

Hill Topics

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PICTON, ONTARIO, CANADA



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EDITORIAL

IF the magazine is a few days late this month we must crave your indulgence as all but one of the magazine staff have been on leave during the critical period of compilation. Also one of the most active members of the committee is at last on "that boat" which everyone is so keen to see. I am speaking of LAC. 'Jock' Stevens of Maintenance Stores. The best of luck Jock, here's hoping that we bump into you again sometime. In his place we welcome two new members to the Committee, Sgt. King, an enthusiastic photographer to whom we are indebted for this month's photographs, and Cpl. Treasurer, of the S.P.'s.

I am very grateful for your support in the way that you buy up practically all the copies of the Magazine as soon as they are on sale and it is extremely encouraging to hear, as I have done, fellows saying, "Well, that's something to put in Hill Topics." The idea of having a station magazine is for it to become an 'institution' whereby all personnel can meet on common ground, and I think that at least we have travelled some way towards achieving this. We still experience quite a bit of difficulty in getting articles, not for the news from the sections, but of the general type. So if sometimes things appear that you don't think much of, please remember that they probably went in because we had nothing else. It takes a considerable amount of material to fill a sixteen-page copy.

If as rumour has it, even in Britain, quoting a recently received letter, this station either closes or is handed over to the R.C.A.F. then, of course 'Hill Topics' will close with it. But at any rate even if the life of our magazine is short, let us make it good.

On behalf of myself and the rest of the committee I would like to say 'Au revoir and Godspeed' to all those old familiar faces that have recently left us, we were sorry to see you go but glad because that was what you wanted. Even though many of us who have been together on this station will probably never meet again once we leave here there will be many pleasant memories and talk of the 'old days' whenever ex-Pictonians happen to meet, be it in Britain or on some foreign shore.

Now for this month we will say cheerio and here's to the next one, it will be nearer the boat!

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"HILL TOPICS"

STAFF

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THE IRRELEVANCIES OF AN 'ERK'

EXPERIMENTS undertaken to determine the amount of inebriation among newts have convinced me that there is, as one might say, nothing to it! Astonished was what I was when I discovered this, because I had heard ugly reports of the intemperate habits of these little creatures.

Concerning current rumours, I am able to state, without overmuch mis-giving, that all R.A.F. personnel will be off the station by a week next Tuesday, when the camp will be taken over by the I.O.D.E. High officials of that worthy body have announced their intention of running the place as a Rest Home for tired and dispirited tractor-drivers! All airmen who have completed their "time" by then will be packed in large wooden cases and sent to Chungking. The remainder, I understand, will be hounded out of the district by an enraged populace armed with big sticks and fortified with righteous indignation!

Some little time ago, when I was an ardent fish fancier, I made it a habit to wander down to a local stream disguised as an Arabian cheese vendor, there to tickle any trout that chanced to pass that way! There I fell in love, one beautiful summer's night when the moon was full and bright! (Poetry!). This particular night the Frog Controller for the Welsh Marches and Outlying Districts chanced to be ringing tadpoles in my favourite spot. This Frog Controller, contrary to the custom, was a female, young, beautiful beyond words, and efficient. With incomparable skill and divine gentleness, she fastened an aluminum ring round the midriff of each tadpole. I knew then, as I watched her, that I had at last met the one I had been waiting for through many weary years. Pausing only to tear off my false beard and to throw away the samples of Arabian cheese I always carried on these excursions,

I approached her and introduced myself in a voice rendered weak and unfamiliar by sheer diffidence. With a delightfully impulsive little movement she snapped an aluminium (aluminum?) ring around my little finger, and although this described me—somewhat incorrectly!—as a tadpole named Herbert, two days old, the gesture made me her slave for ever, and we fell to talking of the ways of fish and frogs and all the inconsequential trifles that have delighted the hearts of lovers since the beginning of time. How can I describe the rapture of the next few weeks as we sat together night after night on the dewy banks of my little stream, talking intimately of fish and frogs?! It was too good to last, although we did not realise it then. The god Mars intervened to draw us into his rapacious maw (to coin a phrase!) and we were both "called up"; she to be sent down a coal mine to release a pit-pony for more active duties; and I to join the R.A.F. as an air commodore's mate, 1st class—\$1.25 per day plus bonus, flying pay, and tips! Thus we were parted, perhaps forever—ah me!

Well, I have done it at last! For longer than I care to think about, (that is, since I have been on this station!), it has been my ambition to write an article for the Station Magazine. Somehow I never got round to it, until this week, when, Heaven helping me, I wrote this "effort"! I am now hard at work on an article for the magazine on my next station. The subject is a military secret!

—A.N. ERK

IS IT EVER A G.D.B.!!

One evening in the afternoon approaching half past nine I layed me down my weary head in search of sleep divine. I tried and tried so hard I vow, but found I couldn't sleep. Once more I courted Morpheus by counting scores of sheep And then I started wrangling with a shepherd—what a crook! He really was annoying so I killed him with a look. Oh how I laughed with savage glee 'Til some new fear awakened me.

I raised my eyes and peered about, when on the bedroom wall I saw a ghastly creature dance. It caused my skin to crawl. To divers deities I called, but could not word things right. With frantic haste I strove to pray, but failed and died in fright. For hours upon my bed I lay as cold as corpse can be. But Fate withheld the peace and rest I knew was due to me While men with horns and blood-shot eyes Tormented me with fendish cries.

The room, as if an ocean vast, about me started swirling. My bed a ship upon the sea, the waves around me curling. The lofty ceiling, high above, was filled with clouds of thunder. If I were dead or still alive, was now a cause for wonder. An elephant with hide of pink, my 'tummy' started pounding; O'er come with fright, my hair turned white—was that Hell's cry a-sounding? I bade farewell to all mankind My wife and children left behind.

My chamber walls asunder torn, dissolved about mine ears. The flames a-licking through the rents—confirmed my utmost fears In future when to bed you go, at dead of night e'er dawn And wake up in the afternoon and find that is morn. Be warned, my friend, and think of this, my tale of mortal pain For though Death's door you enter not, you'll surely go insane. Forsake the lure of BEER and WINE Unless you wish a fate like MINE!



INTRODUCING

OFFICER OF THE MONTH



F/O. J. GREGORY O'GRADY

Was born in St. Johns, Newfoundland, and is, as his name suggests, of Irish extraction. He ran away from school when he was sixteen to go to sea and served as a seaman and later as a wireless operator with the Furness-Withy line. During his career at sea he visited most parts of North and South America, the West Indies, Bermuda and crossed the Atlantic to Britain.

In 1940 he quit the Merchant Navy as it was comparatively unexciting and joined the R.A.F. He was trained in Canada as a W/O.P. A.G. and went overseas to England later that year. After some four months of advanced training he was posted first to 214 Squadron, Stradishall, then reposted to 75 N.Z. Squadron at Feltwell, where he did his first operations. During one trip the aircraft that he was in was shot up by flak over Dunkirk then by enemy fighters. The crew had to bale out and he landed in the sea off the Wash, but was picked up. This of course made him a member of the Caterpillar Club.

In December of the same year he volunteered for duties, destination unknown, thinking, due to rumours, that he was going to Russia with the R.A.F. Wing. However, he was made a member of the then forming 215 Squadron which embarked and finally ended up, not in Russia, but in India. He was in India and Burma for two years doing operations over most of the India-Burma theatre of war. At that time his Squadron, flying Wellington I's, was the only heavy bomber squadron in action out there, and remained so up to the latter part of '42, when they were reinforced by two squadrons of U.S. heavies. The operations out there consisted, in the main, of bombing Japanese-held Burms from Rangoon through Mandalay to Akyab. They also dropped food to the retreating British and Indian armies (under Wavell and Alexander) and to the civilian population along

the Burma road and the roads and jungle areas of Northern Burma and Assam. It was this squadron which kept Brigadier Wingate's expedition supplied with food.

Later he was sent down to Southern India and stationed at Madras, where he did submarine patrols and attacks on enemy shipping. After four months of this he was sent on a paratroop course and became jump-master with the British and Indian Paratroop division (they were using Wellingtons and jumping from the mid-under turret opening). After a further four and a half months of this he returned to bombing of Japanese held positions during the monsoon season.

During his operations against the Japs he was in the aircraft which made the (up to then) longest operational trip on record. One night they missed a pinpoint when on the way to bomb Akyab and were finally up for nine and a half hours on only 700 gallons of petrol. One of his most exciting trips was when, one night, his aircraft was attacked by three Jap Zeros. They shot down two and damaged the third!

Whilst out in the Far East he caught both malaria and dysentery. He also learned to speak Hindustani but not to write it, which I understand is a feat accomplished by few white men except through years of experience.

After heavy casualties (there are not many of the original members of his squadron left now), they were finally reinforced by men from British O.T.U.'s and he was sent back to England for an instructor's course finally ending up, as he puts it himself, a 'prisoner of war' at Picton.

N.C.O. OF THE MONTH



WARRANT OFFICER BIGGS

1924—Left school—joined as a B.E.—Spent 2 years at Cranwell.
1926—Moved to Halton for 1 year; thence in
1928—to M.T. section at Shrewsbury. First overseas posting to Baghdad in No. 1 Armoured Car unit, followed by three years in Palestine on

desert patrol, and quelling of riots, etc. (spent exciting time chasing a troublesome sheik!). This latter with No. 2 A.C. Company.

1934—Back to England and stationed at the R.A.F. School of Photography in Fairborough for 4 years.

1936—Moved to Marston and then to No. 3 S.P.T.S. at South Cerney 3 years, followed by first Canadian station at 36 E.P.T.S. Pierce, Alberta; later Port Albert, and finally No. 31 B.S.G., Picton, where he is W/O. 1/c Servicing Squadron.

Hobbies—Married to English wife, living in Picton—two children.

AIRMAN OF THE MONTH



L.A.C. BACIGALUPO

This month our spotlight falls on one of our noted barbers William Bacigalupo, who is a native of Accrington, Lancashire.

He has been keeping the boys out of trouble for the past 3 1/4 years by clipping their hair, so enabling them to avoid trouble on a C.O.'s parade.

When one visits the shop there are usually many topics under discussion including the latest "gen", which is always up-to-date.

Bill is a keen customer in the canteen but owing to the long hours barbers work he often has to go dry. His pet aversion is an U.T. coming in late for a hair-cut when he wishes to quench his thirst.

Last summer Bill did a bit of Commando Training, but unfortunately took it a shade too seriously as swimming with one's clothes on is a little awkward.

His chief ambition is to climb aboard the boat, though it will be quite a time before his ambition is realized.

Up to the time of going to press, Bill is suspected of having fractured his ribs, whilst Corporal Jones, his partner, is hobbling about with a bone broken in his ankle. The only fit member of the trio is our popular comedian, L.A.C. Markey, and we trust he does not fall, otherwise they may as well put up a sign "The Old Cripples". It must be a hard life this haircutting business.

FROM AN UNKNOWN PIECE OF MUSIC

A smooth moon sheds unearthly light
On waters viscous, sensitive, alive.
All is bordered by a silken night—
Time for once has ceased to strive.

Swift, unhurried, from the infinite,
advance
A girl wearing the green of ocean
deeps;
A boy in live celestial blue,
Mutually approaching in fantastic
dance.

They meet—opposing colours blend;
All is now harmony, melody complete,
And where the moon's caressing beams
descend
To play upon the water's cold black
lips,
Transient spectral tears of happiness
appear;
Emotion ripples on a placid face
Of water—a spectral nightingale re-
verses
The moment with its song of age-
less ecstasy.

But sudden—fain beyond the dark's
kind curtain here—
The awful roar of Mars approaching
near;
Now the awful tongues of hungry
flame reveal
How flimsy the nocturnal veil
That shields their happiness.

FRUSTRATION

Oh to live, to realise my soul;
To be the instruments of my
Emotions, free to play the role
Suggested by my fancy.

Who are the people of this earth
That they may judge the right or
wrong
In me, and who beyond my birth
Has mutual acquaintance? Too long
E'en now I've straggled on the rope
Which they declare the finest way
Through life—from birth to death in
hope.

Some fearing, glance not down, and
they
An awful infinite presume.
Others, bolder, glancing down
And see no monotone of gloom
But colour—whence they might have
down.
But now their fingers, idle hope
And blind assumption, selfish fear—
Have bound forever to the rope,
And sealed their ears, lest they might
hear
The music of some other sphere.

What holds me that I do not fall?
Long downward have I turned my
gaze.
My ears can clearly hear the call,
And echo through my mouth in
praise.
My lips are unafraid to sing.
But still my fearful fingers cling.

MURDER ON A NAPKIN

BY CPL. MORGAN AND LAC. LEMAIRE

For any readers of "Hill Topics" who with a strong mind have followed the painful and somewhat witless meanderings of our hero, we bring good news. This is the last instalment and we the writers now return to our mundane routine jobs at No. 31 "Persoot", after dipping into the realms of fancy.

