

Hill Topics

Vol. 1, No. 3



PICTON, ONTARIO, CANADA



February, 1944





EDITORIAL

IT was with regret that we were forced to omit an issue of this magazine during the month of January. The reason for this was the dislocation caused by the Christmas and New Year leaves. It was impossible to get the essential copy in in time, the deadline for copy being sent to printers to produce a magazine by the fifteenth of any month, is the twenty-seventh of the previous month. This came right between the two holiday periods. However, we are including in this issue photographs taken about Christmas, which we feel will still be of interest to station personnel, e.g. Christmas dinner in the airmen's mess, etc.

I am sorry to say that contributions are still not plentiful enough. The various departments of the station back us up very well, but individual stories, poems, etc., are none too many. In fact there are a few enthusiasts upon whom we have to rely each month for articles. It takes more than most people realize to fill a magazine, actual contributors only number about one in a hundred, which is all very well if you have a large station like, for example, Trenton, but with a small one like ours, we need a greater percentage. So let us have more for the next issue. Start now, as we have to have it all in by the twenty-seventh, which gives us only twelve days. There are a large number of newcomers on the station amongst whom there is bound to be some talent. How about it, chaps? Let us hear from you, modesty in this connection is not a virtue.

This is another year, and since I have been unable to do so before, may I take this opportunity of wishing you all happiness in the coming months. I say happiness because whosoever has this, has everything. It is the most precious commodity that there is, beyond price. Although perhaps money helps, it cannot be bought. It is that which everyone seeks, but only a few find, in this Vale of Tears at any rate. After—who knows?

Well, I will say cheerio for now and hope that we can give you an even better magazine next time. It is up to you!

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PRIZE WINNERS

- SHORT STORY—Cpl. Morgan and LAC. Lemaire.
- CARTOON—LAC. O'Brien.
- HUMOROUS ARTICLE—LAC. Ludlam.

“HILL TOPICS”

STAFF

- Editor: F/O. Hunt-Duke and LAC. Stevens.
- Secretary: F/L. Freeman.
- Assistant Editors: F/O. Lowe, Mr. A. Morris, LAC. Godolphin, LAC. Kelly.

From the Italian Front Or Where Do We Go From Here

The following is an extract from a letter written by an airman who has just gone over from North Africa to Italy.

BEFORE we left North Africa for Italy the weather broke and we had some very wet spells and bags of mud about. I'll never forget the first rain of the season, which occurred at the end of September. We were very pleased to see the rain, as there hadn't been any since April, but our joy soon ceased when a regular hurricane arose—it poured cats and dogs for days and when thunder and lightning starts in these parts it beats Hollywood at its best. The result was that our TENT fell down on top of us at 4 a.m. and I must say that I have had pleasanter methods of being woken up. The next two hours were spent under the soaking remains of our former home—the storm was too fierce for us to look for anywhere else, and I reckon they were the two most miserable hours of my life. It was some time before we could put things to rights again as it rained almost incessantly for 48 hours, but eventually we got our things dry—of course all our possessions had been soaked. We were rather apprehensive about our next sea trip as we heard all sorts of grim tales about conditions on board—some said that we would be lucky if we could ever find enough space even to lie down at night and others forecast that food and hot drinks would be in short supply. So it was a happy surprise when we got on board our vessel of American construction and found it more comfortable than we had expected and indeed it was better than when we came out from England. There was a bunk and a locker for each of us, also running hot and cold showers, 4 meals a day. The sea was calm, hardly anyone was sick and we saw several interesting places en route though I can't of course say what they were. Indeed I was sorry when our trip came to an end, and we had to face the binding job of settling down in new surroundings. Of course my pal and I got separated from the rest of the party and our welcome into the country consisted of a downpour of rain which lasted for a couple of hours so we didn't feel too good, but fortunately we passed the time away by getting acquainted with the local military and got on very well together, despite the language difficulty. Well there we were stranded for the night, so we had to go back to the boat to stay. As luck would have it, it was leaving again in the morning so we had to get up at 4 a.m.

Still we eventually managed to find our billet and settled in. At first we lived in a block of flats in the poorer quarters of the town—my clearest impressions about it were the numbers of children—I have never seen so many children before in such a small space and all were noisy and in need of a bath. The people here are very short of food, and these children soon knew when it was our meal time. Then they all gathered

outside, armed with cans and pots, to scrounge any scraps which were left over. They would eat almost anything, and there were some fierce fights amongst them for just an old scrap of bread. Unluckily for us we had to go outside the building to wash up after the meal, and woe to him who ventured out with anything left on his plate—he was instantly surrounded and almost submerged by a howling mob and whatever he had was speedily snatched by some grimy paw.

Yes, the people here are certainly short of food, also cigarettes and matches. As we walk around the town we are continually greeted with cries of “Allo Johnnie Match” or cigarette or biscuit or chocolate. Apparently all the people here, especially the children, are under the misapprehension that a British soldier always carries with him plentiful supplies of these things. Another universal belief is that every one of us glorifies in the name of Johnnie. Naturally, this all gets very tiresome—I have thought of wearing a placard “No cigarettes, no chocolates, no matches.” But I doubt if it would do any good. One rather unusual sight which I saw while we were at this place was the morning milk delivery. Now you may not think this to be of any particular interest, but read on a little. This event took place about five-thirty a.m. and before I go any further, I ought to explain how I came to be even conscious let alone out of bed at this unearthly hour. I said before that the children in this neighbourhood were rather noisy, in fact, they started their demonstrations at such an early hour that all thoughts of sleep after 6.30 were impossible. Then could be seen from our window a crowd of women gathering in the street below. Some had jugs, some had tin cans, one had a tin bath! Eventually the milkman approached but this was announced not by the rattle of cart-wheels, but by the bellowing of a herd of goats. He then milked the animals while the customers held their jugs and pots in appropriate positions. Some goats were naturally rather obstinate and there were amusing scenes while the milkman chased his charges round the street. At last all were served which is I suppose, a good example of cutting out the middle man or quick service.

We are now in a different billet, a huge rambling building which used to be the town law courts. It has great long passages lined with statues of local celebrities at every few yards. The rooms are large and we share one between seven of us. The court room is now in use as our dining hall with stacks of flour in the rather grim looking dock. The town is quite a fair size and is certainly a change after North Africa. It seems a bit more like civilization even though it doesn't offer the facilities of an Eng-

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INTRODUCING

N.C.O. OF THE MONTH



OFFICER OF THE MONTH

SQUADRON LEADER YEOMAN

Squadron Leader Yeoman, who occupies the position of Senior Administrative Officer here, hails from Yorkshire. He was born, and has lived all his life—until joining the Royal Air Force—in the busy little town of Northallerton. As a young man, he was a keen sportsman, and participated with great interest in rugger, cricket, and shooting. He is still able to find time for both of the latter, and swung the willow to good effect here at Picton last summer.

In private life Squadron Leader Yeoman is a linen and cotton manufacturer. The making of the once-popular revolving and bouncing globular string-tied toy is not attributable to him, although he and it have some association!

Before coming to Canada he was on the personnel staff of Training Command in England. In Canada he has served in an administrative capacity at Calgary, Swift Current and Caron (Sask.).

It is as President of the Services Institute that Squadron Leader Yeoman is most widely known, and his work here will be long remembered. Among many improvements and innovations effected during his "regime", not the least noteworthy is the airmen's laundry near the docks in Picton. This is already known affectionately in his honour by the name of the afore-mentioned play-thing!!

STOP PRESS

We now learn with real regret that S/Ldr. Yeoman will shortly be heading for the boat, but we wish him God speed, bon voyage and a happy landing.

FLIGHT SERGEANT HUDSON

Our "Popular N.C.O. of the Month" is F/Sergeant Hudson, who has had a rather interesting career in the Service since joining the R.A.F. in January, 1924. After spending three years training at No. 1 School of Technical Training, Halton, he began a very interesting tour of the globe, starting first at Leuchars, in Scotland.

In May, 1928, he joined the Aircraft-carrier "Courageous" at Portsmouth, and was fortunate enough to be aboard her on her maiden voyage. They then joined the Mediterranean



Fleet, where he was transferred to the Aircraft-carrier "Eagle".

Their home-base was Malta, and during their Spring cruise visited Egypt, and were thus afforded the opportunity of visiting such places as Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Marmarice.

The other cruise took them to the Aegean Sea, visiting Greece and the Dodecanese Islands. Athens proved very popular when "shore leave" was obtained.

Returning again to England in 1929, F/S. Hudson was posted to Sealand, near Chester. After spending three years at this station, he was sent to Aldergrove, in Northern Ireland, during the summer of 1932.

His stay in Ireland was again of three years' duration, after which he was sent overseas to Egypt for a second time, joining a Fighter Squadron as an Air Gunner. At this time the Abyssinian War had broken out, and much of his stay there was spent in patrolling the Suez Canal.

Nine months later found him back in England, stationed at Martlesham Heath, Suffolk, in 1936, from whence, after but a brief stay, he was posted for a second time to Aldergrove, in "Erin's Isle", where he was stationed with an Auxillary Bombing Squadron.

In August, 1938, he was posted to Honington, in Suffolk, and later trans-

ferred to Manston, Kent, for a "Conversion" Course. On the completion of the Course, he was sent, for a third time, to Aldergrove, where he was stationed when the war broke out.

In June, 1940, he was sent to the Isle of Man, where he remained for exactly two years. From there he came to Canada, and now thinks that there is no place like Picton — (or does he?!).

By this time "Chiefy" should have had his Long Service and Good Conduct Medal—it is only two years overdue!... still! what is two years in twenty?

AIRMAN OF THE MONTH

LAC. STEADS

From "dusty Leeds" comes LAC. Steads—football "star" and airman of the Month. A "culinary artist" in the Airmen's Mess, he has for many moons prepared tempting dishes which remind us so much of home and the deft touches of a mother's hand! A "keen type", with genuine interest in camp life, he has been a fond supporter of the Airmen's Canteen since its spirited opening so many months ago! Happily married, with a "little one," his interest of the heart, naturally, is far from Picton. His trips to the States aroused much speculation, but the staff have been assured his interest was purely platonic! However, despite a job which, I'm afraid, can be binding at times, George has maintained a cheerful air which compels admiration from all. So we leave our "celebrity", thanking him for his efforts to keep the "food situation" at its present high standard, and muttering, with George: "Face up lining the Boat"!!

R.A.F. Benevolent Fund —Canada

1. Arrangements are now in force whereby R.A.F. personnel in Canada in financial difficulties may obtain immediate assistance from the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

2. Applications should be prepared in triplicate on a proforma obtainable at Station Headquarters and forwarded to the Commanding Officer for approval and onward transmission. The fullest details possible should be given.

3. Relief is also available for R.A.F. personnel serving in Canada whose families are in the United Kingdom and who are in financial difficulties owing to sickness or children's education. In these cases application is to be made direct to:

The Honorary Secretary,
R.A.F. Benevolent Fund,
United Kingdom Air Liaison Mission,
Lisgar Building,
Ottawa, Ontario.

4. Assistance is also available to relatives living in Canada of R.A.F. personnel deceased in Canada. Those relatives should apply to the Commanding Officer of the nearest R.A.F. unit who will forward the application for them.

5. Fuller details may be found in A.M.O. A.389/43 & A.F.R.O. 1408/43.

CAMP

I am a cook all dressed in white,
Work at stove both day and night;
On vitamins I am a wow,
That's why I cook such lovely chow.

I am a fitter in oil and grease:
Pushing kites until I freeze,
Timing mags and fitting plugs,
Surrounded by ancillary thugs.

At pay accounts I work all day,
A lowly clerk who gives you pay;
Scribble, scribble, work, work, work,
And all the camp insists I shirk.

Store Bashing is my calling,
I really find the job enthralling;
None to-day! Come back Fliday!,
But always keep myself quite tidy.

I am a man of chest immense,
And though it's sometimes said I'm dense;
Let me get you in the gym;
And I'll have you feeling grim.

A rigger is my trade of glory,
But let me tell a little story;
Though we say the fitters shirk,
They're really doing all the work.

Instruments are my great worry,
You always see me in a hurry;
Gauges, pressure, oil and fuel,
The N.C.O.'s are something cruel.

I'm a pilot, blonde and smiling,
In uniform I look beguiling,
And though I like a little drop,
The trouble is I cannot stop.

A bombardier I roam the skies,
In search of any likely prize;
Bird of a single wing am I,
The holy terror of the sky.

A clerk G.D. though not by choice,
You always hear my humble voice;
Yes Sir! No Sir! Action taken!
I'm tired and weary, pale and shaken.

The M.T. section is my roost,
It gives the station quite a boost;
Tractor, bowser, on we float,
Always singing, "Where's the boat."

I am the man who as it seems,
Has the job of all our dreams;
The spirits of the camp I cheer,
A bar-man bold, I dish out beer.

An S.P. bold I guard the camp;
When it's dry and when it's damp,
My red arm-band is quite well known,
And when I roam the erks all groan.

When your sick you come to me,
I help your cold with faith and tea
Make the beds, scrub the floor,
And every day get cheesed off more.

The electrical section is my home,
The terms we use are amp and ohm;
We sweat and slave with coil and wire
That's enough, you are a fiber.

A U.T. with my rinsed flash,
With books I spend my time in class,
At nights the local girls surprise,
And come back late with circled eyes.

When you sleep it's only me,
Who guards you from eternity;
I'm the fire-man with my hose,
I'm always ready on my knee.

An A.C.H. last on the list
But first or last we can't be missed
Jack of Trades from stove to hammer,
We do the jobs less pay and glamour.

M. O. Henry Stevens



MURDER ON A NAPKIN

(Without a Doubt the Book of the Month)

AN EPIC

BY CORPORAL MORGAN, I. T. AND LAC. LEMAIRE, J. A.

"With malice towards some" any similarity to any living person is undoubtedly intentional.

THE object of this atrocity is to prove that if a person absorbs a sufficient amount of the horrible trash known as Modern Detective Fiction, that person is fully capable of churning it out with a sufficient measure of success.

