

Hill Topics

Vol. 1, No. 6



PICTON, ONTARIO, CANADA



May - June, 1944





EDITORIAL

THE first thing that I would like to do in this editorial is to apologize for the delay in bringing out the magazine. The reason was, of course, that we had to wait for sufficient material to fill it. In this connection I would again like to appeal to you all to send in articles on any subject whatever, to help bring out your station magazine. As there are only three really active members on the magazine committee, we find that we have quite a job to get anywhere.

I, personally realized just a week or so ago, that I had been at 31 B. & G. just a year (plus two months previously spent as a pupil) and looking around me now I find that the faces about me are completely changed from what they were when I first arrived. I think that whatever opinion you may admit openly of this station, you will find, if you just stop and think, that you have had a good time here and have met a swell bunch of fellows. Don't you think that it would be a pity if you should never again see Bill Smith, (with whom you had many a beer!), once you are "on the boat"?! What I am getting at is the establishment of some means of keeping in touch with one another after the war. Perhaps a club, either as such or merely as a correspondence organization whereby, either the C.O. and Adjutant or AC. 2 Jones and LAC. Brown, can continue that friendship which was started at Picton. Wouldn't it be fun for half a dozen of us ex-Pictonites to have a meeting in the "Rose and Crown" somewhere in 1960?!—(even if only as an excuse to get away from the "Missus" and go on a bingo!!).

What I want is that anyone who has any ideas in this connection to communicate with a member of the magazine committee as soon as possible. Even if you think that the idea is lousy, at least let us know why!!

Thanks, fellows! Cheerio until the next edition!

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"HILL TOPICS"

STAFF

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SUCKER BAIT

NOBODY likes being played for a sucker. But hundreds of airmen, and even a few officers, are rising to the sucker bait every week. It all seems harmless enough, when you see an advertisement inserted in a newspaper or magazine by some lonely-hearted gal. All she wants is someone to write "sweet nothings" to her and so perhaps brighten an otherwise drab, hum-drum existence. Why not?

There are a good many reasons why service personnel shouldn't write these "Pen Pal" letters. The most obvious one is that it is a violation of regulations, for which severe disciplinary action may be taken against the offender. Moreover, it is just about the most pointless waste of time anyone can imagine.

Think it over a minute or two then answer the question, "What kind of people write these "Pen Pal" adver-

and asking all the normal questions about people, their tastes and hobbies, etc.

Don't think their interest is in Air Force information alone. From the hundreds, possibly thousands, of letters they may flush up by a dozen "ads" they can obtain valuable cross-sections of national opinions and attitudes on controversial domestic or international topics—food for their voracious propaganda machines, won-



tisements anyway?" "What are these lonely, anguished souls like?"

"How many normally intelligent and attractive people do you know personally who ever put an "ad" in a publication soliciting correspondents?" Not likely they are the kind of people who ever aroused your interest.

Enemy agents have used and are still using the "Pen Pal" method of gathering information about us—our armed forces, our factories, our farms, our transportation, our technical developments, our problems, our morale, our political views and so on, ad infinitum.

These agents insert dozens of these "ads" in various publications, adroitly phrased to appeal to the lonesome service man. Poor dupe! Naturally, the first few letters are innocent enough—harmless "come-ons" enclosing snaps of some glamorous "babe"

derful material for thin edged wedges they hope to drive home between our racial groups or between ourselves and our Allies.

The number of these letters has been increasing steadily in recent weeks—despite the fact that Standing Orders expressly prohibit "Pen Pal" letters.

In a democracy, nobody likes the idea of a complete censorship of mail, nor can we afford to waste the manpower necessary to place such a censorship into effect. The alternative is co-operation of all ranks in stopping the practice.

Severe disciplinary action is taken when "Pen Pal" letters come to light and all officers are well advised to keep all under their command constantly reminded of the folly and the danger of writing to strangers.

DON'T RISE TO THE SUCKER BAIT!

INTRODUCING

OFFICER OF THE MONTH



SQUADRON LEADER G. L. RITCHER

If variety be the spice of life, the history of our "Officer of the Month" should prove indeed a "spicy" story!

S/Ldr. Ritcher began his education at Charterhouse, where he represented the School at Soccer, and was one of the "leading lights" in the Boxing team.

As a forewarning of the fact that he meant to do "something different" whenever possible, he went abroad and completed his education at a Continental University.

Two of his main interests since then have been flying and photography. The first took him into the air in 1929, when, as a civilian, he learned to fly and later had his own plane. This was at a later stage, when the second of his interests had brought him an enviable and lucrative job as cameraman in Hollywood. "Per ardua ad astra" does not seem to have fitted the circumstances here, but life, (he assures us), was not entirely a "bowl of cherries"; the camera-man's job was exacting and tiring. He worked with the Metro Goldwyn Mayer Corporation, and helped in the making of such films as "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Romeo and Juliet".

The call of the air was too strong, however, and in 1937 he joined the R.A.F. and became one of its pilots in the following year.

The early months of the War found him in Fighter Command Squadron 234, and he with them earned undying fame for the "few" who fought and won the Battle of Britain.

In these famous aerial engagements, on September 13th, 1940, he was attacked by 3 Messerschmidt 109's, and was shot down but succeeded in balling-out over the English Channel. He had his revenge, however, and 4½ enemy planes destroyed, and 2 probably damaged are listed to his credit.

Earlier on, under the Banquet Scheme, he had flown "Battles" in patrol work, covering the immortal evacuation from Dunkirk.

The highlight of his operational career came, he says, when, in Novem-

ber, 1940, as a member of a Spitfire Squadron, he helped to escort the torpedoed "H.M.S. Javelin"—bearing Lord Louis Mountbatten—safely back to a British port. From dawn to dusk the Squadron engaged in resistance to attacks from enemy aircraft, and succeeded in shooting down eleven enemy planes, including Dornier 88's and Messerschmidt 110's.

After taking part in the early fighter "sweeps" over France, he was transferred as Flying Instructor (on "Spits") to the U.S. Air Corps, training pilots of the 8th Air Force Pursuit Squadrons. He led them on their first "ops".

S/Ldr. Ritcher, twice mentioned in despatches, has flown 32 types of Air Force planes, including Harvards. He came to Canada in September, 1943.

N.C.O. OF THE MONTH



WARRANT OFFICER A. BAKER

This month's N.C.O.—Warrant Officer A. Baker—hails from Pickering, Ontario.

Born in 1915, he went to school in his province, and, at leaving age, took to farming until 1937, when he went over to Great Britain to enlist in the then Civil Air Guard, successfully obtaining his pilot's "A" licence.

At the outbreak of war, he joined the R.A.F. as an air gunner—there being no vacancies for pilots at the time.

After training in England, he was posted to No. 149 Squadron, on "Wimpeys", and completed 30 operational trips.

His next movement was to 148 Squadron in the Middle East, carrying out eleven operational sorties on his tour.

A period of instructional duty at No. 15 O.T.U. was followed by a further tour with 149 Squadron—since changed to "Stirlings"—and on this tour the number of trips added up to 31.

One year as a gunnery instructor at No. 14 O.T.U. was followed by a period of some six weeks, waiting for his posting to Canada, first to No. 1 A/G. School, and then to No. 31 B. & G., Picton!! He plans, now that he has returned to Canada, to trans-

fer to the R.C.A.F. at the first opportunity.

His raids over Germany took place almost entirely during his first tour which, in his own words, was "very tame". The second—his Middle East tour—brought, however, one spot of excitement when they had to take off in the early hours of the morning minus tail wheel and flaps!!—and without the assistance of ground crews!! The whole of the other personnel had slipped away in the night on hearing of an enemy approach!!—and did so without waking W.O. Baker and his friends!!

After the take-off, the enemy forces were seen to be actually approaching the 'drome buildings!!

His third tour, on Stirlings, took in three 1000-bomber raids, and a crash in flames!!

However, after a three-weeks' rest period, they were called upon to carry out a daylight attack on Lubeck—as far as is known, the first and only daylight sortie to be performed by these aircraft!

This tour was completed by a number of minelaying trips in the Bay of Biscay—known in "Briefing Room" lingo as "Gardening"!

This N.C.O. wears the D.F.M. and the 1939-43 medal, and has one big ambition—to return and carry out yet a fourth tour of operations to bring the score up to 100 trips before settling down to married life and his favourite sports of roller skating and tennis!!

AIRMAN OF THE MONTH



AC. PYLE

Our "spotlight" this month turns on AC. Pyle, who was born in the village of Overton, near Basingstoke, Hampshire.

He is 38 years of age, and has been in the R.A.F. for the past three years, of which half has been spent at Picton.

Well—as most of our readers will know, "Pop" serves out the "wallop", or, to give it a better-known nomenclature, the "morale builder"!! No doubt he could tell many spicy tales about the boys, but "Pop" maintains a strict silence!

We notice that the cookhouse staff and the M.T. "friends" are keen

customers for their "vitamins", and at times "Pop" has to "ration" the beer out, otherwise the "casuals" would never be able to obtain a glass.

In closing, would the "Goons" please note that glasses are to drink out of—NOT to break on or under the tables?!

SPRING

Oh spring is here! Oh spring is here!
And sunlight dances in your beer,
The thaw has come the bay is clear
How nice,
No ice!

The spring has sprung on hills and
leas,

The birds are mating in the trees,
No more we feel that wintery breeze,
How nice,
No ice!

The white coats gone the field is
damp,

Not snow but rain now brings the
clump,
And that stuff's wet you'll need your
gamp, but—

How nice,
No ice!

In Britain bright now blooms the
bluebell

Carpeting each wood and dell
In Canada, mud, but what the Hell!
How nice,
No ice!

The doves, they say, will bill and coo,
Soon we can bomb on target two,

To what are all these blessings due?
How nice,
No ice!

But I've just thought of something,
say!

What do we find each summer's day,
In every drink on every tray,
Why ice!
How nice.

"QUIZZES"

The indefatigable efforts of F/L. Fenn have made the fortnightly "quiz" programmes one of the most outstanding activities in the Recreation hall. These evenings are enjoyed by ever-growing audiences.

P.S.I. provides \$50.00 in cash, and the prizes start at 25c and double up to \$2.00. At a certain set time, an alarm-clock sounds, and the chap whose number is called directly after the sounding of the alarm has a chance to try for the \$5.00 question.

Our thanks to F/L. Fenn, Stan Liversidge and S/L. Hooper, who made his last station appearance on Monday, 8th May. S/L. Hooper was a member of the Entertainments Committee, and will be missed very much. Our best wishes go with him.

BACK NUMBERS

Current issues of "Hill-Topics", in response to a request, are being sent to the Imperial War Museum, London, to be added to a collection of War-time Station Magazines.

Unfortunately, Nos. 1 and 2 of the Magazine, having been completely sold out, were not available, and the Librarian of the Museum has suggested that our readers may have copies of the first two issues which they might be willing to hand in for sending to London. If there are, F/L. Freeman, Education Officer, would be glad to have a copy of each.

SO THE DOCTOR DIED....

BY "SUM-WUN"

DR. JAMIESON smiled at his reflection as he brushed his hair—black with just a powdering of silver at the temples—and congratulated himself on the fact that he was still a handsome man, even if he was nearing fifty. His figure was as slim as a young man's, with a look of hard fitness; his face was of a patrician cast—lips perhaps a trifle thin and set, but this gave him a purposeful look, and added to, rather than detracted from, the nobility of his countenance. An observer seeing him now, would have at once received the impression of a man with a fitting sense of his high position and of absolute integrity and honesty. He would never have guessed that, not only was this man a leading physician of the day, but also a murderer—twice!

There had been a time when Dr. Jamieson had not occupied his present exalted estate, but had been a struggling G.P. in a small Midlands town. He had been attending a maiden aunt for many years — she being a rather "cranky" woman, and a chronic invalid, with a distaste for human society—(with the possible exception of himself). She had told him that her will named him the sole legatee of all her possessions. These consisted of several houses in the district, plus a sum of about seven thousand pounds.

One night she slipped and fell down the steep rickety stairs, breaking her neck, thus leaving her nephew a comparatively rich man. The Coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of "Accidental death"—for how should they have known of a hand that hastened her to another, and it is to be hoped, a better world. Only two men could have told her, but neither volunteered the information. Dr. Jamieson was one of these, and his reason for keeping quiet was the best possible . . . it had been his hand!! The other had a different reason, as was to appear later.

The Doctor had moved to London, and was fortunate in being able to purchase a good practice within easy reach of the West End. He had prospered and his reputation was soon both wide and excellent, for he was, without doubt, a very talented man, as his aunt would have been the first to agree. His

crowning triumphs had been as an expert consultant to the Crown, in several cases of murder, in which his clarity and unruffled composure in the witness-box had earned him commendation and approval, and a very good friend in the person of Detective Inspector Charles Rathbun, C.I.D. This happy state of affairs was not to continue, however, for now there came on the scene the second man who possessed the knowledge of how Jamieson's aunt had died.