CHAPTER VI

IN a very short time, the gang was speeding out towards Maidenhead, prepared for any contingency. They had little difficulty in finding the house on account of the explicit instructions given by the Informer.

They left their cars about a mile away, concealed in a spinney, and Hugh went on alone to reconnoitre. He returned in a short while, and informed the gang that the house was guarded by armed thugs, stationed in the shrubbery around the house. They cautiously advanced forward, intending to evade the guards, but Archie Hunt-Bodison tripped over a matchstick, which cracked sharply, giving the game away. To add to the general confusion Archie, in some inexplicable way, got his moustache entangled in the shrubbery. Immediately a volley of shots and oaths rang out (that shows you what a moustache can do—Beware Mr. Codd) and Hugh, realising that stealth was useless, rose from his hiding place and charged across the lawn. He smashed through the french windows and found himself in a lounge. He waited there until the rest of the gang joined him. Ascertaining that no casualties had been suffered, he ordered three of them to cover up their rear (that fixed you, Turner), and led the others in a tour of the establishment.

Nothing was discovered on the ground floor and they were about to ascend the stairs to investigate the upper rooms, when they heard an agonised groan, apparently coming from the cellars. Immediately they set to work with renewed endeavour to find the entrance, and it was Hugh, his ears trained to such circumstances, who first met with success.

He found in an alcove in one of the passages, an old door, bolted, which apparently led to a cellar. The door proved no match for their combined weight. It opened onto a long flight of dark, dank, slimy stone steps. Gingerly they felt their way down the steps. Barring their path at the bottom was a rusty door which was slightly ajar. Stealthily moving close to the door, Hugh applied his eye to the crack through which the light filtered. A macabre scene met his gaze. The room was illuminated by a single but powerful arc light, which outlined everything in harsh, stark tones. The central figure was Richard Wainwright, bound to a chair placed immediately under the powerful light. He had been stripped to the waist, and the white skin was horribly criss-crossed with vivid red weals caused by red hot irons. His contorted face had dropped forward onto his chest and a thin trickle of saliva drooled from his mouth. He

realised the moment had come for him to intervene. Signalling to the rest of the gang, he pulled open the door and stepped into the room. For a moment there was a pregnant silence or a breathless hush (whichever you like), the occupants frozen into immobility. "Drop that," he snarled, motioning towards the iron with his coil, 455, automatic Mk III, triple star. Saverien whirled round, his face contorted with rage, but he was impotent (who would have thought it!). Hugh stationed his men at strategic points round the room.

He had caught Saverien in the middle of his foul work, and there seemed little else to do but to succour the Professor and hand over this devil incarnate and his foul accomplices to the appropriate authorities (Para. 1).



"Seen here long, Sergeant?"

was moaning softly. Standing, facing the professor was a man whom Hugh hardly recognized as Paul Saverien. His thin veneer of suavity and sophistication had vanished. When he spoke, the cultured accents had entirely disappeared. This was not the smooth, glib, arrogant gentleman so well known to the public; instead a vicious, cunning, snarling, bestial criminal confronted our hero. Hugh saw him with the veil lifted (this is not a striptease), a creature spewed from the dregs of society to encompass innocent people with its slimy, strangling, loathsome tentacles. A being with the body of a man but with a mind and purpose that represented everything evil! Beside him, fawning on him, was Tanya, her mask of sangfroid and savoir-faire removed, looking what she really was—a Mistress, a common Harlot, touting her only assets to the highest bidder. A fitting companion to such a parasite!

Richard Wainwright moaned again as one of Saverien's thugs approached him with a freshly heated iron. Hugh

decided that everybody could adjourn to the living room upstairs to await the arrival of the police from whom assistance had already been sought. With two of the gang supporting the Professor, he herded the rest of them up the stairs at pistol point.

Up in the living room the arrival of the police found Paul and Tanya silent in their discomfiture. This silence was abruptly broken as Saverien lost his self control and hurled a stream of blasphemous profanity at Hugh. Hugh went over to the sideboard to mix himself a drink and momentarily his attention was distracted. He had not noticed that Saverien had moved imperceptibly towards the light's switch. Hugh sensed that something was about to happen, but he swung round too late. Even as his gun spat fire, the room was plunged into darkness and he heard the scurry of footsteps. Blindly he launched himself towards the French windows and his outstretched hand gripped one of the shadowy fig-

ures crashing towards the window. A muttered oath told him that it was Saverien. Hugh strove to strengthen his grip and he secured a strangling grip on Saverien's neck. Meanwhile a general melee had ensued between the gang and the rest of Saverien's thugs. Hugh found himself up against an opponent who used every foul artifice to free himself, and even as his arm slid round Saverien's neck in an unbreakable grip, Saverien's foot smashed into his hypogastrium. His grip loosened and he felt a wave of nausea engulf him. Even as he collapsed to the floor he felt searing agony as Saverien's boot swung again and lashed his face. Struggling to his feet he yelled for lights, and when after a short lapse, the room was again illuminated, he saw that both Saverien and Tanya had disappeared. Weakly he stumbled to the french windows which were swung open, and as he looked out into the night, he heard the hum of a high powered car as it swept down the drive, and over the still night air came a derisive peal of maniacal laughter.

EPILOGUE

"And now we come to tragic bit, there was no means of stopping it."

Unlike the old song, we did eventually manage to find a reasonable ending. The adventures of Billingforth and his lifelong struggle against the villainous machinations of Saverien, (we are still unable to find the "ch") may be followed up in any of the present day crime and adventure stories. Naturally names will have been altered, but readers will find no difficulty in recognising the main characters.

The title, we admit, is deceiving, in that there is no mention of a napkin throughout the whole story. Set your minds (if any) at rest, DEAR READERS there is no napkin! This is a crime story—a story of unbridled passions and fury—not a lesson in practical obstetrics, or hints to nursing mothers. The title alludes to the origin of the story—it began on a paper napkin in the "Star" Cafe.

Should you wish to find further outlet for your energies in this type of literature, we would recommend you to visit the station library, managed by F/L. Freeman and efficiently run by a picturesque character, to wit AO 1 Tyler, who will be pleased to inform you of the best choices. We may add that we are charging the sum of 5 dollars for this splendid advertisement.

We wish to express our appreciation to all characters concerned, and sincerely apologise for any undue offence or publicity. We, the authors, feel very deeply our parting with "Hill Topics", and the heroic Hugh. (May his hair never grow shorter or his accent less pronounced), but frankly we are just as cheesed off with this story as you are. And now, DEAR READERS, we bid you a long farewell.

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1st Airman: "Is she the homeloving type?"

2nd Airman: "No, you have to take her to a hotel, she's always afraid that her husband is going to come home unexpectedly".



ODDS AND ENDS

"How did you cure your husband of staying out late?"

"One night when he came home I called out, 'Is that you, George?' and my husband's name is Stan!"

A beauty, by name Henrietta,
Just loved to wear a tight sweater.
Three reasons she had:
To keep warm wasn't bad—
But the other two reasons were better.

F/O. in Royal York: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

Willing Girl: "No, I don't think so".

F/O.: "Then where the Hell did you get the idea?"

Girls who were raised on cod liver oil have legs like this ! !

Girls who ride horses have legs like this ()

Girls who keep saying "Well just one more" have legs like this } (

And we might add good(?) girls have legs like this X.

O.C. Air Training: "You should have been here at eight o'clock."

Plotting Office Type: "Why? What happened?"

Peaches to peaches,

Cream to Cream—

My gal's so hot

She exhales steam.

Fishes are of dubious sex,
And hatch their young 'uns out of ex
Fishes must be very smart,
To tell the hims and hers apart.

You kissed and told,

But that's alright—

The man you told

Called up last night.

There once was a maiden of Siam,
Who said to her boy friend, "Young
Kiam,

"If you make me, of course,

"You will have to use force—

But God knows you're stronger than I am".



"Anyway, I'm glad George is serving on the African front—I understand those Moslem girls are very modest and hard to get acquainted with!"

There was an officer's wife in England who very strongly disapproved of gambling but her husband liked betting on the races. Of course he told her nothing about it. One day after a big race a pal of his came round and very tactlessly asked, in front of the wife:

"Well, did you have any luck with Lulubelle yesterday?"

The wife gave her husband a venomous look and stalked out of the room.

"Oh God! Now you've torn it," said the husband, "my wife thinks that I don't bet".

A few moments later, when the wife returned, the friend who had been thinking remarked, "I say, old girl, don't misunderstand my remark just now, Lulubelle isn't a horse, you know. She's a barmaid".

Sometimes the baby talk starts after the honeymoon.

OF DOGS

"And Knowing Man's Need For a Friend, God Gave Him a Dog"

Paddy was not good looking; he was not even just plain. He was ugly. His pedigree was non-existent and his ancestry was obscure. His dark coat was shaggy, unruly and always appeared grimy. He was but one of a host of such dogs, sent to pest humans with their whining ways and aimless wanderings over private property: The outcast of dogs and humans.

Paddy stood two feet nothing on his four dingy stockinged feet. He was a mixture of discreditable characteristics. He was illiterate, a thief, an arrant coward and smelly. He robbed from anything or anyone smaller, ran howling from anything larger, and rollicked in a strong smell of dog. He was bad but he was Paddy and he was my pal.

He came to me for a few pence, thrust himself upon me and soon I treasured him beyond all. His brown eyes, loyal and trusting, his very manner made me his staunch champion in all troubles. He had nothing in him to do him credit except for an unswerving loyalty to me. He took all scoldings with an apologetic look in his eyes, and immediately forgot them in some new game.

Then Paddy died. He died as he had lived—a rogue and a thief. When he died I felt a great loss. I badly wanted to see his lazy, smelly body sprawled in the sun or to see him scurrying to me for protection from something he feared. He was shot while raiding a neighbouring chicken pen.

For a long time I remembered Paddy. Then I met Butch. Butch is not so good looking. He is not even just plain. He is ugly. His pedigree is non-existent and his ancestry obscure. But I'm waiting for that day when, after strife gives way to peace, I can return to see him. He will come scurrying to me for protection, he will smell and he'll be lazy, but he is my dog and I hear that he raids neighbouring chicken pens.

—R. H. G.I.S./P.L.

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LUCK COMES IN TWO VARIETIES

THE cat plumped silently out of the darkness to Sammy's feet and mewed. Sammy jumped, his conscience was not as clear as it might have been. He looked down in the pale light cast by the moon and watched it, the arching back entwining in and out of his legs, its fur ruffling in the cold east wind. Picking it up he ran his fingers through the coat, in the dim light.

It was pure black, a good sign, perhaps that meant everything would go well. He had always played up to his luck—always taking care he did nothing to rouse the wrath of Dame Fortune—like walking underneath ladders and things like that. Disentangling the cat's claws from his coat he dropped it over a garden wall. Then, looking cautiously around to see that no late wayfarers were about who might remember a suspicious character, melted into the night. He crossed the road and coming to the wall running around the factory, walked along to a spot where it dipped and came nearer the pavement. With hands outstretched he leapt upwards, pausing for a second on the top to steady himself, then sprang lightly down on the other side. He was in. But he still had the hardest part to tackle.

Picking his way quietly across the yard, a shadow among many shadows, he came at last to the factory building itself. The wind bit through his thin clothes and he drew his grimy muffler tighter around his neck. His hands, thrust deeply into his pockets, came into contact with something hard and furry. He licked his lips and taking the rabbit's foot from his pocket, looked at it for a second or two, wished hard and then replaced it. Nothing had seemed too risky since he'd taken that from the pocket of a Negro sailor whom he had waylaid among London's dock streets a few months before.

Coming to the corner of the factory building, he halted in the shadow and swung his head furtively to left and right once more to make doubly certain that he was unobserved. Then he slid noiselessly around the corner and sprinted swiftly across a patch of moonlight to a small window let into the red brick wall of the building.

It was about five or six feet above his head. Backing a few yards he took a short run and leapt upwards, fingers outstretched and toes and knees braced for a grip on the rough bricks. His fingers caught on the window ledge, and with an effort he managed to pull his body up into a sitting position. He tried the window, pushing the bottom half upwards to see whether it was open. It would not move. That was what he had expected so it did not alarm him. Fumbling in his pocket, he brought out a pocket knife and inserted the long blade in the crack between the two halves of the window. Starting as much pressure as he safely could without pushing himself from his precarious perch, he eventually succeeded in releasing the catch which held the window closed. There was a faint "click" as it sprang back. He replaced the knife in his pocket and placing both hands on the bottom sash, commenced to raise it. Surprisingly

it did not slide upwards as easily as he had expected. It was a dead weight on his arms. He poked his head inside the room and by screwing it around over his shoulder, he could look upwards and see the cause, a broken pulley-cord. With one arm raised over his head to keep the win-



"I see the army hasn't taught you close-order drill yet!"

dow in position, he swung his legs over the window sill and dropped lightly into the room, standing tense his head cocked to one side to listen. No sound came through the warm, close air of the room to disturb him. Reassured, he moved across the room to the door, his hand outstretched to the door-knob. It turned easily, soundlessly, in his grasp and, hardly daring to breathe, he let himself out into the corridor. His rubber-soled shoes made no noise as he walked down the passage in the direction in which he knew the offices lay. He ran a finger along the inside of the muffler around his neck. He was sweating and clammy, although not altogether from the warmth of the air circulating through the factory.

