

Hill Topics

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PICTON, ONTARIO, CANADA



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EDITORIAL

THIS is the seventh issue of "Hill Topics", which seems to indicate that we are out of the "swaddling clothes" stage and are headed for an early "weaning"!

In this respect, at least, it is unfortunate that there will not be many more issues of the Station Magazine. The fact that such a promising young "infant" should meet with such an early ending is a source of distress to those who have laboured to see it grow.

We are coming to the end of the last phase of the "invasion of Picton", a period in our lives made memorable by the link we have forged between the R.A.F. and Prince Edward County—memorable because, however much we felt out of touch with the tremendous happenings at home, we shall remember that we did a good job of work for the Air Force and for Britain whilst we were here.

The day is not far distant when the Royal Air Force ensign will come down and the Royal Canadian Air Force colours will resume the place they occupied three long years ago. We can feel justified in looking back with some pride in achievement, for, despite the difficulties under which we have laboured — (ersatz beer?!!) — we have accomplished much.

However, it will not be so much our work here that we shall look back upon, and perhaps sigh over. Will it not be our friendship with the people hereabouts?—(and they have been very many)—will it not be for the lovely hot summers and the winter sports? Will not the thought of the food, (and the abundance of it), cause us to reflect when immersed in England's life of wartime austerity? Whatever it may be, we are hardly likely to forget the details of many pleasant incidents and happenings in and around Picton.

In conclusion, we would like to say how much we, the staff of "Hill Topics," lament the departure of our late editor, F/O. Hunt-Duke, now home in England. It was largely through his agency that this magazine was born, and his amusing stories were always a welcome feature. He succeeded in making the magazine the voice of the station, expressing how the station felt about the station. His "editorials" often ended with an appeal for material to fill the magazine. This one could do worse!! How about it, fellows?!!

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"HILL TOPICS"

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THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING

(Extracts From a Letter to a Friend After a Trip "Out West")

I returned to Picton at the end of March from a round journey of nearly 7,000 miles and you will, I am sure, be interested by some slight account of the trip.

I went right across Canada to Vancouver and Victoria and paddled in the Pacific at a point on the west coast of Vancouver Island where there was nothing but water between me and Japan.

A more wonderful railway ride is difficult to imagine, and certainly the problems, met and mastered by the engineers who forced the Canadian

shine with the broad Pacific as a background, is the attractive sky-line of the fine modern city of Vancouver, set like a gem between the snow-capped mountains and blue ocean.

The whole setting for the 60-mile voyage to Victoria was memorably attractive and from the steamer's deck the scores of verdure-clad islands through which we threaded our way appeared like sunlit emeralds in a calm and glorious sea of sparkling sapphire.

As we neared Victoria the bold Olympic Mountains in the State of



HEAVENS! WE FORGOT THE SODA.

Pacific Railroad through the well-nigh impassable Rocky Mountains, were stupendous indeed.

This is further emphasized by the fact that it takes 23 hours to get through them by trans-continental train! The Rockies are really superb! —Lake Minnewanka at sunset was about the most beautiful sight I've ever seen in my life! The scenery is wild, beautiful and almost unbelievably lovely. This part of the country with all its varied charm, is reputed to be better than Switzerland and is certainly more extensive.

For six hundred miles the train winds in and out among mountains, rivers, lakes and forests and canyons in a gorgeous succession of breathtaking beauty and grandeur. One is often apparently surrounded by rugged mountains, and glistening with eternal snow their towering peaks—owing to the clarity of the atmosphere, seem almost to pierce the azure sky above them—lending an air of partial unreality to the profound magnificence of the impressive scene.

At the "Great Divide"—the boundary between British Columbia—the railway reaches its highest point. Here the track has climbed to an altitude of well over a mile above sea-level through tunnels and snowsheds; on embankments, bridges and precipitous mountain ledges; by lakes, streams and river banks; until at last, via spiral tunnels, mountain passes, wild valleys and rugged canyons, this amazing railroad emerges onto the lovely western plain of British Columbia—by the side, eventually, of the noble Fraser River, whose course it follows until, shimmering in the early morning sun-

Washington seemed to rise ever more steeply out of the smooth waters to the south; but they were dwarfed by the massive slopes of Mount Baker which, high above the clouds, reared its gigantic head, white with the snows of ages, to meet the afternoon sunshine.

I must not attempt in this letter to describe the beauties of Victoria, nor further eulogize British Columbia and Vancouver Island — suffice it to say that their memory will never fade from my mind.

Nor shall I ever forget the frank kindness and open-handed hospitality which has been invariably extended to me by the many Canadians I have been privileged to meet—all of whom, I may add, were greatly enthused by Canada's magnificent War effort.

Before I close I must give you a word of advice—if you find yourself in Canada one day, don't go around making snappy comparisons between our home, people and habits and the Canadian equivalents—strangely enough, Canadians may not appreciate it!! Don't try to catch an English inflection in every sentence you hear spoken and don't try to discover the English countryside around every corner of a Canadian highway — not even in beautiful Ontario, which, I must admit, is at times quite reminiscent of some of our own English landscapes.

Just be natural and appreciative of your opportunity of getting to know some of this vast country and also the people of this young nation, which despite certain difficult racial problems, is just awakening to a realization of its great destiny of future prosperity and real power.

INTRODUCING

OFFICER OF THE MONTH



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT A. ASKER, D.F.C., D.F.M.

F/Lt. A. Asker, D.F.C., D.F.M.—“Arthur Askey”, as he is called!—bears little resemblance to that famous friend of “Stinker”! There is no “top of the bill” stuff with Asker—no attempt to “shoot a line”! In fact, our representative found it difficult to get even the barest details of his history. So don’t expect to read here of daring exploits and hair-raising escapes from imminent peril! Those will be recorded in some other place!

F/Lt. Asker is a son of famous “Pompey”, which he left in 1938 at the age of 18, to join the R.A.F. as a “direct entry” Air Observer. Until then, after leaving school, he had tried his hand at various jobs, all reflecting his keen interest in engineering—which explains his present familiarity with the aero-engine. He got his brevet after 50 hours with his Squadron, first as Corporal, and then as Sergeant-Observer.

March, 1939, saw him with 226 Squadron at Harwell, near Abingdon, and he remained with them until January, 1943.

He went with the Squadron to France on September 1st, 1939, and carried out a reconnaissance of the Slegfried Line on the first day of the War—September 3rd, 1939.

He made altogether 25 trips in France before being taken prisoner with the rest of the crew. Fortunately, however, he remained in German hands for a mere couple of days, after which—in an ambulance driven by a beautiful English girl who was also a prisoner—he made his escape and returned to safety.

He crossed to England ten days later, after the evacuation of Dunkirk, and rejoined his Squadron. With them he went to Ireland; returned with them to England and then was detached to fly with the American Air Force covering the Invasion of North Africa.

F/Lt. Asker was commissioned in

November, 1941, and it was shortly after, that the award of the D.F.M. came through.

The D.F.C. was awarded in 1942 for work done in smoke-laying to cover the landings and withdrawals at Dieppe, and so you see Asker was there whenever anything big was happening! “Hill Topics” has already recorded the fact that Wing Commander Kennedy, D.F.C. and F/Lt. Asker flew together as pilot and navigator, and it is fitting that our “Officer” should now be serving his erstwhile pilot as head of Navigation Flight.

F/Lt. Asker came to Canada in April, 1943, and, upon completion of his training as pilot, came straight to Picton.

N.C.O. OF THE MONTH



WARRANT OFFICER BROWN

When Mr. Brown was asked for details of his past life, the first thing he said was that he was kicked out of a well-known public school, (which he declined to name), at a very early age. From then on his career is shrouded in darkness, and we only know that he did a little civilian flying before joining the R.A.F. in September, 1939, as a WO/AG. His ambition, though, was to be a “Driver, Airframe”, which he eventually achieved, completing his training in Rhodesia, from whence he was posted to the Middle East. He has served in every country in the Middle East, including Sudan and North Persia—where, incidentally, he learned to drink vodka with the Russians!! Apparently the procedure is to knock back the vodka until a state of numbness ensues, and then drink a glass of thick red wine. After that, you don’t object to being numb!!! (It is interesting to note, here, that drunkenness is punishable with death in the Red Army! Shades of the “Wet Canteen” on “Pay Day”?!).

The Russians seem to have provided plenty of amusements for the R.A.F. in the Middle East!—it was they who used the “Flight Authorization Book” to make cigarettes!!

W.O. Brown spent three years in in the M.E., during which he flew Blenheims, Bostons and Baltimores

among other types, and most of which was spent in a Photographic Survey unit—at one time the only one in existence in the R.A.F. He was stationed—to mention but two places—at Habbaniya and Heliopolis, and admits having “got some in” at Shiba.

To him did not fall the glory of shooting down any Germans whilst on “Ops.”, but he was often chased by enemy fighters when engaged in survey work, and that, we think, would provide enough excitement for most people!

He arrived back in England in October of last year, but was there only a month before he was “on the boat” again—this time for Canada! He spent 6 months at Pennfield Ridge, on instructional work, before coming to Picton.

AIRMAN OF THE MONTH

AC. PAIN

To those who habitually attend (or attended) the station dances our “victim” this month will require no introduction. For although AC. Pain’s duties keep him in the station equipment stores, he is perhaps better known to most as a “beater of skins” with the station dance band.

Nicknamed “Flash” for some unknown reason, AC. Pain hails from the town of Beckenham, Kent. His duties,



both service and civilian, have taken him far from home, however, and before he joined the R.A.F. he was visiting such places as Tokyo and Yokahama with the P & O Line, by whom he was employed as a steward and bandsman. Another of his civilian jobs also involved quite a lot of travelling. He was a bus conductor with the familiar Green Line in London.

One of AC. Pain’s main pretensions to fame at the moment lies in the fact that he is the proud father of twins, born just over two months ago in Picton, and doing very well. His other two children are considerably older than the twins, whose names by the way, are David Arthur and John Allen.

Aged 40, AC. Pain has seen three years’ service with the Air Force and two of them have been spent out here at Picton. He modestly declares that his principal hobbies are music and beer-drinking, and although we can

vouch for his ability as a purveyor of rhythm we can offer no information as to his prowess in the wet canteen. His comrades in the stores, however, nod their heads slyly when Flash’s name is mentioned in that connection!

The Ranges

The Commanding Officer toured the Ranges on Tuesday, August 1st, and judged the gardens.

The first site visited was No. 5 (Right) Bombing Range at East Lake. This is a beautiful spot, anyway—in summer, at least! The chaps here seemed to have made the best of it. Their hut was brightly painted outside and was spotlessly clean inside. Their garden had been fenced and decorated very attractively with debarked cedar branches in rustic fashion. The bird-house was similarly decorated. The main flower display was provided by a good show of runner beans covering one side of the hut—well in bloom and promising to bear plenty of beans.

The range finders had also built for themselves a diving-board in the lake and a reclining platform for sun bathing. They had made things very pleasant for themselves.

No. 5 (Left), too, had made a rustic fence on a much more modest scale—it had not been sufficient, however, to protect their garden from the depredations of cows, who had more or less destroyed their horticultural achievements! This hut, also, was very clean.

Bombing Range No. 2 (Left), is situated on a piece of bare, barren ground at the top of lake cliffs which drop precipitously to the water. The sitters had made good use of stones and pebbles, and had achieved a pretty little garden thereby, surrounded by a neatly-painted white fence, which made the outside of the hut very attractive.

No. 2 (Right), had a bright, neat little garden ablaze with nasturtiums and marigolds. There was also a small rock garden, and pebbled paths.

No. 3 Range had but recently been occupied, but a real effort had been made to get a garden going.

No. 3 (Right), had a rustic fence shaping the pattern of the plots. The grass was withered and badly needed rain or water.

No. 3 (Left), had made good use of the rocky soil. They had small round plots of flat white-washed stones, which were quite original, interspersed with flowering plants.

No. 4 Ranges are nearer camp, and have no permanent residents. Efforts had been made, however, to build small gardens round the huts, but both had suffered from the hunger of “visiting” animals!—sheep and cows. All plant life had been completely obliterated from the garden at 4 (Left).

No. 4 (Right) was only slightly better off, but there they had a smart R.A.F. badge patterned in stones to show for their efforts.

It had been a most interesting trip. There was little doubt as to, who was the winner of the Ranges Gardens’ Competition. No. 5 (Right), stood out well above the others.

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PADRE'S PAGE

On hearing that Picton was my next posting I immediately looked at a map. As a result I began to formulate in my mind a plan to establish a centre on the lakeside where Christian men could meet once a week. During the summer months I knew that any attempt to organise meetings inside Camp would probably meet with a very half hearted response. The other stood a better chance of success.

Thus it was that a week after taking over from Padre Hooper (good type Hooper!) half a dozen of us found ourselves sitting on the veranda of Mr. Maus' Cottage looking



Mr. Maus' Cottage

down on to the blue waters of the bay and discussing future plans. It gradually dawned on us that this lovely spot (far enough away from Camp to forget there was such a place, and near enough to Camp to be reached in 10 minutes by car or 40 minutes by walking) might provide an ideal site for a club for Christian men and indeed all who wanted to escape from Camp in the evenings to an atmosphere of peace. So we prayed that if this was God's will we would be able to let the Cottage for the season for the good of as many as cared to use it.

When Squadron Leader Andrews (P.S.I. and bar, Guinness is good for you) was approached to see whether he would be prepared to give financial help he readily agreed to do so. It had just been decided to discontinue the previous years' experiment of a Summer Camp and therefore the Cottage scheme was doubly welcome because it would provide an alternative and also by a new approach attract men to spend more of their spare time in God's open air. The equipment of last years' camp — a diving raft



The Diving Raft

and three flat bottomed boats (one U.S.I.) could be used and all assistance reckoned on to make the Club a going concern. The Commanding Officer heartily concurred in this.

Then things began to move. At all hours of the day and sometimes far into the evening men could be seen cleaning, papering and painting the

inside of our new home, while Mr. Maus was usually hovering around giving excellent advice and showing us how to do a thousand and one things. Next on the list was our need of a jetty for the boats. Flying Officer Scott came to the rescue with logs and duck boards, and under Mr. Maus' direction it soon took shape. (Mr. Maus is a wizard for planning and making things; you should see his workshop! We are greatly indebted to him for his friendly and generous help). But we only had three old crocks to tie up to our jetty. So a campaign to assemble a home fleet of boats and canoes was launched.

