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OVERSEAS

The
MAGAZINE OF R. A. F., GREENWOOD

VOL. 2 NO. 2 OCTOBER-NOVEMBER 1943. PRICE 15C. TO SERVICE PERSONNEL



THEATRE-TIME AT GREENWOOD



"It may be a little early to be talking about Christmas, but it's never too early to remind you that the folks back home will appreciate receiving a copy of **Over Seas.**"

OVER SEAS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE
GREENWOOD, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA

Published by kind permission of Officer Commanding,
GROUP CAPTAIN G. F. W. HEYCOCK, D.F.C.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER - NOVEMBER, 1943

No. 2

THE EXECUTIVE

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SERVICEMEN'S MECCA—TIMES SQUARE

D. Mack

The Mixture As Before

Editorial

It was once our misfortune to share a billet with a corporal from Lancashire who was so mournful he would have made the Gloomy Dane look like Bob Hope with Lamour in his lap. This dour gent we speak of had the countenance of a bloodhound with stomach ulcers, and all the appearances of a man who had joined up to escape his mother-in-law. He never had a cheerful word to say about anything and was famous for beginning all his conversations with these words, droned in a most lugubrious monotone:

"Now, I don't want to appear to be moaning all the time, but——"

And then he would proceed to moan.

We mention this character because, on looking back over the past few months, months in which Over Seas has been putting up a dogged fight to keep head above water, the thought occurred to us that, if he were editor of this magazine, that's just the way he'd start off an editorial.

"Now, we don't want to appear to be moaning all the time, but——"

And somehow, knowing the facts as we so regrettably do, we would not be able to bring ourselves to blame him. Because the complete lack of support and co-operation the members of this station have tendered their station magazine the last while back (we could say, from the very beginning) is the most justifiable grounds for a Moan you could come across in a month of Sundays. Month after month on this very page we have begged, pleaded, cajoled with Over Seas readers to snap out of the apathy and make an effort to contribute something constructive and worthwhile to its pages. Frankly, we're a little fed up with useless, destructive criticism of this category: "When's the bloomin' mag comin' out, heh?" "Why don't y' get some decent

articles in the mag, heh?" "You know, old boy, the old mag could use a few more stories." and so on, ad nauseam. But what happens when you turn around to these people and say point blank: "All right! How about writing something for us next issue?" They answer? "Not me, chum; can't spare the time." There you have it in the well-known nutshell: Bind about the magazine not getting out on time, bind about the quality of the material used, bind until your purple about the gills, but don't make an effort to help improve the situation. Oh, no! 'You pays yer fifteen cents and if you don't like what you get for it, then you've got a right to bind; and there's an end of it.' That's your philosophy on the matter. Leave it to someone else to get the magazine together.

Well, that works for just so long. Comes the day when the faithful few (may be counted on the fingers of one hand) who had been working Beaverishly since the beginning to keep Over Seas rolling off the presses, are going to throw in the towel and call it quits. And that day is not far distant unless there's an abrupt change for the better. We don't want to see Over Seas go under. It's a good mag. But it's going to go under just as sure as you're born unless you get behind it right away, and with your contributions help to fill these pages with interesting, readable material.

If you find this issue lacking in a lot of the things you feel should appear in a station magazine then we ask you to think hard upon what we have been saying and resolve right away to do something about seeing that the same thing doesn't happen next issue . . . if there is another issue. We leave it up to you.

Ed.

Dames and Dimots

An Erk's-eye View of New York



"Remember wondering where the smoke was coming from?"

It is now an established truism that, despite the foofaraw and glittering glamour of the film, no airman on leave goes down to New York just to visit the Stage Door Canteen. In fact, nowadays the ordinary blueboy is not likely to give the place more than a casual look-in. What the reason is I don't know except that all those stories that went around when the place first opened about getting a kiss from Hedy Lamarr or Joan Bennett with every cup of coffee were hopelessly over-exaggerated. And then again, who gives a brass button whether you are likely to trip over Alan Mowbray scrubbing floors or Schnozzle Durante acting as a busboy and controlling a pile of trays with his nose? There are more important things to see and do in New York on seven days leave. So much for the Stage Door Canteen.

Through no fault of their own a lot of people have a tendency to think of New York as the island of Manhattan alone, disregarding almost completely the other four boroughs, Brooklyn,

Queens, Richmond, and the home of that descriptive noise made with the tongue between the lips, the Bronx. The other four, however, do exist, although try to find a Manhattanite willing to recognize them. As far as he is concerned a New Yorker is a guy who lives in Manhattan and the other four boroughs can go . . . which of course the gent from Brooklyn in no uncertain language denies, adding that LaGuardia could give Manhattan back to the Indians for the quart of fire-water paid for it and the rest of New York would be better off for the deal. It is not known for certain just how this hard feeling between these two boroughs began, but everyone knows that the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants haven't got along for years. As for the other three brothers, Richmond, Queens and the Bronx, they spend most of their time just standing around while the other two squabble.

Your first thought on arriving in New York (well, perhaps not your very first) will be to find a place to lay your head. After the run down by train, a matter of some thirty torture-filled hours, you are bound to be weary and sore-depressed, and a place to lay your wracked frame,



soak soot from your pores, shave and change your collar is much in order. Now, getting accommodations in a New York hotel is no easy task. Sailors from half the ships recently at sea, soldiers and marines from half the camps in the country, not to mention members of every organization from the Free French to the Chetniks, plus the ordinary flow of civilian transients, are bound to be in town the same time as yourself, and all looking for the same hotel room. If you're smart you will have had accommodations made in advance either by wire or letter. In that way you stand at least a fifty-fifty chance of getting a place to stay. Otherwise, if you haven't thought to do this, throw yourself immediately on the willing mercies of the first good-looking wench you see standing behind the first U. S. O. Traveller's Aid Bureau that meets the eye as you squeeze into either Grand Central or Penn Station. These lovely ladies are the original manna from heaven and will talk tirelessly to an endless number of hotel managers over the telephone until you are finally landed in a place to sleep. In all probability she may succeed in getting you accommodations at either the Y. M. C. A. or the Soldiers and Sailors Club on Lexington Avenue. Both of these organizations are excellent and extremely lenient on the lifesblood: fifty cents per man per night, with meals at half what you will pay in restaurants elsewhere, and with twice the quality and quantity. Also, both of these places are within walking distance of the most important building in New York, the U. S. O. at 99 Park Avenue, just off 42nd Street. This building makes the difference between an airman having a whale of a time in New York, and merely seeing the city, for this is the building through and around which thousands of servicemen queue day after day to get free tickets donated by the American Theater Wing admitting men in

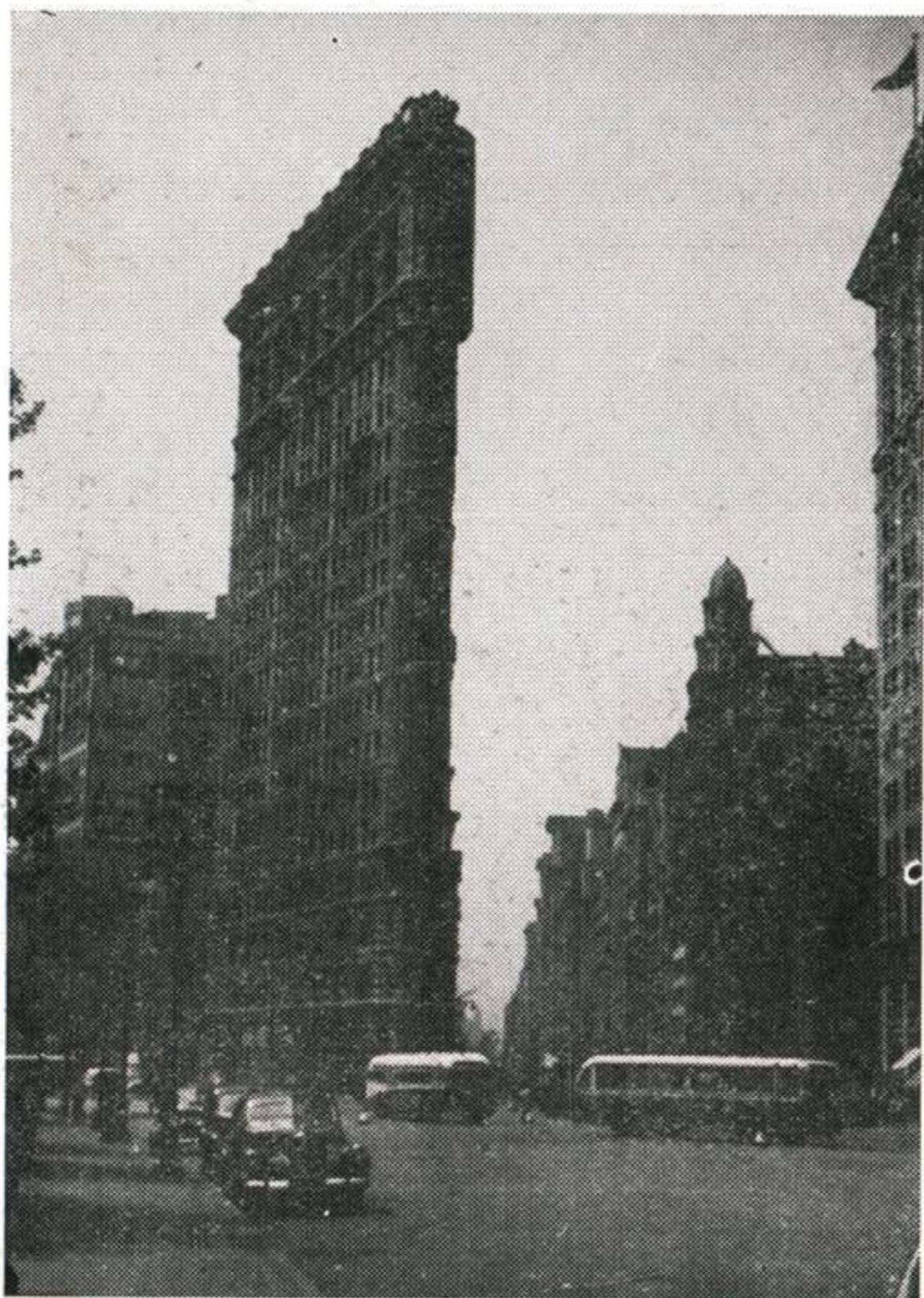
uniform to partake of the absolute ultra in New York entertainment without the payment of so much as a farthing. It is this building and what it stands for that, to my mind, makes New York the mecca for fighting men that it is. When you get to New York don't waste any time getting over there. Find out what the times are for drawing tickets and in ensuing days be on hand at least an hour before those times. Later than that, and you will probably find yourself hanging on the end of a queue a hefty stone's throw from the place, and with nothing left in the way of tickets when finally you do reach your turn, except a free ferry ride from South Ferry to Staten Island. Officers have a similar organization in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel a few blocks away on 42nd Street. It may happen that, if 99 Park Avenue is out of good tickets when you arrive, you may be able to get a ducat to one of the top shows by nipping over smartly to the Commodore and presenting yourself with shining face to the kindly matron who will be sitting at the desk. Ten to one she will not know by your uniform whether you're an officer or not, and will be willing to let you have anything in the



Park Avenue, looking towards Grand Central.
99 Park on extreme right.

house. This practice is a risky one, however, because there might just happen to be the real article in the lobby at the time and if he's a Poor Type, might nip your little ruse in the well-known bud. That is the chance you must take; and, believe me, if it means the difference between seeing Oklahoma! and not seeing Oklahoma! it's worth the risk. Whatever happens you can always plead ignorance, claiming that a policeman directed you.

This business of being mistaken for an officer can become quite amusing at times. I know of one airman who returned thirteen salutes from American soldiers on Broadway one evening. Finally, after about the tenth acknowledgment, he had become so adept at the business that he decided, on returning to camp to plank in for his commission. If you are one of those unfortunates who must wear hooks up, then, of course, you are simply out of luck as regards salutes on Broadway or tickets from the Commodore. Everybody, in every country, knows



The famous, freakish "Flat-Iron Building"

what hooks mean, whether they're upside down or not.

Try though you may to avoid the practice, while you sight-see New York, consciously or unconsciously you will find yourself comparing it in many aspects with London. For this, however, you must have seen London at one time or another; otherwise what follows will mean little or nothing to you. In the matter of subways, for example. At the time of entering my first New York subway (I think it was at the corner of 33rd Street opposite Penn Station) I was immediately forming mental comparisons between it and the London Underground. In the days that followed I arrived at the conclusion that in the comparison of the respective systems of London and New York, the New York Subway runs a poor second to the London Underground. Why this should be I don't know; it seems anachronistic that the more modern of the two cities should have the more ancient-looking transportation system. To my mind the shortcomings in the New York subway are manifold. The cars rattle and shake so it is a continual source of wonder that the tracks manage to hold them upright. They are dirty inside and out stuffy and poorly lighted, and are equipped each with several giant fans fastened to the ceiling which serve naught but to create greater racket, stir up dust, and generally circulate the foul air. While the cars are in motion there is a blast of air the full length of the train, against which the average man must brace himself in order to keep his feet, and which keeps the lady passengers incessantly clutching at their skirts lest they suddenly go whipping over their heads, creating, thereby, general furore throughout the length of the train. Whatever else the airman doesn't like about the New York subway, for the reason latterly stated he will at least never find travel boring.

One thing must be said in the New York subway's favor, and that is with regard its express trains, Lexington, 4th and 7th Avenue, etc. In no city of the world, London included, is there any faster method of getting from one point to another, unless by helicopter. The airmen in N. Y. will be more than grateful for the Express, especially if he has had the dubious luck to meet a smashing blonde who, as it never fails, lives somewhere up around Bronx Park Zoo or some other equally far-flung point. All leavesmen in New York should remember, however, that the last Express train runs at 12.45 and if you miss it you are doomed to a long, miserable trip on the Local if and when it comes along. The Local stops every fifty feet, or so it seems. It is usually crowded to the doors and invariably it is your luck to have several inebriates using your frame to sleep on while some Marine about seven feet tall is making considerable time with your blonde on the other side of the car. It's all very cozy, but I still advise that you unwrap your feet from around Jack Dempsey's bar one drink earlier and catch the Express. That way you'll have more time to spend with the blonde once you get her home, anyway; which is a good enough reason in any man's language, for passing up that extra drink. Now, we'll get off the subways and onto something else.

What New York must have been like before the advent of gas-rationing is something that will give the visiting airmen something to mull over in his spare moments; for even now it takes plenty of courage to cross a street in downtown New York. The thing is that, despite the restrictions on civilian driving, the taxicabs are still out in force, prowling the streets to see what hapless pedestrian they can bowl over next. Heaven help the jay-walker in New York. On the

Strand or Charing Cross he might have half a chance, but on a thoroughfare like Broadway or 42nd Street his very existence is in jeopardy the instant he steps off the curb. Even if the traffic light is in his favor, the pedestrian is a bundle of jittery nerves the whole time he is out there in that No Man's Land between curbs. And Oh! if it should ever be his terrible misfortune to have the light change when he is but halfway across, he is a gone goose. In a flash there is a roaring phalanx of multi-hued chargers bearing down on him from both sides, one vying with the other to see which will get to him first. The coolest man on the street is invariably the traffic officer. What he does not see in the course of a day's duty would fill the traffic court records a dozen times over. Taxi drivers in New York are tough and sarcastic; in their trade they have to be. Pay him the exact fare recorded on the meter and he is likely to hand it back to you with the remark: "Here, bud; you better keep this. You need it worse than I do." With men in uniform, they're a pretty square-shooting lot, except for the odd Rotten Type who, suspecting your newness to it all, will probably try to take you for every-



"Through these portals (stage entrance, that is) pass the loveliest girls in the world."

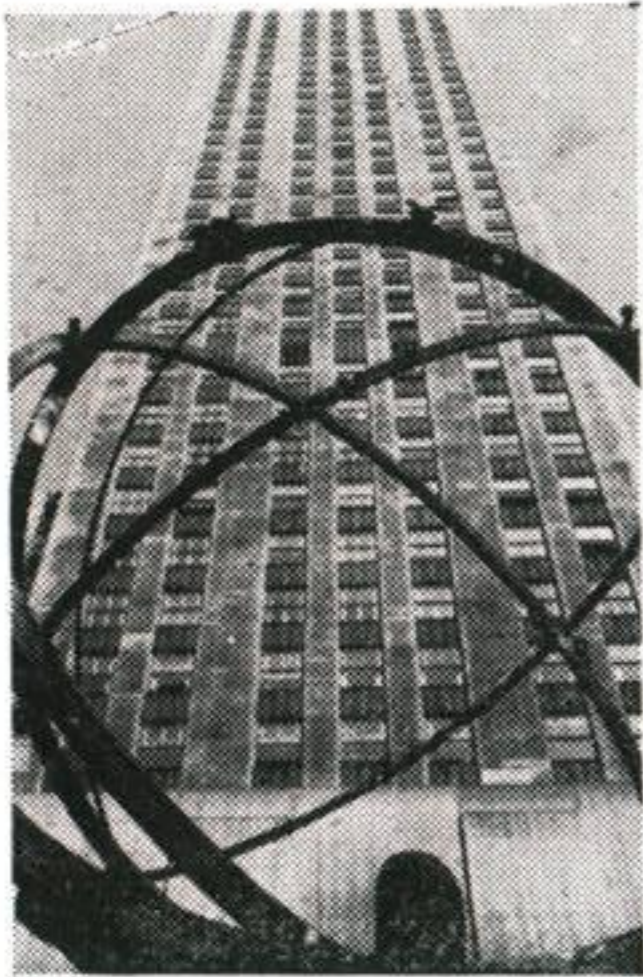
thing he feels he can get. Generally, however, if you treat them right they can be very useful to you while in New York. Many are the interesting places they can guide you to, places that are never mentioned in the best guide books.

