

IN



THE MAGAZINE OF
NO. 31 R. A. F.
DEPOT,
MONCTON,
NEW BRUNSWICK.

TRANSIT

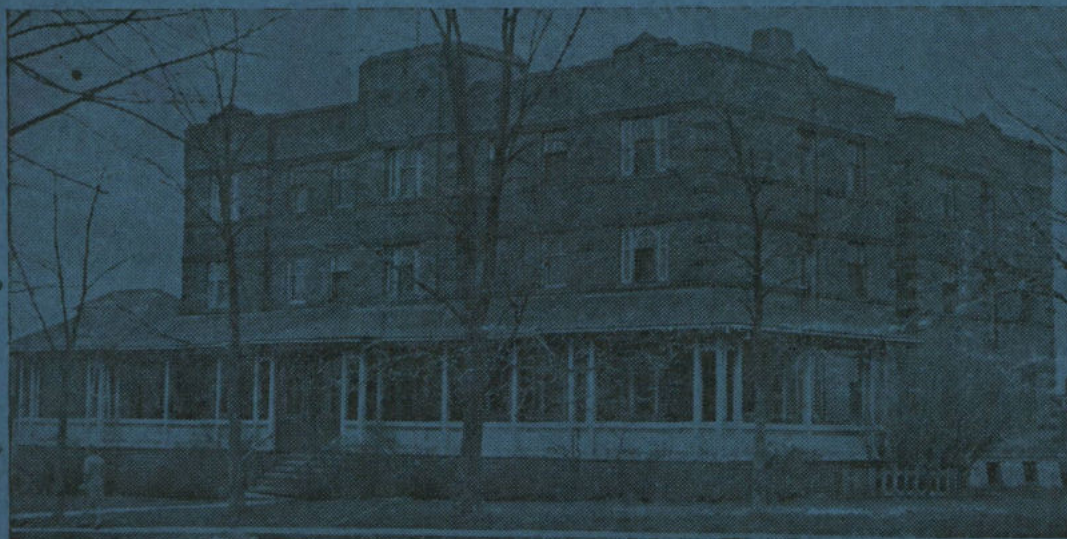
No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1942

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IN TRANSIT

The Magazine of No. 31 R. A. F.
Depot, Moncton, N. B.

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EDITORIAL....

You know, it is really amazing to find so many people whose eyes gleam bright and pulses quicken at the bare suggestion of a good argument. Mere discussion of a subject in a rational manner with the mind kept open and reasonable, prepared if facts dictate to accept a point of view which previously seemed impossible and wrong, is not for such equivocators as these. Blindly belligerent determination and the sledgehammers fashioned from the scathing steel of their dogma are the venturesome vanguard of their assault on the unwary.

Usually these purveyors of palsied prejudice are well-fitted to discourse—superficially mark you—on any subject under the sun, yet seldom have they more than a nodding acquaintance with the science, art or other specific subject upon which they so vigorously declaim. They will pounce with eager ferocity upon music—"good" music or "bad," and will say to you with confident conviction, "thus and thus," proceeding thence to demonstrate in no uncertain way the glaring errors of the unsuspecting unfortunate who dares, in his enraptured enjoyment of some subtle haunting theme, to think aloud his appreciative fervour. Working with consummate skill and verbose dexterity they will joyfully juggle with movements and melodies, crochets and quavers, fugues and finales until the head spins and iron enters the soul.

Art, too, they will write up in their mental stores nomenclature, carefully tracing every word in their own inimitable fashion—"appreciation, art, true, intelligentsia for the use of"—and then commence forcefully to direct your innocent perceptions to the enjoyment of a stiffly photographic reproduction of a nudely uninteresting female figure, or a violent splurge of astoundingly

conflicting colours meaning anything or nothing.

Music, art, literature, diet, politics and now "the second front." Well, truly, at this stage we must draw the line. Risk of being hoisted by my own petard prompts me to exercise extreme caution in utterance but, even so, I am bound to put on record my firm conviction that more than ninety-five per cent of this second front talk is frivolous, unnecessary and ill-advised and, above all, is practically always the product of ignorance. Many strange and unbelievable things have been dragged forth shrinking into the light since first a state of war was recognized to exist between the British peoples and the robots of Nazi Germany. Disappointments, defeats, set-backs, blundering and miscalculations have run like an ever present ugly thread through the warp and weft of our bright endeavour, but can't you see now how the real pattern is slowly taking shape? How constant is the design? How skilled the unflinching fingers of the craftsman?

There can be little doubt that the United Nations are organized for victory, and who among us would not do all within our power and more to speed the day of peace, but fighting words and blustering mouths will not carry the requisite weight of steel and trained manpower to those embattled lines where most they now are needed. There cannot be another Dunkirk; there **must** not be another Crete or Norway. We will not advertise how, where or when we will strike—remember Madagascar?—but when at last we do it will be final, decisive and victorious. Until then, Children of Dogma and Make-Believe, stick to Art and Music and leave the conception and execution of the Second Front to those who work by fact and not by fancy.

BBC SPANS THE WORLD IN 46 TONGUES

750 News Bulletins are Broadcast Every Week

Britain's radio programmes now girdle the earth in no fewer than forty-six languages. They send out a message of truth to human beings everywhere, and of hope to oppressed and enslaved millions.

Radio is at the moment playing its biggest part, perhaps, in the unseen happenings on the Continent of Europe. Concentration on the truth, which involves giving its secret audiences the bad news as well as the good, has built for the Foreign Services of the BBC a reputation which, try as he may, Goebels cannot destroy.

Some idea of the vast development in this world service since the outbreak of the war can be gleaned from the fact that in September, 1939, the BBC was broadcasting in ten languages only, including English. A year later this figure had been doubled, and such languages as Afrikans, Czech, Magyar, Polish, Serbo-Croat and Turkish had been added.

In the succeeding months the scope was widened to include broadcasts in the languages of Persia, Burma and Iceland. Even then the needs of the war situation were not satisfied. Malay, Tamil, Thai, and two Chinese vernacular tongues were added.

Already 1942 has seen the addition of eleven languages to the service. They include Sinhalese for Ceylon, and Marathi, Gujarati and Punjabi for India. With the Indian languages already on service more than half India's population can listen to Britain speaking to them regularly in their own tongue. Gujarati is the language of Mr. Gandhi and Mr.

Jinnah. Marathi is used by fifteen million Indians, including the Brahmans of Poona.

In all, seven hundred and fifty news bulletins are put out every week by the British radio, and nearly five hundred hours a week are taken up with the broadcasts in these many tongues. Many of these broadcasts are re-broadcast by networks in the Empire and in North and South America, and there is also a vast re-diffusion system in the Colonial Empire which makes full use of specially - designed broadcasts from the Home Country.

"ASTRONOMICAL FIGURES"

Astronomy is londerful
And interesting, 2.
The Ear3volves around the Sun,
And makes a year 4 you.

I5 my Phy6 read aright,
I think that I may state
It7 where the stars at night
Do brightly scintill8.

If watchful Providence be9,
With good in10tentions fraught,
Should ever cease its grand design
We all should come to 0.

Astronomy is 1derful,
But it's 2—84
1 man 2 grasp, so that is why
I'd better say no more.

—ANON

COUNTER-ESPIONAGE

Recently two German spies rowed across the Channel from France to England and established themselves in a vacant farmhouse. A few days later one of them, speaking faultless English walked into a local tavern and ordered a beer. But it was a time of day when it is not lawful to serve drinks and the suspicious bartender telephoned the police. Spy and accomplice were captured.

ACCOUNTS SECTION

What a life! Separating urgent signals and things from our boys' contributions to our corner of 'IN TRANSIT' which they will persist in dropping into the 'In' tray before quickly vanishing. You stand there with some thoughtless unit's 'Reply Immediately' signal in the one hand and the very latest 'Have you heard this one' in the other, and it is only with the traditional Accounts sense of duty that you dismiss that suspicious gleam you happened to notice in his eye before he vanished, and attend to business first.

Nevertheless we too have our moments and on two occasions this last month the whole staff found themselves together, which called for numerous introductions and swapping of yarns like a reunion affair. The first was on that sunny Saturday afternoon when our soccer team was defeated five goals to three by Wing Headquarters in the Cup Final. A grand game as no doubt Wing will endorse, and whilst we take this opportunity of saying to them 'Good show, Wing,' we shall look forward to meeting them again next year. (Jeers from the other Sections).

The other occasion was the Accounts Section Annual Dinner held at the Brunswick on Wednesday, 30th September. It was indeed unfortunate, for two of our chaps at any rate, that we had chosen 'Barrack Room Sports' night, because through having to queue for a bucket or something, they arrived late and had to be satisfied with a dollar's worth of pickles and some water. It was whispered the Chef had a date and had locked everything away! How very unkind, though, to make them 'stump

up' for the waitresses. After the toast and speeches were over 'something' went to our heads and we all let ourselves go. Corporal Kennett and Sergeant Isaacs were the principal entertainers and heaps of support was given to them by LAC's John, Bledger, Wood, Marsden and Jackson. The community singing was enjoyed (by us, anyway), and to the strains of 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow' for the S. A. O. the party broke up at midnight.

Are You One of These?

If you are one of the following types, keep away from me . . .

People who continue to cross the grass patch after the notice has been altered from a threat to "Please, walk on the road."

