

POCKA

GEN



F. JESS LAY.

(By kind permission of the Officer Commanding).

Editor - - - F/Lt. DENNIS.

Sub-Editor - - - M. WOOD.

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MARCH, 1944.

Vol. I. No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

THE birth of *Pocka Gen* was attended by some pain and a little complication, but the initial difficulties have been overcome. Comment has poured into the office from all ranks and this is an excellent sign—a paper lives by healthy, hard hitting criticism. A democracy implies the unfettered right of fair comment on matters of public interest, but the opportunity of making legitimate comments is not always at hand. This paper aims to meet a long-felt need on the Station, by providing a means for the expression of news and opinion, and it should therefore serve as a link between officers and men, and between section and section. *Pocka Gen* is neither a rag mag. nor a comic strip. A paper worth reading by men and women engaged in the grim business of war—that is the ideal to which dedication is made. This issue contains interviews with Air Commodore G. Walker, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.D.C., and with others. An article on the farm land on which this Station has been built, is so included; and “Round the Sections,” a very popular feature, is given that prominence which it deserves. Squadron, too, is partly represented under “Squadron Notes.”

W/O. Flinn has kindly undertaken the duties of Distribution Manager.

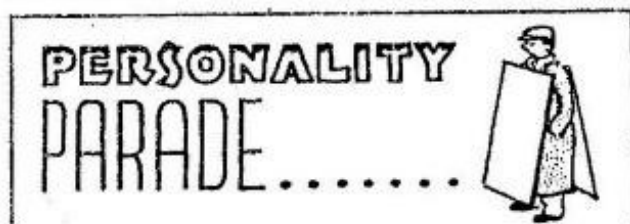
AIR COMMODORE G. WALKER, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.D.C.

George and Air Commodore G. Walker, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.D.C., are inseparable. George is very sociable. Anyone interviewing the Air Commodore is bound to meet George. He is very polite and insists on taking your gloves . . . under the table . . . whilst you talk to the A. Com. After the gloves have been chewed, the visitor may have them back . . . but application must be made through *proper channels*. . . . George is such a stickler for being *correct*.

Born at Leeds 1912, the A.Com. was married at St. Mark's, London, 1942. He and his wife are the proud parents of a bonny boy, Raymond, born in 1943. Our congratulations are a little late, but they are nevertheless sincere. The A.Com. was educated at St. Bees School and at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, taking a B.A. degree in Science in 1931. He joined the Cambridge University Air Sqd. and entered the R.A.F. direct, with a permanent commission. From Oct., 1940, to Dec., 1941, he commanded No. 50 Squadron, winning the D.S.O. in July, 1941, and the D.F.C. in December of that year. He was appointed A.D.C. to the King in August, 1943. The A.Com. lost his arm in Dec., 1942; a plane caught fire prior to take-off, and as Station Commander he at once went to the scene . . . a 4,000 lb. bomb exploded whilst he was 30 feet away. In addition to the loss of an arm he received other injuries. In spite of this he was back at his post within three months.

As a sportsman he has had a brilliant career, which young Raymond will find hard to beat. His club was Blackheath, but he has played Rucker for the Barbarians and Yorkshire, at stand-off half. He captained the Air Force XV from 1936 to 1939. Has played for England against Wales and Ireland; and played in War-time Service Internationals, until 1942.

The three Stations are justly proud of him. He is very democratic in outlook; keenly alive to the personal needs and interests of every man and woman under his command, and ever ready to acknowledge the lowest "plonk." Many an airman can boast a lift in his car. May his shadow and George's never grow less.



