

Hill Topics

Vol. 1, No. 1



PICTON, ONTARIO, CANADA



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EDITORIAL

"HILL TOPICS" makes its appearance with this number. The magazine "Wings" is dead. In a way, it was you killed her by your indifference and lack of support.

No Station should be without a magazine and so this new-born babe raises her hopeful head from among the ashes of her predecessor. If you want her to grow up and flourish you must sustain her by your support in every way. BUY HER! READ HER! WRITE HER! She is now yours. If you would alter her you may do so. Suggestions and ideas will be very welcome and will be carefully considered. She will respond to your criticism as she will grow by the nourishment of your contributions. If she languishes or dies, yours will be the blame: if she succeeds, yours will be the praise. The editors will do their share if you will do yours.

We thank the contributors who have made this issue possible. We hope they will not rest on their laurels, however, but will continue to send in samples of their skill with pencil and pen.

"Hill Topics" with your help sets out to reflect all aspects and sections of No. 31 Bombing and Gunnery School. We want to make her a family magazine, the Station being the family, with all its members sharing in her make-up and interest. Let her be a reflection of your hopes and aspirations—a vehicle for the airing and ventilating of your views, criticisms and suggestions on station life and life outside. Make "Hill Topics" the link that will bind the station together (without binding it rigid).

Make it so much a part of station life that it will be the ideal way of letting the folks back home know Picton as well as you know it yourself. Make it worthy of the mail-box.

Here she is then, making her bow. If you like her, say so: if you don't, say why.

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"HILL TOPICS"

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Fish FARMING

FEW people know that the largest fish hatchery in Canada is situated at Glenora near Picton, and its main purpose and function is quite unknown to many of them.

One day off duty it was my privilege to visit the hatchery and have its work explained to me. This hatchery is operated by the Department of Game and Fisheries of the Province of Ontario; and the object of the Department is to keep the lakes in the province well stocked with fish; this is for the benefit of the local fishermen and tourists alike.

As my visit was early in November, I found the staff of the hatchery very busy collecting whitefish eggs, this being the season when they spawn. Nets for these particular fish are set at Hay Bay, a few miles from Glenora. One single net is attached to the shore, and it stretches out for about three hundred yards from the shore, where it joins the main net. This net comprises of a series of smaller trap nets, which together form a large rectangular compartment. The fish enter this net through a small funnel-shaped opening from which, once passed through, it is almost impossible for them to escape. This funnel-like opening is so placed, at the end of the net attached to the shore, that the fish follow the line of the net along and enter the large net through this opening quite automatically. About fifty rods of lead net are required to guide the fish from the shallow water near the shore into the trap nets placed in the channel.

When it is known that the fish are ready to spawn, a boat, with eight men and numerous cans and nets, is sent out to the net. The net is then pulled in towards the boat, and the fish are thus forced to the other end of the net; they are then seen as a huge swimming and diving silver mass. As a very odd collection find their way into the net, eels, young herring, pike, pickerel, sunfish, mudcats and sucker-fish to mention a few, a good deal of sorting has to be done. The whitefish, having been sorted out, are held in the left hand and the spawn extracted from the female fish by firmly pressing the fingers of the right hand along the belly of the fish. To fertilize the eggs sperm is extracted from the male fish by the same method. The eggs are collected in large pans and thoroughly washed. When the net has been emptied the boat returns to the shore to unload the pans of eggs. Now the eggs have to be transported to the hatchery; this has to be done with great care as they are very easily damaged. Special boxes are used for this purpose, containing wooden frames over which cotton gauze has been fixed. This gauze is well soaked with water and the eggs are then placed on it, and the frames packed carefully into the boxes. The local fishermen also co-operate in the

work of obtaining the eggs, and they also are packed into boxes and taken to the hatchery in the usual way.

At the hatchery the boxes are unpacked, the eggs removed from the frames by washing them off with water to prevent damaging them. After being measured they are placed into large glass jars in the hatchery. In this place there are hundreds of these jars, each one of which holds a quart of eggs; and water is kept running through them day and night. It is of the utmost importance that the eggs are kept clean and in moving water, and every effort is made to keep them in conditions as near to the natural state as is possible. From time to time, dead eggs are removed from the jars; a careful note is made of all these, as a correct check has to be kept of all the eggs received and the number of fish actually hatched.

Spawn from herring and pickerel is also obtained from the nets at Hay Bay, but a more complicated procedure is needed to obtain spawn from lake trout, whose eggs are sent from more northern parts of the province to the hatchery. Trout eggs are given more careful treatment in the hatchery; they are placed on screen trays which are placed into long troughs through which the water moves slowly. Even when they have safely hatched they remain in the hatchery for a full year before being placed into the lakes. Ground beef liver, to the amount of 200 pounds a week, provides food for the young trout during their year in the hatchery.

The famous Lake-on-the-Mountain, which is situated above the hatchery, supplies all the water necessary for this work. This fresh water supply is carried down entirely by the force of gravity and reaches the jars and troughs at the same temperature as when it left the lake in winter or summer.

Bass spawn are hatched under more natural surroundings in the Lake-on-the-Mountain—hence the reason why you are not permitted to fish in those waters.

When the fish reach a certain stage they are shipped to lakes in all parts of the province in large metal containers.

This very interesting place, of which little is known generally, is well worth a visit.

—E.D.B.

INTRODUCING —



OFFICER OF THE MONTH

G./CAPT. C. J. COLLINGWOOD, D.F.C.

A Northumbrian by birth, Group-Captain Collingwood began his service career at Osborne in 1914 and was at sea with the Grand Fleet as a midshipman in August, 1917. He saw further service with the Royal Navy in the Baltic in 1919 and then transferred to the Royal Air Force in February, 1920, being commissioned as a pilot in December, 1920.

After 4 years service with an Army Co-operation Squadron in Palestine, G./C. Collingwood returned to England and took an instructor's course which was followed by three years' instructing. In 1931 he went to India and saw the end of the 1930-31 North West Frontier operations and in 1932 the Baujaur frontier operations as a Flight Commander in No. 39 Squadron. Later he took part in the relief of the Chitral Garrison and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his work in these operations.

After passing through the Staff College, G./C. Collingwood held various staff appointments until the outbreak of war. He was at the Air Ministry until March, 1941 after which he held command of Fighter Stations in England until April, 1943 when he was posted to Canada and assumed Command of No. 31 Bombing and Gunnery School on July 5th, 1943.

N.C.O. OF THE MONTH

W.O. REICK

Our N.C.O. personality for this month is our ever popular S.W.O. There are not many stations that can say that, but his work for the station concert party has endeared him to us all, when you meet him around the camp his ready smile cheers and encourages us to do our best, and his



clarion voice whips up our movements while on parade.

His work as producer and compere to the Station Concert Party along with his dual act with Tubby Fields is a tonic to our morale.

AIRMAN OF THE MONTH

LAC. VICK

A drowsy little community slumbering a sleep of beauty on the Cotswolds where turgid little streams colored by the effluence of west country cloth and paper mills go gurgling past. The quiet town of Nailsworth; with stolid grey houses, for centuries has supplied Gloucester with fine patriotic fighting men. It was here Dick Turpin, closely followed by the Bow Street Runners, came galloping through one cold winter night. "What ho blacksmith! A golden guinea to fit shoes to Black Bess." Craftily the blacksmith reversed the shoes and the Bow Street Runners were foiled. They thought the horse was coming instead of going. From this town in 1941 came Dennis Vick.

Since leaving the age old hills of Nailsworth, Dennis has gone far. Cupid has been busy with his bow from the wind swept spaces of Debert to the lofty canyons of Toronto, where Dennis on his adventures of the heart has had the girls falling in all directions at his impact. Who but Dennis would have a bow-cerest stamped upon his letters? So today we find him in Picton, Ontario, doing a fine job in No. 6 hangar.



THE HOMELAND

Far, far away from England's pleasant shore,
Then which none other land could please me more,
I long for lovely England's golden strand—
However beautiful this stranger land—
The fresh, scent-laden, English summer breeze;
The song of birds, of rivulets, of bees;
The hum of insect life beneath the trees;
The rhapsody of English summer seas.

To browse beside our sparkling seas
I long;
To hear again the soaring lark's sweet song;
To yield once more to the seductive lure
Of tramping o'er matchless Devon moor
Or wandering by its seas of azure blue

When Spring has crowned the land with verdure new,
Springing luxuriantly from out its bed
Of good rich Devon earth which is so red!
Now I should love to be by Ex or Teign

Or to the north where flows the peaceful Lynn—
Or up in Yorkshire 'midst the hill and dale,
The bracing moor or unsequestered vale

With every leaf set dancing on each tree
By gentle zephyrs from the Northern Sea;—

Or else in June the western sea to view,
Reflecting Heaven's vault of deepest blue,

Where jagged rocks of "Serpentine" may brave
The silv'ry thunder of a jade-green wave;—

And so to linger as we did of yore
In quaint old Cornish towns beside the shore,

Or village nestling in a rugged cove—
Of simple loveliness a treasure trove—
The road embowered with trees (or flowers instead).

The houses whitewashed and with tiles so red
(Or dark brown thatch—a thick and goody store)

With bright blue Clematis around the door;—

Naught can describe the peaceful beauty there,

Nor fragrance of the sweet and scented air—

To name a few of many beauties grand

In England's homely, green and pleasant land.

Those days of yore we will again renew

And I shall wander there—my love—with you!

—L. M. LEWIS

ELEGY TO A PILOT

The klaxon sounds the knell of parting speed,

The stalling kites glides slowly o'er the lea.

The pilot, cheesed, just pays no heed,
And leaves this world—unexpectedly.

Russian Night - A Discussion

One of the more interesting occasions of October was the meeting held to discuss our Russian ally.

The evening started with the film, "Inside Fighting Russia", which depicted the manner in which the Russians have turned themselves from a backward into a strong, industrialized and organized fighting nation, knit together by a fervent faith in her future.

