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OPINION

OLD GUARD

On his way to the United Kingdom is Group Captain J. H. Woodin. With him has gone the good will of most members of this unit, from whom he has commanded popularity and respect.

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NEW GUARD

On page three will be found a message from Group Captain L. V. Howard, DFC, the present Commanding Officer. PG commends it to your attention.

* * * *

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

The new YMCA canteen would be a credit to any camp or club.

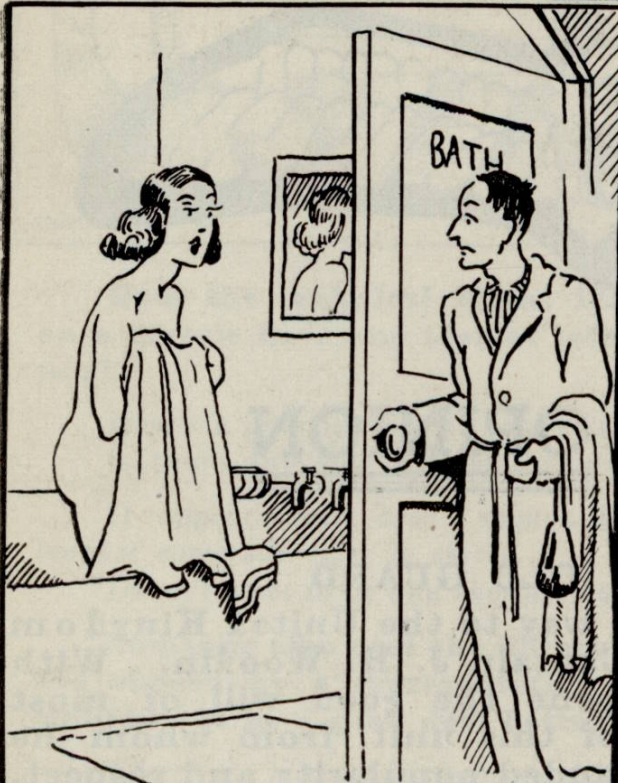
Junior ranks are in considerable debt to the efficiency and despatch of the station's administrative staff.

* * * *

ENTERPRISE

Since last month's report of a play, "The Patsy," appeared in PG, the Station Dramatic Society has taken it on tour and made a not inconsiderable sum of money for PSI funds. Most of this will directly benefit our own airmen and those responsible are to be highly commended.

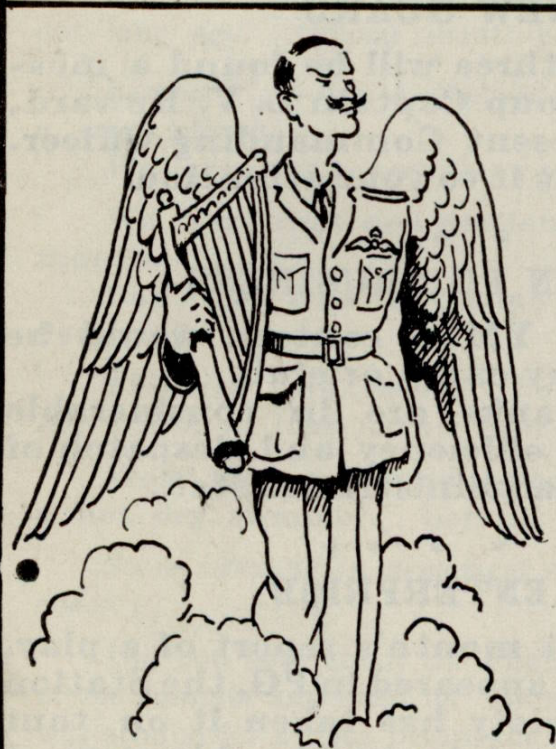
SERVICE TERMS, ILLUSTRATED



COVERING-UP-TACTICS

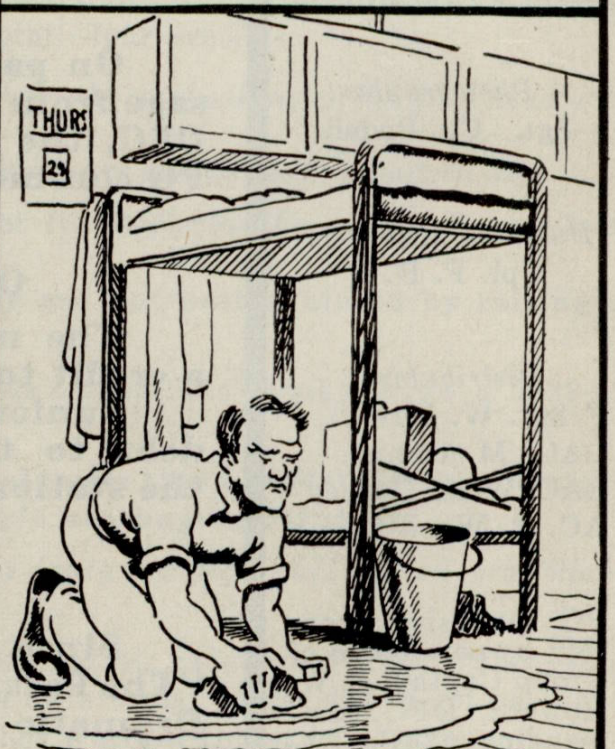


WEATHER-COCK-STABILITY



FULLY-FEATHERED

RWhitmore 44.



MOPPING-UP-OPERATIONS

INTRODUCTORY

From The Commanding Officer To You

On taking command of RAF Station, Debert, I feel that I would like to say a few words to all personnel, and the best means seems to be through the medium of PG.

I spoke to many Canadians on the boat coming over and, without exception, whenever I mentioned Debert, Nova Scotia, a pained expression would creep over their faces and the only good word they had for this place was that it was nice in summer.

First Impressions

I have been here two weeks only and have not experienced the winter, but my first impression is definitely good. I feel sure all RAF personnel will agree with me that for comfort and welfare facilities Debert is far ahead of our own dispersal stations in Britain.

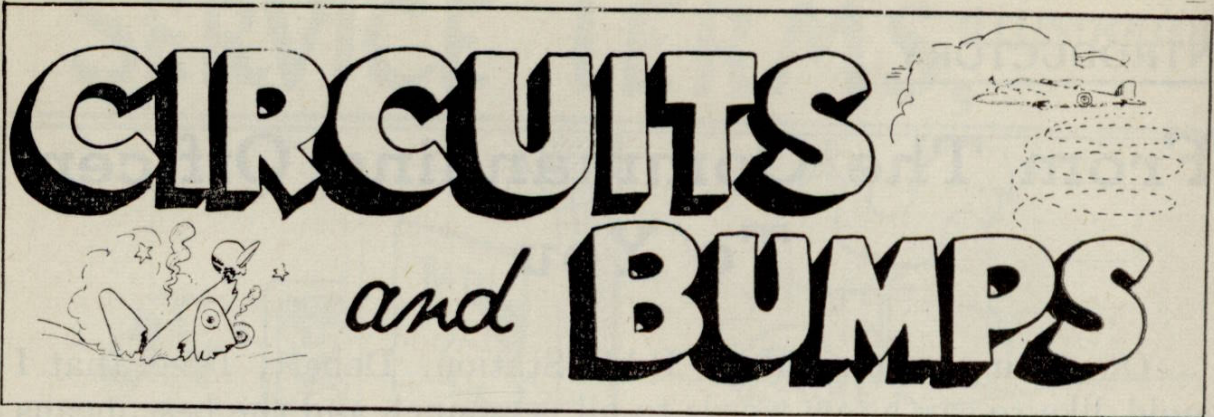
I have always thought that a station magazine would be an excellent idea and am very glad to see one in existence here. There is no doubt that PG is a very good example of this type of magazine and I must congratulate its staff on the excellent job they have made.

A Look Ahead

An idea upon which I propose to get going is to have suggestion boxes positioned at central points around the camp. Personnel may thus make suggestions of any sort to improve training, maintenance, or recreational facilities, etcetera. This should not only improve the generally efficiency and comfort of the station but will give the most junior AC2 the chance of helping to run the station. You will be hearing more about this idea soon.

In the two weeks that I have been here I have formed the impression that this is a "happy" station and with your assistance and co-operation I shall do my best to keep it that way.

L. V. HOWARD, Group Captain.



CIRCUITS *and* BUMPS

... tolerance ...

To a person interested in maintenance of a good neighbour policy between Great Britain and USA, a visit to our camp cinema might be depressing. He would find, for instance, that anything in the nature of national propaganda in films created by the latter nation is greeted with what Hansard calls "ironic cheers." Moreover if unfamiliar with the RAF or British character he might go away believing that there was an item of international friction and the possibility of post war collaboration between our two peoples so much further away.

We ourselves, knowing the peculiarities of our race, would draw no such resounding conclusion. Tempering ridicule with wisdom we might sensibly realise that each country has a right to its own forms of national expression. Indeed a second thought could convince us that such a freedom can be numbered among the United Nations' war aims.

Nevertheless the voice of a noisy few in Debert as elsewhere is apt to be construed as the opinion of a majority. Such incidents are talked about outside camp and though trivial in themselves, multiplied, might well hamper the cause of allied unity when the war is over.

At this stage in history it is essential that every nation should examine the peculiarities of its neighbour. Some of the latter's ideas may be regarded by each as unsound or affected; contrasts may even be jested upon good naturedly and change and benefit result. In the case of Britain and USA leading journals in both countries have begun to feature character comparisons—not always complimentary to themselves. Such writings are welcome and will do much toward goodwill.

But to decry thoughtlessly the manner in which another exercises his own patriotism, as often we do here, is a step along that road of blind intolerance which has led to disaster so often before.

And besides, someone else may want to see the film.

* * * * *

... de-gen ...

A week or two back a friend of ours went on temporary duty to a personnel depot everyone knows but the name of which we had better not mention. His job was to collect a draft of airmen posted to Debert.

Looking for his charges he accosted a group in the drill hall and asked:
"Are you for Debert?"

Like a flash came back the answer.

"Not likely; we're for de-boat."

. . . tobacco road . . .

A rumble of dissatisfaction has reached PG with reference to the delivery of cigarettes which are sent from the United Kingdom under a duty free agreement. Until recently these were delivered direct to camp. Now the recipients receive a small card telling them to visit the Customs and Excise office in Truro, where they can claim the parcel.

If our camp were nearer to town and the journey less expensive or irksome, this might be an excellent scheme. It could well eliminate losses which have hitherto been all too frequent. As it is however, the arrangement is extremely inconvenient.

PG wonders whether the existing process could be varied to make allowance for local conditions. A distribution system similar to that in force with registered mail would be an admirable solution.

* * * * *

. . . wriggley . . .

In the Synthetic Cinema there is a total of one hundred and twenty eight seats.

Of these, seventy-five have a deposit of chewing gum upon the underside.

To a mathematician these figures might prove something, A philosopher perhaps could write a treatise, or doctors discuss the effect of chewing upon the face of mankind.

We, being none of these, merely wish that someone would invent a gum-tray, along the lines of an ash-tray. If that were done life in these parts would be a good deal safer—and less sticky.

Oh, by the way, we forgot to mention that one of the seventy-five seats had a deposit on top as well as underneath.

We sat on it.

* * * * *

. . . jackpot . . .

From a Truro resident who shall remain anonymous our station adjutant recently received this letter:

Dear Sir,

I got the number from a plane flying over Elmsdale on Wednesday 22nd March. It was a yellow twin bomber bearing the number.....I understand there is a prize for this.

Yours truly,

Give the gentleman a coconut George.

* * * * *

. . . pull . . .

This isn't true, of course.

Two Wing Commanders and a Flying Officer were discussing nouns of multitude as applied to the RAF. They were trying to think of one which could describe a number of Wing Commanders.

Several were talked around without unanimity until the Flying Officer rang the bell.

His suggestion: A Flush of WC's.

SOCIAL**EAST SIDE'S NEW NITE-SPOT**

FOR some months it had been intended to do something about the drab unused east camp mess hall but the changes at first amounted to very little. True, a ladies' powder room was built, but Christmas came, and the scheme seemed to end there.

Then, at the beginning of February, Sergeant Jack Tennant submitted a rough plan of the proposed alterations to the east camp entertainments committee. The plan looked good. Amended by the committee it looked terrific.

Shortly afterwards work commenced on the transformation. Volunteers sallied out into the nearby woods, cut down straight young slender trees, carted them into the hall, and stripped them of their bark. They were then cut into lengths and erected at each end of the hall to form rustic rails, intended to bound the cafe at one end and the lounge at the other.

Carpenters could be heard sawing and hammering until the early hours of any morning as they erected the quarter circle of stage for the band, neatly tucked into a convenient corner and giving an artistic as well as symmetrical appearance to the place.

LAC Bob Whitmore, PG's art editor and ex-art teacher took on the huge job of covering three of the walls with murals. Choosing British Columbian scenes, he delighted and amazed everyone with the result. Meanwhile the rest of the building was painted a cool green shade by other volunteers.

Five minutes before the opening dance was due to start, the lads were still hard at work putting in the finishing touches. When the first girls walked into the room everything was perfect.

The soft tones of the Nutcracker Suite floated down from an amplifier concealed away up in the ceiling. The freshly sanded and polished dance floor reflected the orange glow of the home made lamp-shades.

Performing the official opening ceremony, Group Captain Woodin said it was without doubt the finest dance hall he had ever seen at any air force station.

"These dance halls are not acquired easily," he added. "It means an enormous amount of work for a lot of people. I am told that one or two have spent their seven days annual leave working on the hall. I can quite believe that, and I think you will agree the result is magnificent.

