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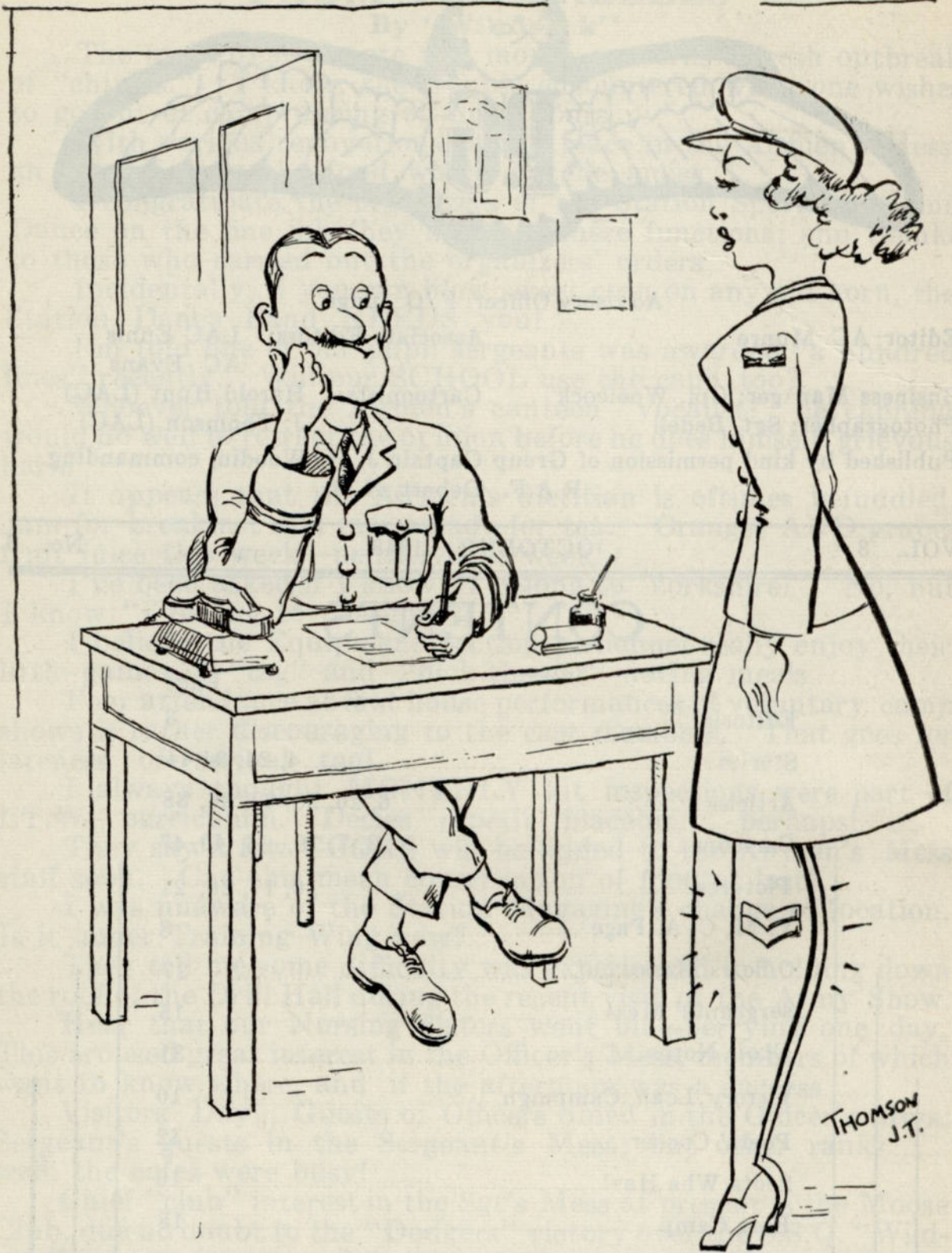
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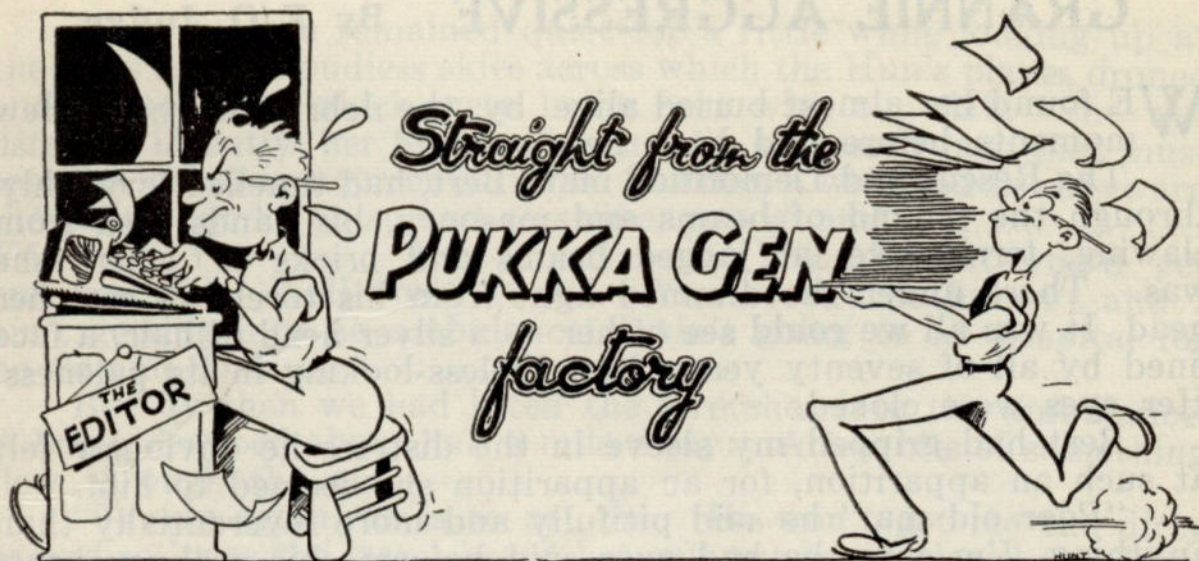
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BUT THEY DONT NOTICE THEM ON MY ARM !



Sports Day is over. As far as camp activity is concerned there seems to be a lull before the winter programme commences. Newspapers in England call this lull (which comes regularly once a year) "The Silly Season," because of the tripe they usually have to print in place of real news.

For "P. G." however, there is no "silly season." Debert has the reputation (from what we hear) of having one of the best Station magazines in Canada, so we must keep it that way.

We, on the staff have a comparatively easy job. We just have to pick out the best of what comes in each month, and there we are. It's up to you to make our job harder, by giving us more to choose from, and making it more difficult to say which is the best.

First of all let us anticipate the obvious criticism that we are late going to press! Don't worry, we know, but it's no easy task finding time (spare time at that) in which to collect, and sort out ready for publishing, all the many and varied contributions we receive.

This month there has been a positive deluge of "copy," much of it of a very high standard. We consider Kenneth Ewen's story "The Incredible Anton" to be one of the finest things of its kind that P. G. has so far printed.

Since "Speed the Victory" and "Buy War Bonds" are the slogans of the moment, the appeal in the present issue of P. G., introduced by a word from the Commanding Officer, is a timely one. We hope that there will be a ready response, and that the Station Victory Loan Committee will be able to announce, at the end of the drive, that Debert has raised its quota. It's up to you!

GRANNIE AGGRESSIVE By F/O Judge.

WE found her almost buried alive by the debris of what a few moments before had been her home.

The Rescue and Demolition man, Bert, had tunelled feverishly through the mound of beams and masonry, his hands torn from clawing, terrier-like, at jagged beams and bricks to where she was. There under the dimmed light from his torch we saw her head. It was all we could see of her — a silver head of hair, a face lined by all of seventy years, how lifeless-looking in its paleness. Her eyes were closed.

Bert had gripped my sleeve in the distress he obviously felt at such an apparition, for an apparition she seemed to him.

"Poor old ma," he said pitifully and more reverentially than anything, I'm sure, he had ever said before; his cockney heart was wrung by the appearance of the still head so incongruously propped up in that dark corner of devastation.

"Bert," I said, "She's alive! Come on, let's get her out." Her eyes had opened momentarily and we tore the wreckage from around her. Bert all the while talking to her "Alright, Ma; Alright, Ma. We've got 'er. Alright Ma! The First Aid bloke's ere wif me. We'll get yar aht."

We did. We laid her on a thickly blanketed stretcher and satisfied that she had no broken bones wrapped her up to take to the waiting ambulance.

We had moved only a foot when she spoke. Taking her wizened arms out from under the blankets she struggled to sit up.

"Take it easy, Grannie," I said to her as sympathetically as I could. It was patent she was agitated, and would very soon be more so.

"Take nothing easy. Never taken nothin' easy in all my born days and I ain't starting now. Get me off this. Get me off, this I tell yer."

There was no mistaking her instruction to us. They were as imperative as any I've ever heard but so, too are first aid rules and shock at her age would not be all good for her.

"We want to get you out first, grannie," I assured her stalling for time. It was a case of anything to pacify her, to keep her quiet at all costs, but it had the opposite effect.

"Get me out did you say?" I'll have you know I've walked in and out of this house for near seventy years and I'm going to now, so....."

"I'm sure of that, Granny, but there's no room to walk now" I interrupted and in spite of her vigorous annoyance we got her out on the stretcher to the road beside the waiting ambulance. It had been an exit from her home that was all against her grain, against the will and spirit of her.

However, she remained quiet for a little while looking up at the stars in the cloudless skies across which the Hun's planes droned and droned and which were being rent with our flak. She was listening intently, her features a study in suppressed rage that must soon be loosed in a torrent. It was. Shaking a wrinkled fist skyward she called out "You so and so swine, you so and so's..... You..... You..... You....., You thought you'd get me, you did. Well you haven't. You so and so haven't and I ain't getting into no ambulance! I ain't going to no hospital for no So-and-So Hun....."

But by then we had lifted the stretcher into the ambulance. A bomb dropped about half a mile away. A few bits of something flew through the air.

"Trying again, he is to get me. He won't get me the dirty so-and-so" was the last I heard her call out as we closed the doors and the ambulance drove off.

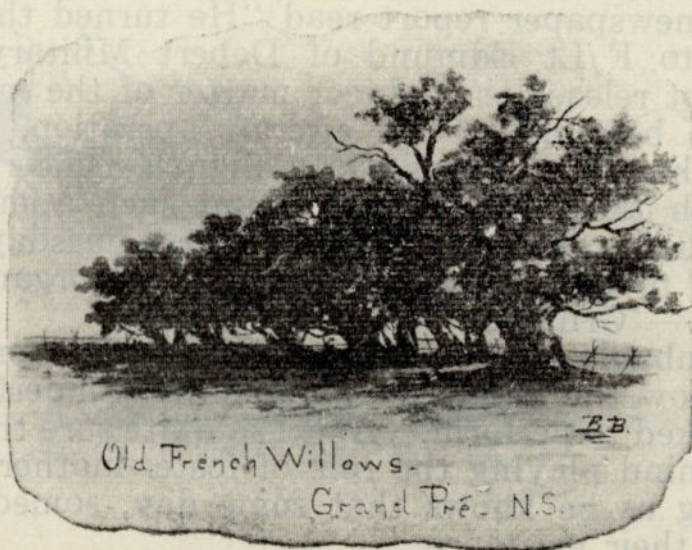
"She can't 'arf swear," said Bert, for her choice profanity is necessarily not mentioned here, nor can it easily be imagined.

Some weeks later I saw her again. It was a Sunday during a daylight raid. Jettisoned or "indiscrimately dropped" bombs had fallen at the lunch hour. Grannie, staying with friends not far from her old home had had her Sunday mid-day meal interrupted by the bombs and with others now watched the parachute descent of a Hun who had baled out, his Ju. 88 shot down in flames.

Our Medical Officer and I watched, Too. We listened to Grannie as she stood there, in the center of the crowd — this time armed — armed with a carving knife from the Sunday table, ready to deal with the Hun should he 'hit the deck' anywhere near her.

She was sadly disappointed that he didn't for she had expressed very decided views as to what she would do with him.

And as the M. O. remarked to me "her knowledge of anatomy is amazing."



Old French Willows.
Grand Pré. N.S.

"BIRDS IN UNIFORM" by F/Sgt Allison. (Signals)

TOWARDS the end of May last, work was commenced on a small structure beside the photographic section and, at the time, speculation was rife as to what it would eventually resolve itself into. But before many weeks had passed the building was completed and when the last coat of paint had been applied the pigeon loft, for such it was, was ready to receive its feathered dwellers.

Cpl. Gammon and L. A. C. Whelpdale, both very keen pigeon fanciers, then arrived to take charge of the first batch of pigeons which we received from Dartmouth. These consisted of forty young birds and twenty old ones, the latter being used for breeding purposes only as they would be too hard to break to a loft and would most likely return to their former home. By the 30th July all the young birds had been broken to the loft and very soon they were all on the wing and flying around the camp.

