

F. Waddell

GRAF



SOUVENIR NUMBER

R. A. F.
CHARLOTTETOWN

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1944



"Farewell to the Island"

« « THE GRAF » »

Magazine of R. A. F., Charlottetown

Published by kind permission of G/Capt. H. N. Hampton, DFC.

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Station Commander: Group Captain H. N. Hampton, D.F.C.

INTRODUCTORY MESSAGE

It is always disappointing to have to break up a good team, but this issue of the "GRAF" coincides with our journey's end in Charlottetown and with the dispersal of our family to other posts where we shall be of even greater value to our Service in the historic year of 1944.

As we move on from Station to Station, all Service life becomes a series of episodes which fade in memory as time goes past. So I hope many of you will keep this magazine as a souvenir of your last few months at Charlottetown — those months when we were all pulling together as a happy family.

Thank you one and all for your splendid work and the very best of luck wherever you may be serving.

H. N. Hampton.
G/c.

Editorial

It came upon us suddenly—through the medium of our local newspapers. We learned of plans that shook us to our foundations. We read of forthcoming events in which we personally would all be involved. Slowly we recovered from the sensational disclosures and the subsequent rumours about the Boat List, and we have now divided ourselves into two main parties—those who are going home, and those who are not. Thus we have come to the last phase of our invasion of Charlottetown: a period in our lives made memorable because of the link we have forged for three years between the R.A.F. and Prince Edward Island; memorable because, however much we felt out of touch with the tremendous happenings at home, we shall remember we did a good job of work for the Air Force and for Britain while we were here.

The publication of this our last issue of the "Graf" therefore coincides with the closing down of this Station as an R.A.F. organization. In a very short time No. 31 G.R. School will be a disbanded unit, recorded in Air Ministry's archives and preserved only in the recollections of our friends the Islanders and in the memories of those of us who have served on this Station.

It is inevitable that we should feel this to be a sad but important moment, and we have tried to make this final number of the "Graf" a better magazine than any of its predecessors. We would like it to strike a note of excellence, because, as the voice of the Station, we want it to express how the Station feels about the Station. Apart from this, we are sure that there are many who would like to keep a copy as a souvenir of their stay here—and for this reason we shall be mailing copies to as many of our past readers as possible.

It is only human to pick holes in our surroundings especially when so far from home as this, but most of us will find after a few months that we shall be looking back with pleasure to our stay on "The Island". We may even miss the familiar "Friendly Voice of the Maritimes" and a certain old-time band, noted for furious fiddling; and we may dwell on the memories of Ed's bus and of enormous suppers at the "Old Spain". We shall remember the red cliffs and the beaches, the colours of maple trees in the autumn, and the jingle of sleigh bells in the winter. Then there are the friends we have made amongst the good burghers of Charlottetown, people who have opened their hearts and their homes to us. We shall not forget them.

We must have flown many millions of miles since we began to train pilots and navigators in the art of Coastal Reconnaissance.

sance. Many thousands of our pupils have gone on to Operational Squadrons. We have battled in the air and on the ground with ice, snow, and freezing winds. And as we have watched the changes of the seasons, we have seen old comrades go and new ones take their places. Some of us have found wives here and have founded dynasties of our own. Many will return to make their homes near the scene of some of their war-time labours, and we know that the Dominion will be the richer for them.

A Station is like a big family, which is born, develops and ultimately matures. Some seem to have eternal life and are still going strong. It has unfortunately been our bad luck to be one of the short-lived ones, snuffed out just as they are reaching maturity, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have achieved much during our existence, and can hand it over to our successors in the R.C.A.F. with pride as well as with regret.

So to all our personnel, past and present, we make our last bow before the curtain falls. Together with the fruit of our labours, we send you all good wishes in your future wanderings.

To those who must remain on this side of the Atlantic we say, "Be good ambassadors and help unite even stronger the ties of the Empire. You have an honourable task in front of you; go to it with a stout heart".

To those who return to England we say "Bon Voyage"; and especially to those who at long last will be joining operational squadrons we say "Good hunting and happy landings".



S. H. Q. PARADE

This is our last appearance in this, the last number of the Station Magazine, and we feel the occasion is a suitable one for parading in print the inner wheels of our efficient organization.

Group Captain H. N. Hampton, D.F.C., arrived here only four months ago; ostensibly he came to do a job of work and no one, after a little service with him, had any illusions about that; actually, and unknown to him at the time, he had arrived at the right time to wind up the affairs of the Station and to ensure an easy change over from R.A.F. to R.C.A.F. His must be a keen disappointment, but with his long service experience behind him, to all problems and major changes he presents a sphinx-like inscrutibility.

Squadron Leader R. H. Russell, our Squadron Leader of Administration, has two superlative qualifications for his appointment: twenty-five years' experience in the Service and his Scotch ancestry (he came from Glasgow, in case you don't know). He has only been known to lose his geniality and cooperative spirit when a questionable grant from P.E.I. Funds is suggested—and then he becomes apoplectic. He has a perfect pattern of war worker assisting him, our civilian stenographer Miss D. R. Auld. She has the unusual quality of keeping her ears open and her mouth shut.

Flight Lieutenant G. E. Lace our Station Adjutant, has need of many virtues in an atmosphere of telephone calls, buzzers, visitors and problems. He is always to be seen either in the act of lighting a cigarette or popping it into the ashtray; of necessity he has never time to have more than a couple of puffs, and even in his leisure time, so much a habit has this become, that he is never known to smoke a whole cigarette.

Flying Officer Cox has been brought in recently to assist our Adjutant. His efforts are greatly appreciated; otherwise that foul smelling pipe of his would not be tolerated.

Our Senior Accountant Officer, Squadron Leader P. H. Burgess, has only been with us a few months, and during that time has earned our affection. He has an individual mode of expression: having sized up a monetary problem he flashes a

couple of blinks—then the relieved inquirer leaves him knowing that his problem will be attended to.

His chief adviser is Flight Lieutenant Crayston, who is always ready to forget his stomachic obsession to give a helping hand—either in debates, discussions, welfare or accountancy.

Mention must be made of Warrant Officer Hubbard of the Accounts Section. After fifteen years' service and after scaling the rungs of promotion to the rank of Warrant Officer he has now taken active steps to remuster to air crew. An exceptionally fine spirit, Warrant Officer!

Space does not permit us to mention many others of our colleagues; all have shown an excellent spirit of cooperation; and we wish you all the best for the future—and postings which will satisfy you.



Station Sports

The outlook for the station athletes improved considerably when there were obvious indications that every encouragement was to be given to athletics and games by the provision of more playing fields and the erection of a new drill hall complete with all gymnastic requirements; and then the outlook was blacked-out by the announcement in the daily papers informing us of our departure. So speculations as to the future of sports are wholly irrelevant and recorded here are summaries of events since the previous publication of the "GRAF".

TRACK EVENTS.

The first track meeting between inter-Maritime stations was held at Moncton on Sept. 14th, 1943. The Moncton team were outstandingly superior—they were easy winners with 90 points, Summerside second with 14 points.

The second track meeting took place at the Forum, Charlottetown, on October 29th, 1943. Teams from this Station, R.C.A.F. Summerside, Prince of Wales College, and H.M.C.S. "Queen Charlotte" competed. Here, Fraser (Summerside) deserves special mention for his high jump of 5 feet 8½ inches, Junop (Navy) for his 100 yards; Maddox (R.A.F.) for his mile in 5 minutes and 43 seconds. With two first places, four seconds and one third, the R.A.F. were winners with a total of 23 points.

BOXING.

There are comparatively few boxers on the camp, but their efforts have had the enthusiastic support of the whole Station. This was evident at the Sporting Club on September 30th, when the Charlottetown team were able to keep the Moncton airmen from carrying away all the honours. There were seven bouts, of which Charlottetown won four to Moncton's three. The most important bout of the evening was between LAC Gasson (Charlottetown) and LAC Billy Baker of Moncton who was billed as the Maritimes Champion. Gasson, at 147 pounds beat his heavier opponent (155) on points in five rounds—F/Lt. Laithwaite, F/O. Ashpool and S/L. S. Turnhill were the judges. F/Sgt. Milburn gave his services generously to help the team, acting as manager and trainer.

SOCCER.

Despite uncertain weather conditions and the loss of keen players, the football league proved itself very popular on the Station. Enthusiasm was never lacking although from the beginning the result was never in doubt; S.H.Q. "B" football were the winners.



S.H.Q. "B" FOOTBALL TEAM 1943

W/O (now F/O) McIntyre, LAC Naylor, LAC Rees, LAC Paton
LAC Bolton A/C Maitland, W/O Lawless
LAC Mulholland, LAC Griffiths, A/C Pemberton, S/L Russell.
LAC Tanner, A/C Richards, A/C McDevitt,
Cpl Patton, LAC Macdonald

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The rugger enthusiasts did not mind the back-breaking job of clearing the new sports field of stones, and this finished, were able to get in a good deal of practice in the evenings. The first match between officers and airmen was won by the officers, not so much by their superior play, but by their skill in navigating the water barriers. Both teams thoroughly enjoyed themselves and after swimming to the touch line retired to the Officers' Mess for refreshment. In the next match, the sergeants slipped it across the officers with a score of 21-3 in their favour.

The annual encounters with St. Dunstan's team have always been keen and bitterly contested and this year was no exception. The Station team won 9-3, but the college boys went down fighting. The return match was played the following Saturday. That day the Station had two teams out, and the one against the Prince of Wales College, turned out to be a really good game, the result in favour of the R.A.F. The other team played St. Dunstan's. A steady drizzle started and this spoiled any hopes of the college boys getting their revenge. A forwards' game developed and the R.A.F. scrum brought out some really good footwork to which S.D.U. had no answer. However, the S.D.U. secured a converted try, bringing their score to within one point of ours.

Against Summerside we were given a rousing time. The game itself was partly spoiled by a gale, but nevertheless we had a good struggle with their team (consisting mainly of ANZACS) and we managed to win a hard game 14-0.

The third game against St. Dunstan's was the first in the Island League Championship. Premier Walter Jones set the game going. At first the game was slow and it was not until half time that both teams quickened the pace and from then onwards S.D.U. played really hard and registered their first win against the R.A.F. Well done, St. Dunstons!

CRICKET.

Cricket this year got away to a very slow start. Sticky wickets and bad weather were generally responsible, and the first proposed league was unfortunately washed out. However, a new one was started under the secretaryship of F/O's Pearson and Ashpool consisting of six teams from the keenest sections, and the season went along in fine style. Competition was keen and many excellent games were seen. A series of officers vs. airmen games were played and big crowds of spectators were treated to some really entertaining cricket. As was the case last season, the airmen won the series two games to one. In the league, Signals proved too good for their rivals and won comfortably without losing a game. G.R.S., the runners-up in the league, won the cup competition in fine style defeating Majors in the final.

The Station XI travelled to Stellarton, N. S., to play a fixture against the local team there, and a strong side won our only away match comfortably. A second away fixture was arranged with R.A.F. Debert, but weather rendered transport impossible and the match was cancelled. Thus the season ended with players still keen and interest high.. There were several outstanding performances in batting and bowling among which

Cpl. Horsham and LAC Fairclough deserve special mention with the two centuries of the season.

A cricket supper was held and medals were presented to the winners of the league and cup.



AIRMEN'S CRICKET TEAM 1943

F/O Morley (umpire), F/S Bullivant, LAC Allsop, F S Grimes Cpl. Sutton,
Cpl. Tremlin, W/O Armstrong, Cpl. Featherstone, LAC Hyatt,
LAC Fairclough, Cpl. Horsham, A/C Wood, A/C Peart



OFFICER'S CRICKET TEAM 1943

F/O Morley, P/O Wheeler, P/O Taylor, F/L Selley, F/O Hooper,
W/O Armstrong (umpire), P/O Short, F/O Ashpool, F/O Shadbolt,
F/O Pearson, F/L Allinson, F/O Thwaites, F/L Newitt

Station Entertainments

The Entertainment Committee was re-formed under the chairmanship of Squadron Leader Foot. This, it was thought, was necessary to co-ordinate all entertainment activities, to encourage our entertainment artists, and to make long term plans for a regular entertainment programme. The Committee had announced their major changes, and had taken preliminary action to put these into effect, when for well-known reasons, everything had to be cancelled. Thus, the installation of a new projector, the alteration of the recreational hall to improve the sound production, the provision of new furniture and a new piano, were just two or three of the projects which fizzled out shortly after their acceptance as necessary for the welfare of the Station.

For our entertainments in the past we would like to thank the officers, N.C.Os. and airmen, the few who did so much to entertain so many. Corporal Ritchie produced and took part in several of our Varieties. LAC's Thomas and Stanbridge, AC. Rosser (since posted) Flight Lieutenant Battison, and Sergeant Worrall, have been responsible for the improvements in the last few months of the stage lighting and equipment. Flying Officer Monger was ever willing to co-operate with his band, and has always had the services of Squadron Leader Foot for a ukelele diversion. And a last tribute to Corporal Butler for his versatile activities on the stage. As a magician we might have asked him to wave the wand for a posting and a promotion for us, but we have no doubt he is busy preparing his magic carpet for a flight to England.

Advert.:

F/LTS. DUFFIN AND CARNEY

Rink Designers and Contractors Unlimited

Portable Ice Rinks a Specialty. Send for a Sample
Contractors and Designers to R.A.F., Charlottetown

References:

Anyone who has used our Skating Rink

Advert.:

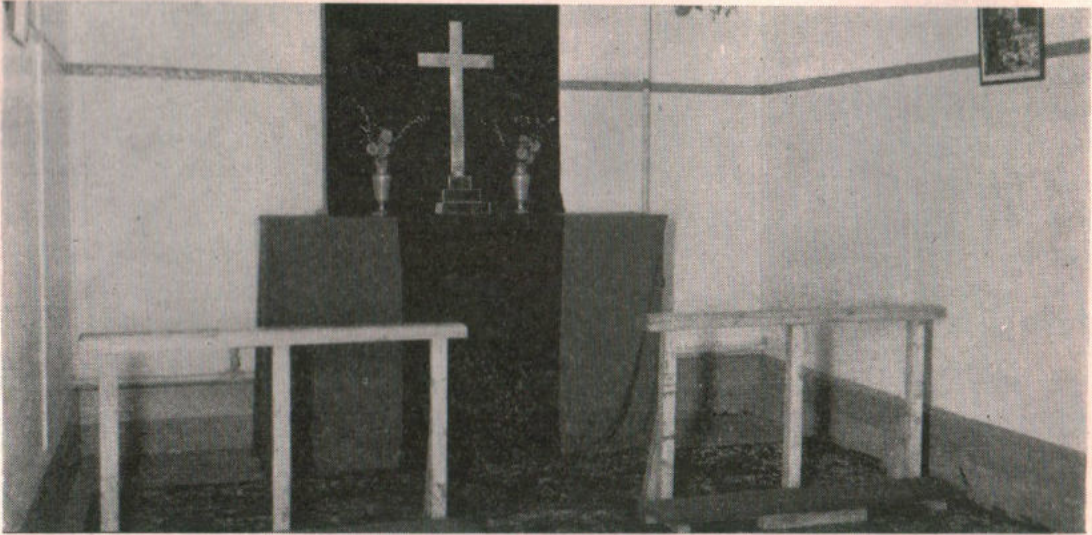
THE LOCAL BABER SHOP

Shaving, 10c.

5c. if you supply your own bandages

Service Haircuts Repaired

Padres' Page



Cleanliness is next to godliness

The laundry was next to my office I discovered when I arrived here in October, 1943. Evidently the original Station architect had it in his mind to keep the cleansing sections together, and so put us side by side! The laundry should clean a man's clothes, and the Padre's department his soul. The hospital, too, was only just around the corner and was responsible for his body; so there we were!

The laundry however, became a little shy of its new neighbour (or was it afraid of serious competition in the cleansing trade?) and moved to more commodious quarters. Thus we came into a great and noble inheritance, two rooms measuring 18' x 9' x 18', which gave onto the main Station road by two large garage doors. When closed, these doors left substantial cracks allowing free entry to the mild air of approaching winter, and thus ensuring the mental alertness of the lucky occupants.

Voluntary Church Services held in the Recreation Hall, and Wednesday Debates and Discussions also became a feature of Station life. The subjects which drew the greatest numbers to fill the library were "Ought men to be forced to go to Church?" (98% said "NO"), "The problem of Sex", "A Religion is not necessary for the well-being of a Nation" (motion defeated by 5 to 1), "War marriages are a mistake" (motion won by 2 to 1). We had some lively and interesting evenings and counted

amongst our visiting speakers the Commanding Officer and the Chief Instructor to whom with many others we are indebted for their help and interest.

The infectious spirit of true Christianity which we have been enjoying here this winter will remain with us long after other memories of 31 G.R.S. have disappeared into oblivion.

REV. H. W. GUINNESS.

From Our R. C. Padre

Service in any of the armed forces is truly a crucible, wherein is tried the strength and depth of our religious belief and practice. In our home environment we have impelling motives, both interior and exterior, which help us most effectively in our adherence to religious principles. In the services there is not only an absence of these motives, but scores of obstacles to impede our way. In addition we too often find a positively irreligious atmosphere which tends to stifle the yearnings of our better selves. This is the challenge we must accept; and the more honestly we meet it through participation in the means of grace established by Christ and administered by His Church, the more sure we shall be of victory.

