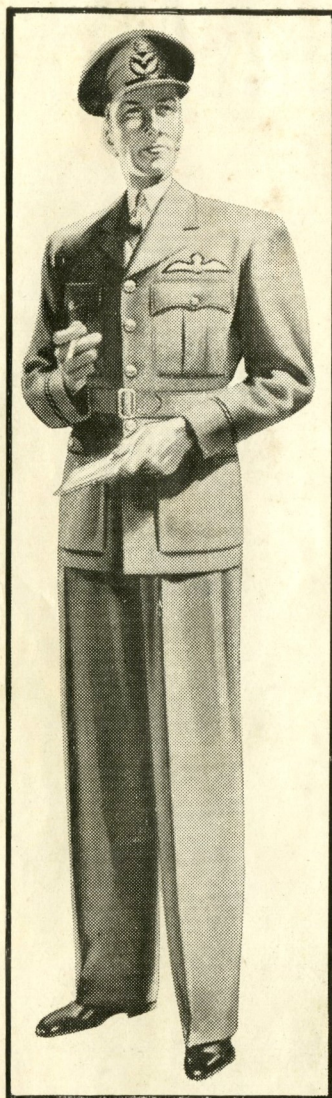


control calling



may 1941





Navy, Army or Air Force

Uniforms or Mufti

ONLY tailoring of the highest standard is put into Bainbridge's Officers' Uniforms, the materials used being of the finest quality, the cut and finish smartly correct, and whether for the Navy, Army, or Air Force—every detail strictly in accordance with regulations.

For Mufti

Bainbridge's Exclusive Tailoring

For mufti there is a fine choice of smart new suitings, specially selected for their shape-retaining qualities and to give the utmost in wear. Cutters trained in the best West End traditions, and expert craftsmen, assure you of outstanding smartness at the "Man's Shop."



Bainbridge & Co., Ltd.

Grainger St.

"Man's Shop"

NEWCASTLE

Welcome Canada!

WHEN OUR last issue was being prepared there were so many Poles on the Station that we were able to give the printer a headache by including an article in Polish.

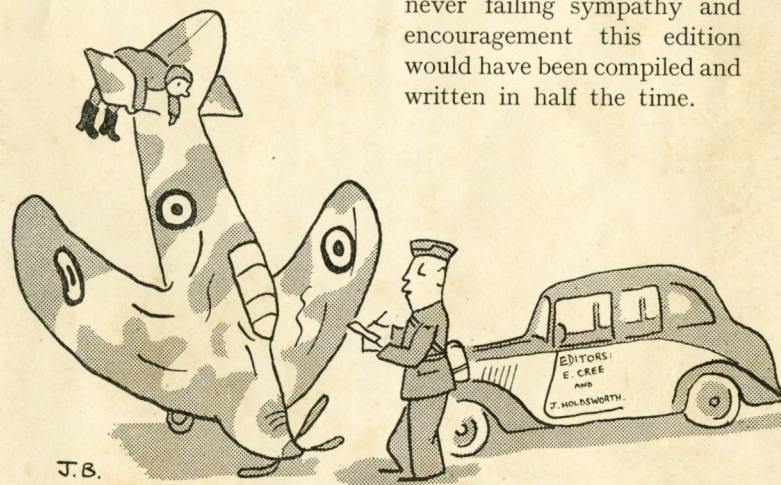
Although our friends, the Poles, have gone, they have left much by which they will be remembered.

We hope that the Canadians will contribute freely to this magazine (they must have many interesting yarns to spin) so that we shall have a record of their sojourn here.

Gentlemen of the Maple Leaf, we wish you happy and successful days at this Station; happy and successful nights at Red Row!

Dedication

to a particular officer and sergeant, without whose never failing sympathy and encouragement this edition would have been compiled and written in half the time.



J.B.

"TO WHAT DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR SUCCESS?"



Squadron-Leader MacKAY, D.C.M.

Control Calling!

FOREWARNED was to be forearmed: the forecast of what was to follow led to even better things than most of us imagined. May I, then, congratulate the Editors and the various authors on the excellence of the first issue. The Tiger Cub has shown its teeth and made us smile and think.

So, having elbowed myself into the front page of this—the second issue—I repeat . . . forewarned is forearmed.

What will be the outcome of this war? You may play a great part in answering this question. I say “may” because war is less predictable than peace. It is a high-tension cable broken loose, thrashing out in all directions; you never know where, how, or whom it will strike. The switch-board is no longer in control. A well-known politician once said, “We distrust people who forecast precisely the course of coming events.” This is a useful phrase to justify procrastination and non-execution—nothing more. I forecast, then, that you will enjoy this second issue. But behind the humour there is a tale to tell, and an important one.

Your courage, your resolution and devotion will avail you nothing if your rulers lose the peace. If they do that, your last state will be worse than your first. The going of the man Hitler will not profit you. Your courage and self-sacrifice in this war will be in vain—the next twenty years worse even than the last. The Peace to come is even more important than the War, and in our own lives we have seen what it means to lose a peace—or rather, wantonly to throw away a Victory.

Remember,
everything comes to him who
waits . . . But much quicker to
the man who goes for it!

W. MacKay

On Leave

Leave? How lovely!

Places and scenes from the past came to mind.

Ragusa: wall-girt city of a thousand swallows darting hither and thither in the sunlit sky. Oleanders in bloom, quaint old buildings, and a fine modern cafe down by the sea; shop windows filled with goods likely to attract the visitor the predominating colour being the peasant's favourite bright red.