Alf Bodger was a general handyman at the house of Miss Jamieson—he was also an accomplished sneak-thief, and

had a habit of prowling around the house at night to see if any loose change had been left lying about. This practice had led him into being a silent and unseer witness on the occasion of the old lady's death. He had waited patiently for several years, but, being down on his luck had made his way to London, and, securing an appointment with the Doctor, had informed him of his knowledge of the crime and demanded a substantial sum for the price of his continued silence. The doctor, needing time to think made an appointment for the following night, using the excuse that he would require that much time to arrange to collect the money.

The following night was foggy, and Alf Bodger shivered and drew his collar around his ears as he turned into the Square where the Doctor lived, passing down a dark cutting between two tall houses. He was about halfway along the alley-way when he heard a slight scuffle behind him, and turned towards the sound. Before he could complete the movement, two strong hands took him by the throat . . . A policeman patrolling the beat found the body next morning.

(To Be Continued)

VIA SINGAPORE

We've got the blinkin' Zoo here,
But we ain't in Regents Park;
They never sweep the roads here,
And the jungle's pretty dark;
We've muck up to the eyes here,
And the towns ain't on the map:
A stick can be a snake here,
And a tree may be a Jap!!

It's "hard tack" and "compo"-rations,
Dirty bilge and bully beef;
There's no time for steak and onions
When a Jap's behind a leaf!
But, by heck! Through swamp and mangrove
We shall settle this old score!
We'll be coming back to England,
And we'll come "VIA SINGAPORE"!!



ODDS AND ENDS

The Army and Navy Journal reports that a man named Brown was inducted and sent to a camp at which a large outfit of Wacs were stationed. Brown finished his basic and was promptly assigned to the Wacs' barracks as janitor. Month after month went by and one day Brown got a call to drop in on the paymaster.

"Brown," the paymaster demanded, "six months have gone by. Where have you been? Don't you realize that you haven't drawn your pay all that time?"

Brown's face was all amazement. "What? You mean I get paid too?"

Woman: "Was my husband here with another woman last night?"

Hotel manager: "No madame, it was the same one."

Father (calling on family doctor): "Doctor, my son has cholera and he admits that he caught it from kissing the housemaid."

Doctor: "Oh well, young people will do thoughtless things."

Father: "But doctor, to be quite frank, I kissed the girl myself."

Doctor: "By jove, that is too bad."

Father: "And to make matters worse, since then I have kissed my wife every night and morning. I'm afraid that she too will . . ."

Doctor (wildly): Oh, my gosh, we'll all have it."

Some girls will and some girls won't,
Some girls do and some girls don't,
Others might and possibly would,
Several may and possibly should,
Wear longer skirts.

It's with peroxide blondes are made,
Brunettes are made with dye,
But lots of guys make either shade
With rum or gin or rye.

"Young man, why do I find you petting with my daughter?"

"Because you are wearing slippers, sir."

Airman: "Do you know the secret of popularity?"

Girl: "Yes, but mother said I mustn't."

"Daughter, would you know what to do if a man accosted you in the blackout?"

"Sure."

1st Airman: "Is that girl's dress torn or am I seeing things?"

2nd Airman: "Both."

Virtuous Wife: "So you're in at last! And what's your story?"

Husband: "It was dining in night dear. Call up the Mess and see."

Virtuous Wife: "Ha! Ha! How about that lipstick on your chin?"

Husband: "Jelly dear, we had it for desert."

Virtuous Wife: "Jelly my eye! Liar!"

Husband: "Honest, have my stomachache pumped."

Virtuous Wife: "Enough of this farce.—Mr. Collins!"

Detective (entering from next room).

"Yes ma'm."
Virtuous Wife: "Tell this gentleman what you saw at that hotel so that he will know why I am going to divorce him."

Detective: "Hell! This isn't the guy. I—I made a mistake. I was trailing the man that spent the afternoon here with you!"



PARADE EXTRAORDINARY



FRIDAY, the 6th of May, dawned beautifully; the warm change of atmosphere which had been so noticeable was prevalent. There appeared to be rather more activity on the camp than was usual immediately prior to the morning working parade. Yes, stir and bustle was the predominant feature.

Yet a strange silence pervaded the buzz of activity, the familiar hum of a climbing "Annie" or the roar heard as her engines are tested was absent. This was no ordinary working parade, the whole of the station personnel was being marshalled into position for the grand march to the markers already positioned on the parade ground. D.R.O.'s had stated that a special C.O.'s parade was to be held but few realized that they were to witness the presentation of awards for distinguished flying to three members of the officers' mess.

After assembly prayers were offered by the padre, S/Ldr. Hooper, after which the C.O. Group Captain C. J. Collingwood, D.F.C., called F/Lt. Cook, P/O. Walt Drechsler and F/Lt. Art Moody to the front—the first

intimation that many had of the nature of this special parade. The awards and presentations were: the Distinguished Flying Medal to F/Lt. Ben Cook and P/O. Walt Drechsler, and the Canadian Operational Wings to F/Lt. Art Moody.

The Commanding Officer during a short speech, paid tribute to these gentlemen, who, he said, were all Canadians. He considered it to be most fitting that they should receive their awards at Picton, a Royal Air Force station in Canada, after earning them as members of R.A.F. squadrons, operating from bases in Great Britain. The Adjutant preferred not to use the mike with the result that many did not hear the citations which he read. For the general interest of our readers we reproduce herewith the citations received by these officers.

F/LT. BEN COOK, D.F.M., CAN. R. 80203 F/S (NOW F/LT) BENJAMIN COOK

"This airman has participated in numerous operational sorties including nearly all the most heavily defended centres in Germany and Italy. He also took part in the daylight raid on Le Creusot. Throughout F/S. Cook has set and maintained a high standard of courage and navigational skill which has been a fine example to others."

Many of our readers will remember the famous daylight raid on Le Creusot in which 97 Lancasters took part. It was one of the R.A.F.'s most daring low level raids, and is still talked of in operational circles.

CAN. R. 75287 F/S WALTER WILLIAM ADOLPHE JOSEPH DRECHSLER

"In most hazardous circumstances this airman displayed courage and fortitude worthy of the highest praise during air operations."

P/O. Walt Drechsler whilst on operational duty baled out over Belgium. Full particulars of his escape

cannot of course be given, but it can be disclosed that after 6 months he found himself in Gibraltar, and from the Rock it was only a matter of days before his safe arrival in England.

F/LT. A. H. MOODY

"This officer has completed one tour of operational duty in action against the enemy, and has been awarded the Operational Wings in recognition of gallant services."

F/Lt. Art Moody should be able to be of material assistance in the new gardening drive now in evidence on the station. His flying log book has many interesting entries. GARDENING, Brought back veg. Sowing 1000 pounders, etc., are typical examples. He was actively engaged on many mine-laying missions.

Hill Topics, as the voice of the R.A.F., Picton, again echoes the congratulations of the C.O. and the whole of the station personnel to these gentlemen, and voice their pride at serving with them in the important work of training air crew members.

FILMS

The special movie booking each week has been a considerable "drawing card" and there have been many comments on the improved standard of pictures. Some trouble has been experienced due to faulty projectors, but this is now being looked into, and it is hoped that before the end of May, we shall have perfect sound.

The Friday evening showing of Documentary Films has, on the whole, proved a complete success. Careful consideration is always given to the choice of films obtained, and, although we have had one or two "duds", the consensus of opinion is that the Friday evening "do" is a "Good Thing"! Comments and constructive sugges-

tions on this program would be welcomed by F/L. Freeman, Education Officer, or Stan Liversidge, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

After much thought on the part of the Entertainment Committee, a few hints on how to help the presentation of movies have been drawn up. Here they are:

1. Always come late: this usually causes a noise and is helpful to those already in the hall.
2. When you come in, never close the door quietly, and always make sure that your dainty hoofbeats are heard by all.
3. Stand for a long time in front of those sitting at the back—they came early to see the show, but it doesn't matter as long as YOU see it!

4. If you don't like the picture, never get up and leave, but always yell as loudly as possible. This helps those who DO like it, to thoroughly enjoy it.

5. When lighting "smokes", always keep the match lit as long as possible—this "drowns" the film, but why worry, so long as you're happy?

6. Always try to be out of the hall before the playing of the National Anthem—this not only adds to the pleasure of those who wish to see the end of the picture, but proves how much regard you have for the fact that you are members of the ROYAL Air Force.

7. When there is a love scene shown, sympathetic coos and sighs on your part will show what a knowledge you

yourself have of the gentle art of "pitching woo", and will demonstrate your superiority in this respect to the more unfortunate fellows sitting beside you.

8. Always bring as many oranges, apples and sticky confections as possible, and be sure to throw the peelings and wrappers at the others in the hall. This always appeals to the "school children" in the audience!

9. If the projector goes "U/S", always make as much row as possible, as this is so helpful to those endeavouring to effect repairs.

10. Always use the fire doors to leave the hall—this is strictly against regulations, and brings you out onto the grass, which is so much improved by your illegal perambulations.



THE CRICKET CLUB OF RED NOSE FLAT

A Yarn of "Ole 'Frisco"

BY JAY HICKORY WOOD

I met him at a cricket match—he came and sat by me, And he chatted in a manner most agreeable and free. He borrowed my tobacco, and he wasn't slow to ask If I'd let him share my sandwiches, my matches, and my flask; And, in return, he told me, some most interesting tales About lassoing wild horses and harpooning monstrous whales.

He narrated fearful combats in the "Rockies" with a bear, And blood-curdling scalping histories that nearly raised my hair; And though to all appearances, he hadn't lost a limb, Yet all these fearful incidents had happened unto him.

Now, when a man identifies himself with certain acts, It's very rude for any one to doubt that they are facts. There are only two ways for it—you believe him, if you're wise; If you're not, and he is little, then you tell him that "he lies".

So, as my friend was taller than myself by quite a head, And a toughish-looking customer, I swallowed all he said. But when at last he paused for breath, and also for a drink, I thought I'd change the subject, so I said, "No doubt you think That cricket as a sport is very womanish and tame Compared with scalping Indians. Do you understand the game?"

"Do I understand the game?" he said. "Wall, stranger, you may bet What I don't know 'bout cricket—wall, it ain't invented yet. Perhaps you ain't aware, my friend, that 'way down Ole 'Frisco We had a slap-up cricket club?" I said I didn't know.

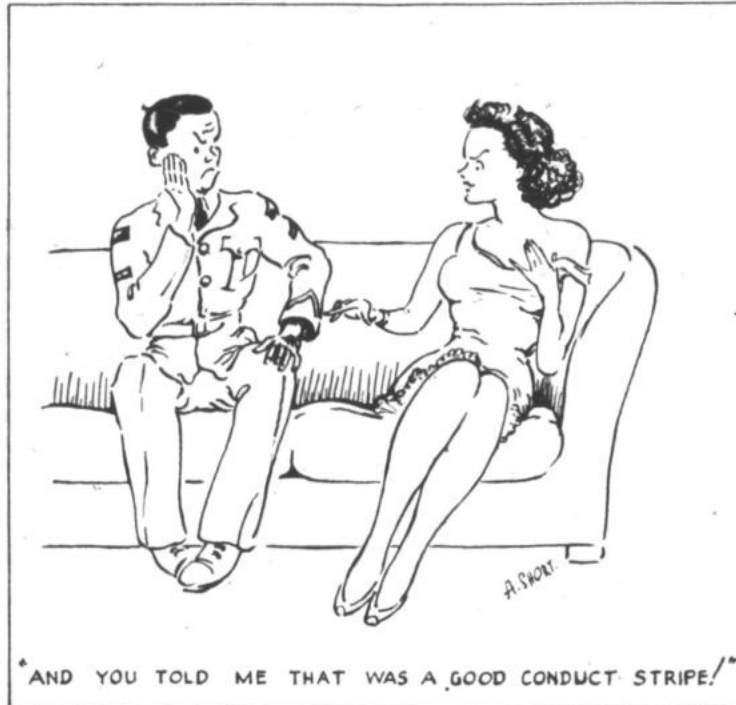
"Wall, now you know," he answered, "and I'll tell you 'bout a game We played there just a year ago as warn't so plaguy tame." And this is what he told me, of course it mayn't be true— But as he told the tale to me, I tell the tale to you:

"The boys 'way down in 'Frisco, though all a reckless lot,— They'd most come out from England, —and had got a tender spot. That spot it were the village green, where as boys they'd bowl and bat, So we all made up our minds we'd have a club at Red Nose Flat.

We didn't have no captain—leastways we elected four, But some one allus pistoled them, so we didn't vote no more. You see, them captains allus tries to boss the blessed show, Which ain't a healthy thing to do, 'way down in Ole 'Frisco.

Wall, we went ahead a-practising, as happy as could be, Till Thunder Jack shot Blood-red Bill for hitting him for three. And we held a general meeting, and we passed the following rule:— 'A member pistoled on the field by members in the cool,' Providing he is up to date in payment of his 'sub.' Is planted at the sole expense of this 'ere cricket club."

