

VOL. 1 NO. 5

SEPTEMBER,

1942

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# THE

# GRAF

The Magazine of  
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Published by kind  
permission of  
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A. Blake, O.B.E.,  
M.M.



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## Editorial:

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell remarks addressed by the Commanding Officer to recently departed personnel, bring to us more vividly the realisation of the changed face of the Charlottetown station. Gradually those "pioneers" who wrought exceedingly well upon a barren but muddy earthen plot, pass on to other fields, leaving to newcomers the task of carrying on upon the now substantial foundation accomplished by their own handiwork during the past two years.

To these our compatriots, we extend a hearty greeting as we avidly grasp their stories of the homeland.

The institution of *The Graf* is one of the lesser or more important—entirely according to your own opinion—facilities which have grown with the station during recent months, and we take this initial opportunity of inviting the full co-operation of the newcomers in its production. It is timely to stress again that this is your own magazine, calculated to serve three main purposes; to provide interest and amusement; to provide a useful precis for home; or to remain a personal memoir of your sojourn here.

We can claim to be one of the few really independent journals in the world in that we follow no specific policy nor pander to any vested interests. The only restriction of expression is that imposed in the cause of safety and decency. The quality and quantity of the contents rests purely with you, and according to your contributory support the magazine will either flourish or languish. So far it has contrived to maintain a fairly steady course. Send us just what you will, when you find time so to do amidst the numerous and varied pastimes available to you.

Unlike the Editor, you need not even risk your popularity, for you may shelter behind anonymity. It is the lot of the producers of this, as of any other organ intended to serve a community, to become subject to criticism. We endure it as such, and welcome it as a passing sign of interest in our efforts. Upon the day when we can achieve the complete interest of the personnel, either critical or sympathetic, we shall be utterly at peace—or as nearly at peace as can be until our own inclusion in the boat list.

Editor



**UNIFORMS — By Jack Cameron**  
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## FADED MEMORIES



I really cannot understand it, dear, I have known Albert for quite four years.

## Padre's Page

In late 1939 and 1940 there seemed a slightly revived interest in religion. The press deigned to give it room in its columns; civil authorities unblushingly called on God's aid; even Stalin voiced a most christian wish. As time rolls on and the horrors of war become just a part of every-day life, again religion sinks back to its former forgotten place. We speak, nowadays, when we are alert to the importance or advantage of something, of being so-minded; e.g., machine-minded, air-minded. Are we, in the affairs of daily life, God-minded? Or is that a state of mind proper only for an hour or so on Sunday?

In all frankness, do we not have to admit that the practice of religion is rather unpopular? Why should that have to be admitted among Christian people? Is it that this practice demands sacrifice on our part?—sacrifice of time, of pleasure, the repression of desires. Why should the practice of religion be hard? Why the suffering of life? the WAR the unending evils of human flesh is heir to? Turn first to Calvary. See the pierced hands and feet, the blood-clotted hair from the crown of thorns, the mangled flesh. Why did Jesus, the Son of God, submit himself to such ignominious treatment? Why did not God the Father show the might of his power by striking dead those who would perpetrate it, as he had done many times in the course of the Old Law? Why such extremes of suffering? Surely the answer to this will likewise answer the former questions.

The reason all these questions come to our minds is because of our inadequate understanding of SIN, beginning with original sin and followed by the actual sins of men. Such understanding does not come from a short sermon we may hear on Sunday, especially in these days of scepticism. but from long contemplation of the attributes of God on the one hand, and on the other the refusal of God's own creature, man, to serve Him. It was because of this that Christ took up His Cross; it is because of this that He asks his followers to take up their crosses: "If any man will follow me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me."

Thus the practice of religion does demand some sacrifice and effort on the part of the individual. When man fails in that, let him not say God has deserted him, but rather that he has deserted God.

F/Lt. R. V. MacKenzie—R. C. Padre.

*Owing to the absence on leave of the O. D. Padre and the absence 'in dock' of the C. of E. Padre (who we are glad to say is now almost well) their messages have been held over to the next issue of the 'Graf'.*

### YMCA NOTES

As usual this month we have enjoyed our regular programme of cinemas, bingos, 'quizzes' and Monday musicals.

In addition three new programmes have been started this month:

(1) The broadcast from the Recreation Hall each Wednesday evening—a great success with F/Lt. Over as M. C. This still needs more of your support however (can't you get the girl to come?)

(2) The Mother's Corner'. This name is not really correct except that the ladies who run this important social feature act as mothers to our 'buttonless' lads. Each Monday evening the airman's lounge is the gathering place of numbers of airmen with ripped, torn, worn and patch needy clothes—why don't you join them?

(3) The 'Dancing Class'—a splendid opportunity to learn dancing of all sorts. It's held in the Brighton Club in Charlottetown. Our sincere thanks to the young ladies of Charlottetown who made this venture so successful.

Mr. Don Sharp the 'duplicate' Y.M.C.A. supervisor who arrived on the station recently is now getting nicely settled down to work.

This month's prize query—

"Will the 'Mother's Corner' mend my wife's clothes too?"

#### MR. A. G. BRUCE

*We deeply regret to announce in this issue of The 'Graf', the death of Mr. A. G. Bruce the popular supervisor of the local branch of the Canadian Legion. Mr. Bruce, himself a lieutenant in the 204th Reserve Field Battery took to heart his work connected with the welfare of all the services stationed near Charlottetown, and is affectionately remembered by those of the Army, Navy and Air Force who knew him. The personnel of R.A.F. Station, Charlottetown, were particularly indebted to him in that he sponsored the Tuesday night dances so overwhelmingly patronized by them, and was always ready to help them in any way that he could. The Editor of this magazine wishes to express on behalf of everyone on the Station our appreciation of Mr. Bruce's work and our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Bruce.*

# Stolen Goods

## "REBELLION"

(Reprinted with acknowledgment to 'Lilliput')

(By MARCUS KNOCKER)

The young airman walked slowly down the long line of huts. It was a pleasant day and the sun shone down gently on the camp. He was thinking. He was at peace with himself—it was almost like the days before the war, and at the moment he was unaware even of that. Suddenly someone plucked his arm.

"Thompson!"

He looked round:

"Yes, corporal."

"Your hair is too long: get it cut."

"Yes, corporal."

He continued walking, but his peace of mind had been disturbed. He seemed to be saying to himself: 'Yes, corporal. . . yes, corporal. . . yes, corporal.' He had a sudden desire to yell out at the top of his voice: 'Yes, yes, yes, corporal.' But he didn't. He just picked up half a brick and flung it as hard as he could at the corrugated iron lattice. It hit the metal with a terrific noise and somehow it relieved his feelings.

He began to think mournfully about his hair. It had taken some time to grow into its present shape: he had managed to evade being told to have it cut, and he had taken great pride in it, for he looked upon this as being the only thing about him that represented him personally.

It was dark hair—almost black—and it grew very straight and thick. He brushed it and combed it each morning after he had dressed until it shone rilliantly as dark hair will. And now it had to be cut. He knew that it would come to this sooner or later, but he did not want to be told.

On parade next morning the officer who had just inspected his line and was coming up in the rear to inspect the middle rank touched him in the small of the back and said: Hair-cut."

He cleared his throat: "Yes, sir."

He looked out of the corner of his eye whilst he stood rigidly to attention: he could just see the corrugated iron latrine, and about twenty feet away lay half a brick. . .

Some days later as he was coming off Pay Parade he saw the corporal coming towards him.

"I thought I told you to get your hair cut?"

"Yes, corporal."

"And that was some time ago."

"Yes, corporal."

"You have failed to carry out an order."

"I had no money until pay-day," he lied.

The corporal looked as stern as he could:

"Report to the guard-room at eighteen-thirty hours this evening with it cut."

"Yes, corporal."

He arrived at the guard-room a minute and a half late. The sergeant, who laboriously writing to his sweetheart, looked up.

"Well?" he asked.

"A.C.2 Thompson reporting having had a hair-cut."

"Who told you to report?"

"Corporal Hunter, sergeant."

"Take your cap off and let me see it." The sergeant looked at him carefully. "Turn round." He rose from his chair and gazed at the back of the young airman's head, who after the brief inspection faced the sergeant again.

"It still looks long to me."

"As it has always been all right like this before, I thought it would be all right this time."

"I am not interested in what you thought." The sergeant's manner became sarcastic:

"You must have all your curls cut off when you're in the Air Force."

"There are no curls in my hair—if you look you will find it quite straight."

The expression on the sergeant's face became dangerous.

"Who do you think you are talking too?"

"I can see three stripes, if that's what you mean."

"Don't try to be clever."

"No, sergeant."

"And stand up straight when you're talking to me."

"Yes, sergeant."

"How long have you been in the Service?"

"Three months."

"You ought to know how to get your hair cut by now, shouldn't you?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"You can go this time, but think yourself lucky."

"Thank you, sergeant."

He went outside feeling annoyed: for when he had thanked the sergeant he had meant to sound sarcastic.

As it was, he had sounded relieved!

## OPEN LETTER TO HONOURABLE JOURNALIST

Viz: Publishing Committee, "The Graf", R.A.F., Charlottetown  
Sirs,

We are the victims of daylight robbery.

Whilst of unsound body a flight-sergeant politely foisted upon us the August copy of "Graf", relieving us, the while, of ten cents for transfer of ownership.

To wit, whilst in Station Hospital for a few days, soon after our arrival here, we acquired a copy of the Station Magazine.

On perusing our number with some condescension, we are attacked optically by occasional half-pages of verbose copy obviously penned by the Editor, whom we are grimly pleased to note from page one—just above the "price 10 cents"—is an erk of the middle order. This causes us some satisfaction because it places us in a position to write a snooty offering to the same without fear of disciplinary action being taken over the contents thereof. More especially, too, since we are an AC1 ourselves and also somewhat given to writing verbose literature we feel it our duty to take up the cudgels and put in a contribution on the debit side of an account which appears greatly in credit from numerous contributions by this exalted individual.

Accordingly we kill several birds with one stone by justifying a series of book-keeping lectures through which we slept solidly, by demonstrating the freedom of the press and the right of any paying reader of a magazine to criticize the same in its own columns.

We gather from his editorial that the Editor is spending sleepless nights wondering if the copy retained for the file marked "Back Nos." will draw the lucky number, since in this event he would be forced by sheer editorial dignity, to resign from a position which merits his immediate promotion to a rank wherein caps, gold-braided, officers, for the use of; are generally worn.

Finding that our own copy has not won us a prize, we take great delight in hoping that the above has actually happened.