The unappreciative type who won't admit any good in anything Canadian. This is the same person who always moans about his present station and gives the impression that his last one was Paradise, and who consistently grumbles about the meals.

Hypocrites who go to town churches solely to be invited out to civilian homes, and then make terrific generalisations about Canada when their knowledge of it is limited to the Wet Canteen and Main street, Moncton.

Accounts wallahs who threaten their potential enemies with drastic pay reductions when they have no power or authority to do so.

People who live sometimes over twenty miles from the City but sign visitors' books with a magnificent "London, England."

Aircrew with violent cockney and

SCOVILS



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— and —

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Caps

Shirts, Gloves, Hose
Sweaters

Braces, Garters, Ties

Badges, Crests

Sport Trousers,

Sport Jackets,

Sport Shirts

OAK HALL

Main Street at Lutz

northern dialects who attempt to assume Oxford accents, and who start pipe-smoking and growing moustaches on receipt of their Wings.

People who won't let "Bless 'Em All" die a natural death.

People who call me "chum."

M. G. S.

Advice to the Married

It is many years now since Mr. Punch first gave his renowned advice to those about to get married—"Don't."

Whether he meant this in the obvious or in the former guardroom notice sense will never perhaps be known. This message is, however, addressed to those who did not heed Mr. Punch's original advice, and, already having entered the bonds of matrimony, are inviting their spouses to join them. Strange as it may seem, the advice is still 'Don't,' but this time in the sense of 'Don't forget to put her wise to the 'lingo' first.' Heed the awful warning of a certain L. A. C. whose wife soiled her costume on the journey and took it to a well known dry cleaner. Calling on the appointed day, she said to the assistant—"I've called for my costume." Thinking the blank expression on the employee's face meant that she had not heard, the wife repeated—"Is my costume ready?" Still the penny did not drop and the English girl proceeded to elucidate. "My jacket and skirt. Are they ready?" Then it was that the light of understanding came into the shop assistant's eyes as she exclaimed—"Oh your suit. Yes, of course." Whereupon the wife turned to her husband and with up-turned palms, sighed plaintively—"Don't I speak this language after all?"

Every modern miss is determined to put up a good front or bust.

QUID PRO QUO

The Orderly Officer on a flying station in Gloucestershire one evening, was badly 'taken in' by one of his fellow officers, who had imitated the C. O. on the telephone, and had caused him to hurry to the other side of the aerodrome on a fruitless errand.

The O. O. was not therefore in the best of humour when, about an hour later, he was again called to the telephone and on announcing himself as Orderly Officer heard the following words: "This is Air Vice Marshal Thomas. I want you to—" Before the voice could get any further the O. O. shouted: "Oh B—s." and slammed down the receiver.

Thinking the voice to have been that of one of his pals, the O. O. thought no more of the episode.

The following morning the C. O. of the station called him in and said: "An Air Vice Marshal Thomas at Command Headquarters wishes to have a personal interview with you. You can catch the 11.40 train if you hurry."

The O. O. was in a very demoralised state as he sat in the train bound for London and was on the verge of panic when he was ushered into the presence of the Air Vice Marshal. The following conversation ensued:

A. V. M.—Were you the Orderly Officer at—last night?"

O. O.—"Yes, Sir, I—"

A. V. M.—'Did you say 'B—s.' to me over the phone?"

O. O.—"Yes, Sir, but I—"

A. V. M.—"Well B—s" to You!"

A Sergeant Pilot wrote this in an essay: "It is commonly supposed that the first duty of a good Airman is to die for his country. This is a mistake. The first duty of an Airman is to make his enemies die for theirs!"

In Hot Water Again

A Bishop who was travelling from the North of England down to London was obliged to stay the night enroute at a small country pub. The landlady was very anxious to create a good impression with such a distinguished guest and went to great pains to impress upon her son that when he took up the Bishop's hot water in the morning he was to knock carefully and say: "It's the boy, my Lord, with the water." The part was rehearsed several times and finally the landlady retired to bed herself with a final warning to her son: "Now don't forget: 'It's the boy, my Lord, with the water.'"

Morning came and the boy knocked nervously on the Bishop's bedroom door. A muffled "Come in" was heard in reply. Whereupon the boy shouted: "IT'S THE LORD, ME BOY, WITH THE WATER."—

P. R. G.

IN THE WAY

A small boy at a party had been eating steadily for an alarming length of time. When he asked for another helping the hostess spoke to him earnestly.

"Willie," she said, "I'm quite serious. If you take another helping of trifle you'll burst."

Willie listened, alarm spreading over his features. He hesitated, and gazed at the dish of trifle. Finally he sat erect, a study of heroic resolution.

"A' richt then," said he, "gie's anither helpin', and staun' clear!"

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The Section finally said farewell to its old friend, Sgt. Higgins, who, when this is published, should be enjoying a well earned leave at his home in England. Here's hoping it isn't too short!

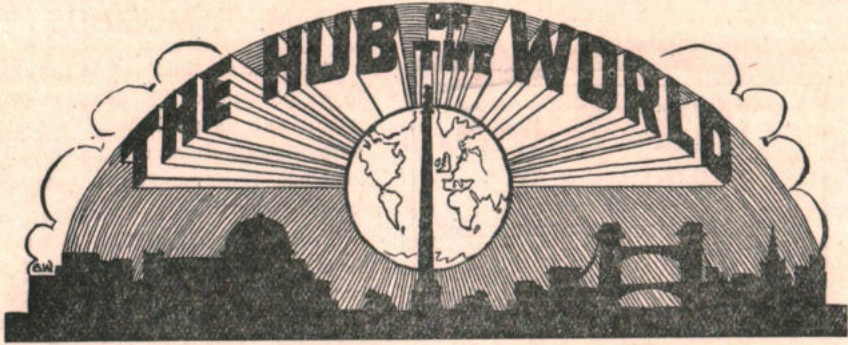
Only the lack of the necessary flags and bunting kept the lads from having a gala opening of the newly concreted M. T. yard. After being barred from their own hearth as it were, for several weeks, it was good to be able once more to put their long-suffering chariots back into a warm bay at nights.

A brain child of the M. T. is nothing less than a Christmas Fund to provide a spree for section personnel during the festive season. One wag suggested as the name for it, "The Liquor Board Christmas Club!" Evidently labouring under the delusion that all the dough will be spent there. He is wrong, however, as \$1 is being set aside for cigars!

A very welcome visitor to the Section was Paddy Lowry (Sgt. Lowry to you!) who has recently successfully completed his Air Gunnery course. His promotion had not changed him, evidently, as his first words were: "Who's coming to have a drink?" May the very best of fortune attend him in his future efforts!

LAC Theobald is in dock with throat trouble this last day or two. Perhaps this Fire Fighting job isn't such a scrouge as its's made out to be—or perhaps it is! Anyhow, let's wish him a speedy recovery.

If you should pass the M. T. buildings during the 'wee sma' hours' and see all the lights aglow, don't think it merely the cops lying in wait for 'getters over the fence' Evidently a popular place, it's the newly formed night shift in the fitters' shop. Tread quietly, friends, or else you might wake them!



London from a Bus-Top

By S/Ldr. A. W. Crees

One sees London from a bus top, or so it seemed to me. On board a bus, one tunes into London's life, feels oneself a part of it; enjoys the messenger boys with their tin-can hats cocked on three hairs, the policemen, the pavement artists and their pastel sketches, the sandwich men, the chattering crowds of men and women.

In a private car one would feel aloof and superior. On a personally conducted tour one is only of a crowd, the victim of a conductor. In a taxicab even the very reckless cannot refrain from watching the clock. But from a bus-top one looks down, part and parcel of all he sees, understanding and being thrilled by all he sees.

It is true that one sees the centuries without order or sequence; but that is as it should be in London, where today and tomorrow and 1800 years elbow each other with friendly spirit.

The bus passes a porter's Lodge in which a Duchess lives at the gates of a great house she can no longer afford to live in, or the brass triangle near the Marble Arch which marks the site of Tyburn

Tree, a common gallows away back in 1196. Or that street of houses built by a French architect that Napoleon's officers might have fitting quarters when he had conquered England. Or the Horse Guards, with sentries in scarlet and buckskin and silver breast-plate, astride horses of black silk.

One sees a disconnected London in this way, it is true, but London is casual in her greatness. Before the war the London dweller mourned the "improvements" which did away with so many fine old houses, and saw the steel skeletons rising overhead, to be clothed with the flesh of the New London.

Yonder is Lansdowne passage, leading from Picadilly into Curzon street. The street is the Citadel of fashion, lined with gloomy houses. A steel bar is still set across the passage, that no highwayman may gallop his horse through it to safety in the fields, as one formed the habit of doing a hundred years ago.

Nearby is the Shepherd's Market, which is in its essentials what a shopping district was in London in Dick Turpin's time. On Whitehall one may see the window through

which a king walked on his way to the block. Over the rails of Hyde Park one could glimpse the little gravestones of the dogs' cemetery, then glance at the new Devonshire House, wherein flats may be leased for 99 years at an enormous number of pounds per annum.

