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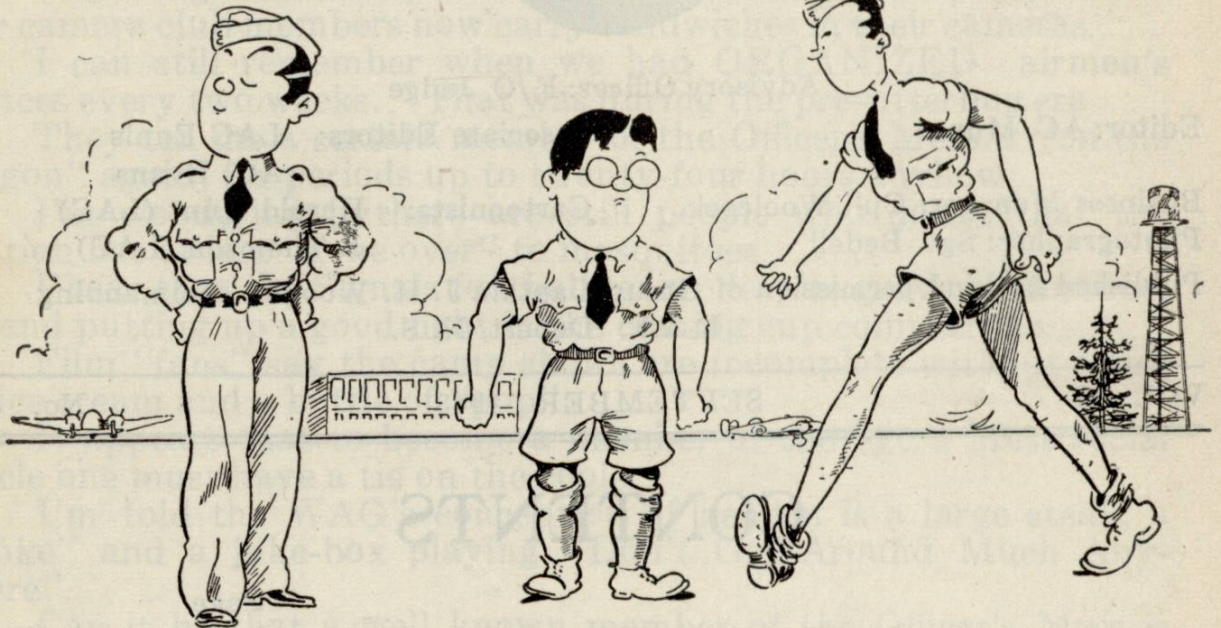
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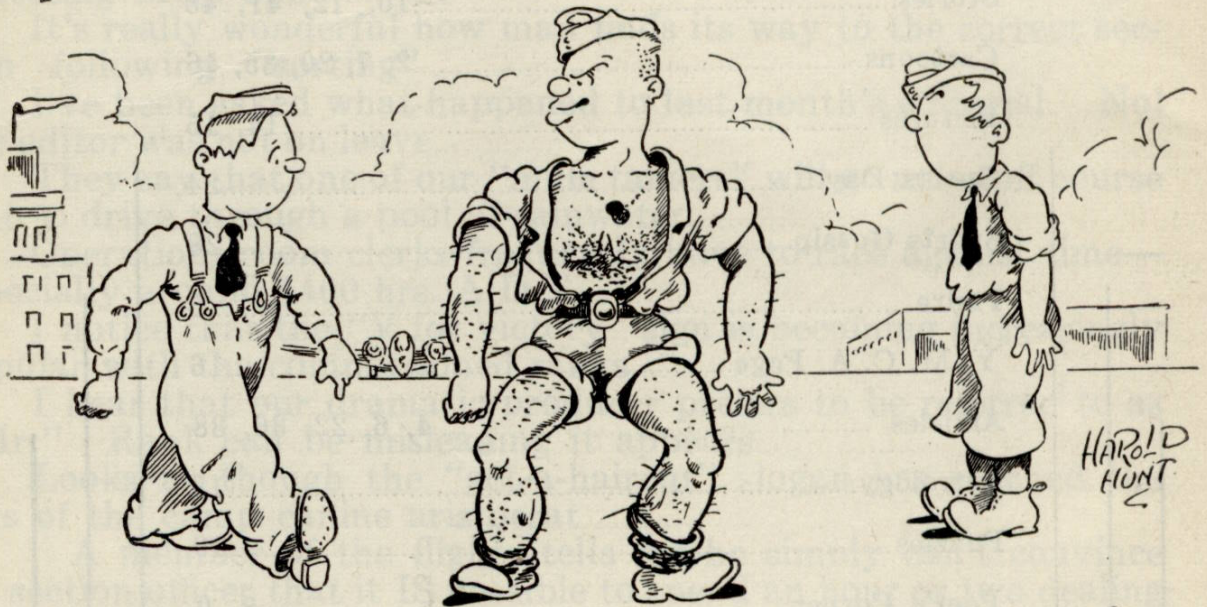
"PG" SUMMER FASHION PARADE



ISN'T IT AMAZING

HOW INGENIOUS

THE AIRMAN CAN BE

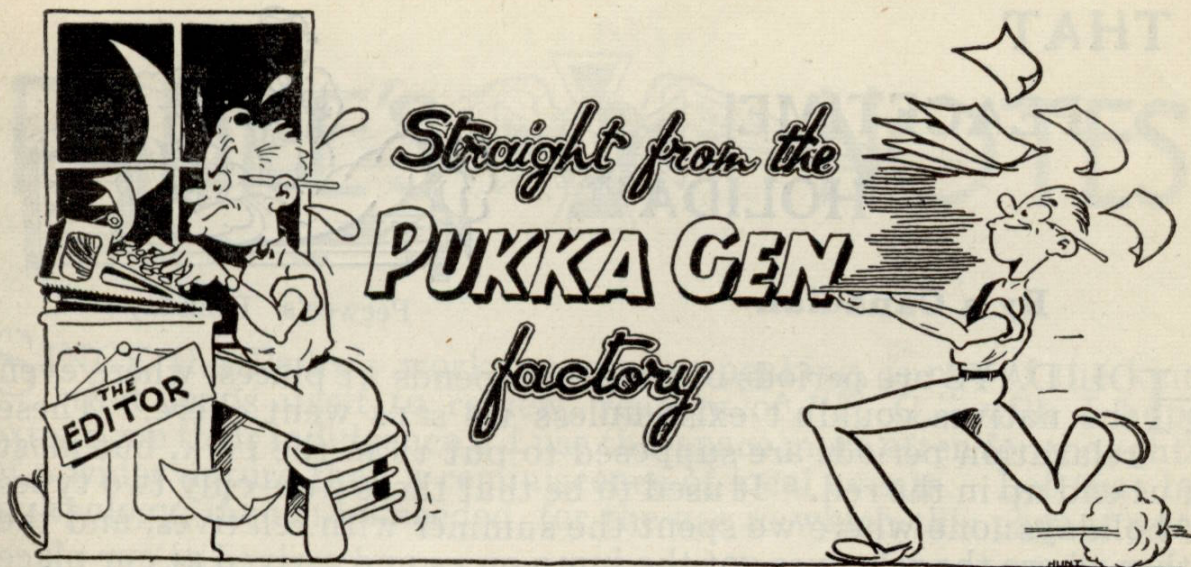


WHEN HE DISPLAYS

A LITTLE SARTORIAL

INDIVIDUALITY ?

HAROLD HUNT



TWO important events have occurred since the last issue of "P. G." was on sale. Italy has capitulated; and Debert has had its Sports Day.

This issue is late in going to press. The lateness was not caused, as you might have thought, by the defeat of Italy. No, the second of the month's important events held us up.

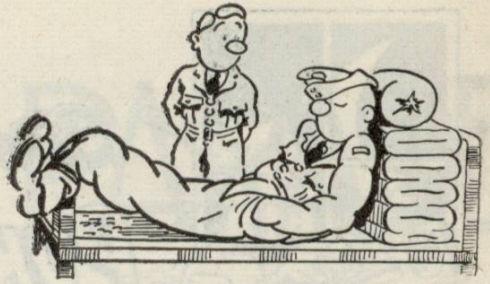
We could, of course, have held over the Sports Day report and pictures until next month; but that would have assailed our news noses, and might have left a bad taste on our readers' plates which we know are hungry for the story of the Great Day.

Our efforts to brighten up Debert's magazine are apparently meeting with some success, judging by the number of new contributors who have come forward this month, and the renewed interest of some who have kept "P. G." going in the past. Keep it up, and someday we may even surprise ourselves.

So now read on, and if you like what you read, tell us, if not tell us that too, and explain why. Then between us all we may eventually manage to satisfy everybody (almost).

THAT PEACETIME] HOLIDAY

By a Canadian



Peewee's Holliday

HOLIDAYS are periods of time one spends at places, where even the natives couldn't exist unless we saps went there. These relaxation periods are supposed to put us in the pink, but most of us end up in the red. It used to be that there were only two types of holidays: one where we spent the summer with relatives, and the other where the relatives got the jump on us and arrived at our place first.

Now there are several types of summer outing. The most common type is the Lake Resort type. That's where the gals go, hoping to meet a good-looking fellow by accident and find the accident's already happened—the guy's married!

The men, on the other hand, go to summer resorts just to indulge in sports. They row 19 miles to catch a fish that has to be thrown back because it has not reached the age or consent; or to play golf on a course that's no better than the one at home. The girls also indulge in golf and they get better year by year at least they go around in less and less. Both sexes enjoy swimming too, the girls practising artificial drowning so the men can practice artificial respiration. Diving is rather popular, but dangerous (one fellow we know was recently killed in a dive over on the West Side). ■

Ocean voyages were at one time a popular form of vacation. After a few days, the passengers learned to save a lot of time, they just threw their meals overboard directly from the table.

It was also the custom at one time to send the kids to summer camp. These places were usually known by Indian names—such as “Camp Notso-Hotsy-Totsy” or “Scratchy-Watchy on the Lake.” These camps were supposed to give mama and papa a rest from their little Junior commandos. What usually happened was that the parents worried so much about how little Graflex was getting along that their own vacation was wrecked, but little Graflex usually turned up O.K., wearing a few chigger bites and some other kid's underwear.

The war has changed all this. We now spend our time off at home, not knowing whether to spend all morning in bed, or to get up early so that we can loaf longer; or we can follow the Bunbottom Stay-at-Home-Vacation plan—which is as follows: on the first day off, rise early, thumb nose at alarm clock, then crawl back in bed. After a few hours' rolling and tossing, get up again, wonder how things are down at the office, walk out to the hammock in the back yard, lie down, and go blissfully off to sleep.

PADRE'S NOTES

SINCE the Padre's work, generally speaking, is not of the kind that lends itself to review, readers of "P. G." will, I hope extend me their indulgence if I use this space more often for thoughts of a wider nature than a reminiscence of local events. Let that be an apology, if such be needed, for the use to which this page is put.

The 19th century has sometimes been styled the Century of Hope. Its philosophy of progress, founded largely, if loosely, on the concept of natural evolution, reflected a belief that a kind of Utopia waited just around the corner. Man had only to perfect his newly acquired scientific knowledge, and the trick was done! The prevailing mood was that of an exhilarated optimism. Man, to borrow the words of Tennyson, was ".....the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time....." Who knew what splendours lay ahead! Was not progress automatic and assured?.....

One sometimes wonders what historians will one day call this 20th century of ours, born of such golden dreams, growing up to witness such devastating tragedies. Perhaps no single phrase will ever fit it. There has been an enormous extension of man's power to accomplish things which have never been done before. Great ideas and great ideals have been evolved.....But what of the other side, the darker side of its experience, the false ideals, the misuse of privilege, and the abuse of power? What of activity glorified at the expense of ethics, material capacity at the cost of moral character?.....

There are signs that the century, coming now to middle age, is moving towards a recovery of the fruits of past experience, the age-old knowledge that character determines destiny, and that both have an unmistakable and never-to-be-forgotten association with the spiritual side of life, with the thing we call Religion. It may well be that our hope for the future years lies largely, if not solely in the use we make of this experience.....The 20th century, in its final shape, can have no other than the character which ordinary men and women give it now.....

MORALE

By Eric Le Grys

It is a fact that a war brings about many new words, words not previously used, or used before with an entirely different meaning. A word that is now being spoken by everybody in this country is the word morale. Well to come to the point I am sick of the word morale and the way people use it. To hear some people talk you'd think that morale was a thing you could buy in a bottle at the nearest chemist.

But morale is not manufactured at our laboratories nor does it come to us when we see newsreels of London being bombed or the half-starved children of Greece slowly dying in the streets. Neither does it come in response to vivid propaganda nor at the request of the government nor by the inhuman actions suffered by the peoples of the Nazi occupied countries.

The true meaning of the word morale is the will to overcome all obstacles, to succeed, to conquer, and now, the will to fight. That doesn't alone mean the ability, need, courage and strength to fight, but the "will to fight," which is born in man. It is something that is living and exists and there should be no need to talk about it.

The peoples of Russia or China don't talk about morale, they are too busy using it up as fast as they can—that wonderful "will to fight" to freedom and to justice and to obtain victory over the enemy.

The enslaved peoples of Europe don't talk about morale either, despite the fact that they are no longer armed. Morale hurts, and the pain fed by the hatred of oppression is all they need. They don't bother about words.

If your house is bombed while you're in it, and you are not blown to pieces, your first thought is the will to safety, and then the will to fight and conquer those responsible for it; you don't talk.