We heard as how a lot of chaps from Philadelphly Was out on tour, so we challenged 'em to come along and play. Our challenge was accepted, and one day they came around,



AND YOU TOLD ME THAT WAS A GOOD CONDUCT STRIFE!

All ready for to play us, so we took 'em to the ground. Joe Blazes says to me, says he, "Ole pard, I'll tell you what, There ain't a single shooting-iron in all the blessed lot. What do they mean a-coming here, expecting for to win? It ain't half good enough, ole pard, a jolly sight too thin."

They tossed for choice of innings, and you bet we won at that; We all was whales on tossing, and we started for to bat. 'Twas just as well we won the toss, because I'm bound to say, That even if we'd lost it, we'd have batted anyway.

Wall, first of all I starts to bat along O' Thunder Jack, The bowler sends his ball along, I makes a mighty smack, But, somehow, 'stead of hitting that there ball with that there bat, I hits it with my leg. The bowler shouted, "How is that?"

And that there blessed umpire started for to answer "Out". When he saw my shooting-iron—so he guessed there was a doubt; And he'd heard as how the batsman always got the benefit, Which plainly showed us how that blessed umpire knew a bit.

You'd have thought a t' other umpire would have had some common sense, But he went and said as Jack were out, on the following pretence:— Old Jack had made a mighty swipe, and, if he'd hit the ball, I guess we hadn't never seen that ball no more at all. But, then you see, he missed it, and

They didn't seem so anxious for to bat as you'd have thought, But we talked to them persuasive, and convinced 'em as they ought. We told 'em as good cricketers should sooner die than yield, And we loaded our revolvers, and we started out to field. We'd Rifle Bill, a deadly shot, a-fielding near the rails, And when Bill means to shoot a chap he very rarely fails;

We'd Blazing Bob at cover point, and Mike was near the stand, And Thunder Jack kept wicket, with his shooter in his hand, And Lord! them Philadelphly chaps, they couldn't bat a bit; I bowls 'em nice and easy, just to tempt 'em for to hit.

But 'stead of smacking at the ball, they kept on looking back, And seemed most interested in the ways of Thunder Jack. One chap did hit a ball to leg, and started on a spurt, But Rifle Bill just fetched him down, and he retired hurt.

Of course we beat 'em hollow; why, they never scored a run, But they all admitted freely it had been splendid fun; So we challenged 'em to come again, and play us a return, And, p'raps it may be fancy, but they didn't seem to yearn.

However, we persuaded 'em to play it out next day, But, when the morning came, we found as they had gone away. We've challenged other clubs since then, but one and all they states, As, they're very, very sorry, but they have no vacant dates.

So we swept the decks completely, and we calculated that The boss of all the cricket clubs was ours at Red Nose Flat." And this is what he told me—of course it mayn't be true— But as he told the tale to me I've told the tale to you.

"I represent the Mountain-Cheap Wool Company," began the snappy young salesman, "Would you be interested in coarse yarns?"

"Gosh, yes," breathed the gal hopefully, "Tell me a couple."

A girl, aged eighteen, was about to be married. She ran to her mother one day weeping profusely.

"Oh mother," she cried, "I'm getting married on Saturday and I'm so frightened, I shan't know what to do."

So very gently her mother started to explain the facts of life to her. The exposition hadn't gone very far when the girl interrupted.

"Oh no mother, I don't mean that, I want to know how to cook."

his wickets they was downed By the wicket-keeping chap, who said as Jack was out of ground, And 'stead of speaking up and saying as there was a 'doubt, The umpire said as Thunder Jack was very plainly out.

Then Jack he pulled his shooter out, and drew on him a bead, And that there blessed umpire he went very dead indeed, We shouted out "Fresh Umpire," but somehow, no one came, So we guessed we'd do without one, and we then resumed the game.

Wall! after that they took the bowling very nice and slow, And, if a fielder caught a ball, he allus let it go; So Jack and I, we slogged away as lively as could be, Until my score was ninety-seven and Jack's was ninety-three. Wall, we had to close our innings, so's to give us time to win, And, as they couldn't get us out, we said they might go in;



OUT OF DARKNESS

WERNER MOELDERS, colonel in the Luftwaffe, was credited with 115 victories in single combat. In his long career of six years as fighter-pilot he had fought over Spain, France, Britain, the Balkans and finally Russia. His country had honoured him with the highest decoration bestowed on her brave men—the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross with Oak Leaves and Diamonds. He was a wizard in the air. He was also a tough customer—ruthless, fearless, terrifying in the relentless drive of his purpose. From school days he had been taught that his profession would be killing, and he had learned his lesson well.

[His god was Hitler, his religion—war. His prayers were Nazi songs in which Germany's enemies were consigned to destruction. His "Bible" was *Mein Kampf*. Death had no terror for him. Death? That was a military order, a simple transfer from a Nazi airdrome to a Teuton heaven, where the sweetest music would be the jack-booted tramp of other dead Nazi soldiers, and where more fighting and fresh glory awaited the immortal heroes of the Fuehrer.

This was the conception of life and death that Nazi teachers had given Werner Moelders. First at school and then from his officers when he was put in uniform, he had heard the same doctrine. Hitler could do no wrong; and so long as he had faith in the Fuehrer, he could not fail.

It was fun to hurl bombs down on defenseless civilians, swooping in so low that he could see them running like frightened ants to save their lives.

It was fun to shoot up women and children.

Wherever the Panzers blazed their flaming trails of death and destruction, Werner Moelders and his comrades darkened the skies overhead. In their leisure hours they danced in the churches of countries they had bombed into surrender, or jeered at the priests being driven off to concentration camps.

And presently they came to Russia. Through the summer months they swept forward as irresistibly as ever, pursuing the retreating Soviet forces over their blackened, desolated countryside. The tally of Moelders' victims lengthened, and his arrogance daily increased. A fiendish sense of power gripped him when he sat at the controls of his Messerschmitt and felt his finger rest on the gun button.

In the summer skies he was still unconquerable; but when the winter came, there were days even as early as October when the cold bit into him, deadening his senses and making him dread his daily patrols. And the real winter was yet to come.

Then came the day when two Hurricanes dived on him out of a clear sky, and, with a damaged engine, he turned and ran for it.

With his throttle wide open, he screamed over the snow-covered countryside with the British fighters in hot pursuit. He threw himself about the sky in a vain attempt to shake them off, but still the tracer bullets followed him, flashing by his cockpit and eating into his machine.

And, for the first time in his life, Werner Moelders knew what it meant to be afraid.

If he had died there, his secret would have gone with him. His comrades would have presumed that he had met his end fearlessly, glorying

in his sacrifice for his beloved Fuehrer.

But by a miracle Moelders escaped. By one of those million-to-one chances, he cheated death and struggled back to his base. When he climbed from his riddled plane he was shaken to his depths and ashamed of himself for his cowardice. In those terrible moments when his life hung in the balance he had, almost unconsciously, whispered a few words: "God, God Almighty in Heaven—help me out of this! YOU alone can save me!"

Back in his own quarters Moelders shut himself up.

He wanted to be alone. Often in the last year or two doubts had entered his mind about the Nazi creed; doubts which he had tried to stifle and rationalize, but which had re-

turned to be banished for long. These had now stormed the citadel of his soul and captured it, the faith of earlier years was coming back.

His thoughts carried him to his childhood home in the German town of Stettin. He remembered things which for many years now he had ridiculed and rejected; his prayers at his mother's knee, the local pastor who often visited his parents, his early enthusiasm and Christian leadership among boys of his own age, his faith in God. Was it true that faith in Hitler and Nazism could sustain him? Could he have survived the dreadful danger out there in the Russian sky if he had not found again his faith in God?

[To Moelders, the tough Nazi, came

Hardly had he admitted, however, what moved his heart, when a strange silence fell over the crowded room. One after another the men turned their faces to hide their emotion. They looked at each other from under their lids, frantically trying to discover what was in the other fellow's mind. Moelders knew them. He saw that every one of them had experienced his own fear in the air, and that every one of them had been taught faith by his grimmest experience. He could sense how these boys were ashamed of their emotions; how they clung to a Nazi world in which faith in God is a sign of contemptible weakness; how they had hidden what they had felt all along.

One after another, many of them admitted to him that they too had been praying silently, secretly; that only their faith had given them strength, and that often, when they were alone and in mortal danger, they had cursed Hitler and his Nazis who had robbed them of their faith.

They told him the stories of other men—of German soldiers in front-line pockets, surrounded by Russian armies, besieged for weeks without food or ammunition, to whom they had ferried supplies by plane and giant gliders, and whom they had found kneeling and praying—praying to God to save them. These men had found no encouragement or consolation from their Nazi officers, whom fear of frost and starvation held in deadly grip. Instead they crowded around the few who, in the face of death, braved the Gestapo agents among them and talked of faith in God.]

Moelders dispatched his written confession to the local pastor, the boyhood friend of his family, who in his turn passed it on to his parents and then published it. A copy came into the hands of the Bishop of Breslau, who realized that in Moelders he had a man of very great influence who could now help the Church in the hour of her persecution. He therefore appealed to him to intercede with Hitler.

Moelders acted without delay and sent a message to the Fuehrer to the effect that he could not continue to fight for the Fatherland if the Gestapo continued to attack the Christian Church on the home front.

The Gestapo's revenge was prompt—an explosion in a transport plane in which Moelders was a passenger, and he was killed on November 22, 1941, and silenced forever.

Silenced forever? That was what the Nazi leaders thought when they rejoiced that Moelders was no longer able to preach his disturbing faith. But they were wrong.

[Moelders had not been long dead before thousands of copies of his letter began to circulate in Germany.

It was printed on secret underground presses.

It grew like a snowball, rolling from village to village, from city to city; and wherever the letter was read, the

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the realization that only God had saved him. He wrote down his thoughts in a letter to the Stettin pastor and felt relieved from an inexplicable strain, now that the nightmare of Nazism had disappeared from his mind.

As he left his room and met his comrades, Moelders—the Nazi war hero—became the missionary. It was not easy to talk to his friends about God. Moelders knew what to expect from them—the cynical laughter of youths whose god was Hitler, who believed in the Luftwaffe and regarded themselves as the supreme creatures in this world of war.

Gently, carefully, Moelders guided the conversation in the mess to the dangerous subject. He was prepared to meet sneers, to face ridicule and contempt.



"Claudius the Dodd"

BY ROBERT GRAVEYARD
(With Apologies)

ONCE upon an A.D. of only a couple of figures, one Claudius the Dodd was Caesar, or Emperor of All the Romans. Now Claudius wasn't a bad sort of bloke, but he was a bit "dim". He had a wife named Messalina, who was "a bit of a lass 'on the side'", and whenever he was away making war on the Barbarians, Angles, Saxons, Gauls or what'll-you-have, she "made hay while the sun shone"! Of course Claudius, being as stated above, never did "catch on", until at last Messalina, (he called her "Mess" for short!), flushed with success, excess, etc., and emboldened by the ease with which she could "pull the wool over his eyes", went a bit too far. Then it was that even Claudius woke up, and she got it where she didn't expect it. It is with this final phase of the career of Messalina as Empress, that this epic deals. Chronological data and figures may not be EXACTLY accurate, but you will get at least a rough (very rough!) idea of the proflig . . . good times which they had in those days when the might of ancient Rome was at "a new high"!—(i.e. before later, when all Romans made a habit of getting higher—bathing, etc., which was a "bad thing", and led to Gibbons' "decline and fall"!).

Our first scene opens in Claudius' camp away at the wars, where his army was scoring mighty victories under his brilliant leadership, over a lot of unarmed Cro-Magnon (or something!) types who didn't know what it was all about, anyway, and wouldn't have been interested if they HAD! The Dodd—(short for "Doddler"—he had flat feet!)—was saving them from oppressing themselves by drinking too much beer, which might have caused a shortage, and this would have caused, in its turn, "rationing"—which couldn't be, anyway, 'cos it wasn't invented until some two thousand years later. So you see it was all very necessary, and a 'Good thing'! Well—one morning, after breakfast, (about 2 p.m.), Claudius was seated on a throne in his tent, contentedly (unintentional pun!) smoking his pipe and benevolently watching a brace or so of dancing girls, when one of his guards rushed in, tripped over the "juke box", and prostrated himself before his Emperor.

"Hell - and - damnation - Almighty - Caesar!" said he, breathlessly, (and a trifle indistinctly, since his helmet had fallen over his eyes!), "a cloud of dust approacheth along the road from Rome! It must be of great import, as they seldom hurry when bringing the field rations, in case they break the bottles!"

"Lummox!" (Latin for "dim type"!), roared Claudius, who had been startled so that he had upset some hot ashes down inside his toga. "Wouldst interrupt my entertainment for this? 'Tis probably naught but one of these calisthenic (Greek for P.T.) types who, as all men know, are sick of a brain disease and fly about with great energy!" (He poured a beer down his chest, to quench the conflagration which was raging upon his hirsute torso, and turned to one of his junior officers).

