

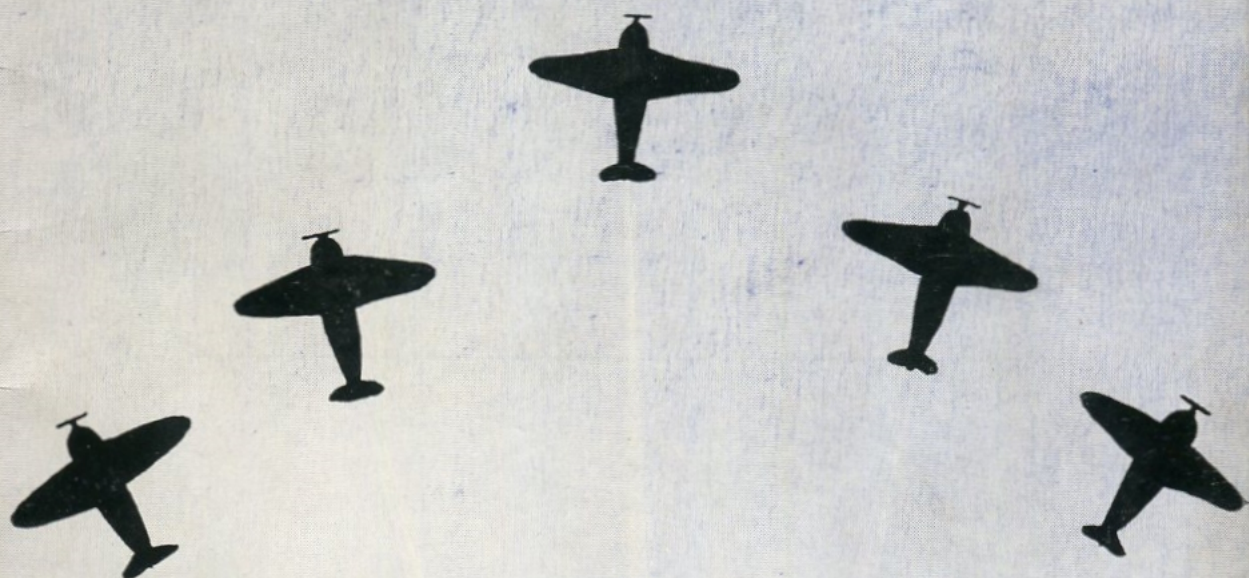
WINGS

MAGAZINE

No. 5 - Nov. 1941

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Foreword

This Station magazine is not only a credit to those officers and airmen responsible for its being, but a standing tribute to the imagination and efficiency of the Royal Air Force.

Perusal of its pages readily proves the admirable spirit of the Station personnel and the readiness with which they have adapted themselves to new surroundings in Canada.

The R.C.A.F. is proud, indeed, to number No. 31 Bombing and Gunnery School as a most important link in the chain of schools which has been forged across Canada.

H. EDWARDS,
Air Vice-Marshal,
Air Member for Personnel,
Air Force Headquarters

We congratulate Air Vice Marshal Edwards on his recent posting to command the R.C.A.F. in Great Britain and wish him all the best of luck. Many will have appreciated his kindness and interest in all matters dealing with both the R.C.A.F. and the R.A.F.

“WINGS”

The Magazine of No. 31 R.A.F. Bombing and Gunnery
School, Picton



All our past proclaims our future; Shakespeare's voice and
Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust, in this our chosen,
chainless land.
Bear us witness, come the world against her, England yet
shall stand.

SWINBURNE.

The Executive

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The characters in this magazine
are not always fictitious and probably
point to some known or unknown
persons, with or without offence.

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WINGS

Has a large circulation throughout Ontario. It also reaches thirty-five R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Stations.

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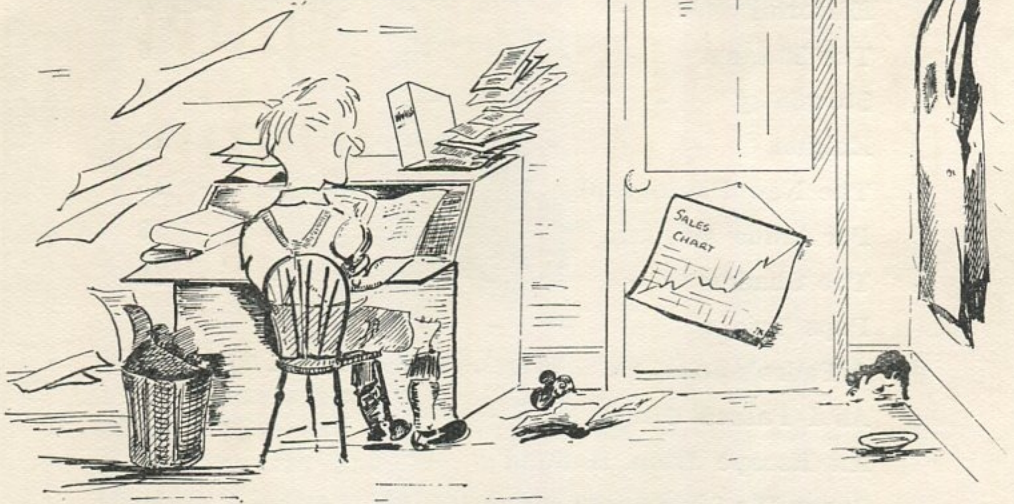
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EDITORIAL



THE enthusiastic reception which greeted F/Lt. Maw's letter in issue No. 3 has encouraged us to reproduce more experiences as depicted by people on the Station. This month we are starting with the first part of a story entitled "An Escape from Holland." As a further experiment, we offer the first article of a series, each by a different person, and entitled "The Thinker." The object of these is to enable those who are interested to air their views on the question of reconstruction after the war, because, for many people there will come a time when automatic thoughts and actions are a handicap. The vagrancies of civilian life demand individuality of reasoning, for only by this means is progress possible.

We admit that for present needs, it is desirable that we should subordinate our minds to the common cause, but in so doing we can, with the greatest of ease, relinquish man's greatest possession. It is very much easier not to think, life is so much easier when we just accept things as they come without pondering why, consequently, the less we think the less we want to and in time it is possible to lose the ability to do so. What then will happen at the end of the war? For many it is possible to find jobs where again, to a large degree, thought is unnecessary; but what of the reconstruction which has to be done. Do not think of this purely in terms of rebuilding bomb wrecked towns, but of the reconstruction of our lives, our world, so that we may reap some benefit from this struggle. We are at war because we refuse to relinquish ideals, because we know our conception of life to be the right one, but if in the end we are not capable of facing the inevitable problems, what have we gained!

Let us then assume that we have all realized this; how can we prepare our minds for the problems of the future! Let us analyse our present thoughts; let us reflect upon, shall we say, the past six months and what we have done in that time.

Just six months ago we landed in Canada, we were in, what was for most of us, a strange country, made in a way almost unreal in its remoteness from the war. We saw lights again, we could walk day or

[Continued on Next Page]

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EDITORIAL [Continued from Previous Page]

night without the shadow of sudden death hovering in the background. After almost two years of war this was strange; it took us some time to readjust ourselves to the new conditions but gradually we found our feet and organized our lives accordingly. Organized—did we? It is doubtful; rather did we slip into the most convenient mode of living, as anything pleasant presented itself we assimilated it, we set out to find all the pleasure that we could in an effort to make life here as happy as possible. Is this wrong? Why should it be! But, did we in so doing tend to forget about the war, did we feel that apart from the safety of our loved ones, we had little concern in events in Europe. Some of us did. How many it is difficult to say but think for a moment how many of us buy the newspaper as frequently as we did in England! How many of us listen to the news as frequently as we did! And how often is the probable progress of the war discussed!

Here, we have an opportunity to sit and watch the whole fantastic panorama, watch nation after nation join the conflict and become locked in the fight for survival. It is as though we are set apart from it and can watch and speculate and think of ways to improve the future. Who are better placed than we, watchers in this great conflagration, to estimate its significance, ponder on the vagrancies of human nature which permit such a state to exist, and plan in our own minds how it might be changed in the future.

J. P. H.



The Thinker

An awareness of a state bordering on mental atrophy provoked this article which is, in brief, an appeal to all thinking members of the camp. It is controversial; it is meant to be so.

Rising above the carnage, beastiality and sorrow of a world caught in the toils of war, there is a question mark, of a nature so urgent, which **must** be answered. It is the only vestige of sanity in a vortex of futility.

It is neither premature nor inopportune to ask "What then?" — rather is it the right and duty of the individual "What then?" Is it the question of a humanity which has lost faith in itself? or is it the cry of right thinking people who demand that the existent social orders

"All the problems of the world could be easily solved if people would only think."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler

of the world must go, and greed, lust and inhumanity are to be ousted from life?

A school of thought persists, chiefly among our statesmen, which discourages any distraction from the war effort. This is correct to a degree — but when pertinent questions of vital import to a post-war Britain are asked — and the answer invariably is, "Let us win the war, first!" — the attitude is criminal, and no less ludicrous when one considers it is impossible to fight without planning. Something is very fresh in the memories of many. A catch-phrase went the rounds, in 1918 — a catch-phrase which glibly asserted "Let us make it a country fit for heroes." Fresh in the memories of many, also, is the resultant travesty of that promise, made by men who perjured their souls—and then retired to a convenient obscurity.

It therefore appears reasonable even in the face of official distaste, to take a deliberate stance,—and it is only by the painful process of thought and subsequent action that the crying need for radical changes in the world constitution shall be an accomplished fact.

It is easy, so easy, to be destructive. To be constructive is something less easy, and it is given to very few of us to be so. But changes are only affected by a consensus of public opinion. It therefore behooves each of us to grasp the urgency and significance of the fact that the new world order must come—and it must be conceived **now**.

What form shall this "New Order" take? To date, many eminent men of science and philosophy have given of their best in shaping a social system which could be a world panacea. Unfortunately, each man has his Utopia—and each Utopia its flaws. We do not want an Utopia, where life is easy—nor do we wish to be spoon-fed or wet-nursed by the State. Each man primarily, wishes for a less complex mode of life, where

individualism and self-expression are encouraged—where the God of Mammon is not the standard of Godliness—where sham, humbug and hypocrisy are real evils to fight—where man can live happily with man—where man can justify his existence.

How can such be affected? Is the task gargantuan and super-human? No! It is not. There is an essential reason why it should not be so. Anything humbly conceived by men who have devoted their lives to the cause—shall not fail inasmuch that in its very conception, the illusions and false idealisms which have marred the great projects of life, shall not discourage a project which allows for the insidiousness of the human element, at the very onset.

The age of Nationalism is fast declining. This is not a sweeping statement, nor is it an original one. It is the conviction of many of the higher intellectuals (not to be confused with politicians)—among whom rank Huxley, Wells, Cole-Streit, Joad.

In the place of Nationalism we must have a World Brotherhood, or Federal Union. Patriotism must go—so must pernicious tradition. The hide-bound conventions and narrow insularity of our own country, which have done so much to antagonise other peoples of the world, must revert to a basis of fundamentals, wherein the Englishman no longer inflicts his presumptuousness on his less assuming brethren. Nothing can be said for the vileness that is Germany. That we are fighting, and shall ultimately crush. But this much is clear—if Britain, when the war is over, cannot set a standard of social order for the world—then she has failed in her initial task. It is with that conviction in mind, that each member of the British Empire must resolve that it is on his head whether or not the brotherhood of mankind can be assured for generations to come.