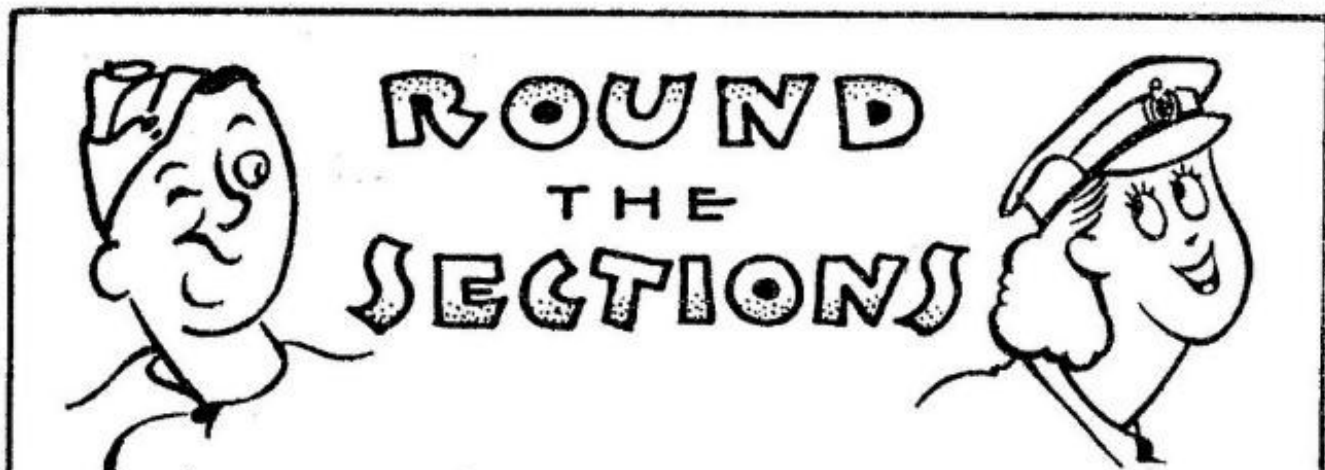
A QUARTER OF A 'TART' PER AIRMAN.

An oasis on wheels—that's the Y.M. As the tea car hoves in sight, down go tools, and all personnel, especially those who have not had breakfast make a beeline for it. A miniature Gallup Poll shows a preference for the Y.M. over N.A.A.F.I.

"The attendants are married women, so language and behaviour are good," we were informed. We went to see for ourselves, and met Mesdames Western and Osmond, who readily gave us the "gen." "The

men are wonderful—as helpers. They will willingly heave tea urns in and out of the van." (The S.W.O. should make a note of these airmen). Will each man fetch his own "cup and saucer and his own currant bun," as the old song says. Who is the little airman who always buys far more than his bulk would justify? The two good ladies like to keep a few cakes for those who are unable to get there early. The allowance made is given in the title to this article.

Neither mechanical defects, nor the casting of wheels, nor bad weather can hold up arrival on the Station. There is plenty of hard, dirty work to do in a tea car, but it is done cheerfully. God bless the ladies. "When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou."

**A.C.F.**

It's rather hot here now, in West Africa, even though the wind and rain are cold. We hear that the N.C.O.'s have commenced lecture-discussions on Site Organisation. It is never too late to mend! The panic is on with a Cpl. who is "bobbing" for his third. I hope it will "material"-ise. It is rumoured that a certain Cpl. has just been christened "Two-Gallon." Now, I wonder why. The Plant Operators have taken up First Aid—at least, they always have to apply artificial respiration to the pump in the mornings. The present motto for A.C.F. is "B***** it in."

B.S.S.

Things we should like to now—After a day at Elvington . . . What caused a certain Corporal to put in for "hardship" pay? Why do W.A.A.F. personnel look so down-in-the-mouth these days, now that the 10-30 p.m. curfew has been imposed? What induced a certain S/L. to elope with Queen Victoria and has the R.A.F. Special Detective Agency got a line on the "elopement"?

OFFICERS' MESS STAFF.

Chevrons! Gongs!! Spam!!! Mess wins easily, Heinz well beaten. Crank collections are nothing new, but why add bath plugs? Sitting where the plug should be is not conducive to comfort. Fires in the Mess are communal; anybody wishing for close contact should adjourn to his room, where a "blazing" hearth awaits him.

BASE OPS/INT/NAV.

The section is looking quite autumnal with so many bronze oak leaves about. We hope S/L. McNeill enjoys his leave at Cleveleys . . . what will be the outcome? If casual visitors to the Ops. Room Cafe would make an occasional contribution, we could buy some new cups. A subscription list is being opened to buy goloshes for P/O. Prune. W/Cdr. Carter, please note. Congratulations to W/C. Carter and S/L. McNeill. Both get the D.F.C.

