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OPINION

EAST WIND

The partial closing of East Camp has brought almost to nil what was, to all effects, a self contained unit. Thrown for the most part upon their own devices personnel who lived there shewed an enterprise and community sense which West Camp could do well to emulate.

* * *

QUIET PLEASE

Elsewhere is emphasised the need for an airmen's silence room. PG considers that such a provision would fill a marked gap in recreational facilities at this unit.

* * *

SILVER SCREEN


The article contributed this month by the officer in charge of our cinema is welcome. Bearing in mind his many difficulties, we hesitate to believe there can be serious criticism of shows provided.

* * *

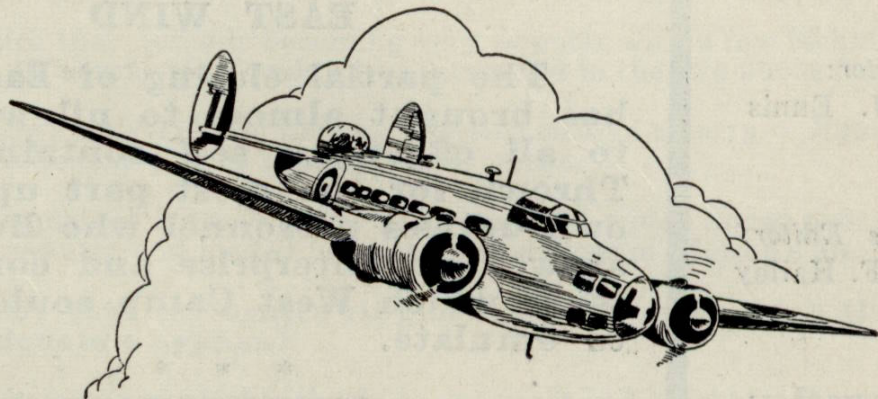
MARCHING ORDER

Change is in the air and, for many, departure at hand. Debert is no Palm Beach, we know; but some of us have been happy here and will take leave of old friends with quiet regret.

CIRCUITS and BUMPS



... men and machines ...



The old order changeth, yielding place to new. A tried warrior goes to his long home; a new gladiator rises in the lists.

As with men, so with machines.

The face of Debert has changed, is changing. Now, from our hangar aprons and runways there is rising a fresh, vibrant note of power. The spaces above are busy with this fierce, assertive youngster of the air.

So, because another and newer aircraft can fly faster to strike harder, the Lockheed Hudson wings into the gathering twilight of aviation history. There it will join other proven veterans, Camel, Virginia, Gladiator, Blenheim, Battle, Wellington, Defiant—names to be remembered so long as the Royal Air Force continues to exist.

Some may see the transition take place with little concern. Others, perhaps, will know a suspicion of regret, for familiar shapes grow on one and are apt to be regarded with affection. This latter feeling, the regard of man for machine, is one which a practical person will hesitate to confess, but on the whole it is not irrational. An aircraft is the dream which lay once in a designer's mind, its lines the beauty that looked out from his eye, its strength the sum of his skill.

Yet his weakness was there too, an human inability to attain perfection. He could strive for it, perhaps come closer than anyone had before. But sooner or later something better was bound to come. That is the reason for the change now; it is the same one which in due time will cause today's machines to be discarded. It is the way of science and of human progress.

Only that handiwork which is beyond the mind of man remains untouched. There are no Mark II roses.

. . . lost horizon . . .

From daily routine orders comes this gem of clear thinking:

Station Cinema: Commencing tonight the door opposite the door presently used will be open to permit ticket holders to enter. (Ticket-holders may now use the door furthest from the stage and on the Masstown road side.)

Will there be a duty guide?

* * * *

. . . let's 'ave 'ush . . .

An American restaurant proprietor is reported to have inserted above his juke box this placard: "Five minutes of silence for a nickel." The same source has it that he made a fortune upon which he is now retired.

There must be quite a number of airmen who can smile somewhat whimsically at the story.

Perhaps the greatest change entailed in a transition from civilian life to the service is a total abandonment of privacy. From the comparative quiet of a family circle one is tilted into a crowded, noisy barracks where a unanimity in the matter of noise or peace is almost unknown. Many will accustom themselves to the change; others will continue to find it a distressing feature throughout their service career.

For benefit of the latter some units have introduced a "silence room," comfortably furnished, where an airman may write, read or merely meditate—in peace and quiet. Such a facility is sadly lacking at Debert; PG believes the idea is one which could usefully be adopted.

It was Thomas Carlyle who said: "*Speech is of time, silence is of eternity.*" Might be a good idea to keep in touch with eternity.

* * *

. . . cause and effect . . .

Once upon a time an armourer was granted an unexpected spot of leave. He hastened homeward and en route despatched a telegram to his wife.

On arrival however, he entered the house and found his love in the arms of a civilian. Broken hearted the airman drifted away to the local where he met his father-in-law, a retired Warrant Officer Discip.

Being a kindly old b-b-blighter the other listened to the tale of woe. At the end of it the younger man produced two bullets (.303 AP).

"That'll give her a third position stoppage," he said, and added sourly, "the other's for me."

The father-in-law was quite upset.

"Old 'ard," he bawled gently, "there's an explanation I bet. I'll go along and organise an inspection."

He did.

Within half an hour he was back beaming.

"There y'are," he said. "I told yer no daughter o' mine'd do such a thing without good reason. She didn't get yer telegram."

INFORMATION

The Future of the Royal Air Force in Canada

Major Power Reports

Before the Canadian House of Commons in Committee on 18th April was a measure for the grant of certain monies proposed to be expended by the Department of National Defence for Air. During the debate Major The Hon. C. G. Power, Minister for Air, made a statement on the effect and future of the Empire Air Training Scheme. Of such interest is this speech that PG would like to reproduce it entirely. However due to limitation of space we have selected those passages which particularly affect the RAF.

The text which follows is adapted from Hansard—Daily Edition.

The purpose of the British commonwealth air training plan (said Major Power) is to man all aircraft which the commonwealth produces.

In the course of its work..... Canada, before the end of this month, (April) will have trained its 100,000th aircrew.

The first intimation we received that there might be a curtailment in air training capacity came in December. Up to that time we had already been told to turn out aircrew as fast as we could and as well as we could, and we did that. We fulfilled our contract.

Fortunately, the allies obtained air superiority earlier than they had anticipated, with the result that the German air force is not so dangerous from the point of view of casualties as had been expected and that we have fewer losses in combat than were expected, particularly among pilots.

Pilot Training

Most of our training originally was devoted to pilots. Now we find there is a surplus of pilots. When a bomber is shot down the loss is only one pilot; there are seven other members of the crew, but only one pilot. The German fighter air force have not been

taking the heavy part in the fighting that was anticipated, and the result is that our casualties, thank God, have not been anything like what had been feared, so that at the present time there are more pilots trained than were expected.

The margin that was allowed for is still there. It is not any indication that there is any intention on the part of the allies or on the part of the United Kingdom, where most of these aircrew go, that there shall be a slackening of the war effort. On the contrary, there is, first, the circumstance that we still have a surplus of pilots, and, second, that this year is to be the critical year of the war, and the United Kingdom and its allies are endeavouring to concentrate, so far as they can, all their fighting power in the front line.

Training Reserve

As this committee well knows, there is an immense training organization behind the fighting line. This training organization can be pushed forward and utilized at the proper time.

As I said, there have been two changes. The first change took place in December when the Royal Air

Force announced the desire to close a certain number of their establishments. St. Catharines in Ontario, Stanley in Nova Scotia, Caron in Saskatchewan, and Cap de la Madeleine in Quebec, were closed. All these except Caron were Royal Canadian Air Force stations. But in order to keep schools going in western Canada we closed R.C.A.F. stations in eastern Canada. Neepawa, which was an R.A.F. school, Estevan which was an R.A.F. school, North Battleford, Swift Current, Weyburn and Assiniboia were all to be closed, because the R.A.F. decided they wanted to bring their men home. By a reshuffle and by a shift of schools we decided to close the R.C.A.F. school in Moncton, because there was already certain congestion on that aerodrome owing to transportation work which was being carried on. We moved Moncton to Battleford, and we decided to close St. Hubert near Montreal, because there was also certain congestion there, and to fill the R.A.F. station in western Canada, Weyburn. Therefore there was no dislocation in western Canada; but we did close Stanley, Cap de la Madeleine, St. Hubert and Moncton in eastern Canada.

Empire Conference

Then came the decision to hold an empire training conference in order to determine what was to be done after March, 1945. Before that, as a preliminary to the conference the air ministry asked if it would not be a good idea for the Right Hon. Mr. Balfour to come here to discuss these matters with us. He came here and after a certain amount of discussion announced to us that the United Kingdom government had decided to close a further number of their schools, in fact had decided to close all the R.A.F. schools properly so-called. They had decided to close them progressively during the course of the next year.

Mr. GRAYDON: How many would there be?

Mr. POWER: Oh, from twenty to twenty-five. He also advised us that the higher command had come to the conclusion that the output of the plan should be reduced, beginning about fourteen to eighteen months hence. It must not be forgotten that a recruit entering the plan to-day, with the backlog that we have, in all probability will not strike the front line for from eighteen months to two years; therefore if we are to make preparations for closing this scheme progressively sometime it behoves us to begin reasonably early. It was decided at this conference that the air training plan would continue after March, 1945—that is number 1—but that it would continue at a reduced capacity with the output reduced about fourteen to eighteen months hence. Most of those schools will not close until between December 15, 1944, and January 1, 1945. Let us remember that. We are not closing the schools suddenly,.....but we are advising the interested parties that this training scheme must begin to close up sometime and this sometime starts next fall.

New Figures

I should like the committee to bear this in mind. I have never given these figures before but I presume I have to. I do not think there is any great secret about them now anyway. Whereas last year we produced about 39,000 aircrew, in 1944, the year in which we are closing the schools, we are going to produce 41,600, and with the 100,000 already produced we are going to have a substantial number of aircrew. There will begin to be a slackening up when these schools are closed and a slackening up in 1945; but I hope it will not be forgotten that at the present time we have a surplus. We are still producing at peak capacity or practically at peak

capacity, and we shall be doing so up until the end of 1944. In order to slacken our capacity in 1945 we have to begin now. At the present time there are in the United Kingdom enough trained front-line aircrew for the expansion of all the squadrons required by the British commonwealth. Back of that we have all the replacements we require. We have all the men we need for 1944; with what is produced in 1944 we shall have the men required for 1945, and I presume with the backlog of the accumulation we shall have all the men required for 1946.

Now, I ask myself why we should continue training men in a hazardous occupation if they are not absolutely necessary, and why we should spend very large sums of money required for training? I have forgotten the amount it requires to train a pilot, but it is something over \$20,000—

Mr. MacKENZIE (Vancouver Centre): \$25,000.

Mr. POWER: Yes, \$25,000 to train a pilot and a little more than that to train an observer.

Mr. GRAYDON: That covers overhead and everything.

Mr. POWER: That is the figure we have given. It costs somewhat less than that to train a gunner, and so on. I ask myself why we should continue training these men?

Contract

After all we are contractors. We made a contract with the United Kingdom and the people of the governments of the British commonwealth to turn out aircrew in an unlimited quantity as long as they wanted them, but we cannot train men if they do not want them. To my mind it would be the height of absurdity, first of all, to risk the lives of these young men in the hazardous job of training and, secondly, to spend the people's money. That, I think, is the justification for the closing of the schools after it is no

longer considered necessary by the higher command to train men.

Of the twenty-eight schools to be closed several are Royal Air Force schools. The Royal Air Force say they want to bring their schools home, and I cannot stop them from doing so nor can anyone else. If they want to bring their men home that is their business, and I do not think any of us can criticize them, for they know their business best. They have said they want to bring their schools home in order to bring their men closer to the front line, so as to bring greater power to bear during the critical year of the war. That is the reason they give, and I think that reason should be good enough for any of us. The first of these schools is No. 34 O.T.U. at Pennfield Ridge. Another to be closed is No. 31 E.F.T.S. at Dewinton, Alberta; that is R.A.F. Another is No. 32 E.F.T.S. at Bowden, Alberta; that is R.A.F.

To Be Closed

Then No. 31 bombing and gunnery school at Picton, Ontario, will be closed; No. 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, will be closed; they are both R.A.F. schools. No. 34 S.F.T.S., Medicine Hat, Alberta, R.A.F., is to be closed; No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, Alberta, R.A.F., is to be closed; No. 33 S.F.T.S., Carberry, Manitoba, R.A.F., is to be closed. All these schools will close between December 15 and January 1, so that there is nothing very sudden about it.

The following had been R.A.F. schools prior to December 15, and were made R.C.A.F. schools in the reshuffle of which I spoke, and under the new arrangement are no longer required: No. 39 S.F.T.S. Swift Current, Saskatchewan; No. 8 S.F.T.S. at Weyburn; No. 25, which was a former R.A.F. school, at Assiniboia, and No. 26, which was also a former R.A.F. school, at Neepawa.

For the moment we are not pro-

posing to abandon any of these schools mentioned. In the first place, whatever our plans may be, we are certainly not going to abandon schools, when some eventuality might arise, because of which we might have to reopen them—not that I anticipate it, but simply because we want to make sure about that.

Conversion of Schools

In the second place, we have some use for them. They will be utilized as aircraft storage units, which store and maintain aircraft required as stored reserves.