LAC. Stevens gave a short talk on the history of Russia since the Revolution, showing in particular how her foreign policy has developed.

An idea of what Russia was like and how this had been achieved had been given. Now we began to discuss what Russia would mean in the future. What would Russia do with her new-found strength? Would the world find her a source of strength or a source of danger in the post-war period? Would the adoption of her political ideas be acceptable to Western Democracy? Would the Russian way of life be the way of life to suit the rest of the world?

Divergences of view were freely expressed on these and other phases of

the subject, but the evening left us with the conclusion that Russia was now a mighty force in world politics—that she had much to teach the rest of the world, whose endeavour it must be to gain an understanding of her, an understanding so real that co-operation with her will be possible in the troublesome problems that will beset us after the war.

It was an interesting and profitable discussion. We hope to have many more during the coming winter months.

All is Not Gin

THAT BITTERS

PROLOGUE

TRUTH, so they say, is stranger than fiction, and it is a fact that one comes across strange stories in the most unexpected places. The tale that I unfold below is so unusual and bizarre that I felt it my duty to record it for posterity. It was related to me by a very old woman whom I encountered in a lonely part of the Ardennes Forest in Belgium, some two years before the war. There was I felt, even at the time, something unearthly about this old woman, for as she walked away from me into the approaching gloom suddenly she changed into a drunken Flight-Sergeant and fell heavily upon his face. However, there may have been some perfectly normal explanation for this, so we will leave the unfortunate old woman in the forest and proceed with the narrative. I took it upon myself to supply a title to the story, this latter in itself, I might add, has the virtue of having no connection whatever with what follows and thus confuses neither the issue nor the reader.

CHAPTER I

Once upon a time, in a green and pleasant land, far, far away from 31 Bombing and Gunnery Picton, Ont., there lived an exceedingly beautiful queen, whose custom it was to take a walk in the castle grounds each night after supper to aid her digestion. One summer's evening just before dusk when there were still a few odd bees left working busily among the flowers and still a few odd Ansons drifting homeward from the last details, she decided to go beyond the confines of the magnificent, well kept gardens and stroll awhile in the cool greenness of the woods outside. As her dainty feet were crushing the

grass and wild flowers in one scented glade, suddenly she came upon a little rabbit caught fast by its port hind leg in a snare. She bent to observe it more closely (severely straining her last pre-rationing girdle) and was greatly surprised and not a little perturbed, when it stopped its futile efforts to escape and addressed her in a distinctly Oxford accent:

"I say, old thing," said the rabbit, "Be a good egg and let me loose, if you don't someone is going to come along and make me into pie as sure as my name is Joe and as a matter of a fact my personal opinion is that I am a little young for that yet. Be a good sport, I promise that you won't regret it, perhaps there will

come a time when I can do you for something."

Now the Queen who was wearing an exotic beige evening gown and her rarest perfume (Johnny Walker Black Label), thought it rather cute albeit a trifle unusual that a rabbit should be able to talk, so making up her face there and then, she released the little animal (read beast if you dislike rabbits) deciding to take it home as a pet—sorry—pet.

It might be mentioned in passing that the Queen was both courteous and fair above all living women, passionate and kindly. (She had been a corporal in the W.A.A.F.'s before she met the King), and what she hadn't learned from the Sgt.-Pilots wasn't worth knowing.

Later that night after she had bathed herself in goats milk she prepared for repose in her huge bed (lots of room to wrestle—sorry—nestle) hung with priceless silks and daintiest lace. The rabbit was in her bedroom in a Lux soap box (adv't.), lined with pink plush velvet and (the box not the rabbit), when she slid between the damask sheets clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, she felt a little lonely, as women sometimes will, so she thought that she would take the rabbit into bed with her. (Now don't say people don't take rabbits to bed because there won't be any story otherwise.) No sooner had she climbed delicately back into bed with it clasped against her firm young bosom (very nice too) then, with a faint metallic click and a slight grinding of gears, it changed into a handsome young airman (Bombing Instructor, General List).

Sometime later at approximately 07.00 hours, he turned to her and remarked:

"Thanks awfully for the hospital-

ity old girl, but I really must tear myself away now, my 48 finishes at 08.00 hours and I have to catch a bus."

So saying, he turned back into a rabbit and leaping from the window, ran back to the woods leaving behind nothing to mark his going but a faint smell of turret oil. Ho hum . . .

Shortly afterwards there was a fanfare of trumpets and the king, who had been night flying and was clad in an ermine flying suit, studded with the rarest gems, strode into the room feeling rather like a cup of tea himself (read coffee if Canadian). He, who had recently been on a G.R. course, immediately spotted the empty beer bottles, perceiving at the same time that his gay young wife was looking dewy, if not slightly cross, eyed, and so in his rich baritone voice he said:

"What's all this 'ere?' or 'Who's been sleeping in my porridge?' (Read which you like, it doesn't matter a damn anyway.)

The Royal Consort, stretching her beautiful limbs and neatly dislocating a shoulder, replied languidly:

"I have no idea darling, there must have been gremlins about last night."

And he being descended from good sergeant stock gave her the benefit of the doubt—the dope!

All of which only goes to show that even if a rolling stone does gather no moss it is liable to get chipped in transit, or who misses a slice off a cut loaf.

EPILOGUE

A few months after, the king died of engine failure on take-off and the rabbit, who could return every other week-end now that they had more instructors in G.I.S., lived happily with the Queen ever after, until post-
ed.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

I'd been working all day at my turnip;
It's the bravest that ever was seen;
And at last when I put in my candle,
It just seemed to shout "Hallowe'en!"

The eyes were red and tear-ful',
Wi' a mouth from ear to ear:
Even my mother was fear-ful,
When I brought my lantern near.

I'm going to a party this evening,
At Tam Burns' doon the street;
My heart is nearly bursting,
So happy I'm likely to greet.

I got dressed all up like a Sunday,
The back of my ears got a rub;
It was indeed a big day,
As my father put me in a tub.

He scrubbed till I ached all o'er,
But I felt as right as rain
When I saw myself in the mirror,
Weel, it was worth all the pain.

Next, I got dressed like the land-lord,
Wi' my collar as white as the snow;
My breeks had a crease like a sharp
sword,

And I prayed for the moment to go.
At last when I kissed my mother,
And waved farewell to my pop,
I was off doon the road a-whistling,
Wi' a skip, a jump and a hop.

The night was a crisp as a snow ball,
Stars seemed to dance to my tune;
I felt like the ground after rain-fa',
As I smiled to my aul freen' the moon.

I knocked at the door quite breath-
less,
Already some people were there,
Mrs. Burns told me to enter,
And hang my coat on the stair.

The house was lit up like a mansion,
Wi' colored lights dancing aroun',
I shyly went into the kitchen,
Where I spotted my girl Betty Broom.

The party was just beginning;
Dooking was first on the list,
In the pail rosy apples were floating,
It would break my heart if I missed.

My turn came roun' like lightning;
I aimed for one at the side,
My fork struck it dead in the centre,
And my joy I hardly could hide.

However, when no one was looking,
I slipped it to Betty Broom,
And the look she gave when she saw
it,
Made me feel the luckiest loon.

Her cheeks as pink as a rosebud,
In glory her frock tried to beat
Wi' eyes like gentle wee daisies;
Was ever a lass so sweet?

At last came the treat of the evening;
All lanterns were put to the test,
And I nearly swooned at the tension,
Would mine be considered the best?

Mr. Burns was the judge, very solemn,
He studied each lantern in turn,
The lights were put out in the dark-
ness,
In truth not a word was said.

The lights went on, what excitement!
The winner would soon be announced,
And I nearly died when I heard it:
Yes, my name was clearly pronounced.

With a hug, Mrs. Burns gave a parcel,
My fingers trembled wi' glee;
And I just could stammer—"Thank
you",
I was shaking richt up from the knee.

Now came the time for eating,
We all trooped in to behold
A table so crowded with good things,
There was silence from even the bold.

We stared at icings and jellies,
Apples, peanuts and dates;
Sandwiches, salmon and chicken,
Then rushed to beckoning plates.

There were crackers all covered with
fairies,
Which we pu'd half afraid o' the
bang;

Ginger ale sparkling in glasses,
The party had no thing wrang.

I ate till my cheeks were puffing,
Then slipped some things in my pouch,
To tak' home tae my elder brither,
Even though he is a bit of a grouch.

It was over before you could whistle,
I said guld nicht tae my host,
And he called as he squeezed by
handie,
"Run hame son and dinna get lost."

Well I ran all the way wi' ma parcel;
The moon made a path through the
dark,

I thought all the world must be
happy,
And life just a wonderful lark.

I dreamt all the night of the party,
I tossed in my bed somthing cruel,
From dreams of doughnuts and dam-
sels

I woke to maw's shout "time for
school!"

M. STEVENS



So You Want To Fly?

By "Spinner"

AN OUTLINE OF O.T.U. GROUND SCHOOL

SO you want to fly? Having obtained the coveted brevet and all that goes with it, you are keen to get on with the job, which brings you to O.T.U. where your keenness will be put to test as soon as you arrive. In spite of your stripes or commission, you are still the lowest form of aircrew life, to wit, a "sprog".

You still have to book in and out of camp, and you still have to do six weeks' ground classes before you get into an aeroplane. In case your keenness has received a severe setback, the N.C.O.'s still have to march to and from classes in an orderly manner.

You are given ample opportunity to indulge in outdoor games and P.T., but it is the classes which form the important and interesting part of your ground school.

These classes include all the usual pre-O.T.U. subjects such as signals, armaments, navigation, meteorology and discipline; and the new and absorbing subjects of aerial photography, crew co-operation and intelligence.

Of this intensive curriculum it is the last two subjects which will appeal to those of you who wish to live to a ripe old age.

The Intelligence Officer will lecture you on the geography of enemy territory, the flak belts, the search-light belts, the night-fighter belts and the best routes and heights to reach any given objective. Target photographs are flashed on the screen and anyone of reasonable intelligence can get to know and recognize enemy targets from the comfort and security of the classroom.

