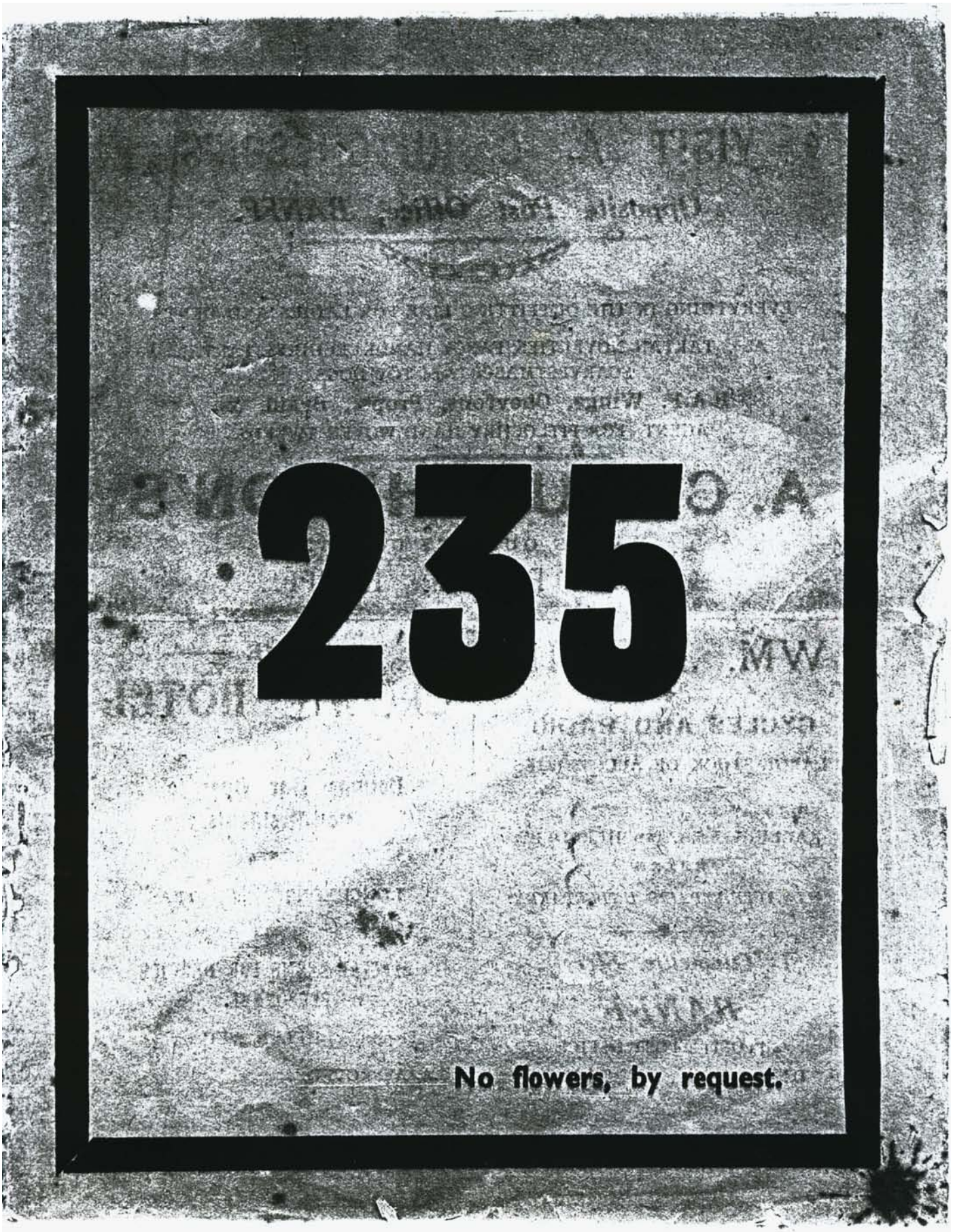

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CHOCKS AWAY
235 SQUADRON MAGAZINE

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

Published for
235 Squadron
by some evaporated directors
and some displaced persons

POSITIVELY THE LAST APPEARANCE

More than anything else, a man in the Services becomes used to and learns to welcome change, new surroundings and a different outlook to his job. But some of the farewells are painful, and of these the worst is the disbandment of a long established squadron.

The end of No. 235 Coastal Command Fighter Squadron, necessary as it may be from a policy point of view, has disturbed the feelings of all its members.

Not to be a squadron man but just someone in the amorphous mass of the technical and training stations that support the first line is not a pleasant prospect for either aircrew or groundcrew.

There is no doubt we should all in time have reached this end, but like boys leaving school we did not expect the old building to fade away as well.