I wish to put on *Hansard*—and I might as well do so now—what is going to happen to them all. Pennfield Ridge will continue as a transport conversion unit. Edmonton, Alberta, which was known as No. 2 A.O.S. will become No. 2 wing headquarters to the Northwest Staging Route. That is a very congested airdrome.

Weyburn, 8 S.F.T.S., will become an equipment holding unit.

Belleville, which it was announced might be closed, will now follow on, until December, 1944, as a flight engineer school.

Saskatoon I.T.S. will be returned to the lessor. It belonged to the normal school and Bedford collegiate.

Fort William will become an aircraft holding unit.

Goderich will be an aircraft holding unit.

Windsor Mills will become an aircraft holding unit.

Assiniboia will become a pre-aircrew education school, for about 240 trainees.

Neepawa will become a pre-aircrew educational school with about 240

trainees.

Dewinton will become an aircraft holding unit.

Bowden will become a pre-aircrew educational school with about 240 trainees.

Regina will become a pre-aircrew education school with about 170 trainees.

Brantford will become an aircraft holding unit.

Dunnville will be an aircraft holding unit.

Macleod will become an equipment holding unit. There is a very good hospital there, so that it is probable that we will use it as a convalescent hospital.

Yorkton will become an equipment holding unit.

Aylmer will become a flight engineers' school.

Moose Jaw will become a personnel holding unit.

Carberry will become an equipment holding unit.

Medicine Hat will become an equipment holding unit.

Penhold will become a radio maintenance unit. That will be for radio mechanics, and the maintenance of radio equipment.

Mossbank will become an equipment holding unit.

Lethbridge will become an equipment holding unit.

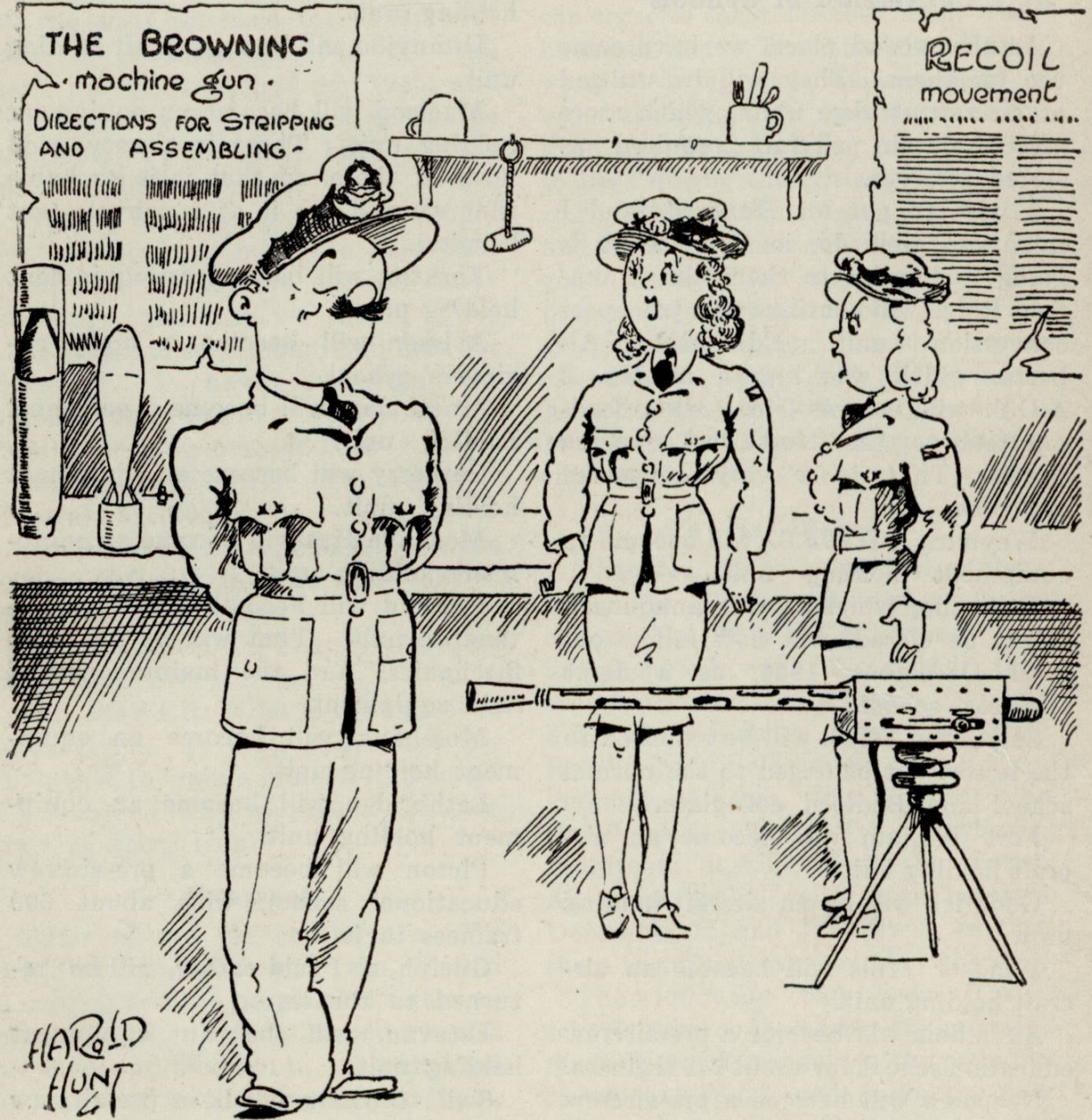
Picton will become a pre-aircrew educational school, with about 600 trainees in it.

Guelph, as I said earlier, will be returned to the lessor.

Estevan will be an equipment holding unit.

Swift Current will be a pre-aircrew educational school.

STATION ARMOURY.
POSITIVELY **NO** SMOKING



“All right girls—start stripping”

FRUSTRATION

It Depends How You Feel

AC McQuiggan, L (for Leonard) thought longingly of days gone by and made a weary pass at sweeping the hangar.

He just couldn't understand it. Life had seemed perfect last year back in England. With his motorcycle too. He sadly shook his head. It was a complete mystery.

There he had been, nineteen years old, AC 2 in the Royal Air Force, dispatch rider, motorcyclist, roaring along the white English highways to deliver his messages, without a care in the world. Or perhaps he would be guiding a convoy through busy towns, proudly tearing up from the rear to hold up civilian traffic while the goods of war rolled through. He had sat astride his camouflaged mount, holding up his hand with an imperious gesture, the central figure in the visible world.

Now he was no longer in England. He was no longer riding a motorcycle. He was sweeping a hangar.

He looked back with regret to the day when, filled with visions of himself as a hero, he had skidded to a standstill outside the orderly room and calmly walked in to volunteer for overseas service.

Well, he had been posted overseas. To Canada. Canada, where the trade of motorcyclist does not exist for the RAF, and where he must now spend two long years divided between washing plates in the cookhouse, running for the orderly room and sweeping the hangar.

AC McQuiggan, L (for Leonard) cursed as only one in his position can.

* * * * *

On the other side of the world from Canada, in the middle of a lonely, hot, dusty desert, a faint speck appeared on the horizon, and in a cloud of dust approached the little group of tents that gathered round the oasis. One or two airmen came out of the tents to watch. Suddenly the speck stopped moving, and the dust began to settle. After a short spell of inaction, once more it began to draw nearer. Soon the speck could be made out as a man riding a motorcycle. He did not appear somehow to have very good control over his machine, and he slid and bounced his way towards the onlookers.

When he was about a hundred yards from the encampment he managed to guide his front wheel somewhat obliquely against a large rock, and he sailed gracefully (later found to be for seventh time that trip) through the air.

* * * * *

The airmen from the tents ran out to help him. They met him, dirty, tired and sore, lying where he had fallen, and were shocked to see two large tears cut canals through the dust on his sun-scorched cheeks.

"I hate motor-cycles. Why couldn't they leave me washing plates, running for the orderly room, or sweeping a hangar," moaned AC McQuaggin, L (for Leopold).

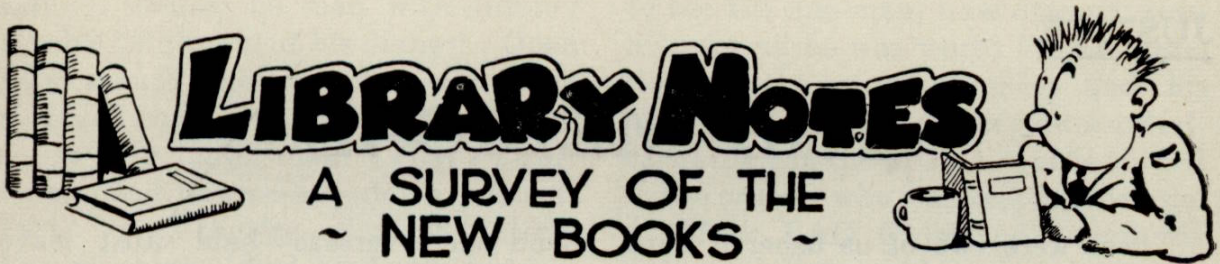
VISION**FOR SUSAN ANDREA****The Newborn of a Friend**

Susan, my love, how gentle is your slumber,
 How quiet you breathe, so calm you lay your head;
 Sleep on sweet innocence until the dawning
 Shall take your peace and bring you care instead.
 But wait, oh wait! for though the time shall hasten
 Until those days your eager mind will form,
 This is your hour of childhood consecration;
 Stay for a while the way that you were born!

Susan, my love, is this the source of starlight?
 Or early eyes untroubled yet with doubt?
 Gaze well and long on sunshine, love and beauty
 Till life and knowledge aid to dim them out.
 Oh wait, please wait! to learn of human failing;
 The shabby scene, the dross, will come at last.
 Watch, for today, your flimsy dreamboats sailing
 The slow, deep stream till all are safely past.

Susan, my love, I see a bloom of springtime
 Kissed on your lips—a rose amid the dew.
 Keep chaste this treasure, carefully withholding
 Its secret charm, save from a chosen few.
 Yes wait, oh wait! to prove the tree of living,
 No lapse of time can bring to wisdom—waste.
 Hold back, dear child, be thoughtful in your giving,
 Youth is too brief to dull its fire in haste.

Susan, my love, I hear an angel whisper;
 Or can it be your infant, murm'ring croon?
 Laugh on my little one for time that follows
 Will have you share it's sadness all too soon.
 But hold, do hold, for every new tomorrow
 Some fragrant portion of your untouched soul,
 That through all anguish, parting, pain and sorrow,
 God's love may bless, His mercy keep you whole.



Book Bindings

By LAC J. Ashbee and LAC W. A. Harvey

The Librarians would like to thank those who, in response to their request of last month, donated books to the Station Library. The response exceeded all expectations and they would particularly like to thank Sergeant Brisebois who contributed nine books. Being greedy they are not satisfied and would like more.

Come on chaps—dig 'em out!

The New Ones

A few new books have been received and two are reviewed briefly.

The Sea Tyrant by Freuchen is a story of a Captain on a whaling trip, his brutality in working his men until they dropped, their resentment and repeated attempts to rebel which never succeed. This, together with a colourful account of their stay with the Eskimos and the native women's way with the white man, makes interesting and dramatic reading.

Special Recommend

The book specially recommended this month is **The Uninvited** by Dorothy Macasle. It tells how a young journalist and his sister bought a derelict but beautiful old house on a lonely part of the Devonshire coast. It was rumours of "disturbances" in "Cliff End" which made them eagerly decide to buy it. The ensuing events and eerie happenings at midnight hours together with the life-like characters hold one's attention throughout the novel.

Also recommended for your leisure hours are the following:

Derelicts by W. Mcfee.

John Hoy of Ethiopia by R. Maclean.

Mansion House of Liberty by P. Bottome.

Until next month—good reading.

DISCIPLINE

At one of those fortunate Stations where the bus stop to the nearest town is just outside the main picket, a group of airmen were in some sort of rugged crowd which got a trifle agitated at the approach of the bus. The weaker were in danger of being elbowed to the back when the Corporal SP on the gate decided to take a hand.

"Come along, you blokes," he bawled, "Let's have some discipline here: tallest at the front and shortest at the back!"—RAF Journal.

JUSTICE

THE MEDICAL

There were two of us ushered into the little bare room and I regarded apprehensively the assortment of unpleasant looking instruments which the medical orderly was laying out preparatory to the arrival of the Senior Medical Officer.

"Strip," ordered the orderly. "Everything off, and put em on a chair."

Having undergone medical inspection before, I had a fair idea of what this meant. We would peel everything off and stand naked and shivering for at least half-an-hour before the SMO arrived. So I undressed slowly and took the opportunity to observe something of my fellow victim. Under-sized, and with a chest as hairy as that of an ape, he had much the build and bearing of one. As he pulled off his clothes he grumbled a stream of vituperative tarmac epithets which came incongruously from a man upon whose left arm was tattooed a large red heart transfixed by an arrow and labelled "Mother."

