

~~one month~~
W. Reynolds

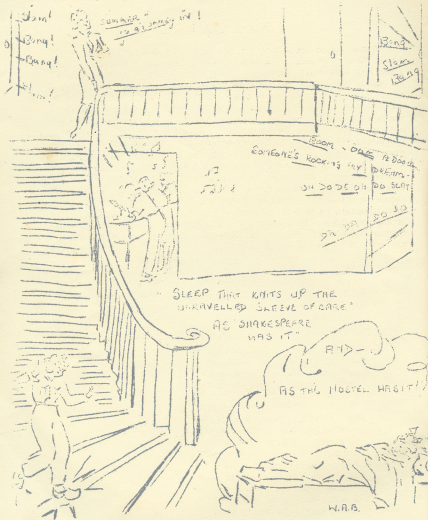
M E R E G E N

1ST

BIRTHDAY NUMBER

AUGUST 1943





E D I T O R I A L

TWELVE MONTHS AGO A MAGAZINE WAS BORN! AMONG A LONG-SUFFERING PUBLIC "MERE GEN" MADE ITS AUDACIOUS APPEARANCE, AND WE WHO WERE ASSOCIATED WITH THOSE EARLY EFFORTS ARE GRATEFULLY APPRECIATIVE THAT WE ARE NOW IN A POSITION TO COMMENT ON ITS MATURITY. WHILE EVER CONSCIOUS OF OUR LITERARY SHORTCOMINGS, WE FEEL WE HAVE THE INTERESTED GOODWILL OF ALL OUR READERS, AND IF THE MAG. HAS IN ANY SMALL MEASURE CONTRIBUTED TO THE GENERAL GOOD FEELING PERVADING OUR STATION WE ARE SATISFIED. THE MOST PLEASING FEATURE, TO OUR MINDS, HAS BEEN THE FACT THAT "MERE GEN" NOW CIRCULATES THROUGHOUT THIS COUNTRY (HAVING MORE THAN AN AVERAGE NUMBER OF CIVILIAN READERS - LANDLADIES EXCLUDED), AND REACHES OUR BOYS OVERSEAS, IN AFRICA, INDIA AND ELSEWHERE. PERHAPS IF I QUOTE FROM A LETTER RECENTLY RECEIVED FROM THE MIDDLE EAST FROM SIX EX-WADDINGTON L.A.C.'S IT WILL SUFFICE: "WE CANNOT THANK YOU IN EDITORIAL TERMS FOR HAVING BEEN LUCKY ENOUGH TO OBTAIN TWO COPIES OF "MERE GEN", BUT WE MUST SAY HOW PLEASED WE WERE TO OBTAIN THESE PLEASANT REMINDERS OF THE "GOOD OLD WADDO DAYS", AND WE CAN ASSURE YOU THAT UNTIL THESE TWO COPIES ARE BEYOND RECOGNITION THROUGH "WEAR AND TEAR" THEY WILL BE PASSED ON TO THE OTHERS WHO ARE IN ANY WAY CONNECTED WITH THE GEN JOINT."

THE EDITOR.

THIS IS DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO "FELL" IN THE GLORIOUS ACTION OF "THE BUTCHER AND BEAST", DURING THE WINGS FOR VICTORY CAMPAIGN.

THE BUTCHER AND BEAST (WITH APOLOGIES TO KEATS.)

SOULS OF AIRMEN POSTED, GONE,
WHAT ELYSIUM HAVE YOU KNOWN,
WHERE IS SERVED A MERRY FEAST,
FINER THAN THE BUTCHER AND BEAST?
HAVE YOU TASTED BETTER BEER
THAN THE HOST WILL SERVE YOU HERE?
WHAT FRUIT COULD MAKE YOU FEEL MORE SMUG,
WHAT SWEETER THAN A BRIMMING JUG
OF BITTER? A GENEROUS DRINK
A DOUBLE WHISKY DON'T YOU THINK?
OR PERHAPS YOU'D ORDER SHANDY
AND, AFTER TASTING, FIND IT BRANDY.

I HAVE HEARD THAT ON A NIGHT
SEVERAL AIRMEN CAME HOME TIGHT,
NOBODY KNEW WHERE THEY'D BEEN,

(CONTINUED OVERLEAF)

IN BRANSTON THEY COULD NOT BE SEEN,
TILL A WITNESS GAVE THE STORY,
SAID HE SAW THEM IN THEIR GLORY
UNDERNEATH THE TABLES THERE,
DRINKING WHISKY, ALE AND BEER,
AND PLEDGING WITH A COMMON CALL
HE WHO HANGS UPON THE WALL.

SOULS OF AIRMEN, POSTED, GONE,
WHAT ELYSIUM HAVE YOU KNOWN,
WHERE IS SERVED A MERRY FEAST,
FINER THAN THE BUTCHER AND BEAST?

TWAINMY.

"I WAS INTERVIEWED!"

QUITE RECENTLY ONE OF OUR LITERARY CONTEMPORARIES, THE R.A.F. JOURNAL (AHEN), PUBLISHED AN ARTICLE BY A WELL INFORMED GROUP CAPTAIN, DEALING WITH "INTERVIEWS!" UNFORTUNATELY FOR R.A.F. MANKIND GENERALLY, THIS LEARNED TREATISE MERELY DEALT WITH THE OUTLOOK OF THOSE WHO "LOOKED DOWN" AND DID THE INTERVIEWING, AND FAILED UTTERLY TO BRING TO LIGHT THE REACTIONS OF THOSE UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE INTERVIEWED. HENCE THIS ARTICLE -, BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN INTERVIEWED!

CONSCIOUS OF THE SLOGAN FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED ETC., I HERALDED MY INTENDED TRIP TO 'MINISTRY' WITH SOME MISGIVING, BUT TOOK WHAT I CONSIDERED TO BE THE PROVERBIAL PRELIMINARY PRECAUTIONS BY LISTENING INTENTLY TO ALL AND SUNDRY WHO HAD ANY VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT - AND STRANGELY ENOUGH THESE PEOPLE WERE INNUMERABLE AND THEIR SUGGESTIONS MANIFOLD. I WAS WARNED TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR TRICK QUESTIONS, TRICK ANSWERS, GUILELESS LOOKING PSYCHOLOGISTS, FIERY AIR MARSHALLS, AND ADVISED TO DISPENSE WITH MY CIVILIAN PULLOVER, GIRD ON MY STRONGEST PAIR OF SERVICE BOOTS ("THEY MUST SQUEAK!" ONE OLD STAGER INSISTED), CHANGE MY HAIR STYLE (THIS FROM AN INSOLENT WAAF), AND ABOVE ALL THINGS BE OBSERVANT AND ADOPT A SOBER, SERIOUS LIKE MIEN!

