



The MOTH Monthly



Vol. 2, No. 1

Caron, Sask. - January, 1943

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The Moth Monthly

THE MAGAZINE OF
NO. 33 E.F.T.S.
CARON, SASK.
CANADA



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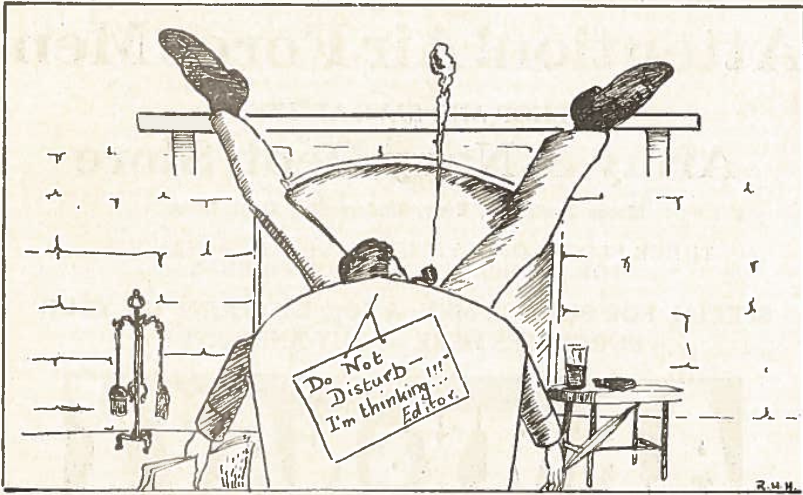
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Dear Readers:

This, my first editorial in *The Moth Monthly*, is one which is not a little difficult to write. During recent months our station "rag" has been greatly improved and it is with some trepidation that I venture to carry on the good work of my predecessor, P/O H. R. Howard. In this first contribution of mine, may I express my heartfelt thanks to the Magazine Committee for their assistance by, to use Army vernacular, "putting me in the picture".

During a recent meeting of the Committee it was decided to apply to members of the school for a suggested new title for *The Moth Monthly*—this request, as you may infer, presages the conversion of the school to a new type of training machine; when that conversion will actually materialise is still a matter for conjecture; but we must have that new name ready for "plugging" immediately the change takes place. Details of the competition will be found in another page of this issue. Another suggestion made at the meeting was, that certain members of the staff may wish to become the possessors of a bound volume of the "Moth". In such a volume much can be learned of the history of the school during the year 1942, and of the transfer from Service to Civilian operational status. Again, details of bound volume prices can be obtained by reference to another page in this month's issue.

I do not think that I have anything further to say this month, except, perhaps, a wish that the New Year may prove to be as kind to us at Caron as it, undoubtedly, will to our Allied Cause.

Cheerio for the present.



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The Padre's Letter

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."—ISAIAH: CH. 40, v. 31

The consequences of relying upon God's help are stated in a rather curious order; the reversal in fact of what we should have expected. The diminuendo is startling. We should have thought the order would have been "walk—run—fly"; instead, it is "fly—run—walk". The tempo slows down. The effects become less and less spectacular, more and more ordinary—humdrum—commonplace like a pupil aspiring to brilliant aerobatics, but in the end achieving no more than ability to taxi his plane without running off the tarmac.

But the prophet was right. Human experiences always occur in that order. The boy who has set his heart on becoming a pilot lives for the moment of his first solo. He literally "mounts up with wings as eagles". For him there is all the thrill and glamour of a real conquest. Then time goes by. Hours crowd his log book. Flying becomes more ordinary, commonplace, wearisome. He lives through the experience of "running and not being weary". And finally he reaches the last experience—the experience of daily monotonous routine, dull plodding, rigorous endurance. Then if he can still bring to his task all the enthusiasm of those earlier days, all the keenness and freshness of those first flying hours, he is a stout-hearted fellow indeed. He has learned to "trundle on and not faint".

The French used to have a proverb that it was the first step which really cost and counted most, but, in matters of vital importance, this is scarcely ever true. It is the last step and not the first which costs and counts the most. Many pioneers have found their first enthusiasm exhilarating but their last steps, steps when feet were heavy, and the heart sick with hope deferred, have been by far the most important. When obstacles accumulate and difficulties seem endless, the last steps count the most. It was wonderful what Milton could do when he was blind, or Beethoven when he was deaf.

Above all, this is true about the Christian Life. There are times (in the first flush of conversion or after a well-prepared confirmation) when religion can take on a radiant splendour which lights up the whole of life. Times when a man is keenly aware of God's Presence, when he feels able to reach Heavenward, to "mount with wings as eagles", but these experiences rarely last. Worship begins to lose its thrill, prayer ceases to become in any sense a pleasure, only a tedious duty, and it is a desperate fight to keep from giving up altogether. Religion seems to be sliding downhill, but in reality one is ascending uphill. If a man has the courage to go on, he is doing the finest thing any human can do. He is learning what discipleship really means. He is on the threshold of becoming his best. He is learning "to walk and not faint". The hard path of ordinary humdrum duty is the final trying ground for Christian Sainthood.

The task which lies before the United Nations demands patient persistence. The ordeal may be long. The road may be very hard, but even if we cannot always be mounting up with wings as eagles, even if we cannot always run without weariness, we can still continue to plod step by step along the path of loyal duty till at length we come to final victory. May God give us the strength to go all the way—

Your friend and Padre,
R. H. VERNON VIVIAN.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

I Salute You

There is nothing I can give which you have not, but there is much that while I cannot give you can take.

No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today.

Take Heaven

No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this present instant.

Take Peace

The gloom of the world is but a shadow; behind it, yet within reach, is joy.

Take Joy

And so, at this Christmas time, I greet you with the prayer that for you, now and forever, the day breaks and the shadows flee away. —FRA GIOVANNI, A.D. 1513.

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Course 69—Their Sufferings and Idiosyncrasies

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"—and so another lot of poor blighters stood shivering on the platform of the Caron Station listening to the words of wisdom of one whom we were to know later as a teacher of learning in a certain room in G.I.S. labelled Armaments.

After the baggage had been loaded on the high speed, streamlined, super-charged truck by the baggage party of amateur stevedores, we set out for Caron Airport. The baggage party was lucky enough to get a ride to the Airport in the super-truck. They maintain it was wonderful to sit in the truck with the lovely, cool prairie breeze blowing through their curly locks and to see the stars shining above their heads, at the same time clinging on to the sides of the truck by their teeth, grasping kit bags with their hands and feet while the truck rolled along at a modest 85 m.p.h. Old Baldy had to be held on by the scruff of his neck with his feet dangling about two inches above the ground, and Heinz (you know, the chap of 47 varieties) had half his clothing and toilet materials blown out of his kit bag in that mad, wild ride.

To cut a long story short, the vanguard arrived at the Airport minus half their belongings with a couple of bus-loads of U/T pilots pounding along somewhere in the rear. We appreciated the fact that the truck was backed up to the door of the billet even though they up-ended it and let kit bags, U/T pilots and other odds and ends slide off to form a pile of struggling humanity in a snow-drift. After the pile had been sorted, the corporal took us to the Stores, where he had ordered sheets and blankets to be prepared for us. After some confusion, these were issued and we went back to our billets. In the ensuing scramble, for kit bags and beds, there were many injuries inflicted on the unwary, old Baldy getting his corns tramped on more than once. Those who had false teeth took a wise precaution and removed them, wrapping them in cotton wool until the rush was over. Then we were given some gen! The canteen was to remain open after 10.30 p.m. so that we could have our fill before turning in, and did we appreciate that? I'll say! The

rest of the corporal's gen we didn't like, and to write it here I'd need to pore over a dictionary for a considerable period to find words which would not be censored. He also told us he would tuck us into bed personally and kiss us goodnight, as it was our first night in Caron. We didn't like that either! No sooner were these "Famous Last Words" out of his mouth than the mad rush for the canteen began. Tubby took the most direct route and used the fire escape chute. This had several results, viz.: (1) Fire chute had to be repaired next day, also window, as Tubby had not opened the same to gain access to chute; (2) Tubby had to report to M.O. next day; (3) Tubby's trousers unfit to wear except under greatcoat; (4) Tubby learning ancient law of Confucius which says, "Too much friction at high speeds between inclined plane, and seat of pants, results in subsequent increase in temperature which is very damaging to seat of pants and causes discomfort to honourable seat."

Anyway, the mob reached the canteen, some in one piece and some not. We ran right, slap-bang, into the crowd which had poured forth from Karon Kinema and who were as Krazy as Koons for Kups of Koffee and Kake (who started this anyway! Quit it!) But when the crowd had cleared away! Whew! I'll bet you can't guess what we saw? No, smarty, we didn't see Lana Turner or Linda Darnell or Dorothy Lamour, but we did see three (or was it four) dazzling dames serving behind the counter. On that night there was a certain blonde behind the counter, and since then every time Zombie goes into the canteen when the dazzling blonde is serving, he spends half his time leaning over the counter. We wonder if it is love? Lay off though, Zombie, the writer has taken out priority rights. But that is beside the point. The point is that we were hungry, and so we ate.

Everyone, I think, dreamt that night of the sweet action of the corporal in tucking us in and kissing us goodnight. Next morning, we were awakened (very rudely, too) by another corporal, this time an energetic one, galloping around, switching on lights and shouting, "Come on, chaps, get up! You'll be late! I've overslept two minutes!" So we arose

and washed by dipping our forefingers in cold water and wiping over our eyes and wandered off to breakfast, all except the artist of the Course, who has the courage to stay in bed and miss breakfast. And what a breakfast! It was super! Before I go any further I really must address the Boundary Bay Flying Training Company Limited on behalf of the Course. "We think the show you put up on our arrival here, and since then, is the best we have ever encountered and we wish to thank you and tell you how much we appreciate the swell food, the trouble you took in handing out sheets on our first night and the fact that we didn't have to stand in long queues filling in documents, arrival forms and preference pro formas (the R.A.F. still needs A/G's, you know) and most of all we think a darned lot of the air of friendliness and comradeship prevalent throughout the station."

