, swung and pushed and shoved as hard as any on the floor, putting up a creditable performance, if I do say so myself.

To crown any success, and to try and prove to people that though I'd been in Canada only a short time, I was nevertheless quite Canadianized, I said to the young lady on my right in my best Canadian drawl "Are yuh dancin?" to which she retorted.

"Are yuh askin'?"

"Sure, I'm askin'."

"O.K., I'm dancin'," with which we plunged into the struggling, kicking mass of sweating humanity once more.

I've got it off all pat now, though. "Say, baby, lets get in the groove and start cuttin' a rug."

FROM THE CAMP OF THE RISING SUN

East Camp Notes

MICKEY Dunn, the "Manchester American," taught Edna, his New York girl, a few words of R.A.F. slang, by way of passing the time on his recent visit to the Great Big City. We can imagine the surprised expression of the telephone operators at the swanky Vanderbilt Hotel, when the wealthy looking foreign guest was awakened each morning by a sweetly feminine voice saying "Good morning Cooky;—Wakey, Wakey!"

When two Repair Squadron riggers set out for Truro Golf Club recently, they were nothing if not optimists. They had one bag of clubs between them, and one ball each. Getting off the Hub bus and forcing their way through the lines of cars outside the clubhouse gave them a deeprooted feeling of inferiority—So much so that one of the precious balls was lost on the first hole. After a vain search through a miniature forest, they decided to carry on with the remaining ball, playing one hole each. Carefully missing out one hole containing a large water obstacle, they reached the fifth hole, when the ball glanced of a tree, slap into the river. So rubbing their newly acquired mosquito bites, they repaired to the nearest "boozer" for a pint—of vanilla milk shakes.

When Maintenance Wing Signals played the Instrument Section at Soccer recently, "Dapper" Bland, of Repair "A" team, acting as referee, found it necessary to give a penalty against Signals following a dubious action of their goalkeeper.

Being somewhat piqued at the decision, that gentleman temporarily washed his hands of the game, and settled himself comfortably behind the goal to watch the proceedings.

An "Instruments" player steadied himself, took a short run and shot hard at the empty goal. The ball hurtled from his foot rose up, and—hit the crossbar! No foolin'!!

"Scruffy" is a little dog, of the "Heinz" breed, who is an institution in East Camp. Rumour has it that he was here to bark merrily as the first aeroplane ever appeared on the Debert horizon. He has certainly won his way into many of the things that airmen use for hearts.

Great consternation, therefore, followed the discovery of Scruffy last month with a bullet wound in his hind leg. How it happened is still something of a mystery. No time was lost, in carting him off to the sick bay to report "Special Sick," and it is said that three M.O.'s shared the honour of attending him. (We may be excused for wondering whether anything was filled out in triplicate on this occasion).

Tough luck on Cpl. "Joe" Holmes, who broke two bones in his leg when playing in a football match for Repair Squadron "B" team.

Apparently the opposing goalkeepers boot, after clearing the ball, caught Joe's leg in a skirmish in the goal-mouth. Here's hoping for a quick recovery, Joe.

When Repair "A" and Repair "B" teams were drawn to play each other in the second round of the cup, feelings in the various sections were decidedly mixed. Consternation was apparent in Repair squadron, while the rest of the Station said gleefully "That'll fix *one* of them."

Repair Squadron boys soon got used to the idea, however, and it was not long before they began taking sides. Excitement grew intense towards the day of the game, and when it arrived, no-one could talk of anything else.

Under the able leadership of LAC Tickle, "B" team's supporters really went to town. They had a red flag, six feet square, made, with a large white "B" in the centre. They made a rough megaphone, (also red with a white "B"), and borrowed the gas rattles. Now they were all set to cheer their heads off.