IN A STATE OF COMPLETE BEWILDERMENT I STOOD AT THE PORTALS OF MINISTRY ONE SUNNY MORNING, ARMED WITH THE USUAL BUFF FORM DIRECTING ME TO PROCEED TO ROOM 504! I APOLOGETICALLY DETACHED MYSELF FROM THE THRONG OF SENIOR OFFICERS (MUCH BERIBBONED AND BE"GONGED") SURGING TOWARDS THE LIFT, AND STOPPED HUMBLY BEFORE A MAGESTICALLY CLAD CIVILIAN - OBVIOUSLY AN AIR MARSHALL IN MUFTI BUT WITHOUT PORTFOLIO! HE QUESTIONED ME SHARPLY AND AN INVOLUNTARY "SIR" ESCAPED MY LIPS BEFORE I REALISED THAT HERE WAS NO OTHER THAN AN AIR MINISTRY CONSTABLE - CLAD IN "CIVVIES" BUT JUST THE SAME TYPE THAT SO PERSISTENTLY CLAMOUR FOR 1250'S AT MY OWN STATION. AFTER

SOME DELAY I WAS ALLOTTED A COMPLEX PINK FORM INDICATING AIR MINISTRY'S WILLINGNESS TO ALLOW ME TO PROCEED TO ROOM 504, AND AT MY SIDE STOOD AN EVEN MORE IMPOSING BUT BUREAUCRATIC FIGURE, READY TO CONDUCT ME TO THE SAID ROOM. WE CLIMBED THE STAIRS IN SILENCE AND HALF WAY UP I REALISED WITH SICKENING HORROR THAT I HAD FORGOTTEN TO COUNT THE NUMBER OF FLIGHTS OF STAIRS, OR THE NUMBER OF STAIRS, NOR DID I RECOLLECT THE COLOUR OF THE EYES OF THE FIRST OFFICIAL I HAD MET, WHILE I HAD NO IDEA HOW MANY DOORS I HAD PASSED ON THE WAY UP! NOT VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU, DEAR READER PERHAPS - BUT THESE WERE SPECIMENS OF THE TRICK QUESTIONS I HAD BEEN ADVISED WOULD CONSTITUTE PART OF MY INTERVIEW SYLLABUS! I MUST HAVE GROANED AUDIBLY BECAUSE MY COMPANION LOOKED UP WITH APPARENT FANATIC INTEREST. "AH," I THOUGHT, "HERE IS THIS PSYCHOLOGIST GLOKE MASQUERADING AS A MINOR OFFICIAL AND ALL THE WHILE FEVERISHLY NOTING MY EVERY REACTION! WE STOPPED OUTSIDE A DULL ROOM AND A GIRL CLAD IN A SYLPH LIKE GREEN OVERALL WITH THE MOST GLORIOUS - (BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY) - WELL THIS GIRL PURRED MY NAME INTERROGATIVELY AND ON MY STAMMERING "YES", SHE POINTED SILENTLY INTO THE ROOM.

AT MY ENTRY A DOZEN OR MORE WEARY N.C.O'S RAISED THEIR HEADS MOMENTARILY AND PROMPTLY RELAPSED INTO WHAT WAS OBVIOUSLY A "BRAINS TRUST" HUDDLE. THE TOPICS THEY TOUCHED ON WERE SO VARIED AND COMPLEX THAT I BEGAN TO DEVELOP A SEVERE FEELING OF INFERIORITY, DESPITE THE FACT THAT OBVIOUSLY NONE OF THE "HUDDLERS" COULD ANSWER THE QUESTIONS THEY WERE ASKING EACH OTHER. I STOOD IN SPLENDID ISOLATION - AN ISOLATION THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DISTRESSINGLY PERMANENT, HAD NOT SOMEONE SUDDENLY DEMANDED WITH DEVASTATING IRRELEVANCE, "WHAT IS THE CHEMICAL FORMULA FOR WATER?" A DEADLY SILENCE ENSUED AND, HARDLY BELIEVING MY GOOD FORTUNE, I MUTTERED - "H₂O" - AND, WELL, I HAD BECOME A "HUDDLER."

SO IT WENT ON - AND GRADUALLY OUR NUMBERS DIMINISHED UNTIL THE "GREEN GODDESS" REAPPEARED, AND DEMANDED THAT I SHOULD FOLLOW HER. THIS WAS INDEED "INTO BATTLE". A LAST STRAIGHTENING OF THAT HORRIBLY CREASED TIE - FASTENING OF POCKET BUTTONS AND A QUICK ADJUSTMENT OF THE CAP - AND WELL - WE WERE OUTSIDE ROOM 504 - AND NO SOONER WAS I OUTSIDE THAN I WAS INSIDE. AS MY HAND WENT UP IN WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE WORST SALUTE OF MY CAREER, I VAGUELY SAW A FRIGHTENING ROW OF "HIGH-UPS" SOME THREE OR FOUR FEET AWAY, SITTING BEHIND A TABLE, AND OBVIOUSLY WATCHING ME WITH DISTURBING BENIGN COMPOSURE.

I FOUND MYSELF NERVOUSLY PERCHED ON A CHAIR FACING THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD, AND AWAITING THE INEVITABLE FLAK! TO ATTEMPT TO NARRATE THE WHOLE INTERVIEW WOULD DEFEAT THE OBJECT OF THIS STORY, WHICH HAS BEEN WRITTEN IN THE HOPE OF RECREATING THE "ETHEREAL" ATMOSPHERE THAT PERVADES THESE INTERVIEWS. BUT FOR THE NEXT 20 MINUTES LIFE BEGAN

AND ENDED WITH QUESTIONS - WHY THIS - WHY NOT THAT - DID I GO IN FOR
SPORT - WHAT WAS 19 SQUARED - WHO WAS MR. MOLOTOV - EXPRESS 3D AS A
DECIMAL OF 51 - WHAT WERE AILERONS - WHAT WAS THE CAPITAL OF ICELAND -
DID I - AND SO ON! ALL THE WHILE THE EXAMINING BODY WERE EXCESSIVELY
POLITE, AND WHEN FINALLY I WAS TOLD "THAT WILL BE ALL," I LIMPED BACK
INTO CIRCULATION, DETERMINED THAT AT ALL EVENTS I WOULD WARN MY FELLOW
MEN OF THE INIQUITIES OF INTERVIEWS! AND OF COURSE I LIVED HAPPILY
EVER AFTERWARDS.

T.L.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE POETICAL OUTCOMES OF A FRIENDLY
FEUD EXISTING BETWEEN A CERTAIN F/SGT AND AN UNCERTAIN
WAAF, WHO IS ENDOWED WITH A VITRIOLIC PEN!

F/SGT. ALCORN. I/C Q SECTION.

