



# PRAIRIE FLYER

*The Magazine of*  
**No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.)**

*Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada*

VOL. 2 No. 6 . . .

10<sup>c</sup> . . .

DECEMBER, 1942

for a **SUIT**

To Fit the Occasion  
And the Man, Visit

*Fairchild Bros.*

DRY CLEANING  
PRESSING  
ALTERATIONS

20 River St. E., Moose Jaw  
Phone 4466

SASKATCHEWAN'S  
FINEST

**BIG  
CHIEF  
BEER**

226-W

*The* **SASKATCHEWAN BREWING COMPANY**  
LIMITED  
SASKATOON SASKATCHEWAN

The illustration shows a bottle of Big Chief Beer on the right. The label features a Native American chief with a feathered headdress and the words 'BIG CHIEF BEER' and 'SASKATOON BREWING CO. LIMITED'. To the left of the bottle is a landscape with a banner that reads 'SASKATCHEWAN'S FINEST'. Below the banner are a bison, a horse, and a Native American figure holding a bow and arrow.

*You Can Still*

SEND THE PRAIRIE FLYER  
TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD

*for 2c*

In An Unsealed Envelope

# Plaxton's Ltd.

Walter Scott Building

WATCHES  
DIAMONDS  
CRESTED JEWELLERY  
&c.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING

PARKER AND WATERMAN  
FOUNTAIN PEN AND  
PENCIL SETS

# W. J. Bennett

Limited

BOOKSELLERS &  
STATIONERS

## Scott Block

R.A.F CRESTED WRITING  
PADS AND ENVELOPES  
INDIAN LEATHER  
SOUVENIRS OF MOOSE JAW  
Ladies' Moccasin Slippers

# E. R. Eaton

FURRIER



PHONE 4228  
361 MAIN STREET N.



30 Years' Satisfied Service  
in Moose Jaw



ENGLAND  
LEADS . . .  
KEEP  
SMILING

MOOSE  
JAW  
LODGE  
No. 7

..... V ..... V ..... V ..... V ..... V ..... V ..... V

HIGH QUALITY

# CLOTHING

FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY!

SWEATERS      UNDERWEAR      HOSIERY  
 SUITS, COATS, DRESSES, SHOES

AT POPULAR PRICES

## CHRISTIE GRANTS (Moose Jaw) Limited

MAIN STREET at RIVER STREET

..... V ..... V ..... V ..... V ..... V ..... V ..... V

# Dance

at

## TEMPLE GARDENS

"AIR CONDITIONED"

TUESDAY . . . . .  
 Waltz Night  
 20c before 9—25c after 9

FRIDAY . . . . .  
 Modern Dance  
 25c before 9—35c after 9

SATURDAY . . . . .  
 Week End Hop  
 40c before 9—50c after 9

# PRAIRIE FLYER

THE MAGAZINE OF  
No. 32 S.F.T.S.  
R.A.F.

Moose Jaw - - Sask.  
Canada



Published  
by kind permission of  
Group Captain  
N. E. Morrison, A.F.C.

## CONTENTS for DECEMBER issue . . 1942

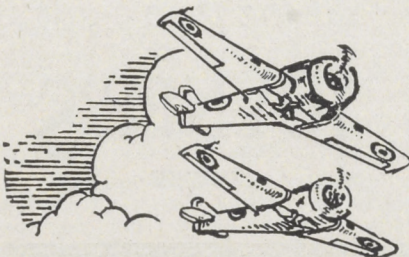
VOL. 2

No. 6



Editor:  
LAC. T. Melican.  
Assistant Editor:  
AC. J. H. Martin.  
Accounts:  
Cpl. T. S. M. Gard.  
News:  
Cpl. J. Morton.  
Sales and Distribution:  
LAC. M. G. Haughey.

Editorial .....	5
The Padre's Letter .....	7
An Old Wives' Tale .....	8
A Bit of All Right .....	9
Things We Want to Know .....	11
Heritage of Beauty .....	11
Bits and Pieces .....	13
Excerpts from the Book of the Gen Men .....	14
<i>Illustration: This England . . . a new series</i> .....	15
To the Past Dwellers ( <i>poem</i> ) .....	16
On With the Dance .....	17
Salute to Alfred ( <i>poem</i> ) .....	18
Appreciation .....	19
Variations on a Familiar Theme .....	19
The March of the Gen Men .....	20
Potted Personalities . . . No. 16 .....	21
News Section .....	22-26
Life in the Sickery .....	27
Entertainment .....	28
Sports Chatter .....	29
Gleanings From the G.I.S. ....	30
What Do You Know About Weather, or care? .....	32
Flying Wing Gen .....	33
Revelations From Repairs .....	35
Solution to Crossword No. 15 .....	35
Crossword Competition No. 16 .....	37
Can You Solve These? .....	39
Y.M.C.A. Gen and Film Schedule .....	40



The Prairie Flyer is published on the 15th of each month by and for the entertainment of the personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.) at Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada. All profits for war charities.

Printed for the Publishers by The Times Company, Limited, Moose Jaw, Sask.



## Christmas Gifts . . .

OUR DISPLAYS OF THESE ARE AT THEIR BEST, AND YOUR SELECTIONS WILL BE EASILY ATTENDED TO.

## Have You a Camera for Sale?

Bring it in and let us quote you a price on it.



# Leonard Fysh

LIMITED

24 High W. Phone 2660



all the time . . . at

# JOYNER'S

LIMITED

# EDITORIAL

THIS, unless some reprieve is granted, will be the last time that the *Prairie Flyer* and other station magazines can carry advertising. It will mean the end of some station magazines, and a considerable lowering of production standards for others; and the profit now made, which has previously been given to charities for air raid victims, will disappear.

Luckily, in our own case, we are in a position to carry on for quite a long time with no difficulty; and it is not intended that the *Flyer*, which, long before I assumed the editorship, became as much a part of 32 as the aeroplanes, should cease to be.

We have received such splendid support from our advertisers, and our relations with them have been so completely amicable, that it would be unfortunate indeed if we were compelled to refuse their co-operation. It is hoped that, at the very least, we will be able to keep them with us for the Christmas number; I had in mind for that occasion an eighty-page edition, which will of course be impossible even to consider without additional advertising. I think it likely that this concession will be given to us; and if an advance appeal to the spirit of Christmas will tip the balance, I make it now.

By making the Christmas number a special one, I intend to straighten out our present system of publication, and issue the January magazine in January. This appeals to the child-like logic of my mentality, though it would startle the entire publishing world if they got to hear of it; however, they could do with a little startling. I have long been irritated by seeing dates for a month, week, or day ahead on current publications; it is sufficiently difficult for me to remember what day or what date it is, or even have any idea of the time, without these additional complications. The worst case in my experience occurred one evening in mid-October, when, happening to glance at a bookstall in town, I saw a magazine with the date "January 1943" boldly displayed on the cover. I had a sudden nasty feeling that I had been suffering from amnesia for nearly three months. Frantically, I tried to recall the last memory in my mind before the blackout had taken place. It was of walking along Main Street with another man. I wondered what I had been doing all this time.

Then, glancing beside me, I saw that the man with whom I had then been walking was still there. It seemed unlikely that he had been following me about for three months.

I questioned him on this.

He replied that, to the best of his recollection, he had been with me only half-an-hour. He added, I thought unnecessarily, that it certainly seemed like a life-time. We decided to ask the first passer-by what month it was. This turned out to be an aged, kindly man, who confirmed that it was still October, and even supplied a piece of gratuitous information to the effect that it was half past eight. We thanked him, and walked gravely on; "Richard was himself again."

It is to avoid this sort of sudden jolt in the lives of *Prairie Flyer* readers that I am synchronising its apparent and its actual date.

Until information appears to the contrary, we are proceeding on the assumption that the next issue will consist of eighty pages. A lot of additional copy will be required, and I hope that our contributors will pour this on me like the gentle rain from heaven.

—T.M.

Listen to the  
**N.H.L. Hockey Games**



over

**CHAB**

**Saturdays at 7 p.m.**

*Sponsored by*  
**IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY LTD.**

# Attention! Air Force Men

SHOP AND SAVE AT THE

## Army & Navy Dept. Store

MOOSE JAW'S BIG, BUSY, UNDERSELLING DEPT. STORE

TWO FLOORS OF STYLISH QUALITY MERCHANDISE  
 FOR YOURSELF, FAMILY OR FRIENDS

**SPECIAL FOR SERVICEMEN: A 10% DISCOUNT ON YOUR  
 PURCHASES HERE — BUY AND SAVE**

WE DO SELL FOR LESS  
**ARMY & NAVY**  
 DEPARTMENT STORE LTD. MOOSE JAW

Satisfaction Guaranteed — Goods Exchanged — Money Refunded!  
 Come Every Day — New Bargains on Sale Daily!



# THE Padre's LETTER

DEAR FRIENDS,—

This month, as again an opportunity is offered to communicate with you in the pages of the *Prairie Flyer*, I would stress my desire to be as helpful as possible, especially to members of the families of married men of our Unit. The Padre should hold himself in readiness at all times freely to offer his services, especially in the matter of marriages, baptisms and churchings. In the event of marriage the bride quite often prefers that her own local rector should officiate, but whenever possible I would express willingness to help. Local churches are numerous and it is often far easier for mothers to take their children there rather than come to the Station Church, but if there are any cases where members of our married families have not taken their child to the church to be baptised I would urge that the matter be dealt with as soon as possible. If at any time, in any way, I can be of service in these matters, I will be delighted to do everything in my power.

*The Station Choir.*—During the last two or three weeks this choir has been formed and is tackling in a very healthy fashion some church music. The two parade services at which the choir recently helped were certainly bright and made more enjoyable by their presence. It is not intended that this should be solely a church choir; it is hoped that its activities and scope will be enlarged, so that it will develop into a recognised camp activity, to play a real part in camp life and entertainment. Any men who feel that they would find pleasure in singing would be heartily welcomed by the other members, although membership must perforce be limited to about twenty.

*The Station Library.*—It was hoped that it would have been possible to announce the addition of a large number of new books to our library in this letter, but they have not arrived on the station yet. Many are on order though, which will most probably be in the library by the time the magazine is published. I would remind you all to make good use of the suggestions book, which is kept in the library.

That finishes the various matters I wished to mention and in closing I would like to quote the words, in a letter to his mother, of a young American Army Air Corps pilot, who was shot by two Japanese as he bailed out. He was a member

of the Philippine Air Force, and on January 27th of this year was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for gallantry.

“Greetings, my darling Mother:

“Sitting here tonight, with my feet perched on a table, I finished the ‘Life and Works of Dwight L. Moody’; and it utterly makes me quake at the thought of my unworthiness to be away from active Christian service, which I love so greatly. I long for that day soon when I can return to civilisation and people ‘who understand the deeper things of life’. Darling mother, I am so glad I was born of you and Dad. Nothing I have yet done has brought the credit to you that is due for all those years of toil and patient understanding which you willingly imparted to us. But I still have hopes of doing some small thing of worth in payment of the never-ending debt I owe to you.

“I appreciate the sermon you sent to me, but it will not be the same as if you were sitting by my side. Thinking back, I remember the look that would be in your eyes when I was accomplishing some good. Never shall I be thankful enough for all this early training. My desire now is to give to others some of that which you helped place in my life. Tomorrow is a new day and I look forward anxiously. . . . ‘I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me’—If anything should happen this will carry us through.”

A letter of this nature will mean a great deal to a mother, or a friend, especially when separated by so many adverse circumstances. So many people look upon the Christian Life as an Insurance Policy, taken out against unseen vague possibilities of the unknown future, when really it is an Assurance Policy, making us men who are confident and bold at all times. As St. Paul writes:

“Being confident of this very thing, that He hath begun a good work, and you will perform it” . . . . “and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds.”

. . . . And thus as Christmas draws nigh and we despatch our letters to our loved ones and friends at home to reach them at that time, let us have a message of confidence and peace from our own hearts resting quietly in His Love.

Your sincere friend and Padre,

MAURICE S. FLINT.

## An Old Wives' Tale

SCENE:—A Local Hostel, Thursday  
Afternoon.

"Oh, there you are, my dear! How are you? I just met Mrs. Jones on the street. My, she *does* look well. Tells me that Helen has a visitor this week-end. Surprises me, I've never known her have one before."

"Well, fancy that now. Helen always was a bit of a stick in the mud. I wonder if it's an airman? What a story if it was! Oh, look, there's Mrs. Smith, I must have a word with her."