To get the full value from a bus-top, one must have a certain leisure. A month would not be too much. Even then you could but skim the surface and gain a faint idea of how amazing is the largest city in the world. You should be historically-minded and a true lover of romance. You must be able to peer through the curtain of today into a more colourful — and unpleasant — past. You should cultivate the commissionaire, the old soldier with his chest strung with medal ribbons, and the Vergers who watch the churches. Avoid the gabber who patters through a set speech, and seek out rather the man who is casual to the verge of gruffness. He loves that nook of a past century into which fate has cast him, and his outward manner is but a veneer with which to defend his inner tenderness from the irreverent.

Trafalgar Square is the national centre of London, although Charing Cross, a long stone's throw down the Strand, is accepted as the geographical centre, if there can be a geographical centre of a map which is messed about as is that of London by the numerous bends of the River Thames. At any rate the 699 square miles of the greater city includes all parishes, any part of which may be within 12 miles of the Cross or of which the whole may be within 15 miles. But Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square is the North Pole to the visitor's compass. If you were able to mount to Nelson's eminence, as steeplejacks sometimes do, and revolve upon your heel you would

discover that each quarter turn would reveal a new aspect.

Down Whitehall is the ancient City of Westminster, with the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey. The Strand opens to Fleet street and the offices of the great newspapers. Over Covent Garden, a bit more to the left one might see the Bank of England and the heart of the old Roman City. Another turn left and the markets. Charterhouse, the British Museum. Left once more and the Theatre district. Soho, where are the foreign restaurants and the fashionable shopping centres. Just a bit more and Clubland and Mayfair and a glance at Buckingham Palace. The Hyde Park and the Admiralty and the circle is complete. Once Trafalgar Square was the King's mews, where various monarchs stabled their horses. Honest artisans shaped weapons for gamecocks in Cockspur street. Fronting on Trafalgar Square is the National Gallery, filled with treasures of art. Of all the 1500 odd churches in London one is apt to carry away a memory of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The King owns a pew in St. Martin's and the Royal children born in Buckingham Palace are registered there with the sons and daughters of all who see daylight in Buckingham Parish. Nelly Gwyn lies buried there.

One looks into London's past and present at Trafalgar Square. Where Northumberland Avenue enters the Square stood that Northumberland House in which lived the lady of whom Suckling wrote:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,"
and next is the Constitutional Club, where men of dignity may be seen being served at table.

In a little house which once stood there Ben Jonson wrote: "Drink to me only with Thine Eyes," which

some people consider to be one of the finest ballads in the English language, though deprecating the sentiment. Heine and Ben Franklin and Charles Dickens have lived close by.

From Trafalgar Square, too, one can peer through the Admiralty Arch down the Mall, at the farther end of which stands Buckingham Palace. You may recall that it was down the Mall that Charles I. walked to the Headsman's Block, and that it was named after the French game, "paille maille" that Charles II. played upon it.

Almost in front of St. Martin's stands the Statue of Nurse Edith Cavell. Across the square is the Statue of Charles I., perhaps the finest equestrian figure in London. One bridges centuries of English History by a glance at it. Queen Eleanor's cross first stood upon this site—the thirteenth cross erected by the sorrowing King Edward I. to mark the places where her casket was set down for the night on the long route from London to her tomb in Westminster. That was in the thirteenth century,

A short walk from Trafalgar

brings one to Covent Garden through Maiden Lane, one may pause at Rules Oyster House for a snack, not because of hunger, but because this has been the resort of English actors since 1750. Fielding and Pope and Goldsmith used to visit it, when it was known as "The Bedford Head" and the home of the Reunion Club.

Covent Garden, once the convent garden of the Abbey of Westminster, has been the great market for fruits and vegetables since 1634. It is sad to think of the decline of Covent Garden Opera. It is now used for dancing and this fine old house has come to cater for modern demands. Here is Bow street and its police station where the idea of a uniformed police force was first conceived.

On Russell street corner is Wills' Coffee House where Dryden sat in judgment on plays. Charles Lamb lodged at No. 20 Russell street and the National Sporting Club is at 43 King street. At No. 4 York street DeQuincey wrote his "Confessions." I do not apologize for this guidebook-like catalogue. Half the charm of London is in its history.

(To be continued)

THEY FOUND THE PILOT'S GLOVES

All That was Left of a Nazi Bomber

Gloves picked up in the sea off the North-East coast helped to confirm the destruction of a Nazi bomber which had tried to pierce strong A. A. defences.

The gloves were made in Germany and had been worn by a Nazi pilot. They were found after a search had been made for the crew of a bomber observed to dive into the sea in flames, following a short night action.

The bomber was hit by gunners manning a heavy gun site. Not many

rounds had been fired before the bomber went out of range of the guns and began to lose height rapidly.

Most of the gunners were from Bristol and were employed in the tobacco trade before joining up. One of them, an insurance inspector before the war, said: "The Battery had only been in action once before since its formation. Even on the first occasion we claimed to have scored a direct hit. Unfortunately, it could not be confirmed."



"TICH"

by

F/Sgt. F. L. WILLIAMS.



BUST-UP

Life together had at last proved impossible for a certain Toronto couple so they decided to separate.

"I'll take half the furniture," suggested the young wife, "and you take the other half, and we'll go our own way."

"You take half the furniture?" exclaimed the husband. "I'll have you to understand that I bought every piece of furniture and furthermore, all you brought into this combination was your beautiful figure and a family Bible."

"Yes," retorted the wife, "and if you had paid half as much attention to the Bible as you did to the figure, you'd be an arch-bishop by now!"

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The Grassing of the Deepo

(After "The Walrus and the Carpenter"—with Apologies to Lewis Carroll)

The Boss and his attendants
 Were walking out one day,
 Inspecting roads, and buildings,
 And such things by the way.
 And as it was in Summer,
 Some time before the "Fall,"
 The place was very dusty;
 It hung just like a pall.
 (And this was not surprising, for
 we'd had no rain at all).

The Boss, to his attendants
 Said, "Certainly we must
 Initiate some action
 To counteract this dust."
 At first 'twas thought a sprinkle
 With hoses every day
 Would be a means of keeping
 The dustiness at bay.
 (But this was "out" and so they
 had to find another way).

The way that next they thought of,
 Of how this might be done,
 Was planting lots of 'taters
 And things; like "No. 1."
 But as it needed thousands
 Of men to plant **their** plot,
 There was not the **personnel**
 To do the blinking lot.
 (So as that was not practical, no
 further had they got).

How then, to make things tidy
 And orderly and neat,
 And something that to walk on
 Was easier on the feet?
 The latter first was dealt with,
 'Twas thought it would be best
 To have roads made by contract;
 Roads that would stand the test.
 (And then to settle later how to
 clean up the rest).

'Twas finally decided
 To make the place look green
 With turf (of which some samples
 May here and there be seen.)
 And so a lot of grass-seed
 Was put into the ground.
 It sprouted very quickly,
 And shewed up all around.
 (Which proves that the idea was
 fundament'lly sound.)

We now await with int'rest
 The coming of next year,
 To see just how this "carpet"
 Will, by that time, appear.
 The present indications
 Shew that by then we ought
 To have a heavy crop, but now
 Comes a disturbing thought:

WE WONDER WHO'LL BE DE-
 TAILED TO KEEP IT ALL
 CUT SHORT!

ANON

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IN TRANSIT

WOO!



WOO!
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TO A GERMAN AIRMAN

Do you remember, German Airman,
do you remember the day,

When we met at the bar of a fly-
ing club. you and I and some
others?

We thought you a trifle pompous
perhaps, rather more grim than
gay,

But we were all Pilots, so we
drank beer and were brothers.

Do you remember, German Airman,
do you remember the day,

When the roads out of Flanders
and Holland were filled with the
fleeing,

As they hurried between the pop-
lars? And on them you swooped
to slay—

Men, women and babies you slew
till we wept with the seeing.

Do you remember, German Airman,
do you remember the day,

When you challenged us over Dun-
kirk and we came to your beck-
oning,

Hate lending speed to our wings?

We fought you and held you,
and they,

The young proud army of England,
were saved for the reckoning.

Do you remember, German Airman,
do you remember the day,

When your mad, bad master
thought to invade us, wishfully
dreaming

Of victory swift and complete, and
sent you to flatten the way?

But we slashed you to ribbons and
broke you and spoiled his
scheming.

YOU WILL REMEMBER, GERMAN
AIRMAN, you will remember
the day,

When our new young Squadrons
take wing in countless forma-
tions:

Vengeance is theirs, German Airman,
and they are aflame to repay;

Joyfully will they wipe out your
name from the memory of na-
tions.

GO ON THE AIR

with

C.K.C.W.

From 8.30 — 9.00 p.m.

MONDAY:

Hymn Singing, Highfield Baptist Church

WEDNESDAY:

Entertainment from Salvation Army Hostel

FRIDAY: Singing at the "Y"

1400 Kc. on Your Dial

"TWEEN-TIMES TEASERS"

For the Odd Half Hour

1. WORD CHANGE—

Change the word "BLACK" into "WHITE" in seven changes of one letter at a time.

2. DOUBLE ACROSTIC—

Initials and finals, read downwards, show what many newly-graduated air-crew hope soon to be doing.

- (a) "Flying Fortresses" of fame
Bear this celebrated name.
- (b) Fat, or Tubby, one could say;
Politer to describe this way.
- (c) This, our "rank" in civil life,
Laid aside 'til end of strife.
- (d) In the list of barrack
"chores,"

This you need for cleaning
floors.

