

ELFIN

HOOPS



CHRISTMAS 1940

WHATEVER the room,
there's a **HIGH 'BEAM'**

GAS

MODERN



FIRE

TO SUIT

The beautiful proportions and artistic design of this fire, together with its comfort, convenience and economy, leaves nothing more to be desired.

Full Particulars on application to

THE BLYTH GAS COMPANY

Showrooms:

BRIDGE STREET, BLYTH

Telephone: 267 Blyth

REX HOTEL WHITLEY BAY

Fully Licensed
#

Fully Licensed
#

Xmas and New Year Programme

1940-1941

Monday, 23rd December.

Dancing, 7-45—10.45 p.m. 1/-

* * * *

Tuesday, 24th December.

XMAS EVE DANCE

Dinner and Dance, 7 p.m.....14/6

Dance only, 7 p.m.—12.....7/6

(Evening Dress or Uniform).

Limited Number.

* * * *

Wednesday, 25th December.

XMAS DAY.

Concert, 8—10 p.m.....6½d. (inc. tax)

* * * *

Thursday, 26th December.

BOXING DAY DANCE

Dance, 8 p.m.—1 a.m.....7/6

Limited Number.

(Evening Dress or Uniform).

Friday, 27th December.

Dance, 7-45—10-45 p.m.1/-

* * * *

Saturday, 28th December.

XMAS DANCE

Dancing, 8-122/6

* * * *

Sunday, 29th December.

Concert, 8—10 p.m.....6½d. (inc. tax)

* * * *

Monday, 30th December.

Dance, 7-45—10-45 p.m.1/-

* * * *

Tuesday, 31st December.

NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL

Dancing, 8—1 a.m.7/6

Limited Number.

(Evening Dress or Uniform).

* * * *

Wednesday, 1st January, 1941.

NEW YEAR DANCE

Dancing, 8—122/6

REX ORCHESTRA

Under the Direction of Chas. E. Mann

Telephone 326.

Manager : G. HENRY.

XMAS GIFTS

from

Murton's



SIX FLOORS FULL

COME AND SEE
THE WONDERFUL SELECTION.

90% FREE OF
PURCHASE TAX

**SHOP
EARLY!!**
Come to-day and
so help to avoid
crowds.
If possible
**SHOP IN THE
MORNINGS.**



A FEW SUGGESTIONS

FOR LADIES.

HANDBAGS, a beautiful choice, all prices. From 5/-.
DRESSING TABLE SETS, Hair Brush, Mirror, Comb, Clothes Brush.
BEDROOM SLIPPERS, DRESSING GOWNS, GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, SCARFS, FANCY
LEATHER GOODS, LUGGAGE of all Kinds.

FOR MEN.

Pocket Wallets, Purses, Suit and Attache Cases, Everything for the Smoker, Shaving Sets, Hair
Brushes, Shirts, Socks, and all Men's Wear. **EVERYTHING FOR THE SPORTSMAN & ANGLER.**

**USEFUL GIFTS FOR THOSE
IN THE SERVICES**

INDOOR GAMES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BILLIARD TABLES. All sizes from Miniature to Full Size. All Billiard Accessories,
and Games to play on Billiard Tables. **TABLE BOWLS, SKITTLES, SNOOKER
POOL,** etc.

TABLE TENNIS. Complete Sets of Bats, Balls, Nets, etc., sold separately. **TABLE
TENNIS TABLES,** no dead spots, good strong make. Two sizes, 8ft. x 4ft. and 9ft. x 5ft.

GAMES. All the latest and all the best old favourites. Large choice of **CHESS,
DRAUGHTS, DOMINOES, CARD GAMES** for Young and Old. Hundreds to choose
from.

TOYS. The Grand Xmas Toy Fair is as big and well stocked as usual. Mechanical,
Constructional and Experimental Toys. **DOLLS, FORTS, SOLDIERS, BOOKS,
CRACKERS,** in great variety.



MURTON'S

GRAINGER STREET, NEWCASTLE

And at **FAWCETT STREET, SUNDERLAND.**

W. P. Straker

HAVELOCK STREET

THE QUALITY SHOP

**FOR
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
AND ALL SPECIALITIES**

PHONE BLYTH 257

EVERYTHING MEN WEAR



W.A. SKEE & CO
4 & 6 BRIDGE ST.
BLYTH

Hats, Caps, Underwear, Ties,
Shirts, Uniform Caps, Rubber
Boots, Socks, Clogs, Slippers,
Coats, etc.

At Keenest Possible Prices

Seabrook's Flowers
Always Fresh
and Lovely

WATERLOO ROAD
BLYTH



BY APPOINTMENT
TO



THE LATE KING
GEORGE V.

MACPHERSON'S

“Cluny”

SCOTCH WHISKY

There is no substitute for the best!

JOHN E. MCPHERSON & SONS LTD
EDINBURGH • NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE • LONDON

J. NEWMAN
BLYTH

High Class
Baker and Confectioner

FRESH CREAM
GOODS DAILY !

When ashore Don't
Forget you can
always be sure of a
Good Meal at the—

Jacobean Cafe

M. GALLON & SONS

Radio, Gramophones, Records
Music, Musical Instruments, etc.

HMV, COLUMBIA, PARLO, BRUNSWICK,
REGAL, DECCA, etc.—RECORDS.

Accredited dealers for
H M V ——— PHILIPS ——— COSSOR

Radio Service—any make of Radio

M. GALLON and SONS
STATION SIDE, BLYTH

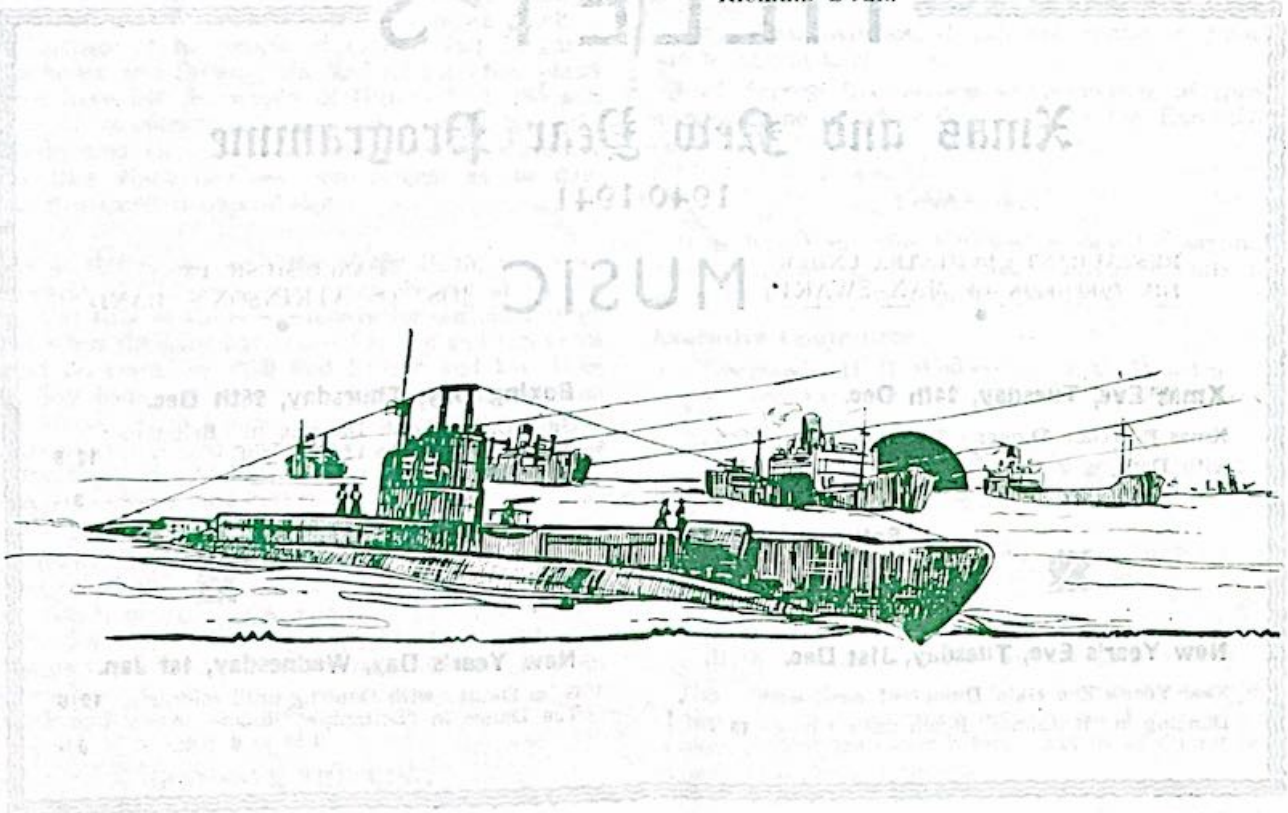
1940

The year has known our sorrow and our pain ;
 The rose is withered, all her fragrance fled,
 And autumn winds the last brave petals shed.
 Will ever roses bloom so fair again ?
 Now all the life we builded is in vain,
 And lovers' footsteps, in the way we tread,
 Beat but a common measure for the dead ;
 Can any future to the past attain ?



Enough ; another rose will flower and tell
 How each pruned twig a lovelier blossom grew :
 And simple people, rising where they fell,
 Build finer cities than the one they rue ;
 Receive the silent verdict—"It is well,"
 And own the old less worthy than the new.

RICHARD DYER.





58, 60 & 62
GRAINGER
STREET

LEATHER AND TRAVEL GOODS FANCY GOODS STATIONERY
CHRISTMAS CARDS FOUNTAIN PENS BOOKS AND BOOK TOKENS
PICTURES POTTERY CRYSTAL, Etc., Etc.

Mawson Swan & Morgan

Lia

Elfish Echoes?

Well, there was the middy who ordered a blotter suitable for a man with a pigskin back; and the P.O. who asked for a sardine dish for a skipper; and the young sub who wanted a brush for a man with real bristles.

Elfish Echoes?

Lots of them, and not fairy stories, either.

for the
out-of-the-ordinary

9 A.M TO 5.30 P.M.

Grey St. & Grainger St.
Newcastle upon Tyne



GREY
STREET

TILLEY'S

Xmas and New Year Programme

1940-1941

RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA UNDER
THE DIRECTION OF MAX SWART

MUSIC

DANCE MUSIC BY
JOS. Q. ATKINSON'S BAND

Xmas Eve, Tuesday, 24th Dec.

Xmas Eve Gala Dinner - 7 p.m. to 11.45 p.m.
with Dancing in the "Britannia" Room - 15/-

Boxing Day, Thursday, 26th Dec.

Gala Dinner with Dancing in "Britannia"
Room - 7 p.m. to 12 midnight - - - 12/6
Tea Dance in "Britannia" Room—
3.30 to 6 p.m. - - - 3/-

Saturday, 28th Dec.

Dance in "Britannia" Room—8.30 to 11.45 p.m.
(including Buffet Refreshments) - - - 6/6

New Year's Eve, Tuesday, 31st Dec.