"Hallo, Mrs. Smith. My, you *do* look well. And how's the baby? Jenny just told me that she met Mrs. Jones and Helen is having a visitor this week-end. Wouldn't be surprised if it was an airman. After all, Helen's not been out with anybody for a long time."

"Oh? That's very interesting. I've been wondering when she was going to come out of retirement. Still, I don't think she can expect very much with *her* figure. Ah, there's Molly Brown. Must have a word with her about that pullover she's knitting for Bert. 'Bye.'"

"Hallo, Molly. How's the pullover coming along? That's splendid. I've got a lovely piece of gossip for you. Helen Jones is having an airman down for the week-end. From thirty-two, I expect. Isn't it a scream? I was wondering when she was going to hook one of them. Heaven knows, she's been trying hard enough for the last two years."

"You don't say? Helen Jones and an airman, eh? She always told me she wouldn't go out with an airman unless he was at least a Sergeant, but it'll be some LAC. I expect."

"Oh, Lucy, I've been looking for you all over, my dear. Have you seen the show this week? George said it was pretty ropey so we didn't go. Guess what Mrs. Smith just tells me! Helen Jones has an airman coming in from thirty-two for the week-end. I was just saying she always wanted a Sergeant, but no doubt it's an LAC."

"No! Well, he doesn't show much taste I'm sure. I thought it was about time she gave up altogether. There's Betty—I *must* tell her about this. She'll be tickled to death. Helen was her biggest rival before she married Jimmy, you know."

"I say, Betty. I've just heard the most priceless piece of news. Not that I'm

one to gossip, mind you, but Helen Jones has an airman coming in for the week-end. An LAC. from thirty-two. What do you think of that?"

"Goodness. Well, it's about time, that's all I can say. I could never see what Jimmy used to see in that girl. Used to meet her on the 'bus, you know. Said she was one of the few intelligent girls he'd known in this town. I ask you! Never got more than five out of ten in any subject while she was at Normal with me. Just a minute—I've got it! Jimmy said he came home the other night with LAC Swinburne and he was going to the Jones's for supper! Well, well. Helen Jones and Jack Swinburne. I never would have thought it. I must tell Jimmy about *that*. I know he dislikes him intensely and it will do him good to know the sort she goes around with. I say, there's Mary Green. I've simply got to tell her."

"Mary, Mary, I've got something for you. Helen Jones and Jack Swinburne are going around together! It's a fact! I wonder if there's an engagement in the offing?"

"How thrilling. She must only be about the fifteenth he's been going with since he got here. Wait until I tell Alice. My dear, she'll be *thrilled*. She's been trying to make a match for Helen for years. There she is now."

"I say, Alice. It's happened! Helen Jones has a young man at last! Almost engaged, I hear. I feel so happy for her, and I bet you do, too. Who is it? Oh, my dear, you'll *never* guess. No! No!! No!!! It's Jack Swinburne. You know, LAC. Swinburne from thirty-two. Yes, that's right, that's him. Aren't you just tickled to death?"

"You *don't* say. And behind my back, too. I really must ring her up and congratulate her, though. I must be the first one to do that. Pardon me while I dash off."

RRRRRRR RRR ing!

"Hallo. Is this Helen? Oh, Mrs. Jones. I just rang up to congratulate her on her engagement to LAC. Swinburne."

"What? Well, I don't know so much about that; but just a minute, I'll get her. She's upstairs right now making up a room for a girl friend who's coming down from Swift Current for the week-end."

MEEAOW!

T. S. M. G.

# A BIT OF All Right

At school we were taught to look upon Faraday, Clark Maxwell, Graham Bell and the other johnnies who fiddled about with bits of wire and copper balls as Benefactors of the Human Race. Some of us retained that illusion until soon after we arrived in this country. Canada destroyed it (Canada destroys all one's illusions).

In England when you read about the marvellous telephone system on the North American continent (you probably thought of the whole darned place as being covered with wire, like a chicken run) you said to yourself: "It must be grand to live over there, with everybody in contact with everybody else. All your friends within reach of the receiver; no confusion in your private arrangements; no doubts about dates—by Jove, why was I born on this benighted island?"

Your first impressions of Canada seemed to confirm that attitude. As you had expected, pretty well everybody had a telephone. You met chaps who could show you little books full of figures—the 'phone numbers of girls they knew. That, you thought, was civilisation.

You still felt that way when you met Angeline.

Let us reconstruct the scene. You meet Angeline at Temple's. After about half a dance the two of you sit in Crescent Park and watch the swans go by in the blue dusk (you were always fond of swans). You talk to her for a time about the Old Country (pubs, Professor Joad, real houses, etc.). Then, when you are contemplating action, she invites you to come home with her—you know she means it in a decent way, as she is obviously not That Sort of a Girl.

"Who's at home?" you ask, a bit nervously, being one of those people who are Afraid of Parents.

"Just Maw and Pop."

"H'm", you say reflectively.

She then casually adds that Maw and Pop have probably gone to bed. "Yes", you say, "parents *should* be in bed at this hour."

She doesn't know it, of course, but a little voice inside you keeps saying,

"This is a Bit of All Right": As a matter of fact, there are two little voices inside your head, one Wicked and the other Good. While the Wicked Voice keeps whispering "This is a Bit of All Right", the Good Voice (known to padres and such like as Conscience) insists on interrupting with "You cad, ffolliott-ffrench—you cad!"; and although you know that the Good Voice is Right you still listen to the Wicked Voice, that being Human Nature.

"Come in," she says. You climb several wooden steps and enter a mysterious dark room where you promptly trip over some metal object, uttering a Bad Word which you hope she doesn't hear. When the light goes on, you recognise the metal object as one of those 342 gadgets Without Which No Canadian Home Is Com-

... by J.H.M.

plete. "It's a waffle whisker," she says simply.

"Yes," you say, rubbing your knee and hoping she isn't going to make waffles (for you Never Know with Canadian girls). "Yes."

The conversation stops here for a time while you rub your knee and stare lovingly at the waffle whisker. Then, "That's what I like about this country," you say, "You're thoroughly twentieth-century, if you know what I mean. Waffle whiskers and telephones. Especially telephones. In England—a small country, as you are constantly reminding us—friends are lost to one another when they are not in sight, whereas in this land of great distances and wide open spaces they are linked all the time by electric wires. You certainly know how to use the gifts of science."

She looks at you a little oddly, being used to people who speak no more than three words at a time. "Sure," she says.

"Good show," whispers the Wicked Voice. You edge up a little nearer on the chesterfield. "Think we shall have a White Christmas?" you ask. She is about to say "Sure" when the 'phone bell rings.

She jumps from the chesterfield, and a conversation begins. You listen to it, having no option unless you sneak away into the dim back of the house and fall over more waffle whiskers. It is, to English ears, an odd conversation, for it goes like this:

• Continued on following page

## A BIT OF ALL RIGHT

• *Continued from page 9*

"Sure" . . . "Sure" . . . "Yeah" . . . "Yeah"  
 . . . "Sure" . . . "Sure" . . . "OK".

After the first fifteen minutes she turns to you—you are reading the *Funnies*—and says, "It's Wilbur". You nod as though Wilbur (people are *often* given that name in Canada) were an old friend of yours; but all the time the Wicked Voice is saying, "Who the hell is Wilbur? Hope he doesn't come here and spoil a Good Thing." As the conversation proceeds, you begin positively to hate Wilbur. Probably wants to call on Angeline while her parents are asleep. The cad!

They continue for another quarter of an hour, by which time you have read all the leaders in the *Times-Herald* and are tackling the Personal column. You note that Mr. and Mrs. Homer K. Fishwhacker have gone to Regina for the week-end to join their daughter, Miss Penelope Fishwhacker, and you are trying to fit this fact into your picture of the contemporary world when you discover, with surprise, that the conversation has ended.

"That was Wilbur," says Angeline.

"Yes," you say, rather weakly, wondering who the heck Wilbur is. "What were we taking about?"

You have both forgotten but, as you don't want to talk, this doesn't matter. Just as you are manoeuvring into position, the darned 'phone rings a second time. "Excuse me." You pick up the paper again. The price of wheat in 1889 was—

This time Angeline's remarks are a little more varied:

"Sure" . . . "Sure" . . . "Yeah" . . . "Huh-huh" . . . "Sure" . . . "Huh-huh" . . . "That'll be the day".

The last remark, being a whole sentence, so startles you that you lose all interest in the wheat prices for 1889. You wonder whether you ought to go over and shake hands with Angeline, but decide that this would only prolong a conversation bound to last for at least half an hour.

You then notice a book, which has got into the house by mistake. It is called "Tender Memories, or the Fragrance of Life's Autumn", and is very Soulful. At page 35 you discover, again with surprise, that Angeline has hung up. The Wicked Voice is getting pretty excited by this time.

"That was Grandmaw," explains Angeline. "She wanted to know about little Nellie's pain."

You suppose that little Nellie is Angeline's sister, and you are right.

"Grandmaw's making a kimono for little Nellie."

"That's nice of her," you say.

You are just Getting Down To It when the bell goes for the third time.

"Sure" . . . "Sure" . . . "Huh-huh" . . .

You feel like grabbing the receiver and reciting a passage from "Hiawatha," but having been Brought Up in a Good Home you sit there quietly and read about Two Little Flowers in the Garden of Youth.

For some strange reason, this conversation lasts only twenty minutes. "That was my girl-friend Snookie," says Angeline, again organising herself on the chesterfield. She adds that Snookie Goes About with a chap from your camp—"fellow named Bill". You finally fix him down as an ACH/Choirboy. "He's over at her place now," she says.

Suddenly a great idea comes into your mind. You picture this Bill and Snookie sitting on the chesterfield just as you two are sitting and you say, with malicious glee, "Will you do something for me, please?"

"Yes," she says, rashly. "What?"

"Will you ring them up every five minutes for a joke? Keep interrupting them. Ask her if she's been to the movies and then ring again and ask her if she's going tomorrow. That sort of thing."

"Snookie would be mad at me," she says. "Besides it's too late."

With a shock, you discover that it's midnight (or "midnite", as the Canadians have it). "My godfathers!" you say, remembering that you can't afford a taxi. "I really *must* flee."

Your last glimpse of her is with her lips to the receiver. "It's Snookie again," she explains. "Goodnite."

"Goodnight . . ."

Living in the Twentieth Century, you say to yourself jingly as you dash for the bus. "The Gifts of Science. Hell!" But later, lying in your bunk, you begin to glow with virtue. You are, you feel, a person of whom the Padre would Approve—a Little Flower in the Garden of Youth.

The Good Voice, the stifled protesting Good Voice, has won.

# ... Things We Want to Know

Who is Little Annie?

Is it true that a certain sergeant goes to bed with 252's in his pyjamas pocket, so that he can put anyone who talks back to him in his dreams on a charge?

How much extra messing could you get for the price of a new organ?

Who is the Gestapo chief in the Officers' Mess?

Who was the airman seen dancing at Temple's, with a pair of lady's silk stockings hanging out of his tunic pocket?

Who turned the steam on?

How many airmen paid for admission to the dance at Briercrest?

Is it true that lacrosse nets are being used on duck-shooting expeditions?

Which airman saw a Stirling Bomber loop the loop?

Is it true, also, that he tried to gate-crash a recent meeting of the Entertain-

ments Committee, but was politely requested to beat it?

Who is Trader Horn?

Did he really return a salute which an airman gave to an officer, with whom the celebrated hunter happened to be walking?

Who was the airman who gave a left-handed salute because he was carrying a roll of linoleum under his right arm?

Which wireless operator, when on duty at the telephone exchange, received a call for the wireless section, plugged it through, and then ran across the road to answer it?

How to produce a play in half an hour?

Do the cooks on night-shift select the film programmes now?

Does anyone *ever* turn up for a choir-practice at 0730 hours?

Where do flies go in the winter-time?

