

# POCKA

# GEN



F. JESS LAY

(By kind permission of the Officer Commanding).

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## EDITORIAL.

TO use an Americanism, sales of the last issue of *Pocka Gen* reached "an all time high," and the Mag. would appear to have established a strong beach-head in the life of the Station. To continue the metaphor, we must now consolidate and re-group. Our losses have been so light that we can ignore them. We confidently look to you to continue your interest and support as the paper now moves forward to enter fresh territory and to exploit its gains. Comment too has been made that undue prominence has been given to officers. The criticism is true. It is accepted. Interviews with rankers will be published in the next issue.

Contributors to our columns are again reminded that all contributions must be submitted nine days before publishing day (every alternate Friday), and that contributions must be accompanied by the name, rank, number and section of the writer. Pen names may be used. Sections are urged to nominate an official correspondent and to forward his or her name to the Editor at once. Such a procedure would save disappointment at the Section end and much heart-burning at the Editorial end.

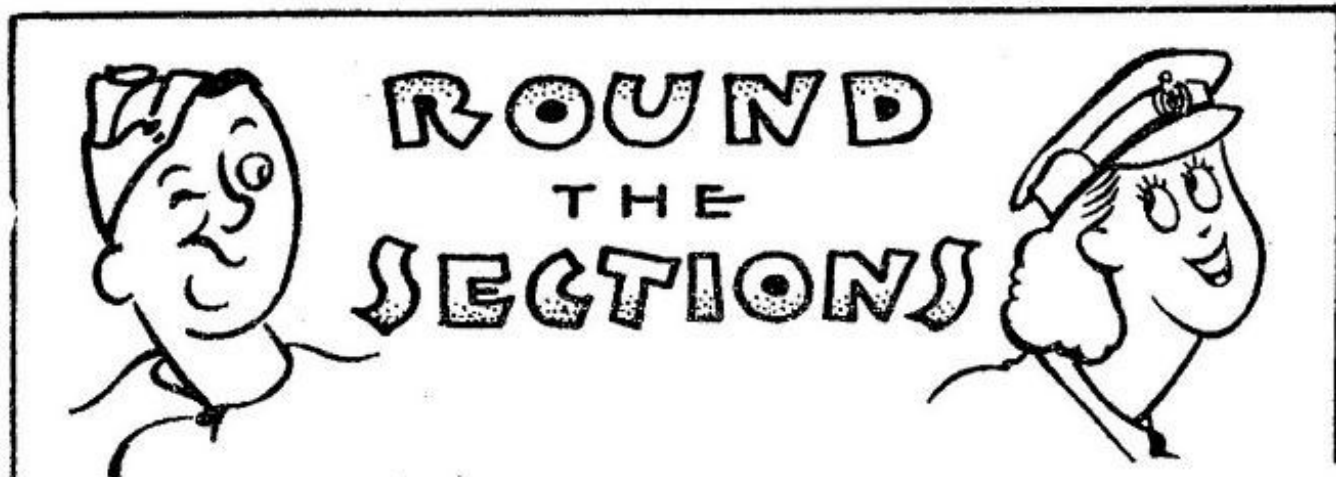
Incidentally, the name *Pocka Gen* was suggested by S/L Ambler, and was selected from a large number of proposed names, e.g., P.A.N. (Pocklington Air News), Pocklington Times, Pocklington Parade, etc. The phrase *Pocka Gen* has now passed into currency on the camp and it is as thoroughly established here as any word or phrase of national significance.

## LT.-COL. R. E. M. CHERRY, M.C.

Stanley Baldwin's pipe, General Montgomery's beret, Col. Cherry's cheroots—by such outward and visible signs are some men best known and remembered. The Colonel smokes Burma Cheroots—and he has “control” of the last few packets available. He has the finest collection of hats and uniforms on the Station. When Manning Practices are held, he is the most popular man on the camp. Born in 1895, at New Ross, Ireland, the Colonel was educated at Clifton College, and Sandhurst. Commissioned in Aug., 1914, he went to France with the 2nd Battalion, W. Yorks., taking part in the battles at Neuve Chapelle and Aubers Ridge. In 1915 he was in the Dardanelles. In 1916 he was again in France, winning the M.C. at Wonderwerk. Severe wounds put him in hospital till early 1918, when he commanded the 9th Battalion W. Yorks. The inter-war period saw him in India, England, Cologne with the Army of Occupation, the Sudan, and India again at the time of the Quetta earthquake. In 1937 he was with the R.A.F. at Abingdon, and in 1939 he was at Sheffield in command of No. 16 Balloon Command. Later he was second in command of the First Fifth. In April, 1940, the Colonel's Battalion embarked for Norway, but sickness on board forced the ship to return. In February, 1941, he came here as Local Defence Adviser. Later he was liaison officer with the United States Forces. At school with Hore Belisha, he met Sir John French, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Lord Rawlinson, Lord Birdwood, Lord Irwin, Marquis Willingdon, and General Carl Spaatz, C.-in-C. of the U.S.A. Air Force. His hobbies are sailing and Meccano!!! In sport he plays squash and golf. Col. Cherry's family lives in England at Woking. He is the proud father of two children. His daughter is at the Bedford High School and his son, destined for the Navy, is now at a Preparatory School. He met Mrs. Cherry at Lucerne in Switzerland. The Colonel's key phrase when lecturing is “A nice quiet killing!” Personnel called out for Manning Practices should note this carefully!