Due, probably, to the persistence of the airmen distributing "Graf" to the clamoring masses and the ancient nature of the two copies of "Life" in the Y.M.C.A., "Graf No. 3" apparently sold out. Our friend, the Editor, thus attributes this phenomenon to something printed between the front and back covers of the magazine. Actually, a Gallup survey of the barrack block ablutions shows a marked number of copies of the magazine serving where perforated rolls are generally used.

We feel, too, that we should point out to the editorial staff that the failure of their "Quiz" was probably due to the high standard of intelligence amongst airmen on this station, who did not consider it worthy of the fag of writing out all the answers to such simple questions for a measly two dollars.

Probably, had the winner not been in need of the price of a ham and egg supper for two at that time, no correct answers at

all would have been received and the runner's-up with 12 1-2 correct answers each would have been forced to split the lucre three ways with the Editor.

Crowning glory of "Graf's" five inch single columns, are the Sectional Views, in which our worthy scribe baits a columnists line with comments calculated to catch copy from non-contributing sections more concerned with "GRS" than "GRAF".

We can only hope that the acquisition of a brand new front cover simply bursting with class, will cause our Editor to concentrate more on raising airmen's minds to higher and more spiritual planes in the next issue, when, after a decent interval, he will likely awaken one morning to find himself promoted to the rank of Acting Air Vice-Marshal at a dollar a day.

Sincerely, DENIS J. OLORENSHAW.

### **RESPONSE FROM HONOURABLE JOURNALIST**

For six weary months we have longed to arouse such interest. Thanks be to you for justifying our waning confidence. Comment must be short lest further charge be levied against an Editor run rampant, and there is less necessity for "verbosity" on this occasion anyway since such kind souls as yourself Denis have produced the desired copy.

We assure you that our only sleepless nights were occasioned by the need for filling in gaps created by the disinterestedness of other personnel. The sleep thus sacrificed to "Graf" production merely indicates that we too, during all normal hours, are far more concerned with GRS than GRAF but we delight in this confirmation that you also have now found some little concern for GRAF.

We humbly accept your explanation of the "sell-out" as per your ablution survey—we personally have no time to linger therein—but how very expensive, to say the very least! Since sales of No. 4 slumped, we must assume that stores had become more readily accessible.

Thanks too for the re-assurance of intelligence standards on the station—we heartily concur. But we would not have attributed the lack of entries entirely to the simplicity of the questions. We would indeed have considered it rude, because you see Denis—and you will perhaps forgive us the discourtesy of having to mention it now—those "such simple questions" emanated from your own section.

Finally we cannot afford you any real hope of our subsequent concentration upon "raising airmen's minds to higher and more spiritual planes". Others far more worthy, from our Padres onward, we exhort to attempt that. Ours but to collate and display. The harvest is intended to be such as the contributors sow. We trust they will hear your plea, and follow your worthy lead into our columns. Thus may we all be enlightened and amused.

Equally Sincerely, EDITOR.

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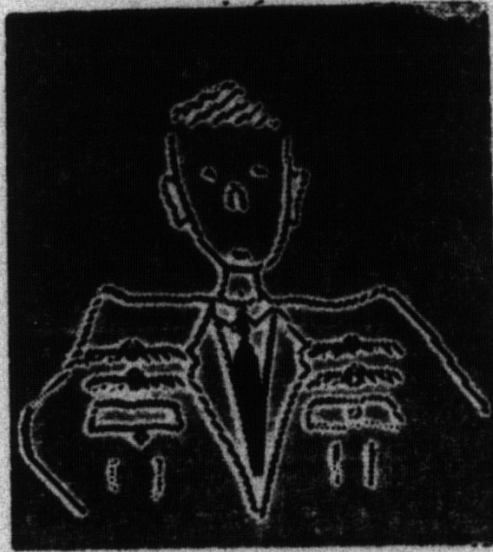
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April	1st	Advertisement for lady typist .....	.50
"	3rd	Violets .....	.25
"	4th	Chocolates .....	.50
"	8th	Typist's salary .....	8.00
"	10th	Flowers .....	.75
"	11th	Chocolates for wife .....	.25
"	14th	Flowers .....	1.00
"	15th	Salary for typist .....	12.00
"	18th	Chocolates .....	.75
"	22nd	Winnie's salary .....	16.00
"	24th	Dinner and theatre tickets for Winnie & self .	25.00
"	25th	Chocolates for wife .....	.10
"	28th	Fur coat for wife .....	250.00
"	29th	Advertisement for male typist .....	.25

A.G.W.



### "HEARD IN THE OLD SPAIN"



... and after that I had a spell  
on Strillings.

An airman recently was served with a portion of so-called steak and kidney pie, containing the toughest, most tasteless and generally unpleasant meat that he had ever struck.

"This" he protested to the Orderly Officer, "is palpably horse."

Whereupon the Orderly Officer leant over peered at the offending lump of pie, and removed a thread of coloured silk which had somehow found it's way into the stuff.

"Yes," he replied, "and, what's more, here are the owner's colours."

The editor of a newspaper dropped into a special afternoon service for the first time for many years. He listened to the service for a while and then rushed to his office.

"What are you fellows doing?" he shouted. "How about the news from the seat of war?"

"What news?"

"Why, all about the Egyptian army being drowned in the Red Sea."

## YOUNG ALBERT'S ARRIVAL IN T' "MUSH"

Young Albert to t' Guard Room wended his way  
He'd just been in t' Drill Shed and drawn all his pay  
An he thought he'd go out on his late pass  
Being as he'd a date wie his favorite lass.

When e got to t' Guard Room e got such a start  
Especially as he thought his collar looked smart  
He'd bought it hiself in t' five and ten  
An was allowed to wear it according to gen.

But t' Cpl. said "Albert tha'll have to go back  
An come back again when tha's properly dressed  
An leave that new collar back in t' shack  
Tha's let thi self down an whats more tha's a pest."

Albert wer wild, but e said not a word  
An went back to t' shack whistlin<sup>o</sup> just like a bird  
He couldn't see why 'is collar weren't right  
It fitted a treat an not a bit tight.

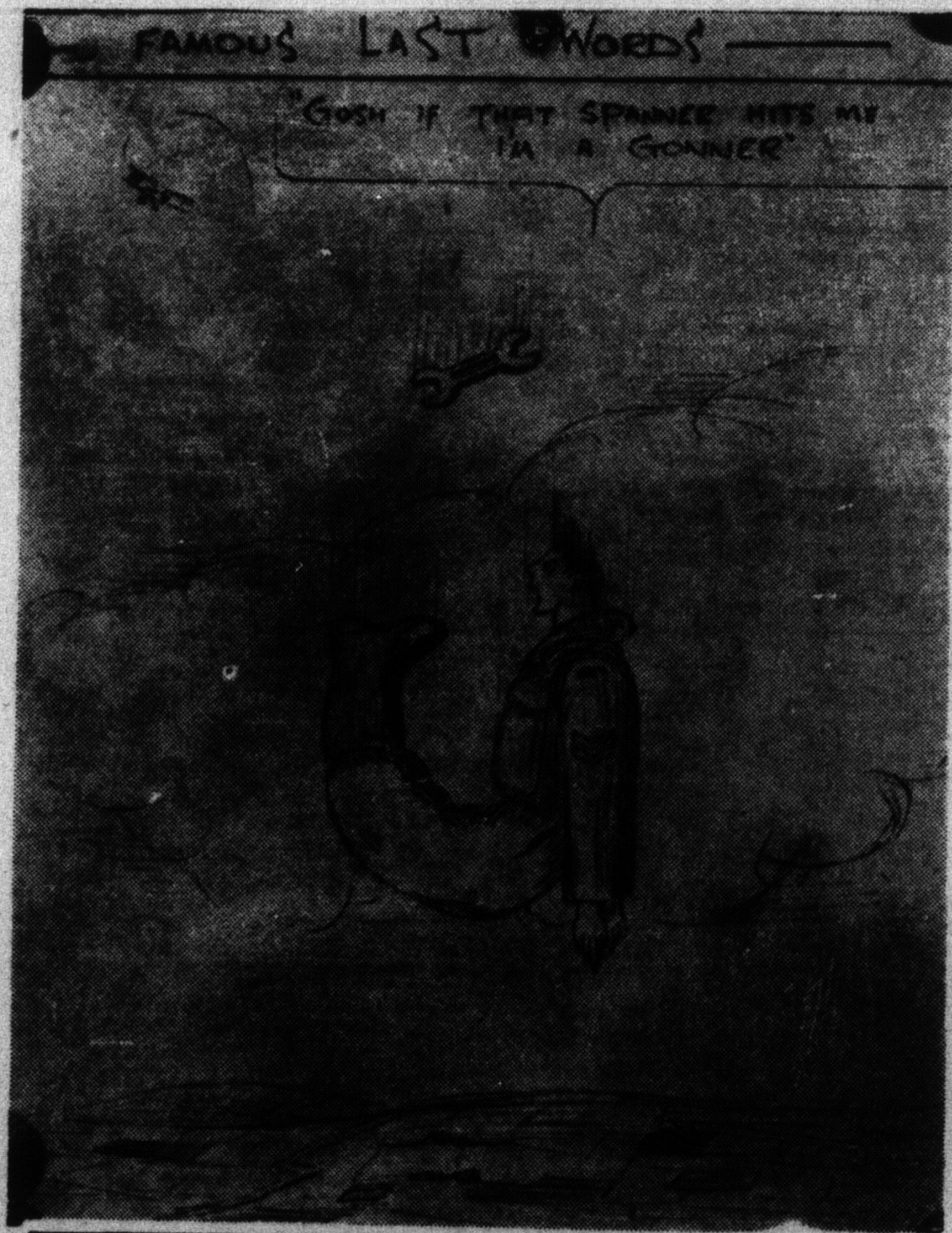
In less than a tick Albert got back again  
His buttons were dulled a little by t' rain  
"Well Albert" said t' Cpl. "Thi collar's alright  
But thi buttons are a horrible sight."

Now for Albert, this wer too much  
He hadn't been used to being bullied an such  
He said he weren't going to clean 'is buttons again  
As they'd only get mucky again in t' rain.

But t' Cpl. thought different and worked pretty fast  
An showed young Albert that his word was the last  
What happened next there is no need to tell  
Albert occupied Number Five cell.

Next morning wie his cap off Albert appeared  
A gleam in his eye, an not a bit sceered  
But t' C. O. showed Albert no relentance  
An Albert came out wie a detention sentence.

For five long days Albert sweated and slaved  
An thought of the hardship he could have saved  
He often repents and can still recall  
When he was foolish and kicked a stone wall.



### HEADY ECONOMY

After much thought, an Aberdeen couple decided to adopt an orphan boy.

"I wonder. Mrs. McFie," remarked an neighbour, "that ye didna choose a lassie. Now you're up in years she would have been helpful tae ye."