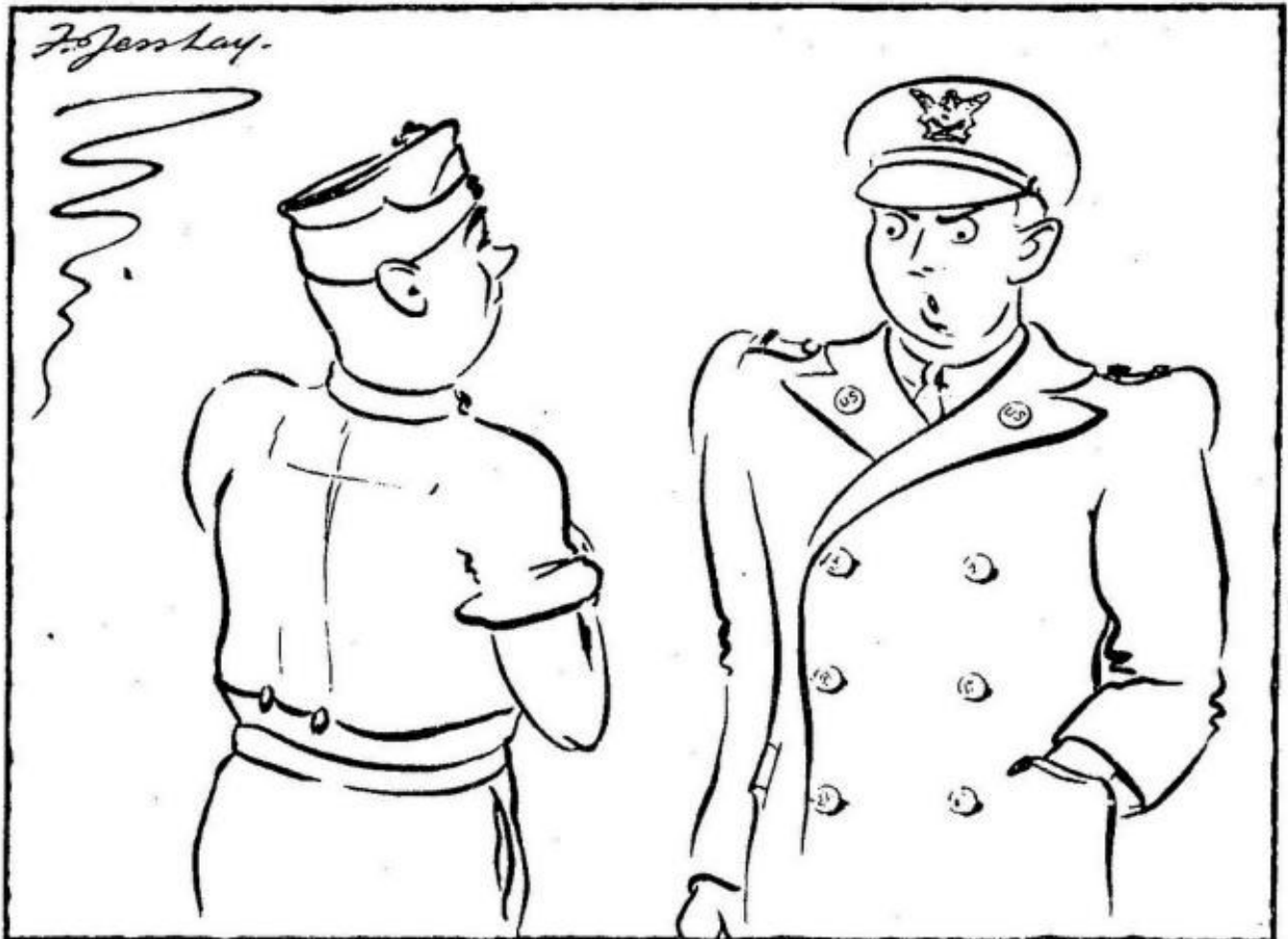
W.A.A.F.

How about staff on W.A.A.F. site scrubbing out the urns properly . . . we are tired of being served with onion flavoured tea.

SPORTS SECTION.

Training hard for our Badminton match with Signals. Thanks to them for promising to provide us with peanuts; we promise to have a couple of "Gorillas" standing by, to apply artificial respiration. A/C. Harry Rosen hopes to go on leave on March 14th . . . "Journey's End" at last! Cpl. Elgott (you too can have a body like mine) seems to think the W.A.A.F. are pulling their weight a little better after A/CI's letter to *Pocka Gen*. Yes, they seem to know where the Albatross Club is situated.

"RAFF GAFF" by LAY.



American Officer : " Say, buddy, where do the guys hang out round here ?"
Airman : " Listen, chum, the only guys round 'ere are in the Officers' Mess."