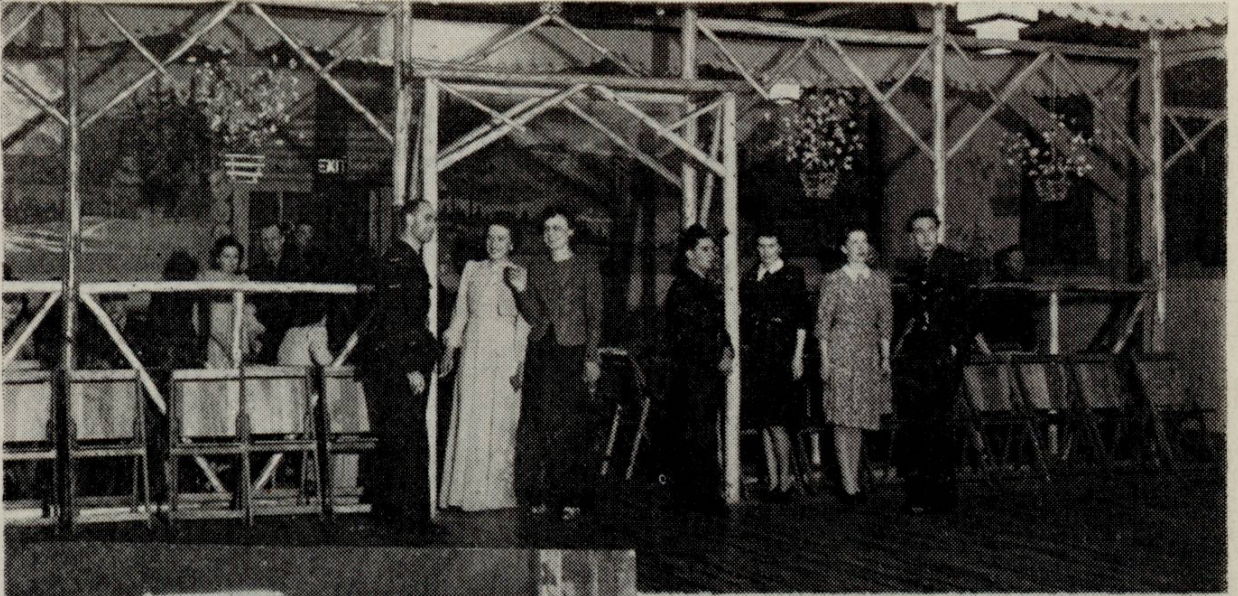
"In my time I have been in night clubs in London and Montreal, but I have not seen anything to compare with the east camp dance hall.

"We must think of something original to call it." He half suggested the "Blue Lagoon," but then thought that it would not be good enough.

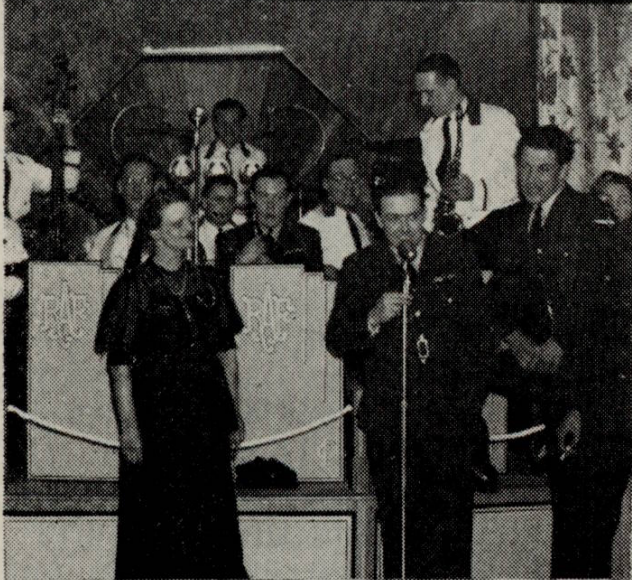
The Commanding Officer referred to LAC Whitmore's paintings as magnificent.

Among those who worked on the hall were Sergeants Tennant, Evans; Corporals Nichol, Swift, Isaacs, Dunn, Holmes, Whitmore, Bayes, Ritchies, Small; LAC's Wynn, Shepard, Dunn, Pritchard, Whawell, Elliott, Funges Reid, McGee, Ward, Baker; AC's, Bradley, Samuels, Jackson, Voyle.

The dance, MC'd by Sgt. Ron Evans and LAC Mickey Dunn was a huge success, and everyone looks forward eagerly to the next. Meanwhile the hall is open to airmen for use as a lounge and reading and writing room.



Above: The first guests arrive.



Left: Group Captain Woodin speaks.

Below: The lads who did the job pose with the Group Captain for P. G.



Below: The lads who did the job pose with the Group Captain for P. G.

PALMISTRY**LIFE LINE**

By LAC Del Fairfield

DEFINITELY, I do not believe in Fortune-tellers. Emphatically! They are just so much hot air! But I still wish I hadn't seen that one in London 'cos it makes a guy sort of uneasy.

You see, it's like this; a month ago I'm on leave in Smoke and one day I'm walking down Oxford Street when I see one of these penny arcades. You know the kind I mean—full of pin-tables and those jobs that give you the inside gen on what the butler saw. OK! I dig down deep and caress a handful of dough which is nearly all pennies anyway, so I breeze in on the off-chance of winning a few fags which they hand out instead of free games—if you get any free games.

What the future holds

Well, I don't win, and I'm just taking a final squint at "Harem Follies" when a voice behind me asks if I'd like to hear what the future holds for me. I turn round suddenly and all I see is legs—bee-youtiful legs! Yes, sir, this is one of those few dames that really can look good in the kind of short skirt she is wearing. So I say Huh? She repeats her original question and then she turns round and waltzes into her little cubicle with me, hypnotized by now, tugging along behind.

Girl in Civvies

She gets a table in between us, organises us some chairs and then she grabs my hand. She stares at it for about a minute like it was the first hand she'd ever seen, or, at least, the most interesting, and then she starts talking. She tells me I've got lots of will-power, I'm forceful, that I have the courage of my own convictions, that nobody can influence my decisions, that she can see a girl in civvies and a girl in uniform, that true love will conquer and I shall marry the civvy and sever all my connections with the girl in uniform. Then, after the parting remark that I shall travel south in the near future, she stands up and holds out her hand, so I slip her a half-crown and mosey out.

Married

That night, I see Alice and she's got something on her mind 'cos several times she acts like she's gonna tell me something and then she stops. I get cheesed with this and I ask her what's biting her and she says Bill, lets get married, Eh? Shall we? This puts me in a spot 'cos I've been promising her we'd get married for months, so I say Yeah, sure. That does it, that really does it! She leaps at me and says Bill, you darling, I just knew you'd say that, so

I got a Serviceman's marriage licence and we can get married tomorrow and we'll still have a week of your leave to go. What can I say? I've just had it and that's all there is to it so I just grin while she sits and ignores me, planning away happily.

Run Around

The next afternoon we get hitched and for the next week I've got a wife on my hands. Remember what that fortune teller said? She said I'd marry the civvy and forget the uniformed gal. This, I think, is where she fools, but she is right again as my little Waaf works in Pay Accounts and, of course, she sees my application for a Marriage allowance and tells me precisely what she thinks of guys who give her the run around. Point No. 2 for the fortune teller but I guess that was luck.

A few days later the F/Sgt.

Discip. informs me that he considers my hair unduly long and that he thinks I should have it cut. Which sentiments he expresses in no uncertain terms. I'm still walking around in a daze and it appears I tell him to take a running kick at himself. Naturally he gets awfully bitter about this and in the next few minutes, some how, I slug him.

Going South

This is too much for the Chiefie and that is why I am residing in the Guard Room, under close arrest, writing this. No Sir! I don't let people's advice change my mind, oh no! The fortune teller wins round No. 3, but I've got her beat now. She said I was going South and as far as I can see, I'm going to the glass-house. Hm'm, I wonder where the nearest one is.....? —oh! my Gosh! She's right! Yeah, I'm going South.

SOUVENIR

The lipstick he felt in his pocket,
 Was Fern's—and he threw it away.
 Anne's stocking he found, and it followed;
 And so did the hairpins from May.
 Nell's garter came out of his suitcase
 And from the train window was tossed;
 While Mabel's brassiere and step-ins
 Were dropped in the river they crossed.
 The vanity case was of silver;
 He wrapped and addressed it to Grace,
 Then cast in the aisle beside him
 Pearl's handkerchief bordered with lace.
 He wasn't destroying mementos
 He had valued for half of his life;
 But he was an air force officer—
 And going back home to his wife.

—George.

VERSE**The Laws of the Air Force**

In sorting some old papers in PG's office we have discovered a number of contributions which have never appeared in print. Among these is a poem written after the style of Rudyard Kipling and dated October, '42. We consider this of so outstanding a character that it is reproduced at once.

Unfortunately there is no indication as to authorship but if the writer should still be at Debert we hope he will forgive the tardy appearance of his verses— and send us some more.

Now these are the laws of the Air Force descended from Barrack
and ship
And he that is wise will observe them, lest his foot on the ladder
may slip.
As naught must outclimb us in fighting, even so with the law and
its span,
For the strength of the man is the Service, and the strength of the
Service, the man.
Take heed what ye say of your Rulers, be your words spoken
softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the Air tell the matter, and so shall ye hear it again.

* * * * *

If ye labour from morn until even, and meet with reproof for your
toil,
It is well—that the gun may be humbled, the compressor must
check the recoil.
On the strength of one link in the cable dependeth the might of the
chain.
Who knows when thou mayest be tested? So live that thou bearest
the strain.
When the' plane that is tired returneth, with the signs of the air
showing sore,
Men take her in hand for a season, and her speed she reneweth
once more.
So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary in flying from morn
until eve,
Pray for rest—for the good of the Service—and wend thy way
softly on leave.

* * * * *

Count not upon certain promotion, but rather to earn it aspire.
Though the sight line shall end on the target, there cometh per-
chance a miss-fire.
Canst follow the track of the Dolphin, or tell where the sea
swallows roam?

Where Leviathan taketh his pastime? What Ocean he calleth
 his home?
 Even so with the words of thy Rulers, and the orders those words
 shall convey.
 Every law is as naught besides this one—"Thou shall not criticise,
 but obey."
 Saith the wise: "How may I know their purpose?" then acts with-
 out wherefore or why.
 Stay the fool but one moment to question and the chance of his
 life passeth by.

* * * * *

If ye win through an over-seas bomb-raid, unmentioned at home in
 the Press,
 Heed it not; no man seeth the piston, but it doeth its work none
 the less.
 Do they growl?—It is well. Be thou silent, so the work goeth
 forward amain.
 Lo, the engine revs up to two thousand and shouteth, yet none
 shall complain.
 Do they growl and the work be retarded? It is ill, be whatever
 their rank,
 The engine may miss but still shouteth, but can a missfire turn
 the crank?
 Doth the fabric make war with the cowling? Do the wings to the
 engine complain!?
 Nay! they know that a clean and a polish unites them as brothers
 again.

* * * * *

So ye, being heads of Departments, growl, but smile as a matter
 of course;
 Lest ye strive and in anger be parted, and lessen the might of your
 Force.
 Dost deem that thy Station needs paintwork, and the Bolo forbear
 to supply,
 Put thy hand in thy pocket and purchase,—there be those who
 have risen thereby.
 Dost think in a moment of anger, 'tis well with thy Seniors to fight?
 They prosper who burn in the morning the letters they wrote over-
 night.

FINANCE**SCROOGE CONTINUES**

By Squadron Leader A. E. Allan-Taylor

In last month's article I promised to give you some details concerning the balance sheet for the last quarter of 1943.

For the benefit of those who have mislaid their copy, the more important figures were:

Profits:

Billiards.....	\$	102.75
Canteen.....	\$	2,033.60
Cinema.....	\$	1,959.98
Bar.....	\$	912.36

Losses

Band.....	\$	19.05
Library.....	\$	9.97
Extra Messing	\$	1,440.31
Sports.....	\$	198.66
PG.....	\$	470.80
Entertainments.....	\$	1,161.26
Grant for Christmas Festivities.....	\$	755.87

You will see that the main income of PSI comes from canteen and cinema and, therefore, a reduction in cinema charges would automatically reduce PSI income. We can't have our cake and eat it. So much then for the profit side, except that later I want to explain the canteen system employed on this unit.

Losses Explained

The term "losses" is used in a purely accountancy sense and must not be confused with "dead loss." The former means money which is a direct debit to income of PSI fund. In other words it is an excess of expenditure over income on one particular item.

For instance, the loss on library does not mean that only \$9.97 was spent on new books. It means that \$9.97

was spent in addition to the public library grant. The item for extra messing covers the cost of cereals, sauces, chicken—far too occasionally, I regret—ice cream, fruit and all the various items of food served in addition to a normal standard ration. The Christmas grant, of course, covered the Christmas dinner, beer, cigarettes, decorations and so on. I am sure you will consider this sum well spent.

Assets Considered

On the asset side we have various increases in our property. These are, mainly, the new miniature rifle range — \$1,988.00 and the new roof to the cinema which cost \$786.00. I agree that we can't eat a cinema roof but the alterations have undoubtedly made a difference to enjoyment of the various shows held there.

How The "Y" Works

A word now about the canteen, the ever popular "Y". There seems to be considerable misunderstanding on this subject, so I think an explanation might be interesting.

At home the station institute is run by NAAFI which furnishes supplies, staff and runs a canteen under its own management. Each month it pays PSI a rebate amounting to six per cent on sales.

An RCAF unit in Canada runs its own canteen under service supervision and for its own profit. In that case, an accountant officer deals especially with non-public funds.

You will realise the difficulties which would have beset the RAF coming into Canada if it had had to set up

such an organization on each unit, without knowing local conditions with regard to supplies and staff.

Philanthropy

As it was the YMCA stepped in and agreed to run canteens for the RAF without profit to itself. I am sure you will agree with me that it is doing a very fine job of work.

The YMCA has its head offices at Toronto. From there is supervised the running of all RAF canteens. Each unit has a separate canteen which keeps its own accounts. Each month an inventory of stock is sent to Toronto. There accountants calculate the trading profit and we receive a cheque for that amount.

Only financial interest the YMCA has is two percent on gross receipts. This covers the cost of supervision, central accountancy and general organization of a particular canteen. I cannot imagine any other source through which we could obtain similar benefits on such favourable terms.

It's Yours, Lads!