New Year's Eve Gala Dinner—7 p.m., with
Dancing in "Britannia" Room until 1 a.m. 15/-

New Year's Day, Wednesday, 1st Jan.

Gala Dinner with Dancing until midnight 12/6
Tea Dance in "Britannia" Room—
3.30 to 6 p.m. - - - 3/-



THE MAGAZINE OF H.M.S. ELFIN.

Surgeon Lieut. P. H. DALGLEISH, R.N.V.R. (*Editor*).

Lieut. J. INGLIS, R.N.V.R. (*Art Editor*).

Warrant Supply Officer G. MORRIS, R.N. (*Treasurer*).

Warrant Writer E. C. SAMWAYS, R.N. (*Advertising*).

Commander H. B. WOLLOCOMBE, R.N.

Ldg. Wren P. SVENDSEN.

No. 15.

14th DECEMBER, 1940.

Free issue.

EDITORIAL

This is the first Christmas Number of "Elfin Echoes." Maybe it will be the last. It would be much better that there should be no need for a Christmas Number to try and bring a smile to brighten a wartime Christmas.

Perhaps next year will bring us peace and security—that is our hope.

Nothing could be further from the real spirit of Christmas than the state of the world to-day. And yet that may not be entirely true. When we think of the courage of the people of London and Coventry, Manchester and Birmingham, and all the other places which have felt the weight of Hitler's heel, the new spirit of co-operation between class and class, the consideration for others, and the desire to share the difficulties which becomes more evident as the days pass, it is surely a hopeful sign.

As at this season we think of the Birth, which we remember at Christmas time, may we not also think that this time of stress is a rebirth for our civilisation. That when the guns have ceased to fire and the sirens sound no more, we shall find Britain and her Allies standing forth again as the champions of Freedom and Hope. That a new order founded more firmly on the tenets of Christ may be obvious and that the dross of tyranny and lust for power may have been burnt away.

Anyway, let this be our Christmas wish for our country and those who stand with her. Individually, our wish is for peace and confidence for ourselves and safety for our families and friends. It is with this message that we send the Christmas Number of "Elfin Echoes" out to the far places, carrying it to all our friends and fellows in the Service.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Blyth United Services Sports Club

A Committee has been formed, consisting of the Sports Officers of the various Service Units in the Blyth area. It is intended that this Committee should organise various games in the area.

Already a very successful Rugby Football Section has been formed, two Fifteens are playing regularly.

The Hockey Section is showing distinct signs of life.

Association Football is being run more on the lines of Inter-Unit matches, though representative games will be played later.

Each Section has its own sub-committee of three members, one of whom is elected to the Executive Committee.

FINANCE.

It is hoped to raise sufficient money for original gear by means of subscriptions. Thereafter units to subscribe 10/- per 100 men for maintenance.

Executive Committee :

Commander H. B. Wollocombe, R.N., President.
Surgeon Lieut. P. H. Dalgleish, R.N.V.R., Vice-President.

M. G. Hesketh, R.A., Secretary.
Pay Sub-Lieut. Henegan, R.N.V.R., Treasurer.
Lieut. K. Downes, K.R.R.
F. O. Rudd, R.A.F.

and Section Representatives.

Grounds :

Blyth Cricket Club (Rugby and Hockey).
Blyth Spartans Football Ground (Association).

The formation of this Club is an interesting example of the spirit of co-operation between the Forces which is more evident than ever before. Let us all do our bit to help to make it a success.

Captain's Greetings

This year has seen many changes in our Ship's Company. As more new ships are completed and commissioned so we must expect more changes in the near future.

But although the individuals who go to make up H.M.S. "Elfin" may change from year to year, I am certain that the enthusiasm and good fellowship that got the show going in the first few months of the war has remained constant through this year and will still do so whatever the coming year brings forth.

H.M.S. "Elfin" is a war baby, and, as such, rather peculiar; a sea-going ship ashore with a mixed crew of men and women, but during the last eight months that I have had the honour to be in command I have learned to value to the full the spirit of getting on with the job whatever it may be, which, to my mind, has been, and is, "Elfin's" strongest asset.

I want to wish you all a very happy Christmas and the best of luck in the New Year, and, remember, luck can be helped our way if we go on going flat out at our job whatever it may be.

George Toole

"BLACK DIAMONDS"

Alf Cole was a man with a grudge. He was also a Stoker First Class in the Royal Navy, but unlike most single young men of his profession, Alf was unhappy, and all because he didn't like coal. "It proper 'aunts me!" he used to tell his grinning messmates, who had heard it so many times before. "Since I bin aboard this 'ere bloody hookpot, I bin in an' out of them bunkers till I feels like a cross between 'Oodini and a bloody black rabbit!"

Inspiration came to our hero one afternoon as he stood idly watching a submarine come alongside. "Submarines! That's the bloody 'ammer!" he burst out suddenly, causing several nearby ratings to stare hard, then make significant gestures. "Why didn't I think of them before? I must be going soft in the swede! Them boats don't chew no coal!"

The very next morning Alf handed the Chief Stoker a request form volunteering for service in submarines, stating at the time that "in them boats a stoker's more like a man and less like a blooming sweatrag!"

Eventually a draft note arrived on board, requesting that one cindershifter, to wit, Stoker Alfred Cole, be sent forthwith to join H.M.S. "Dolphin" for Submarines. To say that Alf was pleased would be an understatement. He was overjoyed. As one of his messmates afterwards said, "He looked so happy, his bloody 'ead nearly fell off!"

For the next three weeks our hero lived in a world apart. He was so eager to secure future immunity from coal that he studied hard and was streets ahead of the rest of his class. The Training Officer and the Instructor both had kind words for him.

Came the day when, having passed his final exam, Alf found himself a fully qualified sub-jerker, and that night as he drank Mr. Brickwood's liquid sunshine in the canteen, he toasted eternal damnation to coal and the people who dug it from the bowels of the earth.

Unfortunately, fate is sometimes unkind, and our friend's dream of bliss was rudely shattered the next day when he was detailed for draft back to his old ship, the coal-waffling submarine parent tub "Tirania."

It was a bitter blow to him, and desperate thoughts entered his head, but on reflecting, he brightened. After all, he thought, spare crew would be a soft number in the workshops or somewhere, and with these thoughts, he consoled himself.

He received a rousing ovation from his former messmates when he dumped his kit on the messdeck, and sallied forth to report to the Chief Stoker, but here again he received a severe blow, for the Chief detailed him for Stokehold watchkeeping, and from that day Alf never smiled again.

Then came the war, and although there were a few glum faces, especially among the natives, none matched Alf's for black despair.

Then fate took a hand again, and, owing to a stoker slipping on the casing of a submarine, Alf was detailed to relieve him in the boat. Once more the smile that had been so long absent from his face shone forth again, as with his steaming kit in his hand he stepped down the ladder to join his boat. An hour later, and the wires were cast off—she was off on patrol. Down below with his new chums, Alf was a different man, as he laughed and joked in the engine room nobody would have recognised him as the same chap.

For a week the sub prowled about the underseas in search of her lawful prey, but sighted nothing; then on the Sunday afternoon the Navigator, looking through the periscope, spotted a smudge of smoke which later proved to be a convoy of German transports, escorted by two destroyers.

Immediately the Captain began his attack, which resulted in two of the transports taking a straight trip to the sea bed, but the relentless pursuit and counter attack by the two destroyers finally forced the submarine to surface. The majority of the crew were saved, among them being our friend, but the Captain and First Lieutenant, staying behind to destroy the ship, perished with her.

The prisoners were later landed at a German port, where they were stared at by numerous squareheads until Alf felt like applying the toe of his engine-room boot to certain Nazi netherparts. The journey to the inland prison camp was a nightmare, all huddled together for warmth they rattled through the night while overhead bursts of H.E. and searchlight beams proclaimed the fact that the R.A.F. were playing away from home and giving Jerry the works.

They finished the journey in a lorry, and finally arrived at the camp gates, where they were ordered to jump down and fall in. A big Prussian marched them away for interrogation, then they were given a bath, an "ersatz" breakfast, and allotted a bed. The next hour was spent in the Commandant's office, where they were questioned as to their qualifications, etc., and it was strange that nobody noticed the strange blank look on Alf's face as he came out of the office. That night, however, his bed continually shook with hysterical laughter, until one of his fellow prisoners could not stand it any longer. "'Ere, Alf, what's so funny?" Alf laughed again. It was queer laughter. "Funny? It is bloody funny! The German officer's putting me to work in the perishing coal-mines to-morrow! Coal! Coal! Ha! Ha Ha!"



Enough is not enough

ENOUGH is an anagram of ONE HUG, and any Wren will tell you that is not enough!

THE FUGITIVE

The hunchback stepped out from the trees and turned into a narrow, fenceless lane. It was still dark, but a faint breeze, vanguard of the morning wind, stirred the tree-tops. The dead leaves spilled their rain to the wet surface of the road. He shivered, and walked more briskly. "That's what comes of upsetting oneself," he said aloud.

Even now he could not remember leaving home. He knew who he was—David Graydon—that was easy. He even knew where he was, for the path through the woods was his favourite walk. In a few hours he could be home. Twelve miles, more or less, and he was a good walker, for all his infirmity. But where he had been all night—that he could not remember.

He thought of Erroll, and his anger blotted out the world, and receded, leaving him weak and spent. And of Sheila, his wife, who was Erroll's sister. David wondered which was the more hateful. Erroll was tall and well-made, but Sheila had been his wife for six years, and for all that time he had hated her. She had married for his money, or for pity. Who could say which. Only he had not realised it at the time. A day after the wedding there had been nothing he could do. She would not leave him, even for a holiday. She waited upon him always, and fussed for him like a mother. And when he reviled her, she lowered her eyes and would not answer back. David wished for his stick. It was his habit to strike at the hedges and cut down the wild flowers as he passed. And though it was still dark he would have liked to hold it, even though it were to smite the air. Yesterday, again, they had quarrelled. At lunch he had spoken severely to Sheila, before the servants. It was necessary. There had been no fish, though he had distinctly said that he would like some. And her absurd excuse. That it was not easy to get in the heart of the country. Of course it was only an excuse. She would not try. She did not realise, even yet, that a hunchback had few pleasures. And then, after tea, Erroll had followed him to the garage, where he was changing a tyre.

"Mr. Graydon," he had said, "I feel that I must speak to you about my sister. About Sheila. She's not well—it's some years since I saw her last, and there's a big change—"

How dare he speak like that! David could not remember what reply he had made. He had been too angry. But no doubt he had put the young man in his place. David chuckled to himself. He had a bitter tongue, and prided himself on its effectiveness. Then he must have come straight out to walk off his fury. But he would put an end to it. They should learn who was master.

With the first light Graydon felt better. Now he was on the crest of the hill, and the valley before him was cloaked in grey shadows, suggestive of homely things, and yet unreal. He heard the whistle of an early train and the occasional sound of distant traffic.

