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OPINION

SOUVENIR

This, the last RAF PG, is a souvenir issue. Its purpose is to remind you of the outstanding events of your sojourn at Debert.

* * * *

EXPERIENCE

Travel, they say, broadens the mind. That may or may not be true, but none of us has lost anything by our visit to Canada. Our lives have been enriched by the experience.

* * * *

MEMORY

Some of us are moving westward to further our experience. Others are compensated for their loss by returning to hearth and home. But the memory of the fun, the boredom, the work, the play and the community that was Debert will remain with us for many a year.

COMMANDING OFFICER'S MESSAGE



GROUP CAPT. HOWARD, D.F.C.

THE RAF are leaving Debert and are being replaced by RCAF. Good luck to all who are leaving whether you are being retained temporarily in Canada or whether you are one of the lucky ones going back home. There have been many criticisms of Debert, there always are on any station, but I am sure that there will be many who will soon begin to wonder, and on looking back will think it was not so bad after all.

Many will be leaving with pleasant memories of Canada and of hospitality received from the Canadian people in Truro, from Canadians living near Debert and also whilst on leave in other parts of Canada. I am sure all ranks would like to join me in thanking all the Canadian people who have offered us hospitality, and in expressing to them the wish that we shall meet again in more peaceful times.

INABILITY**"I'M NOT NORMAL"**

By Alfred Newgrosh

LAC Hossenfeffer," the nursing orderly shouted, and with head held high Hossenfeffer walked into the M.O.'s office.

"Well what's wrong," said the M.O.

Hossenfeffer took a deep breath "Well sir there is something wrong with me. Mind you I don't feel ill, I eat well, I get up early in the mornings. My bowels and my work are excellent, but I am worried."

"Yes, yes," said the M.O. with that tolerance which is so evident in all M.O.'s, especially at 08.30 hours.

"The thing is," continued Hossenfeffer, "I don't think I am normal."

Common Knowledge

If he expected the M.O. to be startled Hossenfeffer was disappointed. It had been common knowledge for some time but politely the M.O. said "Yes, yes." Hossenfeffer took his second deep breath.

"Well when a boat list comes in to Maintenance Wing Headquarters where I work as a clerk, I don't look for names of chaps I know and immediately phone them up."

The M.O. looked incredulous and fingered the button on his desk which summoned aid.

"And to crown it all," Hossenfeffer continued "last night at

the Station Dance I was dancing with Dolores that smashing brunette from the cafe, when she suddenly turned to me and said she was crazy about me, and would I take her home after the dance and have a coffee at her flat or something"

"Or something," said the N.O.

"Or something," repeated Hossenfeffer.

"Yes yes" said the M.O. eagerly.

"Well, Sir, I walked home with her after the dance and we stopped near the bank of the river. The moon was shining brightly, and reflected in the shimmering —"

"All right, skip the details," said the M.O. "What happened next?"

Terrible Road

"Well I smoked my pipe and we talked as we walked along the road to her flat"

"Terrible road, isn't it" said the M.O.

"Yes" said Hossenfeffer with a funny look, then continued "This is the peculiar part Sir, I couldn't have drunk a cup of coffee for all the money in the world. My pipe had made me feel sick, so I said goodnight and went back to camp. Other chaps can smoke a pipe, why can't I? That's why I came to see you Sir."

RETROSPECT**TURNING BACK THE PAGES**

By John Ennis

AUGUST, 1941, saw Debert's newly opened aerodrome in a rather primitive state. Its pioneer inhabitants found very little to amuse them, and they soon began to look around for diversions.

Thus it was that a small group of enthusiasts held a meeting to discuss the formation of a station magazine. Two months later it appeared under the name of Splinters. Its contents were nothing more than a collection of humorous stories, many of them veritable chestnuts. It was a failure.

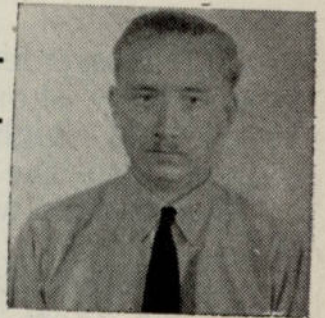
A failure, that is, except, for two very funny and original cartoons which found their way into its pages. Cartoons by Harold Hunt.

In April of the next year, another magazine appeared. It was called "Pukka Gen." The only member of its staff who had been connected with Splinters was Harold Hunt.

Every month since then PG has appeared. It has had a succession of editors. Its readership has changed completely, probably two or three times. It has been sent all over the world.

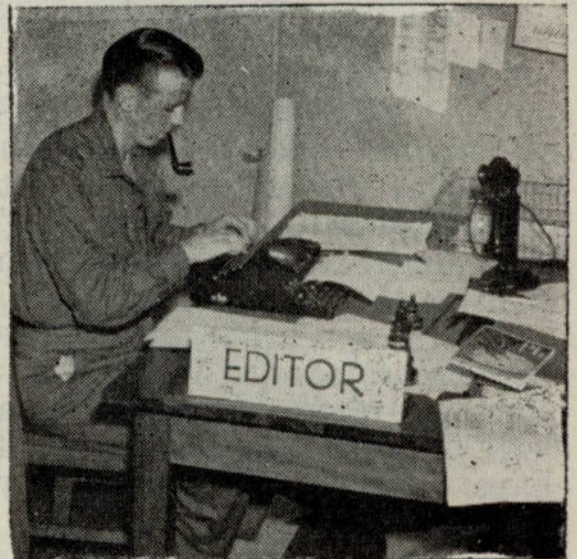
When the war ends, you who were stationed at Debert will occasionally think of your stay in Canada; and your old copies

Cpl. N. E. Roberts, First Editor of P.G.



of PG will serve to remind you of all the new friends you made, and the happy times you had there. I hear grim laughter as I write "happy times," but the mind has a queer habit of rejecting bad memories and you will find yourself becoming quite sentimental about Debert in the years to come.

After eight issues of the magazine had appeared, a bombshell



Jock Munro occupied the Editorial Chair from May 1943 to January 1944.

PUKKA GEN

came from AFHQ. No longer were service magazines to accept advertising. Without the revenue from advertising, the magazine could not continue, and the November copy came out with an editorial which began, "All good things come to an end," and continued to announce the death of PG.

Luckily, PSI came to the

rescue, and it was decided to run the magazine at a loss amounting to approximately \$150 a month. Your fifteen cent copy of PG is actually worth about fifty cents.

The pictures on these pages are taken from early issues of the magazine, and may serve to jog your memory a little.



Sgt. Clifford Bedell, photographer, helps the present editor of PG to choose pictures for the Souvenir Issue

First C. O. and his Successor

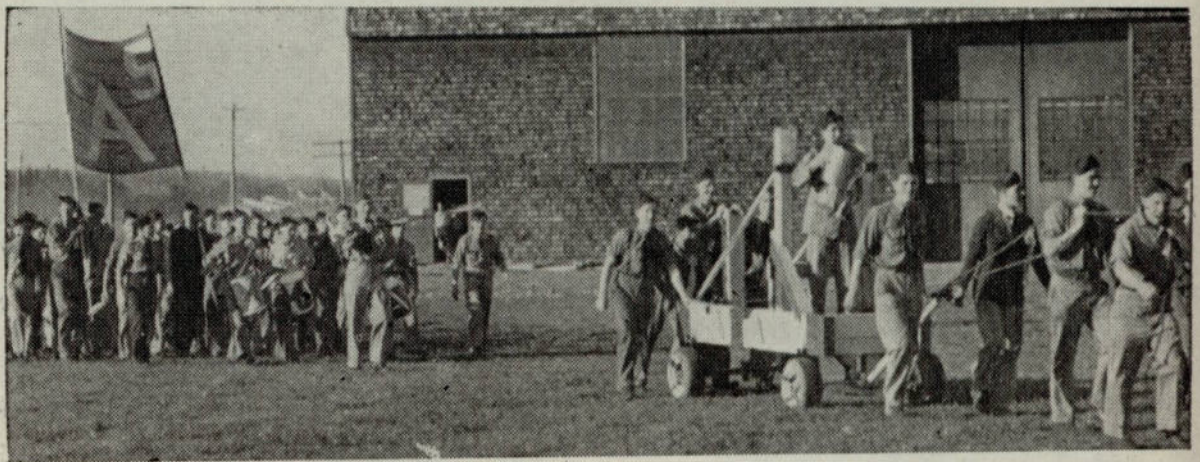


**First Group-Captain To
Command Debert—
G/C W. E. Purdin**



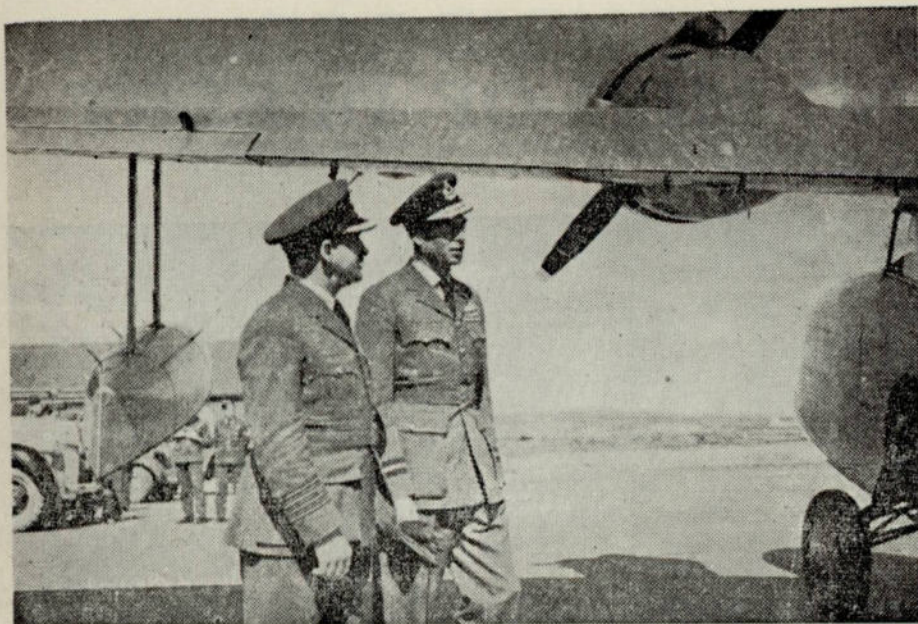
**Later Came
G/C J. H. Woodin**

THE BIG PARADE



When Repair Squadron "A" team came from way down East to win the soccer cup in 1943, a huge parade of supporters accompanied them.

Duke's Visit

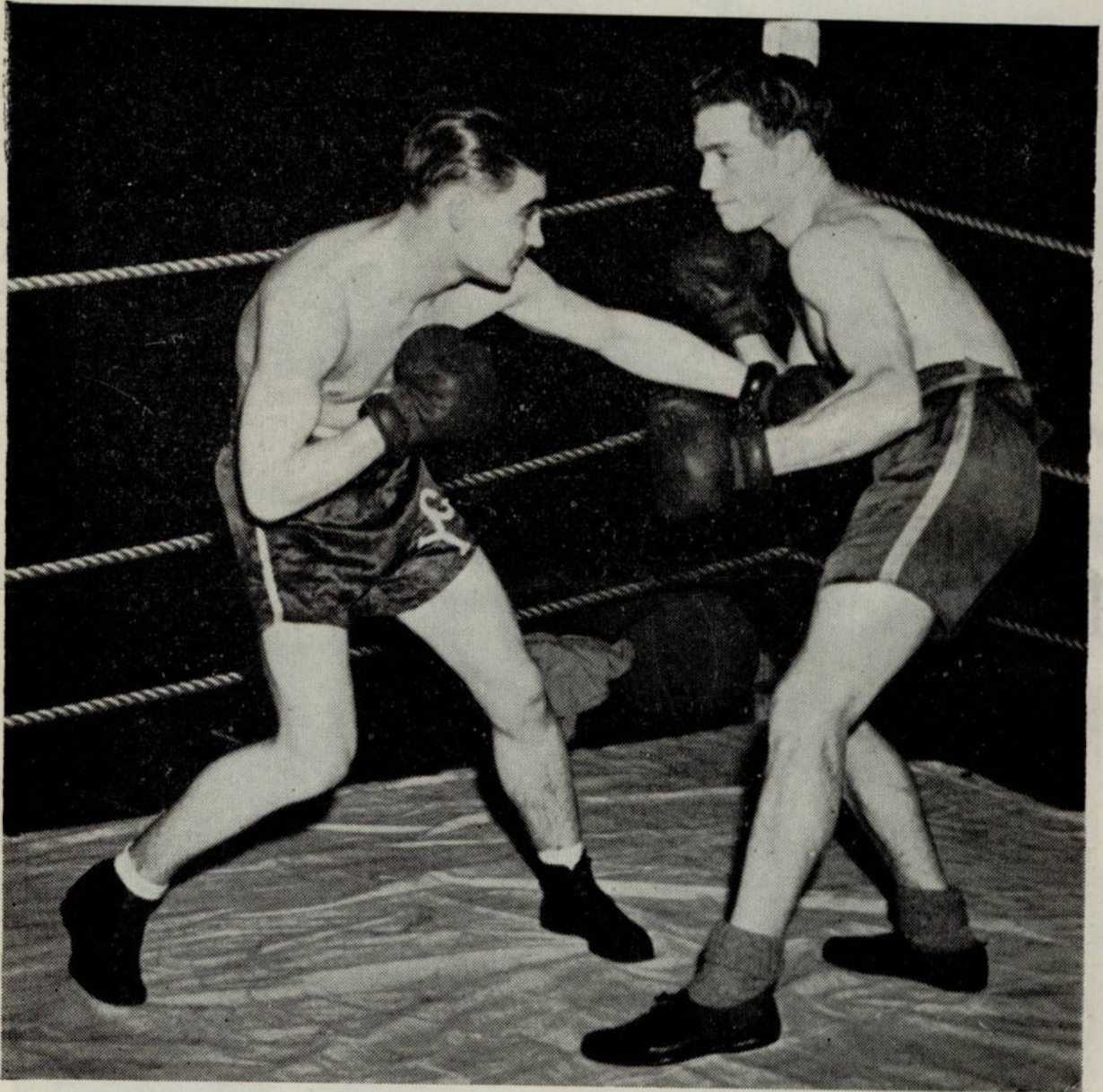


The late Duke of Kent paid a visit to Debert in the first year of the Station's existence.