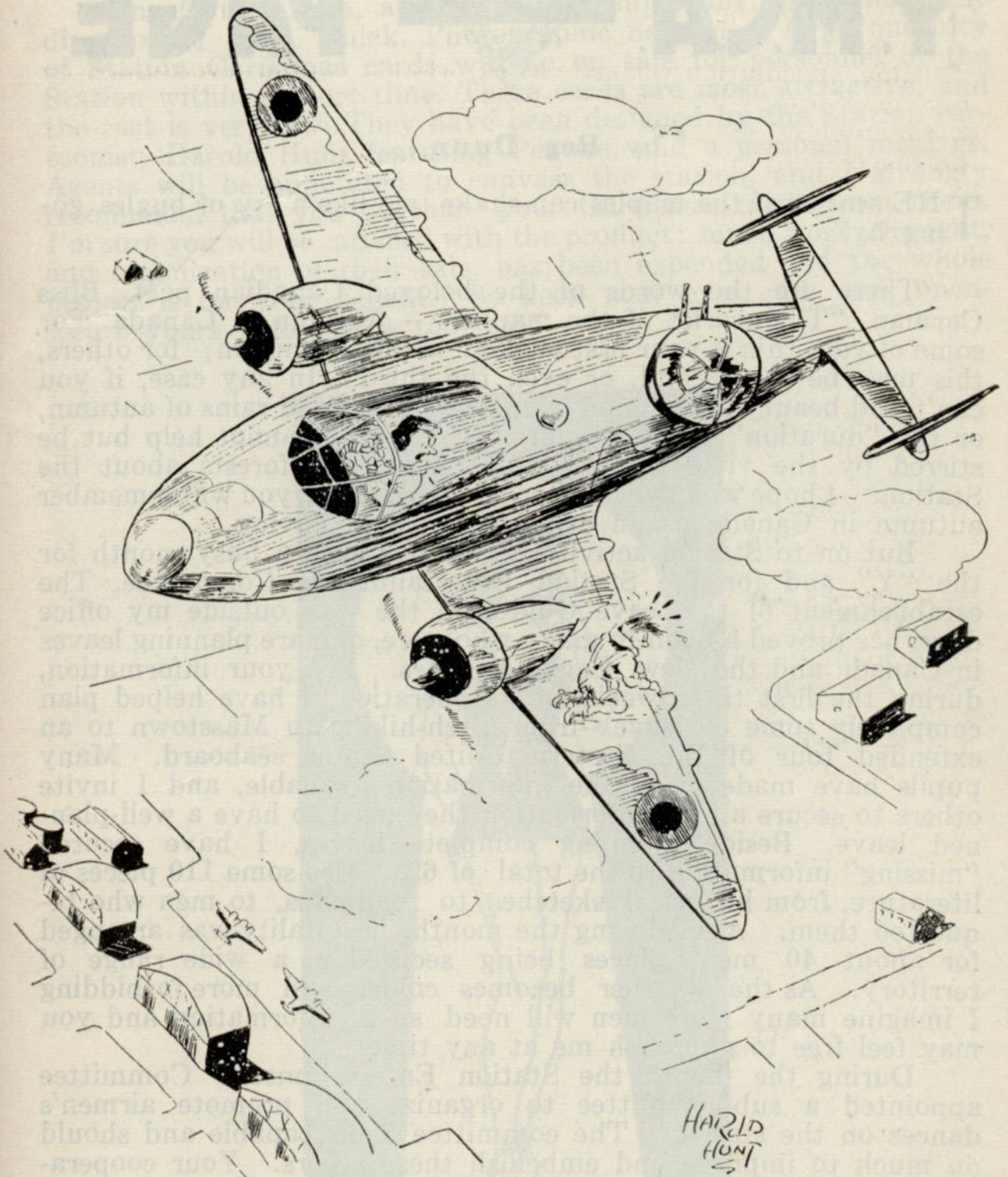
Training was started on the five mile radius on August 16th with ten tosses, five group and five single. On August 31st the distance was increased to ten miles with the birds having twelve tosses, six group and six single. September 16th saw the distance being increased to twenty miles and by the 28th of the same month tosses were taking place from a radius of forty miles from the camp.

All these tosses consist of a group toss and a single toss from each point and in all directions of the compass, and will be gradually lengthened until the pigeons can find their way home from great distances. Air crew instruction is being started immediately and as soon as the birds have reached the hundred mile radius they will be ready for operational patrol work.

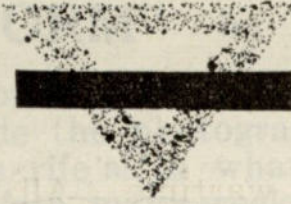
By this time you will already have noticed that they have made their debut in D. R. O.'s and their arrivals, departures and casualties are signalled with great fidelity. We have had a few casualties but fortunately not too many. One of these crept into the news last month when the leg of a pigeon, to which was attached a message cartridge containing a message in code, was found in Windsor. The newspaper report read "He turned the leg and the message over to F/Lt Edmund of Debert Military Camp. The latter would not release the subject matter of the message but he said it had no bearing on any aircraft operation."

A few nights later I was Duty Signals Officer and in rummaging through the filing cabinet found such a message which, when I decoded, read:— "North River.-Tuesday.-For Pete's sake tell Coull to take his finger out and get organised on some rations for us — Grindon."

It was probably just someone getting some practice in but it tended to show the immense value of the wonderful work these birds will be asked to perform. And I'm quite sure that the Signals Officer won't mind playing the role of foster-mother to our kit of pigeons as long as he knows that some day, someone may have cause to bless their existence.



When I said, "Lower the flaps, Ponsonby," I meant use the lever provided by the manufacturer.

Y.M.C.A.**PAGE**by **Reg Dunn**

THE scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry of bugles going by”.

These are the words of the beloved Canadian poet, Bliss Carman. “The scarlet of the maples” -- Autumn in Canada. For some of you, this is your first autumn in our Dominion; for others, this may be the second, or even the third. In any case, if you can't find beauty in the mud of spring, or the cold rains of autumn, or the “duration” snow of winter, surely you cannot help but be stirred by the vivid colours which cloak the forests about the Station. I hope when you return to your homes, you will remember autumn in Canada as an experience worth having.

But on to Station activities; this has been a busy month for the “Y” and for the Station Entertainments Committee. The establishment of the Leave Guide, on the wall outside my office door, has proved a boon to many who were, and are planning leaves in Canada and the New England States. For your information, during the first three weeks of its operation, I have helped plan completely some 50 leaves--from hitch-hiking to Masstown to an extended tour of the Eastern United States seaboard. Many pupils have made use of the information available, and I invite others to secure all the information they need to have a well-planned leave. Beside planning complete leaves, I have secured “missing” information to the total of 62. Also some 110 pieces of literature, from historical sketches to roadmaps, to men who requested them. Also, during the month, hospitality was arranged for about 40 men, places being secured in a wide range of territory. As the weather becomes colder and more forbidding I imagine many more men will need such information and you may feel free to approach me at any time.

During the month the Station Entertainments' Committee appointed a sub-committee to organize and promote airmen's dances on the station. The committee looks capable and should do much to improve and embellish these affairs. Your cooperation and aid along the way will be greatly appreciated by the new committee.

During the winter many variety programmes, such as Novelty Nights, will be planned. Features of these will be Amateur Talent programmes, Quiz programmes, and Bingo. May I suggest that anyone who would like, at any time, to enter the Amateur Talent programmes please leave your name with me? We would

like to fit you into them. Also, we wish to run team competitions in Quizzes--so any sections who can muster up teams of three men may be able to carry off many team prizes this coming winter.

One further item, and this is an important one: Under the direction of F/Lt. Quick, Photographic Section, a large quantity of Station Christmas cards will be on sale for personnel of the Station within a short time. These cards are most attractive, and the cost is very low. They have been designed by the Station cartoonist, Harold Hunt featuring Peewee, and a personal message. Agents will be appointed to canvass the station, and I strongly recommend that you purchase your Christmas cards from them. I'm sure you will be satisfied with the product; much work, thought, and organization of their sale, has been expended and the whole project is for your benefit. So keep your eyes and ears open--secure yours before it is too late.



"House Detective? There's a peeping-Tom at my door."

C. O. BUYS FIRST VICTORY BOND

Group Captain J. H. Woodin, our commanding officer, buys the first bond in the Fifth Victory Loan Campaign from the station campaign chairman, Flight Lieutenant M. Goldberg, while Nursing Sisters S. E. Johnson and M. J. Horbay look on in approval.

A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

TH E Fifth Victory Loan Campaign opens on October eighteenth and carries through to November sixth. It is my earnest desire that all personnel on this unit subscribe to their utmost, and thus ensure that this station once again goes over the top and so maintains the splendid reputation gained in the Fourth Victory Loan drive.

Group Captain J. H. WOODIN

THE FIFTH VICTORY LOAN CAMPAIGN

Beginning on 18th of October, the Canadian Government is launching its 5th Victory Loan campaign with an objective of \$1,-200,000,000. This can only be raised by the full support of every Canadian both in the armed services and in civilian occupations.

Apart entirely from the patriotic side of the appeal, the savings aspect should be understood by all and particularly by those who are going overseas. If you leave your money in the bank, then the bank will invest it for you, collecting 3% interest on the investment and paying you only 1%. **BUT IF YOU PUT YOUR SAVINGS INTO BONDS YOU WILL RECEIVE THE FULL 3%.**

From the serviceman's point of view, the main deterrent against buying Victory Bonds is the belief that he cannot get ready cash when he wants it. But this belief is absolutely wrong. Bonds are just as liquid as money in the bank, and can be cashed at any time on very short notice.

Royal Air Force personnel are reminded that they may also subscribe to this Victory Loan, and by so doing not only help the war effort but also help themselves to save. Upon notification of your return to the U. K. your bonds can be readily converted into cash.

Bonds can be purchased either by direct cash sale or by installment subscription through regular pay assignments.

You are being asked to contribute to the Fifth Victory Loan. Full particulars can be obtained by contacting any member of the Station Victory Loan Committee or your section Organizer.

Station Victory Loan Committee

F/L M. Goldbert,
Chairman.

F/L R. A. J. Murison F/L J. E. Forbes

F/O R. I. Blake

W/O J. E. Duprey Cpl. W. H. Adam

SPEED THE VICTORY

...—V...—V...—V...—V...—V...—

POETS' CORNER



SEA FEVER

by J. D. Bright.

I believe there are few — in fact its a 'cert,
 That none, who ever were sent to Debert,
 I refer of course to the Camp, not the village,
 (To which those who suffer a bit from the 'hump',
 Are prone to refer as a terrible dump.)
 There are few I believe as I mentioned before,
 (Repetition I know is quite apt to bore.)
 From the lowliest 'erks' who empty the bins,
 Or run round with overalls up to their chins,
 Shouting 'Brakes Off!' - 'Put George On!' and waving steel spanners,
 Industrious very, if lacking in manners;
 Quite oily and dirty, not very refined,
 Different indeed from the elegant kind,
 To be found in H. Q., (Headquarters to you.)
 Who boast of their civvy street jobs, and rich Aunts,
 And always go round with a crease in their pants.
 Their hair nicely parted, as though they had started
 To go to a party, which never came off.
 In short — each of them thinks he's a regular 'toff'.
 To the highest of Officers, namely 'His Nibs',
 Whom only a Duke dare poke in the ribs,
 For a joke, and say, "Come on, have a "coke"!",
 Or slap on the back, with a "Howdy, Old chap"!,
 An august personage, with a hat of gold braid,
 Which rests on the top of a sapient head,
 A head which disposes, directs, and controls,
 The actions and efforts of 'numbers' of souls,
 (To be more precise, would be very unwise,
 And apt to prolong, dear old Adolf's demise.)

Thus you see I have gone, from extreme to extreme,
 And all clever readers have noticed I ween,
 That there's nary a word of the folks in between.
 'Twixt bottom and top there's the deuce of a lot,
 Of Corporals and Sergeants, and Heaven knows what,
 Not forgetting that ultra important homo,
 (This in Latin means 'man' as you very well know
 And to get it to scan, you must lengthen the 'O')
 I refer to his Highness the S. W. O.

And quite a lot more — F. O's in galore,
 Observers and Pilots, and 'WAGS' by the score,
 Cooks, Batmen, and Padre, and S. L. Admin.,
 Some tall and some short, some fat and some thin,
 To mention but some of the folks in between,
 Who altogether make up this 'RAFF' realm,
 From the lowliest 'erk' to the man at the helm.
 And now to get down to the theme of my song,
 Which by now has become uncomfortably long,
 I believe there are few — in fact its a 'cert
 That none who ever were sent to Debert,
 I refer of course to the Camp — not the village,
 (To which those who suffer a bit from the 'hump',
 Are prone to refer as a terrible dump.)
 But have sighed or have cried with a tremulous throat,
 At sometime or other 'Roll on The Boat'.
 Now this does not mean that the fat and the lean
 And the tall and the short, or the elegant sort
 That inhabit H. Q; (Headquarters to you!)
 Are always downhearted, and made to feel blue,
 When sent to Debert for a year, perhaps two;
 This impression would not be remotely true.
 For there's no finer Station, or better food ration
 (T'would be stretching a point 'though to say that the latter,
 Is what scientists call "indestructable matter")
 Throughout the length and breadth of the nation
 And there's nothing much wrong with th' administration.
 'Tis strange to be sure, and the reason obscure
 But it may be that each one who moans for the boat,
 Has his own special reason for wanting to float,
 Which has nothing to do with flapjacks and molasses
 Or the mystic contortion and twisting that passes
 For dancing; in this hemisphere — 'though tis clear
 There are many who find the aforementioned queer,
 And would much sooner spend a good night "on the beer."
 (But the beer should have age—and think 'twould be sage
 To entomb it as some of the connoisseurs do
 To give it some flavour and body and hue.)
 And now let me finish without more ado.