ROUND THE SECTIONS (continued)

2832 L.A.A. SQUADRON

Congratulations to snooker team on present undefeated record . . . football team continues to disappoint even though we have four members of the Station team. Suggest less Aircraft Rec. and more P.T. (*i.e.*, players only of course). Cannot blame the food as all sections suffering equally these days. Investments in Housey Housey have been a dead loss of late, but here's hoping. With the advent of Spring, things are already beginning to sprout . . . we notice one N.C.C. has a small growth on his upper lip. Casual Pay Parade is very aptly named "me-thinks," and much too casual for bleak wintry days. An hour to pay about 50 personnel—what about it Pay Accounts?

INSTRUMENTS (SQDN. AND ECH.)

Hats off to Cpl. Holmes—he has been seen by several members in the Section actually to have entered a Halifax Bomber on a dispersal point!! Wonders will never cease. L.A.C. Milne just back from "Darkest Africa" has already proved himself one of those regular "erks" whose company and wit are enjoyed.

SERVICING ECHELON.

Grand Water Polo Match to be held in the Servicing Echelon Hangar on April 1st—Riggers *v.* Fitters; Referee, Sgt. Lawrence; Trainers, Cpls. Oat Coates, Young and L.A.C. Bonsor. Bets to "twenty-shillings-to-the-pound *Whitelan* A.C.W.1 Richardson, the famous Sunderland swimmer, will give an exhibition swallow dive from a Stirling stand. Spectators unable to swim should stand well out on the perimeter track.



THE OLDEST INHABITANT—AN INTERVIEW.

I opened his office door carefully and looked in. Sure enough the Old Boy was asleep, his head resting on the table and his long white beard mixed up with the ink-pots and other office impedimenta. I noted that he had discarded his former khaki uniform and affected the long scarlet coat and blue shako of Chelsea. He had more medals on his breast than when I last saw him and wore two rows of Service Chevrons. His Regimental Flashes had been increased and I read them with interest—"North Yorkshire Regiment," "R.A.F. Regiment," "N.A.A.F.I." "A.T.C." I suppose my near approach must have awakened him

"Sir," I said, "I am a reporter"

"Report here, of course you do, what's your last Station, how much Defence Training have you done and WHY-THE-HELL-DON'T-YOU-SALUTE-WHEN-YOU-COME-INTO-MY-OFFICE," he piped in a tremulous falsetto.

"Sir," I began again, "I am a REPORTER, and I should like to hear your story of the old days at Pocklington."

"Ah," said he, "the old days,—I remember way back in 1922, or was it 1923, at Rumblebelpore when we lay

"Sir," I interrupted again, "I mean the old days at Pocklington."

"Ah, Pocklington, why didn't you say so. Them were the days—I remember when we first arrived we had a Rumanian Squadron."

"Rumanian, Sir! You possibly mean Canadian?"

"Aye, that was it, Canadians—furriners anyway."

I tried again: "What weapons did you have in those days?"

"Weapons," a gleam came into the old man's eye, "Then we had pikes, lovely things they were Colour Hoisting with the pikes at the Present and the S.W.O. had a rusty one one dayS.W.O.'s pike rusty . . . ah . . . and the young Air Crew at their pike drill . . . fine lads, fine lads" Smith Guns we had too . . . loaded 'em with canister, we did, and chain shot for them German airypines—I remembers when we brought down one of them Zepperlins on No. 4 Dispersal, a grand sight that were . . . chain shot . . .

I changed my topic. "I note you have a new go . . medal, Sir," I said.

"Aye," he said, "and right proud of it I am—the Rooti Medal—Long Service in bad climates, aye, I earned him'Yorkshire climate"

"I note, sir, that there are no aircraft flying about today, what is the reason for that?"

"Aircraft . . . aircraft . . . you means flying machines . . . I had them stopped a long time ago, fair spoils a Station, too much noise . . . wakes me up . . . wakes . . .

As I tip-toed out of the room I thought I heard a faint voice in the distance . . . "WHY-THE-HELL-DON'T-YOU-SALUTE-WHEN-YOU-LEAVE-MY-OFFICE . . ."

"ERIC."

SQUADRON NOTES (continued)

F/Lt. Kilsby, and F/O. Wittingham, get the D.F.C.

P/O. Savill, Engineer, and F/Sgt. Marsh, both get the D.F.M.

Pleased to say F/O. Seeley is recovering satisfactorily.



LETTERS to the EDITOR

To the Editor.

