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OPINION

MORALE—I

Opening of our station Church is recorded on another page.

While this unit remains may it represent the right of every individual to exercise his belief, voluntarily, when and how he chooses.

* * *

MORALE—II

Writing elsewhere in this issue a member of PG's staff takes to task what he describes as: "those aged vehicles which shuttle erratically between Truro and Debert."

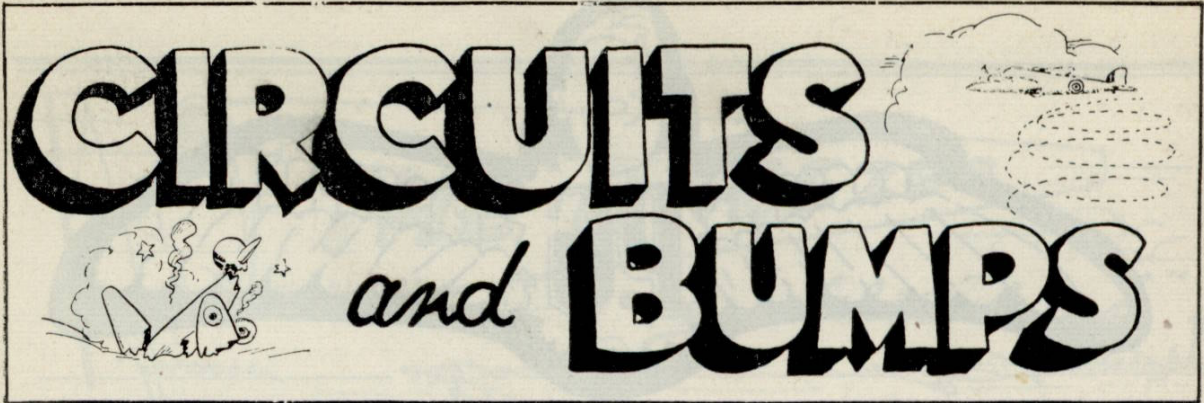
The description is not unmerited.

We hope it will not take a ghastly accident to bring this festering sore to public conscience.

* * *

GOING UP

Prohibition of advertising in station magazines has thrown too large a burden of our costs upon station funds. We regret that with this issue the price of PG must rise from ten to fifteen cents.



CIRCUITS

and

BUMPS

... the parish pump ...

January in England brought a by-election to the Yorkshire town of Skipton, in which 31 year old Lieutenant Hugh Lawson, Royal Engineers, wrested a seat in parliament from the official government candidate.

Political issues are, of course, no concern of PG, but quite apart from that angle the event gives rise to some interesting speculation.

Main attention focussed on the fact of a young soldier entering the national arena. In fact the London *Daily Mail* went so far as to say: "*.....the country is looking to the future.....(Lawson) represents the Services, the technicians of this new age and the aspirations of the younger generation for the postwar world.*"

One may perhaps consider these particular words somewhat vague but there can be no doubt they indicate a trend of thought shaping itself at the moment. Once the war is won, sailors, soldiers and airmen want to become—and remain—ex-servicemen. Wherefore, as is the British way, they are looking to their system of government to provide an answer. In the fulness of time an answer will certainly be given but its nature is something no-one can predict.

* * * *

The last general election in Britain took place in 1935. Had times since then been normal there would probably have been two more by the end of '44. Instead Parliament extended its own life as a matter of wartime expediency.

As a result there has grown up a vast uncounted electorate the political depths of which have not been sounded. In other words, all who in 1935 were between the ages of 12 and 21 are now qualified electors.

At present, even in a by-election, a large proportion cannot vote as the last electoral register was compiled in '39. But since no government would dare to by-pass the bulk of its forces and hold a general election on an old register, a new one becomes only a question of opportunity.

All this in mind it is interesting to watch a parallel problem which now faces the United States Senate. There, however, the

difficulty is not when to hold an election but means by which servicemen may efficiently record their absent votes.

Whatever solutions are found there and in our own country, the fact remains that a great potential power is held by young men and women. What they may do with it is problematical but upon their wisdom, their tolerance, their sense of responsibility, will hinge the future of Britain—and, perhaps, mankind.

* * * *

... men at work ...

Not very long ago one member of PG staff decided to ring up another. He picked up the telephone and asked for 46.

Instead he got 56 and the following conversation ensued.

"Photographic section here."

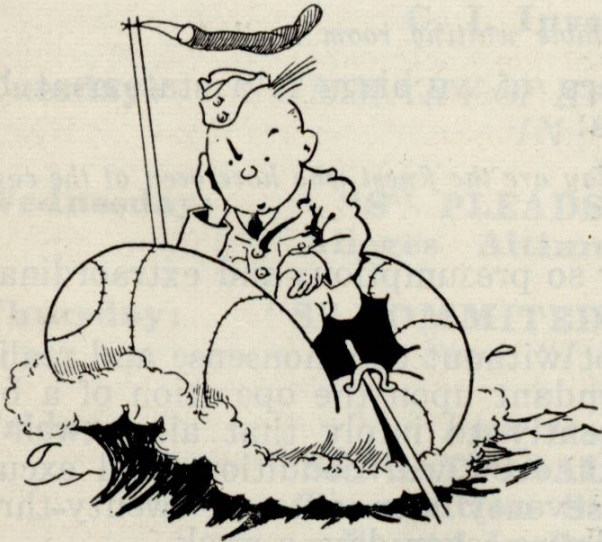
"Oh, I'm sorry, I have the wrong number. I wanted 46."

"Well, this is the photographic section and we can't do anything for you because it's Saturday afternoon and we're closed."

Even for wrong numbers?

* * * *

... in! out! ...



In Ripley's *Believe It Or Not* is recorded an account of two Norwegians who once rowed a boat across the Atlantic. Leaving New York in June 1896 they arrived at Harve two months later. Reason (vide Ripley): "They reckoned they would row home and see how the old folks were getting on."

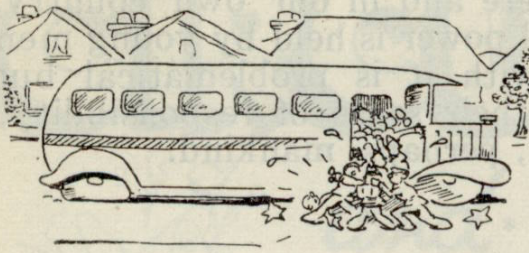
The incident should provide food for thought in the minds of those who continually wail: "roll on the boat." What's been

done before can be done again—and there are plenty of rubber dinghys on the camp. Only snag of course is the time factor, for to get home and back in a normal leave period might entail rowing rather hard. Still, even if one was—literally—a few days adrift he could always come up with the time-worn excuse:

"Sir, the transport was late.

"Believe it or not."

... covered waggon ...



A representative of the company that operates those aged vehicles which shuttle erratically between Truro and Debert recently accorded an interview to *The Truro Daily News*. Like the White Knight's story in *Alice in Wonderland* the piece is very long and very, very beautiful.

Since the *News* is not available at Debert we fear the majority of airmen will have missed this prosy smear, but as they are very concerned with the subject we reproduce a few of the more enlightening passages.

".....by 8th February there would be ten buses back on the road in A1 condition."

".....there wasn't much possibility of securing any (buses) until after the war.the Hub Lines were slated to receive six new buses last year but a fire in Ottawadestroyed twelve buses and they had to be replaced, which was unfortunate as the equipment destined for the Hub lines was sent to Ottawa."

".....on the subject of the reported poor service in December 1943.....the roads through the Debert Camp just ruined one bus after another."

".....as to hold-ups along the road when breaks occur.....passengers are never left waiting....."

".....at Truro there is a comfortable waiting room....."

The most astounding piece of verbiage is a statement by this person that he considers:

".....the men at Debert Camp today are the finest who have been at the camp since.....September 1940."

What authority has he for so presumptuous and extraordinary a statement we do not know.

Airmen and soldiers are not without commonsense and realise there are many difficulties attendant upon the operation of a bus service. Nevertheless complacently to imply that all is well is nothing short of criminal. Not even war conditions will excuse cramming between sixty and seventy men into a twenty-three seater bus, yet that goes on in Truro seven days a week.