The ship sailed on down the Adriatic, calling at Patras, scene of the martyrdom of St. Andrew. I thought it rather a bleak-looking place with its lofty mountains rising behind the town. Through the Straits of Messina the volcano Stromboli was active, a beacon in the darkness. The beautiful Island of Capri: one thought with a shudder of the slaves of Tiberius being hurled down into the sea from the top of those terrible cliffs. Brilliant sunshine sea of unbelievable blue The Bay of Naples a picture never to be forgotten.

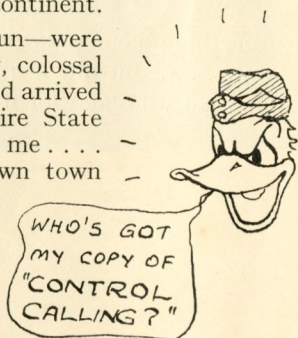
On and on went the ship.

There was a delay in docking at Algiers. Boys came out in boats, from which they dived for coins thrown by passengers on board ship. In the incredibly dirty, smelly, but very interesting native part of the city I had great difficulty in getting a snapshot of a veiled woman. In one of the narrow streets an Arab dentist sat on a chair awaiting patients. . . . Beside him, in his open air surgery, was proof of his skill in the form of a large tray laden with all the teeth that he had extracted!

Afloat again. Past the Rock of Gibraltar silhouetted against the moon Trafalgar, Cape St. Vincent (shades of Nelson). Some time later the ship slowed down, lurched crazily, rocked from side to side: passengers were sent flying, first up and then down. . . .

We were going over the sand bar in the Tagus. In Lisbon we had to find a restaurant where women were allowed to enter, and there we drank the finest tea I have had anywhere on the continent.

The mists—golden in the morning sun—were clearing. Vaguely at first, then more clearly, colossal buildings appeared towering above us. We had arrived in New York. From the top of the Empire State Building what a panorama spread out around me the entrance from the ocean the down town skyscrapers the wonderful docks along the Hudson river, crowded with ships of



all sizes from across the Seven Seas; Central Park the northern end of Manhattan Island East River right round to Brooklyn Bridge and Long Island. Immediately below, cars and people looked like large and small insects.

The road to Canada led through country varying in nature, but always lovely. I drove along the beautiful Hudson on Bear Mountain Road, through Green Vermont, by the shores of Lakes George and Champlain (with pine trees reflected in their clear waters), and so to Montreal. I preferred Quebec, which has so much "atmosphere" about it. I stood on the Heights above the city and thought of Wolfe. Far below, on the St. Lawrence, I could see s.s. "The Empress of Britain."

For at sea, thick, horrible would we never reach Boston? Thicker than ever on and on for miles and miles days of it nights of it nothingness. Slowly, slowly it cleared. We were sailing right into the heart of Venice.

In St. Mark's Square a sudden noise sent the pigeons soaring upwards. Next minute they alighted, waiting to be fed. There was a discordant note in the harmony of Venice Air Raid Shelters. Air raid shelters in Venice! It seemed crazy. How dark it was in the Cathedral a change was taking place It was still dark, but it was not a cathedral any longer. It was a station; a station in which many worried people were talking together in groups, or hurrying to get on board a waiting train. Where was I? Trieste! A friend in the American Consular Service was giving me last instructions, and telling me that it was best to return to England at once, before the frontier closed. It was to be WAR! Should I be in time? Supposing the Frontier was closed. Nearer and nearer, the time was approaching freedom, or a concentration camp? The train rumbled on through the night. . . . "You won't be in time, you won't be in time," it seemed to say. "I will, I will," I shouted in answer

"Tring, tring!" through the noise of the train came the sound of a bell. "TRING, TRING" Oh, blessed telephone!

"Signals here, Miss. A message has come in for you. I'm sending it down 300 groups!"

D.D.

"The situation looks rather dark at the moment and will continue to look so until the position is clarified."—*British Military Spokesman in Athens.*

"Control Calling . . . Control Calling!"

Emergency warning!

In a few moments A.C. Deese will dish-up the monthly dirt. Will officers and n.c.o.s take cover in sound proof shelters. Remaining personnel carry on normal scrounging, but prepare to blush at a moment's notice.

There are still some minutes to go before the broadcast, so we shall play you a batter-phone recording of the Cook-house Sergeant's unadulterated dribble whilst holding the cook-house window, single handed, against dozens of airmen unfortunate enough to be late for Easter Sunday Morning's breakfast. (Intro. music: "Chits don't mean a thing, if you aint got that Wing").

Context of this oration is printed on asbestos, and is on sale in pamphlet form together with "The Battle of Britain."

GROWL OF TIGER

The meat problem is becoming such that we shall *all* soon have to have a day's duck shooting.

GRRRRRR

Contrary to popular belief, officers do not get commission.

GRRRRRR

Don't bother to take your turn in the cook-house queue, lads. The other fellows don't mind waiting.

GRRRRRR

W.O. Fitzbrowning was *not* a ballet dancer in civil life.

GRRRRRR

Transport is now so limited that the pig swill barrow will soon have to be used to deliver billeted airmen.

GRRRRRR

Acklington Station Banned (printer's error) will play on the down-going platform on Sunday evening next.

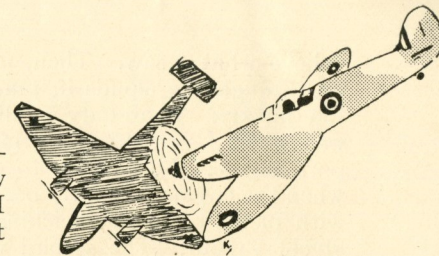
See you in the Guard Room

Over!

E.C.