### “ONLOOKER” . . .

1. Flying Control, having got the “blues” is trying to give the Bohemian touch to the landing ground. Have a look at their new “hideout,” it's a “new one” on the Camouflage Supervisor.
2. “Eat more potatoes”—Mash in abundance, but what about chips, Mr. Messing Officer? Three chips per airman is hardly enough.
3. Who is the talkative Warrant Officer in No. 1 Sergeants' Mess who should be a member of the Brains Trust. He's usually the centre of all arguments.
4. Thank you for the General Welfare and Entertainments on the Station.
5. Someone suggests scrubbing the Airmen's Dining Room tables “occasionally.” Not a bad idea!
6. Will wonders never cease? The W.O. and Flight Sergt. of Photographic Section have actually been seen “developing” Mother Nature's earth around their section; and to see them actually bending their backs . . . gee, it was grand.
7. Don't say you haven't been warned! Station Sick Quarters are having a lean time with patients just lately, so it's a certainty that an inoculation parade will soon be forthcoming. It is rumoured that it will be an Anti-leave-injection.
8. Thank you, “Gorillas,” for the “rap” back. Nevertheless it's pleasing to see you have taken a little notice. You are at least early for tea, especially when there's something on at Allerthorpe.



**BASE OPS/INT/NAV.**—Mysterious 'phone message received by S/Ldr. Ops.: "Who is Officer i/c Shipwreck Ignition?" Then the penny dropped—result: "Who is Officer i/c Ship Recognition.?"

**BOMB DUMP**—A few lines from the boys out on the "prairie." Sorry it is so short, but time is all "haywire" out in these parts, so that we don't get our dinner until 4 p.m. Anyway we are all "keen," if its only to get a day off once in a war. Congratulations to L.A.C. Garbage on receiving his "props." Others haven't given up hope yet (W.A.A.F. included).

**A.M.W.D.**—We know we are civilians, and many of you "King's Men" will be saying, "Er, civvies in again." But for all that you must admit you are glad of us sometimes. You know . . . when your lavatory is stopped up; your lights fused; roof leaking; your stoves won't give out enough heat; your lino wants replacing; locks gone "wonky"; this and that have broken down, and so many more things. So when you next think about saying, "Er, civvies in again" . . . don't . . . remember we are helping you to help win this war.