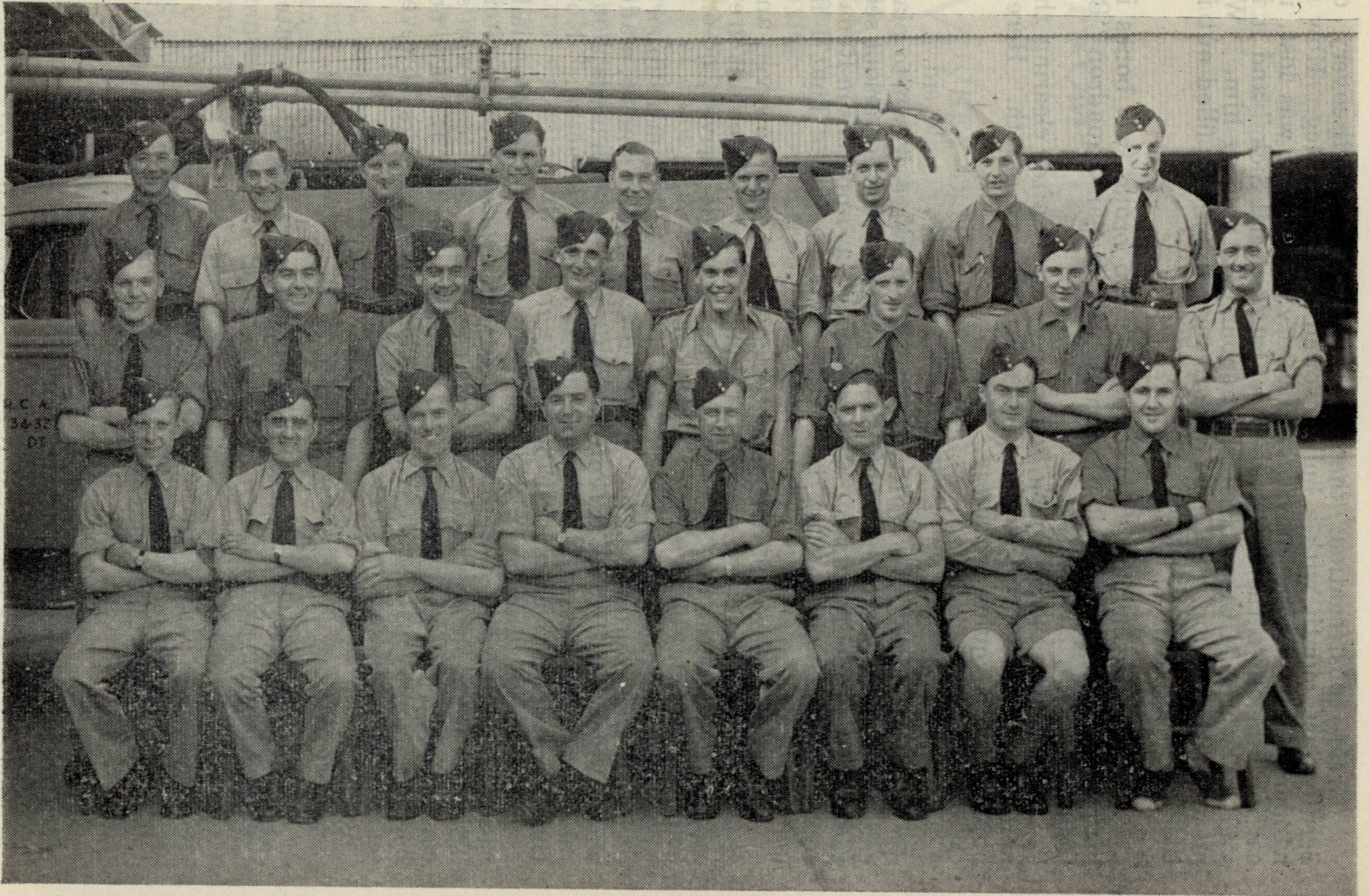
Rain made things more interesting for all concerned, especially the players, and the game began on a treacherously muddy pitch. This was probably one of the reasons the repair "A" team won so convincingly. In past weeks I have noticed that the "B" have not been very happy on a heavy ground. The League Leaders however, seem to revel in such circumstances.

When a pretty secretary becomes indispensable, she is often made a sleeping partner.

"Nobody can say anything bad about that girl."
 "No. Let's talk about somebody else."

"I want to marry your daughter."
 "Do you drink?"
 "Thanks! but let's settle the other matter first!"

MOTOR TRANSPORT





Eavesdropping at THE SERGEANT'S MESS



By Nosilla

After eighteen months retirement our intrepid young aviator "Airborne Beesley" took part in a historic flight. "Actual details must, of course, remain an official secret" he explained to our air correspondent "but you can take it from me that the trip was a complete success. And one of these days I hope to fly again." And with his lovely face wreathed in his beautiful winning smile he strolled off, humming gently "Coming in on a wing and a prayer."