"Maybe," replied Mrs. McFie; "but, ye see, we had a guid glengary bonnet in the hoose."

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## An Orderly Room With A Difference

You have probably heard of Orderly Rooms, and Orderly Rooms, but have you heard of Orderly Rooms with W.A.A.F. Substitution. (This is the correct word, so do not let your minds wander although I thought it rude when I first heard it).

Before this Orderly Room became different it held an establishment of R. A. F. personnel only, but there came a time when someone thought that airwomen could take the place of airmen in Administration duties. Very soon the airmen who were fit were detailed for "the boat" and airwomen Clerk G/D. and airwomen admin. began to ruin (airwoman spelling of "run") the show. In case you do not know, airwomen Admin. are those little girls who besides doing clerical work wander around a camp "binding" other WAAFS about their hair being too long, wearing unauthorised brooches, wearing hair nets, using rouge and lipstick and wearing their stockings inside out.

Naturally, unless they want to be spiteful, christian names are used and the daily routine starts with the whole bunch gathering round a mirror for the morning natural camouflage, framing excuses for being absent on parade and generally discussing last night's activities.

Work is commenced when "Flight" arrives and the initial silence is broken by Enid complimenting Flight on his dancing the previous evening and then enquiring whether she can have a 24 hours pass in addition to her "48" at the end of the week because her boy friend is on leave.

Thelma has lost her pencil which she took all yesterday afternoon to sharpen so nicely. Margaret is in trouble with the Catering Officer because the Ration Strength is all wrong and formulates the excuse that it is not her work that is at fault, but that the mistake has occurred solely because the airmen are too greedy and get two dinners instead of one. Some new WAAF arrivals are noticed at the door and Doreen thinks that "Flight" should not ask an airman "to take down their particulars." M. T. Section have sent up a runner for a supply of 295s and Nelly argues that 295s are for airwomen only. Peggy gets the wrong idea about the item on the WAAF Hut Inspection Report "Black-outs are out of alignment"—(Black-outs can mean two articles in England these days i. e. curtains or blinds or a certain garment—airwomen for the use of)

Flight asks for discharge action in respect of a certain airwoman and Dolly wants to know whether she is married yet and the remainder agree that if this is not the case it is about time she was. Alice wonders why she routed a party of airwomen to the Isle of Wight instead of South Wales—of course the little dear did not know that there are two Newports in the British Isles and she can't be expected to make enquiries and be certain. The Daily Mail is consulted to ascertain what the "Stars" foretell for each and everyone that day. Any airwoman is on a "fizzer"

and Alice is detailed as Escort with the result that work is suspended during rehearsal.

A good film is showing at the local cinema and naturally all must see it and as they cannot possibly go without tea, "chits" for an early tea are very evident. Airwomen carry out the Duty of Duty Clerk in this Orderly Room, but to explain the preparation for this Duty would mean an additional "Mag" this month.

There are many other "peculiarities" connected with this Orderly Room that's different, but surely you realize by now why airmen volunteer for "the boat."

One who has recently arrived from the U. K.

To fulfil the dual purpose of demonstrating our impartiality, and of using the first contributions sent by Graf readers overseas, we publish below the joint efforts of three W.A.A.F., R.T.O.s stationed in England.

## To Flight Pilots

You boys in your Air Force Blue  
How smashing and smart you look  
And the courageous things that we know you do  
Would fill a number of books.

When you take off its a wonderful sight  
And her heart it is filled with pride  
When she realised she worked by day and night  
Practically by your side.

You see she's in the Air Force too  
The reason why? I'll state  
'Twas because she was so proud of you  
She joined up ere 'twas too late

She was proud of the men who flew fighter planes small  
Fighting so hard 'gainst the foe  
'Twas then that she answered her countries call  
And joined up as a WAAF RTO.

So when you are flying against the foe  
Don't think there is no one who cares  
Cos' there's a WAAF RTO on duty below  
And your constantly there in her prayers.

She sits by the 'phone all hours of the night  
Sometimes weary and tired too  
But she will not rest till you're back from the flight  
And your voice says "Over to you."

So all you boys who fight oer the land  
Someones with you where ever you go  
And she knows she's giving a helping hand  
By being a WAAF RTO.

## A VERY ODD ODE

In the control tower every night  
 There you'll see a peculiar sight  
 There's three of us on duty there  
 Perched up high on a wooden chair  
 Each one is in her cabin small  
 And wishes she weren't there at all  
 Our maidenly forms in blankets hairy  
 From time to time positions vary  
 Then there's GESTAPO one, two, three,  
 A prettier sight you couldn't see  
 In corners and odd spots they lurk  
 Waiting to pounce if we should shirk  
 If anyone of us should sleep  
 Silently then GESTAPO'S creep  
 With careful aim, tho' not to hurt  
 The prongs of toasting fork insert!  
 The hours crawl by until the dawn  
 We stagger off, tired, weary and worn,  
 Unwashed, unkempt not even fed  
 Three RTO's retire to bed!

P. T. O.

## "SAN GEN"

(An appreciation of a Tuberculosis Bacillus submitted by three of our lads in the Sanatorium)

Picture, if you can, a T-Bug,  
 Marching bravely through the night,  
 Picture, if you can a T-bug,  
 If you can't—Well. . . that's all right.

"T-bug!" you exclaim, bewildered.  
 And, to prevent a fuss:  
 "T-bug" I repeat, explaining  
 "A Tuberculosilus."

Onward, onward, ever onward,  
 Strode the T-bug, full of vim,  
 Lack of air and boiling water,  
 Little else can trouble him.

The road stretched long and dreary,  
 His goal not yet in sight,  
 He had his hobnailed boots on,  
 But he hadn't got a light.

A hill appeared before him,  
 And to the top he went,  
 There he put his skates on,  
 And down again hell-bent.

At last, why, there before him,  
 A cavern he espied,  
 With tonsils beckoning wildly:  
 Now what?—Well. . . straight inside.

He did not pause for robots,  
 Nor yet for traffic cops.  
 For he had his hobnail boots on.  
 And for him there were no stops.  
 To a union he belonged, you see.  
 And str'ct the rules of this,  
 You've heard of the 'Society  
 Of Tuberculosolls.'  
 His tool-kit next he opened.  
 A hammer and chisel withdrew:  
 On piece-work then he started,  
 On the lung of. . . maybe YOU.  
 But he'd reckoned without the doctor,  
 He knew nought of lung-collapse.  
 And carried on his dirty work,  
 With successive gentle taps.  
 Picture his amazement, when  
 The roof began to fall,  
 When his air supply sank lower  
 Despite the hol-ed wall.  
 But his lucky star was shining,  
 For the victim gave a sneeze.  
 And the T-bug, he went riding  
 While yet upon his knees.  
 Watch for, if you can, a T-bug.  
 Trudging sadly through the night,  
 And if you see the little blighter.

.....  
 (5c for the sender of the best last line in the opinion of  
 the writers).

(With apologies to Arthur Askey, Lord Tennyson, Jack Benny, Henry  
 W. Longfellow, and a million apologies to the general public).

G.A.W., L.J.A., R.G.S.

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## THE FITT. 2 A.

He wears a suit of faded blue, no brevys on his chest.  
 And you'll find more streaks of A. F. oil than medals on his chest.  
 He welds a heavy spanner and a bit of oily rag.  
 While the other fellows shoot the Huns and boast about their bag.  
 He works in mud and sleet and rain and curses the so and so war.  
 And wonders ninety times a day what he joined the Air Force for.  
 He's just an Airframe Fitter, nothing more, nothing less.  
 A suit of greasy overalls in place of battle-dress.  
 But he strikes a blow at the filthy Hun.  
 With his honest British skill.  
 As sure as the Airman who aims the bomb.  
 Or the gunner who makes a kill.  
 And when you hear of bombing raids, or 109s shot down.  
 When you've covered flying heroes with honour and renown.  
 When you've handed out the D.F.C.'s and D.F.M.'s and such.  
 Just think about the F. 2 A. who does not ask for much.  
 Shake him by the hand and grant he did a lot  
 To make those streamlined airframes safe, for the man who fires  
 the shot.

W. G.

## RANDOM REPORTS

A feature designed to cover any events or items of interest of a more general character, in or around the Station.

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### YOU CAN STILL SEND IT HOME

Despite the recent order which prohibits the despatch from this country of papers, periodicals, etc., to the United Kingdom, we are officially informed that the nature and convenient size of *The Graf* enables it to be sent home as usual, providing that it is enclosed in a sealed envelope. Ordinary letter postal rates will apply. These are three cents for the first ounce and two cents for each other ounce, and it is therefore estimated that a normal issue of this magazine could be mailed for a charge of seven cents. The moral of this announcement is; contribute to *The Graf* and get your message home. The folks are sure to be interested in your personal and communal activity out here, and it is up to you to indulge their fancy.

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### "SCOTS WHA, HAE"

#### P. S. I. Supports Pipe Band Threat

Be it a further solace in exile or an addition to the turmoil of war—according to the individual trend of sympathy and patriotism,—a pipe band is to be launched upon the station. At a meeting of P. S. I. presided over by Squdn. Ldr. Mosse on August 20th, it was said that pipers and enthusiasm, abounded in our midst, and an appeal was made for financial support to permit of the establishment of a band. P. S. I. took the risk of aiding the venture to the tune of 60 dollars.

Another musical note was touched at the meeting by an urgent request for the provision of music in the wet canteen. It was felt that most voices would be better for pianoforte accompaniment. Squdn. Ldr. Mosse reported that an additional piano was already on its way here, and suggested its purchase should it be satisfactory. It was also urged that an improved model was needed in the recreation hall in due justice to the quality of the weekly station broadcasts, and a final decision was reached that upon the arrival of the additional piano, the instruments be re-allocated to improve facilities both at the Recreation Hall and the canteen.

A serious effort is to be made to organize contributions to the "British Bombed Victims Fund". This worthy cause will no doubt have the warm sympathy of all personnel at this station, and contribution boxes are to be placed at suitable prominent places. L.A.C. Woodruffe undertook organization of the scheme, and several suggestions for deriving income may be developed, including the distribution of handy waterproof covers for the invaluable permanent passes in return for voluntary token donations. The collection boxes will be opened at the beginning of each month and cheques forwarded to the fund.

On the sports side, the committee voted expenditure for the acquisition of a trophy for the winter table tennis competition, and of a showcase in which the various station trophies may be more adequately displayed. Purely for reasons of encouraging more careful use of the comparatively few badminton "birds" now available, it was decided to impose a charge of 10 cents for each.