Choir Filmed



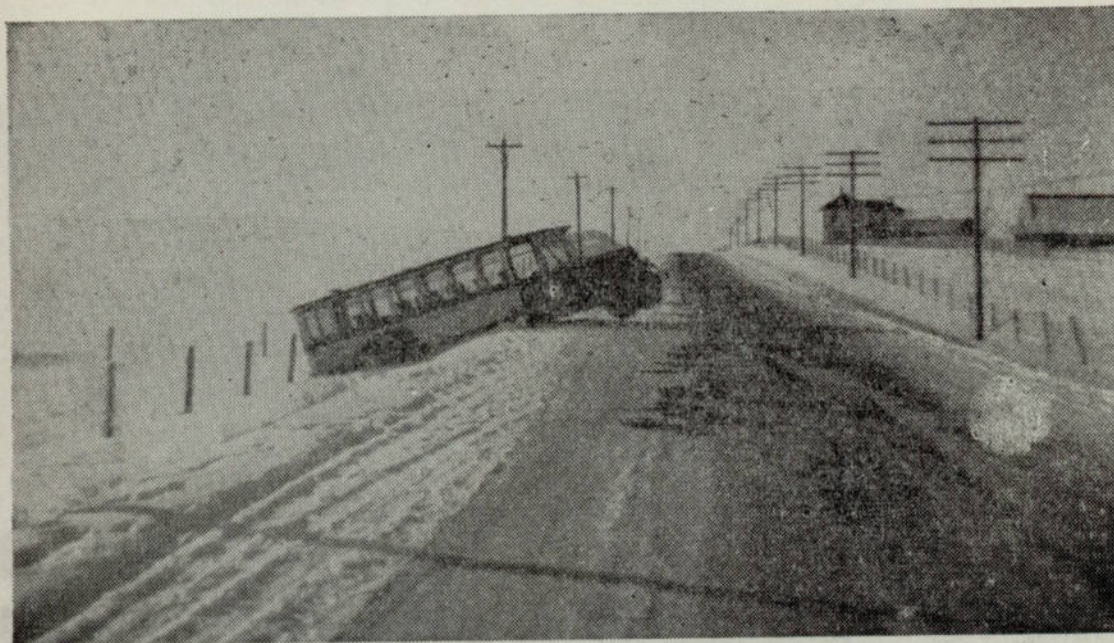
During A Visit to Halifax Last year, the Station Male Voice Choir was filmed by newsreel cameras. The Choir had conspicuous successes in the 1942 and 1943 New Glasgow Music Festivals.

FISTICUFFS**FIGHTING MEN OF DEBERT**

TWO lads who helped to keep Debert's fame high in the sporting world were "Young Griffo" Griffiths (left) and "Sammy" Samuels. On two occasions, when Debert put out a boxing team against Moncton, they were instrumental in gaining the victory for Debert. When Griffiths left Debert recently, he took with him the title of Maritime Light-weight Champion.

TRAVEL

COACHING DAYS



If ever you had occasion to visit Truro, you probably used the Hub 'bus.

We should be thankful for the Hub Coach Line in many ways. First, providing the only transport to Truro, it was instrumental in the covering the first lap of many a happy "48" spent well away from Debert. Second-

ly if, there was nothing else on hand to discuss disparagingly, one could always turn to the Hub, and there find illimitable material for grouching.

As one of the features of life at Debert, no souvenir issue of PG would be complete without a picture of one of these luxury coaches.

Fame

While compiling this issue, the editor has been continually approached by a man who, in a quite voice, has repeated "Don't forget to put my name in this issue."

There was something sinister in his manner, and it began to play on our nerves. We would meet him in the mess, in the canteen. "Don't, forget....." he would say, ever so quietly.

So rather than take the consequences that refusal might engender, here goes:

Jimmy Turner

And a lot of good we hope it does him.

CAFETERIA CHANGES HANDS

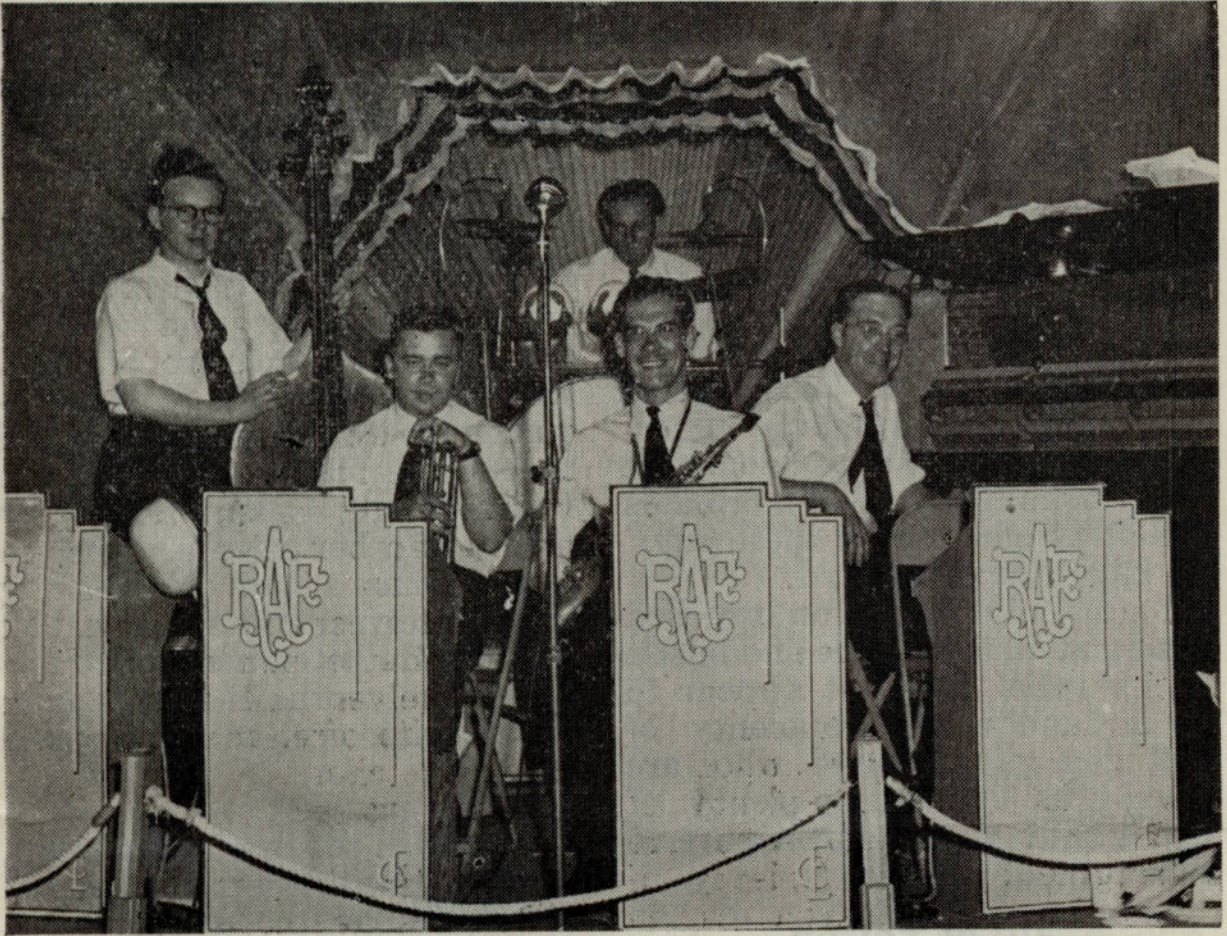


TO an end last week came the services of over one hundred and fifty lady volunteers from the surrounding districts who had, for over a year, run the cafeteria in the YMCA.

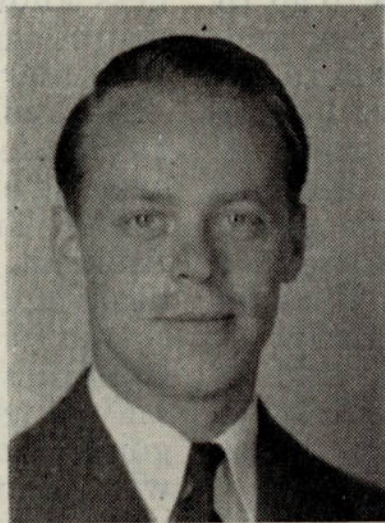
Pictured here is Group C Captain Woodin receiving the first order when the cafeteria was opened in March last year. Watching him is Debert's one-time padre, the Rev. N. M. Slaughter.

The service is being discontinued as the RCAF run their own can teens.

Music Makers



This latest picture of the Station Dance band was taken in the East Camp Dance Hall.



Reg. Dunn was Debert's YMCA Organiser for nearly three years.

FURTHERMORE**IS IT THAT BAD?**

By "Snoop" (after Damon Runyan)

IT comes on mid-June and all about me many guys are packing kit-bags with women's underwear and razor blades and chocolate and this and that and I don't know what else, especially women's underwear, and I will lay plenty of even bobs that the mermaids will do alright should these guys' kit-bags slip overboard.

I am only lying on my bed gazing at all this hustle and bustle as my relief does not appear to be in, and there are plenty of duff gen guys around who are scaring us by betting plenty of 6 to 4 that we gendarmes are to be retained.

Jill of Poison

So I am laying in that Debert sloth which I am in for sixteen months and wondering if I have sufficient pep and ackers to go to the club for a jill of poison, and while I am so doing I seem to remember some good times I have at this Debert and I guess it must be the thought of beer in the club that makes me think such a thought. For although I am not an old rum-pot, thirst is a terrible thing, especially at Debert, what with the cold in winter and the heat and dust in summer, especially the dust thrown up by the kites.

Furthermore the mosquitoes are very trying indeed at this time, and after a hard day with the strong-arm squad of gend-

armes one is apt to need a noggin or two to try to forget what a bad old world it is to be sure, what with crime and absence and one thing and another, so I am often observed moving towards the club of an evening and no-one can blame me, at that. Furthermore I am joined by plenty of other guys who wish to forget what a bad old world it is themselves and it is a fact that we do often manage to forget to the chorus of that famous old rallying cry, as follows and to wit:

"One 'ere."

So I wish to state to my relief, wherever he may be, that should his duties at the gendarmerie-by-the-barrier become very distressing to him, then he will always find convivial company in the club of an evening and goodness knows Debert can be very distressing indeed, especially to a gendarme.

