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# wigmag



" IN TEN SECONDS WE SHALL BE SMACK OVER THE AERODROME."

R.A.F. STATION, WIGTOWN

No. 3

APRIL, 1944

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Your Monthly MAGAZINE

1811071 Sergeant James J. W. O'Keefe  
110 A.F.V. 1st High School

No. 2  
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# WIGMAG

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### MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

THIS is now the third issue of "WIGMAG" and I think it therefore appropriate to put the Editorial Staff on the back for the excellent job they are doing and also to say how encouraging it is to see new contributors and contributions.

Both the Editorial Staff and myself know that the "WIGMAG" is no "Picture Post" or "London Opinion"—it is not meant to be. But it is our own—your own—little literary effort and it goes a long way to brighten our *monotonous existence here*. It has already earned quite a name for itself. Indeed, I was told the other day by someone from Command that it is easily the best Station Magazine in the Command.

Well, that is something to be proud of. But, Station Magazines even those so good as the "WIGMAG," are not very sturdy plants unless they receive good steady support from their readers. This is where you can help by buying and contributing. So I say again, as I said in the first issue, that the future depends on you. The "WIGMAG" is going well now but we want more aims and air-women to give a hand to it.

One last point on a higher plane—"We've done very well in flying these last few months, and I think we men should raise our hats to the girls who have replaced so many of us here. They have had to step into a hard job and are doing very well, and that is the major reason why we are beating our last year's results.

*D. Macdonald*

GROUP CAPTAIN.

### Padre's Corner

### Hands Across The Sea

HOW do you like the new *Faith* programme recently introduced by the R.E.C.? Probably you would suggest improvements in the programme given, but nearly everyone will like the idea of being in union with those at home by listening to the same programme together.

Have you ever thought of this idea in connection with prayer?

When we pray, we are in communion with God, and also with those for whom we pray. In a spiritual sense we are in company wherever they may be and in whatever circumstances they may be placed. We may wish to pray for those in our homes, those in hospital or relatives serving abroad, perhaps for someone who is missing or a prisoner of war.

There are opportunities for prayer at the United Services on the camp and at the Service in the Church of Scotland but on a Sunday evening; also the Station Church is open every day.

May I offer a helpful suggestion? Tell the people at home that at a certain hour as selected, you will remember them in prayer, and ask them to pray for you at the same time.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, the Christian's active air."  
His outstretched at the gates of death, he enters Heaven with Prayer."  
Padre PROCTON.

## The Permanent Hut Orderly

This is the story strange but true  
Of Archie, the regular A.C.I.,  
How slow his promotion, how great his ambition,  
His just could not get the required recognition.  
He tried for all courses, he tried to reconvert,  
To chippie or fitter—even compass adjuster.  
He seemed hated to fail as others had done  
To acquire his much wanted A.C.I.  
Now having failed in the normal way  
To better his rank and increase his pay,  
Archie tried a new stunt—he was nobody's fool  
He'd make the hard cash by forming a school  
Not as many may think to impart Education,  
Cards, after "Light's Out" was his flight formation,  
All went well for young Archie—he was making a pile,  
He buy fitters soon learned the expression 'a Pylo'  
Even "Bullets" and "Ladies" were handled about  
When the camp was asleep and lights should be out.  
One night to their bunk, why? No one could tell  
There arrived the S.P.s and then there was Hell.  
The candle was doused and confusion was rife,  
The baggage they used one could cut with a knife.  
Then silence once more as the lights again shone  
'Twas to orderly seems that the Serge gazed upon;  
He just took one look and then ordered a search,  
Pulled blankets off beds, showing trousers and shirts,  
Now trousers are not meant for wearing in bed  
So he marched Archie's school into Jankies instead.  
Just prior to leaving racket curses and laughter  
By chance he raised up his eyes to the rafters.  
In position precocious our Archie he spied  
In amusement and anger he urgently cried  
"What's your business up there at this time of night?"  
Poor Archie just fell from the beam in his fright  
Although losing his nerve, he had not lost his will,  
He answered, "I'm dusting these beams up a bit."  
Now the C.O., on hearing this grand explanation,  
Resolved that our Archie had missed his vocation  
As you now may be glad that my story is done  
You'll also be glad Archie's now A.C.I.

