



PRAIRIE FLYER

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

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada

VOL. 2 No. 10

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MARCH-APRIL, 1943

If You Have Ever

been anywhere
done anything
thought of something
had an adventure
that was unusual or of special
interest . . .

WRITE ABOUT IT

and send it in to the Flyer.

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articles
stories
news items
innovations
drawings
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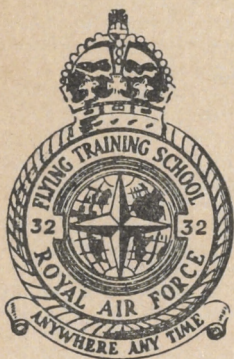
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PRAIRIE FLYER

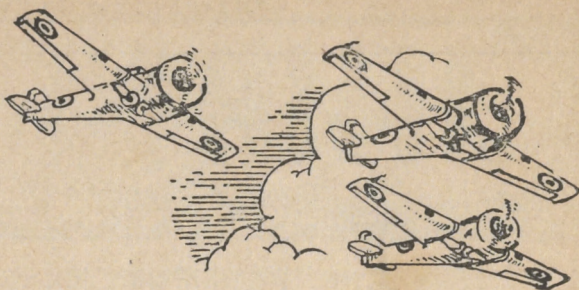
THE MAGAZINE OF
No. 32 S.F.T.S.
R.A.F.

Moose Jaw - Sask.
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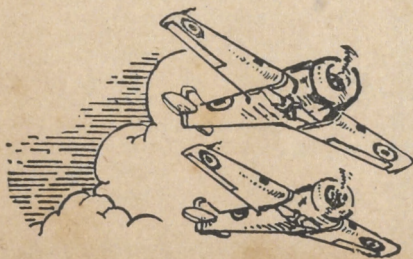
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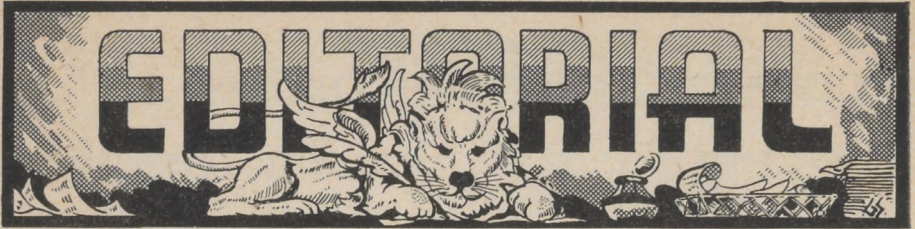
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THIS IS THE LAST NUMBER OF
VOLUME II.

EDITORIAL



IT is an extremely depressing but a very necessary thing to consider what we could be doing if we were not making war.

By this, I do not mean all the golden weekends we could be spending with the sun and the sea and the wind for company in England's green and pleasant land; but what, if the energies we now necessarily devote to war were released for peaceful construction, the human race as a whole could be doing with the planet on which it dwells and the lives that it must there spend.

The possibilities are staggering in the grandeur and enormity of their scope.

Drop, for a moment, the provincial viewpoint; forget that you are an Englishman or an Irishman or a Welshman or a Dutchman or a Czech or a Frenchman or a pure-blooded Bantu or whatever you happen to be, and think of yourself as a human being simply, a member of a species, a citizen of the world.

If a sufficient number of people can be persuaded to do so, not for a moment but for ever, we can transform the earth.

The dark continent of Africa can become a garden; the accidental and inconvenient dispensations of Nature can be revised in the light of human intelligence to make, out of that chaotic, prodigal furnishing of the raw materials on which to work, the orderly, unified, rational quality of design which Man, alone among the animals, alone, so far as we are aware, among any other thing in the universe, can create. Climates can be changed, whole oceans, if need be, drained away, the great rivers tamed, their power harnessed for our use, their courses diverted to where we need them, and the incalculable energy that resides in all matter put to our purposes. Within the necessary limitations of time and space, limitations which the science of physics is constantly expanding, there is nothing we cannot do, if the will and the intelligence are educated to perform these seeming marvels.

You are sceptical.

But, living fifty years ago, would you have believed that one day men would be able to talk to each other from opposite ends of the earth?

Impossible; a silly dream. But it is true, now; and the plans are partly in existence that can make true the new world which many silly dreamers now envisage. It is the next and the greatest step in human progress; and if it is not taken, if we fail to look out beyond the narrow horizons of daily existence, beyond our petty selves, beyond the tragic, internecine strife of nations that now retards us, we shall go down, through an accelerating series of ever bloodier wars, to a miserable end.

That, too, I hear you saying, is impossible; the race will not end. If you say that, you are deluding yourself; it could end, and, from present indications with a surprising swiftness. Species have died out before; you cannot swim against the tide of evolutionary processes for very long. Man's story is one of ever-increasing control over his environment; destroy overnight some of the controls we have established since the industrial revolution and millions of people would starve to death. Bacteriological warfare is at present no more than a terrifying possibility; put into effect (and we must remember that the power-crazed war-makers will do anything to preserve and increase their power), it could with a dreadful ease go beyond the management of the users and wipe out both attacker and attacked.

These things must not happen.



They will not happen, if sufficient numbers of men and women clarify their thought, learn that their duty to the race does not end at producing more members of it, learn that they must educate themselves before they can educate their children, learn what things can be done with the world, learn what changes

• *Continued on following page*

You want the *best* brows?

We have decided to print the best of the additional replies to H.P.'s article, and here it is. See page 9 for his answer.

WHAT a fine time H.P. must have had writing his "Call to Repentance"! Lashing about in all directions, like a figure playing blind man's buff, struggling to pin down his slippery opponent, but never quite succeeding. Hugging himself with gloomy glee at the thought that he can extract no pleasure from an inferior form of entertainment which amuses millions. Having painted a sinister picture of the world today, as he finds it, a picture that would make Bunyan's pilgrim turn with a glad cry to the Slough of Despond and Job cheerfully accept another assortment of afflictions, he kindly analyses for us the technicalities of jazz.

First a shrill scream from his violin directed at the saxophone, an instrument first commissioned by Richard Wagner and made by his French instrument-maker, M. Sax of Paris. Why has it not the tone of the clarinet, he asks peevishly? If it's clarinets he wants he is treading on dangerous ground. Is he aware that such was the virtuosity of a clarinet player in one of the dance bands that he was invited to play the solo part, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of Debussy's clarinet concerto?

Clutching his well elevated brow in one hand and picking up his telescope by the wrong end with the other, he next

... by A.C.L.M.

EDITORIAL

• *Continued*

must be made in the structure of societies to prevent strife between them and within them, and keep always bright before them the vision of a new life on a new planet: not Mars or Jupiter, but Earth, made new and more beautiful by the mastery of Man.

Only so, by the work and will to good of ourselves and our sons and daughters and of their sons and daughters, will our descendants be enabled to cry with truth, "Oh, brave new world!"; and on the same note speak the rest of

... We have them!

peers distastefully at the much maligned crooner. "How low-browed," he says in effect, "one can actually hear the words the wretched fellow is singing." Yes, indeed, and what a change from the broad browed, and broader bosomed, contralto of the concert hall, grimly clasping a portion of her visibly expanding anatomy and engaging in a life and death struggle with the orchestra for the production of volume. The orchestra, of course, always wins, as the long-haired Italian who is nominally in charge of the outfit is all ready to summon a crashing fortissimo chord from the brass to drown out her top C when she muffs it, as muff it she inevitably does, leaving her disconsolately muttering "Mi-mi-mi" to anyone who cares to listen.

Come, come, H.P., let's have a little more tolerance all round. No one is going to mind if you spend your spare time in Carnegie Hall, where, so they say, are to be found the best tunes of all. And if you questioned each member of the audience I think you would be surprised at the number who, capable of discriminating between the wheat and the chaff, can extract enjoyment from listening to dance music. If you don't like it yourself, the remedy is simple. Why is it that admirers of so-called classical music take it upon themselves to set the standard of what is good music and what is not? And also to assume that they have the loftiest brows and the largest heads? So large, and so lofty, in fact, that they are frequently lost in a cloud of muddled thinking.

the quotation: "that hath such people in it!" We are members one of another; that is true not only of the beings with whom you happen to be contemporary, but of the dead who have brought the race thus far and the unborn who will continue it; you are a voice, as they have been or will be voices, in the song of Man, a mighty song that must not close.

I have written of these things because I feel they need to be so stressed; because this instant is not too soon to learn them, and tomorrow may be too late.

—T.M.



THE Padre's LETTER

AN APPRECIATION

The Station Chaplain would acknowledge with gratitude the recent presentation of a Minshall Electro Organ by the members of the Officers' Mess to the Station Church.

The improvement in the music of our services, the encouragement to members of the choir, and the more ready response of the congregation in the services to the call to Worship demonstrate to all the general appreciation of a gift generously bestowed, and a deed nobly enacted.

Dear Friends:

While acknowledging the presentation of the new Electric Organ by the Officers' Mess to the Station Church, it would be unseemly to forget the members of the Sergeants' Mess, and of the Camp, who willingly subscribed and whose efforts were directed into other channels, i.e., the magnificently successful drive on behalf of the Canadian Red Cross. The Padre wishes to thank those who subscribed for their interest in and support of the Ministry of the Church on this Station.

Many of us feel sorry at the loss of our Station Chapel, which has reverted to a Supply Depot. Such changes, to say the least, were unexpected, and we have had brought home to us a little how much we did appreciate a building set apart for worship which was so tastefully furnished by the sacrificial giving Sunday by Sunday and the gifts of civilian friends in various organizations in Moose Jaw. Cinema services must suffice for the time being, until better arrangements can be made. Both the Bishop of the Diocese and the local clergy here are being co-operative, and it is hoped that in the very near future we may have as a Church a separate building, suitably furnished and decorated.

By the time this issue of the *Prairie Flyer* is on sale the Easter season will be

very near. It is hoped to arrange suitable services both for Good Friday and Easter Sunday, with the Station Male Voice Choir rendering appropriate music, and it is hoped that all members of the Camp will avail themselves of the opportunities presented at this time to attend Communion Service and the other services.

On the Sunday after Easter the Station staff is to be honoured by a visit from our popular Church of England Staff Chaplain, W/C Rev. G. W. J. Gregson, M.A., and it is hoped that all members of the Camp will endeavour to attend the services at which he will preach and officiate.