Therefore, it is abundantly clear that the "humble conception" we discussed earlier, must have its birth purely domestically. The cleaning of our particular house shall be the first step. And how shall it be cleaned? Unemployment, slums, poverty, filth, corruption sham, humbug, discontent—Britain has them all. Where do we start? Ironically enough, the body most suited to help in this reformation—the Christian Church—is at present floundering in a sea of disillusionment, tottering faith and lost ideals—therefore we cannot expect help from that quarter. We do not suggest that Christianity has failed—but we do suggest that the interpretation of it has failed miserably.

Frankly, much writing and talk of New Social Orders, and world-wide brotherhood is so much balderdash and cheap idealism. Many fail to see the wood for the trees—nor do I profess to have clearer vision than others. Firstly, the practical aspect is all-important. A war will end, and millions of men shall embark upon a weary exodus of blighted hopes and frustrated ambitions. That must not be so. Our men, returning to civilian life must be assured of immunity from dry-rot. Fortunately, we have cities to reconstruct, roadways to build, slums to clear, bodies and minds to mend, disease to fight. Many shall be absorbed—but the pitiful remnant shall drift aimlessly as flotsam upon a sea of futility. These are the men who must be saved. Immigration and State subsidies are imperative. The vastness of Canada and Australia must be peopled by industrious men. Going on the acknowledged fact that this wonderful earth can produce many times the requirements of each human being, it is a heartening and inspiring thought, and should be made the rock-bottom principle of future social schemes.

[Continued on Next Page]

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THE THINKER [Continued from Previous Page]

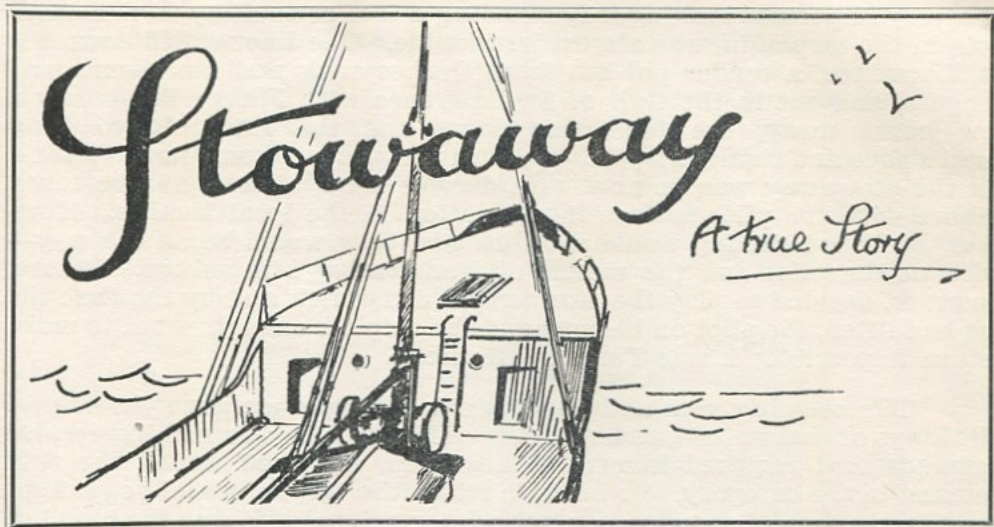
Who are the people to govern the world? Are they to be cretins with flairs for politics—or the estimable men of the world who have obtained respect by concrete accomplishments? Should people of the calibre of Haldane, Huxley, Einstein, Curie, Freud, Banting forever be slaving for the betterment of mankind, and have so little to say in the government of the humanity to which they devoted themselves? These are the people who should rule—and must rule.

An article of this nature, must necessarily have its limitations. No one is more aware of certain inconsistencies, irrelevancies, and incoherences than the writer himself. However, if to some degree the article has provoked thought, then it has amply justified itself.

There are many tasks for each of us, and it is only by concentrated thought and endeavour that we can forge ahead towards a higher life. The goal lies far ahead—and the going will be hard. The realization is not a chimera—but a practical ideal—which, in fact can prove:

“That man to man the world o’er
Shall be brothers for a’ that.”

A. M. C.



THE question was - - - how was one to get to England. Things were tough in Canada following the depression and job after job had folded up with no immediate prospects of getting another one. The answer was obvious - - - something that had been in the back of his mind for some years - - - go to England and join the Royal Air Force. It had to be the R.A.F. because he was a very poor sailor and marching was the last thing he would do. He was in Alberta at the time of the brain wave, Calgary to be exact, and from that city, he knew livestock was shipped to the eastern seaboard. Away to the stockyards he went and was soon in charge of two carloads of horses billed to Montreal. After a week of being wet nurse to eighteen horses and swearing never to look a gift horse in the mouth again, he said goodbye and a soldiers' farewell to his charges. The trip, incidentally, was done for no pay, which, with his present supply of cash totalled exactly two dollars. Two bucks isn't a lot of money and even in a small town would not last any longer than an india-rubber dog chasing a celluloid cat through Hell. He was soon broke and after a few days of breadline and making a bowl of soup last all day he figured something had better be done.

A mooch around the docks showed that the Duchess of Bedford was due to sail on Saturday afternoon. He knew from previous trips as a passenger that the evening of Friday would be given over to guest night, so donning his one and only clean shirt, dusting off his trousers, shining his shoes and offering a prayer that the jailhouse wouldn't be too tough, he sauntered on board saying to the sailor at the gang plank "Visiting Mr. and Mrs. Owen in cabin 15." So far so good. Walking aimlessly as though he had lost his way he finally ended up on the after boat deck. His prayers were answered for there was a port lifeboat with the tarpaulin thrown back for airing. No sooner seen than a perfect swandive put him down in the bows under the sea anchor.

A package of Spearmint and a chocolate bar were his rations, and having it all figured out that by Saturday evening, Quebec would be passed and the pilot dropped at Father Point, they would be sufficient to carry on. But wait—here comes the tough part. After a very quiet and uncomfortable night the morning started with preparations for sailing. It was very funny, in fact so funny that the urge to say "Boo" in the ear

of a very important looking lady standing a foot or so away from a small hole in the tarpaulin, was almost irresistible. The liner sailed down the St. Lawrence, a tender put out from Quebec with mail and some passengers, and out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence with Father Point only a few hours away, the fog came down and the liner slowed to a snail's pace and finally stopped - - - with the pilot still on board. What a fix the stowaway was in now. He daren't show himself and be taken ashore with the pilot to face incarceration in the local bastille. However, he hoped the fog would soon lift and they would be on the way—without the pilot and the means of transferring him ashore. Nature, however, decided to play the stowaway a dirty trick and by the time the fog had lifted, the pilot on his way and the ship far enough at sea to make return impossible; it was Tuesday afternoon.

The chewing gum and chocolate had long since gone the way of all things of that nature, and speaking of Nature, she was making decided demands that required immediate attention, and food wasn't the only demand in the category. So he cut a slit in the tarpaulin and popped out right in the face of some passengers who wondered if it was the brand of liquor carried on board that made dirty-faced people pop out of lifeboats. The stowaway stood not upon the order of his going but immediately sought out the purser's cabin, knocked on the door, squared himself for a verbal blast and stepped inside. "What do you want" said the purser, looking straight at the dirty face and hands. "Please Sir, I'm a stowaway" replied Dirty Face. The result of this remark apparently gave the purser acute mental anguish, and if hunger had not been gnawing so greedily at the vitals of the stowaway, he would have enjoyed the heartiest laugh for many a long day. He was, however, quite weak and daren't risk it. The purser asked for bare details which were given and the Captain called on the phone. The Captain (God bless him) burned the wires with vitriolic remarks apparently and asked that the "criminal" be brought before him immediately. On arrival at the Captain's cabin the stowaway who, due to weakness from hunger was rather whitefaced, squared himself and wondered if the brig was all that he imagined it was. The first words of the Captain will never be forgotten by the stowaway, they were beautiful words, full of understanding which forever endeared him to the stowaway - - - they were: "Are you hungry, son?" The reply was obvious and the Captain instructed the purser to take him to the galley for a feed. The smell of food in the galley was almost overpowering but soon came the most beautiful sight ever looked upon by the stowaway. He had seen what he thought were many rare and beautiful sights such as sunsets, iceflows in the Bering Sea, the phenomena of the Northern Lights - - - but there on the table was a sight that will live with him to the end of his days - - - two fried eggs, bacon by the yard, toast by the stack and coffee by the gallon. There never was such food and long before one could recite the last half of the Old Testament it had disappeared. The world assumed a totally different aspect now. Did somebody want somebody licked or did the ship want scrubbing - - - bring it on. He was taken back to the Captain where the story was told, particulars of employment, which incidentally revealed that he had worked for the same company that owned the liner on which he had stowed away, also his father was then employed by the same company in a fairly responsible position. The stowaway's record was checked by wireless and found to be correct. His father was asked if he would pay for the passage and his reply received some time later was to the effect "He got into the jam, let him get out."

The Captain gave instructions for the stowaway to be taken below, put in charge of the bosun and to be put to work. Now when the Captain said "work" he was not fooling and the bosun knew it, so work it was. Scrubbing, polishing, cleaning, with no time to even be seasick, the first time he had ever crossed an ocean without taking seasickness really seriously. Still he had fun, the crew were splendid chaps and kept him supplied with cigarettes and many a joke was passed at the expense of the stowaway. It was good fun to be scrubbing a deck or polishing some brass and listen to a conversation of the passengers regarding himself. He was everything from an escaped murderer to a high personage incognito as a stowaway.

Finally Southampton was reached and he was clapped in the brig, apparently so he couldn't leap overboard and swim ashore, - - - what a hope, he couldn't swim that far anyway. Soon two detective officials of the steamship line came aboard and the rigamarole of questioning was gone through once more - - - same story, word for word, for the simple reason that there was nothing to conceal. Consultations with Head Office, whisperings in the corner, with a considerably worried stowaway wondering what the jails were like in England. Finally a decision was reached. The Stowaway was asked if he could advance any good reason as to why he shouldn't be turned over to the authorities. His reply was to the effect that he had come over to join the R.A.F. and if he was given a jail term, at which of course he could not complain, enlistment would be impossible (a darn good excuse even if it was true). Another consultation and more whisperings - - - finally the verdict - - - if he would make an honest effort to pay the eighty dollars ocean fare (a bit rough on top of scrubbing the ship from sharp end to blunt and from stem to gudgeon) he would be allowed ashore with no strings. The answer was obvious, of course, he would (and did). He was escorted from the ship and told to scam. He disappeared like a cat touched with turpentine, before going ashore however he asked to see the Captain. His wish was granted and he thanked the Captain for a square deal, the Captain's final remarks were: "Son you are the first stowaway on my ship and so help me if I ever catch you around here again I'll kick your pants so hard it will jar your ancestors for four generations back. So long son and good luck." Definitely a gentleman.

The next move was to get to London and join up. The train was waiting at the dockside so he popped into a compartment, grabbed a "Times" that was on the seat and sunk into one corner. Soon passengers were entraining and two ladies came into his compartment. The conversation got around to the stowaway and one of the ladies appeared to be quite disappointed that she had not seen the "criminal," poor man, was her thought, he is very likely in jail now. The "criminal" in the corner could not hide behind the paper forever and finally had to put it down. The lady who had seen the stowaway on board actually screamed, "there he is" and the look on her face was almost equal to that of the purser's. Small talk back and forth and just before the train moved out a Greek gentleman entered the compartment and of course the ladies immediately informed him of the fourth passenger. The Greek (power to him wherever he may be) asked for the story, was told, and ended up with the remark that if he (the Greek) had only known of this on board he would have put the stowaway ashore with a good sized roll down his jeans after paying his fare. It was very simple he explained, just a matter of passing

[Continued on Next Page]

ENIGMA

Why did he have to do it?