With me you'll agree (and this is P. G.)
 No matter how much we may like Canadie
 'Twould be nice to walk in on our own familiee
 And just say "Hello"! and "How have you been"?
 And that is the "raison d'etre" I ween,
 Why it is there are few — in fact it's a "cert"
 That none who ever were sent to Debert
 But have sighed or have cried with a tremulous throat
 At some time or other — "Roll on the Boat!"

BLOOD

by Fred Austin,

My brother erks, here's news that's good,
 A half-day for a pint of blood,
 It's painless, transportation free,
 No ill-effects as you will see
 I know for only yesterday
 A bunch of us gave blood away,
 The need for blood is real and great
 Your pint will help to save a mate,
 A mate who's wounded, weak, in pain,
 Who needs new strength to fight again.
 Each Wednesday afternoon at two
 There's transport leaving S. H. Q.,

And to the clinic off we ride,
 Arriving, take a seat inside,
 They take your temperature and mine,
 It must be under ninety-nine,
 The first time mine was slightly more.
 It stood at ninety-nine point four,
 Perhaps because the day was hot,
 Or could it be, no surely not
 That nurse, the slender, shapely blonde
 Could be, of blondes I'm rather fond,

I wonder now, at any rate
 I had to sit around and wait
 Until my system stopped its tricks
 And cooled to ninety-eight point six.
 Now, chum, we're ready to be bled,
 We full-length upon a bed,
 Some people like this part the best
 I must say I enjoyed the rest,

A tourniquet is set in place,
 A prick, the blood begins to race
 Through needle, rubber tubing and
 Into the bottle close at hand
 Helped on by squeezing, as your told,
 Upon the rubber ball you hold.
 Ere you can say "Jack Robinson"
 The needle's out, the job is done,
 A dressing covers up the spot,
 You lie awhile upon the cot
 Then up you jump, go through a door
 To find a nice surprise in store,

A Red Cross nurse will act as host,
 Will serve you tea and buttered toast,
 Make sure you're good and hungry men
 This really is the pukka gen.
 At least you're satisfied, and so
 You say goodbye, it's time to go,
 Oh! just a moment, one thing more,
 You get a book which keeps the score,
 For visits three, you, I believe
 A bronze medallion receive,

For six pints, three more visits there
 A Silver one is yours to wear,
 Some folks, I understand, have been
 As many times as twelve, thirteen,
 They haven't felt the loss a bit
 Today they're just as strong and fit,
 Their motto casts aside all doubt,
 "What you won't miss, they die without"

SERGEANTS MESS NOTES—by Nosilla

IT was a severe winter's night in 1980 but to the eager children grouped round the cosy fireside the cold held no terrors. They waited tense and excited for their old grandfather to speak.

"And what story shall I tell you to-night?" said old Johann Sebastian.

"Oh grandpa" said little Mary "tell us of the time, way back. when you caught the German spy at Debert and saved the R. A. F."

Famous words uttered by the S. W. O. on the Saturday morning following the Minors' dance. "Who's been sleeping in my bed?"

Rocky's smile was so fascinating and infectious that I just had to ask him the reason for it. "Check, check" he chuckled "After being in the Mess for over two years they've decided to make me a regular member." And when he waved the little blue card under my nose I chuckled with him.

At the present rate of exchange of rough coats for smooth jackets I expect to be the only F/Sgt in captivity round about January.

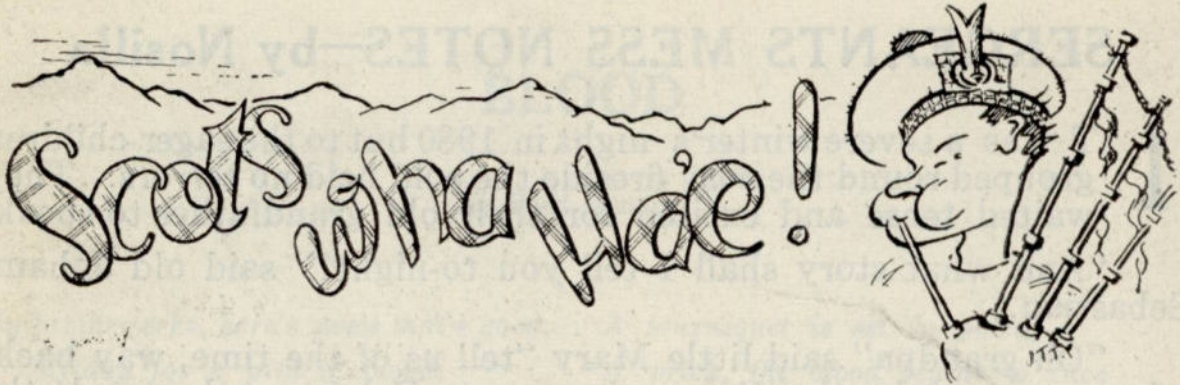
Our best congratulations to Jock Ballantyne and to the former Miss Elaine Pearson of Truro who made an honest man of him. May their future life be one of happy wedded bliss and may all their troubles be little ones.

Congratulations are also in order for other two members of the Mess. First to Sgt. Battersby on the happy occasion of being awarded his first good conduct badge and secondly to the brilliant young navigator, who, with only the stars and a broken compass to help him took two days to get back from Portapique.

Back in Scotland whiskey is worthily known as Aqua Vitae (Water of Life). Somewhere in Canada there's a place where they sometimes scrub round the 'Vitae'.

Poor Eddy lit a match, some chump shouted 'FIRE' and before he could say "Airborne INT Go" the contents of approximately twenty fire extinguishers were swishing round his bunk. At least that was the gen I got but one of these days the true story will be told.

Did you hear about the sweet young lady in the cute backless evening gown who tried to cut someone's tie at the last dance? Well our young hero naturally resented this and in the good-natured struggle that took place one of his hands accidentally touched one of her shoulder-straps and it slipped off her shoulder. Consternation was pictured in every face but she averted a major disaster by clutching madly with both hands and thus saved the situation.



WE - the Scottish members of P. G. have finally wilted under the veritable barrage of requests which have assailed us in the past few months. Here you see the result of our labours "Scots Wha Hae". From October onwards, this will be our title for the Scottish Page. The policy? To let the folks at home ken what's going on out here. *In our own way.* We also want to show you yins a few of the things that are happening in dear old Scotland. That is, *we* will if you co-operate. Any time you get a paper from home, send it in to P. G. so that we can print any outstanding events that may appear in it. Better still, if you know any gen yourself, lets have it and we will be only too pleased to print it A' the best.

Jimmy Carabine was in great glee about being picked for the British Army team to tour Ireland. He is the only Scot (sabotage) in the side. Said Jimmy - "Ye canna help playing well wi' fellos like Cullis and Mercer. They make it easy."

We proudly print this extract from the Sunday Post - "I've been in Scotland for 11 months and the Scots to my mind are the nicest and bravest people I've met — Signed English WAAF." Thanks ma bonnie wee lassie.

Alan Breck, on the Football Equipment Crisis, says that 176 clothing coupons are needed for a complete team. Just imagine the Old Firm lining up on New Year's Day stripped to the buff just because somebody lost the coupons.

Within a period of three weeks Rothesay Food Office issued 14,000 emergency cards. Some lucky people managed to get "doon the watter" this year.

On Sunday 15th August a minor revolution in Glasgow's tram services took effect. The long-distance routes — including the 26 miles from Elderslie to Airdrie routes — were cut out. No cars will now turn from Argyle Street into Jamaica Street or Oswald Street and vice versa. The old familiar red-painted sign-posts have also disappeared and in their place are brightly-painted green



Here is a group of 'G'laswegians' pictured before the omnipresent Hudson.

standards with a bold black letter "T" for tram. But don't worry, they didn't shift the Unbrella at Bridgeton Cross.

We were very disappointed that more Glaswegians were unable to turn up for the group photograph in this issue but if they can manage it, we would like to include them in the photograph of "The Rest of Scotland" we hope to publish in next month's number.

All we want now is for some Sassenach or Welshman to open up a national page for themselves and then we can have a good-natured verbal Battle of Bannockburn, the outcome of which, we are sure, will be the same as that of the old one of 1314.

Best regards and wishes from "Oor Wullie" and "The Broons"

Yours Aye
IAN.

SCOTS WHA HAE!

IT is called the Thistle Club. To many Scotsmen and Englishmen it is more than a name. To lads in the Royal Navy the Merchant Marine and our own R. A. F. it is more than just a place to go. A simple name maybe, but it is a simple club. I'll tell you where it is. Before I do however, let me warn you not to expect a second Waldorf Astoria or anything like that. Don't expect a flashy or elaborate nightclub with an expensive cover charge. If you do, you will be rather disappointed.

Situated in a church hall in West 96th St. off Central Park, New York City and not receiving the publicity it should, the Thistle Club is not universally known.

This does not lessen it in the eyes of those fortunates who have been there. Personally speaking, I enjoyed myself more thoroughly inside it's walls than I did in more loftier places of amusement.

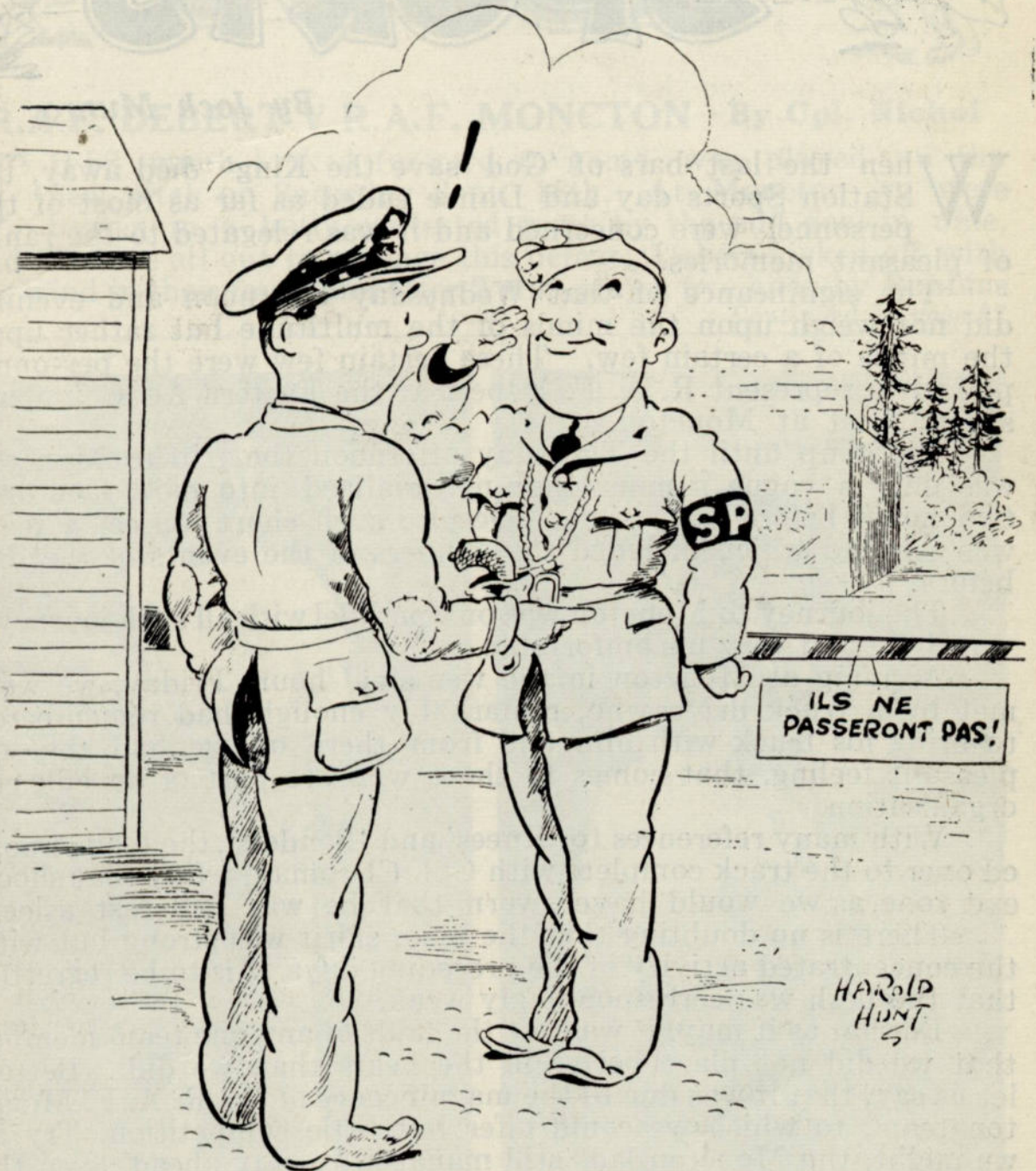
Mr. MacLean, the Scots-American president of the club, aided by his Canadian wife (fae Antigonish) and big Jock Owen are doing a truly magnificent job at entertaining lads from the other side. Take my tip boys. Visit the Thistle Club and recapture a taste of good old Scottish hospitality. Most of the very numerous and many beautiful hostesses are of British descent, so you can rely on their dancing to be par excellence. Remember now, next time you are in new York make a point of going to **THE THISTLE CLUB.**

FROM THE CAMP OF THE RISING SUN

DECIDING at long last that something should be done, the East Camp lads got together last month and elected an Entertainments Committee. The idea is that, with the approach of Winter we are going to need bags of amusement without having to trudge through a blizzard for half a mile to get it. Already there is evidence that things are moving in the entertainment world. A Darts match was held recently between East and West Camps (when the Orientals came out on top), and it is proposed to start an inter-hut darts league. The same can be done with table tennis.