Just before nine he came to the village at the foot of the hill. There were a few people about: the grocer struggled by his door with a sack of potatoes, and further on a grey-headed grey-shawled woman leaned newspaper placards beneath the window of a general store. "Outbreak of Foot and Mouth," said the first, and the second reminded its readers that a great new serial started to-day. "Murder at Underfern" said the third. David stopped. Underfern was his village; he would buy a paper. The shop door was open, and he picked his way between piled boxes and strings of onions. A farm labourer, boots and leggings thick with clay, and holding a sack around his shoulders, was talking to the grey-haired woman.

"—in the garage," he said, "and his head smashed in like a turnip." The woman shook her head disparagingly, and the hind, big with news, leaned closer. David found himself in the street. Afraid to run, afraid to look behind, he walked on through the village, past the occasional cottages beyond, and round a bend in the road. There, secure from sight, he pushed through a thin winter hedge and collapsed in the wet grass of the ditch.

So he was a murderer! The pale sun rose, blinking through the morning haze, then a wet wind swept the rain clouds across the sky, and all the world was grey and dripping. Still his brain refused to act. "I am a murderer," he said, over and over again, and beyond that he could not think. About noon he sat up. The first shock over he wondered how it had happened. Erroll was so big, so strong. "And his head smashed like a turnip." Then he remembered the tyre lever. Of course. He wondered dully what he could do. By now they would be looking for him. To hang him. The word rang in his ears. He had loved life, because he feared death, but never had it seemed so precious. With a vague idea of heading for the coast he stumbled across the field.

Throughout the short winter afternoon the hunchback kept to the fields. Always he headed west. He had recovered his balance, and knew what he must do. There could be no safety for him in England. He was too conspicuous. He must take ship, stow away if necessary. And once abroad he could get in touch with Sheila. She would send him money. David knew the countryside. Sometimes he made a wide detour to avoid a village, or even a farm, but always he turned again towards the sea and the seaport. After dark there was less danger. But the heavy ploughlands clung to his feet, exhausting him, bringing him down. And he could not see to escape them. Still he pressed on, amazed at his own strength. And finally, in a small coppice on the side of a hill, David spent the night in the shelter of a fallen tree.

It was broad daylight when he awoke. He climbed the hill and plunged into the woods on the far side. After a time he found a path leading down between the tall bare trees. It was easy going, and pleasant. For the first time he forgot that he was a murderer and a fugitive, with perhaps a price already on his head,

and the hangman's noose awaiting him. The path ended in a lane winding between tall banks. David followed it unthinkingly. A moment later he found himself in a village. Even while he hesitated, he knew that it was too late to turn back. The street before him was by no means empty, and within a few yards a pleasant-faced girl scrubbed a cottage step. He had undoubtedly been seen. Unhurriedly, he walked on. He felt that at any moment his knees would give way, and his hands were trembling so that he knew they would betray him. Yet it was all he could do not to run. Two men passed, walking in the middle of the road. They were deep in conversation, and did not appear to see him. He stepped into the gutter to make way for a woman and two children. And at the end of the street a big florid man in shirt sleeves stood smoking at his garden gate. David saw the notice as he passed. "County Constabulary." Clear of the village, he at once took to the fields. It had been a miracle, but he would go no less carefully for that. Indeed, the tension over, he found himself scarcely able to walk, and sat for a time beneath a hedge, recovering his composure. Then, feeling better, he toiled on again to the west.

Night found him on the cobbled road which led to the docks. He had passed unchallenged through the mean streets, keeping always in the shadow. And somewhere at the end of the long dark road, beyond the tall warehouses, lay his ship. David knew that it was there. A tramp, or a freighter, where no questions would be asked. He did not try to visualise it. But he knew that it would be there. He had not come this far to be taken and to hang.

It was time to consider. So far his object had been but to escape detection. Now he must plan. First he must clean himself, lest his condition arouse suspicion. Then for a ship. A small one, perhaps a foreigner. That would be best. Where for a few pounds he could buy a passage as man to man, and no one the wiser. This was a street of squalid shops and of public houses, prosperous like a paunchy bookmaker, on every corner. He passed a fried fish shop, and the hot smell of the food reminded him that he had not eaten. But he was not hungry. Since that night he had not wanted food.

As he got nearer the docks the shops became fewer. David retraced his steps. When he came to a large public house at a comparatively quiet corner, he decided that this would have to do. He did not go to the door which opened on to the road, but turned into the side street. There, as he had expected, was another door, and a narrow passage leading to the off-license. He could hear the clink of glasses and a murmur of conversation, but there was no one about. He took a quick look round and stepped boldly inside. Luck was with him. At the end of the passage were three doors, and one led to a lavatory. There was hot and cold water, towels, and a mirror. Now the worst was over. He relaxed a little. It was a mere few hundred yards to the docks. He had but to wash off the mud and who should suspect him. David Graydon would not hang. Quietly he closed and locked the door, and turned to the glass. For an instant of time he stared, unable to believe what he saw. The mirror reflected only the closed door behind him, and the white tiled walls. He closed his eyes, then looked again. There was nothing more. Quite suddenly, he knew. There had been no need to run. It was Erroll who would hang

D'ALROY

TO SMOKERS.

Bad men would like their women
to be like cigarettes.
All waiting in a row,
slender and slim,
to be selected, set alight to, and
when finished with just tossed away.



More fastidious men prefer
women like cigars.
These are more exclusive,
they last longer, and
when the brand is good, well,
they don't given them away.



But nice men treat their wives
like pipes. The older they get
the more attached they become
to them. And
when the flame is out, they
may knock them
gently but lovingly, but
they keep them safe in
their pocket,
and

NO MAN SHARES HIS PIPE!



Question

If a large body of men, the better half of whom were Wren, with a most charming and courteous man at the head, gave a girl a wonderful time and a beautiful dinner, and the next morning she felt she had not paid tribute, verbal, in any way commensurated with *her* appreciation and the things *they* stood for—ought she to say so or to forever hold her piece?



GUESS WHO!!!

LETTERS

TRUE & UNTRUE (?)

A genuine letter received by the Commander of a British gunboat.

Capital of Great British,
Changsha River.

75 Hwang Cheng Tie,
Changsha,
17th October, 1927.

Capital of Great British,
Changsha.

My Dear Sir,

I am an old merchant of curio. Before yesterday when I carried some old embroidery to your ship for sell there was a wonderful thing taken place, that three pair of embroidered sleeves disappeared, after you went away. At that time, I had no way to fine out. Still yesterday I had also in your ship with some embroidery and yet lost one piece of old embroidered curtain of looking glass.

In conclusion, I am faithfully to acquire that you must search for me immediately and kindly.

Truly yours,

Old Merchant Wang.

True (?)

Young couple, about to be married, after looking at a house, remembered on the way home that they had not noticed a W.C. They wrote the landlord, enquiring if and where. He replied.

Dear Sir and Madame,

I regret the delay in replying to your letter, but I can now inform you that the Wesleyan Chapel is seven miles away from the house. It is capable of seating 250. This is unfortunate for you if you are in the habit of going regularly, as it is usually crowded. But you will be glad to hear that a number of people are in the habit of taking their meals and making a day of it. Or others who cannot find the time go by car and arrive just in time. The last time my wife and I went six years ago, the place was crowded, and we had to stand the whole time.

Trusting that this is the information you required.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

J. SMITH.

H.M.S. "Edgar,"

Plymouth Dock.

Undated but (about 1850 A.D.)?

My Dear Grace,

This comes with my kind love, hoping it will find you as it leaves me. I hope if the child is a boy you will call it after my name for my sake, and as I dozen intend never to see you agen, you may be married as soon as you will, for I shall be married as soon as I can. So no more at present from your affectinate husband.



True

Warren Hastings,

Est Judman,

Off Gravesend.

24 March, 1813.

Dear Brother Tom,

This comes hopein to find you in good heth as it leaves me safe ankered here yesterday at 4 p.m., after a pleasant voyage tolerably short and few squalls. Dear Tom, hopes to find poor old father stout, am quite out of pigtail. Sights of pigtail at Gravesend, but unfortunately not fit for a dog to chor. Dear Tom, Captain's boy will bring you this and put pigtail in his pocket when bort. Best in London at the black boy in 7 diles, where go, acks for best pigtail, pound of pigtail will do, and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts only took 2 whereof 1 is quite washed out and tother most but don't forget the pigtail as I ant had here a quid never since Thursday. Dear Tom, as for the shirts your size will do only longer, I like them long, got one at present, bort at tower Hill and cheap, but be particler to go to 7 diles for the pigtail at the black boy, and Dear Tom acks for pound best pigtail and let it be good. Czpatain's boy will put the pigtail in his pocket, he likes pigtail so tie it up. Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday there or thereabouts. Not so particler for the shirt as the present can be washed but don't forget the pigtail without fail so I am your loving brother,

T.P.

P.S.—Don't forget the pigtail.



Howler

A class of boys was asked to write an essay on "Pleasure," contrasting their own pleasure with that of grown-ups.

One boy started his essay like this: "The pleasures of youth are great, but the pleasures of adultery are greater!"

WE WONDER WHO THESE PEOPLE BE WHO BEHAVE SO VERY ECCENTRICALLY

(Olde Ballade).

Philip Hugh,
Is it true,
You have got ambitions, too?
And fondly hope for your face to appear
(Perhaps in your bi-centenary year)
On a silver medal or even a stamp,
As the Gentleman with the Lamp?



Patricia Audrey, Leading Wren,
Has a place in her heart for military men.
But we can't quite get it clear:
Does Patricia Audrey sorrow
That they're here to-day and gone
Or is that the Big Idea? to-morrow—



Sidney Philip took a ride,
Sat an actress by his side:
Took a blanket in the car—
Wasn't it going a bit too far?



Frederick George has made his money
Serving puss to look like bunny.



AUNT EFFIE'S PAGE,

"Has anybody seen my Charlie?"

A Happy Christmas to my dear little Wrens!

Talking of Christmas, what a lovely time it is with its yule logs and wassail bowls—and ghosts! Now don't tell me you don't believe in them, it is so unkind to the poor creatures.

I have often thought that the Government is losing a great chance by ignoring their possibilities. Just imagine how valuable they would be to the Home Guard for instance. Surely no parachutist could survive being received by Sir Roland Butter de Lyons in his doublet and hose. And see what advantages they have: they can go anywhere without keys, disappear or appear as they wish, and can neither be wounded or bombed, don't need feeding, housing or clothing, and England is teeming with them.

The A.F.S. could use them, too, to put fires out. They are noted for that, as any reader of ghost stories will know, for almost every one mentions that "The flame in the fire flickered and died, and they knew themselves to be alone, yet not alone." And that is not all, for lights do much the same thing. How useful it would be to have a ghostly warden! There wouldn't be any shutting the door in his face either, he would just come right in, and no careless householder would dare be careless again.

I do hope Chicks that I have not been boring you. You see, this topic is so dear to me. You will never guess why. Well, the truth is that I have one of my own. A perfect lamb!

