

The PRAIRIE FLYER



The Magazine of
NO 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.)
MOOSE JAW, SASK, CANADA.

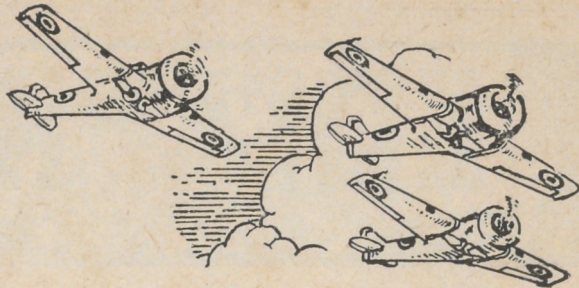
VOL. 3 NO 1 15c

JUNE 1943

PRAIRIE FLYER

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

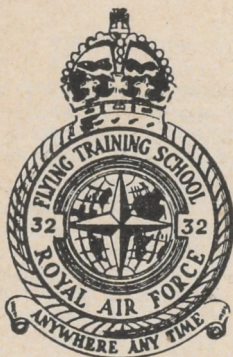
Moose Jaw - Sask.
Canada



CONTENTS for JUNE issue . . . 1943

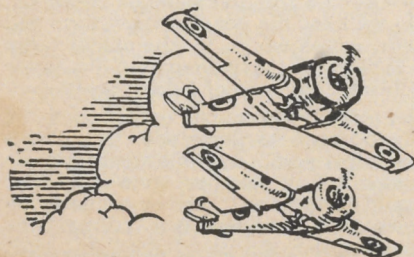
Vol. 3 No. 1

Published
by kind permission of
Group Captain E. J. George



Editor:
LAC. T. Melican.
Assistant Editor:
LAC. J. H. Martin
Art Editor:
LAC. G. Sumner.
Accounts:
Cpl. T. S. M. Gard.
News:
Cpl. J. Morton.
Cpl. D. A. G. Boag.
Sales and Distribution:
LAC. M. G. Haughey.

Editorial	2
Messages to You	3
Don't Go to New York!	4
Solution to Crossword No. 20	5
. . . And That's the End of That	6
Bits and Pieces	7
The Social Minimum (<i>continued</i>)	8
There've Been Some Changes Made!	9
A Dog's Life	10
Beauty and the Blitz	11
Broadcast	12
Things We Want to Know	13
Photograph—The Station Choir	14
Choral Notes	15
Potted Personalities	16
Notes by the Way	17
Bird Life at 32—No. 1	17
News Section	18-21
Photograph—The Station Band	19
Entertainments	22
A Few More Words from the P.S.I.	23
Sports Chatter	25
Robinson (<i>poem</i>)	26
Gleanings from the G.I.S.	27
Ode to N.C.O. i/c Accounts Section Filing	28
The Padre's Letter	29
Life in the Sickery	30
Crossword Competition No. 21	31
Can You Solve These?	32
Heritage of Beauty (<i>poem</i>)	32



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

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





"Men of China, proud and free,
Lift your sword for liberty,
With your blood cleanse yet the earth;
Brotherhood must have its birth.

"Men of China, proud and free,
Learning's lantern burns for thee,
Science aids us in our fight,
Brings the world to wisdom's light;

"Old days are done.
Our battle won,
Mankind march on;
Speed ye the dawn."

THERE is food for thought in this translation of the most popular song of warring China. There is, indeed, a salutary lesson for Occidentals. I can think of no comparable song written in English during this war; perhaps because we Europeans are an old and weary people, with few illusions left and those, usually, the wrong ones.

How many of us have realised that in the great civilisation of China a spiritual renaissance is taking place? Very few, perhaps; there are still, incredible though it seems to me at this period of world history, persons among the Allies who look with scorn on those whose skin happens to be a different colour from their own. It is, of course, a cheap and convenient method of convincing oneself of one's own superiority; a means whereby the most ignorant and stupid of whites can believe himself to be a better, more valuable human being than so great a scholar, so fine a philosopher, as Dr. Lin Yutang, or so cultured a man as Paul Robeson; but it is logically and morally indefensible, a detestable example of reasoning conditioned by emotional prejudice, that "thinking with the blood" which the Nazis recommend and we, officially, don't. We are fighting the Nazi *Herrenvolk*, but too many of us appear to be doing so merely in order to supplant them with an *Herrenvolk* of our own. That is not the way to rational world order, but to darkness and death.

I think that we have a lesson to learn from the Chinese. They, too, are an old people; but they never became quite so weary as Europeans. Their civilisation is, in fact, older than ours; they can show masterpieces of art produced during a time for which we can show only flint arrowheads and stone clubs; but they have enjoyed long periods of peace, and Europe has not. Their philosophy, and hence their nature, has been essentially pacific; a fact well illustrated by their conception of the God of War, who was named Kuan Ti, and who (I quote from a book read several years ago, and cannot guarantee that the words are exactly as given) was not "a cruel tyrant delighting in slaughter, but the god who could avert war, and save the people from its horrors." True, their civilisation made no sudden jumps in progress; there was no necessity for it to do so, it was leisurely and spacious, and the wise man who would live long is seldom in a hurry—they had, if I remember correctly, ninety-four public holidays a year, which speaks well for the general happiness and a sane outlook on the use of time. In the Western world we go by the clock; there are factories that run on split-second timing; it is all very marvellous, but I wonder which of the two civilisations has produced the greater number of happy people?

Chuangtse, that fount of wisdom, formulated the theory of evolution more than two thousand years before Darwin; mainly because he perceived its philosophical necessity. Indeed, he made some rather comical errors in his suggested scale of development, introducing the horse, for instance, at an inappropriate stage, for he lacked knowledge of biology; but it is illuminating to reflect that he approached the question from the opposite end, working down from the general to the particu-

• Continued on following page

Messages to You

AT the conclusion of over two years' service at No. 32 S.F.T.S., both as Chief Instructor and Commanding Officer, I find that saying goodbye is quite the most difficult task with which I have been confronted.

The loyalty of all personnel to the unit has been an inspiration to me, as I am sure it will be to my successor. For this more than anything I commend you to him.

I leave you with a sense of loss which is hard to describe, but also with the knowledge that many of us will serve together again, and work together in that close harmony which has made my task as Commanding Officer the most enjoyable experience in my service career.

In conclusion, I wish to thank you all for the co-operation and hard work which have made No. 32 S.F.T.S. such a happy and efficient unit.

GROUP CAPTAIN N. E. MORRISON, A.F.C.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE arriving at Moose Jaw I had an opportunity of looking round elsewhere and from all sides had heard that this is the best Station in Canada. My own observations in the past week endorse this view.

If you will continue to give me the same co-operation in the future that you have given to the late C.O. in the past we should not find it difficult to maintain our enviable standing.

GROUP CAPTAIN E. J. GEORGE,
Commanding Officer.

EDITORIAL

• *Continued from preceding page*

lar; whereas Darwin arrived at it by inference from a wide knowledge of biological facts, and failed to fit the theory into his philosophy, persisting in many ancient errors of belief in this regard.

But it is true that Chinese culture was reaching dead ends, and was divorced from the great body of new and valuable knowledge that we could offer them. Its static condition was due quite largely to the use of a pictorial script, in which a culture tends to embalm itself; and they had not our conscious striving for "progress." This is changing rapidly; they have more than half a century's acquaintance with the benefits of Western civilization, and can now bomb and machine-gun with the best of us. They are alive to more than this, however; long before the war, Chinese students gave to Bertrand Russell the kind of ovation which we reserve for film stars. Russell is our prophet, but he had, of course, to visit another country to receive full recognition. The young people of China know, as he does, that "Science aids us in our fight," but that its ultimate use is to "Bring the world to wisdom's light." I wish I could feel sure that we all realise that equally well.

Visiting China in about 1925, directly after a tour of India where Hinduism, poverty and starvation largely destroy the people's interest in the things of this world, Aldous Huxley was at once impressed, as he records in "Jesting Pilate," by the immense reserves of vitality one sensed in the common people. Watching a potter producing with casual, expert hands, out of four thousand years of experience, miracles of lovely form, he wondered what would happen when these intensely alive men and women came into full contact with scientific possibilities. We are beginning to see what will happen. We hear young China singing, with beautiful faith and devotion, not merely "China march on," but "*Man-kind march on*"; and it is a pity that we are not singing it also, and singing at the top of our lungs.

I am nothing if not cynical; consciously so, and about those things which, in my opinion, are worthy of cynicism; but I am constantly appalled by young men of my generation who, almost without realising it, are so profoundly cynical that they believe, so far as I can judge, in absolutely nothing at all.

I advise them to look towards the East.

T. M.

MANY years ago *Punch* printed a very simple joke which was to become a classic. It took the form of Mr. Punch's advice to those intending marriage, and the advice was: "DON'T". I would quote that beautifully brief counsel to those who are thinking of a visit to New York.

New York is a wonderful city, and the visitor is bound to have a wonderful time there. It is because of that, pre-

DON'T GO to New York!

cisely because of that, that I advise you not to go.

You have to come back again. There, in a sentence, is my argument against going. **YOU HAVE TO COME BACK.**

What this means, in terms of heart-break and disillusionment, can be convincingly illustrated from my own experience. A few months ago I was a happy man. I was content with Moose Jaw; I even liked it. Life was a comfortable and pleasant routine of work and leisure, the leisure being distributed between the War Services Club, the Exchange Cafe and bed, with an occasional wild orgy of gramophone records.

Then I went to New York.

At the risk of making myself unpopular locally, I must point out that New York is considerably larger than Moose Jaw and somehow different. It is hard to define the difference, but one notices it immediately. For one thing the buildings are taller than those of Moose Jaw; or at least they seem taller. They are, too, made mostly of concrete and stone, perhaps because wood is scarce in that part of North America.

The city also gives one the impression of being busier than Moose Jaw. There are more people about, more vehicles—and especially more taxis. I know the people of Moose Jaw will find this difficult to believe, but a concern for facts compels me to mention it.

There we were, then, J.B.E. and I, in New York. We stayed at the Park Avenue home of the Ambrose Clarks, a name which will be familiar to you if you are interested in horse-racing, for it was Mrs. Clark's Kellsboro' Jack which won the Grand National some years ago. We gravitated between this great house and the magnificent home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Carlton Clark.

... by J.H.M.

This residence, one of the most beautiful houses in New York, or anywhere else, contains a priceless collection of art treasures, including some of the best of Renoir, Degas, Cezanne and Matisse, and is a superlative example of what a rich man can do when he happens to love beautiful things.

We were butlered to death. If a speck of cigarette ash fell onto my knee, two genii would appear from nowhere, deftly brush it off and lay a small lace doyley on the offended part. It was wonderful. For the first few days we were afraid to move.

We met everyone. We went everywhere. For nine or ten days we were in love with the universe. One night I was in tune with the infinite as well. . .

And then we came back.

• *Continued on following page*



DON'T GO TO NEW YORK!

• *Continued from preceding page*

We came back—and look at me now: a frustrated, discontented, restless soul. The sudden transition from New York to Moose Jaw has been too much for my delicate psychological set-up. I suffer from some peculiar lesion or trauma. My eyes roll. I am afraid to be left alone. I pace up and down restlessly and stare through windows. I talk in my sleep. I make faces at passing strangers. I accuse people of having stolen my boots. I ring up clergymen and recite things to them. It is getting pretty bad.