After breakfast we were taken to G.I.S. and had a talk from S/L Hayward and Mr. Long and found them to be very decent and competent. Then on to the hospital, where we were given preliminary jabs to find out whether we were susceptible to various forms of disease found only in animals, and, two or three days later, we discovered we were really animals, being classed as positive, negative, sensitive, relative or unrelative (not following Einstein's theory) and were subsequently "jabbed" as per classification.

Next day we met the Flying Instructors and the remainder of the G.I.S. Instructors and found them all jolly good "blokes".

Now to discuss G.I.S. We don't know a lot about Miss Martin as she spends most of her time in the Chief Instructor's room and we never see her. Mr. Long is a great guy and we like him very much. Mr. MacLean and Mr. Calhoun have to give us five minutes, after every ten minutes' oration, to translate into English what has been said. Messrs. Barclay and O'Leary, the Morse experts, have a very easy time as we can receive about "tens" and so have nothing to worry about (or so we think). We often wonder, though, why Mr. Barclay seems to be so short of hair after each test, and also when Mr. O'Leary will really get the Morse Key in working order? The instrument fiend (probably some know him better as Mr. Radcliffe) is a swell guy and a smart chap, too, but I'll bet he still can't explain how an aircraft would have stability if it had no dihedral on the mainplanes. Also, we can give

him the address of the De Havilland works if he wants some information about anhedral. I think the first on our black list is the Armaments Instructor, Cpl. Madley. I wonder if he still thinks that three inches, multiplied by four inches make one square foot. He's a pleasant chap, too. Only today he gave us some "gen" about new Aircraft Recognition syllabus in his cheeriest fashion and told us we had to "do" seventy aircraft instead of thirty for the final examination. Before leaving G.I.S. we would just like to say that we know a very "jammy" story about a certain ground instructor who, when he was learning to fly, almost mowed down a tractor and tractor driver that were unlucky enough to be in his way. Incidentally, he was flying the ancient model now in the control tower hangar, which can be viewed on payment of a small fee (for a slightly higher fee the whole story will be told). Please apply to Course 69 for information.

And now to polish off the Flying Instructors (I don't mean literally). We are all susceptible to bubble trouble and usually they can think of something ironical to say when the poor pupil climbs at 50 m.p.h., glides at 95 m.p.h., pulls out of spins at 500 feet and has various other tricky ideas known only to pupils. All the same we'd like to know what a certain D Flight Instructor was doing when he got the white light twice in nine days from "Jiggs". They have to admit, sometimes, that there really are such things as gremlins, but of course, only when an aircraft which they are landing drifts over the runway, to the wrong side, or bumps half a dozen times. Also, when they do turns, if the elusive bubble will insist on slipping in, it is the jolly old gremlins who are at work. But when the poor pupil does those sort of goofy things—"nuff said.

Most of us have now gone solo and this is another cause of worry to the demented instructors who have to keep a very sharp lookout for these jinxes of the air who cause them more trouble than all the pupils put together, for it is a well-known fact that a solo pupil never looks around before turning, cuts in on the circuit, tears along the downwind leg at an even 110 m.p.h., does climbing turns at 300 feet, and numerous other evil things which an instructor never does and wouldn't even dream of doing!

Link training, too, has become a source of worry to most of us now but a greater source of worry is the fines which we

If ?

If you can keep your seat when all about you
 Are losing theirs and claiming it's the cinch;
 If you can post and check when horses flout you
 And, when they shy at nothing, never flinch;
 If you can trot and not get sore with trotting,
 Or being shied at, have another try,
 And having mounted, don't give way and dismount,
 And having stayed there, never wonder why:

If you can stick the sound of ribald laughter
 That greets you when you call the tail a mane;
 If you can post from here to Ever-after
 And eat your dinner sitting, just the same;
 If you can ride to hounds and be their Master
 And not, like me, just curse the common pup
 If neither Pride nor gentle Tip gets past yer
 If Lady Dian's never "shot you up":

If you can cope with Toby's whims and fancies
 If Johnny's just another horse to you;
 If you can keep a steady pace and not take chances,
 Thus causing Jock to curse you black and blue;
 If you can tell your unbelieving mess-mates
 That sixty minutes on a horse is fun,
 That you held on—that there was nothing to it,
 Except the darned confounded thing would run!

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by wags to make the groundlings roar;
 If, knowing all the nags you've ever broken,
 You still come back again and ask for more;
 In fact, old man, if riding is a pleasure
 You'd better join the club, we'll fix you up,
 And do it now—repent ye at your leisure—
 There's better men than you who won't give up.

—H.V.P.

have to pay if we "boob". What with trying to keep airspeeds constant and sideslip needles steady, we will be fully qualified for the nut house before we finish.

Well, I could go on for a long time telling you about Course 69. It is an interesting Course and contains some of the queerest people this side of Jordan, but as there are 60 (more or less, probably less by the time this comes out) pupils in it, I'm afraid it would take too long to tell you about it all. Two characters stand out clearly in my mind and the first is "Fearless Fergie", who lives in fear and trembling as he has already

been in six snowdrifts and is now awaiting his seventh. Keeping fellows awake at night is his speciality, and he is so subdued now that his knees bang together when anyone glares at him. The other chap is the guy who wrote this awful tripe and I heard a rumour today that he is due for a snowdrift for giving "duff" gen (his speciality), so you can now guess what sort of a guy he is.

STOP PRESS: Fergie just been ducked for the 7th time. Now awaiting 8th. Knees beating out eight to the bar. Everyone up out of bed doing the Conga in pyjamas to beat of knees.



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Sitting—Sgt. J. D. McLeod, Sgt. A. H. Jordison, F/Sgt. G. Field, Sgt. J. A. Douglas, Sgt. P. E. Desjardins.

“Who’s Who” in the Link Section

F/Sgt. Gray Field, N.C.O. i/c of the Link Trainer Section.

Home Town: Simcoe, Ontario.

Occupation before the War: School Teacher.

Sports: Hockey; Horse Back Riding.

Pet Expression: “Good Show”.

Hobby: Woodcraft.

Ambition: To become a gentleman farmer after the war. Raise nothing heavier than his hat.

Sgt. Alfred Jordison, Assistant i/c of the Link Trainer Section.

Home Town: Swift Current.

Occupation before the War: Driller in an Ontario gold mine.

Sports: Hockey and Hunting.

Pet Expression: “Ah, belt up”.

Hobby: Riding the bus to and from Moose Jaw.

Ambition: To live in the Garden of Eden with Eve.

The other personalities of the section will be introduced in the future editions of *The Moth Monthly*.

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From a Ground Instructor's Point of View

Faces to the right of him and faces to the left of him, and over this sea of faces the instructor sends a searching glance as he approaches for the first time a new course. Thoughts flying through his head are many and sometimes apprehensive. He is thinking, "What is this class going to be like?" "Have they had all the training they are supposed to have had?" "What schools are they from?" and many other such disturbing feelings as he starts the course on its six weeks of toil.

In this article I will present to you an instructor's impressions of a class as it progresses week by week, until the final exams are over and the night of the "big do" is at hand. On that night they find that we instructors are only human (some apologise privately for the thoughts they have had) and we find the pupil is rather a decent soul after all.

As the instructor walks into the room for the first lecture period of a new course, he feels the glance of some fifty to sixty pupils, and as he realises that behind these looks are the thoughts of as many different natures—can you wonder that he is apprehensive of the impression he makes? Occasionally you allow your eyes to focus on some particular pupil, and you suddenly realise that the reason your attention is directed to him is that he isn't paying the slightest attention to you. However, you skip that and wonder whether you should welcome them or get on with the lecture. Occasionally you break down and bid them welcome to the school (two or three pupils exchange glances). With that as your cue you proceed with the lecture. Being a new class and not having been put wise by the older pupils, we usually have a very attentive and, we sometimes feel, an appreciative class. The first week of the course passes all too quickly for the instructors. The pupils, being new, are all attention, and not having been here long enough to realise how much work is expected of them, they are quite pleasant and affable. It is during this first week that the "spirit" of a class can be sensed by the instructors. I am happy to be able to say that the feeling created by most classes is one of goodwill and co-operation. However, sometimes the feeling of passive resistance can be sensed, and once or twice the distinct feeling of antagonism. It has been very difficult to analyse why this should be, but it has generally been traceable to

two or three unruly characters with no ambition for work. The week soon draws to a close, and over lunch one day some instructor will remark that Course so-and-so seems like a decent bunch. The discussion accompanying such a statement would really be enlightening to the pupils if they could overhear us, but the conclusion arrived at is usually one of satisfaction at having another good course.

The second week is usually one of readjustment for the pupils. They begin to realise they will have to do some work, and by the end of the week, when the Navigation Department begins to open up on them, they develop that grim look which plainly advertises to all instructors who know the symptoms that their brains are being shifted into high gear. Occasionally some pupil in a Navigation lecture says "daw, daw, daw" without realising that the classes have been changed fifteen minutes ago. Of course we would never admit to ourselves that it might have been "haw, haw, haw" as we prefer to think that he hasn't realised the gravity of learning Navigation as well as Signals. The second week draws to the end, and the instructors begin to watch for those signs of fatigue such as "doodling" all over the tables, chewing the odd nut bar, and kicking his fellow pupil's shins. In other words, as the pupil becomes familiar with the school and the routine, he begins to find out just what he can get away with. The instructor then throws in one of his trump cards. He calmly stands in front of the class and announces that next week there will be mid-term examinations. There is the odd bleat from the back row, and a few protests as they never have time to study.