In Action—my first bag



I often wondered what my personal feelings would be when I first saw a Hun at close quarters. Now that I have seen one, I am still wondering what it really felt like.

While we were straining our physical and mental energies to the utmost at F.T.S., it was being continually drummed into us by our revered instructors that when we met our first chunk of blitz, it would undoubtedly be the most thrilling and unforgettable experience of our lives. I quite admit that it was unforgettable and, to a certain extent, quite thrilling, but at the same time I'm afraid that I missed the apparent joy endowed upon others in their first encounter with the enemy. Why, I don't really know, except that it all happened so quickly, and I was too concerned with wondering what was going to happen next to be bothered with analysing my feelings.

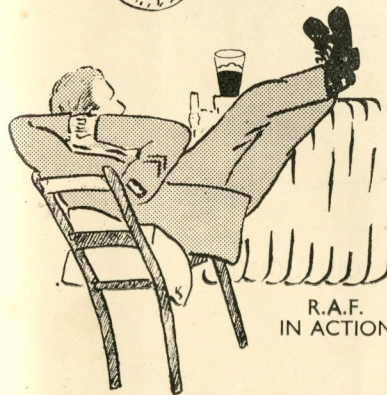
For some time past I had taken-off enthusiastically with my section in pursuit of bandits which turned out to be bogies, or bogies which either disappeared or turned out to be Blenheims; I never knew whether to be relieved or not when we were ordered to pancake. Later on, however, I became more confident and began to hope that the inevitable bogie would turn out to be a real live Hun with an earnest desire to be intercepted.

Thursday night, April 19th, 1941

Green section was already up. At 19-00 hours Blue Section was ordered to scramble base: we duly scrambled, and after searching a cloudy but otherwise empty sky were ordered to patrol 20 miles N.E. of base at 12,000—subsequently altered to 15,000.



We flew on several vectors, all the time being blissfully unconscious of what was in store for us. Over the R.T. came the first intimation of something out of the ordinary—Green Section had sighted a bandit. A few seconds later, operations told us that there was also a bandit in our immediate vicinity. That shook us considerably, and we began to look around more keenly. There was a layer of cloud 5,000 feet above us, and, looking up, there, sure enough was a Ju. 88 nipping smartly across a gap in the clouds. I gaped at it, almost refusing to



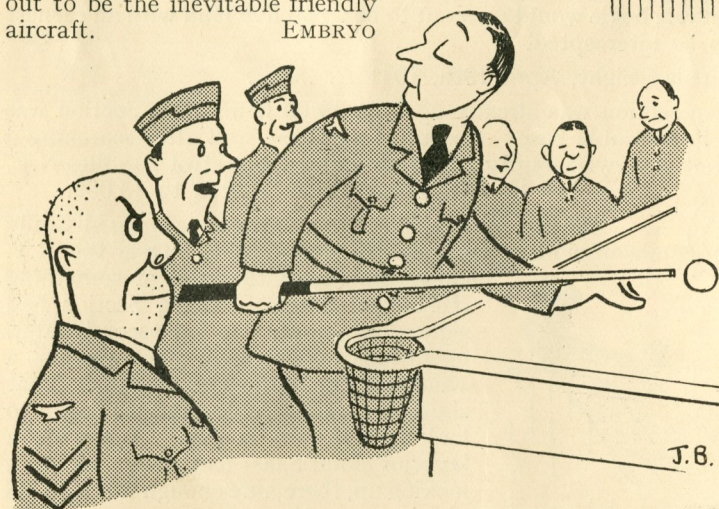
R.A.F.
IN ACTION

believe what I saw. Then, pressing every emergency knob, we tore up through the clouds in pursuit. The next few minutes passed all too quickly. I can only recall two things at all coherently. The first was when I pressed the firing button, having got the bead on it's port engine. I can't try to explain my feeling of utter amazement when the engine promptly began spraying the surrounding atmosphere with pieces of metal, belching out clouds of black smoke and white glycol vapour. The second was when I suddenly realised that the rear gunner was firing at me, and I saw the white flecks of his bullets skimming over my port wing. I had an unreasonable feeling of distinct annoyance at his temerity.

After repeated attacks, the E.A. started to go down vertically, pouring out flames and clouds of smoke. I followed it through cloud almost to sea level, until, as we both went into a thick haze, I realized that I was going much too fast, and getting too near the sea to be comfortable. I took quite a bit of effort to pull out, but after flying around for a few minutes, to calm down, I groped my way back to the aerodrome and landed.

Well, there it was, all over and done with. Four of us—both sections—felt very pleased with ourselves . . . a little tired maybe, but wishing we could do it all over again. We shall all be very annoyed on future scrambles if the usual bogey turns out to be the inevitable friendly aircraft.

EMBRYO



"DON'T MOVE SARGE, JUST OPEN YOUR MOUTH!"

The biggest binder on the camp

Everybody knows Duschanks.

He's a shocking bind.

I had the misfortune to meet him when I was trekking around Newcastle trying to find a suitable birthday present for a lovely girl. He insisted on accompanying me.

Now a job like that needs concentration. It requires tact, perseverance, and plenty of time. I told Duschanks firmly, but politely, that he would be in the way, but he ignored my remarks.

"I've just thought of a wizard tune," he said, following me down Northumberland Street and into Fenwick's. "It starts like this . . . Pom-pom-tiddley-la, boop-a-doop-doop . . ."

"That's fine," I murmured, and hastened through the embarrassing department.

"Then," he went on, holding me unconcernedly by the sleeve right in the centre of dozens of pairs of . . . "the middle section goes . . . Da-da-da, di-dar-di-dar-di-dar."

"Di-dar-di-dar-di-dar," I repeated . . . I've heard that somewhere before."