Oh, why?

There was plenty of scope for a man of his talents,
We can only conclude he was right off his balance,
He might have been famous from Turkey to China;
A prominent lawyer in South Carolina;
A name in the stars at a Hollywood premiere;
An underworld king where the outlook is seamier;
A founder of dynasties; maker of princes;
A painter of pictures as good as Da Vinci's;
A playboy in Mayfair, with nothing "hoi polloi"
A writer of songs in the same vein as Molloy
A colossus of finance allergic to work;
But why did he have to join up as an erk?

Why did he have to do it?

Oh, why?

(In view of the choice of this choicest of mutts,
We can only conclude that he must have been nuts).

R. E. CONNELLY

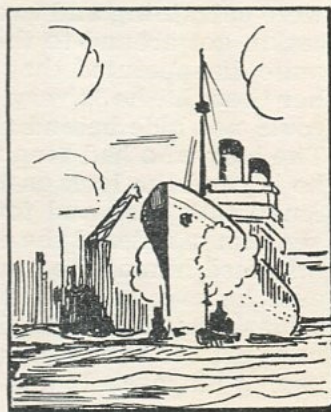
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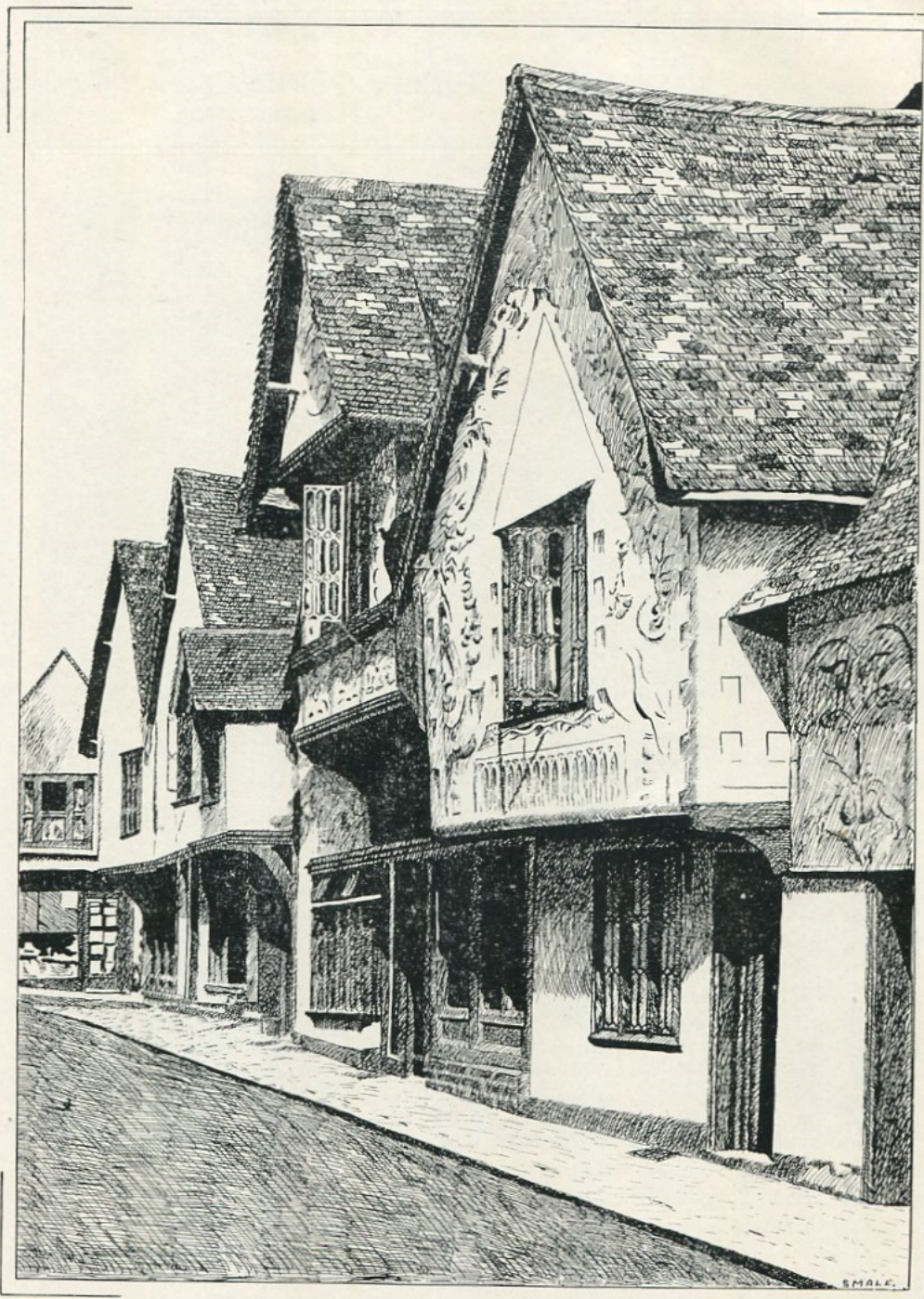
STOWAWAY [Continued from Previous Page]

the hat around the first class with a hard luck story and the dough would have poured in, he apparently had seen it done before. To the stowaway of course, this was just too bad and too late now to do anything about it. Soon came the ticket collector and the stowaway made ready to be thrown off at the first stop but his fairy godmother in the shape of the Greek gentleman fixed everything by paying his fare to London, and on arrival treating the stowaway to a good dinner at Lyon's Corner House and presenting him with ten quid to tide him over (who said there wasn't any Santa Claus).

The stowaway made his way to the enlistment depot which at that time was in Whitehall, and joined up, an hour later he was on his way, singing the old song. "There's many an airman just finishing his time, etc."

Anon





THE SUN INN, SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX

This many gabled building dates from the 15th century. In 1647 Cromwell and Fairfax made it their headquarters.

Picture of The Month



"TIRED TOURISTS"

—Ward

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY

HAVING dealt with all the technicalities you need know for the present, we now pass on to the actual taking of photographs — to hints, and tips, on lighting and composition, and to the many other little details which all help make your pictures better ones. Later on we will discuss developing, printing, and enlarging—no amateur has the right to call himself a photographer unless he “does them himself,” and apart from that you will really get twice as much fun from your hobby if you do your own processing. After all, photography is fun, and there’s no reason why you shouldn’t get as much as you can out of it. Terrible things ought to be done to those dreadful people who class themselves as “serious” photographers.

As I pointed out some time ago, technical knowledge alone, no matter how much you have acquired, will not make you a good photographer. You must have “vision,” the third of my so-called secrets of successful photography. The first thing you must realize is that your final picture will be black and white, not as you see it in front of you, in full color (unless you are one of those fortunates who are so disgustingly rich that you can afford to shoot everything in Kodachrome). So the first quality you must acquire is the ability to look at your subject—not as you see it—but in terms of black and white. Try to visualize it as it will appear in your print, paying attention only to the shape and composition of things, while ignoring their colors. So many amateurs are deceived into taking pictures of spring scenes, gardens, and flowers, which are so pleasing to the eye, but make such disappointing photographs.

Many professionals use a small piece of blue glass to view their subject through before making an exposure. The blue glass has the effect of destroying most of the color values, and you will probably find it a help to use some also. So do not take a photograph merely because of your subject’s beautiful colors—your camera is a cynic, and is absolutely unaffected by this type of beauty. One of the most photogenic subjects it is possible to find is undoubtedly a snowscape. Here Nature has provided you with an almost perfect monochrome subject—a practically black and white original — which reveals harmony and beauty in its form, and, without any special effort on your part, leaves you only to compose your picture and unhesitatingly release the shutter. Too many people let their cameras hibernate during the winter, but this coming season will give you a golden opportunity to capture some really beautiful snow scenes, so make the most of it — any personal discomfort will be amply repaid I am sure.

In spite of the fact that I have seen many beautiful photographs taken, for example, on a foggy day, and although I leave myself open to criticism, I still maintain that ninety per cent. of successful photographs are taken in sunshine. I am not saying that one cannot take pictures on a dull day (in fact modern emulsions permit photography under lighting conditions that not so many years ago would have been deemed impossible) but I am saying that to create a successful picture without the sun demands genius — not from a technical point of view — but in choosing, or being lucky enough in finding, the ideal subject. How often have we taken a trip to some well-known beauty spot, and on our return been disappointed with our shots, because it had been a dull day, and the grey sky has given an aspect of sadness and monotony to everything?

And how often has even the simplest scene acquired a new charm *at a sudden burst of sunshine?* *The sun, therefore, can change the whole appearance—from a photographic point of view — of objects around us.* Not that a lovely face doesn't remain beautiful on a dull day—but in landscapes, and out-of-door scenes, the absence of sun can have a devastating effect. Therein we have an almost indispensable factor—the sun—to give relief and perspective to our pictures. You'll find the sun most willing to co-operate, and your joint efforts will quickly spell success. But it is first necessary that you know your partner's abilities. - - -

The old idea was to always have the sun behind you, but nowadays we realize that that is about the worst possible place you could have it, because it gives you a flat lighting that loses all relief—your picture really looks two-dimensional, the subjects do not stand out, and the shadows that are cast are too few to render the effect of a sunny day. Therefore learn to place the sun either to your right or to your left—preferably at an angle of 90°—so that you will get strong modelling and relief, and your picture will lose that flatness and have an almost third-dimensional appearance. In the old days one was always told never have the sun facing into the lens (and for those times it was a wise saying) but in this day and age, when lens hoods are a commonplace accessory, some really unusual effects can be obtained by shooting directly into the sun. If the sun is almost directly facing us we obtain an oblique backlighting effect, where the edges of our subjects are outlined by a thin line of light. Incidentally this is the best lighting to use for snow scenes because it not only gives the snow "texture," but makes each individual crystal sparkle.

Direct backlighting, although it requires a careful technique and offers many pitfalls to the beginner, can be very useful, and it is well worth having a few disappointments to be able to employ it successfully when the occasion arises. Silhouettes can easily be obtained by shooting directly into the sun. Choose something simple to begin with, using a sky for the background, and expose only for the sky (thereby deliberately underexposing your subject, which will appear black in your final print). A lens hood is an absolute necessity, of course, to shield your lens from the sun, so don't forget it.

Avoid taking pictures at noon, when the sun is at its peak, and casts short, opaque shadows. The best time for taking pictures is early in the morning or in the evening when the sun will give you long transparent shadows. Expose always for the darker portions of your picture as well as for the highlights, so that details are discernable even in the shadows. Except in silhouettes, never have dense black masses in your photographs. Don't ignore the shadows in your pictures—not only do they give relief, but when transparent may often be themselves the subject of your photograph. "Sunday Evening," which appeared in the August-September issue of this magazine, depended on shadows for its success, and without them the whole theme of the photograph would have been lost.

So, finally, pay attention to the direction of the light, note the shadow formations—if they are beautiful they will add considerably to the charm of your picture—and remember, that if you want success, the chances are that you must have Sun.

GEORGE C. WARD.



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Youthful airmen, toiling starwards,
Battling in the blue of Heaven,
Fighting that our young and aged
May be free from molestation;
That their homes and their possessions
May be spared from devastation.
God of Battles, keep you safely;
Guide your hands and grant you power,
So that when you join in combat
You may purge our country's sky-line;
Grant you strength and much endurance,
That you bomb with great precision;
That you sink much hostile shipping;
Grant you clouds when you go raiding,
So that you may hide in safety,
So that you may come back safely,
And return to bomb tomorrow!