Then starts week number three. This week has very little to distinguish it from countless others except that the mid-term examination at the end of the week gives him for the first time a definite answer to the impressions gathered previously, and allows him to more or less pick out the "problem children". By "problem children" I do not mean only the pupil who is a little slow in getting under full steam, but also those pupils who by reason of previous training or sometimes by sheer mental agility get high marks in this test. They are sometimes more of

a thorn in the instructor's side than the slow ones, because, thinking that they have no reason to worry, the odd bit of "horseplay" creeps into their actions. This is disturbing for the class as a whole, and sometimes the instructor—much against his better nature—has to sit on them.

The first clashing of temperaments usually takes place in the fourth week, and invariably is caused by the reasons stated above. As the fourth week progresses, the instructor, by means of various characteristics, begins to recognise a number of the pupils. The very good ones and the very bad ones. The bulk of the "in between" pupils he still sees as so many faces. Just let me state here the instructor's feelings towards the "in between" pupils. He feels that these boys are the backbone of the class, and his only regret is that there is no way he can get to know them. Invariably from this group comes our honour student—the pupil who goes quietly about his work, doing all that is required of him and never making a complaint (audibly, I mean). I am sure I express the feelings of all the ground instructors when I say "Thank you" to this type of student. The fourth week is the one in which the pupils begin to worry about some particular subject, and tentatively approach the instructor for hints on how to learn it an easier way. The instructor, with an indulgent smile, tells him that there is no easy way and that only work and more work will make him proficient in it (the 884th time he has repeated that particular phrase).

The fifth week opens with the instructors throwing out the odd hint that in two weeks the finals will be written, and not to slacken up in the amount of homework and the text books to be read at night. Glances of pity for the instructor's lack of brains accompanies this statement, and the argumentative pupil asks, "When do we sleep?" Patiently the instructor endures all the glances and the interruptions, and when quietness once more prevails explains that there is only two weeks more, and if they would only put their backs to the wheel and work they would appreciate it when they got to service school with a good foundation of training which would carry them right through to the wings parade. Also that this school had developed its school work with the thought in mind that we were preparing the pupils for a service school course, and not just passing them through an Elementary School. The ground instruc-

tional staff is quite proud of the fact that not one of our pupils has ever been discontinued in service school from lack of knowledge of ground subjects.

The fifth week carries on under those circumstances and it passes with the pupil and the instructor wondering sometimes whether it is Thursday or Sunday.

The last week of the course sees the Navigation Department working in full force with Aircraft Recognition running a close second. At an odd moment some instructor will walk into a spare classroom and in a corner a pupil will be muttering something about a wing span of 32 feet 9 yards, or may be a dihedral with a positive stagger. The instructor beats a hasty retreat, as that is a dangerous place to be caught in.

Review periods and plotting (Navigation, I mean) with the odd period of Signals (classed as a general nuisance by this time) comprise the balance of the week, and at last the morning of the exams arrives. The boys arrive bright and early, and full of pep. They are eager to put their accumulated knowledge on paper and prove to us unfeeling instructors that they did hear and were listening to at least half the lectures. To the instructors the exams are just more work. Remember, we get it every two weeks, so if you feel that the instructor has no sense of elation at everything coming to a final and successful conclusion, just try to think of him as jotting it down as the Nth time he has been through the same thing. However, we do have a real feeling of satisfaction in turning out another course ready to carry on at Service School. We feel that small as our part is in this great undertaking, we are helping in some small degree to its ultimate successful conclusion.

At last the exams are over and the suspense becomes quite marked on certain pupils' faces. Every so often someone will catch up with you and ask if the papers are marked yet. Sometimes in instructor weakens and gives out a mark. Then comes the deluge as ten more appear out of thin air. The boys, all smiles and expectancy, just can't be turned down, so more marks are given out. However, at the end of approximately three days the papers are all marked and the results are posted for all to read. A few pupils report to their instructors after reading the results, sometimes with a rather sheepish look on their faces, but on the whole every-

PO. Dimbulb Buys an Automobile

(ED. NOTE—The characters in the following story are entirely imaginary and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is a mere coincidence.)

Many of you, I presume, will know what an automobile is, but for those who don't I would like to explain the meaning and derivation of this magic word.

According to one of our leading etymologists (who, by the way, was reclassified last week to etymologist Group One) the word is derived from two Latin words — auto, meaning I stink, and mobiliere, meaning to break down.

Please do not be misled, for all motor cars—which, incidentally, is the word automobile translated into English—do not necessarily stink or break down, and can be very treasured possessions, although so far I have not heard of any bespectacled old gentleman having a collection of old cars, surcharged or otherwise.

Being fully convinced that a car could be a treasured possession and that having one would be a definite social asset, our esteemed friend P/O Dimbulb and his trusty partner in crime both decided to set aside ten cents per day per person, which they hoped would grow into a considerable sum with the help of a generous compound interest.

This amount being almost half of their daily salaries, was really more than they could afford, but to quote Bacon, "they couldn't care less" so they decided that the remainder of the money was enough to buy beer, cigarettes and some of the other necessities of life. Buying a car to most people may be a very ordinary business transaction, but to "*Les deux mousquetaires*" it was something infinitely greater, so they thought they should make the most of it, and thus when the great day would come they might experience the thrill and "*jote de vivre*" as they drove away in the Model "T" of their dreams.

Some of you may wonder what two dashing young fellows could do with a

one is quite happy at the conclusion of a course.

Just then the C.G.I. puts his head in the door and tells us that the new course starting Monday will only have fifty pupils instead of sixty. We are thankful for small mercies, and so prepare to start all over again.

—H.N.B.

Model "T" when much more luxurious models could be had. The explanation is simple: Dimbulb was a true democrat, his ambition being to start at the foot of the hill and work his way to the peak, but according to reports this was doomed from the start, as the Model "T" only goes one way—downhill.

Our friend, however, was firm in his belief and maintained that initiating oneself into the world of car-owners with a Rolls-Royce was like the pupil who told the Moose Jaw girl that he was doing his elementary on Mosquitoes. The great day eventually arrived when Dimbulb and his fellow conspirator proudly handed over their \$25.00 and with their Model "T" became united until the rubber shortage "did them part".

When the news got around that this much discussed contraption had actually been seen in a state of locomotion, Dimbulb's popularity increased tremendously and all the members of the mess literally fell over each other to buy him drinks—a fact which may be verified by counting the number of fresh beer stains on his tunic.

Being such a centre of attraction, the car had to have a name, although fellow motorists had already called it all sorts of names, so it became generally known as the "Spiffire Mk. 7", not because of its streamlined appearance or resemblance to an ack-ack shell, but because all non-essentials such as mudguards, windscreen, hood, doors and ash trays had been handed over to help our war effort.

Everybody wanted to ride in Dimbulb's car, and only by bribing him with the privilege of doing A.C.P. on Saturday evenings did the C.O. manage to arrange a joy ride for the important people in the mess. The details of this amazing ride may not be disclosed until after the war is over, for security reasons, but according to the Caron Herald the episode will go down in history as parallel to Dick Turpin's ride to Blackpool.

—M.R.

Is there a shortage of razor blades in S.H.Q.?

It is rumoured that since the snow is likely to block the roads one of our chaps is going to arrive in the mornings with a snow plough attached to the front of his bike.

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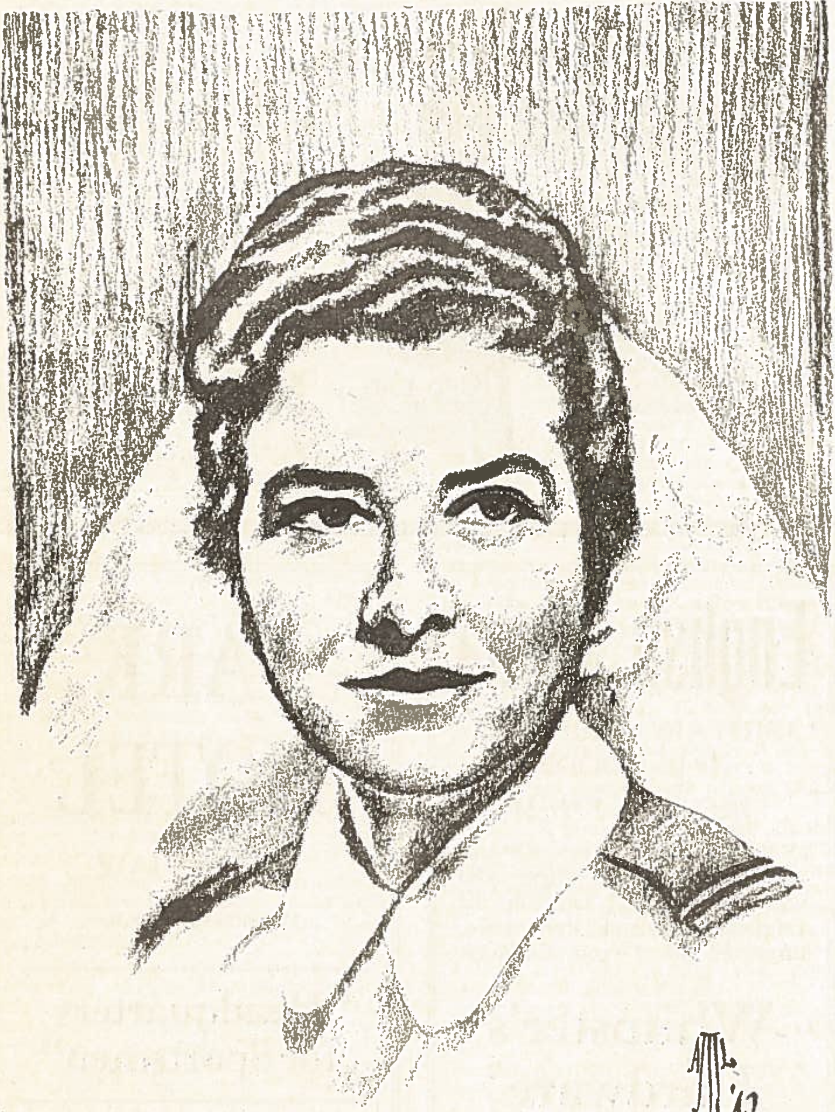
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67 COURSE

After the flight dinner was over, when still in that pleasantly alcoholic state before doubt sets in and one begins to wonder whether, after all, one should not have taken those last few glasses of Canadian Club, my mind began to wander rather hazily among the crowd of impressions gathered during our eight weeks at No. 33. Between the memory of a somewhat bedraggled, apprehensive and sleepy squad of airmen forming up in the dark on the Caron station and this friendly and hilarious evening there seemed to be a long period of increasingly intense activity.