Trick photography ruined for me what might have been thrilling first-impressions of New York skyscrapers. The Empire State, for instance, turned out not to be the towering giant I had come to expect, and all because of the false conceptions I had of its size and height from seeing photographs of it taken from all manner of cunning angles. Truly, it is a magnificent piece of architecture and a living symbol of man's genius; and I was sorry that my first impressions at leaning over backwards and looking up at it were not all I had hoped for. Looking down from it . . . ah, there's a different story. If your stomach will stand it, pay the stipend and go on up. On a clear day you should be able to make out the Regal Cinema.

The other skyscraper of importance is, of course, the R. C. A. Building, some dozen stories short of the Empire State. The view from its observation roof is better however. Soft music plays while you sit there in the cool darkness sipping a drink and watching the lights

of New York spread out before you. That smashing blonde will like it too; and when you both lean over the rail to look down on 6th Avenue far below you will have an excellent opportunity to display your protective instincts.

There is also quite a clump of these cloud-stickers down the south end of Manhattan Island which merit a glance if



you happen to be down that way. Best view is from the approach to South Ferry aboard the Staten Island Ferry. These skyscrapers are notorious for the number of ruined bankers that jumped off them back in 1930.

You'll soon tire of looking at skyscrapers and such and before many hours have gone by your thoughts are going to turn, lightly or no, to Topic A: Girls. Now, no one, not even the experts who have made the subject one of long and intensive study (which is nice work if you can get it) can tell you all there is to know about New York girls. On one point, however, all are agreed: there are plenty of them. Beyond that it's every man for himself to carry out his own research. It's pretty easy sailing once you get underway because a lot of the New York femmes are for the duration candidates for the Lonely Hearts Column; and they do go into a flap over uniforms. They'll probably think your accent is cute too; and they may even mention how direct and politely firm they think Englishmen are; which is a good thing if you happen to be English, and if they happen to really believe what they are telling you. They are extremely impressionable, these New York girls, at least, so they will lead you to believe; which is the same thing in the



long run. Give them a generous serving of the old: "I remember one night during the blitz" routine and you'll probably have them gazing up at you with adoring eyes. You may not, of course; they may have heard that one before. After all, you won't have been the first airman to visit New York. But it's worth a try in any event.

As a general rule all New York girls do not look like Powers models, but if there is one thing common to them all, it is that they know well how to make the best of what Nature has provided them. Smartness is their strong suit and the average onlooker will experience difficulty deciding where Russeks' leave off and Macy's bargain basement begins. They seem to sense exactly what styles suit them best, and how to extract every iota of effect from the clothes they can afford to buy. A girl has to be smart to get along in New York; that's why so many return to the farms from which they hopefully came. Women outnumber men in New York even in normal times, and what with the number of career girls the competition for jobs is very keen; exceeded only by the competition for men. Little wonder the New York girl places so much importance on her appearance. Besides smart, though usually inexpensive clothes, the uplift and the formfit play important roles in her wardrobe. She, better than most girls in small towns, knows the importance of keeping up a good front.

It is impossible, as you will find, to tell a New York woman's age merely by watching her trip by on 42nd Street. They all trip by the same way, young or old. It is even harder to guess her age by talking with her. They do everything in their power to give the impression that they have been around and know what the score is when, in all probability, they don't even know who's playing. With



"Tallest in the world"

many of them, all they know is what they read in *Variety* or the *Daily Mirror*. A few do make an attempt to broaden their education (and night schools and correspondence courses are extremely popular) but these are strictly in the minority and more often than not will end up as career girls who spend most of their time battling grimly to stave off the bane of all career girls: "stenographer's spread." Some realize their greatest ambition and go into show business of some sort depending on the caliber of their . . . voice. Others marry shoe salesmen and move out to Flatbush to raise kids. But I've digressed a little . . .

The main thing to remember is this: if you decide to date a New York wench be prepared to spend money. She expects a good time and you'll find that she knows all the places to go to have it. If you want a date, your sagest move is to take in one of the tea dansantes or sup-

(Concluded Overleaf)

per dances the U. S. O. holds for servicemen at the better hotels throughout the week, and most often on Saturday or Sunday afternoons. These are strictly posh affairs and the food is usually par excellence. Moreover, at these dances you



"Flexible Frankie" or "The Great Moaner" as Sinatra is otherwise known, made the femmes hysterical at the Paramount.

are bound to encounter some of the best-looking unattached wenches in town, and you may be sure that, unless you happen to look like a small-size Karloff, with the proper approach (something slightly more discreet and dilettante than the onrush of an apeman) they will not need much persuasion to go hitting the high spots after the dance. They are nice girls and they like a good time. Later on I'll tell you of a few of the high spots; the low spots I'll leave you to find for yourself.

A word of caution: No matter what girl you date don't, repeat don't, take her to hear Frank Sinatra sing. That's murder. She's sure to swoon all over the place and be no good for the rest of the evening.

(Next Month: Where to go and what to do in New York as if you didn't know . . .)

—J. W. LANGFORD.

SUGGESTED FIRE WATCHERS ACT, 1943 TO 19—

1. One service respirator to be carried at the ready position.
2. One large electric torch with 3 reserve batteries.
3. One belt with 10 hooks to carry 6 sandbags and 4 buckets of water.
4. One pair prism binoculars strapped in position.
5. One axe in belt.
6. One Stirrup pump to be carried over left shoulder.
7. One extending ladder over right shoulder.
8. One long rake under right arm.
9. One long-handled shovel under left arm.
10. Wet blanket slung round neck.
11. 100 ft. 3-4 manilla rope for life saving.
12. One tin hat with turned up brim to carry extra water.
13. Spare sand to be carried in all pockets.
14. Ships anchor to be dropped in case of fire watchers running off.
15. One box of England's Glory matches for lighting incendiary bombs which do not ignite.
16. One hot water bottle sewn to seat of pants.
17. One bottle of Whisky in hip pocket and flask in each vest pocket.
18. One parachute to be used in the event of building being blown up.
19. One pair of pants to change when necessary.
20. One greatcoat to be worn over all.

And anything extra that the Chief Fire Watcher may deem useful.

By Order,—

Cpl. Moore.

The Linguist

It really started along about last fall. We had a hard time getting all the apples in and, with Zeke in the R.C.A.F. and Ellard in the Army and the early frosts on our side of the North Mountain Abner and I were hard at it from morning to night. A lot of the crop was eventually spoiled by frost and so I suggested to Ab that next year we should try and get some of the boys from Greenwood to come up, when they had a day off, and help with the picking. I suggested this in the early winter. It was a shame to think that good apples might be wasted again but Ab said nothing then. He thinks slowly but by the beginning of spring I could see that something was working deep down in his mind. Betsy was due to calve again and I thought he was worried over that. I said nothing and waited for him to tell me what it was.

"It's impossible", he said. But I knew quite well it would happen any minute. There was nothing impossible about it to Betsy for, after all, she had done it twice before.

"She'll calve again this week, sure as preachin'" I said.

"Tain't that there cow" said Ab. He slowly filled his corn cob and settled back in the rocking chair. I lit the lamp and put his flannel nightshirt out to warm. The chair creaked in unison with the clock: the night wore on. I packed up my work-basket and adjusted the stove register. Ab always takes his time getting to bed.

"It's the language of them boys" he said. I knew then that it was not Betsy.

"You remember along the end of last fall and the beginning of the winter what you said about them boys helpin' to pick for us. Guess we'll need help badly this

fall. The boy's 'd come but it's the language they talk."

This was a long speech for Ab. He relaxed, smoking in silence for an hour and then took up his flannel nightshirt and went to bed. During the next week we talked again of the coming apple crop. The Gravensteins and Early Transparent were showing up well and the picking would be heavy. I used to keep Ab on the subject of getting help as often as I could and I found out that he was afraid the boys, if they came to help us, would find it difficult to get used to us and that we should be almost unable to understand them. They have so many funny accents, these English R.A.F. boys and, what is worse, they seem to talk a language of their own. If only we knew that language we could make them feel so happy they would come for weeks at a stretch and the picking troubles would be over for another year.

I didn't like to tell Ab what I thought of doing. He's touchy sometimes. I think his long life among the cows and living so much on a farm has made him super-sensitive. His conversation, too, is so deliberate and he likes to make every word have some meaning. I got the idea all on my own and never said a thing about it. I used to ask a Greenwood boy up to see us whenever I could and I just listened and listened to him talking and, when he had gone, made notes of all the funny words and their meaning. Every



week when I used to go down the Mountain to the village I spent an hour in that Cafe there and this hour was the best of all. I sat listening all the time. I was secretly learning the R.A.F. language and then, one night, I bore down on Ab. The last time I did this was in the fall of '02 when he promised to marry me. He promised me I could have my own way again this time and so I wrote the letter.

I wrote to Station Master Seacock as I had intended to do all the time. I had a bit of a job with the letter. The highest person I have written to, apart from the Undertaker about Aunt Carrie's funeral, was the Collector of Taxes when he wanted us to join and Ab said I was to write straight away and tell him he was already in the Oddfellows and didn't want to belong to anything else. I called the Collector of Taxes "Sir" so I started all on one line with "Station Master, Seacock, Sir" and then told him that Ab and I would like as many boys as would come to help us pick the crop and that we would pay well, like they do in the R.A.F., and give them their meals and that I was a good cook. I knew I had to make it sound homely and attractive. I told him the boys could get weavin' as soon as they liked; that we didn't mind having a few sprogs; that we could give them lots of lush yellow peril to eat; that as we had good sanitation we should not want any Leading Ablution Cleaners. We do quite a lot of our own apple packing which means "facing and tailing" so I said if they would send tail-end Charlie he would be very welcome as also would a bind and a gripper or two. I knew just what those boys liked more than anything. I had heard it so often so I ended my letter to the Station Master by telling him that I had a nice bit of stuff for them if they would only come and help us.

Next week four boys strolled into the yard. I was delighted, Ab was pleased too though he seldom shows any outward signs of emotion. I said "Hi" and they said "Hi Grannie" to me. Ab said "Hi" and that he wouldn't have a cigarette which one of them offered him. This took us half an hour because Ab's pipe went out when he took it out to say "Hi."

There was a Corporal with the boys so I spoke to him first. "You and the other erks can get weavin'" I said. "Even if you are fireproof you can get your feet on the lino. The barrels are down under the trees. No shakin' the apples down and no stooging about. Run along now and get some in."

The boys all looked a bit surprised. I'm sure they must have been impressed to hear their own language spoken right up her on the North Mountain and the three younger boys laughed quite loud when one of them looked at the Corporal and said "Erk". I told them I would give them lush yellow peril for supper and, if they picked well, I would lob down the smear; and, just as they set off, I said, loud enough for all to hear, as I turned into the kitchen "Don't forget I promised that Station Master that I would find you a nice bit of stuff."

They came back in the evening and they had really picked well. We all sat down to supper and then they started with their funny talk. It was all right



me using the words I knew but when they started on all those odd remarks about Chiefie, Groupie, getting mobile, square bashing, scrounging and Ab smoking scorched earth I was completely lost. Somehow or other the conversation got back into words I could understand. One of them, the Corporal I think, asked me where my daughter was. I told him I had none. "Then where's your grown up granddaughter, Grannie", he said. I said I was sorry but I had no grandchildren. "Must have a niece then", he said, and the other boys started to titter a bit. "No" I said, trying to turn the conversation into other topics because I really didn't want to disappoint anyone. "But I haven't forgotten that nice bit of stuff I promised you"

I went over to the corner cupboard where Ab keeps his gun and the horse pills and grandfather's old spurs and I brought it out. Grandmother Odessa bought it in the hard winter of '84—a bolt of red flannel. "There's a piece each for you" I said. "And if you like I'll tear you each off a strip and make it up into a chest protector, like I do for Ab." The boys all winked at one another and the Corporal went very red round the neck and then they all burst out laughing and said they had got to get back. When they stopped laughing Ab got up and went over to the mantelpiece and took the purse from behind the picture of "The Titanic Disaster" where we always keep it. He paid them for the picking and they went out. Just after they said good-night I heard one say they would come back again and that if they got weavin' they might get the swede basher to root out some char and depth charges. I was so frightened I dare not speak to Ab. He was still mystified about the words I had been using and, after he had gone to sleep, I crept downstairs and got his gun out of the cupboard and set up with it on my

knees all night. You know what these high spirited boys are like when they get playing with charcoal and gunpowder.

Perhaps next year Zeke and Ellard will be back. I hope so. I think I understand them better.
—B.W.M.

Padre's Notes

(Continued From Page 19)

ing these appetites by a manly employment of his God-given reason and will. The appetite for food and drink (and especially the latter) can and often does succeed in softening and eventually blotting out all traces of real manliness. The appetite of sex, often with the strength of a raging lion, unleashed, unopposed, can and so very often does destroy the dignity of man more quickly and more surely than all the others.

God—the God who created us—says in thundering tones: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Nature—God's nature—says: "Disregard that law and you'll pay and pay." Now it may sound clever and witty to speak of an 'eleventh commandment': "Thou shalt not be caught." Unfortunately, Nature cannot be fooled by witty remarks and smart sayings. We can't fool Nature. And we most certainly can't fool God. The man who disregards the sixth commandment is fooling only one person: himself. He is selling his chance for a happy, normal married life at the cheapest rate of exchange. He is tossing the wonderful chance for worldly, and *eternal*, happiness right out the window.

This is a very serious business. And it is our business. Let us get it firmly fixed in our mind that sex immorality is *not* a characteristic of what we term a 'he-man,' but the mark of a weakling. Let us pass along the word that the one who insinuates that purity is a sign of weakness is himself the weak man.

J. J. Kennedy, Rev.

“The Shining Fifth”



The Met man was wrong. Instead of clear and warm with C and V unlimited it was raining. All was more or less peaceful in Camp; from the crew room of a certain flight came the murmur of voices “see you and raise you” an expression not to be found in any hand book on aviation but nevertheless a term familiar to all gentlemen with wings.

There was the dull clanking as of small pieces of metal being tossed about and then the words “Two pairs,” “Three of a kind” seemed to indicate that a tense moment had passed.

“I hear the fighting Fifth is coming back tomorrow,” said a voice which betrayed that its owner had spent most of his life North of the Tyne.

“Such lights, mon” said another, “Noo that’ll mean muir nit work, but I guess the air crew will be needing it.”

The writer admits drawing on his imagination for the foregoing but there must be some way of introducing the “Brown Types” to the readers of Over Seas. Oh well let’s skip the whole thing and start again.

The Fifth Special Mobile Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Troop of the Royal Canadian Artillery is stationed here to

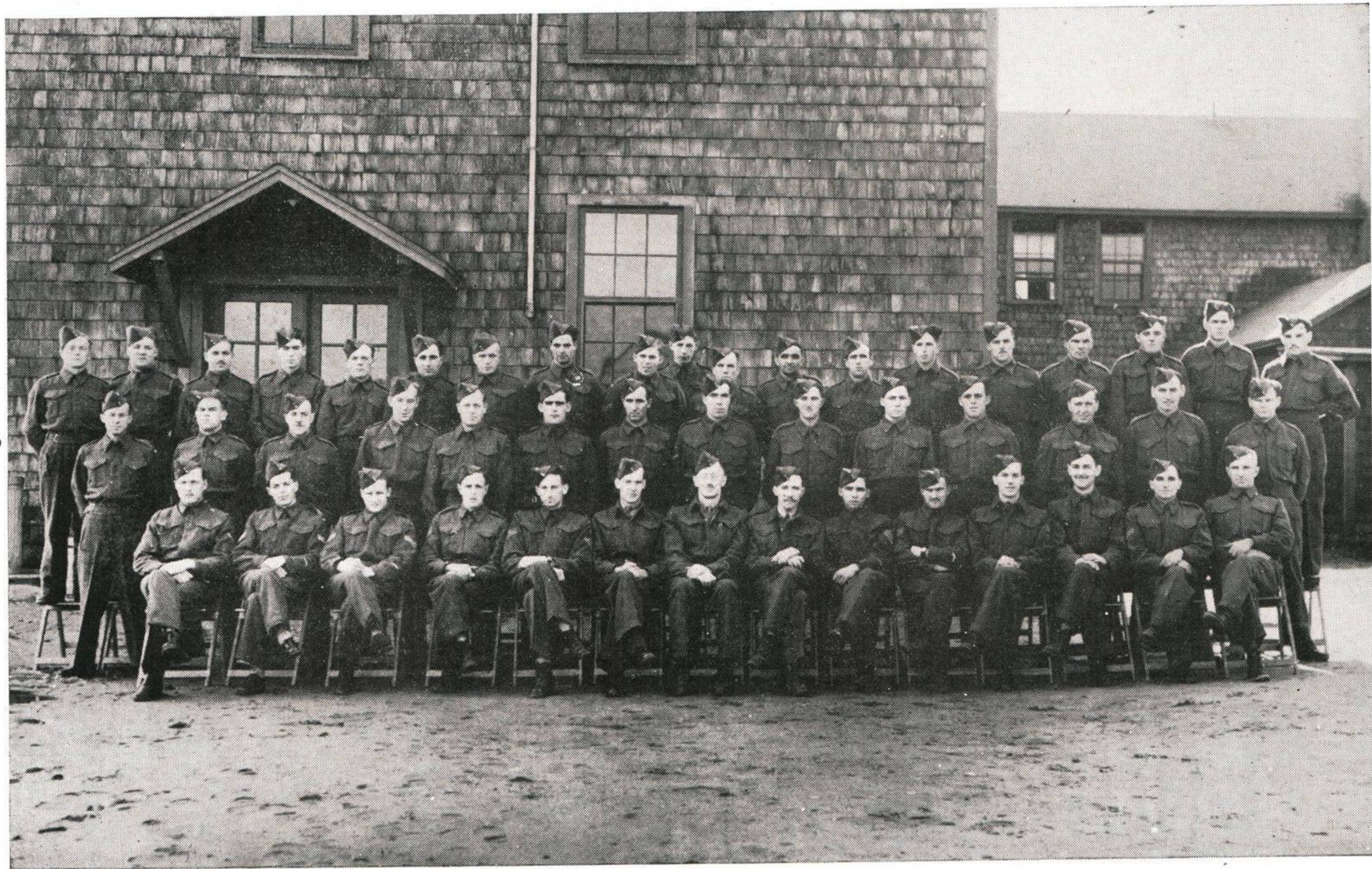
give searchlight training to Aircrews. The fact that we are here, and the equipment we use is just as inconceivable as the fact that there are aeroplanes at this airport. Almost any night when flying conditions are at all decent, people within a radius of fifty miles can see us shine.

