

# PRAIRIE FLYER

THE MAGAZINE OF

Nº



Vol. 1 No. 4  
December  
1941

## MOOSE JAW

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# PRAIRIE

THE MAGAZINE OF  
R.A.F., Moose Jaw,

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# FLYER

No. 32 S. F. T. S.  
Sask., Canada

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VOL. 1

DECEMBER, 1941

No. 4

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The Prairie Flyer is published on the 15th of each month by the personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.) at Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada, and may be purchased from the station canteens and newsstands in Moose Jaw, or by writing direct to the Prairie Flyer, No. 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw. All profits for war charities. Printed for the Publishers by The Times Company, Limited, Moose Jaw, Sask.



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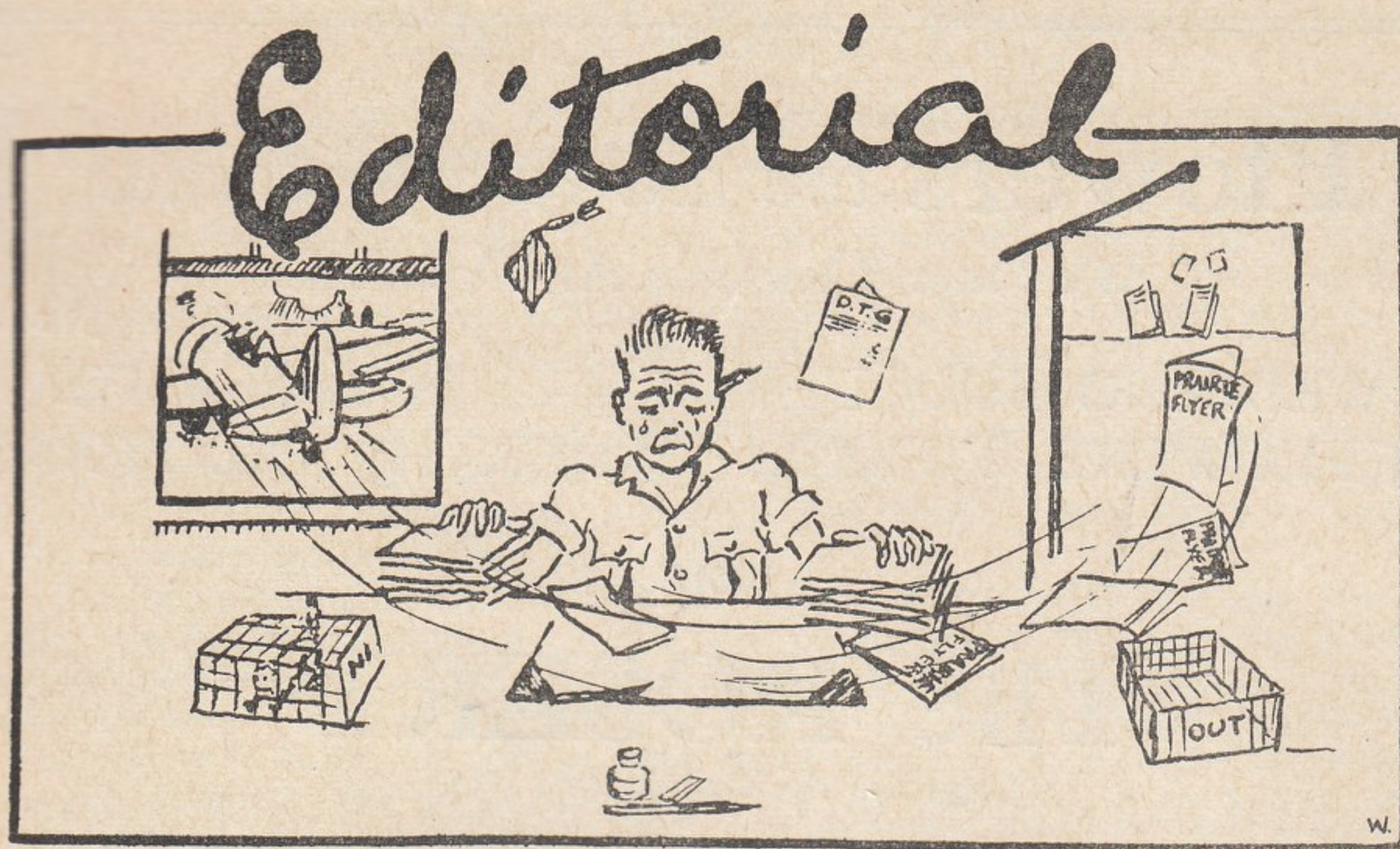
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By the time this issue is in your hands, the first contingent of R.A.F. personnel to arrive in Moose Jaw will have been here a full year.

The men who made up that party, or echelon as it was officially named, will have lived on the prairie through the four seasons. They will have seen Winter in all its glory *and* grimness, with its sub-zero temperatures, its blizzards and snowfalls. They will remember the feeling of relief when Spring, after many promises, arrived in reality, and the rapidity with which Mother Nature awakened; they will have experienced a Prairie Summer and all that goes with it, with the hottest day ever to be recorded in these parts thrown in for good measure; and of recent weeks, they will have enjoyed the warmth and sunshine of a typical Indian Summer, which, we are told, is part of every Autumn. And now, as I write, snow is lying once more, and the wind is howling promises of things to come—warning us all that soon it will be time for earflaps and overshoes again.

But not only has the year been full in the sense of time—it has been full of other things: Of new experiences; new ways of living; and new friendships. There have been things to moan about, and things to laugh at; things to see, and things to do; Skating and Sleigh Riding; Shooting and Hunting; Corn on the Cob; "Hot Dogs" and Marshmallow Roasts; Gumbo, Gophers and Grasshoppers; and hosts of others that stand out in the memory.

All this has given each and every one of that first contingent an opportunity to learn about the Canadian way of living. All, by this time, will have formed an opinion as to whether they like it or not. Some of those who prefer it will have made up their minds already to return when the war is over; others are unshaken in their belief that there is no place like Home, and long ardently for the time when "the boat" will take them back to the things they knew and loved.

But whichever category they fall under, none will deny that their enforced sojourn in this country is an experience which, but for the war, they most probably would have missed. Its value to them may not be appreciated now, but in future years they may have occasion to be thankful for it. It would be well if *all* remembered this *now*.

E. C.

### Words of Wisdom

The universe, not the university, is the institution in which one acquires real wisdom.

(From "Niphrata Has Spoken!" by J. R. B. Messenger).



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## The Padre's Page

If you and I had been in Palestine when Jesus was going about teaching the people, I wonder what impression He would have made on us? Probably something similar to that which He made on those who knew Him then. To discover what that was, we must get rid of the "stained-glass window" idea of Jesus that so many people have, and substitute the true picture of Him as seen in the New Testament. His must have been a very attractive personality; otherwise Peter and Andrew and the others would never have been prepared to give up everything in response to His call, "Follow Me". He was a man of great courage; without that, He would not have dared to have healed a man in the synagogue on the Sabbath day, knowing full well that this would arouse the anger of everyone, as, with their narrow ecclesiastical outlook, they were unable to see that it was right to heal and do good, even on the Sabbath day.

In His relationships with others He was always courteous, as, for example, when He speaks to the woman by the well in Samaria. To all who needed it He showed sympathy and understanding; we remember the occasion when they brought to Him a woman who had committed adultery—the Law ordered such to be stoned. What had Jesus to say? Of course, they were out to trick Him, as, if He said "Give her another chance—she is worth while helping", He would be going against the Law. His action showed His sympathy, and at the same time, His astuteness. He said "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Hard-hearted though they were, they dared not pretend that they had never done any wrong, and, one by one, they went out, until Jesus and the woman were left. He saw in her the possibility of good, and that she wanted a chance to go straight. From Jesus she got this: "Has no man condemned you?" He asked. "No man, Lord" she replied. And Jesus said to her, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more".

Jesus hated anything savouring of hypocrisy, anything that was unreal—He was a lover of honesty and truth. The people who stood in the streets making long prayers were only doing it for display purposes, and that sort of thing He could not stand. When He was angry, it was with an anger prompted by His love for all God's children, and an anger caused by the insincerity of people—as, for instance, when He discovered them selling in the Temple Courts, and swindling right and left as they did so. Jesus has been described as "The Man of Sorrows", and He certainly was sorrowful at the wrongdoings and shortcomings of men. But He must have had a keen sense of humour, as, for example, when He told someone to get the beam out of his eye, and then he would see clearly to get the mote out of the eye of another; and He was obviously interested in all the ordinary everyday affairs of life, and keen to make merry on such occasions as a wedding feast, as is implied in the account of the wedding at Cana of Galilee.

He was ever ready to be of service to others, helping and healing many, and would have us to be of service likewise. Though He must often have disliked people, He always had a deep love for all, and His self-sacrifice is summed up in the Cross, showing that He was ready not only to live, but also to die for those He loved.

All this was so because of His marvellous life of prayer, which was such that He was able to say, "I and My Father are one". We try to be Christians because we believe the example of Jesus Christ to be the highest and the best; because we know that He is alive today as Lord and Saviour, and is ever with us to guide, help and strengthen us.

DONALD A. FOSTER.

## NOTES

Up to the end of October, in addition to the gifts and loans, of which we have been fortunate to receive several, we have spent over \$200.00 on furniture for the church. This figure includes altar rails, \$42.00; kneelers, \$35.00; curtains and matting \$30.00; harmonium, \$19.00; credence table, \$6.00; vases \$2.00. Church collections have amounted to \$193.60, and proceeds from a dance in April, \$39.07; a total of \$232.67. Of this, \$4.79 was sent to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, and the balance of \$227.88 went into our Church Expenses Fund. After the above and other miscellaneous expenditures, we have a few dollars in hand. In future, collections will be sent to England for distribution by the Chaplain-in-Chief to charitable objects, except on the first Sunday of the month, when we shall retain them for our own expenses.

The Station Church is now at the West end of the Supply Depot, is used by all denominations and is always open for private use. On Sundays, Mass is said for the Roman Catholics at 07.30 hours, Holy Communion is celebrated for communicants of the Church of England and other denominations at 08.30 hours, and the Parade Service for all personnel of the C. of E. and other denominations is held at 10.00 hours.

## Maintenance Wing Lament

A pilot comes in so abashed,  
 And tells a tale of how he crashed  
 His aircraft on the aerodrome,  
 (He's lucky he's so near to home).  
 "I've only bent the airscrew tip",  
 Says he, "The brakes, they only nip,"  
 Investigation shows the cause  
 To be his heavy, ham-like paws.  
*Oh, please don't do that!*

Another trial that must be met—  
 The pilot who does e'er forget  
 His undercarriage to let down  
 Before he settles to the ground.  
 "I thought the lights were showing green,  
 The horn was silent; Oh! I mean  
 I pushed the button coming in,  
 So naturally there was no din."  
*Oh, please don't do that!*

When taxiing, keep a sharp look-out  
 For tractors large, that hang about  
 At night behind big blades of grass:  
 "If marked with red—I must not pass,"  
 This is the motto of the good:  
 Alas! Alack! If they but would  
 Remember it. But No! It seems  
 They're living in a land of dreams.  
*Oh, please don't do that!*

At Boharm, Buttress, there's a lure  
 For pupil pilots who are sure  
 They need not follow what they're told:  
 They think that they are brave and bold  
 When they descend in steady glide,  
 Not realizing that their pride  
 Is ready for the awful fall—  
 The engine certainly will stall.  
*Oh, please don't do that!*

A phone call from the wintry wild,  
 A pupil's voice, both meek and mild—  
 "My engine stopped, I had to land  
 With all the skill at my command.  
 The snow has fallen ten feet deep,  
 But as I need both rest and sleep,  
 I've left the aircraft in the care  
 Of two dun cows and a piebald mare."  
*Oh, please don't do that!*

A farmer may come in tonight  
 With oddments from a Harvard kite.  
 The pilot says "My hood was shut,  
 I did a turn so gently, but  
 For no apparent reason known  
 Both panels (side) away were blown;  
 So, back I came in great dismay,"  
 To which the riggers merely say,  
*"Oh, please don't do that!"*

## Things We Want to Know . . .

Who, in the end, won the game of "Noughts and Crosses" on the Square?

Was the Clerk of the Weather led into believing it was Father Xmas, and not the A.O.C. who was visiting us?

Or did he just intend to show us how whitewashing should be done?

And is it a fact that, had all ranks been as smart on parade as one senior officer, the Station would have been excused all further parades for a year?

How many hands rubbed how many ears at the "Stand Easy"?

If the Padre's complaint in writing had been grammatically correct, would he have received better satisfaction?

Can the cold temperature in Barrack Hut "A" be attributed to the two "Frosts" billeted there?

If the Senior Equipment Officer will hand over to the Repair Squadron all new and damaged mainplanes, engines, crated or otherwise, and all large packing cases, in order that the latter may build two complete barriers between the North and South walls of No. 5 Hangar, as quite a number of spots are being missed by the obstructions and it is often possible to pass from East to West, and *vice versa*?

How many officers are disappointed that individual ragging will be conspicuous by its absence on future Guest Nights?

Are they sorry they did not remove "that one" on the last occasion?

How many animals can be made with two bananas, one apple, an orange and three grapes?

When a train arrives in Regina from Moose Jaw, why does a certain young lady shout "Fire!"?

If "Count Zomoski" will communicate with another Regina lady?