After the first few days, when we were suitably frightened by the G.I.S. people and Corporal Greenfield, and punctured in various places in the name of Messrs. Schick and Dick, our affairs seemed slowly to gather momentum, until in the last two weeks we seemed to wander round the camp in a nightmare, surrounded by fiendish gremlins named "Navigation", "U-track", "Armament", "50-hour Test", "Engines", etc.

But somehow the fever passed, and now, during convalescence, one can sit back and sort things out a little, and several impressions stand out clearly. The sensations of the first flips—listed so prosaically in our log books as "Air experience"—in these Canadian Tigers which seem to resemble the English animal yet have the habit of going up like lifts and coming down like bombs. Also the first attempts to approach and land on a runway when, thinking we could at least fly the beastly thing straight, we were sadly disillusioned to find that we descended snakily, only to land on the grass or perform "ground loops."

Yes, we know we have given our instructors a few good laughs, to say nothing of headaches; but we had a few our ourselves.

We have other equally happy memories, too, of the individual methods employed by the members of the G.I.S. staff of gently insinuating their various branches of knowledge into our somewhat unreceptive minds, varying from the straightforward "gen" from Corporal Madley to the persuasive cajoling of Messrs. Maclean and Radcliffe and the dry wit of Mr. Long.

Altogether we have enjoyed our rather hectic stay here a lot, perhaps partly

because it has been so hectic: but also, I know, because No. 33 is a happy, self-contained little community. And that is why, although looking forward to going to S.F.T.S., we are heartily sorry to be saying "Goodbye and thank you."

R. V. H.

Medical Meanderings

Hints for Those Reporting to Hospital

Come down any time to suit your own convenience. We are about all day, and always glad to see old and new faces. Besides, we are only here for a chat and a smoke and, of course, a drink of tea. Please make yourself at home, lounge about the corridors and wander in all the rooms. If we had more staff we would like to show you around personally. Don't take any notice of anything that might be said to you, as we like to pull a leg occasionally. Leave your muddy boots, shoes or overboots on and see what fancy patterns you can make on the floor. "Happy" has a polishing machine that he likes to play with, and he really enjoys himself.

If you do not agree with the M.O.'s diagnosis, tell him so. He likes to hear of people who know his job better than he himself. This also applies to any medicines prescribed. If they are not exactly palatable, let us know, and we can always make them nicer. A tot of whisky or rum now and again is very nice, and we always have a good stock on hand.

Finally, if you do not believe all the above hints, please try some of them while in the hospital, and you will see that we are the essence of truth and good fellowship. If you are brassed, cheesed, "browned off", fed up, far from home, please tell us. We all have broad shoulders and can always add other people's troubles to our own.

By the way the official visiting times are: 1430 to 1530 hours, 1830 to 1900 hours.

In the hospital here, we have two teams (billiards and badminton), who think they can beat anything else on the station. No one barred.

But you need not take any notice of these as we have only put them in to make our article appear a bit longer.



LAC. H. V. PETERS

On the Air

On Friday evening, December 11th, local history was made when a member of the Orderly Room staff went "on the air" over CHAB, Moose Jaw. It was a matter of some achievement that LAC. H. V. Peters, in a country where presidents and kings are introduced to the microphone by a soap opera fanfare, was able to acquire half an hour of "free air" for his exclusive use, unsponsored and unsullied by the more intimate details of radio advertising.

If the preliminaries were an achievement, the performance was an unqualified success. LAC. Peters wrote, produced and spoke a programme of "London Memories", chiefly reminiscent of the London theatre before the war. A series of extracts from plays and poems with a background of suitable music was given dramatic continuity by his own memories as he led his listeners in imagination from a Sunday "prom" at the Queen's Hall, over the river to the Old

Vic and back across Westminster Bridge (here it was easy for the more nostalgic to see tugs ducking their funnels to pass beneath, to hear the clatter of the Embankment trams and to see the misty city spires and domes down river) and so to Sadler's Wells and finally to Drury Lane.

We heard, among others, Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" at the Queen's Hall, Macbeth's dagger speech at the Vic, Henry Vth's "Once more unto the breach . . .", ballet music and opera at Sadler's Wells, all interspersed with memories of the actors who played these parts, and finally Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" to round off the programme. LAC. Peters read these speeches and poems with fine expression and feeling, and an admirable sense of timing, while he showed a nice judgment in his selection of accompanying music.

The programme was refreshingly original and apart from its appeal to Londoners must have had considerable interest for Canadians whose relatives are overseas. The author is to be congratulated on his performance and we hope that CHAB will "put him over" again.

Theatre

If only it wasn't so cold sometimes, cinema-going would be a real pleasure these days. The films on the schedule just lately have been progressively better and the outlook remains bright for future showings. Something really should be done, however, about the heating. It's all right if you don't forget to take your overcoat along, so I suppose we shouldn't grumble.

And speaking of the theatre, what a delight it was on December 10th to see that excellent stage peopled with living actors. Something should be done about that, too. Is there no hardworking soul willing to rush in "where angels fear to tread" and organise a Dramatic Society on the station?

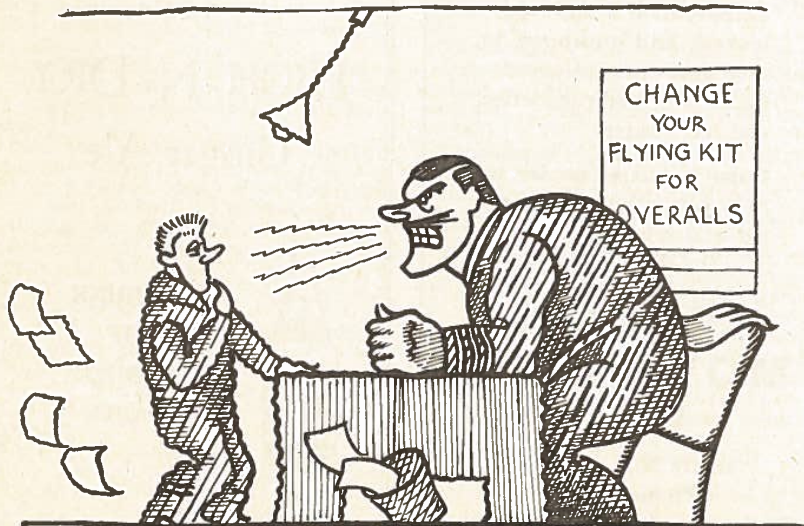
Why are we so unpopular with the girls?

My sincere thanks and appreciation to all the personnel of No. 33 E.F.T.S., both civilian and Royal Air Force, for the many flowers sent to me during my recent illness.

LESLIE J. MARTIN.

"C" FLIGHT—A Staff Anthology

- "Nor yet grown stiffer with command." —Marvell..... (F/O MacNeill)
- "Come sleep! and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile." —Fletcher..... (F/O Whalley)
- "'You are old Father William,' the young man said."
—Carroll..... (P/O Fraser)
- "He stopped not for brake and he stopped not for stone."
—Scott..... (W/O Such)
- "A man severe he was and stern to view."
"I have been carousing
Drinking late, sitting late
With my bosom cronies."
—Goldsmith..... (F/Sgt. Wey)
- Lamb..... (P/O Corbishley)
- "Besides the force he has to fright
The spirits of the shady night."
—Anon..... (P/O Marsh)
- "Blow winds and crack your cheeks,
Rage, Blow! Ye cataracts and hurricahes . . ."
—Shakespeare..... (P/O Webster)
- "Proud word he never spoke."
—Landor..... (Sgt. Haines)
- "One hour of darkness is by thee made light."
—Wagner..... (P/O Maclean)
- "Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself."
—Shakespeare..... (P/O Roberts)
- "A maid whom there were none to praise."
—Wordsworth..... (Miss Coyer)
- And to the newcomers whom we scarcely yet know we say, in the words
of Orinda:
"Forbear, bold youth, all heavens here . . ."



"So you landed on one wheel to save rubber?"

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A Timekeeper's Day

Time: 13.00 hours.

Place: Timekeeper's office.

Half a dozen voices at once "Any aircraft for me today?" "Where are all the L-14's?" "Why isn't my aircraft on the line?" "Lend me your pencil, please, Miss." "Brown? Where did he go?" "Smith, get that aircraft started up." "I don't know why we want to fly today; filthy weather." "What! No solo? Rotten luck." "Green, how many hours solo have you got in?" Timid voice: "Could you tell me which aircraft P/O Jarrat is using today?"

Timekeeper: "Close the door, please!"

Medley of voices: "Where is my parachute?" "Have you seen my goggles?" "I had a pair of gloves somewhere!" "Miss, will you take care of my pipe for me?" "I'm taking White up now." "Book me out with Jones, please." "Did Johnson book us out?" "I was airborne five minutes ago." "Book me out from 16.00." A student's voice is heard raised in protest: "Please, Sir, I'm on Link."

