

# Hill Topics

Vol. 1, No. 2



PICTON, ONTARIO, CANADA



December, 1943





# EDITORIAL

ON behalf of the magazine committee, I would like to thank you for the support that you gave to the first edition of Hill Topics. We did sell all of the copies that we had printed and could have sold more if we had had them, which is extremely encouraging. The fact that this was probably due to curiosity as to what the new magazine would be like has not escaped us, so we are going all out in an endeavour to make each issue an improvement on the last. Men in the sections rallied round even better than we expected with their contributions and so as not to lose the force of any remarks, which we ourselves could not appreciate due to lack of knowledge, we reproduced them in the original without any editing or alteration. In this connection I would like to apologize to those sections which sent material in that was not published. We underestimated the amount that we should receive and consequently arranged to have the magazine consisting of only twelve pages, with the result that we had to leave out some good articles in our endeavour to cater to all tastes. This time we have increased the size by four pages, which is the most that we can manage owing to the expense. If your contribution does not appear in this month, it will probably do so next.

The main criticism that I have heard of the last issue was lack of pictures and cartoons. The reason for this was, and still is for that matter, that we are strictly limited by the cost of producing same. Those few which we included in the last edition cost \$40.00 approximately and as we cannot seem to sell more than 800 copies (\$80.00 income) you can see what we are up against. However we are attempting to remedy this defect in this number. For a start we intend to include each month representative photographs of one particular section. If you are surprised that this month's selection is the S.P.'s I will explain that the group to be pictorialized is determined by putting all the names in a hat and drawing one out. So every section will get its turn. If we find that the demand for the magazine increases we will have more copies printed and the additional income will be used to improve future numbers of Hill Topics. Anyway you can rely upon us to do the best that we can to produce the most interesting magazine possible, under the existing circumstances. Incidentally, do not forget to drop us a line if you have any suggestions or criticisms, we will be only too glad to learn what type of thing you would like to see in your magazine.

In conclusion I would like to thank you for your support this time and wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a happy New Year. (Don't get too drunk.)

—ED.

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## "HILL TOPICS"

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# Rambling Rudolph

WELL, hello folks, this is your ranking reporter Rudolph again. I just had to drop in to Pielon to see you all after seeing that that Churchill has written about No. 31, called "Blood, Sweat and Tears". I got into town last night and dropped into the old beer parlor for a drink. The barman was pouring a beer when he offered me one of the bill. I was talking a little thickly when he walked in as I sat down. It was talking to O'Brien, I showed him my identity card and after he had looked at it for 5 minutes he said that it was just as he suspected. I tried to point out that he was looking at it upside down. He wouldn't listen. You see, this old America is a grand country, it was discovered by Columbus in 1492 you know. He tried to lose it again but it had already been discovered over the water so they the Yanks are stuck with it. They tried giving it back to the Indians too but they didn't want it either. That reminds me. I was down in Brooklyn a month or so ago, I went into a bar for a drink. The barman was leaning on the counter with his chin in his hand looking morose so whilst I was sipping my beer he snuck a sideways to engage him in conversation, it went something like this:

Me: "War's going well isn't it?"  
 Him: "Well morder da bazza."  
 Me: "Pacifist's gaining a bit slow though."  
 Him: "Dem dirty Japs."  
 Me: "What do you say think of the World Series so far?"  
 Him: "Well morder da bazza."  
 Me: "Who do you think will win?"  
 Him: "Dem dirty Japs."  
 I was silent for a while then I tried again:  
 Me: "I hear the bazzed winds wearing sweaters in factories."  
 Him: "Well morder da bazza."  
 Me: "You seem to have something on your mind. What's the trouble?"  
 Him: "Dem dirty Japs."  
 Me: "What about them?"  
 He turned a withering eye upon me and snarled:  
 "Ah! You 'ard had da black stinks have bonned Piel without wivul provokashun."  
 All of which only goes to show that the Yanks are really war-minded and determined. Well it's a long wern which has no learning.

That reminds me of a joke? Don't tickle the lad when he's down he's trying hard, where was I? Oh yes, it seems that Hiller had a business whom they it was to walk on der fusther each morning at 08.00 hrs, and my "Nize o'clock and all's well my Pweater, it's a lovely day." To which Hiller would reply, "I know I feel, my business tells me so." Well this went on for a long time until the business came in as usual and said, "Nize o'clock and all's well my Pweater, it's a lovely day now." And Hiller replied as usual, "I know I feel, my intention tells me so." Then the business, whose self control had finally broken, answered, "Well your intention is all to cock because it's 11.28 and raining like hell."

All right, all right, there's insanity in the best of families but as I've always maintained "Have I go do. Your mother won't know", how did I get up to that . . . oh yes, I was just going to tell you about the time that I was down in Mexico writing a book on the Mexicans. During the course of my research I met up with a very charming little Mexican girl, quite accidentally of course. She's a Mexican hater by trade, well as I was saying she was I was walking along along the sidewalk looking at the local talent . . . I reason architecture

when I see this . . . what is the word I want . . . something drop something on the ground. So I, being a gentleman (quite) dabbed up and picked them up or her . . . and I said up and said, "pardon me senorita, but did you lose something?" and she replied "Why you senor but that was the Mexican word for something that you don't understand, I mean this." So I handed her back her . . . um . . . gloves and she said, "Oh, a thousand thanks senor, the winds are sometimes strong (quite) dabbed up and said, I might have felt very cold without them." Well one thing led to another and sometime later that evening we were sitting in the beautiful La Reina Park admiring the scenery and talking about the weather, when she remarked, "Rudolph my dove, although my heart she is for you with love, I am very kind, I want to go home." We got to her hairdresser and I asked her if I could come in for a night-cap and she answered, "Well, you my sweet but we must stay in the park because my father he say if he find a man in my room he will throw been through the window." Very strict those Latin parents. Well I got out of hospital in about a week, it was only on the second floor anyway. Nice girl though, entertained me quite well whilst I was down there. I was sorry to leave her. I left her a little present to remember me by.

Speaking of the weather (?) see reminds me about the time that I was travelling through the Rockies, I had to stop at a little town up there to get some photographs for an article. Well I went to the bank and the bank's purts offered to put me up for a while. It turned out that he had an exceedingly beautiful daughter and one day when things were pretty quiet, I said to her, "Well what do we do this afternoon?" and she said, "Well let's go and hunt bear." After I was run out of town it occurred to me that I must have misheard, but still on I always get a few ideas from our mistakes and a thing like that can happen to anyone.

Well as Cleopatra said to Anthony, "Enough is too much, I have had, it's time to part with you. Do those sad-fellers I will did you find dead until next time, that is if I'm not caught up with in the meantime. Down the hills!"

—RUDOLPH

# INTRODUCING



## OFFICER OF THE MONTH

Wing Commander J. S. Kennedy, D.F.C. and Bar, an Ulster man by birth, has earned the distinction of being "the Loveliest Pilot in the R.A.F." Joining the R.A.F.V.R. in 1938 he was called for service two days before the outbreak of war, since which time he has had a thrill packed career in the service.

He has been described as a "fery little Irishman" and evidence of his fighting nature and indomitable spirit was proved early in his flying career when, as a P/O, he dived and destroyed a gun emplacement which had been responsible for exploding 81 mm air the leader of his formation.

W/Cdr. Kennedy has from time to time received considerable publicity in the British national newspapers, and has been twice received by H.M. the King at Buckingham Palace. One paragraph which appeared in an article printed after the magnificent six action over Dieppe is of particular interest and is given here:—"The formation was met with considerable A.A. fire and S/Ldr. Kennedy's aircraft was repeatedly hit, one engine being put out of action. In spite of this S/Ldr. Kennedy resolutely supported by the skillful navigation of P/O H. A. Acker led his formation over the town at low level and released smoke bombs with accuracy on the target." For the part he played at Dieppe the W/Cdr. received a bar to the D.F.C. and his navigative P/O, Acker, always leader of the D.F.M., was awarded the D.F.C. P/O Acker is now at France, as will be noted elsewhere in this issue.

W/Cdr. Kennedy was singularly honored when selected by the Air Ministry to lead the first formation of American fliers over occupied Europe. He has been the subject of many articles published in American

magazines and the following is an excerpt from the July issue of the *Commander*:—"The captain, Lt. Harold Detton, was a member of his last formation." Later, returning home alone in the belief that both his wing planes had been shot down, Kennedy, flaring with anger, dumped his last remaining bomb on one of the 'Buz' boats and blasted it to hell, he then strafed the other with machine gun fire." And evidence of his low flying in another paragraph—"A couple of black puffs of smoke appeared ahead, as Kennedy led three of his bombs go. Then he closed his bomb doors and shifted forward to the right, dragging his wing on the ground, we were flying so close to the ground that a machine gun, swinging on its ship lift, a German soldier riding a bicycle. He shot straight up into the air his bicycle riding an airplane."

In a raid over Germany occupied France W/Cdr. Kennedy was piloting his Boston bomber away from his target at low top height when he was caught in cross fire between two German batteries. He fired his forward gun at one of them and the gunners scattered. A shell burst tore off more than three feet of the leading edge of his port engine, leaving a large hole where the wing joined the fuselage, and there were several holes in the port oil tank. So low was he operating that he had to fly under a high tension cable. In spite of the damage and inward he brought the Boston safely back home. When he landed back in Britain part of the cable was found tangled round the aircraft. Part of that cable was used to make a napkin ring for his blessed, golden haired daughter Jane, who has accompanied him together with Mrs. Kennedy to Buckingham Palace. The W/Cdr. carried out his attacks on enemy shipping at a height of only 80 feet, and included his shipping "bag" is an 800-ton merchant vessel.

The "New Yorker" American counterpart of "Punch" described him as—"a Belfast man with flaming red hair and rosiest, and an appropriate reputation for aggressiveness." W/Cdr. Kennedy has a great admiration for the American fliers, he has lived with them, down with them, and fought with them, so he should know. The "New Yorker" in a recent issue of the magazine, in an interesting article, writes of the following visit:—"The British S/Ldr. in charge of the Boston outfit took me to the centre of the lounge and pointed upward to a level of names pencilled on the ceiling, at least ten feet beyond the reach. Among them were the names of the American officers who had come back from this only the 4th raid. There were also those of at least two who didn't. The other fellows put those up," the S/Ldr. said. After each man's name was the name of his team. When a man came back from his first "op" said the S/Ldr., we always have a bonus, and when everyone good and tight so make the new hand write his name on the list. We drag over that long table, pile magazines

on top, put a chair on top of the magazines, then make him get up and skip. The night after the American's came back from their first "op" was the biggest and most violent brawl I've ever seen in my life.

Credited with the sinking of six ships, more than 70 destruction packed daylight raids on enemy targets, and a participant in the famous battle of Dieppe, it is small wonder that a man with such an intensive and practical knowledge of operational flying, his hands and the important necessity of being superior in the event, should have such a keen interest in the training of future crews of the air. Since his inception at Pilot's camp improvements have been introduced. He is tireless in his efforts to procure the best equipment possible. One innovation particularly appreciated by the students is the conference which every course attends, and at which, in the presence of their instructors, flight commanders, and the O/C's of various sections they are invited to air their views with regard to the training program, and to offer any suggestions which would be adopted and put into practice if considered to be progressive and advantageous to future students.

## N.C.O. OF THE MONTH



### F/SGT. MILFORD

Our N.C.O. personality for this month is special Flight-Sergeant Milford. Attached to Maintenance Wing Griffler route, he is, as we all know, to our joy, an old, old, old, a popular pillar of justice. His Air Force career started in 1938, when with joyful heart, he passed through the five-month period at Uxbridge. After four years in England, he set sail in 1944 for Singapore. Spending two years in this delightful spot, he left in 1946 with many baggy seaman's bound for Egypt. Soon he met him himself and happy with his feet under the table in Abu-Saker. However, rail on the boat, and in 1948 it was rain, rain and all that home service meant. Three happy years, embarkation leave, and Canada was his next shock. Oh! wait, then finally Piton on the Lake. So before leaving this term of government and parole ground, we thank him one and all, for his efforts to make this station a happier place to work, play and work.

## AIRMAN OF THE MONTH



### TURLEY FIELDS

Any lad He's He's. Yes, it's Turley Fields we have to write about this month, that ball of fun, the station's No. 1 Comedian, who, with the help of W/O. Reick, is responsible for the Station Concert Party. His experience of stage craft is a great help to us all.

He is a man of wide experience and diverse interests. At one time he concentrated on the development of his physique (you might say he has succeeded) and finished under Buddy Max Alden, the old King of Muscular Development, and under Yulet Tait, the fat jui champion.

He won the Ingleton Gold Medal for having the biggest chest expansion, six inches, and was a Junior Champion swimmer. He acted at one time, on the stage and had a very fine voice as a young man. It is pretty obvious that his true bent was towards career work.