We know the Station Mincer is a weapon, but is the stuff going through it the cook's "Secret Weapon"?

Who was the airman who failed to remove the knitter's note from the toes of his "comfort sox", and how is the blister progressing?

If it is true that a certain N.C.O. at the Station Hospital has removed his "moustache" (the inverted commas are



not a mistake) because a supply of Disguise Outfits is now available at the Stores?

If "Lofty" has induced "Bill" to take his laundry for him again?

Why is "Butch" so good at reading music (especially in the Sergeants' Mess), and if it is correct that Sgt. Billinger has been appointed his Music Master?

Who was the Engineering Officer who endeavoured to persuade other Engineering Officers that two triangles of exactly the same length sides were different in area?

And how many people spent their lunch hour that day with compasses, protractors, and what-have-you, in order to disprove him and so claim a \$500 reward? And, in the end, on whom was the joke?

Would not a better title for "Butch" be the "Station Menace"?

Who was the new butcher delivering Antelope meat around camp and town a week or so ago?

If the Editor of the "Prairie Flyer" will reveal the identity of "Mr. Ponsonby", in order to relieve the minds of those others whom the "cap fits"?

If it really is a Red "Dodge" or a Green "Pontiac"?

Whether contributions for the next issue of this magazine can be expected in time for publication?

N.B.: Items of general interest which might form a question for this feature will reach the writer if sent c/o the Editor. It must, however, be understood that this is not a column for individual complaints, but sometimes a general complaint might elicit a little fun.

## Petra—Ancient Rock City of the Desert

THE history of Petra goes back into the dim ages of the past; it was inhabited long before the descendants of Esau gave it the name of Edom. It has been called "The Rose-red City half as old as Time".



Entrance to Petra

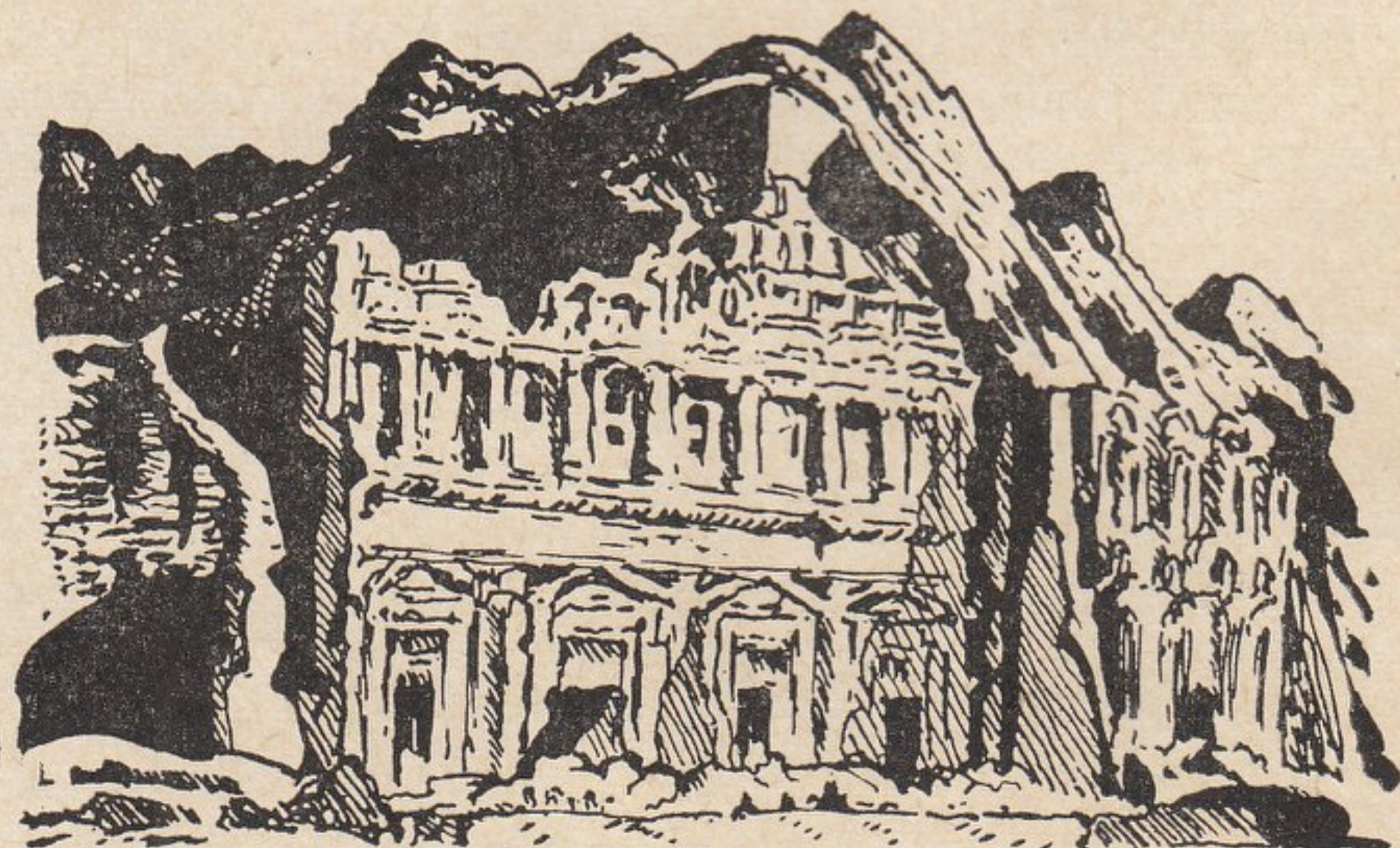
Petra lies east of the Mountains of Moab in TransJordan in a craggy mountainous region of multicoloured sandstone. The only accessible way into the city is from the east through a narrow gorge, a cleft in the mountains called by the Arabs "The Valley of Moses", the place where, according to legend, Moses struck the rock and water flowed forth.

The early inhabitants of Petra were the Kenites, followed by the Horites, of whom little is known;

after the Horites came the Edomites, children of Esau. In Genesis XXXVI there is a list of the Kings of Edom. Later in its troubled history the city was taken by the Nabatæans, the rock carvers, a tribe of desert Arabs, descendants, it is said, of Nabajoth, son of Ismail and father of all Bedouins. Hidden within narrow mountain defiles, few knew exactly the whereabouts of the strange people who, for centuries, ruled the great trade routes between the Eastern and the Western worlds.

For a time, the Greeks held this fabulously wealthy city under Alexander's General Athenæus, and it was they who gave it the name of Petra (the Rock). The Nabatæans drove out the Greeks and occupied the city for a second time, only to be beaten, in A.D. 100, by the Romans, and Arabia Petræa was a province of the Roman Empire until the fifth century. The Romans were its last conquerors; since then the city has remained uninhabited and for more than a thousand years it was lost to the world until rediscovered by the Swiss explorer Burckhard in the nineteenth century.

The approach to the city through the mile-long rocky defile of the Valley of

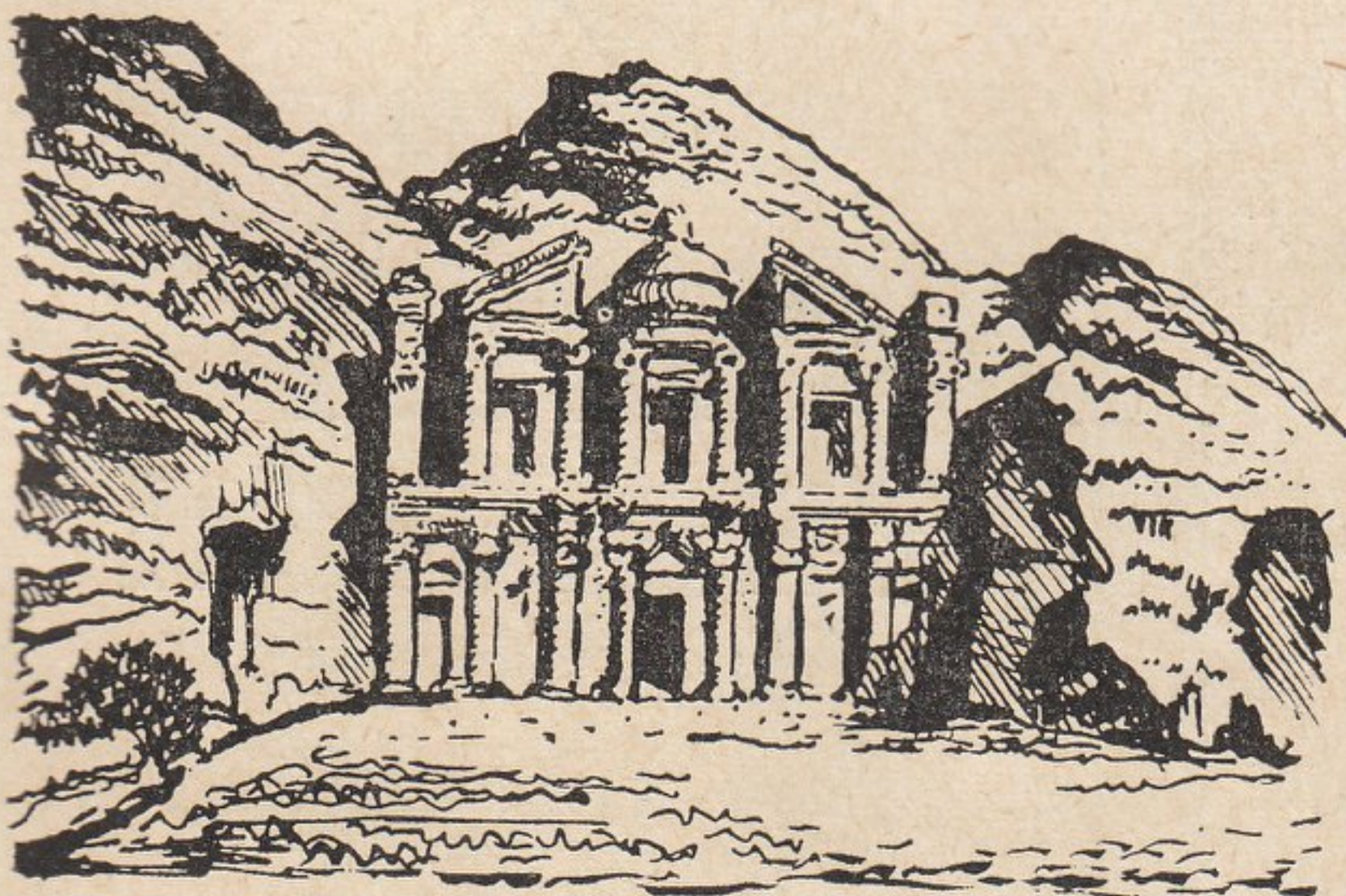


The Palace Tomb

Moses is so narrow that the towering red walls on either side shut out the light of the sun. Suddenly, after an abrupt turn, a gigantic temple carved out of the living rock, looms ahead. It is the Temple of Isis, sometimes called "El Khazreh", the Pharaohs' Treasure House—a touch of Egyptian influence. The suddenness of its appearance is over-awing, the immensity of its columns, the beauty of its flame coloured walls, the delicacy of its winged figures make it a sight never to be forgotten. The central portico is supported by six Corinthian pillars. At either end are winged panthers with exquisite scroll work terminating in heads of Medusa. The central doorway is thirty feet high. Such Temples, half-shrine, half-sepulchre, are peculiar to Petra.

From the Temple, the valley opens out into what one might call the Main Street of Petra. On the left is a Roman amphitheatre to seat four thousand spectators; on the right the Tombs of the Kings hewn out of the rock. Some way ahead, thrusting through giant oleanders and red sandstone rock is the Triple Gate, a line of Roman Columns, stately and majestic; here is the heart of the city, surrounded by silent Tombs. Further on is El Deir, another temple, its 150 feet high façade surmounted by a colossal carved urn. Eight monster columns support the upper and lower façades.