His name is Charles Cholmondley Chump. Isn't it twee? But I call him Charlie for short. He was famous in his day. He broke the record for sleeping in beds all over England; he even beat Queen Bess herself at the game. We thought it a great joke, but, alas, one day, or rather night, he carried it a little too far, which cost him his head. It was this habit of only using candles which did it. The room was large, and the candle did not light much of it, so he failed to see that he had unfortunately chosen the same bed as Elizabeth. Even when he climbed in and discovered a companion he did not guess who it was, so just gave whoever it was a playful pinch to show that he meant no harm. However, Queen Bess was just as proud of her record as the Virgin Queen as Charlie was of his as champion bed sleeper, so Charlie was beheaded to stop him talking.

So now he lives with me, or rather did, but I'll speak about that later.

You know I am sorry for all these ghosts walking about, some homeless as a result of air raids, and others driven away by reason of evacuees. I wonder if any Wren would like to adopt one. They are very handy about the house, cost nothing to keep, are quiet, clean, able to make themselves scarce if not wanted, and always ready to sit up at night. This last makes them admirable companions to night workers. Just think it over, my dears.

However, Charlie is with me no longer. Poor silly Charlie, he got jealous when he found me talking to the sailors that time I joined the Wrens myself. He was livid. He paced up and down, and swore in Shakespeare. It was lovely! Just like a play. I didn't swear back, of course, but I did tell him that I thought Raleigh and Drake were so much finer than he. I could have bitten my tongue out afterwards for I could see how hurt he was. He came home with me, however, but every day he became more and more reserved, in fact his manner can only be described as chilly. He became forgetful, too, and would keep putting his head down and forgetting it, which I found so embarrassing, especially when I had visitors. A head without its body is not pleasant to find on the tea table at such times, and I suppose I scolded him too often. Anyway he went away one day, and I have not seen him since. I would advertise, but what paper would publish an advertisement asking for the return of a ghost. Ah, it is all very sad, and all I can do is to ask my beloved Wrens to keep a look out for me, and to let me know at once if they find him. I ask you because he may come back to the quarters to seek out the sailor he saw me talking to; and if he finds him—well, anything may happen. On second thoughts I would not advise you to keep a ghost, they are too great a responsibility.

Of course, you may not see him, but you can always know when he is about; the lights will fade, the fire burn with a sickly glow and give out no warmth. Icy draughts will spring from nowhere, and the bath water remain cold for days on end.

May it be the lot of my brave Wrens to give me back my Charlie.

So once more I wish you a Happy Christmas!

From your old Aunt Effie.



Isabella

Wren Isabella made a pretty cake
To please the Jaunty's palate.
His crusher put it on a stake,
And used it for a mallet.

Then she made a big mince pie,
In a manner new and novel;
The Messman seized it with a sigh,
And used it for a shovel.

Then she took a pan of dough,
And made a "mess" of biscuits;
She passed them to a long-legged WO,
Who said he wouldn't risk it.

She took some yeast, some flour and lard,
And true to duty's call,
She baked them in a lump so hard,
It made a cannon ball.

They fired it from
A toy pom-pom,
It bounced and burst in pieces,
And Isabella now does lie
'Mid lots of R.I.P.ses.

YACHT CLUB YAPPINGS

Up and at 'em

It was in the days of summertime in the land of slag heaps and rolling R's. There were those who dwelt in a ship of stone which (?) floated in the harbour of the South, and there were those who lived in a small hamlet of stone houses with tin roofs. And the former were called the "Yotclubbers," and the latter referred to as the "Base," and between these two there was great rivalry.

The Yotclubbers flicked a nifty dart, poisoned withal, and the Base "sloshed" with unerring accuracy.

And the one challenged the other, and there was no peace. The elders of the clan and the greybeards came together and said our young men must fight, and to us or to you shall be the victory, and there shall be no more strife.

The great day came, and the Yotclubbers staggered through blizzard and sandstorm and arrived at the dwelling of the Base, and the fight was on.

Of the Yotclubbers that day were many young and valiant men, and they were led by a mighty chief by name Bo-son, which means in the language of the people the son of Bo. His fame had gone out through all the lands, especially was it known in the land of the Russians. With him that day was a younger chief whose name was In-ham, and he was noted for his wild deeds at the Slosh and other things. To them was added the G-wynn and the Twerp, and also the B.A.P. and the Cur-nick. The latter was a mighty warrior of fearsome aspect.

And these six went forth to fight, and they were met by six of the Base, a mighty throng, and they were led by the far famed and earth-shaking Woolycomb, thus known for he had little hair, but he was strong and sunburnt, and his warcry was "Add One." With him was Young-doc and Skinn-y the fin and fick of it, and Gauss and Tit-us, too, were there, and when the Yotclubbers approached they trembled, and Yung-doc trembled more and fell and he was replaced by Rampling, an even greater man of girth. And with them to the fray went Sower-By, a mighty man of valour, and the two clans fell to and fought.

They fought with the darts and at the Slosh, and Bo-son got many bulls and the Cur-nick put many blacks on the wrong holes, and the fight went on. There were loud cries of "20 sculling" and of "It's a trap," and the Yotclubbers fought on. The runs were scored, and the wickets fell, and there was many a mighty break. The lights flickered and the sirens blew as the colours moved from yellow to purple and red, and Bo-son held the baby till the yellow came through again and again.

At last the Yotclubbers faltered and fainted, but they were refreshed and rose again and tottered off, but they lived to fight another day, and great was the rejoicing among the Base, and great was the joy thereof.

When entertaining Wrens to tea
A certain officer said to me:
"I feel nervous, don't you know,
I'm quite sure we ought to go
Over the D.G. range to see
Whether Wren officers are quite free,
Or whether they ought to be degaussed
Like my "Essex Maid" has been.

"Rozel's" Skipper's sorry plight,
Watching through the inky night;
Mines were dropping so near his head
He wished himself at home in bed.

Twerp and The Park go better and better
On his watch he gets wetter and wetter;
He went for water, gallons two,
When he was feeling slightly more than "fou";
He found a party, necking, one
And ended up with pickled onion.

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee,
Playing cribbage by the sea,
Each the other wants to rob,
Fifteen four and two for his nob.

He who would borrow
The B.A.P.'s flier,
Finds to his sorrow
He's perched somewhat higher.

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee,
One or other, don't you see,
Had cold feet, and after tea
A hot water bottle we did see
In his bunk, good gracious me!

Motoring Memories

It was a cold and foggy night. The white line was only just visible. The car passed a side street down which came a cold north-easterly breeze. The fog froze on the windscreen and the white line disappeared. Ha! There it is—CRASH... Grinding... grunting!! But the engine still goes. Home James and don't spare the horses. Home. The engine stops, and will not restart, the handle hole is blocked with bumper and stone grid. Pack up, start to walk away.

Enter P.C. XYZ.—"I should like to know who hit that bus stop!"

Driver.—"Has someone?"

P.C.—"Yes."

Driver.—"Have they done much damage?"

P.C.—"Not much."

Driver.—"Will there be any trouble about it?"

P.C.—"No."

Driver.—"Would you really like to know who did it?"

P.C.—"Yes."

Driver.—"Well, I did!"

THE INSULT

She was whistled—completely tanked. There she stood swaying on the pavement, steadying herself with one hand on a lamp post. In spite of the black-out Edwin had never seen anything so lovely, in addition to her undoubted inebriated condition she was a dream of blonde loveliness. She had everything.

Edwin pulled himself together, and decided that as a public-spirited citizen it was his duty to save this sozzled siren from the dangers of the black-out. He approached her and offered her his services as escort to her home. "Doan wanna go home," said the pepped-up puppet. "Wanna shtay here and watch the mo-cars." Edwin reasoned with her, and naturally she turned to him and said, "I trush you, you've a beautiful honest face. It's sho nice to meet shomebody with a beautiful honesht face. I've had a perf-f-fectly bloody evening with a shnake in the grash. He inshulted me."

Edwin wasn't at all surprised. Although a member of the Y.M.C.A., he had had the facts of life brought to his notice recently, and could appreciate that some beasts of men would attempt to take advantage of this swaying vision of loveliness.

After a short argument about which way they should proceed, Edwin managed to steer her on her homeward way. As they staggered towards her flat she confided in Edwin how she had been insulted.

It appeared, to put a rather rambling story into proper order, that she had that ideal combination, a flat and a private income. She had been invited to a cocktail party, and had met there a man who had every appearance of being her dream man. They were mutually attracted, and when the party had broken up they had dined together, and then gone to his flat, where he wanted to show her his etchings.

When they reached his flat he had suggested another drink, and one thing leading to another she suddenly discovered she had misjudged the man and that he had insulted her. Edwin did his best to find out exactly how she had been insulted, feeling that the really interesting part of the story was being held from him. But the blonde had a one-track mind, and apart from the fact that she continued to mutter "In-shulted" at regular intervals, Edwin could not persuade her to tell him any more.

When they reached the door of the girl's flat, Edwin helped her to find her key with some difficulty. However; eventually it was found in her handbag under the top layer, which consisted of the inevitable lipstick, compact, spare pair of stockings, toothbrush, three old love letters, and a penny.

As she could not have the slightest hope of ever finding the keyhole, Edwin unlocked the door and took her into the lounge, where he propped her up on the settee. "Wanna go to bed," muttered the beauty. This was rather further than any of the text books had taken Edwin, but determined to see this job through

he piloted her through into the ——— sorry! that was the wrong room, the bedroom.

Here our hero lifted the beautiful girl in his arms and put her on the bed. He also took off her shoes because his mother had always told him never to go to bed with his boots on.

As he covered her with the eiderdown, she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

Now Edwin was a very good young man, and had never been kissed quite like that before, so it was not strange that he rather liked it. However, he summoned up his manhood and withstood the temptation. He withdrew gracefully from the encircling arms, and after saying "Well—er—good-night, it's been fun knowing you," he edged towards the door.

"Come back," called the siren. "You haven't put me to bed properly yet," and proceeded to climb out of bed.

Edwin could not escape. He returned and helped the poor girl to undress. He undid buttons and hooks. He unhitched suspenders. He pulled things up and he pulled things down. In fact, he had a *lovely* time.

Then when the girl was absolutely stark naked, he put her into her nightie, kissed her good-night, tucked her up, and then summoning all his remaining chivalry, turned towards the door.

Immediately a terrific wail set up behind him. "Inshulted again!" she howled. "Twicesh on one night!"

Miniature .22 Rifle Shooting

It has been decided that, in addition to the Pool Bull and Highest Scoring Competition now running, to include a **Team Aggregate Competition** to run concurrently with the above.

Teams of 4, entries unlimited. Fee 6d. Three prizes, 50%, 30% and 20% of money taken (less 25% for Mayor of Blyth's Fund).

Each team to select its own Captain, who should give in the names of his team with the entrance fee to the register keeper at the table. The aggregate points of each team is checked and results shown on the board during the meeting.