As you have realised, the contrast was too much. From a beautiful bed in a beautiful house I returned to a bunk in G Hut. I used to be happy there in my simple little way. Now the bunk feels like a tombstone and the hut looks like a toolshed.

Nobody told me to sweep under my bed on Park Avenue. I wasn't even expected to arrange the bedclothes in a rectangle, and I'm sure that the household would have been surprised if I had started mopping and scrubbing on the Monday evening.

It is the same with the meals. I used to be content with my mid-day milk. Now I expect, in a vague subconscious way, to be offered a Martini or sherry. Sometimes I look pleadingly at LAC. Griffin. He has a kind heart, but there are some things he doesn't understand.

A few weeks ago I was chatting to a nice general in Paul Manship's studio. Now I tremble when Corporal Carling approaches.

A few weeks ago I was carried around New York in a 25,000-dollar Rolls. Now I ride in the Moose Jaw 'bus, usually between the driver's right elbow and Corporal Boag's left boot.

Nobody here rushes forward to brush cigarette ash off my knee. Nobody would care if I covered myself in cigarette ash and suffocated.

And Moose Jaw seems smaller.

The violence of the contrast has shaken my mental balance so gravely that I shall never be the same man again. My only moments of relief are obtained by going up and down in the Grant Hall lift. I try to imagine that it's the R.C.A. building and that I'm going up all the time, but it is difficult to explain this to the attendant.

Such, then, am I today, a ghost of my former self, a hollow husk of a man . . . and all because I went to New York. The most I can hope to do for my fellow-men before the inevitable end is to pass on my experience as an awful warning. Don't go to New York. You have to come back again.



Solution to Crossword No. 20

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

The prize of \$1.00 has been awarded to
 F/O STARK,
 Nav. Group, 32 S.F.T.S.

...and THAT'S the end of THAT

BIND . . .

THE EDITOR,
Prairie Flyer.

SIR,

I do not wish to prolong a somewhat tiring controversy for the mere purpose of "having the last word"; but I do object to unjustifiable condemnations, particularly when he who condemns me is a supposed expert in the subject under discussion, and has in spite of this been guilty of inaccuracy.

H.P., in his recent backs-to-the-wall article somewhat ludicrously named "A Flail for the Philistines", condemned my statement that Mozart invariably composed a Trio for the third movement of his symphonies. He further suggests that I become acquainted with some of Mozart's works and enlighten myself, and concludes his lofty sarcasm with a general summing-up of my remarks in which he characterises them as an impertinent piece of humbug!

I realise that, as an "expert", bearing the grandiose degree of B.Mus. and A.R.C.O., H.P. is beyond reproach, and that his statement carries the weight of those "ten years of intelligent study" behind it. It was therefore with some trepidation that I viewed my former statement, based on my own slight knowledge of Mozart's music. Therefore, I went to the trouble of verifying it.

I found—to begin with—in the Encyclopædia Britannica the following: "A symphony is the sonata arranged for orchestra . . . the recognised form of the third movement is Minuet and Trio."

Now to a person of H.P.'s standing in the realms of music this is perhaps an obvious statement—the recognised form, that form in which Mozart was so adept, which, indeed, he perfected.

Secondly, I quote from notes by Sir Hamilton Harty on Mozart's 35th Symphony (Publishers "H.M.V.", England): ". . . the third movement, a Minuet and Trio—inseparable from Mozart".

Finally, I took the trouble to investigate Mozart's 29th, 34th, 35th, 40th, and 41st Symphonies. I found that all of them had the standard form of Minuet and Trio in the third movement, with the exception of the 34th; this has only

● No more articles or correspondence on this subject will be accepted.

—Editor.

COUNTER-BIND . . .

SIR,

It is rather flattering to find that O.H. has bowed his head in submission to all my accusations and corrections, with the exception of only one trivial point.

Having, at my suggestion, learned a few facts about Mozart's symphonies, (although most of these seem to have been culled from the Encyclopædia Britannica and a gramophone catalogue,) he discovers that No. 34, precisely the example I had in mind when I corrected him, has, in fact, no Trio. It is a very distressing symptom of the addled state of O.H.'s intelligence that he should still be attempting to justify his original statement that all Mozart's symphonies have Trios for their third movement. We must, I fear, leave him in his confusion.

May I be forgiven if I indulge once again my fondness for correcting mistakes, which, unfortunately, seem to be a failing in most of O.H.'s writing? The third movement of Symphony No. 34 is Allegro Vivace, and *not* a Scherzo.

Retire, dull wit, apothecary's slave.
No unguents here thy countenance will save;
Thy sophistry 'gainst me thou'lt ply in vain:
Peg's Paper is the compass of thy brain.

H.P.

three movements, and a Scherzo as the third, which is understandable. Sir Hamilton Harty (who no doubt has spent a little more than ten years' intelligent study), whose statement I have quoted previously, is sufficient authority for the cessation of comment on other Mozart symphonies.

If H.P.'s recent remarks are the fruit of the study period he mentions, I suggest that he should try a further ten years. I would like to remind H.P. that one need not be a gardener to appreciate a rose; and neither does one need to be a practical musician to venture criticism on music.

Yours faithfully,
O. H.

BITS AND PIECES

Collected by M. E. C.

The Cynic Looks at Marriage

Love is the star men look up to as they walk along, and marriage is the coal-hole they fall into.

Bigamy is having one wife too many. Monogamy is the same.

Marriage is a romance in which the hero dies in the first chapter.

Marriage is not a word but a sentence.

◆
We are told that Mr. Ponsonby received a letter from his girlfriend in England, in which she said she had heard of his carryings-on, and asked . . . "What have these Canadian girls got that I haven't got?" His reply was . . . "Nothing; but they've got it here".

◆
When he went to New York he is reported to have made the acquaintance of one of the ten less-dressed women in America.

◆
Comment heard as Orson Welles walked by someone in Hollywood: "There, but for the grace of God, goes God".

◆
Erk: "I feel like telling the Sergeant where to get off again."
2nd Erk: "What do you mean 'again'?"
Erk: "I felt like it yesterday, too."

◆
"Bug-Bug, what a peculiar name!"
Said a soldier who came
From a two-roomed flat
In Medicine Hat.

N.C.O. i/c Messing: "Who the ***** hell put those ***** flowers on the dining tables?"


ACH.: "A Flight Lieutenant, Sergeant."

N.C.O.: "Pretty, aren't they?"

◆
In a town in Alabama cruising police cars got a radio call: "Car X-Y-3, X-Y-3, go to 3rd Avenue and 14th Street — a nude woman running down the street. All other cars remain on your beat. That is all."

◆
A man with good manners is one who never unintentionally insults anybody.

◆
Isn't this page silly?



Have It Your Own
Way, Mr. Ponsonby

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY

Mr. _____ has had to retire owing to ill-health—as a matter of fact, it would have been better if he could have been persuaded to retire earlier.

—The Times.

◆
"Since my inauguration as Mayor, the war-news has been consistently of improvements on all fronts."

—Provincial Paper.

◆
Mr. Ponsonby, observed to be the owner of a beautiful black eye, was asked how he got it. He said that he went to a local dance-hall and was struck by the beauty of the place.

The Social Minimum • *Continued*

Continuing the letter started last time we note that it next treats of another form of society, i.e., the family, "which as we have seen, is indispensable for the perfection of man. Every human being comes into this world as a member of a family; and it is to the family that he is primarily indebted for those conditions of life which are necessary if he is to grow up and develop properly in soul and body. All parents are under a grave moral obligation to provide those necessary conditions for their children. Where, through neglect or inability, those conditions are not fulfilled, it is the duty of the State to intervene with a remedy. But such State measures are precisely remedial. The rearing and education of children remains, above all, the duty of the parents; for it is impossible for anything else to replace the natural, affectionate, individual relation of parent and child; nor can anything replace the educative atmosphere which derives from the profound pervasive intimacy of family life. Of necessity, no man can choose to be just an individual; long before adolescence he is affected through and through by the influences of his childhood; and God intends these influences to be conveyed in a good healthy family life.

"It is not, therefore, just isolated individuals who compose the State, but individuals who are already members of a family. This is why our Catholic sociology has always taught that the fundamental unit of political society is not the individual but the family. So it follows that the State has the duty of safeguarding the well-being of families, not for some selfish independent purpose of its own, as a totalitarian State might do, but rather as the custodian of the common welfare of all, for the sake of the proper development and perfection of each. In promoting this well-being the State is therefore morally obliged not only to respect scrupulously the independent natural rights of the family but also to maintain those rights against the assaults of any sectional interests which may endanger them."

The next section enumerates some abuses which have been often called to notice before, but this is followed by the actual proposals which the bishops claim as the minimum: "A social system that tolerates insecurity for its people and allows any of them to suffer want

through no fault of their own is not only economically unsound but, what is much worse, is a moral disgrace. Human welfare ought to rank higher than economic power.

"As Christians we ought not to tolerate any attack, direct or indirect, on the dignity of man or on the sanctity of family life. For without these there is no lasting national life. Any measure which helps to preserve human life or family life it is our duty as Christians to support; and any practices which help to destroy this life it is our duty as Christians to oppose.

"The dignity of man is attacked every time a man is thrown into unemployment without any fault of his own; also, when a man has to sell his labour for less than a just wage.

"Family life is attacked by divorce, which breaks up the sacredness of the marriage tie. Family life, and the life of society, are sapped by the practice of contraception which frustrates the primary object of the marriage act (and even of wedded life), and sets up the pleasure arising from the sex act as the aim and object of the act itself. (It is like setting the pleasure of eating as the only object of eating.) Children are human persons, and neither the private luxury of their parents nor chattels of the State. Unless the present widespread practice of birth-prevention is stopped, not only will the spiritual standard of the nation be degraded but the population of this country will die out. If parenthood is an economic burden, the fault lies with the social system that allows parenthood to be a burden, and it is the duty of the State to remove the causes. For not only is parenthood vital, but who, except a fool, would talk of planning the future of a nation while allowing its people to become extinct?

"Family life is attacked where housing conditions are bad; and where the total wages of the family are insufficient to support the family in comfort and to leave a margin for saving. Family life is attacked when the parents cannot support as large a family as they would like to have; also when the parents are unable to afford for any of their children an education suitable to the child's gifts."

Next time we will have the practical suggestions, which will finish the letter.

God Bless You All,

FATHER SUMNER.

There've been some *changes* made!

BEFORE I begin, allow me to state most emphatically that the title of this article is *not* dedicated to my sister's new baby. Not that she has a new baby, and not, for that matter, that I have a sister, but I always believe in clearing up any misunderstanding at the outset in order that you, gentle reader, are not misled. After some months' absence from the Station I was, on my return, immediately besieged by the Editor for copy, and I have been racking my brains ever since for a suitable subject. I have, from time to time, made a weak attempt at being a humorist between these pages, and I understand my remarks nearly killed the airmen who read them. They told their friends and nearly killed them, too. Afterwards their friends nearly killed me, so I decided that if we all wanted to survive I had better confine my ramblings to those of an impersonal nature, and I am therefore going to give you my impressions of a few of the changes that have occurred during my absence. Of course I realise this is going to be very dull, and if by any chance you are the only one to struggle thus far, allow me to be the first to congratulate you. It is rather jolly for both of us, isn't it? At least I hope *you* think so.