"Yes, I know, it's something like 'Whistling in the dark' but that goes di-dar-di-dar-di-dar, whereas this goes di-dar-di-dar-di-dar. See the difference?"

"Quite. Do you think a scarf would be O.K. for a birthday present?"

"You can just imagine the saxes putting in a break there—like this: pom-pom-ti-dar-di, boop-a-doop-doop."

By this time the assistant was handing me scarf after scarf and I was trying desperately to decide what colour would best go with red and black shoes.

"Then the fiddles," nattered Duschanks, "can play a little tune at the top." And he gave a terrible squeak.

"Shut up!" I snapped, "The assistant will think you're crackers."

She did. I could see it in her eyes.

By the time Duschanks had got to the bassoon part I had told the assistant that a wing brooch would be more acceptable than a scarf, and was leading him through the crowded store towards the street.

The moment we got outside we ran into A/C Scarper.

"Hello!" he breezed. "What are you doing here?"

"Shopping," said Duschanks, and hurried me away.

"I didn't want him to cotton on to us," he explained, "He's the biggest binder on the camp."

J.H.

"We shall fight on the beaches on the landing grounds"

It is not out of the bounds of possibility that at sometime in this war men of all ranks and trades will have to take up firearms. We, the Editors, are so anxious not to lose any of our subscribers that we urge you *most fervently* not only to take up arms but to put them down again until you have memorized the following instructions. Let the Tiger give the Hun all that it's got in the right spot.

HOW TO "AIM OFF" AT TARGETS MOVING ACROSS LINE OF FIRE

Walking man	aim 1 ft. ahead for each 100 yds. (up to about 400 yds.)
Running man	aim 2 ft. ahead for each 100 yds. (up to about 400 yds.)
Car at 30 m.p.h.	aim 4 ft. ahead for each 100 yds. (up to about 500 yds.)
Aeroplane	aim ahead, 5 to 7 times its apparent length.

**YOU ARE LIKELY TO
UNDER ESTIMATE DISTANCES :**

On bright clear days
with sun behind you.

Over snow-covered ground.

If target stands out clear from
its background.

When ground between you and
target is level.

If large tract of water intervenes.

When looking either up or down.

When looking across a deep
valley.

**YOU ARE LIKELY TO
OVER ESTIMATE DISTANCES :**

If either you or target are
lying down or kneeling.

When target merges into back-
ground.

When heat-mist is rising.

If target is in shade.

On misty or dull days.

When sun is suddenly clouded
over.

When looking up streets or tree-
lined avenues.

Or looking along length of a deep
valley.

WIND CORRECTIONS

(Rough estimate when aiming at a man facing you)

Up to 200 yds. distance	no correction.
" 400 yds. "	one width of "aiming mark."
" 600 yds. "	two widths of "aiming mark."

JUDGING BY RIFLE FORESIGHT

At 250 yds. a kneeling man equals approx. same height as foresight.
At 250 yds. a standing man equals approx. twice height of foresight.
At 400 yds. a standing man equals approx. same height as foresight.
At 600 yds. a standing man equals approx. two-thirds of foresight.
Beyond 1,000 yds. range-finding instruments usually used.

At 80 yds.	a man's eyes can be seen.
At 300 yds.	details of face can be recognised.
At 400 yds.	a face appears as a dot.
At 440 yds. ($\frac{1}{4}$ m.)	standing object (size of man) can be recognised.
At 300 yds.	same object lying down could be recognised.
At 500 yds.	on a clear day, a man would appear as a fixed object. No movement of limbs seen.
At 600 yds.	standing man appears same as $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch article at 25 yds.

Length of Cricket pitch = 22 yds. Length of Football pitch = 120 yds.
100-130 walking paces (according to individual) = 100 yds.

ROUGH AIDS TO LATERAL DISTANCE JUDGING (Fully extend arm in front)

<i>With thumb and fingers fully extended</i> —Tip of thumb to tip of little finger covers approximately	18 degrees
<i>With knuckles of clenched fist upwards</i> —Span from outside of first finger to outside of little finger	8 degrees
Between middle of forefinger knuckle and middle of second knuckle	3 degrees
Between middle of second and third, or third and fourth knuckle	2 degrees
<i>With fist lightly clenched and little finger fully extended</i> — Breadth of little finger tip covers approximately	1 degree

MAGAZINE LEE-ENFIELD SERVICE RIFLE

Limit of "decisive range" about 600 yds. (bullet 4 secs. flight).
Limit of "effective range" about 1,000 yds. (if fired by man lying down, bullet keeps within 6 ft. of ground up to this distance).
"Long range" covers distances up to 2,000 yds. "Distant range" extends up to 2,800 yds. (limit of sighting). Firing this distance, bullet rises to over 700 ft. and takes about 10 secs. in flight.

Normal rate of fire	5 aimed shots per minute.
Rapid fire	15 aimed shots per minute.

M.H.W.

To His All-Highest Majesty The NAAFI Manager

We humble airmen of the Camp of Acklington, unworthy as we are, do usher ourselves into your all-powerful presence, to beg that your Majesty will deign to lend an ear to our mournful pleading.

We know that your Worthy Self cannot condescend to open the gates of supply to your bedraggled, uncouth, and utterly degenerate servants punctually at the hour which you have indicated on the charts displayed by your Majesty.

It would be beyond the dreams of any amongst us even to hope that you could possibly illuminate our darkness when the shades of evening fall, as fall they must, even on your most spacious Temple.

Nor do we call upon your Gracious Person in your wealth and wisdom to fatten by far the cakes which you in your munificent generosity pass out from the Holy of Holies unto us.

