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# The Tailspin

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

## ROYAL AIR FORCE

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## Contents



	PAGE
Editorial .....	3
The Padre's Page .....	5
Why We Go Back to Britain .....	7
The Ocean Wave, Life on .....	8
The Riding Club .....	9
70 Course Beats the Band .....	11
Medical Meanderings .....	13
Chemical Analysis .....	13
Station Identification .....	15
Riding Club News .....	15
Theatre .....	16
Night Flying .....	17
Technical Terms Illustrated .....	17
Course 72 Goes Prop Swinging .....	18
Personalities—No. 13 .....	19
Political Vapourings—No. 1— Why We Are Fighting .....	20
Officers' Mess Topics .....	21
Dinner Given on the Evening of January 28, 1943 .....	22
Blue? .....	23
Scoop's Gossip Column .....	24
Course 72—"G" Flight Notes .....	24
Valentine Dance .....	24
From the Auxiliary Services Officer .....	26
Farewell to Squadron Leader F. B. H. Hayward .....	28
Welcome to Squadron Leader E. Bradley .....	28
Disclaimer Notice .....	29
Extract from a Letter Written by a Reclassified Pupil .....	29
Sergeants' Mess .....	31



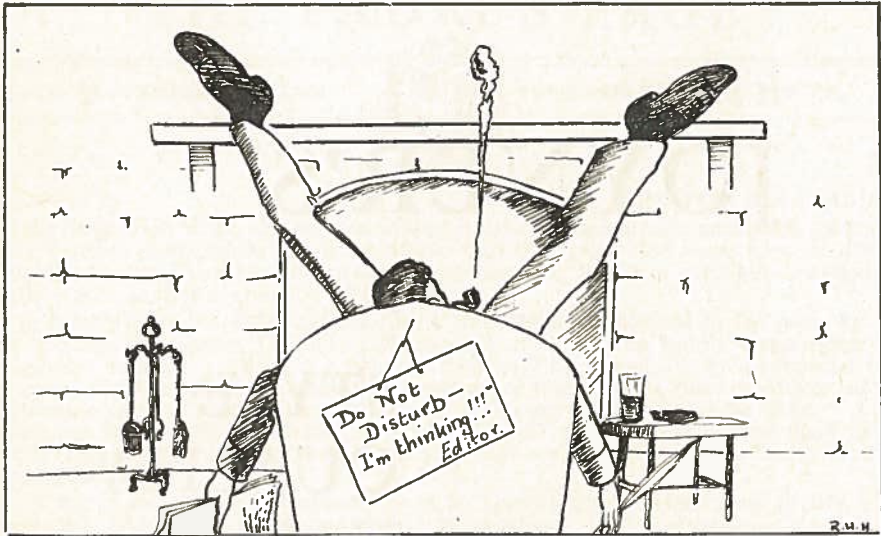
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No. 33 E.F.T.S. CANTEEN



Dear Readers:

This month sees the first issue of the old "Moth Monthly" under its new title. We hope that the future will be as kind to the publication as the past twelve months were to the "Moth".

Coinciding with this christening is the arrival of Spring, at least we hope that it will arrive sometime in the near future. In this issue, therefore, we are including articles covering this season of the year, and, also, an attempt at the glamourizing of the magazine. For the very first time, and at considerable expense, we print a colour page. If results are happy we shall consider printing a colour issue each quarter. It cannot be expected of a periodical of these dimensions to compete with the "New Yorker" or "Esquire"—not just yet, anyway.

For the information of our readers we have pleasure in announcing that during the coming months we shall include in each issue, the story; features, and illustrations of each province of Canada, beginning with New Brunswick, and working westward to British Columbia. The necessary "gen" for these articles has been very kindly supplied by the Director, Department of Special Publicity, in Montreal, and I am sure that Service personnel, as well as Canadians on the station, will be delighted to discover that Canada is not composed merely of "baldheaded prairies". Together with these articles on the provinces, we shall run articles on Britain, so that readers may learn something about the beauties of both countries.



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# THE PADRE'S PAGE

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R. H. VERNON VIVIAN



PADRE, No. 33 E.F.T.S.

## ARE YOU A FATALIST?

In these days when almost everything in life is exceedingly uncertain, and men learn to "live dangerously", it is inevitable that they must find some view of life on which their lives can be anchored. Many become *fatalists*, although fatalism is really a poor sort of anchor.

I remember some years ago reading a "Manifesto" published in the press by the late Horatio Bottomley (then in his heyday) in which he boldly expounded the religion of fatalism. "I am a confirmed fatalist," he began, "I am persuaded that all men and women are, from the moment of their birth, the creatures of an inexorable fate, as immutable as the laws which govern the Universe itself." I am glad he called it "My Manifesto", not "My Gospel", for "gospel" means good news, and it is anything but good news to be told that we are creatures in the grip of an inexorable fate.

*What is wrong with Fatalism?* It is an appallingly hopeless view of life. We are just children of fate pushed into a mapped-out world, where our part is no more than that of pawns moved by an unseen hand. No efforts of ours count for anything. Initiative is useless. Neither vice nor virtue can alter anything. The future is all mapped out like a navigation plot with an exact E.T.A. for your death. If you are due to be run over by a tram in 1947, run over you will be though you spend all the intervening time on the seven seas. Fatalism breeds a feeling of apathy and despair. "It's all mapped out. It's a matter of Kismet or Fate," sighs the fatalist. "The finger of destiny wrote that he had to do aerobatics under 1,000 feet. He couldn't have avoided it." There is little use in being operated on for appendicitis. If the operation was successful, you couldn't have died unless it was the appointed moment. If it was the appointed moment, you wasted your money. A fighter pilot would feel that no effort on his part would make the slightest difference in a "dog fight" since the issue had already been decided. Fatalism makes God the predestinator of all kinds of ills caused by human slackness and sinfulness, and makes man mentally and spiritually inert, torpid, and moribund. . . . little better than driven cattle as Mr. Austin Dobson points out in his poem, "The prayer of the swine." A universe which turns out a creature who has a pig's end, but a man's hopes, a man's dreams, a man's glimpse of the meaning of the universe is irrational, cruel, unjustifiable. . . .

*"If swine we be . . . if we indeed be swine . . .  
Daughter of Perse make us swine indeed,  
Well pleased on litter straw to lie supine,  
Stirred by all instincts of the bestial breed.  
But O unmerciful! O pitiless!  
Leave us not thus with sick men's hearts to bleed;  
To waste long days in weary dumb distress,  
And memory of things gone and utter hopelessness.*

AGAINST THE HOPELESSNESS OF FATALISM, CHRISTIANITY OFFERS THE FIRM ANCHORAGE OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH . . . not rooted in blind inexorable fate, but in a living PERSON Whom millions have come to know; not in a charted future which leads us into every pitfall and calamity, but on One Who guides us through, and makes Himself known as our comrade and friend. In his Rectorial Address at St. Andrews, 1934, Field Marshal Smuts said: "This is a good world. It is indeed a world built for heroism, but also for beauty, tenderness, mercy. I have sampled the world and human nature at many points, and I have learnt that it takes all sorts to make a world. But through it all my conviction has only deepened that there is nothing in the nature of things which is alien to what is best in us; *There is no malign fatalism which makes fools of us in our dark strivings towards the good.*"

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## Why We Go Back to Britain

Many Canadians, and Americans, have asked us why the devil we want to return to those stuffy, overcrowded, and miserable islands "over there", and this short article is an attempt to enlighten them regarding certain features of life over in Britain which exercise such an attraction for us.

At this time of the year, Spring, in Britain we would be reminded, everywhere, of the end of winter and of the arrival of a new life into the countryside. In the cities and towns, no matter how poor and mean, there are parks, and there you would see the first courageous crocus buds, thrusting through the earth, or the beeches above your head would have upon their limbs the first pale green tint of waking leaves. Going out from the town into the country places, on every hand the earth would present the suggestion of an enormous egg, the shell of which is being cracked open, and the life inside bursting through into the light of day. Beneath your feet, upon the woodland pathway, would be snowdrops, and there, beneath the arms of a mighty oak, a splash of gold where Spring has spilled her bounty and daffodils have found a home. The trees becoming scattered, we see the hedgerows, the yellow heads of primroses, and turning our heads to gaze once more upon the trees we see beneath an early group of bluebells.