It was at this time that Squadron Leader Andrews, (P.S.I. and Bar, Guinness for strength) began to have daily fainting attacks. There would come a loud and determined knock at his door. "Good heavens", he would think, "that's Padre again", and faintly call, "Come in". "I've got news, Charles old man", his visitor would burst upon him. "we've been offered two more canoes at \$111 each, but must snap them up at once or they'll be gone. Pretty difficult to get canoes these days." "What! \$111 each! D'you think I'm a multi-millionaire?" "Cheap at the price as things stand to-day; they simply aren't being made. These were the last two in Eaton's, Toronto. We'd be wise to buy them." And so two more white hairs appeared and two more canoes. It was Stan Liver-



A "Weiner Roast"

side who spotted these particular ones through a Toronto friend of his (i.e. the canoes, not the hairs). How the Senior Administrative Officer stood the constant barrage no one knows (it has been suggested in one quarter that he had secret injections from the S. M.O.), but he did and the results are most gratifying—two 18-foot canoes (\$111 each), one cedar skiff (\$108), one 12-foot canoe (\$35), and (through Mr. Scott) one cedar boat for out-board motor (\$90), with other flat bottomed boats for fishing, under construction. "Muscles" has already by herculean efforts replaced two leaking drums under the diving raft making it possible to anchor it out from the shore far enough to catch the evening sunshine and provide plenty of fun for everyone.

The cottage is hung with pictures of Britain and made comfortable by the skill of Station workshops. Men spend their "48's" there, and survive their own cooking—sometimes. Weiner roasts, tether tennis, music of a high quality and weekly discussions on a Sunday night can all be enjoyed, as well as family prayers last thing at

GLOOSCAP VISITS THE GREAT LAKES

My work at the paleface settlement of Picton completed, I prepared my canoe, and set off up the narrow harbour, paddling gently, and rejoicing in the late afternoon sun. I had been travelling for fifteen minutes, and was just entering the open bay when I saw on the North shore a few paleface youths swimming. They hailed me, and I pulled into the shore. One of the youths, "Are you an Indian?" "O Son", I replied, "I am the great Chief Glooscap, Son of the Mighty Glooscap, of the Iroquois". "How interesting" he replied. It seemed to me that these youths spoke not as others in the

ceremony over, several of them said "goodbye", and I fell to talking with the others assembled there.

"Why is it, everyone is so happy here" I asked. "Because, replied one, "we are bound together in Christian fellowship, and are all working for each other's welfare". "Then tell me", I urged, "what else is there here?" The leader replied this time. "We have swimming and sport, music and peace. Above all we have peace—a peace that fills the hearts of all who love and follow our Lord Jesus Christ". "Then", I interrupted "one can only come down here if one is as these



stockade. I said, "Thou art not of this land?" He replied "No, I am from England, many days travelling from here, across the mighty ocean."

He then invited me to eat with him and his companions in their dwelling on the hill. I beached my canoe, and we walked up the hill to the little white dwelling. In the house there were perhaps twenty-five or more men with their tall leader, who seemed filled with some secret joy. My guide, explained to me that the dwelling was known as "Fellowship Cottage", and that these men assembled here every seven days to rest and sport, and worship their Lord. They all seemed to be exceedingly content, and there was much laughter and gaiety.

As dusk fell they lit a huge fire, cooked their meal, and when their leader had given thanks to the Lord, invited me to partake of this excellent fare. When we had eaten to repletion my original companion explained to me that we had just had a "Weiner Roast" and that now we were to quench our thirst with their national drink, called "tea". This finished, we listened to some beautiful music, and then their leader called them all to prayer. They gathered together, and his voice rose gently in worship and rejoicing in their Lord. This simple

men?" "No" replied another, "All are welcome here, and to those who believe not, we try and show that our secret joy lies in this love of which the Padre (this was their leader) has just spoken". "Truly" I remarked, "thou art working for a great cause, and in a great name."

With this I bade my farewells, and they all assembled on the shore to wave "Goodbye". I left that happy band, with wonderment in my heart at their great faith, and admiration for their way of life. The lights of the settlement faded and, paddling through the moonlit night, I resolved that the tribe should hear of the contented life of this happy group of Christians on the shores of Lake Ontario.

—Jack

The Chapel

H. W. Guinness

Voluntary Church Services were started in May and the attendance and spirit have showed an improvement as a result. On Tuesday and Thursday mornings instead of parade at 07.30 hours Family Prayers are held to which all may come who wish. On two occasions we have topped the hundred mark and average about 80. The spirit at these is very fine.

The flowers, which beautify the Chapel each Sunday morning, are arranged by Mrs. Porter and Miss Wilson, to whom we would like to say a warm "thank you" for them.



THE SILENT WITNESS

MR. PICKERING was an ordinary man. He had just one of those ordinary suburban semi-detached houses, which he left, every morning, like any ordinary city worker, to catch an ordinary train that left at 8.35 a.m., loaded with ordinary people who found it necessary to travel to the city, daily to make a living.

Mr. Pickering had a garden—now that wasn't ordinary—it was the pride of the Pickering's homestead, and the envy of all Mr. Pickering's neighbours—not that they despised Mr. Pickering for it, because there was not the least doubt that Mr. Pickering was highly respected, by all and sundry, no, it was rather that his garden was the standard by which all other gardens were judged, and Mr. Pickering loved his garden.

He loved it so much that he denied himself many little pleasures in order to squeeze from his monthly salary enough money to pay old Dan a weekly sum to look after the garden, because Mr. Pickering was a city worker and that means little time off for gardening, Sunday being the only day when a man can relax and turn his hand to some pleasant recreation.

Such recreation "Picky" found in his garden and needless to say he lived from Sunday to Sunday. Picky by the way being Mr. Charles David Pickering. Now old Dan had seen "Picky" grow up, this being due to the fact that he was the husband of Picky's Nanny, a dear old lady whom Mr. Pickering always remembered with loving tenderness as far back as his mind could recall. When his parents had lived in times of prosperity and "Palmerston Lodge" situated in the loveliest part of Somerset had been the Pickering residence. More than once, "Mr. Pickering" the father of the present holder of that title had been referred to as a millionaire but such acclamations invariably attend on those people who though comfortable—financially will insist on living beyond their means, entertaining nobility and masquerading as such, caring more for their appearance than their security, and it was indeed such a state of affairs that brought disaster to the Pickerings and left their children penniless and obliged to earn their own living. On the death of old Mr. Pickering who had been a widower since his wife died giving birth to young "Picky", the old homestead had to be sold to liquidate debts, etc., and little or nothing was left for the three children, two women and a man, the man being Charles David Pickering, otherwise Picky, and of the servants only two were taken care of, these being old Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara who had come into the Pickering's employ on the death of Picky's mother. When a nurse and foster mother was advertised for and good references had secured her this lifetime job, old Dan was taken on as gardener, a short time after his wife had proved to Mr. Pickering that she was indispensable in the Pickering homestead as the nurse and Nanny of young Charles David. It being understood that she threatened to resign if she could not have her husband near her, and the child having come

to look on her as its mother, old Mr. Pickering was compelled to take on a somewhat "profitless servant", for such reference was made by old Mr. Pickering to Dan, at the commencement of his employment. However, time soon proved the contrary and

thoughts, he came to put more and more time into gardening, until he became as it were, part of it as a scarecrow in a field, much to the satisfaction of Picky, who saw its improvement grow daily under Dan's feverish labouring.

Now it was the custom of Dan to be up early each morning, put the kettle on, and light the fire, ready for when Mrs. Pickering assisted by her husband, came down to supervise in the making of breakfast, after which, all washing and tidying up was

this morning Dan," enquired Picky. "Faith an Oi dont think there's one that'll stand cuttin' Mr. Picky, they be pretty shaken, what with the frost and this nor'wester knockun them about, Oi don't really think there's one at all," at which Picky stepped over a low privet hedge that bordered the path to the house from the garden and commenced an examination of a poor selection of tea roses that rolled and fell with every new breeze. "What about this one Dan," said Picky as he pointed to the best of a bad bunch of roses, any of which could have passed for the last rose of summer, in reply to which old Dan stepped over to where Picky was standing, stooped to touch the flower indicated and raising himself slowly, remarked, "I doubt if it would stand the journey to the city, it's ready for falling." "Just the same I'll take it," remarked Picky. "As you say, Mr. Picky," returned Dan and producing a penknife, the blade of which was stained from cutting his famous black twist tobacco, he removed the flower from the bush, with that amount of craft which his years of experience had given him, and which in less skillful hands the cutting would have spelt the finish of so frail a flower. When Dan had secured the rose in Picky's button hole the time indicated that he was late, the discussion on the flower not usually indulged in each morning and not allowed for in Picky's time schedule, left 10 minutes for a 12 minutes journey, as a result of which Picky missed the 8.35 and was compelled to catch the next train, the 8.55. The incident did not worry Mr. Picky very much, less so when he found the 8.55 train devoid of the crowds who accompanied him usually on the earlier train, and he was permitted the pleasure of an empty compartment, giving him room to read his paper in peace and smoke his pipe which was an impossibility in the crowded 8.35.



old Mr. Pickering was often heard to remark in later years when referring to "Old Dan", that, "he was worth his weight in gold." Dan having added beauty and splendour to "Palmerston Lodge" by his skill of gardening and visitors to the lodge never passed through without remarking on the miracle of colour and layout.

In such decorative surroundings Charles David Pickering grew up, and it is without wonder that colour and beauty in gardening had found a place in his soul that time had failed to eradicate. On the winding up of his father's estate, he requested old Dan and Nanny O'Hara to come and live with him since his wife was an invalid and Nanny could comfort her with her company and as Picky remarked to Dan, "You can potter around in the garden".

Old servants like old trees they say, die when transplanted and six months after leaving the "lodge", old Nanny O'Hara died. The body cannot live without the soul, and her soul she left in "Palmerston Lodge".

The grief to old Dan was immense, and as if to find distraction from his

done by Dan, quite voluntarily and not without full appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Pickering. And when the newsboy brought the newspaper, Dan would invariably be in the garden and would pass it through the open window to "Picky".

During the season when flowers were to be had Dan would always select a flower, cut it and present it to Picky as he walked down the garden path from the house to the garden gate and he did this with the same regularity as he wound the great clock that stood in the hall, before retiring each night.

It was September and not many flowers had survived the early frost that had marked the coming of winter, and what was left, looked like a falling with each breath of wind that kept coming in gusts from the northwest.

Old Dan was waiting by the gate when he heard the door of the house open, and Picky walked out. "Morning Dan" said Picky. "Morning Mr. Picky," replied Dan as if he sensed what was coming he looked at the garden and back at Picky. "No flower

The train had pulled out and Picky was reading the paper when the door of his compartment opened and someone entered the corridor side of the train. Interested in the list of new seeds which were advertised on the second page of the newspaper, Picky did not bother to look who had entered, nor did it occupy his mind very long after the door had slammed to. On pulling into a station that lay on the way into town, Picky peered through the window and observed that the place was Manton. He then looked at his watch, saw it was 09.10 and deduced that the train was running hellishly late, it was not the 8.35 and he was quick to realize it now. Looking at his watch his eyes caught sight of the other passenger—a woman, and he turned his eyes back to the newspaper. The train had again started on its journey and making good speed—when it happened.

The girl in the compartment addressing "Picky" said, "You are Mr. Charles Pickering are you not." "That's right," said "Picky". "I'm

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The Silent Witness

Continued From Page 5

sorry, but you have the advantage of me, I don't recollect —"

"You don't have to," said the girl, and she made her point brief and clear. "I need money," said the girl, "and you're going to give it to me Mr. Pickering." "Indeed," said Picky. "Yes," she said. "Very interesting," he said; "proceed please." "Now look Mr. Pickering, your social position would never permit of your becoming involved in a scandal would it." "That is true," replied Mr. Pickering. "Well," she said, "you give me what I want and there will be no scandal." "And if I don't," said Picky, "what then." The girl was silent for a moment before she replied. "If you don't give me the money, I am going to accuse you of assaulting me, to make this appear true I shall tear my dress, ruffle my hair, spill my handbag on the floor and make it appear very real. Then I shall pull the communication cord to stop the train, the guard will come and you will be arrested, don't you agree Mr. Pickering." Picky replied, "What you say is true, and I would be in a very embarrassing position, but nevertheless, I have no intentions of being an accessory to blackmail, so if you intend to do what you say, carry on." The girl's face turned white either from temper at seeing herself defeated and being humiliated by such indifference or at the thought of the seriousness of the action that she had threatened to take, however, she commenced an assault on herself tearing her frock, ruffling her hair, she even scratched her own face with her long varnished nails, and spilt the entire contents of her fabric handbag onto the floor of the compartment, which Picky noticed included a powder puff—an handkerchief affair—a broken mirror, some cheap jewellery, two letters, a lip stick pencil and a small black purse.

This done, the girl stood up with her hand on the communication cord of the carriage and glanced again at Picky remarked, "Well, do I pull it or not." "Carry on," said Picky, "this is all very amusing." "You fool," said the girl and gave a downward jerk of her hand.

In a few seconds the sudden braking of the train told the guard that something was wrong, whilst the screams of the girl told him in which compartment to look for the trouble, and in a few minutes the compartment became more and more like a district attorney's office.

"What's all this," said the guard first looking at the girl breathless and fainting and then at Mr. Pickering, quiet and composed, "What is it girly." "That m-m-man," she gulped. "He ass-s-saulted m-m-me, he attacked me, the b-b-brute." Turning back to Picky the guard remarked, "What have you to say for yourself, eh? Is it true what the girl says, it very much appears so." Picky did not answer and for quite a while silence reigned, partly because the girl had pretended to faint to avoid further questioning, and partly because the guard, not used to such incidents, was not sure who to question next or what to ask, the silence might have continued longer had not a second official arrived on the scene and des-

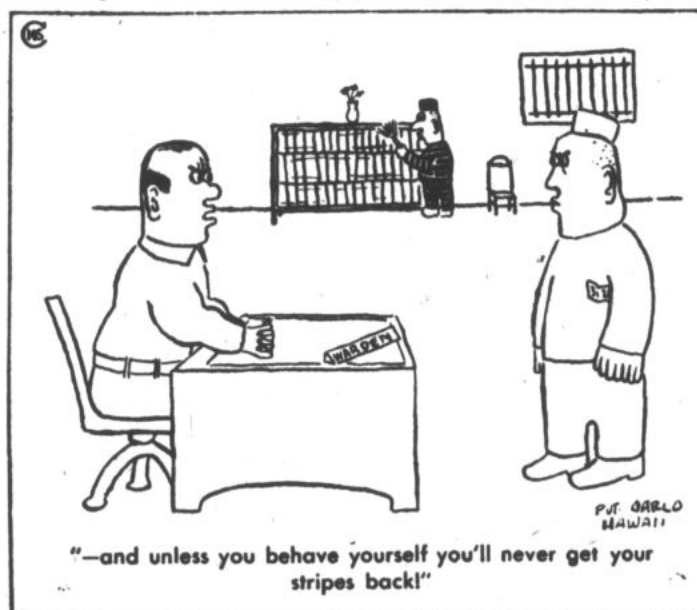
cribed himself as a railway policeman. Looking at the girl and then at the guard, he asked, "What's happening here," and the guard went on to say that this was how he had found the compartment when he entered, only the girl had spoken so far to accuse this—er—gentleman there of assault-in' 'er.

