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OPINION

HULLO CANADA

Departure of old friends from this unit has meant arrival of many others whose tour of duty is scarcely begun. To them a word of advice.

* * *

You have two years to spend in Canada. Make the most of them. This is a wonderful land of enterprise, democracy and opportunity. It is a nation with sturdy character. Do not judge it by juke boxes and chewing gum.

* * *

Perhaps you will never see the sun go down on the Rocky Mountains or watch Pacific tides lap the lush green coast of Vancouver Island. These things, though lovely, are far away. But see as much as you can.

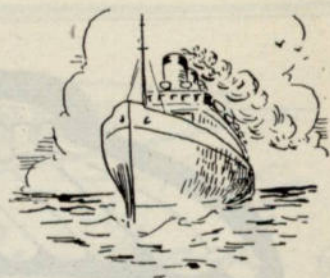
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Never forget, either, the link this people has forged in that Commonwealth of which, in our darkest hour, the Prime Minister of Britain still could say: "if this island . . . were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas . . . would carry on the struggle."

PEEWEE

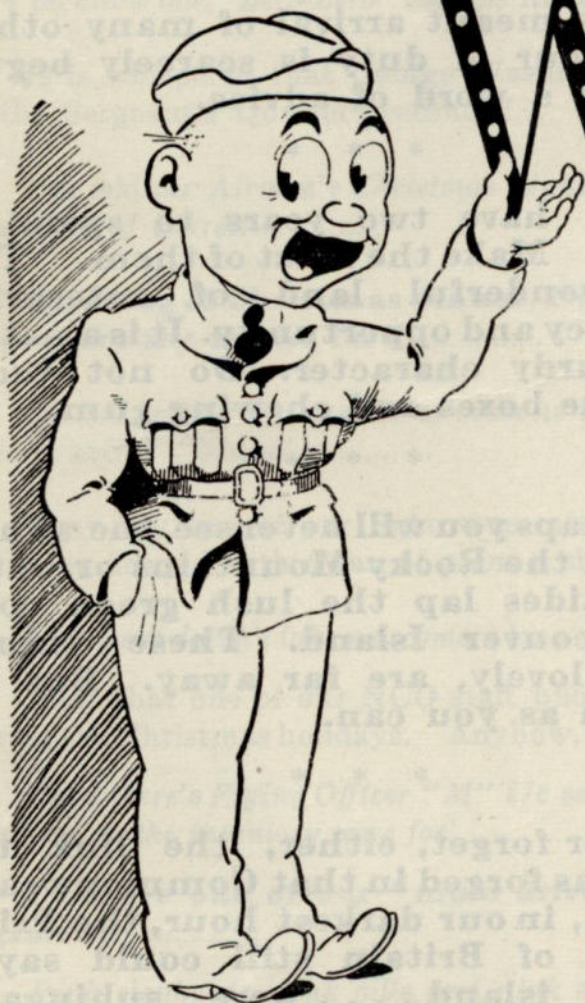
IS GOING

HOME



A TRIBUTE TO L.A.C. HAROLD HUNT

By Arthur Hailey



WHEN this war is all cut and dried, the last medal struck and out-of-work Air Marshals are earning a precarious penny by writing their memoirs, a number of airmen (retired) will sit back and dream of days that used to be. Over a pint of mild and bitter at Cockfosters, or walking home after seeing Chelsea (down in the Third Division) lose to Watford, we shall think of a place called Debert in the province of Nova Scotia and the Dominion of Canada. Looking back across the ragged years we will see again the old familiar scene; hangars, synthetic, airmen's mess, the 'Y'.

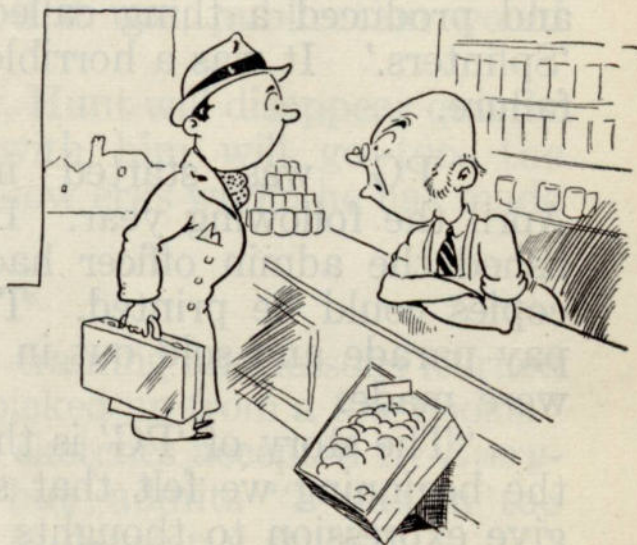
And we will remember Pee-wee.

For Pee-wee has become now to Debert what John Bull is to Great Britain, Uncle Sam to the United States and Pilot Officer Prune to the R.A.F. itself.

And remembering Pee-wee, we will remember also his creator—Harold Hunt

* * * * *

On a rainwashed morning in April 1909 in the parish of Widnes near Liverpool, England, there was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Hunt, a son, Harold. Through and beyond the cataclysm of World War I the boy grew up to attend Widnes Secondary School until the age of fifteen. Over the intervening years he held a succession of jobs and World War II found Hunt unmarried and a commercial traveller selling drinking chocolate.



“a commercial traveller”

Autumn of 1940 saw him lined up outside an RAF clothing store at Cardington where an entry record s“1378091 A.C. 2 Hunt, H., ACH u/t Armourer.” Less than a year later the Atlantic tossed him to Canada—and Debert. There A.C. 1 Hunt has remained to become LAC and occupy a desk in the synthetic building where he practices, not armoury, but the art of draughtsmanship.

But it is not for his work there, nor for drinking chocolate or, especially, for himself that Debert will remember Harold Hunt.

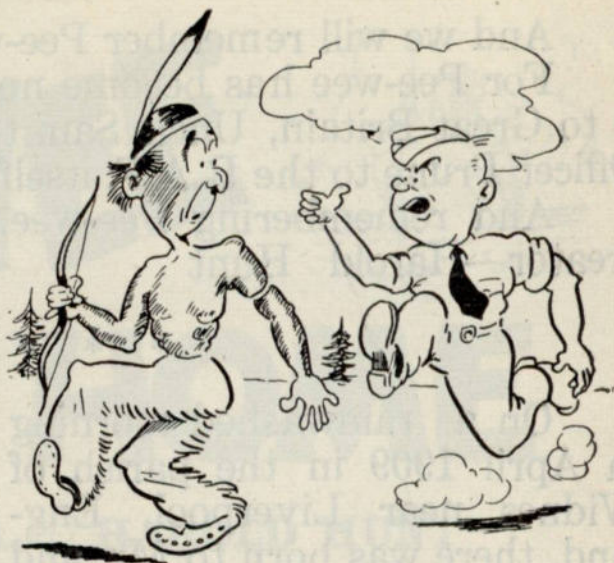
It will be as the creator of Pee-wee.

* * * * *

“I came to thi s Station,” says Hunt, “as one of the Debert pioneers. The Indians were still here then and even when

the aerodrome was built we had to drive a tribe of Micmacs from number two runway before aircraft could take off.

“The idea of a station magazine was first mooted in August '41. Two months later a few of us got together and produced a thing called ‘Splinters.’ It was a horrible failure.



“‘PG’ was started in “a tribe of Micmacs”
April the following year. Before the first edition was published the admin officer had ruled that only four hundred copies could be printed. This number was put on sale at pay parade and sold out in ten minutes. From then on we were made.

“The story of ‘PG’ is the story of Pee-wee. Right from the beginning we felt that some character was necessary to give expression to thoughts of the average erk—and he was the result.

“All of the others who started ‘PG’ have gone long since.

“Pee-wee and I are the last to go.”

* * * * *

In the airmen’s mess at Debert the walls are brightened by a number of Hunt’s cartoons. Among these is one which depicts a line of airmen threading its way towards the ship which will return them home. Heavy with packs and kitbags they have turned their faces east against those several corners of the sceptred isle from whence, two years earlier, they came.

Watching this group is Pee-wee. No pack is his, nor marching order; only a working tunic and mute sadness in his eyes which say: one day my turn will come.

That picture was conceived nearly a year ago. Since then much has happened to our nation at war. The Eighth Army stomped from El Alamein, across Sicily, and hammers on the gates of Rome. The Royal Navy has whipped the

jackal U-boat packs and sunk a Scharnhorst. The RAF has blazed a torch from one end of fortress Europe to the other. And Pee-wee is going home.

* * * * *

A few weeks ago from that mysterious cauldron which is RAF Records there emerged a minute that LAC Hunt is to be repatriated to the United Kingdom. Of the precise date nothing is known and even if it was, publication would not be permissible.

Within a short time, however, Hunt will disappear quietly from the Debert scene. But with him will go too, the affection and good wishes of his fellow erks whom he has made laugh so well and for so long.

* * * * *

Harold Hunt has had no art training and lessons learned have—in his own words—“been picked up from a few books.” Before coming to Canada he had sketches accepted by *Everybody's* and the *Liverpool Echo*, but admits “I was in too much of a hurry and didn't wait to develop a style.”

Looking at Hunt's work now, as compared with that of eighteen months ago, one cannot fail to see a marked change. A firmer, clearer line and an increasing sense of caricature bring his drawings in marked similarity to those of the English artist Flying Officer David Langdon.

One needs to possess neither prophecy nor knowledge of art to forecast Hunt's future as holding very definite promise. An ability which will consistently amuse upwards of a thousand semi-cheesed airmen is unlikely to be passed up by the British magazine public.

* * * * *

The fount of humour has, throughout history, concerned itself principally with perplexities and frustratons of the little man. Contemporaneously, Walt Disney, Strube, Dave Bregger, Richard Goulden, Marion Hargrove, have all learned—and capitalised—that lesson.

It may be that laughter is the sum of human sadness. Who knows? But little men, through all adversity, waging wars they did not wish, have always found time to joke on

their misfortune. At Dunkirk, Singapore, Coventry, elsewhere, among the broken and dying there still flashed now and then that bright star of wit testifying—amid destruction—to the indestructible individual human soul.

Masefield once wrote:

*"Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the
goad,*

The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load."

There is a yardstick for all humorists and, to a lesser degree, one with which Harold Hunt has measured his success at Debert. If he had drawn jokes about a Wing Commander we would have liked him less. Because in Pee-wee all of us have seen a reflection of ourselves, he will continue for quite a while to occupy a place in our memory—and in our hearts.

Exalted personages have departed with less remark.

* * * * *

Goodbye Harold Hunt.

Goodbye Pee-wee.

And God bless you both.



INTEREST

THE UNSUNG

1. In Which We Serve

Casting for the big show goes on for humble men who wear neither star nor pip. In the past two months British merchant seamen have been asked individually whether they wished to volunteer for the desperately dangerous job of running invasion supplies in to the shallow Continental shores aboard little coastwise freighters. Volunteering also meant giving up leave for the duration, plus the extra work of stevedoring their own ships. Its only tangible reward was £1 a week extra pay for seamen, 30/- for officers. By 1943's end the men of Poet Laureate John Masefield's *"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack, butting through the Channel in the mad March days"* had given their answer. Fewer than 100 from the entire Merchant Navy had declined service, and all of these were medically unfit.—From "Time," 10th January, 1944.