Instructor: "Why in (censored) didn't you tell me that yesterday?"

A brief silence follows during which the only sound heard is that of the timekeeper's pencil. Suddenly the door opens violently and an instructor's voice is heard to exclaim: "My aircraft is U/S. Will you give me another?"

First instructor is joined by a second instructor.

Second Instructor: "That kite has been standing out there for fifteen minutes, and where the (censored) is the blinking bowser?"

Once more there is silence as the two instructors leave.

Then: "Please, miss, what time did Mr. Fraser go up?" "Can you tell me how long Mr. Kent has been gone?" "Have you any ink eradicator?" "Is there a solo chit for me?" "Have you a blotter?" "What time will we get our log books back?"

Flight Commander enters. Students scurry for the nearest door.

Flight Commander: "Is the chart up to date? Would you tell all the instructors that I wish to see them at the close of flying?"

The Duty Pilot strides in.

Duty Pilot: "Say, do you all know who's up in 6630? Tell him to repoht to the towah as soon as he comes in."

The roar of aircraft is heard immediately outside the time office and furies

of snow fly up against the windows. A student bangs loudly on the door marked "Use the Other Door". An obliging fellow student slides back the bolt and an icy blast blows through as solo chits float merrily to the four corners of the room. Timekeeper: "Shut that door! (She wipes snow off the sheets, smearing them in the process.)

Student (He who has just come in): "How long was I up, Miss?"

Timekeeper: "One hour and twenty minutes."

Student: "You had better make that one hour. We had to wait for a quarter of an hour to get the 'plane started."

Timekeeper changes the time, with a sigh. Five minutes later the student's instructor comes in. Leisuredly, he takes out his pipe, fills it, lights it and draws one contented puff. The timekeeper has been waiting with pencil poised.

Instructor: "Oh yes, you want some exercises. Now, let me see what we did—ah—7-8-9-10 abc mumble—16—mumble—mumble—. How long was I up?"

Timekeeper (who has been trying to remember the rapid recitation of sequences: "One hour, sir.")

Instructor: "Oh, look here, I'm being swindled. What time did you book me out?"

Timekeeper: "But the student said—"

Instructor (interrupting her): "Book me out at 13.00, that's when the others went out." (He wanders into the crew room.)

Timekeeper (patiently): "Will you sign this, please?"

Instructor: "I'll sign them when I'm all finished. Has the tea been organised yet?"

There is a sudden influx of returning students. Once more the babble begins. "That was a ropy landing! They changed the runway again at the last minute." "Did you see the wing tip scrape when you made that ground loop? We did steep turns and rolls. By the way, miss, what was I supposed to do on that trip?"

Timekeeper: "How many minutes, '23?"

Student: "'23? What's that? Oh, make it ten minutes."

Mr. Maclean enters at the back of the timekeeper's desk: "Say, wonderful, have you got the aircraft requirement slip?"

Timekeeper: "Well, Mr. Adcock is still in the air. I'll get it as soon as he comes down."

Mr. Chipperfield: "Whose is this parachute on the floor?"

One of the Engineers: "Is 4350 on your line? It's O.K. now."

Another Engineer: "And here are the planes to be tested for night flying."

Timekeeper: "60-1:10—2:00-4:50; 4 and 5 makes 9. 9 and 20 is—"

Instructor (who has been in the crew room for past ten minutes): "I'm down now, miss, would you book me in?"

Another Instructor (after timekeeper has booked a trip as an hour: "Break that up into two trips of 45 minutes.")

Timekeeper: "Which Smith did you take up?"

Instructor: "I don't know; just a minute and I'll ask him?"

Flight Commander (at 17:45): "Is everyone coming in?"

Timekeeper: "No, sir, there is one solo student still up."

17:55—18:00—18:10—Still there is no sign of student. 18:15—18:20—18:25—Finally the door opens and pupil pilot cheerfully walks in. In answer to his companion's queries of: "Did you get lost?" he replies: "No, I just didn't know where I was."

Flight Commander: "Shall I sign the sheets now? How many hours have we done?"

Timekeeper (who has finally given up hope of catching the 6:30 bus): "Oooh

We hear that there is to be a Ladies' Page in the magazine. Could we please have a pattern for a knitted nose-muff?

Yearly subscriptions to The Moth Monthly are suggested for your convenience. Special price \$1.00, postage included. Shall we add you and your friends to our mailing list? Orders taken by any member of your Mazazine Committee.



"Frankly, I still don't think this is Boharm."



Capt. Hewitt

We welcome to the station Captain Fred Hewitt, of the Salvation Army War Services. Captain Hewitt is a native of Toronto, and has spent the past ten years in field appointments for the Salvation Army in Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia. The Captain's acquaintance with service personnel at Caron is not new, as he has been stationed at Trenton for the past three years, where a very active Red Shield work is carried on, amongst the R.C.A.F.

An added aid to Captain Hewitt's work, here at Caron, is the fact that he has spent twelve years in the Old Country and attended school there.

In an interview the other day, the Captain said that he was sure he would enjoy his appointment to Caron. "Already," he said, "there is a feeling of being at home." Captain Hewitt has brought with him to Moose Jaw, Mrs. Hewitt and their baby daughter, Ruth.

The Riding Club

The Riding Club started early in September, and a review of the first three months of its existence reveals that it is a very highly appreciated addition to the recreational facilities of the station. Membership fluctuates slightly as people are posted in and out but an average riding membership of forty has held throughout the three months.

Pilot Officer H. R. MacDonald, the club's first stable manager, left us on posting at the end of October and Mr. Harry Chipperfield has ably carried on as riding master and stable manager since that time. Harry's riding lessons in the ring, which was constructed by members in their spare time, have proved exceedingly popular and a great benefit to members individually and to the club in general.

It was with great regret that we saw Squadron Leader and Mrs. E. L. Gosling go, for they were two of the club's staunchest riders and supporters.

Two organized rides have been held and were very much enjoyed by those taking part. It is hoped that next season will see many more such rides being held. Individual members were riding regularly during September and Octo-

ber, and some week-ends it was impossible to obtain a horse unless one had taken the precaution of booking well in advance. This is a point to be noted when riding starts in full swing again. For the time being it is left to some few of the harder members who are determined, it seems, to see winter through in the saddle.

The members' suggestion book in the stable remains without an entry, and it is hoped that the committee may take this as an indication that the members feel that their interests are being well looked after.

Owing to posting and pressure of work, sundry changes are noted in the composition of the committee. Mr. Harry Trueman has left the chair, P/O. H. R. MacDonald has left the station, and Miss Olive Coyer has resigned. Until such time as a general meeting of the club can be called for new elections, Mr. L. J. Martin has consented to act as chairman, and P/O. W. J. Unwin and Miss Mary Smith have been co-opted as interim committee members.

H. V. P.

The Orderly Room Staff went grey recently when a real live Gremlin appeared in their midst. The Gremlin has gone, and peace reigns once more.



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133



Social Happenings

SHOWER FOR MARY MITCHELL

The girls of No. 33 held their first "Shower" on December 15th in honour of Mary Mitchell, who was married in Vancouver on December 22nd to Bud Nugent, our assistant chief engineer.

Mary was presented with a complete set of Pyrex ware. Judging from the happy expression on every girl's face, the gift pleased the givers equally as much as the bride-to-be.

Tea was served later in the evening, during which Mary cut the Good Luck cake provided specially for the occasion by Bill Shortland.

BOYS! Do you know that the girls have open night in their lounge on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings? If your best girl hasn't already invited you, be sure she does. Dancing, games, or just sit by the fire. But come on over and join the parties.

No. 33 E.F.T.S., R.A.F., was honoured on December 21st by a visit from Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, who spent a few hours on the station. He complimented the Royal Air Force personnel and the civilian maintenance men on their splendid work in keeping the station up to such a high standard, and enjoyed his short stay at Caron. He was accompanied on this visit by Group Captain Ellis.

Personnel of No. 33 will be pleased to know that Mr. Paul Carson, the eminent organist, is a regular reader of *The Moth Monthly*, and follows the activities of the station with keen interest. He has been broadcasting over the National Network at 11 p.m. Pacific War Time for many years, and can now be heard from 10.00 to 10.30 p.m. His programmes are enjoyed by a great many of us, and we know his listeners here will be interested to hear of his new broadcasting time.

One of the first of the station's Christmas social events was held on Sunday, December 13th, when the girls of No. 33 entertained their families and friends at a tea in their lounge.

Mrs. F. B. H. Hayward, Mrs. E. L. Adams and Mrs. G. D. Darling kindly assisted the girls in pouring tea.

All the ladies present expressed their pleasure in having the opportunity of seeing the girls' quarters, and Mr. Martin very kindly arranged that the guests be driven about the station before leaving.

CONGRATULATIONS TO

P/O now F/O EMERY.
P/O now F/O HOWITT.
Sgt. now F/Sgt. TUCK.

GOODBYE:

P/O HOWARD TO No. 1 F.I.S.
F/O MARKS TO No. 1 F.I.S.
F/O MOSELEY TO No. 1 F.I.S.
F/O CURRIE TO No. 1 F.I.S.
CAPT. NELSON (S.A.) OVERSEAS

Rink News

MANY THANKS . . .

To those who made the Rink possible. . . . To No. 4 Training Command on advancing a sum of money for the construction. . . . To The Boundary Bay Company for the final finishing, and for meeting the excess cost of the rink.

Our special thanks to Mr. McCready for keeping things "rolling out" in fast time, and to the boys who have laid out the ice and are trying to keep it clean.