One of the first things I noticed was that airmen are no longer seen walking around the camp as if they were bound for a Sunday School Treat to which you have to "bring your own mug". The next step will, no doubt, be to eliminate the queues which threaten to encroach onto the Square three times a day, and to have eggs in reasonable quantities. We shall see.

Then, of course, there is the question of gardens. We seem to be doing rather

... by T.S.M.G.

well this year, and I understand several of our u/t Air Bombers have already applied for remustering to the trade of A.C.H./Gardener. In those dark, early days when we wrestled with mud, dust, and mosquitoes, gardens seemed a far cry from home. We certainly knew what it was like to be a pioneer. Not that I am suggesting that we were pioneers, but from then on we have had a deeper understanding of the trials and tribulations of such men as Buffalo Bill.

In addition to our minor discomforts, they had to deal with hostile Indians, but then again, we have to deal with the Saskatchewan Liquor Laws, so I suppose we just about break even. In our first year we were all confined to camp due to inclement weather, the road at that time not being gravelled and, consequently, being reduced to a sea of mud each time it rained. I cannot see that this would have prevented Buffalo Bill from getting the mail through, but it certainly stopped the Moose Jaw Transportation Company from getting us through, and there we were, surrounded by mud, with the only consolation that it must have been a darned sight worse in the trenches. Today, the road is sufficiently good at all times for it to be considered safe to allow at least sixty on a thirty seater 'bus, for which we should all feel very pleased. There was a time when it was something of an adventure to cross from S.H.Q. to the C.G.I. Block—it reminded me of the time I picked my way across Exmoor Bog (with the help of a guide)—but today the journey may be made in comparative safety, and is only one example of the improvements we have brought to these parts. Now, to add to our pleasure we have optimistic notices to the effect that we should refrain from treading on the grass, and, also, we have trees! I hope we are not here long enough to bask under their leafy shade, otherwise it is going to be a very long war indeed; but they will be something else for the Prairie folk to remember us by. A happy thought struck me the other day, and that was that if you have recently purchased a Victory Bond, by the time they have reached their full height, it should have matured. If our object is to grow bigger and better gardens, we may even see the day when the S.W.O. will be sprouting mushrooms under his desk, while, at the same time, forcing his rhubarb on top, but maybe this is expecting too much.

My last impression is that our pay parades seem to be awfully jolly little affairs these days, don't they? I understand steps are being taken to save senior N.C.O's. from embarrassment, insofar as Sergeant-Pilots with extremely large numbers will only have to shout their last three and thus not be told to "join up" by their older colleagues in the rear,

• *Continued on page 12*

a dog's LIFE

Napoleon may be known to you. He is a hound of high dignity, who hobnobs with officers and men alike on the 'buses travelling to and from 32. It is possible (I have heard a man who might know say it) that he is a pukka setter. At least, he has a narrow beam, and a long nose, from which hang the most disgruntled-looking jowls ever to appear on a dog's face.

He has never been known to bite anyone, or even bark; and lamp-posts and trees are evidently far below the notice of this eccentric canine. His social round is well defined, and he revolves in it gradually; from the camp to the 'bus to the National Cafe in Main Street and thence back to the 'bus. Frank, the Chinese proprietor of the cafe, accepts him with complacence; perhaps resignation would be a better word, for he is allowed in because experience has shown that he is not in the least discouraged by being thrown out!

His table-manners are such, however, that he might be an ornament to any dinner-party. On one occasion several lads of Repair Squadron, filled with Big Chief and the milk of human kindness, decided to buy him a hot chicken sandwich. With great condescension he seated himself at their table; they provided him with paper napkins, which

they tucked in his collar, and then fed him his sandwich off a fork. The old dog took this very calmly. The lads then felt that he would probably like a sweet, and ordered a chocolate eclair; he dealt with this also. A difficulty arose when he expressed a preference for a milkshake as his beverage; he made several gallant tries to drink it through a straw, but finally was compelled to have it from a saucer; the company felt that he should be excused, owing to the awkward shape of his jaw.

Sometimes he forsakes the 'bus for a little exercise; and then, as one rides

... by R.C.L.

towards camp, Napoleon's gangling form can be seen trotting majestically along the road. Then, when he sees the vehicle approaching, he sits by the roadside and waits to be picked up. Even if there is insufficient room to get another sardine aboard, in some mysterious way Napoleon always manages to get in.

There is a story attached to him. It is said that he once belonged to a youth who joined the Air Force and in due time was sent overseas. Napoleon accordingly took a liking to airmen; and ever since the boy went away he has adopted the whole R.A.F., it seems, as his master.

So I beg of you, be kind to Napoleon. He is a sad-looking hound, but an amicable one.

Flyer ILLUSTRATIONS

... PRINTED ON SUPERTEX
ANTIQUE FINISH PAPER ...
CAN BE OBTAINED FOR

15^c each

Place your order NOW

Beauty and the BLITZ

The radio-script below is printed by special request.

... by T.M.

THIS story that I have to tell you is not one of dramatic event; and there is little in it of blood, thunder, and daring deeds. For it is merely the outline of a woman's face that I am going to draw for you; an outline delicate as the head in profile of an empress on an old Roman coin; and, for me, just as lasting. Perhaps it will be for you.

In a soft September night, with the moonlight full in loveliness and lending an unearthly beauty to prosaic streets, it is strange to find your city alive with the sounds and sights of terror. It is strange to look upon a familiar street and find that across its considerable width and into the buildings on each side the agents of death have blasted a desolate crater, in which, so deep it is, a London 'bus has disappeared and stands awkwardly on end, with the foolish look of things that are not in their right place. It is strange, too, to be told that, in the underground railway station of which the bomb so narrowly missed the surface building, the people who were taking shelter on the platforms below are lying drowned, gassed, and buried beneath mud and rubble. It is strange, and it is horrifying; and yet one has no sensation, or very little, of personal fear, for one has gone far beyond it to a detached but overwhelming pity for Man and all his miseries.

I looked away from the crater and up into the resounding heavens. On every side the guns roared like giant watchdogs, and high in the luminous night air the deadly firework display of bursting shells seemed totally dissociated from the sound of the guns that fired them. The familiar variable drone of the Luftwaffe's engines formed a background to the pattern of sound into which was woven, distant and soft, the crmpmp, crmpmp of bombs falling some way off and the whistle of their falling.

There was a patter of shrapnel on the roofs. I went into a shop doorway, and then, when it ceased, along the street for about three hundred yards to an air raid shelter. I was two miles from home, all possible transport was cut off by that gaping crater in the main road, and it was not a very healthy night for walking.

The shelter was a small one, not too badly equipped. It was full; I stood near the entrance and looked around me, with the dispassionate interest in his fellow-creatures which the writer rarely drops, even at moments of great personal stress. The people here seemed a pretty average crowd: fascinating, for there is no human being in the world who is not fascinating to study; but not especially remarkable.

And then I saw her.

She was sitting on the floor, on a roughly composed bed, with a small child asleep in her arms; and she was very beautiful. With a cool beauty, Diana rather than Venus, beautiful as the moonlight outside was beautiful. Her appeal to the æsthetic sense was as complete as that of a great painting; but, perhaps because my emotions were intensified by the highly nervous state that no one can avoid during air-raids, I was more deeply moved by what I saw than by any painting in the world, however great.

She was gazing calmly before her, indifferent to her surroundings, and the serene spaces of infinity seemed to open about her; the confined, unpleasant limits of the shelter became imaginary barriers which the mind transcended. There was more here than a woman with her sleeping child; there was something eternal, a truth of our human existence, an undying symbol. And I saw in her that which no tyranny could overcome, for tyrants died and tyrannies were overthrown but the stream of life and renewed life was never-ending, and endured under suffering and oppression to forward the destiny of Man, who must ascend or perish. Tragic, yes—beauty is tragic, for it dies; the individual life is tragic, for it suffers and ends, sometimes horribly, as I have seen it, with the body shattered into beastly fragments—but with nobility, too, noble

• Continued on following page



BROADCAST

THE initial delay in preparing this issue of the Flyer came when we decided to give our time instead to a Victory Bond broadcast; for I felt that if it increased the sale of bonds even by a little it would make the delay worthwhile. And, if we may judge by a letter received at CHAB from a Canadian listener, it did so.

On the evening of Tuesday, May 11th, then, at 9.30, in a studio filled with the sounds of knocking knees and paper rustling in trembling hands and performers gasping for breath, we went on the air. This was my first essay in radio production, apart from writing the script for the preceding station Victory Bond broadcast, and the first time I had spoken over the radio; and, with one exception, it was so for the rest of the cast. Our feelings may be imagined.

Yet, in retrospect, and despite the additional grey hairs which it gave me, I find that the whole thing was most enjoyable; and not least for the sense of comradeship which the willing spirit and ready response of everyone concerned in it engendered. My thanks are due to the staff of CHAB, who met the technical difficulties nobly; to Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., who loaned valuable and irreplaceable records and gave freely of his time; to Miss Dorothy Burwell, who adorned our programme with a very lovely voice; to LAC. J. H. Martin, for his assistance in writing the scripts; to the performers, who, in order of their appearance, were LAC. Crampon, Sgt. Woodward (chief announcer), Cpl. Boag, LAC. T. Evans, F/O Robertson, and LAC. D. B. Smith, all of whom co-operated splendidly; and to the Commanding Officer, for his permission to present the programme and for his interest and encouragement.

Many people, both on the camp and in town, have been kind enough to ask for more; and I hope to meet this demand by giving a programme presented by the *Prairie Flyer* about once a month. Possibly not quite so often; it is amazing to find how much work, thought and time can be given to a programme that lasts for only thirty minutes; but in any case, I have great schemes in mind for future broadcasts, and trust that you will see some of them put into effect. I am glad of this opportunity to experiment with a new medium, one which I have long felt to hold exciting possibilities of development: indeed, it is more than six years now since I wrote the first half of a verse-play for radio, for I felt then, and still do, that the future of dramatic poetry lies very largely with this, our newest means of artistic communication. Don't be alarmed; it will probably be another six years before I finish it, and another sixty before it is performed; I shall not inflict it on you, at that rate, until I am eighty-nine years of age, by which time it seems quite likely that the war will be over and we no longer at 32. —T.M.



BEAUTY AND THE BLITZ

• *Continued from preceding page*

with the holy mystery of ever-renewed being, with the splendid sound of new footsteps on the road to rational order and a just life. For this woman and her infant son were ranged, in Disraeli's phrase, "on the side of the angels", in the struggle between the powers of light and darkness that now rends our planet.

I stood there for a long time, I think. Then I turned and left the shelter. It was quieter now, and I walked home.

A face seen in a crowd that passes may haunt the mind for ever; and, weaving about it one's imaginings, beautiful or strange or terrible, one will come to know more of that face and the soul behind it than of a hundred people with whom one is acquainted. So it is with her; her face will live in my recollection as it was on that September night of the

London blitz in the false light of a cellar shelter, beautiful, and saddening: and symbol of a hope that is eternal.

