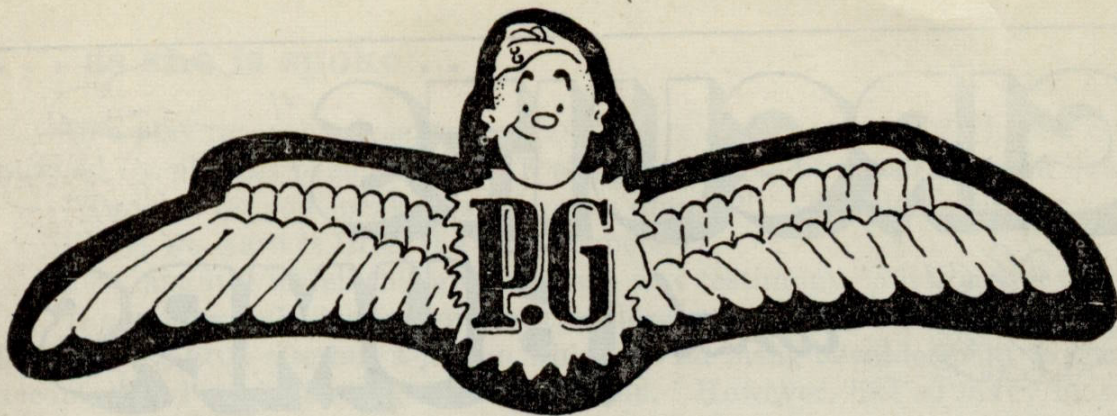


# The Royal Air Force . Debert, N. S.





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## OPINION

### BIG DAY

Let us make of tomorrow's Sports Day something to add to the many events at Debert that are worth remembering.

\* \* \*

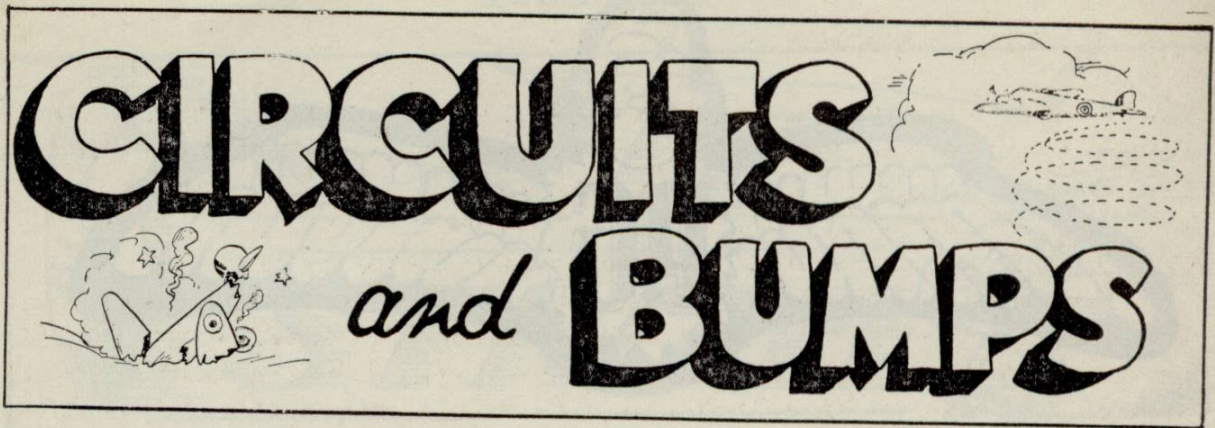
### MEMORIES

Nobody can spend two years, even of enforced exile, in one place without having some fond memories to look back on. The staff of PG likes to think that old copies of the magazine will serve to bring back memories of the happier times spent in the camp at Debert.

\* \* \*

### FUTURE

Contrasting the life we have seen about us with that of the people in fascist-occupied countries, let us go forward in the sincere determination to crush the forces of reaction, and in concert with our allies to usher in a new era of freedom and prosperity the like of which the world has never seen. It's up to us!



# CIRCUITS *and* BUMPS

## ... this Canada ...

In last month's PG was reproduced a statement by the Canadian Minister for air in which it is made known that the tempo of the Commonwealth Air Training plan is to be slackened and, simultaneously, the RAF is vacating its Canadian schools. That such a statement can now be made public is one more indication of the rising tide of allied air power, but quite apart from that consideration the announcement will cause some thought to many RAF personnel who have been a part of the Air Training Plan since its inception well nigh a iustrum ago.

Accountants have a law that for every debit there must be a corresponding credit. While it is difficult to believe that sufficient credits can ever be gained to offset the balance of war, there are one or two items on the former side which should not be overlooked. Among them is the better understanding which will exist between Canada and the old Country now that so many of Britain's sons have known her ways, her land, her people.

When the writer was at school the picture of Canada which geography lessons left uppermost in his mind was of a vast expanse of snow and ice. Perhaps this lack of knowledge was due to his being none too brilliant a pupil, but through whatever cause the impression became implanted; it has now, and fortunately, been removed. Two years in Canada can teach one many things.

When many, who are returning home now, think of this place in years to come, as it is certain they will, their memories will be not of a desolate wilderness, nor of an outpost of the British Commonwealth, but rather as a wonderful land of beauty, plenty—and opportunity.

Not to everyone who came here was given the privilege to prove the way from "east to western sea." Perhaps comparatively few will remember the peculiar English beauty of Vancouver Island and some have not known the unfailing grandeur of the Rocky Mountains. But by whatever feature one remembers the nature of the land there is one signal memory which may well be common to all. That is the warm goodwill of its peoples and the generosity with which they opened their homes and their hearts to the strangers who had come from beyond the seas. Since the RAF first came to Canada that welcome has never faltered, never changed. Now, no longer strangers, old friends are taking their leave and returning home.

They go with new ideas and a story to tell. Upon their telling of it may well depend to a large extent the postwar understanding between Canada and Great Britain. To those whose hearts are yearning for peace and amity the world over it is a heartfelt prayer that they—that we—shall not fail.

**. . . as she is spoke . . .**

In a play recently presented in camp there occurs a scene in which a civilian, puzzled by phrases peculiar to RAF slang, asks of an airman the question:

"Tell me, do you speak this infamous dialect?" To this he replies:

"Yes; we learn it from the daily papers."

The laughter which this gibe aroused was testimony to its partial truth.

If one were to believe reports of the more credulous journalists, an airman at large speaks little else but a jargon which would bring bewilderment to the most accomplished student of our mother tongue. However, like so many loose conceptions, the reality is entirely different and it is unlikely that a civilian in our midst would have any difficulty in understanding what was going on. Moreover, after a few days, he would almost certainly learn the few phrases and words which are peculiar to our service and introduce them into his speech now and then without consciousness of doing so.

Perhaps it is a pity to explode a popular myth. On the other hand there are some of us who object to the view that RAF personnel habitually debase the King's English. If anyone thinks that, we can tell him here and now—it's duff gen!

\* \* \* \* \*

**. . . the human comedy . . .**

It is the human weakness of man which sometimes brings forth his greatest charm. Take for instance the case of our camp photographic officer.

Not very long ago he passed through synthetic building where an old aircraft fuselage was being dismantled by the process of chopping it up. For a while the officer watched, then he approached the airman who was doing the job and asked politely,:

"Excuse me, but are you breaking this up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, do you think I could have a go?"

"Certainly, sir," said the airman and handed over his axe.

The officer stepped back, drew in a breath, and swung the axe in a mighty arc. Just once; that's all.

As he handed it back his face wore a curious smile.

"Thank you, sir," said the airman.

"Thank *you*," said the officer, and passed on.

\* \* \* \* \*

**. . . foreign strand . . .**

Two RAF bodies who returned not long ago from a visit to USA have several stories to tell of the confusion which greets British uniform in that country.

On one occasion a well-meaning lady approached them and said: "My boy is in the Marines too." On another a small boy who asked "Mummy, what are those men?" received the reply, "They're only mailmen."

Most unkindly cut however occurred in a railway dining car. Having shared a table with two Americans and conversed in their best English tones, it was disconcerting to hear one neighbour turn to the other and remark: "Isn't it wonderful to hear a Canadian accent again?"

. . . finis . . .

One cannot end a series of articles which have extended over half a year without some sense of summing up. The idea of a commentary upon the local scene is not new; rather it is as old as journalism itself. In *Circuits and Bumps* we have tried to record in serious and sometimes whimsical vein those occurrences which make up the daily round, the common task.

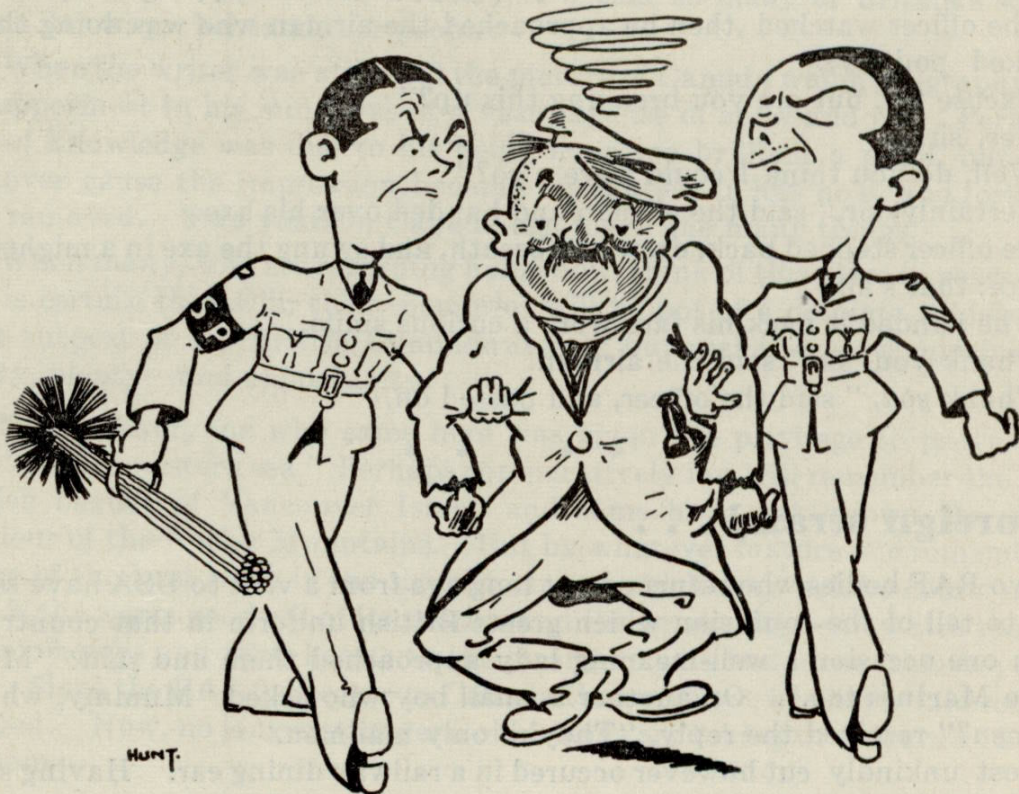
It is not given to ordinary men to have their lives retold in detail for the world's amazement. Not many people would be interested to learn which facial soap we use or whose sausages grace our noonday table. Such fame is fleeting and given to few.