He started his career on the stage with concert party work during the hot war while in the R.F.C. and has been at it ever since, playing on the stage and on the air with his partner, with whom as Fields and Mitchell, he has been for eighteen years, doing everything from paromize to booking on the sands at seaside resorts. He has played with many famous people, and was principal leader for several years at Winter Gardens at Blackpool.

From what we gather he hasn't always been as fat as he is now, for he has played Rugby for Halifax. While though you may think it to look at his size.

He has also won the Yorkshire Swimming championship. Turley is a very fine billiards and snooker player and has played exhibition matches with Lindvoss, Davis and Newman. So you see what an asset Turley is to the station, a man we can rely on to keep us happy, for his timorosity is just what the Doctor ordered.

## PRIZE WINNERS

CPL. HOLE—"His Doctor Was Right".

ANON—"Kicking Against the Pricks".

# His Doctor Was Right

WALLISE shuffled the sheets of his newspaper, irritably and scowled at the pages. He did not like talking to strangers—their conversations usually bored him to death—but he could see, that unless he could find some way of avoiding it, it would not be long before the stranger seated opposite him in the first-class smoking would be making an insensate remark or two about the weather or asking him for a match or something. He forced his attention rigidly to the newspaper which he held uncompromisingly before his face.

In the opposite seat of the railway carriage, of which he was the only other occupant, his fellow-passenger was making an apparently fruitless search of his pockets. An unlit, good, stubby pipe was clenched between his teeth. The bowl was empty so it was quite evident that he was looking for his tobacco pouch. Eventually, he gave up the search and blew noisily down the stem, gazing aggressively across at the terrorizing newspaper as he did so. Wallise, wondering why his fellow-passenger was breathing so hard, peered cautiously over the top of his seat and was caught off-guard.

"No tobacco," ventured the other, taking his pipe from his mouth and waving it about in front of his face, as evidence of the fact.

Wallise sat down his newspaper, with a barely audible sigh, and reached into his pocket.

"The other's face brightened. "Here, have some of mine," said Wallise.

"No, really, I didn't mean—," but at the same time the stranger took the proffered pouch.

"Miserable day," he went on, nodding his head towards the windows at the grey, November countryside. Wallise greeted an indistinct affirmative.

"Travel down by this train often?" asked the other, trying again.

"Oh, I'm never been down in this part of the country before."

"Then, we had a quarrel on this train, once. I let that stranger go."

Wallise reflected that it would surprise him if history did not repeat itself, but, aloud, he said, "So that so? When did that happen?"

"The other did not reply immediately, but, striking a match, applied it to the two pipes in turn. Then, drawing heavily upon his pipe, answered, "It's rather interesting. I'll tell you about it if you wish."

Wallise shrugged his shoulders, unexpectantly. "By all means, do."

The man in the opposite seat settled himself back more comfortably in his corner.

"All this happened about ten years ago. About nineteen-thirty-four. I think it was. The 1.8 from Paddington. It's been running for more years than I care to remember, carried along by other passengers, two men who were known to each other—but that doesn't seem to have affected either. Far from it. For that reason, only one got off the train when it stopped at Oxford. It was this way.

"Some years before a train reached Pearson had come back from the war

with the other. Gently, he seated the place ahead, until the word "KNAGGERS" was visible. It was quite ready done. The railway companies kept these locks well oiled.

"Pearson did not return to his own compartment, but went on down the train, until he found one which was empty, and there he sat, observing still the train pulled into Oxford. Once there, he soon made himself scarce. I don't suppose anyone who saw him leave the station looked at him twice. His name was never mentioned with the wonder, anyway.

"At the inquest, which inevitably followed, a few days afterwards, the coroner passed a verdict of "suicide" either by poison or persons, unknown."

"The stranger finished speaking and looked up to find the other's eyes fixed narrowly upon him, while he sat at his empty pipe, which, long ago, had burnt itself out.

"That's a very interesting story, but there's one thing that puzzles me. What is your name?" It is—"

"Pearson? No, that poor devil committed suicide a few months afterwards."

"But you said, only a few months ago, that Pearson was never traced and that no one saw him commit the murder. I don't—"

"The stranger interrupted Wallise again. "Perhaps you will understand better if I tell you who I am. I am not telling your leg, as you appear to think; you see, my name is—"

Wallise shook his head. He seemed, by now, to be genuinely interested. "Oh, please do not."

"Good. Well, to summarize, Pearson was on the platform at Paddington, getting aboard the Oxford train, when he happened to spot Valentine also getting aboard—farther down the platform. An impulse struck him.

"He had only half an idea of what he intended to do, but that was sufficient. He maneuvered himself to a seat adjacent to the corridor, from which he had a view of the entrance to the compartment which he had seen Valentine enter, and sat, waiting, watching.

"This opportunity did not arise until after the train left Reading. He saw Valentine leave his compartment and walk down the corridor towards the tail at the end of the coach.

"He waited a few seconds, and then followed. Luck was with him, there was not a soul hanging about the corridors. Valentine had barely time to slip the bolt behind his, when Pearson knocked sharply upon the door. Valentine re-opened it, and was roughly pushed back inside again. Had he been about to make any protest, he died a stiffen death in his chair. Pearson's fingers were stuck in them, squeezing to a stand still the life that pulsated beneath there.

"A few minutes, and it was all over his nose open, Pearson felt himself choked by the weight of metal which stood out from his body. Stalkily, he turned to the door, and listened. All was quiet. He let himself out. The corridor were still deserted as he started to walk away. Then, recollecting some little detail, he turned back again. Taking from his pocket one of those pistols with a small earring fitted in the top, he held the door firmly closed with one hand, while he pressed the rubber against the enamel plate attached to the bolt,

until the door. Gently, he seated the place ahead, until the word "KNAGGERS" was visible. It was quite ready done. The railway companies kept these locks well oiled.

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## CHRISTMAS 1 AND 1943 COMPARISON AND CONTRAST WITHOUT COMMENT

Christmas 1—There were in the same cozyly snugly abiding in the fields, looking wistfully over their flocks by night.

Christmas 1943—Bertha was booked again last night for the fifth night in a row by the Express's heavy books.

Christmas 1—... The angel said unto them... behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Christmas 1943—Scene like Darwin's Inferno, as since raised destruction, R.A.F. aims to wipe Reich capital systematically off map.

Christmas 1—... Unto you is born this day... a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

Christmas 1943—Gustavo Klee off the hopelessly wounded and those who have been driven insane by shock, including children.

Christmas 1—... Suddenly there was with an angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying—Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

Christmas 1943—Every man, woman and child killed and every cultural monument destroyed.

—"MARRCOCK"

## PICNIC HIGH SPOTS

Have you visited the following:  
1 The GIGG End Light District... where the S.A.D.O. presides. See him coaxing his takings daily. Don'tilly daily on the way.

2 The Morge (D.K.E. corner of building No. 4). Overlooked not accepted before 2:08 hours. Must show no signs of life. Definitely not admitted if seen chewing apples.

3 The Crookle... the kiddies spend their happy hours with THOMAS and SULLIVAN, the amusement king. Book your carries in advance. Pyrotechnic displays to order. Hit days are set for the duration.

4 The Police Helge... (first on right inside main gate). No definite or ever refused admission. P.S. We also have some spare accommodations for wayward cars.

5 The Arena (station side hall). Christmas scientifically dismembered by Smeal and Root (singing Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive-o). Pedro is afterwards if required.

6 The Treasure Island... Where STERVENSON (striking his jaw beads) may be seen in the field among that legendary wealth that his little brain created.

7 The Herb Garden (W. corner of hall 2B) where the BACOK who knows his CROOKS and GARDENS when the THYME comes round for the MINT to send his CELERY.

## Songs Heard in the Blackout

"ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL"



## KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS

On the arrival of a certain medical officer at this unit recently on posting, an examination of his department envelope revealed a neatly typewritten manuscript, obviously in code, and signed by one "LAW. Carroll" as being a certified true copy.

Headquarters staff were vastly intrigued by the discovery of this manuscript, and availing themselves from their usual pleasurable hobby, set to work with the greatest energy to decipher it. FLYING OFFICER FLITTE-GUNNE took a leading part in this brave endeavor, ably assisted by FLYING SERGEANT MOTIBALLS and LEADING AIRCHAPTELMAN D. R. O. FRAGRANT.

As a result of their joint endeavors the greater part of the manuscript was eventually decoded. Verse five however proved recalcitrant. It is thought that this verse contains, camouflaged in mystic jargon, the result of a series of successful experiments carried out by the M.O. in question who, being fitted with the skills of human kindness, and observing with sorrow the dire and dismal sequelae occasioned by the numerous innocuousness that fall to the lot of the straggle ere, had set out to render these innocuousness superfluous by administering for ever the dread disease of scarlet fever, tetanus, typhoid and diphtheria.

This view is supported by the curious fact that none of the rest of the manuscript contains matter of a secret nature. There would therefore have been no useful purpose served by encoding its contents had not the paragraph in question contained matter of the very highest degree of secrecy and of the greatest value to the enemy.

Unfortunately the M.O. himself is unable to assist in decoding the cryptic lines, for, as his medical documents show, shortly after the conclusion of his experiments and before the publication of his thesis, he was admitted to the station hospital, Hiltop Paterson, suffering from mild concussion and acute anorexia, having fallen down the back stairs of a block of service flats while leaving hurriedly in the small hours of a summer's morning. All the efforts of the unit's brilliant intelligence officer, Wing Commander C. W. K. BIRT, to extract the truth by a series of subtle questions, have so far proved abortive.

It has been argued that the repetition of verse one at the end of the manuscript would indicate that his efforts to find a means of eradicating the dread disease had failed. This however cannot be accepted. It is considered that this was his delicate way of indicating the well-known resistance of the medical profession to accept new ideas or methods until they have been exhaustively tried and proved beyond all possible doubt.

The document is therefore reproduced below in the hope that some stressor skilled in de-ciphering may succeed in solving the puzzle. It is emphasized that the solution should be treated as MOST SECRET and forwarded to S.H.Q. in septuplicate (or in a sealed envelope).

### JAMBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimbale in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch;  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!

He took his vocal sword in hand:  
"Long time the slithy toves  
Went gyre—

And so went he by the Tunnant tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the flames  
Wood

And tumbled as it fell—  
"One, two! One, two! And through  
and through!

The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with his head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my BEAUFORT  
boy!  
O fragrant day! Callooh! Callooh!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimbale in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

### LEGEND

Verse One—Obviously a scene in station hospital, at the M.O.'s last unit.

Brillig—12.00 hours.  
Slithy—Understandable.  
Toves—Erks.

Gyre—Take off their jackets.  
Gimbale—Shake like a load.

Wabe—Treatment room, station hospital.  
Mimsy—Scrubbed-up.  
Borogoves—Nursing sisters.

Mome—Hypodermic.

Raths—Springs.

Outgrabe—None working continue.

Verse two—Advice to the newly arrived M.O. from the old and experienced Senior Medical Officer.

Jabberwock—The germs of scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid and tetanus.  
More technically "bacteria herrendia tarina".

Jaws—Rigors.

Claws—Grips.

Claws—Constrictions of the throat.

Snicker-snack—Stethoscope.

Jubjub bird—(Un)wound.

Frumious—Insidious.

Bandersnatch—Syphilis.

Verse three—The M.O. embarks on research aimed at removing the threat and even the very existence of those dreaded diseases. Most of this verse is in plain language. Lines three and four clearly indicate that, wearied of his arduous and at first unfruitful research, he returned for a period to the geriatric recreational pastime of ABDOMINAL SURGERY, a common resort of the overworked medic.

Vorpal—Super-polarizing.

Wood—Microscope.

Madroom—Bacterial (as opposed to amoral).

Verse four—An epidemic breaks his chance for real research but comes at last. No more playing around with mere abdominal surgery for him. TO THE BATTLE.

Uffish—Familiar to the medical fraternity.

Eyes—Temperature.

Flame—38 degrees Fahrenheit.

Whiffling—Infecting the erks.

Tallop—Steam-heated.

Wood—Hangers.

Snicker-snack—Laid them low with fever.

Verse five—See the introductory remarks.

Verse six—The Senior M.O. welcomes and congratulates the Junior. Slain—Straddled.

Beastish boy—The Junior M.O.

Frumpish day—Day off, with seven days' passive leave attached.

Callooh—Good show.

Callooh—Another way of saying the same thing.

Chortled—Gave a line.

Joy—A feeling often experienced by the R.A.F. in the U.K.

Verse seven—See verse one and also the introductory remarks.

A chap with very bad eyesight was examined by the draft M.O. — and placed in LA. "But my eyes are terrible," he pouted out. "I can hardly see anything." "Look," said the doctor. "We don't examine eyes any more, we just count them."

