

Editorial...

EVERYONE has heard the story told on a popular recording of the village idiot, well-known for his poaching activities. The legend relates that one day he was swinging down the main street. Over his shoulder was slung the familiar game bag, from which protruded incriminating evidence in the form of a pheasant's tail. The officious local policeman stopped Sam, and, before the accusing crowd, commanded him to open the bag. The disconcerted copper beat a hasty retreat when the contents proved to be nothing more than a couple of stones and an inoffensive tail-feather from a cock pheasant. Thenceforth Sam could saunter through the village with impunity, whistling and swinging his bag of game.

This is not recommended for evading Customs Officials. It won't work. We know! It is quoted as an analogy to the activities of that Ace of all rumour-mongers, the famous Norfolk Joe, the only living son of Foo. Occasionally, as if to demonstrate the laws of chance, one of his liargrams is subsequently proved to have approximated the truth. Then, for a time, Joe rides on a wave of fame, and his most fantastic falsehoods find believers who are all too keen to pass on the "hot gen" to unsuspecting types who have nothing better to do than listen.

How often, lately, have we heard that Japan is suing for peace, that the Air Force is packing up, and that we will all be home last month, that the tour is to be cut down, and so on. Wishful thinking and the desire to be the bearer of the latest news are the main factors which lay us open to the traps that Joe sets. If he keeps hammering at these things long enough he may ultimately be right, but, in the meantime, let us gang up on him by not passing on statements, the veracity of which is very doubtful, and the dissemination of which may build up false hopes and cause dissatisfaction, to the detriment of morale.

Rumour has it that the fire crew are dispensing with their siren now that Mick ("Sinatra") McGrath has taken up crooning. So don't be surprised if the tender dashes past you to the tender strains of "Hey Ho Come To The Fire."