

hands, it is an indication that negotiations should immediately be put in hand for the loan of a reliable alarm clock, because the Chief seems to be of the opinion that if an airman fails to have his feet on the deck at 0630 hours he can quite easily rise at 0530 hours for the next few days.

It might be as well to explain this little recreation a little further.

The "caught" airman must rise at 0530 hours, dress, shave and clean his buttons, and then present himself at the Headquarters of the Gestapo (officially known as the Guard House and sometimes facetiously known as the Old Men's Home).

Here a senior member of the Gestapo critically examines the airman from top to toe and invariably finds a fault that requires the airman to return to his quarters and get back to the Guard House under a time limit that usually would only allow the man to travel half the distance.

This merry little game continues until the airman either looks and feels like a "Guardsmen" or is carried to the Station Hospital a nervous wreck.

Even there the airman's troubles are far from over, because the Medical Officer and the S.W.O. seem to work in very close harmony; in fact, it has been rumoured that the Medical Officer is actually a highly-placed member of the S.S.

The Head of the S.S. has never apparently heard of "dress reform" or "comfortable clothing for men," because he displays a remarkably narrow view of what a well-dressed airman should wear.

Apparently all buttons are meant to be done up, canvas shoes are not issued to wear on parade or around the Station, and most remarkable of all, he insists that caps and jackets are issued to wear.

This individual also displays marked interest in the contents of wardrobes, cupboards, etc., and insists that beds should be made his way every day, absolutely no encouragement is given to individuality in these matters.

Hair-cuts is another matter on which he has decided ideas. Having reached the age when his hair is no longer his "crowning glory," he looks with marked disfavour on carefully brushed and marcelled coiffures in lieu of caps F.S.

Another matter on which it would appear he takes a rather narrow view, is walking on the grass, and having never apparently heard the "call of spring," is of the opinion that the grass is to look at.

Even the High Priests of War are not immune from disfavour through this; in fact, history relates that on one occasion he looked darkly on the High Priest of All for this