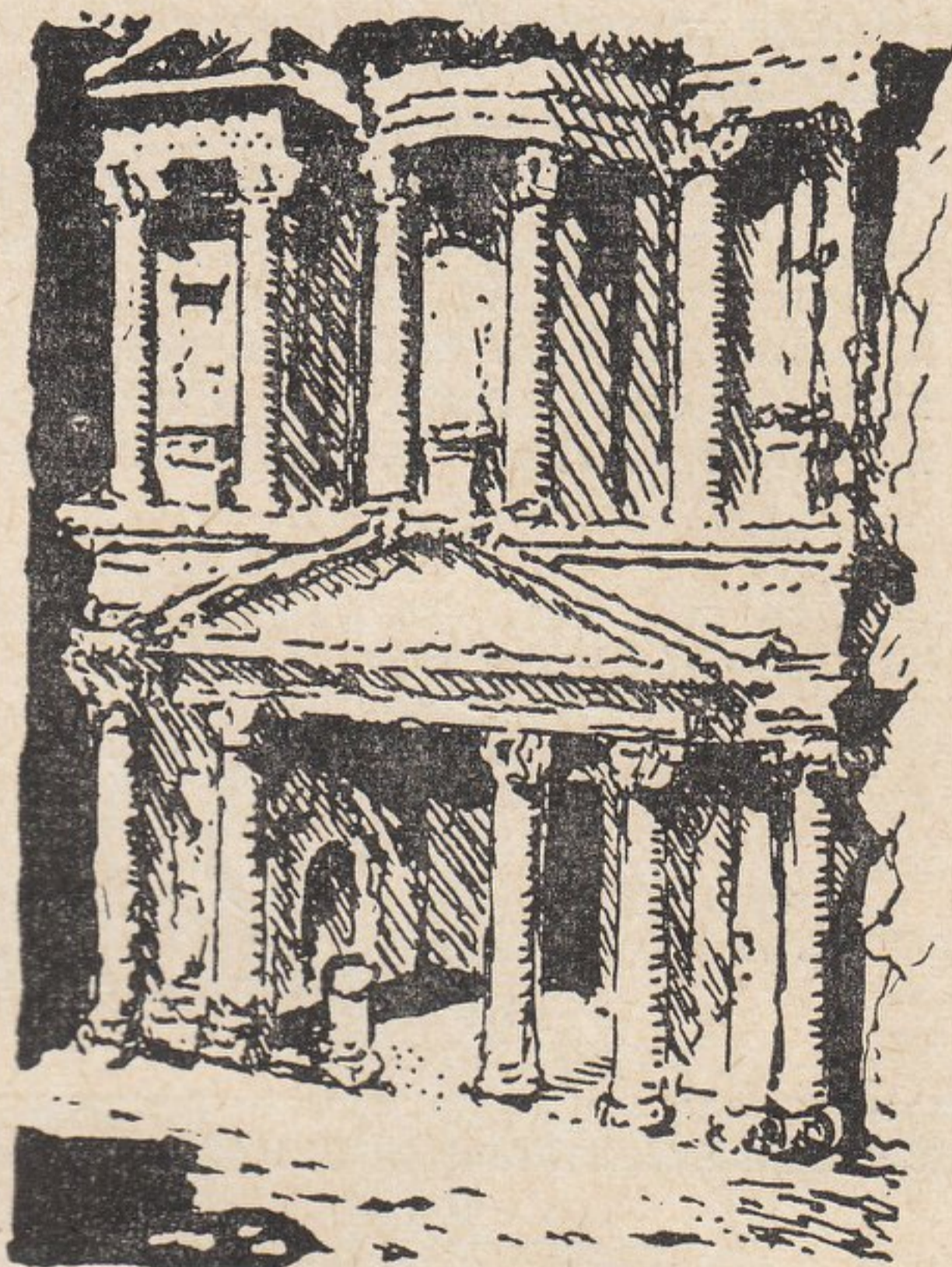
Within the temple is an immense, dim hall, its far end lost in darkness.



El Deir—The Monastery

This vast temple carved in the side of a sandstone mountain, with veins of red, yellow, blue and grey, holds one breathless.

Across the valley from the temple is a flight of steps leading to a high peak; from this point on a clear day one can



El Khazreh—The Treasure House

see the desert stretching away into space. To the south lies the desert of Sinai, the Red Sea, and Egypt; to the east, the Arabian desert and Saudi Arabia.

On another high peak, the Mount of Sacrifice, are two obelisks, lonely sentinels guarding the Sacrificial Altar in the Court of Worship, where human sacrifices were offered to Dusares, the great god of the Nabatæans.

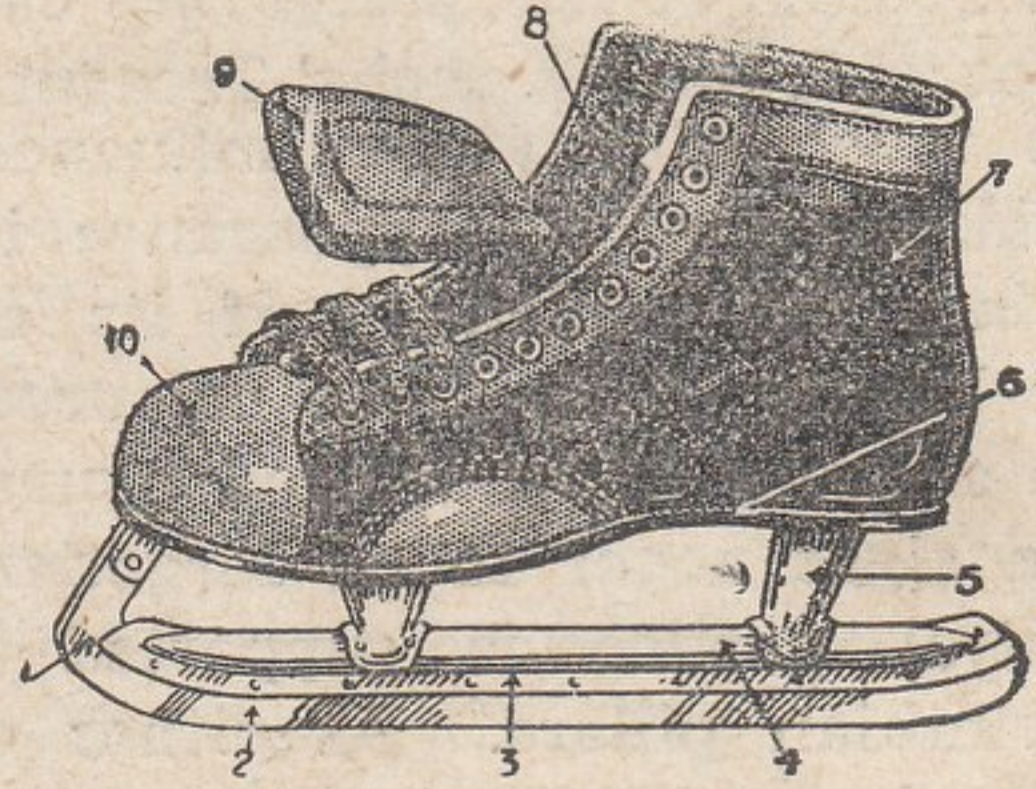
Few people can visit this beautiful, yet terrifying, dead city of Petra without feeling strangely affected by its silence and desolation.

An old prophecy is fulfilled, "Thou shalt be a desolation, and everyone that goeth by thee shall be astonished."

—R. S. S.

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# BITS and PIECES

by F.F.F.

There's many an elderly airman with a young looking figure, we are told. . . . But we bet he wouldn't like his wife to catch him with it!

*First Central European Refugee:* "Izzy, vy haf you no children?"

*Second C.E.R.:* "I cannot. My wife is UNBEARABLE."

*Third C.E.R.:* "Absurd! Vat you mean is, she is INCONCEIVABLE!"

*Fourth C.E.R.:* "But that is ridiculous!

You come to England, yet you do not take the trouble to learn the language. . . . The vord you vant is IMPREGNABLE!"

We have noticed with amazement the number of erks who leave Temple Gardens at ten o'clock sharp. We understand this is to get their girl friends home by twelve.

## POPULAR SONGS, No. 1

What the skunk said when the wind changed: "It all comes back to me now!"

The Scotsman's wife, looking out the window, shouted: "Sandy, here comes company for supper!" "Quick," roared Sandy, "everybody run oot on the porch wi' a tooth-pick."

Overheard in Saskatchewan on an earth-grade by-road:

Old Maid (to R.A.F. wife on her first cross country drive): "How do you like driving in Canada?"

New Arrival—"I call this negotiating, not driving!"

*Heard at Hallowe'en Fancy Dress Ball:*

She: "Good Heavens!"

He: "What's the matter?"

She: "I've forgotten my costume!"

He: "Oh! . . . And I was just admiring your nerve!"

Doctor: And that habit of talking to yourself—that's nothing to worry about.

Erk: Perhaps not,—but I'm such a damned bind!

But . Mr. Ponsonby  
. . . We musn't go  
TOO far!

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

## DEFINITION

Politics: The art of getting Money from Capital and Votes from Labour on the pretext of protecting each from the other!

Shorty, a Royal Air Force man was medium-sized, and not very imposing. . . . One night in town he sauntered into the Beer Parlour and, with a voice that vibrated through

the building, roared:

"When Shorty drinks, everybody drinks!" Immediately the air was filled with orders from other airmen, and everyone drank with Shorty.

Then, with an impertinence only an airman can muster, he placed his ten cents on the table, and said: "When Shorty pays, everybody pays!" Then he walked out, leaving the crowd agape!

## THIS MONTH'S HOWLERS

Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.

A semi-comma is what you're in when you're nearly drunk but not quite.



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## The Case-History of AC. Splodge

**S**PLODGE, in his new role of raw recruit, fulfilled all those conditions which, according to drill-sergeants of the old school, would have been required in order to break his mother's heart. Exactly why awkwardness on a parade-ground should be so heartbreaking for mothers is not known; it is one of those mystic axioms that are apt, where a capacity for thought is lacking, to take the place of reason, and was probably as well known to the Roman legionaries as it is to us.

Yet, secretly, Splodge is the joy of every drill instructor. Seldom is it given to them to find one man who exemplifies in his person all the faults of the recruit who ever mishandled a rifle; and, when this rare being is discovered they cherish him, and encourage him to make mistakes, for the benefit of others. It was probably due almost entirely to Splodge's perfect example of how not to behave that his squadron was one of the smartest ever seen. On the passing-out parade, however, this example was felt to be superfluous, and his activities were confined to controlling the station mascot—an evil-smelling and malevolent goat possessed of great wickedness and subtlety.

I have written "controlling", but it is hardly the right word; before the end of the parade, the goat had assumed the control, not merely of Splodge, but

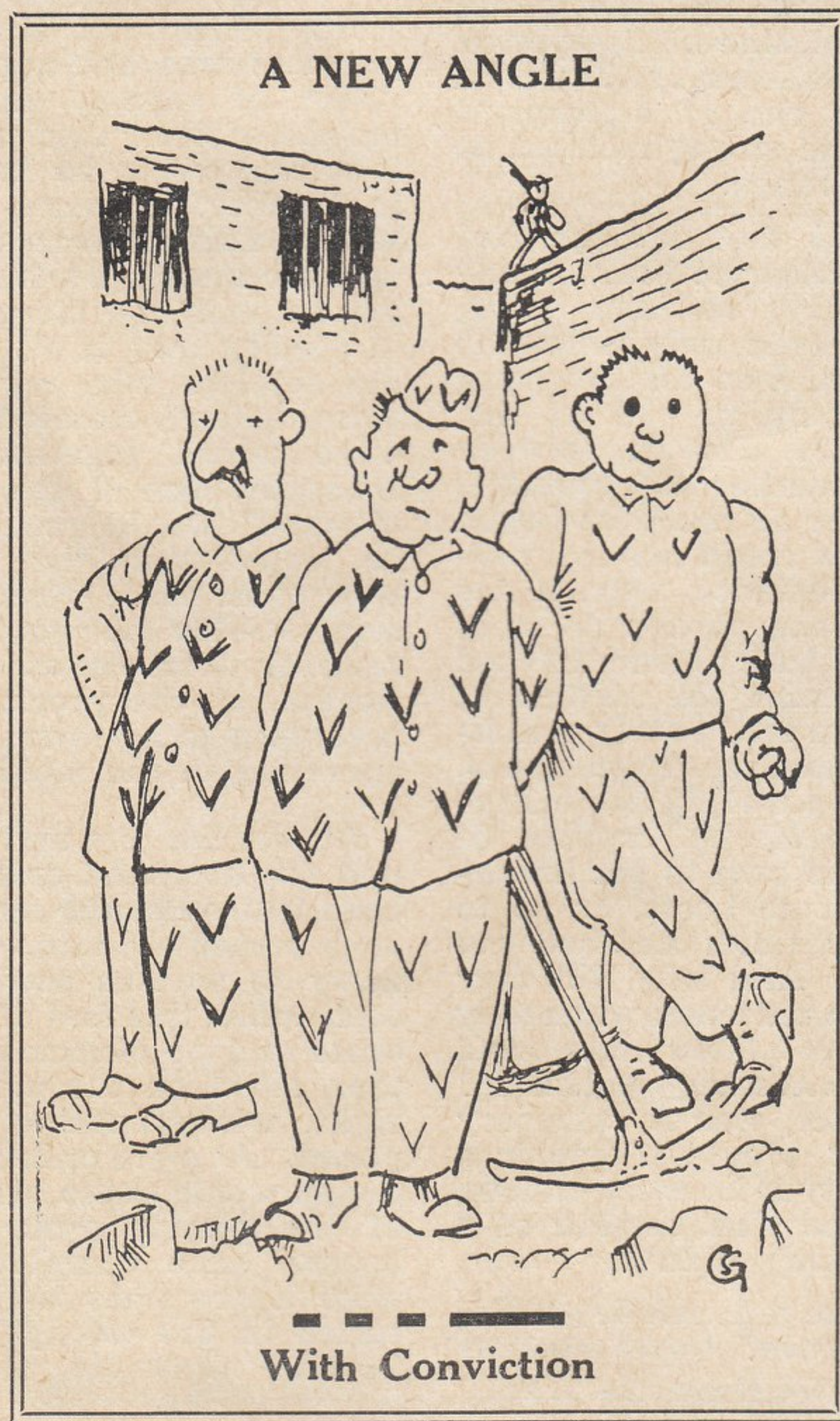
of the entire proceedings. Scarcely had the examining officers concluded their inspection and proceeded to the saluting base when the goat launched his attack. His initial operation was to walk leisurely to the end of the tether by which Theodore held him—and then charge. It was obvious from the speed of his approach that no time was left for argument, and Theodore retreated before the onslaught, not stopping until, with amazing agility, he had climbed to the top of the flagpole.

