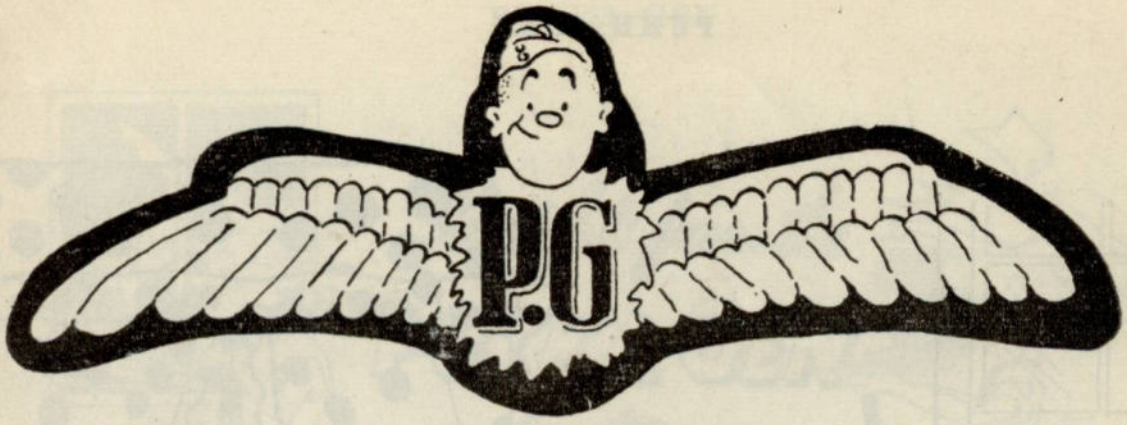

Advisory Officer: F/O Judge

Editor: AC. Munro

Associate Editors: LAC Ennis
AC Evans

Business Manager: Cpl. Woolcock

Cartoonists: Harold Hunt (LAC)
J. Thomson (LAC)

Photographer: Sgt. Bedell

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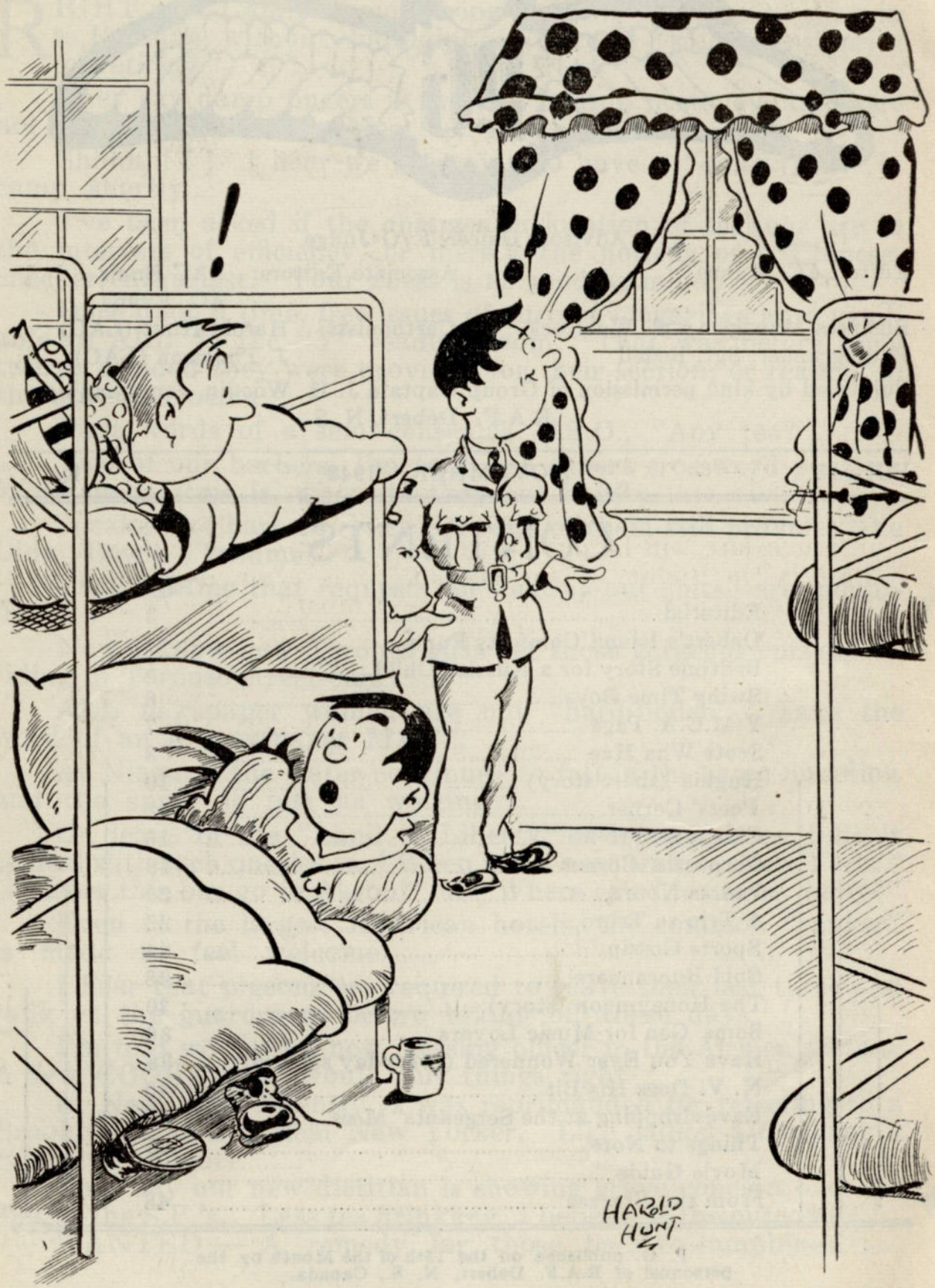
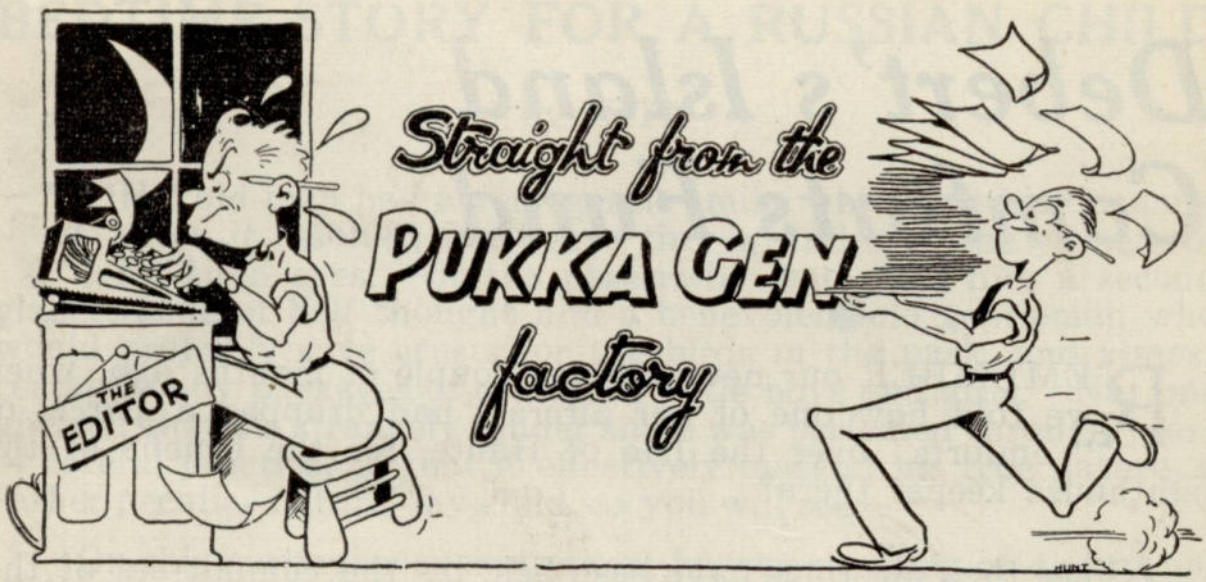


"He's been like that ever since he came back from leave."



With the approach of Xmas and the New Year, most of us are already preparing for a spot of leave in Canada or when possible, the U.S.A. Not so the staff of P.G. This month's issue, although late will be out on time for you to send a copy home to the folks in Blighty. Our Special Xmas Number, however, will not be on sale until the 20th of next month. One of the reasons why we can't visit the girl friend in Montreal or Toronto.

December's mag. will be the biggest yet seen at Debert. Sixty four pages of real pukka gen. Our cartoonists are in fine fettle and with some Xmassy stories from writers like Ken Ewen F/O Judge, William Porrit and Co. we can promise you something for your ten cents.

You probably haven't noticed it, but this is the anniversary of our friend Windsock's Page—From The Breezes. Like wine, this page improves with age. Another well established figure on the magazine is Harold Hunt who has served it for over two years. It won't be long now before the two afore-mentioned airmen are claimed by the boat, P.G. would like to show it's appreciation by thanking them through the channels of this page. They have both proved invaluable by helping to keep the old mag. afloat before the present staff arrived.

A new featurd appears on page 38. It was originated by two erks from East Camp, both authorities on scientific subjects. Don't let this scare you. Fundamentally this article, (the first of a series), is intended to clear up a few simple matters which come into everyday life, but which cannot be explained by the average airman. We hope you like it. We do.

Debert's Island Comforts Fund

●

REMEMBER our news story a couple of months ago, when we told how one of our aircraft had dropped a parcel of "comforts" over the Isle of Haute, for the benefit of the lighthouse keeper there?

Since then meetings have been held by the committees of the three Messes—the Officers' Mess, the Sergeants' Mess, and the P. S. I. (for the Airmen's Mess), and it has been decided to "adopt" one island each. The Officers' Mess has adopted the original Isle of Haute, the Sergeants' Mess has adopted Bird Rock Island, and the Airmen will be responsible for Sable Island. Each of these islands has a lighthouse keeper who has difficulty during the greater part of the year in contacting the mainland.

The idea is to deliver a parcel by air to each island once a month, and the respective messes will stand the cost of the parcels.

Known as the "Graveyard of the Atlantic," Sable Island is inhabited by about 40 people, including the lighthouse keeper and his family. There is a map obtainable which shows the position of all known wrecks since about 1880. We have seen the map, but we had neither the time nor the energy to count them. It is long and narrow in shape, and is situated off the bottom tip of Nova Scotia, about 100 miles out to sea.

Nature Note: The story goes that Sable island was approached, many years ago, by a French battleship, which was carrying a number of horses. The ship, as could only be expected in the "graveyard of the Atlantic," foundered near the island, and some of the horses swam from the ship to the island. Their descendants still live there—but they are no longer fully grown horses; they have conformed to the size of their habitation, and are now shaggy little ponies, slightly larger than a Shetland.

As we go to press, we find difficulty in finding out all the gen on our adopted islands. But we promise, in the near future, to get hold of the full story, and present it in the pages of "P. G." for your edification.

BEDTIME STORY FOR A RUSSIAN CHILD

by IOTA

THE old man had a very gentle smile, which left his lips only when it resolved itself into tiny wrinkles at the corners of his tired eyes. Of the passers-by who gave him a second glance, at least half thought him a benevolent old gentleman who would probably save crusts for the birds in the park, and almost certainly buy packages of candy for little boys and girls. Not one guessed that his strangely tender smile was perfected through years of careful practice, so that it effectively masked his true nature, a rather peculiar nature, my child, as you will see.

On this particular evening then, he was standing on the corner of 69th St. and 5th Avenue, watching the children crowding into Central Park, with bats and balls and ice-cream cones and sticky faces. Of course, a few of them had bats and balls and ice cream cones and clean faces, (just as you would have had,) and one little girl looked ever so sweet in a new print frock that her mother had picked up for $1.99 at Macy's Bargain Counter.

Naturally, this dear little thing attracted the gaze of the old man, so much so that he followed her into the park and sat patiently on a bench until the sun began to paint pink edges on the clouds, and the children started for home. And as the little girl passed the old man, he called out to her "Hello, my dear," and offered her a piece of gum, cinnamon flavour, which she took. While she was chewing it with her four front teeth and a lot of noise, he told her all sorts of interesting things, like how to make dolly's step-ins out of maple leaves and plasticine, and how it was better to play soft-ball with a square ball, 'cos it wouldn't roll so far.

The little girl's mother had told her not to speak with strangers, but she did tell the old man that her name was Sylvia, and she lived on 81st St., so, quite naturally, he walked up through the park with her until they came to the boating-lake, and paused to watch the squirrels playing on the bank.

And suddenly, the old man realized that it would soon be dark, and someone might come to look for Sylvia, so he said, "Oh! look at that purple squirrel!", which was silly as you know, if you pay attention during Natural History classes, but Sylvia looked anyway, and while she was looking the old man strangled her and threw her in the lake.

When he got home, he had three hamburgers and a quart of Schaeffer's, and went to bed.

THE SWING TIME BOYS

These are the lads of the Swing-time Unit who entertained us last month for two nights in succession — at East and West Camps. They are, left to right, L. A. C. "Van" Kington (impersonator); Cpl. Rube Super (comedian); L.A.C. Jack Kosternuk (violinist); L.A.C. Jimmy Riccio (guitarist and saxophonist); L.A.C. Dave Davies (N. B. C. and C. B. C. vocalist); Cpl. Len Moss (Boogie-woogie pianist); L.A.C. Denis Thyne (Magician).