## HERITAGE OF BEAUTY

### Whose Woods These Are

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village, though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse will think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

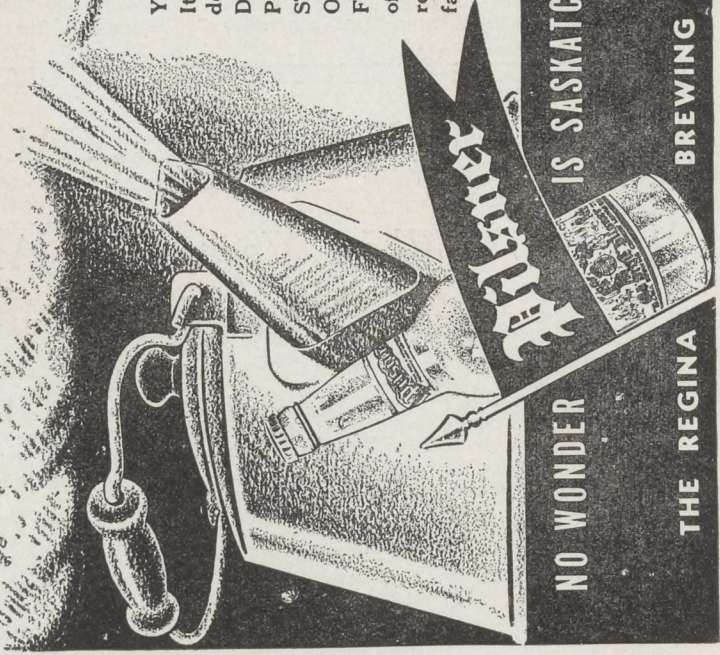
He gives his harness bells a shake,  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

ROBERT FROST.

**WHY DO WE DISTIL OUR WATER?**  
**YOUR KETTLE TELLS THE STORY!**

You know what happens to your tea kettle. It becomes encrusted with scaly mineral deposits from the water. That's why we DISTIL every drop of water used in brewing PILSNER, NUT BROWN ALE and ROYAL STOUT. And remember, PILSNER IS THE ONLY SASKATCHEWAN BEER BREWED FROM DISTILLED WATER. That's just one of the reasons why, year after year, PILSNER remains Saskatchewan's most popular and fastest selling beer.



206

IS SASKATCHEWAN'S FASTEST SELLING

**BEER**

BREWING COMPANY LIMITED

NO WONDER

THE REGINA

# BITS and PIECES

## ENGLISH IS AN EASY LANGUAGE

"Is you de judge ob reprobates?"

"Well, Madam, I am the probate judge, if that is what you mean."

"Yassuh, dat's it, Ah specs. Well, Mistuh Judge, it's lak dis—mah husband has done died detested, and lef' me with seven little infidels, and Ah wants to be appointed as de executioner!"

A hard-drinking man was entering the village pub; and the vicar, who had seen him go in too often before, approached him and said:

"My man, do you know that every time you go in there, Satan follows you in?"

"Well, if he does," said the drunk, "he'll pay for his own!"

"How do you like my new evening dress?"

"I can't wait till you get up from the table."

A young lady, her mother, an Italian officer and a Nazi trooper were riding in the compartment of an Italian train which went through a tunnel. As soon as darkness enveloped the car, a kiss was heard, followed by a sharp slap. When the train emerged into the sunlight, the passengers' thoughts were these: (1) The Nazi—Those mad, romantic Latins. How dare he kiss that girl? And how cowardly to try it only in the dark! (2) The young lady—The nerve of him, trying to kiss my mother. (3) The mother—So they'd kiss my daughter, would they? Well, I raised her properly, and I'm glad she took the right action. (4) The Italian—It was worth kissing my hand, just for the opportunity of slapping the German.

"Oh doctor," said the young lady, "will the scar show?"

"That, Madam," said the doctor, "is entirely up to you."

An optimist is a man who thinks his wife has cut smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house.

Scotsmen invent most of the jokes against them, I believe, so they won't mind this one.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman went out for a good time. The Englishman spent five pounds, the Irishman spent four pounds, and the Scotsman spent the evening with them.

"Does your husband ever kick you around?"

"No, he has an artificial limb."

"So he doesn't kick you?"

"No. He just takes it off and socks me over the head with it."

Two very cute nurses, slipping in late, meet two young internes.

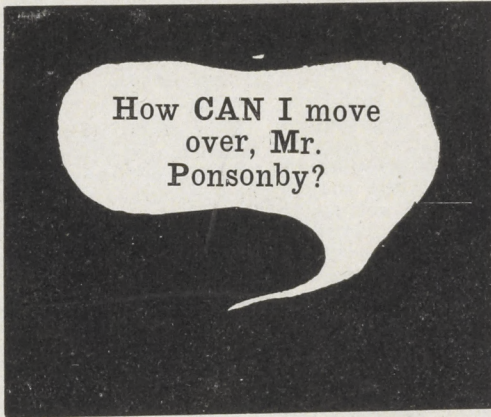
"Shh—we coming in after hours!"

Two Internes—"That's O.K. We're going out after ours."

She was peeved and called him "Mr". Not because he went and kr., But because just before As she opened the door This same Mr. kr. sr.

## THE NEW INCOME TAX FORM

- How much did you make last year?
- How much do you have left?
- Send B.



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

# Excerpts from THE BOOK OF THE GEN MEN

*(This is the third extract, unavoidably held over last month. It is also the last; but others may come to light.)*

And so it came to pass at the sixth hour in the land of Raf at the place called A-ir-werks that a great commotion was heard. In each and every bivouac much coughing, stumping and rattling greeted the morn. For had not the clarion call resounded, yea, and been supplemented by the hoarse cries of him they call Orderly Dog? In the streets of the nearby city, ere the taverns opened, the afflicted would cry "Alms, for the love of Allah!" but stranger cries heralded the new day in A-ir-werks. "Wakee, wakee!", "Let's be 'aving thee!" and even "Hit thou the deck" jolted the slumbering erks out of their blissful dreams. Such was tradition.

And behold it was seen on this particular day, that which has been called The Day of Much Bull, that many who were thus rudely aroused complained each unto the other, "Beloved mates, verily is this a bind." And yet again were there others who did sigh fretfully, "War is Hell!" But it availed them nothing, for had not the Prophet said, "He-with-the-Golden-Halo" (which the cursed infidel calleth Scrambled Eggs) "shall come amongst ye on the second day at a prescribed time, and woe, woe to him that shall be found wanting!"

And as eventide drew near, when the Great Doors had at last been closed and the Winged Tyrants duly ushered in by the fussy Tractor, they did hie themselves to their respective places, which rejoiced in no name but were lettered merely, A or B, or in the like manner, even unto P. And within these places, he who has charge and waveth wildly the 252 had laboriously compiled certain Lists, garnered the Brooms and the Mops and the Dusters, and behold, at his behest they prepared the way for him who would come on the morrow. And many were the lamentations, as the

water flowed and the dust flew and the honest sweat trickled. For in accordance with the custom, they were confined until the Written Chit (which is as a talisman to those who guard the outer gates) had certified their cleanliness in the bed-space, their neatness in the lockers, and their industriousness in the ablutions.

And as the hour approached, he came, he saw, and great was the trepidation lest he frowned. And some there were who had foolishly ignored the ritual; whereupon, being taxed with their omission, they did rent their garments and cry plaintively, "Of a truth, I have but recently arrived! Your pardon, Sir, I did not know." But, alas, their ignorance, feigned or otherwise, carried no conviction, and duly did they repent their indiscretion to the tune of "Three Days' Privs.", an old song of A-ir-werks.

And there were others who did pass muster, and rejoiced and were exceeding glad, as is the way with those who have not incurred the wrath from above. Their houses were swept and garnished, and when he walked in their midst he found them favourable in his discerning eye.

And they went their several roads, in the highways and the byways, resplendent in their sense of righteousness; each with his saintly aura, though some, it must be confessed, had too a strong aura of wine about their happy breathing. But this was looked on with a kindly eye; for has not the wise Persian written of

*"The Grape that can, with logic absolute,  
The two-and-seventy jarring sects  
confute"?*

And it is also written in the books of the Prophet, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." And as in other spheres, so in the land of Raf is it equally true—"By their fruits ye shall know them!"

—M. G. H.



By rail there are two classes of travel—first class and with children.

—Robert Benchley.

A man who takes care of the pennies and expects the pounds to take care of themselves must have a very rich uncle.

THIS ENGLAND . . . a new series



THE LOCK, SONNING-ON-THAMES

**Ask Us**  
 about  
**GENERAL MOTORS**  
**"CAR**  
**CONSERVATION**  
**PLAN"**



*WE* are authorized agents for General Motors Car Conservation Plan—experienced, and equipped to save gas—cut tire wear—make your car run better and last longer!

Come in and see us. Let us help you to conserve your car and save money!

**CENTRAL**  
**MOTOR CO.**  
**LTD.**

168-178 High St. West  
 Phone 4246

**To**  
**the Past Dwellers**

Where the wild Indian  
 Buried his dead  
 The far-hunted buffalo  
 Stamped overhead;

Rode here the painted brave  
 Through river-narrows  
 Fast from his enemy's  
 Perilous arrows.

Now on the hill beyond  
 At fall of dark  
 Old tribal ghosts appear,  
 Kindle a spark,

Round an unearthly fire  
 Chant songs of war,  
 Dance as no spirits danced  
 Ever before;

Back from their hunting grounds  
 In the wide sky  
 Come ancient chieftains who  
 Learned how to die;

Eagles were they, untamed,  
 Sudden and strong;  
 Proud in their panoplies.  
 But death is long,

And fades their memory,  
 Fades into ghosts  
 All the great hunters and  
 Wild battling hosts.

Nothing of theirs remains  
 Now in our day;  
 Gone is their savage skill,  
 Ended their way.

And to what purposes  
 Did we destroy  
 Their tribal histories,  
 Their pain, their joy?

The dreary expressions  
 Of our intent  
 Have built to stupid greed  
 A monument.

But rest, rest, wild Indian,  
 Rest where you lie;  
 Though we usurp your place,  
 We, too, will die.

PETRONIUS ARBITER, JR.

The moon affects the tide and the untied.

# On With the Dance!

## • ROUND-BY-ROUND ACCOUNT OF PREPARATIONS

1100—Three men converge on the Station Cinema from different directions. They are going to prepare it for the dance.

1101—The door of the Cinema is found to be locked.

1102—The air around the door becomes noticeably blue.

1105—The three men make three suggestions as to where the key might be.

1106—They argue about it.

1110—They are still arguing about it.

1114—A fourth man arrives, who knows where the key is. He goes away to get it.

1115—The three men stand around and freeze.

1120—The fourth man returns. It appears that he didn't know where the key was, after all.

1124—Having emptied the vials of their scorn on the fourth man, the three originals go away to follow out their own ideas.

1130—One man comes back, mutters cryptically "It was *him* again", and inserts the key in the lock. It is the wrong key.

1131—The fourth man suggests facetiously that possibly the key is all right, but it is the wrong lock. He is met with a murderous silence.

1135—Another man comes back. He has two keys with him, and the second one fits. He throws one away.

1140—They are standing in the middle of the floor, surveying the Cinema. None of them seem to like it.

1145—The third of the three pioneers comes in, and says hadn't they better leave it till after dinner?

1146—The Cinema is deserted.

1327—A member of the band enters, and starts to play boogie-woogie on the piano.

1330—George arrives. He pauses at the doorway, says dramatically "My God!", and enters with the air of one going to his martyrdom.

1331—George has ascended to the balcony, and is wistfully surveying the debris of former entertainments. Other men come in, and he says to each as he arrives, "Have you seen Ernest?" They reply either rudely or not at all.

1335—A mound of coloured paper, glue, artificial flowers, pieces of string,

stapling machines, posters, and old copies of the *Overseas Daily Mail* enters the Cinema. This is Ernest.

1337—George says, "Where is the carpet?"

1338—Ernest says it has nothing to do with him, or with George, or with anyone else in their circle of acquaintance, where the carpet is or even if there is any carpet.

1340—An argument ensues, in which nine men become involved.

1349—A man goes away to see about the carpet, and the others return unwilling to their labours, muttering in their beards or where their beards would be if they had them.

1356—A strange quiet has settled over the Cinema. This is suddenly broken by the five members of the band who are now present playing five different tunes on five different instruments.

1600—George begins to perform miracles of decoration with pieces of coloured paper, and says happily that he doesn't see how they can expect it to be ready in time for the dance.

1601—A perfect horde of men occupies the Cinema. A corporal with them says that they have come to "do the floor".

1602—One of them announces darkly that, as far as he is concerned, he was only told to "do the lights". His statement is complicated by the fact that nobody understands what he means.

1603—An argument commences among the perfect horde.

1605—One of the band has started to sing.

1607—The carpet man comes back, and says that it was delivered to the Padre's office in error.