"15 Minutes After Midnight" or "The Mess Must Close At Twelve" is the title of the gripping story of the "Seven Debert Martyrs" alias the "Moose Club" alias "Doc and his Merry Men in their fight against injustice." The indignation meeting which turns into a "session" is the highlight of the drama and it is here that Doc delivers that wonderful fighting speech:—

"To close or not to close the Mess? That was the question."

The day following the dance there was an excuse for another "session" when Wee Mac returned from spending the night in the local calaboose. How the mob cheered when they heard he had been admonished on the charge of "Being drunk and incapable and refusing to fight."

To assist Debertonians in their war on mosquitos Moose Jardine passes on his sure-fire method of destroying these pests. "It has never failed me yet" he stoutly declared. "I use two mallets and after placing the mosquito on the top of one mallet I hit it on the head with the other."

Entertaining the Corporals Club was a wizard idea but their consumption of beer was terrific. Maybe some of our lads did give them a helping hand but who cares anyhow as a wonderful night was had by all. It wouldn't be a bad idea to have such a night every month.

Heartiest congratulations to F/Sgt. Gould on getting his "scratching cats" but we must also express our disappointment and regret at his posting to Penfield Ridge. You were a real decent bloke, Nat, and it was a privilege and a pleasure to have known you. Good-bye, good luck and good hunting, sir.

Before he left he bequeathed his wardrobe to Ronnie Brookes and J. J., adding furniture removing to his many accomplishments, delivered the goods. And how!

X!

LEAVE IN TORONTO

by Eric Legkys

It has been observed that apart from the U.S.A., Torontons one of the first places servicemen make for when going on leave. Consequently, we have endeavoured to obtain some information on Toronto's hospitality for which it is noted. So if you are thinking of spending that long waited for seven days there, this article should prove to be of some help to you.

Arriving in Toronto by train, from any part of the country, you will find yourself at the Union Station waiting to be greeted by some of Toronto's charming hostesses. These ladies of "Information Please Service" will be waiting by the big central information bureau "under the clock." No matter what hour of the day you arrive by train, they will be waiting there at your service. They are members of the Landseair Club and other voluntary girl workers, all patriotically out to help you fellows in uniform, and they will tell you everything you want to know, from where to get a shave and a shower to where you will find that nurse you were sweet on last time you were "in dock" down there. They have spent months in compiling the "Book of answers." If it's a service club or a hotel you want, they will tell you the rates and find out if there is any room. They know where you can get free tickets to theatres, sports, movies, where to eat, what places of entertainment are open on Sundays, where you can get a free swim, or where you can get quick service on that creased suit.