A beautiful young lady lay on a bed in the receiving ward of a Washington hospital, her only covering a large white sheet. Two upstanding young gentlemen in white passed by and were struck by the young lady's lovely features. One of the young men drew back the sheet and carefully examined the patient from head to foot. "Do you think you will have to operate?" the girl asked anxiously after a few moments. "Oh, you will have to ask the doctor," said one of the young men, cheerily, "we're only engineers."

## SORROW AN-SON

A Pistol-Packing Drama—In Complete Form

ONCE upon a Balow watch time there was an old woman who lived in a discarded old "Anson" fusage. Now this old woman was a spinster and had twelve children. Eleven were boys, excepting five—(these were girls). The twelfth is too young yet to be distinguished. This small family lived in the vicinity of Hellville, (a rural village just outside Little-Picton-in-the-Mire), and was supported entirely by a devastating young air bomber named Flash Lampun, who used to fly overhead and drop 11½ pounders in the old lady's back yard.

The latter's name was Sarah Bagshot, (the old lady, not the back yard). Her father was the famous Sir Harry Bagshot, heir to the Inlet Valve. One day, when the air bomber was on one of about ground defense. (His papers read "G.D." but we skip for those discrepancies with air law). "What was shoot you fairly?" Sarah pleaded, her right hand around his throat, tenderly grasping same in a state of dire ecstasy.

"Confused your family?" he replied (sighing). "I've only been in the service six months! I have carried the bomber too long already." "So!" she blundered like a Lizzie type on a sea landing, "I thought so much!" Too English words and she was atrociously abominable, and utterly certain. Now this was a good thing on her part, as that mouthful really shook Flash "G.D.," he retorted, knowing there would be washed up, and using a megaphone to make himself heard, "I know your reasons when I see 'em." "He was constantly air minded," "To be sure I will run out on you with my first run." So saying, he left the house in a charabanc, and rushed down the street. After passing for a few hours at the drug store, he found a note and ran back to his beloved sister at the R.I.P.E.R.P. station at Little-Picton-in-the-Mire. For A/C's caused playing out to the old woman, as soon as she was to die anyway, and the airman was posted.

Which all goes to show, that you can't play ball with a Waaf bairman. M.B.—Any similarity between this normal episode and the R.A.F. is purely bad show on the part of the writer.

LAC. P. LUDLAM

## THE C.B.C. ENTERTAINS

"This is the Catted Broadcasting Corporation."

"XYZ—Hello."

"Tonight we bring to you a programme of delightful entertainment."

"Madam! Do you suffer from toothache, headache, eyeache, stomachache, cramps, cold, flu, chronic asthma, or even high heels? You DO? Well, isn't that just too bad?"

"Ladies! TODAY! NOT tomorrow or even tonight—but RIGHT AWAY!"

"Parade of Hissups without—enter solemnly announced with a flourish."

"You will be sorry if you don't use NEW Hiss! in the near future. One day, when your limbs start falling off, and your feet start falling—yes, you will wish that you had taken to using 'NEW Hiss!' earlier!"

"LISTEN TO THIS DRAMATIC TRUE-LIFE EPISODE . . ." (drains of Wilton Tiel!)

"Oh, oh, applan, mie . . ."

"What's the matter, Jennifer?"

"I had an ab-no-tively AWFUL

## HOT SPOTS OF PICTON OR AIRMAN'S GUIDE TO PICTON CAFES

CAFÉ GUILTY	THE SILVER STAR
<b>Menu—</b> Eggs and Bacon Potatoes, mash or French Fry Toast Tea and Coffee <b>Specialty—</b> Energizing M.T. Drivers	<b>Menu—</b> Clear Rice Soup Chop Steak T-Bone Steak Crisp Potatoes Pie a la Mode <b>Specialty—</b> Swedes.
<b>For—</b> Our blands We cope used for small extra charge Patis read free of charge far regular customers.	<b>For—</b> Wallenses 'devised Water, glass, coffee—English fair Furnished by officers and lady friends. Serrittas at all tables (useful Kleeves, etc.) Tuxes at door for camp. Appl— Over chlorinated water. Spice constantly in use, takes away appetite. Demand instant payment. Also frequented by Jackson Bay

POP'S SODA BAR	TOMMY'S TUCKER
<b>Menu—</b> Light Lunchees Sandwich Milk Shakes Coke-cola <b>Specialty—</b> Sandwich <b>Patis—</b> Pie	<b>Menu—</b> Fried Fish French Fry Tomato Ketchup (thinned) Oatmeal Cookies <b>Specialty—</b> Cakes Fried Fish
<b>For—</b> Clean, Good radio Fishes, M.C.D.A. above and girl Fresh, most frequent customers. Water fair. Good place to collect local gas. <b>Appl—</b> Little encouragement given to those on the wing Wallenses mostly too young Hunting methods taken against those prone to linger, when busy.	<b>For—</b> Service good. Three tables usually free. No shortage of salt and pepper. Proprietor friendly. <b>Appl—</b> Little breathing space. Some smell of cooking fat and thick cloud of tobacco smoke always present. Frequented mostly by S.P.'s and lower ranking exes.

HOTEL SPHERE	FUMBO'S JOINT
<b>Menu—</b> Choice of— Soup, Fish, Steaks, Chop, etc. Veg. Potatoes Pie, etc. Milk, tea, coffee. <b>Specialty—</b> Small helpings.	<b>Menu—</b> French Fry Eggs and Bacon, (except Tuesdays, Sat. Lunch) Cocoa, coffee, Coca-cola <b>Specialty—</b> Eggs.
<b>For—</b> Excellent service. Very clean. Salt and pepper at all tables. Cups with saucers (and handles). Kairos out Dehydrated potatoes never used. <b>Appl—</b> Too quiet. Very 'no' atmosphere. Wing Commanders and ranks above receive special attention. Prices beyond reach of average ex's pocket book.	<b>For—</b> No shortage of eggs Two redheads Handles on most caps. Handy to camp. <b>Appl—</b> Pepper and salt for one table only. Three sets, (plus five more at any time now). Avoid back corner table on left, rats come in. Cold

POINTS—	POINTS—
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**BELIEVE IT OR NOT!**  
(With Apologies to Ripley)  
This actually happened during a recent trip to New York—to relatives! We had left Waterston on a train back, and were hitchhiking from there. Everyone says it's more interesting. Moway doesn't seem to enter into it. As I was saying, we stopped outside Waterston, and things didn't look too promising. There were mostly vans on the road and these were in a great hurry. Two kids came up and regarded us curiously, you know, in that impersonal sort of way in which children look at animals in the zoo.

"Wah!" for a ride" enquired one.  
"Yes," said I civilly enough, is there much doing on this road?" "None," answers he laconically. "Say what ARE you? Matives? Cowards?" "ARE you? Aren't I can't GUESS you?" "Oh, no?" I piped up (it was the night after the second heavy shock on Berlin, you know the two inch headlines in the "New York Sun").  
"Why, we're Royal Air Force!" As the expressions on the two boys' faces didn't change I added hastily, "R.A.F. you know, Ha!" Number one looked at number two, shook his head and said in tones of utter finality, "None heard of 'em."  
I collapsed, while my companion murmured, "With I hadn't earlier."  
—A.C.I. TANNER

## HANGRY TYPES

By "Braglock"

Well, folks, this little matter is to put on record some of the habits and peculiarities of the individuals who go to make up our little world. They never vary much in my sight, and possibly you will recognize yourself in one or more of the groups. First let us take that comparatively rare phenomenon.

## THE FLAT-OUT TYPE

Generally speaking, they are confined to junk N.G.O.'s, and Senior L.A.C.'s who regard their time treading into jobs asable a terrific thing to do, comparable in intimacy with the folk over Berlin. Their greatest pride is to announce they have just finished an engine change, or something, in less time than ever before, but strangely enough, instead of admiring glances, they are favored with cold stares, which indicate that clearly will expect similar results from less inspired quarters.

If you should ever happen to come upon one of these creatures in full production, be warned—do not get close, or you will find yourself being cursed in a very noisy manner for being in the way, or obstructing the attention of the subordinate individuals who make up the machine one's going. This type has another habit—of diving into a bundle and pulling to pieces the methods of other soldiers, who take an action of this nature, but just this time, it had a banner bill of "Flat Ones." They would be so busy trying to out-guess each other, the rest of us would be able to pack up the machine and the next hour back to another set of the line.

(Original ideas committee please.)

However, their ranks are so thin at present, that we are in need of a few volunteers before this suggestion can be forwarded to the Illustration body mentioned above, and by the time they had adopted it, even, we should all be long past caring any more, so maybe we had best let things rest as they are.

Next we come to the:

## MARRIED MEN

That is to say, the ones who have their wives within week-end reach. These poor lads are really to be pitied by all, for although it does the heart good to see these dejected old, all clean and spry, happy as ferns setting nice tiny boys before them. Oh, my, oh, my, just get a delko at three on Monday morning! Can these be the flat, drab young army men who left us not three days ago? These greasy, anaemic wretches, who stagger so fitfully to work as if "Business or Harry Eye had given them a good zap."

Yes, they are one and the same, and for the next fortnight or so, we shall have to watch them, taking so manfully, with their thoughts far away in Montreal or Toronto. They never leave camp between week-ends, but I can say they must spend a fortune on postage stamps. We don't count paper, etc., of course, because they wouldn't dream of letting all that crested paper from the "V" go to waste.

It is awful to see them in the

"IN TOWN  
ONIGHT!"

(Number One)

THIS month we interview a distinguished dock labourer from the east end of London. Here he is—Mr. HARRY HODGES of Stepney, now being interviewed by Alf Norris, our roaming reporter.

"Good evening, Mr. Hodges! And what exactly do you do for a living?"  
"I work at them London docks, and I see the tides what 'as ter do the ladder in their crates of stuff what comes out of them boats what's"

"I work at them London docks, and I see ter—"  
"Yes, yes, quite. And have you a family to support Harry?"  
"Yus—I've a missus and seven kids. I also keeps chickens in a chicken 'ouse what I made sids of them crates what they lands at them London docks, and—"

"Yes, yes, quite! And where do you live—or rather, from what part of Stepney do you come from?"  
"I live in a 'ouse what used to belong to a bloke what used to live in sidi dabs at them London docks, sids—"

"You, you, really, but which street?"  
"Look 'ere mate, I was telling 'er, ain't I?"  
"Yes—go on please."  
"O.K.—ah, don't butt in mate."  
"Go ahead old chap."  
"Clay-dick, then. I lives in an 'ouse what ain't very far from that pub what is down No road, Stepney! My missus works at them London docks too."

"Is she on their cravin' too?"  
"NAH! She ain't on them crates mate. My missus, she 'andles the bloke's 'op darts' the day, and the kids darts' the night, and—"  
"Yes, of course. And what do you think of the war, Harry?"  
"I am in the 'ave gear, when I ain't workin', and—"

"Really?"  
"Well I can't do no job on them crates at them London docks, AND do me really 'Ove good at the same time, o can I mate?"  
"No of course not."  
"Well, then."  
"Yes, Harry."  
"Ta, cock!"

crow roost at break time, hanging on to every word the Scabbard Boys have to say. Haven't you noticed them before? Well, you know them alright, and next time you meet one on a Monday, just step brightly up and ask "How goes it Jasper?" and then wait for that useful expressive "Closed off mate."

So all my single blokes take heed, and for Peter's sake avoid becoming one of this type, or you too will have something extra to smoo about, and most of 'ya have more than enough already.

Cheers, until next month, folks, when we will have a look at The New Room Creed and the Senior N.G.O. type.

"Would you be so kind as to tell the literary something about the House Guards?"  
"YUS! I am a bloke what's known as a sergeant. 'F as got six stripes 'er knee, and—"

"Six stripes, Harry?"  
"YUS—three on each arm, and—"  
"Oh, of course."

"Will let me go on wiv it then."  
"I'm afraid our time is up now Harry, so say 'Goodnight' please, to our millions of listeners, will you?"

"YUS! Of course mate, it would 'ave bin better to 'ave had more time, but I suppose old Alf 'ere, ain't got it, and—"

"Thanks very much, Harry, and this way cut."  
"O.K. Cheers—Ta-ta, old cock. Good-night, Bro, Sid and Charlie. I 'ope 'ya'll get me sagger on at 'ere, 'ah!"

"Goodnight, Mr. Hodges."  
"So long, old cock. Where do you get paid?"

"The Cashier's office is across the hall."  
"TA-TA MATE!"

"THAT, was Mr. Harry Hodges, Please!"

—LAC LUDLAM

## A WELCOME RETREAT

We welcome as an addition to the station facilities, the new reading room recently installed in the Library Building. Here at long last, for the first time in Peter's history, is a place for a man to find quiet and solace for acquiring information on the turbulent events of today.