* * *

He turned to me after a while and, with a preface of some bitterness upon the farcicality of the whole business, observed: "The Doc's got something coming to 'im when 'e gives me a minor. They want to draft me overseas again—away from me job in the Sergeants' Mess bar—arter I been there three perishin' years! Me an' me gout an' all! Me wot's riddled wiv rheumatiz arter two spells in Iraq. Me wot 'as 'ad me a.m broke twice through droppin' off the mainplane of an ol' Jenny an' fetchin' up on the 'ard concrete. Wait till 'e sees me ruddy scalp—that'll shake 'im. An' me eyesight—that orter knock 'im for six!

Send me overseas—bah! Just leave me my quiet number, chum, in the Sergeants' Mess bar."

* * *

* I myself was being examined prior to being considered for a certain type of duty to which, as its very existence is almost a secret, I'll just refer to as "X" detail. A very high standard of fitness is demanded in that job but that morning I had no misgivings. A few weeks at reception depot had given me several games of rugger, I was in the inter-squadron swimming contest, and, having for two nights been omitted from the fire watching party, I felt in the pink of condition. Involuntarily I threw out my chest as the SMO entered.

"Just like 'im—right on dinner time" muttered the ape-like one.

I have wondered since whether the SMO heard this remark. He was a vivacious little Irishman—merry and twinkling one minute, fiery as the devil the next.

"Come here," he barked at the ape-man. "Stand to attention, head up, and don't go to sleep."

* * *

He ran his fingers over the man's head.

"Any bumps or bruises—eh?"

"I got a bit of a crack here, sir, one time," submitted the ape-man, indicating a spot lost somewhere in his unkempt thatch. "Fell orf a mainplane, I did."

"H'm, nothing to show for it," retorted the SMO brusquely. Then, moving to the man's side and in a quiet whisper:

'Had your dinner yet?"

"No, an' it's gone twelve, sir, an'...."

"Good! Hearing's all right. Tummy?"

But of course, no man with tummy trouble thinks about his dinner! Open your mouth and say 'Ah'—that's all right. Lean forward, breathe deeply—use your lungs, man! That's right. Now, bend down—up—down. Good! Feet? Yes, they're all right. Here, I've no specs. Just read this for me, will you?"

"The attention of medical officers examining airmen on draft is drawn to the recommendation'....." began the ape-man.

"That's enough! Eyesight all right. Hand me that red pencil—yes and the blue one too. Thank you! Colour vision all correct. Right! Away you go—and don't miss your dinner! Next!"

* * *

But before I could occupy my predecessor's place he broke in: "Please sir—abart me legs; the rheumatics is somefink chronic. When I tries doubling across the hangar....."

The little doctor stared at the hirstute limbs. Then:

"Get along before your dinner disappears. If you've anything else to say, report back here at 2.15. All right?"

"Yes, sir." The ape-like one moved painfully towards his clothes and proceeded to dress. I went confidently up to the SMO.

* * *

He ran a practised eye over me and put me through the same capers as had been accorded No. 1. In a few seconds he paused and felt my knee.

"Painful?" he asked.

"No, sir," I lied, feeling an acute twinge.

"Funny," he said. "Cartilage definitely swollen. Throat? Say 'Ah.' Those tonsils don't look healthy. Any trouble?"

"Not in the least," I answered, trying to forget a recent sore throat.

But he was looking out of the window and, following his gaze, I was amazed-

to see the ape-man, now dressed, running for all he was worth in the direction of the airmen's mess and his dinner. I thought I detected a quizzical twinkle in the MO's eye as he turned to the orderly who was keeping records:

"Mark LAC Crosswind's card 'fit overseas,' " he said.

* * *

Then he turned to me again:

"You're applying for 'X' detail I see, Postlethwaite. We want men, not weeds! Any complaints?"

"No sir!"

"I never met any candidate for 'X' detail who had! Let's see you walk. Over to the door—now back. Heavens, man! Has no one ever told you you're going flat footed? Squat on the deck. Gad—listen to the creaks! Up again. Let me see your hands. What's this?—a dislocated finger?"

"I cut it when I was a boy....." I began, with sinking heart.

"That's not much use in an emergency. Trigger finger, too!" He added something I did not catch. "Pardon sir?" I queried.

"Left ear—hearing weak," he said to the orderly.

* * *

"What I said was 'How old are you?' Thirty-one eh? Good, right ear sound. But that's a bit old for 'X' detail, isn't it? Married? And two children! Rather a responsibility for a family man like you going into this dangerous branch, isn't it? Now just read that card over there. What! Which card? Good gad, man, where is your eyesight? The pink one, I mean, by the door."

"F-X-U-V-S-T-L....." I began.

"That's a yellow card. There isn't a pink one. Now lift your left leg—now the right....."

Suddenly he stepped back. He produced a magnifier and inspected my right leg closely.

"Varicose veins," he announced. "Plastered with 'em! All right, get your clothes on; away you go."

* * *

I staggered out at length feeling like a man with one foot in the grave. A sharp twinge of rheumatism stabbed me as I descended the stairs. I felt an irritating tickle round my tonsils which I hoped would not develop into a hacking cough before nightfall. For some reason I did not hear LAC Crosswind hail me from behind, and only halted when he grasped my arm.

"How d'you get on chum?" he asked.

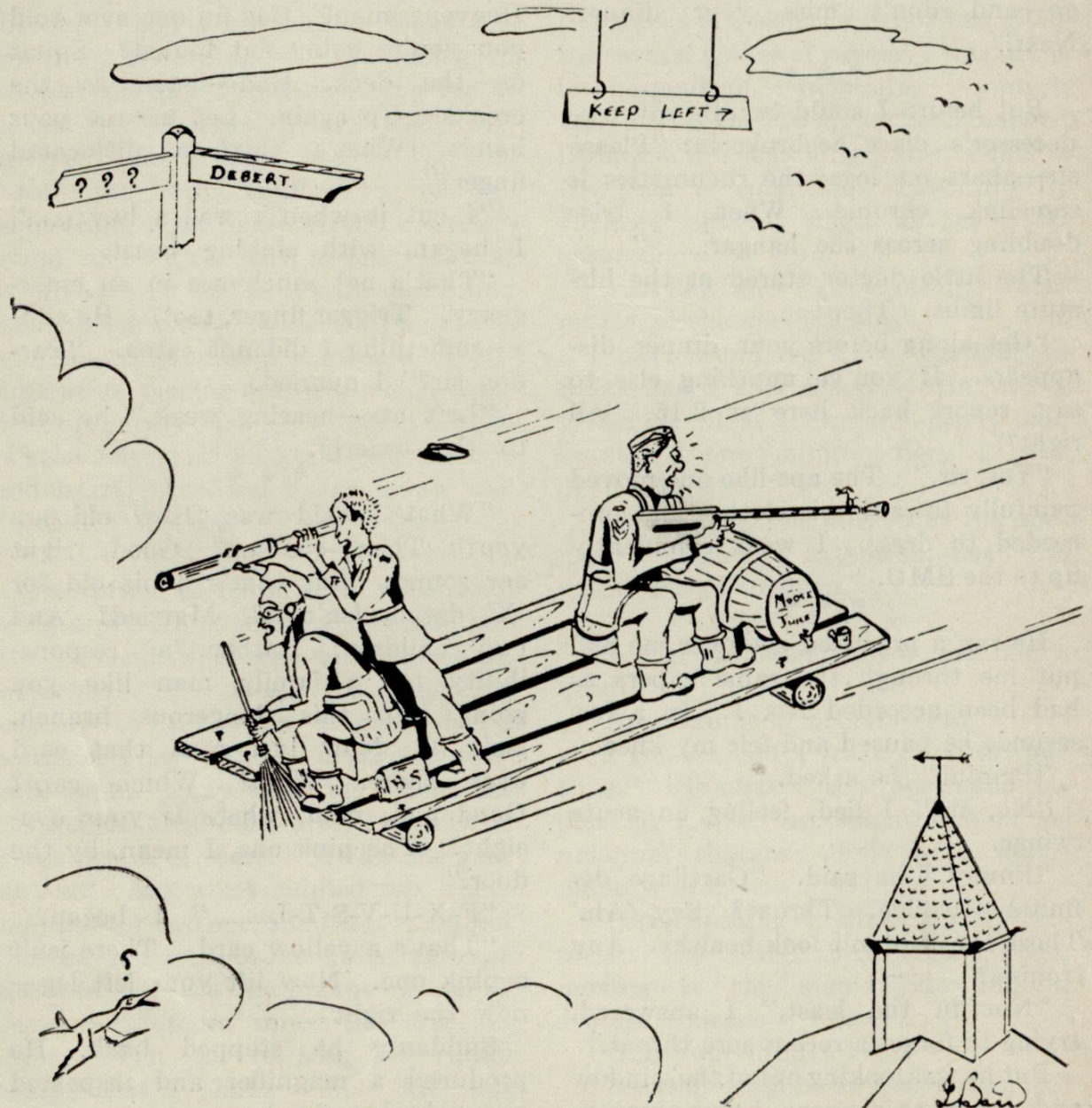
"You look," I replied, "upon a man as good as dead already. Tonsils all wrong, trigger finger dislocated, deaf in one ear, colour-blind, rheumatic, varicose-veined, flat-footed....."

"Cor lumme! Almost as bad as me! An' they've drafted me to Lundiman Bay."

"What? 'X' duty? Gosh—just what I was after!"

I tottered feebly towards Wing Headquarters to report.

"Ah," they said. "We want you. Your medical report's just come over. Report to the Sergeants' Mess; you're taking over LAC Crosswind's job in the bar!"



Flight Without Formulae

CINEMA

ODEON NIGHTS

By Squadron Leader E. J. Milner

From time to time one hears criticism of our camp cinema, particularly insofar as the choice of programmes is concerned. With this in mind PG asked the officer in charge to explain in print some of the difficulties which we know to exist in the field of motion picture management. Here is his contribution.

In an article "Scrooge Continues" which appeared in April's edition of PG, it is pointed out that PSI income depends to a great extent on profits from the Station Cinema. From this it becomes evident that the cinema's job is twofold. Foremost, to give you good entertainment and, secondly, to make a profit which will be used by PSI for the benefit of all airmen on the camp.

In practice of course, each of these points depends on the other. If we supply a good film the cinema is filled; if a bad one is shown it will draw a small audience and profit will be correspondingly less.

Get Cracking Watson

I can almost hear you say, "That's elementary my dear Watson, so why not get cracking and show only first class films? Give the audience credit for an average intelligence and don't foist any more dud shows on us in future."

Unfortunately it's not quite so simple as that, because war has affected the motion picture industry to a very great extent. Here are a few of the difficulties we are encountering now.

1. Hollywood is producing only a quarter of the films it did before the United States' entry into war.

2. Musical shows, which box-office returns have proven to be most popular here are few and far between.

3. When a new film is released in Canada there is only one copy made

available; in prewar days there were at least two and in some cases three.

4. An average town cinema changes its programme twice a week—and often fails to obtain good feature films all the time. How much greater then is our own difficulty when we are faced with five changes of programme each week? Indeed, during April while there has been no bus service to camp, we have given you a film programme seven nights a week.

There you have it then.

Up To The Minute

If you are interested and compare our own April programme with those of Truro cinemas you will find we are receiving many films which have not yet reached the latter place. In fact some more recent ones—*Jack London*, *Knickerbocker Holiday*, *Voices in The Wind*, were still enjoying a first run on New York's Broadway at the same time as being shown here.

From all this you will see that those responsible for running our cinema are doing their utmost to supply the best possible programmes. In this we are all helped by the good-will and cooperation of Film Renters at Saint John, New Brunswick, who, incidentally, are giving Debert first preference in bookings for Eastern Air Command.

Please remember this then, next time you feel like running the management down for a programme which is not quite up to scratch,—and give the cinema a second chance.



Eavesdropping at THE SERGEANT'S MESS



Home Again:

During the month of April the Sergeant's Mess in east camp was closed and the remaining members absorbed in the staff mess at west camp. Many of the new inmates were originally graduates from west camp's mess, so it's just like stray wolves returning.

Anyway, we're pleased to have them with us for it helps to fill the gaps caused by recent boat lists and inter-Provincial postings.

* * * * *

Still No Gen:

Chief topic around our semi-circular bar for the past few weeks has been the question "When are we going home?" Important visitors to Debert have not helped us at all for "official rumours" vary the date between 1st May and 31st December—of which year nobody seems very certain.

We shall see.

* * * * *

"All Clear!"

Sunday, 9th April, was a red letter day for the mess. On that occasion the committees hurriedly went into conference and decided to invite the cast of "All Clear," the RCAF show visiting the camp, to an evening in the mess. In view of the short notice attendance was good and an enjoyable evening resulted. We shall long remember "Slim."

A good show, and good players.

* * * * *

It's Spring Again:

Sunday, 16th April heralded the first social evening of the spring season. A goodly number was present, although ladies were lacking. However, the small amount of colour present improved the tone of the mess. More is needed however; how about it fellows? There's no excuse, because a recent visit to Debert village on a Sunday evening surprised the writer as to the amount of "colour" there is locally.

These Sunday evening socials are to be a feature of the mess as long as they are supported, and it is intended to maintain the standard of 16th April,

* * * * *

Ting-a-Ling:

Wedding bells rang out on 7th April when Sergeant J. D. Storrie, the well known armourer, entered into matrimony with Miss Verna Keddy of Billtown, Nova Scotia. Jack Storrie's married life is to be interrupted by a visit to the United Kingdom at the expense of the Government. However, as Jack says, it can't last forever—we presume he means his visit home.