A few steps brought the railway policeman confronting Picky. "Well, would you care to make a statement, sir." "No," said Picky, "I have nothing at all to say—definitely nothing at all." "I'm afraid you place yourself in a somewhat awkward situation," said the policeman, "and I will have to detain you till the city police arrive." "That," said Picky, "is exactly what I want. Please make haste and summon the city police, you might ask that Inspector Eaves come, will you tell him Mr. Charles Pickering of the "Morning Herald" would appreciate his help in a somewhat embarrassing situation." "Yes sir,"

and sat up. "Guess I must have fainted," she said as she took a glance at Inspector Eaves, and then stooped to pick up some of the contents that had fallen from her handbag.

"Just a minute," remarked Inspector Eaves. "Leave those for a moment and tell me what happened." The girl did a sudden swallow, brushed back a few strands of hair that were covering her eyes and commenced her tale.

"Well Inspector, it was like this, I was sitting in the corner of the carriage and minding my own business, when this man, this brute came and sat near me, he started making advances to me and I told him to go away, he refused and commenced forcing himself upon me, said he wanted to kiss me and all that silly stuff. I pushed him away and tried to leave the compartment but he dashed after me and grabbed me and forced me down on the seat, he tore



said the policeman as if from habit of saying "Yes sir" since in the existing circumstances there was no reason why he should accede to the request or address this stranger as sir, after all Picky was accused of assault and that was a serious offence.

The next 20 minutes seemed liked 20 years for the girl who was feigning collapse and the guard who tried to adopt the air of a policeman-cum-guard-cum-Sherlock Holmes. But for Picky it must be said that he was almost heard to be chuckling and once or twice he commenced whistling only to stop when he saw the guard looking, bewildered at him and the girl open one eye warily in an attempt to sum up the position of things to date. It was during a spell of complete silence on the part of the girl, the guard and Picky, that a shuffling of feet along the corridor told of the approach of someone who was making for this compartment.

The door of the compartment opened and the first man to enter was none other than Inspector Eaves of the city police, "Good morning Mr. Pickering, what's this tripe I've been listening to about an assault, eh," said the Inspector as he took in a detailed picture of the compartment and seeing the girl, he shook her gently and to everybody's surprise, she opened her eyes

my frock at the neck as you can see, and I struck him with my bag which fell to the floor and spilled everything that I had in it, we struggled for a while until I managed to throw him off the seat then jumped up and grabbed the communication cord and the train stopped, the cute devil then sat down as quiet as a mouse in the corner there and hasn't moved since, the rest the guard can tell you." "Hmmm," said the Inspector who had stared down at the contents of the bag upon the floor without apparently listening to the running commentary that the guard was giving without waiting for the Inspector to ask for it and the guard was still gabbling away when the Inspector turned and sat down in the opposite corner to Picky.

Now there was a world of difference in the two men who sat facing each other, one was a hard type of get along fellow who had settled in the city police after a hectic life, the other a steady going sub-editor of the "Morning Herald". But one thing they had in common they had both attended the same university, both had captained their side at soccer and both had grown up in good environment, on the lovely Somerset downs, each had recalled happy hours, spent with the, other from childhood, through youth, to manhood, each

graduated together. "Stinker Eaves had taken law, intending to become a barrister, but fell short of the mark and did not make the grade and got himself planted in the city police force. The other had studied literature and classics and found his living by the "Morning Herald", and to each of them the other fellow was a life long friend.

"Well Picky, how's the world treating you?" asked the inspector much to the astonishment of the guard who had been waiting for the inspector to begin a third degree interrogation of Picky. "Fine," returned Picky, and said no more.

"And how's Mrs. Pickering these days, the wife was only speaking about her the other day; wonderful woman that wife of yours Picky, wonderful woman." "Yes," said Picky, "when you come to think of the years she has been invalided, without as much as a complaint, a rare flower indeed."

"Talking about flowers Picky," said the inspector, "are you still the keen gardener you were and have you still got that old boy, what do you call him with you." "Yes," said Picky, "you mean old Dan." "Old Dan of course I remember Dan O'Hara wasn't it." "Yes," replied Picky, "in fact he's more of the gardener that I am, he it is, who keeps the garden in shape, I get little time now you know." "Is that one of your own roses you've got there in your button hole," asked the inspector. "Yes," replied Picky, "Dan always presents me with a button hole each morning as I leave the house, nearly didn't get one though this morning," went on Picky, "Dan said he couldn't find me a flower that would stand the journey, but I insisted on one, must be habit I guess; in fact I wouldn't feel dressed if I came out without my flower, and to think I wouldn't have had one if Dan's expert hand hadn't cut it for me, good old Dan, he really has saved my life today." "What," said the inspector, "saved your life, I don't get it Picky, what do you mean."

"Well inspector you see, when Dan gave me this flower this morning, I doubt if he ever dreamt he was giving me a silent witness."

"What are you talking about Picky," remarked the inspector, "a silent witness, I don't get it."

"I want you to smell my rose inspector," remarked Picky, "please do." The inspector looked first at the guard then back to Picky, then rising from his seat he crossed to where Picky sat and stooped to place his nose to within an inch of the flower. "Delightful smell," remarked the inspector and resumed his seat. "And now you sir, will you please," said Picky to the guard, "will you smell the rose, at this the guard hesitated, but considering what was good for the inspector could do him no harm, lunged forward, awkwardly, placed his 14 stones on the inspector's foot much to that gentleman's annoyance to judge by his face, and charged forward to bring his nose into contact with the delicate flower, this proved too much for the petals long overdue for falling, and a shower of them fell, some settling on the sleeve of the guard who had placed his hand on Picky's knee to steady himself. "Oh, I am

Continued on Page 16 Col. 1



Station Garden Prize Winners

JUDGING of the gardens was carried out by the Commanding Officer on Monday, 24th July, and "Hill Topics" was privileged to accompany him and the Station Administrative Officer—who instigated the competition—when they made their tour of the station. It was little short of amazing to see what fine results had been achieved with material so meagre and Nature so unhelpful.



1st PRIZE—NO. 5 HANGAR

The tour began at the guardroom, and the gardens were to be judged—to quote D.R.O.'s—on "general lay-out and design, tidiness, absence of weeds, etc., and size and strength of the section concerned." The "Gestapo" boys had certainly made a fine show—one we felt worthy of the entrance to R.A.F. Station Picton! The "piece de resistance" was, of course, the floral "Wings" in a background of well-kept, verdant grass. The plots and lawns were very fine and had been kept in a commendably neat condition, reflecting great credit on Opl. Howard and his men. The side borders just outside the gate, too, were looking well, and it is to be hoped that taxis and their passengers will steer clear of these plots so that they will continue to bloom in undiminished splendour. Mention must be made of the excellent dahlias which grace the guardroom wall, and of the thriving tomatoes that have managed to assert themselves amidst the blooms.

Next, the Station Sick Quarters' gardens. Here it was a case of "distance lending enchantment to the view"! The pleasing appearance of the wide flower-dotted lawn was marred by the weeds and rough edges that came



2nd PRIZE—NO. 1 HANGAR

to view on closer approach. Much work had been put into these gardens, we knew, but a little attention to this very important feature would have brought reward.

The gardens of the M.T. Section were to be commended on their attempt to combine beauty with utility. The vegetable garden was patriotic, and there were signs that a fair supply of edibles had been, and would be, supplied. The excellent crop of weeds, however, suggested that the M.T. gardeners could be counted on the fingers of a digitless airman, or nearly so! We can look for some good tomatoes, but the caterpillars will have had the cabbages.



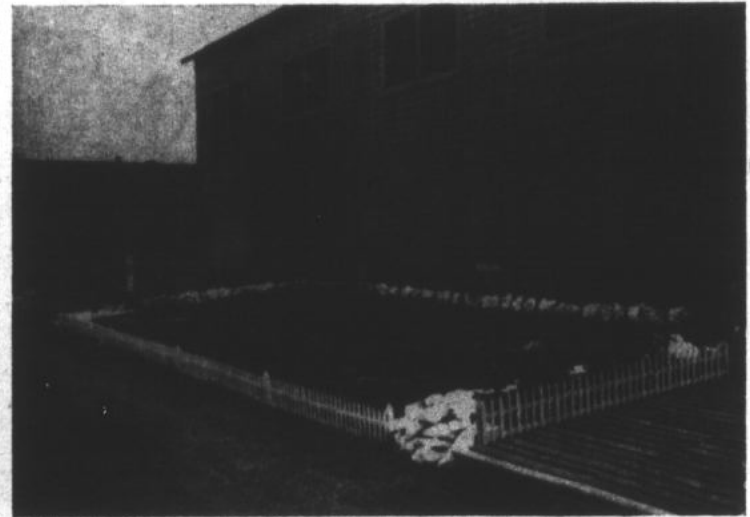
3rd PRIZE—GUARDROOM

The gardens of the G.I.S. were well past their prime. They looked as if they'd "had it"—and they had!

The Recreation Hall, flanked as it is by white-washed stone and painted trellising, looked somewhat a cross between a "road-house" and a country "pub"! But Jefferies and Pain had done a good job; the plots and lawns were exceptionally neat, and the blooms were profuse.

The plots outside the Canteen struck a note of originality. Had a pack of cards been scattered one "wet" night, to blossom forth in pulchritudinous splendour?! Alas! the spread of tares and the depredations of errant "erks" had ruined what might have been a pleasant picture.

The garden at the Fire Hall gave one the impression that a raging conflagration had recently been extinguished! Their speciality seemed to be "soused" marigolds!!



4th PRIZE—RECREATION HALL

At No. 1 Hangar the gardens, under the "presiding genius" of F/Sgt. Creed, ably assisted by his "aide", EAC. Robertson, were looking really fine. Here was variety if you like!—the formal and the informal garden, crazy-paving and gravel paths, neat flower-plots and a "wizard" rock-garden. The lawns were trim and green, and there were no weeds. One noted the effect of the home-made "sprayer"! A very good show!

No. 2 Hangar's show was rather a one-sided affair. The "good" side had a fine display of zinnias, and looked very neat, but what would be left when the zinnias had gone?!

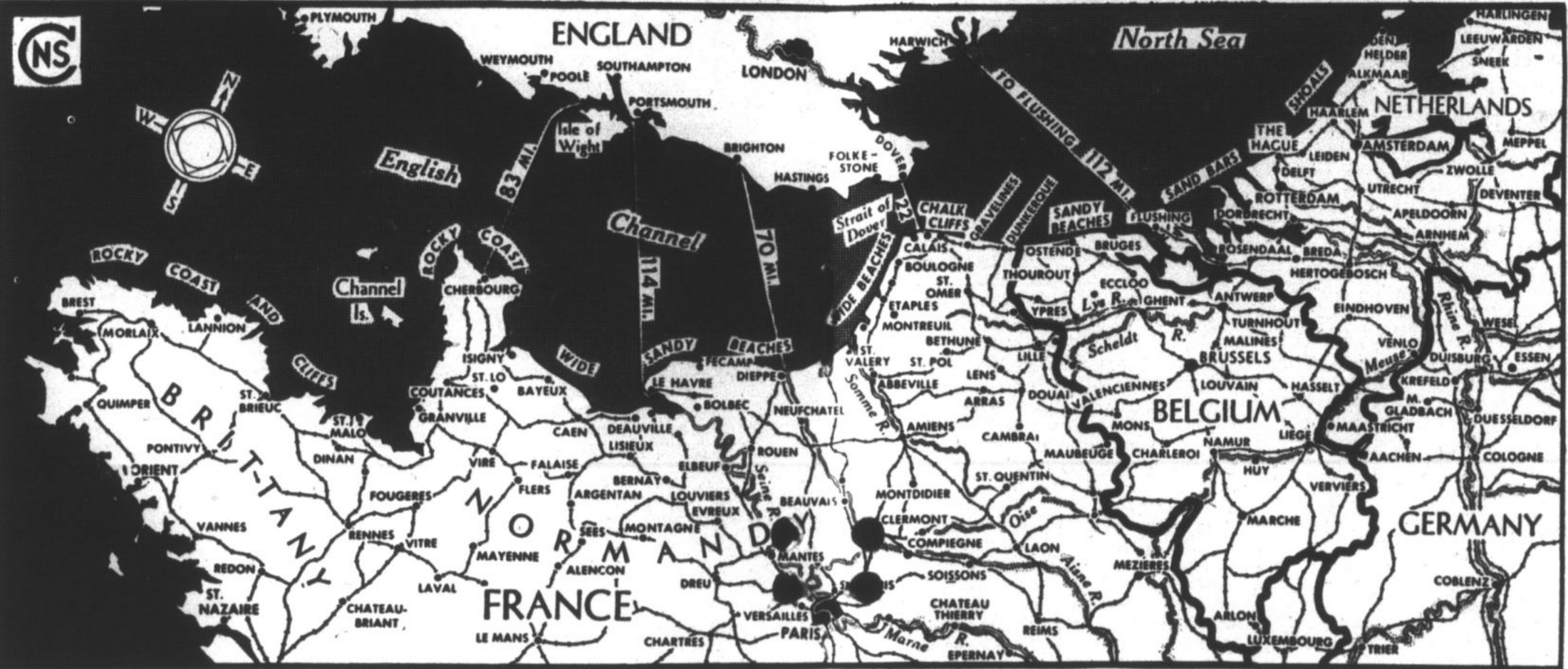
No. 3 Hangar, also, had a sprayer operating to good effect! The tomatoes were very good, and showed promise of a good harvest later. There was originality in the choice of flowers.

"PICTON, 31 B. & G. S." stood out boldly in the lawn outside the Control Tower. It looked as if it were proud to announce its identity! The floral "Wings" looked well, too, but the fringes of the lawn looked unkempt and uncared-for.

"Beauty with Utility" was again the order at No. 4 Hangar! Tomatoes and flowers grew together. The central plot looked a bit of a mixture. The whole frontage, however, was very neat.

Continued on Page 8

A BOMBER'S EYE VIEW OF EUROPE'S INVASION COAST



EUROPE'S INVASION COAST



An Air Bomber lay dying: these were his

Last Thoughts

I would have lived
 Could I have chosen
 Could I have stayed my birth
 Ten years or more
 Could I have armed myself
 With youth—or age
 Advanced my tender years
 Another score.