The goat now surveyed the officers on the saluting base. They were six in number, but from past experience he had reason to believe that superior speed, the initiative of offence, and a stout pair of horns were proof against numerically stronger forces. In a moment, his *blitzkrieg* technique had established him in sole occupation of the platform where he remained to take the salute with an air of gratified ambition that showed

this to have been his object.

"For what are men better than sheep or goats?" quoted Splodge philosophically from the top of his flag-pole.

His philosophy was put more severely to the test during the subsequent seven days, which he spent in confinement to camp, having been charged with "While on Active Service, failing to carry out an N.C.O.'s orders in regard to the care of a goat." (It was at a later time,



when he had acquired some understanding of military matters that Splodge was heard to recommend that this animal should be taken on the General Staff in place of a certain distinguished Field Marshal, "... for," he said, "of the two, the goat alone understands the methods of total war; in addition, he's quite intelligent.")

After this episode, his achievement during this last day at the camp was something of an anti-climax. On this occasion the recruits were given their shooting practice, and Splodge killed two sparrows, scored nine bull's-eyes on the target next his own, and put a bullet through the cap of a corporal who happened at the wrong moment to walk past the rifle range.

It cannot be said that Splodge had taken very well to Service life. Rising at six in the morning, an hour which previously he had seen only when he stayed up all night, was an agonising experience; and going to bed at ten, scarcely less so. The time in between was spent in a number of pursuits which for him never so much as began to make sense. He could see no particular reason, for instance, why, if one were to turn left, one should do it in any special way; so long as one finished in the desired direction, the method of getting there was, he felt, purely a matter of personal preference. Then, again, why did they keep parading for everything? He was perfectly capable of walking down on his own to get breakfast, or exchange some boots, or go to a lecture; did they think he had no sense of direction? And why did they put brass buttons on uniforms when they could get chromium-plated ones, and so save all this unnecessary polishing? Why, for that matter, was it necessary to have a uniform? Would it impair a man's working ability if he wore civilian clothes, which suited him, instead of a uniform, which usually didn't?

And why had these militaristic gentlemen all got small heads?

The trouble with Splodge, of course, was that he didn't keep these queries to himself. Accustomed to a complete freedom of speech and action; to voicing without restraint every opinion he could think of or conveniently borrow in those golden days when Art had been his mistress, and Philosophy his handmaid, he was now apt to pose his questions to the wrong people. Discipline in artistic matters, the discipline that comes from within, is self-imposed—this he could understand and approve;

but any other form was outside his conception and contrary to his beliefs.

They really should have left him at home.

There was, for instance, the time when, at a gas lecture, in response to a demand for "Any questions?", Theodore rose and said that he thought the instructor should speak with his gas-mask on; it would be very instructive, for him at least, and relieve the general boredom at a rather dull subject.

His method of silencing old campaigners was not appreciated. It consisted of saying, innocently, in the middle of their stories, "And, of course, it turned out to be Lawrence of Arabia in disguise?" because, in fact, their tales always finished with this announcement and the question left no point to carrying on with the story. It may be said in passing that, if all the stories told by old soldiers who met Lawrence, and were, indeed, almost his bosom cronies, were added together, a book seven times the size of the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" would result. It would also be found that that remarkable man was even more remarkable than we suppose—for he would be shown performing marvels at opposite ends of Arabia, at the precise moments when, according to his own testimony, he was operating in the middle.

At last the day arrived when Splodge and the thousand or so others who had been trained at the same time as himself were sorted out into batches, and posted away to various stations. In order to accomplish this feat of organisation, they arose at four o'clock instead of six, and then stood on the parade ground until eight, while nothing very much happened. At more or less regular intervals, a man would make his way to the centre of the parade ground and yell in a hoarse voice completely incomprehensible instructions which invariably resulted in the wrong batch moving off. Several times it seemed as though everyone had lost heart and were perfectly willing to sneak off quietly, one by one, and work out their own destiny; however, at about half-past ten, the man with the hoarse voice came raging on to the Square once more, and, with demoniac fury, ranted and blustered and bullied and stormed and cursed and cajoled everybody off it inside fifteen minutes. By eleven o'clock they were at the railway station and get-

(Continued on Page 27)

# Glossary of R.A.F. Terms

## PART II.

- NECK OIL—Beer.
- ON HIS KNEES—State of airman the morning after pay-day.
- ON THE WAGON—Teetotal (airmen are usually this before pay-day).
- ON THE HOOKS, or ON THE PEGS—The charge that probably means JANKERS.
- ONE-EYED STEAKS—Kippers.
- PAY BOBS—Clerks, accounting.
- PEGS—See ON THE PEGS.
- PEN PUSHERS — Same as CHAIR WARMERS.
- PRIVS—A lenient punishment designed to make one feel a naughty little boy.
- PROPS—Worn on the sleeves by more intelligent ERKS.
- PUP—Short for pupil.
- RABBIT FOOD—Salad.
- RAF FORM NOUGHT—"Duckie Down."
- RED LEAD—Tinned tomatoes.
- ROPEY—Uncomplimentary adjective (a ropey landing, a ropey evening, etc.).
- RUNNER—A myrmidon, serf, slave or scullion. One who makes tea.
- SCRAMBLED EGGS—The gilt decorations on an Air Officer's cap.
- SCROUNGER—Dodger, usually artful.
- SHAKY DO—Something unsound.
- SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES — Severe reprimand, or crossed in love.
- SIX-SIX-FOUR-BEE HIM—Make him pay.
- SKIVER—Same as SCROUNGER.
- SKY PILOT—Padre or Chaplain. Same as DEVIL DODGER.
- SPLITHEAD PHEASANT—Kipper; also known as ONE-EYED STEAK.
- SPROG—Rookie — Envious description used by "Regulars" when referring to "V.R.'s".
- SQUARE — The S.W.O.'s "workshop". The "holy of holies." Where one GRAVEL CRUSHES or SQUARE POUNDS.
- STANDBY—One who does another's duty while he goes MUSHING, MASHING, "Necking" or Spooning.
- STATIONMASTER—Commanding Officer.
- STIFFENER—Same as BINDER.
- STRAWBERRY LEAVES — The gilt decorations on a Group Captain's cap.
- SUFFER THE CROWS—An expression of amazement.
- TAIL SKID—A very, very small airman.
- TAPES—Two stripes, or chevrons, worn by the super-intelligentsia.
- TEAR OFF A STRIP—To reprimand.
- TINSMITH—A washer-up of tins in the cookhouse.
- TWERP—A normal ERK.
- V.R.—A non-regular airman. "Very Refined" to themselves, sub-normal to "Regulars".
- WADS—Cakes, buns, dough-nuts, etc.
- WALLOP—Same as NECK OIL.
- WIZARD—Really first-class (often applied to a BLONDE JOB).
- WOOF—Food—beloved of every airman, be he ERK, TWERP, V.R., BINDER, STIFFENER, CHIEFY, BLOKE, DOC, I.B.A., JANKER WALLAH, CHAIR WARMER, SPROG, PAY BOB or RUNNER.



We are indebted to our readers for the following, which should be added to Part I, published last month:

- ADRIFT—Absent.
- ASSIGNMENT—A payment, whether you like it or not; usually the result of an assignment with a lady.
- BALE OUT—To take to one's parachute.
- BLONDE JOB—Young woman with fair hair.
- BUTTONED UP—A job properly completed.
- DUFFED UP—Beaten up, or spoiled.
- FAN—The airscrew.
- GET CRACKING or GET WEAVING—Get going.
- GONG—Medal.
- JABS—Inoculations.
- LONG DISTANCE MEDAL—Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

Lady (holding small dog on a lead, to a man who moved very quickly away from the dog): "It's all right, my man, He won't bite you!"

Man: "I wasn't afraid of him biting, lady, but by the way he lifted his leg, I thought he was going to kick me!"

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 A Game of Snooker or Billiards  
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Moose Jaw

## Mi Wurd

Aint muvver Naycher wonderful? Beleeve me, she witened more plaices on the camp in 2 howers the uther nite, than ower stashun witening secshun could whitewash in 2 years, even if they ad 12" brushes and barf tubs of witewash. But it was realy a shame, as it spoyled a lot of pretty werks thay ad dun in the form of ome, aways and drawers, orlthow sum peepel thort thay were onely playing Norts and Crawses. Thay wer so dissapoynted that it is roomered that an enterprizing N.C.O. foned to Moose Jaw on there beharf, to fined owt the price of salt, while anuther tryed to fined a barrel of tar. Of corse, thay are onely roomers, and yew orl no roomers may be trew, and on the uther and they may not.

By the way, I fink sum of ower chaps must ave imajinery mineds, as wen the snow fell I herd sum say it was a Wizerd Blizerd. I doant no wot thay ment, but in eny case the blizerd wosn't wizerd enuff to keap them orf the big parade nekst mourning.

Torking in trew Canadian reporter stile, OH, BOY! WOT A PARADE! Everywun lukiing spik and span. Wun chap as stood in frunt of me ad bean so kean on lukiing nise, he ad ad is air cut so shawt that if he ad ad buttons down the back I shood av thort he was fasing the rong way.

The Banned plaid up to its yewsal igh standard. Miself, I beleeve they plaid better so as to keap warm, or else, of corse, it mite av bean the smel of a reel stew cuming from the cookhouse dor neer wear thay wer standin.

Orltogevver it apered to be kwite a satisfaktory do, besides bein a chainge from the noarmal routine.

Ther onely seamed to be wun discontented faice on the camp arfter the parade dismist. That wos "Butch". I fink he must ave mist the odds and ends of Nutty frewts, chockolate wods, and the yewsual glarse of milk he gets from the boys wen the Barnarna Wagon arrives in the anger.

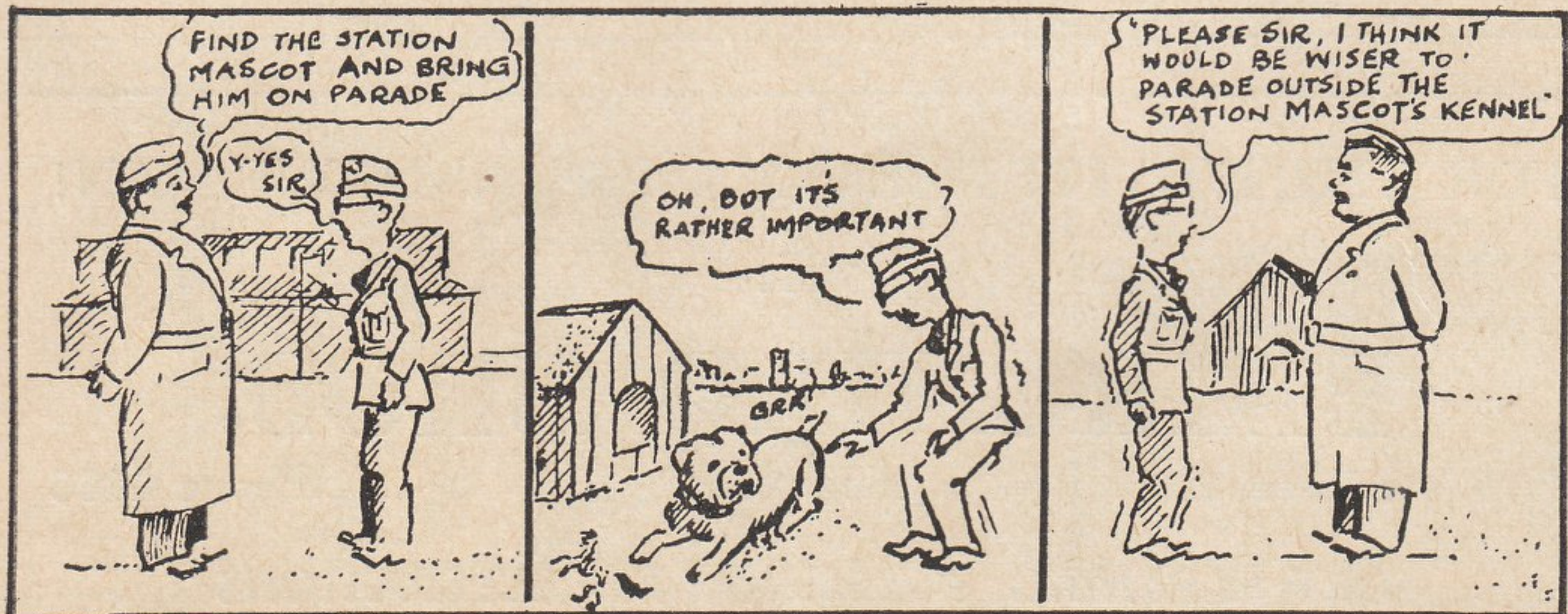
Now that it is orl over and we are back to noarmel, I suppose sum of yew are wundering wot to do between the howers of 16.00 and 17.00. I cood sugest a lekture by a sertan Norwegian pewpil on "Ow to swim to win if yew are at the start in tyme", but if he did that I suppose sum airmen wood yewse it as an ekscuse for cumming in late saying thay ad bean going threth the moshuns in River Park, then the S.W.O. wood sea as they went threth uther moshuns as wood ave no relashun to swimmin, yew bet!

I ope by now yew ave orf ad yore cumfurts, and am wundering ow meny of yew ave wrote to the gerls as put there name an adres in the tow of the sox, or finger of the gluvs. I am shure thay wood like to no that there labers makin them ad not bean in vane, and was bein appreshiated by airmen slaving in 40° below zero on a reel war effert.