2. Ceiling Zero

"To get the plane to the runway a tractor was necessary, and before it could take off half

a dozen men had to hang on to the wings to prevent it being overturned by the blizzard. Yet the flight was carried out and vital information obtained."

The above quotation is from an official report of the activities of the specialized Meteorological Section of the Royal Air Force in Britain. No matter how foul the weather, the men and machines of the Met Flight manage to go up and bring back the information which is so vital for the operational commands.

Fog, snowstorms, blizzards make no difference. Not a single day has passed since the start of the war, states the report, when pilots of the Met Flight have not gone up to ascertain the weather conditions for their comrades of the RAF.

Very little is heard of their exacting and perilous activities. Seldom, if ever, do they make the headlines in the newspapers. Their fidelity to duty, their courage, and their skill make possible the spectacular victory flights of the air forces of the United Nations based on Britain. They are among the unsung heroes of the air.—From "The Halifax Herald," 12th January, 1944.

Musical Manners

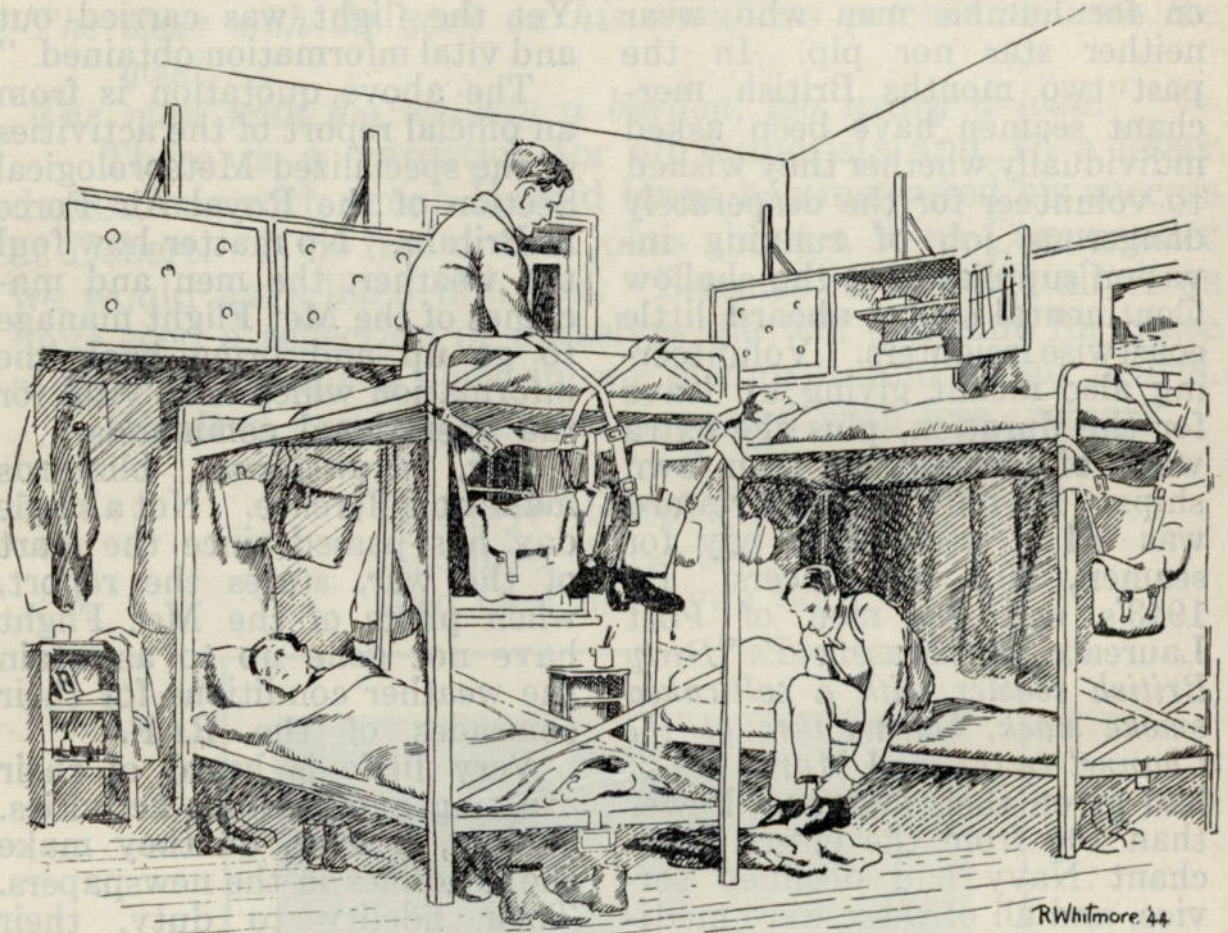
*When you go to a symphony concert
You'll set the highbrows scoffing
If you clap at the end of a movement
Instead of coughing.*

—"Punch"

WHIMSY

OUT OF THE PIT

By LAC R. Whitmore



RWhitmore 44

Yes, it is the main street of our town. There's the paper shop, Woolworth's, the statue of General Monk pointing towards the old "Brewer's Arms" and the church steeple peeping above the roof tops. Mary is with me, "It's very cold for June," she said. Indeed it is, my feet are frozen and looking about me I notice that the pavements are covered with deep snow.....

* * *

"Wakey! Wakey!! Come

on 'get out of it!" What's that? Good Heavens, no wonder my feet are cold for the elusive blanket has slipped to the floor again, leaving my toes bare.

"Wakey! Wakey!!" Bang! Bang! How the Sergeant must hate being orderly dog even once a month, at this time of the year.

Well, a few more moments in bed perhaps, but—breakfast. What's for breakfast? Scrambled eggs?

* * *

If only they had a covered way from the billet to the cookhouse! I'm as hungry as a bear who has just awakened from his winter's sleep.

Not a bad idea either in this climate. Think of it, to sleep for six whole months! When they say a bear with a sore head they must mean a sleepy one who greets a wet day in April with an empty stomach.

* * *

"What's the time?" No answer. Even Jock above has not moved yet or given vent to his bed shaking smoker's cough. What's the good of asking such a question when one dreads the answer? It shows willing, it lets everybody know that at least one is awake. Must have a look around—just one eye. What an effort! That Digest I was reading last night, what did it say?

"The human heart weighs two and a half pounds yet can summon enough energy in one day to raise 63 tons one foot." but just now it cannot lift one eyelid weighing barely one ounce!

* * *

The Corporal's alarm clock! A quarter to seven.

One hand out of bed reminds one of Lamb's charming essay, so cold are the bed clothes above to the touch. The barrack may not be as cold as his bedroom innocent of central heating but he did not have to rush out amid snow and ice to break his fast! He points out that the poets, 'refining upon the tortures of the damned make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold—from fire to ice.'

Most probably he too, slept in a four poster bed, with curtains around to exclude draughts, but with no one sleeping on the top, a modern refinement.

I remember as a boy sleeping in a proper four poster, a veritable museum piece, all shining red mahogany and faded plush curtains, the silent witness of many an important event, the advent and exit of human souls. It was during the last war.

* * *

Yes, and there was an alert, too! Some Fokkers were trying to find the adjacent aerodrome nearby on the desolate Fens. My great-aunt's maid came running in excitedly to extinguish the candle at the prompting of the village policeman. What would she have said to the "Blitz"?—and great aunt too, crippled with rheumatism, pale, and gnarled as the old apple trees behind her house, seated before that queer picture of the Two Ways. I can still see the old print the broad road leading to the flaming horizon via the Theatre and Sunday trains and the narrow path up the rocks to the little Chapel on the right hand side.

* * *

There I go half asleep again—must get up!

If only the cooks could give me a breakfast like my old landlady. A prewar, Sunday breakfast on a tray with the Observer and Express tucked behind the coffee pot! Prewar, before the war! Yes we are at war!! We are awake.

I remember now, nearly everybody was half asleep then,

asleep to reality, to Chamberlain's umbrella! Wakey! Wakey! Peace in our time—sleep in our time!

* * *

But those breakfasts. Oh! my landlady, (who would not leave her home in London even when a bomb blew the windows about her as she was taking her after-lunch siesta) she could give the cooks a lesson. No, perhaps not, only why do they have an inferiority complex about their trade?

* * *

An army marches on its stomach—a full intestine breeds intestinal fortitude!

That is why the Germans hang on now when the game is almost up for them. They can still eat by robbing others.

They have not suffered the 1918 blockade—yet.

* * *

“What’s the time?” This won’t do. Would a bugle brazen the will power. Yes, I believe they still use the bugle for reveillé. Not those amplified recordings of PDC’s where the record seemed to get more worn and scratched each day and one waited for the place where the needle jumped a note at each performance.

No the good old bugle, that would ‘awaken the dead,’ for is not sleep death’s counterfeit? “The death of each day’s life” as Shakespeare calls it. When Mr. Valiant for the Truth passed over “the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.” I will arise!

* * *

It cannot be as cold as those

Nissen huts back home, planted like mushrooms amongst the long grass heavy with hoar frost. How they used to bump in the night when the fire in the little stove died down and the metal sheets contracted with the cold!

If only ones’ clothes did not exist of so many pieces! Just a one piece sort of overalls with boots attached like a modified diver’s suit.

* * *

“Aren’t you going to breakfast?” asks my “oppo” from the next bunk (Why “oppo”; is it short for opportunist, opposite or perhaps “opus”? No not the latter, I cannot associate him with work)

He is getting up! So that is why he asked me, so that he could glow inwardly with virtue and crow like the morning rooster over my prostrate form.

* * *

Am I on a forty-eight?

Am I sick?

Is there no excuse?

No! I cannot ‘lie’ to myself in bed.

“What’s the time?”

“Seven ten!”

No one’s going to push me out of bed. Take Tom over there, if anyone so much as touches his blankets or removes his pillow, he delivers a lecture at length upon the Sancity of Personal Freedom and the Rights of Man that sounds like an extract from the Declaration of Independance.

* * *

Good Heavens!

He’s getting up too!!

No cook is going to barricade me from my breakfast!!!.....

NEWS

LIFE SENTENCE



A January bride was Miss Jean Mildred Moxoom whom LAC Dennis Jordan wed at Truro. The Reverend A. J. Laba officiated at the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. Jordan hails from Hants County, Nova Scotia, although she has resided for some months in Debert. Her husband, LAC Jordan, is a son of Norfolk, England.

From "The Truro Daily News":

"Sharks once swam in a sea where cattle graze in the Central plain of North America."

So what?

RELATIVITY--A NEW IDEA

WHERE is the home of all Gremlins? Perhaps it is whispered in the halls of the great that the first gremlins came from the planet Mercury.

Mercury revolves round the sun like our earth--with a difference.

The great astronomer, Kepler, thought the planets were pushed along by some sort of G.D. angels. It was Newton of the "falling apple" fame who was able to correct this idea by saying that every single thing—people, marbles, planets, stars—attract each other, as with invisible strings. When one gets out of a chair every star in heaven moves an infinitesimal amount!