But to listen to radio propaganda, press propaganda, and the efforts of some people to arouse what they term "Morale" you'd think that we weren't sure what we are fighting for. We are certainly not definite of the meaning of the word Morale. Morale should be, in fact is, inside us and we should not have to be "fed" with fine phrases and terrifying threats to prepare us for battle and to tell us why we are fighting. This comes into morale, the will to a better world, and the will to all our standards of living for which we are now fighting our greatest fight of all.

We should not need propaganda for morale. It should be a huge upsurge of the spirit against all the evil that dominates the world to-day. We want the real thing. Movies and other forms of propaganda only give us a temporary imitation of Morale. An imitation that will soon desert a soldier at the point of an enemy bayonet, and soon desert a civilian when he has to endure the torture of hunger.

The peoples of China and Russia have temporarily lost their freedom and justice and have forgotten how to love and laugh; but they have true morale. They have the will to fight for freedom and justice, and to conquer their enemy. They don't talk about morale.

We have not lost our freedom and justice, we have not forgotten how to love and laugh. That's why we're still talking about morale. We don't use it. But we must learn how to use it; the will to fight for freedom and justice and the will to fight for the right to do as we ought.



They're not too big—you are too far into 'em.

POET'S CORNER

Such a large amount of verse has been submitted for this issue that we feel it should form a section on its own. Here goes.

SONG OF THE ANTI-JARGONESE

I know a chap whose face is spotted
 Who says "Belt up" or else "Get knotted!"
 And though I've listened many a day
 There's nothing else I've heard him say,
 Except, in moments more sublime
 Perhaps he says "You've had your time!"
 Or when on "home" his views he airs
 Can only bleat "Get up them stairs!"
 The silly "erk," he seems to find
 That conversation is a "bind"
 And only murmurs in his slumber
 "Get off your knees!" or "Get a number!"
 (He greets the morn with voice still shaky
 "Out of your RANKERS*—Wakey, wakey!")

I get so tired it makes me retch
 Such people seem deprived of speech.
 How grand to land an iron knuckle
 On mouths that spout "You wouldn't chuckle!"
 (Also the inefficient—glum,
 "I'm fireproof" rot—"You've had it chum!")
 But then, there's one that's more absurd,
 A trite, recurring, senseless word
 Oh how I'd like to wring the neck
 Of every oaf who warbles "CHECK."

TWIT

*Rankers, Beds in ranks.

*I reclined at ease in a garden chair
 My eyes intent on the upper air
 My ears attuned to the drone o'erhead,
 "It's ours!" "It's theirs!" but I found instead
 As the enemy dived with a zooming ping
 That a "Mozzy" can carry a five-ton sting.
 D.F.R.*

DAMES

(Apologies to Ogden Nash)

Dames are funny things,
 It seems to me they must be worked by springs,
 They laugh,
 And with you gaily chaff
 Then suddenly, when naught should make them sad
 They're mad,
 If you ask why
 They give no answer, merely start to cry,
 Then chum you're through
 You simply won't know what the heck to do,
 You think perhaps the best idea is flight,
 Goodnight!
 But no,
 For as you start to go
 The sun breaks through
 And skies so dark before now turn to blue,
 It's true,
 And why, you might as well ask why are some men kings,
 Dames are funny things.

LONDON 1939

The peacetime dusk the skies aglow,
 The city streets with traffic flow,
 Men smoking cigars and selling stock,
 Hurrying to catch the six o'clock.

Beneath the stars in this dark hour,
 You cannot guess, nor will you soon,
 How Big Ben like a golden moon,
 Shone on the people from his tower,
 Shone on the crowds of Englishmen,
 Who roamed the streets of London then.

You have not seen a rainy night,
 Beneath the lamps when every drop,
 Flashed when it fell as when the light
 Shone from some small late closing shop.
 On mud brown pavements and the walls,
 Of warehouses around St. Pauls.

Yet 'twas this place, whose somber tones
 All that you can now surmise,
 That built its courage in our bones,
 And sealed its brightness in our eyes.

C.F.R.

REGINALD RIGGLES---SACK EVENT

By Drew Alison

Reg, that's the fellow up top, knew that sack racing was not his particular bent, therefore it puzzled him to find his name entered for the sack event on his Station Sports Day programme. Even in a moment of weakness, he thought it hardly possible that he could have been persuaded to anything so rash. But there it was—Reginald Riggles.....sack event.

The grass was lovely and green despite the succession of warm dry days, and up in the blue, little cotton-ball clouds held a sports day of their own pausing only to look down on the colourful gathering of celebrities who grace the occasion with their presence.

Reginald sat beside the fellow with the broad shoulders who had just "put the shot" well beyond everyone else's reach to win the event. Reg marvelled at the magnitude of the chap's muscles. "Muscles!!" That sounded like a good name for him, Reg thought. Conversation broke out.

"We'll be having the weight lifting-shortly," observed the strong one. "Yes," agreed Reg, "I hope you do well." The big fellow snorted dismissal of further consideration of his competitors. They remained silent until after the hundred yards final.

R. R. 2

"What are you entered for?" asked Muscles, breaking in on Reg's vigorous gnawing of his finger nails. Reg straightened, tried to push his chest through his P.T. vest and then calling on his most impressive vocal chords, replied "the sack event!" Muscles looked puzzled for a moment. A fierce expression which Reg interpreted as a smile, masked his solid features. "Oh, you mean the novelty event in which one hobbles along with a canvas bag over one's legs," said Muscles. Reg felt his face warming. "Sack racing is a very scientific art," he said, nodding his head resolutely. Muscles regarded him from the corner of one eye. "Go on," it challenged so Reg recounted the many methods of running, skipping, etc involved plus the details of timing which his friend A. Jile had explained earlier. "Well, perhaps you're right," conceded Muscles grudgingly as he flexed his biceps. "Never could see the point in such tame stuff though. Give me the heavyweight class every time."

Music from the loudspeakers stopped. Amid crackles like pop-corn popping the announcer's voice proclaimed a highlight of the programme. "Ladies and gentlemen," the voice began, "we now come to the sack event. Will competitors please collect their sacks from P/O I. Bagges and assemble at the starting line.

Reg glanced over to the left of the field where Muscles was playing tiddleywinks with a couple of 56 lb. weights, then sticking his chest out and drawing in his tummy strode off in the direction of the starting line. It wasn't Reg's fault that some careless ass

had left a javelin lying around, but he should have been looking where he was going. He picked himself up quickly, and just to prove he hadn't hurt himself threw the javelin high into the air to score a direct hit on the roof of the C.O.'s car. Ignoring the frowning driver, Reg slipped away and into his sack.

Reg continued to glance across at Muscles until the starter's gun shot him into action. Clenching his teeth he leapt forward like a kangaroo on springs and came to earth on the same piece of ground as another competitor. The latter was forced by the impact to collide with a spectator in the act of licking an ice-cream cone. Reg did not wait to witness the outcome. Another leap, a shuffle, two skips, a lide and a composite movement resembling a swallow dive gone wrong, and he was over the finishing line, winner by a sack-length.

Before Reg could remove the garss and gravel from his mouth, an official, bearing a red tape rosette in the region of his lapel, asked, his name. Reg spluttered something like "giggles" then was silent. Muscles had come. "Excuse me, Sir," the iron man was saying, "I'm Clarence Mite, winner of the heavyweight events." "Thank you," beamed the official nervously, "and you are?" looking again at the prostrate Reginald. "Reginald Riggles, Sir."

"Wri?"

"No, R-i-g-g-l-e-s." The official one scurried off.

The announcer's voice boomed a request to gather in front of the judges' dias for the presentation of prizes by Miss S. Portingal. On the fringe of the crowd stood Reg, while in the foreground Muscles was coaxing his latissimus dorsi to do a rumba for a group of admiring young ladies.

Following the introduction of celebrities, all of whom declared how delighted they were to be present, the distribution of "gongs" and empty cups commenced. Amid smiles and cheers successful competitors fought their way from the dias. "Winner of the sack event—Clarence Mite. Come forward, please." Reg looked for Muscles, but even a bucket of water failed to evoke a response from that stalwart gentleman.

A soldier whose trouble was extreme talkativeness was on escort duty with a corporal taking an important prisoner to headquarters.

Before starting, he had been told that on no account was he to speak. A bet of a packet of cigarettes had been made that he couldn't remain silent until reaching headquarters. They went in single file, the soldier, quite mute, bringing up the rear.

On arrival at headquarters the corporal, without looking round, said: "Well, Tommy, you've won the bet."

"Yes," replied Tommy, "but you nearly had me when the prisoner escaped."

DEAR DEER

(By Racher)

Wilf and Taffy started off the deer hunt in an old jalopy which they had borrowed, drove to Pictou, parked the car on the road, and began the journey through the bush on foot. They explained that this was more difficult than they had anticipated. According to Taffy, Livingstone, fighting his way through the jungles of darkest Africa, experienced child's play compared with the prickly undergrowth they had to contend with. They were hampered to a certain extent by their armament—a huge and very ancient double-barrelled elephant gun which had been kindly lent to them by a Colonel of the Indian Army (retired). This proved to be exceedingly heavy, so much so that they had to take it in turns to carry it, changing over every few yards.

Wilf was also carrying a large box of white chalks which he used to mark the trees as he passed by, so that they could retrace their journey easily and in true Boy Scout fashion, and Taffy had a large ship's compass, which he thought might be useful if they did by any mischance lose their way. Bearing in mind the need for wearing something bright to avoid being mistaken for a deer and shot at, Wilf was wearing a red shirt with canary trousers, and Taffy a canary shirt with red trousers. They each had a whistle suspended from their necks by a string.

After proceeding about a hundred yards, Wilf, who was then carrying the gun, caught his foot in a bramble and fell heavily forward. The recoil from the Elephant gun, however, which he described as "just going off in my hand" quickly threw him back again. Taffy, who thought the Japs had arrived, dived for cover, landed head first in a prickly fern, and afterwards emerged with a badly scratched face. He was all for ending the expedition forthwith, as he said that all this commotion would have scared away any deer within a radius of 10 miles. Wilf, however, who felt rather guilty over having caused the disturbance, insisted that the deer were quite used to being shot at and missed and that one little bang more or less would make no difference, so they ploughed forward, albeit a little slowly, for marking every tree with chalk when the trees are only two yards apart is something of a long process.

Later they saw some grouse. Taffy who was this time carrying the elephant gun, raised it to his shoulder and let fly. He also flew—violently backwards from the force of the explosion! In fact everything seemed to start flying except one poor little grouse, which was unlucky enough to be hit. The ammunition proved far too much for it. It just disintegrated, except for one feather which fluttered down and perched daintily on Wilf's right ear.

After four hours and still no deer sighted, they decided to sit down and eat their sandwiches. These they spread out, and, feeling fairly exhausted, laid back as they ate them. Suddenly they were both aware of a peculiar munching sound, they looked up, Lo! and

behold, in front of them was a deer, calmly tucking in to their sandwiches. This really was most awkward. You can't very well shoot at a deer when it is partaking of bread with you, it simply isn't done. Not by gentlemanly members of the R.A.F., anyway. There was a hurried whispered consultation, then Taffy leaned forward, pulled an ugly face, stuck his tongue out and shouted "Boo"! The deer looked at him in a surprised fashion, then promptly returned all his attention to the sandwiches which he quickly polished off.

Wilf had a wicked gleam in his eye as he reached for the elephant gun, and pointing it towards the sky he pressed the trigger. The result was disastrous. A large tree branch came hurtling down, landed on Taffy's head and laid him out. The deer seemed most concerned and wore a "Can I do anything?" expression and immediately started licking Taffy's face. This brought him around in no time.

The situation was by now most embarrassing. The deer had laid down beside them, and it smelt, a bit, not much, but you know what wild animals are. They decided to go back. In any case nearly all the chalk was used up so they wouldn't have been able to go much farther. But the deer was not going to be disposed of so easily, he began to trot behind them like a little dog, and was evidently hoping that they still had some more sandwiches. The very idea of shooting a deer now filled them with horror, and they tried to keep the gun out of its sight as much as possible. Every now and then the deer would dart forward and show them a short cut, so that their journey back alternated between following the deer and Wilf's chalk marks.

They reached the car in good time, thanks to the help of the deer. On seeing the road they had hoped he would turn back and trot back into the woods again. But not he. When they were seated in the car he actually tried to squeeze in beside them, and they had a fearful job pushing him from the running board when they started off. To their consternation he started bouncing along, keeping up with the jalopy. Wilf, who was driving, put his foot hard down, but as the car was slow, as cars go, and the deer fast, he managed to keep beside for a long long way. They were nearly back at Truro when he began to tire, and the last they saw of him was a small black speck in the distance still trying to catch them up.

Since then the hunters have worn a hunted look. Gone are the visions of roast venison. The vision that haunts them most now is that of the deer, which they suspected was still in the district looking for them, turning up one morning on C.O.'s parade, or perhaps trotting into the airmen's mess to greet them as they are having breakfast. They both agree that it would be most awkward.

A young and handsome airman wandered into a tennis tournament and sat down.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young miss sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.



Above: A cheery group gather in a corner.



Left: M. C. Mickey Dunn pours coffee under supervision from Cpl. Nichol.

Below: The band gives out "Solid."



“P. G.” GOES TO A DANCE



“Have a sandwich, chiefy?”—

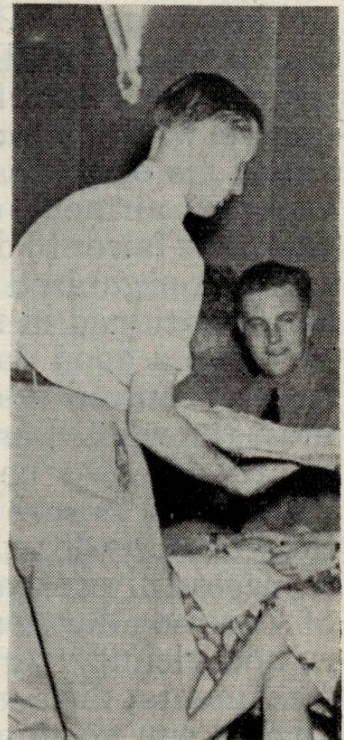
BEST dance on the camp that I’ve ever attended,” said one girl I danced with at Major’s dance, held in the East Camp Rec. Hall on Friday, August 20th.