Sir,—It is asked, why no beer at the Albatross Club? Surely there is quite sufficient provision both in the N.A.A.F.I. and outside the camp for those who wish to indulge. After all teetotalers desire social company too, and surely have a right to it. Will those who want beer at the Club please have a thought for others?

(Signed) L.A.C.W.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Many of us on the camp feel we want a place to go, without the atmosphere of "drink." Seeing there are many places on the camp where drink can be obtained, isn't it only right that consideration should be given to "us" who go to the Albatross Club for the purpose of getting clear of a "beery" atmosphere?

(Signed) L.A.C. Sqdn.

"LEGALICUS."

The services of an eminent lawyer, "Legalicus," have been secured. All personnel are invited to submit their problems to him and replies will be given in this column.

Pocklington—York Bus Time Table

LEAVES POCKLINGTON—A.M. : 6.20, 7.00, 8.00, 9.20, 11.00, 1.0, 1.20, 2.0 P.M.—3.20, 4.00, 5.00, 5.20, 6.00, 6.50, 7.20, 8.20.

LEAVES YORK—A.M.—8.00, 8.40, 10.0, 12.0, 1.40, 2.00, 2.40, 4.00 P.M.: 4.40, 5.40, 6.0, 6.40, 7.30, 8.00, 9.0, and special late-service buses (Forces only) at 10.15 p.m. ; Saturdays 11.0 p.m.

ODE TO A FLIGHT MECHANIC.

The birds of the air they call them ;
They speak of their growing fame
And the pages of every newspaper
Are adorned with some Pilot's name.

Connected with deeds of valour
Performed high up in the sky,
The victims are Heinkels and Dorniers
Crashing to earth to die.

There's a chap that gets no medals,
You never hear his name,
He does not fly in the bright blue sky
Or pose for the news with his plane.

His job can't be called romantic,
He is not in the public's eye
But your hero can't do without him
And I'll tell you the reason why.

Who inspects the "Kite" each
morning?

Who fills the tank each night?
Who keeps the engine purring?
Who keeps the pressure just right?

Who's up at the crack of dawning?
And still there when shadows fall
Pulling his weight to keep his 'Kite'
In service, whate'er befall.

So next time you see a picture
Of a plane and a smiling crew,
Remember the "Guy" who makes it
fly
Though he's only an A/C2.

Next time you praise the Pilot
As the enemy falls a wreck,
Remember the "Guy" you do not see
Yours truly, the proud *Flight Mech.*

ANON.

"ESSADDO."

In future issues a column will be reserved for the Station Admin. Officer who will discuss Camp Topics and reply to any questions or suggestions on Welfare, Entertainments, etc.

DRAWN FROM THE WOOD.

Most Englishmen love good ale, and so it has been for centuries (our Allies over here seem to be acquiring the taste too). At the present time, more than a million "Standard Barrels" are produced each week, and it is estimated each "Pub" serves 800 customers. Still there is a shortage. Doubtless the needs of this camp are particularly met by the 273 licensed premises in York. Numerous and various are the signboards under which we drink. Many of them are of Heraldic origin—The "Adam and Eve," London, is from the old arms of the Fruiterers' Company; The "Blue Board," Cambridge, was the badge of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford; The "Elephant and Castle," London, comes from the Mediaeval Crest of the Cutlers' Company; many others include "Red Lion," "White Hart," "Ram," "Bleeding Wolf," etc., etc. Several notable animals of the turf are commemorated on signboards, "Bees Wing," "Master Robert," "Filho Da Puta," "Bay Childers" and others. At Stourbridge is an Inn with a quaint sign, the "Labour in Vain," which shows two women scrubbing a nigger-boy. The "Fish and Ring," Glasgow, recalls the story of St. Kentigern. George Morland printed the signboard of the "Goat in Boots," London, and the sign of the "Fox and Pelican," Grayshott, is the work of Walter Crane, R.A., and there are many others the work of famous artists. Unusual "Pub" names include the "Widow's Son," "Blooming Fuchsia," "Dirty Baby," "Boatswain and Call," "St. Peter's Finger," "Sun and 13 Cantons," and "Swan with Two Necks," etc., etc.

F. W. H. PYNE.

"BULL."

Here is the sad story of a Bomb Aimer who erred,
 For only just the other day he'd seen the written word
 In *Pocka Gen*, that organ of Royal Air Force barter—
 "Congratulations Aircrew, nowadays you're looking smarter."

Now this keen type was really touched by this unstinting praise
 And there and then made up his mind that by all means and ways—
 He'd shine and shine and spit and rub with all the strength he'd got
 Until on his equipment there was not a single spot.