The Male Voice Choir's efforts have been very much appreciated, and I would stress my thanks for the assistance at the various Church Services. During the recent International Concert held in the city they cleverly demonstrated their ability, and exemplified the hard work put in during the regular Choir practices of the past.

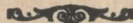
Members of the Hospitalisation Scheme will be interested to know that R.C.A.F. Stations in Regina have followed our lead, and a scheme similar to our own has been started there. It has been suggested, and the idea has the approval of the Commanding Officer, that a small fund be inaugurated, amounting to very little over One Hundred Dollars, to furnish a ward in the local General Hospital, in acknowledgment of their goodness to us, and to leave in Moose Jaw a lasting reminder of "an Englishman's gratitude." Some of the collection during Easter Season, and those taken on alternate Sundays will be given to this cause.

In closing, the Padre would state that he is in his office every morning of the week, and would welcome any members of the Camp, especially those who have recently arrived here, to call in and have a chat.

With every good wish,

Your sincere friend and Padre,

MAURICE S. FLINT.



Principles for Our Christian "New Order"

A FEW months ago Cardinal Hinsley and other bishops wrote a letter called "The Social Minimum." Obviously it deals with economic problems but the fundamental principles given at the beginning are part of the foundation of the whole Christian life, and therefore have a bearing on all questions. It renews the warning given in 1890 that the Christian spirit must be brought back into business and other aspects of life unless society is to fall into ruin. "We know that the teaching of Christ's church offers the only hope of a peaceful future; we know, too, that in this war we are struggling to preserve our hope that a Christian world may survive. Yet we also know that far too many people in this country either do not realise or are quite indifferent to the real dangers." And another quotation: "Yet although a great amount of apostolic work has been done by laity as well as clergy the teaching of the Church has had little effect on the life of our country. Widespread poverty caused by this war will probably retard still further the reform of social conditions. Even apart from the war, remedies come slowly, evils are of long standing, and unless reforms are in accordance with laws of God they will be useless."

Our present civilization has grown up on Christianity and though evils exist in our time they are not due to it, as such systems as the Nazi, Soviet and Fascist suggest, and would have us believe. (How much hope would there have been for civilization if Rome had completely collapsed to the barbarian invaders in A.D. 400 as Britain did? Britain was recivilized by St. Augustine, sent from Rome.) On the contrary, a very strong condemnation and suggested remedies came from Pope Leo XIII in A.D. 1890, when he warned all that grave trouble would be caused by the abuses of labour. No notice was taken by those responsible, but Trade Unions grew up to help the wage earner. The trouble about this is that there has always been a spirit of deadly animosity between owners and these unions, instead of a Christian co-operation for the good of all. "There must be a renewal of the Christian spirit of brotherhood which the last few generations of pursuit of purely material goods and 'get-rich-quick' have gone far to kill."

Here are the principles enumerated on which a stable order must be built:

"Each human being is unique in the universe; a creature of God; a union of body and soul; a person; with rights and duties; entitled to respect as a creature with an immortal destiny.

"There can be no true social life at all unless the family is respected as the essential unit of society. Parents have duties towards their children and they have full rights to all that is needed to help them to perform those duties.

"It is the duty of the State to protect the rights of the individual person and the rights of the family in the interests of the common good.

"It is not the business of the Church to give detailed answers as to how these principles are to be observed socially and economically; she has neither the equipment nor the authorisation. But the conduct of men is not only economic and political; it is also a matter of morals. On this the Church is bound to speak out and condemn the evil." (This does not necessarily mean condemning individual men; for that brings in other questions, e.g., his own conscience, for a man may be right in conscience yet doing a bad act, believing it a good act.)

I wanted to explain these principles more and go into their ramifications, but before doing so I would prefer to give at least the gist of the whole of such an excellent letter. All this will take more space and so several of these contributions in this magazine.

The letter goes on to give some explanation of the principles it gave above. A man cannot live a properly human life by himself but only in community with his fellow men. There are various kinds of communities. Many, such as associations, guilds, etc., are often useful and sometimes necessary for the well-being of men. But there are two kinds of community, or forms of society which are under all circumstances and at all times indispensable for the full perfection of men. These are the family, and the State. Both are societies founded on the natural law; that is, they are required in order that God's intentions in creating men may be fulfilled.

The State is a natural necessity because it is the authority which must of

• *Continued on page 12*

How I Lived in New York

I ARRIVED in New York at eight-thirty one evening. I don't know what sort of an evening it was, because American trains are equipped with large stocks of beer, and I had been reducing the stock to a minimum on my particular train all the way down the Hudson Valley, with the enthusiastic assistance of a man who was born in Devonshire, lived most of his life in France, and had in spite of this been for some reason which I was always on the point of getting straight an American citizen for years and years.

I am still wondering about this. It may be that he is also, and that thought gives me some comfort.

I strode into Grand Central Station. Grand Central is the only railway station with which I am familiar that contains an Art Gallery. The nearest thing to a parallel that I can think of are the genuine antiques that one finds under glass bells on the buffet counters at Paddington, Euston, Waterloo, King's Cross and probably every other railway station in England.

This Grand Central affair is certainly very large, and—yes, it is certainly very large.

As I wandered through it I was approached by a black man who offered to carry my bags.

"My poor fellow," I said, "they freed you a long time ago," and waved him away.

Strangely enough, the glad tidings seemed to make very little impression on him.

Following the line of least resistance, which is one thing I am particularly good at, I moved into the Biltmore, for the excellent reason that you can get straight into it via subway from the station.

The first thing I did when I got to my room was to telephone Mayor LaGuardia. They told me he was out at a fire.

The second thing I did was to read a handbill which the luggage-boy had given me before he left. I thought at first he was campaigning for Willkie, but scrutiny revealed that it was all about an air raid practice which the City Fathers (or whoever it is they have in

New York besides LaGuardia) had called for that evening.

I decided that they had been warned of my arrival and wanted to provide me with a home atmosphere. Hospitality could scarcely go farther.

The third thing I did was to climb into a hot bath and soak luxuriously. I had been soaking in the aforesaid manner for about five minutes, and was on the

... by T.M.

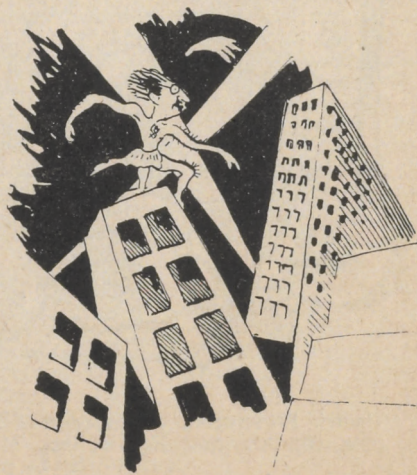
point of reaching for the soap, when the sirens started and every light in my rooms went out.

They do things thoroughly in New York, my friends.

Laved in warm water and Stygian darkness, I reclined for a time and pondered the situation. I reflected with mixed feelings on the fairish number of air raids I'd been through, without this ever happening to me before. I had, of course, like most of us, been caught out in various awkward situations in air raids before, but that was usually in bedrooms.

I now recalled that on the handbill left by the luggage-boy it had said that when the alarm sounded guests were to

• Continued on following page



a flail FOR THE PHILISTINES!

IT will come as a mild surprise to many readers that I am still alive. Whether or not this is evidence in support of the theory of the existence of a benign Providence, I am not prepared to say. It certainly is a fact that armed brigands and several species of banditti have been searching for me. Indeed, there have been several attempts on my life. Works and Buildings personnel have dropped wrenches and other blunt instruments from the rafters in the hangars as if by accident, when I passed beneath, and the M.T. have done their best to run me down. In fact, my position has become so dreadful that I have taken to wearing a purple toga and a long black moustache (curled at one end), to make myself inconspicuous. It is, then, with these precautions that I wield the cudgels once again.

The Editor has been well-nigh inundated with replies to "A Call to Repentance," all of which I have read. Two things seem to be prominent in them all. One is a marked lack of coherent logic, with a consequent recourse to some rather childish and feeble personalities, and the other is an uncompromising hatred for my opinions, or perhaps for me. I have been accused of cruelty to animals, of sighing with ecstasy while my grandmother plays Brahms, and then creeping off to listen to a juke-box. I am charged with being smug, complacent, choleric, narrow, intolerant, and other overworked accusations of people whose views I do not happen to share, and who are unable to refute my arguments. I have been likened to a dog on a flea-hunt, and many other delightful things. One correspondent even mentions my having an uncle in Sing-Sing, but how he found out about this I have no idea. I would like to repudiate these impeachments, and also those to the effect that I have a hooked nose and yellow, tobacco-stained teeth (one missing in the front), and that I am a malignant hunchback who seduces innocent young girls. Having thus vindicated myself to a certain extent, let me turn my attention to my critics. Since only two of the numerous replies have been published, and since I have only a limited space at my disposal, I

■ ■ ■ ■ ■
 ● In this article, H.P., a Bachelor of Music and an Associate of the Royal College of Organists, answers the critics of his earlier article, "A Call to Repentance." Even those who disagree with him will find it amusing.
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

must confine my criticism to the replies of O.H. and "Daedalus".

Do these gentlemen expect for one moment that their arguments in praise of Jazz can be taken seriously, if they themselves cannot agree as to the precise nature of the hodge-podge they are defending? "Daedalus" states: "Jazz is not music. Nobody ever said it was." Three pages distant, however, O.H. is going to fantastic lengths to show why Jazz, not only being the best music, is, in fact, the only music, apart from Tschaikovsky! What comic-opera defence is this? There is certainly something wrong somewhere.

After having written an article with a fairly logical reasoning and a tolerable number of facts to support the general argument, it is, to say the least, rather irritating to be confronted by two criticisms, which, after making several ludicrously incorrect statements concealed by a certain plausibility of style, impudently accuse me of uttering "cheerful flat platitudes," which, nevertheless, seem to have been sufficiently pointed to annoy a considerable number of people. I would counsel both these writers, when embarking on criticism of this nature, to make certain that their supposed facts are, indeed, correct, lest they expose themselves to unnecessary ridicule. If some of the assertions contained in these replies were to be submitted as facts to a periodical with a larger circulation than that of the *Prairie Flyer*, their author or authors would be speedily and emphatically "sat on."

O.H. makes the glib statement that Bach derived many of his themes from folk-music, albeit a far from derogatory accusation. Can he, however, give us quotations or examples to support this statement, or is it merely a flight of fancy? Again, if O.H. thinks that Mozart invariably wrote a Trio for the

● Continued on following page

A FLAIL FOR THE PHILISTINES!