Searchlighting, while spectacular, does not bring much glory. It is just another of those jobs which has to be done. A direct hit with a searchlight does not bring a plane down although there are cases on record where inexperienced pilots have gone into a flap when caught in a ‘Cone’ and have ended up in a heap of rubble on the deck.

To be a good searchlighter one must have sharp eyes, keen ears and steady hands. One must also anticipate the pilots next move so that you are ready to follow the plane no matter what its manoeuvre.

The other people of a searchlight crew must also be on their toes. Team work of a high degree must be maintained if any degree of efficiency is to be attained. There is the Lorry driver who gets the unit to its location, the Diesel operator who supplies the juice, the searchlight attendant who watches the searchlight mechanism the spotters the maintenance crew, etc. Then on the other hand there is the administration side which looks after pay, clothing supplies and general orderly room duties.

So, all in all, we have a very complete and compact little unit, doing a job of work which has brought much favorable comment. Our work is hard and cold in winter, chilly and muddy in the spring and fall, but we try to carry on satisfied with the knowledge that we are playing some part in the training of aircrews who will shortly be winning honor for themselves and glory for their Country.



FIFTH SPECIAL MOBILE ANTI-AIRCRAFT SEARCHLIGHT TROOP, RCA.

“MEN”

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes they are all made of the same material; the only difference is some are better disguised.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: Husbands, bachelors and widowers. A bachelor is an eligible mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three types: prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a small tender, soft, violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned tobacco and bay-rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything, you cease to interest him. If you argue with him in everything, you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool. If you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out. But if you wear a little brown beret and a tailored suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at women in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you join in the gaieties and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you don't approve

of his drinking and argue with him to give up his gaieties, he vows you are a snob and “nice.”

If you are a clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are a modern, advanced, independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate. If you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

Man is just a *worm* in the dust. He comes along, wriggles around for awhile and finally some chicken gets him.

THE ROAD TO KENTVILLE

How quiet it is in Wintertime,
The trees look stark and still,
And the mist lies like a thick grey shroud,
On orchard, field and hill.
There is no wind in the frozen boughs,
No signs of beating wings,
As if the chilling hand of death,
Has touched, all living things.

I wonder if this was the road, and place,
I travelled through last June,
When the Apple Blossom interlazed,
And the robin sang his tune,
“Yes”, here he tuned his silver flutes,
In notes of ecstasy,
And the thrushes in the twilight,
Sang their sweetest melody.

But very soon, through this bleak vale,
Of seeming death,
A wind of life, will blow,
And through the bleak, and sapless
boughs,
A tide of green will flow,
And in a cloud of apple blossom,
Every tree, and all the land,
Will appear, as if painted,
Radiant green, by God's own hand.

—E. LLOYD-HUGHES.

The Padres' Page

Church of England

It is gratifying to note that the voluntary services are being fairly well attended. The average number is approximately the same as under a compulsory system. No parson should ever be satisfied until the attendance is 100%, and all voluntary.

The co-operation of officers and senior N. C. O.'s in releasing men for attendance, is greatly appreciated. It is realized that pressure of work does sometimes interfere with the principle that, during the last hour of Sunday morning, attendance on the camp should have priority. But those who have a right sense of proportion will agree, that public worship is of greater importance than pay parade, with which very little is allowed to interfere.

The Holy Communion, provided twice each Sunday, at 7.30 a.m. and noon, should be better attended. Those who have been properly instructed will know that this is the only divinely ordered service, and therefore of greater importance than any man-made act of worship. It is for penitent sinner and not exclusively for "saints."

When off duty, many of you go to church with civilian friends, and it has not been necessary to have Evensong on the camp, but now the season of bad weather is upon us, this service is being provided at 6.30 p.m. Can we make a complete and well sung service of this? With your help we can.

The padre is well aware that he is responsible for the spiritual welfare of many who have not been instructed in the faith of the Church of England. Will any who feel that their needs are neglected, please come and make suggestions.

There is, on this Station, an atmosphere of friendliness but practical sup-

port is more valuable. In this respect the help of the choir is greatly appreciated. On Sunday October 10th, in the absence of the padre on leave, F/O Bowen kindly took charge of the morning service. A large congregation attended and there have been many expressions of appreciation.

H. H. Ashley, Rev.

Roman Catholic

What is a man? There are some very fancy notions about the answer to that question; but the perfect answer is the one we learned when we were children: Man is a creature composed of a Body and a Soul, made to the image and likeness of God. We have a body; and we can see that body. We have a soul; and we can not see that. Yet anyone who knows the difference between a living energetic body and a lifeless corpse knows that there has to be *Something* to make us tick, whether he prefers to call that *something* a soul or something else. We have intelligence. We have the ability to choose between what is right and what is wrong. We have will. And we can freely choose between what is right and what is wrong. Because we have that Soul, that power to spark our intelligence and our will, we bear a very limited resemblance to God. That's why we can truthfully say we are made in God's image and likeness.

Clearly the body is the lesser portion of our being, but just as clearly, it is not an unimportant portion. It is the instrument with which we achieve our happiness here on earth. The appetites of the body, however, in the race to achieve that earthly happiness, can and often do run wild. Here then, is where the true definition of Man becomes obvious: the true man, the real man is the man who can bring into subjection to the *important* part of his be-

(Continued on Page 15)

The Mugs

Like a flash it all came back to me. I knew I was right and that there was something in it the moment I saw the S.P.'s furtively looking under beds and on the tops of lockers and in all manner of unexpected corners that only see the light of day on Friday mornings and days given over to special inspections. This and a little premonition I got from those odd paragraphs in D.R.O.'s about the return of mugs, earthen, convinced me. I've been caught before and although it was long, long ago, I still recognize the man. He was a Corporal when I went through Padgate and he still is. After the thousands of mugs he saw there he would not recognize me. But that is the way of things. There, he was the cynosure of thousands and thousands of passing eyes; here, he is one of a hundred or more Corporals. In those Padgate days, those of us who had them marched past him with our mugs aloft. I could not hold mine aloft or in any other position because I had "lost" it and I was worth sixpence to him with no fuss and no forms and there were a good many like me.

We all knew him there and it is unlikely he would remember one of us again but in the R.A.F. in all sorts of unexpected places one discovers unsuspected talent. I have a flair for remembering faces and, perhaps I should mention, before I became an ACH/GD I had a pretty good sized antique china business.

The habits of a lifetime die hard and so on that famous pay day when we all marched into the Drill Hall and signed for our pay and a new mug at one and the same stroke of the pencil I was well prepared. I had started collecting long before the S.P.'s, and I had three cases stored safely away. I was not surprised therefore when I heard, a few days after

the great giving-out of mugs, that my old well-remembered Corporal was in the business again. Lost and broken mugs replaced like lightning and all at the standard price of 15 cents, without any fuss or forms. The economist will, however, tell you that price is regulated by supply and demand and when his figure rose to 18 cents I knew I should unload some of my stock. But the chicanery of commerce is the same in all ages the world over and negotiation, whether over the biggest Company merger or, by me, over my stock of mugs, earthen, proceeded on somewhat parallel lines. I sold him one case wholesale at 15 cents per mug on the simple understanding that he was a better man than I; that he was a man of vast experience; and that he had some valuable goodwill in the way of regular custom and so on. You know—all the commercial clap trap. I collected fifteen bucks.

What did I do with those other cases? I am sorry to say I remember so well all those sixpences he must have collected at Padgate, including one from me, the smartest man in the antique china business. Well I'll tell you. I gave the retail business a bit of a boost. After all accidents will happen. Mugs will get lost and even the Royal Air Force china has a breaking strain. Then I undercut him to ten cents. I expect I'll buy up his remaining stock cheap just before pay day and in the meantime I'm in the business with as good a stock as any Equipment Officer.

Mugs, earthen. Huh! Mugs, anyhow.

*"Tell us now, that we've bought the Bond;
What do we do to date the Blonde?"*

SEND OVER SEAS HOME!

"What Do They Know Of England Who Only England Know?"

This month's Quiz has been set by F/O. Bowen and F/Lt. Main to test your knowledge of England and things English. Maybe you have been here so long you have forgotten all about the place, and maybe you can still remember the taste of 'mild and bitter'. In either case you should know the answers to a lot of the following questions. Remember that speed in answering counts, so get your replies in early. Don't despair if you can't answer all the questions. Lots of other fellows will not know the answers to those you know, and somebody has to receive the cash prize. It might as well be you. First prize: \$3.00. Second prize: \$2.00. Worth a little effort, isn't it? **Entries must be in by Dec. 15th, 1943.**

The winners of last month's Quiz on Nova Scotia are already in possession of their prizes, the lucky people being LAC. Hearn and LAC. Bruce. Just so you'll know that we knew the answers ourselves we have run the Quiz again with the correct answers; you'll find the whole lot overleaf.

In our next issue F/Lt. Joseph will test your knowledge of contemporary world affairs. That's fair warning, well in advance.

1. Who said the following:—
 - (a) I think porridge is one of the greatest swindles that was ever worked on innocent and unsuspecting people. *Johnson*
 - (b) Never was so much owed by so many to so few. *Churchill*
 - (c) There never were such nice, neat, pretty, charming girls as there are today.
2. How many of the following are still living:—

(a) Mrs. G. B. Shaw	(e) Sir Dudley Pound	<i>D</i>
(b) W. W. Jacobs	(f) J. M. Keynes	<i>D</i>
(c) Lloyd George	(g) Cecil Whiteley K.C.	
(d) Jessie Matthews		
3. Which of the following had the longest continuous run in London:—

(a) Charley's Aunt	(c) Chu Chin Chow	<i>+</i>
(b) The Maid of the Mountains	(d) A little Bit of Stuff	
4. What are:—

(a) The Cinque Ports	<i>Dover, Hythe, Romney</i>
(b) The Five Towns	<i>Battersea</i>
5. What were the Rebecca Riots?
6. In what connection do you associate the term "Geddes Axe"? *Reduction of money from*
7. Who carried away the international honours in Soccer this year? *England*
8. For what are the following places famous:—

(a) Burton-on-Trent	<i>Real</i>	(f) Wensleydale
(b) Nottingham	<i>Lace</i>	(g) Hucknall
(c) Northampton	<i>Shoes</i>	(i) Whitstable
(d) Sheffield	<i>steeling</i>	(j) Tolpuddle
(e) Spalding	<i>tennis</i>	<i>crystals, myotom</i>
9. Who wrote the following:—

(a) A Testament of Youth	<i>Orwell</i>	(e) Tess of the D'Urbervilles	<i>Hardy</i>
(b) The Rape of the Lock	<i>Keats P.</i>	(f) The Black Arrow	<i>Steven</i>
(c) Robinson Crusoe	<i>Defoe</i>	(g) The Bible in Spain	<i>Brown.</i>
(d) The Uncommercial Traveller			
10. Name four inventions usually associated with the Industrial Revolution in England. *steam, genius, mule.*
11. Which Railway:—

(a) Last used the broad gauge?	<i>G.W.</i>	(d) Was the first to be laid?	<i>S.D.</i>
(b) Originally had its London Terminus at New Cross?		(e) Was the scene of the first Railway murder?	<i>canals</i>
(c) Has Maroon coloured coaches?	<i>LMS</i>		
12. What is the only village in England today which still adopts the Manorial System?
13. What is the highest total scored by one team in a cricket match played in England?
14. Which English Poet:—

(a) Had his heart buried in Greece and his body in England?	<i>Byron</i>
(b) Started life as a Chemist's Assistant?	
(c) Was expelled from Oxford?	
(d) Drafted the Indian Criminal Code?	<i>Byron.</i>
15. In which Counties are the following:—

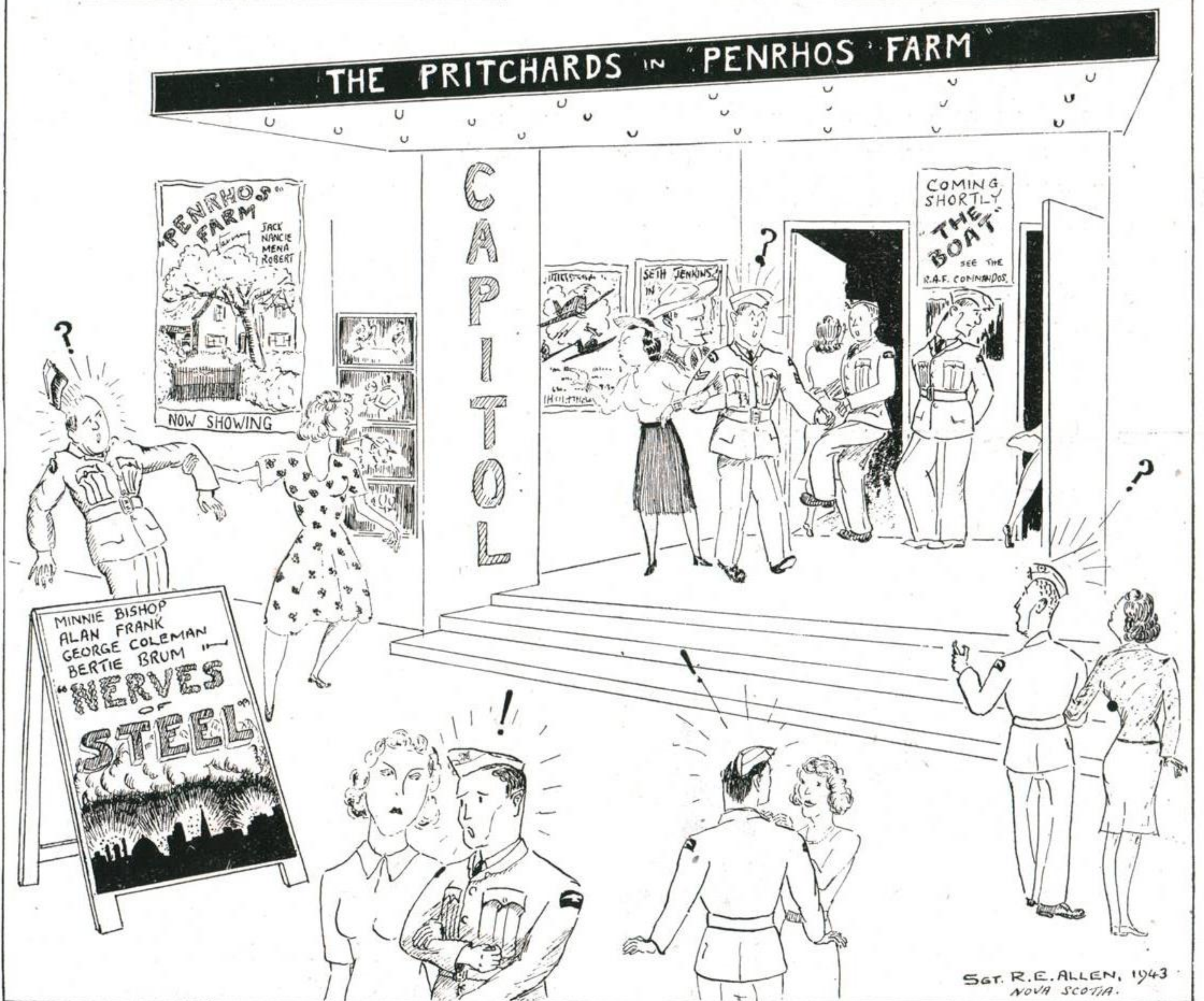
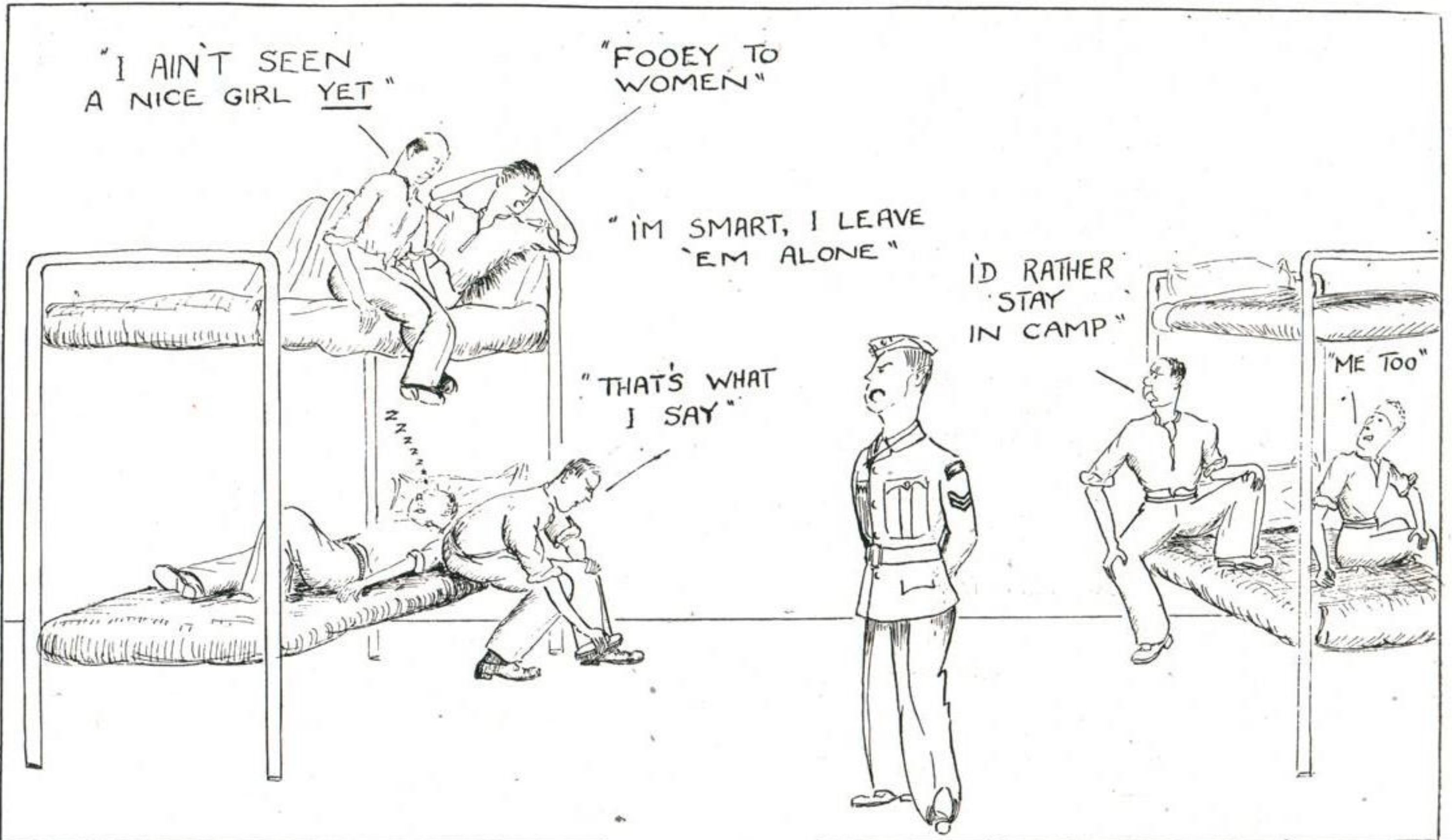
(a) Strata Florida	<i>Shropshire</i>	(g) The Sugar Loaf	
(b) Indian Queen	<i>Wiltshire</i>	(h) The Test	<i>Yorkshire</i>
(c) Snitterfield	<i>Leicestershire</i>	(i) The Devil's Punch Bowl	
(d) The Wrekin	<i>Shropshire</i>	(k) Make-em-Rich	
(e) The Silent Pool		(l) The Land of Green Ginger	
(f) The Ottercaps		(m) Roseberry Topping	