From this you will see that the "Y" is really *our* canteen, run for *us* by this wonderful organization.

The furnishings, equipment and recent structural alterations have all been paid for by PSI. That, incidentally, is even greater reason why all personnel should strive to maintain the condition of our re-equipped canteen.

It's yours lads!

It has cost nearly \$3,000 of your good

PSI cash and it's up to you to look after it.

Better—And Wetter

Now that the "Y" is finished we are concentrating on the wet canteen. This will be furnished on similar lines to the "Y". An attractive bar is being built in Montreal. There will be wall seating and a really modern setup is planned.

To give you a rough idea I can tell you that the tables will be those now in the YMCA. The latter will be replaced by square tables more suitable for eating upon. All furniture will be in the same style.

The billiard table will be moved to Hut 4B and in its place will be tables for cards, checkers, dominoes, darts, skittles. At least, there'll be skittles if someone in Workshops will get permission to make a table set—for they cannot be bought here. The space heaters will be built in with an attractive futurist effect and all around I can promise you a very attractive addition to canteen facilities.

Over The Road

These changes will mean that Hut 4B will house the wet bar again for approximately one month from the time alterations commence. My only regret is that these changes could not have been completed by now when so many of us are forced to stay in camp through lack of transport.

Next month I will give you some gen on other topics which may be of interest.

The Warriors:

Twelve of the famous "Castle" class express passenger locomotives of the Great Western Railway have been renamed after well known aeroplanes, the Spitfire, Hurricane, Blenheim, Hampden, Wellington Gladiator, Fairey Battle, Beaufort, Lysander, Defiant, Lockheed Hudson and Swordfish.

The Aeroplane

HUMOUR**'EYES RIGHT'**

(Reprinted From The "Courier and Express", Buffalo).

In Washington an army private gets more exercise walking three blocks on F. St. than he suffers in three months of basic training. It is sawing off salutes to generals and shave-tails that does it.

The salute is a military calisthenic which is held in high esteem by second lieutenants and consists of a jerky up and down slice with the right arm like a hound dog scratching his ear. The only times a private is not required to bend the elbow to an officer is when he's asleep or if he happens to have both arms broken.

Saving Energy

The Soldier's Handbook put out by the War Dept., says "the salute is a matter of military courtesy.....it is considered a privilege as well as a duty; prisoners do not have the right to salute." By prisoners it means our own soldiers who are in pokey for going AWOL, or having a shoelace untied or something.

The book goes on:

"The salute should be given at a sufficient distance so that the officer saluted will have time to return the salute."

If the soldier can find an interesting store window full of girdles to gaze into before the officer bears down on him it saves the energy of both of them. If he fails to spot the officer until it is too late then he should tear off his salute "smartly, looking the officer straight in the eye, and not carelessly or half heartedly."

That goes for all Army officers, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard and officers of the WAC and Army Nurses. We have looked a lot of WACs in the eye but our mouldy tweeds haven't even rated a kind look.

A local journal came out a week or so ago with the dope that a soldier should salute when he "meets and recognizes" a superior officer. The War Dept. says officially that a private doesn't really have to be able to greet Gen. Patton with "Hiya, Blood and Guts" before he can salute him. All he has to do is "recognize" that he is an officer.

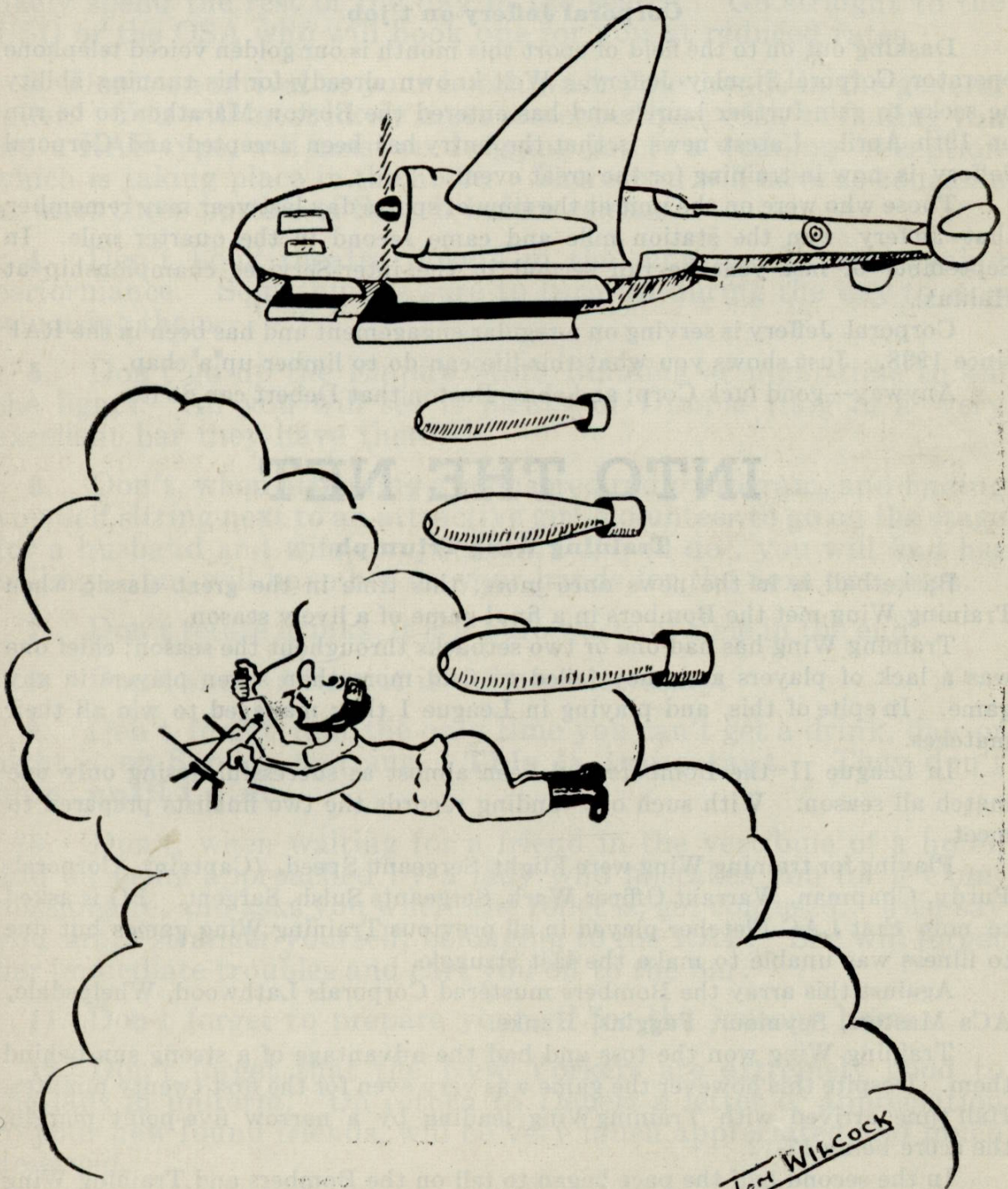
Girl Salutes

It is considered good form on the part of a new-born second Lieutenant to go on the prowl for salutes the first day he pins on his shiny gold bars. Then he stops the first private who tosses him a snappy one and gives him a dollar. From then on they're free and he can walk around where the soldiers are thickest and enjoy himself.

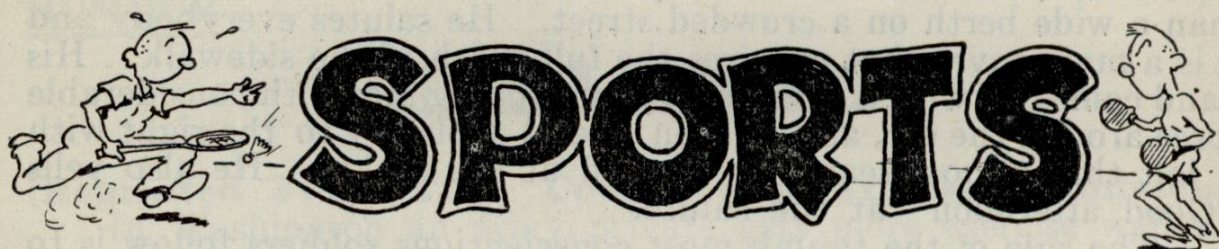
The most energetic saluters in town are girls, the WAVES, SPARs, WACs, Marines and Nurses. They like to salute. The actual performance is accomplished with a straight face but their expression right afterward says plainly, "I'd like to see a soldier

beat that one." It is well to give a British or Canadian service man a wide berth on a crowded street. He salutes everybody and it is a manoeuvre that requires the full width of the sidewalk. His hand comes up with a conclusive jerk clipping him with considerable force around the ear, and is then tossed violently to the right with a jolt that almost tears the arm off at the socket. He also yells "Good afternoon" at the salute.

The rule of the thumb most conscientious soldiers follow is to salute everybody. What if he does happen to waste one on an usher from the Capitol Theater. There isn't a second lieutenant in town who can get you a good seat in the movies these days.



"Bombs Gone"



AROUND THE TRACK

Corporal Jeffery on t'job

Dashing out on to the field of sport this month is our golden voiced telephone operator Corporal Stanley Jeffery. Well known already for his running ability he seeks to gain further laurels and has entered the Boston Marathon to be run on 19th April. Latest news is that the entry has been accepted and Corporal Jeffery is now in training for the great event.

Those who were on the unit at the time of sports day last year may remember that Jeffery won the station mile and came second in the quarter mile. In September of last year he ran second in the inter-Services championship at Halifax.

Corporal Jeffery is serving on a regular engagement and has been in the RAF since 1938. Just shows you what this life can do to limber up a chap.

Anyway—good luck Corp; and show Boston that Debert can do it.

INTO THE NET

Training Wing Triumph

Basketball is in the news once more, this time in the great classic when Training Wing met the Bombers in a final game of a lively season.

Training Wing has had one or two setbacks throughout the season; chief one was a lack of players and they failed to field more than seven players in any game. In spite of this, and playing in League I they managed to win all their matches.

In League II the Bombers had been almost as successful, losing only one match all season. With such outstanding records the two finalists prepared to meet.

Playing for training Wing were Flight Sergeant Speed, (Captain), Corporals Purdy, Chapman, Warrant Officer Wark, Sergeants Sulsh, Sargent. PG is asked to note that LAC Fletcher played in all previous Training Wing games but due to illness was unable to make the last struggle.

Against this array the Bombers mustered Corporals Lathwood, Whelpsdale, ACs Masters, Seymour, Faggins, Hanks.

Training Wing won the toss and had the advantage of a strong sun behind them. Despite this however the game was very even for the first twenty minutes. Half time arrived with Training Wing leading by a narrow five-point margin, the score being 17-12.

In the second half the pace began to tell on the Bombers and Training Wing rapidly gained the upper hand. When the final whistle blew the score was 39-20.

ADVICE

NEW YORK DONT'S

By One Who Has Been There

1. Don't make plans before leaving camp. It's a waste of time.
2. Don't, on arrival, look for a room in a hotel, You will most likely spend the rest of the day in the search. Go straight to the USO or the OSA who will book one for you at reduced rates.
3. Don't on arrival at your hotel, wash your hands in the general toilet. You will most likely meet someone there who, on finding you are a RAF type, will insist on dragging you to a wedding reception which is taking place in the hotel. There you will have to consume at least three bottles of Scotch before release.
4. Don't book theatre tickets in the morning for an evening performance. Something is sure to turn up during the day to stop you using them.
5. Don't go up the Empire State Building at night-time to see the lights. All you will see is plenty of Dimple Haig in a very excellent bar they have there.
6. Don't, when attending a sponsored radio program, and finding yourself sitting next to an attractive girl, volunteer to go on the stage for a husband and wife competition. If you do, you will find her willing—but will have her on your hands for the next two days.
7. Don't refuse drinks, it is a pure waste of time in the end.
8. Don't shoot a line, it is quite unnecessary.
9. Don't forget that the only time you can't get a drink, day or night, is on Sunday morning. **This is important.** They don't open **until 1 p.m.**
10. Don't, when waiting for a friend in the vestibule of a hotel, and on being approached by a lady who mistakes you for a Commissionaire, and asks you where the toilet is, get confused. Just say you are a stranger yourself, belonging to the RAF. She will forget her immediate troubles and cart you off to the bar.
11. Don't forget to prepare yourself for the journey home.
12. Don't forget that the New Yorkers are extremely good to the lads in uniform. On return to Debert a letter of appreciation to your new found friends, will be very much appreciated and much deserved.

VALEDICTION**DESTINATION EAST**

So many departures have come to our notice this month that PG has decided to lump the work of our various contributors together in an omnibus article.

LAC George Graves

Few people knew him as LAC Graves. When you wanted him on the 'phone you just asked "Is George there?" And you got him. Now, however, it's no good ringing up because George isn't there—and he hasn't gone to Ly onch either. He's gone home.

We shall miss him because he was business manager of PG—and a good one too. The station choir will miss his second base, the music appreciation club a staunch member, and the education officer will lose a fluent German teacher.

Yes, George Graves carved himself quite a little corner in Debert's life.

Born thirty five years ago in Liverpool, he moved over the water to Birkenhead, there to become a Life Assurance Inspector, marry and raise a son, now aged eight.

In July 1941 he joined the RAF as an Armourer. PG's reporter asked him why, George wisely wagged his head: "The recruiting officer needed an armourer...."

April '42 saw Graves arrive at Debert's East Camp. There he remained until August '43 when a change of section brought him over to west. And there in West Camp he distinguished himself most; the social activities in which he had a finger ran more smoothly because of that fact.

Cheerio George—and all the best.

* * * * *

Sgt. Jack Tennant.

Among those bound for home from East Camp perhaps the one most missed will be Sergeant Jack Tennant, Vice-Chairman of East Camp Entertainments Committee. Although somewhat retiring by nature he has worked untiringly for the welfare of East Camp. His enthusiasm, which invited the co-operation of all ranks, his ability to plan and plead have played a great part in making life easier and for providing facilities for amusement and education in East Camp.