- (e) In an Opera of "our own"
This Princess has long been
known.

- (f) Lights which England misses
now,
Still are seen out here, and
and how!

- (g) This they won;'twill never die
Th' immortal "Few" who
rode the sky.

3. WORD SQUARE—

Clues are to five-letter words, which, written in the form of a square, read the same across and down.

- (a) Indian potentate.
- (b) Successful defence if
proved.
- (c) Two-legged animal.
- (d) See Double Acrostic (b)
- (e) Awaits the right moment.

4. CHARADE—

Clues are to four words which themselves form the syllables of a further word meaning "spasmodic."

- (a) This clue shouldn't make
you frown;
Put a preposition down.
- (b) One may put this in at
school,
Or in gaol, one's heels to
col.
- (c) If the parents' wrath you'd
miss,
Don't refer to Child as this.
- (d) This our Shelter when we're
out,

And no Barracks are about.

5. MAZE PROVERB—

Starting with the "I" printed in heavy type, trace the proverb by moving one letter at a time in either

direction across or up and down (not diagonally), using each letter once only.

SROHTRET
EHHEDOOF
SASIELRA
BEUTIBAT
NESETOLS
STOLSCOE
NELESKTH

6. ALPHABETICAL ARITHMETIC

This month we have a sum in simple addition. One letter of the ten-letter code word does not appear in the sum, but this should not worry you.

SLICES
STRESS
CALTER
RESULT

7. CRYPTIC PROVERB—

This month each letter of the alphabet has been given a different meaning. Thus "A" may represent "B" throughout the sentence, but "B" this time will not represent "A," but some other letter. Get it?

RGJWJ FHAZWNAIJ FV MCFVV
'UFV IZCCP UZ MJ RFVJ.

Answers on page 40

WELCOME
to
Moncton's
Newest
Restaurant
THE
ALBION
GRILL

Twenty seconds up Lutz St. from
Main Street

Opposite The Imperial Theatre
GOOD FOOD - GOOD SERVICE

WHEN THE R. A. F. DROPS 1000 TONS OF BOMBS

German Efforts to Hide Havoc in Ruhr and Rhineland

A thousand tons of bombs were dropped by the R. A. F. during four nights of intense activity a short while ago. Most of those tons of high explosive fell on the industrial area of the Ruhr and the Rhineland.

Evidence of the havoc wrought by this type of concentrated attack has been gained recently from daylight photographs. After the raid on the Renault works, for instance, a complete analysis of the destruction was possible. It throws an interesting light on the damage in Germany resulting from many times the weight of bombs that fell on Renault.

Single Targets

There can be no doubt that the present policy of Bomber Command of concentrating great forces on single targets is having a useful effect. A heavy bomb dropped every minute on a comparatively small area causes very great destruction. This is particularly true since the new big bombs weighing nearly two tons each have been used. Their blast effect is much more than double that of a bomb half their size.

A fact which is not often realised is the value of this concentrated bombing to the Army and Navy. Most people think of strategic bombing as a thing apart—as independent action by the R. A. F., which may have a long-term effect but is not immediately linked with the work of the other Services.

That is not the case. The recent heavy raids by Bomber Command are more in line with a short-term policy—though they serve the long-term end as well. They are essentially

direct support for the Army and the Navy.

For instance, the Renault works were building something like 100 tanks and 800 lorries each month. All of them were going straight to Germany. In fact, Renault-built tanks and lorries have been captured on the Russian front and are thought to be in service in Libya. As a result of less than two hours' bombing by a very heavy force the Renault works were knocked out for at least a year and probably for the rest of the war.

During the next five months, which are likely to prove so vital, that works would have delivered enough equipment to fit out three whole armoured divisions for the enemy. These divisions will never be formed. What other offensive action but bombing could produce this result? To destroy an equivalent number of tanks in battle would invoke major operations and would certainly result in heavy losses on our side.

Certainly the Renault factory was an easier target than most of those with which Bomber Command has to deal. At the same time, the raid provided direct evidence of achievement which Goebbels is at pains to hush up and distort in Germany itself. Lubeck, Essen, Cologne—all centres of feverish war-time industry—have been pounded many times harder than was Renault.

The weight of attack grows steadily. Stirlings which can carry eight tons of bombs, Halifaxes (five and a half tons), Wellingtons and Whitleys (two tons), and before long the

new Lancasters with immense but as yet unpublished bomb loads, will fly in increasing numbers to the heart of Germany's war effort.

Versatile Weapon

Bomber Command is an instrument for victory. Moreover, it is one of the most versatile weapons we possess today. Its striking power can be concentrated, as need arises, against the German industrial machine, against naval yards or communication lines, in direct support of other Services.

In the months to come it will make a vital contribution towards the success of Allied arms.

**DURING THE PRESENT
EMERGENCY**

Who was the Nassau Corporal who wanted to know the meaning of the letters: D. P. E.? Well, you don't say. How come.

This time the duration will last longer than the War.

FASCIST RETREAT

The reaction of Dutch filmgoers frequently causes withdrawal of Axis pictures. Netherlanders used to go to one such Italian film just for a particular scene, in which Fascist ski troops toiled up a mountainside. As they reached the top, the audience would shout: "Look out: here come the British. At this point the Italians hurtled down the mountain at breakneck speed.

ACCLIMATED-CORNY

Life in the lonely R. A. F. Transient Camp around Moncton, N. B., was summed up an airman on leave at New York: "It's this way, old boy. When you're there a few weeks you find yourself talking to yourself. After that—you find yourself talking to the 'birds.' After another couple of weeks, you'll find the 'birds' listening to you; then you find yourself listening!"

HOppy

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MOORE**
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" 2 - 4

All Metal Hangers Must Be
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FORCES ARE
CORDIALLY INVITED

— TO —

**THE NEW SPOT
RESTAURANT**

Marks Bros. Blk.
577 East Main St.

"Glimpses of China"

By PADRE CROCKETT

NO. 3—SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN CHINA

While learning has always been venerated in China, until recently only a small percentage of the people could read and write. The progress of recent years has been phenomenal. According to figures published in 1936, the boys and girls in elementary schools numbered 11,720,000, and in secondary schools 537,000. Thus perhaps 20 per cent of the children of school age are receiving some sort of an education. In universities there are at least 47,000 students.

A pioneer in education for the masses is Dr. James Yen, a Christian Chinese, who received his early education at a Mission school in Paoning, Szechwan, where later on I taught in the same school for three years. Returning from America in 1920, Dr. Yen launched the so-called Thousand Character system for mass education. The work has developed to include every phase of rural reconstruction, public health, modern agricultural methods, and so on, and the Chinese Government give Dr. Yen large districts on which to experiment.

The curriculum of the modern secondary school is much the same as ours, except English is given an important place in China! So much (or rather so little!) on the educational standards in China.

Regarding social and economic conditions. The ancient classification of society is, *si, nung, kung, shang*, (i. e. scholar, farmer, labourer, merchant). The scholar comes first, as he was regarded as being superior in character as well as knowledge,

and even today the average Chinese schoolboy greatly respects his teacher.

Next in precedence to the scholar is the farmer and no one can travel widely in China without appreciating why this is so. At least 80 per cent of the people are engaged in agricultural pursuits. China has her big cities, Shanghai, Tientsin, Nanking, Chungking, Canton — but the vast majority of the people live in the country and visit the market towns and cities only to sell their produce and purchase necessities.

The diet of the farmer is very monotonous, and mostly consists of rice, (or wheat) with a little vegetable, fresh or pickled, and occasionally a few ounces of meat. He may only eat meat once or twice a month.

From the farmer class comes the coolie, who can carry 90 or 100 lbs. for a journey of thirty miles per day. Transportation in China is so varied, that I cannot attempt to describe sedan chairs, springless carts, mule-litters, wheelbarrows,



This drawing represents a common sight in countless villages and towns of inland China. The old-fashioned Chinese merchant sitting on a stool "ta suan-p'an" (reckoning on the abacus). This is a device, used all over China, for calculating sums and dispenses with pencil and paper. The Chinese love to stick up slogans in their shops, and true to type, this merchant has two up on his right and left hand, that match by contrast. On the right "si tsen yu k'u" (The world truly is bitter) and on the left "Chu wei O an" (The Lord is my peace).

In China the soldier has usually a bad reputation and on the whole the Army recruits from the dregs of society. Until the present Generalissimo united China, large areas were under the control of military war lords, and the people suffered intolerable oppression, forced on them by the rough soldier. Hence their dislike for the military.

In China the social fabric is built around the family, not the state (as in modern Germany or Italy) and not the individual (as in England). For the Chinese his primary loyalty is to his family. He lives and dies, but the family persists. And yet this system has in it several evils, and on the whole it is best that this foundation of Chinese life is being tried and found wanting.

In closing, let me tell you a few things to correct ideas you may have of the Chinese. They have no pig-tails, for instance! These were abolished in 1911 at the revolution. And then again most of the women do not bind their feet. Opium has been largely stopped, by strict measures, although the Japanese have re-introduced it in various areas. Some children are still betrothed in infancy, but it will only be a matter of time before that system breaks down. In short, the New China is in a state of embryo. Who knows what her future place will be in the world?

and so on. Of course the motor-car (and aircraft) will in time displace these.