Thus may Britain win the struggle—
Win the fight for lasting freedom;
Settle down in peace and honour,
Each man free to choose his calling,
Knowing that there will be justice,
For himself and for his children;
For the fruits of all his labours.
Upwards, like my prayers ascending;
Upwards, all your efforts straining;
Towards the stars by labour gaining;
May you live to gather honour.
And when years are heavy on you,
May your spirits rise in freedom,
Far above the highest sky-line,
Far removed from earthly struggles,
There to dwell in peace undreamed of;
Peace which passes man's conception!

C. H. K.

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THE SHADOW

by

R. E. CONNELLY

IT SHOULD have been obvious to anyone with half a brain that Levison was not guilty of any crime of that nature, but unfortunately for both parties Dodd Fosnick didn't realize this until he had put Levison where he couldn't apologize to him.

Maybe you didn't get that straight. Well, anyway here's the story and you can judge for yourself.

Dodd was a nice guy. I don't have to tell you that because you'll find that out as the story goes on. He was kind to animals, polite to anybody that didn't know him and he used to throw his money about like a man with no arms. Imagine a bald little man with rather long arms and a capacity for boring people stiff that only comes with years of practice at the art of shooting the line. He had another admirable attribute, too. He always told the truth about other people, though, naturally, he wasn't so keen about anyone saying the truth about him; nobody is. He was very popular with his relatives: I forgot to mention that he was richer than two Creosus's rolled into one.

Altogether, and looking at it this way and that, I can hardly understand why he wasn't on the best of terms with his wife. But that's one of those real life mysteries you read about. She liked him like she would a rattlesnake she found in her bedlinen.

Maudie was pretty good to look at. When you got past a barrage of rouge and lipstick you had something worth while. Blue eyes like Italian lakes and hair of spun gold. Her figure was worth two looks in any language and when it came to curves she was two jumps ahead of the figure eight. She wasn't nearly as old as Dodd; maybe half his age I would say, and he was heading for his half century.

I told you that Maudie didn't like her husband as much as she might have done, but I didn't happen to tell you that Dodd was nuts about her. He had Indian Summer right where he lived, and he had it bad. Some witty guy said that love was blind, but for a blind man Dodd saw an awful lot he ought to have missed. He could see, for instance, that Maudie didn't give two hoots, or maybe not even one hoot, whether he was around or not, except it annoyed her because he got under her feet.

There you have it then. Dodd running around ready to lick the polish

off her shoes if she said the word, and Maudie regarding him as a stale joke she hears every day.

Just how long this state of affairs might have gone on in the same old way, I don't know, but just about the same time as I was starting to wonder along these lines, this sap Levison breezed in and threw a spanner in the works.

Lots of people used to fall for Maudie on sight, but they usually had the sense to keep it to themselves while Dodd was around. Not so this Levison. He was a pleasant young guy with plenty of dough and as much tact as a wounded buffalo.

I used to go around a lot with Maudie and Dodd, and I was there when they met this Levison. Dodd knew him slightly and one night in the "Hot Spot," a night club which lived up to its name, he came over to our table and introduced himself to Maudie and myself. It wasn't strictly etiquette, but they didn't go in much for etiquette in the "Hot Spot."

"Glad to know you, Mrs. Fosnick," he says. "My, but aren't you pretty."

I could see that Maudie was tickled pink with this novel form of introduction but I hardly dared to look at Dodd. I heard him draw in a deep breath and mutter something about "confounded impudence." And from then on (I hate to have to say it) Maudie just played up to this Levison: not because she really liked him, understand, but just because it was the best way she could think of to get at her husband.

By the end of the evening, Dodd was about ready to go around biting people in the leg and it didn't exactly improve his temper to see the affectionate good-night Maudie lavished on young Levison. She gave him her hand to kiss and he ran his eyes up and down her figure in a way that didn't please me and must have made Dodd see several different shades of scarlet. Dodd didn't say a word to him. He just grabbed Maudie by the arm and practically hauled her away.

You may think that Maudie herself wasn't too intelligent to play around with Levison under the immediate eye of her husband, but if that's what you think — forget it straight away. Maudie is one of the brainiest girls I have ever met.

She didn't allow things to rest there, either. She threw out invitations to Levison to come to the house, but I noticed that she always asked him to come when she knew that her husband would be there. He couldn't do a thing about it. If he started raising a beef, she would threaten to leave him altogether, and the poor mutt was so in love with her that he used to close down right away. Had he only been twenty years younger, things would have been vastly different, but the fact remained that he was nearly fifty and he was dimly beginning to realize that she had married him for his money, that she didn't really care for him at all; and realizing all this he was hurt - - - badly hurt. He didn't blame Maudie at all. She had made a good deal for herself though she hadn't kept to her terms of the bargain. Because he loved her so much he made excuses for her. She was young; he was old. What was it Shakespeare had said: "Crabbed age and Youth cannot live together." He thought of these lines while staring morosely at the reflection of the bald patch in the middle of his head. She had a perfect right to have a good time if she wanted to. He blinded himself to the fact that she was having a good time at the moment with the sole purposes of hurting him. All the hate that was in him concentrated upon the person of Levison. He almost persuaded himself that everything would have been all right if Levison had never appeared, but he had an uneasy feeling underneath that everything would have been far from right.

He came round to my flat two weeks after the night at the "Hot Spot."

"Well, what you know?" I asked him. He didn't make any answer to this but just sat chewing an unlighted cigarette to shreds.

"You're my pal, Dave" he said at last.

"Well, yes," I said, not knowing what was coming. "Sure I'm your pal."

"Will you do something for me?"

"Depends what it is," I said lightly but I shot a quick look at him and guessed what he wanted me to do.

"I've got to go away for a couple of weeks, Dave. Got business to look after down in Chicago. I want you to stick around and keep an eye on things."

"Hell," I said, "I'm no stooge. There are plenty private detectives out of a job in this man's town."

"That's the point," Dodd told me eagerly, "I don't want to broadcast my private affairs any more than I can help. That's why I asked you: I can trust you Dave."

I turned my head away quickly in case he read my thoughts.

"Sure," I said grimly. "You can trust me, Dodd; but I don't like this job. It stinks."

"You must do it," said Dodd; his voice broke on the words.

Well, I was a bit disgusted with the whole idea, but there was no doubt that he was in a tough spot, though personally if she had been my wife I wouldn't have bothered with her. In the end I agreed but only when I saw that he wouldn't take "No" for an answer, and was going to hang around me until I said "Yes."

He went away on his business trip to Chicago and I stuck around to a certain extent, but you can't sit on someone's doorstep and dog their every movement without getting noticed more than somewhat, so I didn't overdo it. To be strictly truthful, I didn't see much of Levison so I took it that everything was alright in that quarter.

Dodd must have got through his deal, or whatever it is these big business men put through, in double quick time because he came back in four days.

Dodd came home at night and saw a light in his wife's bedroom. There wasn't anything unusual in that, except that maybe he was surprised to see her going to bed so early. What did seem unusual was that he saw a man's figure silhouetted for a moment against the window. Now you'd have thought that the first thing he would do in a case like that would be to burst in on them. But no. He went for a walk and thought things over. After he had thought things over, he walked some more. One of the places he walked into was a gunsmith's shop.

The next morning he walked to Levison's flat and shot him as he opened the door. The sixth storey in a block of flats isn't the ideal place to shoot anyone, and very soon there was quite a crowd gathered round, but not before Dodd had time to shoot himself, too.

The strange part about the whole affair was that there were at least three people willing to swear on oath that Levison had not left his flat all night.

How, you may well ask, can a guy be in two places at once? Well, of course, the answer to that is that he can't.

You know, I don't believe much in predestination; but sometimes I get around to thinking that it's maybe a good job I'm about the same build and height as Levison was.

POP'S TRIALS

One fine Sunday morning a short time ago, it was just after Church Parade, Old Pop made his way to the airmen's canteen for a bun, or perchance lemonade.

With his hands in his pockets he sauntered along, breathing deeply the cool morning air, When a voice said "Hi, Pop"; he turned with a start, and saw Old Nick standing there.

"Morning Sir," said Pop, saluting in haste, "You didn't 'arf give me a fright. I thought it was sergeant at first, don't yer know, but seeing it's you it's quite alright."

"Have a fag, sir?," said Pop, and out of his 'job' pulled a battered and crumpled Woodbine. But Nick produced Manikins, saying "No, Pop. You really must have one of mine."

"It's good job I met you," said Pop to the boss, "It was providence so as to speak, For between you and me, I been scrounging about trying to find you for over a week."

"Well, here we both are," Old Nick said to Pop, "Everything in the garden is fine. What was you wanting to see me about?" Pop answered, "I want to resign."

Old Nick was staggered. "No Pop," he said "I don't think you really mean that." "I do sir," said Pop, "I'm blinking browned off, and that, sir, is blinking well flat."

Old Nick took Pop by the shoulder and said "Come, Pop, let's straighten this out. There's something a-worrying you I can see, so tell me just what it's about."

"Well then sir," said Old Pop, "It's just like this 'ere, that old sergeant doesn't like me. The truth of it is, he's jealous, I think, 'cos we're pally-like, sir, you and me."

Why only this morning, just before church, he came and said, "Look here you, You can blinking well go on fire piquet tonight that's what you can blue pencil do."

Well today being Sunday, sir, I made a date, with a nice girl in Picton town. I don't think it's fair, sir, because of the sarge I've to let a Canadian girl down."

"You're perishing right," cried Old Nick getting mad "With tricks like that I don't hold. By Gad sir our ladies must not be let down, I'll see that the sergeant gets told."

But please don't resign, Pop, I'd be in a fix, I'm depending upon you so much. I'll see you're relieved in the future, my man, of guards and fire piquets and such.'

"Very well sir," said Pop, "I'll do as you say but only sir just to please you. And providing you tell that old sergeant of mine with his piquets just what he can do."

J. H. McC.

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A Padre's Job

ONE night in the last war, the battalion to which I belonged was moving into position for attack next morning. There was an eerie silence; the guns on both sides were ready to belch forth, to tear and blast poor human flesh. We all knew there would be a rain of mud and blood. It began in the darkness and kept on for a few hours in the gathering light. Amid a hellish confusion the village which was our objective was taken and the orgy of slaughter ceased for a while. One incident of that grey morning has lived intensely in my mind. I found a laddie from Ireland, only eighteen, his first experience of 'the line,' he had only joined the battalion a few days before; both his legs were horribly smashed. He was so badly hurt and so shocked that little could be done. I made him as comfortable as I could in the circumstances. He watched me, his blue eyes unnaturally bright; and once, when I was moistening his lips he asked faintly "Is there a priest anywhere?" There was no priest there . . . only the disembowelled earth, blasted trees, tired men and the soulless indifferent blue sky. Long as I live I shall never forget that pallid boyish face, the light slowly fading from bright eyes, the swift oncoming darkness. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why I am now a padre. Someone must try to interpret this puzzling human life. Is it just a meaningless muddle? Is there any intelligible answer to the great questions about life and death, sin and frailty, passion and pain? Anyone who cares about human life must feel the challenge, the queer challenge of man's courage, his endurance, inventiveness and faithfulness unto death, yes and the other things too.