I would have lived
 Remember when I die
 I do not fall a hero—on the earth
 I grieve—to die, soon
 I was so young
 What chance have they
 Who born—are doomed at birth.

I would have lived
 Oh had I not been born
 A serf—a tool—a pawn
 In life's grim game
 Had I been born a lord
 Rich merchant's son
 To shelter 'neath some robe
 Some glided name.

I would have lived
 But I was busy dreaming
 And dreaming—did not see the Hun
 I die—and with me goes a crew
 Because I dreamed
 And did not man my gun.

I would have lived
 Had not I been afraid to die
 I wasted life
 Now dying—waste my breath
 I would have lived
 Had I deserved to live
 Prepared to die
 I might have cheated death.

Ten Little Aircrew Boys

Ten little aircrew boys, fully trained
 I guess,
 Ditched in the ocean, Oh what a mess.

One plugged his intercom, didn't
 hear a line,
 Stayed in his turret, then there were
 nine.

Nine little aircrew boys, one braced
 himself too late,
 Banged his head upon a spar, then
 there were eight.

Eight little aircrew boys, one thought
 he'd swim to heaven,
 Dived into the ocean, then there were
 seven.

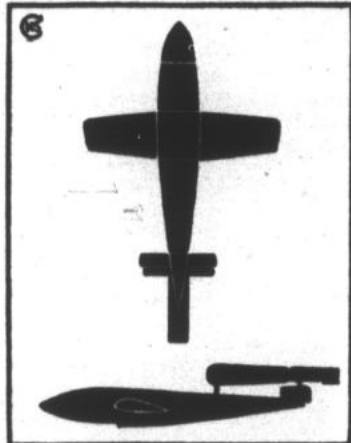
Seven little aircrew boys, one's harness
 all amix,
 Got caught in the escape hatch, then
 there were six.

Six little aircrew boys, all glad to be
 alive,
 One overturned the dinghy, then there
 were five.

Five little aircrew boys, to even up
 the score,
 One turned it back again, then there
 were four.

Four little aircrew boys, gaily float-
 ing free,
 One drank salt water, then there were
 three.

THE "ROBOT" BOMB



Nazi Germany's jet-propelled pilotless 'Doodlebug', the enemy's "reprisal weapon No. 1" which has been hurtling against England from the coast of France, is actually an overgrown Fourth of July skyrocket, hurled from catapult installations and loaded with a ton of explosives. The robot has a wingspread of 16 feet, a fuselage of 25 feet and attains a speed of 350 miles an hour. Its power comes from a jet propulsion engine placed above the tail structure.

The British Spirit

The following letter been received by the Commanding Officer.

The Group Captain,
 Dear Sir:

I thank you for your consideration to my son, also for the letter you so kindly sent, which set my mind at rest.

I wish I could express my feelings better, but after days and nights of "Alerts", "All Clears" and "Chugging Robots" it is difficult to concentrate. "Robots" are called "Bob Hopes", because "One bobs down, and hopes for the best". Personally, I prefer them to the old blitzes with the "Land-mines".

I trust all the other mothers are not troubling you.

With my best wishes, and renewed thanks.

Believe me, yours gratefully.

Three little aircrew boys, beneath a sky of blue,
 One caught a touch of sun, then there were two.

Two little aircrew boys, this tale is nearly done,
 Couldn't find the wooden plugs, then there was one.

One little aircrew boy, I'm very sad to say,
 Didn't wear a Mae West, (We bury him today).

At the subsequent inquiry this tale there was to tell,
 They'd done their job, a beauty, and they'd pranged the target well,
 The dinghy drill the only thing it seemed they hadn't mastered.
 So please don't laugh, or your epitaph may likely read "POOR . . .".

invasion, and were perhaps disappointed with the lull on the war fronts. I had not dreamed that within the next few days we might be steeped in battle, and things were far too settled and uninteresting to arouse any such suspicion. I suppose this attitude is due to the Englishman's inadaptability to so many different phases in his life.

After wandering over parts of the country in which many different temperaments are found, it was seldom I came upon anyone who outwardly showed the effect of war upon his or her mind. The composure of the majority of the people was one of the most heartening things to a traveller, and pointed to him the determination of his race.

A blank filled my mind for a few moments, but at last I found myself in Manchester on my last 72-hour pass. The unforgotten Monday rain was soaking everything, as ever before, and the now wet town was creaking along the usual grooves, not unlike the famous, or infamous, trams. That night I visited a hotel for a drink, everybody seemed to be enjoying the beer more than the war, and that is what I intended doing. Not only would the beer make me forget the war, but also the rain and all it was raining on.

At about 10.30 the Princes Street Y.M.C.A. welcomed me and gave me a much needed bed. I did not sleep. Something was on my mind; I was not sure whether it was the planes roaring overhead, or the beer. However, something at last overcame me and I dozed off. When I awoke the beer had worn off, and in the distance I could hear a wireless set, so I quickly dressed and rushed downstairs as I was wont to do, even if only to hear the voice of the announcer. But what a surprise I got! The whole of the Y.M. had crowded round the

loudspeaker. Invasion! A military upheaval had at last disturbed the lives of so many, and even now, perhaps they did not realize its significance. I swallowed my breakfast with an excited mind, eager only to get outside and see what change had come over my part of the world. Some people were huddled around street corners talking in excited whispers. Others just made their way to work in the usual manner, seemingly not having heard the news, or just treating it with a feigned outward indifference. The rest of the day was definitely strained and one could sense an uneasy attitude in all round. The minds of the people were already trying to get away from the news, but conversation and the wireless bulletins would not allow for this. However, as I left for camp after a day, the like of which has never been seen before, I felt that this alertness would soon calm down to the usual matter of fact routine.

What had I been doing—dreaming? Yes, I suppose so, and as the ships' siren brought me back to earth I could only distinguish a bluish streak on the horizon and as I wondered back to my bunk I could not help wishing for the time when I would once again see the coast of something I loved.

Heard in the Black-Out



Station Garden Prize Winners

Continued From Page Seven

We had to admit, when we reached No. 5 Hangar, that their garden was the best yet. It was extremely well laid-out. The central plots were bright and attractive. The wall borders looked very effective. The lawns were well-watered and consequently had a beautifully fresh appearance. The whole had a most pleasing appearance.

Workshops—the next place visited—was very tidy. There were some healthy-looking tomato plants here, too. Legge, the "garden-in-chief", had made a good show in spite of persistent deluges which had tried to wash the whole of the plant-life out of existence!

The gardens outside the Photographic and Parachute Sections were highly commendable. They really looked very trim and pretty, and had been built out of almost bare rock. A lot of work had been put in. Grass, it seems, has refused to grow, but some radishes had been carefully nurtured.

So the tour was over. Who was to be the winner? Four gardens stood out—Guardroom, No. 1 Hangar, No. 5 Hangar, and the Recreation Hall. Probably more work had been put into No. 1 Hangar's garden than into any of the others. They had not achieved, however, the same pleasing effect as at No. 5, and the C.O. therefore declared No. 5 Hangar to be the winner—No. 1 Hangar being second, Guardroom third, and the Recreation Hall fourth.

It is believed, however, that all gardens will receive a Consolation award.

The results of the competition had been highly successful. The station now is graced with a wealth of attractive blooms, and all are to be congratulated on their achievements. Let's keep the gardens as attractive as they are now, for the rest of the summer. A well-kept garden just makes "that difference"!

BACK PAY

Prune was highly elated. From now on he would be known as Flying Officer Prune.

"Good show!" booms the Wingco.

"Atta boy, Prune!" cries the Mess.

Under the circumstances there was nothing else to do but offer a celebration to all and sundry.

At the height of the party, a F/Lt. who had over-indulged waved a copy of the "Gazette" in his hand.

"I shay, old man," he remarked with difficulty, "why didn't you tell us?" He pointed unsteadily to a column of type.

With an effort, Prune focussed his eyes on the paper and found an announcement to the effect that he had been promoted w.e.f. November 28th, 942.

"There you are," shouted the F/Lt., "you've been a flying officer all these years, and told no one!"

"Didn't know myself, old man," grinned Prune. "Wonder how much back pay I'm due for?"

"Back pay?" repeated the F/Lt., "you know what these people are like over credit and that sort of thing. I'd write to 'em if I were you!"

So there and then, Prune penned a letter to "H.M. Under Sec. of State for Air", demanding back pay as from the year 943.

The following morning, he awoke with a bad head and a fervent hope that he hadn't really posted that ridiculous letter.

A month passed—two months—and then one day a letter arrived for Prune, marked: "Confidential—O.H. M.S." With trembling fingers he sliced open the envelope. He read: "Your claim for back pay as from the year 943 in accordance with your promotion as promulgated in the 'London Gazette' has been investigated, and it is agreed that this back pay is due to you. The exact amount cannot be computed, owing to the lack of knowledge of rates of pay during the intervening



years. However, the Air Ministry have agreed to the sum of £30,000 in settlement of your claim. (Signed) F/L. Crayston."

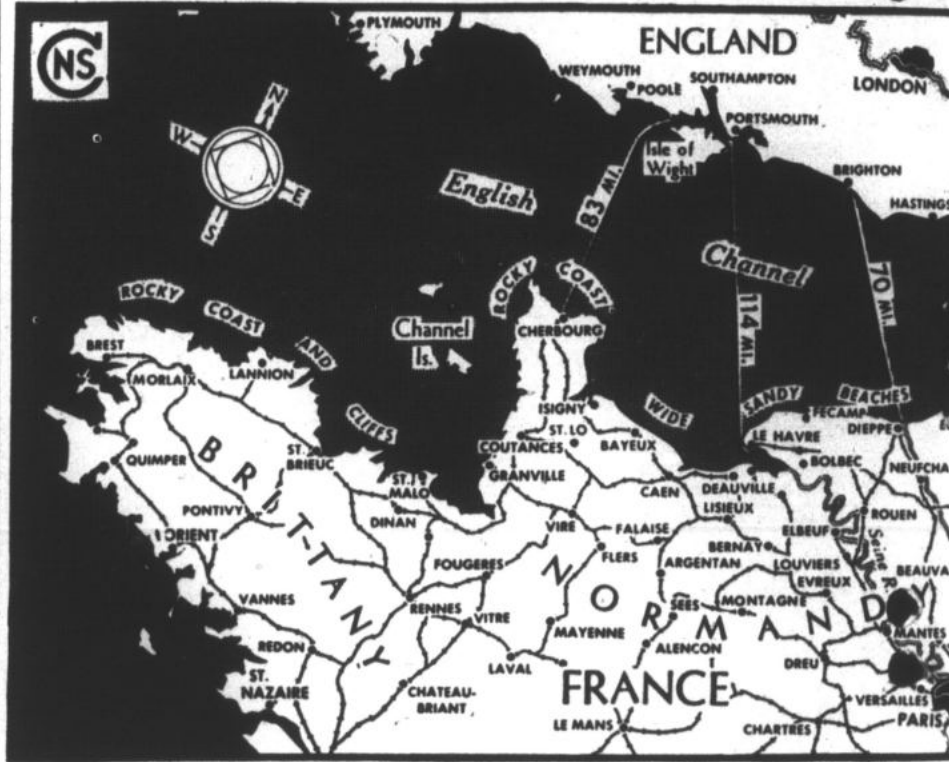
"Struth!" yelled Prune, "look at this!" The Mess crowded round and read the letter with awe.

"Gawd!" gasped the "Doc.", "what a party we'll have!! Hold on, though—there's more on the back!"

They turned over and read on.

"During the investigation it has come to light that between the years 1140 to 1204, a large quantity of material consisting of horses, chariots, bows, arrows and B.S.A. crossbows were missing from H.M. Government's service stores. As you are the only living officer who held rank at that time it has been considered necessary that you be held responsible for the deficiency. We were fortunate to find in the account an accurate estimate which valued the missing equipment at £30,003:14:4¼. If you will forward a cheque for the outstanding £3:14:4½, we shall be deeply grateful for your patriotic gesture in demanding an investigation, and will be prepared to consider the matter closed."

A BOMBER'S EYE VIEW OF EU



Before the Last Phase

ENGLAND! It didn't seem possible that at last I was leaving; leaving behind all the worry and suspense that war brings to a country. But I was. I was actually going to a new country, a new life, to see new people, and maybe even bananas.

How often had I read about Canada? I had often tried to visualize that vast country which had had such an exciting past, and I was looking forward to seeing those famous beauty spots and towns which I had been working there, doing their utmost for the war effort. They had nothing much to look forward to, nothing except the daily routine of the factory. What a dull, monotonous life they would lead until the end of the war



told so much about — Niagara, the Rockies, Montreal, and, who knows, New York perhaps. Were they really as wonderful as people and books had said? Well, I would soon know, because I was going there; it was difficult for me to believe, but I was; the receding coastline proved that. It was getting further ways now, slowly perhaps, but surely. The larger buildings and docks were still quite plain but getting smaller, in fact so small that it was difficult to realize that hundreds of people were actually —long hours in a factory, with only a few hours' relaxation at night in their own homes, for which they were fighting. Here something in me stirred. Was it that I was already feeling a bit homesick? Yes, perhaps that's what it was. I began thinking of the week before D-Day. The countryside was quiet, and the people working as usual with the long, easy stride of the English farmer. On the other hand the towns were buzzing with a rather bored activity. Even the forces had forgotten the possibility of an



Air Ministry Laboratory Bombing Teacher

LONG ago, the "Big-Wigs" in the Air Ministry agreed with my third uncle, Charlie McGinty, about the problems involved in training Air Bombers and the price of pigs in Poland. Few people know anything about the latter subject, and very few could care less about the former!

It will be appreciated that to load an Anson I with 12 bombs and 20 "goons", or vice versa, and to tell them to bomb a target situated in the middle of Lake Ontario, or on the third on the left past Teasel's, is a very dangerous procedure. Usually the u/t's involved invariably mistake the Control Tower for the target, which means that the said Control Tower is 100% safe, but Deseronto had better beware!! Failing this, the embryo Air Bombers locate the target after a "square search"—(Definition: a "square search" constitutes twice the visibility upwind, twice the visibility across wind, knock twice, and ask for "Annie")—and bomb with "Red" on "Black", which means that a bar called "Joe's" in Watertown will go out of business!!

This was what people said when my third uncle McGinty began his extensive researches on the subject. A lot of them still say it!!!