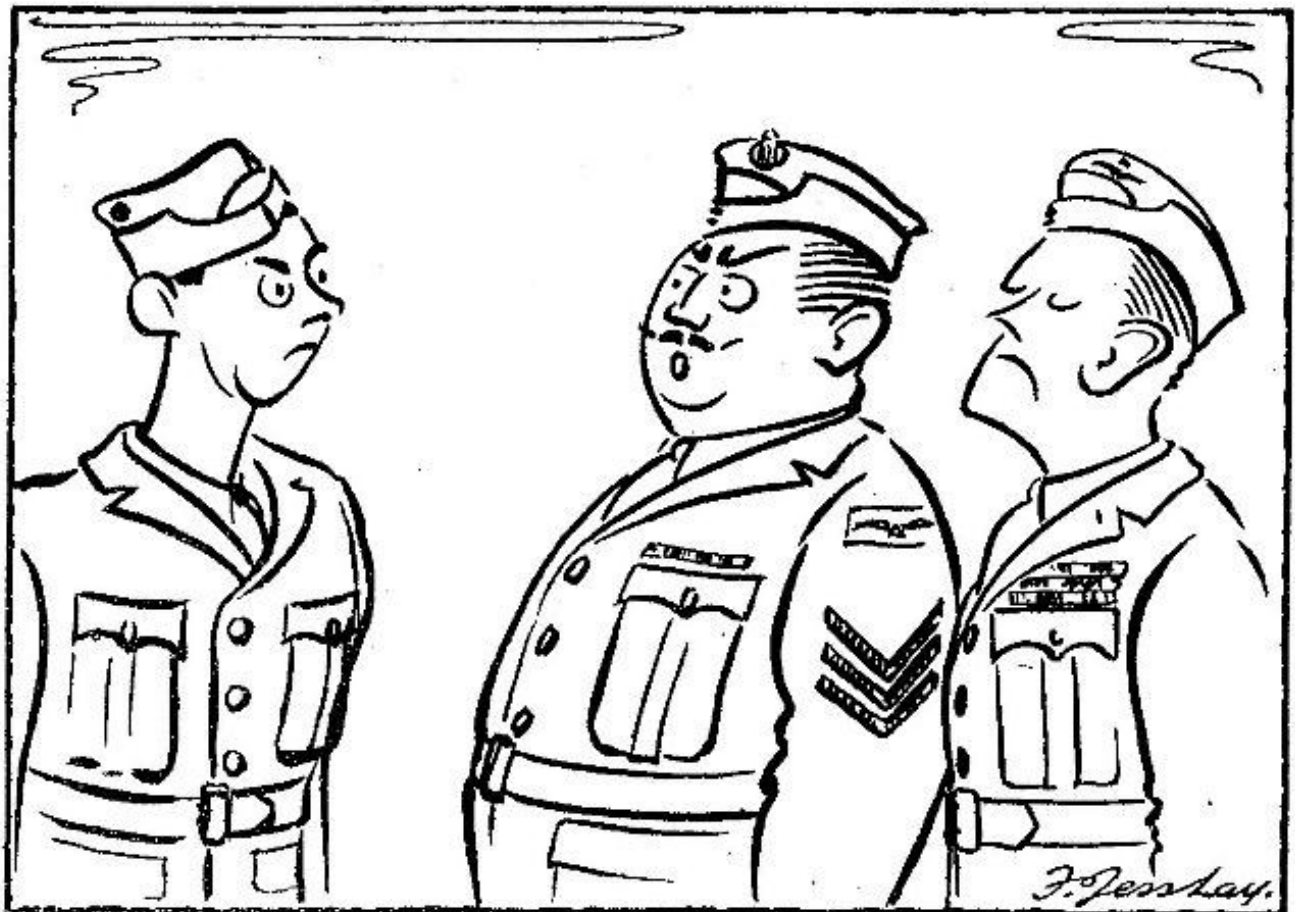
**S.H.Q.**—For the information of all concerned, the trade in Service Chevrons, Ribbons for 1939/43 and Africa Star, Mention in Despatch Emblems, is gradually making mere shadows of the staff. Try counting out a few hundred chevrons some time. We would like to point out that the Shorthand Typist who appears on the stage in the Station Review is not modelled on any of our specimens. Please note—The pencil she used was not an issue from the stationery stock! Sympathies to L.A.C.W. Williams, who is learning to be a Clerk/G.D. by the seaside. We hope it is not cold. A remark was passed by an airman who was awaiting hearing on a charge that his buttons were dirtied by steam from numerous cups of tea. We emphatically deny this allegation. Who accuses the Station Adjutant of keeping King's Regulations and Manual of Air Force Law under the files in his "IN" tray, to give the impression that he is busy.

**BASE H.Q.**—Who was the A.C.W. who took 1½ hours to walk from Pocklington to Allerthorpe and why?

Slimming campaign apparently in operation. It is rumoured that certain A.C.W.'s have commenced to drink hot water in lieu of cocoa and tea—others should follow their example!! A.C.2 Plonk says he has been doing this quite a time now—at the N.A.A.F.I.!! Discussion Group on "Have women justified the right to vote" revealed a strong opinion amongst the W.A.A.F.'s, led admirably by Cpl. R\*\*\*, that married men always voted for the person nominated by their wives. This suggested browbeating was however dispelled quickly by most airmen. Their wives were not, of course, present. One airman was most emphatic that he was master in his own house—he always, always did as he pleased. It was just coincidence—that what he wished to do, his wife also wished him to do.



## " RAFF GAFF " . . . . by LAY.



Sgt.: " Hey, you, were you a volunteer or a conscript? "

Airman: " Neither . . . . conscientious objector. "

Officer: " Get this man promoted, Sergeant; he's got brains. "

### ROUND THE SECTIONS (continued)

**BARBER'S SHOP.**—To the hundred and one who whispered, " Don't forget Sweeney, save me a bottle of Brylcreem, " or the tearful ones who said, " You might have known I wanted one "—Sorry, but 36 was the full quota and not being able to hide them, it was—first come, first served. The consolation is . . . we still have plenty of shaving cream and tooth-paste. Shh!! A P.T. Gorilla is taking up hair-dressing, so if you don't want to indulge in P.T. let him try his tonsorial art on you. We hope our clients will forgive our " speed " but we are short staffed and haircutting is very trying and tedious. No crack, please!!!! Will the shoemakers feed their mice, as hair is not too appetising for them.