When I volunteered for service in this war I thought I might be useful in the army or the navy. To my surprise I was asked to serve in the R.A.F. There seemed no reason why I should not accept the call; my job would be with men rather than machines. The rank would be purely relative, enabling me to move with freedom anywhere. I served for a while on a School of Technical Training with 6,000 men; then for ten months I was with men under training for air crew, cadets of the finest type. Now I find myself at No. 31 Bombing and Gunnery School, in Canada. Like most people I would much rather be on some operational station in the old country, but this training work is of supreme importance; some one has to do it. We have to live together under these conditions of camp life and there is no reason why some durable satisfaction should not be found.

The Padre's job will be manysided. He must try to make a healthy church life on the camp and keep up civilian church contacts at the same time. He will be interested in everything that goes on and where he can lend a friendly hand to anyone that hand must be offered. Without fussiness he ought to be the busiest man on the camp. He must try to know everyone, not only their faces but their hearts. It is really an impossible job; but someone must try to do it. The Air Ministry has recognized that an Air Force without the ideals and inspiration of the Lord of all Good Life must become a purely destructive instrument. The R.A.F. must be dedicated to justice, staffed by men of courage and honor. Camp life does not make plaster saints but it is the padre's job to keep human values alive under service conditions. I will do my best.

H. J. WHITE

AS I PASSED OUT!

I tossed and I turned in my lily white bed
The bed of course was a bunk.
The place was at Picton, I had quite a head,
Reason being, I'd been on a drunk.
Of course it was foolish, extreme in stupidity
But also I'd feasted on cheese with avidity,
The nightmare was awful, I'm still quite on edge,
So I'm joining Booth's army and signing the pledge.

The first scene on the screen of a mind half demented
By lapping up glasses of Old Fine Fermented
Was a roomful of sergeants with stripes and with crowns,
And me in the centre with a hat like a clown's,
I writhed and I wiggled, and all of them giggled,
And with chuckles and snarls that were horrid
They came closer and closer, I yelled "Yes" and "Oh, no Sir,"
And the sweat fell in quarts from my forehead.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,
And in a stormy night it did seem
To be at midnight and a tune,
Both eerie and alarming like a croon
Of coyotes at the full of moon,
The plaintive wail came closer and I saw
A cauldron and some figures, there were four,
They set it on a fire and danced around.
The moon cast ghostly shadows on the ground,
I heard a chant familiar "Bubble, Bubble,"
"Boil, oh cauldron, boil, with toil and trouble."
Heard I with mine own ears and I do swear
They sang and spoke like men, yet wore long hair
They looked like hags, yet upon their rags
Were stripes and crowns and they had bags
From which they loosed and freely tossed
Into the cauldron, where they were lost,
Questions and queries with curses and wails,
All of gun turrets and different height scales,
Of bombs and of fuzes, theory of flight,
Of range estimation and correct line of sight.
They cursed and they chanted, they raved and they ranted,
Then the pot boiled up in a sickly green vapour,
Which effused all the figures and left just a paper
A horrid thing that seemed right from the dead.
These ten MUST be answered upon it I read.

Once more in my bunk I turned and I tossed,
And the grimness of all my jitters was lost,
'Twas at school graduation, we all wore our best,
And the sign in the hall was the G.I.S. crest,
The masters were sergeants in caps and gowns,
With blinking great switches and awfully deep frowns,
Then up spoke the Head with voice soft and knowing,
He spoke of the places he hoped we'd be going,
And he smiled, oh so sweetly as he pictured the spot
To himself, and I bet he hoped it was hot.
Then he told us we were in for promotion,
And down came the sergeants and started commotion,
For the boys all had tunics without any pants,
And against their switches they hadn't a chance,
They all got their stripes which were put on the rear,
And they all passed with honors and a blooming great cheer,
Then the bed gave a heave and a voice in my ear
Said: "You're ten minutes late, get to h - - l out of here!"

SGT. G. N. ANDERSON

THINK OF THIS

'Tis true at times a soldier well deserves
The democratic privilege of grumbling,
But you, my friend, just pause a while for breath
Amidst your mumbling
Think of this—

That far away in England you will find
Life's daily tasks have still kept undiscovered
To your blind heart, a mother, wife or friend
Who may have suffered
More than you.

No medal hers, no uniform she wears
Except a cloak to cast around her feelings,
And yet a soldier better far than you
In all her dealings
She has proved.

Stop vainly thinking all depends on you.
With patient courage burdens she is sharing.
Her lot is easier for a kindly word—
Enough despairing,
Cheer her NOW.

T. H. G.

V

Ode to The Birth of Servicing Section

The Servicing Flight we honour
here:
Thirteen men without a peer,
Piles of work, a tiny crew,
"So much is owed to such a few."

"'WATTER'(S) life," says
Charlie Gough,
Heating up while taking off,
Sees the deck and then the sky,
"Why the H - - - did I ever fly?"

BARON failed to fix the seat,
Then poor Jock began to bleat,
"Fitters IIA, hang the lot,
I'd like to see that WILKY shot!"

Little Eric's on the spot,
Thinks he knows a b - - - lot;
Why are kites strewn o'er the
floors?
Perhaps the answer's only
STORES!

"MILLS of gods will slowly
grind,"
Says the adage in our mind,
But he'll not grind or bind we
know,
A decent chap - - - (as V.R.s go!)

CPL. KNOT

An *Escape from Holland*

THIS STORY actually begins in November, 1939, for it was then, being resident in Geneva, I was instructed by my Company in New York to form an American concern in Holland in order to take over and protect the Company's interests in that country in case the Netherlands might be invaded by the Germans, a contingency which seemed highly probable around November 12th of that year. As is now known, only the very active intervention and co-operation between Queen Wilhelmina and King Albert of the Belgians averted the Hitlerian manoeuvre then. Even whilst in Amsterdam at that time, there were numerous stories in circulation, the majority of which were founded on fact, and some of which I was able to confirm at first hand, e.g. that German spies in Dutch dress were caught in various districts. In one particular case, a Dutch sentry on the coast challenged a presumably "Volendammer" in authentic Dutch dress with wide trousers and very large buttons. Failure to pronounce a certain Dutch word correctly brought suspicion and the discovery of a minute camera, the lens forming the centre of the button. The press reportings of the smuggling of postmen's and policemen's uniforms, etc. out of Holland to Germany, joked upon at the time, were alas only too true as was revealed six months later.

Reverting to the trip to Holland on November 12th, 1939, owing to a Paris clerk's carelessness in procuring a special "sortie" visa, I was detained on the French frontier at Feignies much to my annoyance as it involved a twelve hour wait in a most primitive place. After presenting my most impressive credentials to the local Station Master (to him it was the fact that I was the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the British Legion, Geneva) we became quite friendly and I was permitted to pass—but unfortunately my train had left and there was none other until that night. However, I was consoled by the fact that I was at the French/Belgian frontier and I could verify that which I had always doubted, viz, whether the Maginot Line extended beyond France into Belgium and onto the coast. It did not! With bowler hat and umbrella I think I must have walked over thirty miles around the district that day. But there were no signs of fortifications nor at any time did I see a white French soldier, only Algerians and Moroccans. The only defences I saw were a few three foot high barbed-wire defences and in some parts of the main road coloured troops were busy cutting down saplings to form machine-gun nests at likely corners. The irony of it all was that I, who might have been a German spy or a fifth-columnist (although the term was not known then) was allowed to walk unmolested and witness such feeble preparations. One must assume, therefore, that all this was well known to the thorough German espionage system also. I spoke with several of these Algerians, fine fellows all of them—some of them were sleeping in the open in a building with no roof; screen protected sides, two feet off the ground with a lathe flooring, and this in winter. Their pay, along with the recognized pay of a *poilu* was 50 cents a day. One half-penny! In the front line it is increased to 10 francs a day—or 5 pence. Can one wonder that France was beaten, not by the Germans but by its own rulers and the inevitable demoralization of its soldiers.

Upon arrival at Amsterdam to carry out my duties, I found that under Dutch company laws a minimum of three months must elapse before the legal formalities in forming a company could be completed. Actually it was nearly six months before I proceeded a second time to Holland. In the meantime, I took several precautions in the possible event that either Switzerland might be invaded during my absence or that I might be unable to return to my home in Geneva should the Low Countries be attacked.

Accompanied by my wife, to whom I vowed that if anything untoward happened she would be taken to England in nothing less than a British warship, we arrived in Holland on May 1st — Ascension Day — a public holiday, and travelled by road from the Hague to Amsterdam, some 50 miles, specifically to see the flowers. No more beautiful sight can be imagined than the peaceful countryside studded with dykes and windmills, ablaze with the glories of Dutch tulips, hyacinths and other flowers; their loveliness enhanced by the picturesque and colorful scenery. All Holland seemed to have taken to bicycles that day; indeed, it is truly said that of a population of eight and one half million, there are as many bicycles.

My work kept me busy with lawyers and the financial side of the take-over of the business but I kept in close touch with the political situation. Whilst of course it was apparent that Holland was taking every precaution to defend her neutrality against any aggression, I am sure that few people believed that the violation of her neutrality would really be made. Holland believed that the commercial and economical connections with Germany would keep her free from war as it had done in 1914. Nevertheless, the country took the precaution of mobilizing her forces on Monday, May 6th, and arrested the leaders of the Dutch National Socialists Party. This caused quite a consternation for a day or two.

On Wednesday, May 8th, I received a direct telephone call from my President in the United States urging me to take every precaution to protect the lives and interests of the persons serving with the Company in Holland who might be in danger through invasion. Moreover, in addition to protecting the Company's interests, I was instructed to get certain individuals away from Holland to Lisbon, even to the extent of chartering a private plane if that were necessary; those who wished could proceed from Lisbon to New York by the Clipper. Here, I might add that no one thought for a moment that events were so grave. It was only later on the same day (Wednesday) that it was learned that the German radio stations were announcing that American newspapers were reporting that German shock troops were said to be advancing upon Holland from Bremen and Dusseldorf. This news was being denied as false by the German radio stations. Even so, the news was not taken seriously by the Dutch, although subsequent disclosure by Mynheer Van Kleppens, the Dutch Minister now in U.S.A., the authorities were aware of the situation but withheld the information from the public.

Immediately upon receipt of the above telephonic instructions, I arranged for a very substantial sum to be kept in the office for emergencies. This was done in time, fortunately, as on the Friday, the day of the invasion, there was a moratorium on all bank accounts. The next step was to compile a list of all personnel who wished to be evacuated together with their families to Lisbon. In all there were about 25 persons. I got in touch with the American Consulate to arrange transit visas, etc., for these persons. Ordinarily, a tourist visa implied the inten-

tion to return to one's domicile within a certain period, but in this case, the U.S.A. representatives were aware of the real circumstances and if war were to break out and continue for two or three years, those concerned would certainly not return to their homes. In lieu, immigration visas could probably be granted, I was told.

As an interesting example of the formalities involved, the following requirements, which normally take two or three weeks to complete, show that it was practically impossible (though I don't like the word) to evacuate civilians in an emergency:

New York (i.e. applicant) must ascertain from the U.S.A. Labour Department whether waivers of the Contract Waiver Clause were necessary, and if so cable waivers to Rotterdam.

Medical examination of all persons by the U.S. Health Inspector at Rotterdam.

A certificate from the guarantor (New York) that the persons evacuated to the U.S.A. would not be a public charge.

Birth Certificates in duplicate.

Certificate of good conduct by the Police covering the past five years.

Applications forms with four or five photographs and a \$10 fee.
Dutch Passport (normally takes 10 days).