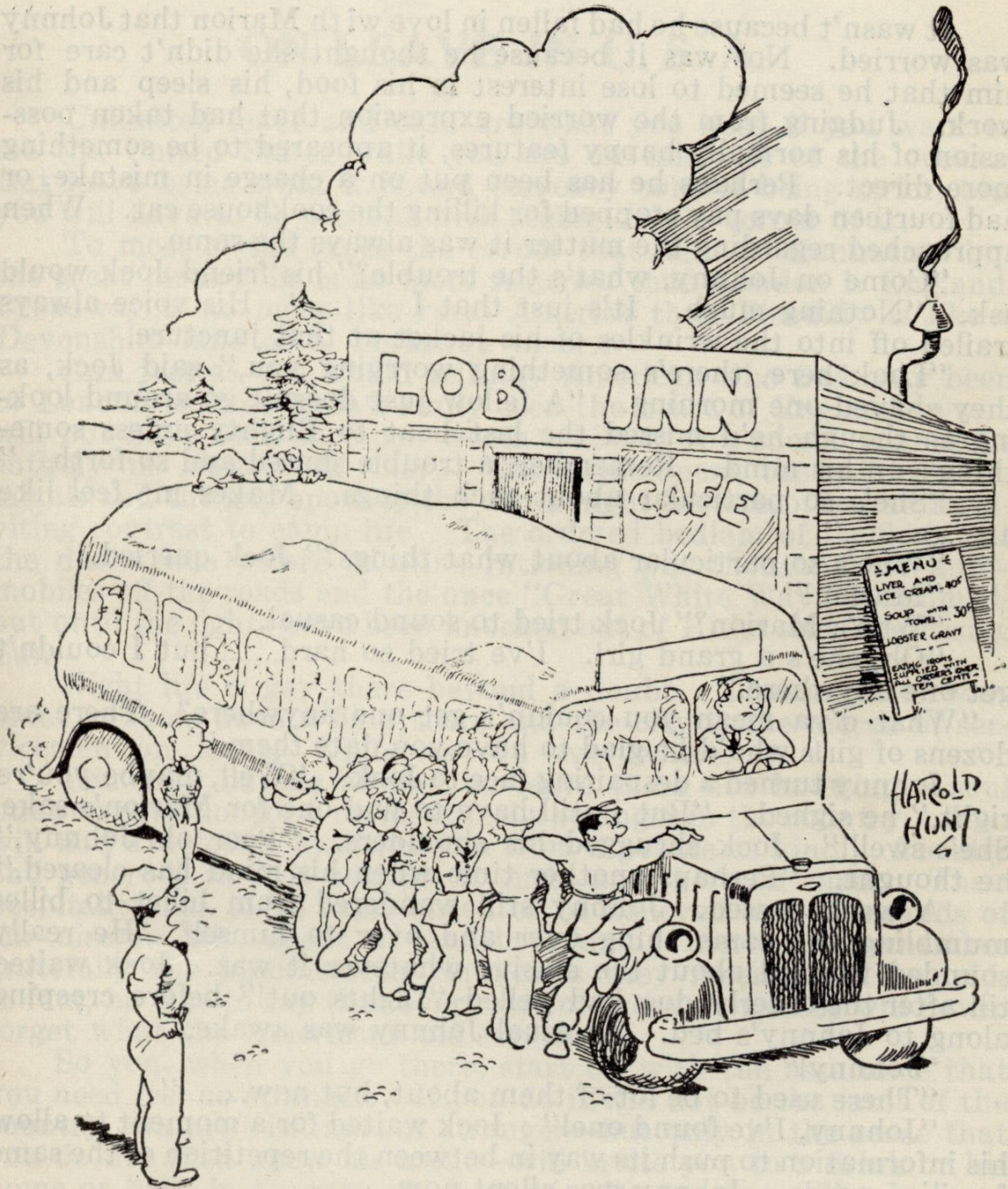
No matter how irrelevant your question may appear to you, it is sure to be answered by one of these girls dressed in their snappy blue uniforms. Most of them also speak French so if you fancy yourself in that direction now is your chance. Seven days a week, from 7 a.m. until midnight, they are there to serve you, and they will be disappointed if you don't go to them with your queries and worries.

Continued from previous page.

The best action shots of the year were taken in the early hours of August 1st when our roving photographer got two pictures of Peter the Painter in the act of shifting the wardrobe. As our hero was clad only in his vest during the operations we cannot print the photographs but they may be seen on request.

Once upon a time in the year 1950 a young man known as Moe was walking down Broadway, New York City, when a little girl about seven years of age came running up to him and said "Hello' Daddy." Of course it was a case of mistaken identity, but, just the same, Moe got a terrible fright.

There used to be three warrant officers in the Mess. Then there were six. Then there were eight. And now I've lost count.



"Don't mind me—I'm just the driver!!"

SHE WAS SO PARTICULAR

By Drew Alison

It wasn't because he had fallen in love with Marion that Johnny was worried. Nor was it because he thought she didn't care for him that he seemed to lose interest in his food, his sleep and his work. Judging from the worried expression that had taken possession of his normally happy features, it appeared to be something more direct. Perhaps he has been put on a charge in mistake, or had fourteen days pay stopped for killing the cookhouse cat. When approached regarding the matter it was always the same.

"Come on Johnny, what's the trouble?" his friend Jock would ask. "Nothing much. It's just that I....." His voice always trailed off into the wrinkles of his jacket at that juncture.

"Look here, there's something worrying you," said Jock, as they shaved one morning. "A fellow just doesn't go around looking as though he'd missed the last boat to Blighty unless something's on his mind. Remember, a trouble shared and so forth...."

"She's so particular about such things. Makes me feel like a.....a....."

"Who's so particular about what things?" Jock queried.

"Marion!"

"Who's Marion?" Jock tried to sound casual.

"Oh, she's a grand girl. I've tried so hard.....but I couldn't get one anywhere."

"What d'ya mean you couldn't get one anywhere? There are dozens of girls who'd be glad to have you date them."