Yet to those who have the urge to seek it there is a profound lesson to be learned from people of lesser social stature; theirs is the sterner struggle, the greater tragedy, the livelier happiness, the fuller life.

We too, have sought this latter passing parade. In hangars, on tarmac, from offices and messes have come stories all of which provide amusing commentary on our curious existence. Only a few, have, so far, seen print; others still remain to be told.

Perhaps someday there may arise an opportunity to tell the remainder, but this is no longer the place. We have come to the end of our way.

A. H



The RAF carries out an offensive sweep

EXIT

## WRITER MOVES ON

### Pilot Officer Hailey Leaves Debert

Pilot, poet, playwright Pilot Officer Arthur Hailey left Debert last month to take a navigation course, after which he will head for Britain and "ops".

When men are thrown together and left to their own resources, some will inevitably rise and take on the job of entertaining their fellows, often at grave cost to their own spare time. Few have such an impressive record in this field as P/O Hailey.

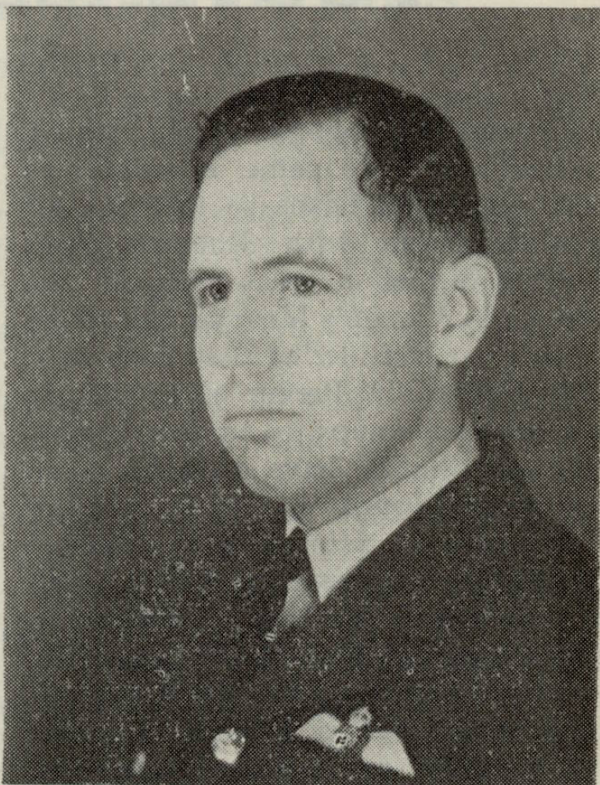
Arriving in Debert last December, the then Sergeant Hailey took an immediate interest in PG, and joined the staff as associate editor. Since then he has spent much of his spare time working on the magazine, and has been responsible for *Circuits and Bumps*.

But he did not rest there. When he arrived at the unit he had already written a number of plays, and gathering together a cast he put his latest into production. *Of Human Conflict*, when presented in March, was a terrific success.

The few poems he has had printed in PG have an earnest beauty about them that make them worth re-reading. Others of his poems have been read over the air in the *Bards in Battledress* radio programme, and these have been incorporated in a book of servicemen's writings, to be published shortly.

#### Was Pre-War V.R.

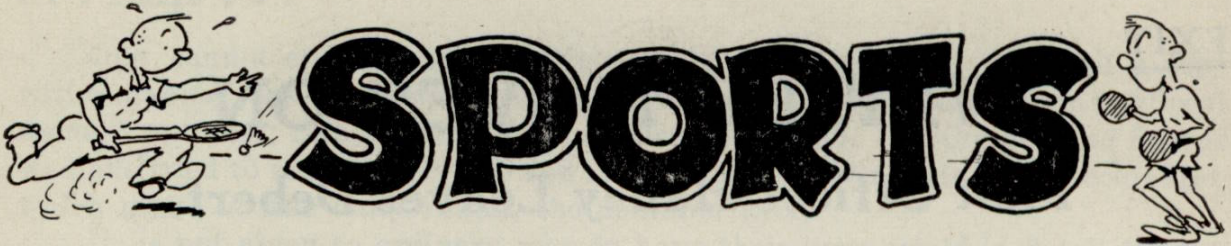
Joining the Volunteer Reserve before the war began, P/O Hailey spent the



first six months of his service career as an ACH GD, doing all the jobs that fall to the lot of the rookie. Eventually he became a clerk GD, and, after rising to the rank of corporal, he re-mustered air-crew. Completing his course, he became an instructor, then hauled targets around the Debert countryside. He received his commission in March this year.

He leaves Debert with a happy smile. For he is soon to be married. The lucky girl is the daughter of the British Consul in Chicago.

Good luck, Mr. and Mrs. Hailey.



## FOOTBALL FLASHES

By Cpl. Nichol

Crowds of supporters who watch football prove the game successful as ever.....Electricians so far take all in their stride, with Robbins again showing himself a great asset to the side.....Airmen's Mess do well to be runners-up considering they have only Taffy George and Parker left them from last year's line-up.....As last season SP's and Signals have a strong team, but they slipped up when playing Electricians.....Minors—a new team—give promise and have a good centre-half in Harrison.....Smokey Whittlestone is mainstay of Majors, who may improve as the season wears on. SHQ have done some successful talent spotting and turn out an improved side over last year's.....Workshops an Ar-

moury, with many new players don't seem to have settled down yet. After a good start Station Armoury fell away in a couple of games.....

No. 3 Squadron, with almost a new team, should do fairly well, and 2 Squadron under Jock Wraith look like having a good season when they get organized. One Squadron started badly, then won the last match before going to press..... Contrarily, Equipment started with a good win but have done nothing since.....MT and Target Towing have still to collect a point, but make up for lack of these with much enthusiasm.....

On the whole the football so far has not been as good as last year, but interest is high as ever.

## Station Football League

	Played	Won.	Lost	Draw	Goals		Points
					For	Against	
Electricians	5	5	0	0	37	3	10
Airmen's Mess	4	3	1	0	29	8	6
SP's and Signals	4	3	1	0	22	13	6
Minors	3	2	0	1	14	0	5
Training Wing	4	2	1	1	22	6	5
3 Squadron	3	2	1	0	10	10	4
Majors	4	1	1	2	5	5	4
S.H.Q.	4	1	1	2	15	18	4
Workshops and Armoury	3	1	1	1	14	9	3
Station Armoury	4	1	2	1	6	24	3
No. 2 Squadron	2	1	1	0	11	4	2
No 1 Squadron	4	1	3	0	5	18	2
Equipment	4	1	3	0	3	19	2
Motor Transport	4	0	4	0	4	28	0
Target Towing	4	0	4	0	4	36	0



# GOSSIP



## Big Scores in Cup Games

**F**IRST match in the Challenge Cup saw Airmen's Mess easily account for No 1 Squadron. The game was fairly even until about fifteen minutes from the end, when Airmen's Mess got four quick goals, to win 6-0.

SHQ had an easy passage over Target Towing, also winning 6-0.

A hard game of typical cup-tie football was played between Motor Transport and Training Wing. Training Wing won 3-1, but MT have only their forwards to blame, they missed enough chances to have won the game.

Electricians kept up their winning vein to win comfortably over Station Armoury, 8-0. The first twenty minutes was fairly even, but once Harvey and Co got into their stride there was no stopping them, and only the good playing of the Armoury goalkeeper saved them from a heavier defeat.

No. 2 Squadron just managed to beat Workshops and Armoury 2-0; workshops missed lots of chances in the first half.

**Stop Press:** Old news to you, but as this is being written, Majors have lost to SP's and Signals, score 3-2.

## Squash

**T**HE squash tournament has now been completed and although the entry was not large interest was high throughout. Main entries for the other ranks came from the accounts section although the winner, Cpl. Shusterman, is "Superman" of dispensary fame.

F/O Robinson, the other finalist, although probably worn out by his bond selling drive around the Maritime put up a good fight to lose 6:9, 10:8, 5:9.

Cpl. Shusterman who had survived by far the hardest half of the draw beat F/L Bruce, who the onlookers

swear sometimes returned the ball with the aid of his moustache and S/Ldr Hill, besides an easy victory over LAC Reid, fancied champion of the pen pushers, and LAC Saxbury our radio expert from the dyeing county, Nottingham, went onto the court in bashing mood and duly tried to knock the ball through the back of the court.

The result was as above and in view of the success of the erks it is hoped that more will turn up at any time except between 18.00 and 20.00 hours of an evening when the court is for the exclusive use of Officers to whom it belongs.

Upper Gallery.