From the smoke-stained and fire-battered air of the canteen, one can now escape to fresh fields and pastures new, to silence and meditation.

Here, one may add to one's knowledge and get the necessary quiet wherewithal to collect one's thoughts. Here, too, is it possible to get down in peace to do any very essential but somewhat trying task of writing home. From the peaceful atmosphere of the reading room we hope our epistolarity efforts will grow in popularity and in coherence. We hope, too, that now indeed we shall be able to keep ourselves conversant with all the go that is in work acquiring.

We would desire that the curious and inquisitive with their welcome "closed off mate" inquiring whence have been the work of the holes of the Bookies House, in which we offer their car sizes thanks, and regard it as a further addition to our indebtedness to them.

Note from the Education Officer: Suggestions for increasing the facilities of the reading room and other ideas for its improvement will be welcomed.

## A DEVILISH TRICK

Old Tam's was known from Ben to Ben.

The roamed man in all the glen, He wits as fly as Murphy's god, W' a heart as cold as Winter's coat.

Their house was noted by the leop, A cny apt in smoo or sn; W' walls as bow as shooed sheep, And roo av thatched w' brackon snow.

The garden they, just a treat, A thorny hedge, the trap's deat; Two apple trees 'ere' roas' the back, Sheddin' terran in a stack.

Oh Christmas Eve the house was still, Expectin' cries from down the hill; Where in the pub a merry throng, Beside dull care w' glass and song.

McGregor's wife sat in her chair, The fire was roaring down and rare; Click, click! he needles roas' the loce.

When fannin' shadows chased her loce, All Tans himsel' was smooing loud, Christmas night was but a shroud; On he dreamt o' shining loce,

When all the world was in a stoop, The grandfather clock struck twelve the loce.

When strange though these came a knock, Old Tam shouted, "Well, what's that?" 'Bout 'er a sound, disturbed the pair.

"So 'ya prayn' Mungie lass, Ock! Nicks out there, it's come to pass!"

When sure enough the latch went click, And in the doorway stood old Nick.

His hairs were shining in the moon, His long black hair was hanging down; W' eyes as red as burning coal,

Which seemed to creep and steal 'ya soul.

So spoke, his voice was hoarse and deep, McGregor at last 'ya fate you meet; 'er long 'ya'ro' tried 'ya souls to sell,

And now 'er' time to go to 'ell'!

W' that he turned and slurred the loce, Left them shaking more and more; And all that night they stood in awe,

In case the morn' would find them dead.

By noon they hadn't slept a wink, The quakety they began to think; "We haven't sleep, if we don't hurry, The devil's thrang with good w'ell parts."

So to the grocer's at fourp' each, Bought all the sweets in the place; The rear' the village from door to door,

They gave out loys and sweets galore, Well, since that dawn 'ya would hardly know,

The McGregor when they come and go; Old Tam's known since that great day,

As when 'er' wife gie his shirt awr, But in the pub they'll laugh till Do-tage,

As the trick they played at Tam's wee cottage.

—M. STEVENS

# GOLDILOCKS AND THE TWO WOLVES

## OR

# DICK WHITTINGHOOD RIDES AGAIN

A Pastomime in Two Acts

### CURTAIN

Scene depicts a deserted plotting office about two hours before night flying has been officially cancelled. Enter a fairy queen.



#### Fairy Queen:

"Now hail all you A.C.F.s,  
You L.A.C.'s, W.O.'s, Flight Lieut.s.  
If you wonder why the hell I'm here,  
Just think, wouldn't it be rather queer?  
To have a Christmas pantomime  
Without a Fairy Queen divide?  
Although I am not in the play  
I really had to have my say,  
So here I am with my small kit,  
To introduce this thing a bit.  
The scene is laid on any station,  
Any place or situation;  
Where such characters as these  
Usually relax and take their ease.  
Then, that's the introducing stuff,  
I really think I've said enough.  
So now I'll leave you to the worst,  
And just pop off to spend my third.  
I hope you all enjoy the show;  
(tease me if my contours show,  
I know it's chilly to wear gams,  
But that's the way I get apparels.)"

(Sings)

### ACT I

#### Scene 1

Any office in the control tower where any type can wander in and a Waaif can be seated at a desk. As the curtain goes up LA.W. Goldlocks is in the foreground messing about. The chorus, comprised of both sexes and all ranks up to F/O., is strewn about in the background, doing everything in general and nothing in particular (loafing mostly as usual).

#### Goldlocks:

"I am the heroine of this story,  
I'm sorry that it won't be gay  
But I see quite a dezzure rale,  
Who never goes out on the beer.  
All that you need know of me  
Is that I'm built like O. Rose Lee  
And to make the story gay,  
I'm bothered with a brace of bees."  
"One is Sergeant Pike Dick,  
A rather tedious sort of chap,  
But when I love for all of that,  
The other is a Flight Lieut. Bligh,  
The wolfish type, with roving eye;  
Who possums me both day and night.  
(But I never yield without a fight)  
They say virtue is its own reward,  
But all I get is frightfully bored.  
Heretics though neat be true blue  
So what I ask is a girl to do?"



#### Chorus:

"You! Gold! is the heroine,  
It is a shame she must be clean.  
If not, we know you'd like it more  
But the censor'd toss this out the door."

Chorus dances around waving plotting charts.

Enter Sgt. Pilot Dick, in battle dress with a pink sweater and a green scarf.



#### Dick:

"Relax, now folks, the hero's here,  
I've bored to wit, so have no fear,  
Like Gold! I am good to all  
And never go to Moorad's (crazh)."

#### Turns to Goldlocks:

"Oh! darling it really is a shame,  
But I am right flying again,  
It's all the work of that bloke Bligh,  
Who's trying to muscle in on I. (poor's license).  
And so to-night I am out to see,  
We can't go to the V.M.C.A.  
Tho' my day will come, do not fear  
that  
And I'll give him an awful swat.  
I cannot now 'cause as you know,  
I'm just a blinking M.C.O.  
So if Bligh comes round to pester you,  
Do as I, my love, would do.  
A wail need knee will ease his tension  
And save you from, what I may not mention."

#### Chorus:

"Yes! Do as Sgt. Dick would do,  
If Bligh tries his games on you,  
Knee work will surely do the trick,  
And dump his arsew'ard swiftly quick."

Exit Dick, enter F/L/L Bligh.

#### Bligh:

"I am the villain of this piece,  
Who's hasn't that she's an M.P.'s niece  
And neat, inebri, as you'll agree,  
Simply loads of L.S.D."

"So if I can win her for my own  
I'll buy a little pub back home:  
And with blende barmaid, Watson's  
beer.

"Shall face my old age without fear,  
But apart from that I've other ideas,  
Which Sgt. Dick, curse him, always  
queens."



#### Turns to Goldlocks

"Odds! you give my eyes a treat,  
How about a date tonight, my sweet?  
I've managed to borrow a winded car,  
(I promise not to go too far)  
I've lots of gas and a case of beer,  
And there's a dance at the Arona, too,  
I hear.

"We could have such a lot of fun,  
So say you'll come my lovely one."

#### Gold:

"Car, beer . . . hum . . . NO! away  
I'll Bligh.

"That line of yours is all my eye,  
You're trying to get me in a situation,

That would involve an intruder open-  
ation.

But I am up to all your games,  
Go first yourself some other dates."

#### Chorus:

"Oh! you! She's up to all your wiles,  
O seek some other charmer's strife,  
There's a red-head who will like his  
tricks,  
Scramping down in Works and Bricks."

#### Bligh:

"What wench! You dare say no to me?  
You'll regret it someday, just you see."

#### Audience:

"Ha, ha, heh, heh, I've an idea,  
To fit friend Dick, leave my way clear."

Exit Dick, and Gold!, just after. Enter a Group Captain, puts two men on a charge for non-issue hair cuts and addresses the crowd at large.

#### Group Capt.:

"I'm the C.O., you all know that,  
I've scrubbed eggs upon my hat,  
My office is a sacred place,  
All armies quell before my face,  
(although I know it as a fact,  
They call me zarnas behind my back).  
So if you men would like me,  
Here's good advice I give you free."



#### Sings:

"Now back in 1891,  
An A.C. was I by gum!  
But by the sweat of back and brow,  
I've worked up to where I am now.  
My career, never, striking chords,  
And scrubbing countless latrine doors,  
I rose to rank of L.A.C.  
By early on in '33.

"And then in war-born '39,  
I joined the swelling aircrew line,  
Defending Britain's galactic shores  
In a 401 S.O. II, I shot down scores  
Of 18's and 21's,  
(I really seemed to have nice lives).  
So it's diligence I have to thank,  
I now hold this exalted rank."

#### Speaks:

"This indomention on to you I pass,  
To shiver your boots and clean your  
brass."

"Exit C.O. Chorus is speechless for once, then an airman steps forward.

## Abrams:

"I'm the only one in captivity,  
The only living A.C.I.  
For thirty years I've worn the blue,  
(I started as an A.C.I.)  
And although I've tried and tried and  
tried,  
I've just been taken for a ride,  
Of scrubbing floors he talks to you,  
I've scrubbed the blooming runways  
too.

So when someone sent out for the best,  
I took their really intelligence test,  
And look at me now an A.C.I!  
Ah see! Ah see! Ah see! Is not

Sniffles, then braces his  
shoulders,

Not I care for nobody, no not I!"

## Chorus:

"He does not weep, he does not cry,  
Look at his fearless, flashing eye!"



A W.O. dashes on, dances a  
few steps, sings:

## W.O.

"You speak too soon, I'd like to point,  
I'm S.W.O. of this damn joint,  
So I'm the guy that wields the whip,  
The ruler of this dancing ship,  
The stream will see around of me,  
Which is only as it might to see,  
As of the bubbles that I cough,  
My favorite's signing 21's.

So have a care, don't dare to creep,  
For fear that I should knock you off."

## Chorus:

"Of all the loddens that he'd choose,  
He favorite's signing 22's,  
So see well use a little tact,  
And finish off some one, first act."

## CURTAIN

## Scene II

A few days later, same lo-  
cation, chorus strewn about  
as before.

Enter Dick, wearing a mar-  
oon and mauve windbreaker  
and a red plaid muffler.

## Dick:

"Well here I am, I'm back again,  
Fatsy's scrubbed it's going to rain,  
I've just come down, alone I flew,  
Away up there in the blue, blue,  
And do I care when those g-d-d-r-n  
shovers,

Stop me from knocking up solo hoam."

Two S.P.'s wander in, stand  
to attention and sing:

## S.P.'s:

"Oh! We are the R.A.P. S.P.s,  
And we aren't anyone we please,  
If you dare to blink or even think,  
We were here to throw you in the kink  
That no one loves as we know,  
With his hands through life we go,  
But our backs are broad and our  
shoulders strong,  
So to hell with you, we got along."

Enter P/L/L. Bligh, strides up  
and points an accusing finger  
at Dick.

## Bligh:

"Come S.P.'s now arrest this man,  
Take and lock him in the can,  
Whichever on a weather check, now I  
Definitely saw the cad low-fly."

Enter O.C. flying.

## O.C. flying:

"Oh Dick! Oh Dick! For shame! For  
shame!  
That you should sneeze your father's  
name!  
There is no choice you leave me then,  
But get you down for a C.M."

## Chorus:

"For shame! For shame! You are a rat,  
That you should do a thing like that."

## Dick:

"It is not true, it's all a lie,  
I never, never, would lie-fly,  
The very soul of honesty—ME?  
My title is the C.A.P."

Enter Goldlocks, looking  
very distraught, cries:

## Gold:

"Oh Dick! Oh Dick! What have you  
done?  
How could you? How could you? Be-  
loved one?

Why did you do this to me?  
You'll knock you down to an L.A.C.  
And apart from that you're sure to get,  
A hundred days or so of Det."

## Dick:

"It is not true! I'm not to blame,  
The whole thing is a dirty frame,  
I bet the real culprit is Bligh,  
He's just the type that would Low-fly."

## Bligh:

"Ha ha! We've heard those yarns be-  
fore,

But trying to avoid the issue now,  
You're wasting your time, it is no use,  
Take him away to the calaboose."

Exit Dick, under close ar-  
rest, Goldlocks falls weeping  
over a plotting table, Bligh  
laughs up his sleeve. Rest  
shake their heads sadly.

## Chorus:

"Oh! What a sorry state of things,  
They might even take away his wings."

## CURTAIN

## Scene III

As before Goldlocks is  
working at her desk. She is  
looking pale and worn. Has  
she been worrying over Dick?  
Is she anemic? Then music

is heard, (it goes something  
like that), Dick dashes on,  
tripe over the wastepaper-  
basket, calls it by name, falls  
on Gold's neck and kisses  
her. Picks himself up, dances  
round and sings happily:

## Dick:

"I beat the rap! I beat the rap!  
And all thanks to some farmer chap,  
Who with the most amazing sight  
Observed the number on the kite,  
It really was that lightning high,  
Who caused the old man's pig to die,  
Now he has had a severe rap,  
And from now on must watch his  
step."

