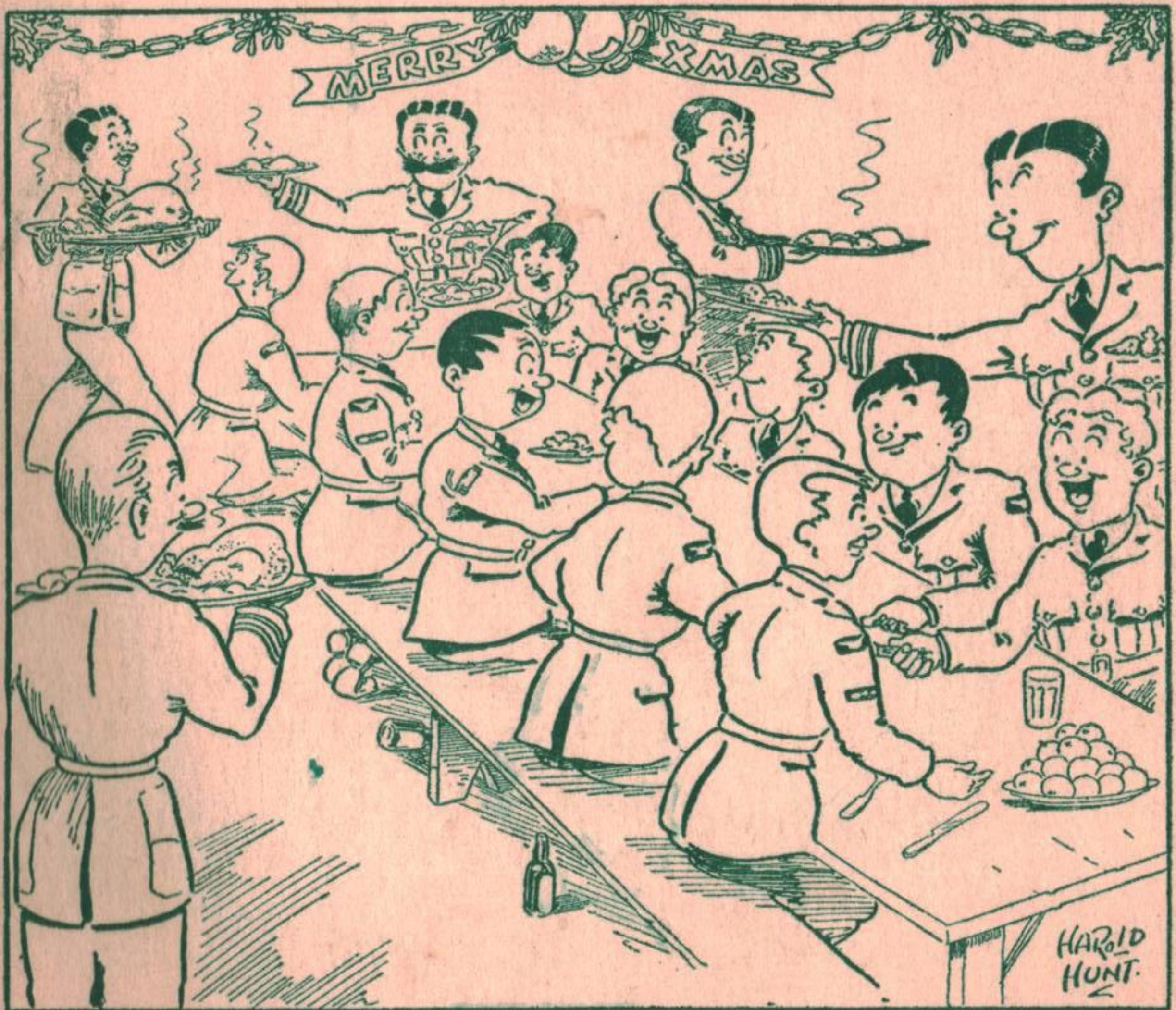


CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The Royal Air Force . Debert, N. S.





A
MERRY
XMAS





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R A.F. Debert, N. S.

VOL. 3

DECEMBER, 1943

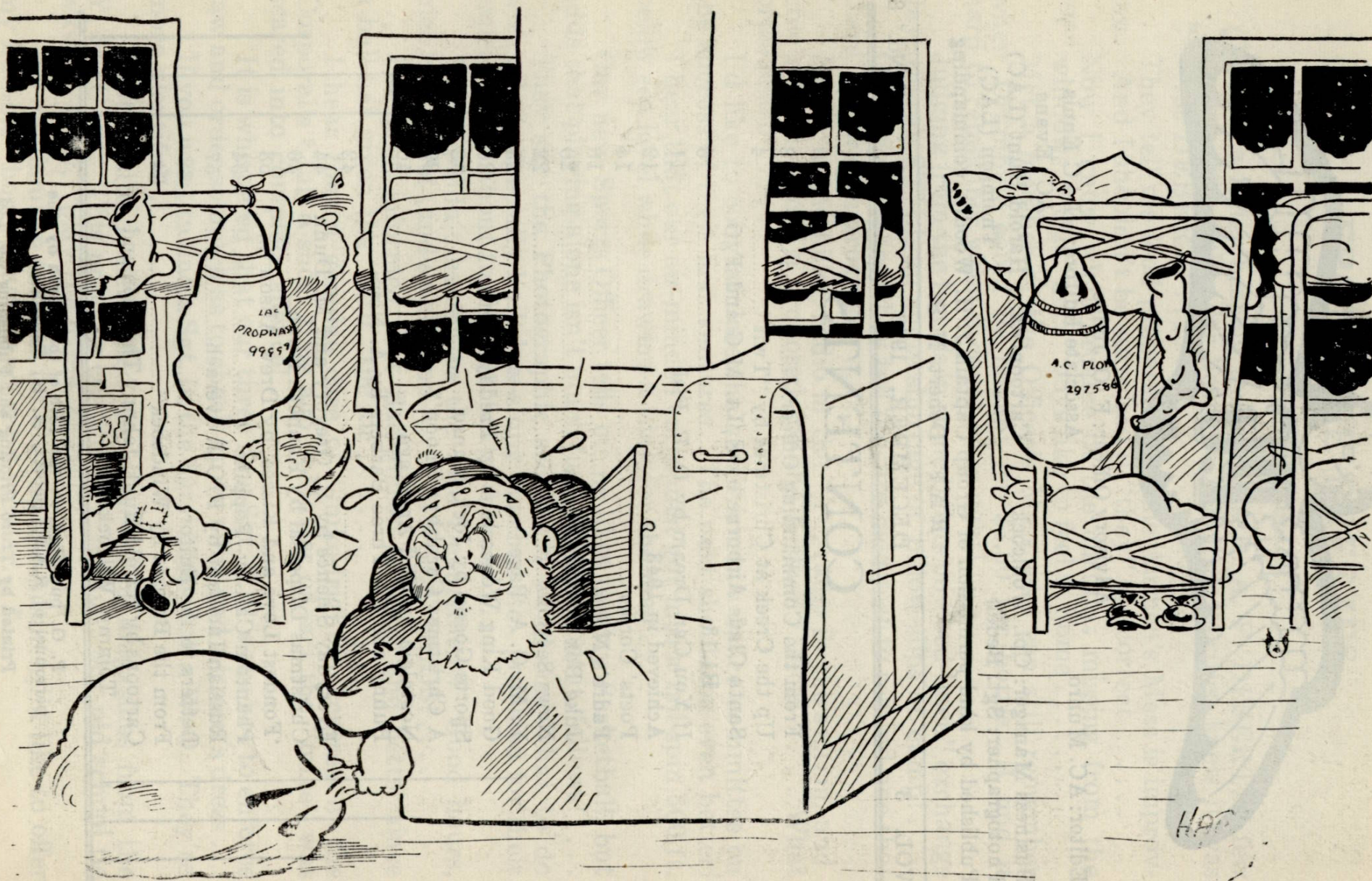
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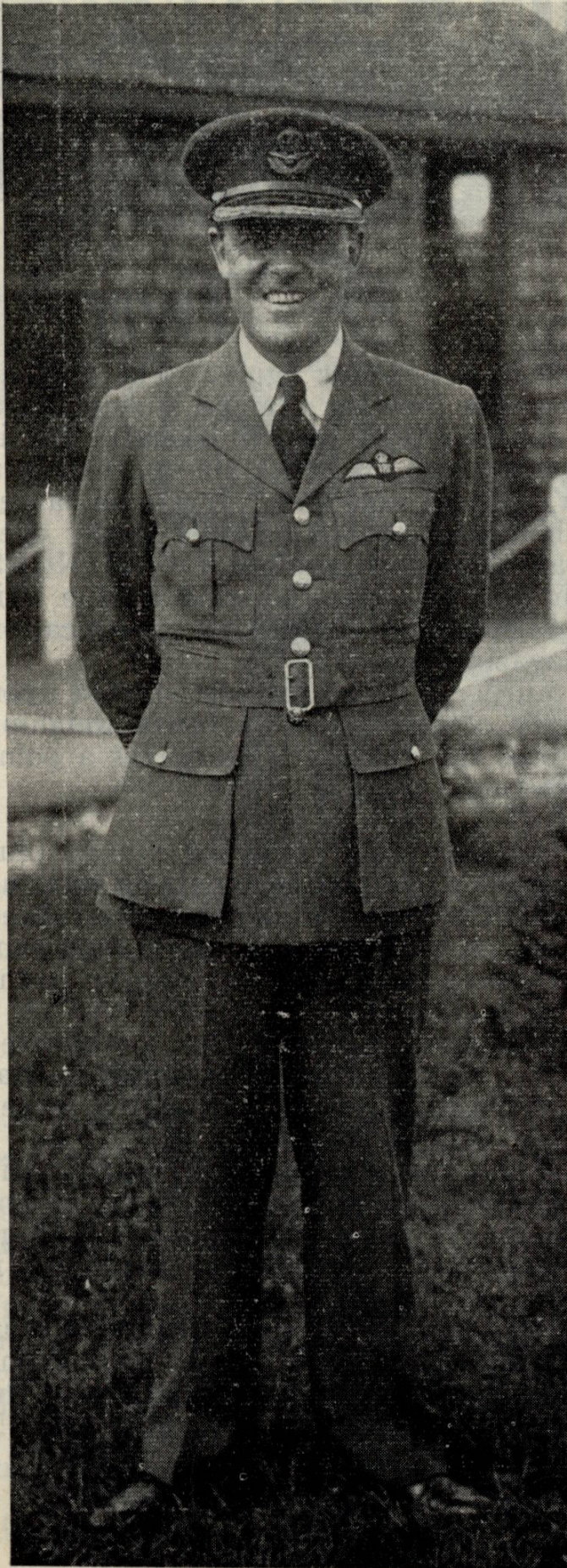
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P. G. published on the 15th of the Month by the
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“Drat these new fangled contraptions”

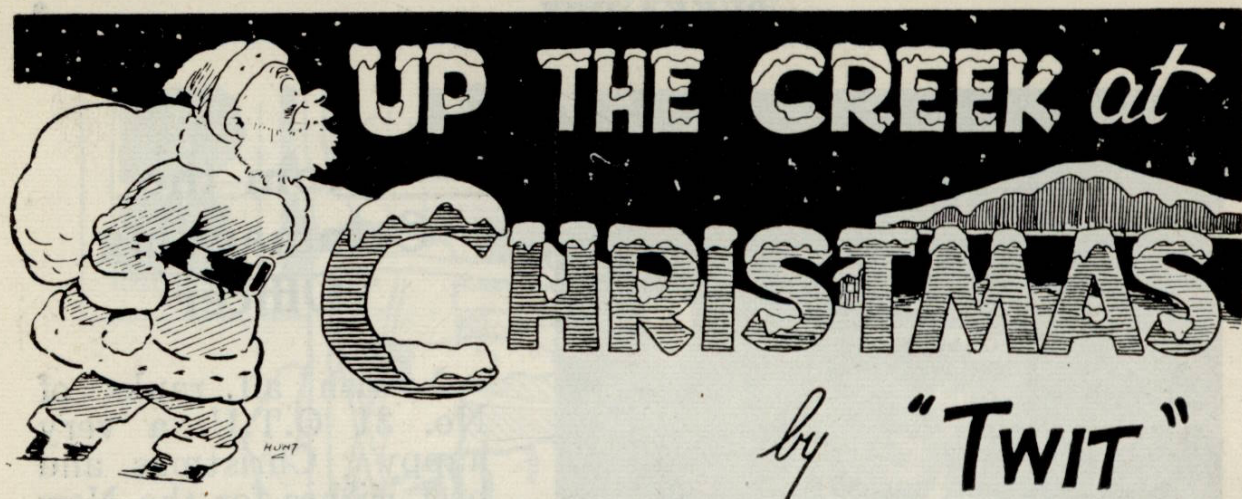


From the Commanding Officer

I wish all ranks of No. 31 O.T.U. a very happy Christmas and best wishes for the New Year. I am sure that the arrangements made for Christmas this year will be just as good as last and I hope that all personnel who are unable to take leave during the Christmas grant will have an enjoyable time in camp. Many of our old friends have left us on repatriation so there will be a large number of personnel who will be spending their first Christmas in Canada and I hope they enjoy it. I wish to congratulate all ranks on our varied achievements as a Unit during 1943 and feel confident that with the splendid spirit and co-operation which exists throughout the whole station we shall carry on the "Good Work" in 1944 with equal success. Good luck to you all.

John Woodie.

Group Captain.



Battling through the snow is a peculiar figure. The wind is cold and his frozen breath conceals the fact that he is smoking a cigarette (The cigarette is concealed by his whiskers!) He is wearing a red Parka and carries a large kit bag. He approaches a large building and enters by a dimly lit doorway. Inside he pauses and shakes the snow off his boots and beard. Under bushy eyebrows he peers about him, another door marked I/C MINORS attracts his attention. He enters. A man, wearing a blue uniform and stripes, seated by a telephone is completing his education by reading a true crime magazine.

He reads a story of foul murder. As he has just started upon a vivid description of the body of the victim (a blond weighing 186 lbs.) he quite rightly ignores the visitor. (He makes a point of this in any case while on duty.)

"Pardon me, sir, do you".....

"Ha I suppose you want a supper chit?" says the man in blue not looking up as the "Sir" suggests a "sprog" or somebody wanting something. In any case he is mildly annoyed at being interrupted as he is just in the middle of an exciting piece of information concerning the disposition of the victim's nude body with respect to the bathroom door.

"No" says the elderly gentleman in the red Parka "I wondered if you could lend me a horse?" "Botheration" (or words to that effect) replies the man in blue "We ain't got no'orses only a mule" He glances up condescendingly at his visitor.

"Where in the helicopter did you get that red Parka? Did you shave this morning? Put that cigarette out! What's in the bag? 'ave you been posted? Aren't you on crash gang? Where the service policeman is my supper?" The ancient gentleman is rather taken aback.

"No I'm not on crash gang" he says "I want to borrow your horse or mule or something. My sleigh got stuck on East Camp road where I was taking a few things to the boys." "Oh," says the man in blue "P.S.I. or Y.M.C.A. Well you'll have to have a chit!"

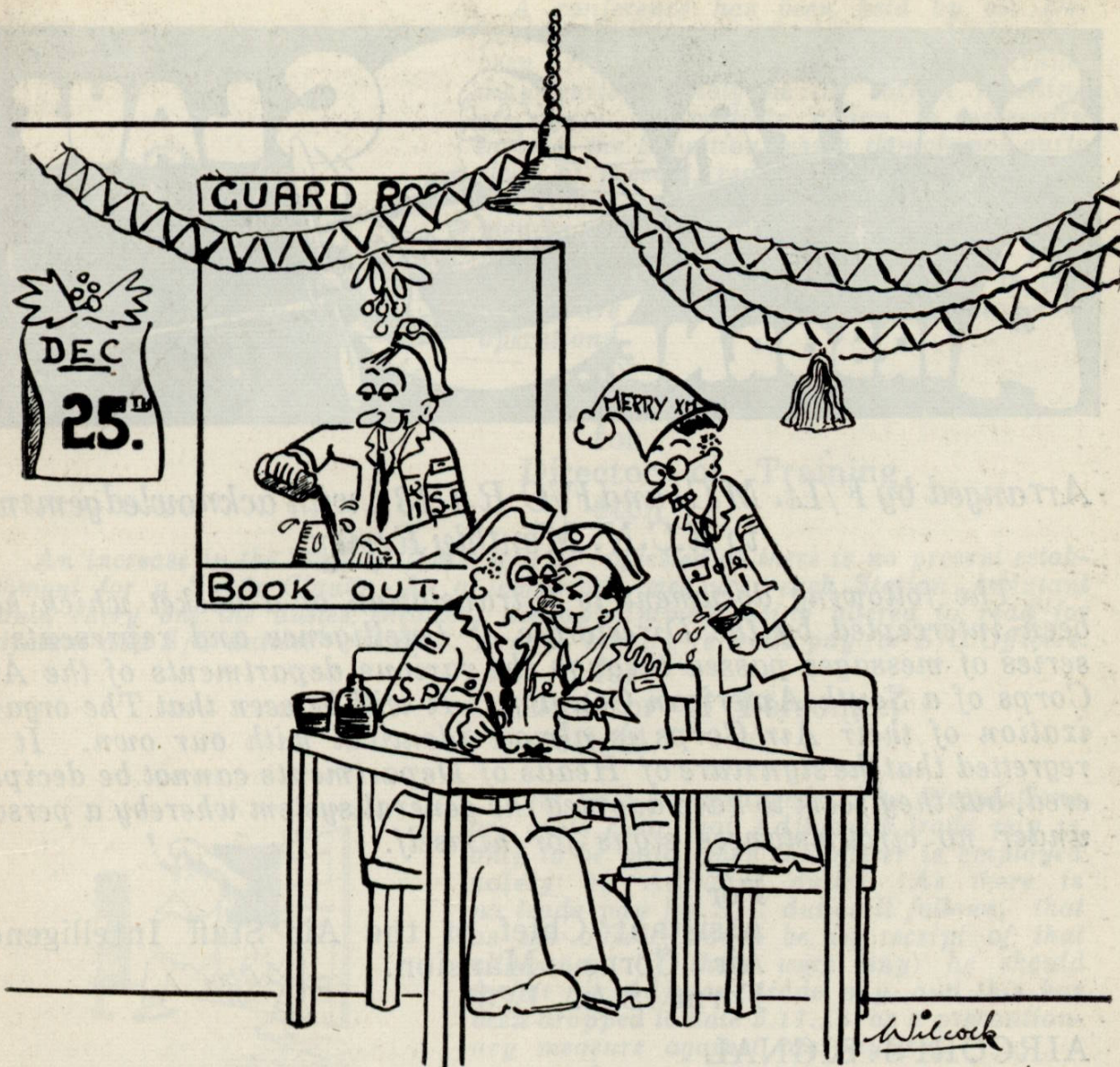
"But it's Christmas Eve."