"Ho, there!" he said. "Fire this fool at the Barbarians from my biggest catapult! Then, if he can make his way back to our lines, give him 14 days' C.B. for "absence without leave". If he doesn't, post him as a

deserter and put him to death by the torment!"

The unfortunate guard was dragged away shrieking. Presently there was a loud "twang", and the shrieks died away. The lieutenant returned and saluted smartly.

"Order carved out, Almighty Caesar," he said.

"What happened?" asked Claudius, absentmindedly tapping out his pipe on a dancer's breast-plate.

"Well, Lord," said the junior officer (1st "tour"!), crestfallen. "I aimed at a bunch of spearmen, but I misjudged the T.V. and just got a brace of horses."

"Bah!" snorted Claudius. "Now when I was on the course . . ."

At this moment the cloud of dust arrived outside and drew up with a squeal of brakes, settled, and disclosed a chariot. The charioteer burst into the tent, wild-eyed and untidy, and threw himself at Caesar's feet.

"Woe!" he said—a trifle on the muffled side, since he had inadvertently got a mouthful of fur out of the rug! "Woe, Almighty Caesar!"

"Stop saying 'Woe'!", barked Caesar, irritably. "What do you think I am?—a horse?! Speak up, for Jupiter's sake!—and stop eating my rug!"

"Lord Emperor," answered the messenger, "grave tidings I bear. In your absence, Messalina, your royal Consort, has been having a 'whale of a time' and is now about to publically marry your favourite, Schaveronius. Investigation has also brought to light 439% cases of adultery".

"What?" thundered Claudius, springing to his feet. "I don't believe it! I'll give your lying tongue to the dogs! . . . and what do you mean, anyway—5439%? Where does the % come from?"

"That was once when a divan collapsed," answered the terrified man, taking another bite out of the mat. "I swear it is true!—your secret police have all the 'gen', with finger-prints, etc."

"By Dis!" cursed Claudius. "I'll stop her larks AND allowance for this—to say nothing of her breath! And I'll strew his innards on the Forum steps! . . . Ho, there! Centurion! have my chariot brought!—I'll go to Rome at once!"

The Centurion (a sort of Roman "Flight-Sergeant", but rather more intelligent!) dashed out, and could be heard screaming orders. Caesar, his brow thunderous, strode up and down

his tent, fuming at the delay, and biting savagely at his pipe-stem. He was so perturbed at these ill tidings that he trod on the unfortunate messenger's face (or "messenger's unfortunate face", which ever you prefer!) a couple of times. The latter preferred to stay there unnoticed, rather than attempt to get up and risk being a butt for Claudius' anger. Everybody was dashing about in a great panic, shouting and bumping into each other and waving their arms. The Barbarians took advantage of the confusion to send a scouting party, which captured from the officers' mess a crate of beer and a couple of Vestal Virgins, which were being saved for a party.

Presently, the chariot arrived, but it had been harnessed up by some u/t Catapulters in "Pool", and the horses were in backwards! This caused the Centurion to have apoplexy, and Claudius to scream in anguish—in fact, some eye-witnesses say that he was in great danger of losing his reason, had not a quick-witted general executed and dismembered three slaves on the spot. Somewhat mollified by this, Claudius knocked back a quick beer while the horses were being changed, then, swirling his toga around his shoulders, he jumped into the chariot and drove off furiously along the road to Rome, followed at intervals by members of his guard who hadn't been used to hurrying and hadn't got ready in time. (They had previously been in training command, and were mostly drunkards, anyway!) This, we might mention, turned out to be a "Bad Thing", as all the stragglers were captured by the Barbarians, who used them, in a subsequent attack, to cover the spikes with which the Romans used to cover the bottoms of their ditches. All were captured, that is, save two officers named Billinius and Thomus ("low types", at best!) who went the wrong way in any case, and ended up in Torontum.

Meanwhile, in Rome, big "doings"! Messalina as the Empress had declared a "48" for everyone to celebrate her wedding, which was scheduled for the Ides of March. All the "blue blood", Senators, Publicans and Officers of the army on leave were preparing feverishly—practising, etc., for the feasts and orgies which were to follow the wedding! Of course, it was all nonsense, since everyone knew that Messalina was already married, but weddings were always fun, anyway, and it was an excuse for a good old "binge", which, although frowned upon in these days of "liberty", were common enough then!

Schaveronius, a daring young man, who had always been a favourite of Claudius, (and who, in common with most Romans, thought him too dim to do anything!), had no scruples about marrying his lord's spouse, since he figured on "rubbing out" the old codger and becoming Emperor, anyway—but definitely! The "young things" of those days were a BAD LOT—always drinking, exchanging wives, etc.—but no one minded, since their Gods were a "Bad Lot", too, which made it a "Good Thing"! (That's why they were called the "good old days", and hence the expression "a Roman Holiday"!).

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DEAR BRAINS' TRUST,
I AM FACED WITH A
MOST PECULIAR PROBLEM —

Now we can come to the wedding morning! Messalina was in her boudoir, trying on various togas, endeavouring to find one which made her look like a virgin, but without much success, since her children kept running around, distracting her, and rendering it impossible for her to capture the right "expression" on her face! Finally she gave up, and picked one which would make all the young officers whistle!—which was the next best thing!! Well . . . she got to the Temple, where she was to wed Schaveronius, attended by a large number of her friends disguised as maidens, and there met up with the "bridegroom" and his "escort" of his kindred "rakes", who were waiting with the High Priest and an odd Oracle or so. (The last were dames who were slightly "screwy", and gave tips on future happenings such as the winner of the 3.30, etc.). The Temple was that dedicated to Aphrodite or Venus, as was only proper. Schaveronius, who was wearing his old school toga—(egg, rhubarb-green and egg)—wasn't looking any too good, since he still had a hangover from the night before, and unfortunately couldn't see very well. This last indisposition was responsible for some slight confusion, as he took hold of one of the "maidens" in mistake of the "bride"! This dame—(whose nickname was "Scylla", which showed that she was a "bad type", too!)—was quite willing to be a bride at any time, and wouldn't let go of Schaveronius, so they had to take "time out" while Messalina beat her up. During the fracas, Messalina lost her toga, and had to borrow one from one of the other maidens, who was promptly hurried away by Olvervius—a friend of Schaveronius—who was too kind-hearted to see a girl standing around without a toga, and took her away to his house to get another! After this there were no more interruptions, and everything proceeded "according to plan". After the ceremony was over, everyone dashed off to that Palace for the "orgy". About four hours later, everything was in full swing, and the wedding guests were all very happy!—full of "vino", and swapping wives, girlfriends, etc., in the best style. Messalina was dancing on a table, and the bridegroom was shooting crap with a couple of drunken pals—and cheating horribly!!

But what is this shadow over the scene of hilarity? It is Nemesis, in the form of another cloud of dust, which this time is approaching Rome along the Via Appia or something. This cloud of dust, which had lessened a little when it stopped at the gate of Rome for information from the Centurion on duty, finally stopped with a jerk before the Palace and materialized into Claudius and those of his guard who had managed to catch up with him without being cut off, up, etc., by the Barbarians. They were all dusty, sweaty, etc., and minus helmets, breast-plates, sang froid, and all were in a foul temper from the furious ride, and Claudius himself no less—in fact, he was swearing horrible Roman oaths. They all drew their swords and charged into the Palace, led by Claudius—(despite his flat feet!)—who was yelling "Bella! Bella!" which means "Beat the place up!". At this time, Schaveronius,

having "cleaned out" his pals, decided that it was about time that he told Messalina the "facts of life", so he stood up—(not very easily, on account of "vino")—just in time to be knocked down again by the "lady" herself, who had been attempting to do a "strip-tease" and, tripping over her toga, had fallen off the table. Just at this poignant moment, the guests were suddenly startled—(those few who were sober enough to be startled, that is!)—by a loud noise, clashing of arms, teeth, etc., from outside. Schaveronius, whose view was obscured by Messalina's leg, which was across his face, hurriedly bit it to obtain a clearer line of vision, and

Messalina away to the dungeons to await trial. This showed that he was a very fair-minded man (also "dim"), since most Caesars would have carved them up on the spot! By the time they were removed—(which was pretty quickly, since Messalina was drunk, and Schaveronius couldn't put up much resistance with her sitting on his chest!—in addition to which, he was a trifle embarrassed, as most men would be if they had a woman dressed in a pair of sandals sitting on their chest when her husband came in with a large bunch of dirty, dusty, swearing soldiers!)—the guards had got tired of spilling Roman "blue blood" on the marble pavements, and

unavoidable! Schaveronius said he hadn't done anything, anyway, since Claudius had come home too quickly, whereupon the latter, being still fair-minded, merely charged him with "intent"! Schaveronius was sentenced to be thrown to the lions in the arena at the Coliseum the next day, and Messalina was to watch his demise, then go home and commit suicide with a dagger which, after the custom of the times, would be sent to her by Claudius.

Came the next day, the Coliseum was crowded—especially by a lot of Roman husbands and wives who heartily disliked Schaveronius and Messalina on various counts themselves. Messalina was there, as ordered, dressed in mourning, and weeping profusely into a succession of handkerchiefs, casting alternatively reproachful and languishing glances, the while, at Claudius, in the hope of softening his heart. However, he remained unmoved, and peacefully sat back puffing his pipe, and thinking that, after all, this was a "good thing", since, with his wife "mortuus est", he could do something about that little blonde in Torontum! Well—after a few preliminary bouts, in which some gladiators sliced each other into mincemeat, and some wild women from Pictonia tore a rhinoscerus apart, the main event came on—to wit, Schaveronius and the lions. He was let out into the middle of the arena, and stood there, blinking in the sunlight for a few moments, when a gate rumbled open at one end of the arena and out strolled half a dozen healthy, but hungry-looking lions. No sooner had they appeared when a number of women in the audience, who liked the cut of Schaveronius' jib, or who had received favours at his hands at some time or other in the happier past, seeing him standing there weaponless, grabbed their husbands', boy-friends', etc., cutlery, and pitched it down to him, shouting, "Here you are!—give 'em the works!" etc. Heartened by this reception, Schaveronius, deciding to sell his life dearly, seized the longest and most lethal-looking of the weapons and took stance with his back against the nearest wall. The lions, seeing a tasty-looking meal before them, came on with much gusto and loud roars of "Grrr!!", which is apparently "lion language" for "Tally-ho!" or something!! Now the biggest lion got in front of the others with the idea of getting in first and removing a leg or so, with which he could deal at leisure in a quiet corner. So up to Schaveronius he sprang, and was in the act of reaching for his "off-side" pin when he felt about a foot or so of cold steel inserted neatly, but firmly between his fourth and fifth ribs. Somewhat hurt and puzzled by this unaccustomed treatment, he retired to one side to think things over, where he presently rolled over on his back with his legs in the air and died! The remaining five attacked "en masse"—which was also a mistake, since three-quarters of their hastily-aimed blows and bites landed on each other! Seeing that at the same time Schaveronius seemed to have five arms and ten swords, the unfortunate lions came to the conclusion that they were surrounded by enemies, and when two of their num-

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"Promise me that you'll keep an eye on her, Sergeant."

looked towards the door—just in time to see Claudius and his dusty, dirty, etc, guards charge into the room.

"Gadzooks!"—(sorry! wrong era!) . . . "By Zeus!", he swore, "we are undone!"—(as indeed he was!!!). The guards—(who were in a foul temper, anyway!)—decided that all this "fun and games" while they themselves were—(hypothetically, at any rate!)—away giving their lives in battle was a "Bad Thing". Discovering at the same time that several of their wives were present in the arms of Senators, Publicans, etc., they got really mad, and, giving vent to even worse Roman oaths than before, they began to lay about them with their swords, slicing up whoever came in their way. Claudius, having meanwhile severely kicked Messalina where she should have been wearing her pants, told several of his guards (who had lost their swords on the ride and therefore couldn't lay about them—much to their disappointment!) to take Schaveronius and

had grabbed off the remaining maidens and "vino" and had started a party on their own account! Claudius, who was really a peaceful man at heart, felt sad as he gazed at the mixture of carnage and revelry, and, after meeting the slightly reproachful gaze of a disembodied head which was lying on the carpet, he shuddered and hid himself off to his own quarters to get "pickled".

Two days later the trial was held. Messalina and Schaveronius were brought up before Claudius and the Custodians (or Roman "S.P.'s")—came too, with their evidence, fingerprints, cigarette-ends, etc. It didn't last very long, as the evidence was rather conclusive, and Messalina was convicted on the 5439 cases of adultery—the % being dismissed on point of law. During the hearing, the evidence also convicted the foreman of the jury, the speaker of the Senate, and three of Claudius' best generals—all of which was unfortunate but

'CLAUDIUS THE DODD'
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ber rolled over with neatly-severed vertebrae, the remaining three retired to a safe distance for a breather! Here hunger overcame discretion and two of these immediately attacked again. They both sprang, but owing to lack of co-operation and/or pre-decided plan of action, they cannoned together in mid-air and fell short.