When we speak of China's craftsmen, we must remember that China is in process of being industrialized, and the beautiful handwork of previous years may soon be difficult to obtain. Merchants, like craftsmen, are organized in guilds, often wealthy and powerful, and paving the way for the Chambers of Commerce which are gradually replacing them.

658 Queries

What M. T. lad was seen with a paternal smile on his face whilst walking along Mountain Road the other Sunday.

Why does a certain L. A. C. take his meals with store bashers. Is this friendship enforced to keep them quiet about his platonic friend in Moncton.

No mail for a whole month, sobbed the L. A. C. M. T. M. Now we're wondering what sort of pleadings were in that lengthy letter to his fair one.

Then there is the L. A. C. who not only had one girl stolen from him, but has now had her friend stolen in the same way, strangely enough by the same person responsible for the first heartbreak. At last 31 P. D. has a real Don Juan.

We are wondering what our Corporal really thinks of Bulldogs. We know he tells his lady friend he loves them, but what are those mutterings we hear when he is brushing his trousers? It certainly doesn't sound like any endearments we've heard before.

We would like to know what L. A. C. goes for picnics to Berry's Mills. Is this just another gesture towards that certain something? And is the little dog always appreciated?

Our sympathies go out to our Sergeant regarding his Danish week-end trip. Was it educational or was it?

Beer! Beer! Glorious Beer, the song goes, but what particular brand

was it that caused a certain L. A. C. Driver to think he shaved himself and found to his disgust the next morning that he had taken a shower instead?

Of course we should not forget the one and only Cohen whose latest escapade has put him back in the rank of Tea Mashers. He certainly hasn't lost any of his technique during his brief sojourn as M. T. Driver.

Since the last issue of "IN TRANSIT" we notice the famous **Barnyard Special** has disappeared. We would like to know how the Razor came to slip? Or did it?

NIGHT

A switch is swiftly pressed and now
at last,
The cares and troubles of the day
are past,
'Tis now the phantasy of thoughts
within,
Their crazy patterns on the mind
begin,
Phases of life flash o'er the vivid
screen,
Of memory, the ne'er forgotten scene
Clashes with the sights of alien land,
Whilst thoughts, which oft we fail
to understand,
Mix with the deadly hurt of foiled
ambition,
Or may be lost among the deep
contrition,
For when we failed to play our
rightful part
And lost the goal ahead through
weakened heart,
All this and more across the brain
doth creep,
Before is found the all great healer,
sleep.

CPL. T. EDWARDS
September, 1942.

The KENT Theatre

Offers You With Its Compliments the Following
Features for this Month of November

- Nov. 9-10-11—Tom, Dick and Harry—Ginger Rogers.
Sailors Three—Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert.
- Nov. 12-13-14—Tin Pan Alley—Alice Faye, Betty Grable, John Payne,
Jack Oakie.
- Nov. 16-17-18—The Little Foxes—Bette Davis, Herbert Marshal.
Sweetheart of the Campus—Rudy Vallee, Ann Miller,
Rosemary Lane.
- Nov. 19-20-21—Always in My Heart—Gloria Warren, Kay Francis, Walter
Huston.
Tuttles of Tahiti—Charles Laughton.
- Nov. 23-24-25—The Lady is Willing—Marlene Deitrich, Fred McMurray.
Paper Bullets—Joan Woodbury, Jack LaRue.
- Nov. 26-27-28—High Sierra—Ida Lupino, Humphrey Bogart.
Blondie in Society—Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Larry
Simms.
- Nov. 30-Dec. 1-2—How Green Was My Valley—Walter Pidgeon, Maureen
O'Hara, Donald Crisp.
La Cucaracha—Steffi Duna.
Nothing but the Truth—Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard.
Submarine Raider—John Howard, Marguerite Chapman,

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In Search of "the Bore"

Newcomers to 31 P. D. will, no doubt, suspect a personal dig when asked for the first time, "Have you seen the Bore?" We have all, at different times, seen our own pet version of the Bore (spelt with a capital Bf—f silent) and whether he happens to be the sort of line-shooter who tells from personal experience, of scalping forays among the Swift Current Indians or of man-eating gophers away south of Medicine Hat, we know that he is, at heart, a bloke pretty much like ourselves—human, excessively companionable and, perhaps, a trifle browned off.

The Bore of Moncton is, however, quite a different phenomenon. The great thing about the Moncton Bore is its individuality; there is nothing quite like it anywhere else in Canada and therein lies its chief claim to our attention. In Moncton and district the "Bore" means only one thing, namely, the peculiar tidal wave that rolls up the Petitcodiac River twice a day.

For those of you who haven't taken the trouble to look at a map since your arrival, I should mention that Moncton is in the S. E. corner of New Brunswick, within about 12 miles of the sea on the eastern side, and 20 to 25 miles on the south. The Bay of Fundy, whose waters form the southern boundary of New Brunswick, narrows as it runs eastward and becomes in succession Chignecto Bay, Shepody Bay and finally the Petitcodiac River. The last-named is a tidal river of some distinction, for it takes very seriously its job of handling a twice daily rise and fall which, at certain seasons, is in the region of 25 feet. At low water the muddy banks of

the Petitcodiac are pretty extensively exposed, especially where the river forms the city boundary. While they are not particularly attractive as mud flats go, their peculiar reddish colour makes a not unpleasing contrast with the surrounding colour tones; grey and sombre where a pall of smoke shrouds the city, green and white and altogether delightful where the broad river bed curves away beyond Gunningsville in the direction of the sea.

Having heard that the Bore rolls up the Petitcodiac twice a day, you may be tempted, as I was, to cross the river at the bridge connecting the town with Albert County and go downstream literally "in search of the Bore." If you do this you will be disappointed in one respect, for the Bore doesn't really get going until the river narrows just outside Moncton. The best viewpoint is undoubtedly on this side of the river, somewhere between the bridge which spans Hall's Creek and the tiny garden known as Bore Park. Main street gives easy access to both places and I mention the bridge merely because you will miss the so-called Park on the right hand side of the road if you happen to be looking at something attractive on the left hand side. Fortunately most of the attraction in that part of Main street seems to congregate in Bore Park, so the chief difficulty will be to prevent a sudden evaporation of interest in a purely physical phenomenon—or will it? We will assume, however, that you have been fortunate enough to secure a seat for two and that you really intend to see this thing through. If the weather is fine, a short wait will not be unpleasant,

for the view from Bore Park is certainly worth seeing. As the river drains to the last fast-moving almost turbulent, runnel, so one's eyes focus on the bend of the river where it turns south beyond Gunningsville, at which point the Bore first makes its appearance. Like all natural phenomena connected with the tides, the bore is extremely punctual, and thus it is quite safe to be guided by the "Bore Time Table" published in the local dailies.

The best time of the year for viewing the Bore is at or near the equinoxes and at full moon. It will first appear as a thin line of foam, curving towards the town as it follows the almost empty channel left by the receding tide. The oncoming water, backed up by the full weight of half the Bay of Fundy, and moving with the steady momentum of an irresistible force intent on getting some place, curls towards us at a good 4 or 5 knots. A little thing like water running in the wrong direction can't stop a tide which has been on the run for 25 miles or so, and thus the outgoing tide simply curls over on its back and calls it a day. The amazing thing is that the incoming wave, the actual Bore, never breaks. It just keeps rolling along like some fabulous colubrine, a flat headed snaking body of water with an inexhaustibly rapacious maw. It is not surprising that the former inhabitants of this fair province of Acadia invested the woods and rivers, and especially phenomena like the Bore, with attributes of the supernatural.

The "Bore" at its best is quite an impressive sight, while a ramble in search thereof along the road towards Hillsborough is quite one of the best ways of seeing a strip of country which takes you right back to the heart of Scotland.

AGAPANTHUS

Guardroom 'Gen'

The Police Section is now running smoothly under the capable supervision of our new chief, F/Sgt. Garrett. We are sure that all members of the Permanent Staff will give him the full backing that he deserves—we are wondering if his initial S stands for 'Skiver!'

Cpl. Bill Crombie, the lone Scot of the Gestapo, is 'spending' all his spare time reading "The Life Story of Young Lochinvar, the Great Lover." Maybe this is to help digest his midnight sup of tea and sandwich at Dickson's.

If you want to know why Cpl. Bill Heir is not seen around camp much these days it is because he has another 'engagement' on hand.

A certain M. T. driver thought he had captured his first 'Jerry,' but Cpl. Kerry arrived at the counter first.

Cpl. Tuddenham's hairdressing saloon appears to be a paying proposition when he can afford to take Cpl. 'Lather Boy' Wickens to New York for two weeks holiday.

Cpl. Stanton has asked 'Flight' if he may bring his baby son on duty with him because he wants to play with the C. N. R. hooter.

We have nothing on Cpls. Bosworth and Shatford—their wives have it all.

When Cpl. 'Slap Happy' Morris got knocked through the ropes he must have heard bells. This seems to have given him food for thought.

Cpl. Buxton likes Western Canada, but he does not like a certain province.

Cpl. Crewe is always singing, "I Lost my Heart at the C. N. R. Canteen."

Cpl. Pulham has found a 'New Spot' for a certain dainty morsel.

