

Our C.G.I.

Taking rather a dim view of your reporter as he entered his sanctum sanctorum, the C.G.I. carefully laid on his desk a well thumbed copy of "Victory Through Air Power", which evidently he had been reading, then, brushing aside six geranium plants, one thistle, and a well pointed cactus, pulled up a chair and said: "Be seated please."

Wending our way through a maze of charts, flora and fauna, not to mention flotsam and jetsam, we finally managed to do his bidding. Comfortably seated we were ready to interview our immaculate and personable gentlemanly scholar and scholarly gentleman, S/L. A.W. Roberts.

Having only the interest of our vast number of readers at heart we stammeringly mumbled the question: "Sir, would you mind telling why you go to Cornwall on your 48's?" A strange light seemed momentarily to glow upon his countenance, then that impassionate Selection Bored look replaced it. Declining to give an answer, we were only left to assume that our anonymous informants might have been correct when they told your reporter

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