But I will also say that many an airmen seems to find solace of an evening elsewhere, such as places called Truro, New Glasgow, Amherst, and Springhill and one hears of guys going so far in their search for solace as to marry dolls from these spots, although many an erk will tell you that this is going too far and furthermore will say that such an action is very drastic indeed and is no more than cutting off your nose to spite your face, or some such, although personally I never get

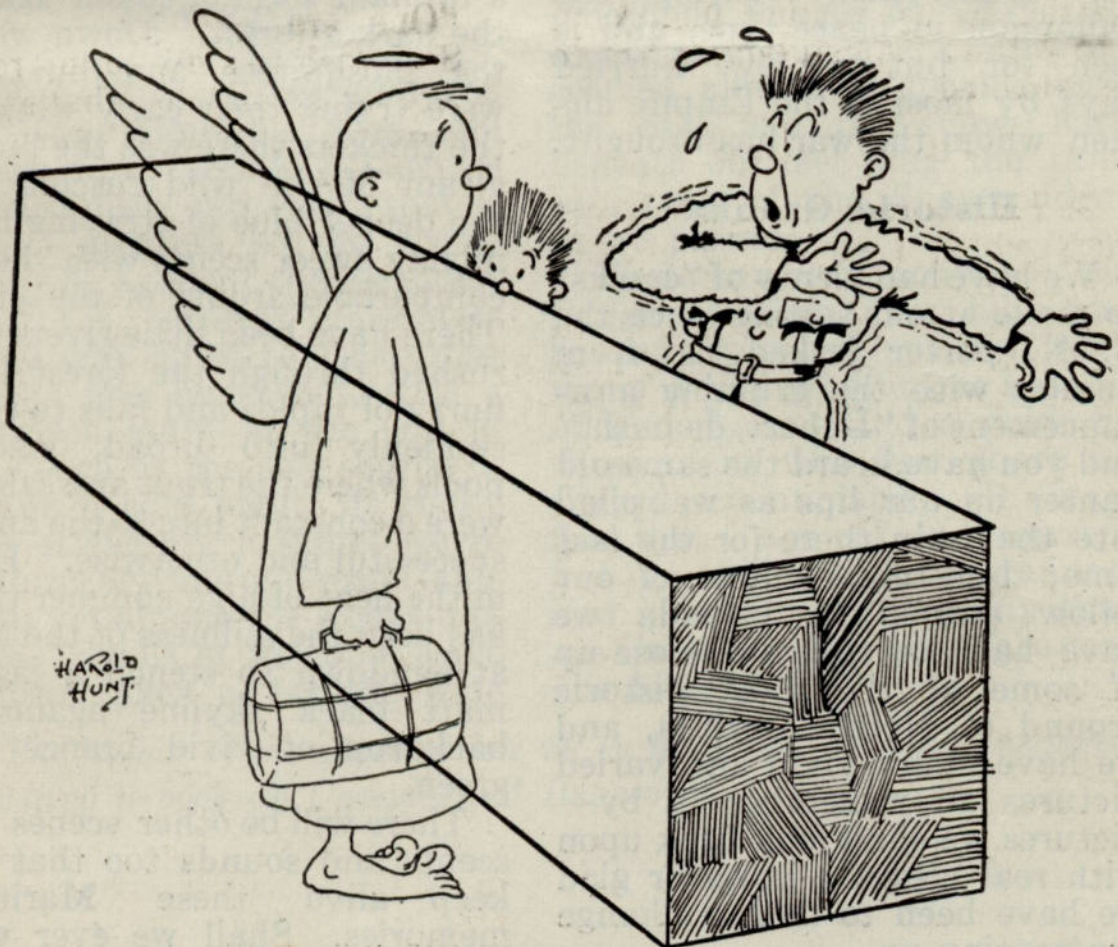
the drift of such fables.

Well, as I am musing this way I also remember getting considerable zing out of life through this game football, although my relief will probably have no time for this if he is a Canadian. Any way, there is always this "Hey, hey, let's away" game which I cannot make head nor tail of, and which I hear a guy once explain as English rounders, but with more noise and running here and there and this and that.

Also there are dances all the time, and socials and week-ends and leave and sky-larking in the billets, skating in the winter and sports in the summer, and shows in the Rec-hall, and dolls, and

I don't know what else, especially dolls, so when I do pack for the boat I shall think of some of these things and maybe consider Depressing Debert not so bad at that.

Of course there is always some drawback which is, of course, not enough potatoes to enjoy all these things, but I seem to remember I never have enough coconuts on civvy-street either, and it seems to me every guy I speak to never has as many as he would like, whether he be in civvy-street or in the RAF, so I guess there must be a more than somewhat large shortage of potatoes whichever way you look at it.



"But you told me to bring it back if it didn't open!"

REFLECTION.**MARITIME MEMORIES**

By J. M. Hussey

A GOOD many of us have in the past few weeks seen the end of our service in Canada's Maritimes. For some the time of anxiously scanning "boat lists" has ended and they are now getting ready to add a little more to the weight of forces in more active spheres; others with several months of Canadian service still to complete have scattered through Ontario, Manitoba, and all points west. Wherever our destination, however, we have all had a taste of living in one corner of Canada that is usually missed completely by our countrymen visiting the Dominion in peace-time, and is seen for but a few hurried days by most of the Empire airmen whom the war has brought.

Historic Ground

We have had plenty of "cracks" to make at our setting since the C. N. porter jerked us from slumber with the grinning announcement of "Debert, de bush!" and you have heard the same old banter on our lips as we piled into the train there for the last time; but unlike most of our fellow airmen in Canada we have had an effective close-up of some of the most historic ground of North America, and we have many vivid and varied pictures to remember it by—pictures we shall look back upon with real pleasure however glad we have been to find a change confronting us.

There were those days of early spring when the wind didn't bite so much, and the sun brought out the first green of fresh young grass where the ground was blown bare of the last snow; when the sound of the creek was to be heard for the first time in months, picking its musical way over the stones and scattered lumps of ice. Then later, when the last snow wreath vanished from the hills there were those days of cloudless blue. The sun had not yet begun to burn the fields to a uniform, dusty brown, and their green was still a brilliant slash of colour against the darker forest. Down where the mosquitoes and buzz-flies were trying their early wings in the thickets there was the purple gleam of the wild fuschia and the deeper blue of straying lilac, mixing sweet scents with the incomparable aroma of the pines. There have been little rivers that rushed through the forest in a flurry of rapids and falls to come suddenly into broad, smooth pools where the trout and salmon were a constant lure to the angler successful and otherwise. Even in the heat of high summer there has been the stillness of the trees at sundown to stencil a jagged matt black skyline against a backdrop of vivid bronze and green.

There will be other scenes and scents and sounds too that will keep alive these Maritime memories. Shall we ever walk

in the lanes of Kent and Devonshire without thinking once more of the fair Annapolis Valley in blossom-time, its orchards by the white, dusty roads breaking every few miles into a surprising stretch of heather and peaty blueberries. Will not the bracing airs of our favourite coast resort bring back to our nostrils the salty tang of dykelands that fringe the Bay of Fundy, the scent of new-mown meadows conjure up for us the calm, pastoral beauty of Grand Pré, that heart of Old Acadia? Even the skirl of pipes or the merry twirling of fiddles in a reel will bring us again "way down East to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, for the rhythmic old-time music of Don Messer and his Islanders!"

Red Earth

Over on the Island, though, are more things to be remembered than the inimitable Don and Charlie Chamberlain. There is the incredibly red earth that is its first greeting to the visitor landing at Borden; the meandering "P.E.I. Express" that does the 30 odd miles to Charlottetown in two hours flat, with a great iron stove at the end of each coach as the sole source of heat on a cold night; its rocky inlets of the north shore, where the house of Anne of Green Gable stands yet among the woods and lawns. Spells of welcome leave too have taken us far and wide

over the Maritimes; and who shall forget, having once seen them, the hardy logging villages of northern New Brunswick, set by turbulent streams and with hardly more than a dust track for a main street—but each with a trim, spotless white Church raising a delicate finger above the crowding trees?

Flawless Jewel

Not all we shall remember, however, are the sights and sounds of breaking spring and high summer. There has been the bitter winter with its blizzards from the North, when to go out of doors at all required the urge of dire necessity, and the muffling of ears and noses. But there were days when too a brilliant sun turned the snowbound land to a flawless jewel, when all our childhood images of Christmas scenery came true. The dry air seemed almost to sparkle with the cold, and the snow hard beneath our feet sang the thin, soft song of the Snowmaidens as we passed.

There has been, above all, the forest. Rolling over hills and across rivers and splashed with many a tiny lake, it has been at once our home and a guide to those of us who flew above its tugged countenance. It is a face that is age-old and scarred, but it is still one of the grandest and proudest of the many that are Canada. It is not a face that one forgets.

The author of the above article is, in his spare moments, engaged in writing a book on Canada and its people.

ARTIST**HUMOUR BY HUNT**

The name of Harold Hunt, PG's cartoonist supreme, will linger in the memory of all old Debertians. On this and succeeding pages you will find a selection of his best drawings.

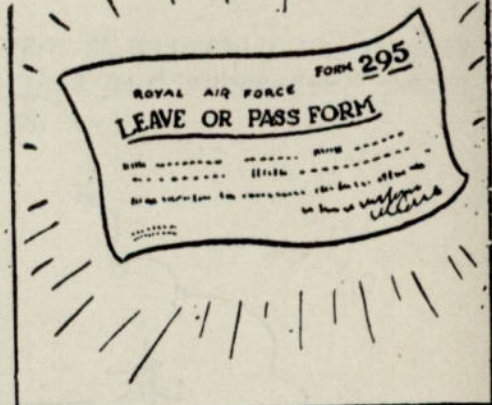
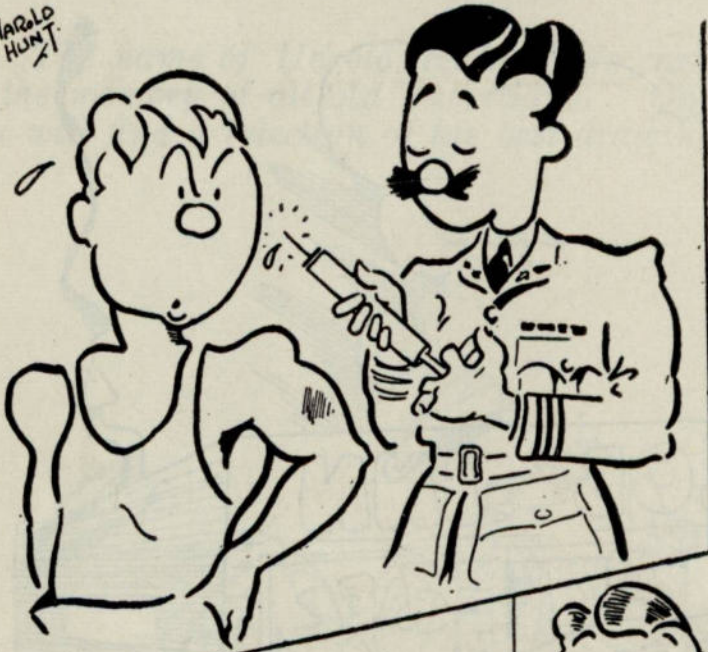
**Break-Time In The Hangar**



"Don't Mind Me—I'm Only The Driver!"

THINGS WE SHALL NEVER FORGET!

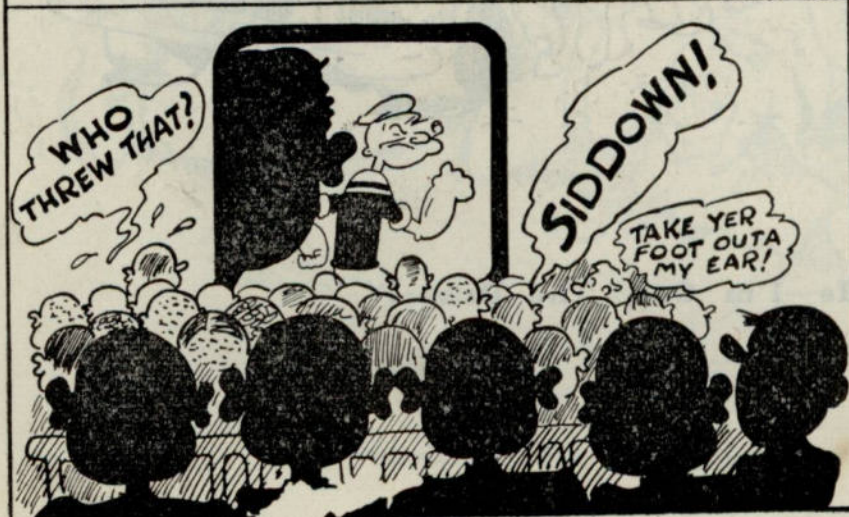
HAROLD HUNT



CUMMON-TWO SIX!



GET SOME IN, CHUM



WHO THREW THAT?

SIDDOWN!

TAKE YER FOOT OUTA MY EAR!



A.C. PEEWEE - TWEN-TIE!

MORE THINGS WE SHALL NEVER FORGET!!

HEARD THE LATEST ABOUT THE BOAT?
NATTER, NATTER, NATTER.



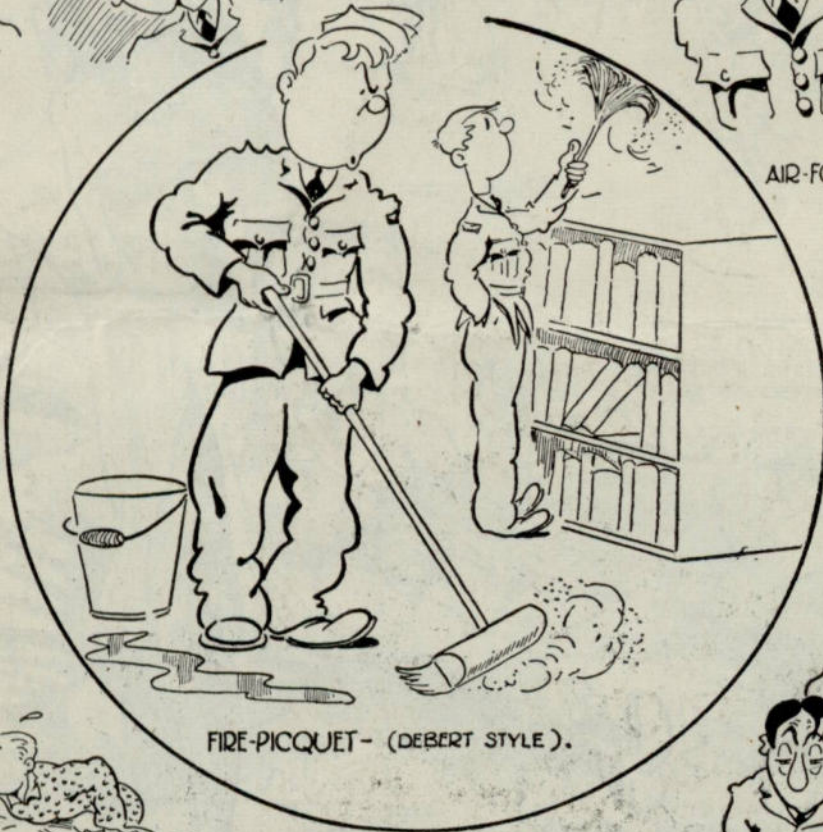
DUFF GEN.