But there is one snag—Mercury's gremlins. The motions of all the planets and their moons all obey Newton's law, and planets have been discovered by its use, but still it cannot account for the fact that Mercury's orbit rotates nearly a degree too much in each century. This worries astronomers, because it shows that somewhere there is a spanner in the works.

* * * * *

Einstein has found the spanner.

He likened gravity to the pressure one feels when a lift (let's be English) starts going up the Empire State.

Everyone knows that heavy feeling.

If one were to drop an object such as a coin, it would fall unusually fast because the floor of the lift comes up to meet it. Of course it only appears fast to some one in the lift, not to people in the building.

It is this fact that what one sees depends upon whether one is moving with the lift, or looks in it from outside which gives this idea its frightening name the "Theory of Relativity."

The weight of the object will not affect its speed and indeed there is only one thing that will, and that is to get the lift girl to "step on it."

Now comes the whole point of the theory. We all know that if we drop two objects of different weights they will fall at the same speed. Now, they would do the same if the acceleration of the lift were the only sort of gravity.

We can now see that gravitation may not be caused by attraction at all but by a sort of continual acceleration—like a lift starting up.

* * * * *

Einstein's idea will explain motion of our gremlin planet Mercury. In a few years school children will learn that Newton's attraction-at-a-distance idea is just as fantastic as Kepler's G.D. angels pushing the planets.

A horizontal ray of light shining through the lift would be bent because by the time it reaches the further side, that side has moved up. Of course light moves so fast that one could not actually see this bending of the ray.

The bending of light has been observed by astronomers which proves that Einstein is right.

Relativity" is not a music hall joke, but a new way of thought, a new world of scientific advancement.

R. L. G.



A. C. Peewee says he wishes he'd given more thought to packing before collecting so many souvenirs.

PERSONAL**CHEERIO GEORGE****LAC Pedder Folds His Tent**

Our camp entertainments committee has sustained a definite loss through the departure of LAC George Pedder who will have left Nova Scotia behind before this note appears in print. Since coming here he has laboured often and hard to improve the leisure hours of his fellow airmen. His departure will leave a definite gap in the social life of this camp.

Loyal Services

Before he left, a public presentation was made to LAC Pedder by Flight Lieutenant Dando, station adjutant. The gift, which was voluntarily subscribed, consisted of a silver cigarette case and an accompanying card bore the

inscription: *Presented by the Commanding Officer, officers and airmen of Debart in appreciation of loyal service as a member of the station entertainments committee.*

We also asked George to say a few words of farewell. Here they are:

Well, here's a chap saying hullo, known to most of you as George -what's on tonight sort of effort. I have a bit of gen saying that I may be leaving in the near future, so I thought I would take this opportunity through PG to say to all—farewell; bon voyage.

You lads who don't know what's going on in entertainment—pop in to the Rec Hall Saturday nights. You'll find a whist drive—they are very popular.

Of course chaps it's really up to one and all to help in some way or another to make these functions a success, just by giving a little co-operation and sending your suggestions to the entertainments officer.

Space is limited but before I go I should like to say how I really have enjoyed this past time, with helping at concerts, dances, whist drives, bingo—and what not.

Let me introduce too, my successor LAC Tommy Bridge. I wish you luck Tommy. People can find him in station headquarters anytime during the day.

So I say at long last: cheerio, keep smiling one and all.

GEORGE PEDDER



MUSICAL VENTURE

By George Graves

Anyone who has the temerity to organize any form of entertainment for members of the forces, particularly those hard-bitten veterans of Debert, is to be congratulated on his courage. Usually the poor performers, after long and bitter struggles over rehearsals and many other difficulties finally receive more kicks than ha'pence. However, at the recent concert given by the new Station Quartette, the audience showed very clearly that they really did appreciate the excellent programme presented.

Popular Taste

The programme was chosen with an eye to popular classical taste and included the old favourites *Air on the G String* and *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, as well as Tchaikowsky's *Andante Cantabile*.

First part comprised Bach's *Suite in D Major*, which includes *Air on the G String*, *Minuet* by Bach, and Handel's *Trio Sonata in D Major*.

Following an intermission was Elgar's lovely *Chanson de Nuit* and a *Romance* by Svendsen, a modern composer who deserves to be better known.

Andante Cantabile

Followed Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and his *Minuet and Trio* from Symphony No. 40 in G minor, after which the programme closed with *Andante Cantabile*.

This last exquisite piece of music was perhaps highlight of the evening. The lilt of its delightful themes took one in imagination to concerts back home while fancy heard not just three players, but the entire strings of an orchestra playing those lovely melodies.

Music such as this, even if played with something less than the professional touch, is a refreshing change from camp routine. It is to be hoped that more concerts of a similar nature will be given by Bernard Knight and his hardworking team.

THE CORPORAL'S CORNER



WITH A PINCH OF SALT

By Snoop

(after Damon Runyon.)

It comes on mid-January and it is no fit night out for man, beast, or even airman, as it is freezing and blowing something terrible outside; so what are we doing but quaffing ale in our club, and, as usual, telling a few tall stories.

Now, this story-telling has reached a fine art in our little circle, and in between singing a few part-songs, of which we are all very fond, we in turn recount an incident, and although sometimes these incidents are very strange incidents indeed, we nevertheless enjoy them, and no-one has yet been called a liar in our club, although some of us will do for liars until a liar comes along, and, furthermore, many of us have thought such a thought about each other.

This Hot Discussion

Well, the tallest story comes from our friend (who we will call Cpl. Jones, as that is not his name) and it comes as result of a hot discussion on the respective hospitality offered to us by our fine hosts the Canadians, and by our folk in the Old Country to the allied troops in Britain.

Cpl. Jones tells us that the greatest hospitality is offered to

him in an out-of-the-way part of England called Shropshire or some such, where he is tramping the countryside in the form of a deserter, or absentee, for which people I want no part of in any way, manner or shape. Furthermore, as a gendarme, I tell Cpl. Jones that I have no time for these people whatever.

I am told to wrap up, belt up and keep quiet, and as I can see that Cpl. Jones has a story to recount, I merely give my fellow-members a hard look, and reach for my glass of Western beer.

"This Was Way Back"

"Well," goes on our story-teller, "this was way back in peace-time when an airman is liable to get even more browned off than now, and a.w.o.l. is not an uncommon thing."

He goes on as follows:

I come upon a peaceful little village at about mid-day on the day I break camp, and I am very hungry indeed, as I have slipped out before reveille, and have not even partaken of the usual peace-time porridge and streaky bacon. In fact, I am almost all-in when I come upon this village.

Of course, I look around for a place where I might come upon a meal of some kind, and what do I see, but a little cottage with a thatched roof, and ivy, and smoke coming out of a crooked chimney, and all around it is a pretty desolate piece of garden. This poor-looking piece of garden gives me the idea that I might get a meal on the strength of promising to dig the said garden, so I knock on the door, and an old dame of maybe sixty-five summers looks out and says: "Yes?"

"While You Are Doing Same"

So I tell her my plan and she says: "Yes, I want my garden dug by all means, and while you are doing same, I will prepare you some food."

So what does she do but go to a tool-shed and gives me a dirty

big spade (goes on Cpl. Jones) and goes back in the house, and there is nothing for me to do but dig the garden, although this is not in my plan and such work is against my principles entirely. Hard work in any way shape or form I cannot abear.

Furthermore, I have nearly dug her garden before the old doll calls me in, and she says to me this way:

"Now here I have wrapped up for you a small amount of dry tea, sugar, and a small bottle of milk. Also three pieces of buttered toast, two hard-boiled eggs, one spoon to eat said eggs with, and a piece of apple-pie and an orange to finish off with."

"I Goes My Way"

So I thank her (goes on the narrator) and go my way, as I imagine the gendarmery are pro-



STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

R. Whitmore 44

bably hot-foot after me, including a basket of an SP who is very inhuman, indeed. Furthermore, the DAPM and the strong-arm squad have probably cottoned on by this time, that I am adrift. So, of course, I am keen to take it on the lam out of this place, and after scoffing the orange and the apple-pie that the old cromo has wrapped up for me, I tramp on for perhaps another six miles. I then strike a clearing just by a wood and light a fire from brushwood to boil the water to mash my tea. My little tin can that I am using for a kettle is beginning to sing, when what do I hear but a plane overhead. Furthermore, the driver of this kite seems to have seen my smoke and what does he do, but land in the very same field where he sees my smoke.

I seem to be in a spot indeed, and I am about to bolt as the thought of being seen by an airman in any shape, manner or form is most distasteful to me at this time, indeed, when he overtakes me, and I see he is a young R.A.F. squirt and he says to me this way and to wit:

"I Am In a Spot"

"Are you the guy who recently

walks into a village six miles back, and asks for a meal at a little cottage with ivy and a crooked chimney and smoke?"

I see that I am in a spot, more than somewhat, but I admit I am this guy.

"Do you see an old dame whose garden you dig?"

I again agree I do.

"Does she give you a small amount of dry tea, sugar, and a small bottle of milk. Also three pieces of buttered toast, two hard-boiled eggs, one spoon to eat said eggs with, and a piece of apple-pie and an orange to finish off with?"

"Yes," I say.

"And did the old dame give you also, a pinch of salt to eat with your eggs?"

Here I have to say:

"No, she did not give me a pinch of salt to eat with the eggs."