(Continued Overleaf)

16. Where are the following Inns:
 (a) The Trip to Jerusalem
 (b) The Pass Me By
 (c) The Bag o' Nails
17. When are the following:—
 (a) Maundy Monday
 (b) Shrove Tuesday
 (c) Ash Wednesday
 (d) Sheer Thursday
 (e) Eighth Friday in Lent
 (f) Rogation Saturday
 (g) Palm Sunday
 (h) All Fools' Day
18. Where would you go in England to:—
 (a) Buy a Racehorse
 (b) Get sworn in as Lord Mayor of London
 (c) Have tea with the highest Ecclesiastical Authority
 (d) Join the Kennel Club
 (e) Hear the best Opera
 (f) Dispose of 1000 tons of raw meat
 (g) See where Queen Victoria died
 (h) Make your last Public Appeal against sentence of death
 (i) Sit in the Court of Passage
 (j) Pick the first daffodils growing in the open
 (k) Put a wreath on the tomb of King John.
19. Where were the following first played in England:—
 (a) Golf
 (b) Rugger
 (c) Cricket
20. With which Firm do you associate the following slogans:—
 (a) "Please"
 (b) "Out of the strong comes forth sweetness"
 (c) "It prevents that sinking feeling"
 (d) "Won't shrink woollens"
 (e) "Builds Bonnie Babies"
 (f) "For strength and energy"
 (g) "We put ales in Wales"
 (h) "Is good for you"
- april 2nd*
Guilford Canterbury
current part
Smallfield
House of Lords
Amcohn inn
Kew
Rings
Plays
Tate & Lyle
Keweenaw
Luc
Guinness

Here Are The Questions And Answers To Last Month's Nova Scotia Quiz

- In what year is "Evangeline" supposed to have left Nova Scotia?
- In what year did Lief Erickson, a Norse Explorer, visit Yarmouth Harbour?
- How many Golf Courses are there in Nova Scotia?
- What was the old name for Annapolis Royal?
- In what year did the change of name of Annapolis Royal take place?
- What was "Evangeline's" real name?
- In what year did Halifax become the Capital of Nova Scotia?
- After whom are the following places named:
 (a) The Cornwallis Inn
 (b) Halifax.
 (c) Kentville.
 (d) Digby
 (e) Annapolis Royal.
- In what Charter did "Nova Scotia", the Latin for New Scotland, first appear?
- Name twelve varieties of apples grown in Nova Scotia?
- In what year was Halifax partly destroyed by explosion?
- Where, in Nova Scotia, is gypsum produced?
- What is meant by "facing and tailing"?
- Where is the largest Indian reservation in Nova Scotia?
- A Crimson Beauty is (a) A strawberry (b) A fast young Nova Scotia girl (c) Apple (d) A butterfly?
- What do they manufacture at New Ross?
- Why do they flood cranberry bogs in Spring and Autumn?
- When is the best season for moose calling?
- How many Breweries are there in Nova Scotia?
- What is the difference between a Fire Worm and a Wire Worm?
- 1755.
- 1000 (circa).
- 24.
- Port Royal.
- 1710.
- Emmeline Bellefontaine.
- 1749.
- (a) Col. Edward Cornwallis.
 (b) George, Earl of Halifax.
 (c) The Duke of Kent—the Father of Queen Victoria.
 (d) Admiral Robert Digby.
 (e) Queen Anne.
- The Charter granted to Sir William Alexander in 1621 by James I of England.
- Any of the following:— Early Williams, Yellow Transparent, Dudley, Gravenstein, Astrakhan, Ribston, Blenheim, Baxter, Cox's Orange, Bishop Pippin, Mackintosh Red, Delicious, Grimes Golden, Starks, Baldwins, Kings, Ben Davis, Ganos, Non Pareil, Cooper's Market, and Crimson Beauty.
- 1917.
- Near Windsor.
- Placing the bottom layer and the top layer of apples in a barrel in neat circles with the blossom end upwards.
- Shubenacadie.
- An apple.
- Apple barrels.
- To prevent frost damage.
- Mid-August to mid-September.
- 2 Oland and Keith, both of Halifax.
- A fire worm causes damage to crops above the surface and a wire worm causes damage to crops beneath the surface.

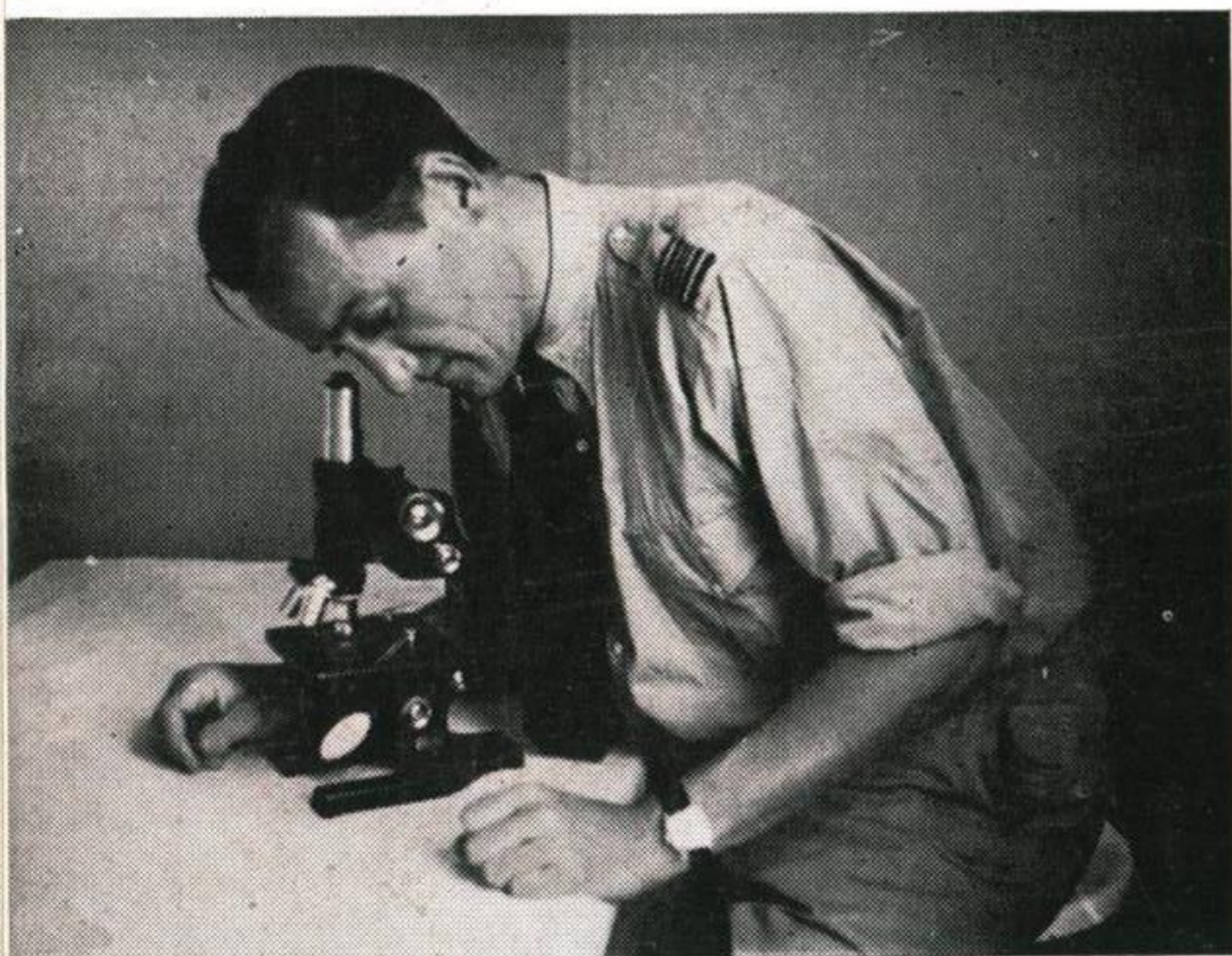


Greenwood--Section by Section

Station Sick Quarters

The Section by Section feature of "Over Seas" appeals to the staff of S.S.Q. as being a means of familiarising Greenwood with the machinery of the Medical Section. Full advantage will be taken of the opportunity.

The primary duty of a Medical Officer is the prevention of disease and thereby the saving of valuable man-hours. Preventive medicine, in the Services, applies particularly to mild epidemic complaints such as the "Common Cold" and "German Measles" which, whilst perhaps of little serious import from an individual standpoint, may, by causing a large number of men to be off duty for a short while each, result in a serious loss of Service time. This may help many of you to understand the Medical Officers' pre-occupation with affairs, sanitary, that is, drains, kitchens, ventilation and the like. Especially it will explain the impersonal nature of Service medicine of which the primary object is the maintenance of a satisfactory *general* level of health.



S/L. Nicholson, Senior Medical Officer, snapped while peering through the microscope.

The Sick Parade

Why is there any necessity for a sick parade and for sick reports? The reasons are simple. Firstly, the sick parade is a time saving factor both as regards the Medical Staff and the Patient. If sick persons were to arrive at Sick Quarters at irregular times, the Medical Officer would be frequently interrupted at his other duties and might be unable to give immediate attention to the patient. Secondly, sick reports enable Section Commanders to know where their personnel are and what duties they are capable of performing. In addition, a man with a disability necessitating limited duties is protected from any possibility of injustice resulting from his inability to carry out his work.

Inoculation Parades

Costly experience gained in other wars clearly demonstrates the need for the protection of Service Personnel against preventable diseases. During the Gallipoli campaign of the last war more casualties were inflicted on our troops by disease than by the enemy. Much of this could have been avoided by inoculation. Similarly many soldiers died of Tetanus (Lock-Jaw), in the early months of the 1914-18 war in Flanders before the possibilities of protective measures were appreciated. The introduction of anti-tetanus injections reduced this menace to negligible proportions. It is appropriate at this juncture to explain the nature of each type of inoculation.

Vaccination

This provides protection against Small-Pox and is effective for about five years. The fact that this disease is now rare is due in large part to the higher

state of immunity maintained in the population of civilised communities.

T.A.B.T.

This is a combined affair giving immunity against Tetanus (Lock-jaw) and enteric fevers (typhoid etc.). Immunity lasts for about two years so that it has to be reinforced each year to ensure a safe margin.

The Schick Test

If this test is positive a lack of natural immunity to Diphtheria is shown and two injections one month apart are given and ensure freedom from infection for several years.

The Dick Test

A positive Dick test reveals a susceptibility to Scarlet Fever and five weekly inoculations are given to provide protection.

Sick Leave

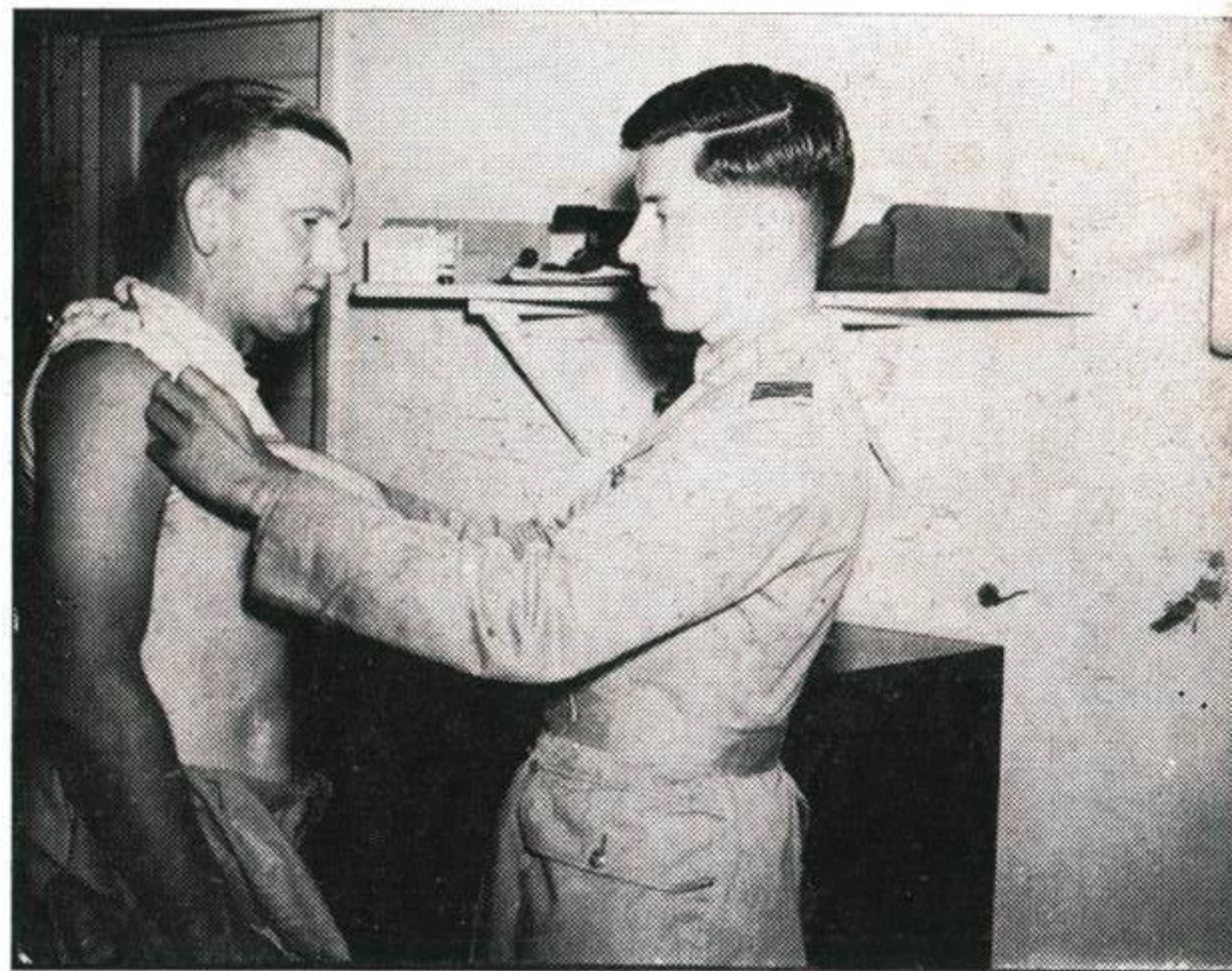
Very few people fully appreciate the object of Sick Leave. Such leave is given to personnel after a stay in hospital to complete convalescence and not as a compensation for days-off missed. Thus it is recommended by the Medical Officer when it is apparent that a period of rest is indicated before return to full or limited duties.