Other projects mentioned at the meeting were a debating society, a dramatic society, gymnasium equipment, frequent section dances, and --- a washing machine. The last mentioned item was brought up apparently because F/Lt Collins was present at the meeting, and the bloke who proposed it thought it was a golden opportunity to bring the matter up. He had the grace to mention that it had nothing to do with entertainment.....

With the League apparently as much in the bag as the Cup, Repair "A" football team got a shock the other week when they were defeated by Training Wing 2-0. We wonder what the score would have been if Chapman and Kenny had been playing for Training Wing!



HAROLD
HUNT
S

It's a famous saying, Sir. Means you can't get out of camp without a pass.



SPORTS

By Jock Munro

When the last bars of 'God save the King' died away, the Station Sports day and Dance ended as far as most of the personnel were concerned and it was relegated to the ranks of pleasant memories.

The significance of that Wednesday afternoon and evening did not weigh upon the minds of the multitude but rather upon the minds of a certain few. These certain few were the personnel picked to represent R. A. F. Debert at the Eastern Air Command sports meet at Moncton.

Right up until the Thursday afternoon the trip to Moncton was only a vague rumour that materialized into hard fact only two hours before train time. Despite such short notice, a team was selected which included the winners of the events of the day before.

The journey to Moncton was on a parallel with all such journeys, very long and very uncomfortable.

Arriving at Moncton in the wee sma' hours Friday, we were met by a truck driver who, remarkably enough, had remembered to bring his truck with him and from there on we had the, oh pleasant feeling, that comes to those who are part of an efficient organisation.

With many references to 'Knees' and 'Benders', the team trooped over to the track complete with Cpl. Chapman, a fact that shook everyone, as we would have sworn that he was still fast asleep.

There is no doubting that the team spirit was strong but with the concentrated activity of the preceding days, it is to be regretted that the flesh was correspondingly weak.

Be that as it may, it was not the fault of any one team member that we did not place better in the heats than we did. Better, let us say, that it was due to the magnificence of the R. A. F. Moncton team, to which we could offer but little competition. Try as we might, the Moncton lads still managed to stay ahead, even the valiant efforts of such speedsters as Cpl. Evans, Chapman and F/Sgt. Bell met with a hotly contested second place.

Despite our losses and the lack of any official interest in the fate of our team before, during and after the meet, everyone enjoyed the outing. Most of the lads were a trifle disappointed that they had been too tired and stiff to give of their very best but we found some consolation in the fact that F/O Tisdale and L. A. C. Jeffries were picked to appear at Halifax against the Army and Navy.



GOSSIP



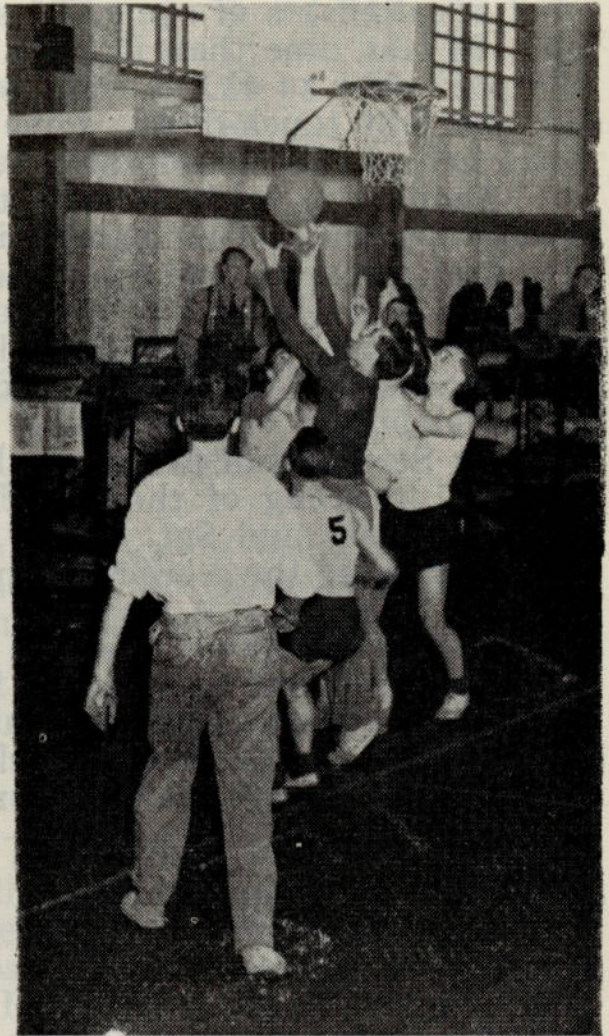
R.A.F. DEBERT V R.A.F. MONCTON—By Cpl. Nichol

THIS much looked forward to game, was played on the new pitch on Saturday Sept. 18th. At Moncton we were beaten in a hotly contested game by the odd goal in nine, and we were all out to revenge this defeat: Debert kicked off with the wind in their favor, and after 2 min. play, a free kick by Robbins

Continued on page 37



LAC Jeffery with the cup he won in a six mile road race at Dartmouth Natal Day celebrations; his time for the race was 33 minutes 25 seconds. He hopes to enter the Boston Marathon next April.



No! Not compulsory "P. T." but a basketball action picture. Now's the time to get busy training, chaps; the winter activities will soon be in full swing, with Basket Ball well to the fore.

RUGBY

R.A.F. Debert vs St. Francis Xavier University.

RESULT: St. F.X.U. 3 tries 2 goals—19 pts. R.A.F. 0.

IN years to come the forwards who took part in the game against St. F. X. University at Antigonish will talk shudderingly of vast numbers of set scrums in which their much out-weighted pack strove against the machine-like precision of the opponents. The Canadian custom of taking scrums for line-outs may have much to commend it from a tactical point of view but it certainly brings no joy to the tired, not-quite-up-to-scratch R.A.F. forward. Woe to the unconditioned, wce!

In the face of a strong sun, 20 m.p.h. wind and the co-ordinated vocal efforts of some 600 spectators the R.A.F. team kicked off. In less time than it takes for me to type it the ball was in the possession of F.X.'s right winger and he had crossed the line for the first touch-down; some doubt as to the marking of the pitch helped him considerably but it was a nice movement anyway.

About four minutes later they had crossed again, in no uncertain fashion. The manner in which the ball travelled across the field between the six or seven backs who sprang up from nowhere had the R.A.F. side a trifle bewildered.

After that, things settled down a little and from a welter of impressions the following stand out. Scrums. Incredible speed of development of play when the ball reached the home side's backs. Scrums—and the gradual wilting of R.A.F. forwards. The excellent tackling of the R.A.F. backs, in particular P/O Ades, F/Sgt. Brooks and Sgt. Sulsh. It was chiefly the work of these that prevented the score reaching astronomical figures. Scrums—and the sagging R.A.F. pack. Minor injuries, bringing blessed relief whilst the game was held up. The way in which the wind dropped almost as soon as we had changed over.

One fact emerges triumphant from the game. In the return match at home the R.A.F. pack must be heavier, re-conditioned, and definite loose-forward play must cover that of St. F. X.

STATION FOOTBALL LEAGUE (SEPT. 26TH)

	P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Ag.	Pts.
Repair "A"	13	11	1	1	50	10	23
Training Wing	14	11	3	0	53	20	22
Electricians	15	10	3	2	46	25	22
Repair "B"	14	10	3	1	47	20	21
Airmen's Mess	13	8	2	3	46	26	19
No. 2 Squadron	13	8	3	2	39	20	18
Officer's Mess	14	7	4	3	34	21	17
S.S.Q. and Armoury	15	8	6	1	35	30	17
No. 3 Squadron	14	5	6	3	31	33	13
Signals and S.Ps.	12	6	6	0	19	21	12
Instruments	14	6	8	0	23	43	12
Maintenance Signals	15	4	8	3	24	34	11
No. 1 Squadron	12	2	6	4	19	33	8
Motor Transport	14	3	11	0	16	29	6
Target Towing	12	1	10	1	13	44	3
Equipment	11	0	10	1	12	79	1

DEBERT V GREENWOOD AT GREENWOOD

GREENWOOD 2 DEBERT 2.

Debert's Station team were unlucky to draw against the unbeaten Greenwood side when they visited Greenwood on Saturday, Sept. 11th, as they were leading with just one minute to go.

Starting with the sun behind them, Debert was soon attacking strongly, and a movement by Milne and Bland resulted in a goal from the latter. For the rest of the first half, Debert had most of the play, but no further goals were scored.

Greenwood picked up in the second half, and for some time they pressed strongly. Eventually Pascow equalised for them. Spurred on to further efforts, Debert took the ball down into their opponents' hall, and play was fast and furious. As a result of Halston's (Greenwood) handling, Debert was given a penalty and Ferris made no mistake about it, giving the visitors the lead once more.

A minute before time, Ferris handled the ball when there seemed to be no need for it, and McLelland equalised from the penalty. It was a good game with Debert being rather the better team.

THE COMPLEAT RADIO FAN —by John Ennis

“STATION X. Y. Z. A. B.”

Pause.

“Good evening everybdy. Tonight we bring to the microphone the winner of our nation-wide contest in which we sought to find the Number One radio fan. The winner of the contest was Mr. Horatio Numb, and he is here in the studio now. Mr. Numb---take a bow!”

“Howdy folks—er, I mean Good evening ever’body.”

“Very nice Mr Numb. Now tell me Mr. Numb, what is your favourite radio programme?”

“Well, I guess I like ’em all.”

“Of course, of course, but, well, music for instance. What kind of music do you like best?”

“All kinds, I guess. Depends.”

“Depends on what, Mr. Numb?”

“Time.”

“Time?”

“Yeah. Time o’th’day.”

“Would you be a little more explicit, Mr. Numb?”

“Well, take that there classical music. I like that between a quarter to two and two o’clock.”

“Oh, the musical programme”

“Yeah. An’, at ten after nine, I like to hear an organ, somehow.”

“Ah, Richard Fry.”

“Sure, Richard Fry. Then dance music. I like to hear dance music most all through the day, but mostly at two o’clock.”

“You refer here to ‘Off the Record’ I suppose.”

“Guess that’s right Mister. Then after supper, at seven o’clock, I just love ta hear Western style music, you know, Don Messer, Hank.....”

“Yes, of course, bu’.....”

“An’, an’ then I reckon I sure do like to hear the boys give out at a quarter after seven--the Swing Session, ya know.”

“Er, yes, quite Mr. Numb. Now.....”

“Do I ever cut a rug in the Swing Session.....”

“Quite, but.....”

“Do I ever.”

“I’m sure you do Mr. Numb, but.....”

“You can say that again.”

“Now Mr. Numb, we haven’t much time left. Is there anything else you would like to tell listeners about your listening experiences.?”

“Well, thar’s one thing that worried me quite a lot. Broke up the family it did. Never could quite settle the matter.”

“Really Mr. Numb. And what was that?”

“Well, when you listen to the radio all day as I do, it gets kinda confusin’ at times. Ya see, at a quarter after one a guy with

a soapy voice comes on and says if ya want to get your clothes all white, why then you should use Rinso. An' then right after him a guy with a voice full of sunshine comes on and says a piece as how if ya *really* want your clothes clean an' lookin' just like new, why then you should use nothing but Sunlight, a Lever product. But we got it all worked out now."

"You have, Well, I'm very pleased Mr. Numb."

"Yeah. We only use beautiful Ivory Snow now. That's since we moved, o' course."

"Moved, Mr. Numb? And where, may I ask, are you living now?"

"The Tumbleville Mental Institution."

"Station X. Y. Z. A. B."



Coming in on the beam.