The toll of life if that same bus were to overturn on icy roads and perhaps catch alight is a ghastly possibility—yet it is one which should, and must, be considered. Such accidents, even under rigid British regulations, have happened before.

There is an unfortunate tendency here and there to believe that troops may be foisted off with any old conditions. It is high time that impression was destroyed.

When a soldier or airman surrenders certain citizen rights in the service of his country he knows he must accept miserable or

dangerous missions. They are in the call of military duty and ordered by his superior officers.

Off duty however he is entitled to expect the same treatment as that given to a civilian. On his side he is subject to the civil code; there is no reason why civil safety regulations should be flagrantly ignored where customers wear the King's uniform.

Five of their fares still add up to a dollar.

* * * *

... attention all adjutants ...

Way back when we first donned blue uniform we learned rule number one: *ignorance of published orders is no excuse.*

In spite of this fact, or rather because of it, people are often in the mush through failure to read daily routine orders.

We have a remedy. It came to us while watching episode three of the Batman serial which has been running at the camp cinema lately. In short why not adapt that idea to DRO's?

For instance, here is the story of a low flying offence as we believe it could be told.

Monday: *Special!*

**SGT. "S" REPORTED LOW FLYING OVER
BAY OF FUNDY
C. I. Investigates**

Tuesday: *SUMMARY OF EVIDENCE TO BE TAKEN
IN "S" CASE.*

Wednesday: **"S" PLEADS NOT GUILTY**
Alleges Altimeter Unserviceable

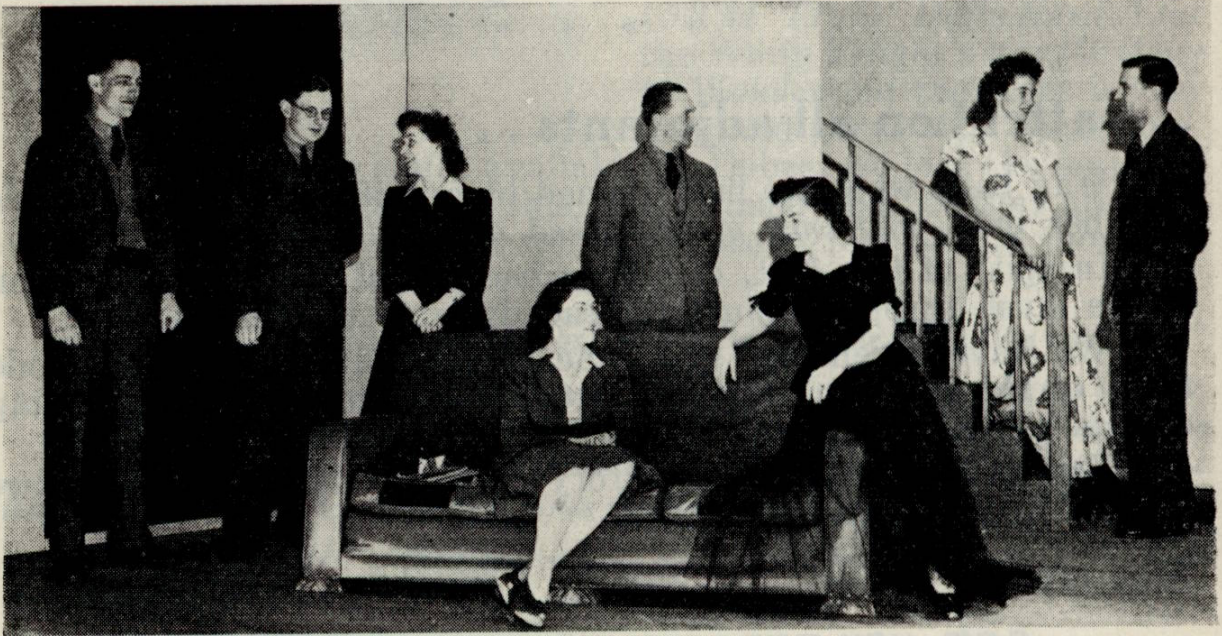
Thursday: **"S" COMMITTED FOR COURT MARTIAL**
Says: "I Bin Framed"

Friday: *First Day of Trial*
SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURES
*Prosecution States Salt Water
Found In Pressure Head*

Saturday: **VERDICT TOMORROW**
"S" Maintains: "I Never Done It"

Sunday: **"S" FOUND GUILTY AND SENTENCED**
Back to Ranks and 90 Days in Digger
Leaves Court Making Victory Sign

Why not? After all, that's how newspapers get their circulation.

DRAMATICS**P. G. GOES TO A PLAY***"The Patsy" at Debert*

"What's the good of crying over spilt milk! There's enough water in it already."

With this inscrutable remark Miss Shirley Cummings introduces the title character in *The Patsy* performed recently in camp. Presented by the unit's dramatic society the play portrays the ups and downs of a contemporary American family.

Written by Barry Connors the piece is accurately described in the programme notes as a charming Cinderella story. Like Cinder's story too, all creases iron out in the end and everyone goes away happy—presumably to remain so ever after.

AC Alfred Newgrosh who selected and produced the play is to be congratulated upon his choice and work. Anyone, especially if they are aware of how much work and heartbreak goes into the job, would give him a credit-plus for the finished article.

For a sustained outstanding performance a red rose must go to Shirley

Cummings. Portraying a young girl overshadowed by an older sister and all mixed up in an unrequited love affair, she sounds an exact note of pathos yet one which is never far from laughter. Miss Cummings can do wonderful things with her eyes. They have a "come-hither" quality which should take her far—off stage as well as on.

In the role of Father, Reginald Barrie opens the action. He is soon joined by Miss Margaret Forbes, cast as his wife. Throughout the production they quarrel so realistically that one might think they'd really been married for years.

Best compliment to Miss Mildred Clarke as the ungracious elder sister was that paid by an airman seated across the aisle from PG's reporter: "Nasty piece of work, isn't she?" In spite of that however she finally hooks a slightly aimless young man played by Sidney Norris. One could not help feeling sorry about the poor

chap's future.

Brian Walmsley plays a well meaning but rather dim type who loves Patsy all the time but doesn't find it out until just before the last curtain. On appearances alone though he makes a good prototype of Prince Charming.

Brief but beautiful was the appearance of Miss Noni Marshall as a streamlined hussy. Bernard McGrath too was limited to one appear-

ance as an elderly Irishman "interested in young girls."

One could have wished that Robert Myford's lines were of greater length for those he had as a cab driver were treated kindly.

The Patsy is scheduled to appear before other local audiences. We think it unlikely anyone will ask for their money back.

SOCIAL

Stores and Accounts Throw a Party

Over the runways last month went Equipment and Accounts sections for a dance at east camp. There some hundred guests trod their measure to tunes of the station band.

The whole affair was intended mainly as a farewell to members of both sections who will shortly be on the boat. Even had this not been the case however, the evening would have been a success—especially when a brief electrical failure put the lights out.

LAC Scott was MC and the organising committee Flight Sergeants Farmer, Radden, Sergeant Skinner.

More dances coming up—so we're told.

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

A final word about LAC Andrew McLaren whose profile PG featured in January's issue.

Mac has now had marching orders and by the time this note appears will have left Debert.