LAST NIGHT MY LIGHTER WOULDN'T WORK,
SO I INSPECTED SAME,
TO TRY AND MAKE A TINY SPARK
AND SO BRING FORTH FLAME.
TO MY DISMAY I REALISED
YOU'D DONE AN AWFUL THING;
BY LOSING ALL YOUR SELF RESPECT,
AND STEALING HALF MY SPRING.
EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE A FLIGHT-SERGEANT
A RANK OF GREAT RENOWN,
ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I HOPE
YOUR LIGHTER LETS YOU DOWN.
AND MAY YOUR CONSCIENCE BREAK YOUR SLEEP
FOR WEEKS AND WEEKS ON END,
AND NOW "MIEN HERR" ~~CL~~ ~~VA~~
UNTRUE, UNWORTHY FRIEND.

"TIT FOR TAT"

THERE IS A WAAF WHO PASSES SPARE TIME
BY THINKING OUT A CHEEKY RHYME,
WHOSE EFFORTS OFTEN CAN BE SEEN
BY THOSE WHO READ THIS MAGAZINE.

F/SGT. ALCORN IS ONE OF THE MEN,
WHO FELL A VICTIM TO HER PEN,
TWEEDIE, PARSONS, NORMAN & CO.,
ARE OTHERS THAT THIS WAAF DOES KNOW.
(CONTINUED OVERLEAF)

DON'T LOOK NOW BUT
HERE COMES THE OLD
SCHMIDDRIVER!

THE TRAIN NOW STANDING AT NO. 4
PLATFORM WILL CALL AT GRANTHAM
AND KINGS CROSS — WILL
CIVILIANS PLEASE TAKE TO THEIR
SEATS SO THAT FORCES CAN
OCCUPY THE CARRIAGES



HOSTEL HEAT-WAVE — WAAF SANS COUPONS

4
M

GR

SO CARRY ON, MR. LEADER,
AND WE WILL RALLY ROUND,
WHEN THE TIME COMES TO NEED US
IN THE HOSTEL WE'LL BE FOUND.

M. D. MORRISON.

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"

"THE FOLLOWING LITERARY MASTERPIECE IS AN ATTEMPT BY ONE OF
OUR CONTEMPORARIES TO PACIFY EQUIPMENT H.Q. ABOUT A PAIR OF
U/S ISSUE BOOTS!"

SIR,

WITH REF TO BOOTS, I SENT TO CHADLE THE BOOT AS NOT BEEN
BURNT THERE WAS A PIECE OF LEATHER ROTTED OUT OF THE TOE AS
FOR IT BEEN CUT I WAS GOING TO REPAIR IT UP MYSELF IF IT HAD
BEEN POSSIBLE BEEN AS THE OTHER BOOT WAS A DECENT BOOT BUT
I FOUND OUT IT WAS COMPLETELY ROTTEN AND PAST REPAIR SO I TOOK
THE RUBBER HEELS OFF AND PUT THEM ON THE BOOTS I AM WEARING
AS THEY WERE WORN OFF

PEOPLE WE SHOULD LIKE TO MEET!

ANNIE RIGBY, AGED 45, A CHURCH WORKER AND NURSE WHO STOLE
FOUR PAIRS OF SHEETS FROM AN INFECTIOUS DISEASES HOSPITAL, AND
GAVE THEM AS WEDDING PRESENTS TO TWO CLERGYMEN, WAS SENTENCED TO
6 MONTHS IMPRISONMENT AT PORTSMOUTH QUARTER SESSIONS YESTERDAY!
(NEWSPAPER REPORT).

THE BRITISH, ACCORDING TO ONE OF THEM, HAVE A MARVELLOUS
CAPACITY FOR SELF-CRITICISM, AS WITNESS THE CASE OF AN ELDERLY
ORNAMENT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WHO YAWNED DURING HIS OWN SPEECH!

LADY (30) SEEKS FEMALE COMPANY FOR WALKS AND SOME FUN :-

1050 MERCURY.

(ADVT., LEICESTER MERCURY).

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIE

THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF HUT 2, NO. 3 WING, R.A.F. RUDDLE-IN-THE-WOLD, "A GRAND OLD MAN" OF SOME 23 YEARS, AND BY THE GRACE OF GOD THE CPL. I/C, STUDIED HIS AUDIENCE AND THEN WITH CALCULATING SUDDENNESS MUTTERED CONTEMPTUOUSLY, "WAAPS!" HIS LISTENERS GRINNED APPRECIATIVELY AND WAITED FOR MORE. "I REMEMBER WHEN WE HAD NO WAAP ON THE STATION," HE WENT ON - "THOSE WERE THE DAYS! SIMPLY AMAZING HOW THE FELLOWS FELL FOR THOSE GIRLS - BUT NOT THIS FELLOW!" HE PAUSED AND LOOKED AROUND TO SEE HOW THIS REMARK WAS RECEIVED, AND, APPARENTLY SATISFIED, TOOK UP HIS LAMENT ONCE MORE. "WHY I SAW THROUGH THEM FROM THE START - I COULD TELL YOU ENDLESS TALES OF HOW REALLY GOOD, RESOLUTE AIRMEN BECAME NERE WAAP PUPPETS! IT WASN'T AS IF I DIDN'T WARN THEM - I KNEW THAT "WAAPING" INVOLVED FINANCIAL LOSS, LOSS OF INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT, FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT, ENDLESS HEADACHES, HEARTACHES, THE CULTIVATION OF THE PATIENT ART OF LONG SUFFERING LISTENING, AND THE ADOPTION OF A "YES DEAR," "NO DEAR," COMPLEX! HOWEVER, IT WAS USELESS - ONLY I REMAINED IMMUNE FROM" - THE CPL. HALTED SUDDENLY, AS A SHRILL FEMALE VOICE DEMANDED, "WELL, ARE YOU NEVER COMING?" HE TURNED GUILTILY TO THE SPEAKER, AN ATTRACTIVE BUT FRIGHTENINGLY FEMININE LACON, AND MURMURED APOLOGETICALLY, "YES, DEAR - I WAS JUST TELLING THE BOYS ABOUT OUR ENGAGEMENT!"

T.L.

"THE NIGHT OF THE STORM"

IT WAS A BAD NIGHT. THE WIND RATTLED THE WINDOWS; SHOOK ANGRILY AT THE DOOR; AND HOWLED AROUND THE CORNER WITH EVER INCREASING FEROCITY. INSIDE THE "WAGGON" JOHN AND I WERE HAVING OUR LAST PINT WHEN THE DOOR BURST OPEN AND A SOLDIER WAS LITERALLY BLOWN INTO THE BAR. WHEN HE HAD REFRESHED HIMSELF WITH A HUGE SWIG OF BEER HE JOINED US BEFORE THE FLICKERING EMBERS OF THE FIRE, WHICH WERE KEPT BURNING ONLY BY THE FIERCE DRAUGHT FROM UNDER THE DOOR.

"NASTY NIGHT," I SAID, BY WAY OF MAKING CONVERSATION. "SOUNDS A BIT SPOOKY WITH THE WIND HOWLING LIKE THIS."

