

Hill Topics

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PICTON, ONTARIO, CANADA



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EDITORIAL

THIS is the fourth issue of "Hill Topics" which now we believe and hope has become a station institution. The sales have been extremely satisfactory; each of the two issues of 800 copies were sold immediately. For the third, 900 copies were printed and most of these have gone.

We feel therefore that the magazine appeals to a large section of the station. By this we do not mean that we are satisfied. Many improvements we see could be made, and to carry them out in the small time left when other duties, which take first place, have been attended to, we shall use all our energies.

In this endeavour, however, we are entirely dependent upon you. If, and this is a point we don't mind repeating, you don't do your part we can't do ours.

Here we feel it would not be amiss to say a word or two about the "Boat". This uncertain vessel, at all times looming in the consciousness of the R.A.F. in Canada, has of late assumed the proximity and size of a lakeside leviathan. She no longer lurks in the misty backwaters of the mind but has come full flood upon the crests of hourly thoughts and day-long meditation. Rumours, changes, and reports have been the cause we know, but let us say we consider it in the words of our famous historians, a bad thing.

Why give all our thoughts and aspirations to this chimera. Why waste our hours in fond imaginings and useless aery dreams. Let's fix our efforts on the task in hand whether it be in hours of work or time of leisure. (Yes, we do get some.) Heart sickness and disappointment will no longer be our portion if this be our resolve. If the old proverb—"A watched pot never boils," has any meaning, 'the Boat' will come all the sooner too.

Forget the boat then and make the best of things as you find them. Enough of this duff gen!

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"HILL TOPICS"

STAFF

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IMPROVISATION

"BLESSED is the man who can improvise!" This is not a newly-discovered addition to the Beatitudes, although the gist of these notes could possibly be paralleled in Holy Writ! Throughout the centuries, man has improvised with varying degrees of success. Technically, socially, and even in the fine arts has improvisation been apparent, often to the advantage of the person utilizing it. Take the halcyon days of youth, for instance! "Remember the rod and line with a bent pin attached?" Never has the piscatorial art yielded more fun or more meagre returns!!

Then there was the game of cricket. If you can develop your talents, and if everyone had the scope and opportunity to do so, too, what a grand place this world would be!

When a crisis of some sort arises, it is then that our powers of improvisation come to the fore, we do the first thing that comes into our mind, instinctively. This is the secret of the greatness of the British fighting man—In the last war, the ability of the British "Tommy" to look after "No. 1" was a by-word. The Germans were tied down by too many detailed schemes and by their great lack of imagination. In launching an attack, or carrying out any operation, they had a variety of marvellously-complete and detailed plans, but, were these all exhausted before they achieved their object, their organization just "went to pieces"!! Not so the "Tommy"—he could be relied upon to think up some "dodge" on the spur of the moment which would, in all likelihood, turn the tide in our favour when things were at their worst. Not once, but thousands of times was this the case! When the crisis has passed, though, we are amazed that we could ever have been capable of such quick, decisive action. Does not this prove that we are not aware of our own latent capabilities? It is a thousand pities that we only seem to have the ability to assert ourselves at such times when the senses are required to work "full pressure"!

Take the experiences of Alexander Selkirk—who became Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe". His clothes were not the products of Saville Row, nor were the walls of his dwelling adorned with paintings by Whistler! No evidence of the wares of the "House of Selfridge" appeared in that humble home, either—yet he spent a comfortable existence on his island.

As a parallel, let us study the fine arts—especially music. Sir Henry Wood conducting the London Philharmonic orchestra could never appease a fickle public like the chap who, during an evening, obliges with a mouth-organ at the "local"!! Many of you, like myself, have endured the continuous horrors of the "Blitz"—do you recollect the inspiration and calming influence on the nerves those impromptu "sing-songs" always promoted?!

Consider "First Aid"!!—Here improvisation is the complete secret of success! Consider the number of lives that have been saved and the amount of suffering averted because some "gen"-man used—for example — a necktie and a spanner for a tourniquet, or a walking-stick for a splint!

To me, it seems that in this mechanical age we are prone to take too much for granted. If we want music, we just turn a switch. Improvisation develops the sub-dormant art of creation, which, in turn, develops a person's character, thus preventing him from becoming an automaton. It is an awesome thought that our Creator has endowed us all with so many talents and natural material, yet we all seem loath to turn this to the advantage of our families and friends. So don't get "cheesed", (for instance), when one of your colleagues is trying to entertain at a station concert—No one knows his limitations better than he does himself, but he is at least doing more than you are—he is doing his best to amuse or entertain you, and that is no easy matter! Don't criticize these efforts, as they are steps in the right direction, and may lead to greater results eventually.

"Women and Cigarettes"

Bad men want their women
To be like cigarettes.
Just so many, all slender and trim
In a case,
Waiting in a row
To be selected, set aflame, and
When their flame has died,
Discarded.

More fastidious men
Prefer women like cigars.
These are more exclusive,
Look better and last longer;
If the brand is good,
They aren't given away.

Good men treat women
Like pipes.
And become more attached to them
The older they become!
When the flame is burnt out
They still look after them,
Knock them gently
(But lovingly)
And care for them always—
No man shares his pipe.



Adjutant to agitated guard—"Damn it man, I told you no one, not even the C.O. was to smoke near this Ammunition Dump! Now we have no Ammunition Dump and no C.O."



INTRODUCING



OFFICER OF THE MONTH

ALF. MORRIS

Our officer this month is Alf Morris, to whom we shall reluctantly have said farewell ere "Hill Topics" is on sale.

Alf. has been at Picton almost as long as the R.A.F. and it is safe to say that no one has done more for the station than he has. We are sorry to see him go and to an extent we hope he is too. We, of the magazine, are particularly grieved at his departure. The Sports and Entertainments Columns owe almost everything to him and readers will appreciate what that means.

It may surprise some to learn that Alf. was born and lived in England for 18 years in Chelmsford, the quiet county town of Essex where he went to school and made a name for himself in the world of sport, particularly at soccer, rugger, cricket and tennis.

So you can see how he, among Canadian Y.M. supervisors, is particularly suited to guide the leisure hours of men on an R.A.F. station.

Alf. came to Canada at the age of 18 to join his two sisters who had made their home in Toronto. He went to Queen's University and graduated with the B.A. and B.S.C. degrees. At Queen's he was the Students' Sports representative and played tennis and basketball for the University. The summer vacations he spent directing Y.M.C.A. camps.

Upon leaving Kingston he entered upon full time work for the Y.M. His whole interest was centred on the welfare and recreation of young people and to that end, in addition to his work as assistant secretary at Hamilton Y.M.C.A., he became chairman of the Boys' Work Board. It was here that under him a very interesting experiment began. A Boys'

Parliament was organized in every province of Canada and members were duly elected in constituencies in true parliamentary fashion. These met each year in the actual chambers of the Provincial Parliament Buildings and discussed the problems of youth, citizenship, war effects, economic stress, temperance, employment, community planning, etc. These parliaments still meet and have produced many of the leaders who control Canadian life today.

It is obvious that his early life and interest fitted him pre-eminently for work among the forces and shortly after war broke out Alf. went to Mount Hope to open up Y.M.C.A. work with the R.A.F.

In December 1941, he came to Picton and much of what he has done here is known to all of us. There are very few however who have a full knowledge of the amount of his work and the extent of his labours. We know him as the organizer of sports, dances, track meetings, children's parties, concerts and film shows. We have some idea of his work in arranging hospitality and recreation on the station. But the little things that went so far to fill his every day are known mainly only to himself.

We thank you Alf., and wish you the best of good luck.

N.C.O. OF THE MONTH

WARRANT OFFICER GRAY



This month we point with pride to Warrant Officer H. E. P. Gray, efficient and industrious N.C.O. i/c Repair Squadron.

For long weary months in snow, rain and sunshine his devotion to duty has been an inspiration to all. His many work- and time-saving projects, his unflagging interest, practical suggestions, and, above all, good honest hard work, have transformed Repair

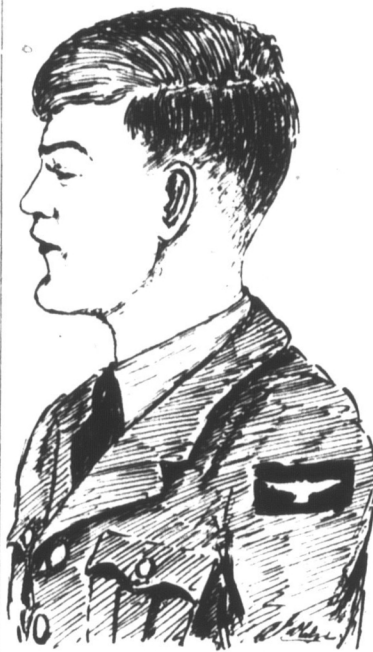
Squadron into a veritable technical "paradise"! That our "personage" of the Month has a heart of gold despite a somewhat stern expression and brusque manner of address, will be readily admitted by all who have had dealings with him in the "course of business" or otherwise.

A gifted musician, he has played for and also led the Camp "Raffians" on numerous occasions.

Already having served abroad with distinction, his services in the North-West Frontier Campaign deserve special mention. Sincere, just, and all-out for a speedy victory, to this "Master of Sax and Spanner" we accord a vote of thanks for his great interest and industry at work and play!

AIRMAN OF THE MONTH

AC. 1 CARRINGTON



The victim of this month's spotlight is the genial "ace" despatcher of "A" Flight, A.C.1 George Carrington. A native of Shelsey Beauchamp (pronounced Beecham) in Worcestershire, Carrie was educated at Downside College and, at the age of 18, in a fervour of patriotism left school to join the R.A.F. Immaculate, (the original Brylcreem boy), he is well-known to hundreds of students, who have passed through Picton since he arrived over 12 months ago. Since that time he has drained Lake Ontario of its fish, and Picton of its beer. Lately, he has added to his zest for fishing an enthusiasm for ice hockey, and is a formidable character charging round the rink in his red toque and red check socks. During working hours he will be found wandering restlessly back and forth clutching his well loved despatch book murmuring "Back to School". His pet aversions are armourers, and pilots who want to do "low level" when it's O.K. for high, and his ambition a permanent and eternal fishing holiday. . . . May he live long enough to see the extermination of the former and the realization of the latter.

DEBATES

The Debating Society has had two successful and enjoyable meetings during recent weeks.

The subjects veered from dismembering Germany to uniting service personnel, but brought forth some very good speeches and raised a number of interesting points on each occasion.

On the proposition that Germany should not be allowed to exist as a nation after the war, there was a very sharp difference of view. Speeches in favour of the motion were ably led by F/Lt. Morley and LAC. Plowman, but so well was the opposition case propounded under the leadership of F/O. Williams and LAC. Worden that the voting resulted in a tie, so that F/O. Murray, who presided in his usual delightfully easy manner, was forced to use his casting vote which he did in favour of the opposition.

Whether it was the subject or the presence of the W.D.'s who sportingly came from Mountain View, is not certain, but the debate on the proposition that marriages of service personnel should not be encouraged in wartime, attracted a record attendance. A very enjoyable and interesting evening with a great variety of speeches resulted in the defeat of the motion. F/O. Lowe and LAW. Henn spoke for and S/O. Bowes and AC. Ellis against the motion. F/O. Murray again presided in a remarkably unblinded way. We were delighted to welcome the members of the Women's Division and hope they will come again. We hope also that a Picton debating team will be able to make its way to Mountain View very shortly.

These inter-station functions we believe are the ideal way of producing good fellowship and understanding.

ALL OUT FOR VICTORY

Give us your best!—don't slacken now!

Just one more pull is needed. You stuck it well thro' thick and thin—

When tanks and 'planes were needed.

We've been through Hell, our wounds are sore—

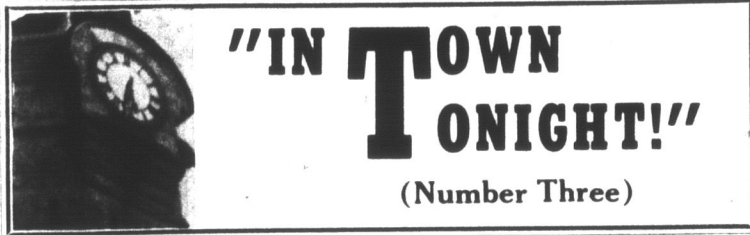
The going's tough and weary; But win we must, our cause is right. Our thoughts of you are cheery.

With sweating brow and aching heart. We've been through nights of terror. We'll see it through, this pledge we make

To rid this world of horror. So, altogether—man and maid, Your effort's not in vain. The stars still shine, the sun will rise. And Love again will reign.

—A.C. W. T. Hill

There was a certain C.O.—so the story has it—who promulgated an order that no Airman was to leave camp without showing his Identity Card. One night this C.O. sallied forth without his, and upon discovering the fact, he was so upset that he immediately returned to Camp, put himself on a charge, and confined himself to the Officers' Mess for Seven Days.



THIS month we introduce Mr. Sid Hammond, a well-known stall-keeper of Bow, London. Here he is, now being interviewed by Alf Norris, our roaming reporter who, if you remember, interviewed Mr. Bert Wapping, the van driver from Deptford, in last month's broadcast of "In Town Tonight".

"Good evening, Mr. Hammond. And what exactly is your trade, may I ask?"

"I am a bloke what sells other blokes their grub."

"And what is that?"

"Bicon!"

"Really!—and do you sell much of it, Sid?"

"YUS! I 'ave a stall ahtside them London Docks, and I 'ave a lot ter do wiv them dock labourers and the likes, if yer knows what I means, and—"

"How interesting! I suppose you wouldn't have the honour of serving a Mr. Harry Hodges, whom we interviewed two months ago, would you?"

"D'yer calls that a ruddy 'onour? 'E's a customer orlright, but I 'ave ter keep chasin' 'im fer the dough what he owes, and that ain't funny, is it nah?"

"No, of course not. How long have you been in the business, Sid?"

"Abaht twenty years, I should say."

"Why!—that's a good time!"

"NAH! me old dad was in it fer fifty years, come next month."

"And did you buy your stall, Sid?"

"NAH! I made it aht of old crates, what I used ter get from off of them boats, what's orlways dockin' in them London Docks, and—"

"Oh, how interesting. And do you employ anyone to help you, Sid?"

"Well, YUS and NAH! Sometimes I 'as a bloke up ter 'elp me aht, like, on Saturday nights. O' course, if 'e don't turn up, I 'as ter go wivaht."

"Oh?—and why doesn't he turn up sometimes, Sid?"

"'E 'as ter go on 'is ruddy 'Ome Guard manoeuvres sometimes, and so 'e can't orlways make it, y'see?"