The lads on the committee, Sgt. Jordison, Sgt. Desjardins, and Alf Stringer—are responsible for the care and maintenance of the rink. At present we have not had a great deal of skating due to the heavy snows. We hope to have the ice in good condition again soon, and only by the co-operation of those using the rink can we expect to enjoy this winter sport.

Points to Be Considered by "Would-be" Skaters:

1. Don't skate when there is a sign on the floor saying: "No Skating Today", as there will always be a good reason for this.

2. Don't skate if there is snow on the ice; scrapers are available. Clean the ice before skating.

3. A helping hand is always appreciated when the rink is being flooded.

4. Pay close attention to the skating and hockey schedules. They are posted in the canteen, rink shack and the girls' lounge.

YES SIR, IT'S GOOD!



"I'VE SWORN BY 'BOHEMIAN' FOR YEARS, TO ME IT'S ALWAYS MEANT BEER AT ITS BEST..."



THEN ONE DAY A PAL TOLD ME TO TRY "IMPERIAL STOUT"



"IT'S REAL STOUT" HE SAID "AND IT'S MADE BY THE BREWERS OF 'BOHEMIAN'"



"WELL SIR! I'M GLAD HE DID, FOR NOW I'VE TWO REAL TREATS 'BOHEMIAN' & 'IMPERIAL STOUT'--TWO TRULY GREAT DRINKS!"

IMPERIAL *Stout*

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PRINCE ALBERT BREWERIES LIMITED

36 B



Pour yourself a Good glass of Beer!
BOHEMIAN!

First Jump

They said, "You jump tomorrow" and I felt a little prick
Of fear run down by backbone, that stung me to the quick.
On going to bed that evening I dreamed of many things,
Of 'chutes that failed to open or got fouled upon the wings.
In the morning early, in the plane I sat, face white,
Waiting, and yet dreading, for the order to alight.

At last the fatal moment came, the Jump Master yelled "Stand",
I scarce could hook my hook up for the shaking of my hand.
Then "Check Equipment", "Stand at door" and last, the fatal "Go".
I found myself outside the plane, yet seemed to fall so slow.
I knew I should be counting for the 'chute might fail to ope
But I thought, "It doesn't matter, it will open soon, I hope!"

Next thing I felt a gentle tug and looking overhead
I saw the gleaming silken folds just like a flower spread.
I've loved a hundred million things, related and untold,
But those square yards of silk above, I loved a thousandfold.
Slower than slow, I seemed to drop 'til with a sudden whack,
The ground rushed up to meet me and thumped me in the back.
I spat out dust, examined limbs, and gazing at the sky,
Said, "Some blokes claim they like this, I'm hanged if I know why



I just said: "There seems to be a bit of noise."

"MY FIRST FLIP"

At the beginning of the War, like most young blokes I rushed off with my pals to join the R.A.F. Aircrew. Some of us were lucky and some unlucky. I was one of the unlucky ones, as owing to a pair of "duff" eyes I had to be content with the less exciting side of the service. From that day on I naturally wanted to get a trip, and after about 18 months I eventually saw a service kite on the ground for the first time. For obvious reasons I cannot reveal the name of this "super job", but for reference in my article we'll call it the "Leopard Fly".

At the first opportunity I approached an Instructor, and getting out my prayer mat I proceeded to beg for a flip and began singing "If I Only Had Wings". He graciously consented and made a fixed time and date. From then on I began to gen up, as my only previous experience was with an early type Link Trainer at the Schoolboys' Exhibition, Olympia, during 1931, and of course those inevitable paper planes a chap makes at school.

The great day came at last, and armed with my stomach pills and a hot-water bottle I arrived at the flight office. I was given a flying suit and all that goes with it. While nobody was looking I gazed into a mirror. "Oh, Boy!" I thought, "I shall have to get a picture of this for Mum." Next I was given a parachute. Not being an expert I fixed the whole thing on in the office and consequently I had to walk to the plane, a matter of about 200 yards, doubled up like some old boy with severe pains or rather like the chap who threaded his bootlaces through his waistcoat buttonholes. Anyway I at last managed to crawl into the cockpit and was then introduced to the intricacies of my straps. I made sure I couldn't fall out, and having completely stopped the circulation of my blood I was raring to go. We taxied to the appropriate runway (you can tell by the technical terms I use that I have quickly grasped the situation). My friend, the Pilot, in whose hands I had entrusted my life, started giving me all the dope on the instrument panel. The thing I had thought was a clock—wasn't—and the little stick which got in the way so very much seemed to be quite important. I was politely told to remove my blankety-blank feet from the rudder-bar. "Ah!" said the Instructor, "They've

given us the light." "Jolly decent of them," I thought.

When I opened my eyes we were circling the drome and I found myself gazing at the floor and wondering if anyone had ever fallen through the fuselage. I gripped the sides of the cockpit and started to take in the countryside. I was awakened from my sight-seeing by the Instructor's voice. "Take hold of the stick." I did so. "Now place your feet on the rudder-bar." I did that too. "Now you've got her. Keep her nose on the horizon. A little left stick. A little left rudder. Now centralise." I did all these things as the sweat dripped from my nose. "So this is what they call straight and level," I thought. Suddenly we must have hit a hole sticking up or something for we dropped like a lift in a department store. As I frantically searched for my stomach I heard the Instructor's welcome voice saying, "O.K., I've got her."

This went on for about 20 minutes and then came the great show. "We are now going to do some aerobatics," came from the front cockpit. "Everything in the book. Are your straps tight?" "Yes," I gurgled, and wondered how big a book he was referring to. Having faintly heard a "Roll off the top" mentioned I suddenly felt as though I had broken my neck. Which was followed by a sudden pulling at the seat of my pants and an eye-ful of dirt from the bottom of the kite. I seemed to sense that I must have been upside down at some point during the manoeuvre. "Feeling O.K.?" I was asked. "Mmmmm!" I replied. When we finally wound up with a spin I couldn't remember whether it was Monday or Tuesday and didn't care particularly if it did snow ink.

Finally we came into land, and as the ground approached I felt, for the first time during the trip, the speed at which we were travelling. With a few minor bumps we settled down and proceeded to taxi back to the hangar. Upon stepping out I found myself still bent double. My Instructor gave me a gentle punch in the stomach and off fell the chute. I was more than surprised that I didn't feel sick. I thanked the Instructor, and clutching my hot-water bottle I strode off to the canteen to relate my experiences to the lads. They all seemed somewhat disappointed because my face

What to Do in Case of "D" Flight Notes

1. As soon as bombs start dropping run like hell. It doesn't matter where, as long as you run. If you are inside a building, run outside; if you're outside, run inside.

2. Take advantage of opportunities offered you when air raid sirens sound the attack warning, for example:

- (a) if in a bakery, grab a pie;
- (b) If in a tavern, grab a bottle;
- (c) If in a movie, grab a blonde.

3. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it like hell; the firing pin may be stuck.

4. If you do the above and it doesn't work, place it in the furnace. (The Fire Department will take charge of things—later.)

5. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building throw some gasoline on it—you can't put it out anyhow, so you might just as well have some fun.

(a) If no gas is available, throw a bucket of water on it and lie down—you're dead.

(b) The properties of the bomb free the hydrogen from the water with rather rapid combustion (in fact, it will explode with a helluva crash).

6. Always get excited and holler bloody murder. It will add to the fun and confusion, and scare hell out of the kids.

7. Drink heavily, eat onions, limburger cheese, and all sorts of stuff before entering a crowded shelter. This will make you unpopular with the crowd in your immediate vicinity, eliminating unnecessary discomfitures that would be more prevalent if people crowded too close.

8. If you should be the victim of a direct hit, don't go to pieces, lie still and you won't be noticed.

9. Knock the air raid wardens down if they start to tell you what to do. They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends, anyway.

wasn't green. I then sat back and began to shoot a line about "rolling off the top" and "spinning" from dizzy heights. They listened with wonderment, their mouths wide open. Suddenly I felt queer—it must have been due to my recalling the trip. I staggered to my feet and rushed through a swing door in the corner of the canteen. I then taxied, with flaps down, to the billet.

—E.P.F.

The past month has seen the graduation of Course 65 and the entry of Course 69; the departure of tried instructors for S.F.I.S. and the arrival of new officers and N.C.O.'s who have yet to experience the trials and tribulations which beset even the most experienced; we have heard new lines being shot and have all the old ones hashed up again. For a tried reporter—material in abundance. Representing myself neither as a reporter nor as one tried in any art, all that I can do is to set down just what I hear and see. Perhaps you can fill in the odd space for me.

Personal . . . P/O Pearson left us for Vulcan, Alta.; P/O Unwin had an argument with a horse and broke his wrist; F/Sgt. Pryde and F/Sgt. Baskwill attempted to get priority on a corner in the Station Hospital—but are back at work again.

Mentioning no names . . . A certain "A" Flight Instructor, of no mean experience, does not like the way we do our circuits and suggests a course of instruction. Four members of the Flight still refuse to divulge the attraction at Saskatoon. Seems that they are very partial to the odd spot of night flying. One of the N.C.O. instructors in the Flight still feels "lightheaded."

Quotations . . . "Why have we washed out?" . . . "Now, when I was flying Vultees in the States . . .", . . . "I shut the throttle, pulled the stick back, and there I was . . . on my nose".

"Have you noticed, Sir, that this machine does not require so much rudder to turn as the others do?" (The person to whom the remark was made is still tearing his hair out by the handful.) . . . "Don't think that I like doing Instructors' I.F. with him—he puts you in awkward positions and expects you to get out of them!" . . . "It was one hour five, Mrs. Muckle . . ." G. R. B.

Title Competition

Early in the New Year it is expected that, owing to the advent of a new type of aircraft at No. 33, the present title of the magazine will become obsolescent.

The committee invite you to suggest a new title. A prize will be awarded for the title used.