Ahead the winding road, rutted down by years of usage, reaches onto the hilltop, and from a field outside our ken we hear the sound of steel on stone, where some husbandman turns over the soil before his eager plough. Here you see the farmer cultivating the earth, for here he knows his very life is kept; he does not merely scratch its dust sufficient only to cover the seed of grain; he loves this earth, and cares for it as a father does a child. Over the brow we stumble upon the farmstead, a building which, beneath the gentle hand of Time, has grown into the countryside in which it stands. Perhaps its walls are of greying stone, with the blue slates of the north country, or it may have the rose-cream walls and russet roof of the farms of Shropshire; in all cases, the older buildings are kindly treated by Nature, between the stones the lichen sits, and, probably, ranging over the open door-

way, and along the walls to the out-houses, an untamed rambling rose thrusts its eager fingers. These farms, you learn, have histories ranging, in many cases, back to the days of the Tudors, and you suddenly discover that here, it is the house which is the dominating feature of the farm, and not, as on the prairies, the great Dutch barn.

Leaving the farm, you continue along the rambling roadway, which new enters another glade, and the music of hidden streams falls upon the listening ear; above you the nesting birds are busy, life is on. The path winds on, and before you are aware of it, you are hearing the bells of a country church, and the turn of the road brings you into a village. As with the farm, every house in the place seems to have become an integral part of the landscape; to replace a single one with a modern villa would be desecration, and the work only of an ignorant vandal. The country "pub" opens its arms to the wayfarer, and in its cool interior one hears the unhurried, careful speech of the countryman. These people are not "slick", they are not full of hustle. They know that behind them lies heritage of a thousand years, and that their capable hands can carve out a future from the years of Time.

These, then, are some of the things we wish to go back to. The crowded towns and cities, for the men who came from them, with vaudeville shows, and "pubs" with only one restriction and that "Time, gentlemen, please!" A wireless free from browbeating chewing gum vendors. A countryside where the fields are bounded by hedgerows which in May would have the hawthorn in lovely bloom. Country where, at one moment, you are amid the greening leaves of the wood, and the next upon the headland, gazing across the blue waters of the Irish Sea, westward to the land of Columcille, and of Maeve, its beautiful queen. Northward to the purpling hills of Dumfriesshire, and beyond the horizon, of Mull.

Were we easily to forget our native land, so easily to accept the present view, it would be no compliment to the land in which we are domiciled, for affection thus so quickly changed is no affection at all.

R.H.H.

# The Ocean Wave, Life On

Written by "APPRENTICE"

## PART II

Last month we took our apprentice's day as far as breakfast time. Immediately on the sounding of eight bells we dashed away down the stairways, back to the half-deck, a still more hurried shower, followed by the mad scramble into white slacks, white shoes, and tunic, a rush into the saloon for breakfast. For this next hour, sacred hour that it is, we are no more mere apprentices but are now elevated to the exalted rank of midshipmen, attaching to ourselves something of the glamour inherent in the title.

On this particular ship we were allowed to seat ourselves at the Mate's table, and were waited on by Chinese mess boys. What a breakfast! For us none of your dainty portions of toast, with a smell of bacon, but a real man-sized meal. After our labours of the early dawn a meal of cereal, fruit, fish, bacon and eggs, kidneys, rolls, toast, and coffee helps to fit one out for the remainder of the morning's toil.

The Mate is indeed a charming personality—he reminds me of a legendary sergeant-major so often heard of from the lips of soldiers; under his aegis, the senior Middle blossoms forth into a miniature devil, for is it not the Devil who finds work for idle hands? No sooner is breakfast done than this embryo Mephistopheles springs yet another "chore" upon us. "Holy stone the decks". Indeed, he is the devil himself come here to plague us with a foretaste of his domain. We, who had sailed with him before, were not at all surprised by this demand upon our physical capacity, but the new apprentices were shaken to the core. In the dawn's early light we had seen the sand in the 'tween decks and were prepared for this onerous task. The only consolation is that this is an "all hands" job, and we have the modicum of comfort in the knowledge that there is not one member of the crew who will escape the eagle eye of the First Mate.

At two bells (09.00 hrs.) we turned to with bos'n, lamps, and all the deck watch. Hoses were rigged, brooms fetched, the holystones laid out, and

then two large barrels, one containing sand, and the other caustic soda, placed in the middle of the deck to be holystoned this forenoon. I had often heard it said that the man who first invented work should come back to finish the job, but the man who thought of holystoning should be keelhauled for every time the process has to be administered to the decks. I wonder why they call the dam' thing a "holy" stone, for it has been accompanied by more oaths than any other gem of Nature that I know of.

However, to carry on divulging the gen on holystoning, just in case one of you, my dear readers, may be called upon someday to undertake these arduous duties. First, the hoses were rigged up and turned on to allow water to play in the scuppers, thereby protecting the paintwork. Having amused ourselves by playing with the water we now swab the deck, "forrad" well deck, with caustic soda, then from the other barrel we take the fine sand, sprinkling it all over the decks. This preliminary work finished, we now start upon the real task. On this occasion the Mate had been kind enough to give us holystones mounted in frames and attached to long wooden handles. I have known the day when we were expected to crawl over the whole ——— ship on our hands and knees, holystoning on our way every scrap of unpainted woodwork. We each took one of the handle gadgets and began the job, working from the "forrad" end down to the after end of the deck. By seven bells (11.30 hrs.) the bos'n was satisfied, and, by heavens, he ruddy well should have been; our backs and arms were still with us only because they were a colossal ache, which kept us groaning every time we straightened our backs. Of course, we ensured that the loudest groans were emitted within the shadow of the aforesaid bos'n. All that remained now was to wash the decks down with water. Just before eight bells struck we were collecting the innumerable brooms, holystones, and other impedimenta used during the task, and went aft. Turning back at the head of the after ladder leading from the deck which had given us these agonies, and looking down upon it, I felt a smug sense of self-satisfaction. The deck, drying rapidly in the hot

## The Riding Club

As a new season for riding approaches, we look back with pleasure on the few months during which the club was finding its gait and recall the many happy hours spent in the saddle from the beginning of September till the cold weather drove us indoors again. Now is the time to be looking around and finding out what's what, in preparation for some more happy cantering over the prairie paths.

First of all, then—your committee. Mr. L. J. Martin is the present chairman, and LAC. H. V. Peters continues to hold the office of secretary, temporarily combining the duties of treasurer. Mr. Harry Chipperfield is the stable manager and riding master, and bookings are in the hands of Miss A. Strong, through the Central Office. The other members of the committee are Miss Phyllis Montgomery and Miss Mary Smith, F/O W. J. Unwin, Mr. E. L. Adames and Mr. Alf Stringer.

The horses, in the care of Mr. Dale, the groom, are seven—Johnny, Pride of the West, Toby, Lady Diana, Smoky, Tip, and Puss. For information as to their various capabilities and whimsies, please see the riding master. Toby and Smoky are reserved this season for riding in the "ring" only.

Several matters arising from last season's riding should be brought to the attention of all members. First of all, there is a members' Suggestion Book hung in the stable, wherein the committee expects to find all moans, complaints and suggestions. Secondly, it is essential that bookings for horses be made well in advance. This will avoid disappointment and it is in the interests of the horses as well as the riders. Your maximum period is two hours, and in "rush periods" you are requested to have a care for the other members and limit your ride to one hour. Horses will be rested between bookings and no horse will be ridden for more than four hours on any one day. Meal times for the horses are posted in the stables and consideration must be given to those times.

On the highway you ride on the right and the motorist is supposed to give you consideration. It is safer to lead your horse into the side and halt it until the car has passed. In general, keep off the roads. In particular, avoid galloping or cantering on them. The greatest care must be exercised with regard to riding over crop-lands. Several complaints were raised last year and we do not want to have to deal with any this year. Keep to the paths, and keep off the crops. It is most important, in the interests of the horses and of the riders, that the slightest suspicion of soreness or lameness, however trivial it may appear, should be reported to the Stable Manager or groom as soon as you return to the stable. A recent committee ruling is that the chairman has power to suspend immediately any member of the club in cases of misdemeanour or negligence pending investigation by the committee.

The club is open to all members of the permanent staff of No. 33 E.F.T.S., civilian and Service. The fee is \$12.00 a year, payable at the rate of \$1.00 a month in advance. Members will not be permitted to ride if dues are not paid to date, and will be struck off the membership list.