Johnny turned a despairing face to Jock. "Well, maybe you're right," he sighed. "But I still have to find one for Marion's sake. She's swell!" Jock shrugged his shoulders. "Poor old Johnny," he thought. "Perhaps another time when his mind has cleared."

A week passed. Johnny still wandered from billet to billet mumbling the same thing over and over to himself. He really sounded worried about the elusive whatever it was. Jock waited till after the orderly dog had yelled "Lights out!" before creeping along to Johnny's bed. As usual Johnny was awake.

"Johnny!"

"There used to be lot of them about, but now....."

"Johnny, I've found one!" Jock waited for a moment to allow his information to push its way in between the repetition of the same familiar words. Johnny was silent now.

"I found one tonight for you," said Jock.

"Where?" Johnny sat up. In the pale glow from the radio on the window-ledge he seemed to be striving for composure.

"Where, where did you find it?" he gasped.

"In town. Not far from where we were last Saturday."

"Could I.....could I.....may I borrow it? Soon!" Johnny was trembling.

"Yes, Johnny. Now!" Jock whispered. A light scratching and the rustle of paper—then—"Look," commanded Jock. The yellowish gleam from the radio blinked sleepily from the polished sides of a brand new electric iron.

ON LEAVE IN U. S. A.

Unlimited leave and cash are what you need if you want to see the United States while you are on this side of the ocean. But leave being what it is and currency control being strict, too, you will have to be content with seeing only a corner of it.

To most of the types the corner that lures is Manhattan but the great metropolis is no more America than London is England. Broadway is no more like rural America than Picadilly is like a Devonshire lane or a Yorkshire moor.

And just as you would tell any American who had only been to London that he hadn't really seen the heart of England so you will not have seen so much worth while if you spend your days entirely in New York City. The skyscrapers, the railroad terminals and the gay spots of the city's night life are, of course, an inviting contrast to camp life. The ordered bedlam of traffic is not the din it was before gasoline rationing put thousands of automobiles off the roads and the once "Great White Way" is dimmed-out until the lights have been knocked out of Hitler and The Rising Sun.

Night life is gay there beyond a doubt. Thousands of war-plant workers have a fling there and the city is the mecca of servicemen on leave. Uniforms are everywhere.

You may be one airman on leave there not knowing a soul but you need not for a moment feel a stranger in the country. You will find a welcome awaiting you from a people as kindly, friendly and generous as it is possible to meet anywhere on earth. Their hospitality has to be experienced to be believed and thousands of our aircrew who spent a year in training there will remember gratefully the innumerable kindnesses they received. It would, in fact, be true to say that every one of those thousands will never forget what the Americans did for them.

So you, when you go there, start off with the assurance that you need feel no stranger. If you do it will not be the fault of the country you are visiting. A stranger—but only in the sense that you do not then know his name—will invite you to a drink or his home or both in an open spirit of friendliness that will take your native reserve by surprise. He is offering you hospitality and friendship and he means it. You will find it like that wherever you go.

You will have every opportunity afforded you of getting to know them—as they are. Take with you an open mind. You can still love your native heath and be fair. And in being fair you will find that there are gardens of flowers there as fine as any, that the

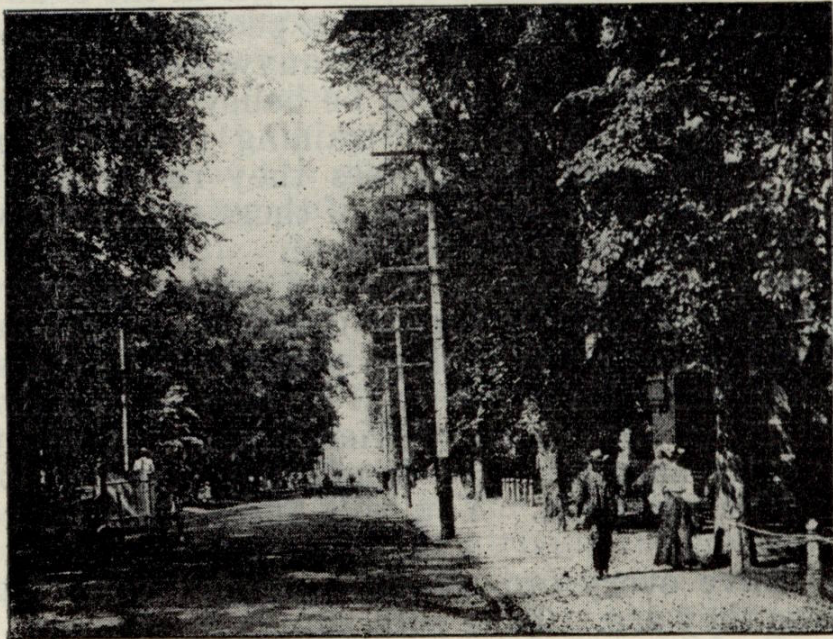
roses there bloom and smell as sweet as elsewhere; there is every known variety of scenery and if you must descend to comparisons then compare like with like. Nothing comes of comparing the Surrey Downs with the Blue Ridge Mountains or the Yorkshire Moors with Cape Cod.

