

# DIVERSION

Being the Camp Magazine of  
R.A.F. Station, Wrattling Common.

(Editors — F/L. Sole and P/O. Whyte).



The price charged is to cover the cost of production only,  
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## Editorial.

### CAN YOU TAKE IT?

The first issue of *Division* is out! Did you help to produce it? The material submitted for publication showed great promise, but there is unfortunately too much apathy and passive interest.

This is your Magazine, and in all seriousness unless you support it, it will fade out before it is under way. It is not enough to leave the work to others and then read our current copy. If you are unable to write anything tell us your ideas and we'll readily express them for you.

A number of ideas and features have been incorporated in this Magazine and we hope they will prove popular but we must have your help with news and suggestions for improvement. We want to increase the interest of our *Division* and make it truly representative of all sections of the Corps. Please forgive our stern fatherly lecture, but we do want our Station Magazine to be at least as good as those published by other Stations, don't we?

The Station Commander has contributed to this, our first issue, and the Squadron Commander and other Senior Officers have promised to send us contributions for future editions.

Meanwhile, our thanks are due to all who have helped to produce this effort. Initial difference in the submission of material will soon be overcome and we ask you all to let us have anything and everything which you believe to be of interest. Starred items are regular features—please help us to keep them going.

One last word, if you send us something to us and are unable to find it in the next issue—remember—we must maintain a balance of the various types of articles and also—we can't send all our finest goods in one shipment!

### \* STOLEN GOODS.

*Picturesque Speech and Fatter (taken from "Foolish Digest" for those who cannot afford the time or money to peruse the original column).*

- "A fine misty rain—further rain as we in China say"—*John Squire.*
- "The clom go down main street arm-in-arm"—*George Rip Shaw.*
- "Brown wigwags of corn shocks"—*R. H. Wilkinson.*
- "The rusty light of an autumn moon"—*Earl Carter.*
- "The wind stirred the crisp leaves and loosed them again"—*Allyn L. Jones.*
- "The sea like a piece of velvet, brushed the wrong way"—*R. V. Monahan.*
- "I dropped in to drink it over"—*Sam Justice.*
- "Wooden cowering—that's what my mother called it when we banged doors and slammed things"—*Max Wright.*
- "Machine guns gulping at the belts of bullets"—*David Truitt.*
- "The traffic crawl ahead slowly, then stop and point 1200 bird dogs"—*Kennedy.*
- "Club members chortled in leather chairs as comfortable as potted plants"—*Howard Whitson.*
- "The way she pushed around you'd think she came from a long line of revolving doors"—*Walter Winslow.*
- "The children tumbled about, notching mementoes of their accidents in their knees"—*Chas. Holmes.*

### FOUNDATION STONES.

Time and again one hears the Royal Air Force referred to as "a young service." Indeed the frequent references to its youth tend to leave on the mind an impression that our weapons and our ways have been hastily evolved under the pressure of the events of the present war.

It is true that our Service has not traditions comparable with those of the Royal Navy and the Army, nor the experience of wars throughout hundreds of years on which to mould our methods. There is for example nothing in Royal Air Force parlance so expressive as that magic phrase "A ship of the line,"—nor have we any equivalents of the classical works on the art of war on land and sea, so teach us how to fight our battles.

Essentially we shall have traditions and a good place in the history books. Of that there is no doubt. In the meantime we have foundation stones, laid by our predecessors and by ourselves—foundation stones on which the whole structure of the Royal Air Force has been erected and has stood the buffet of the furies of war.

Let us examine some of these foundations which were the work—sometimes the life work—of our predecessors. Picture a famous fighter aeroplane near London, year ago. Tacking off are three Gloster Gannets—surely one of the most delightful little aircraft ever built. They are the last of the single-seat fighters of the Great War style, they fly in loose formation two abreast and with controls of the lightness of a feather. These three take off, perform the most complicated and perfectly synchronised aerobatics, form up again and land in formation. The whole time while in formation, even while taxiing on the ground, the distance between them has remained so invariably at half-a-span that they seem as though linked together by some invisible structure.

That the outlook has seen a superb display of flying is unquestioned. He has, in fact, seen a practice for the R.A.F. Display at Hendon. What he has not seen is that the pilots were using a standard in fighter teamwork and co-ordinated flying which would one day result in 185 German aircraft being shot down over Southern England in one tremendous, glorious day of Royal Air Force achievement.

Let us look for our next foundation stone in the East. A famous Squadron occupies an aerodrome which is, in fact, nothing but a collection of buildings, fenced about with a barbed-wire barricade, as a perfectly featureless piece of yellow desert. To-morrow all the squadrons' Wapitis—trustworthy veterans of years of desert flying—use to go "down the Gulf" as a punishment marking that which was must be kept clear of Imperial Airways landing grounds. A momentous conference is taking place in the Flight-Commander's office where the Flight Sergeant has reported that one of the aircraft must have an engine change.

Soon it will be mid-day and other mid-day the temperature in the tin-roofed hangars will rise to over 125 degrees. Now, if they are to retain their health, will be asleep in their billets, waiting for the end of the evening before coming to life again in a tolerable temperature. The Flight-Commander seriously resigns himself to the fact that the aircraft will not be ready for the start at crack of dawn to-morrow, and that the Flight will be one aircraft short. The pilot too is disappointed, but resigned, until at three o'clock in the afternoon, obeying a "hush" he steps out into the shimmering, blinding glare and heat and makes his way to the hangars. There, sure enough, the "dead" engine is being taken out and the replacement stands ready for installation. The Squadron fly one short? Not b——— likely!

So, on this occasion and innumerable others like it, voluntarily and unknowingly, were set the standards of technical servability which have carried the Royal Air Force from strength to strength through the long ordeal of strategical bombing which will, in large measure, decide the outcome of the present war.

These are foundation stones—the good solid basis on which our Service has been and is being built. Some day, from these foundations, will arise traditions.

L. J. C.

## OUR - APPY - FAMILY

The darn bleaky wince again wiv a blidin' bag and the noobles (as our fat pancer used to call the wib) coud be seen pushing out to the kitchen shuffing and sniggering as that ain't no in the mornin' 'cos that are all spent the nite before in the local.

The mad right-serjeant wet wiv cuds Wilse (and others ain't so polite) 's screaming and uttering at the top of his voice but the noobles don't take no notice cos there wot aint got no covers are wot that call "beasted."

Guns later the bleaks wet drives the kites down looking all snappy and successful like becos this are all cheested off and the warger is duff any way too.

Evensooth, very much later, all the kites sarnbow stagger off and the fat begins. The sildgones—on this cuds "im—give a battle wiv the pilot becos they are out to lose in or kill in and that make despit attempts by grim in forty comes in steel and dog legs (becos a pilot's bark is wot there is in). The Bess aitches chase in wiv duff pin points and the wop jots in the gain wiv copy W/T gun.

But sarn ours later that all get overboard and the pilot, disgusted like, dimes at the runway and wiv a blinding bang arrives cam. Then the dinc comes and see in and take in off a strip and see next time a interview will follow wiv sarnw who nose the nose.

First, approaching the midnight one, I wadd slowly down the cuds wiv the mad fite serjeant and nobody speaks a word until someone pusses in in the blackout and see "Oo are yer Wile," and as we exubated into the darkness I can see in matter in cuple—"BRASSED MATE—BRASSED."

## SOME RANDOM RHYMES.

Her eyes they were as black as jet,  
This charming girl I knew,  
I kissed her and her husband came—  
Now mine are jet black too!

Roses are blue,  
Violets are pink,  
Immediately after  
The thirteenth drink.

As I have gone through life I've learnt  
Some lips were meant to kiss—  
Some weren't!

## \* SECTIONAL NEWS (or around the Camp in monthly instalments). TECHNICAL WING HEADQUARTERS.

### A Conducted Tour.

If you, unhappy reader, should ever venture to tour this far flung outpost there is one spot you should visit. I, of course, refer to Technical Wing H.Q. Here you can be sure of a really welcome, so join me and we will enter the portals of this office of knowledge.

After a preliminary call on the W.C., who will greet us cordially, take our fingerprints, tell us to get a haircut and wait outside, we enter one of the imposing array of doors. Here we shall be received with old-world courtesy by the Sergeant and introduced to the Orderly Room. The first impression is usually one of surprise, for contrary to the general rule, and unlike similar institutions in the vicinity, the atmosphere is one of concentrated industry, and we find a small but highly efficient staff dealing with a vast quantity of technical correspondence which emanates from the "master raid" in the lower sanctum (first door on the right as you go in).

It is rumored that this is the only Orderly Room on the Station in which there is sufficient work for all members of the staff to be employed at the same time, but this is doubtless an exaggeration, for the writer discreetly remembers that on one occasion when he visited an Orderly Room nearby he was greatly shocked to find everyone present busily engaged on those arduous tasks eloquently described by themselves (N.B., see the Daily Express crossword).

After a welcome cup of tea we must regretfully say farewell to this Seat of Learning, observing as we go the attractive road around which has been erected to keep away the motley crowd.—(With Apologies).

## WE'LL LIVE AGAIN.

We'll live again in history as morticians days go down  
On the roll of England's battle fields for honour and renown;  
Hanger eyes will gleam as they read of brave dead days,  
Pride rise in every bosom o'er glory that's been won;  
'Tis true there will be moments when we're filled with doubt and fear,  
It won't be always good news—the news that we shall hear  
In hearing of the actions in which glorious deeds are done  
We'll stop and wonder with whose life that victory was won;  
Our faith will waver and falter if we think of every loss  
As the main deciding factor that we win or lose the war,  
British feet will never falter, British hands will never tire  
As they raise the British Standard high, yet higher still and higher,  
British hearts will never weaken, British courage never fail,  
And even when they're facing death, their souls will never quail;  
They'll face each weary hardship with such courage they were born  
Knowing well the darkest hour is just before the dawn.

## TRUTH.

It's a funny world—  
If a man gets money he's a grafter,  
If he keeps it he's a capitalist,  
If he spends it he's a playboy,  
If he doesn't get it he's a screw-down,  
If he doesn't try to get it he lacks ambition,  
If he gets it without working for it he's a parasite,  
And if he accumulates it after a life-time of hard work, he's a sucker.

Johns endures pilot and air navigation.  
Both silver and Wop and Airt.  
But none care a jot for the dream of the lot  
We live with the Fitters—2E.

We absorbed all our culture from Science and Vulture.  
Our end far and gone never shrinks.  
There's no mystery for us, in Cybers or Taurus  
In Morlia, Pegasus or Lyma.

Despite their fine titles, we uncover their vials.  
Peer into their minds, and find  
The source of their whimsies, their coughs and their sneezes.  
And why they split, splutter and groan.

We acknowledge no barriers, when we take countermeasures  
And adjust contact breakers with care.  
We toll with real passion in exemplary fashion  
To demonstrate likes for the air.

And when there's conjecture on petrol injection  
You'll find us all expert, you'll see,  
We're sure Dunder-Breath's cause teutonic decrees  
But not so to Fitters—2E.

We expect to displace every fellow that flies.  
All pilots we think are a bore,  
If we had our way, they'd have much reduced pay.  
As airplane driver—Group 4.

But with every day stress we are glad to confound  
We are proud of our place in the war.  
We do our full share, so that up in the air  
You're the technical edge on the line.

#### The Editor's reply—

Only Fitters 2E, groovy, griny to be,  
But were proud of the mark of your trade  
More skill to your quaters, screwdrivers and hammers  
Keep on tinkering—we'll all make the grade.

## WHAT'S ON?

### Sports and Entertainments Page of Past and Coming Events

#### SOCCER.

To the surprise of many it is to be announced shortly that we have a soccer team—yes—here on the Station. What's more—they're good! They need your support, and hope of it. So this is to give you the gas, when they are playing and where?

Now you have all read the *Grey Station* sports sheets—well certainly all information will be here on this page allowed to us.

#### FILMS.

Again we are coping with entertainments and on Jan. 23/24th, you'll be able to see Edward G. Robinson in "Double Indemnity," a film which rates \*\*\*. Then on Jan. 27/28th, an American army force entitled "See how Private Hargrove," you'll either like this film or hate it! I rate it \*\*\*. Next on Jan. 29/30th, we see Bob Hope in "Thanks for the Memory," you're sure to laugh, so \*\*\*. Following this on Jan. 24/25th, we have "The Beautiful Cheat," a score \*\*\*. On Jan. 27/28th, "Murder in the Museum Square," a real thriller—see this one! Lastly, on Jan. 31st, another American Air Force Film for which we give \*\*—for those who like 'em.

#### STAGE.

On Tuesday, Jan. 23rd, we have a really first-class show, when the I.C.A.F. present "W. Dela." If you saw the last Canadian show you'll not miss this one, and if you didn't it was your loss, so don't let this go by.

Now to prove that we are genuinely trying to look after your entertainment (we're big hearted that way!)—for those who like music, The Bomber Command Orchestra will visit us on Thursday, Jan. 25th, and give their performance at 20.00 hrs. in the New Naul—a really wizard show this!

#### DANCING.

If it's rhythm you seek  
We're a dance once a week  
And a really hot band on the job:  
There may not be beer  
We can't have that these 'ere  
But you can't expect more for a  
lot.

There are girls by the score  
No S.P.'s on the door  
It's your welfare we have in our  
heart:  
And we put the lights low,  
For a short spell, you know,  
So get here or below, that's your  
part.

**Dance Band.**—This is now static and plays at all Station functions. But if you play—or you—we can always increase the number of players to advantage.

**Station Concert Party.**—The Concert Party are putting on their first show on Jan. 26/27th. Now as this is their first effort and is taking all their spare time, roll up and give them a hand—let's see what they can do.

**Dramatic Society.**—It is proposed to form a Station Dramatic Society. Sgt. Jackson (Ward) of the Operations Staff is acting as Secretary and will be glad to hear of any interested Wards or Airmen.

D. MORAVEC.  
(Sports & Entertainments Officer)

## DARK DEEDS.

One Sunday afternoon some while ago, I was passing down the corridor on the way to my room, when I noticed the door of F.L.'s room standing ajar. Just as I passed he looked out and said in a quiet, but determined fashion, "I say, old boy, will you do me a favour?" Being well bred, I said, "Certainly, what can I do for you?" He looked at me squarely between the eyes and still in a strained voice said, "Would you look me in my wardrobe, old boy?" "Josephus," I thought, "what's this?" Has he, whom we always suspected of eccentricity, but never insanity—has he gone batty at last. And then I noticed IT. Being polite, I could no more than glance hastily at IT. Could it be—, surely not—yes, it looked like a slip of—, but that was impossible. Was this pillar of the Station, this outstanding man among men, this bewondered Lethario, this loveless soul, finally going to end it all? Had he finally decided that since wedded bliss was impossible, single loneliness was undesirable? Being courageous myself, I admit courage in others, so I decided not to attempt to reason with him. Accordingly I stood aside as he bent down, slid into the floor of the wardrobe and covered his legs and body with an old dressing gown. Slowly I shut the door and bolted it down. Then with heavy heart, but resolute mind, I swung the other half in as well. A brief moment I stood to wish a hasty prayer for him and mutter an inaudible goodbye. Just as I was about to steal slyly away, a muffled voice shouted, "I say, old boy, would you close the bottom right-hand side a little tighter. If the least bit of light gets in it simply ruins those wretched Black Market films, and I don't want to spoil another spoil!"

## \* THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

1. Oak dat ooh yoh dat? And is Pao related to Joe?
2. Which Senter Officer lost his screw at Hastings in 1966?
3. How does one find the aiming point?
4. If you still appreciate income tax jobs? And if you are still thankful for your single state?
5. Should laundry always come back on a Saturday night?
6. What has happened to a certain Orderly Room's duplicating ink? Is it true that a certain L.A.C. is using it as shaving cream?
7. Which ink was heard to remark—"What only 99% for my beard? I must have lost 7% for dirty bottoms!"
8. And did he check up on K.R.'s to see if "props" could be worn on overalls?
9. Is it true that reaction of "swinging a compass" brings on a sudden increase of "swinging the lead" in a certain section?
10. If you have found a nice dispersal spot?
11. If it is true that a certain Scotch "women-hater" has decided to get his own back on the wedding present racket?
12. If black horses breed pink elephants?
13. And does a certain W/op. send money with a Welsh accent?
14. If history will record the invasion of Cambridge by U.S. troops?
15. If you have made a contribution to *Doodles*?
16. If not, why not?

## FOUND IN A CAMP POST CENSOR CHECK.

Dear Ma,  
I'm passing the time by just sitting in camp.  
Gee I haven't a hob to go out on the ramp.  
I'm writing this letter, but haven't a spang.  
How I love you—Dear Ma.

Dear Ma,  
Our rotten old chief is oh such a biest.  
Hers got me browned off with his grouse and his grin.  
He says I'm a screwage and the curse of mankind—  
How I love him—Dear Ma.

Dear Ma,  
There's no tying to-day as the weather is bad.  
But oh they let us off—oh no, that's where we're bad.  
We're to clean out a hangar to please the old lad—  
How I love R.—Dear Ma.

Dear Ma,  
Gee you give me the gut on my girl friend at home.  
I've five others right here, each thinks she's mine alone.  
You think that she'll walk off this little coons house?  
How I doubt it—Dear Ma.

Dear Ma,  
I'm really about this in up for to-day.  
It's a heck of a time until our next pay-day.  
So I'll borrow a sweater to send this away—  
How I wish for some good luck—Dear Ma.

REI.

## IMPROVING ON THE DICTIONARY.

**Amor:** A fellow who gets out of bed and takes the sheet with him.

**Optimist:** A man who marries his secretary, thinking he'll be able to loan dollars to her.

**Square:** A good looking manna with a rear gunner.

**Blue Girl:** A swing shift in a green skirt—

See Here is Marine Corps Chorus.

**Gay Nineties:** When the men looked gay and the women looked  
—BETTER THEM.

**Bachelor:** An eligible man of substance surrounded by amplexion.  
Ma.

POEM.

Spring has touched the barren brown  
And down  
The gentle slope they call a "hill" in Lincolnshire, a mist  
Of green is kissed  
By early morning sun and mid-day shower  
And when the hour  
Of neither dark nor light is here, a bird  
Is heard

He sits upon a water-tower and sings;  
Into the dusk pure silver notes he flings  
And all around the quiet camp they fall—  
A call  
To those who have forgotten lovely things  
Like blackbird trills, and stiffly quivering wings.

Absurd!  
That such a humble, little-throated bird  
Should sit up there,  
As if he owned and ruled the very air,  
And challenge, with a limpid semi-breve,  
The voices of the bombers as they leave.

A POET'S PROVERB.

You're sure that you are right,  
How fine and strong!  
But were you ever just as sure  
—and wrong?

LINES WE HAVE HEARD—OR "WHO SAID IT?"

"And it wasn't till after I had shot it down that I realised it wasn't a buzz-bomb, it was a comet!"

"The weather was so bad—even the eagles on my buttons were walking!"

"I wouldn't mind volunteering for P.F.F., but this place couldn't spare me!"

"As long as the war lasts till I've had my next leave—I don't mind!"

"We flew so low our R/G got 2 telephone numbers and his face covered in lipstick!"