## Chorus:

"He beat the rap! He beat the rap!  
So those shovers for this farmer chap,  
Who with most uncanny sight,  
Observed the aircraft number right."

Enter Bligh, scowling, cur-  
ling, coughing, etc.

## Bligh:

"Though I was fooled, you rejoice too  
too soon,  
Your postings through this afternoon,  
Now you're bound for courses,  
Which leaves the field quite clear for  
me."

Dick looks stupefied, (stupu-  
id anyway), Gold looks mis-  
erable, Bligh exits laughing  
harshly. (Must be he smokes too  
much).

## Gold:

"Oh Dick! Although away you go,  
That'll be true yourself always know,  
So hurry wh yourself some fame,  
And then come back to see again."

## Dick:

"I will come back, that never fear,  
Though it will be about a year,  
I'll earn some rings around my wrist,  
Then I can give Bligh's nose a treat."

Exit Dick and Gold to ap-  
ply for some leave.

## Chorus:

"Oh weep! Oh weep! Oh gnash the  
teeth!  
Dick's going home to芒芒芒芒  
Death,  
Oh now what will poor Gold do?  
When she feels like a spot of wool?"

## CURTAIN

## Act II

## Scene I

Goldie has got a commis-  
sion and has her own office  
in H.Q. (we had to change the  
scene somehow).

## Gold:

"Oh where! Oh where! The Richard  
gone?  
Oh where! Oh where! Is he?  
Has he been shot up? Has he been shot  
down?  
Oh where! Oh where! Can he be?"

Enter Bligh.

## Bligh:

"Now listen, Dick is surely dead,  
If Dick has been killed his fall of  
lead,  
So why not listen to my plea,  
And come on a date with me?"

## Gold:

"NO! A thousand times and more,  
I'm a girl that knows the score,  
If Dick has died a hero's death,  
A splinter me till my last breath."

## Aide:

"To talk you know is very well,  
But I am weakening and to tell."

Chorus appears at various  
windows and doors.

## Chorus:

"No! Don't give in, they'll never kill  
Our Dick, he's got a head like steel,  
And bullets run such Mouschicht,  
We'll only blast themselves on it."

Band off strikes up  
"There'll Always be an Eng-  
land," Dick enters, he is a  
Squadron Leader, with more  
ribbons than that.

## Dick:

"At last I've back from overseas,  
With loads and loads of D.P.C.'s,  
And for good reason, I have too,  
Collected an odd bar or two,  
It really was quite simply done,  
I had shot down a hundred Hun,  
And now's the time for my revenge,  
Bligh's dirty tricks I will avenge."

## Gold:

"Oh joy! Oh rapture most sublime!  
He has returned, this lower note,  
Now we can see as sure as mine,  
And I'll have ladies by the score."

Dick advances on Bligh,  
who is standing dumfounded,  
a short struggle ensues and  
finally Dick throws him  
through a window, much to  
the disgust of chorus mem-  
bers gathered there. He and  
Goldlocks embrace. Enter  
the whole company, carrying  
the S.W.O. who has just come  
back from 7 days in Toronto.  
(N.B. It is a big office, see).

## Dick:

"This is the end, I'm doing fine,  
Now Goldlocks is really mine,  
As a babe she is a girl with,  
So the moral of this story is,  
That if you always love the line,  
You'll come out on top—your hope—some  
time."

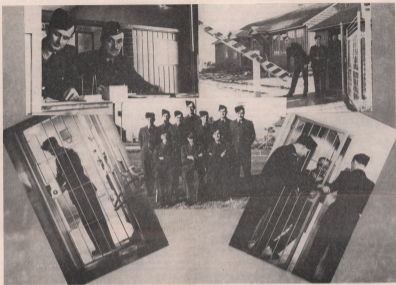
## Chorus:

"He says that if you love the line,  
You will come out on top—some time,  
But don't you listen to his stuff,  
It really is most awful guff,  
But anyway I made a point,  
So we don't really give a damn,  
This is the end we say adieu,  
And Merry Christmas, Friends, to you."

## CURTAIN

MONTHLY REPORTS FROM THE FOLK WHO LIVE ON THE HILL

# News and Views



## GESTAPO GOSSIP

Well, folks, here we are again with the gossip for another month! We welcome our new arrivals from the Old Country and hope they will enjoy their 'holiday' in the Land of the Maple Leaf. Cheer up, lads, only two more years to go! Quot lump-sum—six policemen arrived in rations strength increased by ten! Don't 'howler', but these lads can sure eat! What a pity coal can't aren't transferrable!

Much rejoicing at the Guard room

when the latest boat list was published. By the way, there is no truth in the rumour that all four are trying to get 'off' the boat!

Our basketball team is going great guns now that we have signed as the two Chinamen. "Wew on Watson" and "Sly Long Simon". "Greaser Peltier" have now moved from the foot of the league, and are harassing their throat to the team three from the bottom.

Our sergeant, (with the encroach-

ment of a certain Flight-Sergeant), seems to us to be spending too much of his time across the border. No rations, no pack drill, but "Winton" puts him on the spot on the slightest provocation. We have the address of his girl friend out west.

Watch for a few surprises in our section in the next few weeks. A few of the boys are adding a bit of camouflage by the growth of extra hair on their upper lips. Two faces, eh? Watch to your laurels, "Dewey"

Gin", "Antonio Bellini" is on the war path!

In closing, we would like to remind a few officers and Senior N.C.O.'s that the box at the Main Gate is not "Bob's Lunch". We don't mind lashing up a cap of brew now and then, but how about a nickel once in a while, to help sweet the Police Holiday Fund?

And so, until next time, we remain, your hating brother.

—THE SUPER SNOOPER

## SIX HANGAR

The good work started by the Maintenance soccer team is being carried on by the basketball and billiards teams. Like the football team, the basketball team was off to a shaky start, but have now settled down to play really effectively. If our present team is allowed to stay together, we should be somewhere near the top when the season finishes. The billiards team started off in fine style, but slipped up somewhat in their last game. We are confident that this will only be a temporary lull. One of our champs, Peter Forbes, has won the station table tennis championship, for which we extend our heartiest congratulations. Peter has represented

the station at cricket and tennis. In more than useful basketball player, and also plays a crafty game of billiards and snooker, so that on the whole, he is a useful member of our sporting community. We have not been able to possess his technical ability as yet.

Quite a few of our boys have joined the ranks of the L.A.C.'s with one G.C., while Ginger Western's super nose through in time to save him from the honour of being an L.A.C. with two G.C.'s. Congratulations, Ginger.

One of our new O.C.'s, Johnny Moore, is acquiring a reputation as a Jack of all trades. His trade is

P.I.L.A., officially, but his best work is done before he comes down to the hangar, when he fills the role of a human alarm clock. Just recently he has divided his attention between doing engine changes (under expert technical supervision), and heroically sealing the Flight-sergeant's office with great sheets of adhesive and masking tape. In his spare time, he likes to go farming, but his chief hobby is: arc.

- Going to bed early.
- Getting up early.
- Getting everybody else up early.

He works well, and sometimes in spite of, another G.C., who spends

most of his spare time in a state of semi-coma on his bed. The rest of his time is spent in a state of semi-coma in the hangar, relieved by an odd burst of feverish activity in such places as Montreal.

He is fond of good music, good food and corporal CWAC's, (not necessarily good), although this last does not mean that he has any prejudice against corporal in any of the other areas.

N.B.—The R.A.F. always expected, of course.

That is all the gossip for this month. I think, so we will close down for another month.

## "MINOR GEN"

We open this column with a happy note by wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and we hope the rest will be wishing you this joyful occasion in "The Local".

We wish to extend our congratulations to P/Lt. and Mrs. Riggs as the safe arrival of a baby daughter. Keep up the good work, "Chiefy".

Recently we have said farewell to our very popular top pilot P/O. Hightm, who is leaving as the Nightly Goodbye air, and good bye to his place we welcome P/O. Bond whom we know will be very happy with us in "last flight". We promise you do, to find the "last year" from previous air tests, and keep these in a well sealed container.

Another new face has appeared in this range, namely P/O. Johnson, who succeeds P/Lt. Littlejohn, as flight commander, P/Lt. Littlejohn crosses over the apron to the "Director of Gen", where he now assumes command of this wing as C.E.O.

Our business organizations are extended to the planners who trucked from 5 to 6 hangar, a short while ago. What a huge success it must have been! I'll. Everybody is so busy, we believe, that have larger up to the "technical gen" from our former colleagues, for now the remainder of 5 hangar staff are in jobs then and make it an important company known as "The Sweeper Digger Corp. Shop Inc." (Flight, please note).

Could it also working very hard. The 80th are flying, and it seems to be the same gen of LAC. Sheppard who is being married in Venice in the very near future. Congrats her and the future Mrs. Sheppard, and may you both be very happy.

What we want to know is: Why a certain corporal booked out a nice new tool set, complete with tools? Was it voluntary, or M.W. N.O.V. in it? He has promised never to use it?

—C.O.—

Who to gain admission to the new increasing number of the "Years Reunion Service Club"? This is followed by a beautiful inverted church and is now being given by easy "old lady". Our "sympathies" are extended to the latest members—LAC. Buckley, LAC. Durrant, and AC. Mitchell.

—C.O.—

Did a certain unpleasant occurrence to an airman's hat in the "Bunker Theatre" one evening, have anything to do with a new hair tonic being patented? Are you going to buy a comb now, Fred?

—C.O.—

What the two crafty hounds of wine, women and song will do on the New Year's Eve? Will Ted take Joe to Buffalo, or will Jim manage to persuade Ted to go to New York? There is said to be a large size piece of femininity lined up.

—C.O.—

Is a certain corporal suffering nervous tension in case "the boat" falls in before the big freeze up—in which case, he'll be deprived of his one source of lambasting, and so on. That's all for this month, folks, your reporter signing off.

—"ORIPPER"

## Officers' Mess Chatter

The clock has been busy recently—congratulations to P/Lt. McIlroy, P/O. Wagstaff and P/O. Baitcliffe, for a lot of changes in the mess recently. We are all very sorry to say goodbye to S/Lt. Bales, whose departing personally we shall all miss. To P/O. Stuart Callan a great get and a real friend, and to Doc Franklin, to whom we offer our good wishes on his new appointment.

A heavy session to our three members, Amongst my guests these crop types get in the green.

P/Lt. seems to enjoy his supper in the airman's mess. A certain morning session is looking rather thin these days. It is true that P/O. is studying dramatics with a well-known actress? There is not much privacy in the Guest Room Hall in the P/O. What qualifications are needed to join the Senior Officers' Mutual Admiration Society? Those few guests are quick on the uptake S/Lt. Our husbands, fortunate P/O. is very quiet these days. Loving touch, old man? All guests seem to have varied interests, Beauty Sains, kindergarten schools, etc. A certain S/Lt. goes to Montreal just to see, Strangely? That hotel in Paris is a friendly place, P/Lt., or do you think so? Why so worried these days Mac? Any truth in the rumour that our great hero has at last got over it?

But Christmas is coming—we should be charitable and so to see and all we should do is give to the poor, like the Twelve Apostles. "SICHIVO".

★

## The Sergeants' Messings

The Sergeants' Mess has had a recent influx of new members so that what perhaps was supposed to be a behavior has been written (British or Internal), or will happen . . . and since the exception has been published in DBO's, so further comment is necessary except to review this fact. Had N.C.O.'s are supposed to be able to carry their liquor or glass to Cole . . .

Our Sergeant-pick, too, has hasn't got his crown yet. . . managed to take a perfect landing without any assistance from his undercarriage and congratulated by his guests but NOT by the authorities. . . No spirit to speak of.

Another is wearing a beautiful "shiner" together with half-a-dozen stitches and claims that he was not under the influence, but was merely playing the part of the Big Dog. . . into our mess to know the exact meaning of the expression). Mess meetings still have their familiar Burlesque or Old-Time Music Hall atmosphere, and our usually haired concert comedian still seems to think he is in the V.M. and not the S.M. . .

Some of our other members are leaving us or have left, either for the Land of the Free (1 or 2) or the Officers Mess and in this respect I'd like to thank Sheldon (better known to some as the Duty Overseer) and Digger Lovett, our Colonial friend from the land of abeyance, to be congratulated or something. We do hope that there will be more of interest next month as the newer members settle down to their sala-

## CORPORALS' CLUB

The club itself is situated opposite the Drill Hall and is open all day for use by members to spend their leisure hours in comfort. It is hoped that more and more use of the club with the facilities it has to offer, will be made by all junior N.C.O.'s, and that the element that is necessary to continue to make the club a success, so that it may be regarded as their "home from home".