Suddenly he stopped dead in his tracks, and then without a sound ducked into the shadow of a doorway. The sound of footsteps came down the corridor towards him. Sammy held his breath as they came slowly level with him—and passed. The night watchman never knew what hit him.

Without a sound, he crumpled in his tracks and fell heavily to the floor, as Sammy's fist, encased in a knuckle-duster, landed just above his neck at the base of the skull.

Sammy quickly dragged the unconscious body into an empty room and rolled it into a corner. There would be little need to tie the man up and, anyway that would waste valuable time. He was turning to go when a flash of colour at the man's throat caught his eye. In all probability, had the colour been anything else but green, he would not have noticed it. Sammy had always put a lot of faith in that colour—maybe

lips forming the words painted on the doors as he passed them, reading them off to himself. He stopped outside one marked "Manager's Office" and put his hand to the door knob. It was locked. His hand dived into his pocket once more and this time brought out a bunch of skeleton keys. In a few seconds the door swung open.

Entering the room, he padded round by the walls to the windows and pulled down the blinds, and then stood, once more, his body tensed, listening. But no sound came to disturb his peace of mind. Outside, the streets were dark and deserted, as they should be at two o'clock in the morning. Satisfied, Sammy took a torch from his pocket and played it carefully around the room. In one corner the beam stopped, the light reflected back across the room by the brass wheels of the safe. He went towards it and knelt down in front of it. A sudden gleam came from the metal objects in the cloth bundle which he now unrolled in his hands. With the torch propped on a corner of the desk, Sammy went to work—quietly, purposefully, without haste.

Some while later he grunted contentedly and squatted back on his heels as the safe door swung out towards him. He chuckled softly to himself at the sight which met his eyes, stacks and stacks of notes all ready to fill the pay envelopes on the morrow. He didn't think such a small company could own so much money. Well, they wouldn't miss it much if they could afford to pay their workers all that amount. His hands reached inside the safe and he started to fill his pockets. The more he took, the more there would be for himself—he'd be lucky if he got ten bob in the pound. He hadn't on the last job anyway. And Mr. Adams had told him he didn't think he could risk giving him nine bob if he brought him any more. It was getting too risky, he had said. Still, now he was here, Sammy thought, he might as well take it while he had the chance. His hands went on filling his pockets until they bulged out like a schoolboy's. He satisfied himself at last that they would hold no more unless he left his tools behind and he certainly did not want to do that. So he closed the safe door again, carefully wiping it off before he did so. The cops hadn't got his fingerprints yet and he didn't want to give them to them now. He gathered up his tools and, switching off his torch, went to the window and raised the blinds, taking care once more that his face did not appear through the glass to any late—or early—wayfarers outside.

With a last look around the room to see that he had left nothing incriminating behind him, he closed and re-locked the door. He went back down the corridor retracing the way he had come and a few seconds later found him back by the window through which he had made his entrance. As he opened it, a gust of cold wind rose to meet his face. With one hand to hold the broken

because he was Irish—at least, that was what he told people who asked him why he thought green was a lucky colour for him. He squinted down at his own shabby muffler and then looked again at the unconscious man's tie. Impulsively he stooped and unknotted it from about the other's throat and, stuffing his own muffler into one of his pockets, replaced the tie he had so calmly filched around his neck. He stood for a moment, working his head from side to side in rapturous enjoyment of his new-found comfort. It was marvellous how much cooler it made him feel. He scratched away a bead of perspiration trickling down his neck.

He stepped out into the corridor once more, closing the door carefully behind him. Unless that man had the skull of the thickness of an ox, it would be some time before he saw daylight again, but just in case, Sammy locked the door as well. After all, he mused, for all his precautions, there were always two kinds of luck.

He walked down the corridor, his

(Continued on Page 7, Column 4.)

"IN TOWN TONIGHT!"

(Number Four)

THIS month we interview a very well-known brewer from the east end of London. Here he is—Mr. Charlie Green of Aldgate, now being interviewed by Alf. Norris, our roaming reporter. Listeners to this series of popular broadcasts will remember that last month's visitor was a Mr. Sid Hammond of Bow, and that the sole purpose of these broadcasts is not only to do away with radio advertising, but to establish a closer friendship between the average Britisher, and the east-ender. Here we go then, with Charlie Green.

"Good evening, Mr. Green! And what exactly do you do for a living?"

"I am a bloke what works in the beer factory,—or rather—I suppose I should say a Brewery, to you posh gents, and—"

"I understand. And do you do the actual BREWING, Charlie?"

"NAH! I 'ave a job what not many blokes know abaht."

"And what is that, Charlie?"

"I am the bloke what sticks the stickers arahnd the necks of them there beer bottles, what says that there's tuppence on the bottle if yer brings 'em back, and—"

"How interesting! And do you like, I beg pardon, do you LIKE your job, Charlie?"

"Well, YUS and NAH! Sometimes I wishes I was on old Joe 'Arris's job, an' sometimes I wishes I wasn't."

"And what does Joe Harris do, then?"

"E's the bloke what sticks them bigger labels on them beer bottles—yer know—the ones what 'ave the stuff's name on 'em."

"You'd rather have his job, eh?"

"In a way,—YUS!—'cos yer can see what it's all abaht, then, can't yer?"

"Of course!"

"On the other 'and, there's more ter stick on, an' the dough aint no 'igher, and—"

"I see. And what part of Aldgate do you come from, Charlie?"

"I lives in me bruvver's 'ouse, what aint far from the Brewery what's dahh Whitechapel Road, Al'git. It's a nice 'ouse, too, except for the fact that the chicken 'ouse at the back, aint."

"Aint what?"

"It just aint. It was there when we went ter kip one night, but when the missus, she gets up the next mornin', she comes runnin' back into the 'ouse, all in a flourishment, like—screamin' 'er bloomin' 'ead off. 'Charlie, she yells in me ruddy ear, 'the chicken 'ouse' as bin air-raided," an'—"

"Really, now! And how long have you been married, Charlie?"

"Too ruddy long! I gets away from the old nag durin' the day, and wotcha know?—as soon as I gets ter work,—wot do we find?—they've bin gawn and stuck 'er in my ruddy department as the ruddy foreman!"

"That's too bad, isn't it Charlie? Still, they're needing the women in these jobs these days to release the men for the war and—"

"Nah—don't tell me nothin' abaht no ruddy wars, mister. I 'ad enough of the last one."

"Don't get me wrong, Charlie. All I meant was, that women are doing a grand job in the factories, and—"

"Well they aint doin' no good jobs in the breweries! Can't do me ruddy job properly, and what's more I don't like them womenfolks."

"Changing the subject, what do you think of the war, Charlie?"

"I think they ought to get old Greasy, an'—"

"Old Greasy?"

"YUS!—you know, Musso, the wop wallah."

"Of course."

"Well, they ought ter get 'im, and dump 'im in the vat. That ought ter shake the—"

QUITE, QUITE! And have you a spare-time occupation?"

"YUS!—I am in the Al'git Rescue Squad."

"Good show!—and do you like the job?"

"YUS! I'd rather 'ave no 'alerts', though. Can't play me game of darts properly, otherwise."

"I suppose you wouldn't know any of the other chaps we interviewed over the air, would you, Charlie?"

"NAH! I never listens ter yer programme before ternight, anyway, an'—"

"Oh—really. And by the way, Charlie, have you any children?"

"YUS! I 'ave a couple, yer know! and prahd of 'em, I is, too!"

"Good!—and how old are they?"

"The girl's twenty-four tomorrer, and the young 'un,—e's one, come next month."

"And is the girl married?"

"YUS! She is married to a commando,—and a fair rough time 'e gives 'er too, an'—"

"Yes, of course,—er—what was your job before you worked at the Brewery, Charlie?"

"I used ter be a crane driver dahh at them London Docks, and my job was ter 'eip unload them crates o' stuff what's dahh at—"

"Oh, yes, of course! We've heard rather a lot about them London Docks. Well, Charlie, is there anything else that you'd like to say to our millions of listeners, before we close down for the night?"

"Ow many listeners?"

"Well, literally a few hundred by now, I should reckon."

"Oh! Cor Struth, mate. I didn't

think so many blokes 'ad them there wireless sets. Aint life grand?"

"It is, aint it?"

"Well, Alf,—I don't want ter 'old yer up no longer. I expect you're just as keen to get away from me, as I am from you, aintcha?"

"Er—well Goodnight for now, this way out."

"Who pays aht arahnd 'ere, cock?"

"You'll find the cashier's office on the way out."

"Ta, mate. GOODNIGHT SAM, BILL, JOE AND ARTHUR!"

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you're still listening in, THAT was Mr. Charlie Green from Aldgate. By Heck!"

LAC. F. LUDMAN

THE PARAGON

by SUM-WUN

Be patient with the . . . gentleman (?)

With band upon his arm; Although you reckon he's a "bind"

He really means no harm! When, late at night, you roll in drunk,

Flat broke, half blind, half dead, He's the chap who takes you in, (not 'arf!!)

And tucks you into bed! He listens to each tale of woe,

With friendly sympathy: Then cheers you up and says, "Coom in,

And 'ave a coop o' tay!" He finds your missing Passes—

Your money, sometimes, too! (Yeah?!)

He telephones for taxis, Books you in when overdue;

So you see he's quite a decent lad, Deserving of all fame,

What's that? You STILL think he's a bind?!

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER, RANK, AND NAME?!!

LUCK COMES IN TWO VARIETIES (Continued from Page 6)

window in position, Sammy straddled across the window sill. The moon had gone in now and he could not see the ground below to estimate how far he would have to jump. There would be less likelihood of an accident, he saw, if he turned inwards and dropped facing the wall. He turned, steadying himself with his free hand and braced his knees against the window ledge. It was not very comfortable and the concrete ledge cut into his shins. The wind lifted the ends of his tie and pinned them against the groove in which the window slid up and down. With a slight push, Sammy launched himself backwards into space. With a heavy thud, the window, released from his detaining hand, dropped back into place.

For a split second, Sammy fell as he planned, then, to his intense stupefaction, he stopped—abruptly. He swung in space, swaying gently from side to side. His neck hurt like hell. Looking up, he saw that the ends of his green tie—the watchman's green tie—were caught in the jamb of the window. A choir started singing far away in the distance.

Desperately, he flung his hands upwards, trying to free himself, but his fingers seemed numb. His hands dropped to his pockets, searching for his knife. Under the welter of bank notes, he could not find it. Frantic now, he tried to cry out, but it is doubtful whether anyone heard the choking gurgle that came from the strained throat. The blood pounded in his head and his lungs screamed for air.

Slowly, the singing in his ears was drowned in the roar of the express train that seemed to come thundering into his head. His head fell back and he coughed, throatily.

The Wolf

by Sansone



Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Rear Echelon Don Juan

BASIC FIELD MANUAL
FURLOUGH NOMENCLATURE
(UNOFFICIAL)



RECONNAISSANCE



CONTACT
and
ADVANCE



COMBAT
INTELLIGENCE



SECURITY PATROL



LOCAL PARTISAN GUERRILLA



FIRE
POWER



AMPHIBIOUS
ASSAULT



PAY VOUCHER



ORDERLY
RETREAT



CHEMICAL
WARFARE



FIVE and TENNER — It takes
five minutes to get acquainted —
and ten years to get rid of her...
FLANK IT, YANK!

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and the Pirates

Rear Echelon Don Juan

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YE
Gunpowder Plot

MARK II

IT will be remembered now that once upon a time it was thought by many of the goode men of the day that things were at a pretty pass because of much binding, no boat and such a shuffling of 48's that it was well nigh impossible for loyal subjects to get accomodation at Ye Royale Yorke or Ye Monte Royale and it came about that a fearsome and treasonous plot was hatched to destroy Ye C.I. and His Councillors who were responsible for this grievous state of affairs.

So led by one sire, Jasper, a great dandy and lady's man of the time, a company of malcontents, counting among their number many hot-headed youths as well as several grey

beards and some of the loungers of the taverns who sought only their own aggrandisement, gathered together in a place where they were wont to do their plotting to seek a means whereby their foule ends might be accomplished. Eventually it came to pass after much bickering that it was decided to destroy their common enemy and his followers whilst they were at conference by a bomb with a time or long fuse placed in His Council Chamber the night before the next meeting. So they choose out of their number, two men of great resource and daring, to perpetrate the placing of the death dealing machine. These two were one Guido Godsell, a soldier of fortune and gambler who had fought with great distinction in the Norwegian wars and an adventurer and pugilist known only by the soubriquet of "Anytyme".