Ambition:

Fate plays strange games in war. A well known Warrant Officer had ambitions to join the officers' mess. Application forms were duly completed, despatched to Air Ministry, London. They never arrived. Copies were despatched; they seemed to disappear too. Many months later—a name added to a boat list; then a day or two before departure is due—Hurrah!—at last, Pilot Officer A. C. McLean, gains admittance to the officers' mess.

Now he has gone out west.

The mess will miss you Angus. Congratulations—and bon voyage.

* * * * *

Thin Blue Line:

Our congratulations go also to Pilot Officer A. F. Hailey, who was once a mere Sergeant and has now graduated to the officers' mess. Will be remembered as a member of the messing committee who straightened out the deficiencies of food in the Sergeant's Mess, and who wrote the play "Of Human Conflict", so ably presented in camp.

Our loss is a gain for the mess up the road.

* * * * *

The Promised Land:

Strange things do happen to senior NCOs and many and varied reasons are given for the removal of some from number 96 block to quarters less comfortable. One suggestion is that the journey to and from the mess will not now be so long or arduous for the individuals concerned.

We shall miss you from 96 block and hope you will soon regain sufficient strength to make the longer journey again.

* * * * *

He Made It!

Our good wishes to Warrant Officer H. C. Whitney on confirmation of his rank. "Better late," quaff, quaff, "than never," quaff quaff—says Whit.

SPEED

A fitter and an aircrafthand went on a long cross country flight from Debert to Vancouver by way of an Airspeed Oxford. Lobbing down at Montreal, the Oxford was met by a yellow bowser which refuelled the kite, then drove off.

The Oxford's next stop was North Battleford. Out whipped the yellow bowser, refuelled the machine, and disappeared along the road.

Taking off again, the aircraft forged on its way, landing at Edmonton and then at Calgary, and on each occasion the yellow bowser was there to refuel.

As they were taking off for the last lap the fitter looked at his watch and, turning to the aircrafthand said, "Not making bad time are we."

"No," replied the aircrafthand "and the yellow bowser isn't doing so bad either."

R. L. Cooke

LOG**NIGHT SORTIE**

By Pilot Officer Guy Hopkins

(Reprinted from the Royal Air Force Journal).

Above us, a ten-tenths ceiling of twinkling stars vies with the blackness of a moonless night. A blackness so intense that we cannot distinguish the lines of our waiting Beaufighter until we stumble into its tail, and even then we have to grope to find our way to the cockpits.

John, my pilot, climbs up into the nose. While a mechanic straps him into his seat I take a walk round the aircraft, checking flaps, undercarriage locks and pitot head. Pilots look upon their observers as handy-carriers when undercarts refuse to go up because the locks are still in after take-off, or if instruments don't register because the pitot head is still snuggling in its ground cover!

The ground crew, as usual, have done all these jobs for me. I clamber up my two-rung ladder, bump my head on the oxygen bottles as I have done regularly for the last six months, close the hatch and turn on the dim light that illuminates my quarters in the Beau's belly.

* * *

Oxygen turned on, intercom tested, gun pressure checked. I take a look at the verey light cartridges to make sure that we have the correct colours of the day; the magazines that feed our four cannon are full to the brim; the armoured doors separating me from the pilot's cabin are secured. All is ready for the night's work.

Over the intercom I can hear John's breathing as he runs through this cockpit drill. I call him up to report that

everything is under control in the back. He grunts an O.K. and continues his methodical examination of instruments, pressure and voltages. In turn, each of the engines hums to full throttle for a moment while revs are checked. Their roars die away to a smooth ticking-over and I can just see the waiting mechanics ducking under the wings to pull away the wheel chocks.

A clear voice from the control tower affably grants permission over the R. T. for us to taxi out to the flarepath. Around us, the lights of the perimeter flash red and green. In the distance, the pinpricks of light illuminating the circuit for homecoming aircraft are almost indistinguishable from the stars. To the onlooker, it probably all seems very pretty.

* * *

We reach the runway, line ourselves up between its two dead straight rows of glowing lamps and wait for the green flash that signifies permission to scramble. It glows for an instant from the airfield control pilot's hut and almost simultaneously we start to move off.

As we gather speed, I can picture John shoving the stick hard forward to get the tail up while he steadily opens the throttles, playing one engine against the other to keep the swinging aircraft straight. For him, this is the big moment in which every nerve must be at top-line alertness and each hand does the work of two. For me, sitting placidly in the back with my feet on the ammunition stowage, it is a passenger trip down an avenue of shining

lights; my only concern, to attempt to assess the moment at which we leave the deck in order that a laconic "Airborne" may be noted in the log.

* * *

The lights recede; the stars take their place. We are aloft in an infinity of darkness. I feel a slight bump as the undercarriage legs fold into their recesses and know that the business of take-off is completed.

The customary desultory conversation over the intercom starts. We agree—John with some colourfully-expressed feeling, for a dark night rubs out the horizon—that it is the blackest night since last moon. We check each other's tasks: "Have you put the guns on?" "Is the petrol O.K.?"

* * *

This business of airborne chatter is a strain on the conversational powers. When, night after night, the same two men find themselves alone a mile or two above the earth with little to do but attend to routine affairs, talk is liable to flag for want of subjects. Yet somehow a new topic usually emerges. Under such circumstances, the shortage of beer in the local pubs becomes a matter of absorbing interest, to be discussed at length and in detail.

* * *

We have been steering an easterly course. Below, the smudgy coastline appears for a moment, to disappear rapidly behind. A filmy cloud or two float up, and away to the north we notice wispy black fibres drifting towards land. Mischievous rainclouds building up over the sea, looking for all the world like witches' brooms wandering along in search of sport.

I figure that we have reached our patrol line, and we turn on to a new vector. The monotonous up and down stooge known to all defensive fighters whether they patrol land, sea or air, commences. So many minutes up, so

many minutes down. Its regularity almost lulls us off to sleep.

* * *

The R.T. comes to life. We prick up our ears, hopeful that business may be coming our way. It is the ground controller, vectoring homewards the crew we have relieved. The dullness of perambulating the same piece of sky descends on us again; the night seems darker still.

We sing. Most crews sing on patrol not from any particular joy of living but because there's little else to do. My pilot swings into Yankee Doodle Dandy and the Beau bucks as though in protest. I am bleating out the classical words of O'Reilley's Daughter when I detect the click of the transmitter switch. John, the treacherous brute, has had me on the air and for a minute the WAAFS on listening watch have been assailed with a story ill suited to their ladylike ears.

* * *

Once more the R.T. surges. This time there is a message for us. The controller's voice is sharper than usual; we sense activity. We are given a vector and instructions to increase speed. The Beau swings hard on to the new course and the engines scream a little more eagerly. Automatically, we run over our combat gear. There may be something afoot.

"An unidentified aircraft is ten miles away from you, going west. Investigate." The controller is talking to us again, wasting no words. I hear the click as John presses his transmitting switch long enough to acknowledge with an abrupt "O.K." The needle of the airspeed indicator shows that our speed has been stepped-up by a mile a minute. We are nearly all-out, to ensure a rapid interception of what may prove to be an enemy raider.

* * *

Our idle nattering has stopped. We speak only of essentials. John is already straining his eyes into the

blanket of indigo before him. Suddenly I feel the aircraft banking into a hard, rate three turn. John calls to me to look out to starboard. He thinks he has seen a dim shape away to one side.

Even more speed. The Beaufighter is flat out, an occasional spark races back from the straining engines. A yell from my pilot: "There it is! Just ahead to starboard!"

I jam my head up against the perspex dome above me. Through the dip between our starboard engine and the fuselage I detect a faint smudge flying steadily ahead of us. The smudge is growing bigger. We are gaining.

* * *

We belt after our quarry for all we are worth, peering into the cursed gloom that makes identification at any distance almost impossible. Suddenly our task is done for us. A glare of light momentarily illuminates the high tail of a Stirling, and a coloured very rocket shoots into the sky. A vigilant gunner has seen us, and wastes no time in assuring us of his aircraft's identity by firing the signal of the day.

So we have been chasing a "friendly." We relax, and flash out a matey sign of recognition from our wingtip lamps. The Stirling flashes in return and we leave the giant bomber to pursue its homeward course. At a lessened speed we return to our patrol lane to renew our stooge.

* * *

Oh well, it was a break at least in the monotony. "Wish it had been a ruddy Hun," says John. We philosophize on the demerits of Stirlings that return

by unorthodox routes, decide that the bomber boys are entitled to come back any way they please after undertaking their hazardous tasks, even if it does mean that we have to chase after them to check up, and resume O'Reilley's Daughter.

Our time is nearly up. In a few minutes, control calls up with directions to return to base. We turn happily westward and indulge in wishful guesses as to the composition of the night-flying supper that awaits us.

* * *

The lights of base appear ahead. Over the R.T. comes the fatherly voice of our own controller, giving permission to land. Away to port a faint horizon appears; we have stayed up just long enough to see the beginning of daybreak.

The routine of landing is not prolonged. We orbit in a steep dive. I feel the wheels bump into place, sense the steadying of our aircraft as the flaps are lowered. We descend rapidly towards the welcoming rows of lights that pick out the runway.

A bump, a squeal from the brakes, and we are down. Over towards the bay in which our Beaufighter lives a torch shines out. The ground crew, as always, wait for us, ready to guide their beloved aircraft to its standing, where they will refuel its tanks and attend to any faults discovered during flight.

We swing into position in the bay and the engines are silenced. A variety of mechanics await us as we climb from our cockpits; we answer their questions on the performance of our gear, and head for the crew room.

Dawn is breaking. The sky belongs once more to day fighters.

EMIGRATION

MOVES IN THE EAST

WHEN we first arrived at Debert, we were given a short talk by a sergeant.

"And those poor blokes who are posted to Repair Squadron," he said—and an expression of extreme pity crossed his face—"will have to live in East Camp."

We were suitably horrified. The expression was enough. West Camp did not look any too prepossessing in that bleak March weather, and when someone who actually lived there could look so disdainful when he mentioned the conditions existing anywhere else, then that other place must be terrible. We shuddered.....

But that sergeant, never having lived in East Camp, was misinformed. And his attitude was the same as that of many residents of West Camp. It is the well known attitude of the dweller in the metropolis to the provincial.

First Impressions

At first sight, admittedly, East Camp looks dreary. Its single row of huts, standing half hidden behind the uninspiring airmen's mess is enough to make anyone who had walked over there from West Camp think he had wasted his time.

When we arrived however, it did not take us long to discover the canteen run by the Canadians. And of those days the thing we miss most is the wonderful coffee we could buy in what later became the beer bar.

On East Camp there were certainly few amusements. Apart from a free cinema show three times a week and Bingo on Wednesdays, there was nothing. Under these circumstances,

we had to make our own amusement. Long conversations seemed to be the favourite way of passing the time, and these conversations led to an intimacy between the inhabitants of East Camp which eventually blossomed into the best community spirit we have ever seen amongst any group of men.

The Big Parade

This spirit first became apparent when last year's football season started, and the Repair A team began to win games. East Camp turned out en masse to root for their favourites, and the big parade, led, by Sergeant Jack Tennant, when over a hundred men marched westwards to watch the cup final, will be more than mentioned if the history of the RAF at Debert is ever written.

One hot summer day another outstanding event took place, though at first it seemed trivial enough.

Bryn Concannon was sitting in Majors' crew room one break-time, when he let drop a remark, mainly to inspire conversation.

"Why doesn't B team run a dance?" he said.

It inspired conversation. More, it inspired action. Mickey Dunn collected names. Sergeant Tennant investigated the possibilities. A meeting was quickly called and a committee elected.

That first dance, "Majors' Dance," was a huge success. Out of it grew the fortnightly dances which were held right through the winter. And out of it, indirectly, grew the East Camp Entertainments Committee, described by Group Captain Woodin as the best committee he had ever known.

Winter Programme

Of course we were fortunate in many ways. We were fortunate in having the whole-hearted support of Flight Lieutenant Collins and Warrant Officer Millard. We were fortunate in having two capable, go-getting organisers like Sergeant Tennant and Corporal Nichol in our midst. And in Herb Shepard we had the last word in YMCA organisers.

Soon we had a complete entertainments programme running smoothly, with something on every night of the week. It was quickly followed by the education scheme, mainly organised by LAC Mickey Dunn.

No longer did we consider ourselves

provincials. We had found out what we could do and went ahead and did it.

Our crowning achievement was, of course, the new dance hall. Then, after only two dances had been held there, came the crash. Overnight East Camp became half empty. There is still the free cinema; there are still Saturday Whist Drives; but otherwise East Camp smacks of a ghost town.

Soon there may be no East Camp. Those of us who have been so happy there will be sorry. Personally, we will always look back on that year spent in East Debert, as the happiest in the service.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

By Nee Hall

Recently a friend of mine, stationed in New Brunswick, received a parcel from home. Tearing open the wrapper with the aid of a screwdriver—he's a flight mechanic—the usual assortment of articles met his gaze.

Half a dozen packages of woodbines, a copy of the News of the World, an edition of Blighty and even an uncensored Men Only. (Sometimes parental hands cut out the Ladies out of Uniform.)

The last article he lifted from the folds of the torn cardboard box was a tin of sardines. This tin had been manufactured in Canada and upon closer observation of the label he discovered that the contents had been canned in the sardine canning factory at Black's Harbour—a small village devoted entirely to the fishing industry and lying a few miles from the airport.

