

TALL STORY.

Typhoon Force

It was 1937 in Hong Kong and No. 10 Typhoon Signal had been hoisted. I stood in my flat which had the old type of typhoon shutters with the flaps. The wind had just broken the guages at 280 in the Kowloon Observatory. I lifted up my shutters to have a look at the weather and the wind blew the roof off my house. My neighbour opened his eyes and it blew his brains out. Tram conductors took to roving boats, and Chinese girls knitted woollies for chickens who had lost their feathers in that awful storm.

The Japanese liner Asaama Maru was blown 45 miles inland and won the blue riband on a Chinese paddy field but was brought back on the return wind and moored at anchor. The Conti Verdi was found on the roof garden of the Hong Kong Hotel, her captain the worse for liquor.

The Dairy Farm's 700 head of cattle were so badly shaken up they produced fresh butter for the following week. Tai Tam Tuk, the famous Hong Kong reservoir, had been blessed by the Evil Spirits of a Chinese Scotchman and refused to part with any water, so the rain piled up above its dams and the P.W.D. urged the population to take more water with everything.

Woolwich Arsenal manufactured hollow shells to fit around the guns that had been turned inside out. The debris piled up around the Island so high that the Government took six months to decide which would be the easiest to shift, the debris or the Island. The firemen manned their hoses and the spray blew in their faces, and the artillery manned the drag ropes to keep the Colony in its place.

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- R.B. Hitchcock

The Ward Representative

He's running here and running there,
He's loathed and cursed by all the ward;
Disturbs their sleep, upsets their nerves
And gets inside their inner guard.

Who wants to write or play or sing?
Why does he try our steps to guide?
I'd like to wring his blasted neck
And throw the pieces overside.

Poor bloke! why did he take the job?
I'll bet he wished he never had;
And underneath abuse and hate
We find he isn't really bad,
- only mad! - J.H.

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SONG

(Inspired by Dolo-o-res)

I think if I wasn't a tom cat I very
much soo-o-ner,

To another career would prefer the
career of a croo-o-ner.

I'm sure it is just the very career
I was ma-a-de for,

Since I find that curious noises I
make will be pai-ai-d for.

I'm convinced that that fellow Bing
Crosby has nothing on me-e-ow.

When I sit on the tiles in the moon
and let out a loud ye-e-ow.

My girl friend is sure that the noises
I make are more fru-i-ty

Than anything Bing can achieve when
he is on du-u-ty. -(E.D.)-

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SOCIAL COLUMN

WARD B

We are happy to announce that Sister Sexton has been awarded the "Brownies' Cross" for an act of great heroism when "abandoning ship" this week. (H.Z. papers please copy).

Will wedding bells ring for our well-known Irish Paratrooper? Or is she really too young? -- no floral tributes please.

Mr Kelly, being an Inspector usually gets to the seat of trouble. This time the troubles got his seat. It is rumoured that Mr Kelly has a ring of "near misses" round the centre of infection. It is to be hoped that Sister Molloy and her hypodermic night fighting tactics will improve.

A certain Intelligence Officer is taking everyone's particulars down. We wonder where he'll stop.

It is interesting to note that the famous Jimmy ("Snozzle") Durante's relative has collected the necessary implements with which to compete in the British Open Golf Championship.

Will cigar smokers please contact Mr. Coates -- as he has run out.

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