1608—Ernest falls over the balcony.

1609—Ernest is pulled back over the balcony railing to safety, and says that it was lucky he was holding on to something when he slipped.

1610—George questions this.

1615—George and Ernest are still arguing.

1616—All work is halted by plaintive cries from the roof of the cine-operator's box. It is discovered that two men who were up there arranging the spotlights are still up there. Someone has taken the ladder away.

1617—Nobody knows who took the ladder.

1618—It occurs to someone that, if they don't know who took it, they also don't know where it has gone.

• *Continued on following page*

## ON WITH THE DANCE !

• *Continued from page 17*

1620—A search party goes out.

1625—A man calls up encouragingly to the men on the roof that his great-grandfather went mad when left in a similar position. They fail to show any appreciation of this.

1627—George is developing a surrealistic decor which he says will be unsatisfactory without the pink elephants.

1628—Several men stop working to wonder what this means.

1635—A man comes in and says he has a barrel of beer outside and what is he supposed to do with it?

1635½—Eager crowds have surrounded him, and countless volunteers offer to take it off his hands. Some even go and help him carry it in.

1638—The barrel is discovered to be tightly sealed. All interest in it disappears. It is left to its fate in the middle of the refreshment room.

1640—A large number of workers go to tea. The Cinema is now quiet, except for the band producing a cross between boogie-woogie and Brahms, a man singing "Come Into the Garden, Maud," someone hammering in a nail, George chanting of alligators with top-hats, and weird yells from the men on the roof.

1645—The Group Captain enters. He says everything seems to be going very smoothly.

1647—Two men are arguing in fierce whispers about whether they should cease work when the Group Captain arrives. They achieve a compromise; one of them stands to attention, the other proceeds with his work of turning the bar arrangements upside down for the fifth time.

1650—The search party, now reduced to one, returns with a ladder. The shanghai victims come down, and retire in an aura of interesting language.

1701—George is now alone in the Cinema. Occasionally he says plaintively to the empty air, "Have you seen Ernest?"; he does not appear to be discouraged at receiving no answer. Presently, still a little grieved by the lack of pink elephants and alligators with top-hats, he will go away. The Cinema, silent and ghostly in the failing light, will await the hour of 2000, when it will be filled with gaiety and music, and its floor suffer gladly the intricate steps of the dance.

That is, if someone hasn't locked the door and taken the key away. T.M.

## Salute to Alfred

... by J.D.

Alfred Augustus Arthur Laud  
Was serving with the Raf abroad;  
An honest, simple-minded erk  
He did his duties with a jerk.  
He kept his buttons shining clean;  
His boots were quite the brightest seen;  
And in a simple, sprog-like way  
HE SHAVED HIS WHISKERS EVERY  
DAY.

But did it help him? Did it? Well,  
This ode will very shortly tell.  
One Monday night, face shining red,  
He knelt and polished 'round his bed,  
Then cleaned his mess-tin underneath,  
While whistling shrill between his teeth;  
Finding the whistle somewhat rude,  
Removed his teeth—and whistled nude!  
He worked till he was almost dead,  
Then washed and tumbled into bed.  
Next morning at an early hour  
He went on duty in the Tower,  
Forgetting, in his urge to slave,  
He hadn't had his morning shave,  
Until, at o-nine-forty-four,  
He panicked to the billet door;  
The hut, he saw, was all prepared  
For Groupie's tour. He grew quite  
scared.

But to his bedspace quickly sped  
And clambering upon his bed  
Extracted, from his locker slick,  
A "cut-throat" and a shaving stick.  
Then following his resolutions  
He tore outside to the ablutions.  
Working now in breathless haste,  
Applying shaving soap like paste,  
Worried far beyond due care  
He plowed on through his virgin hair.  
But ere his whiskers he had cut  
The C.O. came into the hut,  
And Alfred, razor in his hand,  
Was caught by Groupie, stern and grand.  
So Alfred, hoping to look cute,  
Whipped up a pretty neat salute;  
Then, firmly wishing he had waited,  
He found himself decapitated,  
While Groupie, with an awful roar,  
Saw Alfred's head roll to the floor.  
(And afterwards, so I am told,  
He said his blood had run quite cold;  
But it was never clearly shown  
If he meant Alfred's or his own).  
The moral of this story, then,  
Should be passed on to servicemen;  
It seems to stand beyond refuting;  
Put down your razor when saluting.  
It hurts to have your windpipe burst;  
Remember always . . . SAFETY FIRST.  
And heed the words that I have said:  
Salute, but never lose your head!

# Appreciation

PATRON: H.M. THE QUEEN.

THE  
QUEEN'S CANADIAN FUND

September 22, 1942.

The Editor,  
The Prairie Flyer,  
No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.),  
Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

Dear Sir,—

The Directors of the Queen's Canadian Fund wish to express their very sincere thanks for the generous gift that has been sent to this Fund from the Committee of the Prairie Flyer.

As you no doubt know, the operating expenses of the Queen's Canadian Fund have been privately subscribed, so contributions go forward without deduction. In Britain, our grants are administered by the Lord Mayor's Fund.

As this is a newspaper fund, we are especially gratified to receive a newspaper's contribution. May we congratulate you, too, on the evident success which enables you to make so handsome a gift from your profits.

I know we need not assure anyone at your station of the benefit your gift brings to air raid victims in the United Kingdom; but we should like to assure you that the Queen's Canadian Fund will keep up its appeal as long as the need exists, and we are confident that we shall continue to earn a generous response from Canadians.

Once more, with our most earnest thanks, and with many good wishes for the Prairie Flyer,

Yours sincerely,

SHOLTO WATT,  
Executive Director.

Head Office: 231 St. James St., Montreal — Telephone HARbour 1213



## Variation on a Familiar Theme

*(To be sung, with fitting gestures, by a  
chorus of ACHs/GD.)*

TO THE TUNE OF "PASSING BY"

There is a sergeant, far from kind;  
Was never man so apt to bind!  
If he but sees you passing by  
Your faults at once he will espy;

Your beard unshaven, buttons dirty;  
You walk just like his sister Gertie;  
Your hair needs cutting. A disgrace,  
On his parade to show your face.

His manners, voice, and ev'n his smile,  
It seems to me, are full of bile;  
I often think he must be ill,  
And needs a Little Liver Pill.

There is a sergeant, apt to bind;  
No N.C.O. is so unkind;  
And though this happy end I doubt,  
I hope I'll see him passing out!

# THE MARCH OF THE GEN-MEN

*Risoluto e Pomposo.* H. P.

*ff* *sfz* *ff* *mp* *p* *pp*

*less risoluta* *occlude gradually.* *Molto rall.*

The above is submitted as a musical epitome of the work put out by, and the staff of, our foremost department of circumlocution, the Meteorological Office. The programme is as follows:

The Gen-Men embark, with typical overconfidence, upon a complicated exposition of their dubious craft. Spurred on by their superb egotism, they reach untold heights of magniloquence, but, over-reaching themselves, they are finally overwhelmed in a sea of abstruse mathematical formulae of their own creation.

The piece ends with a dismal attempt to recapture the flamboyant spirit of the first entry.

H. P.

★ ★

## EXTRACTS FROM THE DANGEROUS DICTIONARY

**Cannon**—An instrument employed in the rectification of national boundaries.

**Envelope**—The coffin of a document, the scabbard of a bill, the husk of a remittance, the bedgown of a love letter.

**Insurance** — An ingenious modern game of chance in which the player is permitted to enjoy the comfortable conviction that he is beating the man who keeps the table.

**Patience**—A minor form of despair disguised as a virtue.

**Private**—A military gentleman with a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack and an impediment in his hope.

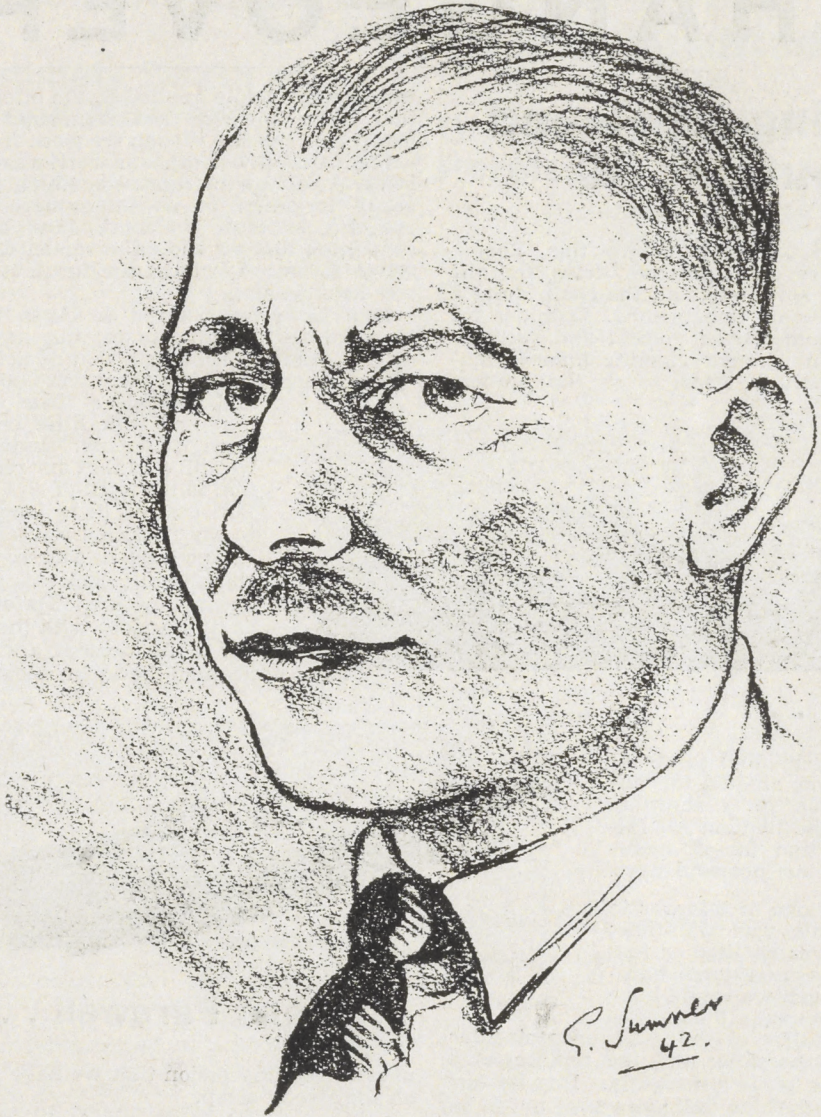
**Tenacity**—A certain quality of the human hand in relation to a coin of the realm.

**War**—A by-product of the art of peace.

The British nation can be relied upon to carry through to a victorious conclusion any struggle it ever embarks upon, however long the struggle may last or however great the sacrifice entailed, or whatever the means to be employed; and all this even though the military equipment actually in hand may be totally insufficient when compared with the equipment of other nations.

—Adolf Hitler in "Mein Kampf."

# Potted Personalities . . . No. 16



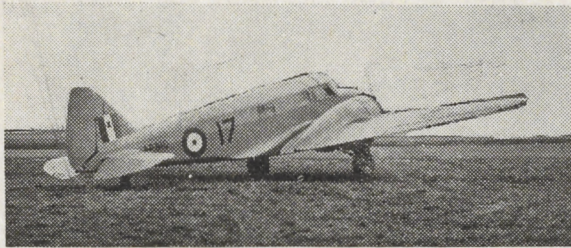
**CPL. A. E. ZAMINZKY**

Formerly of Works and Buildings, and Secretary to the Airmen's Welfare Committee

# CHANGE OVER

## Swings & Roundabouts at 32

32 S.F.T.S., Sometime this Year—Rumours and tentative dates for the change spread around the camp quite a while before it happened. Opinions for and against were voiced; and speculations on whether gigantic mass-formations would wheel over the station,



## Hail . . .

dipping in final salute as they left, created the anticipation of a show to equal the Hendon Air Pageant, that far-off memory of our peaceful days.