GET FELL IN!

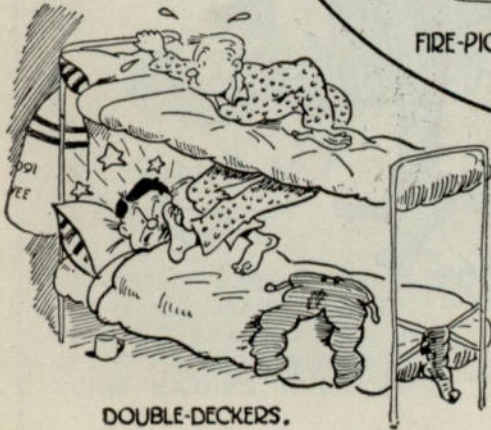
HAROLD HUNT



AIR-FORCE GRAMMAR.



FIRE-PICQUET - (DEBERT STYLE).



DOUBLE-DECKERS.



THAT FIRST "JANKERS" FEELING.



“Sometimes Air Sea Rescue can be too damned efficient!”



HOW TO CHOOSE A MOUSTACHE.



AT THIS TIME EVERY YEAR, THE URGE TO IMPROVE ON NATURE WITH A LITTLE HIRSUTE GROWTH BITES NEARLY EVERY AIRMAN. TO ASSIST THESE ROMEO'S — WE HEREWITH PRESENT A SELECTION OF THE MOST POPULAR TYPES...



THE "PALAIS-DE-DANCE" TYPE. FAVOURITE FOR BEGINNERS BUT VERY UNPOPULAR WITH S.W.O'S



THE "BY GAD, SIR!" TYPE. VERY USEFUL WHEN YOUR APPLICATION FOR A WEEKEND PASS IS REFUSED.



THE "HAVE YOU SEEN MY ETCHINGS?" VERY EFFECTIVE FOR POTENTIAL HOME-WRECKERS. CAN EASILY BE WIPED OFF FOR PARADES.



THE "OFFICERS MESS" SPECIAL. THIS IS THE MASTERPIECE THAT PUT GLAMOUR INTO THE R.A.F. A SURE WINNER WITH THE LADIES EVERYWHERE.



THE "ALL HOPE GONE" SPECIMEN. SEEMS TO SPROUT NATURALLY ON THOSE PEOPLE WHOSE SPEECH IS LIMITED TO—"YOU'VE 'AD IT."



"RED DAWN" — OR KNOWN SOMETIMES AS "JOE'S GLORY". TAKES AT LEAST TEN YEARS SERVICE TO ACQUIRE THIS.

HAROLD HUNT



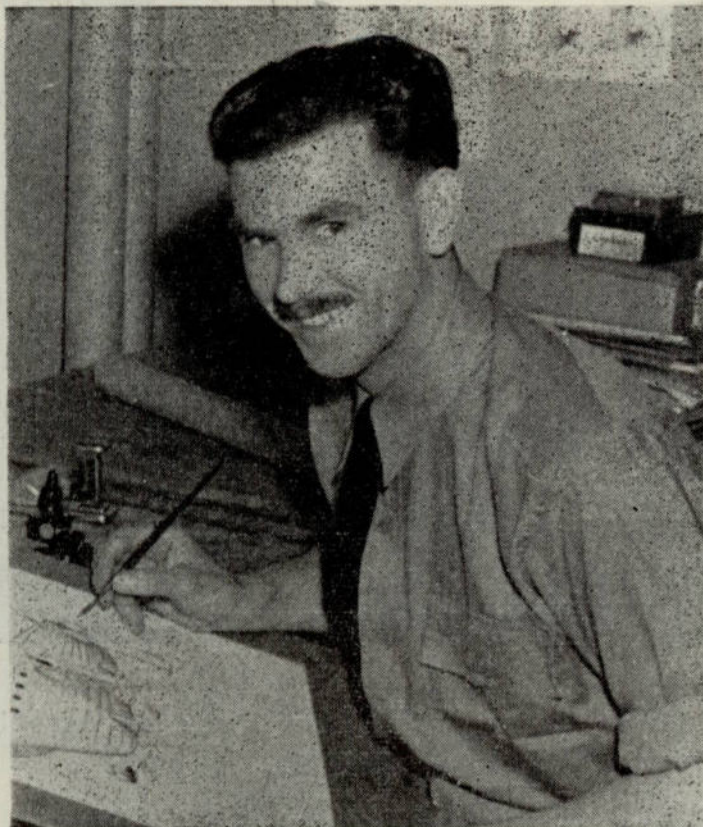
THE "LEMON WAISTCOAT." NO USE UNLESS YOU CAN DEVELOP A B.B.C. ACCENT TO GO WITH IT.



But Sir, what can we do? He insists that it's his mother.



"ALL I SAID WAS - 'WOULD YOU LIKE SOME MORE?' - AND HE PASSED RIGHT OUT!"



Harold Hunt
".....P.G.'s Cartoonist Supreme....."

SPORTS

MINORS WIN SOCCER CUP



Group Captain Howard Presents Medals to 1944 Association Football Cup-Winners, Repair Squadron, Minors.



Electricians were going great guns until postings helped to knock them off their stride.



1944 CUP—WINNERS—MINORS

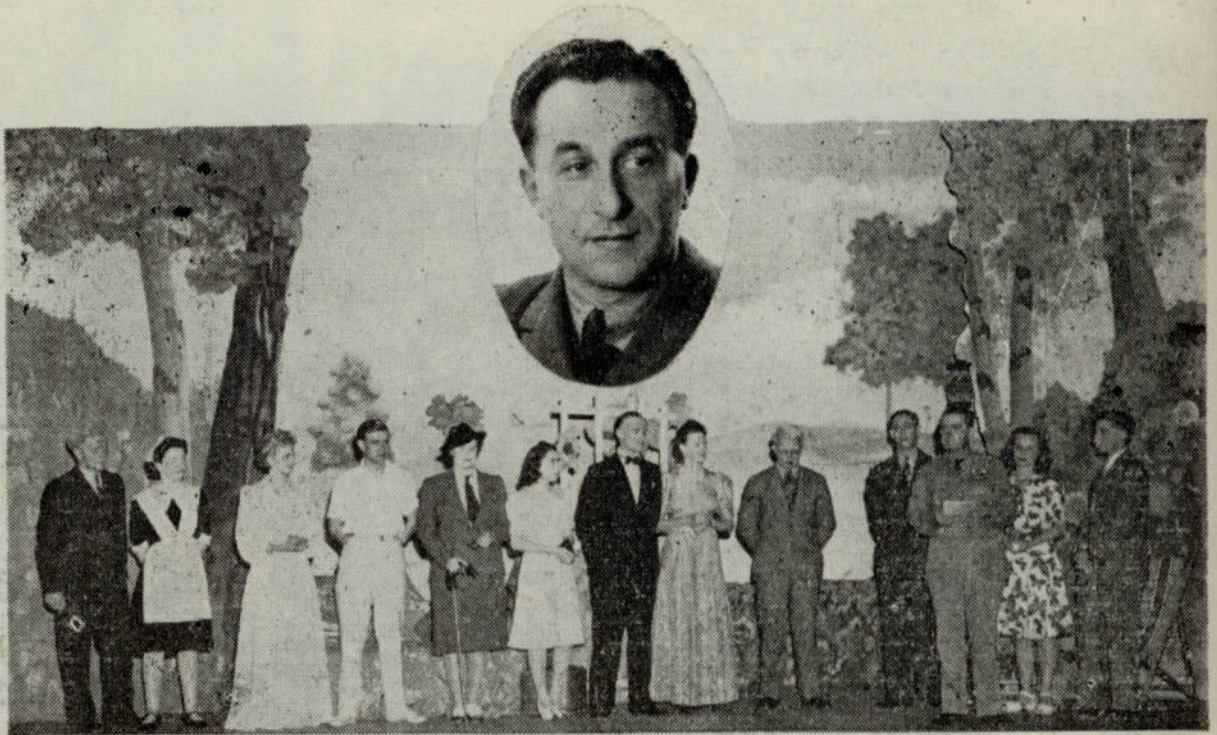
HISTRIONICS**SHOW BUSINESS**

DURING the last year at Debert we have seen four first-class plays staged in the Station Theatre. One was a more or less private venture, written and produced by a member of the Station staff. The other three were the offerings of the Station Dramatic Society, and were produced by LAC Alfred Newgrosh.

Unless you have seen him in action, it is impossible to estimate the amount of hard work that producer Newgrosh put into the direction of his plays. Night after night, for two or three months before the opening night he would gather his

small group of players together and wheedle and coax, and sometimes bully them into character. More often than not the dress rehearsal, held the night before the show opened, seemed to be an absolute failure, and the producer would be found slumped in a chair with each fist grasping a tuft of curly black hair and his mouth full of gnawed fingernails.

Miraculously the shows went on and were all smash hits. But those who know better will tell you that there was no miracle about it. Sardonic Alfred (Umbriago) Newgrosh had been working hard.



The Cast of "Happy Ending" by Ian Hay, first play presented by the Society. Inset is Producer Alfred Newgrosh.



**THE
PATSY**

The cast of "The Patsy" included, left to right: Margaret Forbes, Reginald Barry, Mildred Clarke, Shirley Cummings, and Brian Walmsley.

OF HUMAN CONFLICT



A scene from the play written and produced by P/O Arthur Hailey. *Of Human Conflict* was presented in March.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY'S LAST PLAY

THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

By Jock Munro

THE other day as I was sitting in the "Y" reading the October issue of a 1942 Aviation magazine, I heard a voice. On looking up I saw that the voice belonged to one Umbriago, a producer of plays and generally accepted as a personality around the camp.

Being, as always, a gentleman, I smiled and said "Hello, Howzit going?"

Without further ado Umbriago said "Did you see our play last week?"

Here is where I blundered. I sat up, and with the air of a born critic assured him that I had and that to me it had seemed an excellent play, and also that I was very glad that I had managed to be at the performance.

Shook Me

Umbriago purred. I resumed reading the October issue of the 1942 Aviation magazine.

"By the way," he said, "could you write a few words of criticism for the station magazine?"

This shook me, for I had hardly expected Umbriago to welcome criticism, and besides that I was hardly prepared for the honour of being the chosen scribe. Nevertheless I accepted, and I

shall now contrive to do my allotted task.