In helping to organize entertainments, dances and competitions, indoor sports in the winter months and the victorious football team of 1943 he merits the gratitude of all concerned. His crowning achievement was undoubtedly the new dance hall of East Camp, which, from its inception to final completion, has been personally supervised by him. In his shirt sleeves with hammer in hand, or in Truro organizing supplies, he did not spare himself during what should have been hours of leisure. His tact and ability alone made possible the co-ordination of the many workers who helped with that improvement.

Next year Jack Tennant will have completed ten years with the Service and his experience of Service matters has been a great benefit to all. East Camp's appreciation of his work takes the visible form of a presentation but this seems hardly sufficient to express full gratitude.

We wish him all the best in the days ahead and envy the station to which he is posted.

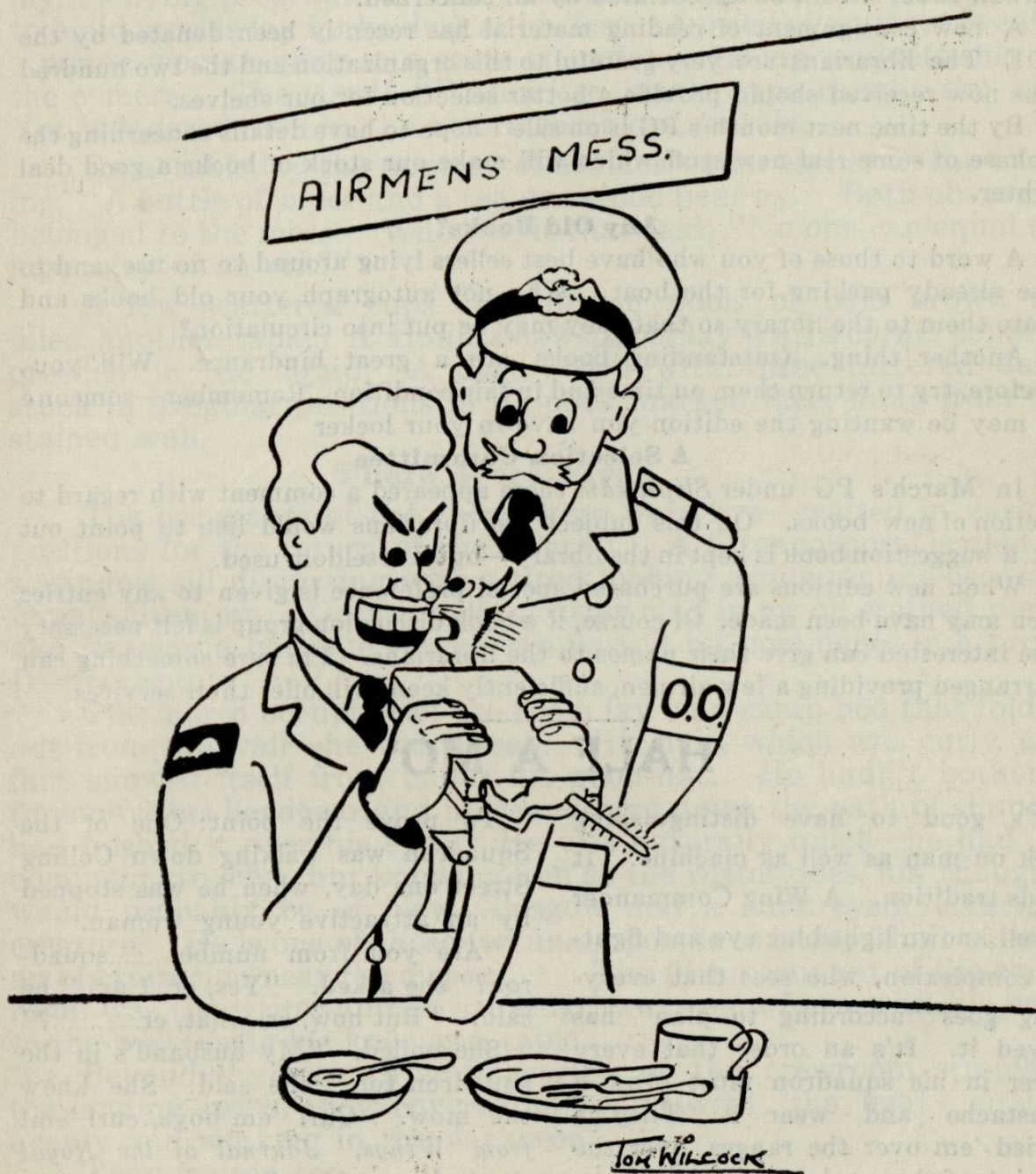
LAC Tom Wilcock.

The time has come to say, good-bye and good luck to one of our better known contributors, LAC Tom Wilcock, whose cartoons in PG have for some time past amused our readers.

These drawings have shown light hearted comment upon life in the RAF. He assures us they have been his first attempts at this kind of drawing and he anticipates seriously developing his talent in this direction after the war.

Born in Liverpool, Wilcock says that his first efforts to illustrate his school books (in his school books) met with disapproval. He admits he cannot draw a straight line but the amusing twists that he gives his subjects make up for this.

We wish him every success in the future and thank him for giving us many laughs in the past.





LIBRARY NOTES

A SURVEY OF THE
~ NEW BOOKS ~



By Sergeant I. Barr

Again, as often in the past, this section of your entertainment has changed hands. The new Librarians are LAC Harvey of T.T. Flight and LAC Ashbee of Signals Section.

Various improvements in the library are being made and, given time, their snowball effect should be appreciated by all concerned.

A new consignment of reading material has recently been donated by the IODE. The librarians are very grateful to this organization and the two hundred books now received should provide a better selection for our shelves.

By the time next month's PG is on sale I hope to have details concerning the purchase of some real new stuff which will make our stock of books a good deal brighter.

Any Old Books?

A word to those of you who have best sellers lying around to no use, and to those already packing for the boat. Why not autograph your old books and donate them to the library so that they may be put into circulation?

Another thing. Outstanding books are a great hindrance. Will you, therefore, try to return them on time and in fair condition. Remember—someone else may be wanting the edition you have in your locker.

A Selection Committee

In March's PG under *Slipstream* there appeared a comment with regard to selection of new books. On this subject the librarians would like to point out that a suggestion book is kept in the library—but it is seldom used.

When new editions are purchased special preference is given to any entries which may have been made. Of course, if a book discussion group is felt necessary those interested can give their names to the librarians. I'm sure something can be arranged providing a few airmen, sufficiently keen, will offer their services.

HALF A MO'

It's good to have distinguishing mark on man as well as machine. It builds tradition. A Wing Commander of well known light blue eye and fighting complexion, who sees that everything goes "according to plan" has proved it. It's an order that every officer in his squadron must grow a moustache and wear it. They've carried 'em over the ranges, over the sea, into fights and out of them.

To prove the point: One of the Squadron was walking down Colling Street one day, when he was stopped by an attractive young woman.

"Are you from number.....squadron?" she asked. "Yes, er, I am," he said. "But how, er, what, er.....?"

She smiled. "My husband's in the squadron too," she said. She knew the mow. Curl 'em boys, curl 'em! from "Wings," *Journal of the Royal Australian Air Force.*

MUSING**THEY ALSO SERVE****By Nee Hall**

The crew-room wore a different atmosphere in the early hours of the morning. By day, ground crews lounged or moved in and out of its closely heated precincts during the process of servicing aircraft. One a.m. showed a different picture. The scene was drab yet it held interest. The duty instructor leaned uncidily over the flight desk discussing with the senior NCO the progress of the night's flying programme. An American magazine that was reputed to build morale lay in the dust at his feet, a turned over page revealed a young woman lying in a state of undress gazing coquettishly at the camera. The words "Pin-up" in black type caught the eye. You wondered then at the true meaning of morale.

On a table lay the remains of a snack eaten earlier in the evening. A bottle of sauce and a tea urn stood near by. Both obviously belonged to the mess. Who was it that said, "No one can equal the ingenuity of an erk?"

A few scattered cups standing in pools of pale brown tea filled another table. A Halifax newspaper lay with a corner sopping greedily in the liquid. A dart board with three tattered darts stuck in irregular positions in its pock marked face, hung from the stained wall.

There Were Five

The occupants of the room—there were five—waited in various positions for the return of the aircraft. A fitter corporal leaned on a window sill discussing with a tired looking armourer the beer and female situation. Occasionally a fitter clad in an oil stained parka and wearing a battered forage cap passed his comments in a broad Irish accent.

The fourth occupant of the room lay on a camp bed that folded out from the wall—he was asleep. His hair, which was curly and fair, showed itself from under his goon-hat. He hadn't bothered to remove his headgear and his wandering down the path of slumber had pushed it over his eyes. He was naturally quiet—he had no comments to offer, but knowing him as the writer does, his thoughts would probably be of New Glasgow and a dark eyed vivacious creature. He is one of those fortunate people to have, (shall we say) an organization near the airport. The fifth occupant of the crew-room was the writer and he sat lengthways on a form with his back to the wall, using his knee as a table.

Beyond the warmth and security of the crewroom stretched the landing strips, snow-covered and windswept, the lights sitting evenly and winking in the darkness.

They waited too.

GOSSIP**EAST WIND**

ANXIOUSLY our one and only Mickey Dunn polished his buttons; fretting visibly he cleaned his boots; sadly he donned his best blue; and with an expression akin to alarm he sallied forth to obey a summons to the office of the SWO, in company with "Henry" Ford. Neither had the slightest inkling of what sad fate awaited them.

* * * * *

The surprise, therefore, on the faces of those who saw them return can well be understood. Under Henry's arm was a huge packet of fags. And Mickey, beaming all over his rotund countenance, had clutched firmly between his fingers a free ticket to Montreal, and was even at that moment deciding how he could work in an extra forty-eight. They were the winners in the Red Cross raffle.

* * * * *

Change

Perhaps you have noticed the new hours of the YMCA canteen on east camp. At its last meeting the east camp entertainments committee voiced the feelings of all orientals when it expressed appreciation of the change.

* * * * *

Stamps

Sitting in the library the other night the librarian was overwhelmed with requests for stamps. By the time this appears we hope the situation will have been cleared up, but in any case, here is the explanation.

* * * * *

Out of the blue there suddenly came an order that stamps could no longer be sold over the YMCA counter in East camp. Apparently west camp was not affected, nor was the army camp. But stamps for East camp were definitely out. The only way they could be sold in future was by Bill Gordon, YMCA East camp supervisor, taking them on his own charge and selling them at certain hours of the day.

* * * * *

Then the next order came, also from out of the blue, where all the best orders come from anyway. Bill had no license, so he could not sell them either. At the time of going to press he was working hard to get the matter rectified, while airmen were going around in circles, their pockets filled with unposted letters. But then, who ever heard of an airman with an important letter to post?

* * * * *

Sunny Spain

Latest among the more cultural attractions on east camp is a Spanish class. Thursday night's the night, and the time six forty-five. Flying Officer Hiscock Maintenance Wing Adjutant, is the instructor, and to put it very crudely, he knows his (Spanish) onions.

Y.M.C.A.



PAGE

By Reg Dunn

The YMCA material for this month will be divided into two sections: first a summary of "affairs of state" up until the end of March; and second, a sort of valediction which arises as I am forced to contemplate leaving the unit.

Affairs of State

Before you read this page you will already have rendered your judgement of the newly repaired YMCA canteen and lounge. It is my sincere hope that its conveniences and facilities add much to the welfare and well being of each of you. As you make good use of the new furniture and the new canteen set-up, you will realise that, although a fire is a nuisance, it is not all dead-loss.

Our hats are touched reverently towards the insurance companies; they have been good to us. From the YMCA point of view we are quite satisfied with facilities in the canteen. The moving of the cafeteria to its new location, the enlarged serving space, the new display racks—all these are a great help in our effort to be of more service to you.

We offer our sincere thanks to all personnel of Works and Buildings, Workshops and many others too

numerous to mention, who laboured with their hands and minds in getting the work done.

So Long

And now the valediction.

To the editors of PG—my appreciation of the generous remarks found in the last issue regarding myself. I do hope that many of the fellows whom I have come to know here are able to concur. If that is true, then I can pass on to my successor no better gift than your confidence and support. It is my hope that you will give your friendship to him as generously as you have given it to me.

Alf Morris has come to this unit with much pukka experience behind him as Supervisor on the RAF station at Picton, Ontario. You will find him congenial, cooperative, ready with his interest and support for every good thing. In parting from this unit I can wish no greater thing than that your relationship with this new YMCA Supervisor will be intimate and happy.

To all the unit, from Commanding Officer to the most junior airman I wish God-speed and a happy and full life.

ABOUT OUR CROSSWORD

In this issue we introduce a new feature—an RAF crossword.

It is compiled by LAC Dick—and will be found on page 47.

A prize of \$5 will be given to the reader who sends the first correct solution to be opened. Solutions should be handed either to Corporal Bate in Maintenance Wing Armoury or LAC Ennis of East Camp.

Enclose your entry with name in envelope marked "Crossword." The winner's name and correct solution will appear in next month's PG, and as Jimmy Dick points out, the Editor's decision is binding—both legally and literally.

R. W.

Equipment
Section
At
Home



Theme
Song:
"We Got
Plenty
of
Nothing"

AROUND THE CAMP NO. 3

ODD ODE**MILLER THE KILLER**

By F/O J. A. Fleet

This is the tale of A/C Miller,
Who thought himself a lady killer,
Until he tried to shoot a line
With A.C.W. Clementine
Who, though she looked a trifle dim
Was much more than a match for him.

One pay-day, feeling rather rash
He thought he'd go and cut a dash.
So strolling into NAAFI, he
Bought four large wads and cup of tea
And looked around with eagle eye
To see what conquests he could spy?.

Young Clem was seated just nearby,
A dreamy look was in her eye,
So Bert said "Hi-yer Pal, how do?
Say! mind if I just take a pew?"
With which he sank into a seat
And started in to drink and eat.