Instructional classes for beginners, intermediate and jumping, will be held again this spring and summer, under the guidance of Mr. Harry Chipperfield. It is hoped that members will also be able to arrange among themselves to participate in day-rides with picnic lunches and wiener roasts. A start in this direction was made last September and the rides were greatly enjoyed by those who took part. The secretary would be pleased to have, from time to time, reports on such rides and other activities in which members take part, together with photographs if available, for publication in the station magazine.

With the weather on the turn, the horses in fine condition, a bit sprightly after their long winter rest, we look forward to a good season of riding, starting as soon as you like. Good hunting—and happy landings!  
H.V.P.

sunlight, gazed up fearlessly into the eyes of the day, a sheet of dazzling white, broken only by the thin black lines of the caulking between the planks.

A task well done certainly is reward

for the labour expended upon it, so thought I then, but, had I known the next port of call would see us loading coconut oil, in leaking ten gallon drums, some of this content would have rapidly evaporated.

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## 70 Course Beats the Band!

The honour of presenting the first of what we hope will be a regular series of end-of-course shows fell upon 70 Course on Wednesday, February 17.

When the opening chorus gave us, with all the gusto of a London Gang-Show, two of Ralph Reader's original numbers, "Flying High" and "Birds of a Feather", we knew we were in for a good time. From then on the show was a riotous but skilfully controlled mixture of fun and frolic.

Among the sketches, all of which were put over with a snap that drove the point effectively home, old ones, such as "Toothache" and "Maternity Ward", were given a fresh twist, and the new ones pointed the harlequin finger at Dignity and Authority with mischievous but unmalicious irreverence. The thumb-nail sketches of certain N.C.O's. and Officers were unmistakable in their likeness. If this is "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature" the Good Gremlins (there are such things) must have been distorting the mirror, for there never was such a generous Adjutant (under the circumstances), nor so kindly a Flight Sergeant Discip. Was the cast entirely drawn from 70 Course, or did a certain Corporal Armourer appear in person?

Providing the serious note, LAC. Derric Weston played Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata and drew spontaneous applause from the audience, while LAC. V. Davies charmed with his melodious renderings of two well-known songs in Welsh. Corporal T. R. Wickens was a popular singer in the modern mood and gave a good unaccompanied performance of the ballad "Trees".

Wonders never cease when LAC. Bruce Shearer brings out his box of magic, and his easy style of presentation ensures a harmony between him and his audience which makes his fascinating wizardry even more bewildering.

The act which brought the house down was the Bevy of Beauty. Nothing is more certain to raise the roof than a male beauty chorus. But it isn't as easy as that. It has to be good. In this case the footwork and the musical accompaniment, to say nothing of the costumes, had obviously been well thought out and ardently practised, and the two Shearers (George does the music, Bruce does the movements) had worked out a good job and were well backed up by

the boys. As *premiere danseuse*, LAC. Bill Ready executed an Arcadian balloon dance (yes, we know!) with an abandonment that left nothing to the imagination!

LAC. Freddy Wallace ably *compèred* the show and, in his own act at the piano, proved a comedian of considerable merit.

The show was wound up by the awkwardst awkward squad as ever paraded a square, and the clever footwork introduced here, as in the Chorus Girl number, was a feature that, apart from the gags, made it unusually mirth-provoking. When the squad pulled its clowning finger out and marched into the final tableau singing "Cheerio" and "Lords of the Air" with the figure of a pilot under the Air Force pennant, the show ended on a note that left the audience happily conscious of the fact that 70 Course had, definitely, beaten the band.

It was a show where team-work was the keynote, but we nevertheless feel that congratulations should be extended to LAC. Bruce Shearer who, as producer, was responsible for putting it together and overseeing the mechanics of it, as well as entering his own distinctive performance.

F/Lt. D. Adcock, in complimenting the Course from the stage afterwards, said that to have put up such a good show, on top of the considerable amount of work that the Course had put in in their studies and in flying to make up the hours lost on account of bad weather, was a very creditable achievement, and the audience expressed its concurrence in no uncertain manner.

---

### Fun, Period

My parents told me not to smoke.

I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke,

I don't.

They made it clear I mustn't wink

At pretty girls, or even think

About intoxicating drink,

I don't.

To flirt or dance is very wrong.

I don't.

Wild youth chase women, wine, and song.

I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one,

I do not know how it is done,

You wouldn't think I had much fun—

I don't.



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## Medical Meanderings

Why ever did 73 Course come to Caron? Why was it left to us to save their lives? I don't suppose we shall get any gratitude for this when we read their notes in future issues. No, we shall be classified as the usual binds we always were, though perhaps this time Messrs. Schick and Dick will take the back ground, their successors being Miss Mandl and Mrs. Dobell.

I see from the last issue that the people who frequent the Officers' Mess recommend our treatment and tea. It is the first time we have seen it in black and white that the orderlies do any work; it must be comforting to know that when you enter the hospital you can be sure that some poor, worn out individual will stagger along to you with a cup of tea. Now we know why two of these gentlemen, for no reason whatever, roamed into the hospital one cold afternoon at about five o'clock. Couldn't they make the Officers' Mess or was it just force of habit?

We are glad to see that Course 70 have learned their lesson with regard to frost-bite. We never thought the colour of the preparation we put on their ears would have such a psychological effect upon them. You proud men!

Welcome to "Natter Notes". That gave me the idea that I might get some inspiration for this article from the nearest available natterer, so I lifted the receiver and popped a few questions to the switchboard. She was blue and told me in the most ladylike manner that she was "cheesed". Unfortunately, I had not time to get the conversation warmed up before our prize "natterer" wanted to know what I had done with our last pair of rubber gloves.

We understand the S.M.O. officially opened a new highway in the snow the other morning; judging by the time he arrived we think he went to Alaska to learn a thing or two before he did so.

"Scoop" tells me he has difficulty in finding gen for his column; I'm not surprised either, for the greater part of the members of the Sergeants' Mess seems to have spent more time visiting the hospital than the Mess this last few weeks. He should be able to get something out of them now for they have put in a good deal of crystal-gazing whilst here. One inspiration of the menthol crystal made a certain sergeant blush to beat the band, and he wept

tears of joy at the thought of such a wonderful relief from something which had been troubling him for days. We were expecting the girl in the little blue gown to follow him, but if I remember correctly she had her share some time ago.

This month we say welcome to F/Lt. Crowley, and hope his stay with us will be very pleasant. We also hope it won't take him long to get accustomed to our peculiarities. This month we have had to say cheerio to our colleague, Bill Watson, who returns to the Old Country. All our good wishes and the best of luck to you, matey.

We would like to say thank you, on behalf of the patients, to those people who made possible the relay of the Band Concert, held on Monday, February 8, to the hospital. Its reproduction was excellent, and was greatly appreciated by all who were in hospital at the time.

## Chemical Analysis

*Element*—Woman.

*Symbol*—W<sub>0</sub>O.

*Accepted Atomic Weight*—120.

*Occurrence* — Found wherever man exists. Seldom in the free state. With few exceptions, the combined state preferred. Seldom found where there is no wealth.

*Physical Properties*—All colours, sizes and forms. Usually in distinguished condition. Boils at nothing, and may freeze up at any minute. However, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

*Chemical Properties* — Very active. Great affinity for gold, silver, precious stones. Violent reaction if left alone. Ability to absorb great amounts of expensive foods at any time. Sometimes yields to pressure; turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages rapidly.

*Uses*—Highly ornamental. Wide application to the arts of domestic sciences. Useful as a tonic in treatment of sickness, low spirits, etc.; equalises the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most powerful income reducing agent known.

*Caution* — Highly explosive when placed in inexperienced hands.

# HOTEL CHURCHILL

STRICTLY MODERN

Reasonable Rates

Centrally Located

MAIN STREET OPPOSITE C.P.R. DEPOT

MOOSE JAW

## Away From Home?

You'll Always Find a

## Home Welcome

AT THE

## Milk Bar

Next to Capitol Theatre

## All Airmen

like to eat at the

## ELITE CAFE

where food is delicious, the setting is bright and clean, and prices fit a service man's pocket-book.

## Elite Cafe

128 MAIN STREET N.

ANY TIME IS A GOOD TIME TO

## Send Gift Parcels to The Folks Overseas

We Pack Parcels Free of Charge  
Come in and See Us

## CO-OP GROCETERIA

PHONE 3368

38 HIGH STREET WEST

## Station Identification

"Canadian Broadcasting Corporation",  
Pause for Station identification.  
Another voice then comes to me,  
Moose Jaw local CHAB.