• *Continued*

third movement of his symphonies, I suggest that he become acquainted with some of these masterpieces and enlighten himself. A little thought might help O.H. realise that for a person so ill-acquainted with Mozart's music as he himself appears to be, to indulge in meretricious criticism of this sort is, to put it mildly, a piece of sublimely impertinent humbug.

It is a not uncommon hypocrisy among certain lovers of Jazz to affect an appreciation of good music, in order, I suppose, to have one foot in either camp, and to show their superiority and broadmindedness in worshipping at both shrines. This feigned appreciation will not, however, bear close scrutiny. These people will stoically endure Liszt, Chopin, or Tschaikovsky, and even enjoy it, but observe their chagrin when asked to listen to Bach! "Daedalus" seems to be one of these. For him, the superficialities of Liszt and Chopin seem to be the embodiment of great music, and, in spite of what "Daedalus" may think, they are, in the light of what *has* been achieved in music, superficialities indeed. To do him justice, however, "Daedalus" seems to like Beethoven's Fifth, but even here, rather than listen to the music, he would be off building empires. Silly man! There are, I should think, enough empires in the world today for anyone, but only nine Beethoven symphonies.

Towards the end of his reply, "Daedalus" tells us that he is among those who cannot reason; this is somewhat superfluous, as we have already read his letter. His remarks, for instance, about the "great Parkman", etc., are nothing more than trivial sophisms. (He means, of course, the great *Pachmann*, and this is an odd mistake on the part of one who seems to be so familiar with the eccentricities of this famous Russian pianist.) Because one or two musicians are unfortunately addicted to periodic spasms of horseplay or showmanship, we are not, it seems, to indict Jazz for being a continuous exhibition of tomfoolery. The comments of "Daedalus" on Liszt's music, appear, at first glance, to have no meaning whatsoever, but after several minutes of patient excavation, the inference emerges that Liszt composed for, and played upon, the spinet and harpsichord. If this is what "Daedalus" really means to say, I would advise him to acquire some knowledge

of the subject before entering the lists (no pun intended) so precipitately. Small wonder, indeed, that he admits he is out of place in this discussion, if he is armed with nothing better than this kind of plausible clap-trap. When Liszt was composing, and demonstrating his virtuosity as a pianist, the spinet and harpsichord had been obsolete some forty years.

I give to "Daedalus" the credit for being the first Jazz fan I have ever known to admit that the object of his admiration is designed to appeal to our baser natures. This should give our "jive-hounds" something to think about! He is correct in his shrewd assumption that I, too, have a baser side to my nature. This admitted, I see no reason why I should be at pains to cultivate or encourage it, and if, as "Daedalus" states, Jazz *does* appeal to our less worthy instincts, its enormous popularity at the present time leads us to some not very flattering conclusions. Thus, from the pen of "Daedalus" comes an unexpected confirmation of certain opinions expressed in "A Call to Repentance." He also implies, however, that it is to his sense of humour that Jazz appeals. Now I must confess that a man who feels at peace with the world when he hears a rooster crowing at dawn, is a pretty odd sort of fellow, but surely not so odd that his sense of humour is the baser side of his nature! Let us hope the time will come when, his sense of humour having attained at least adolescence, he will search for his entertainment at sources other than "sludge-pumps."

While, on the one hand, "Daedalus" is gleefully boasting that he is gloriously ignorant of "upper partials and dithyrambics," (and why he should be so proud of this I cannot understand), O.H. is busily showing, with pathetically evident pride, how well he is supported by public opinion, that most reliable barometer of right and wrong! The Public—which crucified Christ, which persecuted and imprisoned Galileo and sent Mozart to a pauper's grave, which made Socrates drink hemlock for his democratic ideals, and killed Phidias for his outrageous ideas in architecture when the Parthenon "rose in loveliness" at his bidding. Is O.H. still so proud of his public opinion?

Every bit as flimsy as this public opinion, are O.H.'s parallels and analogies. The music of the Negro, brought from Africa in a semi-savage state, is compared with the music of

the mediæval peasantry of Europe, which had passed through something like two thousand years of evolutionary development. (In passing, I might add for O.H.'s information, that there is no such thing in music as a colour-bar.) He states, moreover, that Stravinski is "a veritable god among highbrows," although how he arrived at this surprising conclusion is not quite clear. He also tells us that highbrows condemn Tschaikevsky as a romantic. Does O.H. know that, although not condemned, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt, Weber, Wagner and a host of others were all romantics? In any case, I have yet to learn of Tschaikevsky's condemnation, but perhaps this is just one more of O.H.'s harmless little flights of fancy.

Since the foregoing article was written, a further reply to "A Call to Repentance" has been printed, and, after some indecision, I feel it not altogether superfluous to comment on one or two of A.C.L.M.'s remarks. Upon first consideration, I thought it scarcely worthwhile to pay serious attention to such futile vociferations. However, after having already done so in the case of O.H. and "Daedalus", it is, after all, only fair to accord the same treatment to A.C.L.M.

Ignoring the customary mass of personal pleasantries, which, incidentally, lead me to believe that with a little polish A.C.L.M. would do exceedingly well in Vaudeville, let us first of all dispose of his absurd misstatements. In much the same way as certain small animals puff themselves up so as to appear larger and thus intimidate the enemy, A.C.L.M. makes an elaborate exhibition of inadequate reasoning with added bombast, which, I can assure him, neither awes nor even amuses me.

First, then the Saxophone was invented by Sax, but was *not* commissioned by Wagner. It was the fortuitous result of an experiment with a clarinet reed and mouthpiece, and a Basset-horn. I know of no instance where Wagner even scored for this instrument. Secondly, and what a pity I have to correct A.C.L.M. on his own ground, Benny Goodman—for it is undoubtedly he to whom A.C.L.M. refers—when invited to play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, played Mozart's Concerto in A major, *not* a clarinet concerto by Debussy. No doubt Debussy would have felt greatly flattered, but unfortunately, he never wrote a concerto for the clarinet. In the light of this *faux pas* of

A.C.L.M.'s, for him to refer to my thinking as "muddled" is, to say the least, rather droll. However, A.C.L.M. tells us that Goodman did all this, but suppose I retaliate by telling him that Vega is in Lyra? If he complains that astronomy has no place in this argument, I shall reply that the fact that Vega is in Lyra is just as relevant to this discussion as his own remarks about Goodman. The fact that Benny Goodman can forget, for a while, about making money, and play music, is not, as far as I can see, any argument in favour of Jazz or otherwise.

Incidentally, I noticed that in his original manuscript A.C.L.M. referred to "Milton's Pilgrim," which the Editor very kindly corrected to read "Bunyan's Pilgrim". His inaccuracies are not, it would seem, confined to the musical field.

To a great extent, I share A.C.L.M.'s dislike for the type of Prima Donna against which he rails. There are too many operas in the *repertoire* today that are far from being works of art, and far too many Prima Donnas that are not artists, but if A.C.L.M. would see some of Mozart's operas, or perhaps even some of Wagner's, he might be brought to realise that there is art, even in opera. I have not lost sight of the possibility that A.C.L.M., having never attended an opera, is basing his opinions, like many others, on music-hall impersonations.

One more criticism of A.C.L.M., and I will leave him. He seems very perturbed (and so, incidentally, does O.H.,) that anyone should be so dogmatic as to say what constitutes good music. I suppose that A.C.L.M., on being warned by his plumber that the ball in his water cistern, being punctured, threatened to cause him an overflow, would seek a remedy in his own way, and drive his wife to distraction by flooding the house. But if, after all, he should turn out to be so reasonable as to submit to the plumber's superior knowledge, why must he, along with many another Tom, Dick and Harry, presume to discount the verdicts of trained musicians? Although many a musician has prostituted his art for money (and goodness knows in the present circumstances one cannot judge too harshly), we shall find very few indeed who will agree that Jazz stands on the same level as music. Therefore to A.C.L.M., O.H. and their ilk, I would offer the advice that not until they have spent a minimum of ten years' intelligent study in music should

• Continued on following page

Heritage of Beauty

To a Boon Companion

If medals were ordained for drinks,
Or soft communings with a minx,
Or being at your ease belated—
By heavens! you'd be decorated;
And not Alcmena's chesty son
Have room to put your ribands on.

—OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

A FLAIL FOR THE PHILISTINES!

• *Continued*

they venture so lightly and impudently to set aside the considered statements of our most able musicians.

All my critics, with a curiously myopic outlook, fail to appreciate the ridiculously illogical position in which they place themselves when they accuse me of intolerance. What is tolerance? To be completely tolerant is to have no ideals, or, having them, to make no effort to achieve them. Very well! A.C.L.M., O.H. and "Daedalus" and thousands of others choose to be intolerant towards Hitler and the Nazis, and I choose, in addition, to be intolerant towards Jazz. We are all intolerant towards murder, theft, and other things, but if any man so much as raises his voice against a popular idol, he is hysterically howled at for his intolerance. If this is what my critics mean by intolerance, I will go on being intolerant; and, moreover, will enjoy it.

In conclusion, I would strongly urge Jazz fiends to be not too greatly influenced by sheeplike public opinion, which has been proved in the past to be almost invariably wrong. That which is good, true, or beautiful, will survive in spite of any opinion. From the day of its composition, the music of Beethoven, Mozart and many others, has been rejected by the majority. Yet Mozart's "worn-out and childish themes" are still recognised as masterpieces, and are enjoyed as such; and I venture to prophesy that they, together with the works of Sibelius, Debussy, César Franck and yet more modern writers

(who are not exactly living in mud and wattle huts) will still be enjoyed by many people, at a time in the future when our "sludge-pumps" will have long been run dry and forgotten.

—H.P.

PRINCIPLES FOR OUR CHRISTIAN "NEW ORDER"

• *Continued from page 6*

necessity be exercised over all merely sectional interests for the good of the whole community. As this is the purpose of the State it has the moral right to the allegiance of all its citizens in helping to carry out this purpose, so that men owe a duty to the State as well as possessing rights in relation to it. The State exists, then, for the common welfare, and so the welfare of each and every one who compose the State. That is, the State exists for the well-being of men; and not men for the well-being of some separate, imaginary thing,—the State. Men have rights independent of the State, which has the duty of respecting those rights, and even of defending them.

• *To be continued*

The last month brought us the sad news of the death of Cardinal Hinsley. A loss at this time, indeed, as he was so clear and outspoken. The wisdom of his words and of his innovations time alone will show. He was well liked by all who knew him.

