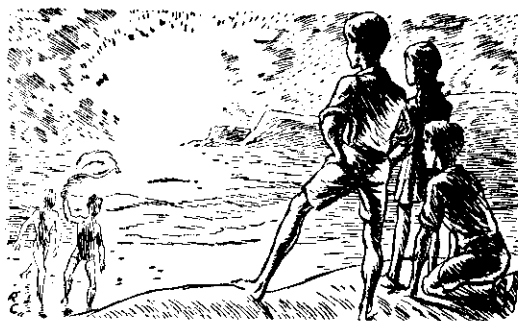


Stand To



*THE long wave lingers on the remembered beach
Where we boiled the billy on the sunlit sand-dunes
(And it may be memory, like the other dead,
Should be decently interred when the spirit has departed.)*

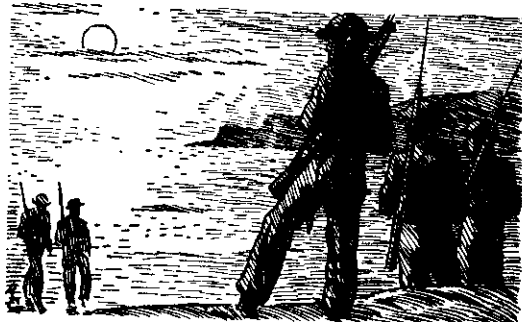
*TO-NIGHT there is the murmur of our male voices,
The sibilant wind in last week's wiring,
The lean steel scarecrow of the bren-mounting,
The helmet silhouetted in the moonlight,
And blandly, over all, the romantic crescent
Garlanding our bayonets on the revetment.*

*STARE stare once more at the quiet but portentous sea
Till stars dissolve in the awakening blue,
Back to bunks and the blankets' lonely caress
Leaving the sentry with the spectacular sunrise.*

*THE long wave lingers on the remembered beach,
Memory like the sleepers stirs her uneasy limbs,
And it may be before it is entirely forgotten
Maybe the day will dawn.*

*PILE the kids once again in the crowded car,
Pack the primus, the rugs, and the sandwiches,
The pail for the pebbles and sand and seaweed,
The camera to catch the innocent attitude,
The volume for the lazy afternoon,
And head for last year's bay.*

*Where on the remembered beach
The long wave lingers.*



Written for
"The Listener"
by
IAN A. GORDON

(Continued from previous page)

With the radio officer, who comes from icy Archangel, Alfred is a winter sport enthusiast; he rivals the captain as a hunter of big game and both have vowed to come back for some hunting, shooting and fishing.

Alfred will probably insist on bringing his splendid gramophone with him. He has one of the best collections of classical recordings this side of the Line.

The second mate is tall, broad and deep, and always cheerful, never rattled, a sheet anchor and tower of strength rolled into one. He would look the part in the uniform of any navy.

The third mate is over six feet tall, powerfully built, extremely good looking and has a manner rather suggestive of a collie dog. At first glance he gives the impression of being in his early

twenties. Later one learns that he is married with a daughter aged 11. He is 31 and comes from Siberia. His hair and complexion are dark in contrast to another Siberian, the chief stewardess, a golden blonde. Fourth mate is also a girl—22 years old

Steel and Gold

No mention of the crew should pass without a word about the chief engineer, a Slim Summerville type, with a mouth of stainless steel and a heart of solid gold. On board, off duty, he is a cheerful clown, the life and soul of the ship. On shore he is a master of the dance floor—he won championships many years ago—and at public meetings, immaculately dressed, he looks like an ambassador.

Every man and woman on board, in fact, is an ambassador, creating a good impression of Soviet progress.

*Presentation
for
Christmas*

These new Paul Duval Christmas Presentations are excitingly different and will be a welcome addition to the woman who takes pride in her choice of the best aids to beauty.

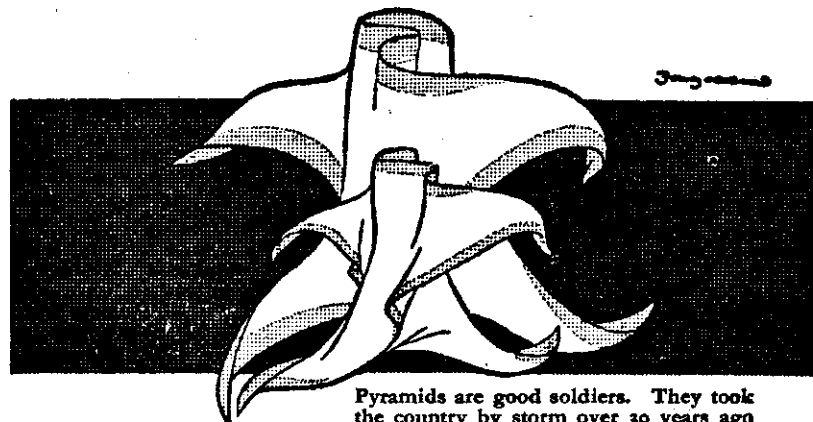
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Blue Royale Complexion Soap. Blue Royale and Baronova Dusting Powders. Eau de Cologne in smart new bottle.

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looks Perfect
is Perfect and
STAYS Perfect*

BSA



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