Teams should be named, i.e., Navy A, Home Guard I, N.F.I., etc.

Once again it is emphasised that the 1 sighter and 5 rounds to count is **entirely FREE**, with the object of instruction, and there is always an instructor on the range to give advice. The Team and Individual Competitions are merely sidelines.

A MERRY XMAS



AND A
HAPPY
NEW YEAR

Christmas Gifts and Greetings

To—	
Captain (S.)D'Alroy.
Commander50 A/B's (all trained men).
M.A.A.A thousand Aspirins.
Pay Cdr.A Pair of Warm Hands.
Surg. Cdr.No Complaints.
R.P.O.Something to Work on.
Engr. Cdr.Battles for the Buick.
W.R. MessmanA Check.
Cdr. (S.)A Mop.
Lt.-Cdr. (N.)Something Confidential.
SisterA Mess of Her Own (Sic).
Sec.To Afford a Ford.
P.T.I.Balls (Assorted).
Surg. Lt.Burning Heather.
MacHappy Hunting.
The BitchesA Blank Period.
Wt. Supply O.Lovely Grub.
Ch. WriterFour Model Wrens.
S.C. DriverHorse Sense.
"Titus"A Permanent Billet.
Liaison OfficerMore Cars.
Senior Eng.Rabbits.
CensorHappy Gnashings.
JeffCrabs and More Crabs.
N.C.S.O.Three Black Balls.
ChaplainA Gift of the Gab.
Mr. WalkerAll the Gash.
S.O.O.Duck.
Sp. C.O.Seal eggs.
Electrical Lieut., R.N.V.R.	A Royal Salute.



Wop

Musso, you're a rotten frost,
 Can't you see your war is lost?
 Running from our friends the Greeks,
 With your Navy full of leaks;
 And your airmen talking loud,
 Bolt behind the nearest cloud.
 Know it now or know it later,
 The job for you is third class waiter.

Christmas Eve in the Quarters

It was Christmas Eve in the Quarters;
 The Jaunty, gaunt and grim,
 Was seeing that Neptune's daughters
 Were properly turned in.

When he saw a funny figure
 Slip quickly through the door;
 It wasn't a big buck nigger,
 It wasn't Shakespeare's Moor.

Clothed in red, with a beard of white,
 It was a really funny sight.
 He saw it once, he saw it twice—
 He thought it odd, and not quite nice.

He called the guard, a watch he set;
 He said, "My lad, I'll get you yet.
 He did, but not just one or two,
 But several others, quite a few.



He asked their reasons, and they said
 They were going to see a Wren in bed.
 It was quite alright, they said, because
 She was waiting up for Santa Claus!



Engagement

A marriage has been arranged
 between VIC and GIZZY,
 and will shortly take place



A Few Christmas Stockings

Belles-Lettres

The following are the actual addresses on letters delivered to the Naval Quarters.

Lieutenant-in-Charge, Poultry Section,
Naval Base, Blyth.

We always knew our Wrens were "game."



Adjutant, Small Arms School, Blyth.

This was delivered to the gymnasium-cum-dormitory-cum-concert room-cum-dance hall.



Base Acting Officer, Naval Base, Blyth.

There was no competition for this one. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all."



Officer-in-Charge, Admiralty Rest Hut,
West Pier, Blyth.

An indignant denial is expected in our next number.



Epitaphs

ON DRAKE . . .

Sir Drake whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou did'st compass round,
And whom both Poles of Heaven once saw
Which North and South do bound,
The stars above would make thee known
If men here silent were;
The Sun himself cannot forget
His fellow traveller.

(1640).



ON HAWKINS . . .

The waters were his winding sheete, the sea was
made his toome;
Yet for his fame the Ocean Sea was not sufficient
roome.
(Undated).

Messrs. Flotilla Engineer Officer,
Naval Chambers, Blyth.

Not a Jerry Joke!



Lieutenant Baker, Public Relations Officer,
Blyth.

It's a matter of opinion, of course, but we prefer to
keep our relations private, thank you.



Apostleship of the Sea, c/o G.P.O., London.
How we love our enemies!



The Steward of the State Room,
Wellesley Naval Base.

Mr. Foster, Wardroom Inspector,
Wellesley Nautical School.

And Lord High Everything Else?



Capt. (S), ashore, Blyth.
The most unkindest cut of all.



Retrospect

Shall I not love you always, strange it is,
To think my love may die and I forget;
These protests of my heart are fantasies, maybe.
Love comes, love lightly goes and yet
It maybe, when our lives drift each from each,
Borne on the tides of time by winds of chance,
I shall remember shores passed out of reach,
When all my heart leapt up to meet your glance,
And sudden laughter trembled on your lips.
Shall feel once more the cool clasp of your hand,
Pacing while twilight into moonlight slips,
And shall recall the happy times we planned,
And call the old love back again
With all its sweetness, all its pain.



From the Wrenery

WRENNISH RHYMES, ETC.

The Bee —, the Cabbage —, the Humphrey and
the Clinker,
The Windy Whiff, the Dandy Puff, the Roarer and
the Stinker.

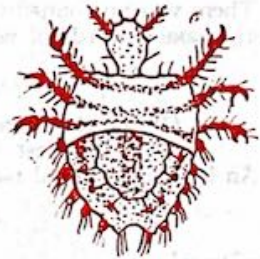
Coot.
It's not quite fair
To say that Harry
Has no hair.



Shadow of doubt.
Can Mr. Skinner
Be getting thinner?



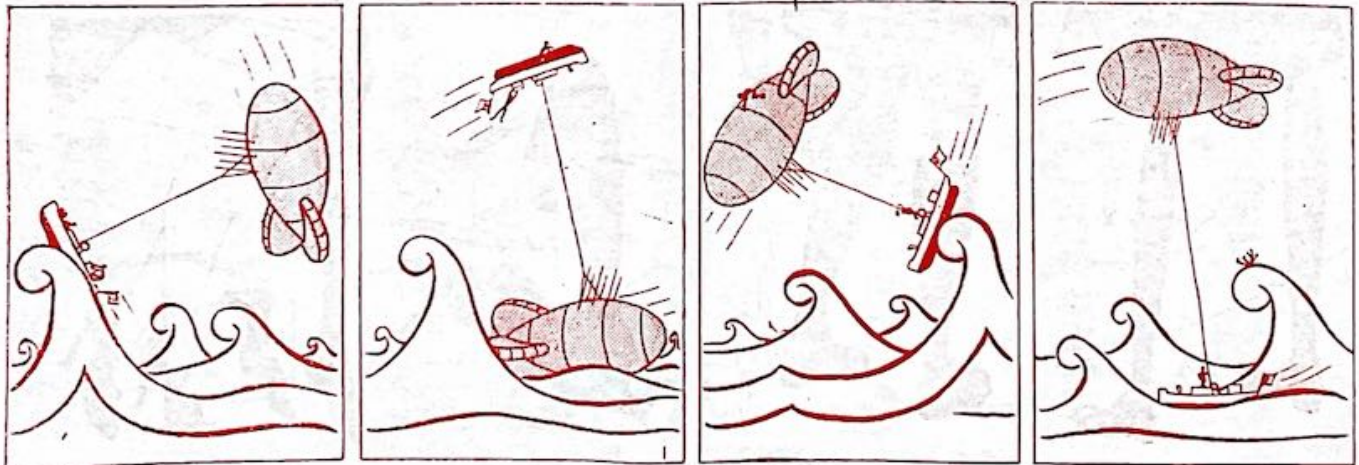
They say
The Ice
Has given way
To Lice
In the House.



Offensive Spirit.
They say Miss Fittes
And other pretties,
Now feature
In the Attack Teacher.

Very Passive Defence
With calm aplomb.
We await the First Bomb.

Translation.
Civis Romanes Sum,
I'm a Roman Bum.



PADRE'S PATTERN

At this Christmastide the something that is really beyond description happens to civilised humanity—beyond description because it is a movement, nay, almost a revolution, of man's heart—something emotional, something spiritual, and we can only describe it in the terms in which we see it. We shan't be seeing so much of it this year, the trees, the lights, the toys, the turkeys and the puddings, the nuts and crystallised fruits, the cards and parcels; War doesn't allow for the full measure of these things.

I like to think of all the paraphernalia of Christmas as the shadows from the Star which lighted the world over Bethlehem's Manger long years ago, a Star which has never gone out. The shadows, though they may sometimes be faint and distorted, are always there. This year, as I have said, the shadows will be fainter. But the Star must be brighter, and the brightness of this Star depends upon you and me and all the world; it is like a great bulb, and we are wires to it—the more wires there are, the greater the light is. This light, unlike any other, shines back into our lives, illuminates our souls and drives us along the Christian way, fighting the evil which is trying to put out the light.

I was talking to somebody in the Ward Room the other day, and he said, "I wonder that we don't put out a statement in creed about the whys and wherefores of our cause, what we are fighting, living and dying for. The Germans will tell you they are Sons of the Reich, Hitler is their Leader, his word is law, for him they live and die! The same with Italy, and, I suppose, Russia. But we, we just say we are fighting for democracy, for freedom, and so on." The answer, theoretically, is that we are fighting a Crusade against people steeped and nurtured in the doctrines of force and brutality, against evil working in men's minds, and that we are the champions of right over wrong, of peace over war, of love over hate. In fact, we stand in the world as Champions of Christianity, and Christ is therefore our Leader.

But how many of us really believe that—and live it—in our ordinary common ways of life? We live in a Christianly civilised land, our heritage is the flower of a Christian seed. At the moment the flower may be blooming very cheerfully, but how strong are the roots, how deep are they, how much are they entangled with the weeds of selfishness and power? War is a great incentive to activity, which, on the surface seems to be good and Christian. Probably no period in history has seen so much personal sacrifice on the part of men and women of all types. But when the incentive is gone the last gun has fired, that is the moment when our power will come into force. Then will come the time to see how deep is our belief in goodness and peace and love and life, and just how are we going to manage them!

We are living and rather resting on our slogans, our efforts. Everyone has his own personal story within himself. What I have done to win the war. My bomb story. My "comforts" effort, etc. Surely,

it isn't enough that we are fighting and living and dying for our country, our King, our democratic principles, our liberties. When we have won, as win we shall, we shall be the leaders and heralds of a new order in the world. An order which will take years, even centuries, to mould, but we—even you and I and our children—will lay the foundations of this new order, and we shall not lay them right unless we, as individuals, as families, as communities, as a nation, are driven and energised by the right motive power and that energy which we shall need is not to be obtained in any bottle or packet, for it is Divine Energy, Divine Power, Divine Love. God planted it within us; it will burn never so brightly as on Christmas Day—the spark of it is always there. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven!"

The Christmas Story is so simply told, a tale in history of the birth of Love in the world, surrounded by the panoply of humility and simplicity. So came the Man who has turned kingdoms upside down, the Man who was the champion of the common man and his lot. He fought against the evil power and might of Rome against the false lies of the highborn Jews of His Day. He began the great revolution of mankind. It still goes on, in these days very intensified. To-day we are His Hands, His Feet, His Voice, we are His Servants, we carry the Light He lit on Bethlehem Hill. So let us use that Power which He alone can give. We shall need it, and the world wants it. The price is just that we shall give our hearts and let Him in, not only on Christmas Day but every day.