Now after many weeks of patient waiting, one of their number, the oldest amongst them, who was well thought on by Ye Highe Council being considered by them what was known as a "goody type", found out by devious means the date of the next conference. He hurriedly sent one of his minions to inform Sire Jasper of the news who in his turn dispatched secret messages bidding the other plotters to the meeting place, exhorting them to have the utmost caution lest they should be discovered and undone. So they all came together and made the arrangements whereby Guido and "Anytyme" were to conceal the fused explosive in the drawer of the desk at which would sit the Most High when he presided over His Council. But alas, for the plotters they had in their midst one of faint heart who did fear greatly the consequences of their plot. Even to this day the identity of this traitor is unknown for it was never discovered who was responsible for an unsigned note which disclosed the whole scheme to the intended victim of the bands displeasure.

Meanwhile Sire Jasper and the others including men of great repute in the land, were waiting in Ye Royale Taverne for them to return with news of the success of their venture. Just as they were toasting to success and making much jest, the doors burst open and in poured ye S.P.'s armed at all points.

Knowing themselves to be betrayed and knowing how dire would be the punishments if taken, they one and all drew their trusty blades and gave fight. After a great skirmish in which many measures of goody ale were spilled upon the floor and many S.P.'s given grievous hurt, they were all wounded, overwhelmed and bound save only Sire Jasper who, brandishing a bloody sword, leaped from a window onto his noble charger tethered without and thundered away in to the night.

Eventually after many tortures and having languished long in durance vile they were brought to trial and the severest sentence passed upon them. As result of their foule plette they had two 48's cancelled and were forbidden under fear of death to again enter ye Carde Rooome in the Palace of the Officers of Ye King. So perish all who make foule scheme against Ye Highe Authorities of the Crowne.—Amen.

NIGHT FALL

Croak, croak,
Husky voices,
Swampland calling through the night.
Hum, hum,
Busy dronings,
A thousand wings on whispering flight.
Sigh, sigh,
Rusting branches,
Round the pools in leafy shades.
Flutter, flutter,
Noley feathers,
Pecking, wooing, as evening fades.
Crash, crash,
Through the bushes,
Comes the woodsman homeward bound.
Creaking, creaking,
Twigs returning,
Sleep descending, not a sound.

—M. STEVENS

cy of the aforementioned little rowles, (or vice versa!), they led him into the beverage room and all three sat around the nearest table. Apparently the local inhabitants were not used to even circus lions sharing their beverage room, for, in less time than it takes to say "strategic withdrawal," a general exodus was made by all and sundry! Now, being left in sole charge of the village stock of beer, Joe and Iszy were wondering what to do next—but Cecil promptly started "mopping-up operations"—with his tongue!!

Joe and Iszy watched with awe as Cecil, staggering more and more at

Cecil's somewhat impaired sense of timing!

By this time, Cecil's previous docility seemed to be replaced by a more wayward behaviour, for he tugged savagely at his filmy leash, and set a spanking pace out of the town. Joe and Iszy grabbed frantically at lamp posts, trees and telegraph poles in a desperate attempt to slow down Cecil's whirlwind progress, but they were finally halted when Cecil lost his footing on a sheet of ice.

During the ensuing melee, they managed to climb on the lion's back once more, where they clung for dear life as Cecil rocketed down the highway like a P-38 at full throttle. Completely at a loss at this turn of events, our two heroes resigned themselves to a sticky end, but, just after flashing past a sign announcing the presence of an R.C.A.F. station, Cecil applied full flap and slowed down to a mere 40 m.p.h.

A few yards further on, he swerved to the left, and, scattering W.D.'s and "Canuckles" in all directions, cleared the barrier in a single bound—thus turning Iszy's hair white in an instant!—and came to stop opposite the sacred flag pole. The sudden jerk dislodged the two heroes, who staggered to their feet and saluted smartly, but Cecil calmly yawned and licked his lips. Majestically he circled the mast, sniffing disdainfully, then dog-like, he did . . . what dogs usually do!

What desecration of that hallowed plot!!—Iszy and Joe promptly "passed out" at the horror of the sight, while Cecil sighed contentedly and ambled over to lick their faces.

Here we must leave our adventurers while we flip the pages of K.R. & A.C.I. to see how many DAYS we're due for!!—but we hope to be with you again next month.

A motorist driving along came to another car stopped by the side of the road one night. Having little imagination he concluded that something was wrong and thought that perhaps he could be of assistance, so he stopped.

"Out of gas?" he enquired.

A voice from inside the car answered, "Nope".

"Tire down?" persisted the motorist.

The voice from inside said a trifle wearily, "Nope, didn't have to".



She's small, she's lovely, but unfortunately she is not in the story.

each step, ambled from table to table, upsetting each in turn and lapping up the various brands with obvious pleasure! Finally, however, they were able to lead the lion from the wreckage and make their way outside, despite stern opposition from the revolving doors, which seemed to baffle



"GUTS"

BY SUM-WUN

JERRY was over London again. All the "regulars" were gathered in the communal shelter on Ladbroke Grove, N.E. There was a desultory hum of conversation in various parts of the shelter, whilst now and then a few of the company raised their voices in a popular chorus. In the far corner sat two men of greatly contrasting appearance—Mr. Baxter, head clerk in a firm of city merchants, a small mild-mannered man with faded blue eyes and a straggly moustache, which imparted to his features an air of gentle melancholy. The other, his neighbour in Ladbroke Grove, was Mr. Prout—a prosperous broker. He was a portly and rather pompous-looking man, bald-headed and of a "well-fed" appearance.

"No! This war isn't like the last one!" said Mr. Baxter. "I don't know how these lads have the 'guts' to stand up to it!" Even as he spoke, he was thinking. "Why the hell am I wasting my time saying this to a pot-bellied old fool who probably doesn't know what I'm talking about, anyway?" Mr. Prout, listening with an air of polite condescension, had his own thoughts: "You!—you scraggy little squirt!—Of course you don't know!! What would a man like you know about 'guts'?"

At that moment, the helmeted head of the Air Raid Warden appeared in the doorway and shouted: "Any volunteers? Half a dozen people trapped in a cellar up the road!" A matter of ten minutes later, Messrs. Baxter and Prout found themselves labouring side by side, digging and scrabbling in the rubble, dragging forth timbers and stones to get at the family underneath.

Around them rose the voice of London, roaring in agony and defiance—the old city, torn and battered, but fighting back mightily against the winged invaders. Across the street, a house was burning fiercely; suddenly a woman First Aid worker gave a loud cry and pointed to the dormer window of the house. Instinctively everyone nearby turned and stared in the direction of her pointing finger; a gasp went up as they saw the figure of a small girl framed in the window. Several of the men tried to enter the house but were driven back by the heat. The upper part of the house was not yet burning, but already the flames were licking upwards past the second storey, and it seemed that the child was beyond saving. Then Mr. Prout turned excitedly to Mr. Baxter and said: "Look! That warehouse next door has a flat roof! There's only about ten feet between the two buildings and if we can get something to bridge the gap. . . ." The two men scoured around, and, finding a thick plank from the fallen building upon which they had previously been working, they carried it between them up through the warehouse to the roof. Fortunately there was a stone coping to the burning house and the plank was long enough to

reach it. Mr. Baxter crawled out, choking and half-blinded with the billowing smoke, and scorched by the millions of sparks that were being borne upward from the fire. A momentary glimpse of the ground, far below, afforded him by the light of the flames and the sudden, blinding flashes of the anti-aircraft guns, gave him a slight attack of nausea, but he struggled on, and finally dragged himself to the roof, to be followed by the perspiring, panting form of Mr. Prout. Of what followed both men had but a slight recollection afterwards. Mr. Baxter seemed to remember being swung into the dormer window by Mr. Prout, (who showed an unsuspected strength), and of handing up the child, being then dragged back to the roof. Mr. Prout, by now nearly exhausted, with the child on his back clinging desperately to his ample neck, inched his way along the ominously-creaking plank, which seemed bound to crack beneath the double weight. He reached the warehouse roof, and, followed by Mr. Baxter, carried the child down to the waiting arms of the First Aid woman.

Escaping in great embarrassment from the congratulations and praise, they started off towards the shelter. As they paused on the street corner, they heard the roar of the night fighters overhead, seeking out the enemy in the dark skies over the oft-wounded, but ever-beating Heart of Empire. Mr. Baxter said, almost shyly, "My boy's in the air force. A sergeant-pilot—should get his commission soon!" "My young rip's in the army," said Mr. Prout. "He's somewhere in the Middle East right now!"

The two men walked on; they were both grimy and dishevelled, but the contrast between them was just as apparent—the one so mild-looking and the other still with that air of portly pomposity. Now, however, their arms were linked in friendly understanding and comradeship, as they again entered the shelter. A motherly woman handed them each a cup of tea; they settled down in the corner and lit up their cigarettes. Said Mr. Baxter, "Now what were we talking about? Oh yes! . . . I was saying that I don't know how these lads have the 'guts' to stand up to modern warfare . . ."

Male Call

BASIC FIELD MANUAL
FURLOUGH NOMENCLATURE
(UNOFFICIAL)



by Milton Caniff, creator of Terry



DELIRIUM

BY "TAFF AND ANDY" (D.T.—But Definitely)

AT the unearthly hour of 7.00 a.m.—(it's unearthly to aircrew types, anyway!)—the Orderly Sergeant, having procured an urn of tea from the Y.M., was standing outside impatiently waiting for the C.O. to show up. At length "Groupie" rolled into view—on his push bike! He dismounted and conscientiously tasted the brew and approved same. The O.S. politely thumbed his nose and carried the tea towards the first billet. He softly entered the hut and cautiously knocked on the door of the Corporal's bunk.

Receiving no response, he entered quietly and gently shook the sleeping N.C.O. "Good morning, Corp!" he said brightly. "Here's your cup of tea—and it's 7.15 a.m.!" "O.K.," replied the Corporal drowsily. "Nip around the boys first. I'll have mine later." Somewhat rebuffed, the Sergeant withdrew, and, muttering vile threats beneath his breath, he tiptoed from bed to bed, serving each airman with a steaming cup of "char". Somewhat loth to interrupt their slumbers, he greeted each one with a smile and cheering words of encouragement. From time to time he made note of all those who did not wish to work that day, having been out "on the loose" the previous night.

LAC. Joseph Bloggs and his "oppo" Iszy Pitt (is he ever?) informed the Sergeant that they were taking a few days off, being still "on their knees" after a recent "48", and asked for a "sub" of £20. The O.S. whipped out his pocketbook, but only found \$17, which he handed to Joe, patting him on the head and giving him a knowing wink. "Thanks, chum," said Joe. "That's O.K.," said the Sergeant. "I'll skip MY '48' this week!"

About 11.00 a.m., having breakfasted and completed a lengthy toilet, Joe and Iszy leisurely strolled towards the camp exit. At the main gate the S.P. on duty engaged them in sparkling repartee, greatly envious of their Van Heusen shirts and collars, smartly-tailored uniforms, and patent leather shoes. Joe and Iszy proceeded to the village, and, on passing the C.O.'s house, they saw his little daughter weeping bitterly.

With true airman-like chivalry they

enquired the cause of her distress. "I've dug a hole in the garden," she said. "But Mother won't let me take it into the house!" Somewhat non-plussed by this reply, our two friends were "flat out" for a hasty retreat, but just then a doddering old wreck (typical ex-W.O.I.) appeared in the doorway, looking utterly dejected.

"What's up, chum?" asked Joe; to which the old man replied: "The C.O. was a bit 'pushed' this morning and didn't have time to give Cecil his 'daily doocn'". "Cheer up, old cock!" said Joe. "Wheel him out and we'll oblige!"

At this, the old man's face lit up, and he disappeared inside the house, emerging a moment later with an outsize lion at the end of a silken cord. Joe signed the necessary chit to take "Cecil, one lion, large" on charge for the day, and the trio ambled off down the road. A bright idea struck Iszy, and he said to Joe, "Vy walk ven ve 'ave a transport—no?!" So the two airmen climbed onto Cecil's back and set off once more. They passed the S.W.O. "staggering" up the hill towards the camp, and waved a cheery greeting.

Their arrival in the village caused no small sensation, but the general opinion seemed to be that an R.A.F.-sponsored circus or rodeo was in town! Our two staunch airmen, on their lionine mount, were soon surrounded by a throng of noisy children, so, feeling rather embarrassed (as airmen usually do!) they headed for the nearby "local".

"Whoa, Cecil!" cried Joe, and they slid gracefully off their royal steed. Not wishing to leave Cecil at the mer-



MONTHLY REPORTS FROM THE FOLK WHO LIVE ON THE HILL

News and Views



PILOTS OF BOMBING FLIGHT

BOMBING FLIGHT

This is indeed a month of changes—even excluding the weather!—for it sees the amalgamation of "A" and "D" Flights into one big Bombing Flight under the leadership of F/Lt. Spencer.

True, the "good old days" of rivalry between the two Flights are gone, when each tried to out-bomb the other—and, incidentally, producing some pretty good records! Nevertheless, under this new system even better results are expected, and we hope to achieve our aim of "a bomb a minute" round the clock—it can be done, too, weather and "goons" permitting!! It is going to mean working at high pressure continuously, and we hope we shall be able to get so far ahead that, as a reward for our labours we shall be given a 48-hour pass every week-end!—we said "WE HOPE"—and Hope is a wonderful thing!!