MORE SPORT

## BLISTERS FOIL RUNNER IN BIG RACE

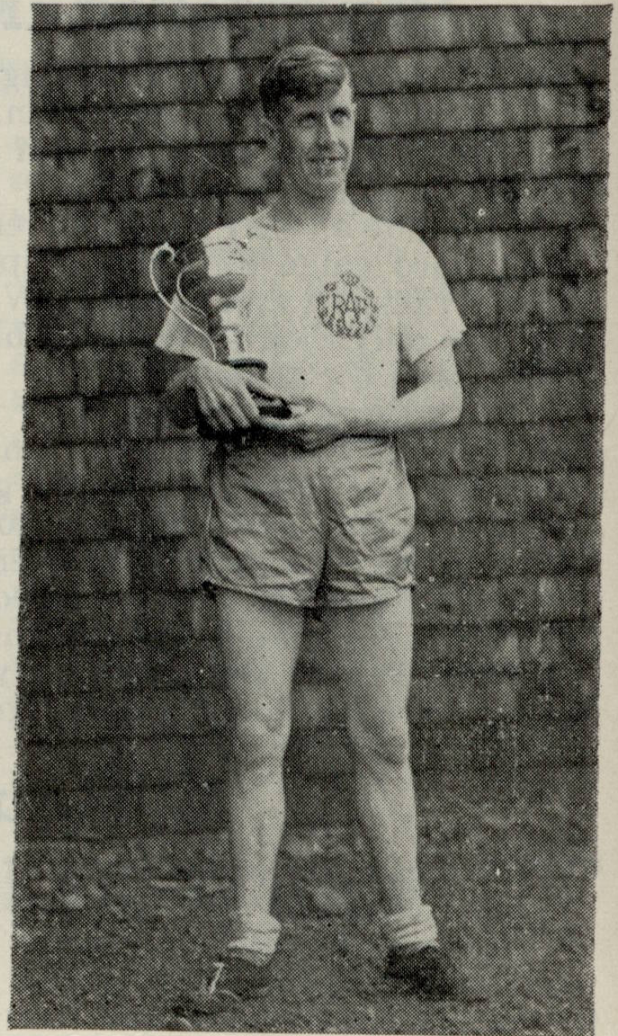
**A**FTER completing twenty-one of the twenty-six miles of the 1944 Boston Marathon last month Cpl. Stanley Jeffery, Debert's fleet-footed telephone operator, had to drop out of the race with two blisters on each foot. When he left the course he was lying twentieth (there were 69 entries).

The blisters, caused by new running shoes, were with him for the last six miles.

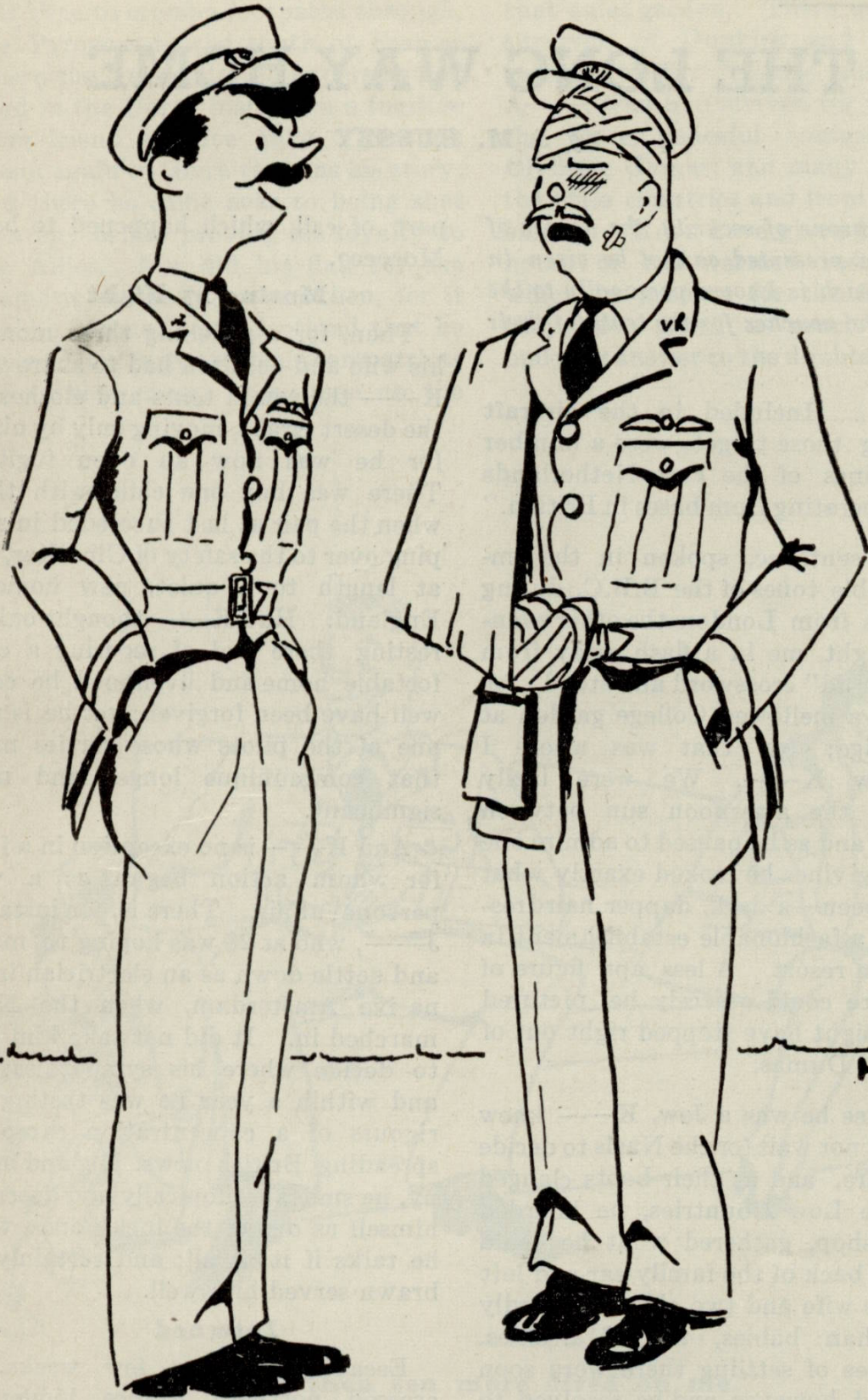
Covering the 26 miles, 385 yards from Hopkinson to Boston, Mass, the Boston Marathon attracts entries from amongst the best runners on the American Continent. The race was won in 2 hours 31 minutes. Before he developed blisters, Cpl. Jeffery had covered the first 14 miles in an hour and a half.

Flash.....last minute news tells us that Cpl. Jeffery has added to his laurels. In two recent sports meets he—literally—ran off with the four mile at Greenwood, time 22 mins 12 secs., and the three mile at Mt. Allison, where he set up a record for the track of 17 mins. 26 secs.

At these meetings Debert was well represented. Cpl. Chapman (Training Wing) came second in the hundred yards and Sgt. Sargent third



in the half mile after leading most of the way. This at Greenwood. Sgt. Sargent was second in the mile at Mt. Allison, where the RAF Debert team took fifth place with 18 points.



“..... and the last thing I remember was that infernal horn blowing”

INTERLUDE**THE LONG WAY HOME**

by J. M. HUSSEY

.... For reasons of security, the names of those here presented cannot be given in full; but each is known personally to the writer, who vouches for the truth of their stories.)

".....Included in the aircraft attacking those targets were a number of machines of the Free Netherlands Forces operating from bases in Britain."

That sentence, spoken in the imperturbable tones of the B.B.C. during the news from London the other evening brought me in a flash away from the "Herald" crossword and stood me again in a mellowed College garden at Cambridge; for that was where I first saw K—. We were lazily enjoying the afternoon sun between lectures, and as he paused to admire one of the big vines he looked exactly what he had been—a dark, dapper hairdresser with a fashionable establishment in a Belgian resort. A less apt figure of adventure could scarcely be pictured yet he might have stepped right out of a page of Dumas.

Because he was a Jew, K— knew he dared not wait for the Nazis to decide his future, and as their boots clanged into the Low Countries, he boarded up his shop, gathered what he could into the back of the family car and left with his wife and two children, hardly more than babies, for Marseilles. His hopes of settling there were soon shattered, however, and he resolved to escape with his family to England with the help of a friendly captain. But with a suspicious French official aboard they were obliged to slip off at the first

port of call, which happened to be in Morocco.

**Moving by Night**

Then, for a grueling three months, his wife and children had to share with K— the rough tents and clothes of the desert Arabs, moving only by night, for he was now an open fugitive. There was but one child with them when the pair at last succeeded in slipping over to the safety of Gibraltar, and at length to a quiet, new home in England. Had K— thought only of resting there and of securing a comfortable home and livelihood he could well have been forgiven: yet he is now one of the pilots whose sorties made that communique longer and more significant.