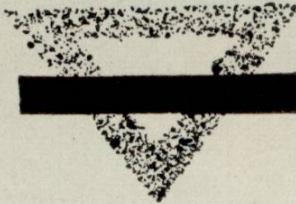
Rather a wide detour wasn't it?

MEN OF MAJORS



"You Bend 'em ~ We Mend 'em!
You Break 'em ~ We Make 'em!"

Y.M.C.A.



PAGE

By A. Morris

It is with some trepidation that I pen this, my page, for PG after writing similar articles for the 'Wings' magazine at Picton, RAF, for thirty months. Since arriving at Debert I have met many of the Station's officers and airmen and it is my desire to know many more as soon as possible. Many newcomers have found their ticket marked Debert since my arrival here. They have come from stations all across Canada's vast domain. With each new one automatically there travel ideas and projects that were successful at former units. Why not pass on such information to Station Welfare Committee through some section representative, or, if you are bashful, give your ideas to the YMCA supervisor who will see they are considered?

Through this medium I wish to bring to the attention of all and sundry some ideas for a recreational programme that the YMCA supervisor will strive to carry out with your co-operation.

Welfare

Although not having an intimate knowledge of the district. I am prepared to aid in every way possible the planning of leave. In the 'Y' office are folders and guides to most areas one would visit from this district. So drop in and plan your holiday.

In the lounge there are a few card tables and games such as cribbage, chess, checkers, chinese checkers, playing cards, crokinole, and darts can be procured from the canteen at any time when it is open.

Table Tennis

Table Tennis will gradually become an activity on the station when the tables are secured. By the time you read this article it is hoped to see tables in the Officers', Sergeants', and Corporals' messes, also one or two in Hut 4B and the remainder in the Drill Hall. Because each station has only a certain quota of balls, this activity will be dependent on their supply. However, when there are sufficient tables, balls and interest, a station tournament will be planned.

Cafeteria

Re-opening of the cafeteria has proved popular and for this we must thank the ladies of Truro and vicinity. Gradually the number availing itself of this facility is increasing. Through the volunteer efforts of the Station Rover Crew and good hospital attendants, the cafeteria has been able to open on Sunday evening. Thanks very much chaps—this good turn is much appreciated by everyone. Sincerely trust that the vexing problem of Corporals using the cafeteria will be settled amicably at an early date.

Sports

Organization of Sports has always been a major part of YMCA activity. It is our desire to co-operate with any individual or group interested in any sports activity. Because there are both RAF and RCAF personnel on the Unit, it will be necessary to have two programmes. Naturally there will be international games in which both groups can participate. In such summer activities as softball, volley-

ball, bordenball and horseshoes the 'Y' will endeavour to organise leagues. Other activities such as soccer, cricket and rugger, will find their outlet via RAF committees, the 'Y' co-operating where required. With such grand facilities for tennis there should be plenty of scope for all tennis fans.

From observation I believe this station does not lack physical resources. However unless those interested come forward when organisation meetings are called, those responsible have no yard-stick with which to measure the interest in any particular activity.

Athletics and the date for Sports Day must be announced at a later date.

Cultural Programme

The Musical Appreciation programme would be more popular if it could take place in the airmen's lounge. Naturally it would have to be at an hour when the lounge was not crowded. A suggested time is 2030 until 2200, when the movie has commenced in the Rec Hall. The committee for this programme would appreciate the opportunity to produce musical programmes in a place large

enough for more music lovers to hear these worthwhile programmes.

Discussion Groups

Discussion Groups under the direction of Flight Lieutenant Green might gain more persons interested in discussing social and economic issues if the group met in a more central location.

Dances

It is hoped that dances will be a weekly feature. There is no doubt that if airmen from each section of the camp were on an Airmen's Dance Committee any such function would be representative of all airmen. This should be the policy for all the functions appertaining to airmen's activities.

Personal Touch

In conclusion may I state that as the YMCA representative on this Unit I am prepared to co-operate and participate in any programme that will aid in making your stay at Debort as pleasant as possible. If there is any individual service I can render, do not hesitate to call at my office in the YMCA Building.

Department of Correction

The use of a period in place of a comma in a recent DRO produced the following:

Punishment for the u/m is amended as follows:

FOR: Married with permission to Verna Maude Keddy at Billtown, N.S. by Rev. J. Rushton.

READ: Married 7 Apr./44 with permission to Verna Maude Keddy at Billtown, N.S. by Rev. J. Rushton.

G.B.550098 SGT.

STORRIE J. D.

It's a life sentence whichever way you look at it.

DEVOTION

GEORGE KIRBY'S GARDEN

WE stood together, the LAC and I, reading daily routine orders. Coming to an item about station gardens, he laughed and turned to me. "Funny", he said, "that reminds me of a fellow I once knew."

He seemed to want to talk, and having nothing better to do at the time, I listened.

* * *

It was on a station in England, he said. For a long time we had lived in civvy billets around the camp, but eventually, as things got organised, we moved into the camp proper, living in newly constructed huts.

Though there was nothing round the huts but mud, with occasional patches of grass, the majority of the lads were quite content. Their aesthetic appetite could be more than satisfied in the nearby town, where there were a cinema and a dance hall, and the idea of beautifying the huts which most of them used only as a place to keep their kits and to sleep—when absolutely necessary—did not seem to occur to them.

But they had no choice in the matter. Nobody quite knew how it started—probably an officer on a tour of inspection first got the idea—but very soon a notice appeared to the effect that gardens had to be made in front of each hut by that hut's occupants.

As usual, this was at first quietly ignored; but when one or two of the chaps found they could wangle a bit of time off to do the job, the first signs of upturned soil could be seen here and there. Not much interest, how-

ever, was shown until George Kirby happened along.

George was quite an ordinary looking chap—the type who always seemed to be writing letters or cleaning his buttons when you saw him. Totally unsuited to service life, you would think at first, not realising that he managed to cope with many of the little difficulties that would send younger and more typical airmen into fits of rage. In fact he was totally insignificant, and until the incident occurred of which I am going to tell you, I never even knew his name.

George, it seemed, had, in civilian life, worked in an office. He had been one of those unnameable thousands who from nine till five bent their heads over big ledgers, and then went quietly home to disappear from view until the next morning.

Like most people of his kind, George had a hobby. Finding no satisfaction in his daily job, he only really began to live after five, when he could turn to something which he unconsciously felt to be creative. And, also like many of his fellows, George's hobby was gardening.

So that when he was posted to a station where there was a particular demand for his especial talents, George became as nearly happy as probably he had ever been in the service.

Every evening and all through his day off George could be seen pottering happily around the outside of his hut, digging, weeding, planting, hoeing. Naturally the other fellows in the hut went their various ways in peace, quite happy in the knowledge that while Kirby was crazy enough to slave

away in the garden none of them need be kept away from the attractions of the town.

Of course idlers would occasionally hang around and try to annoy him. "Are there fairies at the bottom of your garden?" they would ask, and others would enquire whether he had yet found the pen of his aunt. But he would take it well, and carry on, working steadily.

* * *

Then a competition was announced. The members of the hut with the best garden would receive a prize; and the closing date for the competition was June 1st, just three weeks after the announcement of the contest.

Kirby worked, if possible, harder than ever. Every evening, immediately after tea, he would be in the garden, and he would not leave it until it was too dark to do any more. His efforts were a terrific success, and even the most hard-boiled airman had to admit that the place looked lovely. Finally, on the night before the gardens were to be judged, he spent three hours lugging barrowloads of white stones from a nearby field, and with these he built a border around the whole thing. At last he was satisfied. His garden was far better than any of the others on the camp, and after taking a last look round, he retired for the night, contented.

* * *

Lights had been out just half an hour when the fire alarm sounded. The more wakeful of us jumped out of bed to see the fun, and we ran to open the door. To our surprise we could hardly see an inch. Outside there had developed a thick mist. We gave it up, and returned to our warm beds, shivering our sympathy with the crew of the fire tender which would have to turn out on such a night.

We lay in bed listening, and suddenly the heavy fire tender could be heard approaching the hut. We heard it

roar past the door; then we turned lazily over, and callously slept.....

* * *

Next morning the first to rise was George Kirby. He always got up early, so as to get in half an hour on his beloved garden before morning working parade.

He dressed hurriedly, and walked quickly down the hut. He reached the door, opened it, and took a step outside. He stopped suddenly and staggered back into the room, as if he had been hit by a flying stone. Clutching his head with his hand, he let forth a piercing, horrible shriek, which woke everyone in the room. He rushed to his bed and lay there inert, with his head buried in the pillow.

We all jumped out of bed and rushed over to him, asking what was the matter. He did not answer, and we turned to the door. We looked out to see what had affected him so strangely.

It was a beautiful morning. The early morning sun gleamed on the dewy grass on the other side of the camp road. George Kirby's garden would look lovely on such a day, I thought.

George Kirby's garden. I looked away from where the tiny drops of dew split the light of the sun into the twinkling colours of the spectrum. I looked at George Kirby's garden. I stared silently at the two great tyre marks where, unable to see clearly in the mist of the night before, the driver of the fire tender had driven right through the centre of the most beautiful garden on the whole camp. I was sorry for George, and I understood.....

* * *

The LAC was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"George took it greatly to heart. He had a complete nervous breakdown and was in dock for weeks. He had

just come out when I was posted over here, and I saw him the day I left. He looked very pale and thin, and hardly seemed to hear me when I greeted him."

The LAC let his gaze wander across

the tarmac. Then he grinned, and patted me heartily on the back.

"So let that be a warning," he said, "and don't let this gardening business get you down."



"O. K. Amigo Rumba, back to the Billet and get those Sideboards off."

PERSONAL**OVER TO ONTARIO****PG's Staff is Depleted Again**

Two more Debert personalities have left us, in this case for points in Ontario. They are Bob Whitmore, artist, and Richard Gregory, scientist, both late of east camp.

Artist.

Bob Whitmore has literally left his mark on the face of Debert. From his brush came the murals in the east camp dance hall, which is now to be used for all station dances.

Before joining the service and becoming a wireless mechanic, Bob taught drawing at a London school. When a drawing class was started at east camp he was, of course, a "natural" for the job of teacher. So interested did his pupils become that they have decided to carry on as a group, though without tuition.

Two months before he left Whitmore became art editor of PG and his name can be seen on the cover drawings for our March and April editions.

What little spare time he had after all these activities was devoted, busman-like, to painting in oils and watercolour. He did many paintings of various points of interest in the surrounding district as well as a number of portraits.

All artists are expected to be eccentric. Bob was quite normal really, although he has been known to shave with his hat on, and with his beloved pipe in his mouth.

Scientist

Long, loping LAC Richard Gregory departed a month ago, but so far he hasn't written to anyone. That is quite typical of him; he had no time for what he considered trivialities.

Son of a scientist, he is keen to carry on the tradition, and most of his free time at Debert found him, with his head well down in some scientific tome.

As well as collaborating on the *Everyday Science* articles for PG, he was the instructor of east camp's Fundamental Science class, and also of a pre-aircrew class in west camp.

LUXURY

SPRING FEVER

(Contributed)

IN Spring, the bards would have us believe, a young man's thoughts turn lightly to the current blonde. The most ordinary maiden is suddenly revealed as a direct descendant of Helen of Troy and the Lorelei, and the cynic's only retreat is to take a trip to the Pole or Peru where they don't have Spring anyway.

It has taken the RAF, however, to debunk the poets and provide a select few hundred of its numberless erks with a taste of Spring Fever that competes almost on equal terms with boats and blackouts as a thing devoutly to be wished. For it was on one of those airy, scented May mornings just a year ago that we awoke to the most luxurious spell of RAFdom ever encountered, the first taste of two weeks c/o the US Army at a Massachusetts Army Post.

Our "taste," in fact, really began around midnight the night before, when after trudging half-a-mile through the usual mud we entered our hut to find, not the expected jumble of "double-deckers" and "biscuits," but rows of neat camp beds, each with its vi-spring and down quilt! Reluctantly rousing ourselves by breaktime, we found no draughty "Y" or NAAFI with its endless queue, but a bright and roomy PX—the Government-run Post Exchange that is on every US Army camp—a fully-staffed shop that equals any average American store in the variety of its wares. Then it did not take us long to find the camp mail office, staffed by US Mail clerks and the adjoining Western Union cable office that gives twenty four hour service to any part of the world. Even the sizeable photographer's studio was considered quite a normal facility for the camp. With such things accepted as quite ordinary Army Post facilities, it was no surprise to find four cinemas and several Churches in other parts of the camp. However our American friends had their trump card of welcome when they introduced us to one of the camp's two Service Clubs, branches of the ubiquitous USO. A dozen or more sleek cars parked outside this two-storey wooden building by the lake gave it the appearance more of a prosperous country club than a canteen. Within was a modern cafeteria and soda fountain such as might be found in any American city, a hall used for regular dancing and music recitals, and a six-roomed public library that would do credit to a fairsized town on either side of the Atlantic.

All the while too, we were sitting down to breakfasts that invariably began with freshly cut grapefruit and a considerable choice of courses, lunches that had a variety of iced desserts as a matter of course, and teas with milk, sugar and fresh fruit in abundance—all in the camp's normal cookhouse.