Differences will strike you everywhere but because they are different from what you have been accustomed to does not condemn them. In fact it is the other way around in many many cases.

There is a terrific energy and driving power in the American. He has an enormous capacity for reaching-out into the years ahead and improving things. The well-known advertisement says "It is so American to want something better." It is even more than that. It is so American to get it. Inventive genius, resourcefulness and industry go out to improve everything that can better their standard of living which is far ahead of our own.

You may miss seeing history in buildings and the influence of the centuries to which you have been accustomed but on the other hand you will have ample evidence that America has more than made up for lost time.

Its cities have their seamy sides too, those scars which industry has neglected but its countryside has its rural life as charming as any you can wish to know. There are woods as quiet, grass as green; there are fields of good earth from which the crops are harvested and nearby a church where free men worship and where Sunday is a day of rest. Everything that they and we are fighting to keep—as dear and inviolate to them as they are to us.



Prince Street, Truro, Nova Scotia

CREW ROOM BLUES

Being a true account of a "break" period in Repair Squadron Crew Room.

By John Ennis

SEVEN airmen sat silently in the crew room. There had been little for them to do that day, and it could be said that they were "cheesed."

They did not sit together. As if by a prearranged plan, as if none wished to intrude upon the other's thoughts, they sat separately, each in the ivory castle of his boredom.

Their attitudes were dissimilar. Three sat with backs to the wall. One leaned back, his eyes closed; the next had his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands; the third had his feet set apart on a plank of wood. Across the end of the room, an airman lay languidly along the top of a table, supporting his head in one hand, with the weight taken by his elbow. He carefully studied the arc made by a key which he swung interminably by a short key-chain. Below him, a corporal lay stretched full-length on his back on a narrow form, hands behind his head. He stared at the ceiling. Two others half sat, half lay, on a pile of mattresses in the opposite corner.

The man with his feet on the plank must suddenly have thought the plank was a rudder bar; for he grasped an imaginary control column, and flung himself fearlessly into a vertical bank. At the same time he broke the silence with a loud zooming noise, which started as an almost *false* scream and hustled his imaginary aircraft into a death-defying power drive. No one in the room took the slightest notice. He sank back, and resumed his thoughtful attitude.

But the desire for action had shown itself, and he had to do something. It was a physical impossibility for him to sit still. So he picked up a piece of wood lying nearby, and fondled it thoughtfully. Suddenly it became a banjo.

"Pling-a-plang-a-plong," he shouted.

No one stirred. The key ring still twirled. The ceiling still attracted the man on the form. Next to the "musician," an airman kept his head in his hands, and contemplated what he could see of the floor between his knees.

Reaching the end of his banjo introduction, the "musician" changed his character. He was Hank, the Yodelling Ranger. He was inside a Juke-Box. He lifted up his head and sang, loudly and nasally. He finished with a short banjo solo—"Pling-a-plang-plong," and carefully laid down his "instrument." He had failed to attract attention.

But no, the feeling of unrest had spread. Still swinging his key, the man on the table began to shout a tune. Shout is the only word that describes the noise he made. The tune was a march, and the principal words were "der-de-der-der."

Hank the yodelling Ranger was no more. He stood up. He was a "square-dancer." With much lifting of the knees and banging of heels, he stamped out a stately polka, slowly moving towards the door. Reaching it, he unhurriedly left the crew room.