Between the mouthfuls he aspired
To interest Clem who, rather tired,
Made no pretence of taking in
The drivel being spoke by him,
Until he said in accents clear
"I'm falling bad for you, my dear.

The moon is high above outside,
A night for love, and more beside,
Come, stroll with me to yonder wood,"
But Clem, who really was quite good

Said "Soppy thing, I ain't so dumb
In other words you've 'ad it, chum."

Bert tried again and said "I fink
It's time I bought us both a drink.
What will you have, a double gin
Or whiskey, with some soda in?"
He knew he was on safe ground here
'Cos NAAFI don't sell aught but beer.

At this Clem said in voice quite rude
"You'll never get me in the mood
With promises of gin and such
Besides—I don't drink whiskey—much
Now turn it up, or else I shall
Report you to the Corp-or-al."

The duty Corp. was strolling near
And couldn't help but overhear,
So walking up with lordly stride
He said to Bert, "Nah, git outside"
Then sitting down with nervous cough
Just waded in where Bert left off.

Poor Bert was shaken to the core,
He stood and fumed, and loudly swore
"There ain't no justice in the Raf
You N.C.O's sure make me laff,"
Which is no talk for lowly rankers
As witness Bert with ten days' jankers.

Meanwhile young Clem has several
 fixtures
With 'foresaid Cop. to go to pictures.

AC Harry Playford, Maintenance Wing Armoury, has handed us the above stanzas which are taken from The Kildare, magazine of Messrs. William Whiteleys, Ltd., London, England.

DRAMA

OF HUMAN CONFLICT
A NEW PLAY AT DEBERT

By Flight Lieutenant S. G. Dando

On a Wednesday evening in March there was presented on camp a three act play which took as its background the Battle of Britain. "Of Human Conflict" led our minds back to the days when we were in England and faced with problems which a handful of men solved for us and coming generations.

Pilot Officer A. F. Hailey, who wrote and produced the play, must be congratulated on creating one which caters especially for the air force. Its portrayal of the main male characters and the use of that peculiar jargon which is a part of the service life are linked with the story of those who wait at home, praying for their safe return. It is a difficult theme upon which to write and had it not been properly treated might have developed into pathos.

Honourable Mention

The cast acquitted itself very well. Special mention must be made of Miss Beryl May in the part of Molly Heaton; she was, undoubtedly, the most natural and polished player on the stage.

Edward Compton too, was assured and calm in the difficult portrayal of a matter-of-fact fighter pilot in love.

In the character of Toddy Gander an old Yorkshire newspaper editor, John Garrett did exceptionally well. He is a new discovery and it is hoped we shall see him again in a larger part.

A Touch of Laughter

Offsetting the seriousness of the play were Frank Wood as Cyril Sharpe, and Ronald Merriott as AC1 Boswell. Both their interpretations of cockney characters were richly true to life. Harry Jacks also, added comedy in the role of Sam, a stubborn, north country printer.

Babs Compton, Hugh Hutchison, Laurie Srgent, William Davey, James Collins, made up the remainder of the cast.

That Nervousness

One criticism which may usually be made of amateur productions is that nervousness caused some players to speak too fast, thus giving the impression of repetition. Fidgeting with chairs and unnecessary movement of hands is another result of the same cause; this latter was very apparent in the first act and distracted attention from the lines of the play.

Technical Excellence

A word of praise is more than due to the excellence of all technical arrangements. Sound effects, particularly, were well done by Kenneth Peattie and Harold Jones; their aircraft crash and air raid siren, among other things, were extremely convincing.

Jack Price held stage management and Cyril Wakeman was responsible for building scenery which permitted three changes of locale.

Altogether a successful production, in which all those who took part are to be highly complimented.

CYNICISM**Umbriago Does It Again**

By LAC Alfred Newgrosh

Once again LAC Umbriago, A.F.H., has astounded this unit. He has written and produced a play, and what a play! Never in the whole of my twenty years of theatre-going have I seen anything quite like it.

With the admirable subtlety so evident in all his works he has called his play *I*. The idea is taken no doubt from the illustrious works of Offalboffal, who wrote *Let Me Have Men About Me That Are Flat, Sleek Headed Men Who Sleep At Night, And During The Day Sometimes*.

Umbriago Subconscious

The first act opens in a disused bread van where four men are seated round a table. Three of them have that clear cut, open look which marks the senior NCO, whilst the fourth is a common airman. He looks at the senior NCO's, the senior NCOs look at him. They all look at each other, and look, and look, and how they look—awful. This goes on for an hour; nothing is said, but LAC Umbriago, A.F.H., is obviously delving into the subconscious. He shows by this scene the eternal struggle for survival throughout the universe. Slow curtain.

Act two opens in a lavish apartment in Truro. The same men are now standing. Seated on a divan are two ladies, one young and the other a bit younger. They are simply dressed, as becomes airmen's wives, in frocks by Sciapperelli, their mink wraps strewn negligently over a chair. For some time nothing is said, then suddenly the airman emits a loud belch and hurriedly leaves the room.

Squadron Keader Downso

Squadron Leader Downso then enters. He is a tall man, some five feet nine inches in height, but six feet lying down as he stoops a little. He is a typical, much travelled Englishman; his duties in India have made him scared of snakes, his lack of knowledge of women has made him careful, and a boil on the back has made it impossible for him to sit down with any degree of comfort.

Downso carries a large radiogram in one hand and a few hundred records in the other. Ignoring all ranks under corporal, his gaze sweeps the room, pausing only for ten minutes on the comely forms of the two girls. Then with an imperceptible shudder he stalks out, halting only to try to sell his Scheherazade records to one of the very senior NCOs. Quick curtain.

The Sergeants' Dance

Act three. In this, the final act, one of the senior NCOs, Flight Sergeant Encay, has enticed the younger of the young girls to a Sergeants' dance. She, enraged by his attempted overtures, (Scheherazade, I suppose) takes up a file (C stores) and stabs him. Squadron Leader Downso rushes in. Seeing the body lying bleeding on the floor and the girl holding a blood-stained file, he immediately jumps to the conclusion that the Sergeant has committed suicide.

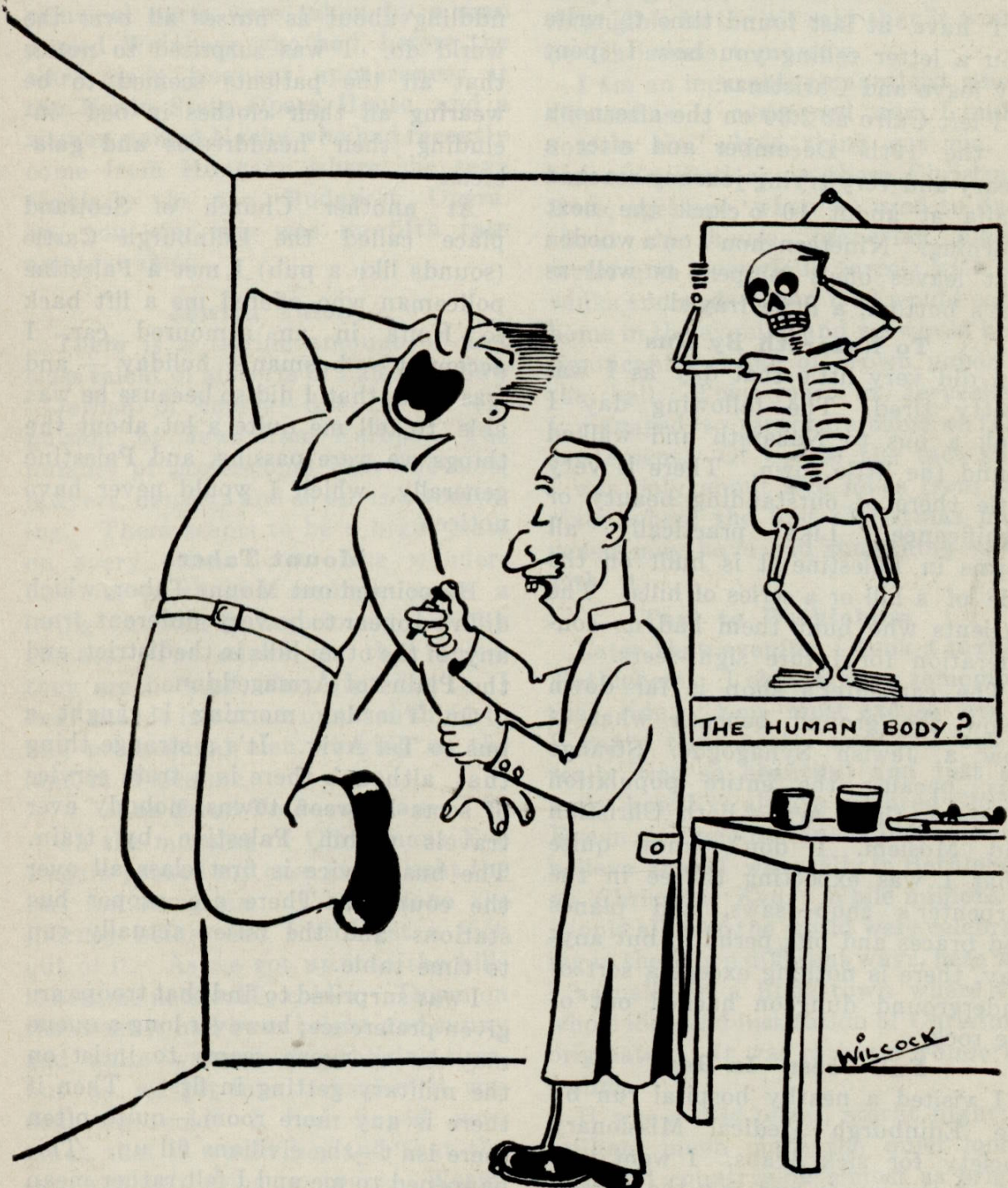
Cast and Author.

I found out afterwards that the Squadron Leader's next line was "By gad woman, what have you done?" Unfortunately however he had a terrific cold and what he said was

"By gad woman," sniff, sniff, sniff, "what have you done?" The very young girl throws herself on his mercy and Squadron Leader Downso comforts her on his knee, reading to her aloud the comforting words from Kings Regulations and Air Council Instructions: "An airman shall at all times wear his cap, field service." At this point a large halo is lowered gently

behind their bowed heads, and the music in the distance swells up to the indifferent strains of Scheherazade as slowly the curtain descends amid the deafening cheers of the cast and the author.

I must admit I was terribly moved' but as quick as I moved others were quicker, for when I turned about me the theatre was empty.



"Feel anything yet?"

TRAVEL

Hands Across The Sea

by Sgt. R. W. Foster (Royal Armoured Corps)

To his brother, LAC Clifford Foster of the Link Trainer Section at Debert, the author recently addressed a letter on the subject of a leave he had spent in the Holy Land. LAC Foster considered this of such general interest that he passed it on to PG, and hence the article which follows.

I have at last found time to write you a letter telling you how I spent my leave and Christmas.

I left Cairo at 2.30 on the afternoon of the 19th December and after a weary and very trying journey reached Haifa at about 10 o'clock the next morning. Nineteen hours on a wooden seat leaves one's temper, as well as one's bottom, a little frayed.

To Nazareth By Bus

I did very little that day as I was pretty tired. The following day I took a bus to Nazareth and walked round the little town. There is very little there of outstanding beauty or significance. Like practically all towns in Palestine it is built on the side of a hill or a series of hills. The ancients who built them had no consideration for future sight-seers.

The carpenter's shop is far down below the ground beneath what is now a Jewish Synagogue. Strange this, because the entire population of Nazareth is Arab—both Christian and Moslem. I don't know quite what I was expecting to see in the carpenter's shop—saws, and planes and braces and bits perhaps, but anyway, there is nothing except a sort of underground dungeon hacked out of the rock.

Full Dress—In Bed

I visited a nearby hospital run by the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society for sick Arabs. I went into one of the wards and saw the nurses, all English-speaking Arab women,

fiddling about as nurses all over the world do. I was surprised to notice that all the patients seemed to be wearing all their clothes in bed—including their headdresses and galabieas.

At another Church of Scotland place called the Edinburgh Castle (sounds like a pub) I met a Palestine policeman who offered me a lift back to Haifa in an armoured car. I accepted — busman's holiday — and was glad that I did so because he was able to tell me quite a lot about the things we were passing, and Palestine generally, which I would never have noticed.

Mount Tabor

He pointed out Mount Tabor, which didn't appear to be very different from any of the other hills in the district, and the Plains of Armageddon.

On Tuesday morning I caught a bus to Tel Aviv. It's a strange thing that although there is a train service of sorts between towns, nobody ever travels within Palestine by train. The bus service is first class all over the country. There are proper bus stations and the buses actually run to time table.

I was surprised to find that troops are given preference; however long a queue may be everyone seems to insist on the military getting in first. Then if there is any more room,—quite often there isn't—the civilians fill up. This happened to me and I felt rather mean accepting such generosity.

Tel Aviv

One of the first things I did at Tel Aviv was to look up the musical concerts. I was disappointed to find that the Palestine Orchestra which I particularly wanted to hear, had moved on to Haifa the day I left. However I consoled myself with a pianoforte recital and another visit to the Folk Opera House, to see *Tosca*. The principal parts were taken by a man named Weinberg who had, before the war, made frequent appearances at the Berlin State Opera House, and a woman named Nacha who had recently come from Hungary where she sang regularly in the Budapest Opera. So, you see, this was no fifth rate amateur show.

Jewish Talent

There is a terrific amount of first class talent of all sorts in Palestine now—Jewish of course—due to the expulsion of Jews from Europe. The number of professional men—doctors, lawyers, dentists and so on, is astonishing. There seems to be a brass plate on every other door. One wonders how on earth the medicos make a living in such a notoriously healthy climate. The answer is, that unless they are hotstuff, they just don't. I hear that it is not an unusual thing to find professional men working on the land in Palestine.