The poets are right about one thing, though. Spring Fever can't last!



"No, no, my lad! A salute is sufficient."

REPORT**SUNDAY IN LONDON**by **Sergeant Kenneth Lewis**

Sunday in London is not as quiet as it once was. It isn't the peaceful place it was in 1938 or 1862 either but for all that Sunday has a definite distinction of rest in both the West End and the East.

Except in certain places, at certain times.

The Docks still keep busy in these war days and a good many of the factories. Until noon, activity in Aldgate has its peak of achievement down Petticoat Lane. Here is no quiet but the noise of buying and selling; bargaining as strong as in the Bazaars of Cairo with fortune telling, the chatter of bustling crowds, and the music of street bands.

↳ You have to force your way through a wall of human flesh to get to the stalls of this Sunday morning market.

↳ And what a market! What mountains of goods, what salesmen and what bargains!

Everything big enough to carry home is sold at Petticoat Lane. You can get a dog for ten shillings, a pair of second hand boots (Army pattern) for five shillings, an umbrella for twenty five shillings. Cough sweets—no points necessary—at sixpence a quarter and a fur coat for five guineas.

One stall sells lemon and orangeade. We are assured by the proprietor that the oranges were in Spain and the lemons in America at six o'clock this morning. So you must try the freshest drink this side of Panama.

Second hand furniture is for auction. It comes, we are assured, from the highest circles. "And don't take any furniture into your home if it's lousy—this furniture is fit for Kings. Why,

I even have some of it in my own home. It's a pleasure to walk in..... and a bigger pleasure to walk out when my old woman's at home!"

So the patter goes on. Cars stand about the stalls with certificates of the National Street Trades Association on the windscreen. Girls buy scent, stockings, cosmetics; men buy anything for their girl friends. Watches, second hand, cost £6.10 to £9. So not everything is cheap. Bargains there are but you will be done unless you take good care.

Pickpockets thrive in this crowd. And what a motley crowd it is. Visitors to London from all over the world come to Petticoat Lane. The Americans pay a visit. And people of our own provinces buy a ticket to Aldgate or Liverpool Street and then follow the crowd. The ice cream vans are missing now, and the chocolate vendors are gone too.

* * *

Beside Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning in Culter Street is the Houndsditch warehouse weekly congregation of Jewish traders. Sunday is a working day for them. Hundreds collect here in the side street and talk of the business for the week—of prospects, of profits, of debts, of losses. There are women among them but most of this dignified, bearded and impeccably dressed throng, are men.

You will have difficulty in getting a Sunday lunch in London. Travelling to lunch is also a trouble. Bus services are halved. Everybody uses the Underground and trains become jammed full.

If you belong to a Club it is well.

These are quiet places at the weekend. Luncheon tables at the Carlton, the Constitutional, and the Garrick are crowded all of the week; on Saturday and Sunday, especially Sunday, the tables are hardly filled.

These clubs with their ancient dignity and elegance solely represent the Victorian Sunday in London today. Everything else is 1944; clubs are little different to what they were in the early days of this century.

* * *

A great number of Service people comes into London on a Sunday. The cinemas are full. Concerts are popular and always crowded. Queues for meals are tremendous as many restaurants are closed and those open restrict tables in use because of shortage of staff. Corner Houses are popular. The Strand Palace and Regents Palace Hotels put up notices "for residents only." The Cumberland Hotel serves good food at high price to moderate music. Most of the night clubs are in full swing.

Water tanks for fire fighting attract your attention on a Sunday—great deep rectangular pools of water sometimes in the centre of the road, sometimes at the corner, sometimes on the foundation of a bombed out house. Perhaps it is on a Sunday that these tanks become filled with junk. Certainly it must be at some quiet time for nobody has seen anybody putting anything into them. Still, the level of the water rises through the displacement of debris.

Bedsteads, bricks, old buckets, pieces of iron and concrete, old chairs, nails, these and many other things go to make up the juxtaposition of junk found in these pools, where no ducks swim and which have so often put out fires in the London Blitz.

These water tanks make post-war interest. Set into the ground with diving board at one end, gardens set round about, they could make swim-

ming pools for London office workers. So that instead of saying, "I am going out for a coffee" you could suggest "I will be away for a twenty minute swim."

Then those who did not wish to get wet could sit in tea gardens at the side of the pool and watch—and with some of the bomb damage retained you would be able to reflect that out of the Blitz came London Lidos—more popular than the British restaurants of those war years. Perhaps they might retain the life belts now hung upon these tanks as relics of the days when the Lido was a lady of war effort—a tank for the NFS.

* * *

You can still hire a seat in Hyde Park and listen to the band. London parks are more full of children on a Sunday than on any other day. Some come with parents, some without, some come with clean faces, some with dirty faces—mostly they are all the same at the end of the afternoon.

A new attraction at Hyde Park Corner is the playing of baseball by our American cousins. Thousands watch from behind the netting. All the players make a lot of noise, hit at ball with a club, miss five times out of six and on the sixth hit and run. If somebody fielding catches the ball then the clubsmen gives up the club to another. It all looks very exciting. A man remarks that he prefers to watch Tottenham at White Hart Lane.

* * *

The old attraction is still at Hyde Park Corner. The Parliament of soap box politicians, religious fadists, cranks and a few effective and knowledgeable speakers remains. They have added a Marble Arch Brains Trust. There is a Question Master who wears a bowler hat and stands on the rostrum; three of the Trust stand among the audience at the side of the speaker.

They have not the encyclopaedic knowledge of Joad but they have an equal sense of humour; there are some with Professor Huxley knowledge of natural history but you can hear very learned exposition upon "Night Birds." These birds creep out of the Park at night when the gates are locked. The railings are gone to make munitions of war and this enables you to circumvent bars and locks and gates—you just walk out anywhere round the perimeter of the park. It is the same in the Gardens of Berkeley Square. Once these gardens were exclusive; the home of those who held the key to the gate by day and the nightingale by night. Now, it is different: the railings have gone.

These railings are mixed with those of Bermondsey and Birmingham to make ships and guns and tanks. The seats remain. At night lost, wayward and wandering people sleep in Berkeley Square and in Hyde Park. The nightingale is conscious of strangers and strange noises—it used to be the rustle of leaves, the singing of bird companions, the call of the night wind through the square and sometimes, the fall of rain upon the tender grass.

Now there is the groan of a tramp, the yarn of a tired soldier walking through the gardens, whispers of romance and the noisy babble of a completed party.

Sunday is not what it was before they removed the railings in Berkeley Square.

* * *

Next to the Brains Trust is a Four Square Gospeler—a lady with a voice that makes the rocket guns of London tremble in trepidation. The International Socialist League is there, its platform decked with two colossal flags. There is a young man of uncertain political creed who knows just what is wrong and would like the Cabinet to come and hear his panacea for the human ills of our day.

Doctor Donald Soper speaks to the

biggest crowd. He is Minister of the Kingsway Hall, a man of great fire and knowledge, a Master of Arts and of the power of eloquence. He deals with every kind of question and questioner, with the cynic, the obdurate and the believer. People will listen to a man whether they agree with him or not once they know he has background of knowledge.

Next to Donald Soper is the Roman Catholic witness: a Priest in long robes propounds the substance of his faith and holds attention.

There is a spiritualist expounding the great mystery of contact with the unknown and there are clairvoyants who will tell your age as they do at Petticoat Lane. Some of these seers were beside the market stalls before lunch. There is a Canadian with a buckskin hat and coat and an Indian all feathered and armed with knives. Not a man to cross this—a man who will tell you your future for a consideration while assuring his own security and immunity from attack.

With the approach of the tea hour the Park clears and the restaurant queues begin.

At six thirty Church services commence. In Piccadilly, at Saint Dunstons in the West or Fleet Street and elsewhere people go to worship among the rubble of bombed out Churches. They come with scarves and overcoats, fur coats and shawls; the Vicar wears his Cassock over a thick jacket; there are Servicemen in the congregation. The organ plays beside burnt out pews at Saint Dunstons in the West. There are the stars for roof. The altar at the Piccadilly church is a cross set upon debris. Somewhere in London there is quiet, communion, consecration and the gathering of new strength; the wrath of the enemy cannot prevail; the Cross on the dome of St. Pauls towers over London and against that Cross the crooked symbol of Nazi tyranny fights in vain.



SPORTS

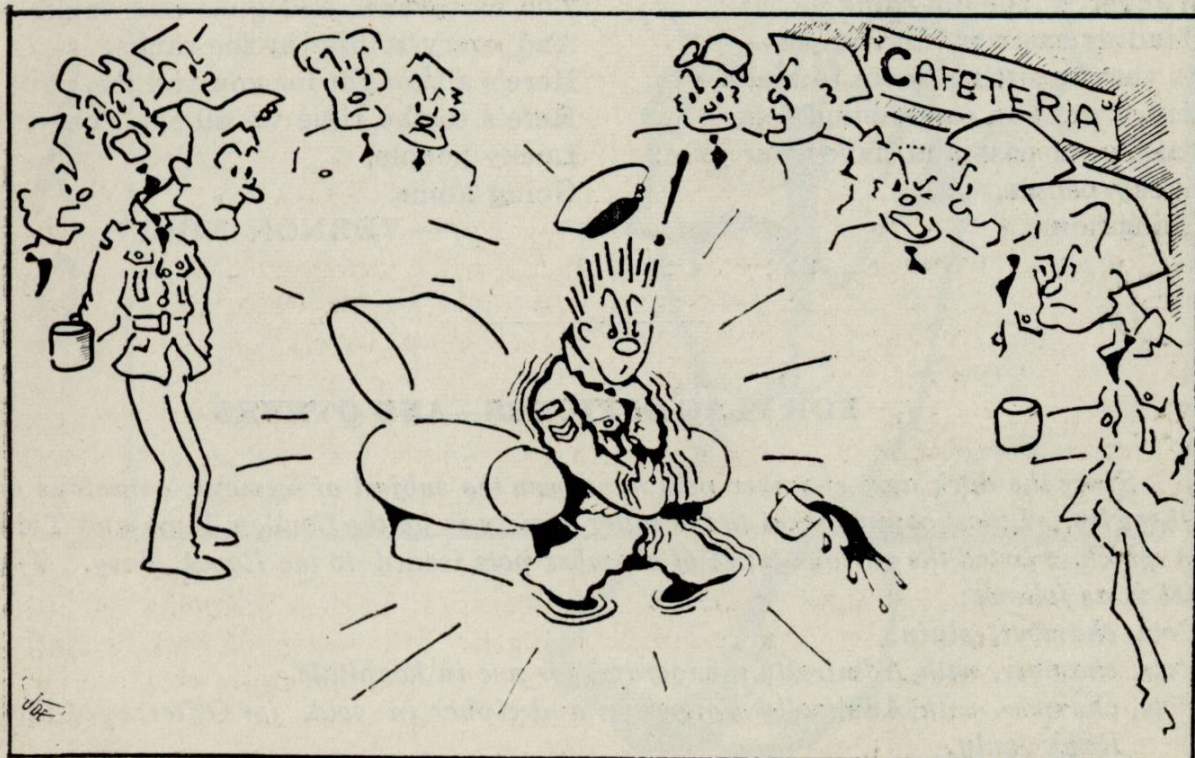


S OCCER teams this year will be Majors, Minors, Motor Transport, Equipment, Training Wing, Service Police and Signals, Station Sick Quarters and Headquarters, Station Armoury, Two Squadron, Three Squadron, Instruments and Electricians, Armoury and Workshops, and a team formed by the Officers', Sergeants' and Airmen's mess personnel.

This information came from a meeting of footballers on April 20th, when a League committee was appointed, consisting of the Sports Officer F/O Hargreaves F/Lt. Hardy (chairman); Cpl. Nichol (secretary), Cpl. Chapman, Sgt. Smith, LAC O'Hare, LAC Stewart, LAC Steel, and LAC Gough.

Suspension Threat

A rule was formulated at the meeting which will prevent teams from cancelling games for other reasons than inclement weather, without sanction of the committee. It was also decided, apparently in an attempt to conserve materials, that the wearing of football boots to and from the field would be prohibited, on pain of temporary suspension for offenders.



WAR AIM

SETTING COURSE

Writing in a British newspaper recently an RAF pilot of Bomber Command asked a question. What, he wondered, did people at home think as bombers fly over their cities on the way to Germany? It was an enquiry which aroused considerable interest.

Among the replies was a poem written by an RAF officer. It is an interpretation, not of what the public thinks, but of thoughts of the bomber crews.

Here it is.

Way up here above the ground
 We stooge along and look around,
 And see the rivers far below,
 Shimmering in the sunset glow;
 And little twisting roads and lanes,
 And long straight lines where tiny
 trains
 Are fussing through the country-side,
 With passengers all snug inside:
 Lucky people,
 Going home.

See those fields like tartan checks,
 Green and brown, and moving specks
 Of workers scrambling on a bus;
 Wonder if they'll think of us,
 Heading eastward to the sea,
 As they're sitting down to tea.
 Hurry on, you earthbound folk—
 Take your ease and have your joke:
 Lucky people,
 Going home.

You've done your job, we've ours to do,
 We fellows in the bomber crew.
 We're climbing now, and flying high—
 A dusky shape across the sky—
 A part of one big bomber force,
 For Germany we're setting course;
 And there below in evening light
 The shops are shutting for the night:
 Lucky people,
 Going home.