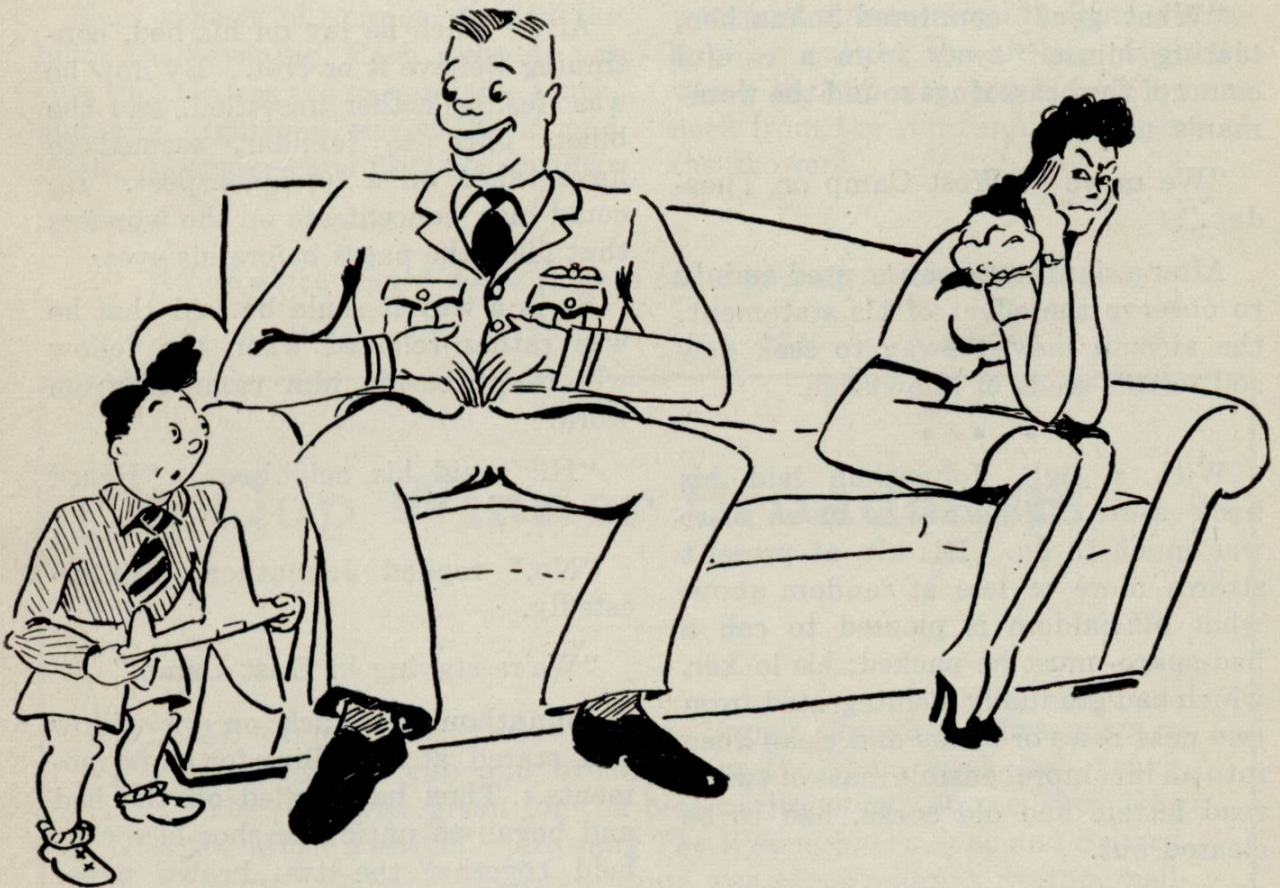
And K— is no exception in a force for whom action began as a very personal affair. There is, for instance, J—, who at 28 was hoping to marry and settle down as an electrician in his naive Amsterdam, when the Nazis marched in. It did not take him long to decide where his sympathies lay, and within a year he was tasting the rigours of a concentration camp for spreading British news. Big and brawny, he smiles sardonically and describes himself as one of the lucky ones, when he talks if it at all; and certainly his brawn served him well.

**Interned**

Escaping after a few weeks, he crossed northern France hidden in railway waggons, and after weeks of planning, slipped into Spain—only to be interned for entering without a permit! Here it took him three

attempts before once more escaping this time to cross by footpaths through, the Pyrenees to the south of France, where the Nazi-endorsed papers he had used in the North made him a fugitive from friend and foe alike. Through Spain again to Gibraltar runs his story; and there he came near to being shot as a spy before proving his loyalty to the Allies. Nor did his flair for the dramatic desert him even then, for it was by submarine to Scotland that he came to join forces with his compatriots. So they came, these men on the

long way home, to walk for a while in that quiet garden. There was M——, survivor of Dunkirk and already a veteran of St. Nazaire and Vaagso; A——, who had striven for Holland in the more peaceful contests of the Olympic Games; and many more from the little countries and from their wide empire. If we have given them a few hours of sun-warmed restfulness in which to prepare for the final battle they have given us much more—an undying answer to the doubter's "Why?"



"And then ten more dived on me."

PANIC**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

Johnathon Pegaller lay on his bed in one of the billets in East Camp, Debert, reading a book entitled Believe it or Not, by Robert Ripley. Of all the books he had ever read he found it the most enthralling; and he never dared to doubt a word of its content.

Just as he was staring in wonder at a pen and ink sketch of a swan-necked Kewawnqdu woman, he was disturbed by another airman who had just entered the billet.

“Heard the gen?” asked the airman.

“What gen?” countered Johnathon, tearing himself away from a careful count of the brass rings round the woman’s neck.

“We move to West Camp on Tuesday.”

After a significant pause, used mainly to observe the effect of his statement, the airman moved away to seek new soil for his seeds of knowledge.

\* \* \*

With a sigh, Johnathon laid his book aside. If he was to move there was much to do. His kit, at present strewn more or less at random about what officialdom is pleased to call a bed-space, must be packed; his locker, which had gradually disintegrated from two neat rows of books and clean linen into an incomprehensible mass of twice-read letters and old socks, had to be cleared out.

He worked solidly on the job, and by *lights out* he had his two kit bags full to overflowing, his webbing neatly packed, and two huge brownpaper parcels tied carefully together with old bootlaces. Warily he climbed into

bed and slept so long that he missed his breakfast.

\* \* \*

Dashing hungrily into the hut at lunch time next day, Johnathon dived for the window-sill for his knife, fork and spoon. He began to call his neighbour a thief of the first water when he remembered that he had packed them.

For that day’s lunch he had to borrow a set of irons. They were thick with grease from a previous meal, and he felt rather sick as he used them.

After lunch he lay on his bed, continuing Believe it or Not. By now he was feeling rather unsettled, and the billet, once so familiar, seemed to have taken on a foreign aspect. He could not concentrate on the wonders that filled the pages before his eyes.

So in a way it could be said that he was rather relieved when the fellow who slept beside him came in from work.

“Hi!” said his neighbour. “Heard the gen?”

“No,” replied Johnathon, disinterestedly.

“We’re staying in East Camp!”

Johnathon lay back on his pillow and stared at the ceiling for a few moments. Then he crawled off the bed and began to untie the shoe-lace that held together the two brown paper parcels.

\* \* \*

That afternoon he was told on authority that the move was to take place after all. This information was given him by an airman whose friend

was on the entertainments committee and who (the friend) had just returned from a meeting in SHQ where he had overheard a clerk telling another clerk that the Station Administrative Officer had said.....

But before he had time to get it all out, another fellow came up and interrupted with the news that it was all wrong, they were staying in East Camp; for had he not heard with his own ears the SWO say to the Wing Adjutant.....

By the time he reached the billet at five-forty-five, Johnathon was trembling visibly, and somehow he didn't feel like supper.

\* \* \*

Two schools of opinion divided the billet that evening. Each debater was sure that his was the unassailable truth, and the argument waged back and forth. Listening carefully to each side's

case, Johnathon finally decided that they were not moving after all, and the next morning, when he found he needed a clean handkerchief, he had no qualms about tearing all his neat packing to pieces in order to find one.

Just as he had filled and locked his locker, the disciplinary corporal of his squadron entered the hut.

"Have all your kit packed by nine-thirty," he said. "You're moving over to West Camp."

The billet buzzed with talk and activity as the men began to prepare for moving. Then someone wondered where Johnathon was. They began a search.

Eventually they found him. They were just able to stop him from strangling by cutting the kit-bag rope with which he had attached himself by the neck from the rail running over one of the showers.

*All of which would make it seem better to wait for the official gen.*

## Cup Winner Broadcasts

**F**AME came to AC Leslie Taylor, Repair Squadron office, when he won a silver cup and broadcast in the same week last month.

The cup was given for the best baritone solo at the 1944 New Glasgow Music Festival. Les sang *The Wheeltapper's Song* and *Beloved, it is Morn*. Judging the contestants was Mr. Frederick Staton, well-known English musician and festival adjudicator.

As a result of his winning the cup, AC Taylor was asked to broadcast over the Antigonish radio station at the weekend. He agreed, and repeated for listeners *The Wheeltapper's Song*.

INFORMATION**MORE SCROOGE****By Squadron Leader A. E. Allan-Taylor**

**S**INCE I last wrote in this journal we have had notification that the unit is to undergo a gradual change over to the RCAF, with the result that over a period most of us will be on the move. Some who are tour expired or very nearly so will be returning to Blighty, to hearth and home, though we are reminded that airmen in some ground trades where shortage of personnel exists may be retained in Canada after their normal tour of duty is completed. Others will be posted to RAF units in Canada to relieve airmen who have completed their tour and are due for "the boat."

Some of us have done a lot of grumbling about Debert, it's human to complain; didn't we do quite a bit of it even at home where most of us would give our back teeth to be right now? I wonder how we shall fare on other units and how many of us will see Debert in a new light once we have left it? The happy times we shared, the friendships we made, those happy hours at sport, shows, dances, all of these are bound up in the word "Debert," they are stored up in the treasure chest of the subconscious mind but at the moment are smothered by the ever present influences of location, inadequacy of transport facilities, and the various causes of our immediate grumbles. Once we are away and these influences are behind us we shall see the good points in their true perspective and remember Debert as not such a bad place after all; in fact some of us may yet wish we were back again.

**Farewell Dinner**

We are hoping to obtain financial authority for a farewell dinner on the lines of the Xmas celebration; if this materialises it will already have taken place before these lines appear in print, so I will leave it at that.

One event which I am happy to have been associated with was the official opening on the 23rd of May 1944 of the newly refitted Wet Canteen. The canteen was formally declared open by our Station Commander, Group Captain L. W. Howard, D.F.C., who served the first beer "on the house."

In this connection I would like to repeat the few words I said on that occasion. Please do not be tempted to take the attitude "The RCAF are coming in, so we are getting things."

I have heard it said in connection with the new Wet Canteen though happily not often. You will remember that I gave the plans for this canteen in the April issue of PG and that my article was written some time before publication, a considerable time before we had news of the impending change. The canteen has been refitted with *your* good Service Institute (P.S.I.) cash for *your* use and it has been opened sooner than was anticipated so that *you* may have the fullest possible use of it before *your* departure. I know that I can count on you to treat it as your own and help to maintain its attractive and congenial state. Here I would like to remind you of another human tendency. Please do not be tempted to take the attitude that we will be handing over the Wet Canteen, the Y.M.C.A. or for that matter any other buildings and that "it doesn't matter any more." Far better take the other point of view; let the newcomers see that we not only

have good taste in the matter of our canteens but that we are proud of them and know how to keep them.