The departure of the R.A.F. from this Station brings the joy of repatriation closer. I shall hold pleasant memories of many fine chaps I have served, and the many acquaintances made during the past three years. If in the years to come, any of the R.A.F. has need to communicate with Charlottetown, I should be pleased to assist him. A letter addressed simply to Charlottetown will always reach me. Happy landings, boys!

R. V. MacKENZIE, F/Lt.

DENTAL SECTION

The Dental officers and staff take this opportunity of saying goodbye to the R.A.F. We have enjoyed our association with you and take pleasure in the realization that our work has been appreciated.

You have treated us in such a manner that we have felt that we belonged with the R.A.F., and almost feel that we should be going with you. However, we now say goodbye, and hope that with the mellowing effect of time, even your memories of the Dental Clinic may not be unpleasant ones. "Forsan et haec olim meminisse Iuvabit." (Whatever that means).



Concert Party Arranged by "Y" Staff and Entertainment Committee

Y.M.C.A. Notes

Since the last issue of the "GRAF" many changes have taken place in the Y.M.C.A. In those times the ladies of the "Mothers Corner" were the only women to be found in the "Y", but now, with one exception, all the canteen staff are young ladies. Blair McRae, alone has withstood the trend of the times and is the only male member of the canteen staff.

Supervisor Lloyd MacInnis is now in Sydney, N. S., and Don Sharp is "Somewhere in the Middle East". Hubert Morris and Jack Lindsay are always somewhere about even if a trifle difficult to find when you want your clearance chit signed.

The interior of the "Y" Hut has had its face lifted, and those of you who were here for the last issue of the "GRAF" will appreciate the coat of paint, the new furniture, and all the other improvements which have taken place inside the building. Behind the counter a generous supply of new equipment helps to improve the service.

The "Y" Break Van under the able guidance of Corporal Webb and the M. T. Drivers has increased its proficiency in serving the camp, and especially the schools, at break period.

In order to accomplish whatever we have been able to do, we have had to seek the help and co-operation of many. To everyone who has assisted us in our work; to the ladies of the Mothers' Corner who come out each Monday evening to darn socks and mend for the boys; to the boys in the band; to the Red Cross workers who help in the Canteen; to the members of the concert parties; to Ritchie, Rosser, Stanbridge & Co., who have made a wonderful contribution in the Rec. Hall; to the S/L.A., who has ever been both understanding and helpful; and especially to the service personnel who have worked so faithfully for the past months in the "Y" Hut and in the Recreation Hall do we extend our sincere thanks.

Are You Worried?

If so, consult your Station Welfare Committee, because it's our job to concern ourselves with matters that are outside the scope of the other Station committees. For instance, cases of financial hardship, family troubles, and any personal problems that may cause worry or anxiety.

Take family matters as an example. Originally our sole function was to look after the problems of wives and families who were left in Charlottetown after the husbands had been repatriated, and although our work takes in much more than that nowadays, we still consider ourselves "gen men" in the matter. We make all arrangements when passages become available for families, and we are ready always to help with passports, forms to be filled in, allowance and allotment queries, and so on. We have the co-operation of the I.O.D.E. (Charlottetown Chapter), and the wisdom of a legal adviser is available to all through the Committee.

There is a central fund for airmen's families in Canada to give financial help in cases of abnormal expenses. We have taken several cases to the fund in the past two months and we'll do our best to assist you, too, if you find yourself in need of a helping hand. On matters like these consult:

W/Commander J. G. Portlock, M.B.E.	Maintenance Wing
S/Lt. H. W. Guinness	Padre's Office
W/O. W. Davies	S.W.O.'s Office
Cpl. G. Ritchie	East School



SICK WARD



OUR TWO NURSING SISTERS

SISTER LOVETT

SISTER McGLASHEN

Hospitalities

You wouldn't know the Station Hospital these days. New people, new colour schemes, new stripes,—all very dazzling.

F/Sgt. Halliwell got away at last, being replaced by Sgt. Parrott (talks too!)

Sgt. Tipton is now waiting to step on that there boat (dry we believe these days).

Sister Phillips decided to wander to Gander. F/Lt. Smith was recently seen in the hospital. He thinks New York too too marvellous—could hardly be persuaded to return to the Island but dropped in to wish us a Happy New Year before going West on some secret mission.

F/Lt. Mayall during a recent inspection unearthed a skunk! The true story rather smells however, so we'll skip it.

Rumour has it that Cpl. Wallace is on the waggon—however it is only a rumour.

Sister Lovett has come to join the happy throng in the new entertainment centre of the station. We welcome her and hope we have a Happy New Year.

The lovely Lovett and F/Lt. Paddy Wilson have taken the big plunge. Quick work, Bunty! Another link in Irish-Canadian relationship!

Recently an airman reported sick and was subsequently seen with 63 forms and the two aspirins he needed.

Not long ago the S.M.O. went East to the aid of a sick airman who recovered sufficiently to assist the S.M.O. into the ambulance on return to Charlottetown 24 hours later.

News From The Gestapo

A Suitable Toast to an S.P.

Here's to the Service Policeman who always does his best
To check a man when right or wrong, and does the job with zest,
Or to the S.P. whose a swine or noted as a terror
Who charges every erk he sees for any stupid error.
The man this toast is for must be, a proper "Charges" glutton,
Who uses 252's for things like "having dirty buttons"
If this S.P. does things like these and really does them well
He surely will deserve this toast,

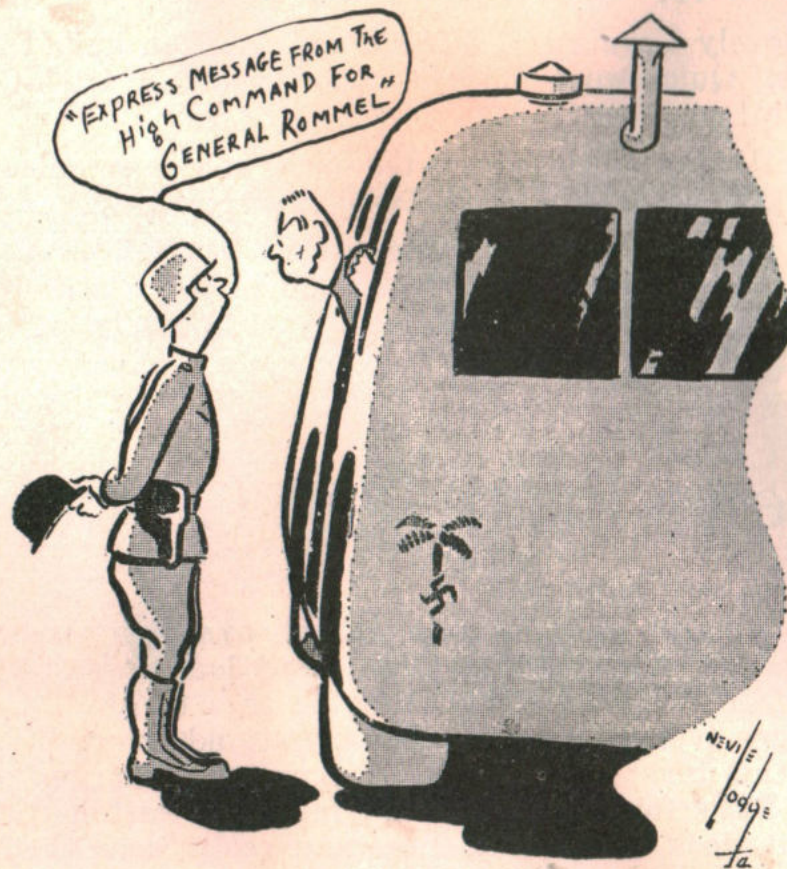
"MAY HE GO STRAIGHT TO HELL"

Did you hear the story of the dim witted Service Policeman who thought that the "Charge of the Light Brigade" was a super 252 on Blackout offenses.

True Story: (It's possible?) Once upon a time there was a Service Policeman who was thrown off the Police Court because it was discovered that he could read and write.

On behalf of all the Police Staff our heartiest congratulations are extended to Corporal Jack Dodd and his lovely wife from the U.S.A. for having taken the fateful plunge. (Oh boy, can she make pancakes!) And to: Corporal Wally Coulson and his charming fiancée Miss Lena Gillis on their recent engagement and prospective marriage in the New Year. (Nice nurses they have at the P.E.I. Hospital.)

Additional congratulations to our Golf Wizard Corporal Bert Green for winning respectively the Red Cross Championship and the President's Championship for which he received a beautiful silver cigarette box and table lighter, both grand souvenirs of Prince Edward Island.



Afoot In Russia

Russia—a name to conjure with, a land of mystery—for had we not heard many conflicting reports of this great country? As we winged our way one night in August 1941, carrying the Polish General Bohusz and his aides, who were to form the Polish Army in Russia, many thoughts ran through our heads. What would the people be like? What would the country be like? What would the cities be like? Would we find it modern, as we were led to think, or a dismal place, as history would have us believe? Would it seem strange wandering in a land of 12,000,000 square miles after our mere 50,000 in the United Kingdom? These, and many more thoughts, passed through our minds as we carried out our crew duties.

What a disappointment when, as we approached from within the Arctic Circle (we had been less than 900 miles from the North Pole), we struck land. Or was it land? No trees—just a flat, rocky plain, with gaping crevices, not more than 200 feet above sea level—but what a thrill after 18½ hours, actually to arrive at THE small peninsula ten miles long by three miles wide within a few minutes of our E.T.A., having sighted no land since the Shetlands drifted slowly past the port wing-top of our heavily-laden Catalina.

As we passed the Kola Peninsula and over the White Sea, we fully realized for the first time how this Sea derived its name, for we met fog—soft, foamy, sparkling white fog. Soon to pass, however, it diminished, and we found ourselves over territory covered in forest and swamp, with rivulets and small lakes by the score.

As we settled on the river at our destination point, and our escort of tiny biplanes, which had picked us up some distance out, dispersed, I was reminded of a stately swan settling gently on a smooth pond, disdaining to glance at the little water hens which had gathered around her.

After mooring up at the Russian buoys, we were escorted to a houseboat by the river bank, which was to be our home for a week. And what a week! Six eggs for breakfast—glasses and more glasses of Vodka—caviar—magnificently fried chicken—swimming in the River Dvina—swapping buttons with our Russian guards—the crew making eyes at our buxom Russian waitresses—visiting the nearby town, with dozens of screaming and shrieking kiddies trailing behind us—our fitter playing his mouth organ for the Russian Colonel (the first time he had ever

heard one!)—the whole crew singing “Sweet Sue” in the U.S.S.R. Departmental store, while my fitter and I accompanied on the mouth organ and guitar—having box seats for a grand Russian play which was interpreted for us by a ravishing blonde!

This introduction to Russia was fine fun, the food was wonderful, the hospitality amazing; but what did we learn of Russia or Russian policy? Nothing—absolutely nothing.

And so, after a week had passed, we received our orders to return to the U.K., the crew leaving, I must confess, a few little girls with tears in their eyes begging them to come back. Little did we realize that within five weeks we would be back again, this time carrying the Red Army Assistant Chief of Staff, General Golikov, who later was one of the outstanding figures in the defence of Stalingrad. Golikov, a stocky individual, his hair cropped Timoshenko-fashion, was formidable in appearance, sparing in his words; his deeply-set eyes had a disconcerting directness and at times puckered up into a charming smile.

On arrival in Russia what a lunch we had on his impressive white yacht, surrounded by his staff, and I remember my nerve in asking to try his “special” red wine which was so obviously served only to him. “Qu’est que c’est?” I queried in my phony French (our only common language, badly spoken by both of us). “Qu’est que c’est?” he replied, “Comprenez!” Whereupon a glass was produced for me, and we proceeded to “jug up” merrily, as drinking is called in all learned circles of the Service.

I was rapidly becoming quite merry, for had I not been awake since 7 a.m., on the previous day, a total of thirty-one hours. But I became almost drunk with enthusiasm when, a few minutes later, I received instructions to proceed to Moscow.

Within an hour I was airborne on my way to Russia’s capital in General Golikov’s private D.C.3, sharing his caviar sandwiches as he described the country to me.

I remember passing over the Volga, flying at fifty feet all the way, over small villages, across lakes and rivers, enjoying a marvellous spot of low flying, and feeling not the slightest bit tired, for my interest was held completely by the countryside which was unfolding about me.

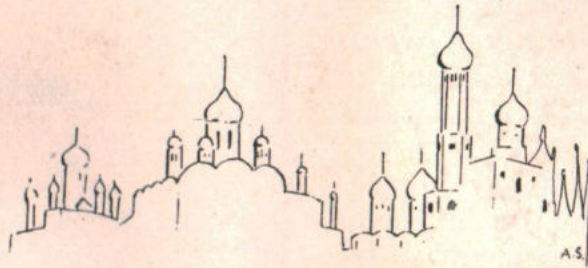
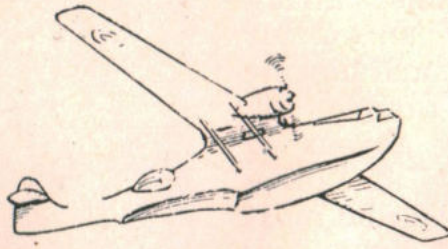
Five and a half hours later we glided over the Kremlin and settled on the runway of Moscow’s airport. After much handshaking and bidding each other adieu we parted, and I was ushered into a Russian car (which was a Buick with an unfathomable name on front), and whisked away to the British Embassy, passing Lenin’s Tomb, the Kremlin, and crossing the Moscow River to do so.

Shall I ever forget my visit of four days to Moscow! Shall I ever forget being told by the A.V.M., that I looked absolutely disreputable, having had no sleep or shave for about forty hours, and how he pushed half a tumbler of whisky down my throat to keep me awake — of falling asleep in the largest and most comfortable bed I have ever seen, in the Yugoslav Embassy (which we had taken over), and how I was awakened in the morning by a luscious Russian lovely and given my morning tea, and my amazement at seeing my uniform cleaned and pressed, my shirt washed and ironed, the barber waiting to give a shampoo, haircut, and facial massage, all the while trying to pump me about England's war effort! Shall I ever forget touring Moscow by its magnificent



GOLIKOV

Underground, with its grandiose marble walls and bronze statues, the trains having special space for mothers and babies to keep them away from the common throng, this Underground which put the Picadilly line to shame! Shall I ever forget my amazement at seeing no bomb damage whatsoever as I journeyed round in one of the buses (which had a special door at the front for expectant mothers) after having heard all Jerry's reports and their contradiction by the Russians! Shall I ever forget watching them lift huge buildings, five and six storeys high, on jacks, and moving them back as they "required to widen the street". How can I forget lunching with Sir Stafford Cripps, and on my ukulele playing "Black Eyes" for him as I gazed on the Kremlin out of his window; or of having supper in the Moscove restaurant and throwing flowers at the girls to indicate I would like to dance with them; or of having luncheon at a Caucasian restaurant, with its beautiful fountain in the middle of the dining room! Will I ever forget gazing in amazement at seeing street lights on, and only a partial blackout, with the Huns less than four hours away by car! And well do I remember the glances of amusement cast at me when I asked (as I did many times) if they thought Moscow would be taken, as though I were a little boy asking if pigs could fly!



The impression of Moscow is like a picture stamped for ever in my memory, extremely modern yet colored by the stately and historic Kremlin, and the magnificent church of Ivan the Terrible. Mostly, I was impressed by the solidarity, the uniformity, of its people; their absolute belief in the eventual downfall of their enemy, with never a question of defeat or surrender. Their thirst for education was insatiable, their search for information and knowledge astounding; and their rigid sense of security and secrecy at times made me feel ashamed, for always their first thoughts were for their country and their last for themselves.

Finally it was time to leave, and I was to take back Mr. Cadbury, of the Bank of England, who was one of the original Mission to arrive in Moscow. Having been treated like, and feeling like, a king, for four days, some mischievous urge prompted me to act like one. And so I shook hands with all the personages I had met, who had come to see Mr. Cadbury off, walked over to the Russian D.C.3, turned round and saluted; smartly I hope, for the salute was answered by—an Air Vice Marshall, a Rear Admiral, a Major General, Group Captains, Wing Commanders, and Squadron Leaders galore, and Sir Stafford Cripps doffing his hat!

On arrival back at my own aircraft I remember questioning the interpreter on the houseboat (and the memory makes me rather ashamed of myself) as to why my crew had only received meat rolled in cooked rice to eat all the time I was away—for his

answer was simply, "Our comrades at the front are eating exactly the same; therefore if it is good enough for them, then it is good enough for us and so for your crew".

I remember the envy of the chaps in the squadron when they heard of my luck in visiting Moscow, and how we had terrific parties on the two gallons of vodka and the three kilos of caviar we brought back. But I recall more and more each day, as I listen to the news, the words I spoke to the English people over the radio on my return "Moscow will never be taken, the Russians will never be defeated," for it was impossible, having been there, to think or believe otherwise".

And to those who do not know this great ally of ours, I say they are a wonderful people. Theirs is a great country, and with them, in unity with our Empire and America, lies the real peace and the real future of the world.

STOP PRESS . . . WEDDING BELLS !!!

F/Lt. Paddy Wilson, one of our most popular officers, has decided on the eve of his repatriation that he cannot endure the life of a gay bachelor any longer, having succumbed to the attractions of our lovely nursing sister, Flying Officer "Bunty" Lovett.