But we up here and you down there,
 The housewives in the market square,
 The labourers busy on the farms,
 And factory workers making arms—
 The aeroplanes and guns and tanks—
 And every soldier in the ranks;
 Here's a thought for you and me,
 Here's to the time we all shall be—
 Lucky people,
 Going home.

—VERNON NOBLE.

—o—

FOR FLAG OFFICERS—AND OTHERS

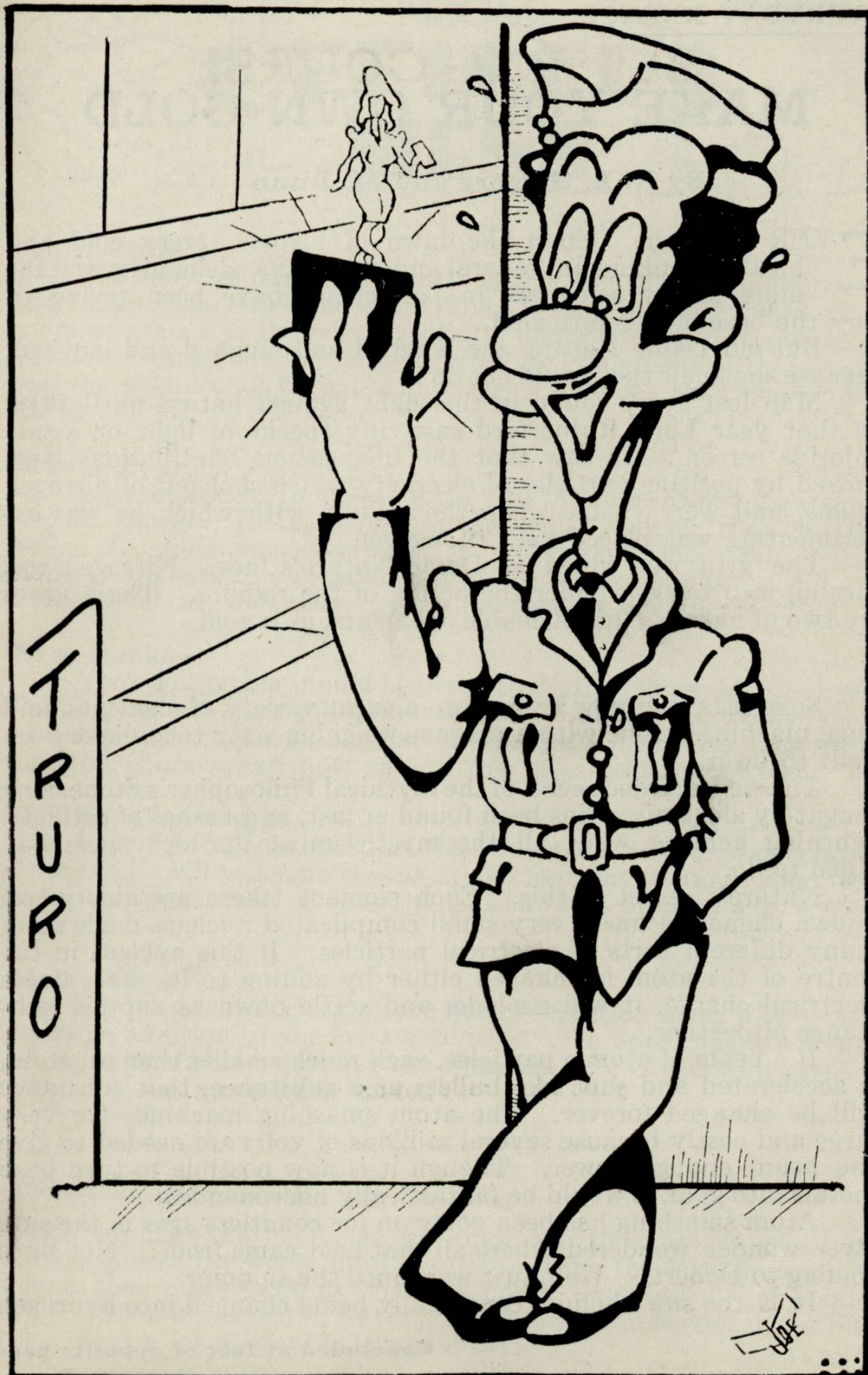
Since the dark ages chamber pots have been the subject of humour, conscious or otherwise. Latest contribution to the latter variety is by the London Time and Tide in which is listed the various types of chamber pots issued to the Royal Navy. The list is as follows:

Pots, chamber, plain.

Pots, chamber, with Admiralty monogram, for use in hospitals.

Pots, chamber, with Admiralty monogram and cipher in gold, for Officers of Flag Rank only.

Pots, chamber, round, rubber, lunatic,



EVERYDAY SCIENCE**MAKE YOUR OWN GOLD**By **R. L. Gregory and M. Dunn**

EVER since the Debert-like dawn of history, (very cold and bleak) mankind in general and magicians, alchemists and the more mingy scientists in particular, have been trying to turn the base metals into gold.

But old Dame Nature, she laughed and laughed and laughed, because she knew they could not do it.

Man lost every round in this fight against nature until 1919. In that year Lord Rutherford saw tiny specks of light on a zinc chloride screen. He saw that the unexpected scintillations were caused by positive particles of electricity which shot out of nitrogen atoms, and were visible when the radium with which he was experimenting was placed near the screen.

The grin was wiped off Dame Nature's face. Nitrogen was turning into oxygen under the action of the radium. These gases are two of nature's 'untouchable' elements, as is gold.

* * * * *

Scientists can now transmute a great variety of elements, and huge machines, some with a magnet weighing sixty tons, have been built to do it.

The well guarded secret of the mythical Philosopher's Stone, long sought by alchemists, has been found at last, and flashes of artificial lightning achieve what all the mysticism of the alchemists had failed to do.

Nature's secret is this. Each element (there are ninety-two known elements) has a very small complicated nucleus, made up of many different sorts of electrical particles. If this nucleus in the centre of the atom is changed either by adding to its mass or its electrical charge, it will explode, and settle down as another substance altogether.

If a beam of atomic particles, each much smaller than an atom, is accelerated and shot like bullets at a substance, that substance will be changed forever. The atom smashing machines are very large and costly because several millions of volts are needed to give the beam enough power. Though it is now possible to turn base metals into gold, it would be fantastically uneconomical.

Atom smashing has been going on for countless ages in the sun. Ever wonder wondered where all that heat came from? Not since coming to Debert? Well, just wait until the summer.

It is the sun's helium continually being changed into hydrogen

Concluded at foot of opposite page



Waltz-time:

The most outstanding event of the month was undoubtedly the formal dance held on April 21st, 1944. In the view of many members this was the most successful dance ever held in our Mess. A factor which contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening was the Rum Punch invented and largely made by the Commanding Officer.

* * *

Sam's Back:

We are pleased to welcome back to the fold, Flight Lieutenant W. S. Hardy. He is, perhaps, somewhat quieter than he was before he underwent his recent surgical experiences but we are hoping that when he returns fully to his normal health he will give evidence of his old conviviality and sportsmanship.

* * *

New Books:

A word of praise should be given to Flying Officer Marwick who is doing an excellent job as librarian. We have a far wider range of books than ever we have had before and I think it is true to say that our library can now satisfy the most catholic tastes.

* * *

Spring Cleaning:

It is rumoured that our mess is about to be re-decorated. Everybody will welcome this as at the moment the ante-room presents an appearance of something between a morgue and a monastery.

* * *

Moisture:

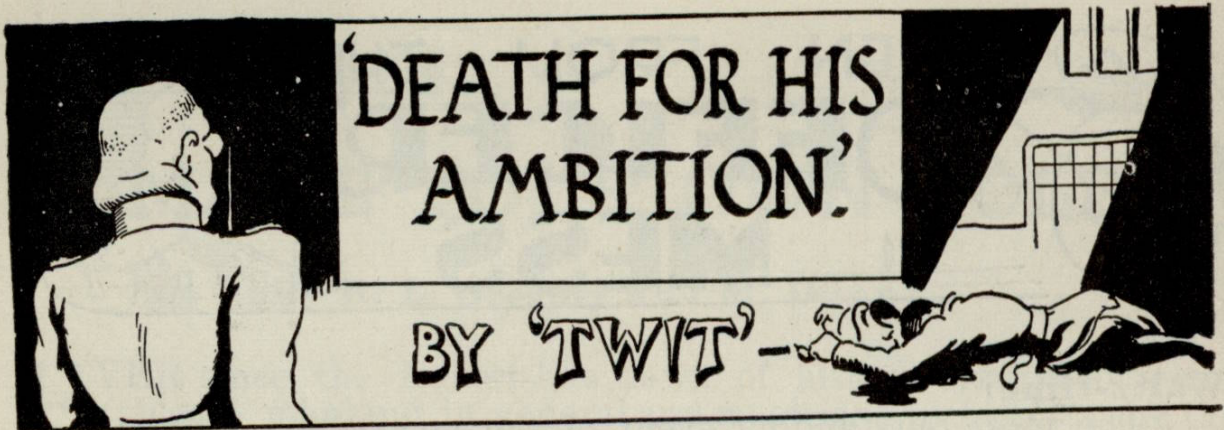
The proposed Society of the Sons of Suction looks like being a welcome addition to our mess activities. We hope that it will also be instrumental in benefiting the Commanding Officer's Benevolent Fund to an appreciable extent.

W. H. G.

(Continued from opposite page)

which supplies the heat. If we knew a little more we could get enough power from one lump of coal to drive the boat home. We could also quite possibly make a bomb weighing a few pounds which, when immersed in water, could blow a whole country to bits.

What a lot of trouble it would save.



Author's note: Any resemblance between the characters in this story and human beings is purely coincidental.

He stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his heavy boots firmly planted upon the polished floor. From behind, his stance—head with close cropped hair cushioned upon a roll of fat bulging over the Prussian collar which served as his neck—was more characteristic of him than his facade glittering with medals. His eyes were fixed upon the little arcade at the end of the wide road and the two narrow streets on either side which served as its outlet. With anger he remembered the number of times he had had to give the absurd party salute so out of keeping with his military conscience to the slab of stone fixed in the wall of the right hand street. A slab of stone commemorating the death of a few hooligans who were not quick enough or too stupid to lie down as their leader had done to escape the hail of machine gun bullets over twenty years before.

* * *

General Von Stünk, was not alone. Behind him stood a group of men with whom he had much in common, his reliable friends and companions, through peace and war, hunting field and military academy. Von Garbitsch with his perpetual scowl which was not so much assumed as the result of a bad cut across the forehead given him in a duel. It was a peculiar feature of him that when angry the scar of this wound which was normally

red turned to an ashen grey. By his side stood the little Air Marshall Von Knoblauch with his gay uniform and tall General Von Scramm.

* * *

Von Stünk turned sharply "He's coming!" he said, and then resumed his former position.

Voices from the road below bore out his statement. A powerful car stopping, staccato military orders and the sound of heavy feet..... Von Stünk turned and faced the wide doors opposite the window. Silently they opened and a short figure wearing a peaked cap, belted coat with wide reverses stumped in. With considerable clicking of heels and somewhat indifferent party salutes the generals acknowledged the newcomer.

* * *

"Welcome Herr Gruber!" said Von Stünk. "Be good enough to take a chair" he added, indicating an ostentatious chair facing the window. Gruber ignored the invitation. In the past he was accustomed to have his back to the window and mistrusted the dark silhouette of the general. He gave a quick nervous glare backwards to two black uniformed guards who had entered behind him and now stood flanking the doorway. A few sharp military steps and they advanced and stood by their master's side. Two steel helmeted soldiers who had been outside took

their place at the doorway closing the doors as they did so.

"Now look here" said Gruber hoarsely "I came here on a purely private matter." "That's alright" replied Von Stünk with a faint smile "we are amongst friends."

Gruber sat down in the chair. After a pause he said in a low voice "You were so good as to offer me the loan of that house of yours near Lucerne. I should like to avail myself of the offer, the air is good and drier than Summersgarten and better for my throat and I should like to see your Brengals....." "No doubt the air is better" said the general firmly "especially as I hear part of Summersgarten was destroyed by a bomb from an aircraft of the United Nations.

Gruber's face turned red "I don't appreciate your sarcasm and I warn you I am still the leader and the people listen to me." "The people have been most concerned about your whereabouts. Since the Anglo Saxons crossed our northern borders and the Reds are besieging what is left of the capital and have possession of our Eastern Province," said the general. "Including my own property" added Von Garbitsch somewhat bitterly.

"I repeat I warn you!" shouted Gruber....."For the last time" said the General softly. Gruber became livid "Arrest that man!" he roared.

The General gave a slight nod, two shots rang out and with stifled grunts the two bodyguards fell to the ground. Nonchalantly the two soldiers by the door replaced their still smoking revolvers and with a military salute marched out. Von Stünk silently drew his revolver and pushing the safety catch off with an ominous click pointed the business end at Gruber's chest.

* * *

"Now perhaps you will listen to me" he said.....