First dance to be held by an individual section on the Station, Major’s dance grew out of a half-joking suggestion made one day in the crew-room. One or two of the lads caught on, and a general meeting was held 10 days before the dance. Here a committee was elected, with Sgt. Tennant as chairman. Cpl. Nichol as secretary, and L.A.C.’s Dunn, Heathcote, Concannmon, Smeeton, Bland, Riggs, Ennis, Cpls. Small, dra Victors, asserving members.

Wheels began to turn; ideas were put forward and accepted or rejected, and Sgt. Tennant and Cpl. Nichol showed what organization could be when taken seriously. On the afternoon of the dance, everyone who could be spared, as well as a number of volunteers on “48”, weaved away at the decoration and preparation of the Hall. So that when the ladies arrived, everything was spic and span, with the band seated ready to play.

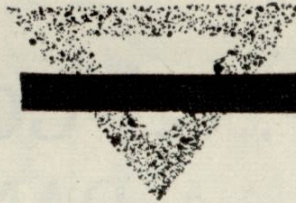
L. A. C. Michael Dunn did a great job as M.C., and everyone voted the band a wonderful combination. The programme, carefully arranged in advance by the committee, included many novelties, of which the “Conga” proved most popular.

Such a success was the dance that there has been an insistant clamour for more. The committee hope to organise another soon, but want to give other East Camp sections a chance to emulate “Majors” first.



“No thanks, I’ve got some!”

Y.M.C.A.



PAGE

BEGINNING the first of September, it will be the policy of the Station Entertainments' Committee to arrange that there will be some kind of entertainment or recreational programme every night in the week. September brings the autumn, and the autumn brings cold (or in Canadian phrase, "cool") weather and fewer hours of daylight. Hence, the renewed stress on indoor activities. As last year, when the Committee arranged that no night for four months was without some kind of programme, so we hope it will be this year. Many informal, recreational, and entertaining activities are planned—"Novelty Nights," with bingo, quizzes, amateur talent, etc., and Bridge Drives, Whist Drives, and any other feature in which personnel is interested. Most of these were quite successful last year, mainly because the fellows "mucked in" to help with all sorts of details. When you are attending the programmes this year, all we ask is that you keep your eyes open for details in which the Committee need assistance, and volunteer to aid. 'Twill be much easier for all, and the programme will be that much better.

Which reminds me of the statement made by "Windsock" in the last issue of "P.G."—he says he "...can still remember when we had ORGANIZED airmen's dances every two weeks." Airmen's dances "every week" in the past is not, of course, a fact, but we won't quarrel with "Windsock" about that. We do raise a query though about his emphasis on "ORGANIZED" dances, in which he indicates that airmen's dances are NOT *organized* any more. Perhaps it would be fairer to delve a bit deeper into this question of "organized" and non-organized dances: I, too, remember the halcyon days when as I mentioned in the first paragraph, many airmen "mucked in" to help run a good dance. Believe it or not, the last few dances have been organized and promoted and run by about *three* people. Almost the whole burden of running the last airmen's dance was shared jointly by two people, F/Sgt. Les Rockey and L.A.C. George Peddar. I'm sure such an arrangement was not their wish. Many things can be done by airmen in general which, added together, make a successful programme—airmen can spread abroad the good news of a coming dance and interest, personally, their lady friends in Truro and vicinity; airmen can help decorate, wax the floor, work on refreshments; airmen can arrive at the dance on the scheduled hour; airmen can go to a dance with the *intention* of having a good time, and that helps. With these things shared by all, perhaps we can keep "Windsock" quiet!

One other item of interest: Les Rockey and I are working out a map mural of Canada and the Northeastern United States which,

with descriptive information, will be placed on the wall of the Y.M.C.A. Lounge, to aid airmen to answer for himself the questions:

1. Where to go on leave?
2. What to see?
3. How much will it cost?
4. What are the travel facilities?

We hope to have all this information operating in one concise system so that, at a glance, anyone may get full and complete information. This will help you to plan your leave so that when you go you will know exactly what you will be doing and seeing and spending and where you will be staying. As the map will be on the wall just outside the door of my office, anyone who wishes further information or explanations or aid has but to knock on the door.

Reg Dunn, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Three Polish officers entered an English inn, where a good natured barmaid tried to set them at their ease.

Barmaid, to first P.O.: "Are you married?"

First P.O.: "Yes, madam."

Barmaid, (brightly) : "Any children?"

First P.O.: "No, madam. My wife is unbearable."

Second P.O.: "My comrade makes mistake, yes? He means his wife is inconceivable..."

Third P.O.: "No, no—that also is wrong; he should say his wife is impregnable."

Hitler and Goering were visiting an armaments plant and Goering told Hitler that German workmen were losing faith in their Fuehrer.

This Hitler denied strenuously and, going up to a workman, handed him a revolver and said: "To prove your loyalty to me, shoot five of your comrades."

Without hesitation the man complied and killed five Germans.

Hitler was delighted and, with a sly smile at the discomfited

Fat Boy, said:

"Well done, my good man! Where do you come from?"

"Warsaw," was the reply.

ASTROLOGICALLY SPEAKING

By Sheila Anne

F/Sgt. B

Born 20-1-19

The doctor looks at murder.

Ruling number 5. Not a very strong character. Ruled by Saturn. Easily depressed. Can gate-crash any place and get away with it. Would like to rule but lacks the character to do so. Inclined to be bull-headed, very strong and determined. Prone to drinking and cursing. Should practice more self-control and remember that there others in his world besides himself Very practical, good at details and would make an ideal secretary. Will live to a ripe old age unless cut short by an accident. Does not care for crowds, preferring two-somes. 1943-44-45 will be better years all round for him than was 1942-43 which was a lonely year for him.

F/Sgt. M

Born 28-6-22.

The fox jumped over the silver moon.

Ruling number 3. Ruled by the moon and gets along better with women than with men. Very entertaining and sociable. A good-time-Charlie and can't always be depended on. Has the latent gifts of being physic and of being a good public speaker if he cared to develop them. Good memory. Life goes back and forth for him. Inclined to be artistic, likes flowers and plants and would make a good agriculturist. At times can be good at detail but if not interested ignores the details. Likes to discuss social problems. 1942-43 was weak year for him but 1943-44 will be a good year.

Sgt. T.

Born 7-2-20

Come to the Aid of the party.

Ruling number 11 but 2 would also be a strong number for him. Ruled by Uranus. Very nice character. Would make an excellent engineer. Loves to be in a group, dislikes solitude. Very analytical and critical. Likes orderliness but is not too strong on details. Very fond of good clothes. Tendency to pipe-dream and be religious. Constantly having ups and downs. 1943-44 will find him better off financially than he has been for a long time.

Ac. B. (Armt. Sect.) Born 28-8-22

Its turned out nice again.

Ruling number 5. Ruled by Mercury. A mental type, whose mind works faster than his hands. Good at detail work. Not too strong a character. Will never really want for money but is inclined to be extravagant beyond his means. Tendency to procrastinate. Will always put off till to-morrow what he can do today. Very sociable and entertaining if he likes the group but if

he does n't he is apt to pout. Of a saving nature but has a tendency to speculate. 1943-44 will be a good year for him but 1944-45 will be a very lonely year.

Ac C. W (Armt. Sect.) Born 23-10-20

The weather is most Changeable.

Ruling number 9. Born under Libra, ruling planet Venus. Likes his own way in everything but will analyse and also see the good points of the other lad. Possesses good judgment. Good money saver. Responds to good treatment. For all his selfishness can still be very humanatarian. The entertaining type, very sociable and likes attention. This is a weak year for him. Should guard himself against being gyped and should not marry this year.

Ac C. D. (M.T. Sect.) Born 29-11-20

Roll on the Boat.

Ruling number 7. Born under Sagittarius, rulled by Jupiter. Very good character and well liked. Industrious but things will always come easy to him. Care-free, happy-go-lucky and popular. A little too easy going and should take life just a little bit more seriously. Witty but it is a sharp wit and should be dulled. 1943-44 will be a good year financially and socially for him. 1944-45 will prove to be a year of very hard work for him.

Would you like your character analysed? If so just drop me a line c/o P. G. in your own handwriting and let me have your date of birth. It must be understood however that no name will be disclosed and that no libel suits will be opened accordingly.

PUZZLE CORNER

By Jeanne

Robinson, on being asked how far he had travelled in the first two days of his trip, stated that the figures of the mileage for the second day were the same as those for the first day but in the reverse order and that the difference between the two days runs was one eleventh of the total.

How far did Robinson travel in the two days?

One for the Geometricians

Can you cut up a square in such a way that the pieces will make three other equal squares?

Answers will be published in next month's issue.



One of our Pilots is missing.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

By Nosilla

I had only had a couple and was positive that I was quite sober but as I walked up the stairs to my bunk I began "tae hae ma doots." For, from above, rose a swelling chorus of angelic voices singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." The heavenly music was breathlessly spell-binding and, like a magnet, lured me towards it. I carried on and discovered my angels to be Messrs. Brookes and Jardine at the tail end of a session.

\$10 (Ten Dollars) Reward will be paid to the bloke who can find a KR and A.C. 1, an A.M.O., an S.S.O. or a D.R.O. which states:—"Except in exceptional circumstances the ante-room of the Mess will remain open until 2359 hours."

Now that the Commanding Officer has given his approval the Sunday social evenings should be a great success. This is your opportunity to extend the hospitality of the Mess to your wife, sweetheart or passing fancy so why not make use of it?

Overheard in the Mess one Sunday evening. "Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Fifty people in a big swindle."

"What, sir? Three rums, sir? There you are, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Fifty three people in a big swindle."

Re Airborne Beesley. Flying hours for August.....NIL.

Once again Doc makes the headlines. This time its as the striker in an impromptu game of baseball outside the Mess. Dead Pan Lowe was pitching, Pretty Boy Davis made a strong catcher and Taffy Jones, Fly-by-night Moss and Johann Sebastian Downes were included among the versatile outfielders. The actual purpose of the exhibition was a practice for the deadly game played on the 31st August between the Moose Club Dodgers and the Hospital Wildcats, when the Dodgers by including Five-by-five Jardine and Two-Gun Houghton in their team won a handsome victory over their not so skilled opponents.

Flash! Despite his gallant attempts to graduate Dead Pan Lowe is still a Meese. The latest verdict of the Grand Order was that he might make the grade in a few years time but at the present moment he was still too slow for a Moose.

The "Wreck of the Hesperus" and the "Last days of Pompeii" were idylls of a peaceful civilisation compared to the state the ante-room was in on the morning following the Station Dance. It was "chaos and chips" alright with one bloke being heard sadly to remark. "Bottles, bottles everywhere and not a drop to drink."

Tailpiece

There were sore heads and thick heads and fat heads,

There were furred tongues whose taste was of gall

There were stomachs that grumbled and rumbled

On that Thursday morn after the Ball.

But it was worth it, wasn't it?

FRENCH LEAVE

By George Graves

LEST the title conjure up visions of a few days "A.W.O.L.," let me say at the outset that this leave of mine was "French" only in the sense that it was spent in the French-speaking part of Canada. In fact I felt most of the time that I was having a pre-war Continental holiday. I was the guest of a Canadian family at their summer home in the Laurentians, that lovely vacation country of lakes, and woods, and hills, that stretches away to the north of Montreal until it reaches up to the great summits which, "wrapt in the deep solemnity of dreams, drain the sunshine of the upper air."

For my part, I was content with the foothills in the region of Ste. Agathe and Lake Manitou; it kept me spellbound for a brief seven days leave, and I left it very reluctantly indeed. Our cottage verandah commanded a view of miles of rolling hills, with the peak of Mont Tremblant just showing in the distance, and, a mere stone's throw away were the ever changing colours of the Lake.

We reached this lovely country from Montreal by the little train that puffs its way in and out of the hills, climbing all the time, until it reached our wayside halt some 2,000 feet above sea level. The taxi that carried us the remainder of our journey swept us along at a great pace, up hill and down dale in the gathering dusk, and I for one was thankful to escape with my life. These French drivers may be exciting but I preferred to start my leave with a whole skin.

That night the "Lordly Laurentians" showed a side of their nature that was far from inviting. A terrific thunderstorm came up, and the lightning lit up the surrounding country for miles while great peals of thunder rolled and echoed around the hills. It reminded me all too vividly of the air-raids at home, more especially when a farm-house some little distance away was struck by lightning and went up in flames.

The following morning, the hills showed us a nice clean face washed by the storm, and the sun came up out of a clear sky to beckon us outdoors again.