Actual aerial photographs of enemy power stations, factories, docks, chemical works, oil storage plants and refineries will help you to distinguish one type of target from the next and help you to drop your bombs on the right spot when the time comes. Intelligent use of the Intelligence library will be encouraged, and many hours each day will be given over to the use of this comfortable and informative room. Also, instead of reading "Tee-Emm" or any of the lighter literature, it will repay you 100% to study Bomber Command Bulletins. These useful pamphlets give you detailed analysis of the percentage of our aircraft to reach and bomb their objectives, the percentage shot down and the percentage which failed to reach base. Apart from the secret and reliable information you can also find out WHY these failures occurred and profit by the errors of more experienced crews.

Crew co-operation or fuselage training will be another vital and absorbing subject and at at most O.T.U. a special hangar is devoted to it. This hangar contains two or three of

the type of aircraft that you will be flying in during the latter part of your training, and their object is to familiarize you with the 'kite' concerned before taking the air. You will have to learn where all the oxygen points and taps are, and how to operate the supply. All intercomm. points have to be memorized and all main light points and switches located and operated.

You will be shown where and how to "abandon aircraft", and hours will be spent tumbling head first from YOUR particular escape hatch into a taut canvas "pit". This is good fun and knowing "erks" spend many profitable moments collecting coins and keys which drop from the hapless airmen's pockets.

If the sea is handy, dinghy drills will be carried out under almost natural conditions, and lacking the sea, the local baths will be commandeered, and you will get wet just the same. Back in the fuselage you will learn "ditching stations" and how to use them; how to inflate the buoyancy chambers, and where the dinghy release toggles are situated.

Such comforts as the "can" and the bed will appeal to those who wish to make the most of their flying time.

"Cloudy Joe" or the Met Man, who is usually a civilian, will give you the usual "gen" on weather reports and cold and warm fronts, but he also has an entirely new angle. He will teach you to assess weather and to bring back an accurate and detailed report of conditions encountered over enemy territory.

After a few weeks of the above subjects, examinations are held, and those who acquire the required percentage are permitted to start the flying part of the course. The failures are either put back a course or washed out completely depending on their instructor's report.—But who is going to fall anyhow?

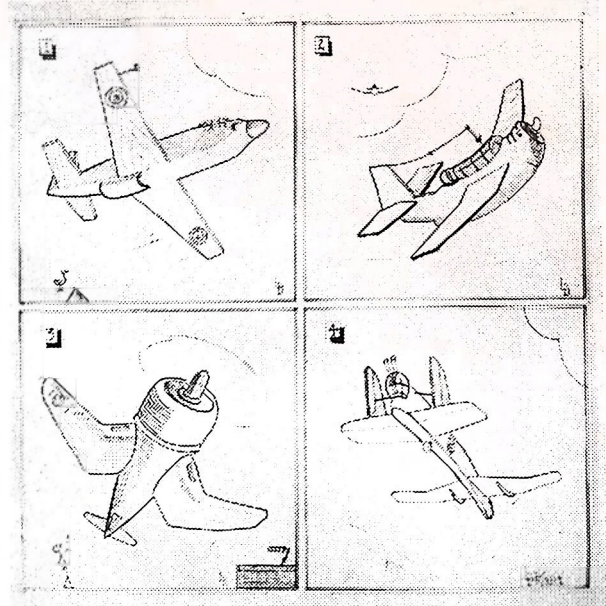
★ THE (GRIM) REAPER

Beside the unassessed charts he lay,
His computer in his hand;
His brow was bare, his matted hair
Hid his pale face—once so tanned.

The room was hushed, no comments new

Came from the other aircraft's crew.
For once too oft, with much aplomb,
A 'goon' had said "That's not my bomb!"

AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION VERSE CONTEST



CONTEST RULES

1. All service personnel of No. 31 Bombing and Gunnery School are eligible.
2. Entrants are to compose four verses of four lines each: one verse for each of the aircraft sketched above.
3. Verses MUST contain the name of the aircraft; and, wherever possible, should incorporate main recognition features, type of aircraft, service theatres, etc.
4. All entries must be printed or written in ink on plain white paper; and submitted to the G.I.S. orderly room or Aircraft Recognition Instructor's room within 10 days of the date of publication of this magazine.
5. Entries must be clearly marked with the name, number, rank, and section of contestant; and should be headed "Aircraft Recognition Verse Contest".
6. Entrants may submit as many sets of verses as they wish.
7. Prize will be donated to the entrant submitting the most appropriate set of verses.
8. Decision of the judges is final.
9. Entries must be accompanied by entry form printed below.

ENTRY FORM AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION CONTEST

I hereby certify that I have abided by the contest rules and understand that the judges' decision is final.

NAME
 NUMBER RANK
 SQUAD NO. OR SECTION

"THE BURNING QUESTION"

(Dedicated to those unsung heroes of Hut 9R attached to "Work and Bricks" for four months — awaiting their course.)

What's to be done with this disorganized rabble,
 Skilled only in removal of sand and gravel—
 Versed only in use of chisel and hammer,
 Proficient with both grease and spanner?

Truly, so versatile are they,
 Who joined this Era's bloodiest foray—
 With deadly brush and pot of paint,
 Learning the art of self-restraint.

On some culinary task their backs are bent,
 Or guiding a scrubbing brush, eyes intent—

Each of them sweat as they vainly try,
 To earn the sacred right to fly.

They clean your gun each time you shoot,
 Or note and check your parachute—
 Marking the fall of each errant bomb,
 Conserving white flash and full aplomb.

Yes, what can be done with this body of men,
 Equally proficient with spade and pen—
 For each service trade may they apply,

Who are denied the right to fly.
 N.E.—The popular decision—"LET 'EM DIE."

—LAC. CARL COOPER

Magic Carpet in Wax

PRIZE WINNING SHORT STORY by Kenneth Mason

RELENTLESSLY the torrid sun beat down on the thin walls of the tent, as though malignantly trying to penetrate the canvas to where a heaving, dusty figure lay in a fitful sleep. As he tossed and turned, little beads of perspiration rolled from his sweating body and formed small pools, making the oppressive atmosphere of the tent unpleasantly odorous. For months now, there had been no respite from those fierce rays, and not even a whisp of cloud had dared to sully the blinding chastity of the sky.

David Carless gave a convulsive heave, grunted and woke to sickening reality. Blessed sleep had transported him for a few fleeting moments, thousands of miles away from the barren, hideous sandy waste which had been his home for three interminable years. A wave of nausea and disappointment swept over him when he realized that once more he had been merely dreaming, and the dreary desert still lay beyond those taut canvas walls. Loving England as he did, with all the passion of his soul, these three agonizing years in the desert had been an absolute hell on earth, and certainly it didn't seem possible for hell to be hotter than this place.

Three years of ceaseless heat and monotony; the heat he could stand with an effort, but the monotony was almost driving him insane. He was sick of it. So sick, in fact, that at times he felt an almost irresistible urge to scream. Whenever this happened and self-restraint threatened to collapse under the force of his pent-up emotions, he would seek relief from his boredom in the nearest native town. There was little to recommend the place—in fact it smelt abominably of decaying garbage—refuse which had been rotting in the sun for centuries, but there was nowhere else to go and it did at least provide a much needed change of scene. Wandering in the dusty lanes of the town, his yearning for the quiet serenity of the English countryside would swell up inside and he would sigh hopelessly for her grey muggy skies to replace the burnished brightness of this tropical canopy, and long for soft sunlight instead of the blazing heat of this garnish sun, which seemed to sap every ounce of his vitality and leave him in a state of torpor and depression.

With an effort he struggled up from where he lay, wiped the sweat from his hot steaming body and checked the time by his watch. "Four o'clock". He was on duty within the hour—a cheerful prospect, work did at least help to dissipate the weariness of his existence on this parched plain. From force of habit (he was a creature of habits now) he burrowed amongst his kit and unearthed his battered, dusty portable gramophone. It was his accustomed hour for the daily "musical interlude"—just a part of his routine. Routine and habit, his life had long since settled into those twin grooves—it saved energy. He rarely thought nowadays; he daren't. If he did it only deepened

his morbidity, and God knows he was morbid enough. With the slightly mechanical air which had insinuated itself into his actions of late, he blew the surface dust off the portable gramophone and placed it carefully on the small collapsible table in the corner of the tent. He was fond of this humble product of an over-mechanized age; not without reason either, for together with his limited stock of books, it had been largely the means of preserving his sanity during his long exile.

Unfortunately, he was at the mercy of the caprice of the native bazaar for his supply of records, and consequently his collection was varied to say the least of it, consisting of overtures, snatches from operas, and even some incomplete symphonic recordings; some chipped, some cracked and all well worn. An occasional stroke of luck was sometimes his, such as the occasion when he had picked up an absolute gem during one of his infrequent visits to the native town, and he had grown to treasure it as much as his meagre supply of water. Almost tenderly he took it from its case and placed it on the turntable, playing it now, as he had done every day since he had bought it. Dust and grit were embedded in the grooves and the heat had made a wavy travesty of the original smooth shiny surface. An old needle and the worn sound box conspired in the general distortion of sound, but for all these shortcomings, the record was an "Open Sesame" for David's home thoughts from abroad.

From the first nostalgic notes, the walls of the tent seemed to fade slowly into nothingness and an urgent longing swept over him like a wave; it was such a feeling which inspired Browning's haunting homesick lines: "Oh to be in England now that April's there . . ."—lines which found a fervent echo in his own heart right now. Once more, the soaring melody of the strings thrilled him, and as though impelled upwards to an airy region where time and distance ceased to exist the music winged his thoughts homewards. Each stirring note held a special significance of its own for him; every melodious line awakened a memory, vivid and real; the very spirit of England itself emerged from the glorious theme, fresh and clean and sparkling; the whole was a sound picture of the England he loved, England of the green fields and hedges . . . England where the first daffodils appear shining, like a million dazzling suns on

the emerald earth . . . England of the everchanging skies—giant cumulus clouds towering to eternity, or moist mist caressing the mountain tops . . . England of the quiet stream . . . England . . . England . . . England! . . . each revolution was pregnant with reminiscences, and as the glorious sweep of the music rang its defiance of ugliness out over the desert it found an echo in his heart and he too, felt defiant of his fate.