This group has toured every inch of Canada giving entertainment to servicemen and women. Three of them (Cpl. Moss, L.A.C. Davies and Riccio) have been as far afield as Nome, Alaska, to give a show to an American Army unit.

Y.M.C.A. PAGE

THIS issue will be the last one you will be reading before the Christmas season—unless "P. G." manages to work an almost-miracle and get the December issue in your hands before the Christmas grant.* This is a preamble, really, to my wishing you, for myself, the Canteen Staff, and the organization we serve, a very happy Christmas season. Doubtless, you would be happier if it were possible for you to be home for Christmas; that cannot be for this time, so whatever facilities the Y. M. C. A. can offer, or any other Canadian organization or individuals, are offered to you in order to make your Christmas—and New Year—as full, happy, and complete as the circumstances will allow.

In particular, I am thinking in terms of Christmas or New Year's hospitality. Many of you may not know where to go for your leave; many of you will wish to spend it with some congenial family, either in the vicinity of Debert, or farther afield. As last year, we are endeavoring to secure a full list of all families who will be able to have RAF guests for either Christmas or New Year's. Any of you who desire to make use of this hospitality, are encouraged to make your wishes known as soon as you are certain of the details of your leave, and we will do all we can to find a congenial place for you. This can be cleared either through the Padre or myself; for we will work closely together on the project.

I remind you, too, that any questions you have regarding travel or places to stay on leave, or costs, or any one of many things, can be answered with authority by consulting the Leave Guide in the Y. M. C. A. Lounge, or asking me directly for the information.

With winter upon us again, many of you are thinking in terms of winter sports' equipment. The Station Sports' Officer and Sports' Store is making every effort to secure whatever you need; but if you fail to get in "under the deadline" for ordering any equipment, such as ice skates, skiing equipment, etc., I will do whatever I can to secure purchases for you. There is a drastic shortage of all kinds of sports' equipment, so probably it will be "First come, first served."

A final word: If at any time, you feel the "Y" can be of service in a sphere where it is inactive, I will appreciate your mentioning it to me. Perhaps I will be able, then, to make a string of New Year's Resolutions.

REG DUNN

**We can take it—Ed.*

HAVING successfully weathered the storm of sarcastic remarks from our friends from over the border, we present a second *'Scots Wha Hae'* page.

Last month's introductory effort met with strong disapproval from the English lads on the camp. Some claimed (rather heatedly), that we were trying to convert this magazine of ours into a Scottish Journal. Others (not so heatedly) referred to P. G. as the Glasgow Herald. This latter being a crack I am sure the editor of the same paper would not appreciate.

All this of course we take in our stride but as I pointed out to our numerous critics, all we wanted was a couple of pages in which to exchange gen from home, not (as one would gather) to commandeer all the space available.

So much for that. Much has been said of Scotland's overwhelming defeat at the hands of the English. The game was soccer and the score 8-0. Disgusting isn't it? We must admit it *was* an overwhelming defeat, but it certainly isn't any reason why the "Powers that be" should try to relieve us of between 10 and 20 of our existing number of seats in Parliament. It seems that Scotland is rated as a district comparable say to an English County. If this be the case, Tom Johnson is sure going to get a lot of new supporters. Including yours truly.

Alec Jackson, the former Scottish International left winger, is now a captain in the eighth army. He is a Welfare Officer, and has an idea that an eighth army soccer team might make a big hit in Blighty. All Alec has to do now is to find eleven players good enough to beat the eleven supermen that England is fielding for a team.

Suggestion from the Ed . . . . . Why not fetch back the Wembley Wizards Alec?

Cpl. Jim McKenna (Cameronians) of Bridgeton, Glasgow kept up his run of brilliant victories at welter-weight by easily outpointing another good boy in Cpl. Ray Chadwick (D.L.I) of Leicester.

The fight took place in Stalag 383, Germany.

Scotland won the football tournament in the same camp when they defeated England 2-0 in the final. Both goals were scored by Sgt. Charlie Boothland (Seaforths) of Leith.

Mr. and Mrs. Ballantyne certainly made a radiant picture when photographed in the act of cutting the wedding cake just after their marriage in Truro. W. O. Barnes was the best man. Jock comes from Dunfermlin Toon (Scotland's original capital).

Here's wishing them both the "VERY BEST OF LUCK"!

If any of you have young brothers who are pupils in Glasgow's Secondary Schools, you will be proud to know that they played a big part in this year's "tattie howkin". (Potato Picking to those uninformed). Some of the districts covered were Ayrshire, Fifeshire, Perthshire, Kincardinshire, to name only a few. Aye, these kids are certainly in there pitching. Just *unlike* their big brothers.

We are trying to arrange another picture of lads from the rest of Scotland. Those of you who would like to be in the group, write down your names *and* the names of your pals and send them in to Jock Munro. If we manage this in time, the photograph will appear in our Xmas number. Let's hope Sgt. Tennant of Repair Squadron sends us in a list of his East Camp men, as we didn't have any of the Orientals in the last one.

'Afore Ye Go' lads. Thanks a lot for the newspapers sent in to us last month. According to the Bulletin, you still have to book seats well in advance' at the Pavilion. Wish we could.

"A polar explorer must keep cool in an emergency," says a writer. And at other times warm. (Punch.)

HUGHIE

By Cpl. D. R. Fisk

HAVING been posted from a station somewhere in the south of England to a unit in Lincolnshire, two airmen, one a fitter the other a flight mechanic, were, in strict Air Force Literature, proceeding to their destination. Upon arrival at this new unit they were politely informed, to their delight, that they would have to live in a private house until establishment was available on the camp. "No transport," was the story they heard from the guard-room, so hoisting their entire equipment onto their backs they started to saunter gaily towards the nearest village.

After many a rest they duly arrived at the address and knocked on the door. The knocking proceedure was, after repeated attempts given up as futile and the two boys took to using their boots. This, however, was more successful and after a while a tired and bored voice bade them enter—which they did—sneaking round the door with a complete feeling that they were not wanted.

Depositing their kit just behind the front door they then entered the first room, which was anything but tidy, lacking in furniture, and at the moment every cold. Lying on the floor in the midst of a mass of uniforms, ties, socks, shirts and other Air Force habilliment was a very tired looking man, who, for all the boys knew, might just have been a tramp.

Jimmy, the fitter, was the first to speak; and having said Good Afternoon in a polite manner he introduced his friend as "Dake." The figure on the floor stirred a little, and brushing the long hair back out of his eyes, said, "They call me Hughie," and at that he sank wearily back on to his hard bed as though the exertion of using his vocal chords was too much for him. Jimmy and Dake looked at each other for a time and turning around saw a tunic draped across the room's only chair, the tunic being adorned with three chevions and an air-gunner's badge. "Must have been on ops!" said Dake.

They then climbed the stairs and found in one room a big double bed, and deciding then and there that they were not going to sleep on the floor when a soft mattress was available. Two hours later the boys had all their kit straightened out and everything organised when who should walk in but Hughie. "Either of you blokes got a pair of slacks I can borrow tonight?" he said seating himself on the end of the bed. "Sure," replied Jimmy, eager to get acquainted. After receiving the slacks Hughie then explained to them that their were no ops that night. "I'm going to Lincoln," he said and sounded as if he was going to have a good time. After he had given them a short lecture on where to go and what to do and answered all the questions that an airman would ask he skipped out of the room only to return about forty-

five minut s later requesting the loan of a tie, boot polish, brushes and a button stick. Having supplied these Jimmy and Dake went out to the village to try and satisfy their appetites.

The next morning Hughie returned the equipment, just dumping the whole lot onto the bed with a brief word of thanks.

Later on during that day the two decided that if Hughie found such delight in going to Lincoln, surely there was no reason why two L.A.C.'s should not find some source of amusement. After tea they both started getting ready to go out but when it came to dressing they discovered that some of the essentials of a well dressed airman were missing. Jimmie's non-service shirt, his slacks and tie were gone, while Dake looked with dismay at a greatly reduced pile of white handkerchiefs, the vacant space where his highly polished shoes had been, and the spot where his one pair of clean socks had rested. Having decided that Hughie must have borrowed these items they made the best of a bad job and went to Lincoln looking as smart as could be expected.

Jimmie's morale gradually decreased when night after night the same thing occurred, and in their hearts they wished that Hughie would be missing off ops or something.

Nothing ever came of all their secret longings but one night after cessation of work they went back to their billet and found the usual items missing, plus a few more.

At this point they decided to get things straightened out with Hughie once and for all and so next morning they both went downstairs—only to find that Hughie was not sleeping beneath the usual enormous pile of clothes. In fact he wasn't sleeping at all, for he wasn't there!

Jimmy and Dake made inquiries all over the camp and not until they reached the guard-room did they obtain the satisfaction they required.

A bold-looking S.P. sat in the guard-room and Jimmy, approaching him respectfully, said, "Excuse me but can you tell me where Sgt. So-and -So is." One word was the answer to all their troubles. One Gruff word caused their hearts to drop into their boots and a hollow sensation to come into their stomachs. "Posted!"

POET'S CORNER

□

YOURS INSINCERELY

I left my job,
To join this mob
(As I was neither blind nor lame)
The sergeant said,
All 'chummy-like'
"Come over here and sign your name."

———

But after that
He left me flat
Things did not seem to be the same,
I learnt at last
That past was past
Once you've been and signed your name.

———

I got a kit
It didn't fit
I had to learn their little game
They give you stuff
That's often "duff"
After you have signed your name.

But then there's pay
Oh happy day!
Then to the 'pictures' with a 'dame'
You do not mind
It is no 'bind'
"Give your last three and sign your name.

———

I've worked on kites
By days and nights
Expecting neither praise nor blame,
And yet how sad
It makes 'em mad
When I forget to sign my name.

———

So have a care!
Likewise beware!
They'll blow you out just like flame
For any s—
Can drop a tab
If he has been and signed his name.

TWIT.

———

(WE KEEP 'EM IN THE AIR)

By Berton Braley

(This we have "lifted" with apologies, from American Newspaper—Ed)

Navigator, pilot, gunner, bombardier;
They're the glamour bozoes of the atmosphere,
They're the prima donnas, they're the boys who get
Medals by the bushel—(earn 'em, too, you bet).
Glad to give 'em credit, proud about 'em, too,
Proud of all their glory and the stunts they do,
Not a bit of envy for those birds up there,
—But *we're* the guys who keep 'em in the air!

They're the soaring eagles riding on the breeze,
We're the flatfoot kiwis in the dungarees,
We're the grimy monkeys with the grease cooked in,
Keeping motors moting so the props will spin,
Patching up the shellholes in the armor plate,
Fixing up the turrets in a pock-marked crate;
Flyers do the flying—that is their affair,
But *we're* the guys who keep 'em in the air.

Maybe there's repair shops—maybe not a sign,
Still we keep the squadrons ready on the line.
When the parts are plenty it's a perfect snap,
When the parts are missing we chip 'em out of scrap.
If the bombs are dropping, if we're under fire,
We can sew a plane up with a spool of chicken-wire.
When they come in limping on a wing and on a prayer
We're guys who keep 'em in the air!

We're the greasy groundhogs who never get to fly,
Never join a mission or a dogfight in the sky,
But, lacking us mechanics, down here upon the ground,
They wouldn't leave the runway, they wouldn't fire a round.
So, when the bombers thunder in stratospheric flight
And when the fighters hit the trail that leads 'em to a fight,
We're sorta riding with 'em on a mission that we share,
For *we're* the guys who keep 'em in the air.

In appreciation of a gift of silk stockings, an English girl sent her airman boy-friend an airgraph containing the following "little odd ode", as she herself describes it.

There came on the 27th day of September
A parcel for one named Win
From an "erk" named Jack who she'll ever remember
Whatever country he's in.

This parcel contained a number of things
To charm any girl's heart away,
There were stockings, a neat little box of hairpins,
A hairnet and lipstick—so gay.

On receipt of this parcel from Debert, N. S.
Win's excitement and pleasure rose high
For at sight of the writing, she made the right guess
"It's from Jack—How lucky am I."

So here in this poor attempt at rhyme
She tries to convey loving thanks
To the darlingest angel, who's spent many a dime
In stockings to cover her "shanks."

THE piece of verse printed below was composed last year by someone who worked in a munitions factory somewhere in Canada. Don't ask us where. All we know is that it was found written on a torn strip of cardboard and stuck at the bottom of a packing case containing bombs. As the theme is good and the poet obviously meant it to do some good, we thought we'd be good also and print it.

PROPAGANDA!

Twas the day after Xmas
When all through the works,
Not a creature was stirring
Not even the clerks.

But afar in the battle
In land, sea and air,
Brave lads fought through Xmas
No Santa was there.

The things that they fought with,
The guns, tanks, and ships
Were delayed in production
By holiday trips.

So let us remember
Amid our good cheer
We must stay at our work
Or regret it next year.

"AFTER 9 MONTHS EFFORT"

Slowly I rose,
Sad and morose,
From the fire beside which I'd been reading.
With many a sigh,
I put the books by,
And searched for the things I was needing.
I shivered and then
I took up my pen
To write about things I had seen,
But all was in vain,
And never again
Will I write for this magazine.

A.M. L.

"It's a good job he had 'George' On!"

5 A. M. FROLICS—By Pyro.

IS that swaying really the boat as it rolls in the trough of the Atlantic? I open my eyes and blink only to see the dim form of a Service Policeman who holds a book in one hand and a torch and pencil in the other. What an ending for a beautiful dream!

A seemingly far-distant voice says "Five o'clock—top line" and groping for the proffered pencil, I scribble something like my signature on the S. P.'s little book.