It is one of the things we have to get used to, the squadron like many other units at the end of a victorious war has fallen a victim to its own success.

It was an honour to belong to 235 and whether it remains in a file cabinet or not, its members will forever remember it.

Editor

I think this is pretty good ↑
Ray/.

GERMANS DREAMING OF TARGETS FOR TONIGHT ARE WATCHED BY TWO OF THEM

Flying Officer Harrington and his navigator, Sgt. Winwood, have had the distinction of standing on the edge of a gun pit watching some Germans clean the guns they had fired at the squadron on an operation.

The gunners thought to impress the two Danish civvies, as they believed Harrington and Winwood to be, with the importance of their job by bringing out every barrel and polishing them with Teutonic zeal as if the fate of the Reich depended on just that battery.

As they strolled away Harrington says he felt as though he were leaving Hell after a short day trip - just to have a look at the fittings.

Patriots ushered them through Denmark to home.

RAMSEY MEETS COUTTIE

Living in emeny territory has been for this and other crews a familiar existence.

Ian Ramsey, the Wee Man, visited the squadron on sick leave and told some amazing stories.

He remembered looking upwards from t Mosquito cockpit and seeing the surface of the sea above him, and the light of the evening sky above that. He was surprised when he bobbed to the top like a cork.. Despite both legs being broken he climbed into the dingy, which also came up when the aircraft smashed up.

The fishermen who rescued him had to hand him over to the Germans because they could offer no medical aid.

He was operated on in Oslo and as soon as he could hobble he escaped. The garrison was mobilised.... Luftwaffe, Gestapo and Reichswehr patrolled the streets while the Wee Man limped into the suburbs. For a wounded man Sweden was a long way off. They got him and took him back to solitary.

One outstanding incident at the hospital for Ian was a conversation with W/O Jock Couttie, who had to stay unseen the whole time on the other side of a partition. This was the first news of Jock since he was missing from an operation in which he was chased by fighters.

DAVENPORT'S REUNION

F/Lt. Davenport and his navigator F/O Day were taken prisoner after ditching on a Norwegian lake. When the rot set in they walked out of prison, met W/Cdr. Orrock and his navigator, who had had similar experiences and had a big party in Oslo.

F/LT. HARDING

At this moment our former adjutant F/Lt. D. F. C. Harding is most likely standing on a barren shore wondering why it is a case of big boats out of small boats into large captains first and little captains out of big boats into small boats in little boat of middling boats last. The ways of a flying boat station are strange.

Before he left he laughed at the suggestion that the only inhabitants of the northern isles were sheep. He was very disturbed when the pilot who flew him there had to wait while a sheep was cleared off the runway.

We were sorry to loose him, for an adjutant he wasn't a bad bloke.

But what is really worrying is who is going to sing 'Too Tapper' now?

LEANIN ON THE UNDERCART

"Cor, count me corns and call me crafty," said Arry Ackers, the LAC. "It fair makes you weep."

"What do?" I said.

"This here peacetime racket.," he said. "No more parties. You have to buy your own beer unless someone is being demobbed."

"Too true," I said.

"An like as not is is one of these here old perishers who know a thing or two," said Arry.

"Or know you," I said.

"Cor sufferin first class navigat-in' and generally genned up crows,"he said. "'Ark at the 1900 class!"

"Don't be funny," I said.

"I suppose you've wangled yourself a pretty number," said Arry. "One day they'll come round and ask you to nip out quietly during the afternoon because you were -17 and they should've let you go in 1935."

"Mind what you say," I said.

"Mind yourself," said the LAC. " I listened to all these here election speeches I did. I know my rights. I'm an important bloke I am."

"'Streuth," I said.

"Makes me very happy to have all these here blokes fighting tooth and nail for me," he said.

"Naturally," I said.

"But what I can't make out is why these same bods want to fight just as hard for gentlemen like you," said the LAC.

"Really?" I said.

"But since these other bods have done all the arguing for us we might as well be friendly like," said Arry.

"Certainly," I said.

"And ave a beer," he said.

"A pint," I said.

"An you can pay," he said.

"Your health," I said.

"The grin orf your face," He said.

"The grin orf yourn," I said.

IT'S NOT TRUE

That Mr. Desmond, the Cinema manager, has so many chins he sleeps with a bookmarker in his mouth.

NAVIGATION IN CHINA

The Flight Lieutenant leaned back in his chair.

"Actually," he said, "I believe there is much to be said for a mechanic's job, or FME as I hear it is called."

The Squadron Leader frowned.

