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had been created for the newsboys delivering the "New York Sunday Times" by reason of the excessive weight of its issues. From delivery on foot, they had moved to delivery by bicycle, but now nothing else than a motor-car will do.

The difference was put in a dramatic form by a correspondent in New York who tells me that on December 9 the "New York Sunday Times," with its 408 pages, used in this single issue enough paper to print our SUNDAY TIMES in its present size for more than two years.

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Charles Morgan and Beverley Nichols, who were afterwards to make big names as writers, but he had no illusions about his own talent as a writer of fiction and wisely decided to write thrillers, and, afterwards, his excellent popular histories of the war. He was very much of an actor, and in fact looked rather like one. Indeed, I always thought that he belonged more to the eighteenth century than to a war of Spitfires, and that he would have looked better in a cloak and wig. He loved wine, books, laughter and the cultivation of intelligent friends who loved the same things.

His puckishness concealed a determined shrewdness of mind and that in turn a certain boyishness—and also I think—fatal adventurousness. His many war-time flights in pursuit of material for his admirable pamphlets on the R.A.F. were too often oxygen-less and done at high altitudes. After them he was physically never quite the same again. But the character as I first knew it never flagged. It was perhaps not so much a character as a flourish—a flourish a little theatrical sometimes, even in the grand manner, but at heart wonderfully warm and generous and endearing too.

## Hilary Saunders

By H. E. BATES

Hilary Saunders and I first met at the Air Ministry in the autumn of 1941, when I reported to him in order to take up what was then a unique appointment in any of the three Services. It was because of Hilary that the R.A.F. had decided to commission me as a writer whose job was to go out and write short stories about flying men. When I arrived in Whitehall, apprehensive and a little nervous, I found my new chief to be a broad, bright-eyed, jovial, amusing, garrulous, irritable, puckish and vivaciously charming character-figure, of Dickensian expansiveness.

We grew to be great friends. Such a revolutionary project as a freelance officer writing short stories about pilots was bound to arouse some suspicion among die-hards. Hilary was delighted to fight every battle that arose out of it, riding out and killing the dragons of red-tape and prejudice exactly like the St. George he was. He loved the departmental row. He was tireless in a campaign for absolute freedom for myself and other official writers and it was typical of him that he once even got me Air Ministry expenses for the unheard-of business of pushing the boat out, so that pilots could tell me their stories with greater readiness and less embarrassment.

His years at Oxford had been spent with several men, among them

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### DEATH:

HEINEMANN.—On December 21, 1951, at a London Hospital, Joseph Heinemann, beloved father of Fred Heinemann, of 5, Ebury Close, Northwood, Middlesex. Funeral at the West London Crematorium, Kensal Green, tomorrow, Monday, at 2.45 p.m.