To expect real tea with milk and sugar therein would be ambitious—Cæsar was ambitious and grievously did Cæsar answer for it. We tremble as we dare let such a shadow cross our minds. . . . and the very gods cry out in thunderous denunciation lest the glamour of your reign should be stained with such a protest.

That the vessels from which we partake liquid nourishment are not clean or plentiful, O Great One, proves that the Government of the people by the people for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Serventum Servientiam—Servant of the Services. We, servants of the servants of the Services, would blight our tongues and souls were we to plead that You, O Noble One, in the black robe lined with "Bradburys" would direct your retinue to serve us more swiftly and lightly of hand and foot. Our being herded, like cattle, into a queue, and experimented upon like guinea-pigs with your potent liquids can be accepted without so much as a groan by your stoical-beyond-all-doubt and meagre servants. But we beg of Thee, O worthy Master—unworthy as we are—that Thou wouldst see that we are adequately supplied with the wherewithal to offer burnt sacrifices to our Lady Nicotine.

Let Allah loose upon us the vilest of his demons from the nethermost depths of Hell if we, in our most humble supplication, have cast any insinuation on the perfect manner in which you serve the Services, and we sincerely hope that our pleadings do not correspond in any way to the size of your hat.

They also serve who only stand and wait

Serf! You who dared to mar the pages of this tome with your miserable attempt to justify a complaint that does not exist. You gluttons for chocolate—food which should be reserved entirely for growing children who are at the moment very deficient in the necessary sugar content of their nourishment (or are you a growing child, too?). And yet I endeavour, by excuses and wrangling, to keep a reasonable stock of this commodity for you, in the fervent hope that some day I may be rewarded by seeing before me a finer race of men—instead of the pathetic, haggard, mal-nourished wrecks I am forced to face at the moment. And that brings me to the answer to the unpunctuality in opening the shutters. Surely, wretch, you do not blame me if I desire to leave it to the last second before I am forced to gaze upon this half-starved rabble.

I gather also from your degenerate effort that insufficient light is being shed on your darkness. It could be vastly improved if the lamps were not continually being stolen. The darkness of your mind could also be enlightened. . . . If I had the time.

Tea and Cakes have always been the butt of comment in NAAFI's, even in peace time. We have not the facilities of turning our service into a Ritz, any more than you have of turning your camp into a Utopia. The facilities we lack are supplies—those which you lack are pride and initiative. However, at the moment you are the critic.

Our cups are strewn in very odd corners of the camp—in fact they have been used for dope and paint and shaving mugs. Now listen, you fellows, our tea and cakes are the best we can do at the moment, but with a little co-operation from you by remembering what is your own and a little less grousing, and the miracle of better service *might* happen.

The cue for service is an orderly queue.

We are trying to conduct business in the face of very great difficulties and if you want a solution to your many problems, whether justified or not, let me say that it is seventy-five per cent. up to you.

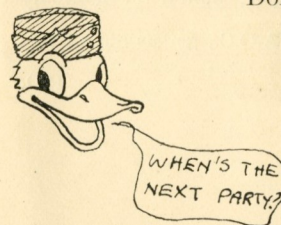
Don't pinch our cups.

Don't pinch our knives and forks.

Don't blame us for depleted stock.

(We didn't start this war)

DON'T BIND.

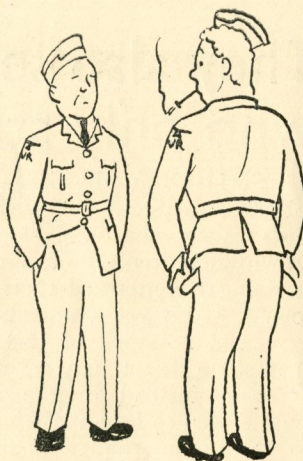


IF YOU WANT TO SEE real destitution, old boy, take a look at S.H.Q.

I'm broke. The W.O.'s broke. And the Flight-Sergeant's broke. It's a ruddy epidemic.

I owe every bloke in Camp. The W.O. hasn't tasted beer for weeks. And the Flight-Sergeant's taking in washing. As for a Sergeant I know, he's reduced to writing glad articles for a woman's weekly. . . . You know—things near the back page pointing out that there's always sunshine somewhere, and that we ought to be merry and bright, like the birds in the trees.

Why I've known some blokes' circumstances to be so embarrassed that they've actually made attempts to borrow money from me. Me, old boy. Lazarus, in person.



J.B.

E.C.



J.B.

SAT IN THIS BOX of eight by two,
Starved to the bone and nose quite
blue,
My Memories carry me back to the day
When I held the book in my hand to
say
That I would for ever my country
serve
With dauntless courage and iron nerve.

No faithful patriot ever attained
Such high ambitions, nor yet remained
The slightest doubt, when others in
laughter
Declared that was what they all were
after.

But after waiting for months untold
Their hopes had died and ambitions
were cold.

But still undaunted I carried on
And later transferred to Acklington ;
Only to find my lot to be that of a
guard,

A Service Police, from decent society
barred :
A snake in the grass, a thief in the
night—

God ! What was my sin to deserve
such a plight ?
There's no consolation in knowing
that I

Am one of a thousand—yes, willing
to die . . .

Not in a box to die of old age,
But in flying a Spit., and a Jerry
engage ;

In thrilling encounter in heavenly
space :

So please, A.O.C., get us out of this
place.

P.D.

Up and doing

At this season, when invasion may be anticipated almost daily—in fact agencies and speculators are reporting a steady demand for tickets—it cannot be too strongly impressed, on all ranks, that the "Stand-by" will call for swift digital extraction.