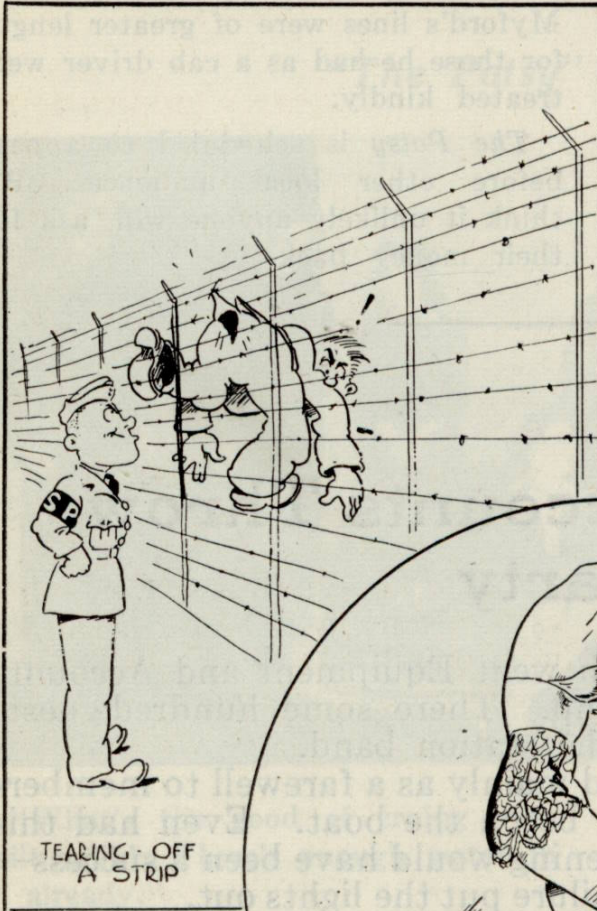
Over the past two years he has devoted a good deal of time to helping with PG and for a while occupied the editorial cushion.

Regular readers will notice that with LAC McLaren has disappeared Windsock's popular page "From the Breezes."

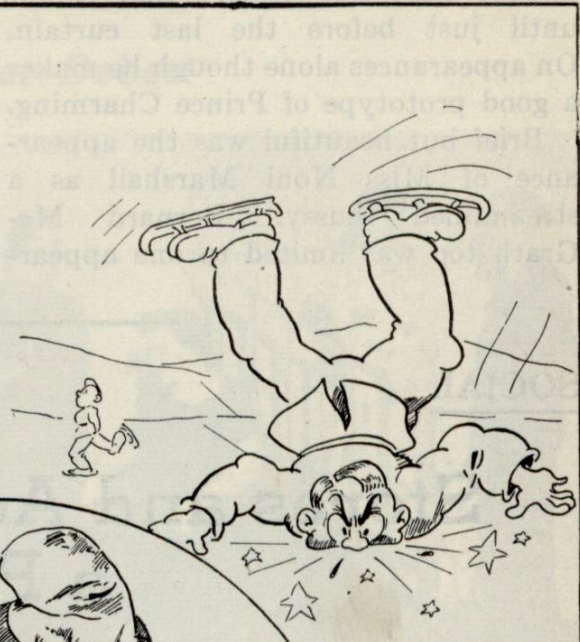
For services rendered—our thanks.

For Mac's future—the good wishes of his friends and public.

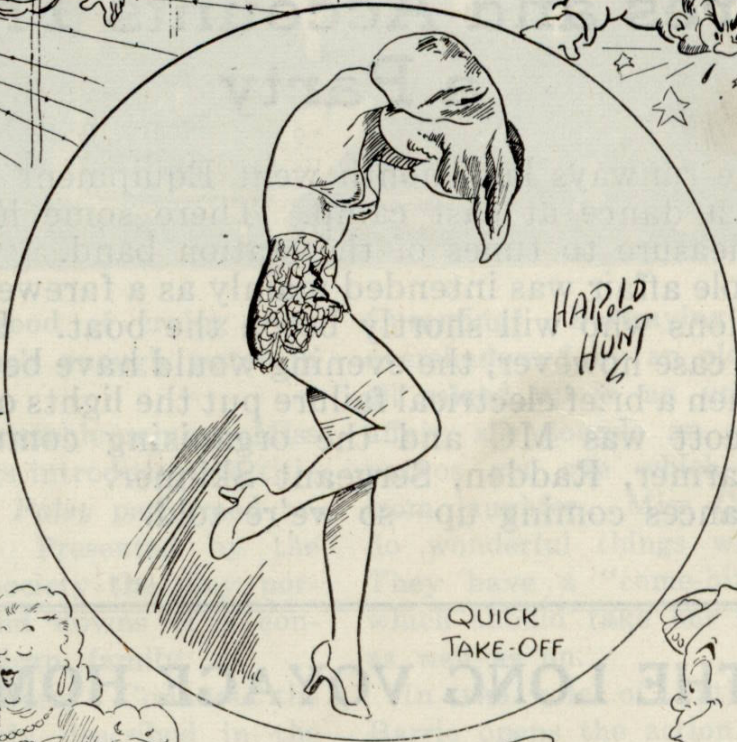
AIR-FORCE TERMS, ILLUSTRATED



TEARING OFF A STRIP



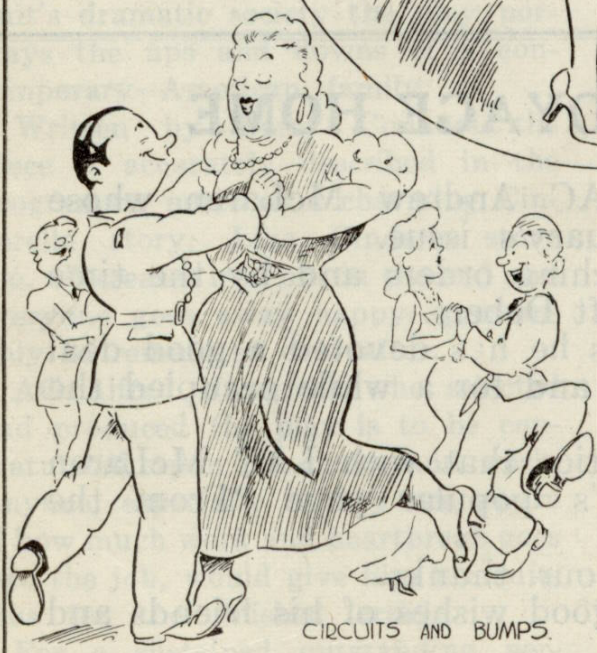
FORCED LANDING



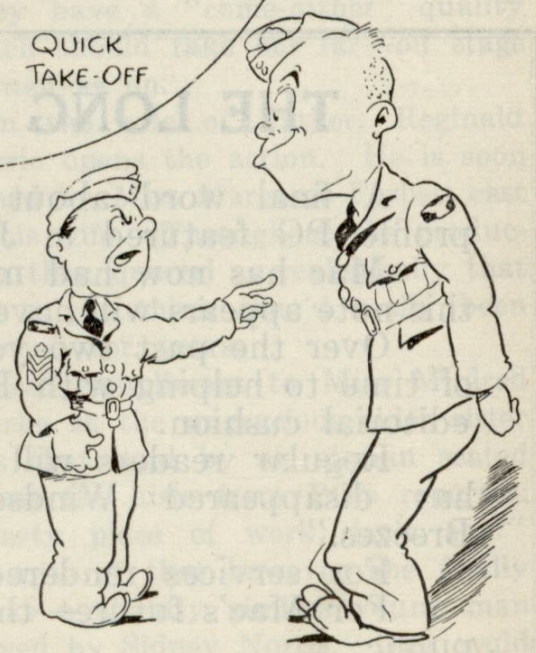
HAROLD HUNT

SHORT FLIGHT

QUICK TAKE-OFF



CIRCUITS AND BUMPS.



TRIBUTE

P. G. POINTS A MORAL

P. G.'s fame is spreading. An English newspaper received recently, which carries a special forces' page, devotes a column and a half of valuable space to singing the praises of our magazine, and reprints one of our poetic efforts as well as a Harold Hunt cartoon.

The paper is the *Co-operative News*, organ of the British co-operative movement, where one member of PG's staff, LAC Ennis, spent four years—training for his present lucrative job on PG.

Describing copies of PG they received as "a bundle of the brightest service papers yet to reach this country" the writer goes on to voice a grievance which exists among servicemen in Britain, saying that for the Service authorities at home PG points a useful moral.

There is an uncompromising ban on all Home Service periodicals which have made their appearance since August 16, 1940, says the writer.

