

May

235

SQUADRON



VICTORY EDITION



# ❖ VISIT A. C. HUTCHESON'S ❖

**Opposite Post Office, BANFF.**

---

EVERYTHING IN THE OUTFITTING LINE FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

Also, TARTAN NOVELTIES, FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, TARTAN  
SCARVES, MASCOT and TOY DOGS.

**R.A.F. Wings, Chevrons, Props., Braid, &c.**

AGENT FOR PITLOCHRY HAND WOVEN TWEEDS.

## **A. C. HUTCHESON'S**

WHERE QUALITY COUNTS

**Opposite Post Office, BANFF.**

---

### **WM. MASSIE**

—◆—  
**CYCLES AND RADIO.**

LARGE STOCK OF ACCESSORIES.

AGENT FOR . . . .

RALEIGH, B.S.A. AND HERCULES.

#####

ALL CYCLE REPAIRS UNDERTAKEN.

—◆—  
**7 Carmelite Street,**

**BANFF**

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

Tel. 21.

---

### **— THE — CROWN HOTEL**

#####

**Lounge Bar Open to  
Non-Residents.**

#####

LUNCHEONS )::( TEAS

#####

**SPECIAL TERMS FOR SERVICE  
PERSONNEL.**

Proprietrix—HELEN WEIR.

A.A. APPROVED.



CHUCKS AWAY  
235 SQUADRON MAGAZINE

Editorial at  
Headquarters, Ex 51  
Editor - F/Lt. G. R. Mayhew, D.F.C.  
Assist - Cpl. L. D. Dollimore

Published for  
235 Squadron  
by five unseen directors  
and some press on slaves

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

History, being discovered in the next decade, is unobserved by those who make it or are present at its inception. The worth of events is put too often upon their immediate effect. Circumstances which prove auspicious are at their moment thought ordinary, actions which are hailed with acclamation prove no more resounding than a fire work.

The world of our time has had a poor contemporary judgement. Since the turn of the century events which have in succession threatened the pockets, the larders, the jobs and finally the lives of millions of people the world over have not commended themselves as favourable omens. A great number of people have come to the terrible conclusion that the meagre benefits of life do not make worth while the struggle, poverty, and mental imprisonment they require. They say the world is no fit place to bring new life into.

But, adverse as have been the years before, they have seen the actions which may finally, strange though it may sound to us, call this the Century of Progress.

Twice the world has faced domination by despotic powers - and twice they have been overwhelmed by the forces that once appeared to need only a finishing blow. Two men, Hitler, whose record for cruelty and oppression for evil ends has been the worst that mankind has known, and Mussolini, who put into practice the base ideal that man is born to serve not the community but the state, have risen to unparalleled power - and have been beaten more completely than any other animal of their kind has been.

The years which have seen the worst terrors of mankind have also seen their utter defeat. Such victories in war cannot be dishonoured by defeat in peace. From such harsh beginnings a great future may be made.

Editor



## HOW TO FLY 30 FEET

The Ancient Armourer drags himself in to view the other day, wheezing like a gasbag he is. Whatsis, Whatsis, he gasps pulling out a couple of stops and going into double bass, who says I makes m Y first trip in one of these here airy - planes, hey? What's your magazine up to hey, a bit laboured he is and stops to pump up a piece of air as though he has a leak someplace. It's libel-louse and scurril-louse, that's what it is he bel lows. And we have seldom seen a type so fair worked up. All hot and cold he blows and pulsates he does, red and yellow like a traffic signal.

Now now now now we says, let's not get upset.

Upset, cries the plumber at least at five pounds to the square inch, they do me out of my pioneering work and then I can't be upset.

We don't see what the fine and ancient corps of Pioneers have to do with all -

You knows what I means, he grinds. Me and my oppo Len Davinchy were the v ery first to get airborne on this here planet. You should know. This Len Davinchy is well known to the high ups as being one of the first in this here aviation business. Fairly took off he did if he could get a high enough tower, and I used to give him a hand when he was in hospital.

Well, we says.

And no credit I gets he urges like he is at the night wurlitzer. Once I took off from a tower 30 feet high and flew no less than 30 feet. Don't give me them Wright brothers.

This Len must be some man, we says.

That he was, pants the Ancient Armourer. Equally versatile in all the arts and sciences there was nothing that he could not do - wrote his name regular - unlike some of these ignorant -

And here we catch on. Leonardo Da Vinci is the man this plumber claims to be his first driver. We apologise. Respect where respect is due, we says.

The Armourer is happy.