"YES," HE REPLIED, "IT'S BAD. IT WAS LIKE THIS ON THE NIGHT THAT CONAN DOYLE DIED."

JOHN LAUGHED. "THAT'S A FUNNY THING TO SAY. WHATEVER MAKES YOU REMEMBER THAT NIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS?" HE ASKED.

THE SOLDIER LOOKED AT US BOTH INTENTLY FOR A MOMENT, THEN SAID, "I'D GOOD CAUSE TO REMEMBER IT. WE WERE HAVING SUPPER THAT NIGHT WHEN MY FATHER MENTIONED THAT CONAN DOYLE HAD DIED AND THAT HE WAS EXPECTED TO MAKE A VISITATION IN THE SPIRIT TO SOME OF HIS FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES, TO PROVE THE SPIRITUALIST DOCTRINE OF WHICH HE HAD BEEN

A FIRM BELIEVER IN LIFE. THE OLD MAN SEEMED TO THINK IT WAS QUITE POSSIBLE BUT WITH MY EIGHTEEN YEARS OF UNBELIEF I RIDICULED AND SCORNED EVERY ARGUMENT HE PUT FORWARD. WE ARGUED TO SOME LENGTH ABOUT IT, BUT FATHER STUCK TO HIS OPINION, MUCH TO MY ANNOYANCE, FOR WAS I NOT A FULL EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD AND KNEW ALL THAT WAS TO BE KNOWN?

SILLY OLD COODGER, HE WAS IN HIS SECOND CHILDHOOD; HOW ELSE COULD HE BELIEVE SUCH RUBBISH? I PAUSED ON MY WAY TO BED.

"IF HE IS COMING BACK OR CAN COME BACK I HOPE HE'LL VISIT ME FIRST," I CALLED OVER THE BALUSTRADE.

"PERHAPS HE WILL," SAID MY FATHER QUIETLY.

I WAS SOON ASLEEP. NOT ALL THE RAGINGS OF THE ELEMENTS DISTURBED ME, INDEED I BELIEVE I SLEEP BETTER ON A BAD NIGHT BECAUSE OF THE SENSE OF COMFORT WHICH COMES FROM BEING WELL HOUSED. HOW LONG I SLEPT I REALLY COULDN'T SAY - BUT IT WASN'T THE STORM THAT AWAKED ME, OH NO! WITH A SLOWLY AWAKENING CONSCIOUSNESS I HEARD ANOTHER SOUND IN THE ROOM. I LAY STILL AND LISTENED. THERE IT WAS AGAIN, JUST AN INDISTINCT WHIRRING SOUND.

"GOOD GOD ABOVE - IT'S CONAN DOYLE!!" HOW I SWEATED! WHIRR! OH, HEAVENS, IT'S COMING TOWARDS ME! I DIVED BENEATH THE BEDCLOTHES, TREMBLING WITH FEAR, CLANNY WITH TERROR. GO AWAY! GO AWAY! I BELIEVE! I BELIEVE! OH, THE HORROR OF IT. ALONE IN A DARKENED ROOM WITH A GHOST OR A SPIRIT OR SOMETHING THAT I HAD DEFIED. STILL I HEARD IT. I YELLED, NAY, I SCREAMED FOR MY FATHER.

"HE'S HERE - CONAN DOYLE IS HERE!"

"GO TO SLEEP," HE CALLED BACK. "YOU'VE HAD A NIGHT-MARE."

I LAY FOR WHAT SEEMED A THOUSAND YEARS - ALONE - ALONE IN THE DARK WITH A GHOST. NO SOUND SAVE FOR THE RAIN BEATING THE WINDOWS, AND THE HOWLING OF THE WIND. I REACHED OUT FOR THE MATCHES. THE HOUSE WAS AN OLD ONE AND WE HAD NO ELECTRICITY, BUT THE GAS BRACKET WAS WITHIN REACH. I CLUTCHED THE MATCH BOX CAUSING BUT A FAINT RATTLE. WHIRR! WHIRR! HE WAS UPON ME.

"HELP! HELP! FATHER! FATHER!" AND BACK BENEATH THE BEDCLOTHES I WENT.

"GO TO SLEEP, LAD, YOU'VE HAD A NIGHTMARE - TOO MUCH SUPPER," HE CALLED BACK.

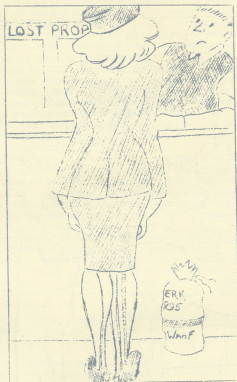
LUCKILY MY MOTHER HAD BEEN AWAKENED BY NOW AND I HEARD HER SHUFFLING ALONG THE PASSAGE, AND PRESENTLY THE GASLIGHT IN MY ROOM SPLUTTERED INTO A FITFUL PALE BLUE LIGHT. OF COURSE I COULDN'T HAVE HER ALONE OUT THERE SO I JUMPED OUT OF BED IMPLORING HER ALL THE WHILE TO BE CAREFUL, FOR CONAN DOYLE WAS IN THE ROOM.

"I'LL GIVE HIM CONAN DOYLE," SAID SHE. "DISTURBING OUR SLEEP LIKE THIS!"

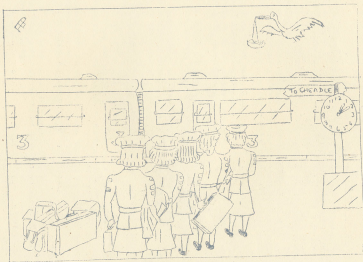
"LOOK OUT!" I YELLED, AND THERE HE WENT RIGHT OVER OUR HEADS

(K)IT INSPECTION





"No, No! THEY WERE THICK
FLANPELETTE SERVICABLE ONES!!"



GREMLIN
MK. VII



GREMLINS

You have all heard or read about Gremlins. Usually they refer to those little japs who plague our aircrews and are known and referred to by higher authority as Gremlins Mk.I to VI.

It is believed that the Gremlin Mk.VII (illustrated) was previously the Mk.IV who was grounded for failing to wear battle dress on essential occasions. Middle age spread set in and his feet grew enormously - he was medically regraded - unfit for flying and now confines his activities to ground operators.

In the right hand he carries a string of atmospherics, commonly known as "x's", in the left hand a bunch of humming stations which he injects into aeriels just at the time one is endeavouring to receive a message.

He spends his evenings writing chits which he leaves on the desk of a certain M.C.O. who has a flair for pinning things up.

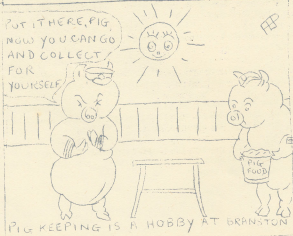
When annoyed, he destroys 295s or consigns applications which have been reposing comfortably in the Old Man's "Pending" tray, to the W.P.B.