"Yet the need and the oppor-

tunity for Service publications has steadily increased since the first year of war," he continues. "August 1940 is scarcely a logical deadline. And this ban comes at a time when newspaper publishers have received extra newsprint 'intended' to meet demands from servicemen readers.

Haphazard Handout

"Civvy Street rather than the services has benefited from that haphazard handout. For the first time in months newsagents find it possible to book new orders for civilian customers. Paper boys have thicker sheets to sell."

Providing candid and sometimes caustic comment on Debert camp routine, PG, says the writer, "might well be the journal of an exclusive Canadian country club, for the lads in Debert are fortunate in their amenities."

There's food for thought there for the grumblers

Mention is also made of the Commanding Officer's comforts scheme for lonely lighthouse-keepers and their families.

Where's George ?

Services language is fast seeping into the King's English. We pressed the "call lift" button in a block of offices the other day. The lift came down, the gates opened but there was no attendant in it. He was in his cubby hole nearby, sipping tea.

"Go ahead, mate," he said when he saw us hesitate to get into the lift. It's okey-doke. I've put it on George."

SATIRE**THE NIGHTMARE OF OPERA**

By AC A. Newgrosh

I have great pleasure in announcing that an opera has been written by a fellow airman on this unit. The opera is *Die Grosse Shossenhauser* by LAC Umbriago, N.C.A., whose knowledge of music is acknowledged by experts to be limited.

COUNT DOWNSO

The story of the opera is as follows.

The hero, Count Downso, has gone to Valkevish to seek his fortune but unfortunately the horse loses and the Count is forced to work in a night club as a clerk. Here he meets Persephone, a very ugly dish-washer, who spurns his love as she is in love with Bello, who poses as a Count but is not such a Count as he looks.

One moonlit night as Bello is serenading Persephone with a beautiful song *Ich gege nach dem Bahnhof* to which Persephone replies with an equally moving song *Nicht Tonight Ich Bin! Ein Biche Fericht*, Count Downso breaks in full of rage, hate, sorrow and wine. He challenges Bello to a duel. Thereupon they break into a rousing duet *Der shmaltz ist neu*, after which, despite the fact that Persephone hammers on her window with a sponge to make them stop, they hack away at each other

furiously with their fountain pens.

ICH BIN A NAUGHTY GIRL

Bello falls fatally wounded and Downso, with ink pouring from jhersey or native jhumper, sings *Der kleiner kind ist geffalen*, whilst Persephone, who now realises that Count Downso is the man she really loves, takes up an axe and kills him. With both her lovers at her feet she stands with one foot on each, thus raising her height a further six inches, and sings a very touching aria *Ich bin a naughty girl*. Then sinking to the ground she dies quickly of consumption so as to conform to the *Opera Writer's Manual CAP 101* which of course, maintains that all operatic sopranos should so die at the end of an opera.

WORKED HIMSELF UP

LAC Umbriago's work is not unlike the early works of Dumpkhoph, who also started with nothing and worked himself up to a state of extreme poverty. Until recently he knew nothing about music, but today his ignorance is something to marvel at.

On behalf of music lovers and myself it is hoped that LAC Umbriago's opera will receive the reception it deserves.

Bad Form:

If passing a wireless shop demonstrating a set to a customer and the National Anthem were played, an officer would not salute.
—from *Customs of the Service*, a guide to the Young Officer.



Got a Chit?

NOUNS OF MULTITUDE—(In The RAF)

A murmeration of airmen
 A cloud of corporals
 A skulk of sergeants
 A fluster of flight sergeants
 A pride of warrant officers
 A prang of pilot officers
 A farce of flying officers

A flap of flight lieutenants
 A sleuth of squadron leaders
 A watch of wing commanders
 A gaggle of group captains
 A chattering of air commodores
 A venom of air vice marshalls
 A moan of air marshalls.

FINANCE**P. Scrooge Inc.****Squadron Leader A. E. Allan-Taylor
Talks About Non-Public Funds**

"Old Marley was dead." So Dickens started his famous novel.

Well, the PSI Fund isn't dead but the seven thousand dollars in Victory Bonds of which I have heard so much are really dead—in fact non-existent.

There seems to be a belief that the PSI fund has this sum in Victory Bonds which will revert to the government in years to come; moreover that the fund is so strong it can afford to leave the amount untouched. This is incorrect.

There are lots of things PSI would like to provide for you but can't do so because it lacks funds. That being so I think it is time the whole position was explained and a few misunderstandings cleared up.

How The Money Goes

The bonds were bought to give a fillip to the Victory Loan campaign and the station a good place on the list for Eastern Air Command. However the amount did not represent surplus cash. In fact when I took over PSI at the end of November last year there was \$110 in the bank, \$7,000 in bonds, against some \$4,000 in debts and an almost similar sum in commitments—that is work ordered but not completed.

A typical instance is \$3,000 paid for the miniature rifle range, the cinema roof and provision of ladies' toilet facilities in east camp. It was necessary to sell \$6,000 worth of bonds in order to clear up liabilities. All this can be seen on the balance sheet which is included with this copy of PG.

What The Balance Sheet Means

So you see, the cash cancels out the creditors and we are virtually left with \$1,400 of debts, our property, \$747 of saleable stock and \$1,000 in bonds.

In other words the wealth of the fund at the end of last year was approximately \$3,000 plus its property valued at \$8,500.

Cinema Alterations

Against this we have to offset about \$1,000 for a rewind room in the cinema. Higher authority has decided this must be built and given us an ultimatum: build a rewind room or revert to sixteen millimeter films.

However, when this room is completed we can at least have two shows a night.

When you think of PSI as Scrooge, therefore, remember the policy is to spend the money on you while you are here, not to hoard it, although of course reasonable reserves must be maintained and quite a large amount of cash is always tied up in stocks.

A New YMCA

One more expense.

Following the recent YMCA fire, PSI purchased very attractive furniture at considerably greater cost than that which was destroyed. No effort or expense has been spared to provide a really attractive lounge. Rexine is almost unobtainable. We got it, so you are in luck.

The repaired and refurnished building should be available by the time this

appears in print. May I ask your cooperation in trying to keep up the new standard? I don't want to bind about such things as keeping boots off furniture. I can say what I want in a nutshell: treat the place as you would if it were your own and show

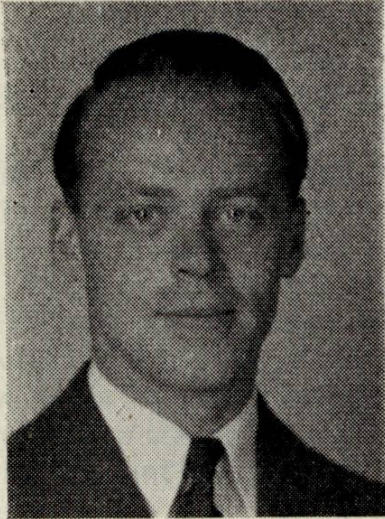
that the interest taken in your welfare has not been misplaced.

To Be Continued

Next month I shall explain PSI expenditure for the last quarter of 1943 and will give some details of proposals for a brighter wet canteen.



“Dadgummit man! Don't you know better than to salute an officer on a bicycle?”

VALEDICTION**THE PROFILE OF REG DUNN****Another Goodbye**

If one was to walk up to an airman on this camp and say: "Heard the gen? The Reverend Reginald Stewart Dunn, EA, BD, is going," he might well reply: "Who's he?"

But tell that same chap: "Reg Dunn's pushing off." His answer then would probably be: "Who—old Reg? That's a pity; we shall miss him."

That's very true you know.

* * * * *

Just over two years ago a change round of YMCA supervisors brought Reg Dunn to Debort. He came here from the Y hostel at Halifax and now, due for another move, is being transferred to an army depot back in that city.

* * * * *

Born in Nova Scotia twenty-eight years ago little Reggie Dunn was taken over the border into Massachusetts three years later. There he remained until 1933, coming back to attend Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S. Became Bachelor of Arts in '39 and Bachelor of Divinity in '41. In spite of all those bachelorhoods he married last year "the sweetest wife in the world." (Or so he told a cynical single PG reporter).