Seizing this unique opportunity, Schaveronius stepped hastily to one side and half-severed the head of the nearer of the two carnivores with a crafty flick of the wrist. This having been accomplished, he thrust over its willing body at the second, who committed the faux pas of trying to bite the sword! In his immediate objective he was more than successful, for he swallowed some three-quarters of it, and presently died, thinking as he did so that this was indeed an unfair world, and that there should be a law against such "goings-on"! The last lion, who was a lazy and rather moth-eaten type, and who rejoiced in

the name of "Poochie", decided that "discretion was the better part of valour" and lay down quietly and began to eat one of his defunct pals. This procedure brought indignant cries of "Sissy!" and such like from the audience, which, however, he studiously ignored.

Schaveronius, taking advantage of the lull, decided to act before they could let in some more lions, suitably reinforced by an odd rhinoscerus and a mad elephant. So, clamping his sword between his teeth, he leaped up and grasped a banner which was hanging over the side of the arena. Quickly scaling this, he arrived amongst the audience at short notice, with his "pig-sticker" once more held in a business-like attitude! Said audience, coming to the conclusion that if six lions could do nothing about him, there was little that they could do, promptly parted to let him by. Helped considerably by this mental attitude, he made his way at top speed to the nearest entrance, hindered only temporarily on the way by two of the more aggressive type—aggrieved husbands. These he left coughing their life's blood onto the

sawdust, and wondering why the hell they hadn't let bygones be bygones!! Arriving at the gate, he bisected the liver of the only guard and, looking around, discovered that, to his joy, Caesar's own chariot was there, already harnessed up for his return trip to Torontum after Messalina was "cleaned up"! Cutting it loose, he leaped aboard, and, whipping up the horses, headed as fast as possible for the nearest place which was not part of the Roman Empire! On perceiving all this, Caesar, (being as we said before, a peaceful and non-grudge-bearing type!), waved his hand and said: "Let him go. It was probably all Messalina's fault, anyway—it usually IS the woman's!" (How true!!).

At more normal times he probably would not have been so benevolent, but a period spent thinking of the blonde who was to be honoured at a future date put him in a pleasant frame of mind!

The show being over, everyone went home, including Claudius and Messalina. The former, anxious to get the whole affair over and done with, summoned the captain of the guard and handed him the dagger with which

Messalina was to put an end to her "entertaining" career. The captain arrived at her house to find her with her mother, who had been summoned with the hope of softening Caesar's heart. He, who had had six wives and was therefore heartily sick of women, (particularly mothers-in-law!!), handed her the knife, at the same time drawing his finger across his throat and making an unpleasant noise with his mouth. She took the knife and put its point against her breast, but, finding it unpleasantly sharp, threw it into the corner and burst into tears. Annoyed at her tardiness over so simple a thing when he was wanting to get back to a poker game, the captain of the guard drew his sword, took three long paces forward and ran her through. Lowering his blade, he allowed her to slide off onto the floor, where, with a surprised expression on her face, she died. Wiping the blade on her toga, he sheathed it and went back to Claudius to report. His noble Lord, who was packing for his "forty-eight", said absent-mindedly: "Well—she'll know better next time!" and left for Torontum.

**A POWERFUL
"LURV" DRAMA**

There was once a beautiful princess who lived in a huge castle, complete with moat and a big drawbridge. She had two faithful servants—one was her lady-in-waiting, and the other was her butler. One day a very handsome and dashing young prince came galloping up to the castle on a magnificent white horse. The butler, seeing him approaching, let down the drawbridge with a thud, and shouted to the prince: "Watcher want, son?!" The prince replied: "I have come to ask in marriage the hand of the beautiful princess." The butler informed the lady-in-waiting, and she went to the beautiful princess and gave her the "gen". The princess said: "The man I marry must do something very brave," whereupon the lady-in-waiting told the butler, and the butler let down the drawbridge and told the handsome young prince what the beautiful princess had said. So off galloped the dashing young prince, back to his billet and cut off his right ear with his sword, and, taking his ear between thumb and forefinger, placed it in a gold casket and tied it up with some lovely blue ribbon. Then he mounted his white charger and (being a "dashing" young prince!) dashed back to the castle!! Seeing him again approaching, the butler again planked down the drawbridge with a tidy whallop, and hollered: "What nah?" and the handsome young prince said, "Give this golden casket to the beautiful princess," and the butler took the golden casket to the lady-in-waiting, and the lady-in-waiting took it to the beautiful princess. Slowly the princess untied the blue ribbon and slowly she lifted the lid of the golden casket, and look inside. Then she screamed: "Blimey! What's this 'ear'?!!"

SOMETHING "FISHY"!

Orderly Officer: "You're not eating your fish—what's wrong with it?"
AC. Erk: "Long time no seal!"

The Wolf by Sansone

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BUTCHER'S 'OOK

Old Butcher's 'Ook took charts in 'and
And with them 'e made solemn stand
In front of Goon with jaundiced eye
Of flanneling fame 'is luck to try
By God we wish 'im well.

Old 'Ooky took a right good look
At bombs on chart, there weren't no group
As should 'ave been as we well know
Did Goon but bit of gumption show
In exercise just dropped.

Old Butcher's wrath it waxed but more,
The more 'e thought the more 'e swore
At Goon who stood with gaze avert
To realize just what a squirt
Old Butcher thought 'e was.

Now Goon were sorry an' felt right bad
To realize 'e weren't bright lad
An' tears of bitterest salt and woe
Right down 'is bosom commenced to flow
Oh broken 'earted Goon.

Now Butch felt sorry at what he'd done
Slapped Goon on shoulder, said,
"Never mind son",
And Goon smiled up through tear-dimmed eye
His flanneling fame was not to die
At Butch's awful roar.

Now back on pit in barrack place
Goon tells Goons what kind of face
Is best to flannel Butcher's 'Ook
From putting name in 'Jankers' book.
Oh B/S baffles brains.

OUT OF DARKNESS

Continued From Page 7

thoughts of the people turned to God. Soon copies of Moelders' letter reached the front line. Young Nazi soldiers, who had tried to model themselves on his example, read them and pondered. They are reading them still, though Nazi officers have been ordered to threaten such readers with heavy punishment. Hitler knows now that it was not enough to kill Moelders because he believed in God. He has called the Gestapo to fight Moelders' testimony. That wave of faith which is sweeping the Nazi front line must be halted. Those thousands of German civilians who crowd into churches after every Allied raid on a German town must be stopped. There must be only one god in Germany—Hitler!

The Gestapo has gone into action against the faithful friends of Moelders who copy and distribute his letter. With bribes and threats it is trying to discover the heroic men and women who have followed his example and preached the Word of God in Germany. A reward of \$40,000 is offered to anyone who is prepared to denounce a friend who believes as Moelders believed and passes on his letter. Meanwhile, it has been officially announced in Germany that several people in whose possession the Gestapo has found a copy of the letter have been sent to concentration camps.]

Werner Moelders is dead. He can no longer preach the truth that came to him in the cramped cockpit of his Messerschmitt.

But the message he left lives on.

A small booklet containing the above story and a number of others will be sold at the pay parades at the end of June.

Proceeds in aid of China.

There will be no collections for the C.O.'s Benevolent Funds and Bombed Victims' Funds on this occasion.



MONTHLY REPORTS FROM THE FOLK WHO LIVE ON THE HILL

News and Views



Bombing Flight

Here once again with a report of work well done, and the personal scandal of our Flight! Life as usual has been hard, and the chief "bind" these days is: "Four b - - y details again tomorrow!"

We are trying to cope, but with a sadly-depleted staff. During the month F/Sgts. Goode and Rowe, and Sgts. Jones and Reinbach left us for "long distance" jobs with Navigation Flight and F/Sgt. (now P/O.) Hayes, F/O. Dryden, F/Sgt. Imeson, F/Sgt. Compton, F/Sgt. Currie and F/Sgt. Dodgson left us en route for the "Boat"! The boys were "seen off" in the usual traditional manner, having kindly and helping hands to speed them to the train!

This month we have had a change-over in our system—we are now operating on Mark 6a (modified)—the heartbreaking job of compiling said system being left to F/Lt. Spencer and "Joe" (better known as F/O. Pull-eyn). We have also had a change of aircraft—for the worse, I fear!—to Anson I's!—'Nuff said!!!

Congratulations to P/O. Morton on his promotion! F/O. Moules has had a few visits to Capt. Dunn and is left with but 4 teeth (temporarily) with which to appease his appetite. Did anyone hear the words of Sgt. Bryan and Cpl. Paton gave utterance to when they had to dig an Anson I out of the "Tiger Country"?!! They have a pretty good Canadian vocabulary, anyway! F/O. Smith let it slip accidentally that he has been to Toronto 18 times in 6 months!!!—what conclusions can be drawn from that?!!

Cheerio till next issue!—bags of work to do, and we'll be back for sure with more scandal!!

G.I.S. STAFF

Ground Instructional School Topics

(The "Gist From the Hill")

Ins and Outs

We welcome to the college of technical knowledge F/Lt. Unwin, D.F.C., F/Lt. Oliver, F/O. Devlin and F/O. Ploughman. We extend a special welcome to Course 107 — the Fighting Frenchmen, we hope their stay in Picton will be a happy one.

We say farewell to F/O. Cooper, by this time in England. When he left, the 'Pups' thought, "That's one examinations officer less." Reinforcements however were rushed in, in the form of the Professor. The Junior Bod has also left us for the Old Country (where's that?). F/O's. Watton and Neeson are now way out west.

F/Lt. Oliver arrived as a F/O. and a few days later his second ring came through, when it appeared in D.R.O.'s the original Mk 1 thought that at last his devotion to duty had been recognized. Get in line, Freddie.

The sea lion-like laugh of F/O. Manock was missed in the school for the short time he was down at the Dog House. He's back now and so "Bertie no longer rises at ten-thirty". F/O. Lowe is now 1/c A.M.B.T. (at least nominally).

F/O. Birt was down with MEASLES, (a 14-day sleep-in). He was spotty, the Prof. went dotty.

F/O. O'Grady is back from Mountain View, where he took the Section Officer's reprimand to heart. He now carries authority (in quadruplicate) to wear his gold thread wing and cap.

What is a Scrubber and how did the word originate? One late pass for the correct solution. Two late passes if you forward a Watney's bottle top

with your answer, a week's leave if you forward a bottle of Watney's). This competition is open to all except Sgt. Hudson, who knows too much about the subject, besides he has "Trubells" of his own.

Jimmie Thomas soon hopes to add a "Laurel" to his wreath.

Clem is still looking for that arm-band with the word "Guide" on it. He did very well without it. If you see an officer wandering the corridors of the school rattling pennies in his cupped hands and muttering "Milk for Britain", you will know what three years at Picton have done for our Adj. alias Blitz alias Kinsman.

You have all seen the little iron rings in the concrete of the Aprons but did you know what they were for. All instructors completing two years are to be chained to them at night, the leash is just long enough to fall short of the bar in the mess. This is official, Freddie saw it on a file at No. 1 T.C.

Two London charwomen were discussing the inconveniences of the "blackout". "But it's a necessary evil," said the proverbial Mrs. Malaprop. "Else we're likely to be blasted into maternity."

"Tis so," said her companion. "But the worst of it is, we'd never know who done it."

A man wandered into a Tennis Tournament the other day and sat down on a bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.

News From the Airmen's Mess

Once again the main topic of the month has been "Where is that boat?" So far we have said "Bon Voyage" to "Lofty" Holle, but there are quite a few other blokes "sweating" on it now!

We hear that the "Wellington Wooper" is still going strong!—we often wonder how the inhabitants of that salubrious "burg" have managed to stick him for so long! The best of it is that he doesn't care "A-dam" who knows about it!!

This month saw the start of the football season again, and I'm sorry to say we made a disastrous start—losing five goals to one against the redoubtable Maintenance!! Still! . . . there is plenty of time before the "cup" rounds start, so let's hope for a little improvement!!

Strange faces keep appearing in the Mess—this month we say "welcome!" to LAC. Long who has come to us from Debert, and Cpl. Parkes, who came from "Pat Bay".

Our "Gloria" is still as lovely and charming as ever!—we hear she's "on the make" for someone who is slightly bald!! "Bobbing" again, eh, Gloria?!

These are gloomy times for the Mess staff at present, what with all "48's" stopped, and all the "binding" we have to put up with! Surely they would realize that it is the erks who will suffer in the long run?—from indigestion, I presume?!!

Anyway, perhaps things will mend shortly and maybe we shall be on the "boat" (we hope!).

Officers' Mess Chatter

"WITH MALICE TOWARDS SOME!"

Many members of our Mess have left since "Hill Topics" last raised its head, and we were sorry to see them go. This was particularly so in the case of S/Ldr. Hooper, in whom we felt we had a real friend. However, we wish him success in his new appointment, wherever that may be, and hope to see him soon. Welcome to S/Ldr. Guinness, the new Padre! He, we feel will prove in very truth a stout fellow. Welcome, too, to all the other new-comers in the Mess—numerous as they are. With this shower of new arrivals, will Picton be restored to its former glory?! The arrival of the Free French forces here extends the beneficial effect of the "Entente Cordiale" to Canada!