My broadcasting friends in forty-two,  
You did not pause as you ought to do.  
And from forty-one to thirty-nine,  
You did not pause at the proper time.

And I remember well in thirty-eight,  
You were often early, and sometimes late.  
So I hope my friends in forty-three,  
A pause at the proper time we'll see.

You must admit 'tis hardly right,  
If Joe Louis is in a championship fight,  
If you are going to pause just when  
His opponent is taking the count of ten.

Or in a hockey broadcast to pause  
When Foster Hewitt says—"he scores!"  
And in a play certainly not  
Pause when the villain's getting shot.

You know your listeners might get sore,  
If they miss a knock out, or a score.  
And in a play, what have we got  
If we do not get a villain shot?

A cowboy singer, please give him a chance  
To sing his songs, on his durned old ranch  
And then, of course, when he makes his pause  
The big-horned steers can give applause.

This stuff on the air, called "jazz" or "jive"  
Staid folk like you and I deride.  
In the opinion of you and I, of course,  
The station could pause and pause, then pause.

At ten-forty-five we get evening prayer.  
Sometimes I'm missing, sometimes there;  
But I know soap companies think it sin  
That they can't get a little commercial in.

—E. PRATT

## Riding Club News

We are informed by our riding master, Harry Chipperfield, that the horses are wintering very well and are in nice shape.

Trouble is being had with the water supply, the dam having petered out. Due to the co-operation of Bill Angle, our Chief Engineer, the horses are still able to drink as he has arranged for the

water to be hauled from the station.

"Puss", the newest horse, has been broken, and has a nice easy gait and is very fast. However, she needs a good deal of schooling, which will not be attempted till spring.

Squadron Leader Bradley, our new C.F.I., is an old artilleryman. As such, he knows his horses, and will be a very welcome member of our riding club.

More in our next issue.

## Theatre

A rich feast of musical entertainment and fun was provided by the Band of No. 12 Military District when they visited the station on Monday, February 8th. The Station Theatre, filled to capacity and gaily decorated with the familiar Valentine motif, gave our visitors a (may I say it?) hearty welcome, and they, in their turn, gave complimentary greetings by opening the concert with a fine rendering of the Royal Air Force March.

A military band which sings and tells bed-time stories is unique, and the boys on No. 12 gave us some most pleasurable surprises during the evening. We were prepared for their spirited rendering of "Zampa", for we find this piece in the repertoire of most military bands. But the delicate portrayal of the falsetto voices of little children playing ball in a London mews, to the familiar theme of "London Bridge is Falling Down," in their "London Suite", brought smiles of astonishment to the faces of all, and, as the mood changed to one of gay abandoned merriment when the children danced in Swing Time, we surrendered ourselves wholeheartedly to sheer unabashed enjoyment. Among the soloists, Bandsman P. Husby and A. Gascoigne called forth considerable applause when they played "The Whistler and His Dog" and a razzle-dazzle trombone solo "The Joker", respectively, and Bandsman H. Rossington's narration of the old story of "The Three Bears" was given novel and highly entertaining treatment by the band.

The bandmaster, Sgt.-Major W. J. Habkirk, aptly introducing Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" as his offering to the disciples of "long-haired" music, conducted the Allegro Moderato Movement from this well-known and well-loved work with great accomplishment. All the romantic warmth and depth of feeling were portrayed with delicacy and musicianly finesse, and we were sorry that, in a programme of this nature, he could not linger to give us the complete work.

When the band downed their instruments and gave us the beautifully harmonious part-song "All on a Sunday Morning" we got one of the major surprises of the evening. The balance and control of voices in this number was a rare delight, and the lightness of touch

brought out the full flavour of the comedy that is in it.

For certain the Londoners, and assuredly all music lovers, must have had a touch of nostalgia for theatre lights and limes when the never-dying strains of Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore", "Mikado" and "Pirates of Penzance" were played so delightfully in "Gems from Gilbert and Sullivan".

Captain I. Robson, who has a non-chalant charm and wit that captivated the entire audience, tickled our ribs with his digs at military institutions, and brought the house down with a clever smile-a-minute sketch of one of our oldest inhabitants, F/Sgt. J. J. Walsh. Captain Robson has won notable recognition in Canadian cities as a crayon expert, and is at present stationed at No. 12 Military Depot in Regina as Auxiliary Services Officer.

LAC. Derric Weston, of whose playing we can never hear enough, gave us the opportunity of hearing Schumann's Intermezzo in E Minor, and LAC. H. V. Peters threw in a couple of monologues for fun.

Not content with fine musicianship and excellent singing, our friends from Regina have also mastered the art of stage presentation in a manner that merits, and receives, comment from all. The skilful use of trick lighting in Bandsman E. Lang's "Accordiana", and the well balanced picture which the entire band presented on the stage were features which made its success doubly assured. Added to this, their finale, introducing a Victory Fanfare, the flags and traditional costumes of Canada, America and the Mother Country, England (not forgetting the grand British bulldog), and closing with the Maple Leaf, The Star-Spangled Banner, and The National Anthem, made a fitting salute to all our brothers-in-arms and a spirited ending to a fine show. We look forward to another visit from the boys of No. 12 Military Depot as soon as it can be made possible.

It was a happy thought which prompted the fitting up of a microphone and speakers so that the whole of the proceedings could be relayed to our friends in the Station Hospital. From reports received the whole concert was heard with clarity and gave great enjoyment to those who were forced to lie abed, unable to come to the theatre themselves. They have asked us to say "Thank you" to those who thought of the idea in the first place, and to those whose technical skill made it possible.

# Night Flying

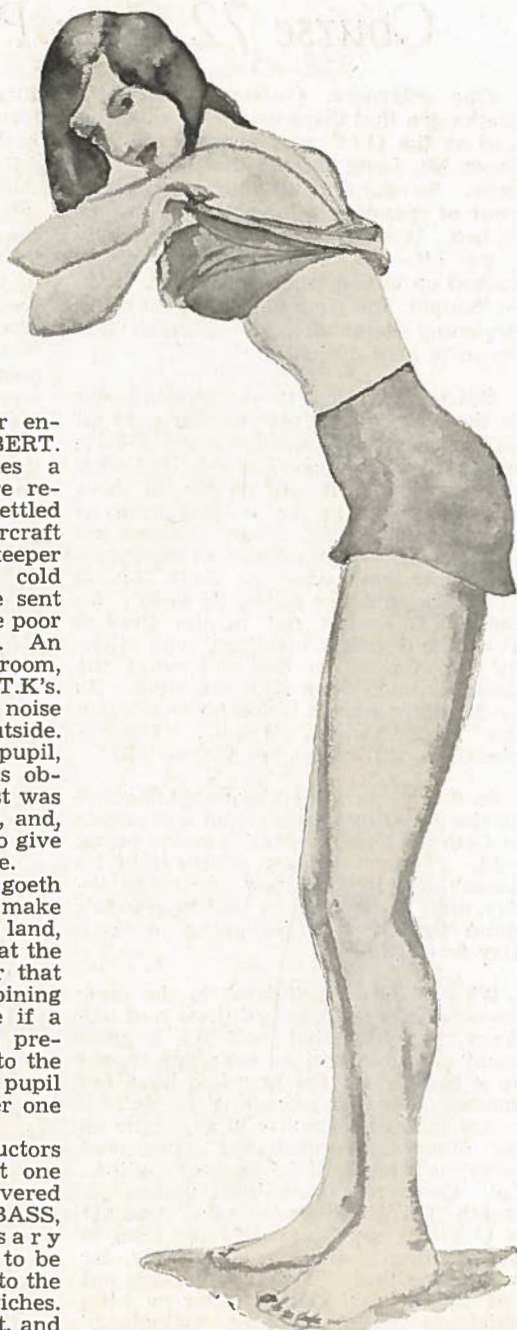
## TECHNICAL TERMS ILLUSTRATED

On an afternoon in January, we were ordered to **MAR-SHALL** our forces by 6.30 and prepare for night flying. On arrival at the crew room we found chaos prevailing. The squad commander entered suddenly and asked **WHART-ON** earth was the matter, and had there been an unexpected **blitz-CRAIG**? Assuring him that all was well, we settled down to prepare for duty. "Is **'MAC'-KNIGHT**-flying?" said a voice, and someone answered, "I don't know, but if he won't, **BASK WILL.**"

At this moment the timekeeper entered, talking as usual about **HER BERT**. But, as many a mickle makes a **MUCKLE**, and as the minutes are required to make the hours, she settled down to her work. Soon all the aircraft were air-borne and our timekeeper settled down to knit socks for cold soldiers. We are sure that if she sent her portrait instead of the socks the poor soldier would no longer feel cold. An hour of peace reigned in the crew room, broken only by the click of the T.K.'s knitting needles, and suddenly the noise of an engine was heard from outside. An instructor, complete with pupil, entered the office. The pupil was obviously about to go solo as his chest was easily 36" instead of the usual 25", and, seeing this, the instructor decided to give him a few words of fatherly advice.