This is purely an experiment, and we beg the indulgence of our readers to regard it in this light. We would have used more French clichés had more people attended the French classes given by LAC. Lemaire. Similarly, we would have satiated the carnal appetites of our readers were we certain of the exact distribution of the magazine. However, we hope that this difficulty can be remedied by the erotic imagination of the reader. We, the authors, deeply regret that we cannot garnish this exercise with illustrations to suit our readers' tastes.

We firmly intend to publish the second instalment of this gripping epic in the next edition of the magazine, unless we are dragged from our hideouts and lynched by a bloodthirsty mob. IT'S UP TO YOU, DEAR READERS!

CHAPTER 1

London was enveloped in a traditional pea-souper, which clothed the city in a sombre death-like garb. The street lights gleamed fitfully through the swirling, eddying yellow gloom. However, the gloom of the evening was not reflected in the spirits of a large-sized gentleman of pleasant appearance, who clad in faultless evening dress, sauntered nonchalantly along one of those dingy little streets in the area known to all the world as "Soho".

All was silent save for the occasional mutter of crawling taxis as they groped their way towards the suburbs with their cargo of belated revellers. The heterogeneous jumble of oriental and accidental cafes and night haunts had ostensibly long since closed their portals to the sensation seeking bright young things. An occasional lighted window amidst the general murk, and the tinny cacophony of a piano mingled with gusts of brittle laughter, showed that certain of the younger set had not yet surrendered to the arms of Morpheus.

The young man's thoughts strayed idly to the party from which he had but recently excused himself, and he mediated on the superficial existence of the hyper-sophisticated brand of bright young things which had emanated from the aftermath of the cataclysmic struggle which had so recently torn the world asunder. He unconsciously compared these social butterflies with the heroic resistance displayed in the Blitz.

His train of thought was abruptly shattered by an agonized shriek which rent the silence of the night. The cloying encumbrance of the fog rendered difficult the precise location of this cry, but, with all senses tensed, the nocturnal wanderer sought to pierce the enveloping gloom. As he

stood nonplussed, the cry was repeated, and for an instant a light appeared in an upstairs window of a gaunt, forbidding, partly-ruined tenement. Throwing caution to the winds (and straining his "Brooks Appliance") he dived towards the grim portals of the tenement. On reaching the door his innate sense of precaution prompted him to halt, suspecting a trap. Cautiously he touched the door, which creaked open on rusty hinges. He crept forward and was swallowed up in the abysmal darkness of the hall.

Gradually his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and he faintly discerned the outline of a stairway leading to the upper floors. With every muscle taut, he moved cat-like up the stairs, and suddenly he became aware of another presence on the stairs. Before he had collected himself, a sinewy arm slid around his throat. He struggled against its choking grip, but his colossal strength was of no avail against the superhuman power of this unseen menace. As his senses were leaving him, his horrified gaze glimpsed a cruel, satanic countenance (not you Mr. Scott—sit down), and a fetid breath fanned his cheeks before he lapsed into oblivion.

CHAPTER 2

In the pleasant sunlit study of a large rambling house, situated in the countryside around Godalming, Richard Wainwright sat pouring over his formula, peering short-sightedly at the seemingly incomprehensible array of symbols. From time to time he ran his fingers through his sparse disordered hair, his brow furrowed with thought. A meal, cold and unpalatable lay disregarded at his elbow.

Except for the elderly housekeeper, he was alone. His daughter, Phyllis had travelled to town that morning to keep an appointment with a former

school comrade. The house seemed strangely deserted without her. He was worried! From time to time he looked up from his work and gazed abstractedly at the opposite wall (apparently this form of amusement is not confined to R.A.F. Picton). On top of a disordered pile of paper lay a threatening note he had received that morning, concerning his discovery, which caused him great uneasiness. The note, unsigned couched in hard uncompromising tones demanded the surrender of the formula for which the writer was prepared to pay a considerable sum of money, but intimating horrible consequences should Wainwright not agree to the terms.

For many years Richard Wainwright had striven to perfect a drug which would revolutionize the treatment of mental diseases. He did not realize that the drug in the hands of unscrupulous people could be an enemy of society instead of a boon.

He experienced occasional qualms as to his daughter's safety, because by some intuition he connected his daughter's sudden departure with the note he had received containing the threatening demand and try as he might, he could not concentrate on his notes.

His uneasiness was increased by a strange incident which occurred the previous night. Whilst indulging in an after-dinner pipe on the terrace, he had glimpsed a strange nocturnal prowler (where's the security guard gone?) creeping furtively through the rhododendron bushes skirting the terrace. He had hailed the prowler, who with a muttered imprecation, turned and disappeared into the shadows of the drive. In some vague way he connected this incident, with the note, and he had a strange premonition that events were moving to a dramatic opening.

Time wore on, and his daughter did not return. He tried to comfort himself with the thought that she had been detained in town, and was spending the night with her aunt. He retired to bed, finally falling into fitful slumber, which did nothing to allay his anxiety.

CHAPTER 3

Hugh Billingforth came to his senses as the cold grey morning light filtered through the barred windows. Painfully he moved his neck and took stock of his surroundings. He found he was lying on the cold stone floor of a bare, unfurnished cellar. Slowly he dragged himself to his feet, swaying drunkenly, and staggered to the door clutching his aching head. He realized from the horrible taste in his mouth that he had been drugged, and a misty recollection of the previous night's strange occurrences crossed his mind.

Weakly he tugged at the door, but it was bolted securely on the outside. His spirits sank as he realized the impossibility of forcing an exit, and he could not repress a sigh of chagrin at having been overpowered so easily. Suddenly he heard footsteps echoing down the corridor—coming nearer. His mind raced, and in a flash he threw himself down on the cold stone floor, simulating unconsciousness, but with every muscle taut for a lightning move.

A key rasped in the lock, and the bolts were drawn back with a clatter. He heard the door swing open, and a moment later felt a rough hand shake him vigorously. He heard a gruff voice mutter, "The swine's still out". Cautiously he opened one eye, and saw that the broad back of his gaoler was now turned towards him. Gathering his muscle (and his Brook's Appliance), he rocketed from the floor. As the thug turned, Hugh crashed his foot into the fellow's groin (ha! ha!) and brought over a terrific right hook which exploded on the unfortunate man's jaw, hurling him senseless to the floor. Rolling quickly on top of him, Hugh gripped the fellow by the throat and smashed his head on the ground several times before releasing his grip. A thin trickle of blood dripped from the thug's temple, making an ever-widening pool on the floor. Fearful that the noise of the struggle had been heard, Hugh hurriedly ransacked the thug's pockets, and to his delight, found a large bunch of keys. Pausing only to roll the thug into the darkest corner of the cellar, he crept cat-like up the stone corridor which led to the ground floor rooms. He resolved to find the source of the shriek he had heard the previous night. Finding no one on the ground floor, he cautiously ascended the stairs to the first floor. He was confronted by a number of rooms none of which betrayed the presence of an occupant.

Whilst deliberating, he heard footsteps ascending the stairs behind him. Quickly diving behind the cover provided by a curtain he waited and saw a servant with a breakfast tray walk down the corridor, and stop outside one of the rooms. From his pocket the unprepossessing creature extracted a bunch of keys, unlocked the door, and entered. Hugh heard the deep tones of the servant interspersed with the girl's voice.

He inwardly rejoiced that he had found the location of the room so easily. He hardly dared to breathe as the servant reappeared and descended the stairs. Cautiously leaving his hiding place he crept swiftly along the corridor to the room. He quickly tried the keys he had taken from the unfortunate thug now in the cellar, and to his joy found one that fitted. Quietly he entered, his eyes taking in every detail of the room. Over in the far corner, under the window, stood an iron bed. Sprawled across it lay a girl, no more than 23, whose white strained face illustrated the horrible experience which had befallen her. . . .

Phyllis' head swam. The room revolved around her bed. Gradually it slowed down, and the mistiness cleared from her sight. Bending over her she saw a huge, broad shouldered man, with a humorous mouth, a pleasant, ugly face and two laughing grey eyes.

She was tongue-tied. "Hello," said the young man. "Who are you," she gasped. "Allow me to present Hugh Billingforth, Esq. (ex W/C. of the R.A.F. by inclination—gentleman of leisure by necessity). "As they say in popular fiction—you can trust me. I am your friend." "Oh," whispered Phyllis. "Madam, I can perceive that you have been the victim of a foul



attack, and I, as your self-appointed protector, fully intend to run your attackers to earth and bring them to justice." (Obviously not an Admin. type.) He bowed, and then with that charming ugly smile which had disarmed (and unclothed) many a beautiful woman, he said, "But now, on your feet little lady—we have much to do. First I suggest a quick pick-me-up at my apartment (stay on the straight and narrow, lady), and then we will return you to the safety of the bosom of your family. You do have a home, don't you?"

He supported her as she rose unsteadily, and he noticed with lecherous satisfaction how slight and well formed she was. When she smiled weakly up at him, he saw how tender and sweet she seemed. She reminded him of English meadows and a small cottage garden in the June sun (shades of a dirty week-end). English without a doubt. Probably a vicar's daughter. These vicars' daughters were all the same—blonde, open innocent faces, big appealing blue eyes. Took him back to the days of cricket on the cool lawns at Oxford and tea to follow; girls in picture hats and days on the river. She broke into his meditation—"Something wrong," she enquired. "Er—no," he replied hastily, and apologizing for staring so hard at her—"I was dreaming, I suppose. But now to business."

They hurried out of the room and after a quick glance round, left the tenement. Luckily a cab was crawling by at that moment, and Hugh hailed it, giving his Seymour St. address.

They reached his flat, and he settled her down in a huge armchair by the fire. "Now what would you like—coffee? My man makes excellent coffee." She assented and he mixed himself a highball. She sipped the warm drink and the colour returned to her cheeks. Hugh noticed how lovely she was, and he grew more determined to help the poor damsel. "Mind if I smoke," he grunted. Receiving an affirmative, he proceeded to light a huge battered briar and soon the fragrant tobacco smoke pervaded the room. "Now to business," he said.

The girl looked up, and began—"My name is Phyllis Wainwright. I am the daughter of Richard Wainwright, the scientist. I have heard of you Mr. Billingforth and I can trust you, I believe. Anyway, my father is working on a formula for a new drug to cure mental disorders. This drug is pretty important and would be a menace in the hands of unscrupulous people. Although father did not mention the fact to me, I found out by accident that he received a threatening note a few days ago, which promised the most horrible consequences if he did not divulge the secret of the formula. I began to feel uneasy then, and when a note arrived from Lena—Oh sorry! That's an old school chum—I did not want to leave father on his own. However, he persuaded me I needed a change, and I came up to town, not dreaming for a moment, that the note was a fake."

As she sat talking, the humorous look on Hugh Billingforth's face was replaced by one of cold fury, and he listened intently as she unfolded

her story, making a few interjections. She recounted how she had fallen into the simple trap that had been prepared for her; how she had caught a momentary glimpse of the ringleader and his beautiful female accomplice, as he injected some drug into her.

She shrugged and said, "That's all I remember." For a few minutes Hugh sat in silence, his brow furrowed with thought. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, ejaculating — "My God! Your description tallies exactly with Paul Saverien (sorry forgot the "ch"). I've crossed swords with him before. He's the most dangerous, callous, lecherous, mephistofelian, cold-blooded menace at large in the world today." (Admin. again).

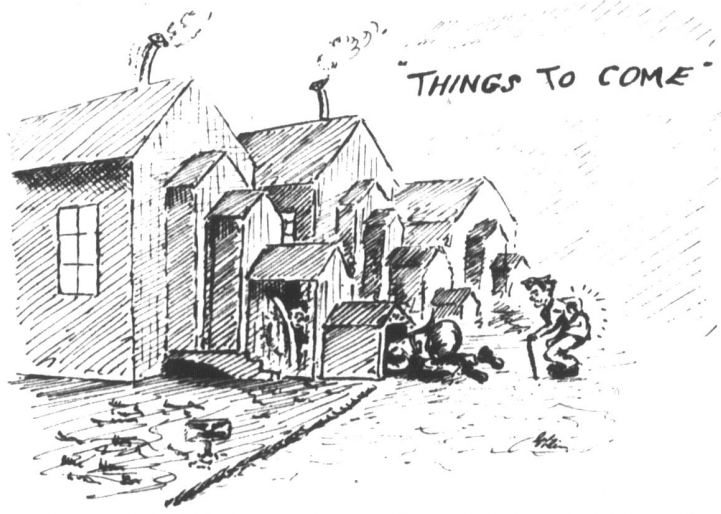
She gasped and pressed her tiny hand to her bosom. She began to realize the extent of the web of intrigue which threatened to engulf not only the happiness of her own kith and kin, but the security of the whole world. Yet somehow, despite the short time she had known him, she

derived strength from this debonair and unconventional person who had so nonchalantly rescued her from under the very noses of her captors.

Suddenly divining the anxiety she felt for the safety of her father, he excused himself and left the room. A few moments later she heard the deep roar of his car as he brought it from the garage out into the road. He came dashing back, this time with a capacious motoring coat, which he helped her to put on, saying, "You'll need this, we have a cold journey ahead." They got into the car and she sank back into the deep bucket seat and she caught her breath as he let in the clutch and the Bentley roared out on its long journey.

Neither of them noticed the furtive figure which peered at them from the shadow of a nearby telephone kiosk, and which after the roar of the exhaust had died away, entered the booth and dialled a number. . . .

(Continued Next Month)



SACK CLOTH and ASHES

THE cock crowed thrice and with a great sigh he who is known as the squad commander did lift his weary head from the couch whereon he lay and did arouse his men. And many were the cries of anguish from the others of his cohort for the day was yet cold and many were unwilling to leave their beds and go forth into the dark and the more slothful did make strong protest against the zeal of their leader and dismissed him with mutterings and strong words, entreating him to inquire further into his ancestry and scorning him for the land of his birth but the leader was in no wise put out by their words and called unto them one and all in this manner saying, "Truly this is a great day for when the sun is in the heavens we are to climb into the sky and will drop our missiles from the great yellow birds onto the earth, the sea, and all that in them is."