* * * * *

Two years is a long time in one place and in that period Reg Dunn has got used to us—and we to him. He has seen changes in command and personnel, shared our ups and downs and taken a big part in the welfare of the camp. He watched the work of the Y grow and become increasingly popular, and a couple of months back saw too, his canteen and office reduced to ashes. Now, his last job here, has been with reequipping and reopening that which was destroyed.

"I would like to be here for the opening," says Reg, "but I rather doubt if I will."

But whether or not he is, and whenever he goes, it will be with the good wishes of everyone on the camp with whom he has come in contact. By his work we have known him and in that respect Reg Dunn did not fall short.

GOSSIP**EAST WIND****Transformation:**

Amateur carpenters, painters and lumberjacks have been busy during the past month in a determined attempt to transfigure the interior of the old east camp movie hall. Journeying into the woods, the lads have cut down trees, stripped them of bark, and used them to give a colonial atmosphere to what will, in future, be east camp's dance hall.

Murals:

Meanwhile the men from the chipping shop have fitted in a stage to hold the band, and Bob Whitmore, PG's art editor, has put all his time into the painting of murals depicting scenes of British Columbia.

Hungry:

A terrific blizzard the other evening prevented the YMCA canteen from opening over east camp. This resulted in the rather unsavoury spectacle of sixty ravenous airmen invading the mess at half past ten at night and eating dry bread spread with mustard.

Cafeteria:

When men are reduced to this they are really hungry. Is it too much to hope that when the idea of a YMCA operated cafeteria is again mooted, east camp will be included in the scheme? At least, that is, until some enterprising persons build a row of cafes outside the east camp gate.

Kid Stuff:

It is said that, at a certain valentine party, an east camp Sergeant who drinks large quantities of milk to fit him for the vigours of basketball, was judged the best exponent of an extremely novel dance. As a reward he was presented with a full packet of breakfast cereal and an infant's milk bottle with instructions to consume the contents of both on the spot.

He made it.

Ice:

Attempts to build a skating rink on the east camp parade ground have proven a sorry failure. When a recent rainstorm was followed by a hard frost, skates could be seen on every part of the square—except the corner prepared for skating.



Maintenance Gun-Busters.

VERSE

“Airborne---Climbing”

If, in the shadow of a grave, grey dawning,
 Born as I rise on wings toward the day,
 It should be writ that this, my latest morning,
 Is the brave herald to life's closing way;
 If, by the road, one figure has to falter,
 Forfeit its all for that it held most high,
 Then, while the candle burn at death's dim altar,
 Let this, my prayer, be mingled with your sigh.

Grant me my mem'ry, swiftly! time is fleeting,
 Give me the scenes I knew to live again,
 Splendour of landscape, line of water meeting
 Sweep of the hills and verdure of the plain;
 Breath of spring's incense, flame of summer passion,
 Glow of the autumn, winter's icy blast;
 Music swiftchanging, pulse of nature's fashion,
 Royal and uplifting, lovely to the last.

Let me remember old familiar faces
 Smiling again down half forgotten years,
 Shadows of laughter, friendship's lasting graces,
 Loves launched and lost—the boy god has no peers.
 Out of the past, and bearing no rejection,
 Distance and time shall bridge this final toast:
 “God bless my friends and all their imperfection!
 Of life's good gifts I counted this the most.”

May I recall the sound of music swelling,
 Grandeur and poise athrob in each new tone,
 Or some frail lilt so intimately telling
 Of heart's content which springs from love alone?
 To art and learning, beauty truth and kindness
 Let me give tribute ere I go my way;
 True I have failed their standards in my blindness,
 But with life's human faults which mark each day.

*So, as at sunset, when the light is failing,
 And o'er all harshness shadows lay their balm,
 May my departing know no fear or quailing,
 Have naught of bitterness, be stead and calm.
 Then shall enduring end, the soul cease striving
 Till it awake on some far, unknown shore,
 Trusting, believing, strong in faith of living,
 Resting on He who passed this way before.*



*He Gave
His Skill.*

What Did
YOU Do

For
Victory
Today?



Eavesdropping at THE SERGEANTS' MESS



Sales Talk:

From a letter to the mess from the Editor of *Fortune*:

".....*Fortune's* job today.....becomes this: to bring people in key positions in business, government, the armed forces and the professions—people like yourselves—a knowledge.....of the basic facts that will help us to win this war....."

He means us.

* * * * *

Stalemate:

Only feature which spoils mess dances is the inability of the local bus company to efficiently transport our guests between Debert and Truro. Protests have been made—wit out effect. All we can do is apologise—and fume.

* * * * *

Grub:

The messing committee and chief cook are always glad to receive suggestions for changes in, or additions to, menus. If you have one, either tell a committee member or leave a note in the suggestion book by the kitchen door.

* * * * *

Whodunit?

Topic of conversation for several days was the thirsty burg'ars who robbed the mess of \$38 in liquid one night last month.

Divisional Inspector Jennings of the Back Yard was hot on the scene of the crime and in response to our query stated he had "no statement to make at present but the police are continuing investigations."

* * * * *

Joes:

Rumour says that an all male concert party might be coming to the station soon.

We imagine the Sergeants' Mess will be asked to do the entertaining.

Earwigo:

Once more we close our ranks. Gone east and going are Warrant Officers Verity, Woolley, Flight Sergeants Carter, Matthews, Sergeants Allanson, Clulee, Francis, BEM, Grindon, Owen Jones, Marks, Phillips, Sulsh, Taggart, Worsdell.

Good-day gentlemen—may swift seas bear you home.



Wanted—an excuse:

Now that the Christmas Season is officially declared closed the mess is hopefully looking forward to the fall of Rome and Saint Patrick's Day.

* * * * *

“This is to Certify”:

We are pleased to record the fact that four members received Certificates of Merit including Sam Hardy who has, since then, added a New York Medical Certificate to his collection.

* * * * *

.....or Else!

Four Squadron Leaders received letters which can hardly be classed as Certificates of Merit. It has been suggested however that their high mess bills were caused by disappointment at not receiving the latter.

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Bon Voyage:

We are sorry to announce the departure of Squadron Leader A. W. R. Perry. Fred was one of the older members of the mess as well as being very popular. His versatile social gifts made him an invaluable addition to any party.

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One Awa':

The Scottish contingent in the Mess has suffered a severe loss in the departure of Flying Officer Jock Clarke. Jock's unfailing good humour and pawky Scottish wit will be missed by all his old colleagues.

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Interlude:

We are fortunate in having, at this time, quite a number of accomplished musicians who do much to dispel the gloom and monotony of the long winter evenings at Debert.