And what about another trip, we asks. He looks at us a bit old fashioned. I'll have to ask me dad, he says.

## NON-OP ROBBIE

The troops had much respect for Serg Roberts from the day he arrived. He w no brevet on his battle-dress and t he decided he was the type who did not want a prize for everything he did.

Robbie was unaware of this. He wat with his usual job - and the troops digh canonised him for it. They said the what was more, he was keen, he was always swinging compasses when the rest of t h aircrew were in bed.

No one was sure who his pilot, or com to that, who his navigator was, but who ever and whatever he was people thought him a fortunate man.

One day W/Cdr. Yonge rang Sgt. Roberts and asked him just who was the il c s e half of his aircrew.

"But I'm not operational, Sir," said Robbies. "The battle dress doesn't mean anything. I'm the compass basher."

## 235 EXPLORATION SOCIETY

The many letters received on the squadron from people posted overseas bare out a consoling fact. It is that men are invariably meeting other ex-235 types.

LAC Bob Roe, now in India, has met LAC Les Martin, Tommy Henderson, Jack Oswald and Ernie Chapman.

LAC Cliff Curtiss, late of the WT Section, thanks the war for sending him to a place where home tradition would not even allow him to dream about. Paris, he says, is wiz-z-z-o.

But not everyone goes abroad for t h e Society. Corporal Dollimore, who coined the phrase 'They can't post me', is now 'back on ops' after getting all the embarkation and other leave due to him when They forgot themselves recently.

## WITHOUT COMMENT

In the WT Section there is a sullen man who alleges that when the Lord said "Let there be light" he was the Duty Electrician.



# WAN LO AND HIS RICKSHAW

When peace comes Wan Lo wants to give every one a honourable free rickshaw ride in celebration. But you don't know who Wan Lo is ? It's our adjutant, D.W.C. Harding, to whom the name was given by his amah during his childhood in China.

He says that one of the pleasantest things in life for him is to ride in a rickshaw, although since he returned to this country in 1922 he has had no luck in locating any coolie in business.

"The vehicles we travelled by when I was a boy would remind you of the 18th century sedan chair," he says, "and they were decorated and furnished according to the owner's position. The sedan chair was often the only means of transportation. My father had a chair carried by four coolies, and on a trip they would be replaced every four hours. When they had swung the poles onto their shoulders one would be four or five feet above the ground and the boys would swing the chair along in a smooth rhythm. Potholes, ruts, streams to be forded and any other of the many obstacles meant nothing to the even tenor of our way. The countryside seems to roll by as easily as does the scenery of the cinema screen from an upholstered seat.

"Every one should have a rickshaw ride, even in one of these modern jobs with rubber tyres. I'd like to lay it on. On my back."

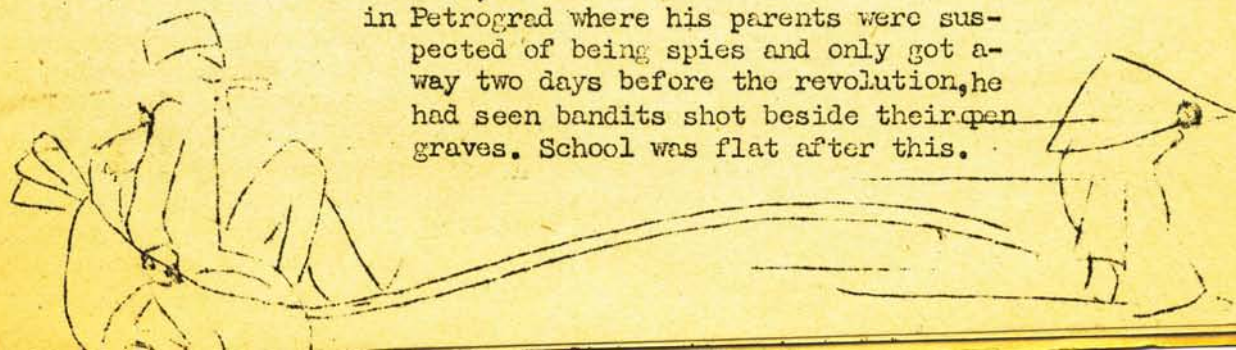
Yunnanfu, where Harding was born, is an important, although small treaty port, being at the terminus of the French-Tonkin railway and also what used to be the Burma Road. It is a walled city whose walls have not seen their last siege. The Japs, who occupied the city in this war, succeeded without an intermission the age-old menace of the brigand armies.