The pilots are sure to react favourably to this! Just think! Toronto every week-end!!—That ought to suit those with the greatest stamina, anyway, even if they do need a rise in pay to keep up the standards expected of the R.A.F. under such conditions!!

Of course, the "Moonshine Boys" of the Night Flying Squad will be so used to staying up o' nights that a week-end should not prove too much of a drain upon their "staying powers"—(so long as they don't "stay" too long, that is, of course!!).

To keep the Crew room tidy, we're thinking of fitting hooks in the cell-

ing so that they can hang by their feet and sleep in comfort.

Don't forget to wear dark glasses should you venture out in daylight, by the way!!

Now that we have Canadian "goons" in our midst, it has been suggested that a small strip of wood be fixed in the nose of the "mighty yaller beamber" in order that they shall be able to "park" their gum! This innovation should prove very satisfactory to all parties concerned, we think. Using the bomb-sight for this purpose is seldom satisfactory, neither is chewing-gum commended as a lubricant for the moving parts of the said mechanism!! Should they park it anywhere else in the nose, it will inevitably attach itself to their person during their jitterbugging or whatever it is they find so strenuous to do there!

By the way—who was the "goon" who, when taken back to the aircraft he had just left and confronted with the predigested offerings of his stomach, denied that he could possibly be responsible, since he'd only just landed, and behold! was not this repulsive mess stone cold?!!

We have with us once more the inimitable "Jacko"—the man who took the "Lizzies" off the scrap-heap and made them fly occasionally!! We shall at least, therefore, expect the "serviceability" to be maintained at its present high standard—in fact we are waiting for the time when a pilot flatly refuses to fly an aircraft be-

cause " . . . he can't find a dam' thing wrong with it—t'ain't safe!!"

Just to remind us that there is a place called "Home", we have had to bid "Farewell!" to some of our old pals who are returning to just such a place! We also say "So long, Pals!" to F/O. Hall, F/Sgts. Imerson, Webster and Warren, who are going on slightly (!!) faster aircraft!—to them one and all we say "Good Luck—and may all your "prangs" be little ones!!"

To "Stevie the Binder" we tender our sincere congratulations on his elevation to Commissioned rank, and we hope he likes Hamilton and Night Flying!!

While we're talking about people—who was the pilot who was too lazy to climb to 6000 feet, so dropped his "egg" on the runway—luckily without damage?! "A Smith ith ath good ath a mile", eh?! And who was that stubborn old man who was determined not to be cut out on the circuit and go round again, so ended up by doing a little ploughing at the end of No.3 Runway, but got out "under his own steam" just as the tractor arrived?!!—was it cold on that tractor, Jacko?!!

By the bye—who was the unlucky pilot who, having perpetrated a series of wild and woolly turns at 1500 feet, saw an aircraft forming upon him?—It was the Flight Commander!! Some people have all the luck!!

At this time there is a single bomb left to drop. We shall drop it, so we shall be with you again in the next

M.T. SECTION

Hello, Chaps! This is the M.T. calling, after a long absence! We wish all those who left us for the U.K. the very best of luck, and welcome in their places the new personnel, who (we hope!) will have a happy time with us. After driving the C.O. about for years, L.A.C. Gregg has finally got his tapes—we wonder how?!!

Have you noticed our Coca-Cola machine?!—It is some weird invention for cleaning trucks, and involves clouds of steam! It is rumoured that "Chiefy" tried it on a truck, and, when the shouting had died down, all that was left was the chassis!—the Camp Laundry will be moving up the hill shortly!!

As you know, the M.T. has the Junior Equipment Officer as "t/c"—bags of new "blue", eh?!!

Several chaps will be "sweating" on the "boat" shortly!—perhaps Cpl. Hodder will even smile! (Miracles ARE still supposed to happen—who knows?!!).

Cpl. Hood is now applying for a double bed from the Stores—so the food MUST be improving in the Air-men's Mess! (I know I'll suffer from that "crack", but who cares?!!).

Well, chaps!—that's about all for now! See you again in the next issue! Cheerio—The M.T. Gremlin.

issue, unless, of course, our targets surrender unconditionally before that date!!



CORPORALS' CLUB

The last month has been rather hectic, playing havoc with the tempers and finances of the gayer type of Corporal—the expense being incurred by the many entertainment evenings that have been arranged. The monthly dance was again a success!—the Club seems to have made a name among the fair Pictonites for hospitality and a good time! As a matter of fact, when two Corporals gave invitation cards to a number of Picton girls, Frank Sinsira would have been flattered by the resulting squeals of delight!—(there were no "swooning" cases, however!).

The Sunday Socials have gone over with a "bang"!—helped along with the barrels of beer reserved for such occasions! It's marvellous the way the beer brightens everyone!—the tinkling of the glasses, full of precious liquid, is a pleasant sound, producing in itself the urge to be happy—the beer does the rest! Even the most awkward of dancers among the "tape-worms" perform seemingly impossible feats of contortionism as they limer up in the Games Room after a few beers!

The said Games Room is now a little too small even for Sunday evenings. Still, the girls don't seem to mind laddered stockings nor the bumps and bruises that many of them sustain.

The last Sunday Social was really a "knockout"—all because one "two-taper" fellow decided to sing! He hadn't a very good voice, so the natural thing to do was to drown him—(his voice, at least!). Then it developed into a real sing song, which was enjoyed by all!

The epidemic of "cap-swapping" and "belt-snaffling" has not yet abated, but now seems to have claimed a senior N.C.O. for a victim!! Sorry, Sergeant!—but we have cause to suspect that your cap is now adorning the head of an "inferior being"! One corporal, after a Sunday "Do", was bellowing that some "IX" had stolen his hat, and was kindly told by another of the same status that he knew where it was! The hat having been located and restored to the subdued No. 1, No. 2 then let out a roar of rage—he had just discovered that HEB hat, too, had gone for a "Burton"! Whereupon No. 1 said in a low whisper that he had found one, and urged No. 2 to "keep quiet about it"! Picture the scene when No. 2 recognised the that as his own!!

Before this comes into print we shall have lost a few more of our members, who are now preparing for a cruise! To all such, the Club extends its best wishes, and bids a hearty "Bon Voyage!"

It's noted that one corporal took advantage of the advice offered in last month's "Hill Topics"—he now goes to the Sergeant's Mess for a "Burton"! Good luck and congratulations!

Officers' Mess Chatter

Or Welcome to the Morgue

The old familiar faces are gone, it's funny not to see them around. The place is full of echoes. Gerry's infectious laughter still rebounds from the corners and comes down in a shattering crescendo from the ceiling, reminding us that he is one of those fortunate people who are doing the things they want and enjoying it.

With the tremendous number of officers posted it narrows the scope for scandal, but there must be some that escape detection.

Did anyone see one Irishman giving another some advice (fatherly) the night before his recent plunge into matrimony? 'Tis said he learned a lot in a short while, some of it practical too. Wonder if he did likewise for the more recent mess marriage.

Why does one "C" look worried whilst the other is in Toronto? Surely he trusts him, or is he taking everything into account. It's nice to see Steve's rugged face around again but what did he do with all the weight e lost? Anyway, we all hope the news was good.

Why does a certain officer (not the one in charge) spend such a lot of time in the Intelligence Library? "Toujours la optimist."

The greater majority of the mess heartily endorse the C.O.'s comment re a recent suggestion; there seem to be two people running around under a permanent misapprehension. What an awful state to be in.

California reports are good, but how on earth Veronica did you acquire an autographed portrait of a male film star . . . 'taint the way we 'card it, we also hear that policemen are nice fellows down there.

Our sincerest congratulations to F/O. Bond on his marriage, sorry we're so late but a bouquet to him for managing to keep a secret for so long.

May our smiling nurse always be as happy as she is in just the expectation of the great day. The best man was also once a familiar figure in this very same mess, welcome back, Dickie, even if only for a short while.

A very happy time seems to have been had by all who attended the Rotary Ball on the tenth and although the supply of beer was very limited quite a number had quite enough.

One Welsh F/O. rather surprised most people by turning up with a very attractive, if sultry eyed, siren—nice work old man, the wolves certainly opened their eyes. Better keep her locked up somewhere though.

Two of the boys there seemed to be encroaching upon each others 'reservation' one got scared off though although he did a war dance, so I guess they've 'buried the hatchet' now.

Together with other things the reason became apparent why a certain ace lady-killer has been travelling to Belleville quite a lot of late. Someone has got something somewhere.

One of our better known wolves was having trouble trying to run two girls at the same time, with the result that he ended up without either. A bird in the hand is worth two else-

AIRMEN'S MESS

Once again we bring you the latest news from the Grill Room of the Ritz-Carlton! First of all we offer our congratulations to our "maitre d'hotel", F/Sgt. Barlow, on his elevation to his present exalted rank. The "Welcome" mat has also been set out for the benefit of Sgt. Rhodes, who has joined us from the camp of the heathen at Charlottetown, P.E.I.—we hope that Picton will call forth the best of his culinary artistry, and that he will be "as happy as can be expected" whilst with us!

A lot of long faces may be observed in the Mess these days, though—the departure of S/O. ("Ma") Kennish has been responsible for this. Some of the boys seem quite "lost", in fact, ever since she left us! We were indeed sorry to lose her, for we feel that her whole-hearted efforts to provide the airmen with attractive, appetising food was greatly appreciated; we trust that her impressions of the R.A.F. are pleasant, and that she was as sorry to leave us as we were to see her go.

The last few weeks seem to have been spent in a continual round of "Hall!" and "Farewell!"—many new "artists" from other Stations have been welcomed, while some of our "Old Brigade" have departed for the "Old Country" and other spheres of usefulness! Yes! at long last we have said "Godspeed!" to L.A.C. George Steads, the old . . . and A.C. Ireson, not forgetting, of course, Penfold, (he of the raucous voice and the . . . well! we won't go into that!), whose bright presence was always an inspiration in the Mess! To those who have replaced them, we offer our welcome and condolences, and hope that, if nothing else, the environs of Picton may be a pleasant change from prairie scenery!!

The loss of "Geordie" Steads has left us with many speculations as to the fate of his "oppo", L.A.C. Davey! Who will be the new "partner" in the "Firm"?—I guess I shall have to "Fish" for my answer!!

In closing we offer to all those who are steering a course for "Home" in the near future, the very best of all good fortune—Bon Voyage and Happy Landings!—P.T.O.

That's all the noteworthy notes for this month! —J.K.

where F/O. L., you should try doing one thing at a time.

It seems, according to the reports, that one of a rare species was also present that night. How about that F/O.'s T/O., and P—? We can't let things like that go on with so many collectors about—did someone verify the fact—or was it fiction?

One of the fair sex there was heard to remark that she thought that our tame villain was awfully cute! What has he got that the rest of us haven't—or is it just that he has more of it?

In conclusion we would like to welcome to the Mess the new members who have arrived during the last month, we sincerely hope that you will like it here.

Cheerio for now, see you all again next month.



Some wise bird once said that "the pen is mightier than the sword", and methinks he 'had something' there! At any rate, it seems evident that our gentle "bashers" have somewhat curbed their social activities since their evil deeds appeared in print!!

This sudden reversion to moral righteousness greatly restricts the length of this article—(sighs of relief!)—but brevity is said to be "the soul of wit", so here goes!

Judging by the number of 205's—sorry—R.76's!—bearing Oshawa addresses, the I/R. Section must have a monopoly of "the fruits of life" in that district!—(CHERRIES especially!). Our perennial "bad boy" really "went to town" recently, and shocked even his hardened companion!! Setting out to have an enjoyable evening as an honored guest at his friend's wedding party, he left somewhat unsteadily, and returned several hours later on his hands and knees!! After wandering from a dance hall to someone else's car, he achieved the unique feat of driving several miles on the LEFT (definitely correct!) side of the road!!—finally coming to grief when he failed to negotiate a narrow bridge!! Recollections of ensuing events are rather vague in "Stocko's" mind—but he insists that he saw his lady friend home safely, despite his own final inglorious return to the party!!

Stanger's over-indulgence in the art of osculation necessitated a two-day visit to Trenton Hospital, whence he returned, still with his cyst—and some incredible tales of the Nursing Staff's activities!!

Bill Berry, (also in Trenton), is apparently confined to his bed for a considerable period, and will probably be fully "genned up" on "Movie Life" and other sick-bay literature when he returns!!

We said "Farewell!" recently to two more of our staff, and we wish them "Godspeed and Bon Voyage!" Despite current rumours to the contrary, we hope they may stay in England long enough to discard their plans for returning to this Dominion!

The more spiteful of you may derive some pleasure from the news that Cpl. Ferns is busily engaged in "digging a ditch" at Moncton!! (Knowing F.E.B., we doubt if he is doing it "a la Andrews Sisters"!!).