This is, indeed, a happy ending to Paddy's Canadian tour—and a happy beginning to Bunty's association with the R.A.F. (Incidentally we think the R.C.A.F. has missed a golden opportunity in allowing Bunty to pass through their fingers).

The Station personnel are jubilant about this Irish-Anglo-Canadian union.

Congratulations to Paddy and Bunty—may their life-long association be happy and prosperous!

MORE STOP PRESS

"Scottie", our training wing Adjutant, was recently returning to base in severe icing conditions when he was forced to bail out of his spinning Jalopi after colliding with one of Ed's super-streamlined P 47's (passengers 47). Injuries were fortunately slight.

Doc Halston's servicing crew are still trying to bandage the right Scott in the right place, as three separate Scotts staged simultaneous slipping incidents, suffering severe sprains and spractures.

Back Pay

Prune was highly elated. From now on he would be known as Flying Officer Prune.

"Good show," booms the wingy.

"Atta boy Prune," cries the Mess.



Under the circumstances there was nothing else to do but offer a celebration to all and sundry.

At the height of the party a F/Lt. who had over indulged waved a copy of the "Gazette" in his hand.

"I shay old man," he remarked with difficulty, "why didn't you tell us?" He pointed unsteadily to a column of type.

With an effort Prune focussed his eyes on the paper and found an announcement to the effect that he had been promoted w. e. f. December 21st, 942.

"There you are," shouted the F/L, "been a flying officer all these years and told no one."

"Didn't know myself old man," grinned Prune, "wonder how much back pay I'm due for."

"Back pay," repeated the F/L., "you know what these people are like over credit and that sort of thing. I'd write to them."

So then and there Prune penned a letter to H.M. Under Sec. of State for Air demanding back pay as from the year 942.

The following morning he awoke with a bad head and a fervent hope that he hadn't really posted that ridiculous letter.

A month passed—two months, and one day a letter arrived for Prune marked: CONFIDENTIAL—OHMS.

With trembling fingers he sliced open the envelope. He read: "Your claim for back pay as from the year 942 in accordance with your promotion as promulgated in the Gazette has been investigated and it is agreed that this back pay is due to you. The exact amount cannot be computed owing to lack of knowledge of the rates of pay during these years. However, the Air Ministry have agreed to the sum of £30,000 in settlement of your claim". Signed F/L. Crayston.

"Struth!" yelled Prune, "look at this." The mess crowded round and read the letter with awe.

"Gawd," gasped the Doc, "what a party we'll have. Hold on though, there's more on the back."

They turned over and read on.

"During the investigation it has come to light that during the period 1140 to 1206 a large quantity of material consisting of horses, chariots, bows, arrows and BSA crossbows were missing from H.M. Government's Service Stores. As you are the only living officer who held rank at that time it has been considered necessary that you be held responsible for these losses. We were fortunate to find in the account an accurate estimate which valued the missing equipment at £30,003:16:4½d. If you will forward a cheque for the odd £3:16:4½d we shall be deeply grateful for your patriotic gesture in demanding an investigation and will be prepared to consider the matter closed."





The Gulf

When, as a natty city clerk crossing London Bridge, a stolid copper on the beat, an honest farmer sweating at the plough, a plausible insurance agent wringing wretched pennies from gullible scivvies, a lordly prefect in that very unpublic public school, or just an honest-to-goodness worker earning your four pound ten less unemployment insurance less health insurance less sick benefit, less Income Tax, did you ever, brother staff pilots, give a thought to that insignificant patch of water on the map where the St. Lawrence spreads itself out a bit to get around Newfoundland? I bet you could have been knocked down by the proverbial feather had anyone told you in those balmy days of peace on what intimate terms you were going to be with the "Gulf".

A really first-class war and the very worst possible posting luck (or so we considered) were needed to bring us together. When first we started to venture out over its red-tinged waters we panicked slightly every time Prince Edward Island disappeared over the horizon behind us and we peered anxiously ahead for the "Maggies", Binch Point, or Bonaventure, to come up and relieve our landlubber fears, meanwhile performing mathematical gymnastics in our heads to make sure the pupil navigator hadn't booped badly with the course he'd given us. The Gulf seemed

such a lonely, unfriendly place. Truly, it was more or less landlocked but its shores were vague and mysterious, especially to the north where, it was rumoured, man had never trod.

But as the weeks slipped by we acquired more confidence. The Gulf seemed to contract and we became familiar with its southern littoral. We learned to judge the accuracy of navigators' courses and to estimate our approximate position. On clear days we even caught sight of Anticosti Island and Newfoundland and were tempted 'to stretch our legs' to satisfy our curiosity. Lastly, stories of the phenomenal dependability of the Anson 1, both in the air and on the water, took away the last vestiges of anxiety any of us may still have had.

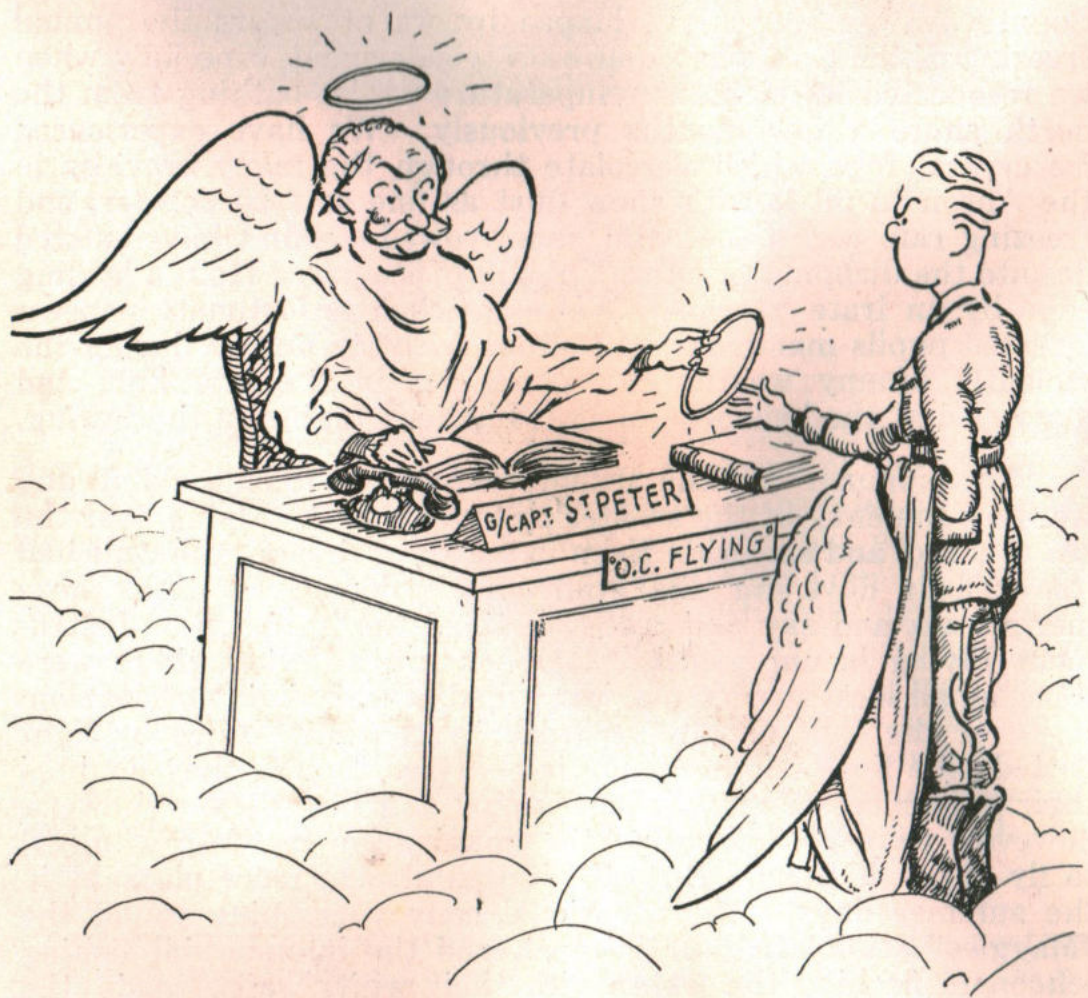
I doubt whether any other stretch of water in the world has such variable conditions. To those of us from the Old Country whose shores are lapped by warm waters the annual freezing of the Gulf was a source of wonderment, especially when we recollected its pleasant temperature whilst bathing from the north shore a few months previously. We have experienced ice crystal fogs which percolate through the many crevices in the Anson to fill it with snow dust as fine as face powder, and freezing rain which the "Met" man vowed couldn't have existed despite the dripping proof of a chunk of ice pared from a leading edge by an irate 'stooge'. We've watched unfortunate nausea-afflicted pupils manipulating Daltons with icy fingers during the violently bumpy weather we often get in the late Fall, and marvelled at the brilliance of the Northern Lights in the Spring.

The summer months usually brought welcome relief and we were the envy of the sweltering earthbound. Flying over the sea was cool and smooth. Even in summer, though, the Gulf had its difficult days for the staff pilot. Sometimes thick haze merged sea and sky and really justified the inclusion of Instrument Flying in our monthly log-book totals. Then there were those small local cold fronts which had a nasty habit of developing over the Gulf usually recorded by the Met. Office by light dotted blue lines on the synoptic chart as though they doubted their existence. Their vicious bumps and heavy rain showers, however, were no figment of the imagination to those who had to fly through them. But still it was always more pleasant in the summer days. The occasional convoy creeping round the "Maggies" stimulated our interest, and the innumerable fishing schooners flecking the water with their white sails, made the Gulf appear almost crowded.

Life was not without incident either. How impressed we were by D.A. who blasted a U. boat to smithereens with a well-aimed D.C. How surprised we were thereafter when our hitherto friendly whale beat it to the bottom whenever we happened to be around, and the powers-that-be issued a lot of 'gen' on the

cruising and diving characteristics of our old spouting pal. The pupils too could always be relied upon to provide us with plenty of gossip, like the one who inflated the dinghy in the fuselage of the Anson forced down in the ice, or the one who couldn't understand why he couldn't get a drift when flying over ten tenths.

Ah well, whether you've enjoyed it or not, our acquaintance with the Gulf is now coming to a close. Soon we shall be queuing up at the Town Hall for that last signature to our Clearance Chits and the quest for that elusive sea position will be done.



WELL MY BOY, I HOPE YOUR FLYING IN THIS WORLD IS BETTER THAN IN THE OTHER ONE.



Horizontal Hockey Champs

December 14th, was a big day in our Winter Sports Section of the camp, when the new Ice Rink was officially opened, on the occasion of the first hockey match of the season. The opposing teams were the Charlottetown Wolves (East School) versus Ratel's Fliers (West School). The teams were as follows:

Charlottetown Wolves

S/Ldr. Foot
 F/Lt. Duffin
 F/Lt. Holland
 F/Lt. Beecher Currie
 F/O. Carney
 F/O. Mole
 F/O. Wall
 F/O. Jamieson
 F/O. Lamb
 F/O. Hazelwood
 F/O. Colquhoun

Ratel's Fliers

F/Lt. Ryan
 F/O. Staniland
 F/O. Farrow
 F/O. Osborne
 F/O. Ratel
 F/O. Batt
 F/O. Monger
 F/O. Huntley
 F/O. Banfield
 F/O. Heard
 P/O. Salter

Referee—P/O. J. Coyne

The two teams were fairly evenly balanced although the Charlottetown Wolves boasted of more Canadians than Ratel's Fliers and according to the keen hockey fans (of whom there were at least two) and who sportingly supported each team in turn, it was a thrilling and exciting game with never a dull moment. Enthusiasm among the players reached a high pitch

throughout the game and this, coupled with a "Raffy" keenness, amply made up for any lack of knowledge of the finer points of this icy sport. A very noble effort was put up by the Referee (P/O. Coyne) who escaped without permanent injury, due entirely to his untiring display of alacrity and brilliant footwork.

It would be difficult to assess the capabilities of the various players in this swift moving and noble match, but the most outstanding or outlying player in the game was without doubt the very sporty F/L. Ryan, the Ratel's Fliers' goalkeeper, whose sheer inability to stand on his skates without support did not prevent him from volunteering for the match. He was carried into the rink amid cheers and applause and was propped up like a statute of "Liberty" between the goal-posts. The game was temporarily held each time he fell over until two or more of the players propped him up again. Another horizontal champion who made himself conspicuous by his keenness for crawling round on "all fours" was F/O. Monger. The interested spectators were under the impression that he had lost some small article and was making a painstaking search for it. However, considering that he and Ice Skates were almost total strangers and not the best of friends Monger put up a very gallant show.

The weather for the match was very cold and brisk and although this accounted for the ice being very fast, it was no doubt also responsible for the lack of hockey fans, and the match finished with three goals to one, in favour of the Wolves, after some clever foot and stickwork by F/O. Jamieson who is an experienced hockey player. F/O. Colquhoun with an assist by F/O. Carney also scored a goal.

F/O. Staniland scored one skilful goal for the "Fliers" against tough opposition, the Wolves claiming that more goals would have been scored in their favour had not the "Fliers" goal-keeper spent most of his time lying across the goal mouth.

The Photo. Section did a fine job of work with the photo. of the hockey teams. The photograph itself turned out very well, and the teams looked every bit as professional as the Montreal Canadiens.

The teams were very pleased with the condition of the ice and the palatial splendour of the rink generally. Thanks for this are due to the efforts of F/Lt. Duffin, who conceived and pushed the idea, and F/O. Carney who used his constructional skill and a great deal of spare time on building it. The Officers' Mess who supported and financed the rink and the number of instructors who volunteered their spare time and enthusiasm to put the rink in final shape, are also deserving of mention. It was commenced in September and completed in December,—truly a good job of work which should bring a large amount of pleasure and bruises to all who desire to use it.

Winter Operations

When icicles hang from the eaves
And you're blasted by the Arctic breeze,
When noses are vermillion-blue,
And faces slashed by driving snow—
It's not so soft to be up aloft
Where your blood flows thick and slow;
With the cold clear stars for company,
And the pack-ice down below.

So hey for the oil dilution!
And ho for the heating tents,
With the blow-pots roaring merrily,
And shucks to the elements!

When frozen oil forgets to flow
And it's twenty, thirty, forty below;
When the motor's heart is a frozen mass,
The plugs won't fire, the fuel won't gas,
It's far from home on the aerodrome,
When you're feeling chilled to the heart;
With the cranking-rod for company,
And the bloody thing won't start.

So shucks to the oil dilution,
And hey for the word "retire";
With the tea-urn bubbling merrily,
And your feet drawn up to the fire.

When smooth hard ice coats tail and wing,
And windows crack, and the fingers sting;
When brake-shoes freeze and tyres deflate,
Controls are stiff to operate;
It's not so good in your parka-hood;
With your face turned full to the breeze;
With a frosted nose for company,
And a deadness down from your knees.

So a fig for the oil dilution
The heating tents and the cold;
I've packed my pack for the sands of Iraq,
And my kit bag's down in the hold.

Here's The "Gen"

For the benefit of all pupils graduating next week, the GRAF is printing two of the exam. papers to give these courses. It is pointed out that nobody is allowed to get more than 200% on each paper.

D. R. CLOTT

Time: 15 minutes. Total Marks: Nil.

Note: Both sides of the chart must not be used at the same time.

Books required: Old Moore's Almanac, Mrs. Beeton, Inman's Billiard Tables, Razzle, Gastonomical Tables.

All times to be given in N.B.G.

QUESTION 1. You are the navigator of a flying boat borne on April 1st. Assuming rate of procession of the first point of Aries to be inversely proportional to the density of the Air Ministry find a target towing posting for yourself.

QUESTION 2. After flying for two hours, you find that the pilot has been flying on the oil pressure. Do you consider this a critical point? Assuming you are a worm, what is the time to turn?

QUESTION 3. You decide to find the wind. The following are the readings taken on the drift horoscope:

Zero—5 units. Co. 074—360(M) Drift appalling.

Zero—10°F. Course not. Drifting like snow.

Zero—3 phons. Six to four bar one.

Do you think the oil gauge is correct?

QUESTION 4. It is 1320 (Mountain Time). You decide to reduce air speed as one engine is required for cooking the lunch. You are unable to obtain D/F bearings as the wireless operator is fishing with the trailing aerial. If he does not catch anything what will you do about the next course?

QUESTION 5. Four hours later, you are ordered to intercept a submarine which was in a compromising position at 0100 hours, making a course of 87 Octane at 400 reef knots. You decide the safest way to intercept is to stay put until it comes around. He does not arrive on ETA so you decide to carry out a relative Venus search with well shaped legs. What are (a) first eleven courses, (b) probable local temperatures?

QUESTION 6. At 37.18 you locate the submarine, three pints o'port, in spite of losing the plan range finder. You discover that you have forgotten to bring any bombs, and decide

to baffle the enemy by carrying out a wallah-wallah search. You start flying in a loxodrome. State (a) probable time and radius of turns decreasing to 100 yards. (b) probable time of ultimate disappearance up your own slipstream.

QUESTION 7. The submarine scuttles itself in consternation on seeing the cloud of true smoke produced by the successful termination of this manoeuvre. You decide to find wind by the smoke puff method. Having flown round to run through cloud, you find you do not know where it started from. Do you think much of yourself as a navigator, anyway?

QUESTION 8. Is it possible to get home without following another aircraft?

D.R. THEORETICAL

QUESTION 1. When in danger, when in doubt,
Throw the ?Xoe—:L& sextant out.
Discuss this statement.