The following suggestions are put forward in a spirit of helpfulness, and will be extended, with little or no encouragement, to cover every sinister eventuality from the moment when the homing Puss Moth becomes "hostile" until the cessation of the stressful period, when officers with large private incomes will be recommended for promotion, and the Station Warrant Officer has the empties removed from the shelters.

EQUIPMENT OFFICERS. On receipt of appropriate vouchers, duly completed, will issue shells at the existing rate of exchange. Care should be taken to ensure that the correct vouchers are received, as it has been found that a certain dissatisfaction is expressed by heavy A.A. gunners, who discover, too late, that their vivid barrage has been put up on repayment.

SECURITY OFFICER. The Security Officer will make himself responsible for the safety and comfort of guests in the card room. This may impose upon him the hardship of getting out of a warm bed to come home, but what the hell.

PETROL DUMP. The Petrol Dump will be locked, and keys handed to the Engineer Officer. It will be noticed, after a decent interval, that local civilian cars will run with a noteworthy absence of pinking, and the officer will be treated, by his Bank Manager, with reverential respect.

WORKS AND BRICKS. Works and Buildings Department will take immediate steps to ensure that all runways shall be littered with working parties.

If "N" Squadron can contrive, at the same time, to stage an inspired taxying accident, preferably at the junction of runways, it will not be remarkable.

BOILER HOUSE. The Boiler House Attendant, under the direction of Station Adjutant, will :—

- (a) Close all valves, and splash-feeders.
- (b) Open mucking-poppets.
- (c) Secure splurge gaskets.

Junior Boiler House attendant, assisted by Orderly Room Staff, will :—

- (a) Open all valves and splash-feeders.
- (b) Close mucking-poppets.
- (c) Release splurge gaskets.

N.B. It is important that this procedure should be carried out as laid down, otherwise confusion will not ensue.

STATION TRANSPORT. The Warrant Officer will remain by his telephone to assure all callers that no transport, of any description, will be available until midnight, when the tractors come back from the flower show, and the Station Orchestra return the Armadillo.

STATION FLIGHT. The entire personnel of Station Flight will be recalled from leave.

MESS STEWARD. The Mess Steward will take steps to render all food unfit for human consumption. The step is not actually necessary, at this early stage, but it will save time if it is done while the cooks are available, and in any case, nobody will notice.

CASUALTIES. Casualties may be expected, and these can usually be distinguished by listlessness, and a tendency to lie about. They should be reported, in the main, to the Medical Officers, for whose convenience a telephone is being installed in the billiards room.

The bodies should be arranged neatly, in rows, face upwards.

Pockets should be gone through, and articles of little or no value returned.

If the casualty remains in the same position for a period of four days, death may be assumed.

This ruling may be accepted as fairly rigid, except in the case of Intelligence Officers, who can remain unconscious for considerably longer periods.

In this event, guidance should be sought, preferably of another Intelligence Officer, as to whether the suspect is :—

- (a) In a trance.
- (b) Dead.
- (c) Carrying out his routine duties.

In event

- (a) Accelerate revival by moving the patient, and laying him down on a screw-picket.
- (b) Return him to Store.
- (c) Leave him, and show him on the Quarterly Muster.

It is not suggested, by the writer, that the foregoing suggestions will apply in each and every case. They must be added to, or subtracted from, as differing eventualities arise. They are, necessarily, pliable, and are governed by circumstances, which, to coin a phrase, alter cases.

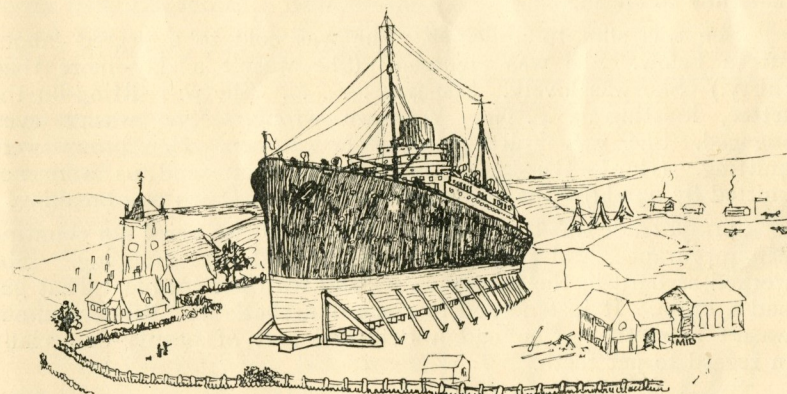
It will be readily realised, by the quick-witted, that the technique laid down for aircraft-carriers would be ineffective should the invasion catch you at a six-day bicycle race, or in a log cabin, at Matlock, playing a flute to a giraffe-necked woman, but, basically, the ideas are sound, and should the writer, at any time, be found with his throat cut, it is hoped, that in justice to his dependants, a certain posthumous *credit* will come his way.

“De mortuis nil nisi bonum” (People who live in mortuaries should not throw bones).

GROSSE

LIFE IN THE NAVY

Up with the larks, and to bed with the Wrens.



“YES ‘B’ FLIGHT DISPERSAL MADE IT IN THEIR SPARE TIME.”

Ermyntrude to the Rescue

Dawn was breaking . . . It was evening time. Dawn, the squire's luscious daughter, was breaking—breaking under the strain. Her father, Sir Hugo Huppahite, was at it again. He was sozzled. He had been worrying more than usual about the ever-increasing number of bills that were pouring into the ancestral mansion—that jewel of rural England, The Mange; and now the tailor was pressing his claims. The cold hard facts were that Sir Hugo was in financial—he had complications regarding his assets which—well, to put it frankly, Sir Hugo was broke.