He bulled his buttons, boots and things and looking round for more
 He saw his bed and shone that, too, he polished up the floor;
 His bike with dazzling brilliance gleamed and like a beacon shone,
 Harness, flying gloves and boots, helmet and so on.

Then came the time when he was set, all ready for an op.,
 The dirty sight that met his eyes made him in horror stop;
 So with a gasp he dashed away for polish, tin, bell, blue;
 Shining up those scruffy bombs till they just looked like new.

Alas, the day, our story tells he had naught else to scrub,
 Some detonators caught his gaze just pleading for a rub—
 Now you'll see him on a cloudbank when you're heading for the Hun,
 He's polishing the moon to make it shine up like the sun.

"RICH," "C" Flight.



SQUADRON

NOTES

ARM. SECTION.

Like everything else you will always find certain members of our staff in anything that is going. Here are a few lines from the "Gen. Section."

The Section is very pleased to announce that they gained two caps and gowns in the year's honours list. Certain members of the Section are grinding away for the next examination.

We think it is quite true to say that L.A.C. Shaw, the great Torch Singer, has now changed his signature tune to "Praise the Lord and pass the Ammo."

No doubt all are very pleased "B" Flight allowed us to win the Station Commander's Trophy. The question we would like answered is how did they manage their leave rota always to turn out a 100% team? Is this why they did not finish their matches and have an unbeaten record? But even so this wasn't good enough for the "Plumbers" and "Bomb Racks."

We are pleased to announce a forthcoming happy event in the Section, referring, of course, to the marriage of Cpl. Craig (Scotland) to a Welsh girl.

The "Super Streamlined high-speed cycle" raffled in the Section was won by the great Charley Price. Who said he had been practising how to ride these last few days?

We wish to express our sympathy to A.C. Murphy who lost his forefinger in an unfortunate flight accident.

"ONLOOKER"



1. A certain W.A.A.F. Officer fuses all the Officers' Mess lights at Allertorpe every time she 'doesn't' use her electric fire.

2. Stalin has a "right-hand" man on the camp!!! Now then "Taffy," don't overdo the "Red Flag" on the 'bus, some people don't like it.

3. Hair grips are appearing in the rice pudding at the Airmen's Mess. Watch out, girls, they are not very digestible.

4. Wedding bells are shortly to ring for one of the N.A.A.F.I. staff.

5. To the Senior Accountant Officer: Why are airmen invariably paid half-an-hour or more after advertised times. (Incidentally, witnessing officers are 'usually' late getting up).

6. Bring back W/O Wright to the Airmen's Mess. Food and conditions were admirable under his supervision.

7. Wake-up station telephone-exchange!!! The female staff are getting slack just lately. It is most evident since the Ministry of Supply released extra cosmetics.

8. Yeah, boss . . . the Officers' Mess has a Mississippi Moucher.

9. The fire in the card room in the Officers' Mess can occasionally be seen through a forest of legs, but rarely felt.

10. Physical Training is good for you!!! Have you noticed P.T. "Gorillas" are always late for breakfast?

"SPIRE AND TOWER"

Canon Richardson, Vicar of All Saints' Church, Pocklington, the Rev. Kendra, and Miss Richardson, constitute a splendid team in Church circles locally. The Canon took charge in 1943. Before entering the Church he was a bank clerk in Nottingham, going on to Cambridge to take his B.A. degree in History and Theology. Justifiably proud of his Church, on the site of which a symbol of Christianity has stood since A.D. 627, he tells us that it is open day and night. Personnel who wish to see him are assured of an interested and sympathetic hearing. He is a foundation manager of the school organised under C. of E. control, and he is a firm believer in the Dual System of Education, whereby the parent retains the right to have his children taught the doctrine of the Church in a Church School, assisted financially by the State.

Mr. Kendra, Assistant Priest, has a very successful cinema service attended each Sunday by hundreds, including many in the Forces. A sportsman, fond of the gun, he is Chaplain to the A.T.C. Every month the two clergymen write to all local personnel serving in the Forces. Our reporter was shown sheaves of replies, *e.g.*, from the Falklands, Jamaica, &c.



Answer to last issue's query:—

A football pitch cannot be square. Under Law 1, length must always exceed the breadth.

Query No. 2.

Two teams (Reds *v.* Blues) were assembling on the field of play for the commencement of the game, when a player of Reds struck a player of Blues. The referee, after taking the offending player's name, ordered him off the field of play.