"You'll regret this" stormed Gruber "my good friend Marshall Boring will settle accounts." "If he does" replied Von Garbitsch "it will be from his present unknown whereabouts in Sweden. Unknown I might say to the Swedish Government. He has friends there you know, and after all is said and done he is one of us." "Then I shall appeal to Himmel." "I should not worry about him," said Von Stünk with a smile, 'he was shot by one of his own men who unfortunately had been compelled to torture his own father previously upon Himmel's orders; and to save you further anxiety concerning your friends, Gobbels has succumbed to severe stomach trouble. His doctor informed me this morning. His digestion was never good. He drank a good deal of milk. I regret that recently this delightful refreshment contained Plaster of Paris as well as bismuth. The people of Paris would have extra cause for rejoicing if they knew the name of their fair city was connected with his decease." The leader's face turned white.

"There remains only one thing for you to do" resumed Von Stünk "and that is to join your old friends who started the party down here with you. I give you the choice you gave them I hope you will have more courage!"

Gruber turned towards the little group of generals

"The Party will destroy you for this, take warning Knoblauch and prevent this treachery."

* * *

The Air Marshall adjusted his monocle, "My dear Rudolph" he replied icily "I am not used to going behind my friends' backs and in any case the retreating army are busy rounding up the remnants of the secret police whose methods avail them but little now. They are assisted, I regret, by the hosts of foreign workers you

introduced into our beloved fatherland."

"Turn to your right" ordered Von Stünk and keep your hands high. "Hurry up and obey an order; you were once in the ranks and know what an order is!" he added as the somewhat crestfallen leader mechanically raised his arms with his eyes fixed upon the dead guard by his right foot. Slowly he stepped over the prone body. Von Scramm opened the door on the right. In a dazed fashion Gruber passed through in an attitude of surrender followed by Von Stünk. At the end of a short corridor they stopped at an open door which gave onto a small room. This room which had but a tiny window was adorned with the art of the sanitary plumber.

"You have half an hour, and can use your own weapon which no doubt is loaded." Giving the fallen leader a push with the barrel of his revolver, he slammed the door upon him and turned the key upon the outside.....

* * *

Half an hour elapsed, the general opened the door. Gruber who was sitting on the floor, the figure of misery was toying with his revolver. There were tears in his eyes "Listen, I will tell you where I have put my secret funds and hidden the Leonardo da Vinci—just listen....." "Oh well" said the general "put your revolver down." Gruber obeyed. The General's revolver spoke. The last speech. Gruber scarcely heard it but fell, a crumpled heap looking no more dignified or human than the thousands whose fate had been similar to his by reason of his commands.

Von Stünk placed his revolver

where Gruber's lay and put the leader's in his holster. He returned to his friends.

* * *

"Well that's done" he said. "After dark we'll have all this rubbish removed. He and his friends here must be given a first rate funeral. We'll inform the press tomorrow. I think he could be assassinated by one of these forced foreign workers who escaped yesterday near here. Someone can be arrested. I don't know what you are going to do Gustav" he said turning to Von Skramm. "I think it better to leave this new so-called Socialist gang to get what they can from the United Nations. I shall retire to that villa by the lake the hooligan wanted—if I can. We must all make our plans. I am afraid you may find it difficult to dispose of those Raphael's, Knoblanck but you might get some reward for uncovering them—later. For myself I tired of this war except for that new radio controlled rocket torpedo instead of artillery. Must get Dr. Ekelhaft a good job somewhere. We must try to overcome twenty miles of sea found it! Perhaps I shall be too old, but my son little Wilhelm, well—who knows.

They'll blame Gruber and his gang for this; not one will escape but,—there must be some young dissatisfied corporal in our army now—a dreamer with a loud voice who can tell the mob what it wants to hear, unless the Allies can teach them to think for themselves and overcome this national inferiority complex instead of waiting for orders, but they have obeyed for such a long while—Who knows? Long Live the Fatherland!

DEPARTURE

PEDRO GETS AROUND---I

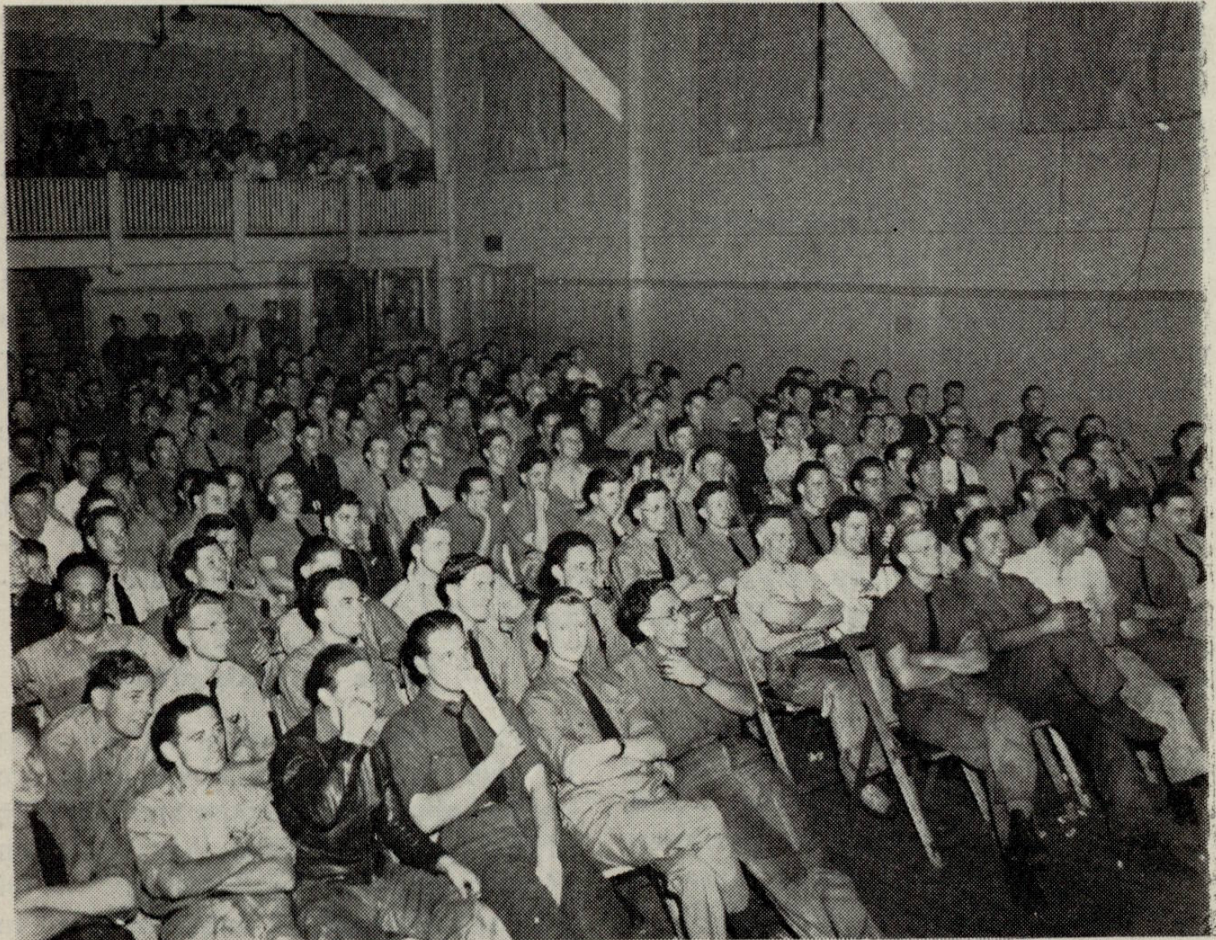
He Sets Out

*What a funny thing a train is,
Do you know?
When he's going anywhere
You want to go,
How he lingers at the start,
How he lags at every part!
Till you feel you would be better
To be carried in a letter—
Or a cart!*

*But when going means a parting
With a little bit of smarting
At the heart,
The engine fumes and frets impatient
To depart.*

*How he clanks out on the minute,
Racing to the very limit—
Shaking with a devil's glee at
His new part!*

*In his ill-begotten haste
To be off,
What has he persuaded me
To doff?—
Leave behind for you to mail?
Yes! Now I have it on the nail!
But I guess you better keep it,
For you see, you can't delete it—
It's my heart.*



Concentration

PADRE'S NOTES

Religion and Civilization

By the Rev. B. H. Sackett

There is one problem above all others which in these days is teasing our minds. How are we going to lay the foundations of a peaceful and happy world when the war is over? To say that civilized man has outgrown war is putting it far too mildly. War is clearly a condemnation of any civilization which initiates it. It is indicative of barbarism and decay. The marks of a decent civilization are peace and happiness. The most pressing question is how we can obliterate for ever the curse of war. It is questionable whether life is worth living in a society which finds itself plunged periodically into all the brutalities and destructiveness of scientific warfare.

A World Organisation

It seems to be generally agreed that the first essential is some form of world organization which will embody the people's detestation of war and which will, if necessary, forcibly prevent an attempt to re-arm on the part of any section of the human race. A society or league of that kind can conceivably ensure the preservation of world peace, but can it also guarantee the establishment of justice to all peoples? The mere absence of war, which in itself would be a great step forward, is not all that is required by the members of the modern world. A peaceful world is no sure guarantee of happiness. Happiness is bound up with justice and justice is related to men's needs. It is axiomatic that there is more than enough of material

things in the world to satisfy the needs of all peoples. Are we sufficiently intelligent and civilized to build a world which is not only peaceful but also happy?

Standards For Peace

Ultimately the only guarantee of a happy civilization is the intelligence and moral integrity of the members. We want to secure a decent chance in life for every man, woman and child. Whether that can be achieved will depend upon the standards of moral life to which we hold. The world which man desires will not come into being if we are going to scratch and fight like beasts in a jungle, even though at large the world is at peace. It will only obtain provided we can develop among all peoples a sufficiently high standard of neighbourliness and that means not merely being nice to each other but also just in all our dealings. We are forced back upon the conviction that the kind of world we shall have will depend upon the type of people forming it. A decent civilization will not come from immoral, extortionate and grasping citizens.

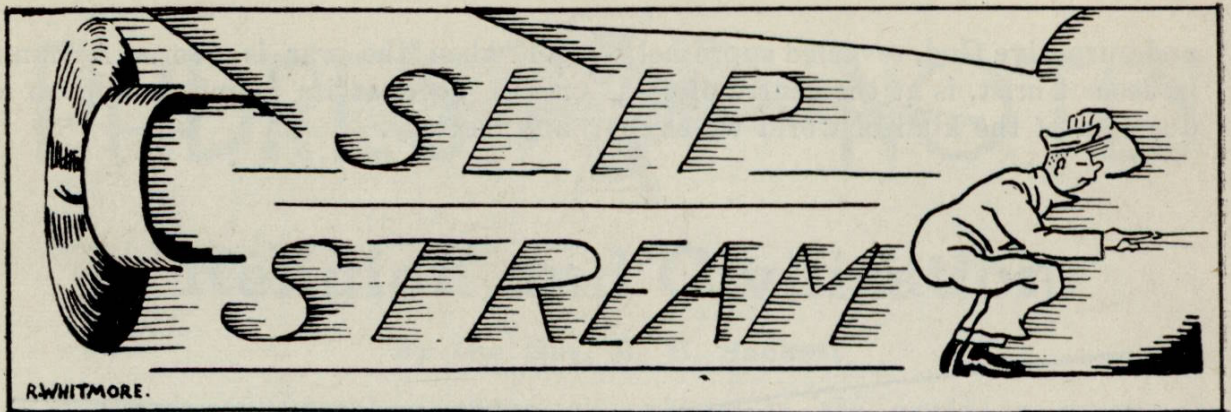
Basis of Citizenship

What kind of citizens we are rests in the last analysis upon what we believe about the purpose and meaning of life. In other words, it is a question of our characters and that is one of our relationship to our Creator, in whom we live and move and have our being. The worship of the moral

and purposive God, revealed supremely in Jesus Christ, is at the centre of this question of the kind of world we shall

get when the war is over. A home is as good as its members and so is any society.





In the Halifax Herald an advertisement states that: "The Armdale Board of Health desires to purchase land suitable for a garbage dump." We could tell 'em.

Our aircraft seem to be flying further and further in search of those elusive little spare parts. Boston, Mass., is latest on the list.

Amazing coincidence though is the way in which all this technical activity coincides with the new leave year.

Hold those presses! The senior NCOs' quarters are in the news again. A number of occupants has, we hear, moved down the road to a less comfortable spot. Was the rent too high? Or have they just been naughty boys?

Those inventory surpluses! The day of reckoning is near.

It may have been the senior armament officer who was talking about digging a great big hole in the centre of the aerodrome.

A correspondent reports that stores really ran out of socks the other week. An equipment assistant was seen sitting on his bed—darning!

Red faced was the senior NCO whom various newspapers described as "Pilot Officer" in reports of his wedding. He swears it was a mistake but to us it sounds suspiciously like an indiscreet line come home to roost.

One of our Bolingbroke pilots has evidently misunderstood the intention of "Ditching Gen." He set his aircraft down all right—but in the wrong kind of ditch.

It is suggested that if you want to buy a Wing Commander a birthday present, you could not improve on a recording of "Marizy Doats."

Tut, tut, sir. What would the Station Warrant Officers' Union say if they heard you gave "open order march" from the "at ease" position?

Strange the number of tee-total airmen who've been visiting the Nova Scotia Liquor Commission offices lately.

No, you're wrong! This camp hasn't got a permanent Orderly Officer. But seven days at a stretch! Phew!