"Of course. Do you manage any-

thing when you are not working, Sid?"

"Well, YUS and NAH! If the old girl's at 'ome, I 'ave ter look after 'er, and the kids, y'see?"

"How many children have you, Sid?"

"Ten, come next month."

"Oh!—and supposing your wife ISN'T at home,—where does she go to?"

"She goes to 'er mother's 'ouse. Bloomin' old 'aybag."

"Quite! and who looks after all the children?"

"She does."

"But when she's at her mother's, I mean."

"Oh, THEN!—oh she takes 'em along wiv 'er."

"What—all NINE?"

"YUS!—why not? I don't want 'em 'angin' arahnd the 'ouse, do I? I didn't want 'em in the first place any'ow. It was the old girl's idea ter 'ave 'em, and—"

"Yes, yes, of course. What I really meant, when I asked if you managed anything was—are you IN anything?"

"YUS! I am in the 'Ome Guard!"

"And are you a sergeant, like Harry Hodges?"

"NAH! I've got a crahn on me cuff. I'm what's known as a Company-Sergeant-Major, and—"

"Have you been in the Home Guard long, Sid?"

"YUS! I've been in it ever since it was an armet."

"Good work! I suppose you aren't in the same company as Harry Hodges, are you?"

"NAH! wot 'im? I wouldn't 'ave 'im!"

"Oh! and what do you think of the war, Sid?"

"Well, I'll tell yer! I 'eard old Bert Wappin' say 'is little bit last month, and what 'e says, goes double fer me!"

"Yes, of course. And have you anything else you'd like to say to your millions of listeners, before we close down, Sid?"

"Nah! I'm firsty, any'ow. Will yer join me at the pub ahtside, Alf?"

"No thanks, old man, I don't drink."

"O.K. then. Well so-long blokes. I 'opes yer didn't all switch off, 'cos if yer did, I won't serve yer any lean tomorrer. Ho-ho, Ha-ha!"

"Ha-Goodnight, Mr. Hammond."

"Goodnight, cock. Oh—an' 'Arry! DON'T FERGIT YOU OWES ME 'ARF A CRAHN! I'd like ter blow yer a razzo, but I ain't got me top set wiv me, and tell yer old girl from me—me an' me missus don't think much of yer backyard, an' wot's more, I—"

"THIS way out, please!"

"O.K. DON'T SHOVE! OO D'YER THINKS YER ARE, ANYWAY? LORD MUCK? What I wants ter know is, WHERE do I gets PAID?"

"Over there, Sid. The Cashier will give you your five shillings."

"Cor Blimey. WOT only five ruddy bob?" (etc., etc., blah-blah).

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—THAT was Sid Hammond."

LAC. LUDLAM

TEA UP!

Contrary to the general idea, (fostered by such comedians as Ronald Frankau!), a tea planter's life does not consist entirely of consuming large quantities of beer, gin and whiskey, and seducing the local dusky maidens in his spare time! There is a considerable amount of work to do, and one cannot do this without a knowledge of tea from "the seed to the teapot". Few start by knowing all this, and it has to be acquired, just as does Tamil, the native language.

In my own case, I spent a few months with an experienced planter, after which I found myself appointed assistant superintendent on a fairly large estate. My "division", as it was called, consisted of about 300 acres of tea, 50 acres of rubber, and 30 acres of tung oil. There were 400 coolies with their various overseers, and they, together with their private lives, illnesses and troubles, were to be my responsibilities in the future.

My bungalow was about four miles from the superintendent's, and was cool and comfortable, though rather old. My working day would start at 6.00 a.m., when I had to attend morning "muster", at which the coolies were appointed their various jobs for the day. After this, I breakfasted. The next thing was to walk round the "division" and check on the work being carried out. An estate is divided up into fields of say, 15-50 acres each, and while one is ready for plucking, another is perhaps being fertilized or pruned. Apart from this, the up-keep of roads, drains, culverts, etc., was my responsibility. The ac-

tual "leaf" is plucked by women coolies who work with amazing speed and accuracy. It is weighed three times daily, and is sent up to the factory, where it goes through a considerable number of processes—withering, rolling, fermenting, firing, sifting, cutting and sorting. After this, it is finally recognizable as the stuff we put into the teapots! But, an error in work or supervision in the field, will show itself to the experienced eye when the tea is brewed.

The planter's day ends, as a rule, at 5.30 p.m. At that time I would attend "muster" and enter the names of the coolies who had worked, in the Check Roll, and, in the case of the pickers, the amount of leaf, (less so much for evaporation), that they had picked. When this was done, I could then begin to wonder how best to pass the evening. There was always the radio, or a visit to some particular pal of mine, unless I had visitors myself. The nearest club was nine miles away, and the cinema 30 miles distant! I used to play rugger and cricket in their respective seasons, and there was tennis all the year round.

Most superintendents are very good about giving their assistants time off, and I found—as did the others—that it was possible to visit Colombo from time to time, generally for the purpose of acquiring an extra-special "hang-over"! The climate, though hot, was not unhealthy, and plenty of exercise helped to keep me fit.

In order to disillusion those who think that planters get rich quickly, I may add that the pay is not particularly good—in fact, most of them live either in debt or on the borderline until the time for leave comes!

ESCAPE

A TWO-MINUTE STORY

Dawn broke like a fugitive, using each cloud of mist as a stepping stone, then finally breaking through in a swift movement of sunbeams.

Another fugitive stole through the mist. He furtively eyed the sun—they had both escaped from a shroud and for this his heart wondrously happy. Three long months in the dirty, filthy hell-hole of humanity so rightly named a concentration camp—yes, a concentration of dirt and suffering, of sleepless nights, of cruel days. It had taken time to escape, precious time that life cannot spare. Those brutes called guards were now trying to find him. They would never find him; his mind was set, he just had to see his wife and son. The pigs had taken his fortune, his home, and had tried to take his mind, but he had beaten them and now in a few hours he would be home.

As he stumbled through the forest he thought of his wife and boy. They would be so glad to see him; he knew that. His wife loved him, had always loved him. He thought of the many moments of bliss that had been theirs. She was such a pretty little thing when they met looking more like seventeen than twenty-three, but seventeen or twenty-three it made no difference—they were meant for each

other. Neither could live without the other, neither WANTED to live without the other. That's the way it was and such a love would never change no matter how many crazy men came to rule the world. Let them come, let them throw him in a camp, let them torture him, abuse him, beat him, he would always beat them in the end. He threw back his head and laughed, the hearty laughter of a free man ringing through the trees.

His clothes were in tatters, his hair unkempt and uncombed, looking more like a rat's nest than a head of hair, his face wore the look of a tired man as he stumbled into the clearing surrounding the edge of the town. The moment he saw it his eyes gleamed with happiness. It won't be long now he thought. Dropping to the edge of the stream he attempted to erase some of the three months' of horror from his face. He had suddenly and furiously come alive again. Up to now he had been afraid, not that he would be caught, but afraid he might not be able to walk the distance. Rising from the stream he made his way across the field, each step bringing more light into his eyes. He strode into the village and straight to the small home. The house looked deserted; not a sound could be heard. He tried the front door, and it opened slowly under his pressure. Straight to the bedroom he walked, the door was open and two figures were in bed.

It was a ghastly sight, a gaping hole in the boy's head, a similar one in the woman's. He saw the note and picked it up.

"Darling," it read, "if you should ever hear of this, please forgive me. We couldn't live without you."

CPL. C. O. C. ALLEN



Absent Without Leave From Pictonium Castra, A. D. 44

AND when the sentinels at the gate perceived that the youth AC. H. Jankers, should have returned to the winter quarters of the host full many days since, they sent him unto the eunuch, J. Milfordius, who careth diligently for the discipline of his cohort.

And when the eunuch saw him afar off, he, being sore vexed because of his absence, prayed earnestly to his gods, saying: "Give me strength in that I must converse with him that cometh yonder! Cursed be the name of that son of Belial! May his seed perish from the face of the earth, and flames of blood encompass him; for of a truth is it said that his mother was an harlot and that he of a certainty was born out of wedlock! Withhold my hands from his crimson neck, oh ye Gods!—for that he is altogether unclean."

Having thus refreshed his spirit and the youth having drawn nigh unto him, then did the eunuch speak all the words of this parable, saying: "Thou bl . . ."

(Unfortunately the parchment seems to have been mutilated by fire in this part—Translator's Note.)

. . . and after thus fluently exhorting him, he commanded him to wait without the portal a space whilst he communed with his master, John Magnus the Centurion, and with his counsellor, Joe Sephus.

And when he heard it, then was the heart of the Centurion glad and his spirit revived within him and he sang unto them the words of a new song, saying: "Rejoice with me in that the hours we have lost through the absence of this youth be restored unto us! Our mourning is turned into gladness and our tears to laughter for that verily he is a prodigal son. Come! let us feast and be merry! Let us kill the fatted calf for him!" Whereat his Counsellor spake privily unto him, saying: "Master, 'arf a mo! you can't do that there 'ere—it's 'meatless Tuesday'!" And the Centurion answered and said: "Pity!"

Then the Centurion arose and put on his helmet and girded himself with a sword and commanded that the Book of the Law according to "KRANDACI" be unrolled before him, saying: "But let us not tarry; command him who waiteth without to immediately come hither within that I may commune with him and moreover examine him as to that wherewith he is charged!"

And when the youth had laid aside his helmet, then was he made to draw nigh unto the Centurion, John Magnus, in the presence of his Counsellor, Joe Sephus, preceded by a soldier under the command of the Eunuch.

And when he was set, the Centurion inquired of him the cause of his absence. Whereupon the youth, AC. H. Jankers, did answer him cunningly, saying: "Master, the train of chariots, in which I would fain have returned last week, left the City of the Three O's ere the cock crew instead of afterwards. Behold my sandals that they are worn with many miles of journeying hither." (For he wist

not that the Centurion had caused inquiries to be made as to what hour the train of chariots had departed from the City of the Three O's).

Whereupon the youth in his folly answered him tritely in the barbarous tongue of those that dwell afar off towards the setting of the sun, saying: "O.K., Buddy! you can sure tell the world what you darned well like!—But oh! boy! Have I had a good time!!"

Wherefore the Centurion was exceeding wrath and his visage was darkened. So he commanded the youth to be removed from the light of his countenance and took unto him his stylus and inscribed tablets therewith unto his lord the Captain of the host, (may he live forever and

tation on the back of it as follows. Translator's note.)

The great Lord, the Captain of the host, (may he live forever and may his seed multiply over all the face of the earth), hath decreed that the young man, AC. H. Jankers, having wasted his substance in riotous living during the period of his absence, "Shall for seven whole days be forcibly restrained from both wine and women by being kept within the confines of the camp. He must also report at stated intervals to the Captain of the Guard, arrayed in the full accoutrements of war, ready to fulfill the tasks appointed him, as it is written in the Book of the Law according to "KRANDACI". Furthermore, the Scribe, J. Morleyus, who sitteth at the receipt of custom, was bidden to deduct from the youth's fortnightly wages one talent of silver for each day of his absence, which, naturally, was not to be regarded as part of his punishment."



AU REVOIR

The lack of news in this column this month is not in any way due to lack of postings, but rather is it the reverse, there are so many new faces, and so many temporary duty people around that at the moment it is a little difficult to distinguish one from the other.

The closing of Gunnery flight has resulted in the greatest mass departure for a considerable period. The personnel who are leaving us take with them our best wishes to their new homes. Quite the majority will be on the boat—eventually. It is said that one has to wait only six months these days at Moncton. Four of the pilots have left for Greenwood, Mosquito O.T.U. Good luck and success to them. The departure of that great man Alf Morris, is mentioned elsewhere in this issue.

F/Lt. "Tich" Davies, F/O's Morgan, Dawson, Tame, and Stocks are all spending a vacation at Moncton. The latter three are real Pictonians. The sergeants' and corporals' messes are also losing some old timers. Happy landings to all who are leaving us and a special word of welcome to all who have been posted here.



TO ONE WHO IS WAITING

"My friend, you will cheer when troubles are near,

And the outlook is so blue;

In this troubled world with hate unfurl'd

Thank God for a friend so true!

We can travel the road, sharing our load,

To a haven calm and sweet;

We will measure the miles with song and smiles,

And find where the blue-birds meet.

Our friendship has grown like a myth unknown—

As a flower beyond compare.

So when storms come along, God make you strong

And keep you as sweet and as rare."



"--- AND THERE I WAS ON MY BACK."

And when he perceived that he answered him deceitfully, then was the countenance of the Centurion changed towards him, and he lifted up his voice and said unto him: "Thou wicked and slothful servant! Even if thou hadst spoken the truth, thou shouldst have gone to the nearest temple of the God, Blower, and have communicated with us for a few dimes. I shall send thee unto our lord the Captain of the Host, (may he live forever and may his seed multiply over all the face of the earth), and he shall do to thee that which seemeth good unto him—'something humorous with boiling oil in it,' I trust!

may his seed multiply over all the face of the earth), beseeching him that he would, when the sun was arisen in his strength the next day, see to it that AC. H. Jankers received punishment meet for him. The Centurion stated, furthermore, that for this purpose he had delivered the youth, into the hand of the chief of the eunuchs, S.W. Otus. This he sent by a swift messenger unto his Lord's Counsellor, D.A.L. Adjutus. And when the messenger came to deliver the tablets unto him, D.A.L. Adjutus saith unto him: "Come hither, my son, and give unto me thy jackson . . ."

(The rest of the document is torn, and unreadable, but there is an anno-



MURDER ON A NAPKIN

A Further Gripping Instalment of This Passionate
Mellerdrama

CHAPTER IV

IN an amazing short time the ugly, sprawling mass of London was left behind, and they were speeding through the quiet by-ways of Surrey.

They passed through Godalming, swung off the main road, and reached her home, which lay just off the main road. He halted the car. She jumped out, ran into the house calling "Father! Father!" Billingforth leisurely followed her, and as he entered the study, found Phyllis embracing her father.

In the midst of her jumbled explanations, she broke off—"Oh I am sorry! Father, this is Hugh Billingforth, who rescued me from that terrible ordeal." Acting on her father's advice, Phyllis excused herself (never drink before going on a long journey), and went up to her room for a quiet rest which she obviously needed after her terrible experience. Over a drop of Auntie's Ruin-Vat 69—Richard Wainwright and Hugh settled down to an earnest discussion of the past events, gradually piecing together the seemingly disjointed incidents. They built up an almost complete picture of the whole plot.