"A man called General Tang was the governor of the city during most of the time I was in Yunnanfu," said the adj., "and he owed his position to his quality as a brigand general which had ousted his predecessor. Only once did he make the mistake of allowing anyone to get a stronger army than his own. This was just about the time our family was leaving for a furlough in England in 1917, but he was in again by the time we came back. The 'appointment' of new governors made little difference to the life of the people. They occurred so often and had been going on for so long that all the avenues of graft had been discovered. It was merely a case of taking over where the fleeing boss had left off.

"My father tried to insure the general's life for him - the Chinese will insure their lives for anything - but Tang never allowed himself to get as far as the great feast, in which all the rich dishes and drinks of the Chinese were taken, and which was given to the personage about to sign the contract."

Wan Lo - or Little Boy - was never in surroundings that became familiar. Before the age of 14 he had been once and a half times round the world, he had been confined to a hotel

in Petrograd where his parents were suspected of being spies and only got away two days before the revolution, he had seen bandits shot beside their open graves. School was flat after this.



Handwritten notes and scribbles on the right margin, including the number 13 and various illegible marks.



GET A LOAD OF THIS

A number of people have complained that our Fear and Trembling Page is so corny it just makes them laugh out - right. We know, we know, but if people do such corny things what else can you expect than a corny page? It is corny it has always been corny, it will always remain corny.

BUT, if you really want to Fear and Tremble, Boy! Pass me the scrubbing brush! Read on...

Who rang Paybob Watts and asked for an advance of £5 on his gratuity? And who is getting that much anyway?

O, for a stomach with senior officer lining...

Why did a recently married officer when asked for a 'chit' by his vicar before he'd read the banns sneak off to a local village and lay them on? Couldn't he find the form?

Big Chief Brylcream Gilbert still believes in platonic friendships. Anxiously

And we hope LAC Rees collected his police summons from the orderly room.

Which veteran pilot, engaged to fly which big shot, canvassed his cockpit drill in the mess before he went?

Who is the flight commander who is looking for which tree and the bod who disappears up it so often?

Rin Tin Pym can now give the last Saturday night bus the whole length of the High Street and make it.

The WT Section is willing to HANG for their midmorning tea. And at this rate they will.

What is coming to which and why when a sergeant walks into his office and says What's this I hear about a serviceable aircraft?

## HOW DID YOU WIN THE LAST WAR, DADDY?

Next month will see the anniversary of Chocks Away and we should like to celebrate it by offering our services in a problem which is worrying most people.

What are you going to tell the kids in a year or two's time? Children are romantic little blighters, store bashing or anti-sub jobs won't mean anything to them. Children are very Press On.

We suggest that we prise open a few columns in which members of the squadron can help the chums out by saying how they would have liked to have won the war. Nothing more than bar-room actions are required, and anything less than Garth or Superman will be rejected.

Send your epics in as soon as poss.

## DON'T ASK OLD BROWN

### TO TEA

After a recent A Flight party in Portfoo, Brown of Coastal was leading a raiding gang down the main street when he appeared to hit a bump and shot high into the air. He came down with a barber's pole in his hands.

The trophy was borne off to the local fish and chippery and deposited in the corner of the supper room.

Shortly, a small gent came up to our Brown and said: "Can I have my pole back please?"

"Who the @&?!! are you?" asked the young gentleman.

"I'm the barber," said the bloke.

Without a murmur the pole was handed over and the small gent departed softly into the night.

This month's cover, as well as the illustrations, are by Sergeant Skinner who since January has done much good work for the magazine. His other notable service has been to write Released on the Ops Room board sometimes.



## THE NIGHT THE MONEY WENT AWAY As told by Corporal Bernard Buckley

When I went to Australia in 1928 I had everything worked out. I had enough money to buy a good farm, I knew how to make a success of it given the break a farmer must have, and I was willing to put ten years of hard work into it. And a man who deals himself out ten years of hard work at the age of 36 means to make a go of it.

I bought my farm from a man who wanted to get back to the city, just as I wanted to get back to farming. He had a good piece of ground, some 1600 acres, with a pretty little stream right through the middle of it to take care of the irrigation, and he let me have all the machinery I'd need. I did not buy the place outright. I took over the mortgage from the agricultural bank, not an unusual transaction in that farming community or in many others in different parts of the world in those times. You see, the government had bought of huge parcels of this land near Perth after the last war to encourage ex-officers to settle. The banks advanced credit generously, indeed you might have got credit on an old shirt, the brokers, who bought most of the stock for export, would often make a loan of a season's foodstuff, and no one doubted the soundness of this policy. The farms were all doing well. The sheep were healthy, the wheat grew long and thick, and the prices in Europe were good. You could hardly expect a more prosperous outlook for a community.