"What's the weather like—is there any flying?" I ask sleepily.

The dreaded reply comes "Yes, it's a lovely morning" and the disturber of my slumber departs.

"Ah well, two kites off on cross-country flights at seven o'clock so I suppose I had better get out."

Knowing only too well, even in this semi-conscious state, that to lie back again on the pillow would be fatal, I swing my legs over the edge of the bed and slide to the floor as quietly as I can.

"Gosh it's getting cold these mornings. Why can't they put the heating on instead of leaving it until the snow comes?"

No time to waste at this chilly hour, so trousers, shirt and gym-shoes go on in double quick time.

"Better go and get the blokes out of bed next, and then we can get over to the hangar together."

Down the room I creep in the darkness, hoping not to wake any of the sleeping "erks,"—crash—"Drat that table! I wonder which silly idiot left that in the middle of the floor? Decent sort of a bloke I must say."

"Come on Evans—it's a quarter past five. Now don't go to sleep again."

"Where's that other fellow sleep? Hope this is him. Heaven help me if it isn't. Come on mate, be across as soon as you can."

Back upstairs I go again, and making sure that I miss the table this time, I go and have a quick wash and finish dressing.

"Wonder if Evens is up yet? I'll just go and make sure."

"Come on Evans, how many times do I have to call you? This is twice that I have been round. Make it snappy now."

And so out into the cold darkness I go, and sally across to the hangar.

"Oh! No tractor this morning of course. Pity some people have to drive the thing into the ditch. Wonder what they think the road is there for."

"Ah! Here come the other two. Goodness! Have you ever seen two dreams walking! A drop of char would go down well just now. Perhaps there is some in the Flight Office."

After five minutes very well spent in supping tea, we are all set to go across to the bomb store.

"What on earth's the matter with this mule? Oh thanks old man, it does go better with the brake off. Shall have to remember that in future."

"My, but it's a lovely morning—would be a darn sight lovelier in bed though. A bit nippy to the fingers too. Shall have to remember my gloves tomorrow. Oh to be in S. H. Q. and peacefully sleeping now. Why wasn't I a clerk and able to go to work at 9 o'clock?"

"Now just take a gander at those trollies. Whoever put them like that wants shooting. Suppose it is one of Station Armoury's efforts."

For there are three loaded trollies, with all the wheels interlocked, so that as soon as we try to move one, they all jam together.

"Well I suppose that it is no use just looking at them, so come on boys—two—six—."

After a quarter of an hour's struggle, the centre trolley gives up the ghost and allows itself to be pulled out. So now we are all set and back across the 'drome we go to the fuzing point. When we arrive, there are the two kites awaiting us and we get busy.

"That fitter who ran this kite up wants strangling. Wish they would remember to leave the bomb doors open. Now they have got to be pumped down and that ain't hay."

"Bring that jack over and let's have these babies on. Look where you're going—that was my toe. You're a blinking deadloss."

"Up—forward—up—back a bit—up—up—bask—up—that's it—she's there—lower away. Put the other one up while I crutch down. Pass the spanner over for the lock-nuts."

"All finished now? Have you got them all tight and rigid, and the fuzing links in? Check! Let's be away then—quietly!"

Back to the hangar we go while Reg. tows the aircraft back to the tarmac.

We wheel out the trolley loaded with ammunition and pyrotechnics and then from inside the noses of the machines, there can be heard snorts and grunts as we struggle to put in warped and battered ammunition tanks, while occasionally a voice is heard to say, "Is it ever hot!"

Only those who have been on early work will appreciate with what rapturous delight we gaze on the armed machines, as we walk away towards the cookhouse, hoping for a breakfast of fried eggs and bacon.

Later on, at about **EIGHT THIRTY** (unless someone has dug him out of bed early for a change) the "Office-boy-cum-W. O." strolls into the Section and has the infernal cheek to say "Good-morning!"

"Why do we let him live???"

THE CORPORAL'S CORNER

WHAT came over the Corporals Club at the end of October only a few know, and to those few this is dedicated. I'm sure I am speaking on behalf of all the two-stripers on the station when I say how we appreciated the transformation that came about around Oct. 23rd, and culminated in the Formal Dance on Oct. 27th and the Sunday evening social on Oct. 31st.

Previous to Oct. 3rd. one could walk into the Club almost anytime and imagine that one had arrived during recess at the Old Men's Home. It was quiet, dead, musty; in fact, it stank.

Suddenly, I believe it was Bernard Shaw, Harry Hull (treasurer), Bill Holden (secretary) and two very good new friends to the Club, Cpls. W. Gibbs and Welch, decided it was time we had another dance. We had always been going to have dances that were the real humdinger, but nothing was ever done about it, much.

But this time everybody seemed imbued with a new spirit, a desire to get out of the sloth into which we had drifted. We were a little ashamed of ourselves, I guess, whilst clear before us there probably hovered the ugly spirit of Winter Future at Debert.

So we really advertised our Oct. 27th. dance. We also got an entertainemtnt committee as auxiliary to the Club committee, to comprise: Cpls. Shaw, Welsh, Mackintosh, Budden and Carpenter. This appointing of a committee usually used to mean that these five took on the whole job of organising a dance (no small undertaking at any time), but this time everyone did a bit, or practically everyone.

I saw Don Sadler and Mackintosh with trees and parts of trees; Cpl. Lathwood got his bomb-range crew cutting Christmas trees (quietly); Gibbs was pulling around wires, fancy coloured little bulbs and electrical appliances; Millington Jones, Lathwood, Budden, Jack Armitage, Hull, Holden and Gibbs and a few others had paint all over them; "Dagwood" Jones from the Post Office had a finger in all the pies, as had Bernard Shaw, who got L.A.C. Rotherham painting posters and pictures for decoration; Cpl. Welch was snowed under with fancy trimmings and streamers (and does he know where to fix those things!) as well as the paraphernalia for the buffet. And please, those of you who have not been mentioned, don't write in to me saying you didn't get your name in "P. G." for what you did. Most of us did a little bit; even I helped put the sandwiches out! "Jock" and his pals Cpls. Parr and Gibbs, did more than their little bit in the bar, and those of you who didn't do

your little bit, well, there's always the next time, for we all hope that now we shall keep up the appearance of the Club and the standard of the functions held there.

I'll not say a thing more about the dance except that it was as near perfect as any held in connection with the corp rals. The band was good, the dance competitions were good, the partners were just right, the club and Recreation hall were pretty, and you could get your beer within five minutes at least!

Then, on Sunday the last day of October, we crossed our fingers and opened up f r the Social. Previously our socials had been just so-so. For those of us who got to the Club most nights it was just another night, except we might have a few more beers. But on this night the lighting was super, the buffet was excellent, the decorations were even better than at the dance and a dinky little stage had been built in the corner. The "turns" came over a "mike," there was floodlighting, the jugging-up was quick considering the crowd present, and everybody did their darndest to make this the standard fore-runner of many more happy socials.

I'm not mentioning names again, it is so easy to offend by an unintentional omission, but congratulations to everyone!

Corporals, take a bow, but keep it up!

"Snoop"

"SKIN WRINKLES"

TO any of our friends of the fair sex who happen to read this title, the words "Skin Wrinkles" will probably conjure up visions of those tell-tale little lines around the eyes that give the game away (oh! so devastatingly) when, with "facials" and make-up, they try to hide the fact that they will never see thirty-five again!

But to the knowledgeable airman, they mean only one thing—wrinkling or buckling in the "skin" of an aircraft due to exceptional stresses set up while flying—pulling out of a dive for instance. Amongst riggers, those devoted toilers who spend their waking hours (and some of their sleeping ones!) renewing an aircraft's beauty, the words would pass without comment, but coming as they did from the Armoury Office where Guns are the Gods who reign supreme, they aroused more than a flicker of interest. Oil-stained slaves of the Browning paused in their ministrations, and gazed at each other with a wild surmise, silent upon the gun-cleaning benches! The same thought was in each mind. "Skin wrinkles? What in the name of Heaven have they to do with guns? Before the question could beframed, great rolling gusts of mirth from the office swept the Armoury, until one timid A.C.2 dared to poke an enquiring head around the corner of the sanctum-sanctorum (not to be confused with an art-school or purchasing department for wedding presents) and asked what all this gargantuan mirth was about.

"Don't you know?" bellowed the Great One. "Willie the Wole" has excelled himself! He has just read out that a plane crashed at "Skin Wrinkles' and he wants to know where the place is!! Can you beat it?"

PADRE'S NOTES

THE building of a Station Church on the camp has not only attracted interest, but also called forth very generous contributions from all ranks towards the cost of necessary furnishing and equipment. Grateful thanks are due to all who have helped in this way; also to AC Elliott for his invaluable help in designing certain items of furniture, and to Workshops personnel for making them.

It is hoped that the Church may be ready for use very shortly, even if it is incomplete in smaller details of interior decoration and equipment. The R. C. Chaplain and I will each have an office in the building, one at each end, by the side of our respective sanctuaries, where we shall be able to welcome anyone who wants to come and see us.

In addition, I am anxious to encourage members of all denominations to make use of the Church, on week days as well as on Sundays, for private Prayer and devotion. In this way it will afford to many the opportunity of quiet and seclusion which cannot easily be found elsewhere; an opportunity which will be particularly valued by those who have missed it before, but also, I hope, by those whose concern for spiritual things may be a comparatively new experience.

It is my belief and Prayer that the Church, and all that we shall, come to associate with it, will be second to none in importance among the varied duties and responsibilities of our life under wartime conditions, and of our preparation for the peace which is to follow it. Here, in simple sincerity, we shall learn, or re-learn, the things which are vital for human happiness; and in fellowship with one another win for ourselves a deep and enduring conviction of "the things which belong to our peace."

R. de B. WELCHMAN,
Station Chaplain.

(A WORD FROM THE R. C. CHAPLAIN)

THROUGH the kindness of the editor of "P. G." I have been given the opportunity to address myself to the members of the Roman Catholic faith residing at Camp Debert.

Without preamble I must at once mention that the topic of paramount importance to us now, is the soon-to-be-opened Chapel within this camp.

To a Catholic this means everything, for is not a Catholic chapel the home on earth of the Living God, whose delights are to be with the children of men?

It is a place to go to meet in person Him who has promised not to leave us orphans; to ask His advice, to be consoled; a place to weep like Mary Magdalene over our manifold sins; and above all, to know that He whom the heavens and earth cannot contain, is a resident within the confines of our camp.

What an inspiration for us to be heroes for our King and country, when our Leader is the Lord of Battles, and is in the vanguard of the Forces which serve!

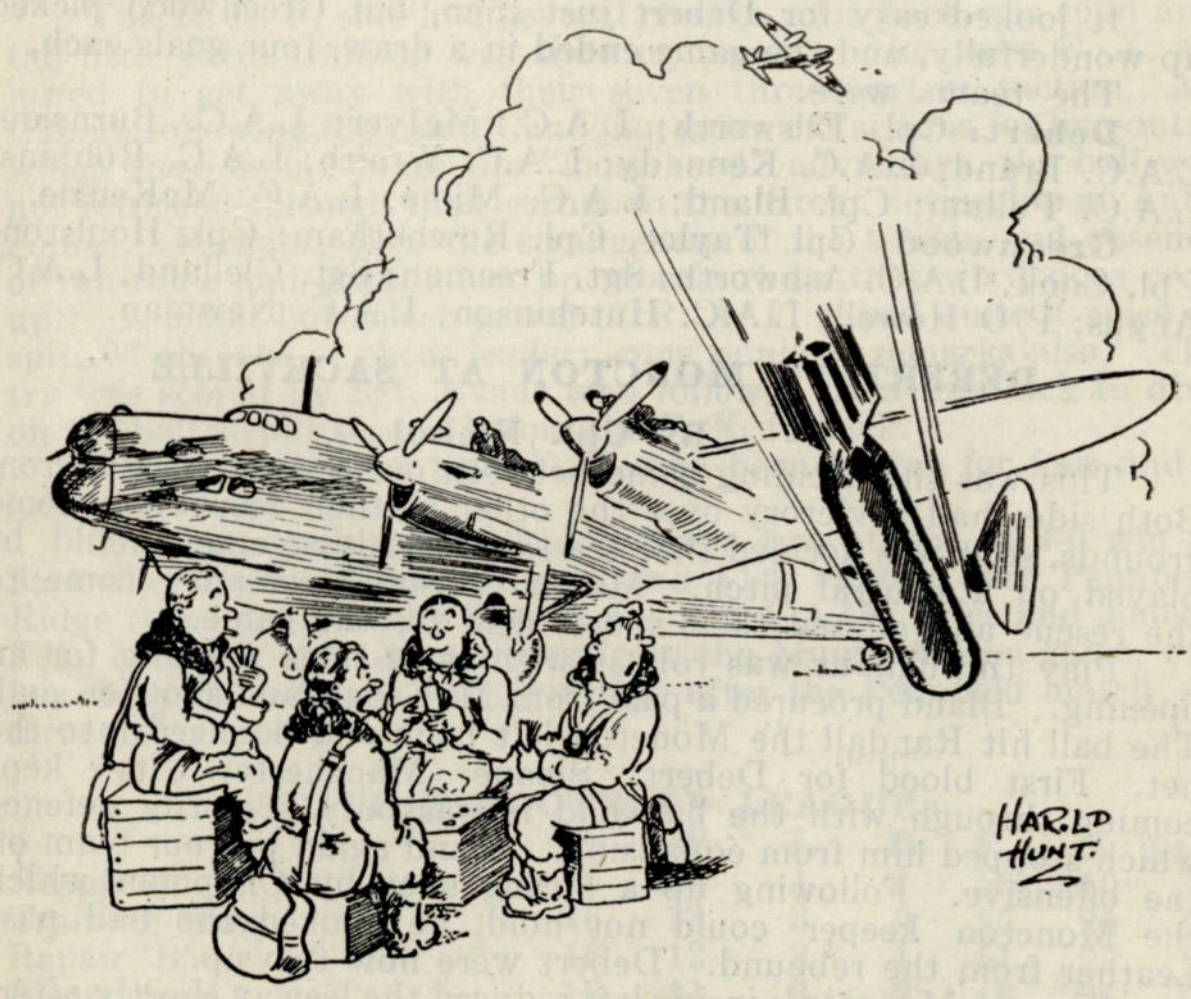
In conclusion, let us resolve to thank God for His goodness in coming to live amongst us, and to take advantage often of His Presence, to be strengthened and animated with the desire to do all things well for Him, for our King and country.