No comments, please, about the 'Smart' Discipline on the Camp nowadays.

SOCCER LEAGUE AND CUP WINNERS—1942



BACK ROW—Sgt. Arthur Smith, LAC Ivan Baxter, Cpl. "Mac" McKelvie, Cpl. Jack Beckett, LAC Len Graves
FRONT ROW—AC "Taffy" Morgans, Cpl. "Johnnie" Johnson, LAC "Tubby" Harrison, Cpl. Joe Parrventer (Skipper), Cpl
"Paddy" Sloan, Sgt. Jirr. Woods, AC Jack Smith

ACCOUNTS SECTION—CUP FINALISTS—1942



BACK ROW—LAC Alan Martin, AC "Mac" McCulloch, LAC "Hank" Hancock (Skipper), Sgt. "Tim" Kelly, Sgt. John Jamieson, LAC "Jerry" Bloodsworth
FRONT ROW—LAC "Griff" John, Cpl. George Hammond, LAC "Pat" Pisani, LAC Charlie Pledger, Cpl. "Dusty" Miller

ON LEWIS STREET TO-NIGHT

—by—

GORDON L. GARDINER and ARTHUR D. MOORE

who offer their sincere apologies to CKCW and other associated broadcasting companies.

THIS IS THE BLUE NETWORK.....

CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION.....

CBA MARITIMES

..... ckew moncton

Tonight by the courtesy of the business that works from the bottom upwards — Supportyu Suppleware Inc., makers of girdles for girls and corsets for cuties, I am presenting the first of a series of programs entitled "On Lewis Street To-night," when I hope to bring to you the views of the man in the street.

Ah, here is one approaching now! It's an English aviator and I hope he will be able to tell us something about the Old Country.

Good evening!

Ow dool!

I'd like you to say a few words to the great listening public of Moncton.

Eh, I doant mind if I dool!

And how long have you been over here—did you have any exciting experiences before you left England?

I've only joost coom. But just before I left I had a right proper experience—would tha like to hear bout it?

Yes, please, do tell us all about it.

D'you know that if tha doant have to pay for drink tha can't enjoy drinking?

No, really?

Well, it was like this: There was five lads from local rat catchers association went to annual general meeting of Wigan Ferret Club, and

afterwards we put up at Dog and Duck Wigan, just close on t'pier. After having had a bite to eat, we all of us sat down to sup a pint or two of beer; and coom ten o'clock, landlord says to us, "Goo' night, lads, the bars all yourn—drink what tha like!" Now do tha know we were all pint drinkers and yet as soon as we put free beer to lips we just couldn't stomach it. Eh, what a t' do!

How very interesting! I feel sure that these views will interest Canadian listeners—and where are you off to now?

Eh, I'm going to have Coca Cola!

Before you go, may I offer you a Moncton Lucky Locket which if worn next to the skin and used in conjunction with No. 31 P. D.'s Daily Routine Orders will act as an Antidote against Snakebite, frostbite and Vincent's Angina.

Here's a girl approaching, let's ask her whether she wears Supportyu Suppleware—woo woo—what a figure!

Good evening, Miss, would you mind telling me whether you wear Supportyu Suppleware girdles?

Are you kiddin'? Do I look as if I need girth control?

O. K. Honey, let's skip that. What I really want to know is—what do you think of the Mediterranean position?

IN TRANSIT

I don't know—I've never tried it—but I've got a date with a fighting Frenchman to-night.

Here, lady, take a Lucky Locket—you'll need it more than I shall.

Ah! Here comes a typical Englishman but before interviewing him may I remind ladies that if your figure is like a beer glass instead of an hour glass, a Supportyu Suppleware Girdle will curb the curves. These girdles are obtainable at all drug stores and fat stock dealers.

Good evening, Sir!

Pardon?

I would like you to give the listening world your views on the situation in Russia.

Rushah? Oh, jolly good show, what?

Very interesting, sir. Do you think that we shall lick the Hun?

Rathah! The Hun's an uttah bounder—no idea of fighting fair, what? The kind of johny who stabs you in your back before your face, what? D'you know he actually fights on Sundays, what? Jolly bad show, what?

Thank you very much, Sir. Have one of our lucky lockets!

Thanks awfully, old chap. What do I do with it?

(At this point circumstances over which we had no control interrupted the broadcast which was resumed after a delay of 35 seconds).

And now listeners, I see a man coming down the street whose views should be of particular interest—one of the oldest inhabitants of Moncton—a man who has lived through three wars and who remembers the Magnetic Hill before magnetism was invented. Good evening, Sir, you're looking well tonight.

Ya darn tootin' I yam.

Yes, quite. Tell me, Sir, what do

you consider the main difference between this and previous wars?

That little paper they publish up at No. 31 called DRO's.

DRO's? Oh, you mean Daily Routine Orders? What can an old battle axe like you find interesting in that?

Look here, Son. I've lived in this one horse town man and boy nigh on 98 years and I thought I knew all the addresses. The Air Force comes here and inside of a few weeks they got a whole lot of fresh ones I never even knew of. Well, so long, Mister, which side of the street are the even numbers?

Ah, here comes A Pilot Officer of the R. A. F. Good evening, Sir. Are you from England?

Yes.

You are a Pilot eh?

Yes.

Going to the Old Country soon?

Yes.

Been over here long?

Yes.

Do you like it over here?

Yes.

Are you looking forward to going back?

Yes.

Do you think we shall open a second front?

Yes.

And may I ask a rather personal question here, Sir?

Yes.

Are you from London?

Yes.

Really? Say, did you ever know a guy called Smith who lived on Streatham Hill with a fat wife and a ginger moustache?

Yes.

... (At this stage in the broadcast the microphone clattered to the ground, and our Announcer was removed to the Moncton Hospital where his condition is regarded as critical).

FAITHFUL ANNIE



— By —
S/Ldr. P. R. GREY

There can be very few members of the R. A. F. or R. C. A. F. who are unacquainted with that famous old aircraft, the Avro Anson. Although the Anson is old in design she is still being built in very large numbers, as no other aircraft has as yet been found that can equal her suitability for a varied assortment of training purposes.

There are many English-built Ansons in use in Canada. They are powered by the reliable old Armstrong Siddeley engine, the Cheetah IX., but all new Ansons built in the Dominion are the Mark 11 model, with Jacobs engines.

An English Anson, which was flown down to Washington recently, so impressed the American technicians who came to inspect her, that it seems that American built Ansons will soon appear on the scene. It is rumoured that these will be powered by two Pratt and Whitney motors of more than 500 horse power each, and in comparison with its predecessors this aircraft should have a performance that will make the average Anson pilot's hair stand on end. Some believe that the motors will

take-off by themselves and leave Annie behind.

Even now, Ansons occasionally are used on operational duties. At the beginning of the war, of course, they were used extensively for this purpose; especially by Coastal Command, and they have established an amazing history for themselves. In their fights against Messerschmitt 109's they were so slow in comparison, that the attacking fighters often failed "to get a bead on them" and in several cases were themselves shot down by hand-operated beam guns poked out of Annie's back window.

If you hear an Anson taking-off, the apparent spitting and clattering of the engines is sometimes most disconcerting. If you are inside the aircraft, you wonder whether she is going to get off the ground before the end of the runway, but she always does. Annie will never let you down, she almost flies herself; she is slow but she gets there just the same. Most pilots 'bind' about her but they'll be sorry when she's gone (except for the 145 turns on the handle to retract the undercart!)

NO. SQUADRON NOTES

Who was the Corporal found asleep in Mountain Road an hour or so after the last Corporals' Dance?

It is rumored that the Staff of No. 2 Squadron H. Q. are to undergo a colour vision test. The abundance of multi-coloured chits which find their way from desk to desk is somewhat responsible for this.

Which P. T. Corporal lectures every evening in the Corporals' Club on K. R.'s Air Force Law and the theory of Pythagoras.

Congratulations to F/Sgt. L. on passing himself out with 90% on a recent Drill course.

Which airman, or could it be Officer, has been told more than once to get himself a new hat?

Which airman in the Cookhouse, on his return from a line-shooting visit to New York, expects to find his mail addressed to:—

Bombardier C S

Who is the P. T. Corporal whose girl friend thinks so much of him that she agrees to meet him but once a week?

Who is the Corporal who causes the local storekeeper much worry and anxiety through the latter having to submit special demands for abnormally-sized boots?

Who is the Scotchman in No. 2 Squadron who has to stay in the Corporals' Club because his girl friend checks up on him on the telephone.

They say that they are taking the labels off the beer bottles in the Wet Canteen, because a certain Corporal in No. 2 Squadron gets intoxicated after smelling one.

Who is the Corporal in No. 2 Squadron who has made a blind date on the telephone with what he imagined to be a damsel aged six-

teen, but who turned out to be 48.

What Corporal in No. 2 Squadron employs a secretary to give excuses on the telephone to his numerous girl friends?

What Corporal in No. 2 Squadron denied knowing the girl friend that he escorted to Corporals' Dance, when asked for an introduction, and what was the cause of the denial, it was noted that a transient escorted her home.

It is rumored that the personnel of No. 2 Squadron are spending most of their leisure time at the Point, looking for mermaids, could it be that with eating fish for dinner three times a week they are getting sea-minded.