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Scoop's Gossip Column

The other day I heard a very good definition of the Chinook wind: Apparently, there is a lot of hot air which originates in British Columbia; sometimes it reaches such proportions that some of this hot air rises over the Rockies and moves eastward!

It's getting a bit thick when a head engineer runs out of petrol. I wish he would pick a more populated district next time. One hour's walk—B-r-r-!

Speaking of cars. I understand that two Flight Sergeant Instructors had a spot of bother with their jalopies lately. The first had to fulfil his "social obligations" on foot. Not a very "Rosey" outlook. Remember Pearl Harbour! The second, not to be outdone, waited until another motorist chanced to be going his way and had his car towed to the scene of his appointment—it's an idea, I must admit

Recently, when flying a pupil, I noticed he was spending a lot of time looking at the lower starboard mainplane. On enquiring why he did so, I was informed that he thought he had seen a gremlin. Why! this is too much—on occasion I have noticed pink elephants but the thought of gremlins - - -

Speaking of pink elephants, I am given to understand that a Sergeant Instructor on returning home from a pupils' end of course dinner, walked into the wrong bedroom—oh, dear; oh, dear!

While I think of it: (Q) When is a Scotsman not a Scotsman? (A) When he is born fifty yards *South* of the border. I wonder where he acquired his Scottish accent?

Is it true that one of the very well known civilians on this unit has been chasing an equally well known flying instructor for a "flip"?—if so, why couldn't he find time when he was offered the trip a few days ago. It's a faint heart . . .

Just about a year ago a weird and wonderful bird made its appearance at Caron. Very soon "the lads" nicknamed this hitherto unheard of type of bird "The Gostrich". I notice that this very rare specimen is quite a frequent visitor to No. 33 and its environs these days. The fitters and riggers inform me that they are willing to pay a large sum to whoever can induce this bird to migrate in the very near future. . . . Flash! I understand that these birds

favour Swift Current as a migrating playground.

What has become of the S.S.Q. Romance?

"Sniffy", I notice, has got a little wearied of tail wheels, etc. She has been seen quite frequently in "C" flight these days—perhaps she has found a quadruped playmate.

Why does a certain N.C.O. instructor think that a year in Caron is longer than eighteen months—maybe he should ask his school teacher.

How is it that a certain Flight Sergeant appears to have a lot of service—perhaps it's the grey hairs.

I have been accused of taking on the task of running this column in order to save my own skin. Maybe it's a case of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—in any case, "Here's the best for 1943 to all at No. 33 E.F.T.S." and let's have more contributions for Moth Monthly in the coming year—let Scoop have it, I'll print it!

News to All Sports Fans

Birds are being shot down!

Yes, every Tuesday and Thursday evenings, as well as Sunday afternoons. Come over to the Drill Hall and join these marksmen. You, too, can have a go at it. These crack shots are going to be put on the offensive after Christmas. Moose Jaw and No. 32 S.F.T.S. are going to have it!

Already twenty enthusiastic sportsmen and women are getting into trim, not with guns, but with racquets. Everyone, and that means you, who is interested in badminton is asked to give their support to the club. It is hoped to have tournaments at regular intervals for the club itself and with outside clubs.

Up to date the club has had one knock-out tournament; Mrs. Jackson, P/O. Ross, F/Sgt. Baskwill, Mr. Graham and Mr. Radcliffe proved to be topnotchers. If you have played, come along and improve; if you haven't played, come along and learn.

Committee: President, Cpl. Porter; Sec.-Treas., N/S. Smith; Shuttle Committee, Mrs. Muckle.

Club nights: Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7 p.m. till 10.30 p.m.; Sunday afternoons, 2 p.m. till 5 p.m.

Initial fee, 50c. Shuttles supplied on these days. Some racquets are available. Everyone is welcome to join.

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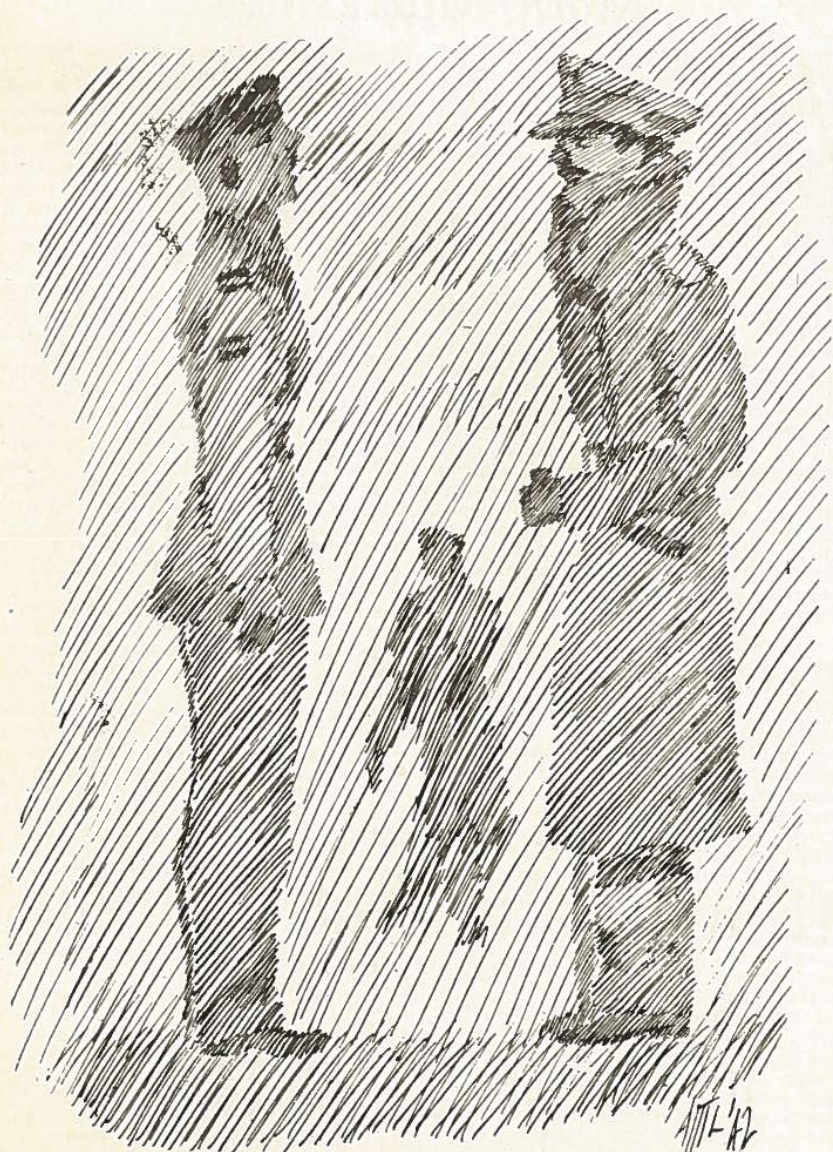
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Moth Matteringings

The other day a few sister moths and myself were reading a copy of "The Moth Monthly," which had been left in my cockpit by a forgetful pupil on having completed an hour's I.F. We discovered a gossip page, which appeared to deal only with the "BOOBS" of mere humans, and completely omitted all reference to us moths. I decided to rectify this shocking state of affairs at the earliest opportunity; so here are the fruits of my labours.

We would like to put on record the "SPROG", fresh from Vulcan, who was seen to wag her ailerons at that big handsome Lockheed which carries the visiting flight, and contrived to get so close to him in the hangar that she was actually caught rubbing tail wheels. This was not all, she was even brazen enough to stand there in front of him and allow a mechanic to lift her engine cowling, and all this in a hangar which is renowned for its high morals. It is a wonder to me that she did not arrange to have her plugs changed right in front of his eyes, and we all know just what these Lockheeds are; twin tails indeed!

Who was the youngster who nevertheless so upset a Link Instructor as to cause him to part with an excellent dinner.

There have been several cases, fortunately their number is diminishing, of moths who instead of continuing on their way with elevators averted, have actually replied to the clumsy passes made at

them by passing Harvards. These harpies have dived down and flown quite close to that aged Harvard in prison garb who actually flies around with his undercarriage down. He manages to get away with this in our well policed, well conducted flying area. My dear, just imagine showing his wheels at his age. Quite a few pupils have discovered, I understand, that although he only looks and sounds like a wasp, it still does not pay to sit on his tail.

Whilst on the subject of "Boobs", what about the Flight-Commander's moth who executed two and a half turns of a groundloop, and then had the nerve to say it was the only way to stop running off the end of the runway?

Did you hear about the silly young thing who put her wheels in a rut at Boharm and allowed the wind to get under her tail? Of course she splintered her "Prop" and was heard to howl with laughter on hearing that her pilot had been torn off a colossal strip. It served her right to have to stop the whole night picketed out at Boharm.

Then there was the old hussy who discovered her A.S.I's. would not work one morning. It transpired after a short investigation that a certain Instructor with an inventive frame of mind had wanted a hair spring, and seeing her asleep was unable to resist the temptation.

So trusting that I have not put too many moths U/S, I close for a while.

—SA LOME.

Moose Jaw Times-Herald

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MOOSE JAW - - SASK.

"STRIPES"

Never to be forgotten that day when I first entered into the service of the King.

Entering the drill hall I was welcomed most warmly by a magnificently caparisoned individual, who, I was sure, held the rank of nothing else than that of colonel. He had golden stripes upon his sleeve, brilliantly coloured flags above them, gaily braided shoulder straps, and a bright scarlet band about his tunic, and last, but certainly not least, a most wonderful cane with a silver head, which he twirled unceasingly as he conducted me to the interviewing board.

It was rather a shock to hear this magnificent being say "sir" to a decidedly mournful, insignificant person in khaki, who was seated at a desk. How could anyone be bored with such an exciting and interesting life as the army? But all that was four years ago; much water has been flowing, and beer, since then.