He is thought in some quarters to be a member of "Ted's" Gestapo.

Prior to the arrival of WAAF he fed solely on "Pig Food" complaining the while of the landladies' black market in "Bang".

Mk.VII has a habit of blowing hard in a direction away from or towards the station, alternating every eight hours in order that he is always in opposition.

He is a past master in "Duff-Gon" and "Guffing" and is known to have been particularly active of late on a matter generally referred to as "My tapes"



WINGS FOR VICTORY



WANTED!

PLATFORM TICKET TOMMY - ALIAS "MR TOM" -
ALIAS "CRAZY VASEY" - THE RAILROAD RACKETEER -
LAST SEEN LEAVING LINCOLN STATION WEARING
GREEN TROUSER AND FUR RAINCOAT - VERY DANGEROUS!



COMMUNICATE WHITEHALL 2121.

FAMOUS SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED



945.

AND DOWN BEHIND THE BED. MY MOTHER PALED A LITTLE FOR SHE HAD THOUGHT THAT I HAD BEEN DREAMING. BUT SHE'S A RESOLUTE AND PLUCKY WOMAN AND WASN'T TO BE BEATEN BY ANY GHOST. SHE SEIZED A THICK MAGAZINE, ROLLED IT UP AND ENJOINING ME TO HOLD A LIGHT SHE SWOOPED DOWN BEHIND THE BED.

"GOT HIM!" SHE CRIED AND RUSHED TO THE WINDOW CLASPING ONE HAND TIGHTLY. THE COLD WIND AND THE RAIN BLEW IN FOR A MOMENT AND SHE FLUNG HIM FROM HER INTO THE NIGHT - A POOR WEE SPARROW - A COMMON HOUSE SPARROW COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN. I LAUGHED HYSTERICALLY.

CONAN DOYLE - A LITTLE SPARROW - OF COURSE IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM - OR COULD IT?

"GOODNIGHT BOYS!"

H.S.

"COLLECTED JOKES"

THE A.T.S. GIRL WAS WALKING ALONG THE ROAD ON A NOT VERY ENJOYABLE HITCH-HIKE. THE DAY WAS WARM AND THE ROAD DUSTY, SO IMAGINE HER RELIEF ON COMING TO A CLEAR POND COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY TREES. SHE UNDRESSED AND HAD A SWIM, AND WAS ABOUT TO GET OUT WHEN SHE NOTICED AN ARMY OFFICER APPROACHING. LIKE A FLASH SHE WAS BACK IN THE WATER. THE OFFICER APPROACHED WITHOUT SEEING HER AND YELLED, "COURAGE COMPANY - DISMISS!" - AND ALL THE TREES WALKED AWAY.

DURING THE BLITZ ON LONDON AN ACK-ACK BATTERY WAS STATIONED, COMPLETE WITH FIELD-KITCHEN, IN A VERY POSH DISTRICT IN THE CITY. WHEN THE REFUSE BIN WAS FULL THE COOK WAS AT A LOSS HOW TO DISCARD IT, SO HE WENT OUT INTO THE ROAD AND ASKED A PASSING CHINAMAN IF HE COULD TELL HIM OF A REFUSE DUMP. "YES," SAID THE CHINAMAN. "I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND WITH IT." EVENTUALLY THEY WENT UP A FLIGHT OF STEPS INTO A LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED ROOM. THE CURTAINS WERE OF THICK VELVET, THE WALLS ADORNED BY EXQUISITE ORIENTAL PICTURES AND EMBROIDERIES, AND THE FLOOR WAS COVERED WITH A MARVELLOUS THICK CARPET OF RARE PATTERN AND DESIGN. "EMPTY HIM HERE," SAID THE CHINAMAN, INDICATING THE CARPET. "OH, I COULDN'T DO THAT," SAID THE SOLDIER, "IT'S SACRILEGE," BUT AS THE GUIDE INSISTED, THE REFUSE WAS DUMPED IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM AND THE TINS CLEANED OUT WITH AN EXPENSIVE SILK CUSHION. THE SOLDIER WAS PUZZLED BY ALL THIS, AND AS THEY WALKED DOWN THE STEPS TOGETHER HE SAID, "EXCUSE ME, BUT IS THIS AN OLD CHINESE CUSTOM?" "NO," REPLIED THE CHINAMAN. "THIS IS THE JAPANESE EMBASSY!!!"

JUST AFTER THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION IN 1917 THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT HEADED BY KEREVSKY PRINTED 40 ROUBLE NOTES TO HELP THEIR

INTERNAL FINANCES. THE NOTES WERE BADLY PRINTED AND BORE NEITHER DATE NOR SERIAL NUMBER WITH THE RESULT THAT SCORES OF IMITATIONS WERE SOON IN CIRCULATION. COUNTERFEIT MONEY BECAME SO COMMON THAT EVEN IN THE MIDST OF REVOLUTION ONE OF THE FORGERS COULDN'T RESIST A JOKE. ON ONE SIDE OF THE NOTE WAS PRINTED THE NOTICE "IMITATION WILL BE PUNISHED ACCORDING TO LAW." THE JOKER PRINTED ON THE REVERSE SIDE OF HIS NOTES THE INSCRIPTION "OURS ARE AS GOOD AS YOURS."

AFTER A LONG ABSENCE THE TRAVELLER RETURNED TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE AND THE FIRST PERSON HE MET ON ARRIVAL WAS THE VILLAGE IDIOT. "WELL, GEORGE, AND HOW ARE YOU THESE DAYS?" HE SAID, SHAKING HANDS. "OH, I BE ALRIGHT," ANSWERED THAT WORTHY, "I'VE BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS AND HAVE ELEVEN CHILDREN - BUT WE AREN'T GOING TO HAVE ANY MORE!"

"WHY NOT?" ENQUIRED THE TRAVELLER.

"OH, WE'VE FOUND OUT WHAT'S BEEN CAUSING IT!!!"

"AND HOW DID YOU COME TO LEAVE YOUR LAST JOB?"

" - MY SENTENCE EXPIRED!"

H.S.

2 U 1 2

THE PERSISTENT DEVOTION DISPLAYED BY A CERTAIN BACHELOR CPL. TO THE "LOCAL" IS PERHAPS IN ITSELF A FITTING TRIBUTE TO THE QUALITY OF THE BEER! OR WOULD THE LANDLORD HAVE A DAUGHTER FAIR?

L.A.C. BRIAN TIGHE PURSUING A "BACK TO THE LAND" CAMPAIGN, WITH A VERY ATTRACTIVE "EAR RINGED" LAND GIRL!