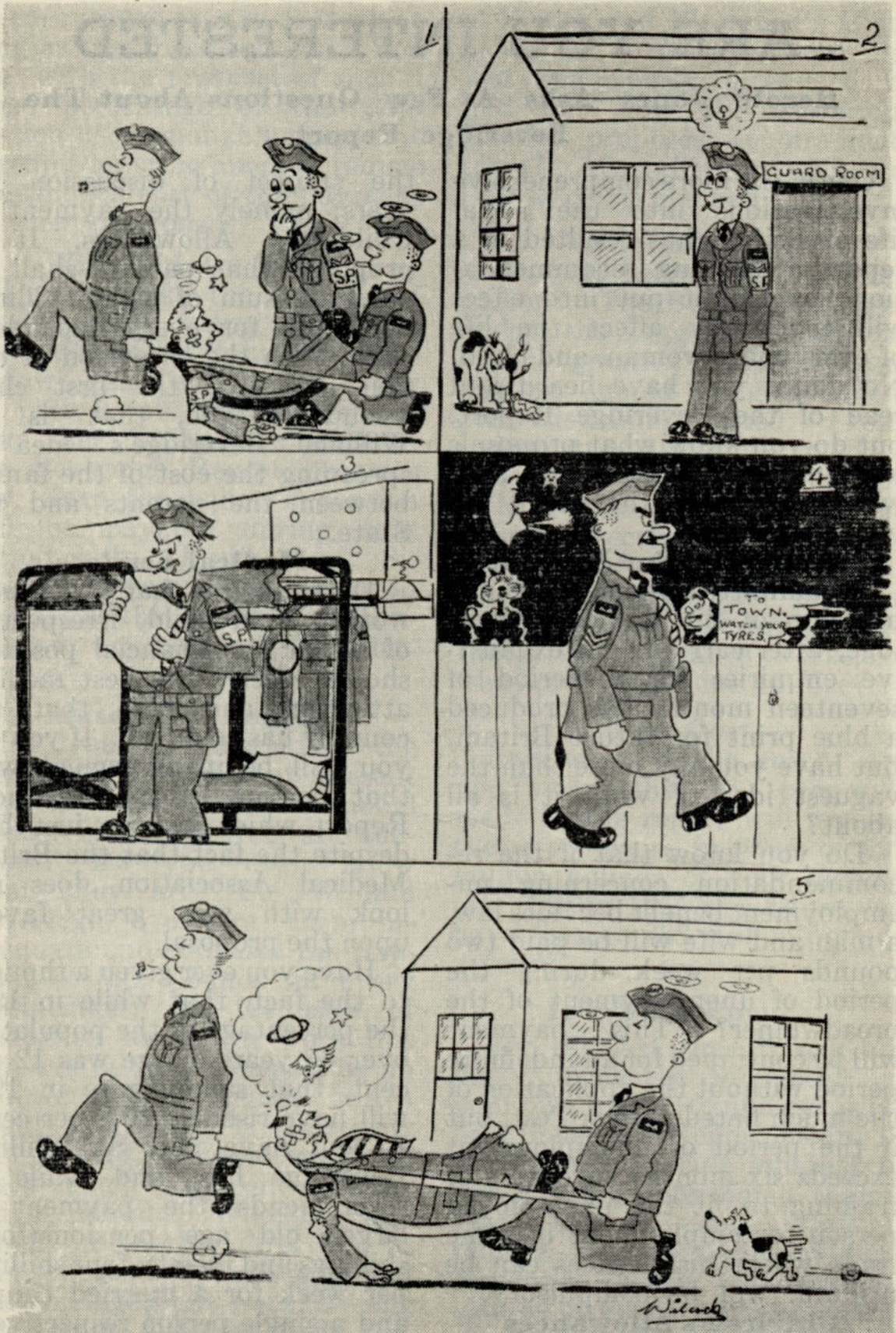
"Well," this young pilot says to me, "I am the son of the old dame, and after you are gone she remembers that she does not give you a pinch of salt to eat with your eggs. So she sends me after you with this small pinch of salt wrapped up in a piece of newspaper."

TO DEBERT'S ARTISTS

The departure of LAC Hunt will leave a gap in PG's art staff. We therefore ask all artists, straight and humorous—and we believe there are many—to advance in droves and give us their work.

Remember, this is an amateur magazine, written and run by amateurs and professional standards, though welcome, are not essential.

Get cracking now.



FACT**ARE YOU INTERESTED****Harold Jones Asks A Few Questions About The Beveridge Report**

One of the more comprehensive investigations into the social life of Britain has resulted in a report containing recommendations, which, if put into effect will materially affect the life of every man, woman, and child. No doubt you have heard and read of the Beveridge Report, but do you know what proposals were made in this report, and, what is more to the point, are you interested?

A Blueprint for Britain.

A committee under the chairmanship of Sir William Beveridge, after carrying out exhaustive enquiries for a period of seventeen months, has produced a blue print for future Britain, but have you any more than the vaguest idea of what it is all about?

Do you know that if the recommendation concerning unemployment benefit becomes law, a man and wife will be paid two pounds per week during the period of unemployment of the breadwinner? This payment will be continued for an indefinite period without the application of the much hated Means Test, but if the period of unemployment exceeds six months, a course of training to fit the unemployed person for employment in some trade where his services can be utilized, will be compulsory.

Children's Allowances

The Report makes a recommendation which has been

the subject of discussion for years, namely the payment of Children's Allowances. It is proposed that parents shall be paid the sum of eight shillings per week for every dependent child, with the exception of the first. Why is the first child excluded? Well, that is Sir William Beveridge's idea of spreading the cost of the family between the parents and the State.

Medical Services

Do you agree that every man, woman, and child, irrespective of his or her financial position, should receive the best medical attention and care that the country has to offer? If you do, you will be in agreement with that portion of the Beveridge Report, which proposes just that, despite the fact that the British Medical Association does not look with very great favour upon the proposal.

Have you ever given a thought to the fact, that while in 1941 the percentage of the population over 65 years of age was 12 per cent, that same figure in 1971 will have risen to 20.8 per cent? If you have not, Sir William Beveridge has, and while he recommends the payment of larger old age pensions (forty shillings and twenty-four shillings per week for a married couple, and a single person respectively, at the age of 65 for the men, and 60 for women), he nevertheless

recommends that people should be encouraged to stay at work as long as they possibly can. You see, with the prospect of such a large percentage of the population of pensionable age, some attempt must be made to reduce the colossal cost of the payment of their pensions.

Will Widows Work?

Do you like the prospect of your mother being compelled to go out to work if she becomes a widow? She will do so, after a period of thirteen weeks from her husband's death if the Beveridge Report becomes law, since the widow's pension will be payable during that period only. Don't think Sir William Beveridge hard-hearted because of this proposal: he considers it an economic necessity. Do you?

Maternity Benefit

Do you consider that the Maternity Benefits at present payable under the National Health Insurance Acts are adequate? Do you even know what they are? Sir William Beveridge considers them inadequate and proposes the payment of four pounds for every confinement. In the case of a married woman at work this sum will be supplemented by an additional four pounds, and a weekly payment of thirty-six shillings for thirteen weeks, if the woman retires from work for that period. Women also benefit in another direction, as it is proposed that the payment of a marriage grant, not exceeding ten pounds, shall be made.

Workmen's Compensation

Have you realised the numerous

anomalies which exist in National Health and Workmen's Compensation Insurance, and are you sufficiently interested to find out how the Beveridge Report proposes to eradicate them? After all, it is your future that is being planned.

Nationalisation?

Do you believe in Nationalisation? The Beveridge Report makes the suggestion that one of our greatest civilian organizations should be government controlled and operated. I refer to Industrial Assurance, in which almost every man, woman, and child in the country is interested, either directly or indirectly. Are you one of the many people who agree with this proposal without even knowing how Industrial Assurance works, or what problems it has to face?

The Cost

And what of the cost? Are you aware that the proposals made in the report will involve the expenditure in 1945 of 697 million pounds of your money, and that in 1965 this figure will have risen to 858 million pounds a year?

It's Your Future

For the last time, I ask are you sufficiently interested in your own future, to find out what this Beveridge Report means to you, and to decide whether or not you are determined that it shall become law? May I remind you that Sir William Beveridge based the financial side of his report on the assumption that the Plan would become operative on 1st July 1944. Time draws short, does it not?

NOSTALGIA**PRODIGAL SON**

By John Edward

So this was it, a few more streets and he would be home, he felt the blood on fire in his veins, he was happy, deliciously happy, he wanted to sing, to dance in the street, to greet everybody he met, tell them he was home at last back in London, that mysterious magic London of his boyhood.

He laughed a little, remembering the dreams he once had, of what he was going to do. Those sweet rosy dreams, every day a new awakening, a new adventure the future stretching out far ahead. But over there life had seemed empty, a series of days, one after another, the monotonous routine of service life, the same thing day after day, until one went about in a hazy dream, which only alcohol seemed to enliven.

The Faraway Land

He thought of all the cheap sordid things he had done in that other land, which seemed far away. But that was done now, start afresh, live cleaner, that was the thing. Maybe, recapture some of the hopes, ideals which once he had.

What the heck, he was nearly home now, home, he rolled the phrase around in his mouth tasted it, it tasted so sweet. Not the barrack life which he had lived for the past three years, the stench of 60 men in one mean hut, the obscene language, and the one subject which seemed uppermost in most men's

thought's which carried on from dawn to dusk. He wondered if there was anything fine left in life, any good, any happiness. Was there any person left who considered others before himself. Well, he had left all of that behind now, and perhaps, some of himself behind as well.

Out Of The Dark

It was growing dark, and as he quickened his steps, his heels clicked on the damp pavement, he filled his nostrils with the smell of damp rich earth, the clean smell of the aftermath of rain. The dark grey clouds billowed their way overhead, and the trees shook their drops of rain on the pavement.

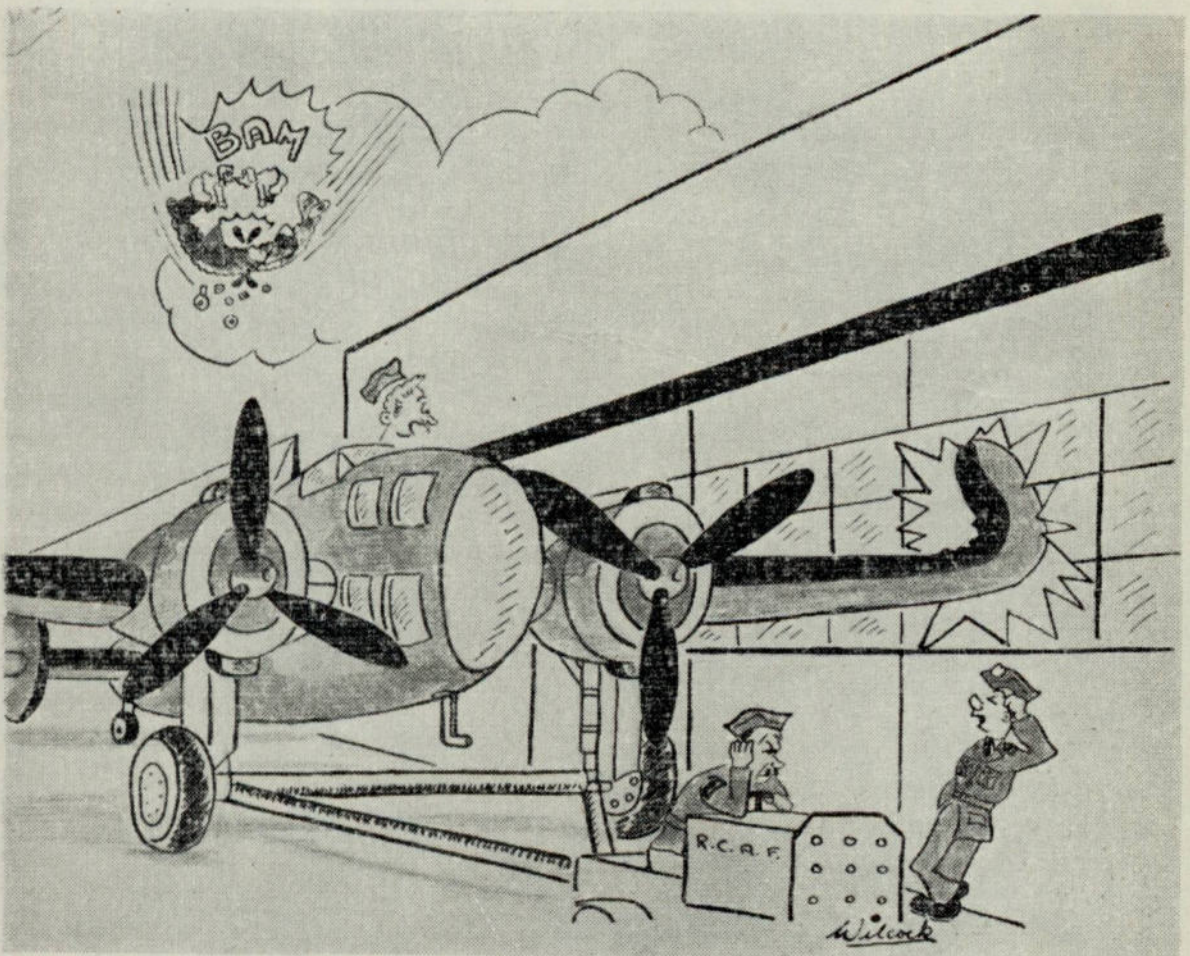
At long last he reached the iron gate, a few quick steps and the bang of the knocker resounded down the street. A short wait, and his heart tightened at the sound of footsteps down the hall, the door opened, his mother stood transfixed with recognition, then she was in his arms, he hugged her small form hard, she turned her face to him and kissed him, he could taste the salt of her tears, she was sublimely happy. Her son was home.