## KEPPOCH

The inability of airmen to make arrangements in advance, has largely upset the plans for extensive organized use of the facilities acquired at Keppoch beach, but numerous casual visitors have found great advantage in the possession of a cottage, and its pleasant environment. It was originally intended, if parties could have been raised, to provide direct transport; to take along sufficient food and to arrange swimming instruction and beach games. However, the experiment promoted by the P. S. I., of hiring the cottage, has been well justified. The number of visiting airmen has steadily increased, and there has been no necessity to respect the boundary of our own beach, for the R.A.F. boys and other visitors have mixed freely and pleasantly together, and many personal invitations have been issued as a consequence. The rowing boat, the raft with diving board attached, and the polo balls have added much to the water frolics.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, owners of the cottage, who have co-operated willingly in the venture, although obviously unable to provide meals without prior notice, have paid warm tribute to the general conduct of the R. A. F. visitors, and no doubt the venture has opened the way for extensive schemes for future summers.

Squadron Leader Mosse, president of P.S.I. said he was glad to learn that the experiment had proved so successful, and particularly pleased that this had been possible without any semblance of official supervision. It had been their primary object, he said, to provide a waterside sport for the personnel to obtain free and easy enjoyment.

## HAIL CALEDONIA!

Round the table in the crew room of the Snow Compaction Section on August 27th, one more recreational activity was added to the ever mounting list. The Station Pipe Band came into existence.

The attendance far exceeded the wildest dreams of the instigator, the storebashing Cpl. Blackie, notorious for his love of piping and scaling ships sides. The meeting was presided over by that worthy who spouted the gen in his best Kelvinside accent. The personal attendance of S/Ldr. Mosse contributed in no small measure to making the meeting a huge success. To the office of President S/Ldr. Mosse was unanimously elected and on his acceptance the band members showed their appreciation of this and of the invaluable assistance he has given. It was also agreed that F/Lt. Archer be notified of the Band's appreciation of his co-operation in granting the use of the Snow Compaction as it's meeting place. Amidst Ochs and Ayes and Naws a committee comprising Cpl. Blackie, secretary and i/c pipes, LAC Gill, i/c drums and AC Anderson, was chosen, and after a discussion the meeting closed with lots of marches, strathspeys and reels on the chanter. So the Station Pipe Band was formed and got off to a flying start.

The purpose of the band is, primarily to provide recreation for all personnel interested, and, believe it or not, for your entertainment. The number of lads who have come forward to learn pipes and drums (and there are several Sessenachs amongst them) is very encouraging and tuition is under way. If you are keen on learning either of these instruments, whether Scot, Englishman, Irishman, Welshman or Canadian, by all means come along any Monday or Friday evening.

We have the nucleus of a good band at present, but before it will be ready for a parade much is yet to be done. Pipes and drums have to be acquired, which is no easy task in this part of the world; funds to buy them have to be found; learners have to be taught. But we have a bunch of lads keen as mustard, so one of these days you'll be hearing the STATION PIPE BAND, R. A. F., Charlottetown.

JOCK.

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## APPLE SOURCE

### GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY IN PRACTICE

If, as rumour has it, an apple a day keeps the doctor away, station sick quarters have been saved a considerable number of labour hours by the generous gesture of a civilian neighbor of the camp, Mr. R. D. Carr.

Mr. Carr has a farm along the Brackley Road, and on that farm there are some trees—heavily laden apple trees. Both Mr. and Mrs. Carr have long had the welfare of our personnel at heart as indicated by numerous instances of personal hospitality afforded, and recently they had the happy thought of offering the whole of their apple crop to the station. No sooner the thought than the deed, and when Mr. Carr visited the station to voice his proposition it was accepted with thanks and alacrity. At the time of going to press, approximately 300 lbs. of these eating apples had made their appearance in the airmens' mess, only to suffer immediate consumption, but it was anticipated that upwards of 1,000 lbs. of the fruit would be available ere the crop was exhausted.

Airmen who enjoyed the "windfall" will readily join with officials of the station in extending their thanks to the donors. Mr. Carr himself served throughout the last war with the Canadian forces overseas and was several times wounded. Only a few weeks ago, a further piece of shrapnel was removed from a shoulder wound sustained in 1917. Of his three children, one son is serving aboard a ship of the Royal Canadian Navy, another son is in the local defence detachment, and a daughter is training as a nurse.

Incidentally Mr. Carr was one of the interested visitors to the station cricket match on 30th August, his first view of the game since he learned to enjoy watching it while stationed in England during the last war.

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## James Tait, Florist

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## LADIES TAKE THE POINTS

### REPAIR SERVICE UNLIMITED

By another mathematical calculation, based upon the generally accepted proverb that a stitch in time saves nine, it is reliably but quite unofficially computed that airmen of this station had been saved some 72,000 stitches during the first four weeks of the mending scheme instituted in the Y. M. C. A. on Monday evenings. It is impossible to offer an estimate of the colossal figure which might eventually be accomplished, because it is not known how long the venture will continue, but even now just think of the innumerable needle pricks which have been spared our susceptible flesh. And ponder too upon the moral effect—the prevention of so much hard swearing as the needle fetches up with a sickening thud against the nearest bone.

The task of mending whatever garments the personnel care to bring along to the Y. M. C. A. office each week, has been undertaken jointly by two groups of ladies, the "English wives", and members of the Y. M. C. A. Auxiliary. These groups attend on alternate Monday evenings, and already they have been able to perform much valuable service. Our warmest thanks go out to them—and may they long continue to wield the needles so effectively.

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### PRIZE COMPETITION FOR DESIGN

The recent acquisition and presentation of trophies in connection with sporting activity has served to emphasize the lack of a crest for the Charlottetown Station. Most units possess their own device apart from the general official insignia, and we feel that Charlottetown is worthy of this peculiar recognition. We also feel that as in all other spheres we have the men capable of producing the desired article. There are several competent artists in our midst well able to originate a design of merit, and the Graf takes the opportunity of launching a prize competition. The winning entry would have the approval of the authorities, and there are many instances of an unofficial nature but ceremoniously concerned with the activity of the personnel, when the station's own crest could appropriately be used.

The requirement is a design with motto incorporated, but lest artistic inspiration should suffer for want of literary completion, the judges will be ready to consider designs alone which allow for the subsequent inclusion of a motto. Meantime any advice upon the type of feature which might suitably be incorporated in the design, will gladly be given by Flight Lieutenant Patchin, chairman.



## Rover Crew News

By

'EAGLE'

This month has seen the establishment of what we believe to be the first R. A. F. Rover Scout crew in Canada.

Many R. A. F. stations in England have had such crews for some months and from all reports they are proving highly successful. Many of the personnel of this station, particularly those who were never members of the Scout movement, appear to be under the impression that scouting 'A kids game,' in three sections —Wolf Cub, Boy Scouts and Rover Scouts. In fact the first two are mainly for boys between the ages of 8 and 18 years. Rovering, however, is for men (18-108).

The training is generally speaking practically the same as Boy Scout training but is approached from a man's point of view. It has two main aspects (1) Character training—this is the part of the great game of scouting designed to assist in self development of one's character, keeping the Rover motto "Service" continually in view. (A) Citizenship (B) Self discipline. (2) Practical training for practical service (A) Camp lore (B) Woodcraft and pioneering (C) Self fitness physically (D) Service as leaders in the movement.

There are innumerable opportunities for both types of training here on Prince Edward Island, and the experience will be of considerable value in keeping scouting alive during the war, and to the reorganization which will come with peace.

I feel sure that there are many on the station who would find this work tremendously interesting when they really understand it.

We hope to include Sea Scout training in our programme later and have one ex-seaman in the crew so far.

If you are at all interested and if you would like to know more about Rover Scouts get in touch immediately with Sgt. Genno of "B" Flight. Don't say 'I have never been a Rover and so can't join the crew'—don't hesitate we'll be glad to have you.

(Signed) EAGLE.

## **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

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# SPORT

(By ALL ROUNDER)

As the summer season draws to a close, with its varied array of competitive sports having reached decisive stages, plans are already being formulated for as full a programme of winter pastimes as indoor accommodation will permit. As in recent months, the greatest difficulty of the all round sportsman will be to make a choice and devote sufficient time to any one of the recreations available to him upon this station.

The soccer field and the parade will shortly lose place to the recreation hall and the drill hall as the venues of station sporting activity, and both of these places should present a very busy appearance during the long winter evenings according to present indications.

The wide scope of interest is apparently not always an advantage to the success of each sporting enterprise however, as the organizers have learned to their disappointment. Our traditional games like soccer and cricket are assured always of complete support, but that cannot be said of some of the more individual games.

The athletic venture was particularly ill-fated, not so much due to an initial lack of response as to a deplorable withdrawal of competitors who had encouraged the sponsors to stage an ambitious programme. It was due to the large number of entries, and the seeming enthusiasm, that this event was scheduled for an afternoon, and invitations extended to the townsfolk to attend. But it became a sad reflection upon our national sporting traits, when out of 165 promised competitors, only 30 turned out, and the whole programme was thrown into chaos. The same unfortunate result awaited the considerable organising work involved in preparing the swimming gala. Only a very small percentage of the original number of entrants turned up, and it became a hopeless task to retain a well ordered programme, or to avoid irksome delays for those who did fulfil their promised intentions.

However, despite these set-backs, further extension of our sporting facilities are still being sought, and launched, by the Sports Officer and his staff. The formation of wrestling and weight lifting clubs, and of a table tennis league, are but a few features worthy of immediate mention. The table tennis league should prove to be one of the highlights of the winter programme, for this game has attracted increasing numbers of devotees. Competition will most probably be on an inter-section basis, and league games will be played in the recreation hall. There are now

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COMPLIMENTS OF  
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FOOTWEAR

Charlottetown

P. E. I.

many really good players on the station, and these games will provide as much entertainment for spectators as for the players concerned.

The weight lifting club has already a "strong" following, and the equipment available here is such that many good class clubs would envy. For the wrestling enthusiasts, a splendid mat has been secured. These two groups will vie in popularity with the already well established boxing circle, and the drill hall will no doubt accommodate some interesting tourneys during the season. Meantime the tennis and badminton courts will be as attractive as ever to other sections of the personnel. There are certain difficulties here in the matter of equipment, particularly the provision of "birds" for badminton. Hence the need for very careful use of those in stock, and it is purely for this reason that a small charge is now to be imposed for the birds. Our boxers, by the way, have earned for themselves a fairly strong representation at the inter-Services tourney which will have been decided before the publication of this issue of the Graf. L.A.C.'s Brown, Gates, Pizzev, Walkey, and A. C. Markwick were chosen to take part, with A.C.s Sheppard and Ward as reserves. We hope that they brought home a fair share of the bacon.