And with a great cry they arose in haste and girded their raiment about them and when they had put their camp in order, went in search of food and sustenance. And when each had eaten his fill of the loaves and fishes which were provided for them, they went unto the wise man of operations which is called "Zoot" the nephew of James, and did profit much from his great learning and heard of the many pitfalls of their

ancestors and took note thereof. And they gathered each unto himself his impedimenta and separated two by two and departed quickly unto the yellow birds which are called Ansons, for he who was in charge of them did chide them for their slothfulness. Whereupon they took their missiles from the red chariot and placed them under the wings of the bird and did climb into the belly of the bird and cover their missiles that they might

not fall on the innocent and when all was made ready they spoke words unto the master of the bird which is called the driver. And straightway did the bird belch forth flame and smoke both on the left side and the right and with a mighty roar did lift itself from the earth.

And when they had come to a great height above the earth they looked down and saw the pyramid and said one to another, "Truly it is a small thing like unto a grain of sand in the sandal, but it troubleth us much." And from afar off they found the wind how it blew that their aim might be good, and they turned and went in great haste towards the pyramids and uncovered their missiles and prepared them one by one and with many words did direct the driver that he pass over the pyramid while they unloosed their missiles. But the wind blew mightily, for it was a friend of the pyramid and the earth and the sea, and for all their pains they were unable to strike it and their missiles were scattered far and wide. And they saw their missiles how they fell and did inscribe the fall thereof on their tablets together with the reading of the hour glass. But nought availed them and sick at heart and in great discomfort for the belly of the bird did issue forth a stench more powerful than the rotting of the bull-rushes and their stomachs rebelled and did cast out the fish and they fell into the sea from a great height. Then they returned to the field whence they came, but the bird was a lover of the air and did not wish to come down. And the driver thereof was much disturbed and spake strongly unto it in this manner. "Surely thou art a beast of the field, cursed by the Lord and born of a dog and straightway he pulled mightily at the tail of the bird and it fell to the ground and great was the fall thereof and the bird's legs did groan at the great weight which was thrust upon them, and they that were in the belly of the bird were afraid for they feared that death was at hand, but with a great sigh did the bird surrender and went into the fifth tent that it might be ministered unto for its wounds. And once again they went unto the wise man that they might learn more of the treachery of the winds. And he showed them where their missiles had fallen for some of them were many leagues from the pyramid and they protested one and all and showed unto him their tablets and vowed that the sentinel of the quadrant was indeed the brother of Ananias and when the sage had heard them he took them unto him and showed the tablet which was hanging on the wall of his tent saying, "Truly this was a great warrior of the night air for the pyramid was destroyed by his good works. How then can the word of the sentinel be amiss." And he consoled them in their anguish and filled them with wisdom and they heard him and profited much for his hair was fast becoming white and he was old in the service of his King. And they parted and went unto their couches for their hearts were heavy with grief and in their tent weeping and wailing and nashing of teeth were heard far into the night.

—ANANIAS



OUR FINEST HOUR

One Hundred Thousand Britons watch the Arsenal play the Spurs!
Will body-line break the Empire? !
Can Donoghue win the "Oaks"? !
Can England stop the "All Blacks"?
Can Wales beat Scotland's charms?
Thank God our great Peace Ballot has said: "Farewell to arms" ! !

A warlike Europe's gloating about a "Master Race"
Which summons us to Munich and spits upon our face!
And Mussolini ravages, and France points his guns —
But idealistic diplomats can well appease such Huns !

Then Nazis seize Slovakia and outrage Poland's rights;
The sleepy Lion bares his teeth and growls, at last, "we fight!"
We've Maginot and leaflets! — fear not nor sound alarms! —
We'll fight a "phoney" war the while we manufacture arms ! !

But Hitler's practised War-lords, well-tutored in their plans,
Upset our last-War strategies and over-run all France.
We lose our tanks, our batteries, our Allies — all our work —
But re-collect our courage on the beaches of Dunkirk.

A Marlborough's amongst us! He'll lead through darkest years!
He promises us nothing except "Blood, and Sweat, and Tears".
"You have no guns to fight with, when the vile invader lands —
Fight him with pike and blunderbuss — hot kettles, and bare hands ! !"

Then roaring over Britain comes the Luftwaffe's mighty fleet;
They're met by "Spits" and "Hurricanes", by planes ancient, obsolete!
By week-end fighter-pilots, by Ansons, Moths and such —
These few defeat the many with so little — by so much !

So Hitler chews the carpet — "Give them Warsaw, Rotterdam!"
They nightly rain incendiaries and high-explosive bombs
On "Brum", Clydebank and Coventry, on London, Sheffield, Leeds;
"It's useless! ! — we can 'take it'!" shouts the Nation as it bleeds.

The Home Guard mans the beaches; the Nation stands at bay.
The women beg for hand-grenades — "Our finest hour", we say!
Our sweating workers, sleepless, forge tanks and 'planes and guns —
We'll fight in hills and houses, but . . . we'll massacre the Huns !

Our ships are disappearing — half our convoys don't get past;
Our "Hood" and our "Ark Royal" sink — guns blazing till the last!
But the U-boat cannot conquer the traditions of our Fleet,
Which saves us from starvation — dread Spectre of Defeat !

A million Fascist bayonets encompass Egypt's shores,
Where "Churchill" tanks from Britain arm a tiny Empire force;
Indomitable Wavell cried "Attack" — (what madman scheme ! !)
And smashed that mighty legion!
— was it true, or but a dream ? !

We've ended the "beginning" — half-starved we did not break;
Alone we'd stood compounding Hitler's great mistake.
He turns his eyes towards Moscow, he'll take it in six weeks —
But Russia holds through Autumn — her winter Steppes are bleak !

Then Hitler's yellow allies — foul "ape-man" of the East ! —
Break faith at Pearl Harbour, though extending palms of peace;
Unbridled Yankee fury inflames the Lion's roar:
The World's war-cry of "Freedom!" drowns the cries from Singapore.

The Huns taste Death at Stalingrad — three hundred thousand men!
Montgomery's skirling bag-pipes match our guns at Alamein!
The Yanks are at Salerno; the "Eighth" are by their side! —
The "Rising Sun" is sinking with its Fleet on Midway tides !

With English, Welsh and Irish now stands a smashing force:
"Canucks", Anzacs and Africans, "Ladies from Hell", of course!
From Europe, from America, Indians and Chinese
And Russians — all are unified. The Hun is ill at ease.

"Block-busters" rain on Rhineland; our theme is 'Mightier yet ! !'
'Twas "total war" they asked for, and it's "total war" they'll get!
Can you take it, you Jew-butchers? !
Is your courage, too, "ersatz"? !
Crawl underneath your sewers, you mangy, scheming rats !

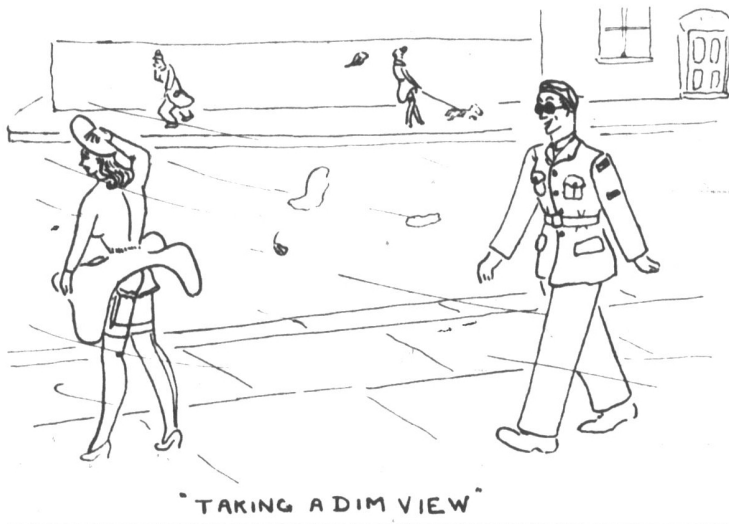
Think, then, mad-dog Dictator — can savage might prevail?
Though Lion peaceful slumbers, don't try to twist his tail!
Adventures toughed his sinews; he simply can't be beat! —
Unconquerable traditions do not understand defeat ! !

We did not choose this carnage — when Victory's flag's unfurled
We'll erase its deprivations and we'll build a better world;
We'll pursue our crafts and pastimes, we'll cultivate our flowers
Our sons will tell their grandsons of Britain's "Finest Hour".

L.A.C. Macfarlane Gibson

SERVICE TERMS ILLUSTRATED

NO. 1



Welcome - Au Revoir

That "—" boat really came in last month for a considerable number of Picton's personnel. The closing of a number of R.A.F. stations out West with a consequent surplus in many trades has been largely responsible for the repatriation of Pictonians of long standing. "Where can I find the navigation officer?" and "Which is the way to G.I.S." have been familiar questions, as hordes of airmen have found their way around the station (some for the first time during a period of two years) clutching the well respected clearance chits.

We welcome the many fellows from

such stations as 35 S.F.T.S. North Battleford, 39 S.F.T.S. Swift Current, 41 S.F.T.S. Weyburn and again quite a few from England via Moncton. Among the types who enjoyed (?) or shall we say were privileged (?) in being at Moncton during the Christmas period were two Flight "Loole" replacements, Flt./Lt. Moira (accounts) and Flt./Lt. Andrews (adjutant) who rumour has it, is better known in some circles as "Champagne Charlie". Flt./Lt. Wallace said goodbye for Rivers, Man. "Wally" was one of the most popular students that we have had. Two more operational types

have arrived for the B. and G. course, F/O. Hulse, F/O. Walters, together with F/O. O'Grady, Ireland and Newfoundland (who is to be an instructor). The last mentioned has really "got some in".

Sgt. Jebbett one of those popular "muscles" efforts has arrived from 35 S.F.T.S. He appears to be rather a jovial type, although the writer has not yet met him during a P.T. period. A few new faces have appeared in the station hospital. One of them was soon well known, through his appearance in the station concert party, a pianist of the highest order. Other types go on forever. LAC. Oliver and Ray still scatter rays of sunshine through the ward. Ray, his arms full of brushes, dustpans, and other cleaning material was recently heard to remark, "A woman's work is never done." Cheer up Ray, when your boat does come in, you will be able to take advantage of the fact that women and children are always first.

The Senior Accounts Officer S/Ldr. Batten, has followed closely the footsteps of his former colleague, Sam Calland. Flt. Smith-Bingham has also said goodbye. Nursing Sister Marshall has departed to Hamilton from which city we welcome N/S. B. Thompson — "cor luv a duck, what a gal" (overheard in the ???) Well known personalities were F/Sgt. Brookfield, G.I.S. instructor F/Sgt. Dudley, station police, and F/Sgt. Smale hard working colleague of F/O. Scott. It is understood that yet another well known S.A.I. is leaving — F/Sgt. Bullmore, also F/Sgt. Hegan.

Included in the stop press news are S/Ldr. Lee, the jolly S.M.O. and P/O. Doug. Spencer, bombing pool's crack skater. F/Lt. Soutter who is replacing S/Ldr. Lee, has arrived from Caron, Sask. He left Caron just in time to rejoice over a small addition to the family. That popular wee Scotchman F/O. Harry Lawson, will be missed in various circles on the station. He is leaving us for the permanent staff at Moncton. He at least is going in the right direction.

Another loss was our well liked adjutant, F/Lt. Dallison (Dally), who was with us all too short a time.

From the Italian Front

(Continued from Page Two)

lish town. There are plenty of shops, with crowds of people in the day time. The people are said to be not so friendly as in other parts of the country but the prices are much more reasonable than in North Africa. They have gone up a great deal since we arrived here, but then the rate of exchange is very advantageous to us of course. There are no cafes open but you can get little cakes and a very tasty kind of coffee made with almonds. Fruit is very plentiful here — figs, apples, grapes, pomegranates nuts, etc. It's quite cheap too. I bought three penny worth of grapes and began to think of starting a hospital. There was plenty of ice cream when we arrived but it isn't made in the winter because of the lack of sugar. The shops are not too well stocked, but they do have some things which cannot be bought at home, especially leather goods, jewellery, cosmetics, etc. Most of the shops are open only in the mornings.

Rag Draggers Association

Now that Winter is upon us and we find a few minutes to spare each week, we thought a few remarks from this unknown, unheard-of Section might brighten your Magazine to a large extent.

Although we are situated in a very convenient spot — (across from the Barbers' Shop!) — we receive few visitors. This is probably because of our quiet disposition, both in and out of Camp!!! — truly a remarkable feat with a "Geordie" and two Londoners in our midst!!

It has been noticed that the "Tank" closes much earlier when two of our members find time and the "where-withal" to visit same, but don't worry, boys! — these two are saving up for leave now!! It may be safely assumed, therefore, that there will be plenty for everybody for the next two weeks! Cigarettes, however, may be scarcer, as T. y Q n has been seen buying and smoking his own, recently!!

We wish to remind our few visitors that our Section is neither the Parachute Section nor the Station Armoury!

Our sincere apologies are tendered to Station Sick Quarters for the many fruitless journeys we have caused the "Blood Wagon"!!

We welcome F/Lt. Davies back to our midst, and hope that our relations will be as enjoyable as previously!! Although not in our Flight we have the opportunity of seeing his smiling countenance more often!

Now to introduce each member of our "Association":

Rag-Dragger No. 1 — Ex-Scottish Corporal—since turned "Yankee" due to feminine influence and ... "shooting"!! Particularly interested in "Boogey-Woogey", and/or any American female with a car and bags of cash!! Pen friends wanted!

Rag-Dragger No. 2—(or "Jack-of-all- Trades"). Ex-Cowboy, farmer, truck-driver and anything else you can think of! Canadian by birth and Canadian by nature. Frequent visitor to Trenton for unknown reasons!! (Note: Beware Trenton!).

Rag-Dragger No. 3—Seven hundred hours "dragging-the-rag"!!—not bad for an A.C. 1 (one G.C.B.!). "Boat" near — sad heart(s) in Picton!!

Rag-Dragger No. 4 — Our only "living-out" member "on the boat"!! — has left his wife in our charge, though, to keep others away!!

Rag-Dragger No. 5 — Our "golden voiced(?)" tenor!! Still nursing a thumb — supposedly poisoned! Don't ask him how he got it — use your imagination!!