QUESTION 2. Discuss the problem involved in plotting W/T D/F bearings on the Sinuosidal Parkinson Conical Metamorphic Projections.

QUESTION 3. Discuss the use of the Bumstead Compass for obtaining D.R. Positions of Blondies. Why are these bearings better on the mid-term 48?

QUESTION 4. Said a great astronomer in the Canaries
It's strange how the sky always varies,
We see now before us
The first point of Taurus,
And the Ram ought to be where the Bear is.

Do you consider that Shakespeare intends this to support the theory of Calendar Cosmogony?

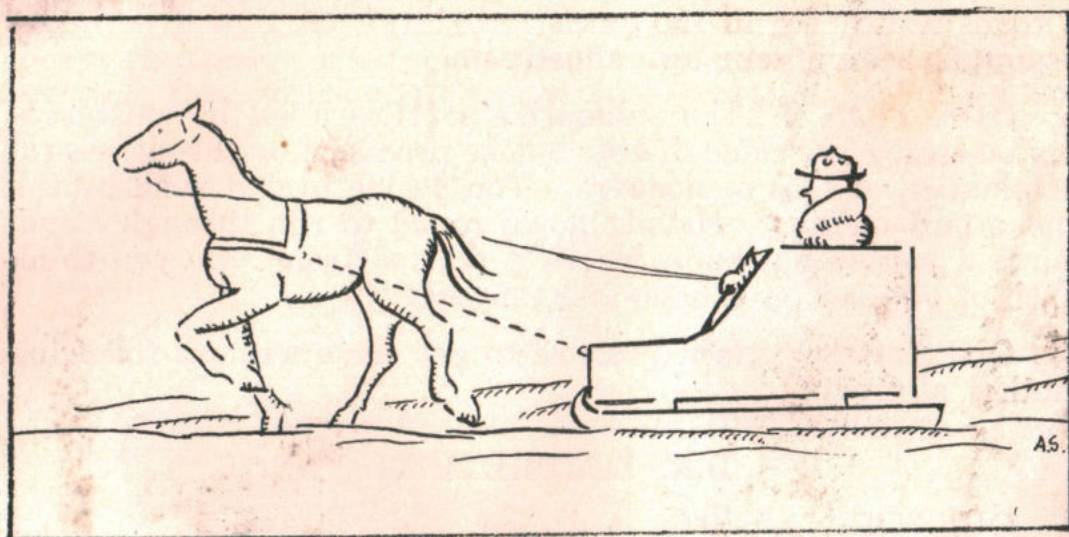
QUESTION 5. Other than fighter pilots—who killed DEAD Reckoning?

Advert.

WORKS AND BRICKS

"Johnny Walker", that famous bottled beverage so dear to a Scotsman's heart, is hard to come by these days. F/Lt. Johnny Walker, however, the Works and Bricks king, is always "on tap" and although not as potent is just as good.

Station definition of a Wolf. A man who takes a sweater girl out and pulls the wool over her eyes.



Slightly Siberian

The sun was shining warmly on the rather dirty snow when at 13.15 hours on Tuesday 28 December, 1943, we departed in the ambulance to pick up the sick airman from Novorisisk or Holmangrad or somewhere way out on the western front.

All went fairly well until we reached a point five miles beyond two farmhouses and a coca-cola stand, we believe to be known as Mount Stewart. At this juncture the ambulance had evidently had it—it lazily did an old time waltz, threw us all about, and came to rest on its side in the ditch. We clambered out—the sun had gone down, and so had our spirits—not even a jeep in sight. One farmhouse evidently hadn't seen humans or the R.A.F. before—we got no advice and no telephone. Muffled up in the blankets we had brought for the patient we trudged back up the hill to a smithy's place where we saw a Mark I sleigh. Here we succeeded in getting a lift for the four miles walk back to Mount Stewart. We lay on the soap-box floor, and though we closed our eyes the horse made its presence felt in the icy chips of P.E.I. soil (something new added, not apple honey) which assailed our mouth and nostrils. It was confoundedly cold by the time we crawled out at the garage. So this was the lovely island we'd been posted to! After telephoning the Station Adjutant (whose chief worry was "Oh God, this will mean at least six summaries of evidence on oath of course and maybe a court-martial") we attempted to re-start the circulation of blood. When the blood reached our numb brain again we perceived a

train in the local C.N.R. station BELIEVED to be Tuesday's train en route for Souris (and the locality where we were bound for). Eventually we got in the train after buying a ticket, as we thought in a frightful hurry—but actually we could have spent another fifty minutes on the job before the train got underway.

Whether the train took in Summerside or not we're not prepared to say, but eventually the SAME EVENING we arrived at a delightful coastal resort, by name Souris (by the sea?). There was the usual Canadian station scene—though the station-master look a bit puzzled at seeing the train, we believe. We made our way over various masses of frozen snow, rowing boats, and other indeterminate paraphenalia, to the office of the R.C.M.P. It was a change to reach an atmosphere 80 degrees F. higher than the one we had just been existing through, and the high spot was managing to hear Don Messer and his Islanders just coming over the radio.

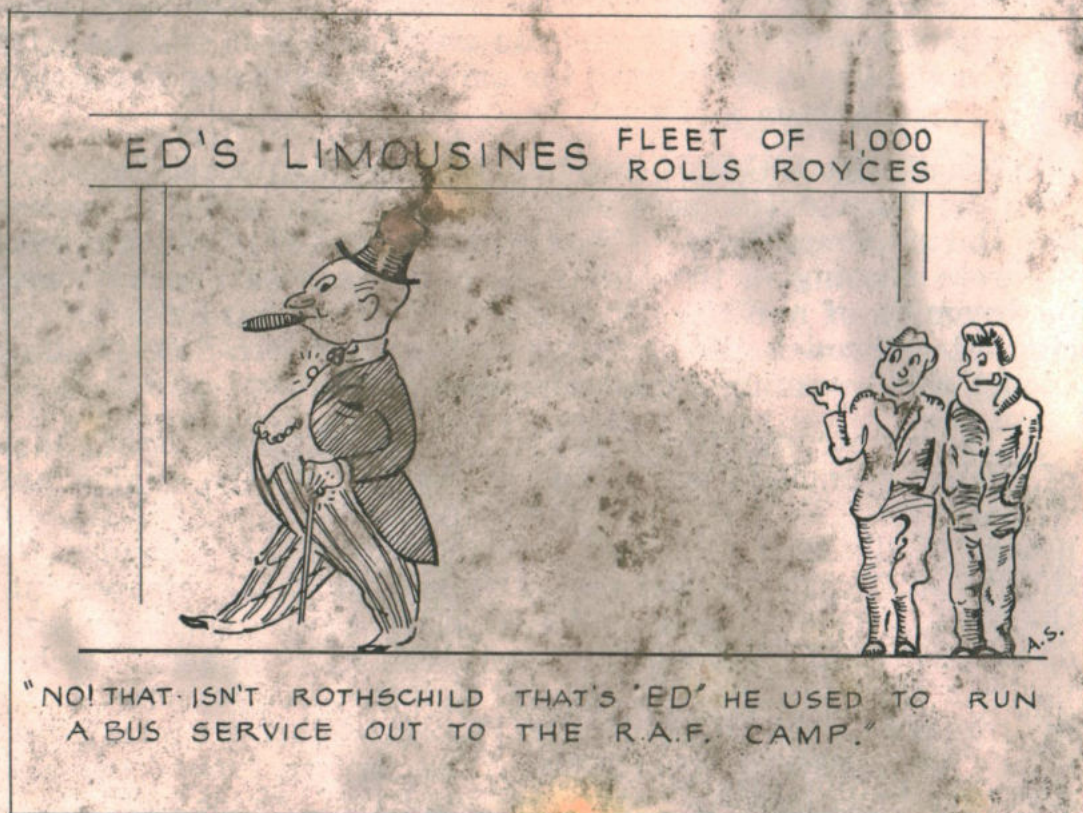
Here we were thankfully refreshed and fitted out with a coat, buffalo, R.C.M.P. type, ordinary, and cap to match. The corporal was, we thought, much too cheery about "the worst yet to come". He needn't have been so cheerful. We got into the police car and set off—we're prepared to swear—over a route hitherto untrodden by man or beast. Four times we got out and pushed that beautiful Buick (with its eight cylinders) through an icy impasse, and on the two occasions we failed we still had to push the four horses which were called in to help. The night was pitch-black, and the creak of chains and the glint of pairs of eyes high up were the only signs of life on the steppe (it must have been a steppe).

Finally the R.C.M.P. corporal said "this is the rendezvous—here the farmer will meet you with his sleigh and the journey into the unknown starts." We thought of the (?) beautiful meal we were missing in the Mess. Somewhere Bing Crosby would be dreaming of a White Christmas. We could hardly reach our cigarettes through the coats we had on, and our B.O. (Buffalo odour) was becoming a trifle noticeable.

The car stopped, and choosing to die of exposure rather than of carbon monoxide poisoning, we turned off the engine and waited. Half an hour later the jingle of bells notified the approach of the final means of transport. We shook hands with the R.C.M.P. corporal, and resolutely and resignedly stepped into the Mark V type of sleigh. We could not see our pilot (or what do sleighs have?), but muffled words like "hang on here" reached us from time to time. We appeared to have to traverse first a hill resembling the "big dipper" at Blackpool, then we went across a lake, and generally bounced over the uneven ground one skid low. We hung on with everything we'd got. Jingle bells, jingle bells. We thought of the awful annual job Santa Claus had, and

guess he'd be prepared at times to exchange his vehicle for a tank at Bardia, or something. The stars had now come out, and illuminated a wild, uninhabited sort of scene—we turned now West, now North — the sleigh journey of approximately 45 minutes seemed like nights, and we wondered whether we'd ever reach East Baltic. Finally, the most welcome light we'd ever seen appeared, apparently from out of nowhere and we arrived—the horse evidently jumping for joy, nearly throwing us out of the sleigh—at the farmhouse, at last.

They lifted us out, and thawed us out over the kitchen range. We saw our patient, and prepared to spend our night with farmhouse fare, and folk lore. We left at the unearthly hour of five next morning, saying goodbye and promising to return—if we lived—in the Spring. Another type of sleigh was now used to accommodate the patient, and we lay on the straw looking up at the unconcerned stars, and the silent, black, fir trees, lining the route to Elmira (or some such Spanish frontier town). The coal furnace blazed light fitfully on six other unfortunates in the station waiting room, and, half an hour late, the mighty C.N.R. milk train roared in. All aboard and we were homeward bound, for Charlottetown and civilization again.





Pictorial Supplement

The Basilica, Charlottetown

Leaving Charlottetown, we will have
pleasant memories of . . .



The Sergeants' Mess



The Corporals' Club



The Station Library



The Corporals' Corner



The Officers' Blue Room



Charlottetown Harbour

THE AIRMEN'S



XMAS



DINNER

Officers' New Year Party



Music



Dancing



Food



"Only four or five minutes from Queen Street . . ."

Mercy Kamerad

(Written by one of our airmen on the eve of Dunkirk, 1940)

God is still God.
Let the Hun and the Infidel rage;
The inferior being whom they idolize
Is still, and ever will be—common clay.
No Divine attributes shine forth to glorify his name.
He is of base mould.
His appetite can be appeased with blood, not love.
Hate, Power, Force, and ruthless means to rule,
Are but the trappings of his sadist soul
To aggrandize, subject, enslave, debase.
His Kultur knows no finer moral code.
Manhood to him, is but the means to propagate:
And Womanhood the willing vassal of the State.
Freedom, for which have countless heroes died
Has no place in the land where Goethe strived,
In his regime Der Fuehrer is supreme:
He, the Re-incarnation of the Hun:
The Beast that must destroy.
Ruin and ravage are the delights of his soul.
No finer instincts may express themselves
In his New World of blood and blind obedience.
Unreasoning hate will be his hand-maiden,
Until the Earth is filled with horror, filth, and crime.
But God is not mocked.
Der Fuehrer's little day
Is but the twingling of an eye
In His Eternal Plan.
And when the cold steel of the Avenging Host
Is pressed against his vitals,
Then shall we hear again, both arms uplifted,
"Mercy Kamerad".

Corn off The Cob

An airman's wife in London received a cable from her husband in Canada: "Darling, please divorce me. I am in love with a girl over here."

She cabled back: "What has she got that I haven't got?" and received the short reply: "Nothing, but she's got it here."

* * * *

A German aircraft was seen to crash in Yorkshire a few hundred yards from a Home Guard post. The Home Guards ran over to the scene of the accident, where the aircraft was blazing furiously. A farmer was standing by chewing contentedly and leaning on his pitchfork.

"Did any of them get away?" the young Home Guards panted.

"Waal," the farmer drawled. "One tried to, but I forked the beggar back in again."

* * * *

Two young evacuees from England spent their Christmas on a farm. The older one woke up during the night and saw that Santa had left each stocking half-full of presents. Getting up quietly he emptied the younger one's stocking into his own, tip-toed out to the barnyard and filled the stocking up with fertilizer. At breakfast Christmas morning the farmer asked the boys what they had received from Santa. The older boy enumerated all his presents with great gusto. The farmer, a bit astonished, asked the younger boy what he had received. The boy burst into tears and sobbed: "I got what I always wanted, sir. A real horse, but it must have escaped."

* * * *

One erk to another: "Don't delay me. I have to pick up a girl at Queen and Grafton at 8.30."

2nd Erk: "Who is she?"

1st Erk: "How do I know what girls will be passing at Queen and Grafton at 8.30?"

* * * *

F/O Taylor put vitamins in his gin. He says it's so he can build himself up while he's tearing himself down.

* * * *

Nothing ever happens in a small town, but what you hear makes up for it.

* * * *

Horse sense is something a horse has that keeps him from betting on people.



TRAINING WING NOTES

Coming at a time when various changes were about to be put into effect and many improvements were being made or had already been made, the news that 31 GRS was on the move aroused a certain amount of disappointment, and perhaps, a slight sense of frustration. In the heat of excitement caused by these startling revelations, however, our feelings were tempered somewhat by the prospect of what was to happen to us all, and entrancing visions of lengthy boat-lists and posting lists filled our minds to the exclusion of other considerations. The prospects of the unknown are always intriguing.

Now that we have recovered from the first effect, however, our thoughts turn back through the past years and we recall one or two turning points in the career of Training Wing, such as that cold, rainy winter evening when we took up our posts here, the time when the A.N.S. moved and we took over their building and renamed it "East School", the time when our proud and worthy Ansons I were replaced by the sleek and streamlined Ansons V, and, most recent of all, the day our new Chief Instructor arrived. All these events, inspired by the powers-that-be, were directed towards the attainment of our goal—to turn out the best in G.R. pilots and navigators for the successful prosecution of our war effort.

We in Training Wing Headquarters suffer no delusions regarding the grandeur of our work. Ours is a routine task; many of us spend hour upon hour in classrooms, bestowing upon pupils the benefit of our erudition; others of us labour at typewriters and somehow manage to keep our heads above torrents of papers and documents; a few of us pass our weary days in singlets and shorts instructing trainees in the healthful mysteries of calisthenics. In none of these occupations do we come under the warming rays of sunshine radiated by the public eye. No thrill of battle nor glory of conquest accrues to us; only the satisfaction of getting our work done to the best of our ability, and the knowledge that in the great scheme of things our work does count.

It is said that he who strives for perfection finds only disillusionment in its attainment, and given a little more time, we might have found ourselves in a position either to reaffirm or explode this theory. However, no time is to be given; we are to collect our multifarious belongings and make tracks elsewhere, leaving behind the material remnants of our efforts towards bigger and better things.

There are many memories of No. 31 GRS, and of Charlottetown however, which we shall take along with us. In our new surroundings, be they in Canada, in the Old Country, or in a place where our efforts will be even more closely directed against the enemy, we shall all of us find odd moments to reminisce pleasantly over our stay in the Garden of the Gulf, and the triumphs and setbacks, inspirations and disillusionments, and pleasures and sorrows we experienced there.

FROM OUR STAFF-PILOTS

Quite a lot of work has been done. Quite a lot of changes made on the camp during the last six months.

From the flying point of view certainly the biggest has been the completion of the transition from the Mark I to the Mark V. Neither the necessity for dual instruction for pilots nor the obvious complications to servicing reduced our flying detail hours; indeed in those days this new and to us as yet unknown aircraft, was hailed with enthusiasm!

From the lucky ones who had a Mark V on an exercise it changed as the summer advanced to the unlucky ones who had to fly a Mark I. Yes, I do mean unlucky, for you will all remember with what trepidation you got into the old 68 or 80, on those hot afternoons, raced up the engines against the brakes at the end of the runway, said your prayers and trusted to God you would get over the fence. From the speedometer readings, God certainly had a lot to do with it!! In the middle of September we said goodbye to the last of the 1's and the fence once more ceased to be an object of interest.

As we slowly drifted into the late fall and winter pamphlets on carburetor and normal icing were handed round, once more we became weather conscious. The clouds that had been our happy companions during summer were regarded with ever increasing suspicion. The Anson V which had been taken for granted began to be appreciated: Carburetor and cabin heat were essential and single engine performance a very assuring factor when far out over the Gulf. We had in fact become very good friends!!