"I don't care if its Adam and Eve, you've still got to have a chit!"

"Where do I get this chit you speak of and what is it?"

"A chit is a piece of paper wots got to be signed."

"Who signs it?"



“I’ll have to sharge you wi’ bein’ drunk an’ dishorderly whilsht in camp.”

“I don’t know.”

.....“But my sleigh!—the mule!—the chit!.....”

■ “Get out! and you can put your sleigh.....”

But the elderly gentleman has gone without waiting to hear the proposed destination of his vehicle.

■ Sadly he shuffles out into the cold night. Taking a bottle of “moonshine” (’43 local brew) from beneath his whiskers he takes a good draught and wanders off to nearby hamlet to sit by the roaring Yule Log in the holly decked public bar of the Village Inn and kiss the rosy cheeked barmaid under the mistletoe and tell the tale of Tiny Tim. After a few ‘cokes’ and more “moonshine” he forgets about the chit and his sleigh (later used by Works & Bucks to cart earth from one place to another and vice versa

.....And that’s why THERE AIN’T NO SANTA CLAUS children. He had not got a chit.

TWIT



Arranged by F/Lt. M.G. and F/O R.1.13., with acknowledgements to R.C.N. Monthly Review

The following document is a translation of a docket which has been intercepted by the Directorate of Intelligence and represents a series of messages passed through the various departments of the Air Corps of a South American Country. It will be seen that The organization of their Air Corps is almost identical with our own. It is regretted that the signature of Heads of Departments cannot be deciphered, but they seem to have adopted the general system whereby a person under no circumstances signs for himself.

For:
Assistant Chief of the Air Staff Intelligence
Air Corps. Mansion.
Form S.A. L235

AIRCORPS SIGNAL
A.O.C./—in C.
To "X" Group
BEGINS—

"A MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR"

0811/25 December, 1943.
ENDS.

Circulated to:
Heads of all Departments.
Commanding Officers of STATIONS.

The above signal, in plain language, has been received. The purport of message is not clear but it is considered highly probable that A.O.C. in C. desires to inform "X" Group that he proposed to have the Merry Xmas and Happy New Year at a time and place not stated.

As no allowance for this contingency appears in Regulations, will all Commanding Officers and Departmental Heads please signal views on obtaining P.S.I. Funds to meet the wishes of the A.O.C.—in C.

for
S.A.S.O. "X" Group
1.1.44.

A conference has been held by all Departments and the following conclusion has been arrived at. Head of S.A.S.O's Minute may quite possibly be the correct meaning of signal. Immediate action is necessary to meet the Situation which though not quite clear at present, requires clarification before the spring bombing training program commences. Arrangements for providing the Merry Xmas and the Happy New Year must be fulfilled before the Squadrons in this Group are posted to the Eastern theatre of operations.



A CONFERENCE HAS BEEN HELD BY ALL DEPARTMENTS.

for
 Director of Operations
 for
 Director of Training
 etc.,

An increase in the Staff of Units will be requested as there is no present establishment for a Santa Claus. As a temporary measure, each Station Adjutant should carry out the duties involved, his appointment being altered to read "for Adjutant and S/C duties." Will S. Acc. O. remark re trade pay for S/C Officers.

for
 Director of Personnel
 5.1.44.

This will be arranged. The Regulations are quite clear that Adjutant's trade pay is only to be paid when the officer is employed **solely** on Adjutant duties. As there is no trade pay for S/C duties it follows, that as the officer would be in receipt of that allowance, (if there were any) he should forfeit his Adjutant trade pay, and this has been dropped to date 5.11.43. as a precautionary measure against overpayment.



STATION ADJUTANT CARRIES OUT S/C DUTIES.

for
 Senior Accountant Officer.
 8.1.44.

The arrangements proposed re Adjutants are concurred with except that it is pointed out that no disciplinary action could be taken in the event of the officer failing to obey the order to grow a white beard if the officer concerned was fitted at birth with coloured hair. It is, however, considered that if an officer fitted with white hair was serving as S/C officer, the use of any colouring agent, in an attempt to prove "inability to comply with order," could be the substance of a charge of wilful deception, if the intent can be proven, otherwise not.

for
 Judge Advocate General
 12.1.44.

Proposal that Station Adjutants carry out S/C duties is rejected. It is proposed that the officers i/c Flying Control should do this work without increase of pay, and that the necessary kit be drawn with 667 action taken. Probably only beard, white, one; and cloak, red, one, would be required.

for
 Director of Mobilization
 13.1.44.

PUKKA GEN

No objection to D.M's suggestion provided that the beard is of non-magnetic material, and thus does not affect aircraft compasses. It is desirable that the cloak be of the reversible type, red one surface and green the other, in order that the visible surface will correspond with the appropriate Flying Control Aldis signals

for

Director of Navigation

31.1.44.

The necessary stores are not available, nor has any request for any alterations in the establishment of stores been seen in this department, but subject to the concurrence of the Directorate of Supplies, no objection will be raised to the issue on loan of such stores as may be required. The following allowance is suggested:

Logs, Yule 4' x 1' x 6'.....	One
Trees, Xmas, trunks for 8'—1½".....	One
" " branches for 4'.....	Six
" " " " 2'.....	Five
" " " " 1'.....	Four
" " " " 6'.....	Three
Pots, potting 12".....	One
" " Holes draining 1".....	One
" " Earth for.....	21¾ lbs.
Xmas, father 6".....	One
Toys, assorted.....	One
Tinsel, lengths of 1'—2".....	One
Balls, glass, red, white and green.....	One
Beards, beaver, white, Mustachios for R.....	One
" " " " " " L.....	One
Cloaks, reversible, red and green.....	One

Will other Departments please add any further items, and will Directorate of Contracts arrange for necessary purchase.

for

Director of Aircorps Stores

22.2.44.

A cracker will be supplied on demand by this Department, as follows:

Crackers, Xmas, Complete.....	One
" " caps, paper.....	One
" " mottoes for.....	One

If crackers, Xmas, are not available, Crackers, Birthday may be supplied in lieu. Will Director of Aircorps Armament provide the pulling implement.

for

Director of Explosives

30.2.44.

Propose to Supply:
Crackers, Xmas, implements, pulling.....One

In view of the highly dangerous nature of Crackers, Xmas, Mk I and II, it is proposed that the Cracker be stored as per AP I2041, the following points being noted:

- (1) The storage-chamber must consist of a concrete cylindrical shell, sunk to a depth of five feet.
 - (2) The detonator stored in a similar chamber at a minimum distance away of 50 feet.
 - (3) Both must be situated at a minimum distance of 2000 yds. from a runway and 3000 yds. from hangars.
 - (4) Blast-proof walls must be erected around same, and a parapet of bags, sand, be built to a minimum height of four feet.
- Stations are to ensure that the latest editions of "Drill book for Crackers, Xmas or Birthday" and "Crackers Misfire Drill" are on hand.



A HOLE MUST BE DUG, FIVE FEET DEEP.

for
Director of Armament
31.2.44.

No objection to the Cracker being stored as above, provided that both safety pins are wired in the "SAFE" position.

for
Director of Explosives
31.2.44.

The necessary Victualling Stores can be supplied except of store marked (B) which will have to be supplied by local purchase.

Trees, Xmas, candles for.....	One
" " wicks for candles.....	One
" " candles, extinguishers for.....	One
" " " " handles for.....	One
" " " clip springs for (B).....	One
" " pans, drip for (B).....	One
Oranges, sour with skin and pips.....	One
Sugar loaf.....	1 lump
Sweets, assorted, 1 oz. bags.....	One
Puddings, plum, uncooked.....	One
" " basins for.....	One
" " " lids for.....	One
Pies, mince.....	One
Tails, cock mixed.....	One
Turkeys, dead (B).....	One
Turkeys, " Stuffing for (B).....	1 1/4 lbs.

Will D. of C. please arrange for purchase of (B) articles.

for
Director of Victualling
15.4.44.

PUKKA GEN

Local purchase has been arranged, and the articles will be delivered on the receipt of the first installment. Forty-nine further monthly payments will be made so as to divide the expenditure over a period of 4 years.

for
Director of Contracts
20.4.44.

Although this Department is unable to guarantee the cooking of the uncooked and dead items, no objection is seen to giving each item its time according to the latest cookery regulations.

for
Director of Cookery
20.4.44.

Concur with victualling arrangements. The following medical stores will be required so as to ensure the Happy New Year following immediately after the Merry Xmas.

Pumps abdomen.....	One
Emetic liquid.....	1 gal.
Basins, large.....	2
Draughts, black.....	2½ gals.
Pills, blue.....	four
Salts, Epsom, Enough to cover a \$2.00 note.	

One bed will be prepared in hospital in case of injury to S.A.S.O. due to premature expulsion of cracker or himself. Crash wagon and tender will stand by.

for
Director of Medical Services.
31.4.44.

The delay in dealing with this paper is regretted, but was unavoidable owing to the recent reductions of our staff.

for
Directorate of Special Events.
2.5.44.

This Department proposes to inform A.O.C. in C. that his signal timed 0811 of 25th December, 1943 should have been sent on Form X69 in Code 48 by route 34 using Types 21, 18 and 45½ without interfering with routine transmission on Type 111 and 117 or with reception on Types 2, 4 and 8 (AY/9). It is only under duress that the signal can be accepted at all in its present form, and it is felt that this instance of gross mishandling of an important signal points clearly to the necessity of a large increase in the numbers V/S, W/T, Echo Schools, and Instructors—plus the latest up-to-date equipment.

for
Director of Signals Division
1.6.44.

(Office Note: Copies to Directors of Training, Personnel and Mobilization).

IF YOU CAN DREAM---

By D. R. Fisk

SIX shopping days to Xmas! These words comprised the headlines on all the advertisements in every newspaper, book, magazine and journal. A.C. 2 Smith looked at these advertisements with a feeling of loneliness and attempted to form in his mind some idea of his first Christmas away from home. The more he thought of the future Christmas the more it re-minded him of Christmases past and a slight feeling of home-sickness overcame him which in turn inspired him to think of all the presents he should buy but really couldn't afford.

Four shopping days to Xmas found A.C. 2 Smith looking on the brighter side having all the presents necessary for the more important members of the family packed and posted, complete with beautiful labels, tags, silver and gold stars and various other decorations which are taken for granted at such a festive season. In spite of rather a miserly inclination he had invested the majority of his money on the families gifts and now found himself financially embarrassed. This was no unusual situation for A.C. 2 Smith, so just grinning and bearing up he made the best of it, and on Christmas eve managed to elevate himself into the position of any normally financed airman on such a night.

By way of recent arrival at the unit, A.C. 2 Smith was the unlucky occupant of a top bunk and found quite a bit of difficulty in climbing into bed on this occasion. Having once manoeuvred the blankets so that they completely covered his torso, and then deciding to turn over and sleep on his other side he receded into the arms of Morpheus.

It was while sleeping a perfectly invigorating and rejuvenating sleep that he dreamed a dream. He dreamed of everything that one naturally attaches to Christmas—Parties, dances, pantomines, brightly decorated shops, Santa Claus, Ebenezer Scrooge, fruits, nuts, sweetmeats, candy Bars, complete tables of the very best food one could wish to partake of. Chicken, boiled ham, turkey, duck and the beverages which would accompany such delicious foods. Whiskey, brandy, sherry, port wine, beer and even a smattering of after shave lotion and rubbing alcohol. Being new to the air force and not having received any technical training his mind did not wander as far as the 45 gallon drums of carburettor and propellor de-icing fluid which rested in the hangars.

Dreaming of all these luscious foods created a smile of bliss and sweet contentment on his fair countenance.

Suddenly his whole world was shattered, bursting into a thousand tiny fragments before his very eyes. When a familiar, unpleasant voice shouted in his ear, "Ay! Smudge! Wan' a cup a' cawfee an' a bacon san'-which....."

ACHIEVED IN 1943

REVIEW OF THE PAST YEAR AT DEBERT

Taken all round, we have a year of achievement to look back on. Looking back through the files of "P.G." for 1943, we see a story slowly unfolding of gradual improvement all round, both in welfare and entertainment, until we find ourselves entering 1944 living in a camp as good as, if not better than, any in Canada.

The camp surroundings are not, perhaps, all that they should be, and perhaps it is because of this that such great efforts have been made to make the camp itself more attractive.

First improvement recorded in "P.G." which strikes the eye is a large picture of Group Captain Woodin receiving the first order at the newly opened Y.M.C.A. Cafeteria. In the caption to the picture it is stated that this is the only Y.M.C.A. operated camp cafeteria this side of Montreal. Since the scheme started we have seen how smoothly it has worked, and all thanks are due to the wives of airmen and the ladies of Truro, without whom the whole idea would have been fruitless.

In the next month's issue there is a report by Mrs. Woodin on the winter activities of the airmen's wives' Club. She reported the making of 153 garments to be distributed as "comforts."

The coming summer brought promise of a great surge of interest in sport—a promise that was realised to the full. Football inevitably held the most attention, and excitement mounted as the season drew to a close with Repair "A" deservedly winning both cup and league. The Station Rugby team went through the season losing only one game.

May was the big month for the Station Choir, for it was then that they had their great success at New Glasgow, following it up with a broadcast over C.J.F.X. Antigonish. Incidentally, in the same issue with the report of the choir's little outing, there appeared a poetic sketch, entitled "Who Said Shakespeare." We understand that this has since been broadcast in the "Bards in Battledress" radio programme.

Then in July we brought you the story of the first trip to the Isle of Haute. The scheme has taken on rapidly, as you can read in another part of this issue.

In the same month our Station Dramatic Society came to the fore with their first production, which was a great success despite the opinion of our reviewer. The Society's next production is keenly awaited.

Something of a phenomenon, perhaps, occurred in East Camp during the latter part of the year. A meeting was held one evening in the unused mess hall, and an Entertainments Committee was formed.

Out of that humble start has grown a great surge of enterprise. The Orientals now have a dance every six weeks (one a

fortnight for one of the three sections), and these dances have been voted the best the camp has seen. Other forms of entertainment in East Camp, all organised by the East Camp Entertainments Committee include a Winter Sports Club (Hockey, basketball, darts, table tennis etc.); a weekly whist drive; a discussion group; a dramatic society; and, though perhaps not entertainment in the strict sense of the word, an educational scheme taking in classes in German Spanish, Science, Art, Mathematics, and Shorthand. There has been a terrific response to the formation of this educational scheme, and some classes have as many as 45 members. All the instructors are airmen, except the Spanish teacher.

Now for a few words about ourselves. The present staff of "P.G." took over in time to bring out the June issue. You may have noticed a gradual change take place in the presentation of the contents of the magazine, and also in the "make-up" and general appearance of "P.G." itself. We have tried hard to use the materials at our disposal to make "P.G." as modern in appearance as possible, and judging from the occasional words of praise that have reached our ears, we think we have succeeded in some small degree. Even so we have not nearly come to the end of our ideas for improvement, and if you will watch closely you will see the little magazine become better and better month by month. Esquire costs 55 cents; who knows, maybe we will be able to charge that much for "P.G." some day.

As I write, the first blizzard of the long winter which lies ahead rages merrily outside. Before us lies the season where all our devices for "home entertainment" will be tested to the uttermost. I, for one, think they will stand the strain.



POET'S CORNER



DEBERT LANDSCAPE

Out of the gate
 Beyond "Brennan's Pass"
 Are a few grey huts and waving
 grass
 And nothing else
 The airman sees
 Save trees and trees and lots of
 trees.

One would think
 There were enough
 To satisfy a dog like Scruff
 In fact all dogs
 That e'er had fleas
 With trees and trees and lots
 of trees.

Now the poet says
 (And I agree)
 That there's nothing lovelier
 than a tree
 But it gets an airman
 On his knees
 To see trees and trees and lots
 of trees.

They give us coal
 And 'coke' perhaps
 Rosy fruit and sugared saps
 Like the crooner
 Who rhymes the breeze
 With trees and trees and lots
 of trees.

Their finest product
 We suppose
 Is 'arty' silk for ladies hose
 We'd rather see it
 Worn to please
 Than trees and trees and lots
 of trees.

TWIT.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

We writers of "P.G.," that excellent mag,
 Send seasonable wishes to readers who "nag"
 And to those who appreciate our little rag.
 ("Isn't rhyming a terrible fag?")

From the Group Captain down to the humblest erk
 We wish "Merry Xmas" and bags of "turk."
 And may we all have a long rest from work
 As soon as we're rid of Hitler, the jerk.

From Chief Instructors down to the washers of plates
 We seasonably hail them, and all their mates,
 And hope that from trouble to "kites" and "potatoes"
 They be spared this Christmas, by the Fates.

To every pupil out "bumping" all night,
 And the lad in the goon suit, whose precious kite
 Is his special care, the Pride of the Flight!
 We wish Merry Xmas on this Holy night.

Whether Signals, Operations or Discip severe,
 Or policeman, guard or server of beer.
 Or humble G.D. just in his third year:
 "A Jolly Xmas and Happier New Year."

All this holiday you may be working
 While civvies, perhaps are probably shirking,
 But please don't bind, it's not worth a ferkin,
 And for all of us, soon, the Boat, is a-lurking.

To "firebugs," "quacks" and Orderly "Dogs,"
 To Met. men who tell us of snow and fogs,
 To Drivers, clerks and all other Cogs
 We wish: "Happy Xmas," and good Yule logs.

To drivers of aircraft and all F.M.E's,
 To Storemen and to those mysterious S.E.'s,
 And all hard-toiling W. and B's;
 "Jolly Fine Xmas" and no D.T's.

You may be at East Camp or Ranges afar,
 At West Camp or even at North River
 (Will you please try and rhyme that with "Hurrah,)"
 But we see you all, juggling-up at the bar.