Routine X-Ray Chest

These examinations are carried out to detect early cases of lung disease, especially tuberculosis. Everybody realizes that tuberculosis is a most insidious complaint often not discovered until in quite an advanced stage. Personnel are fortunate in receiving a service for which they would have to pay a considerable fee in civil life. The importance of these routine X-Rays cannot be exaggerated and it is the aim of the profession to introduce the scheme on a national basis.

Having read as far as this you now know a little of what goes on in the Sick

Quarters and the reason for some of the procedures to which you are subjected. No doubt, you would like to know something of the people working in the Sick Quarters. Let us take the staff in order as they appear to the airman reporting on the morning sick parade. After waiting a variable period of time the airman is called to appear before the Medical Officer by the N.C.O. i/c Sick Quarters, Sgt. Tracey, who comes from Liverpool, England, and who by his patient efficiency has proved to be a highly successful supervisor. The airman is faced by one of two Medical Officers, F/Lt. Harris or F/Lt. Webster. F/Lt. Webster was born in Yarmouth, N. S. Our Canadian M. O. is the sixth of a line of doctors and graduated at Dalhousie University. Supposed by Mr. Pepys to be the bachelor guardian of our nursing sisters for which purpose at one time he kept a ferocious hound and a loaded fowling piece. F/Lt. Harris, a native of Dublin, is a recent arrival from the U. K. and is replacing F/Lt. Hoadley, the latter having left for Debert to take over the post of Senior Medical Officer there. Our best wishes go to F/Lt. Hoadley. F/Lt. Harris has spent a con-



F/Lt. Webster gives the final touches to the dressing on Sgt. Wealand's injured shoulder.

siderable part of his service career to date attending to the needs of the W.A.A.F., and has already proved a worthy successor to F/Lt. Hoadley.

After a careful examination and diagnosis of his case the airman is referred either to Sgt. Mason, the dispenser who was born in Nova Scotia and is the man behind the glass window, He has been with us since the early days and has put a lot of hard work organising everything from the ordering of pills to the equipment of first aid kits. Sgt. Mason has since also been posted to Debert.

The airman goes next to the treatment room where he will meet L.A.C. Miller who was born in London and is noted for his patience and unruffled composure. L. A. C. Gray who is the relief dispenser and a native of Wales is also found in the treatment room. Gray is better known as an excellent rugger full-back. If admitted to the ward the airman will pass through the orderly room where is found Sgt. Jenkins, well-known as the organiser of inoculation parades and who lost his appendix whilst on this station thus giving the lie to certain malicious suggestions published by "Over Seas." Also in

this department are LAC. Kneller known as the man on line 25, and who has a considerable medical vocabulary with which to confound the uninformed; and LAC. Jones, another Welshman and the maker of inoculation lists for D. R. O.'s at which he puts in a lot of hard and careful work. On arrival at the ward our wanderer is met by Nursing Sisters Selley and Wilson. Sister Selley was born in Sidmouth, Devon, but has spent most of her life in Ottawa and Toronto. A graduate nurse of Wellesley Hospital, Toronto, she has seen considerable service with the R. C. A. F. and is a very capable operating room nurse. Nursing Sister Wilson is a native of New Brunswick and trained at Moncton General Hospital. Sister Wilson has been in the R. C. A. F. just over a year and makes an effective combination with Sister Selley as she is fond of ward work. Working in and around the ward will be found the following:

LAC. Leaker

A Bristol-born Canadian with aircrew aspirations. Recently he married a Toronto girl and our best wishes are extended to him.

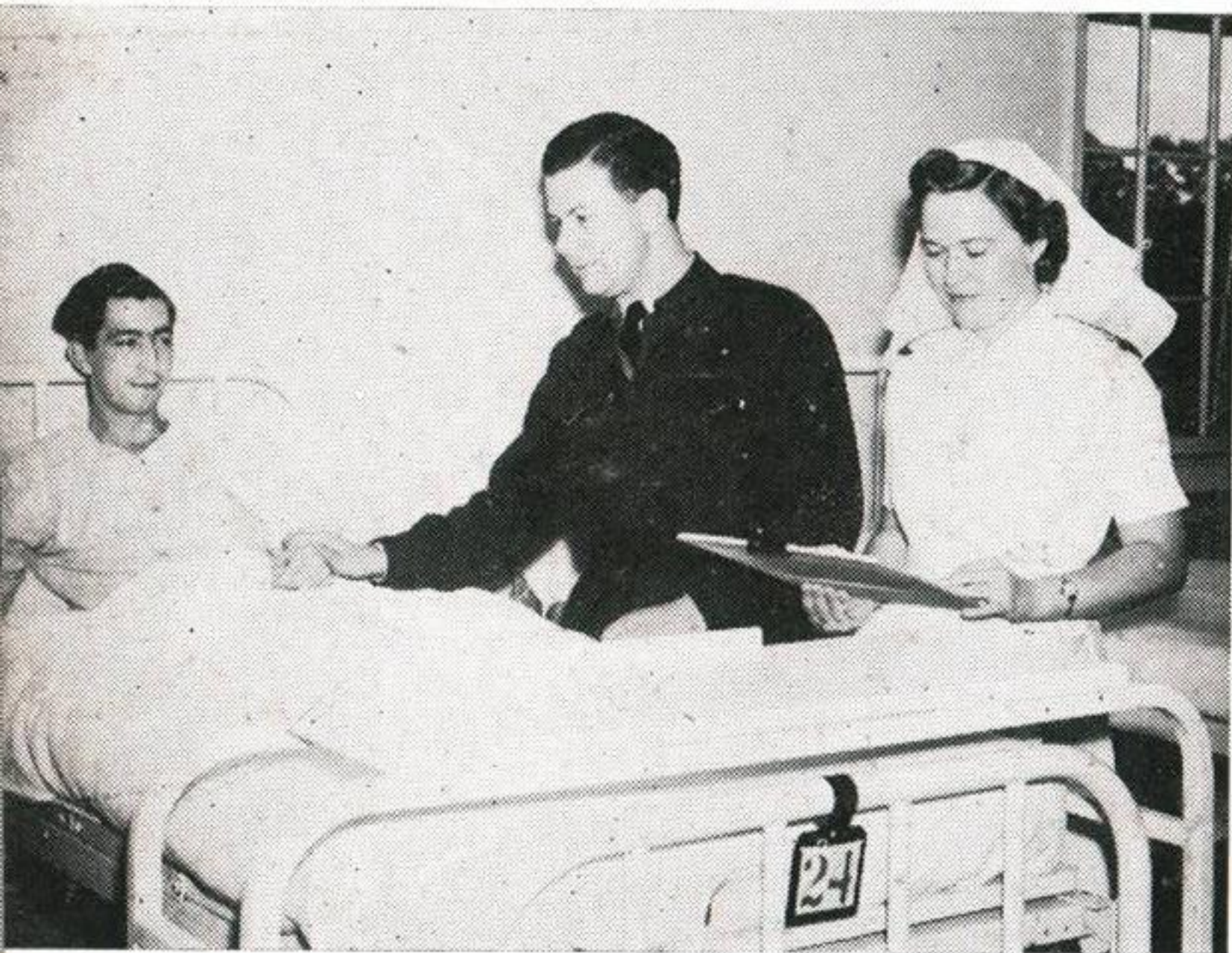
LAC. Thompson

A male nurse in civil life. Thompson was born in Nova Scotia. Because of his civil occupation he is invaluable in the ward and in the operating theatre.

Cpl. Greenleaf

Lives in Croydon, Surrey, and was a lecturer on A. R. P. first-aid. His assistance in training first-aid parties has been invaluable and he has helped the local Red Cross organization by lecturing at Aylesford and Kentville.

During his stay in hospital the airman will also benefit from the persistent efforts of other members of the staff towards his recovery:



F/Lt. Hoadley takes the pulse of LAC. Langley while Sister Wilson checks the patient's chart.

LAC. Harris

A comparatively recent arrival from England but has settled down very quickly to his ward duties. Was born in Leicester.

LAC. Strivens

His home is in Rochdale and he started his service career as an Equipment Assistant. Now quite happy in his new job.

LAC. Aube

A French-Canadian, he attends to the paper work which hospital dieting entails. Aube also controls the issuing of food to the kitchen.

LAC. Burston

A native of London, Burston is a keen worker. He looks after the operating instruments which he tends with loving care.

LAC. Stoddart

A recent arrival. He is our X-ray technician and is as welcome as the apparatus for which we waited so long.

There is also the kitchen staff who are:

Sgt. Cuche

A Frenchman through and through, he is a connoisseur of cooking as might be expected. At present is working hard on a correspondence course in English.

LAC. Hogg, LAC. Moody,
LAC. Scarborough, LAC. Riley

These four complete our excellent kitchen staff.

Amongst those who also serve are to be found:

LAC. Wyatt, LAC. Thomson, and
LAC. Steptoe

who, as the wielders of brooms and bumpers, have a hard job but they manage to keep the place looking as it should. Wyatt is our tonsorial artist.

On discharge from hospital our now fully rehabilitated airman will be interviewed by the S. M. O. S/Ldr. Nichol-



This cheery orderly room group are, left to right: LAC. Jones, Cpl. Durrant, Sgt. Tracy, LAC. Kneller.

son who qualified at Oxford University and Guy's Hospital. His prowess as a rugger player is well known. Whilst at Oxford he gained his blue and played for England on five occasions. Rugger fans will remember his impartial refereeing of last season's games.

Finally to enumerate all the members of the staff, past and present, mention should be made of *LAC. Gray, R. F.*, a student architect in civil life. Gray unfortunately has been in hospital for several months. Here's wishing him a speedy recovery.

LAC. Edden. A Greenwood pioneer. We were sorry to lose him on posting to Debert.

Your Great Opportunity

(Continued from page 37)

If there is to be a happy, prosperous, and peaceful post-war world, men's motives and ideas must be right. In other words you should make sure that your own attitude to life is such that you can make some valuable contribution to the benefit of mankind. As any convinced Christian will tell you, it is religion which produces, most effectively, this right attitude.

—H. H. Ashley.

Daily--Except Sundays



AC. Foran and Cpl. O'Connell are sorting the mail preparatory to dashing off to Kingston to catch the train. 1100 and 1645 hrs. are "panic" times in the PO.

The postman on a station like Greenwood is a busy and important person at any time of the year, but at the Yuletide his position is eclipsed only by the portly figure of Santa Claus himself; for to the boys away from home, Christmas happiness is always in direct proportion to the amount of mail received from home.



AC. Haines is doing a job here that everyone in camp has an interest in: sorting Christmas parcels.

Greenwood's postmen are going to be kept pretty busy for the next month seeing to it that every bit of that happiness goes to whom it was sent; that none of it goes astray. It's a big job and a big responsibility for a staff of three to handle, but it will be done every bit as capably as it was last year.

The boys in the P. O. were already feeling the Christmas 'rush' when the writer dropped in to pick up a few scraps of gen to fill the space around the pictures on this page; Christmas parcels were beginning to trickle in; the mailbags lying in a heap in the middle of the floor looked bulkier than ever; and "Taffy" O'Connell and his two sidekicks were whipping letters into the pigeon-holes faster than the eye could follow. However, above a garble of shouted barrack numbers, names, numbers, and slightly colourful remarks at encountering yet another poorly addressed envelope, we did manage to glean a few facts about the homes, habits, haunts and hobbies of these men of letters.

Cpl. O'Connell, or Taffy, Paddy or Jimmie as he is also called, is one of the old Greenwood originals, a lot of letters having passed through his hands since he arrived on this camp. He claims Cardiff as his home town. He is married and that's a photo of his wife on his desk. Before signing on with the 'Blue Types' he was with the Merchant Navy for a stretch, and has relaxed in the best pubs in most of the important ports in the world. It's a tough task to draw him out about his experiences in the ocean service, but about his dark-haired Mrs. he's willing at any time to spout volumes. He hasn't seen her but for three weeks of the past three years and for that reason his one ambition is to have his R. O. T. B.

(Continued on Page 47)

Painter Patrol

If Greenwood Is One of the Best Camps In Canada
These Boys Rate A Big Hand For Their
Efforts With the Paint Brush



Here's the "Painter Patrol" giving the final touches to the Station Cafeteria. In the usual order: AC. Leach, AC. Hermon, AC. Wilson, LAC. Gotts, AC. Hukin, AC. Taylor (LAC. Sherington is missing from this photograph.)

The Painting Section (to give it its Sunday name) was formed in January, 1943, and operated under the fatherly guidance of S/L. Sugars, better known to the members as "Daddy Sugars". It is one of the smallest sections on the camp yet has a large amount of good work to its credit, of which it is justly proud. Since S/L. Sugars' posting, S/L. Caruthers has carried on capably guiding the decorative activities of the "Painter Patrol."

In charge of the gang is *LAC. Gotts* (Geordie), known more commonly as the "gaffer". In civvy street he was an upholsterer and house furnisher. Being married and living out, the least said about his pastimes the better. His three chief hobbies are plenty of tea on the job, catching the 5 o'clock bus, and making

sure his Sunday pass is securely in the Guard Room.

Then there's *AC. Taylor* (979), not to be mistaken for any other member of the Greenwood Taylor clan. He springs from a long line of Kentish cherry-pickers. He tells us his pre-war occupation was furniture removing; we think it was firewood he toted from door to door. His favourite haunt these days is the mysterious "Bishop's Mount"; perhaps he finds a substitute there for his Toronto "Beauty Queen" who will soon be missing him as he is "on the boat".

Next in line comes *AC. Wilson*, better known as "Wee Jockie". Toddled his first steps in Edinburgh, and also has a taste for a Toronto beauty. Jockie has to be handled with kid gloves on every return from leave in that gay city; however, he's

a good lad and retains a steady hand, all that is needed for painting straight lines.

AC. Leach, or "Pompey" is a boy of outstanding qualities. Before joining up he was on a demolition squad and his old motto "You set 'em up and I'll knock 'em down", still holds good in his present wangle, both in the evenings at the Wet Canteen, and during working hours since he has already nine pots of paint down to his credit and, despite the gang's coaching, will probably succeed in making it an even number before long. His pet hobby, as suggested above, is undoubtedly, "wetting his whistle" at the Wet Canteen. So, as he is also "on the boat", publicans of Portsmouth will soon be seeing that familiar smile of his.

AC. Herman comes next on the list. He springs from Reading and is the oldest and perhaps the best known of the gang. If at any time you feel you would like to make his acquaintance, drop in at the "wet" any old evening and ask for the Sailsbury Fish Fryer. He is a French polisher by trade and ran a prosperous fish & chip business back in the 'owld coun-treh'. Before haddocks cost 8d a piece, that is. Hobbies? What else but 48 hr. and day passes?

AC. Hukin is a laddie from Lancashire, is "Junior" to the boys and was last to join the gang. An electrician, until the glamour of the "Brylcreem Boys" enticed him to volunteer for twelve years. That he was refused at the time made him very indignant, but now, after some twelve months doing time, he realizes that he got the best of the bargain.

Last, but far from least, of our talented boys is our Artist and Signwriter *LAC. (Joe) Sherington*. He had a good deal of practice in civvy street writing price tickets for ladies' lingerie, which is probably the reason for his work having that professional touch. He hails from Lancashire and is responsible for most of the

designs and notices you see all over the camp. His hobbies are uncertain, but there is some attraction down Annapolis way . .

The jobs done by the gang have been numerous and varied. First attempts with the pot and brush were on the Airmen's Lounge in the new Drill Hall. Followed decorating jobs in the Airman's Wet Canteen, the Y.M.C.A. Canteen and the Regal Cinema, the last being the biggest job on record. Followed transformations of the Ladies' Room in the Officers' Mess, and the Civilian Guest Room adjoining the Wet Canteen, this last being the gang's special pride and joy. Station H.Q. had a visit as well as the Airmen's Dining Hall. The current job is putting the finishing touches to the old Sergeants' Mess which (at this printing) will probably be open for business as the new Station Cafeteria. In it will be seen gayly coloured tables and chairs which previously had been condemned as U.S. but which, with a few deft touches, less tools and lots of ideas, are now ready (we hope!) to bear the weight of many enjoyable suppers.

While we're tooting our own horn (thanks to the Editor's urgings) we might also mention that painting is not the only task that falls our lot. The gang can usually be found just prior to Station Dances busily at work in the Drill Hall, and despite probable protests from the Electrical Section, we feel that we must claim side by side with the gardeners a good share of the credit for the work done on the fountain which received such high praise in the last issue of *Over Seas*.

"The Greenwood Rembrandt"

**HAVE YOU REMEMBERED
TO SLIP A COUPLE OF COP-
IES OF OVER SEAS IN THAT
PARCEL HOME? THE FOLKS
WILL ENJOY THEM!**

Why I Would Like To Return To Canada



This essay received honourable mention in the competition conducted by Over Seas and sponsored by the Canadian Committee.