Rag-Dragger No. 6—Veteran of the Battle of France! —made his escape by swimming the Channel with two of his mates on his back!!! — then returned and brought two more back! (Extract from a Dublin newspaper).

Rag-Dragger No. 7—Made his name at Niagara Falls, by diving into three inches of water to rescue a child—

attempting, thereby, to attract the attention of the Lord Mayor's daughter! After being himself pulled out of the water in an exhausted condition to the cheers of thousands of excited on-lookers, he was given the Freedom of Niagara!! Will the Scottish papers who have as yet not publicized this amazing feat, please copy?!

Rag-Dragger No. 8—Our "Dicer", Billiard and Snooker player. The first man to find the "invisible tow-line"!! Very keen to effect an introduction to a certain Picton "belle"!! — (name supplied on request, together with full description. Please treat this request as "Urgent"!).

Rag-Dragger No. 9 — Our Scots "poke 'em!" fiend. Specializes in an unknown tap-dance. Should be an exceedingly good violin player, judging from his Snooker!

Rag-Dragger No. 10—A chap with remarkable qualities! — has a very liberal vocabulary which he uses to the annoyance of all! A well-known figure in Picton.

Rag-Dragger No. 11—Our only advert. for "MacLean's Tooth Paste"!! —happiest when drinking tea and smoking somebody else's cigarettes! — Visited the Recreation Hall the Sunday evening before Christmas, and was seen to give away a cigarette the next day!!

Rag-Dragger No. 12—Last but not least, we must not forget our "Editor"!! — better known among us as "The One-Armed Bandit" — (although this did not prevent him from arranging a "rendezvous" at the "Royal", where his matrimonial designs appear to embarrass a "School-marm"). Hoping the afore-mentioned "Editor" will soon be featuring again in D.R.O.'s Part II under the heading of "Flying Pay", for the benefit of the "Rag-Draggers"!!

Now we have introduced ourselves! We can be seen in the "Tank" at any time up to the fifth night after any given Pay Day, so roll up, you fellows, and let us drink (your beer!!) and be merry and gay!!

—(J.S.J.)

SONGS HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT



Mary had a little lamp,
A good one without doubt,
For every time a boy-friend came,
The little lamp went out!

FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster, who often turn aside.
But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail.
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When nag the basking cobra hears the careless foot of man,
He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it if he can.
But his mate makes no such motion where she camps beside the trail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to Hurons and Choctaws,
They prayed to be delivered from the vengeance of the squaws.
'Twas the women not the warriors, turned those stark enthusiasts pale.
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he musn't say,
For the woman that God gave him isn't his to give away;
But when hunter meets with husband, each confirms the other's tale—
The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man, a bear in most relations—worm and savage otherwise—
Man propounds negotiations, man accepts the compromise.
Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

Fear or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the wicked low,
To concede some form of trial event to his fiercest foe.
Mirth obscene diverts his anger—
Doubt and Pity oft perplex
Him in dealing with an issue—to the scandal of the sex!

But the woman that God gave him, every fibre of her frame,
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and engined for the same;
And to serve that single issue lest the generations fail,
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

She who faces death by torture for each life beneath her breast
May not deal in doubt or pity—must not swerve for fact or jest.
These must be purely male diversions—not in these her honour dwells.
She the Other Law we live by, is that law and nothing else.

She can bring no more to living than the powers that make her great
As the Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate.
And when Babe and Man are lacking and she strides unclaimed to claim
Her right as femme (and baron), her equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions—in default of grosser ties:
Her contentions are her children.

Heaven help him who denies! —
He will meet no suave discussion, but the instant, white hot wife,
Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges—even so the she-bear fights,
Speech that drips, corrodes and poisons—even so the cobra bites,
Scientific vivisection of one nerve until it's raw
And the victim writhes in anguish—like the Jesuit and squaw!

So it comes that Man, the coward, when he gathers to confer
With his fellow braves in council, dare not leave a place for her
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his erring hands
To some God of abstract Justice—which no woman understands.

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that Woman that God gave him
Must command but may not govern—shall enthral but not enslave him.
And She knows, because She warns him, and her instincts never fail,
That the Female of Her Species is more deadly than the Male.

—RUDYARD KIPLING

S.P. de Corps

(A Chorus — As Sung by the Three Soused S.P.'s)

We are the Air Force cops—by Heck!
We're out to wring yer ruddy neck;
We'll get you if we can, don't fret,
We do our very worst, you bet.
Dirty buttons—dirty face,
Dirty boots, or untied lace;
We've a telescope you see,
Good observers, now are we.
Magnifying glass in hand,
252's are in demand;
Every little thing we check,
(We're out to wring yer ruddy neck).
'48's, we love to scrap,
We prefer to dish the wrap;
If you've had too much to drink,
Right! we'll sling you in the clink.
They look so sad behind those bars,
We even feed 'em drinks in jars;
Defaulters have parades all day,
(We usually weaken 'em this way).
Oh how we love to search their packs,
Which look so square upon their backs;
Of course, they'll have to pack again,
We try to drive the blokes insane.
But on the whole, we aren't so bad,
Our faces let us down—by Gad!
We really don't mean any harm,
In fact some cops are full of charm.
Oh yes, they aren't the binding type,
Or not the type you'd like to swipe;
They are those genial looking ones,
I don't suppose they carry guns.
Of course—you've never seen these chaps,
You never will at all, perhaps;
Instead you find the usual mob,
Out to plunder, kill and rob.
We really are a wicked lot,
They ought to boil us in the pot;
But we're too smart, we are—By Heck,
Every move of yours we check.
So when you meet us every day,
Don't get in our ruddy way;
We'll get you if we can, don't fret,
We'll do our very worst—YOU BET!

—L.A.C. LUDLAM



Christmas '43 ☆ AIRMEN'S MESS AND CHILDREN'S PARTY



★ TOP LEFT: "F/O. DAWSON, FLT.-LT. LARBALASTIER AND FLT.-LT. WALLACE PASS OUT THE BEER."

★ TOP RIGHT: "V FOR VICTORY?"



★ CENTRE: "SMILE PLEASE!"

★ BOTTOM LEFT: "SANTA PROVES POPULAR."

★ BOTTOM RIGHT: "TUCK IN KIDS!"



Sport and Entertainment

THE Entertainment Committee, since the last issue of "Hill Topics", has spent a very busy time with the various activities pertaining to Christmas, and the visitations of Concert Party troupes during the month of January.

The station has lost some of the valued members of its Entertainment Committee in the persons of Squadron Leader G. S. Batten, (chairman), and Flight Sergeant Smale, popular P.T. instructor, who, during his service on this unit was responsible for the artistic designing of the stage and recreation hall generally. Bob could always be relied upon to render assistance in any activity arranged for the leisure hours of the airmen. He came here when the grounds were a quagmire, and at a time when there were no entertainments for the airmen whatsoever, and remained here long enough to see a considerable improvement in all spheres of camp life. Bob was a member of the Male Voice Chorus, could (and did) give turns with the Station Concert Party; a member of the Station Magazine Committee (many drawings and etchings for the magazine were the talented handiwork of Flight-Sergeant Smale). The transformation of the Picton Armouries from a barn-like structure to a fairyland of colour for our station dances was another of his accomplishments. Another valued member of our entertainment group who "caught the boat list" recently, was LAC. "Lofty Dyson. His contribution kept him "behind the scenes," because he was the projectionist for our movies!

"Lofty" was always on hand to show the "flicks" to the hospital and recreation hall audiences! All we can say to Squadron Leader Batten, Flt. Sergeant "Bob" Smale and "Lofty" Dyson is: "Thanks a lot!" and to wish them "All the Best" for the future! As time goes on, we are bound to lose officers and airmen who have made their contribution to the social life of the station. Therefore any new arrivals who can help in any way will find their offers gladly received by Flying Officer Hamilton-Meikle, our new entertainment officer, or Flying Officer Murray, his deputy.

On Saturday and Sunday, 8th and 9th January, we were entertained by the "Merry-Go-Round Revue" from Toronto. The show opened with music by a two-piano team, with three girls on the stage standing beneath a huge whirling umbrella, inscribed "Merry-Go-Round"! Not only were there dances and songs by the chorus, (each time in a different lovely costume!), but solos, recitations, monologues, and humorous skits. The radio broadcast was a hilarious "take-off"! The wrestling match was also amusing, while the two "soldiers" were perfect dumb-bells. The Eskimo dance, staged in front of "igloos," was lovely, the dancers wearing silver satin costumes trimmed with white fur, and

carrying white fur muffs. In black and white costumes, the "penguins" taking part were very realistic! The cast included 25 girls and proved one of the best to visit this station.

The "DeFoe Concert Party," a troupe consisting of 25 girls and 9 men, entertained us on Saturday, 22nd January. Their musical numbers throughout were interpreted in song and in the wearing of suitable costumes. Mr. DeFoe himself M.C.'d the show, and also sang solo numbers which brought encores from the audience.

On 14th February, the Entertainment Committee will run a "Double or Nothing" programme in the recreation hall; on 17th February, an "E.N.S.A." concert party will visit us; on 19th February, a Dramatic group will present a 3-act play, "The Three Live Ghosts"; on Wednesday, 23rd February, the station concert party will produce another show, open to wives and friends of station personnel. Any budding artists are requested to contact Warrant Officer Reick or AC. Fields. It is hoped to produce a one-act play at this concert.

One of the outstanding evenings of the Christmas season was Sunday, 19th December. Mrs. J. S. Kennedy, with the co-operation of other officers' wives, distributed cigarettes to all who found their way to the recreation hall. A programme consisting of carols, in which all joined lustily, songs led by AC. "Tubby" Fields, solo numbers by Flight Sergeant Smale, was enjoyed by the large number present. Refreshments were served by the "hostesses" at the close of the evening. The committee propose to hold another such "social evening" in the near future.

Visiting concert parties will continue to entertain us every second Saturday evening until 27th May.

The airmen's dances will be held every second Monday in the recreation hall—apparently the addition of W.D.'s from Mountain View has proved very popular! It is planned to have a station dance during the Easter season.

The Sunday evening concerts, with artists from the Toronto Conservatory of Music every second Sunday, are not so well attended as the committee would like. Possibly the programmes are too "high-brow" and not "popular" enough? Flying Officer Murray would like to hear your comments and will be only too glad to listen to your suggestions. Some well-known musical artists are scheduled for the forthcoming Sunday programmes.

On the Sunday evenings when musical recordings are played, the audience is noticeably less than those of a year ago. Repeatedly the committee have asked for your suggestions, so why not give them? However, it is proposed to have "Request Programmes" during the week which should give music lovers an opportunity to hear their favourite works. Watch the Notice Boards, then, for future programmes, and also submit any useful suggestions to Flying Officer Murray, Officer i/c Sunday evening concerts.

It is hoped to have the bands from R.C.A.F. stations Trenton and Belleville, and the band from Kingston, during the winter season.

The "movies" seem to be drawing a good crowd now that we have two "houses" and two projectors. Recently we have been receiving some good films—a fact which has drawn favourable comment! The long-awaited ventilation fans, once suitably located, will prove a great asset during the warm evenings. The film "Fantasia" has been requested by many airmen. If available, this film will be presented soon.

All in all, entertainment is not lacking for any taste or inclination. However, if anyone has any constructive suggestions to make, and is willing to co-operate to carry them out, the Entertainment Committee will willingly give any new programme ideas a "try-out". Contact Flying Officer Hamilton-Meikle or Mr. Alf. Morris, Y.M.C.A.

The Officers' Mess contested the visiting Mountain View officers at athletics and alcoholics on the night of 26th January. The rugby game in the mess anteroom was a great success, some damage was done to uniforms, shirts, a light shade and several officers. Immediately succeeding the game, the contestants cooled each other off by an impromptu water battle. The alcoholics continued unabated throughout the whole proceedings. There were several casualties. The Picton officers appeared to come off best in the pic-a-back battles. F/L. Davies as jockey to F/O. Stocks, unmounted all comers, including yours truly. There were several bruises acquired and a wrenched leg by P/O. Beatson. Tough luck. The W.D. officer who accompanied the Mountain View boys, shook us considerably by smoking a large cigar and leading the singing of "Solome"—but not so much as she shook the P/O. who took her outside with evil designs. "She" turned out to be a "he"! Well done S/O. Foster, you fooled most of us for quite a while.

Despite the battle raging around them, one little group strategically positioned by the end of the bar held a very interesting discussion on culture and its effects. It was led by our Educated Officer F/L. Freeman. Later on most of us had our ties cut off at the knot, this operation was painless as the majority were under the anaesthetic at the time. These trophies, I believe, together with F/L. Davies' shirt sleeve, are decorating the wall in the nurses' quarters. A magnificent table lamp was presented to the Mountain View officers as a token of our esteem. A report of further proceedings is unavailable as your reporter cannot remember what happened—sorry. It is rumoured though, that when a certain M.O. awoke in the morning he found that he had acquired a bed mate in the person of an army officer fully dressed except, of course, for most of his tie. One Mountain View officer did ring up this morning, to enquire if anyone had found his shoes.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

On the afternoon of December 24th., the doors of the Armouries were thrown open to receive all the children of Picton between the ages of four and twelve as guests of the R.A.F. at a Christmas Party.

With the help of gaily-coloured festoons and giant lanterns the bare hall was transformed into something approaching a huge Aladdin's Cave! The wizards of Station Workshops had spent many arduous hours in erecting an ample stage and the most ingenious contraptions to amuse the kiddies without loss of life or limb!! These included a hair-raising and tortuous slide, swings, effigies of notorious villains to be knocked down, and, joy of joys! a huge two seater aeroplane, the "Mothkeeto", in which the children were given rides!!

Soon after 4 p.m. the party was seated at the tea tables, which had been decorated in Christmas gaiety by R.A.F. wives under the direction of Mrs. Porter. The kitchen staff under Section Officer Kennish and Flying Officer Flett rose to the occasion with even more sandwiches and ice-cream than the crowd could consume!