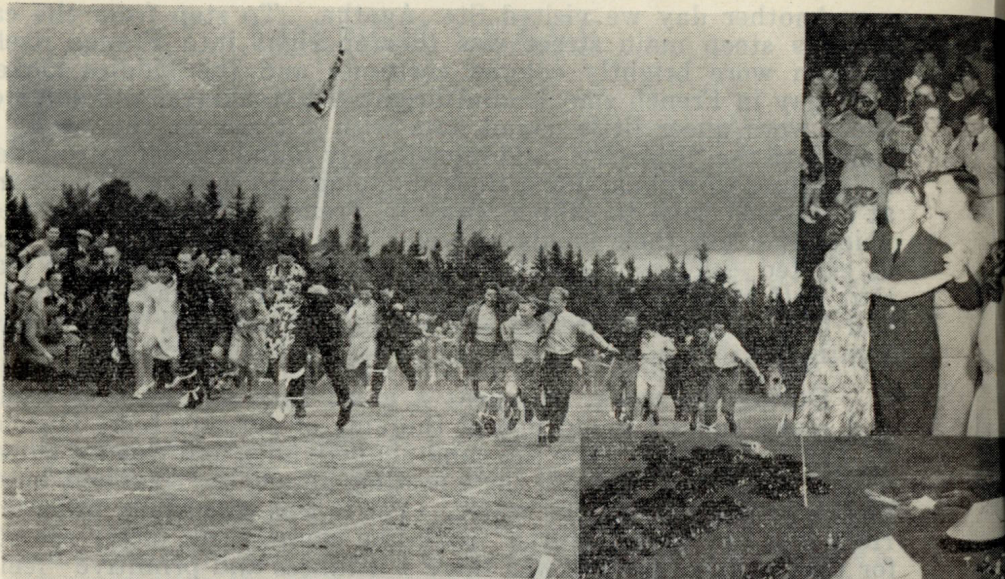
Then followed a lovely week of rowing and canceing, walking and picnicking, and all the simple out-door pleasures of a holiday in this "vacationist's paradise." One day we visited a house whose garden, flanked by great splashes of colour in flower beds, sloped right down to the water's edge, and it was from here that I had my first trip in a canoe. I must confess that I stepped in very gingerly and found it somewhat strange at first, but with some friendly advice from my Hosts, I soon got into the swing of things, and thoroughly enjoyed a morning on the water.

Another day we visited Ste. Agathe. To step from the car into its steep main street was to step right into France itself. Women wore brightly colored costumes and the kiddies looked very gay in French smocks and bright red stockings, and some of them wore queer little round hats with a tassel at the back. I went into the "Epicier" and immediately found myself surrounded by a crowd of women doing their shopping and finding it necessary at the same time to jabber away in French at the tops of their voices and use their hands as well! The assistants seemed just as excited—at least to a stolid Englishman—and I began to fear that half a dozen free fights would break out! However, after I had bought some cigarettes and became accustomed to the din, I gathered that no-one was going to get hurt and I relaxed.

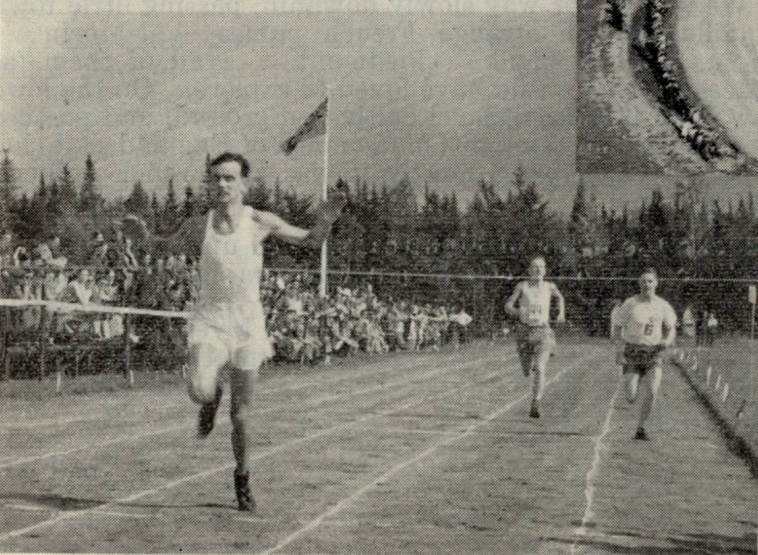
During the week, we spent a great time on the lake itself, and many times I found myself thinking of our own Lake District at home. There were the same shapely hills, and wooded slopes with a little house here and there nestling among the trees and boat-houses at the edge of the water. Yet it was essentially different. Here was no "pretty-pretty" park-like country, all nicely set out for the tourist. Rather was there a wildness and primitive "feel" about it all that one constantly sensed, and it needed only a cloudy interval and a cool breeze to whip up the water into little waves, to give one rather a "shivery" feeling. At those times one felt rather insignificant and lonely in that expanse of water and one's little boat seemed very inadequate.

So the week slipped by, and all too soon it was time to think about getting back. Fortunately I was able to travel back to Montreal by road, thus enabling me to see a good deal more of the country. We wound our way slowly downhill, passing little townships and villages with strange French names—Val-Morin..... Ste. Adele..... Mont Rolland..... Piedmont.....—all of them fascinating places which I would have loved to explore. On the lower slopes I saw little patches of level cultivated ground, and pastures with cattle grazing, that reminded me so much of England that I had a stab of home-sickness, but mostly it was the French influence which predominated.

Before long the lights of Montreal showed up in the distance, and by this time we had joined a long line of cars slowly nosing their way back into the city. Back to work again—and I to set off for Camp!—but with many happy memories of lovely country and very generous Canadian hospitality to cheer me through the long winter months. Here's to the next time—and the grand folk who made it possible for me.

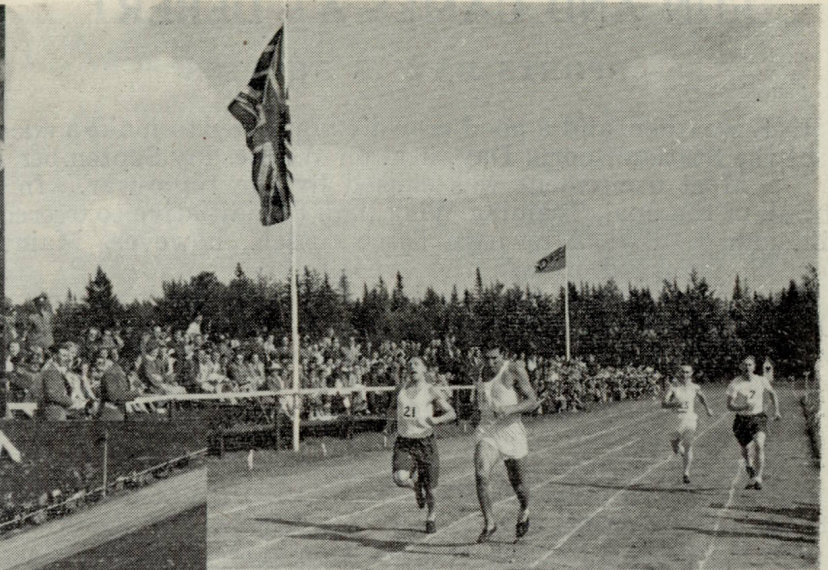
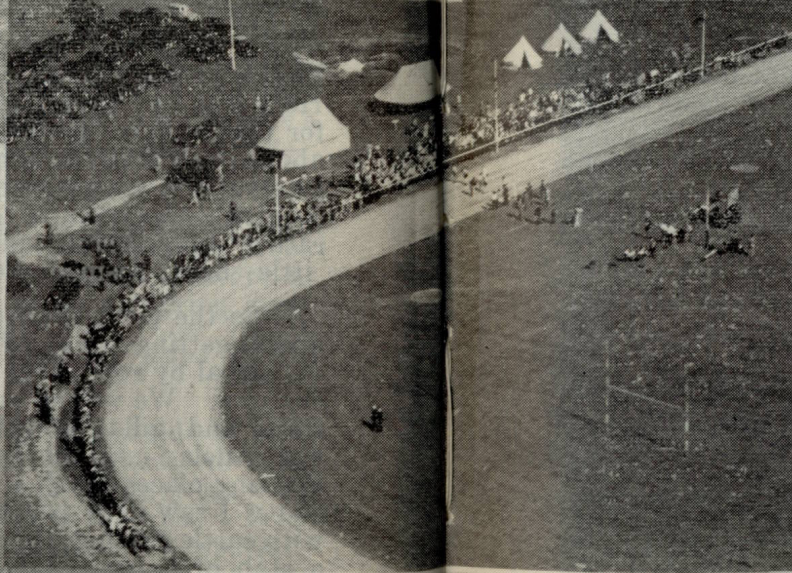


Above: Fun in the three-legged race.
 Below: Riggs breasts the tape to beat Jeffrey and Hook.



Top: The dance in the drill-hall was a huge success.

Centre: An aerial view of the sports ground.



Above: Evans pips Chapman at the post.
 Below: HEAVE! A closely contested Tug-o'-war heat.



FUN AND GAMES AT DEBERT

SPORTS DAY IS SUCCESS

FINE weather and a good crowd co-operated to make a success of the Station Sports Day, held on Wednesday September 1st.

Most excitement was caused by the tug-o-war. In the first pull of the final, Training Wing took the initiative to overcome Maintenance "B." After two fierce tussels, however, Maintenance "B" managed to win the event.

A very close affair was the javelin throw, which was won by P/O Carrels with a throw of 138 feet. Only three inches behind was the javelin of L.A.C. Shaw, who had never thrown before. Then came the running. Cpl. Evans, of Maintenance "A," won this event in 11 seconds, with Cpl. Chapman a good second. The Officers' race was won by F/O Collins, 2nd F/O Hardy.

The 440 yards final was won by A.C. Riggs (M "A"). He led all the way but was hard pressed to beat L.A.C. Jeffrey (S.H.Q.) L.A.C. Hooks came up on the last stretch to snatch third place from Sgt. Sargent. Cpl. Evans (M "A") was again the winner of the 220 yards final, when he beat Cpl. Chapman in 22 and three fifths seconds. Third place went to A.C. Austin (S.H.Q.) and 4th to F/Sgt. Bell. The Veterans' Race for over 35's was won by A.C. Bates, Training Wing, and L.A.C. Kennedy (S.H.Q.) was second. Sargeant Smith won the Sergeants' Open race from W/O Montgomery.

L.A.C. Howie, L.A.C. Pullum Cpl. Smith and Cpl. Evans comprised the Maintenance "A" team that won the 440 yards Relay in 49 and three fifths seconds. Training Wing was second and Maintenance "B" third. The 880 yards final was won in good style by Sgt. Sargent (T. W.) in the time of two minutes 13 and one fifth seconds. L.A.C. Swan (M "B") was second, with W/O Saunders third and A.C. Samuels (M "A") fourth.