### CRICKET

As the Graf No. 5 went to press, there were odd games remaining to be played in the Cricket League, but "B" Flight had firmly established themselves as champions and therefore completed a notable "double" as both football and cricket title holders.

The "B" Flight men dominated the competition throughout, and won all their games in convincing style by virtue of sound team work more than outstanding individual brilliance. Seven or eight members of the side had meritorious averages both in batting and bowling, but if discrimination is to be made, the consistent performances which most readily come to mind are the following:—Hickman with a batting average of 31 for seven completed innings, and eight wickets costing only 6.25 runs each. Walker, batting average 24 in nine innings, and bowling average of 6.9 for his 31 wickets. Relton was the most conspicuous batsman with 277 runs in five innings, an average of over 55, while Woolley scored 140, being out only three times for an average of 46. Other successful bowlers were Hooper 12 wickets each for seven runs, and Durkin nine wickets for 11 runs each.

The most notable bowling feat in the league was that of Brierley, who took nine "Signals" wickets for 20 runs, and he was probably only robbed of "all ten" by a run-out decision against the remaining batsman.

England test "star" Robins has treated the spectators to some spectacular battling and bowling, but did not find a place amongst

the century makers, although he was only one or two runs short on several occasions.

The league tourney achieved far more than the display of individual merit. It provided regular games for the moderate but enthusiastic players, and league and friendly matches must have catered for almost 200 of the personnel each week. This is the most gratifying feature to those who were responsible for the promotion of the scheme and the provision of the matting wicket.

As a fitting wind-up to the season, it was hoped to stage a "cricket week-end" at the end of August, with the Station team meeting Moncton Station on the Saturday, and the third of the series between officers and other ranks on the following day. Transport difficulties caused cancellation of the first match, but the Sunday match went ahead in quite a festival atmosphere. Visitors from Charlottetown and the neighborhood were entertained for the occasion, and they both saw and heard a large gathering urge on the airmen to a sound victory over the officers. In previous encounters, each of these representative sides had won one game. The airmen started shakily, but bright efforts from Playdon (44), Horsham (43) and Spelling (31) contributed largely to the score of 211. Robins took five of the wickets for 37 runs, and Shad-bolt three for 63.

The officers replied confidently, but the turning point came when Walker took three wickets in one over, his first victim being Relton who had scored 58. Robins came in late and then began his final interesting struggle of trying to "farm" the bowling. He scored 40, but the attackers kept getting amongst the wickets at the other end, and the innings closed at 171, leaving the airmen victors by 40 runs. Walker's final figures were five wickets for 50, while Horsham had three for 53.

The Graf join his cricketing colleagues and the general personnel of the station in offering sincere condolences to the relatives of the late L.A.C. Mc-Lean, who met his death by accident. He was an outstanding personality in the "D" Flight team, both as batsman and left arm bowler. Best of his feats were a score of 81, and a bowling analysis of 6 for 19. He was in the airmen's team in the first representative match and had made his place secure.

## PHOTOGRAPHS

By Craswell Portrait Studio

Phone 272-L—Charlottetown



**PLAYERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE OFFICERS vs. AIRMEN EXHIBITION  
CRICKET MATCH ON AUGUST 30th.**

**Top Line — Allinson, Boulton, Bacon, Whisker, Featherstone, Messenger, Playdon.**  
**Middle Row — P/O Bryden (umpire), Humm, Thwaites, Cade, Anderson, Spelling, Horsham, Ash-  
pool, Shadbolt, Daniel (umpire).**  
**Front Row — Leeson, Hickman, Newitt, Walker, (Capt. Airmen: 11), Robins. (Capt. Officers 11),  
Brough, Wilson.**

## FOOTBALL

A sudden end of the season slump by S.H.Q., destroyed the prospect of an exciting climax to the football tourney, and the consistent "B" Flight team had the championship stowed safely away in the bag long before the final meeting of these two outstanding teams. This drawgame left a margin of four points in the final table, which is as follows:—

	P	W	L	D	For	Agst	Pts
"B" Flight .....	16	13	1	2	51	15	28
S. H. Q. ....	16	11	3	2	59	23	24
"A" Flight .....	16	8	3	5	34	22	21
A. N. S. ....	16	7	8	1	35	40	15
C. and B. ....	16	5	7	4	25	37	14
"D" Flight .....	16	5	8	3	35	45	13
Minors .....	16	4	9	3	30	49	11
"C" Flight .....	16	4	10	2	39	52	10
Majors .....	16	3	11	2	26	51	8

The final placings in the goal scoring list were:— Horsham (S.H.Q.) 15; Woodruffe (Majors 13; Robinson ("B" Flight) 13; Mann ("D" Flt.) 11; Russell (S.H.Q.) 11; Taylor (S.H.Q.) 11; Fairclough ("B" Flt.) 10; Jolley (A.N.S.) 10.

The organization of so extensive a competition was no mean task, and much of the credit for its success goes to L. A. C. Sykes, who took over the secretaryship two weeks after the opening, and devoted much time to its efficient management.

With the completion of the league programme, which entailed matches on five evenings of every week for over three months, the remaining time of this unorthodox season is being occupied by a knock-out cup competition. There were 15 "starters", including four teams from G.R.S. and the final should be reached by about mid-September. It is still hoped too, to arrange a few games with other R.A.F. stations before the season closes.

## THE HONOURS AWARDED

The Recreation Hall was the final venue of the football season, and there members of "B" Flight and S. H. Q. teams met once again, not in conflict but in mutual admiration as the championship shield and medals were presented by the C. O., Group Captain E. A. Blake, O.B.E., M. M.

L.A.C. Hickman, captain of the champions, was told, upon receiving the shield from Group Captain Blake, that his team had put up a "splendid show" to gain the honours. The Commanding Officer, in a short speech after the presentations, stressed the great advantage of participation in our own national games while absent from our own land. British games made the British spirit, wherever they were played, he declared. He took the opportunity of offering best wishes to those who were departing,



### **"B" FLIGHT—CHAMPIONS**

**Back Row—Wright, Wong, Hickman (Capt.), Rimmer, Christie, Dawn.  
Front Row—Lowe, Robinson, Walker, Durkin, Fairclough.**

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and thanked them "for what has been achieved here." Those men, he said, had seen the station grow out of an old patch of soft mud—from a mess with one table and no plates, to one with several tables and a few plates! "Keep the games up when you get back," he exhorted them. "They will need 'em. And meantime those who remain will maintain the same fine tradition for our own games."

Squadron Ldr. Mosse, President of the P.S.I., which provided the trophies, also attended, along with P/O Leeson, i/c football, who paid warm tribute to the work of the secretary (L.A.C. Sykes) and members of the committee, who had given up their time to the organization of the competition.

Members of the teams to receive medals were: "B" Flight—Rimmer, Wright, Dawn, Molyneaux, Hickman, Christie, Lowe, Robinson, Walker, Durkin and Fairclough;—S. H. Q.—Collins, Paton, Fay, Brown, Everest, Ford, Tootell, Russell, Taylor, Horscham, Gibson, and Wood.

A medal was also presented for forwarding to the family of the late L. A. C. Wong, a regular member of the championship side until he met an untimely death by drowning. The sympathies of all his colleagues on this station travel with that medal to his relatives.

Further medals were awarded to the referees, Cpl. Edwards, Cpl. Laraman, Cpl. Conway, L.A.C. Daniel (who is also President of the Football Committee) and A.C. Edwards.



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P. E. I.

## TABLE TENNIS FINALS

Corporal Jack Featherstone proved himself a worthy Station table tennis champion by winning every game in the finals of the knock-out competition, played in the recreation hall.

Two finalists were drawn from each section as follows:—Flt./Lt. Robins and P/O Mirsky from the Officers Mess; Sgts. Shadbolt and Tugwell (from Sgts Mess); Cpls. Featherstone and Hillan (Cpls. Mess); Lacs. Sheppard and Parker (Airmen's Canteen).

Two groups were formed, comprising one representative from each section, and each of these players opposed the others in three games. On a percentage calculation, the two corporals were the winners of the respective groups.

Cpl. Featherstone had won his nine games in a row to gain a percentage of 158.8, while Cpl. Hillan had won six games (dropping all three to L.A.C. Sheppard) to show a percentage of 114.8.

The final was a most entertaining affair, but Featherstone's attack was too devastating for his opponent, and he took the first three games at 21-17, 21-18, 21-17 to make the issue safe, without the necessity for the remaining two games.

L.A.C. Sheppard was placed third with 110.3 per cent, and Flt/Robins fourth with 96.4 per cent.