There was just the margins for the banker and the broker as a reminder of obligations every market day - but in some respects the margins served as an inspiration for the farmers to work harder to clear them off. They are a very independent lot. After all, in most businesses, especially those that are just beginning and are expected to last more than one lifetime, there is some sort of nagging worry - and I daresay the farmer has had to take his chance with nature for long enough to be ready to take one in the market for the sake of his piece.

My wife and daughter liked the place fine and of course I was in my element. It reminded me of the days before the war when I worked on farms in most parts of the Argentine and Patagonia. At the age of sixteen a chum and myself had been independent workers willing to ride anyplace on the pampas. We made good money too and were never without work. When we were nineteen we bought first class tickets to England and joined up.

Anyway, a year later one of the wheels of finance burnt out, I guess, and some people who had spent quite a lot of money on it did not pause to think it might start again. What they had in they wanted to take out. There was no money left anywhere. It seemed to go away one night in August.

The prices in the market were killing. Wool dropped from 22 pence to seven pence a pound, wheat lost four shillings on a bushel, and a sheep which normally sold for an average of 42 shillings was now worth at best only six. You could buy any amount of prime lambs at 18 pence.

The banks of course could offer no more credit. The prices continued to drop, some farmers were actually presented with a bill for expenses after raising and selling their stock to a man, and the brokers were forced to sell some places out. After a while they decided they could not in decency sell out anyone else, but by this time no one had any money left to buy. Panic had destroyed both confidence and security here and in most parts of the world.

National debt, poverty, tax, and war in Europe which lost us incomes worth many millions in income, a war of balance sheets and loans had made our farms so worthless that men who had spent 20 years on the land began to walk out, as though they were going on a short holiday, but never coming back.

In the end we had to go. I gave the furniture away. We packed our bags and came home. There was no point in carrying on, but none of us gave up lightly. I did not think that the country or the district or the farm had had it. I left because I did not think I could afford the time to wait while the world's finances sorted themselves out. I had to try something else.

Given the opportunity I'd go out there again. I lost my farm, but not my confidence. I do not believe that such things will happen again.



## T H R E E   M O R E   D E C O R A T I O N S

Three immediate awards of the D.F.C. were made to the squadron during the month.

Squadron Leader W. Clayton-Graham, who recently became A Flight Commander, and Flight Lieutenant R. Turner, also of A Flight, were the two pilots, and Flying Officer Murphy, who as the Commanding Officer's navigator has led on many strikes, got the third.

The squadron wishes to congratulate them on their success.

Flight Lieutenant Jimmy Thomas, DFC, and Warrant Officer Don Cleasby rejoined the squadron in time to finish the war in Europe. Both are in B Flight now, but they still drink with A.

### L A S T   T I M E

Flight Lieutenant Tom Armstrong was posted from the squadron, together with Warrant Officer Harrison, Flight Lieutenants Ash and Bowie.

Corporal Munday stayed long enough to get this month's advertisements, and we also said goodbye to Revell, Perkins, Gammon, the Gremlin, Wilson, and Jenkins.

LACs Cook, Bingham and Ferguson have away for the Society.

The Editor and staff wish to thank the readers for a very merry party they had, the financial committee (the Ed and the Adj) having voted £5 for that purpose. During the evening an extraordinary meeting increased this sum by £2. It was the first social gathering of the unpaid and overworked joes. We hope you won't want it to be the last. The magazine being a year old, this means a combined salary for 12 at 11s 3d. a month.

Sgt Tindle has signed up forever.

Mrs. (LAC/W) Joan McKay and her husband, Cpl Davie McKay were, until Mrs. McKay left the WAAF recently, the only married couple on the squadron strength.

Congratulations on LAC and Mrs. Spears on the birth of a daughter.

Frank Hill of Radar is now Corporal. He still speaks to LACs.

On the morning of November 11, 1918, Corporal B. Buckley was marching through Belgium in company with an Artillery regiment.

They were following the great German retreat, but these men who had no comprehensive news of the war, anticipated no prospect of it ending.

A unit passed them on the march. Have you heard? they cried. The war's over!

A little bewildered, the O.C. called a halt.

When they were rested they carried on marching.

### V I C T O R Y ,   1 9 4 5

'Tis done! The grievous watching hour is past;

The miracle performed; the world agnast.