THORPY

THIS MONTH'S BOOKS RECEIVED

Fiction:

"Attempt at Record"—By Willie DeWitt.

"Sun-Total"—By Ad. E. Tupp.

"Cure for George"—By Anne T. Magee.

"Will He Divorce Her?"—I. Cecil Lever.

Non-Fiction:

"Large Families" — By Helena Stenn.

"Good Behaviour"—By Dick Oram.

"Is This the Answer?"—By M. I. Wright.

"Income Tax"—By May B. Moore.

BOOKWORM

(HELL'S TEETH—THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!—ED.)

EYE-OPENER

A London Daily Newspaper recently estimated the cost of a single night raid of 300 bombers over the Ruhr as follows: Gasoline and oil, \$13,280; losses allowing three planes shot down, \$240,000; bombs, \$720,000; maintenance on planes, \$210,000; Total: \$1,183,320!

THE GREEN EYE OF THE LITTLE YELLOW GOD

(With interruptions)

M—Monologist — 1st—1st Interrupter. 2nd—2nd Interrupter. Monologist enters and suitably introduces himself.

M—There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Khatmandu; There's a little marble cross below the town; And a broken-hearted woman tends the grave of Mad Carew; While the yellow god forever gazes down.

1st—I say;—I say, old man! Have you been to Khatmandu lately?

M—I beg your pardon?

1st—Have you been to Khatmandu lately?

M—No. I can't say that I have.

1st—I say Fotheringay.

2nd—Yes, Chumley?

1st—He's not been there lately.

2nd—There you are—I guessed not. You wouldn't recognize the old place. Been altered so.

1st—Absolutely. New Town Planning and all that. The Square has been cleared to build a new library and Public Lavatories.

2nd—Yes. They had to shift the yellow idol to the south.

M—Yes. But what has that to do with me? I was reciting a monologue when you interrupted me.

2nd—Yes, but we thought you'd better have the details right.

M—Well if you don't mind I'll start again.

Both—By all means: Carry on, old man.

M—There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Khatmandu—

2nd—South.

M—What?—oh—to the south of Khatmandu? There's a little marble cross below the town: And a broken

hearted woman tends the grave of Mad Carew; while the yellow god forever gazes down.

1st—Up, old man, up.

M—For ever gazes up. He was known as Mad Carew by the subs at Khatmandu.

1st—Pardon my intrusion, but did you say Mad Carew?

M—Yes, I did.

1st—Well, we happen to know Carew—same regiment you know. I wouldn't say he was mad, would you Fotheringay?

2nd—Oh! definitely not. But he had been in a Home for a while.

1st—Yes, but not mad. Mentally deficient, perhaps. Oh! don't let us interrupt you—but it's best to have the facts correct.

M—He was known as—mentally deficient Carew by the subs at Khatmandu. He was hotter than they felt inclined to tell. But for all his foolish pranks, he was worshipped in the ranks.

2nd—Oh! absolutely. Those men loved him. Do you know what they called him?

M—Phyllis?—Now do you mind if I continue,—He loved the Colonel's daughter with a passion that was strong—

1st—I don't know so much about that. What about that Parisian woman he was knocking around with?

2nd—By Jove, yes; beastly scandal, what.

M—And that she returned his love was plain to all. She was nearly twenty-one and—

1st—Oh, I like that—nearly twenty-one—thirty-five if she was a day.

2nd—Many moons since she was over the hurdles what (they laugh).

M—Please;—She was nearly—

1st—Thirty-six.

M—Thirty-six, and arrangements were begun to celebrate her birthday with a ball.

2nd—First I knew of that Chumley. I wasn't invited.

1st—Hardly a ball, old man. Only a small affair. Pretty tame evening, I stayed in the bar all night.

M—He wrote to ask what present she would like from Mad Carew, they met next day as he dismissed a squad.

2nd—That was after tiffin if I remember rightly.

M—And jestingly she made present that nothing else would do, but the green eye of the little yellow god.

1st—Damr. silly request I always thought.

Both—Look here, I wish you'd keep quiet. I forgot where I'm up to. Carry on, old chap.

M—They sat—er, he sat alone awhile—then went out into the night. Beneath the stars.

1st—Talking of stars Chumley. What's that star you're wearing?

2nd—That? Oh! just a little decoration I picked up at Poonah, for service rendered to the Rajah of Bungo.

1st—Nifty piece of work. I say, I'll swap you for a couple of Iron Crosses and a Legion of Honour.

M—Oh, this is too much—I'm finished—I'm lost.

1st—Oh, I'm sorry, old chap, forgive me.

M—Where was I up to?

2nd—It really doesn't matter. Carry on.

M—The ball was at it's height—on that still and tropic night, and—er—door was open wide—and an ugly knife lay buried in the heart of Mad Carew.

1st—What's that?

M—An ugly knife was buried in the heart of Mad Carew.

2nd—Do I understand you to mean that he was killed.

M—Yes.

2nd—Oh, but that's impossible.

M—How do you know?

1st—How do we know that Mad Carew is not dead?

M—Yes.

1st—Because he's in the box here with us.

(At which a gaping lunatic leers out of the box at the audience).

LAC JACKSON

SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Because night vision is infinitely more acute than daylight sight, the faintest glimmer of light can mar a blackout. A candle would be visible at a distance of twelve miles to a pilot who had been flying in the dark for an hour or more.

TUCK'S GRILL

284 St. George Street

Hot Sandwiches

Cold Sandwiches

Meals, Sundaes,

Soft Drinks, Etc.

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Tasty Foods

THE CINEMA

— by —

Gordon L. Gardiner and Arthur D. Moore

Through the kind co-operation of M-G-M Pictures and their Canadian Distributors, Regal Film Corp. 1941 Ltd., we can bring you all the gen on the films. FLASH—Hollywood glamour is on its way to Washington, D. C.; as an aid to War Bond Sales M-G-M is sending the following articles for public auction: Hedy Lamarr's lurong from "White Cargo" with the wide gold bracelet and gold hoop earrings she wore with it, also Lana Turner's coveralls—any offers?

A talented young player to be watched is Van Johnson—five pictures in six months is something of a record and this month you can see him in "The War against Mrs. Hadley."

AT THE CAPITOL

Oct. 31-Nov. 3—One of the three outstanding films of the month—"THE MOON AND SIXPENCE." Somerset Maugham's famous story which has been called too frank for the screen has at last been brilliantly filmed. It makes the most intriguing, distinctive and controversial picture that the world has ever seen and probes the unexplored recesses of the human heart. It dares to admit secrets which men and women rarely admit even to themselves. George Sanders and Herbert Marshall are supported by an excellent cast. See the story of the love of a man who said to his wife, "I don't want love—it interferes with my work," 'to the woman of Paris—"I'm through with you, you'll have to go!" and to the girl who stole him from all the others—"You can treat them like dogs—you can beat them till your arm aches—but still they

love you!" A United Artists' Release.

Nov. 4-6—"WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY"—an M-G-M picture starring Edward Arnold and Fay Bainter. Watch out for the performance of Van Johnson. This is an original story by George Oppenheimer with a background of Washington, D. C., many of the scenes were actually shot in Washington. It shows how the feverish war activity affects the life of a staid Washington society family and is in fact an American "Mrs. Miniver." Note—Edw Arnold, who has such an excellent part in this film, is himself the head of the U. S. O.

Nov. 7-10—"FLYING TIGERS," starring John Wayne and Anna Lee. The title gives you the clue and it is grand to see Anna Lee back again.

Nov. 11-13—Fans of George Formby and who isn't? (aren't we) will turn up to see him in "KEEP FIT." The usual northern formula as before.

Nov. 14-15—Judy Garland and George Murphy sing, dance and fool their way through a light comedy entitled "FOR ME AND MY GAL."

Nov. 17-20—Warner Bros. present the dramatic triumph of recent months—"NOW VOYAGER," starring Bette Davis and Paul Henreid. This is based on a novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the author of "Stella Dallas." Bette Davis' performances in past films have been so consistently brilliant that there is no need to enumerate them, but this film may be said to be her supreme achievement. She plays the part of a neurotic daughter of strict New England parents whose only escape from her sordid world is a frustrated love affair.

COMING ATTRACTION

AT THE

CAPITOL
THEATRE

Showing

Oct. 31-Nov. 3

ONE OF
THE GREAT
PICTURES
OF ALL
TIME!

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S
**THE MOON AND
SIXPENCE**

Starring
GEORGE SANDERS
HERBERT MARSHALL
DORIS DUDLEY
ELENA VERDUGO
ALBERT BASSERMAN
ERIC BLORE

Adapted and Directed by
ALBERT LEWIN

Produced by
DAVID L. LOEW

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Nov. 21-25—"WHO DON IT"—
An Abbott and Costello funny.

Nov. 26-27—"SEVEN SWEET-
HEARTS," starring Van Heflin and
Catheryn Grayson.

Nov. 28-30—The girl with the
beautiful hair will cast one eye at
you from the screen—guess who—
you're right, it's Veronica Lake, and
she appears with Frederick March in
"I MARRIED A WITCH."

AT THE EMPRESS

Nov. 2-4—"MOSCOW STRIKES
BACK." This is a documentary film
of intense topical interest and is
made up of pictures taken at the
battle front during those grim
months in 1941 when it was feared
that Moscow would fall into German
hands.