It was in those days of deepening winter that Flying Control was born. When you're trying to sneak in behind another aircraft after a long detail and the A.C.P. shoots you off a pyrotechnic display, your appreciation is not perhaps very great, but in the last few months we have come to learn more about this valued service. Although new in Canada the indications are that in the near future this service is going to be built up into a highly efficient network to serve all aircraft. An obvious difficulty to the building up of an organization such as exists in Britain, is the relatively untrained nature of the personnel. We can however, feel sure that with enthusiasm and hard work on their side they have nothing to fear. Further centralization has been brought about by bringing over the wireless section in 'Ops' room to Flying Control. The A.C.P. van in R.T. contact with Tower has been introduced and should give increased safety and control of circuits and landings.

With ever more attention our friends in the 'Met' office have been watching the skies and studying their maps those winter days. Like guardian angels they have taken very good care of us. Indeed the whole station, Servicing, Maintenance, Flying, have reason to be proud of a clean sheet, free from all serious accident this last six months.

Of late the runways have carried a lot of ice but it has not worried us much and those responsible for snow compaction have done a good job keeping them clear.

The Gulf has practically been out of bounds for most of December. Steaming ice crystal fog over the freezing water has to be seen to be believed!

And so to the Future! Today as we look back it is perhaps just a little sad that we should now be bearing witness to the last days of 31 G.R.S.

We have made friends here with the land and with the people. Bird Rock, Binch Point, the Gulf, in winter storm or summer sunshine are our old friends.

Tomorrow our vistas will be different, our tasks more potent, but we will remember in the spirit of thanks and goodwill the warm hospitality of Canada and its people!!



WEST SCHOOL WHIMSIES

The momentous news of our impending break-up is the highlight of "West School News", and the eternal bind has changed from "When am I going?" to "Where am I going?" One destination is particularly popular on compassionate, passionate and all other possible grounds, and a prize is now offered for the first answer, but many dream with Browning

"Oh to be in England
Now that April's here!"

(or sooner if possible—Editor)

However, such dreaming is not unmixed with feelings of regret that the Unit is disbanding and its individuals dispersing all over the world (dispersing mainly in a direction of 093 magnetic, we hope!)

During the past few months improvements on the Station have made life more bearable, and the institution of the scheme to repatriate the old hands in turn was beginning to inspire hopes in the bosoms of all. Even the greatest sufferers of Instructors Melancholia and Maritime Migrain were beginning to feel their feet were on the ladder instead of on the treadmill.

Our various ideas of improvement in accommodation for synthetic training — Tactical Floor — Ship Recognition Room — Signals Demonstration Room and Harwell Boxes — will never materialize now, but if the School had not been disbanded we feel that its staff would have made it the best G.R. School.

It is fitting also that, in the closing phases of No. 31 GRS, our offshoot—East School—should return and be enfolded in the place of its birth—West School—so that the last of its output may have the “gen”.

To many of us this departure means the leaving of staunch friends among the inhabitants of Charlottetown; from remarks passed recently many of them will no doubt miss us as much, if not more than we shall miss them. But happy memories of racing at Old Home Week, meals at the Old Spain, the Yacht Club, summer evenings on the North Shore, Rocky Point, the “V” Club dances, cornboils and weiner roasts on the shores, will be carried to the war fronts of the world.

So from West School—farewell, and bon voyage.

SIGNALS CALLING

So. We're to be moved!

After ditting and dahing with such signal success for over two years, from our habitation with its pleasant front seat outlook on smoking furnaces (so reminiscent of the——boat that we've exhorted so often to roll on), we're to be moved. This, be it noted, is not to be the **small** removal scheme to the Watch Tower, which was to surpass the record of the building of Rome—both in time and grandeur, but that mightier upheaval, heralded so worshipfully in the paper that ‘Covers the Island like the dew’.

What have we done in these long months? (Rude suggestions not allowed). We've set a record for all time, for all Signals Sections by having a Tea Swindle which died on us—for if anything in the R.A.F. was ever reckoned as surpassing Tennyson's brook it was a Signals Section Tea Swindle.

We've shown the Station how to play cricket, and incidentally, how to celebrate when the shield which we won last summer was presented.

Our H/F. D/F. station is noted for its unfailing efficiency and accurate bearings over considerable distances, but it surpassed itself recently when it took a bearing on a transmission from the Island of Malta G.C. In case anyone thinks that one island surrounding Charlottetown is one too many, we hasten to add that a Q.D.M. was not passed.

After many weary months of chasing and waiting our Pigeon Palace is now ready for occupation and our pigeons after ‘Living Out’ in less Lordly conditions — in a Charlottetown Chicken run—have had their allowance cancelled and have taken up residence. But too late! We are going—and our researches into the Love life of our feathered friends will be wasted.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

A camera, as we all know, is that happy instrument which unfortunately corroborates the evidence of our optics, the more vicious examples of this work being apparent in the 1250s we so often see. Of course there are other uses for photography, and we are told in the "Aeroplane" of September 1943 of the complete superiority of the British systems of photographic reconnaissance. We proudly preen ourselves over this, and feel that we contribute to a small extent to this proud achievement. The photographer in embryo usually has visions of taking photographs of the burning of German cities, but finds instead when he becomes fully fledged in his work that it is very often stereotyped.

Our job at No. 31 G.R.S. is to start fledgling pilots and observers on their life's work, that is of course photographically speaking, and to attain this end one must be prepared to see red-faced N.C.O.'s valiantly expostulating in their technical terms to a roomful of dutifully bound pupils, whilst in the Section the erks methodically and monotonously develop films and flat feet. Let it be said that, although they may eventually acquire cat's eyes in the dimly lit rooms, their surroundings are anything but glamorous, and there are no WAAF's to brighten the gloom.

Day by day pupils set out with almost monotonous regularity to photograph those much recorded places, Pictou and Sydney, and then comes the frantic necessity of interpreting that enigmatical document which the pupils almost misguidedly refer to as a Reconnaissance Report. Some of us, perhaps the more fortunate ones, dependent of course on the weather, have the opportunity to fly, whilst the rest must be content with ground work, and who can compare that dullness of employment associated with group photography, the misspent labour of trying to stimulate a certain enthusiasm into the newly arrived pupils resplendent with brand new rings and stripes.

Other work comes in too; maps, charts, court evidence, diagrams, etc., and then the work for East and West. Stereotyped work, however, and never raised to any thrilling climax such as an occasional copy of a Varga pin-up girl from our much appreciated Esquire. Actually, we work from real life, but our models, it is regretted to say, leave us completely undisturbed.

We welcome into our midst Warrant Officer Heaps, and we say farewell to Flight Sergeant Easson. We regard the respective arrival and departure with feelings of appropriate sentiment.

This is our say, small as it may be, and we fade once more back to the comparative security of our Section and leave you the wide world.

EAST SCHOOL ECHOES

The usually quiet corridors of East School were seething with suppressed excitement, some instructor had Reuters' Rival, the Charlottetown Guardian, in his hand. Here was the School's favourite rumour dressed up in its Sunday best, and for once looking authentic. 31 GRS was on the move officially, the Mayor had said so! Not a rumour any more, but a bald statement to the press. This fact — so far as the school was concerned—coming from unofficial sources, made it more official. Out of the mouth of Babes and Mayors!!! Everyone was aware, for some unexplainable reason, that Adams and the 'Five and Ten' frequently know about movements and postings, before the Station Adjutant.

The great news was received with mixed feelings—Instructors who had been binding for a posting to the U.K., didn't bind any more. Many of those who had said nothing, started to bind, the cocoa swindle doubled its production for a few days. Unofficial conferences in instructor's offices were frequent. The A.C.I. of West School, and the C.I. were to be seen disappearing behind the door of the A.C.I., East School for official conferences. Rumours came hot and heavy. The school was to be completely evacuated in a body, and it would take a year to make the change over. 31 G.R.S. was going to be an A.N.S., and then it wasn't going to be an A.N.S., it was going to be an M.U. etc., etc., Ed's Taxis had confirmed this. By New Year's Day East School had once more settled itself into routine. Instructors' hangovers were more frequent, and four courses had already been lopped off this limb of G.R. education. The general feeling is that East School has, without doubt, justified its short existence. During the past year more than half the pupils graduating from the G.R.S. has passed through East School.

Besides this rigorous training schedule the school is proud of its part played in the successful administration of a large number of auxiliary executive jobs which contributed to the smooth running of the Station. To enumerate a few, the following offices are held by East School, and are certainly worthy of an honourable mention:

- Officer i/c Airmen's Mess
- “ i/c Sergeants' Mess
- Chairman of the Sergts. Mess Committee
- Officer i/c Station Entertainments
- “ i/c Skating and Ice Hockey
- “ i/c Station Dramatics
- “ i/c Tennis
- “ i/c Soccer

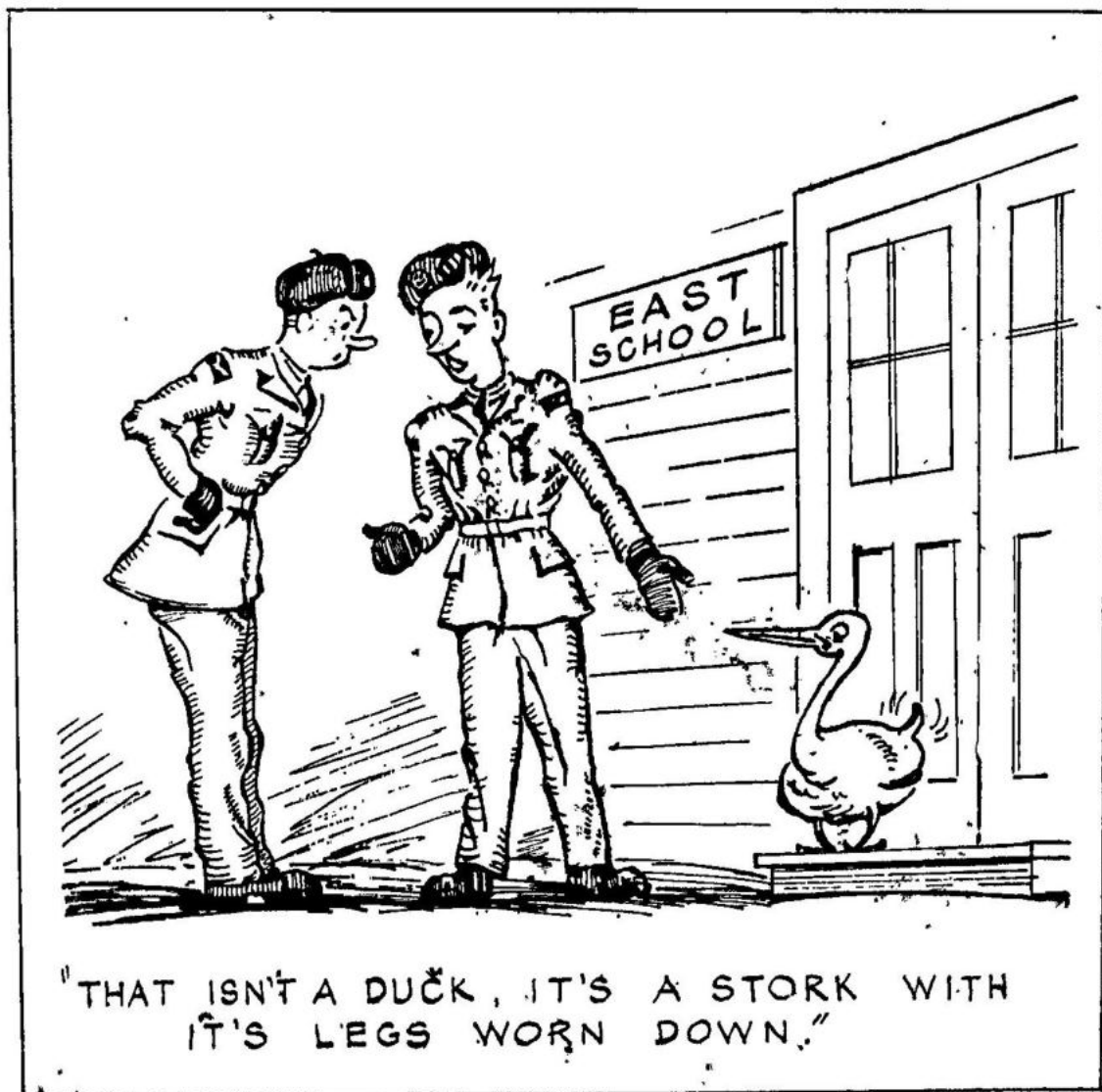
Editor of The Imp.

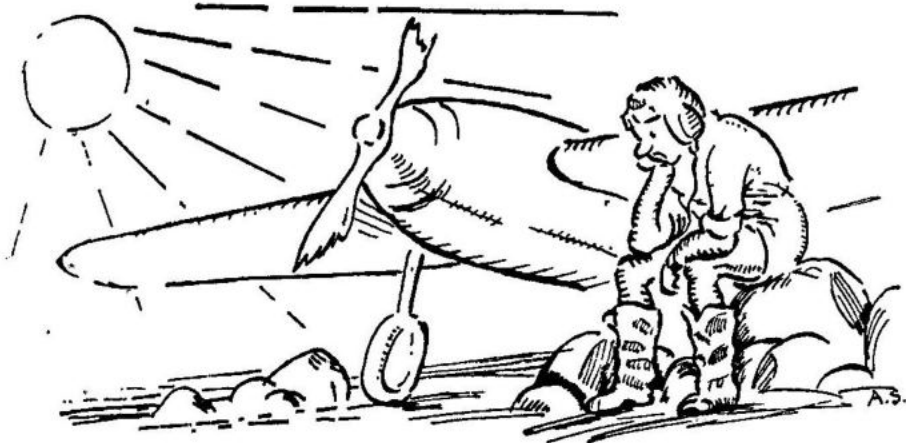
Sub Editors of the GRAF.

Stage Manager of the Recreation Hall, and three members of the Station Dance Orchestra.

As if to prove that after all these tasks some spare time was available, at least ten of the instructors are at present swotting such books as "How to be a successful father" in three easy stages, and "Twelve quick methods of folding a baby's nappy" etc., etc. We wish them every success in the doubtful joys of parenthood.

By the first of February, only three courses will be left to fly the flag for East School, but in this bright and optimistic New Year, we wish the East End kids in Squadrons all over the world, Happy Landings.





The Man Who Hated The Cold

It was one of those cold blustering winter evenings with a light snow falling. The Mess fire crackled and glowed, and the sparks from the burning logs leapt up the chimney. It was a comfortable chair I was sitting in, my pipe was going well, and I had just ordered a tankard of beer. "Not a night to be out," I thought as I reached for the new copy of the "Times" which had just come in, turned to the crossword on the back page, and prepared for a couple of hours of deep concentration. I never can solve them, of course, but always have the hope that someday I shall succeed.

I was just wondering to myself what fabulous salaries the "Times" must pay the people who invent their crossword puzzles, when I became aware that Baxter, on the opposite chair, was looking at me.

"Hello, Baxter," I said, trying hard to switch my attention to him from my crossword. "Have you decided to make a night of it here, too?" "Not fit for a dog to be out in," he said. "I hate the damned cold—and the wind—it blows through my bones."

Noting his leathery yellow face, the creases at his eyes—and his strangely pink eyelids, I thought there was one of these chaps who revel in the Northern cold. Noting his Palestine medal,

I remembered that he had been out there long before the war as a sergeant pilot. "Must have been there for years," I thought. "He couldn't have got that yellow hide in one hot season."

"I knew a fellow in Transjordan once," he went on. "Who hated the cold so much that he used to say that he would never go home again. To see him revelling in the sunshine made one think that he must be feeding on it. Some people are like that, sort of sun-worshippers." "Here's one of his yarns again," I said to myself as I laid down the "Times", took a long drink out of my tankard, and listened.

"This chap was an air gunner in my squadron and used to fly in the back seat of the Flight Commander's Gordon. In those days, as you probably remember, air gunners were usually fitters or riggers, and used to wear a brass winged bullet. Well, this air gunner, who was a fitter by trade, called Graham, was very fond of going down on the mail run to Aboukir. I suppose the bright lights of Alexandria attracted him. So when, a few days before he was due to leave on the boat for home, he asked the Flight Commander if he could have one last trip down to Aboukir. We were not surprised.

"We watched the aircraft take off early one morning, with Graham in the back seat. I don't suppose you remember the sensation that Graham's flight made in the papers at that time—but I shall never forget the buzz of excitement in the Squadron when we heard that our aircraft had landed at Aboukir—but with no passenger! The pilot couldn't help much—he said he was completely unaware that Graham was missing until he landed. Everything in the cockpit was perfectly in order, and there was no suggestion that anything out of the ordinary had happened. Yet the fact remained—Graham began the trip and didn't finish it—and therefore he must be somewhere on the route.

"It was quite elementary reasoning—so we began to look for him from the air—day after day, with heaven knows how many aircraft from other Squadrons to help us. It was a hopeless task. You remember it took the Israelites forty years to cross the Sinai Dessert—well, looking for Graham in that waste was worse than hunting for a needle in a haystack. Weeks went by in fruitless searching—until the inevitable day came when orders arrived to abandon all further attempts.

"I believe the inquiry suggested that Graham must have been jerked out of the aircraft in an air pocket. This was a reasonable theory since we used to fly through pretty bumpy conditions out there—and the rear cockpit of a Gordon was quite large. So eventually the sensation died down and Graham was forgotten—listed as 'Missing—believed Dead.'

"The rest of the story may have nothing to do with our

missing air gunner," Baxter continued. "But you can judge for yourself."