Requiescat in pace, may he rest in peace!

God Bless You All,
FATHER SUMNER.

BITS AND PIECES

[Collected by M. E. C.]

A business man visiting Washington met a young lady and took her out to dinner and a night club. Late in the evening he put his arm around her and whispered in her ear.

"No," she screamed, "positively no," and slapped his face. He fainted.

When he revived, she asked: "Was that slap really such a hard one?"

"Not at all," replied the businessman. . . . "I fainted because, after all these months in Washington, that's the first definite answer I've received."

M.O.: "Have you ever suffered from amnesia?"

Erk: "I can't remember, sir."

The members of a hunting party had been specifically requested to bring only male hounds. One indigent member, however, owned only a female, and out of courtesy was finally allowed to include her. The pack was off in a flash. In a matter of seconds they were completely out of sight. The confused hunters stopped to question a farmer in a nearby field.

"Did you see some hounds go by here?"

"Yep," replied the farmer.

"See where they went?"

"Nope," was the reply, "but it's the first time I've ever seen the fox runnin' fifth."

"Did you ever take chloroform?"

"No. Who teaches it?"

The employment manager looked over the references of the nervous little chap and said, "I'm afraid that you're wrong for this job. We want a single man."

"Hey, wait a minute," yelled the little guy. "When I applied yesterday you said you wanted a married man."

"I'm sorry, must be a mistake."

"Mistake!" groaned the little man.

"What am I going to do? I went right out and got married."

And then there was the story of the moron who, when visiting a night club, wanted to cut a hole in the carpet so as to see the floor show.

Wife: "Isn't that a terrible picture of me? I look just like a monkey."

Husband: "You should have thought of that before you had it taken."

Streetcar Conductor: "Did you get home all right last night, sir?"

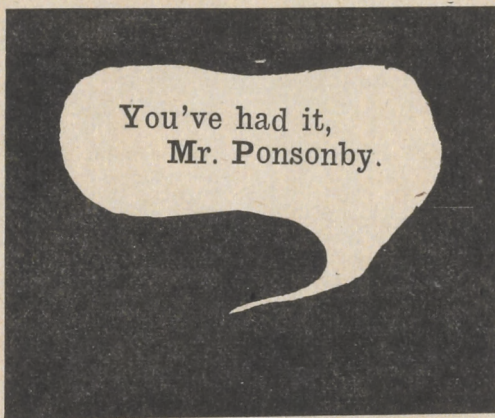
Passenger: "Of course, why do you ask?"

Conductor: "Well, when you got up and gave your seat to that lady last night, you were the only two in the bus."

Jones: "Your office sent me a cook last week."

Employment Office Manager: "Yes, that's right."

Jones: "Well, it will give me the greatest pleasure if you will dine with me tonight."



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

... Things We Want to Know

Is it true that the second Tuesday in every month is to be known as Eggless Tuesday?

■ ■ ■

How many airmen can a small bus hold?

■ ■ ■

Who is the Mata Hari of the M. T. Section?

■ ■ ■

Why does the camp organist go to Estevan?

■ ■ ■

Is he afraid to go without George?

■ ■ ■

Who is the numerologist in the Air-men's Mess?

■ ■ ■

Have you met the 'Frisco Kids?

■ ■ ■

Do Duty Pilots make good horsemen?

■ ■ ■

What will a certain F/Sgt. do if eggs are rationed?

■ ■ ■

Who covers holes in the wall with patriotic posters?

■ ■ ■

Did a certain Corporal lock up his girl-friend when he went to Vancouver?

■ ■ ■

Are the S.P.'s afraid to sleep alone?

■ ■ ■

And do they tuck you in when you do fire picket?

■ ■ ■

Who is the airman who caught himself in a zipper and had to get aid?

■ ■ ■

What did Jimmy do in Winnipeg—and why?

■ ■ ■

Who is the officer at SHQ who sometimes thinks he is still Duty Pilot?

■ ■ ■

Why did Ben take up photography?

■ ■ ■

What Welsh airman was asked to be best man at a wedding and now looks like being the bridegroom?

■ ■ ■

Who does Mr. Ponsonby every month?

■ ■ ■

What does "Dorothy" mean to a certain young Sergeant?

■ ■ ■

What does a certain Irish airman mean to another Dorothy?

Whose middle name is Kitchener?

■ ■ ■

Why does Bryan stay in so much?

■ ■ ■

Did they shut the Georgia Hall when the C.G.I.'s clerk was away?

■ ■ ■

What haircream does George use?

■ ■ ■

Is it true that our address is being changed to "32 Eggs F.T.S."?

■ ■ ■

Where does all the bedding go?

■ ■ ■

Did Campbell like living alone when his fellow corporal was on leave?

■ ■ ■

What shall we do without Archie?

■ ■ ■

Who holds the record for registered mail—and is the Station Adjutant tired of seeing him yet?

■ ■ ■

Where is Ingall's Cave?

■ ■ ■

And are the buses running to Saskatoon yet?

■ ■ ■

Was the Editor able to see New York by daylight?

■ ■ ■

Who was the F/Sgt. in repairs who asked an AC1. to test an aircraft?

■ ■ ■

Who tipped the M.O. 50c for his medical examination?

■ ■ ■

What time does the Bar close in the Navigation Flight?

■ ■ ■

Which two sergeants are known as "The Long and Short of it"?

■ ■ ■

Where did the new AC. in Central Registry get his accent? Is it true that he even went to Night School?

■ ■ ■

Why does a certain airman refer to his girl as "The Weasel"?

■ ■ ■

Who is known as "The Slasher" in A Hut?

■ ■ ■

Why the new Corporal in S.H.Q. from Newcastle is so popular?

■ ■ ■

Why a certain airman stays in on Saturdays to write home?

THIS ENGLAND . . .



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

—Lino Engraving by G. Sumner

“We Shall Remember Them . . .”

I want to occupy a moment of your time to speak to you of Trevor Pierce.

You may not know the name. He was the son of Flight Sergeant and Mrs. Pierce; of a member of this unit who is probably known to all of you.

He was a likable lad. He grew up, as most of you who are reading this grew up, in the years following the first World War. With a good home and loving parents, his life was a happy one; there were times, it may be, when he worried a little about the future, for the dark clouds of war were gathering again, slowly, ominously, in the skies of Europe, and they were difficult to forget; but for the most part his daily round and the occupations of his leisure were serene and pleasant enough, and the shadow of fascist terror lengthening across the green fields seemed at times very far away.

But it was not. The long agonies of Spain and China and Abyssinia led on, inexorably, to the final tragedy.

Trevor Pierce was eighteen years of age when World War II opened; opened to a period of inactivity, as though the musicians were tuning their instruments for the great symphony of death which would in time resound through land and sea and sky. He joined the Royal Air Force, and became a member of its ground crews.

The sombre, burning notes of the symphony began, bringing a chill to the blood and scarring for ever the minds of all who heard it. The fall of France, Dunkirk, Norway, the battle of Britain, Greece—the grand theme, Russia.

Gloomy and impenetrable, the clouds covered all the world; and there were engulfed in them many lives.

A desire for keener action arose in Trevor Pierce. He saw his comrades mounting in the skies, and felt that his place was with them. He became a Flight Engineer.

He served faithfully and well in the forces of democracy, and (as his C.O. has testified) gained great popularity with the men of his squadron. But his was to be the fate of those who pay the full price; on Feb. 10, 1943, he lost his life in a crash, a few days before his twenty-first birthday.

There is a little church on a mountain top near his former home, and here there gathered to pay homage at his laying to rest many, many people who had known him since childhood, and his comrades who had come to know him in his last years. To the deep sympathy with his parents in their bereavement thus expressed I would like to add that of everyone at 32 S.F.T.S., where his father carries on, in sorrow, but with the firm realisation that victory must be ours and none can stint their effort.

A great duty awaits the men and women of our generation, those of us who survive; it is to ensure that out of the nightmare of this holocaust shall come the reasonable world order which we all perceive to be necessary; to remove misery and want and ugliness from the earth, as by our total effort we can; to spare no time and labour and thought that may be needed to bring beauty, grace and loving-kindness back into our lives, for these things have been too long absent from them. We must do this, that Trevor Pierce, and the countless others who have gone with him into the unknown, shall not have died in vain.

—T.M.

Potted Personalities . . . No. 20



F/SGT. T. SCHOFIELD
Producer of "Black and White"

The
PLIGHT
of
PERCY

A.F.H.Q. decreed that Perce
Should be repatriated;
And we must now record in verse
The stir that he created.

For Percy was a scatter-brained
Impressionable lad,
Whose friends were often deeply pained
By habits that he had;

They noted, with alarmed amaze,
That three months after landing
His manners, speech, and all his ways
Had left the natives standing.

He spoke of "guys" and not of "blokes";
His speech grew far from quiet;
And hot dogs, doughnuts, bottled cokes
Became his staple diet;

He went to "shows" instead of "flicks";
He called his girl friend "Toots";
And spent his pay on buying six
Orange and purple suits;

Instead of football, he grew hoarse
Yelling at hockey players—
(His friends all swore he'd had a course
At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's).

From dancing with a graceful ease
He turned to jitterbugging
And hacked great pieces from the knees
Of partners he was hugging.

To sum it up, this silly man
 Took flattery too far
 And grew far more Canadian
 Than most Canadians are.

On reaching home, he aired his whim
 By roaring "Hiya Maw!"—
 His mother took one look at him
 And fainted to the floor.

He shouted "Shucks, Maw, this is Perce!";
 His mother said "It bain't",
 And then to make the matter worse
 She took another faint.

His sister led him quietly
 But firmly to the door,
 And said "We want no truck with thee;
 Yon woman's Ma, not Maw!"

When Ma recovered from her swoon
 She muttered "We've been done",
 And to the RAF went cables soon
 To ask them for her son;

For still she swore, and to this day
 Still swears, the man who came
 And spoke to her in that strange way
 And Perce were not the same.

So Percy now is homeless and
 Can boast no friend nor cheer;
 He wildly seeks throughout the land
 To drown himself in beer.