A NICE CUPPATEA

ALL our separate billets have their own customs and peculiarities.

For instance, I heard of one erk who, for some reason which has nothing to do with this story, was moved to the abode of the Cooks and Butchers for one night. He tells me he was glad it was for one night only.

He was somewhat disgruntled, when, at something after midnight, he was awakened with a loud: "Wakey-wakey, tea up."

The well meaning night cook standing by his bed with a large urn of tea no doubt imagined himself as a cross between Florence Nightingale and Carnegie. But to the A.C., shaken from his first spot of dreamless, the said cook (or, perhaps, butcher) was a menace, and he (the would-be slumberer) told him so in no uncertain tones. Tore him quite a strip off, he did.

This hurt the bearer of beverages visibly, and the A.C. hastily groped the deck beneath his bunk for his mug and swallowed a mouthful of the said tea, the appeased chef going on his way with stentorian "Wakey, wakies."

The erk was only dimly aware of all this, but he seems to remember that fellow-sleepers awoke promptly, and with something like glee sucked in their share of the fluid, after which, in a matter of seconds, they were all snoring like the clappers again.

The arms of Morpheus had no sooner caressed our tired airman, than he became dimly aware of the white-clad spectre once more by his bedside, complete with the same urn from Mr. Walduck's grill, but a new method of approach. This geni from the galley (perhaps cook, maybe butcher) merely shook his victim awake and stood with outstretched arm, awaiting the erks cup, with a somewhat "give—or else" attitude. So A.C. Plonk gave, and sipped.

Probably half an hour later (it seemed so many seconds to the victim) yet another thing was beside him, with a most jovial manner.

"Wakey wakey you lucky people. Tea up. Made with my own beeyoctiful hands. It's sheer nectar you fellows. Fresh milk and bags of sugar."

Once more A.C. Plonk got up on his elbow and partook.

The caterer for the next "Session" merely shook the slumberer and rudely ordered him to take his finger out.

Our young friend took a poor view of all this, but became so used to the ceremony that he almost came to expect it 'ere dawn broke, but he says that he would not go back to 1B for love nor money. It is his opinion, however, that a cook or a butcher would not think it natural unless he was roused on at least six occasions for a tea session.

Personally our victim goes to bed to sleep.

R. R. S.



THERE is general regret that local army changes will see the departure of our friends Les Fusiliers Mont Royal. The evenings spent together in their mess and ours have been replete with good things. A bientot, messieurs, a bientot. The first instalment of victory celebration in the ante-room came with the exit of the Italians and humbly, very humbly begging the Prime Minister's pardon it may be said of that evening's "do" that seldom was so much done by so many with so little damage to so few.

In fact the only visible damage was a large assortment of variegated bruises (most of them visible only in the ablutions) proof that a hardwood floor has indeed been accurately so described. The evening solved one of those mysterious terms equipment types use for I now know how anything is "reduced to produce" — to be exact, how a pillow, feather, becomes a case, pillow.

The evening has caused me furiously to speculate on the desirability or otherwise of being in mess the night the Hun and Jap "sign-off", my kit being now deficient of shirts one, singlets one, pants one pair. On second thoughts, though, it occurs to me that kit won't be needed (I hope!) once Jerry calls it a day and the Rising Sun has set. Speed the day!

Of the other highlights there are to record — the departure of S/Ldrs Womersley and Cooper well and truly speeded on their way to U. K. — the promotion of S/Ldr Lindley to Wing Commander and his election to P. M. C. — F/Lt Mc Neill has got his half ring — Tommy Tucker two whole ones for a half one which is fair enough in any man's language.

SCOTLAND FOREVER—Strictly Anonymous

THE Scots are a proud race. Their love of country is a deep and devout one. To them, no other country exists on this earth so beautiful, so full of legend; no other country's history could boast such heroes as theirs; theirs is the sweetest music in the world, the wild, soul stirring, skirl of the pipes. A regiment of Scotsmen marching down Princes Street, kilts swinging, and eyes flashing, would indeed stir anyone, be he Scots, English, Welsh, Irish, or German, though the latter have been many times stirred in rather a different way; not for nothing were the Scots christened "The Ladies from Hell"

Contrary to popular belief, a belief started by some misguided humourist, the Scots are not, in any way, mean; thrifty perhaps, but not mean. A Scot would give you his last sixpence if you needed it more than he did; but if a Scot were to conduct an audit on his personal net assets, and a sixpence could not be satisfactorily accounted for, you would see a very worried Scot. And were you later to observe a sudden delighted change in his demeanour, you could be certain that the riddle of the missing "tanner" had been irrevocably solved. Therein lies the difference and thriftiness, after all, is a virtue.

I had the good fortune once to be stationed in Glasgow, on a wireless course. I was billeted in Stow college, N. Frederick St. just off George Square. No doubt the place will be familiar to a lot of you "Glaswegians". Never in my life, have I met such hospitality; the Glasgow people are generous to the point of embarrassment. I came to know the people very well. It was there, that I learned that I was a Sassenach; I had my first encounter with the Haggis, on Burns Night. Surprisingly enough, I enjoyed this heretofore mysterious delicacy. I remember the sauce was exceptionally good, it being 75% Johnny Walker. I had great difficulty at first, learning the language, such phrases as "Up the Steer", "Awa Hame", "Jilly Piece", mystified, and intrigued me. I heard heated arguments for, and against, Home Rule, though happily advocates for home rule are few and far between.

It was in Glasgow that I escaped being "malacoutred" by inches. We were in a pub when one of my friends a little under the weather, burst into a rendition of "There'll Always Be An England". It incurred the displeasure of a number of gentlemen also well advanced in a state of inebriation. They walked over, and perceiving an air of determination about our friends, (which bade us no good) I burst forth with "Annie Laurie" and urged my friend to harmonise. Luckily he did, "Annie Laurie", bless her, and a few Och Ayes saved the situation, and peace reigned. In fact, considering the relative physique of our friends, a major catastrophe was averted.

One amusing incident I'll always remember, It occurred late one Saturday night. I was returning from Anniesland, on the train,

after enjoying a visit with some friends. As some of you will know it is possible to travel anywhere in Glasgow on a tram, as far as you like, for the meagre sum of one penny. This is a concession, exclusive of course to service people. I was on the top deck in the little "cubby hole" above the driver, enjoying a "Capstan Full Strength" when one conductress approached me for my penny, unfortunately, I hadn't a thing smaller than a pound note. Now on many occasions when travelling on trams, the conductors and conductresses have not bothered to take even the lowly penny from a service man. I proffered my solitary "quid" with profuse apologies, and expected to hear, "Och! that's a'richt laddie", but no, what did smite my ears was, "Och! it's nae bother at 'a, I'll change it", She proceeded to change it, and I found myself mutely accepting 19 shillings and elevenpence, in coinage of the realm of no smaller denomination than a sixpence. It was her turn to apologise, which she did very graciously.

Yes, my stay in Glasgow was an education. I learned many things about Scotland and the Scottish people and many false conceptions were corrected. I found that many of the difference that exist between Scotland and England are fully justifiable ones, and should be set right. Though they are for the most part petty differences, they are of the greatest significance to the Scot. I was greatly impressed by the readiness of the average Scot to oppose an Englishman in any sort of argument even though in actual fact the Scot shared the Englishman's view, be it politics, religion, or football.

The Scot has one great joy; to plague a Sassenach, with accounts of performances of his compatriots in battle, in football, and in politics. We hear that the famous 8th Army consists of the 51st Highland division and one or two Englishmen; that the leading English soccer teams owe their billiance to the number of Scotsmen playing for English clubs. Of course the British Navy is Clyde built, and so on and so forth. The war goes on. Of course I realise that all this is merely good natured banter, and I have many times been the object of it; and I've enjoyed it, being fully capable of standing up for my country with good effect.

Quite a problem arises when you try to convince a Scot that when we refer to "English Mail" we mean Scottish mail, Welsh mail, and Irish mail as well, and that when we proudly announce that we have acquired an English blue from the stores that we don't necessarily mean to imply, that we belong to the "English Air Force". I might point out, that I have on numerous occasions heard Scotsmen, commit this very crime. Heard them actually refer to English, this, and English that, and I have seized such opportunities with relish. Many's the Scot I have seen squirm, but never once have I heard an open admission that they are just as guilty of this understatement, as we are.

I will close with a few words of warning to those whose knowledge of the Scot and his ways it yet limited. *Never* under any cir-

sumstances, refer to him as being "Scotch", you cannot mix him with soda, or ice and Canada Dry, and drink him. He'll resent it if you try. *Never* ask him if Scotland is a county in England; You are courting an early demise, if you do. *Never* ask what a Haggis is. You'll be made a fool of. Every Scot has a yarn ready for any such gullible victims; a yarn about a 12 bore, plenty of ammunition, and moonlit night. They'll tell you that Haggis stalking is one of the principle sports in Scotland, so take warning.

I shall now make every endeavour to be posted. After this "literary" outburst, my staying within a hundred miles of this station is definitely inadvisable.

W. D.'s

ONE day when strolling through the mess a poster caught my eye

It really stopped me dead I guess, in letters inches high
 It asked how many extra days of leave could I use now,
 My eyes I just could not believe, could I use leave and how,
 But where's the catch, I read some more, my brain began to whirl
 It said I get a day's leave for each unsuspecting girl
 That I induce to join the force, become a female erk,
 To free a man to fly of course, by taking on his work.
 Now actually I do not care to work with girls in blue,
 When things go wrong how could we swear and bind the way we do,
 We'd have to learn to count to ten our shattered nerves to salve,
 And all have to be gentlemen without an outlet valve,
 Our boots each day we'd have to clean, with overalls, passé,
 With girls around you must be seen in best blue every day,
 Although I really must admit if we should have a dance
 They'd swell the female ranks a bit, give every erk a chance
 To execute his spins and whirls, not have to tag all night,
 We could have used a few more girls on Wednesday last all right.
 But then, one point I quite forget, and not a bitter pill,
 We have no girls at Debert yet, most likely never will,
 That's right, boy am I ever dumb, I chuckled up my sleeve,
 Recruiting business here I come, my mind is set on leave,
 If I get seven, for each a day, add on a forty-eight,
 To New York I can make my way, there I've a heavy date,
 But first, before I taste the fruits of leave as my reward
 I must acquire those seven recruits, the fact can't be ignored.
 So gaily I went to a dance and each time on the floor,
 I tried to give a girl the chance to get right in the war,
 Some fell for this recruiting stuff, some were in fact quite keen
 'Til boy-friends made the going tough oh boy were those guys mean,
 The selfish brutes wished to retain their girl-friends safe at home
 In fact they made it very plain t'was time for me to roam,
 And so it was each time I tried a W. D. to get,
 Too soon I had to run and hide, my land, I'm shaking yet,
 My hopes of leave fast disappear, my ways I'll have to mend,
 Right now I live in constant fear of an untimely end,
 To try again is tempting fate, these guys are adamant,
 I guess my date will have to wait until the Xmas grant.

CHOIR NOTES—George Graves

ANYONE dropping in at choir practices nowadays can immediately sense an atmosphere of urgency. From the stern conductor to the latest nervous recruit, there is a striving to make the most of all the available time for practice. Tenors can be seen standing on tip-toe to reach top "A", while rumbling basses are going way down in search of bottom "D" after the manner of "Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep".!

The boys are striving manfully to master several new songs, which, together with the old favourites will (we hope) comprise an interesting repertoire. Having tackled a new piece entitled "Up with the Jolly Roger, boys" in which there are many references to the "Spanish Main" and "Bold Buccaneers", the boys are fast acquiring a piratical air to fit the words! If any of them are seen about camp with a black patch over one eye and guns and cutlasses in their belts, it can be set down to the influence of this song!

Turning to recent engagements, the choir had successful Sunday visits to Stewiacke, Onslow and Bass River. In each case there was a large congregation to hear the boys, and every one appeared to enjoy the services, including the members of the choir.

At Bass River, the Minister complimented us on our "Good Neighbour" policy, but I think we ourselves benefited as much from the visit as did his congregation; we consider ourselves well repaid by the hospitality and friendship shown us. All three engagements—Stewiacke, Onslow and Bass River—were very friendly affairs indeed, and added considerably to our store of happy memories of Canadian hospitality.

Incidentally, we are still open to receive new members, preferably with some musical knowledge. There must be many such on the camp. Why not come along and lend a hand?

Squadron Leader A. F. C and Flying Officer D. F. C. having some business to transact listed a local office together. In the course of the conversation, a Civilian endeavouring to take a friendly interest in service matters, came forth; looking at the F/O's blue and white ribbon he said "I see you have some service stripes why are yours blue and the other gentlemen's red?"

The F/O somewhat embarrassed, and in no mood to go into a explanation, as it was time to hit the "Greasy Spoon" for dinner, came back, "Why, the colour refers to our blood group in case we are wounded."