"'Course," he replied, "you'd have to have a mechanical mind. A sort of bent, y'know, Ha...Ha...Ha..."

"I used to smash up the odd train as a child," sd the other, "but I've not done anything with a spanner for years."

"There's lots of other jobs," said his friend. "Only this morning I saw a chap with his pipe in his mouth mowing grass. Hadn't a care in the world A nice sort of trade that."

"But what would you do in the wintertime, or when it's raining?"asked the Flight Lieutenant, "And most likely you'd be posted to some place like the Faroes where there isn't any grass anyway."

The Squadron Leader was sad.

"It wouldn't be so bad if you had to drive one of these little carsabout the country," he said after a while. "Especially if you had the former WAAF driver as a co-pilot.No inn or back parlour in the whole of the UK would be hidden from you."

"The word," said the Flight Lieutenant, "is redundant, not derelict!"

"But," cried the Squadron Leader, his anger rising, "I refuse to be a store basher. I'm an easy man, I'm not a grumbler - but to end up on a South Sea island selling airman's 6 size socks at the back door to a lot of fuzzic-wuzzies to keep their morale up...At that I draw a line."

"Oh, I don't know," said his friend airily. "After all, they might make you an adjutant."

AWFUL CORN DEPARTMENT

1st W.T. Corporal: My hands are getting very dirty these days.

2nd W.T. ditto : Yes, these billiard tables are filthy.

A B R I E F H I S T O R Y O F 2 3 5 S Q U A D R O N

At Manston in October 1939 the pilots found both the Magisters very uncomfortable. The Battles they got a few weeks later were not much better. P/O Turner accidentally looped one, and didn't like it at all. Then, in January 1940 Blenheims arrived and the newly formed squadron, led by S/Ldr. MacDougall saw what it was up to. The Blenheim, with guns pointing in all directions, is depicted forever on the crest as the double-Wyvern spouting fire.

Space permits only a hurried collection of incidents, yet on every page of the diary, there is the evidence of the squadron's work and what it stood for.

From the first ops trip in May, 1940 from Northcoates few days pass without a fight with the enemy...F/O Peacock shot down the first aircraft on the 11th out of a superior force of Me 109s over the Hague...At Dunkirk time a patrol jumped by three times its own number is not regarded as unusual...A detachment at Thorney Island sends a telegram -'To OC, Got two before breakfast', and sign it laconically 'Taining Flight.'

Nevertheless, the squadron had its fun on the deck. It was always worthwhile getting your own back on the adjutant, Pinnock, who had a habit of sending phoney telegrams.

We read of F/Lt. Goddard, who, wounded in an attack, pressed on and damaged the enemy aircraft. After he landed his Blenheim he collapsed. The King pinned the DFC on him in hospital...P/O Davison and Sgt. Brazier, both wounded, rescue their gunner from their blazing Blenheim...The diary goes on to report with good humour how the Army had a Court of Inquiry to find out why their mines did not exploded when one of our aircraft force landed on a beach...

In December 1940 S/Ldr. Bocock took over from S/Ldr. Clarke, and in May the next year he moved the squadron to Dyce. Stabs, trost and stand patrols showthem the Norge coast for the first time...From there they escorted a Norwegian vessel escaping from its homeland, its crew and passengers fighting a dangerous fire...To Dyce returned an aircraft in which the wireless operator, in his brief spells of consciousness, tapped out that his friends, the pilot and navigator, had been wounded. Sgt. Horwood later received the DFM.

We read that Christmas '40 was a sober time for a detachment at Sumburgh. After serving dinner in the various messes they laid off the celebrations themselves and reported to Ops Room for a special trip. Two hours later, too late it was cancelled. A sober Boxing Day, and then on the 27th to Vaagso as aircover for the commando raid. They saw just one Me 109 as they were about to be relieved, and chased it round and round a bay. In the words of the song 'And everywhere he went he saw a Beaufighter.'

The same month a Beaufort of 42 Squadron carried out a torpedo attack on the flight offices at Sumburgh. A night crewman awoke to see a prop ticking over where the window used to be. There was also a distinct smell of burning. No one was hurt when the lot went up, but the hole was a large one.

The diary says that John Morris, gent of Beds and adj, married and stopped attending ENSA shows.

In May 42, 235 went to Docking with W/Cdr. Huchinson. He had broken his back in an air crash in 1941, but returned to do a splendid job with the squadron and earn the DFC.

Action continued without break as in the last two years..P/O Neal, alone, shoots down two Arados out of three...In three weeks seven kills and three damaged are reported. From Chivenor they did great work in the bay of Biscay.