This story has a moral true,
 As all good stories must;
 It's nothing strange and nothing new,
 Or clever; it is just:

*If you would spend your ENGLISH leave
 With friends and with relations
 Don't give them any cause to grieve
 By aping other nations.*

by
**Petronius
 Arbiter,
 Jr.**

Solace

The lads are down at the Rose and
Crown,

While here alone sit I;

And walks somewhere a maiden fair

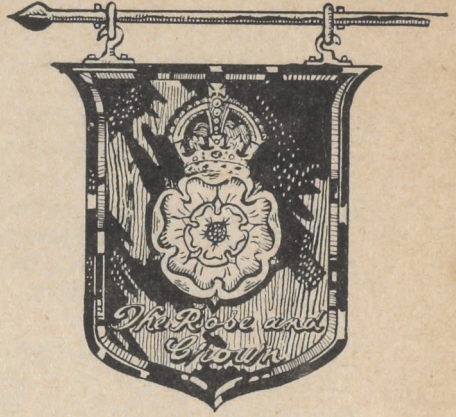
Who knows the reason why.

Away from here! There is balm in beer

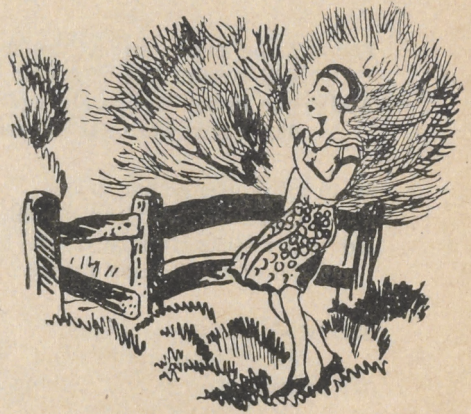
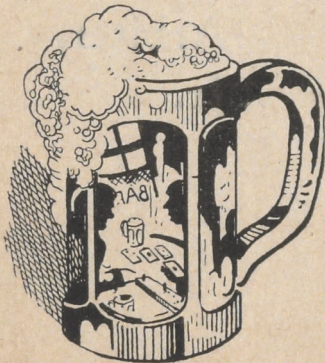
For love and wild regret.

I'll go down to the Rose and Crown,

And drink till I forget.



... by J.H.M.



Entertainment



THERE'S a lot to tell you about doings in the entertainments world since we last wrote to you; and here in chronological order are the main events:

On February 17, Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., gave one of his charming recitals; this one was held at 1830 hours so that people attending the Whist

Drive on the same evening could take advantage of the opportunity to hear fine music finely rendered.

The Whist Drive itself was quite a big affair of 16 tables, and LAC. Rose directed operations skilfully. The prizes were awarded as follows: Ladies—1st, Mrs. Arrowsmith; 2nd, Mrs. J. Shaw; Consolation Prize, Miss Lilian Newmead. Gentlemen—1st, LAC. Trevor Evans; 2nd, LAC. Bossom; Consolation Prize, Cpl. Cattle.

The Station Dance which took place on the following night was very capably M.C'd. by LAC. N. Hurst; the Spotlight Waltz prizewinners were Mrs. Evelyn Gannon of Moose Jaw and LAC. Kirkwood.

M.C. at the next dance was LAC. Haughey, who seems as much in place on the dance floor as he undoubtedly is on the football field. The Novelty Dance prize winners were Miss Phyllis Ludko and AC. Wigan.

March 2nd saw an innovation in entertainments, in the form of a Bridge Drive. Unfortunately, this seems to have been insufficiently well advertised, and only four tables were filled. The prize was carried off by Cpl. and Mrs. Hale.

Mr. Wickens' recital on March 3rd was well up to his usual standard. The Whist Drive later in the evening was

M.C'd by LAC. Godfrey, and prizes were won by the following: Ladies—1st, Mrs. Lowry, 178; 2nd, Mrs. Bannister, 174; 3rd, Mrs. Matthews, 173. Gentlemen—1st, LAC. Rae, 184; 2nd, LAC. Bossom, 175; 3rd, LAC. Frost, 173.

The following evening brought us round to another Station Dance, again directed by LAC. Norman Hurst. (We wouldn't dream of telling him this, but we saw a sweet young thing gazing at him rapturously and murmuring, "Isn't he nice!") There were some special features at this dance; a Musical Chairs Novelty, won by Miss Mary Reid and Cpl. McGinnis; decorations entitled "Blossom Time" by LAC. Coane; and LAC. ("Bing") Crosby, formerly of Harry Roy's Band, rattled the ivories while LAC. Gurr crooned.

On March 9th and 10th came the variety show, "Black and White," reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Produced by F/Sgt. Schofield, this first 100 per cent. airmen and wives show displayed the real spirit.

Isolated from the delights of Moose Jaw by a howling blizzard and impassable roads on March 16th, the camp showed its mettle and turned out an impromptu variety show which is likely to become a legend wherever former members of 32 meet again. Sgt. Cooper led the revels, and the whole evening was howlingly funny. The show didn't have a title, but we have christened it posthumously (if that is technically possible) and the title is definitely "Men Only."

A performance by the Swift Current Players of "French Without Tears" on March 17th had an appreciative audience, and we hope to see them again.

"When I say stand to attention, I mean stand to attention," said the Sergeant to the Erk.

"I am at attention, Sergeant," said the Erk, "it's my uniform that's at ease."

Words of Wisdom

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

—JOHN MILTON.

ANOTHER 32 SUCCESS!

Variety Show Is Acclaimed

"Black and White," a variety show, featuring Airmen and Wives from No. 32 S.F.T.S., was presented in the auditorium of the Moose Jaw Technical School on Wednesday, March 31st, to a large and appreciative audience. The show had previously done two very successful performances in the Station Cinema. The programme was divided into two parts. The first part was in the form of high speed variety and the second part was given over to a very realistic minstrel show.

The show got off to a good start with a grand opening chorus, "Thumbs Up." Following this, was a very amusing skit called "The Fur Coat." From Welsh Wales, as the programme put it, Bill Newbury sang a couple of numbers. Pat and Trevor Schofield were delightfully entertaining in everything in which they appeared, as were O.C. and Kathleen Cooper. One of the highlights of the evening was the unannounced B. M. Shearer, who amazed his audience with his skill in sleight-of-hand and card manipulation. Pat Schofield, Helen Bowker, Elsie O'Neill, Mary Hesketh, Marjorie Rush and Sadie Siddall all danced very artistically in the colourful number "Dance of the Flowers." Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, those two first rate comedians, Bratton and Jack, dressed as ballet dancers, had their audience in hysterics, with their own version of how the dance should be done. F. Edwards scored heavily with his very clever ventriloquial act.

The second half of the show can be best described by quoting from the programme. "See those mokes—real coloured folks, singing, dancing laughing, telling old minstrel jokes." That is just what this fine company of entertainers did. Ralph Botham, who appeared previously in many sketches, looked very debonair as Mr. Interlocu-

tor. Some grand old songs were revived in this part of the programme. Pat and Trevor Schofield sang "The Right Church." Gordon Morris gave us "Lazy Moon," and Dennis O'Brien, who was in excellent voice, gave a lovely rendition of the ever popular "Smilin' Thro'."

For the finale, the entire company joined in singing a very fine number, "Men of the Royal Air Force." This song, words and music composed by Gordon Morris, is one of the best patriotic songs of the war and deserves much popularity. Mention must be made of W. Poole who, besides playing the "Warsaw Concerto" very effectively, acted as accompanist to most of the other artists. The Station Orchestra, under the direction of F/Sgt. Parish, played in their usual manner throughout the evening. Special credits are due to Pat Schofield for designing the costumes and arranging all the dances, Mrs. M. L. Morgan for making the costumes, A.C. S. Baker for lighting effects, L.A.C. Coane for floral decorations, and last, but by no means least, L.A.C. George Sumner for designing and painting all the scenery.

In conclusion, it can be said that this production by F/Sgt. Schofield ranks high amongst the many other fine shows which various members of this Station have produced in the past.

—M.E.C.

He Liked It Too

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

Dear Sir:

My appreciation of the efforts of the producer, guests and others deserving credit for the production of the variety show "Black and White", staged in your station on March 9th and 10th.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. C. WALKER,
Y.M.C.A. General Secretary,
Moose Jaw.

Au Revoir But Not Goodbye

(This farewell message was sent to us by F/O A. Carswell, popular Entertainments Officer of this Station, who has left us for a West Coast station.)

If the real test of pleasure is the memory it leaves, I shall never forget my sojourn at Moose Jaw. I can well remember in the early days, when I stepped off the train, timid as a gopher and heavy as a buffalo. My eyes grew dim as I searched the Prairies for a tree—a spot of green grass. To me, from the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, the place seemed utterly soulless—like a home without furniture. How could I resign myself to life on such a plain? To get away from the place was my first reaction: but then, acknowledging the inevitable, I remembered the Scottish adage, "If you live beside a lamp-post long enough, you'll fall in love with it," and so I decided to make the most of Moose Jaw. I could never love the Prairies—my roots are in the heather—but soon I became attached to 32. I found it a grand place to live and work in. The spirit and friendly co-operation of all personnel and townsfolk was excellent. My work became a pleasure. My friends multiplied daily and I was happy. My only urge was for home, but in time I came to regard 32 as a good substitute. To all of those who contributed to my happiness and made me feel at home I wish to express my thanks. I will always cherish the memory of 32 as the Friendly Camp in the Friendly City. My present surroundings are ideal. The countryside is noted for its natural beauty, but even so there is something about Moose Jaw which this place lacks. Airmen who have been there say that they miss the old 32 spirit and the open hospitality. I hate to say "Good-bye", so let it be "Au revoir" and "Bless 'em all." I shall be glad to meet any of you again—"Anywhere, Any Time"!

—F/O. A. CARSWELL.

Was the shock of issuing greatcoats, recently, too much for the N.C.O. in the Stores?

Crossed Canada to See Us

"I like this place"

We have found someone who likes us—likes us enough to come some two thousand miles on a visit.

This remarkable person is LAC. Moyle, a technical man stationed in Nova Scotia. He came to 32 S.F.T.S. in the summer of last year and enhanced the gaiety of G Block in its lively days, being possessed of a pretty wit and an inexhaustible energy.

Then, to his grief, he was suddenly posted. He left us with the promise that some day he would come back.

In February he came on leave. We found him to be, as everyone said, "the same old Ernie", though a little saddened at times by the fact of his separation from No. 32. Those who had known him on the camp but had not heard of his visit were somewhat startled when they saw him float by on a tour of his old home. "I could swear," they said, "I could swear that was Taffy Moyle who used to be here."

Cpl. Law and his other friends were as glad to meet him again as he was to meet them, and a good time was had by all.

"You don't know how lucky you are to be here," he said. "If you lived in the wilds of Nova Scotia, many miles from any decent-sized town, you would have something to grumble about; so count your blessings."