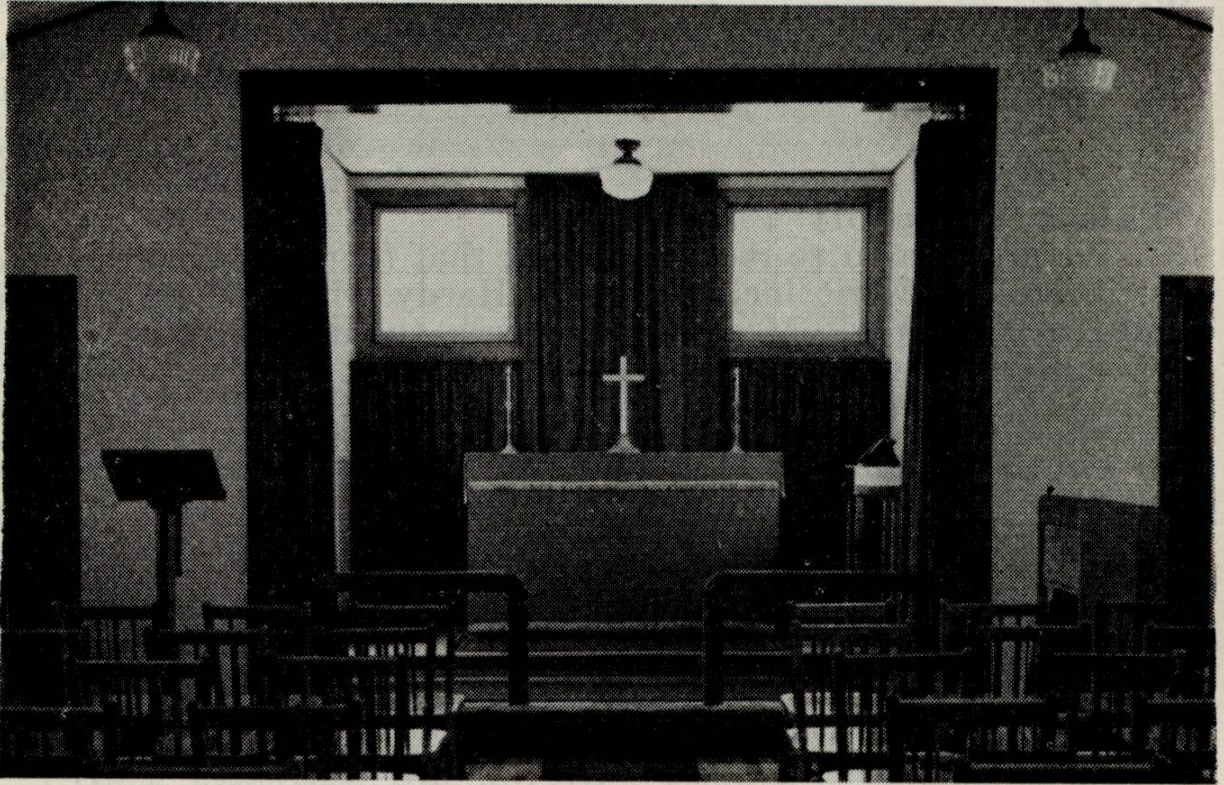
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Newton Confounded:

It is hoped that by the time we go to press next month the mystery of the identity of the ceiling walker will be known.

RELIGION**“We Do Now Dedicate”**

By George Graves



“By virtue of our sacred office in the Church, we do now dedicate and set apart from all profane and common uses, this House of God.”

In these words, spoken by Wing Commander the Reverend Rossie Brown, RAF Staff Chaplain, Debert's Station Church was dedicated in the evening of 15th February.

Earlier on and in the teeth of a gale, we had picked our way across flooded ground wondering dubiously whether there would be any congregation at all. But once inside the cosy little Church we forgot the howling wind and snow outside in our admiration of the simple beauty of the interior.

Looking around we noticed smooth polished woodwork freshly gleaming, the beautifully made furniture and soft blue curtains. These drawn revealed a simple altar with a plain wooden cross flanked by flowers. They were daffodils and brought a breath of English springtime into this tiny Church set in the bleak Canadian countryside.

Yes, we all agreed as we turned our attention to the special form of service, our new church was really lovely.

Most of us found the experience of attending a dedication service a novel, and certainly a very impressive, one. We quite enjoyed the unusual service and as it concluded, realised that here at last was our own church, set apart from the more mundane things of camp life. Here one could come for those quiet moments which all need, for a while forget responsibilities, and return to work refreshed.

Many airmen have laboured long and lovingly upon the church and others have contributed to its cost. Some who had a part in its creation have moved on elsewhere. But all, wherever they may be, can remain assured they have produced a thing of freshness and beauty which will live in the mind of everyone who worships there.

NEWS

More Griff On Medals And Service Stripes

Since last month's article on this subject, a new Air Ministry Order, A.54/1944 has come to hand. This amplifies A.755 of last year to which we referred in February's FG.

1939-44 Star

The order states that issues of the 1939-43 Star ribbon and clasp may now be made to non air-crew personnel who qualify under the terms of the previous order.

Listed are the army operational commands, (France, Norway, Belgium, Iraq, etc.) in which service is a qualification. This list is too long to reproduce but anyone with a query should himself refer to AMO A 54.

Service in Russia and afloat are now added to the original scope of the decoration.

Wound Stripes and Chevrons

Another order, A. 56, deals with wound stripes and chevrons all of which are now authorised to be worn in Great Britain.

So far as the latter are concerned it should be noted the RAF scheme is not identical to that of the RCAF and issue of a white chevron to denote the first year of hostilities is confined to Canadian personnel.

Service in the Home Guard, National Fire Service, NAAFI, Police and certain (though not all) Civil Defence branches will be added to air force service in working out entitlement to chevrons.

Wait For It

It is made clear that the authority for wearing of chevrons is a Commanding Officer. Personnel may not display them on their own initiative but an entry must first be made in an airman's paybook.

Also to be remembered is the fact that this procedure has only recently come into effect in Great Britain and some months may elapse before the scheme becomes applicable to RAF bodies in Canada.

ACHIEVEMENT**THE PRICE OF FAME**

For achievement of the month PG tips its editorial cap, field service, to Flight Sergeant John Frederick William Price whom February saw remustered to the tip-top trade of Fitter I. He thus becomes Debert's one and only member to hold this qualification which entails a thorough knowledge of airframes, aero engines, mechanical transport, the allied trades of machinist, coppersmith, tinsmith, welder.

Chiefy Price, who is twenty-six years of age, joined the service in 1934. He trained at Halton and graduated fifth in his class with the grade of LAC Fitter II. March '39 saw him promoted Corporal and a year later came the rank of Sergeant. Crowns went up in May '43.

In September last year Jack Price sat a trade test board for remustering to the higher category and created a record by being the first airman in Canada to do so successfully.

Has spent nearly two years overseas and adds: "any day now."

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES

Now and then someone says: "Why wasn't this or that in last month's issue?"

The reason?

Somebody knew but they didn't tell PG.

This magazine is the local newspaper of Debert. As such, a member of its staff is always available to cover whatever's going on.

If your section's having a dance, dinner or what have you, send an invitation to PG. We'll be there to collect the gen (not to mention the fact

that we like an evening out now and then). If it's a suitable subject we can arrange for a photograph too.

Another thing.

Births and marriages go on around this camp. We want to hear about those as well.

If you or your oppo are about to figure in such an event, then get on the blower to extension 38 or 46 and ask for PG. All we want is the tip; we'll hunt out the details ourselves.

Don't forget, wil you?

DIGEST

SNIPPED FROM THE R. A. F. JOURNAL

PLASTIC BUTTONS

For economy reasons, RAF buttons for airmen's and airwomen's uniform, cap badges and flight sergeants' crowns are now produced in plastic material. Buttons and cap badges are black in colour and flight sergeants' crowns are copper coloured.

At present plastic buttons are not approved for wear on officers' blue uniform (service dress).

FOR THE SCOTTISH

Little advantage is being taken of the facilities offered by the Queen Victoria School Dunblane, Perthshire, to the sons of Scottish airmen and of officers who have served in warrant or non-commissioned rank.

Boys may be registered at this school at the age of seven years, but they will not be eligible for admission until they are nine years of age. They will receive free education, clothing and board until they leave at the age of fifteen when a choice of certain careers will be open to them.

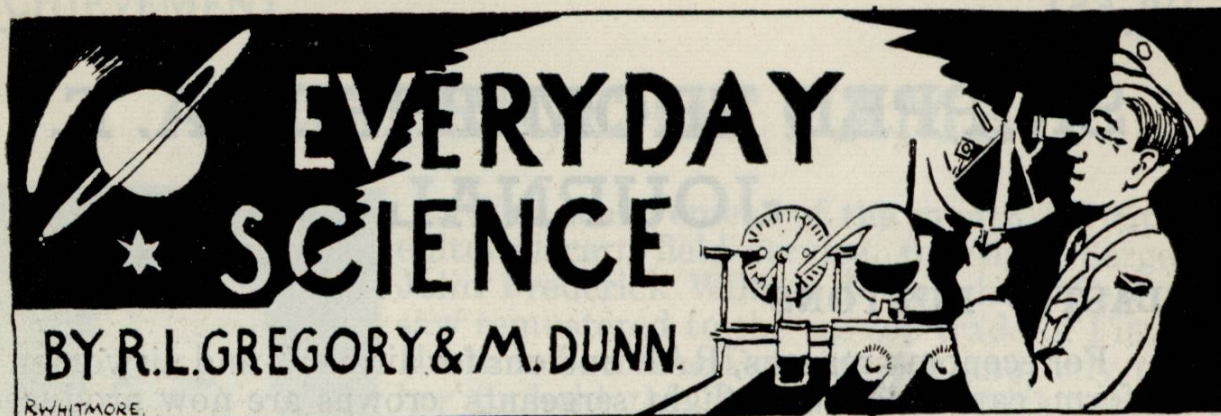
Further particulars regarding applications and the conditions of eligibility are contained in Air Ministry Order A.1053/43.