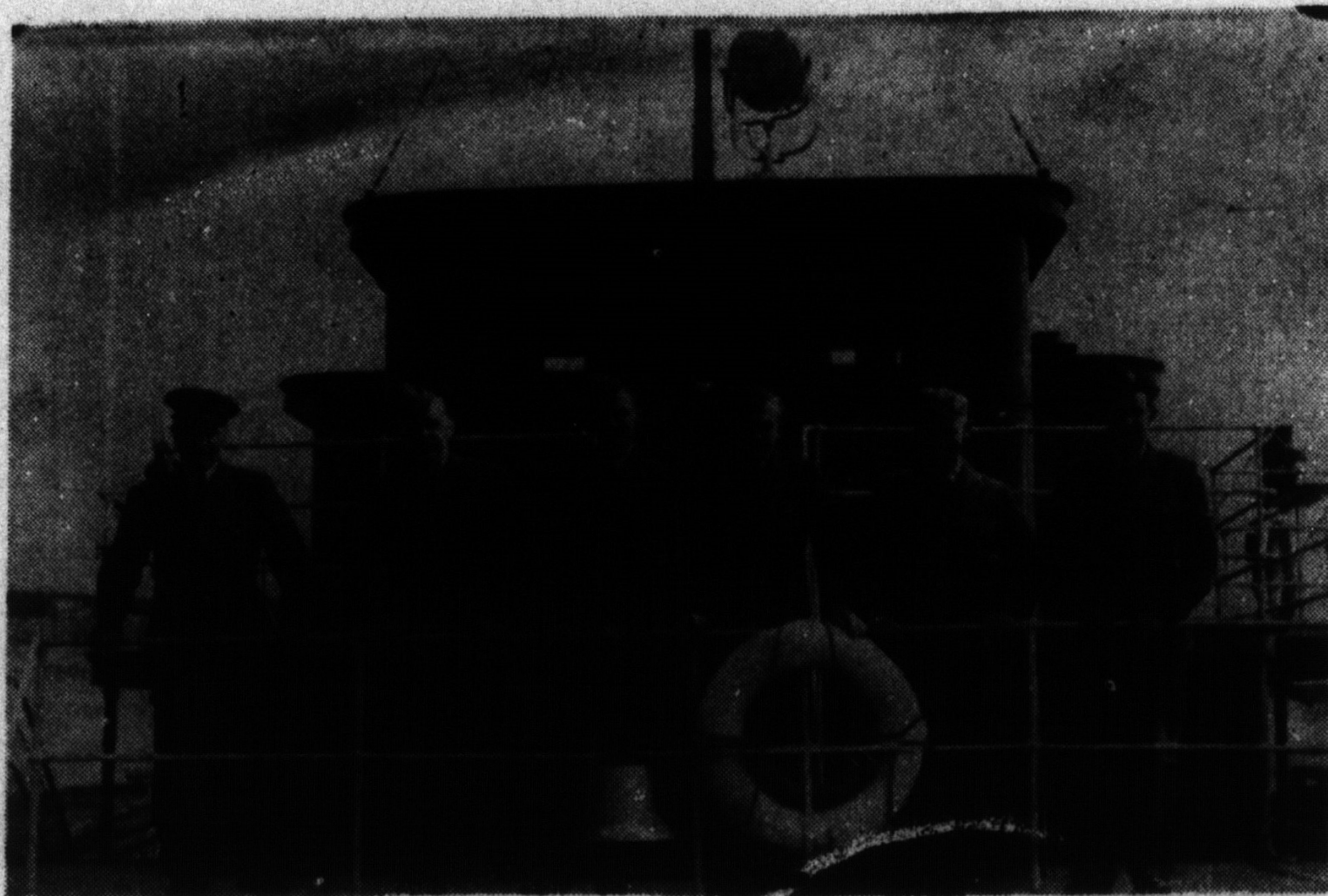
## SEQUEL TO STATION SPORTS

**Charlottetown Charted on Canadian Athletic Map**

*(We are indebted to the Sports Officer for the detailed material which made possible this account—Ed.)*

A change rather than a rest may well describe the outing undertaken by the small party of athletes chosen to represent us at inter-station and inter-Services sports at Halifax, by dint of their performances at our own athletic meeting a few days earlier. Their tedious journey, begun on the morning of August 29th, comprised almost all modes of travel—by lorry, bus, boat, train and taxi, interspersed by a little (voluntary) swimming—and ended the same night in rain drenched Halifax and an early retirement.

Friday morning was devoted to sight-seeing, and despite a marked tendency of some members to wander for various reasons blonde or brunette, all were marshalled together at lunchtime. So on to the arena in the early afternoon, for the opening of the inter-station meeting. Splendid organization and the mutual enthusiasm of officials and competitors, coupled with particularly



**STATION ATHLETIC REPRESENTATIVES**

**Left to Right—P/O Bryden (Sports Officer), W. O. Thompson, Sgt. Cheeseman, Cpl. Lamb, Cpl. Weaden, L.A.C. Tatham. The remaining member of the party, L.A.C. Hugill, was unfortunately unable to be included in this group.**

high standard of performance, assured the success of the programme. An initial "eye-opener" for the boys was a display by the Precision Squadron, who for 20 minutes gave an exhibition of complicated drill in perfect timing and unison without one word of command. Shades of training days!

First event of the "serious" business was the 100 yards, and first of our representatives to make his debut was Sgt. Cheeseman in heat two, but he could not overcome a bad start to gain either of the first two places. In the next heat however, Cpl. Lamb raced away in effortless style to win in 10  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs. He met very different company in the final, including the record-breaking inter-collegiate champion Don Norton, but did well to achieve third place and open Charlottetown's score.

Both our sprinters met misfortune in the 220 yards. Cpl. Lamb when lying conveniently second, and going well, in his heat, received directly in his eye a piece of the cinder track accidentally thrown up by the feet of the leader, and his interest in racing thereupon ceased. Sgt. Cheeseman meanwhile had romped away with his heat, finishing quite 25 yards ahead of the rest of the field. But the luck of the draw was against him in the final, and the considerable handicap of racing on the outside track against such talented runners, proved too much. He managed third place in 25 seconds however, and so added to the score.

Again fate frowned in the draw for the 440 yards, where Cpl. Weaden was consigned to the outer lane of a circular course, without any "corrective" placing. Less gentlemanly tactics would have enabled him to reduce this handicap somewhat by cutting across to the inside at an earlier stage, but he preferred the gallant route, and did not leave his lane until fully half the distance was accomplished. His fourth place was therefore highly creditable, although devoid of points.

L.A.C. Tatham found the opposition a little too hot for him in the 880 yards, but he never slackened his all-out effort and only narrowly missed fourth position.

In the mile event, L.A.C. Hugill was our only entrant. He got away well, and took up a handy position in third place of a large field. Towards the end of the second of the four laps, he moved up into second place, running easily and confidently. But during the third lap came disaster. He was seen suddenly to develop a limp. Other runners finally overtook him, but encouraged by his colleagues Hugill made a super effort to sprint the last 80 yards in great style to hold fourth place. And it subsequently transpired that he had achieved this remarkable feat with a broken fibula!! That must surely be a spot of the Bulldog spirit we have so often heard about. All will join in wishing L.A.C. Hugill early release from his "stick and shackles", and a speedy, complete recovery.

Last competitor amongst our representatives, but by no means least (!) was W. O. Thompson, a shot-putter of note. Despite his most endearing caresses, his most dervish of dances, however, he could not put it any nearer than three inches behind the winner's "shot" of 34 feet 5 1-2 inches. But that gave Charlottetown its first "second" of the day.

In the evening, members of the party joined in the gala celebrations connected with the opening of a new Sergeants Mess. Wine, Women and Song—but this must not become a gossip column.

W. O. Thompson (putting the shot) and Sgt. Cheeseman (880 yards relay team) were chosen to represent the R. A. F. on the following day at the inter-Services meeting. Here the standard was comparable with the highest class athletic meetings, and several records were broken. The R. A. F. men won the competition by a convincing margin, securing more than half of the possible points. The relay team was third. W. O. Thompson also gained a third place in his event, although his best effort was a few inches short of his throw on the previous day.

Members of the party followed their own pleasant and several inclinations during Saturday evening, largely by virtue of "contacts" previously made—all, that is, except L.A.C. Hugill, who was detained in the Navy Hospital. A lazy Sunday morning prepared them for the rigors of the return journey, but upon arrival at Pictou in the evening, they discovered that the ferry boat did not travel according to accredited information, and there they had to remain overnight. Monday morning found them again heading for the Island, then final trials and tribulations within a bus which had long since, reached a deserved retirement, and Charlottetown once more,—once more to become cogs in the great machinery of the war effort, but with many pleasant memories of a delightful diversion.

From the station we add congratulations upon a job well done despite the odds.

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## HELLUCINATION

Last night I dreamed I had gone to Hell. I know it was Hell because there was a great big Neon sign right across the entrance. It said "This is Hell. Drive Slowly Please." And I knew it was a dream because today I am back in P. E. I., which is much too bleak, cold and miserable to be mistaken for that place. For Hell is a place where—well, let me tell you all about it.

Had it not been for that sign at the gate you might have mistaken it for Rocky Point on Bank Holiday. It was gaily decorated in all the colours of the Sporting Club, and music and laughter, and the pulse quickening sound of popping champagne corks filled the air.

"Well, fancy that," I said to myself, "Fancy what"? said a deep husky voice beside me. Kind of crooning, you know. The

voice belonged to a swell looking receptionist jane, or something, who had suddenly bobbed up out of nowhere. She wore a silky red frock. And a very tight sort of frock it was too. Ever heard of Veronica Lake? Well, that sort of frock. And inside of it was the prettiest little Devil you ever saw. And that voice!

She said she was Lucezia Borga or something, but all her friends called her Lucie, and would I like to look around the place. I said I would, so she took my arm and off we went. Through Hell together as it were.

"Have you brought your ration books?" she asked as we were passing a sort of hot dog stand. I guess I looked at her with an expression of pain and despair. "Never mind," she said soothingly, "it doesn't really matter. We have a very efficient black market here. 'Tis a terrific success; the girls simply love it. But I'll have to tell the Boss about it; he takes a twenty per cent cut all round. Have a drink?" She produced a bottle of Johnny Walker. There didn't seem to be a glass about, so I had to drink the whole bottle. There wasn't much wrong with Hell, as far as I could see. We stopped in front of a large building, rather like the Charlottetown Hotel, only quite different.

"You'd better leave your coat here," said Lucie, "you'll find it rather warm inside." A big chap came tumbling down the steps. "the Boss", whispered my friend. The Boss acknowledged it by slapping her where her dress was tightest. He looked rather like "Charles Laughton" and he wore tails—that is to say, white tie, to avoid misunderstandings.

We went into the C.H. that wasn't. Hundreds of people were comfortably lounging around, so we got ourselves a table and a couple of Martinis (extra dry), and Lucie began to give me the low down on the celebrities around us. All the nicest people.

There was Rasputin playing Pontoon with Joan of Arc and two gentlemen from the Foreign Office; Nero wearing nothing but a tin hat and specs was busy drawing up a rota of fire watchers; Katharine the Great did a Rhumba with Sweeney Todd, and Cleopatra threw tinned milk at a famous film star who wouldn't play. "Sorry you can't stay for my birthday party," said Lucie, "they are hellishly amusing, you know. But alas, all good things must come to an end, and we were about to leave when things began to happen. We were looking at the huge furnace they're building (costs plus ten per cent, and all that) for a bloke named Schickelgrube, (we are expecting him at any moment now", said Lucie) when the sirens went. Actually they call 'em Hells Bells, down there. There was a raid on, and water came from every where. . . .

My window was open, and rain was merrily splashing on my face, Summer in Canada. Phew! give me Hell any time.

"MORTY".

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LONGWORTH AVENUE

## Book Corner

The books shown below have this month been added to the Station Library—they represent the latest fiction, biography, and technical publications obtainable. They are available to you without any cost from the Station Library, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening.

### FICTION

**Du Maurier, Daphne**

*Frenchman's Creek*

A novel set in the wild parts of the Cornish coast. The adventures of 'LA MOUETTE', the pirate vessel belonging to a mysterious aristocratic Frenchman. The latter's intrigue with the beautiful Lady Dona, and her subsequent alliance with him in a coastal raid—makes an interesting and well worth reading story.

**Steen Marguerite**

*The Sun is My Undoing*

A story of adventure from Bristol to Africa, Barbados to Cuba, Barbary to Seville. Excitement with a salting of sentiment—you'll enjoy it tremendously!

**Bellmann Henry**

*Kings Row*

The 'nineties' in a Midwestern town. The mellowing of brutality, cruelty, sadism and petty spite by one man and his friends. This is a one volume 'Chamber of Horrors.' If you're squeamish don't read this book.