I have often wondered if she lived through it all, she and the little child. I would be sorry to think otherwise.

THERE'VE BEEN SOME CHANGES MADE

• *Continued from page 9*

and all senior N.C.O.'s. who can't write may have their signatures witnessed in private after the parade. In this connection, may I state that there is no truth in the rumour that there is a vacancy in the Accounts Section for a man well skilled in the training of zebras, but if you happen to know of a good, reliable charlady whose fees are reasonable, do not hesitate to let us know.



Who was the goalkeeper who fell asleep during a Station Trial match? And what made him fall asleep; was it football or another game?

Why can't Eddie play the drums, anyway?

When (and why) was the Central Band decentralised?

Whether Mac really "enjoyce" dancing?

Whose signature tune is "Get yer 'air Cut"?

Where is Connor's Creek, and is that spelling right?

Who sent a cable home showing change of address when he changed billets?

Which were most missed from Hut "H", the faces or the furniture?

Which photographer had the closest shave ever, and nearly got it in the neck?

Is it true that, in future, the Senior Accountant Officer will correct all *Prairie Flyer* copy?

Who is the airman known as "The Bobber" in Main Stores?

Why a certain airman in H Hut sleeps out so often?

Why the Accounts Section is so obliging these days?

Who is the runner in Maintenance Wing with dictatorial powers?

Is it true that he threatened to stop the passes of two erks who made a noise in the billet after lights out?

Is it true that a certain armourer bought a bucket for his bottom drawer recently?

Why the people who criticise all the committees on the camp never do anything for camp activities themselves?

Is it true that they will soon be issuing handles without mugs in the Airmen's Mess?

Did the angels borrow Bandy's harp at Regina?

If not, where did it go—and why?

Was it the thirst that got George the first, or the first that gave him the thirst?

Is it true that the P.T.I. will soon be taking to swing?

How to dig haphazard holes?

Has Christmas come early this year?

Will Joe the Basque have a wise child?

What does an N.C.O. in the Cookhouse mean when he says, "I'm just passing through"?

Whose baby promoted his father to the rank of Sergeant?

Who is the S.P. whose girl-friend has joined the W.A.A.F.'s.?

Will there be any noticeable difference between 32 and the Garden of Eden next summer?

Who is the Priv. King in the Watch Tower?

Who is the Bishop of Buttress?

Who didn't want to be a bird?

Has Eddie decided yet whether he is really here?

Who was trapped by the Mayor of Baghdad?

Does marriage improve people's dispositions?

Who sent the money back?

Who was reading books during his honeymoon?

Does the Judge intend to wear that moustache permanently?

Who are Trooper and Trader, and which of them is Bed Orderly tonight?

Did Jack and Norman start another earthquake in San Francisco?

Did Hilda take his centrifuge to New York?

Who are the Four Horsemen in the Sergeants' Mess?

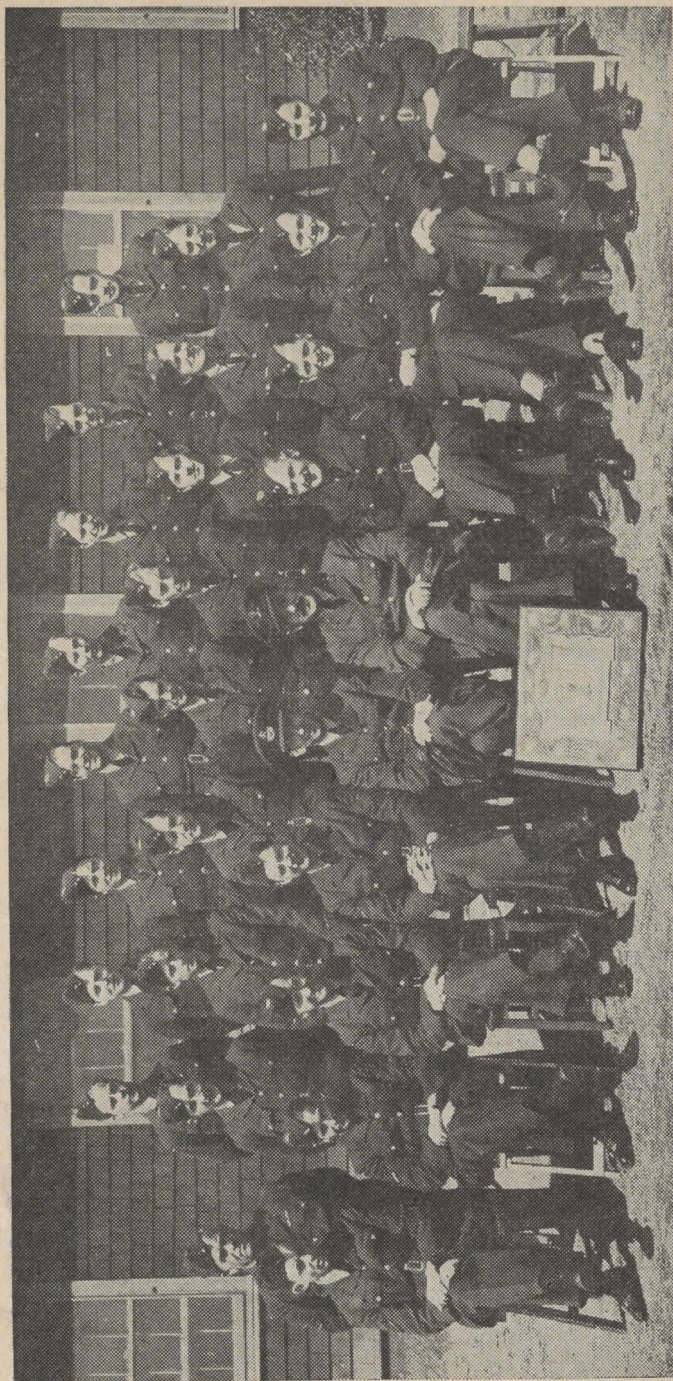
Was there anything apocalyptic about the introduction of one of them to a horse?

Was George lisping when he said he was in a fine mesh?

Who wouldn't close the door?

How to get the *Flyer* out on time?

THE STATION CHOIR



FRONT ROW (left to right)—Cpl. Scott, LAC. Carroll; AC. Rosser; LAC. Holden. Conductor; Sqd./Ldr. Gradon, Vice-President; Sqd./Ldr. Flint, Chairman; Cpl. Arthur, Vice-Chairman; LAC. Harris, Accompanist; LAC. Morris; LAC. Hurst, Librarian.
 SECOND ROW (left to right)—LAC. Scoffins; LAC. O'Brien, LAC. Griffiths; LAC. Tarry; LAC. Dolphin, C.; Cpl. Gardner; LAC. Clayton; LAC. Fisher; Cpl. Spilsbury.
 BACK ROW (left to right)—AC. Alwright; LAC. Burns; LAC. Croft; LAC. Dolphin, W.; LAC. Tyrrell; LAC. Paxman, Secretary; LAC. Barratt; LAC. Woods.

Choral NOTES

Since all other station activities appear to be covered in this issue, a sketch of the past, and intended future, of the Station Choir will, I hope, not be amiss.

The choir was formed last October, in good time for us to work up a special programme for the Christmas services on the camp, a programme which was also broadcast—our first public performance. Since then there have been several calls on our services, and there are prospects now of regular engagements to keep us busy.

We figured in a concert with an international flavour at the Moose Jaw Technical School on April 6th, sponsored by the Rotary Club. This was our first actual appearance in public, and though the audience appeared well pleased, we were aware that we had certainly not reached our best form. Our self-imposed inquest was a healthy sign of better things to come. Shortly afterwards we were invited to be the guests of a local Lodge of Freemasons on their annual English Night, and two days later supported a programme from CHAB, the first station broadcast. Our last appearance in public, at the time of writing, was on May 9th, when we sang at St. George's Church in Moose Jaw and led a packed congregation through their normal Sunday evening service. This innovation created a very favourable impression in the city, and already other churches of all denominations have requested similar assistance. Later in the evening we gave a few numbers for service personnel and their friends at the Y.M.C.A.'s Fireside gathering.

*We have undertaken to perform in the Saskatchewan Musical Festival to be held in Regina at the end of this month. We shall be in competition with choirs from the various service units throughout the province, and hope to put up a show worthy of our unit.

So much for biography and forecast.

Now I want to rectify a misapprehension which appears to be widespread in the camp. Those who claim even the scantiest musical knowledge will agree that immaturity of voice, and weakness in sight-reading, part co-ordination, tone, articulation and expression can best be eliminated by using material familiar to all choir-members. The time-mellowed music of an ordinary church service is the obvious choice.

Thus the opportunity of both helping ourselves and adding to the interest of Church Parade Services was one which could not be missed. And who will say that our presence has not been an asset—especially, for instance, on the occasion of W/C Gregson's visit on May 1st? But there is no compulsion regarding our attendance at any non-secular function, and though we operate as a Church Choir we remain essentially a *Station Choir*. If, then, there are any of you who have not joined us because of qualms in this connection, I hope I have clarified the position for you. Your assistance would be appreciated; ability to read music is not essential, and tenors

... by N.H.

are particularly required to consolidate the balance of voices. Already our strength is almost double its original figure. So approach a committee member, or introduce yourself at a rehearsal on Monday, Wednesday or Friday mornings at 07.30.

Our repertoire is not yet very extensive, but you will have recognized in it a few old favourites—"The Holy City", "In a Monastery Garden", "The Rosary", "Song of the Jolly Roger", and an arrangement by Gordon Morris, one of our members, of "Cwm Rhondda". Test-pieces for the Festival are a tricky four-part arrangement of "John Peel" and a neat two-part piece, "Flow Gently Deva" (fellow-Cestrians, please note!).

We are grateful to the members of the Officers' Mess for their gesture in presenting the station with an electric organ; it has already proved a valuable asset at our rehearsals and performances.

It is not the service custom to hand out large bouquets, but we must present one now to Eric Holden, our conductor, whose patience has been something to marvel at, even if it has caused his hair to do everything but sit up and beg; and to Leslie Harris, accompanist, and AC. Rosser, who wields the baton in the absence of the maestro, must also go a lot of the credit for the production of a composite body from so many non-descript limbs. These three, together with Cpl. Scott, Secretary; LAC. Hurst, Librarian; Cpl. Arthur and LAC. Morris, form the Choir Committee, which functions under the chairmanship of the Station Chaplain, S/L M. S. Flint.

* See report on page 18 of the Choir's triumph at Regina.

Potted Personalities



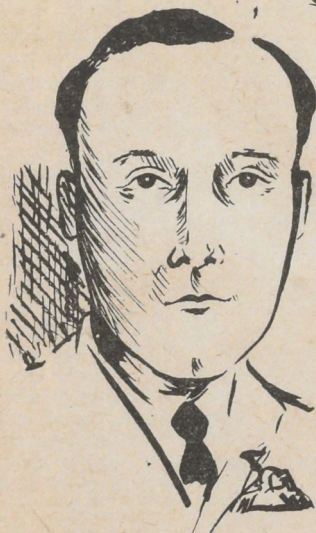
F/L. SMEDLEY-ASTON
Station Adjutant



S/L. FRANCIS
O/C. No. 1 Squadron



S/L. BROWNE
Senior Medical Officer



F/L. FOSBERY
O/C. Navigation



F/O. THOMAS
Sports Officer and Entertainments



THIS ENGLAND -



BURNHAM BEECHES, BUCKS:

NOTES by the way

I have heard many ribald comments recently on the sudden outcrop of foliage which has appeared around the camp. Well, that is natural; practically everything that is ever done on the camp inspires ribald comment in one way or another, and it is a healthy sign of the freedom of thought and speech for which we are fighting that it should be so. But in this case, speaking purely from a personal standpoint, I would make a plea for less ribaldry. These trees and shrubs gladden my eyes; and since they are mute, I must speak for them.