Quite a formidable program! Yet "orders is orders" and acting on this information it was arranged that my proteges took their medical examination on the following Saturday morning (May 11th) at Rotterdam. I feel certain that 95 per cent. of the personnel (120) felt that New York were imagining things and grossly exaggerating matters.

I had arranged to work quite early at the office on Friday morning (May 10th) but was surprised to receive a telephone call at 5.45 a.m. asking me if I were coming to the office. Before I could realize its purport, the voice informed me that the Germans were in Holland. Being a Britisher and an ex-serviceman, I knew what risk that meant. A similar warning was given to me a few minutes later by the hotel manager. My wife hastily packed (5 suitcases of which I owned one — Cad!) whilst I dressed and in a few minutes was in a car speeding to the office for my business papers, etc. There appeared to be nothing unusual in the streets of Amsterdam (the bombing of the Schipschol Airport had taken place at 3.30 a.m., but as it lies some 15 kilometres from the city the news had not reached the population at that hour). There was no one at the office when I arrived other than the caretaker, and after telephoning the office manager and promising to do all I could from Belgium to help our people, I returned to the hotel to find my bags packed. I telephoned hastily to the British Consulate to inform them of my plans only to learn that our chances of getting through the Belgian frontier and on to Geneva were slender as most of the roads were blocked, and worst of all, there was fighting going on around the Hague and Rotterdam through which towns lay our route.

Luckily I spoke Dutch, and having ascertained that the chauffeur was well supplied with petrol and knew the way approximately, we started off for the Belgian frontier. What we did not realize, or rather did not know at that time was that the Moerdyk Bridge between Holland and Belgium, and over which we planned to cross, was already in the hands of the Germans — we were certainly heading for trouble. No

sooner were we outside Amsterdam than we were stopped by soldiers in uniform. I had an uncomfortable feeling that we were delivering ourselves into the hands of the enemy for I was uncertain whether the Dutch uniform hid a traitor's heart, and it was only when I was reassured that I produced our British Passports and explained matters. Then we were allowed to pass with a "God's speed" and on every similar stoppage which occurred every few hundred yards. We had decided to cut the main road through the Hague and Rotterdam, and make a detour through to Gouda, thence to Dordrecht, and this project brought us to a cross-road blocked by a lorry and guarded with an officer and posse of soldiers. The officer was helpful with his maps when suddenly a motor-cyclist dashed up "Mynheer, daar is een heer kleed also een vrouw met vreemde costume, komt uw met ons, kijken en vragen" which less vulgarly put, I took to mean that, the soldiers had caught a man clothed strangely in a woman's apparel. It did not sound sensible to us at the time being unaware of what a parachutist even meant so we put it down to real double Dutch. The annoying part was that the officer wanted to take our car, even suggesting that I could leave wife and baggage inside; (Different objects). Happily another car came along which was promptly seized by the officer, and we were left to proceed. From that time onwards, we began to be aware of the warfare around us. We learned from frightened young children that a town close by — I believe it was Vlaardingen—had been bombed by German planes and that 300 people had been killed. Shortly after that we saw many huge Junker planes circling around in the distance directly ahead but as they carried orange markings we were puzzled because we had not credited Holland with possessing such machines and the thought that they were German was not very pleasant. We were nearing another substantial obstacle in the road consisting of piled-up white drain-pipe sections, and as we slowed up, heard the rattle of a big lorry being driven at a reckless speed behind us. I got out of the car and was talking to the chauffeur who was protesting "that he had done his best and could do no more" when I was aware of being covered by a tommy gun or its equivalent held by a soldier with a frenzied, set expression and clenched teeth — I don't think I have ever seen such a Satanic expression in my life. For some minutes he stood there listening to my conversation with the chauffeur, for frankly I must confess that I merely thought he was an over-zealous Dutch soldier. It was only later that I realized we had been chased by a parachutist and that we had been accepted as harmless, Dutch refugees, otherwise probably this article would be called "Life In An Internment Camp." Suddenly, back "Nasty" jumped on his lorry and whizzed back as fast as he came. We also retraced our route, having decided that the only means of escape was to find the main road and try and get through the Hague and Rotterdam to Belgium. Little we knew that Brussels and Antwerp were experiencing the same type of invasion.

On nearing Sassenheim, we began to overtake the Dutch military forces and upon asking the direction from an officer he replied in English "We are at war; your car is commandeered." And to the chauffeur he added in Dutch "Take these people to the nearest hotel or cafe and report back to me for duty." There was no argument, of course. I felt quite sorry for that poor fellow — he had become really nervous by that time and the last we saw of him later that morning was his car chock-full of soldiers en route for the front. However, I am glad that I paid him well for his job, and I hope he got through safely. We were then about 12

[Continued on Next Page]

THE SONGS WE SING

DURING the years immediately following the end of World War I, several attempts were made to collect a representative anthology of the songs the British and Empire soldiers sang during that long and weary struggle. For reasons obvious to the majority who are likely to read this periodical, this proved no easy task; the problem presented being that no truly representative collection could be published for general circulation and consequently the collections that were issued by the commercial publishing houses were made up of no more than some sadly emasculated versions of some of the songs the soldiers did really sing. Some years indeed were to elapse before Siegfried Sassoon was to compile an anthology that did attempt to present a reasonably true picture. This book is not widely known and is not likely to be found on the shelves of an average public or circulating library. It would perhaps shock many amongst those who sang these songs twenty-five years ago to read them now in sober black and white, with the circumstances and conditions that created them so very remote.

And so it shall be with us of World War II. Doubtless even now there is one in our midst noting the songs we sing and formulating theories as to why we sing them. Now, however, it is no longer the soldiers only who sing. The entry of warfare into another sphere has meant that attention must now be paid to what the airmen sing.

What then will those of us who survive this business think when ten or twenty years hence, we look at what we sing between the commonplace covers of a book?

We shall find as our fathers have found, that we did not sing of war, that we had no "hate-songs," that ideologies and "-isms" were very far from our minds, that we had no counterpart to a "sailing against England." Rather were our songs the grand tradition of the anonymous literature of England and Scotland, of two classes—the sentimental and the bawdy.

[Continued on Page Forty-Seven]

V

AN ESCAPE FROM HOLLAND [Continued from Previous Page]

miles from the Hague. Over breakfast—by then it was only 7.30 a.m.—we listened to tales of the invasion from civilians who had been victims of dive-bombing; hiding in ditches and being machine-gunned (our turn was to come); how the parachutists had captured Dutch civilians and forced them ahead of them so that the Jerries could not be fired upon and thereby strategically capturing key-positions without loss.

(Continued).

(The second part of this episode dealing with the writer's return once more to Amsterdam, the dive-bombing and eventual sinking of the ship he was on, the rescue, loss of the captain, the enforced return to Amsterdam for the third time and the final successful escape to England into the comparative safety of the R.A.F., will be concluded in the next issue).

P/O. W. A. P.

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KING KEYHOLE'S KOLUM

A king of shreds and patches
With all his crimes broad flown as flush as May.

—Shakespeare

J.P.H.

DUE to the kind thoughts and consideration of certain members of our late course of Observers (u/t), the scenery surrounding Picton, near, (not very near!) the Bombing Ranges, now offers fresh points of interest to sightseers - - - In this modern age, the horse is being less and less used and machines are fast taking its place - - - One of our Bombing Pilots made room for another machine the other day - - - Watter crash!

It seems that a police trap has been discovered in the camp! One of our Ach/G.D. cum chauffer cum Batman was Gonged the other day for speeding at (15/20)? m.p.h. How was the offender's speed checked by the "officer" concerned — did he use the timing bead method?

Workshops now have a new Adonis, it is rumoured that the ladies of Picton are already casting longing Lingeren looks in his direction. The rest of the fellows are making a study of the Book of Matthew to see if he can throw any light on the subject.

For months the anguished cry of "Roll on that boat" has emanated from Pay Accounts. The other day, when a routine visit was made to the Marine Section they got a goat. Perhaps next time they will be in less of a hurry and make sure that their vessel has a bottom to it.

It is generally assumed that the medical for air-crew took place before one started on a course—why then did a certain Wing Commander send an Observer u/t to the M.O. to have his eyes tested.

The tea swindlers seem to have a new signature tune, the "cups up song."

One of the Security Guard, after resting his rifle against the gatepost, wandered down to Stores and requested a chair from the Sgt. in charge. After hearing of the fate of the erk who asked for a pillow for the seat of a tractor, he retired, musing that perhaps there was something in the statement that "the only thing you cannot do with a bayonet, is, sit on it."

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Personal

THIS small column, it may have been noticed, has not appeared in the last two editions, so for the edification of those, who, for divers reasons are unable to peruse D.R.O.'S and for those who have a real interest concerning past, present, and new friends, it has been resurrected.

The honour of our first mention falls to the members of our second Echelon. Believe us chaps, you are very welcome. Now that you have settled down, we trust that those of you who have literary and artistic leanings will give the readers of "Wings" the benefit of your efforts. We would like to remind the rest that there are many Station activities to which your various talents would be welcome. "AY THANG YOW! !"

A sincere welcome to our new Station Chaplain, Squadron Leader White. His influence, many of you have already felt in questions of your personal welfare, and it is well to remember that he is your friend, willing to help you at all times, no matter what your trouble.

Welcome also to Flying Officers Sargent and Hamilton-Wagner (R.A.F.) and Pilot Officer Little (R.C.A.F.) to our midst.

Once again we have the pleasure of congratulating Squadron Leader Stibbard on his promotion to Temporary Rank, also Flt.-Lt. Hartnell and P.O. Green on their promotions. We now wonder what G.I.S. really implies. (No prizes!)

There have been so many of our friends promoted recently (alright Mr. Editor, I know space is limited,) that to place them all on record would either hearten (or dishearten) our many other friends, so we'll just say "Congrats. you lucky fellows."

Writing of luck, we feel that L.A.C. Fox has more than his "fair" share, nevertheless, welcome Mrs. Fox. Take heart you married blokes, this makes two wives who have laid the foundation for "Ye Olde Married Patche," and we are sure that Air Ministry will maintain the old tradition, and fill it to overflowing,—with your help.

We hear that the Sergeants' Mess Dance, the second of its kind since the arrival of 31 B. & G. S. in Canada, was very admirably supported, and that a grand time was had by all. The members responsible for the decorations are to be congratulated for their fine efforts, so too are the staff for providing such excellent refreshments. 'Tis rumoured that our worthy N.C.O.'s are now anxious to hold dances frequently. Colorful and delightful company and the prospect of at least one memorable meal, who'd blame 'em? Notable among the lady visitors were Mrs. Keith, Mrs. Lowe-Holmes, Lady Seton, Mrs. Phipps, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Stibbard and Mrs. Kusch. It would have given us pleasure to have mentioned all the ladies, but unfortunately we are not acquainted with their names.—Did we hear some N.C.O.'s sigh?

S-M-I-L-E-S

by CPL. RIGBY

× × ×

He: I'm sorry I kissed you like that, it must have been the beast in me.
She: Nonsense. No beast could have been so tame.

× × ×

An Irish policeman was escorting a prisoner to the jail when the latter's hat blew off and went rolling down the street. On attempting to go after it the policeman said, "Here, I don't trust you—wait here till I get it."

× × ×

The only way you can tell how a girl will turn out is to wait till the old folks turn in.

× × ×

Brunette: Yes, he actually had the impudence to kiss me.
Blonde: I guess you slapped his face!
Brunette: Yes—each time.

× × ×

Orderly Sgt.: Any complaints.
Timid Erk: If you please the meat's funny.
Orderly Sgt.: Well then—laugh.

× × ×

Johnny: You greedy pig, you took the largest apple.
Billy: Well! Which would you have taken?
Johnny: The smallest one.
Billy: Well shut up—you got it.

× × ×

Does your boy friend wear glasses? No, he just empties them!

× × ×

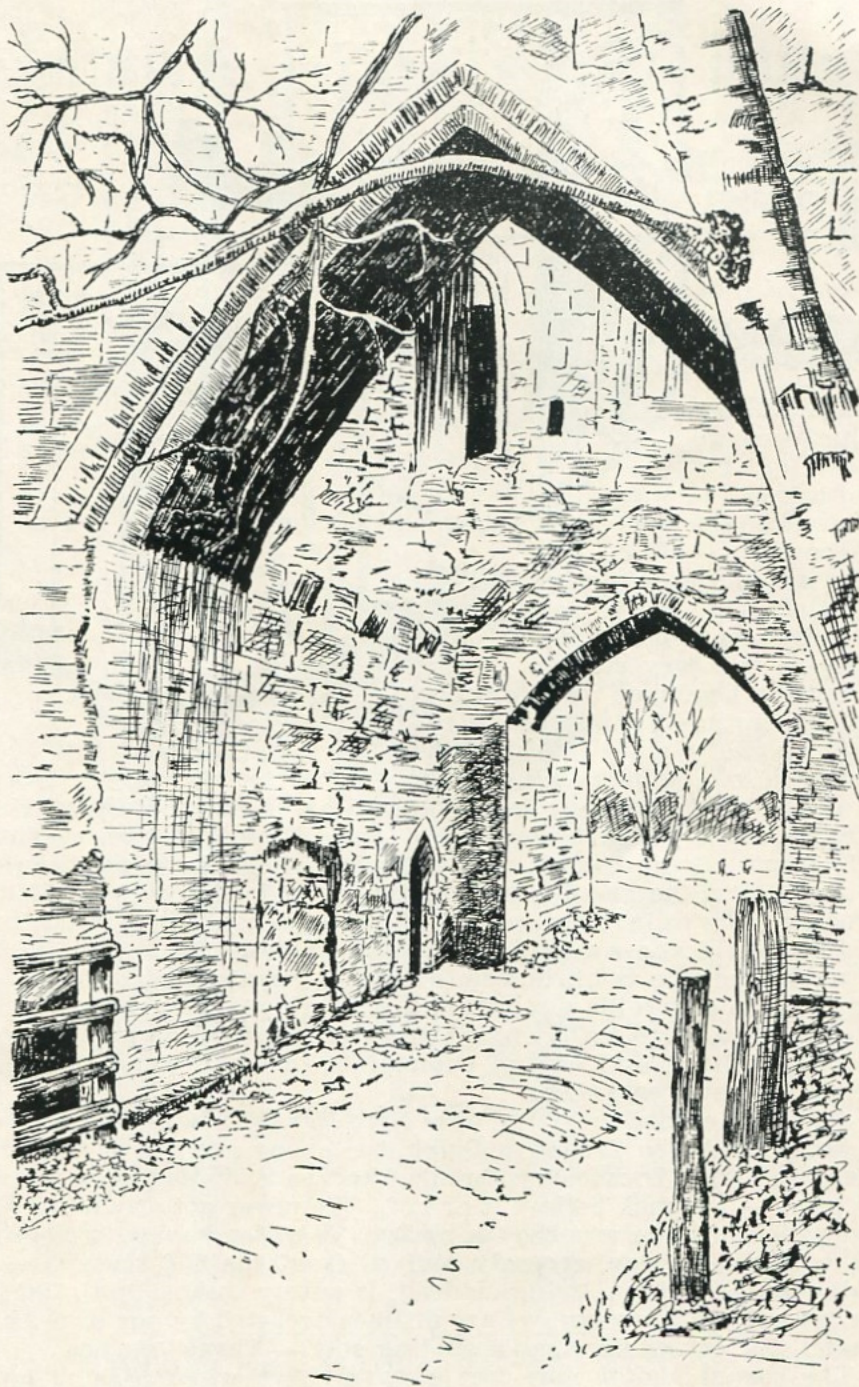
A girl on your mind isn't half as much fun as one on your knee.

× × ×

He used to work for Keatings Powder Co., but said it was a lousy job—now he's been offered a job with X Lax but he won't take it.

× × ×

A Sgt. on promotion to Flt. Sgt. rang up S.H.Q. and the conversation was as follows: "Look here, we need authority to get some office furniture down here and for God's sake get it down with the least possible delay and not all the red tape and inefficiency you usually display." "Say," said the voice at the other end, "Do you know who you are talking to?" "No" said the Flt. Sgt. "Well, this is the C.O." "Do you know who you are talking to?" said the Flt. Sgt. "No," said the C.O. "Thank God," said the Flt. Sgt.—as he hung up!



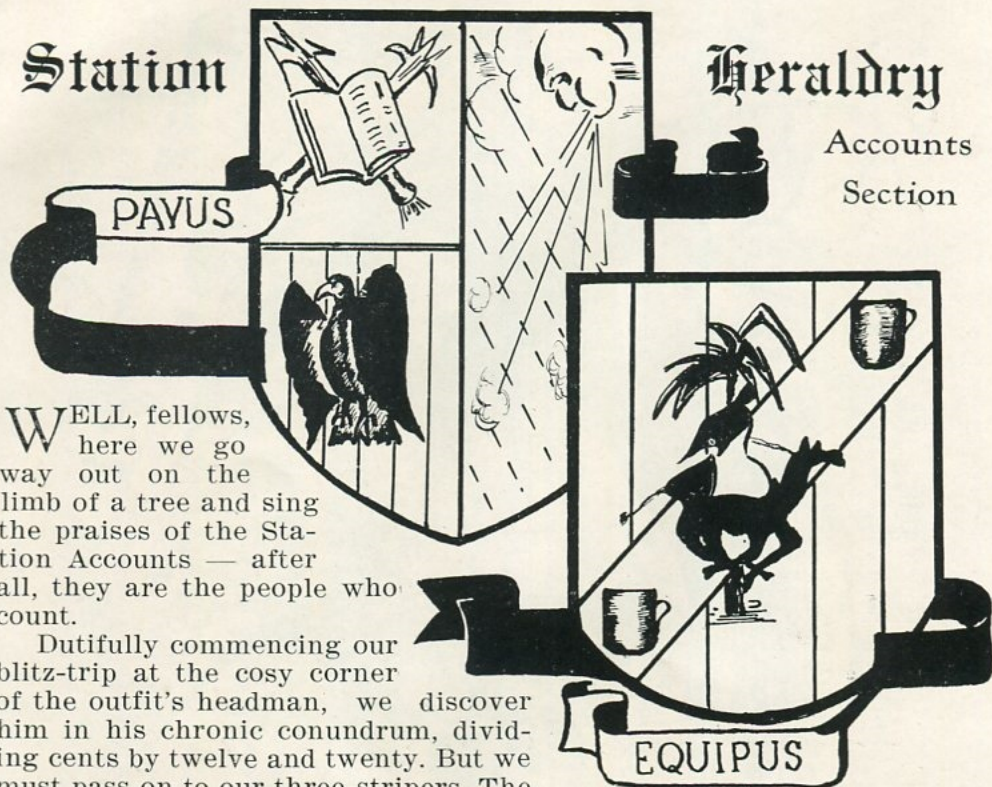
THE GATEWAY - ST. ETAL CASTLE

—Handford

Station

Heraldry

Accounts
Section



WELL, fellows, here we go way out on the limb of a tree and sing the praises of the Station Accounts — after all, they are the people who count.

Dutifully commencing our blitz-trip at the cosy corner of the outfit's headman, we discover him in his chronic conundrum, dividing cents by twelve and twenty. But we must pass on to our three-striper. The "Kick and Splash" Sergeant, better known as "Aquatic Arthur," simply loves M.B.C.'s and will go through H - - - and High Water to remunerate (Ouch!) them. Some trouble was experienced in locating the other triple-taper, since he and his most stalwart underling were practically obscured by Hills of invoices, vouchers and receipts. Not daring to disrupt this happy scene we pass on to the original Man of Harlech, whose only headache is his determination to remain British to the end. Perhaps, after he gets his matrimonial gulf bridged-over, he will let his hair down and begin to really enjoy Canada. The lunar corporal is on the Messing Committee, and has no complaints to make about the diet at the Mess. He never eats there.

Among the smaller fry, we have Nero Hillard who fiddles while the Flight burns, and also Casanova Quick, the ebony gee-gee of the bunch. Nor must we forget Dromedary Dennis, the Tea Swindler, who owns the section's pet — a camel, believe it or not. We never got around to figuring just which of them was the tea maker. We also have a "regulation" growth of facial foliage, recently arrived from the Old Country. Any resemblance to walruses, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Continuing our tour of the kingdom, we are oftentimes accosted by our own American Eaglet, the erk-cameraman's guiding star — "sans" stripes.

The casual visitor may feel a warm glow when passing by the Registry. This is merely permeating glamour, oozing from the AC i/c. When he is not busy generating S.A., we find him worshipping at the shrine of his neighboring light-footed, swivel-hipped friend of the Welsh Internationals, who also plays football. The most recent addition to the collection include four "gen-absorbing" Canuck U.T.'s, who are a well-bound unit. Last, but not least, in the line-up we have Side-kick Syd, who

[Continued on Next Page]



HANGAR SWEEPINGS



Maintenance Flight

Once more the marriage bureau looks forward to increased activity, Hi'Bert is it true?

Shorter week-ends and less of them what a Jonah.

Surreptitious trips to Kingston we are led to believe is what comes from undercutting drip - trays.

Will he ever soil those beautiful hands as he BURROUGHS deep into his typewriter.

He approaches his fold with voice so loud and his eyes so cold, that's Sinbad — the — Sailor so we are told. (With apologies to Cinderella)

"A" FLIGHT DROPPINGS

At last the second echelon has arrived, we hear they are wondering who Pict-on them.

"A" Flight personnel will be surprised to hear that they have in their midst that intrepid airman "G.8", at least, so one American PENN pal thinks.

We have to report the loss of one of our MOORE conscientious Corporals. Servicing Section please note.

Again our tea-swindle has changed hands, too COLEd to hold.

One of the recent arrivals has already acquired the title of the KING of scroungers. Quick work eh!

Our new sergeant, so we notice, is very proud of his coiffure. BROUGHTON by manipulation perhaps.

It is regrettable that one of our local characters has now turned to drink. Poor "PANCHO" — was she worth it?

We hear that our new ACH Corporal has the desire to become a McCANNic, or is it drogue operator?

An airman leaving the Flight Commander's office the other day was heard whistling: "There'll Always Be An ENGLAND." WOOD it be patriotic motives?

Most people usually work or ride horses to death, our pilots just chase 'em.

Congratulations to CPL's Currie and Cooke on their recent promotions.

And lastly a word of advice to the second echelon, bear up blokes. Remember just 18 months to 2 years to survive and then — Home, perhaps!

V

STATION HERALDRY [Continued From Previous Page]

occasionally opens his mouth, but only to give forth in a very broad Eastern, but noticeably Oriental accent, a mean "Can I touch yer for a quid Chum?"

So we have passed from chair to chair, admiring the majesty of them all, striving to the utmost to keep both you and the Income Tax authorities happy. It is with this consoling thought that we bid a reluctant farewell to this cosmopolitan colony. Aloha Oe to you. G. C. W.

Roger Blakely

B.A. Service Station

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A SNACK

at

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Soft Drinks Sandwiches Also
Served

PHONE PICTON 99

Miniature Rifle Range

AN INDOOR Miniature Rifle Range is now being constructed on the Station and in a few weeks will be ready for use. The object of the Miniature Range is to provide an interesting indoor recreational facility which will stimulate the spirit of friendly competition and at the same time lead to greater proficiency in the use of service firearms. The range will be open for use by all Station Personnel.

The Station will affiliate with the Dominion Marksman and the Canadian Small Bore Association both of which organize Postal Competitions and offer attractive prizes. The Station P.S.I. will provide Bronze and Silver Medals and Silver Spoons all embossed with the Station Crest. These Trophies will be awarded in various competitions organized within the Station.



B. & G.
School
Medals



Illustrated above are the possible designs of medals, incorporating the station badge in gilt and coloured enamels as a bar brooch, and it will be incorporated in the handles of shooting spoons, for competition as soon as the miniature range opens. For the benefit of those who are not Latin scholars, the translation into English is: "I prepare for war amongst the clouds."

Eventually it is hoped that every Section on the Station will be able to put up a team to compete for the Cup so generously presented by Major DaCosta, a photo of which appeared in the last issue of Wings.

Competition matches will also be arranged with other R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. Stations and with local civilian Clubs.

Suitable Rifles are being purchased and these will be available for practice and competition shooting. Personnel who have purchased rifles may use them on the Range provided that the particular type of rifle is permitted in match shooting.

F/O. T. E.

America Can Do No Other

"We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions to power.

"We are glad, now that we see facts with no veil of false pretence about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world, for the liberation of its peoples, the rights of nations great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. The world must be safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon trusted foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquests and no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, and no material compensation for sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind, and shall be satisfied when these rights are secure as fact and the freedom of nations can make them.

"To such a task we can dedicate our lives, our fortunes, everything we are, everything we have, with the pride of those who know the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and might for the principles that gave her birth, and the happiness and peace which she has treasured. God helping her she can do no other."

—Woodrow Wilson on America's Entry Into the Great War.

AIRMEN'S MEALS
AT
AIRMEN'S RATES

EAT
AT THE NEW

O.K. LUNCH
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J. B. Falconer

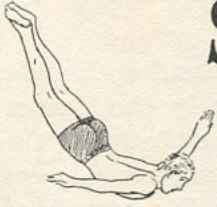
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BROKEN WATCH!

WE KNOW HOW!

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SPORTIVITIES

Sport is certainly going with a swing on this station, and at last we have beaten Kingston at something—Tennis, and what a grand night that was.

And Football, although we have had difficulties to overcome, we have had some good results and pleasant outings.

TENNIS

The match with Kingston on October 3rd in the drill hall turned out to be a great success for our team, we were lucky to have P/O Wayave, an R.C.A.F. officer posted to this station at the right moment, who turned out to be our star player, what a difference he made to our team, for his partnership with Bob Grundy made an invincible pair, who won all their three matches to give us a solid foundation to victory, and wins by pairs such as S/L Hornabrook and F/Lt. Hartnell, Wright and Hulme, sealed Kingston's fate.

SOCCER

We have had great fun with the inter-hut league and we are only sorry that we have been compelled to scrap it now owing to the change round in the huts and bad light in the evenings, the 10L team were undoubtedly the best and were unbeaten at the end, winning every match except one, which they drew. We have been through the process of forming a station team with the view to knocking Kingston off their perch; they have been winning too many games and giving us too many hidings.

Two teams travelled to Peterboro in company with two rugger teams to give an exhibition of English football. What a day it was, for it rained incessantly the whole day, making the pitch an absolute quagmire and good football an impossibility, but the best players showed their worth just the same for some very bright spots in the play simply shone through the rain and mud, and the way those players adapted themselves to the conditions was an education to us all.

The organizers gave us a grand time afterwards in the Y.M.C.A., with eats and amusements; this rounded off the day of which many will have happy memories. I should here like to record my memory which was the remark made by the chief organizer, Mr. Mann, who said that he was proud of being an Englishman, after the way our lads, who came with a job to do and did it under such terrible conditions, and showing such a fine spirit in doing it. The whole show was in aid of the British War Victims' Fund, and if it hadn't been for the weather the gate receipts would have amounted to quite a respectable amount, as it was the presale of tickets produced no mean a sum.

RUGGER

Great obstacles were again faced when the organizers first thought of starting rugger on this station. These have, however, by the time of writing, been to some extent overcome. This has been mainly due to the energies expended by F/Lt. Swyers and W/O Collins, who have gone to the furthest extremes to obtain everything necessary. We now have complete kit for two rugger fifteens—and when they take the field it brings back memories of the former days when England entertained the famous “All Blacks.”

Still, the greatest obstacle of all remains—we have no suitable ground on which to play home matches or even on which to practice with safety. Many have been the meetings at which have been discussed the possibilities of “patching up” the Fair Ground at Picton—but, as yet, the grass there remains uncut and the holes unfilled. In the next issue of the magazine, we hope to be able to announce that something has been done about this, and that, at least, we have a football ground of our own.

Having no home ground, both our matches have been played away—and indeed, two interesting games have been thoroughly enjoyed by all participants. Firstly a team representing the Station took part in a seven-a-side tournament at the Stadium, Kingston. They were beaten by 2 tries, 6 points, to nil, but had the satisfaction of seeing their conquerors turn out as the final winners of the tournament.

On Saturday, October 18th, the Station 1st and 2nd Fifteens staged an exhibition match at Riverdale Park, Peterboro. The game was played in pouring rain, and three-quarter movements were few and far between, but the forwards gave an exhibition of loose forward play that, to quote a Peterboro enthusiast, “will live long in the memories of the onlookers.”

After the match, the two teams, together with the two Station Soccer teams, who had also been playing there, were the guests at dinner of the Whitehead and Peterboro Cricket Clubs. At the dinner and the social evening afterwards, everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

We should like to mention that a fair sum was collected in Peterboro for the exhibition game, and that the proceeds are being sent to the Lord Mayor of London's British Bombed Victims' Fund.

As for future prospects of rugger on this Station—it must be remembered that only a short season lies before the snow arrives, but we are looking forward with keen anticipation, to matches with Trenton, Port Albert, Montreal (maybe!) and finally Kingston at Toronto Stadium.



CRICKET

By the time that this article reaches the print the cricket season will be a thing of the past, but the Station team did, at least, finish it with a flourish, winning their last four games in succession. In all they have played eleven matches, of which they have won eight, lost two, and drawn one. Had it not been for the City of Peterboro, however, our fixture list would have been considerably curtailed, as of these eleven games, five were played against the two teams there. Our thanks are due to them for the hearty welcome accorded the team on each occasion, and for the very enjoyable games that have ensued.

During September we twice visited Peterboro, first on the 6th when, thanks to a good start from LAC. Davis (22) and A.C. Stakes (12), we totalled 90, another successful batsman being LAC. Whiteside, who livened the tail with a quick 13. Whitaker's opening pair were dismissed for 5 runs, but then Smith (24) and Roberts (20) improved the position to such an extent that 37 runs were on the board before the latter was well caught and bowled by McKay. After this, despite a stubborn resistance by Smith, who could get no one to stay with him, they collapsed, and were put out for 55. LAC. Davies having the best analysis with 5 for 26.

On the second occasion, a fortnight later, the Station team again won the toss and elected to bat first. Even batting by the opening men, P/O Mills (17), LAC. Davies (11), ACs. Grundy and Stakes (10) each, enabled the score to reach 58 for the loss of only four wickets, at which point the rot set in, and the remaining wickets tumbled for an increase of only 13 runs. Peterboro C.C., after quite a promising start when they had scored 22 runs for the loss of two wickets, collapsed, with the result that the last man was out with the score standing at only 36. Bowling honors were shared between AC. Edwards 3 for 2, LAC. Whiteside 4 for 10, and S/L Hornabrook 3 for 20.

Between these two matches the Station eleven journeyed to Oshawa for a return fixture with the local club, and on this occasion proved to be the victors. Winning the toss Picton sent the home side in to bat. Very soon they were in dire straits, losing their first five men for only 7 runs. After a brief sixth wicket stand of eleven, they were dismissed for the meagre total of 26. Bowling was done by AC. Haldenby, 4 for 6, S/L. Hornabrook 3 for 10, and AC. Stakes 2 for 1. The Station, too, had their troubles having their four opening batsmen back in the pavilion with the scoreboard showing only 14 runs. AC. Grundy (29) and LAC. Mole (10), however, soon remedied this by taking the score to 41 before being parted. The final total being 68.

LAC. W. A. EAGLES.



ENTERTAINMENTS



Station Dances and the cinemas continue to hold the lead in mass entertainment for station personnel. There are, however, other activities gradually being organized which will cater to a variety of interests.

The Hobbies Club, under the leadership of Cpl. Knott plan to include in their program such skills as leatherwork, model craft, metal tapping, photography, sketching. Anyone interested in this type of activity is welcome to turn out.

The short rifle range newly erected in hangar 5 will be a valuable addition to station facilities. This should enable the men to develop and maintain a very necessary skill in these days.

The Dramatic Club are now reading a play which will be produced on the station in the near future. Who knows we may have one of the famous Georges of the future in our midst. A concert party will also be meeting weekly to put on shows. Information in regard to these meetings may be seen in the Y.M.C.A.

Very soon the physical activities on the station will necessarily change due to climatic conditions. With the coming of Winter a great deal of activity will swing into the Drill Hall. There will be an added urge to play tennis, badminton, and the more Canadian type of indoor games such as volley-ball and basketball.

"When Winter Comes" in earnest there will be an opportunity for cavorting **among** the snow and **on** the ice. With a first-class ice-rink planned on the station and one down-town in Picton, there should be lots of fun for expert and beginner alike. To those seeking another type of skill and thrill there will be a chance to ski and toboggan close to the camp.

So instead of looking forward to the coming of Winter as an excuse to park close to a heating unit, get interested in some station activity. The Winter Season has a definite appeal and can be very enjoyable. You don't have to emulate the bears and try to hibernate. Bucking the elements can be fun - - - it's all in the state of mind.

START SAVING YOUR PENNIES IN ORDER TO EQUIP YOURSELF WITH A WINTER SPORTS OUTFIT.



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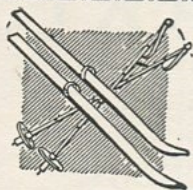
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THE SONGS WE SING [Continued From Page Thirty]

So it is that we sing of the old heroes and heroines of American balladry — of the unfortunate Franky or Johnny, of the pitiable Samuel Hall, of the girl who continues to come round the mountain. Again in the same tradition, we have a song which will live if for only one delightful line, "In the Springtime and in the month of May." Who, indeed, was the rare anonymous genius who wrote that? The now famous "Bless 'em all" is, with its hair done up, perhaps our only song that has reached the "jute-box" stage, that we could reasonably render, again in its Sabbath garb, in the midst of our family circle. And finally we have one song in the true revelation spirit, that of the robust lady, Salome by name, whose weekly round of pleasure provides us with a never-diminishing source of enjoyment.

So we shall continue to drown so many of the sorrows and exile until, for some few years at least, peace returns to us. We shall not produce a "Lillibullero," a "Dixie," a "Tipperary," an "Avelon," for this is not a war of fifes and drums and marching men. But we shall continue to sing our own strange little songs and some day we shall wonder why.

LAC. J. C. HARRISON.

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—Wordsworth

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