Hugh was almost sure now of the actual identity of the Master Mind who had so skilfully planned this diabolical plot, and became even more resolved to hound this criminal to his doom. . .

Meanwhile at a palatial flat in London Paul Saverien (what! no "ch"?), sat ensconced in a deep armchair, his face completely devoid of expression (as usual), but his eyes smouldering like black coals. A cigar burned unheeded between his fingers. Tanya, his beautiful partner, reclined languidly on the divan, smoking a Russian cigarette through a long amber holder. The silence was broken as in a low venomous voice, Paul said "I underestimated this Billingforth fellow. I've heard a lot about him, but I thought he was a brainless fop (so do we!). We must not make the same mistake again—he must be removed at once, and that my dear is where you come in." Rising catlike to her feet, she stubbed her cigarette, and swayed over to the mirror. "I understand, Paul. I think he will succumb to my exotic charm." Smiling approvingly, he rose, saying "Well, I leave the method to you. Meanwhile I shall have to arrange to abduct this verdamnt Wainwright. . .

Bidding Au Revoir to the scientist and Phyllis, Hugh returned post haste to his flat and found a curious missive awaiting him, signed "Tanya", and stating that both would derive considerable benefit from a meeting. For a long while he pondered over this note, certain in his own mind that it was a trap. He mentally sorted out this crazy jig-saw puzzle, rearranging the pieces and the characters, till suddenly stark realization came to him, and he was surprised

that such a simple trap had been set to catch him, realizing only too well that this bait was intended to lure him to an untimely end.

He resolved to comply with the letter, and carry the attack into the enemy's territory. He reached for a sheet of paper and dashed off a reply assenting to her proposal, and arranging to visit her flat that evening.

He looked at his watch and realized that he had little time to spare. He yelled to his man, and ordered him to lay out his dinner jacket (tuxedo).

An hour later, he reappeared, attired in the height of fashion. Hailing a taxi, he was swiftly carried to a block of flats in the West End. He obtained Tanya's room number from the caretaker, and was whirled up to the 5th floor by an express elevator.

He knocked at the door with a wry smile on his face, not unmixed with anticipation. Tanya herself opened the door. Every curve of her seductive body was accentuated by the dar-

ing black negligee into which she had poured herself. "Ah M'sieur," she breathed "Come". His nostrils were assailed by her elusive, erotic perfume, which sent the blood coursing through his veins. (Changed the subject quickly—didn't we!). He almost forgot the purpose of his visit, and resolved to mix business with pleasure.

The room, orientally furnished, was illuminated with shaded lights. Tanya's personality seemed to emanate from every corner of the room. He sat down on the low divan, whilst she mixed drinks. Turning, she surveyed him mockingly and murmured "You'll never succeed in your purpose M'sieur Billingforth. We are too strong." She carried the drinks over to the divan, and gracefully sank down beside him, sensually pressing her body against his. Whether by design or by accident her negligee slipped open, revealing her beautiful rounded bosom.

Hugh found himself slipping, but resolutely stuck to his plan. Her arms slithered round his neck, as she pulled his face to hers. . . For a while he was lost in sensual passions, but he recovered himself with an effort and jerked himself away feeling sore ashamed. Bluntly he asked her the purpose of this meeting. With a conciliatory look in her eyes, she outlined how he could share in the proceedings of a deal with a certain Power, if he would come over to her side and help extract the secret of the drug. Hedging, he tried to pump her about the organization of the gang, but she frustrated each attempt with a flagrant display of feminine charms, (which were not inconsiderable). Realizing that he was making no progress, he terminated this rather intimate visit, and hurried back to his room. Meanwhile Tanya had lost no time in contacting Paul, informing him of the purport of Hugh's

visit. They now realized that they had against them a powerful adversary who was as determined as they. Time was running short and Saverien decided to risk his trump card.

CHAPTER V

For the next few days, Hugh had little contact with Phyllis and was called away on urgent business up north. On his first day back, he was informed of disastrous news which made him realize that Paul Saverien was one jump ahead of him. The news was conveyed by Phyllis, distraught with worry, that her father, the previous night, had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

She told Hugh how she had gone up to her father's bedroom in the morning, only to find him gone, with the room in disorder, showing every sign that a struggle had taken place. She said that she had left the home in the care of the housekeeper and without delay had come to him. He realized that he could not carry this thing on his own, and resolved immediately to call in the "Gang".

While Charlie endeavoured to contact the members, Hugh strove to solace Phyllis, but with little avail. It was obvious to him that Paul would not hold the scientist at the London headquarters of the Gang, but would probably take him somewhere in the country. However, the London house was the last remaining link with the Gang, and he resolved to investigate without delay.

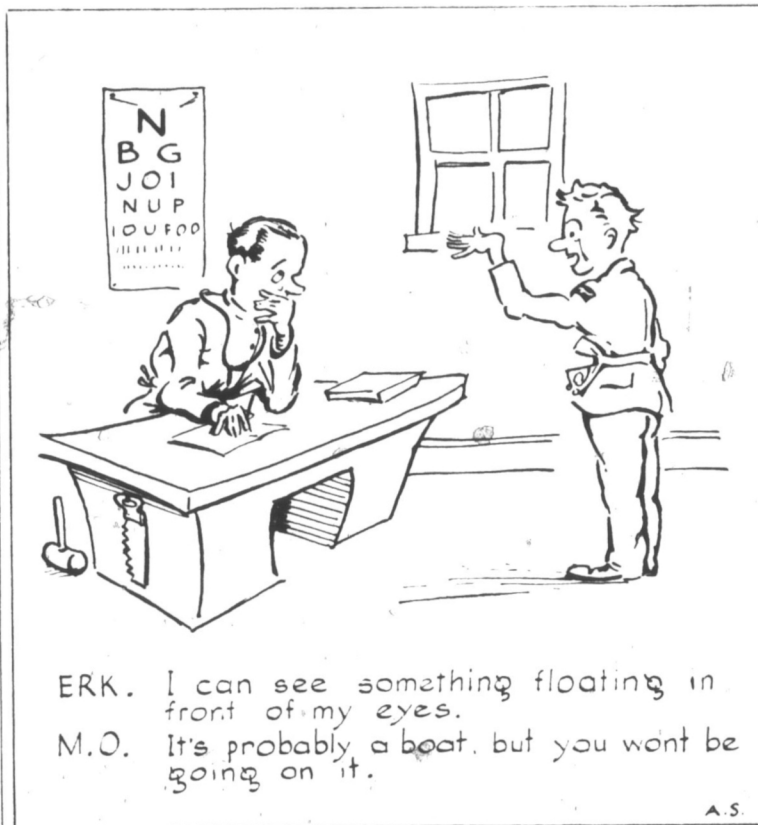
When the boys arrived, he briefly explained the latest developments, and was vociferously assured of their support, particularly if physical violence was contemplated. Piling into the waiting cars, they hurtled through the West End and in a very few minutes, were shrieking to a standstill outside the house which seemed to bear a woebegone deserted look. The main door was locked but presented little difficulty to their concerted shoulders. As the door crashed open, they heard the sound of running footsteps and muffled oaths, and saw two shadowy figures running for the back entrance. With a running tackle, Hugh downed the second figure which was lagging behind.

Hauling the wretched figure to his feet, Hugh was confronted with a typical East End pickpocket mouthing pleas for mercy. Hugh realized that it should be an easy matter to extract information from this abject, miserable figure, and this was the case. When Hugh taxed him for information, as to the whereabouts of Phyllis' father, the wretch was only too pleased to come across in return for promises of mercy. From the wretch's incoherent mouthing, Hugh gleaned the fact that Wainwright had been abducted from his house and removed to a Riverside house at Maidenhead.

This puny rat, who was, as Hugh thought, a pickpocket, had no more details to give regarding Saverien's plans, so Hugh left him to his own devices and made preparations for a swift journey to Maidenhead.

(Concluded Next Month)

Liberty is always dangerous, but it is the safest thing we have.—H. E. Fosdick.





THE C.B.C. PRESENTS "PICTON NEWS SUMMARY"

(FROM R.A.F. H.Q., PICTON)

OUR latest "Avro" heavy bombers were out again last night in large force—this time their objective being the already heavily-bombed area of Picton Bay. Reports from the bomb-aimers indicate that many direct hits were observed, and not a single public house was hit.

Large fires were started at Prince Edward Point early this morning by a similar force, and reconnaissance reports received later in the day state that the fishing village situated there is in a panic and families were seen to move out to their houseboats on the lake. Pilots were forced to fly at a minimum height of three thousand feet, due to the intense columns of black smoke over the target, and had to rely on their instruments to reach the base.

Wing Commander — and Flt.-Lt. — took off in a "Harvard" aircraft to see the fires for themselves, as the reports seemed incredible. They flew at zero feet to dodge the smoke, but had to undo their collars as the flames were rather hot—or so they said).

Not a single aircraft is missing from either of these operations, but many lines were shot.

Our "Bolingbroke" aircraft were also out today, following a report that a flight of "drogues" were seen attempting to make a get-away around the Charwell Point area. All of the aircraft returned to their base safely, and there was no opposition.

Five "Lysander" aircraft were bagged in all, but the "drogues" got away. LAC. Stoppage, D.C.M., N.B.G., claimed three of the "Lysanders"—adding that "it was only his first 'op' anyway," and was quite bucked when he received a bar to his D.C.M. ("District Court Martial," of course). Later on this afternoon, our bombers were seen going out in a S.W. direction—presumably to attack Spence Lake. They flew at two thousand feet (indicated), and reports received later on showed that the aircraft met with a considerable barrage from one of the flak positions there. None of the aircraft were hit, and the pilot of one "Avro" bomber remarked on the flak as being "an attractive display" (he was right).

The target was easily reached—as there was a large red arrow indicating the direction of it—(obviously placed there by a fifth columnist). Enemy fighter-bombers (presumably the R.C. A.F. from Mountain View), were seen flying in "Vic" formation over Picton, today.

They met with no opposition from our own aircraft, as our fighter-bombers were out over Mountain View.

No further news items have since been received and so we now conclude the news summary for this month.

LAC. LUDLAM

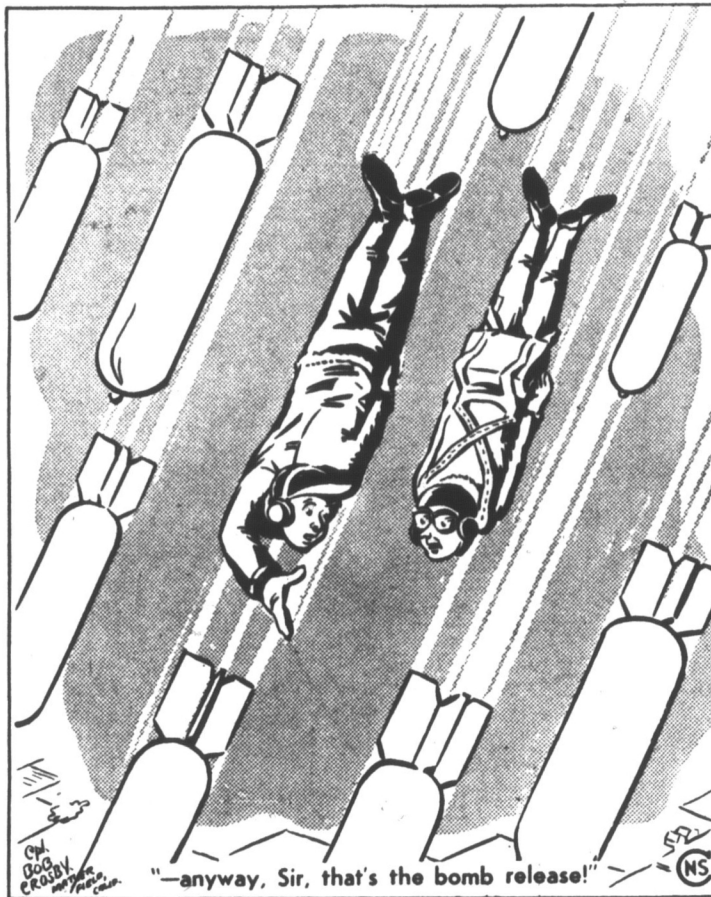
After a lecture on the use of parachutes a student asked—"And if it doesn't open?"

"If it doesn't open?" repeated the instructor, "well . . . that, gentlemen, is known as jumping to a conclusion."

"YES, 'JOE'!— I MEAN YOU! !"

Before you read this, just take a note of where you are and what time it is—I'll tell you why later!

Now, at one time or another, over a glass of beer or sprawled on some poor devil's bed, we all have confided to our "oppos" exactly what we intend to do after the war. We are going



to have this, and that, and go here or there, some are going to settle down again to the training and upbringing of the children who were but "mites" when they last saw them; others to pursue such bents as have always been their inclination, or which have been "discovered" during their term in uniform. Intentions are various, but we all are quite sure about one thing—that it's going to be a "wonderful 'new' Britain"!!

Well—I hope it is! Yes! I said: "I HOPE it is!"—because if you guys don't wake up to a very small but very important fact, it WON'T be! The fact is just this: that you are the people who will have to make Britain "wonderful"! Did that register?! — I doubt it!! I repeat: YOU!—the fellow sprawled on your bed with a fag in your mouth, and YOU!—the chap sitting in the canteen with a "Coke" and a "vacuous

look on your face!! NOW do you get me?! It is impossible to stress this point too strongly, for it is the whole point of the article. I'm trying to get each of you to say to yourself: "Oh! He means ME!"

You "are" Britain—that is, collectively—a case of "less of the 'I' and more of the 'WE'". You all have a vote and an opinion—which, again in the "collective" sense, becomes "Public Opinion". If you use these properly, you can get almost anything you want — certainly all the things which, it is generally agreed, are needed most.

Moaning about how much we need reform in this and that is an old pastime, but when it comes to a vote, what percentage of the electorate goes to the Polls?—less than fifty! Well, heck! if you're not interested enough to vote, it's about time you stopped "moaning"!

Now if by some Heaven-sent mir-

Torment of Absence

Only a war has made me understand The wild enchanting myst'ry of the land.

The thrill of coaxing from her fickle well,

The timeless store of wealth, she has to sell

To those who serve, unstinting, hand and brain,

And serve for love and not for worldly gain.

The thrill of sowing, on an April morn The eager grubby little seeds of corn— The flound'ring slimmness of new born lambs,

The fierce instinctive mothering of their dams:

Well fed cattle in a shadowy court, Grey noses glistening, eyes of moony thought;

The dreamy silence of an August morn When the binder stops for lunch amongst the corn.