It is a natural instinct in civilised man to beautify his surroundings, to set his orderly mark on the chaos of Nature, to create, in other words, the garden instead of the jungle. Our struggles can, if you choose, be interpreted as an endeavour to make for ourselves an environment which we either consider or instinctively feel will be favourable

to our development and progress. The war can be explained in those terms. And, from the larger issues to the smaller, the floral and bosky adornments that we have now introduced into our surroundings here are such as to promote a sense of well-being and give pleasure to the sight. I do not think that this calls for particularly rude comment. Indeed, I surmise that if the action were applied in different circumstances, the present critics would find any criticism of it irrational and amazing. If, for instance, I visited their homes and said "How ridiculous are these flowers in your garden, when they could be replaced with cabbages", or "Isn't it silly to have this lovely furniture; rough wooden planks and trestles would serve equally well", they would be astounded; and justly conclude that I was quite mad. I am not unkind enough to stress this point; but they may find sufficient matter for consideration in remembering the many occasions when they have expressed dejection at being stationed in an uninspiring plain; remembering, also, the effect on their morale of the transition thereto from a green and beautiful countryside.

* * *

My last week-end was very pleasant. I spent a delightful Sunday evening listening to Beethoven, and a delightful Monday morning listening to Cpl. Carling's whistle.

* * *

From direct experience, I am happy to report that the lot of the jankerwallah on this station has considerably improved. One now comes into really intimate association with the S.P's.

—D.G.

BIRD LIFE AT 32—No. 1



If you should tease the Egan bird,
His bright red tail he tosses,
And oscillates and undulates
His elegant proboscis.

HE SAID IT FIRST

William Hazlitt, the great English (or, actually, three-parts Irish) essayist, was in America between the ages of five and nine. It seems likely that he was one of the first to say "Give it back to the Indians!"; here is what he wrote to his father soon after their return:

"My dear Papa,—I shall never forget that we came to America. If we had not been away from one another, though now it cannot be helped. I think for my part that it would have been better if the white people had not found it out. Let the others have it for themselves, for it was made for them."

WITH A TOOT ON THE FLUTE

Station Successes at Festival

This unit did remarkably well at the Saskatchewan Musical Festival. The performers took six firsts; and it seems likely that, but for their having to return from Regina to broadcast, they would have won more.

The results were as follows:

Cpl. Turner, First in Trombone playing. This fine musician showed the capabilities common to North Country performers, for it is there that brass musicians are born.

AC1 Windsor, First in Euphonium playing. His interpretation of Wagner's "O Star of Eve" showed this musician's gifts to advantage, and he fully deserved the award.

LAC. Slack, First in Singing. George was in excellent form; and Cpl. Turner, only two points behind, carried off the second award.

The Station Choir, First in Choral Singing. The Choir put up a splendid show, their tempo, timing and diction being perfect. The adjudicator, Dr. Pirani, was delighted, and did not hesitate to say so.

Sgt. Parish, Bandmaster, two Firsts, for Saxophone and Clarinet playing. The *maestro* romped away with these awards, and according to our report asked Dr. Staton if he would like Weber's Clarinet Concerto in F, in addition to the piece he had already played. Interviewed after all the excitement was over, he expressed his disappointment at being unable to compete on the organ and piano, but added, "We are all very proud to have been able to make a good showing for the Station."

Notice in the Exchange Cafe

"Please do not swear nor use profane or abusive language."

—We heard you the first time!

Ever Been Had?

Two S.P.'s. were told to report to the officer in charge of a big R.A.F. draft that was passing through Moose Jaw.

They arrived at the station, reported, and the officer said:

"Can you suggest a good plan for a route march for these men, to take about half an hour?"

The two conferred.

"Well," they said at last, "if you go straight up here and then turn —"

"Thank you," said the officer. "Please fall in at the head of the column."

So the two S.P.'s. found themselves leading a long line of travel-worn airmen all around the town, and praying that nobody they knew would see them.

But, of course, somebody did.

What is more, such is the ingratitude of man that, after they returned to the station and the parade had fallen out, some of the airmen they had been leading on this lovely walk made unpleasant remarks about the character of S.P.'s. in general. However, the officer congratulated them on their timing (it took exactly half-an-hour), so in the end they just about broke even.

Still, they feel that there was a catch in it somewhere. And their corns were in full agreement with them.

It Was Logical, Anyway

An airman we know was talking to a lady in town.

"Do you know Sergeant So-and-So?" she asked.

"Oh yes," he answered. "He's an instrument-basher."

The lady looked puzzled for a moment; then brightened. Then she said:

"Does that mean he plays in the band?"

THE STATION BAND



FRONT ROW (left to right)—F/Sgt. Stalby; AC. Eves; F/Sgt. Barber; Cpl. Liversuch; Bandmaster, Sgt. Parish; Band President, F/O Heath; S.W.O. Woods; Cpl. Hendrey; AC. Stevens; AC. Figgins; AC. Sharkey; Sgt. Stinton.
 SECOND ROW (left to right)—LAC. Callow; Cpl. Montague; Cpl. Turner; LAC. Poole; Cpl. Williams; LAC. Paton; AC. Green; Sgt. Williams; LAC. Edwards.
 BACK ROW (left to right)—AC. Windsor; LAC. Wrightson; LAC. Holdsworth; AC. Stevens, LAC. Shere; LAC. Adams; LAC. Frazier; Cpl. Whitton.

MAY-TIME AT 32

Flowers and the Light Fantastic

Spring had already been with us for some weeks before it was decided to gambol at 32, and there was definitely a seasonal touch about the Airmen's May-Time Dance held in the Camp Cinema on Wednesday, May 5th. The weather was hardly as kind as we had hoped Joe would arrange for us and quite a few of the intending guests were put off by the bitterly cold wind which sprang up during the evening. LAC. Coane, however, had prepared on the stage a gem of seasonal colour; from sheets of coloured paper his magic hands had created an arbour of gorgeous flowers which, together with the mural paintings of LAC. Sumner, who surely has excelled himself with his brilliantly executed landscape impressions of the Canadian Rockies, transformed the cinema into a garden of realistic beauty.

The Station Dance Band showed that it has been influenced by the zeal of its director, Sgt. Parish, and their new and up-to-date numbers were much appreciated. LAC. George Slack was in as good voice as ever with some of the vocals.

The Master of Ceremonies for the event was LAC. Norman Hurst and his varied and well-balanced programme of dances was enjoyed by a large crowd of airmen and their friends who had braved the elements. He tells us that his stock of original ideas for novelty items is not inexhaustible, and he is grateful for suggestions received.

During the intermission items were given by the Harmonaires, two of the originals, LAC. W. Dolphin and AC. C. Dolphin, with a newcomer, LAC. Ted (Sam, pick up tha' musket) Carroll, who also described graphically the experiences of the Ramsbottom family in the Tower of London.

A long list of prizewinners included Miss Marshall and LAC. Healey, who were successful in the Thirst-Quenching

"Au Revoir, 32"

I wish to take this opportunity of saying Au Revoir to all ranks at 32 S.F.T.S.

I express my thanks particularly to all Maintenance Wing personnel for their splendid co-operation during my time as O.C. Repair Squadron.

I shall always remember the very happy tour of duty I spent at 32 with the N.C.O.'s and men who, as one N.C.O. said, "Did not work for me, but worked *with* me."

C. E. CAHILL, F/LT.

competition; Miss Lockhart and AC. Palmer held the correctly numbered ticket, while Miss McLean and LAC. Quinn were spotted at the right moment. AC. Windsor conducted the band with almost professional skill, and Mrs. Montague (congratulations and best wishes to Cpl. and Mrs. M.—with us for the first time since their recent marriage), with her partner in harmony, Miss Osark, almost stopped the show with their rendering of two popular numbers which won for them the Ladies' Crooning Competition. We certainly hope to have them with us again soon. Cpl. McGann, a find from a previous dance, also sang a couple of choruses. (By the way, are the radio talent scouts watching us?)

By way of an experiment, refreshments were served in relays from the Reading and Writing Room, where Sgt. Cooper and a small band of willing helpers dealt expeditiously with the large number of hungry dancers.

The prizes were distributed by S/L. Flint, the Entertainments' Officer.

Mr. Cook, the "Y" superintendent, with a small sub-committee, was responsible for the general organisation of the event, and to them, along with all who assisted in any way, we say "Thank you," and look forward to another similar event in the not too distant future.

AMAZING SCENES AT FOOTBALL FIELD

Coppers Collapse, Cooks Caper

Score 11-0

Goalkeeper Reported to Have Read "Gone With the Wind" While Match in Progress.

One day in 1943, on the station field, a team from the S.P.'s. met one from the Airmen's Mess. The result was (*The rest of this story was seized by policemen from the Editor as he was on his way out with it. We don't blame them, either.*)

About the "Flyer"

It would be difficult to analyse the reasons for the delay of this issue. There were a large number of contributory circumstances, and it would appear that no one, as the judge said in the case of Albert and the lion, was really to blame. We expect to be running regularly from now on.

For the immense labour of printing, by the silk-screen process, the five-colour cover and the coloured illustration, our thanks are due chiefly to LAC. G. Sumner; and to his helpmates, LAC. P. Brett, who made the screen frames, and AC. F. Hawkins, operator. We think you'll agree that George's designs are superb, and the total effect a brilliant one.

We have increased our selling-price to 15c per copy. This was forced on us by the stern dictates of finance; it was inevitable, but we held off as long as possible, longer than any other R.A.F. station magazine still in existence. It seems improbable to us that any of our readers will kick; but if one or two feel a desire to do so, we would mention the case of Mossbank, where a magazine is sold for 10c which contains only 18 pages, as against our 32 pages. You are getting almost twice as much copy as they, for only half as much again in price.

We are printing photographs again, and everybody—even the Photographic Section, bless them!—seems pleased about it. Watch for the announcement of a competition.

"I pray Thee to have pity on the vicious. Thou hast already had pity on the virtuous by making them so!"

—Prayer of the Buddhist.

Compliment

AC. Griffin, our up-and-coming C & B, has received a letter from a friend in England which contains some nice remarks about our magazine; thus: ". . . Before I go any further, let me tell you that I have now received six *Prairie Flyer's*. They are jolly interesting little books; I read them from cover to cover and like them very much. After so much correspondence about them I was expecting something really good, and they were quite up to expectations; in fact, they are 'top-hole.' Keep them coming, Harry, and I shall be looking forward to them. They will be something to keep as a memento of your visit."