**9102 SERVICING ECHELON.**—We are a little sore about the issue of meal cards, and possibly by reason of this we may be looked upon as some of the culprits who have been round twice. Nevertheless we wouldn't even dare to show our faces twice at the servery. Anyway what puzzles us is: if sufficient food were available and each man had his fill, surely no man would be so glutinous as to want another airman's ration. The Echelon is turning out an inspection per day despite a " ropey " break in the morning and a dead hour for dinner.

All the best to Dennis Millar and his wife.

Why the shortage of cigarettes in the N.A.A.F.I. ?

**W.A.A.F.**—With reference to " Frostbite " in the N.A.A.F.I., we agree wholeheartedly as this complaint is also very catching in the W.A.A.F. N.A.A.F.I. After all the fire is only lit once a week—on Domestic Night. How about some new books for the W.A.A.F. library? Very pleased that Sgt. Trayner is better. A fact that very few know: Cpl. Burley has two sons and two daughters as well as her husband and herself in the services. Not bad going, eh?



# SQUADRON

## NOTES . . . . .

Congratulations to our Fuhrer, S/L Kilsby, on his third jive, also to our new duty stooge, P/O Graham! He now has the task of-stoker-tea-fetcher and chore-monger in general. We welcome his contribution to the tea-swindle and for general information, Flight Commander now carries the mahogany box where he is so often told to put his "humph!" We should also like to make it known our sincere admiration to the wallahs on our dispersals for the wizard show they have put up in the past two weeks.

L.A.C. Wilding, electrician refugee, in Armourer's Hut, ex-Hudson Bay trapper, reported recovering from shock. "B" Flight poacher concerned please note next time to remove head as well as body from rabbit snare.

Yes, we believe it is true that the Greenwich pips are regulated by L.A.C. Probert's watch.

Our regular fitter is mortified to learn that "Cat" C" is not a Flying Boat.

Dropping a Carrier on Dicky Byrd's cranium was wasted effort. Dicky doesn't become conscious until Lights Out.

### ROUND THE SECTIONS (continued)

**A.C.F.**—Last Sunday week we noticed that a corporal came into the Airmen's Mess with his right arm across his breast. We thought he had injured himself, but it just proved to be three extra daubs of red. Get some SERVICE in 'bobber.' The "song-bird" invites all Station personnel to train with his stirrup-pump corps on the extension. Their motto is "Botch and Spray." We have a lovely parrot in our aviary, but the trouble is, he only knows one Phrase. Then we have a cockatoo who is always 'cocking.' Imagine their conversation. 'Wotcher, cock'—"Dunno, mate"—"Wotcher say, cock?"—"Dunno, mate"—"Wotcher think I am, cock?"—"Dunno, mate." We noticed in the last issue that the M.T. Section claimed the Snowball Trophy. We consider that they won the Schneider Trophy for fast running. Indeed, it was a good job that there was an A.C.F. to get the Airfield cleared! And we would very much like to have seen the rum issue!

**ACCOUNTS SECTION.**—We notice Cpl. Hoadley is emulating Adam and going about tastefully attired in a fig leaf—or is it an oak leaf! Best wishes to L.A.C.W. "Tim" Wood, posted to Driffield. Which W.A.A.F. in Hut 60 rides her cycle in the hut? Is this morning exercise in the hope of losing her "spare tyre?" Certain W.A.A.F. complains her husband's home-coming not mentioned in "P.G." Sorry, but we thought the announcement might cramp her style!

**SPORTS SECTION.**—Congratulations to chief "Gorilla" F/O Gillespie on his new appointment. Look out, 4 Group, P.F.O.'s he's a killer.

The entire section extend a hearty welcome to our new chief, F/O Tellwright. O.K. Robbies Rhythm Boys for Gillespie's "Gorillas," are now "Tellwright's Toughts." Well done, "Chieffe" Logan, on his performance in "Diversion"—it shook us to find a real "Gigolo" in the section.

Best wishes to L.A.C. Ken Jarvis, our own "Brylcreem" Boy on his 24th birthday, 19th March. We didn't know that he'd reached the age of discretion.

## “ ESSADDO ”

*Pocka Gen* goes from strength to strength.

I'm afraid my views of the opening date for the Cinema were a little optimistic, but we are pushing on as fast as we can.

I regret to state that the Y.M.C.A. scheme as planned has fallen through temporarily, through no fault of our own. It is possible, however, that the original plan of a new building erected by the Y.M.C.A. on the main camp will materialise. The offer of the N.A.A.F.I. to open a Social Welfare Centre has not been accepted.

With regard to the Cinema, I have received the names of our future “ projectionists,” but now I want offers of “ usherettes.” Payment will be made from P.S.I. Volunteers should submit their names to me personally as soon as possible.

Cricket is in the air, and this season we want the game to go with a bigger swing than ever. Any who are keen should submit their names at once to the Sports Officer, stating any qualifications they possess. It is hoped to arrange about thirty first team fixtures, and in addition we wish to run a Section League. So go to it.

Big improvements are being made in the theatre and when it is finished, it will be worthy of the Station. All will be interested to know that the Concert Party had a smashing reception at the Garrison Theatre, Leeds. It played to an audience of over one thousand and earned a “ write up ” in the *Yorkshire Post*.

Everybody will be sorry to lose F/O Gillespie, who has done yeoman service for Sport and Entertainment. On the other hand he has gone to a promotion, for which we are glad. Good luck to him in his new job, part of which is to pay periodical visits to us. So he is not lost to us altogether.

I have had a letter asking for a sports ground nearer the Station. It is hoped in the near future to have one on the Aerodrome itself—steps are in hand for the making of a concrete cricket pitch for all section games. I think this will be a great improvement and we hope attract more supporters.

*Re* curtains, the avenue of obtaining permits has been thoroughly explored, and it is now impossible to obtain them. However, the difficulty has been solved by a purchase of non-coupon cloth.

## “ CHURCH AND SPIRE.”

### THE GREATEST DRAMA EVER STAGED.

So Dorothy Sayers describes events which happened in the first 30 years of so in our calendar. It was all enacted in a small State no bigger than Wales. Its greatness lay in the fact that on to the human stage, there came in human form, God Himself as Jesus of Nazareth.

On April 7th and 8th we shall be thinking of two of the great acts in that drama. On Good Friday the answer was given to many of man's most pressing questions about life; on Easter Day was given the answer to man's age-long question about death.

We shall be thinking of the meaning of these events in our special Easter Services which will be as follows:—

Palm Sunday, April 2nd, 20.00 hrs., Stainer's “ Crucifixion ” (by the Choir).

Maunday Thursday, April 6th, 21.00 hours—Holy Communion.

Good Friday, April 7th, 21.00 hours—Short Morning Service.

Easter Day, April 9th, 07.45, Holy Communion; 09.30, Morning Service. 19.30, Film: “ What men live by ” (based on story by Tolstoy), followed by Community Singing and Service.



## THE OFFICERS' MESS.

"Never were so many so cold for so long" might have been inscribed over the door of the Ante-Room during this winter. Cloakroom accommodation is very scanty and could be enlarged. The queue at lunch time still grows longer: why not have two serving tables?

Is there no officer who can play the piano? It is silent like the harp that once, thro' Tara's Halls.

Who found the oranges under the table at the recent dance? Certain newspapers still disappear very rapidly, e.g., *Daily Mirror*. Is Jane the attraction? The new arrangements *re* cigarettes seem to be working very well. The int(f)ernal Tannoy in the Mess has revealed few golden voices. On hearing that the dance might be postponed owing to Ops. a certain S/L said: "You can't do that; my wife has had her hair permed today in York specially for the occasion!" The departure of F/O Gillespie is a loss to the Mess: his whimsical sense of humour will be greatly missed. We wish him well. The plague of sausage seems to have abated only to be replaced by a barrage of beans.

What officer, on interviewing the S.Ad.O., said, "Now, Sir—let's get our hair down on this problem!" This, to the S.Ad.O. of all people!

## IN THE NEWS.

Interviewed at his post outside the N.A.A.F.I., Mr. Forth told our reporter that he sells 300-400 papers a day on this Station and 600-700 on Sundays. *The Mirror* heads the sales, followed by the *Daily Express*. "Is Jane the secret passion of Pocklington personnel? I don't know—I don't read *The Mirror*." Our reporter checked sales; and of 50 copies sold in a few minutes, 32 were *Mirrors*. The *News of the World* is the Sunday best seller. A man can buy as many papers as he likes. W.A.A.F. preferences are the same as the R.A.F. "The men never pay me twice—but if they owe 1d. they always pay it the next day." Mr. Forth's family have been in business in Pocklington for 107 years! His printing business had to close down—his staff has been called up. His son, Alfred, a fighter pilot, was killed over Malta in 1941. Mr. Forth says that Alfred was a highly skilled printer, to whom the business would have been handed over in due course. He tells us that he will run his expert eye over this issue of *Pocka Gen*!



A ladder rests against a wall with its top projecting. When the foot of the ladder is 16ft. from the wall, 3ft. project over the top; when the foot of the ladder is 9ft. from the

wall, 8ft. project over the top. Find the height of the wall.