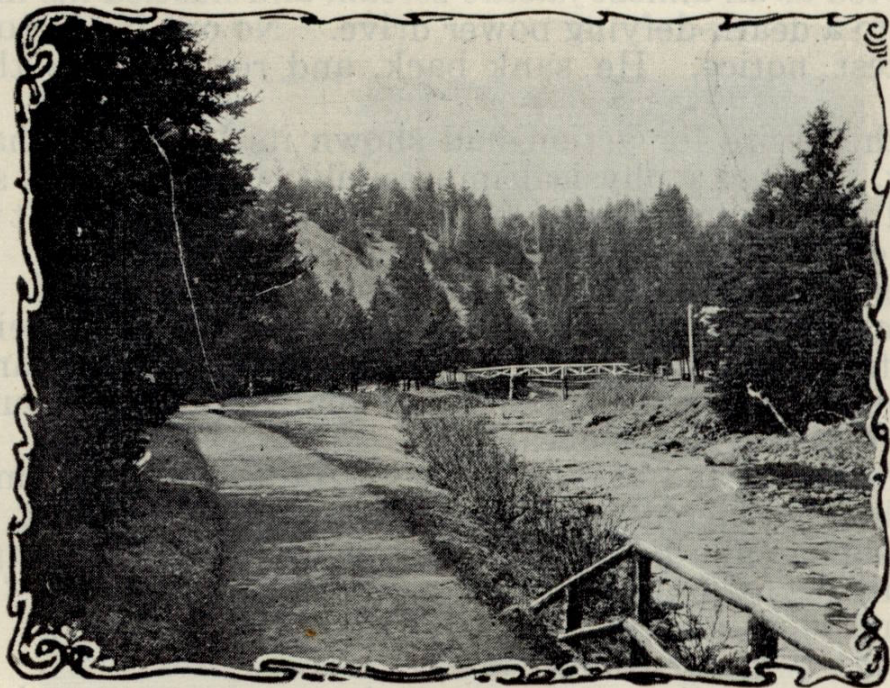
The man on the table finished his song, and took more interest in his swinging key.

One of the men in the corner began banging loudly on the floor with a piece of wood. A head was raised for the first time from a pair of hands, and its owner's voice said ".....in it, will you," using a quaint R.A.F. expression for "shut up." The banging ceased abruptly, and the head returned to the hands.

From the table top came an amended version of the first line of an old song. With carefree disregard for metre, the key-swinger sang:—

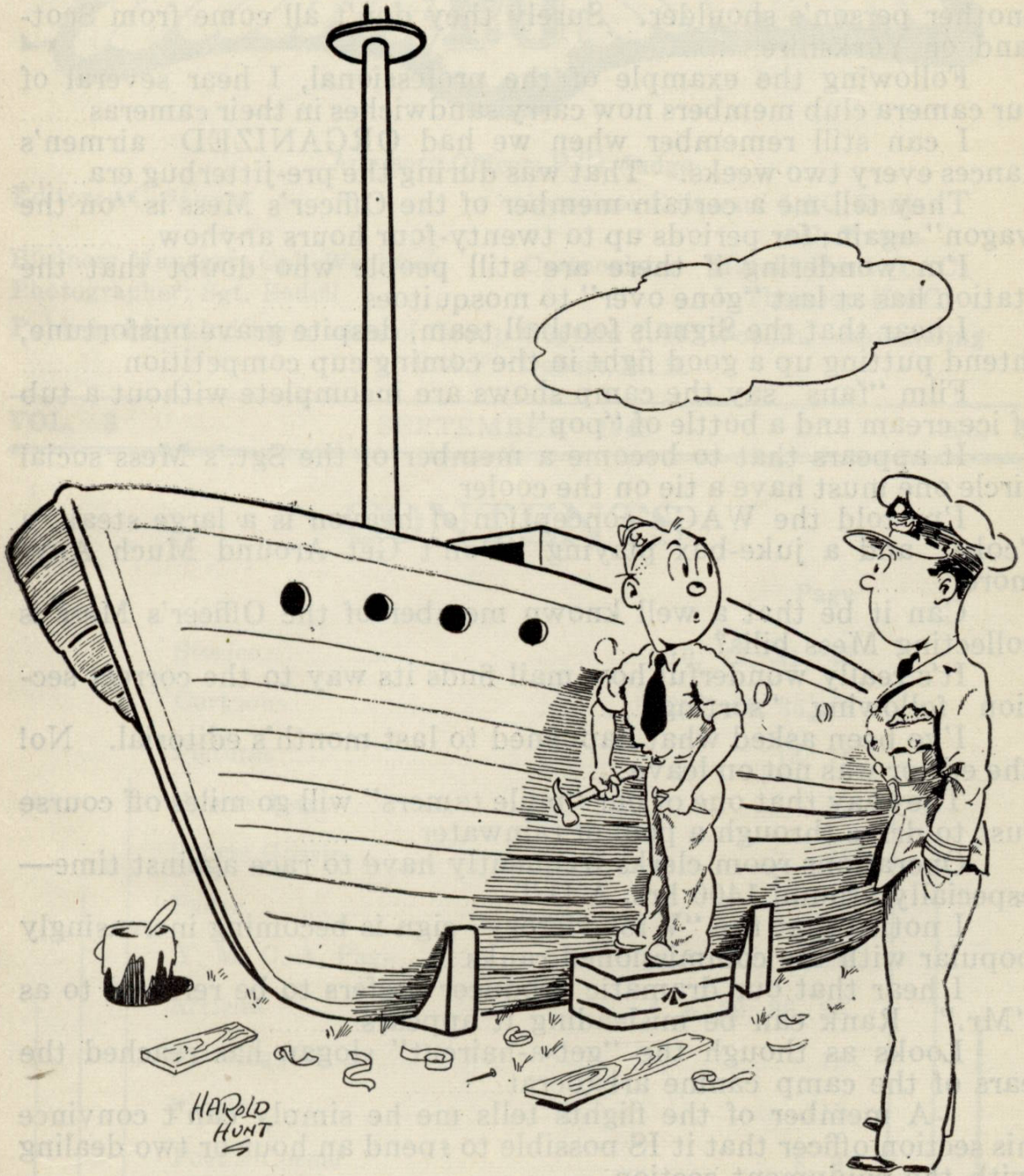
"Oh I've heard the ruddy gosh-darned mavis singing....."