From Leuchars in January '43, the unit carried out escorts to Hampdens.... Once, a cover force, lured by two Me 109s, was jumped by five Fw 190s and outnumbered. They stuck it out to let the torpedo boys get away...F/Sgt. Gorski, shot up, limped home 150 miles to plop down safely on top of a haystack. He ess getting married in a few days...280 flying hours was ripe old age for any Beaufighter.

W/Cdr. McConnell, DFC, became CO in April and took them later to Portreath...A horse, Noggin, became a frequent visitor to the mess...F/Lt. Wright specialised in short burst shoot-down...The French coast was a brisk theatre...A mob of ground crews off to St. Angelo were unnerved when the Harrow pilot walked up the fuselage with the aid of a stick...A football match preceded D Day.

W/Cdr. Vouge brought 235 to Banff in September, for some wingling over the fjords...W/Cdr. Atkinson, DSO, DFC and bar, led us on his last sortie and W/Cdr. Simmonds, DFC, later took us further afield...Another pause as it had been many times before for the squadron, of odds being overcome, or of superiority bitterly contested. There was always a good crowd of fellows to do it, too.

STRANGE INCIDENT

A member of the squadron was witness to a strange incident in a bar in the nearby town.

F/Sgt. Smallwood was for a moment alone in the crowded room when a woman appeared at his elbow and made a remark. The F/Sgt. looked at her sharply. She said something else and by her glance it was about the piece of paper she held in her hand. Smallwood looked at it as she spoke, as if to read the writing on the closed side. The woman stopped for a moment, and then, by a gesture, made an invitation. He followed her to a table in the corner upon which she opened the document. Immediately they were both absorbed in its contents.

The member of the squadron heard her say. "I'm sure my little boy will not have any more trouble with this aeroplane model blueprint, now.

"I was sure you knew something about aeroplanes."

THE OLD BRIGADE

Only two men, out of the original group that formed the squadron in October, 1939 are still on the establishment at its disbandment:

They are Sgt. Tommy Ellison, who joined as an LAC, and LAC Freddie (Widgin) Medhurst.

"The squadron has changed both its aircrew and groundstaff many times," said Sgt. Ellison, "but it has always been the same squadron in spirit. In five and a half years you might expect it to change, but luckily the fellows have always been happy-go-lucky and the work has always been done without any bother."

Ellison and Medhurst have serviced Magisters, Battles, Blenheims, Beaufighters and Mosquitoes, the aircraft with which the squadron has been equipped.

Both men have been mentioned in despatches for their good work with the squadron.

POSTINGS--IN

On the day the squadron heard it was to be disbanded Corporal Forbes arrived back after two and a half years abroad.

He had asked to come back to 235 and had turned down a London posting to do so.

Another man who has suffered a similar disappointment is LAC Mainplane Miller.

Three years ago he left us at Dyce After a long time in India he was glad to be home and straightway put in for the squadron.

He arrived three weeks ago.

JOE HAS A WORD FOR IT

The Adjutant, F/Lt. Marsden, being on leave when the news came, F/O Barnett took over. He said: "I shall probably be here a month," He looked at his desk, "How can he pick up the threads?"

In which I am at last ON THE BOAT

L. Dollimore

The boat for which I have waited so patiently still having failed to arrive by last payday, I decided to find one for myself. I'd see what this 'get your knees brown' business was like.

So, 'seeking for further amusement' I hied to the docks at Macduff and there got into conversation with a man dressed in real Navy uniform. "We should like to spend the week-end on your boat," I said. "Ship!" said this chap in a loud voice, and then he came all over quiet and added that of course, they would be delighted to have us on their SHIP.

So it came about that on the Friday night I heaved my goon bag into the gutter which runs round the sides of the ship and slipped from the wall someone had hitched the ship to onto the deck. I was escorted to the Coxswain's quarters in the sharp end of the ship, I keep saying ship to im---press myself, and learned after the first tot of rum I was 'up forrard.' My life at sea had begun.

I met other members of the crew, among them Tosh, an ex-Liverpool policeman, Jimmie the Cook, andSKouse, who as the youngest was the crew'sms cot.