The Road To Jerusalem

On the morning of Christmas Eve I again packed my case and caught the bus for Jerusalem. I have done the journey before but I still get a kick out of it. As we got up into the hills it became noticeably colder. Down on the coast it had been bright and sunny and quite warm during the day time, but as we got into Jerusalem it was definitely cold. I had hoped very much that it would be, and that the sun wouldn't shine up there. Warm, sunny weather is incompatible with my idea of Christmas. I got my wish.

The sky was grey, there was an icy wind and altogether it was pretty dismal—and gorgeous.

Christmas Tomorrow

In Jerusalem, contrasting Tel Aviv and Haifa, there were unmistakable signs of Christmas. Shopwindows were decorated, crowds of people were bustling about doing their last minute shopping but, in addition, something intangible in the air said that it would be Christmas tomorrow.

I am an incurable romanticist where Christmas is concerned and I must confess the whole thing got me. I was as excited as on those Christmas Eves, ages ago, when we used to dash about the house, preparing highly secret and mysterious parcels with sly winks and nods; when Dad would come home in the evening and we would hear significant rustling of brown paper in the hall. This year, in Jerusalem, I managed to recapture some of that excitement. Of course the fact that I was only about five miles from the place where the first Christmas happened may have had something to do with it.

Taxi to Bethlehem

Later that evening I took a taxi to Bethlehem. I shall always remember that ride. You must excuse me if I wax a trifle poetic over this but it really was so beautiful and just exactly how I've always pictured Christmas Eve in my imagination. I just couldn't believe that I was really in Bethlehem on Christmas Eve. While millions of people all over the world were celebrating in their own different ways, here was I actually in a little town where the whole idea and institution of Christmas originated. It was rather a wonderful feeling.

It was a cold, clear, starlit night; a brilliant moon made the quiet lonely hills and countryside almost as bright as day. The little white stone houses and churches climbing up the

hillside of Bethlehem stood out in relief, sharp and clear-cut amongst the clumps of olive trees. The town itself was silent and asleep but when I got to the Church of the Nativity, I found there were thousands of people crowding into the Church; dense masses, all pushing and shoving, intent on getting in. It was then about nine-thirty and people had been arriving since early morning for the Midnight Mass.

From the Madding Crowd

I wandered off away from the crowds. I strolled into the town, through the narrow streets and squares which were quiet and deserted. From the top of a hill I looked eastward across the fields and hills and in the far distance I could make out the dark, dim shapes of the mountains of Trans-Jordan down by the Dead Sea. Every few moments bells from first one and then another of the innumerable churches pealed out in a tumult of sound. It seemed to me that this place was more in keeping with my own particular ideas about Christmas than any building swarming with football crowds could possibly be.

Reveille

I suppose, to conform to tradition, I should have risen early the next day, but I didn't. Even Christmas is not a good enough reason to get one up early when on leave. Anyway I was up in time to find my way to Church—Saint George's Cathedral.

In the afternoon I went down to "Gordon's Calvary" or the Garden Tomb. It is so called after General Gordon who discovered the place when he was living in Jerusalem. It is thought by some people to be the authentic site of the Crucifixion.

On To Jericho

On Boxing day I decided to go to Jericho. In the afternoon I caught a bus and from the start it seemed as if the devil was in it. We had only just

got past Bethany when the fan-belt broke. Now if there's one place in the world you need a fan-belt, it's on that road. There was nothing to do but fix it. The driver, with a few rich Arabic expletives, assisted by the majority of the passengers and a few casual passers-by, made a reconnaissance inside the bonnet. After an hour he decided he couldn't do it so we carried on without a fan-belt and hoped for the best.

After a very short time the engine started heating up and it wasn't long before great billows of steam were gushing out of the radiator cap and a few other places beside. We pulled up at the Inn of the Good Samaritan and the driver scrounged a bucket of water from the Arab family which has taken up residence there. Thereafter he managed to get water at various places along the road until we got to Jericho. By this time it was about five o'clock and already beginning to get dark. In keeping with the general setting it started to drizzle. We made our way down to the Dead Sea.

Isolated Ugliness

I don't think I have ever seen such an entirely dismal picture. On the best of days the district is not a beauty spot, but now it presented a scene of weird, isolated ugliness. The mountains rising from the opposite shores of the Dead Sea were just visible as dark, ominous shapes. There was not a sound except that which we ourselves were making and it would be, I think, impossible to conceive a more dreary, desolate and God-forsaken place.

After a short while we decided to go, but apparently the internal combustion engine is also susceptible to the macabre because our bus refused to move. For I don't know how long the driver tampered about with his head in the works and eventually he broke the news. This time, it appeared, the petrol tank was half full of water.

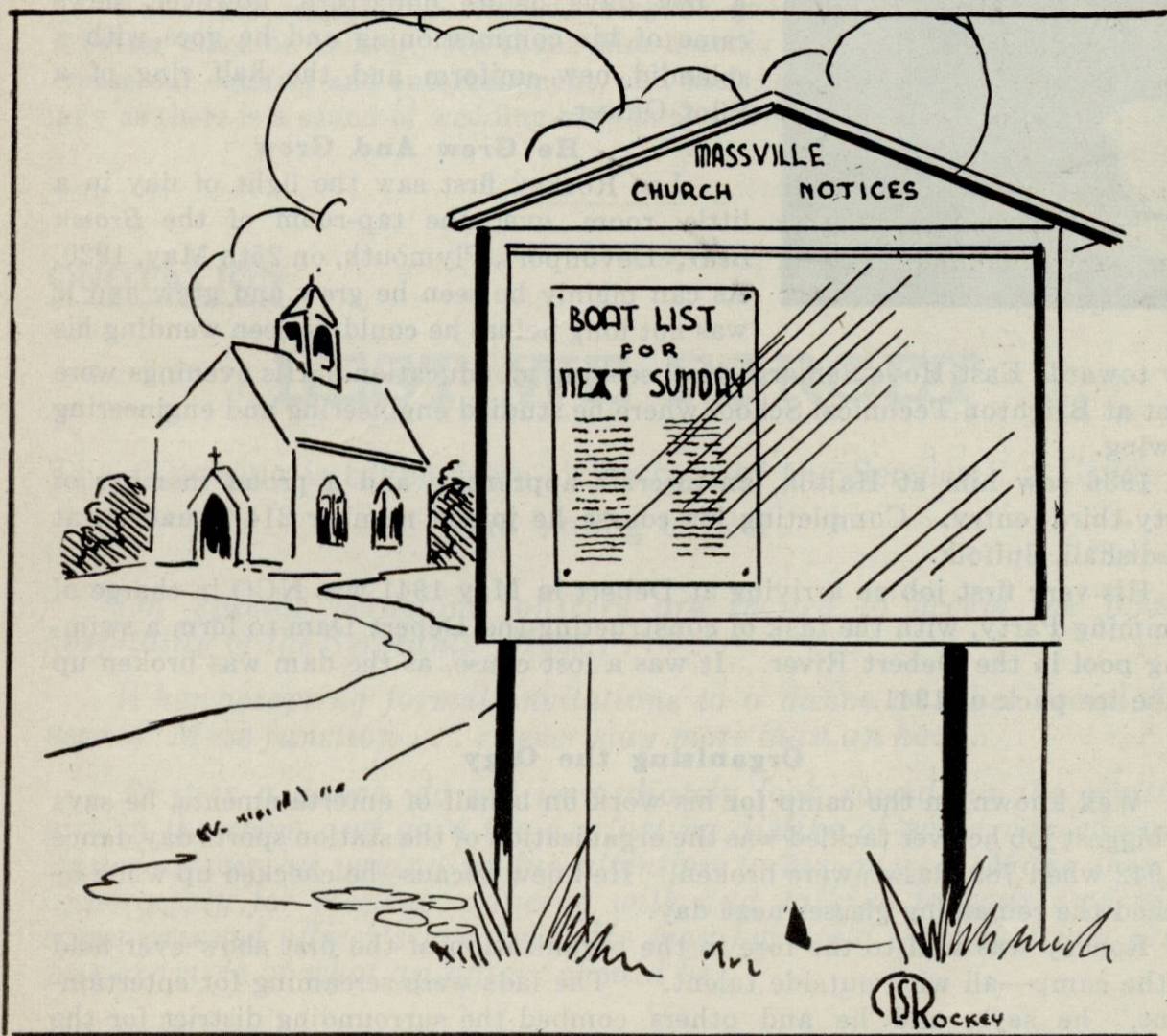
We tried to get another bus—with-out success. There was nothing to do but drain thirty gallons of petrol from the tank, strain out the water, and put the petrol back. It was now pitch dark and the whole operation took three hours and was performed in the light of my torch. As the last drop of spirit was poured back into the tank the torch gave out. The sound of the engine, as the driver switched it on, was music to our ears. But our relief was mixed with a considerable amount of evil temper and hunger.

Circle and Search

About half way back we met an

armoured car patrol which had come out to look for us, the people in Jerusalem having got the wind up when we failed to return on time. We eventually reached home at ten o'clock. We were all pretty fed up with the affair by this time, but at least it was a novel way of spending Boxing day.

And that's about all. At two-thirty the following afternoon I left Jerusalem perhaps for the last time, and did the return trip in just over the scheduled eighteen hours. It's a filthy journey but it's a million times worth it.



TRIBUTE

Rockey Rolls On

DEBERT HAS LOST ITS FALSTAFF

By John Ennis

"A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage."

Thus did Falstaff describe himself, and the same words could easily be used to describe Pilot Officer Leslie Rockey, BEM, who left Debert recently after a stay of three years—during which time he has left a mark indelibly printed on the camp.

To most people Rockey has been known as Les, Chiefy, or—more formally—Flight Sergeant. A few days before departure, however, news came of his commissioning and he goes with a splendid new uniform and the half ring of a Pilot Officer.

He Grew And Grew

Les Rockey first saw the light of day in a little room over the tap-room of the *Brown Bear*, Devonport, Plymouth, on 25th May, 1920. As can plainly be seen he grew and grew and it was not long before he could be seen wending his

way towards East Hove Senior School seeking an education. His evenings were spent at Brighton Technical School where he studied engineering and engineering drawing.

1936 saw him at Halton, an aircraft apprentice and a proud member of thirty-third entry. Completing his course he joined number 214 Squadron at Stradishall, Suffolk.

His very first job on arriving at Debert in May 1941 was NCO in charge of swimming Party, with the task of constructing the Debert Dam to form a swimming pool in the Debert River. It was a lost cause, as the dam was broken up in the ice pack of 1941.

Organising the Orgy

Well known on the camp for his work on behalf of entertainments, he says the biggest job he ever tackled was the organisation of the station sports day dance of 1942 when 789 glasses were broken. He knew because he checked up when he washed the remaining glasses next day.

Rockey was well to the fore in the organization of the first show ever held on the camp—all with outside talent. "The lads were screaming for entertainment," he says, and he and others combed the surrounding district for the cast.



He leaves the camp richer for his having been here. The paintings on the walls of the Sergeant's Mess were done by him in conjunction with AC Rotherham. The mural which hangs in the sergeant's billiard room was the work of his brush, but he is not very proud of it.

"I was drunk at the time," he explains.

Urge To Draw

Together with Rotherham he has done enough paintings to pave the way from the cookhouse to the Drome Cafe, though nobody is likely to want to do so—unless it were a jealous rival. Posters for innumerable movies, room decorations, and scene painting for shows and concerts have all come within his scope, and some old-timers will remember his Girl of the Month series for PG. Apart from learning the rudiments of signwriting from AC Rotherham, he has had no tuition in art but, as he explain she has had an urge to draw ever since he was strong enough to pick up a pencil.

That little ribbon on his chest represents the British Empire Medal awarded in January 1943 "for meritorious service."

"This does not mean," he says, "as some people seem to think, that I am a member of the British Empire."

And so this amply proportioned, energetic, good-humoured man leaves us for a better place he knows. We thank him heartily for his work at Debert to increase our comfort and entertainment, and wish him luck in the future. Especially as there is a sound of wedding bells in the offing (but keep it dark).

QUOTATION

LEST WE FORGET

The following is taken from "Customs of the Service," a Guide to the Young Officer.

On special occasions officers are invited to accept the formal hospitality of the Sergeants' Mess

When accepting formal invitations to a dance or other social Sergeants' Mess function never stay more than an hour.

If it is a dance, do not immediately look round for the prettiest girl in the room and gain the everlasting dislike of some non-commissioned officer by paying undue attention to his guest. Make this an opportunity for meeting, dancing with and talking to your own non-commissioned officer's family. He may have told them that you are a fine example of what an officer should be

He may.

MUSIC**REVOLUTION IN 4-4 TIME**

By Phlude

In the past, much difference of opinion has raged round the musical game of jazz versus classical music, and most of the articles written for P. G. from both sides have contained as much abuse of the other opinion as evidence in favour of their own. The following article is the most restrained and informative of those we have so far received.

As one who for some little time has been keenly interested in the type of music usually referred to as "Jazz," I would like in the space of this short article to make one or two observations on its origins and early history.

It must be realized that "jazz" grew up from many different roots, and that in its early days it had no generally accepted names. It was known variously as "Creole" music in the New Orleans district, round about 1890, as "Rag-time" in English speaking countries during the post-war period, and so on. Now-a-days it is referred to (erroneously in my opinion) as "Swing."

Mention of the "Creole" music reminds us that it was in the Mississippi Valley that it was first developed, by the singing of Negro Spirituals with accompaniments on the banjo, leading to plantation songs and "blues" and finally producing instrumental jazz.

At the outset, this type of music was not acceptable outside the sphere of its exponents, but they were able to continue to find audiences who appreciated it by travelling up and down the broad Mississippi on the river steamers, thus bringing jazz to many people living far from its original source.

Sad Melodies of Oppression

From St. Louis to Chicago, the musicians kept on the move to and from those places which would provide livelihood, even if they were culturally beyond the pale. Here were the audiences and pay. Here also was an atmosphere of racial oppression and loneliness, which, woven into the fabric of the music, has given us so many sad, haunting melodies. In those early days, just as at present, jazz began with performance, and not with premeditated composition, and therefore the feelings of the performers largely coloured the music, as in songs of the "Blues" type.