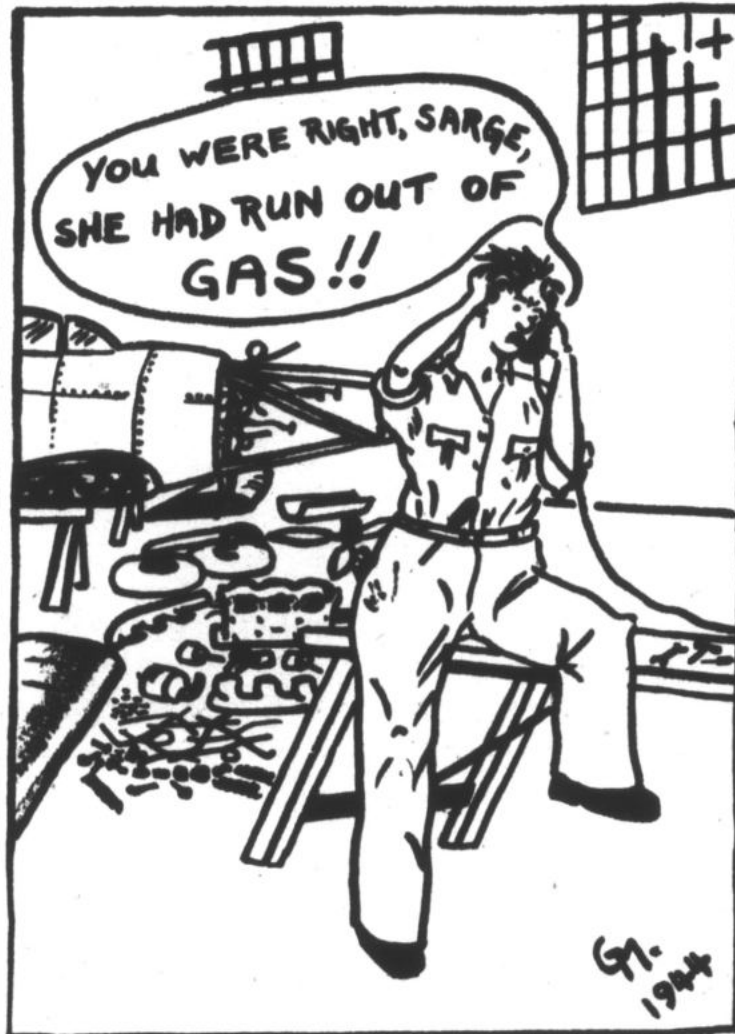
My third uncle McGinty was not discouraged. First of all he took a wooden box. He then had a lid constructed, (about a foot yard and a thick wide) by Works & Bricks. He then put his liquor ration into the box and retired to the top of the Air Ministry Laboratory. When he had come down, he had given birth to the Air Ministry Laboratory Bombing Teacher, which, (everybody agreed), was a "Good Thing"!!

The principles of the A.M.L.B.T. are very low. It works in the same way as a steam-engine, except that it has no whistle. A force of light is projected through a thing known as a "transparency". (We are practically sure that this "transparency" exists. If it doesn't, then my third uncle McGinty is out of luck, that's all!!). Downstairs, in the bombing room, pictures of houses, railways, roads, docks, Lord Kitchener, and the "maid that ran away with the marine", are flashed across a screen. The screen is either a dark shade of white, or a light shade of black.

The simulation of falling bomb is provided by an arresting-gear, which counts off the time taken by a 250-

lb. bomb falling from 10,000 feet and plays "Penny Serenade" at the same time!

The idea is for the student to hit the target with the aid of a bomb-sight. This instrument is, of course, very familiar to you all, so I need not discuss it. I will merely include the following Bombing Theory diagrams to refresh your memory:



This, of course, explains everything!—you may now carry on drinking, gentlemen!!!

Our latest equipment—(which hasn't been paid for yet!)—is unfortunately not fitted with cushions for the A/B's to lie on! Consequently after a 4-hour spell in the A.M.L.B.T. the "goons" complain about "pains in the back"!! Indeed if, on emerging from the Bombing Teacher, a student can, without assistance, walk in a semi-upright position to the cookhouse, shake hands with the cook, and ask for a date with "Gloria", he can consider himself as healthy as the

man in the Kruschen Salts advertisements!!

My own remedy is that after each spell of the Bombing Teacher, the trainee executes a double-backwards—"flip-flop" down the stairs. This theory, be it noted, is supported by GRIETZ, the well-known authority on the muscles of the back, when he says on Page 223 of his book "Untersuchungen en Uber Sittlichpoudre und Gesellschaftsbogiewogie": "The constant tightening of the latissimus had a tendency to relieve the strain by distributing the strain between the serratus posticus inferior and the corner of Forty-Second Street".

A bloke who deserves mention is the "target picker outer"; He stands with a long thing in his hands—known as a—"thing" and he points out the targets for the A/B to bomb—which is a "dead loss" as this is the last place in the world on which the bombs will land!! The A/B, of course, accuses the target-picker-outer of changing his "thing" from one target to another!! This causes bad feelings all round, and accounts for the large number of bodies we had to dispose of before the last C.O.'s inspection!!

In the final stages of the Bombing Syllabus, "stick" bombing is carried out. For this, a piece of equipment known as the "Automatic Bomb Distributor" or "Mickey Mouse" is used—another "brain-child" of third uncle McGinty! When the A/B presses the bomb firing-switch, a stick of bombs is let loose. Little lights light up, and a little man pops up and asks the A/B how his stomach is for spots!!

Maintenance of an A.M.L.B.T. is very simple. You ring up Ruby and find out where Cpl. Williams is spending his "48"!!

To conclude, here is a story about our A.M.L.B.T. When our French students first saw the terrain flashing past the screen, they asked what area it represented. We told them that it was the Ruhr Valley—whereupon they insisted on spitting on the screen every time DUSSELDORF went past!!! To save the screen, we then told them that it was TORONTO—but then they did worse than spit, so we went back to Dusseldorf!!!

If you require any further "gen" on the A.M.L.B.T., pick up the nearest field telephone (ask for "Squire", and tell him that his wife has discovered the awful truth!!

Local Bird Life Recognition Table

AC2. The lowest form of life in the aviary, overworked, underpaid, underfed, ill-treated individual who never complains—much. More commonly known as erk. It is always financially embarrassed, and keenly awaits the bi-monthly visitation of the great bird. It is easily distinguished by its unkempt and unwashed appearance, to senior N.C.O.'s by its consistent absence from duty when wanted and by its incessant application for passes

AC1. Having graduated to this social stratum, the erk usually assumes its best blue, but still retains many of the vices of the late rank. It assumes an air reminiscent of long ser-

vice, and becomes subject to fits of ungovernable rage when letters continue to arrive marked AC2.

LAC. On reaching this rung of the ladder, a distinguished badge is presented which is displayed to all and sundry in an effort to impress upon them the fact that it is no longer an erk. Fond of explaining how difficult its props board was, and the various reasons why, it was not passed before. Has a fondness for baggy slacks and greasy tunics. It is, nevertheless, still a sociable animal unless it gets an OLD SWEAT complex, when it becomes a bounder.

CPL. Denoted by two chevrons. Chief duty becomes "can carrying". Can be seen herding hordes of "unmentionables" and endeavouring to

maintain discipline and order in the barracks. May often be heard yelling "What: Orderly Dog again? Develops an unquenchable thirst and a horror of parades. Has a keen eye for feminine charm, which pastime ranks almost equal to partaking in a "session".

Sgt. Three chevrons. It assumes an air of authority and the middle-aged spread. Has an unhappy faculty of making erks lives miserable. Never has any cigarettes or matches, offers as an excuse that his mess bill is stiff. Has brought to a fine art the cult of imbibing water infused with malt and hops, which is partaken of at any time of the day or night. Feeds in a separate mess, from which sanctum come weird noises after dark when erks are trying to sleep.

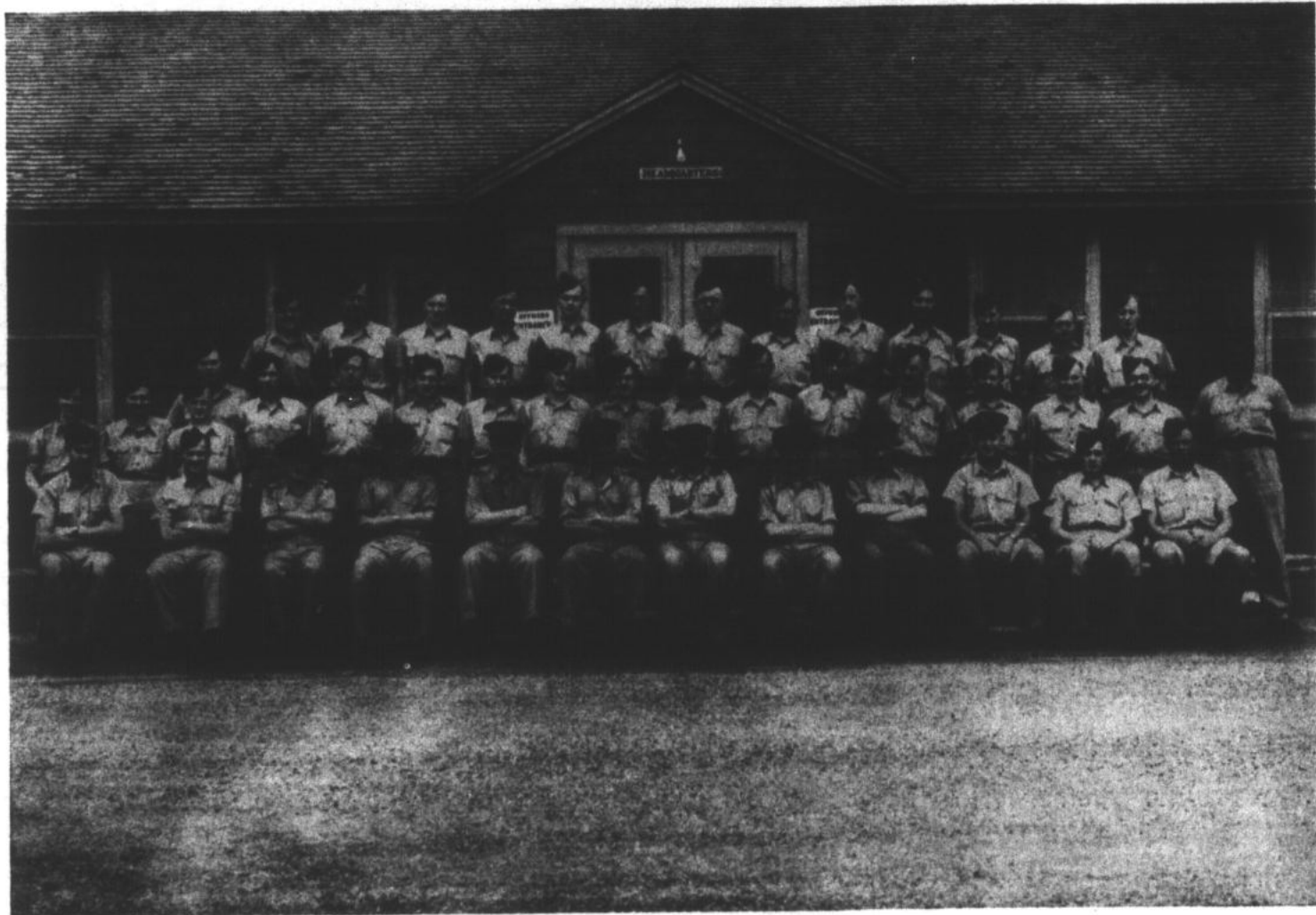
F/Sgt. Denoted by three chevrons mounted by a crown. Has a strong aversion to work, particularly after the regular daylight hours. Has a dread of erks requesting autographs on passes, stand-to chits, vouchers, etc. Usually called Flight for short... when within earshot. Spends its time in finding fault and its money on itself.

W.O. Wears a smooth suit bearing a crest and a motto. Must be addressed as "Sir". Inclined to be somewhat cranky and soured by long service and should not be saluted. Its bark—and what a bark—apt to be a great deal milder than its bite. Ferocious to a degree, and not to be trusted. (Reprint from Fingal Observer, July 1944). With acknowledgements to Fingal Observer.



MONTHLY REPORTS FROM THE FOLK WHO LIVE ON THE HILL

News and Views



S. H. QUIZ

We first of all note with regret that one of the old "terms of reference" has gone the way of its contemporaries—instead of "All buttoned up" it is now known as "All laced up".

Who was the officer who, in trying to administer the unit in a much more efficient manner than those who actually "do" it, pointed out that two officers promulgated as participating in a sports event, named "A.N. Other" had not reported to him to complete arrival reports? (He's still spinning!).

Is it true that a certain N.C.O. has been seriously contemplating going on parade? Has someone been tilling the soil?

Why didn't the R.A.F. Liaison Officer-in-Chief tell us that he was visiting the unit to interview the u/t pilots

BEFORE they were sent on leave?

Is it true that each applicant for re-engagement receives a Special Sick Report with each application form?

Who was the F/S., who in his first attempt at stepping out, allowed a mere corporal to pinch the necessary female? It smells!

Who was the N.C.O. who, when approached regarding the photograph of the Station Admin. Staff (Officers and N.C.O.'s) emphatically refused to appear, saying "What, let those %@£?'s point me out to their children after the war and tell them they were once MY bosses!"

Has a certain N.C.O. given up hope of ever getting on the "boat" and is providing himself with an ocean of his own to drown in?

Overheard in the Mess

Driver of car on strange road: "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Muffled voice from the back seat: "Like H—— you do."

She (an awkward dancer): "This floor is certainly slippery."

He: "It isn't the floor, I've just had my shoes shined."

Her: "I think dancing makes a girl's feet big, don't you?"

Him: "Yeah."

Her: "I think swimming gives a girl large shoulders, don't you?"

(Pause)

Him: "You must ride quite a lot, too."

M.T. Section

Hullo, everybody! This is the M.T. calling, after a long absence due to the writer of this article being in Kentucky for the "Races" at the time of the last Issue! (It's a wonder that he wasn't in Hospital with acute alcoholic Poisoning after his leave, but all is well! He visited the Sick Bay on his return, where they tested his alcohol for blood, and pronounced him "100 above Proof").

We have reluctantly said "Goodbye!" to Peplow, McDowell and Smith, who have departed for the U.K. and the "WAR"!! We wish them all the very best in the future.

"Old George" has been at it again! —two Squadron Leaders and a Flying Officer into a ditch from the Station Waggon!!—after a special request for "a reliable driver", too!!!! It is rumoured that the Group Captain is now paying particular attention to the abilities of the driver of his car!! It's all your own fault, George!

The other day there was a "Moans and Groans" Meeting in the M.T. office! You should have heard it!!! It started at 18.45 hours and lasted until "Lights Out", and ranged from the M.T. to the billet, where the Meeting

was dissolved by irate members of "Bombing Flights", whose "war-cry" seems to be: "Lights out! Radio off!! Get yer ruddy 'eads down!!"