Was the referee in order, or was he exceeding his powers?

"ODEON" CINEMA, YORK.

Mar. 6—**MARGO**, Tom Neal. **BEHIND THE RISING SUN**, J. Carrol Naish. and full supporting programme.

Mar. 13—**AND THE ANGELS SING**, Dorothy Lamour, Fred McMurray, Betty Hutton.

THE KANSAN, Richard Dix, Albert Dekker, Jane Wyatt.

POCKLINGTON CINEMA.

Mar. 6—**LIFE AND DEATH OF COL. BLIMP** (Once Nightly).

Mar. 9—**TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD**.

Mar. 13—**AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY**.

Letters to the Editor.

I have received today from an A/C2, on the Station, a donation of 10/- to the P.S.I. He had realised that a great deal of money had been spent on improvements for general comfort and welfare, and this gift was an expression of his appreciation.

Did I hear someone say, "He ought to have had more sense?"—he could not have had *more sense* of good fellowship and *esprit de corps*.—S/L F. AMBLER, President, Services Institute.

Sir,—The suggestion, "Why no beer at the Club" has been made in your issue of *Pocka Gen*. Why should beer be sold and consumed at the Club. Surely there is ample provision elsewhere for those who wish to satisfy their thirst.

The Albatross Club is the one place taht many of us frequent, and we enjoy the social life it offers, in an atmosphere free from the smell of alcohol and the disquieting din of drunken revelry.

It would, therefore, be appreciated if those who advocate the sale of drink at the Club would have a little consideration for many of us who do not share their view.

We do not wish the Club to become a haven for inebriety.—W.A.A.F.



The Station Soccer team still continues to keep up its usual good form. The latest news is that we had a draw with R.A.F., Marston Moor, in the R.A.F. Cup 4th round and are hoping to kick them sky high, in the replay at home (You certainly did! Editor).

We have not forgotten our semi-final of the Yorkshire Cup with K.R.R.R. on the York City ground, and can promise all supporters football in its highest grade. Referees, please note!!

How these stalwarts have helped us all in the Base Commander's Trophy.

R.A.F., Pocklington, 6; R.A.F., Melbourne, 1.

R.A.F., Pocklington, 2; R.A.F., Melbourne, 1.

R.A.F., Pocklington, 7; R.A.F., Elvington, 1.

R.A.F. Cup, 3rd Round—R.A.F., Pocklington, 7; Elvington, 1.

R.A.F. Cup, 4th Round—R.A.F. Pocklington, 1; R.A.F., Marston Moor, 1.

Replay,—Pocklington, 5; Marston, 2.

York Senior League—

R.A.F., Pocklington, 7; Cooke's Athletic, 1.

R.A.F., Pocklington, 5; K.R.R., 1.

R.A.F., Pocklington, 10; Railway Institute, 1.

Good work, aircrews, your inter-Section Soccer League seems to be going well. The A.G.'s and Wops both share the lead at the moment with 15 pts. each.

Our own Snooker League has been going great guns, and many dark horses are being brought to light over at the Albatross Club. It seems a neck and neck race and there will be a very close finish.

	<i>Matches Played.</i>	<i>Won.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>	<i>Pts.</i>
S.H.Q.	4	2	1	35
B.S.S.	3	3	0	30
R.A.F. Regt. ..	3	3	0	30
Works Flight ..	4	2	2	30

The Rugger Team is still on the look-out for more players and don't be surprised if you are pounced on by the Sec., even if you look like a threequarter.

Thanks are due to W.A.A.F. personnel for playing their part as well as the R.A.F., in competitions for the Base Commander's Trophy. Yes, the hockey team is still in the field, and should have many more enjoyable matches before the season ends.

We still have our Cross Country team to knock into shape. Don't mistake us, we are still a few runners short, so rally round the Sports Sec. and hand in your names. We're always at home and ready to serve.

Grand Boxing Tournament

WILL TAKE PLACE

On FRIDAY, MARCH 10th
In the 'J' SHED (No. 1 HANGER)

AT 19.00 HRS.

R.A.F. GROUP TEAM

VERSUS

ARMY TEAM

Tom Smith, of Sunderland, will be one of the Army stars.
Boy Tomes (Schoolboy Champion) will also appear.

Admission: Ringside 4/6, Other Seats 2/6 & 1/-

Entire proceeds in aid of the Commanding Officer's Benevolent Fund.