Mr. Alf. Morris, who seems to know more about entertaining children than his respectable bachelor state should warrant, had craftily arranged a mammoth showing of children's films of the

"Mickey Mouse" variety, and best of all, a magician for whom the production of rabbits black, rabbits white, flying pigeons or beautiful ladies was a matter of consummate ease!! The rapt attention and deafening applause of the youngsters was such that the Pied Piper's music—had he appeared at that juncture—would have gone unheeded!! The wildest, and, we hope, the rarest of animals, (showing here and there a flash of R.A.F. trousers!) were convincingly misled by a riot of clowns who suddenly descended to the stage by way of the slide!

The inevitable climax of the day was the advent down the chimney of Father Christmas!! Tubby as ever, and obviously having spent the summer in Lancashire, he somehow managed to give a present and a personal greeting to each child.

Great credit is due to the ladies who arranged the cloak rooms so well that only one pair of overshoes remained to be claimed; and to the body of men under W.O. Reick who were ever at hand to move mountains or to restore lost toddlers, as required!!

As the last child waved "Goodbye!", the biggest sigh of relief came from "Uncle Alf", who had not really relaxed since, weeks before, the airmen on the P.S.I. Committee decided to entertain six hundred youngsters!!



BASKETBALL

Now that we have entirely sobered up from the holiday festivities of the Christmas and New Year season, the teams have taken up basketball once again.

The league of 19 inter-section teams which was in operation before Christmas, was won by Headquarters, with No. 4 (92) Course in second place.

BASKETBALL LEAGUE STANDING UP TO DECEMBER 9th, 1943

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
Headquarters	12	10	2		240	143	20
No. 4 (92)	12	9	2	1	228	104	19
Workshops	13	9	4		221	145	18
G.I.S. Pool	10	8	2		212	118	16
Armoury	11	7	4		225	145	14
Plotting	12	7	5		189	161	14
Instructors	12	7	5		190	179	14
Maintenance	9	6	3		162	93	12
"A" Flight	12	6	6		202	226	12
"D" Flight	11	5	6		143	184	10
Servicing	13	4	8	1	145	226	9
No. 1 (94)	12	4	8		194	185	8
Messes	11	4	7		161	212	8
Police	12	4	8		136	209	8
No. 2 (95)	11	4	7		155	228	8
No. 5 (93)	11	3	8		115	182	6
"B" & "C" Flts.	9	3	6		116	174	6
No. 3 (96)	8	2	6		97	138	4
Hospital	7	1	6		50	129	2

Headquarters are still on top of the newly organized League on goal average, with no defeats to date. They trounced the Aussies recently by the score of 23-6, a whacking the players from "down-under" will long remember. S.H.Q. have developed into a fine passing team, which is one essential reason for their success to date.

The Aussies beat "Servicing" 32-5, and had a very close match with G.I.S., Instructors, beating them 24-21. When this team is at full-strength, they are the smoothest team to watch in the League.

G.I.S. Instructors are doing very much better since the New Year. F/O. "Lofty" Ellis, on defence, has been the acquisition to date. His rangy defence has proved very effective along with his steady passing plays. An upset was provided when they defeated Workshops 12-8, recently.

Servicing, the weakest team last season, are proving a real threat to the leading aggregations. L.A.C. Hut-ton, A.C. Stewart and A.C. Gillard are being well supported in their aggressive plays. The team's experience of continual losing last season is proving an asset this season.

"A" Flt. coached by A.C. Smith deserves a good hand for always being on time for their games and reporting straight back to the Hangar after their work-out. Although to date, they haven't come to match their play with the top teams, they will prove a dark horse, having one player who has

shown classy playing, and who, moulded with the spirit of the team, should go places.

Course 98 for a new team have done exceptionally well. However, harder games are ahead.

Workshops and Maintenance are one team now, and with the amalgamation of experienced players, should prove a very effective team, with such players as L.A.C. Gill, L.A.C. Edmunds, L.A.C. Jakolev, and L.A.C. Williams, who have two seasons' experience under the belt

The Police, with Sgt. McKnight playing for them, are playing much better. Of all the teams they should be able to jump any team, but what is their liability is their lack of co-ordination of play in the offensive area, and too much aggression in the defence zone.

There is very little at the moment that can be said about the hoopsters from the G.I.S. teams. Each and every team seem very keen, and are taking to the game very effectively. With the League cut down to 14 teams, each team will get 2 or 3 games a week.

To date, there has been only one station match when our collection of R.A.F. stars beat the Picton team, 42-28. There will be a game Feb. 3rd, against Picton Collegiate in the Drill Hall and a return game at Picton Collegiate on Monday, Feb. 7th. Before the season is over, we hope to challenge one of the R.C.A.F. stations in the area.

INTER-SECTION LEAGUE STANDING UP TO JAN. 27, 1944 INCLUSIVE

Team	Played	Won	Lost	For	Against	Points
Headquarters	3	3	0	69	28	6
Aussies	4	3	1	90	65	6
Instructors	4	3	1	66	50	6
Servicing	4	3	1	67	69	6
Course 98	3	2	1	42	34	4
"A" Flt.	4	2	2	66	65	4
Course 97	5	2	3	79	114	4
Course 96 (N)	1	1	0	12	5	2
Course 99	1	1	0	14	11	2
Police	3	1	2	67	69	2
Course 97 (A)	4	1	3	64	71	2
Course 95	6	1	5	62	105	2
Workshops	1	0	1	8	12	0
Course 96	3	0	3	41	78	0

ICE HOCKEY

There is little one can say about this activity because to date there is no ice—only mud and grass. If, and when, the weather permits us to resume skating again, then the "tumbling art" of ice-hockey will be taken up where we left off.

With 7 sections represented in an Inter-Section League, there should be some interesting competition. Works and Buildings, Instructors, Pupils, Repair Squadron, Bombing Pool, Gunnery Flights and Hospital form the League. Up until now there have only been 3 section games played in the League.

"Works and Buildings and a Joe" defeated Instructors handily 12-5, even although prognosticators thought otherwise. Maybe, if A.C. Rose would not take up a cricket stance in goal, he wouldn't get bowled so often. It was a sorry day for the Pupils when they met the Hospital.

The Hospital really made them sick to the score of 16-1. Why not ease down a bit Hospital?

Repair Squadron defeated Gunnery Flights, 5-1. The Station Team coached by W/O. Bateson have played two games without a win.

Every Monday evening during the season there will be games played in the Picton Arena between teams from our Station, Picton teams or Bloomfield teams.

The opening game we lost, 12-4, against Bloomfield, and we also lost the second game against Picton, 6-2.

There will be a strictly R.A.F. league between the Officers', Sergeants' and Airmen's Messes. These matches should prove very interesting and also very competitive.

Before the regular season commenced, the following games were played as exhibitions.

Works and Buildings 9-5 Pupils.
Works and Buildings 8-10, Bombing Pool.

Hospital 3-10 Instructors.
Repair 14-3 Pupils.

Gunnery Flights 4-16 Bombing Pool.
It is sincerely hoped that by the time this goes to press, we shall have ice and enthusiasm organized to have plenty of organized Ice-Hockey.

Here's hoping?

BOXING

On Wednesday, December 15, we saw action once again between our station and Mt. View. But this time our boys did not allow Mt. View to go away the winners. The bouts were held in the drill hall.

Our fighters put up a swell show, and only allowed the Mt. View fighters to win one bout.

In the first fight, L.A.C. Dundas-Grant, of Picton, knocked out A. C. Hogan, of Mt. View, in the first round. After the bout, Hogan asked Dundas-Grant where he got so many gloves all at once. But it was a good scrap while it lasted. So keep pitching in there Grant.

The second bout was between L.A.C. Welsh, of Picton, and L.A.C. Simpson, of Mt. View, Simpson was decided by Welsh after a close bout.

In the third bout, Platt, of Mt. View, knocked out Louth, of Picton, This

being the only fight of the evening that Mt. View won.

The fourth round saw Badger, of Picton, win his bout from Reading, of Mt. View, by a close decision.

Markwick, of Picton, and Everett, of Mt. View, tangled in the fifth round, the decision going to Marwick. This was a very good bout, but Marwick had a little more experience than the Mt. View boy who put up a very good show.

L.A.C. Thom, of Picton, and Ridout, of Mt. View, matched blows with each other in the sixth round.

Rideout, of Mt. View, got a broken nose in this bout. The fight had to be stopped in the third round, in which Thom was credited with a technical knockout. Both boys are in the hundred and eighty class. It was too bad Rideout got a busted nose as it was a good fight with both boys going at it hard.

The last and final bout of the evening saw Watson, of Picton, and Fandea, of Mt. View, come together—Watson winning the bout by a decision.

We mustn't forget the blind boxing which was put on by four of our boys. This bit of entertainment really brought some fun and laughter to spectators.

A.C. Julian, who was one of the blind boxers did some fancy whirling when he brought his punches up from the floor. Lucky for the rest of the blind boxers that they were out of range or ducking well-down when he went into his spin.

F/Sgt. Bob Smale, P.T.I., who has been posted back to England, put on a fine exhibition of gymnastics. This display was given at the end of the bouts, but was well-attended.

The card was well supported, but we would still like to see more attending.

Our next boxing card will be held on Wednesday, February 23rd, in our drill hall — R.A.F., Kingston, being our opponents.

MUSIC

During the past months, the Sunday popular concerts have had as guests some very distinguished musicians from Toronto. Viggo Kihl and Reginald Godden will be remembered for their interesting and exhilarating recitals; Helvi Vuori and Elsie Babiak, who, although very young, astonished everybody with their virtuosity; and many others.

During the coming months, we hope to welcome Elsie Spivak, the great violinist, who is Concert Master of the Toronto Symphony orchestra; the Misses Bennett and Bone, piano duetists, whose performances have received very favourable press notices; George Lambert, the well-known baritone, and the Conservatory Junior Trio, a very popular combination.

Recitals of recorded music have also been given regularly. A noteworthy performance was the playing of Handel's "Messiah", the complete recording of which was very kindly loaned to us by Ettore Mattezoni, the conductor of the Toronto Symphony orchestra. New additions to the Record Library, which is steadily being increased, include the "Spring" and "Jupiter" symphonies, Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" with the Vienna Boys' choir, songs of Brahms, etc. —F.C.M.



The Parable of R.A.F.

Lo, it came to pass that to the town of Picton in the province of Ontario, there came certain members of the tribe of R.A.F. Yea, even those known as Erks, Admin Wallahs, and certain high elders of the tribe, who were known throughout the land for their wisdom and called by men "the Groupie", and "C.I." also "the Adj." and other names of vast import.

And there were also those who did wear upon their breasts the badges as of a bird, and were known as the "Dicers" and did leap into the atmosphere in mighty yellow birds, making therein a great roaring. And there were also those who were known as "U/T's" or "Goons", and lo, their stupidity was amazing and did cause much shaking of heads and the advent of many grey hairs amongst those elders of the tribe who did wear a badge of a single wing, known as a peculiar type of hole which flies.

And those who were known as "goons" did on occasion also proceed into the air in the mighty yellow "Blowpipe" and did perform intricate manoeuvres and did cause the "Driver-Airframe" to mutter strange words like unto fire and brimstone into his face fungus. Then would they shout "Right-right" and "Steady", and also "Bombs gone - dummy run" whereat would the aforesaid fungus curl dangerously and even commence to smolder and flash sparks. And frequently would those who were known as goons forget to open those doors which did permit the free fall of the Bombs - Practice - 11½-lb. which was known as being sanguinary dim and other uncomplimentary things which "Ye Ed." would not permit.

Also would they proceed forth to dice in the Boley which did fly at high speed and would proceed over the water in pursuit of that which was known as a drogue, and lo, then would those known as goons imagine this object to be a bird of the tribe of Boche, and with fierce expletive and much concentration would attempt to shoot it down in flames which was very difficult. And lo, from

this there did arise a branch of the tribe of R.A.F. who were known to all men as the "Rag-draggers" and were distinguished by being covered in broad black and yellow stripes, yea, even as a zebra with jaundice.

Lo, and there were also other men of the tribe who did work in the head building and were known as the "Dollar Diddlers", for did they not distribute among the tribe the meagre pittance that was each man's portion? and it was likewise never sufficient even to buy that beverage known as Beer which was in much demand among the men of R.A.F. And that which was known as Beer was also rationed, which then did explain a sign bearing the words "Sold Out" which in its turn did cause much misery and woe. For did not Beer in large quantities cause a man to feel good, even to the point of wishing to poke the local constabulary or other forces of law and order in their supercilious clocks. Which was good at the time but did cause those in high places to display much wrath at a later date, and did also cause the condition known as "morning after," both of which were definitely not good.

But lo, there were yet others, far more numerous to mention, each having his own appointed place and separate task, but having one point in common—for was it not known among all men that the tribe had but one war cry—"Roll on the—boat!" And when it did come to pass that one or more of the tribe did receive his Marching Orders, he did go among his fellow men with a bright countenance, and did talk of the place which was known as Moncton, and Halifax, whence the galleys did depart for the country of Eng., which

was the home of the tribe of R.A.F. and was beloved by, all of the tribe, yea, even they who came from Manchester where the weather was dark and of forbidding aspect.

Then would there be much talk of Leave and "Ops" and of "Get some in"—words of strange import to those who were not of the tribe.

And it shall also be rumoured among men that at the end of the hostilities with the tribe of Boche there shall be those who shall wear the ribbon of the medal for "Long Service on Bad Stations" and he shall be revered amongst his fellow pub-crawlers, who will say, "Yea, he was a type at Picton" in awed tones, and also "Will you have another one?" Which will be a good thing for all concerned—and the good folk of Picton shall settle back to their accustomed peace and the elders will recite unto their children tall stories of the times when the R.A.F. were here, yea, even as now they read of "Superman".

Nirvana—Planet 8905, Year 2944.

The foregoing has been discovered—by scientists of our planetary commission—exploring on the planet known as Earth, and is believed to date back ten centuries, when ancient records reveal the planet to have been disturbed by a great conflict in which the tribe of Raf served with much distinction aiding the Navy and the Brown Jobs to eliminate all trace of the enemy tribe of Boche—which grew as a cancer on the continent of Europe. The discovery of further records is expected.