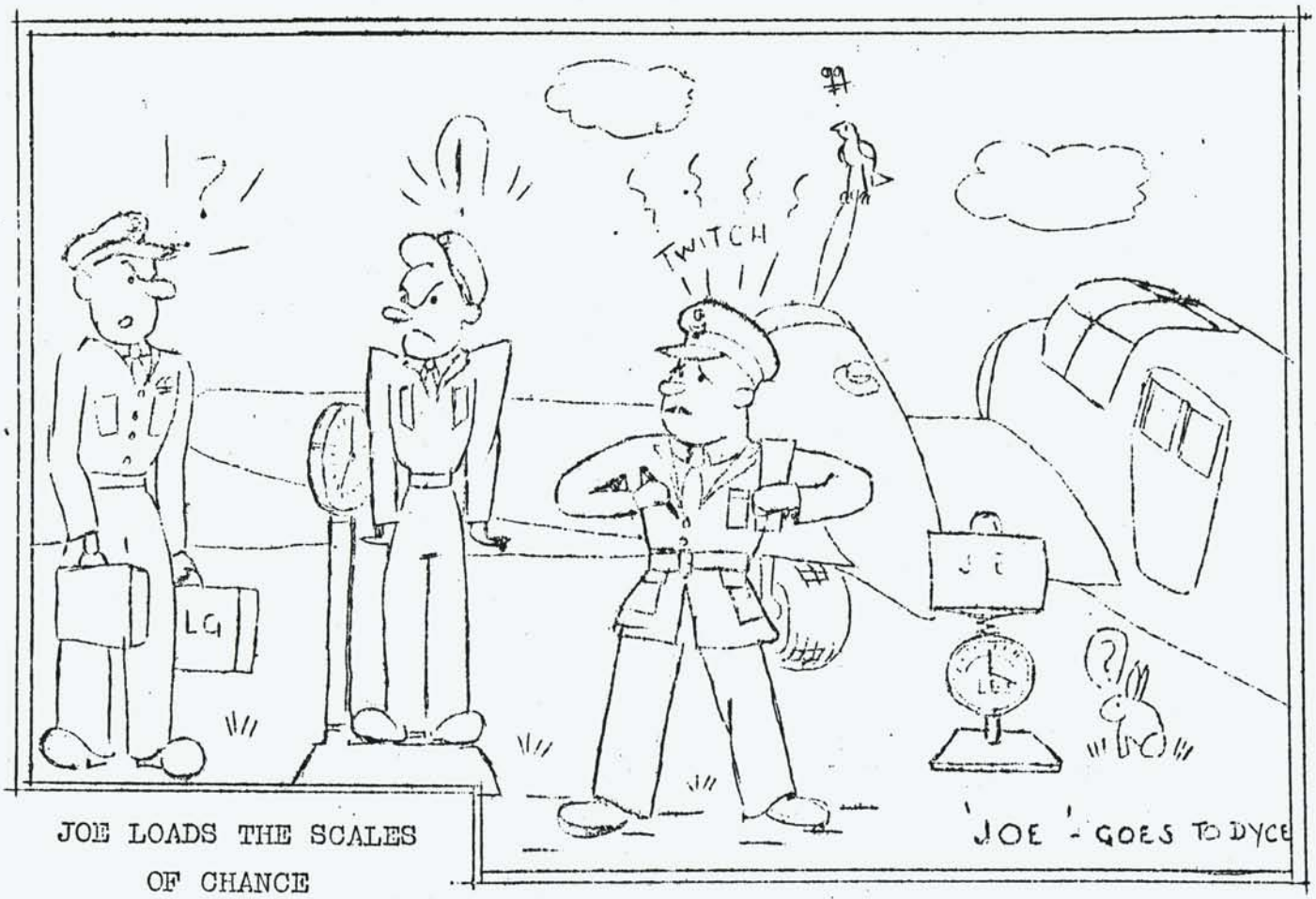
In the cabin that evening when the lamps began swinging hours before they usually do, I heard how the ship was converted from a drifter into a minesweeper at the begining of the war and was called HMD Rime. The matlots also told me of other ships and other crews they served with, and how Tosh as helmsman stayed at the wheel three days and three nights in one of the worst storms in history to bring the ship safely into Rekjavik. I thought about the time when I changed a wheel on the runway in the pouring rain in the middle of the night and allthe time I should have been on a 48 but didn't know it, but I didn't counter with it.

The following morning I was awakened with a hot cup of tea and proceeded on a tour of inspection. My belief that all a minssweeper did was to trail a bit of string over the side hoping to hook a stray mine was shattered the moment the Cowswain mentioned magnetic mines. He pointed out the long lines of rubber covered cable that stretched along the scuppers(and not the gutter as we used to say), and laid on technical gen about magnetic fields of contact that surprised me.

The matelot who operates the diesel engine is known to all aboard as diesel, a strange name, perhaps, but we found the 'old man' a stranger one That's the returned-steam-collection gear and don't ask me why they call it the 'old Man.'

Just then the magic word "Spirits" was heard. I joined in the general scramble to the coxswain's quarters (up forrard) where the daily ration of grog was being dished out. This was the one thing they didn't have to tell me anything about, and with fervour we all repeated "The King, God bless him!" and lowered it down.