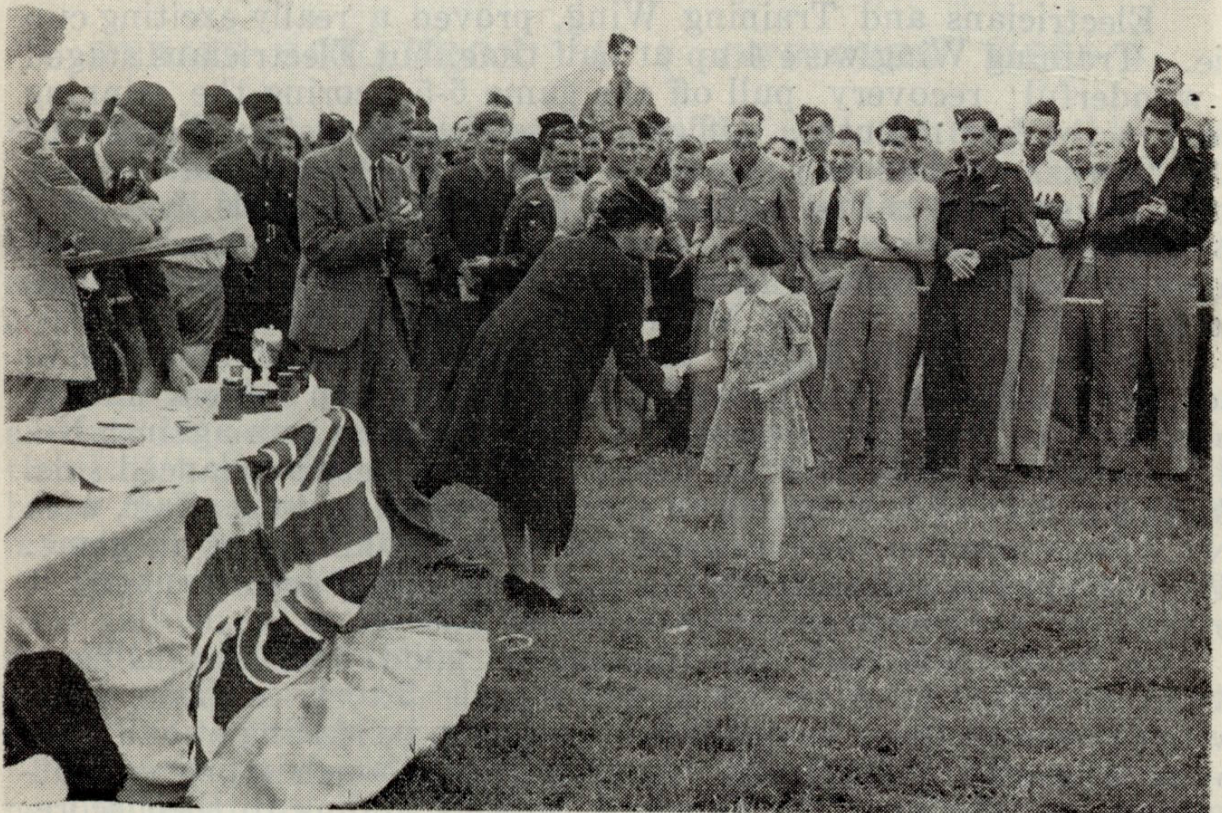
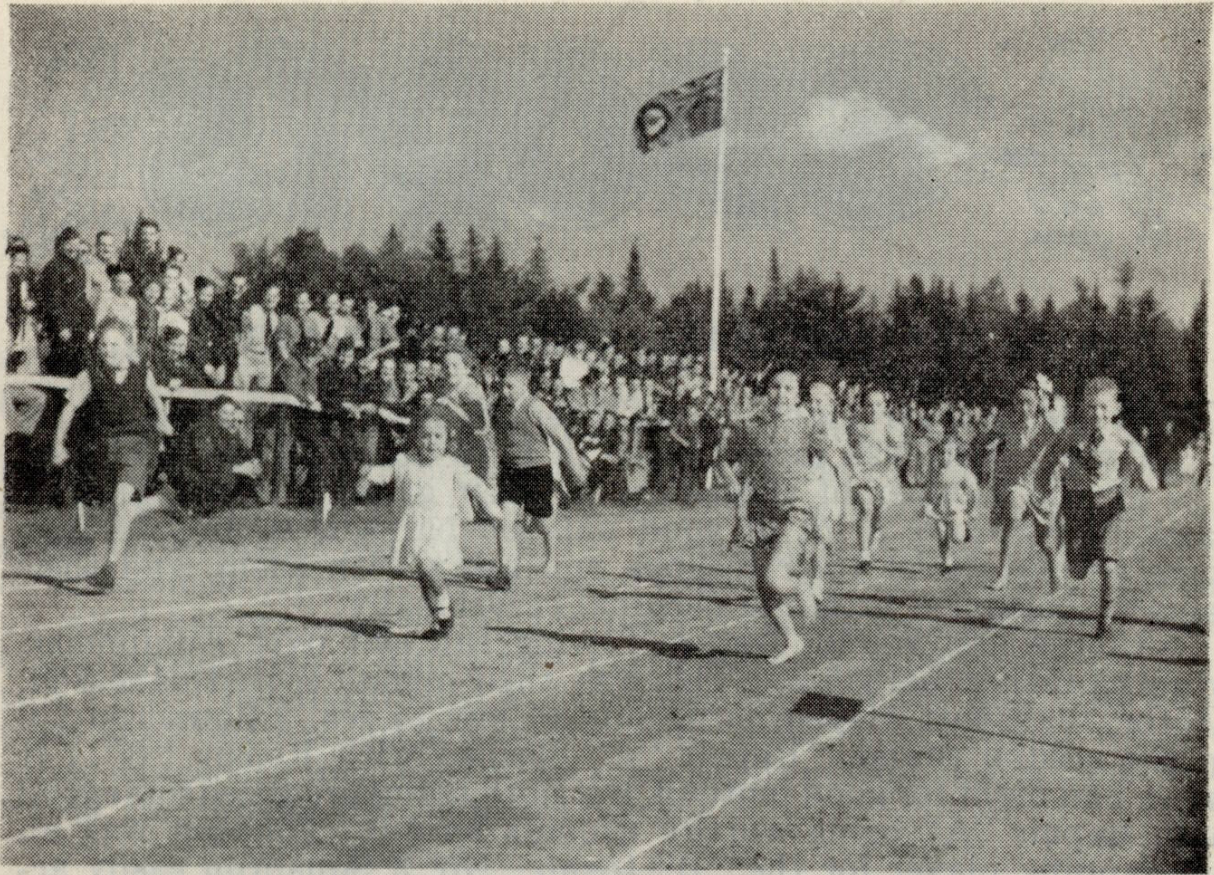
Training Wing easily won the Mile Medley in the time of 4 minutes 4 seconds. The winning team consisted of W/O Saunders, F/Sgt. Hutchinson, Sgt. Roach and Sgt. Sargent. S.H.Q. was second, followed by Maintenance "B."

The mile proved an easy win for L.A.C. Jeffrey (S.H.Q.) in five minutes six and three fifths seconds. L.A.C. Riggs came into second place on the home stretch to pass L.A.C. Drew (T.W.), who was third. Sgt. Swan (T.W.) was fourth.

F/O Tisdale threw the discus 101 feet seven inches to win from Cpl. Reeves (M "A"), who threw 99 feet. A.C. Riggs was third with a throw of 91 feet five inches and L.A.C. Newsome fourth (84 feet). In putting the shot F/O Tisdale again won with a throw of 34 feet one inch, closely followed by Cpl. Evans with 32 feet, L.A.C. Elliott with 31 feet two inches and Cpl. Reeves with 30 feet 10 inches.

The long and high jumps both went to F/O Tisdale. In the high jump he cleared 5 feet 8 inches, using the "Western Roll." Cpl. Evans was second with a jump of five feet six inches. As a rule, he also uses the "Western Roll," could not do so on this occasion because of an ankle injury. Third places was

Continued on page 43





STATION FOOTBALL CHALLENGE CUP

FOR the past fortnight cup-tie fever has been very strong in this camp. This was especially so in East Camp as could be seen by the number of spectators at their games. The teams all came in for quite a lot of good natured barracking, but perhaps some spectators let their feelings run away with them, and their remarks became a little too personal occasionally.

In the first round Targot Towing ran riot over Equipment, winning rather easily 6-2. This was their highest score this season. Motor Transport played hard, only to lose to No. 2 Squadron 2-0 in the second round. Repair "A" clashed with Repair "B". It was a bad night for good football, but both teams produced some good ball, Repair "A" being worthy winners by 4-0. Johnson was an outstanding player for the "B" team. No. 3 Squadron easily accounted for S.H.Q. by 5-1 and Airmen's Mess had to fight hard to overcome S.S.Q. & Armoury 3-1.

Electricians and Training Wing, proved a really exciting cup tie. Training Wing were 4 up at half time, but Electricians staged a wonderful recovery pull off the game 6-5, scoring the winning goal in the last minutes. Officers Mess accounted for Workshops 4-2, Workshops defence going all to pieces in the second half. Target Towing were rather unlucky to go down to Signals & S. P.'s 2-1. They certainly put up a great show. No. 2 Squadron had most of the game to beat Instruments 2-0, and No. 1 Squadron had to fight all the way to beat Maintenance Signals 4-3.

In the 3rd round Repair "A" continued in their winning vein to account easily for No. 1. Squadron 5-0. Airmen's Mess had to play hard to beat Electricians 2-1. Officers Mess won against No. 2 Squadron 3-1, Officers Mess being much the better balanced side. Signals & S.P.'s No. 3 Squadron proved a real ding-dong affair, with No. 3 Squadron just snatching a draw in the last minute of the game. The replay was some struggle. Signals & S.P.'s just managed it by 4-3, but they were certainly worth it.

The Semi-finals both provided some good football. Officers Mess accounted for Airmen's Mess by goals 3 to 1. Officers Mess with the wind in their favour just managed to be leading at half time by a goal scored by McKenzie; but they showed much improved football against the wind, McKenzie & Stewart adding to their score. In the latter stages, Airmen's Mess tried very hard and were awarded by a goal by F/S Gumbrill. Burnside & Brand proved a tower of



strength for Officers Mess, and George, Power, Stedman and Rodgers were the pick of Airmen's Mess.

Repair "A" beat Signals and S.P.'s 6-0, but had to play much harder than the score represented. For the first 20 minutes it looked anyone's game, but 3 quick goals by Smith & Bland (2) sealed the game in favour of Repair "A". Concannon adding to the score direct from a corner. In the second half, Signals & S.P.'s showed up much better, but were up against a rock like defence with Ferris being outstanding. Bland and Ferris added further goals for Repair "A". Thompson was outstanding for Signals, and Fishwick tried hard but had little support. For Repair "A" Bland was always dangerous and had good support from the rest of his forwards, the defence was sound all round.

THE FINAL

REPAIR SQUADRON "A" 2—OFFICERS' MESS 0

THE sun shone across the 'drome and reflected from a blaze of red which rose from a cloud of dust on the horizon. Slowly it surged forward until it could be recognised as a large red flag, bearing a strange device. As it drew nearer, the cloud of dust was seen to be caused by a crowd of airmen, and the "strange device" could be made out as R.S.A.

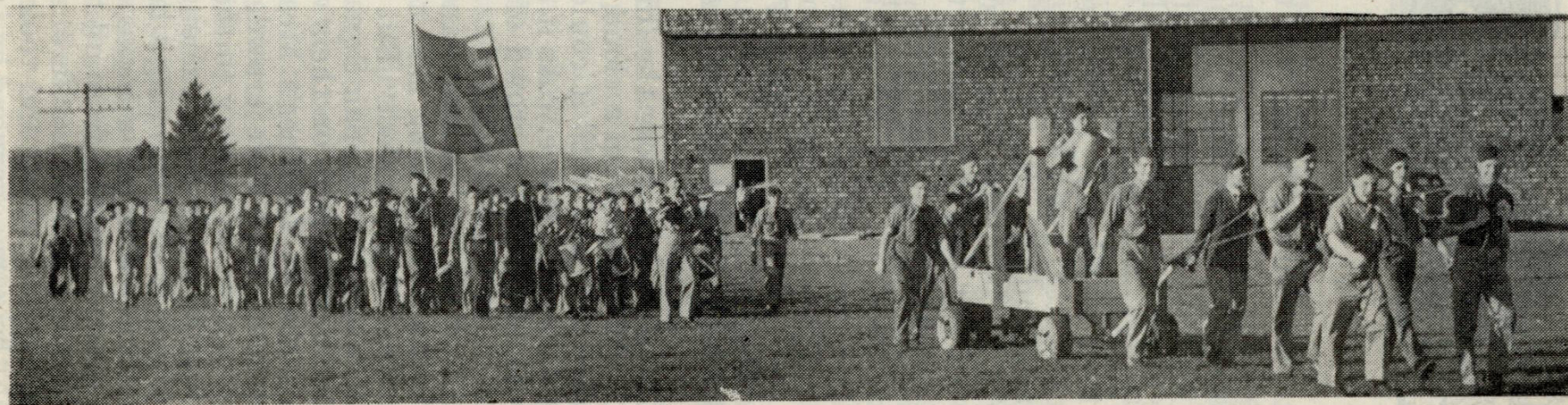
R.S.A.! What could it stand for?

Anyone not knowing that this was Cup Final night could be excused for being puzzled. But to those who knew it was obvious that R.S.A. stood for Repair Squadron "A" team, and that the crowd below the banner were on their way to the ground to root for their favorites against 1 Officer's Mess team.

Hut doorways were crowded as the strange procession drew near and passed on its way to the pitch. First came a crowd of rosetted supporters hauling an engine trolley on which stood A. C. Tickle (cheer leader) carrying a large imitation cup. Then marched Sgt. Tennant, wielding a mace, and followed by three drummers. (The drums were made from oil tins). Behind them came the banner, followed by 150 vociferous airmen. The whole procession marched proudly along and took up its position on the touch-line to watch the game everyone had been waiting for.



The two cup-final teams pose for "P. G.'s" photographer.



Repair A's supporters arrive at the grounds *en masse*.

Repair Squadron won the toss, and decided to kick with the wind and sun behind them. A promising opening move was spoilt by Smith's being offside. Keeping up the pressure, Repair forced a corner, which was taken by Ferris. From a perfect corner kick, Bland attempted to head the ball into the net, but instead sent it over the bar.

Play veered to the other end, and McKenzie, after a brilliant run, was unlucky to see his shot fall on top of the rigging. Repair took up the pressure again, Concannon making a solo run to hook the ball into the middle, where Bland headed wide. He had a good chance a few minutes later, but was robbed of the ball before he had time to shoot, and another dangerous situation was cleared. Ferris, who was playing a grand game, came through to put in a terrific shot, which went a trifle wide. Repair kept up the pressure, and Milne shot, only to top the bar once more. Meanwhile Burnside and Brand put in some magnificent defensive work. Another run by McKenzie resulted in his putting the ball over the bye-line. Keeping the initiative, Officers Mess forced Elsworth, to run out and punch clear. Back to the other end went the ball, where Ferris cut out to the left to put in a great drive for Goff to bring off a magnificent save.

A lovely move by Milne gave Concannon a clear field, but he placed the ball weakly over the bye-line. A nice centre by Smith saw Milne head wide. Play went again to the other end, where Elsworth had to run out to clear his lines. A good move by Concannon and Bland saw Burnside nip in to relieve an awkward situation.

A well-placed corner by Concannon saw Ferris shoot wide. Repair was having most of the play, but Burnside proved a big stumbling block to Joyner and Smith on the right wing. A corner by Woolcock saw Bland again head over the bar. A nice run down by Mitchell, finished with a good centre, but McKenzie shot wide.

At the other end, Knell put in a grand shot, which was well saved by Goff. Ferris was called upon to save a dangerous situation, the same player going through to shoot strongly just over the bar. And so a grandly contested half ended with no score.

The second half opened with Repair again pressing. Bland put in a grand shot which Goff did well to put over the bar. McKenzie then came into the picture with some nice runs, but had poor support. Concannon put in a grand shot for Goff to make a magnificent save. He again came out to take the ball right off Bland's toe a truly great save. Bland, coming in again with a smashing drive, hit the upright, with Goff well beaten. At the other end Mitchell was clean through, but shot wide. Elsworth was called upon to make a grand save from McKenzie.

The first goal came for Repair when Smith, coming through with a nice run, finished with a good shot which went off Goff's hands into the net as he dived to save. This was the signal for Repair Squadron supporter's hats to go into the air, and apparently Tickle's is still up there, because he hasn't found it yet.

Another header by Bland saw Goff save, for Joyner to head back against the upright. Bland again hit the upright with another good drive. Once more Mitchell went right through, but, with a good chance to equalise, shot wide.

A movement by Bland and Milne saw the ball slide off Goff's hands into the net for the second goal for Repair. In his efforts to save, Goff, already injured in the first half, was again hurt, and had to leave the field, his place being taken by Mitchell. This did not upset Officers' Mess, McKenzie going through only for Elsworth to take the ball right off his toe. McKenzie came to the fore again with one or two good runs, but, as in the first half, he again found little support.