—AND THE IRISH

The Shamrock Club for Irish men and women in HM forces has recently been opened. Membership, free of charge, is available to all airmen of Irish extraction in the Allied Forces. The club offers good meals at a reasonable price and has comfortable lounges and a games room. Also, for men only, a number of beds. Entertainments, including Cieldh dancing and pipers, are arranged for members. The address of the club is 28 Hertford Street, London, W.1.

FOR WAAF WIVES

WAAF personnel married to members of the Services are to be granted leave up to a maximum of fourteen days when the husband is on leave following Service overseas or on genuine embarkation leave. If the airwoman's entitlement of privilege leave has been exhausted, compassionate leave not exceeding fourteen days may be granted. This is subject to the exigencies of the Service, but leave is not to be withheld unless absolutely necessary.



DYES

Colour has always fascinated man. In ancient times he would daub himself with woad to frighten the enemy. Today he uses it to render himself invisible by means of camouflage.

All coloured liquids do not act as dyestuff. There must be a direct affinity for the dye and the material. Many dyestuffs, whilst being excellent dyes for silk and wool have no affinity for cotton.

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The first coal-tar dyestuff **Maveine** was discovered by Perkin in England in 1856. This was quickly followed by other colours derived from aniline, a derivative of coal-tar and thus we had the **Aniline Dyes**.

There are a considerable number of dyestuffs in use. Many more were patented but discarded either due to the fact that cheaper and better products could be manufactured or that they were not "fast" enough.

Chemists are constantly researching to add to the list always aiming at faster dyestuffs.

* * *

"Fastness" of the dye is of considerable importance. By this term is meant the resistance of the dyestuff to light, washing, rubbing, perspiration and so on. In all probability no dye would stand every fastness test.

For instance, a dye for shirtings would have to be fast to washing, light being of secondary importance. For furniture covers, or curtains, light is the primary factor and fastness to washing not so important.

Various tests are carried out on the dyed material to determine the degree of fastness, and modern dyestuffs are divided into several groups dependent upon the type of work for which they are intended. These groups have different methods of application to the fibre and also vary in degree of fastness.

The chemistry of dyestuffs is very important nowadays due to the fact that it is akin to the chemistry of explosives. Picric acid, at one time used as a yellow dye and even used for colouring butter, is a deadly explosive on its own.

M. D.

SPORT

A Few Figures From Accounts



Here they are then.

Meet the Borden Ball champs of '43.

From ledger to legend has risen this team which vanquished all comers and brought home the bacon—and a league cup—to Accounts Section.

See that chap with the old school scarf? He's LAC Potter, goal-keeper. Played a sound game throughout the season and let only seven goals nip past.

Going along the line we have the forwards—LAC Scarr with the ball, LAC Brady, who was Captain, nursing the cup and the good looking one is Flight Lieutenant Murison. Up the back and second left is LAC Coates, another forward. All four—very fast, very accurate.

In the back line—of the game and the photo—LAC Lavalley, LAC Clements, jump one to tall dark and polo-sweatered Flight Sergeant Farmer.

Good show Accounts.

FICTION FEATURE**Turn Again Cavanagh**

By John Ennis

ONE mile before it reaches the few straggling shacks that mark the beginning of the town of Meltonville, the road narrows suddenly. From a highway that can hold three large trucks, travelling abreast, with comfort, it bottlenecks into a straight stretch five hundred yards long, and all along this distance it is impossible for two cars to pass. In the unlikely event of two cars travelling in opposite directions along that stretch of road at the same time, one must give way and back up to where the road widens so that the other may pass. If you were to go to Meltonville and ask why the road was never widened you would not receive a satisfactory answer. Most people would never have given the matter a thought, while those who had thought of it would shake their heads and murmur something about rates being high enough as it is without fooling around with a road which had served them quite nicely, thank you, for as long as they could remember.

That would have been the answer if you had asked about the road before the night of the jam. Perhaps things will be different now. And then, knowing Meltonville as I do, I think perhaps it will be just the same. But let me tell you what happened and then you will be able to judge for yourself.

* * *

In Meltonville there lived two elderly men who liked to think they had a reason for disliking each other. They were both a little vague as to how their feud arose, but that a feud existed between them neither would deny. Each had a small-holding near the town, and to reach their little farms from the town they had to use the narrow stretch of road.

This had brought about no complications until Old Tom Cavanagh bought a car. He gave out that he was tired walking a mile and a half twice a day, and that in future he intended to drive to his work.

Making some excuse, old George Ford immediately bought a jalopy too. That was the way the feud worked, in little petty things. What one had the other must have. If Tom grew potatoes, George must grow more and bigger potatoes. When George bought a cow, Tom nearly broke himself to buy three cows. So that when Tom appeared in his car George's legs suddenly grew very tired, and a few days later he too was driving, slowly but proudly, in and out of Meltonville.

* * *

The fated day was sure to arrive, and arrive it did, on the day of the Bee-Keepers' Convention. Meltonville had been granted the honour of receiving the convention for that year, and the town's population was temporarily swollen by the delegates who were meeting in the Town Hall.

Now George was a keen bee-keeper, and he had taken the afternoon from work to attend the afternoon meeting of the Convention. Just before it ended he dashed out to his car and set off along the road towards his farm. He had left some tools out there which he wanted to bring into town. In the ordinary way he would have left them until the morning, but as he had the car he decided to pick them up right away.

His car rolled slowly out of the town on to the highway. He turned to the left, then to the right, came to the narrow stretch of road, and began to drive along it. Suddenly he stared ahead and, frowning, applied his brakes. There was another car approaching him from the opposite direction. He knew the car too. It was Tom's

Tom must have noticed something too, for he slowly began to pull up, and the two cars ended with their noses almost touching.

"Well," said George, "What about it?"

"What about what?" answered Tom, somewhat unsatisfactorily.

"You know what," said George, adding, in case Tom didn't know what, "What about going back to the wide part of the road so's I can pass?"

"There's a wide part of the road behind you too, ain't there? Go back yourself."

George looked a little scared.

"I ain't movin' " he declared.

"I ain't movin' neither" said Tom, with an air of finality.

And that was that. Neither moved. Each settled back with a false attitude of comfort, and each wore an expression which said "I can wait here as long as you can."

* * *

Time passed, but such was the determination of the two old men, that they sat stolidly in their respective driving seats and pretended to be indifferent. George took out a two months old copy of the "Bee Keepers' Chronicle and Gazette" and began to read it through for the second time with an apparently absorbing interest, and Tom showed a keen desire for surveying the countryside he had known for over fifty years. He shut off his still running engine, and the only sound to be heard was the rustle of the wind in the leaves of the maple trees which swept away to the horizon on either side of the road.

But that sort of thing cannot go on indefinitely. Each realised that something would eventually settle the matter, but while each did nothing there was still a chance that he might come through the encounter preserving his dignity. So they waited.

For over an hour they waited. The sun began to dip behind the distant hills. Then three cars came along, from out of the town, and pulled up behind George. The Bee-Keepers were returning to their bees.

For a time, as people will, they sat and waited for something to happen. But as nothing happened they began, again as people will, to try to force the issue. They left their cars. They walked up to the two old men, and began to suggest that one or the other decide to move. Not receiving a satisfactory answer from either, they began to raise their voices. Soon most of them were shouting, and as neither George nor Tom uttered a single word the whole time, and it is no use shouting at a man who will not shout back, they began to shout at one another. As more Bee-Keepers drove up and came to a stop behind the growing line of cars, the shouting became louder, and one or two fights broke out.