But none of this was to be. This was war-time; there was no time or fuel to waste on gestures, however much we would have liked to make them. The aircraft left in the most unspectacular fashion possible; and the replacements came in no less modestly. Despite our regrets that the dull skies were not to be filled with roaring air-fleets, there was something perhaps even more satisfying in the quiet, efficient process of achieving the change. No nonsense, no formalities; Rommel hadn't stopped for formalities, our forces now driving his army back did not appear to be doing so either; and

the same principle applied to the alteration here, however less significant it might be. Remote though we were from actual fields of warfare, our work was an integral part of the fight; something too easily forgotten in an atmosphere so peaceful as that of Moose Jaw; and something that we should never let ourselves forget, so long as the fortunes of war keep us here.

Men have been heard to curse the Harvard with many curses; but never on any other account than that of noisiness. Other complaints there were none, and we felt a little sad that our trim little craft were departing. Indeed, we still find that our reaction to the sight of an Oxford coming in to land is to say "Visiting aircraft"! In due time, of course, the station will look as abnormal without Oxfords as it now does with them; but at the moment, a walk through the hangars leaves



## and Farewell . . .

us with the impression that we have got on the wrong camp.

One certainty exists, though; the change will not affect the good record of 32. A change in the material with which we work will not alter the amount of energy we give to working it; our efforts will remain the same, and so therefore will our results. Carry on, 32!

## Ninetuplets at 32

### Untimely Death of Proud Mother

A Certain Barrack Block, 19/10/42.—The mother of nine babies met a sudden death here tonight, defending her unfortunate offspring. The latter died within half an hour of the passing away of their parent. The father cannot be traced, but is believed to have been in the vicinity of the tragedy at the time.

An AC, back in Camp after a weekend, decided to clean his boots (which he had left off on Friday), preparatory to the C.O.'s inspection. On inserting his hand in one of the boots, he was astonished when a mouse bit him and ran up his sleeve. Another airman approached with the intention of either killing the rodent or capturing it, and he in turn was bitten. The reason for this attack by the mouse was made apparent when further investigation revealed that in the boot were nine newly-born mice.

Scarcely an inch long, pink and furless, the infant rodents lived but a few minutes, dying in front of the astonished eyes of the airmen, many, if indeed not all, of whom had ever seen newly-born mice before.

"Mortality, behold and fear—".

## You Weren't Very Constructive

### Meagre Results to Competition

The competition announced in last month's issue, by which the P.S.I. enabled you to offer suggestions for camp improvements and get paid for doing so, produced the remarkable result of one entry. It is difficult to believe that any group of people could be so apathetic about their own welfare, but we are reaching the stage now where we are prepared to believe anything.

The competition automatically lapses; but a consolation prize of \$1.00 goes to LAC. Rose, who, incidentally, lives out of camp!

## Airmen's Requests Granted

### But Organiser Perplexed

Every Saturday afternoon, 'twixt 1300 and 1310 hours, the radio blares forth the Air Force March Past—and so begins the programme of Air Force Harmonies, by courtesy of CHAB, Moose Jaw.

And all this leads up to the sorely taxed patience and the untiring efforts of one, an LAC Teleprinter Op. who is responsible, on this Camp, for organising the above programme. He is now to be found, a forlorn figure, slumped in his chair in front of the chattering teletype machine, enveloped in an almost visible cloud of depression; for the lads won't respond.

This programme, which consists of requests from airmen, either for themselves, their sweethearts, wives, or friends in Camp and in Moose Jaw and district, is your programme. If you don't volunteer names, then the scheme will cease to operate. All you need to do is jot down your name, home town, request (and alternative) and, if applicable, for whom requested. Hand this in to LAC. J. Desmond, Signals Section, S.H.Q.—so rally, you airmen, when you have a chance to monopolise at least one radio programme!

## So Long, Sam!

Cpl. Zaminzky, a familiar figure around this camp for some time now, has been posted to Penhold. We're sorry to see him go; during his secretaryship to the Welfare Committee he did much to give that body a sense of its responsibilities, and made a very useful contribution to achieving the privileges and benefits which you are now enjoying. His abilities for constructive criticism are considerable, and we have no doubt that he will be of service at his new station in the same way.

Good luck, Sam. See you at the Peace Conference?

## New Reading

These new books have been purchased for the Station Library:

Five of the Saint Series: "Of Mice and Men", John Steinbeck's greatest novel (on order also, "Tortilla Flat"); "A Simple Story", Charles Louis Philippe; "Christ in Concrete", Pietro Di Donato; "House of Earth", Pearl S. Buck (incorporates "The Good Earth", "Sons", "A House Divided").

Thirty-five books have been gratefully received as gifts from the Canadian Legion, War Services. Some titles:—

"Whiteoak Harvest", M. de la Roche; "The Croquet Player", H. G. Wells; "Good Gestes", P. C. Wren; "The Kingdom of the Blind", E. P. Oppenheim; "Fighting Caravans", Zane Grey; "The Hidden City", Phillip Gibbs; "The Life of Nelson", Lord Southey; "The Trail of 98", R. W. Service; "The Pride of Palomar", P. B. Kyne; "A Search for America", F. P. Grove; "The Enchanted Hill", P. B. Kyne.

## JUNIOR N.C.O.'s ORGANISE

A Corporals' Club, formed to promote fellowship and good cheer among the Junior N.C.O.'s., will soon be in full swing at 32. Headquarters will be the Corporals' room in the wet canteen.

We wish the project success.

P.S.—We intend to gatecrash one of their meetings and suggest that, in view of the age of some corporals, a new classification be introduced of Senior, Junior, and Infant N.C.O.'s.

## Posting Story Untrue?

Does anyone know if F/Sgt. Blore has *really* been posted? And is it true that he requested the whole station be posted with him, as he felt we would miss him too badly?

The cheerful food-king himself refuses to talk.

If Captain Pattimore will call at the Adjutant's office at 1630 hours, he may find another parcel from Los Angeles waiting for him.

## Message of Thanks

LAC. Maynard, 977196,

Fort San, Sask., 30/10/42.

"To the Editor of the *Prairie Flyer*.

"Dear Sir,—

"During my short stay in the Station Sick Quarters at 32 S.F.T.S., I was impressed by the kindness shown to me by the M.O.'s, Nursing Sisters, and Medical Orderlies, and I would like to offer them my thanks.

"May I also express my gratitude to: G/C Morrison and S/L Negus, whose visit to me here was very heartening. The gifts they brought to me, from the P.S.I., were splendid.

"Members of the M.T. Section, for whose visits and gifts to me I cannot sufficiently express my appreciation.

"I hope to be back at the Station soon.

"Yours faithfully,

A. MAYNARD."

On behalf of those mentioned in your letter, I return thanks; and speaking for the whole personnel of 32, send our sincere wishes for an early recovery. We'll be seeing you.—THE EDITOR.

## They're Still at It

We saw another notice in the Airmen's Mess, in which reference was made to the "Dinning Hall".

It is rather noisy at times, we must agree.

We take this opportunity of denying that a WAAF named Mrs. Malaprop is to be put in charge of messing.

## JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS

The tennis-courts are taking shape nicely—now that the snow's coming on.

## WET CANTEEN NOT SO WET?

Changes to be made in the wet canteen indicate that it may soon be possible to sit in it without being haunted by a feeling that you are waiting for a train. The C.O. and the P.S.I. have cooked up the ideas for innovations between them, which seems a nice gesture.

"For this relief, much thanks."

## Marriages

YOUNG—CRUDEN: On 12/10/42 at St. Andrew's Church, Moose Jaw; BOSCO—GRATRIX: On 17/10/42 at St. George's Church in the Parish of Buffalo Lake and St. George, Sask.; ROBERTSON—CHESWORTH: On 17/10/42 at St. Andrew's Manse, Moose Jaw; THORPE—EVANS: On 24/10/42 at Regina, Sask.; WOOD—BRINSTON: On 27/10/42 at United Church, St. Andrew's, River Heights, Winnipeg, Man.; JONES—CHOMIN: On 30/10/42 at Regina, Sask.

## Births

WHITE—On 14/10/42 at Moose Jaw, a son, Gary George; EVANS—On 5/10/42 at Moose Jaw, a daughter, Barbara Rae; RUSSELL—On 9/10/42 at Moose Jaw, a daughter, Beatrice Lynn.

## JOURNEY'S END

Happy reunions for AC. Griffin, Cpl. Stotford, F/S Schofield, F/O Ord, LAC. Calvert, Sgt. Mitchell, whose wives arrived from England recently.

## Musical Moment

Congratulations to LAC. H. Padmore on his receiving the degree of Bachelor of Music from the University of Saskatchewan. There are enough savage breasts in the world to make this achievement a valuable one. . . . On Page 20 is an amusing little March which our gifted friend has written especially for the *Prairie Flyer*.

## MOST AMAZING FEAT OF THE WAR

"Aussies Sew Up Axis Unit in Pocket."  
—*Leader-Post* headline, 2/11/42.

It is announced that the new organ is intended to be purchased by money provided through subscriptions raised among the camp personnel. Those interested please communicate with the P.S.I.

## Prairie Postbag

SIR—

I wonder if you would be kind enough to publish this letter from a lonely widow?

Three years ago, at the age of eighteen, I met a dashing young braceplug-setter from Hamilton and married him after a very brief acquaintanceship (acting, I suppose, on a girlish impulse). We set out for our honeymoon at Aneroid; but my husband, who had been drinking with his Uncle George from the time the ceremony ended, and had substituted two bottles of Scotch for his carefully-packed pyjamas, stepped out of the train somewhere near Willowbush Lake, under the impression that he was going to the toilet, and left me a widow.

So here I am—all alone in Moose Jaw. I have plenty of cash—50,000 bucks a year from the Old Man's Estate—and I can go places and do things; but something—sentiment, perhaps—holds me to Moose Jaw; and what is there in Moose Jaw for a lonely young widow to do?

As a last resort I decided to write to the *Prairie Flyer* in the hope that some airman of a sympathetic disposition would favour me with his companionship. In case any of your readers think that I look like the front of a C.P.R. locomotive, I had better put modesty aside and mention that I was elected Carnival Queen of Marquis in 1939 and have several times been mistaken for Dorothy Lamour.

So, Sir, if any young airman, himself lonely, would care to meet me at his convenience, I should feel forever grateful to your magazine. It is perhaps a small hope—I know how busy all the young men are at 32, and how little time they can spare for pleasure—but my loneliness has driven me to desperation and I am in a mood to clutch at straws. Anything, I tell myself, would be better than this terrifying emptiness.

Will some young man take pity on me, please?

Yours, etc.,  
GWENDOLEN.

(Our correspondent's full name and address may be had on request from the editor.)

Never run after a 'bus or a woman—another will be along any minute.

## Notes by the Way

It's very odd the things you hear apparently sane airmen saying as they approach you and pass, whilst they are in conversation with a friend.

On the camp roads, in the last two days, I gathered these:

"... a beard and green spats ..."

"... always boils kippers, and then ..."

"... ninety-seven duplicates in red ink ..."

"... he lost ten dollars so he was six in pocket ..."

What does it all mean?

Recent service medical report about me says I have "defective visual acuity."

For years and years I thought it was just bad eyesight ...

**NOTE TO PUPIL PILOTS.**—When you've qualified for your wings, please, please don't think that you have also qualified to ignore flying regulations during the additional flying hours on your course. You may be tired of hearing this, but it is impossible to stress it too often; destroying an aircraft is bad war economics; destroying yourself and perhaps others because you think it smart to contravene regulations made by men who've flown a lot longer than you, is lunacy. Aircraft can be replaced; you cannot. Outsmarting people is all very well; but you finish up outsmarting yourself. Remember the promising careers which have been tragically ended, some at this station; and resist an impulse which everybody understands but nobody can excuse. **KEEP TO THE RULES.** D.G.

## THOUGHT

Anyone who knows how to turn a top hat into a moose could do quite a job on the tails of our new aircraft ...

Table-tennis tournaments are being held, and the matches take place in the airmen's canteen on Thursday evenings at 1930 hours. Your support is needed.

## How to Get Promotion ...

### and Influence People

*By an Accounts N.C.O.*

Always tell an officer the truth no matter how much it hurts.

Butt in when he's talking to you. Show him you have better ideas of your own.

Contradict him on every turn, even though you think he may be right.

Show him you have great arguing powers.

Disagree with all he tells you.

Take everything you have for his signature in to him just before he goes to tea.

Loudly deplore any decision he makes, at the top of your voice to make sure he hears you.

Whenever he comes in, always be found sitting around doing nothing.

Follow the above directions, and if records don't promote you, nobody will.

## Strange New Drug

If this story is true, we don't know where it happened, but it was less than a million miles away.