Prize of 2/- for first correct solution opened.

Last issue's winner: See "Stop Press" (page 12).

"Who told the Y.W.C.A. that attendance at W.A.A.F. Camp Night is voluntary?"



## LETTERS to the EDITOR

Sir,—

### SWEET RATION.

An Airman taking his sweet ration fortnightly receives three bars of chocolate, or equivalent. By taking it weekly he receives one bar, thus being deprived of a bar every two weeks. Is it asking too much to have this rectified? The solution is simple. Instead of marking Ration Card as at present, the Naafi could allow three punch holes per fortnight, distributed as required.—L.A.C. KELLY.

Sir,—May I through your valuable columns appeal for something, which if it were available, would be greatly appreciated, and that is, a sports field in the immediate vicinity of the camp. Surely there is a field adjoining the camp or airfield which could be obtained for this purpose. After all, Pocklington is well in the fore in its many branches of outdoor sport, and deserves better support than it gets. A sports field on the spot would most certainly "bring in" the support Pocklington deserves.

"FOOTBALLER."

Sir,—You publish an interview with the Air Commodore and F/L Barnes. I hear that you are publishing an interview with Lt. Col. Cherry. We have also heard of the estimable and charming tea car attendants, of the Naafi Manageress, Canon Richardson, and the Rev. Greenwood. What about the rankers?—A.C.1.

(We will publish YOUR life-story—  
if it is interesting.—EDITOR.)

A prize of 10/-, given by the Catering Officer, is offered for the best recipe for any meal, which can be put into bulk production.

Sir,—“What is *wrong* with the world” is running in a series of ten minute lunch-time talks in the Naafi every Thursday. Why not cheer up and tell us just *once* what is *right* with the world.—L.A.C.

Sir,—*Re* the Padre's series, “What's wrong with the world” —why must parsons always give the talk.—A.C.2.

(The next one is being given by—the Editor!)

### SWING TIME NOTES.

Cpl. Watson has been a musician for 20 years. Starting when 14 years old he toured the continent as featured alto player; on return to this country played with Reggy Forsythe, Hal Swain, etc., and in the Cafe de Paris, Cafe Anglais, London Pavilion. He has done much work recording sound tracks for 20th Century Fox. Broadcast many times, including regular programmes from Luxembourg; featured saxophonist with Columbia and Decca Companies. Plays Alto, Clarry, Soprano, Violin. His main hobby is the inverted pint jug.

Geraldo airings seriously cut on General Forces programme. Bug dance band concert at London Coliseum on afternoon of April 23rd. Harry James, Betty Grable have a daughter. Dinah Shore married George Montgomery, of “Orchestra Wives” fame. Harry Roy and band due back from successful Middle East Tour. How about a hand for Frank Marsden for the terrific amount of work he put in for “Diversion.”—JARVIS.



## AIRMAN'S AID TO RECOGNITION OF R.A.F. TYPES.

By L.A.C. WASLEY.

**SQUADRON LEADER.**—The name is a mis-nomer, for he is often not what he is usually cracked up to be—the leader of a Squadron. Is often possessed of a crafty eye for detail when found on terra firma. When in the air this same eye has a terrific flare for Jerry dummies. He can be a nice, bright, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of 20 years or alternatively a grumpy middle aged man in an executive position, in which latter capacity he is playfully known as, "The King of Binders." This disparity of age makes him difficult to spot at 200 yards, so that extra care should be exercised in spotting this type. It is often best to act quickly on the assumption that all those on foot without braid are Squadron Leaders. But many a likely Squadron Leader turns out to be a . . . . .

**FLIGHT LIEUTENANT.**—Only the silliest ass though would confuse the two, because the Flight Lieutenant nearly always uses "Brylcreem," giving his head an exhilarating shine, which undoubtedly led, in the first place, to the invention of that handiest of airman's guides, the Landmark Beacon. Don't imagine for one moment that a ginger Flight Lieutenant is a Belisha Beacon, for he is nothing like as hard as that if you happen to bump into him. Probably the best dressed and most dapper of all ranks, he is frequently a stickler for work and promotion. At 200 yards he is an easy mark. Look for that pair of well creased bags and the gentlemanly trot. It's a "piece of cake," my friends the spotters.

**FLYING OFFICER.**—Is yet another mis-nomer, for invariably he does not fly and for recognition purposes is bracketed with his close brother, the . . . .