We have often said that your people at home would like to know about camp doings, and that you should keep them supplied with *Flyers*; this letter—for which our warm thanks—seems to support our statement. You can send the *Prairie Flyer* to any part of the world, in an unsealed envelope for 2 cents. Start now.

Bridge

During the past month, weekly Bridge Drives have been held at the Moose Jaw Y.M.C.A. Contract Bridge players will receive a cordial welcome any Thursday night.

Three meetings have been enjoyed, the respective winners being LAC. and Mrs. Rose, Cpl. and Mrs. Hall and F/Sgt. and Mrs. T. Schofield.

Bridge drives are normally at 8 p.m.—admission is 25c per couple. Usually eighteen hands are played, winning couples moving after each hand. Three hundred points are allotted for each game made, for rubbers, obviously, cannot be played. Up to date the record score, made by Cpl. and Mrs. Hall, is 4,090 points.

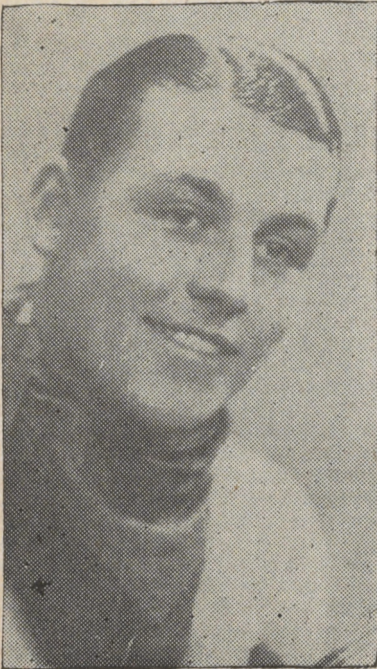
The Drives are sponsored by the P.S.I. and conducted by F/Sgt. Schofield, to whom application may be made for further information.

Entertainments

SINCE our last edition of the *Prairie Flyer* the Camp Calendar has seldom shown a blank date so far as organised entertainment on the Camp is concerned. It has been our custom not to attempt to organise any activity on Saturday evenings, but if there is a demand for something, especially when the Saturday falls at the wrong side of Pay-Day, don't fail to let us know—if possible, make a practical suggestion.

The "Y" has provided us with a full quota of films which have been enjoyed on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Friday each week. The Sunday "Guest-night" is still as popular as ever, while the Gramophone Club session preceding the show on Fridays will have been reinstated by the time this issue reaches you. In its place, for a few weeks, it had been hoped to arrange a short organ interlude, but there arose technical snags (yes, and others, we admit), on each occasion too late for our genial compere, LAC. Jerry Haughey, to procure records to fill in the

LAC. GEORGE SLACK



Our ever-popular singer

breach. By the way, are there really no organists who could perform for twenty minutes or so before a cinema show? If you know of anyone please let us know—they're all so modest!

Our policy regarding dances has been revised to provide a more elaborate affair at less frequent intervals—about one per month, and though more stringent rationing of the essential commodities will obviously prevent our going to town on the scale of the Red Cross Ball on all of these occasions, we hope you will appreciate our predicament and, if only by being present, help to make a success of the alternative fare we have to offer. The first dance under this revised scheme was the Airmen's May-time Dance held on May 5th. It is reported in detail elsewhere.

Whist drives, to the confusion of those who had no faith in their lasting appeal, have proved a most popular regular and for several weeks the Happy Gang has assembled in friendly rivalry in the Reading and Writing Room. An average of eighteen tables is being maintained and there is as yet no sign of these gatherings falling out of favor. LAC's. Haughey and Hurst have proved themselves keen and competent Masters of Ceremonies and they are most appreciative of the assistance they have received behind the scenes, both from the members of the Committee and right-spirited fellows who have lent a hand in the preparations and clearing up after the Drives. Prize lists would be too lengthy, but we would mention that LAC. Coane's bouquets of paper flowers have been most acceptable as novel awards to our guests from the city.

Our old friend, Mr. Wickens, K.C., has continued to delight us with his well-chosen programmes of gramophone records in both light and serious vein. Whatever your taste in the music line, Mr. Wickens will be able to satisfy you. In the Station library is a catalogue of the records he holds and you are invited to jot down in the book provided details of the ones you would like played at a future recital. Details of programmes are published in good time before the event.

The titbit of the month's fare was, of course, the E.N.S.A. concert, details of which are also to be found elsewhere in

• *Continued on page 24*

A FEW MORE WORDS

IT IS with diffidence that I once more plunge into print, but I have been asked to explain something of the workings of the P.S.I. First, the name. Properly speaking, P.S.I. stands for President of the Service Institute, but the custom has grown up of referring to the Fund of which he is Trustee as the P.S.I., probably because it is easier to say than "S.I.F." (Service Institute Fund) in the oft-repeated phrase "Try the P.S.I." So much for the name.

Service Institutes have a chapter to themselves in K.R.'s., suffice it here to say "great importance is attached to the Service Institute as an aid to the comfort and well-being of airmen." The primary objects are "to provide a Club for Corporals and Aircraftmen where they may read, write, play billiards, hold entertainments, etc., and where they may obtain refreshment and articles of common requirement at reasonable prices." I shall return to this.

The Service Institute (=Canteens) is run by a Committee under the presidency of the P.S.I. (the man, not the fund). This Committee meets once per month and its duties are "to supervise the working of the institute in the interests of the airmen, particularly in regard to prices, quality and description of goods supplied; to submit proposals for the disposal of institute funds." There are, in addition, other committees to deal with various specialised activities; these under the Chairmanship of the Sports Officer, Entertainments Officer, etc., and all are subsidiary to the P.S.I.

What I have next to say will come as a shock to many. The P.S.I. is NOT inexhaustible—there is a commonly held belief that the P.S.I. is a bottomless pit full of money, hence the stock excuse when subscriptions are required, "Why can't the P.S.I. fork-out". In reality, the P.S.I. is like a colander or a funnel; to fill it you must pour money in at the top faster than it runs out at the bottom.

As I have mentioned above, there are a number of subsidiary departments within the P.S.I. and a separate account is kept for each. Some of these accounts, notably the Entertainments and the Sports Accounts, run at a loss, i.e., their expenditure exceeds their income. These losses are made good from profits from the Canteen Account, which derives its income from the Supper-Room, the Bar, Billiards and the Barber's Shop. The

★ from the P.S.I.

Canteen Account has also to meet the cost of extra messing, billiard tables, fire-places and furniture, as well as that of maintenance, which includes other less interesting but very necessary items, such as floor polish, cocoanut matting, nail brushes, hire of refrigerator and the replacement of broken or pilfered mugs, ash trays, etc. To give some idea of the sums involved, the figures for the quarter just ended for Entertainments and Sports were: *Entertainments*—Revenue, \$234.74; Expenditure, \$890.42; Difference made good from the Canteen Account, \$655.68. *Sports*—Revenue, \$141.63; Expenditure, \$674.37; Difference made good from Canteen Account, \$532.74.

To revert to the funnel simile, the size of the hole at the bottom of the funnel is measured by the regular monthly commitments of P.S.I. These include extra messing, newspapers and periodicals for the Canteens and Hospitals, flowers for the same places and maintenance; these commitments average \$450.00 a month. It will therefore be seen that if a relatively costly item such as a Cinema Projector or a fireplace is required, it takes quite a time to build up sufficient surplus in the Canteen Account to meet it. Yet another point to bear in mind is that the P.S.I. income is by no means constant, so that it is not possible to predict with any degree of accuracy (or safety) how soon a sufficient surplus for the purpose in mind will be available. Here is where I want everybody's support. The more airmen who purchase not only their "refreshment" but also their "articles of common requirement" at the Supper-Room and who patronise the Station Barber, the more profit will there be to plough back into improvements in all departments. At the present time, less rather than more support is required in the Bar, since I very much regret that owing to rationing it is impossible to meet even the modest demands of our regulars.

Another subject on which I should like to touch is that of Sports Subscriptions. All the members of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes pay their subscriptions to P.S.I. through their Messing Accounts. If everyone else had paid theirs too during the last quarter, there would have been \$150.00 more to meet current expenditure on Sports. I would

• Continued on following page

A FEW MORE WORDS FROM THE P.S.I.

• *Continued from preceding page*

remind those who consider 5c a pay day an imposition, that the subscription at home is usually 6d or 1/- per month. An up-to-date example will make the position clearer—\$372.00 is required immediately for some Football and Tennis Equipment; at the moment the Sports Accounts is, as usual, in the red.

Thus far I have depicted the financial cares which weigh me down. These, however, pale into insignificance when compared with those of waiting for the next Blue Moon or until there is labour for P.S.I. projects, whichever is the sooner! For some weeks past I have had a number of electric wall-clocks in store waiting for the labour to instal one in each Barrack Room and elsewhere. While I write, hope springs again and perchance they may be installed by the time this article is in print. Volunteers will be very welcome for the Connor's Creek project, also for gardening, since I fear that our much be-quarantined guests may leave us at any time, and

other spare labour have I none. One last word, if there appear to be no facilities for the particular sport in which you are interested, see a member of the Sports Committee and have the matter brought up at a meeting and we will see what can be done, or, if you have suggestions for Canteen amenities, or if the Supper-Room does not stock some article you want to buy fairly regularly, i.e., an "article of common requirement," let a Canteen Committee member know.

Canteen Committee — Cpl. Gibbons, Cpl. Spilsbury, Cpl. Arthur, LAC. Rose, LAC. Rae, LAC. Matthews, LAC. Hirst.

Entertainments Committee members are:

Cpl. Arthur, Cpl. Skinner, LAC. Coane, LAC. Ginnah, AC. Baker, LAC. Gordon, LAC. Haughey, LAC. Hurst, LAC. Moulton, LAC. Penney, LAC. Munns, LAC. Robson, LAC. Sumner. the Entertainments Officer.

The following are *ex-officio* members: Padre, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, Education Officer, Band Officer, Sgt. Cooper, Sgt. Fraser.

ENTERTAINMENTS

• *Continued from page 22*

this edition. We hope to present another concert under the same auspices before very long.

And now, what about this Broadcasting business? The directors of CHAB and our own powers-that-be are anxious that the Station should sustain a weekly half-hour programme on Thursday evenings. This would appear to present 32 with a marvellous opportunity to establish itself as "Lords of the Air" in a novel sense. There already exists a useful pool of material, in the way of combined and solo effort, to form a sound basis for this project, but there will be a constant demand for fresh voices, and, incidentally, such specialists as comperes, programme-builders and script writers to keep the supply ahead of immediate needs. The prospect of an eventual relay to the folks at home may tempt you, or someone you know, to come out into the open with ready-made items or suggestions for sketches, features, etc. A word to any of the Committee members will suffice to get you, your pal, or your material on the set. Already two programmes have gone on the air, one of them in connection with the recent Vic-

tory Bond Drive, and the fellows who took part would be the first to admit that it's not nearly so difficult as you'd think. Others will follow in quick succession. It's your privilege to join in if you wish; it's also your privilege to listen to our efforts, too. When you hear them, let us know what you think about them, and if you cannot always be kind, at least try to be helpful!

That invitation applies generally, too; we try to cater for all your needs. If you are not satisfied, please let us know—it is our duty and pleasure (sometimes) to serve—"Anywhere, any time".