Come

to the tea and sale of work in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund to be held at the Canadian Legion Hall on May 6, 2.30-5.30 p.m. Admission, 25 cents.

Station Band — Door Prize

RED CROSS DRIVE AT 32

Culminates in Dance

Well, 32 went over the top expectations and kept on going in the Red Cross drive. When the smoke cleared away and the splendid exertions of those who brought our contribution to the peak had ended, it was found that the station had made a total of \$4,665.50 for this great cause. We expected something good, of course; but for it to be as good as that surpassed everybody's hopes.

So the station is proud of itself, in a quiet way; and the news contained in A/Com. A. G. Howsam's welcome tribute, that we led No. 4 Training Command for contributions, was the source of general satisfaction.

The Grand Red Cross Ball, held in the Station Cinema on April 1st, brought the drive to a very happy end. The orchestra under Sgt. Parish was in good form throughout the evening; and the attendance full capacity. Halfway through the evening an intimate cabaret was presented, with Sgt. Cooper as comper. The audience greeted it enthusiastically and asked for more.

The programme was as follows: Tap dance, Mary Hesketh, Elsie O'Brien, Pat Schofield; songs by Kathleen Cooper; conjuring by B. Shearer; George Slack, vocalist; LAC. Gurr, crooner; B. Crosby and J. Talbot at the piano; and a nautical dance by Jean Morrison.

All these entertainers gave of their best, and our thanks are due to them for their contribution, not merely to a very pleasant evening, but to a worthy cause.

From *The New Statesman and Nation's* THIS ENGLAND column:

The Brains Trust of the City of Leeds Women's Conservative Association, meeting yesterday in the Leeds and County Conservative Club, decided that girls ought not to be allowed to go to school in slacks as it made them conspicuous and arrested their physical development.—*Yorkshire Post*.

Marriages

Once again, the Editor and Staff of the *Prairie Flyer* join with the personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S. in wishing all the very best of everything and more to the following on the occasion of their recent marriage:

SHIELD-TAYFEL—At 419 3rd Ave., Moose Jaw, on 17th December, 1942.

REID-HEWSON—At St. Andrew's Church, Moose Jaw, on 30th December, 1942.

LIVSEY-LEE—At 544 Athabasca St. E., Moose Jaw, on 31st December, 1942.

COOKE-O'LEARY—At St. Joseph's Church, Claybank, Sask., on 17th January, 1943.

TOLLEY-AFFLECK—At 3045 Angus St., Regina, Sask., on 23rd January, 1943.

SCOTT-ROBERTS—At St. John's Church, Moose Jaw, on 23rd January, 1943.

ADAMS-GREEN—At St. John's Church, Moose Jaw, on 30th January, 1943.

MCKENZIE-CRABTREE—At the Blessed Sacrament Rectory, Regina, on February 10, 1943.

LINSER-BURGESS—At St. Andrew's Manse, Moose Jaw, on February 19, 1943.

JONES-BULL—At St. Joseph's Church, Moose Jaw, on March 9, 1943.

HATTON-CRITCHTON—At 1100 Chestnut Avenue, Moose Jaw, on March 10, 1943.

Sincere Congratulations

Births

We said there were "MORE TO COME" and we didn't mean "maybe"! Here are Mr. Stork's recent introductions to the homes of personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S. Our congratulations go to:

HARVEY—On 2nd January, a daughter, Gloria Jean, at Moose Jaw.

DIXON—On 11th January, a daughter, Maureen Lily, at Moose Jaw.

• *Continued on following page*

Vale!

MY posting has come—and I feel I must write a message to you all. A farewell message is not an easy thing to write (there is such a horrible finality about farewells).

Moose Jaw may pride itself on its title of "The Friendly City", but I wonder how many of you have thought that No. 32 S.F.T.S. has earned the title, and may with pride call itself, "The Friendly Camp"? I can honestly say that I could not have had a finer Station on which to work.

The motto of the Unit is an appropriate one—"Anywhere, Any Time". Those who chose that motto little thought, then, that their Unit would one day be stationed in the heart of the Prairie, but they knew the traditions of the Royal Air Force.

To those of you who are "browned off", I can only say—look at the record of pupils of this School. It is an exceptionally fine one. Help to keep it up at your end of the job, so that our pupils can say with pride in answer to anyone, "Yes, but I was trained at No. 32 S.F.T.S."

Good luck to you all!

F/Lt. A. R. CARFRAE.

Revelations From Repairs

More frequent changes and issues of overalls in our department have resulted in the appearance from all sides of airmen clad in dazzling yellow. Our hangar looks like a show workshop. Indeed, so sartorially-minded have we become that if you notice an airman with a stain on his overalls crossing the hangar it's a safe guess that he is on his way to change.

In I Block we have a U.T. Yogi. If one awakes early, one may see a semi-nude figure dash into some secret place in the ablutions, there to perform various strange twistings and convolutions—but can you playboys wake early enough?

We have a go-getting ice hockey team. At the Market Rink on February 24, the Repair Racers defeated the Hotspur Eagles 3-2 in a hard-fought game. The Racers, when two behind, battled grimly and snatched up three scoring chances. Towards the end the Eagles pressed strongly but the defence held out.

The most improved skater on the ice was Jock Busey, who played a very good game. Newly married Mackenzie gave his usual daring display of net-minding.

Here is the team: Mackenzie (goal), Busey and Turner (defence), Miller, Linfoot, Preston and Quinn (forwards).

Finally, we offer congratulations to Cpl. Howard on becoming father to a baby daughter (bags of girls in our section).

MARRIAGES—BIRTHS

• *Continued*

FRANCIS—On 29th December, 1942, a daughter, Susan Carol, at Moose Jaw.

NEGUS—On 10th January, a son, Timothy Wilfred, at Moose Jaw.

RATTEE—On 4th January, a son, Robert Vernon, at Moose Jaw.

FARLEY—On 9th January, a daughter, Diana Carol, at Moose Jaw.

CHAPMAN—On 9th December, 1942, a daughter, Norma Margaret, at Moose Jaw.

BOSCOTT—A son, Anthony James, at Moose Jaw on 8th December, 1942.

EZEKIEL—A son, Geoffrey, at Moose Jaw on 23rd February, 1943.

PORTER — (Twins) — A son, Keith Anthony, and a daughter, Barbara Anne, at Moose Jaw on 18th March, 1943. —J.S.

SPORTS CHATTER



THE close of the winter season's sports has brought about a slight lull in recreation at No. 32, but behind the scenes there has been considerable activity in the Soccer sphere. A great deal of enthusiasm has been observed and it is hoped that this season will be a successful one. The Station Soccer Committee has already held two meetings, which were also attended by Barrack Hut representatives. It has been decided to operate once more a Station Inter-Hut League and the competition will commence on or about Monday, April 26th. In the meantime action will be taken to recondition the pitch and repair the goal-posts and nets. Perhaps it would not be advisable at the moment to comment on the Hut teams that have been playing trial games lately, but it is interesting to note that as a result of the Sergeants' Mess match, it is going to be exceedingly difficult to select one team from the twenty-two players who were observed the other evening battling away and playing splendid football.

The Southern Saskatchewan Services Soccer League will open on Wednesday, May 5th, with one of the Moose Jaw sides away to Swift Current. The League has accepted Estevan (last season's champions), Weyburn, Assiniboia, Swift Current, Caron and Moose Jaw (two teams) for the competition, but owing

to the many difficulties yet to be overcome regarding transport and other problems, the majority of the fixtures have not yet been decided upon. Fixture lists, however, will be available before the League commences.

It is unfortunate that Flying Officer Thomas should have been whisked away to Trenton for six weeks' temporary duty just when preparation is being made for the Summer recreation, but I feel sure that the members of the Soccer committee will be able to put their heads together and organise everything without much trouble. By the way, if any erk can think of two suitable names for the Station teams just pop along to the Sports Office and hand 'em in. Corinthians and Casuals of last season are going out of existence and new names are urgently required.

In view of the lack of reports on Rugby and Cricket for this summer, I am afraid that is all the gen I can give you, but in the next issue of the *Prairie Flyer*, I hope to include a few write-ups on soccer games, so watch out for criticism. Cheerio. —G.S.L.

We Are Being Given the Air!

No, don't get us wrong; nobody's going to throw us out.

Through the kind co-operation of radio station CHAB, a 32 S.F.T.S. Talent Programme should soon be in full swing. It is hoped that this will become a regular feature.

Those who would like to display their talents, and who are willing to rehearse to display them to the best effect, are asked to get in touch with a member of the Committee formed to organise the new venture. The members are: The Padre, F/O. Heath, Sgt. Cooper, F/Sgt. Schofield, LAC. Baker and LAC. Moulton.

Let's hear from you, lads.

GLEANINGS from the G.I.S. ❧ ❧

NOT a lot of news from the G.I.S. this month—or any month for that matter. Work seems to go on smoothly enough without any major panic and the private lives of the staff offer little in the way of newsy scandal. A birth here, maybe, and a marriage there, but all disappointingly above board. In the Instructional Block itself there reigns, day after day, a pleasing quiet, with the pupils shut up in their lecture rooms, the staff in their offices, and the passages deserted except, perhaps, for a man thoughtfully pushing a broom.

Which prompts us to recall that, some months ago, one whose opinion we value confided in us that he found it a pleasure to wander through the G.I.S. as there was always such a purposeful air about the place; one could actually see people working and sense that they were achieving something. He referred, of course, to the pupils, but it is pleasant for the staff now and then to bask in a little reflected glory.

* * *

With the departure of 67 Course passed from our midst a very picturesque and mysterious figure who, after lights out, was wont to patrol up and down the centre of Hut F, his lengthy form splendidly robed in pyjamas and around his massive head a white bandeau. In the darkness his passage would be indicated by the glow of a cigarette. The meaning of this strange ritual is quite unknown to us, as it was to his colleagues of 67 Course, but we have a feeling that mighty things were being thought out in the night watches.

Whilst on the subject of 67 Course, why does one of their number linger on with us? There was a time not so long ago when he appeared most anxious to be posted, making several enquiries daily. He now seems equally anxious to stay put. Again we ask—why?

* * *

As we write these notes a blizzard sweeps across the prairies—and, incidentally, confines us to camp. And we think of Sergeant Hart, who was prevented by it from keeping an appointment with his bride that afternoon. He gallantly set out for the city intending to make it on foot but, no doubt reflecting that a blizzard doesn't come under the heading of fire and water, didn't go through with it. He has our sympathy, as we understand that he showed a rather finer judgment in the choice of a wife than in the choice of a wedding day.