The dispenser was out. The doctor was a specialist, but not in chemistry. However, he decided that he would mix the patient's medicine himself.

So he doodled about with various bottles, and produced a foul-looking mixture; which he presented proudly to the patient, with instructions to shake the bottle well and take a soup-spoonful (or something) every three hours.

Half an hour later, a timid voice spoke to him over the telephone.

"Excuse me, sir," it said, "but is this medicine you made for me supposed to give off a greenish-coloured smoke when you open the bottle?"

The doctor has returned to specialising.

The parade to boost the Line-Shooting for Victory Campaign soon to be held in Moose Jaw will, we hear, be led by Captain Pattimore.

## News Section

### A BIT ODD, ISN'T IT?

On the desk in the S.W.O.'s office, we discovered a piece of paper on which was written this cryptic message:—

"W/O Woods, S.W.O., found on unpacking one of our boxes."

We are inclined to doubt if he really arrived in this way. A further report will probably be available for our next issue.

### STARTLING TRANSFORMATION

"I have just read the second yarn about Jake and the Kid. . . . I think it is quite marvellous how this writer makes a story so like a boy. . . ."

—Correspondent in *Macleans*.

*It would be pretty marvellous, at that. Most of the stories we know are like stories.*

---

# + Life in the SICKERY

---

Since our last edition, there have been changes within our gates. F/L. Fridjohn and Cpl. Barlow have left us, and with them go our heartiest good wishes for the future. To fill this breach in the medical ramparts of this station have come F/L. Lee and Cpl. Fox, both of whom we welcome in the hope that they will like us, the Sickery, the Station, the weather, the strange flag which flies over the parade ground, and all the flotsam of World Brains which makes 32 what it is.

It is with some apprehension that your chronicler records the first signs of what we all fear may be a Gremlin invasion of the Sickery. We intend to consult that world-renowned authority on Gremlins who hides his brilliant light under the bushel of "E.H.F." on various phenomena occurring recently in the Halls of Medicine. Apparently, our golden-headed Orderly placed a perfectly whole thermometer in good working condition in its appointed pot. Half an hour later, another of our brethren, Long Tom, withdrew the aforesaid thermometer from its resting place to find that by some unknown means, the instrument had contrived to bisect its length, thus rendering it incapable for further service. Denials broke out all around. What can we say? Are there Medical Service Gremlins? Enlightenment is needed.

A few of the lower amoeba in the Sickery have taken to smoking cigars, in the hope that the flaunting of such opulence will eventually lead to their acquisition of rank.

From what we have recently heard, we are beginning to wonder if "Doc's" wife knows the difference between a Warrant Officer and an AC2 waiter?

Wedding bells have chimed for our Kookery Kween, Joe. Of course we all wish him—and Mrs. Sp.—all the best

for the future, and sincerely hope they will be very happy. Incidentally, we heard that at the wedding feast, when called upon to speak, the blushing groom gave a speech which spread itself over a period of several hours; a sort of filibuster against anybody trying to swipe the beer. The "Doc" and several other Sickerysweeps were getting rather restless, and their thirst increased with Joe's eloquence. Finally, the strain was too great, and someone started to clap; the opportunity was too great to miss, and within an instant all was chaos. This story has a moral. I hope all the thirsty wedding guests will see it.

Someone we know in the Sickery is expecting a happy event; indirectly, of course. We believe he's already buying toys. At least, he took a kitten home with him the other evening.

A recent noise in the Sickery, resembling somewhat the cry of a tooth-brush robbed of its whelps, brought us all rushing with concern to the office, where we found the N.C.O. i/c S.S.Q. giving his latest rendering (printer's error) of that popular ballad — "Who Wouldn't Love You". A judiciously applied ice-pack followed by a tourniquet round the tonsils brought the attack to a timely close. We think it was due to over-work.

Our newest arrival, AC. P\*t\*s, reveals himself as a somewhat complex character, if "complex" could be used in this case. A mixture of Casanova and the Sweet Potato Piper would be the most adequate description, we think. And talking of new people and new acquisitions, we are wondering who will make up the medicines, etc., now that the Dispensary has been placed out of bounds—even to the ambulance driver.

Apart from these things, absolutely nothing has happened in the Sickery, which is unusual; so until next time, love from the Sisters. —O.H.

## Entertainment

A new Entertainment Committee has been formed. It is more representative than the old, and consists of one man from each hut, plus the key men who devote much of their spare time to entertainments.

*Station Dance.*—The Dance Band, led by Cpl. Turner and featuring LAC. Slack, is proving a star attraction both on and off the station. The newly formed band made its first appearance at the dance on October 22nd, when G/C and Mrs. Morrison were present to see what turned out to be the largest attendance on record. At this event presentations were made, of the City of Moose Jaw Trophy to F/L. Hibberd, who stood in behalf of the Pupils, and trophies to the Ionites, winning team in the Station Knock-out Competition. Prizes for the novelty dance, an "Applepoise" competition, went to LAC. Dixie and Miss Colledge, of Moose Jaw; and they deserved it. Their task was more difficult than William Tell's; he only had to put an arrow through an apple, not dance with one balanced on his head! This dance was M.C'd. by Cpl. Stephens, and decorations were by our ever-inventive LAC. Sumner.

At the next dance, on October 28th, we saw the introduction of a Refresh-

ment Bar, a feature organised mainly by Sgt. Cooper. It was a very successful dance, and the Bar much appreciated. Decorations were by LAC's. Sumner and Coane. The spotlight novelty was won by Cpl. McGann and Miss Betty Brown of Moose Jaw; and at November 4th's station dance the novelty item, a statue and tableaux affair, was won by LAC. Honour and Miss Pearl Pilgrim of Moose Jaw.

These dances are to be held regularly; it is hoped weekly, but in any case not less than twice a month. Special dances, of which announcements will appear on D.R.O's., will be held on occasion.

*Gramophone Recitals.*—These are to be given twice monthly by Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., on Thursdays; the next recital being scheduled for November 26th. An innovation is intended; which is to have Mr. Wickens at the microphone giving details of the recordings he plays for us.

A condensed catalogue of his remarkably fine collection may be perused in the Airmen's Library, where a Requests Book for these programmes is also available for your use.

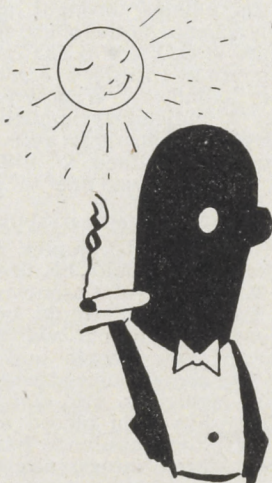
*Discussion Group.*—We hope to get this going soon, with speakers called upon from the lists provided by the Canadian Legion. The first speaker will be Dr. Powers, R.C.M.P., on "Criminology", and this will be followed by, among other subjects, "China, Our Ally", "Africa", and "War Today".

*Concert Party.*—The Romany Revels, under the direction of F/L Williams, open their first show next week (see D.R.O's. for date) and hope to produce shows once a month.

Work is proceeding on a production of "Thark", which it is hoped will be staged in about mid-December. F/L Forbes is in charge.

Our thanks are due to P/O Crampton, for the cine-show he gave to an audience of over 200 airmen, who wanted more when it was finished; and this he has promised to give them at a later date.

### THE STIFF SAYS:



"I'm browned off with this place already."

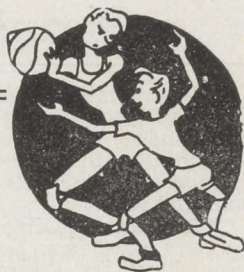
The fog comes  
on little cat feet.

It sits looking  
over harbour and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on.

—Carl Sandburg.

# SPORTS

## CHATTER by the SPORTS OFFICER



### Soccer

The station soccer team finished the season on a high note with a double victory over Swift Current. We beat them rather easily on our pitch to the tune of 6-1, and a fortnight later travelled to Swift Current, where our team, after a hard fight, won by the odd goal in seven.

#### *Moose Jaw at Swift Current*

Our team settled down very quickly on the small pitch and did most of the attacking in the first half, but in spite of this Swift Current were first to score. However, Haughey soon equalised with a penalty shot which gave their goalkeeper no chance, and Hague put us ahead with a long range shot, which completely fooled the goalkeeper, and the scorer himself—perhaps the sun had something to do with it, but “Happy” gets all the credit!

Swift Current woke up in the second half, and before we knew what was happening, the ball was in the back of the net. Then we did a spot of attacking, and Humphreys scored with a long shot. Haughey completed our score after a neat display of passing in which we took the ball right down the field. Swift Current pressed hard and got a third goal, but in spite of their desperate efforts they could not get the equaliser, and the final whistle blew with Moose Jaw victor by 4-3 in a very pleasant and open game.

Team—Cpl. Rootes, Cpl. Spilsbury, Hansell, Gordon, Salthouse, Hague, Haughey, Hancorn, Humphreys, Hayes, Fielding.

### Basketball

The station basketball league started with a game between the Ionites and the Griffins. It was obvious that the Ionites have been doing a spot of practice for they found the basket with apparent ease. However, the Griffins have good stuff in their team and will quite possibly turn the tables in their next match. The Ionites emerged victors 26-11.

For all who think basketball is a pansy game I would ask them just to try. Perhaps the fact that the rules do not allow

tackling, etc., makes the average airman think that it is a girl's game, on par with netball. But if there is anyone on the camp who can play basketball for forty minutes full out and feel full of *joie de vivre* afterwards he is worthy of special mention. All this leads up to the unsatisfactory number of teams in the league. It is not too late to enter a team and surely it ought to be easy to get one from every two huts? It is as good a way as any of keeping fit in the winter. The court is now shortened to regulation size.

### Skating and Ice Hockey

The hockey season is nearly on top of us, and it looks as though Moose Jaw might field a senior team after all—with the help of Mossbank. We will enter a team in the Commercial League in town and perhaps get an inter-section league going, too.

### About Ice-rinks

I believe that the average person thinks that all one has to do to get an ice rink is merely to pour some water on an odd piece of ground—put a couple of boards around and hey presto!—one ice rink. Well, it might be an ice rink of sorts, but hardly one suitable for enjoyable skating. This year we are going to put up the ice rink on the north side of the Drill Hall and at the moment of writing the boards are ready but the ground still has to be levelled. Soon we can expect a smooth sheet of ice like glass (Who said “Oh Yeah?”) Anyway provided the weather is reasonably kind we shall do our best and will probably ask for some voluntary labour from time to time.

### Bowling

It has been suggested that we form a Bowling League in Moose Jaw. This, of course, is alley and not the lawn variety. I don't know how popular the game is here, but the idea is certainly worth consideration.

## Gleanings From the G.I.S.

Last month I wrote a few lines in an attempt to interest pupils in the *Prairie Flyer*. The idea was to have a section of the magazine devoted to G.I.S. news, and articles or other contributions by G.I.S. personnel. The response to this suggestion was not exactly overwhelming, but it was encouraging and this month we are starting in a small way with the material received.

And now, having started, we must keep it going. All our support so far has come from No. 65 Course, and we are relying on their continued enthusiasm and looking forward to the co-operation of the other courses, to provide an abundance of copy for the Christmas number.

SQUADRON LEADER W. C. TURNER

### The Battle of the Sea

*(This is written by a Dutch pupil now at 32 after a very exciting career in the Mercantile Marine.)*

Somewhere in England. A cosy sitting room and several people, friends of mine. I had first met them a couple of months ago when I landed in England, and I had grown fond of them. So when they gave me an invitation to come and spend my leave with them I accepted very willingly. This evening several friends came over, and we intended to keep it a quiet evening, just the sort you long for when you are away from home. An open fire, where the little flames were dancing over the coal, stirring up your imagination, an easy chair, a cup of coffee with biscuits or a piece of cake, nice friends, nice girls—even if they were the wives of your friends. What else could one desire?

We had just retired after dinner and were sitting in easy chairs, smoking our cigarettes, happy and content with life. Everybody was busy with his own thoughts. After a short while, Jack, my host, broke the silence.

"Next week you'll be on the sea again," he said to me. I nodded, blowing a puff of smoke into the air.

"Yes, I'll be quite busy again!"

There was another pause. Then suddenly, one of Jack's friends turned to me and said:

"Is it true that we lose so many ships? And if we do, why don't we do something about it?"

Something changed in the atmosphere. Instead of the lazy, contented feeling, there appeared a curious, or rather inquisitive, feeling. Everybody seemed to wake up.