Given the time and money I can well imagine that there would be many members of the R.A.F. who would willingly accept the opportunity of returning to Canada after the war. Numerous friends and acquaintances have been made by these men during their tour of duty in Canada, and they would gladly renew these acquaintances whenever possible.

There are also men of the R.A.F. who are only waiting for the cessation of hostilities to enable them to return to Canada, where their brides-to-be are eagerly awaiting their return.

One feels however that the title of this essay is meant to refer expressly to those officers and airmen who would like to return to, live and make their homes in Canada after the war, and as such this essay is treated.

First of all let me say with great emphasis, that had my impressions of this country been derived merely from my sojourn in Nova Scotia, I would say quite definitely that I have no desire to return to Canada after the war, unless of course all my expenses were paid and I had no wish to visit any other part of the world.

One thinks of the backwardness of this

province, the transport system which flagrantly belies the slogan of the "World's Greatest Travel System", the inadequacy of its sanitary system and water supply, the vagrancy of its climate and the apparent absence amongst its inhabitants, except for a few exceptions, of what may be termed "Western Hospitality". These have created, I fear, a very poor impression of this country amongst those members of the R.A.F. who have had the misfortune to be stationed in Nova Scotia for the full period of their tour in Canada. Unfortunately this impression will be taken back by them to England or wherever their homes may be, while in true fact what they have seen is hardly representative of Canada as a whole.

Canada, since my first trip out West, and during my many movements since that date, has captivated me by the very vastness and variety of its domain. The feeling that, however large the city, it would never encroach on the surrounding countryside, where mountains and rivers, lakes and forests, rolling prairies and ample farmland, ever await to refresh and invigorate the tired town dweller. Do

you remember how, during the last building boom in England, the countryside was almost blotted out in many industrial districts by dwelling houses built along each side of the main roads which link together the industrial centres? Fortunately the very size of Canada prevents a similar occurrence in this country in the days to come.

I like the people I met in the prairie towns of Canada, their warm hospitality and friendliness, the fulness of their everyday life, their neighbourliness and the variety of their interests. I like the climate of Canada, the pleasures of its winter sports, the greater warmth of its summers. In this country one can anticipate and be assured of many months of both warm weather and cold weather, instead of the mild, damp, often dismal days encountered in England, where the summer is as unreliable as the Dominion Atlantic Railway.

The Canadian people enjoy a wide range of sports and pastimes. Anyone can hunt for the price of a hunting licence and the loan of a gun. Satisfactory fishing facilities can be had by the poorest angler, and are not merely the preserve of the rich and their friends. Ice skates are purchased, not on the off-chance that the water on the local pond may freeze for a day or so this year, but because at least three months of fine skating are always assured. Skiing, curling, alley bowling, and baseball have as many followers as football, golf and tennis. The thought of weiner roasts and corn boils will always stir pleasant memories.

I feel however that the reason I would like to return to Canada is bound up by something more than merely reciting the points in favour of residence in this country, while at the same time weighing in balance the disadvantage of such a course.

This is a changing world, and at the

end of the war every member in His Majesty's Forces will have to decide for himself whether he can pick up his career where he left off, on joining up, or whether he must strike out in some new form of employment. In many cases the latter alternative will be a practical necessity. It behoves us therefore to consider seriously, whether on our return to civilian life a satisfactory existence can again be led amongst the old surroundings—perhaps it was never completely to our liking—or whether we will have to look further afield to some country where the maelstrom of this highly industrialised and mechanical age does not threaten to engulf the surrounding countryside.

Canada is a young country, a vast country with a small population; countless resources are still untapped in its northern regions.

Canada owing to its geographical position has a close association with the United States, and although it has lagged behind the industrial development of that country, its future development presents a great prospect. Its high standard of living is in itself an attraction.

Perhaps all this is beside the point, and I could generalize to my hearts content why I would like to return to Canada after the war, similarly some one else might go into eulogies over the prospect of residence in England again—comparisons become merely odious.

Sufficient it is to say that each individual must make his own choice on being confronted by such a question. From what I have seen, observed and read during my two years in Canada, I would like to undergo the experience of living here as an ordinary citizen after the war.

—N. G. SIMPSON.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HELP YOUR STATION MAGAZINE DESERVE THE TITLE OF "THE BEST IN THE SERVICE"?

Shakespeare Knew About Greenwood

I. The Personnel

The C. O.

The foremost man of all this world.
—Julius Caesar.

S/L As-l-y

Bless thee, Bottom, Bless thee! thou art translated.

—A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Met Officer

Sets the wind in that corner?

—Much Ado about Nothing.

F/L J-s-ph

In fair round belly with good capon lin'd.

—As you like it.

W/O C-mer-n to the Stores Assistants.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night.

—Macbeth.

Nursing Sister W-ls-n.

Give me your hand and let me feel
your pulse

—The Comedy of Errors.

W/O W-lk-r-ey

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I open my lips, let no dog
bark!

—The Merchant of Venice.

F/L H-pk-n

I have no superfluous leisure.

—Measure for Measure.

F/L Th-mp--n (in the Control Tower)

There is something in the Wind.

—Measure for Measure.

W/C H-mi-ton

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

—A Midsummer Night's Dream.

W/O C-mm-ngs: (At Victory Loan Dance)

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
speak:

I'll have my bond, and therefore speak
no more.

Song of the Annapolis Maid:

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest
one of three,

That liked of her master as well as
well might be,

Till looking on an Englishman, the
fair'st that eye could see,

Her fancy fell a-turning.

—Sonnets.

II. Where They Live And Work

The Airmen's Mess

A very ancient and Fish-like smell.

—The Tempest.

The Guard-Room at 23.59

The iron tongue of midnight hath told
twelve.

—A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Officers' Mess (Lunch time)

They are not China Dishes, but very
good dishes. —Measure for Measure.

The Airmen's Bar

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock."

—As You Like it.

Living-out Members:

Live with me, and be my love,

And we will all the pleasure prove

That hills and valleys, dales and fields,

And all the craggy mountains yields.

—Sonnets.

Anywhere—About 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning.

To be or not to be: That is the ques-
tion. —Hamlet.

In S.H.Q. Orderly Room

(The D.R.O. Clerk to himself)

This news is old enough yet it is every
day's news. —Measure for Measure.

HEY FELLOWS! LOOK WHO'S HERE!!!



The pin-up girl who warms the hearts of British soldiers from Italy to India is Gloucestershire Artist W. Norman Pett's pert, blonde, leggy Jane. Jane is British but she is not staid. Like U.S. comic-strip characters she is constantly in and out of love, in and out of trouble. Unlike her American cousins, she is often out of her clothes. When Jane couldn't appear (because she'd lost her panties), admirers wrote complaining letters, sent real panties to London's *Daily Mirror* for her. Thousands of letters, telegrams, radiograms (from H.M. ships at sea) protested loudly at her recent threat to marry. Since British servicemen's morale reportedly rises and falls in direct ratio to the number of times she undresses, Sir Walter Scott might have dedicated his "A weary lot is thine, fair maid" to Jane. Puzzled Creator Pett now asks, "If Jane has to be naked to insure a minor victory, what shall I have to do with her when we approach Berlin?"

Reprinted from *Time*.

with best wishes
to the boys at
Greenwood
from
"Jane"

"MAPLE SUGAR". Drawn by request for OVER SEAS by W. Norman Pett.

This Is Jamaica

Jamaica is a land of regal mountains enthroned amid clouds, broad sunny valleys, riotous waterfalls, chattering brooks, a luxury of vegetation, incredible colours of land and water and almost every degree of climate from tropical to temperate.

Kingston the capital has one of the finest natural harbours in the world, with an area of sixteen square miles. The city itself is the largest in the British West Indies.

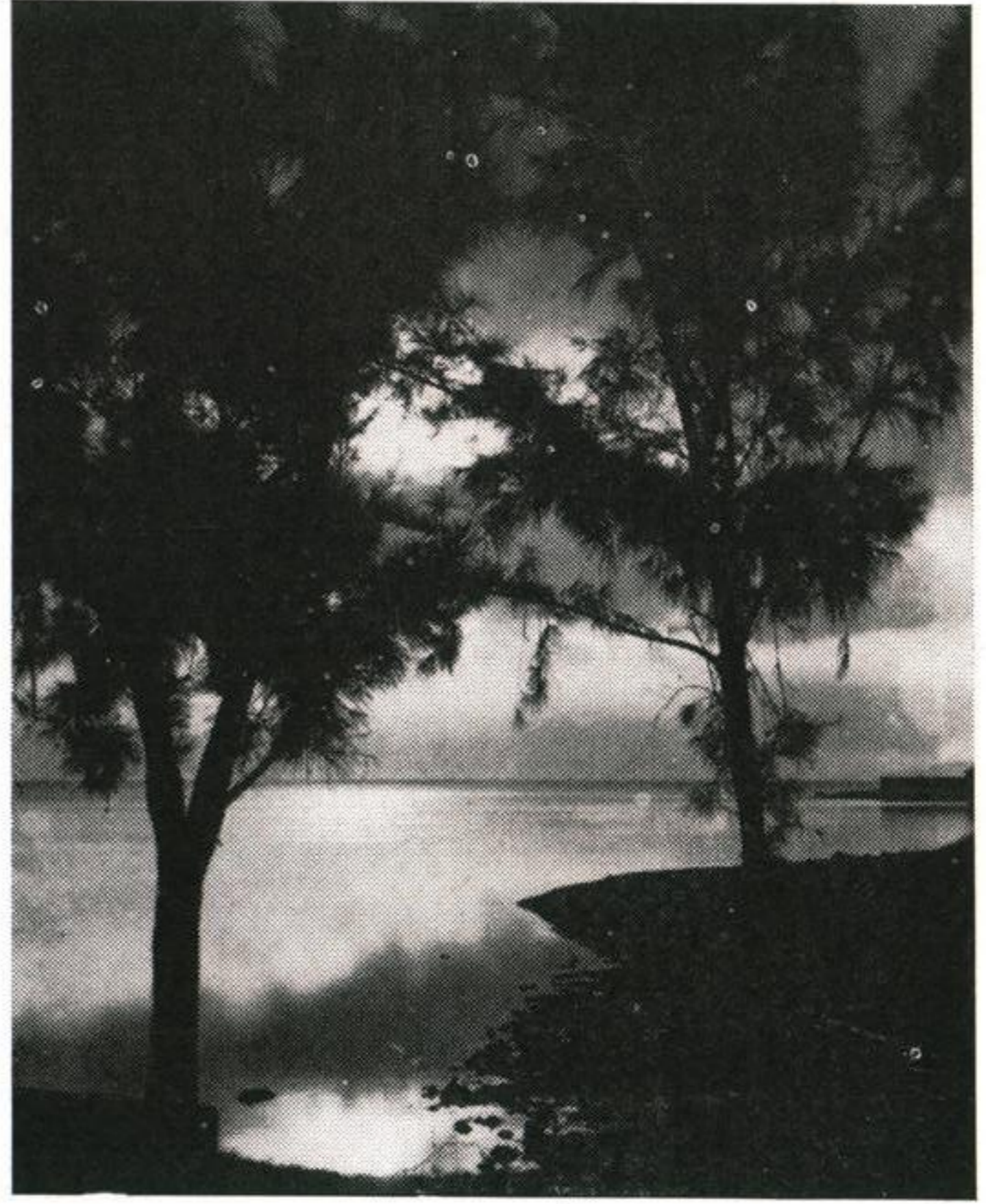
Jamaica lies almost in the centre of the American Mediterranean or the Caribbean, as it is called, and has an area of 4,450 sq. miles, with more than four thousand miles of excellent main roads.

The history of the Island is very intriguing and it is of interest to note that Spanish town the ancient capital of the Island was already a century old when the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America. On May 1494 Christopher Columbus discovered Jamaica on his second voyage to the new world. The Island was then inhabited by a race of Indians called the Arawaks; they were an easy going people unaccustomed to hard work and the race became extinct during the 161 years of the Spanish Rule due to the very harsh treatment of the Spanish.

On May 10, 1655, a body of English sailors and soldiers landed in Jamaica under the command of Admiral Peur and General Venebles, who had been sent to the West Indies by Oliver Cromwell to capture the Island of Cuba, but failing in their attempts on that Island, they landed in Jamaica which they captured.

For the next hundred years Jamaica became famous as a base for buccaneers, and Port Royal earned for itself the name of the most wicked, and possibly the most wealthy place, for its size at that time.

Many famous names in history are as-



Jamaica Moonlight.

sociated with Jamaica, such as Sir Henry Morgan, famous buccaneer who at one time was Governor, Horatio Nelson whose fleet was based in the Island in 1779, Admiral Rodney and many more.

Education in Jamaica is compulsory for all between the ages of 7 to 15 and falls under for main headings:

- (1) Elementary.
- (2) Secondary schools and colleges, where pupils study for matriculation, higher school certificates and Inter Arts and Science.
- (3) Vocational and Industrial schools.
- (4) Training colleges—for the training of teachers.

There are no universities in the Island—students wishing to further their education or to take professions go to universities in the British Isles, Canada or the U.S.A.

Jamaica has always been an agricultural country and the chief products are

bananas, sugar and rum. The banana industry is by far the biggest, the yearly output being about 18 to 20 million stems, the majority of which were sold prior to the war in the English and Continental markets. Since the war, however, the Admiralty having taken over control of all the ships of the banana companies, the Island was faced with the problem of not being able to export the fruit. The British Government however saved the industry by subsidizing it to the extent of about 10 million stems per annum. In the meantime the Fruit Companies have acquired a few old ships and are sending shipments to Canada and the U.S.A.

In the war effort Jamaica is also playing her part. She has not been called upon to send contingents of soldiers but thousands of her men and women have volunteered for service with the armed forces and there are several hundred technicians who have gone to England to work in munition factories. It will be interesting to know that the idea of public subscription for bombing planes first

started in Jamaica, where a few men through the daily newspaper approached the Secretary of State for Air and asked if he would accept a Squadron of bombers subscribed for by the people of Jamaica. The offer was accepted, the idea caught on, and spread throughout the world. That Squadron known as the "Jamaica Squadron" is still in existence today and has earned fame for itself.

In closing I can only wish that after the war is over and peace is again restored, and if there are any among you who are reading this, who might have the opportunity of visiting America, then slip over to Jamaica for a few days and see for yourself the natural beauties that abound in that Caribbean Island.

"CIRCUITS AND BUMPS"

A Smattering of S.F.A.

A brass hat on a train, which also held a young man in civilian clothes, spoke loudly to his neighbour about young men who ought to be in uniform. The young man bore this in silence for a time then turned upon the brass hat. "I have heard, sir, what you were saying. Let me tell you, sir, that I am in a reserved occupation. Let me add, sir, that the establishment which employs me is the Foreign Office. And let me further add that, if it hadn't been for the Foreign Office, you would never have had your bloody war!"

A London writer, criticizing a play, sneered: "It wasn't even ham. It was Spam."

Sign over the bar in Bath House pub in Dean Street, London: "You don't undress when you come to *this* Bath House. So don't drink water."

London newsie to American doughboy and London girl strolling hand-in-hand down the Strand: "Hurry up there, or you'll be late for school!"



Rodney's Memorial, Spanish Town, Jamaica.

Your Great Opportunity

The war has upset the course of many lives. Many will never get back to the standard they enjoyed in 1939. This applies especially to men in the thirties, who were just establishing themselves in small businesses, or rising in their profession. In some cases such men will soon reinstate themselves, and all are likely to find plenty of work in the rebuilding of a devastated Europe. In the postwar world it will be the younger men who will have the world at their feet. Theirs is the great opportunity. To them will fall the task of taking full advantage of all the progress in thought and knowledge which has been going on under the stress of war.

Great social changes have been taking place between the two wars, but the process has been considerably hastened by the dislocation of the social structure during the present war.

This present war, as none ever before, has created such havoc not only to cities, but also to ways of life, that a fresh start must be made. Never has such an opportunity been presented to a generation as this. Lessons can be learned from the conditions which prevailed at the end of the last war, and similar mistakes avoided; but the situation will be very different.

It will be your job to put things right, your's the joy of playing a part in building things new. There will be many things you will want to preserve or restore. New ideas, new ways, are exciting but not always better than the old. It will be for you to decide about these things, and you have a much freer hand than your fathers had at the end of the last war. It has been said that a nation gets the government it deserves. In past ages this has been hardly true. But in these days there is no doubt about the power of the in-

dividual elector. By a considered use of his vote each man has a valuable contribution to make to the government of his country.

Perhaps some of you will want to lead others politically, others may feel that they have qualifications for organization, and able to accept responsibility and the risks attending this. Our nation and the world will be crying out for such men, because there will be so much to be done.

Are you preparing yourself for these opportunities of making a useful contribution to the happiness of the world? If the accident of parent's social position, or wealth gave an advantage to some in times past it will have less influence in the future. Individual qualities of character and ability will count. To be a leader, a man must know what he is about and fully aware of the risks. It means study and hard work, with the strength of character to persevere for what he believes to be right, in spite of disappointments. Honesty, integrity, and sincerity will be required, if he is to keep the confidence of a more intelligent society, not so easily deceived by oratory. The professions, learned and technical, need the right men, and in the trades, skilled and unskilled, inventions and new processes provide infinite scope.