It is tyme I pact up as I ave now to take part in the Old Spawt of Inockulashun, plaid between the blokes in the sick bay and me, an I no hoos goin to win.

But never mined, Eh!

HUGH CARES.



"JOE"—BY WALKER



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DRY CLEANING, PRESSING AND ALTERATIONS

## Ode to the Editor

I have a lovely fountain pen,  
It overflows with ink;  
But what I am to write about  
I really cannot think.

I've sat here now for half an hour,  
Cudgelling my brains,  
And nothing seems to come at all,  
Except some mental pains.

Perhaps I've cudgelled them too hard.  
I'm getting in a rage;  
I feel as though I'd like to write  
Rude words upon the page.

But that won't do me any good,  
'Cause if it isn't clean,  
I'll never get it published in  
The Station Magazine.

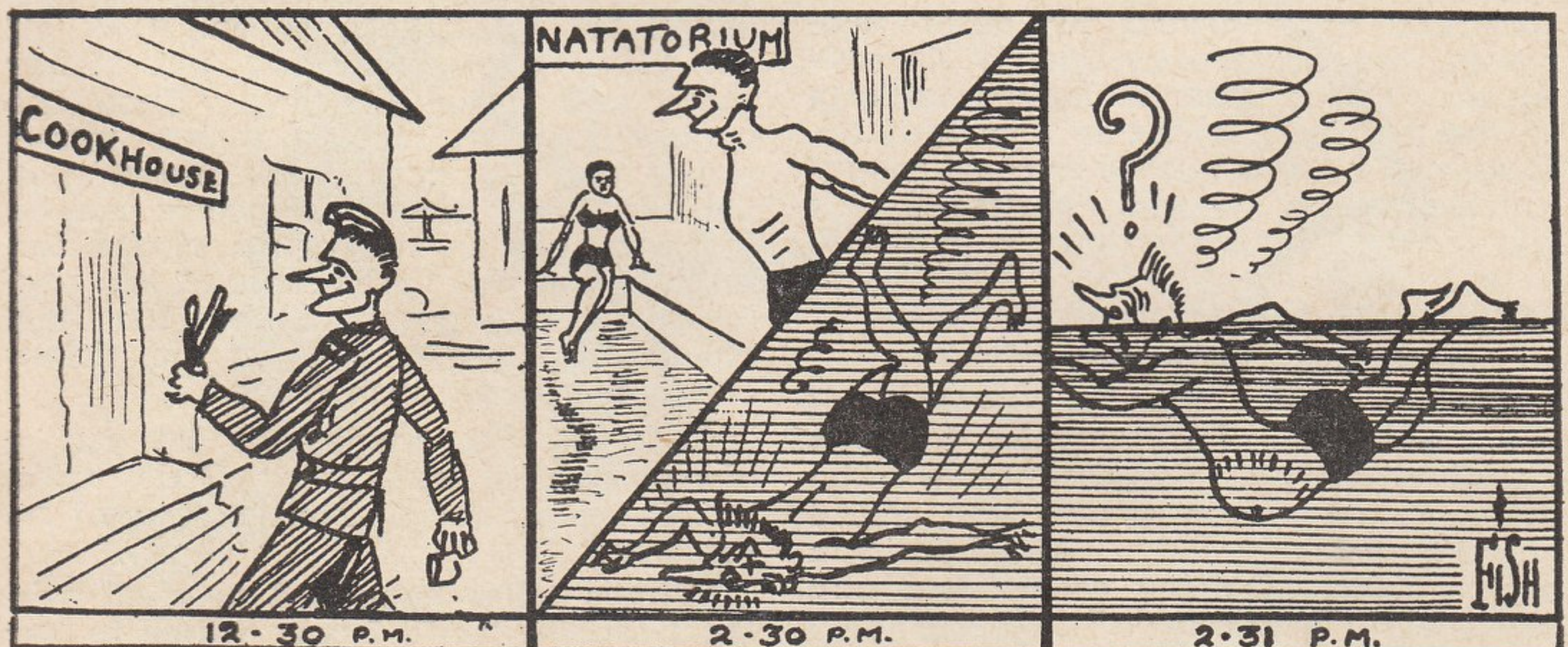
In last month's Editorial,  
The Editor he said  
That I might have an article  
Waiting inside my head.

He even hinted I might be  
Another Charlie Dickens,  
Shakespeare, or merely Edgar Wallace,  
But my plot never thickens.

And though I hate to disappoint  
Our Editor, so zealous,  
I fear that I shall never write  
Like any of these fellers.

But wait! . . . A thought occurs to me;  
It gives me lots of solace.  
'Tis better not to write at all  
Than write like Edgar Wallace!

T. M.



OOH!! THAT YORKSHIRE PUDD!!!

## “Case Dismissed . . .”

The buzz of voices ceased as the Clerk of the Court called for silence, and the magistrate walked in and took his seat. The first case was one of “Assault and Battery”, and the charge was duly read. The prisoner seemed to be not in the least interested in the proceedings, and from his appearance one could not in any way associate him with assault. He looked a quiet, sober man of about 40 years—one whom you would imagine was an ideal husband and father, whose whole life was one of peace and tranquility. He pleaded “Not Guilty” to the charge.

A policeman went into the witness box and gave his evidence. He had arrested the prisoner the night before at a Bus Stop in the High Street. He had been hailed by the ’bus conductor, and a woman passenger had charged the prisoner with deliberately striking her in the face soon after she had boarded the ’bus.

After all the evidence had been heard, it appeared that when the lady got on the ’bus, she had taken a seat immediately opposite to the prisoner. The conductor collected her fare, and then, a minute or so later, without any warning, she had received two severe blows in the face from the prisoner. Her black eye and bruised nose made it obvious that the attack was both brutal and savage. There was no apparent reason for the attack—she had not spoken to the prisoner, nor he to her. To the best of her knowledge she had never seen him before.

After these statements had been substantially corroborated by other witnesses, the prosecution closed its evidence. The magistrate looked intently at the prisoner, trying to size him up. It seemed he was unable to come to any conclusion—he sighed, shrugged his shoulders as though in despair, and said, in a quiet, patient voice, “Well! What have you to say about this?”

“Nothing, Sir,” was the reply.

“But surely,” said the magistrate, “you must have had some reason for this brutal behaviour. You don’t seem to be the sort of man who, at any time, would strike an elderly lady. And here you are, accused of doing so without any provocation whatsoever.”

“I’ve never done it before in my life, Sir,” the prisoner murmured.

The magistrate sighed again. “Is the prisoner mental in any way?” he asked an official.

“No, Sir. The doctor has examined him and states he is normal in every way,” was the answer.

The magistrate sat looking into space, softly drumming his fingers on the documents before him. He seemed to be patiently trying to come to some conclusion. Then suddenly he looked up at the prisoner, and in an appealing voice said, “Will you tell me, in your own way, exactly what you did after the lady boarded the ’bus?”

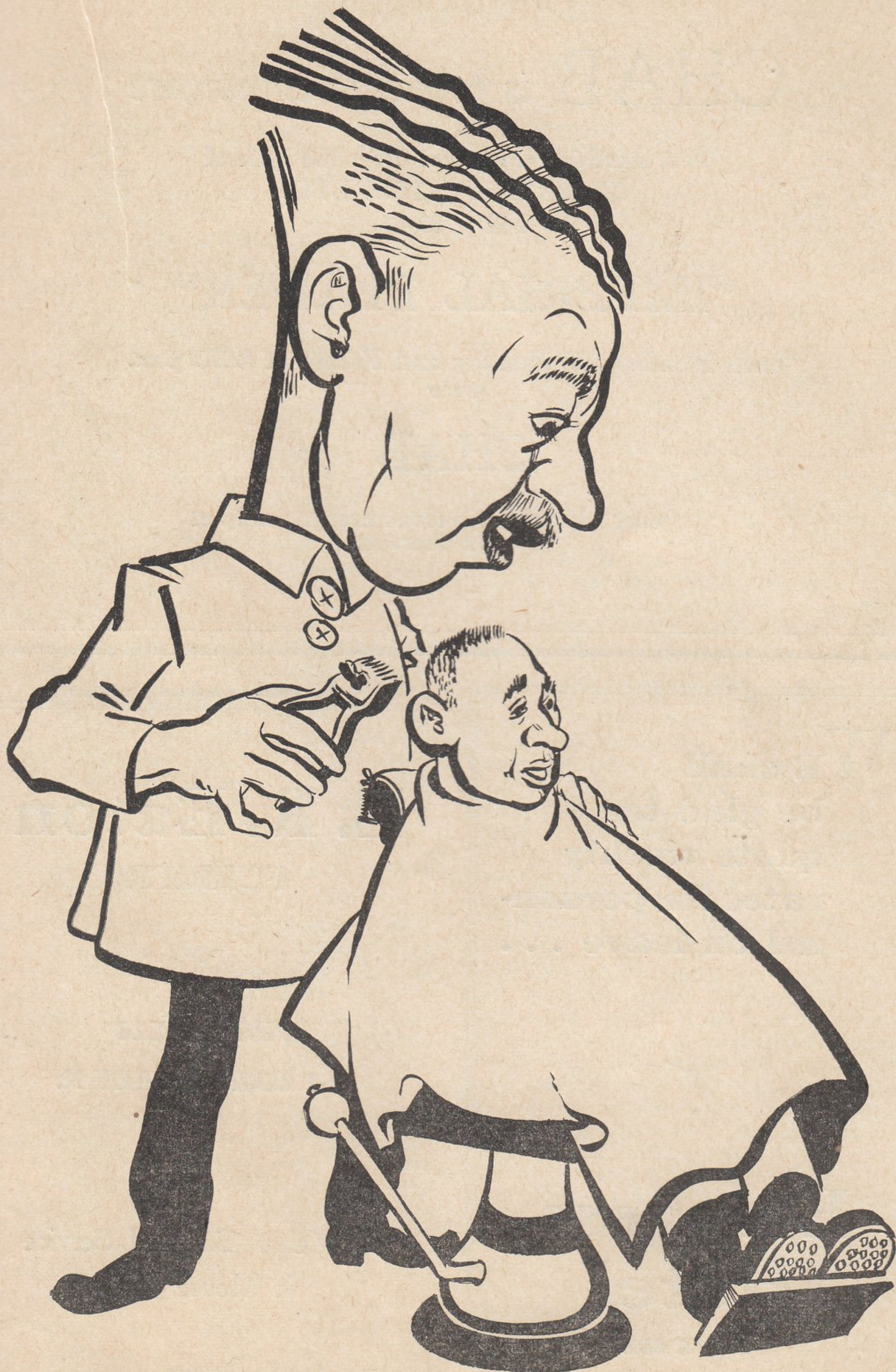
“Well, Sir,” said the prisoner, “the lady got on the ’bus and sat opposite me. The conductor came along for her fare, and she asked for a penny ticket. She took off her glove, opened her bag, put in her glove and closed the bag. Then she opened her bag again, took out her purse, closed the bag, opened the purse, took out sixpence, closed the purse, opened her bag, put in the purse, closed her bag and paid her fare. The conductor gave her her ticket, and she opened her bag, took out her purse, closed the bag, opened the purse, put in the ticket, closed the purse, opened her bag, put in the purse and closed the bag. Then the conductor gave her her change, so she opened her bag, took out her purse, closed the bag, opened the purse, put in the change, closed the purse, opened her bag, put in the purse and closed the bag. Then she opened her bag, took out her glove, closed the bag, and put on her glove. A moment later an inspector boarded the ’bus and called for all tickets, so she took off her glove, opened her bag, put in her glove and closed the bag. Then she opened her bag, took out her purse, closed the bag, opened the purse, took out her ticket, closed the purse, opened her bag, put in the purse, closed the bag, showed the ticket, opened her bag, took out her purse, closed the bag, opened the purse, put in the ticket, closed the purse, opened the . . .”

Suddenly the magistrate let out a blood-curdling yell, “For God’s sake, STOP, man! You’ll drive me crazy,” he screamed.

“That’s what happened to me,” said the prisoner, “only I was nearer to her than you are to me!”

J. T.

# Potted Personalities—No. 4



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## Transatlantic

At two a.m. on Wednesday, 22nd July, 1919, H.M. Airship R34 lifted slowly from her base at East Fortune, Scotland, into a one-hundred feet cloud base, and set a course *en route* for New York. Dropping a quarter ton of water ballast, she rose to 1,500 feet, and, with all five engines giving 1,600 revolutions per minute, proceeded on her course at 45 knots. And thus, under the command of Captain Scott, began one of the greatest flights in history—now almost forgotten in the success of the large airliner, and the disastrous fate of the airship.

Dawn found the ship threading her way through the hills of the Clyde valley. It was not practicable to climb above them as that would have entailed jettisoning some of the precious 4,900 gallons of fuel. At five a.m. she had cleared the N.E. Irish coast and was heading out over the Atlantic on four engines at 36 knots—the forward motor being rested.

About this time a stowaway was discovered—an AC2, who, according to the story, was so disappointed at being left behind that he hid himself high up above the keel on one of the girders between two gas bags. It is reported that Captain Scott said that had they been over land at the time, the man would have been dropped over the side in a parachute, and he added cryptically, “. . . necessary disciplinary action will be deferred until we reach America.”

Slowly the ship plugged ahead. Often she was lost in cloud, and rarely was the sea visible. And at the end of seventeen hours she had covered only 610 miles. This seems slow even for an airship, but it must be remembered that Scott had to nurse his engines for the return flight.