**Cronin A. F.**

*Keys of the Kingdom*

Not so hot from the press as some of the other books, but none the less attractive. From its Teeside opening it move to China, and there winds its way among famine, plague, bandits and civil war. It's main character, Father Francis Chisholm may remind you of St. Francis of Assisi.

**Buck Pearl S.**

*Dragon Seed.*

From the pen of the creator of 'The Good Earth' comes this new novel. It describes vividly the fall of Nanking and the entrance of the Japanese troops, their bestiality and cruelty, opposed to the courageous and persistent struggle of the Chinese

**Breger Dave**

*Private Breger*

A book of cartoons of the adventures of Private Dave Breger in an army camp. These will tickle you to death—evidently American Army camp life has much in common with ours.

**NON-FICTION****Rawlings Marjorie R.***Cross Creek*

A remote Florida hamlet, orange groves and swamps are the background for this virile book. It's writer, the author of 'The Yearling', portrays the people in and around her own home.

**Paul Elliot***The Last Time I Saw Paris*

Paris as it used to be good and bad, religion and commerce, literature and decadence. A living description of the area around the Place St. Michel. If you've been there revisit it in this book, if not explore—great reading!

**Meeker F. Arthur***The Ivory Mischief*

The court of Louis XIV contained two beauties whose imaginary dairies have been woven into a novel showing Paris three hundred years ago. A story of fiction with its characters born in history.

**Chase Mary E.***Windswept*

The barren lands of Eastern Maine give birth to this novel. Centred in a lonely house built under tragic circumstances, its influence flows through a dozen families far apart.

**Baum Vicki***Marion Alive*

This book deals not with a few hours or days of life, but with the greater part of a lifetime. Vienna before and after the last war, the seeds of Nazism and the present conflict. Marion Somner the main character, is a vital spirited and human woman with a great sense of fun—don't miss this book.

**Hillary Richard***Falling Through Space*

A story of the experiences of a rather arrogant member of the University Air Squadron. His tortures after being shot down and badly burnt, including the rebuilding of his face by plastic surgeons—interesting but a bit 'horrific.'

**Mcdonald Angus***Old Macdonald Had a Farm*

The author's father was a stern inflexible old man whose land was his life. This is the story of his struggle to keep the soil, his family and everyone else with whom he came into contact, running along the lines of his stubborn idealism.

**Reiss Curt***Underground Europe*

The background of the sabotage and anti-Nazi systems running in Germany, Italy and the occupied countries of Europe. A heartening book to those who have not realised the power of such organisations.

**King Hall Stephen***Total Victory*

This well known English writer lays out a plan for peace. He proposes the supplementing of military tactics with political intelligence. The author of the famous King Hall news letters writes a book of deep interest to all thinking people.

**Bowman Henry A.***Marriage for Moderns*

A helpful book for progressive people proposing or experiencing marriage. It attacks it from the psychological and physiological viewpoints and kills many of the pet theories of the uninformed.

**TECHNICAL BOOKS****Winter W.***The Model Aircraft Handbook*

The most up to date book on the subject. Covers everything from model aerodynamics and air frame construction to gas engines and radio control. If you're interested join the model aircraft club on the station.

**Feild Robert D.***The Art of Walt Disney*

How the Disney films are made from mind to screen, from a not too technical viewpoint. Contains many drawings and photographs in full color—of great interest to almost anyone.

**Haidish James***Mathematics for the Aviation Trades*

A book for aero mechanics. Covers the gamut from fundamentals to compression ratio and valve timing. Has an excellent series of test questions at the end.

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**Have YOU Enrolled for the New Course in  
Trigonometry Yet?**

**See the Station Education Officer!**

## Section News

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### "A" FLIGHT

(By Yussells)

Here it is then—and don't say you didn't ask for it.

Firstly, to the editor,—we don't like your reference to our early or late trips, that, at least is one time of day when our screaming cheetahs are the best on the unit, and furthermore we don't have to put up with the horrible bangings and mag-dropping which emanate from the region of B. C. and D. Flights during the day.

We in the "Star" Flight oft times wonder why they ever trouble to push them out at all; its good exercise for the mechanics we suppose and of course there's the pushing in part, that helps. The preceeding part will no doubt give rise to great yells from "B" Flight in particular and will be, 'who got most hours in for July,' to which we shall say—"whose aircraft did they use anyway," no one will convince us,—or anyone that really counts, that all that junk flies; we'll give you a few tips on running the thing properly.

Firstly you must remember you are in this war too, and must not think you are getting away with only paying for it. You should in the second place take lots and lots of time off, in fact, thousands of it,—we always come back so refreshed after a night on the hootch—or something and besides, the yarns you will have to tell occupy the mind whilst pushing out your old crocks; even if one or two tailplanes do go for a burton they would go anyway.

We find that whenever we wander into your hangars to see if there's anything loafing, (there never is, only the erks) we always seem to hear pretty much the same thing, its either, "I'm broke," "He's broke", "He's broke it" or "breaks up". the first three are in order and are necessary parts of an airmen's vocab but its the last one we refer to, take a tip from us, we never have a tea session for more than an hour, although its pretty safe if your spies have watched the C. O. or Engineer leave the hangar. he isn't usually back within the hour although even then you have to be careful because they have a habit of popping up at the most unexpected times, so its advisable to change the meeting place periodically, the barrack hut is a good place if you choose your times, the only thing is, don't loaf in your tunic or slacks. get right down to it, and when the Orderly Officer comes in try to look as if you really work in S.H.Q. or M.W.H.Q. or even the cookhouse. You should try this sometime, the big shots will begin to notice you then and you will become an important part of this institution.

Another thing blokes, don't let the bloke what sits in the office, boss you so much, they're all easy; tell them where to get off, this is usually done sotto voice not blotto and when you have spent all your substance on the afore-mentioned beverage and you cannot go out anyway; and you do get your point home. You should drive the tractor right under his nose, if you can get him out of the office and then show that you still don't worry because he realizes you are an important part of this war and has to get you off jankers anyway, although this isn't always the case because sometimes he won't have you at any price and instead of you almost dropping dead when the C. O. dished out the jankers he wishes you had. So really no one knows how important you are until you are missing and then you either are or you aren't (important we mean).

You should show them that you do count, at least up till 5 o'clock, if you cannot beat it before then.

We don't suppose you will pick up much from the foregoing, you are probably in a rut anyway, but you can try to be half as good as us. If anyone in B. C. or D. Flights wants to make trouble about the points we make, may we remind you that we have a large dog in the Flight who can smell you a mile off. Who couldn't?

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#### MAINTENANCE WING HEADQUARTERS

As the last issue of the Graf was not favored with any contribution from Maintenance Wing H. Q., it is considered advisable to make some small literary effort this time, rather than incur the displeasure of the Editor.

First note to W/T Maintenance—your reference to our garden contained a terminological inexactitude. The source of supply for our plants was not the Experimental Farm, and incidentally we do sometimes weed our garden.

As usual there are still one or two things we wonder: What is the subject of those confidential discussions held between our glamour girl and a certain AC? Then there was the dark handsome corporal who has recently left us. Did his teeth really require so much attention, or was the Dental Clinic Waiting Room necessary for his mental relaxation? And where does Claude really go when he says "If anyone wants we I'm round the Hangars."

The Wing Headquarters has recently become a source of considerable miscellaneous and entirely irrelevant "Gen". For instance, should you wish to learn about Montreal and romance, murmur the fifth line of "Jingle Jangle Jingle" to one of our runners, or should you require information regarding drill movements and the correct procedure for communications with Works and Buildings, address your inquiries to the other runner. But if

you want any pukka or stokers Gen, ask our blonde, because what we know in camp today, they knew in town last week.

Consultation with members of this staff should also be of interest to those who wish to console or entertain distant girl friends with inspired or unbelievably lengthy correspondence, or to those more practical souls who may care to learn the art of liquidating flies with deadly precision. Tuition on these elevating subjects may be obtained absolutely free, except for a small nominal charge.

If you have read as far as this, we would conclude by quoting the office motto—"A girl in the coupe is worth five in the phone book" or "An ounce of jitterbug is worth a pound of old maid."

L.A.K

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### "WE WONDER"

If the reason the tea swindle changes hands so often is so that eventually everyone will have had a dip!

Whether Fibber and Wimpy find their way between the hangar and the hut by means of compass, astro-navigation or just plain smell!

And if the reason Wimpy has changed masters so frequently of late is dictated by need of a license!

Whether any other section could field pretty good soccer and cricket teams at the same time!

How many Erks in the flight are sweating on (1) their tapes, (2) the boat, (3) whether they can meet the "tiger" tonight?

If anyone is ever broke (less than five minutes after pay parade)!

If all the lines about "New York", "winter on P. E. I.," "whose kite was first away", and "how many times I've been on oil" are really expected to be believed!

And last if anyone has read as far as this!

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### SIGNALS SECTION

We are glad to welcome a few new members into the section, to gladden the hearts of some of the old stagers who are looking round desperately for reliefs.

Not to be outdone by minors W/T we now have our own pet Flight Sergeant and our congratulations are extended to F/Sgt. Cawsey.

News has been received from an old member of the section, L.A.C. Wadsworth who has now arrived safely in the U. K.

It is reported that L.A.C. Silverman whose cricket prowess is a by-word in the section has now gone into retirement, to rest on his laurels.

Cpl. Dogget the culinary expert of the transmitting station has now perfected a new recipe for tomato soup, for which he says he will charge visitors 50 cents a bowl.

There is no truth in the rumour that the staff of the D/F Station is to be supplied with red cloths and rapiers for bull fighting.

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### W/T MAINTENANCE

Changes in personnel have brought a visible alteration in the appearance of the W/T Section, for better or worse. Only three of the original 11 members mentioned in the last contribution of *The Graf*, now remain, others having been despatched to strengthen the war effort on other shores, or other departments on the station.

Meantime a breath of Britain has been wafted here by the arrival of several newcomers, including the new i/c Flight Sgt. Horner. He indeed brings quite a tang of the salt sea, and along with one of the erks can even shoot a confident line about the Orient. Two others can tell stirring tales of "pioneer" life in the Middle West, but the old hands can still fairly well hold their own with that one about winter on P. E. I. Sweeter than them all however are the stories almost whispered by the other newcomers, of England's green pastures—or tumbled masonry,—of blackouts and cigarettes, or of bitters and sweets.

Another new i/c of one of our sections, already well known here as a naturalist, is Sgt. Wayman. We join with him in blaming an unkind fate which deposited him on P. E. I. in '42 instead of France in the revolution era.

Despite the changes and the stream of distinguished visitors, production continues on a prodigious scale. This, it is hoped, will be maintained, and in this connection we have all been considerably heartened by the rumour that in future some of the WOPS and WAGS intend to use accumulators of a reasonably high voltage.