Pipes of Pan.

I would be an outcast from the places of my fellows,
A love-lorn wanderer beneath the open sky;
Would range the upland meadows where the sweet hay
mellows;
Would hear the magic whisper where the Old Gods lie.

I would tramp forever on the blue-headed mountains,
Brother to the heather and the gorse and the turf;
I would bathe at sunrise in the clear-running fountains,
And drowse in the noontide to thunder of the surf.

I would make my dwelling with the pines and the
beeches,
And sing with the breezes as they croon on the height;
I would seek for solace in the hills and the reaches
of the dim silent plains; I would talk with the night.

Piping through the forest a plaintive tune is calling,
The Pipes of Pan are sounding, and softly he blows;
Dancing down the highway I hear his footsteps falling;
He nods and he beckons—I follow where he goes.

ALONGSIDE

"Not belong proper. Belong to much alongside," commented Sampan Mary one sweltering July day in Hong Kong, pointing to H.M.S. *Northumberland*. Dusty Miller, Captain of the Side and a reliable No. 11 man in the destroyer *Wren*, agreed fervently.

"That's right, Mary. Belong boo hao, it do," he said. Ruddy sight too much alongside that hulking cruiser was, and that was a fact. Since April now the poor little *Wren* had been on anti-piracy patrol, and not one single day or bit of a day alongside—and there was that blinking ship alongside month after month. None of this blessed buoy swinging, no sweltering patrol in Bias Bay, no steaming up and down, darkened, stuffy, monotonous, off Chilang: there she was, alongside. It wasn't just. It rankled.

It rankled double, for there in *Northumberland* was his old ships and oppo. Lofty Young. Side party too, he was—but not Captain of the Side, not by a long chalk, though he was a leading hand. Just side party, that was all. But that was about Dusty's only consolation. In the first place, Lofty had two badges, and so had Dusty—once. They had left him temporarily as a result of a run ashore in Tsingtao, and another in Kobe. Still, what was a hook and a couple of badges? It was Lofty's sex appeal that got Dusty down, that and this alongside business. Little Kai-Li, the dancer at the Majestic, had been Dusty's bit of stuff, once, but had left him, like his badges. She had not only left him, she had taken up with Lofty who had only met her thanks to Dusty. The thing was Lofty was watch ashore, stay ashore, more or less, in that busting cruiser, whereas poor Dusty, even when he was in harbour, was as often as not doing No. 11, and when he wasn't, by the time he got ashore in a sampan Lofty was always well away. It rankled, it did.

Dusty's reverie was interrupted by the voice of Jimmy the One, singing out to him from the foc'sle.

"Miller, I want you on the buoy after stand-easy. We're going alongside."

Strike a light! Alongside?

"Alongside, sir?"

"Yes, alongside *Northumberland*. We have got a bust condenser, so we'll be there about three days. Slipping at eleven, and we'll be port side to. All right?"

Dusty could scarcely believe it. Alongside, and him not doing No. 11?

"Hear that, Mary? Going alongside, see. Plenty much shore side me, Mary; you belong teach me say 'I love' in Chinese, Mary, and I give you two piece eggs, all right?"

Mary, ever helpful, taught him.

The *Wren* was alongside for no less than five glorious days. Never had Dusty enjoyed himself more. He managed not to break his leave, he cleaned up twenty bucks at Tombola in the *Northumberland*, he went to the flicks there when he was watch onboard, he ducked Lofty, very foully, five times at Water Polo—and better

still, Kai-Li showed a marked preference for him over Lofty. So much so, that when he practised the words taught him by Sampan Mary he got, not the black eye he deserved, for Mary in her enthusiasm for his cause had taught him a rather cruder phrase than plain "I love you"—no, he got a response that left nothing to be desired.

He felt on top of the world.

But the top of the world is a difficult place for such as Dusty to keep their balance on, and he started to slip during the dogs the day before the *Wren* sailed. It was during a Water Polo match that the fall began, and it was Lofty who started it, during the half-time interval.

"See that, Dusty," he asked, pointing to the wall of the dock. "All right being in a cruiser, eh? Been alongside three years now, except for cruises."

Dusty looked, and his infuriated eye beheld certain writings on the wall.

H.M.S. *Northumberland*—1931-1932-1933.

That is what he read, in big black letters of boot-topping—Lofty's work.

He leapt at Lofty, sank him and kept him down. At the same moment an idea came into his head, and the fall from grace had begun.

For the rest of the game the words on the wall attracted him hypnotically, and the idea grew, formed, and tempted. "I'll do it!" he muttered, as the final whistle blew. And without a word to anyone he swam off to his side-party sampan, and made a date with Mary for four o'clock next morning.

As special sea duty men were piped next forenoon, the Commander of the Cruiser and the No. 1 of the destroyer stood talking. The No. 1 was thanking his senior for the help the cruiser had given him, and was complaining at the same time that too much anti-piracy patrol did not give him a chance to compete with the larger ship in the matter of clean decks and smart paintwork.

Flattered, the Commander replied suitably. "And mind my side as you shove off," he added. "It's fifty-fifty, in fact nearly seventy per cent. enamel. I am rather proud of it."

"Righto, sir! Goodbye," replied the Jimmy, and climbed to his station on the signal bridge.

The Captain, the No. 1, the Chief Buffer and the Yeoman all noticed it at the same instant.

The Captain swore.

No. 1 nearly swooned.

The Buffer choked over his call and ruined the "Still" he was in the act of piping.

The Yeoman just goofed.

On the shiny, immaculate side of the *Northumberland* just below where their flare had been, was the thing they had seen—and what a thing!

(continued opposite)

ENTERTAINMENTS AND OTHER THINGS

Looking back over the fifteen months we have been in residence, there seems little to say about entertainments except that we ought to have had more. The few amateur concert parties we have had were all of a very high standard—not a single dud in the box—but the demand far exceeded the supply, and we are still some way from achieving what we set out to do.

The story of what we have so far attempted may be of interest. We will not review the entertainment we have had, but instead, will make a rough precis of the many attempts to attract the said entertainment to our district.

E.N.S.A. or to give it its full title—the Entertainments National Service Association—was organised early in September, 1939. It is the link between the Government and the Entertainments Industry. As was natural, it came in for a good deal of criticism—and still does—since it is by no means as efficient as it might be. But in fairness to ENSA and the the well-meaning people who have to do with it, one must add at once that ENSA is not a business concern and that it has no money of its own.

Possibly that is the trouble. There never has been enough money. ENSA Concert Parties are financed out of NAAFI funds, which are already earmarked for many other purposes. Moreover the Navy, as distinct from the Army and Air Force, devotes the greater part of its NAAFI surplus to its War Amenities Fund. ENSA, in consequence, has even less time for us than for the other services.

We have only just found this out. We certainly had no idea of the true facts when we wrote to ENSA enthusiastically and hopefully (after reading the Daily Mirror write-up) on 22nd September, 1939, to stake out our claim. We described our little stage and our modest requirements—a few stars, shall we say, an occasional first-class dance band, and a regular supply of concert parties and cabaret turns—those at least, we thought we should get, thinking of all the out-of-work chorus girls in the West End. But no! The Director of Entertainments, NAAFI, wrote back twelve days later to say politely but firmly in one sentence totalling 56 words, that naval units ashore did not qualify for ENSA shows. That made us pull up and think. How were we to make it clear that we were not just a "naval unit ashore," but also a ——— without getting into hot water with the censorship?

So we went to see Ronald Frankau. He was sympathetic, told me a couple of stories which we still keep for club runs and other occasions, and advised us to write to Will Fyffe. We did this, but never had a reply. In addition, we made a stab at George Robey, likewise without result since he was in Australia at the time.

Exasperated by the professionals, we concentrated on getting together our own concert party. We bought band instruments and a piano. We rehearsed, we tore our hair, we improvised, we worked like blacks until the night before giving our first show the Flotilla packed up and went elsewhere. It looked like the hand of Fate.

Returning to the fray with ENSA in January, 1940, we wrote and asked to be included in any touring circuit made out for the Army and Air Force. This time ENSA played us a different stroke. They sent our letter on to their Newcastle branch, where it got mysteriously mislaid, and, as they omitted to give us the address of this office, we were back once more where we started. Eventually we tracked them down to their lair. This was early in March, and, writing for a small Concert Party, we were offered a large broadcasting band for a Sunday in May, provided an audience of 1,000 could be guaranteed. This we were unable to do, so the referee blew his whistle and we retired to think it out all over again.

Then Evelyn Laye swept into command of the Naval Concerts section, and actually wrote to us! This occurred while Holland, Belgium and France were being peeled off the map, but so encouraged us that we wrote back at once, and gave her the full details she wanted.

And so, on 25th July, we were sent our one and only ENSA Concert Party—the Troupers—and this proved to be a great success. They were on the way to Scapa to meet Evelyn Laye and give concerts there, and so we wrote post haste to Miss Laye and requested a personal appearance on her way back. Alas! this, too, produced neither an answer nor the desired appearance.

We then had a number of local amateur concert parties, but we were loth to abandon hope of getting professional attention. So in desperation we dropped Gracie Fields a line since she has always had a soft spot in her heart for the Navy. The answer we received from Bert Aza, her manager, was a gem. We reproduce it in full. "Dear Sir," it runs, "in answer to yours of 26th, Miss Fields is in California at present. Date of her return to this country problematical. Many regrets. Yours truly, Bert Aza."

Well, the amateurs have come to our rescue again. We have at least four shows booked between now and the end of February. Moreover, the Admiralty is trying to arrange fortnightly concerts in conjunction with ENSA, and we hope for a decision any day now. So, VIVA, ENSA! and in the meantime let's go dancing instead. We run the dances ourselves.

ALONGSIDE—continued

H.M.S. *Wren*—July 21-22-23-24-25.

That is what they read, in huge black lettering.



Poor Dusty. When there is only one professional No. 11 man in a ship it's easy to guess culprits.

He was alongside all right for the next three months—on permanent loan to the *Northumberland's* side party every make-and-mend and every dog watch that *Wren* spent in harbour.

That hurt. But it was having Lofty as his overseer that rankled.

Mending the Clock

"The bomb that dropped the other day stopped our pendulum clock," said Edith. "I've not been able to get it to go since."

That provided the excuse I'd been waiting for to see the details of the works. Peering with almost complete bewilderment at the array of wheels and levers, there did not, so far as I could see, appear to be any out of place.

"Possibly it's wound up too tight." I don't know if this can actually happen, but it sounded as if I knew what I was doing and allayed, I hope, any base suspicions Edith may have had as to the advisability of amateur tinkering.

Having located which of the two mainsprings controlled "time," I put on the key, took the tension off the retaining pawl, and lifted the latter, the idea being to let the spring slowly unwind as I held the key.