The usually steady flow of "48's" has been somewhat erratic this month—all for the lack of a Corporal!—but we hope that this has not ruined too many romances!

In conclusion, we wonder who was the L.A.C. who recently completed a World Tour on SPECIAL DUTY unbeknownst to anyone in authority?!! Apparently there must be some blondes (?) as dumb as they look?!!

Yours 'til the A.H. erects.—R.J.A.

OVERHEARD IN THE MESS

"Has Mrs. Dionne had any more "Quins" yet?"

"No, of course not!"

"Just as I thought—a mere 'flash' in the pan"!!

"PLUMBERS" UP!!

"This is the last of all then, this is the last,
I must fold my hands, and turn my face to the fire,
And watch my dead days fusing into dross."

Pathetic, isn't it? And with good reason!—for we say "Farewell!" to many stalwarts of the Armament Section. The cessation of Gunnery meant the departure of most of our staff, and it is with genuine regret that we say "Goodbye" to such personalities as Warrant Officer "Shakie-Doo" Evans, and popular "Tommy" Murphy, the C.S.B.S. expert! Copious were the tears shed at the departure of Dorothy Dixbrooksbank!!—the whole Section will miss "her" ever-welcome advice on "matters of the heart"!! Sadder and sadder!!—Uncle Dixie leaves behind a trail of weeping "nephews"!!—He rejoins his folks at "Canny" Newcastle! One can already hear the cries, as he enters the "local", "Why, yer b... r! — yer'm again?!" Godspeed and the best of luck, Uncle Dixie! (Hey, lad!).

Kendra Pasha has given up his "Hospital", and now reigns supreme in the Station Armoury! "Beware the Jabberwock, my son!" And please, I implore you, be careful before you ask him when you are on either Night Flying, or a "48", because all you will get in reply is: "You're on lectures tonight!"

This month's \$2,000 Stradivarius violin goes to A. C. Bellamy, for the heroic resistance with which he has braved the S.P.'s and the Station Barber. For the last seven months Bellamy has striven against the overwhelming odds of these, his enemies, and so far there has been no advance on any front! The cad who sent him a piece of hair-ribbon by post was obviously a 5th Column agent of the S.P.'s, and Bellamy wisely ignored the implication! For such a display of heroism we feel that the award is inadequate, but it is with the greatest of pleasure that we present A.C. Bellamy with this magnificent \$2,000 Strad., complete with pearl-inlaid bow, and six spare strings!!

Special mention for the following:
Opl. Brennan, who, by all accounts, did a marvellous job as M.O. at the "Shakie Doo"! Thanks, Bren, old top!!
A.C. Dave Brooks — Dave had a "tough break", and it has been one continuous round of "in and out of hospital" for him. This time we sincerely hope they fix him up for good, and that he will rejoin the ranks very soon.

F/O. Hunt-Duke — for achieving the Armourer's ambition, one night on Night Flying!! A "wizard" piece of bombing, Sir!!

A.C. Bob Coupland — we were all pleased to see Bob in the billet the other night. He has survived his ordeal, and is now on Sick Leave. Congratulations and best wishes, Bob!

There is, amongst the walter of "Barber's Shop 'gen'", a strong rumour that Lt.A.C. Lemaire is considering applying for the post of Secretary to Prime Minister Mackenzie King! His occasional and very "hush-hush" trips to Ottawa seem to point
(Continued Bottom Column 4)

G.I.S.

First on the list this month comes our congratulations to "Blitz" Bennett, our "superman", who, not content with having endured Picton for over one thousand days, has become the father of a bouncing boy! Nice work, Joe!!

It is our pleasure, also, to extend a welcome to our new R.C.A.F. addition to the "fount of all knowledge"—our Navigation Section!! May your stay in Picton be a happy one! By the way—'tis said on good authority that "someone" has been trying to remuster himself to an instructor in this "Department", 'Pity—with all the "confusion" depending on his presence, too!!

We also have another member who has recently come to the School. It is said that he has already been warned to remove a certain facial "fungus" before his colleagues take "emergency" action!!

There is a great doubt amongst certain Courses as to the sanity of a certain two Instructors!!—they may rest assured that everything is alright, however, despite one's unorthodox definition of a "grub-screw"!! The other has settled down now that the pupils have realized the danger of circling the bescon!

Our "Skipper" has been pretty incoherent this month, and has been

mumbling "establishment" and "surplus", on and off, for days!! In his more lucid moments, he has been full of talk about June and a camera focussed over the boat rail! May his dream come true!!

It is also rumoured that one "keen type" has made himself indispensable in the School!—in fact, at one stage his leave was almost cancelled!! That would have been a tragedy after all his careful preparations and plans!! Someone has to keep up the girls' morale, after all!! — and who could "control" it like him?!!

One of the blonde "Grecian 'types'" may now be seen walking up and down the corridor, busily stapling "scandal-sheets" of the Axis leaders on the wall! He has been too long in Picton and his mind(?) is more or less "catalogued" with his files!! Poor "old timer"!!

A certain Sergeant has also been seen walking around on foot-pads in the Discip. Office, too! Maybe it's because of the new "Chief"—or perhaps just an imitation of Sonja Henle?!!

That'll be all for this edition, but we shall see you again next month. In the meanwhile—may we see you in the Intelligence Library or in the Night Instruction Room as often as possible —PLEASE?!!

NAVIGATION FLIGHT

Now that the cry "New 'Bolles' for old!" has ceased, we can turn from the darkness of toll and strife to a new era of cheerful endeavour. With a feeling of being justly rewarded for a hard job well done, we, the old "B" Flight, take over the much lighter task of Navigation.

"Many were taken, but some were left"!!— Good luck to the "departed ones", especially to F/Lt. Davies, with whom it was a pleasure to pursue the "daily round"!

Welcome to F/Lt. Asker, who comes to us fresh from dropping things!! —we BELIEVE it was bombs! Our other "daredevils" are F/O. Bond, F/O. Wood, F/Sgt. Dix, Sgt. Palfreyman and Sgt. Osborne.

Amongst the ground staff, the Flight retains that cheerful hard-working son of Devon, Sgt. Cuss. To share his lot we have that "Star" from the "North", Sgt. Atherton, who no doubt will continue to shine as brightly as he did for the "Evil One" in old "C"!!

That "shag consumer" Opl. Stevens remains with us to carry on in his hard-working and cheerful fashion!

An Anson is being fitted with a piano, a never-ending glass of beer, and an illuminated copy of "Grandfather's Grave"—can we tempt you, Eric? (By the way, Eric—get a Zipp fastener on that blouse and REALLY be in the commissioned class!!).

We are sorry to become disassociated with that cheerful "gnome", that master of the tractor-"matters", Sgt. Jackson!! You are now with "Oh, yeah!"—don't let him get your "rag", Jacko!!

May we point out to F/O. Wood that "angel dust" may be demanded!! —we will collect!! Also, Sir, "Per Ardua ad Astra" is a fine sentiment for the R.A.F. crest—but "Annie" wants to know why she should demonstrate those famous words!!

We understand that the expert of Old English Folk Dancing, Lt.A.C. Wyatt, has recently entertained the "Syrrens" of Syracuse with a very spirited performance!! Also on the "tape" comes the news that Opl. Stevens has "graduated" in the handling of exasperated ladies!!—he now feels that T.N.T. and/or R.D.X. are more desirable things to handle!!

Is "Black Horse" really a brand? —or are our deep suspicions justified? An N.C.O. in this Flight has much conviction on this matter!!

THE BRAINS OF (CENTRAL CONTROL) WORKING OUT THEIR PROGRAMME.:::::**S.H. QUIZ**

Who was the Senior N.C.O. who applied for a wound stripe because he cut his "ring" finger in France? Is that why he won't get it out now?

Was the reason behind a recent D.R.O. the fact that the S.A.O. overheard people referring to him as "S/L 'A'" and thought they were being unduly familiar?

Why did a certain N.C.O. in the Orderly Room indent for a small hammer? Was it to go with the "Felt Spinners" (Oxford accent)?

Is it true the F.E.A.F. is contemplating the formation of a "Committee of National Liberation"?

Was the instigator of the new ACH reclassification system a late employee of Littlewoods'?

Does the new Adjutant, hailing from

the I.O.M., qualify for the 1939-43 Star?

"Regular" note in the Orderly Room —"Why did I volunteer for overseas to get away from the W.A.A.F.'s? At least they were under 40!"

Overheard in the S.A.O.'s office— "Ye ken all that litter on the roads, weel, it's no' there the noo!"

Is there a war against P.T.? Brains versus Muscles—so far "Muscles" is winning 2-0.

We hear from an Eastern R.A.F. station that two Canadian officers recently applied for the clasp to the C.V.S.M. (Toronto Star) on the grounds that they had spent a total of over 66 days outside Canada—draft conducting to the U.S.A. No comment!

Did Sergeant Verney submit an absentee report on his "blessed event"?

to nasty political work afoot!! On being "pumped" for information, our tizzy Anglo-Belgian laconically shrugs his shoulders, mutters "Could be!"—and demands an "early chit"!!

And now this month's "Puzzle Corner"!

Question No. 1—Translate into English: "Un morceau de notre" (Answers to be sent to A.C. Bellamy).

Question No. 2—Who said the following?—"Two's a crowd, three's a godsend!"

(a) Confucius?

(b) Corporal MacDonald?

FOR SALE

One large jar of Food's Vanishing Cream. Please apply to F/Sgt. Batterbee, c/o Station Armoury.

MOANS FROM 6 HANGAR STORES

"Aye 'tis a sair sicht," sighs young Tom Stevens as he sits head buried in a pile of issues—withdrawals returns—demands intermingled with labels and weird and wonderful mixtures of red tape which perform in one weird and wonderful function. He searches for his pencil and is annoyed to find that the gremlins on the counter have snaffled same. After a somewhat flowery oration on the right of mankind, he endeavours to solve the problem which entails sorting out the junk on his desk, then moans again in self pity.

Monday has dawned on our unfortunate heads. The store, usually neat and as clean as a pin—steel straight shank, resembles a junk shop, only more so, being obliterated by a mountain of grease-soaked overalls, which items of attire now and then hurl themselves over the counter to wrap themselves lovingly around the wretched basher's neck. Outside seethes a mob of supposedly muscle-bound thumbs. Seemingly the impression is that dim as a 100-watt lamp the storebasher is no longer so abused but possesses supernatural mind reading faculties, as the superior beings try to explain by Indian signs just what part of an aircraft's anatomy they require. The more intellectual resort to hieroglyphics rendering the delapidated loan book indecipherable. In fact the storebasher's lot is an education in itself.

"See that spanner to your left? Well it's not that one, but the one on your right just above your left foot." This is the sort of jargon we are supposed to interpret. The new storekeepers are inevitably sent to the back of the stores for a bag of mag drops or a set of cylinder compressions. The flow of abuse which accompanies the discovery of the trick would veritably ignite any one's ears, which accounts for the fact that no aircraft is placed very near the store.

The distance covered by one storekeeper during the day makes him sigh for a pair of roller skates. On an average he wears out one-third of an inch of boot leather per day, covering approximately six miles per day in the stores alone. Rather exhausting? I should say! But we manage to laugh and grin a little when we are not chasing the hangar gremlins, and muddle along with the other muddlers of so called technical 'wallahs' who obtain a fendiah delight in harrassing the reputedly dim-witted counter boys. Choice words of R.A.F. vocabulary reserved especially for Monday are uttered in squeaks and moans, accompanied by looks of offended dignity as each tries to get inside his professed 'clean' overalls. One politely asks for a shoe horn—another wants a pair with two pockets, instead of one; yet another states that his pair would fit a certain Flight Sergeant. Their opponents on the other side of the counter enquire whether they want a 32" or a 31" waist.

Silence until the overalls are 'neatly' bundled into tens. Then approaches a shame-faced individual who asks timidly for the spanner which he had unfortunately left in

his overalls. Pandemonium as grease-blackened cloth cascades over the racks as the now insane storeman endeavours to find the needle in the oil stack. The overalls at last are really bundled into tens until—but our gallant storekeeper grabs the largest pair of stilsons available and vows with a wild gleam in his eye, that he will bespatter the hangar with the blood of the next offender. With the departure of the wretched garments, the inhabitants of 6 hangar stores sigh most audibly with deep soulful relief. But they must not rest, the self-styled superior beings who frequent the main hangar hate to see them twiddle their thumbs.

TEN LITTLE AIR FORCE BOYS

By SUM WUN

TEN little Air Force boys
Started off quite fine;
One got promotion, (Ha, ha!)
Then there were nine.

NINE little Air Force boys
In an awful state;
One found the beer too strong (?)
Then there were eight.

EIGHT little Air Force boys
P.T. at eleven: (shades of Mr. Cox!)
One arrived at half past twelve—
Then there were seven.

SEVEN little Air Force boys—
Plane was in a fix;
One forgot his parachute,
Then there were six.

SIX little Air Force boys—
Glad to be alive;
A Pilotin' damsel "hooked" one!—
Then there were five.