### EQUIPMENT ACCOUNTS.

### COMPETITION

A competition will be held for (1) Design for a Crest, (2) A motto for this Unit. Group Captain D. M. T. Macdonald will judge the competition and a prize of £1 will be given to each of the winners. Entries should be handed to the Assistant Adjutant.

### CROSSWORD No. 3 — By F. L. RITONIE

#### Across.

1. Taken into account (6, 3, 5).
2. Cells in question (7).
3. Lament of the mourning youth (7).
4. Joists that rest with ease (7).
5. Thanks to the Lord Chancellor (4).
6. It moves in circles (4).
7. The Allied army begins to take shape (12).
8. A certain trick (4).
9. " . . . Do not sneer at all; or if thou with sneer by thy gracious . . ." (Raines and Juliet) (6).
10. The soldier's nautical roll? (4, 4).
11. Backward grive (6).
12. Whisker and's mouth (4).
13. These sound as if they should be rained, not just on points (6, 5).
14. " . . . the . . . mass round with many voices (Thomson) (4).
15. Immediately suggest pistols and coffee (6).
16. Confronto lazily (7).
17. Ventilator (6).
18. A real sort of state (7).
19. Bitter sweet (8, 4).

#### Down.

1. Slipper (usual) (7).
2. Constable three (4).
3. Criminal trial (4).
4. By taking a dead fly from a blind spider one may see down the reputation of being this (4).
5. Or else (4).
6. 20 across being beheld (7).
7. Sounds like a suitable place for woodrope to grow (5, 7).
8. She could have taught the foolish virgin a thing or two (4, 3, 3, 4).
9. Miras its mat (anag) (11).
10. Quarrels Scottish Island (4).
11. No cure for a sick headache (8, 3).
12. Their (5, 2).
13. London quarter (4, 2).
14. One who invites a tea-totaller to drink (7).
15. " . . . received thee first amid the merry mecks and ——— absence of his fellow swains." (Lamb).
16. See below (7).
17. See 5 down (4).
18. Strains that sin should make it virtuous (4).
19. Rise up (4).
20. Cross a "4" to keep it on the stretch (4).

(Solution Next Month)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2

Across—1, Obedient; 8, Fowler; 10, Brother; 11, Espionage; 12, Box; 13, Murch; 15, Purgatory; 17, Ymir; 20, Crank; 22, Mask; 23, Balthazar; 25, Naphtali; 26, Indus; 27, Stainless steel.

Down—(Oxford) Blossom; 2, Snapper; 3, Bidinghood; 4, Cern; 5, Imbuckle; 6, Nour; 7, Edman; 8, From released; 13, Epyroctus; 14, Finkel; 14, Tosca; 20, Trouble; 21, Fines; 24, End.

### UNREASONABLE

Proctor— "You come into my restaurant, see order a glass of water, you drink it, and you calmly walk out!"  
"No—" "What were you expectin' me to do, run? Stagger out?"

## JESTING PILOT

From the tannage point of view every body agrees that the town of Germany has been the most heavily bombed town of the War. But these places are still a long way down the list when it comes to the number of raids inflicted on any one spot. Continuity in general belief that it is not Berlin by Mosin, but by Hamburg. This place was a particularly favorite objective of the Luftwaffe in the first two or three years of the War, and even to-day, whenever German news on a Heinkelbomber that is well successful in making yet another attempt to wipe out whatever it is we have there. Records reveal that bombs have been dropped at Randon on no fewer than 13,026 occasions, and my under-cover Agent suspects that the importance of this place—early mentioned in peace treaties—connected with the gigantic show-bus history which turns out daily, thousands of tons of a product "which is further evidence, if such were needed, of the ingenuity, resource, and self service of our city financiers and company-managers. The question is my U.C. agent's.