In addition to the performers, the different cities where they played naturally impressed their own individuality upon the music, and we soon find different "schools," for example the Chicago style or the famous St. Louis Blues.

In course of time many changes took place. For instance, at the beginning Jazz was dominated by dance music, whereas later dance music became dominated by Jazz.

Paul Whiteman's "Symphonic Jazz," for example, was primarily dance music and only jazz secondarily. Out of all the hundreds of records which he made, scarcely two dozen could be regarded as genuine jazz pieces. Many thousands of radio listeners and devotees of the juke-box, flatter themselves that they are conversant with jazz, when all they have heard is dance music tinged with jazz, as played by Harry James and Bob Zurke. In my opinion, a record such as "Honky Tonk Train Blues" played by Meade Lux Lewis on piano, is much nearer the mark.

For the Future

Of recent times, jazz has made rapid strides towards recognition by orthodox leaders of music such as Stokowski, who was a brilliant conductor of one of the finest symphony orchestras in the world—the Philadelphia. In giving his blessing to a recent broadcast programme of jazz records he made a very strong impression on listeners who would never previously have admitted that any good thing could come out of jazz.

There is undoubtedly a future for jazz in American music, possibly along the lines of Duke Ellington's concerts, or Raymond Scott's endeavours in the world of "synthetic" jazz.

I believe it was Dvorak who said that he often wondered why American composers' thoughts went to Europe, instead of concentrating on the wealth of material in America, and he himself, in composing his "New World" symphony, made use of a simple Negro melody, now become famous as "Going Home."

Diligence

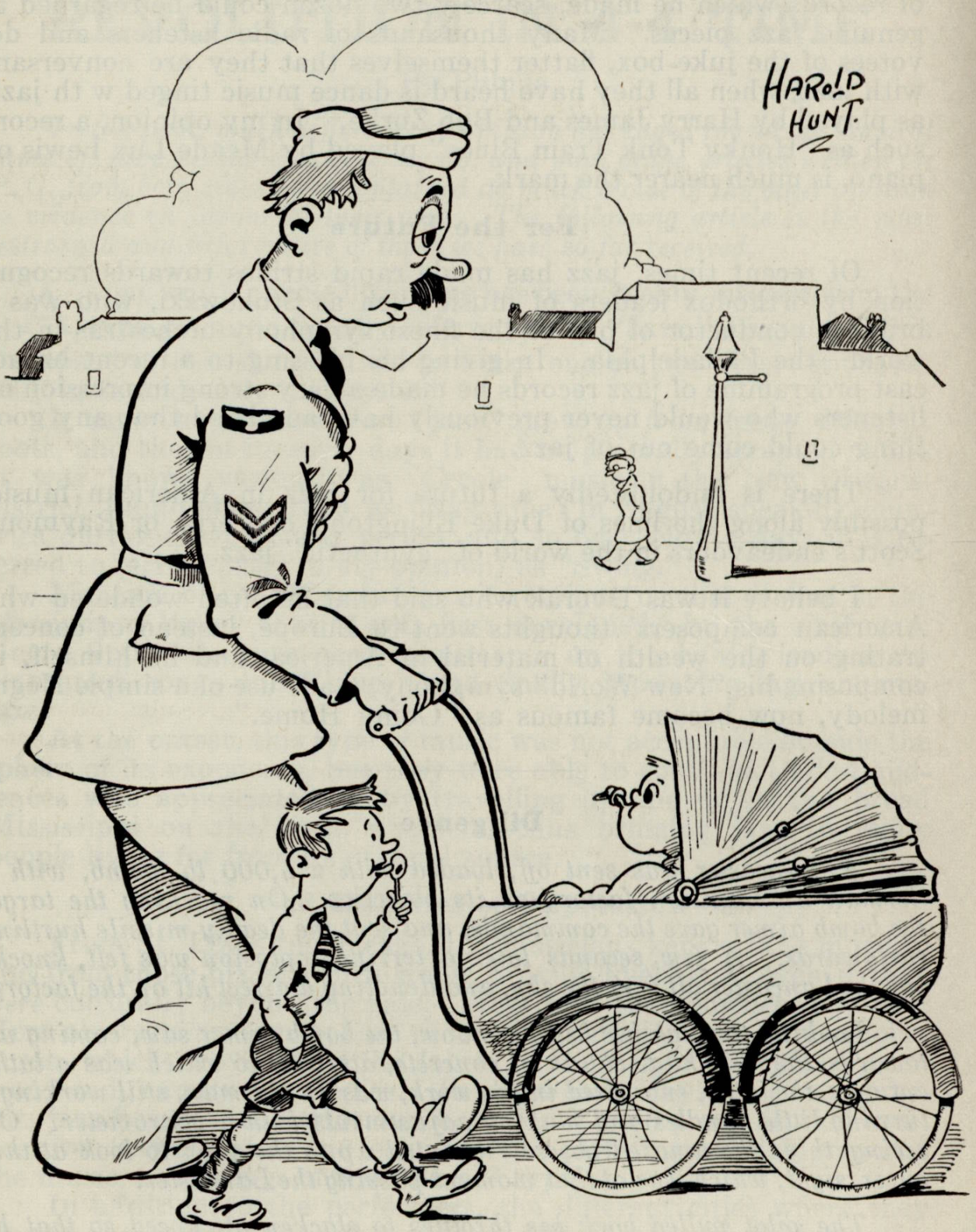
A Lancaster was sent off, loaded with a 4,000 lb. bomb, with a German ammunition factory as its objective. On reaching the target the bomb aimer gave the commands, and sent the deadly missile hurtling earthwards. A few seconds later a terrific explosion was felt, knocking the Lancaster all over the sky, and denoting a direct hit on the factory.

Looking through his belly window, the bomb aimer saw, coming up towards them, a huge chunk of concrete, attached to which was a lathe ent over the lathe, engrossed in his work, was an old man, still working, turning little handles and making adjustments with a micrometer. On seeing this, the amazed observer shouted up to the pilot to look at this queer sight, which was at that moment passing the Lancaster.

The pilot pulled back his throttles to slacken off speed so that he could see better, the undercarriage warning horn blew, the old man sighed, straightened up, and wiping his hands on a piece of rag, stepped off into space

R. L. Cooke

SERVICE SLANGUAGE EXPLAINED



“Expecting his third.”

PADRE'S NOTES

By the Revd. W. Goddard

Christ The Lord

I am grateful for this opportunity of saying a few words in PG. And what am I going to say? Well, something about God—and you. That is religion—God and you. But so very often people are inclined to forget the God part. They are all right about the you, or me, we don't have much difficulty about that. We can usually think about ourselves.

But what about God? Do we try to get Him into every bit of our lives? Our lives are characterized by a respectability, but sometimes we are a bit passive,—not very active Christians. We may not be open notoriously evil livers—we may be kindly and honourable. We lack however, the ardour of a true love of God, and the sharpness of a truly Christian conscience.

We've Got Slack

We've got slack—that's what it is, and we feel so long as we don't do anything which is scandalous, then we are Christians. But what is a Christian? Certainly not someone who tries to keep the Christian morality *without* Christ. For without him the Christian way of living is meaningless. For Christ is no mere teacher of morality; He himself is the means by which we are brought back to God, reunited to God, in order that we may love as the true children of God.

We know full well on our own we fail to live the sort of life which is worthy of the Crown of God's creation—man. We fail in one way or another. That is why, without Him, we cannot follow his teachings. But with him

as the centre of our lives, getting Him into every bit of them, we get somewhere.

The Christian Life

The Christian then, is just this—someone who has got Christ at the centre of his life,—at the centre, so that His life can flow into my life and change it so that it grows like His life. There never was any other meaning to the word Christian. When we get Him at the centre, we might still fail Him but we can keep going to him for further strength, so that bit by bit, we grow from weakness to strength.

The world in which we live today has in some ways tried to keep a sort of Christian morality—*without* Christ. Well, it's result are pretty obvious first its morality is weakened; then it "prangs." And if it tries to build a "better" morality without Christ it will prang again.

The Centre

The world, you and I must get Christ at the centre. But if we are going to do that it means we must get to know Him, and the way I do that is through worship—through religion, and true religion means just this—giving glory to our Glorious God, and knowing that he permits us, through Christ, to draw near to him; and as we draw near to Him, we see our complacency and we bow before Him, and we begin to know Him. We see what is wrong with ourselves. It is true your life and my life is changed. It's here the life of the world is changed.

But it won't be changed—unless we do get back to Christ as the Centre.

ANECDOTE**OUT OF THE MOUTHS**

Our contributor, in other days a schoolmaster, retails a few anecdotes from his own experience.

History, above all school subjects is more prone to be misunderstood than any other. A friend of mine, a history teacher, found this out to his cost.

He was dealing with the Elizabethan era and hoped to illustrate his subject with a series of anecdotes.

* * *

Firstly he told his class of the two martyrs, Latimer and Ridley, about to be burned at the stake. As the flames were licking their feet Latimer turned to Ridley and said:

"Ridley, we've lit a fire in England today that will never be put out."

The class was moved.

* * *

He next passed on to the story of Sir Philip Sydney on the field of Zutphen, when the great Knight, fatally wounded, asked for a drink. About to imbibe he saw a soldier beside him beseech a drop with speechless lips.

"Take it; thy need is greater than mine," quoth Sir Philip.

The class was thrilled.

* * *

From there he went on to the incident of Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth when the former very gallantly placed his cloak on the muddy path so that the Queen might walk clean footed to her carriage.

"I'm afraid, Raleigh, I've soiled your cloak," remarked the Queen.

The class was interested to hear the modesty of Sir Walter's reply: "Dieu et mon droit." This, explained the mentor was French for "God and my right."

* * *

Sir Walter again figured in the smoking incident when his maid first saw her master smoking his pipe in the garden. Thinking he was on fire she threw a bucket of water about his head.

The class was amused.

* * *

Last scene was with Sir Walter on the scaffold in the role of victim. The picture was well drawn with great detail of the mob, the clear morning, the executioner with a long black beard. But Sir Walter was not dismayed.

"Fools die many times before their death. The valiant never taste of death but once."

He took the gleaming axe from the hand of the executioner, felt its keen edge and said: " 'Tis a sharp and fair medicine to cure all diseases."

The class would surely never forget.

* * *

Next day the pupils were asked to write essays on these anecdotes, but results were rather surprising. Thuswise:

Sir Walter was smoking in his back garden when his maid, thinking he was on fire, threw a bucket of water over him. But he rebuked her and said:

"Nay Ridley, we've lit a fire in England today that will never be put out."

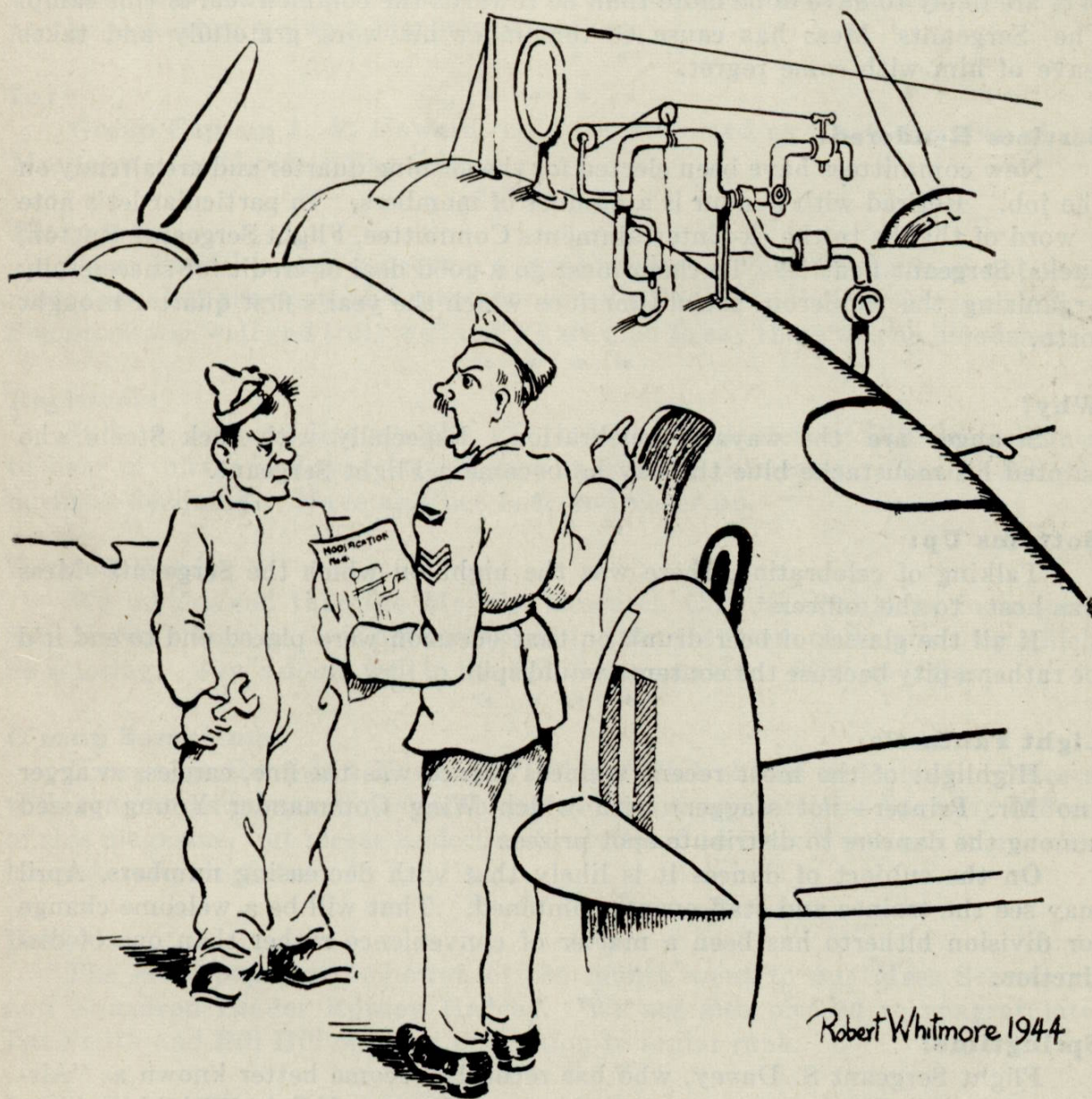
Sir Walter noticed that his executioner had a tough black beard so he felt the keen edge of the axe and said:

"Take it, thy need is greater than mine."