**PILOT OFFICER.**—The struggling "maid-of-all-work" in the commissioned ranks. Often as neatly groomed as our friend, the Flight Lieutenant, but far more conscious of his rank. As the "sprog" of the commissioned ranks he usually impresses it upon you in no uncertain manner. You will know him by his marked insistence on saluting when you meet. He takes nothing for granted and at 20 yards you will easily be able to discern that expected salute-God-help-you-if-you-don't on his face. An easy "spot," but do not fear him too much, for at heart he is usually "one of the boys."

**FLIGHT SERGEANT.**—Halfway house between the W.O. and the common or garden Sergeant, an enviable status, but he is easily recognised because he always wears his Glengarry slap bang in the middle of his head, as if inviting an over-ripe tomato to be hurled in its direction. Boys, you cannot miss him, and you can mark this off in your Spotters' Compendium as the simplest recco of them all.

**SERGEANT.**—For some unknown reason he is often known as "Good Old Sarge." It has yet to be discovered what is good about a Sergeant and the latest delvers into the mystery have decided that what good does exist must be more than innate. Usually hard-bitten and raucous, he can be identified at close quarters by the string of 252's suspended from his neck, and under his tunic, with no paper showing on any account. He is recognised, like our feathered friends, by his call, "You're on charge, you . . . . !" 'Ware the Sergeant, spotters, and make the best of local cover and home-made camouflage when you think he is near.

**CORPORAL.**—Ha! Ha! Our pleasant friend the stooge, usually an inoffensive type because he's bewildered by the two "tapes" on his arm and never forgets to look at them every day after his initiation into the N.C.O. class. Takes orders from the Sergeant, but being a sport rarely passes them on the "erks." Most chaps like the corporal in a half sympathetic kind of way. You can spot him by his broad smile, because he's usually overwhelmed with joy at being an N.C.O. and more tickled still at not being a Sergeant,



The successful Boxing Tournament between a Northern Bomber Group and an Army Unit was held at R.A.F. Station, Pocklington.

Spectators enjoyed a high standard of service boxing, and good clean fighting was the keynote throughout the programme.

The two exhibition contests were given by the well-known favourites Sgt.-Inst. Tom Smith and our friend from the A.T.C., Peter Tomes.

Many thanks are due to the willing helpers and stewards, specially F/O Wynne and his able electricians.

It seemed that everybody had a comfortable view of the ring, the advantage being gained by having the show in a hangar, and as we anticipated, once the big doors were closed, the cold did not seem to bother us.

The results were as follows:—

- BOUT 1.—FEATHERWEIGHT: Gnr. Rands, Unit: R.A.
- BOUT 2.—BANTAMWEIGHT: Gnr. Smith. Unit: R.A.
- BOUT 3.—MIDDLEWEIGHT: L.A.C. Lawson. Unit: R.A.F.
- BOUT 4.—WELTERWEIGHT: Gnr. Rowley. Unit: R.A.
- BOUT 5.—LIGHTWEIGHT: L.A.C. Barton. Unit: R.A.F.
- BOUT 6.—MIDDLEWEIGHT: L.A.C. Goddard. Unit: R.A.F.
- BOUT 7.—EXHIBITION: Peter Tomes (A.T.C.) versus Sgt. Letchford (K.R.R.).
- BOUT 8.—FEATHERWEIGHT: L.A.C. Parker. Unit: R.A.F.
- BOUT 9.—LIGHTWEIGHT: L/Bdr. MacNiel. Unit: R.A.
- BOUT 10.—MIDDLEWEIGHT: L.A.C. Roberts. Unit: R.A.F.
- BOUT 11.—EXHIBITION: Sgt./Inst. Tom Smith (A.P.T.C.) versus Boy Watson (York Home Guard)
- BOUT 12.—WELTERWEIGHT: Gnr. Cayne. Unit: R.A.
- BOUT 13.—LIGHT-HEAVY: Cpl. Luckings. Unit: R.A.F.
- BOUT 14.—HEAVYWEIGHT: Cpl. Dick. Unit: R.A.F.

We are certain our last Rigger fixture of the season will rouse much interest when we play Hull and East Riding at Hull on April 17th in a grand seven-a-side match. This being our one and only seven-a-side of the season, it should be a field day for our threes, Cpls. Burnyeat and James. Anyhow, here's hoping. The remarkable change in weather made us mindful of our cricket games last summer, and of the coming season, when we are hoping to have many more enjoyable fixtures. No doubt more fresh talent has arrived on the Station during the past few months. Potential players should be dropping a hint around the Sports Section!

## OLD PEOPLE'S LANE.

If tired of today, for some corner you sigh  
That change has forgotten and progress passed by,  
From the road that leads westwards, its bustle and hurry,  
Its changing and banging of bus and of lorry.