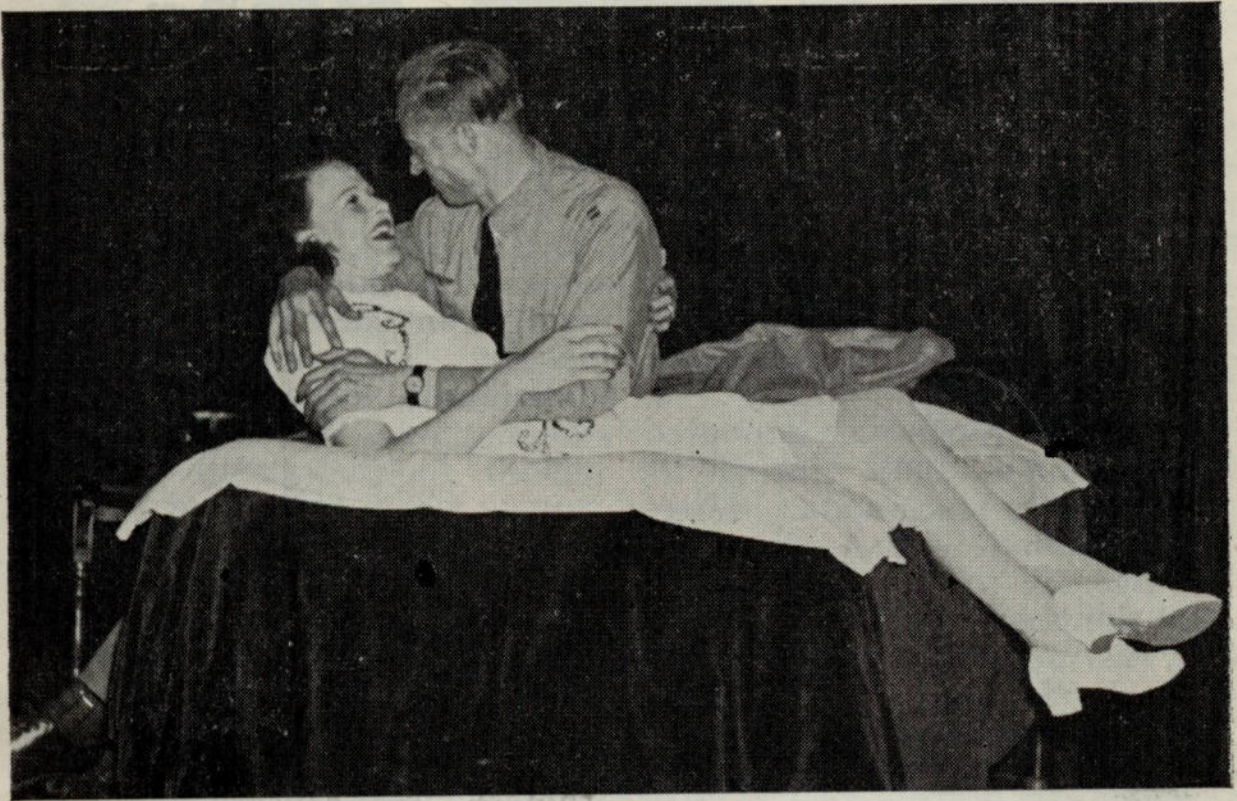
Firstly, "Those Endearing Young Charms" was essentially an Amercian play, which, although unsuited to English voices was carried through with a smoothness and self-assuredness which surprised me. Mildred Philips and Joan Valentine took top honours by more or less being themselves. Edward Compton, as Hank, had rather a tough job on hand. He was sadly handicapped by his very noticeable London accent, and by his un-American carriage. Despite this, however, he acted well, and with Trevor Best supporting, did a very fine job.

The general opinion of the boys that the actors were excellent, but entirely miscast.

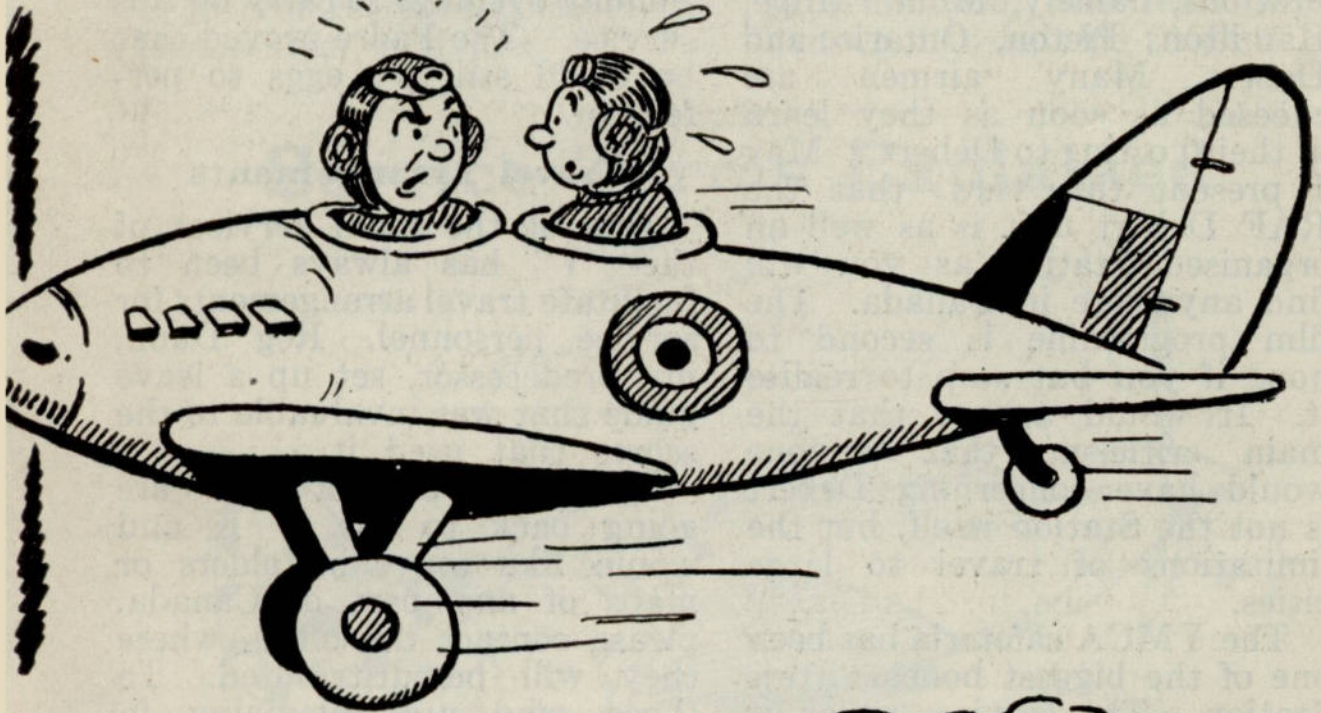
Mountain and Mahommet

Honours go to Alfred Newgrosh for some clever producing. I think, however, that a better choice of plays is required in future. You've heard the saying "If the mountain can't go to Mahommet, Mahommet must go to the mountain." By this I mean that it would be a far far better thing if Mr. Newgrosh picked a play to suit his actors.

Those Endearing Young Charms

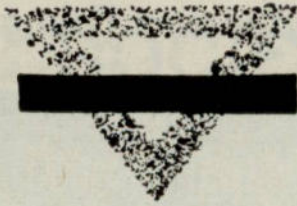


Ted Compton and Joan Valentine (Alias Mrs. Compton) in a Scene from the Play.



HAROLD
HUNT
1944

"You should have thought of that before we came up!"

Y.M.C.A.**PAGE**

By Alf. Morris

THIS will likely be the last opportunity for the YMCA to express in writing any viewpoints on this unit to the RAF.

The YMCA has been honoured to serve the RAF during its tour of duty in Canada. There is no doubt that it has been an eye-opener to you to realise that the NAAFI and the YMCA are two separate organisations, and the functions of each are definitely governed by different motives.

The present supervisor has been privileged to service in every way possible three RAF Stations, namely, Mount Hope, Hamilton; Picton, Ontario; and Debert. Many airmen are cheesed as soon as they learn of their posting to Debert. May I present this view; that the RAF Debert unit is as well an organised Station as you will find anywhere in Canada. The film programme is second to none if you but stop to realise it. It would appear that the main criticism that anyone would have concerning Debert is not the Station itself, but the limitations of travel to large cities.

The YMCA cafeteria has been one of the biggest boons to this Station. The service, which it is hoped will be carried on by the RCAF when the YMCA hands over, will be appreciated by members of the RAF and

RCAF alike. It might be of interest to know that over 150 volunteer ladies from Truro, Debert, Glenholme, and even Halifax have given of their services. Mrs. Woodin gave leadership to the group of RAF wives, which numbered twenty-five.

The YMCA have given to each and every lady a suitably engraved pin in recognition of their valuable contribution to the inner man. It would not be fair to write concerning the cafeteria without expressing my personal appreciation to those airmen that have given their Sunday evenings to carry on this service. The Padre proved that he could still fry eggs to perfection.

Travel Arrangements

One of the main services of the "Y" has always been to facilitate travel arrangements for service personnel. Reg Dunn, my predecessor, set up a leave guide that was invaluable to the scores that used it.

To those airmen who are going back to the U K and would like souvenir folders or maps of any part of Canada, please contact the office, where they will be distributed. To those who are remaining in Canada, whether you remain on this Station or are posted elsewhere, do not hesitate to avail yourself of the travel arrange-

ments made possible by every YMCA supervisor.

In the operation of its canteen, the YMCA has striven first to render service to the members of this or any unit. Critical individuals wonder at the difference of prices in YMCA operated canteens. In answer to this criticism may I state that the YMCA must pay the salaries of its employees, whereas the RCAF operated canteen does not have to pay its employees the same scale of salary. Surely the "Y" deserves some commendation when it is ready to render service day or night through the medium of the canteen with its multiplicity of service with a staff of six men.

Reorganization

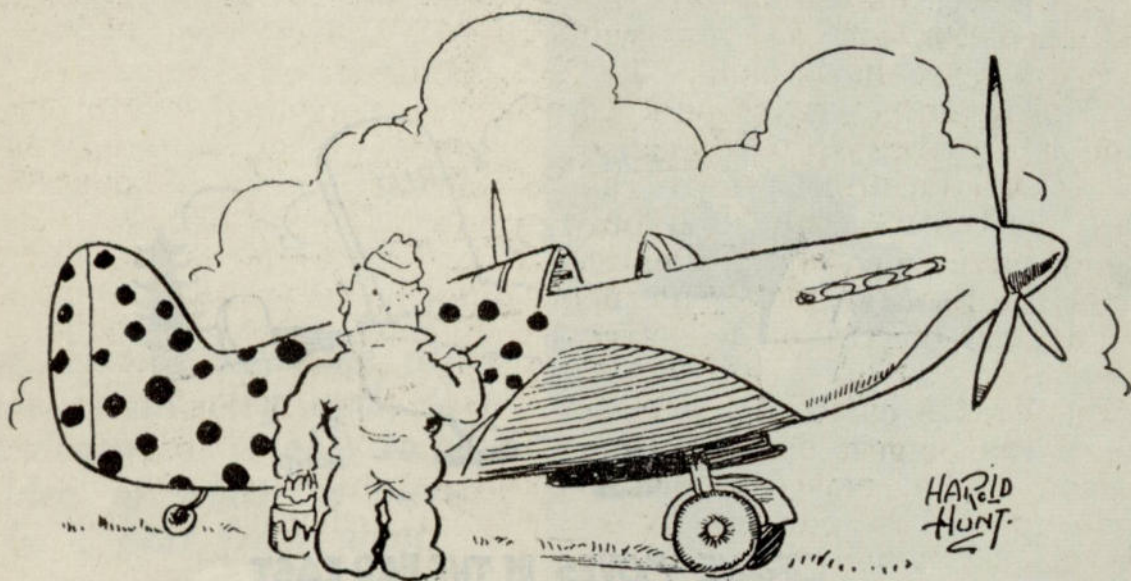
It is expected that with the turn-over from RAF to RCAF of this unit there will have to be a general reorganisation of the leisure-hour activities of this

unit. The "Y" stands ready to co-operate and facilitate any suggested plans or projects to carry on the good work inaugurated by the RAF. Members of the RAF will, in the near future, most likely be in the minority on this unit. Do not feel that you will not get a fair hearing in your varied interests. Come to the "Y" office where you will find ready support.

Ready To Serve

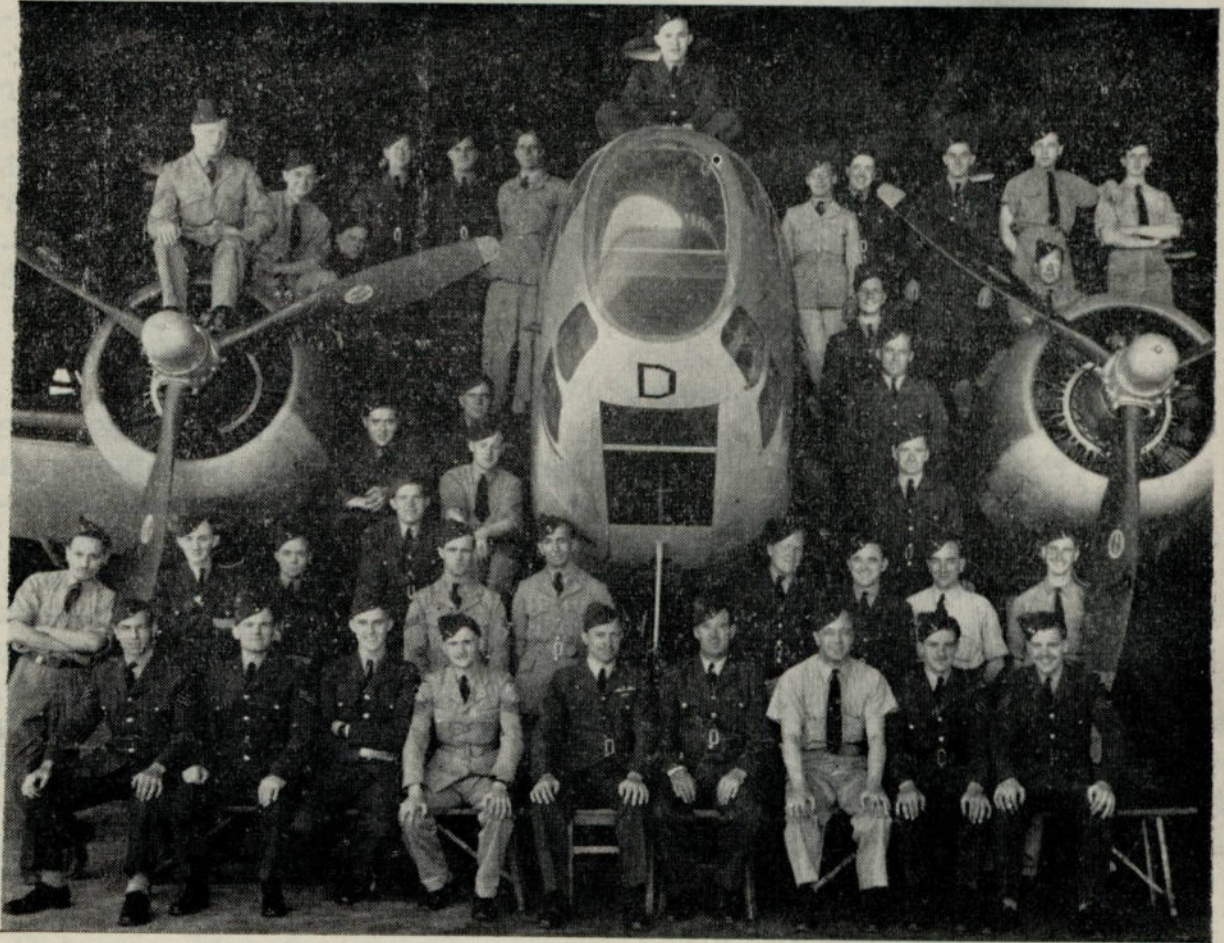
Finally, to those who are leaving Canada, Godspeed, a safe journey and pleasant memories of Canada. To those of you who are left to finish your tour of duty, carry on the work of the RAF wherever you may find yourself. Canada has much to offer if only you will search for it. The Canadian YMCA War Services, through its representatives are ever ready to serve you, and feel deeply honoured to be able to do so.