Truly, to say David was thankful for that piece of wax was to be guilty of an understatement—for he valued it far beyond its material worth, for had it not a magical capacity for spriting him away from his desert fastness with all the fabled deficiency of a "Magic Carpet"? . . . Magic Carpet indeed? . . . the idea appealed to him and he smiled to himself as he thought of it. Yes, that is what it was—his "Magic Carpet" in wax! Not the popular idea of a Magic Carpet and a little brittle perhaps—but for all that a Magic Carpet, capable of spriting him homewards when he was in danger of doubting the very existence of England outside the realms of his own feverish imagination. Yes, he thanked God for that warped wax disc, with all its attendant associations of thought—wonderful memories of the past . . . relief and comfort for the present . . . hope for the future—it was a symbol in sound of all he held dear, and damned be the day it should be broken! ! !

The last notes faded slowly and sweetly into silence . . . outside the sun shone more fiercely than ever . . . the sand shimmered and danced in the heat . . . a jackal screamed derisively . . .

Home at last! England did exist after all and was not merely a figment of his imagination.

The miracle of an English spring had just begun—and what better season was there to welcome a dusty traveller from abroad, and ease his desert weary eyes? Here, amidst all this fresh, sparkling beauty, he could quickly forget the misery of the past three years, when he had tormented himself with longings for what was now a reality—Was it reality? He had literally to pinch himself periodically to assure himself that it wasn't just another of those tantalizing dreams in his wretched little tent on the desert. But it was true, and he felt like singing aloud with relief and pleasure; it was almost worth having endured the purgatory of those years, just to experience the thrill of the homecoming. It was like being born again! And oh, the greenness of everything, and how wonderful to see an English sky—a majestic panorama of clouds parading across the light blue dome of heaven . . . superb! It made him glad to be alive!

The curtain of the past quickly lifted as he found himself once more

embraced in the family circle. Everything at his home in the country was more or less as he had left it, and he soon settled down to the glorious normality of it all, steeping himself in its caressing atmosphere of quiet and content, and forgetting the nightmare of the past.

One thing that was completely unchanged during his absence was his room; he was sure it smiled a welcome when he entered it the first time. Everything was in its time-honored place; the bed by the window, which looked out on to the lush green lawn, now fringed around with daffodils and primroses, and other abundant evidence of the spring touch. His books still lined the walls—hundreds of them, treasures he had collected from early school days . . . the rolled-top desk, with the photograph of himself taken during his last year at school looking challengingly down from the wall above it . . . and there in the corner was his mahogany radiogramophone, a miracle of modern science, and here at hand were stacks of records, all neatly arranged on their appropriate shelves—symphonies, concertos, operatic excerpts, all superb shining black discs, a sight to gladden the eye of the keenest collector. Irresistibly he was drawn to them and his hand lighted at random on the collection of overtures and pulled one out . . . and there it was—his "Magic Carpet in Wax!"

Switching the gramophone on, he placed the record on the turntable, then sank back into the welcoming arms of his comfortable, though ancient easy-chair, and closed his eyes to enjoy the music.

The familiar, swelling theme vibrated through the room and carried his thoughts away . . . away . . . away.

Then something was wrong—suddenly, unaccountably, the atmosphere was oppressive—he broke into a cold sweat and his hands were moist with fear . . . it was the music, something had happened to the music and it was weaving a sinister spell which clutched him in a stifling embrace—nightmarish and unreal . . . the desert surged up before his horrified eyes . . . he wanted to shout aloud but his lips were dry and his tongue was clinging to the roof of his mouth so that he couldn't . . . he must stop it before the walls of that bloody tent crowded in on him and smothered him . . . Christ! . . .

With a frantic effort he leapt from the luxuriant depth of the chair and rushing across the room, tore the record from the machine and with savage force hurled it to the floor with a crash! . . . It lay there in a thousand reproachful splinters . . . silence . . .

Outside the spring sunshine shone palely . . . a breeze rustled musically amongst the pines . . . a thrush sang sweetly.



THE BIRD OF THE SINGLE WING

Come all ye men of tongue or pen
Who spend your nights and days
By press or mike, or as you like
The pilots deeds to praise.
Publicity it seems to me
Should still find time to sing,
The song of love in favor of
The bird of the single wing.

Who mans the guns who keeps the
huns
Off the back of the pilot's neck,
Who'll twist and turn
Till his eyeballs burn,
As he searches the sky for a speck,
Who'll first expose his unfortunate
nose
To the Messerschmitt's murderous
sting?
Ask the pilot, he'll advise you to see
The bird of the Single Wing.

And who must know all his radio
From "A" to the bitter "Zee",
And who's able to read what some
screwball has keyed,
In a fit of insanity?
And who's got to crawl through a
space that's so small
That a kitten you never could swing?
This contortionist who I'm presenting
to you
Is the Bird of the Single Wing.

Who navigates those Flying Crates
That pilots so proudly steer?
And on whom depends that the jour-
ney ends
On the nose and not somewhere near?
And who sticks to the track while
he's peppered with flak
That the ack acks so gaily fling,
As his aircraft sails right over Berlin?
But the Bird of the Single Wing.

Who captures the girls with heavenly
curls
And lips like a cupid's bow?
And who says to who "Oh you won-
derful you
How high do you really go?"
On whose manly chest does a little
head rest
As his nose gets all set for the ring?
On the pilots of course for she's got
to use force
On the Bird of the Single Wing.



PRIZE WINNING CARTOON

H. BROWN

**The Armstrong-Woolworth
"Whitnit"**

There was a vast crowd of war-workers and their friends, at the Fair Grounds of Little-Picton-in-the-Mire yesterday—when a new type of aircraft was shown for the first time in public. Alf Norris—a prominent sports promoter and man-about-town, gave the crowd a lecture on "Morale in Wartime", followed by details of the new aircraft. (The day ended up with Alf Norris selling \$50 worth of war bonds and ice skates, which pleased him rather immensely.)

Well—here are the details:

A six-engined triplane with fixed arrangement of twin caterpillar tracks undercarriage, and of wood and metal construction, for use as a general-purpose machine by the R.A.F. Power: three Bristol "Pegouts" and three Rolls-Royce "Mervins" provide the aircraft with a top speed of 100 m.p.h. and a minimum of 90 m.p.h. (Stalling speed 89 m.p.h.). The chief reason for the "Pegouts" on the port side, and the "Mervins" on the starboard side, is the fact that there is a terrific tendency for the whole affair to yaw to the right. The "Pegouts" (being radial), offer more drag on the port wing, thus correcting same. (The drift-recorder now records a heck of a drift to starboard in still air.) The undercarriage is an

—which are intended to make safe landings in farm fields should the engine fail on take-offs, etc. Main-planes are fixed above the fuselage, thus giving pilot and crew a wide field of unobstructed vision, should the aircraft become airborne. De-icing apparatus is fitted in the leading edges of the two lower mainplanes; (it was found that the upper mainplane generally blew off when encountering strong headwinds). There are pipes running through the leading edges—through which is passed hot air, (supplied by the Air Ministry), and this system is an improvement over the original type which consisted of hot water being pumped, (by means of a

hand-pump operated by the bomb-aimer). This method necessitated a large boiler and furnace—which unfortunately proved cumbersome and in-efficient. (hence the statement over the radio—"one of our aircraft failed to return".)

The range of this aircraft is 100 miles, and will prove itself to be very efficient—should the enemy make a landing at Brighton; (the "Whitnits" are now stationed at Croydon airport). The fuel consumption rate is 1,000 gallons per hour, (this is mainly due to a leak in the main tank when performance trials were carried out). Wing-span is 200 feet, height 50 feet, and length 150 feet. It should be remembered that on occasions where the upper mainplane becomes detached—the wing-span drops down to 190 feet, as the lower main-planes are shorter.

Armament consists of 30 "Brownies" (installed as a sort of "scarce protection"), and two canons in each turret, should there be any opposition by enemy aircraft. The bomb-load is made up 24, 11½-pounders and two hot-air cylinders for the de-icing system. The crew consists of a pilot, 2nd pilot, 3rd pilot, 4th pilot and a nav./bomber/W-T/AG/FE. The latter member is carried in case he should be needed, and is entered under the list of spare parts. The two turrets are manned by the afore-mentioned N.B.W.A.F., but due to his having to run up and down the whole aircraft when in an air attack—it was found that this affected the state of equilibrium. The ceiling is 500 feet (so far), so the use of 'chutes is non-existent, (thus saving valuable 'chutes). When one of these aircraft manages to return from ops., we will supply more "gen", so until then, we will thank Alf Norris for the above data, and so to all aircrew we say "Happy Landings".

1399150 LAC. LUDLAM, F.

A comely young lady had enlisted in the Q.W.A.C.'s and her friends were bidding her a fond farewell. "Be sure to write to us often," said one of them.

"I will try," was the answer, "but judging by my first few days' experience I am going to be frightfully busy saying 'Yes ma'am' all day and 'No sir' all night."

MONTHLY REPORTS FROM THE FOLK WHO LIVE ON THE HILL

News and Views

No. 5 Hangar

We miss familiar faces, a few, oh so very few on the proverbial boat, and some to other hangars. The lads at No. 6 hangar had better look to their laurels; they now have in their midst the Buffalo Romeo.

Why so many gloomy faces, or perhaps should we say studious faces? Is it because the knees are so sore from scrubbing floors, or is it the dreadful foreboding of a retention of rank board?

Good luck to you boys on this board; we should hate to hear the sound of those pretty blue "props" being torn from the arms. I know they help to shoot horrible lines in the States;—

"What do those things on your arms stand for?"

"LAC."

"Oh!"

"Yes, Leading Air Commodore."

"Have a drink."

"A" Flight

Yes, we're still here, alive and kicking—or should we say "Servicing". Still, "Annie" is a faithful girl although she does call for particular attention. We only wish some of our lady friends were just as faithful—or do we—they call for just as much attention anyway—maybe it's just a matter of "servicing".

We have noted the enthusiasm with which our drivers have entered into the spirit of P.T. They really seem to enjoy it, only about two-thirds of them offering the excuse that their right elbow gets enough exercise anyway—maybe the other one-third are left-handed. Strange how a certain F/O finds jobs cropping up needing immediate attention when the P.T. cry is sounded.

Has F/O. Davies found his shorts yet? It's getting rather cold now to be without them and not at all becoming. Maybe Mrs. Davies can help Mr. Davies.

Winter draws on. The flight basketball team is worthy of note—we wish them all the luck and hope to see them at the top of the league.

It's surprising to see such a turn of speed never exhibited on the tarmac, and otherwise entirely foreign to their nature.

All the boys appreciated the recent flight "binge", and would, we are sure, have really enjoyed themselves if it hadn't been for the entire lack of "binge". But then Smithy doesn't touch the stuff anyway—can't get it past his teeth, he says—and Cpl. Rampling doesn't drink either—between week-ends at Toronto!

Our timekeeper "Jock", recently returned from leave, doesn't know whether to go sick or start "keeping time".

We've had some pretty good bombing results lately.

After all an occasional one or two in the gardens of residents of the district only breaks the monotony.

Here's luck to one of our Flight-Sergeant pilots, who's determined to

put an a/c u/s for hydraulics—maybe he'll be lucky next time—no—he doesn't live out.

"Butch" is putting in quite a bit of training. His direct method of settling a difference of opinion certainly has a punch in it.

We hope that P/O. Pulcyn is making the most of his freedom. Go to it Mr. Pulcyn, the "Belleville" soon be ringing for you. Another one to join the living-out crowd—my, my—more snags.

Yes, Jonah's hair is still white, and Lloyd's going thinner. Can you wonder?

6 Hangar Rumbblings

The big news from Maintenance recently is the success of the football team in winning both the league and the challenge cup. In the cup games the team played consistently good football, but our career in the league evoked a lot of harsh comment from our loyal, but not very patient supporters. We played really well against stiff opposition, but a blight seemed to settle on the team when we were expected to win comfortably, and a series of drawn games almost robbed us of the league. Jock Reid, our skipper for most of the season, was posted home after leaving us in a very good position for winning the league and the cup. It was fitting that in his last game, which was the cup semi-final, he was one of the outstanding players on the field. In addition to our success on the football field, Maintenance (assisted by No. 5 Hangar), won the cricket league.

The tranquillity of life in No. 6 Hangar is shattered from time to time by odd disturbances, such as sudden plagues of engine changes, whisperings of boat "gen", mostly "duff", retention-of-rank boards sprung upon the most law-abiding citizens in the hangar, and, of course, P.T. on Monday mornings. This last is a most popular institution. What we like about it is, "IT IS GOOD FOR US".

We are assured of this by a Flt/Sgt. whose waistline speaks volumes for the value of the P.T. he did in the air force. What can be better than returning from leave or a "forty-eight", having a couple of hours sleep, and then stepping into the crisp fresh air in P.T. kit ready to perform the complicated antics required of us? Yet I have noted that some of the chaps don't appreciate what is being done for them. They crawl out of the billet with sagging knees and ghastly faces, groaning pitifully. Some of them even swear. Yet when they get started they are really interested and work out all sorts of modifications on the exercises. I notice that quite a lot of them have discovered a way of doing "press-ups" without lifting their chins or stomachs from the ground.

Malleious Gossip Corner—Who was the fitter in six hangar who had a lot of trouble with a twin-engined "Lysander"?

Welcome—To the riggers and fitters who came over from No. 5 hangar.

I think they will like No. 6 hangar when they get used to performing the highly technical work we do over here.

Congratulations—To Flt/Sgt. Burdls on his promotion. To Cpl. Critchley and Bob Wright on becoming fathers. To all the floor scrubbers, window cleaners, and ablation scourers who earned the proud distinction of having the cleanest billet in September for "IOL".

M.T. Section

Hello folks.

Here is the M.T. bringing you the latest "gen" after a long silence. Flight-sergeant Chattern has left for the U.K. with our best wishes, and in his place we welcome Chiefy Wright. We all hope he will enjoy his stay here. The latest incident worth reporting is this—

A certain squadron leader once asked a crash tender driver if he had seen two bits, (which you all know is Wing Commander Anderson's dog), around. The answer was in the negative, and as soon as the officer had left, the driver was seen on his bend-ers looking for a quarter.

No names, no pack drills; but what a BATTYE thing to do!

NOTICE TO ALL FLIGHTS

The Bowser drivers have asked me to tell the flights that the quality of their tea is very poor. Now we know where all of our used oil goes to!

Well gents, that's all for now, so here's signing off until the next issue.

Cheerlo—

THE M.T. GREMLIN

N Flight—Do Not Disturb

Here's a word from the right-tanned Wizards of the Tarmac.

This is the first, and we hope not the last, contribution to the station mag. First we should like to say that any similarity between the characters seen in No. 2 Hangar and living airmen is purely imaginary.

Although still a baby among sections, we are justly proud of our little community, and welcome this chance to record in the annals of time (well, the station mag.) the doings of the "Tong".

The past two months have brought us two joyful occasions, the first being, an increase in strength, supplied by Wright Inc., and Junior is hereby presented with an open invitation, to walk in on us any time he feels like it. May good luck, health and happiness follow him for the rest of his natural.

The second "Great Doing" was the biggest step any unwary young male could take, and Gibson certainly took it. Needless to say it gave us cause to step out, and we stepped. Pictures were taken and copies may be had on presentation of one bucket of compression and two O'Henry's. Good luck Johnnie and M.

We wish to thank all who contributed to the present for which Mrs. G. was certainly impressed.

We have welcomed two new Junior

N.C.O.'s, said "Good-bye" to three; those who have departed, we wish good hunting; those remaining are doing too much (hunting, we mean). We must say that they have fitted themselves admirably to the harmonious ways of life in "N". Although one carries a Bowie Knife, between the shoulder blades, no telling who put it there, but we all give it an occasional twist now and then. The other Junior carries a torch, and what a torch!

Well, this is all for now, and in parting, we would like to inform one and all, that any season is open season on laws. And chiefly, sitting on a piano like a Bhudda, is no way for a senior N.C.O. to conduct a choir.

You have just read the first instalment of the Moonshine Boys. (To be continued, we hope.)

"Duff Gen." From H.Q.

A "bond" according to our dictionary is "anything that binds". This discovery has brought forth the suggestion that certain members of the Account's Section have recently become "bonds" with Bonds in their efforts for the Fifth Victory Loan. Nevertheless we trust that the 31 Bombing and Guntery School grand total will show that they have been "binding" to good effect.

—o—o—

It has been rumoured that an urgent telephone call was received by the Parachute Section recently requesting that a parachute be sent up to S.H.Q. immediately as the Adjutant was about to "go up in the air" again.

—o—o—

One new customer each for the Sergeants' Mess and Corporals' Club. Congratulations to Freddie Fox and Bill Hamilton on their promotion to Sergeant and Corporal respectively.

—o—o—

A certain Senior N.C.O. in Headquarters was heard issuing an order the other day to one of the "erks" to indent for a .38 revolver and one round of "ammo". We wonder whether he is contemplating suicide or murder, and if the latter, who the victim will be. (This isn't a \$50 question—the answer is easy).

—o—o—

The ringing of bells in S.H.Q. by a certain officer drew forth the following remark from one of the staff recently — "What is this, the b—y Navy."

Gestapo Gossip

It is rumored that F/Sgt. Dudley and his henchmen are making plans for their return to "Civvy Street". They feel that present experience would stand them in good stead in operating a travel and information bureau in conjunction with a quick lunch counter. One corporal, however, considers a valeting service more suitable.

We are pleased to be able to contradict the rumors regarding a cer-

(Continued on Back Page)

Escape From Europe } PRIZE WINNING ARTICLE

★ This Authentic Article is Written by a Frenchman, and We Have Adhered to the Originality of His English in the Belief That it Adds to the Spirit of the Story

WHEN the Germans invaded France I was at school at Boulogne. My home town was Le Touquet Paris-Plage.

One morning the Germans arrived in Boulogne with big tanks and many planes, and after a week of hard fighting against a British battalion, which I am pleased to say fought extremely well, with no tanks or aircraft against heavy German tanks and aircraft, the Germans "furent maitre de la ville".

Everybody was in a panic. The town was very badly hit, my school was hit also, many of my friends were killed; so my twin brother and myself made our way back to our home town 28 kilometres away, where our parents were living. On our way we saw hundreds of British soldiers killed in the streets. The German army passed us during the journey and fired on us and on thousands of Belgian civilians who were with us.

After two days of hard going we arrived home to find that the Germans had taken over our house, and that my parents, my brother and little sister had been taken away, bound for an unknown destination.

It was strange then to realize that only a fortnight before we had all spent a very happy week-end together.

A German N.C.O. who was living in our home at the time, noticed us and brought us in; we had a good meal with a half dozen German soldiers who naturally enough were in very high spirits. The N.C.O. in common with most Germans, could speak French and English fluently. He explained to us that our parents had been taken away by the German authorities, because my father was English and an ex-dental officer in the R.M.C. Incidentally they were taken at the same time as P. G. Wodehouse, the English writer, whose house was only twenty yards away from our own.

Those Germans were very jovial with us. They drank a lot and told us that England would be "next" and in a week's time. They had been waiting a long time to fulfill their greatest pleasure—that of invading England, and especially, taking the members of the British Government.

The next morning we were sent in lorries with many other British civilians to a famous concentration camp in Germany. I escaped from that camp after having been interned for seven months.

I was there with a few Polish and Jewish civilians. The Germans were extremely bad to the Poles, especially the Jewish. All that you have read or heard of the atrocities the Germans have done to the Jews and Poles is true. I have seen many of these poor fellows beaten by German guards for no reason at all, and sometimes they had no food for a couple of days. We, my twin brother and myself were the youngest in the camp, 17 years of age, and the Germans rather took pity on us.

We were sleeping on straw, twelve of us in a little room, the food was not bad but very little (just enough to keep one alive).

During my first few weeks there I made great friends with a German corporal, who had spent many years in France and who speaks the language fluently. At night he used to come and speak to us and bring us food from the cookhouse. In a few days' time I came to like him very much. He was a great fellow and hated very much the Hitler regime.

During my stay I came to know many German soldiers. Most of them were fed up with the war, but no one said anything about it. The best were the oldest of about thirty to forty. They were rather good to us, very fed up with the war, homesick, and most of them did not like the Hitler regime.

The young ones (La Jeunesse Hitlerien) were full of atrocities, and extremely fond and proud of Hitler. They have very a big hate of the English.

One morning after staying seven months in that camp, there was a rumour that we were going to be moved to work in a German factory.

The German corporal was very upset about it, and the same evening we thought of escaping. He was a lorry driver and the next morning at about 6.30 a.m. my twin brother and myself went in his lorry and covered ourselves with straw and wood.

We were in a very uncomfortable position until 10 o'clock, with German soldiers all round the lorry. Then the corporal came and to our great satisfaction we drove away through Germany without stopping.

We arrived a few miles from the frontier at about 6.30 in the evening. Here we stopped, the corporal gave us some bread and tinned meat. He was outwardly calm but extremely worried, and after smoking a cigarette we drove for the two most dangerous hours of our escape.

We were stopped twice by German guards. Under our cover we heard the corporal laughing with the guards and letting them see different papers. Then we were free in our beloved France.

In a little village call C— we parted from the corporal and we made our way through to our grandmother who has a big farm, 120 kilometres from where we were. After staying three days in my grandmother's farm,

where many German officers were billeted, we left one cold morning on our bicycles, each of us dressed as a farm worker, with wood, spade and rake on our back.

Our journey was dangerous because we did not have any liaison passes and nobody is allowed within 95 miles of their home town without liaison passes. Anyhow we were very lucky; after many little accidents we arrived at Pleuret, a little village five miles from Poitiers near the embarkation lines. There we went in a little pub of the village which was full of German soldiers. From the garcon we learnt much about the surrounding country.

He told us that two days ago the Germans shot a French Alsatian doctor who had tried to pass the embarkation line. We spent the rest of that day and all night in the cellar and next day at ten o'clock on a beautiful morning, we began our dangerous walk of two miles across the fields in front of many German soldiers.

Our plans were simple. We were still dressed as farm workers. My brother had a spade and I a rake, and we made our way through by working in the fields. We arrived about ten metres from the embarkation line and saw the German guards. We waited until they were about 50 metres away, made a dash for it and we were safe in unoccupied France. We were met there by a French battalion and were sent in front of a French colonel who asked us to join (La Jeunesse de France) the future army of Petain. We refused saying that our parents were (and still are) in a concentration camp.

We had a good meal with the French soldiers and plenty of good wines which made me feel very ill when I woke up next morning.

Two days later we left and made our way to Luckon (a' la barriere de Luckon) near the Spanish frontier. We were made very welcome by the population and after stopping there a few weeks we left with the help of a donanier.

We went across the Pyrenées and after two days of hard going, we arrived at the other side of the mountains, where the Spanish soldiers picked us up and sent us to Miranda Spanish prison.

In that prison it was simply hell, we would have preferred to have died because it was so rotten. We were there with Polish, Belgians and French, sharing our room with five Belgians and two Frenchmen. Our room was very small with only two wooden beds. We were treated like beasts, the room was very dirty—not having been cleaned for several months. During the night rats walked over us.

Our meals consisted of greasy soup twice a day—we were very hungry!

Two Belgians became crazy and kept us awake at night.

Yes, it was hell and many of us died. We did not wash ourselves for three months. In the mornings we had to help each other to get up because we were so weak.

After three months of this miserable life, the American Consulate helped us to get out of the prison and we were sent to a little American hospital for one week. Afterwards "it was the good life," we had money from the American consulate and we were free.

I am now training in Picton to become an air bomber; my only wish is to pass my exams and go back to England to fight for all that I have to fight for. —René Moore.

PADRE'S CORNER

It is natural that a place of worship should become increasingly sacred by virtue of its associations. Our Station Chapel has no family pews and yet it is becoming a place which not a few will tenderly remember. Of the older inhabitants, many can look around the chapel and see pieces of work in which they have had a share. Thanks largely to the keen interest of Group Captain Cox, the whole of the furnishings have been made in the station, lent by local friends or bought from voluntary offerings.

Since the last issue of our magazine, the late Sergeants W. E. C. Brown and W. C. Rodgers were carried from the chapel and laid to rest in the shady beauty of Glenwood Cemetery. Where our six white crosses stand out against the riot of Autumn color, permanent headstones will soon be erected. The local organizations of the Canadian Legion and the I.O.D.E. are deserving of our gratitude for their interest in seeing that these graves are decorated from time to time.

A pretty summer wedding was solemnized in the chapel in July when Cpl. Raby of the M.T. section was married to Miss Anne Wilkinson of Picton by Padre Reyecraft of the local United Church.

The provision of flowers which have graced the Chapel for many months is due to the efforts of OC. Flowers, F/Lt. Calland, who has made full use of the generosity of Picton gardeners.

Families of all ranks are always welcome to the Chapel services on Sundays. Their attendance is appreciated not only by the padre, but by the whole congregation.

It would be appreciated if any organist who could occasionally relieve LAC. Heyhurst would let the padre know. F/O. Murray has willingly helped us out. Especially at the Sunday evening service there is a need for musicians.

Now that the days are shorter, two evening meetings are held in the Chapel. The one is the Tuesday night Fellowship Group, to which all who are interested in religious questions are invited. You may not get answers to all your questions, but, who knows, you may shed considerable rays of light yourself! Again a brief service is held on Sunday evenings in the Chapel at 1915 hours for those who cannot attend camp services.

—R.J.H.

Sport and Entertainment

MUSIC

I have been asked by the Editor of the Station Magazine to write some articles on serious music.

What form these articles are to take I myself do not really know. If it is to be on the lives of the great composers, I feel that the limited space at my disposal will not do justice to such an undertaking and these articles will be very limited in scope. Furthermore, any one who is interested in that part of music will derive more benefit and enjoyment in reading any of the standard works on this subject, written by people who have devoted many years to study and research on a particular master.

It was suggested that I give a short sketch on some popular symphonic work or concerto. Here too, I feel that anyone reading the article could not have the same interest or enjoyment he might have if he had been about to listen to that particular work.

Next in consideration comes form in music; i.e., the construction of a big work from its earliest conception. This I feel would be the most useful in the present circumstances. Much has been done during the last few years to bring to the layman a better understanding of what is commonly known as "Classical Music" but this particular branch is, I think, more or less overlooked. As soon as one turns on the radio and hears that so and so's sonata in D Major Opus 12 is to be performed, there is the natural tendency either to switch it off or tune into something lighter. But if the listener knew more about the construction (or form as it is termed in music) of these works, his enjoyment would be much greater. Not only that, he would I think, find an added enjoyment in picking out the various ideas and appreciate the cleverness of the composer as he so often skillfully weaves his small patterns into one whole.

It has been decided to leave it to the supporters of the magazine. If they are interested in anything of this sort then they are asked to write to F.O. Freeman stating which of the above mentioned forms these articles are to take.

Finally: It is also hoped to start an "Information Column" where any questions or arguments might be settled. With your support we hope to start off next month. All queries are to be addressed also to Mr. Freeman. —"ECCOSAISE"

"MUZICAL"

It is hoped that in the near future we might be able to put in our new "Station Magazine" a few musical notes concerning the "Dance Band" world that might be of interest to the majority of our readers.

We would like to add, also, that our success depends largely on the amount of suggestions we receive concerning this subject. Personnel who are interested and willing to come forward with their suggestions, will be welcomed by all who have, in the past few months, made the effort of bringing forward a new and exciting

magazine for this station. Don't hesitate chaps! Try your very best! All news pictures and any possible "gen" will be gladly accepted. Personnel should contact the editor.

JIVE JOTTINGS FOR THE MONTH

It seems that Maestro Jimmy Dorsey has found it quite difficult to replace his former vocalist "Helen O'Connell" after being given a radio contract with 'Al Jolson's Air Show'. But despite the sad loss "Jimmy" found new hope in a young and up coming "Kitty Kalen" whose voice Dinah Shore declares is something to reckon with.

Also slapstick drummer "Krupa" seems to be in trouble after breaking his hand. "Gene" experienced for the first time the inside of a cooler for 90 days on charge of being connected with drugged cigarettes. Gene will have to do some "beating" to beat that drum.

The song "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" seems to have gone over big on the other side of the pond, becoming the nation's No. 1 song hit and Americans seemed to be the first to exploit the tune.

After spotting a clipping from the "News Review" two Yanks claimed that Geraldo's orchestra was the best they had heard. Both were very much amazed to hear jazz played, as they were lead to believe we English were too reserved and snobbish to be able to show 'hep' over the air. But they will live and learn! Won't they boys?

Speaking of Geraldo, I hear that he will head the first of our big bands to entertain the boys out East. Good show "Gerry". They will appreciate that I am sure, thanks to the B.B.C.

Coming to the last of our items on our jottings again it is hoped that we might be able to secure one night of the week for a recorded jam-session.

So don't forget boys do your part in helping us. We alternately will do ours.