* * *

To Flight Lieutenant Ezekiel our congratulations on his being presented with a son.

* * *

Good luck to the graduates of 69 Course. Our chief memory of them will be of a barrack room floor which shone like the deck of a battleship. Their work also was above the average. Is it possible that, after all, there is some connection between the two things?

* * *

POSTSCRIPT.—Congratulations and best wishes to Sgt. Hart. The blizzard cleared next day, he reached Moose Jaw, and was duly wedded.



On Learning to Skate

IT is doubtful if anyone with a spark of youth left in him, coming to Canada for the first time and spending a winter here, can get through that winter without making at least one attempt to learn ice-skating. Lacrosse may be officially the national sport of Canada, but skating seems to be the most popular and the one most readily associated with the country.

There will be few Canadians who can appreciate the difficulties of an art which they master at such an early age that they are accomplished performers before their minds begin to register any memories at all; so that it falls to the visitor to discover just how difficult skating can be.

At the first sign of winter you rush around enthusiastically trying to borrow, or even buy, some skates. You find quite a number of people who appear only too willing to sell you a pair—"only worn them once or twice"

• *Continued on following page*

ON LEARNING TO SKATE

• *Continued*

—and in your eagerness it never occurs to you to wonder why. Having bought them at what you are assured is a bargain price, you make tracks at the first opportunity for the ice rink, carrying the skates a little self-consciously, but trying to look as though you've been used to doing so all your life. In a quiet sort of way you've convinced yourself that you're an exception to the rule and are going to astound all your sniggering friends by taking to the ice as a duck to water, and as you draw on your boots your fingers tremble a little with excitement. Then you stand up and are amazed to find that your ankles have turned to rubber and that your poise has suddenly become nil. With rapidly diminishing confidence you grope your way from the dressing room out to the rink where you stand on the edge looking with what you hope is a disinterested air at an unbroken ring of men, women and children gliding past with classic grace. Your heart sinks and you tell yourself that you'll never be able even to stand once you set foot on the ice. How right you are!

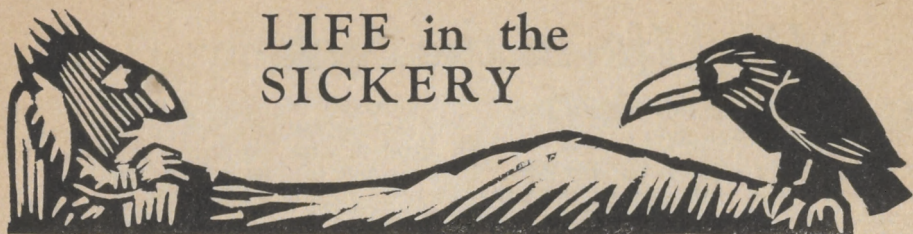
However, after lingering on the edge for an unnecessarily long time, you brace yourself and, mumbling something about confidence being half the battle, you take your first step onto the rink. Although you do not immediately fall flat on your back, something tells you that, notwithstanding your abounding confidence, it might be as well to have just one hand on the barrier. You then discover that skates have an extraordinary volition of their own. You are quite positive in your own mind that you were standing perfectly still, moving not a muscle, when you suddenly realise with horror that your two feet are acting quite independently of one another, and you experience that awful sensation of knowing that you are ever so slowly falling and that no power on earth can do anything about it. Having taken your first fall, you heave yourself

once more into the roughly vertical, acutely conscious of the fact that you and the skates are not yet as one and with an uncomfortable feeling that every eye in the building is focused on you.

And so the evening goes on; your feet become numbed and your ankles feel badly sprained, if not broken; a wild figure of unco-ordinated movement, you have somehow dragged yourself around the rink five or six times. After the first hour the certain knowledge that you are making an exhibition of yourself ceases to worry you; you ignore the fact that mere babes-in-arms are making rings around you; and you take in good part the insistent playing of "Superman". When ten o'clock comes around, you step off the ice and notice how soft and friendly the wooden floor is. You remove your skates and, finding that your ankles still function and that your sense of balance has been restored to you, walk jauntily away from the place, happily aware that, minus skates, you are as good as the next man. You have a glorious feeling of well-being and the following day you write home to an admiring family, casually stating that you have taken up skating and expect soon to be proficient. After that you pay perhaps another one or two visits to the rink and then sell your skates at a handsome profit to the latest arrival from England.



LIFE in the SICKERY



Camp personnel proceeding about their daily tasks have been seen to stop and gaze in wide-eyed wonderment at the unusual sight of the Sickery rocking gently to and fro on its foundations. The faint hum of activity exudes from the portals of our emporium, and an orderly's head may be seen at intervals protruding from the chimney, the interior of which the orderlies have been polishing. However, the Sickery is gradually assuming its former vertical and staid position, and life therein is once again returning to a normal but slightly changed routine.

We have to announce several important changes in the Sickery staff. We bid farewell to S/Ldr. MacMurchy, former Senior Medical Officer, and Nursing Sister Dickson, both of whom have been torn from our midst. We respectfully wish them the very best of luck in the future, and hope some day to see them again.

Replacing S/Ldr. MacMurchy and N/S. Dickson have come S/Ldr. J. C. M. Browne, now Senior Medical Officer, and N/S. Baxter, both of whom we cordially welcome, with the hope that their finding the hospital in a state of *en déshabillé* will not give them any false impressions! However, we are all looking forward to a pleasant and co-operative future, a sentiment we express with a confidence born of our hitherto short but inspiring association.

The Medical Manor has almost completely assumed its bile-stained appearance and our former gaze of shocked wonderment has gradually been replaced by one of apprehension . . . how will it react to scouring powder . . .

Our golden-headed orderly is now a member of the L.O.S. (League of Old Sweats). I can never seem to fathom why they call it a "Good Conduct" stripe though.

We cannot resist telling of an Allied pupil who, while on treatment for a head cold in the hospital, was given an inhalation. After a few minutes "under the shroud" he suddenly sprang to his feet and said solemnly and with much pathos: "I am very sorry, but I

cannot drink any more of this . . ."

LAC. Spry has forsaken us all and left us in scorn to dwell in a palatial downtown mansion. His Chrysler rolls up regularly at the guard-room each morning (15c both ways) and we are thinking of presenting him with an umbrella and a bowler hat. However, coming to think of it, they are badges of respectability . . .

That harassed man, who always seems to crop up somewhere on this page, is now the wearer of an even more martyred look. I think he suffers from a "Basin Street" complex — a peculiar obsession which constantly demands of its victim a never ending expression of his own ability. An oral exudation is present in fits, which has been chemically defined and found to contain an excess of bile. His condition is getting serious, and he now spends most of his time in an apparently fruitless survey of the number of people who can tell him who wrote Abraham Lincoln's autobiography; a question which leaves us in very little doubt as to his true mental state. To quote: "Cases of this kind are apt to become violent and panic at the slightest provocation. They should be carefully watched and humoured, and placed upon a diet of green bananas and vaseline."

With the amount of polish that is being applied to the dispensary floor, in another fortnight we shall have to use a step-ladder to get in.

Within the past week or so, the staff has begun to breathe a little more freely; the size of the sick parades has been diminishing and victims have become fewer. However, numbers are rising sharply again and this morning I saw one or two N.C.O.'s with worried looks on their faces looking in odd corners. . . . "I think we could fix one up under that radiator" . . . "Now, if we can get a small chap, he'll fit right into the bath" . . . In other words, we are beginning to be pressed for space. If you look carefully around the Sickery, you may note dark bundles lying in odd places, but don't let it worry you; you may be there one day . . . —O.H.

MY Life in the Sickery . . .

Q The author of this human document is a pupil pilot . . .

DURING my sojourn on this camp I have read with interest the paragraphs under the headline "Life in the Sickery." From them I imagined recuperating patients lying in a comparatively comfortable bed and being waited on hand and foot.

There is an art in being able to fool an M.O. well enough to get into an R.A.F. hospital. At times when I have felt cheated off with life I have seriously contemplated polishing up my technique and having a try at being admitted. I was given to understand that sitting close to the radiator and making full use of it was one of the basic fundamentals in this dastardly subterfuge.

Last week I had no need of my accumulated knowledge. No gremlins were required to tamper with the thermometer on that fateful morn when I trooped along to S.S.Q., complete with overboots (but not small kit, of course).

"We had better have you in," said the M.O., and for the first time in memory I didn't disagree in thought or word. I returned to my billet and collected my small kit and several trunks full of writing-pads, gen books, and etceteras that might come in useful to a 'flu-stricken airman; for it was, beyond doubt, 'flu in some form or other.

On being admitted I was given a bed, dressing gown and pyjamas, and I found myself reading the S.S.Q. Standing Orders. Nothing unusual, I thought, as I perused them in a state of semi-coma and appended my signature in the book (I believe they would make you sign your grandmother's death-warrant, if ever they found themselves short of signatures in the year's check-up).

My uniform and equipment were noted on a form and whisked away, I know not where. Then came something that was really enjoyable: a bath. Don't get me wrong; I use as much soap as the next man in my daily ablutions, but the luxury of being able to lie down in a real bath with hot water in it is a joy that only a Serviceman away from home can appreciate. Life could be worse, I decided, when I crawled between sheets of a snowy

whiteness and settled down to read those magazines which always seem to compete with those in a dentist's waiting-room for "back-datedness."

I awaited my first meal eagerly and, as though to snub my anticipation, a bowl of soup and a glass of milk arrived. "Light diet for you, my lad," said an aspiring Robert Taylor in a white gown. "Light diet" it certainly was. I began to reckon out whether the amount of body-sustaining susten-

. . . by Peter

ance I was receiving would equal the weight I was losing hourly due to 'flu.

My thoughts were confused by the continual flow of slush over the radio. I was sure that the M.O. would recommend Bile Beans to be taken with Mason's 49 and washed down with Palmolive if he considered that they would cure my malady. But the announcers seemed to think otherwise. That blankety-blank radio did more to me than a million germs. I am convinced that the volume knob was operated by a deaf patient.

Deciding to write some letters, I searched, at first calmly (for another patient had his eyes on me), and then frantically, for my fountain pen. I then realised that the pen was in my hut. . .