COMMANDING OFFICER'S BENEVOLENT FUND

This Fund has been accumulated by voluntary donations, etc., from all personnel of this station and is used for making loans and/or grants to personnel in financial hardship.

Such loans or grants are made at the discretion of the Commanding Officer.

JOE ARRIVES

(A monologue—Cyril Fletcher Style)

One winter's day in forty-three, A "Stormovik" did land, (mark three); It taxied right up to the mat, After running two miles (stat.). The pilot on the wing did jump, And massive chest of his, did thump; He took deep breath and yelled, "I'm Joe".

Control then said, "Well whadayer know".

Joe then alight his 'plane did set, (The job is still a secret, yet); The Duty Pilot then saw he, and filled the log, in Russian, see. Cup of tea, gave him then, did they, ("No sugar please it's Russian day") "I've urgent business, on come, see? I didn't come to drink your tea. All day, they yell for me, yes—no? They say they want me for C.O.; Well here I am—get us to work, No airman here will I see shirk. Put up this Russian flag—By Joe, And play the "1812", Good show; Go get me all your hams and sicks, Your shovels, rakes, wheelbarrows, picks.

Get every able-bodied man, (and get some women, if you can); Tonight we dig for victory, No work—no grub, that cuts with me. Tomorrow, on the barracks square, We'll march all day—(yes, I'll be there);

A system here, soon I get will, This afternoon, we have pack drill. I'll soldiers of you soon will make, By Josef, all of you I'll shake; What's this? For C.O. you want not? Get stuffed, you grumbler's all the lot. If that's the case, to home I go, A "Lizzie" please, u/s? Bad show; A "Bolingbroke", then have will I, I'll show the jokers I can fly)."

So off Joe went to Bolshie land, assisted by the Station band; You'd better think, before you show, A preference for a new C.O.!!!

L.A.C. LUDLAM

BABS—



EVE STARTED A DISPUTE, BY TEMPTING ADAM WITH A FRUIT, THAT CAUSED A LOT OF TROUBLE SO IT'S SAID.



SALOME HAD A DANCE, THAT PUT THEM IN A TRANCE, AND CAUSED A GUY NAMED JOHN TO LOSE HIS HEAD.



FAIR HELEN HAD A FACE, THAT SHOOK THE GREGIAN RACE, IT SENT A THOUSAND SHIPS ACROSS THE SEA.

A DAME STARTED IT ALL!



BUT THEY COULD HAVE DONE BETTER FOR IF EACH HAD WORN A SWEATER THEN THEY REALLY WOULD HAVE MADE SOME HISTORY.

MONTHLY REPORTS FROM THE FOLK WHO LIVE ON THE HILL

News and Views



MAINTENANCE WING OFFICERS AND REPAIR SQUADRON

"MINOR GEN"

Once again we have to "bind" you! In last month's issue we wished you all the best for the holidays, and now we can only say that we hope that the said holidays were as big a success as some of the "line-shooters" who have returned would have us believe!

The amalgamation of Nos. 5 and 6 Hangars has been quite successful so far—the only spots on the floor have been oil, not blood!! Who had the foresight to foretell the future of No. 5 Hangar? In the dim and distant past, someone was heard to remark that: "... this Hangar would be used only as a 'Sick Bay' for U/S aircraft". Not only is it a "Sick Bay", but a veritable "morgue"! The "Undertakers" from No. 6 R.D. now refer to it as "The Paradise"!

Since moving to our new quarters, we have noticed a shortage of Senior N.C.O.'s—do they now gather in their rather small "crew room" to brew tea and shoot a crafty game of "Crap"?!!

Again we have an airman who has taken the plunge into the "sea" of matrimony, namely LAC. Whitehead! Congratulations to you both, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, and may you be very happy! !

Some new talent has been discovered by F/S. Milford in Messrs. Halpin, Whyte and Glasscock!—their efforts as clowns were certainly appreciated by the four-year-olds!! at the end of the Children's Party, which was enjoyed by airmen of all ages, the last-named "erk" was heard muttering to himself that, provided he could get some of them alone, he would knock their heads together! !

We would like to take this opportunity of saying "farewell" to all the boys from this hangar who are "on the boat"—lucky blighters! ! Good-bye, lads and good luck! ! We all hope to be with you again in the very near future!

6 Hangar Rumblings

Congratulations are (literally!!) in order this month!! First to the C.O. of Maintenance Wing, Flight Lieutenant Littlejohn, who has been "elevated" to the rank of Squadron Leader. Secondly, to our former N.C.O. i/c., Flight Sergeant Biggs, who rises to the rank of Warrant Officer, and has left us to give the "works" to the boys of Servicing Squadron! Last, but by no means least, to Sergeant Berth-Jones, who becomes a "Chiefy", and has left

"Majors" to become "Manager" of our "shop".

It appears that Jim finally won, and took Ted to New York, but your reporter would be very interested to know what occurred there! Since returning, we have seen Ted carving something which he referred to as a "pendant", and which he feverishly polished night after night, finally hopping craftily into town for a necklet to put around her "cute little neck"! ! What's the idea, "Romeo"?!! — is it "platonic friendship", or just a bribe?!!

We see many new faces in the Hangar these days—some of the lads are straight from England, others from Swift Current and Charlottetown. Coming to a new Station is usually a bind, but as soon as you are settled down, and begin to look around, you'll see that it is quite a handy place for visiting Montreal, Detroit and Buffalo on the week-ends that you MIGHT get! !

Unlike Walter Winchell, we don't know all the "gen", but the only thing we want to know this month is: "Where is Corporal Bragg-Smith! !"

Who said: "Early tea! !"?!

Signing off until next month, your reporter, "Gripper".

"STRICTLY INSTRUMENTAL"

The reason for this unprecedented script is our well-known keenness for work! Bearing in mind the now famous Repair Squadron motto, "Work, work, and more work!", we hasten to assure one and all that we are NOT officially referred to as the "Picton 'Shadow Factory'"!!

Canadian beer seems to be particularly potent, for, much to the M.O.'s consternation, our "key-man" seems to be simply BUBBLING over with joy—(or something!)—these days, and just can't get it out of his system!

Messrs. Gooding and Harris (M.U.T. T.S., Inc.) are still plying their TIME-honoured trade in spite of the cut-throat competition from our amateur horological expert. Many beauteous maidens in far-flung parts of this Dominion, find their hearts beating faster as an indirect result of "Mitch's" modest efforts. Don't get me wrong! — Mitch is (so far as we know!) NOT a playboy, but his kindness and skill have helped many fast-working "erks" to "pitch their woo" with greater accuracy, despite the PERSPEX transparency of their many and varied "lines"! (Continued on Next Page)



Strictly Instrumental

(Continued from Page Twelve)

N.C.O.'s i/c Flights are requested to forgive the rather BOARD looks of several members of our Staff and we hope that the latter will soon climb to even dizzier heights! We regret to say that a certain prospective L.A.C. had completed all preparations for "installing" his "props", but could not quite "cotton on" to the necessary "gen"!

A certain N.C.O. has been hoping for a strictly (com)-passionate repatriation; apparently England still employs people with hearts of red tape! Perhaps this was the reason why an ambitious A.C. 2 was able to "shoot him down" on his pet subject of self-sorry! — auto-control!!

Well known to shout frequently: "JOE for King!", a certain L.A.C. is reported to have become slightly involved with a Soviet patriot. It all goes to prove that UKRAINE never tell what a "48" will cause! (In passing, we wish to remind another L.A.C. and his "oppo's" who are now on record as having "steadies"—(local or otherwise!) — that 1944 is LEAP YEAR!!).

Well—chronometrically speaking, it is now time for me to "wrap up"; so just remember our advice: "To heck with Bulova Time, and don't work with one eye on the clock!"

HORIZONTally yours, R.J.A.



"Duff Gen." From S.H.Q.

Who was the officer who picked up the "blower" the other day and asked for the "times office"? Apparently what he did want was the Aircraft Control Room to ascertain the total number of hours flown by one of our "yellow bammers". The telephone operator would appear to have taken him too literally and connected him with the down-town office of the "local rag". The officer, we are told was more than a little perturbed at the seeming insubordination, when in reply to his enquiry, the voice in the "Times" office said—"How the b—h— should I know?"

—oO—

The moral of the above story is, of course, to all ye "blower" users—ASK FOR THE SECTION YOU WANT BY NUMBER.

—oO—

Have you ever witnessed a "Flett" spin? Practical demonstrations daily by our Assistant "Admin." (?) Officer.

—oO—

Our heartiest congratulations to "Jock" Davidson on his promotion to sergeant.

—oO—

We welcome all ranks who, since our last issue of "Hill Topics," have been posted to No. 31 (N) B.G. School Headquarters' Staff.

—oO—

Who was the "erk" in H.Q. who wept bitterly when given the "gen" of F/Lt. K.J.D.'s posting?

—oO—

It will have been observed, no doubt, that Dally's "Dilly Routine Orders" have now become Andy's "Dandy Routine Orders".

Maintenance Notes

We extend a hearty welcome to all the new "recruits" who have come to us from the wilds of Saskatchewan and Prince Edward Island. They were probably a little surprised and possibly rather dismayed by the frenzy of activity which has prevailed in the Hangar since their arrival. We would like to assure them that this has not been the normal state of affairs in the past, and we share with them the hope that it will not be in the future!

Corporal Coomber, whose habit of dashing off to Boston on the slightest provocation has been a source of interest to his friends, is due to visit Boston again this month! When he returns it will be as a married man!! We congratulate him and wish the happy couple the best of luck!

The "boat lists" are causing a lot of changes, and we have lost a lot of good blokes. However, one gets used to these changes in the Service!!

There is very little to report, except to note that Detroit is becoming a favourite "stamping ground" for all ranks from the Flight Sergeant downwards!!

In the sporting line, the Ice-Hockey team has commenced its activities. The basketball team suffers from an acute shortage of manpower, and any of the newcomers who are interested in playing this game should contact L.A.C. Edmunds. Maintenance has always played a prominent part in the Station sporting activities, and it would be a pity if we had to spoil our record through lack of interest.



Workshops

Workshops are always so busy that it is not very often that we have time to drop a few lines to the "Local".

Nor is it really necessary to make ourselves heard, as everyone knows of our existence, including the C.E.O., though several of the clan are only hanging on by the proverbial skin of the proverbial teeth... it's the only skin left after our daily flaying.

We make, repair and overhaul anything... and we mean anything. One day a new nose to an aircraft, the next a table lamp for a friendly C.O. If only "Jerry" could see that one, he would be "Bowled" over!!

But in spite of these trials and tribulations, we do get a few laughs. There was the time when a certain officer came in to have a very elaborate Dart core board made for the Officer's Mess, and went out with a small box in which to keep their chalk!!!

Again there is the development of the soapy water, Hot Air, and cigarette lighter engines under way, under the watchful eye of the C.E.O. Maintenance Wing Detail No. 628, dated 3rd. Dec.!!!!

A congratulatory word to our Basketball team on their league position.

In closing, remember folks, if your lighter is duff, your plugs don't spark, you want a cupboard, a liquid soap container, a few musical notes, your car painted, a new cover on your baby's pram, a ladder to enter a plane, if you have a door that squeaks, a broken exhaust, a bomb that explodes when it shouldn't... visit Workshops

"A" Flight

Just as "A" is the first letter in the alphabet, so we do our best to ensure that we are the first in Flights! — we pride ourselves that we don't fall short of that!! If the Flight Commander were called upon to produce a prospectus, it would show that the Flight produces and services aircraft for Day Flying Details, Night Flying Details, Instrument Flying Instruction and so on—it makes quite an interesting list, and, of course, the day's proceedings are certainly made most entertaining when Training Flight require, in five minutes, an aircraft that is conveniently (?) parked with six or seven others in front of it!! But still we supply the "goods" and with a smile on our face—but with oh! what a curse in our hearts!!

Have we anything in the way of news?—little, we're sorry to say, this time! The recent trend towards marriage among Flight personnel seems to have dropped off somewhat. Dirty jokes we don't listen to—of course!! Either members of the Flight have been behaving themselves recently or have very craftily covered their tracks, for we have no pithy items of news to report on their activities!

Congratulations to Sergeant Ramp-ling and Corporal Wells on their recent promotion!

Just one thing before we close—those in contact with the Flight will have noticed that for the past week or two a strange and most striking, not to say repulsive, figure has been seen lurking in the Office, Hangar and Crew Rooms! Several people, we understand, have suffered no little shock upon meeting this figure in the dark!! It seems that "It" had a face with a most remarkable growth of hair, but, to further enhance the general appearance, the lower jaw was also coated with a black substance strongly resembling tar!! For the information of those who were startled by this strange sight, we can state, quite definitely, that they need entertain no further fear!! — Flight Sergeant Jones is once again to be SEEN in No. 4 Hangar — clean-shaven!! — almost!!!!



"G.I.S. Gen"

Welcome to the new arrivals—both pupils and staff! Congratulations to "Shev" and Jake" on their promotion (??) to Bombing Pool.

Nice work on the ice, Instructors!—Pupils had better rally or their team will die of "too little and too late"!

So the pilots are coming to the G.I.S.?!—(it's only a block or so from the Flights!). We have had lots of experience with "Goon", but it's going to be strange giving "gen" to the "boys" who "know all the answers"!!

Footnote:
The unexpected "48" brought some hidden facts to light!! Overheard in the Royal York: "But, Darling, I didn't expect YOU till NEXT week!!!"

... but see Maintenance Wing Order No. 628, dated 3rd. Dec., 1943.

This isn't an advert., it is tragic...

"D" FLIGHT

We regret our lapse in not contributing to the last issue of the popular Magazine, but, in spite of a month's silence, we have not been without our interesting events in "D" Flight!

The main feature has been purely domestic!—we congratulate Flight Sergeant and Mrs. Hudson on the recent arrival of a son!—many "long service 'Daddies'" are now offering good advice!—we hope results will prove satisfactory!! Anyhow!—best wishes to all three of them, and let us take this opportunity to officially "de-bunk" the rumour that "Junior" was seen washing his cot and "smalls" in aeroplane cleaner last Wednesday night!!