FROM A PIN TO AN ELEPHANT

I expect most of you recall the big London store whose rather sweeping offer has been taken as the title of this article. It started as a very small store, which by the energy and willingness of its proprietors gradually extended its scope until there was scarcely an object of merchandise which could not either be obtained immediately from its many miles of packed shelf space, or if the object desired was of such an exotic or unusual nature that a shelf was hardly the place for it (*e.g.* a giraffe or a steam yacht) then the purchaser would be requested to call back in a few hours time when all would be arranged and he could view the intended purchase at length and at leisure.

All the above may seem a far cry from the Station Welfare Committee. Actually there is an almost complete parallel. The committee was called into being to provide some centralised mechanism for assisting the wives and families of repatriated personnel to obtain sea passages Home, with the minimum of delay. As new instructions were issued, so the Committee altered its plans and advised those affected. Gradually however its original objects began to be overlooked by would-be "customers." The term "Welfare" conjured up thoughts of an old fashioned Christmas with a jovial Santa Claus, complete with succulent looking gifts and a sleigh loaded with all sorts of rationed goods. At least that is the conclusion reached by the members of the committee, based on the various requests it has received.

Thus we have received urgent telephone calls commencing with the words "My cheque hasn't arrived." A few questions disclose the fact that the cheque is not due for several days, the caller has heard that other people have got theirs early so why not make a call on the long suffering Secretary? Again there have been numerous calls and visits relative to the obtaining of an ordinary common or garden passport, despite the fact that all the Committee knew on the subject was based on common sense, a certain amount of travel on the Continent before the War, and of course the instructions set out in the little white booklet with the ponderous title "Passages and Financial Arrangements for those wives of R.A.F. Personnel who proceeded from the U. K. to Canada and who have to remain in Canada after the return of their husbands to the U. K." The latter booklet was issued to all living out personnel, known to the Committee. Judging from various remarks made by the wives however, it would seem that little or no effort has been made by the husbands concerned to acquaint their spouses with its contents or even of its existence. There is nothing secret in the booklet, its object being to enable the families of personnel expecting repatriation to learn just how they could arrange for their passages Home. So please find your copy, straighten out the creases and give it to your wife:

Just recently we have had a spate of enquiries regarding accommodation! In vain we have pointed out that we are not a house

agency and that we see no reason for undertaking the duplication of the present excellent I.O.D.E. organisation in Truro. The caller merely scowls, mutters "Welfare huh" and departs with an injured expression. We have been asked to arrange storage of baggage, the labelling of trunks, the quotation of insurance rates and the exact time a variety of rival travel systems take crossing the Atlantic. In the majority of cases our inability to assist has been taken as proof positive of our inefficiency; rather a nasty pill this for an entirely voluntary organisation, the members of which all have full time jobs.

So next time you are faced with a sudden need for information of such variegated subjects as:—accommodation, storage the cost of a driving licence in British Columbia or some similar, subject, do please stop as your hand creeps towards that telephone ask yourself "Why do I imagine that this is a fit subject for the Welfare Committee, why should they have any more knowledge than I, and am I quite sure that I have read my little white booklet with the amendments from "P. G.?" If you still think we can help you, go ahead and ring. We'll listen patiently and do our best. If on the other hand there comes an uneasy feeling in your mind that perhaps you're only ringing to "make sure" of some fact which is clearly set down in black and white, or "just because Mrs. So-and-so has got her cheque before me" or maybe just because you want to talk to someone; in any of those cases Sir or Madam (as they say in the best circular letters), please DON'T!

ENGAGEMENT

"P. G." has pleasure in announcing the engagement of Sgt. John Allansom of the Equipment Section, to Miss Ethel M. Oliver, of New Glasgow, N. S.

"Cause and Effect"

The Gremlin story which appeared in our last month's issue caused some misunderstanding.

The Editor wishes to make it quite clear that the story was taken and published as just another matter about gremlins with no reference whatsoever implied or inferred to any person on the unit. As such it appeared and any distortion of it to other purposes is to be deplored and regretted as none was ever intended.

MOVIE MELODRAMA—By Alan Watkin.

HOW long he had been sitting there trying to pluck up courage I couldn't rightly say. It must have been at least an hour though, for he had seen the picture half way through again.

But after all it isn't easy just to ask a question like that of a strange girl. One had to work up to it—but how? What would you do in the same circumstances—would you

But let me begin at the beginning.

It was around 9.30 p. m. when a shy, rather good-looking airman of tender years strolled casually into the foyer of the Capitol Cinema in Truro. Though he didn't care to admit it, he had a secret mania for Charles Boyer's films—what style with the women that guy had! Maybe if he watched the Romeo in action often enough he might be able to pick up a few hints in the "woman killing" line.

Paying his 45 cents, he was led to his seat by a cute usherette who chose for him a secluded seat in the middle of an almost empty row, and he settled down to watch his idol break a heart or two.

Open mouthed, he watched Joan Fontaine swoon at the very sight of Mr. Boyer—gee, what a man—Drat that usherette—she was flashing her torch along his row. What was this? A slight figure was moving towards him. Even in the half-light one couldn't miss the beauty that glowed from this heavenly creature. She was blonde, about 5 feet 4 inches tall and her face was lovely enough to make Lana Turner look to her laurels.

Can't be.....! Yes! She was sitting in the seat right beside him. Out of the corner of his eye he observed the perfection of her features—the blue of her eyes—the exquisite blonde hair.

Whether Charles Boyer had affected him he did not know, but he suddenly felt a wave of feeling sweep over him. Oh! how he wished he were not so shy!

The film dragged on, though he cared little for Boyer's amorous advances. All he could think of was how pretty she was.

Suddenly the picture was over; he half rose to go, and then it struck him—he turned round to her, but she remained in her seat. She must be staying to see it through again. He had to ask her before she left, so, settling back into his seat, he half turned to broach the subject.

His mouth opened but no sound came—how he wished he were not so nervous. Several times in the next hour he tried to speak, but each time he looked at that beautiful face his nerve failed him.

He looked at his watch—gee! how time flies—he had but a few minutes in which to catch his bus. It was now or never.

Drawing in a deep breath, he closed his eyes. A cold sweat stood out on his brow.

".....er.....excuse me, Miss.....er.....er..... Would you minder.....that is.....Could you.....well, I hope you won't be offended but.....er.....Y'.....y.....y.....you're sitting on my hat!!!

HOW TO GET THE FAMILY HOME ON THE "NEVER NEVER"

ONE of the things which first struck me on my arrival in Canada, apart, that is, from an outsize in cinders soon after we had left an "East Canadian port," was the amazing complexity and completeness of what at Home we used to call the "Hire Purchase System." You know what I mean, Dad's car, Bill's bike, Ma's vacuum cleaner and so on. The 'plain van' system of secrecy prevailed and the neighbours never knew whether our many possessions were due to our industry, a life of crime, or just a spot of luck on the football pools.

Out here it is very different. For one thing there is never any question about secrecy; if an expensive article is being purchased, cash seems to be the last thing expected of the purchaser. I remember out West, pulling out a roll of dollar bills to pay for a car. I would add that the roll wasn't very big, but then neither was the car. The salesman became suspicious at once, made a pretext to have a word with the manager, phoned up the station and seemed almost disappointed to find that I was really me. Yet to another chap at the same unit, it was quite a simple matter to obtain a much better horseless carriage, although his assets consisted of little more than some empty beer bottles and a reversionary interest in a Box Brownie without a film.

But it is not only on the familiar 'prime purchases' to quote the economist, that instalment buying is customary. Car repairs, repaint jobs, tyres (in the good old days), clothing both male and female, medical attention and even beauty treatments; all are obtainable on "time." At first I was a little mystified about the latter term. There was something sinister about it and I remembered a little jingle my old Uncle Fred taught me. He was rather like Popeye, at least he had very knobby knees and smoked a pipe. The jingle dwelt lovingly upon the fact that time was money, and that no matter how desirable the latter might appear to be, to get "time" for getting money was getting no place fast. However I soon learned that "time" and "HP." were more or less synonymous and the families who hadn't quite a number of possessions, or services for which they paid regular instalments, were few indeed.

Which brings us to AFRO. 1901/43. This order is dated 17th September, and I wonder how many of you have read it. It deals with the ever present question of getting the family on that pygmalian boat. Even the recent reduction in the ocean fare was insufficient to enable many airmen to pay cash for their families ocean passage home. For all such the Order is an absolute godsend. Here are the chief points:—

1. Fares home may be paid in instalments.
2. Such instalments must be commenced as from the publication of the order.

3. At least three instalments must have been paid by the time the airman is repatriated.

4. The following are the minimum instalments per month, which will enable the individual members of the family to qualify for an ocean passage:—

Adult.....	\$8.00	
Child 12 years and over.....	\$8.00	per month paid through Air-
5..... under 12	\$4.00	man's Pay Account.
1.....	\$2.00	

Where three or more instalments have been paid prior to the airman's repatriation, the family will qualify for passage home just as though the airman had been able to pay the fares in full. The difference still to be paid, will be reclaimed from the airman's pay account in the UK. I really do feel that this scheme is the solution to the whole problem of getting families Home and I hope that all personnel concerned will have visited the Pay Accounts Section and "Signed the pledge." Call your wife's attention to this article; it may cheer her up a lot!

R. A. F. DEBERT V R. A. F. MONCTON *Continued from page 21*

was neatly headed by Bland to open the score for Debert. The first half ended with Debert having had most of the play and rather unfortunate to be only one goal up.

The second half Moncton had the wind, and we expected Debert to see hard passes, but they played far better than in the first half. Pullum went through to shoot well, the goalkeeper just pushing the ball out and McKenzie crashed the ball in, but again the goalkeeper saved magnificently. From the corner kick Bland headed over. Ferris was injured and had to leave the field. Robbins sent McKenzie away and he cut in. The ball came off the goalkeeper and Bland made no mistake, to give Debert a well deserved lead, amid great excitement. There was no holding Chapman, and another grand shot was well saved. Lovely run across by Sloan, saw Ellsworth bring off a magnificent save. Chapman again went through, but his shot was again well saved. Ellsworth came into the picture, with another good save, and shortly afterward went full length to push the ball around post from the corner, which was easily cleared. Another run and shot by Chapman saw the ball strike the upright. Ellsworth had to run out to save a dangerous situation. Bland got through, only to shoot past the post. A nice pass by Bland to McKenzie, saw this player cross the ball to Chapman, who scored with the best goal of the match. Moncton tried hard to pull the game out of the fire in the last stages but Ellsworth brought off two fine saves, being injured in making one of them. So the game ended with Debert winning a fine game 3-1 and being worthy winners. Group Captain Woodin who had watched the whole of the game shook hands and congratulated both teams on their grand display. For Debert the whole team played well to a man, with Chapman and Ferris being outstanding.

There is prospect of a friendly match between these two teams. We are confident of the result.

Debert: Ellsworth, McIvor, Burnside, Brand, Ferris, Robbins, Chapman, Pullum, Bland, Milne and McKenzie.

THE GEN ON NORTH RIVER—By Grin

IN case you don't know, the latest offspring of our fair station is technically described as an M/F/D/F station. Actually its erection is not very technical at all and any good road gang consisting of four or five buck navvies would probably have beaten us to the draw. Since in my younger and happier days I was a D/F Wallah, I fell for the job of gang boss.

Our first proposition was the erection of four seventy foot steel masts and if you don't think that much steel tubular mast of about eight inches diameter is heavy you should try it before breakfast sometime. The things come in four sections and you have to assemble them in the correct position for hoisting complete with derrick—the latter consisting of about thirty feet of similar steel tube.

Here came our first setback. Having got everything ready to hoist the first mast we made the horrible discovery that we had laid it out in the wrong position. Nothing daunted, we collected a huge gang of all the spare bodies we could find on the station, ferried them up to our mountain retreat and man-handled the thing into its proper position. Then a heave-ho on the rope and tackle and up she went. At the same time the huge concrete block it rested on did the impossible and tipped over on one corner.

Now we really had a problem. Were we going to let our mast down again and wait while contractors came and re-laid our concrete? Certainly not. We had now seen the power of that famous engine, the pulley block and tackle, perhaps it could cope. So we roped our concrete block to another with the fascinating mechanism and were agreeably surprised to find we could right the thing without much trouble. So that night one mast stood in Lonely state on the hilltop—a menace to navigation since it wasn't lighted, but a definite measure of our success.

Needless to say we were very careful not to fall into the same pit again and the next two weeks saw a trio of our seventy footers up and lit. Reverently we laid out the last one and were horrified to find that we were short of stays to support it. The equipment came from over home and the possibility of our getting spares seemed very remote. Flap and panic were the order of the day till we discovered that our sister station at Greenwood had a spare they weren't going to use for some time. Eventually we obtained permission to borrow a set of stays from them pending replacements coming out from England. Once again after a weeks delay work was recommenced.

About this time we were beginning to get rather thin through our unaccustomed heavy manual labour and the dreary cookhouse sandwiches for our midday meal. Apparently they thought that working out in the open we would be able to eat anything, such would be the appetite we worked up. After a little binding in the right quarters we managed to get the situation improved, but we

still thought longingly of the mess and a good (?) hot meal whenever dinner time rolled around. Still we now had something to spur on our efforts. The sooner we finished the sooner would we sit down to a decent meal again.