That was the idea; the spring acted otherwise. Directly the pawl was released the spring took charge, and revolved the key very rapidly and with a most alarming "buzz." Suppressing with difficulty many nautical curses as I sucked my bruised thumb and looking vainly for a patch of skin removed from the index finger, I heard a resigned "Well, it's finished now!" from Edith.

"Oh no, it's only come off the hook," I told her optimistically, after having verified that it wouldn't wind up any more.

That necessitated parting the framework holding all the wheels. Again the idea was alright, by removing the hands and the four corner nuts it seemed probable that I could lift one frame off, leave wheels in situ, get out the "time" mainspring, replace it on its hook and so have everything back nicely.

Part of the idea worked; the hands came off without difficulty, but directly the fourth corner nut was removed, for some inexplicable reason the "chime" mainspring took charge. With an even more alarming "buzz" it revolved its many wheels so rapidly that they and most of those operating the time portion of the clock spread themselves in one glorious mess over the table and the floor.

"Is Daddy mending the clock, Mummy?" enquired Peter, aged three, with a yearning for knowledge that I'd not previously suspected in him. Mummy's reply had better, perhaps, not be quoted.

Gathering up the wreckage gave scope for plenty of detective work in locating all the bits, and replacing those bits in the framework once more gave even more scope for the good old Navy system of trial and error.

At long last they were all in again, and both springs replaced on their respective hooks.

Then came the delightful job of adjusting the escapement so that it worked. I discovered that a clock to continue to go must be so adjusted that the noise it makes sounds like "tick tock." Mine would say "tick tick," "tick tonk," "tick tack," in fact any combination except "tick tock."

I did the adjusting on the sideboard, the table being far too cluttered up with tools and bits left over. The sideboard, due to bombing adversities, does not stand

Overheard

Who was the Officer who said:

"All cowpunchers are called so because they punch cows. What utter cads! Fancy punching women." This little chick thinks all men are beasts.

Lament.

We mourn
The loss
Of Bobby Warne,
C.O.S.

Gassed.

She left the fire on
After the Siren.

Loss.

In vain
We asked Main
To remain.

Excuse.

Good Lord,
A telegram
From Auntie Maud.

Adolf.

Hell hath no Fuehrer
Like a Hitler scorned.

Taranto.

Il Duce,
Touche.

Progress in Two Stages.

July. Grazziani
At Sidi Barrani.
November. Grazziani
At Sidi Barrani.

Convoy.

Dive Bomber
Dived Bomber.

Says Musso.

"I mak-a-da Blitzza"—
Result—Koritzza.

Not unkindly.

Scene—Operations Room, Somewhere in England.
P.O.: "This is the 3 a.m. line, P.O. Jones shooting it."

quite level, but I still think that Edith might have put the extra special button from her coat that was at the cleaners in some other place if she wanted it so specially. It chocked up the sideboard just the right amount, and anyway, how was I to know she'd stand on the sideboard when drawing the black-out, and so fold up the extra special button?

But the clock? Oh, yes, it was eventually adjusted, and has gone ever since, including the chime.

Puzzle Corner

Nuts!

Three men (and a monkey) had a bag of nuts which they agreed to share equally on their return from work.

During the day one man came home, and thinking he might as well take his share, divided the nuts into three parts, and finding an odd one, gave that to the monkey.

Later, the second and third men did the same, not knowing that anyone had been before them. They also found an odd nut, which they gave to the monkey.

When they all returned in the evening, the remaining nuts were equally divided, and again the monkey received an odd one.

By not admitting their earlier visits the total number of nuts taken by each man was not equal. However, as in the Divorce Courts, you are not required to pass judgment on the morals of these men. All you have to do is to calculate the smallest possible number of nuts originally in the bag.

Fishing.

Tom, Dick and Harry went fishing and caught 27 fish. Tom caught a fractional part of the whole. Dick caught one-third more than Tom, and Harry caught half as many as Dick. How many did each catch?

(Solutions next month).



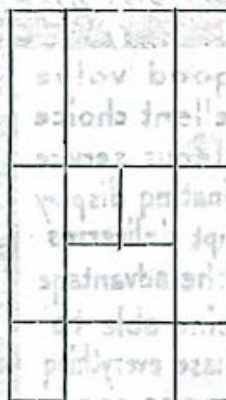
Parking

Here's one to keep you amused over the Christmas holiday (and probably for some time after!) No solution will be published because of the difficulty of explanation, but it is possible of solution.

Cut 10 pieces of cardboard to the shapes shown in the diagram.

These represent small cars (1 inch square), larger cars (2in. by 1in.), and a lorry (2ins. square), parked in a garage. The latest arrival somehow got in sideways.

The problem is to manoeuvre the lorry through the entrance by sliding moves, without any other cars leaving the garage. No turning is allowed.



Entrance.



Solutions

- One quarter.
- I am not here.
- One half. $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{2} \div \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times 2 = \frac{1}{2}$.
- The proprietor of the "Pig and Whistle," after having his sign repainted, said: "There is too much space between 'Pig' and 'and' and 'and' and 'Whistle.'"
- Whichever you like.

Spitfire

Scene.—Sick Bay in a Naval Base. Somewhere in England. Three German airmen have been picked up at sea and brought in. They are being kept in the Sick Bay overnight to get over the effects of exposure.

0200.—S.B.A. to Surgeon Lieutenant.

S.B.A.—"Sorry to disturb you, Sir, but we are having trouble with the prisoners."

S.L.—"What the hell——at this time of the night! What is it?"

S.B.A.—"Well, Sir, one of them keeps having a nightmare, and sits up shouting 'Spitfire.'"

S.L.—"All right, I'll come and give him a sedative."

S.B.A.—"If it's all the same to you, Sir, would you give it to the other two?"

S.L.—"What on earth for! They aren't dreaming, are they?"

S.B.A.—"No, Sir, but every time he shouts 'Spitfire,' we have to change the sheets of the other two!"



"Dug-Outs"

There's a Big Bug (E) and a Big Bug (G),
Who scarcely, if ever, have been to sea,
Except perhaps for a long week-end
Aboard the yacht of some affluent friend,
Since the war before last began.

Now these overworked Big Bugs (E) and (G),
Who've indefinite hours for lunch and tea,
Would not even tell their respective wives
That they've seldom had such a time in their lives
Since the war before last began.

So the Big Bug (E) and the Big Bug (G)
Thank their God each night on a bended knee
For providing employment
Plus the best of enjoyment,
Since the war before last began.

But it does seem a trifle hard to me
That these venerable Big Bugs (E) and (G)
Should use poor blighters like us as slaves,
When they should have been mouldering in their graves
Before the war before last began.

ENTERTAINMENTS OVER THE CHRISTMAS PERIOD.

1941.

Jan. 2—**ASHINGTON THESPIANS' CONCERT PARTY.** In Naval Quarters, Blyth, at 7.45 p.m. No charge for admission, but there will be a collection in aid of the Xmas Fund for Distressed Actors and Artists.

.. 7—**NAVAL DANCE.** At the Roxy—the 4th of the season—in aid of the Naval Entertainments and Comforts Fund.

.. 12—**DRYDEN AND HIS BAND.** From Ashington. A repeat visit from this very popular dance band. No charge for admission, but there will be a collection.

Feb. 9—**BEDLINGTON COLLIERY SILVER BAND.**

.. 27—**ASHINGTON CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY PLAYERS.**

This list is liable to amendment.

Book these Dates

Go gay over the Christmas and make up your parties for **DECEMBER 19th**, when there will be a Dance from 7 to 11 p.m. in the Naval Quarters. Admission, which must be strictly limited to ticket-holders, will cost 1/- a head. This will include a light buffet and dancing will be to **JOS. Q. ATKINSON AND HIS BAND**—the crack Newcastle dance band of broadcasting fame. Owing to the size of the hall, please note that only 250 tickets will be sold, obtainable from Mr. Shawe, W.S.O., the Master-at-Arms and Payr.-Lieut. Tute. There will be no Bar in the hall but one will be arranged close at hand.

Also **JANUARY 7th**, the date of the next Roxy Naval Dance. Tickets will again be 2/6. This is the fourth Roxy Naval Dance of the season. As we have already collected and distributed £110 to various charities through this medium, we are giving the proceeds of this Dance to our own funds in order to make us independent of outside assistance.

**WATCH OUR POSTERS
FOR FURTHER DETAILS!**

Air Raid Shelters

WARNING!



Although Electricity offers the safest means of lighting and heating in Air Raid Shelters, it is necessary that special precautions be taken in providing electrical installations. Defective workmanship or unsuitable apparatus may involve accident or risk to life.

It is strongly recommended that responsible Electrical Contractors who are aware of the requirements should be employed for such work

Issued by THE NORTH-EASTERN ELECTRIC SUPPLY COMPANY LTD., CARLIOL HOUSE, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.



Gieves

LIMITED

OUTFITTERS

to the

ROYAL NAVY

and the

ROYAL AIR FORCE

LONDON	- - -	80, PICCADILLY, W.1.
PORTSMOUTH	- - -	22, THE HARD.
SOUTHSEA	- - -	37, PALMERSTON ROAD.
PLYMOUTH	- - -	63, GEORGE STREET
CHATHAM	- - -	13, MILITARY ROAD.
EDINBURGH	- - -	120, PRINCES STREET.
WEYMOUTH	- - -	111, ST. MARY STREET.
LIVERPOOL	- - -	14, LORD STREET.
SOUTHAMPTON	- - -	135, HIGH STREET.
MALTA	- - -	12, STRADA MEZZODI, VALETTA.
GIBRALTAR	- - -	110, MAIN STREET.

Blyth & Tyne Brewery Co. Ltd.

●
LOCAL HOUSES WITH FAMOUS LORIMER'S EDINBURGH ALES
All Fully Licensed

●
STAR & GARTER HOTEL (Residential), Northumberland Street, Blyth
WATERLOO HOTEL, Havelock Street, Blyth
ROYAL HOTEL, Beaconsfield Street, Blyth
SHIP INN, Albert Street, Blyth
BREWERY BAR, Blagdon Street, Blyth
DUN COW, Quayside, Blyth

WHEN IN
NEWCASTLE
CALL AT THE

ELDON GRILL *or*
PINEAPPLE GRILL

and enjoy your meal

FULLY LICENSED FIRST CLASS RESTAURANTS

We Have Our Usual . . .