Now, wakeful as a child on Christmas eve,

My fretful fancy, still unshackled leaves

The stifling dungeon of uncoloured days,

And splashing in the future's silvery pool,

She loth returns, to breath the fragrant cool

Unblemished incense of the days to be. When, casting war's drab veil, we're free

As only Englishmen can be, to ride

With only English fancy as a guide

Through England's secret places, where the past

The present and the future are as one.

Feeling this sweet subtle breath upon my brow;

As a hunter, when the quavering horn breaks

The silence of an autumn morn, which pounds

And frets to leave the dusty roadway's bounds

And gallop madly through the green beyond.

So does my heart race wildly but in vain

To haste old Times slow treading through these hours of pain.

—L.A.C. HOGG

atively) — in another twenty years' time! A close interest in Home and Foreign Politics will prevent another blunder and secure, without a doubt, that "wonderful new Britain". Apathy is the worst crime of all— be "Left Wing"! be "Right Wing"! . . . but for goodness' sake be SOMETHING!!

The time to start finding out about these things is NOW, so, noting from your watch that you have bags of time on hand, you had better get off your knees and get moving in the direction of the Station Library, (unless, of course, you are already there!). Once there, you can start the 'new' Britain by reading a few of the publications which touch on, and deal thoroughly with, the subjects that I have mentioned. Your curiosity aroused, it is anybody's guess as to what the outcome will be, but my guess and hope is that it will result in an even busier Education Officer and, eventually, when the time comes, a "wonderful new Britain"!!

K. GENTRY

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir

I should be glad if you, or any of your readers, could offer an explanation for a matter which has been occasioning me some perplexity for some time past.

It is generally acknowledged that entertainment of a "light" nature is well received by the greater majority of service personnel, and it is agreed that the reception accorded to the Concert Parties which visit this station bears out this fact.

However, it is also maintained—by those who must be considered authorities in the matter—that, (especially since the commencement of the war), there is a pronounced and increasing leaning toward more serious forms of entertainment, and that in no sphere has this tendency been more marked than in music. (It has been calculated that, of the record "Promenade" concert season in London last year, members of the services constituted over 40% of the audiences. So great has been the enthusiasm for orchestral concerts, recitals, etc., that Sunday concerts by the London Symphony Orchestra at the Cambridge Theatre, and Dame Myra Hess's Lunch-time Concerts in the National Gallery have been played before more-than-capacity audiences!).

"Localizing" this contention, however, brings the grateful recollection of the delightful performances of the "Bell Singers", and, more recently, the visit of the "Hitting-the-Jackpot" Concert Party, in which the piano and cello-solos of Messrs. Carl and Boris Hamburg, respectively, "brought the house down"! Those who were present at this, and previous visits of the same troupe, will recall, too, that it would have been possible to hear the dropping of the proverbial pin during the rendering of the perennial favourite "Ave Maria"!!

With these recollections of the fervent appreciation accorded to these artists still fresh in my memory, therefore, I find it difficult to reconcile such enthusiasm with the lamentable lack of interest shown in the Sunday evening "Popular" Concerts. Could it be explained to me, please, why most of those who, on the Saturday night concerts applaud the loudest at renderings such as have been mentioned, are conspicuous by their absence from the same location the following evening?

The very name "Popular" Concerts explains itself—its object is to provide the music that is appreciated by all, and yet, with over 200 recordings of the world's most famous and best-loved music, how many trouble to attend? To state 30 as an average would be gross exaggeration!!

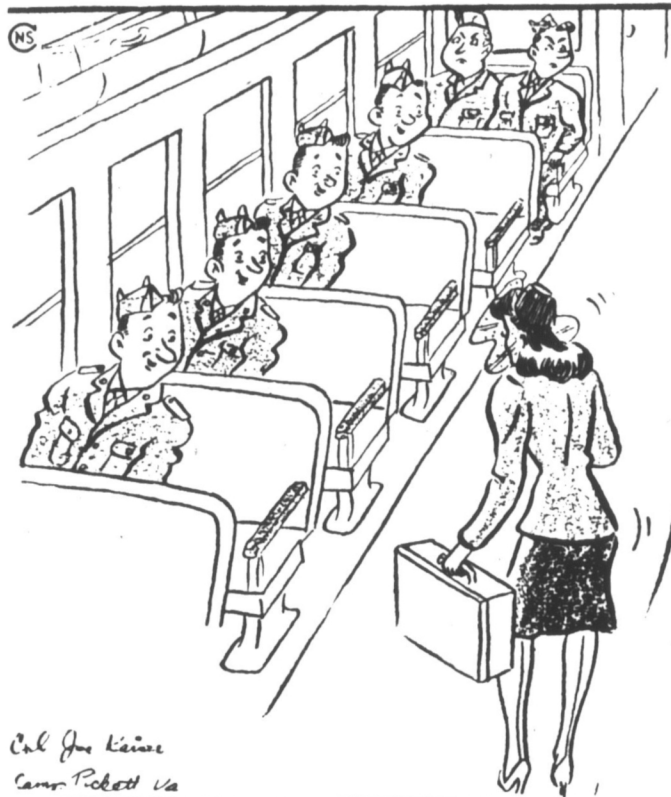
It may be argued that there is very little "entertainment-value" in merely sitting to hear records being played—but I would point out that, when "Guest Artists" from the Toronto Conservatory of Music are present, the attendance, though undeniably better, can never be honestly described as other than a "mere handful". When it is considered that these artists give freely of their time—at no little inconvenience to themselves, incidentally!—and their talents in order to entertain us, (and for no reim-

bursement save the refund of their expenses), there could be little cause for wonder if disappointment were expressed at our lack of practical appreciation of their efforts.

Very attractive programmes for forthcoming Sunday evening concerts, and suggestions and appreciations will be gratefully received by Flying Officer Murray, (the officer i/c Sunday concerts), Flying Officer Hamilton-Meikle or any other member of the Entertainment Committee. It is their job and their wish to provide concerts that will really justify the appellation "Popular", so the whole matter devolves upon the individual making known his preferences.

I may be wrong, but I am certain that there are more than a "mere handful" on this station to whom music — "good" music — means more than just a series of sounds devoid of interest or attraction! —perhaps a vastly-improved "turn-out" on future Sunday evenings will provide me with the proof?! To come once is to come again! —try it for yourselves!!

R.M.W.T.



AFTER CONFUCIUS

Man with bald head who sit under hot sun get baked bean.

Yawn only chance married man get to open mouth.

He who swallow gold paint feel guilty inside.

Man who want to marry nurse must be patient.

He who laughs last sit behind tall fat man at movies.

He who follows fire engine goes to blazes.

Man who burn candle at both ends soon in dark.

Gir] who write letter during Leap Year, sure to get male.

Amazing how cold cash warms girl's heart.

ON TOUR

This afternoon, our guide (so generously lent to us by the I.O.D.E.) takes us on a tour of that wonderful holiday ground—Picton Air Station. Coming up the hill from Picton, and leaving Robert's Luncheon on our left, (no, he wasn't car sick), we see a couple of blocks on our right-hand side. These are not the hangars—they are only built that way. We observe a few odd stragglers moving to and fro between these blocks and the main gate. That's o.k.—they hang out there. Coming to an unpatriotic halt, we ditch our car in the roadway, only later to find that some chaps have used it for a taxi. Anyway, we are confronted by a great barrier, and after our guide removes her top set and emits an ear-piercing whistle, do we find that a member of the stretcher party comes rolling out (literally, of course) to let us in. We are offered a cup of brew by a chap standing in a small hut by the gate, but our guide beckons us to refuse it, as she knows better than to take brew from a stranger, (or something like that). We pass on, and only take a fleeting glance at the post office on our right—we

enough to our guide, but now and again, they too, have to go outside for fresh air.

After making a dodge around the officers' quarters we turn left and in the distance we observe a rusty (I beg your's—rustic) looking shambles. This is not the 'Casa Loma', but the Officers' Mess. We wait outside whilst our guide is invited in for a drink, and eventually arrive at Station Sick Quarters. We observe a Jab session in progress, and so we leave as quickly as we arrived. We are told by our guide that we won't be seeing the Sergeants' Mess, as last time she went in there, she didn't approve of the sergeants. We roll up at the Y.M.C.A., drink a few cups of their tea, and then we roll up again. Asked by a rude man behind the counter, what we want, we state that we would like to see Alf. We are told that "Alf ain't in," and that he's gone ice-skating in aid of the fifth victory loan, and so after listening to a chap playing the radio, we leave the canteen and head for the hangars. We see every one of them, and watch a chap sending rude sentences to an aircraft from the control tower, followed by a magnificent display of fireworks. We call in the G.I.S., watch how the whole thing is done with regard to bombing and gunnery, and end up with a tour of the billets.

LAC. LUDLAM

A WARRIOR'S CREED

I fight for peace, not for war.

When the enemy is vanquished on the foreign field.

And on returning we find selfish interest still in prominence;

We will use our skills just as vigorously against our own country-men To see the flag of justice and equal opportunity flying over our own land.

Death I do not fear.

I have faith which rises above the mass hysteria of organized religion, And can see clearly the true meaning from the life and inspiration of Jesus.

The enemy cannot win.

He is evil and obstructs all form of constructive evolution.

My best friends are my weapons and faith in a new world after the war.

My enemies apart from the actual foe are the dread diseases of apathy and a tendency to let things slip when peace bells ring.

Above all I must guard against selfishness.

Never shall any action of mine cause discomfort or dismay to a comrade. My love is a passion for truth and the eager pursuit and execution of my principles.

My future is a home with wife and children;

Children to grow up and be educated free from the shadows of war and want;

Children to make and follow their careers in society without the acceleration or damnation of birth.

So with light heart I go on to the fray, my cause just, my future clear.

M. STEVENS



**THE OLD
"WET" SWEAT**

I've been in the Raf for nigh twenty years;
My career ain't a great credit, I fear!
I ain't 'ad promotion, nor gone in for sport—
My principal 'obby's been . . . BEER!

No doubt it is true, if I'd left it alone,
I might now have pounds in the Bank.
It's caused me Courts-Martial—aye, many a time!
And now I hold full A.C.2 rank.

Sometimes, in the "Wet", I oblige with a "turn"
Just a song like the great Harry Lauder;
Then they buy me a beer and they sends me off 'ome!—
And I wake up in full "marching order"!!

The Sergeant S. P., as each Pay-Day comes round,
Knows I'm sure to be there, worse for drink;
So he tells two Corp'rals to stand by the "Wet"
To carry me straight to the "clink"!!

I suppose when I die, and go up above (?!?)
At the gate I will tremble with fear!
For Saint Peter will say: "What has brought you this way?!"
I suppose I shall say: "It's the beer!"
—"The Beer Basher"

A.C. 1 Percy Podd

WELL, it has happened! For a long time I've watched people walking about with a raptured look on their countenance, gently smiling into space and wondered why. Now I know. For I have the reason. Yes, my friends, I lapsed into that happy state called love. What a difference! No more a seven-thirty scowl; no more arguing as to who is going to scrub the floor. Indeed life is just a grand measure of apple cider bubbling and gurgling with laughter and sunshine.

It happened quite simply. For a long time I'd heard about the Picton ballroom. So putting on best blue I left camp Saturday night. After a long struggle I decided on a taxi, stepped in and was wafted down to Picton on a sergeant's knee. The streets were brilliantly lit. For a long time I watched the farmers all in colorful tartan shirts. After a look round various stores, I made my way to the notorious hall of jive. Thirty-five cents! With a gulp I paid up and fought my way to a formidable wire netting. Beyond, through a haze of five-cent cigar smoke I saw a host of airmen with gleaming eyes fighting for the attention of a demure young maiden about thirty-five who was evidently much impressed. Dismayed, I thought of my thirty-five cents but a fellow who saw my anxiety helpfully remarked, "Don't panic mate! The dance doesn't start till ten-thirty." Much relieved I retired to the palm trees and contentedly sat under the stirring branches, listening to the gentle refrain of the orchestra. Ah! here they come: girls, girls, girls. What excitement! There was a hush through the hall as long ones, tall ones and short ones coyly took their

seats. What choice! With the air of a connoisseur I quietly took stock of the situation. Yes, she was there—the girl of my dreams! Sitting quietly away from the main throng, she seemed to radiate a sheen of dignity and grace which quite took my breath away. Plucking up courage, I wended my way through the dangerously contorting couples and asked her for the pleasure. Like any queen she daintily put her chewing gum behind her ear and, well, the world was mine.

Her name is Clara. I'm not sure what it is short for, but what's in a name. A tomato by any other name would taste as sweet. She is a farmer's daughter and every week-end complete with tartan shirt I follow the plough at her home. Her father is a quiet little soul, who when not working is deeply engrossed in the Picton Journal. I spend a divine week-end and when I say good-bye on Sunday night I know she'll be coming down in the old jaloppie next Saturday for the groceries. I haven't told the chaps at camp. So if you happen to see me with my girl, don't tell. You know they might not understand.
(To be continued)

TRAIN JOURNEY

Go to sleep, go to sleep,
O'er hill and creek,
Through hail and sleet,
Carriages creaking, carriages creaking,
Drowse is sweet, drowse is sweet,
Gentle murmuring, gentle murmuring,
Soft and low, quiet and slow,
Is this sleep, is this sleep,
No! No! Tickets, tickets!
Fumbling, grumbling,
All confusion, pockets turning,
Soldiers, sailors, hot and thirsty,
Open necks; milk and whisky,
Laughing, joking, singing, smoking,
Smiling, ogling, memories hoarding,
Laced ladies, prim and prudish,
View the scene, condemn the foolish;
Tilt their hats, grandiose rustling,
Peppermints, dentures hustling,
Weary, weary, eyes are heavy,
Dronings gently from afar,
Curl in a jolting corner,
Close your eyes and reach a star,
A little star,
A silver star,
So very far,
Very far.