The first two days are bearable, if you don't happen to feel like death warmed up; but after that you have to be careful not to go nuts. A radio and some old magazines are not enough. You get up at six and must be shaved and ready for breakfast by seven. After a nice light meal you arise and make your bed. If you indulge in the pernicious habit of smoking, as I do, then you will miss your after-breakfast pleasure, as there is no smoking until the M.O. has been around at ten-thirty. Lunches come at noon. No matter how dreary the life may seem, you have to admit that the cook is a genius. With the diet sheet prepared by a diminutive corporal, he produces dishes which really compare with Mother's best.

I mustn't praise the clerical corporal too highly because I don't agree with his views on "life, death and the soul,"

The Flying Instructor's Dream

To me upon an afternoon a vision was revealed
 As fifty jolly aeroplanes careered about the field;
 My pupils landed back to front, they landed upside down,
 But I was lying fast asleep and there was none to frown.
 I dreamed that on a certain course a certain pupil came
 And in the Flight allotment he was drawn against my name;
 A blackvised rapscaillon with a falling lock of hair
 And a stupid little clipped moustache that shouldn't have been there.
 He said he meant to learn to fly and get it over soon
 As his patience was exhausted with the old man in the moon;
 He said I'd better hurry up and teach him all I knew
 Or he'd label me for ever as a plutocratic Jew.
 He said his name was Shicklegrub, he said it wasn't fair;
 He ripped the Order Books to shreds and tossed them in the air,
 He bit his parachute in half and screamed in mortal pain
 Till I strapped him up securely in our oldest aeroplane.
 I told him all he had to do was wind the tailtrim back
 And loosen well the throttle-nut to make it really slack;
 I warned him that when taking off the flaps should be depressed
 And the stick pulled firmly backwards till it hit him in the chest.
 I begged him to make no mistake before he hit the trail,
 But make quite sure the wind was blowing strong behind his tail;
 I told him that the mixture knob should always be in "weak",
 And the radiator shuttered off in case it sprang a leak.
 I ordered him if things went wrong, my good advice despite,
 To rudder strongly to the left and bank towards the right.
 To throttle back one engine and to climb at twenty-five,
 And then return to safety in a screaming power-dive.
 I sent the ambulance away and set its driver free,
 I told the fire-tender's crew that it was time for tea;
 Then, all my preparations made and all the omens right,
 I authorised Herr Hitler for his first and final flight.

(Flight)

—OWEN CHAVE.

★ ★

MY LIFE IN THE SICKERY

• *Continued*

and he might think that I am giving in. Presumably, he does some work in that little cubby-hole; he certainly tried to convince me of this when I doubted his importance.

Daddy Longlegs, an orderly, will usually be heard calling in a loud and hearty voice: "Everybody happy?"—as though you could be happy with 'flu!

It was a good moment when the M.O. decided that I could leave bed. I was glad then—but not when I discovered the difference between a "bed patient" and an "up patient." I carried trays to the patients at mealtimes and took them away afterwards. Then I helped to wash up. Have you ever had to wash up after twenty people have had a three-course lunch? If you have you will sympathise with me. It took us, on that particular day, an hour and twenty-

five minutes to clean up that kitchen. Greasy saucepans the size of petrol bowsers tumbled over one another and there was always another batch when we thought we had finished.

We swept and re-swept the lino floor until not a speck of dust could be detected. Then we settled down to the task of polishing. I am still very weak from those acres of floor, and I am out just in time for a pleasant Monday-night session.

Join the Air Force and become house-trained! We used to talk of leading a dog's life; who wouldn't nowadays?

No, my friend, if you're for getting a few days' rest I suggest jankers. A harsh alarm clock at six is preferable to the suave voice of "Hilda" saying, "Left hand, please," as he takes your pulse and plunges a thermometer down your gullet, adding "Hurry up; we want you for carrying trays this morning."

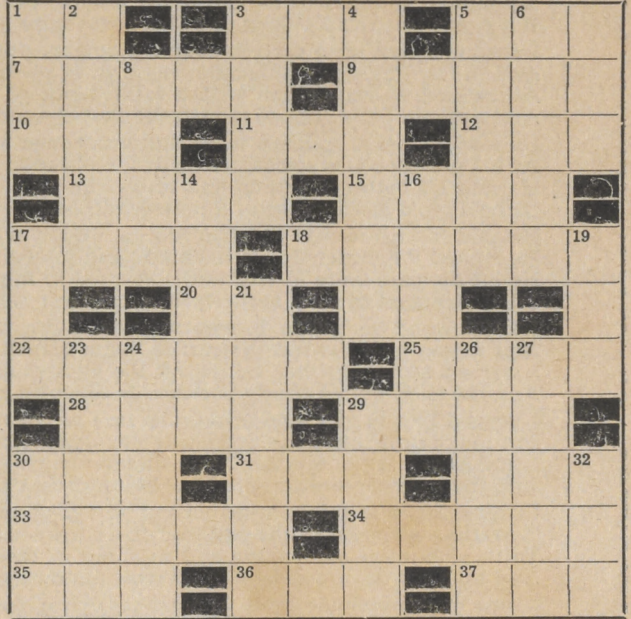
I'm glad to be back in harness again.

Crossword Competition—No. 20

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive by April 30, 1943, to

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

marking the envelope "X-word".



CLUES ACROSS

1. Automobile Association.
3. Perceived.
5. Abb. for saint (Fr.)
7. Nasty people display it.
9. Indian nurses
10. Soft blow.
11. Flow away.
12. Spins or crowns.
13. Hold your horses.
15. Belongs to Amy.
17. Shades of Tommy Handley.
18. You've often heard one (2 words).
20. Soldiers don't like them.
22. Fall.
25. Pay it or ring.
28. The tower is still leaning.
29. Cow-house.
30. A railway
31. Anger.
33. Or thou are taking a look.
34. Not our cooks?
35. F/O. on this station.
36. Phonetic footwear.
37. You'd rather drink it than eat it.

CLUES DOWN

1. Snake
2. Separated.
3. It is eyed.
4. River in Indiana.
5. Dirty old man.
6. Not these.
8. A thing.
14. Found in poems.
16. Morning after?
17. Is it?
19. Nothing.
21. Seen on schoolgirls.
23. Your bed may be this.
24. Bugged down.
26. Take it and like it.
27. "----- Bucks."
29. You're at everyone's in the R.A.F.
32. Employ.

Name

Address

.....

CAN *you* SOLVE THESE?

1. Mr. Smith was tired of life. Jumping from his chair, he scribbled a farewell note, put on his overcoat, and went to the canal. Over it was a bridge, with a span of a hundred feet, a height of forty feet above the water, and with no support apart from those at either end. Mr. Smith took one look from the bridge, and then dived from the parapet, clear of all obstacles, into the deepest part of the canal. The inquest showed that he died, not from drowning, but from a broken neck. No boats were passing, nor were there any floating objects in the water. What happened?
2. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their sons went into a café for tea. The only refreshments to be had were: Tea 3½d. a head, ices 9d. each, and cakes 2d. and 3d. each. Each spent an equal amount, the bill for all being 11s. 9d. How many sons were there?
3. If Big Ben takes 33 seconds to strike 9, how long did it take the evening it anticipated Double Summer Time, and struck 10?
4. Add a vowel to the following letters sufficient times to form a sentence:
ILZEDUT.

C.S.
E.S.



SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. 64 feet. First, flatten the sides of the room outwards, when a cross-shaped diagram will be obtained. Fix the position of the spider, and his destination. The shortest path is a straight line joining the two. The length may be calculated from a right-angled triangle.
2. 12 on geography, 7 on history and 4 on mathematics. The question resolves itself into finding three numbers whose total is 23, and the sum of whose squares is 209. Obviously, the largest number cannot be greater than 14 ($14 \times 14 = 196$). We cannot find two numbers whose total is 9 and the sum of whose squares is 13. Similarly, if the greatest number were 13, we have to find two numbers whose sum is 10 and whose squares add up to 40. Trial and error shows that there are no numbers which fulfil these conditions. Now we try with 12 as the greatest number. This leaves us with 65, which is the sum of the squares of 7 and 4, which add up to 11. This satisfies our problem.
3. 13 cows, 8 ducks. First clue: The number of cows' heads and legs can be 5, 15, 25, 35, 45, 55, 65, 75, 85. Corresponding with these, the number of ducks' heads and legs would be 84, 74, 64, 54, 44, 34, 24, 14 or 4. Since there are 3 per duck, the only ones of the above numbers which can be used are multiples of 3, i.e. 84, 54, 24. Possible solutions are thus 1 cow, 28 ducks; 7 cows, 18 ducks; 13 cows, 8 ducks. Since there are more cows than ducks the last given is the correct answer.

C.S.
E.S.



Y.M.C.A. Film Schedule

NO. 32 S.F.T.S., R.A.F.

Moose Jaw, Sask.

APRIL 13, 1943 — MAY 7, 1943

TUESDAY, APRIL 13—*Cultural Films.*

FRIDAY, APRIL 16—"Broadway": Starring George Raft, Pat O'Brien.
Short, "Puppet Show".

SUNDAY, APRIL 18—"Playmates":—Starring Kay Kyser, J. Barrymore,
Ginny Simms.
Short, "The Wise Little Hen," Disney Cartoon.

MONDAY, APRIL 19—"Paris Calling": Starring Randolph Scott, Elizabeth
Bergner.
Short, "Stranger Than Fiction".

TUESDAY, APRIL 20—*Cultural Films.*

FRIDAY, APRIL 23—"The Fleet's In": Starring Dorothy Lamour, Eddie
Bracken. . . . Short, "Acrobatic Aces".

SUNDAY, APRIL 25—"Hurry, Charlie, Hurry": Starring Leon Errol and
Mildred Coles.
Shorts, Disney Cartoon, "Wings of a Continent" and
"Romancing Along".

MONDAY, APRIL 26—"All Through the Night": Starring Humphrey
Bogart, Kaaron Verne.
Short, "Forty Boys and a Song".

TUESDAY, APRIL 27—*Cultural Films.*

FRIDAY, APRIL 30—"Hold Back the Dawn": Starring Charles Boyer,
Olivia DeHavilland.
Short, "Popeye Cartoon".

SUNDAY, MAY 2—"Dance, Girl, Dance": Starring Maureen O'Hara and
Lucille Ball. . . . Short, "Nevada Unlimited".

MONDAY, MAY 3—"Larceny Incorporated": Starring Ed. G. Robinson
and Jane Wyman.
Short, "West of the Rockies".

TUESDAY, MAY 4—*Cultural Films.*

FRIDAY, MAY 7—"Lady Has Plans": Starring Ray Milland, and Paulette
Goddard.
Shorts, "Breezy Little Bears" and "Zero, the Hound".