The very elements rejoice unstayed,  
And sky meets earth in monstrous accolade!

Above the tumult and the mafficking  
The glad, wild bells in jubilation ring.

Come, laugh or weep, the precious moment dies!

This is the day solicited with sighs...

And so to rest now softly come,  
Tomorrow's work has but yet to be begun. -E.



## THE WATER BABIES

One beautiful and bright afternoon certain officer aircrew of the squadron were finding life very pleasant in the bar of the Mess. The sunshine outside was so appealing that when the bar closed, and they were asked politely to GET OUT, they did so because they thought the day far too pleasant to spend in -- doors.

They drove leisurely through the rolling countryside to a small Scottish village about four miles to the west of the aerodrome, where a buxom landlady insisted they should imbibe a little more of the national beverage. Having accepted her hospitality to the utmost they proceeded to the harbour to show their powers as seamen by sailing the airborne lifeboat. They cast off without too much trouble and started one of the engines, a very tall officer of the squadron being at the tiller. Just as the seas began to get interesting at the harbour mouth, the engine stopped and our heroic quintet were left to the mercy of the mighty deep. But, undaunted, they put on sail and managed it to get the boat safely to its mooring.

Then the head man said that, in his opinion, the engine had seized up, chum. N G b o d y would disagree until a more venturesome one tried to move the fly-wheel and finding he could do so said that, in his opinion, they had only fouled something. Whereupon the head man replied that he was quite sure that the engine had seized, and if the chum would stop being a fool he would realise his opinion was correct. The venturesome one said that he, on the other hand was positive that if he went over the side he'd see whatever it was that had fouled them. Go over the side yourself, said the headman.

The venturesome one promptly put himself headfirst over the side, with the very tall officer athwart his legs, and after what were many agonizing seconds for the venturesome one at least, he reappeared and said that he had told you so. The fouling rope was a thing to be seen to be believed he added after a moment or two. What rope, asked the head man, I see no rope.

Go over the side then and you will, replied the venturesome one.

No less promptly than the venturesome one the head man removed his upper clothing and went over the side and reappeared not only with the rope but with a pretty green glass ball.

Ah, said the head man. Ah, observed the venturesome one.

And with that the quintet decided that as there still remained other pleasant parts of the country to be explored that they would steal gently away.

Now on the way back....

By One of the five....

---

### LETTER FROM A CIVILIAN

Ex- AC 1 Eddie Hill, who was once in the WT Section, writes to say that the personal attention given him at the denob centre exceeded all expectations. Inside a couple of hours he had shed his RAF uniform and was wearing a smart civvy suit. He says the people there seemed to have been expecting him for a long time.

CINEMA May 17, 18 (Thurs, Fri), BOWERY TO BROADWAY, Maria Montez  
May 20, 21, 22 (Sun, Mon, Tues) STORM OVER LISBON, E. Von Stroheim  
May 24, 25 (Thur, Fri), LOST HORIZON, Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt



## LEANIN ON THE UNDERCART

"Cor speed the ten ton tractor," said Arry Ackers, the LAC. "fancy seein you back ere again."

"Fancy," I said.

"Though how you can dare show your face after all them farewell parties with the cads and all your mates beats me," said the LAC.

"Nothing to do with me," I said.

"Cor, play my records on my old granddad's phonograph," said Arry. "It fair takes the Untley and Palmer. Muff to give me a bit of littel ole Goering's heart throb."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"What a flanker," said the LAC. "Or I suppose gettin arf wayup the gangplank and then being turfed off ain't a flanker?"

"I can't help it," I said.

"Yus, yus, yus," said the LAC.

"I've come back to work on t h e airplones," I said.

"I ain't noticed you doing much in that direction either," said the LAC. "Won't let you draw a tookit I suppose."

"That's right," I said.

"Though with all the staff they got now it doesn't make any difference," he said. "Can't get in the littel ole office for corporals."

"Good thing," I said.

"So the best thing you can do is to go on leave," said Arry. "You ain't ad any in some days, ave you?"

"I hadn't thought of it," I said.

"But before you go you might as well shove the boat out," he said.

"I don't like that expression," I said.

"The grin off your face," said the LAC.

"The grin off yourn," I said.

## HEARD IN THE BUS QUEUE

So your family is in the Iron and Steel business.

Oh, yes. My mother irons and Pa does the stealing.

## AND THE AWFUL CORN DEPARTMENT

One beer please.

:Palo, Sir.

No thanks. Just a pint.

## NAVIGATION IN CHINA

The estate agent crossed his eyes reflectively.