The activities in Detroit have slackened a little—which is high time, as things were getting serious for one or two fellows! Might have ended in the "digger", eh?!!

If you see two figures rushing about in the vicinity of Hut 8R, it's someone "Reiding" the Riot Act — and HOW!

There is now an M.T. "Zombie", who rejoices in the nickname of a maker of a popular and prominent beer! He's up at 5.30 every morning and prowls around most of the night muttering something about wishing his brother were here, and passing queer remarks about a "steamboat"!! He's quite harmless, though!!

There was an M.T. Corporal who got off the train in Detroit recently and was confronted by a porter who asked if he could carry his (the Corporal's) bag. Digger said that she could walk, thanks, much to the chagrin of the porter!!

Well!—I think that's all for now, so, until the next Issue — Cheerio, chaps!

—The M. T. Gremlin.



INSTRUMENT SECTION

IN COMMON with most other Sections of the Unit, we have been caught in a welter of arrivals and departures during recent weeks. I regret that space does not permit the enumeration of all parties concerned, but, in passing, we extend congratulations to all those "Lucky People" who recently left for the U.K., and a hearty welcome to the latest additions to our happy (?) throng!

Our erstwhile "Chiefy" was somewhat "shaken" by his totally unexpected and premature repatriation, but he managed to look cheerful, and finally departed, singing lustily, "Round the Bend in the Road"!!

In addition to changes of faces in our midst, we have also seen several changes of rank recently. We barely had time to congratulate Jack Lockerby on his tapes when he was whisked away on the "boat". As well as our envy, he has our sympathy, for all know that Jack's heart is still very definitely in Toronto—(she hopes!!).

Our ex-"stamp liker" (Bryn Blake) has also had to get some "sewing hours" in—(or does he use staples?) but can still occasionally be found quite close to an aircraft! Apparently one of the few Senior N.C.O.'s who needs to wash his hands before eating!!

F/Sgt. Hollingsworth, our new "i/c", has now dug himself in and seems to show promise as a promoter of Anglo-American goodwill!! On a recent jaunt to the U.S.A. in company with three other members of our staff, he is reported to have made many friends—(mostly female!)—and indeed he was very loth to leave the place!!

Our new Sergeant is still telling these amorous stories with a "different ending"!!—but we wonder if Bryn is QUITE so strong-willed as he would have us believe!!

Offering belated congratulations to Andy on receiving his long-awaited "Crown", we are pleased to see that his heart is still in England despite

the frequent lone trips deep into New York State. Perhaps he goes over two hundreds miles to enjoy home cooking!—or is the abundance of whisky the reason?!!

Truly an Instrument Section of our size, owning TWO F/Sgts. is quite unique even in over-staffed Training Command, but Andy continues his previous role while praying fervently for an early "Boat"!!

After all the postings in and out were over, we found ourselves unable to continue the old system of Repair and Servicing Squadron personnel, so the "gen-men" put their heads together and produced a new scheme which is definitely a "GOOD THING", and satisfies all and sundry, from our "champion moaner" to the C.E.O. himself!!

It was rather fortunate for "our boys" that Jack's departure coincided with the date of the Repair Squadron Dance, as the celebration in the "local" during the afternoon put them in an excellent mood for the evening's frivolities!! Within an hour, any girl with an unsteady dancing partner had no need to ask where he worked, as the question always elicited the same reply—"I'm a 'Basher'!!"

If some of the current rumours are to be believed, this article may never appear in print—but, always being pessimistic, we will not yet say "Farewell!!" Let us assure one and all that while the "old Rag" is printed, we will continue to supply "copy" (of a sort!!).

Instrumentally yours, R.J.A.

PINK CHITS FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

THE RECENT visit of the A.V.M. resulted in a sharp decline in the morale in the Mess!! However, the vaporous breathings of a legendary monster soon put everyone once more in high spirits, and that valiant 60 per hundred were ready to ride into the "Valley of Leth" if necessary. Towards the end of the evening, the games of billiards developed into a war-like dance around the table! Frantic beatings on the drum-like floor were punctuated with whoops of triumph as the coloured victims on the "green" succumbed to the rapier-like thrusts of the welders of the cue!!

The members of the Mess have been "in lighter mood" of late. It is not true, however, that the P.M.C. has been held up to "Ronson"!!

We have met an officer who is unfamiliar with "Adam's Ale"! Good luck to him if he can avoid the stuff!! But the officer who does not know what "Bull" is, should "get some in"!!

A spirit of tolerance and a willingness to give and take are essential to good relations, and one must be prepared to stretch a point now and then don't you think, O.G.?!

We have to be careful these days, or disciple-inary action may be taken!

The first five Fighting Frenchmen have left us for St. Johns. They were good chaps, and just as adept at sinking beer as they were at dropping bombs on the quadrant!! We shall miss the Gallic "flavour" they brought to the Mess, although we have others of their compatriots to carry on.

Two of the Navigation "types", F/L Stratton and F/O. Chandler, have successfully steered a course through the matrimonial portals, and were able to turn on E.T.A. without much difficulty!

The latest arrival in the Car Park is known as the "Fungus Flivver" or "Cadair Idris"! It bears out the old adage that "M.T. vehicles make the most noise"!!

Who was it who recently said that every time he completed a tour of "Ops." he applied for a Pilot's Course?!!

Two of our u/t Pilots seem to have heard the "Indian Love Call"!! Another call heard frequently in the Mess is "Your turn, Charles"!!

The development of the maternal instinct in one of our Nursing Sisters has been marked with interest!! We hope something will be done about it!

SIFTINGS FROM THE STORES

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness"—these words come to mind as I sense the tranquil spirit that has pervaded the Stores recently!! Gone is the discordant "binding", the trivial bickerings—and in their place an Arcady has come into being!! What causes this state of juxtaposition? At one moment we were fighting "tooth and nail" against Claustrophobia, the Ten Commandments and the "bottomless pit" wherein is housed our vouchers. The next, we find ourselves with a benign grin, a tolerant demeanour suggesting a "Hail-fellow-well-met!" attitude. Perhaps we can sense the last "over" of the Picton "team"! Maybe the "silver lining" shines a little clearer now! Our tolerance is akin to that of the young man who has, at long last, seen Mother-in-law safely aboard her train—(with her back to the engine, of course!) — destined for a thousand-mile journey on a slow train!

Honestly, though! — this "anti-climax" has "shaken" me, and I look for "ulterior motives"!! However, this sense of well-being is descriptive of a lady's dress and a good after-dinner speech—i.e. long enough to cover the subject, and short enough to be interesting!! The change has brought some alarming consequences—only last week Alec arose before 07.00 hours, Lou only chain-smoked for two hours, and "Spin" didn't call "Lights out!" until 22.40 hours!!

This revolutionary change is affecting some of us in a Thorne Smith manner. Take the laddie who bears a famous cricketer's name; he "poshes up", goes "down along" Picton way with a look in his eye which only Antony could have equalled on the occasion of his first date with Cleopatra, the Egyptian "scrubber"! Then, again, the Hibernian and Celtic "elements" in our Stores are almost (?) affable. In my humble opinion, the Shillelagh is being grafted to the Pibroch, but I am hoping to be posted before "fruition" takes place!! Tommy Handley would have smirked the other day when the "Twins" were holding forth! One said: "After you, Norman"—back came the reply: "No — after YOU, Willie!"

I was privileged to see our "Boss" stripped to the waist yesterday! Oh boy!—the Greeks had a word for it!!

Then I spotted "Junior" cavorting along the Outlet road!—I wonder if he realized that he was riding a lady's cycle?!

The coming of Summer and the lure of the "wide open spaces" has much to do with our rejuvenation. One of our "bashers" took his girl-friend out "picking flowers" (!!). Unfortunately they HEAD to!!—the woods were crowded!!! "Chiefie's" theme-song "You Must Be Vigilant", has been followed to the letter, despite adjectives and emphasis peculiar to him—and our vigilance is being repaid a hundred-fold!!! We revel in dawn's early streaks, but secretly revile at "Reveille"! For carnations we get carbon-paper, and for a tulip we get a Tally-Card—but who cares?!! A rose by any other name smells just as sweet!! Life is good these days, and a "Merrie England"

in "embryo" is nestling on the "Hill-Top"!!

Now for the "Stop Press News"!

Why is a certain lover of music always humming "Beautiful Ohio"? I could tell you, but let every dog have his day—(AND nights!!).

One of our Sergeants now cycles to work! Can his intention be to get to work quicker or to get home even more quickly still?!! Your guess is as good as mine!

"Taffy" was in a dilemma when the water was cut off!—he was washing his "briefs" when the crisis occurred, but with true Celtic fortitude he finished the rinsing in a tin mug!! Atta-boy!!

Our basket-ball star has some nasty gashes on his knees — I hope this doesn't lead to any embarrassing questions! In the abutions I heard "Paddy" singing "Macushla" with a Picton accent!—it sounded like Sinatra singing "Boots"!! In closing, we all congratulate "Flash" Pain on being the proud father of twins! When I asked him for his secret, he made one or two cryptic remarks from which I formed these conclusions:

(1) If you wake up at 5.30 a.m. every morning and can't go off to sleep, you are bound to do SOMETHING.

(2) Two Picton "pastimes" are fishing and "indoor sports". In Winter, the Lake is frozen!!!

Cheerio until our next mood!

AIRMEN'S MESS

Once again we bring you news from the airmen's mess. First may we say welcome to W/O Howard, our new messing officer, who has been posted here from Kingston. I'm sure he'll find the boys are all O.K.

Barlow's builders are as busy as ever, adding a bit here and a bit there. Anyway the grub keeps coming along all right; no complaints, we hope. As usual the main topic of conversation is that "boat". The mess is fairly humming with gen these days, "duff" and "pukka", and of course we are still getting lots of Goodwin gen, which is mostly very duff. The old man (Davey) of the meat department, keeps working out his miracles and producing the daily meat ration. No wonder he has a few (?) grey hairs. Can anyone suggest a very good and reliable brand of hair tonic? Not too expensive please.

By the way, I did hear of a certain N.C.O. (senior, I believe) who borrowed a whole suit of civvies to go on leave. Perhaps the female species where he was visiting was allergic to uniforms. In any case it was a long and Dusty Rhode(s) he had to travel.

Our football team has been playing quite well recently, and with a win of four goals to one over the Service Police they have assured themselves of the league. Congratulations, league champions. Now all out for the cup. What about it boys? Keep up the good work, and here's wishing you all the best of luck in the competition.

That's about all for this month, so to those who are lucky enough to be on the boat (and that includes the writer) we say "au revoir" and "bon voyage" and the best of luck to all.

Medical Mutterings

We welcomed last month a new Nursing Sister—N/S. Sheila Cameron from Trenton. We now have an all-almost blonde nursing team.

Our gardens are confidently awaiting the first prize. The peculiar array of white stones at the west end represent the medical symbol—two snakes (the MO's) and a staff (the boys). The lack of rain has been compensated by the sweat from the Dispenser's massive frame.

Joe Murawsky is to be congratulated on managing to achieve the state of betrothal and Johnny Haines on managing to avoid it.

Chiefly Perrett, elated with being on the boat, celebrated by prancing an eardrum in a "low dive" (the Padre's Club of course). He is now (a) not elated; (b) not on the boat.

Cpl. Davey also felt the draft.

The Entertainment Officer is an almost constant visitor to the Hospital these days.

The S.M.O. denies that he does Sick Parade at such speed that he takes the history from one man, examines a second and gives the treatment to a third.

The Parsons moustache is not part of the hospital's gardening effort even if it HAS almost monopolised the fertiliser.

We think our cooks deserve a hand for their high standards. If only they could be persuaded to use the crockery more than once.

Bombing Flight

Ah, life has been hard as usual, but so far no one has died from an overdose of work, and things go on apace in the "Working" Flight!

Changes have been quite numerous since the last Issue. To mention but a few, F/Sgt. Mayers, F/Sgt. McEwan, and Sgt. Harris and Sgt. Cooper have received their commissions as Pilot Officers; we have said "Farewell!" to F/O. MacCreanor on his return to the "Old Country".

F/O. Moules is still short of teeth; and F/O. Smith seems to have changed his haunts. Toronto has been deserted (well! . . . almost!) and he spends his time down in the Indian Country around Black Creek. We should like to meet the Smith Squaw, John!! — and don't mention fishing to us!!!

We have acquired one, F/S. Shepherd, and one, Sgt. Jessop to our Ground Staff, vice F/S. Jones and Sgt. Bryan who have gone to "Blighty". Things in No. 4 Hangar are much quieter of late, but work is still being done. (Perhaps they haven't found their feet yet?!).

Well, folks, as has been said, "Life is hard"—but it has its compensations. We shall try to keep things going the same old way until the "Day of Judgment" comes around!

In closing, we should like to present our new slogan to you—(replacing our old "D.C.O. 12" which is now rather well worn): "Bombsight gone, Master Switch off! (By kind permission of L.A.C. Goon).

ELECTRICAL SECTION

Thinking it about time the local gossip appeared from the doors of the Electrical Section, I, a mere "sprog" at this station will endeavour to put my views in print. That is as good an excuse as any, should I say anything "wrong".

Since the last issue of "Topics", this modest set of "sparks" have been robbed by the boat list of Cpl. Anderson's company, whom I am sure is missed by others as ourselves. By this time he is probably "cooling off" in the local telling the many weird and wonderful tales of the "fighting 31st". Our congrats. also go to Cpl. McCredie upon gaining his third, long may he reign (bags of bobbing). We also take this opportunity of welcoming to our midst AC. Regan, who hails from the States. Maybe it will be a change to hear someone say "Roll on the train".

The section being in a state of unrest lately as to our recent debate therein about our happiness towards the station, is really just an opening towards the main topic, viz. "Staggy's and Whitty's" Belleville escapades, this subject being played upon "Chief"-ly by one person in particular.

And who was it that invited two girls from the rival towns of Picton and Belleville to the squadron dance? The fact that one or two of our staff were "detailed" to attend had nothing to do towards helping that airman out.

Then there is Cpl. "Chippy" Boulton, whose epics in the Belleville waters one recent week-end should go down in the annals of modern canoeing. Not satisfied with hearing about the unsafety of canoes, our friend was not content until he had put his

craft through its paces of a "slow roll", himself ending up in a "flat spin" in two or three fathoms of the said drink, to the delight of his on-looker "oppo". This was also witnessed by another fervent Belleville week-ender, "Goldy" Golding, whom we hear is learning fast to take "oui oui" as an answer.

Since the squadron dance, we have also observed the only Scots member of our little group breathing on his buttons on various other dates besides the 15th and 31st of each month. Maybe the teeming Metropolis has other things to offer besides the usual booklet of matches from the "Royal", but the "bright laddie" parts with about as much "gen" as the section leave list.

Our combined Wireless and Electrical Soccer team has had its ups and downs this year, but the season, still young, may hold one or two surprises for our opponents. We have also had to say "cheerio" to AC. Rogers, one of the team's formidable members, who has joined the ranks of inter-Canada postings. Another member of this group being responsible for the loss of the section's favourite battle cry, "WhatchadoingSmith". This loss will no doubt be compensated by a remark to the first individual found leaning against the vice.

We are asking permission of the composers of the tune "Three Little Sisters" if it is permissible to change it to "Eight Little Sisters" to suit our Peterborough visitors, but the least said about that subject the safer I shall feel.

Well that has about spilled enough beans for this time, so—So Long, Chaps.

Plumbus Pendulosis

The armourers have blossomed forth with a spate of sporting activities. Two main sports stand out in this athletic welter—football and cribbage. When the daily task (?) is done, one sees the armourers trooping off to the field to cheer the team to victory or commiserate in loss. Even Dixie Dean has been known to get "rattled" on occasions! The football team is the real pet of the section, and although it made a shaky debut, it has proved a victorious and worthy team as its opponents will testify. The cribbage fills up the odd gaps in between sleep and soccer.

The sudden increase in the beer ration in the Wet Canteen is not due to the indulgence of the L.C.B.O. No sir! Jack Woodland, with his unquenchable thirst, has departed to drain the Old Country before the rest of us get in. With him, and leaving a trial of broken hearts behind, departed Stradivarius Bellamy, complete with fur collar and all the gen on "betes noires".

We extend congratulations to Bill Dutton on his marriage. Best of luck, etc. Bill! We also welcome many new men. The old section is now so crowded that many old-timers have retired to make room for the new blood. Kendra Pasha has already applied for his pension, and Sgt. Wylie has settled down in the Station Library along with Lemaire.

Question Time

1. Bombs have a tendency to be heavier in the nose than the tail. True or false?
2. There is such a thing as a "spinner". True or false?

Change of Nomenclature
Thomas "Flash" 12C/123

In future the above store will be known as Thomas "Snag" 12c/123. All vocabularies, etc., are to be altered forthwith.

As for Brennan—phew!
That's all.

Plotting Office "Gen"

Since the appearance of the last news from the Plotting Office a sign could be displayed, bearing the inscription: "Under New Management"! In fact, a real Empire contingent has arrived, with Australia, Canada and the British Isles well represented!

The "Diggers" have also reinforced the Station and Officers' Cricker Teams, and the Station Tennis Team F/L. Still is now O.C., with F/O. ("Just-call-me-Deputy!"), Ingham as Deputy O.C. Messrs. Stan Billing, "Duke" (minus Wolf!), Johnny Bee, and Bill Dodd have left, and their swift return to England makes everyone hopeful! Mills continues to baffle everyone with science when it comes to figures and Course assessments!! How often do we hear the cry "Mills!" from the O.C.'s office!!

In the Communications Room, "Geordie" and the lads continue to cope amidst the unceasing ringing of telephones. At the other end of the lines, the Range boys continue the equally-incessant plotting of (errant!) bombs!! A recent issue of bombs which gave a mere wisp of smoke when exploding almost proved to be the proverbial "last straw", but by maintain-

Continued on Page 15, Col. 14

'S' Day - Sept. 13

STATION SPORTS

PICTON FAIR GROUNDS
Commencing 2 p.m.

For Events See Notice Boards

★

STATION DANCE

PICTON ARMORIES
9 p.m. - 1 a.m.

Tickets: Airmen and Ladies, 25c; N.C.O.'s, 35c; Officers, 50c; Male Civil, \$1.00



Sport and Entertainment

ENTERTAINMENTS during the past month have dropped somewhat due to the warmer weather coming in, and also outdoor sports.

MOVIES

There have been approximately 35 showings of movies since the last issue of "Hill Topics", and although the sound has not been as good as it might have been we are assured of real "pukka" shows in the future, since both projectors have had a thorough overhauling and the speakers have been placed in such a position as to produce the very best results. A professional sound man from Toronto, has spent considerable time this month on our sound system, and it is now established that the faulty sound was not altogether due to the film or machines. The hall has a great deal to do with it since, in order to obtain perfect presentation a ceiling should be built. In any case, the sound of future films will depend entirely on the condition of the film when received by us, and everyone can rest assured that our projectionists, LAC. Cole and LAC. Chamberlain will do their utmost to have a good show at all times.

It has been decided by the Entertainment Committee that since the Sunday afternoon audiences are so small during the summer months, this activity shall be scrubbed in future.

SUNDAY EVENING MUSICALS

The officer i/c Picton Promenade Concerts has obtained some new and very interesting records, and really interesting concerts are in store for us. As we all know, he has done a wizard job in the past, and we know that his choice of records is a good one. It has been decided to scrub the Sunday concert on the "long" week-ends, as there are so many men away from camp.

DOCUMENTARY FILMS

The Documentary Film Show on Friday evenings continues to draw a considerable group of men, and, as always, these films are most interesting. We are really very fortunate in having the opportunity of seeing these films, as they are not for public consumption, and during the past few weeks some captured enemy film has been shown.

Although nothing much has been seen of our Entertainment Officer F/L. Fenn lately, this does not mean that he is not busy working and thinking of the winter programme. Many interesting concert parties have been lined up, and the "quiz" programmes are going to be real stingers, so we can prepare ourselves for some fine entertainment when the bears begin to hibernate.

FISHING CLUB

A Fishing Club has finally been formed and although the equipment has not yet been purchased it is hoped that before the lakes and streams are covered with ice we shall be able to produce some whoppers. By the time this magazine goes to press we should have enough equipment to look after at least ten fellows. More news about

the club will be published in next month's "Hill Topics".

During the past few weeks a modicum of blackmail in the right places has produced promises of a very good line-up for the final season. The sequence of shows is not yet settled, but the following shows are provisionally booked.

B'nai Brith Party
The Blockbusters
The Eaton Maskers
The Research Revellers
The Massey-Harris Combines
The Bell Singers

It is hoped, provided the prize money is forthcoming, to recommence the fortnightly quiz programmes in September. In view of the financial state of most of us after "off" week-ends, the quiz will probably be held on the Monday following the exodus. This arrangement will also have the merit of giving the scribe time to prepare the questions behind locked doors. Incidentally, the scribe would be most grateful for any questions in writing with, of course, the answers.

The P.S.I. amplifier is still suffering from Mal de Mer, but it is hoped that it will be discharged from S.S.Q. at an early date, and that it will be wedded to a good microphone.

Well, that is the gen, my lads. For the rest, you will have to watch for posters.

Boxing

All interested in boxing are once again asked to contact F/O. Scott in the gym, as it is hoped that boxing shows with other stations can be arranged to take place in the near future. We want to make this a big night.

Our scientific investigator informs us that the peculiar aroma encountered at the Padre's Club, (at first thought to be the "odour of sanctity!") has now been positively identified as "Essence of Wieners"!!

Technical Terpsichoreans Tip Twinkling Toes

The newly-formed Repair Squadron Entertainments Committee, under the Chairmanship of W.O. Millard, opened their programme on Monday, 10th. July with a highly successful Dance in the Recreation Hall.

The dancing was to Jimmy Davies' Swing Band, and the technical men and their guests were royally entertained, with a floor show given by Paul Davey, Ron Harrison and Ernie Cartlidge, all of this Station. Thanks are also due to Stan Liversedge of the "Y" for the refreshments, while the programme was competently M.C.'d by Cpl. Butler, dashing arrayed in a nifty bow tie.

Among those present were noticed Group Captain Collingwood, D.F.C., his senior officers, and a host of gorgeous girls from such spots as No. 6 R.D., Mountain View, Oshawa, Ottawa, Toronto, Picton and the U.S.A.

Softball Sidelights

Last week No. 31 B. & G. S. Softball Team opened the schedule by defeating Picton's senior team 15-9 in a nip and tuck battle, which embodied all the thrills and spills of a first class battle.

By the time this edition goes to press we hope to have more wins beneath our belt, and this we could guarantee if we had your support. You can help us as a spectator, or, more materially, by trying out for the team. Exhibition and practice games are held on the Station diamond during the week, and if you would like to take part, contact F/O. Scott, who will be glad to furnish you with all the necessary "gen". Don't imagine that you can't do it, either! There's a certain F/Sgt. who plays for us (as good an Englishman as ever came out of Wales) and although his batting and fielding are rather reminiscent of cricket he plays a heads-up game for us. So come on, gang. You sampled our basketball and ice hockey. How about trying our softball?

The League comprises R.A.F., Kinsmen, Cherry Valley and Picton. Here are the results of games played up to the end of June:

R.A.F., 18 vs. Picton Collegiate, 12
R.A.F., 14 vs. Picton Collegiate, 14
R.A.F., 11 vs. Picton Collegiate, 12
R.A.F., 17 vs. Cherry Valley, 16
R.A.F., 9 vs. Picton, 10
R.A.F., 17 vs. Cherry Valley, 3
R.A.F., 5 vs. Picton, 15

Badminton

In spite of the fact that birds are proving hard to get, considerable interest in the game has been aroused, and every effort is being made to get the necessary equipment and keep the sport alive. The tournament is now being completed and the finals are due to be played shortly.

Many hotly-contested games have been witnessed during the course of the tournament and the remaining one should prove to be well-worth watching. Further details will be announced in the next issue.

Tennis

The Station Tennis Team under the guidance of F/Lt. Coombes and F/Lt. Spencer, who are Tennis Officer and deputy Tennis Officer respectively, has so far held its own in the Bay of Quinte Tournaments, and the Station matches.

We started off the season by winning the Bay of Quinte Tournaments, but unfortunately we haven't managed to repeat that performance, Mountain View having taken the honours on the last three occasions with us runners up once, and tying twice for second place with No. 6 R.D., Trenton.

So far we have had only two Station matches, both against No. 6 R.D. The first time we trounced them handsomely, winning by 8 sets to 2, but in the second match No. 6 R.D. had their revenge, defeating us by 7 sets to 5.

Allowing for the fact that the station team has no courts upon which to practice, and has to rely on matches and odd evenings at the Lakeshore Hotel to keep in trim, I think we can feel fairly satisfied with our performances to date although, of course, we hope the team will reach greater heights in the future.

On July 20th, we met Mountain View, and on the 25th we again crossed swords with No. 6 R.D. It is also hoped that fixtures can be arranged with Mount Hope, Toronto and Kingston, as at present our fixture list is rather blank.

The station team is in the Area League and has been holding its own. The winner of the Local League will be drawn in the Command Championship.

It had been hoped that an asphalt court might be constructed on the Station, but this scheme has fallen through on account of the high expenditure it would have involved. Practice matches are being played at Lakeshore Hotel, and all interested in tennis are asked to get in touch with F/Lt. Coombes, officer i/c Tennis, as the team is always looking for new talent.

Exhibition games with the army at Point Petre, provided an enjoyable evening's sport, and exhibition games with Mountain View are also to be played.

Bathing

With a complement of four boats, one skiff and two canoes, the bathing site on the lake should prove attractive to all personnel interested in aquatic sports. A warning is issued, however, that the canoes should be used only by those who can swim, and know how to handle a canoe. The diving raft which is now out in the lake where all can use it, should also be used only by competent swimmers.

For the benefit of those who have not yet acquainted themselves with the attractions of this popular rendezvous, it should be mentioned that the Fellowship Cottage and Padre's Club is situated on the bank of the lake overlooking the bathing site, and it is hoped that everyone will make use of the facilities provided there.

An extension until 01.00 hours was granted by the C.O.—news of which was greeted enthusiastically by the dancers, and the fun continued unabated until "The King".

The Committee are to be congratulated on a grand show, and they wish thanks to be extended on behalf of the Squadron to all whose efforts went to making the evening such a success.

Cricket

The Intersection League is now well under way and full of keen competition. At the time of writing S.H.Q. are heading the table on runs average, with the Sergeants second and the Officers a menacing third. Maintenance, who won the League last year, are feeling the loss of Jack Williams, who has gone home, and are very low in the table. G.I.S. "B" have caused some upsets and are lying fourth. They are keen to improve this position.

G.I.S. "A" so far have been unfortunate, having had some very close games, but to date have not managed to collect any points. So far the only drawn game has been that between S.H.Q. and the sergeants—82 runs each. This we consider a miracle and we're still wondering how it happened!

The Station so far has not met with the success which attended it last year, having played 6 matches, won 1, drawn 1, and lost 4. Trinity College beat us in our first match but we avenged ourselves in our second game with them. Kingston came here and licked us on our own ground for the first time in the station's history, but we nearly spoilt Kingston's record when we visited them, only time saving them from defeat.

Mount Hope have beaten us twice, once here, and also at Hamilton. F/O. Hall has taken over duties as Cricket Officer, F/O. Proudlock having been posted home. We extend a hearty welcome to him, although we are sorry to lose Mr. Proudlock, just as his arm was out of plaster, and he was fit again to wield the willow. Mr. Proudlock deserves our thanks for organizing the station league, etc. We are only sorry he had so much of the work and none of the fun, as his arm mended only in time for his posting.

The station fixture list looks healthy for the future, with games at Peterborough, St. Catharine's and Toronto, and I'm sure that with the help of such cricketers as Cpl. Coe, AC. Sandiford and our S.W.O., as well as Sgt. Whitehead, and our all-round Australian, P/O. Bailie, we can and will redeem our reputation of last year.

Soccer

It is regretted that the Officers, M.T., and one of the G.I.S. teams had to withdraw from the Inter-Section Football League, owing to postings and other commitments. Although these teams are now out of the League, some of the players are now playing for other sections.

So far there has been no response to the appeal for soccer referees. It would be appreciated if volunteers for this thankless task would submit their names to F/O. Jones, Officer i/c Football.

The Station Football Team is to be congratulated on winning the Eastern Ontario Command Championship in this area. They played sparkling football and trounced their rivals by a large margin. Two of the station players are assisting Toronto Scottish Football team, and are giving sterling service.

In the Inter-Section League, the Messes team is still at the top, the Armourers' team running second.

The Cup matches are now taking place. What price the Messes for the double event?

Clay Pigeon Shoot

Officers of the 42nd Reserve A.A. Regiment defeated our own R.A.F. officers by 69 points to 51 in a friendly contest. It is hoped to hold another shoot with personnel from Point Petre in the near future.

Extract from a Letter To F/O. R. H. Beatson

F/O. J. J. Thomas, 132392, R.A.F., Staverton, Gloucester, England. July 19, 1944.

Dear Roby:

If I remember rightly I did promise to drop you a line and I always keep a promise, so here I am. Tom Ellis, Freddie Oliver and I all flew over from Canada and we had a wizard trip.

Harrogate seemed to be a reunion of old Pictonians. There I saw Beckley, Hulse, McCrearor, Harry Walker, Lister, Hall, Dix, Jarrett, Cy Swaddling, Lawes, and dozens of ex-pupils.

I have been on this A.F.U. for about eight days and with me is Freddie Oliver and Schaverein. Being ex-instructors we get away with murder (all the instructors are junior to us) and we are well in with the bombing leader, who was trained at Picton.

I am writing this in front of our hut wearing only a pair of shorts for the sun is just beating down on us. Fred and Louis are also on the same table and send their best regards. This is a very pretty place, and we are here in the best part of the year. The food here knocks spots off what I had in Canada and I am enjoying the whole business. It is such a relief after messing around in Canada.

I can't give you much gen about our work, for they are pretty hot on security, but you may rest assured that we are in for some real work in the near future, and it's about time too.

Rex Oates, F/Sgt. Howard, and Johnny Milne are all dead. F/Lt. Chester is now on Lancs. Tich Davies is on his way overseas for Stirling duties. Frank Murray is on C. Comm. Lawes is crewed up.

I hope that things are all right at Picton, although I imagine that most of the old gang have left you and O'Grady by yourselves in the card room. I hope that your wife is fit and fine. Give my regards to all the old crowd as usual, and look after yourself, as usual ("Wait now.")

So cheerio and all the very best, you old rascal. Yours ever, Jim Thomas.

Reverie

Wrapt in a strangely pensive mood,
Idly I thumb each fleeting page;
For, lo, within this book enshrined,
A vision splendid takes the stage:
The image of a lady fair,

Most beautiful of form and face;
Effulgent as a thousand stars,
Bespeaking wondrous love and grace.

Her robe of precious ornament
Can scarce reflect her tranquil calm.
She stands before me, so serene,
Madonna-like in grace and charm;

Not wistful, nor yet wondering,
But filled with love and conscious pride,

And power to share the Spirit's grace
With those she beckons to her side.
Still lingers on the vision fair,
Deep to my inmost heart it calls,

Diffusing as the noon-day sun
A radiance soft where'er it falls.
Yet though such transient beauty fade
As night enfolds my slumbers vain,

Still dawns once more my ardent hope
That she will come to me again.

—W.K.B.

Plotting Office "Gen"

Continued From Page 13

ing an uninterrupted vigil of watching the targets they managed to cope!!

Cpl. Patton and his Staff at No. 1 Range must have wondered whether they had literally gone from "the frying-pan into the fire" when they were transferred to No. 3 Range!! Instead of one or two small fires, they had to contend with a fire from almost every bomb!!—and were they some fires?!!

Congratulations to all the Range Staffs are due for their efforts on the grounds around the quadrants, and also to No. 4 for building their own private diving-board!!

LATE FLASH—Walt Dreschler is proud father of a son—Gerald Joseph!!

Six Hangar Sweepings

The lads of "No.6" were highly flattered to see their daily labours rewarded with congratulatory notices posted around the Hangar, telling one and all how the high standard of production is appreciated by the "Powers-that-Be"! We take it that the more "material" rewards will follow in due course?!!

FLASH!! Which Corporal was prepared to fight rather than lose his precious "Major"?!! (No prizes are offered for any solution—correct or otherwise!!).

We miss several old faces around the place these days, having said "Good-bye!" to such personalities as "Ginger" Westley, Johnny Moore, Jack Williams, Bett and, of course, that perfect pair — Kaye and Proud!! From Moncton we hear that poor Johnny haunted the telephone, trying to get "Long Distance" calls through to his wife in Detroit!! Some blow, after only a fortnight of married life, don't you think?!!

Welcome to W.O. Millard, who has already made his presence felt by organizing a Maintenance Dance! Good show, Sir!—keep up the good work!!

The Outlet seems to be getting bags of attention lately!—many tales have been heard of "high jinks" down there! It seems that the Benson—Levy "team" enjoy great popularity, especially with their "Get Over" sketch, which has also been going over well in the Flight!! Did the Senior N.C.O.'s enjoy their visit down there one recent Sunday? — or was it the sight of the "slaves" lounging, "woofing", and "organizing" the "talent", too much for their technically-ordered minds?!!

F/Sgt. Tong is taking things easy in "Dock" just now—having succeeded Sgt. Wagner, who can now be seen roving around the Hangar with blood in his eye!!

Congratulations to our new L.A.C.'s—Julian, "Spud", Bert Morrish and Perry, with a special word for Joe Kelly—now an A.C.1 in the Fitter IIE ranks. Cpl. Surtees of the Orderly Room has become a proud "Papa", we understand!—well done, "Ginge"!

We must close down now, with a gentle reminder to a Corporal, who shall be nameless, that his tunic pocket is not the place to find his under-pants, even if he DID have a late pass the night before!!

Football League Table Up to And Including 24th August, 1944

Team	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
Messes	15	13	2		69	17	26
Maintenance	14	8	2	4	43	23	20
Armourers	15	9	4	2	40	26	20
S.H.Q.	13	6	5	2	28	28	14
Sergeants	13	7	6		32	44	14
G.I.S.	13	5	7	1	30	37	11
Day Bombing	13	4	9		30	39	8
W. & E.	13	2	9	2	18	44	6
Police	15	2	12	1	28	60	5

What's the Use

If you take some body's life
It's a sin.

If you love somebody's wife
It's a sin.

If you drink or smoke or chew,
Or take what's not your due,
With heaven you are through
For it's a sin.

If you play around with dice
It's a sin,
If you don't treat others nice
It's a sin.

If this sort of life feels dry,
And you feel you'd rather die,
Suicide you cannot try
For it's a sin.

Corn Off the Cob

"Horse sense" is something a horse has that keeps him from betting on people.

"Champagne Charlie" puts vitamins in his gin. He says it's so's he can build himself up while he's tearing himself down!

Definition of a gentleman—"A worn-out wolf!"

PRIZE WINNERS

BOOK OF THE MONTH

LAC. Lemaire

Elegy

Written on a Hill above Picton Churchyard. (With apologies to the poet Gray).

"The hooters shriek the knell of parting day:
And mighty Ansons thunder o'er the lea,
As Navigation Flights gets "under way",
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight
And all the winds a solemn stillness holds:

Save where the aircraft wheel, their droning flight—
Performing stunts that make your blood run cold!

And you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If mem'ry o'er their tombs no trophies raise;
Who loops an Anson and then has to vault
Down through thin air should not prolong his days!!

THE EPITAPH

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed G.I.S. may bear:

Where many a "Howler's" born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the startled air.

But here lies one beneath this bit of earth,
To aptitude and common sense unknown:

For Fortune smiled not on his humble birth
—and so the Gremlins grabbed him for their own!!!

The Silent Witness

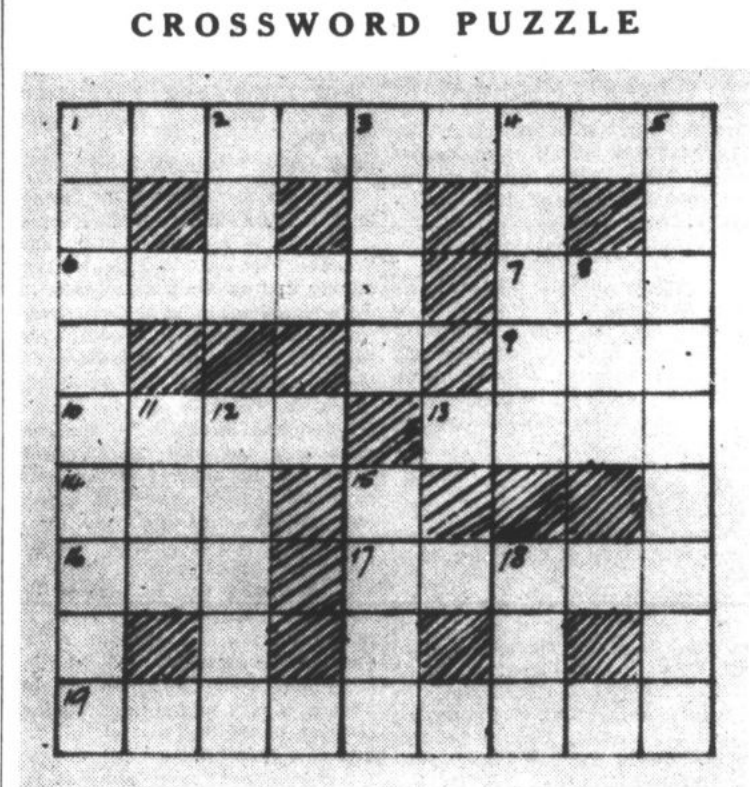
(Continued from Page Six)

sorry," blurted out the guard, "I've gone and knocked your rose to pieces and I hardly touched it sir." Picky laughed, "there are still a few more petals left on," said Picky. "Would you do me a favour again inspector." "What now," said Inspector Eaves. "Would you take hold of my lapel and give it a gentle shake." "Sure," said the inspector, and rose again from his seat.

Moving across to Picky he took hold of the lapel of his coat in readiness to shake it, but there was no need, the mere act of touching the garment shattered the remaining petals of the rose and nothing remained but the green heart. "It wouldn't have stood the walk down Main Street," said the Inspector, "would it Picky, but where does this get us anyhow."

"Just this," said Picky, "I have brought before you a silent witness who has testified for me against the allegations of this young lady. The only witness I had you see. You will readily agree with me gentlemen, that so frail a flower that I carried in my coat—so frail that the act of smelling at it shattered part of it, whilst you touching my coat inspector, finished off the remaining petals, surely such a frail flower could never have survived the struggle which this young

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



- CLUES ACROSS:**
1. u/t Bathing Belle? (4, 5).
 6. What Canadians would call a "Stampede".
 7. If you look at it the right way. it's a bit of a mess. The other way is definitely not good.
 9. Reading, Writing and Arithmetic.
 10. A member of the R.A.F.
 13. Second Class, and the Greeks had a word for it.
 14. No use saying "Vive le . . . this" in France now.
 16. Ontario is very much reduced.
 17. Would these lines be longitudinal if you were up the pole?
 19. A joy to some, but a headache to "Moir's men" (3, 6).

- CLUES DOWN:**
1. He may be airborne, but he does his stuff on the ground.
 2. These two face the wrong way.
 3. What they do in the "Wrong Bomb Department".
 4. My goodness, Guinness!
 5. Voluminous repositories at most R.A.F. Stations.
 8. Is it music or painting you're after?
 11. Over there in Yorkshire.
 12. Wooden, perhaps, but maybe rich in meaning.
 15. A lot of cows going the wrong way.
 18. Not necessarily a young blood, although he "cuts a gash" sometimes.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

- ACROSS:**
1. Hill Topic.
 6. Meals.
 7. Nem.
 9. Tom.
 10. Wing.
 13. Mona.
 14. All.
 16. Ron.
 17. Spend.
 19. Suspenders.

- DOWN:**
1. Homewards.
 2. Lea.
 3. Test.
 4. Panto.
 5. Commander.
 8. Eon.
 11. I.L.O.
 12. Nines.
 15. Esre.
 18. End.

lady alleges took place between herself and me. To roll on to her, to fall off her on to the floor, to subject myself to her swirling arms of defence—surely gentlemen, I need say no more," at this, Picky who had stood as a master lawyer delivering the final coup-de-grace in some vast case, sat down with so much appropriate dignity.

There reigned a silence during which the inspector with a broad grin on his face turned to look at the girl who now sat in the corner of the compartment like a prisoner awaiting the death sentence.

The guard simply remarked, "Well I never," and then the inspector spoke.

"You are free to go Picky you know, if you are in a hurry."

"Thanks," said Picky and rose to go, as he did the inspector shook hands with him and promised to pay him a visit at his home. "And bring the missus along as well," said Picky and strode off along the corridor, his last act being to flick all that remained of the silent witness from the tunic sleeve of the guard. He had stepped from the train and was crossing the platform when a voice halted him, the inspector with his head through the window of the carriage shouted, "What have I to do with the girl Picky." "Oh her," said Picky, "let her go."

Our Book of the Month

Reviewed by Jack Lemaire
"SEE HERE PRIVATE HARGROVE"
Marion Hargrove

The top sergeant was having trouble in keeping the draftees quiet during the taking of the oath. "Gentlemen, please be quiet," he pleaded. There was silence during the swearing in. Once this was completed the babble recommenced. "You're in the Army now" he yelled. "Now G—d—t, shut up!" Thus Private Hargrove, a weakling, a flanneler, is launched on his army career. From then on the story is a collection of incidents, entirely disconnected, of U.S. Army Life, such as it affects Hargrove.

It would appear that army customs and army life are the same all over the world. K.P. and scrounging form the nucleus of Hargrove's life. There is nothing unusual in this life, except Mulvehill, and even he is found in every army—swaggering, groaning, cadging, flanneling, chiseling! The only difference between Mulvehill and his counterparts is one of technique.

Why bother to read it, then? Why, indeed! This book is worth reading because it gives a valuable insight into the life of an American Army Training Centre—because it gives a good picture of the American "dough-boy". And we find to our surprise that he is not so very different to the Tommy, from the Erk, or even from any of our Allied counterparts. He has the same moans about the food, the N.C.O.'s. He has the same interests, the same spirit. Any serviceman, whether he is in the U.S. Army, the R.A.F., or the Lichtenstein Brigade of Fusiliers, will find incidents that will bring back memories of his training days, and set him comparing the incidents with his own experiences. He will mentally criticise present day methods, and it will make him feel so superior—as for example, Hargrove's boss, who, when Hargrove visits him, rambles on for hours about his experiences in the 1914-18 war. And so on, and so on.

Read it, then see the film. You'll get a good chance to bind, as I did, if nothing else.

A Lament for the Hun

Where dost thou wish to dwell, oh Hun?
Thou poor, mis-guided fool,
Is it thy choice to spend thy days
Beneath the Nazi rule?

Is it thy will to burn and kill
And rule with weighted rod?
Dost thou believe the Nazi creed
Can take the place of God?

Wouldst thou not rather know a peace
In place of want and war?
Has home and beauty no appeal,
Or dost thou gloat on gore?

Doth thy tarnished Nazi Eagle
Symbolize a lasting peace?
Or dost thou hope with aching heart
War's weariness will cease?

Then rise against the Nazi yoke,
And smash the armoured might
Of those who taught you to believe
That might could vanquish right.

—W.K.B.