"Remember, my son, **PRYDE** goeth before a fall and two blacks do not make a **WHITE**. **UN WIN** you come into land, remember the first boundary light at the **EDGE** of the field, and remember that the **FARMER** who owns the adjoining farm does not consider it a joke if a ropey pupil ploughs up his field prematurely. The grain does not go to the **MILLAR** until the fall". So our pupil was sent solo as was many another one that historic night.

When all the pupils and instructors had assembled, it was found that one was absent. He was later discovered partaking of his usual pint of **BASS**, having borrowed the necessary **NICHOLLS**. This was considered to be a good idea, and we all went along to the **ALD HOUSE** for coffee and sandwiches. So ended another very happy night, and the pupils and instructors lived to fly another day.



"Roll Off the Top"

## Course 72 Goes Prop Swinging

One afternoon Course 72 had the pukka gen that there would be no flying, and as the G.I.S. was cheesed off with them, Mr. Long decided that he couldn't cope. So one and all they were confident of spending a long, lazy afternoon in bed. It really looked as tho' it would come off, too; everyone was nicely tucked up in bed miles away from Caron in thought, and from G.I.S. in particular, dreaming about all sorts of things that innocent men dream of.

But tragedy steps in—a gremlin peeps in the window and sees all. He pops off and is soon whispering in the C.F.I.'s ear about what a good day it is, and what fine experience it will be for all these embryo pilots to fly in this kind of weather; but what finally decides the C.F.I. is the final statement of the gremlin, "You don't want all these fellows to be fine weather pilots, do you?" So the C.F.I. dashes out to the Control Tower and wakes up Jiggs, who sticks up two fingers to find out what the gremlins have done with the wind. As he does this indoors it doesn't help much but "e don't mind, y'know". (For explanation of this last, see Course 72.)

So down comes the chequered flag and all the gremlins gather round and gibber as Course 72 staggers out into the biting cold. "Prang" frankly admits that he doesn't feel like slashing any props today, and "Curly" is sure that he couldn't stand the shock of dropping in from fifty feet again.

When they all get down to the crew room in various stages of dress and undress they find that half the engines won't start up, and so everyone cheers up a little. But the gremlins have not finished, they strike again. F/Lt. McNeill comes striding in with a bright smile on his otherwise undistorted face, and everyone's heart sinks to rock-bottom. Cpl. Corrington mumbles under his breath "G.I.S.", and some other member of G Flight says "twenty hour tests in this weather". But no, it is worse, far worse than that. "How about going out and giving the ground crew a little assistance with the prop swinging?" chants Mr. McNeill. This is greeted with a pregnant silence; the cadets of G

Flight, who have gone up and are slowly freezing to death at 4,000 feet, are in nothing like the predicament that their fellows are. "E don't mind, y'know," mumbled Cpl. Fox as we all stagger out into the biting gale. As we go across the 'drome we notice what appears to be a greatcoat, trousers and shoes surmounted by an enormous pair of goggles, a flying helmet and a Yukon hat wandering aimlessly along in our midst. Upon investigating this unnatural phenomenon we find inside the cheery countenance of LAC. Blake. We arrive at the aircraft. I turn up at last hoping that there won't be enough aircraft to go around, and then I will be able to go back to the comparative warmth of the crew room and maybe a mild flirtation with the timekeeper. But no, there seems to be hundreds of d——d tigers waiting to have their props swung. I wander slowly up to one of them, thinking of fellows who have slipped into props as they fired and have been transformed into atoms. After innumerable hours swinging the prop of this kite I have chosen, and chanting "brakes on—gas on—switches off—throttle closed" and "contact", and switches off—throttle wide—suck in" with a few home-made variations for makeweight, we find that the switches in the front cockpit have been "off" all the time. Having rectified this, we have another go at it, whispering all sorts of sweet nothings to each other about F/Lt. McNeill. After a while we give it up and proceed back to the crewroom, cheering up slightly at the thought of a nice sleep on top of the parachute rack with our various heads pillowed in our parachutes.

But no, 'tis not to be, Cpl. Fox is missing, and after a hectic search we eventually find him sitting in the cockpit of a tiger, crooning "brakes off—switches on—throttle open—blow, suck, blow" time and time again. We take him to the hospital and we understand that they are having a grand time there filling him up with anti-freeze, anti-tetanus and bananas, but as yet no statement has been issued by the M.O. as to the outcome of these experiments because they are of national importance.

M.F.

**PERSONALITIES - No. 13**



ADJUTANT F/LT. J. CADELL

POLITICAL VAPOURINGS—No. 1

by R.H.H.

## Why We Are Fighting

There are many distorted theories as to why we are waging this war. It has been suggested by many people, Americans and Canadians, that we in Britain are in it solely to preserve our position of domination in the world in the guise of an "empire". While it is true that we would not contemplate abstractedly the apportioning of our hardly built Commonwealth of Nations among other modernist powers of imperialistic thought, the prime factor in this present struggle is the preservation of our way of living.

Over here in Canada there is a tendency to the thought that you have sent, and are sending, your boys over to Europe to fight for England. This is very far from the truth. The young people of Canada have no memory of Britain as the "Old Country", and certainly have no sentimental attachment to the "mother government". You are in the war because your leaders, who are, after all, men of acute business acumen, realised that were England to fail and become a vassal state of the Reich, Canada, and the New World, would not, alone, be able to stave off indefinitely the conquest of its territories by the armies of Germany. Rather than allow war to come across the Atlantic to their own shores, and into their own provinces, they decided, and wisely so, to support Britain in its fight for existence, for if Britain survived, the threat to the West would be removed.

Now to define, if possible, the phrase "our way of living". Our fathers, and theirs before them, fought hard for the right to govern themselves, they won the franchise, and they have handed on that right to us. We can say, even in wartime, whatever we please. We can attack the government, and criticise its policies, even to the administration of the war, we can think as we wish, and worship as we please, without let or hindrance from any bureaucrat. We can till our soil, build our homes, rear children, and still call them our own. Contrast these rights of ours with those of the people of Germany, of Italy, of Japan. In the first two of these countries, the soil that you may till is the property of the government, the homes you build may be taken over at any time by the armed forces, and your children

are not yours, but the state's. You cannot freely criticise the administration, to do so would invoke severe consequences and the disapproval of the authorities. The services in your churches would be subjected to the vigilance of the Security Police of the governing body. These are the things for which you are fighting.

The peoples of Germany and of Italy, too, possessed these rights a short time ago, even as we have them today. They lost them, not through any great revolution of thought, because the common man and woman in those countries still hold the same principles within their hearts, but they lost them, even as we shall lose them if we are not careful, because of mental lethargy, through their disinterestedness in public affairs. There will come a time when, if we continue to ignore our responsibilities as citizens of a democratic people, a man or party strong enough will come along and remove, forever, these privileges for which our forbears fought so bitterly, and by losing them, we shall have betrayed their generation, as well as betraying those who fight, and die, for these rights today.

This is not a war against Germany, or Italy, a war against Naziism or Fascism, it is a war against inertia. It is a battle against all people who are content to live their own individual destinies to the exclusion of all others. A struggle against the parochial mind in national matters. When your boys come back from "over there" don't tell them they fought for Britain or for the British Empire, don't even tell them they fought for Canada. Tell them that they suffered for themselves, suffered that they might preserve the rights to which they are heirs, the privileges they hope to bequeath to their children. Tell them, too, that in peace they must not forget their sufferings, and in the memory of them to hold tightly to these rights, to use them to their utmost. You, and we in Britain, are not now fighting for a world fit for heroes to live in, but to preserve the right and freedom in which a hero-filled land might build. If we can die in the defence of that right, surely in time of peace we can find the energy, both mental and physical, to build from that right the edifice of

## Officers' Mess Topics

This last month we have seen many changes in the mess. Very reluctantly we have said good-bye to Squadron Leader F. B. H. Hayward and Squadron Leader J. Browne, two of the original pillars of No. 33, who have been posted.