"I was still in the Squadron a year or so later when a very extraordinary thing happened to one of our pilots, a fellow named Boyd. Hardly anyone believed his story until we sent to Aboukir for the evidence—and then we all had to believe it. It was a propeller—with about six inches of the tips cut off—each tip cut and shaped exactly like its fellow, with the brass sheathing of each blade carefully bent round and secured in place with steel nails. Except that the propeller was a foot shorter than all the others, it appeared to be quite serviceable. As a matter of fact, our pilot had flown the last lap of the trip to Aboukir with this propeller, though it was quite whole when he left our aerodrome.

"It seems that he took off, heading as usual for Egypt, and completed about half the trip quite normally with nothing out of the ordinary happening. Suddenly, the Panther out in front started to cough and splutter and eventually gave up the ghost altogether. He was about 400 feet over fairly flat terrain, and Boyd, who was a very capable pilot, was able to put her down quite successfully on a fairly hard stretch of desert studded with small boulders. All went well, until almost at the end of his landing run, he swung off to port and hit a large boulder with his propeller, breaking off both tips about four or five inches from the ends.

"The wireless was, unfortunately, unserviceable, so Boyd wisely decided to stay with the aircraft. He collected the desert rations, made a pile of camel thorn ready for lighting, made sure that his signal pistol was handy, and prepared to camp out until he was located and rescued. He knew he was dead on his course, and felt confident that he would be found the next day or the day after.

The light was beginning to fail, so it was useless to try to find out what went wrong with the engine until the morning. And so, he told us, he made himself comfortable beneath a large boulder some little distance from the aircraft and calmly went to sleep.

"The next morning, after a restrained breakfast of part of his desert ration, he walked over to the aircraft and prepared to do his best to get some life into the engine again. His idea was, if he could get the engine going he could risk a take off with the broken propeller, and provided the engine didn't fall out through vibration, he might make Aboukir, provided, of course, that he was not found in the meantime. But he was petrified with amazement when he noticed at once that the jagged ends of the propeller had been neatly and cleverly trimmed off exactly the same both sides, and the brass sheathing of the blades fastened

securely in place. This was incredible enough, but that was not all, for on the side of the fuselage, near the cockpit, were the scrawled letters 'O.K.', obviously put there by someone whose finger had been dipped in oil!

"By this time Boyd was firmly convinced that he had a touch of the sun, but climbed into the cockpit to see whether the letters on the fuselage meant anything. Well, to cut a long story short, the engine started and ran perfectly, and Boyd was able to take off and land again at Aboukir, where everyone was very surprised to see him.

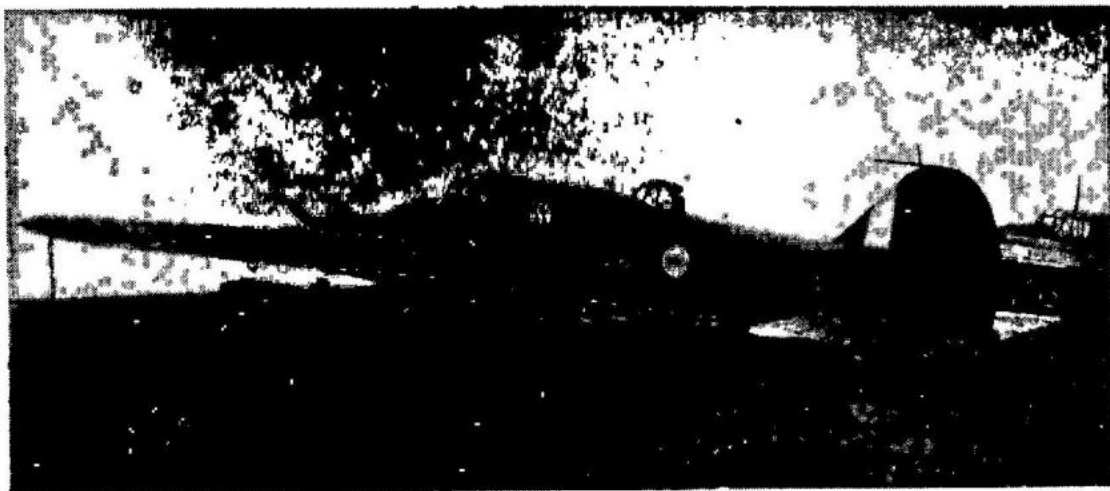
"Eventually he managed to convince the people down there of his story, and when they examined the propeller, they discovered that the steel nails used to secure the sheathing definitely were of the kind used for the soles of boots. The engine was carefully checked and they found only two strange things. The throttle control pin was held in place by a piece of wire and not the usual split pin, while the locking wire from one of the oil connections was missing. The wire used to secure the throttle control pin was oily as though it had once been used on an oil connection.

"From this meagre evidence, the experts thought that the forced landing must have been due to the throttle control pin falling out in flight, and this had been replaced by some mysterious person who used a piece of wire from a less important connection to hold the pin in place. All this brought back the subject of the missing Graham—could it be possible that he was still alive out there? The job on the aircraft had obviously been done by someone no stranger to aeroplanes—but could it have been Graham?

"So", concluded Baxter, "Graham might still be basking in the sun on the Sinai desert—or he might not. It was an extraordinary affair though—strange what some people will do to avoid cold weather."

So with a parting smile on his leathery face, Baxter got up and went over to the window. I saw him shiver involuntary as he looked out at the scurrying snowflakes outside. The bitter wind was still blowing, half a gale.

As I sipped at my tankard and stared at the crackling fire, I agreed with Baxter that warmth, after all, was a wonderful thing. But as I wondered about Baxter's fantastic yarn, I realised that Graham must have been the first man to sacrifice everything — just because he hated the cold. Could it be possible?



MAINTENANCE WING

HEADQUARTERS

The period between the last issue of the "GRAF" and the present, has been a busy one for Maintenance Wing Headquarters. We have completely changed over aircraft type during the summer.

We were all sorry to see the last of the Mark One — the aeroplane with such a varied history of achievement, even if it was a trifle oily and worn looking. With all our muttered curses on its appearance, and its varied chronic complaints, we were attached to the old crate—and we are sure that the old faithfuls will be carrying on elsewhere doing the same good work.

In the Orderly Room, all is peace and harmony, and returns are never late. Our new Adjutant you see, has arrived straight from the R.A.F. School of Administration—and K.R.'s are now like an open book to us. Personnel questions never worry us any more because our Flight Sergeant is straight from the holy of holies — R.A.F. Records. With this array of talent, all is smooth and peaceful—and the typewriters murmur sweet music.

During November, Maintenance Wing put up a good show at the Victory Loan Exhibition in Charlottetown. We spared no effort and the local citizens were very appreciative of what was done. No one yet knows how we managed to squeeze a Hurricane into the Armouries—but we did it.

As these notes are being written, Maintenance Wing is gradually dispersing—and will soon cease to be. We shall soon be elsewhere, and our work here will be carried on by others. We have a good record which we are proud to hand on to our

successors, and when we leave for other parts of Canada, or home, we can look back on a job well and honestly done.

We would like to wish all our co-workers in Maintenance Wing, and the rest of the Station, the best of good luck in their future journeyings—and hope that we may soon meet again, and be able to look back together on some of the good times we had, and the good comrades we worked with in Maintenance Wing, R.A.F. Station, Charlottetown.

INSTRUMENT SECTION

Our instrument Section is small but select, and in some respects might even be called notorious, for congregated in a very small space may be found some of the most interesting characters on the Station. From our vantage point at the corner of "E" hangar, we can see the station going about its daily business, runners dashing to and fro, important people hurrying to their offices—and hurrying out again, great activity around the Y.M.C.A. van, and the ceaseless coming and goings of the Transport Section. We are so proud of our exceptional view, that we clean our windows religiously every week, so that we miss nothing.

When we are not admiring the view, we look after instruments and since the arrival of the Mark V, we have been very busy trying to find where the glycol in the oil pressure gauges goes. The rumour that the instrument section drinks it to keep their ears from freezing in the winter is quite unfounded.

Two of our members, Pearson and Jones, were very warmly commended by a local magistrate recently for grabbing a shop-breaker in the act of making a getaway with a handful of watches from a Charlottetown jeweller's window. We agree with the magistrate that it was a very good show.

One well-liked member of our Section became ill just after he left us for home, so ill in fact, that he had to leave the Service. We were all very sorry to hear about him, but are glad to report that he is now happily married. We wish him and Mrs. Summerfield every good wish for the future. Morris took the plunge also on January 3rd, and the good wishes of the section go with him for his future happiness.

We have a new arrival who comes from Ilkley Moor. Strange as it may seem, he is not noted for his absence of headgear, but for his very large feet, the impressions of which will remain on the floor of Hut 10 long after he has gone.

We would like to mention Northcote in these notes, for he is our oldest member, and a survivor of three Island Summers.

He will have gone home by the time these notes appear and we would like to wish him the best of luck.

These will be our last jottings for the "GRAF", for we must fiddle with bell jars and vacuum pumps somewhere else soon. So we hope that we may have the opportunity of looking after your instruments again, for we always live up to our motto and our war cry—"Get Calibrated!"

The best of Luck to you all,

"DRIFTSIGHT".

REPAIR SQUADRON NOTES

In common with other sections of the Station, Repair Squadron has seen a good deal of reorganization since the last occasion of presenting its Section Notes in the "GRAF"; and if our hangars present the same old aspect, with 'kites' in various stages of deshabille, and possibly even some enthusiasts pottering around in a knowing sort of fashion, it is a sign merely that come what may, we, like Tennyson's brook, "go on for ever".

No more can we relate the friendly rivalry between "Majors" and "Minors", for the amalgamation of these sections has ended their old feuds. A "Minors" man has even been known to ask the sergeant what inspection he was supposed to be on—which only goes to show what strides have been made in the name of progress and the War Effort. But interest of late has not been so much on what we do, but who does it (if any!), and notable among the many changes in Squadron men has been the coming of Flight Lieutenant Stuart to take command in succession to Flight Lieutenant French. In the months that Flight Lieutenant Stuart has been with us he has collected a host of fervent admirers, amongst that host being one hundred per cent of his own Section.

More recently welcomed to the Squadron was Warrant Officer Lucas, who has come from Western Canada to succeed Flying Officer McIntyre, posted to another Station soon after his being granted a commission. So the "Union of the Crowns" is now complete in the hierarchy of the Squadron, and we need only a bit of Irish blarney to put the control of the Squadron on a truly international basis. However, now that the gradual diminishing of our numbers has been followed up by the news that we shall before long be scattered to a variety of destinations, it is evident that all the blarney in the world won't keep us long as a Squadron. Some have felt a good deal of relief to realize that their mechanical minds are no longer required to keep pace with production in Charlottetown; but others are to be heard muttering darkly against an unkind fate. We are inclined to

suspect that the Armistice itself will provide a "moan" for those inveterates!

As for the doings and "done" of the Squadron, we heartily congratulate LAC Woodruff and AC Cowden on their recent marriages, and Sergeant Radcliffe on the birth of a daughter. Incidentally, we have it from a reliable source that the pending removal of the Air Force has relieved Canadian pram manufacturers of what was becoming known as their "Charlottetown Crisis". The leading brewers of the country have been fearing a similar situation since one of them happened to hear a first-hand account of our Squadron N.C.O.'s seasonable celebrations, and only frantic appeals to their chivalry averted a nation-wide calamity.

Our final word of praise is due to the Hurricane enthusiasts of the Squadron, for the masterly way in which they succeeded in dislocating traffic for miles around with their caravan to the Armouries for the "Victory Loan" display. Their reception in town almost convinced some of them that there must be "something about an airman" after all—though what it is we hardly think their wives and friends need reminding.



"Victory Loan" Exhibition

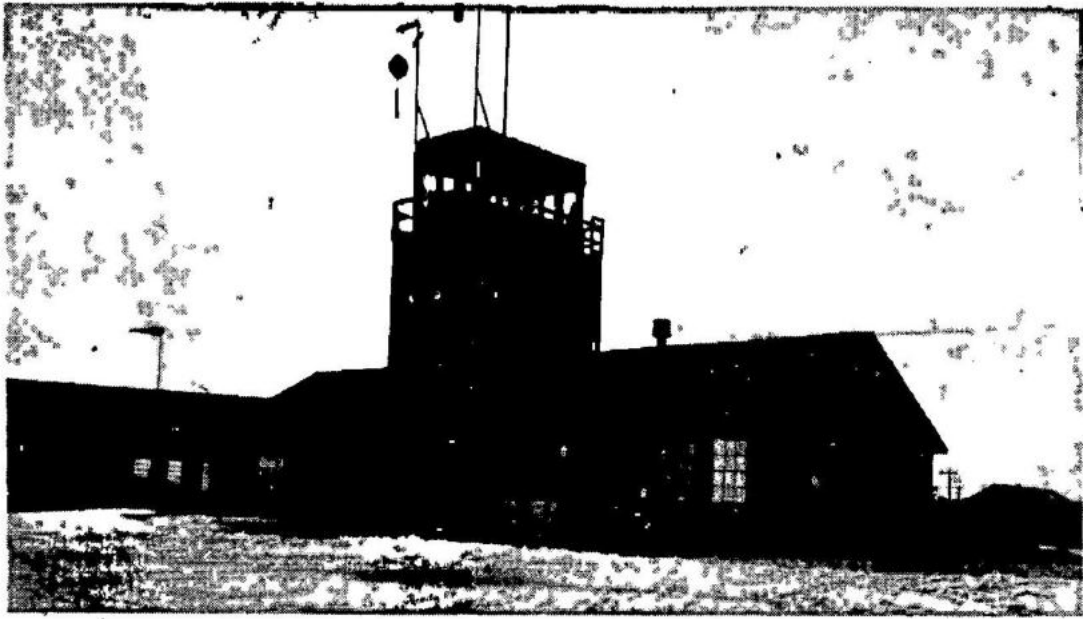
suspect that the Armistice itself will provide a "moan" for those inveterates!

As for the doings and "done" of the Squadron, we heartily congratulate LAC Woodruff and AC Cowden on their recent marriages, and Sergeant Radcliffe on the birth of a daughter. Incidentally, we have it from a reliable source that the pending removal of the Air Force has relieved Canadian pram manufacturers of what was becoming known as their "Charlottetown Crisis". The leading brewers of the country have been fearing a similar situation since one of them happened to hear a first-hand account of our Squadron N.C.O.'s seasonable celebrations, and only frantic appeals to their chivalry averted a nation-wide calamity.

Our final word of praise is due to the Hurricane enthusiasts of the Squadron, for the masterly way in which they succeeded in dislocating traffic for miles around with their caravan to the Armouries for the "Victory Loan" display. Their reception in town almost convinced some of them that there must be "something about an airman" after all—though what it is we hardly think their wives and friends need reminding.



"Victory Loan" Exhibition



AIRCRAFT CONTROL CALLING . . . ———

AIRCRAFT CONTROL CALLING . . . ———

Servicing Squadrons, on the whole, continues to thrive these days.

Wedding bells rang out for Corporal Dorning and AC. Anderson recently. The former has returned to the Squadron looking very little, if any, the worse for wear, but we regret to report that the latter's brief span of married bliss terminated rather abruptly—he being confined to hospital with an injured leg! Contrary to varying speculation and rumours prevalent in the Squadron, we have investigated the matter and can vouch that cartilage trouble was responsible for his unfortunate incapacitation. We take this opportunity of offering belated good wishes for their future happiness.

We should also like to extend our congratulations to F/Sgt. Bryan, Sgt. Stebbing, Cpls. Smith and Laird on their recent promotion. Whilst on the subject of promotions, we might mention that the N.C.O. i/c Discipline is still enquiring as to the whereabouts of his "third", and although his merry band of "erks" has been "ahunting" for some considerable time, it has not, up to the time of going to press, turned up. Persistent and thorough searching will however, we hope, bring it to bay in the very near future.

Hearty welcome is extended to W.O. Hostler, B.E.M., F/Sgt. Fowle, Cpl. Rigby and Cpl. Patton, recently posted to the Squadron. Cpl. Patton, it is understood, has been posted to the Servicing to assist supervising the search for the aforementioned elusive "third". We also understand that Cpl. Patton has some very good "connections" in Murray Harbour.

We regret to report that W/O. Weir, B.E.M., and Cpl. Norbury, long standing members of S.S., were recently posted home, having completed their tour of duty. The best wishes of all Servicing Squadron personnel goes with them.

A certain Sergeant in the Squadron persists in selecting his day off when no flying takes place which, we agree with him, is very unfortunate. Deepest sympathy is extended herewith.

"Bing" Barrett continues to serenade his beloved donkey, and his entrances from "off stage" are at times really brilliant, and warrant at least, accompaniment by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The "clipperty clop" of this elusive animal can usually be heard quite clearly between 1800 hours and "cease flying", and without, what is more remarkable, the aid of any particular brand of radio. (sponsor unknown).

The "Callaghan School of Dancing" continues to do good business although the slow fox trot "reverse turn" does not appear to meet with the approval of a certain Flight Sergeant in the Squadron. As an exponent of the terpsichorean art however, one wonders how the principal of the aforementioned school manages to steer a completely straight course, although, as a sideline, it is admitted his impersonation of a Yorkshire terrier is really magnificent. (Is it a wig?)