Will all those with experience or interest in Boxing, contact the Officer i/c Boxing, W/O Flinn, Ext. 34.

SIGNALS.

Gillespie and his Gorillas have not yet replied to the Badminton Challenge issued in our last issue, but observers report that the Sports Section Boss has been seen giving the boys a "rub down" so it is presumed they are shortly to be fed to the Signal Lions. P.S.—"Rub down," is not to be confused with the term "trimming," for which they are due, and the rumour that Signals offered to play without shuttlecocks is unfounded.

In the inter-section league the W/Ops. Air were unfortunate to lose the decision against Pilots, but succeeded effectively in smartening up the A/G.'s to the tune 7—2. Nice work! Members of the section who are not aware of the fact are reminded that Sgt. Geoff Winterhalter is an expert in the noble art of the "Nimble hoof," and holds sessions at the Albatross Club. Here is a chance, ladies, to improve figures and poise, with music free!!! It is pointed out that this offer is open to all, including Bell's Light Horse. We look forward to seeing and hearing A.C. Shaw and his harmonica at the next station show. Congratulations to Cpl and Mrs. Marsden (S.H.Q. Signals) on the arrival of a 7lb. son, W/O. Templing (9102) on his promotion, Sgt. Griffiths, W/Ops. Air of S/Ldr. Glover's crew, on completion of a successful operational tour, and hope that he passes on the "Gen" at his next appointment.

BASE HEADQUARTERS.

The rush of aspiring applicants for the 1939-43 Africa Star and Service chevrons taxed the Section to the utmost. Today we are gratified to see our handiwork splashed across so many chests and arms. Which Senior N.C.O. took 1½ hours to sew on one set of chevrons? We are deferring our congratulations to L.A.C.W. Adams—good work. The Press Gang commanded by P/O. Manterfield, is casting its eagle eye on all who can scrape through tonic solfa.



FRIDAY, MAR. 3RD—Ensa Cinema Show. Musical Evening at Albatross Club.

SATURDAY, MAR. 4th—Grand Dance at Albatross Club.

SUNDAY, MAR. 5th—Padre's evening at Albatross Club.

MONDAY, MAR. 6th—Dancing Classes at Albatross Club for beginners and veterans of the Terpsichorean Art.

TUESDAY, MAR. 7th—Housey Housey at Albatross Club.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 8th—The Station Concert Party presents "Diversion," an original and intimate Revue, prior to its presentation at the City Palace of Varieties, Leeds.

"Diversion" commences at 20.00 hrs. prompt in the Station Theatre. Usual Ensa prices of admission.

THURSDAY, MAR. 9th—W.A.A.F. Dance at Allerthorpe.

FRIDAY, MAR. 10th—Dancing Class

at Albatross Club. Dancing for beginners from 20.00 hrs. to 21.00 hrs. Dancing for all from 21.00 hrs. to 23.00 hrs.

SATURDAY, MAR. 11th—Dance at Albatross Club.

SUNDAY, MAR. 12th—Padre's Evening at Albatross Club.

MONDAY, MAR. 13th—Dancing Class at Albatross Club.

TUESDAY, MAR. 14th—Housey Housey at Albatross Club.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 15th—Ensa Show. See Notices.

THURSDAY, MAR. 16th—Airman's Dance at Albatross Club.

Our Station Theatre Company and Concert Party are going "Great Guns." All fresh talent is heartily welcomed to swell our ranks. Please communicate with A.C. Harry Rosen in the Entertainments Office (Sports Section) at any time.

CHURCH NOTICES

(C. OF E. AND O.D.).

SUNDAY—Holy Communion 07.45 hrs. Morning Service 09.15 hrs.

Film Service, Community Singing and Questions, 19.30 hrs. (Albatross Club).

TUESDAY—Choir Practice, 19.30 hrs.

THURSDAY—"Ten minutes with the Padre" in N.A.A.F.J. at 13-25 hrs.

The Christian Fellowship 19.30 hrs.

**Editorial Office,
Education Section. (Tel. 117)**

Cavill, Printer, Terry Street, Hull.



PUZZLE CORNER

Three balls, each two inches in diameter, are so arranged in a box that one rests on top of the other two. What is the distance from the bottom to the top of the highest ball?

Answer to last issue's puzzle: 24,875.19 square miles.

STOP PRESS.

The Editor regrets that owing to lack of space, a considerable amount of matter is unavoidably held over.