Nursing Sister Thompson has surely now qualified for inclusion in the ranks of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, don't you think? F/Lt. Penn—speaking "Quiz"—ically?!

Lo and behold!—we now have a "wolf" with a CAR! Will it help to bring the "wolf TO her door" and transport her to the Saturday evening shows with the other wives?!

Three cheers for the "Red, White and Blue", whose entertaining capabilities were just as effective in the Mess as in the Hall! France seemed to "corner" the "talent market"—"commere ca"?! And who could tell where the Mexican Bean would jump to next?!

It used to be etchings, but has a spot of leave proved as effective? Is it just a case of "Joe for kink"?!

"The 'phone-bell rings—who the hell cares?"

Save Christopher Robin who's saying his prayer!

Were they answered, C?!

An interesting party was "given" to the Bank of Commerce Staff recently. Who is the girl who has so many members of the Mess scared? Is she entirely ruthless?

Why has O'G a perpetual leer? Can it be his Mess bill?

The car park outside the Mess is growing in interest. The latest arrival is the "Flett Spinner"—"Oil get by"!! says the proud owner at his wits' end!!

In a recent 'Quiz' the officers seemed to be doing very well. We, however, can think of some questions they wouldn't answer!!

When will the two "old timers" make their last trip to Belleville?!!—(the manager of the "Queen's" would like to know!).

Finally, a word of thanks to the Messing Officer and the cooks for the improvement in the meals and to the P.M.C. for increased facilities for swilling them down!!

There she sat, surrounded by a score of her admirers. Her beauty was beyond description, but her haughty mien frightened away the less intrepid. As the music started again, a timid youth lurking in the background darted forward. "Pardon me, Miss—may I have this dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons," he said. "I didn't know your condition."

Sergeants' Mess

"The Wolves at Home"

Unfortunately, last month's issue contained no contribution from these quarters. However, we appear once more, but find that it is rather hard to remember back over two months, as our private Gestapo have not handed in their notebooks!

Since we last appeared in print, we have lost quite a few of our number. Notably amongst these "absentees" being F/Sgt. Milford, whose cheery waddle we miss, especially in the kitchen! To all who have gone, we say "Adio and Good Luck!"

We have welcomed new faces, chief amongst these being the new S.W.O. To these people we say "Hall! and may your stay here be happy!"

Our Dance, held at the end of last month, was as usual a success, and a good time was had by all. At this stage we would like to point out that there is no truth in the rumour that we are to have a Roof Garden for dancing, to be known as "Robbie's Retreat"!

There seems to be some fatal attraction in Picton for one of our members!—Blonde, too!! Anyway, the "long dark watches of the night" are over when he returns to Camp!! (Or would it just be to photograph the baby?!!). What about it, Sgt. K - - ?! What does Ernie think of it all, too?!

Judging by the "Armourer 'types'" one meets these days in one of the local cafes, there must be a great attraction there. What is it, Sgt. - - ?!

Did one of our members—after being on the "Moonshine" shift, and not leaving camp—suddenly find himself in Town?!! Did she miss you enough to keep you out all night, Sgt. W - - ?!—or were you just getting the "gen" for if and when you enter a monastery?!!

Well—that seems to be all we can manage this month, so we will say "Cheerio, chaps! Have a good time 'wiv or wivaht' the 'Old Boots'—but don't forget to let us know about it!"

"Snaps From the Stores"

"Drake goes West"! So did F/O Beard! Do the two rings under his eyes mean elevation to Squadron Leader?

News from Wales has "leaked" out—our "Taffy's" new tapes have been approved by Lloyd George and the Druids.

Why has a certain officer developed a consistent visit to Toronto? Has he invented another "Rocket"?

A "Rumour" contradicted: "Spin" has not bequeathed his bike to his future son-in-law!—four instalments are still due!!

Sgt. (Jock) Kinmond has sold his kilt—it makes his knees "give"!

Alec has taken up "buy"-ology!—maybe he's getting his "trousseau"?!

"Speech is silver; silence is golden"! "Chieffe's" observations are "gems"!

A certain West-countryman is applying for heraldic license. The crest is two scrubbing-brushes, rampant, on a field of Air Force Blue. The motto is "Floreat Pictonia", chased in dollar-bill green. Battleford is a far cry from Picton!—it was nearly a war-cry to a certain "brave"!!

"Square Peg"

Corporals' Club
"Chatter and Chaff"

Hello, folks!—and you too, Corp! Since our last appearance, "something new has been added!"—to the committee! At the last meeting, resignations and a re-shuffling caused Cpls. Madley, Butler, Heaphy, Johnson and Wood to fill, respectively, the positions of chairman, treasurer, assistant treasurer, caterer and secretary.

A hearty welcome is extended to F/O. Bennett, the new Club president.

Postings East and West have robbed us of good friends, among them the ever-effervescent "Zombie" and Bragg-Smith. The best of luck to them all, and a vote of thanks to those who worked so hard in, and for, the Club's benefit.

Fresh members are truly welcome, and requested to make themselves at home.

"Ye Merrie Month of May" commenced with a "bang" when, on the 3rd, the monthly dance was held! The fact that the beer flowed "smoothly" is only coincidental to the fact that everyone enjoyed themselves and the evening generally! The lassies in "blue-grey" from Mountain View, Mrs. Leavitt's beautiful daughters, the members of the C.D.S. and all the girls present, were excellent "morale-builders"! We hope that they enjoyed themselves as much as we did!!

The orchestra put up a jolly good show; we are pleased to observe that the rotund, cherubic trumpeter has since been "crowned" in all his glory! The "waiters" "nipped" really smartly! We suppose that "once a butler, always a waiter"!!

So much revelry between pay parades has imposed a slight strain financially amongst some of us, but why be mercenary when there are friends around?!!

With appreciation we look toward the world-beating, egg-beating firm of John Son & Co. Ltd. It is proof definite that the club cuisine has reached unprecedented heights when a Corporal Cook enjoys eating there regularly!!

Can there be wedding bells in the near future?!! A certain well "red" chap is writing many letters lately!! We don't believe they are to his mother, either!!

When some people are "fed up", they drink; others just drink!! When, in this self-confessed condition, a fellow starts proposing to every second girl—well, it's a "poor show"!! May he be as lucky in this "field" as with navigation!

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"!!—F/O. Bennett turns to the Corporals' Club, with spring cleaning foremost!!

Complete with many willing and able helpers, one Caesar Romero (?) did a really good job!—in the nick of time!!

Incidentally, chaps, if you are single, forlorn or lonely, why not try the recommended, guaranteed, Powell Persuasion Course?!! One week only, and then you have it!!

With good wishes for luck and prosperity, we say "goodbye" to S/Ldr. Hooper. Welcoming the new padre, S/Ldr. Guinness, we hope that he will enjoy his stay at Picton.

If anyone is interested in travel, visit Bill Williams' Ontario Travel Bureau; first-class attention at no small charge!!

It is rumoured that Syd Madley is interested in a barrel of something! Can anyone explain or confirm this?!

In passing, let it be known that Bragg-Smith recently heard someone say: "Go West, young man!" He did so!—to Moose Jaw, Sask., in a hurry!!

Closing down now, folks! Good fortune, and may all your exploits be a howling success!!

Workshops

Our "Roving Reporter", calling at Station Workshops recently—(ostensibly to collect monthly scandal, but flagrantly out to test their extremely efficient tea swindle!)—found the lately-acquired "1/c", Sgt. Jessop, immersed in a pile of books so that, of his "five-feet-nothing", barely the ears and "thatch" were visible! A "Fowler's" Engineering Handbook, "Old Moore's Almanack", Admiralty Tide Tables and a large photograph of Mr. "Spud" Middleton were noticed among the collection, and on enquiry it was elicited that this very versatile Section are about to embark on a complex horticultural program in their spare time—if any!

Cpl. Vint's and his "fabricObashers" are producing a nifty line in sun-bonnets for the asters; the Hutton-Oxby Carpentry Corporation have sweet little name-boards ready; "Oly-Ock (Joe-lewisium), Toe-may-toe (Biggs), Pink-lydia (Wogray), Nasturtium (Shag-nastius), and so on. "Taffy" Roberts as duty welder will conduct nightly snake-hunts in the ensuing jungle with his blow-toch! Picton wolves also beware.

The somnolent buzz of saws and the gentle hiss of compressed air will give that final touch of sylvan charm and peace when Workshops appears, "in verdure clad" for the approaching summer.

Among recent repatriations we have to record the departure of Geoff. Lord, our erstwhile running champion! He did not, however, run fast enough to escape capture in the Picton-Toronto Matrimonial Stakes!! Cpl. Heavey returned "in triplicate" (like an E. 47!!), having acquired a daughter for a very pleasant "memento" of his stay in Canada!

Meanwhile, the Section motto still remains "Service with a Smile" and we undertake to make, mend — (or lose!)—anything from the G/C's "breeks" to a hospital chair, a dummy fuselage to a kit-bag handle! We will even mend your bed while YOU sleep in it!!!

The Managing Director, F/O. Chapman, will be pleased to submit a competitive estimate for any job—"wiv or wivaht"!—Heath Robinson work a speciality!!

One final word of caution!—please try and avoid calling on Thursday mornings, unless you can walk without touching the floor!!—L.A.C. Legg doesn't like it and is liable to go berserk!! Verbum Sapientis sat!

It isn't what a girl does that fascinates a man—it's what she won't do.



We take this opportunity of welcoming to our midst two new "Bashers", namely LAC's Munson and Cass. They came a-runnin' from two diverse points of the compass to meet in this "garden" (?) of Canada — Prince Edward County. AC. Berry has joyously returned after a lengthy stay at Trenton hospital, and is now on his way home! Despite the removal of large "chunks" from his "nother regions", he seems much improved in general health, and looks sprightly enough!

One Welsh aircraftman of no mean athletic pretensions is filled with apprehension concerning the return of our redoubtable "Three-Taper"! He kicked a collar bone instead of the ball, whereupon "Andy" was heard to mumble, "It's broken!" He was right!!—Result: Hospital.

"Chiefy" is worried about his leave! It is understood that in his nightly devotions he includes a petition for the timely return of the invalid!!

AC. Stanger, like Vesuvius, is "erupting" again!! Despite remedies suggested by the boys, the M.O. persists in prescribing thorough "evacuations"!!! A corporal also on Sick Treatment narrowly escaped the "issue", which formed a neat pattern on the window pane!!

We still have one of the Titian hue among our numbers, who affords us lots of glee—much to "Chiefy's" consternation. His latest exploit caused panic and the blazing of new trails between the section and the main stores—all over a few signatures and mysteriously — disappearing instruments!!

We are told that the Yanks have "invaded" Britain! We can say with equal truth that the Instrument Section will shortly invade the States, judging by the numbers about to visit the "land of plenty" (of what?!). LAC. Stockley and AC. Prothero are New York-bound, LAC's Godolphin and Stansfield are crossing the border, and Cpl. Blake is nipping smartly to Detroit and beyond!

The street-cry "Old Rope! Old Boots!", which originated in "Ye Olde Pictonne" will shortly be heard in the streets of Chicago, issuing from N-k C-r-r's lusty throat!

Despite the ever-increasing work occasioned by "them thar T's" we remain a happy gang, and one and all assure all and sundry that we can "cope"!!

Instrumentally yours,

"Taff"

FOREGONE CONCLUSION

Airman and girl-friend down by the river;

Airman and girl-friend parked in a "flivver";

First she said "NO!", then she said "Maybe!"

At last she said "Yes!"

And now they've got a

4 seater M.G. sports model!!

Maintenance Notes

We have it on good authority that Lockport is a good place to spend a "48" (At least, that is the impression we had when we heard two of our chaps recounting their hair raising experiences, in broad Lancashire and Yorkshire accents respectively). Most people, however, retain their fondness for the bigger places like Toronto, Buffalo and Detroit. One of our number, who spends his spare time in bed reading "gen" books, dashes off to Detroit with such regularity that people are beginning to talk!! It is noted that he returns from these jaunts looking as though he is in advanced stages of senile decay! This he attributes to lack of sleep, but, as we said before, people are beginning to talk! However, we

ings have caused the loss of three of our best players, but I think we still have a good team. The enthusiasm and concentrated lung-power of our large 'Supporters' Club' has been a large factor in our success. Their hoarse clamour strikes dismay into our opponents' hearts, intimidates all but the thickest-skinned referees, and, by comparison, makes the supporters of the supporters of the Messes team, last year's most vociferous group, sound like a Convention of Undertakers. Keep it up, lads!!

In the meanwhile, the work goes on and on, as work is apt to do. However, as long as we can get away every other week-end, it is not too bad! We do not like being paid just after we return from "48"—it has a cramping effect on our style, but it has to happen that way now and again.