By an antique shop, then by a draper's turn down,  
Keep on past the "Castle" or is it the "Crown" ?  
And it maybe you'll find (if it ever remain)  
The place that I think of as "Old People's Lane."

There's a row of old houses where old people dwell,  
With here a ship model and there a pink shell ;  
There's a crazy old pub. that was kept long ago  
By some peg-legged old salt that had sailed with Benbow.

And the barges go by with their timber a-cracking  
And on the worn stairs the high tide a lapping,  
And grey days and blue days, in sunshine or rain,  
Time lies there at anchor off "Old People's Lane."

But just where to find it—ah, that I can't tell !  
I have lost the road to it, it's right name as well ;  
And I cannot remember them try as I may,  
Through York's narrow streets though I ramble all day ;

By "Antiques" unnumbered turn hopefully down,  
Pass whole herds of "Castles" "Crown" after "Crown,"  
And footsore and weary, still search for in vain  
The road that once took me to "Old People's Lane." P.O.P.

### ROUND THE SECTIONS (continued)

**STATION WORKSHOPS.**—First appearance in *Pocka Gen*. We are not "Ronsen & Thorens, Ltd," as is sometimes thought. Sprogs point out with glee that a certain senior N.C.O. has his service chevrons sewn on upside down. Congratulations to Cpl. Revelby, machine shop, on the arrival of a daughter. Also congratulations to F/Sgt. Phillips on receiving the Africa Star. Welcome to A.C.W. Tait to the Febric Shop. What senior N.C.O. is bobbing for his crown or has his halo broken down.

**B.S.S.**—Notable event of the week has been the posting of our airborne-fitter, who we think was more than shaken by the news. L.A.C. Reid was offering £1 to 2/6 that he would flannel his way out of it. However, up to going to press, the Colonel seems to be on his way. "Per Flannel ad M.I.D.!"

Our Tech. Adj. is sporting new blue, not before time, on the arrival of his "kicking horses." Nice work, Taff, on both accounts. The horses were led to the well during the week,—and needed very little leading. Sgt. Delf caused much amusement one evening by his most undignified 'baling-out' of a tractor, which was being hotly pursued by a very large Halibag. Two days afterwards he was seen still picking bits of the perimeter track out of his hands and knees!

Congratulations to Cpl. Thompson on his Africa Star. Rumour has it that Cpl. Harris is actually thinking of going sick one day next week. The dignified silence of the propellor bay was rudely broken the other day by a nasty rough Sergeant, who rushed in, woke up Cpl. Cornwell, and, much to the latter's disgust, put him on Initial Fitments!

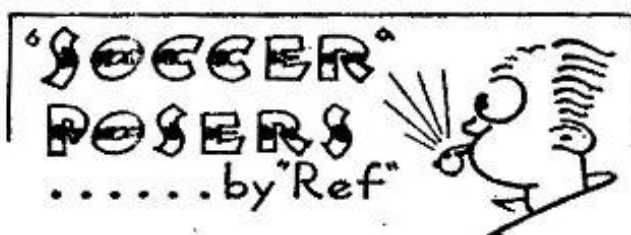




### APRIL.

Saturday, 1st—Club Dance.  
 Wednesday, 5th—Canadian Concert  
 Party—"Blackouts."  
 Thursday, 6th—W.A.A.F. Dance  
 also Canadian Concert Party—

"Black-outs."  
 Saturday, 8th—Club Dance.  
 Wednesday, 12th—E.N.S.A. Show.  
 Thursday, 13th—Club Dance.  
 Saturday, 15th—Club Dance.



*Answer to last issue's poser:—*

As referee it is your duty to inform both captains that each side *must* have a goalkeeper. Should the captains refuse to make one of each side a goalkeeper, then you refuse to referee, reporting the facts to the respective football body of that particular competition, who will deal with the matter.

*This issue's poser:—*

Accidentally a referee plays 50 minutes in the first half, instead of the proper 45 minutes. How long should he play in the second half?

### 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.I. at 13-25 hrs.

The Christian Fellowship 19.30 hrs.

### R.C. SERVICES.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE  
 CONCEPTION.

Mass—

Sunday, 08-15 and 09.15 hrs.

Weekdays, 08.00 hrs.

Benediction—

Sunday, 09-40 hrs.

Tuesday, 20.00 hrs.

Confessions—

Saturday, 18.00—19.00 hrs.

Sword of the Spirit—Tuesday,  
 20-15 hrs.

### STOP PRESS.

*Two prizes of 10/- offered for the two best letters received on camp topics. Letters and winners' names in the next issue.*

Winner of last week's puzzle and Special Prize:—

Puzzle Winner: Cpl. Sanderson

Special Prize of one guinea:  
 A.C.I Marshall.

**Editorial Office,  
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