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### 'PLANE SPEECH

(Or What Might Be Heard if Aircraft Could Talk)

*The Scene:* Minor Maintenance Hangar. Time 12 Midnight.

All is quiet, the doors are closed and numerous aircraft due for inspection upon the morrow, loom spectre-like in semi-darkness. As the midnight hour strikes, the foremost two Anson's seem strangely to assume an appearance of life. The first Anson, speaks with her neighbor, an all yellow aircraft.

*First Anson*—"Well shear my taper pins, if it isn't young Yellow Peril! We were pushed in here together for our last forty treble star surely?"

*Second Anson*—"Indeed we were! Throttle me, but how the niggers did curse your catching corsy controls, I must say you look a trifle low in the legs old thing. Ah well! maybe the flight boys have been dodging your D. I., or something."

*First Anson*—"Thanks for the observation, but don't try and get under my fabric with such taunting, Miss Banana, and at the same time get some flying hours in! I've been in the air around these parts since the first echelon boys, assembled me back in March '41. Your mixture's a bit too damned rich, if you ask me, and furthermore 'tis whispered in the invalid ward at Majors, that you have been left wing low for months."

*Second Anson*—"Keep your cowlings on dearie! I really didn't intend getting into your slipstream, after all aren't we all in the same hangar. Confidentially speaking old thing my flaps droop when I think of a further minor ordeal tomorrow. During my last inspection here a terribly technical crowd of hide faced hammer fiends, who had recently reached the dazzling level of ACI (just how is as mysterious as a mag drop to me) under the supervision of one moustached 'Major Replacement Hill', simply gave me 'the works', whilst removing most of mine at the same time. It almost broke my very heart strands."

*First Anson*—"Must have given your props quite a turn I imagine."

*Second Anson*—"Well dear, you know the helpless feeling of lying there on trestles all day, while the fitters potter with one's pots, and someone flays around with your tail, and finally decides that your old type will do anyway. They'll have us an our hubs yet! You just mark my datum points!"

*First Anson*—"Can't say the flights are much better either, the way they haul one around with these new fangled tractors, my old man, who has now retired and lives at a training school, shakes on his very trestles thinking of it!"

*Second Anson*—"They must take us for members of the Spitfire family I fancy, since the "Battle of Britain" they and that haughty Hurricane crowd haven't cared a rev. for anyone. However they won't ruffle my slipstream any, after all what's one mere pilot compared to our crews of four."

*First Anson*—"Yes of course, mind you, Yellow Peril, I've often longed to be a glamour girl, like Susie Sterling or Betty Halifax. but I don't quite envy their job, moving around in such dangerous circles."

*Second Anson*—"Oh why such envy! Aren't we Ansons' doing our bit, and I'm sure we rough it during the winter months on P. E. I."

*First Anson*—"Thank Heavens for the winterisation lining they gave us."

*Second Anson*—"But it all seems far away now doesn't it, old thing, in spite of the winter I hope I'm not posted."

*First Anson*—"Seems as though we Ansons are here for the duration, doesn't it? My, my but I'm tired, must be that binding brake of mine, awful trouble taxying you know."

*Second Anson*—"None too fresh myself either, didn't have enough air this afternoon. . . ah well, life is full of ups and downs—Good night old thing!"

*First Anson*—"Good night then."

*Silence Reigns in the Hangar.*

### CHEETAH CHATTER

(Dedicated to the 120,000,000 revolutions of Cheetah IX  
W.1698—February, 1941 to July, 1942)

I'm a little Cheetah flying in the sky,  
Ever so, ever so, ever so high,  
Wearing all my pistons, cylinders as well,  
Churning chunks of atmosphere, rattling like hell.

Poor little Cheetah, arcing at the points,  
Clattering in the tappets, bleeding at the joints,  
Blowing in the gaskets, belching forth the flames,  
Dragging ruddy Ansons from Moose Jaw to Magdalenes.

Bravo, Little Cheetah, misunderstood but dumb,  
Tortured by the pilots from here to kingdom come;  
Sweating drops of lubricant, bathed in melted grease,  
Aching in the innards, praying for release.

Faithful little Cheetah—such a mighty heart,  
Obedient to the throttle, never fails to start;  
Compression disappearing—bearings getting slack,  
Never fails at take off—always brings you back.

Patient little Cheetah—it never seems to care,  
Maltreated, misused, on the ground and in the air,  
Just pour in 100 octane, fresh oil to fill its veins,  
Forget to set the tappets—never it complains!

Chugging always onwards, aloft in ice and snow,  
Gallant little Cheetah—always on the go,  
Give us your revolutions, produce your B. H. P.,  
Beloved little brainchild of Armstrong Siddeley.

Just a little Cheetah, that's  
Dragging half an Anson along to Victory.

Veeblock.

(Suggested from an imperfectly remembered song which used to be sung by Arthur Askey, to whom profoundest apologies are due.)

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*MY FIRST TRIP*

(By an Ex-Wop)

To the accompaniment of roaring cheetahs that would have done justice to hut 7 after 'lights out', I staggered out to my aircraft under a load of parachutes, 'Mae West' and helmets, etc. The wireless operator, hereafter termed the wop, my instructor, was already seated in the aircraft and, having completed the preparations necessary to ensure a faultless flight was anxiously awaiting the 'driver.' The customers were feverishly darting about accomplishing their important pre-flight duties, sharpening pencils and arguing over charts and things.

At last the pilot ambled up behind an enormous bushy moustache, nonchalantly waggled the starboard aileron, and thereby ascertained that the aircraft was serviceable. A careless nod dismissed the mechanic who shouted to his mate 'chocs awa'" which is evidently an old highland war-cry. After zig-zagging furiously round to the 'start', also ostensibly to ascertain whether everything on the aircraft worked, we raced down the runway with an ear-splitting roar. I thought this was the normal joyful throatiness of the plane, until I noticed the 'wop' gesticulating madly. Apparently he had lost a rectangular wooden box which goes behind the set and is usually filled with jam-jars. Anyway, it didn't seem to matter much, as the wop was suddenly electrified (metaphorically) into action and a few seconds later the 'kite' resembled a Heath Robinson contraption with wires circumnavigating the navigator.

Now it was time for me to take over the watch, so I donned helmet and endeavoured to hear "base" above the noise of the customers who were having a heated argument as to who would take the first drift. After 30 minutes I began to doubt my instructor's assurance that "base" wasn't transmitting, so gingerly awakened him and asked him to "have a go."

At this moment I noticed a wire dangling above the window and drew his attention to it. He grew wide-eyed at first, then muttered "aerial gone" and straightway proceeded to switch off, close log, and resume his interrupted sleep.

It was at this inopportune moment that the navigators wanted to play with the lamp, so they re-awakened my unfortunate colleague and asked him where to stick the plug. With great difficulty he managed to restrain his impulses and pointed to a couple of holes in the electric panel.

Although we hadn't noticed, by this time the weather had considerably darkened and streaks of lightning were gambolling round our craft. The pilot called me up to the front and shouted above the din 'RTB.' He had evidently sighted a Red Torpedo Boat which was our target, so we thereupon turned round and came home.

We made such a good landing that it didn't even waken the prostrate 'wop.'

D. R. A. G.

*A MODERN MELODRAMA*

They were quite alone in her apartment.

"Let me go," she commanded.

He stood with his back to the door, twirling the key on his little finger. A cynical smile twisted his lips.

"How dare you," she cried and flung herself at him swinging small round fists.

He tossed the key into the air, catching it a few inches above her snatching hand.

"Let me go!" she panted, "How dare you!"

The corners of his eyes wrinkled as they always did when he was amused. She was quite delightful when aroused.

"Please let me go!" she stormed in a tear edged voice.

"Not tonight, dear!"

He pointed to an adjoining room, a corner of white bedspread just visible through the half open door.

"That's the door you'll take when you leave this room."

"No No!" she cried, and sank to her knees before him.

His watching eye appraised her scantily clothed body, her quivering lips, ripe with rouge, and smooth freshly powdered cheeks, curving from darkened lashes, heavy with hopeless tears.

"You belong to me!" he said grimly, taking a step toward her.

She sprang to her feet and slowly backed away, her eyes never leaving his face.

She paused at the bedroom door, her face drawn with emotion.

"I'll hate you for ever and ever!" she sobbed and flung herself face downward on the bed.

He drew a chair under the reading lamp murmuring "what a task it is these days to be the father of a sixteen year old girl."

*OUR ANSONS*

(Sung to tune of "Hut Sut Song")

Nuts and Bolts falling off an Anson

In the hangar on the deck

Nuts and Bolts falling off an Anson

And that aircrafts a wreck.

Now the Anson is an ancient kite

To be a bomber was its dream

Once it was in front line defence

Now it's a Has Been

Nuts and Bolts falling off an Anson

In the hanger on the deck

Nuts and Bolts falling off an Anson

And they call her "The Queen".

*A WOPS FIRST WATCH*

The new W/op swept down like a wolf on the fold,  
 His eager eye gleaming with confidence bold  
 As he took the watch over with manifest glee—  
 For was wopping not easy to such men as he?  
 Like a young bull in spring-time when pastures are green,  
 The new Wop's approach to the receiver was seen;  
 But a broken old man with eyes all adrift.  
 Was found at the key at the end of the shift.  
 He called up control with some traffic to pass,  
 And started off blissfully to pound at the brass—  
 When lo, he was halted with code signals rude:  
 "I never heard any sending more crude."  
 He reeled in his seat, and then tried again  
 To send out his message—but 'twas all in vain  
 For signals came blasting and caught him a jolt;  
 "You sent at the same time as I did, why?  
 From all other stations loud signals poured forth  
 From all other stations loud signals poured forth  
 And rocked the new Wop till his nerves were in rags:  
 "Start over again—and try sending with flags"  
 "Your call signs are sloppy—were you calling me?"  
 "Have you some messages—have they priority?"  
 "Listen out he's sending—"you are causing delay"  
 "I told you to wait"—There's the devil to pay.  
 "Send faster—send slower—your spacing is bad—  
 Smarten up—pay attention—you're lousy my lad  
 Your Morse is disgraceful—you shouldn't be at large—  
 A competent operator is to take charge."  
 And all through the watch the mad signals went on,  
 And stretched on the floor, all haggard and wan,  
 The new Wop lay babbling, a poor broken shell,  
 A pitiful picture of a man dragged through hell.

A Wop.

---

Well what did you think of it?—Quietly please?  
 How about improving the next number with your own contribution?

Please submit all copy—jokes, stories, poems, news items, gossip or cartoons—before September 2th to either via the Y. M. C. A. box, Flying Headquarters, or Signals Section.



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