And so the game ended with Repair Squadron "A" team winning the cup for the first time, and on their display, nobody can begrudge it. Goff, Burnside and Robson proved a resolute defence for Officer's Mess, with Brand and McCormick putting in some good work, and McKenzie was outstanding among the forwards.

For Repair Squadron "A", Elsworth, McIvor and Jones were always sure, with Woolcock, Ferris and Knell making a strong half-back line. The forward line seemed to miss Kelly, but Bland and Milne played well.

The teams were:-

Officers' Mess: Goff, Burnside, Robson, McCormick, Brand, Hector, Mitchell, Preston, Stewart, Goodall and McKenzie.

Repair Squadron "A": Elsworth, McIvor, Jones, Woolcock, Ferris, Knell, Joyner, Smith, Bland, Milne, Concannon.

Staff Sergeant Green, of the Canadian Army acted ably as referee.

STATION FOOTBALL LEAGUE (UP TO AUG. 27th)

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Ag.	Pts.
Repair A.	10	9	0	1	48	8	19
Repair B.	13	9	3	1	41	15	19
Electricians	10	7	2	1	38	21	15
Airmen's Mess	11	6	2	3	42	24	15
Training Wing	9	6	3	0	26	17	12
Officer's Mess	9	4	2	3	21	13	11
No. 3 Squadron	9	5	3	1	26	20	11
No. 2 Squadron	8	4	2	2	17	13	10
Signals S.P's	8	4	4	0	12	18	8
No. 1 Squadron	8	2	2	4	20	20	8
S.S.Q's Armoury	9	4	5	0	28	26	8
Maintenance Signals	11	3	6	2	18	26	8
Instruments	11	4	7	0	14	38	8
Workshops	10	3	6	1	26	27	7
Motor Transport	9	3	6	0	11	16	6
S.H.Q.	9	1	7	1	13	29	3
Target Towing	10	1	8	1	11	41	3
Equipment	8	0	7	1	9	49	1

CRICKET

By Nobby Clarke

R.A.F. Debert Versus R.A.F. Greenwood

The shades of Lord's descended over Truro on Saturday August 7th when a strong team from Greenwood arrived to play the station team.

The home team batted first, the innings being opened by L.A.C. Spittle and L.A.C. Walmesley, the latter being bowled. F/O Sims then joined Spittle but was caught out; the catch itself would have made even Wally Hammond jealous. Cpl. Smith was the next to go and face the onslaught of the visitors whose fielding was superb. Smith was unfortunately laid low by the umpires decision of L.B.W., the score being now a paltry 14 runs for 3 wickets. Sgt. Downes was next to join Spittle who was batting like a man possessed, the score rapidly mounting to 66 before Downes fell to a good catch after scoring a much needed 18. He was replaced by F/O Roberts who was also caught by a catch that looked almost impossible; Spittle was still there batting and playing a game worthy of the Oval. Eckersley was the next man in but soon lost his wicket to a brilliant piece of wicket keeping, the score now being 92 for 6 wickets. Cpl. Fishwick taking his place, hopes began to rise as he and Spittle started to hit out, the runs mounting steadily, when Fishwick was caught after making a nice score of 21. The remaining wickets fell rapidly bringing the Debert Innings to a close the total score being 149 all out.

Spittle was the hero of the day scoring a brilliant 79 not out, carrying his bat throughout the innings.

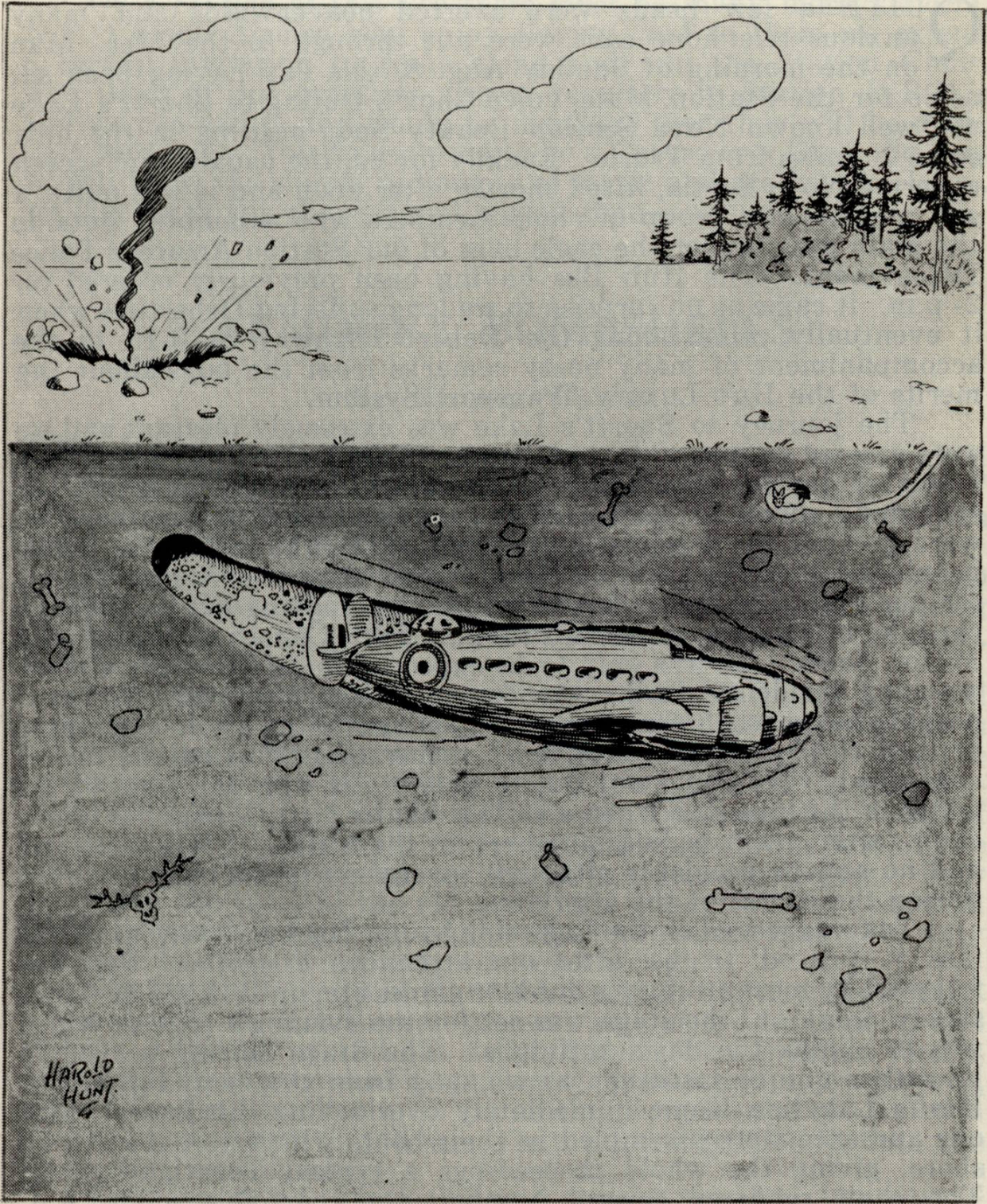
Greenwood's opening batsmen P/O Williams and Sgt. Taylor began what was obviously a race against time taking chances time and time again in their attempt to pile up the runs in the shortest time. That they succeeded in their doing so reflects no discredit on the Debert side. They batted brilliantly and between them knocked up 80 runs. P/O Williams was caught when he had made 39. The next two wickets fell without any addition and a smart throw in spreadeagled Sgt. Taylor's wickets, the score standing at 84 for 4 wickets. The situation looked hopeful for the home team, but the next batsman knocked up a useful 16 runs before being run out. Sgts. Freeman and Haynes made a good stand and took the visitors score over the top to win by 4 wickets.

I may add that the weather was not exactly what could be called ideal weather for a cricket match. The return match is being looked forward to with anticipation, and the hope of victory.

A DEDICATION

“TO REPAIR SQUADRON A”

I have a story to unfold
 Of eleven airmen—not young—not old,
 Eleven men who loved a game
 And played it well, but not for fame,
 They started the season fairly strong,
 But each in his mind, could do no wrong!
 They bickered, squabbled,—each other to blame
 When things went wrong—not “playing the game.”
 Still, somehow they won, and kept winning too
 And hoped to “win” the season through.
 They set a goal—ignored intrigue,
 And that goal was—The Cup, and League.
 Then someone came and took a hand,
 He liked 'em all, that scrounging band,
 He talked with them, their faith to ween;
 The result—a splendid football TEAM.
 The bickering gone—No tempers lost,
 So much was gained—for so little cost,
 Tis true some say of one or other
 “He makes the team”—we do not bother,
 Repair ‘A’, is not one,—nay, nor seven,
 But a soccer team, which means—eleven.
 Its safe to say the league is won
 Though the season has some games to run;
 But loser’s remarks are the acid test,
 And they all said “Yes, you played the best.”
 And now the great day dawns at last;
 Cup Final—what memories in the past:
 The team will tread the field that day,
 With one idea,—the “game” to play.
 No “dirty work”—no “fouls”—no “sinning”
 Not for the prize,—but the joy of winning.
 So win or lose the crowd exclaim,
 They played damned well, and they “played the game.”
 And if from Cox or I you thought
 You benefitted,—that is all we sought,
 And both of us will say of you—
 “Of vices many, and virtues few
 You played the game right to the end,”
 And we remain—REPAIR ‘A’s FRIEND.



"Are you quite sure the altimeter is working correctly?"

THEY SANG BY THE LAKE

QUITE a few heads were averted heavenwards and many anxious telerhone calls were put through to the Met. Man on the morning of Sunday Aug. 8, this day having been set aside for the Station Male Voice Choir's Outing to Shortt's Lake the well known Nova Scotian Beauty Spot nestling in the hills some 20 miles from Truro. Luckily for us, the usual cloud screen covering Nova Scotia, lifted shortly after noon and it was quite a gay and hopeful group of choir members who assembled outside the main gate, under the eagle eyes of our Station Amateur Police Department. The Hub Bus having been previously ordered for 2- p.m. it came as no surprise to we long suffering Debertites when it eventually rolled along the Debert Highway at 3-15 to the accompaniment of many nasty remarks from the boys about the merits of the Hub Luxury Transport System.

The journey to Shortt's Lake was extremely pleasant and we were greeted on arrival by our Hosts. Every preparation had been made for our enjoyment and we lost no time in changing into our swimming shorts. Upon making our way down to the shore we were greeted by a miniature replica of Dunkirk Beaches. The people living on the Lake side had assembled quite an array of boats for our exclusive use and we were soon ploughing our way across the lake in a variety of vessels ranging from Canoes to High Speed Motor Boats. As was only to be expected there were several very amusing incidents during the course of the afternoon, the most notable being when three gallant members of our choir attempted to loop the loop in a canoe, with rather disastrous results for all concerned. We could not fail to notice also how the level of the water in the lake rose when a certain Senior N.C.O. member of our choir (after much persuasion) took to the water. Fortunately we had no serious accidents although several nasty duckings occurred during the course of the afternoon.

Tea was served on the Lake side by our hosts and very excellent fare it proved to be after our strenuous exertions. Tea was followed by more strenuous outdoor games etc. until as the darkness slowly crept on, the stage was set for the evening's concert which was to climax the day's activities. The Stage Setting proved to be rather unique insomuch as we sang from the verandah of our Host's Lakeside Home immediately overlooking the Lake, whilst our audience were assembled in their boats which were moored off shore, giving the whole proceedings a typical Venetian Setting. The choir rendered several numbers and our able soloist A/C Elliot also obliged with one or two solo pieces. Recordings were made of the choir by F/Sgt. Allison for presentation to the C.O. and the whole evenings proceedings were very well received by an enthusiastic audience.

By the time this appears in press P/O Cook will have left the camp on his return to the U/K. and F/Lt. Witt will have taken

over his position as Officer i/c Choir. To P/O Cook we say, "Thank You for all you have done for us in the past" and at the same time we welcome F/Lt. Witt to his new position.

On a Station of this size there must be many more Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen who enjoy singing, and to them we extend a cordial invitation to come along and join the Station Choir. The times of our practices appear regularly in Station D.R.O.'s and we can assure any would be members that they will be made very welcome. You do not need to be a Caruso or a Gigli. So long as you know the simple rudiments of music and are keen to learn, we will teach you the rest and a good time is assured to all.

ARMOURY BOMBSHELLS

By Empty Round

OWING to the fact that yours truly was enjoying a long awaited leave the 'Bombshells' did not appear in last month's "P.G.," but having recovered from that sinking feeling which always follows those two weeks of heaven here we go again.

Rather belated but nevertheless sincere congratulations go to Taff McKay who recently received a telegram announcing the arrival of twins and is no doubt eagerly awaiting the boat. It will soon come Taff.

Speaking of boats we are about to lose McGugan who will soon be on his way home. You've been kidded here several times about that voice Mac but it was all in good humour and I know the section will join me in wishing you bon voyage. This will complete the breaking up of the old trio of "belter-uppers," Rex of course left us to become a carpenter and Curly owns one of the three names lately added to the duty armourer roster. How happy are the faces of the old standby's these days, for even with Chitty blossoming forth as a full-fledged two stripe man this duty armourer business comes only one week in eight.

The 'garden' in front of Hut 2A has greatly added to its beauty. Adorned with an R.A.F. crest on each side of the front door, and 'Station Armoury' picked out delightfully in nine inch red letters on a white background it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, while it is also practical in so far as the occupants of the hut will always know where they live. They can hardly dodder into the wrong hut by mistake.