Flying Officer Dawson as President, Corporal Baitcliffe as Chairman, Corporal Blake as Treasurer, and Corporal Hinds as Secretary, (before stated), are the club officers.

The bar, which opens at 12.30 hours each evening, is under the very capable management of Corporal Bragg-Smith, and every endeavour is made to meet the requirements of all members. And in the element that is held behind the bar any evening are asked to contact Corporal Bragg-Smith, who is only too anxious to receive help, no matter how small. A complaint was received from the Treasurer, that he is being "run off his feet" collecting "cash", and the committee hope this will continue. Three tables in Guest Night, and all corporals are asked to take full advantage of the facilities offered.

Social evenings are arranged and it is hoped that more active interest will be taken by the members on these occasions, and every effort is being made to make these evenings more successful every time one meets there. As a result of Guest Night, and all corporals are asked to take full advantage of the facilities offered. The club comprises Corporals Burdett, Hamilton, Brown, Bond, and Ward, so their recent promotion and trust they will make themselves "at home" in the Corporals' Club.

Who is the corporal who goes to bed with stripes on his forehead? CPT. A. G. HINDS

★

## Control Calling

We hope you are receiving as loud and clear a "control" as possible, of course, because your set will probably be switched off, but nevertheless, we take this opportunity to mention all concerned that:

(a) The wash-out that does NOT include a right-hand circuit.

(b) The Henkle Club is still in existence, despite the absence of the Henkle Dog.

(c) The best place to build a fire is in the fireplace—it does not do the furnace any good. After much practice, we observe that some Lines (picks are becoming quite dexterous at knocking down the Christmas trees on the runways, and we see wondering who will be the first to achieve a 100 per cent score when loading down. We regret to announce that Works and Bricks are NOT affected by a prize.

We wish our ex-O/O Flying S/Lt. Baitcliffe to be a little luck and happy landings—the Verry pick have been grounded and stored away, and we welcome his successor, P/Lt. Hatcher to our midst.

We wish you for the recent gathering. Until next time we shall be listening out, listening out.

Song titles illustrated No. 1 "Pistol Packing Mama".

—S/Lt. Geo. Bales Standing at Control Tower Firing Signal Cartridge.

—S/Lt. Geo. Bales Standing at Control Tower Firing Signal Cartridge.

## N Flight—Do Not Disturb

By the time this is published, the season of goodbyes will be well over now; so we will start by wishing one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The month of November has been a wonderful one for the children of "Toon", inasmuch that they could have been justly proud of, but for the two unfortunate incidents, which the whole crew do doubt know about, by now. To those who were injured, we tender our sympathies, and wish them a speedy recovery.

Apart from accidents, the flight has done very well, setting up a new record for bombs dropped at night, and also maintaining a high percentage of serviceability. Keep it up, lads.

The "Woolen Sheep", this month goes to a certain P/O., who reads for two details was one bird eye and one belly lancing. Truly a good record. Maybe that certain Sgt. pilot was trying to equal his own, which he came in with to understand up. What about it, Jack? Then there's another P/O. who is hampered by brake trouble. Why don't you try having a mag-dog sent, sir or is that too technical?

AC. Mall came back from leave with some tall stories about his experience with alcoholic beverages; and it was his decision to set up a new system, whereby he gets thirty-six hours out of twenty-four. Good job, Mall. "Roast" Harry has left for the "spoons", where he will spend his hard-earned leave; shooting? The rest of us are waiting for Christmas, when the Moonlight Boys will soothe to the four winds to spend their leisure time shooting, hunting, and spreading good-will throughout the land. Nothing like it.

The entertainment side of "N" is done over by the "Chiefs", led by one C. Adams, who does a good job of order. Anyone caring to hear them, should advise their applications on the appropriate forms (10/10/43), and they will be used six months for an answer; or they can take a bomb aimer's course.

Unable to participate in any station sports, we have devised our own program, consisting of hockey (played in crew room), rugby (played in crew room), football (played in crew room) and basketball (played in crew room). If anyone has a spare crew room, we will be glad to use it, so we will have two games going at once.

If anyone wishes to see a "Zorbar", just come along to 8L around six o'clock. We start then. Here's an incident worth recording. The scene is Chiefy's office. Pilot—"Why is the flame from the exhaust blue?" Chief—"That's because you're using blue oil, you see."

Pilot—"Well, if you used pink gas, what would you get?"

A note to you: "C" Flight—When entering the billet, please leave your soap boxes outside.

## "A" Flight No. 4 Hangar

Here we are with just a few days for our Christmas number. The festive season is to close upon us when this issue is on route, and we would like to say a "Merry Christmas" to all members of the Flight, to the crew and flying personnel. May it be as new to a real Christmas as you would have it, and may the next one be spent with those in "the old country".

Last month we achieved our ambition and saw all our serviceability tabs while on the serviceability board. During the past week we have received the orders—and they were not the only things that were not either. The language was of an equally outstanding lot.

Still, the paper is almost over and although somewhat exhausted, we find our hands keeping just above water again. No doubt someone will show them under again by inferring to this after all, if we wait our New Year's grant, we must forget our days off and sit for about six weeks—January's nightmare! Surprising how much can be demoralized so few as those who work with them, and yet know so little of them!

We are given to understand that P/O Spencer is following in the footsteps of Mr. Palgrave. Perhaps they both want real live Christmas presents and not paper dolls—or do they want seasons to nurse them?

P/O Hall appears to be next on the list. After all, Whittaker's few days leave usually mean something. He is in such a hurry he's going by T.C.A. How is he getting back? Who is the officer who "shoots the line" that he takes his lady friend up to a B range at night to see the bombs burst?

We welcome our new pilots on drivers' airbase and hope they will be as unimpaired as their colleagues. P/O Dawson and Davis have been transferred to "H" Flight. Perhaps their new Flight Commander may have some success with them with regard to P.T. than we had.

Congratulations to P/O Dennis and P/O Wood for their promotion. We observe that P/Lt. Davies is not looking quite the picture of health of late. We understood he complains that the early morning weather tests are hitting him by the throat.

P/O Smith returning from leave in New York is just a empty shell. We believe he left his best years and also something in Toronto. Our current suggestions, however, we add also fill us with a certain amount of dismay. We understand it is intended to transfer to our hangar the night flying flight, plus one or two nightworkers in addition, to a certain area so equipped by the training wing. Signals section—where do we put the other half of our complement of aircraft? No. 3 hangar over runs? The idea seems to be to spread the different sections over as many hangars as possible with a view to making the N.C.O.'s in charge of flights hold their heads in dismay and wonder which hangar they are operating from.

And so "for the present we leave you" with, once again, Merry Christmas Greetings.

## STATION SICK QUARTERS

Once again we take our stationers plunge into the realm of journalism. This time, our staff having departed seaward, we have very little material from which to glean news, scandal and sport, or items of interest.

A short time ago a very substantial piece of medicine mixing machinery found its way to the storey, in the person of Sgt. Ben Brookes, alias Whispering Smith. Ben, because a very popular member of the staff and took the lead in the basketball team, helping us to lose our first game with a fair margin!

The classification test for R.C.A.F. stream caused quite a stir amongst the Canadian members of the staff. One sick gun went was heard to say: "I think it was most unfair, I had just started when you said 'size was up'!" However, they may decide he is below average and discharge him from the service, then he will be sorry, but why worry there's always "Daddy's right hand"!

The pressure of work in this section is too heavy for some of the staff. One worthy LAC G.C., who has suffered from pneumonia, for some time, has just been discharged to dream recently. After dreaming that he had been released, he awoke with a start, and raising his hand was amazed to find his head still there!

In conclusion we wish our new station Mag. every success.

## SMELLS OF THE AIRMEN'S MESS

Cauliflower, tarponina, and tea. The smell of coffee freshly ground.

Oh, yes, we "see" those who are when we are not around.

After a short summer we see the departure of P/Sgt. Harrison, LAC Chadwick and with lessening of teeth, the boy Kerrigan. Ben voyage to Glen. Capt. Morrison has left us, accompanied by the fast-binding LAC Thompson, whose death we will report, when he has kicked the basket.

Dan Cupid has been working overtime lately with the workings of AC, and Mrs. Bern Jones, AC, and Mrs. Harry Jones and AC, and Mrs. Stanley Levermore. Our best wishes to all of them.

That darling young dark-haired lady of Wellington, missed in the past, has changed his name to Wozzpoon. We are now suffering from a sick shortage. Last week, amid the horrors of the English language, Pop Deasay and Mrs. Magan were presented, heads of binding new.

Who is that Corporal we see standing outside every day? Is some one moving into the fourth dorm soon? Old toothless is rare getting some in. We have never found out whether those missing teeth were the result of too sick looking, or acting on-pilot on a flying sick jet.

The B.O. office door looks clean these days. Our corporal who likes old should keep off his knees. His may go up with the blind some morning.

That Gen. man of the concrete miers is again on the grave yard shift along with the old firm of Steeds and Davey Incorporated. Those Blue Cit-

tle Blue-printers sure make a good job of the pastry with the many slabbing spittle-throws that the dentist sends us.

The day will come when we will read you history on the Bureau Road and we shall show you the bean ration for breakfast, dinner and tea.

## "Duff Gen." From H.Q.

Corporal "Duffy" Whitley, who departed (on posting) and much lamented "D.B.O. Gen." and basketball enthusiast, has, as a result of his leaving us, caused the question to be raised as to the necessity for the installation of a Tamond System at 31 R. & G. S.

The other "lead speaker" in B.I.Q. (our names mentioned) has, for some unknown reason, been less active of late. This may mean "Duff Gen." that he is to reach a decision regarding the above mentioned proposed installation.

LAC Jimmy Foster, Corporal Whitley's successor, has been advised that is "Duffy" with D.B.O.'s.

It has been recently observed that a certain Senior N.C.O. in B.I.Q. Orderly Room (not P.C.) has displayed a considerable amount of interest in obtaining an "early chat" on top of his "MEV". We wonder whether the reason is compassionate or just maintenance.

Extract from an article on Fish Farming from the November issue of "The Topics"—The local fishermen also co-operate in the work of obtaining the eggs, and they are packed in boxes and taken to the battery in the usual way.—In the closing paragraph the writer explains how the boxes are unpacked and the eggs removed, but we are at a loss to know what happens to the fisherwomen. Perhaps "E.D.N." could solve the mystery.

## "G.I.S. Gen"

The G.I.S. is cutting down after his "shakedown" cruise, and the staff and pupils are beginning to understand the biographies issued by the Central Control. Despite good, Central Control organized. Look how 3 organized itself the man who could fit his on the floor, (would-be central controllers might do well to study any chains in the local details).

We offer our congratulations to P/Lt. McDerby on his promotion to Lieutenant and P/Lt. Wray and also our best wishes for a safe trip home. Also "on the boat," P/Sgt. James Brockfield and Woodman. All our best to them.

Welcome to P/Lt. Rigg, the new school Adl, and to P/O. Oliver, who descends from AMET in the madhouse. Hockey should commence soon, so roll up fans and players; we want to blow up W. & R. this season.

Footnote  
What is the attraction at Niagara Falls? No power offered, but it's not watching the water. Two instructions used to slip away furthest, leaving much duplication behind them.  
The secret is now out; they were caught building their own boat.

## PLOTTING OFFICE

(H.Q. of the Wozzpoon Bank Society)

Who is the Sgt. Pind who is getting a reputation for being the analyst. No NOT Under Stevenson. And he is not to be confused with the pilot who claimed two quarters during a night exercise. To substantiate these claims efforts are being made to give the bank a covering of phosphorescent paint. Is it possible to get lost over Prince Edward County, in reasonably good weather of course? We know of at least one pilot who had reason to be grateful to a bomb armer map reader. It is only fair to state that he had been engaged on our longest "top"—to number 3 targets—of course there is always the possibility of fake work Wozzpoon, or would it be wrong? Then there is the pilot who shouted "Tally ho, heads above water" as he observed his streamlines break on to his detail over number one target (bags of myosin burning) plenty of fourth of July staff and all that. For the range staff who are busy making firing range maps to such an extent that Flight Sergeant Perfect had to squelch his stock.