### Fair Enough

Remember lads! as the RCAF in Britain proceed to other fields of operation or return to Canada, they will be leaving *their* canteens to *us*, the RAF. Let each of us then take on the personal responsibility of leaving these buildings in the same state in which we hope they will leave theirs to us. Fair enough, isn't it?

I do not want to create a false impression as to how soon the change over will be completed, this depends on many circumstances and the date is at the moment completely unknown. This may be my last opportunity of writing in this journal so I am sure you will want to take the opportunity of joining me in wishing our Station Commander, Chief Instructor, and any other officers who will be staying on, at least for a time after the change over, the very best of luck.

Finally, as I too may be on my way before another issue of PG comes into print, may I say how glad I am to have served with you, to thank all those with whom I have worked for their loyalty and devotion to duty and to wish you all good luck, a speedy return to your dear ones and to peace and normal life again. God bless!

---

## LAST PLAY IN PRODUCTION

IN staging *Those Endearing Young Charms*, the Station Dramatic Society are attempting their most ambitious project to date.

Described as being somewhat *risque*, play was written by Edvard Chorodov, and has had a good run on Broadway recently.

The cast includes Mrs. Phillips, of Truro, Miss Joan Valentine, and Ted Compton. They hope to appear in the

Rec. Hail within the next two weeks.

"This will possibly be the last play to be put on at Debert by the RAF," says producer Alfred Newgrosh. "We hope our Canadian friends will keep the society going, and have as much success as we have had."

In the production of this play, LAC Newgrosh has had the expert assistance of LAC Best, who has had much experience of Shakespearean work in England.

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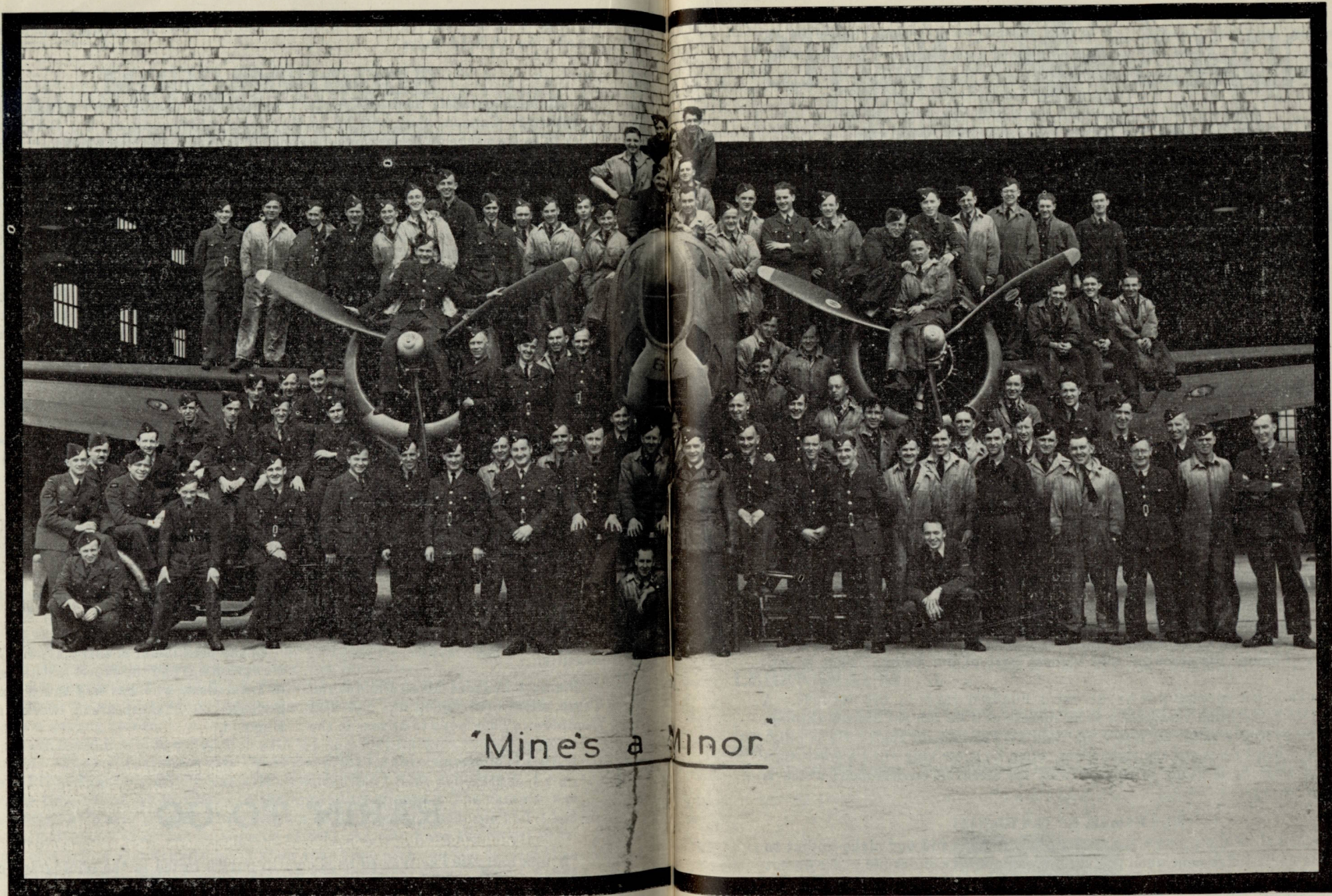
## RARIN' TO GO

A film entitled *The War* to be shown to pupils, rested in the photographic section awaiting the convenience of the Synthetic Training Officer.

Eventually he telephoned—"I want to see *The War*."

The photographer who answered him could not have understood.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "So do I. I've been here eighteen months."



"Mine's a Minor"

John ... and ... of which ... in the ... which ...  
... is only ... and ... the ...

# PADRE'S NOTES

## On Being Successful

By the Rev. B. H. Sacket

**L**IFE is nothing if it is devoid of ambition. If we are normal we set before ourselves in youth some objective on which we have set our hearts and our success will be judged according to the measure in which we have attained our ambition. The American's terse saying, "Pep without purpose is piffle," may be improved upon by saying that activity without true purpose is vain. Any sort of goal won't do. We must have the right one.

What our ambition or objective in life is, is determined by the estimate we make of our nature and of the purpose of living. It isn't much good dreaming away our time contemplating the various possibilities before us if we are not first of all clear about what we are. How we live and what we strive after are closely related to our evaluation of ourselves. A pig is content to grovel in the dirt. It becomes its nature and it thrives on it. To be ambitious is one thing and to have the right kind of ambition is another. In other words, it is not enough to get on but to get on in the right direction and by honourable means. So that the most vital question we can ask ourselves is not whether we are achieving our ambition but whether we have got the right kind of ambition. Not activity alone but movement in a true course is required of us.

### What is man?

A man may be described by many terms. He is a jumble of many needs and desires. He is a social being and he is also an individualist. He is altruistic and he is also egoistic. He craves solitariness and he desires society. He is an inhabitant of a material world and his needs are therefore physical: but he is also and most essentially an intelligent, moral and spiritual being. We are successful when we promote the essential and highest part of our being. That is self-evident.

A man is not successful if he can run a hundred yards in ten seconds. A deer can do better than that. Nor is he successful if he can get himself through the air at over 400 miles an hour. A Nazi or Jap can do that! He is only successful when he has got the right ideas, when he is striving after a good character and when he is living in contact with his essential environment which is spiritual.

### The Utmost for the Highest

The A.B.C. of life's lesson is not merely to understand our make-up but to pass some value-judgement upon the various components of our life. We do not really know ourselves until we have learnt to put the highest part of our being in the ascendancy. The judgement of the wisest men is that the physical is secondary and a medium through which we are to express in this world something which is intelligent, moral and spiritual. It is only cranks and pigmies who measure

success in terms of money, position and applause. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
 But more of reverence in us dwell;  
 That mind and soul according well,  
 May make one music as before,  
 But Master: we are fools and slight,  
 We mock Thee when we do not fear:  
 But help Thy foolish ones to bear;  
 Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light."  
 —Alfred Tennyson.

## Henry fords the stream

THE sun blazed down from a clear sky. Spring was so definitely in the air that "Henry" Ford, of Majors, and his two companions could not resist a walk along the river.

They found a raft, strong enough to hold one. Henry went sailing. Thinking that after all, he was in Canada, he tried to shoot the rapids. Instead the rapids shot him, luckily feet first, into two feet of water. He waded out, to find himself on the wrong side of the river.

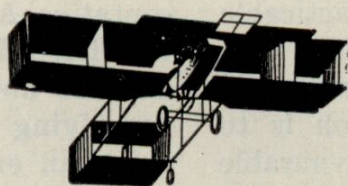
Divesting himself of his long winter woolies, (ne'er cast a clout....) Henry swam back to the home side, holding his clothes clear of the water above his head.

Quite an adventure, but the water, it is reported, was very very cold.

## LEBENSRAUM

Preston proposes to enlarge its boundaries by taking in Fulwood and parts of Lea and Woodplumpton. Strong opposition by the suburbanites is being organised. (news item)

Stick it out boys. Munich's been bombed.



PROSPECT

# Getting Your Job Back

**J**UST how to go about getting your civvy job back is explained in the text of a Reinstatement Bill now before the British Parliament, and soon expected to become law.

Briefly, you will have to apply to your former employer for reinstatement not later than the fifth Monday after your war service. With the application you notify your employer of the date on which you will be available for employment, which date must not be later than the ninth Monday. (Buck-shee month, see?) Both periods may be extended on account of sickness or for other reasonable cause.

### Employer's Obligation

If your employer is not in a position to re-employ you immediately, you can keep your application alive by renewing it at intervals of not more than thirteen weeks. Just how you live during those thirteen weeks periods is not stated, so maybe you'd better buy a couple of extra war bonds.

The employer's obligation is to reinstate an applicant at the first "reasonable and practicable" opportunity. You should be reinstated in the occupation you pursued before the beginning of your war service, and on terms and conditions not less favourable than those which you would have had in that occupation had you not joined the forces. If, however, it is not (here it is again) "reasonable and practicable that you should be employed in that occupation and on those terms and conditions, then the obligation is to reinstate you "in the most favourable alternative that is (ahem) reasonable and practicable."

Reinstatement shall be for at least 26 weeks. Your conditions during that time are not to be worsened unless to maintain them unaltered ceases to be (sigh) "reasonable and practicable."

Certain priority claims are defined. For instance, an applicant is not to be reinstated if that can only be done by dismissing someone else who had been longer in employment before either began war service.

If there are two applicants for reinstatement and it is only (grrr) 'reasonable and practicable' to reinstate one, then the man to be taken back is the one with the longer pre-war employment record.

The bill covers a gap in the old National Service Act by including volunteers as well as conscripts.

### Reinstatement Committee

The employer on whom the reinstatement obligation will rest will be the one who employed you during the four weeks immediately preceding the beginning of your war service.

What worries us is the failure to define the phrase "reasonable and practicable." This will, in most cases, be left either to the employer, or, if you disagree with his definition, to a Reinstatement Committee, which will consist of a chairman, an employer's representative and a workers' representative. Appeal from this committee's decision will take the case before an Umpire and two assessors. For not complying with the reinstatement order an employer is liable to a £50 fine and may be ordered to pay compensation to the applicant.



"So you want the à la carte menu, huh?"

MARTYRDOM

## THE PRISONER

By E. G. Perrault

**D**'ARCY shifted uncomfortably—a trifle uneasily. The confounded tumult of the blood-frenzied spectators came to him faintly through the dungeon walls like the distant roar of a wild surf. It was chilly here—damnably chilly.

They had left him only his toga—a flimsy garment of fine linen with the princely crest carved ornately on its shoulder clasp and even this article of clothing hung in shreds about him where the guards had clutched. Along the tattered hem, a crimson streak spread ominously. D'Arcy regarded it with grim satisfaction—arterial blood from any one of the three hulking guardsmen he had downed in the fray. His sword had bitten deep and true. He still remembered the ape-like face of one giant as the bestiality gave way to pain and the pain to vacancy as the curtain of Death came down across his small-set eyes.

**Beast Men**

D'Arcy allowed the mirthless shadow of a smile to play for an instant. Many times in the past he had suggested to the emperor that these beast men—these peasant clods be done away with—that a type of men with superior intelligence rather than lumbering bulk, be introduced in the ranks of the Imperial Guard. The Emperor distraught with his callow affairs of State—his slave girls, his banquet orgies and his country estates had flicked suggestions away as carelessly as pomegranate seeds. It was well he had. Against a wily guard D'Arcy might have fared less well.

• Fared less well. How well had he fared? The question was a bitter irony. For here he was indeed en-

dungeons. His strength was of no avail against these clammy, lichened walls.

The crowd was screaming in frenzy about him now. This was the Emperor's sport day—his special sport's day, with the arena weltering in blood. At this moment according to programme, the three Christians would be going down beneath the striped fury of a Bengal tiger. While the Emperor gazed intent, halted in the act of peeling a grape or a passion fruit.

**Next**

He was next—D'Arcy the princeling who had dared to call the Roman Emperor a weakling and a wastrel. He was next and the greatest event of the day for he would fight a thirty-foot python starving from a fast of many days. He was next and his minutes were numbered.

Down the dripping corridor a door clanged hollowly. They were coming for him—the Emperor's louts, shuffling down to get him. Well he'd fight, he'd take a spear thrust before the crushing folds of a mottled monster. He'd take a few more monkey-men with him. He'd show the Emperor how a man could—

\* \* \*

“Hey!” said the corporal a trifle more aggressively

D'Arcy looked up through the bars, “Oh,—hello,” he said. “I didn't hear you come.”

“We go to lunch in ten minutes, I'll let you out to wash your hands, but make it quick.”

“Don't want lunch,” said D'Arcy.

“What's the matter? Ain't you hungry?”

“No!”

"Suit yourself. We march over to the Mess in ten minutes if you change your mind." He moved away. D'Arcy stood silently with his back to the bars.

Seven years—seven years in this place; seven years crawling by hideously like crippled, mocking old men; seven long maddening years of nightmare in this cell, removed from all the world, and all the sun, and all the clean breezes of the earth.

### The Mask

His eyes rolled madly within the slits of the mask. His hands groped mechanically up to its merciless surface and came away smudged with rust. Seven years of mechanical groping and now the mask imparted rust stains. Perhaps in a hundred years—two hundred years, it would rust through and he would be free—ircny—free!! He cackled with laughter and the sound rang hollowly from the metal, square-hinged jaws.

He remembered that day. He would never forget. He lived to remember and brood on revenge for that day when they had over-powered him in the Palace at Versailles—drugged his morning cup of wine and restored him to consciousness in the sulphurous darkness of the torture chamber.

And there before him, his brother stood—his hideous twin—his brother of the madman eyes.

### "I Crown You King..."

The nasal whine of the words still echoed across the tortured mist of the years. "Two men cannot reign King, my poor brother, —and so I crown you King of your own little domain—tax-free and quiet—quiet as the grave my lucky, lucky brother." The voice had been a mockery.

And the crown—they had drawn forth the crown white hot and ghostly from a roaring forge. They had moulded it before his eyes—a graven, silent, slit-eyed mask.

He had fought with all his strength. One grimy guard had crashed to earth

beneath his swinging manacles. Another screamed in agony sprawled across the glowing forge. But in the end they held him and the mask was locked in place. His new face for as long as he would live.

And still he lived. Inside the rusting mask his beard grew long and matted. His death became apparent as the months went by,—hair on tendril, hair mounting up towards his nostrils in slow, unbelievable suffocation.

### Choking

Outside the cell a faint clatter sounded. D'Arcy sprang to the grill. "My beard! It's choking me! Take off my beard to-day! Please shave off my beard!"

The Service Policeman said for the second time, "What's bitten yuh noisy? You don't get to shave for two good reasons. First, you ain't got a beard and second, you ain't got time to. You're goin' up before the O.C. in twenty minutes."

D'Arcy flushed a little, "I—I didn't hear you come. I was thinking out loud, I guess."

The Sergeant grunted inaudibly and moved away with a quizzical, backward glance.

D'Arcy slumped to a squatting position on the wooden floor and gazed vacantly at the opposite wall. There were inscriptions there, scratched by other occupants of the cell in the past. A fly hummed noisily in a dizzy arc and settled on the ceiling. D'Arcy watched it as it washed its face derisively, calmly—with its straw-like forelegs.

Lucky fly! Fortunate, grimy little fellow! Free to come and go as he pleased—to settle with equal agility on the nose of a King as well as that of a beggar, free to flit through windows and under doors—free to break the hot, sombre silence of the Judgement Chamber with the whine of its wings. No human could do that—and live.

And so, within the hour, they would drag him forth and stand him in the wicket before the Head Inquisitor. And that cruel judge would gaze down from his high seat with dully glowing eyes and lips that twisted only to condemn.

"Don D'Arcy you have weltered in the pool of heresy. You have dared to shatter Sabbath sanctity in light flirtation with the daughter of the King of Spain, therefore you stand condemned in this court. Prepare yourself to die by fire in the 'auto de fe'. Take him away to darkness that he may attempt a peace with outraged God."

The court police would close in to take him but he would not succumb to such as these. A leap would take him from the wicket. A stride would take him to the high framed window. "Down with the Inquisition! All my love to the Spanish Princess!" And with a screaming police official beneath each arm he'd crash the glass and leap to a death with honor.

\* \* \*

"On your feet, buddy. The O.C. will see you now."

D'Arcy clambered to his feet and brushed his crumpled trousers as the Service policemen unlocked the barred door. "How will he state the charge, Sergeant?" "How should I know. I only work here. Put on your tunic and make it fast. We've got five minutes. Your buttons look muddy as hell."

"I never had a chance to polish them. They put me in here so....."

"Okay, okay, let's go."

D'Arcy followed, silently straightening his tie. The S.P. paced like a novice drum major with his revolver bobbing rhythmically at his side.

"Prisoner, halt!"

D'Arcy froze to a halt. The O.C.'s door was directly in front of him. An undersized orderly thrust his head out, glanced at him questioningly with bright squirrel eyes. "The Prisoner?"

D'Arcy said "Yes, I—"

"He's the prisoner," said the S.P. in an official basso.

"I'll escort him in. Wait here, Sergeant."

The S.P. nodded in a manner that affirmed he'd wait 'till doomsday if need be.

"Prisoner, attention!" fluted the Orderly. "Qui-uck a march! Prisoner, halt-a! Into line right turn!"

And D'Arcy found himself face to face with the O.C. He swallowed a lump in his throat, of uncertain nature, and focused his eyes on a fire hydrant outside the window behind the O.C.'s head.

### The Charges

The Voice began, "Read the Charges, and the charges were forthwith read in a sing-song sentence of one syllable.

Outside, a liver-colored spaniel circled the hydrant and rejected it. Lucky dog—free to accept or reject, free to roam the haunts of men, the high and low, free to howl at the moon or drowse in the sun, free from convention and the strait-jacket called Civilization.

"Come, come, man!" Guilty or not guilty?" The voice was impatient.

"Guilty of what, sir?"

"Of inebriation in a public place. Come now!"

"Well, not exactly, sir. You see, it was my birthday and one of the boys said "Have a drink!" and I said, "A drink of what?" and he said "Try it and see"—so I did. And he said "Happy birthday!" Only it hasn't been happy, sir! I spent my birthday night in the digger—in my drawers, sir, and....."

"Guilty or not guilty of the charges laid."

"Oh—h, guilty, I suppose."

"I award you fourteen days C.B. Inebriation is no light offence. Don't do it again my boy. Take him away."

Outside, the S.P. was waiting as he had promised. "Quick march!"

D'Arcy followed along behind. The last mile. So this was the last mile. On either side the prisoners peered out, some fearfully, others in gruff sympathy. "So-long, fella!" "Chin up, boy!"

The padre walked beside him praying softly from a battered black book. Tears coursed unashamed down his kind, old face. He had come to love this strange, silent prisoner, dying for his sweetheart's crime. "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.".....

An old negro chorded faintly on a banjo and sang a hymn as old as Africa, in a beautiful voice that pro-

mised somehow of music in a World to Come.

D'Arcy squared his shoulders a trifle and gazed straight ahead. A little smile played on his quiet lips. "'Tis a far, far better thing I do today than I have ever done. 'Tis a far, far better.."

The little green door came into view, swung open silently to reveal the chair—square and ugly and silently macabre "Are you afraid?" said, the little priest.

"No!" said D'Arcy in a clear voice.

"What d'yuh mean," "No!" said the S.P. "And get into step."

"Sorry," whispered D'Arcy, "I was thinking out loud, I guess."

## "Wot'll y'ave?"



After officially opening the new airmen's wet canteen on May 23rd, Group Captain L. W. Howard D.F.C., pours the first drink for AC Harold Gosney. This modern bar has been opened slightly before schedule so that the RAF may get in as many drinking hours as possible in pleasant surroundings.



# LIBRARY NOTES

A SURVEY OF THE  
~ NEW BOOKS ~



By LAC Ashbee and LAC Harvey

ONCE more we must thank those of you who have donated books to the library.

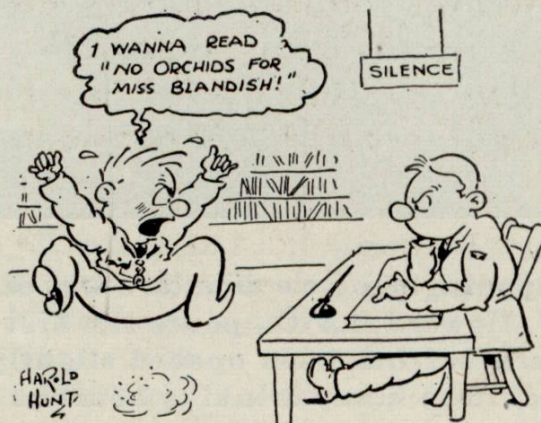
The number of people using the Library of late has greatly increased but we shall be pleased to see even more new members. This brings us to a little 'bind.'

Please do not look so hurt when we ask for your fines, it is your own fault. We would rather have the books than the fines as the increasing number of members puts a greater demand on the more popular books.

For the benefit of those of you who wander round to the Library at all hours and also the new-comers, we are open Mondays to Fridays from 18:30 hours until 20:30 hours. Sunday evenings we spend binding. (Books we mean!!)

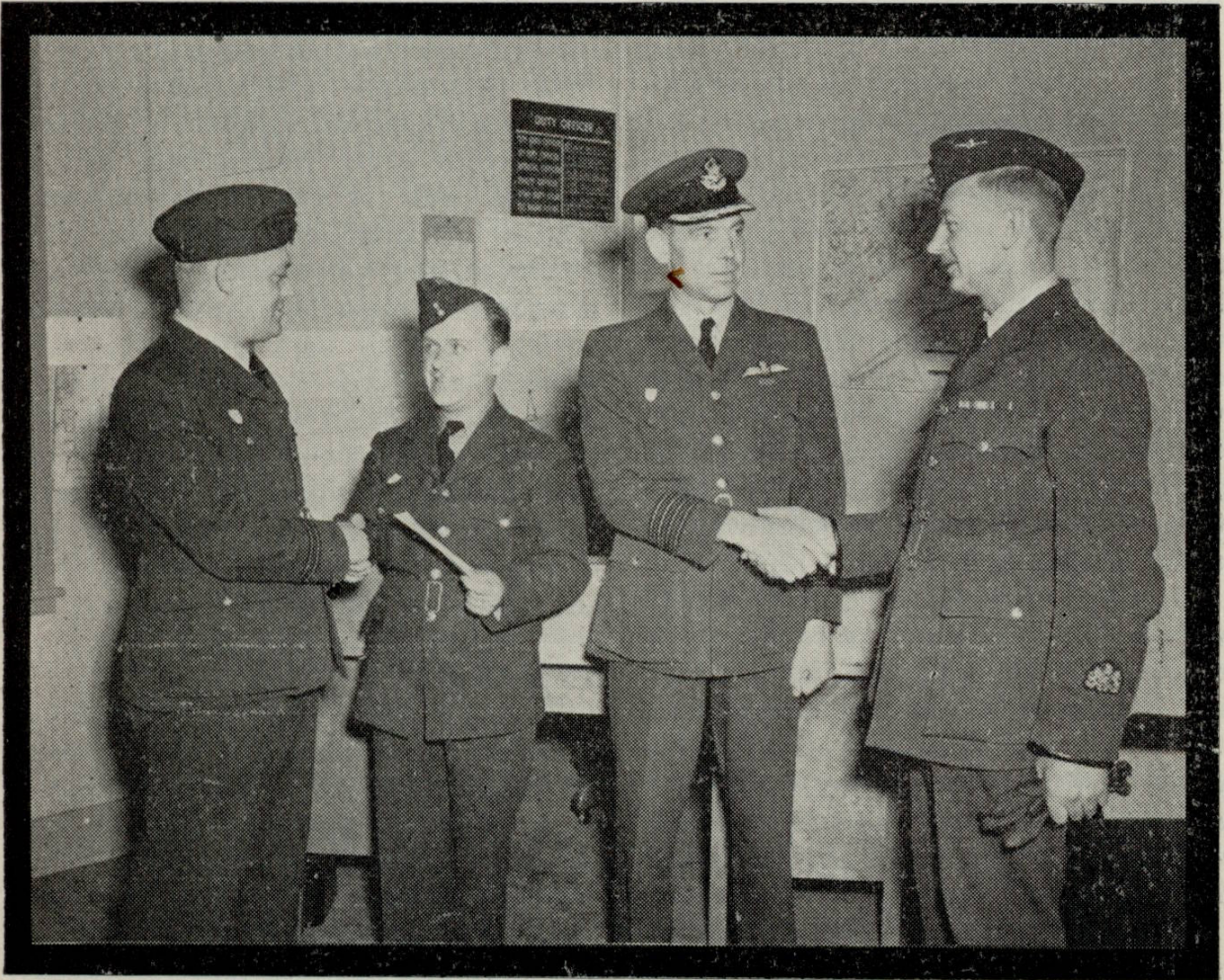
► The following are among the newest additions to our shelves. Most of them have been donated.

- A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, by Betty Smith.  
*All Night Long*, By Erskine Caldwell.  
*Whistle Stop*, By Henrietta M. Wolff.  
*Immortal Sargeant*, By John Brophy.  
*The Weeping Wood*, By Vicki Baum.  
*The Saint in New York*, By Lelsie Charteris.  
*Now Voyager*, By Olive H. Prouty.  
*God is My Co-Pilot*, by Robert L. Scott.  
*Daylight On Saturday*, By J. B. Priestly.  
*Seventeenth Summer*, By Maureen Daly.  
*Siamese Twin Mystery*, By Eliery Queen.  
*No Hiding Place*, By William Seabrook.  
*New Ways in Photography*, By Jacob Deschin.



SALESMANSHIP

# S. W. O. Beats Down Sales Resistance



Picture shows Station Warrant Officer Montgomery being congratulated by Group Captain Harvey on the sale of the war bond that made up his total to \$10,000. F/Lt Tucker is seen handing over the receipt to AC Phayer. At the end of the drive W/O Montgomery had sold bonds to the magnificent tune of \$13,250.

When asked how he achieved the total, W/O Montgomery said simply "I just wouldn't take "No" for an answer."

OCCUPATION**“Per Ardua At Adastral”**

By D. L.

*Editor's Note: This article was received from Air Ministry at London. From the initials of the writer we suspect him to be none other than David Langdon, the well-known cartoonist, who seems to be running the RAF Journal all on his own these days.*

**W**E received notice of our posting to Air Ministry in London with mixed feelings. We nursed regrets at leaving the Station and the old faces to which we had grown accustomed—in some cases with difficulty. At the same time we harboured the hope that the change to the maelstrom of town life would be something in the nature of an invigorant. The concensus of opinion among our Station colleagues was that it was a good show and now they'd have someone at court to put a good word in for them, and provide them with a bed when they were stranded on a 48 in town.

Needless to say our own thoughts were full of our own little selves. We reported to Air Ministry Unit, signed in, saw the Adj., had our photograph taken with a Leica and a flashlight, were given a living-out ration card, and entered the portals of the building that was to be our hive until our next posting.

This building, one look at which would suffice to give Wren an acute cerebral thrombosis, abounds in glass cubicles called, with a gay disregard for the meaning of words, “offices.” Here sit officers, RAF and WAAF, from Air Chief Marshals and Air Commandants to Pilot Officers and Assistant Section Officers.

**“Q. 7”**

Here also are numerous servants, civil and otherwise, working hand in glove, or fist in mail, with their service complements. Each branch has its nucleus of Service officers and its civil servants. Each branch is known by a letter of the alphabet followed by a numeral, so that if you say “Q. 7” to

an A.M. type you immediately throw a picture on his mind screen of a portly Wing Commander with a Fuzzy Wuzzy gong, a Squadron Leader of a lean, cadaverous order with brevet and a D.F.C., one or two Flight Lieuts., who all look alike, a small civilian with pebble-glasses who smokes a large incinerator incessantly, two giggling typists, and a dark remote corner where these beings have their residence. That branch deals with a highly complicated aspect of Service life which to the outsider is a complete mystery. And it appears to deal with it day in and day out with an air of industry and an occasional outburst of joy, which only serves to make the mystery a deeper one.