The other day I saw the football team defeated by the mighty Repair "A" to the tune of 5-1, and considering the fact that we have been sadly depleted by injuries the boys did very well indeed. Don't let those billet barrackers get under your skin. If they were as good they'd be playing themselves, but it's so much easier to sit back comfortably and ride the fellows who do at least have a go.

"FOR THE CLASSICS"

By G. T. Carter

HAVING read "In Defence of Jazz" by Anonymous in the August number of P.G., I am taking up the challenge thrown out in that article on behalf of the other side—namely, Classical music. First of all, I would like to inform Anonymous that in reply to his question "I wonder how many of the Music Appreciation Hour people know of the existence of Red MacKenzie or Eddy Lang," that I for one, know of the celebrities of the Jazz World almost as well as I do those of the classical or concert world. I like jazz, but I also appreciate the Classics, and one must regard each in a sense of proportion. While Jazz is man's expression of his instincts derived from primeval times for rhythm for dancing, classical music has extended the sphere of music to use it as an expression of man's innermost thoughts and deepest emotions. Everybody knows that modern jazz is derived from the music of the African natives sold into slavery in America. Its white disciples have "refined" it, using techniques evolved by the Great Masters.

"Anonymous" asks "has it been proven that jazz is played by less efficient musicians." As a jazz lover, he should know that the leading jazz players, especially brass players, are admitted by even leading conductors to be often greater virtuosi of their instruments than their counterparts in symphony orchestras. In fact the main attraction of swing lies in the virtuosity and inventiveness of the players and not in the value of the music that they are playing—Jazz as music, counts for very little, as is proved by the "here today, gone tomorrow" popularity of ninety-nine out of every hundred tunes whereas much of the output of the classical composers retains its appeal year after year, often despite mediocre performances which do not entirely hide the greatness of the music.

Let us consider the difference in treatment accorded the composer's written score between that of a swing band and that of a symphony orchestra. A "swing session" usually consists of a group of soloists each giving out in turn on a tune selected beforehand, but which is often unrecognisable throughout from the original. I know of several cases where a swing outfit sat down to make a recording of a certain tune and when the record was completed, discovered that no two notes together even faintly resembled the tune as written by its composer, and so, seeing no reason why they should pay royalties to the composer for something which he never wrote (or dreamed of) dubbed their efforts with a title of their own choosing. I am not decrying such efforts. They show the musical inventiveness of the players, but it proves my point, namely that in jazz the written music counts for very little and cannot command much of the respect of the performers. If so, would they do such things to the composer's score?

On the other hand, when a symphony orchestra sits down to play a score of Beethoven, it is their object, and particularly that of the conductor, to obtain a performance conforming as nearly as possible to the notes and directions set down by the composer, because they realise that they are playing the work of a genius whose score is not for lesser mortals to meddle with. A member of a symphony orchestra is trained to subject his own ideas to those of the conductor and composer. He is part of a team of anything of eighty or more musicians, and his technique, however brilliant, has few occasions upon which to shine. Unlike a jazz player who can ignore the written score and hit high "C" whenever he feels the inclination to do so, the symphonic player when performing a solo passage, has to play the notes as written and only display his technique when the composer calls for it. The main thing demanded from an orchestral player is that his tone be good, which attribute is rarely found in a jazz player.

Not all classical musicians have anything to learn in the matter of technique from their jazz counterparts. The doyens of the concert world, namely the solo artists, can in the majority of cases, display greater mastery over their instruments than jazz players. Could Joe Venuti fiddle his way through, for example Paganini's fantastically difficult "Devil's Trills" with the unerring accuracy, speed and precision of a Menuhin or Heifitz? Could Ellington or Earl Hines play Liszt's "Valse Oubliee" with the breath-taking technique of Horowitz or Simon Barer?

Another point advanced by Anonymous is "that any first class jazz man could play in an orchestral concert, but could a symphony orchestra musician play in a jazz band?" The answer to that question is "Yes," if he wanted to do so—but the jazz and the orchestral concert would suffer in most instances. There are a few exceptions, as our friend Anonymous points out in the case of Benny Goodman, who has played in Carnegie Hall. Benny Goodman has recorded Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, and it is a fine performance, equal in technique but not in tone or interpretation of two recordings of the same work made by Reginald Kell, 1st clarinetist of the London Philharmonic and that of Simon Bellison of the New York Philharmonic. Most classical musicians regard jazz as either a very poor form of their art, or as so much noise, or as music of a frivolous order not to be taken seriously. They seldom play jazz as they have no feeling or respect for it. A musician accustomed to playing the great Masters would feel degraded if compelled to play inferior music, in order to earn his daily bread. How would Garbo feel if she were called upon to play the role of a gangster's moll in some Grade B movie?

Jazz musicians on the other hand, who either owing to their inability to appreciate the Great Masters, or who are tempted by the easier path and bigger money paid to those who pander to popular tastes, try to demonstrate and at the same time satisfy their own longing to shine in the higher form of their art, by giving concerts of classical music.

The supreme test of music is its ability to retain its appeal

through the years. In any argument as to the merits of classical music as compared with jazz, the inescapable fact remains that the classics have stood that test, while jazz is in its infancy. The symphonies of Beethoven are well over 100 years old, and are even more popular and certainly more widely known than they were during the composer's life-time. "St. Louis Blues" one of the oldest of jazz compositions, is no more than thirty years old. The time to compare jazz with the classics will be a hundred years hence. Jazz may still be played in some form or another at that time in the future, but will "St. Louis Blues" (or any other jazz composition), and the name of its composer, W. C. Handy, be remembered and revered? I doubt it, but time alone can tell.

The appeal of jazz is almost purely physical. Classical music appeals to and expresses the mind and soul of man. There is room for both kinds of music, some need the one, some the other, and a few both kinds, but we all need music for "Man lives not by bread alone."

A SMALL POEM

By A Football Fan.

Who is the bald-head on the right
 Who thinks he is a man of might
 Although a drag and not too lean
 He always wishes to be seen.
 He appealed to the ref around half time
 To stop the barracking on the line
 But the ref smiled and turned his back
 So the boys on the line began to quack
 Poor Boy.

How could you loathe the Japanese?
 They always say, "Excuse me, please!"
 They climb into your neighbor's garden.
 And always say, "I beg your pardon!"
 They bow and grin, a friendly grin,
 And ask their hungry family in.
 They grin and bow, a friendly bow,
 "So sorry, this my garden now!"

A German soldier in occupied Norway complained that Norwegians looked down on Nazis as they would on niggers. "We don't look down on niggers," was the Norwegian reply.

IT HAPPENED IN AUGUST

By "Snoop"

WHAT function takes place in August but the Corporals dance in the Recreation-Hall, when we all congregate at the Corporal's Club to quaff ale and be sociable and entertain dolls who have given up a night to be danced on by us; and especially to guzzle ale. Furthermore, we occasionally slip smartly or rockily, as the case may be, into the adjacent Recreation-hall to trip the light fantastic and to endeavour to win spot prizes and to listen to the Station band; and especially to try to win prizes.

Now a guy does not want a set of binoculars to discover the length of a citizen's stay at Debert. I just glance at his dress and manner and take a quick decko into his eyes and I am able to see the elusive glint which labels him the victim of the advance stages of Debertomania. But on this night even the 2½ year Debertians are there in their best blue and clean shirts and collars, and I am unable to see a dirty button or unshaven chin, let alone an odd khaki shirt or plimsolls. Which is most unusual, as even I, a gendarme, and only eight months in Canada, am apt to meander into the Club in these things, looking like something the cat has forgotten to bury.

Even Newport, who, on his 21st birthday in the Club, wears little else but his shoes and his birthday suit, is there with a collar and tie on. So you are able to see that everything is nice and comfortable and under control. Which is fortunate, as the Station master himself favours us with a visit and is given a big hand at the call of George Carpenter from the Rec-hall stage.

If anyone wants evidence that the best spirit is a feature of this effort, then I am here to state a certain Corporal who hates gendarmes actually paid for two beers for me, although as a rule he will not give me the time, even though he has two watches.

Personally, I am not a good dancer. I admit to having big feet and when I am issued with a pair of government boots the store basher looks scornfully at me. But I can manage as long as the tempo is quite slow and as long as the dancer I am dancing with, stands on my feet. In this manner I am able to carry her round unconcernedly, and no questions asked. It is once said of me in civvy street where I am known as "Feets," that I wear violin cases for boots, but I hotly deny this, as I claim that my feet will not go into a pair of violin cases.

Well, I don't remember being at a more pleasant function and even the S.W.O. is smiling, although I notice he has hidden his Field Service cap some place, as, the last time the Corporals have a dance, someone abuses this kingly piece of headgear, and when it is found, it is absolutely u.s. Furthermore, F/O Green, the Advisory Officer to the Club, is there with a contented smile on his face, so everyone is happy.

As I say, I am quite content to sit and muse over a jar in the Club at all times, and occasionally take a poke at the snooker balls,

but on this night it is pleasant indeed to sit and drink and chatter and notice that three guys are working full time in serving the ale, whereas, as a rule, one guy serves the poison and has bags of time to write letters to his family and relatives in between, at that.

Furthermore, I am glad to see that no-one goes over to the so-called piano that furnishes our club, as, if anyone plays at these functions, guys are liable to sing, and they are very liable to sing "Salomie," which is very untactful indeed when dames are around. Also, this loud singing and playing is apt to check a dame's speech and if there is one thing a doll hates more than somewhat it is to be stopped gabbing. So no-one plays and the dolls gab all they wish, and are happy.

I am very content to sit and sup ale and take an occasional woof at the sandwiches and cakes laid on the billiard table and I am listening intently to a citizen who is describing a keen football game which is played that same night between Repair "A" and "B", although a doll is nattering at me more than somewhat about the marvellous sailor she was out with the night before in Truro. They both figure I am listening to them, so no harm is done, indeed the doll later tells me I am a very good listener.

So the evening goes on and I am pleased up more than somewhat when one of the barkeeps announces that closing time will be at 11 instead of 9.30 p.m. So we go on ordering up the jills and certain corporals perform mighty queer, doing all sorts of capers, including the postman, "Chuck Jones, who is going round with a large tray of jars, calling: "Woodbines and Gold Flake," and acting as if he is dealing them off the arm in some eating joint.

Finally, I remember chatting with a guy on cricket, which is a slow game to my way of thinking, but very English, and I hear what we are going to do to Greenwood R.A.F., the coming Saturday.

Now this cricket is played this way. Two guys in pure white stand 22 yards from each other in a big field and another guy throws a hard ball at them, one at a time. All these white guys have to defend themselves with is a piece of wood which the newspaper defend themselves with is a piece of wood which the newspaper scribes call a willow. If the white guy hit this leather ball with the willow, they run up and down, but if the white guy misses and the hard ball hits the stumps, they've had it, and walk back very slowly to the pavilion amid ironical noises from the customers. If a white guy gets hit with the hard ball, a guy runs out of the pavilion with a wet sponge, or, if he is hurt bad, two guys run out with a stretcher and collect up the hit guy. All the time that the two guys are being thrown at, ten other guys stand around gaping, and catching flies, and bending down and standing upright as if they are at P.T., but what good this does them or anyone else, I am never able to figure. Furthermore, there are also two other guys with a lot of hats on their noggins, and a lot of sweaters tied on them, and they keep count how many times the citizens with the willow get struck, and so on. They are called umpires, who are supposed to see fair play, and they looked cheesed off and the chances are they are, at that.

If it is any interest at all, I will say I later hear we have things done to us by Greenwood, which is definitely not on the schedule, but that is by the way, and anyway, we only lose by 4 runs, a run being one chase up the pitch of 22 yards.

So now you know all about dancing and cricket, which indicates what a service "P. G." affords you. Furthermore, if you still want to know how cricket gets into this story, then I'll confide that it is to fill in, although personally, I figure it is a waste, at that.

TOMORROW WILL BE TOO LATE

By Alan Watkin

TONIGHT I should be full of enthusiasm—tonight is the night I should be doing my bit towards the war effort. But am I?

Could you? Here I sit on my pit, my sanctuary—but even the pit cannot offer me solace for my tormented mind.

I was so sure it would get through in time. All week I have been so confident that the postman would not fail me, and here I am at the eleventh hour and still it has not arrived. Perhaps somebody has collected it and will eventually come rushing into the billet waving it in the air, just in time to save the day perhaps!

Oh, what is the use.

Horrible thoughts pass through my mind. Could the ship carrying it have been sunk? Could it have been mislaid in the post office? No, no. Surely nobody could do so dastardly a trick as to overlook my vital parcel.

I watched the other erks. They don't seem to have a worry in the world, and here am I—what have I done to deserve this?

What is this! Ianto, my oppo, comes sauntering up the billet with an ominous bulge in his pocket. Can it be? Yes, yes, he's walking straight towards me—he's putting his hand in his pocket—he's taking something out.....

Yes, it is, it is!

My newspapers! God only knows what I would have done tonight, Thursday, pre-"bull" night without the newspapers for the deck.

FUN AND GAMES AT DEBERT *Continued from page 26*

shared by A.C. Riggs and F/Sgt. Moss (T.W.) who both jumped five feet. In the long jump, F/O Tisdale jumped nineteen feet. Cpl. Evans, second, cleared 18 feet ten inches, A.C. Bancroft, (third), 17 feet six inches, and L.A.C. Shallis (fourth), 17 feet five inches.