I smiled. These people; day after day they heard about convoys, lost ships, etc.,

without really knowing what was going on. Their curiosity had never been satisfied by the newspapers, which stated merely the cold facts. And in me they found their chance. Somebody who had been on the sea, sailed in convoys and had been torpedoed just a fortnight

... by S.A.S.

ago. What could I do but try to satisfy their curiosity?

"To answer that question takes so much time that I probably would annoy you," I teased them. All kinds of exclamations and denials.

"Come on, Don, be a sport! I am sure it will be interesting," said Joan, Jack's wife; and who am I to resist a lovely girl's wish?

"All right, I'll answer it!" Everybody relaxed and took their easiest positions in their chairs and were all set for listening.

"Well, here is the first part of your answer. Yes, we did lose quite a lot of ships in the past months, though it is becoming better and better now. You must not forget that in a war you are bound to have losses. Especially as far as the Mercantile fleet is concerned, for it is one of the most vital forces in this war, since nearly all raw material and food has to be imported to your country. Why we lost so many? The answer is simple. Germany has prepared for this for the last twelve years. We have just started. Every new idea about convoys, new ways of attacking submarines and mines, has to be tried out. And that takes time. Especially as the Jerry himself is not as stupid as you perhaps might think. It is a mighty organisation of submarines we have to fight. They operate in large gangs. Half are in dock for repair in the different German harbours, and the other half scattered all over the seven seas. Everything for

those submarines has to be organised. The rendezvous where they have to meet their supply ships, their duties, how they will work; alone, or with anything up to four (except when they use what the Germans call the chain-method, a method they have been using quite often lately; I'll explain later what it is); reports from secret agents have to be consulted, and so on.

"The test of the British Navy now is to disorganise this plot and I can assure you that it is a tough piece of work. It means work day and night, without rest. Nice weather or bad weather. And the worst part is the mercantile fleet itself. The more speed a ship has, the less chance there is of it getting torpedoed. The trouble is that the speed of a convoy is the speed of the slowest ship. But I am jumping all over the place. I will try to tell you the several parts of convoy sailing, defending and attacking systematically.

"First of all, the defending of the ships. For the defence there are two parts; first, the Royal Navy, and second, the convoy itself.

"The Royal Navy does definitely everything she can to bring the ships safely home. Usually you'll find, as convoy escorts, corvettes; these are small vessels with high bows, a couple of guns, anti-aircraft pom-poms and the most deadly weapon against submarines,

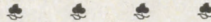
depth-charges. If there is anything Jerry hates, it is those cans filled with explosives.

"Then destroyers and auxiliary cruisers. The latter are usually passenger-ships that have been rebuilt for active service. The best of all for convoy work are, in my opinion, the corvettes. They have speed, and a high degree of manoeuvrability; it is a pleasure to see how they turn at full speed, hanging sharply over to one side. Most of them carry the 'sub-detector', a secret instrument to detect submarines. This sends out and receives wireless waves under water. If the waves hit an object, it echoes back; and the corvette receives it, takes a bearing at the same time and off she goes!

"The trouble is that if there happens to be a crowd of large fishes, the effect is the same; and the prize is several hundredweight of dead fish instead of a Jerry sub!"

There was a round of laughter at these words; and then my little audience settled down again to hear more about the battle that was going on, grimly, monotonously, even while I spoke to them.

(Next month the author will describe the methods used by corvettes, and other fascinating details of anti-submarine warfare.)



## QUIPS HEARD AMONG 65 COURSE

1st Instructor: And the weather was so thick that I had to break the glass over the instruments and fly by feeling the needles.

2nd Instructor: That's nothing; one night it was so black that I had to land by the smell of the paraffin flares!

\* \* \*

"By gosh! This kite climbs like a home-sick angel!"

\* \* \*

We hear that a certain pupil named Robin-Under-the-Hood has invented a high pressure relief valve, for speaking tubes.

## ACTION IN THE EVENT OF FIRE

1. If dual—wake your instructor and jump.
2. If solo—put out cigarette, head 'plane for C.I.'s office, and bale out.

\* \* \*

Heard in the Mess—"I went solo on ice skates last night—one circuit and six bumps!"

\* \* \*

## FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"These Oxfords can be spun after all."

Instructor: "Now watch me. I never use brakes to keep straight."

"I'm not bothered about the C.I., I have pull at C.F.S."

"That's O.K., the switches are off!"

# What do you know about weather?

## or CARE ?

One of the little things that you run into when you start flying through the air (we mean, particularly, in aeroplanes) is the law of gravity. This law, as we all know, was passed by Sir Isaac Newton way back, and has never subsequently been rescinded; so there it is, and you have to put up with it. Einstein and Max Planck and those sort of lads have, possibly, made it look a bit foolish at times; but then they've made practically everything else look a bit foolish, too, without essentially altering them as far as we are concerned; what we mean is that, although these chaps prove there's no scent in a rose, you can still smell it. We remember painfully well a splitting headache we suffered for several days after delving into these matters deeply; we discovered that there was really no time, no space, no dimensions, and no us. The last discovery seemed so frighteningly probable that we gave the whole thing up; and apart from occasional nasty moments in the silent watches of the night (or whatever you call it), and attacks of *weltschmerz* which put us under the table now and again, we have recovered and are doing very nicely, thank you.

Having got so far away from our subject, it is rather a wrench getting back to it; we would prefer to tell you just how nicely we are doing; but we started out to talk about the weather, and by heaven, we will, if you like it or not.

Most people don't. The weather is the second of those little things you run into, and as such, very unpopular. It is a wayward sort of beast, given to unpredictable tantrums and sudden kicks in the pants delivered on the unwary from all quarters. Its best behaviour is very good indeed, but it is seldom on it; and you never know when it will decide to come off. Strong men have been known to weep over it, and the organisers of children's outings to rend their garments. Nobody loves it; it is *l'enfant terrible* among all natural phenomena; and if you are not extremely careful, it will, when you are flying, get you into an

analogous position with the inexpert man on a mountain; i.e., you can't get up and you can't get down.

To guard against this, we suggest that you should study its taking ways, find out what makes it tick and how to avoid its less welcome attentions.

With this object in view, we will now give you a little misleading information about it, which you can correct by referring to the text-books provided, or not, as you prefer; but if you prefer

**Hints for the aspiring aviator; with which is included, for no reason, the author's favourite remedy for hangovers.**

not, don't come to us next time you make a forced landing five miles away from the nearest house. We will be coldly unsympathetic. (We have a portrait of ourselves being coldly unsympathetic, which may be viewed on request; one glance at it will convince you that even reading a text-book would be preferable to facing us in that mood. You have been warned.)

Consider, then, the earth's atmosphere as a huge laboratory in which Nature experiments continually with the forces therein disposed.

And, in passing, ask yourself: need you be the guinea-pig?

No two experiments are ever identical; but some of them approximate closely enough to a prototype to be grouped under the same general terms. This is a fortunate thing, leading to useful simplification. When we consider the extreme simplicity of mind noticeable in met. wallahs, who are as little children and know not, quite frequently, what they do, we are thankful that this reduction to system is possible. In our own case, for instance, we are often so bewildered by the weather that we look in amazement at anyone who asks us what it is going to do. Is that, our mournful stare implies, is that a fair question?

The types of weather that most concern us are those found in the temperate latitudes, so-called. (We add that cynical phrase because in the "temperate" latitude of 50°N we have experienced temperatures of 40°F below and 106°F above.) This is the region of travel-

• *Continued on following page*

## WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WEATHER . . . or care?

• *Continued from page 32*

ling depressions, the battlefield on which the opposing air masses, cold from the north and hot from the south, meet and, as it were, chivvy each other about. Think of the north as a dragon, and the south as St. George; and the two of them skirmishing, sending out feelers here and there, going for weeks, months, without coming properly to grips; and every so often meeting in a terrific bust-up, when the dragon comes raging down in sixty miles-an-hour blizzards.

Don't remind us, please.

From this meeting of air masses having different properties of temperature, humidity, convective stability and so forth we get those unpleasant monsters known as fronts.

Well, it was bound to come out sooner or later; and now that the word has at last appeared on the paper, we feel a lot better.

A front is the surface of discontinuity between two air masses having different properties of and so forth. They are moody creatures; they have been observed to rush down upon a station like lightning and then, with a scream of brakes, stop about fifty miles north of it for a day or so; and finally, lope off with a leisurely gait and looking an entirely different animal from the one that started out.

They are of several types, the three main ones being warm, cold, and occluded; then there are upper fronts, and fronts due to topographical features, such as the Chinook type; frontogenesis and frontolysis, or one that is just appearing and one that is disappearing; and fronts that you put in on the weather map because you might just as well do so as not. The warm front is a quite gentlemanly fellow, who gives a long warning of his approach, and often is so weak as to allow you to fly right through him; which doesn't mean that you have to go around looking for him to fly through, but that if you have to you usually can. But try to avoid the necessity; in spite of his name, the clouds associated with him often unload horrid quantities of ice on your aircraft.

When you are going to fly through a really active cold front, don't. Bumpiness, icing, gales, thunderstorms, updrafts, downdrafts, the whole works apart from waterspouts are to be expected; and, at your destination, *you* will not be expected. So nobody is go-

## Flying Wing Gen

From their newly elevated hideout the runners are now able to deliver tea more efficiently; and it is very odd how it becomes necessary for flight commanders to see superior officers at just about the time when tea is to be expected. . . . The new system of bells in the Watch Tower is working with the usual cheerfully chaotic effect of service matters; nobody seems to know which ring he should answer or where to go if he does, and spells of hide-and-seek become frequent. . . . Scavengers, bricklayers, and the local gas works are variously said to supply some people with the stuff they call herbal mixture and smoke, incredibly enough, with enjoyment. . . . It has been known for a man detailed for church parade not to be sick, on leave, on duty, or in Regina; but not very often. . . . New duplicator gives 10 copies out of 100, of which 9 are usually discarded as experimental. Not bad. . . . Two occupations followed here at the moment are studying one of the "Cold Languages" and searching for 25 minutes of a certain officer's flying time. One man has already gone mad over the latter.

The two hours we normally take for lunch having elapsed, we must leave you for now.

---

ing to be disappointed or think any the less of you if you do the sensible thing and return to base. Cold fronts are savage beasts, and feel very happy if they can leave a trail of crashed aircraft in their wake.

Alas, there may be no such thing as space, but we have nearly exhausted our allowance of it. We could go on chattering happily for hours of fog, and adiabatic lapse rates, inversions, radiation, geostrophic winds, convection, convergence, divergence, subsidence, instability, friction, pressure gradients, air mass characteristics, supercooling, diurnal variation, and even rainbows.

And fog.

However, we will spare you all this. We have one thing more to say; which is, consult the met. office. You may think they don't know much (naturally, we differ) but at least they are in a position to know a little more than you do; and only too keen to tell you all about it. If we may paraphrase a local advertisement—"SHOP AT THE STATION MET. OFFICE AND SAVE LONG WALKS."



Brewed by  
**SASKATCHEWAN'S BEER SPECIALISTS**  
 DREWYS REGINA LTD REGINA SASK



S 54 - 42

# Revelations From Repairs

To see the worst exploitation of good-nature: come to our crew room at 3 p.m., watch a fitter arrive with a coveted cup of tea, and then observe the smiles of welcome, hark to the cries of "Sit by me, old pal, old pal", followed by a request for "just a drop to wet my lips"; and finally see the once-happy owner of the gladsome brew left with just the stains on his mug to contemplate and lament over.

LAC. Hoy, of Stores, hopes that woe may betide the bloke who stole his mirror. Beware, unknown pilferer! These store-bashers have much power; e.g., checking in of tool-kits. . .

Incidentally, what possible reasons can our rotund little store-basher give to obtain a subsistence allowance?

The pastime of destroying flies which serves to keep a Senior N.C.O. happy is hampered by the limitations of his weapon—a syringe. Would anyone care to donate a pukka water pistol?

. . . The scene is the road in front of the Guard Room. The character is an erk, bound for Moose Jaw. A lorry arrives. He yells to the driver, "Got any room?", to which comes the answer, "Sure". Eagerly, he climbs on the back of the lorry; no mean feat, considering the

height of the tail-board from the ground. Breathless and triumphant, he gives a V for Victory sign (two-fingered) to what he thinks are jealous bystanders, and with fingers still upraised he is driven straight into the M.T. yard . . .