The Familiar Scene

In the kitchen later, after the giving of small gifts and the answering of innumerable questions, he found himself in the easy chair in front of the fire. He looked around, just the same, as though he had never left, even the stuffed owl with beady

eyes in the glass case, the old clock with polished brass pendulum and the water colour which Uncle Herbert had painted and nobody had yet the courage to destroy. His mother sat in the same chair, knitting quietly, the smile curling the ends of her mouth betraying her happiness, his father a bit greyer perhaps, buried in the *Daily Herald*, his pipe drawing smoothly.

He kicked off his shoes, and curled his toes at the heat, the effect of the meal and the excitement made him feel drowsy. Gazing into the dancing flames, he breathed in deeply, filling his lungs with that warm homely smell, the seeming cumulative of years of good cooking, he stretched drowsily, Yes this was it, the thing that he had been missing so badly. This was home



“Easy! Easy! BRAKES!!!”

THE BOYS O' TARGET TUGGIN'.



AROUND THE CAMP NO. 1

SHAKESPEARE ON DEBERT



One Saturday night when there was no show at the camp cinema we dipt into a volume of Shakespeare's works and discovered that many of his phrases are very applicable to Debert. Here are a few ever-green secimens selected at random.

To save our critics the trouble of sending a postcard we admit the idea is not original—but it wears well.

1. Around the Sections

Station Headquarters	"Confusion now hath made his masterpiece." — <i>Macbeth</i>
Clothing Store	"Motley's the only wear." — <i>As You Like It</i>
Camp Barber	"Thy knotted and combined locks to part, And each particular hair to stand on end Like quills upon the fretful porcupine." — <i>Hamlet</i>
Armoury	"The armourers..... Give dreadful note of preparation." — <i>King Henry V</i>
Orderly Officer	"Doomed for a certain term to walk the night." — <i>Hamlet</i>
Camp Library	"What do you read my lord?" — <i>Hamlet</i>
Instrument Section	"Make instruments to plague us." — <i>Hamlet</i>
Fire Department	"Silence that dreadful bell." — <i>Othello</i>
Aerodrome Control	"Sits the wind in that corner." — <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>
Station Hospital	"Therein the patient Must minister to himself." — <i>Macbeth</i>

- Dental Clinic** "For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently."
—*Much Ado About Nothing*
- Daily Routine Orders** "Here are a few of the unpleasantest words
That ever blotted paper."
—*Merchant of Venice*
- Wet Canteen** "Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."
—*As You Like It*
- Camp Post Office** "I cannot tell what the dickens his name is."
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*
- Sanitary Squad** "'Tis my vocation, Hal."
—*King Henry IV*
- Guard Room** "For he is but a bastard to the time."
—*King John*
- Station Warrant Officer** "And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*
- Parachute Section** "At least we'll die with harness on our back."
—*Macbeth*

2. The Airman Himself

- Aircrafthand General Duties** "A man I am, crossed with adversity."
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*
- Flight Mechanic** "Another lean, unwashed artificer."
—*King John*
- Service Policeman** "I will make a star chamber matter of it."
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*
- Cook And Butcher** ".....you fat and greasy citizens."
—*As You Like It*
- Officer's Batman** "To dance attendance on their lordships'
pleasures."
—*Henry VIII*
- The Regular** "We have seen better days."
—*Timon of Athens*
- Education Officer** "He thinks too much, such men are
dangerous."
—*Julius Caesar*
- Nursing Orderly** "The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope."
—*Measure for Measure*

- Physical Training Instructor** "O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength."
—*Measure for Measure*
- Clerk General Duties** "Chaos is come again."
—*Othello*
- Photographer** "A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."
—*The Winter's Tale*
- Transport Driver** "I'll put a girdle round the Earth
In forty minutes."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*
- Ground School Instructor** "creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."
—*As You Like It*
- Clerk Pay Accounts** "Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."
—*Othello*

3. The Three Messes

- Officers' Mess** "The wealthy curled darlings of our nation."
—*Hamlet*
- Sergeants' Mess** "Where none will sweat, but for promotion."
—*As You Like It*
- Airmen's Mess** "The rankest compound of villainous smell
that ever offended nostril."
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*

4. Aircrew

- Pilot** "The deep damnation of his taking off."
—*Macbeth*
- Navigator** "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars."
—*Julius Caesar*
- Wireless Operator** "Not a word."
—*As You Like It*
- Air Gunner** "A hit, a very palpable hit."
—*Hamlet*

5. Entirely Personal

- Our Padre's Winter Hat** "I saw young Harry, with his beaver on."
—*King Henry IV*

6. A Few Ranks

AC. 2

"I am a man
More sinned against than sinning."
—Hamlet

Corporal

"proud man
Drest in a little brief authority."
—Measure for Measure

Sergeant

"How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown."
—King Henry IV

Flight
Sergeant

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
—King Henry IV

Warrant
Officer

"I have touched the highest point of all my
greatness."
—King Henry VIII

Pilot
Officer

"O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven."
—Hamlet

Group
Captain

"Here is my throne; bid kings come bow
to it."
—King John

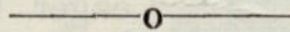
7. Pictures On The Wall

Pin-up
Girl

"I thought upon one pair of English legs."
—King Henry V

The
Wife

"An ill favoured thing, sir, but mine own."
—As You Like It



Y.M.C.A. — PAGE

by Reg Dunn

Burned Out

No longer able to type this script in the seclusion of an office, I scribble a few words from my new point of vantage, a stores table in the lounge of the new YMCA premises, Hut 4B. I am very thankful for the stores table, and for all the furniture which the Senior Admin Officer, was able to borrow from various messes in order to furnish your lounge. As you know, on the same day we were burned out of the YMCA building, we were a going concern in 4B, thanks to the mucking in of everyone.

Works And Bricks Got Cracking

We appreciate the fine co-operation of all the people concerned, particularly the personnel of Works and Buildings, who erected new counters and display racks for the Canteen. Yet, as a homing pigeon must feel while on the wing, we will be glad to return to the permanent quarters whenever it can be arranged. In the meantime, everything is being done to make the present lounge and canteen service adequate for your use. If any of you have suggestions which you feel will help the place to be more attractive and comfortable, they will be very welcome.

Our Present Limitations

Since the fire, of course, the YMCA has been forced to curtail its service in several respects. First, in regard to *canteen service*: one of the services which you miss greatly is the hot foods cafeteria. I deeply regret that this must, temporarily, be denied you for I know how much you had depended on it for light snacks during the evening. It has come to my notice that the voluntary workers feel lost when their night to serve rolls comes around and there is no Canteen to go to. Letters received from several of them indicate their regret and state that they are eager to resume their services here when the facilities are again available. This will be done as soon as possible. Also, I know you miss your tea at the morning break period. As soon as possible, this service will be resumed. With these exceptions, canteen service is "business as usual". Any suggestions you have in this regard will receive careful attention.

New "Leave Guide"

As soon as the materials have been gathered, a new Leave Guide, complete with travel information, time tables, places to stay, and a good variety of description booklets, will be made

available to you. This project is now in hand; while it is still in preparation, any information needed on this subject may be secured directly from the Supervisor who will usually be found somewhere near 4B.

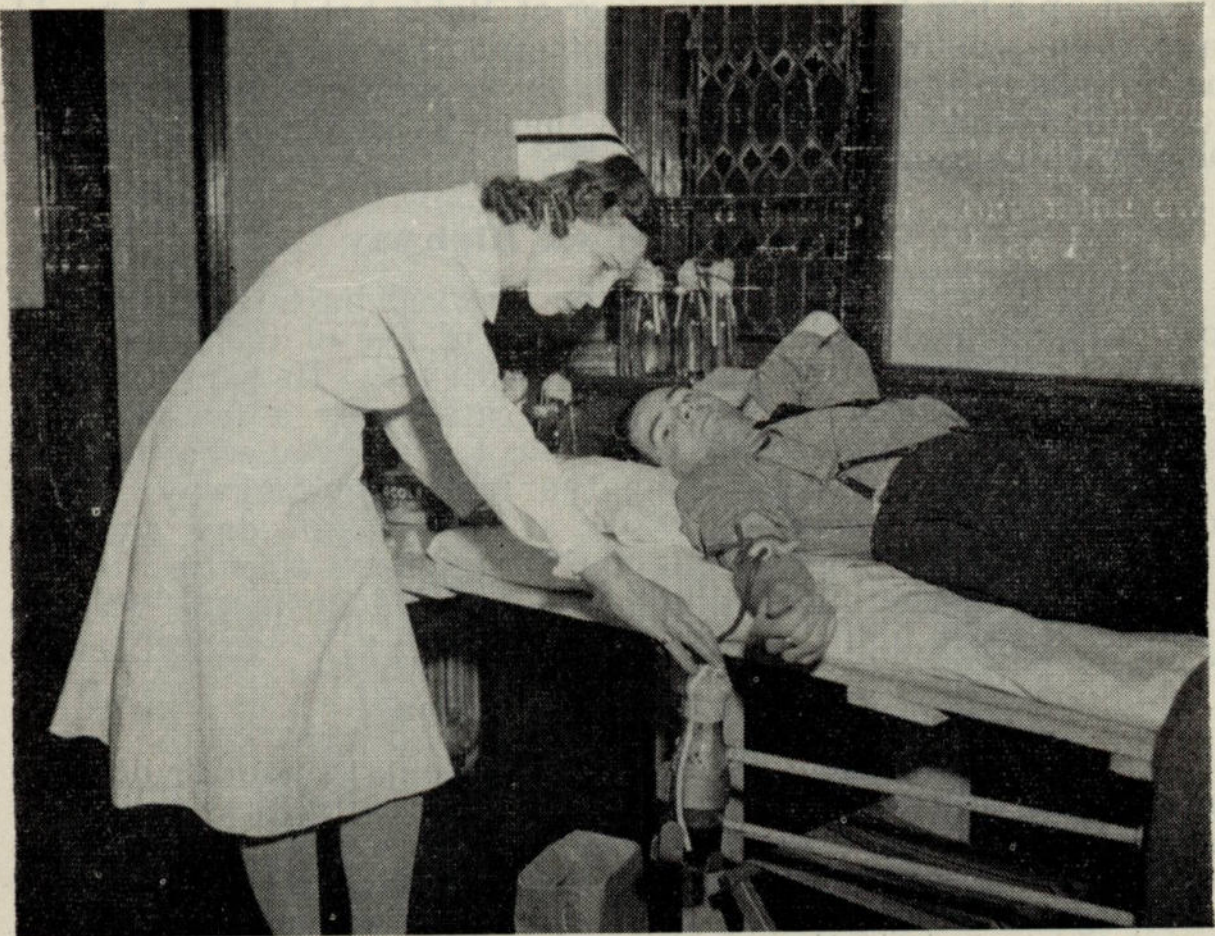
What's On?"

Two other items to which I draw your attention: in many convenient places on the Station you will find copies of the excellent booklet prepared by the Station Chaplain, Squadron Leader R. de B. Welchman. The booklet is entitled "What's On?", and the title is a good description of its contents. If you wish to know what's doin' on the Station, you'll find the

answer in this booklet. It should be of particular interest to any newcomers.

About East Camp

And lastly, a word to personnel living in East Camp: during the month a new YMCA Supervisor, Bill Gordon, has been posted to the duties of a Supervisor in East Camp and 16X Depot. Mr. Gordon is most interested in the welfare of East Campers and is very keen that any of you will let him know what you have in mind that might widen the scope of his work. Please look him up in his office in the Recreation Hall with the YMCA sign over the door.



He Gave His Blood

What did YOU do for Victory Today?

UNCLASSIFIED

AROUND AND ABOUT DEBERT

A New Gossip Feature

By Bill Davey

Today must be regarded as one of my lucky days because I escaped serious injury by only a few moments. Earlier on I visited the lounge of the Hotel Drome, there to enjoy a cup of tea and a chat with Bob. It so happened that in my haste to get back to duty I attempted to leave the hotel without paying, but of course Bob in his usual genial manner called me back and reminded me of this omission.

Trolleybus Collision

Just as I rectified my mistake two trolley buses on route 614, Debert to Masstown, collided as the result of a skid and one bus finished up a few feet from the door of Bob's hotel where I would have been standing if Bob had not called me back. Fortunately the injuries to passengers were not severe although both vehicles were full of women and children on their way to the pantomime at Debert Hippodrome.

The Masstown Highway

While I was still examining the wrecked buses and thinking how lucky I had been, the proprietor of one of the large local laundries strolled up and had a word with me. He said that the accident didn't surprise him a bit because only a few minutes before he had seen the south bound bus travelling at what he considered an excessive speed along the Masstown highway. Considering the heavy volume of traffic at all times of day and the crowds of people which throng the large shops afronting on to this highway, something really needs to be done in the way of enforcing a speed limit.

Debert Central Station

The same gentleman also told me of the large number of accidents which used to take place outside the Central Station before the bridge was built over the railway line, just after the line was electrified a few months ago. It was at that same time that traffic signals were installed at all main intersections within the city of Debert, and since then the accident rate has considerably reduced itself.

The Station Hotel

912802

For all this improvement, my friend pointed out there is still danger particularly by the Station Hotel which lies directly opposite the entrance to platform 10. Apparently it's a regular source of accidents and only last week Rosie the auburn haired barmaid who used to work at the Red Lion was seriously injured at this spot.

What Used To Be

I talked to my friend a little longer and he told me how lonely this ancient city used to be when it was just a collection of shacks and transport was antiquated and infrequent. I could not help comparing his picture with the present city of skyscrapers, the wonderful service of electric trains every hour between Halifax and Moncton; its fine hotels and clubs and the marvellous recreational facilities provided by the City Corporation.

I am sorry for people who live in lonely and deserted places; the sense of isolation is apt to make them a bit queer.



“Are you sure they are getting enough to eat?”

GOSSIP**EAST WIND**

He couldn't speak for a while," said Denis O'Donohoe, telling of the moment when he and Les Bush presented to Herb Shepard the wrist-watch which was bought by popular subscription among the lads of East Camp. We hope it serves to keep constantly in his memory the months he spent with the RAF at Debert, also, of course, to tell him the time.

* * * * *

New Blood

Taking Herb's place as East Camp YMCA Organizer is Mr. Bill Gordon, who comes here from an RCAF station in Ontario.

* * * * *

Fun and Games

Now that the late festive season is but a pleasant memory, the job of getting back into our stride has to be undertaken. Most forms of entertainment seemed to die over the Christmas and New Year periods, but things are now settling down, and the remainder of our winter programme looks pretty good. Free movies three times a week, a whist drive every Saturday, Bingo on Wednesdays, and a fortnightly dance. Rumour has it that we shall shortly see the revival of the East Camp Classical Music Circle, and who knows? Stranger things have happened.

* * * * *

Spend Your Evenings Profitably

Meanwhile a rather more serious form of spending your spare time is suffering from a little neglect at the time of writing. The educational scheme, at first received with so much enthusiasm, seems to have declined somewhat in popularity. Many of the original members of the classes are now in happier circumstances but there are others, still with us, who enrolled for one or more of the classes, and now don't seem to be able to shake off the inertia (as distinct from the common disease Debertia) brought on by their Christmas dinners.

* * * * *

It may be possible, of course, that there is really some sort of a kick to be got out of gazing at the ceiling. Perhaps in this way is reached the state of Nirvana, somewhat after the manner of an Oriental mystic's contemplation of his navel, only without the resultant crick in the neck. But if you ever have the slightest feeling that lying on the pit is rather a waste of time, why not have a dabble at one of the classes. There is no compulsion, and you are free to give it up at any time. Worth mentioning also is the fact that the times of the lectures do not overlap with any of the entertainments on East Camp.

Can You Read?

As has probably been noticed we now have a nice shiny new library. Look for a vast improvement in the contents thereof in the very near future. On the wall you will find a sheet of paper on which you are invited to write the names of the books you would like to see on the shelves. Please use it.

* * * * *

Better Dancing

Plans are afoot for the changing of the present movie hall into a super dance-hall. Some of the ideas for the transformation are pretty snappy, and the finished product promises to rival the best of New York's night clubs—except that the floor will be big enough to dance on.

* * * * *

Of Feathered Flight

Latest thing over the East End is a darts league which played its first match on 10th January. The league had a good send off when a large crowd gathered at the canteen to see Minors "A" play No. 1 Squadron. The former won all three games and although No. 1 Squadron played well, poor finishing caused their downfall.

Electricians short circuited the Instrument Bashers and won all three games rather easily.

Majors beat Minors "B" two games to one.

Later Minors "A" kept up their winning vein when they beat Electricians two games to one.

Largest score so far recorded was made by LAC K. Crew with 121.

Corporal Nichol, secretary of the league, tells us that it is trying to raise enough money by subscription to purchase two cups—one for the league winners and a second one for the winner of an individual competition soon to be held.

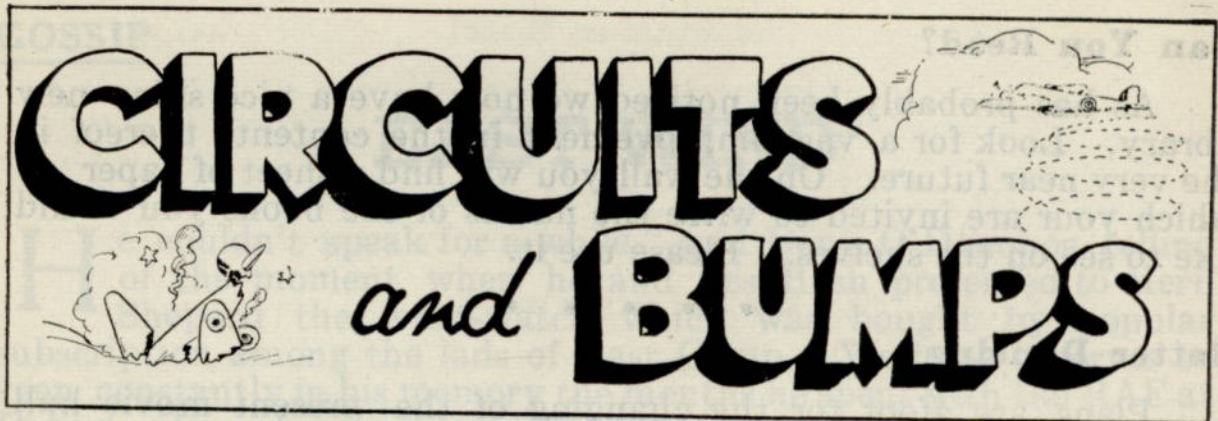
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Clipped from "Wings"—journal of the Royal Australian Air Force

"F/Lt. John J. Keller, Group Headquarters Camp Commandant can hold a conference of six any time. He is also barracks officer, canteen officer, messing officer, transport controller, adjutant.

If you want a jeep or utility he will as camp commandant, take you where the transport controller can't hear him, and readily agree. Then when you go to collect the jeep or utility the transport controller, out of hearing of the camp commandant, points out that there isn't any anyway."

The gentleman should join the RAF. He would go far.—PG



CIRCUITS

and

BUMPS

. . . civvy street . . .

A good deal of air is being exhausted today by discussion on post-war employment. Thoughtless thinkers accept the fact that legislation is in effect to return a discharged service-man to the job he held before enlistment—and halt their reasoning there.

Rarely discussed is the question of whether a man will wish to return to his old post bearing in mind a changed outlook resulting from service in the forces. War is a process which changes the normal tenor of human relationships. Over the past four-plus years many people at whom a civilian employer might look dubiously have tasted an authority they will be reluctant to relinquish. On the other hand some who came into the RAF with no ability whatever now possess a good deal and more, whose service began with hostilities, have grown from boys to responsible men.

A friend of ours who has a medium sized business summed up the question succinctly.

“A lad in my office,” he said, “held a junior post before the war. In '39 he joined up, was commissioned and, at twenty-four, is now a Major in the army overseas. In the meantime he has married and become a father.

“Comes peace—what then? I can offer him his old job—at £2 a week—but what good will that be? I can't make him manager because in the first place I have one already and in the second he doesn't possess the necessary specialist experience. My business isn't large enough to take care of two high salaried posts even if I could dream up another. What can I do?”

The answer of course, lies not with the employer but with all servicemen everywhere. To the airman who keeps his mind active and uses spare time constructively there is likely to be reasonable opportunity in waiting. But the other, who spends every evening regarding the ceiling from a horizontal position, should beware.

Some day soon an axe will swing through the plaster.

... your move ...

The month's neatest piece of efficiency concerns a Hudson aircraft faced with a crash landing. The pilot having made abortive attempts to lower the undercarriage, decided to manage without.

Maintenance Wing however, who would have had to clear up the mess, thought otherwise. "Take it away!" they said. "To wit:

*"Anywhere else you can do that there;
But you can't do that there 'ere!"*

The pilot obeyed.

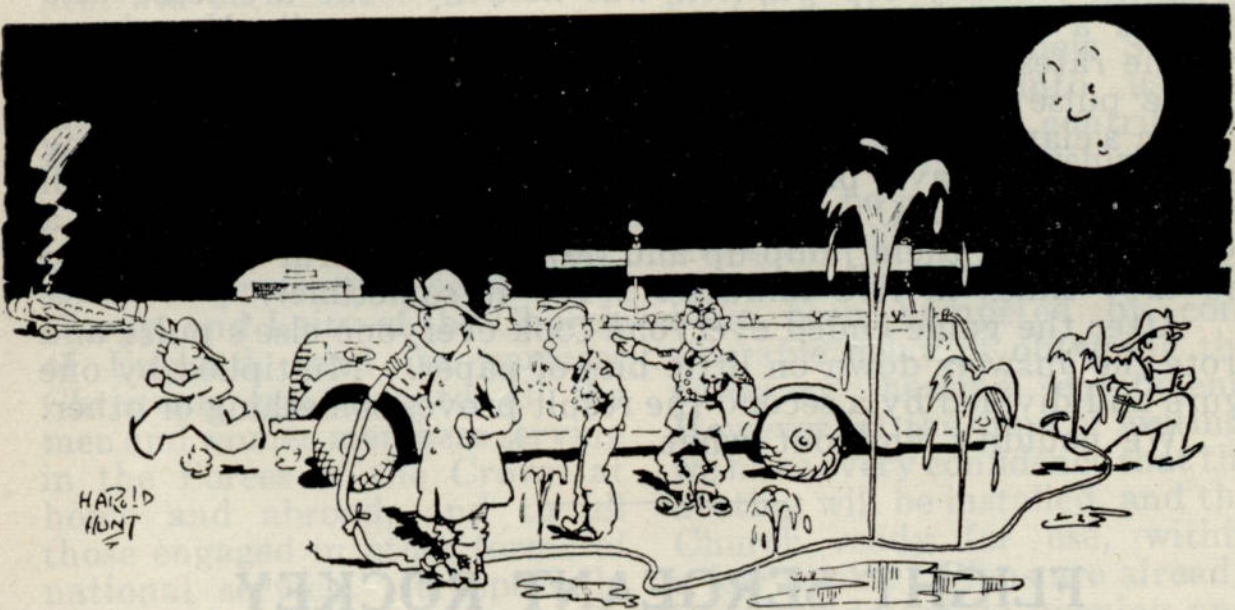
He piled up—and very tidily—at the nearest repair depot.

* * * * *

... cry havoc ...

A wag who watched the canteen burn comments that the fire brigade worked efficiently until they heard the beer supply was imperilled, after which they became men possessed.

Mr. Trenholm, YMCA manager, made no such qualification. "I don't know how it was stopped at all," he told us while shaving the other morning, "by all theories the entire structure should have been razed."



... became men possessed ...

It is unfortunate that an incident of this nature has to happen before the necessity of proper fire precautions can be brought home to us all. A fireman's task is often thankless and comment on that odd cigarette end or the bad electric connexion so frequently prompts the rejoinder "don't bind." After all, it's a job in which success is measured not by blazes put out but by those prevented.

Fire is a remote sort of thing until it touches one closely. We first became hazard conscious in Alberta where an entire barracks was gutted and a close friend lost every possession the day before he was repatriated.

That sort of thing shakes you a bit.

... roll up ...

"The parade ground has been flooded and may be used for ice skating."

This laconic announcement on daily routine orders might well have caused many a didactic disciplinarian squatting round the brazier of eternity to have addressed his neighbour in disgusted: "What next?"

Yes—come to think of it—what next?

Personally we suggest that as a beginning the aircraft be removed from synthetic building and a set of "dodg'ems" substituted. When that's done the centre of the aerodrome can be excavated and used as a boating lake cum swimming pool.

After that we could get really organized.

* * * * *

... hipperty-hup ...

Up in the billet we have a little black book in which are listed people with whom, some day, we hope to catch up.

Until recently top position was held by "the architect who designed a machine gun range next cur quarters." Now, however, he rates an unworthy second to "he (or she!) who dreamed up the pulse test."

On a clampus Saturday afternoon in January our entire flying staff—gunners, navs, pilots—was fetched from its beds to the drill hall. There two MO's and the PT officer, armed with whips and a stop watch, had them jump up and down from a form one hundred and fifty times in five minutes. (Try it sometime).

After the game ended everyone took everyone else's pulse and wrote the answers down on little bits of paper. Multiplied by one figure and divided by a second the result proves something or other.

We couldn't find out what.

FLIGHT SERGEANT ROCKEY

In preparation for this issue was a resume of the life and loves of Flight Sergeant Les Rockey Bem for whom the signal arm had dropped. We even had a picture of his head and shoulders—our page size wouldn't take the rest.

However, the morning after he had been the victim of a public presentation he calmly told us at lunch: "Just heard I'm not going after all." Such anti-climatic news has spoiled PG's story, but against the possibility of this gentleman slingin' 'is 'ook fairly soon we are allowing the manuscript to clutter up our solitary file.

Personally, we think the whole thing sounds a bit fishy. After all, a silver cigarette case is a silver cigarette case.

PADRE'S NOTES

by R. de B. Welchman

The following message, which arrived too late for inclusion in an earlier number of PG, nevertheless is worth recording, for it assures us of the constant remembrance of the folks at home, voiced by representatives from all over England, and of their looking forward, not only to our return but also to the part which we shall play together in post-war reconstruction.

* * * *

Greetings From the Church Assembly to Members Of The Forces

Resolution—"That this Assembly, representing the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of the Church of England, send its warmest Christmas greetings to all the men and women members serving in the Forces of the Crown at home and abroad, and to all those engaged in other forms of national service. It especially thinks of those overseas, some of whom have been separated from their homes for several years, more particularly the men in prisoner-of-war camps.

It gladly looks forward to the day when they will return, and is beginning to prepare to welcome them back into the family life of the Church. It prays that God's blessing may rest upon them in all dangers and tempta-

tions, and is anxious to assist in every way within its power that "great rebuilding of family life" after the war, of which Her Majesty the Queen has spoken in such moving terms."

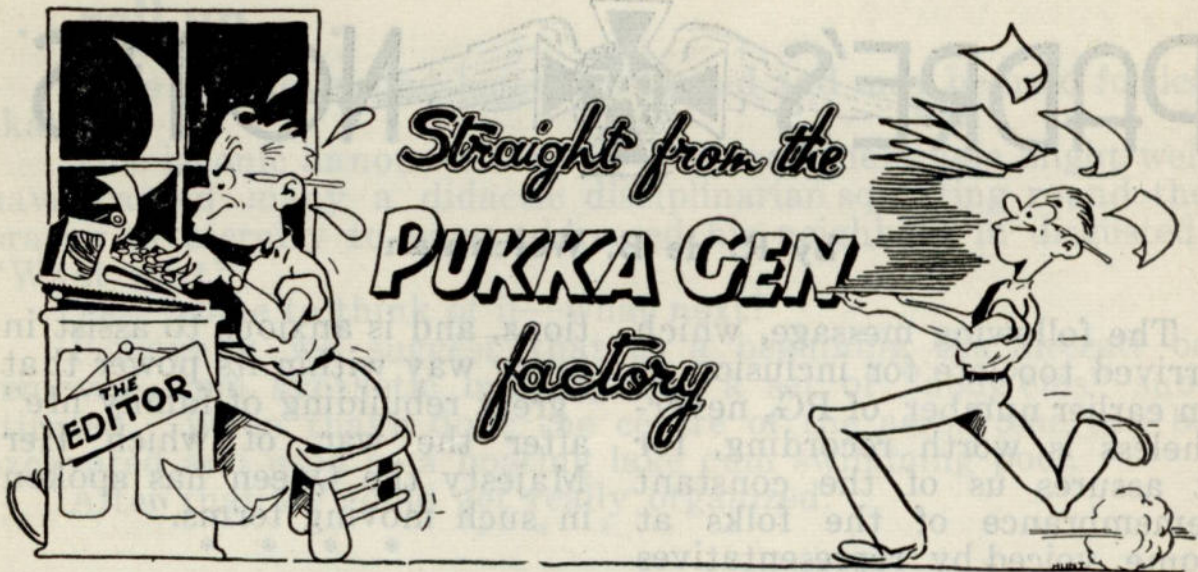
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Station Church

It has been a disappointment to many who have recently left the Unit, or are at present on the boat-list, that they have been unable to see the new Station Church brought into use, as practically all have contributed generously to its furnishing.

It will be realised that everything possible has been done to speed up its completion, but we have been hampered by considerable delay in obtaining the necessary heating equipment. However, at the time of writing, we have every confidence that the heating will be installed, and the Church ready for use, within a few weeks. Plans are already being made for its opening and dedication with the least possible delay, once the heating system is in working order.

Pray that our Church and its simple means of grace, and opportunities for private prayer and corporate worship, will become a blessing to us all, in the furtherance of our work for God, and our desire to learn how best to serve him.



The Real Griff on Medals and Service Stripes

QUITE a bit of gen, some duff, has circulated about medals and service stripes. To clarify the whole thing PG has borrowed a copy of Air Ministry Order A.755 of 1943, and reproduces those portions which will concern the RAF.

First of all, in words of the official title:

The Africa and 1939-43 Stars and Clasps Thereto

The Africa Star will be granted for service in North Africa from 10th June, 1940, to 12th May, 1943.

The ribbon is pale buff in colour, with a central vertical red stripe and two other narrower stripes, one dark blue and the other light blue. The background is intended as a symbol of the desert, the central red stripe stands for the armies, the dark blue stripe for the naval forces and the Merchant Navy, and the light blue stripe for the air forces.

A *Clasp* to the Africa Star, denoted by a silver rose emblem on the ribbon, will be awarded to all RAF personnel under the command of AOC Western Desert, or the Air Commander, North-West African Forces; also to air crew personnel under the command of AOC Malta or of other AOCs who operated in support of the Eighth Army or First Army or in the cutting of Rommel's or von Arnim's communications, or in the defence of Malta from 23rd October, 1942 to 12th May, 1943.

The 1939-43 Star And Clasp

The 1939-43 Star will be granted for service in operations during the period from 3rd September, 1939 to 31st December, 1943. The ribbon is dark blue, red and light blue in three equal vertical stripes. The dark blue stripe is intended to mark the service of the naval forces and the Merchant Navy, the red stripe that of the armies and the

light blue stripe that of the air forces.

It will be awarded to all air crews who have taken part in operations against the enemy, subject to the completion of two months in an operational unit. In addition, non-air crew personnel serving in the area of an army operational command will qualify, six months' service in the area of the operational command being the qualification. An exception to the latter ruling is where a campaign has not lasted for six months. Where personnel have been evacuated, as from Dunkirk, Norway, and so on, they will be eligible for the 1939-43 Star although their service in operations may not have lasted for a full six months.

No-one will receive both Africa and 1939-43 Stars, but a clasp to the latter will be awarded for service in North Africa.

Mentions In Despatches

The "Despatches" Emblem is granted for mentions in despatches awarded for service in the present war. It is in bronze of a new pattern in the form of an oak leaf.

This emblem is not intended to be worn during the war on the ribbon of any medal or star but is to be attached directly to the coat in the position in which a single ribbon would be worn, or after all other medal ribbons.

Wound Stripes And Chevrons

Wound stripes and chevrons will be awarded in the Navy, Army (including Home Guard) Air Force, Merchant Navy, and the fishing fleet serving at sea, civil air transport and the Coastguard. They will also be awarded in specified Civil Defence services.

The *Wound Stripes*, denoting wounds sustained in the present war, will be of narrow gold braid one and a half inches long. They are to be worn vertically on the left forearm. One is to be worn in respect of each occasion on which the individual is wounded.