The cry of "A.O.G. it" is not heard so frequently from the N.C.O. i/c Snag Gang these days, but "get off my chair" is, if anything, more prevalent than ever. This N.C.O. incidentally, whilst on leave recently, had the honour of appearing in person with Carol Landis, film actress on the stage of the Roxy Theatre, New York. We believe that his exhibition of "jitterbugging" with Miss Landis was something that had never been seen before, nor for that matter, it is hoped, again. We might add that after the show he adjourned to Miss Landis' dressing-room, but have nothing to report on this incident, as it was more or less in the nature of a "secret session".

A Tannoy Amplifying System has been installed throughout all hangars in this Squadron. It has now been suggested that a small Wurlitzer organ be installed to provide efficient accompaniment for "Bing's" vocal renderings in our proposed "Music while you Work" series.

.....
.....MESSAGE ENDS.

M. T. SECTION

The M.T. Section has taken more than its full share in the station activities this winter, and although by no means a large section has shown that it is quality and not quantity that counts.

The section has been particularly to the fore in the Sporting activities of the station, and the first to mention is Football.

Despite the coaching of the Scottish wizard, the football team did not win either the league or the cup, although they were not far behind in either, and on one occasion gave the Station team of professionals many shaky moments. It has been suggested that the team would have done even better if the well laid schemes made in the comfort of the Wet Canteen had been carried out, and it is also thought that if Gass had paid more attention to goal-keeping and not to an exhibition of shadow boxing fewer goals would have been scored.

Our Bowling team's New Year Resolution is to get to the top of the League. Despite the fact that our scores are being checked by the Accounts Department, this, we take it, is a fore-gone conclusion and may be taken as a warning to the present leaders.

Boxing is particularly well represented with of course Gasson figuring prominently. It has been an advantage to have one of the judges connected with the Section, and the fact that F/O Ashpool has usually been officiating may have something to do with the success of the Section boxers. Besides Gasson, the Section has supplied Gunnings, Doig, and Clague, the latter using his efforts outside the ring and not inside, and it is rumoured he sometimes gets his men in such a way that he cannot help saying "Eee, but you do look queer."

Despite a few embarrassing incidents of late connected with icy roads, the Section continues to keep its head high, and is prepared to do battle with all comers in the Wet Canteen, and is proud to be associated with the well worn cry of "Jug Up" which may be heard ringing out from time to time across the still hush of the Transport Yard, only broken by the mighty roar of a Dodge returning to base after completing a dangerous operation (driving in Charlottetown).

ARMAMENT SECTION

Patient delving into the musty files of the "GRAF" reveals that this is the first time the Armament Section has burst into print, and happily it will be the last. For years we have lurked in an obscure corner of the Camp, our only public mention being our appearance in the list of telephone numbers. Had the enemy ever attacked this Sylvan Isle, however, we would have been ready, aye ready, wielding a wicked Flame Float.

New arrivals to the Section are P/O Gowing, who spends much time with the calendar muttering "I'll never live to see the day".

Newbold joined us fresh from the Bahamas, and doesn't expect to survive.

Wilson came direct from the U.K., and hasn't yet got over the delight of eating eggs for breakfast.

Congratulations are due to Woodworth, Wright, Ives, and Hunt, on reclassification to LAC, provided they retain it at the imminent check, and to Cox on remustering to armourer, if that is a matter for congratulation.

Ives and Hunt have been accepted for aircrew, and expect to be air-gunners shortly. For our part, we hope the War will be over before then, but do not expect it to be.

STATION WORKSHOPS

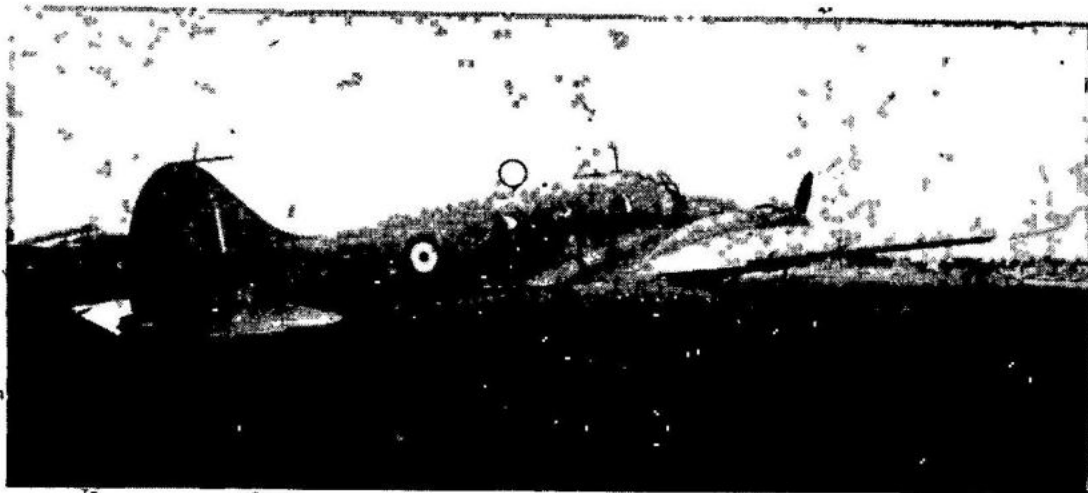
We like to think of ourselves in Station Workshops as the happiest section on the Station, where in one small place are congregated all the trades which are so important to the service, but which rarely come into the limelight; yet we must be very well thought of, because when any piece of equipment is so badly broken that apparently only a miracle could put it in service again, the cry is always the same "Send it to Workshops".

During the past few months we worked hard on our garden, and we like to think that it was the best garden on the Station.

The sparking plug bay continues to function as before; its motto being 'Blast it'. This does not refer to an irritable state of mind on the part of Quayle, but to the process he uses to clean sparking plugs.

We were very sorry to see Sergeant Ash leave us for home, but we are flourishing once again under Sergeant Guy, who has the distinction of being the only Fitter General on the Station, a distinction, which undoubtedly earned him his recent promotion. Incidentally, Sergeant Guy has done some good work in helping to beautify the Station and the barrack blocks, as is apparent by the pelmets the Officers' Mess and the repainting of No. 9 Barrack Room. He also designed and produced the shove-halfpenny boards in good time for Christmas.

This will be our last contribution to the "GRAF", since Workshops will soon operate under different control, and our last thought in these notes is to wish all Workshops members, Maintenance Wing, and the rest of the Station the very best of luck wherever they may go in the future.





Letter from India

(First impressions of India through the eyes of a Serviceman.)

Note: These impressions have been extracted from a letter received from India by an airman on this Station.

Dear

Our train journey, although a long one, was very interesting. Before entraining, we had several hours to wait and we were allowed to go to a nearby canteen where we introduced ourselves to the real Indian "Char." It is excellent stuff, although it is sometimes too sweet. We also had some sandwiches and cakes, and then proceeded to write an airgraph or two. After that we had a cold shower (all this in the canteen, in the open air,) which was really enjoyable after all the sea-water baths on the boat. When I returned to the boat to collect my kit, I found my first letter from Blighty awaiting me. It had come by air mail, and had taken about five weeks.

We entrained at about 8 p.m. that evening, and the journey proved to be far more comfortable than I had anticipated. Ours was a troop train, and although the space was very confined, we each had a bunk to sleep in, and somewhere to stow our kit. I was surprised to find that this part of India is very flat, and throughout our journey we did not see anything which could be called a respectable hill. Every mile or so one could see a dried up river, merely a bed of dust, which would be in flood in the Monsoon season.

Every time the train stopped we were surrounded by hordes of children asking for "Backsheesh, Sahib!" and there would be the dickens of a scramble when an Anna was thrown to them. The first things that struck me about the Hindus were the very long spindley legs of the men, and the graceful walk of the women; if the girls of England had to walk about with pots of water on their heads, I am sure that their carriage would improve.

At every station there were "Char Wallas" of course, and "Banana Wallahs". Then, at one station, there were dozens of natives selling knives—great things with curved blades, collapsible knives, knives concealed inside an officer's baton—and all manner of novelties.

In the jungle through which we passed we saw numerous water buffalo, and in one spot some deer. There they do not have donkeys, etc., to draw their primitive carts, but use oxen. It is very amusing to watch them, as the natives guide them by pulling their tails.

We arrived at our destination on the second morning. We were met with "char and wads" at the station, and we could see palatial barracks quite near, so we thought we should be in very decent quarters. We were due for disappointment, however. We were piled into lorries and taken about six miles into the jungle where our camp is situated. As soon as we arrived, we were besieged by Hindu "Boys", volunteering to be our bearers (which means batmen.) These "Boys" do everything for you—clean boots, scrub equipment, make down your bed at night, make it up in the morning, get you ready for guard, etc., all for the amazing sum of one rupee a week! Unfortunately, however, we were not permitted to hire them.

We have a "Char Wallah" stationed permanently outside our hut, and he is there from Reveille until 10 p.m. He sits on his haunches by his tea urns all day, and he has two or three "Chicos", (small boys) who come to the tents to fetch the mugs each time we shout for him. It is grand to lie in bed in the morning and have tea brought to you. We were visited by an itinerant photographer from the Bazaar, and on Sunday morning we had our photographs taken. We were also visited daily by the "Coggage Wallah", who loans books at four annas a time; they charge an amazing price for books here! Then there is the "Nappy" who comes round and shaves you in the morning for 8 annas a week. He shaved me once, but took the complete top surface off my face, so I have not tried him again! Another very essential gentleman to life here is the "Dhobi Wallah"—

he is the chap who washes all our clothes. He comes on alternate evenings to deliver and receive the laundry, charging two annas for khaki shorts and shirts and one anna for everything else, and it all comes back beautifully cleaned, starched, and ironed. He puts on his own mystic laundry mark, and never an article is lost or returned to the wrong person. Incidentally, for one rupee a week he will do all the washing you care to send.

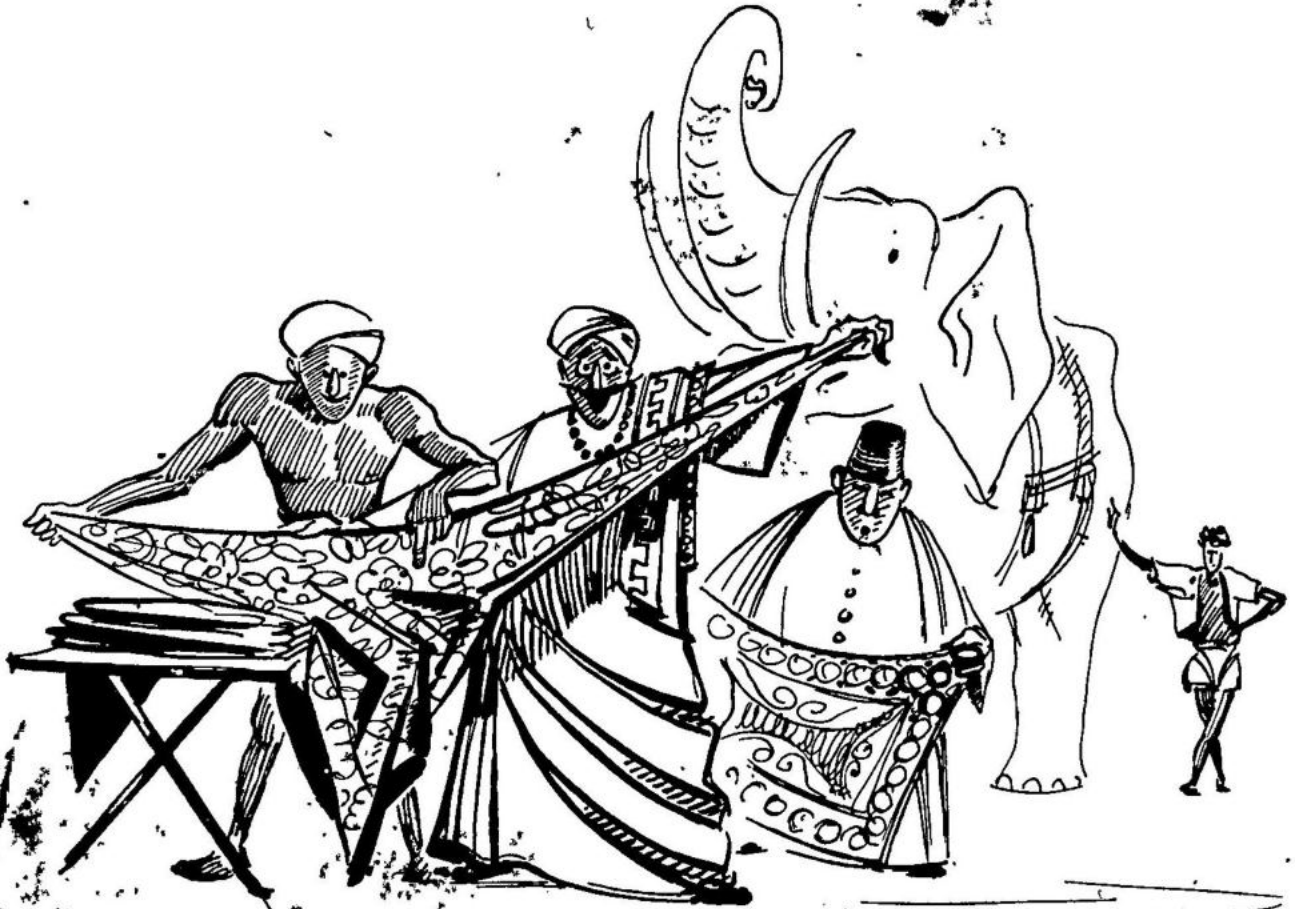
Our food out here is fairly good. For breakfast we generally have eggs—our ration is two per diem—and at midday we have "Tiffin", generally supplemented by bananas from the fruit "Wallah" who is always at the dining hall at lunch time. Then at 4.30 p.m. we have dinner, which, so far, is the least appetising of all. Our dining tent is always invaded at mealtimes by Kite-hawks; these are birds very much like a large Jackdaw, and it is simply amazing to watch them swoop down and pick up any scraps off the floor. They pick up anything with their claws whilst in full flight, and actually eat in the air. Several of our fellows have lost complete slices of bread from their plates while walking about ten yards from the table where the food is served to the tent.

Having told you all I can about the Camp, I will try to give you an account of my two visits to the two nearby towns. For convenience, as I am unable to mention any names, I will call the larger place "X" and the smaller "T". First, the visit to "X". There are two buses that go from the camp to "X" every evening, and I took the first opportunity of seeing the town. The buses rattled in every rut, for the jungle roads are not worthy of the name.

There is absolutely nothing European in the town. The larger shops are rather like warehouses, but the ordinary shops in the bazaar are open to the street. The main roads are quite wide, but in the real bazaars one can almost shake hands with a person on the other side of the street. There is a variety of smells in these bazaars and they are mostly unpleasant. Many things are very cheap, especially clothing, but one has to be careful not to allow oneself to be swindled. We have hit on the idea of sending the bearers to do our shopping for us, as they can get things at their own prices. One of our men was measured by a bearer for a suit by taking his measurements with a piece of string—tying knots in approximate places—and taking the string to the "Dhurzi" (tailor) and next day his suit was delivered to him at reveille, bush jacket and khaki slacks. The whole thing cost eight rupees, eight annas, about 12/6d. One can have a very good pair of shoes made to measure for about six rupees. The cobbler, or "Moochi" as he is called, draws the outline of one's foot on a piece of paper, measures over one's

instead with a piece of string and twenty-four hours later the shoes are ready—and no coupons either!

The second time we went sight-seeing, we went to the town about four miles away. As there were no buses, we had to walk, and apart from clouds of dust, it was quite pleasant. This place "T" is really only a military garrison, and has only a small and very squalid bazaar—at least that is all I saw. Altogether I do not think much of it, although we had a good meal in a military canteen. We were not at all sure of our way home through the jungle in the dark, so we decided to take a "Tonga",



which is a sort of horse and trap made to seat three men and a driver. One driver demanded one rupee each, so we offered him eight annas. He would not take it. We argued for about half an hour with two or three different "Tonga Wallahs", but they were all the same. We finally all piled into one—four of us—and told him to drive off.

Then a nightmare started, and we soon found out that our nearside wheel was nearly off, so we had to put all our weight on the offside. I had already made one or two remarks about the jungle roads, but our pony scorned them and apparently thought it would be much better to go across country. Every hundred yards or so he would go tearing into the nearside, right off the road, or go jigging on for dear life. I was very thankful to dismount when we reached camp, and although we had been virtually robbed, I considered the thrill would have been cheap at twice the price!

We went to "X" a second time, but this time we hired bicycles from the canteen. This is tough country for a bicycle, and consequently they were badly bashed about. However, they were rideable, and we set gaily off. We had covered about half the distance to the town when I discovered that I had a flat tire. As luck would have it, we were very near to a native village. A native saw my predicament, and pointed towards the village and said, "Bicycle shop!" He took about ten minutes to mend two punctures at the enormous cost of fourpence, and during this time my two pals and I were surrounded by swarms of smiling but grubby children, all the village's blind and maimed, begging for "Bachsheesh, Sahib."