Service Terms Explained

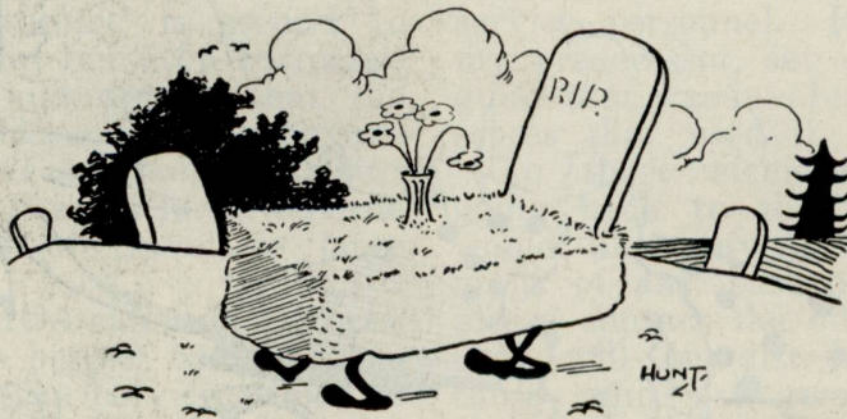


Aircraft Spotter

HIGH EXPLOSIVE!



Station Armourers



GRAVE MOVES IN THE FAR EAST.

NUPTUALS

MARRIED AT TRURO

F/Sgt. H. Jacks and Miss M. Kenney.



On June 23rd at Truro, Flight Sergeant Harry Jacks married Miss Muriel Kenney, daughter of Mrs. Myrtle Kenney, of Truro. The Rev. W. McN. Matthews performed the ceremony, and Sgt. Howell acted as best man.

Later the bride and groom spent their honeymoon in the Annapolis Valley.

The happy couple are shown here (left) cutting the wedding-cake.



F/Sgt. Davies says the above picture is all very well; then he endeavours (right) to give his idea of what the picture will be a year from now!

PARODY

Corporal Kay, Tom, Unrolls His Blanket

By Sergt. C. L. Nicholson

AFTER gratefully consuming a cake of dried paste and ignoring the disrespectful remark "'Tis the unconsumed portion of a noble ancestor," Corporal Kay gathered his knife, skewer and spoon, and, passing through the doorway of the great dining hall, proceeded into a night made heavy with the vibrations of machines making ready for the speedy departures upward of enemy factories.

"Danger lurks here, unless we move our feet with caution," he remarked, picking up a body with which he had collided. "Let me accompany you so that I may be assured that Sick Quarters have no priority.

"Go, seek the services of a taxerdermist!" cried the stranger leaving abruptly, allowing Kay to pass to his Barrack Block.

"How was the evening rice?" ventured one as Kay entered.

"May your digestive organs function without great pain," spoke another.

"As the biscuits upon which you rest your noble frame—hard, but sustaining."

"Pray, rest yourself upon a bed of standard pattern," invited the recumbent one, kindly, "that you may more gracefully assist me to consume the humble fare a mother has sent an unworthy son."

"May your promotion be rapid," murmured Kay gratefully, "and may the great eat from your ever generous hand. Gladly will I rest and seek humbly to divert your minds, in meagre exchange for the bounty of your grace, with some light story to illumine the ever dulling button."

So saying, he took the proffered cake, unrolled the arrow-marked blanket and indicated that his simple operation was complete.

Concerning Beppo and how he fared in the Defence Exercises.

It was the custom of a Station Commander to test the defences of his unit by pouring men into ditches in the early hours. But, having thus arrested your attention by mentioning the most distinguished figurehead of this ordinary vessel, which bears a cargo of commonplace people (according to the refined models of the past, it is now permissible to mention the man about whom the story is told).

Beppo, an aircraftsman of great ability at producing chits enabling his avoidance of duties for which Nature had ill-fitted him, found himself one morning at an outlying part, in a fog, without a chit, holding a firecracker.

"The weather is not happily arranged for a really good display of fireworks," he remarked, politely, fingering a thunderflash.

"Refrain from handling that red firecracker without due caution," commended a nervous associate.

"That I am careful is disclosed in the attention I apply to this inscription," replied Beppo, his puzzled brow resembling camouflage netting. "But what is a *brassard*?"

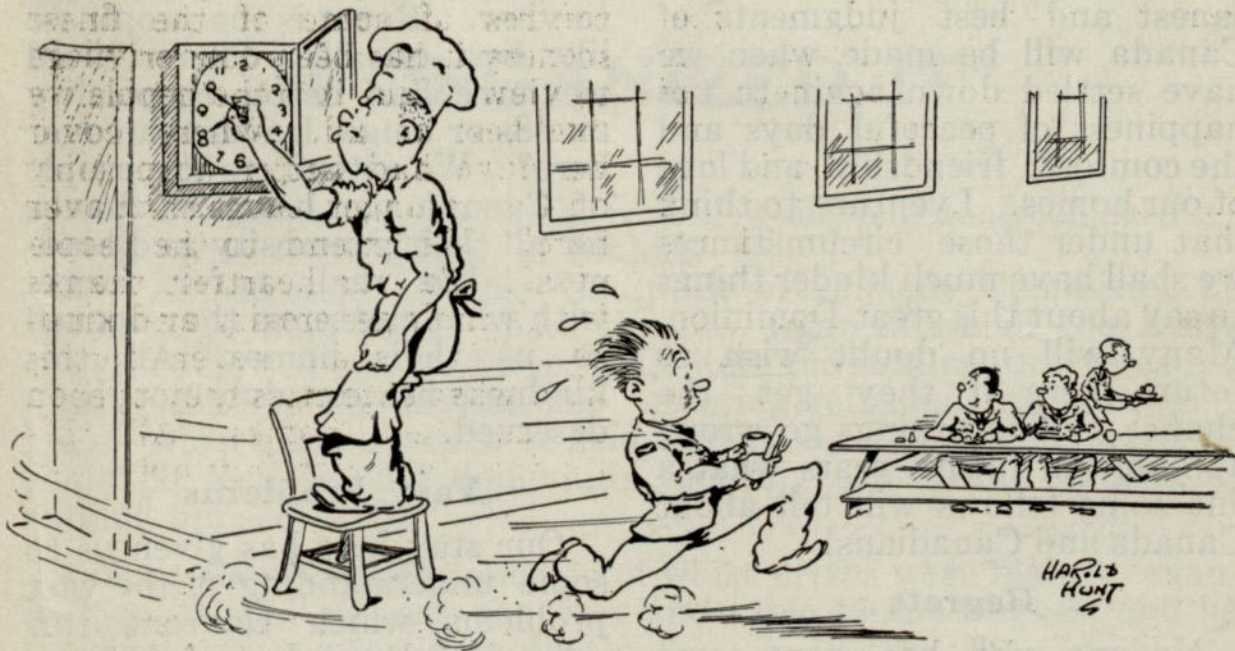
"Some sort of fowl, chained to its master," declared an all-knowing.

"'Tis on the vestas box of safety combustibles," risked another.

Beppo placed the firecracker in his sleeve, away from the thumbs of the envious, and, leaving his companions, sought diversion in stalking a rabbit. Thus and thus he did, but being without the means to perform the profitable dispatch, he fired a noise-only cartridge, into the left ear of the statuesque animal, hoping that fear would cause the spirit to pass upward before the body could proceed downward. The rabbit, which was an attacking member of the Honourable Order of Home Guardians, in intricate disguise, rapidly shed his other ear and surrendered without argument. Thereupon the defenders fell passionately about the ears of all adjacent rabbits, letting off fireworks. The enemy was controlled more quickly than rabbits could be produced and thus became hard pressed to conjure fresh devices. At length, their leader, who thus far had escaped attention because of the imperfection of his disguise making him unrecognisable as a rabbit, exclaimed to his brother rabbit, "Excrescence! At the sight of this repulse my spirit becomes as bread overdone. Let us surrender, for I perceive a wagon of refreshment approaching the perimeter upon the side of the enemy!"

"May its safe arrival bring pressure to bear upon button, master! I too am fast bound by cruel cords of hunger," sadly remarked the bearer.

Thus it was the practice ceased and all therein repaired to requisition dried paste and tea and heartily to compliment Beppo upon his discovery of the strategy, one quoting, to merry laugh, the oft proven saying that "A real doughnut strikes the stomach more subtly than a blank noise-only cartridge."



PADRE'S NOTES

Goodbye To Canada

By the Rev. B. H. Sackett

HE is a poor sort of man who is not elated by the prospect of a return to his home even though he be living in the most delectable spot on earth. With home only a few days or weeks away it is only to be expected that our sympathies widen and our hearts soften. If some of our criticisms of Canada have been severe it is because they have been made, not in moments of calm and unprejudiced perusal of the facts, but through the dominant emotion of our separation from homeland, home and family. Our sanest and best judgments of Canada will be made when we have settled down again to the happiness of peaceful days and the comfort, friendship and love of our homes. I venture to think that under those circumstances we shall have much kinder things to say about this great Dominion. Many will no doubt wish to return here if they get the chance. When things go wrong at home in future years what a line some fellows will tell about Canada and Canadians!

Regrets

No one who has spent some months or years in Canada can leave it without some regrets and without the memory of some

very happy experiences. The most memorable thing about Canada is not the country but the people. A lot can be said for the country itself. It is even wetter in Lancashire than it is in Nova Scotia! We soon forget but let anyone who doubts it turn up a map showing the world's rainfall. The climate in the Prairies is the best we have known anywhere. Calgary, Banff and Vancouver will live in our minds for ever as places we found very friendly and the centres of some of the finest scenery it has been our privilege to view. But it is the people we like best of all. Where could we have had better hospitality on 48s or longer leaves than over here? We extend to the people of Canada our heartfelt thanks for all their generosity and kindness. We shall never forget with what eagerness they opened to us their homes. All this kindness has certainly not been deserved.

Vast Problems

Our stay here has given us to some understanding of the vast problems which confront this young and vital nation; problems of race, religion, language, economics and education. That Canada has her defects even the

most ardent Canadian will not deny. There is no getting away from them. An Englishman's judgment of another part of the world, however, ought always to be tempered by the consideration that Great Britain herself abounds with social and climatic imperfections. The best hope for the future of the world is the growth of a genuine spirit of repentance on the part of all peoples for the wrongs of the past and the present. We are convinced, in spite of what a few homesick and priggish Britishers have said, that there is a great future for Canada and we are ready to do what we can to ensure it. We hope that many members of the Royal Air Force will have the chance of coming out here and of joining with the people

Canada in tackling the great problems which exist, and of developing the natural and economic resources which abound.

We are glad to leave Canada because we know now, if we didn't before, that there is no place like home but we shall often turn a wistful eye across the Atlantic and wish for a view of Canada's mountains, forests, lakes, and prairies, and a taste of her people's friendliness and openness.

We take off our hats to Canada and her people and we wish to offer her the best and sincerest wish of all—Godspeed. There will be a thrill in our speech when we talk about you and a tenderness in our thoughts and prayer when we think about you.

"I ORGANIZED IT"

IN this record of service to his fellow-airmen, none can surpass Corporal A. Nichol, of Majors.

As secretary of East Camp Entertainment Committee he devoted the bulk of his spare time to organization of the many activities carried on over there. His were the routine, uninteresting jobs of sending out invitations, ordering refreshments, arranging buses when a dance was to be held, and at any East Camp dance he could be seen serving doughnuts, pouring coffee, and in general making himself useful.