In the afternoon I went fishing and came back to eat a hearty tea of herring, given by a fishing boat skipper on the ship's return. On Sunday the ship rested up, and it was with real regret I said goodbye when the time came. I'd like to be able to return the pleasure sometime.



JOE LOADS THE SCALES

OF CHANCE

The Arthur Henry Simmonds Air Taxi Service, often flying as far south as the outer marker, had as its captain the jovial Joe Barnett who was willing to take anyone anywhere anytime - provided they weighed no more than a few pounds.

One Flight Sergeant who arrived at the aircraft carrying a parcel containing a toothbrush and a bit of soap was turned down flat.

"What do you want with all that kit?" demanded Joe. "Don't you want the aeroplane to get off the deck? And you've got new boots on, too. It makes a difference. Now if you'd had your old worn ones on it might, I'm not saying defintely, it might have made a difference."

Someone standing by made a noise. Joe scrubbed him on the spot.

"You've got too much wind," he said. "You'd upset the stability of the aircraft."

One little chap who suited the requirements was being hoisted in The Arthur Henry Simmonds, but Joe was not going to let him get away so lightly.

"What do you want to take a heavy, cumbersome parachute for?" he cried "You gutless?"

With a thin cry of supplication the poor little fellow fell on his knees before Pilot of The Arthur Henry Simmonds, but he was showed no mercy. Joe was quite used to seeing people on their knees beside the aircraft just before they got in fly away.

I'd like to explain that A.H. Simmonds is the wing co's name, & Joe is a rather prudent type when it comes to taking passengers

A Dry Reader — local paper of the C.O.'s home town — [illegible] being 'ace shipbuster, unmarried & having gardening as his hobby!' Unfortunately someone else read

IN FEAR AND TREMBLING

Who is the wing commander, a shortish chap who used to have a moustache, we tell you this to make it more difficult, for you to guess, about whom his local paper syas all in one breath - "finished up the war as an ace shipbuster is unmarried and likes gardening"? And are there any takers.

Two erks are walking about the camp with the best shiners in years. They fell out. One said: "My kite's cleaner than yourn!" The other said "Garn, my kite is clearner than yourn!" One replied: "Garn!" The other retorted: "Garn!" And then they set to and beat the daylings out of each other. Both belong to the "enemy."

Who is the flight sergeant who always replies "O.K. Blokes," even when talking in the singular?

No finger trouble in the Orderly Room these days. Sgt. Villa, applied for compassionate posting at 3 p.m. on Thursday, was refused at 3.3 p.m.

Clayton-Graham won't let anyone tread on the shoes that danced with Royalty. (he danced with Elizabeth.)

Corporal McKay was standing on the kerb in Banff. Suddenly he turned round, threw his right leg high into the air and collapsed into the gutter. Someone had stolen his bicycle while his back was turned. The Corporal who took it has flannelled its way out, of course.

W/O Shimmin, finding himself in a safe-hotel sort of sergeants mess recently, told the whole lot what he thought of them, accidently pranged the best set of darts they gave to pacify him, and then was very rude to them again. The CMC is said to have burst into tears.

If you have two odd wheels and a saddle Brown will lend you his bicycle. 248 have let him have it back.

Why is Bill Tattersall the most popular photographer on the squadron.

Sgt Tindle was nearly at the salvage dump when he discovered he had FL. Turner's car on board.

The local elders took a dim view of VE Day and hope it won't happen any more.

Life begins at 18. (Group 18).

Which hospital has visiting hours from 11 pm and which flight sergeant comes on parade smelling of ether?

When Taff Reece heard that his pal Spud Murphy had fallen off bicycle and been taken to hospital, he cried - "What! Has he pranged my bike?"

Now that the Education Officer has come into his own vulgar slogans have been replaced by vulgar fractions, and A Flight is worried stiff they may get a hundred lines.

The End. An Operational Squadron without aeroplanes, PT at 0830, EVTat 0830, chits to go egging and empty toolkits in the old coral.

SECRET WEAPON RELEASED FOR ANOTHER WAR THEATRE

During the winter snows a man knocked on a farmhouse door late at night and asked where the aerodrome lay.

The farmer's wife, not properly awake, gave the wizened, brown-faced, black curly-haired, cold and hunched up little figure only one penetrating stare before she slammed the door... "Get me the police," she cried to the telephone operator, "there's an escaped prisoner at my door."

F/Lt. Taffy Richards was the Duty Engineering Officer that morning and his first task was to mount a guard on the aircraft against this same Italian escapee.

He didn't like to say the desperate man in question was himself. He had arrived on camp only in time to go on duty.

Taffy used to complain that such things happened to him. That is why when his overseas posting came on VE Day he wasn't so surprised.

"See, boy," he said, "they know how valuable I am."

Before wing maintenance came into being F/Lt. Richards was the squadron engineering officer, and having experienced every rank from AC2 to his present one, was well able to understand the working problems.

He was regarded as the squadron's last link with the engineering world and left us with due ceremony.

A ROCKET DEMOB

Corporal Bernard Buckley was the first man to be demobbed from the squadron.

After the last war, in which he served with the Royal Artillery from 1915, nearly a year passed before he became a civilian.

"This time," he said, as he prepared to climb into an aircraft and leave the squadron at over 200 miles per hour, "there's been a speed up all round."

He said he regretted leaving the squadron and all the fellows even though he was getting used to leaving wars.

Sgt. Villa carried his case to the aircraft, and in recognition for this unusual service Corporal Buckley gave him 10s., for the Flight fund.

Good luck Buckley, from A Flight and the squadron.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA TEN BOB

An officer not of this squadron kindly made an offer of 10s to 'A' Flight Fund when a passage by chair became available in a south bound aircraft.

When the vacancy was cancelled, the officer was naturally asked to take back his ten bob note.

The embarrassment that afternoon when he got a seat in another of our aircraft was painful.

PADDY MENZIES AND DENMARK

Paddy (Roaring) Menzies, who left the squadron on a mysterious overseas posting and subsequently lived out for months on the south coast, has again been heard.

He liberated Denmark.

A photograph shows him tommy-gun in hand beside the Dakota that flew him in.

Good old Paddy. He probably began all this 'talking into surrender' business.

THE ADJUTANT OBLIGES

For the purposes of historial amusement on the first Working Parade after VE Day F/Lt. Harding sternly ordered two bald men to get a haircut.

A D O L F A N D T H E S T R I K E - W I N G

By
Bill (Holloway) Voce

There's a famous fjord place in Norway
That's noted for fighters and flak,
And the Banff Shipping Strike Squadrons
Went there to 'Ave a small crack.

A nice lot of lads were the Strike wing,
In their pansy silk scarves they were swells,
And they flew in them wooden Mosquiters,
The best that DeHavilland sells.

They soon got fed up with the fjord,
The ships they was fiddlin' and small,
There was no U-boats and no shipping grounds
In fact nothing to prang at all.

So seeking for further amusement,
They turned and went into the Skag,
Where there were U-boats and liners and troopships,
In fact quite a nice little bag.

There were one old troopship named Adolf,
Whose decks were all covered wi' scars,
And what wallowed along in t' ocean
All loaded wi' soldiers and tars.

Now the Strike wing 'ad 'eard about Adolf,
'Ow 'er gunners 'ad got all the gen,
And to see Adolf looking so peaceful,
Well, it didn't seem right to the men.

So straightway those brave Mossy pilots,
Not showing a MORSEL of fear,
Took their Mossies wit' rockets an' cannon
And blew bludy ship in t' air.

It was plain to see Adolf 'ad 'ad it,
For giving a kind of a groan,
She sank to T' bottom of ocean,
And the Mossies turned round and went home.

Now Goebells, who'd seen the occurence,
And didn't know what to do next,
Cried - "Yon Strike Wing's sunk Adolf!"
And Feuhrer said - "Eh! Ah'm that vexed!"

So straightway they sent for t' Admiral,
Who came and said "Eh, what's to do?"
And Feuhrer said "Strike wing's sunk Adolf,
And lots of small escort ships, too."

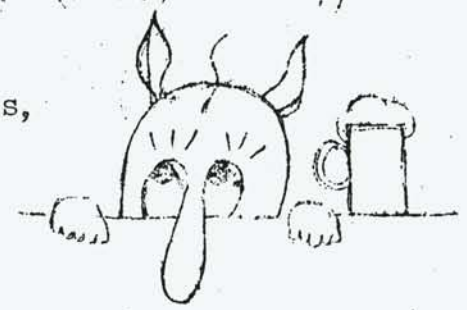
The Admiral was quite nice about it,
He said "No one was really to blame,"
And in future he hoped that the Feuhrer
Would have further ships to his name.

At that the Feuhrer got angry,
And biting the carpet said he -
'Think Ah'm going to build shipping
For yon bludy Strike Wing? Not me!"

IN A TIME OF DROUGHT

(SILLY DITTY)

If you can get a glass when all about you
Are shouting loud and luridly for beer:
If you can catch the eye of the bartender
And get your message to his shell like ear:
If you can save from hands outstretched, rapacious,
Your rightful liquor when it comes along,
And get your change and put it in your pocket
Without a murmur, though you know it's wrong,
And turn and, pressing on regardless,
Convey your tipple to a corner chair
And sitting, drink: and having drunk, returning,
Be served again before those waiting there:
If you can disregard their fervent phrases
And drink on still, nor heed the odium:
I wish to hell you'd teach me your method,
Or order me a pint, my chum!



By Azrael

WATCH OUT FOR SERPENT, WARNS TINDLE.

Sergeant Teddy Tail Tindle, after eluding for many months the persausive, the wheedling, the cunning, and the most shockingly rude people who urged him to take a drink might have known it was the very end when he flew south on leave with F/Lt. T Richards.

For an hour rigger and mechanic faced each other over the tin which Tindle said politely was big enough for both of them and had wedged between his knees. One was dumbly defensive, the other grimly and silently menacing.

By the time they landed Taff had the battle of silent wits. Tindlowed him into a Public House. all, Taffy was on his way over argued T-T.

t when the time came to say good Tindle treated his old friend in cavalier fashion. He laughed and aughed and laughed...

Fortunately the wife-home-kids bell warning system recalled to him his duty. His avoir-du-pois dangerously increased by some two and a half pints, he marched rapidly towards the wrong station.

At last the familiar streets were about him. With an alcholic sigh - strength five, range one hundredfeet - he walked up the garden path and knocked lightly, just a few dozen times.

His wife came to the door.

"Tindle," she cried, without any hesitation, "you've been DRINKING!"

CLUELESS CROSS

The Most Ineffably Moronic Society is happy this month to dish out its medallion to an A Flight chippy for breath-taking mental agility in the face of clottish odds.

On selling his machine to Echelon for inspection he craftily wrote on the dirt of the undercarriage the words "Clean This Kite."

Although his presumption that there was someone in the Echelon who could read was correct he became the victim of harsh circumstances.

That afternoon he was seen on his way to the hangar carrying a bucket and some rags to wash down the very same aeroplane.

No, old chap, that's not a statue, that's Sergeant Prescott.

DISBANDMENT OF SQUADRON

On July 10, after five and a half years as a Coastal Command fighter squadron, 235 was disbanded.

As an anti-shipping and anti-aircraft squadron on operations through out this time without intermission, 235 crews had taken part in a great number of shipping attacks - in the last period from September at Banff attacks resulted in the sinking or damaging of a quarter of a million tons of German shipping - and had destroyed 70 enemy aircraft.

The squadron also had its losses, many good men,

For this work squadron members have received over 50 decorations. In the last six months 12 DFCs, 3 bars to the DFC and 1 DFM have been awarded. The groundcrew have been recognised by the frequent awards of BEMs and mentions in despatches.

The last two men to receive decorations were F/Lt. A. L. Williams and F/Lt. P. Kilmister who both received the DFC for their work in recent operations. They pressed on. The squadron offers its congratulation.

Since VE Day a number of the squadron have been active in 'other theatres.' The squadron offers its congratulations to F/O Hook, P/O Webster and F/Lt. Murphy, DFC who have all married.

Two of the groundcrew went back to Portreath to marry girls they met there. They were LACs Boaler and Evans, and we also send best wishes to LAC Skinner who married on the 9th.

Sergeant Jones has become the father of a son, and so has F/O H. Hollinson, who used to edit the magazine before Christmas, and Mrs. (Corporal) Taylor has a little girl. Goodo!

F/Lt. Calder, DFC, who left in October, has been repatriated to Canada. F/Lts. Guthrie and Parkinson, and F/O. Jackson are waiting to go to Australia.

LAC Makin writes from Norway, confirms our suspicion that it always was a nice place to go to - in peacetime, and at the time of writing was used to seeing German prisoners walking about Stavanger as large as life.

LAC Harry Callon, who literally thought the world had come to an end when he was posted from 235, is in the Middle East.

The A Flight barber, LAC Bowskill, has found competition in India too great, he has given it up, he writes. Apart from the flies, the heat and being such a long way off he says overseas is wizzo.

On Friday, July 20 the Farewell Dance will be held in the Station Concert Hall.

Sgt. Roberts, the veteran compass swinger, left for overseas wondering out the magnetic field of elephants. Good luck, Robbie.

LAC Medhurst, who joined the squadron in October, 1939, was posted two ys after disbandment.

F/O. Lowe has been posted as an EVT instructor.

F/L. Hardy, who spent a leave on the squadron after repatriation, was sted back - on the 10th.

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