A wound stripe in red has also been approved. This is to denote wounds of previous wars, but only one of these stripes may be worn.

Service Chevrons are designed in red, and three quarters of an inch in length. They will be worn on the right forearm. One chevron is to be granted for each completed year of service in the present war. The first chevron will be issued at the end of the first year, and so on.

Official Communique

A responsible spokesman of Equipment Section informs PG that instructions for issue of ribbons and chevrons have not yet been received and consequently none are upon demand.

LETTER TO AN EMPLOYER

"Have you a position that would suit me? I am a typist but not fast....."

PHILOSOPHY**COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS**

By David-off

It is over twelve months since I came to Canada, and in that time I have studied my fellow men. I know men who are repressed, suppressed, and depressed whose despondency has altered them from normal beings to creatures of moods and fancies no longer responsible for their actions. And yet there are the others who have benefited both bodily and mentally. What is the reason?

I think I know.

* * *

Some time ago I received a letter from my wife. She quoted in the letter "when I am miserable and unhappy, I count my blessings, and am content." What blessings can you count? Your good health, a loving wife, a fiance back home, your immunity from the dangers of air-raids, the fact that you are not fighting for your life in Russia or Italy, or in submarine infested seas?

Or are you so full of self-pity and so weak that you cannot stand being away from your home?

* * *

Every one at times should analyse themselves. There is an explanation for everything you say, do, or think, and you yourself should be able to supply the answer. Here in Debert we have our blessings, the question is, do you avail yourself of them?

Do you take an interest in the social activities offered. There is the Choir, the Music Appreciation, the Debating Society, and

the Dramatic Society. The latter is an excellent vehicle for self-expression and a means of passing away leisure hours in an exciting way. All the world is a stage, to play a part you need not have good looks, ability, or personality. For anyone who has decided they have an inferiority complex, the Dramatic Society is the ideal remedy.

* * *

Have you ever read Damon Runyan's books? Have you read *Young Ames*, *The Keeper Of The Flame*, *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*? All are in the Station Library. I recommend the library for everyone, and a sure cure for that depressed feeling.

* * *

Even the most "much jankered erk" must admit that our officers are very approachable. If you are unhappy in your present job, see your officer, he will see that you get a change. A good heart to heart talk will do wonders.

* * *

The stay in Canada should be looked upon as a means to improve ourselves in health and mind. We have excellent food, fruit, healthy exercise—what is lacking? Only the self-discipline for which only yourself can be responsible. There is no possible excuse for self pity, for whining about being cheated off. The thing is, to be men, and to remember to "count your blessings.



"Well, who do you expect on a blind date—Hedy Lamarr?"



Eavesdropping at THE SERGEANT'S MESS



Same Firm:

A pleasing feature nowadays is the increasing number of Canadian personnel in what is now become our RAF-RCAF mess.
* * * * *

Whisper:

One doesn't want to say too much about Corporal Masters our chief cook lest other messes prick their ears. However let's mention casually that since he assumed command of the ovens the end of a meal sees a lot more empty plates.
* * * * *

Coming Soon:

Our twin kittens Ebb and Flo are rapidly growing. With their third monthly birthday comes too, the happy news that Lil their mother has rung the bell again.

In words of the War Production Board her output is becoming prolific.
* * * * *

Fox Trot:

January's two dances, one for trainees and a second for staff, passed remarkable well. It is unfortunate that the twain need to be held separately since any distinction is merely theoretical. Space is the difficulty though, and this arrangement has proven the wiser solution.
* * * * *

Flash:

A bunch of flowers for Sergeant Bedell, Photographer, who has placed three of his pictures with the *Halifax Herald* lately.
* * * * *

Stop Thief:

Pilfering of magazines for which all members pay is a pretty low trick, but a check has revealed that copies of *Life*, *Time*, *Esquire*, *Post* and the like invariably disappear from the mess within twenty-four hours of being placed there.

Medieval churches had their Bibles chained to the floor. One wonders if the idea is entirely obsolete.
* * * * *

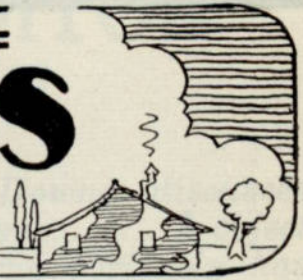
Exit:

Line up again to take leave of the departing: Warrant Officer Green, Sergeants Jardine, Sykes, Dyer.

Goodwill go with them; may all the lights be green.



GEN FROM THE OFFICER'S MESS



Only gen which has come from up the road this month is a copy of an order that appeared on the mess notice board recently, and from which the following is an extract.

"Christmas celebrations will cease at 0900 hours on 25th January."

1944?

EASTBOUND SLEEPER

*I dreamed last night I stood upon a hill,
To gaze again on time which lays behind;
The dim remembered chain of distant days,
A valley green which only youth may find;
And peace of mind, which slumber often steals,
Found music in the rolling carriage wheels.*

*I looked into the future, far beyond,
To see it lonely, comfortless and bare;
I shrugged my shoulders in a silent sigh,
Then raised my eyes—and saw that you were there.
All this: the present, future and the past,
Was silent echo to the whistle's blast.*

*I saw awhile the things that might have been:
Each day made better by a common tie,
The laughter, light and shadow, hope and love,
We could have shared together—you and I;
And happiness, which is not ours to tell,
Rang out its message in the engine bell.*

*I woke today and knew the errant thought
For what it was: a phantasy of mind,
Then saw, as mornina rose, and darkness died,
How many leagues the night had lain behind.
Who knows the losing hands that fortune deals,
Or hears the sadness in these rolling wheels?*



OBITUARY

On a cloudy January morning, a mile east of Doddridge, Nova Scotia, there occurred a flying accident in which the Captain,

Pilot Officer John Alastair Gordon,
Royal Air Force,
of Chester, England,

sustained fatal injuries. He was buried at Truro, with military honours, a few days later.

No ringing glory his, nor the blaze of battle; only a routine training flight which ended in disaster. Yet surely as the brief day passes, his life was given in that same cause of human liberation which motivates his countrymen wherever they may be.

SALVATION AT NORTH RIVER

(Contributed)

The oft forgotten airmen who make up the North River detachment are pleased to announce they have been remembered at last.

For some reason or other the normal ration of cigarettes and chocolate was recently omitted from the weekly transport run.

The question was how to get it?

On 17th January the problem was solved by a Hudson aircraft which 'bombed' our otherwise peaceful little dwelling. The goods were attached to a parachute which failed to open but the only loss was a supply of notepaper which was carried away by a gust of wind.

Afterwards a telephone message came to the effect that a Bolingbroke was about to take off on the errand already completed—but a bit of confusion didn't matter. We had the cigarettes.

The detachment wants to thank the crew of the Hudson and the originator of the whole idea.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Joys Of Opera

Dear Editor,

With reference to the article "Sgt. N. C. A. Downes discusses the Joys of Opera," which appears in January's issue.....I object to certain alterations which were made by one who obviously has no sympathy or love for music.....May I please be given an assurance that all such future articles submitted on music and books be published in their entirety?.....

To avoid future occurrences of this nature I suggest that as music and books etc., are essentially cultured arts someone who has a wide knowledge of these arts be appointed to the station magazine.....

Yours sincerely,

N. C. A. DOWNES, Sgt.

* To contributor Sergeant Downes, PG's thanks for:

- (a) setting it straight, and
- (b) his subsequent offer to act as adviser on the cultured arts of music and books.

* * * * *

THANKS

Dear Ed,

Please find enclosed two dollars for a five month subscription to PG for the two airmen whose addresses are also enclosed.....

Sincerely yours,

CATHERINE MACAULEY

Box 360,
Pictou, N.S.

*To Reader Mrs. Macauley, PG's thanks and a complimentary copy.

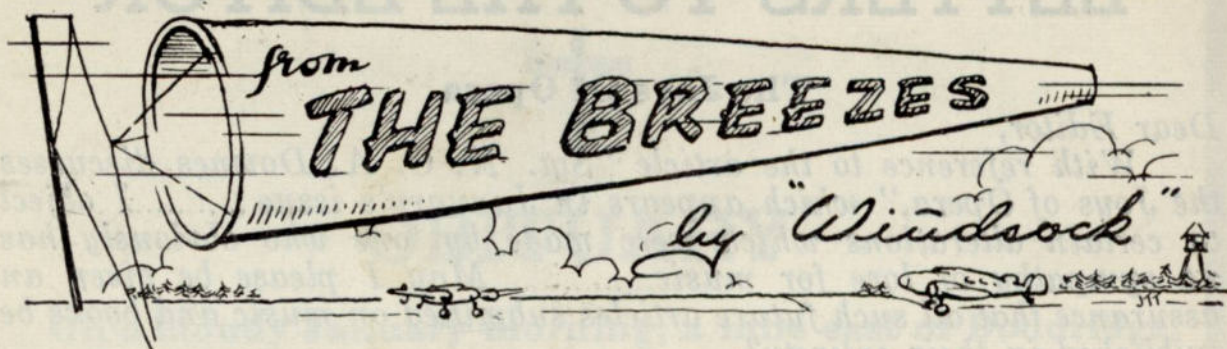
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BY NUMBERS

A sapper returned from a recent Commando raid wearing a German tunic. His commanding Officer ordered him to remove same. "I hope I'm not going to lose this sir," he said, "as I had to kill eight men before I could get one to fit me."

The CO looked at the soldier's feet, which were rather large.

"Well," he said, "should you ever want a new pair of boots I shall consider the war practically over."



Main item this month concerns the efforts of a prominent figure in training administration who is, I hear, trying to found a nudist fraternity in our midst!.....

Rumour has it that a demand associated with the providing of a new Airmen's Lounge, got off to a flying start!.....

Some airmen say the proximity of beer affects their billiards, while others have just lost interest in the game!.....

Several members of the Officers' Mess are still celebrating Christmas I understand, or is it an extended welcome to 1944?.....

I believe Buns' Night brought proof that "Pistol Packin' Mamma" is unsuitable as a strain for "piping in the haggis!".....

Heard a newcomer say he had come from a camp where sugar was included in tea provided in the Airmen's Mess!.....

They say there are many who hope the separation of the "Y" and the wet canteen will become a permanent feature!.....

Wonder if their "Great Britain" shoulder tabs had any bearing on the successful sojourn in New York enjoyed by two of our well known Senior NCO's!.....

Overheard an officer pupil complaining the other day about the chilly atmosphere in the mess!.....

Speaking of officers..... I'm told one has requested a transfer of accommodation to the Sergeants' quarters!.....

It is whispered that one member of the Sergeants' Mess has FOUR service stripes, one silver and three red..... in the back of his locker.....

Those rumours! Now we are "going over" to airships! Can you imagine one moored to the control tower? Neither can I!.....

Since moving to their new quarters, I notice accounts personnel indulging in a lighter breakfast diet!.....

"Skids" one of our M.T. wizards, admits sleigh-riding is lots of fun (sometimes) but he still prefers a quiet 48 in bed!.....

Been asked if the Airmen's Messing Officer has discovered that popular "best seller"..... "Chicken Every Sunday!".....