"I wouldn't put anyone in that old railway carriage on the links," he said finally.

"We wouldn't mind," replied the airman jovially. "We like fresh air."

"No, no!" cried the agent. "You must not ask me. Every time the doctor fills in the certificate I feel that double pneumonia reads like my own name. It's unnerving me."

The airman made a ghastly smile.

"If it were only haunted, I would not care," said the agent. "But an order to view means the 'flu for sure and three nights is certain death. And it is one of our new imported railway carriage homes too."

"I like the French riviera type carriages," cried the airman, "especially the ones fitted with green chimneys and pre-fabricated rambler rose trees. Some of my friends have them."

"This isn't one of that kind, you know," said the agent. "Actually, it comes from the Marmansk-Archangel railway, probably why it can't stand a temperature above freezing point. Do you think it absurd to imagine a railway carriage home can bring its own climate abroad?"

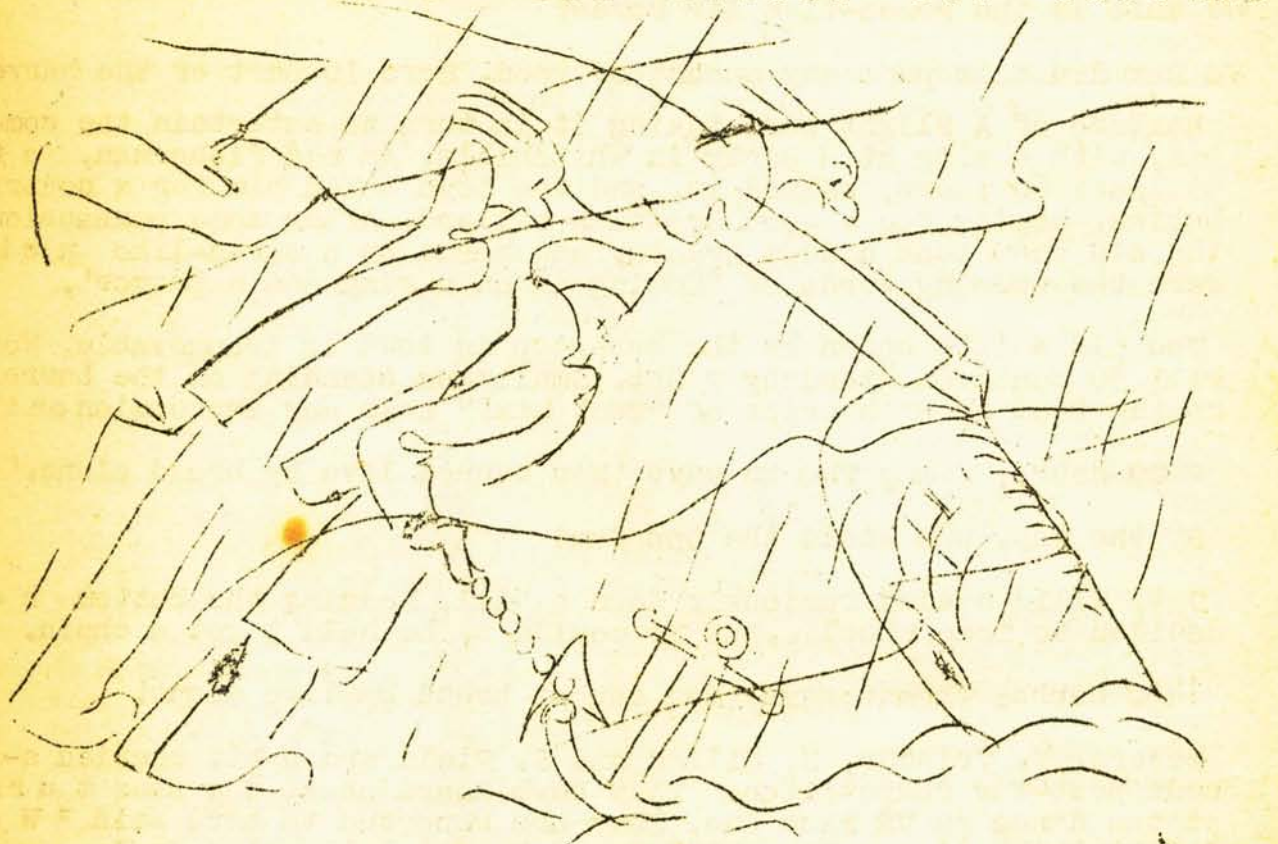
"It's true enough," said the airman. "In a street I know there are seven carriages, three from Spain, two from Czechoslovakia, one from Kansas City and one from Germany. I knew all the families before they moved in - good English stock - but the difference now is incredible. Three families sit on their doorsteps all day playing guitars, two have no gun to talk in broken English, the sixth does nothing but talk of domination and spit, and the seventh keeps everyone awake at nights with coyote yells."