* * *

There is something about policemen that is rather uncanny. Whenever anything in the nature of a disturbance occurs, providing it lasts long enough, there always appears a policeman on the scene sooner or later. How they learn of the trouble is something of a mystery, but they do eventually appear. And in this case there was no exception to the rule.

Bill Howland had not been the sole guardian of law and order in Meltonville for thirty-four years without learning something of the state of war that existed between George Ford and Tom Cavanagh. In fact he was often heard to declare that his job would have been much simpler had it not been for the feud. So that when he arrived on the scene and recognised the cause of the hold-up, he heaved a sigh of resignation, and sat down on a nearby running board. He was trying to look as if he were thinking out a solution to the problem, but actually he was beaten, and he knew it. He had tried to settle this kind of difference before, without any success whatever.

* * *

By this time the sun had disappeared, and the only illumination came from the headlights of a stream of cars, lorries and bicycles that had lined up behind George Ford's car. The situation was desperate.

Bill Howland found himself in a minority of one when it came to discussing the matter with the irate car drivers. It was all very well for them to tell him to make Tom Cavanagh reverse until he came to the wider part of the road behind him. But they didn't know Tom as he did. And anyway, his wife would never let him hear the end of the matter if he crossed old Cavanagh just now, right after she had finally come to a profitable agreement with him about her household egg supply.

There must be some other solution, he thought. And with that flash of genius that comes to each man at least once in his life-time, an idea unfolded itself to him—an idea that was beautiful in its very simplicity. Everyone, including the two old men, must leave their cars and return to the town. They must stay overnight, and in the meantime he would have the two offending vehicles moved, leaving the road clear for all to get away the following morning.

Of course many hard words were passed at this decision, but as nobody in the crowd had any dealings with his wife over the food supply, Bill Howland was able to exert his authority, and in a very short time a straggling crowd of disgruntled apiarists could be seen wending their way towards Meltonville, followed by the two old men and the policeman.

* * *

Fat, red-faced, cheery Sam Arkwright beamed round at the customers in the public bar of his rambling hotel, the Black Swan. For the first time during the twenty years he had owned the place, the Black Swan was filled to capacity. Twenty minutes after the arrival of the first bee-keeper he had had to begin turning prospective guests away. No wonder he was happy as he polished glasses and supervised the efficient serving of drinks.

His gaze wandered towards the door. It opened, and in walked the two people most responsible for his happiness—George Ford and Tom Cavanagh.

He was benevolent, and his feeling of goodwill had to be shared. He called the antagonists over to the bar.

"Gents," he said, "I insist on you accepting my 'ospitality. It's free beer for you both, no less. In other words gents, wot'll y'ave?"

The expressions of the two old men softened. The dark glares faded from their eyes. Who could resist such beneficence? Two voices murmured as one,

"Make mine a pint."

Perhaps their first pints did nothing to ease the strain between George and Tom, but after the second a definite softening was apparent in their relationship

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BATTLE

IN AT THE KILL

A ringside seat to the sinking of the *Scharnhorst* was afforded John Cholmondeley, of Thorburn, near New Glasgow, according to a letter received recently by his parents. He is the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cholmondeley, both of whom are well known to many old-timers at Debert.

Less than a year after joining the Royal Canadian Navy, John Cholmondeley was attached to the Royal Navy. He was serving on HMS *Sheffield* when they sighted the big German ship in north Norwegian waters where she was lurking with others of the German fleet to escape British bombers and to harry the convoys to Russia.

He noticed that while it was the HMS *Duke of York* which finally sank the *Scharnhorst*, his ship was the first to sight her, and first to open fire and score a hit.

Since he left Canada in November he has been in Iceland and Russia.

Known as the Canadian mother and father of hundreds of airmen who have been stationed at Debert, Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley used to run the old Services Hut in New Glasgow. A letter appeared from them in our Christmas issue.

When the old service hut was replaced by the present building Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley moved out to Thorburn, where they now live. Mr. Cholmondeley has an amazing fund of energy, and is always to the fore in public work. In Thorburn, where he is affectionately known to everybody as Uncle Dick, he is the Co-operative Society's manager, Credit Union representative, truant officer, runs the films at the local movie hall, and has his own printing press on which he prints the two local school magazines.

Both he and his wife hail originally from the Old Country and nothing delights them more than to have an English airman as a visitor.

 TURN AGAIN CAVANAGH

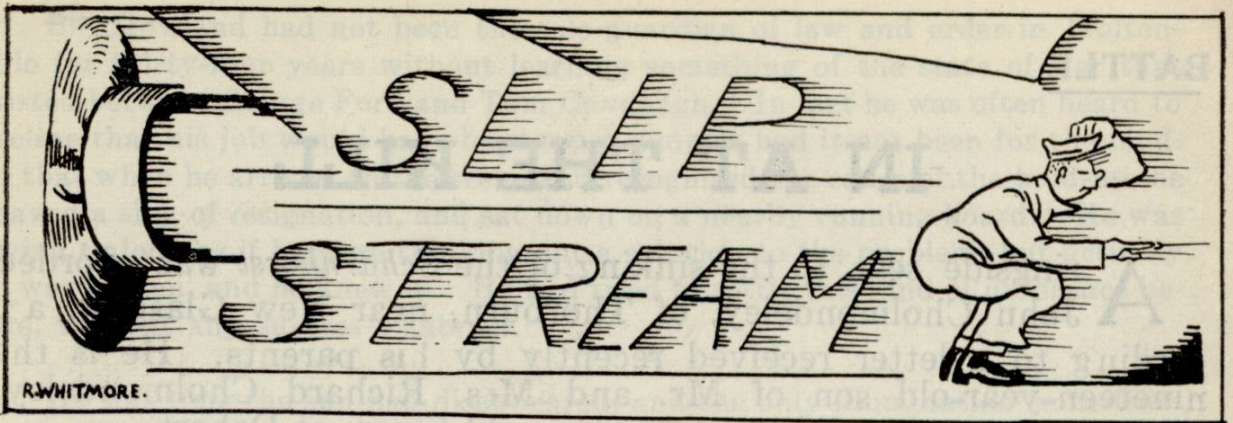
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to one another. As closing time approached their feud was forgotten. They were like old friends.

"Y'know Tom," chuckled George Ford, "I never did learn to reverse my car properly anyway."

George looked at him in surprise.

"Reverse?" he exclaimed. "Why . . . will they go backwards?"



Does the technical Flight Lieutenant who rides round his office on a bicycle have any idea of joining up with Bertram Mills after the war?

Here's a question not to ask a **very** senior member of the Sergeants' mess. Is there any rule against drinking water out of a tankard?

It appears there aren't enough Parkas to go around the mechanics in flights, because some still have to shiver.

Doesn't seem to be any shortage in another quarter though.

Someone who uses the library a lot has asked us whether new books are chosen by a representative committee of airmen. And if not, wouldn't it be a good deal better if they were?

There are many who wonder whether number two squadron really has to run up an aircraft with its tail pointing right across a road junction.

We saw someone fairly high up in training wing timed on beer drinking not long ago. Official count: half pint—four seconds.

Best bit of gen though, is about the chap who went calling on his girl friend with a snow plough.

We understand he's sent her a postcard to say he'll be back in fourteen days.

We hear that one section met its Waterloo over East Camp last month.

Can it be true that some ends are not best achieved by raising a demand?

This New York complex! PG knows someone who's trying to get a 1939-43 star ribbon in time for his leave.

Word has gone round the control tower that our Met section forecasts a hot dry summer. Lots of people are buying raincoats.

Some sweating in armament circles lately we hear—and not on promotions either.

Did you hear about the Flight Sergeant air cadet who came to this camp in the summer and liked it? So much in fact that he decided to get back and was around for a week before the Station Warrant Officer heard about it.

And talking of Warrant Officers, has one joined the Dramatic Society; or can't he afford the 'bus fare to Truro?