East Camp's highly successful whist drives were mainly organised by "Nick," as were the dart and table tennis leagues, and he took an active interest in football.

Without his contribution, much of East Camp's amusement would have been missing. He can point to many things at Debert and truthfully say "I organised it."

FABLE

Don't Kill That Old Lady

By Alfreo Newgrosh

LONG ago and far away in the fair land of Debit, where lived the tribe of Raff, there was a king called affectionately Durante, mainly because that was his name, who was a proud and upright man.

Now Durante feared no man or woman, and worshipped a strange god called Piessi, the god of Dough for whom he taxed his people to the hilt, and further. He employed two of his favourites Jackso and Beano, the the Testico brothers, two hangers on at the court, to extract monies from the "Yamcas" or native canteens, for the great god Piessi. The "erks" or commoners murmured against this, but softly as they were much afraid, though a wit, one Capewello was heard to say, "Piessi is our God, and Durante is his Prophet, but our profit is a dead loss."

This was subsequently repeated to the King by one of his "Nencios" or local gestapo, and Capewello was sentenced to "Jhankers" or loss of caste for several days.

Amongst the "Erks" was a very wise man, who when pressed would often admit it; his name was Umbriago. He was in many ways different from the rest of the "Erks", having some knowledge of worldly matters, and bathing regularly.

One morning, during working hours, Umbriago was drinking the local brew in a "Droma" or native cafe. when in walked an untidy native with dishevelled

hair drinking a coke.

Now in the land of Debit were many of such coke-drinkers who had been imported to make up for the ever increasing number of Raffites, who, "having got some in," as the saying went, had moved on to the land of Uky, where men were men and women were very glad of it.

The coke-drinkers were compelled to wear a distinguishing badge, but such were their natures that they wore it with pride, not knowing why or what, especially why.

Umbriago spoke up thus: "Avakoke," which is the universal greeting to all coke-drinkers.

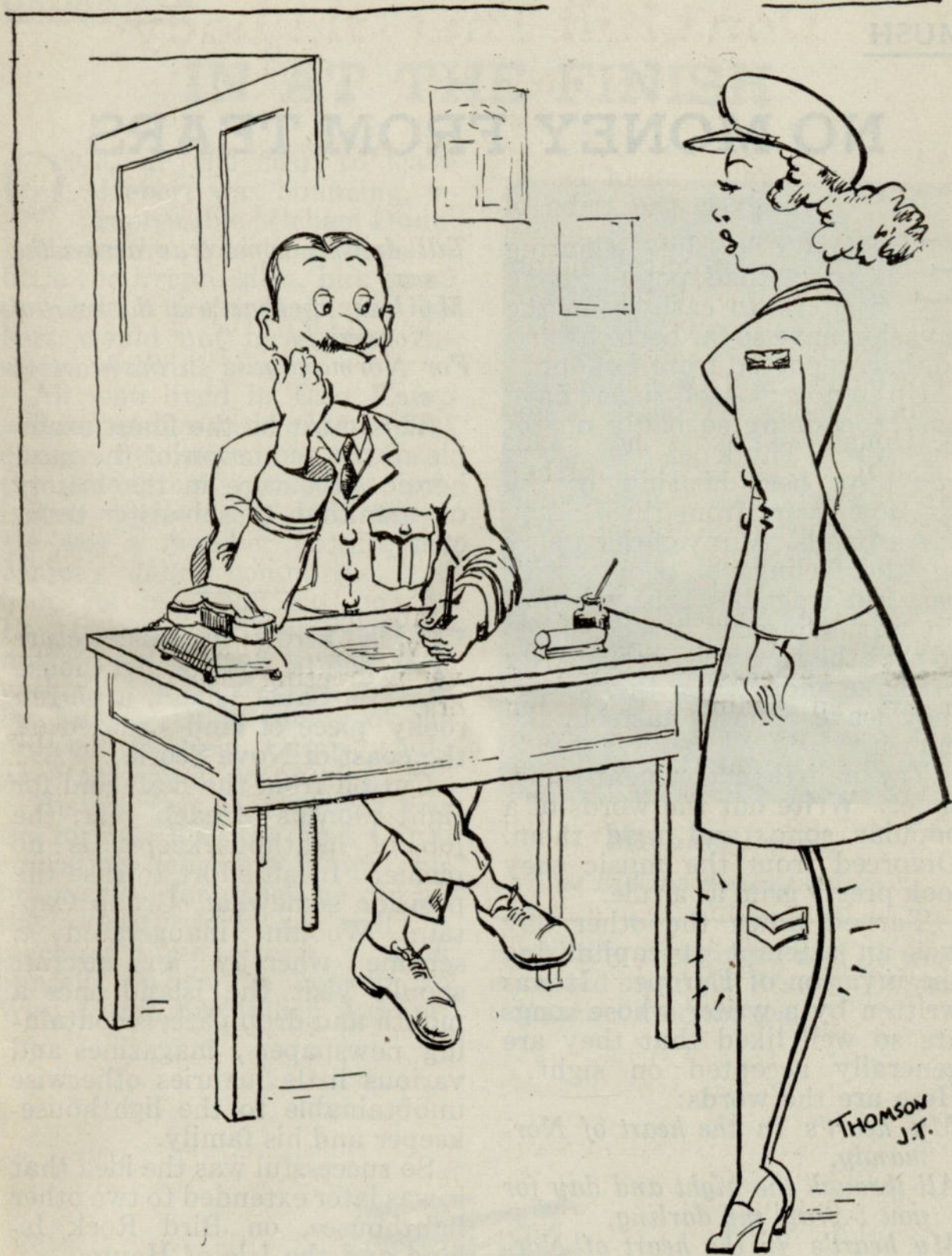
"And you," he replied, this being the acknowledged answer; after which they listened to the ducal songs which were so dear to the hearts of all coke-drinkers.

Suddenly Jackso Testico walked in and going up to Umbriago whispered something in his ear.

The effect was alarming, the sober, wise, practical Umbriago suddenly went berserk, he threw his hat in the air, jumped upon the counter and did a fandango at a furious rate, then rushed out into the street screaming at the top of his voice.

The coke-drinker was amazed, and, approaching the noble Jackso timidly asked what he had whispered.

"I told him he's on the boat," Jackso Testico answered quietly.



BUT THEY DONT NOTICE THEM ON MY ARM !

MUSH**NO MONEY FROM TEARS**

EFFORTS by Charing Cross Road popular song writers to cash in on the invasion have so far been thwarted, it is reported from London.

Up to now the sob-sisters have not been doing so badly out of the war. Think of the songs you have been hearing for the last five years from the leading dance bands. Many of them play on the feelings of people with personal tragedies arising out of the war, and when it is considered that they are written primarily to make money for the writer, they leave a nasty taste in the mouth.

Try a little experiment sometime. Write out the words of a popular song, and read them. Divorced from the music they look pretty grim as a rule.

Turned down the other day was an attempt at capitalising the invasion of Europe. It was written by a writer whose songs are so well liked that they are generally accepted on sight. Here are the words:

*My heart's in the heart of Normandy,
All through the night and day for you I pray, my darling,
My heart's in the heart of Normandy,
So I shall stay alone till you come home, my darling,
Wherever you go, in dreams I'll follow you,*

*Till dreams come true across the sea,
My love, my heart's in the heart of Normandy,
For Normandy is in the heart of me."*

This must be the finest example of the reduction of the most heroic adventure in the history of mankind to sob-sister terms ever printed.

THE arrow in this picture points to the lighthouse on Sable Island, a barren rocky piece of land situated off the coast of Nova Scotia.

Cut off from the mainland for eight months of each year, the job of lighthousekeeper is no picnic. In an effort to ease the position somewhat, Group Captain Woodin inaugurated a scheme whereby an aircraft should visit the island once a month and drop parcels containing newspapers, magazines and various little luxuries otherwise unobtainable to the lighthousekeeper and his family.

So successful was the idea that it was later extended to two other lighthouses, on Bird Rock Island and the Isle of Haute.

Each of the messes on the station, officers, sergeants' and airmen's adopted one of the islands and contributed to the cost of the parcels.

ORGANIZER

IN AT THE FINISH

ONE of the last to leave Debert was bouncing, irrepressible Michael Dunn. Perhaps he was sometimes a little too irrepressible, but we all owe him a great deal, and Debert would not have been the same without him.

All who lived in East Camp will remember with what tireless energy he helped to organise the numerous spare-time activities carried on over there. He was a member of the first Major's dance committee, and from its inception sat on the East Camp Entertainment Committee. It is true to say that without the hard work put in by Mickey Dunn, many of the projects in East Camp would have amounted to nothing.

His greatest achievement was the formation of the East Camp education scheme. It was his brain-child, for which he did all the donkey-work as well as teaching three classes a week himself. When he moved to West Camp his ability was im-



Michael Dunn

.....*he did the donkey-work*.....

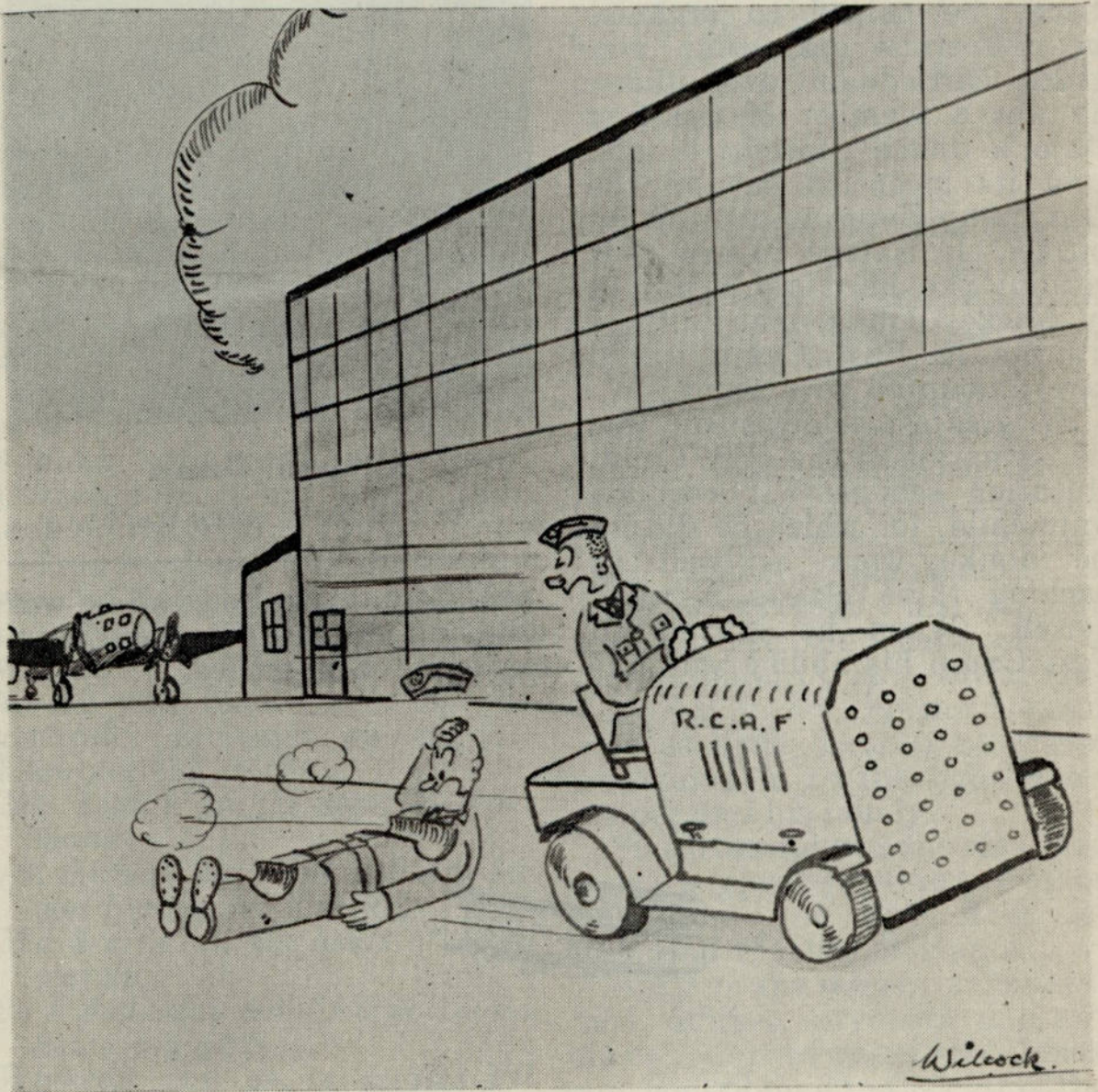
mediately recognised and he was co-opted on to the Station Entertainment Committee.



LAUGHTER**WILLY'S WIMSICALITIES**

OVER in Major's hangar it was the custom of a dark-haired, handsome youth to sit on his own in a corner of the crew room at break-time, with a scrap of paper and a stubby pencil. With these he would make little drawings of anything that amused him, show them to a friend or two, then throw them away.