*We married innocent an' took
Precawshuns from a littul book.
I 'ates the 'un, but 'ow I 'opes,
'E drops a bomb on Marie Stopes.*



A scene in Victoria Park, Truro, Nova Scotia

FROM THE BREEZES



"Not thinking of leaving us are you Peewee?"

They tell me it is rather difficult for a Corporal and an Airman to have a drink of beer together these days; and it's not due to rationing either for as a general rule...

FROM THE BREEZES

By "Windsock"

I notice there are still a number of fellows who read P.G. over another person's shoulder. Surely they don't all come from Scotland or Yorkshire.....

Following the example of the professional, I hear several of our camera club members now carry sandwiches in their cameras.....

I can still remember when we had ORGANIZED airmen's dances every two weeks. That was during the pre-jitterbug era.....

They tell me a certain member of the Officer's Mess is "on the wagon" again; for periods up to twenty-four hours anyhow.....

I'm wondering if there are still people who doubt that the station has at last "gone over" to mosquitoes.....

I hear that the Signals football team, despite grave misfortune, intend putting up a good fight in the coming cup competition.....

Film "fans" say the camp shows are incomplete without a tub of ice cream and a bottle of "pop".....

It appears that to become a member of the Sgt.'s Mess social circle one must have a tie on the cooler.....

I'm told the WAG's conception of heaven is a large steak, a "coke" and a juke-box playing "Don't Get Around Much Anymore".....

Can it be that a well known member of the Officer's Mess is collecting Mess bills?.....

It's really wonderful how mail finds its way to the correct section following "sorting".....

I've been asked what happened to last month's editorial. No! the editor was not on leave.....

They say that one of our "mule tamers" will go miles off course just to drive through a pool of rainwater.....

Operations room clerks frequently have to race against time—especially around 1400 hrs. A.D.T.....

I notice that the "V for victory" sign is becoming increasingly popular with the commissioned ranks.....

I hear that our dramatic producer prefers to be referred to as "Mr." Rank can be misleading it appears.....

Looks as though the "get-a-haircut" slogan has reached the ears of the camp canine aristocrat.....

A member of the flights tells me he simply can't convince his section officer that it IS possible to spend an hour or two dealing with the equipment section.....

I'm told that the rationing of "Moose-juice" and the necessity for "filling one's boots" has given birth to the "Snip Your Tie Club" in the Sgt's Mess.....

They tell me it is rather difficult for a Corporal and an Airman to have a drink of beer together these days; and it's not due to rationing either.....