After some questioning I was sworn in, and became for the first time in my young life a "King's Man". I bade good-bye to my friend in the beautiful suit, as though we had been pals from the cradle. I was taken along to the Quartermaster's office, another gentleman of infinite power in the services, to collect my quota of kit, and, after much introductory education in service language, I emerged draped with bits and pieces of equipment, tunic, pants, vest and, in short, all those queer things that go to make an airman or soldier. From the "Q.M." I was taken along to my quarters, where I was thrust into a room in which were twenty other fellows in various stages of undress. They, too, had heard the call and were doffing their "civvies" for the duration of the present emergency.

Thus began my army life. Since then we have gone a long way and have learned a lot. It is a great comfort now to be able to talk with condescension to such a brilliant fellow as the "Recruiting Sergeant", such a one who first kindled admiration and fear within my innocent bosom. Now I have learned to differentiate between a mere lance-corporal (local—acting—unpaid—unwashed) and that noisy gentleman the corporal. I know now that it isn't done to say "sir" to a sergeant, nor yet "sarge" to the Regimental Sergeant-Major. I know, too, that the soldier's best friend is his rifle—in the words of the sergeant, "it's your ruddy wife, see, and mind yer

treats it like yer wife, only more gentle like."

Those early days when we sweated in fear and trembling of the lance-jack, the corporal, and the sergeant, they were happy, if tired days. And the testing grounds of France and of Belgium heard many a thankful prayer from our lips that those bearers of stripes had been so harsh during our training. We shall remember those men with big voices, and bigger thirsts. They are the backbone of any service. The non-commissioned officers, the men who swear hard, and drink even harder, who make our training life a veritable hell on earth, who break our souls, and well nigh break our bodies, but who made us soldiers fit to meet, aye and beat, any Jerry who happens along.

"Stripes", the mark of the teacher, the man who leads when officers have passed away, the man upon whom the final burden falls—we salute and thank you!

—R. H. H.

Sergeants' Mess

The introduction of a new member to the Entertainment Committee brought forth a fiendish scheme to test the intelligence of the Mess Members and their friends. A statement such as that necessarily involves some explanation, so bear with me for a while whilst I make an attempt to explain. On two Sunday evenings during the last month, W/O. Such and Flt.-Sgt. Rose regaled their hapless victims with questions on every conceivable subject. It was my fortune—I say not whether good or bad—to miss the first inquisition. I spent that night in the comparative safety of the Station Hospital. Two weeks later, however, I hid myself, rather discreetly I thought, in a corner, and from there listened to people giving weird and wonderful answers to equally weird and wonderful questions. On that night's showing the average I.Q. must have been about five. One could, of course, blame the questioner! "Of course I know that Kipling won the Nobel Prize—but how was I to know that he said *Rudyard Kipling*" Unquote. An effort to provide sugar for the very nasty pill which the Quiz proved to be was made by the newly formed Station Dance Orchestra,

which was appearing in the Mess for the first time. They played for dancing for the remainder of the evening.

Briefly . . . preparations are being made, at the time we go to press, for Christmas and New Year festivities. Everything seems to point to the fact that this Christmas (the second in Canada for many R.A.F. members of the Mess), is going to be another Sergeants' Mess "best ever"!

Sincere congratulations to Sergeant Jordison, R.C.A.F., on his forthcoming marriage. Coupled with congratulations and good wishes to Sergeant Jordison and his fiancée, equally sincere sentiments go to Mr. Nugent and Miss Mary Mitchell (of the Civilian Staff), whose marriage, in Vancouver, will have been solemnised by the time that these notes appear in print.

The Mess has been so quiet since Sergeant Sharley left us. We miss his piano playing as much as we do his flying stories—which certainly outdid any told by the much maligned flying instructors in the Mess.

Quote . . . "You don't think that I am going to write about myself in my own column, do you?" Unquote.

By the time that you read this, Christmas will have been celebrated and we shall be into the New Year, but, since we go to press some time before then, reports of happenings in and about the Mess at that time must be held over until next month. G. R. B.

The Mortlach Players

We were very pleased to welcome to Caron on December 10th a talented group of artists from Mortlach. The evening opened with carol-singing, ably led by LAC. Best of the Sick Quarters with Captain Fred Hewitt, Salvation Army, at the piano.

The play "Hen-pecked Henry" soon had the audience greatly amused, and the applause showed that the endeavours of the actors and actresses were much appreciated. Leading parts were taken by Russ Walker as Henry, Helen Brooks as his wife, Bill Dalton as his friend "Ace" Bliss, and Faye Clark as the beautiful blonde film-star, Edda. Other players were Mr. Durfey, Vernon Rowe, Morley Bennett, Mrs. Bowlsted, Miss Arthur, Inez Hodgins, Hazel Peterson and Joyce Rowe.

The whole play was excellently "put over" and we hope that we shall have the pleasure of seeing our friends from Mortlach again, very shortly. —P.G.M.

Caron Concert

On the occasion of Caron's annual fowl supper, held at the end of November in the United Church, personnel of No. 33 E.F.T.S. provided entertainment. The station orchestra was conducted by Mr. W. Angle in a selection of well-known pieces, which included The War March of the Priests, Liszt's Liebestraum, Beethoven's Minuet in G, and the lovely Boccherini Minuet. The members of the orchestra were Mr. H. Chipperfield, Mr. L. Piper, Mr. P. Rutherford, Miss Betty Edwards and Miss Frances Stone, Mr. J. Majousky, Mr. K. Stone, Mr. M. Esau and Mr. S. Crawford.

On the vocal side, Miss Annette Bernard of Caron sang two delightful songs and LAC. H. V. Peters gave a selection of the ever-popular Stanley Holloway monologues with the serio-comic piece by Sir W. S. Gilbert, "Prince Agib."

Instrumental solos were given by Mr. Esau on the violin and LAC. Stan Gosling on the piano. Miss Annette Bernard and Mr. Woodbury, also of Caron, gave a pianoforte duet.

Mystery and comedy went hand in hand when Mr. Campbell, another Caronian, gave an exhibition of sleight-of-hand and magic.

The programme was compered by the Rev. H. A. Macmanus (United Church).

After the show the performers were royally entertained when they sat down to a feast of turkey and chicken, apple, lemon and pumpkin pie with trimmings galore.

The arrangements for the supper and show were in the hands of Mrs. M. C. McGrattan and the evening was sponsored by the Ladies' Aid of Caron United Church.

We are starting our second year of publications with a special offer to our readers. A limited supply of attractively bound volumes of all copies of The Moth Monthly for the year 1942 will be available in the near future. We are sure that many of you will wish to have this permanent record of the activities of No. 33, and would suggest that you place your orders early. These will be available in either a cloth bound edition at \$2.00, or a half-leather volume at \$2.75. Order Now!

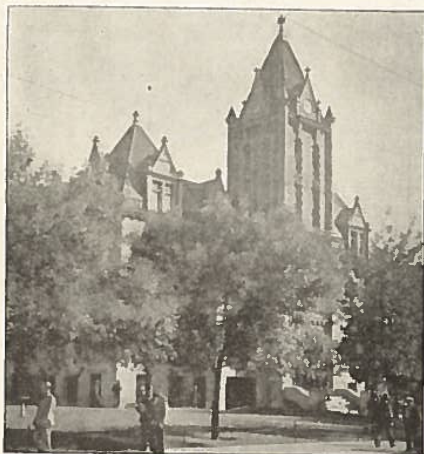
MUSIC

The regular series of Sunday night musical evenings was high lighted this month by the visit of Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., whose weekly broadcasts of music from his home in Moose Jaw are well known and widely listened to. His programme on this occasion, his first visit to Caron, included the Overture to Thomas' Opera "Mignon", excerpts from "Boris Goudonov" by Moussorgorsky and the Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mendelssohn. "Grand Polonaise in E Flat Major" by Chopin, Excerpts from Verdi's "La Tosca" and "Rigoletto" sung by Jussi Bjoerling, and the "Largo" from Dvorak's 5th (New World) Symphony were followed by a selection of hymns from the choir of

St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the Kentucky Minstrels in their own arrangement of "The Song That Reached My Heart". The programme concluded with music from "The Sleeping Beauty" by Tchaikovsky.

Pilot Officer R. H. Havard introduced Mr. Wickens at the close of the recital. Mr. Wickens, in a speech full of humorous tilts at the legal profession, expressed his delight at having the opportunity of giving this recital at Caron and said that he was always ready and willing to help in this way.

The audience was highly appreciative and P/O. Havard said that he hoped that it would not be long before Mr. Wickens was again able to be with us.



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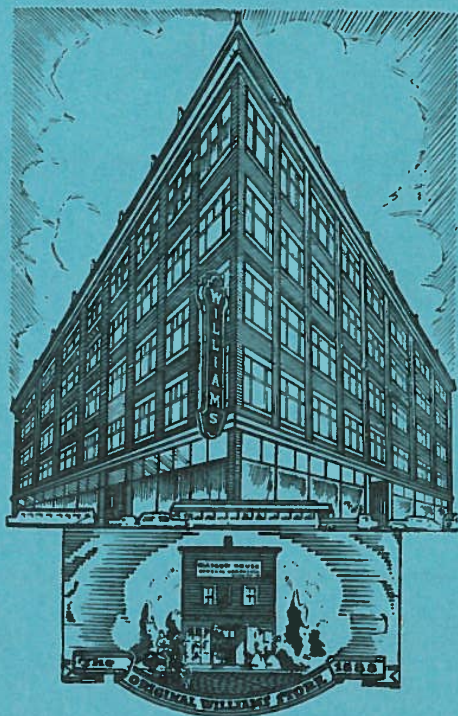
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