A "DROP" TOO MUCH?

observers of the social scene know that people, especially R.A.F. people, begin to talk on very slight provocation.

An interesting phenomenon was observed in the Hangar the other day when the beaming face of "Spud" was seen to be without its usual covering of used engine oil! Some said they liked to see it that way, but the main body of opinion was that it did not really look like "Spud", the engine fitter! ("Spud", by the way, is no mean performer on the mandolin, and for a few days conducted impromptu classes in the billet! These did not last long! I think the mandolin disappeared one day, but I suspect that "Spud" was rather "cheesed" with the dimness of his pupils long before that happened!)

The success of the Football Team calls for some modest comment! We have a really well-balanced team at the moment and have scored a few re-sounding victories. Boat lists and post-

Guardroom "Gen"

By the time this appears in print, we shall have said "Goodbye!" to another two of our colleagues in crime (prevention?!)—notably Cplis. Powell and Hynes. Best of luck to, both wherever they may wind up.

We have an excellent football team this season;—in a recent game against the Messes, the opposing goalkeeper donned his overcoat and sat down for a quiet study of the "funnies"!! (By the way!—which of our team was it who tried to baffle his opponents by scattering Maths. books and "Reader's Digests" on the pitch?! Also, what of the Corporal who, in the heat of the argument was heard to say: 'You keep your mouth shut when you're speaking to me!')?. In conclusion, what of the Sergeant, who, though uncrowned, is always mixing with the "Royal-ty"?! Maybe he's only taking the "Crown-Cola" test—MAYBE?!!

Main Stores' Topics

Many will wonder why we "Bashers, Store" (airmen for the use of), are Group "A", Grade C3, except when we meet our affinities, and wander through life thinking our job is "a piece of cake". But, remember . . . there are all kinds of cake—yes! even cheese-cake!!—and we are suffering from a surfeit of same!

We will, with commendable imagination, picture you as a Father Confessor, and unburden our souls and thoughts to you! Here goes!—

Our Creed is to bind—not from choice, but because of the iron hand in the velvet glove. We pace restlessly inside our wire cages, (except for "tea-swindle" time!), staring with Cyclops-like eyes at the sane (?) people who "pass by on the other side"! In this "den of iniquity" we are held up, tied up, shut up, and despised of men. Our emaciated bodies are festooned with red tape which, like Tennyson's brook, " . . . goes on for ever"!—but with Spartan fortitude, we still stand four-square to ridicule and molecule alike, and, akin to Invictus, our heads are "bloody but unbowed"!

The element of simplicity is the key-note to all our proceedings; tact, courtesy and speed are all part of our service, but, in the eyes of H.Q., we are deemed better storekeepers if we put a tick in the "Posted" column than we should be giving direct practical service to the "Yaller Baambers". D.R.O.'s, A.F.R.O.'s, A.F.E.O.'s and A.M.O.'s are fused into a mighty, impregnable buttress against which the luckless "Erk" tries to exchange his old "blue"! The document is signed by you, us, "Chiefy", E.O., A.O., and Uncle-Tom-Cobley-and-all! If this process of elimination is survived, you brazenly confront Dick Sheppard (no relation to the "Reverend gentleman" of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields!) with your priceless "chit", only to be told that, "You moost be here before eleven in the morning, choom!" Follows a battle of wits, comprising threats, promises and bribes (particularly the latter!!) . . . (Curtain).

The paper involved is about the size of the Toronto "Star"—which, to the uninitiated, is a newspaper, NOT a decoration!! The directions are needed as much as Mother-in-law's advice or the Gypsy's warning! A rare occupation has been evolved in the Main Stores—we make the feet fit the boots!!

Speedily we are becoming accomplished psychologists, and can soon tell the "scrounger" from the real "deserving case". Just before you attempt to hurl your Rabbelaian remarks at us long sufferers, just pause to consider that we didn't tabulate these regulations. Littlewoods, Income Tax and the "Jockey" have nothing on a par with our system for which we bask in reflected glory. The imagination of the system's compiler, is vivid enough to create such similar fantasies as Aesop's fables, Snow White or Superman. The various volumes are compared, cross-referred and amended until Justice eventually sheds the bandage from her eyes and quotes Sidney Carton in The Only Way.

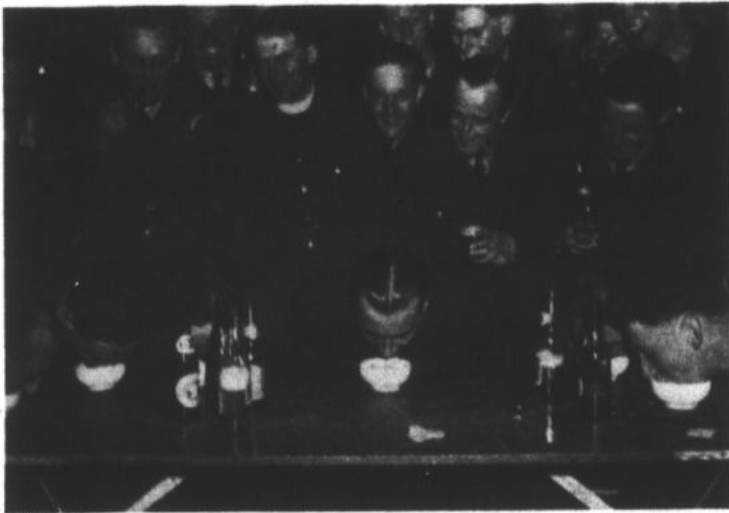
So, blokes, in all seriousness, have a heart, and we shall be among the first to say "Have a beer!" when that "Boat List" comes along!



Sport and Entertainment

100th COURSE CELEBRATIONS

THE picture below shows one of the diverting engagements entered into on the occasion of the 100th Course "Passing Out" Party, held on April 9th last, in the Drill Hall. Wing Commander Kennedy, D.F.C., the chief instructor, was rightly insistent that such an auspicious occasion—"passing the century" is in all walks of life an "occasion"—should not pass unnoticed. And so the goons of Course No. 100 (Air Bombers and Navigators) and a body representative of station life were entertained in the spacious breadths of the seat of Muscular Development!!



In the above picture you see a keenly-contested corn flake-eating competition being decided! Can you recognize any of these heads poised above this succulent repast?! W/C Kennedy, S/Ldr. Ritcher, F/O. Wood will probably be identified by the keen students of phrenology!! Also in the picture are the padre, S/Ldr. Hooper, F/L. Cook, F/O. Godsell, F/O. Lowe and W/O. Parkes who are obviously enjoying the fun.

Such items as this added to the fun of a jovial evening—the highlight of which undoubtedly was the grand rugger match, which clearly demonstrated that Messrs. Labatt and Dow are the finest stimuli for care-free and accident-free sport!!

But talking of 100th Course celebrations inevitably leads one to think of the course with which 31 B. & G. began. This takes us back to the year 1941, when the first R.A.F. detachment, (which had been assembled at Weeton in England), set sail in March in the good ship "Georgic". They, with the C.O., G.C. C. H. Keith, the C.I. W/Cdr. Lowe-Holmes, the O.C. Flying, S/Ldr. Avent, and the S. Ad. O., S/Ldr. Sir Alexander Seton, Bart., arrived at Halifax some eleven or twelve days later. Thence—(missing the doubtful joys of 31 P.D.)—they came by special train to Picton, where they joined the Conversion Training Squadron which were then completing training at this station. Things were a little different in those days!! The green lawns which delight us now were then a sea of mud! The road up the hill was a veritable quagmire! There was no equipment for bombing training, and no aircraft! These last were flown in from Fort

Erie, Ottawa and London, and it was not until the middle of May that the first course of pupils could be received. No. 15 Course were the first to be trained here—they were observers. There were three Flights—bombing, gunnery and towing—and each used Fairey "Battles", many of which had taken part in the Battle of Britain and wore the scars of that historic and momentous struggle. Mascots which the pilots took with them in their flights against the Luftwaffe still adorned the cockpits of the "battles" at Picton! One of the pilots of those early days of Picton was Sgt. Bennett, who now is so well known to goons as the G.I.S. Adjutant, F/O. Bennett. He is about the only member of that first draft who still remains here!

Until the autumn of 1941, the school could accommodate only one course at a time, and it was not until November that the Conversion Squadron left for Rockcliffe, and bombing and gunnery training got into full swing.

There are one or two facts worth recording regarding Picton's subsequent history. Representatives of practically all the United Nations' forces have been trained here—Dutch, French, Poles, New Zealanders, Australians, the West Indies and Canadians, as well as men from the home countries. At least ten of the personnel trained here have been awarded the D.F.C.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of its three years' history as a B. & G. School has been the exceptionally low accident rate. Only three bad crashes have taken place, and only seven fatalities have occur-

red while on flying duties. A truly remarkable record!

So the Hundredth Course goes forth to do battle against the foe! We wish them, their predecessors and their successors the best of luck. We do not look forward to celebrating the passing out of Course 200!! We feel that we shall have "passed out" ourselves long before that could happen!!

RADIO QUIZ

1. Is the toe of Italy's boot on the west or east side of the peninsula?
 2. Why is butter churned in the summer a deeper yellow than that churned in winter?
 3. Who is the youngest of the "Big Four" leaders—Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin or Chiang Kai-Shek?
 4. Would it be cheaper for you to take one friend to the movies twice—or two friends at the same time?
 5. There are 14 punctuation marks in English grammar. Can you name eight?
 6. What means of transportation carries more passengers per day in the United States than any other?
 7. Is the tip of the finger, the end of the tongue or the bottom of the feet the most delicate organ of touch?
 8. If your doctor gave you three pills and told you to take one every half hour, how long would they last?
- Answers on page fifteen at foot of column one.

PRIZE WINNERS

Cartoon—"A Drop too Much", A. Short.
"To The Ground Wallahs," R.E.D.

PICTON'S PROMENADE CONCERTS

A new and enthusiastic committee has improved the quality of these recorded programmes of classical music. Pleasing and extraordinary lighting effects, to blend with the music, have heightened the appreciation of the selections played. We are hearing more of the music we know and like, and this is proving more attractive to station personnel.

VISITING CONCERT PARTIES

The "Sophistaswings" and the "Red, White and Blue Revue" were the two visiting Concert Parties during the past month, and both played to audiences filled to capacity (in the Wet Canteen?!).

The "Red, White and Blue Revue" was the more popular of the two, and displayed some outstanding talent. Too little was seen of the burlesque dancers, though their idea of a frame-up was not too original. The success of the "Sophistaswings" show was the "Mairzy Dotes" number, which was encored to everyone's delight!(?!)

The efforts of these concert parties are very much appreciated and we hope they enjoy their visits to Picton as much as we enjoy having them.

BOXING TEAM



Reading from left to right: Front Row: LAC. McManus, LAC. Mulholland, AC. Markwick. 2nd Row: AC. Browman, AC. Parkinson, F/O. Scott, AC. Jones, AC. Badger.

A number of the team figured in the Command Boxing Championship Tournament held at Kingston. AC. Parkinson, middle-weight, won his fight and promised to go far in the contest, but broke his finger and so had to drop out.

AC. Jones lost his fight, but his opponent was disqualified as being over-weight.

LAC. McManus, welter-weight, reached the semi-finals.

AC. Markwick, featherweight, lost his fight in the finals to a technical knock-out.

BASKETBALL



Reading from left to right: LAC. Rogers, Cpl. Bell, LAC. Green, LAC. Oldham, LAC. Elsey, Cpl. Wood, AC. Pickerill, AC. Young, F/O. Scott, Cpl. Plumb.

Here the captain is seen receiving the trophy from F/O. Scott, who donated it. This—the Station Headquarters Team—had a remarkable record for the year. In addition to carrying off the trophy, they were also the champions in both the leagues which were constituted during the year. They lost only three games during the whole of the period September to March. Who can account for this success?! Is it the section in which most of them work?! They themselves give most of the credit to the fine coaching and the persistent enthusiasm of Cpl. Wood.

A good show, anyway!

FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL LEAGUE TABLE UP TO AND INCLUDING 9th JUNE, 1944

Team	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
Messes	7	6	1	0	33	9	12
Maintenance	6	4	0	2	17	5	10
S.H.Q.	8	4	2	2	16	9	10
Armouries	8	4	2	2	17	14	10
W. & E.	7	3	3	1	17	11	7
M.T.	8	2	4	2	9	20	6
Sergeants	7	2	3	2	9	22	6
G.I.S. "B"	3	2	0	1	12	4	5
Day Bombing	6	2	3	1	17	17	5
G.I.S. "A"	6	2	3	1	11	12	5
Officers	9	1	6	2	11	23	4
Police	7	1	6	0	12	35	2

Mother: "Didn't I see you going into Jackson's apartment last night at about 1.30?"

Cora: "Yes, mother, but I didn't stay a minute—I was just going back for my girdle."