Life on board was by no means luxurious—catering, in particular, seems to have been “sketchy” in the extreme; there were no facilities for frying, and water could be boiled only with great difficulty. There were no fresh vegetables. At night the crew slept, watch by watch, in hammocks slung between girders.

Wireless communication seems to have been good, as at 10.45 on the first night weather reports were received from places as far apart as St. John's,

Pembroke and the Azores. In addition, they were in constant communication with H.M.S. *Renown* and *Tiger*, which had been sent into the Atlantic to assist with weather reports, and to enable them to find their position. This latter service was of great importance because unless they knew their height above the sea they could not fix their exact position. And the only means of ascertaining their height was to get a barometric reading from some ship in the near vicinity.

At seven o'clock on the second night the airship was struck by a violent squall which sent rain driving through the roof of the forward control cabin and flooded the chart table. The airship's weight was greatly increased by the rain on her fabric, so it was decided to drive up through the clouds by means of the elevators. Fortunately, the depression they were in was a “shallow” one, and at 3,400 feet they broke through above the clouds. This permitted them to sit down to an evening meal of bread, cheese and “Oxo”.

When the sun rose on the third morning, they found themselves above a large ice-field, and calculated their position as being 250 miles from Cape Race. At 1.50 p.m. on Friday, the 24th, they crossed the north coast of Newfoundland, but the voyage was by no means over. They still had a thousand miles to go to New York. At midnight, cruising down the coast of Nova Scotia, they intercepted the news that Dempsey had knocked out Willard in the third round for the world's heavyweight title.

At this stage the petrol situation began to look grave. Continuous stiff headwinds were met, and for one dreadful half-hour the ground speed was nil. Height was reduced to 800 feet and the ship was trimmed ten degrees down by the bows, which must have been a frightening sight from the ground. At noon on Saturday, after three and a half days flying they were still 500 miles from New York, and the fuel situation was now so worrying that they radioed Washington requesting a destroyer to stand by to take them in tow. They calculated that if anything more than a fifteen-mile-per-hour head wind was met they would be unable to get in, and it would mean the ignominy of a tow.

(Continued on Page 29)

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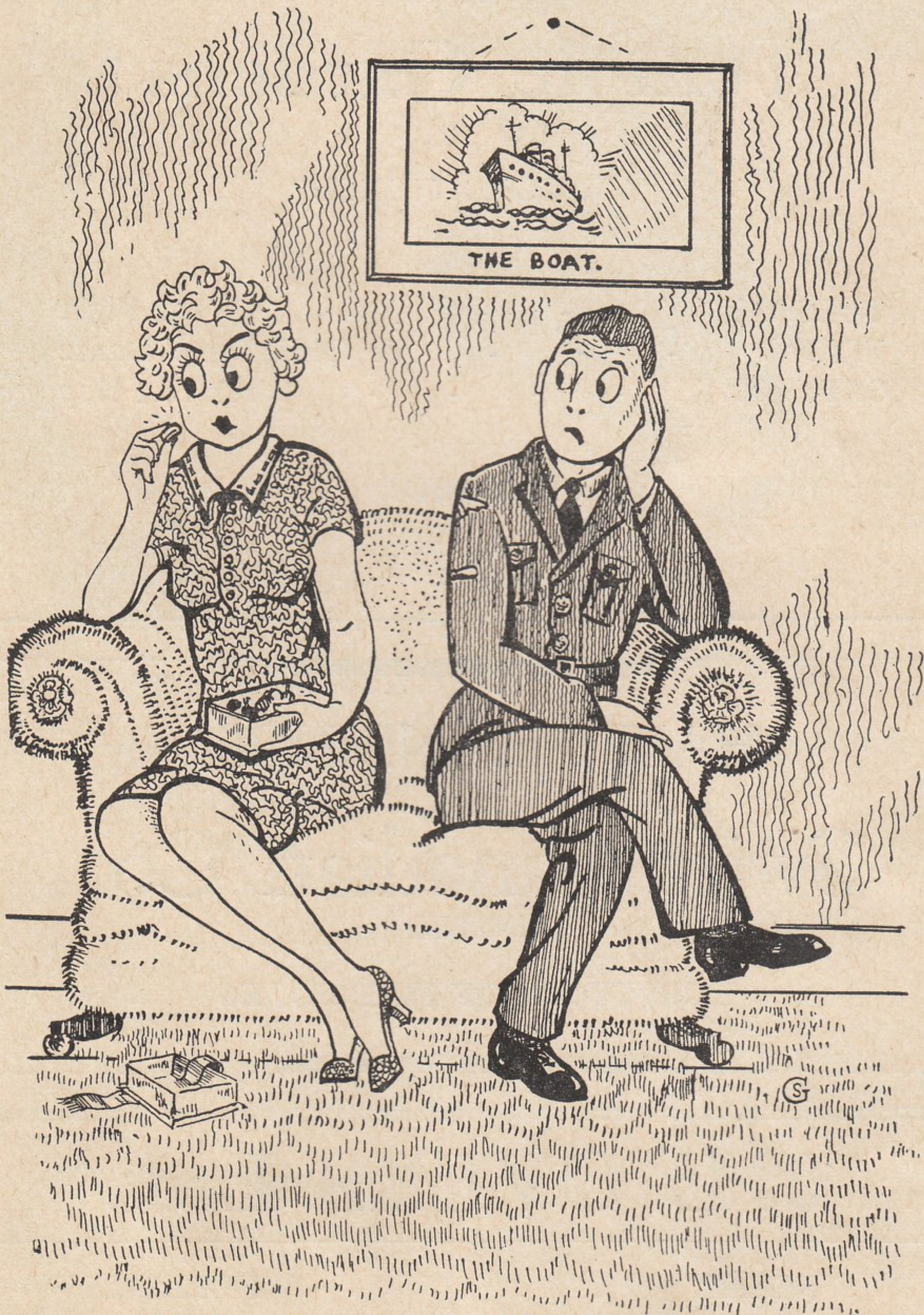
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# Technical Terms Illustrated



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*Suggested by F. Chandler*

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at

## Temple Gardens

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TUESDAY	-	-	-	-	-	Waltz Night
FRIDAY	-	-	-	-	-	Ye Olde Tyme Dance
SATURDAY	-	-	-	-	-	Week End Hop

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AGENTS FOR MOIR'S  
CHOCOLATES and  
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE



### SILHOUETTES AT THE A.O.C.'s PARADE

#### THE CASE HISTORY OF AC. SPODGE

(Continued from Page 14)

ting into the troop-trains—not necessarily the right ones, but as the hoarse gentleman remarked, “At least they’re out of my ——— way!”

Splodge was one of the few men who got to the right squadron at the first attempt; he had joined the wrong party at the very start.

It is a peculiarity of troop-trains that, if it is at all possible to go by way of John o’ Groats to reach Land’s End, they will do so, and Splodge was amazed to find himself after journeying for twelve hours at a spot some twenty-five miles away from the point he had left earlier.

The station was dark and draughty, the porter morose and half asleep, and the telephone out of order; it was impossible to get transport, and so Splodge and his batch started out to walk to the camp.

It began to rain.

At one o’clock in the morning the bedraggled band of heries squelched into the Guardroom.

“Who are you?” enquired the sergeant in charge.

“We’ve just come down from Thermopylæ,” said Theodore, “and the Persians have broken through.”

He was rapidly pushed into the background by the rest of the party, who felt this to be no time for humour. It appeared they were not expected until a week later; nobody wanted them; nobody cared about them; they were a nuisance, and they’d better make themselves scarce before someone took an active dislike to them.

As Theodore retired to rest, on a billiards table in the canteen, he decided that next morning he would go home for a week and come back at the time when they expected him, thus sowing the seeds for more of those troubles that never ceased to follow him. —T. M.

# Attention! Air Force Men

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## A Thirsty Job

John Brown had an eight-gallon barrel full of beer. He wished to sell four gallons to a friend, but as he had no measure, and only two other containers, one of five gallons and the other of three gallons, the method of ensuring an exact division caused him some thought. How did he do it in the end?

Answer on page 37.

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## “QUIZ”

Here are fifteen questions for your amusement. How many can you answer? Answers will be found on page 30.

1. What one word in English ends with the letters “s-e-d-e”?
2. Can you name two people who died yet were never born?
3. Is Latin or Greek the older language?
4. If a man walks two-thirds of a mile in half an hour, how long will it take him to cover a mile at the same rate?
5. What is the greatest number of hours a clock can be wrong?
6. What was the last of the ten plagues of Egypt?
7. Australia is an island, but it is also a continent. What is the name of the island usually regarded as the largest in the world?
8. How much is five times three times four times nil times two divided by six?
9. Who was King of Scotland before he became King of England?
10. Who wrote the following, and what is the name of the poem from which it comes?  
“The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men gang aft a-gley.”
11. What is the First Law of Nature?
12. If a bottle and a cork together cost 60 cents, and the bottle cost 50 cents more than the cork, how much did the cork cost?
13. Is Newfoundland a province of Canada?
14. What is the first violinist in a symphony orchestra called?
15. Watt is associated with the invention of what?

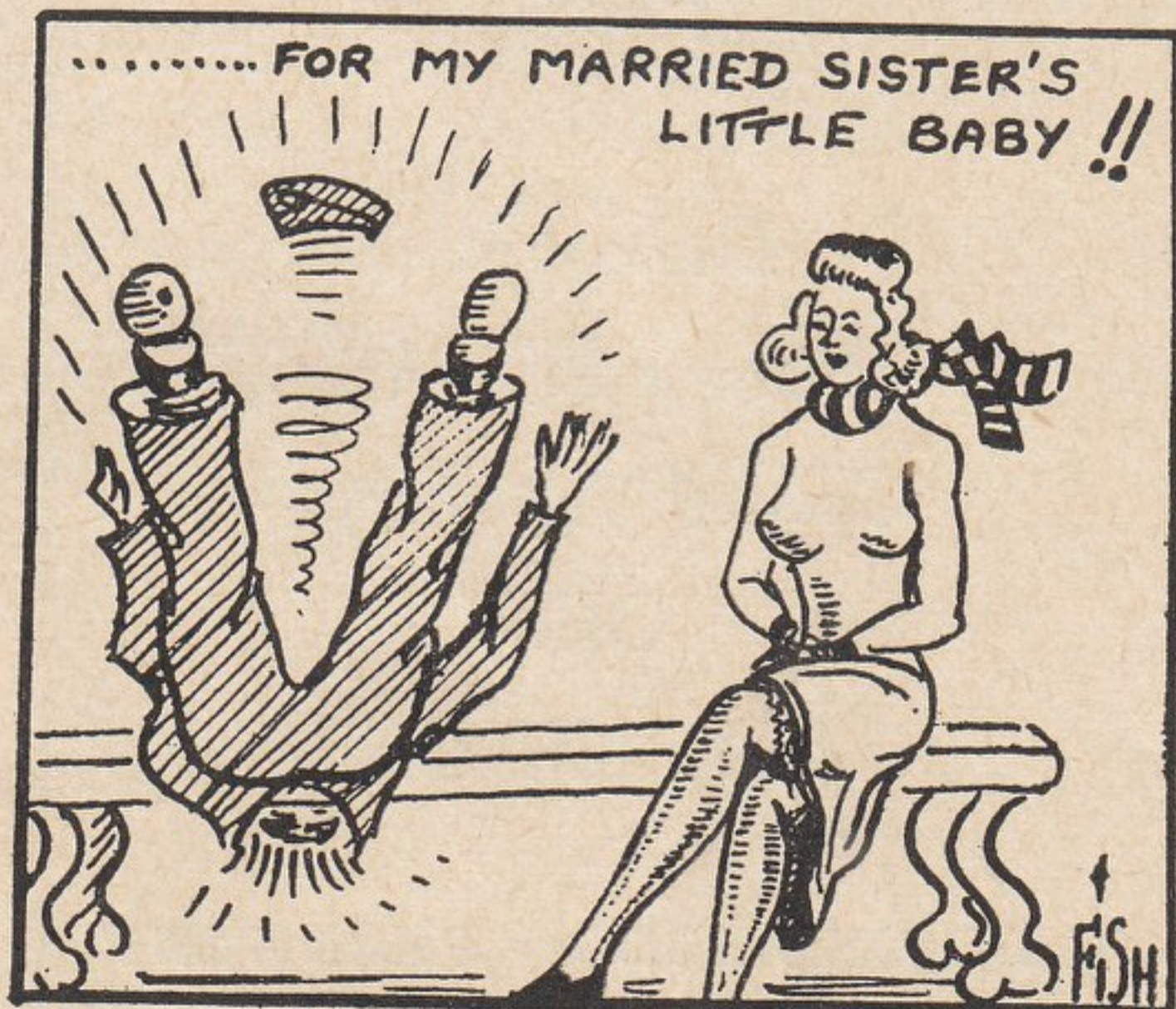
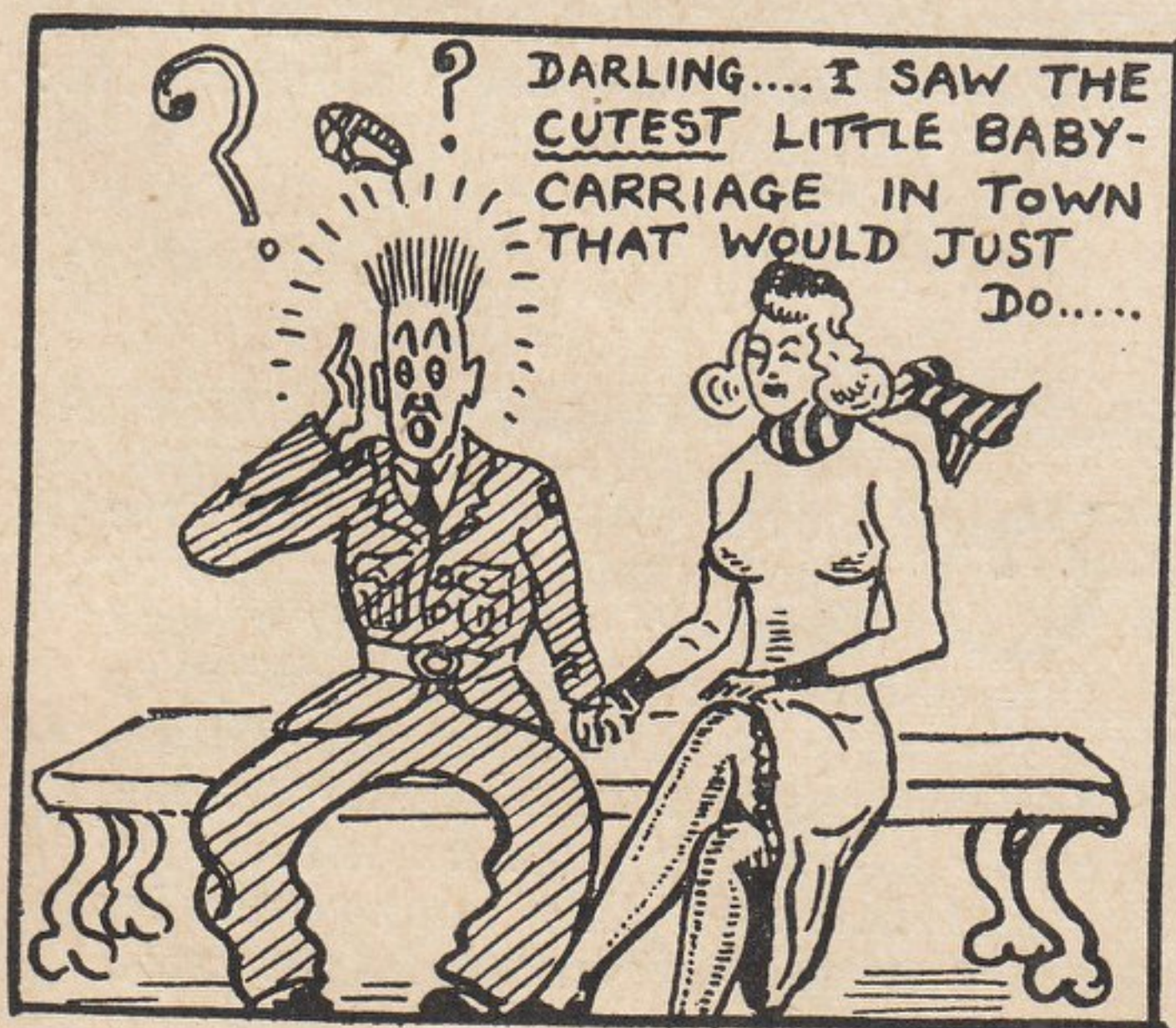
### TRANSATLANTIC