We are sorry to see them go; we wish them the best of luck in the future and I think I can say on behalf of all personnel that it was both an honour and a pleasure to serve with them.

We don't know exactly what Squadron Leader Hayward's activities will be, but we hope sometime soon we will have the pleasure of seeing him again.

We are sure we shall see quite a lot of Squadron Leader Browne as he has been posted to No. 32 S.F.T.S. at Moose Jaw.

Our present C.F.I. is Squadron Leader E. Bradley, A.F.C., who has come here from Neepawa. We are pleased to have him with us and hope he will enjoy his stay at No. 33. The post of Medical Officer has been taken over by F/Lt. M. Crowley, who hails from Southern Ireland.

He seems to have settled down well on the Station, and I have heard it whispered that he is a champion in the ancient art of "Shove-halfpenny". All-comers are challenged, and who knows we may be able to arrange an exhibition in aid of unemployed Instructors.

Yes, I have news of another posting, F/Lt. J. Cadell is leaving us to fill a bigger assignment, and his duties have been taken over by F/Lt. P. Yeoman, who hails from Swift Current.

We have no definite news of Punch's posting yet, but I am sure he will feel much happier in Caron than sniffing around the lordly administrative buildings at Ottawa.

We have also an addition to the dog settlement in the quarters in F/Lt. Wright's new pup. Well, I have not heard its name yet and so far it has not been added to the Station Ration Strength.

Sniffy still seems to reign supreme in the quarters and every time she passes our latest arrival she seems to say "Get some tyre-chewing hours in, sprog". However, who knows, some day that small creature may blossom forth and end up by chewing whole aircraft instead of mere tail-wheel tyres.

The Mess seemed to come to life on the night of the 18th, when we held our first party for what seemed ages. Everyone had a wonderful time and we were very pleased to have with us Mrs. Hayward, S/Ldr. and Mrs. Browne, and many well-known friends from Caron and Moose Jaw. The evening was a huge success and we hope we can have some more in the near future.

The story of the officer who lost his bearings on the way to the quarters and had to send an S.O.S. for a homing Q.D.M. by waving his arms in the direction of Jiggs' bedroom, is not true, as the said officer was found next morning in a snow-drift outside the Mess. He claimed he never did have any bearings to lose so he force-landed in the nearest patch of snow, picketed himself into the wind, and stayed there overnight. We did not bother fitting him up with skis as he came out under his own power.

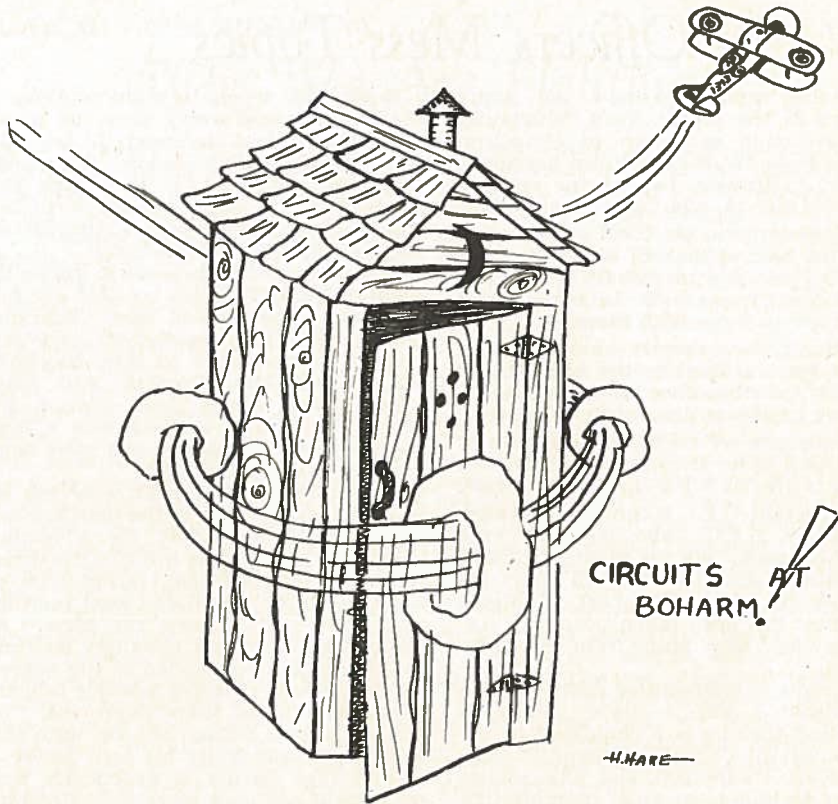
Now that Spring is practically here we hope to see once more the refreshing green grass, the trees with heavy foliage and the various beauties of Nature. Unfortunately, the only time we see these things here is the morning after we have spent the night with Johnnie Walker in his country home at Bulloch Lade.

In conclusion, we have well-founded suspicions that the person who removed the blade of green grass from outside the Officers' Quarters is a member of the Sergeants' Mess, as we have seen the above-mentioned blade waving outside the Sergeants' Mess and we are certain that there is no more than one blade of green grass in this small section of the prairies.

social security and equality to which we have been aspiring for the past hundred years.

Whether this ideal is achieved or not rests with you, with all of us. When peace comes again we must guard against the tendency to fall back again into our original way of thinking. "If I'm all right, — you, Joe!" is a

thought which must not be allowed to grow in our generation. Every man and woman has a certain responsibility to himself or herself, but a greater one to the society to which they belong. That responsibility must be discharged. We cannot live alone, therefore we must live together, and in doing so work out our common salvation.



## Dinner Given on the Evening of Jan. 28, 1943

Mr. Martin was host at a dinner to the Chief Flying Instructor, Senior Medical Officer, Assistant Chief Flying Instructor, Mr. C. J. Clark, the two Squadron Commanders and all Flight Commanders in the Grant Hall Hotel on the evening of Thursday, January 28, 1943. This occasion was used by Mr. Martin to express his appreciation, and that of his directors, for the splendid record achieved by the Chief Flying Instructor and his Staff.

In Ottawa, Mr. Martin was privileged to attend a meeting where prominent military men were speakers. Some of the interesting points they brought to light were:

1. Britain has surpassed the United States and Canada in both production and quality.

2. The African campaign will bring about the fall of Italy, chiefly by power-

ful daylight and night air raids.

3. The United States cannot expect to hold the Japanese in the Pacific without aid from Australia and Canada.

Mr. Martin closed by thanking those at the dinner for their attendance and also suggested future gatherings.

The Chief Flying Instructor, Squadron Leader Hayward, on behalf of those gathered, thanked Mr. Martin for the charming evening. He paid tribute to the camaraderie and to the excellent record established by members of his Staff.

The Senior Medical Officer, Squadron Leader Browne, expressed the same thoughts as the Chief Flying Instructor. In his opinion the spirit of the Station as a whole was outstanding and the record achieved and maintained could not have been reached without the teamwork which is so prevalent. In

## Blue?

They're flying tonight,  
So I might as well write  
A few lines as I sit here and wait.  
Flying till three, wish it were two,  
For it's two now and I'm feeling blue.  
When I'm feeling blue my thoughts often wander  
Across to those folks far away  
In old England, our England, now grey  
With war scars, and tired and worn;  
But no, not by any means through.  
How we wish we could help them  
Bear that awful strain  
Of black-outs and air raids again.  
We've seen it and know  
What they have to do,  
And how long those dark hours seem.  
We think of mothers, sweethearts, wives,  
Fighting the fight of their lives;  
Their thoughts are of us,  
And we know it too well  
That they're hoping we're not feeling blue.  
So let's forget our blues,  
For what is the use  
Of moaning about this and that:  
We're far better off than those left at home,  
And they carry on, never moan.  
It doesn't matter how tough life seems,  
Look around and you're sure to find  
Someone who has a tougher job,  
And they never seem to mind.  
Have faith in yourself and others,  
Give a hand when a fellow's down,  
No one ever succeeded  
By going through life with a frown.  
It's almost three, then to bed I can go,  
But before I do won't you join  
With me in a thought  
For those other folk  
Whose lot is far worse than our own?  
God bless them and keep them, and help us, too,  
To be happy and cheerful at all times,  
Not BLUE!