CROPP

. . . of Christmas Novelties and Toys

SUITABLE PRESENTS
for Sweethearts and Wives,
not forgetting Daughters and
Sons, and Cousins and Aunts

COTTON OXFORD
RUGGER BOOTS
And the usual SPORTS
GEAR

M. CROPP AND SON

8, HAVELOCK STREET — BLYTH

By Appointment
to

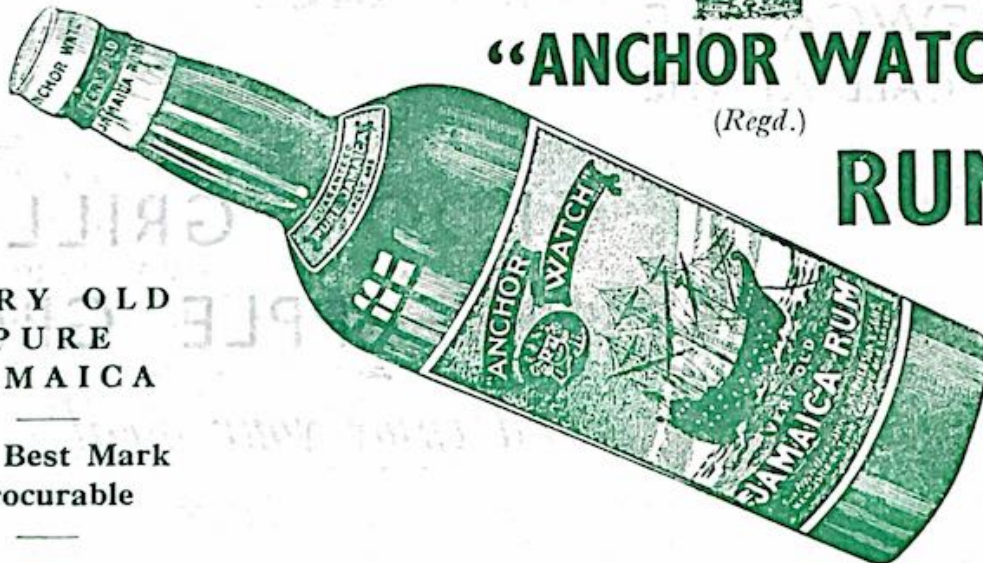


the Late
King George V.

“ANCHOR WATCH”

(Regd.)

RUM



VERY OLD
PURE
JAMAICA

The Best Mark
Procurable

Sole Proprietors—

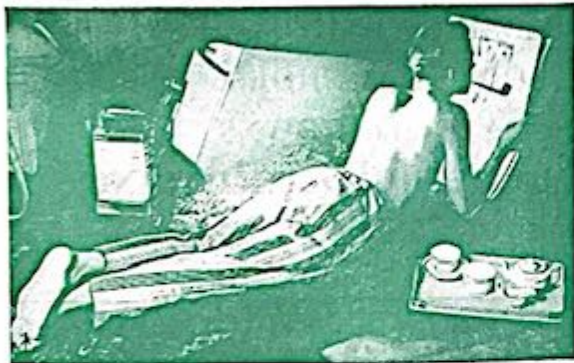
JOHN E. McPHERSON & SONS LTD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



What with " exigencies of the Services," Blitzkrieg, and the British climate, it's tough work to keep on keeping well. Yet this war is going to be won by fit people pulling their full weight. That's why more and more members of the fighting services to-day are using Hanovia Sunlamps--the finest natural tonic known to doctors

For your private quarters, provided you can hitch up to the electric mains, there's nothing to equal the " Homesun " Sunlamp. Many of the fighting ships carry " Homesuns " in the officers' cabins. R.A.F. and Army officers are using them all over Britain. The " Homesun " gives you the benefits of a day's sunshine in 5 minutes; makes you feel fresh, alert, invigorated. Regular use keeps you fit, able to withstand infection, resilient to fatigue.

Or you can line up the men for a sunshine parade as the surgeons are doing in the Navy, in munition works, for the police—and can they take it! There's no finer way to fitness than these indoor sunbaths; one Naval surgeon finds he has reduced the amount of sickness in his unit by 30 per cent. since he began them. Munition workers doing full production seven days a week stay on the job, keep well and cheery, resist fatigue, with the help of Hanovia sunlamps.



The free booklet " Get Back in the Sun " tells you all about the Homesun



The free booklet " Fitness in Industry " tells you all about group sunbaths

HANOVIA LTD SLOUGH

The Specialists in Sunlamps

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 3, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

SHOP HERE for EVERYTHING

BLYTH'S SHOPPING CENTRE
The Departmental Drapery & Furnishing Store



Hedley, Young
& CO LTD

ALBION HOUSE - PHONE 16 - BLYTH

HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

FURNITURE and BEDDING.

CURTAINS and BLANKETS.

CARPETS and LINOLEUMS.

MEN'S TAILORING.

MEN'S SHIRTS and TIES.

HOSIERY and GLOVES.

BOOTS and SHOES.

COATS and GOWNS.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING.

MILLINERY and CORSETS.

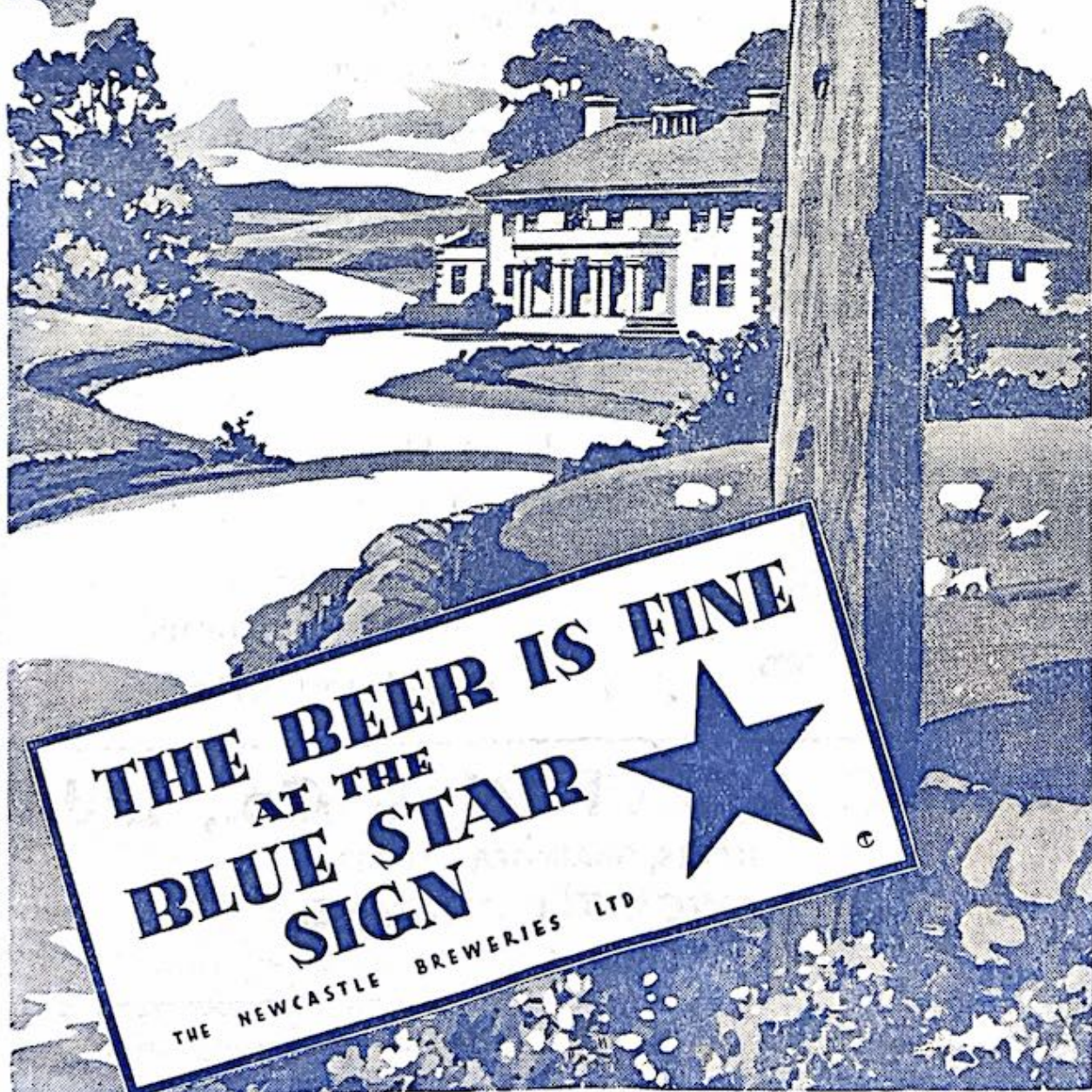


GRAND XMAS BAZAAR



ALL DEPARTMENTS SHOWING SUITABLE XMAS PRESENTS.

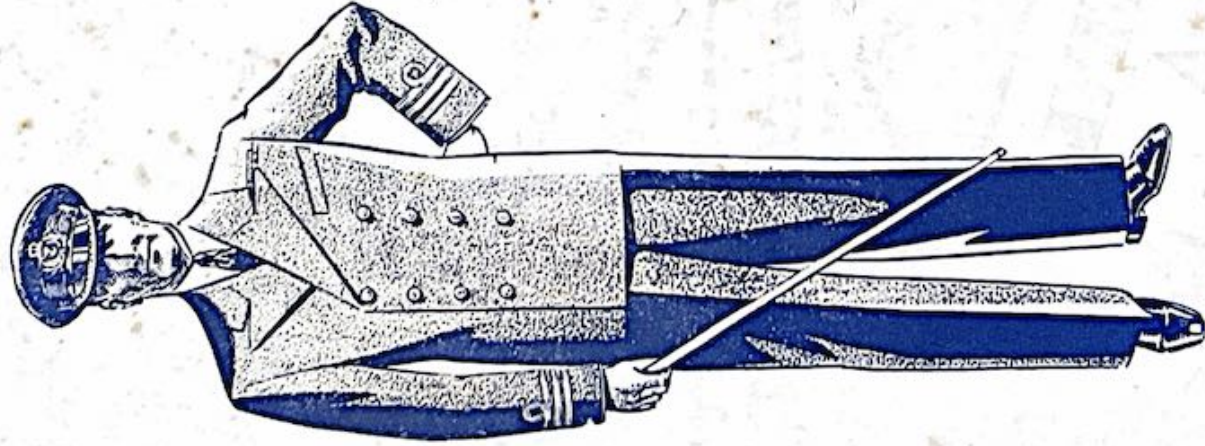
TO A COMFORTABLE
HOUSE AND SOME
ICELY GOOD BEER



THE BEER IS FINE
AT THE
BLUE STAR
SIGN

THE NEWCASTLE BREWERIES LTD

SERVICE TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS



REEFER JACKET and TROUSERS.....	8 15 0
GREATCOAT.....	8 15 0
CAP and BADGE.....	2 2 6
REGULATION SHOES.....	1 10 0
WATCH COAT.....	8 5 0
BLUE RAINCOAT.....	4 4 0
WHITE SHIRT (2 Collars) ...	10 6
TIES	2 6
GLOVES.....	8 6
SOCKS	2 6
OILSKIN	1 19 6
SOU'WESTER	4 9
UNIFORM CASE.....	4 10 0

W.R.N.S. UNIFORMS

Price List on Application

ISAAC WALTON & Co., Ltd.

105-115, GRAINGER STREET,

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Tel: 21931

Our Representative will be pleased to call and attend to your requirements.