—M. Stevens

From the wash the laundress sends
My collars home with ravelled ends;
I must fit now these are frayed,
My neck with new ones London-made.
Homespun collars, homespun hearts,
Wear to rags in foreign parts.
Mine at least's as good as done,
And I must get a London one.
— A. E. Housman

GIRL TRAVELS 3000 MILES TO WED AIRMAN

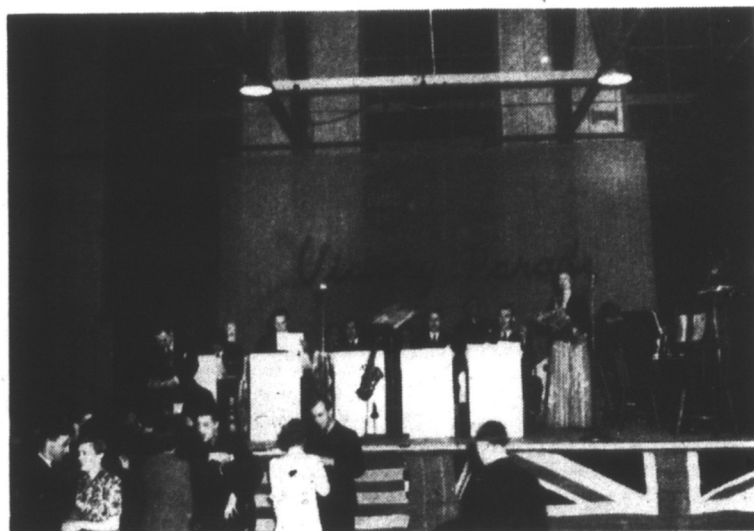
On Tuesday, 25th January, a young girl commenced her 3,000-mile journey across the Dominion to wed an airman. She was Miss M. E. Merrett, of 2757 Richmond Road, Victoria, British Columbia. The airman was L.A.C.

G. W. O. Sinden, of R.A.F., Picton. The couple were married in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Picton, the Rev. W. G. H. Swayne officiating. The bride was given in marriage by Corporal Ralph Surtees, and the

groom's "best man" was L.A.C. B. John Giles, both of R.A.F., Picton. Also attending the ceremony were L.A.C. Hughes, L.A.C. Elliott and A.C. Mathewman. After the ceremony, the party was welcomed by the bride and

groom at their future home, L.A.C. and Mrs. Sinden would like to extend their most sincere thanks and appreciation to the Armament personnel of the Station for their very generous wedding-gift.

MART KENNEY VISITS PICTON



MONTHLY REPORTS FROM THE FOLK WHO LIVE ON THE HILL

News and Views



G.I.S. The Home of 'Pukka-Gen'

It has been brought to the attention of the Gunnery Instructors that they are issuing guns for instruction minus the breech-cover — hm! could it be that because they are "on the 'Boat'" they are handing out "duff gen"?! What will the Inventory Holder say about this?!!

I wonder who it could be that suffers from "sleeping sickness" in the School?! It is very disconcerting to see a body draped around a Hispano cannon — on top of a cupboard, too! In a position of complete serenity he lies there — and if he's needed for a lecture, the only way to waken him is to fire the gun!! Our "Gestapo" believes the "body" might belong to a Flight Sergeant who is always dreaming of his valley somewhere in Wales!! 'Seems that one of our Instructors has been suffering from that complaint whereby the "gen" organs get rusty! — he is to leave us shortly to listen to someone else "bind" instead of doing the job very effectively himself! — (meaning the "binding" part of it, of course!!). "A little learning is a dangerous thing" — eh, Stox?!
"The "Battle of Picton" Ribbon —

(not to be confused with the C.S.B.S. and Bar!) — is very prevalent among some of the Staff!! When one considers that some of the "types" have been eating in the Sergeants' Mess for five months, it is an award well deserved!! We heard that the queue at the Stores to collect 'em could only be likened to a line-up for free beer!!! — must be something in this "gong" question after all!!

The "iron bar" tactics exercised by a certain "pukka Sahib" in G.I.S. has certainly robbed many would-be dreamers of their "beauty sleep", to say nothing of the removal of skin from not a few knees due to copious scrubbing! O.K., O.G.!! — so I DON'T know what Ack-Ack sounds like!!

The production of bombs seems to have gone up in leaps and bounds since one of our staff took over that subject! — we are inclined to think that the new "Sockite" must be one of our "secret weapons" because of the varied objectives against which it is used! — (houses seem to be the main ones!) — and no mention is needed!

Well, cheerio! Don't forget that the Duty Instructor or the Officer i/c Intelligence Library are there each evening except Saturday, and that his health will in no way be impaired if

MAIN STORES

This month we take off our "Caps", Field Service" to that gallant little Section, "Main Stores"! Here, gathered together from all walks of life, (notably money-lenders and pawn-brokers!!), they do their level best to "Keep 'em Trying"!! Everything from paper upon which you don't write — (but which is perforated at intervals!) — to aircraft, can easily be obtained. "Clothing Section", however, presents a different aspect! — surrounded by vouchers and peering between a mass of fungus, L.A.C. Vic Toogood, despite the efforts of his warm-hearted staff, closes all doors sharply at 10.59 hours, "While Dick the Shepherd bites his nails"!!

This gifted community is under the thoughtful and expert guidance of Squadron Leader Stevenson, assisted by that newly-promoted, clean-shaven Junior Equipment Officer, Mr. Beard. In turn, the "can" is "carried" by Flight Sergeant Purchase, then his newly-wed colleagues Sergeant Winter

and Sergeant Hines. Among the lesser — and perhaps happier! — "lights", (and it is here pointed out that, contrary to general belief, Scotsmen are peculiarly absent from the Stores staff!!), we have an unique selection of "Bashers, Store" who are without doubt "flat-out" types!!

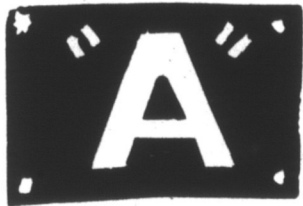
A & B Section — Sammy, Spin, Taffy (tenor!) and Bill Preston — deserve especial credit for their "48-hour service"!! (It should be mentioned, in passing, that Spin is as "tight" as a certain part — specific definition of which would not be permitted by the Censor!! — of a duck's anatomy!!).

A fine spirit and appetite for "rugged sport" is prevalent! The Stores lead the Station in Billiards and Checkers! — Paddy McGuinness, the captain, has proven his worth on the table and off!

All 48-hour passes are spent in search of good food, fine comfortable beds and "that little touch" which means "Home"!!

We now take leave of the "Sphere of Toil and Voucher", thanking all for past services rendered, welcoming newcomers, and wishing all those due for the "Boat" the very best of luck and a safe and pleasant voyage.

you turn up for some "gen"! It is a'so a fact that he does not sit there for his own good! — so what about at least TWO of you showing up one evening?!!



We introduce ourselves in this number as "A" Flight (Day and Night Bombing). Since the last issue went to press, numerous changes have taken place, mainly in the absorption of the "N" Flight personnel and aircraft — now we are one happy family striving to please! (Please "what"?!! Please may my "48" come round quickly!!!)

The Flight welcomes Sergeant Kingham and also those N.C.O.'s and airmen of the old "N" Flight — we hope they will be happy with us! (At least they may see a spot of daylight these days!).

We have put up a good performance in the Billiards League, and, at time of writing, have still two matches to play, needing only two points out of the possible six to make sure of the Championship!

We are also running close to the top of the Snooker League and with a modicum of luck and some good play stand a good chance of topping that League as well. These successes have, in a large measure, been due to the brilliant playing of "Taff" Hughes, the captain of the team, who has "shaken" many a doughty opponent!! Good work, "Taff"!

Unfortunately we had to drop out of the Basketball League due to the difficulty of raising a team since we joined the "Night 'Dicers'". We're sorry about this — we know we were good!!!

Armament Section

Having been completely ignored in last month's issue of "Hill Topics", the mainstay of the Station — i.e. the Armament Section! — has renounced its Trappist vows, and is viewing the news!

Congratulations to Uncle Dixie on becoming a "real 'Chiefy'"!! All toe-nails will, in future, be smartly cut and polished, and Bellamy will be furnished with an estimate for a haircut!! In general keeping with the drive to "smarten up" the Armourers, a moustache has been removed! — This is a pity, since the owner of the said (ex)-excrement — (the next best moustache to the one in the Station Library!) — no longer is able to practise his tricks on the "parallel bars"!! Instead, he is restricted to riding up and down the billet in jodpurs!! (Gad, sah!!).

Corporal "Tommy" Murphy will be pleased to learn that there are definitely two Armourers in from North Battleford!! Also the inhabitants of Waupoos may sleep peacefully in their beds, now that the "two-bit" Range has "changed hands"!! No longer will they be terrified by the staccato stut-ter of machine-guns!! — (my goodness! M'Guinness!!).

We welcome a whole shower of "Prairie flowers"!! — They can, we have learnt, supply all sorts of interesting

"gen" on "squaws" and burnt toast"!! Amongst these "chickens" we claim. (from reference to the last issue's "Officers' Mess News"), a "beaver swimming upstream with a mouthful of twigs"!! In the same breath we say "Farewell!" to the RotheRAM and our "Tractor-Driving 'Caruso'", and many other old friends (?). With what little breath is left we congratulate (?) Sinden and Giles on becoming harried — (sorry! ... "married"!!).

All will be pleased to hear that Bob Copeland is on the up and up, and we all wish him a very speedy recovery. Keep smiling — and singing! — Bob!!

This month's "Good Cause" is an appeal on behalf of Kendra's Home for the Sick and Aged! An extension is urgently needed to accommodate the recent large influx of patients!! All contributions to be sent direct to the Maintenance Armoury!

Are you "stumped" for leave? If and when you get any, why not spend it at Uncle Stan's Cabin? You will receive the best attention from good-looking, romantic gigolos, whose beer and bed capacities are unlimited!! There you will meet 'Dorothy Dix' Brooksbank, the authoress of the famous "Solution of Sex Problems"!! Try it sometime for your leave!!

A final piece of news. We had, more or less as a farewell party, a real Bacchanale. Night Flying unfortunately prevented our reporter from attending but from all accounts everyone had a good time!! Even A.C. Ellis had a drink!! — Gawd bless 'im!! The "Plumbers" were unrecognisable in their "ceremonial regalia"!! — A.C. Smith (dog bites man!) had shaved, and Marrison sported a clean collar!! "Ginger" Bowden was there, proudly escorting the "Belle of the Ball", the "Black Widder" (betenoire)!! L.A.C. Jones, on the strength of his musical Welsh ancestry, attempted to "service" the piano!! A "keen type", he actually climbed inside the instrument, amid the plaudits of the crowd!! The boys were, at first, more concerned with the "whistle-wetting" than the dancing, but eventually got under way! Flying Officer Murray attempted to lead a "Conga" line, and Charles Brooksbankboyer gave us a little Conga exhibition as a "piece de resistance"!! Even Uncle Dixie "shook a crafty hoof"!! Thank you, Mr. Evans, for organizing a very enjoyable "Shakie-Do"!! May we have some more!!

LOST

One pair of false teeth between the Camp and Picton Armouries!! Finder please return to L.A.C. Holmes, or highest bidder!!

THE LAMENTED COOK

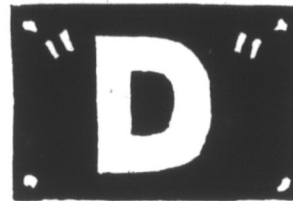
Once upon a time there was a poor, simple, Sgt. Cook. He was a rigid blind, worked a little, and was not at all contented with his lot. "Oh, if I could only be silly enough to drop this pudding on the floor" he said with a cemented smile, and hushed breath, in "Ma's" listening ear. And Penfold, in that drowsy, semi-conscious state, that most delightful borderland which is midway between sleeping and waking, wished he would drop the rock, so that he could rest on it. The rock hit the deck, and the concussion made cracks

and chinks in the Duggin pie so that it had to be filled with plaster, which had a curious habit of falling out during the summer months. And Duggin sang:—

"I swing ungirdled hips,
And lightened are my pies,
Penfold rests upon my chips,
I do not run for prize."

And so ends the little story of "B", "P" and "D".

The many chilly days that February brought us are now gone, leaving F/Sgt. Beasley, and Cpl. Rees, along with L.A.C. Duggins, L.A.C. Marley and the writer, on the boat. By the time this appears in print we will be gone, so, on behalf of those who are leaving, we express to S/O. Kennish, Sgt. Barlow, L.A.C. Steads, who is the oldest inhabitant among you, not forgetting L.A.C. Davey, and all members of the staff, our very best wishes for the months to come.



The months of January and February saw several changes in the Flight. We have said "Au Revoir!" to F/O. Radley, and will surely miss that rosy smile which radiated around the Crew Room for something like 18 months!! "Jock" Stevenson, now elevated to commissioned rank, has left us for Hamilton.

Many new faces are to be seen—welcome to F/O. Dennis, F/O. Palfreyman, F/Sgt. Skelding, Sgt. Knight, Sgt. Mayers, Sgt. Chappell, Sgt. King, Sgt. Aylott—"Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all"!!

With recent reorganization of the Flights, we are glad to welcome also F/Sgt. DeYoung, F/Sgt. Hall and Sgt. Nisbet — all baby "Kings of the Air"!! — F/Sgt. Smith, Sgt. Haines and Sgt. Cooper—"Lizzie" Fighter boys!!

With the introduction of such talent, we expect to be shown a thing or two and are hoping for some really "super" bombing-results—but we wonder!!

The closing of the Gunnery Flights means that we shall miss the "Sleek Babies" streaking past us on the circuit, and the Lizzies' salutation of drogues as we run up!! We take comfort in the fact that "Annie" may now complete her circuit in her own leisurely time without being pushed around by the "Bolies" &/or sent round again by "Lizzie" doing her S/A effort!!

Keen rivalry still exists between our good neighbours, "A" Flight, and ourselves! Much credit for our results goes to our ground crew who kept our aircraft flying and our maintenance up to a very high standard. "A" Flight are still on top...alphabetically only!

Rumour of a "Boat" pushing off soon is very pleasing news to some of our members! — one or two of them were almost beginning to take root! They will surely feel that "D" Flight was like a second home to them, and when they bid "Adieu", we feel that it will be with some regrets.

Maintenance Notes

It is with genuine regret that we say "Bon Voyage!" to Flight Sergeant Burdis, our popular N.C.O. i/c, after a relatively long and decidedly harmonious association! We have reason to believe that our regret is shared by at least one young lady in Detroit!!

Our newly-wed Corporal Coomber has returned from his honeymoon, and can be seen any Saturday night cantering along Main Street, Picton, assisting his wife with the shopping!!

Congratulations are due to Ted Beteridge and "Ginger" Westley on achieving Corporal's rank! — they have waited a long time for them, and their patience has been rewarded! Life in the Hangar continues to be quiet and uneventful, with "the 'Boat'" providing the chief topic of conversation! There are quite a lot of new faces amongst us, but the wearers of them seem to be settling down quite well!