Believe it or not: When a fitter told a Senior N.C.O. that there was no compression in No. 1 cylinder, the reply was "You'll have to let it go; there are no spares in stock."

How many innocent people have the Electrical Section fleeced by means of the Ball of Tin Foil gag? If they ask you how much it weighs, pick it up and throw it at them.

Is Tommy, the 'bus-driver, one of the chief shareholders of the Moose Jaw Transportation Co.? —M.R.

We have two jobs in this war as far as Italy is concerned. First we must knock her out of the war, then we must watch that she does not become our ally.

A woman looks at a secret two ways—either it is not worth keeping or it is too good to be kept.

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 15

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

The prize of \$1.00 has been awarded to:

J. BACKUN  
Ste. 10, Caribou Court,  
Moose Jaw.

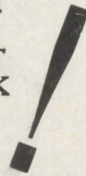
whose correct solution was the first to be opened.

DRINK

# Sun Crest Orange

AT YOUR  
CANTEEN

IT'S A  
REAL  
FRUIT  
DRINK



Manufactured  
by . . . .

**JACKSON  
BOTTLING  
Co. Limited**

Moose Jaw  
Phone 3762

# SILVER FURRIERS

SEE US FOR  
YOUR FURS,  
COATS, HATS,  
MUFFS, CAPES,  
ETC.



IF IT CONCERNS  
FUR  
IT CONCERNS  
US

48 High Street W.

Phone 2883

WE ARE HIGH WEST — BUT NOT HIGH PRICED

## Moose Jaw Times-Herald

The HOME PAPER of the FRIENDLY CITY!

FINANCIAL  
LOCAL

-

LADIES' PAGES  
SPORTS

-

WORLD NEWS  
FEATURES

### COMMERCIAL PRINTING

RULING

-

BOOKBINDING

[This Book is a product of our Plant]

## THE TIMES COMPANY LTD.

MOOSE JAW . . . SASK.

WITH Outdoor Sports almost finished for the year you will be looking for a spot to spend the cooler evenings.

# The Connaught Billiard Hall

OFFERS YOU GOOD TABLES, GOOD EQUIPMENT, AND GOOD SERVICE

BASEMENT—WALTER SCOTT BLDG., COR. MAIN & HIGH ST.  
WATCH FOR THE SIGN

# Crossword Competition—No. 16

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			30			31
		32		33		34			
35	36			37	38			39	40
41			42				43		
44						45			

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive by Nov. 30, 1942, to

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

marking the envelope "X-word".

### CLUES ACROSS

1. Gone with the wind.
5. Haughty.
10. What you do at cards.
12. Mean not far?
13. Man's highest achievement.
14. Hail.
16. Stick, used on stage.
17. Slippery.
19. Antelope.
21. First man.
24. It's that Persian poet again.
26. Section uses petrol.
27. Pork producer.
28. Precious stone.
30. Later.
32. Nice on a cold night.
34. Imperial Chemical Industries.
35. Youngster saw God.
37. He resembles you.
39. In charge of G.I.S.
41. The other half of Andy.
43. Place in New Mexico.
44. Sounds like a sailor's girl-friend.
45. And this sounds like the sailor.

4. You and I.
6. Royal Navy.
7. Universal; especially used of Christian Church.
8. It's nonsense.
9. Pretty dismal.
11. God willing.
15. For instance.
18. Same again.
20. Negative.
22. Diminutive devil.
23. As for portrait.
25. Acting Pilot Officer.
28. You crossed one.
29. Behold.
30. Still not promoted.
31. Far from quiet.
33. Childish thanks.
34. That is.
36. Beginning to end makes evil.
38. Parent.
40. Possesses.
42. Swift Current.
43. Thanks again.

### CLUES DOWN

1. Your expression sometimes.
2. Exclamation.
3. Ten in 0 station makes one showing off.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

# THOMSON'S DRUG STORE

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

CHRISTMAS GIFT SELECTIONS NOW ON DISPLAY

Let Us Wrap and Mail Your Parcel  
for Overseas

## Jas. H. Thomson Limited

Corner Fairford and Main Streets

Phone 4784

## WILLSON STATIONERY CO. LTD.

Opposite Moose Jaw Post Office

COMPLETE RANGE OF PARKER, SHEAFFER AND  
WATERMAN FOUNTAIN PENS AND PENCILS

*Lettered in Gold, Free of Charge*

Just received: Ladies' Moccasin Slippers in all sizes. Large assortment  
of Mother, Sweetheart, Wife, and Air Force Crested  
Cushion Covers

*Finest Selection of Christmas Cards and Calendars in the City*

## GIFTS for BOYS and MEN

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

FOR BOYS—Wool Golf Hose, All-Wool  
Jerseys, Windbreakers, Suits, Over-  
coats, Slippers.

FOR MEN—Fine Half-Hose, Mufflers,  
Wool Gloves, Silk Ties, Braces,  
Shirts.

PHONE  
4646

# The BOYS' Shop

117  
MAIN N.

## PARK HOTEL

Moose Jaw

*Modern in Every Way - Our Rates Are Right*

CLIFF ROBB

BOB HINDS

# CAN YOU SOLVE THESE?

1. There were six poultry keepers in the village. The total number of fowls kept was one hundred and eighty-five.

Footle's stock exceeded Wallop's by half the number kept by Twirp, and Frolic had as many as Cluck and Bother put together.

Twirp had one-quarter as many as the difference between the flocks of Frolic and Wallop, and Bother had one-third as many again as Cluck.

What head of poultry did each of the six keep?

2. "Yes," said the keeper at the Zoo, "we paint the names of the animals on boards, and slide them in those frames, just as you see. At present there are only six left, and the funny thing is, if you put them in the right order, one of the diagonals makes the name of a seventh animal."

Can you put the boards in the right order?

MARMOT
JACKAL
BADGER
COYOTE
RACCOON
RABBIT

3. In the sum given here you will see that, in arriving at the three three-figure numbers, all the digits from 1 to 9 have been used; also, the first number (179) is half the second number (358). Subject to these conditions, the total obtained is the lowest one possible.

179  
358  
246

Can you find the highest possible total?

783

## SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. Twenty-seven.
2. Erratum: Paragraph 2, line 6, at end of line, after word "the" insert "Saskatoon."  
 Adams, farmer, engaged to Kathleen, lives at Medicine Hat, plays hockey. Bunbury, lawyer, engaged to Margaret, lives at Saskatoon, plays cricket. Colman, curate, engaged to Laura, lives at North Battleford, plays golf. Denham, schoolmaster, engaged to Nora, lives at Swift Current, plays billiards.
3. The heavy lines show where the divisions must be made.

2	1	2	1	26	19	6
3	1	3	2	5	8	9
4	9	23	6	18	3	7
1	36	11	15	4	27	2
3	2	1	8	31	12	3
1	13	2	6	6	5	6
17	5	3	1	8	1	4

### TRIBUTE WE HAD LEFT OVER

"The Prairie Flyer shows the most charming use of English, elfin imagery, lovely and fantastic flights of the imagination, and pleasant wanderings in the fascinating by-paths of culture that I have ever encountered." UMBOGUMBO,  
 Chief of the Walla-Walla.

WHEN TRAVELLING  
TO TOWN  
ALIGHT AT  
THE

Elite Gardens

128 MAIN ST. N.

THE  
POPULAR  
CAFE WITH  
VISITORS AND  
AIRMEN

**Open Day and Night**

Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco,  
Cigarettes, etc.

Phone 2922



# Y.M.C.A.

'GEN'

### Quiz

The undefeated Welsh team which for three straight quizzes had triumphed over all comers met defeat at the hands of their English rivals, whom they met for the second time in a challenge battle to the finish, Monday, October 19, in the Station Recreation Hall. This was a closely contested battle from the start and only after the smoke of battle had died away was it known that the Welsh laddies had met defeat.

The highlight of the evening was reached when LAC. Simkin won the Oscar prize of two hundred cigarettes. This was the first time the prize had been won in four starts.

The following Monday night saw the men from Repairs Section locked in battle with a team from Majors. After a closely contested struggle, LAC. Rose led his team to a close victory over his rival, LAC. Hart of Majors.

The Oscar prize of fifty cigarettes was carried over to next Monday evening.

The night of November 2nd saw a picked team from Motor Transport locked in battle with a pick-up team, as the General Duties lads, whom they were originally scheduled to meet, did not show up. When the final count was made it was found that M.T. had won the contest by ten points.

A member of the pick-up team, LAC. Hendry, won the Oscar prize of one hundred cigarettes, which had a carry-over of fifty cigarettes from the previous Monday evening.

### Tournaments

Tournaments in darts and table-tennis are proving very interesting, being held in the canteen each Thursday evening with Corporal Cattle in charge for the Y.M.C.A.

### Motion Pictures

In the field of Movies, 5,400 airmen attended Y.M.C.A. picture shows on the station during the month of October.

ERIC WALLING.

---



---

## Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE NOVEMBER 15 TO DECEMBER 14, 1942

Sunday, November 15—"MAN POWER": Starring Edward G. Robinson and Marlene Dietrich.

Monday, November 16—"NAVY SPY": Starring Conrad Nagel and Elinor Hunt.

Tuesday, November 17—SELECTED FILMS.

Friday, November 20—"HENRY ALDRICH FOR PRESIDENT": Starring Jimmy Lydon, June Preisser and Martha O'Driscoll.

Sunday, November 22—"INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON": Starring Ronald Reagan.

Monday, November 23—"LOVE TAKES FLIGHT": Starring Bruce Cabot and Beatrice Roberts.

Tuesday, November 24—SELECTED FILMS.

Friday, November 27—"FORCED LANDING": Starring Richard Arlen and Eva Gabor.

Sunday, November 29—"THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D.": Starring Bette Davis and James Cagney.

Monday, November 30—"CALL OUT THE MARINES": Starring Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe.

Tuesday, December 1—SELECTED FILMS.

Friday, December 4—"SKYLARK": Starring Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne and Binnie Barnes.

Sunday, December 6—"THE MALTESE FALCON": Starring Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor.

Monday, December 7—"PLAY GIRL": Starring Kay Francis, James Ellison, Mildred Coles and Nigel Bruce.

Tuesday, December 8—SELECTED FILMS.

Friday, December 11—"PACIFIC BLACKOUT": Starring Robert Preston, Martha O'Driscoll and Henry Wilcoxon.

Sunday, December 13—TO BE ANNOUNCED.

Monday, December 14—"THE SAINT TAKES OVER": Starring Wendy Barrie and Geo. Saunders.

---



---

EXCELLENT MEALS AND  
COURTEOUS SERVICE AT

The PRINCESS  
CAFE

NEXT to the POST OFFICE

---



---



# Capitol Theatre Schedule

Nov. 16-21, all week	"Mrs. Miniver" .....	Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon
Nov. 23, 24, 25, 26	- "Pied Piper" .....	Monte Woody, Roddy McDonald
Nov. 27-28	- "Orchestra Wives" .....	Ann Rutherford, Geo. Montgomery
Nov. 30-Dec. 1	- "The Glass Key" .....	Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake
Dec. 2, 3, 4, 5	- "Tales of Manhattan" .....	Rita Hayworth, Charles Boyer
Dec. 7, 8	- "Cardboard Lover" .....	Norma Shearer
Dec. 9, 10, 11, 12	- "Somewhere I'll Find You" .....	Clark Gable, Lana Turner
Dec. 14, 15, 16	- "War Against Mrs. Hadley" .....	Fay Bainter, Edward Arnold
Dec. 17, 18, 19	- "It Turned Out Nice Again" .....	George Formby
Dec. 21, 22, 23	- "Cairo" .....	Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Young
Dec. 24, 25, 26	- "Panama Hattie" .....	Ann Sothern, "Red" Skelton
Dec. 28, 29, 30	- "Bambi" .....	(Walt Disney)

## Ambassador Cafe



MOOSE JAW'S  
MOST POPULAR  
RESTAURANT

*Where Airmen Meet and Eat!*

PHONE 4844  
314 MAIN ST. N.

## The ROYAL THEATRE

MOOSE JAW, SASK.  
(Near the C.P.R. Depot)

COMING PRODUCTIONS

"ALWAYS IN MY HEART" — "HEART OF THE RIO GRANDE"

"TUXEDO JUNCTION"

"GIRL IN THE NEWS" — "SON OF FURY"

"ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT"