

VOL. 1 NO. 4

AUGUST, 1942

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R.A.F. CHARLOTTETOWN.

LUCKY NUMBER

Nº 308

See Page 26

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GRAF

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Published by kind
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Group Captain E.
A. Blake, O.B.E.,
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Editorial:

* * * * *

At all periods during the career of any journal, there persists an ambition to know the thrill of a complete "sell-out". That joy came early to us with the issue of Graf No. 3. Whatever the reason, be it the attraction of the new cover, improved sales organization, or the merit of the magazine content, we were tremendously cheered by the announcement, within a few hours of publication, that our monthly task had achieved its happiest completion. You, dear reader, encourage us to the belief that you like The Graf, and wish to obtain it in increasing numbers, and we therefore, assuming that our objective hitherto has been too modest, will extend our issue and strive for greater progress in both quantity and quality.

You will realize that we need have no recourse to gift schemes to bolster our sales, and any such disbursement is prompted solely by our desire to squander riches amongst the deserving poor. Gifts we have for dispersal, emanating not from us but from an ever bountiful Y. M. C. A.—hence perhaps our urge to squander—and since apparently Union regulations forbid you to earn more by your own efforts in our quiz experiments, we introduce the easier path of selection by the good old scheme of lucky numbers. We sincerely trust that our own copy retained for the file does not bear the chosen number, or we should have no alternative but to resign, and we could visualize no-one else foolish enough to undertake the prodigious task of producing this journal for lesser recognition than that of Group Captain rank

Editor



UNIFORMS — By Jack Cameron
 “Esquire”
 Great George Street, Charlottetown

Go Over the Hills and Far Away—Take a

MOVIE VACATION

You can go on a real vacation you'll find at the movies, just a trip today—and be back today. You'll see far places, unusual scenes, different people. You'll be escorted by interesting, amusing personalities. You'll count your cost in pennies, not dollars, and you'll come back with a relaxed, refreshed point of view. All this

few blocks away. Never have your favorite stars had better pictures to show you. Never have you and your family needed these price-less trips into delightful unreality more. You'll find a movie “vacation” pays.

Prince Edward, Capitol & Empire Theatres

CHARLOTTETOWN. P. E. I.



Padre's Pages

In the picture "Gulliver's Travels" the kings of Lilliput engaged in war because they could not agree upon the song to be sung at their children's wedding. Each saw it from his own viewpoint and wished to have his own national anthem. Gulliver saw their silly quarrel from the right perspective and taught them to create a better tune by combining the two.

Where a large number of people are living together there is bound to be differences in customs and viewpoint and a spirit of tolerance is very necessary.

From a broadcast address by Canon Elliott of St. Michael's, London, I quote the following:—

"I don't know, I'm sure, why we should be so critical of other people's weaknesses. Anybody would think by the way we talk that we ourselves were perfect. But we're not. Other people's weaknesses may not be ours because we are different, in temperament, and most other things. But we have our own weaknesses. It would hurt us to have them pointed out, though it would do us a bit of good. Why do we go on in life with our secret self-despising and try to cover them up with angry words about our fellow-men? Critical people are always unhappy people. They are afraid of themselves, and in all probability very much afraid of life. The trouble with them is that they go the wrong way to work. If I have fallen in the mud, it doesn't help or comfort me one bit to throw mud at my friends and acquaintances. And of course when you come to think of it, none of us can throw mud unless we have some to throw.

"We would do ourselves a lot of good and the world a lot of good, if only by the grace of God we would drop our stupid intolerance."

Now read this brief article by Bishop Lawrence of Western Massachusetts.

"If you cannot make yourself the sort of person you yourself want to be, how can you expect other people always to be what you would like them to be?

"These words have rather haunted me lately, and have, I hope, made me more sympathetic and generous in my judgments and criticisms of others."

Our Lord teaches us how intolerance may be overcome. The Sons of the Kingdom are the poor in spirit, the peacemakers, the meek. Pride leads to distortion, humility results in the true perspective. We must learn "not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think." Humility is the cure of intolerance.

A. C. FRENCH.

The life of a Christian is usually no bed of roses. The Christian man who knows, and tries honestly to carry into effect in his life, the Christian ideal is quite aware of this fact. Difficulties, trials, and hardships of every conceivable kind beset his path, until he is ready to cry out, "What have I done to deserve all this?" (Long sojourn in Charlotte-town, for instance). But this is not to be wondered at. Scripture has a great many warnings to this effect; and Christ definitely told his followers they must take their cross. If the burden has been neither "sweet" nor "light", let not discouragement be added to the burden. If any sudden remedy could be had, how eagerly it would be sought! Prayer, the reception of the sacraments, and other religious acts will

not assure the lightening of the burden nor the disappearing of the difficulty. But what these do is to increase our faith, to obtain grace and strength, and to help us understand better the spiritual struggle life demands. We know well that in worldly affairs, the goal worth reaching is worth fighting for. So it is in spiritual things, and the struggle ends only with death. Christ would have his followers be MEN, not babes nor cowards. The goal is to be attained only through personal effort. "Come, Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of thy faithful!" The people who have reached real peace of mind in this present distracting life are those who are utterly at peace about death, who have gazed full into the face of man's last enemy, and have recognized with the thrill of excited discovery how meagre is its narrow realm, how pitiful its weakness behind the braggart show of power. And to all who will accept it, that release from the prison of the fear of death is freely offered in the Gospel. Christ holds the key of immortality. Your love is immortal. Death cannot lay a finger on that; for love is of God, and those you have loved upon this earth, and have been loved by, are yours for ever. Your work is immortal. It is not going to be made a mockery by death, nor cast as rubbish to the void; it is to be taken up, and conserved, and wrought into the fabric of the final consummation of the city whose builder and maker is God. Finally, your own being is immortal. The earth and clay of our common nature are mingled with the fire of God and in union with Christ this mortal has already put on immortality! For in Christ, the eternal has arrived upon the scene of time; and in fellowship with Him, our eternal life begins here and now, is a present, actual possession. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory—that victory—through our Lord Jesus Christ.

T. H. B. SOMERS, Flt. Lieut.
O. D. Padre.

QUIZ RESULTS

An honourable journal will acknowledge its mistakes, and The Graf, holding as it does, one of the high places in honourable journalism, confesses to a complete misjudgment of its reading public. It was in complete integrity and good faith that we believed there were periods when you had thrown caution and dollars to the winds, and found yourselves occasionally in penury as a result. We hereby unreservedly retract that implication, and acknowledge that you are always careful and permanently affluent. That conclusion is forced upon us by the fact that not one soul could we interest in the matter of a measly two dollars offered as bait for solving the technical quiz. We will refrain from insulting you further, and forthwith conclude this feature on the assumption that you have either plenty of money or no interest in such things outside of the hangars.

Our heartiest congratulations—and thanks—to three readers who showed sympathy with our efforts by responding to the General Quiz. The prize of two dollars goes to Cpl. C. H. Harris, who had all fifteen answers correct. His entry was submitted from the Charlottetown Sanatorium, and along with the shekels we extend our best wishes for his speedy recovery.

Strangely enough the other two competitors each had 12½ answers correct. One of them was a lady on Headquarters staff, hence we hasten to state that if they wish to know where they went astray, the Editor will be delighted to inform them—outside of working hours! He does not for one moment expect that the airman concerned will want to know!

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

The last issue of "*Graf*" covered in full the operation of a Y. M. C. A. organization on an R. A. F. Station. It also gave in detail many facts and figures concerning canteen operation and services provided by the "Y" for the previous month.

Therefore we shall be brief in saying that cinemas, bingos, quizzes, Monday musicales and sundry activities were enjoyed by a large number on the station during the past month.

Now that the summer season is passed the half way mark, we naturally think of the coming Autumn and Winter, and what it has in store for us. It is opportune at this time to tell you some of the plans that have been formulated with a view to a more comprehensive recreation and entertainment programme on the station.

A weekly broadcast will be done from the recreation hall each Wednesday at 20.30 hours. Station: C.F.C.Y., Rehearsals: yes. Participating: all station personnel.

It is expected that everyone will support this effort so that it will be the best broadcast of its type in this area. Much of the credit for the initial work on this project goes to F/Lt. Over. To him, our thanks.

Realizing the lack of a suitable programme for the student officers, the Y.M.C.A. has appointed another Supervisor to work particularly among these men. He will start his duties on August 1st.

Highlight of the month:

(Overheard during an early evening rush at the canteen)

"I know there was one million, six hundred thousand and some in the R.A.F., but why the 'ell do they all pick the same time as me to buy their chocolate bars. . ."

SEEING IS BELIEVING—SOMETIMES

The squadron was over the Thames Estuary when they met the Huns, and Sgt. Billy Thomas was on 'Ops' for the first time with 1212 fighter squadron.

It was due to this fact that Billy did not feel secure about his nether regions. It wasn't fright, oh no! and it certainly wasn't a very gallant way to behave—after all the first time out is the worst, especially if your foe is the famous Hitumanrun squadron, with blue strips on their noses.

These famous Huns were equipped with M.E. 110's, and Billy was shot scared when the leader came at him with cannon and gun blazing.

After the Hun had shot a hole in the seat of Billy's pants he realized that the nasties weren't playing tiddley winks with him, and decided it was about time something was done about it.

"Every man for himself" was the order, and very soon there were dog-fights all over the Estuary, in the usual proportions, eighty Huns to eighteen Hurricanes.

All Billy Thomas had to do was point his nose down and give his kite bags of left and right rudder, close his eyes and press the gun button.

These things Sgt. Billy Thomas did, but only twice, then after he had seen three "Messers" go down, he found that he had run out of ammunition, but the worst of it was, there was a dirty big M. E. on his tail pumping cannon shells into his instrument panel.

Clang! came a shell through the sliding roof and turned his compass needle a few degrees from North.

Ching! came another which registered all tanks as empty.

Ping! came a shower of armour piercing and incendiary bullets which shot Billy's tanks into flames. He tried in vain to get out of the kite via the sliding roof, he couldn't see through the 'screen; and had no idea whither he was bound, but he had an old rag doll in the cockpit which he firmly clutched—and hoped.

He landed—with his nose about six feet thrust into Kent.

He didn't know that he'd landed this way, he couldn't even guess it. Because Sgt. Billy Thomas was still, very still.

(An old yokel insisted that out of the flames of the burning Hurricane, he saw a figure (very faintly) dressed in flying gear and clutching an old rag doll, floating upwards (presumably to heaven).

The yokel was quite right too, for Sgt. Billy Thomas was certainly on the up and up.

He ascended with his rag doll, to a certain little star in the heavens, an angel's recruiting depot, where candidates from Earth have to report—a sort of West Drayton you know.

In charge of a camp was an Angel station commander. Everything shone brightly—and Sgt. Billy grunted.

He looked this way and that and unlike Moses, saw two Service Policemen.

Sgt. Billy closed his eyes and wondered if he'd come to the right place, for he thought there was a special second life for S. P.'s across a river called the Styx. This was funny, for he couldn't remember crossing any river. Then this must be Heaven. Service Police in Heaven? there must be a snag somewhere—there must be. When did he see a Service Policeman in Church? Never. Then it occurred to him to ask why he'd never seen them there, and the whole thing became clear. He's only been to Church twice in his life, once when he was christened and then again when he was Best Man at Bertie Beerbottle's wedding.

Well then, what the merry dickens was he doing in Heaven? And what the dickens were S. P.'s doing here?

He advanced slowly towards the main gate; the S. P.'s frown:

ed at him. Still Sgt. Billy came on, then the guard stuck out his golden bayonet and sang: "Password."

Sgt. Billy was in a flat spin for a split second, then he had a brain-wave.

"Per ardua ad astra" he said gently.

"Pax vobiscum, sic transit gloria mundi," replied the guard.

"Am I not ever to go back there?"

"To the world? oh no! unless—" the guard didn't finish for one of the guards ordered Sgt. Billy into the guard room.

In the guard room he was told that there was a war on.

"What, a war on up here, in Heaven?"

"Yes, there has always been a war on up here," said a guard. A continuous struggle with the angels from Hell. Sometimes the Black winged squadrons would come over with a load of dust and cinders from the blast furnaces of Hell and spray dust over the camp and drop big cinders on S. H. Q. This gets the C. O. all het up, then you see on D. R. O.s that you are detailed to sweep up the dust and shovel up the cinders by a certain time—and if it isn't swept up by a certain time you will probably have to do bomb dump guard."

"Bomb dump guard?" gasped Sgt. Billy.

"Of course," replied the Guardian Angel.

"I didn't know they dropped bombs from heaven," confessed the astounded Billy.

"Well, they're not exactly bombs," said the angel. "As a matter of fact they're poured out onto the blast furnace of Hell."

"Well," queried Billy, "what do they pour out, and what do they pour it out with?"

"Well actually," said the guard, "it's a secret, but now that you have joined the 'mob' you might just as well know. We pour out Wrath, from a Viol. Now for Pete's sake don't say that I told you or I'll break your ruddy neck."

"Huh, decent bloke eh?" grunted Billy.

The corporal S. P. turned to him without a smile on his rather smug countenance. "What's yer number sprog?"

"123—" began Billy.

"All right that's quite enough, I don't want to stay here all day listening to you recite your number—I'll take you straight to the C. O. Follow me."

The C. O. was a bald headed angel, and a very understanding fellow, he knew all the 'Grif' about Sgt. Billy Thomas.

"Now Sergeant, what trade would you like to learn in the H. A. F.?"

"Well sir," began our hero, "I've been a fighter pilot, and in civvy street I was a newspaper reporter; maybe I could run the local rag for you."

"As a matter of fact," said the C. O. "We've got a very efficient and competent editor on the staff of 'The Heavenly Clarion' and I think we have too many sub-editors and reporters, and the free-lances give our G. D.s all they can do to empty the waste paper baskets, when they send in articles on how the war should be run to bring us victory over the Powers of Darkness, so I think that you should pick another trade."

"I don't quite know what to pick sir, in fact I think I'd like to take a step further up into the Heavens than this recruiting depot."

"And so you shall my dear fellow," said the benevolent C. O.

(Sgt. Billy Thomas went to a school of Discipline on one of the higher stars. Here he learned to behave in an angel-like manner and to say "Oh dear," instead of "Oh damn".

Before he could qualify for the H. A. F. he had to learn to swing his wings when he flew, to swing his arms when he walked, even to swing it when he sang. He became very popular in Heaven among the A/C.s (Angel-Child in the H.A.F.) until a dozen of them asked him to lend them a few bob until pay day—then he decided they were not so Angelic.

Sgt. Billy was told that he would have to go through a school of navigation again. When asked if he knew how to navigate himself through space when flying to a certain star, Sgt. Billy told them that he couldn't fly without maps and an aeroplane to put them in. He was taught how to find his direction by the stars; astronomical calculations were his bug-bear, but he thought that he would eventually get used to them.

One thing that Sgt. Billy couldn't get used to was the total absence of nut-brown or anything resembling it. He was told that the Prohibition Act was in force, and that the only way to obtain a good drink was to report sick in the morning.

The next day Sgt. Billy was so sick he was ejected from Sick Quarters as drunk as a doctor who's just been struck off the register.

Now as the S. P.'s told him, all bad conduct (Jankers and Jug) goes down in a little black book which counts in your Board.

If Sgt. Billy obtained less than forty marks, he was doomed to eternal damnation in the Black Air Force as a G. D.

If he got sixty marks he'd go back to Earth and retain his former rank.

If on the other hand he was a super intelligent fellow and got eighty marks or over he would be promoted to the White Squadron of the H. A. F. as an L.A.C. or Leading Angel Child.

The fact that Sgt. Billy eventually knew all about "Astronomical calculations' saved him from Hell.

On the square, he swung his arms like a bloke what I knows as gets paid for doing it, and when he flew, he swung his wings like a Heinkel with a Spit on his tail; When he sung—he swung—

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and how! therefore he obtained forty one marks for his Test Board—saved from Hades by one solitary mark.

As a result he left Heaven and he didn't know it, but he'd landed in Kent again.

Sgt. Billy decided that it was very warm, but his fears were allayed. He was in a hospital bed.

The doctor came up and beamed on Billy.

"My boy," he said, as if he was about to make a speech that would go down in History with a bang, "you have been brought out of the jaws of Hell."

"You're telling me," said Sgt. Billy, "you don't know the half of it, one mark saved me from raking cinders, I got forty one. How long have I been here, doctor?"

"My boy," said the doctor, "you've been here for three months without opening your eyes."

"And I've seen more in that three months, than you'll ever see."

"Oh!" said the doctor grinning, evilly like, "and what have you seen that I won't see?"

"Service Policemen at the Gates of Heaven," returned Sgt. Billy.

And—believe—you—me, Sgt. Billy Thomas was quite right.
MAJOR M.

HUNTING SHADOWS

As I boarded a buss at the camp, my only thought was, would they be waiting for me at the other end? Would they pounce before I could make my getaway? I dare not visualise the consequences should I fall into their clutches.

At last the journey was over, and as the bus drew to a standstill I made my way to the door and cast furtive glances to right, and left. A sigh of relief. Not one of them appeared to be in sight.

However, the worst was not yet over and my heart beat like the tappets of an overworked Cheetah as I made my way towards my goal. As every second passed and I had not been accosted, my steps grew lighter, my breathing more free. The next corner—within sight of home, but listen! What was that? Did I detect the swift patter of running feet behind me? Yes, there it was again, my footsteps accelerated as I drew nearer home and safety. Faster! faster, could I make it? One hundred yards, fifty, the sound grew louder as my pursuer gained ground. Twenty five yards to go, he was almost on my heels now and the pounding of his feet on the sidewalk sounded like a thousand Gene Krupers' gone mad. The irony of it, to be caught within arms length of safety; but it was no use, and I chose the only way out when I reached for my pocket as a little voice said, "Patriot Sir, two cents."
"Preheat"

Gentlemen You May Smile

BY DIGGING ALONE?

No one can get blood out of a stone, but many a smart gal can get a stone out of a young blood.

FRA' SCOTLAND

Andy—"I heard McTavish was arrested las' nict'".

Sandy—"Ay, he was going to a strip poker game naked."

"BLIND"

"Hurry over to our fraternity house, Doctor, a fellow here has something the matter with his eyes."

"It must be serious if you wake me up at this time of the night. What's the trouble? Does he see elephants and snakes and things."

"No, sir, that's why we called. The room is full of them and he can't see any."

S-h-h-h

First Security Guard—Aren't you ever afraid that an intruder will break in?

Second Ditto—At first I was so worried I couldn't sleep nights.

ONE FOR THE ROAD

First Drunk—We're getting closer to town.

Second Drunk—How do you know?

First Drunk—We're hitting more people.

FAIR ENOUGH

Male Voice (over the telephone)—Say, Mabel, may I come over to night?"

Female Voice—Sure, Bill, come on over.

Male Voice—Why, this isn't Bill.

Female Voice—This isn't Mabel, either. But come on over.

DEFINITIONS

Wisdom: Knowing what to do next.

Skill: Knowing how to do it.

Virtue: Not doing it.

NOT CRICKET

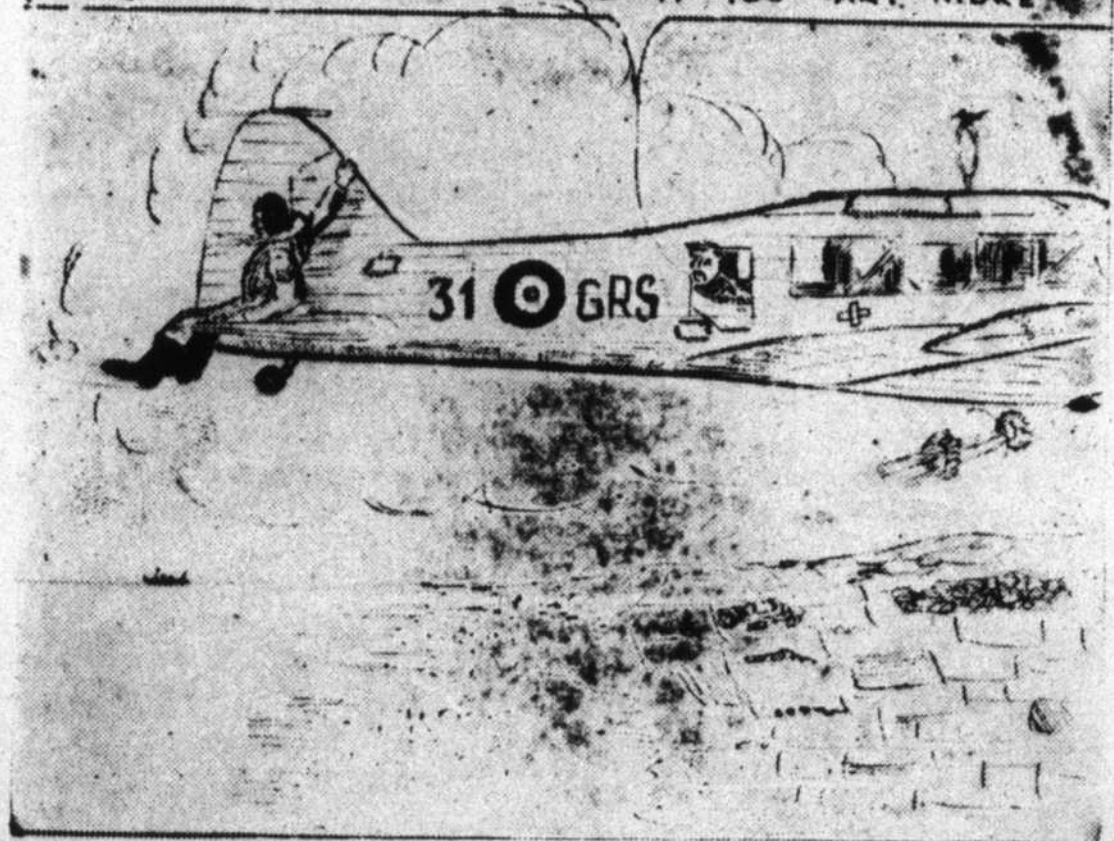
Love is one game that is never postponed on account of darkness.

R.A.F. TERMS SIMPLIFIED



"YOU'RE GROUNDED"

YOU CAN COME BACK IN NOW BLOGGS—
WE AIN'T MAD AT YOU ANY MORE



OUTLOOK

A young man and his fiancée had wed and were spending their honeymoon at a large hotel. When bedtime came the bride went to bed and the groom sat by the window and gazed at the moon and stars. The bride called to him and asked:

"Why don't you come to bed?"

He replied: "My mother told me my wedding night would be the most beautiful night of my life, and I'm not going to miss a minute of it."

JUST MARRIED

"Did Mary's playboy husband carry her across the threshold the night of their wedding?"

"Yes, he had to. She was plastered!"

DEAR, DEAR

Lady (to chauffeur)—Clarence.

Chauffeur—Yes, madam.

Lady—I am not accustomed to call my chauffeurs by their first names, Clarence. What is your surname?

Chauffeur—Darling, madam.

Lady—Drive on, Clarence.

NOT NEWS

A new recruit was on Guard Duty for the first time, the Officer in charge, to test his alertness, approached stealthily and waited to be challenged. After a few minutes he stepped forward and shouted:

"Hey, do you know that I have been here five minutes?"

"That's nothing", came the reply, "I've been here for two hours."

A FLAME Unquenched

"Mrs. Brown is very determined that her husband shall do no more Fire Watching."

"What's her reason?"

"Well, it seems that he has been concentrating on an old flame."

NOT A MAIDEN'S FARE

Frantic Voice on Phone—"Help; a robber just broke into the old maid's home."

Cop—"Who's this calling?"

Voice—"The robber."

MOTHER-IN-LAW

"My husband got angry last night and told me to go to the devil."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going straight home to mother."

FREE AND EASY

Mrs. Jones went into her kitchen to find the maid sitting on the butler's lap.

"Is this what I pay you for?" she stormed.

"No, madam" replied the maid. "I do this for nothing."

JUST IRISH

Murphy—What's that in your pocket?

Pat (in whisper)—Dynamite—I'm waiting for Casey. Every time he meets me, he slaps me on the chest and breaks my pipe. Next time he does it, he'll blow his hand off.

PERHAPS TO FIFE TOO!

Never in the annals of the section had such a drastic step been taken and we could not believe that we would ever see one of those particular forms being submitted by our N. C. O. i/c. But it was true, he had really done it; he had threatened oftentimes to do it, but we had treated it as propaganda. No, heaven forbid, not our Sgt., but there you are, you never can tell. Yet, we suppose he had to have a "48 hrs." sometime.

THINGS WE WONDER

If you have "met" the new S. P.s yet.

* * * * *

—And duly memorised their forms and features.

* * * * *

If the Flight Sgt. is satisfied with his lawn as an outstanding contribution to the Empire War Effort.

* * * * *

If you are still "sweating" on the boat.

* * * * *

And if the "pioneers" are now preparing their most horrible lines for subsequent shooting.

* * * * *

If Corporals envy the income-tax-free affluence of the L. A. C. s.

* * * * *

Or do they prefer their exclusive rights—to pay for Club privileges.

* * * * *

If N.C.O.s "boobed" by not remaining (English) Group Five.

* * * * *

Who was the bright young thing in the Station Hospital who asked the Flt/Sgt. just where in London was Civic Street.

* * * * *

If you were lucky enough to get a *Graf* last time—or this time.

something ageless, and fundamental about this novelty event. Two types of competitors may be distinguished in this race. The Hare type who bounds towards the winning post with a fine disregard of whether the egg is on or off the spoon, and the Tortoise type who plods steadily on towards his goal, his whole being slave to the task of keeping the wobbling, rebellious egg atop of the spoon. Controversy has always raged as to which type stands the best chance of winning. I have no statistics on hand, but on this occasion it was one of the Hare type who ran away with the prize. Careful watch was kept on the candidates to make sure that they were not in possession of a colloidal or sticky substance with which they might attempt to affix the egg to the spoon, and the two mounties were present to see that there was no foul play in this respect. W.O. Parker lets fly with his revolver, and A.C. Sweeting with a consummate sense of balance, and a fine burst of speed breaks the tape first.

LAC. Fay won the high jump with an altitude record for the day of four feet, eight inches. At the very outset of the Putting the Shot competition W.O. Thompson gave a leap, and a twirl, and a piroquette and threw the sixteen lb ball thirty three feet, ten inches. Though the other contestants strained sinew, and muscle they could not surpass his feat. F/Lt. Robbins won the veterans' race, closely followed by W.O. Armstrong.

At this stage of the proceedings the comperes appealed to the audience for entries into the three-legged races. There was no response from the bandstand. Again P.O. Evans assisted by P.O. Bryden made a touching, and eloquent appeal. Still there was no response. Then it was that F/Lt. Hackett backed up these appeals with his personal presence in the bandstand. At once the ladies flocked to the starting post. Mrs. Blake, and Mrs. Isacke also participated in this event and although both of them put up a brave show the local sprinting talent was a little too good for them.

In the obstacle race Flight Sergeant Balmer hurled himself over some hurdles, ducked under some benches, crawled under a sheet of sackcloth picketed to the ground, rose triumphantly. Picked an apple out of a bucket of water with his teeth, climbed into a sack, and hopped energetically to victory with wildly rolling eyes. He certainly deserved to win!

And now we come to one of the high lights of the evening when at the invitation of the announcer, a challenge team collected to combat the victorious tug-of-war team. "Take the strain," said W.O. Parker and Squadron Leader Isacke, Sgt. Adamson, LAC. Jones, F/Lt. Hemmings, Robson and W/O. Thompson as firm anchor took the strain. Then they braced, strained, heaved, and pulled with deep chested grunts and groans of agony. . . . while the Control Tower crew goaded them to greater efforts with a rollicking "Yo Heave Ho." Inside of seventy-six seconds the challenge team had reduced their opponents to a sprawling tangle of exhausted humanity. Mrs. Blake presented the prizes to the winners, and three rousing cheers from the bandstand expressed the gratitude of everyone present for her kind offices, and the assistance that she had rendered.

Thus ended the first R.A.F. Sports Meeting, and it was in my opinion an unqualified success. The very large measure of support that this first meeting was accorded lends to the hope that subsequent meetings will be even better attended.

Technical Terms Explained



Inter Comms!

Performance and Purpose of the P. S. I.

"What exactly is the P.S.I. and what does it accomplish?" is a query often heard amongst the personnel of this and other stations. And rarely is a satisfactory answer forthcoming.

Now through the medium of *The Graf*, the fullest information is made available in an interview with Sqdn. Leader C.O.R. Mosse, M. C.

Contrary to popular belief, the "S" in P.S.I. does not betoken Secrecy, as you shall learn, not merely by virtue of this article but by the expressed intention of Sqdn. Ldr. Mosse to make P.S.I. a live, fully representative and fully publicised organization.

First a word of explanation about those mystic letters P.S.I. They stand for "President of the Services Institute". And broadly speaking the Services Institute comprises the activity conducted on any station for the recreation, entertainment and welfare of airmen below the rank of Sergeant. Upon this station, P.S.I. draws its income from two main sources, a rebate on profits from the Y.M.C.A. canteen, and the profits accruing from the wet canteen. The Y.M.C.A. under contract with the United Kingdom Air Liaison Mission undertook the provision of all R.A.F. canteen facilities throughout Canada, and after such prior charges as overhead expenses, staff wages, fuel, light, insurances, and 2% deduction for headquarters operation, have been met, all profits return for the benefit of the station. Sqdn. Ldr. Mosse took the opportunity to pay tribute to the excellence of the service provided by the Y.M.C.A. supervisor and his staff,—and in that we heartily concur. The wet canteen, much as it has to commend it (!) leaves little to be said here. It does not aim to make high profits, but such as do accrue, return to this account. There are other small miscellaneous items of income which require no mention here. It is therefore to our own advantage to spend as much money as possible in the Y. M. C. A. rather than to disperse it outside especially as it is a well known fact that the dollar normally buys less on the Island than it does elsewhere.

And how does P.S.I. dispose of its substantial resources? was our next question.

Sqdn. Ldr. Mosse was well prepared for it with a wealth of data, and indeed he welcomed the chance of reply for it happens that P.S.I. is at this moment opening its purse and widening the scope of its activity as never before. The largest item of expenditure, strange though

it may seem, relates to "extra messing" to which a monthly allocation of 450 dollars is made. The next time you indulge your fancy for cereals, the while dreamily ruminating upon the relative merits of a Canadian dawn or an hour longer abed; or enjoy such delicacies as kidneys, liver, custard, jelly or even fresh vegetables; take them not for granted as due reward from a grateful Government, but give due credit to P. S. I. whence they really and truly spring. Any subsequent inquiries as to the basic sustenance accorded you without the intervention of P.S.I. will be personally answered by the Editor!

Next, in degree of cost, follows sport. Expenditure on sports equipment has of late shown considerable impetus, as a peep into the well stocked sports store will show. Tennis racquets are amongst the latest innovations. The total allocation for the year was 1500 dollars.

Almost as much, 1300 dollars, was devoted to the purchase of furniture, and by the time these words appear in print, you will probably find ample confirmation in the added comfort of Y.M.C.A. and wet canteen. A new billiard table cost 535 dollars, and other items worthy of record were: alterations to recreation hall stage and lighting 600; deep fat fryer 550. radio 198; cash register 150; and—mark it well—glasses and mugs 329. Altogether the P.S.I. outlay during the year ended May 31st last, totalled over 5476 dollars.

One other new venture—"I hope it will be increasingly patronised" remarked Sqdn. Ldr. Mosse,—is the establishment of a beach hut leased by Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar at Keppoch, for the exclusive use of airmen, and a "restricted area" for their bathing. Buses will leave the camp at 2 p.m. on Fridays and Saturdays, and at 10 a. m. Sundays, returning at 7 p.m., and suppers may be provided if prior warning is given to Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar. "It will be readily appreciated that there are many other vistors to the site", added Sqdn. Ldr. Mosse "and I feel sure that their privacy and rights will be reciprocally respected."

Finally, Sqdn. Ldr. Mosse, in extending best wishes to all ranks on behalf of the organization, said he would like to see P.S.I. inspire much greater interest. "If you have any suggestions to make, do not hesitate to put them before your representative, and *please* ensure that he attends the meetings. Meantime, L.A.C. Daniels is the newly appointed secretary.

The next meeting of the committee will be held on Thursday August 6th, and henceforth, reports of the proceedings will appear in *The Graf*.

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Mutiny

Bill and Tom stood in the street in a mood ripe for mutiny, a dour, patient pair, country bred, long-suffering; there was a limit to their well tried loyalty. Sleet was falling, driven in the chill breath of a bitter Nor-easter that pierced them to the bone with icy shafts. But the wind was not as bitter as the feeling stirring within the docile pair waiting outside the house into which their friend Walter had gone with a fervent promise not to be absent longer than "'alf a mo". Bill cast an expectant look towards the door of the house in which Walter lingered in warmth and cosiness.

B-r-r-h he grumbled. "You could never trust 'im to keep his word." "You said it mate", Tom agreed through his chattering teeth. "Couple of muts thats us" Bill complained, stamping his feet in a futile effort to restore the circulation in his numbed limbs.

Tom nodded savagely "We are." "Matter of fact we've ourselves to blame for his carryin's-on" Bill asserted: It's up to us to put our feet down. "Hear hear" growled Tom. "Talk, talk, talk, that's you and me old pal."

"Well what could we do?" objected the weaker vessal of the partnership. "He's boss aint 'e? What 'e says goes." "Mebbe 'e is," Bill admitted, "but I reckon we ought to do what we talked of doing the last time 'e kept us 'anging round in the cold while 'e made eyes at the blonde 'e's sweet on. Clear out and leave him flat. Give 'um no end of a scare, wouldn't it? Bring him properly up to scratch." "But-but," Tom protested in dismay. Bill uttered a snort of contempt.

"You're scared," he sneered.

"No I aint."

"Then come along."

"Okay."

As the mutineers trotted off along the street, a loafer burst into the public-house and yelled to the driver "Quick mate, yer 'orses are running away."

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SPORT

(By ALL ROUNDER)

The already abundant sports activity on the station has seen further extension during the past month, most notable additions being athletics, tennis and swimming. A new Sports Officer, P/O Bryden, has arrived in our midst, and it is his object to make the existing facilities available for as many of the personnel as possible, and to cover all "tastes". There is no reason why everyone should not indulge in some organized sport as an enjoyable means to health, and if team games are not your forte, or if the more individual pursuits do not appeal, you may be interested to know, for the sake of more comely physique, that any group of airmen may voluntarily constitute a P. T. group, and instructors will be available.

Our plea last month for your news items about sports incidents and events, has as yet gone unheeded, and since we are still unable to be in more than about three places at one time, these sports pages must of necessity remain more in the nature of a general review of the local sporting world, than an itemised record of performances.

ATHLETICS

As this magazine appears, our representatives will be taking their part in track and field events at Halifax, first in an inter-station tourney, and secondly, we hope, in an inter-Services event. Our best wishes go with them.

Despite the lack of opportunity for training on a soft track here, our runners "cleared the deck" at the meeting organized in connection with the local Army Week. They held five of the six places in the final of the 100 yards, and the first three men home were 1. Cheeseman; 2. Lamb; 3. Balmer.

The team of Weaden, Cheeseman, Balmer and Lamb also took the 880 yards relay in comfortable style, each man increasing the lead to the final margin of 25 yards.

As a prelude to participation in the Halifax tourneys, the station's first athletic meeting was scheduled to take place on July 23rd. A programme inclusive of all the usual track and field events was planned, and the winners were to go forward as our representatives at Halifax on July 31st and August 1st. The Graf hopes to carry full results and pictures of all these meetings in the next issue.

Meantime the weekly perimeter runs have become an established feature, and prizes are awarded however large or small the entry.

PHOTOGRAPHS

By **Craswell Portrait Studio**

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FOOTBALL

The fall of the mighty S.H.Q. team to "B" Flight has opened up an entirely new interest in the football league, and the chances are that these two teams will be engaged in a keen struggle to the season's end. Fittingly enough the final game in the four months programme concerns these two sides, and should they maintain their winning ways in the meantime, this fixture will decide the championship. But there's many a slip—as "B" Flight found to their cost against Minors. A "very leisurely" opening against apparently meagre opposition, found them a goal down in the first minute and it was not until 10 minutes from the end that they equalised to save a point.

The weekly programme of games will henceforth be less congested, for the two A. N. S. teams will be unable to complete their obligations. There will be no disturbance of the league table nowever, for their results to date have been calculated as for one team. Cooks and Batmen have shown the greatest recent improvement, largely owing to the scoring efforts of Carmichael, and in one sustained run, they climbed from the foot of the table to third position. Minors, too, have made steady progress, and promise to have a much more successful half of the season. Majors on the other hand have continued their decline, and are now struggling to avoid the "wooden spoon".

There is a certain mid-season waning of enthusiasm which might be expected, and for which the weather is partially responsible, but the games continue without interference, and the "fans" will be shouting again as the honours appear in sight. It is still intended, if possible, to complete the season with a knock-out tourney at the end of August.

The goalscoring list shows now a preponderance of S.H.Q. sharpshooters, with Horsham, formerly a Reading player, at the head. Leading goalscorers at the time of going to press were:—Horsham (S.H.Q.) 12; Jolley (A.N.S.) 10; Russell and Taylor (S.H.Q.), Woodruffe (Majors) 9; Mann (D. Flt.), Fairclough (B. Flt.) 8; Carmichael (C. & B), Robinson (B. Flt.), Dennett (Minors) 7.

CRICKET

It may be an outpost of Empire, but King Cricket reigns here just as supremely as ever he did on England's green pastures, and enthusiasm grips his local court to a degree one might expect at Lords, Old Trafford or Headingley. True, the cook-house steps must serve as the "members enclosure", and the flash of white flanneled figures on verdant square may perforce have given place to a multi-miscellany of colour and garb set upon a vast slab of tarmac—but the game's the thing—and the game has flourished exceedingly under the stimulus of the league competition during the past month.

It was never anticipated that the experimental matting wicket would be subjected to so much rigorous, yet fair, wear and tear, yet by mid-July when these words went into print it bore a very moth eaten appearance as expressive testimony to the measure of play upon it. Probably as this magazine appears, a new mat will have been laid, and the arena may be graced by sight screens—and by correct wickets and bails, to obviate doubt and argument aroused by the erstwhile solid board. The cricket committee, appreciating the difficulties for practice with the match wicket so much in demand, intended to construct a practice pitch near Dragon Block, and that too may be in full operation by this time.

The games played to date have revealed several personalities around whom a very strong station side can be built, apart from R. W. V. Robins who was already "discovered" by Middlesex and England long before war threatened. He has given some merry batting displays, but ironically enough, in league encounters, the first four games in which he led Headquarters "B" team, were defeats, confirming once again, perhaps, that where-ever the tourney, Middlesex cannot quite make championship grade!! He came into his own when the Officers met an eleven representative of the sections on July 12th, and following a splendidly compiled 99, he went on to take five wickets for 11 runs and assure an overwhelming victory. Three times in that innings, he landed the ball on top of the Drill Hall, and that reminds us to report that all glassware around the square remains miraculously intact. The airmen's side lacked the services of such stars as Hickman (member of the triumphant "B" Flight team), McLean, Shadbolt and Horsham. Up to this stage, only Hickman and Hornby had recorded centuries, but Robins and Relton had several times fallen only little short.

It is proposed during August, to arrange fixtures with other stations, in which case some very attractive games would be promised, and our station team should be more than a match for most. We may yet be able to suggest Test series between the M.C.C. and R.A.F. Overseas Stations!

Charlottetown Lawn Tennis Club

Charlottetown

**For your convenience, application forms may be obtained from
Officer i/c Tennis (Flt. James)**

—or at—

The Club House, Victoria Park Beach

TENNIS

Despite a belated start, there is bright prospects of an enjoyable outdoor tennis season. Courts which have long been in course of erection for the Officers Mess, the Sergeants Mess and the Airmen, were expected to be ready for play before the end of July, and the four courts should offer plenty of scope for enthusiasts until the late Autumn. Competitions will no doubt be staged later, and a distinctly novel plan is a proposal to invite lady friends of the personnel to play on the station courts. A nice gesture, since our own tennis hitherto has been made possible by the hospitality of Charlottetown folk.

BOXING

Station boxers have continued to throw their respective weights about during the heat of July, but only for training purposes. All the boys are keen to indulge in another "outside" competition, and in the meantime they vent their enthusiasm upon the punch-ball and bag, or upon each other. Two newcomers to the group have styles which are likely to please our most rabid fans. Lawson, according to his "work" in the drill hall, believes that attack is the best defence, and Norman also shows that he is at his best when "mixing it." Regular training is the order, and if you have any doubts about the periodical appearance of our "stars" at the local "race-track" you may rest assured that it is purely because they have an urge to remain near the club's boxing-ring. Or is it? Your guess is as good as mine! Anyway they are all in fine fettle, and just longing either to confirm unbeaten records or reverse recent adverse decisions.

TABLE TENNIS

The effort to organize a comprehensive table tennis tournament to determine the Station Champion, was perhaps ill-seasoned, and although finalists have been drawn from the four preliminary competitions held in the Officers Mess, Sgts. Mess, Corporals Club and Airmens Canteen, the competition has not been fully representative, due to the absence of some players, and the inability of others to play at the specified times. However, a number of the best players have progressed to the finals, which were to be decided. We include in this issue a photograph of the finalists, and amongst them is the Station Champion, whether or not he has won his title before this magazine is in your hands. We could indulge in a bit of tipping, and our own money would go on two stripes—but perhaps we had better not establish any precedents!

Table Tennis Finalists

Winners of the table tennis competitions who went forward to the finals of the Station Championship. L. to R. Standing, L. A. c. Parker, P/O. Mirsky, Sgt. Shadbalt, Cpl. Featherstone.

Seated—L.A.C. Sheppard, F/Lt. Rolins, Sgt. Tugwell, Cpl. Hillan.

BADMINTON

Competitive activity in the badminton section is virtually at a standstill at present. But although it may be the "close season" so far as matches are concerned, most club members are keeping in practice with occasional games. The pleasant memories of matches with the Charlottetown Y.M.C.A. and St. Peter's Clubs during last season, inspire preparation for next fall, and indications are that many more players will be qualifying for places in the Station teams. All the facilities for play are still available, and although there is some difficulty in obtaining "birds", a good selection of racquets is on hand at the sports store. Should the strength of the section warrant it, a fuller panel of competitive games will be promoted next season, so there is ample scope for more players.

SWIMMING

(By Officer I/C)

We all know that swimming in the waters surrounding this Island is not as pleasant as it could be due to the presence of various submarine menaces in the shape of jellyfish, crabs and their associates.

Last year, several expeditions were organized to sundry beaches, but owing to difficulties in obtaining transport and the unsuitable nature of the shores, they were not very successful.

To overcome these various snags, we have arranged, thanks to the co-operation of the members of the Charlottetown Yacht Club, to hold an Annual Swimming Gala from their quay. Scows are being obtained for the use of spectators. Two rowing boats will be stationed nearby containing people suitably attired to rid the tracks of the monsters previously mentioned.

Any suggestions in connection with swimming will be gladly welcomed and should be made to the officer of swimming.

(As before, we crave pardon for the lack of high speed printing facilities which would enable us to publish the results in this issue, but promise them for the next. Tardy though it may be, your names shall be lauded in print, if not emblazoned in lights.—Ed.)

GOLF

(By Officer I/C)

Through the co-operation and generosity of the Charlottetown Golf Club, P. S. I. and the Officers' Mess, the R. A. F. Golf Section was formed in May last and is now comprised of approximately 50 members—some 30 Airmen and 20 Officers.

We have been given full rights of membership of the local club and although we haven't, as yet, distinguished ourselves in our matches, individually we have had a few notable successes. In the qualifying rounds for the Charlottetown Club Championship.

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R. A. F. personnel occupied the first three places, P/O J. L. Greer and L.A.C. Millard particularly distinguishing themselves with rounds of 73 and 75 respectively. Altogether five R. A. F. members have qualified in the first sixteen for the ensuing rounds and the Club Championship may well be held by a member of the R. A. F. or R. C. A. F.

Our team has lost the two games played so far, but they hope to reverse these decision later.

A four ball foursome against Charlottetown was lost by six games to three; S/Ldr. Warcup and F/Lt. McLundie being the only pair to distinguish themselves.

The second match vs. Charlottetown, a series of singles—was lost by seven to three; one game being halved.

Each member has now being allotted a Handicap ranging from 2 to 36. On Sunday morning, August 30th we play our own Club Championship—18 holes, medal score, off handicap.

In closing we would like to thank the following for kindly presenting us with Golf Clubs which have been used by many of our members:—Judge Palmer, Judge Arsenault, Col. A. E. Ings, H. L. Sear and H. S. Blanchard.

SOFTBALL

(By Cpl. Davis)

We are wondering if any of you chaps know where the diamond is? There has been a pitch levelled behind Dragon Block and complete equipment is readily at hand in Room J-18-C. Come and join us any evening. We need your help. To date only one game has been played against an outside team. On Sunday, June 28th a match was played in Victoria Park, with the Army team from Beech Grove who won by a score of 19-4. How about reversing this next time? Two or more pitchers are badly needed, so why not come and try your arm.

On Saturday afternoon June 27th, the first inter-section game was played between the G. R. School and the Security Guard, the latter winning an exciting game by 20-16. The excellent fielding by I. C. Levy was a deciding factor, his magnificent one handed catch in the seventh frame resulting in a double-play and retiring the flyers just when a rally had started, spelled finish for the G. R. S. who failed to score again. We overheard comments about a rabbit foot, but the Guards still think they can take on anyone the G. R. S. can send out. What about it G.R.S.?

Two games between A. and B. teams of the Security Guard have resulted in a win for each team. First game played July 6th, A, 16—B, 20. Second game July 16, A 20—B 19.

BASEBALL SEEN THROUGH OTHER EYES

This interpretation of the American game of baseball was submitted by one who prefers to remain anonymous. Members of the R. A. F., particularly those who have some knowledge of the game, should appreciate this commentary.

Many on the station were surprised to find that "the great American game of baseball" was exactly like "ye olde English game of cricket", at least insofar as the employment of a bat and ball was concerned. The only apparent difference being that, in the American game, the crowd is in the "bleachers", while in the English game the crowd is on the field taking part in the game. By the way, the term "bleachers", and we misquote Webster's Dictionary, refers to an uncovered grandstand where one is exposed to the hot rays of the sun and not, as many will think to the bleached blonde who is sitting beside you, dexterously cracking her bubble gum, and shouting to "Joe" the pitcher to; and we quote, "Moider da' bum!" The "bum" mentioned is, of course, the opposing batter.

One should not, however, be misled into thinking that the average American has no desire to take part in the game. He does, but in a more subtle way. He waits until the umpire (the man who stands behind the batter wearing a corrugated leather vest and a bird cage over his face) makes a decision that is not favorable to the "home team". Then Joe Public reaches for his nearest beer bottle, coca-cola bottle, half-used hot-dog, bag of peanuts, program, or any other article, (weighty ones preferred) which he has carefully preserved for just such an occasion. This, or all of these, are thrown at the umpire. So you see that in this way the American crowd can, at any given instant, throw itself into the game. (You will now understand why the umpire wears a special uniform.) All this (and the blonde too) are included in the price of admission, except, of course on Prince Edward Island, where there are no beer bottles supplied unless you are lucky enough to be sick, in which case you can get a "script" and join in the fun, — — — unless you're too sick.

When you read that "Elmer Jerk kept the boys on ice until the eighth, when Slugger McGee, after fanning two, laced a sizzler that beamed Jerk and cinched things for the locals", (this sounds much like the Old Spain's Hot Pot Special) — — — it merely means that Jerk allowed no hits until the 8th inning when Slugger, after missing the first two balls, hit a fast one that connected with Jerk's head, making him U/S for the rest of the game, so that the home team won handily.

Finally, why does the English game take two days, and the American game only two hours? This, we think, lies in the fact that the American way of life is faster; that is by using bottles, they don't send a boy to do a man's job. You don't understand?

Well, at cricket matches they drink tea. Now, as anybody knows, bottles weigh more than tea-cups, and anyway the English don't throw tea-cups.

A CRICKET MATCH

The weather, of course, came under the category listed in all the best Met. Offices as "Staff Pilots' afternoon off." Yet would it have taken more than 10/10 s. c. at 300 feet, and a gale force wind to daunt the twenty-two good men and one who represented the cream of the station cricket. It had been a tough season, ding-dong all the way; and now the final and deciding match, with much more at stake than the championship.

The teams had tied their only other match earlier in the season, and now found themselves tied at the head of the league. Betting was six-to-four on the Kitescribbers XI, whose fast bowler, L. A. C. Magdrop, trundling 'em downhill from the cook-house, and his dark sweater cunningly mingling with the smoke pall, was expected to have the Drivers walking to and from the pavilion like an endless chain. Albeit, the Drivers were full of confidence. For was not their star bat, Flt/Lt. Dornan-Dusk on the top of his form and fully recovered from his operation following his 99 (retired hurt) against the Storebashers XI? Unfortunately the Drivers could muster but nine men; the other two subsequently offered the entirely satisfactory explanation that they didn't know that they were on the detail, but were put on compass swinging the next day for all that! Two substitutes were soon found, and the Kitescribbers captain having won the toss, the Drivers took the field under the leadership of F/O Coarsepitche.

In opening the attack with Sgt. Hornet, the Drivers were hoping for a quick wicket while the shine was still on the ball; in addition to his cunning habit of constantly altering his length, thereby confusing the batsmen, and his ability to bowl both over and round the wicket, which he did with alternate balls, the Sgt. had no mean reputation for producing a ball that shot wickedly on the third bounce.

Play was called and the battle began. The batsmen played themselves in with easy confidence, and the score mounted steadily until at 23 for none, P/O Fflapp, who had been bowling his underhand leg-breaks with bags of skill, noticing that the wind had changed from No. 2 runway to No. 3, altered his field accordingly, and had A. C. Doap caught at deep square leg. Thereafter things went quietly. The 'scrubbers, running smartly between the wickets, pushed the score along to 72 for 5 when disaster befell them. Three quick wickets fell in Flt/Sgt Crosswind, and things looked black indeed for the 'scrubbers. But so did the sky, and their skipper, realising that the light was fading fast, had every reason to believe that Magdrop would be nigh unplayable, and that

therefore a hundred runs would be enough to win the game. Accordingly he took a quick walk over to "K" Flight hangar to make sure that his erks were getting their afternoon tea and biscuits, and returned to find the situation well in hand. The score, with two wickets to fall, had passed the 90 mark and Cpl. Blower and A. C. Chock were more than holding their own against the tiring Drivers attack. With a slick snick and a nice slice Blower sent up the hundred but was out in the next over to a snatch catch off a poke stroke. Whereupon the 'scrubbers took one look at their eleventh man, one at the light, which could'nt get worse, and declared at 107 for nine.

The Drivers innings began with some confusion. While the 'scrubbers were debating whether to bowl the first over uphill or down, a waggish spectator from Beaufort Block, offering his opinion, shouted "Start up." The erks, thinking he said "start em up," pushed off to the flights and got the kites out. When the team was re-assembled, the innings began with F/O Coarsepitche taking first ball from L. A. C. Magdrop. The batsmen slowly pushed the score along into the twenties before Flt/ Sgt. Crosswind, who had been batting determinedly, miscalculated his ground speed and was run out. Slowly the score mounted but the Kitescrubbers were not without their successes, and with the score at 69 for five, it was anyone's game. The 'scrubbers captain then played his master card, and beckoned Magdrop from the slips where he had been resting. There was an awed hush from the watchers; Magdrop, downhill, down-wind and most of all with the smoke pall behind his flailing arms and his dark sweater.

The first ball of the over was a blow to the Drivers hopes. The wicketkeeper misjudged the length of a longhop and stopped it with his ear. His subsequent shout of anguish was mistaken for an appeal by the umpire, who had been dreaming about his next 48, and had consequently not been paying all due attention to the game. Anyway the batsman was given out leg before, and retreated to the pavilion murmuring something about putting four kites U/S the next day.

P/O de Avv did'nt quite get the drift of the next ball, and was bowled round his legs. Sixty nine for seven and worse to come. For in the same over another wicket fell, Cpl Propp taking a brilliant catch in the slips.

But the game was not yet lost nor won. Magdrop's snorters were as murky to the wicketkeeper as to the batsmen and 12 byes in the next over gave the Drivers hope again. Th ninth wicket fell at 99, and the Drivers were heard to say something a little stronger than "fine thing," when their volunteer eleventh man told them that they should'nt expect too much, for he'd never played the game before, being an American on Security Guard at the Station. By little less than a miracle, the first ball produced four runs.

A mighty swipe by the American sent the ball soaring towards third man. It was a definite chance, but the fielder, a studious youth bred to allow for the gustiness of the day, used a reciprocal wind, and was yards from the ball on E. T. A. 103 for nine—the Drivers breathed again. There was still hope, though few had bolder aspirations than a four bye tie. But the bowler took no chances, and a good length ball flashed past the off stump. The batsman swiped and missed and murmured "one and one." But there were no half measures about the next ball. A terrific clout sent the ball high, or so high in the air towards cover. The Drivers, as one man, closed their eyes and thereby missed seeing the actions of our hero from the States. He dropped his bat and hared in the general direction of point. His sliding legs took the fielder by surprise; but not content the American sped on towards mid-off. His sudden appearance in the corner of cover point's eye, put the fielder completely off his stroke. Alas the catch was dropped. Meanwhile the batsman at the bowlers end had nipped smartly uphill to the other end. Cover point, anxious to make amends for his error, and seeing the American yards from the wicket, hurled the ball in, high and wide over the stumpers head, whence it sped for four overthrows.

The story of the subsequent argument is too well known to bear repeating here. The complaining Kitescrubbers alleged that the original run was illegal; the Drivers produced a Wisden (1921 edition).

The discussion, as far as I know, still goes on. The issue has still to be decided, and I suppose that the reason why you never saw the result on DROs.

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SERVE YOU
MOST!**

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Men With Feet

There's a barrack room menace wherever you go
The usual binders whom you and I know.
But the hardest to live with I never did meet
Was Malodorous Michael—The Man with the Feet.

Now Michael himself was a tolerable guy
His morals weren't low—just his feet were too high
But his habit has shaken us all to the roots
Of nightly removing those odourful boots.

We opened the windows, we turned on the draught
We sprayed him with lysol both forward and aft.
But we had to give up, and to make our retreat
From that dreadful, persistent, measma of Feet.

Poor Mike did his best, but he had no success
He bathed and he powdered, but it never got less.
To his room-mates relief very rarely did come
Except they had colds, or their noses got numb.

At last we decided that we'd had enough
We complained to the sergeant, (kind hearted) but tough
We dragged out poor Michael our grievance to show
He turned green as cabbage and called the C. O

The sergeant explained—the C. O. understood
He promised that he would do all that he could
—So fourteen days later we were told by the Sarge
That Mike had been granted an honourable discharge.

Our troubles are over—but never for long
One day there'll be problems—we hope not too strong
We can deal with a drip of the usual kind
Be he crooner, line shooter, or just a plain bind.

But unfortunate Mike—what an unhappy end!
Just because his extremities could not but offend.
So beware all you blokes, propagating B. O.
Your comrades will shun you—so will the C. O.

Veeblock.

Book Corner

A REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS AVAILABLE IN THE STATION LIBRARY

De Seversky, A. P.

Victory Through Air Power

This book is attracting much attention in the United States at present, largely because of the reputation of the author and the critical view he takes of that country's developing air power. Major Seversky is one of the best-known designers of aircraft in the United States and his views carry some weight. He discusses crucial battles to date and the role played by aviation, points out the aviation mistakes of the European countries and those of the United States. He is particularly severe on the illusions of laymen regarding United States' progress in aviation and deplores premature standardization of aircraft design for mass-production. He writes in vigorous dogmatic fashion, and his meaty facts and unorthodox ideas should interest airmen as well as civilians.

Finnie, Richard

Canada Moves North

This is an eloquent exposition of Canada's Northwest Territories, our Siberia, which few Canadians have ever seen or know much about. The author is familiar with the Canadian north-land through extensive travelling and years of living there. He gives some history of exploration, but his chief concern is the natural resources, which apparently are incredibly rich. The difficulties of development lie chiefly in transportation rather than in climate. Radium ores, for example, have to be ferried out by plane from within the Arctic Circle to refineries on the Great Lakes. He urges a more enlightened governmental policy for the Eskimos and is somewhat skeptical about the benefits of the competitive proselyting of missionaries. The book is illustrated with many photographs.

R. A. F. The Second Year

This is a pictorial record of the activities of the Royal Air Force in the second year of the war. Emphasis is upon the development of Bombers, though the other operational Commands are given their share of pictures. A pithy summary of R. A. F. achievements during the year precedes the hundred-odd photographs.

MacInnis, Helen

Assignment in Brittany

This is a literate and graceful story about the British Secret Service during the current war. The plot flows swiftly and there is never a dull moment, unless you happen to be a witless person without any interest at all in spies. People who know their Brittany say that the author has built up a solid and interesting picture of the country and its people. This is definitely better spy stuff than Buchan or Hilton, because it not only gives you a satisfactory plot (complete with fiancée, mistress, and parachutist), but the writing has the pleasant light touch of a good piece of story-telling. Her previous book, *Above Suspicion*, was a honey.

Maugham, W. C.

The Hour Before the Dawn

This is a novel of a county family in war-time England, and is Maugham at his best, or very nearly so. The characters are vivid, active and symbolic in the way Maugham's characters usually are. They are presented with understanding, wit, and affection. The story concerns a family, the Hendersons, who live in Sussex, and are "Army" as well as "county". The father, General Henderson, is retired, and there are three sons and a daughter who are deeply engaged in living when the story opens on August 31, 1939. The story carries the family along to the spring of last year and in that period the private and domestic tragedies and comedies of its individuals form the theme of the tale. It is a good war novel.

Wells, H. G.

You Can't Be Too Careful

This is Mr. Wells in an angry mood, but quite coherent nonetheless. His latest novel is a brief and deliberately grimy account of the life of a dreary human called Edward Albert Tewler. Edward Albert is a lower-middle-class Englishman whom Mr. Wells has provided with an independent income. Tewler's accent, his vocabulary, his schooling, his love of life, his thoughts, his resistance to ideas are all faithfully recorded, but the net result is to give us a type rather than a character. This, of course, is to be expected in a Wells' novel, but the types he creates are true enough. The novel concludes with an essay on the appalling state of man. We are all Tewlers, says Mr. Wells.

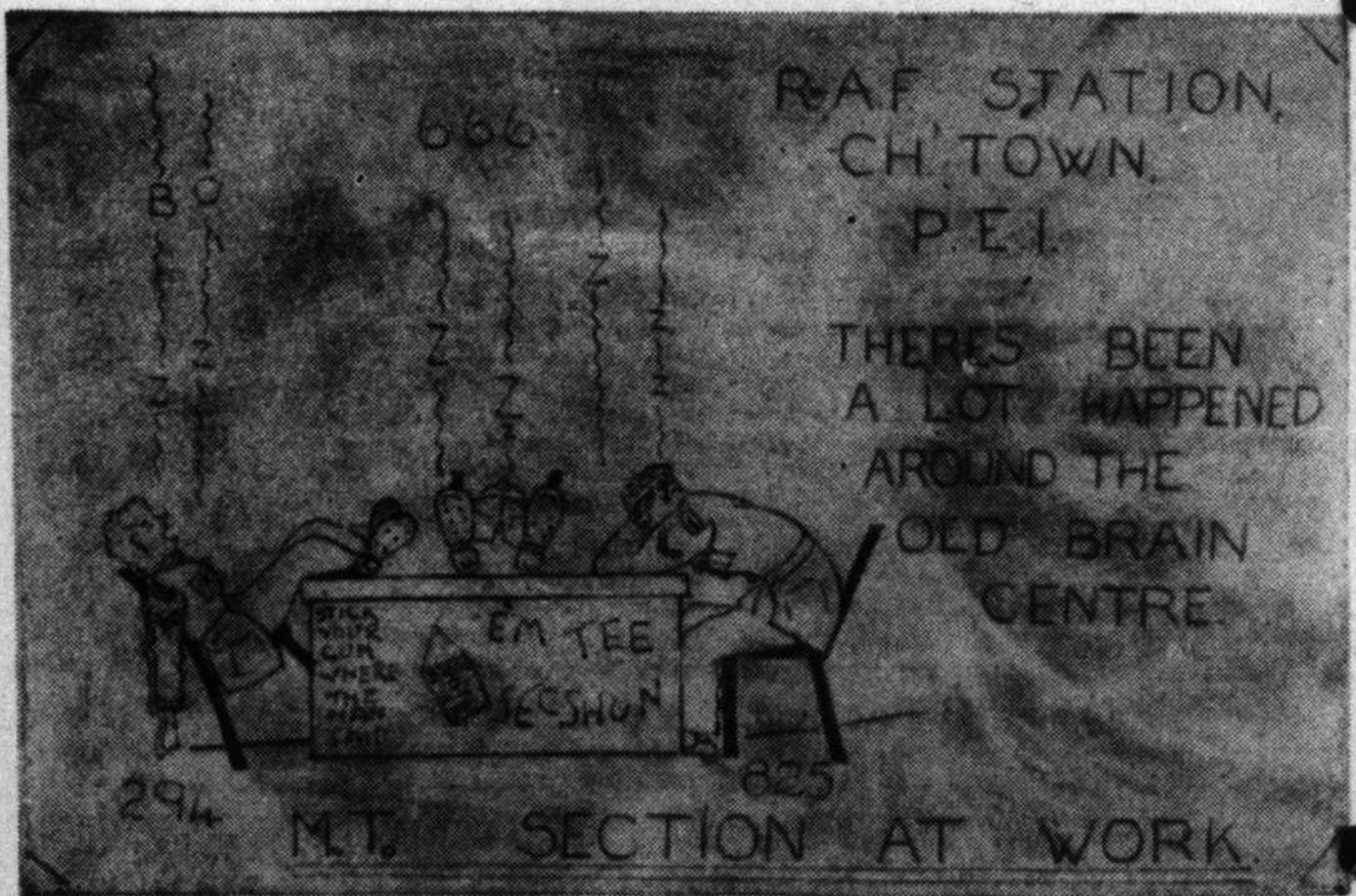
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ERIC THE ERK



Summer Revelries



Sectional News

W/T MAINTENANCE

*Eleven tireless wireless operators slaving in a row,
Yet where-ever there are failures, they must also go.*

That in a nutshell describes the activity of W/T Maintenance personnel through day and night. but why leave it in its shell? With your permission Mr. Editor, (and we know you will give it!), we seek at last to assert our importance. Untiring industry alone has prevented us from contributing to the *Graf* hitherto.

The priority note goes to the newly crowned arm in our midst.. Heartiest congratulations from all to F/Sgt. Porter NCO i/c to whom it belongs. This brings a new stamp of class to the section, but free of distinction.

To extol our virtues during working hours would take far too much space. and anyway our efficiency is already known full well, so we modestly pass those things with the mere reminder that we never fail to "keep 'em signalling". Just one suggestion here—a few of the flying W/Ops might occasionally try tuning their sets before rushing down to the section for a "Failure Report Form." You will have heard of "Wireless Wonders"—well this is where the term originated—that is what we perform!

But mark well our contributions also to Station life outside—little though there remains outside—of working hours. Of those eleven good men and true, we can boast three members of "Majors" and "Minors" football teams (Abbotts, Gibbard and Dennett), and three members of Minors cricket team (Gibbard, Dennett and Morris). And if anyone has any contributions for the *Graf*, this section is where you will find the Editor, ever ready to drop his M.G. and greet you with open arms. Here too you will discover *Graf's* staff artist in the flesh and probably half way in a tea cup. Yes, L.A.C. Jowett has at last found a suitable occupation. There are other personalities too. For instance you could discover all you wanted to know about watches and lingerie from L.A.C. Wilgress; about the weekly quiz from L.A.C. Bastin, or about armed parties from Cpl. Metcalfe.

We have a team of gardeners second to none. And be it known that not only do we view contemptuously the feeble competition of Maintenance Headquarters' effort next door, but our artistic adornment of "that corner of a foreign field" was accomplished without tapping out an S.O.S. to the Charlottetown Experimental Farm for aid. The only feature (pardon the word) we envy M. Headquarters is their blonde.

Our tea swindle enjoys a renown all its own, judging by the attention it receives from certain senior N.C.O.s, and the regularity with which flying—and flight—W/Ops discover minor snags at such specific hours for the section's expert inspection.

JEEPMECHS.

BLONDIE'S BOYS

If you gain admittance to the Transport Yard you will find a hard working bunch of lads,—they have to.

They talk about making D.M.T.'s into Commandos. Just watch how they creep around then you could realize why they are expert at keeping under cover. But yell, "tea up" and see them pop into view.

Bartlett is the crash driver who after being disturbed from his ruminations, drove to a crash, with pants in one hand and wheel in the other!

It is proposed to have a Liberty Tender run to town. The boys think it a great idea—and they will be going around with the hat.

We also have a fitters shop, no one knows what it fits, we know the three mechanics tamper around with rings though.

To conserve gas the Sergeant is teaching the boys to drive a horse wagon—a new use for the whip?

WORKSHOP'S GENERAL REVIEW

The murk past of the entire Workshop staff is depicted by the many "Peeping Toms" who creep into the office with intention to gather "Gen" as to whether their deeds and characters are to be portrayed in the current *Graf*. Little groups of men can be seen in the workshop from time to time, talking in whispers, it is not plotting or sabotage, but judging from the remarks heard, as, "Are you in the *Graf* this month," it is just apprehension.

Workshop's Casualty

While shaping metal and giving an "Anvil Chorus" performance with his hammer on pieces of iron, the industrious Cpl. (Heath Robinson) missed the beat and hit his finger. After First Aid treatment he made rapid recovery, although war production was held up for a brief period. Further inventions will not be Patented until his complete recovery.

Affectionately Yours

The Workshop's two love birds or the modern David and Jonathan; our JIM and RAY have agreed upon their Theme Song "Till death us do part"—

Arm in arm together
Just like we used to be
We will love each other
We two Jim and Me.

Your Ray of Sunshine.

Workshops Vacations

Our welding Cpl. "cum" postman, has returned from leave, but unfortunately, looking very exhausted. This is probably due to his extensive tour and parade of famous stores, where we believe he spent most of his vacation.

The other enterprising Cpl. (his "pep" is due to his fiery locks) returned from New York after having (using his own words) a "B - - - - wonderful time."

Curtailing of Staff

It is feared that the services of the "Workshop's Charlady" will have to be dispensed with, it is (COSTIN) too much. However, his efforts and enterprise in re-decorating and re-upholstering of the "Blacksmith's Shop" are not overlooked. This shop or Cosey Corner where the staff and members of the "Tea Swindle" spend their break has been made so comfortable and luxurious that it is necessary for our Post Cpl. to sound the "Reveille" and shout "TIME GENTLEMEN PLEASE"

The Stores

So capably managed by "JOCK" who is making great efforts of self control to keep his temper when asked for diverse and multifarious tools. His motto is civility with service; "You want a 1-2 drill" certainly, says Jock with a lovely smile, "I am at your service." He also finds it necessary to study the local entertainment forecast, for the benefit of numbers of the staff.

The Garden—Everything in the garden is lovely.

P. T. O.

THE FIRE SECTION

The goal for which we strive:

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We have one fire tender and one crash tender.

Ten efficient and courteous men.

Ring 55 for full particulars.

R. F. S.

We also wish to bring to the notice of all concerned that two of our men are matrimonially minded and contemplate settling down in this country. One of them knows the potato industry inside out and it is believed has a kit-bag full of "spuds" already. And lads we have our own Blondie!

Sectional Views

(Strictly those of the Editor)

MAJORS

Has your prodigious output in support of previous issues completely sapped your initiative, or is it that activity has become so quite and 'um-drum in your placid backwater, as to be unworthy of record? Not even a moan? We cannot believe it.

MINORS

Has pride in production here no scribe to laud it? Have the notorious line-shooters no pens to give Minors a place in the scintillating sunshine of the Graf? But one small bardic voice has been raised in six months. It extolled the virtues of a Flight-Sgt. who works wonders with time off when work has won. Why not waft your wit our way while watching and waiting? We know you try to tell the whole station all about it after "lights out," but why not utilise the Graf —its easier on the throat-and the ears!

SICK QUARTERS

Once half yearly is the dose apparently prescribed, here too. Is the company SO very alluring that you have no time for us, or do you wish to keep her dark as all your other doings. We have it on authority of parades detailed in DROs that your portals, still remain open, so we would really love you to sit up and write to us sometime.

SIGNALS

Is it the proposed establishment of the D/F station, or the urge to soar so oft aloft, that has disrupted communications? Poisonalities all purified perhaps? Or reversion to still another watch system which has cut into correspondence time? We would gladly receive your contributions by code, should you have temporarily forsaken the art of writing plain language.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION.

Did the last candid shots prove such violent exposures as to preclude further developments? Tell us more about the garden parties if you prefer not to bring dark room deeds to the light.

HEADQUARTERS

Once upon a time you claimed to be fairy godmothers. Now you are just mum. We know your cricket teams are not doing so well, but don't seclude yourselves in shame. Pour out your troubles to us. They will be given a sympathetic airing. We naturally expect to wait our turn to claim your attention—but three months! Well what would you think?

COOKHOUSE

The Graf is available for a display of your conducted tours; so much cheaper than leaflets. Do tell us what your new customers think of the queues here as compared with those in England. Or a hint or two on how to tan^o would find us attentive.

STORES

While appreciating your inherent aversion to giving anything away, wont you please exchange at least a word with us? It need not be anything new. Just tell us again how hard you work—or how you enjoy the week-ends.

"A" FLIGHT

From dawn to dusk—and month to month—we await your written word.

"B" FLIGHT

Is there not a football team or a cricket team or something to write about?

"C" FLIGHT"

Allow us to present you to our readers.

"D" FLIGHT."

And you too.

RE-FUELLING FABLES

Corporal Thomas Henry Trott
Thought static was a lot of rot
And though he'd heard that it caused fires
Disdained the use of grounding wires
(Despite the fact 'twas quite essential
That all should have the same potential).

But one day to his great amaze
A spark set fuel and plane ablaze
Which lost for ever to the State
The use of L 9158.

Aircraftsman First Class Thomas King
Wore heavy boots, refuelling
The stringers cracked beneath the weight
Of Service boots, size number eight
And not content with this sin
He dropped the nozzle through the skin
This meant considerable repair
Before once more it took the air
All this annoyed the C. T. O.
And you'll agree—quite rightly so.

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P. E. I.

Strange Beauty

I rose with the hush of the coming dawn,
And saw the grey approach of morn,
Creeping from out of the folds of bed
The world seemed friendless, cold and dead.
Soon transformed by creeping light
Chasing darkness from the night,
Leaving enshrouding milky mist
Cloaking the beauty in its midst.
As if to hide all conscious thought
Of trees and fields and skies of blue
Holding them clasped as in a snare.
Unwilling to reveal the beauty there.
But soon the sun and breeze combined
To waft the mist which entwined
Beauty so glorious and so rare
That I could only stand and stare
At the wonder there revealed.
Of all within my vision's field.
First the morning rays of sun
With their work but just begun
Lightly stroked each trembling tree
Revealing splendour new to me
An idle hour in bed would cost
This sight of beauty thick with frost
For just one glorious hour alone
The countryside a jewelled throne
From which in state the rising sun
Surveyed the work till it was done.
For every modest woodland tree
Seemed tinsel dressed for revelry.
Each post wire draped for pageantry.
It's silver catkins hanging free.
The woods were changed from sombre grey
To snowy carpets, silver patterns gay
So that the ever strengthening sun
Lit myriad facets in each one
All nature wore her robes that day
As if her purpose was to pray
For all the sins she had to hide
Beneath that mantle rich and wide
—Never have I seen a thing
So moving as that day in spring.

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and Vegetables, Dried
Fruits, Nuts, etc.
85 Queen St.
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"V" FOR VICTORY

The Hun doth protest
 The V—sign is his.
 Maybe he knows best—
 Yes, maybe it is.

V for Verloren
 V for Verdammt.
 V for Verschworen.
 V for Verschamt:
 Versoffen, verschollen.
 verrohen, versauen.
 Verwusten, versaufen.
 versundigen, verhauen.
 Veroten, verprassen,
 Verschworen,
 Verloren.
 VERDAMMT!

V for the Lie and the Loot
 V for the Damned and the Done.
 V for the Braggart and Brute—
 V for the Hun!

For the benefit of those who refuse to 'parley' with the enemy, the translation from "Verloren" to "Verdammt" is:

Lost; Damned; Forewear or conspire;
 To become like beasts; To dirty;
 To desolate; To spend in drink;
 To sin; To make a mistake;
 Forbidden; To spend in gluttony;
 To despair; To quit; Forswear;
 Lost: Dammed.

(HAVE YOU A LUCKY NUMBER?)

With the object of foisting money upon you by fair means or foul, The Graf has this month instituted a new gift scheme. Every copy bears a number which will be found inside the front cover, and three of those numbers will be worth two dollars to their respective holders.

An official "draw" will be made immediately after publication day, and the winning numbers will be announced on DRO's. In your own interest therefore, we exhort you to retain your copies of the Graf until such announcement is made. The owners of the magazines bearing these numbers will at the same time be advised how to claim the prize money.

No, there is no catch in it—just cash.



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