Our neighbours on the other side of the Hangar continue to be well-behaved and their presence does not bother us at all!! — in fact, we get on very well together except for their strange methods of moving the "kites" in and out of the Hangar!! Word goes round that some of their "kites" are due to go out "on the line"; this is the signal for all the men on their side of the Hangar to open the doors, thereby admitting great quantities of fresh air at approximately "zero" temperature!! Realising that it is cold outside, they dash to the stores, and, after much haggling with the storekeepers, draw "coats, parka", one each! Thus arrayed, they huddle round the open doors until it occurs to somebody to suggest that someone else should go for a tractor! This he does, (to his credit be it said!), and finally a "kite" is towed out!! During these intricate operations, plaintive voices can be heard from our side of the Hangar, appealing for the doors to be shut, but by this time it is of no avail, because all the "Minor" boys have disappeared!! After a long interval, the tractor reappears and another "kite" is dragged out into the "cold, cold snow"! This dreary process is repeated five or six times, until all the aircraft are removed. The "Minor" side of the Hangar is now completely devoid of life, but if we attempt to close the doors, a voice will come from Heaven-knows-where to inform us that some "kites" will be coming in within a minute or two! So we shiver and curse and cry "Shut the !!!!?XX QQ@! doors!! — but the doors are not shut because "... a kite" is coming in in a minute"!! After an hour of bleak misery, the familiar tractor will once again appear, towing the first of five or six aircraft!! This is roughly, (allowing for a little playful exaggeration!) what happens every day in our Hangar, and quite a few of the lads feel very strongly about it. After all, the type of work we have to do cannot be done efficiently with numb fingers, and we feel that the doors should be kept closed as long as possible. So — what about it, "Minors"?! In other words: "SHUT THE !!!- -?X!! DOORS!!" And now I will practice my own precept!!



Officers' Mess

(or, "Am I My Brother's Creeper")

We are glad to see the C.O. once more in our midst. We hope he is quite restored to health, and that it will not be necessary again for him to take a "dim view" of things!!

Congratulations to all those happy and envied members who so shortly (2) are to depart!—we shall be sorry to see some of them go, and so will other people!! Are a few of them going to auction their little red books? or just going to give them away?!!

The innovations in the dining-room are at least interesting. Soon it will be unnecessary to sit down to a meal—the meals are gradually coming up to you!! Several of the more diminutive "types" are already complaining of aching arms, and have ordered "steps" to be taken by Works and Bricks!!

The debate on Marriage brought to light some interesting views!—one officer basing his ideas on African tribal custom!! We wonder if he has tried Canadian native custom?!!

Leap Year seems to be having its effect in the Mess! Two weddings are already in the offing! Did the bride change her name or has the groom changed his mind? To be quite "Frank", the ballet seems to have had its "Swan Song"!!

It is rumoured in authoritative circles that a certain officer is "Zooted" by a little Russian "atmosphere" which pervaded his recent "48"! We are assured, however, that he is not going to buy a balalaika, neither is he contemplating taking any 'steppes'! But will he be joining the Don Cossack Choir?!

Why was "Red" christened "Jigger"? 'S funny it fits!

Why is C— becoming known as "Pinkey"? ORIGINAL, anyway!

And while we are in the interrogative mood, who is the officer who signs Clearance Certificates in the nude?—and who, (believe it or not!), went to church in his pyjamas?!!

We have a new "line" in operational "types" who have put some "ginger" into the Mess!! Wait, however, till they've done a "tour" in Picton!!

Has the beer ration been increased lately, or is the larger amount available due to the "old gentleman with the bald head" going on the "wagon"? Anyway, it is now possible to get a beer as late as half-past six!!

The zeal for education is increasing these days!—at least, the number of "schools" is on the increase!! Will it be another case of "goodbye, Mr. Chips"?!

Who, we ask, is taking the Mess too literally these days?!

Tell Col. Corkin that Jeff knows where Shoo Shoo is. She was in some mess the other evening, wasn't she, Jeff?!

Things are pretty grim at times, but there's no need to get all "burnt up" about it, as some people seem to do!!

It is noted with a degree of satisfaction that Mess profits show an increase! Is this due to a certain officer—(now, unfortunately, no longer with us!)—paying his Mess Bill twice? We can only account for this seeming generosity by assuming that this officer is leading a "double life"!

We are sorry to see the departure



CORPORALS' CLUB

February opened with a meeting of the club, which was not very well attended. In fact suggestions have been offered whereby the committee obtain extractors digit corporals' club for the 'use of. How about it Corporals?

Cpl. Kelly was elected to fill the vacancy occurring as a result of the promotion of the late secretary, Cpl. Hines to the dizzy height of sergeant. We thank him for his co-operation in the past and offer him our congratulations and wish him success in his matrimonial as well as in his service life!

So far the main grouse of the club has been 1st. beer, 2nd. beer, 3rd. more beer. This beer question is really getting quite serious. At the meeting it was deduced that this shortage of esprit do corps' was in part due to the abundance of senior N.C.O.'s who flock to our socials and indulge in a gay and spirited time. Unfortunately our quota of beer is insufficient to maintain both the Sergeants' Mess and the Corporals' Club in even a mild state of inebriation on such occasions. It is very regrettable, but we had to reduce the invitation of Senior N.C.O.'s to a maximum of three per dance.

One dance has taken place in the Chapel since the last appearance of "Hill Topics" and a good time was had by one and all. The Station Dance orchestra played really well. In fact so well as to induce a certain Flight Sergeant to make use of his plated heels in a marvellous demonstration of Jive reminding us of that well known song, "Mr. Five by Five" which was very apt considering his enormous girth.

Our Sunday evenings have been brightened somewhat by LAC. Cartilage and his magnificent manipulation of the ivories. We hope he will continue to supply us with dance rhythm in his own inimitable way. The chief worry of the Club Committee at present is finding a means of banishing the first half hour aloofness which seems to smite the majority of corporals on the entry of lady guests on Sunday nights—Any suggestions?

Praises go to Mrs. Leavitt and her 'Imperial Daughters' for keeping us all merry and bright both at Socials and Dances.

There is a rumour floating around that a certain corporal (maybe it's Hitler in disguise) is collecting Yukon caps or maybe the girls like them too. Nice hobby but expensive for the unfortunate bare headed ones.

Well there's all the gossip this time, meanwhile keep binding for your third. J.K.

of our old friend, Alf. A very pleasant, if somewhat sad, ceremony took place at the conclusion of the last Mess meeting, when Alf was presented with a farewell gift. It showed what a good "type" we think he is!

Plotting Office

(H.Q. of the Wrong Bomb Society)

If you should by chance be interested in facial expressions or the study thereof, don't for the love of Pete visit Hollywood in order to satisfy your desires. Try us first, we can guarantee satisfaction. Two hours spent in the company of the "spinners corporation" should do much to convince you that Hollywood has nothing on us.

Taking a typical example. Two "goons" will come breezing in SMUG SATISFACTION written all over their faces, (it's always a good thing to look EXPECTANT for a start). Of course the pilot helps considerably by assuring them that the four bombs that fell so far away from the other two were not theirs. They then craftily avoid the briefing officer who is looking for grease pencils, but he, being smart, asks them if they have returned theirs. Then comes the SLY KNOWING (you've had it) look, as one of them says, "A bloke in the last course gave me this." Next comes the interview with the interrogating officer during which period any expression from looks of PITY (for the afore mentioned officer) to that of INCREDULITY (as he asks "Did you bomb the right target?") will be registered.

At the sight of their charts watch for looks of FEIGNED HORROR (as the position of their bombs is observed) DISGUST (for the boys on the range) DESPAIR (thoughts of the chart on the wall) and DISBELIEF—How the hell could those bombs be plotted at 400 yards when my T32 distinctly shows but 50 yards.—SUBLIME INNOCENCE IS USUALLY REGISTERED when politely informed that a "spinner" does not cause an overshoot. Yes and looks of IMMEASURABLE PLEASURE are quite frequent and everyone is happy when those charts show a "50-yard converted". On such occasions as these we are usually favoured with a visit from the pilot who hovers gracefully in the background with a CONTENTED "what did I tell you" expression. Then you must all have seen or experienced that GET SOME IN glare which will be observed on the faces of some victims of F/O. Godel's discipline lectures. Talking about discipline, "When I was in the army—in Norway—etc."

There are almost daily changes with the staff of the communications room. The range boys are appearing in turn for duty, in order give Hutch's crowd a lesson in discipline. One new member, a soft spoken, immaculate lad, was telling us the other day that his father retreated from Mons—we are still wondering why. We now have two Butch's to contend with, as if one wasn't bad enough. The original Butch is still of the "Bill Sykes" variety, the recent addition being of the "Butchers Hewk" clan.

Student, (to F/Lt. Spencer) do you mind if we scrub this exercise Sir, the bombsight is U/S.

F/Lt. Spencer, "What seems to be the trouble."

Student, "I can't keep red on red, as this ruddy needle is painted black."

The same pilot realizing that the weather was clamping, informed the student that the next six bombs

Sergeants' Mess

This month has seen more than the average number of postings in and out. Most of the old-stagers have either gone or are going in the near future. In fact the Mess is not the same either in spirit or in flesh.

Perhaps the high-light of the month has been the intrepid adventures of Sgt. Spikins, whose exploits I will not enlarge upon, and the account of which in the Toronto Star I could not possibly emulate, not being used to indulging in so many superlatives. However, the Mess certainly does extend best wishes and congrats on his lucky escape, part of which, anyway, can be or should be attributed to skill.

Flight Sergeant Milford, our Fat Boy, is now 1/c Messing Committee and it is questionable whether or not this is suitable as he can eat anything and expects the Mess to be able to do the same. However he is doing a job of work, and any day may be seen waddling through the kitchen sampling the food . . . very tasty, very sweet . . . but it makes yer think . . .

The unconscious comedy team of the Mess, Messrs. Watters, Battarbee and Jackson have lost one of its members, but Jackson continues to spread his sunshine around . . . and its a fact that when Battarbee and Watters were bar-caterers they played Hide-and-Seek in and out of the Bar for half-an-hour . . .

The Mess has had its quota of marriages and births this month and congrats are in order for F/Sgts. Richardson and Baker, and Sergts. Winter and Straker . . . incidentally the great E. J. came to claim his Dependants Allowance straight from the church, with the confetti still in his hair . . . with most sergeants this is the second thing they do . . .

Our little moustache and a big voice, (no, its not Hitler . . .) has had the rather doubtful honour of giving his wife twins . . . and is "off the boat" in order to look after them . . . I hope it does not give anybody ideas . . . Bill Currie, on looking him over, stated that he rather dreads the results of his attempts . . . if Sgt. P. can give twins, the big dog should rival Poppa Dionne. Among the newer acquisitions of the Mess is Sgt. Smith, of London . . . who actually was born in Bow Bells and whose dulcet tones and Southern drawl does not belie the fact . . . good luck . . . Smudger . . .

We take this opportunity of bidding farewell to a bunch of pilots . . . Flight Sergeants Hall, Imeson, Webster, Eldsen, deYoung, Skelding, Warren, Wilson, Clarke, etc., a really decent lot, and the Air Gunners, and hope that they will continue their good work in their future sphere of influence . . . cheerio and good luck.

would have to be dropped at, zero feet. Said the student frantically: "Do you mind waiting until I have recomputed, sir?"

No, they are not jokes, the above incidents actually occurred. That's all for now, here is AC. Hyde trying to get more Gen. on postings with his eternal question, "Will we all be home for Christmas, sir?"

(Continued on Page 14)



Having run the gauntlet of an "initial issue", we venture to focus once more our unwelcome (?) attention on the activities on our various satellites!

We extend a hearty welcome to L.A.C. Stansfield and A.C. Jones, two recent arrivals from Charlottetown. It looks as if "Works and Bricks" will soon have to get busy if these two both remain in the Repair (?) Section!

Whilst on the more respectable phrases of this missive, we also wish to convey our best wishes and deepest envy to Cpl. Ferns (better known as "F.E.B.") and A.C. Berry—the two privileged members of our staff who have just left for "Blighty"!

Various innocent visitors to the No. 5 Hangar Section were "shaken to the core" by the sight of a Sergeant and a Corporal frantically delving into the midst of an impressive array of "gubbinses" and "do-dahs"! A cautious enquiry elicited the information that "THIS" (or "these"!) was the Mk. II Automatic Bombsight!!

It is rumoured that these two N.C.O.'s intended to create a definitely "SECRET" weapon that would certainly hasten the conclusion of World War II—however, we regret to announce that these "castles in the air" never materialised, and the said Bombsight is now merely a contrib-

ution to the nation's "Scrap Metal Drive"!!! (These two undaunted souls are now reported to be working on a series of labour-saving devices for our long-suffering and work-weary (?) "erks", so let us hope they will meet with greater success this time!!!)

We don't see much of "Chiefy" these days, but he occasionally staggers in, muttering: "Two Bits Equal One Quarter", or some such "leger"endary jargon!!

Our Corporal from the "Land of Coal" seems to find life hardly worth living these days—a recent visit to the Dental Clinic left him minus a large molar and half of his lower jawbone!! He was subsequently heard to remark that he never knew a dentist had to pinch and scrape so hard to earn a living!!

Another of our Amorous Welshmen recently managed to convince his latest "heart-throb" that "Cymru am byth" meant "I love you!" in AUSTRIAN!!!

Judging from a recent episode in the life of our notorious "TIPLER", we wonder if it would have been better had he "swiped" a real barrel of beer instead of a wooden reproduction bearing the legend "YE OLDE TAV-ERNE"!! Maybe his eyes couldn't record the "third dimension" at that stage in the proceedings?!!

It is rumoured that a certain N.C.O. i/c has strongly recommended a "TWO-SIX" Course for Instrument Repairers, but we doubt if his efforts will be appreciated!

Corporal Spencer, our popular N.C.O. i/c "Moans, Groans and Panics", has joined the long line of S.S.Q.'s unfortunate human guinea pigs, and is now undergoing a supposedly painless series of injections for the dispersal of his oft-recurring and awkwardly-placed boils!!

Recalling your past misfortunes, Spenny!—we hope that the M.O. doesn't feel tempted to "miss-cue" and leave you to demonstrate a well-known Service colloquialism!! —R.J.A.

Wireless and Electrical Section

The W.&E. Section held its Annual Dinner on Tuesday, 22nd February. The Wireless Section was rather conspicuous by its absence—(only two Senior N.C.O.'s and one Corporal being present)—due to the rather extortionate price of the "Do". Still—I suppose "Ali Baba and his 40 Picton Shop-keepers" must live!!!

We were honoured by the presence of Flight Sergeant Milford, who never once asked if we could see "that certain man's chin"!

I thought the remark from a certain Scottish Corporal concerning the wet plates when the soup was served was uncalled for—it was "Resurrection Soup"! — it went down all right, but some of it "rose again"! . . . or was it the beer, Joe?!!