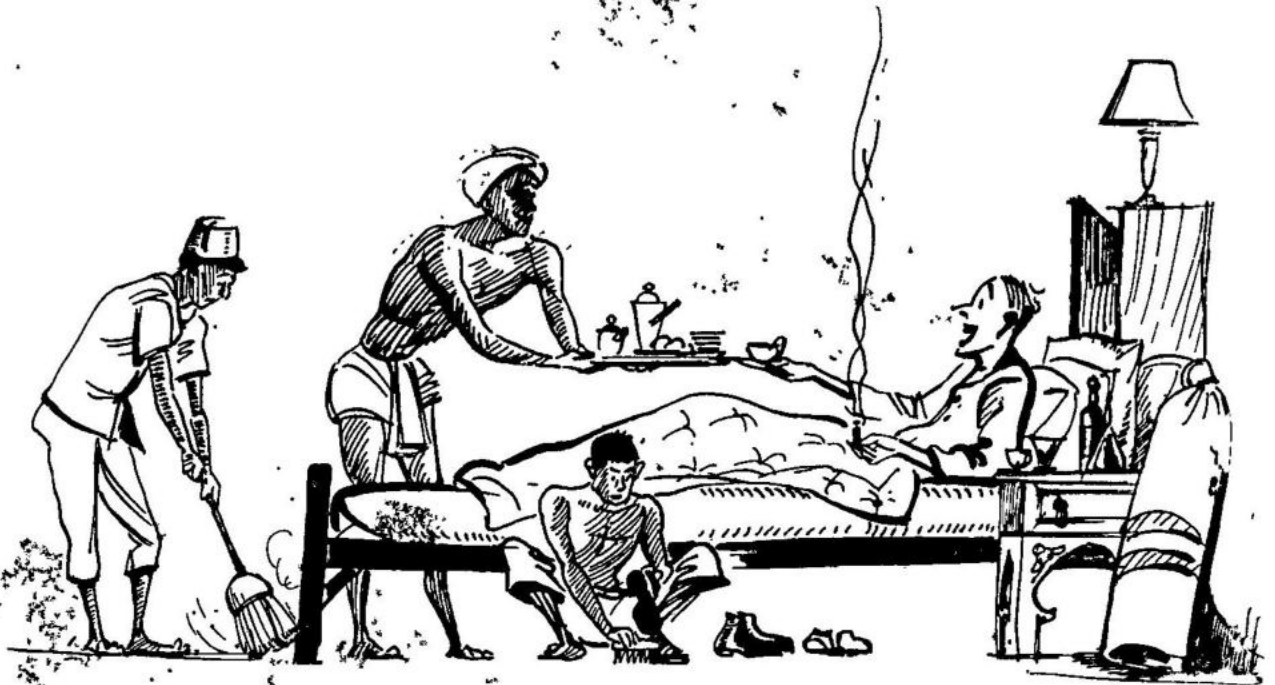
When we reached "X" we spent our time in the bazaars and an interesting half hour in a silk merchant's shop inspecting everything he had there and walking out without buying anything. We later went to a Service Club for a meal, and it was the most marvellous canteen I have ever had the pleasure to visit. The two restaurants are both in the open air—there is no black-out here, of course—a verandah in which to read and listen to the wireless, also out of doors; and then there is a reading and writing room. The white voluntary workers act as hosts and hostesses chiefly, and the native bearers do all the waiting.

On the way back across the jungle, one of the bicycle chains snapped, but fortunately a homecoming bus overtook us and picked the rider up; and we pushed the spare bike between us. Just before we reached the camp the pedal and spindle snapped off another bike! When we returned to the canteen they took it all as a matter of course and did not ask for payment for the

damage. Apparently they were accustomed to these sorts of accident!

That seems to be most of our activities up to date. We have been organising football matches in the evenings, and have just started to play hockey.

I have forgotten to tell you that there are one or two snake charmers who visit the camp, and they are generally quite young children. They make the snakes wiggle a bit then wrap them round their necks; and to make them go back in their baskets they put the snake's head inside the basket, and hit its tail until it is completely coiled up. The snakes are quite harmless—one "Chico" offered to sell us a cobra for three rupees, but he had no offers!



Four Hundred Years Later

Approximately four hundred years ago K.R.'s of ancient British History authoritatively states that Drake, the O. C. troops of the British, was so engrossed in a gentlemanly game of bowls that when informed by W/T of the arrival of the Spanish Armada for attempted invasion, he relayed the following signal (convey regrets to the Spanish Admiral for delay stop inform him this game very important for British History stop will join him in battle as soon as possible, stop priority most important signed Drake).

When we consider how attached Drake was to his game we may be forgiven for attempting to follow Nelson's famous slogan "England Expects" even in Canada.

The icy blasts of the Canadian winter ripsnorting its merry way to Prince Edward Island have once more put an end to the more athletic forms of outdoor sports.

Although parties and parlour games have satisfied the Lounge Lizard type, the more competitive minded wallahs have again opened the season with sessions of beer-drinking, billiards, and bowling. While the keen types of East School were always noted for their adaptability to either beer-drinking or parlour games when need be, and could put up a fairly high score at either, their ability on the bowling alley was as yet a matter of line-shooting and speculation.

Though the bowling schedule has appeared in the sports news since September under the very capable management of the Red Haired Radical from Belfast, F/Lt. "Paddy" Wilson, who claims he is now a "little stiff from bowling", it was some time before the balls were receiving the necessary 30 inches of boost to prang the skittles well and truly round the alley. Some of the earlier games were made vastly more interesting to the open-mouthed dead end alley kids by the appearance of the East School bad types wearing the rosy glow and the benevolent smiles of those who have dined well with Bacchus.

In a statement to the press (English papers please do not copy) F/O. Derek Mole, the "Bald Bowler", interviewed after having put up an exceptionally high score gave as the reason for his success the mathematical calculation based on Bacchus, the solution being as follows:

Top Score=1 Strike=5 Skittle Down
 5 Pints Down=10 Skittles Visible
 5 Skittles Down out of 10 apparent Visible=No Cunning Required
 Solution without Bacchus.
 No Pints Down=Only 5 Skittles up
 5 Skittles down out of 5 Skittles Visible—Much cunning and skill required.

Since the "Bald Bowler" had scored an undeniable 282 points in one frame, this new and amazing Bacchus Bowling, if doubted by the Big Bowling Leagues, was at least accepted and applauded by the other members of the "East School Alley Rats".

The Bald Bowler's average up to date is 527 points per game. Other high averages scored during the season by the "Alley Rats" as are follows:

LAC Cannonball Redfearn	525	points	per	game
F/Lt. Red Wilson	500	"	"	"
F/O. Puncher Carney	491	"	"	"
F/O. Strike Walton	470	"	"	"
S/Ldr. Fleet Foot	465	"	"	"

Various techniques were used by the Alley Rats for the benefit of talent scouts who may or may not have been present at these Bowling Binges. The Wilson Bounce, the Mann Lunge, and the Brown Twist (no relation to Black Twist) may be stressed as being equally spectacular, the accuracy of these various contortions is open to doubt, but whatever they lacked in accuracy they made up in menace to the life and limb of the astonished if not actually frightened pin-boys.

Up to date the East School Alley Rats have out-wangled the West School "Wanglers" in several so-called "friendly" games. On the other hand the "C. Flight Chauffeurs" have beaten this doubtful record. This was obviously due to the "Chauffeurs" being more experienced and continually in practice at the Raffy art of Lead-Swinging which in technique is very similar to that of Bowling.

After the affections of the Festive Season Hangover have worn away and life in 31 G.R.S. returns to the usual humdrum, the Alley Rats will be prepared to do battle with any team foolhardy enough to challenge them.

The Airman's Ten Commandments

1. Thou shalt not scrounge or try to swing the lead.
2. Thou shalt not take the name of thy flight-sergeant in vain, or shalt thy name have enrolled on a 252 and undergo a course of durance vile.
3. Honour thy pay-book and thy Accounts Bloke all the days of thy service, that thy credit may be as even as the sands of the desert.
4. Thou shalt not take unto thyself thy comrade's kit, neither shalt thou borrow thereof when the owner is not present or thou shalt have thy sins thrust upon thee by the quickness of the hand that blacketh the eye.
5. Thou shalt not fill thyself to overflowing with beer lest by Royal Warrant, thou shalt lose many shekels and the S.P.'s shalt number thee among their staff..
6. Thou shalt not fritter away thy worldly goods by playing banker, nap or pontoon lest the voice of the S.P. say unto thee, "Render unto me thy name, but let thy shekels where they lie."
7. Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do, and on the seventh thou shalt do twice as much.
8. And if by chance it comes to pass that, by thy zeal and sweat of thy brow, thou art mentioned in D.R.O.'s as raised to the height of Sergeant thou shalt present thyself at the abode called the N.C.O.'s Mess where thou wilt crave that they accept refreshment at thine own expense.
9. Thou shalt not kill. If the cook grieveth thee, thou shalt not smite him hip or thigh, but shalt appeal to the Big White Chief who will give thee less satisfaction than the cause of the complaint.
10. And it shall come to pass that when thy time is come, thou receiveth thy "Ticket" and depart for "Blighty". There you will take unto thyself strange garments, and study the "Dole" and the drawing thereof thenceforth.



Over The Intercom

We wish to thank all the sections who contributed their quota of lies, gossip, scandal, rumours, etc., and regret that due to space limitations a number of interesting items have had to be omitted.

The Xmas Dance in the Officers' Mess was a huge success—for a dry party it was very wet in spots.

It is rumoured that the following morning a visiting officer, full of good cheer stepped into a humourless Anson and pulled the wrong chain. This big five place, double-breasted, twin fan, bombing ship protested by lying down on the Tarmac. Like the elephant who walked through the fresh cement, this left a deep impression. Since this camel folding was repeated by an experienced staff pilot the same morning, it might be a good idea to have a safety lock on the undercart.

Thanks to the splendid efforts of the committee and players, the Xmas Concert was a really professional job. The lady guests present especially enjoyed the strip tease act by the gallant Captain Francis. Interviewed afterwards, the Captain attributed his Weissmüller physique not to Charles Atlas, but to the strenuous R.A.F. P.T. organized by our energetic Sports Officer.

Pilot Officer Jacob's trumpet playing needs no press-agenting. If and when he remusters to a better land he should have no trouble filling Gabriel's establishment.

A classical musicale was rendered to an appreciative audience by Squadron Leader Foot. Judging by the lightning strumming on his adaptable uke., this artist should never be accused of finger trouble.

We watched a very professional S.P. magician removing oranges and things from various sleeves, ears, pockets, etc. We live in constant fear that when passing the Guard room one day we might be "framed" by the removal of a side of ham and a dozen eggs from under our epaulettes.

The sprog New Year, optimistic but still a bit uncertain, arrived on a wing and a prayer and made a happy and successful landing in the Officers' Mess, where the Old Year, after having completed its very eventful tour of ops. was being well and truly bowler hatted by a record gathering of officers and their guests..

The high spot of the evening was reached when, just after midnight, our Commanding Officer announced that Wing Comander J. G. Portlock had been awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year's Honour List. Congratulations! This is the climax of his successful work on this Unit, and has been welcomed particularly by Maintenance Wing as an honour which in a general way is a public recognition of the work of their section.

Flying Officer Ashpool, who had assisted with the interior decorations of the Mess, did not forget the interior necessities of officers and guests, judging by his insistent but welcome demands to "jug up".

Flying Officer Pete Davis was overheard to explain between hiccups that the sprog New Year had put up a black by arriving on the Station at 2400 hours A.D.T., instead of G.M.T. Since all was well with the Davis unit we gather this was just an excuse for a double celebration.

The most popular officer present at the dance, for some mysterious reason, was our genial postings officer Flight Lieutenant Balsillie.

One lady at the dance was surprised to receive a baby. It was delivered by our capable senior medico. We gather her parents were present. Tsk, tsk, 'twas a paper doll baby.

Between two young ladies, feeling: "Him invite me!! Why, he's so mean that if he was a ghost he wouldn't give me a fright."

Between two young officers: "Her? Oh, she's a well known razor blade girl. Yeah, all she ever says is 'Gillette me have this' and 'Gillette me have that.'"

A waiter at the dance was heard talking to himself. All the words we could catch were: "Get thee behind me, Satan. Ye're getting between me and the whisky." Possibly a Scotsman with a thirst.

The originator of the "Crayston Special" was reported to have gone wind finding after the Dance. At least, he was seen to do nine dog legs between the Mess and his billet. Drift to port was noticeable.

Much hilarity was caused in the Mess by our Y.M.C.A. man, stating that he had seen an officer amongst the dancers wearing ear muffs. We carefully explained to our Christian friend that the ear muffs consisted of a type of face fungus which half a century ago was known as a Browser. Having shared the care-free days of our unattested erkhood with the Boer War model in question, we can safely state that the bristles are original and not RAFfish, and also kill the rumour that the undergrowth is rented out as a grouse moor during the hunting season.

On party in the corner were debating the respective merits of Private -v- Mess Parties. The adherents of the Private Parties maintain that the excellence of their parties is due to the astonishing gusto with which a certain usually very quiet squadron leader sings "Toe Tipper". (Mess Committee take note.)

Overheard in the Officers' Quarters New Year's Day:

Officer. "Gee, it must have been a good party last night. I feel all bruised."

Batman: "Yes, sir, I helped you into bed."

Officer: (handing Batman two hard boiled eggs) "Thanks, Jones. Have any trouble?"

Batman: "Well, sir, you kept throwing your clothes on the floor."

Officer: "Is that so? How stupid of me."

Batman: "Yes, sir. You were inside them."

Considering that this province is officially "Dry", Squadron Leader Russell has reached a very commendable High in providing liquid assets for the Wet Canteens. All his Bacchanalian followers are parchedly awaiting the liquidation of these assets before No. 31 becomes unoperational.

We can now state with authority that our elusive Education Officer was not posted several months ago. Although no one has actually *contacted* Pimpernel Quirk, several first sighting reports have been received. His latest M.P.P. put him furtively entertaining one or other of his numerous bootleg tea caches.

We heard an authentic anecdote lately about a Group Captain who was reported to have confined himself to camp for three days because he turned up late for C.O.'s inspection.

This curious arrest and confinement reminds us about the S.W.O. who was lately told to put himself and several rank and file on a charge for wearing his greatcoat collar undergraduate style. No names, no pack drill.

The soldierly looking Wing Commander Jupp wanted a Squadron in his Xmas stocking. All we wanted was breakfast

in bed, and we didn't get it. We knew there was no use in asking for anything else.

We hear that Squadron Leader Foot is going to call his expected progeny, if a boy, Titus Lewellyn (Titus L. Foot).

That there are ten expectant fathers in East School alone proves that there are certain things even these Gen Wallahs have to learn.

An R.A.F. instructor arrived here recently from England, convoying his wife, child, and dog. Must be a wangle somewhere!

The award of the Irremovable Digit should go to the pupil who, when asked by his instructor why he had not applied variation, replied, "It wasn't necessary, Sir. I was using a blank plotting chart!"

Another one-candle-power gave his pilot an alteration of 60° port. Forty-five minutes later the pilot asked where they were heading for. "Nowhere," replied the unabashed navy-gator. "We're doing a dog leg."

Flying Officer Schaffter flew two Prunes who were convinced that the wind had veered 180° because the clouds were coming straight towards them. Winds by cloud drift—should have had the Drift Recorder in the astro hatch.

Reminds us of the pilot who turned his aircraft into wind to cool the motors off.

Heard on the bus:

Voice behind newspaper: "Boy, we're certainly winning this war!"

Other voice: (coldly) "I wasn't aware you were Russian."

Latest rumour from London: .

Free Germany army expected to form in England by April to help clear the Russians out of France.

Very reverend gentleman, in broadcast sermon over local network on January Second stated that liquor bars in Messes encouraged young officers from good homes to drink. He strongly disapproved. We older types from not such good homes also disapprove. We could do with the extra ration.

It is not true that headlines in the local rag in December read:

"HEROIC WOMAN STOPS RUNAWAY HORSE"
and, underneath:

"British Navy Sinks Scharnhorst."

Flash over the local network, Sunday, January ninth:

"The Russians are meeting with **unopposed** opposition on all fronts." Good show!

Britain

Tell you of Britain?—why—It's lying in an easy chair before the fire and listening to the wireless broadcast from Highbury—it's driving the Minx through the rain with the twin wipers clicking a semi-circle and the light reflected in muddy puddles—it's lying on a rug on the schoolfield sucking Rowntrees' Lime Juice Gums and hearing the tonk as willow knocks leather to the boundary. It's the sights, sounds, and smells.

The smell of good ale in a Yorkshire dale pub—the cloppity of horses on a village road. The crunch of pine needles and the coolth of verdant woods—the call of the nightingale in silent places.

It's Alnwick Castle set in lawns and trees on a May day—the splendour of Princes Street through a haze of petrol vapour and rising August dust.

It's the red glow of Teeside blast furnaces—the quietude of Loch Katrine and view of Trossachs Hotel.

Tea on darkening December afternoons with crumpets a-dripping with Danish yellow butter.

It's looking down on Manchester traffic from an upper room in the Midland.

Walking through purple heather in an old raincoat on a crisp October day with the mewling of sheep borne on the Nor'East wind—It's rain roughened reflections from the coaly Tyne.

Low raftered Inns and old castles. Pall Mall and Acacia Grove Suburbia. Duke, dustman, and democracy. It's bluebells on a hillside and crusty farmhouse bread—Durham pit village and Kentish fields. East coast breakers and screaming gulls round the old pier head. Grimy Midland towns and white cliffs—It's hearth and home—the beautiful intimacy of little things—it's—well—it's just Britain.



Top: Training Wing Group
Centre: Headquarters Staff
Bottom row: Training Wing Flying and Instruction Pers