The Victor Ludorum Cup went to Cpl. Evans, for winning the most points during the afternoon. He had nineteen points. F/O Tisdale was second with sixteen. The cup presented to the team with the most points went to Training Wing, with 59 points. Maintenance "A" was second with 50 points, Maintenance "B" third with 23, and S.H.Q. fourth with 21.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

3 Squadron Notes

By Pica

NO 3 Squadronites were of course happy to see the departure of their peculiar creature. It was difficult to decide whether the thing they had for so long suffered was a real Gremlin masquerading as a human, or whether the man was masquerading as a Gremlin. Certainly, to all outward appearances, the thing possessed most of the physical peculiarities of the Gremlin, for with its long, thin legs, and kneecaps as bony as a fiddler's elbow, incongruously bent, out-turned feet, forever reluctant to transport their body at anything but an anthropoid shamble, it bore little resemblance to an ordinary Airman, even the much reviled Flight Mechanic. The head and humped shoulders too were definitely Gremlinesque, the coloring of the face as startling as an over-ripe blood orange. Where the ears should have been, stuck out a pair of saucers and, in place of nose was an organ as sharp as a ferret, as inquisitive as everybody's business but its own.

Like all ill-dispositioned Gremmins, this one was about as welcome in Hangar and Crewroom as a good dose of hay-fever. The trouble was obvious to everyone who came into contact with the Gremlin, his incorrigible jitters was the result of an uncommon complaint, as irritable and painful as a hotfoot, and called Ants in the Pants.

What sort of humour prompted the inane grin which it always wore was a matter for conjecture. No friends could offer a clue, for like saving graces and human qualities, it had none. Maybe this fact caused it a malicious sort of glee, the same brand of humour that drove the Mechs to unnecessary plug-changes in the very early hours of the tired morning.

Yet to itself it admitted no vices, neither smoked nor drank and, although it never forbade anyone the pleasure of smoking, it made sure that they had no time to take more than two or three drags on the well earned tag.

This was the boys' first contact with a Gremlin. What removed the parasite was its "Crowning" glory, though how it achieved it, no one could guess. Anyway 2 Squadronites will have to learn new tactics, can laugh up their own sleeves as often as they have laughed up the tattered sleeves of the harrassed 3 Squadronites. What 3 Squadron would like to know is, who gets the last laugh now? And which lasts the longer, 2 Squadron's new Gremlin, or the Squadron efficiency? Having just recovered our own efficiency after our few months despotic domination, our bet is the Gremlin. One word of warning will not be out of place—

ill-tempered Gremlins appear to be allergic to cultured accents, however earnest the accent may be, and the men who keep the time are definitely not exempt from Gremlin allergy. Mule Drivers, as stubborn as their charges, have already crossed swords with the Gremlin. The next corner of opposition will be watched with interest because, the Gremlin has been kicked out of more sections than we've had bad dinners at Debert, and we've been here a long time.

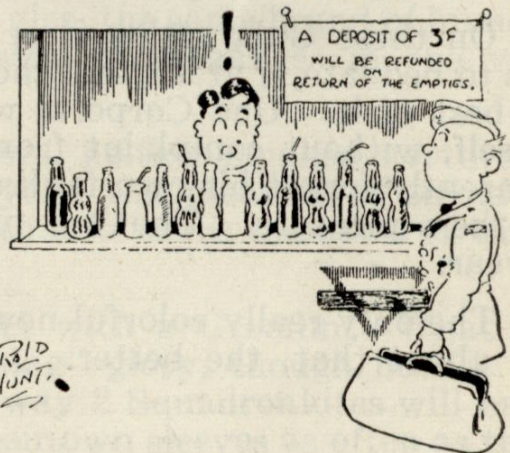
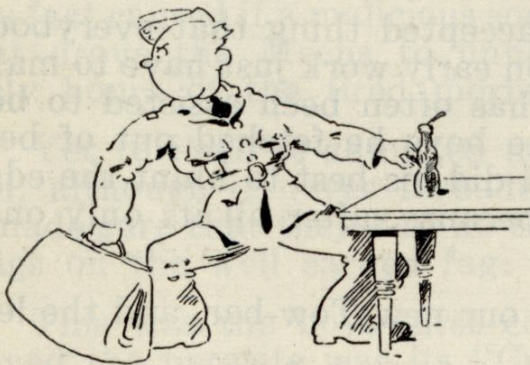
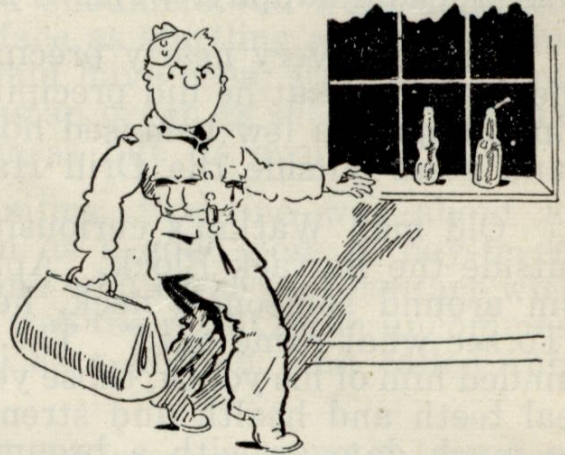
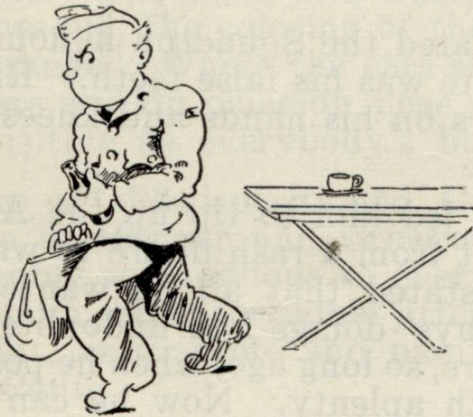
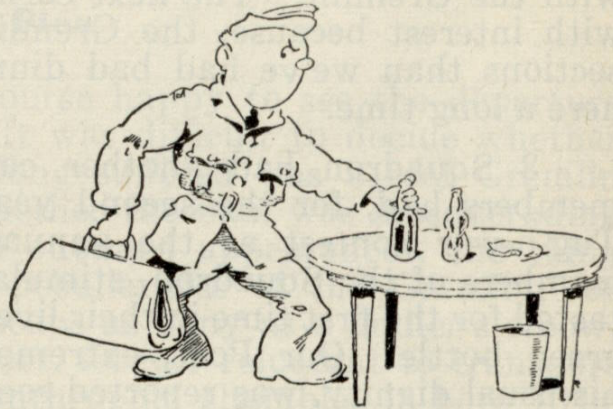
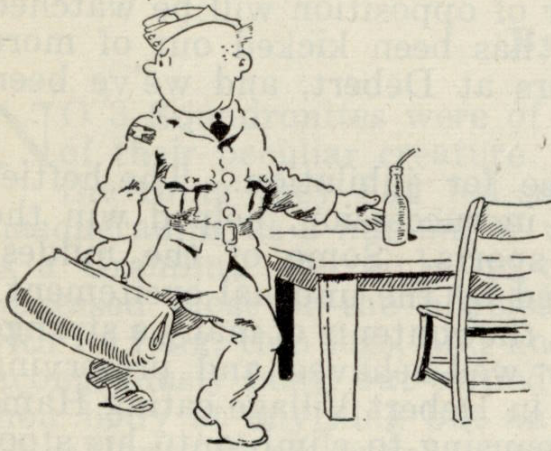
3 Squadron had another cause for jubilation. The heftier members had, for the second year in succession, helped win the Tug-o-war contest at the annual sports. Some of the mildest members of the Squadron, stimulated by the unusual excitement.. tasted for the first time in their lives, the contents of many a strange green bottle. Our Poet, extremely well-behaved and preserving his usual dignity, was reported seen in Debert Village eating Hamburgers with a spoon, occasionally pausing to climb onto his stool and proclaim happily, "This is my finest hour."

Richards very nearly precipitated the Squadron honour down the drain. What he did precipitate was his false teeth. Richards himself spent a few bemused hours on his hands and knees in the dank grass outside the Drill Hall.

Old man Watkin's curiosity led him to tip up the Ash Bin outside the Barrack Block. Apart from a rash desire to wrap the Bin around someone's neck, he stated that all he wanted was, "To see what came out." The days' doings had undoubtedly reminded him of his youth, those years, so long ago, when he possessed real teeth and health and strength aplenty. Now he can't even do much damage with a broom handle. Actually it was purely coincidental that Bond happened to be at the spot where the broom had gained momentum.

On these Gala nights it is an accepted thing that everybody goes to bed late, if at all, and those on early work just have to make the best of it. One Corporal who has often been assisted to bed himself, without complaint from the boys he fetched out of bed, apparently forgot his own faults and did his best to blunt the edge of others pleasure. That's a pity because, after all its only once a year.

The only really colorful news is our new Tow-bar, and the less said about that, the better.



HARID HUNT.

The Go-Getter

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir:

I should like to voice my disapproval of the write up of the "Happy Ending," which appeared in the last month's issue of "P.G."

The would be George Jean Nathan who was turned loose has obviously never heard of constructive criticism, he bemoans the fact that there is a maid in the play, that an indoor scene appears in the first two acts; the thought of having a play with no "Oxford" accents appalls him.

He mentions "although working under difficulties," what difficulties he does not say, personally I must admit to having had no difficulties, this admission fills me with dismay as I realise our pseudo critic was trying so hard to excuse the apparent defects.

He says "the acting, though never brilliant;" what in the world did he expect from amateurs.

The last part of the article must have caused inconsiderable pain to our chief dramatic critic of "P.G." With great reluctance and in two lines he writes: "the last act was put across well, and the climax had the right effect on the audience." What an admission from such a discerning mind, with what graciousness he admits that the audience was pleased, in spite of the glaring faults so obvious to himself.

I should like to tell this gentleman, that I also read "First Nights and Passing Judgements" by George Jean Nathan, but I would not let my admiration for his style lead me to copy from it in criticising an amateur production, in which all the characters had had no previous experience of stage work.

And lastly, I would suggest that the "P.G." does not send such superior minded critics to our next production; rather let us have an ordinary, every day person, who might be relied upon to offer some *constructive* criticism, which would be gladly received and respected.

A. NEWGROSH

Mr. Newgrosh seems to suffer from a very common failing; he tends to take his reading rather hurriedly, noticing the points that interest or enrage him, and to finish up with a somewhat distorted idea of what he has read. Then he picks phrases out of their contexts, and, standing them up on the wobbly feet of his own conception of their meaning, proceeds to knock them down with amazing ease.

I was not in the least appalled by the absence of an Oxford accent amongst the players. I have not an Oxford accent myself, and count it just as outlandish in its way as is my own Lancashire accent. But the play in question definitely called for an Oxford accent on the part of the majority of the characters, and "Happy Ending" lost something by their not having it. He asks for constructive criticism. Very well let him choose the next play so that the accents of the players will not appear incongruous.

Then again, if Mr. Newgrosh did not experience any difficulties, I could name many famous West End producers who would say he has achieved the impossible.

I think that I followed the phrase "the acting, though never brilliant" with "was of a very high standard throughout," which is, I presume from Mr. Newgrosh's letter, all we can expect from his amateurs.

Unfortunately I have never read, or even heard of, George Jean Nathan's "First Nights and Passing Judgements," but if Mr. Newgrosh has a copy I can borrow, I would be most pleased to read a book written in a style so near to my own that I am accused of copying it.

JOHN ENNIS

FROM THE BREEZES

By "Windsock"

The main item of note this month concerns a fresh outbreak of "chititis." Y'know, the trouble encountered when one wishes to go out of camp during off-duty hours.....

With various renovations taking place in the Airmen's Mess, an alteration to the food would not be amiss.....

I congratulate the organizers of the Station Sports Day and Dance on the fine job they made of these functions; and thanks to those who carried out the organizers' orders.....

Incidentally, if you can blow sweet corn on any old horn, the Station Dance Band NEEDS you!.....

I'm told one of our pupil sergeants was awarded "a hundred lines" recently. Will our SCHOOL use the cane too?.....

Whoever told the Airmen's canteen "vocalist?" he canning would do well to retract the opinion before he does himself grievous harm.....

It appears that the Airmen's dietitian is oftentimes befuddled. Jam for breakfast and marmalade for tea. Oranges AND grapefruit juice this week—neither next week!.....

I've been asked if I know "I belong to Yorkshire!" No, but I know "I belong to Glasgow!".....

I believe the Equipment Section personnel really enjoy their little games of "tag" and "flick-the-ear" during meals.....

Poor attendance at first house performances of voluntary camp shows is rather discouraging to the cast members. That goes for lateness of arrival too!.....

I always thought MONTHLY kit inspections were part of I.T.W. curriculum. Decies repetit placebit.....perhaps!.....

They say a few COOKS will be added to the Airmen's Mess staff soon. Can this mean conservation of food at last?.....

I was unaware of the Station Magazine's change of location. Is it under Training Wing now?.....

They tell me some difficulty was experienced in holding down the roof of the Drill Hall during the recent visit of the Army Show.

Hear that our Nursing Sisters went blue-berrying one day. This aroused great interest in the Officer's Mess, members of which want to know where, and if the afternoon was a success.....

Visitors' Day! Guests of Officers dined in the Officer's Mess; Sergeant's guests in the Sergeant's Mess; but other ranks..... well, the cafes were busy!.....

Chief "club" interest in the Sgt's Mess at present is the Moose Club, due no doubt to the "Dodgers" victory over the S.S.Q. "Wildcats".....

Speaking of clubs—they tell me the Corporal's Club will be known in future as the Corporal's BAR.....

Good wishes to our North River pioneers! Got your "bully-beef" stock in yet boys?.....

To all "Windsock" enthusiasts who wrote to me last month—thanks for the fan-mail. Keep it coming!.....