As this paper has a very limited circulation—which means that apart from myself and Kaseki, you are the only other person to read this column—I do not think I shall be dying in the face of Security if I say anything about Randon—the Mile across the Luftwaffe. This is in strictest confidence! Using nothing more than good muscle and state from nearby countries, and a few odd fertilizers, the shadow factory produces an all-Servan Food. The mile across the Mile across the Luftwaffe still remains sound in mind and body, and has been able to cope, in large part due to the industry of little known Randon. The chief quality of the food is its remarkable resistance to fire. Unlike so many other foods, the fire at night will be found practically

absent, as top of the ashes in the morning. It takes very little mental acrobatics to calculate how long continual of this stuff could last. Because of its close resemblance to cake, it is known officially as such. Officially, there are in circulation a variety of apt and concise names awaiting registration.

The R.A.F. always quick to see, and sure to use, a product of such vast potentialities, are using it extensively throughout the Service. The psychological effect of a stowaway of it is beyond measure. I have actually seen

Wing Commander standing with his back to a stove containing this "cake" proclaiming that his Section was the "warmed it had ever been!" It is reported to have one weakness however, and that is that after three or four days in a really hot furnace it gradually disintegrates into an ash. To overcome this I suggest that the fire rack, used in these parts for improving hand-standings, should be incorporated into the processing of this truly wonderful R.A.F. Cake.

The last is an. "Yokis! Tally Ho! and what have you? With breathless mystery the seasons come and go. From secret life-saving we turned to foodstuffs (see article) and now, my Agent reports, the thrill of base-burning in the all-absorbing pastime of the Reddon sportsman. Certified to those of us who by circumstances are forced to liveeat, this nothing barred, cat-bus-mechanic sport is like a gigantic game of Musical Chairs, possessing all its excitement and uncertainty. As there are not enough houses to go round, the excitement is created by wondering which house you will be in after next week-day; and the uncertainty, in wondering if you and yours will be the lucky ones left out amongst the trees and flowers, instead of having to pay for living in a stuffy room. It's great fun and with nothing barred about offers huge scope for those who are not afraid of jail.

## QUIZ

1. Whose father is said to be the poet to have launched a thousand ships?
2. What is meant by the term "Splicing the Mainbrace"?
3. Who was the first man to fly across the channel?
4. Why do beauty specialists prescribe an egg wash?
5. Whose does the Great National take place?
6. Who composed "In A Monastery Garden"?
7. What is the Jelly Roger?
8. Who was the first president of the UNITED STATES?
9. Complete the following: "For such a \_\_\_\_\_ may come and soon may go—"
10. In which book does the Mad Hatter appear?

## WAAF'S ONLY

### PETS' CORNER

It has been suggested by our exalted friend F.H. Prune, that WAAP'S be allowed to keep pets. However, investigations have proved that most of the Baldoon WAAP'S, who have been here two minutes or more, are streets ahead of poor Prune. This article is intended to be of material assistance to those who have been here five minutes or less. I hope it achieves that aim.

The most useful pets which can be kept are S.D.A.'s or P.R.D.A.'s, the P.R.D.A.'s are the best (see Pet Accounts), but S.D.A.'s are worthy of recommendation as they are ideal for those who have the minimum experience of keeping pets.

These unique pets (members of the wolf family) abound near their feeding grounds (No. 1 Scorpions' Mess), and if shown a little kindness will readily attach themselves to a prospective owner. The more experienced Pet Keepers, will I think, bear me out when I say that only a little kindness should be shown at first as too much of the requiring tends to bring out the wolf spirit and this is not desirable.

Initially it getting one's pet to settle down may be a first experience. Some have been known to toss for their affections as much as a dozen times or more before settling down to one owner, but a little tact will doubtless overcome this minor difficulty.

### Invitation To The Musical Snob

"CALLING all musicians, classical, free-conscious or otherwise." The subject of our debate at this meeting is "The Necessity of Co-operation of the Ancient, Musical Classics Lover." Why do I say "Ancient"? The reason is that Modern Jazz Music is, in construction, equally as classical as our age-old masterpieces.

On listening to the two types, we should feel, that the ancient classics revealed the feelings and reactions of the people to their experiences of Life as it was then, whilst Jazz interprets the changing attitudes and emotions of the Modern Age.

Our so-called Intellectuals regard 'Jazz' as bestiality in the extreme. But do they stop to examine it thoroughly? If they did, they would discover in it, all the cultured, racial joys and sorrows of the Negro people, which this music describes in such a graphic manner.

This appeal is not directed to the second rate classical music lover, but to the one, who, having a catholic love for all music, must needs recognize the importance of this new Jazz, which is raising its head so prominently. Sophisticated lovers, please try to support the propagation of Jazz by rendering its future possibilities, and do not impede its future success by denouncing it without a fair hearing. Before you render this base language please attempt to hear the new "Ballad Opera," a work written, directed and actually set by colored people who reveal all their emotions therein.

Press now on, do let your motto be, "For Justice and for Peace."  
A. C. W. TAYLOR



## SALVO DROPS ANOTHER ONE

"Ah," breathed Salvo, and we all sat up and took notice—there was a wealth of feeling in that 'Ah.' For some time we had all realized Salvo was not his old self; something was happening to him, his behavior was most peculiar. He would sit for hours in the favorite Salvo posture with the stern between his legs, puffing his pipe and 'Ahing.'

"What's up, old boy, don't you feel well?"

"Ah," repeated Salvo, and he sat up as if he had been stung. "I've got it!"

"Well, if it's your chocolate ration, hand it round," begged in Sykes, working his jaws hospitably.

"I've been thinking"—we observed—  
So Salvo had given birth to a thought—"if you just do everything right as the instructor says, you could hit the target. There are an awful lot of things to go wrong but say you do everything right and you miss, whose fault is it?" Salvo looked around with a hopeful look in his blue eyes.

"Well, whose?" we asked. "The pilot's, of course," he replied triumphantly, "and next time I'm up I'm going to do everything exactly as the instructor said and when I miss the target it will be the pilot's fault for not flying right." "What! Did he hit the pilots when Salvo starts in on them?"

On our next exercise I was navigator, with Salvo as the Air Bomber, and as the briefing it was evident that Salvo was well on top of the job, and that all his new ideas with their multitudinous variety of rubbers, rulers, pencils, maps, computers and potpourris de-magnated around him in the usual disorder.

By and by we were sadly airborne and down direct Salvo is taking a couple of miles. He was down there a long time, I could not contact him over the "Intercom," so I shook his leg. "Yes, Yes, O.K., O.K." "Got a drift?" I yelled. "Drift, let me see, DRIFT? Ah yes, I think about five degrees." I gave it up in despair.

"Then get me a pin point over the coast," I asked. "Sometime later I contacted. "Got that pin point?"

"Ah yes, the coast is under the tail now O.K." I passed it by; fortunately I had a reliable WOP. Salvo re-appeared and did the rest of his mapping at the pilot's side. There came the time for him to drop his little bomb. Down he went. "Don't forget to do everything just as the instructor says," I reminded him. "O.K.," he yelled. "Just watch you—being on the target. Fly her straight, pilot, fly her straight." The pilot turned round and gave me a wink.

"What speed is the wind indicator?" asked Salvo. It was about seventy miles per hour, and we made our first bombing run into the wind. I realized the importance of having red on red in such a high wind, so I remained Salvo. "O.K., I'm doing it now." "That's—Dammy run, I'm sorry I've not dropped anything yet."

"Good job," commented the Pilot, "your bomb doors are closed." I opened them. "O.K. they're open now," I sang out, as we turned as to target. We were attacking downwind now. "For God's sake drop it this time," pleaded the Pilot. "Bombs gone," sang out Salvo. When a little later, "I can't see where it has gone though." "Did you change red on to red?" I asked. "Oh no! I must have forgotten," blurted Salvo. "Jumping Jehoshaphat," I exclaimed.

With a wind error of 100 m.p.h., it may drop in Timbuktoo. Something peculiar was happening in the forest. Salvo was fighting someone, even the air rocked. "What the blankety-blank is the matter?" demanded the Pilot. "I'm caught, I can't get out," explained Salvo. "Straight past where you are, you must have shifted your Mac West. Have you seen where that bomb went?" "Boy Skip," I clipped in, "see that formation about five miles from the target?" "That looks as if it's on fire," added our Pilot. "No, I don't think so," I cried out, "looks as if Salvo has got a direct hit at last." A weird glow came over the interior. Salvo had visions of Salvo behind bars for manslaughter. "My God," declared our Pilot. "It is serious, you're overdoing the malice; it's a damn good job you've got no more to drop!"

## THE PADRE

"HELLO HELL! What's cookin'?"

"Hello Padre, at just the usual broth, the way most of us spend our weekly day off. A warmer round the table, give into the shop windows and as often as not unceremonious of what you are looking at. His idea too to see one of people all about you in clothes of various hue and style, and toasting that wondrous sun, we hope, we too shall be like one of them."

"Yes, I think we've an agree about that, but its hot out here on these streets, here about slipping is here for a beer?"

"Can, not a bad idea at all, but I thought you Knights of the Reverend Collars didn't indulge in such low class beverages in common parlance."

"Your education has been sadly neglected, Pad, I'm a low-class Padre and this is no ordinary Pub." And while the former statement was far from being true he was certainly right about the Pub. He led the way into a large old-fashioned room ("parlor" they called it) which assumed to be all manners and woken with little tables set logically laid there. We sat ourselves down at one of them and very soon had an old time waiter with a delicious, creamy looking froth on top in front of us. We felt free, as usual and rested, just like stepping out of the glare of the sun on a hot day into the shade of a large leafy-tree growing by running water. Neither of us had spoken for quite a while and I looked across at the Padre, he seemed to be miles away, as if they something inside of him, the real he, had gone away to some of that higher and better World, which he tried so hard to convince us was within everybody's grasp. "Now, now, would really try to accept him; it leaving only a shell sitting opposite to me."

I had often wondered why he had volunteered to come into the business (all padres are volunteers)—he didn't seem the type. "Well, why we ask him? None of my business I know, but—Well, I know if he didn't want to talk he would just sit off that line every way of it, picked up my tankard in lubrical my tongue and the slight jar of it rattling the table when I set it down again called the two pieces of his together more near, and possibly to hold them together he took a puff at his drink."

"Now's the time," I thought, and glanced at Padre, tell me, I'm not jelly concerned, I am what did you just say?"

"Well, that's easily answered, I thought it was time to talk with them, all kinds, away from the refining influence of wine and mead, and tobacco, and two places provide this opportunity—Prison and the Service—at present I am getting experience of the latter, the former I got years ago, you see I was in good for seven years."

If he had hit me between the eyes with a brick a couple's have been more done by such a statement. You could have knocked me off my seat with the smallest part of the smallest kind's proverbial vocabulary. The fact that he was still speaking penetrated my dizzy mind.

"I don't suppose you will know anything about He is a prison, but you come across some decent fellows. There was ——— Well, we'll call him Bobby. He was quite charming, a few before six-o'clock, quiet, educated and intelligent, he'd held a pretty good job with a well known Engineering Firm, but he came home unexpectedly one and found his neighbors sitting in his most comfortable and favorite armchair. There was no harm in sitting in his best chair, but he had Bobby's wife on his knee. He didn't waste any time in drawing questions or anything, but picked the offender away by the back of his neck and the next minute he had thrown him through the window. Unfortunately he had forgotten to open the window first, else he maybe wouldn't have broken his neck."

I heard all this but didn't, my mind was wandering around trying to guess what this most sympathetic, most understanding man I had ever met, who would give me any amount of trouble to help another, could possibly have done to lead himself in god, surely it must have been a misfortune of justice. He was of again talking about another of his prison friends, but I had to stop him, I had to know. "Padre, whenever did you do to get a stretch of seven years?"

He laughed, and still laughing said—"I was the prison chaplain."

GEORGE HILL.

**LANGASTER & ME. 718**

Recently the main Bomber Force has been interrupted by the full weight of Germany's night-fighter force, and in the majority of combats reports we read how the Air Gunner, by his skillful directions enabled the pilot to evade the attacker. It is on those occasions that the A.G. comes into his own. His is a position of great responsibility. Are YOU ready to take on his task? The RYES of the Bomber Force.

The field is open for applications for the categories Wep. (Ae), WO.A.G. and Air Gunner.

Maybe you volunteered before and were turned down as medical grounds (vision, height or weight)? If so you may try again as the medical standard has been relaxed.

**VOLUNTEER NOW!!!**

Maybe you are waiting until you P.N.B. training? If you are "bored out" with waiting and want to get on with the job why not transfer to a non-P.N.B. category?

The period of waiting entry will not exceed two months.

**GET IN NOW** can be in for the finish! Contact the Air Crew Liaison Officer, P/O. Huxley, at the Air Crew Library, who will be pleased to give assistance to any applicant. (Adx).

**LONG-WINDED**

With his usual long-windedness, the boss was describing one of his rain-bow-ty escapades.

"There I was," he said, "on a lonely moor, miles from anywhere, with a blazing aircraft. What do you think I did?"

One weary listener stifled his yawns long enough to reply, "Took a long breath and blew it out!"

**STOP PRESS**

The Wigwag Bank was badly damaged last night.

Our special correspondent reports: At about ten o'clock, the Daily Policeman found a drunken person leaning against the wall of the Bank. He refused to 'move on' so, he treated that he was 'building up' the bank.

To increase his, the man of the law said that he would hold it up... as soon as the drunk had disappeared the policeman walked away and the Bank fell down.

**THE DUCHESS DINES IN**

The grandfather clock struck ten and the Duchess rose from the luxurious settee upon which she had been reclining. She gazed across at the Duke who was contentedly ensconced in an easy chair with his "Tuxes." She smoothed her beautiful gown, smoothed her dainty feet in her silver slippers and gracefully stretched herself. Then, gliding through the thick pile of the magnificent carpet, she moved across to the large windows that overlooked the spacious lawn. Her dress aside the heavy drapes and gazed out across the grounds. Turning slowly with a thoughtful frown on her lovely brow, she remarked to the Duke in carefully modulated tones—"Bliss! It sure 'art rairn!"

**Less inspired on overhearing a Crack of Carly's, the Station Barber.**

Oh, where are the beautiful tresses that adorned the top of my head? The growth I once struggled to dress in An ever-widening shawl.

That treacherous red vegetation Which gladdened my innocent soul In new lines the bleak desolation.

And barren expanse of the Pole.

Oh, the longing I have for thee, barber As to change a bob as of yore.

And the mercurious thoughts that I harbour

As I slowly make for the door.

For he still asks that intemperate question—

"The one which he knows that I dread. And I make the embarrassed reticence—"

"Give us Fuzituro Polish instead." (A.T.C. Blake).

**LADIES IN UNIFORM**

Who inspires the kites each morning? Who fills up the tanks each night? Who keeps the air force perfect? Who keeps the pressure right? Who is up at the cock of dawn, Still there when twilight falls, Pulling her weight—keeping the crate Ready for urgent calls?

Please when you next see a picture Of a plane and it's smiling over, Remember the girl who keeps it aloft, Who is only an ACW/2.

So when you next press a pilot When the sunny falls and cracks, Remember the WAAF who doesn't fly, The humble but proud Flight Mech.

**STATION SPORTS REVIEW**

**A**NOTHER month has gone by and R.A.F. WIGTOWN has had a fair share of success in the Mopet Team Games. It is good to report that the Rugby XV, have still to be defeated; how soon they were in it against Newton-Siemart School is nobody's business. A hole rally round the scale and the good record was maintained. Great things are expected from our '7' at West Frengh later this month.

The Soccer side has had its 'ups' and 'downs' after losing three class games in succession against Barrowhead 1-0, R.E.'s 2-1, and West Frengh 2-3. This month ended with clear cut wins against H.L.E. 6-0, and Barrowhead 6-1 (after being 0-1 down at half-time). Maybe the new blood is doing good. Did you know we have the services of two players with first class experience? One from West Brom, and Blackpool, and the other from Clowfield. You will see these next time you support the Station side.

Friendly games have flourished recently—the Officers' Mess, Maintenance, Training and Administrative Wings have played several 'cocking' games. The so-called of the larger events unless the possibilities for a new League or knock-out Competition very soon. Are you ready with your team? Watch out for announcements soon.

Hurray! Hurray! at long last the Hecker XL (Moss) have had a win! Our victory was assured from the start, we had only thirteen players turn out to fill the Station XL platoon!!!! The problem was solved by giving one over to the opposition and playing twelve-a-side. The only other game was lost to West Frengh 3-4.

A scheme is in foot for W.A.A.F. Netball players to gain wider experience in Inter-Group and Inter-Command games, so any W.A.A.F.'s anxious for consideration should get down to work positive immediately.

Cricket, Soft Ball, Tennis, Swimming, and Athletics are all very near, once we know our abilities then we can give you, and you, scope and opposition, but in the first place you, and You! you, must sell the P.T. wafers, just where, when, and what you can do in these grand summer games.

F/O E. R. HURRELL.

**EDUCATION**

Are you preparing yourself for your post war occupation? If not, why not have a talk with the Education Officer, who will advise you as to what Correspondence or Postal Study Course may be most suitable for you? You can study in comfort at the "Gen" Room, open 1000-5100 hrs. (except Saturday).

Recreation Library is now moved to the Education Class Room, open Mondays and Thursdays, 1000-5100 hrs.

Recorded Music Circle meets every Sunday evening at 2000 hrs. Programmes suited to all tastes.

**ANSWERS TO QUIZ**

1. Helms of Troy
2. Decida run raises.
3. Louis Blériot.
4. As an aviator.
5. Aintree, Liverpool.
6. Kutubay.
7. Finsley's Flag (wall & crossbones).
8. George Washington.
9. "But I go on forever."
10. Alice in Wonderland.

**The Works**

- "Hello, old man, I haven't seen you for some time."
- "I've been in bed for seven weeks."
- "That's too bad. Flat?"
- "Yes and cracked."

**Pract**

Some girls in slacks go to extremes; and live away beyond their seams.



## PRUNE'S GREMLIN

Said P/O Prune to his A.G.-  
 'These Gremlin yarns, take it from me,  
 Are just a lot of tommy-rot  
 Some newshound piffle, like as not.  
 But as A.G. gave signs of sleep,  
 The P/O hailed a passing Jeep,  
 Which after bruizing every joint,  
 Did leave him at dispersal point.

Prune entered cockpit with a grin,  
 A rigger strapped his torso in,  
 Just sliding to the ground in time,  
 As Prune with countenance sublime,  
 Yelled 'Chocks away' with joyous lust  
 And taxied off 'midst swirling dust,  
 Perceiving Aldis-lamp flash red,  
 Took off across the grass instead.

To Prune's A.G. the point was lost on  
 Till Bill said 'Blimey! there's our  
 Boston,'

Observer William, and A.G.  
 Returned to Cookhouse for their tea.  
 So Plane and Prune sped through the  
 sky,  
 Prune muttering 'Gremlins! All my  
 eye,'

Then T.R.9 began to crackle,  
 Resulting in an awful cackle.

Which proclaimed to Prune now pale,  
 A hundred Jerries on his tail.  
 Just then the inter-com broke down,  
 And Prune let slip a naughty noan,  
 Pulling his joy-stick sharply back  
 And passed out in a trance quite black.  
 In spite of loop and dive or turn  
 No Jerry could our Prune discern.

The net result of all this stress,  
 A pancake on the Sergeants' Mess,  
 As they escorted him away,  
 The wretched Prune was heard to say,  
 'Those tales of Gremlins must be  
 "Gen"

I guess I'm in the soup again.'

GEO. E. FRY

## WEEKLY STATION ENTERTAINMENT

MONDAY DANCE W.A.A.F. Canteen.  
 CONCERT Theatre.  
 WHIST DRIVE Airmens' Quiet Room.

Alternate  
 weeks

TUESDAY E.N.S.A. CONCERT—When available.  
 CINEMA.

WEDNESDAY CINEMA.

THURSDAY DANCE W.A.A.F. Canteen.  
 HOUSIE Airmens' Canteen.

FRIDAY CINEMA.

SATURDAY CINEMA.

SUNDAY CINEMA.

Recorded Music Circle in the 'Gen' Room.

Any additional entertainments will be published by notice or Tannoy  
 as and when available.

### N.A.A.F.I. SPORTS ROOM

Snookerette tables may now be booked in the same way as Billiards and  
 Snooker. Charge is two-pence per half hour.