IS IT NOT A FACT THAT WHEN AN AIRMAN FOUND SGT. JONES' IDENTITY DISCS IN A "LEAFY GLADE", SHE ADMITTED LOSING THEM WHILST OUT PICKING FLOWERS? (WHAT ARE YOU GIVING US, ELLA? - EDITOR).

IT IS A MATTER OF GENERAL REGRET AMONG HIS ASSOCIATES THAT A CERTAIN EDITORIAL CORPORAL (HITHERTO IMMUNE FROM "QUIZ" FLAK) HAS OF LATE BEEN SUBJECT TO "FITZ" ALTHOUGH APPARENTLY STILL FEELING "YOUNGISH."

WE WONDER WHY "PIXIE" BRENTLEY SPENT THE NIGHT AT GRANTHAM!

CPL. CLARK WHILST INEBRIATED WITH THE WINGS FOR VICTORY "SPIRIT" DEFIED THIS COLUMN TO BRING OUT THE SKELETON IN HER CUPBOARD. WE ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE AND NOW APPEAL FOR YOUR CO-OPERATION IN THE MATTER!
(CONTINUED OVERLEAF)

TO START WITH, IS IT NOT A FACT THAT HER ENGAGEMENT WAS BROKEN BECAUSE OF LACK OF LETTERS OF ENDEARMENT, AND NOW IS SHE SEEKING SUN BATHING CONSOLATION WITH A CERTAIN "JOCK"?

THAT INTREPID CIVILIAN ON 'OPS' AGAIN! AN EARLY MORNING IMPASSIONED APPEAL TO A CERTAIN WAAF (JEAN) BROUGHT THE REPLY, "NOW, GEORGE, YOU KNOW I'LL HAVE TO ASK MY DAD FUST, BEFORE YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE PICTURES!"

IS A CERTAIN "JITTERBUGGING" A.G. FROM FISKERTON LIKELY TO SUPPLANT OUR INIMITABLE P.T. LEADER? (ALIAS "MUSCLE" HOWARD!)

CPL. JARVIS IS PROVING TO BE AN ALMOST IMPECCABLE HOST TO A CERTAIN DISTINGUISHED AND ATTRACTIVE VISITOR IN OUR MIDST!

AS ONE WHO HAS BEEN A FREQUENT BUT DESERVING VICTIM OF "QUIZ", WE OFFER OUR VERY SINCERE GOOD WISHES TO WENDY LEE ON HER MARRIAGE, AND AT THE SAME TIME DEPLORE THE LOSS OF SUCH GOOD "COPY."

L.A.C.W. AUSTIN APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN MEETING QUITE A SPOT OF "ACK-ACK" LATELY!

JOAN CARRUTHERS HAS APPARENTLY NOT ENDED HER AFFAIR WITH THAT YOUTHFUL BUT PERSISTENT CIVILIAN ADMIRER.

COMMENT OF L.A.C. JIM RYLANCE ON THE WAAF DANCE. "O.K., BUT TOO MANY WAAF AND NOT ENOUGH WOMEN THERE!" (WE DON'T GET IT! - ED.)

ALTHOUGH IT IS ADMITTEDLY DIFFICULT TO CULTIVATE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A "FREE" MAN THESE DAYS, CPL. RIPLEY'S LATEST EFFORTS ARE MOST COMMENDABLE.

CPL. JEAN GRANTHAM DENIES THAT THOSE INTIMATE UNMENTIONABLES SHE HAS BEEN ENGAGED UPON ARE THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS HER TROUSSEAU.

WE WOULD LIKE MORE DETAILS OF JACK GAFFNEY'S ADVENTURES WITH THE "LASS FROM STREATHAM HILL," WHILST ON LEAVE IN LONDON.

WITH THE ADVENT OF THE LATEST BATCH OF WAAF, WE REGRET TO REPORT THAT AUSTERITY ALLMAN HAS BEEN REVEALED AS A POSITIVE QUISLING!

HARRY CORDOCK SEEN TO BE TAKING MORE THAN A PASSING INTEREST IN OUR VISITING WAAF M/T DRIVER.

AT CPL. SCOTT'S "SWAN-SONG PARTY" SGT. HUGHES WAS GUILTY OF A DEPLORABLE PIECE OF "WAAF POACHING!"

CONGRATULATIONS TO JOHNNIE JONES - NOW IN HER 17TH WEEK OF THAT SUCCESS "ERIC OR LITTLE BY LITTLE!"

WHO IS THE L.A.C.W. WITH THE RABBIT-LIKE APPELLATION, WHO THINKS IT "AWFULLY GOOD FUN TO BE FRIGHTFULLY POOAH," BUT WOULD LIKE TO HAVE "BRAINS AS WELL AS LOOKS!"

A CERTAIN "GUFFITE" WITH HYPOCRITICAL VIEWS ON 'OPS' IS ANNOYING THIS COLUMN WITH HER OWN QUISLING-LIKE SUPPOSEDLY SURREPTITIOUS ACTIVITIES. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

CPL. ROBERTSON'S PASSIONATE AFFINITY FOR THE BATHING POOL THROUGHOUT JULY IS PERHAPS ATTRIBUTABLE TO THE PRESENCE THERE OF A CERTAIN GLAMOROUS "JUNE!"

AT THE BANK HOLIDAY DANCE "WATER BABY DALE" TOOK UNTO HIMSELF THE NEFARIOUS NOCTON MENACE! AN EARLY AWARD OF THE D.F.M. IS EXPECTED FOR SUCH GALLANTRY!

CRICKET

WHO SAID THE WAAFS COULDN'T PLAY CRICKET? OUR AMAZONS' ELEVEN CHALLENGED AND DEFEATED THE AIRMEN AT NOCTON ON 15TH JUNE BY ONE RUN. THE WAAF BATTED FIRST AND OBTAINED THE FORTHRIGHT TOTAL OF ELEVEN RUNS, THE AIRMEN PUTTING ON SEVERAL BOWLERS IN AN ATTEMPT TO SECURE SOME CHEAP WICKETS. JOAN DAVIES AND DOREEN COLE STOOD UP WELL TO THE BOWLING, AND RAN OUT TOP SCORERS. THEN THE AIRMEN TOOK THE CREASE, AND COULD MAKE NO HEADWAY AGAINST THE SMASHING "OVERS" OF PEGGY MORRIS AND DOREEN COLE. OF COURSE, THE MEN WERE HANDICAPPED BY HAVING TO DOUBLE THE WAAF SCORE AND WALK ALL THEIR RUNS. BERT "HUTCH" LOOKED SET FOR A NICE STAND BUT WAS UNFORTUNATELY "WALKED OUT" AFTER SCORING FIVE AND WAS THE AIRMEN'S TOP SCORER. THE SCORE HAD REACHED 21 - ONLY TWO FROM VICTORY, WHEN FREDDIE BOLT'S LEG STUMP WAS UP-ENDED BY A 'SHORTER' OF A FIRST BALL FROM EVA AKENHEAD, WHO WAS MOBBED BY THE GALLERY OF SPECTATORS AT THE PAVILION END FOR THUS SNATCHING VICTORY FROM THE JAWS OF IMPENDING DEFEAT.