Our masts up, the next item on the agenda was the burying of about five thousand feet of earth wires, cables, and feeders. Here our feelings were considerably relieved when we found that the digging was to be done by a contractor. Unfortunately the putting back of the dirt after the cables had been laid was, we learnt, left to us. I never saw so much dirt in my whole life before. Still determined and enthusiastic we approached works and bricks and after convincing them that we were not going to steal or sell them, they agreed to lend us some shovels, provided we could get a chit signed by enough superior authorities. This accomplished we set to with a will and followed a week of back breaking labour which gave us a better opinion of the men who did the digging.

Of course we had our lighter moments. It was one of the most outstanding qualifications of our crew that they all had a sense of humour. There was one wag—in both senses of the word—who caused quite a sensation by picking up the telephone when it rang one day and burbling into the ear of no less a personage than the chief signals Officer—“D/F Station, North River, M/F Department.” And the “M/F Dept.” we have called it ever since.

At last all our digging and pulling was over. There it stood a beautiful monument to our undying efforts. We installed the receiver and stood by to pass the first bearing. Horror upon horror. All the bearings we got were the same. Further investigation revealed that two of our carefully buried feeders were U/S. For half an hour we sat down and thought what might have been. Then with a sigh at the cruelty of fate we grasped our shovels once more firmly and determinedly and by dint of superhuman exertion which left us all on our knees we tore up those two trenches that same afternoon.

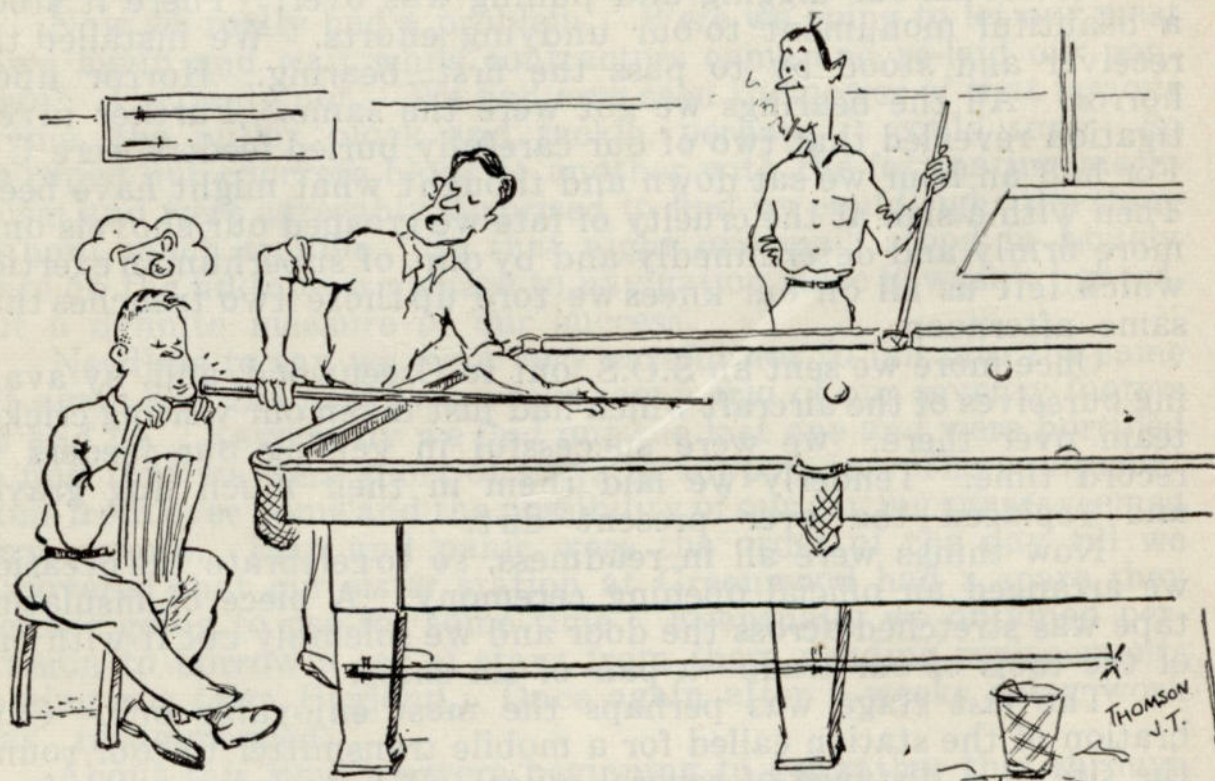
Once more we sent an S.O.S. out to Greenwood, and, by availing ourselves of the aircraft which had just taken our visiting cricket team over there, we were successful in getting our feeders in record time. Tenderly we laid them in their much dug graves and replaced the ever present dirt.

Now things were all in readiness, so to celebrate the occasion we arranged an official opening ceremony. A piece of insulating tape was stretched across the door and we solemnly cut it with one of the tools of our trade—a pair of tin snips.

The last stage was perhaps the most enjoyable one. Calibration of the station called for a mobile transmitter to tour round the site at a distance of several miles. We cajoled a truck from M.T. and fitted it up with radio. Then we went scrounging round the Nav Section and Ops Room and procured a compass, a map of the district and a pair of field glasses. Armed with these we proceeded to take that M.T. truck through places it had never gone before. Maybe you think Debert is out in the wilds, but believe

me it is a thriving metropolis compared with the countryside around North River. That we were not mauled by bears or massacred by wild Indians I can only ascribe to good luck. We went up everything marked on the map from what passes as a road in this part of the country to what has obviously never been anything else but a goat trail. We carried our cherished shovels with us and in the course of a days work we would get that truck bogged, dug out, and bogged again so many times it wasn't even funny. The bloke who had to clean it after us has my sympathy but I doubt not that he and I are now eternal enemies.

And now to end this sad tale, let me say that all is now in readiness for our valiant D/F crew to take over. All, that is, except the barrack furniture and stores they will need to carry on their lonely existence. Many times we have joked about them having to depend on supplies being dropped by parachute in the winter months. Now after sampling those hills we joke no longer. I regard it as a foregone conclusion that there will be a standing ration run to North River this winter. Not by the M.T. Section but by the gallant boys of Target Towing Flight.



Would you mind opening your mouth, chum?

IT'S SUNDAY---SO WHAT?—By O. P. Tymist

IT is Sunday! Rather it is Sunday morning. Not that the day of the week has any particular significance to members of the R.A.F. during wartime. All, or almost all the aspects reminiscent of peacetime week-end habits have long ago become pale shadows of memory.

Chronometer time has it as precisely 0852 hours A.D.T. The weather during the past twenty-four hours has encouraged aircraft operations, and consequently, I have been posted under the mocking eyes of a radio receiver throughout the long chill hours of darkness.

Now my ears are released from the ceaseless searching of static-laden ether for signals from roaming crews of fledglings. My mind is unfettered and ready to dwell on mundane things again. A little food and a lot of sleep are my only desires.

The white sheets are cool and comforting, the pillow soft I am ready to count a few sheep. I am drifting—quietly—soothingly, into the calm of blanket bay. Crash! Some blithering idiot has kicked a refuse receptacle. I'm awake. To left and right as far as I can comfortably see without lifting my head from the pillow there is industry. The twinkling of brass and flashes of flesh. Church parade fills the air.

Over on my right a brush is dropped and shining leather begins to cool. A table groans and protests its way along a path of wooden floor. There are sounds of chatter, floor sweeping and protested rights. They have gone at last.

I'm drifting again. Why must that fellow with the grimed features choose this hour to thump a mass of blue enamelled metal into the shape of a heating appliance? Why must the long-bodied one with the seraphic grin insist on having prolonged "jive sessions?" The noise continues. Gradually I persuade my troubled senses to drift in sympathy with the tumult.

Sleep is coming—coming—I'm adrift..... No, I'm not. It's church parade dismissed. Boot chases boot along the length of flooring. A tuneless whistle pierces a path through the barrage of compulsory church attendance denunciation. I give up and get up. I hadn't REALLY meant to sleep. That would have been the paragon of optimism!

WHAT A WAR!!

IN the fifteen days that Major-General Jimmy Doolittle and his boys fought in the skies above Tunisia their planes used up enough petrol to empty every tank in the Northeast Coastal Area for more than a month. The rate of petrol consumption for a day's operations totalled 1,100,000 gallons.

EYES

NOW have you thought what
life would be

Without a pair of eyes, to see,
The world a cheerless, dark, abyss
Chock full of happy sights you miss,
When wakened from your resting
place

The corporal's bright and cheerful face
You wouldn't see, you'd only hear
A voice say "Wakey wakey" near,
The way the erks throw sheets aside,
Stretch up, leap out, and don with
pride

Their uniforms, the way they do,
Would you like that cut off from view,
And can you fancy your distress
When visiting the Airmen's Mess,
As ever, in terrific haste,
To be confined to smell and taste,
For how could you enjoy the sight
Of luscious dishes, cooked just right,

A tasty kipper, juicy, brown,
And afterwards to wash it down
A bowl of custard, steaming hot
Encompassing an apricot.

Again, a pair of eyes you need
The daily D. R. O. to read,
To notice with a gleeful squeak
You're fire picquet for a week,
Or to note with great elation

Lists of names! inoculation,
There it is, Jones six five two,
At fourteen hundred, S. S. Q.,
And what about each Friday morn
With floors washed clean, each hut
re-born,

The windows shining, footwear too
Now doesn't that do things to you,
And 'Bones', complete with merry men
The Sanitary Squad, whose yen
In life to merely cut a caper
Emptying those bins of paper
'Til a waggonload they've got,
When off they go to burn the lot.
Just think, when walking down the
street

No shapely lags your gaze would meet,
Not one cute female form or face
To make your heart increase its pace,
Nor could you, wond'ring at a dance,
Watch jitterbugs so gaily prance,
Or see that favourite movie queen
Appearing on the silver screen.

From overseas returning home
Across three thousand miles of foam,
How tragic it would be for you
With England coming into view
And someone has to tell you so
For otherwise how would you know,
Just think this over, realize
It's good to have a pair of eyes.

PUBLISHED AS A SERVICE TO CANADIAN AND OTHER OFFICERS COMING OVERSEAS

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

Don't Worry About That Baggage Regulation

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

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

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

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

● YOU'LL NEED A FLASHLIGHT

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

THE INCREDIBLE ANTON—By Kenneth Ewen.

ANTON Fieldman was, through force of ill circumstance, an Airman of The Royal Air Force. He was also an artist in his own right. That is to say he possessed the contrariness, sensitiveness, vanity and fancy necessary for the interpretation of life into artistic form, whether it be literature, painting, music or the stage. But except for his daydreams and his constant crooning of lesser love lyrics, he never showed any serious inclination or aptitude to create, either by word or picture, works of art. Once, it is true, he was seen writing a letter, an inconsequential epistle two pages long, but he incorrectly addressed the envelope and six months later the letter was returned to him after having travelled half way round the world and back. His efforts to produce classic portraits were confined to copying and tracing girdle advertisements from one or other of his picturesque magazines — illustrated periodicals relating to the private lives of film stars — for those books and the blurbs attached to the funnies constituted the only literature he studied.

He was somewhat of an actor; his very existence was a masquerade, but his stage — the world — was so vast and the cast so colourful that he was lost in the back row of insignificance.

He was an artist without an art.

Nature had bestowed upon him two slight and fashionable gifts; the gift of seeing himself a noble and exalted soul, and the gift of wanting above everything else to be different from the rest of humanity. The pity of it was he had the enthusiasm, the imagination, to lift him to the throne of Gods, but he never learned to express his desires in a medium which attracted fame. And how he worshipped fame! Less ambitious men would have been satisfied with his achievement, for he did achieve the unenviable and grotesque distinction of being a character. His idiosyncrasies of behaviour, his tenacious refusal to become a mannered Airman, soon resulted in his becoming the bad boy of the Flight. This reputation was, however, useful, for whenever his wanton nature led him down the exciting bye-roads of unconventional activity, whenever he committed the numerous and milder crimes not considered conducive to the discipline demanded by his taskmaster, the service, he was more often than not reprimanded gently and admonished. Apparently those who ruled had realised that Anton was an incorrigible and hopeless case.

Anton wasn't popular, neither was he disliked. The boys who shared his mundane acts of sleeping, working and playing; they who formed the noisy and smelling portion of his sordid and communal world of barrack, crew and dining rooms, being so prosaic and futile themselves, could never see the humour, adventure and fantasy of being Anton. Except for two or three crazy souls lost like himself in an exquisite world of make-believe, he was often grossly misunderstood and abused. He was dogmatic in the extreme, dashing his ridiculous views against the unrelenting wall of commonsense and reason, the same as before the war he had driven his small car, wildly, urgently, along the iceswept roads of winter, carrying his mind away from the herd in a headlong dive against anything labelled safety. Yet, if people had taken the trouble to observe and analyse that which lay beneath the surface of his extravagant pose, they would have benefitted from his sadly beautiful generosity and his practical tolerance of his fellow men, however distorted they might be. For the sake of peace and quietness it was wise to keep your own theories and philosophies behind a curtain of vagueness, for his taunts and criticisms, never deliberately malicious and mostly widely divorced from the point, were as exasperating as a nagging wife.