Now, while we leave Sir Hugo for the moment quietly and methodically sinking his floating kidney in the lounge, allow me to go gently over the description of our dear sweet heroine, Dawn. Her hair was like spun gold. Gosh! If pop hears the word "gold" he will fold up like a parachute opening on the films when the film is being shown backwards. She never meant it to be gold but had accidentally used Sloane's Liniment as a tone rinse after her last shampoo. Otherwise she was a brunette of the first water and after the second water she was chestnut.

Her eyes!—her eyes were like pools of Pool petrol. When she looked at you, you immediately said, "Certainly, dear," before she had time to speak.

She was slim to a degree. She was cold to a degree—about fifteen below. She was eighteen. (She wasn't a day more than thirty.) She was lovely. She was She was sitting on the settee, knitting No. You are wrong. She wasn't even engaged. She was knitting socks for airmen. Her brows were knitting. (Har! We knew these things they send us were not knitted by hand!) She was worried. In fact, Dawn was breaking.

Ermyntrude was the maid. She had only two vices, not counting her appearance, and they were adenoids and eavesdropping. She worked as hard in the pantry as she did with her tongue. That girl had a brain. It just needed to come out, that's all. Mind you, she wasn't attractive. She had a detached sort of beauty—especially in regard to her teeth.

Dawn had rounded the bend and was coming up the straight. Click, click, sniff! Click, click, sniff! Yes, the poor girl was sobbing. Why was daddy like this? How can a man give way so? What a disgrace it was to have to fetch him each day from the golf course and stuff him into the car like you do when you change the bolster. She

knew what the trouble was, and she was powerless to get him to see reason—in fact he could see practically nothing these days. He just wanted to forget wolves round the door and gaze on pink elephants instead.

At last, in utter despair, Dawn put away the airmen's comfort (what a comfort!) and went to bed.

Sir Hugo, slumped in a heap in the lounge, with three empty bottles of whisky by his side, was muttering to himself.

"Fore hic! Pash me niblick, boy. Hic! Round in sixty Howzhat, Reggie? Round in sixty sixty. Jollygoo' show, eh? Round in . . . round . . . round and round and rou" and Sir Hugo lapsed into unconsciousness. Dawn was breaking

It was morning, and as the first shy rays of the sun peeped into the bedroom of Ermyntrude, bathing her face with its caressing light (her face needed bathing, anyway) she blinked once, and then she was out of bed like a shot and the time was six thirty a.m. (Wouldn't she make a lovely corporal?) She was just wetting the tea in the kitchen when her eagle eyes were attracted to "Auntie Jane's Household Hints" on the back page of the Daily News-cum-Table Cloth, which she promptly began to read aloud to herself.

"Ow to rebove cocoa staid. Bix a little bicarbodate of soda to wud ouds of dubbid. Brig to the boil ad sibber for ted middits. Ad a cup of Cuddy's Fluid, half a tea-spooful of dail vardish, a dash of quidide, allow to cool. Ad a cup of sardide oil. Salt to taste."

She carefully cut out the hint, and resolved to concoct this remedy at the earliest moment, especially as she had spilt some cocoa (?) on Dawn's best frock last Tuesday when she borrowed it without permission for the Airmen's Relief Dance.

She set to and prepared the antidote, and a good job she made of it, too. Now here was a problem even for Ermyntrude. How would she store it? Got it! She kept all of Sir Hugo's empties in the cupboard, together with his day's ration of ten full ones. She filled one of these bottles with the fluid.



You think Ermy will take her master the cocoa-stain-takeroffer in mistake for his whisky, don't you? Well, you are right. She did.

When the doctor arrived, Sir Hugo was lying in bed, as white as a sheet, except for the birthmark like the map of Norway under his right ear. He was just breathing, and his temperature had melted the hair-spring of his wrist watch.

"H'mmmmmmm," said the doctor, "I should say a chronic case of alcoholic poisoning. Give him this prescription and I will call to-morrow. I think he will pull through, but he must give up this drinking business, or he will be a dead man in three weeks."

"Oh! Wot bade be do it? I ab a burderess. I shall swig!" Poor prostrated Ermy was lying on the sofa, sobbing bitterly.

Sir Hugo, ten days later, was able to get up for his first meal since that fateful day. He was in the bathroom washing his neck, when suddenly he gave an alarmed shout—

"Dawn! Dawn! Where the heck are you? Oh! Dawn, my child, whatever do you make of this?"

Dawn hurried to her father's side and looked quickly at the place under his ear which was like the map of Norway, only it wasn't because it had completely disappeared! Gone!

And only Auntie Jane knew why.

Sir Hugo doesn't drink any more now, because he has no worries to drown. He has a wonderful source of income. He is a rich man.

And Ermyintrude, who confessed to the terrible deed, owns a smart Schnitzel-Ten-Sports. They have sold The Mange, and if you go down Mayfair way any time, just look for the brass plate on the door...or, better still, just look for the queue of Society Cream which leads to the beauty parlour of the firm of "Hugo's 'Dawn' Preparations for Bannishing Blemishes."

G.D.

One for the Tiger!

One for the Tiger, so hip-pip-hooray!

One for the Tiger to finish the day.

When we say three cheers we really mean four—

We always have enough breath left to squeeze in one more.

Think of the Tiger when things appear black:

He always goes forward, he never goes back.

Forward to happniess, into the fray

ONE FOR THE TIGER! HIP-PIP-HOORAY!

From the Station Pantomime, "Dick Whittington," April, 1941.

Convention . . .