VICE IS INVARIABLY THE OUTCOME OF AN OVERDOSE OF VIRTUE!

INTRODUCING
OUR DUMB WAFF
"SPARKIE"



WHO THINKS THAT A
"LANDING PARTY" IS A
GENIO AT THE HOSTEL.

HAYSTACK HUMOUR

"PRETTY EFFICIENT
THESE BLACKOUTS
WHAT!"

"THINGS AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE
MAGNOLIA WHAT WITH ALL
THESE HALF-DRESSED WAFF
AND NOW BY GAY - A BUGLE"



STATIONALITIES

ARRIVALS :

WE EXTEND A CORDIAL BRANSTONIAN WELCOME TO THE UNDERMENTIONED AIRWOMEN WHO HAVE ARRIVED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE :-
CPLS. CLARK AND ATKINSON, L.A.C.W.'S BRENTLEY, YOUNG, STANDFORD, RYAN, FITZPATRICK, BILLINGTON, NEWPORT, NEWELL, WOLFF, MORRISON, ROLLO AND BAKER-PEARCE.

DEPARTURES :

F/Sgts SCRIMSHAW, MURRAY AND THOMAS HAVE RETURNED TO THEIR FORMER STATION, AND CPL. SCOTT AND A.C.W. NORMA KERR HAVE ALSO LEFT US DURING THE PAST MONTH. WE WISH THEM ALL GOOD LUCK AND PLEASANT COMPANY.

WEDDINGS :

ON 19TH JUNE, L.A.C.W. JOAN M. MOORE WAS MARRIED TO MR. MALCOLM MATHER AT ATTENBOROUGH CHURCH. THE WEDDING WAS ATTENDED BY MEMBERS OF THE W.A.A.F. FROM THE BRIDE'S FORMER STATION.

OUR MEDICAL ORDERLY, L.A.C.W. AUDREY ALDERSON IS NOW MRS. BEASLEY. SHE WAS MARRIED TO SGT. F. C. BEASLEY OF THE 10TH AIR FORMATION SIGNALS AT LINCOLN ON 24TH JUNE.

CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD WISHES TO THEM ALL.

SYMPATHY :

WE EXTEND OUR SINCERE SYMPATHY TO L.A.C.W. DOT WALLACE ON THE LOSS OF HER MOTHER.

TO L.A.C. JOHNNY DALE WHOSE HOME WAS DAMAGED DURING AN ENEMY RAID RECENTLY.

EX-BRANSTONIANS :

L.A.C. HARRY DAVIES WRITES FROM NORTH AFRICA OF HEAT AND FLIES WHICH APPEAR TO BE COMPENSATED FOR BY PLAYING TABLE TENNIS WITH PRETTY FRENCH GIRLS AND BATHING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

P.O. WAIGHTS WAS SEEN IN BRANSTON RECENTLY LOOKING VERY FIT, AND, SUNBURNT AS A RESULT OF HIS STAY AT SKEGNESS.

WAAF BIRTHDAY :

THE GARDEN PARTY HELD AT THE HOSTEL ON 28TH JUNE, AND THE DANCE WHICH FOLLOWED IT WILL BE FOR EVER A PLEASANT MEMORY FOR THOSE WHO WERE ABLE TO BE THERE.

CONGRATULATIONS :

TO JOHNNY DALE ON HIS SPLENDID WIN IN THE OPEN SERVICES 75 YDS.
RACE AT THE RECENT LINCOLNSHIRE SWIMMING GALA.

TO "BLONDIE" BARNES ON HER ELEVATION TO THE CPL'S MESS!

TO L.A.C. BILL INCHES WHOSE WIFE PRESENTED HIM WITH TWINS, BOY
AND GIRL, ON 25TH JULY.

"GET SOME SERVICE IN"

1ST ERK :- "DO YOU KNOW, I WAS A WOP ON BOADECIA'S CHARIOT."

2ND ERK :- "HUH - WELL, I JOINED UP WHEN PONTIUS WAS A PILOT!"

DÉJEUNER À LA CARTE

(NAAFI CARTE)

MENU (A) BALLOTINE DE JAMBON VALENTINOISE

(B) ASSIETTE FROIDE ET SALADE

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION BY NAAFI H.Q. MANAGEMENT :

(A) HOT SPAM

(B) COLD SPAM

"WINGS FOR VICTORY" CAMPAIGN.

IN CONNECTION WITH OUR "WINGS FOR VICTORY" CAMPAIGN, HELD DURING
THE MONTH OF JULY, THE STATION PERSONNEL WITH SOME OUTSIDE ASSISTANCE
RAISED THE MAGNIFICENT SUM OF £1,575. 0. 6.

THE FINE ACHIEVEMENT HELPED OUR PARENT UNIT TO BE PLACED FIRST ON THE
LIST IN 26 GROUP SAVINGS TOTALS WITH A GRAND TOTAL OF £18,348. 6. 3.
THIS EFFORT REFLECTS GREAT CREDIT ON ALL RANKS AND IN PARTICULAR TO OUR
OWN LITTLE STATION. IT IS LEARNT ON THE MOST UNRELIABLE UNDERGROUND
AUTHORITY THAT OUR AIRMEN AND AIRWOMEN WILL FEEL THE STRAIN FOR SOME
TIME TO COME, WHILE THE LOCAL POST-OFFICE HAS INTIMATED THAT NEVER IN
ALL ITS HISTORY HAS THE VOLUME OF BUSINESS IN CONNECTION WITH SAVINGS
STAMPS BEEN SO GREAT. CUSTOMERS ANXIOUS TO DO BUSINESS WERE ALMOST
OVERWHELMING TO THE GOOD LADY IN CHARGE.

A DANCE WAS HELD AT THE VILLAGE HALL, BRANSTON, ON 21ST JULY, 1943,
WHICH PROVED TO BE SUCCESSFUL FROM A "WINGS FOR VICTORY" ANGLE - ADMISSION
BEING BY PURCHASE OF NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMPS ONLY. IN OTHER WORDS, A
FREE DANCE.

DURING THE DANCE THE RESULT OF TWO STATION RAFFLES WERE ANNOUNCED
FROM THE STAGE. OUR RAFFLE WAS A POUND NOTE (PREVIOUSLY SUBSCRIBED FOR
AT A SING-SONG) WHICH REALIZED SIXTY THREE POUNDS, AND WAS NOBLY WON BY
L.A.C. LOTT. GOOD SHOW, LOTT!

THE SECOND RAFFLE CONSISTED OF AN AID-TO-BEAUTY OUTFIT, PRESENTED BY AN ANONYMOUS DONOR, WHICH WAS WON BY L.A.C.W. WOLFF - WHO DOES NOT REQUIRE IT, ANYWAY.