—ANONYMOUS

closing, the doctor paid tribute to the stamina of all instructors.

The Assistant Chief Flying Instructor, Flight Lieutenant Kent, Squadron Commanders, Flight Lieutenants Wright and Adcock, also spoke briefly on the co-operation of all instructors.

Before the meeting sat down to dinner, Air Commodore Collins, United

Kingdom Liaison Mission, Ottawa, stopped for a moment and spoke briefly on Royal Air Force policy with respect to dependents in Canada. The Air Commodore was accompanied by Group Captain Crabbe, No. 4 Training Command, and Squadron Leader Widdows, also from Command, and Group Captain Morrison from No. 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw.

## Scoop's Gossip Column

Why do we find a certain medical orderly STAN-ding in the Sergeants' Mess kitchen at the slightest excuse. I understand he keeps wandering up and down the corridor of the Station Hospital muttering something like "Remember Pearl Harbour"—I suppose this is one of the reasons why the other medical orderlies nicknamed him "God's gift to women". Oh, 'tis folly!

The recent appearance of a bicycle in the orderly room suggests that the boys down there have decided to find a safer means of transportation than horses.

Who were the superior beings discovered teaching each other to ride that same bicycle up and down the main corridor in headquarters?

Is it really necessary to 'cycle up to the canteen to enjoy one's afternoon cup o' char?

Who was the blonde LAC. of permanent staff who, accepting an invitation to

the ladies' lounge, decided that discretion was the better part of valour—or was he just acting dumb?

I notice that the Sergeants' Mess cowboy has turned tap dancer!

Who are the commandos of the Sergeants' Mess?

At the last Sergeants' Mess dance I noticed that a certain couple made an excellent jitterbug combination—however, mumps the word, or Scots wha hae.

Does it really follow that if one has a couple of frostbitten fingers one should have a nurse partner for various Moose Jaw functions, or is it just "spring in the air"? I wonder what will happen when Grayburn ceases to be snowed up?

Sniffy has been unable to indulge in her now favourite game of balloon busting of late owing to conservation of rubber for the war effort. Perhaps Course 70 concert will give her owner trainer an idea?

### Course 72—

#### "G" Flight Notes

"G" Flight actually started life on the 25th of January, from what was, needless to say, the better half of the old "C" Flight. It was realized in that flight for a long time, the way the rest of the instructors on the Station regarded "C" Flight's high reputation with envy, but we think it was going a little too far to get the station completely reorganised, so that they could proudly say, "Oh, yes, I'm in 'C' Flight".

We have welcomed two new instructors recently, and may we extend a hearty welcome to one and all. We have quite an efficient tea detail, even if you have to queue for a cup. If you really insist on flying, doubtless our fair timekeeper would find you an aircraft. I am certain she has some hidden away. I never get an extra one. Bring your own pencil.

I wonder who the instructor was who, having actually attempted a landing himself in some recent bad weather, had to have the u/c checked?

The roads into Moose Jaw have been giving excellent service lately. We have only been without our flight commander for one period at the date of writing; even then the flight ran as efficiently as ever. Is it true that our timekeeper does all the organising?

In conclusion, if anyone objects to the tone of these remarks, he has only to offer to write these notes himself (applications to the Editor, The Tailspin); the present writer will be only too glad to relinquish the post.

Any contributions for this column, the more scurrilous the better, should be written legibly if possible, addressed to "G" Flight correspondent, and left in the instructors' room.

### Valentine Dance

Considerable thought and labour must have gone into the decoration of the Theatre when it was prepared for our Valentine Dance held on 8th February. Colorful with the traditional hearts, flowers and streamers, it made a setting in which romance and sentiment could



ONLY 35 BELOW — LETS FLY!

H. HARR

flourish unashamedly, to do honour to the patron saint of Hearts-Entwined.

Nor was the music less suited to the occasion. The versatility of the boys of No. 12 Military Depot was again in evidence as they played the old songs, and the new, for dancing. Flying Officer W. D. Jarrett, with his inimitable microphone manner, jollied the whole affair along, properly varying the dances and appropriately putting in the odd spot prize, his good friend F/Sgt. B. J. Aldous merrily assisting. Mr. L. J. Martin graciously presented the prizes.

We are always pleased to see our girlfriends out from the Y.W.C.A. and White-collar Girls (particularly on St. Valentine's occasion) and, the weather doing its worst, they braved all to charm our hearts with their presence. We were only sorry they missed the concert which preceded the dance.

Learning to be fighter-pilots demands qualities other than the mere ability to fly a plane, and we were glad to see the white flash make way for the cap and apron when the pupils supplied the servers for coffee and sandwiches. Rising to such an occasion, how can we doubt that they are ready for anything?

Thank heaven the glaring white spotlight of our last dance, which made the place look cold and barren, gave way on this occasion to two rich red spots. The lighting on these festive occasions must be such as to soften the homeliest countenance, and enhance the finer types. And don't think this means the girls. Some of you blokes can do with a bit of "gilding the lily".

Anyway, it was a jolly good show, and to all responsible we say "Thanks a million". When's the next one?

# From the Auxiliary Services Officer, Salvation Army

Did you hear the remarks the lads of Course 70 were making about the time of their arrival in Caron? Well, you may not have got in on them all, but they ran something like this: "Gee, whata dump", or "Fancy sending us out here"; you know, anything but admira-

tion for the place they were to live for eight weeks. But today these same lads are leaving us, and they have a different story. One of the chaps, usually the spokesman for the crowd, has been heard to remark, "You know, it's going to be tough, real hard, to pull out of Caron"—and further, "Say, Captain, we've been treated wonderful here, I hope they don't send us far away."

So here's a word for the boys of the incoming 75 Course. Agreed that Caron isn't the most beautiful place in the world, but take it from the Courses that

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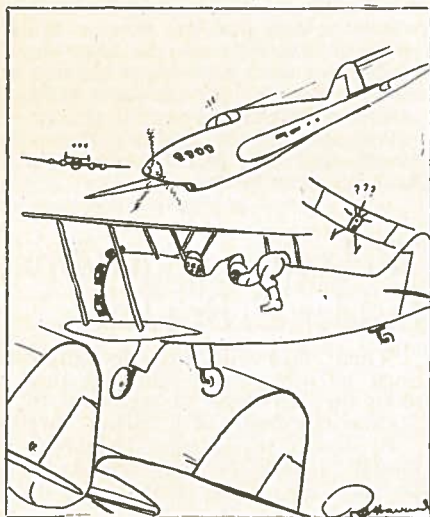
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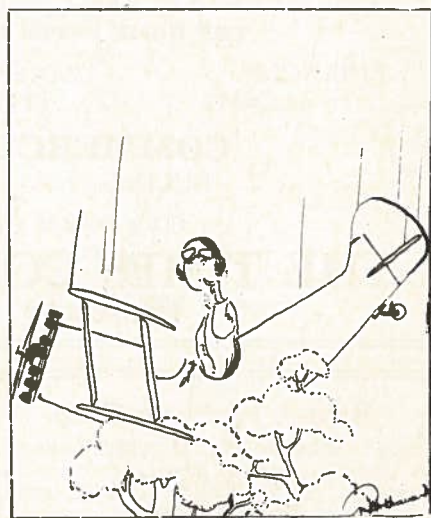
LESSON 9.—Don't fly with your head in the Office



LESSON 10.—The fellow who thought he could do it . . . Don't win these wings.



LESSON 11.—"Shooting up clouds is such fun!"



LESSON 12.—"So that was a down current!"

have come and gone; take it from the writer, who is still comparatively new around here—you'll find No. 33 E.F.T.S. a homey spot, nothing soft, but mighty congenial. So again, to the lads of 75,

we say, "WELCOME" and "GOOD LUCK". Yours to serve,  
**FRED B. HEWITT.**  
 Captain, The Salvation Army  
 Auxiliary Services.

## Farewell to Squadron Leader F. B. H. Hayward

One evening last week it was the unpleasant duty of the members of the Officers' Mess to be present at a farewell party.

During his tour of duty at Caron, S/Ldr. Hayward has become to us not merely our Officer Commanding, but a personal friend to whom we could, on occasion, unburden ourselves of an accumulation of "binds".