The formal opening of the Chapel will be sometime in the future, notice of which will reach you in plenty of time.

May God bless you all!

WILLIAM P. STONE,

Officiating Chaplain (R. C.).



"I wish you would pay attention to the game, Ponsonby."

SOCCER

MARITIME O.T.U'S CHALLENGE CUP

Debert vs. Greenwood at Debert

Greenwood visited Debert for New Maritimes challenge cup game last month.

Debert had the advantage of the wind in the first half, and pressed hard. As a result of this pressure, Robbins soon scored from a pass by Pullum. This was the only goal of the first half.

Soon after the second half began, Howell beat four men only to see his shot hit the upright, but Clelland scored from the rebound.

A little later Pullum put Bland through, and he scored after beating the advancing goalkeeper.

It looked easy for Debert just then, but Greenwood picked up wonderfully, and the game ended in a draw, four goals each.

The teams were:

Debert: Cpl. Ellsworth; L.A.C. McIver; L.A.C. Burnside; L.A.C. Brand; L.A.C. Kennedy; L.A.C. Wraith; L.A.C. Robbins; L.A.C. Pullum; Cpl. Bland; L.A.C. Milne; L.A.C. McKenzie.

Greenwood: Cpl. Taylor, Cpl. Rowbotham; Cpl. Houlston; Cpl. Cook; L.A.C. Ashworth, Sgt. Freeman; Sgt. Clelland; L.A.C. Angus; P/O Howell, L.A.C. Hutchinson, L.A.C. Newman.

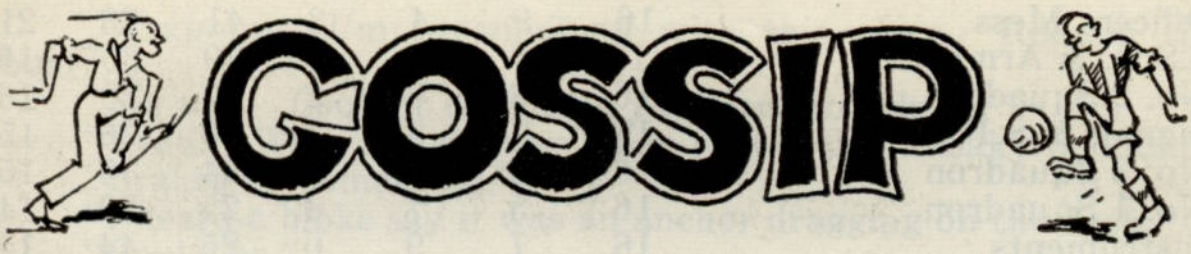
DEBERT VS MONCTON AT SACKVILLE

By Cpl. Nichol

This was the deciding game between our team and Moncton. Both sides had a victory over the other at their respective home grounds, so it was decided that the third and last game should be played on a neutral pitch. Mount Allison University came to the rescue and offered their sports field for the game.

Play throughout was robust with both sides pressing for an opening. Bland procured a pass from McKenzie and shot for goal. The ball hit Randall the Moncton left back and bounced into the net. First blood for Debert. Sloane (Manchester City) kept coming through with the ball and it was only a sturdy defence which stopped him from equalising. Bland again put our team on the offensive. Following up a strong snot by Chapman which the Moncton keeper could not hold, he hooked the ball past Leather from the rebound. Debert were now two up.

Kippax, Moncton's inside left reduced the leeway shortly after, by scoring a grand goal which gave Tich Ellsworth no chance. The match ended in a well earned victory for the lads from Debert.



Teams were:

Debert:—Ellsworth; McIvor and Burnside Brand, Ferris and F/L Hardy; Chapman, Kennedy Bland, Wraith and McKenzie.

Moncton:—Leather; Cowley and Randall, Holdcroft, Dorminter and Bradbury; F/L Andrews Sloan; Beattie, Kippax and Medley.

RUGBY By Cliff Armitage

ST. F. X. UNIVERSITY nil R. A. F. DEBERT 3 pts.

THE return match against St. F. X. was sprung upon us over the week-end and the team which had defeated us 19-3 at Antigonish two weeks before descended upon Debert on Monday afternoon, no doubt anticipating a similar result.

The R. A. F. side had several changes, the pack was solid and the little extra training was showing results. Nor were F. X. allowed to get away with their seven threequarters tactics. Although following the usual Canadian game of "scrums for line-outs" which gave their hooker the "loose-head" advantage, the ball was not returned through their scrum to the extent noticeable at Antigonish. Perhaps, also, the strangeness of the terrain and absence of rah-rah's had some effect on morale (how that word does crop up!) A small but select crowd of R. A. F. raised quite a noise in spite of absence of cheer leader; some pungent remarks also. The try was scored by Sgt. Evans who followed up a free kick to dive on the ball a split second before the F. X. fulback.

This was the first time F. X. had been beaten for four and a half years!

The game was sandwiched between two others—a 9-0 win at Sackville against Mount Allison and 11-3 victory over Pennfield Ridge (tries provided by Sgt. Evans and L.A.C's Price and Jones). F/L. Murison, sporting a shiner from the Mount Allison game, was joined by Sgts. Evans and Armitage after the Pennfield match, all three doing well.

STATION FOOTBALL LEAGUE:

	P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts.
Repair 'A'	16	14	1	1	56	10	29
Training Wing	16	13	3	0	55	20	26
Repair 'B'	16	12	3	1	51	22	25
Electricians	16	11	3	2	46	25	24
Airmens Mess	16	9	4	3	58	33	21

Officers Mess	16	9	4	3	41	23	21
S.S.Q. & Armory	16	9	6	1	39	30	19
No. 2 Squadron	16	8	6	2	40	20	18
Signals & S.P.'s	16	7	8	1	26	26	15
No. 3 Squadron	16	6	7	3	34	35	15
No. 1 Squadron	16	5	7	4	25	33	14
Instruments	16	7	9	0	25	44	14
Maintenance Signals	16	4	9	3	24	43	11
Target Towing	16	3	12	1	16	55	7
Motor Transport	16	3	13	0	18	36	6
S.H.Q.	16	2	13	1	17	47	5
Equipment	16	0	14	2	18	93	2

A TRIP TO TRURO—By R. R. S.

BY now this title of a famous cartoon painted on the walls of our Airmen's Mess by L.A.C. Harold Hunt, is very familiar to all of us who have the privilege (?) of eating in the "cook-'ouse." But to the readers of "P. G." who are above the rank of Corporal and therefore eat in some higher place, let me explain that it shows the omnipresent antidiluvian coach fallen by the wayside on the road from Truro, with a wheel and nuts and bolts adrift. Those members of the crew aboard who are not sick or sitting on the top of the vehicle are pushing the so-called bus.

This picture reminds me of a trip I had to Truro last week in which the coach men established a record in that the bus did not break down once, nor, in fact, as far as I can chronicle, did it lose a bolt or nut or even a ha'porth of paint. What interested me was the trend of conversation among various personnel amongst whom I was jammed.

One of these was an adept at the art of imitation and he startled me by his clever screaming noise, as of a racing car at Daytona, each time our coach took a bend in the road. However, apart from this he was a talented speaker, too, as we discovered when he and his friend boarded the bus at the stop. Many officers were already aboard, having made sure of a seat by taking the extra walk to the starting point at the Colchester Inn. Maybe one of these had been somewhat over-liberal with his application of after-shave lotion, for there was a distinctly close atmosphere when our two young R. A. F. friends entered.

"Pooh!" exclaimed one, as he reluctantly handed over the exorbitant 20 cents single fare.

"Blimey it do stink a bit don't it Joe" agreed his companion.

"Quite a nice pong don't you think?"

"Anybody would think you'd not been out of camp for a week. Coming over all unnecessary like that."

"Wrap up. I'm browned off with this place. Roll on the boat."

"Me too. Look at the buses you have to ride in."

"Yeah. What's that noise when it goes like a leaky balloon?"

"Brakes or something."

"I heard a bloke say it was an anchor dragging on the deck."

"Could be."

At this moment, we banked, and our first young friend did his screaching act so effectively, I could almost smell burning rubber.

"Blimey, she made it again."

"Yus, it's amazing what punishment these things take."

"Here's the Army camp. Wonder what those long buildings with their lights on are."

"That's where they keep the moose in the winter."

"Go on! What a place! Roll on the boat."

The bus suddenly gave a lurch and made a peculiar sound, as though, tired of living,its soul was leaving it.

"Did you look to see if its wheels were on, guvner?"

"Yeah!

"Give me the boat."

"And me. Got anything saved to go home with?"

"Who, me? No!

"They don't overpay us do they?"

"You can say that again."

"Cor, don't these buses quivver?"

"Not 'arf. And don't they 'um too. Reminds me of a ladiey's boudoir.

"Yeah. Been on a 48 lately?"

"Amherst. Had a smashing time. But I know too many dames there. I couldn't dance with them all."

"Well what do you want to go home for?"

"The boozers. Just imagine, no boozers in this place. Roll on the boat."

"Me too. Do you suppose we shall get to Truro tonight?"

"Might do. It wouldn't surprise me if this vehicle took off the noise she's making."

"That's the doofer."

"Doofer what?"

"Do for a silencer until they pick the old one up on the trip back."

"Seen old George lately?"

" 'Eard from him. 'E's 'ome."

"Lucky bloke."

Chorus: "Roll on the firkin".

The surgeon is he who has inside information.

(Edinburgh "White Jacket.")

SPORT

Freddie Austin Says

Why is it every game I play
Some injury must come my way,
It seems I never play a game
Without I end up crippled, lame,
And oft by stretcher borne from view
By willing hands to S. S. O.,
Where orderlies and M. O.'s wait
To stitch me as I lie in state,
Where is the thrill of manly sport
When always on a sick report,
I play, then limp around in pain,
Recover, try my luck again,
Stay half-a-game, then off I go
To sick bay, several erks in tow,
I'm in a rut, now please don't laugh,
There putting me upon the staff.
Last winter, on the hockey rink
I played two periods, I think,
A stick above the shoulder rose
To wrap itself around my nose,
Which, swollen from the stick's embrace
Spread out to cover up my face,
I'd had my time as you can guess
It really was a sorry mess.
At soccer next I tried my hand,
I should have known where I would land,
Full twenty minutes came and went
With no sign of an accident,
At centre half I did my stuff,
The game was clean, if rather rough,
As yet, there'd been no goals at all,
Then suddenly down came the ball,
From man to man it moved around
Until the centre forward found
It at his feet, the final lap,
With only me to stem the gap.
So I, as now I oft lament
Into a sliding tackle went
And on the way picked up a stone
Which cut my knee right to the bone,
To stain the verdant grass with gore
Necessitating stitches four,
And much discomfort brought to me,
The fun of it I could not see.
And now, one last and final call,
That man-made murder borden ball,
In theory, you can't revert
To prehistoric days, get hurt,
But erks, the one-track minded mules
Decided to revise the rules,
So now, if you should seek for fame
You first must learn to kill and maim.
By now, I should have had enough,
I should give up these games so rough,
But still, there's no use in pretence
I'll never learn to use my sense,
And soon now, since I can't refrain,
I'll say "Hi Doc! I'm here again!"

BUSINESS OF CAMP SPORT

By The Senior Administrative Officer

These figures will make news for you. They are, too, figures as official as D. R. O's themselves. They've been audited and found correct as auditors say, and they represent the expenditure by P. S. I. on Sports equipment during the six months since April 1st.

Soccer	$1770.80
Rugby	648.60
Cricket	142.33
Boxing	57.05
Tennis	325.70
Squash	46.00
Athletics	374.00
Basket Ball	68.20
Soft Ball	60.00
Sundry P. T. Equipment	87.00
Total	$3579.68—or $3580 to the nearest dollar.

On the other side of the picture $718 were subscribed by the Airmen in Sports subscriptions during the same period.

In other words P. S. I. spent $5.00 for every dollar contributed by all the Airmen on the unit and taking a round figure of 1,000 O. R.'s (which, it will be agreed is a conservative figure) it means that P. S. I. spent $5.00 for a contribution per airman of 1/10th of a cent over six months; which makes the monthly contribution of every Airman work out at 1/60th of a cent!

There is not, I am sure, a single airman who would attempt to say that such a contribution is excessive. But, unfortunately, it is not working out that way. What is happening is that some are paying their voluntary sports subscription of 25 cents every month with commendable regularity and in a spirit of team work that cannot be too highly appreciated. Others are lagging behind. So many are leaving it to the few, and if the few left it to the many where would sports be? And how could P. S. I. cope?

It would only need two periods of six months expenditure such as detailed above to clear P. S. I. out of every cent saved. $7,000 would be gone with nothing to show for it but worn out football boots, jerseys, stockings, footballs and hundreds of scraps of miscellaneous sports gear all U/S. And what little profit is made every month would be far from adequate to meet expenses of the present sports facilities and entertainments program are to be maintained.

During the six months briefly reviewed here P. S. I. has spent $3.50 for every one of a thousand airmen and for 70 cents contributed on an average by each of those airmen.

A quarter per month is less than a cent a day, and even if you don't take part in the sports yourself you are helping those who keep the unit's teams and sports in the forefront among R. A. F. stations in the Command by contributing.

BOLD BUCCANEERS—George Graves

WE never thought that a choir outing would get mixed up with a grand inspection, complete with flags waving and bands playing, but such was the case when we "Bold Buccaneers" visited Halifax for our recent double engagement. We were accommodated at the "Y" Depot, and were billetted in the old double deckers just like home!—and had to sign for bedding!

It was with rather a sinking feeling that we started our "48," but by the time we had finished we all agreed that it had been well worth while. It was one of our most successful and enjoyable outings.

After singing at the "Y" Depot Sunday morning service, we went along to St. John's Church, where we were met by Mr. Falkner, who was organising the whole affair. Several cars whisked the boys away to various homes in the district, where they were entertained to both dinner and tea. In fact we were entertained so well that we had fears for our ability to sing at all by the time the evening service began. Everyone had tales to tell of second helpings of dinner and third helpings of pie!

However, the evening service was a great success. In addition to three items by the choir there was a solo by A. C. Elliott—rapidly becoming an accomplished singer—and some grand old hymns in

which we joined very heartily, much to the delight of the little lady organist who was so obviously pleased at our response to her playing. I think she inspired us to give of our best.

Then followed the "Friendly Hour" in the St. John's Church Hall. The building was packed with members of the services from all over the world, and many folk from Halifax too, and they kept us there until we had sung every piece we knew—and some we didn't! Everyone was in great spirits, especially the Conductor (LAC. Myerson) who appealed to the audience to supply a Conductor to take his place so that he could join the boys and sing too! Our new piece—The Song of the Jolly Roger—which we had specially prepared for the occasion received a great ovation, and we had to sing it, and "Trees," a second time.

The "Friendly Hour" more than lived up to its name. Everyone treated us right royally and pressed us to come again. In fact I suspect that many "48's" will be spent in Halifax as a result of contacts made during this week-end.

FROM THE CAMP OF THE RISING SUN

EAST Camp's Entertainment Committee has really got its teeth into things and the main difficulty now is to find enough nights per week upon which to hold all the events that are arranged.

The first whist drive, organised by Cpl. Nichol, was a great success, and the future of whist is assured. It has been suggested that there be alternate whist and bridge nights, and this may be started soon.

During the last week of October meetings were held to form a discussion group and a dramatic society. The first meeting of the discussion group was highly successful, despite the small number (eight) of "arguers." Come along to the next meeting. They are held every Wednesday evening.

A small, but very keen group gathered to discuss the formation of a dramatic society. It was decided that they should meet on Sundays (before the cinema show begins) for play-reading. Drop in if you are interested. You will be very welcome. At present both the discussion and dramatic groups are meeting in the drying room of the Y. M. C. A. lounge.

THE HONEYMOON

By Kenneth Ewen

THE desk clerk had been charming, impressed by their entry and their much-travelled bags with the hotel and railroad stickers plastered all over them, for they were Mary's and she had travelled extensively in Europe; most of all though he had been impressed by Stephen's uniform.

"We're very glad to have you with us," he'd said. "What shall I put down? second Lieutenant?" "Well, that's near enough," Stephen had answered.

Later Stephen had told his new wife: "It saves a long explanation—if you try to explain what L.A.C. denotes you've got to go through the whole damned ranks of the Air Force and then explain exactly what it is you do, why you don't fly, where you've been and at the end of it they're most likely to ask—"How many Germans have you shot down?"

The hotel had been large and clean and had had excellent room service and was only two minutes from the boardwalk. From their little side window they had been able to see the hotel's private beach and at night lie in bed and watch the Atlantic rollers, magnificent and silver under the full moon. Everyone had been especially nice to them—because they were obviously newly-married and because Stephen had worn his uniform. He knew that so long as he continued to wear it they would be received everywhere with the same admiration and graciousness.

Yet that first morning he'd said: "Look Mary—I'd like to wear my civvies.'

Mary had been disappointed but she hand't said so, instead she'd tried to reason with Stephen. "I know how you feel, darling," she had stated earnestly, "but I think you should wear your uniform a little longer—at least until we're known around here. I like you in your civvies, I mean I didn't marry you for your uniform, but naturally I'm proud of having you in the R. A. F. and all the boys wear uniform now and it might seem a bit strange to everyone—you know what I mean darling."

At breakfsat they had made a stage-entrance. They hadn't meant to and everything would have been perfectly normal except that there was no one to show them to their table and they had to stand there in the empty doorway until the waitress turned up. Of course Stephen's uniform had attracted a lot of attention and there had been a mild excitement that had frightened him and made him terribly nervous and it didn't do him any good when the waitress had swept up to them and dramatically announced in a clear voice: "Mr. and Mrs. Stannard we are honoured to have you with us." "Now you see how important you are," Mary had whispered when they were seated? Stephen hadn't been the least impressed. "Shall I make a speech or just bow to them," he had asked

facetiously. Mary had dug into her grapefruit ignoring his sarcasm. He had been hot and flustered and now his shirt was cold and clammy on his back. He knew from past experiences that American waitresses were friendly creatures, for that he'd been grateful but he couldn't get used to their frank, curiousity and he'd feared what the waitress might ask him next.

She was a long, slim girl with blue-black hair. She wore a very white coatee affair. Stephen had seen that she wore little else. He'd felt proud when she had said: "Pardon me, but are you newly-married—I think you make a very charming couple." Her next remark had frozen his dutiful smile, "And you're in the Royal Air Force as a pilot."

Mary had enjoyed herself immensely. She had asked for a second cup of coffee on the strength of their intimacy with the waitress. "You're not supposed to have it," the waitress had explained but she'd smiled at Stephen and said, "I guess I can manage it."

After breakfast Stephen had been stuffing a package of cigarettes in his pocket when the maid had knocked and entered the room. She was a jolly little woman who had bounced up to the bed, clapped her hands and called, "Oh, you've only used one bed."

"Yes, we're using the other one tonight," he had said.

The maid had laughed at that and clapped her hands again and asked gently:

"You haven't been married long have you?"

Stephen had pondered awhile and answered slyly: "Not so long—eighteen hours in fact."

"You're English?"

"Yes."

"And your wife?"

"She's an American."

"And you're in the Royal Air Force?" He had begun to go cold again.

"Yes."

"That's wonderful—how long have you been in the Air Force?"

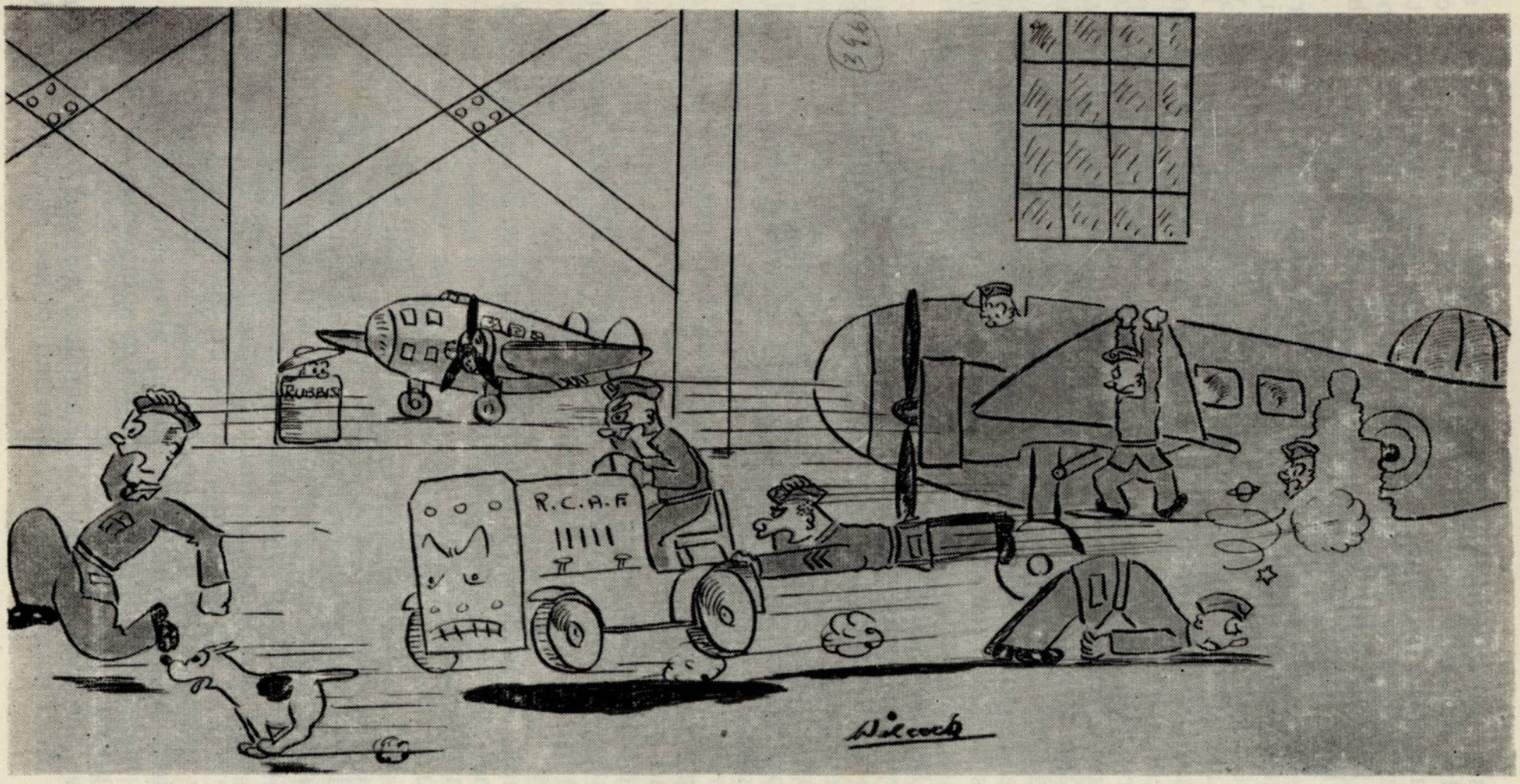
"Since the beginning of the war."

"Since Pearl Harbour?"

"Pardon me, no, since September 1939."

She had touched Stephen's cap which had been lying on the bed. He had been afraid that she would ask for the badge like those kids in Chicago the previous year who had begged so insistently for the buttons of his greatcoat that he'd been forced to take his pocket-knife and snip them off. All in all souvenir hunters had cost him a lot of money and embarrassment. He had wished Mary would return. The maid had picked up his cap and had placed it carefully and reluctantly on the chair and had started in to make the bed. Then he'd heard Mary tripping along the hall calling good morning and receiving the answer from somewhere, "Yeah, yeah, ain't it grand."

When the maid had left Stephen had relaxed on the bed and watched Mary comb her hair. She had looked beautiful and fresh.



"No airman without a liscence may drive the mule."

She had worn sandals and her legs had been bare and brown. Her dress had been short and had little red flowers printed on its whiteness. She'd caught his eye in the mirror and had winked at him and with one of her impulsive actions had flung down the comb and rushed to him and dragged him from the bed. "Let's go, darling," she'd almost sang. "You look very nice Stephen and I'm very very proud of you."

It was a long foyer they'd had to traverse extending the whole length of the hotel. On the walls hung water-colours by young American artists and odd landscapes in startling, brilliant colours by young Mexicans. Along the centre of the floor was a thick carpet that felt like walking on moss. Palm trees in tubs stood on either side of the foyer. The hotel residents had sat in blue wicker chairs at wicker glass-topped tables, drinking, smoking, talking, writing letters. They were mostly upper-crust, middle to old age, well-dressed, quiet people.

Stephen and Mary had made another stage-entrance, indeed it seemed that wherever they went there had to be a roomful of silence and a lot of expectant stares. Mary had taken Stephen's arm and they had walked down the whole length of the foyer under the scrutiny of a hundred pairs of eyes. When they had reached the desk the clerk had coughed and said, "Good morning Lieutenant." A few people had smiled and the doorman had saluted the smartly. Outside Stephen had taken a deep breath and Mary had asked, "Happy darling?"

The boardwalk was hot now and the sun had been beating down fiercely for two hours. The white sand had reflected jagged pinpoints of light hurtful to the eyes. On the sand the people lay under beach umbrellas and down near the sea where they were laughing and shouting, diving under the great rollers and riding in on the surf, a lifeguard sat in his high chair very handsome, muscular and tanned a deep brown.

Along the boardwalk elderly ladies in short sleeved dresses sat on wooden benches fanning themselves with lace handkerchiefs. They too wore beautiful tans and the few kids Stephen saw sitting at the soda-bar in the swimming-pool looked like little nigger boys.

They had gone into an air-conditioned restaurant and ordered iced-coffee. Stephen had felt creased and perspiration had trickled down his back and his pants had been uncomfortable and prickly, sticking to his buttocks. A couple of kids had approached their table and stood there arguing and staring at Stephen. He'd heard one of them say: "I betcha." the other had said: "O. K., go on ask him."

"Hey mister," the first kid had yelled, "What outfit you in?"

"R. A. F." Stephen had replied.

"Well, well, what do you know — the R. A. F. — I figured you was a Canadian soldier—shot down any Japs mister—I bet you have—I'm gonna join your outfit mister."

Stephen had grabbed Mary's arm and whispered to her: his face was red from the sun, from embarrasment. They had reached the door but the waitress had intercepted them and had said distinctly, "Pardon me—your cheque." "I'm sorry," Stephen had mum-

bled. He'd had the mortification of walking up to the cash-desk with the two kids hanging on his arm pleading for souvenirs. Outside he'd declared defiantly that whatever anyone thought he was determined to wear his civvies. Mary had been nice about it and had admitted that it was very hot and he surely must be awfully uncomfortable and anyway he could carry his identity card in case of trouble.

Lunch had been enjoyable though Stephen guessed that the waitress had lost some of her enthusiasm. She had been pleasant and given them good service but she'd kept looking at Stephen as though she wanted to say, "You look better in uniform," and he'd known that serving him had been to her a slight honour which she could boast of to the other girls. Then there were some new people in the hotel for lunch. They would ask her who the soldier was. But in civvies he had been just another visitor, to all the countless people around him and to her. That was the way he had wanted it, meant it to be. He had chatted to Mary and his mind had been free enough to allow him to express his great admiration for her. Then she'd ventured that he probably looked nicer in civvies, cleaner, fresher and certainly more at ease, the way she had wanted him to be. Near their table the five-piece orchestra had played "Night and Day." He had felt happy for the first time since leaving camp, the music had been a part of all the tenderness and gratitude he hadn't got around to expressing. After lunch he'd decided he'd go out and buy a bottle of brandy. He'd been anxious to test the freedom and anonymity of walking around in civvies.

II

It had been funny how lonely he'd felt without Mary—and without his uniform. If an airman had suddenly appeared in this part of New Jersey Stephen would have greeted him warmly and all the old slangy words and phrases would have come tumbling to his lips, all the odd gestures and the esoteric jokes would have been repeated and they would have been like brothers in this alien land, for to be a soldier or an airman was a life of its own like living in a monastery. Stephen had expected to recapture the old civilian mood, the one of four years ago and snatches of thought had slipped through his mind and left unpleasant patterns of memory; his coat had been a cheap one and had fitted him badly so that he had hunched his shoulders to keep it in place, an action that had reminded him of the first time he'd worn long pants which also had fitted him badly. The same old irritableness had caused him resentment against people he imagined had noticed the coat. His shoes too had been heavy English brogues and had clapped down on the boardwalk like a party of soldiers.

A slight breeze ruffled the upper branches of the trees outside the esplanade hotels and big black clouds dropped splashes of rain on the road and the opposite sidewalks so that people on the beach hurriedly gathered up their papers and magazines, slipped on their robes and began to run for their hotels apprehensively looking at the sky. The boardwalk became alive with men and women moving swiftly in all directions. Stephen was carried along by the tide of people making for the swimming-pool cafe. Now he felt a part

of the life he'd seen around him and was glad to be one of a hundred or more people with the same thought that called for the same action. He got in ahead of the main throng and found the cafe only half full.

This time he'd had difficulty in attracting the waitress and when she took his order she obviously hadn't recognized him from the morning. He'd had to wait a long time before she'd brought his coffee and she had spilled it looking over his shoulder at two sailors who had sat up at the bar.

There had been a seat near the window that he took when the big blonde moved out and he'd been gazing through the window at the rain slashing across the sea when she returned and found him there. Then there had been a man's gruff voice saying, "Oh yeah?"

"Pardon me?"

"I don't like strangers getting fresh with my wife—get to hell out of it."

"I'm sorry," Stephen had said, "I didn't know this table was reserved."

"You want to get fresh, uh?"

"Yeah, get to hell out of it," the blonde had shouted.

A few curious stares had been turned in Stephen's direction and the waitress had hung around frowning at him.

"Look, sir," Stephen had said. I'm sorry if there's some mistake but I can assure you . . . ."

"Shut up." The man had been heard all over the cafe and several people had left their seats and stood around Stephen's table.

The man had appealed to the nearest couple who were enjoying the scene. "This heel comes in here and tries to get fresh with my wife—he says he ain't trying to make trouble."

"Yeah, the woman had said, that's what he says—he ain't trying to make trouble."

Stephen had arisen. He had been trembling and humiliated. But the man had gone on remorselessly: "Who the hell do you think you are anyway?"

Stephen had said quickly: "I'm a soldier on furlough—I'm in the R. A. F."

The man had laughed hoarsely and turned to the grinning crowd: "Look at him—first he tries to get fresh with my wife—then he says he ain't trying to make trouble—and now he's in the R. A. F." He had gripped Stephen by the coat lapel. "Get to the hell outa here and don't come back and don't try to get fresh with no more women—see." He had given Stephen a push and the crowd had opened up a passage to let him through.

On the way back to the hotel he'd had to run through the worst part of the storm so that he was breathless and soaked. Mary had helped him off with his coat. "You'll have to wear your nasty uniform," she'd said. "I'll ring down and have your things dried and pressed so they'll be ready for the morning."

"There's no hurry, dear," he'd told her.

"Why."

"Because I think I'll stick to my uniform."

"But why dear, I thought you hated it?"

"Oh I don't know, Mary, you feel better in uniform."

SOME GEN FOR MUSIC LOVERS

By L.A.C. Everest

BY the time that these lines appear in print, the winter season of programmes will have got well under way, but in case there are still any lovers of good music on the station who are unaware of the activities of the Recorded Music Society, here are a few of the salient points.

Programmes are given each Wednesday night at 20; 30 hrs. in the Cinema of the Synthetic Building, which for size and acoustics is admirably suited for the purpose. The co-operation and help of P.S.I. in providing us with a competent operator for the amplifying equipment is greatly appreciated as the reproduction of modern first class recordings by this means, could hardly be bettered.

Attendances at the concerts given so far, have been most encouraging, and there is every reason to suppose that as the long Nova Scotian winter progresses, the numbers will keep on increasing.

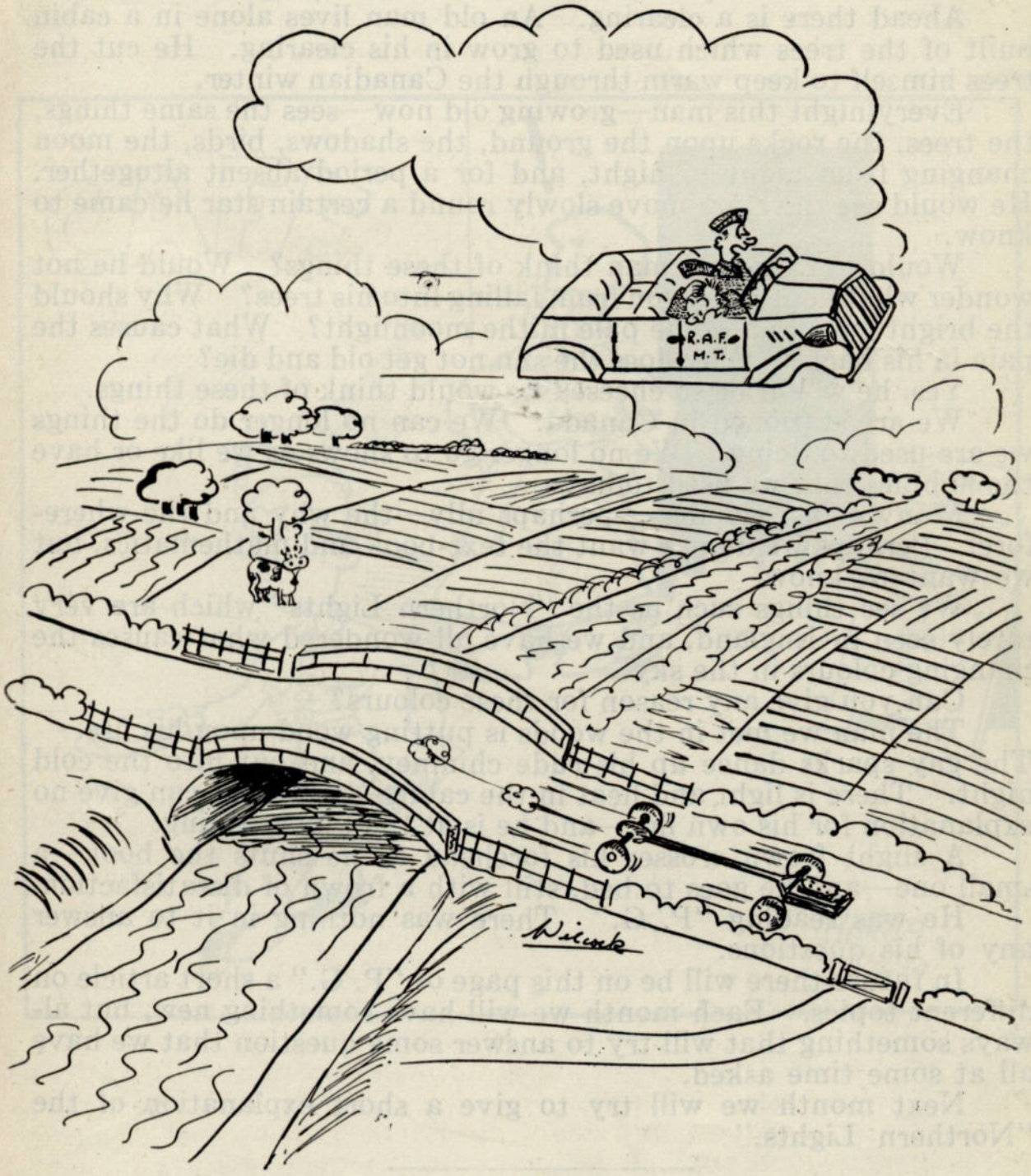
The Society has a collection of records which were purchased for its use by the P.S.I. and with the large number of records available from other sources on the camp, there is no lack of good music of every kind from which the committee or its guests can draw We can provide well built programmes of interest to every one of us who enjoys listening to music, and we are able to plan in advance, and yet be sure that the records chosen will be available when the day of the concert comes round.

Among future events already planned are a popular concert arranged by myself, which includes such popular favourites as the overtures to William Tell, and the Poet and Peasant, Finlandia, the Flower Waltz from the Nutcracker Suite, and the second Hungarian Rhapsody, as well as some Operatic Arias by such great singers as Tibbett, Norena, and James Melton, and piano solos by Rosenthal. This coucert is to take place on the 24th of the month.

L A C Bell, whose Operatic programmes are perhaps the most popular of any we have so far given, has another to offer early in December, and is also trying to obtain the loan of a complete recording of Puccini's, La Boheme, to present in the near future.

Each one of the four enthusiastic members of the committee will do his utmost to include any items in the programmes, that anyone cares to request, provided that by hook or by crook he can get hold of the records, so let us hear from you when you next attend one of the concerts.

The boon of modern recording and reproduction cannot be over estimated in a place like Debert, where first hand performances by the Worlds great artists could never be heard. The opportunity exists now, however, for all of us to enjoy this modern wonder, here on the Station. Let us make every use of it.



"Nasty bump Charlie, Wot."

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED?

IT is a black Canadian night. The green of the trees and the red of the clay are both turned to shades of grey by the moon which is poised in air above the sleeping woods.

Ahead there is a clearing. An old man lives alone in a cabin built of the trees which used to grow in his clearing. He cut the trees himself to keep warm through the Canadian winter.

Every night this man—growing old now—sees the same things, the trees, the rocks upon the ground, the shadows, birds, the moon changing from night to night, and for a period absent altogether. He would see the stars move slowly round a certain star he came to know.

Would not this old man think of these things? Would he not wonder what kept the moon from falling into his trees? Why should the bright colours become pale in the moonlight? What causes the pain in his back? Why does the sun not get old and die?

Yes, he would be so cheesed he would think of these things.

We are stationed in Canada. We can no longer do the things we are used to doing. We no longer go to shows as we like or have the hobbies that we used to have.

Many of us, wonder—perhaps idly—the why and the wherefore. Perhaps we do not want the text-book and mathematics, but we want to know.

We see things such as the "Northern Lights" which are very rarely seen in England, and we have all wondered what causes the changing colours in the sky.

Can you give any reason for these colours?

The man we met in the woods is putting wood upon his fire. The gay sparks dance up his rude chimney, and out into the cold night. There is light and heat in the cabin—though he can give no explanation for his own fire—and he is at the table reading.

A slight frown crosses his forehead as he shuts the book—a small one—and he goes to bed, still with a frown of dissatisfaction.

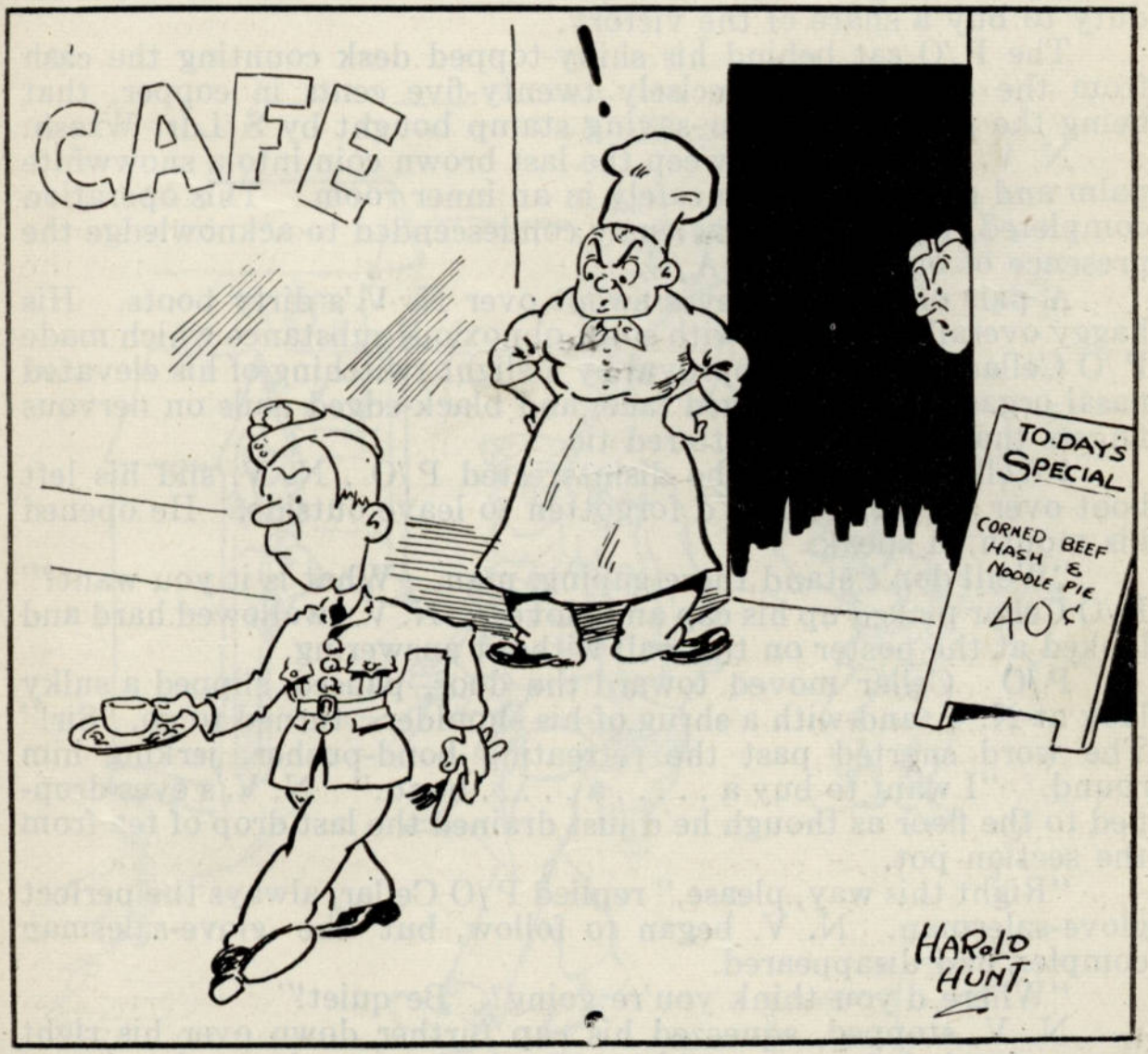
He was reading "P. G." There was nothing in it to answer any of his questions.

In future there will be on this page of "P. G." a short article on different topics. Each month we will have something new, but always something that will try to answer some question that we have all at some time asked.

Next month we will try to give a short explanation of the "Northern Lights."

NEW BOMBING PROCEDURE

According to one of our Electrical "Gen-men," the Observer removes the safety pins before take-off and HANDS THE BOMBS TO THE PILOT! We wonder what he does if they are 1,000-pounders!


CAFE
!
TO-DAY'S SPECIAL
CORNED BEEF HASH & NOODLE PIE
40¢
HAROLD HUNT.

N. V. DOES HIS BIT

By Drew Alison

IT was the sixth of the month. The last day of the "Bonds for Victory" drive, and almost five o'clock, the last hour for purchasing a bond. Of course, it was the last five minutes of the hour when A/C N. Veste strolled into the office of P/O Cellar.

Now P/O Cellar was the smartest bond salesman on the camp. Nobody could ignore his voice when he informed them it was their duty to buy a share of the victory.

The P/O sat behind his shiny-topped desk counting the cash from the day's sales, precisely twenty-five cents in copper, that being the price of one war-saving stamp bought by S/Ldr. Wrash.

N. V. watched him sweep the last brown coin into a snowwhite palm and deposit the sum safely in an inner room. This operation completed, P/O Cellar graciously condescended to acknowledge the presence of our patriotic A/C.

A pair of pin-point eyes swept over N. V.'s dirty boots. His baggy overalls, splashed with some obnoxious substance which made P/O Cellar register disapproval by a slight twitching of his elevated nasal organ. The smudged face, and black-edged nails on nervous fingers that fumbled a tattered tie.

"Well!" demanded the disinterested P/O . N. V. slid his left boot over the dog-end he'd forgotten to leave outside. He opened his mouth to speak.

"Well! don't stand there gaping, man. What is it you want?" P/O Cellar picked up his cap and gloves. N. V. swallowed hard and looked at the poster on the wall without answering.

P/O Cellar moved toward the door, paused, slipped a sulky look at N. V. and with a shrug of his shoulders, turned to go. "Sir!" The word snorted past the retreating bond-pusher, jerking him round. "I want to buy a . . . . . a . . . . . bond." N. V.'s eyes dropped to the floor as though he'd just drained the last drop of tea from the section pot.

"Right this way, please," replied P/O Cellar, always the perfect glove-salesman. N. V. began to follow, but the glove-salesman complex had disappeared.

"Where d'you think you're going? Be quiet!"

N. V. stopped, squeezed his cap further down over his right eye, and exhaled very audibly. "Look, I wanna buy a bond, see! Do I get it or don't I?" The words turned over and over in N. V.'s mind, but his tongue was still.

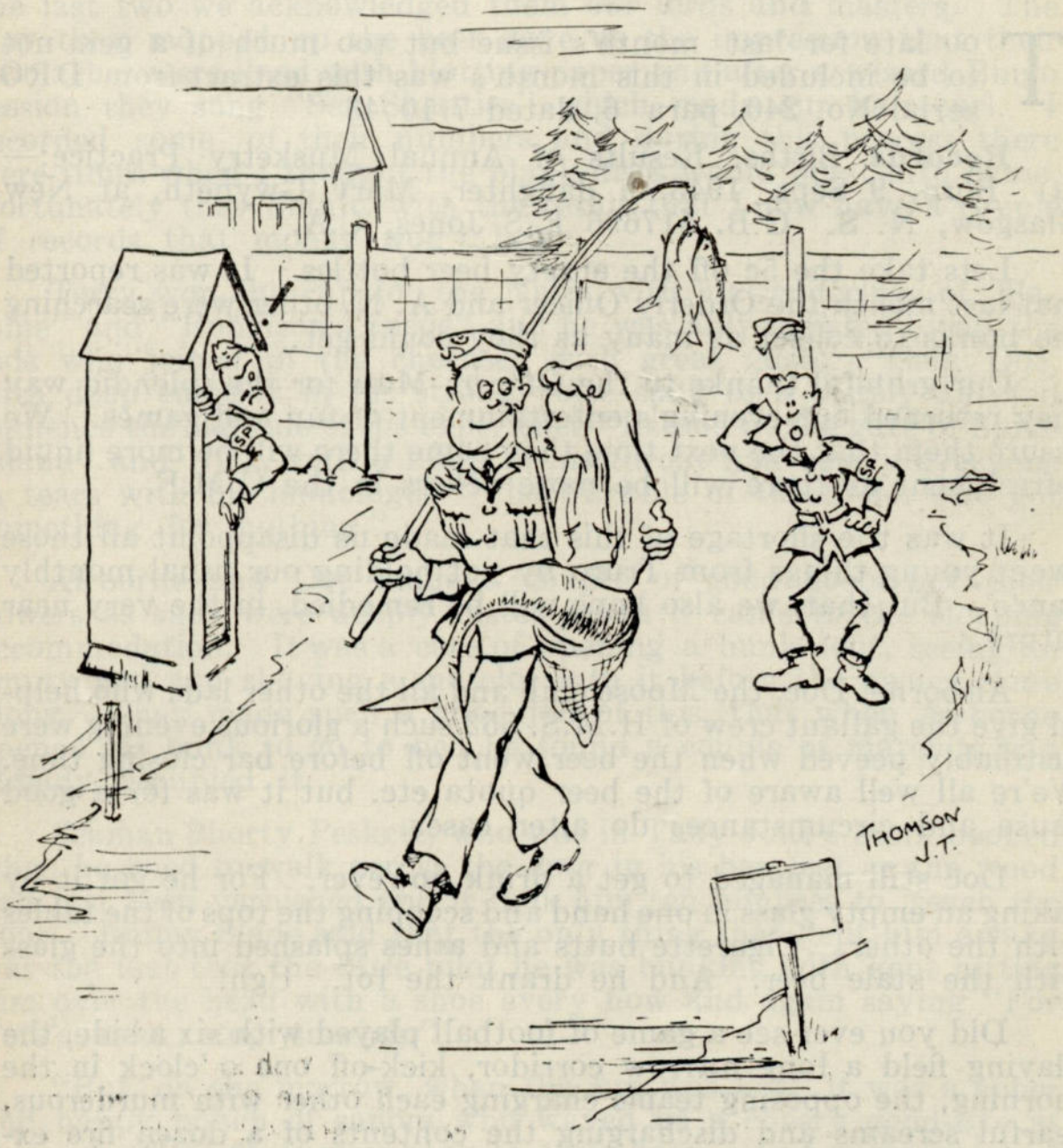
P/O Cellar was smiling now. He brought the strong-box from the inner room filling the air with an atmosphere of business. "Now! We have several quali . . . er . . . prices . . . or denominations. A hundred dollars, fifty dollars and, of course, the stamps at twenty-five cents each. Will it be cash, or . . . ."

"Cash!" N. V. almost barked.

"Cash, eh! Good!" smiled the P/O rubbing his hands. "And how much?"

"I want three one hundred dollar bonds, please," replied N. V. flicking fifteen $20 bills on the desk. P/O Cellar was very quiet.

Some time later N. V. was in the "Y" having a coke. "Stupid sort o' bloke they had selling them war bonds," he remarked to his pal Pudhfin. "Just stood there wi' his mouth open. Anyone would've thought I'd pinched the dough!"



Eavesdropping at THE SERGEANT'S MESS

By Nosilla

Too late for last month's issue but too much of a gem not to be included in this month's was this extract from DRO serial No. 240, para 6, dated 7/10/43

Records Births, Results of Annual Musketry Practice:— (a) Born, 9 Sept. 1943, a daughter, Mary Gwyneth, at New Glasgow, N. S. G.B. 517696 F/S Jones, C.A.

Lets take the 5c off the empty beer bottles It was reported that last month the Orderly Officer and A. N. other were searching the bunks to collect as many as they could get.

Our grateful thanks to the Officers Mess for the splendid way they returned our evening's entertainment of fun and games. We assure them that the next time they come there will be more liquid refreshment as there will be more ackers in the G M.F.

It was the shortage of this that made us disappoint all those sweet young things from Truro by not holding our usual monthly dance. But that, we also hope will be remedied, in the very near future.

Airborne, Doc, the Moose club and all the other lads who helped give the gallant crew of H.M.S. 553 such a glorious evening were justifiably peeved when the beer went off before bar closing time. We're all well aware of the beer quota etc. but it was for a good cause and circumstances do alter cases.

Doc still managed to get a drink however. For he got it by taking an empty glass in one hand and scooping the tops of the tables with the other. Cigarette butts and ashes splashed into the glass with the stale beer. And he drank the lot. Ugh!

Did you ever see a game of football played with six a side, the playing field a long narrow corridor, kick-off one o 'clock in the morning, the opposing teams charging each other with murderous, fearful screams and discharging the contents of a dozen fire extinguishers all over the place while they did So! Well I did.

And have you ever seen the look of awful embarrassment on a young lady's face who bursts in on the Moose Club at a succulent part of Salome? Well I have.

THE NAVY IS HERE

By Nosilla

On Saturday, 13th October, Chiefy Bullock and his jolly tars from H.M.S. 553 dropped in on the Sgts. Mess to challenge us to another bout of "Games, Drink and Song.'