"The sooner we get back to ordinary houses the more I'll be pleased," said the agent. "Although I've been fortunate myself. I bought an old utility locomotive with a first-class carriage of the LMS design and it provides us with electric light and heating. The only trouble is we are liable to wake up in Clapham Junction."

"I think, after all, I'll put my nose down for a tent in Hyde Park."



THEIR HEADS WERE BLOODY BUT UNBOWED



On the night of April 21/22, in the midst of a terrible rainstorm, Sergeant Teddy Tail Trindle and three others were sent after finishing the late DIs to put a new wheel on an aeroplane which had been left on the middle of the drome so that it could be towed in.

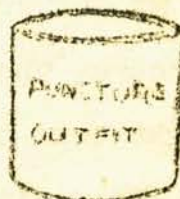
No band of intrepid Arctic explorers searched as diligently for their target - and found it, no engineers worked so desperately upon a broken dam to withhold the flood behind.

They toiled like navvies, they sweated like bullfighters, they cried like babies.

Subsequently the aircraft was found to be Cat A/C.

To those men we dedicate this poem by W.E. Henley, called like them, Invictus!

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.



In the fell clutch of circumstance,  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

God bless them dear boys.



## IN FEAR AND TREMBLING

So this is the Peace-time Air Force?

VE Day did this page any amount of good. Here is part of the harvest

Members of A Flight were taking it in turn to entertain the company with a song at a party in Whitehills. An old fisherman, of at least 60 years, walked in, and the boys asked him for a contribution, hoping for a good Scottish ballad. After some persuasion the old chap took a deep breath, and borne on a siren-like note were the opening words of 'Coming in on a wing and a prayer'.

The old ship's canon by the bus-stop in town is irremovable. Nor will 30 men even aided by F/Sgt. Smallwood standing on the barrel urging them on with cries of "Two! Six!" make any impression on it.

2000 hours: Jimmy Thomas says 'Man cannot live by bread alone.'

By the way, who stole the ops rum?

Sgt. Villa cycled furiously down a hill. Nearing the bottom he decided to free wheel... But he couldn't, he hadn't got a chain.

1400 hours: Thomas says 'Man cannot bread by live alone!'

Messrs. T. Trinder, M. Miller and S. Field are a bit worried about post-war competition. They have heard about the start urn at the dance on VE Plus One. They are reported to have said "We didn't think it was the FIRST House he was interested in."

Which WT Corporal has since forsaken beer for boloney?

2000 hours: Thomas says "Can mannot bine ry rive balone."

A Flight erks eat, drink, and-pool-all-pockets-to-see-if-will-pay.

F/Sgt. Brown is practically cross-eyed from walking round the town, one eye on a red flag, the other on the following policeman.

Who was the sedate B Flight pilot who told a WAAF medical orderly she looked like an angel, and gave her his wings. ~~She said~~ "I'm

Water fountains, Corporal Pykett, are made to drink from.

We regret to announce the underground movement in the nearby town did not arise in response to a certain flight sergeant's cries.

2300 hours: Thomas says "Whurr, whur, whur canned man bred whar."

Members of the Officers' Mess were glad about the bonfire. The first time they have been warm since they got here.

The Fire Section has never had so much fun. It got all its equipment working at once. And it worked, it worked! Even if it could not be stopped,



## DESIRABLE AERODROME

The announcement of the forthcoming sale of a desirable aerodrome has resulted in the following number of remarkable communications.

THE BURNBRASS SMELTING Co., Ltd.,  
Grinding Works, Sidewiskers, Loamshire.

My dear Sir,

The prospect of such an attractive site offered for sale has been so unlikely during the past five years that we, the board of directors, have unhesitatingly enclosed this blank cheque so that you may fill in your own figure and the aerodrome and its environs become ours.

The subscribed capital of the firm is £7,500,000 and we trust your own well known sense of decency to leave us part of this sum to develop the enterprise.

We will be quite frank with you. The site is large enough, and the opinion of our experts so favourable that we expect within two years to have a composite industry in the area. We believe there to be large deposits of coal and iron which will enable us with our wide experience and resources to draw our own supplies, treat them and use them as finished and marketable products in the several factories we propose to build all on the same site.