Mention of the range staff and procedures brings us to the very difficult attempt to flatten one of the quadrant bats recently, or should I say ghostly, strange as it may seem the student had found a "very good" bat as observed by streamlines. And even the pilot said have been on the "bat". For the bomb ball class enough for even the range staff to realize that they were under fire, resulting in a frantic race to the table, the obduracy one examined the example of "Patrol Packing Mamm" drawn by the fighters harling from above, and first words of F/SGT. Sgt. Perfect's proof. The student's excuse was that on certain headings he mistook the quadrant bat for the target. Likely story eh? Let us hazard an opinion of what really went on in his mind. During the run up—Targets are getting too dull and uninteresting. After all that case triangle does get a trifle boring, the bloody breeze usually stays clear of it anyway. Ah; and he checked the ovality of what target could one select than the quadrant bat—kill two birds with one stone—rain the quadrant and the B—er inside R. In his, as he thinks of his 308 and will be satisfied. It'll be nice to make such a "halla, pizza and parties" of our books. Unintended amusing and frequently caused, these lessons of the range staff death daily, even the student's "Honor low service medal. Score more targets appearing in view. AC Bennett is pushing the charts unapologetically through the wicker so still next month good plotting.

P.R.—Who are the MDOGY individuals always doing COOKING something together?

P.P.S.—Who is the "love" type who solves coefficient "C" when engineering a compass by using quadratic equations, and who in his segment found the angle of the ring on a using differential equations.

# AU REVOIR

WE have suffered quite a few losses during the past month and many well known figures have left us, others we welcome to Picton, perhaps especially those fresh from the "Old Country", the lads from whom we wrest the latest gun.

W/C Anderson has departed. His loss will rattle the camp in more than his. Medical officers have come and gone, but it seemed that "Frankie" went on for ever. Now the popular P/L, Franklin has left us, having said "cheerio" for Bushkatchew. S/L, Geo. Blake who has been the station O/C, flying for the past eleven months, is leaving. This probably means goodbye too, to R.A.F. The Scotch train to whom he is so closely attached. Wing Commander Kennedy then loses his stomach and able number one, and the officers' mess it's most periodic commutation. His constant advice to his opposite, and his ready assistance in giving them "the angle" was always a source of amusement. A soccer personality well known to officers and men alike has the "beat gear" in his eye. He is P/O, Jack Campbell who has been a real stalwart in the station mess for so many months. Jack has won many admirers by his grand sportsmanship, his coolness, and clean play, never troubled by an un-remembered to the man and will certainly be missed. Before joining the ranks of the R.A.F. P/O, Campbell played professional football in Scottish league football with Partick Thistle. Another doctor, one of the cast's types will be

with him—P/O McKellar. We make mention elsewhere re the departure of P/L, Calland, popular junior recreation officer. P/O Skopson who has worked a long time for the local wireless station as a W/O. Quite a few whose names he had plotted in the early days, returned to the station after graduating as instructors.

One of the strongest sights to be seen on the station, was a rather eccentric (popular) type fellow, who invariably wore his hat from ear to ear, and whose weird grin matched the shape of the hat. He strolled along and his odd phrase was "I've only a — General" if you know the description you know the man. The last word of the phrase changed recently to "separate". A peculiar sight, perhaps, but one that will be missed. Sgt. C. Douglas Deane, the station's English photographer returns to England with a few of America's boys and a photographic competition prize. An expert with words so with his good hazing on his return. The station dance band has lost the loss of its drummer and string boss, and it's the R.S. orchestra by the way. P/O, Norman Richardson.

The well remembered clan of Scotland has lost another of its number by the departure to Charleston of P/O, Robertson, the central "Re-

voir" was quite an old timer at Picton. We see happy to welcome yet another "stranger" here in Picton, coming to us from the west P/O, Acker, D.F.C., D.F.M., is not among strangers. He has flown on operational sorties with our chief instructor W/Cdr. J. Kennedy, D.F.C.

We extend a cordial welcome to P/O, Pinn, medical officer, and P/O, Johnson, engineering officer. A welcome return is given to P/L, Rigg and P/O, Deaton. Two co-operational types from New Zealand. As P/O, Rigg and P/O, Rigg, Boston they left Picton a few weeks ago and have returned to us from Penfold Ridge. Congratulations to them both on their promotion and on being posted back to Picton.

P/L, Rither comes to us from 11 S.P.T.S. which is "just up the lake a piece" at Kingston, and from 32 S.P.T.S. (which is not well done as the transfer might suggest we welcome Sgt. Ritchie and Sgt. Lewis added to the recent influx of pilots are Sgts. Spinks, Harnett, and Haldore from 34 S.P.T.S.

Two new faces have appeared in the photographic section. Sgt. Matthews has arrived from Medicine Hat, and Corporal Reynolds said farewell to England recently, and has brought some of the latest gear for his section. Photography is playing a most important part in this war and his up to date knowledge should be of great value to those whose duty deals with this aspect.

## "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF" SERIES

No. 1

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A C.O.  
Overture: "Colonel Bopey."

Curtain

The C.O. of No. 1st Bn. & Co. B. H. is seated at his desk carefully scraping every off of his tie with an old razor blade. Time 14.30 hours. Year 1953.

Enter the Adjutant, spare jangling, salutes smartly.

Adj.—"Good morning sir."

C.O.—"Good morning, but yourself in a change, you have your hair parted in the middle again."

Adj.—"Very good sir."

C.O.—"Well, what many changes have we to deal with today?"

Adj.—"18th, 20."

C.O.—"Practically the whole station eh? Oh well, send the first one in. Adj.—"Sure sir I can't, it's a reality and they are barricaded in the canteens with all the available arms and ammunition."

C.O.—"Mildly eh? What's the matter with them this time?"

Adj.—"It's about that alien day that you had begged in death yesterday for having dirty boots, sir. They think that you should have let him off with the rack sir."

C.O.—"Oh! Is that all? I thought that they were beefing about the dog spoon. Take the S.W.O. on the square and shoot him, that should appease them."

Adj.—"Can't do, no ammunition."

C.O.—"That's the trouble with you,

always finding difficulties. Alright, throw him in the rack then."

Adj.—"Very good sir."

Exit Adjutant.

C.O. goes back to scraping his tie. Five minutes elapse then a loud roar of voices is heard followed by a horrible scream cut short suddenly.

Enter Adjutant.

Adj.—"Everything is alright now sir they've gone back to work."

C.O.—"Good, what happened?"

Adj.—"They tore him limb from limb."

C.O.—"The hell, did we all have to make sacrifices in wartime. Give the remains a military funeral."

Adj.—"I'll attend to it personally sir."

C.O.—"Covering again, eh? Alright, you can have a 4th year man. What's next?"

Adj.—"AC, 3 Plank interview for a commission sir. He applied 3 years ago, everyone else has increased his and he has had the ordeal by fire, his year term now."

C.O.—"Alright send him in, have to do it sooner or I suppose."

Exit Adjutant, enter AC, 3 Plank in best suit, protrates himself before the desk.

C.O.—"AC, 3 Plank, as you want a commission eh?" Laughs fitfully.

"Alright I'll give you an intelligence and general knowledge test. Now, who is the most popular man on the station?"

Plank—"You are sir."

C.O.—"Good, and who is the most intelligent man on the station?"

Plank—"You are sir."

C.O.—"Good, and who is the best looking man on the station?"

Plank—"You are sir."

C.O.—"Very good, and are you going to lend me 48?"

Plank—"Yes sir."

C.O.—"Excellent, 100 per cent, go and buy a uniform."

Plank protrates himself again and goes to leave the room.

C.O.—"Just a minute, make it a Flight Lieutenant, you're promoted, I shall send a new Adjutant, have to get rid of the present one, I can't stick a yes-man."

Plank—"Yes sir."

Salutates and exits. Enter Adjutant.

Adj.—"What's next?"

Adj.—"A number of documents for your signature sir."

C.O. looks at his watch.

C.O.—"Too late now, time for tea. Go down to the Senior Admin, he's always signing my name on checks, can do it better than I can."

Adj.—"Very good sir."

C.O.—"Alright, 3 Plank, thank you thoroughly for your services to himself."

C.O.—"Haven't threaten anyone to the crossroads for a long time."

"Pain on hat and neck to strain of "Dear My God" "Thee."

Curtain

## THE LADIES

I've taken my fun where I've found it; I've mugged 'em I've mugged in my time; I've had my jinks' of goodtimes. An' 'bout of the best you prize. One was an 'erf-ent-old widow. One was a woman at Ptoos, One was the wife of a jennish-suit, (head gone)

An' one is a girl at 'Voss.

"Now I ain't no 'and with the ladies, Purr takes them all alone, An' 'bout of the best you prize. An' 'bout of the best you prize. There's times when you think that you might;

There's times when you think that you might; But the things you will learn from the 'ellow air' bow with the white!"

I was a young tin at 'Vagh, Stey as a girl to begin;

Aggie de Castree she made me, An' Aggie was clever as me;

Oh! She was so, but my first un— More like a trifler she was— She was the way to preston air' pay.

An' I learned about women from her!

Then I was ordered to Bessar, Acting charge o' Bamar,

An' I got me a 'obby five 'atches, Through buyin' apples of her pa.

There and there she was— Del is a scamp she were—

But I've loved on the square, like a true married pair,

An' I learned about women from her!

Then she shifted to Messiah (or I might be) been keepin' 'er new), An' I took with me a shawl she-died,

The wife of a singer at Mlow; 'Twaught me the gray-folks 'obes'; (shame)

Kind of a volcano she were, For she heated me one night 'cause I wished she was white,

An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then I come 'voss in a bwooper, 'Long of a lot of sitcom—

Girl from a consent of Mewes, The straightest I ever law,

Love at first sight 'was 'er trouble, She didn't know what it were;

An' I wouldn't do, each, cause I loved 'er too much,

But— I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it, An' 'bout I s'vat pay for my fun,

For the more you 'ave know'n of the others—

The less will you settle to one; An' the end of it stillin and thinkin',

An' drummin' Bell-fives to see; So be warned by my lot (which I know you will love),

An' learn about women from me!

★ Skaldyrd Kildig 'us day

Corporal no-and-no was in S.E.Q. with a badly festered hand which had necessitated two incisions. On one of the daily rounds made by the M.O. (the corporal) equipped, "De you think I shall be able to play the piano again when it's healed up Sir?" "Why of course, Corporal", replied the M.O., "you've got a good right leg, corporal, I couldn't believe I came in hospital!"



## RUGBY

Our first game was against the pupils at Mountain View when the team comprised of the players left from last season assisted by pupils. The station was by a "bar" team of 33-3, thanks to the help of LAC: Hughes. Had to relieve Flight Sgt. Harrison was injured in this game—an injury which kept him out of "action rugby" for the remainder of the season.

After a practice match the station XV visited Kingston 11 and were badly defeated despite sterling work by P/O Ellis. This game however served as a very useful lesson to all in that their defence must be more vigilant. Flight Sgt. Wilson sustained a wrist injury in this game which kept him out of active rugby for the rest of the season.

On the following day the station XV entertained Kingston 11 and although Kingston again won by a small margin a good hard game was played until late in the game to a premature end.

The outside activity of the game was then covered by the governing body and during this time many very enjoyable games were played between the Officers and Sergeant Messes and the G.I.s. The latter teams were most successful thanks to the good work of LAC's Wardell, Fellows, Smith, Hughes and Lewis and also managed to bring to light some very useful players. While the Officers continued to strive they made up in the experience of W/C, Kennedy, P/L, Sleep and others. During one of these games Sgt. Hayes received a knee injury which kept him out of the game for several weeks, the captaincy of the team being taken over by P/O Ellis. It was also during this stage of inertia that our players from "down under" arrived and added zest to the game.

On the ban being raised the station XV again visited Kingston in the Command Championship Play-off on 19th October were defeated by 2-11 our score being a splendid kick by LAC, Fellows who unfortunately received a head injury in the last few minutes of the game. LAC, Smith also suffered a back injury in this game which rendered him for the rest of the season.

On the 26th October, we visited Mount Hope and after a hard game were defeated 4-6. We were obliged to lose LAC, Lewis early in the first half especially as he was playing his best game of the season.

The G.I.s in the main have had two games with Mountain View G.I.s both of which we managed to win mainly due to the good work of LAC, Hughes and some good kicking by LAC, Fellows.

Our last game of the season was against Pat Albert at Toronto, on 12th November when we were victorious by the valuable assistance of P/O Kerr, who unfortunately broke his collar bone in a practice game, and LAC, Wardell who had been posted. The game was won by 4-1 our only score being an excellent drop kick by Sgt. Dix. The whole team playing a hard clean game making a fitting close to a successful season and were glad to have such a good body of supporters for an away game.