Nov. 5-7—A film that is as mighty
as the men that made it—"MEN OF
TEXAS." The epic story of Texas;
the story of thundering adventure—
born of the Alamo and bred of the
spirit of Sam Houston. Rozert Stack,
Brod Crawford ably uphold the
great story of the building of Texas
and its freeing from Mexican rule.

Nov. 16-18—If you want an even-
ing of thrills and laughs turn up to
see a superb double feature pro-
gram. "SPOOKS RUN WILD,"
starring Bela Lugosi and "TOP SER-
GEANT MULLIGAN," starring Nat
Pendleton.

Nov. 26-28—Take Gene Autry,
one guitar and Smiley Burnett and
the result is a film. This time, it's
called "STARDUST ON THE
SAGE." No matter what the film is
called, no matter what the plot
may be, there is only one Gene
Autrey. Girls, get your boy friends
to take you—we don't like cowboys
anyway.

Nov. 30-Dec. 2—Return engage-
ment of "MEN OF BOYS' TOWN,"
with those two incomparable actors,
Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A Very Short One-Act Comedy

Time:—01.30 hours.

Place—Entrance to Transient Camp in the land of Indians and bootleggers.

SCENE 1. — Taxi approaches. Occupants dressed as civilians. Pulls up at gate, and is apprehended by guard on duty.

SCENE 2.—(A few minutes later). Another taxi approaches. Occupants in uniform. Pulls in behind first taxi. Has to wait almost ten minutes. At last, one of the second cab alights in exasperation to find out why the delay, expecting to find some inebriates engaged in a heated argument with the guard.

SCENE 3.—Occupant of second cab stops short upon hearing the following conversation:

Guard—" . . . I know you, Sir, you are S/Ldr. , but I don't know your friend, and I can't allow him to enter, until I see his means of identification."

Persecuted One:—"Ae hev no means of aedentification with me, but you better had know that Ae em the Officer Commanding X Squadron. Ectually, Ae reahilly em surprised you hev not seen me before. Ess a metter of fect, Ae use this gate quite often on the way to one of mae clubs—they art not like my London clubs, where we only hev Service people—you know, Corporal, what I mean, cheps who hev been in the Service 25 years or more."

Guard:—"I'm sorry, but I don't know you. However, I will stretch a point, and I am quite prepared to allow you to enter, providing S/Ldr. vouches for you, and will be responsible for you, and for your actions whilst in Camp."

Persecuted One:—(heatedly) "But, demn it all, man, Ae mean to say, Ae em a Senior Officer of this Station. Efter all, Ae em the Officer Commanding X Squadron, and it is demned embarrassing to be apprehended es if Ae was a demned spy or something of the sort. Here, man, take mae card, and forgive the alteration from 'Major,' but these cards are about 15 years old—yes, reahilly:"

Guard:—"O. K. Major, you know the conditions upon which you may enter. Hope you had a nice night."

Persecuted One:—(now exasperated) "Ectually, Ae've hed an exedent." (Collapses).

Exeunt omnes, except Guard, (still deep in thought).

Gestapo Gleanings

It has come to our notice that certain officers are looking for home comforts in suburban cabins—what is the charge?—22 dollars—Ask little Audrey.

Police were called to the Corporals' Club to remove a N. C. O.'s hat. The cause proved to be a swelled head. The job was 'done.'

Senior N. C. O.'s are not allowed in the Airmen's Dining Halls to cut their own bacon. "Carvers," please note.

Hostesses at the Weekly Airmen's dances are old enough to go without 'fatherly' kisses.

Police calls to the Corporal's Club have now decreased, but calls to the Sergeants' Mess may be increased.

Is Item No. 5 just an Act of 'Curtisy'?

H. P. Collins

Prescription Druggist

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High and John Streets

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Recreation Centre**

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**ALL SERVICE MEN
WELCOME**

"THE HEROINE"

(With apologies)

By "EAVESDROPPER"

Inspired by a chance remark
(overheard) made by one machinist
to another during the severe weather
(March, 1940)—that she had been
unable to dry her "smalls."

You've heard of the cold of the
Yukon and the blistering heat
of Sudan.

The torrential rains in the Congo
and the terrible droughts in
Japan.

Each one is a source of vexation
wherever its influence falls,

But picture the hapless Machinist
who comes to her work in damp
smalls!

The Sourdough who digs in Alaska
or the trapper who's hunting for
furs

Is suffering the greatest discomfort,
but can you compare it with
hers?

Picture that lady on waking—getting
out with matutinal sigh,

Going straight to the fireplace and
finding her step-ins and scanties
aren't dry.

She gazes at them in distraction
—not a glimmer of hope can she
see,

And she thinks and she thinks and
keeps thinking, then woman-like
makes some hot tea.

Appreciate do the disaster! It seems
small now, but not then.

If she's going to iron those undies
she won't get to work before ten!

As she ponders the spirit of Empire
rekindles anew in her breast,

And taking the deepest of very deep
breaths she pulls on that nasty
damp vest;

She gets on the rest with a wriggle
or two (thank heaven her roll-
ons are dry),

And then sallies forth in the wintry
blast aware that from cold she
may die.

We honour our Arctic explorers,
and the men who subdued the
Sudan,

The Belgians who cleaned up the
Congo, and the Chinks who are
licking Japan:

But whilst we are lauding these
heroes we'd be less than an in-
sect that crawls

If we failed to remember the maiden
who came to her work in damp
smalls.

THE PASSING OF SENTENCE UPON A MEXICAN FOR HORSE STEALING IN ARIZONA, 1874.

Jesus Maria Fernandez, stand up
and hear your sentence—

Jesus Maria Fernandez, you have
been fairly tried in this court dur-
ing the month of August, in the
year of our Lord 1874.

The month of August is a beauti-

ful month, coming in the middle of
the summer when all nature is
busy with the tasks imposed upon
her to continue her existence. The
trees are laden with fruit; grains
are ripening; birds are singing with
the duties of caring for their young.
All nature is happy with the success
of their reproduction.

Summer is a beautiful season.

Then, Jesus Maria Fernandez,

comes Autumn. Autumn is a beautiful season. Then nature reaps her reward for the labours of the year. The grains are harvested; the fruits have been gathered. Nature is now preparing herself for the long rest she has earned. She is clothing herself in the somber and also brilliant colors symbolic of a vacation and fiesta period after a period of toil.

Jesus Maria Fernandez, Autumn is a beautiful season.

Then comes winter, and, Jesus Maria Fernandez, winter is a wonderful season. Then all nature is at rest under a warm blanket of snow while the Almighty Providence replenishes the storage of moisture which later fills our streams and springs and assures us that our crops will grow. Our grains will ripen, our trees will bear fruit, our cattle will be fat and we will prosper.

Jesus Maria Fernandez, winter is a beautiful season.

Then comes Spring, and, Jesus Maria Fernandez—Spring is a most beautiful season. Then all nature springs into life again. The trees bud, the birds sing, the flowers bloom, and all nature is happy with the preparation for the duties before her. Then love is young and in all our hearts.

Yes, Spring is one of the most beautiful seasons, but, Jesus Maria Fernandez, you black Mexican son of a bitch, you won't see that, for we are going to hang you on March 24th, 1875.

IMPORTANT

Airgraph messages may now be accepted from personnel of the R. A. F., R. N. British and Allied Forces serving in Canada, for transmission to their families and friends in the United Kingdom.

ANSWERS TO "TWEEN TIMES TEASERS" ON PAGE 17

1. WORD CHANGE—Black, Blank, Blink, Clink, Chink, Chine, Whine, White.

2. DOUBLE ACROSTIC—
 (a) B oein G
 (b) O bes E
 (c) M iste R
 (d) B roo M
 (e) I d A
 (f) N eo N
 (g) G lor Y

3. WORD SQUARE—
 (a) N A B O B
 (b) A L I B I
 (c) B I P E D
 (d) O B E S E
 (e) B I D E S

4. CHARADE—
 (a) In
 (b) Term
 (c) It
 (d) Tent
 — Intermittent.

5. MAZE PROVERB—
 "It is useless to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen."

6. ALPHABETICAL ARITHMETIC
 Code Word:—
 "Secularity" 158321
 1234567890 197211
 365927
 721459

7. CRYPTIC PROVERB—
 "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

After two days in the hospital I took a turn for the nurse.

She can't dance so well, but, gosh, how she can intermission.

"Yep, she was kicked out of school for cheating."

"Hmm, what happened?"
 "They found her counting her ribs in a Physiology exam."

Every modern miss is determined to put up a good front or bust.



IN TRANSIT

It's new in size and its advertising policy is also new. From now onwards our advertising will be limited. The rates for these are—

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|------------------------|---------|
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| Full page | 10.00 |
| Half page | 6.00 |
| Quarter page | 3.50 |

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An advertisement placed in this magazine is a good investment, and it will be the constant policy of the publishing committee to see that you get a good return for your money.

If you are interested in buying space in IN TRANSIT, or have any advertising problem that you would like to discuss, please write to—

Business Manager—IN TRANSIT
c/o Officers' Mess
No. 31 R. A. F. Depot
Moncton, N. B.

Just in case you didn't know, IN TRANSIT goes to press once a month and the final date for accepting advertising is the 15th of each month.

ARTHUR D. MOORE, Business Manager