"NIL DESPERANDUM".

The Smith family were going to Florida for a week, and Mrs. Smith insisted on taking three big kitbags, half a dozen suitcases, and nine trunks.

"I wish we'd brought the grand piano, too," said Smith when they got to the station.

"That's not funny," said Mrs. Smith.

"I'm not trying to be funny. I left the tickets on it."

* * *

"To do sinne is mannish."

—Chaucer.

SPORTS *chatter*



I HAVE received a number of reports from various sources on sports items, and these are outlined hereunder:

Tennis

An informal meeting was held in the Senior Accountant Officer's office on the evening of 29th April to discuss the possibility of forming a Tennis Section on the Unit. S/Ldr. O. Gradon presided over the gathering and informed those present of what had been done and what he hoped would be done in the near future in the way of producing courts, racquets and tennis balls. It was agreed that, if these requirements were forthcoming early, matches and tournaments, both inter-section and inter-station, might be arranged, in addition to the courts being open to all interested in tennis. Tennis Committee was formed, as follows:

Chairman—S/Ldr. O. Gradon.

Secretary—Sgt. J. McLintock.

Members—F/O. D. Morrow, Cpl. J. Smith (266), LAC. R. Broadley.

It is hoped that anyone interested in Tennis and who was unable to be present at the above meeting will get in touch with any of the Committee, who will endeavour to enlighten them on the progress so far made.

Soccer

A general meeting was held at 16.30 hours on Friday, 30th April, for the purpose of discussing the Soccer position, and also to elect a new Committee consisting of non-playing members. The following Committee was agreed upon:

Chairman—Sgt. G. S. Little.

Secretary—LAC. Hansell.

Members — LAC. Bickerstaffe, AC. Johnson, A.C. Pockler.

This Committee, since its formation, has sprung into action with considerable ability, and the members are now working hard to provide a successful season.

Good luck to them; I don't think anyone envies them in the job they have to carry out, despite the fact that some know-alls still persist in "slinging mud"!

Cricket

Although attempts have been made during the past week or so to organise Cricket at this Unit, very little support has been given. The Sports Staff, however, are still trying hard to promote sufficient interest.

Softball

According to local press reports, No. 32 S.F.T.S. has entered a team in the City Softball League. Strange; the Sports Office has no knowledge of such goings-on!

Rugby

Very little support has been given so far and it looks as though Cricket and Rugby are in the same boat. Two Rugby meetings have been held which were attended by the same three enthusiasts. Apparently Rugby is a waste of time at this unit.

That's all this time.

—G.S.L.

Creeping downstairs in his bare feet, the householder surprised an intruder packing the family silver into a bag.

"By jove, a real burglar? I say, wait a minute, will you?"

"And you'll call a cop," snarled the burglar. "I don't think."

"Oh, no; only while I call my wife. She's heard you every night for the last twenty years, and I am sure it will be a real pleasure to her to meet you at last."

★ ★ ★

SPOTLIGHT on Station Soccer by GOAL POST

The Station Inter-Hut League opened on Monday, 3rd May, and the first game of the evening was between the Bees and the Sergeants' Mess. The play was very disappointing, and I don't wish to make any further comments about the

game, except to point out that the Sergeants' Mess won by two goals to one. The game that followed provided the many critical spectators with something to talk about. The Aces kicked off

• Continued on following page

Robinson

(In Cumberland there is a mountain of considerable presence and pretensions rejoicing in the curious name of "Robinson".)

Where stand, friend Smith, thy stately hills?

Where rise, dear Jones, thy leaping rills?
Brown—where's thy lake of daffodils?
Here's Robinson!

Scawfell o'erlooks the mountains round,
And Skiddaw has a noble sound,
Helvellyn is a height renowned:
But . . . Robinson!

Where may I trace this well-known name?

Is it a branch of Crusoe fame,
Swiss Family, or just that same
Jack Robinson?

Off Stock Exchange I knew him well,
And many a pretty tale could tell
Of shares he sold—which proved a sell—
Damn Robinson!

But near this home of sylvan glee,
Mid mount and moor, by lake and lea,
I did not seek his company;
No, Robinson!

So now, away to Fairyland,
To dream of Katrine's silver strand,
Of Snowden, of Killarney, and
Of Robinson!

SPOTLIGHT ON STATION SOCCER

• *Continued from preceding page*

against the Officers' Mess and were two goals up in five minutes. At half-time the score was still in favour of the Aces, but after the resumption something seemed to happen and at the final whistle the Officers had netted five goals to their opponents' two. The second half was indeed surprising, even to the critics, but there is no doubt that the Officers are going to be tough nuts to crack this season. On the following evening down came the rain and interrupted the match between the Mosquitoes and Pensioners. With the score at one-all the match had to be abandoned after twenty minutes' play. On Wednesday the weather again spoiled the chances of four teams, but on Thursday a local Derby was staged between the Ionites and Jaybees, which resulted in a 5-2 win for the Ionites.

A sigh of relief has arisen now that the trial games are over and attention

is being directed to the Southern Saskatchewan Services Soccer League. By the way, it was stated in the last issue of the *Prairie Flyer* that the Corinthians and Casuals were going out of existence. Well, as everybody now knows, the names are still with us. This was decided after considerable discussion. No new names could be found to suit the teams. The Casuals travelled to Swift Current on Wednesday, 5th May, but the fixture could not be played owing to the same old trouble—weather. The Corinthians lined up on the Collegiate Grounds the following day, Thursday, against No. 33 E.F.T.S., Caron, and immediately before the official kick-off, Mr. G. Wallace (Secretary-Treasurer of the League) and Capt. Hewitt (acting as Chairman in the absence of F/O Thomas) carried out a brief ceremony to commemorate the opening of the season at Moose Jaw. After the kick-off the play soon warmed up and repeated attacks were made on the Caron goal. The first item of excitement arose when F/Lt. Crooke received a pass from close in but the left winger shot over the bar. In the 12th minute Hancorn scored from a penalty kick and shortly after Wilson netted the second. Play swung backwards and forwards with the Corinthian forwards more dangerous in front of goal. The Caron defence experienced some very awkward moments in these attacks. Smart play by Wilson in calmly flicking the ball into the net while his back was turned towards the opposing goalkeeper resulted in another goal, and the same player added a fourth goal for the Corinthians shortly before half-time. After the resumption Caron made a number of attempts to reduce the deficit, but Hancorn found the net twice before Giles was beaten by a shot which left him no chance. The Caron attack livened up after this, but the Corinthians' defence remained firm. Giles was provided with a bit of work at this period and his brilliant saves brought applause from the crowd. Bowles scored the seventh goal in the dying minutes of the game.

Result—Corinthians 7 (Hancorn 3 (1 penalty), Wilson 3, Bowles 1); Caron 1. Half-time—Corinthians 4, Caron 0.

Well, I think that is about all for this particular issue; but I would like to mention, before I finally stop binding, that although the score suggests the superiority of the Corinthians I am afraid the team requires strengthening in one or two positions before Estevan or Weyburn are dealt with. I hope those that witnessed the game will agree with me.

GLEANINGS from the G.I.S. ❧ ❧

PARTLY because their existence may be unknown to many people on the camp, and partly because they are evidence of a record of which the unit may be proud, we feel that a few words about the Honours Boards which now grace the walls of the G.I.S. building may be of interest.

Somewhere at the back of our minds we carry memories of the names and often the personalities of many ex-pupils who have passed through the School. At intervals these memories are stirred by a paragraph in the press or, in the case of awards, by citations in official publications. Squadron Leader Orchard, by much labour over a number of years, has kept a record, complete as far as possible, and certainly accurate, of all decorations won by ex-pupils, and now, blossoming forth as a signwriter, he has produced a series of Honours Boards showing, course by course, those whose services have won recognition.

The list is impressive. To date, more than 250 awards have been noted, including one Victoria Cross, one *Virtuti Militari* (the Polish equivalent of the V.C.), one George Cross, and fourteen D.S.O.'s. (one with bar).

Included in the list are many names now famous: J. B. Nicolson, who won the first fighter pilot V.C. of this war; E. J. ("Cobber") Kain, remembered for his remarkable successes in the early days of the war when he was perhaps the best-known fighter pilot amongst those very few who took on the overwhelmingly superior numbers of the Luftwaffe. Then there are J. H. Marks (D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C.) and J. C. Mungo-Park (D.F.C. and Bar); and, more recently, the Canadian-trained L. B. Ercolani (D.S.O.) and M. Foulis (D.F.C. and Bar).

Well, there it is. If you are interested (and you ought to be), we invite you to come along to the G.I.S. any time "during office hours" and see for yourselves the fruits of your labours.

* * *

73 Course have gone, leaving behind the memory of a happy crowd whom we often heard valiantly singing through the horrors of Monday nights. With the exception of one or two restless souls, they showed a healthy dislike for getting up in the mornings, but we give

them credit for at least once anticipating the N.C.O. Discip., and joining with him in his stentorian "Wakey, Wakey"!

In the examinations LAC. Ades was a worthy first, tempting us to perpetrate some awful crack about "First Ades"; but we will forbear.

* * *

In view of the confusion which has arisen since the arrival of No. 79 Course, and to save further embarrassment, it might be worth while pointing out that the Commanding Officer may readily be distinguished by the gold braid on his cap.

* * *

Congratulations to F/Sgt. Coulson on joining the ranks of fathers. We were hoping to get this in last month's *Prairie Flyer*, but late as that issue was, the new arrival was later.

* * *

It is now some months since we appealed to pupils through this column for contributions to the *Prairie Flyer*. When we started this "Gleanings from the G.I.S." effort, it was intended as an introduction to the articles, stories, poems, etc. which were to follow, and we fondly imagined that in a month or two we would be able to sit back and select the copy for each particular month, without ourselves having to squeeze out so much as a line.

It seems that our judgment erred. We still have to slave away, month by month, in order that our humble offering may keep the largest section on the station represented in the magazine. If it's ideas you want, we suggest that a few of you get together and, using a certain amount of discretion, jot down some of the things that so amuse you after "lights out" in the billets, instead of wasting them on the desert air. Copy may be handed in to the Clerk's Office in the Instructional Block at any time.

—D. A. G. B.

* * *

NOTE.—The citation announcing the award of a V.C. to J. B. Nicolson was as follows:

"During an engagement near Southampton on August 16 (1940) Flight Lieutenant Nicolson's aircraft was hit by four cannon shells, two of which

• Continued on following page

Ode to N.C.O. i/c Accounts Section Filing

Oh, we can't fire you if you care to come late,
 And you lunch from eleven till two;
 If you leave at four, when you have a date—
 There's nothing that we can do!
 Or if you forget to come in at all,
 We've got to take it smiling;
 You've got us all backed against the wall
 For you do all the filing.

Yes, you have a system that's all your own,
 And it can't be explained, and it can't be shown;
 You file by number, you file by letter;
 You file by ways that are ten times better;
 You file by subject, you file by date;
 You file by city, you file by state;
 It shuns the trite, it scorns conventions—
 YOUR filing system has four dimensions!

You're the indispensable employee—
 We can't take a step without you,
 And it costs us a pass and half a day free
 Each time we attempt to flout you.
 So we can't fire you, no matter how cross,
 No matter how mean and riling!
 You're Groupy himself—you're the boss's boss,
 For you take care of the filing!