(Continued from Page 23)

All through Saturday night the ship battered its way southward, averaging twenty-three knots, with the petrol shortage bogey looming larger in everybody’s mind. On Sunday morning, however, their luck changed and they picked up a following wind, and by seven a.m. it was clear that they would be able to reach New York without assistance.

As they approached the city they could see streams of cars coming out to welcome them. At last they arrived over Hazelhurst Field and Major Pritchard squeezed through the forward window of the control car and made a successful parachute descent in order to take charge of the landing operations.

At 9.40 o’clock, Scott made a circuit of the field, trimmed the ship, and gently brought her down into the hands of the landing party, just four and a half days after leaving East Fortune. A.C.L.M.



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COVERS — SCARVES  
HANDKERCHIEFS

Full Range of Fountain Pens

Specially Fine Selection of  
XMAS GREETING CARDS

# Answers to Quiz on Page 29

1. Supersede.
2. Adam and Eve—they were created, not born.
3. Greek.
4. 45 minutes.
5. 6 hours.
6. Death of the first-born.
7. Greenland.
8. Nought.
9. James I.
10. Robert Burns — "Ode to a Field-mouse".
11. Self-preservation.
12. 5 cents.
13. No; a separate state.
14. The Leader.
15. The steam engine.

### SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 3

N	A	B	O	B		L	A	B	E	L
E		O		U	S	E		I		A
T	R	U	S	T	W	O	R	T	H	Y
		R	E	T	I	N	U	E		
T	E	N	T		M		E	A	S	Y
A	G	E						L	E	E
B	O	M	B		S		A	I	L	S
		O	U	T	P	O	S	T		
S	O	U	T	H	A	M	P	T	O	N
E		T		U	R	N		L		E
A	C	H	E	S		I	R	E	N	E

The prize of \$1.00 for the first correct solution opened has been awarded to:

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Moose Jaw



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*Crested Jewellery*

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ALL KINDS

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THE next issue of the "Prairie Flyer" will be the Xmas Number. The Editor and Committee particularly desire to make this an outstanding edition, and they appeal to all contributors, and intending contributors, to assist them in this endeavour by submitting their material in good time, and in quantity.

# Crossword Competition No. 4

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive before 30th November, 1941.

"The Prairie Flyer,"  
No. 32 S.F.T.S.,  
Moose Jaw.

marking the envelope "X-word."

1	2		3		4		5		6	
7		8				9	10		11	
12				13			14			
15			16			17				
		18								
19	20					21		22		
23				24			25			
26			27			28				
29										

### Clues Across

1. "Need coat, sir?" (anagram).
7. Get 7 down on this for comfort.
9. Watering places.
12. Fish.
13. Insect.
14. French bed for aflame.
15. European monarch of bygone days.
17. Could somebody with this type of complexion give black looks?
18. Everybody knows that the first letter stands for the whole.
19. Animal.
21. Precious stone.
23. Bird.
24. Part of 1 across.
25. Girl's name.
26. English river or an accessory to an indoor game.
28. Slang for a single.
29. "Seats entice" (anagram).

4. Without these the telephone would lose much of its usefulness.
5. Ethiopian title.
6. Track.
7. What the 13 across did before the sting.
8. Taste.
10. This children's accessory sounds as though it might be the tool with which the dramatist does his work.
11. Pertaining to the stars.
16. This Tin Tin was famous.
17. Plays for a living.
20. Idol.
22. Prevent.
27. Part of body.
28. Courting couples walk this.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

### Clues Down

2. Musical instruments.
3. Surrounds Britain.

... — V ... — V ... — V ... — V ... — V ... — V

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CLIFF ROBB

BOB HINDS

## On Parade!

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching,  
They are the boys in blue.  
They have the right dress on parade,  
The boys of 32.

Attention! . . . Stand at Ease! . . .  
These are the things we do.  
But we can't get all our work done,  
And "Gravel-stamping" too.

We have a mascot—Bulldog "Butch",  
Who's paraded on a chain,  
Because if he wanders in the ranks,  
It causes him great pain.

The station band comes on parade,  
Their instruments they blow.  
They have to play a marching tune—  
The only one they know.

Our W.O. takes the parade,  
He likes to rave and shout.  
He bawls, "Bring on the whitewash . . . .  
Squadron . . . turn about!"

We have the dandiest officer,  
He is a dear sweet love.  
He treats the boys like gentlemen—  
The little darling dove.

"Are you present, Number One Flight? . . .  
Are you present, Number Two?" . . .  
We can now hoist the ensign,  
All trimmed with Air Force Blue.

"General Salute . . . . Attention!"  
Fly the colours high.  
We are the Royal Air Force,  
The masters of the sky.

"Squadron . . . . Open Order, March!"  
We must now be inspected,  
To see if we have cleaned our boots,  
Or haircuts been neglected.

The inspection now is over,  
We all march off parade;  
And so we go to work, boys,  
More pilots must be made.



*Another Hit!*

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## SPORTS CHATTER

I have seen a Harvard hovering, a duck ducking, a partridge passing, and a gopher gone for, but never before have I seen a butterfly doing the breast stroke. The "Northern Lights" were evident on Hallowe'en, both outside and inside the Natatorium, but they misfired in the first race. It was unfortunate that they failed to appear in time for the "free style", but that this was due to an innocent misunderstanding, there is no doubt. When Corporals



Tanberg and Cleve did not answer the announcer's call, some people visualised dirty work at the crossroads. Had they been kidnapped?

No — merely misinformed by some mysterious person (not an officer!) that the Gala started at 7.30 p.m. and not 7 p.m.

The Officers proved themselves champions, carrying off the City of Moose

Jaw Trophy, with 54 points, while the Pupils and C.G.I. Staff were a close second with 49. Detailed results for each event are annexed.

All are agreed that the swimming was excellent and the competitors, each and every one of them, are to be congratulated on a first class show. We saw F/O. Shorthouse shorten the Championship field by winning the "free style" and F/O. Sparks spike his opponents in the plunging—with F/Lt. Miller gliding in a good second. S/Ldr. Cooper, who whipped up the various sections prior to the Gala, was also responsible for putting the hoops on the barrel in which the Officers rolled to victory.

The airmen feel disappointed at the result of the polo match. We have a confession to make. The Officers claim no credit for their win and admit that had the two Norwegians been included against them, it would, in all probability have been a procession for the airmen. From the time the idea of a game was first mooted, to the time of the Gala, the Officers' potential playing strength was reduced by postings, and so, in the interest of the spectators, it was decided that Corporals Tanberg and Cleve should stand down.

On Monday, 3rd November, at 4.50 p.m., had I been asked who had won the Soccer Cup, I would have answered "Miscellaneous", but I would have been wrong. The Minors put up a spirited fight in the last ten minutes of the game and rose from "Minority" to "Equality", to make the final score 1-1. A second draw, again at one goal each, resulted from the replay on Wednesday, Nov. 5th. (Confound them! When will this soccer finish? I can see them playing in the Drill Hall yet!)

Since the last issue, the Station Soccer team has been to Mossbank and gained a 3-1 victory. We also had a splendid trip to Dundurn, where we redeemed our Soccer reputation with a decisive win, to wipe out that 2-2 result when the Engineers played us at Moose Jaw. I fear, however, that our prestige was shaken a bit. A certain L/AC. at "32", who bears the same name as a well known Movie Star, and a dramatic one at that, was refereeing the game. The play was so one-sided that our backs were seldom called upon, so



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Mildness — Smoke**

**Buckingham  
Cigarettes**

# Sports Chatter

(Continued)

much so that one of them was right in the goal chatting to the 'keeper. The referee failed to observe him and awarded off-side against a Dundurn player. When the back appeared, the whistler was confounded and as he ran towards the back he was heard to observe most indignantly, "You can't do that!"

After the Soccer, we played Basketball. Previously we had been playing a brand of Passball, which permitted of contact, and I was concerned at the number of injuries sustained. The Canadian code, played by us at Dundurn for the first time, proved our salvation. We did exceptionally well to be defeated by an experienced and skilful Canadian combine, by only 40 points to 19.



Now we have a good Station League run on Canadian rules. The S.H.Q. team (as will be seen from the appended Table) have the League in the "Basket" at the time of writing. While we have adopted the Canadian code, we still adhere to our former method of scoring which allows of draws. We have forwarded an entry for a team to represent the Station in the City League. We hope to indulge also in "Friendlies" with other teams.

The Badminton Singles Tournament is nearing a climax, and once this has been

disposed of, we hope to run a "Doubles" competition on a handicap basis. The possibility of a League is also under consideration.

The winner of the Officers' Golf Championship was P/O. J. Gamon, D.S.C. He defeated F/O. Hanbury in the final, finally.

With the approach of King Frost, our thoughts turn to skating, which reminds one that the Fall, like the Spring, is inevitable. Time marches on! The Mosquitoes, the Grasshoppers and the Gophers have gone, but in their stead we have other pests such as Skates, Ice and the Law of Gravity, which, like the Mountie, always gets its man. I hear that a certain Flying Instructor has invented a retractable undercarriage to secure man's "Chief End" against the pitfalls of the Ice Rink. The Station Rinks are being prepared in readiness for flooding, and I think a Station Hockey League would be a good venture.

There is a "crafty" lad working in the Sports Store these days. He spends his time sawing thin poles and "tipping" them off. What's it all about? Very soon, he says, he will give us the "cue" so that we can have a "pot" at it—pot at what? That's got you "snookered", I'll bet. Why the "Red", of course. We are to have billiards next, be-dad!

—A. Carswell.

LATER: At long last the Soccer Cup has been won. "Miscellaneous" beat "Minors" at the third attempt, on Monday, November 10th, with a score of 3-0.

He: "I went without my umbrella this morning, dear."

She: "When did you miss it?"

He: "When I put up my hand to close it after the rain stopped."