Mr. Wilson was heard to remark that the cheese was "on the turn"!! —he would, I am sure, have expres-

sed himself better if he'd said that it was "halfway up the 'straight'"!

After the "eats", we were entertained by Mr. Wilson and Flight Sergeant Milford, from their varied repertoire of "Barrack-Room Ballads"!

A good time was had by all . . . but who were the two "erks" who chased the "squaw" into the "Royal"?!

Thanks a lot for coming along, Scotty! Nappy, we hope the photos are as good as last year's.

Belated congratulations to Bill, Ron and Jess, on their "elevation" to N.C.O. rank, not forgetting Corporal Harris on his "third"!

We welcome L.A.C. "Rosey" Lea into our midst, and trust that he will like the Island he has come to, better than the one he has just left!

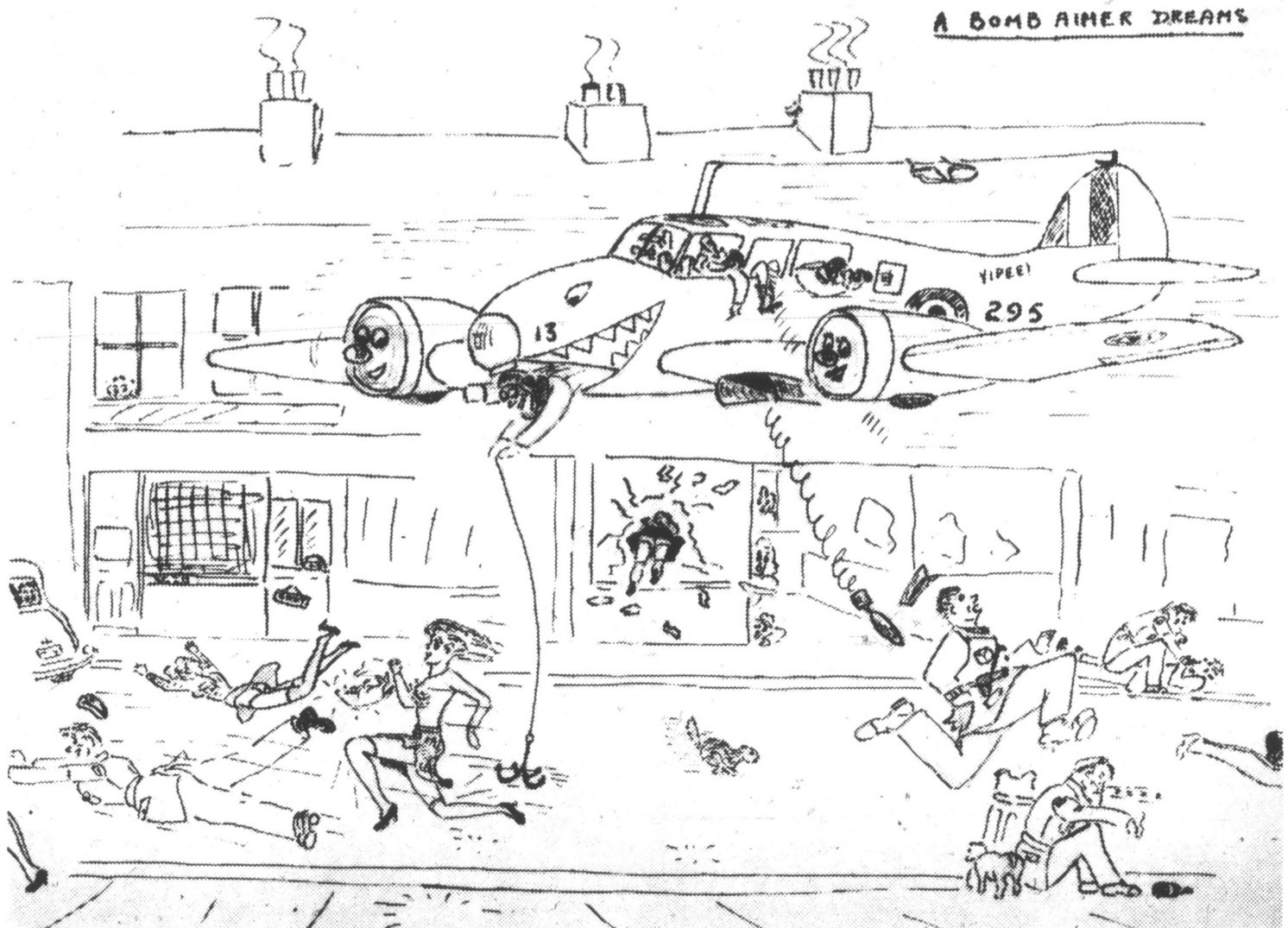
To Bob Taylor we regretfully say "Farewell!", and sincerely hope that he will get a "cushy" posting when he reaches the "Old Country"!

Who said Len couldn't pass an L.T. T.B. and that Jessop couldn't pass a "pub"?!

I'm a dreamer, Mac! — Montreal!! A certain L.A.C. (Electrician) — well! that's what his Pay-Book says!! —would like all and sundry to know that his bed-space is NOT Madison Square Garden!!

What's the attraction in Belleville, Frank and Vic?! — is it those chicken suppers, or is it?!!

Divven't "bind", Nick! — the "Boat" will turn up all in good time, and besides, we all want to get "ohm"!! The corn crop was good last summer!!





Still Waters

LORD, how his head ached. He leaned forward, across the rail, and buried it in his hands, his fingers digging deep into his greying hair. He wondered how much longer the old fool would go on talking. It amazed him, in a way, that he could still find anything to say that he had not said already.

He lifted his head, his lips forming a sneer, and looked across the court-room, towards the pompous figure of the Justice of the Peace.

... that although your actions were such as to arouse any man's suspicions, there is no evidence before the court that you were trespassing with any criminal intent. Looting is a very serious crime; so serious is it in fact, that it has been deemed fit to punish it with death, and, despite this fact, in this part of the country, subject as it is to such frequent enemy air attacks, there has been far too much of it, far too much of it. As in your case however, there remains an element of doubt, I can find no alternative but to give you the benefit of it and dismiss the case. You will have to pay the costs.

So, at last, it was all over.

His mind wandered back to that day—how long ago had it been? It seemed much more than the week it actually was.

He saw again, the policeman's helmet coming slowly into view over the window-sill, the face of its owner peering interrogatively around his boot on the sill, where he had swung it, preparatory to jumping out. For the space of a few seconds they remained thus, staring at one another.

Then, at last, ages it had seemed, the policeman spoke. "What's the matter, sir, lost your latch-key?"

With a start, he had regained his composure—almost, anyway. He replaced his foot upon the floor.

"Er—why, yes, officer—as it happens, I have. Mis-laid it somewhere, this morning."

The policeman had not so much as blinked an eyelid while he was saying this, his face remaining faintly questioning, the eyebrows slightly raised. Slowly, he felt himself growing red under the scrutiny of the cold grey eyes, and the apologetic smile which he played around his mouth, grew a trifle strained.

"Do you mind letting me see your identity card, sir?"

"Why, no—er—no. Of course not."

He dug his hand inside his coat, thinking rapidly.

This was it. Could he risk trying to make a break for it? He looked the impressive form of the policeman over, speculatively. Not much hope there. The blundering fool looked a good two or three stone heavier than he was. Then there was nothing for it but to stay and brazen it out. But how much did this mutton-faced fool know? It was risky, which ever course he took. Still—

The policeman's voice rasped across his thoughts.

"I'm waiting, sir." There was a definite slur on the "sir", this time.

So that had made up his mind for him.

"Of course, officer. Here you are." He handed over the small buff form.

The policeman, after eyeing him for a second or two longer, looked down at the card.

"Hmm. You're a long way from home, aren't you? Twenty-five miles, at least, I should say." His voice coarsened. "Get to one side, I'm coming in. And—no funny stuff."

The man stood back while he clambered over the window-sill. After all, he'd been in worse scrapes than this before. There should be nothing for him to worry about.

Once inside, the policeman faced him, meaningly.

"What's your game? You don't live here and you know it. As it happens, I know the people who used to live in this house. They moved out of the town a few months ago—just after that raid we had in August. You are going to have some explaining to do. What are you doing here, anyway?"

He had been waiting for that. He took a deep breath.

"Well, officer, this is the truth. You see, I thought I heard a kiddy crying in here; I could see the house was unoccupied, so, naturally, I thought it was some youngster, up to some childish prank, who had got into the house and couldn't get out again, so I came in through that window, which was open, by the way, to find out. You know what children are, always into some mischief or other. But I must have been mistaken; there was no one here. And just as I was going out through the window again, you came along. That's all."

"That might be all, but it isn't enough. I'll have to ask you to turn out your pockets."

He went through the man's pockets, diligently, but apparently it needed more than diligence to discover anything that might be construed as not being the man's own property.

The policeman began to show signs of losing his temper.

"Come on. We're going to take a look through every one of these rooms and you are coming with me. I'm not satisfied yet." He emphasized his words deliberately. "You go first and I'll follow along—right behind you."

So, the man leading, they went through the rooms—but here, also, the policeman met with little success. They looked at the rooms on the ground floor, then through the bedrooms and even up in the attic but the policeman could still find nothing outwardly wrong.

They returned to the dining room. On the way back there, the policeman kept shooting glances from the sides of his eyes, at him. He, on the other hand, was only with difficulty, able to restrain himself from

grinning openly in the other's face.

The policeman stopped in the middle of the room and, putting his head on one side and squinting at the floor, said, "Well, I'll have to take you along to the station with me anyway. The 'super' will want to hear about all this."

So—he had gone along, with the policeman, to the police station, and, now, after a week, this was the outcome. He had tricked them all. "Case dismissed with costs."

He grinned, slyly, to himself. True, that dumb copper had given him a bad couple of minutes, when he insisted on going up into that attic.

For there really had been a kiddy crying in that house. He knew, because he had made her cry. So then, of course, he had had to do with her, as he had done with the others. There was nothing crude about the way he'd done it this time—oh, no. Because he'd put her at the bottom of the cold water cistern in the attic. Pity, too, because she had been such a pretty little kid and they could have had so much fun together.

PLOTTING OFFICE (Continued From Page 12)

Gather round, "mes enfants", and hearken unto your "roving reporter" bringing you all the "gen" from the Plotting Office!

We hear reports of an unusual "erk"—he's NOT 'binding' for his "props"!—"Just give me my A.C.1!" is his cry!!

A certain Flying Officer KNOWS that a rocket ascends only ninety feet!—he can prove it, too!! We will keep his secret!—it would be too "Lowe" to mention his name, after all!!

Do you suffer from the cold at night? You do? Well! there's no need for such discomfort!—just set fire to the "pit" as one of our staff did!!! ("Howard" he do such a thing?!!). We hope he'll soon be out of "dock", as our "fag-ends" are nearly exhausted!!!

Who gets "Moody" when he inspects a certain "erk"?!

"I'll make no bones

About this Jones;

Undeniably a knave—

Coming here without a shave!

Get the barber to cut that hair!

My! But those shoes are a dirty pair!

It's not the first time either, lad—

Remember!—"Seven days" can be

had!"

Yet, the while he looks so grim,

Nothing can shake Jones' grin!

Our "ex-A.C.2", Pawson, never subjects his footwear to even "fair wear and tear"—he's always "on his knees"!! (How about it, "Store-Bashers"?!—what price a crafty issue of knee-pads for the "boys"?!).

Is it true that "Shev" is after a new Log-Book?!—(we hear his old one is full of "tea-drinking hours"!!).

The voice of one crying in the wilderness: "More discipline is what is needed!!" It may "Zoot" him, but it certainly doesn't suit us!!

We take this chance to announce to all who have been interested in his welfare, that Sgt. Woodley, (better known as "Cookie"!) is doing as well as can be expected and is on the road

SONGS HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT



REFLECTION

I love myself with all my heart
I love my body, ev'ry part;
I marvel at my wondrous brain,
And thinking, marvel once again;
I speak—and mentally rejoice,
To hear the cadence of my voice.
And yet my dearest self, I own,
You do seem dull when we're alone.

to recovery after a recent "48". (No further bulletins will be issued—Winnipeg papers please copy!).

(The following ditty should be sung to an accompaniment of a gentle "humming"!).

Poor Johnny Bee
Got so tight he couldn't see!
Essayed to walk right through a door—
Landed, prostrate, on the floor!
The marks are there for all to see.
On the face of poor J.B."

No tears were shed when a "Junior member" was moved to G.I.S.!!—his classes have our sympathy!!

So little is seen, of the "tall guy" these days that when he "shows up" one is led to believe that he's on leave from another Station!!—Perhaps his time is spent "Billing" and cooing?!

Who is the ex-"cop" (?!) who is such a success with the fourteen-year-olds?!! (In his moments of humour, it is difficult to discover where his mouth finishes and where his ears begin! He also wears the usual blue, almost-invariably including a raincoat, which, we venture to suggest, has seen better days—or has been used for some nefarious purpose not unconnected with the function of a gr--ndsh--t!!!). No prizes offered.

Will Scott get his "props"?!—read next year's thrilling instalment and find out for yourself!! (He SHOULD get them, if only for his continual "binding" after them!! We wish him good luck and a safe voyage, and hope that it will not be long ere he is once more making nocturnal perambulations up and down the bedroom, fervently wishing that it were both safe and effective to silence his offspring's frenzied yells with a crafty gag, or a hand held firmly over the mouth!! Ro'l on that "Boat"!!

Well, chaps, the lure of the "pit" is casting its spell over me, so I must "sign off" for this month! Bung-frightfully-ho!



Sport and Entertainment

Entertainments have hit a new height since the last issue of "Hill Topics". Activities have really kept the Entertainment Committee busy. However, as this assignment will likely be the writer's last, I would like to express my deepest appreciation to all the Officers and Airmen who have aided in anyway to make our Entertainments the success they have been. F/O. Hamilton-Meikle and F/O. Murray have always been pillars of strength in all activities.

W/O. Reich new i/c projectionist for movies with ready volunteers is carrying along the movie programmes since "Lofty" Dyson left "On the Boat". Two airmen who deserve very special mention are the men responsible for the lighting effects in the Rec.-Hall, which are second to none on any station. These men are Sgts. Marshall and L.A.C. Jones. The Gremlins who look after the Rec.-Hall and refreshments on dance nights are always prepared to go the second mile in their share of the work. S/O. Kenish, with the loyal support from her staff, prepares dainty and yet sumptuous meals for visiting concert parties every second Saturday. The average individual little realizes the work entailed in preparing the meals for these parties. However, without exception, each Concert Party is loud in its praises for the culinary displays of the Mess Staffs. From this station A.C. Tubby Fields is sorely missed. However, it is hoped "Tubby" will be with us again soon. Since the last issue, the Station has been visited by the "Merry Go Round Revue" an excellent show, also the "C for Yourself" E.N.S.A. Concert Party, who gave one show on February 17, 1944. The Variety Show sponsored by the "B'Nai Brith" Society held on March 4—was a real lively show.