II

The effect of his appearance in the crewroom after breakfast, always late and unhurried, was as startling as a woman in the billet. There was a fine peace about the first half-hour after breakfast; no motors shattered the damp stillness of the empty tarmac, no motors throbbed against the wide blue spaces of the sky, nor harsh scraping of hanger doors desecrated this half hour which belonged to the mechanics. The boys sat around smoking, talking, laughing; some, the early risers, awake and warm as the sun, played cards. Others, those

who crept by night to queer rendezvous' with love, lay on the floor in attitudes of exhaustion, sleepy and chill as the night they haunted. A blue fog of smoke hung over this morning prelude reaching out long and slim fingers which curled towards the half-open window and softly disappeared, writhing and formless into the morning air.

Into this atmosphere would appear Anton. Sometimes he climbed through the window; sometimes, creeping around dusty corners, dodging from wooden hanger support to friendly tail units of aircraft, by other intricate and obscure meanderings so as to avoid officious and stern eyes, he would arrive for work, unruffled and confident. Main entrances and conventional approaches he shunned like the plague. One could never be certain where he might be lurking. If there had been chimney stacks in the hanger he would most likely have gone in that way. He gave the impression that he must have been born too late and had spent his youthful days sneaking into life by backdoors and alleyways of forbidden experience. He would be missing one moment; then unannounced, unexpected, there he was. Miraculously there he was. The great, enigmatic Anton standing in the doorway of the crewroom, hat rolled and clutched in his left hand, knife, fork and spoon still food marked in his right hand, while his tin mug, tea spotted and stained dangled from the brass belt clip at his waist. The reason for his departure from the virtuous paths of human intercourse was obvious—and yellow. It was his hair. Dark and yellow like a handful of wet straw, it exceeded the official Air Force length by fully six inches. It swept from his high forehead like yellow seaweed on the crest of a wave, receding at the sides as though he were in the habit of running his hand over his forehead to his neck. It suggested a gesture of despair. How he had managed throughout his three and a half years in the service to keep it that length was a mystery. Many there were who swore to avenge his conceit by cutting off the superfluous locks that swept the floor as he lay sleeping on his bed. Like Samson his strength of convictions may have been in the confidence of his crowning glory, for once, and only once so far as anyone knew, did he lose his poise and stoicism. That was the time when the Sergeant of police marched him to the Barber's shop (known magnificently as the Tonsorial Emporium) and waited grimly while 'Charles the Barber (gleefully snipped three cherished inches from the hair at the back of Anton's head. Anton's spirit fled him. For two weeks he fussed and fretted like a woman preparing her trousseau. In his bedspace he set up a complicated system of mirrors that enabled him to watch the growth of each precious yellow strand. A hundred times a day he dashed to his mirrors, feverishly plucked at the short, untidy peices of hair left sticking out like stubble in a cornfield, muttering pathetically, "my God, oh my God, it's awful" During that two weeks he became a recluse; no amount of pleading, argument or reassurance, could move him from the camp. He would rather have been found dead than seen in public with a respectable haircut.

III

On the eve of his Aircrew posting Anton disappeared. He went out for a walk during the afternoon with his friend, ostensibly to bid au revoir to his few acquaintances in the little village near the camp. Donald Kaye, usually so verbose and emotional returned to the camp in the early hours of the following morning considerably subdued. In his dark, expressive eyes was a child's bewilderment. He spoke only to answer the pertinent questions of more persistent inquirers.

'I seen Anton, I tell you I seen him disappear, ' and his eyes grew larger and darker and immensely round.

The last call they made was at the white house which sat at the foot of a weather-scarred and wooded hill above the village. It was quite the highest ground for miles around. It remained in its isolation lonely and inviolate. It knew the burning winds of winter and the snow and sleet and rain and the fog which rolled inland from the Bay of Fundy obscuring its summit, so that the groundcrews on the Air Force camp whose hours of duty were largely ruled by the weather, always looked to the hill, judging cloud height and visibility, forecasting the prospects of a fine or wet day from its mood of the moment.

After the spring thaw when the snow had melted from the hill, and the long valley in which the village slept was pushing the winter's frost from its unproductive soil, the hill changed colour and became a friendly green.

The summer sun tanned the hill a dark brown and slow smouldering fires left dirty brown patches on its wooded slopes.

Like the hill Anton possessed a friendly and immobile solidity; like the hill Anton sometime held his head in the clouds; at other times his spirit shone in the strong daylight of reality, so that when he showed his wounds to the world, the world looked on with pitying understanding. Anton and the hill, both intensely human, possessed a certain affinity of spirit.

Impelled by an instinct as mysterious as the annual migration of the swallow, Anton took the road that led from the white house to the hill. He kept right on walking and urging his friend to step lively, 'when I walk I walk, and boy there's no stopping me.'

'Bloody marathon this', shouted Donald Kaye. Never enthusiastic about physical exercise he dragged behind, sadly complaining his reluctance to participate in an unnecessary test of endurance. Realising the impossibility of stopping Anton and not relishing the idea of a long and lonely walk back to camp, Kaye hurried to catch Anton.

Eventually they reached the top of the hill and sat down on a broken and charred stump of tree. The walk had been tiring, they had taken a long time. Soon the moon rose and the world below them, the village, the dreary distant camp buildings, the little rivers and lakes were transformed into a silver radiance by the moon's pale rays.

At first Anton was silent, and then he began to talk; and talking he recalled old and fantastic make-beliefs; he was in turn film star, director of stage plays, business magnate, diplomat, world traveller, musician, and presently rose to be President of the United States of America. After a while he stood up and recited his hopes and aspirations. Standing there in the moonlight Donald Kaye saw an incredibly tall and thin figure; he saw long and delicate fingers tracing wilful patterns in the thin air, extended, passionate arms conducting an invisible and great orchestra, and then the figure, all of it, started to dance. He felt the rhythm quivering in his own body. The leaves of the trees murmured, the ground under him heaved and panted in an impulsive effort to be free; the moonlight ran like quicksilver through the fine strands of hair of the dancing figure.

Anton was singing now, crazily, desperately he was singing to the worlds great lovers, the moon, the stars, the trees, little soldiers everywhere, little fathers, little mothers, little brothers and little sisters. He was singing for his supper. And he was singing for his freedom. He was singing for his last chance of the fame that had eluded him, for the last flight of fancy that would take him to his own little heaven where all dreams came true. Shortly his feet left the ground, one last mad twirl, one last mocking bow to the immense audience that had always remained unappreciative, and he left this earth forever.

'I tell you I seen him disappear', said Donald Kaye, adding quietly, 'he won't need to go Aircrew now'.

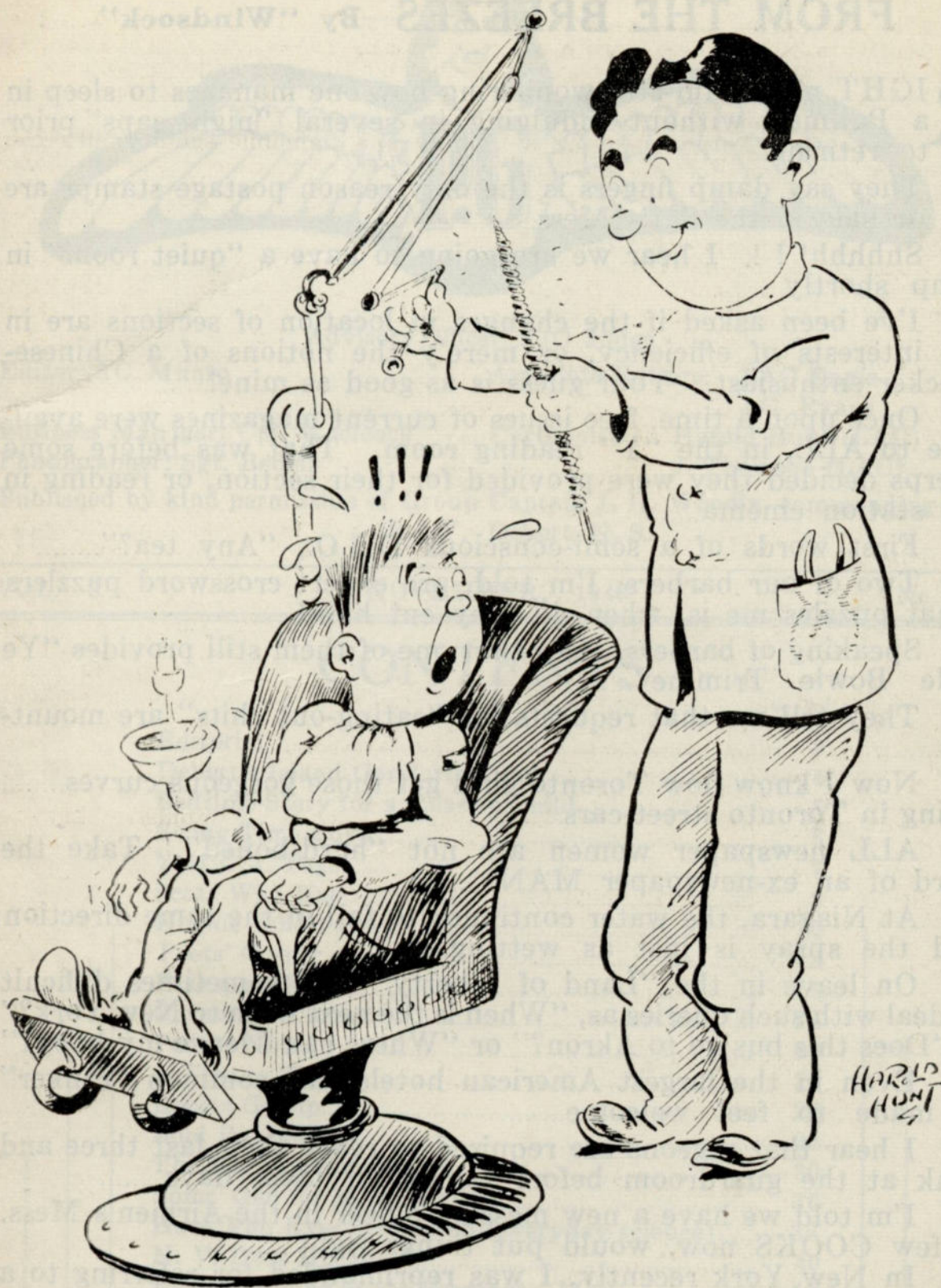
REPAIR SQUADRON ARMOURY

Who was the Armourer who after coming back from a 48, tried to screw a flash eliminator onto the backplate of a Browning gun?

Graves moves in the East. Its amazing. Who said? "We shall all fight with our backs to "Wall"

Has the sergeant got a Victory Garden at Amherst? Confidentially. He loves radishes.

Why do they call a certain Armourer Jettison?



Nasty cavity you have there, Peewee!

FROM THE BREEZES—By "Windsock"

RIGHT now I am still wondering how one manages to sleep in a Pullman without indulging in several "night-caps" prior to retiring.....

They say damp fingers is the only reason postage stamps are not on sale in the Sgt's Mess.....

Shhhhh!!! I hear we are going to have a "quiet room" in camp shortly

I've been asked if the changes in location of sections are in the interests of efficiency, or merely the notions of a Chinese-checker enthusiast. Your guess is as good as mine!.....

Once upon a time, free issues of current magazines were available to ALL, in the "Y" reading room. That was before some twerps decided they were provided for their section, or reading in the station cinema.....

First words of a semi-conscious D.S.O., "Any tea?".....

Two of our barbers, I'm told, are expert crossword puzzlers. What puzzles me is, when do they cut hair?.....

Speaking of barbers, I see that one of them still provides "Ye Olde Bowle Trimme".....

They tell me that requests for "eating-out chits" are mounting.....

Now I know how Toronto girls get those gorgeous curves..... riding in Toronto street-cars.....

ALL newspaper women are not "hard-boiled". Take the word of an ex-newspaper MAN.....

At Niagara, the water continues to fall in the same direction and the spray is just as wetting.....

On leave in the "Land of Liberty" it is sometimes difficult to deal with such queries as, "When is the next train to New York?" —"Does this bus go to Akron?" or "Where can I leave my baby?"

Even in the largest American hotels, the common "ranker" is made to feel welcome.....

I hear that pigeons are required to reave their last three and rank at the guardroom before taking off these days.....

I'm told we have a new messing officer in the Airmen's Mess. A few COOKS now, would put things right.....

In New York recently, I was reprimanded for referring to a Brooklynite as a typical New Yorker. Like calling a Cockney a typical Londoner.....

They say our new dietitian is showing grave concern over the diet of the S.P.'s. Less tea drinkng, I believe, is the outcome.....

WANTED — A remedy for those back-to-campblues!.....