When Queen Elizabeth trampled Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak into the mud she said:

"I'm afraid Raleigh I've soiled your cloak."

Sir Walter modestly replied: "Dieu et mon droit," which is French for "Migawd you're right."



So You're Sure You've Done the Mod. Right?



Eavesdropping at THE SERGEANTS' MESS



Valediction:

Elsewhere in PG is recorded at length the commissioning and departure of Flight Sergeant Leslie Rockey, BEM. Few men who have passed through Debert are likely to have done more than he towards the commonweal of this camp. The Sergeants' Mess has cause to remember his work gratefully and takes leave of him with some regret.

* * * *

Services Rendered:

New committees have been elected for the ensuing quarter and are already on the job. Retired with honour is a number of members. In particular let's note a word of thanks to the ex-Entertainments Committee, Flight Sergeants Button, Jacks, Sergeant Peattie. To them must go a good deal of credit for successfully organizing the numerous social functions which the year's first quarter brought forth.

* * * *

Why?

Strange are the ways of celebration. Especially with Jack Steele who painted his moustache blue the day he became a Flight Sergeant.

* * * *

Bottoms Up:

Talking of celebration, there was the night on which the Sergeants' Mess was host to the officers'.

If all the glasses of beer drunk on that occasion were placed end to end it'd be rather a pity because the contents would spill.

* * * *

Light Fantastic:

Highlight of the most recent trainees' dance was the fine, careless swagger (no Mr. Printer—not stagger) with which Wing Commander Young passed among the dancers to distribute spot prizes.

On the subject of dances it is likely that with decreasing numbers, April may see the trainee and staff events combined. That will be a welcome change for division hitherto has been a matter of convenience rather than one of distinction.

* * * *

Springtime:

Flight Sergeant S. Davey, who has recently become better known as "Airborne Sam," is flying away on a spot of leave to Boston, U.S.A. With him will go Doc Westwood.

It was probably coincidence that the day this news became known PG's reporter caught them poring over *Life's* account of juvenile delinquency in that city.



Sweet Sorrow:

It is with regret that we say au revoir to Group Captain J. H. Woodin. We all hope that we will have the honour of serving under him again in the future. In the meantime we wish him bon voyage.

* * * *

In:

Group Captain L. V. Howard, DFC, is welcomed as a new member of the Mess as well as Commanding Officer.

* * * *

Blarney:

Saint Patrick's Day dance was a great success. The Paddies were not very numerous, but the Scottish contingent came gallantly to their assistance. The Shamrock was well and truly wet and we are glad to say there was no bloodshed.

* * * *

Registrar:

It is noted from last month's PG that Flight Lieutenant Bill Green wants to hear of births and marriages going on around this camp. Really Bill—is business declining? Have another beer and cheer up.

* * * *

Bottled Hardy:

We understand that the Medical Research Council is anxious to acquire Sam Hardy's tonsils. It is not interested in the other item of his anatomy which he is losing. Sam's doing well in the certificate market. Stick to it Sam.

* * * *

C'mup Sometime:

It is suggested that a New York Officers' Club should be formed. Officers with gen and addresses to pass on please communicate with the Advisory Officer of this magazine, but please underline "Advisory" so he will not mix it up with his maternity department.

* * * *

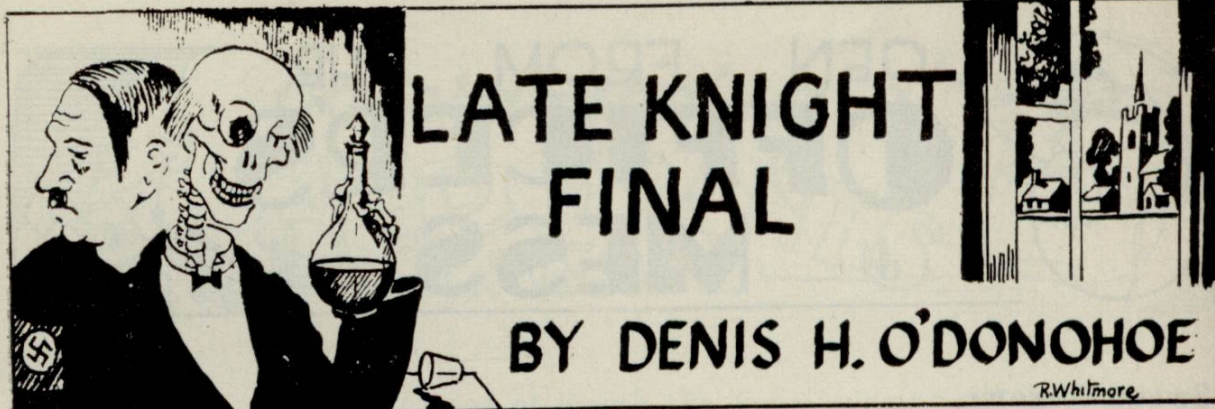
Hoop-la:

The most popular promotion of the month went to our Mess Secretary, now Squadron Leader Rowley Harvey. We are also pleased to congratulate Pat Smith and Bill Hill on their promotion to senior rank.

* * * *

Little Black Bag:

We are sorry to say goodbye to Doc Hoadley who made himself extremely popular in spite of the fact that he was only here a short time. Doc Crowley, who has taken his place, has already proven himself a worthy successor.



SIR Alfred Renniman sat in a large and very comfortable arm-chair before a cheery log fire. The afternoon sunlight streamed softly through the library windows, producing an amber glow on the calf bindings of the Waverley novels. The soothing whirr of a lawn-mower came from beyond the rose-beds, mingled with a million insect voices and the occasional hum of a distant car. All was peace: the adoption of the siesta habit by the entire world seemed imminent. Although Sir Alfred derived no sense of well-being from this serenity, nor yet from the decanter of excellent sherry at his elbow, it may be said, without a shadow of doubt, that he was at peace with the world. He was dead.

* * *

It all started three weeks before, when, quite suddenly, he realized that he was tired. He was tired of Mildred, his wife, tired of the way she camouflaged the ravages of time and contrived always to have crowds of people, mostly complete strangers to Sir Alfred, clumping about the house, playing bridge ad rauseani, emptying his cellar, and generally getting in his hair.

He was tired, too, of his butler, who seemed to have an entente cordiale with the fourth dimension whereby he ignored tempus' merry flight and remained outwardly unchanged, unmorose, ungouty, and therefore totally unlike his

employer. Still more was Sir Alfred fed to the teeth with his valet, who treated him habitually with a second-childhood technique and with Lady Renniman's secretary, a diluted individual, always hanging around Bobby, (Roberta Renniman), David's grand-daughter. Why were secretaries invariably blessed with such names as Simpson?

No words, of Greek, Latin or good old Anglo-Saxon derivation, could adequately express the complete and utter fatigue with which Sir Alfred viewed the villagers, of whom the majority were prudes, drunks or half-wits in his knightly estimation, the house-servants, the head gardener (trying to tell *him* how to cultivate giant tomatoes), and everyone in general from the local curate to the unwanted twins of the bar-maid at the Fox and Grapes.

* * *

The idea of absenting himself from this earth became more real when he watched Bobby participating in a fast singles on the near court. No matter what they said, she was the image of David. David had been his favourite brother, and his sudden death had stirred up within the horny confines of Sir Alfred's hide more emotion than he'd thought possible. He felt convinced that David was happier now; he was almost equally confident that his own position in the next world would be an improvement on his present state.

Of course, Bobby couldn't be held altogether responsible for his decision—he had become increasingly intolerant of life of late—but she certainly acted as a catalyst to his subconscious desire. She reminded him so much of David, and to think of David was to look on the face of Death. Strangely enough, Sir Alfred had grown rather to like Death's facial design.

* * *

When the brain-wave first came to him, he felt inclined to head for the river without delay; but the old legs were not as amenable as of yore, and a mile or so separated Sir Alfred from his intended destination, or destiny, if you will. Perforce, he pondered; and presently a senile chuckle escaped him, then another, for it had occurred to him that, besides ridding himself of earthly cares, he could cause quite a spot of bother for quite a number of people, if he arranged matters with sufficient care.

* * *

At 2.15 p.m. then, on this glorious day, he had set the scene of his demise. The french-windows of the library were wide open, but Sir Alfred locked the door anyway—it made dying more fun. His request for a fire had occasioned varied comments in the kitchen, since the day was a real scorcher, but he'd insisted—it was part of the plan—and there it was, burning merrily, occasionally shifting itself into a more comfortable position. He lowered his ache-ridden frame into his favorite chair and took from his pocket a page torn from "Country Life," which innocuous sheet contained a lethal dose of pheno-barbitol, in the form of thirty-three sleeping tablets.

Lady Renniman's insomnia was a village-wide topic and, for some reason known only to herself, she kept at east a dozen spare bottles of tabloid soporific in the house. Unobtrusively, and with infinite cunning, the corpse-

to-be had removed three tablets from each of eleven bottles so that, with any sort of luck, their disappearance would escape notice.

* * *

He unwrapped the tablets and threw the paper on the fire, watching it carefully until the ash crumbled and was gone. Then, (oh, this was very clever) he put one of the little white discs into the decanter and aided its dissolution with a vigorous shaking. An indescribable leer split his face as he pictured the family doctor trying to calculate how many decanters of sherry would contain the huge amount of pheno-barbitol he would find in the Renniman stomach, when the inevitable autopsy was performed.

* * *

One by one Sir Alfred swallowed the tablets. The process took longer than he'd anticipated and the last eight were almost too much for him, but finally they were all gone, washed down with sherry worthy of a better use. Meticulously he dusted the powdery residue from his hands and sat back in the chair, to die. He reflected that here was an almost perfect crime: what a pity he had to spoil it. He'd cheerfully have seen Simpson hang; one of Heaven high-lights would have been to peer through the strings of his harp and watch that fool secretary dance on air.

However, he'd been too eager to die, and since he hadn't had time to arrange evidence sufficient to convict Simpson, he'd felt a certain obligation to leave a suicide letter. This amazing document was deposited with his bankers and he felt reasonably confident that it would be opened before any real damage had been done, especially if the local constabulary should attempt to solve the mystery without the assistance of the Yard.

Oh yes! there would be questions asked and discomfort for everyone, but, after all, he couldn't let Mildred

suffer too much, and Bobby mustn't be implicated—no, not Bobby..... not Bobby.....

* * *

I wonder if Sir Alfred knew that, fifteen minutes after he departed this

life, a lone Junkers 88, engaged in nuisance-raiding, dropped a stray bomb. Purely by accident it scored a direct hit on the ancestral home of the Rennimans.

They never found Sir Alfred.



“Had what?”

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49												

CLUES

Across

1. Plural of this and you're in trouble.
4. Mother of Pearl
8. Mountain top
11. Greek Avenger
13. Beginning
15. Dress
16. Cookhouse Activity
17. Exists
18. Anglo Saxon Bard
22. You
23. What the W/O told the F/Sgt. (3 words)
25. Assorters (Scrambled)
27. Loo-Tent (" ")
29. Ostrich without "R"
31. Arabian Dry Spots
32. Salt of RAF
34. Climbing stick
35. Pig's Delight
36. New
37. Italian River
40. Nat. Territ. Force (Abb.)
41. Digitalis (Scrambled)
44. Turkish Patrol
46. Alas!
47. Journey
49. Airmen's daily slogan (4 words)

Down

1. Part of Palestine
2. Gone from Picadilly
3. Famous Rock
4. Airmen's Mecca (Abb.)
5. Income tax Fiend
6. English hill
7. Babylonian Priest
8. Territ Training Unit (Abb)
9. Fitter's hands and face.
10. Slightly U/S.
12. Most a la Mode
14. FIRE!
19. Famous Ship
20. Airman's Dream
21. Gas filled kite
23. Wireless Contact (Abb).
24. Direction
26. (Prefix) from afar
28. Elevate
29. Where real work is done
30. Without feet
32. Spanish name
33. Airmen's Show
38. Nothing (French)
39. Hebridean Isle
42. Girl's name
43. Type of Sound (Abb).
45. Exclamation
48. Dine without tea



Best laugh yet is on an august member of the photographic section who took some pictures at an ice hockey match recently. None came out.

We notice that flying is becoming very popular with a few technical officers nowadays. Of course they couldn't be interested in the two bucks fresh-air pay.

Then there's the NCO who likes his morning milk in a hurry. However he now appears to realise the griff is to stand in the queue.

Still unexplained is the mystery of aircraft W1 which taxied over to number one hangar recently and loaded up with twelve cases of Molson's ale.

Is it true that the centre ring of a Squadron Leader's three is intended to denote a hyphen?

Where were our musical enthusiasts one night last month? Certainly not at a concert given by USO musicians when only three bodies turned up.

A transport driver who should know told us that the late Commanding Officer can wield a crafty shovel when it comes to getting his own car out of a snowdrift.

We rather like the story about a Flying Officer aerodrome controller. Seems the day after he had a staff pilot up on the carpet for missing a red flare he went dicing—and didn't see one intended for his own aircraft.

Appears there's been a row in the Sergeants' quarters about early morning tea. We understand the person who stopped it wasn't getting a fair rake-off.

Now who is occupying a certain chair in Station Headquarters? The changing signatures on Daily Routine Orders make the subject very perplexing.

And a great big slap on the back for PG's advisory Flight Lieutenant who has been appointed "Officer in charge of pregnancy."

What a man!

A colleague reports that the parade ground was swept clean the other day. Can this be a sign of things to come? Lots of people hope not.

PG's recent exposure of the local bus "service" caused an editorial twitter in one of the Maritime's more obscure country dailies. We're glad, in a way, that this magazine doesn't rely on advertising revenue for its existence.