★ KEEP FIT

With the falling of the leaves comes the realization that winter is almost upon us, and in Canada this means lots of snow and ice. We begin to think about skating, and for those of us who have done a winter out here our query is "skates, are they in good shape", and to those who are new, getting skates, our advice is, "get them now to avoid disappointment."

But the main body of sport during the ice and snow centres around the Drill Hall, with basketball as the main sport; badminton if we can get the birds; floor hockey, a new game to be tried by all, and boxing which we hope will have a good season, for we are erecting punch-ball platforms, and other equipment has been bought. When the new gym equipment arrives the Drill Hall will be the place to go for a little exercise in a clean atmosphere free from tobacco smoke; that is providing you stick to the rules and do not smoke in there. So come along regularly and enjoy the sport, come and watch the games and root for your team and make the Drill Hall a hive of industry.

THE winter season has opened at the Airworks, though in an unfortunate manner. Through unforeseen circumstances many splendid evenings were spoiled, but don't despair, there are many more plums to pull out of the pie, for we are fully booked up in the future for fortnightly concerts. The next one is on the 30th October. Then on the 1st November, the Lifebuoy Follies pay us another visit. I am not sure but it must be about the fourth or fifth time they have been here, but they are a good show, and are always welcome.

The Station Concert Party is now well organized under the able leadership of W/O. Reich and AC. Tubby Fields. A show was put on by them on Wednesday, 27th October, which rivalled many of the visiting professional shows for quality.

The show opened with our much improved Station Dance orchestra giving us three grand numbers, then turn after turn were put over in fine style with Tubby Fields breaking out all over the place, and his fun making introducing life into the show all the way through, proving what a grand old trouper he is. The choir performed magnificently, singing those two lovely old numbers, "All Through the Night" and "Come to the Fair", supported by two numbers, "I Love a Lassie" and "I Passed by Your Window." The solo pianist, LAC. Mesher, played with an artistry seldom found amongst the rank and file.

The man who drew the most laughs was LAC. Abercrombie who, with his padre act, kept us rocking in our seats. LAC. Rundas-Grant drew off quite a few laughs for himself with an impersonation of Max Miller. The band gave us another three numbers about half way with Sgt. Yakubowski giving us a trumpet and vocal solo of "Dinah". This was great stuff. An unusual turn was the bagpipes and tub drums played by Jock and LAC. Keating respectively. LAC. Forster is a virtuoso on the harmonica, he makes it sound like a million dollar instrument. We had two good vocalists in LAC. Jones and LAC. Smith. Other good efforts were made with sketches by AC. Hurt and his goalkeeper, and LAC. Mollard as Little Albert.

Congratulations Mr. Reich and Tubby on a grand show, we hope their promise of another in a month's time is fulfilled, we are looking forward to it.

The armen's dances have got under way again, although this year we are trying them fortnightly and reducing the price to 25 cents, which still includes refreshments. The times are changed also, starting at 20.00 hours and ending at 23.59 hours, which allows us to draw girls from farther afield.

On Mondays which alternate with the dances we are experimenting with a mixed small games night, which will include darts, cards, table tennis, checkers and numerous other games. This will be followed by an hour's dancing to the radiogram. We are hoping this will prove to be a popular social evening which will cater for those other than dancers. The Fri-

day evening "Whists Drives" are getting a steady clientele, and bingo also on Wednesdays.

The Sunday music lovers' evening, popularly called the Picton Promenade Concerts, are still being well attended. A fine library of gramophone records has been accumulated by the station from which to draw our programs, with live artists from time to time to add the human element.

We have had some excellent films lately such as "Let's Face It" and "Pride of the Yankees," "Pittsburgh" and "Father Takes a Wife" and there are more to follow as you will see in the film notices.

★ ICE HOCKEY

Sufficient equipment has been purchased to ice four teams at the same time if necessary. If we have the same enthusiasm as the 1943 season, the 1944 season should prove one that will leave many good impressions (on the ice), on those that participate. We had 12 teams last year from the sections, with a team from each mess in a separate league. A meeting will be held in the very near future to plan an inter-section league. Make sure that your section is represented at the first meeting.

There will be two ice rinks this year, one near Headquarters with lights on it, and shelters for the players, which will be used mainly for hockey fixtures. The second rink will be located near the Recreation hall, which will be used for beginners and ice skating only. "P.S.I." has purchased a supply of ice hockey skates and boots which may be purchased from the Y.M.C.A. canteen. Those who are planning to skate should buy their equipment NOW, while there is the opportunity. There are only a limited number of skates in Canada.

If there are sufficient hockey players on the station, there will be inter-station matches arranged during the season.

★ FLOOR HOCKEY

This sport is one which appeals to those that enjoy a good game which permits bodily contact with your opponents. It is really a combination of ice hockey and field hockey, but the playing members on the floor at one time is limited to six. The rules governing the game are typed on the notice board in the drill hall.

It is planned to have this game as an inter-station activity during the indoor season with adjacent air stations. Watch notice boards for pending announcements.

BASKETBALL

Basketball is proving a huge success on this station. With 21 teams participating in the Inter-Section League, there will be ample scope for everyone to try his hand at the most popular game on this continent. It is planned to hold two to four games each evening on the two courts available.

It is too early to forecast the leading contenders for the league crown, for there are the essentials of the game to assimilate first. At present the most difficult thing to dissociate in the game is the fact that basketball is not a combination of soccer and rugby, as one presumes when watching the R.A.F. at play. By the time this goes to press all players will have had the opportunity to see, "The Fundamentals of Basketball," which is an educational film.

At present the G.I.S. Pool Team (Works & Buildings, U.T. Painters, Coal, Wood and Ice, etc.) are the leading hoopsters, not losing a game to date. The team, made up mainly of Australians, will no doubt prove a hard team to beat.

Headquarters, who were practicing all summer under the expert eye of F/Lt. Calland, are now proving their practice was not in vain. The G.I.S. has produced five teams, which is a good representative group from this section of the station. The armourers have two teams, one from station armoury and one from the Maintenance.

"D" Flight is really progressive in having two teams, one from the Ground Staff, and one from the pilots. The Hospital, not to be outdone, have fielded a team of ward heeleders so as to gain first-hand knowledge of the reason for casualties.

Station police have the height, but lack experience; however, by persistent practice this team will prove a menace. Carry on Lofty 6' 4"! All the teams are showing a zest for this sport, which is encouraging to the organizers of this activity.

A suitable basketball trophy will be awarded to the section who are the league winners.

Station matches will be played when basketball has developed sufficiently to warrant our playing other station teams.

BADMINTON

It is hoped that badminton enthusiasts will have an opportunity to play during the indoor season. However, the acquiring of shuttlecocks is the problem that faces us in the organization of this activity.

Those interested should contact F/O. Stocks to find out proposed plans for the season. There will be during the winter months a monthly tournament with other air stations in this area. Each station will send six players making three double teams; stations that have W.D.'s will send a team of girls making a total of eight players. There will have to be a quota of shuttlecocks per week in order to share those that are available. It is planned to hold a Round Robin Tournament soon. Watch notice boards for announcements.

LEAGUE and CUP CHAMPIONS



Standing reading left to right—Cpl. Davies, LAC. Wright, LAC. Powick, LAC. Shields, AC. Perry, LAC. Meeks, Cpl. Critchley, LAC. Tokley, LAC. Williams, J.R.

Front—AC. Steele, AC. Franklin, AC. Heavey, LAC. Durkin, LAC. Gill. Reserves—Cpl. Critchley, LAC. Powick, LAC. Gill.

SOCCER

The soccer season was a successful season not only in station matches, but also in the inter-section games.

The final standing of the inter-section soccer league for 1943 was as follows:

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
Maintenance	22	13	4	5	70	28	31
Sergeants	22	12	3	7	51	22	31
Messes	22	13	5	4	55	35	30
"B & C" Flts.	22	13	5	4	59	48	30
Wireless Section	22	10	9	3	47	40	23
Servicing	22	10	10	2	49	51	22
G.I.S. "A"	22	9	11	2	55	41	20
G.I.S. "B"	22	9	12	1	34	44	19
Ranges	22	7	13	2	31	64	16
Headquarters	22	6	13	3	34	57	15
"A. & D." Flts.	22	6	13	2	36	63	15
Officers	22	5	15	2	35	63	12

With only one point separating the top four teams, it proves how close the final games were.

"Maintenance" earned their league crown by goal average only over that of the "Sergeants". It was the final game of the season, when "Maintenance" defeated "B. & C." Flights 7-1, that clinched their position.

If only "Messes" had kept their roofing section intact led by F/O. "Dusty Rhodes, their position might have been higher. The wooden spoonists, the "Officers" team proved at times they were quite capable of taking the leading teams to task—in fact their goal margin with maintenance was 3-4 in two fixtures.

The leading goal scorers for the season were:

LAC. Halle	27
Sgt. Miller	26
Cpl. Pirie	21
Cpl. Critchley	17
F/O. Campbell	17
AC. Parkinson	15
LAC. Smith	14
F/O. Lawson	11
LAC. Farnsworth	11
AC. Hill	11
AC. Rogers	10
LAC. Flockett	8
LAC. Hudson	8
Sgt. Sheddon	8
LAC. Dunkin	8
LAC. Heavy	8

The cup matches for the Group Captain Soccer Cup were all hard fought tussles, which drew much comment from the sidelines.

In the first round the Officers' team defeated Servicing 1-0 after one drawn game. Ranges defeated G.I.S. "A" 3-0 after one drawn game.

In the second round "B. & C." Flts. defeated the Officers in the final minute of play 4-3. The Sergeants, who had drawn a bye, were routed by the Ranges in a surprise score of 3-1. G.I.S. "B" eliminated in no uncertain manner the highly touted team of the Messes 7-0. Headquarters were defeated 12-1 by Maintenance.

The semi-final games were bruising efforts, when Ranges were eliminated by "B. & C." Flts. 2-1, and G.I.S. "B" by Maintenance to the tune of 3-0.