A LATER RAFFLE, SIMILAR BUT SMALLER TO THE ABOVE OUTFIT WAS WON BY L.A.C.W. BURBURY. BE CAREFUL WITH THE TALCUM POWDER, BURBURY!

TO EACH AND TO ALL OF THE AIRMEN, AIRWOMEN AND CIVILIAN STAFF OF OUR STATION THANKS AND APPRECIATION ARE DUE FOR THEIR WONDERFUL EFFORT DURING THAT HECTIC PERIOD, WHEN SAVINGS STAMPS HAD THE SAME EFFECT ON HUMAN BEINGS AS A RED RAG TO A BULL, BUT SPECIAL THANKS ARE DUE TO L.A.C.W. HOWSON, WHOSE PATIENCE AND SKILL PRODUCED THREE CUTE LITTLE DOLLS FOR A RAFFLE, REALIZING THE SUM OF THIRTY FIVE POUNDS.

TO SGT. HANDS (NOW RETURNED TO DUNSTABLE) WHOSE ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM, TOGETHER WITH HER WILLING ASSISTANT L.A.C.W. PETCH, DECIDEDLY TURNED THE VICTORY TIDE IN OUR FAVOUR, AND LASTLY TO OUR TALL, HANDSOME, DEBONAIR MASTER OF CEREMONIES, CPL. LIDDELL, WHOSE UNFATIGING WILLINGNESS TO STEP INTO TIGHT CORNERS WHEN REQUIRED IS STILL THE MARVEL OF THE LOCAL POPULATION.

AND NOW HERE'S TO VICTORY AND THE REALIZATION OF THOSE ACCUMULATED SAVINGS CERTIFICATES.

H.S.N.

Q U I Z (STOP PRESS)

A CERTAIN PERSON WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT NERE LIGHTNING REVEALS EVEN "DIGBYFIED" CORPORALS. WE SENSE THE ERRATUM HERE BUT THEN, WE ARE NOT "TEDUCATED"!

"AS WE SEE EACH OTHER"

WITH NO LITTLE DIFFICULTY WE HAVE PERSUADED PEOPLE TO COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONNAIRES WHICH ARE SELF-EXPLANATORY. THE NAME QUOTED IN EACH CASE IS, OF COURSE, THE "MAJORITY" ANSWER, AND WE ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR PUBLISHING THESE RESULTS.

"THE WAAFS" BY THE "AIRMEN"

QUESTION	MAJORITY ANSWER	MOST INTRIGUING ANSWER
1. WHO WOULD MAKE THE BEST WIFE?	LAC HOWSON	WOULDN'T COMMIT MYSELF
2. WHO IS THE 'GOMPH' GIRL ON THE STATION?	LAC GLEDHILL	SOMEBODY LIKE DOT WALLACE.
3. WHO IS THE MOST INTELLECTUAL WAAF?	LAC KERR.	LAC RYAN (SHE THINKS)
4. WHO COULD BE CLASSIFIED AS THE GOLD DIGGER TYPE?	LAC GLEDHILL	75% OF 'EM.
5. WHO IS THE TYPICAL 'OUTDOOR GIRL'?	LAC EDWARDS	"COWGIRL" STANDFORD.
6. WHO IS THE BEST ORGANISER?	LAC WILES	WHAT OF - FUN & GAMES?
7. WHO IS, OR WOULD BE, THE BEST N.C.O.?	CPL. GRANTHAM.	THERE AREN'T ANY GOOD N.C.O.'S.
8. WHO IS THE MOST "FEMININE" WAAF?	LAC PYLE	WHY NOT ASK LAC BEASLEY?
9. WHO WOULD MAKE THE BEST MOTHER?	LAC LANGLEY	QFX-QFX
10. WHO HAS THE KEENEST SERVICE CONSCIENCE?	LAC HOWSON	THIS DISEASE HAS NOT BEEN DETECTED IN ANY WAAF.

"THE AIRMEN" BY THE "WAAFS"

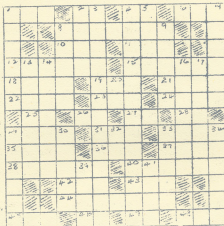
1. WHO WOULD MAKE THE BEST HUSBAND?	LAC BATLEY	NOT ONE OF THEM.
2. WHO IS OUR "GLAMOUR BOY"?	LAC HOWARD } LAC FENSOM }	20% OF 'EM.
3. WHO IS OUR MOST INTELLECTUAL AIRMAN?	LAC LOTT	INDUBITABLY W.O.
4. WHO COULD BE CLASSIFIED AS "THE BUSINESS MAN"?	LAC WARD	"PLUM" STEAK.
5. WHO IS THE ATHLETIC TYPE?	CPL. ROBERTSON	F/SGT. THOMSON
6. WHO IS THE BEST ORGANISER?	CPL. LIDDELL	NOTHING IS EVER ORGANISED.
7. WHO IS, OR WOULD BE, THE BEST N.C.O.?	F/SGT. ALCORN	ALL OF THEM, SO THEY THINK.
8. WHO WOULD MAKE THE BEST FATHER?	LAC HOWARTH	F.L. IRVING.
9. WHO HAS THE KEENEST SERVICE CONSCIENCE?	LAC FLETT	BILL REYNOLDS.

THE EDITOR.

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Across

- 1 Underbe.
- 3 Gaudatory Grant
- 4 Tanker for father
- 5 Name for Puss
- 8 Driving the Court House
- 10 Has everywhere
- 11 South African Quadruped
- 12 Springs
- 15 Sort out
- 18 Sicilian Islands
- 19 Eva



- 21 Fairful 22 rag - refuses to
- 23 Popular Conjunction 24 Horse god
- 25 French definite article
- 26 Prefix meaning 'not' 27 You and I.
- 28 In French 29 The old one
- 31 Note in sol. fa 33 Poor, dirty child.
- 35 Well! for ever - turned
- 36 Part of China port
- 37 All from lethal 38 A small area
- 40 The Spinner 42 Rarely worn now.
- 43 Little Thomas 44 Shell fish
- 45 Apt saying 46 Ben beheaded
- 47 Bruno (prof/abb) 48 What will say if you can solve it.

Down

- 1 Spade, if you don't like it!
- 2 an entity
- 3 Wicca, send no tag! (wagan 3 words)
- 4 Whip, Signet, Ties! (wagan 3 words)
- 5 Relays to Ann
- 7 Fasten Down
- 8 Summer meal
- 9 E. Monism

- 10 Sufferer's workshop
- 11 upset 16 Commanded
- 17 Bring to mind
- 18 It went off.
- 29 Old name for German tribe
- 30 Cat language.
- 32 Old engine (abbr.)
- 33 Famous Colonel
- 34 To beat
- 39 hot rice in hair
- 41 Part of Deck.