The evening progressed quite peacefully until about 21.30 hours, when the punishment commenced. Speeches of presentation were made by the P.M.C., F/Lt. Wright, and by Mr. L. J. Martin on behalf of the Operating Company. Replies were made by both S/Ldr. and Mrs. Hayward; a very nice compliment

being handed out to us by S/Ldr. Hayward when he told us that the staff with whom he had had the honour to serve while at Caron were the best that he could ever wish to work with, and that he would carry the pleasant memories of Caron for many a year to come.

We all join in wishing them god-speed and all the happiness in the world for the future.

## Welcome to Squadron Leader E. Bradley

When farewells are spoken, there must be a greeting, and this time we have the privilege to welcome to our Station our new C.F.I., S/Ldr. Bradley.

He comes to us from Neepawa, and though during the first few days here he may feel a little strange—as, indeed,

# Moose Jaw Times-Herald

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who does not when suddenly transplanted from a group of people one knows so well, to another of whom one knows nothing—we trust that this feeling of strangeness will not long continue, and that in us he will find assistants who will not betray the trust he has in us.

To S/Ldr. Bradley, then, we extend a hearty welcome, and hope he will find Caron, and No. 33 E.F.T.S., no less pleasant than Neepawa.

## Disclaimer Notice

Recently the R.C.A.F. have taken to publishing a document, namely, "Mentioned in Dispatches", in which are listed the various avoidable accidents that have occurred at stations in the Dominion. It is noted that all those where individual units are cited are R.A.F. casualties, which gives one the impression that all the others are R.A.F., too.

When report is made of a "landing" made at this airfield by a visiting machine, piloted, incidentally, by a member of an Air Force other than R.A.F., we trust that this will not be included in casualties charged to the R.A.F. account.

### Extract From a Letter Written by a Reclassified Pupil

"After leaving Caron, we went along to Trenton, for our transformation from 'would have beens' to once again useful members of the R.A.F., and contrary to all rumour, found Trenton to be most enjoyable.

"The comparatively new job 'of Air Bombers' does not appear to be widely known, and for the sake of any individuals who may seek information from you regarding the course, I will try to give you a rough outline of what it entails.

"The first course takes eight weeks at Bombing and Gunnery School, where Bombing Theory is taught, together with a complete Air Gunners' course, about 100 bombs and 2,000 rounds of ammunition are used during practical exercises by each man, and taken all round it is a really grand course.

"Then comes a further and final six weeks at Observer School for a course of map reading, reconnaissance and aerial photography.

"Here we fly as a complete crew, at first the navigator looking upon the air



CORNELLA: "Ooh! These Air Force boys!"

bomber with a certain amount of guarded suspicion, until he loses himself and asks, 'Where the hell are we?' Then the Air Bomber proudly points out the exact position on the map (sometimes) and the result is a complete thaw and the beginning of a great co-operative spirit.

"Commissions can be had by any man who is willing to forget his disappointment at not becoming a pilot, and who gets well and truly stuck into a new job, as, for example, three or four of us who left Caron at the same time were successful in obtaining ours."

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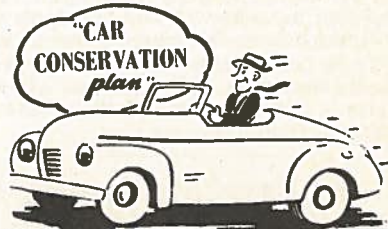
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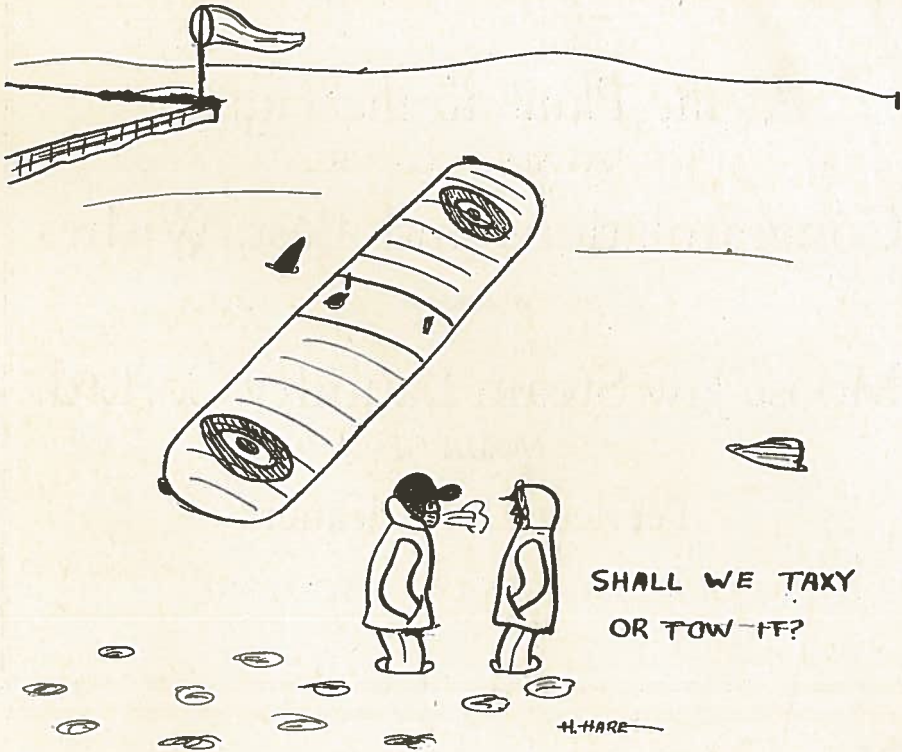
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## Sergeants' Mess

During the month of January some very interesting events were enjoyed in the Sergeants' Mess, including a concert given by Sgt. Cooper and party from 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw.

This, together with our usual Sunday Socials, provided members with some very happy evenings. We had a good influx of new Service Members to whom we offer a very hearty welcome, with the hope that they will continue to carry on, in their turn, in assisting to keep the Mess standard up to the high level we have always maintained at No. 33.

And while we welcome the new members with a hearty gesture, we at the same time regret severing our acquaintanceship with two founder members of the original No. 33, namely F/Sgt. Wey and W/O. Such, whose departure brings back pleasant memories of our first Mess Meeting, where the only furniture we had consisted of hastily con-

structed wooden seats in what is now the Mess kitchen.

A distinguished personage, who commanded our greatest respect must also be mentioned. The departure upon posting of S/Ldr. F. B. H. Hayward was to us all a matter of great regret and we all wish him the greatest success and happiness in whatever position he finds himself after his stay in Trenton.

During the month, Mr. L. J. Martin and Mr. C. J. Clark of the Civilian Company, Cpt. Hewitt, the representative of the Salvation Army resident on the Station, and Capt. Timms of the Army and Navy Club were all elected Honorary Members of the Mess, and we hope that they will have many enjoyable times in the Mess in the future.

We had the pleasure of entertaining most of the Members of the Regina 12th District Military Band in the Mess after their grand concert given to the Station in the Theatre, and we were pleased to hear that they enjoyed our hospitality; we hope that they will visit us again in the very near future.

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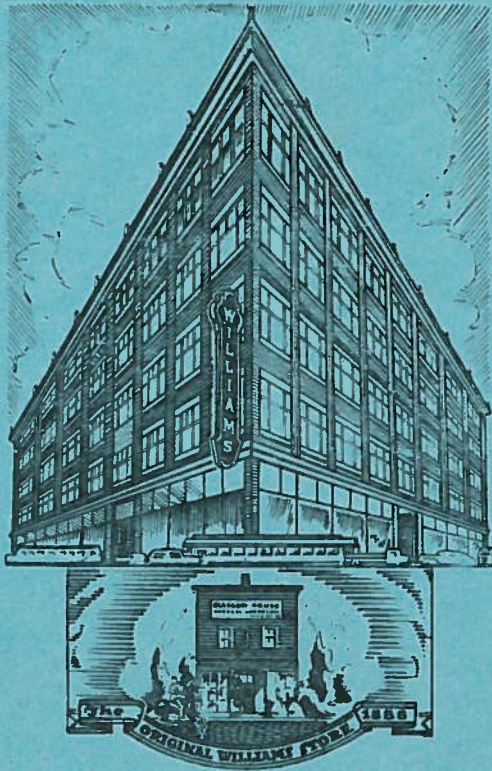
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