## INTER-SECTION BASKETBALL LEAGUE STANDING TO NOV. 25/43 INCLUSIVE

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
Headquarters	11	9	2	0	304	137	18
Workshop	11	8	2	1	189	113	16
Misc. Armory	9	7	3	0	251	113	14
G.I.S. Pool	8	7	1	0	182	91	14
No. 4 (88)	7	6	1	0	149	118	12
Maintenance	9	6	3	0	182	93	12
Flotilla	10	6	4	0	161	123	12
"A" Flight	11	5	6	0	189	122	12
Constructors	10	5	5	0	144	132	10
"D" Flight	10	5	5	0	137	144	10
No. 1 (84)	16	4	6	6	170	140	8
Messes	16	4	6	6	174	8	8
No. 2 (88)	11	4	7	0	156	238	8
Services	13	3	8	1	118	217	7
No. 3 (83)	11	3	8	0	95	118	6
"B" & "C" Flts.	9	3	6	0	116	174	6
Dulce	11	3	8	0	104	288	6
No. 3 (81)	11	3	8	0	63	119	6
Hospital	6	1	5	0	49	117	2

## BASKETBALL

Since the last issue of "Hill Topics" the inter-section league has had many games, and the standard of their sport has been greatly enhanced. Although we commenced the season with 22 teams and now have 19 teams, the competition is keen in each section of the league. Regular training, "D" flight air, and the station army teams have dropped out of the league. However if any players from these former teams desire to play, they can affiliate themselves to other teams.

To date there has been no attempt made to develop a "station team", mainly because the scores or totals have had no opportunity to see all potential players in action. It was only those players that merit a try-out for the team will have the opportunity after the Christmas season.

All present, Headquarters rule the road in the league by defeating Workshop in their last game. With only two reverses which were Maintenance Armory and G.I.S. Pool the G.I.S. team have a well balanced passing team, and will prove a threat to any section team. If Sgt. Verney could be on hand more frequently, his team would have a debating member on hand all the time. However, Cpl. "Timber" Wood as coach and scorer is seeing that all of AC, Elsie's baskets are recorded.

Workshop as runners-up in the league, have proved a surprise team. Wood is still on defense, and LAC, Lord as a forward. This team proves a menace to teams that cannot keep their pace.

Maintenance Armory have to date scored more baskets than any other team, mainly through the steady shots of our P.T. corporal, Cpl. McKnight. A tip to the other teams—"Why let this player score so many baskets without marking him?" This team has a good side and back of outshooters, but the leadership and perspicacity of some players will in the long run prove a liability to the team as a whole.

The G.I.S. Pool or "Anno" team have proved themselves to be a winning side, with only one loss to date. With LAC, Moon and the Asses look to Maintenance, 33-28. They have beaten Headquarters 24-14, and Workshop 30-11. With three games in hand over the leaders the "Rangers" will be leading contenders for the top rung.

The dark horse of the league has proven to be 93 Course but date they have not been played. It is felt they have not met the league's leading team, 92 Course have played with such success against other rated teams. This team have the least number of goals scored against them, which speaks well for their defence.

Maintenance with the experience of last season are plodding on up the ladder. Although having very few players they are experienced. Bill Cpl. Critchley their most potent scorer of the team, Maintenance will be under some handicap.

Fighting Office with their superb scorers and players have proved to be a robust team led by P/O Spencer. However, with the fine mark-observed movement of P/Liam, Moss and P/O, Cook the team are somewhat handicapped by few strikers. Cpl. Cooper and Wilson show up best for this team.

"A" Flight coached by AC, Smith, have developed into a fast-moving team, what they lack in size they possess in speed and stamina. The most recent surprise was when AC, Smith scored a winning basket to defeat G.I.S. Constructors 18-15 in the last few minutes of play.

The G.I.S. Constructors' team have let all and sundry possibilities down in their standard of play. Although made up of over 60 per cent Canadian personnel their results have proved disastrous and "Lloyd" would have been the losers. Proves all observations the "B.A.P." team have checked them in a standard, any way the Constructors should be able to produce more than five players per game. P/O, Ellis drops up very well and really forgets his rigger status.

"D" Flight ground team coached by LAC, Dixon, have recently suffered some badly reverses. However, the season is young and the experience of the early season should prove fruitful.

94 Course had a good position relinquished to them by 93 Course but have been gradually slipping. Any way they are the babies of the league and will progress as they go on.

Messes are always in three battling positions, with the assistance of LAC, Fulgati and AC, Palmer; the messes still give a wonderful demonstration that one could expect to see in rugby. Especially the wonderful kicking plays and changes of LAC, Dares,

who still believes he is playing defence on the soccer team. Anyway, Messes, do not be discouraged for your results have been encouraging.

95 Course really showed us in a better position than the one they now share. Possibly LAC, Kibbas has been marked too frequently?

Service has shown up considerably better than last year led by AC, Oildart, LAC, Doreau, and AC, Jalin. They are moulding into a fine team. With their superior height over the average team in the league this section with more passing and shooting practice should go places.

93 Course to date have not accomplished much to date. It is hoped by the next issue of Hill Topics we shall be able to report better results.

"B" & "C" Flight, mainly because they lack recruits, are not doing as well as was expected, having such players as LAC, Quinn, AC, Basso, and AC, Brooks and AC, Basso. Why not use some of the players available from Station Armory section and have more specialists?

Police team have proved to be the greatest group of the players, even with their consistent losses. Even when Cpl. O'Brien, the tallest player in the league is absent the leader the police always lead the charge best. With a little less charging and more passing to "Lefty" O'Brien, police should do better. "Lefty" wants all and sundry players to know that he is a leader and that he will make all to retreat from crawling up his back.

91 Course and Hospital teams are doing badly now, however, 91 Course will probably rally around the team, better results will automatically occur.

## TABLE TENNIS

The table tennis tournament that commenced on Monday, Nov. 23rd, had a total of fifty-two entrants. The opening games eliminated the leading hopefuls such as P/L, Wallace, P/O, Sooton, P/O, "Jock" Campbell, P/L, Colston, P/O, Spencer. By the time the first round was finished, the more polished player came into his own, but not before some had turned back. LAC, Green led to LAC, Purben, who is a leader and a P/O, Thomas, and far from those others that were eliminated they found the pace interesting. LAC, Purben won through to one of the top brackets of semi-finalists, and he had a P/O, Thomas, who showed brilliant form in defeating LAC, Doreau to silhouette victory to win a semi-final berth. In the other semi-final position, LAC, Dixon lost to LAC, Phillips, and LAC, Barnes placed in the other semi-final bracket. After a hard fought match LAC, Purben beat P/O, Thomas to take the second place in the consolation bracket. LAC, Dixon defeated LAC, Phillips. In the final game, the best of three sets, LAC, Purben won in three straight sets to be declared the winner of the first single tournament of the season.

A second tournament was held on November 28th. This time there were only 26 entrants, however 2 included practically all the top-level players. One round of the tournament set up in the person of AC, Rogers from W/T, section who defeated the winner of previous tournament, LAC, Purben in two straight games.

## THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

Above the falls the wide stream's path  
is made  
Of strong natural and steep cascade,  
Which hurling toward the awesome  
verge brook as they—

And then the vast amazing sight  
Of waters rushing over the height  
And caving by their foaming might  
A steaming crown of spray.

Far, far below upon the rocky floor  
Pines clear heights the surging waters  
rear.

The sight of age, but forever new—  
And from below one can behold  
A scene to see the very best.  
The shrieking crash of waters cold  
And beams of rainbow hue.

What mighty strength and what colossal  
power!

About one hundred million tons an  
hour

Of blue-green water dashes o'er the  
falls

Six million horsepower thrunders  
down

The might of nature's power is  
shown

Splitting the rocks of deepest brown,  
A vision that enthral.

Our Canada's falls a thousand feet are  
wide.

These thousand feet is the Canadian  
side—

And grandeur, beauty, power go hand  
in hand.

One sixty feet they tower to height  
Mantled by waters snowy white.

Like crystal in the sunshine bright  
Glistening with rainbows in the  
light

And whether it be day or night  
All the deep colours make a quite  
Never-to-be-forgotten sight—

The pride of all the land!

—L. M. LEWIS

An A.C.H.O. beseeched his action  
commander for three days' leave.  
Asked for a reason, he explained that  
his wife had just been made a ser-  
geant in the W.A.A.F.'s. "That's very  
nice," said the P.E./L., "but why  
should that get three days' leave for  
you?" "Sir, said the airman earnest-  
ly, "I want to do something that  
every airman has dreamed of doing  
for the past twenty-two years."



## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

### CLUES ACROSS

1. He arranges dances, but not the  
one's named after him. (3,6)
4. Is this the order to end the war?  
(5,4)
8. If looked at backwards they show  
a great deal.
10. To avoid, this, or the drill ser-  
geant's command backwards.
11. Observed.
12. Darwin's ancestor?
14. They handle loads of trouble.
15. A delirium for the doctor, and his  
means of travel.
18. This is often shot backwards.

### CLUES DOWN

1. The pilot is on his way up.
2. This is where the bomb drops.
3. Operated by the poet.
4. Frequently stated by the U.S.A.P.
5. Well-known miles going up.
7. Not a string, but the real thing  
seen looking up.
8. Is he one of the 14 accused?
13. Showed the maker of this is pro-  
hibed?
15. Large Crowd.
18. A very long time.

## SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

### ACROSS

- (1) Dance job. (4) Maud. (7) H.M.M.
- (8) Hula. (10) A.M.O.S. (11) Rye.
- (14) I.T.W. (16) M.O.I. (17) Owing.
- (18) Right, left.

### DOWN

- (1) Bomb aimer. (2) Oven. (3) Drop.
- (4) Jerry. (5) Bomb sight. (6) Box.
- (11) M.T.O. (12) Owing. (13) Boat.
- (18) Ice.

## LOVE'S REFLECTIONS

Low along the benches spread,  
Embracing us in ether shadows,  
Where

We stood,

And loved

In a moonlit dream.

In a world wrapped

In the misty air—

In Central Park not ten yards from the  
road

And the black, burnt bark

Of Yuccas there,

Oscared and grim and broken and bare,

Sentinel halting our world—

A world that's dead

As the million seas

That she bore and buried

To a useless death,

For a few . . . . .

Look not to the stars for answer;

Look not to the inaccessible skies;

Close down blind youth to your lover;

Look down

To the stars in her eyes . . . . .

New love, new life.

Oh hail, new world!

And slowly, slowly came the dawn;

But surely spread the ray hue

Of sunrise, till Victoria stood

Unhoped.

With a fantastic grace,

Like some forgotten park

Of the timeless past,

When new lured and fresh.

And down it rose in the misty sky.

Reaching high

And ever higher

And ever higher

And ever higher

Of a new day — ALLAN BOWDEN

Young Vank officers, now stationed  
in England, have captivated the hearts  
of many comely English lasses, so  
they say. There is the story of one  
sweetest young American who met a  
beautiful lady at Blackpool one week-  
end and had quite a good time. As  
he bade her a tender farewell, the  
young lady's eye narrowed and she  
tentatively remarked, "How about a  
bit of change as a going away pres-  
ent?"

The Yank drew himself up to his  
full six-foot two. "Young woman,"  
he remarked sternly, "American of-  
ficers never accept money from lad-  
ies."

## TORCH(URE)

By the Education Officer

A word about the Canadian Committee

This body, initiated by the gift of  
money from an anonymous donor in  
England, has as its object the promo-  
tion of cultural relations between  
Canada and the United Kingdom and  
the spreading of a wider knowledge  
and better understanding of Canada,  
both at home and abroad.

With this object in view and see-  
ing that the British Commonwealth  
Air Training Plan had brought men  
from Britain and all parts of the  
Empire to Canada, it made the R.A.F.  
stations in Canada its primary care  
and the chief recipients of its bene-  
factions.

Week by week, and month by  
month regular supplies of periodicals  
and magazines are sent to messes and  
reading rooms. "Saturday Night",  
"Modern's Magazine", "Canadian  
Geographical Journal", "Review of  
Books and Art", "Canadian Nature",  
"New World", "National Direct Monthly",  
"The Listener", and "London  
Calling" are among those that reach  
the messes and reading room at this  
season.

In addition about sixty new books  
including novels, poetry, travel, and  
general information about Canada  
have been sent. These are to be  
found in the Station Library and are  
available to all personnel.

Each month a program of films ar-  
rives presenting Canadian scenes,  
Canadian ways of life, Canadian in-  
dustry and Canada at play. A film  
dealing with Britain is always includ-  
ed.

The Canadian Committee has also  
provided the stations with a set of  
reproductions of pictures by Canadian  
artists and photographs of Canadian  
scenes. These now grace the recrea-  
tion and reading rooms.

It is hoped that full use will be  
made of these provisions which should  
make possible for those, whose lot it  
is to linger here, to gain a very wide  
knowledge of Canada and her people.

Remarks have been passed on the  
beights of the paper-stands in the  
Reading Room.

The aim, of course, as readers of  
this magazine will appreciate, is to  
keep the reading of this station on a  
high level.

## BABS—



—SOME—



—PEOPLE—



—EXPECT—



—A—

—HECK OF A LOT FOR  
10 CENTS, DON'T THEY?