Our "living-out" personnel will no doubt wish the Flight Commander every success in future "raffles", especially the fortunate member of the trio, Andy, the worthy recipient of a plump turkey!!

In the social sphere we are doing a little better, and have finally broken our run of bad luck in the basketball "field"—winning the last keenly fought match by a narrow margin.

The "Darts" and "Shove-ha'penny" are still in great demand, especially during the recent poor flying weather—and a new arrival, "Checkers", is producing a few "dark horses"!!

Ice-skating is now the popular outdoor sport—we hope to form an Ice-Hockey Team in the near future. It would seem that our ambitious Corporal prefers to skate in a horizontal position but finds the ice a little tough on the teeth!!

We retain happy, if somewhat hazy, memories of Christmas Leave, and allow that we are still fortunate to be in the land of plenty, but hope to be nearer the home circle for future "festive occasions"!—In closing, we wish the Magazine every success in 1944, and may it live as long as No. 31, B. & G.S.!!

The G.I.S. Canteen

On Sunday, the 9th. January, an innovation came into being in the form of the G.I.S. Canteen! Judging from appearances and from the remarkable lack of criticism from those who deal there, it is a great success!! I think it would be true to say, also, that it supplies tea and cookies to practically all the Camp!—and, moreover, supplies it in under half an hour!

We, of the Canteen, pause here in our efforts to pat ourselves on the back!—to ask, in fact, to beg, for more criticism! As has already been stated, there has so far been little or no criticism of the strength (or otherwise) of the tea, and we, naturally, would like to know what you think of it!

Apart from your criticism—(which we shall probably disregard, anyway)—any suggestions or complaints will be very welcome—"Servitor Servitium" and all that, you know!!

**Officers' Mess Chatter**

(The World and the Other Man's Wife)

Still more and more changes!—one would hardly recognise the Mess these days! Everybody was very sorry to say "Goodbye" to our P.M.C., Squad Leader Batten, who organized the Mess with a firm but gentle hand! Best of luck, Gordon! The Senior Officers' Mutual Admiration Society has several new members who seem to become very quickly acquainted with the Society's "Rules", etc! Poor old J does seem to be washed-out these days, especially after the Mess Dance! A certain S/Ldr. amazed everybody that night, incidentally!! Who is that F/O. whose upper lip reminds one of a beaver swimming up stream with a mouthful of twigs? F/O. F. is certainly getting well-known at a certain "night spot" in town! Careful old man!! Photography is a very interesting hobby, isn't it, F/O. H.?!—or is that what you are really interested in?!!

To whom could a certain lady visitor have been referring when she called him a "tall, dark and evil soul-mate"?!! Do you know, F/O.?

Toronto is certainly a very tiring place, F/Lt. —I wonder why?!!

What's all this about a beautiful blonde? — "Scotch Mist"?!!

Is it true that a certain Senior Officer disowns the land of his birth? I wonder!—heard him singing some very strange songs one night!!

Which F/O. went all the way to Sherbrooke, P.Q., to see an ex-Belleville girl—and was he shaken when she came back here to see him shortly after—better watch these wedding bells! (P.S. This was written before fact became known.—Ed.)

You prefer the West, F/Lt. ?—the girls are more friendly out there, aye?!

The mouse, the hunt for which caused so much sport on several occasions, awhile ago, has at last been brought to heel. It ended its varied career in some queer places before, at last, reaching the garbage bin. Mice too, it seems, can become "cheesed" though they are occasionally in "apple pie order".

A fact worth noting of late, has been the way in which a modicum of beer has improved "morale" in the Mess. Learned discussions owe much to Labatt and Dow. It is amazing to see the keenness with which certain forms of drill is indulged in as a result of a little Bacchanalian devotion. Organized games, too, are played with unprecedented zest and enthusiasm on these occasions.

Some members of the Mess have achieved social success recently, as strip-tease artists. Two admin. types are known to be on the lists of Billy Rose, for post-war work.

Of the noises which add variety to life in the Mess and quarters, none is so haunting as the hungry howling of the wolves on concert party nights—too bad about those whistles and things boys! Still some of you seem to do all right regardless.

The Christmas and New Year Entertainments went quite well although a few types did manage to get their wives mixed.

Another Smell From The Airmen's Mess

The call of the boat was here again with the resultant loss of our plate-machine wallah, Bill Lewis, accompanied by L.A.C. Leversidge and Corporal Broughton—we wish them farewell and happy landings!!

"Duff gen" merchant, Goodwin, late of Manchester, and the Wellington "erk", have now got their "props"—not forgetting "Bonnie Scotland"! The "Gen. merchant" hasn't put his up yet, as he thinks they may stall and stuff the "gen" back down his throat!!

Our bald-headed "tin room basher" now sends out cat-calls at our new WAAF, "Gloria"—She says: "If Crossfield doesn't stop chasing me and making those noises, I shall hit him with my fried egg!" Dear, dear, Gloria!!—what next?!

The magnetic grin of old Barlow, (who, incidentally, is a "dead loss"), still prevails. Moncton now built, he is called "Barlows Builders"—His stock phrase: "When you run out of meat, add more veg."!!

Our congratulations to A.C. Padget and L.A.C. Sheppard, both of the Officers' Mess, on the recent visit of the "Stork"!!

Stead and Davey "Gremlins" were in the billet the other night with a visit to each bed space and the compliments of the Canteen!!—it was a great to-do—at half past two!!—in the Zoo!!!

Toodle-oo!!!

Main Stores

The "high spot" of the month was the spirited dinner held in the Globe Hotel! One and all attended; the food was good; refreshments were served—verily the table groaned with good things!! After the toast "The King", there were some excellent speeches which really started the evening off.

Musical entertainment was provided by L.A.C. Phillips—his strong tenor voice captivated an appreciated audience! Next came L.A.C. Pindred who, to the delight of the assembled company, performed that well-known dance, "On Your Knees", by Bacchus!! Things were "warming up" and Corporal Kelly with mouth-organ had everybody applauding his selection of American Folk-songs—"Popeye" especially, received a great ovation!! Squadron Leader Stevenson led the chorus of renown "Alouette", and his expressive baritone voice brought to even the layman the complete fascination of that French musical gem!! Unfortunately, at this juncture the hotel started rocking, but with amazing skill the majority kept on their feet!! Pilot Officer Beard to the last kept things going, and his admirable leadership of the "Conga" line received rousing cheers!! At this point, apart from the hotel's behaviour, little red and green men kept sneaking in and out—however, Corporal Hinds, from a large elephant's back and flourishing an empty lemonade bottle, sent them fleeing with fear-filled eyes!! The evening was terminated by a spirited, soulful rendering of "Auld Lang Syne"

Swimming G.I.S. Pool

One of the most inspiring institutions of this Camp is the "Pool". That gallant body of would-be Air-crew, who, during their period of waiting, acquire a degree of patience far surpassing virute!

Having arrived at Picton, with hopes of Going On A Course, the "u/t" is plunged headlong into duties designed to keep him "usefully employed" and boost the old enthusiasm. He is required to sweep the floors in hangars, G.I.S., and all parts of the Camp, as well as having to run errands, clean out those odd places so necessary to us all, and do, in general, all the "dirty work" that the Corporals cannot manage!!

Having been on the job for 9 weeks, I feel well qualified for a post-war position as "charlady", and am considering having written references with a view to acquiring the enviable situation as house-keeper to Bob Hope. Equally well I could maintain Lady Astor's bathroom, or greet Tommy Handley with a cheery "Can I do you now, Sir?"

The G.I.S. has its own small room for such as myself, where life among the brooms and buckets, although peaceful, lacks a touch of local colour! This, however, is partly compensated by the yellow-chalk portrait of "P.O. Prune" executed on the wall—survivor of many C.O.'s Inspections!!

Three knocks on the door of this room is sufficient to break up a crafty poker game and dice, cards and nickels fly in all directions. By the time the door is opened, everyone has broom or mop in hand, industriously scouring all parts of the room at once!!

A new field of inactivity opened up recently in the form of the G.I.S. Canteen! Here the "Resident Pool-ite" works for at least 3 hours a day in return for innumerable cups of milk &/or tea! By now he looks like some form of 'grounded' G-emlin, insipid rissole, or even a petrified radish—the blank expression on his face easily distinguishing him from the rest of the "skivies".

Of course, we are really all "bright boys"—we HAVE to be!! (We even learn to sleep with one eye open!!)

This, then, is what I mean by "swimming in the pool"—One is up to one's neck in intrigue and cunning—again I say "One has to be!" How else could one sleep throughout the day 'neath the very noses of watchful Corporal and Sergeant?!... sorry! Sergeant and Flight Sergeant!!!

Constant assurances that we would be on the "next Course" for some weeks succeeded in lifting us to new heights of hopefulness, but always our hopes were dashed!—so that now, when the Course is actually becoming a reality, we accept it quietly, with a prayer!!—(the "wing" comes later on—we HOPE!!). R.H.

—everybody had a good time!—eight were carried home!! We thank the organizers and wish all customers and staff the very best in the coming year! (Toogood came with his big "browser", and all agreed that it was a "Wowser"!!!).

CORPORALS' CLUB NOTES

The Corporals' Club has had various social activities during the past month and over the holiday season. An enjoyable social was held on Boxing night, although complaints were received regarding the large number of Senior N.C.O.'s present. Amongst those present were the Senior Equipment Officer, the Officer i/c the Club (Flight Lieutenant Acker, D.F.C., D.F.M.) and Flight Lieutenant Dallison. A further social was held on the following Sunday for the members who had been away over the Christmas holiday period, and, although the beer supply was "nil", an enjoyable evening was had by all! Thanks must be accorded to the W.D.'s from Mountain View and the Hostesses from the I.O.D.E., who help to make the evening successful by their attendance. Several members brought their wives along, also.

Social evenings are arranged on the scale of one per month for the future, and Sunday evenings still remain Guest Night, when members may bring their friends in from outside. The services of a pianist have been arranged for the Guest Nights, and members and friends will be able to dance in the large lounge.

The club extends a hearty welcome to all new members, they being too numerous to mention.

At the last general meeting, "new blood" was added to the committee by the election of Corporals McCreadie, Burton, Johnson, Kelman and Madley. Corporals Madley and Johnson were elected P.S.I. and Messing representatives respectively.

"Bon voyage" is accorded to all members who have departed for the U.K. recently.

M.T. Section

Hello, Folks!

This is the M.T. calling after having done rather "liquidly" well over Christmas!! Of one question we were asked we say this: that a certain W.O. was not practising submarine evasion tactics at the back of the Hospital, but was proceeding to the Sergeants' Mess! There has been much panic in the Section over the Trade Test "efforts", what with Corporals ripping the papers up, and marking punctuation, etc! Still!—we expect to see a lot of "props" flying around on the 1st. January!! (N.C.O.'s take warning!).

Do you know why a Crash Tender is painted Red?

A Crash-Tender is painted red because:—

A newspaper is read, too;

Two and two make four;

Three fours are twelve;

Twelve inches make a ruler;

Queen Elizabeth was a ruler.

"Queen Elizabeth" is also a ship;

A ship sails on the sea.

Fishes live in the sea.

Fishes have fins.

The Finns were fighting the Russians.

The Russians are called "Reds"

A Crash-Tender is always "Russian" about,

So—that is red, too!!!

Bung-ho for now! The M. T. Grem-lin.



"TO A VERY SMALL COUNTRY"

Enlightened land! Fond gem of Britain's crown!
 In thy rude soil deep trenched are freedom's roots;
 Adversity well reared you, faith and pride—
 For thy bleak heaths breed true humility;
 Yet multitudes lay claim to be your own!

Thy sons have sought the boundaries of earth,
 And planted firm their native virtues there,
 Undaunted not by death nor desert wastes,
 By storm or savagery, they plied their crafts,
 And gained the world's esteem as honoured men.

They shaped new worlds while ministering to old,
 In realms of faith, discoveries and arts;
 They solved the ether, taught mens' brotherhood,
 Proved courage is the twin of modesty—
 And yet stayed humble, faithful and unspoiled.

Perchance in years to come thy creed will spread
 O'er all the world and consummate God's works;
 And greed and terror will expire, consumed
 By flaming' righteousness, while honour's hands
 Uphold and worship God and liberty.

Grant me the will of Caledonia's clans!
 To fail not in her works nor turn my steps
 From fearless manliness and upright ways!
 Grant cherished dreams of home to guide my thoughts
 'Til Scotland points with pride and calls me hers.

Eventually, time's dread accomplice will
 O'ertake my steps. Wish not to stay his hand,
 Yet save me from earthbound outlandish grave—
 Take my poor ashes to the highest ben,
 And leave me with the winds, the glens, the lochs!
 —1569898 LAC. Macfarlane Gibson,
 No. 93 Navigator (B) Course.

"SONG - HITS!"

48-Hour Pass Song: "Sunday, Monday or Always".
 Anson Flaps Song: "All, or Nothing at All".
 Drogue Song: "I'll String Along With You".
 Duty Pilot's Song: "Pistol Packin' Mamma".
 W. S. & D. Song: "Let's Get Lost".
 "Washout" Songs: "Oh! What a Beautiful Morning!" or "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day".
 Janker-wallah's Song: "Don't Get Around Much Any More".
 "U/T Skater's" Song: "Falling for You".

THE "LINE" OF THE MONTH!

"There was so much ice in the cloud you could get out and skate on it!"



THIS month we interview a distinguished van driver from the south-east of London. Here he is—Mr. Bert Wapping of Deptford, now being interviewed by Alf. Norris, our roaming reporter, (who last month introduced Mr. Harry Hodges).

"Good evening, Mr. Wapping! And what exactly do you do for a living?"
 "I drives a van what carries a lot of junk from the factory where I works, to the places what sells 'em, and—"
 "Sells WHAT, Mr. Wapping?"
 "I was tellin' yer, ain't I?"
 "Yes, of course, go on!"
 "Well then,—I'll do the talking, and you listens to what I says."
 "Righto."
 "The factory makes 'andles for kids' skippin' ropes, and I 'ave ter deliver the goods, as yer might say."
 "This job must be monotonous, eh Bert?"
 "Beg pardon, cock?"
 "Monotonous — or rather — BORING."
 "NAH! I likes me job, and I gets well paid too."
 "But what about the rope for the handles? Does your factory make that too?"
 "NAH! I told yer once. Our factory, where I works, only makes the 'andles."
 "I suppose another factory makes the rope, eh?"
 "YUS! Cor blimey mate, you're smart, ain'tcha?"
 "And who joins the handles to the rope?"
 "A joiner."
 "Really! And who employs him?"
 "Ow should I know? I'm only the bloke what—"
 "Yes, yes, of course. I suppose you wouldn't know a Mr. Harry Hodges of Stepney, whom we interviewed last month, would you Bert?"
 "YUS! I used ter 'elp 'im aht on them crates of stuff what comes over on them boats what's orlways dockin' at them London docks, and—"
 "Er—yes, quite, we'll leave that then."
 "Of course, I've only bin on the van job since last summer, Alf."
 "What were you doing before then, Bert?"
 "I was on them crates at—"
 "Of course, how stupid of me. And have you a family, Bert?"
 "NAH! I don't care for the women-folk meself."
 "Oh?"
 "NAH!"
 "Whereabouts do you live in Deptford, Bert?"

"I lives dahn Deptford 'Igh Street."
 "Oh yes?"
 "YUS!"
 "Anywhere near Deptford Station?"
 "NAH! I lives dahn by Deptford Bridge."
 "Oh really! And do you like it there?"
 "YUS! I finds I gets on orlright wiv it. It is my flesh and blood, as it were, it ain't not 'arf, it ain't, and—"
 "And what do you think of the war, Bert?"
 "I think it is a ruddy racket. The beer ain't as beery as it used ter was, and I don't like payin' aht me dough to Lords an' Dukes, an' all the other aristotles. What's more—"
 "Er—Bert—"
 "Shut up! As I was a-sayin' of —What we needs is a federal government. Dahn wiv the aristotles, I says—"
 "Of course, Bert,—but what I meant was, what do you do for the war in your spare time? Do you go to the Home Guard, like Harry Hodges?"
 "NAH! I'm a stretcher bearer in the A.R.P. Grin 'an bear it, I says, Ho-ho! Ha-ha!"
 "Er-ha, yes, of course—and do you get much to do?"
 "Well, yus, and nah—it depends on the weather."
 "The weather?"
 "YUS!—whether there's a raid or not."
 "Oh!"
 "Well Alf., I 'opes I ain't said anythin' aht of place at all like?"
 "Oh—no-o-o!"
 "GOOD! 'cos if yer don't mind, I 'ave ter go an' mend a puncture in the back tyre of me van, and—"
 "Yes, of course. Well it's been nice having you, Bert, and I hope our millions of listeners enjoyed it too."
 "Well goodnight, Alf."
 "Goodnight Bert."
"GOODNIGHT, 'ARRY, SID, JOE AN' ARTHUR!"
 "This way out, Bert."
 "Where do I get paid?"
 "Over there at the cashier's office, Bert."
 "Orlright—don't shove—I'm goin', ain't I?"
 "Ladies and Gentlemen, — THAT was Bert Wapping!"

LAC. LUDLAM

Overheard This Month . .

"Three desserts, please—and one for the C.O."
 "I'm the Station Adjutant. I like to see people happy!"
 "I go out with a respectable girl—she lives with her husband"!!
 Pilot: "Turning on, heading 065."

B.A.: "Hey, wait a minute there's no 065 on this compass."
 "A jettison light is an emergency distress signal."
 "I'm not a wolf I'm just the friendly type."

"Would I? Cor Blimey, Not 'Arf!"

When they come to me and start bawling:
 "Why don't you shave your face? And look at your blinkin' buttons!— In fact, you're a darn' disgrace!"
 Would I like to tell 'em where to put those buttons?!

Would I? Cor Blimey, not 'arf!!

And the day I go up to London
 Away from this drilling and farce;
 And an S.P. comes up and asks me
 "Where is your little white PASS?!"
 Would I REALLY like to tell 'im?
 WOULD I?! Cor Blimey, not 'arf!!

And they drag me in front of the C.O.
 Because I've been absent a day;
 And he says: "I find you've been absent
 Now what have you got to say?"
 Would I really like to tell him?
 Would I? Cor Blimey, not 'arf!!

And the day they have Gas Drill,
 Just as I go in the Y.M.C.A.
 And an Officer cops me without it and asks:
 "What do you think this Gas Drill is, pray?!"
 Would I really like to tell him?
 Would I? Cor Blimey, not 'arf!!

And the S.W.O. is very cunning,
 In fact he is covered with guile!
 For when he sees me coming he shouts:
 What's making you b . . . well smile?"
 Would I really like to tell him?
 Would I? Cor Blimey, not 'arf!!

And when this bloomin' War is over,
 And I get back to the little wife;
 They'll give me a suit of "civvies" and ask:
 "Well! How did you like the life?"
 Do you think I really ought to tell em?!!
DO YOU???! COR BLIMEY, NOT 'ARF!!!!

MUXED IP

"Mates! Shall I tell you the story Of the Dover Express from New York?!"
 How we started from Waterloo
 With nothing to eat but cold pork.

'Twas a hot foggy day in Julember,
 Eighteen hundred and fried fish-and-chips:
 A burglar had stolen the tunnel
 To stop the rich people's trips.

I'd just lit the light in the parlour,
 And, as I sat there in the dark,
 I heard the cry: 'Man the lifeboat!—
 A ship has been wrecked in Hyde Park!

So we rushed into the house that was blazing,
 To save that mother and child;
 The tears of the mother were bitter—
 But the beer we had after was mild.

So that's how a woman deceived me:
 I hate them like poison, because
 I ain't always been what I am, Sir,
 But I once used to be what I was!"

541363 L.A.C. DEVEY



THE GHOST

I have a titled friend, His Grace,
Who asked me down to see his place
Which despite some changes drastic
Still maintains an air monastic.
He told me all its history—
"Of course it has its mystery;
About Red Roger Ironside,
Famous murderer—suicide".
Said my host when we had dinner
"Long ago this daring sinner
Fiercely loved a beautiful maid
Whose graces his affections stayed—
Who unsuccessful for her hand
On ceremony did not stand,
But shyly shot his rival dead
With an old musket; then he fled.
But when pursued, in glancing round
He tripped and fell upon the ground.
Trapped in this hall he fired again
And lodged his shot in his own brain.
Then dying in this hall—just there—
He begged that God his soul would spare.

Three hundred years ago this night
Enacted was this ghastly sight.
And on this evening once a year
One can distinctly see and hear—
So 'tis said by yokels hoary—
Repetitions of this story!
"Thus", with sarcasm my host said,
"They fear the coming of the dead!
At twelve o'clock it happens here,
But I don't believe it, sir, I fear!"
I laughed at this my host to please
But did not feel quite at my ease.
At eleven forty-five we rose,
And sought our rooms for some repose.
As I got slowly into bed
My mind seemed full of ghostly dread,
When through the silence with great power

The bells rang out the midnight hour.
With slow, solemn and resonant chime
The ancient clock tolled out the time;
Portentiously the hammer falls
Booming through the panelled halls
Of the fine mansion centuries old;
—And it was haunted, I was told!
As the last stroke was still vibrating
My heart was suddenly pulsating—
Hark? What was that? A clanking
chain?
—A shrill scream of soul in pain?
That swirl of wind across the hall,
That click that fired that musket ball!
But whose was that approaching tread,
Who's but his, the murderer's dead?
With darkness overbrooding all
Came the crash of the dead man's
fall;
Another crash, another groan
Benumbed me as if turned to stone—
My hair stood up and chilly sweat
Made my pallid features wet.
Again that wall! Oh, soul distressed
Can you not ever be at rest?
A frantic fascination came
And seared my burning brain like
flame.
Then hastily I seized my gun,
Thinking that my life was done,
And then in spite of all my dread!
I opened wide my bedroom door
And looked down on the old hall floor,
And then before I hastened down
Put on my thick white dressing gown.
I started down as in a dream
When once again I heard that scream.
My mind whirled in a ghostly groove,
When I espied a figure move—
It knelt upon the ground just where
Red Roger said his dying prayer!
To still walk on I felt impelled
In the grim grip of fear's spell held.

Suddenly I stopped quite rigid,
All my nerves were taught and frigid!
Then there came a shuddering sight
"Great God, forgive me ere I die!
Spare me, spare me, I'll make good
And give back all I know I should.
Here is my jemmy and my bag.
I'll leave 'em both and all the swag
If only thou wilt come not nigh
Thou ghostly being, lest I die!"
But be it burglar, ghost or witch
I must have light; I turned the switch;
"Hands up!", I cried. The burglar
cursed,
And Oh! The language he dispersed!
He meant that when he ope'd the door
The wind did all his planning flaw—
An old bay window in the rear
Had then blown open wide and clear.
Just then my host in great surprise,
Arousing at the burglar's cries,
With startled look and straining eyes
Came down and praised me to the
skies!

I left next afternoon at four
And as I said goodbye, I saw
The butler's figure stiff and tall
At the bay window in the hall—
A man with hair of reddish tinge
Fixed a new pane and oiled the
hinge...

But I have never told my host
That I was hunting for a ghost!!

TORCH(URE)

1944!—the Year of Victory! That is the opinion of many and the hope of all! With Victory will come Peace and the chance to build that new Britain we have been hearing so much about. Viewed from this distance, we see a Britain free from poverty, from unemployment, from slum and squalor—a Britain giving security to the working man and an equal opportunity to all.

That is the Britain we all would like to see. That is the Britain that millions are fighting to make possible. That is the Britain for which many have sworn by their every effort to achieve.

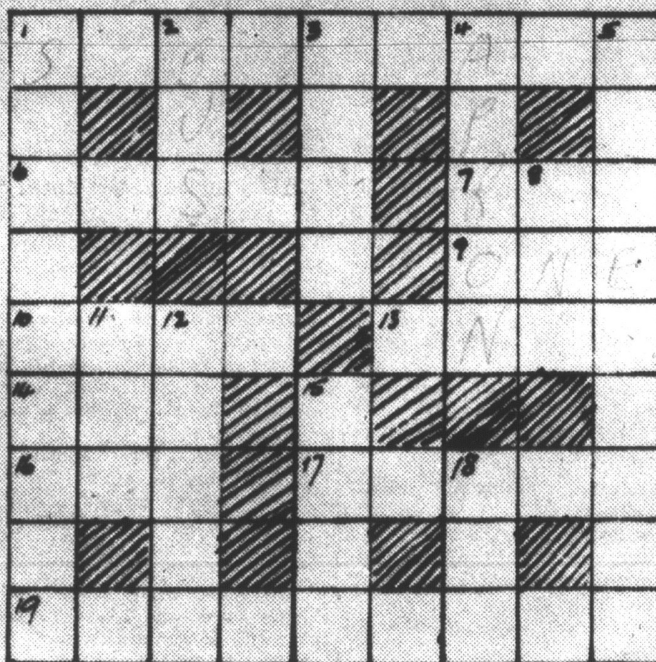
It will, however, not come without a struggle. It will not come by leaving the work to the ardent few. Everybody must realize that he must play his part.

We know only too well—(or do we?)—what was wrong with pre-war Britain. We have some idea of what we want post-war Britain to be. We want every one to become filled with the Crusading zeal to see that the Britain for which people will fight and die in War is the Britain worth a struggle and an exertion of every effort in Peace.

These are the things we talk about in our Discussion Group Meetings. By exchanging our opinions now, we clarify our view of what is to be done when the weapons of war are laid aside. We must prepare ourselves against the very human, and almost overwhelming desire to relax our efforts when the strain of War is gone. We must ensure that the things we see so clearly now do not become befogged by the languorous vapors so pernicious in the pre-war world.

Join the Discussion Groups, then!—the more views expressed, the surer will our way be shaped. However, if you only want to listen, come along just the same!

CROSSWORD



Clues Across:

1. All's well if you get it—or is it?!
6. Do you kiss this goodbye when you get one across?'
7. Short turn.
9. Very singular!
10. Someone took it to a party!
13. Not short if you look at it the right way.
14. He should be there by then.
16. Is that your name, Edward?
17. Six more needed to make a soft drink.
19. Said to be still able to keep their friends.

Clues Down:

1. Good training, but not the real

thing.

2. Takes you to Toronto, perhaps!
3. The Irishman dances this upside down.
4. In front of the hangar.
5. Streamlined and filled with gas, they're a headache to the Jerry airman and to the R.A.F. "bladder boys"!
8. Singularly enough, the same as 9 across, but not the same way!
11. Consumed.
12. Which ever way you look at it, it will help you find direction.
15. An eastern leader who will have to go west!
18. Period of time.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE IN LAST ISSUE

Across:

1. Alf. Morris.
6. Cease Fire.
9. SEDUN.
10. SHUN.
11. Seen.
12. Ape.
14. Armourers.
17. Fuse.
18. ENIL.

Down:

1. GNIDNECSA.
2. Flash.
3. 'Oped.
4. Rhine.
5. SREDNASYL.
7. SISAO.
8. Fuser.
13. Pun.
15. Mob.
16. Eon.

LEAVE RATION COUPONS

Press Release 0720

Applications for Ration Coupons

For Morning Papers, Monday, December 13th, 1943—Ottawa, December 14—Men and women of the armed services visiting their homes on week-ends or when being entertained in Canadian homes while on short leaves, will no longer strain their hostesses' supplies of rationed foods. The ration administration of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board announced today that special ration cards are being issued to members of the armed services on 48, 72 and 96 hour leaves. The new plan will begin Dec. 15.

The new card, which is issued with leave passes and is not valid without

the stamp of the issuing unit, is a dual application for ration coupons with applications for both visitor and hostess to complete. The visitor fills in his name, regimental rank and number, number of meals received during the stay, while the hostess must show her name and address and the number of meals she served to the visitor.

Thus completed, the card is a valid ration document and may be mailed or taken to any local ration board, where, for every nine meals shown on the card, a two weeks' supply of any one rationed food may be obtained in ration coupons. The hostess may choose any one of the rationed foods, but only one for every nine meals.