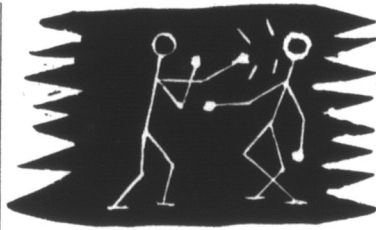
The outstanding social event of this season was the visit of "Mart Kenney and His Western Gentlemen", which was sponsored by the Coca-Cola Co. of Canada. This programme was a real novelty in that we had a Concert, a Broadcast over 40 stations, and a Station Dance, all in the one evening in the Drill Hall. Each of these events was successful and the entire Committee did a great job in its presentation. It is hoped that there will be future Station Dances in the Drill Hall.

The new gold stage curtains in the Rec. Hall are an asset to our stage, which should considerably enhance our various stage shows.

The Y.M.C.A. War Services plan to present what are called "A" pictures once a week in order to produce a better and more up-to-date films in the Rec.-Hall.

Duty Pilot to O.C. Night-Flying—
"Is the Glide-Path Indicator satisfactory, sir?"

O.C.—"Yes, oh yes, fine, fine! Where is it?"



BOXING

On the last evening in February, a large crowd assembled in the Drill Hall to see Picton beat Kingston by five matches to four. The second half of the programme provided considerable excitement, as the final issue was in doubt up to the very end.

The first bout of the evening was between two of our own boys, O'Brien and Devey. Kingston's team were very late in arriving, but eventually their first man, Sergeant, was matched against Sgt. Tully, who was fortunate to gain the decision.

The next fight, between Dundas-Grant and Hoare (Kingston), was one of the best fights of the evening. Although he was giving away height, weight and reach, Grant fought back very hard, particularly during the second round, when he drew blood from his opponent's lip. It was a hard-earned victory that went to the Kingston man.

The Markwick-Reat fight was a very evenly-matched, slick bout which the Picton man was unlucky to lose. Peat was in tip-top condition and too fast for Markwick. In the next fight, Thom, giving away 18 lbs. to Andrews, went the full three rounds with the Kingston man, but was giving away too much weight to be able to win. He gave a fine display, however, taking the fight to his opponent time and again.

The sixth fight, at 135 lbs., between Badger of Picton and Drayton of Kingston, broke the run of defeats. Badger was much the better fighter, and in his slow methodical style scored points steadily.

The next fight was won easily by "Baldy" Baber—the Picton man. Bowden, never having a "look in"! This was the last fight won by Kingston. In the following bout, Parkinson gained a clear decision over Crewes, giving a fine display of boxing. This was followed by McManus who defeated Brown in a good fight between two experienced men.

The last fight of the evening, between McGregor and Riley was decided after two rounds, when the Kingston seconds threw in the towel. The two rounds fought were decisively in favour of McGregor, who quickly got the measure of his opponent and landed some heavy blows. Riley fought back hard, but had neither the experience nor the ability.

It is hoped to arrange a return match with Kingston before the end of the season.

Jack—"You look cheesed chum."

Joe—"Yeah, I got a '48" with a day-pass and an early chit, and the so-and-so's wouldn't let me go tonight!"

SPORTS

STANDING OF INTER-SECTION BASKETBALL LEAGUE UP TO MARCH 1st, 1944

Teams	Played	Won	Lost	For	Against	Points
Headquarters	10	9	1	260	118	18
Instructors	10	7	3	176	151	14
Course 98 'N'	11	7	4	311	222	14
Workshops	9	6	3	156	113	12
Servicing	10	6	4	152	127	8
Course 99	8	4	4	109	117	8
Course 102	5	3	2	64	84	6
Course 98	6	2	4	94	130	4
Course 100	8	2	6	133	191	4
Course 97 "A"	8	2	6	114	140	4
Course 97	9	2	7	149	233	4
Police	7	2	5	123	175	4
Course 101	6	1	5	129	169	2

Headquarters still rule the roost in this League, however with more Canadian teams the opposition will be improved.

All the teams are doing better with this activity. The better players have had some Station games against Picton Collegiate Senior and Junior teams. To date the Station team has lost one game 40-37 against Picton. One very close game 23-24 against Belleville Y.M.C.A. was won by us. As the season in the League, the Inter-Section league progresses and with Canadian players should be an interesting group.

ICE HOCKEY

With such a mild winter hockey enthusiasts have experienced very little activity. Even yet however, some games might be arranged at the behest of Old Man Nature. The Station team after being beaten consistently by Bloomfield and Picton teams all season, defeated Picton 5-4 in a thrilling game. By the time of going to press, Ice Hockey will be terminated and this Canadian Sport will be just a thing to peruse over.

GUNNERY IS FIRED

HAVE you noticed how quiet it is at Picton these days and have you also observed a large number of pilots and air gunners looking sad and unwanted. Well if you have, as I'm sure you must have done, let me tell you the story.

On February the 29th, 1944, the last round was fired on the Tow Line. The last Lysander accompanied by the last Boly landed after their final exercise and gunnery flight died. So let me write the obituary of B and C Flights and tell you of the magnificent job of work they accomplished.

Just about one year ago, should you care to look at the records, you would see that gunnery hardly existed. Trainees spent most of their time in B Flight clearing stoppages and should the Gun have been serviceable and ready to fire the odds were that the drogue failed to open or the Lysander was U/S, the result being that everyone worked twice as hard as they need have done and practically nothing was accomplished. One year later, to be exact on the 27th of February, a new gunnery record was established on the unit, and believe it or not 47,100 rounds were fired and not a detail lost. This record was made possible only through hard work and exceptional organization not only by the Flight Commanders of B and C Flights but by the great spirit which existed in the Flights themselves, the effort of every man was needed and every man put all he had into his work. This grand team spirit is seldom found on a training station, so let us congratulate these two flights on the great show they put up and while we're in the mood let us also offer our congratulations to the two Flight Commanders F/Lt. "Titch" Davies and F/Lt. Chester, to F/Sgt. Creed and to Sgt. Jackson and last but most definitely not least to our Gunnery Leader F/Lt. Larbalastier and his merry men.

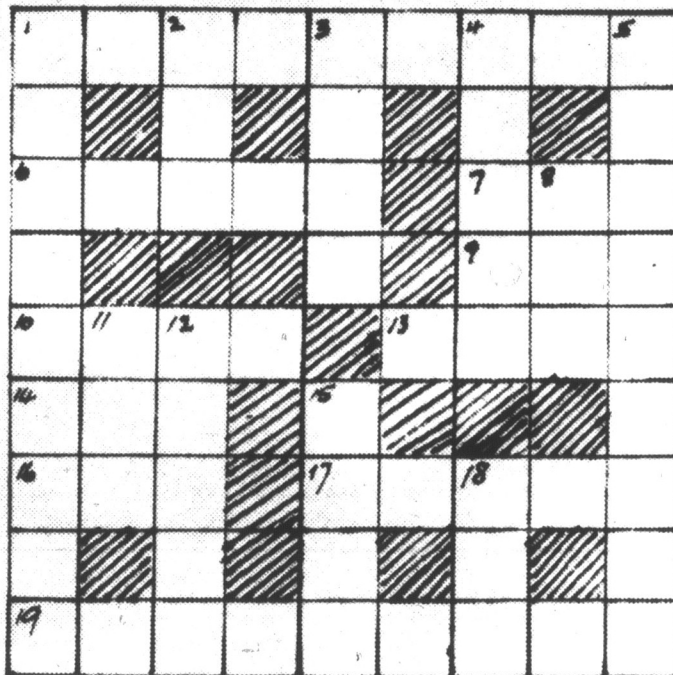
A large number of the pilots and air gunners are returning home. To them we wish all the best of luck and happy hunting. To the less fortunate who are remaining behind we say, "Keep up the good work".



**INTERVIEW
(PAY ACCOUNTS)**

"Beg pardon Corp..."
 "Well airman?"
 "I didn't get no pay"
 "Well, why didn't you go up when your name was called?"
 "Never called it"
 "What is your name?"
 "'068 'Odges."
 "Trade?"
 Baker's roundsman."
 "Your Air Force trade, man?"
 "On a course, Corp."
 "What course?"
 "Two, two, two."
 "Yes, but — oh never mind, why weren't you paid with them?"
 "Been took orf."
 "Why?"
 "Gastrick stummick, dropped feet, took me teef out."
 "Who is your N.C.O.?"
 "Dunno Corp."
 "A Cpl. or a Sgt.?"
 "Middle sized chap with a moustache; a Sgt., Corp."
 "Don't keep calling me Corp. and stand to attention when you speak to an N.C.O."
 "It's me feet, Sarge, I seen the officer."
 "Don't call me Sarge."
 "Sergeant."
 "Or Sergeant either, can't you count up to two, man?"
 "Yes Sarge — Corp., I mean, beg pardon."
 "What officer did you see?"
 "About me feet, Corp?"
 "Don't call me —! Never mind, what did he say?"
 "Said I was to be took orf."
 "It was the Medical Officer then?"
 "I seen 'im when they took my teeth out."
 "It was the Dental Officer that you saw then?"
 "No Corp., I seen 'im before?"
 "Saw who, before what?"
 "Before they gave me the chit for soft food."
 "Where is the chit?"
 "In me identity card, lorst it."
 "Lost it, what the, — hold yourself up man, can't you?"
 "It's me stummick".
 "You're a disgrace to the Air Force, when did you clean your buttons last?"
 "Me tin of polish went."
 "Went, where from?"
 "Side me bed."
 "You should take more care of your things; boot polish went too, I suppose?"
 "That's right."
 "From the side of your bed?"
 "No Corp., topper me locker."
 "How have you managed about parades? Don't try to tell me you passed inspections with boots and buttons like that."
 "Excused parades; got a chit when I seen the officer."
 "What officer?"
 "Dunno."
 "Why don't you get some more polish?"
 "Can't; haven't 'ad no pay."
 "But you've been paid since you've

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Clues Across:

1. P.T. afloat? (4, 5).
6. At drug stores in Canada: but not at liquor stores as you might expect.
7. A Cockney boy-friend or a London plant.
9. You can get this for nothing, but it must be fresh.
10. A vulgar expression, but maybe head and shoulders above you sometimes.
13. The grave of Dictators?
14. Of sterling worth.
16. Employ.

17. They all have a focal point.
19. Are these "third" class?

Clues Down:

1. Is the airman least "browned off" when in these? (4, 5).
2. A good connection.
3. Does the M.O. give you this?
4. Just right.
5. Good places for "gen" if well booked up.
8. Adam's loss.
11. There's an "R" in the month which makes this republics.
12. Rushes upwards.
15. One of the great five.
18. Not the Corner House.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

Across:

1. Sick Leave.
6. Nurse.
7. Rev.
9. One.
10. Harp.
13. gnot.
14. E.T.A.
16. Ted
17. One up.
19. Corporals.

Down:

1. Synthetic.
2. C.P.R.
3. Leer.
4. Apron.
5. Envelopes.
8. Eno.
11. Ate.
12. Radar.
15. Tojo.
18. Era.

been here. When were you paid last?"
 "Friday fortnight; spent it."
 "Why didn't you spend some of it on polish?"
 "'Adn't 'ad time."
 "Why don't you get that uniform cleaned and mended?"
 "Only one I got."
 "But good gracious man, you had a clothing parade last week. Why didn't you get your second blue?"
 "Never called me name."
 "But haven't you been checked at kit inspections?"
 "Seen the officer, gotter chit."
 "Well you've beaten me. What did you say your name was?"
 "'O68 'Odges Corp."
 "Yes well—oh Flight Sgt. Bedford, can you do anything for this man? He wasn't paid today."

"What's this, airman?"
 "Didn't get no pay."
 "Why didn't you go up when your name was called?"
 "Never called it."
 "What is your name?"
 "'068, 'Odges, Flight."
 "Don't call me 'Flight', and stand to attention when you speak to a senior N.C.O."
 "It's me feet, Flight; I seen the officer."
 "What officer?"
 "I seen him when they took me teef out, Sarge."
 "Don't call me 'Sarge'. Are you blind man? Hold yourself up; you're a disgrace to the air force; when did you clean your buttons last?"
 AC. NEW

TORCH(URE)

A few words about the Library this month.

Since it left its dismal and inaccessible quarters in the "Barn", the station Library has taken a new lease of life! Under the industrious guidance of the popular Librarian "Jeff", it took ordered shape and began to look something like a library.

The circulation rose rapidly from somewhere around 300 a month to as high as 2,000 a month. The average monthly circulation now is about 1,500.

New books are continually being added, and it is hoped to cater for all tastes—if you have any suggestions, hand them in to the librarian. A large number is being bought out of P.S.I. funds; others come as gifts. Recently, a number of repatriated airmen, finding it impossible to squeeze all their possessions into the limited packing space available, have given a number of their own books to the library. These have been very much appreciated, and the idea is commended to others who have acquired volumes during their stay here, and are unable to take them with them when they go.

It remains to be said that the Canadian Legion is an inexhaustible source of new books, and a continual flow of the more recent publications has and will continue to come from this source.

Mention has already been made of the generosity of the Canadian Committee, who are still furnishing literature of all kinds upon Canada. These books and those supplied by the Canadian Legion are available to all ranks.

Here is a list of the most recent additions: "The Last Enemy," Hillary; "Cripps: Advocate Extraordinary," Strauss; "Stories of the Great Operas," Newman; "Taps for Private Tussie," Stuart; "See Here, Private Hargrove," Hargrove; "Guns or Butter," Bruce Lockhart; "Out of the People," Priestley; "Russia and Ourselves," Gollancz; "My Appeal to the British," Gandhi; "Economics for Everybody," Crobaugh; "How Green Was My Valley," Llewellyn; "Boughs Bend Over," French; "The Signpost," Robertson; "The Robe," Douglas; "Literary England (Photographic)," Sherman and Wilcox; "De Führer," Heiden; "Persons and Places," Santayana; etc.

The library is situated in No. 9 Right, and is open every day (except Saturdays) from 13.30 hours to 19.30 hours.

Overheard in the Airman's Mess—"I see you take bread with your butter."

PRIZE WINNERS

Cartoon Page 6
 "Absent Without Leave" Page 5