We shall not, we are afraid, require the present personnel, staff or equipment, although if the deal is carried through successfully we may find ourselves in a position to offer you and perhaps certain other people with a good knowledge of the area, lucrative positions in our firm.

This work will take up all our energies and we should like to begin as soon as circumstances permit.

It is, however, a weighty subject to consider in a letter. Shall we send our managing director to consult you?

But in any case, fill in the cheque.

Yours faithfully,  
BURNBRASS.

TELEGRAM

ALL ATTEMPTS AT TOWN PLANNING ARE  
OUR PIGEON STOP YOU HAVE BEEN WARN  
ED STOP STOP

MINISTRY OF PLANNING

FROM AN ERK

Sir, The first thing I says when I sees this in your magazine is it can't be true is it true if so I would like to have it if it is not too much trouble.

Of course I can't pay a lot but I thought I might have it on an instalment plan at say half a crown (2/6d) a week beginning next week because after all I don't expect anyone else will want it do you and if the extras the personnel etc are any more to pay I don't want them either.

All I want is to own this place so no one will be able to have an aerodrome here again without my permission which they won't get.

Yours &c, AC FERKINBEROPE, 0034563

FROM THE FREE GERMAN CULTURAL SOC, at  
Stinkenrotten-Bad Asylum

Sir! The aerodrome is desirable at o you and to us a fine thing. Yes? When this silly war is over (not Nazis we been us) we would to England liek to come and shout Hup Hup Hurray and eat rest biff and learn like the English to be. Could we upon your aerodrome live? We no trouble cause. Move nothing. Not even the bombs.

Yours chummily, Von Underpantz

Sir, Could I have it? The aerodrome I mean. The one stipulation I make is that a uniform with ten rings round each cuff be included.

You see, my son is unhappy because they will not left him join the R.A.F (he is eight) and I would like to surprise him by giving him his own Air Force as a birthday present. That will make him happy. Yours, Mrs. T. BLOG  
High Street, Barpinham.



## THE SQUADRON SONG

It is to be hoped that with the end of the war in Europe the squadron song will not be forgotten. Composed in a public house and first sung to the accompaniment of an empty pot banged on the wooden counter, 235 Song has ever captured our attitude to the work we used to do. Perhaps that is why the 'enemy' used to sing it so often. You know the tune, and here are the words. There are two new verses, by E Mackin, but some extra ones would be welcome. The magazine will publish any that come in.

Verse 1    There was a Coastal Squadron and they called it 235,  
              They'd all the odds and bods and clods that God had left alive,  
              The CO had the screamers when he saw them all arrive -  
              And everywhere they went they gave their warhoop.

Chorus     Just a bold bad gang were those Coastal fighters,  
              From Sumburgh Head way down to Langships Lighthouse,  
              And they rolled those Beaus like clueless blighters -  
              And everywhere they went they gave their warhoop.

- 2    They sent them off to Norway just patrolling all the leads,  
      18 Group expected them to do heroic deeds,  
      The boys decided whiskey, beer and gin were all their needs,  
      And everywhere they went they gave their warhoop.
- 3    They sent them pranging shipping on that bleak and bloody coast,  
      Jerry scrambled fighters and they all gave up the ghost,  
      They then set course for base and bar to see who would drink the most -  
      And everywhere they went they gave their warhoop.
- 4    They sent them off to Ireland chasing convoy spotting foe,  
      They searched the skies for days until they found a 290,  
      But they didn't get a visual, they were told by radio -  
      And everywhere they went they gave their warhoop.
- 5    And then they went to Cornwall with their hopes all running high,  
      But never saw a bloody thing except the bright blue sky,  
      So when they lost the Wing Co "To Scotland" was the cry -  
      And everywhere they went they gave their warhoop.
- 6    They mixed it up and down the fjords, and in the Skgerrak,  
      They pranged the shipping right and left and taxied on the flak,  
      And ships they missed on going up submerged as they came back -  
      And everywhere they went they gave their warhoop.
- 7    ???

---

## CLUELESS CROSS

The most Ancient and Moronic Society bestirs itself this month to harp the medallion unerringly at an A Flight sergeant for meticulous non-observation of details. When pilot reported a mag drop the sergeant with practically no reluctance, stomped out, started up the engine, belted it, tested switches - but found no mag drop. He switched off the engine and made his way to his office, muttering about the pilot's lack of ancestry. All at once he realised he had run up aircraft E in stead of aircraft I.



Phone 219.