He was persuaded to work out his ideas on big sheets of cardboard, in Indian ink, so that they could be used in PG. Here are one or two of the results. We present cartoons by Tommy Wilcock, known to his friends as "Willy."

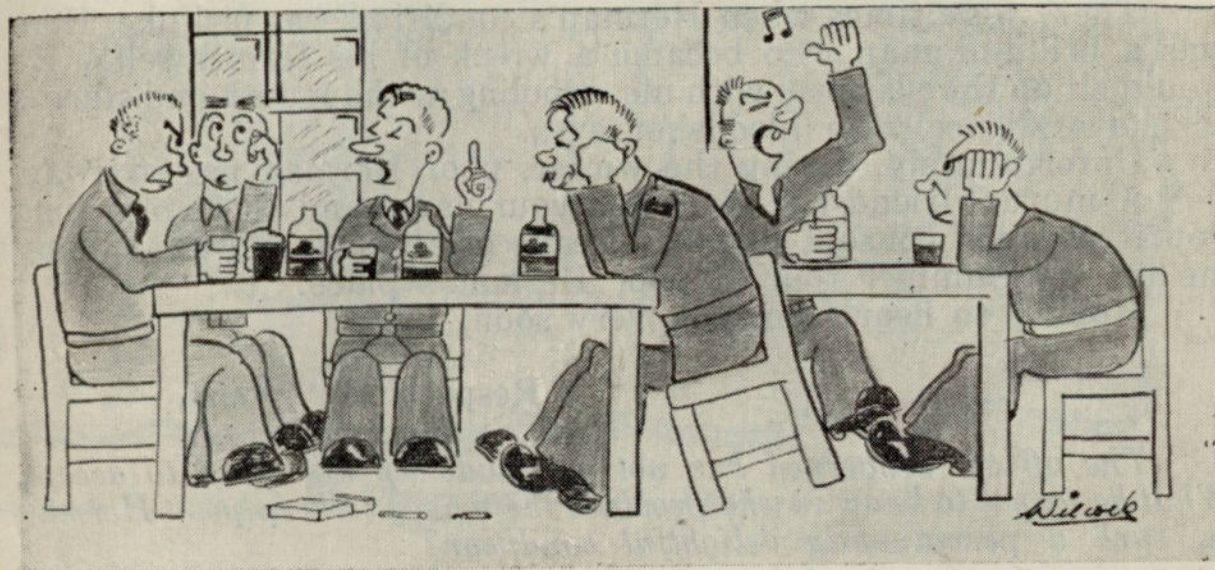


"Sorry Mate"

AIRMENS MESS.



TOM WILCOCK



Wilcock

"So I says to 'im, I says....."

EMPLOYMENT**POOR HERMAN**

Do we all leave the same impression behind us as the RAF Officer who received the following letter from a prominent temperance worker shortly after his return from a visit to New York.

Mourt Vernon, N. Y.
May 24, 1944

F/O M.....
RAF Station,
Debert, Nova Scotia,
Canada.

Dear Sir:

No doubt you have heard of me and my great work in the cause of TEMPERANCE. For several years I have been travelling about the country appearing on the lecture platform. Perhaps you are familiar with some of my better known talks, as DOWN WITH THE DRINK EVIL, RUM AND RELIGION and THERE IS NO BOOZE IN CHRISTIANITY.

For the past five years I have had as my constant companion, a true and faithful friend, one Herman, who used to sit with me on the platform, and I would point him out as a horrible example of the ravages of drink.

Herman originally had a splendid background and was a man of fine education and family connections. But during the years when he should have given thought to the moulding of his character, he developed an insatiable appetite for rum, whiskey, and other strong drink.....

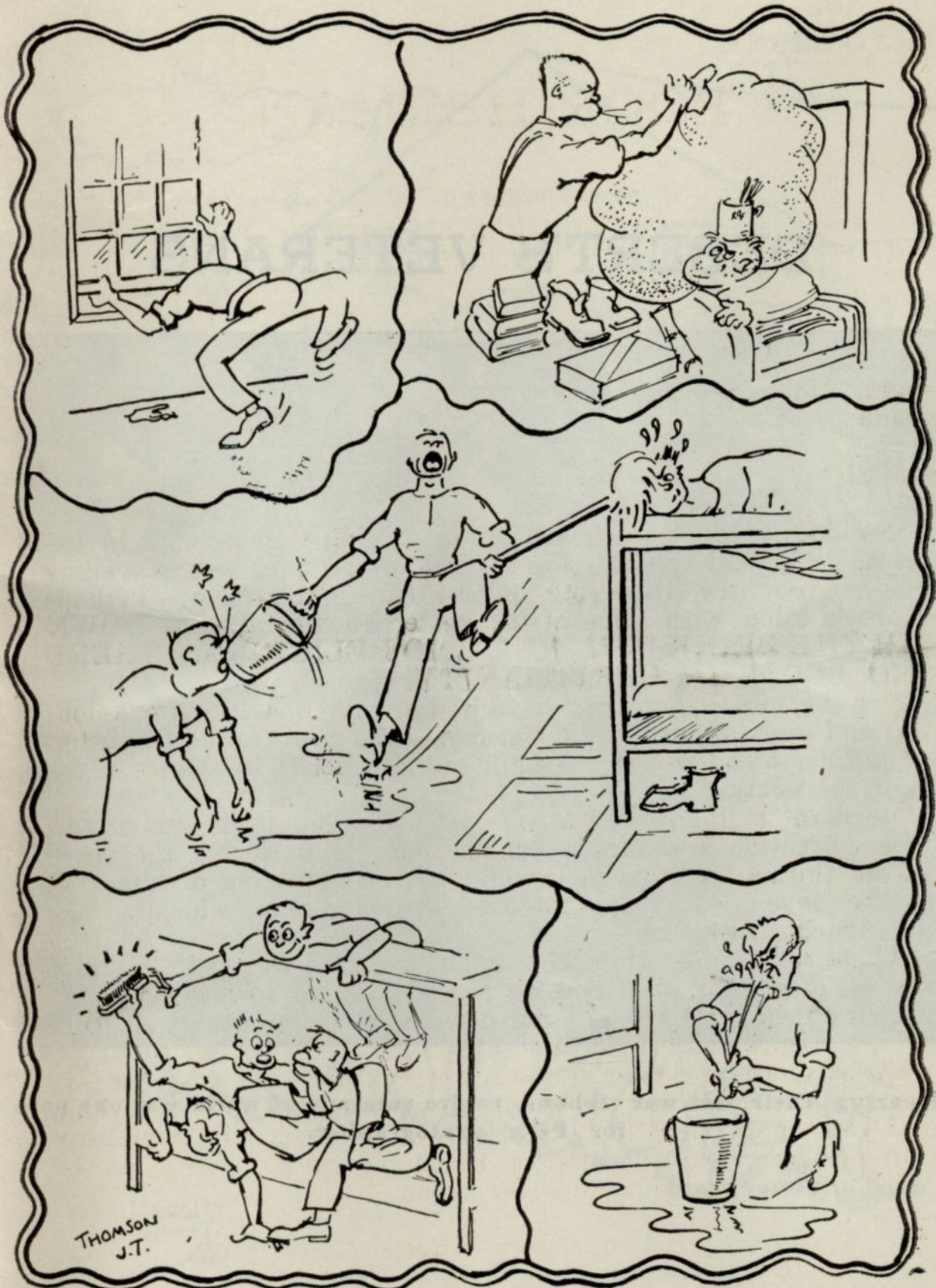
There were times when Herman's condition was pitiful. Here was a brilliant man who became a wreck of his former self. He would sit on the platform with me, drooling at the mouth and staring at the audience with bloodshot eyes.

Unfortunately, during the winter, poor Herman passed away. A mutual friend has given me your name and so I am asking you if you will consent to take a leave of absence and accompany me on my Summer tour in poor Herman's place.

Hoping to hear from you very soon, I am,

Respectfully yours,
Rev.

The officer concerned has not yet made up his mind to accept. What he wants to know is who provided the money to keep poor Herman in such a permanently delightful condition?

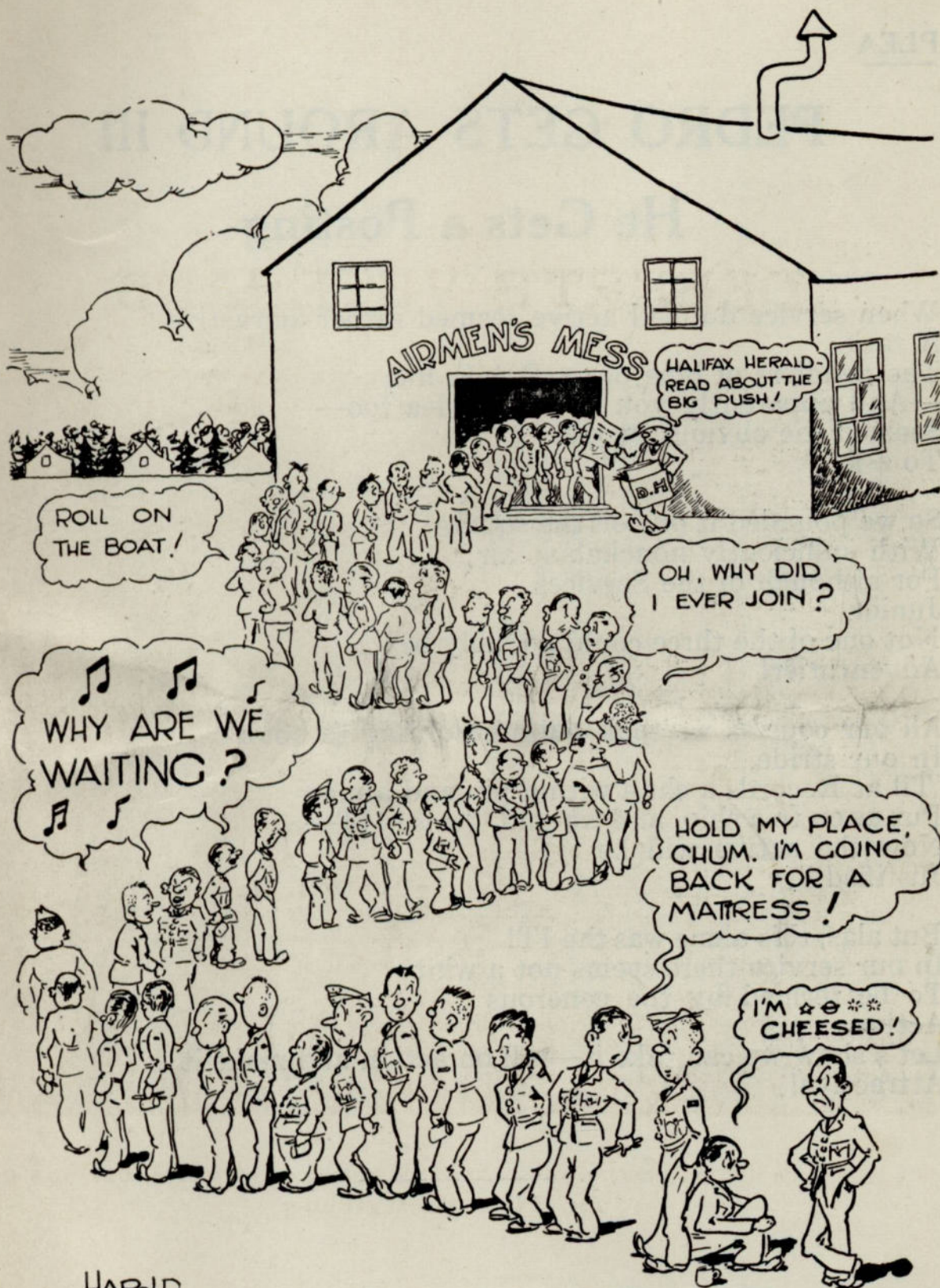


THOMSON
J.T.

DEBERT'S VETERANS



Wearing their last war ribbons, twelve veterans of world war one pose for PG's photographer.



ROLL ON THE BOAT!

HALIFAX HERALD - READ ABOUT THE BIG PUSH!

WHY ARE WE WAITING?

OH, WHY DID I EVER JOIN?

HOLD MY PLACE, CHUM. I'M GOING BACK FOR A MATTRESS!

I'M *e** CHEESED!

HAROLD HUNT
1944

PLEA

PEDRO GETS AROUND III

He Gets a Posting

When service dubbed active seemed rather attractive
 A task,
 The peddlers of blue of an R.A.F. hue
 —And apparently you had that idea too—
 Seemed the obvious people
 To ask.

So we pounded it out on the square
 With sufficiently nonchalant air;
 For although of the Services
 Junior,
 Not one of the three could possibly be
 Adventurier!

All our courses we took quite according to book
 In our stride,
 'Til at Records a chap with a pin and a map
 Put us on to a ship, and we said, "this is IT—
 Now the active will be
 Justified."

But alas, this alone was the IT!
 In our service there seems not a whit
 To be termed by the generous
 Active.
 Let's show we can take it—roll on action and make it
 Attractive!

THAT'S ALL FELLERS
 LOTS OF LUCK.