There's plenty of Trades we've not mentioned at all,
 But you'll gather by now that we wish one and all
 The Best of Luck, no trouble befall,
 "And please send us home by '44 Fall."

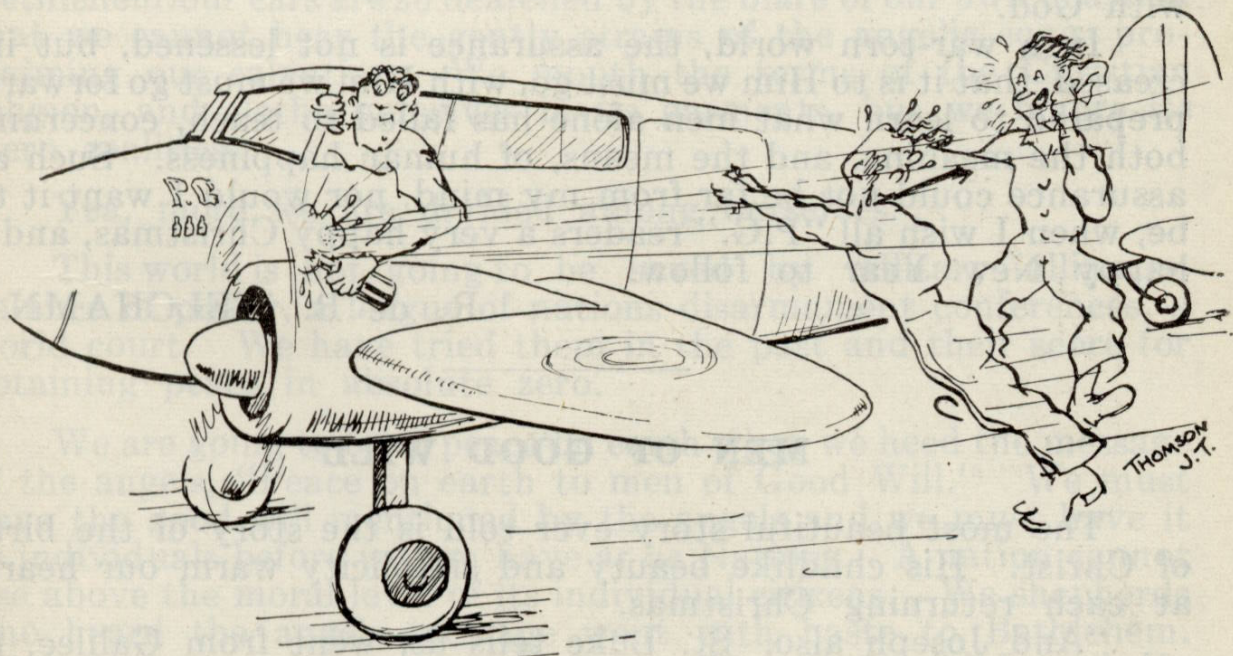
R. R. S.

CANADIAN CHRISTMAS

By Gerv Reesor

.....So I thought of Canadians and Christmas
 Of Canada and the nine provinces. I thought of
 Vancouver and Victoria and salmon leaping in the sun
 And roses in bloom in the gardens.....the Okanagan
 And the clear cold of the mountains and
 The bull cook stirring the pudding mix
 In the cook house of the logging camp.
 They were shooting golf in Edmonton—
 Yanks, Russians and Canucks were listening to
 Silent Night, Holy Night (dishes clattering)
 While the juke box swallowed another nickle.
 The planes beat out their rhythm
 Merry Christmas—Merry Christmas
 —The kids in Delisle and Sintaluta and Regina
 Took their new skates to the rink
 And stumbled, fell and rose again,
 Arms swinging, legs driving, cheeks flushed, noses running.
 It's Christmas on the prairie.
 The stock is watered—Bill's home on furlough—
 Turkey, dressin' and plum puddin'
 —Portage and Main—hold your hat, brother.
 How about a cuppa coffee—Child's—Jack's—
 Special today—Moore's upstairs.
 Lights! Lights! Everywhere—neons and flashers—
 Eaton's—The Bay—The Mall and the bronze boy
 Atop the dome—forty below and a wind.
Lake of the Woods, Jackfish and White River.
 Coldest place in Canada, y'know. Parkas
 And the station agent with a coon coat
 And his ear flaps down. Merry Christmas!
 Lakes, pines and section-men;
 Christiansen, Contini and Doyle
 Keeping the rails tied together—uniting Canada.
 Men with a new spirit can unite Canada.
 Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Toronto—Bay and Queen—the cenotaph
 (If we cared we would come to the cenotaphs
 And pledge our lives—our sacred honour to build anew).
 Ting-ting-ting-ting. Keep the pot boiling.
 City of homes. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
 —Parliament Hill. That's the Peace Tower. No, there.
 They're home for Christmas. They're family men too.
 New men—new homes—a united nation!
 —St. Catherine Street. Cote des Neiges.
 Joyeux Noel! Merry Christmas!
 What's Canada's Big Idea? Not who's right but what's right.

That's it, brother. Pull together Canada!
 ...New Brunswick-snowshoes and bull moose.
 Pulp log mats—Merry Christmas, scaler and driver.
All change here. Moncton and St. John.
 Down in Nova Scotia. The Bluenose and the I'm Alone—
 Apples—fish—and Peggy's Cove.
 Have you seen the valley in the Spring?
 Halifax-merchantmen, the Basin and the Old Clock Tower.
 Merry Christmas'. Merry Christmas!
 Seaman-survivors—and solid citizens.
 Sea to sea. Halifax-Winnipeg-Vancouver.
 What's that? Hello, Charlottetown.
 Friendly folk, potatoes and the ferry boat.
 Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
 Mountain, prairie, forest, lake and harbour;
 Prospector, farmer, builder, trader, seaman;
 Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!



WHY THE !!! DOES'NT SOMEONE GIVE HIM AN OPENER !!

PADRE'S NOTES

December 1943.

A wise man once said that theologians would know more about God, if they played more often with little children..... Certain it is that the Child of Bethlehem has opened men's hearts and minds to a knowledge of God they did not possess before, and given to the Christmas revelation a character and power unique in history. It is to the land of His birth, and its Eastern people, with their mystical insight into the meaning and marvel of historical events, that we owe the almost childlike happiness which pervades the spirit of our Christmas hymns and carols.

It is not a very far cry, in terms of our common humanity, from Bethlehem to this modern world; from Joseph and Mary, and Jesus, the Shepherds and the Sages, to the grown-ups and the children of today. And still it is not to be wondered at, despite the passing of the years and centuries, with all their changing, and sometimes tragic, circumstances, that men and women whose hearts have felt the touch of the Child of Bethlehem, in the simple experience of the spirit, know beyond all doubt that they have met with God.

In a war-torn world, the assurance is not lessened, but increased, that it is to Him we must go, with Him we must go forward, prepared to learn what men alone has failed to teach, concerning both the meaning, and the means, of human happiness. Such an assurance could not be far from my mind, nor would I want it to be, when I wish all "P.G." readers a very happy Christmas, and a happy New Year to follow.

R. de B. WELCHAMN

MEN OF GOOD WILL

The most beautiful story ever told is the story of the birth of Christ. His childlike beauty and simplicity warm our hearts at each returning Christmas.

"And Joseph also, St. Luke tells us, went from Galilee, to the town of David which is called Bethlehem.....to register, together with Mary, his espoused wife who was with child.....and she brought forth her first-born son and laid him in a manger.

"And there were shepherds in the same district and keeping watch over their flock by night.....and behold an angel stood by her.....and with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praises God and singing "Glory to God in the highest and peace on Earth to men of good will."

This scene described by St. Luke is a stinging rebuke to our modern ideas. Study his approach to the world he is to save. Homeless, weak, poor, unheralded except to a few shepherds. He makes, what seems to us, a pretty sorry entrance on the heritage of life for one who has chosen to play so heavy a role.

If the task of saving the world were committed to one of us moderns, (and many are trying their hand at it now) we would follow quite a different course. A deliberate choice of poverty, humility, homelessness, weakness would never occur to us. We would consider it a matter of ordinary prudence to set out to achieve pre-eminence in power or learning or influence or eloquence—or perhaps in all these together.

Well, we have been applying our ideas for quite some time now and what are the results. The hopeless state of the world at this moment, immediately answer that query with all our high-sounding phrases and fine spun schemes of betterment we are stuck in the mire of our own helplessness.

The trouble with us is that we have acquired a false sense of values. We put our trust in means that are human rather than divine: we lean on the broken reed of earthly power when we could rely on the omnipotence of God. Our eyes are so blinded by the garish lights of the world that we cannot see the star of Bethlehem: our ears are so deafened by the blare of our own boasting that we cannot hear the gently strains of the angelic song proclaiming our salvation. We mouth the terms of the Christian religion, and clothe ourselves in its garments, but we ignore its stern realities.

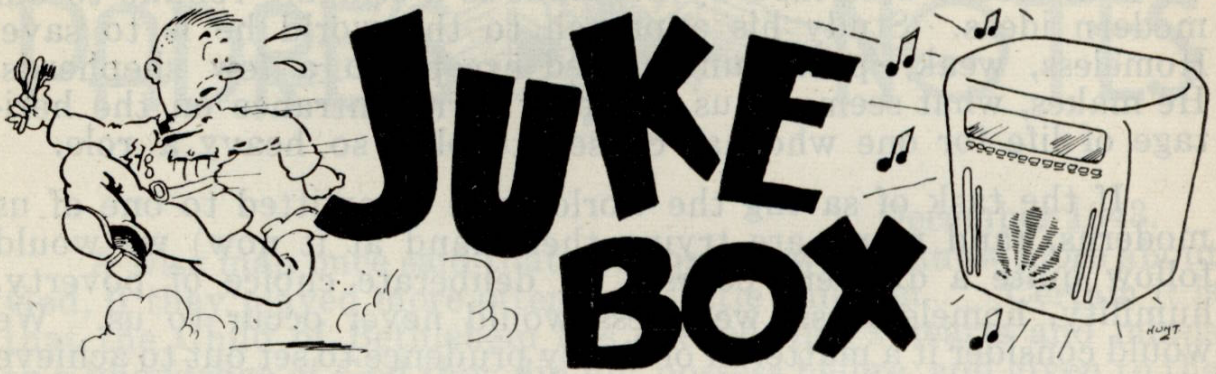
Yea, more we are divided among ourselves.

This world is not going to be saved by military alliances, balance of power, a league of nations disarmament conferences, a world court. We have tried them in the past and their score for obtaining peace in absolute zero.

We are going to have peace on earth when we heed the message of the angels, "Peace on earth to men of Good Will." We must have the good will mentioned by the angels and we must have it as individuals before we can have it as Nations. A nation cannot rise above the moral level of its individual citizens. We shepherds who heard the angels message went with haste to Bethlehem. What is the course we must follow. The Christ-child, and He alone—can direct us to peace not merely temporal, but to what is of paramount importance to peace eternal.

Prepare yourselves for this peace by making your heart and manger for your Saviour to lie in, by leading the life of Christ.

Merry Xmas to all.



ERIC was an intelligent airman. So that when he was posted to Canada he determined that nobody should say of him, as has been said of others, that he was an example of the typical Englishman who becomes even more English when abroad.

He set about learning to be Canadian while in Canada immediately on his arrival. He was too intelligent to think that the use of such phrases as "is it ever," or "you can say that again" would make him appear less English. No, he went deeply into the matter. He learned how to order meals in a cafe without pretending for a time not to know what such foods as "clam chowder," "jello" and "flapjacks" were. He made it his business to find out that gym shoes were known as "sneakers," and when he went into a shop he tried not to appear outlandish in any way to the shop assistant, whom he soon discovered should be referred to as a "store clerk."

He spent his first winter learning to skate like a star hockey player, and when the summer came it found Eric with all the intricate rules of baseball and the subtle differences between that game and softball firmly established in his brain.

Although he succeeded, on the whole, in temporarily leaving his anglicised self behind him, ready to be picked up on his return to England, he found some things rather hard to accept.

You see, Eric, the English Eric that is, has always been a music lover. Night after night he would be at a "Prom," or a "London Phil" or Symphony concert. Music had played a large part in his life—how large a part he did not realise until he came to Canada. So that the importance of jazz to some of his young Canadian friends rather bewildered him. He tried hard to understand and to fall into line in this respect as he had done in almost every other, but he never really succeeded. He would sit and listen while his friends played swing records, and he would watch them "jitterbug," but he always felt frustrated, and usually went back to camp with a splitting headache, and in a suicidal frame of mind. But he managed to conceal his feelings for some months until a fateful event intruded its life upon his hitherto reasonably happy life.

One day the P. S. I had a wonderful idea. Having some money left over and searching for a way to use it to the airmen's advantage,

they decided to install a Juke Box in the Airmen's Mess. The Officers' Mess had its radiogram; the Sergeants' Mess had its radio and its piano; and the Airmen's Mess should have its Juke Box.

Eric was having his lunch one day when his peace of mind was shattered by the sound of "Twelfth Street Rag" blaring its way across the mess. He had been, until then, enjoying his lunch, but he found his sense of taste had almost vanished by the time the record had finished. He hastily gathered up his dishes, placed them in the washing rack and left the mess before the next record—"Memories that Linger in my Heart" could get under way.

At supper-time he was just starting on his boiled egg when the Juke Box inevitably began to play. Not waiting to hear what it was playing, he grabbed his knife, fork and spoon and charged out of the mess.

At breakfast-time the next morning he did not even get inside the door of the mess. As he was about to enter he heard the Juke Box playing away merrily. Deciding that he was not hungry anyway, he turned on his heel and sadly returned to his billet.

He missed all his meals that day. At each meal-time, forgetting the Juke Box, he would set out for the mess, only to be turned back by the abhorrent noise that assailed his ears as he drew near to the door.

Lunch-time the next day saw him starving. His face was pale and drawn, and he felt very sick. He knew that he really must eat, Juke Box or no, and summoning all his will power, he entered the mess.

Fiercely attempting to shut out the noise which issued from the Juke Box, he gulped down a cup of fruit juice, swallowed his cereal and began to attack a "flapjack" covered in molasses.

He had scarcely eaten his first mouthful, congratulating himself on his mastery of the situation, when the Juke Box changed its tune. It still played a record of a well-known swing orchestra; but the tune was not a pure jazz tune. It was, or had been, a Chopin piano study, now re-written and played in the jazz idiom.

That particular piece had memories for Eric, who had first heard it played at the Albert Hall. Sitting next to him had been a lovely girl. She had smiled at him; he had spoken to her about the music; they met again at other concerts; and now she was his wife.

His mind seemed to become a blank. He pushed his plate roughly away from him, and it fell with a crash to the floor. Jumping up from his seat he charged across to the Juke Box where it stood, spewing its treacle, near the fire fighting apparatus.

By this time his face was vivid, his hair was in disorder, and there was a vacant gleam in his eye. Snatching up the fire axe, he raised it above his head and with one mad powerful blow, he split the Juke Box half way down its length. The sound ceased with the crash. Dropping the axe, he stared stupidly at the wreckage, and fell in a dead faint on the floor.

NEWS SECTION

We are keeping the "gen" apart from the fiction in this issue. Here it is men, all in a nutshell, as they say.

ISLAND DELIVERIES AND SUCCESS

Our parcel delivery service to East Coast islands has proved a terrific success with the various lighthouse-keepers and their families, and Group Captain Woodin has received numerous letters of thanks from them.

Many little interesting stories have come to light during the organisation of the scheme.

Mr. Percy Morris, father of Mr. Donald Morris, the present lighthouse-keeper, was the lighthouse-keeper at the isle of Haute for thirty years. He retired two years ago when his son took over the job.

Unfortunately, Mr. Morris senior is now in a Nova Scotian Hospital. Mrs. Morris's sister works on the mainland and an arrangement has been made whereby she will ring up Group Captain Woodin from time to time, giving information regarding the state of health of Mr. Percy Morris. This will then, of course, be included in each parcel dropped on the island.

A picquant little note from S/Ldr. Perry to C.M.C. Sergeants' Mess tells its own story:—

"It is with regret that I inform you that although your parcel was delivered to the island, and landed in an ideal spot, it rolled across the only available run, and slowly toppled over the other side into the sea. I do not know if the keeper was able to get it, though he was seen going down the steps on to a landing stage, and one member of the crew thought he saw the parcel near him.

"Please don't let this mishap deter you. We will do better next time."

The island in this instance was Bird Rock Island, which was adopted by the Sergeants' Mess.

To show their appreciation, the family in charge at the Isle of Haute sent the Group Captain three bottles of preserves, made from the wild strawberries that grow in abundance on the island. They were divided amongst the crew of the machine which made the first delivery.

NEWS SECTION

TRIBUTE

A tribute to the way in which the funeral of a pupil pilot, Sgt. Leslie Marshall, killed in a flying accident, was dealt with by this unit, was paid in a letter from the deceased's mother, Mrs. Marshall, of Burnage, Manchester. Mrs. Marshall enclosed a copy of the Church of St. Nicholas (Burnage) Parish Magazine for October, in which there is a letter which reads as follows:—

“It can hardly be too widely known how very well the authorities have done in the sad matter of the death of our friend, Leslie Marshall, in a flying accident in Canada, on August 21st. Not only were they most prompt in sending news of the disaster, but when asked to do so they arranged for the cremation of his body in Canada, and the transportation of the ashes back to England. Nor was this all, for on September 25th, it was possible to hold a funeral service in our church prior to the depositing of the ashes at the Manchester Crematorium. In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall had received a very full account of the funeral, couched in the most happily chosen phrases both from the Commanding Officer of the Station and the Padre, accompanied by many excellent photographs of the funeral service held in Canada. The ashes were escorted to the very door of his home by an officer of the R.A.F., and in everything the most scrupulous taste and kindness was shown by all concerned. One hears much of “officialdom” on the other side, and it is only right that we should pay public tribute to the way in which one whom we all loved and respected has been honoured in his untimely death, and by people who could have preserved a cloak of anonymity if they had so desired. Much help has been given to Mr. and Mrs. Marshall by these things, and we are all grateful to those concerned for dealing so with a member of the family of S. Nicholas’.

DISCUSSION GROUP

UNDER the supervision of Flight Lieutenant Green, the Education Officer, a discussion group will be held every Friday evening at 2030 hrs. in the synthetic building, commencing Friday December 3rd. This is not to be confused with the Padre's own discussion group, held every Tuesday evening, dealing with religious matters. As a great deal of trouble has been experienced in arranging this discussion group, the main cause being accommodation, we hope our efforts will be rewarded by a good following of supporters. As the progress of this group naturally depends on your support its future plans cannot yet be forecast but it is hoped to form some sort of debating society.

We will endeavour to make the topics of conversation as open, as free, and as frank as possible. With all the present day chaos

(NEWS SECTION)

in the world there should be many interesting subjects open to discussion or debate, and we feel sure that many of you have something in mind dealing with either military, political or personal matters.

Let me say in conclusion that this group, is open to everybody who is interested and let's hope we can look forward to some very interesting Friday evenings throughout the coming winter months, and remember everybody's welcome!

A COMING ATTRACTION

The two handsome characters on your left are the brothers Silver, Eddie and Harry. On January 12th next year, it will be our pleasure to see another Silver Production.

Remember the last one? Most of you don't, but if you were to ask any of the grey-bearded veterans of 91 draft, they'd tell you "Roll On The Boat" was probably the best show seen on the camp. This latest effort, (Radio Scandals) will be their seventh shown at Debert and if I can believe what I am told (by Eddie), it's certainly going to be good. When the time comes, you can roll along and see for yourselves. Methinks you won't be disappointed.



(NEWS SECTION)**FROM THE CAMP OF THE RISING SUN****By Herb Shepard**

JUDGING from its appearance at time of writing, one might murmur bitterly that the less said about East Camp Wreck Hall the better. However, our faith is enormous—as are the efforts of the men who are accomplishing the renovation of the building. To the many who have aided I want to say thanks. So, thanks. There it is. I hope that everyone in East Camp will benefit by the improvements.

As a newcomer to the R.A.F., may I say that these first few weeks have been thoroughly enjoyable—I hope it's mutual. The time has passed rapidly, and the men in charge of entertainment have worked hard to organize the winter program. All they ask in return is that you take advantage of the opportunities afforded.

Seven educational courses are in progress. These courses aim at stimulating your interest, and increasing your practical knowledge. They are well worth your time and effort. To many servicemen, the duration of the war means time subtracted from their careers. By taking advantage of such educational facilities as we are able to present, you can help to make up that lost time.

A few words of denial to the allegation that Y.M.C.A. stands for Your Merry Christmas At-Debert. If yours isn't as merry as it might be, please drop in to see me and drown your sorrows in a cup of coffee—or tea (special effort). I'm in the enviable position of being only half as far from family and loved ones as you are.

Regardless of what sort of Christmas you are celebrating, you're invited to drop in for coffee. I have four reasons for asking you. First, it gives me an excuse to have a cup myself. Second, if you have anything to discuss, it always sounds better over a cup of tea. Third, I hate suggestion boxes, so I use tea-cups instead. (If you have any suggestions, please don't hesitate). Fourth, it's utterly impossible for me to get any work at all done unless I'm interrupted constantly. Under consideration at present is a sign for my door similar to the one Dorothy Parker put at the entrance to her office—GENTLEMEN. So whether we know each other or not, I'll be glad to have you call on me—even if you haven't four reasons for doing so, and even if you've lost your reason completely.

(NEWS SECTION)

TWO GIRLS FROM NEW YORK

VISIT MINORS' DANCE

TWO young ladies of most unusual character attended the last "Minors' " dance, held in the East Camp Rec Hall on the last Friday of November. First let us take a look at young lady number one, who was very small, and rather dark, but oh, so vivacious.....

She pushed her three-feet-something into the Y.M.C.A. "dance hall," and strode down to the end farthest from the band. Taking off her red-fox jacket, she laid it carelessly on the coffee bar, and made her way towards the band.

At first the members of the band were pleased at the interest she showed in them; but when she clambered onto the already crowded stage, and began to sway her hips to the rythm of Johnny Heathcote's drums, they began to take a poor view.

"It would have been alright," said Syd Connell later," but she was knocking things over."

She seemed to have brought a complete change of clothing with her, for a few minutes later she sent "Smoky Joe" O'Donahoe down to the spot where she had left her coat, and he returned with a dress draped over his arm. She "didn't want" to go into the ladies' powder room, so she slid behind the stage, and re-appeared a few moments later. In place of the grey pin-striped costume he had been wearing, she now had on a black velvet creation, with a generous split at the knee.

By this time the band had had about enough, and hot words passed. She refused to leave the stage, and the band refused to play if she did not. Eventually she left the stage.

After going half-way through one dance, she decided that she didn't like the band. A little later she found her way into Herb Shepard's "coffee shop" at the far end of the room. Here she revealed her possession of a large make-up outfit, with which she set out to improve her appearance.

"I don't usually make up for a dance," she told Herb. "At dances I'm usually just myself."

Herb, puzzled by her personality, got her to talk. Her name was Elise Shein. She was from New York. There she worked for Mr. Crown (whoever he might be, thought Herb). She had brought a troop of twenty-five girls from New York to sing and dance for the forces. She was very temperamental, she said, but not so temperamental as our band leader, (we've got Groupie behind us) Callcut, who was boorish.

Asked to sing there and then, she said she couldn't possibly. Callcut had ruined her voice. But she stayed and danced.

Our second young lady made quite a stir too, only in perhaps a different way.

She, too, purported to come from New York. Her name was Hilda, and she was a "cigarette girl." She had brown hair, and wore a black hat with an alluring veil. Covering her lissome body was a night club attendant's uniform bound in the centre by a white sash. Her shapely legs were sheathed in silk stockings, her pretty feet shod with high heeled sandals.

Many an unsuspecting male danced with Hilda, and it is rumoured that some who should have known better even asked her where she lived. This caused great amusement among those in the know, because Hilda was none other than mule-drii-er Sid Richards trying to make up for any shortage of partners the lads might encounter.

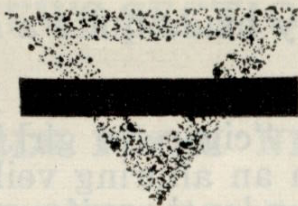
Otherwise the dance went on in quite a normal manner, as any good dance should.



HAROLD HUNT.

The Victory Roll!

Y.M.C.A.



PAGE

This issue—if it **is** in your hands before the Christmas leave—proves that I am of little faith. For I sent my Christmas greetings to you in the last issue; my sincere congratulations to the editorial staff of “P.G.” if it manages to pry this issue out of the hands of the publishers in time for you to take it with you on leave. It is a good issue, double-size, full of a variety of good articles, local gen, and cartoons. I know that when you read this issue you will appreciate the work of the editor and his associates.

Within a very short time the next page will be torn off the calendar, and 1944 will be here. To all of you, a very Happy New Year; for most of you that will mean a return to Blighty; if that is so, I hope your wishes will be fulfilled. Perhaps this coming year will witness the successful conclusion of the war; all of us sincerely pray for that joyful time, but in the meantime, there is more work and more effort called for. Please remember at all times that the Y.M.C.A. stands ready to lighten the burden in any way it can.

There are a few matters of which I am prompted to write. First, during the last week or so, we have been busy securing hospitality for a large number of men. Most of you, who have been taken care of in this manner, are spending either Christmas or New Year's with families in the vicinity of the Camp. I will appreciate your reporting how successful were the arrangements. Will you do this shortly after you return to camp? I know that you will express your appreciation to the people who have made their homes your home for either Christmas or New Year.

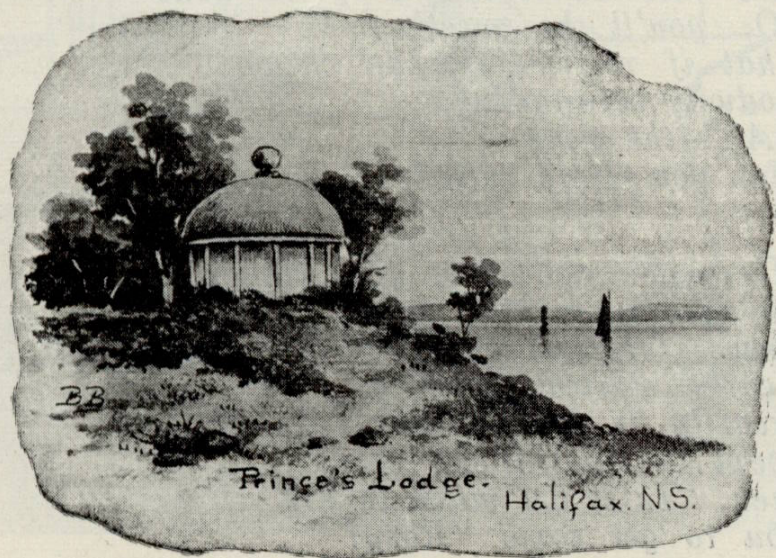
Another thought regarding the New Year: more and more it is becoming difficult to secure, in sufficient quantity, all the stock we need in the Canteen; also, it is becoming increasingly difficult to secure such items as darts, dart boards, table tennis equipment, and other recreational equipment. First, already there has been considerable “moaning” because we do not always have chocolate bars on the shelves of the Canteen; that is true—we don't. Part of the reason is because the Canteen is allowed a certain quota and no more. By carefully rationing ourselves, this quota would be sufficient for all. However, although the Y.M.C.A. here has asked that personnel voluntarily ration themselves, NOT to purchase more than three bars at a time, there has been no evidence of voluntary rationing. Unfortunately, many men are obviously hoarding, and as a result, the bars we have soon disappear. May I be permitted to ask that all of you **RESOLVE** to ration **yourselves** in the purchase of items which are rationed to the rest of the world? Half the world has just about forgotten what chocolate bars look

like; being more fortunate than many, surely we can voluntarily limit our purchasing so that there will be a wider spread of rationed goods. As for **boxes** of chocolates: methinks the time has come to cease moaning about these; it will be only the occasional box you will see during 1944.

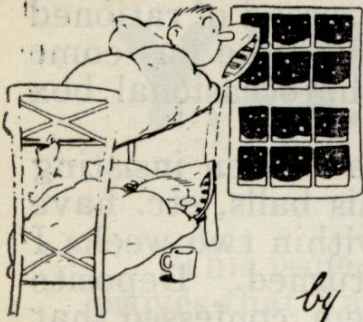
A word, too, about darts and suchlike: I have been insisting for some time that darts, dartboards, table tennis balls, etc. have practically disappeared from the market. Yet within two weeks I loaned out 19 sets of darts to men—none were returned. Deposits were forfeited and others who merely signed for them, confessed that they were "lost." At the moment, I can secure no more darts; perhaps a few will come in from time to time. But while individuals insist on retaining sets of darts which are the property of **all** air-men, there will never be enough to keep on the boards. So, during the coming year, may I request—nay, plead—for your co-operation in all these matters. Our work and play together will be much easier and more enjoyable.

Finally, a message to personnel who reside in East Camp: many times I have been asked why the Canteen there is not open as long as the one in West Camp, why certain goods are available in West Camp and not in East Camp, etc.? All these problems arise out of the unfortunate geographical division between West and East Camp. May I assure East Camp personnel that the Y is doing all it can in maintaining a Canteen in East Camp. First, officially we are running **one** Canteen and we are allowed to run only one; East Camp canteen is a sub-canteen, and it is operated to the best of our ability. Limited as we are to staff and stock, we cannot run a full-fledged canteen in East Camp. However, we do attempt to insure an equal distribution of goods, and any request for items not in stock, is always given prompt attention.

REG DUNN



BB
Prince's Lodge. Halifax, N.S.



GOOD KING WENGESLAS

(DEBERT STYLE)



by

Fred Austin.

Peewee, A.C. 2, looked out
O'er the silent rankers,
Sleeping erks lay all about
They were not on jankers,
Festive in the morning light
Hung the Christmas streamers,
Then an S.P. came in sight,
Rousing janker dreamers.

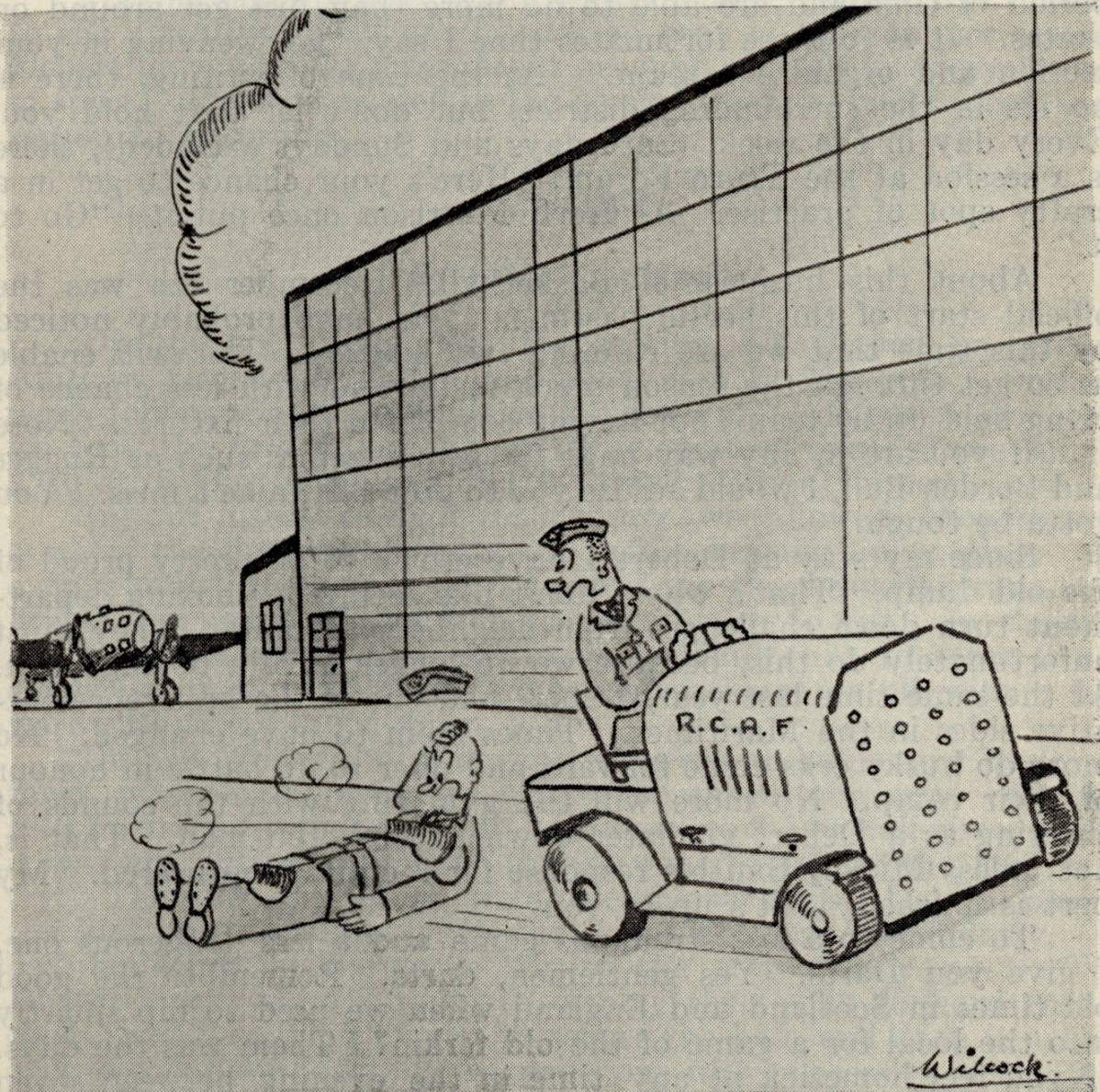
"Get your trousers, get your boots!"
Quoth the S.P. snorting,
Shaken to his very roots
Peewee went reporting,
Out into the cold he went,
To the Guardroom binding,
While the rude wind's wild lement
Made the snow flakes blinding.

"You have had your time, old son,"
Said a cop in greeting,
"Ere this Christmas Day is done
C.O. you'll be meeting.
What if merry bells do chime
Goodwill seranading,
06.45's the time
That you come parading!"

"Here you are now, grab this broom
And the room start sweeping,"
Peewee overcast with gloom
Nearly started weeping,
Drearly he did his task,
Swept the guardroom cosy,
Then, "Is it too much to ask
You to get some "Rosy?"

To cookhouse, jug in hand, Peewee
 Went with the assumption,
 There he'd fill it up with tea
 For S.P. consumption,
 Steaming jug in close embrace,
 Soon the mess he's leaving,
 To resume the merry chase
 Through the snow go weaving.

"Fair enough, that's all for now!"
 Quoth then Corporal Millet,
 Peewee made his way somehow
 Back to festive billet,
 Wearily he doffed his clothes,
 Sleep his only hanker,
 At the streamers thumbed his nose,
 Climbed back in the ranker.



"Sorry Mate!"



By Jock Munro

Sport as we know it in the British Isles has ceased to play an active part in camp life. In its place we have the winter sports of Canada, such as ice-hockey, basket-ball, skating and more basketball. The reason I emphasise the latter is because it seems to me to be much simpler than the other two. I am probably wrong but as far as I can gather, to be a successful ice-hockey player, one must be a fairly good skater. This, I am afraid lets me out. Others however, have been out here for a fairly lengthy period of time and are able to do more than just get around on skates. It is to these fortunates that I say, "get weaving in your section and organize a team." At the time of writing, there is no ice in the surrounding district, but don't let that hold you. Every day in the week, (Saturdays and Sundays excluded), there is a session at the Truro Forum. Here's your chance to get in a crafty spot of practise. As Herb Morrison once put it—"Go to it."

About this business of Basketball. December 6th was the official start of this hectic pastime. You have probably noticed by this time that we are running two leagues. This will enable us to get through the season much faster and with less chance of being held up by teams not having completed their fixtures. NoteIf you are in any way unfit for gentle games such as Rugger and Borden Ball, I would advise you to give this game a miss. You gotta be tough.

Since my stay at Debert I have grown to be pretty proud of the old dump. That's why I don't like seeing our boxing department turn down challenges from neighbouring units. They must unfortunately do this, because we no longer have a boxing team. At the same time last year, Debert had one of the best representative sides in the Maritimes. Times seem to have changed. No more do husky erks come forward and offer to do battle in honour of their camp. No more will the gym ring with the sounds of cheering as a Debert gladiator downs a Moncton man. That is, not unless Mickey Smith's response for recruits is answered. My part is finished.....it's up to you!

To come to a less strenuous game and a less dangerous one, I give you Darts. Yes gentlemen, darts. Remember the good old times in Scotland and England when we used to nip smartly into the local for a game of the old ferkin? Them was the days. If you feel homesick at any time in the evening between seven o'clock and nine o'clock, just stroll along to the wet canteen, order



GOSSIP



a couple of glasses, sit down (a safe distance from the board) and tell yourself you're at the George & Dragon. You probably won't believe it anyway, but it's worth trying. To date, we haven't any idea who is winning, but things should be more or less straightened out by the New Year.

I am informed (by reliable sources), that ersatz shuttlecocks are on sale at the sports store. No doubt, if sufficient section teams can be raised, a league will be formed. Nothing like competition to hold the interest.

Having said my piece about winter games, I would like to draw to the attention of all on the station that in the summer season, Debert gave a really magnificent account of itself in every branch of sport. If we do as well in the coming year, we will indeed have reason to be proud.

RUGBY

By Cliff Armitage

On the 6th. November, the station XV played on Mount Allison's Ground at Sackville against R.A.F. Moncton. Immediately following our football team's successful 2-1 defeat of Moncton, we took the field in our virgin white, perfect weather prevailing, 9/10 st. 5 knot wind and 10/10 Mount Allison support.

In our usual phlegmatic manner we allowed Moncton to cross in the first twenty minutes before bracing up to play. An evenly matched game followed, until, at three-quarter time, the fitness and union of the Debert team began to tell. In the last quarter, Shallis and Gollidge made brilliant runs to score 2 unconverted tries. L.A.C. Evans rounded the game off with a forward rush and a touch down, 9-3.

On the Wednesday following we were at home to Charlottetown, where once again we had to be shown the way. Against a 40 knot wind we managed to hold them to 3-0 at half-time. Again it was not until $\frac{3}{4}$ time that Davies went over near the flag for a try. The few spectators were breathless whilst Davies placed the kick for Gollidge, which the latter converted brilliantly, the ball bouncing on the cross bar to the correct side. 5-3. The Debert forwards now began to display their solid forward rushes one of which enabled Davies to secure the ball, and drop it neatly over the bar for four. This made our fifth successive win. 9-3.

A last minute fixture was arranged with Dalhousie and a wild ride per station Transport enabled us to catch the train to Halifax

as it was pulling out of the station.

The Dalhousie side was hopelessly outclassed and in spite of F/Lt. Murrison being injured in the first half and Kuschut being removed semi-conscious in the second half, we trounced them decisively 25-0. The scoring was opened by a Gollidge penalty kick, followed swiftly by tries from Brooks, Davies, Gollidge, L.A.C. Price in the first half, and immediately before being rendered unconscious, Kuschut got his in. His fellow country-man Cox completed the rout by showing his heels once more to a bewildered Dalhousie defence.

We seek new and bigger fields to conquer! (Fill your Boots, etc.)

CANADIAN BASKETBALL HOPES

By Gerv Reesor

It looks as though this station will be well represented in the basketball corner of the sporting ring this season.

We watched a workout from the sidelines the other night and we believe without fear of successful contradiction that the R.C.A.F. lads have plenty on the ball.

In an interview with F/O Tisdal who handles the boys on the floor and who, incidentally, played a star game with the Vancouver Maple Leafs of a few seasons ago, he told us he was satisfied the boys would go well against anything they could throw at them in this neck of the woods.

We watched a gentleman in red by the name of Galversberg drop some nice ones as well as Paterson, Verity, Iverach, Moorehead and others. In this scribe's humble opinion we have in our midst the potential Maritime champions. It is now up to every cageman on the campus to come forward and make a bid for the team.

Likewise our buddies of the R.A.F. will have the opportunity of seeing how this popular Canadian game is played at it's best. There is no better way of learning than by practical demonstration and we predict that in a few weeks of practice and understudying they will be right in there pitching. I may be sticking my neck as they say, out, but I mean that even our best cagers would hardly make the All England the first season. They might experience a little difficulty the following semester, too.

The team expects to go against Army, Dalhousie, St. Xavier and others in a series of exhibition matches. Then on to a showdown for the provincial title. And that, gentlemen, is the gen.

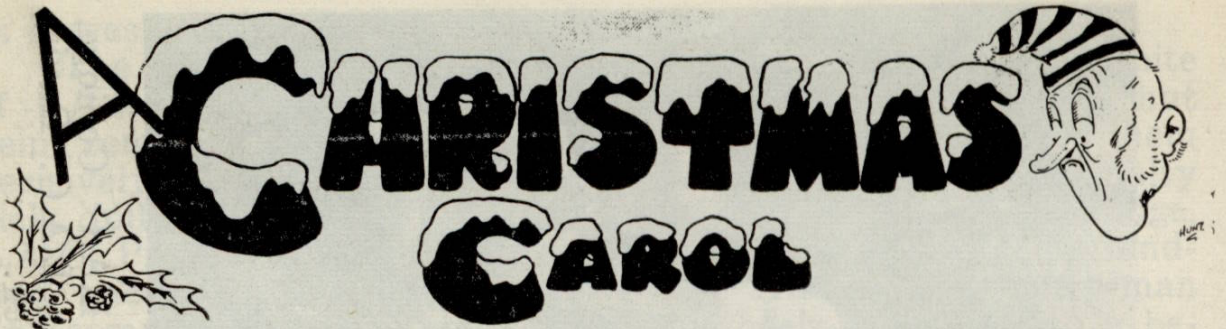
Continued on Page 52

MEMBERS OF THE STATION RUGBY TEAM



Back Row: (left to right) P/O Bracken, F/S Brooks, Sgt. Sulch, Cpl. Garret, L.A.C. Collidge, L.A.C. Jones, L.A.C. Reid, F/S Speed, Sgt. Evans. Front Row: Sgt. Armitage, L.A.C. Davis, L.A.C. Price, L.A.C. Evans, F/S Price, L.A.C. Thomas, L.A.C. Challis, L.A.C. Black.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL



BEING A TOPICAL STORY OF HOW THE LITTLE MASTERPIECE
MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABRIDGED BY DAMON RUNYON, ACCORDING TO
"SNOOP"

IT is close on Christmas and what are we corporals doing but sitting in our Club, quaffing ale and talking of dames and guys, kites and beer, and this and that, and especially of the coming Christmas.

We are juggling up a little more than usual on account of the coming festive season, and for myself, I always remember the words of one Jerome K. Jerome, a guy who seems to get a lot of zing out of life, and is always going up and down the Thames in a boat with two other guys and a dog, who will always take in his boat "a little more than enough to drink; for thirst is a terrible thing."

Well, as I say, we are all most sociable and talkative, and furthermore, we get to telling stories of where we were last Christmas and the year before, and so on and so forth, and I find that guys have been in more than somewhat curious places at this Christmas.

This talk of Yuletide, and the cheery faces around me, remind me of a book I once read about an old meany called Scrooge, who seems to be about 60 come next grass, and who cannot stand this Xmas at any price. Moreover, he thinks it a waste of time at that, and binds his poor clerk, Bob Cratchitt, something terrible, on account of he has to pay this guy for Christmas day, although, of course, he gets not an atom of work out of this Cratchitt guy on this day. In fact, this Cratchitt, being quite human, probably gets quite socko drinking some poison called punch, which is equivalent to our Western beer in the days to which I refer.

Christmas, to this Scrooge (whose first handle appears to be Ebenezer or some such) is a very dead loss indeed. But this character is a very bad character indeed, as you will see when I quote you just one sentence by Mister Charles Dickens, the well-known scribe (who wrote this book) as follows:

"Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone. Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner. Hard and sharp as a flint...." and so, this scribe Dickens goes on, until I am very satisfied that this Scrooge is a bum. Furthermore, among all the nearby citizens he is spoken of as such.

Just to show you what Scrooge thinks of this Christmas Mr. Dickens tells us that when Scrooge is wished a Merry Xmas by his nephew, he says this way, and to wit:

"Bah!" says Scrooge, and likewise, "Humbug!"

Moreover, when two nice old pappy guys come round for a collection towards a "slight provision for the poor and destitute," this Scrooge is more than somewhat astonished, and wants to know if the prisons, Union workhouses, The Treadmill and Poor Law are still in full vigour.

So you can see what a character this Scrooge is, and personally, for a guy who has plenty of ackers, I never read of nor hear of such an old meany before or since. In fact, he sounds to me like certain P.S.I's and is a character who nobody wants any part of, in any way, manner, shape or form.

Well, this particular Christmas eve Scrooge goes up to his bedroom and before he gets into bed he warms himself by a very low fire which is a very small fire on account of Scrooge being such an old meany, not because of fuel rationing, as for some reason or other, there doesn't appear to be a war on about this time. Well, he must doze or something, and all of a sudden he hears, deep down below, a clanking noise, as though someone is dragging a heavy chain. And who walks up the stairs and right through the big heavy door but the Ghost of Jacob Marley, a guy who, when alive, is former business partner of this Scrooge, but who dies exactly seven years before that Christmas eve.

Now, Scrooge doesn't want to believe his eyes, of course, because this is an awful sight indeed (as Mr. Dickens describes) and Scrooge tries to make light of the whole set-up and puts it down to something he has ate, like a crumb of cheese or an under-done potato.

Naturally the ghost is pretty annoyed at this disbelief, so he raises a frightful cry and shakes his chains. Moreover, he takes off a bandage round his head and his lower jaw drops down on his breast just as though a rat-trap is opening. This is evidence enough for Scrooge, of course.

Well, Ebenezer Scrooge is very distressed indeed, and wants to know why spirits walk the earth, and why they pick on him for a visit, and so on and so forth. So the ghost of Jacob Marley describes how he has been utterly miserable since he checked out, as he sees the opportunities he misused during his life and is never able to make amends. Also this long chain clanging and clanking is a bit of a nuisance to carry around for seven years. Moreover, in an attempt to save Scrooge from the same misery when he himself becomes a ghost, Marley tells Scrooge he will be haunted by Three Spirits.

At this Scrooge falteringly thanks his ex-partner very much and the ghost floats out of the window into the bleak dark night, joining in "a mournful dirge of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory."

So before he gets into bed, Scrooge makes sure the door is still double-locked, as he probably thinks it has all been done by slight of hand, or mirrors.

Well, like all ghost stories, he wakes up as the church clock strikes 12 and it is very dark and Mr. Dickens puts in bags of atmosphere at this part of the book, although this book is a bit different to usual, as the first spirit is not scheduled to arrive until 1 a.m., instead of midnight. Of course Scrooge has been laying awake an hour now, and is in a very distressed state indeed, when The Ghost of Xmas Past pops his head between the curtains at the bottom of Scrooge's bed.

So this spirit takes this Scrooge character back into his childhood and through his life up to the present, and Scrooge, when he realises how happy he was as a boy, and how miserable he has made himself by being such a miser since, is full of remorse and regret. Anyway, he falls into a heavy sleep.

Well, the next thing he knows, there is a character by his bed, clothed in one simple deep-green robe, bordered with white fur, and moreover, this guy says:

"I am the Ghost of Xmas Present," says the spirit, "Look upon me."

Scrooge is not so startled this time and he tells the guy in the green robe to take him wherever he will, as he has learned a lesson from No. 1 ghost. So this second ghost leads Scrooge away and shows him what a swell time all the guys and dolls are having, and he sees holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese and all kinds of woof, ever-loving parties, jars of this punch, a ruddy fire snow-sweepers, a gloomy London sky, a dingy mist, citizens full, of glee shovelling snow, guys exchanging a snowball, and, in fact, all the things we see and do at Xmas in peace-time.

Anyway, the ghost then shows Bob Cratchitt and his family having a whale of a Xmas especially with this punch which must be very potent, and has a terrific zing. But as soon as the name of Scrooge crops up, the party is dampened for at least five minutes. Furthermore, Scrooge is shown his nephews household and the same applies there; all is merry and bright until the old cromo is mentioned.

No sooner does the spirit leave Scrooge (in a very happy state) than he notices a solemn phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, towards him. He realizes this is the Ghost of Xmas Yet To Come and is led away on the most doleful journey yet, for what is it all about, but how Scrooge has handed in his checks and nobody cares a hoot. Furthermore, the charwoman, laundress and undertakers man are shown to Scrooge looting the very room in which his own corpse is lying, down to the blankets on his bed.

Now this is a very trying and shameful situation for anybody to find themselves in, even Scrooge, but, as the laundress says in the book:

"Everybody has a right to take care of themselves. HE always did."

And, of course, she was right, at that.

As you might imagine, Scrooge wakes up a different guy on Christmas day, and he does enough good deeds that day to last a Boy Scout a lifetime. Quietly, I should guess that he buys a few Aspros first; but after that, he buys turkey for the Cratchitt family and raises Bob Cratchitt's wage packet; he goes to his nephews joint for dinner; and he makes a large contribution to the two old pappy guys who try to bite his ear the day before, on behalf of the poor. Furthermore, he goes to church and pats little squirts on the head.

Mr. Dickens ends this book by saying that Scrooge has no further intercourse with Spirits but lives upon the Total Abstinence Principle ever afterwards.

Nevertheless, I still like to think that Jerome K. Jerome was right, for thirst is a terrible thing, especially at Xmas. Furthermore, if citizens like Scrooge don't know their capacity, they are to expect bad dreams.

OUR FRIENDS—THE SERVICE POLICE

Which just goes to prove that SP.'s are like ordinary human beings and have thoughts.

- Sgt. Jennings. "He just smiles—that's all he says."
 Sgt. Potter. "I wanna go home!"
 Sgt. Roscoe. "What I want is efficiency.....!"
 Cpl. Sykes. "O.K. lad, take yourout."
 Cpl. Evans. "All I want is to get home to my wife and kid."
 Cpl. Johnson. "That'll be the day, boy.....ptui!!"
 Cpl. Powell. "Gotta chit?"
 Cpl. Lee. "Don't wake me in the morning."
 Cpl. Moore. "Now is everything under control?"
 Cpl. Lord. "Débert, four-eight, please."
 Cpl. Dunlop. "Hey, hey, hey, let's away."
 Cpl. Jones. "Ahhh—(Set to music) where d'you think you're going?"
 Cpl. Brian. "Hmmm it's a cheap movement but I'll see what I can do with it."
 Cpl. Comer. "Who's got that crossword puzzle?"
 Cpl. Dunmill. "Garn wiv yer—oive giv a ounce away or-
 lready."
 Cpl. Brennan. "They'll call em a $\frac{3}{4}$; @ $\frac{1}{4}$? when they get out. If they get out!"

CLIFF ARMITAGE COMPLAINS ABOUT NOSTALGIA

My dears, I'm having SUCH a difficult time preparing this article! Twice have I bestridden Pegasus and soared into the realms of composition; and twice some miscreant has applied my unfinished MSS to nefarious purposes.

But to 'cut the' cackle and come to the 'hosses' as Samivel Weller would say.....

Since the war began, we have been subjected to a nuisance of efforts from the song-writers and poets of all nations extolling England—"Cottages beside fields of grain," "white cliffs" and bathotic cathedral scenes—all very picturesque and touching, but only a background to the real England (sorry! British Isles) that we know. How many of us, in those all too frequent moments when the unoccupied mind swings eastward find these things presented on the mental screen? It is far more probable that a harpie wings into view, a race-track, a memorable binge..... the scene changes..... the roar of Hudsons dies..... I am travelling Eastward with the speed of thought.....

A westering sun slants through bulls-eye windows, staining the bar counter to rich mahogany. I am propped negligently against it, my elbow and foot accommodated comfortably on bar and rail. A pleasing wench is pulling with practised ease on the "bitter" pump, dispensing charm, cheery conversation and foaming amber at 8d. per pint. From the tap-room comes the steady drip of darts (I've pinched that from Picturesque Patter) and the air is filled with the hum of modulated conversation, broken at intervals by spurts of laughter. The room fills with companions of both sexes; faster and faster roll the pints, Pimms and gins, brighter the conversation, more brilliant the wit.....

".....and as she left in she morning she said 'Thanks so much for having me.....'"

"—so I put the four pounds on the favourite in the next and it romped home at seven to four....."

"Six bitters and four Pimms, please!"

"Let's buzz off quietly no-one will notice."

".....but he's away for the week-end....."

Tinkling piano, snatches of song ten-tenths smoke, swinging doors of "Ladies and "Gentlemen," sausages on sticks, olives.....

"Middle for diddle, 301 up."

"Dammit Rosie, that's the second lampshade this week."

"See you in the madhouse."

"Take my throw darling—I've to see a lady!....."

"Who's swiped my beer..... ?"

The faintly-heard street noises, hooting of taxis; news-bulletin from heavily-contested radio.....

"It'll all blow over."

"He can't get through the Maginot."

".....so Hitler said; 'now we want Alec James for Berlin United' and Baldwin replied; 'Gentlemen, this means war!'"

The hooting of sirens for a trial black-out; girlish squeals in the semi-darkness—the humorist's Whew-ew-ew! as of a falling bomb.....

"Let's go on to the dance—there's a bar until twelve....."

"Nerts, let's ask George if we can retire into his sitting-room."

"Cheerio, blokes!"

Never, in that 'other life' before the war did I welcome the land-lord's curfew, but right gladly would I exchange all Canada's abundance to hear once more—"Time, gentlemen! Your glasses ladies and gentlemen, Per-LEESE!"



"Sometimes Air Sea Rescue are too efficient"

BUNNY AND THE THREE BARBERS

By A. Newgrosh

ONE Friday morning in lovely Debert there stood on the parade ground hundreds of stalwart airmen. Amongst then was Bunny; there he stood, a typical Debert airman not an ounce of superfluous cash on him, proudly and erect he stood, with the wind and sleet lashing down on his manly form. "Ah" he thought as he filled his one good lung with the fresh air, "soon this typical Debert summer will come to an end, and the cruel winter will be here."

Suddenly there appeared before him a radiant figure with wings. It spoke to him thus: "Get your hair cut," just like that. Can you imagine what those cruel words meant to this sensitive soul, this Bunny? Tears filled his eyes, and tremulously he wiped his nose on his coat sleeve.

But men are men and women are women (I don't know where the women come in, but I'll let it go) and Bunny is one of them, the men I mean, so slowly and deliberately he made his way to the Barber Shop.

Having only been on the camp for nine months, he hadn't been to the Barber Shop before, but he had often seen the ambulance calling there, and timorously approaching the huge gilded doors, he knocked. No answer.....he knocked again.....still no answer.....he then recalled the rumours he had heard that the barbers could only be approached for one hour a week. Perhaps this was not that hour? With trembling knees he tried the handle of the door, it opened and a lavish sight met his gaze.

The polished floor was mirrorlike in its reflection of the ornate mirrors; the massive armchairs, so elaborately padded that a normal person could almost sit in one in comfort, the hundreds of razors, brushes, hair dryers, the countless bottles of rare perfumes, all this seemed like a gorgeous setting in a Hollywood extravaganza.

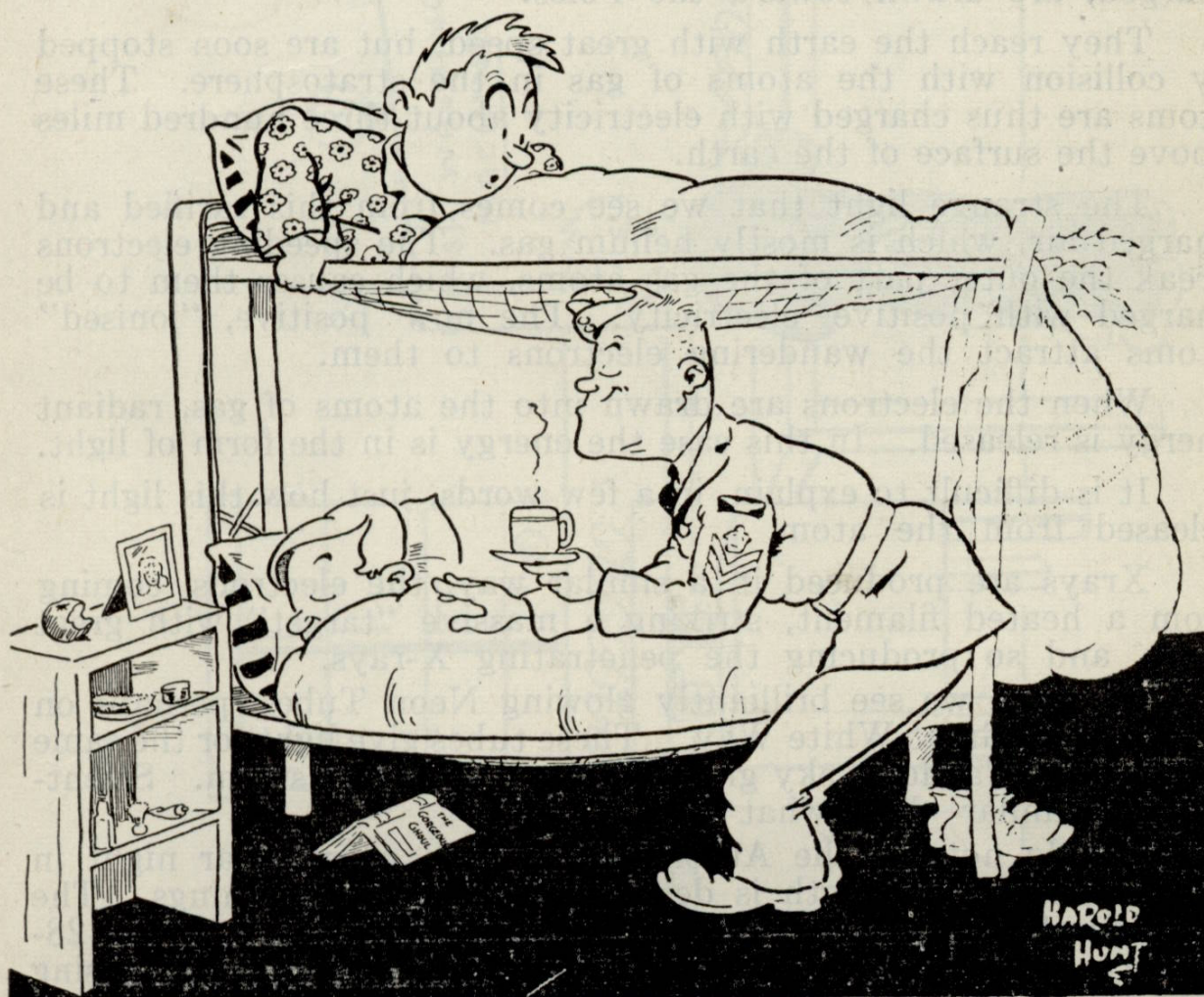
As in a dream Bunny wandered around. He tried the biggest chair, but it was much too big; he tried the second chair, it was also too big; he tried the third chair and it was just right. Seeing a packet of cigarettes amongst the elaborate razors he took one, and lighting up, reclined luxuriously in the sybarite setting.

Suddenly he heard footsteps, loud footsteps. He knew that only Corporal P.T.I.'s and barbers could have feet big enough to make such a noise and panicstricken, he thought of hiding; but it was too late. The door swung open and three barbers strolled in. One was a huge barber, the other not so large (that's the one with the long hair and black moustache), and the third one was obviously a baby barber. The big barber said "who's been sitting in my chair?" The second one said "who's been sitting in my chair," and the baby barber said "who's sitting in my chair, and smoking

my bloody cigarettes too?" Whereupon the three barbers chased poor Bunny round the huge room.

He might have got away but he stubbed his toe on a pile of discarded ears and fell heavily. At once the barbers threw themselves upon him uttering fiendish cries and, dragging him to a chair proceeded to cut his hair.

At last he managed to free himself, and glancing into a mirror (the one near the toilet, with only a small crack in it), he recoiled in horror for in parts his hair was barely four inches long. **O'-Tempore, O'Mores** (if Windsock can quote Latin I don't see why I can't). This was too much and Bunny swooned; in fact he swooned so hard that the following morning at 1000 hours when F/Sgt. Davies came into his billet to check a kit inspection, Bunny was still swooning on his bed. I know F/Sgt. Davies believed him, he's crazy—about Bunny.



"A Christmas Dream"

EVERYDAY SCIENCE—By R. Gregory and M. Dunn

AURORA BOREALIS

WE have all seen it in Canada: a pale green radiance in the northern sky. The soft colours floating far above the dark Canadian woods form a luminous cloud with an almost ethereal beauty, all its own.

What is it that causes the Aurora Borealis?

For an explanation we must visit the sun. We see a vast ball of flaming gas as large as a million worlds. Its temperature is about 6,000°C at the surface, and very much hotter still toward the center. Tongues of fire, (often many thousands of miles long) are continually flung into the space which the sun's light and heat probes, giving us our life.

Tiny particles of electricity—electrons—also pour out into space.

Some of these electrons reach the earth and, being electrically charged, are drawn toward the Poles.

They reach the earth with great speed, but are soon stopped by collision with the atoms of gas in the stratosphere. These atoms are thus charged with electricity about three hundred miles above the surface of the earth.

The strange light that we see comes from this rarified and charged air, which is mostly helium gas. The speeding electrons break the outer part of the gas atoms, which causes them to be charged with positive electricity. The now positive, "ionised" atoms attract the wandering electrons to them.

When the electrons are drawn into the atoms of gas, radiant energy is released. In this case the energy is in the form of light.

It is difficult to explain, in a few words, just how this light is released from the atom.

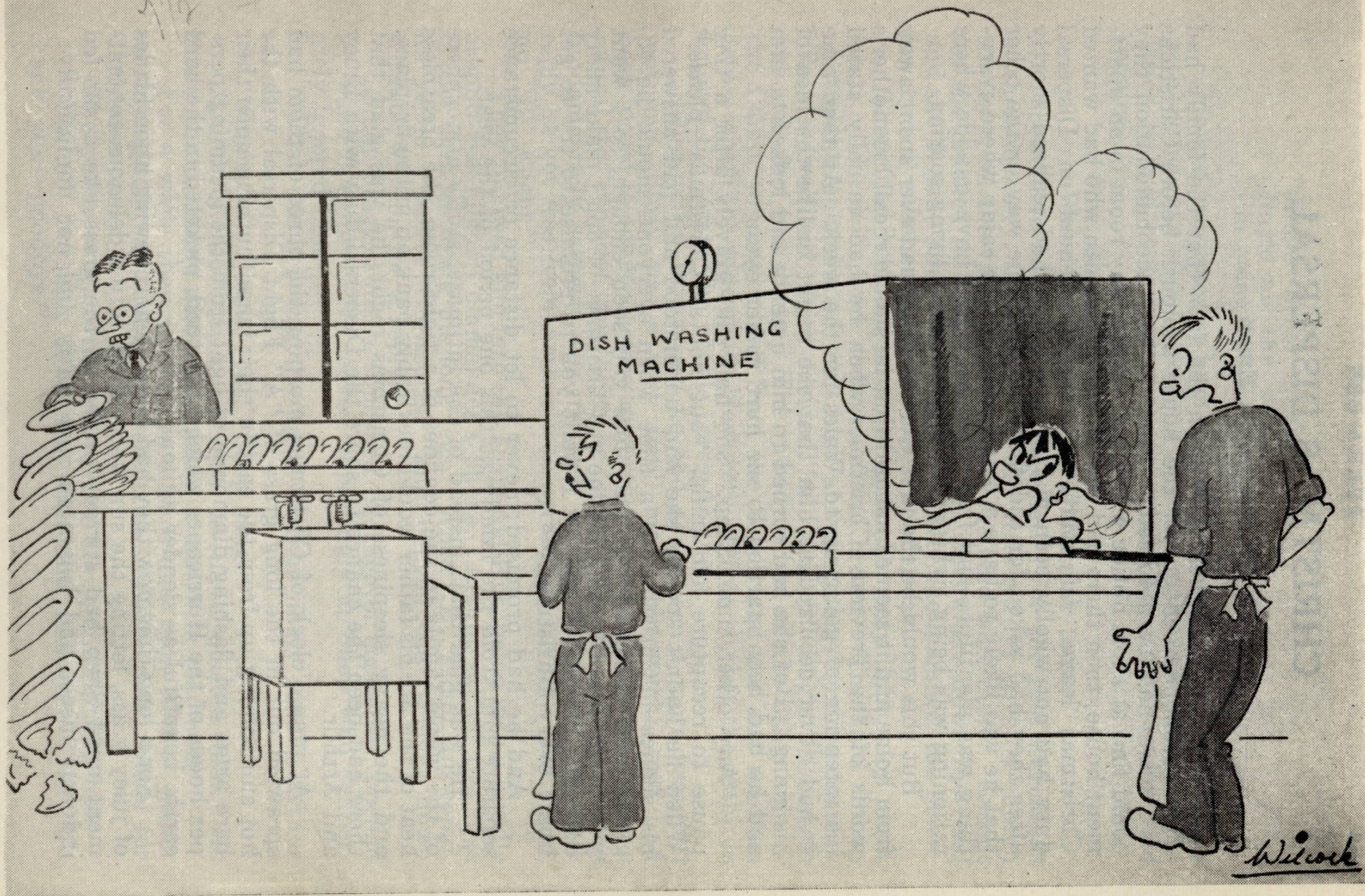
Xrays are produced in a similar way, the electrons coming from a heated filament, striking a massive "target" with great force, and so producing the penetrating X-rays.

On leave we see brilliantly glowing Neon Tubes, perhaps on New York's Great White Way. These tubes give light for the same reason that Canada's sky glows during a magnetic storm. Scientifically similar—but what a difference!

We do not see the Aurora Borealis on every clear night in Canada, for its strength is dependant upon several things. The rotation of the sun about its axis causes it to recur in cycles of 28-29 days, and the earth's magnetism varies continually, causing changes in the Aurora.

It can be seen at the Pole on every clear night.

7/12



CHRISTMAS DISPERSAL

By Kenneth Ewen

FIRST of all there had been the fact that the family had been bombed out of the house a month before Christmas and had been forced to take the best accommodation they could find at short notice which had been a tiny room in an apartment house; then there had been the married men who had wanted Christmas leave. Of course his staying behind on Dispersal duty had not wholly been martyrdom for he had realized shortly after they had asked for a definite decision one way or the other that he was likely to have a better time on the camp where everything was plentiful—and free, than he would have outside where rationing was being tightened and the cost of living soaring.

But this would be the first Christmas he had ever spent away from home and it seemed natural that he should recall his mother's words of the previous Christmas when he had casually stated his intention of going up to Wales for the week. At that time it had never occurred to him that she might dislike the idea of his going. But she had turned to him quickly and looked at him and he had been startled to see hurt in her eyes.

"Any other time, Shep," she had said gravely after a tiny pause to recapture her smile, "but not at Christmas—please." When he hadn't spoken she had understood and had answered his silence—"Christmas is a time when everyone should be together and God knows I may lose you soon enough, so I want you to promise to stay with me at Christmas—I don't make many demands of you, Shep, but I want you to promise to try to get home every Christmas."

And he had promised; never to let distance or circumstance separate him from the family at this one period of the year.

He was glad that, instead of the intimate, stuffy atmosphere of the whole family in the confines of a tight room, the breathless heat of the fire his father would inevitably bank up in the fireplace, and the heavy sleepiness of Christmas night, he was glad that there had been the chance to share the Dispersal duty with Bluey and Arthur.

At nine o'clock of Christmas morning the three of them had sprawled out in the long grass of "A" Flight Dispersal with the hot sun coming up from the east in their faces, burning upon their bare arms and flashing diamonds of light from the gleaming perspex hoods of the Hurricanes which had stood, picketed in the hard earth, beautiful as slender animals.

For a long time now they had been silent, chewing upon blades of juicy grass, letting the sun warm them into a delicious contentment until Shep had stirred, turned in the grass like a sun-fed indolent insect and begun to sing softly and not unmusically:

“Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
I’m going home for Christmas today.”

He had continued to hum the tune quietly, tapping the tempo with the heel of his boot, breaking off occasionally to whistle happily. When he had come to the chorus again Bluey and Arthur had shouted:

“.....Jingle all the way
We’re going home for Christmas today.”

Then there had been a great quiet. For the first Christmas in their memory, the bells in all the little old ivy-covered church towers in all the villages throughout the land were mute. Except for the cracked tinkle of a bicycle bell somewhere down the road and the distant screaming of seabirds over the marshes, the morning had a calmness like a peacetime Sunday.

There had been no snow for a month; only light, airy night frosts. The fields were still green and brown. The hard ribbon of straight fenland road built high above the surrounding country like a seawall and which divided “A” and “B” Flight Dispersals was still dry and dusty. The muddy river on the other side of the Camp, winding inland from the Wash, and the salt marshes across which the wide winds blew were ice-free, so that the seabirds ignored the scraps the people threw to them.

Belligerently Bluey said he had never seen a more beautiful morning. Bluey was a very small man, thirty-eight, and had been forced to adopt a comic aggressiveness by Shep’s and Arthur’s refusal to consider anything he said seriously. Bluey, being fundamentally earnest, was irritated by this attitude. The only reply he got was from Arthur who sprang up crying: “Let’s ring up “B” Flight.”

They followed him into the Dispersal Hut, going into a huddle around the Flight Commander’s phone. Arthur sat on the edge of the desk swinging his long legs. When “B” Flight answered, he yelled, “Merry Christmas!” and banged the receiver down without waiting for a reply.

Bluey dragged out a squashed package of cigarettes, opened it, found it empty. He looked appealingly at Shep who deliberately ignored him.

“What the hell was the name of that jingly tune?” Arthur asked.

“Jingle bells, jingle bells,” Shep sang.

Arthur offered him a cigarette as if to quieten him. He threw one to Bluey who was holding a match in readiness.

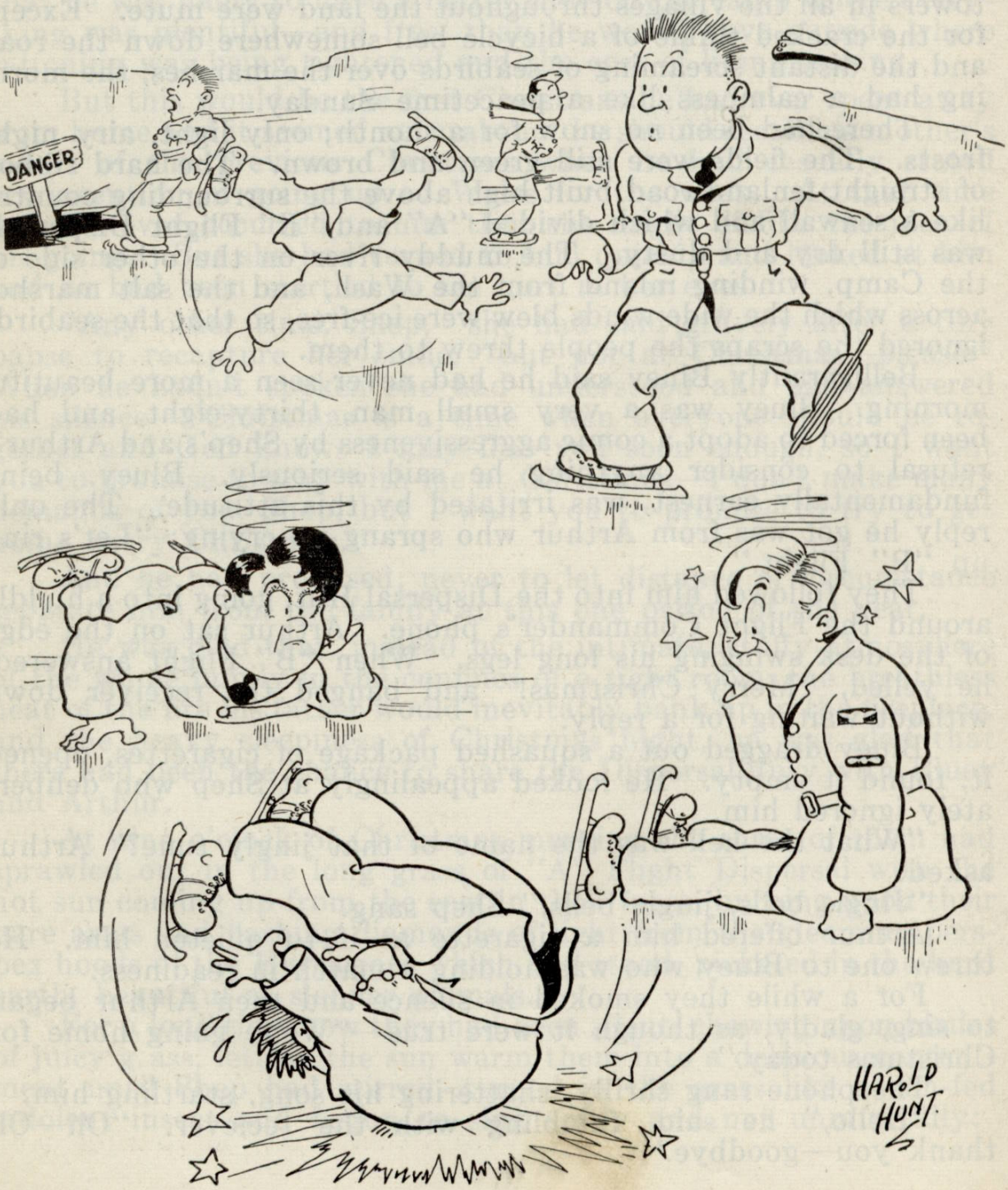
For a while they smoked in silence and then Arthur began to sing, gladly, as though it were true—“We’re going home for Christmas today.”

The phone rang shrilly, shattering his song, startling him.

“Hello,” he said, fumbling with the receiver. “Oh—Oh thank you—goodbye.”

SKATING SEASON

is with us again!



He replaced the receiver, smilingly. "B" Flight," he told the other two, "wishing us a merry Christmas."

"Anything else," asked Bluey suspiciously.

"No, just a merry Christmas."

"Sarcastic sods!" exploded Bluey.

"Well it should be anyway," Shep laughed, "we've got a hell of a lot of blessings the civvies haven't."

"You wouldn't go home if you had the chance," Arthur reproached Bluey. Bluey had been down to stay behind and in defiance or bravado had spoken cynically of leave.

"What I said was," Bluey stated eagerly, "leave's queer—you're glad to be going and it's good for a few days, then you're glad to be coming back—then you wish you hadn't."

"Well, you've had it now and you've got to make the best of it—this is no hardship—how'd you like to be at sea?"

"I would be if they'd given me half a chance," Bluey said sadly. He had volunteered for the Navy and somehow finished in the Airforce. He had never been able to offer a reasonable explanation.

Then Shep in transit through the door began to sing again. His infectious voice so full of gaiety sent the other two tumbling after him. Up on the road a girl on a bicycle waved to them. The soft wind of her speed disarranged her coat and skirt. The sight put them into excellent humour for the rest of the morning.

They grew bored with their own jokes. After setting up an empty beer bottle atop a pile of rubble and throwing stones at it they walked around the kites, touching them, almost caressing them, tucking in loose engine covers and adjusting pickets, kicking chocks that were loosely placed against wheels.

Twelve hours a day, seven days a week on Dispersal had considerably lessened their enthusiasm for aircraft; although there was a rich wealth of interest and keenness in their normal conversation, they invariably returned to the subject of work. It wasn't often they had the opportunity of leisurely examining the kites for even the inspections were done under pressure. In the utter peace of this Christmas morning the Hurricanes looked different. They smelled different. They stood there cool, relaxed. From roaring, urgent, quivering machines they had become personal, friendly, almost human.

Christmas had stopped the war briefly, wiped away the ugliness.

Bluey and Arthur had wandered to the extreme edge of the Dispersal. Shep saw Bluey shrug his shoulders and spit carelessly. Arthur was sitting on a starter-trolley, laughing.

He hoped he would remember this Christmas the magic way he remembered the time he had spent on a Bomber Station; how, when most of the time there had been only drudgery and boredom he had remembered only the good times; those rare, precious moments when, in the very early hours of the morning, waiting on the damp Dispersal for the homing machines, or preparing the

daylight raiders for their deadly work, and in the night under a Bombers' Moon, a single, vital part of the Flight, he had felt something sharp in him leap under the influence of all the shining activity.

Then he had lived under the stars, breathed the thin air of dawns and nights, was a part of an organization that was glorious in the eyes of the world. He remembered the strange beauty of distant Hangars, the weird shape of the aircraft when the only light was the deep red glow of the obstruction lights on the Hangar roofs and the pale radiance of the full moon.

He was jerked out of his reverie by Arthur calling. The girl on the bicycle had returned, was slowing down and shouting delightful slangy words at Arthur. She was too far away for Shep to hear the trend of their conversation.

Bluey began to walk towards him, his short legs looking incongruous inside his unpressed, baggy pants. He kept glancing over his shoulder and spitting his disgust into the wind. By the time Bluey had reached Shep, Arthur had negotiated the barbed-wire barricade around the Dispersal and was standing near the road where the girl had dismounted.

"What's he up to?" inquired Shep.

"Making a date for tonight," sneered Bluey. He walked towards the hut. "It's too bloody hot out here," he said. Shep followed him. Inside the hut they spread their raincoats on the crewroom floor and lay there waiting for Arthur.

II

Inside the mess there was an orgy of roast turkey, potatoes, green peas, Christmas pudding and beer. The beer was piled high in cases at the head of each table and the cases were being ripped open and the bottles distributed by N.C.O.'s and officers. As soon as one case was finished, another appeared miraculously from somewhere at the end of the mess. Some of the men had as many as twelve bottles apiece, stuck in their pockets, under their arms and hidden under the tables. Groups of Airmen and Officers, their arms wrapped fondly around each other's necks and shoulders were singing and swaying, their faces wet with perspiration, wide with happiness and drink. Five soldiers had come in with musical instruments and were playing "Amapolla." Forming a circle around them were empty bottles and dirty plates.

The walls of the mess were decorated with green and red tinsel paper. Paper streamers were entwined around the white-washed wooden roof supports. Above the main entrance was a photograph of the King and queen.

The Commanding Officer climbed onto a table and held out his arms for silence. There were hoarse cries of "Quiet! quiet!" and a little cheer broke out. During his speech plates clattered and the general hum of excitement made it difficult to hear what was being said.

Shep felt an odd elation when the C.O. smacked his fist into the palm of his hand and said:

"The backbone of every station is its Maintenance Section."

This was received with wild enthusiasm. The Armen began beating the table with bottles, stamping their feet, clapping their hands.

Someone shouted, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

It was taken up by the band so that everyone was soon singing. There was a lot of handshaking and well-wishing and the C.O. was kept busy autographing menu cards.

Shep looked for Bluey and Arthur whom he had lost in the rush for places at the table. He found them in the kitchen with the breastbone of a turkey. Another Airman was holding it out at arm's length and Bluey and Arthur were tearing the flesh away with great bites, shaking their heads like dogs to loosen the meat from the bone. Shep tapped Bluey on the shoulder; he turned round with his mouth full of tender white meat, grinning at Shep, wiping the fat from his chin with the back of his hand. "Have a drink, Shep!" he shouted. "A merry Christmas, old boy!"

Shep elbowed his way between the jostling groups, greeting and being greeted with great claps on the back. He drank six bottles of beer and took three under his arm to be consumed later. As he left the mess the groups were splitting up, leaving magnificent stacks of greasy plates on the tables, and broken glasses and tattered decorations littering the floor.

During the afternoon Bluey and Arthur were missing from Dispersal. The phone rang twice, but Shep was unable to interpret the confused babbling at the other end.

As the sun went down, great streaks of orange light like long blowncandle flames hot across the sky. Across the field Shep saw his relief arriving; three lonely figures in greatcoats and gumboots, carrying rifles and blankets. They were jaded, their voices rough, their replies to his questions curt.

III

The air in the "Little Peacock" was oppressive and hot. There was a blare of sound and the Bar was hazy and hot with smoke. Shep, Bluey and Arthur had squeezed into a corner seat and shared the small table with five soldiers, members of an Ack-Ack Division stationed near the camp. Normally the relations between the two services were limited to conventional pleasantries; in turn the services ignored the civilians, many of whom had been coming to the "Peacock" for twenty years or more. But tonight they all mixed like one huge family, whispering drunken confidences, nodding knowingly at each other, shaking hands solemnly.

"Come on, drink up!" said Bluey. He had an amazing capacity for old and mild. "Two pints, Joe," he called. "One Scotch," and waving his arms at the soldiers, "fill 'em up."

When the landlord returned with the tray, the soldiers nodded, raising their glasses. The nearest one, a thin balding man with a wart on the point of his chin, said, "Best a luck, chum. He laid his hand on Shep's arm. Arthur beamed at the two of them

benevolently. The soldier continued: "I don't know who you are, chum—and I don't bloody well care." He glanced around him as if expecting someone to contradict him. "I say I don't bloody well care but—the best of luck chum, to you and your pals." He put down his glass and, still holding Shep's arm, whispered fiercely, "By Christ, chum, yours is a bloody good mob." To Shep's relief he relaxed his grip which had been painful. He banged his fist on the table-top, making the glasses jump. "By Christ, this is some war! He motioned for Shep to lean closer and said in sly confidence, "We're going overseas soon." Abruptly he got up and stumbled away. Shep saw him groping and pushing his way towards the door.

The night got more hilarious and noisier, the smoke thicker and smarting to the eyes. At ten o'clock Shep decided he had had enough. He was sleepy and his head ached slightly.

Outside the air was cool, almost shocking, like cold water. Frost sparkled on the rooftops. The sky was alive with twinkling stars. As he walked down the long, narrow stretch of road towards the Camp, a searchlight flicked into the sky, swept over once a great smooth arc and snapped off again.

Shep felt lonely and cold now that Christmas was finished.

The soldier guarding the barricade challenged him. He gave the password and was allowed to proceed.

"Goodnight," he called.

"Goodnight—quiet ain't it," the guard answered.

"Yes," he said, "Very quiet for a change—goodnight."

He saw a light flash briefly in the direction of "A" Flight Dispersal, then a glow as though someone were lighting a cigarette.

"What a funny way to spend Christmas night," he said aloud for no apparent reason.

It was then he began to wonder why it was he hadn't gone home.

RUGBY FINALE *Continued from Page 34*

And how!

I am no Bell. In fact, the more I think of him the sterner view taken of his total self-negation in favour of Dr. J. Imagine sitting in the bar-parlour of the "Cheshire Cheese", surrounded by the wit and fashion of London, to remain sober whilst the rest of the company flaked out on old ale and Johnsonese.

What has this to do with the title? Well, as historian I should really have more than a bottom-of-the-glass view of events; with this as apology for omissions and mauve deviations, these:

Against a scenic background of the Rugby XV's victories, an end-of-season dinner uncoiled a sigh of release from the rigorous training programme. (sic) The members of the Debert R.A.F. R.U.F.C.—and guests, proceeded to dispose of an unintelligible table d'hote, nobly supported by Chateau Dow, '43. Speeches rolled forth, sonorous, witty, informative, congratulatory, unintelligible, but all delivered with good heart and heartily received.

Comedians and 'twins' spun into view, none of which I absorbed 'in toto' as I was kept busy protecting my glass from F/S Brooks (posted U.K.) and looking round for replenishment.

Congratulations to the committee—YES, ALL OF IT! to all who played in the station games and supported Rugger in any way. Thanks to our opponents, civilian and Service.

Roll on next season!

"FORGOTTEN"

FONDEST LOVE AND KISSES—By Drew Alison

"Aw, gee!" sighed Pudhfin as he tore up the umpteenth message form and flicked his umpteenth cigarette-butt over the counter of the cable office, into the stove.

He had trotted into the office some thirty-five minutes earlier, his face beaming at the prospect of speeding Christmas greetings to Sally, his best girl. It had seemed so simple at first.

"All you have to do, is pick three numbers from a list, pop 'em on a special form the bloke gives you, and Bob's yer uncle!" Pudhfin had explained to his friend Nathaniel Veste, G.M. "H'mm! Sounds like the gen," N.V. had agreed. Therefore, he was partly to blame for Pudhfin's predicament.

The first two numbers proved easy. 48 read, 'Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year' and number 5, 'Parcels received. Many thanks.' But the third selection was a— well, it was!

Pudhfin lit another cigarette, dumped his elbows back on the counter and began muttering.

"Love.....all my love.....love and kisses....."

"Why not settle for 103?" inquired N.V. "Glad if you could send some money." He neatly avoided the blow Pudhfin aimed at his middle tunic button.

"Well, stick in 44 then, and let's go for a coke!" he said.

"But I can't put 'Fondest love and kisses' when I only met Sally just before coming over here."

"Aw heck! what's the diff?"

"Sally might think I'm too forward, and.....and maybe..... maybe I'd lose her."

"Phooey!" N. V. retorted. "Women like to be rushed off their feet. Take my Phyllis for example. Why, if I hadn't....."

"I'd put 29," Pudhfin cut in dreamily, "but just plain 'Love' seems so.....so.....well, y'know.....looks kinda lonesome on its own. I mean.....anyhow it won't do!"

Another quarter of an hour trickled away before Pudhfin finally, though rather reluctantly, filled in 54 on the third dotted line and handed the message form to the clerk.

Christmas dinner in camp turned out to be a real pukka affair. At the top of the table nearest the beer, N.V. was enjoying the occasion immensely.

"Come on, quit your worrying!" he counselled his friend across

Continued on page 56

PHANTOM CALL—by "Poppins"

The story is best told as the old doctor first recounted it to me on a wild winter's evening, some years ago now, in his London Study—

I can never see the snow and sleet without thinking of the first night of such weather I'd experienced since I began practising.

I'd not been down from college very long then—back in 18.... I forget the year but it was away before your time, young man, in the days when every call had to be made on horseback, for my practice was out in the 'wilds of beyond.' Such countryside just isn't anywhere else. Bleak desolate bog and marsh and for miles around and a few bare rocky hills in the distance on which nothing but the heather grew.

Some crank must have built that house that I lived in alone. He must have wanted isolation—and certainly he had it there. It was the plaything of every wind that ever blew and in winter the howl and shriek of the winds were the most diabolical sounds you ever heard.

But, to tell you what happened that night—It was late and time to go to bed, as I thought, congratulating myself I hadn't been called out and feeling certain neither man nor beast could venture into the perishing weather outside.

The clattering of a galloping horses' hooves outside put a sudden end to my peace and thought of rest as they came nearer, louder and stopped at my front door.

"Doctor, come to Manigan's farm! Doctor! Doctor!! Manigan's farm."

The man's voice was agitated. It was powerful and imperative in its tone of distress. It was an unmistakable demand to me and I shouted to him to wait and I'd be with him.

In a few moments I'd saddled my horse and followed the sound of his on to the road and in the direction he took. I couldn't see him for the darkness and the snow falling so thick and wet that I had to keep my head down to keep the flakes out of my eyes.

Redhead wasn't galloping well, though. He whinned a lot and there was, I felt, an uneasiness, a reluctance in his behavior that puzzled me. His movement was ragged unlike his usual effortless stride and though I nursed him well there was no mistaking his resentment.

Well, I couldn't blame him. It was no night to be out and we galloped on and on blindly following the road and nothing else. I could hear no one ahead of me for the wind drowned all other noise and I could see nothing. I called and hollered to the man who had summoned me on the errand but I got no answer for the gale was against my voice and only swept it into space behind me.

I'd gone miles like that when Redhead pulled up to a sudden stop—not lame but obstinately refusing to go another yard.

Then through the murk I saw the faint light of a house, a one-storied dwelling of about three rooms, set back a bit from the road.

I made for it and scrambled over bracken and boulders hidden by the snow to knock at the door.

From inside came the sounds of the most unholy row you could imagine. A man was shouting in a raving angry voice and a woman crying in a plaintive wail that rose and fell in the strain of her agony—chairs or wooden materials of some sort were being flung and broken, crockery was being smashed and then one piercing scream from the woman that died away into a faint moan, a pitiful sob as though strength wasn't in her to fight any more—and breath gone from her body.

I seemed frozen where I stood. I couldn't move in the few seconds the tragedy was happening behind the walls. I kicked the door. I shouted to be let in but all sound inside had been stilled and as I looked at the window alongside the light in it dimmed and was gone not like an oil lamp would when gradually turned down in power but withdrawing into space till it became a pin point and was gone.

The effect of it petrified me and with some mad fury in me I changed and smashed through the door, shouting as I stood in the narrow hall "Who's here! What's up here? Answer me! Answer me!

No one spoke to relieve my tension for I was tense by now—a nervous tension. You can call it fear if you like, for I don't mind admitting I was frightened. So would you have been. Ever tried calling into a deathly darkness where you've heard what I heard and get no answer.

With the light of a few matches I looked around the place. There was all the scene of confusion as I had heard it being wrought, the overturned table, the broken chairs, the cups, saucers, plates and tea pot in fragments and in a corner a bottle crate set rocking by a rat's hasty departure from it.

The dust of years covered everything. Cobwebs were everywhere and the moths had left only a few threads of what had once been draperies. No one could have entered the place for the years for the air was stale musty and dank from long decay.

I was neither in the mood nor mind to stay a second longer than I could help and I ran headlong to the road, cursing the home of Manigan all I could.

I had hardly mounted my horse when a derisive laugh from that very voice which had hailed me from my fireside a short while before broke above the howl of the wind. It was the same powerful voice till changing into an hysterical scream it went past me on clattering hooves out into the darkness of the night over the forbidding marshes. The door of the house slammed shut and a woman's sobs, pitiful, fitful rose and fell.

But I waited no more. My horse was terrified and when I gave him his head as I turned for home he fled as if a dozen devils spurred him. He'd seen nothing—no ghost. Nor had I. We had both heard. And that was enough.

Continued from page 53

the table. "You're not going to allow a woman to spoil your Christmas dinner are you?"

Pudhfin lifted his chin onto his other hand. He'd been miserable ever since sending that cable off to Sally three days ago. "Wonder if 'Love and kisses' or maybe 'Love' even, would have been better than just plain 'Good luck,' he thought. "But then, I didn't want her to think I was pushing things," he assured himself.

"I'm not hungry," replied Pudhfin.

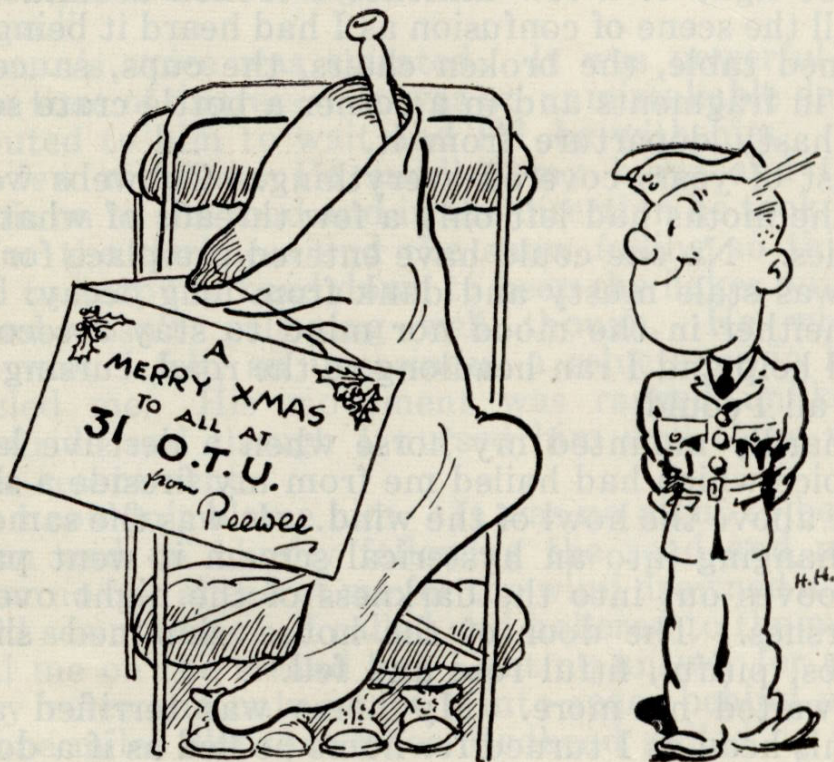
How the cable got under his souvenir menu, Pudhfin never quite found out. He was sitting wishing people would stop offering him "seconds" of Christmas pudding, when he first spotted its coloured border. Nervously he slit the end of the envelope with the little knife Sally had given him to open her letters.

"Well, what's the griff?" asked N. V. seeking enlightenment over the top of the cable without waiting for an answer.

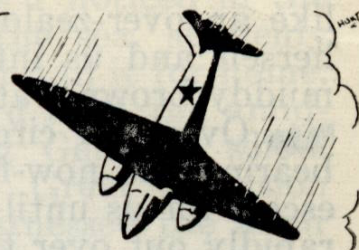
"MANY.....THANKS.....FOR TELEGRAM," he mumbled. "FONDEST LOVE.....AND.....KISSES.....DARLING.....SALLY."

"Now that's what I call percentage," whooped N. V. "What'd I tell you!"

"Aw, geeee!" sighed Pudhfin, gazing sadly at the empty plates around him.



RUSSIAN INCIDENT.



F/O. JOHN. A. IVERACH.

AT some period in life everyone has an experience which demands yet baffles reasonable explanation; men who have fought in this war can relate numerous such incidents. I quote one here—a true story, confirmation of which can be found in Air Ministry records.

The story concerns two incidents involving a certain Russian General and the strange sequence of the events; the scene is Russia the time—July 1941.

One particularly sunny afternoon, on the deck of a yacht which was our home pro tem, I had been getting my ideas about religion in Russia somewhat revised by our female interpreter (a comely young wench whose name, when simplified, was Irene Vladimir). Contrary to my belief, church-going in Russia is **not** forbidden, though she admitted it was not the country's most popular pastime; especially among the younger generation. All were quite free to worship as, what and when they pleased. To me that was a revelation.

Seeking further views on the subject, I spied the General sitting nearby, with the sun dancing upon the top of his smoothly shaven head. He was, I knew, a man of definite opinions and worthy of audience, so with Irene in tow I ambled over to him.

He beamed courteously, in manner reserved for his British visitors.

"Ask him what he thinks of Christianity, will you?" I said to Irene—for the General knew no English.

She translated. He looked at me for a moment before answering, and then a violent verbal storm broke upon me. I looked questioningly at Irene for enlightenment, whereupon, with what might have been a blush, she said "I couldn't repeat all of it, but the General says that anyone who believes in God should be shot."

I could see that the General had not been attending church regularly, so, saying that his statement was most decidedly a matter of opinion, I let the subject drop and hastily removed myself to a spot beyond pistol range.

It so happened that on the same night we left for Britain with a group of distinguished passengers—headed by the opinionated General himself. At an hour long past bed-time, our heavily-laden Catalina roared down the river, and after flopping along

like an over-zealous mud-hen for about a minute, finally heaved herself and us into the clear sky above, shaking free from that muddy brown water for what we expected would be the last time. Overhead circled three trim twin-engined monoplane fighters bearing the now-familiar red star insignia; they were to provide escort for us until we were out of the danger zone. As we moved rapidly out over the White Sea, with all signs of land well behind us, those escorting fighters kept constant guard above us—now in front—now behind—like energetic young cubs playfully following their ponderous old mother, so great was their comparative speed and manoeuvrability.

Thus we flew for almost an hour. Then, without warning, our port motor stopped! Frantic efforts by our skilful skipper, Bill Bradshaw, failed to revive it beyond a coughing, spluttering stage. We turned back, hoping that Archangel was not yet too far away. Our escort, however, seemed quite unconcerned and continued on its northerly course, until it was finally lost to view.

But as suddenly as the motor stopped so did it regain its normal deep-throated roar. The skipper decided to chance it, and once more we turned for Britain—this time alone.

It was just about then that things really began to happen. I was standing up forward, peering between the shoulders of our two pilots, when we all noticed three twin-engined monoplane fighters approaching from the north.

"Guess they're wondering what's wrong with us," said Bill, assuming, like myself, that this was our escort returning.

Suddenly, from a position about a thousand feet above, one of the fighters peeled off from the "V" formation in a steep spiral diver and came screaming down toward us.

"Huh! He wants to play!" shouted Bill, with a grin. But the grin left his face as he voiced a gasping "What the.....?!" I froze in my tracks; I couldn't move—couldn't breathe—for the fighter was still coming straight as an arrow, right for my lap!

Never shall I forget that split second when I stared into two great whirling propellers and certain annihilation; eternity was only inches away, approaching like a meteor! Gripped by a hopeless panicky fear, I shut my eyes—and in doing so missed seeing what Bill thought was his last living act: he shoved the control column forward as far and as fast as he could—and then shut his own eyes.

I felt the terrific, shuddering impact, and felt myself thrown back against the navigation table—but—no pain! Bewildered, I opened my eyes. Yes—we were still alive—but only temporarily, it seemed, for I could see Bill fighting a losing battle with the controls as our aircraft, floundering about like a great wounded bird, plummeted down toward the angry, white-capped sea. It hardly seemed worthwhile buttoning my Mae West.

But by some miracle, as I tried to steel myself for the final plunge, the aircraft levelled off and began to draw unsteadily away from the foaming hell below. I breathed again! We turned

for Archangel with a prayer. At the same time I noticed in the distance the Russian fighter, hurtling toward the sea, suddenly pull up and, climbing like a home-sick angel, high-tail it for home.

At this point several bodies tumbled forward from the amidships compartment, led by the angry-looking General, whom I had completely forgotten in the excitement. Great confusion reigned forthwith as the General, not having witnessed the affair and feeling only the impact, fired questions in his most expressive Russian. We returned his fire with equally colorful English—neither understanding the other—though it mattered not, for the roar of the motors drowned the voices leaving everyone free to talk simultaneously. The General was still talking when we finally reached Archangel and with much difficulty landed.

Even before we were moored up Irene, evidently sensing trouble, was out to meet us in a motor launch. That was a great relief, especially for the General, who still had things to say.

Her first translation shook Bill: "The General says that was a **terrible** exhibition of flying on your part. He says he has flown many times, but **never** before has he been thrown about like that!"

Irene declined to make a literal translation of Bill's reply!

We climbed out and viewed the damage. What we saw drained the color from even the General's ruddy complexion, for by all evidence the impossible had happened. Across our starboard mainplane, midway between motor and wing-tip, was a great black groove filled with bits of scorched rubber, where one wheel of the fighter had struck—and though all but six inches of the wheel had been retracted neither aircraft's propellers had touched the other; our aerial wires between tail and wing-tip and along the fuselage had been cleanly swept away—yet the fuselage was scarcely marked; and all that remained of the upper half of our tail fin and rudder were a few jagged shreds of metal and fabric limply flapping in the breeze—for the fighter's port wing-tip had carried the rest away! I could well believe Bill's statement that had another inch of the tail been removed he never could have kept us out of the sea. It **was** a miracle—no less!

My thoughts reverted to the conversation of a few hours previous. Surely there could be no connection—and yet—there was no **logical** explanation. I looked from the damaged aircraft to the face of the General, half-expecting a reflection of similar thoughts—but his grim countenance remained impassive.

However, his thoughts became evident shortly afterwards when I asked Irene the fate of the fighter pilot. She replied in a shockingly matter-of-fact tone: "Why, they'll shoot him, of course!" The "of course" bespoke some story behind the incident—a story which remains one of the many deep Russian secrets. But I still ponder over the whole affair—and I wonder about the General.





He always does his exercises by an open window

SGTS. MESS NOTES—By Nosilla

Instead of the usual drivel which normally fills this page I'd like to use the space provided this month to express the members' sentiments with regard to the "backroom boys." Considering the facilities at their disposal the kitchen staff do a grand job of work and although rough words have been exchanged in the past let us during this festive season of mirth and merriment let bygones be bygones.

Sound the trumpets, roll the drums
 Bid each man lend his ear
 To the tale which will unfold itself
 Ere ends this passing year.

I praise not Brooks nor his "Fill Your Boots"
 Let Airborne rest his wings
 Heed not the Moose Club's "Oi One here"
 This speaks of greater things.

T'is a song of those unknown heroes
 Who care for us night and day
 Whose only thanks is a nod or glance
 Who toil while we all play.

A toast to our cooks and butchers
 To Jack who holds the sway
 O'er Keating and his willing pals
 Parker, George and Fay.

The next toast to our waiters
 As to and fro they flit
 Controlled by two grand fellows
 Pat and George, to wit.

The first of their few is Growcott
 With Morris, Hodgson, Smith
 Griffiths, Wooster, Lipscombe
 And Melville, that giant of mirth.

Now toast we those four others
 Who help brings to pass
 Errington, John, young Harty
 And last but not least Les Glass.

To all we say good luck and thank you
 Let's give them this toast now, chums
 Here's to a Xmas that's Merry
 And a Happy New Year, when it comes.

And a Beery Merry Xmas and a Drunken Happy New Year
 to you all.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editors:

I would like this letter to be published in your Xmas edition of P. G. I used to read the P.G. regularly, that is before Pee Wee Kelsey went back to dear old Blighty; the older men on the Station will remember me, particularly those birds that committed Holy Matrimony on this side of the Pond. I will not start to name them all for I would use up a lot of paper and you know there is a war on and paper is scarce.

However my wife and I want to send our best wishes to all ranks and wish you all A very merry Xmas and Happy New Year and let us hope that all you boys will be home next Xmas amongst your loved ones, the War over and Peace with us. This time a lasting Peace and a glorious future for everyone. Nellie (my wife) says God Bless every one of you from the O/C down.

Well boys, I get letters regularly from Pee Wee Kelsey. He is at No. 6 O.T.U. Silloth, Cumberland. Jock Duffus is in Scotland. Frankie Brown is in Yorkshire, so is Donnie Fields. I never hear from Ginger Johnson. All I got was a cable from him saying he landed safe. Pee Wee is fine and I may say popular with the girls station police and the guard room. He visits the old man regularly in the "Office." What's seven days anyhow fellows! Jock Duffus says he is a regular attender at the places where Pint Pots are Prayer Books. So that is all the dope from overseas.

I hear Paddy Mitchell was ordering Childrens Sleighs in town the other day. How many now Paddy? I wonder why he and Johnnie Vince stay in New Glasgow and Truro and never go to Abercrombie now. I heard they did not pay their taxes for a couple of years. How is Sgt. Campbell, Jock Brand and all hands! I saw Jock's picture in the Halifax Herald with the Football team. What's wrong with you, Buckley? I forget some of the boys names for the moment, but I do not forget one of them. The Old Hut was best, and had the new Hut stopped a mile. We were a happy family and I often live those days over again. Remember when the beds were full of Christmas Holly and boughs and nails from the Christmas tree. I wish I was coping with the beds on a Sunday morning now.

Well I am kind of cross none of the old Boys get out to Thorburn to see us. Fred would run any of you out. Of course I have Tommie Patton staying here for sleeping only. Boys is he ever tight. He has about seven girls on the string here and will not share them out with you fellows. Ralph Metcalf and he are hogging the whole thing. It's time some of you Birds was out here looking over the good lookers that are running loose here in Thorburn. Ask Tommie he will tell you. A little secret—is he ever smitten.

Thats all the Gossip and at Xmas if one of you have no place to eat and sleep let me know I'll Run a Hut for Xmas this year. Of course Tommie will be here. Nellie and I send you all once again

Our Seasons Greetings. God Bless you all. Cheerio from Your Old Friends.

Ma and Pop

Richard Cholmondeley,
Box 43, Thcrburn N. S.

Dear Sir:

Some airmen of this Station are endeavoring to start a Station Newspaper. Naturally we are looking everywhere for suggestions. With this in mind, I would like to say that we have had a fine account of your Station Magazine and would greatly appreciate receiving a copy of your paper.

If you find you have a few spare moments, we would certainly be grateful for any tips you may care to send us.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

C. R. Bailey.

R176198 LAC Bailey, C.R.,
C.A.P.O. No. 10, RCAF

Dear Sir:

537619 Cpl. Green, E. W.
M.T. Stormy Down,
Pyle Glam,
England.
Tuesday, 26th

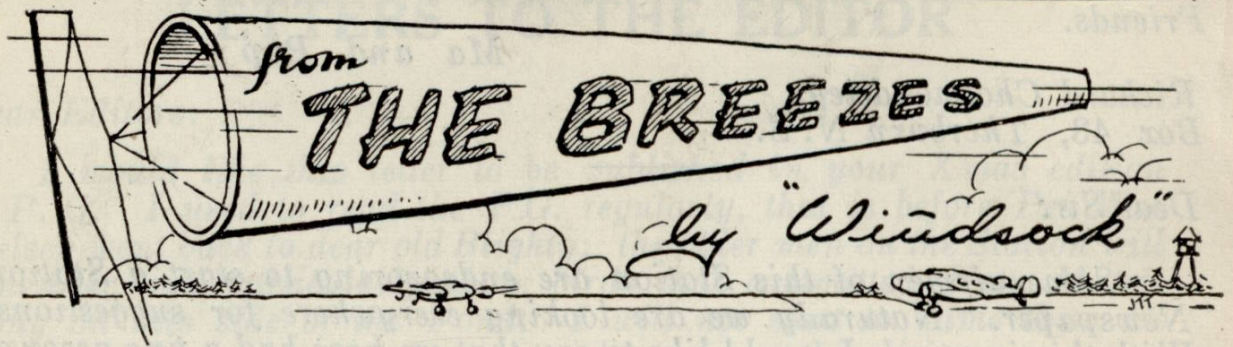
Dear Editor:

You may wonder who I am, avoiding you, so find I had better give you a little "gen" regards myself, it just happens that I was an old Debertian, who went over in '41 and returned this year to the Old Country, spending the two years at Debert, and how it happens that I'm writing you is, I just received the P.G. from Cpl. Jones, M.T. and it brings back some grand memories of the old place, and the lads I knew there, how we arrived there after walking through the rain and pools of water from Debert station, and walking through the main gate the first words were "no smoking" only in the Y.M.C.A. Those were the days.

I'm glad to see the P.G. is going strong, it's grand to read it again and to see the old familiar names appear in it, also the grand photo. of the old M.T. Section, I must hand it to you, you sure are keeping the place going, and I wish you all the way best, and my best wishes to Mr. Dunn, on the big occasion, and the very best to all the lads at Debert, including F/Sgt. Jones and his gang, keep them rolling Chiefy, and how's things at New Glasgow?

I have just returned from nine days at Edinburgh, you can tell the Scotch lads the place is grand, and there's still plenty of whisky there, all the very best.

E. W. GREEN, ex M.T.



Main item of note this month is our C.O.'s lunching in the Airmen's Mess, of which I'm told, "a good view was taken" by all.

They say that several members of the Officers' Mess have been training seriously for the festive season "flow of goodwill".....

I've been asked if the new furniture sometimes seen in the Billiards Room belongs there or in the Corporal's Club?.....

It is rumoured that a certain member of the Sgts' Mess is learning the laundry business.....

Isn't it amazing how promotion can change even the finest L.A.C's!..... There are still a few who look for P.G. in the "Y" on the 15th.....

Rather a coincidence that TWO members of the Officers Mess should bump into doors, outdoors, on the same evening, at approximately the same time and within striking distance of one another!

I'm told that "Nosilla" our Sgts' Mess Scribe, has found a better 'ole—beg pardon, ditch—for his limousine!.....

Do I detect a breeze of dissension in camp dramatic circles, or is it just the reaction of a "happy ending" too many? (No letters, please!)

They say the red flag on the Control Tower is raised in recognition of Russian victories!.....

If tea rationing is relaxed, a few leaves may be added to the liquid poured through the elaborate distribution equipment in the Airmen's Mess.....

I hear that the "social leaders" of the Sgts' Mess demonstrate Russian dances by request—and accident!.....

Judging from the number of raffles in camp recently, Ronson lighters are still being manufactured after all!.....

Question! What do sixty-eight (68) men sleeping in ONE billet breathe during the night when all the windows are closed? Suggestion! Consult gas-detection section!

A newcomer to camp has written a song for the Officers' Mess members I'm told. Title: "Our thirst is great but the bar too small!".....

I believe the R.A.F. trade—Cook—is defined in the A.P. one thousand, one hundred and umpteen as; "Dishwasher: Mark 6:Efficiency 30%.

One of our "mule-taxi" drivers tells me his troubles are mounting. And dismounting too, I presume!.....

Meanwhile, I KNOW "Windsock" wishes all his readers: "The compliments of the season!".....



**HAPPY
NEW
YEAR**