Answers to Radio Quiz

1. West side.
2. Butter churned in the summer-time is a deeper yellow because the cows feed in the pastures in summer. The green grass in the cow's diet causes the change in color.
3. Chiang Kai-shek.
4. Two friends at the same time. Then you would have to buy only three admissions. If you took one friend twice, you would have to buy his ticket twice and your own twice as well.
5. Period, comma, colon, semicolon, interrogation mark, exclamation point, dash, hyphen, quotation marks, apostrophe, brackets, parentheses, braces, ellipses.
6. Elevators.
7. The end of the tongue.
8. One hour.

The dean at a fashionable women's college decided to do something to help the war effort. She telephoned the commandant at a nearby army camp and asked for 50 of the most presentable soldiers "to escort and dance with our girls."

The Commandant expressed his pleasure at this friendly gesture.

"But of course," said the Dean, in conclusion, "the men you select must have impeccable family backgrounds—and above all, no non-Aryans."

"Lady," replied the C.O., "you are talking about the wrong army. The one you want is in Berlin."

A Tennessee hillbilly had been calling on his girl for almost a year, when pappy finally cornered him one night and asked:

"Tell me, you've been seeing Nelly for nigh onto a year—what are your intentions — honorable or dishonorable?"

The hillbilly's eyes sparked: "You mean I got a choice?"—Harry Hershfield.

To the Ground Wallahs

Among the wallahs of the earth,
Of words there seems to be a dearth,
And through the lack of this great boon,

You call we Joes, "the common goon".
An awful word, it seems to me,
Whose meaning suggests lunacy,
And though, to some it may seem apt,
To me it isn't even wrapped
In thin veneer of decency,
Nor wears the veil hypocrisy.

So everytime I'm thus addressed,
(By types that oft times I have blessed)

In my mind I see a sight
Of youths whose brains are not quite right,

With straw-filled hair and vacant mein,

With eyes suggesting the insane:
And so to "goon" I have object;
Another name you'll perhaps select,
And though you think this plea a sin,
Refrain from answering, "Getsumin'!"

Maybe you think the name we merit
By many 'boobs' not to our credit,
But ground wallahs too are known to 'boob'

By dropping 'goolies' large and wide;
Though not from such a height as we
When dropping bombs into the sea.
We get the target in the sight,
(To us at least it seems alright!)
Unlock, red on red, then press the 'tit',
And wonder why the quadrants hit!

Then there was that famous case
In which "goon" and pilot both lost face.

For whilst carrying out a bombing trip,

The "goon type" made a careless slip;
And would have had some smashing sores

Had he opened the bomb doors.
The drome was cleared for yards around.

So when the bomber came to ground
The bombs were there without a doubt

For one bomb coyly peeped right out,
And seemed to say, with knowing wink,

"A goonish effort, don't you think?"

A "keen type" then took up the crate
To drop the bombs into the lake;
And as they hit the water (frigid!)
It shook the folks of Picton rigid,
Who didn't know 'twas "all in fun",
And thought at last the Japs had come.

The goon type meanwhile pondered deep

On punishments his crime would mete.

Then later still, whilst scrubbing floors,

He "pondered" deeper on bomb doors.

There are other tales that I could tell,

And, no doubt, you'd add a few as well;

With adjectives "nearer to earth",
And allusions to illegal birth.

In spite of this I still maintain
That you could find a better name

For B's who, (though they may be dense!)

Strive to be B's with different sense!
Perhaps you now will change the tune,

Give hope to me,—"a common goon!"

—R.E.D.

SONGS HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT



DANCES

The Airmen's Dances, held in the Recreation Hall twice monthly, are usually a great success, and the Station Dance Orchestra, the "Raffians", give out with modern arrangements which always keep everyone dancing. The end of May will have seen the last of the season's dances until further notice.

"A CUP O' TEA"

Other armies have their coffee, their lager and their wine,
And I don't say nowt against them —they are fine!

But the British "Tommy's" fancy, wherever he may be
Is the stuff he gets at home—a cup o' tea!!

Maybe greasy, thick as treacle,
Wet and warm, or simply rank;
But it's always very welcome
In the trench or by the tank!
He has fought all round the world
to keep the peoples free;
And he's doing it again!—on cups o' tea!!

THE GIRLS OF PICTON

I knew the girls of Picton, I used to know them well,
And there was much about them, that many a lad could tell.

The girls of Picton had a way, of looking in your eyes,
That told you life would keep them, from terror or surprise.

They walked the tree-lined streets at night, before the sun was set;
Their laughter rang with music, no heart could soon forget.

They walked the shady lanes with me, when September day was done,
I've looked upon them two by two, and loved them one by one.

For all the wisdom taught me, from months of sages keen
The lovely girls of Picton, I could not choose between.

I spent my youth for rapture nor paused to count the cost,
But: Oh, the girls of Picton brought heat to thaw my frost.

—R.G.J.G.

F/O.: "What are you doing to-night?"

Girl: "Oh, I don't know, nothing much."

F/O.: "Good, what hotel shall we stay at?"

TORCH(URE) REHABILITATION

This unwieldy and ill-sounding word has been much in the mouths and from the pen of those over here who have found time to discuss the "Post-War" or "After Service" world.

Here, then, for a change are a few words on what the British Government has in mind to meet the needs of discharged men and women.

In January, the Ministry of Labour and National Service published a pamphlet entitled, "Interim Scheme for the Training and Resettlement of Disabled Persons". This little document points out that disablement of men and women is an inevitable consequence of war. It has been proved by experience, however, that the disablements which these people suffer are less of an handicap than is popularly supposed, and "... large numbers of disabled men and women can hold good jobs through their own merit and not simply because of considerate treatment".

Officials of the Ministry of Labour will and have been appointed to interview disabled persons while still in hospital, and so prepare the way for suitable employment. The Ministry will, if necessary, provide vocational training, and the patients will be enabled, as far as possible, to rejoin their former employers and to find work in the neighbourhood of their homes.

For those whose disabilities are more severe, the Ministry has outlined schemes of grants to employers. These grants will cover the cost of training in a particular undertaking, will cover the loss incurred by undertakings employing disabled persons, and will enable firms to start an employment scheme for these disabled persons.

Another proposal to which attention was drawn some while ago is that which was outlined in the pamphlet "Further Education and Training Scheme". The object of this is to provide for those whose training and preparation for business or professional careers, or for higher posts in industry and commerce, were interrupted by the war.

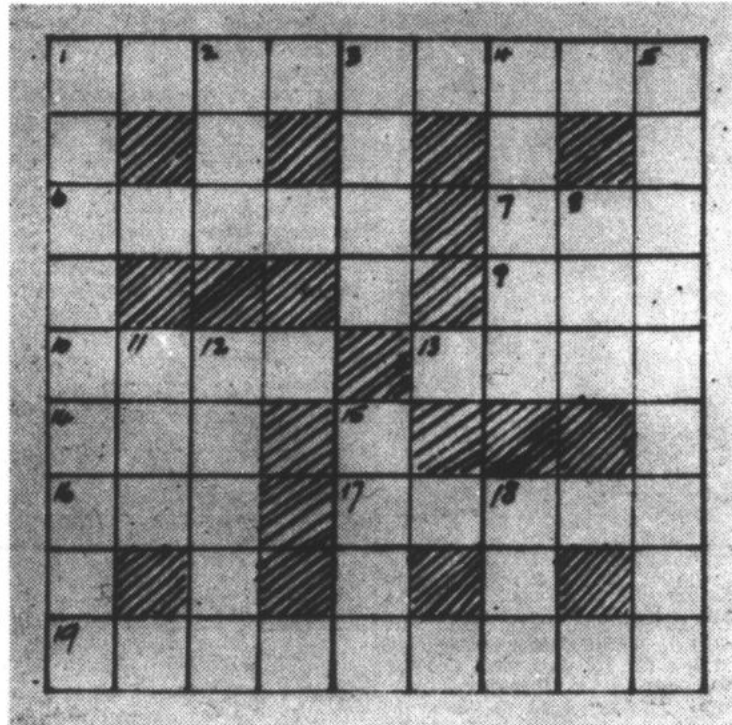
Plans have been approved to provide financial assistance for qualified people in demobilization. Persons who had been unable to commence training or who will need a "refresher" will also be provided for.

The scheme does not provide help for training in a new profession or business position, and will only apply to those whose capabilities and potentialities suggest that the expenditure of public money would be justified.

A committee under the chairmanship of Lord Hankey has been set up by the government to investigate the prospects and trends of the Post-War employment field, and its decisions and findings will go far in guiding the Ministries of Labour and Education in their choice of men to benefit from the scheme.

If you would like to read these pamphlets, call on the Education Officer, who has a few copies available.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES ACROSS

1. It takes more than one of these to make a station magazine (4, 5).
6. Often in a mess.
7. Wayward types.
9. The Piper's Son.
10. There is one for Maintenance and Training.
13. She sounds full of complaints but one of her namesakes was the subject of a famous painting.
14. If his surname sounds a bit sheepish, he is one of a batch of "light-fingered" types.
16. Man's name—short form.
17. You can do this with time and money.
19. This is not a brace, but add an "S" and they are the same thing.

CLUES DOWN

1. We hope the boat will take us this way.
2. An English meadow.
3. You wouldn't strike this match, but it would provide a variety of strokes.
4. Christmas entertainment peculiar to Britain (short form).
5. Does not work on the railway and yet might be called the station master.
8. A long time but you'll get used to it.
11. Recently met in Philadelphia.
12. Dressed up to the —, he looks a smart chap.
15. An Irishman could speak this backwards.
18. Fittingly, the last word.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Disbanded.
6. Image.
7. Eat.
9. Ale.
10. Kite.
13. Omen.
14. Ice.
16. Ten.
17. Mufti.
19. Promotion.

DOWN

1. Drink it up.
2. Sea.
3. Airmen.
4. Dream.
5. Detention.
8. Ale.
11. Ice.
12. Tempo.
15. S.M.H.O.
18. F.B.I.

"EVER BEEN HAD?!!"

During the "deadlock" which existed before the commencement of the victorious North African campaign, a British Staff Officer became so "cheesed" at the inactivity that, in order to disperse his "ennui", persistently pestered the "Powers-that-be" with a hare-brained scheme of his own concoction. This was, in essence, a "One Man" commando raid, the object of which being the single-handed capture of Field Marshal Rommel! He made such a nuisance of himself that eventually he was given permission to carry out his plan, and, having collected a tommy

gun, water bottle, food, "ammo", etc., he mounted his camel and disappeared into the desert. For two days nothing was heard of him, but wild excitement prevailed on the third day when, from one of our forward posts, a brief message was received: "Rommel captured. Am returning immediately".

When he reported back to his headquarters, however, it was as a sadder and wiser man!—and no Rommel!!! It was subsequently discovered that his message should have read: "Camel ruptured. Am returning immediately!!!"

OUR "BOOK OF THE MONTH"

"The Signpost"

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

When asked to choose and review one of the recent additions to the Library which might prove popular, I selected "The Signpost", by E. Arnot Robertson. My reason for such a choice was that it seemed to fulfil the requirements of the good popular novel. It is a readable book, in a pleasant style, with a good story to work on, and containing sufficient of romance, comedy, and tragedy to relieve any monotony. It is a pleasant tale, about a pleasant land, told pleasantly.

"The Signpost" is the story of Tom Fairburn, a convalescent pilot, who is recuperating after a severe crash, which wrecked his nerves. He decides to spend his "sick leave" in the small neutral Irish village of Kildooey. On the boat crossing to Ireland, he meets Denyse, the wife of a "Collaborationist" French banker. She has managed to escape the occupation, and the bond of sympathy between these two deepens into love. They decided to spend the leave together, and purchase a delapidated car, which they make their "home" whilst in Kildooey.

From then on, their romance is left to look after itself, and their efforts are directed towards straightening out all the problems of the village. There is the village signpost—"TO DUBLIN"—which is a symbol of the desire of the young folk to free themselves of the village, and seek better things elsewhere. There is the young and very lonely Bridie, who, although engaged to Sean, the I.R.A. man, wants to see Dublin first. There is the battle between Father Keith, the narrow but kind-hearted priest, and Wallace, the Ulster man. These two—both, in their way, supreme egoists—are struggling for supremacy in the village. And so the story unfolds, until all the troubles are "squared up". Tragedy occurs at the end, when Bridie, at the height of her happiness with Sean, is drowned. The lovers, their job finished, steal away, and leave Kildooey much the same as before, superficially, but more contented in heart.

It is a simple tale, full of the freshness and gaiety of Ireland. We laugh at the chatter of the mountainous Aunt Magy Sullivan, and the farmer boasting of his mother's age. At 87, the only thing that kept her alive was worrying about the future of the Duchess of Windsor! The loveable Bridie runs through the story like a cooling stream of sparkling water. Sean is symbolical of the fiery Irish youth, and its demand for justice.

Miss Robertson handles her subject well—very well. Her choice and handling of the hero, Tom, is topical and sympathetic, and she captures fully the charm of the Irish in the other characters. Read it now, and enjoy it! But if you don't enjoy it, don't blame me! It's yourselves ye'll be after blamin'!!

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