## Station Basketball League

	Games Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Baskets		Points
					For	Against	
S.H.Q.	3	3	0	0	54	14	6
Airmen's Mess	3	2	1	0	32	24	5
Majors	4	2	1	1	51	27	5
Repairs	3	2	0	1	31	15	4
Miscellaneous	2	1	1	0	28	9	3
Stores	3	1	1	0	32	17	3
C. & D.	3	1	0	2	20	26	2
Linky Dinks	3	1	0	2	32	37	2
Blotters	3	1	0	2	28	36	2
Accounts	3	1	0	3	19	42	2
Penpushers	3	1	0	2	19	51	2
E. & F.	2	0	0	2	12	16	0

# First Annual Swimming Gala Results

CHAMPIONSHIP—FOR CITY OF MOOSE JAW TROPHY

	Points
First—Officers (Section 5).....	54
Second—Pupils and C.G.I. Staff (Section 2).....	49
Third—Servicing and N.C.O. Flying Instructors (Section 3).....	29
Fourth—School Headquarters, etc. (Section 1).....	24
Fifth—Repairs and Maintenance (Section 4).....	1

1. 50 yards, Free Style—1st, F/O Shorthouse (5); 2nd, L.A.C. Farr (1); 3rd, S/Ldr. Cooper (5); 4th, L.A.C. Bool (1). Time 26.5 sec.
  2. 50 yards, Breast Stroke—1st, Cpl. Tanberg (2); 2nd, Cpl. Cleve (2); 3rd L.A.C. Ford (3); 4th, F/Sgt. Cowley (3); 5th, L.A.C. Kirk (1). Time 31.8 sec.
  3. Distance Plunging—1st F/O Sparks (5), 55 ft. 5 in.; 2nd F/Lt. Miller (5), 54 ft. 3 in.; 3rd, Cpl. Tanberg (2), 53 ft. 4 in.; 4th, Cpl. Cleve (2), 52 ft. 1 in.; 5th, Sgt. Hirst (4).
  4. Invitation Relay—1st, 32 S.F.T.S. (F/O Shorthouse, F/O Sparks, Cpl. Tanberg, Cpl. Cleve); 2nd, No. 2 B. & G. School, Mossbank; 3rd, Moose Jaw Aquatic Club.
  5. 50 yards, Back Stroke—1st Cpl. Tanberg (2); 2nd, Cpl. Cleve (2); 3rd, L.A.C. Farr (1); 4th, F/O Sparks (5); 5th, L.A.C. McGregor (3). Time 32.5 sec.
  6. Inter-Section Novices—1st, Section 5 (F/Lt. Goodman, P/O Ramsay, P/O Baker and P/O Webber); 2nd, Section 2; 3rd, Section 3; 4th, Section 1.
  7. Inter-Section Relay—1st, Section 5 (S/Ldr. Cooper, F/Lt. Miller, F/O. Sparks, F/O. Shorthouse, F/O Hartley, F/O Flower, P/O Falconer and P/O Boyd); 2nd, Section 2; 3rd, Section 3; 4th, Section 1.
  8. Diving—1st, Cpl. Barker (3); 2nd, F/O Sparks (5); 3rd, S/Ldr. Cooper (5); 4th, L.A.C. Middleton (1).
  9. Inter-Section Medley Relay—1st, Section 2 (Cpl. Lindsay, Cpl. Tanberg and Cpl. Cleve); 2nd, Section 5; 3rd, Section 3; 4th, Section 1.
- Water Polo—Officers 3; Airmen 1. Referee, Cpl. Tanberg.

## ANSWER TO "A THIRSTY JOB" on Page 28

Brown, first of all, filled the 3 gallon container and tipped it into the 5 gallon container. He then filled the 3 gallon container again and filled the 5 gallon container from its contents, leaving 1 gallon remaining. Brown now had 2 gallons in the 8 gallon barrel, the 5 gal-

lon one was full, and there was 1 gallon in the 3 gallon container. He then added the entire contents of the 5 gallon barrel to the 2 gallons in the 8 gallon container, making a total of 7 gallons there, with the 5 gallon container empty, and still 1 gallon in the 3 gallon barrel. All he had to do now was to empty this 1 gallon into the 5 gallon barrel, refill the 3 gallon one from the 8 gallon barrel and tip it into the 5 gallon container. He now had 4 gallons in each of the two larger containers.

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Most praised, most prized, most trusted:  
Without it all my work's undone,  
Without it, I'd be busted.

My prose would be a scrambled egg,  
My verse would be sheer Babel—  
The book props up the shaky leg  
Of my typewriter table.

HOWLER

A sculptor is a man who dies an awful death. He makes faces and busts.

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MOOSE JAW . . . SASK.

# Recital of Gramophone Records

TO BE GIVEN IN THE STATION CINEMA

By MR. A. J. WICKENS, K.C.

ON WEDNESDAY, 26th NOVEMBER, 1941, AT 7.30 P.M.

1. EGMONT OVERTURE - - - - - Beethoven  
Amsterdam Concert Orchestra — Willem Mengelberg  
This opera is never played; but the overture is one of the best of all concert numbers.
2. CONCERTO No. 5 IN E FLAT MAJOR. OPUS No. 73 - - - - - Beethoven  
Walter Giesecking, piano, and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Bruno Walter.  
This concerto is called "The Emperor." This name dates from a story of the French Occupation of Vienna in 1809. It was then played by young Czerny, only 19 years old, with the Vienna Orchestra. Officers of the French Army of Occupation, listening, warm in their enthusiasm for their all-conquering Emperor, exclaimed "It's 'an Emperor' among Concertos." The Concerto differs in plan from the general type. The piano enters practically at the start without any introductory orchestral passages. The orchestra opens with a magnificent chord in E flat; the piano enters immediately and passing through a series of rising arpeggios terminates in a flourish and modulation in A flat. After what might be called a direct conflict for dominance between piano and orchestra, the opening subsides, and the violin section can be heard setting out the first main theme. After the usual development of the theme, the violins introduce the second theme, in thirds, with the clarinets, bassoons and lower strings supplementing in the minor key. It is repeated immediately in the major by the horns. There are a great many little variations developed, before the piano re-introduces the main theme, which it proceeds to develop. The first movement, "Allegro," takes approximately 25 minutes, and creates the impression of continued competition between the orchestra and the piano. The second, or slow movement, "Adagio un poco mosso," is much shorter, requiring only about 6 or 7 minutes. It is opened by a beautiful melody on muted violins, with counter-melody pizzicato, on the 'cellos. The wood-winds only occasionally chime in in the background. Throughout this movement, orchestra and piano appear to be reconciling their disputes, and to be working towards a harmonious union. Almost imperceptibly, the second movement drifts into the third, which commences on the record concluding the second movement. This movement, "Rondo-Allegro," continues the development of the harmonious co-operation between solo instrument and orchestra. Towards the end, the strings rather timidly suggest the main theme, this time in E major; and the rather vigorous reiteration of this main theme on both piano and orchestra ends in harmonious accord.
3. CHOIR INTERLUDE:
  - (a) EXCERPTS FROM THE CORONATION SCENE, from "BORIS GODOUNOV" - Moussorgsky  
Piano accompaniment by C. Shvedoff
  - (b) EXCERPTS FROM THE OVERTURE 1812 - - - - - Tchaikowsky  
Organ accompaniment by C. Shvedoff
  - (c) EVENING BELLS (Vetshernij Svon), Traditional Russian Song, - - - arr. by Jaroff  
Unaccompanied
  - (d) SERENADE—Abt. Unaccompanied.  
DON COSSACKS MALE VOICE CHOIR, conducted by Serge Jaroff.  
This famous Russian male choir produces some amazing effects. It is a perfect example of a choir of voices blended into a single musical instrument.
4. SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS, for Piano and Orchestra - - - - - Cesar Franck  
Walter Giesecking, piano, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood.

## P.P.S.

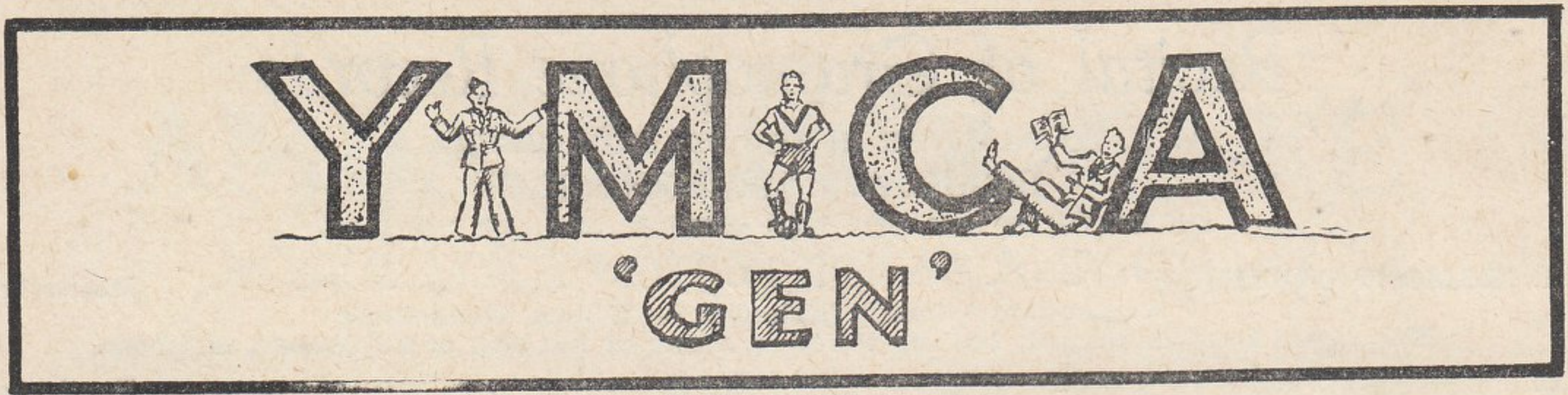
From S/LDR. AND MRS. V. MATVEIEFF

To our many friends in Moose Jaw, both in and out of the Service, we bid "au revoir". It was with considerable sorrow that, owing to temporary absence towards the end and the rapidity with which we finally handed over, packed and departed, it was quite impossible to make the farewell rounds to any, let alone all of you.

We thank you all for your kindness, help and hospitality, and hope to return to see you some day.

Meanwhile we wish you the best of luck and happiness, and hope that any of you who may pass through Montreal will look us up at H.Q. No. 3 Training Command, or

SUITE 32, "LAURENTIAN",  
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MONTREAL, QUEBEC.



### Motion Pictures

We make no charge for the "Flicks" we show on this station because we are bound by our promise to the Canadian public that men in the Services shall receive this type of entertainment without payment. We appreciate the action of those who have asked to be allowed to make a small payment, but this information will make clear our position in the matter. Thanks, fellows!

### New Equipment

We have added to our Motion Picture equipment a turntable for the playing of gramophone records. With this welcome addition music will provide entertainment before each show for the enjoyment of those who attend the cinema. It is hoped that concerts of selected records, provided by individuals, will be a feature made possible by this attachment. Thanks go to the Sergeants'

Mess for the use of records now being played.

Those who have heard announcements coming over the speaker system of our motion picture machine will have guessed that we now have a microphone in the projection box. This little gadget permits announcements to be made from time to time, and will assist in the location of airmen needed for immediate duty who may be attending the cinema.

### Dart and Table Tennis Ladders

This system of recording play is proving very popular with the non-athletic games players. Already sixty men are playing Darts under the new system, and at the time of writing, Isherwood, Winship, Blore and Stanyer top the list. LAC Abbott is leading the field in Table Tennis. New ladders are planned for Chess and Draughts, and will appear in the Games Room shortly.

ERIC WALLING, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor

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## Y.M.C.A. Film Schedule

FROM NOVEMBER 14th TO DECEMBER 16th

- Friday, November 14—"THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG"—Starring: Kay Kyser, Adolphe Menjou and May Robson.
- Sunday, November 16—"THE SAINT STRIKES BACK"—Starring: Geo. Sanders and Wendy Barrie.
- Tuesday, November 18—"SOULS AT SEA"—Starring: Gary Cooper and George Raft.
- Friday, November 21—"TARZAN'S REVENGE"—Starring: Glen Morris and Eleanor Holm.
- Sunday, November 23—"THE LION HAS WINGS"—Alex. Korda's epic of the Royal Air Force.
- Tuesday, November 25—"OUR NEIGHBOURS THE CARTERS"—Starring: Fay Bainter and Frank Craven.
- Friday, November 28—"ALLEGHENY UPRISING"—Starring: Claire Trevor and John Wayne.
- Sunday, November 30—"MERCY PLANE"—Starring: James Dunn and Frances Gifford.
- Tuesday, December 2—"THE SUN NEVER SETS"—Starring: Douglas Fairbanks and Basil Rathbone with Virginia Field.
- Friday, December 5—"GLORY TRAIL"—Starring Tom Keene and Joan Barclay.
- Sunday, December 7—"WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY?"—Starring: Joe E. Brown and Marion Marsh.
- Tuesday, December 9—"LEGION OF LOST FLYERS"—Starring: Richard Arlen, Andy Devine and Anna Neagle.
- Friday, December 12—"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS"—Starring: Freddie Bartholomew and Cedric Hardwick.
- Sunday, December 14—"BACHELOR MOTHER"—Starring: Ginger Rogers and David Niven.
- Tuesday, December 16—"THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN"
- 
-

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Nov. 20-21-22—"WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT" and "TANKS A MILLION"

Nov. 24-25-26—"MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY" and "ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS"

Nov. 27-28-29—"BAD MEN OF MISSOURI" and "COUNTY FAIR"

Dec. 1-2-3-4—"SUNDOWN" and "NIAGARA FALLS"

Coming Soon: "OUT OF THE FOG"