Perhaps for lack of the right conditions you were unable to get the start you wanted to realize an ambition. Enquiry will now show you that you can get a fresh start, with much help to take up a new post-war occupation, with the promise of a much higher standard of life than you ever previously enjoyed. Government schemes are now ready; many more are being developed. These provide the chance for which you have been waiting.

(Concluded on Page 27)

"The Independent Woman"

The world, that is, the world who knows, will salute the American Woman for her sense of proportion in all things; for her humour and for her magnificent independence.

I was in a bar on Lexington Avenue, New York. The American Woman came in alone, well-dressed and carefully made up. The American Woman uses the only perfume in the world . . .

"I'll have a P. & T., please, waiter," she says.

The barman says nothing, pours from a bottle and drops in a cube of ice. She stirs, deliberately. She does not smoke my cigarettes. She doesn't mind my pipe. There is an air of studied casualness about her which you don't notice at once. She knows of an excellent place to take me, Britisher-Irishman. It is a little German beer-house in 54th Street, where both the food and the ale are very English, yet German at the same time.

It is she who hails the taxi, without losing any of the careful reserve that is hers. She will examine the driver's portrait; you haven't noticed her do so, yet she knows his name is Abraham, or Dimitri, or Lugi, or Karl, but she will not address him as such unless he is a very good driver with a sense of humour to suit her own. You see, she knows "cab" drivers; they are her children, her life, her dependence, and so she treats them accordingly.

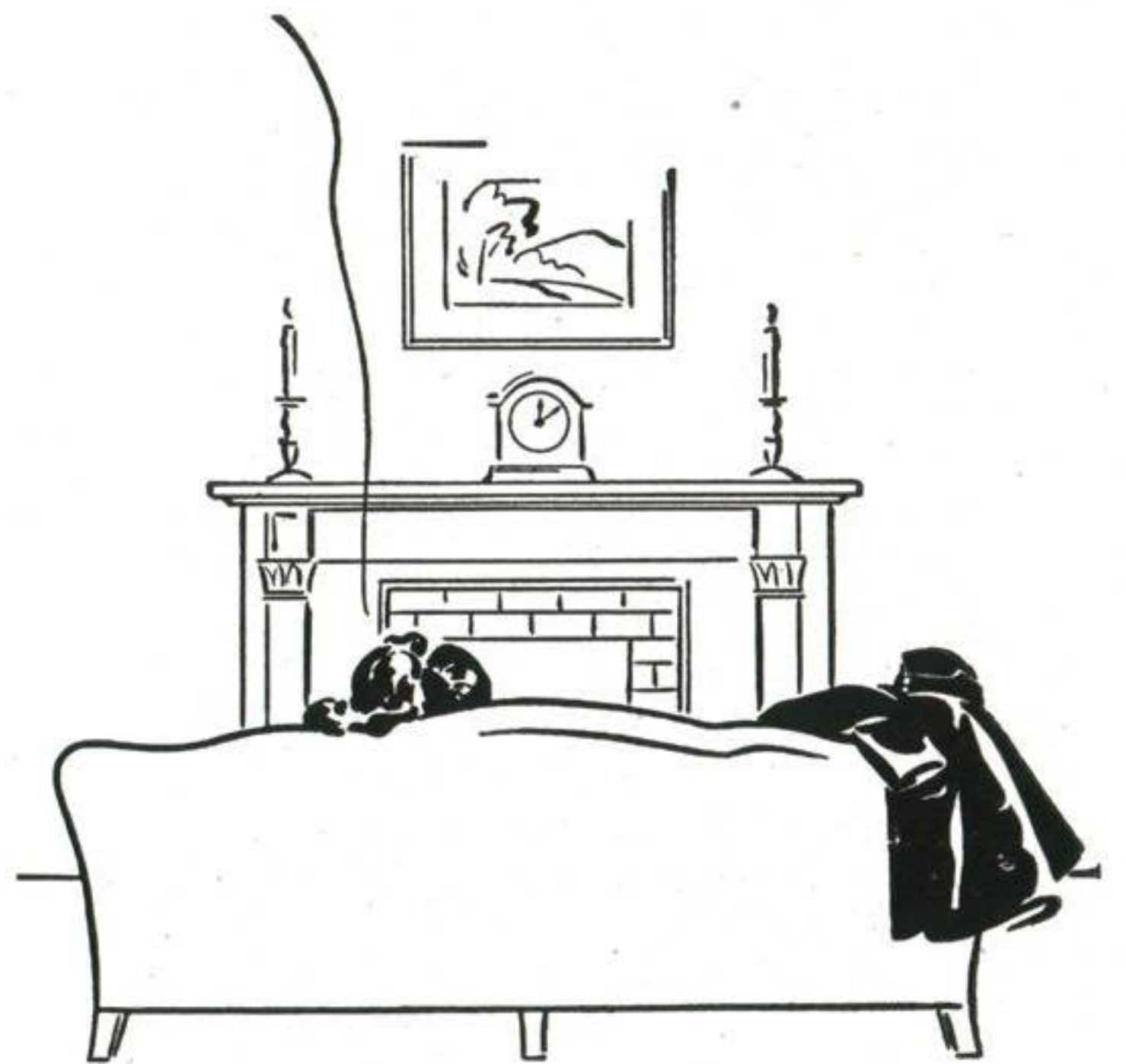
Abraham is Hungarian and is a stolid man with a merry eye and peaked cap covering. She is humming a Hungarian rhapsody.

"Abraham, are you married?"

"Yes, madam."

"How many children have you, Abraham?"

"Three, madam."



"Only three . . . Tell me, are you happy with our wife? . . . Yes, of course, I can see now you are a good man."

She leans back, offers me one of her cigarettes and continues her Hungarian rhapsody.

In the little German beer-house with its large, scrubbed, white, deal tables, she will drink only beer with you. Should you prefer the dark ale which is very English, she will, perhaps, have one too. She says: "As it's a beer-house I shall drink beer." It is as logically simple as that. The little orchestra is playing "Barcarole" and afterwards, "Dark Eyes". Everyone knows them and everyone is singing. The violin player, a fat little Russian Jew, is very happy: his fingers pluck merrily at the strings and his feet are happy, too. We are all very happy. Our waiter is very happy and very kind, also. He serves madam as a waiter should: that is, without arrogance, but with the careful friendliness of a brother. She pats his hand and tells him to make sure that the chicken is so, and that the potatoes are so. "If not why not?" he says wickedly in broken English and goes

away singing. He is an Austrian and has a very fine baritone voice.

At midnight we take another cab. This time the American Woman is not so pleased with our driver:

"Driver, which way are you going?"

Driver mumbles something.

"Well, would you mind turning left here and then turning right, along the next Avenue?"

"I can't go that way, lady?"

"Oh! And why can't you?"

"I said turn *left*, driver. Don't tell me you're afraid of the dark. . . Thank you."

She is quite right, the driver had been deliberately prolonging the ride by taking a roundabout route.

If the Independent Woman is in love with her man, she will suddenly pull him close and tell him of her love, devoutly, whispering in his ear. If she is displeased with him she is open; she will not brook the dumb, for dumbness is a sign of feebleness. She will not tolerate insolence, for insolence is a pouting, petulant, childish quality. She does not mind the wicked, for wickedness, she says, is one of the five virtues.

I am wicked, but I must not, idly, or by mistake, play her onto another man. A man must never do that to the Independent Woman. She will not sulk or cry; she will not openly unbraid you, but she will quietly remind you that you have gone down at least forty percent in her estimation. And it's no use your thinking that you won't mind, because you will. You see, you have grown to value the estimates of the Independent Woman. What is more, you may have grown to like her; you may even have begun to love her.

Outside, in the rain, you will praise her, gently, for the way she played the piano for you when the orchestra fell flat, as for this and that. You will open the door of your last taxi and remember, inside, that

the American Woman, openly (cunningly, maybe) uses the only perfume in the world. And, if at the end of your adventurous evening, the cab-driver suddenly asks for an excessive fare, say nothing and let her deal with the situation.

"That will be five dollars, ma'am."

"Five dollars! Ridiculous! . . . Now stop stuttering at me! I've been using this route for ten years and more, and I'm going to give you exactly \$2.95."

I have remained silent because I know she wishes to handle this problem in her own way.

"And, by the way, driver, if you were a perfect gentleman, you'd open the door for me."

—Sean C. Monk.

OFFICIALISMS

Or More Glimpses Of The Obvious

"The Service Aircrew", 2nd Edition, is hereby introduced and supersedes the 1st Edition. —A. F. R. O.

Which, all things considered, is not at all unusual.

1. RCAF. Maintenance Regulations, Vol. 1, 2nd Edition is hereby introduced.

2. With the issuance of the 2nd Edition the first edition and amendments become obsolete. —A. F. R. O.

Now, that's getting down to brass tacks!

Scale of contents and directions for use of Kits, Medical, Service:—

List Of Contents. Pins, Safety.

Use For. Use as required to pin on dressings.

Scissors, strong.

To cut dressings.

Well, bring on the patient!

Special instructions concerning WD Officers and Airwomen:—

(b) Handbags, Umbrellas and canes are not to be carried.

Fur coats and feathers in the hat are also taboo.

Definition of a Gentleman

"Hence it is, that it is almost a definition of a gentleman, to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast:—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfered with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the

ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, though less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive."—*From Idea of a University by Cardinal Newman.*

(Continued from opposite page)

was the case; to the credit of the players and the enjoyment of the audience.

Les Precious, "with his little ukelele in his hand" dished up some George Formby, regaling the audience most of whom apparently liked George Formby. Topping off a well-rounded programme came the Hawaiian Orchestra with Les Precious on ukelele, Ken Cater on guitar, Stan Smith on string bass, Eric Griffiths playing electric guitar and Gordon Williams handling the vocal end.

Not a little credit must go to Larry Connors the accompanist who, in all the vocal numbers, ensured the success of the

(Concluded on Page 47)

Station Activities

On Sunday, October 31st, a Station Concert was presented in the Regal Theatre. That it was a great success was due to a fine balance of comedy, popular song stylings, and instrumental virtuosity, and credit in no small measure must go to its producer, Cyril Wiltshire, who also carefully emceed the show. The production's success, too, owes much to Margie Gotts and Eileen Chisholm who served up some Sinatra stylings of current vocal favorites; and though the audience failed to get hysterical or swoon rapturously as happens when Flexible Frank drools out the notes, the young ladies' treatment of romantic ballads charmed everyone present. The fair sex was further represented by Betty Morgan, tap dancer of ability, who drew a great hand. Her second half number, an acrobatic dance, proved most restful to gaze upon, easy on the eye but dangerous to the blood pressure.

Appeared upon the scene 'round about then, Eddy Hogan, who crooned awhile. Followed quickly, Jack Briggs, who tried to prove that, to a real musician, boogie-woogie is as stimulating as Beethoven. Beethoven lost, as was expected. As far as the audience was concerned they showed a polite tolerance toward the Pathétique Sonata, but a zoot-suited enthusiasm for Pete Johnson's "Blues On The Downbeat," both of which pianist Briggs polished off with impeccable skill. Len Muirhead played a haggis of bagpipe music on a mouth organ and the Scottish members of the audience led off the applause.

We mentioned comedy. The show had comedy. There were several comedians. Jim Spicer, from his own humorous viewpoint, talked a space about life at Greenwood. Hard on his heels appeared Eric Gray and Cecil Belfield, a couple of members of the old one-serious-one-silly school who pawned off some well-worn



Etty Morgan kept the boys' interest high.

gags which the audience accepted in good part. Noel Coward (without which a concert at Greenwood wouldn't be a concert at Greenwood) was represented by his play "Oranges and Lemons" starring Norman Gee, Reginald Morley and the above-mentioned Gray and Belfield. This offering is a sure thing provided the dialogue was faithfully interpreted, which

(Continued opposite page)



The Hawaiian Band; in the usual order:
Les Precious, Stan Smith, Gordon Williams,
Eric Griffiths, Ken Cater.

EDUCATIONAL OFFICERS NOTES

Are you making your post-war plans now? All of us are looking forward eagerly to peace time, but not all are preparing for it. There will be many complaints from those in the Forces that they did not have the same opportunity for self improvement or advancement in their trade or vocation as those in civil life. But will these complaints be justified? Is there nothing that a man in the Forces can do to improve his general education, to increase his knowledge of his trade, or to continue his studies? Are there no courses open to him? What about these classes and correspondence courses?

Here is a list of the subjects immediately available at no cost to the student—English Language and Literature, Mathematics including Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry, Science, French, Latin, Social Studies, Physics, Music, Shorthand, and Bookkeeping. In addition there are technical courses in Radio Engineering, and Electricity, vocational courses in Agriculture (Soils and Field Crops, Poultry Raising, Dairy Farming), and University Courses in Philosophy, Psychology, Geography, Zoology, Logic etc., etc.

The opportunity is there all right, a great opportunity. Quite a number of men on this Station have completed some of these courses and have been awarded certificates of achievement. Most of those who complete one course immediately commence another. The certificates granted will be useful as they prove that the courses have been taken and satisfactory results achieved.

Do your own post-war planning now. Remember that the future belongs to those who prepare for it.

**IF YOU HAVE ANY TALENT
FOR WRITING OR DRAWING
YOU SHOULD BE CONTRIBUTING
TO OVER SEAS!!**

"An Ode To Greenwood"

*(With apologies to the tune of
"Bell Bottom Trousers")*

Numer 12 Group Headquarters
Coats of Air Force Blue
Went up to Greenwood
Their war work to do.

Took their six little stenos
And one W. D.
Who found that the R. A. F.
Were as nice as they could be.

One of our Squadron Leaders,
Who rode his bike with pride!
To see that all the stenos,
By the rules did abide.

The Air Staff Wing Commander,
The one we all adore
And we resent the comments
About—the double door!

The A. O. C. and all his Staff
Were often in the Mess!
We sometimes wondered what they did,
And we can only guess!

Number 1 Intruder boys,
With all their dash and charm,
They were lots of fun and joy
To our officers' great alarm.

"Listen my darlings!
Listen to me! !
Never trust the R. A. F.
As far as you can see."

On our departure
We wept bitter tears,
We hadn't had so much fun
In all our tender years.

Now farewell to Greenwood,
With all its might and MAIN
We had such a wizard time
We want to go back again.

—Contributed by the Stenos at 12 Group.

Sports Section



STATION SIGNALS

In the usual order: Back row: Sgt. Dixon, Cpl. Willet, Ashworth, Newman, Cpl. Cook, Cpl. Davie, Sgt. Freeman. Front row: Pawson, F/Lt. Hipkin MBE., Cpl. Houlston, Rees, Connors.

FOOTBALL

Station Signals have been returned winners in the station Knock-out Competition, defeating S.H.Q. "A's" in a rousing game November 7th. S.H.Q. kicked off and within fifteen seconds drew first blood, Hutcheson taking a lovely pass right in stride and beating goalie Newman with a fast, clean shot. The spectators were no more surprised at this lightning-like beginning than were Signals. The game then settled down to a ding-dong battle, with Signals making rush after determined rush only to be hurled back by S.H.Q. defences, the latter bolstered by S/Lt. Carruthers who was a tower of strength all afternoon.

Finally a break-through by Signals resulted in Rees finding the net to deadlock the issue; and half-time found much speculation among the spectators as to the

merits of the respective teams and the ultimate result.

When play resumed the spectators were thrilled by frequent breakaways on the part of both teams, and it was on one of these that Pawson for Signals drew Goalie Taylor out of position to slam the ball into the corner of the net. Signals 2, S.H.Q. "A" 1.

Headquarters came back harder than ever, penning Signals in their own half for a lengthy period in which they kept Newman hopping about while they hammered away at the goal without success. A dozen near-misses had the crowd on its toes every minute of the sustained attack. Signals held on grimly, however, and the final whistle went with them clinging to their precious one goal advantage. Final score: Signals 2, S.H.Q. "A" 1.

Sgt. Freeman, F/Lt. Hipkin, M.B.E.,



STATION HEADQUARTERS "A"

In the usual order: Back row: Cpl. McCall, Cpl. Watson, Cpl. Taylor, Chelton, Gorrington, Hucker, Carew. Front row: Kennedy, McGowan, S/L. Carruthers, Cameron, Hutcheson.

Ashworth and Houlston played standout football all the way for the winners, with Kennedy, Hutcheson and Taylor playing their usual good brand of football for S.H.Q. Both teams are to be congratulated for the fine display they provided; and a word in favour of the spectators' behaviour must be said: They were quick to approve of clever play, always sympathetic with the weaker side, and always quick with their chatter and wise cracks, all of which helped make the game and the afternoon thoroughly enjoyable for all concerned. Greenwood has become known for many things, not the least of which is the sense of sportsmanship and fair play on the part of spectators at all sports fixtures.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

A large crowd turned out to watch the Station XI defeat R.A.F. Pennfield in a Maritime Operational Training Units Cup game. The cup has been donated by

Air Commodore W. J. Seward for competition among the three R.A.F. units in the Maritimes. This was Greenwood's second game in the newly formed league, having drawn with Debert, 4 all the week before. (See below).

From the outset the game was played at a very fast pace, play moving continually from one half to the other, Pascoe finally starting the scoring for Greenwood with a fine shot which caught the Pennfield goalie flatfooted. Pennfield came back with renewed fury to be stopped time and time again by a stalwart Greenwood defence. A flurry of quick and accurate passing among the forwards and clever footwork by Hutcheson had the Pennfield defence at sixes and sevens and Hutcheson put the home team two up with a pretty try. Again, after a neat passing combination with the outsides, Hutcheson booted his second goal home and Greenwood were well on the way. Pennfield came back strong and with a

few minutes left in the first half, notched their first counter to move into the scoring column.