We Air Force claim that we are free
From any form of slavery,
And though at first that seems to be
A not unjust pretention,
If we would trouble to review
The many varied things we do
We soon would find that there are few
Unfettered by convention.

For instance if the Adj. should say:
"We've shot a Jerry down to-day,
I'll fix you all with double pay."

What ecstatic tension!

Or if the hangar guard at night
Should shout aloud with pure delight
Because his turn came round all right,

He'd contravene convention!

Or just suppose that S.H.Q.
Should send a van along for you
And offer leave that's overdue
Through *your* misapprehension.
Your coming round would be so slow
(Despite the work of the M.O.)
You'd wake up in ten days or so
And doubtless get detention.

Or then again if D.R.O.'s
Should blossom out in dainty prose
In coloured ink—why, heaven knows—
The Adj. would lose his pension.
But never mind—when war is won
(The Axis dies with setting sun)
They'll hear us say—(well, I, for one)
"To hell with damned convention!"

MID.

GLIDERS

It's all very well for the Huns to swank about their marvellous gliders, but actually the art of gliding appears to have been known years ago, for it is recorded that Balaam went all the way from Jericho to Jerusalem on his ass.



I COULD HAVE SWORN
IT WASN'T A DELAYED ACTION.

A young lady of British
Nativity
Was endowed with
supreme sensitivity,
She could sit on the lap
Of a Nazi or Jap
Deflecting fifth column
activity.

When I die
I want to go to Hell.
Why?
Well,
Because it's hard to get
used to strange places
And faces.

Entertainments

In commenting on the Entertainment activities of the Station for the past month, pride of place must be given to our Pantomime, "Dick Whittington," written and produced on the Station. It was an ambitious effort and the result far exceeded our expectations.

The amount of work involved in having special costumes made, scenery painted by one of our own airmen, and improvements made to the lighting system and stage, could hardly be realised by those who saw the show. Add to this the great number of rehearsals, one of which lasted till the small hours of the morning, and you, dear reader, will get some idea of the work involved.

Don't ask me how we all learned the words and music—I simply don't know. It just happened at the last minute.

I should like to place on record our grateful thanks to the Dancing Troupe from Ashington who worked very hard indeed to help us. A Pantomime without a display of shapely limbs is unthinkable—and they were decidedly shapely.

With regard to future Station arrangements, it is pleasing news to hear that a new Revue is nearly ready for rehearsal. (More work—repeat more work).

Sport

The winter season has been a disappointment to us as regards Sport, mainly on account of the exceptionally wet state of the ground. Many football matches had to be postponed and finally cancelled as the field was unplayable.

It was possible, however, eventually to complete the Knock-out Competition, and this was won by the Training Squadron, who had played consistently well whenever they had the opportunity.

The cricket season is nearly with us again, and we hope to find some Hammonds and Larwoods who can take a place in the 1st Eleven. F/Lt. Mason will again lead the side, and will doubtless lose some weight in the process. We trust so, at any rate.

Tennis Competitions—singles and doubles—are also on the list, and it is hoped that as many men as possible will take advantage of the opportunity to gain health and fitness in the open air.

We also have in view an open air Boxing Tournament, to be held in June. So if there's a Jack Dempsey blushing unseen in some hangar or hut, now is the time to "get weaving" and put in some hard training. Go to it!

H.E.M.

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JUNE 2nd

FOR
6 DAYS

"FIGHTING 69th"

featuring JAMES CAGNEY and PAT O'BRIEN

Also **"YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK"**

JUNE 9th

FOR
6 DAYS

"LITTLE NELLY KELLY"

featuring JUDY GARLAND and GEORGE MURPHY

Also **"RIDE TENDERFOOT RIDE"**

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FOR
6 DAYS

"FLOWING GOLD"

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Also **"LADIES MUST LIVE"**

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„ 29th. 3 Days. **"TEXAS RANGERS RIDE AGAIN,"** featuring JOHN HOWARD and ELLEN DREW. Also **"CHRISTMAS IN JULY,"**

JUNE 2nd. 6 Days. **"THIEF OF BAGDAD,"** featuring SABU, JUNE DUPREZ and CONRAD VEIDT. Also full supporting programme.

„ 9th. 3 Days. **"DATE WITH DESTINY,"** featuring BASIL RATHBONE, JOHN HOWARD and ELLEN DREW. Also full supporting programme.

„ 16th. 3 Days. **"LADY IN QUESTION,"** featuring BRIAN AHERNE and RITA HAYWORTH. Also full supporting programme.

„ 19th. 3 Days. **"HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST,"** featuring LORETTA YOUNG and MELVYN DOUGLAS. Also full supporting programme.

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■ TRADE WINDS

By Cliff Friend and Charlie Tobias

While I dream away down where the
trade winds play

Down where you lose a day we found
a new world

Where Paradise starts, we traded
hearts

Way down where the trade winds
play.

Music was everywhere, flowers were
in her hair,

Under an awning of silvery boughs
we traded vows

The night that I sailed away.

Oh, trade winds what are vows that
lovers make?

Oh, trade winds are they only made
to break?

When it is May again I'll sail away
again

Though I'm returning it won't be the
same

She traded her name way down
where the trade winds play.

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MANHATTAN SERENADE

LOUIS ALTER

HAROLD ADAMSON

That night in Manhattan was the start
of it,
We lived it and we loved ev'ry part of it,
The glow of moonlight in the park,
The lights that spelled your name,
The autumn breeze that fanned the
spark,
That set our hearts aflame,
Our kiss was a skyride to the highest
stars,
We made it without touching the handle
bars,
And I gave you my love,
To the melody of,
The music; the madness that made our
Manhattan serenade.

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