We soon found that working days were six out of seven per week, and the hours from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. per day. That, you must agree, is calculated to shake more than somewhat for a start. We have to rise with the rest of toiling London, draw our bath, shave, polish our shoes and buttons, bolt our breakfast, and queue for a bus or fight our way into the tube.

**On Arrival**

We arrive at the portals of the place we were bitter about earlier on, show our identity card to the A.M. constable on the door and get into a lift in which there are always at least four Air Marshals, i.e. one in the lift in person, and three life-like reflections of him in the surrounding mirrors. It takes some considerable time to acclimatize oneself to the preponderance and close proximity of wide rings and gold braid. We ourselves started off with an automatic shrinkage of the body, walked out

of the lift weighing two pounds and knee high to an ant, and gradually assumed normal proportions as the morning wore on in the quiet of our own sanctum. As the months passed and the novelty wore off we found we could, with a tightening of our truss and an adjustment of our braces, walk into a lift with an A.V-M. and say 'good-morning' in a small cracked voice, which sounded in the stilly silence like a fruit vendor shouting in Notre Dame Cathedral. The A. V-M. invariably answered with such affability that we were put off our stroke, got off at the wrong floor, and walked about on sea legs with heavenly music surging in our ears.

We arrive at our office. We fling the door open, stamp our feet and just catch sight of the tail end of a queue of mice disappearing through a hole in a hole which we keep well plugged with non-secret waste.

#### **The In-tray**

We then switch the lights on to dispel the gloom thrown by the so-called light-well outside the window. This light-well always reminds us of one of the dark chasms of Grecian Mythology. We then eye our in-tray furtively.

An in-tray in Air Ministry is about the biggest game of chance known to mankind. Into that tray can creep binds of all sizes, ranging from small, nagging affair, to one that dogs you all day and wakes you up screaming in the middle of the night.

The two telephones on the table, too, can be equally awe-inspiring. One appears to be a more sinister type than the other. It has a blue label, marked "Emergency Number", and as such is a bit off-putting. We have the feeling that we have only to lift the receiver to find the room full of Regiment Commandos led by a small, wiry Flight Sergeant with an Africa star and an itching trigger-finger. Actually what happens on this 'phone is that at intervals a querulous voice the other

end asks for a Miss Whitebait, and when it is told that a rapid search under our camp-bed and table discloses no person answering to that name, the voice rings off rather petulantly, babbling something about who's fighting who in this war. This happens with monotonous regularity three times daily, with no change of programme on Sunday; we once came in specially to find out.

#### **Hub of The Machine**

The day's work then begins in earnest all over Air Ministry. The great hive throbs with activity, the hub of the machine which makes the Royal Air Force go round all over the world. Each individual in each branch works like a highly efficient beaver, writing, telephoning, signalling, typing, making high-level decisions, making low-level decisions, interviewing, binding, tearing off a strip, nagging, cajoling, reading, teleprinting, sitting on committees, doing the thousand and one things which all go to making the R.A.F. a high pressure business unit of huge dimensions.

There are three short intervals in this daily round. At mid-morning there is the inevitable cup of transparent tea and a plastic bun. The next break is lunch. You fortunate people who hot foot it to the Mess or Dining Hall dripping saliva know not the vexations of lunch hunting in town. The great point is that everyone else in the vicinity has this same idea, to stave off day starvation, and the result is more lunch-times than lunches. If you are fortunate enough to have a club to feed at, you can queue up there instead of queuing up at a restaurant.

There is a four o'clock version of the mid-morning tea, a little paler and more transparent if anything, but the bun does come in handy then. We eat the solitary currant with relish, and then tear the amorphous mass ravenously into small lumps, prodding them down

into an empty stomach with a ruler to fill up the aching void.

The work goes on inexorably until seven, at which time we are officially free to pack up. Security demands that we lock up all secret documents before leaving. Many a time at three in the morning we've bumped into a colleague who has walked all the way from Surbiton Central because he thought he had forgotten to lock up. We pass each other like ghosts in the dark corridor at that unearthly hour on what usually turn out to be unnecessary journeys, but they do serve to relieve the tedium of insomnia and occasionally to help the mice out with a fourth at bridge.

#### Amusement

To step out into the cool evening air of Kingsway at 19.05 hours is to sense the full reward of a posting to town. We are free to do exactly as we please. All the cinemas and shows started their last house half an hour ago and all the buses have begun their skeleton evening runs. Leaning on the counter in the local we miss the camaraderie of the Mess Ante-Room, although to

counter balance this nostalgia we remind ourselves of the occasions when we were only too glad to slink back to our hut in one of our less sociable moods.

\* \* \* \* \*

In an effort to improve on the nightclub green of our complexions, a delicate pastel shade which working in Air Ministry imparts to one's features, we take a short stroll; we've waited half an hour for a bus, anyway. We have dinner, and are just in time to hear the midnight news to which we listen while cleaning our buttons. We then fall into a fitful slumber, waking up suddenly as the thought strikes us that we should really be back at Air Ministry doing our turn at fire-watching or duty staff officer. Our diary tells us whether this is only a trick of our imagination or whether we've put up a black. If the former we begin to wonder about our Security Safe at the office, and having four hours to spare before rising, start to think about taking a stroll back to the office to test the safe lock. Musing thus we fall asleep, hoping to wake refreshed in mind and body for the long day's work on the morrow.

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## Mod Gang

Russia needed planes for an offensive, and RAF men were working night and day at a base in Iraq, assembling and fitting out British and American aircraft ready to be flown straight to the battle fronts. The hangars were running on a conveyor belt system.

A pilot flew in from the desert. He left his machine, needing rapid repairs, in front of the hangars, and went for lunch.

An hour later he returned to look for his plane. He found it at the other end of the hangar, with a red star in place of its RAF roundels, fitted with special oxygen equipment and extra armament.

EXPERIENCE

PEDRO GETS AROUND.---II

He Takes a 'Plane

*"In a hurry? Then don't worry,"  
Stutters every aeroplane  
As you watch it shake  
And shudder,  
And with merry wiggling rudder  
Taxi off.*

*Think rather what a pleasant thing  
To gaze upon a passing cloud,  
While he roars of course  
Too loud  
For slumber, or at his rigid  
Wing.*

*Any other mode of travel  
Leaves such tangles to unravel—  
Yards of tickets at the wickets,  
Complicated reservations lacking  
But the seniority  
Of priority.*

*Then by the time that you have counted  
What rivets go to keep it mounted,  
Shall he be dipping  
Down again  
Until your abdomen feels anywhere  
But there.*

*What have lesser things to offer?  
Panoramic scenery?—  
Only endless rural greenery  
That hard as you may try can  
Never somehow satisfy  
The eye.*

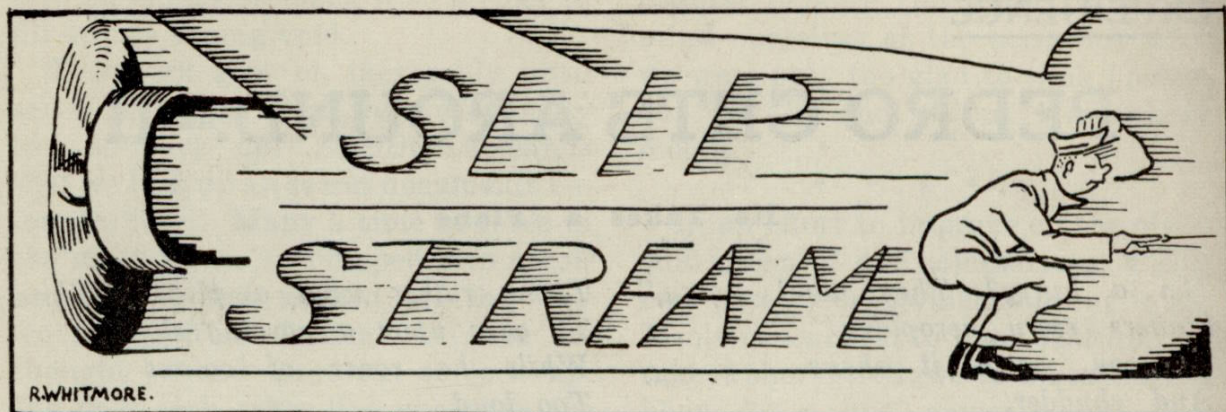
*So there you are with all celerity  
—Unless with far too great alacrity,  
You leapt aboard for  
Far, mysterious Oswegu,  
When the original idea was to get to  
Honolulu!*

He Dines

*Their service selective is truly effective,  
With them there are none to compare.  
So, hurrying by, 'neath a darkening sky  
You consume a delicious éclair.*

*Of course you had ordered a cantaloupe  
custard;  
But who's going to quibble at that?  
And if purée of ox tail is suddenly cock-  
tail  
Of grapefruit, it's not cream of cat!*

*So dine in the diner, for what could be  
finer  
Than the courses that all will share  
From hors d'oeuvres à la carte to buffalo's  
heart  
And the final delicious éclair!*



Apparently a well-known Flight Sergeant was quite dismayed at the recent suggestion that East Camp's sergeants' mess furniture be used in the dance hall. "What?" he exploded, "have airmen sitting on sergeant's furniture?"

To whom at Greenwood do we send the bill for the acceptance check that Majors did for them one day last month?

*Contempt of court makes this one necessarily obscure. But isn't it wonderful how quickly a few virile imaginations can change a pleasant grassy slope into a thirty-foot cliff?*

DRO item: With effect from today Summer Dress may be worn outside the camp boundaries. The dress authorised for wear is cap field service; jacket khaki drill; socks grey or black; boots ankle black or shoes black.

*And a loincloth, we fiesume.*

**We hear the Station Librarians are spending their leave in the States.**

**Fine thing!**

A recent letter notifying a forthcoming kit inspection contained this sentence: Kits will be laid out, for inspection at 08.30 hrs, by the following officers: S/Ldr. ...., F/O .....etc.

Funny. We've always had to lay out our own.