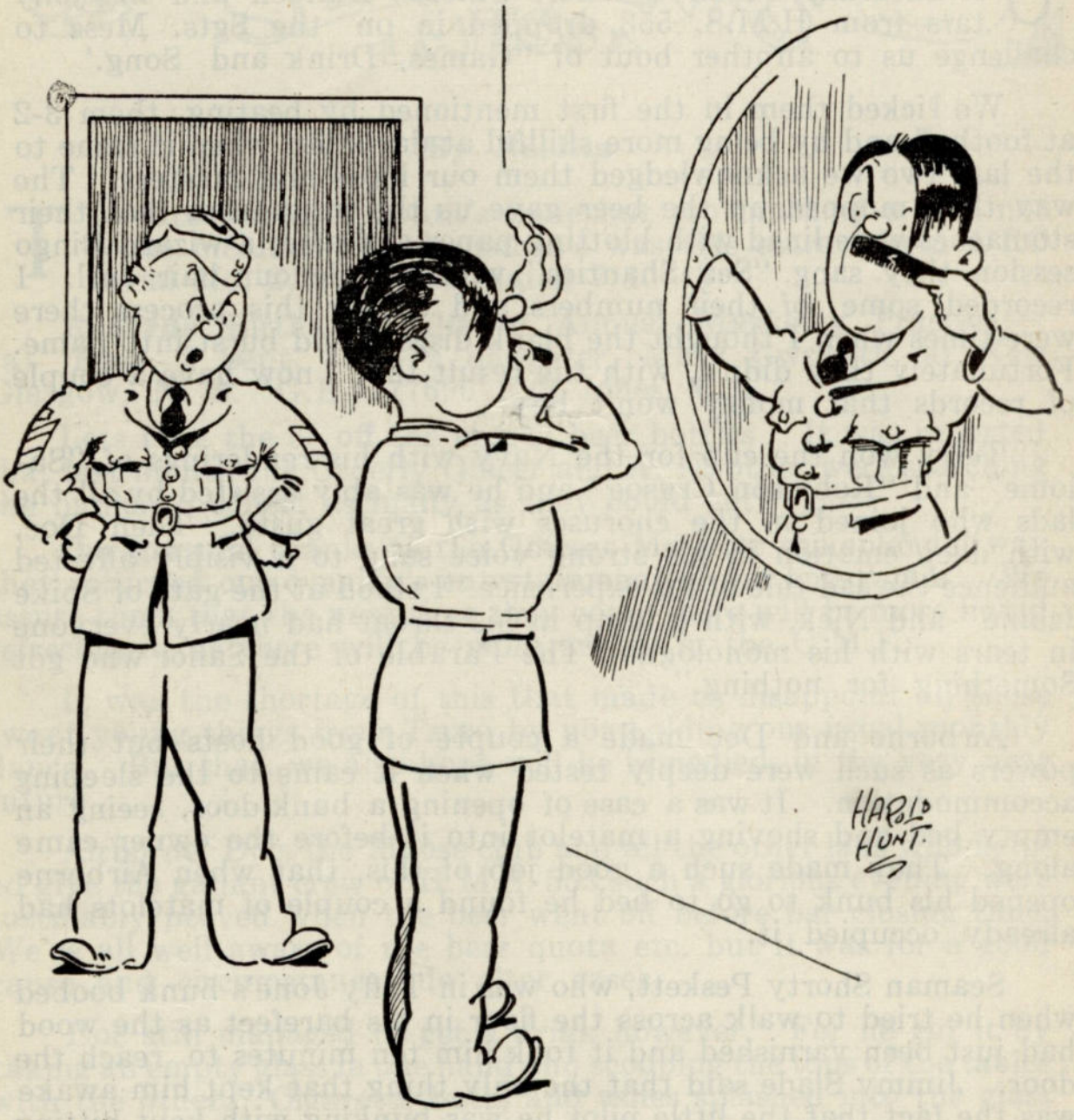
We licked them in the first mentioned by beating them 3-2 at football and by being more skillful at darts but when it came to the last two we acknowledged them our lords and masters. The way they mopped up the beer gave us the impression that their stomaches were lined with blotting paper and after a wizard Bingo session they sang "Sea Shanties" which made our hair curl. I recorded some of their numbers and during this process there were times when I thought the blank discs would burst into flame. Fortunately they didn't, with the result that I now have a couple of records that money won't buy.

Terry won the cup for the Navy with his renderings of "Salome" and "Robinson Crusoe" and he was ably assisted by all the lads who joined in the choruses with great gusto. Then Doc, with deep emotion in his strong voice sang to a visibly affected audience the sad tale of his experience "I stood at the gate of Spike Island" and Nick, with a lump in his throat had nearly everyone in tears with his monologue "The Parable of the Sailor who got Something for nothing."

Airborne and Doc made a couple of good hosts but their powers as such were deeply tested when it came to the sleeping accommodation. It was a case of opening a bunk door, seeing an empty bed and shoving a matelot into it before the owner came along. They made such a good job of this, that when Airborne opened his bunk to go to bed he found a couple of matelots had already occupied it.

Seaman Shorty Peskett, who was in Taffy Jone's bunk boobed when he tried to walk across the floor in his barefeet as the wood had just been varnished and it took him ten minutes to reach the door. Jimmy Slade said that the only thing that kept him awake was the fact that the little pilot he was bunking with kept hitting him over the head with a shoe every now and again saying "For Pete's sake, stop snoring."

"But, on the morrow, when the sun was low" it was a sober and happy bunch of sailors who waved us a cheery good-bye as they set off on their way back to their base. And as we watched them pass through the gates we felt honoured that it had been our lot to entertain such a bunch of decent blokes.



"When you're quite ready you can start painting the Sergeant's Mess!"

THINGS TO NOTE

THE Airmen's Dances held in October and November last months' outstanding event. This was a success, due largely to the efforts of the newiy formed Airmen's Dance Committee, members of which are—A.C. Bridge (Chairman); LAC. Marshall; LAC. Reid; A.C. Corkhill; A.C. Neal; LAC. Berry.

The committee was formed in answer to the many "moans and groans" of the "erks" who complained of lack of organization on the part of the Entertainments Committee. The committee would like to transfer the blame to the right quarter. The lads themselves expected them to fill the Recreation Hall to capacity with an abundance of partners whenever a dance was held.

Now that we are organized we would llke 100% support in order to maintain the standard of the last dance.

Novelty nights are becoming increasingly popular amongst all ranks. Quiz holds first place, even attracting the attention of the "brains" of the Officers' Mess. Many more contestants are needed, so roll along to Reg. Dunn and help carry these "At Homes" throughout the winter months.

Saturdays are reserved for Bridge and Whist Drives. These like Novelty Nights are FREE—with prizes and with refreshments!

The possibility of a Section Darts Tournament is under consideration, and Reg. Dunn will never tire of writing down the names of all those wishing to take part—so get weaving.

As you all know, (if you read orders and notices) a Rhythm Club has been formed. The first concert given, provided a great success. Times and dates are published in D. R. Os, so roll up for a "Jam Session."

A LAST WORD! We have our ideas—you have yours, if you think your ideas are good, have a "natter" with Reg or any of the committee.

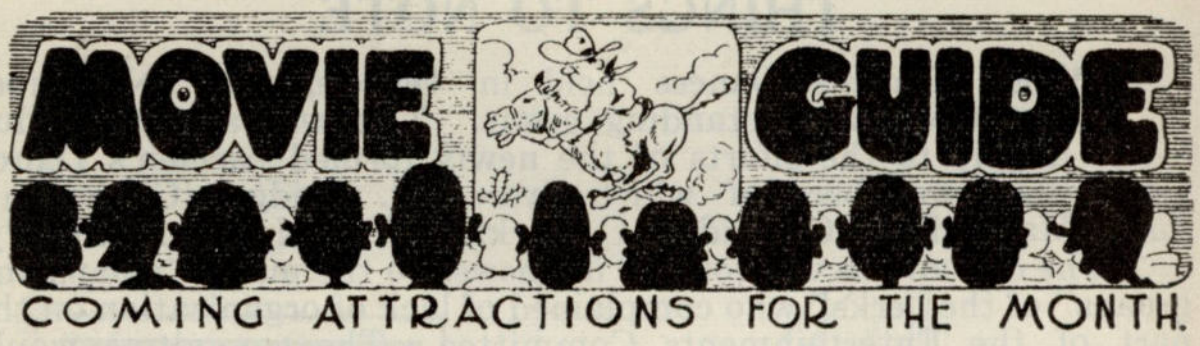
We will do all we can to put them into effect for YOUR entertainment.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The response to P. G.'s Photographic Competiion ha not been as great as we anticipated, the entries we have received so far amount to FOUR!

Now, with a flourishing Photographic Club on the Camp we expected to have at least forty entries and from all those who do **not** belong to the club we expected to have forty more, so, where are they?

We have decided to extend the closing date to November 30th. Please send any entries which you may have now to AC Munro, Operations Room and remember the the prize is TEN DOLLARS . . . . . .



COMING ATTRACTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

A Film booker is born, not made, born under a lucky star, and if he is able to beat to the punch his fellow exhibitors for a particularly good feature he knows that his star is still shining. The features that are coming out of the studios now lack almost everything that makes them entertaining, so I have decided to play some of the older films which have all proved their worth.

Waikiki Wedding is one of Bing's early efforts and had a run of 7 weeks at the Plaza, London.

Adventures of Tatu is a story of espionage put over in a different way.

Boston Blackie Goes Hollywood. These "Blackies" are actual life stories put on to the screen.

Big Street Damon Runyon in top form; supported by Donald Duck in Donald's Camera.

First of the Few—Spitfire.

Man from Down Under A Charles Laughton re-issue.

Keeper of the Flame This was the first picture Spencer Tracey made after he came out of hospital. He lost his hand at Bataan.

Doughboys in Ireland This is not a story of Yank soldiers in Ireland, but a featured song programme of Kenny Baker who sings Irish airs such as "Mother Machree," "All or Nothing at All," "Irish Eyes," etc.

Victory Through Air Power Disney full length Technicolour aviation feature in a word a documentation of the case for winning of victory through air power which Major A. de Seveosky has been arguing steadily in person and in his book.

Forthcoming are:—

Stage Door Canteen
Life of a Bengal Lancer
Souls at Sea
The Rains Came
Chocolate Soldiers
Bitter Sweet
Call of the Wild
Four Feathers
Union Pacific

And let me know of any others that you would like.

Monday	22nd Nov.	*Mrs. Miniver*	Greer Garson. Walter Pidgeon.
Tuesday	23rd "	*One Thrilling Night*	John Beal, Wanda Mackay.
Thursday	25th "	*Big Street*	Henry Fonda, Lusille Ball Donald's Camera.
Friday	26th "	*39 Steps*	Robert Donat, Madeline Carroll Pluto Lends a Paw and March of Time.
Sunday	27th "	*Above Suspicion*	Joan Crawford, Fred M'Murray.
Monday	29th "	*First of the Few*	Leslie Howard. David Niven.
Tuesday	30th "	*Hi Diddle Diddle*	Adolph Menjou. Billy Burke. Dennis O'Keefe.
Thursday	2nd Dec.	*Keeper of the Flame*	Spencer Tracy. Katherine Hepburn.
Friday	3rd "	*Mr. Lucky*	Gary Grant, Laraine Day.
Sunday	5th "	*Doughboys in Ireland*	Kenny Baker, Jeff Donnell.
Monday	6th "	*Man from Down Under*	Charles Laughten
Tuesday	7th "	Victory through Airpower	A Walt Disney.
Thursday	9th "	*I Escaped the Gestapo*	Dean Jagger, John Caradine.
Friday	10th "	*Lucky Legs*	Jinx Falkenburg, Kay Harris.
Sunday	12th "	*Stage Door Canteen*	With a gigantic cast including Charlie M'Carthy, Paul Muni, Kay Kayser and many others.
Monday	13th "	*Highways by Night*	Richard Carlson, Jane Randolph.
Tuesday	14th "	*Sahara*	Humphrie Bogart, Bruce Bennet.
Thursday	16th "	*The More the Merrier*	Jean Arthur, Joel M'Crae and Charles Coburn.
Friday	17th "	*Dangerous Blondes*	Edmund Lowe, Evelyn Keyes.
Sunday	19th "	*Johnny Come Lately*	Jimmy Cagney, Marjory Main.
Monday	20th "	*Gasbags*	THE CRAZY GANG.

FROM THE BREEZES

by "Windsock"

SAW a letter bearing the address R. A. F. DESERT, a few days ago. Wonder how the postal authorities knew it was for DEBERT? . . . . . .

They tell me food preparation in the Airmen's Mess is improving. And I shouldn't be surprised if "they" are correct . . . . . .

Now I know what became of the curtains missing from the "Y" windows. Our "docs" boys like to feel at home . . . . . .

Met a member of the Officer's Mess who can still remember when Drambuie could be bought for $3.50 per bottle. I find it hard to remember when it could be bought! . . . . . .

Judging from the brawls in some billets on "bed-linen" exchange day, there's STILL an acute shortage of pillow-slips in camp! . . . .

Clothing parades, they tell me, are held just to remind one that there IS a war in progress . . . . . .

Radio in the billet, radio in the "Y", radio in the section, and now a "juke box" is proposed for the Airmen's Mess . . . . What price peace ? . . . . .

I'd like to congratulate the new Airmen's dance committee on the success of their first ventures. The next should be even better!

I hear that our air-minded cartoonist got into a tail-spin 500 ft. below sea level while drawing a Link for the mag . . . .

Our new Sports Officer tells me he likes to play Basketball, but adds that playing alone isn't much fun. How about it, fellows! . . . .

They say the Photographic section is wondering what to do with all the specially built low-slung benches etc., provided for their expert who is about to become "water-borne" . . . . .

Who wouldn't belong to the Fire Department! Good hours, nice fresh billet (and small) and . . . . . SINGLE BEDS! . . . .

I've been informed that Badminton is faster and better since a ball has given the "bird" the air . . . . . .

I hear that a genuine case of "mike-fright" occurred in the Corporal's Club a short time ago. Matter of fact the "mike" was scared into complete silence! . . . .

It is whispered that our three new Sgt. S. P.'s are not to enforce law and order so much as to check up on chits and Airmen's dress . . .

If you want to find a Sgt. in the Sgts' Mess, ask a W. O. They're more plentiful! . . . . . .

Last month I mentioned the removal of magazines from the Y. M. C. A. This practice continues! Without any old school tie waving, I say, "play the game, chaps!" . . . . . .

To all about to take-off for old familiar haunts, I'd like to offer my humble "bon voyage" and good luck! . . . . . .