After the interval there was no let-up in the speed and power of both teams' attack, but Greenwood's polished combinations kept the play for the most part around the visitors' net and the Pennfield goalie working feverishly to stave off thrust upon thrust. Newman for Greenwood, however, beat him with two scorching drives from the left wing, and Clelland added a further try after pulling the hapless Penn goalie far out of position. The final score was no indication of the excellent work done between the upright by the visiting foal tender.

It was a fast clean game, capably handled by S/L Carruthers in the absence of Air Commodore Seward through illness.

Final Score: Greenwood 6, Pennfield 1.

DEBERT vs. GREENWOOD

In the first game of the M.O.T.U.C. series, Greenwood and Debert fought to a thrilling four-all draw at Debert. Debert fielded a very powerful team and the issue was in doubt right up to the final whistle. Debert led at the half by one goal, adding to this shortly after the interval to forge well ahead. Clelland brought the home forces back into contention with a pretty goal but Debert nullified this try with a third, bringing the count to three to one in their favour. Greenwood then put on a tremendous rally, Hutcheson scoring two pretty goals on passes from Audus, and Howell, Clelland, respectively, and the score was knotted at three-all. Howell on a nice passing combination with Clelland, shot Greenwood into the lead, a lead which they held grimly to until the dying minutes when Debert broke away and drove home the tying goal. It was a highly enjoyable game and promised much for competition in games to come.



Rees (third from left) lobs one just out of Taylor's reach to score Signal's first tying goal.

RUGBY

With the failure to form a league there have been less games on the station this year than last, and this may account in part for the rather ropey display put up by our Station XV against Acadia University last month. Admittedly the team emerged the winners by two-nil, but it was still painfully obvious that our squad was lacking both in practice and mutual understanding.

There was some very excellent individual play, however, and Acadia was kept more or less penned up in their own half; and were it not that the ball hung so long in the scrums the score might have been vastly different. Final Score: Greenwood 2, Acadia University 0.

INDOOR SPORTS

With the approach of winter our thoughts turn to ways of putting in the long hours of evening. A start has been made with indoor hockey and it is gaining popularity day-by-day. Eighteen teams have entered the league and each evening the Drill Hall is the scene of intense activity, with other teams always ready to take the floor. A visit to the

Drill Hall any evening to watch these games will be well repaid in thrills and excitement. The games commence at 1900 hrs. and continue through until 2200 hrs. or later. When this appears in print a start will probably have been made with an indoor football league, a sport which enjoyed outstanding support last season. All interested are urged to submit their names to the Sports Officer.

Badminton will be in full swing again this winter with a good supply of shuttlecocks now available. It is possible to play at any time despite what other activities may be in progress on the floor.

With regard to squash: The position as far as balls are concerned is anything but hopeful. It is almost impossible to secure new supplies, most of which were previously shipped to us from England, a source which unfortunately is no longer

open to us. Enough to say we are still trying to get squash balls, and shall continue to try.

RAF GREENWOOD WINS COVET-ED VICTORY LOAN AWARDS

Royal Air Force, Greenwood, in contributing \$41,800 to Canada's Fifth Victory Loan Campaign won the prized victory Loan Flag presented by Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Eastern Air Command to the RAF unit with the highest per capita sales; and three pennants from the Kings County Loan Headquarters for raising one hundred and sixty-six per cent of its objective. The pennants were presented to the Station Commander, Group Captain G. F. W. Heycock, DFC., by Mr. Laurie Ells, chairman of the Kings County loan committee, at a small but colorful ceremony held at the station Friday, Nov. 12th (*see cut*). Announcing the E. A. C. award, the following signal was received from the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief:

"The Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief has been pleased to award your unit this Victory Loan Flag in grateful recognition of the outstanding work done by No. 36 CTU. in leading all other RAF. units in the command on the basis of per capita dollars raised. Please congratulate all ranks."

The awards came as the result of three weeks of tireless activity on the part of the Loan Committee headed by S/L. Waller, F/L. Edgar, F/L. Webster, Capt. Haskall, F/O. Skutelnek, F/Sgt. Gant, Spl. Phillips, LAC. Langford and Mr. D. Gow, backed by the enthusiastic support of the whole camp in making the drive a sweeping success. The slogan of the campaign was "Batter Berlin By Buying Bonds" and interest was kept high throughout the campaign with the publi-



L. to R.: G/C. Heycock D.F.C, F/O. Shutelnek, Cpl. Phillips, S/L. Waller, LAC. Langford, F/L. Edgar, Mr. Packard, Capt. Haskell, Mr. L. Ells, F/Sgt. Gant.

cation of straight-from-the-shoulder messages in daily orders, colorful posters, and an interesting progress marker depicting a string of German cities, each corresponding to a certain amount of the objective; with the 'destruction' of Berlin marking the final objective of \$25,000. This objective reached and overshot, an extension was added to the model bearing the words "On To Tokyo!" that target being the ultimate total of \$41,300.

In conjunction with the bond drive, a Victory Loan Hallowe'en Dance was held, at which over fifteen hundred people enjoyed an evening of entertainment and dancing to the music of the Greenwood "Jive Bombers." A drawing was held for prizes of two fifty-dollar bonds which went to F/L. Mackie and P/O. Cummings. Proceeds from both dance and drawing went to the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund for conversion into Victory Bonds. The Drill hall was tastefully decorated in the official campaign colors by members of the station headed by F/Sgt. Gant and Cpl. Phillips. F/O. Bowan acted as master-of-ceremonies.

On receiving the pennants from Mr. Laurie Ells, the Station Commander expressed his thanks to the Loan Committee for their splendid effort, and his gratification at the whole-hearted support tendered the campaign by the personnel of the station who "recognizing a good cause, had got behind the venture and backed it to the hilt."

Daily--Except Sunday

(Continued From Page 28)

prayers answered, but soon. Greenwood will be sorry to see him go when he does finally pull out. He's become a familiar sight to most of us now: jogging along the road with that bag over his shoulder, or bumping along the road to Kingston in the 11.00 van, and a more likeable lad you couldn't meet anywhere.

AC. Foran is No. 2 man in the Post Office and hails from Manchester. John's a quiet, easy-going chap, and the letter-sorting game is fairly new to him. A lot newer to him, however, is the marriage game, into which, at this writing, he and his Canadian bride are bravely entering. Could there be a better opportunity than this to wish them the best of good fortune!

Third man of the trio is AC. Hawes whose home town is High Wycombe. He is the newest arrival in the section and is at present learning the ropes under the careful guidance of "Taffy" O'Connell. Like his co-workers he is married, and since he doesn't look in the least brow-beaten we must assume that it is happily.

Station Activities

(Continued from Page 40)

singers by his competence in playing and timing. A vote of thanks, too, to the Greenwood orchestra and the backstage men, Pete Lewis, Frank Hodge, Len Phillips, Ron Seanor and John Dagelish.

L.J.C.

Drill, RCAF. (WD), Length of Pace:—

The length of pace for W. D. Personnel when marching is to be reduced from 30 inches to 27 inches. —A. F. R. O.

High time they stopped driving those girls, too.

Your Station magazine enjoys a creditable circulation "over home." Is your family one of the lucky ones to enjoy OVER SEAS each month? Why not send them a copy each month? Call in at the Editorial Office, Drill Hall, or the Y.M.C.A. office, Recreation Hall, concerning complete information on mailing scheme.

Stopover at "M"

I had to spend a night at "M" recently. Bad weather had prevented me from flying on to my destination — Hendon, it happened to be—and on to what promised to be a pretty reasonable party in London with some of my old cronies. "Willie" would be among them, and I hadn't seen him since we'd been in a squadron together near London. Those were the days when the country's air defences consisted of eleven fighter squadrons; the Air Force budget was seventeen million all told; and the boys on bombers were saying that single seaters would soon die out, and that there wouldn't be any more dog fights!

While sitting in the Mess anti-room glancing through a paper before turning in, I overheard one of a group of Pilot Officers remark to another, in a whisper that carried half the breadth of the room: "I say, who's that bloke behind me?"

"Don't know exactly," his companion replied; "but I think he's new at Group."

"He dropped in in a Moth just before tea," another one of the group added.

"About as much as he could cope with, too, I expect," the first one said. "Why they don't make these scrambled egg types fly a man's aircraft is beyond me. 'Scramble six squadrons, angels 40,000' is about all they can say at Group. Makes you wonder if they know what this bleeding war is about."

"He seemed pretty handy with a Moth anyway", volunteered a little fellow who had just joined the group. Did you see him park it? Gliding turn around the end of 4 hanger and a three-pricker just on to the edge of the grass. Looked pretty good to me."

Apparently this newcomer hadn't seen me sitting there because his audible remarks made the others emit shushing

sounds, and edge nervously from leg to leg.

The discussion ended there. I said nothing, nor did I give any sign that I had overheard their conversation, despite the fact that I was beginning to feel slightly riled. I suppose there was some truth in what they had been saying, and yet it was annoying to have yourself picked apart by these war-time and somewhat nasty pilot boys. I suppose they had each logged about 300 hours, and with about a dozen sorties under their belts were beginning to imagine themselves quite heroes. Flying new Spit IX's no doubt had them believing they were pretty well the cream of the pilot crop.

I found myself thinking back over the time I had been in the Air Force. My days at Cranwell, my first squadron, and on through all the varied jobs, all flying jobs until this last horrible one behind an office desk; the types I had flown; the near squeaks and the rasberries from my C. O. or Flight Commanders that had been visited upon me for being too split. Just what was the present day fighter boy doing that hadn't been done then, and more? Faster aircraft, yes; but much more controllable; nice and warm, simple to land, perfect radio and blind flying equipment. Certainly they had to dodge an odd bullet or cannon shell, but to hear them talk you'd think they were dodging them twenty-four hours of the day, instead of a small fraction of that. Counting leaves and days off, why it would boil down to about 1/5000 of a year that they actually spent in the air! As for seeing the Hun, probably that happened once every three to six sorties. The odds against being shot down, taken over a fair operational tour of a year, were pretty small. How was it then that so many got killed. Could it have been that they



didn't practise enough; teaching themselves how *not* to be shot down, and *not* to be caught out by bad weather, how to avoid collisions, and last of all, how to land properly. Good heavens, I wonder what would have been said, or worse still, done, had we wrecked aeroplanes landing, in the old days, as they do now. Then the arrival of a new aircraft on the station was such an event that conversation revolved around it in the Mess for days, and everyone turned out to have a look at it.

"Just about able to cope with a Moth!" I wondered if any of these brave fighter boys, who considered flying a Spitfire at night just about the peak in flying skill, had ever seen a display at Hendon. I thought back to that day in the hot June sunshine, "Willie" and I and the spare pilot sprawled out on the grass at the north end of Hendon beside our two glittering "seaters," watching the events that preceded ours. We had the job, "Willie", and I, of doing the combined aerobatics that year, and I could feel again the hollow sensation in the pit of my stomach as the events came on and were completed, and the perspiring Starting Officer come running up to us at last and telling us to start up. I threw away the blade of grass I'd been chewing and glanced over at "Willie," he looked back with a grin all over his ugly face. I knew he was thinking my thoughts too: "Would either of us forget the sequence?" Lord help us if we did, for the whole symmetry of the show would be lost. The whole flying world was gathered at Hendon that afternoon, watching and ready to criticise. French, German and Italian pilots, to say nothing of the remainder of our own squadron who would be the severest critics of all, and would be paying us the inestimable courtesy of leaving the bar at the far end of the aerodrome just to watch our show. We *had* to do it correctly. Well, we were all set. A quick turn of the hand

starter switch and the prop kicked into life.

The wind proved stronger and more gusty than the day gave promise that it would be. This meant more careful thought to each dive as the "up wind" travelling aircraft had to keep down longer and flatten his climb while using full throttle, and the other, heading down wind would use his throttle in a dive but pull up slightly steeper and quicker so that after half rolling back for the next dive both aircraft would pass the stand at the same time and produce the desired effect of being about to collide each time. It was a hot ten minutes though and wasn't until we made the last dive, and roared away to the north end of the aerodrome in tight formation that I noticed the size of the crowd, the sea of pink faces staring up, and the myriad of fluttering handkerchiefs. After half an hour's flying around near Hendon we came in, tucked in close to land. I thought of the announcer, Group Captain Helmore, of modern broadcasting fame, at the microphone telling the crowd in his very English voice to look out over the stands where they would soon see the two aerobatic aeroplanes coming in for their landing, and to give them a cheer. I edged in closer still and "Willie" looked around with a grin and stuck his thumb up. We missed the grandstand by just the right amount. This was where we had had to be right on our toes because there was always sure to be a bump flying low over the heads of a crowd on a hot day. Yes! there it was . . . Careful . . . Careful . . . don't let it bob up . . . leading edge just behind and in line with his trailing edge . . . about two feet to spare . . . Whoops! he's throttling back . . . must watch his aileron else I'll hit it . . . Nearly stalled now. There she goes . . . watch out! Don't swing her into him. No brakes in those days; only smart rudder action to keep her straight . . .

We taxied slowly back and around the whole arena, hugging the rails and in tight formation. I put myself on the starboard side so that I could see the crowd. I thought perhaps I might catch a glimpse of my parents, and, further along in the stand, the terrifically good looking girl I'd seen on the way to the aeroplane park. No luck. There were far too many people waving frantically to pick out any one from among them. We rolled past the Royal Box. Old King George V was still there and gave us a look while "Stuffy" Rowding leaned over to say something in his ear. Yes, "Stuffy" had Fighting Area then.

That was a big day, and ours the high spot in the display; an honoured role that many famous pilots had filled in past years: Harriman, Atcherley, Purvis, Boyle, Sgt. Brown, Stanley-Turner, Badger, were some of them, all individual aerobatic flyers at Hendon; the greatest flying display in the world.



And here were these people at "M" that evening, who thought that flying started when Hurricanes were introduced, and probably couldn't remember more than one other that came before it; but were ever quick to chirp up with something like "Oh yes, the Fury! now there was the real thing," as if they had been whelped with them themselves.

I found myself getting a little angry at this point, but then smiled to myself for letting a little thing like that get under my skin. What did it all matter anyway? I knew what the chaps who had entered the service with me had done in the flying world, and I hoped they remembered how I had performed. That's what counted; not the cocksure opinions of these fledgelings. Perhaps if I'd been able to make Hendon and met "Willie" we would have talked over that big day again. But that was out for the present. I signalled the waiter.

"Waiter" I said, in a voice that I made sure carried a good distance; "bring me a large whiskey. And, oh yes; hold on a moment while I see if these young Officers will have a drink. I suppose they're allowed beer."

And with that I got up to join the younger generation and listened while it shot its silly little line.



WANT AD

**Do You Have a Secret
Desire to Break
Into Print?**

You Do?

**We-e-e-ll You're Just
What Overseas Is
Looking For!**

**Send Your Contributions To
Us. We'll Bring You To
The Public's Notice.**

We Want

**Stories, Articles, Humor,
Satire, Poetry, Drawings
and Cartoons.**

FILM FARE

THE REGAL CINEMA PRESENTS

Tues., Nov. 30th—"DESTROYER". Our old friend Edward G. Robinson plays an ex-seaman who rejoins the Navy to have a crack at the Japs. Marguerite Chapman is heart-interest.

Thurs., Dec. 2nd—"ALWAYS THE BRIDESMAID". The Andrews Sisters run a Lonely Hearts Column on the radio, and sing the usual quota of jive 'n' jump. Ham supplied by Charles Butterworth. Take a clothespin in with you.

Sat., Dec. 4th—"WINTER TIME". Sonja Henie in the customary concoction of ice, snow, Northern lights, flashing skates, and lovely limbs. Caesar Romero and Jack Oakie both chase Sonja but Oakie, as always, is second best.

Mon., Dec. 6th—"MAN FROM DOWN UNDER". None other than Charles Laughton is the "digger" in this flick: a veteran of War One who decides to have another go at it. Stately Binnie Barnes is the gal. English stars.

Tues., Dec. 7th—"LADY TAKES A CHANCE". This flick is not all the title would have you expect, but the results when New York gal Jean Arthur runs into Cowboy John Wayne out in the wild open spaces are far from disappointing. Better see this one.

Thurs., Dec. 9th—(Title unknown.)

Sat., Dec. 11th—(Title unknown.)

Mon., Dec. 13th—"FIRED WIFE". A sparkling comedy of newly-weds with Diana Barrymore and Robert Paige, supported by Walter Abel. This is good for laughs and worth a look-see.

Tues., Dec. 14th—"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL". A top-flight, authentic account of the experiences of American nursing sisters on Bataan. Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, Veronica Lake are the heroic pulse-takers.

Thurs., Dec. 16th—(Title unknown.)

Sat., Dec. 18th—"CLAUDIA". This film follows faithfully the stage success of the same name. Dorothy McGuire, Hollywood rookie, repeats Broadway success, and is well supported by Robert Young, Reginald Gardiner.

Mon., Dec. 20th—"THIS IS THE ARMY". This is *not* the Army but it's tops in entertainment. Music by Irving Berlin who heads a cast of Service stars plus Joan Leslie, Ronald Reagan and Sgt. Joe Louis.

Tues., Dec. 21st—"FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO". This film tingles with suspense and excitement. Franchot Tone is believable as a British tank corporal who finds himself playing a crippled waiter in Rommel's headquarters. Anne Baxter, Akim Tamiroff and Eric von Stroheim.