FIVE little Air Force boys
At the Guardhouse door;
One required a hair-cut,
Then there were four.

FOUR little Air Force boys
Out upon the spree;
One "socked" the constable—
Then there were three.

THREE little Air Force boys:
The "Boat" was nearly due.
One went to Moncton—
Then there were two.

TWO little Air Force boys
Thought getting drunk was fun!
One's doing "Jankers"
Leaving only one.

ONE little Air Force boy . . .
My story's nearly done!
Can YOU think up another rhyme
To leave me here with NONE?!

You'll regret it if you propose—
On a merry-go-round.
In the moonlight.
After four drinks.
At a summer resort.
In a night club.
In an airship.
On a yacht.
In Paris.
In the movies.
On a bet.
Marriage.

THE MORNING AFTER

Sometimes, old pal, in the evening,
When the dawn is cold and gray,
I lie in the perfumed feathers
Thinking thoughts that I dare not say.

I think of the stunts of the night before,
And I smile a feeble smile
And say to myself the hundredth time
"Is it really worth the while?"

Then I pick up the morning paper
And see where some saintly man,
Who never was soused in all his life,
Nor thrown in a smelly can.
Who never stayed out till the break of day,
Nor jollied a gay soubrette,
But preached on the evils of drinking,
The cards and the vile cigarette.

"Lost in the the midst of a useful life,"
The headlines glibly say,
Or "snatched by the gray, grim reaper."

"He has crossed the broad highway."
So they bury him deep while a few friends weep
And the world goes on with a sigh—
And the saintly man is forgotten soon
Even as you and I.

Then I say to myself, "Well Bill, old scout,
When you're called on to take the jump,

When you reach the place where the best and the worst
Must bump the eternal bump.
You can smile to yourself and chuckle

Though the path be exceedingly hot,
For while on this earth you were going some!"
Now is that an unholy thought?

Then I rise and attach an ice band
To the crown of my battered hat;
Then saunter forth for a cold gin fizz—

She's a good old world at that!
I go on my way rejoicing;
What's the use to complain and sigh?
Go the route, old scout, and be merry
For tomorrow you may die!

I LOVE YOU!

In this war you can never tell where you are going to find yourself, so in case you need it sometime see if you can tell which languages "I love you" has been translated into:

1. Ik Bemln You.
2. Te qulero.
3. Nui Kouou Aloha No Oe
4. Sas Agapo.
5. Ani Ohev Osoch.
6. La Vas Lioubliou.
7. Kocham Cie.
8. Je t'aime.
9. Ti amo.
10. Ich hasse dich.

Answers

1 Dutch, 2 Spanish, 3 Hawaiian, 4 Greek, 5 Hebrew, 6 Russian, 7 Polish, 8 French, 9 Italian, 10 German—but it means, "I hate you".

THINGS TO COME?

With a view to boosting the overseas trade of Great Britain in the Post-War era, it has been suggested that the following items be manufactured on a "mass-production" basis for the export trade:

- (a) Inaudible radios for deaf mutes.
- (b) Damp beds for expectant parents.
- (c) Unperforated salt-cellars for people who don't use salt.
- (d) Toothless combs for bald men.
- (e) Lighted cigarettes for people without matches.
- (f) Cars that won't start — for women drivers.
- (g) Wall-less houses for people suffering from claustrophobia.
- (h) Synthetic sunshine for "out-door girls".
- (j) Noiseless staircases for wayward husbands.
- (k) Fast watches for people who miss trains.
- (l) Luminous lip-stick for near-sighted lovers.
- (m) Absorbent lamp-posts for stray dogs.
- (n) "Straight-jackets" for people who write stuff like this!

HANGOVER

This little poem was so appropriate that I took the liberty of stealing it. (How about it, Officers' Mess?)

HANGOVER

Here I lie upon the bed,
Throat so dry and throbbing head;
Blood-shot eyes and body sore—
The morning after the night before.

Can't eat nothing—got no pep—
Lost my money, lost my rep;
Can't get up I feel so bad
Boy! What a wonderful time I had!

Never felt so bad before—
Even my darned old tongue is sore;
When I burp I still taste gin—
Gee! What a party it must have been.

Can't remember where I went;
Don't know where the time was spent,
But Wow! What a time it musta bin—
Look at the helluva shape I'm in!

SONGS HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT





Sport and Entertainment

THE entertainment picture has changed somewhat during the past month, with F/O. Hamilton-Meikle, F/O. Murray and Alf. Morris, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, all posted. Many thanks, and all the best go with these hard working officers.

Our new entertainment officer, F/L. Fenn is one who is keen and enthusiastic and the same goes for his deputy, F/O. McCreanor. F/L. Fenn will be in charge of all entertainment and F/O. McCreanor will assist and be in charge of Sunday evening concerts. Stan Liversidge, new Y.M.C.A. Supervisor has taken over Alf Morris' duties, and may be found in the recreation hall.

Changes of this nature usually come in small doses, but despite the fact that the complete set-up seems to have changed over night, the entertainment has gone along as usual.

The first Station Dance to be held on the unit, was tied in with the visit of the famous Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen, and was held in the drill hall on March 3rd. There was a record attendance, and a good time was had by all at both the broadcast and the dance which followed. Many thanks to all who helped this affair to be a success.

There have been approximately thirty-six showings of movies during March, and after considerable experimenting with the speakers, the sound seems to have been much improved. Y.M.C.A. headquarters have recently informed Stan Liversidge that a special film will be booked each week, which means that each Tuesday we shall have a more up-to-date film. As stated in the Movie Schedule, these special titles cannot be announced until the day before the picture, but notices will be posted with full details. The first of these specials was "Crazy House", starring Olsen and Johnson, and was certainly enjoyed by all who saw it.

The Citizens' Committee for troops in training, have kept us going with fine concert parties, and the highlight of the month seems to have been the Bell Singers who gave two performances in the recreation hall, sang in the chapel, and visited the hospital. These charming ladies certainly presented a most interesting recital to an exceptionally appreciative audience. This was their fourth visit to this unit, and the concensus of opinion seems to be that we can stand a lot more.

Plans for entertainment for the coming month are going ahead, and constructive criticism and helpful suggestions will certainly be more than welcome. If you have a suggestion or criticism, please don't wrap it up, as it is fully realized that there are many chaps on camp who have bright ideas, and could help a great deal to enlarge or improve the present program.

Have a chat with Stan Liversidge, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor and get that idea off your mind! There are many things the "Y" bloke wonders about and if you don't give him the "Gen" he can't do much about your particular problem. Get cracking—are you in-

terested in forming bridge clubs, whist and euchre drives, bingos, smokers, dart competitions, table tennis tournaments, cribbage tournaments, and so on? Are you getting enough reading material? What about a hobbies group?

Have you anywhere to go when on leave, week-end, etc.? If not, see the "Y" bloke. Remember, your ideas will be welcome.

STATION QUIZ PROGRAMMES

The station has had two quiz programmes to date, the first was officiated by S/Ldr. Hooper, "Gong Man"; F/Lt. Freeman, "Live Gentlemen"; F/O. Hamilton Meikle, "Cash Chaps"; F/O. Murray, "Question Master" and F/O. Langtry, "Chief Number Picker Outer".

The programme was run on rather strict lines. Each airman received a number on entering the recreation hall. Upon the number being called out by the 'Chief Picker Outer' the bright young lad would muster all his courage and attempt to beat the "gong man". The show was according to reports, a success. P.S.I. supplied the \$50 given away as prizes.

The second quiz programme was run on different lines. There were only two on the stage, the "Question Master", F/O. Lowe and the "Chief Number Picker Outer", F/O. Langtry. Once again \$50 was supplied by P.S.I. for the prizes. Five dollars was spent on cigarettes (chiefly smoked by the two Joe's on the stage, the remainder given away to unsuccessful answers). \$45 was given away in hard cash to successful answers. From reports received, this show was the more successful of the two.

The programme being on the "air" had rather an interesting effect, the atmospheric caused by the 'mike' (one upright pole and a coca-cola bottle) was rather 'up-setting'.

By the time this goes to press another quiz programme will have been given, reports of same will follow in a later magazine.

With your help lads we can give you the shows you want! So it's up to you all to make them a great success by giving us your ideas for improvement! Thanks!

PRIZE WINNERS



Delirium by Taffy and Andy.
page 8.

Ye Gunpowder Plot, page 9.



BOXING

Since our last Boxing Tournament, we have had the misfortune to lose three members of the Station team, namely, L.A.C.'s Thoms, Dundas-Grant and McGregor. These boys will be missed at future bouts that may be held, we feel sure.

We have a new-comer by the name of Mulholland in the 145-lb. class. This young boxer will be worth watching when he steps into the ring. He has plenty of action and hitting-power. Another new "recruit" was McManus, a trainee who, unfortunately, will be leaving us before this article goes to press.

A Boxing Card was planned to be held in the Drill Hall on the 29th of March against Mountain View, but this had to be called off owing to the No. 1 Training Command eliminations bouts which were held at R.A.F. Kingston on Thursday, 30th March. We took five boxers to Kingston for these bouts, and were able to win three of them—two on points, and one by a K.O. We took a fourth bout by a qualification.

Markwick won his bout after the fight had been stopped in the second round. It was unfortunate that he had to fight one of our own boys.

Mulholland out-pointed Lough of Mountain View. Parkinson won his bout in the second round by the "K.O. route"! Jones won his bout by disqualification for over-weight.

Another card has been arranged to be held at R.C.A.F. Station Mountain View for the No. 1 Training Command Final Eliminations on 3rd of April. The results of these bouts will be given in next month's Magazine. The winners of the Final Elimination bouts will go to Command to compete in the No. 1 Training Command Championships, to be held in Toronto on 14th April.

It is again brought to the notice of all who are interested in boxing that contacts will be welcomed by the P.T. Officer, or Opl. Cockayne, the trainer.

Opl. Cockayne has taken a very keen interest in training the Station Boxing Team, and is only too anxious to teach all others who may be interested in the "gentle art" of "fisticuffs"! He was for two years the undefeated Middle-Weight Champion of the R.A.F. Western Command in England. Opl. Cockayne may be reached through the Maintenance Wing, or through the P.T. Officer. So come on, fellows, and let's have a really tip-top Boxing Team!

The times of training are—Monday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week at 19.00 hours in the Drill Hall.

BASKETBALL

By the time that this article appears in the Magazine, the Basketball Season will be almost ended. There are just two more games to be played in the "Knock-Out" Competition for the handsome trophy that goes with it. Station Headquarters meets No. 102 Course in the semi-final game, the winner meeting Workshops, who drew the "bye" in the final. Headquarters appear to be the "favourites", by reason of their fine showing throughout the League schedule, but the issue will be in doubt until the final whistle has blown! A report on these games will appear in the next issue.

The League this season was a very great success. There was plenty of competition, and many close games were recorded. Headquarters team won both halves of the League, and established a very good record—only losing three contests in the whole season!

The Station team played numerous games with the Picton Collegiate Junior and Senior teams, and also travelled to Belleville to play the Y.M.C.A. team there on one occasion. In all these fixtures, Picton R.A.F. lost only one game—a very good performance considering that many of the players are still in the process of learning the game!

We are all hoping for even better success for next season in the Station League, and possibly an outside League as well.

It is hoped that all interested in Basketball will continue to come and play, even after the League has finished.

FILMS IN THE RECREATION HALL

Saturday, 22nd April—"Wintertime"
—Sonja Henie, Jack Oakie.

Tuesday, 25th April—"North Star"
—Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews, Walter Huston.

Thursday, 27th April—"Tornado"
—Chester Morris, Nancy Kelly.

Thursday, 4th May—"Queen of the Yukon"
—Irene Rich, Charles Bick-

Tuesday, 9th May—"The Sullivans"
—Anne Baxter, Trudy Marshall, Thomas Mitchell.

Thursday, 11th May—"My Kingdom for a Cook"
—Charles Coburn, Marguerite Chapman, Isobel Elson.

Tuesday, 16th May—"Happy Go Lucky"
—Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Betty Hutton.

Thursday, 18th May—"Good Luck, Mr. Yates"
—Claire Trevor, Ed. Buchanan.

Tuesday, 23rd May—"Government Girl"
—Olivia de Havilland, Anne Shirley.

Thursday, 25th May—"Footlight Glamour"
—Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake.



ICE HOCKEY



GROUP CAPTAIN C. J. COLLINGWOOD PRESENTS CUP TO CAPTAIN OF BLOOMFIELD TEAM

The first of the Cup games took place on March 13th, between R.A.F. Picton and Bloomfield, the game being won by Bloomfield 7 to 3. Both teams played a wonderful game, although the ice was in bad shape.

The second game was played on March 15th, and in this tussle the Station team were the winners to the tune of 5 to 4. Fortunately the boys had a good sheet of ice for this game, so that the spectators witnessed a

really fast game of hockey.

The third and deciding game was played on Monday, March 20th, before a record crowd in the Picton Arena — many prospective spectators being turned away. Many of those who witnessed the game claimed that it was one of the best and cleanest games ever seen in the Picton Arena.