The cup final was a thriller with the supporters wearing their team colors and a crowd lining each sideline. However, Maintenance very effectively proved their superiority over "B. & C." who had demonstrated their ability to play three hard matches in one week. Congratulations are in order to "B. & C." Flts. for their play in the final week of cup matches, in having played two semi-final games (a replay was necessary because of a draw with Ranges) and a cup final in one week.

Maintenance proved themselves worthy soccer champions by winning

both the cup and shield for the 1943 soccer season. On Friday, October 29th at the R.A.F. Victory Loan dance, the dual winners were presented with their trophies by Mrs. J. S. Kennedy. Individual cups suitably inscribed were given to each member of the team, also a cigarette case or lighter.

Maintenance Team: LAC. Wright (Captain), LAC. Williams, LAC. Tokley, LAC. Meeks, LAC. Heavey, Cpl. Davies, AC. Perry, LAC. Durkin, LAC. Shields, AC. Steele, AC. Franklin, LAC. Gill, Cpl. Ried, AC. Robson, LAC. Powick.

The 1942 season saw Headquarters as dual winners, Maintenance as 1943 winners of both championships — if there is a 1944 season possibly you can name a winner?

Congratulations are due to F/O. H. Lawson and his committee of referees in the handling of a thankless task of refereeing the season's games, especially when so many are prepared to disagree with their decisions.

The station matches, although not so numerous as last season, gave our station team ample scope for good competition. Games were played with Kingston R.A.F. in which we were always successful. We defeated Kingston R.A.F. to represent this district against Mount Hope R.A.F. for the No. 1 Training Command Soccer Championship, but we lost this game 3-1 in an overtime game. However, a week later Picton reversed the tables by defeating Mount Hope 5-1 in a British War Victims' Benefit Game at Peterborough, where nearly \$300 was raised to aid this fund. With such stalwarts as Sgt. Miller and LAC. Flockett away from our team, it will no doubt weaken our chances to enjoy such superiority as we have enjoyed in this realm of sport. Possibly F/O. "Jock" Campbell can get some wee Scotchmen posted here for 1944?

TABLE TENNIS

The supply of table tennis balls is all that prevents this sport from being a going activity. The station is on a quota of four dozen balls per month, which is hardly sufficient to maintain the enthusiasm of all interested. When possible tournaments will be held. A single tournament is being started on Monday, Nov. 8th, in the small-games room. The champion of the station will have the opportunity to participate in No. 1 Command Table Tennis Championships on Friday, December 10th, at No. 1 Manning Depot in the Coliseum. The supply of balls will be increased if humanly possible.

BOXING

It is being planned that each station in this area will hold a monthly boxing tournament on one of the air stations in this district. Just as soon as we know the dates and places they will be announced. The facilities for boxing on the station now are very cramped, which limits the amount of training that can be accomplished. However, when synthetic training equipment is moved from the drill hall, more accommodation and equipment will be available. For further details contact F/O. Scott, sports officer.



MAN

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

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: husbands, bachelors and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a mass of conceit and obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion.

Husbands are of three varieties, prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization, it requires science, sculpture, commonsense, faith, hope and charity, especially charity.

If you flatter a man it frightens him to death, and if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to 'pet' you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

It is psychosocial marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, sweet little thing like a woman, should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco, whiskey and bay-rum scented thing like a man.

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

If you are one of those sweet old-fashioned girls, he thinks you are 'old-maidish', and if you are a modern 'flapper' he has grave doubts of your virtue.

If you dress expensively, he thinks you are extravagant, and if you dress plainly, he is ashamed to be seen in your company.

If you join him in his gaities and

WOMAN

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction,

Oh, woman, the greatest of all contradictions.

She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse, But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.

She'll take him for better—she'll take him for worse,

She'll split his head open, and then be his nurse.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted, and blind,

She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel and she's kind.

She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down,

She'll call him her kind and make him her clown.

You fancy she's this, and you find that she's that,

For she'll play like a kitten and scratch like a cat.

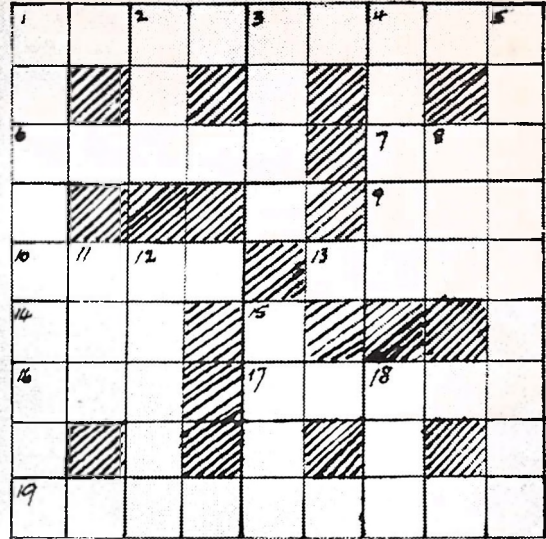
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't,

And you're always expecting her to, but she won't.

approve of his smoking and drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil, and if you don't approve of his smoking and drinking and urge him to give it up, he also swears you are driving him to the devil.

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts if you have a brain, and if you are a modern, advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart.

If you are silly he longs for a bright companion, and if you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men he is jealous, and if you are not he hesitates to be seen with a wallflower. **SO WHAT THE HELL!**



CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Is she the yellow peril? (6, 3)
- 6 Sic Transit Gloria - - - (5)
- 7 W/O. Relch gets transferred to the army. (3)
- 9 "Ay there's the —" Hamlet. (3)
- 10 O.T. prophet now the bane of the orderly room. (4)
- 13 Some times good, but not for the wicket-keeper. (4)
- 14 Canadian school becomes part of bird in England. (3)
- 16 Famed for its lack of news. (3)
- 17 'eres — we'll soon be on the 15 down. (5)
- 19 Muscles chant reversed. (5, 4)

CLUES DOWN

- 1 If it's from Picton, 4 down will know about it. (4, 5)
- 2 Could be, if you haven't had it. (3)
- 3 Useless Eustace. (4)
- 4 1 down will do his best to smash this. (5)
- 5 Seen or seen through over the wicket? (4, 5)
- 8 Soldiers' friend, that is. (3)
- 11 P/O. Barber. (3)
- 12 On the debit side. (5)
- 15 "Roll on that —" (4)
- 18 One of the gremlins. (3)

"D" FLIGHT

We wish to extend a cordial welcome to our new Flight Commander, F/Lt. D. R. Smith-Bingham and hope that he will be happy with us, and we with him.

The passing of F/Lt. Swyers to other spheres has left us without a radio, so the hangar "jive" sessions have now been replaced by more serious forms of exercise, especially now that we cater for extra curriculum flying. The regular Friday taxi service to Toronto and all places West — is rapidly expanding — just the thing for a quick "48" Get your names in early boys.

Our social activities are now mainly internal, since our fish pond firmly refuses to yield any signs of interesting breeding activities, so we confine ourselves to "shove-halfpenny" and "darts". The 'Nabob' Jardine won the "shove-halfpenny" league by a narrow margin — but no prize was awarded. Of course we are participating in the popular basketball league matches now in progress. In fact we have two teams. Results are so far too meagre to warrant any comments or optimism. A bit more P.T. might help?

What has happened to damp the enthusiasm of the organizer of our flight dinner? So many good ideas seem to die before fruition, e.g. early

finishing on U.S. flying weather days etc. Why—Oh—why, is the insistent cry.

Oh! If you happen to see the mid-night oil being burnt in No. 3 hangar this winter, don't blame us. It will only be the ardent model engineering club members at work, in our annexed annexe. Although of late the ground staff has been sadly depleted in numbers, we still manage to maintain our proud serviceability record, "Keep 'em flying" and don't worry about the red and green lights. It is only the "morse class" at work.

GESTAPO GOSSIP

(Continued from Page 8, Col. 4)

tain S.P. It was not at his request that his face was lifted, in fact he would be glad to hear who operated on him. He admits that BELLS rang, but not in his CHAMBER.

Another unfounded rumour appears to have a following. S.P.'s are paid group "C" rates only. They DO NOT receive commission, blood money, nor \$3 per 100 for early chits.

For the benefit of new arrivals we would emphasize that the reservoir guard is not mounted for the sole purpose of preventing members of the Gestapo from complying with airmen's suggestions.

Does Cpl. — (WELL you should know), use a saddle and spurs when having a ride in Toronto? —NARK

TORCH(URE)

A NOTE FROM THE EDUCATION OFFICER

Many fellows come and go from Picton without availing themselves of the remarkable opportunities offered for furthering their education whilst in Canada. Quite a number of them on the completion of their two years here shamefacedly confess that they have done nothing to improve their minds or increase their store of knowledge. Many of them sincerely regret that they have not done so. Perhaps they didn't know what facilities there are. Do you?

The Canadian Legion Educational Services offer you free courses in French, English, Mathematics, Engineering, Radio, Draughtsmanship, History, Geography, Agriculture, Music, etc. These begin at an elementary level.

The Canadian universities, free or at slight cost, take you on from the matriculation level to degree courses. Provincial Governments at a small fee offer a variety of commercial and technical subjects. Comprehensive courses provided by the British Institute of Science and Technology and the International Correspondence School are offered at special rates to servicemen.

There is practically no subject that is not covered. If you want to know more about these courses see the Education Officer, who is anxious to help you to use your spare time profitably.

If there are enough of you interested in a particular subject to form a class, that can be arranged. Make your wants known.

The Education Officer will tell you of other educational and recreational opportunities. Make use of him.

By the way, if any of you want to get hold of any books that are not procurable locally, the Librarian at Kingston has kindly offered the facilities of Queen's University Library to the personnel of this station.

See the Education Officer about this too.

PRIZE WINNERS

- ARTICLE—"Escape From Europe" René Moore \$2.50
 - SHORT STORY—"Magic, ru, pet!" Kenneth Mason \$2.50
 - CARTOON—H. Brown \$2.50
- Prizes as above awarded each month.