The Station lost to Bloomfield in a 12-minute "over time" period, the score being 6 to 5.



WHERE IS THAT FUCK?

The Commanding Officer and F./Lt. Cook ably led the "cheering section" on this occasion!

The Cup was presented to the winning team by Group Captain C. J. Collingwood, the Commanding Officer.

A lot of thanks is due to F./Lt. Ware who is Officer i/c Hockey, and to W.O. Bateson, who was Coach for the Station team.

The following is a list of the players who played in all three play-off games:

L.A.C. Webber, L.A.C. Henderson, L.A.C. Thoms, L.A.C. Margo, L.A.C. Halos, Sub-goalie (this player attended every game in case his services were needed. We thank you, L.A.C. Halos!) —L.A.C. Scott, L.A.C. Meunier, L.A.C. Lynch, L.A.C. Weegar, Sgt. Busby, Sgt. Davison, Sgt. Dickinson, L.A.C. Meade, and S. Hedges, goal-keeper.

NEWS AND VIEWS (CONT'D)

PLOTTING OFFICE GEN

Or What's Gaa in the Zoo?

As last month's column raised a storm of protest a new reporter has taken over to endeavour to "hash" up the "gen" in a way that won't get the boys in a "stew".

Once again the powers that be have switched our 48's for the second time in a month—keep it up, we don't mind a "48" every week-end but its rather confusing for some of those little girls in Toronto, Montreal, etc., they don't know who to expect when!

With practically all the officers on "48" on the same week-end now it's lucky they don't all go away or the card room furniture would be a bit lonely at those times.

A stop press flash has it that the villain of the piece is doing something about the Belle in Belleville—what's the low down, Louis?

The jiu-jitsu boys seem to be keen on the gym these days—is it a case of fighting for their "honour"?

A certain apiary expert has been heard to say that he doesn't want the boat for a couple of months, that Canadian, or is it American, beauty seems to have got him, what?

Our Ambassador to the States having returned, Hollywood has now relaxed and the male stars are breathing freely once more. It's a good thing that there's a war on or Robert Taylor might have been out of a job.

Rumour has it that the U.S. is worried over a threatening shortage of liquor—cheer up fellows it won't take

you long to get back to normal now that Rudolph has returned to our bosom.

A certain A.C. Jo—was wearing a clean shirt one week recently — we rather suspected that there was a tea swindle, now we know.

One of our illustrious staff of plotters departed for Moncton recently and on the way a certain F/O, lost a bottle. I wonder where it found to hide.

We have heard of "Art for Art's sake" but recently some have changed it to "Art for Christ's sake—" (borrowed from Dark Eyes).

"Binding" begins with a B too, doesn't it?

Lately the "Wrong Bomb Society" has become the "Mixed Bomb Society" or is it the "I Couldn't See the Target"? How about a clean up, Ranges?

Speaking of Dark Eyes, do they shine Any Time?

It is too bad that there is any flying at all on "48" week-ends, isn't it? I can C that we'll never get any hours in—I guess we'll have to stick to our violin.

Well fellow plotters, even if this effort is weak we couldn't let the Society go entirely unrepresented could we? Cheerio for now, here's to the boat!

1st Girl: "I see you finally gave in to your boy friend and let him buy you a fur coat".

2nd Girl: "Well I let him buy me a fur coat but I didn't give in".

Maintenance Notes

It was with great satisfaction that we saw the "Bolies" off the Station! No doubt they were good kites, but they involved us in a lot of disagreeable work—what with their cracked bearers and the different basic settings for the aircrews—(or should I say "props"?!). We are now waiting to see how the Anson I's behave! Whatever happens, though, we can do it!!

On our side of the Hangar we are in the throes of what its originator describes as "window dressing"! This seems to consist of doing our work efficiently, laying our equipment in neat heaps under the mainplane on specially-designed trays, and sweeping the floor-space around the job each evening. Strict observance of this "window-dressing", we were told, would bring its rewards, and I am glad to say that this has been the case!

I heard the other day about two of our chaps who went into one of the Picton restaurants, ordered two glasses of water and two toothpicks! After they had waded through this banquet, they left a cent tip under the plate, and departed after letting their belts out a notch!!

The chief interest now, apart from the inevitable "boat", is the approaching Football Season. There is a lot of keenness, and the indications are that we will have a good side. At the moment, the weather is holding us back. A few hardy souls ventured, one evening, to have a kick about—the pitch was in a horrible state, but a good—

Guardroom "Gen"

This month has seen new additions to the Police Force! Having arrived from Pat. Bay, they did not think so much of Picton, but after looking around and getting "organised", they seem to be settling down quite comfortably. We have said "Goodbye!" to Sgt. Wilson, Ops. Landells, Brady, Greaves and Henderson, and we wish them "Bon Voyage, and bags of beer in the 'Old World'!!" We should like to express our appreciation of the magnificent (?) Police Choir, which gives noble performances at the Corporal's Club on Sunday evenings! (Editor's note: They must have made many public (house) appearances!!). There isn't much we can say of this month's activities — all our "gen" is highly confidential!! In passing, however—who was the chap who, on being told to "get his buttons cleaned", came to the Guardroom for cleaning materials?!!

If muddy!—time was had by all! Ted Betteridge, that well-known veteran, demonstrated his zeal by sitting in a puddle, although he did not stay there very long!!

Since the last "Hill Topics" appeared, we have said "Goodbye" to Sgt. McDonnell and Marcus Stevens — we wish them the best of luck wherever they may go.

Life isn't what you make it, it's what someone else makes you make it.

TORCH(URE)

There is more good news this month from the literary point of view.

Through the good offices of Air Force Headquarters a varied supply of British periodicals is now arriving at the Station. "The Illustrated London News", "The Sphere", "Manchester Guardian Weekly", "Times" Weekly Edition, "Daily Sketch", "Observer", "Sunday Times", "The Spectator", "News Review", "Time and Tide", and "The New Statesman and Nation" are the publications that now are being provided in every mess and reading room. They are intended to give a representation of current thought in Britain and the British point of view and for that reason should be welcomed and perused.

Also now appearing for the first time is the new R.A.F. pamphlet, "Target" which gives, fortnightly, the latest news and views and is intended to furnish material and guidance for discussion and the formation of opinion about the progress of events. It is concise, interesting, compact. It is not highbrow. Have a glance through it.

A large number of new books have been added to the Library again this month. Most of these have been bought out of P.S.I. funds, but a goodly parcel arrived from the L.O.D.E. at Sudbury, to whom we extend our grateful thanks. Here are some of the new titles: "The Apostle"—Asch; "Congo Song"—Cloete; "Grand Parade"—Lancaster; "Mutiny on the Bounty"—Nordoff and Hall; "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"—Smith; "In Bed We Cry"—Cham; "Honorable Estate"—Brittain; "We Followed Our Hearts to Hollywood"—Kimborough; "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"—Lawson; "What to Do with Germany"—Nizer; "Burma Road"—Smith; "Airmans' Odyssey"—Snopery; "The Germans Came to Paris"—Polnay; "The Russian Army"—Kerr; "Malte Magnificent"—Gerard; "Assignment to Berlin"—Flannery; "Agent in Italy".

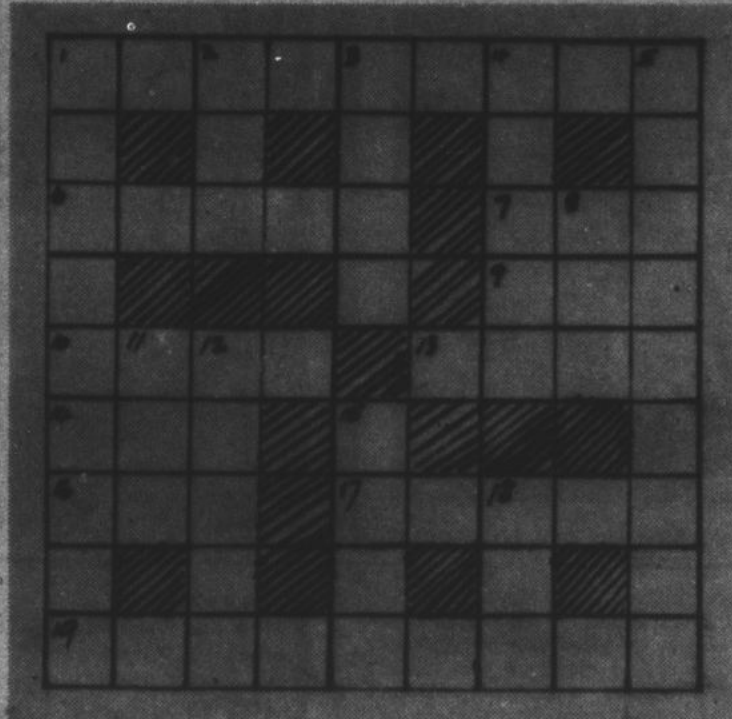
NIGHT FISHING

The river chuckles, and a dipper darts by;
On the other bank he fumbles with a fly—
A supple silvery flicker, a soft splash;
He glances at the river. From the grass
But twenty paces off, a nibbling sheep
Looks on distractedly — mankind asleep.
The universe relaxing for a while,
Accords the angler with a fleeting smile.

In Canada the darkness falls
As tyrants curfew; the black night
Clamps final as the doors of hell,
And leaves me wondering how the light—
So young and boyish—can dispel
By dawn, her murky awful night.

The English dusk strolls up the sky,
Stroking the hilltops' rugged brow.
She pauses, smiles, then, with a sigh
Moves on, but wistfully, for now
Old Sun stoops weary in the sky—
Soon Jupiter will light the plough.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES ACROSS:

1. What we should like this B-AND-G School to be?
6. Reflection.
7. Mixed tea.
9. P this is a brand of it.
10. Airborne conveyance.
12. Ladies losing a letter become a sign. (To men losing a letter, too!)
14. One of the gremlins again.
16. Happened on backwards.
17. Dream clothes.
19. Not this side of the ocean.

CLUES DOWN:

1. Mop it down! (3 words).
2. What the boat rolls on.
3. The Padre gets the last word.
4. At night I this about my girl.
5. Wanderer's home.
8. "Thinkest then because thou'rt virtuous. There shall be no more cakes and—?" (Shakespeare).
11. In Britain these days, Antonio makes it without cream.
12. Musical time.
15. Upside down on the King's ship.
18. Scotland Yard in the U.S.A.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

ACROSS:

- (1) Boat Drill.
- (6) Soda.
- (7) 'erb.
- (9) Air.
- (10) Bust.
- (13) Elba.
- (14) L.a.d.
- (16) Use.
- (17) Radil.
- (19) Sergeants.

DOWN:

- (1) Best Blues.
- (2) And.
- (3) Dose.
- (4) Ideal.
- (5) Libraries.
- (8) Rib.
- (11) U.S.S.
- (12) SDEER.
- (15) Erie.
- (18) Den.

OUR "BOOK OF THE MONTH"

"CONGO SONG" by Stuart Cloete

Reviewed by L.A.C. Jack Lemaire

My original choice was the book "The Signpost", but, considering my "Review" in retrospect, I decided that despite the brilliance of my commendations, the book would not prove very popular! Casting around among the recent additions to the Station Library, I happened upon "Congo Song", which I read with considerable interest.

The cover-design is erotic, but do not let that deceive you; so far from being a poor imitation of the style adopted by James Hadley Chase, it is a very powerful narrative of life in the steamy, humid Congo area.

The story is simple enough. It concerns the life of a small, very cosmopolitan community of white settlers in the Congo. Their main pleasures are centred around the social life of a doddering French professor, engaged in botanical research, and his beautiful Polish wife, whose magnetic personality exerts a strange hold over all the men in the settlement. Their routine is somewhat disturbed by the arrival of an American tourist, who, though on the threshold of divorce himself, falls in love with the professor's wife, Olga. From this point, the story becomes a string of disconnected incidents, each one dealing with the intimacies of the beautiful Olga and each male member of the group in turn. In some way, each incident brings Olga and Wilson, the American, closer together. Finally, after many weighty dissertations on sex, Stuart Cloete erupts into a welter of "5th Column" activity, and we find the characters running round shooting each other, and proving themselves agents of some or other European power, at the same time creating a general nuisance all round! It all ends happily with the violent decease of the undesirable elements, and Olga, her husband killed by her pet gorilla, finally accepts Wilson as her latest husband.

The book intrigued me by its very lack of sequence and cohesion. The characters are sordid—even the lovely Olga. She takes sexual intimacy as a matter of course, deriving far more pleasure from her pet gorilla, who is fanatically devoted to her. The queer love tangles of eccentric Sebastian, the painter, and his negro wives, too, are sordid. The queer little professor, popping in and out like a tiny bird; the sudden unmasking of Marais, the Nazi agent; the maniacal devotion of Retief, the professor's assistant, to Olga; all add to the power of this peculiar novel. It's worth reading, if only as an exposition of life in the Congo.

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