—T.S.M.G.

GLEANINGS FROM THE G.I.S.

• Continued from preceding page

wounded him, while another set fire to the gravity tank. When about to abandon his aircraft owing to flames in the cockpit he sighted an enemy fighter which he attacked and shot down, although, as a result of staying in his burning aircraft he sustained serious burns to his hands, face, neck and legs.

"Flight Lieutenant Nicolson has always displayed great enthusiasm for air fighting, and this incident shows that he possesses courage and determination of high order. By continuing to engage the enemy after he had been wounded and his aircraft set on fire, he displayed exceptional gallantry and disregard for the safety of his own life."

Georges Guynemer, famous French pilot of World War I, literally disappeared into thin air. One day he went aloft, presumably looking for his 55th victim. He never returned, and no word of him was ever heard from either side.



"GRASS"



THE Padre's LETTER

AFTER the inspiring visit from Wing Commander Rev. G. W. J. Gregson, M.A., Staff Chaplain, R.A.F. in Canada, to our Camp this past month, I do not feel it out of place to forego my usual letter on the padre's page, and copy instead the testimony of one who has proved, and who is proving, such a friend to so great a number of men of the R.A.F. in Canada.

I am always glad and willing to give my testimony and witness to the Saving and Keeping Power of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who means everything to me.

I came to know Him as my Saviour and Lord through a group of young people whose radiant lives showed me that I was far from being a real Christian, although outwardly religious. Because I liked their lives, I was willing—and anxious—to listen to what they had to say, and I discovered that their open secret was that Jesus Christ had been given His way and His sway in their lives, and they were amongst that grand number who could sing, and mean it:

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
 I came to Jesus and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream,
 My thirst was quenched, my soul
 revived,
 And now I live in Him!

The central theme of their message was the Cross, and that I was the sinner for whom Christ died—the Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me. I tell you, my friends, I did some stooping, and in repentance and faith claimed Christ's Promises of His Pardon and Presence, and in doing so experienced His Peace and Power, too.

I joined myself to a "live" Church, where I grew spiritually, for I came to see that Conversion without the Church

is as dangerous as the professing Church without Conversion, and we are commanded not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together.

From the commencement of my new life in Christ Jesus, I was instructed by Bishop Taylor Smith and many others in the important habit of keeping the Quiet Time alone with God each day, with the closed door, the open Book, the bent knee, and above all, the bent will—and that habit is still with me as I seek to have Christ President of my life as well as Resident in my heart,—as the hymn puts it, "Lord of my Life and God of my Salvation." As the new-born babe needs food, fresh air, and exercise, so my newly-born soul needed food,—the Bible, fresh air, prayer, and exercise—witnessing for Christ.

Throughout my Cambridge University days, my Curacy, Parish, and now Royal Air Force life, I can truly say with St. Paul "For me to live is Christ," and it is "Not I, but Christ who liveth in me" that is the secret of a witnessing life.

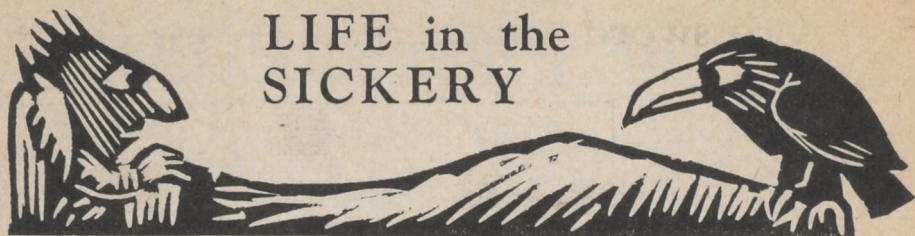
Even when I am faithless, He is faithful and never lets me down. Another secret, I find, is to practise the Presence of God every hour—living in touch and relying upon His Promise, for He means what He says, and to abide in Him is to abound for Him!

When tempted to wander, He always brings me back to the Cross, and asks, "Lovest thou Me? and I love Him much for I have been much forgiven, and can join in praising my living Saviour from my heart:

Praise my soul, the King of Heaven,
 To His feet thy tribute bring;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who like me His praise should sing.

It is now my place to represent, preach and plead for Christ, working and witnessing as I wait and watch for His promised return.





LIFE in the SICKERY

AS life goes on, its complexities increase. At least, one gets that impression from the life in the Sickery. The intricacies (or eccentricities) of our busy existence grow more profound each day, and our minds are beginning to run on a higher if slightly loonier plane. Examples are too many to quote; occasions and acts which would baffle the lay mind are extraordinarily and lucidly clear to the inmates of this Section. Such things as the insistence of Sergeant C—on wearing two left football boots at a recent match. We hear that he was running around in circles—a far from unusual feat.

And then, of course, there is another, often referred to in these annals as the Harassed Man, whose mental state we were deploring last month. So far he has shown no signs of improvement. One evening he was seen (by someone with a malignant sense of humour) walking up and down the Main Hall wearing a white jacket, one football boot and one shoe (on separate feet) and his trousers stuck in his socks, deploring the appearance of his companions—whose apparel was at least one way or the other—by remarks such as . . . "Crikey! You look a sight!"

The prognosis of this case seems quite grave.

We hear that our Most High and Exalted Personage (Allah be praised) will be portrayed within these pages. Gilt framed copies will be sent free of charge (on the receipt of \$10.00 to cover postage). For another \$10.00 (to cover another postage) a picture of the pipe will be sent.

After his many years of faithful service we say goodbye to a faithful and well-tryed retainer in the lengthy shape of LAC. Taylor, who has reached that Nirvana we all hope to attain—"The Boat". Goodbye, Taylor; many have been the times we have bound each other stiff, but nevertheless we are going to miss one another. Good luck!

In place of our lofty friend we welcome AC. Grey—who's from the Old Country, you know. Careful observation will show a gradual and subtle change in AC. Grey's temperament. Soon he will have attained that lofty looniness so common to all of us.

Two Bicycles Wanted—Apply Sister's Quarters.

The Treatment Room in the future will be known as the Magnate's Sanctum. Big Business has come to the Sickery! To begin with, we have now attained the lofty heights of possessing a buzzer (or bell). In view of this recent acquisition Messrs. Spry & Buller, Financiers and Football Trainers, Inc., have ordered a sort of telephonic whatnot—the sort where you press a button and say "Come in, please, Miss Thistlethwaite, and take a letter." With all this comes the standard accoutrements of the Sybarites—the Cigars and the Carpet. The former will be supplied by Sergt. Collier; and the latter will be to sweep the dust under. Sir Jeremiah Vanderbilt Spry will represent High Finance and will wear the conventional bow tie and morning coat, whilst the more plebeian Mr. Buller will represent the Station football team and wear a grey sweater with "Bugs" Buller on the front of it. Consultations by appointment only.

That dark-haired, Scarlet Fever-bound Orderly of ours has been breaking a few more Moose Javian (?) hearts. We understand he works incognito as LAC. Graveldopulous.

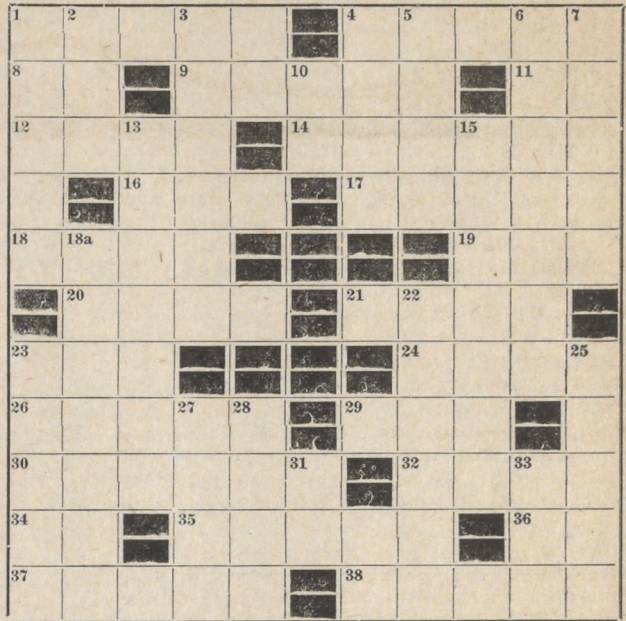
Who is affectionately and somewhat mysteriously known as "The Trapper", in the Sickery? We who go in grave-eyed silence about our daily tasks . . . we know . . . Aye, we know . . .

Talking of complexities brings to my mind an unparalleled complexity in our life. I speak, of course, of that hieroglyphic which has been deciphered by experts as "W.G.E."

Well—"per ardua"—and all that.

—O.H.

Crossword Competition—No. 21



The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive by July 15, 1943, to

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

marking the envelope "X-word".

CLUES ACROSS

1. Joad is on one.
4. Common American christian name.
8. Westward —!
9. They burned the topless towers of.
11. United Artists.
12. Liszt was one.
14. Bring in.
16. More than one egg.
17. Civilian gremlin in Cornwall.
18. 25 down.
19. English for 33 down.
20. Unmixed is sown wild.
21. Ballad about one at Reading.
23. Unlimited.
24. Cornish village pronounced "Bray".
26. "My ———, I did deny no prisoners".
29. Sometimes a lump of earth.
30. Wooden spoons.
32. Cleopatra's murderers.
34. Not off.
35. Greatest of British composers?
36. Routine Order.
37. Apuleius wrote of a golden one.
38. Cinema.

CLUES DOWN

1. Be polite.
2. Steal.
3. Used in a process of elimination.
4. Airmen and camels have it.
5. Zulu warriors.
6. Arc of light.
7. Almost a martyr.
10. Phonetic nautical cry.
13. Tight.
15. In the hangars.
- 18a. Greeks gave their name to an architectural style.
22. On a ship.
23. Associated with a ring (met).
25. Type of aircraft.
27. Merriment.
28. Slippery sea-worms.
31. Society of Gremlins.
33. In agreement.

Name

Address

.....

CAN *you* SOLVE THESE?

1. A cyclist has to reach Moose Jaw at 5 p.m. If he cycles at 10 m.p.h., he arrives at 6 p.m. If he cycles at 15 m.p.h., he arrives at 4 p.m. How far is he from the city?

2. A farmer has £100, which he spends on 100 animals. Cows cost £10, sheep £1 and hens 2/6 each. How many animals are there of each?

3. We are repeating a well-known problem, in the hope that someone may send us a solution. We can't find one! Here it is:

A goat is tethered at the edge of a circular field, 100 yards in diameter. How long a rope must he have, so that he may graze off half the field?

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. The canal was frozen.

2. Four sons. The money spent was 141 pence. This can only be divided in two ways, viz.:

(a) 47 pence for 3 persons; (b) 23½ pence for 6 persons.

Since our problem states that there are sons, (a) is ruled out. Hence (b) is the solution—6 persons, i.e., 2 parents and 4 sons. The details of the menu are thus not needed, and have been put in merely to fool you!

3. 37½ secs. Between 9 strikes there are 8 intervals each of 4½ secs. Between 10 strikes there are 9 intervals, so the time taken is $9 \times 4\frac{1}{2} = 37\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

4. Oil oozed out.



Heritage of Beauty

Come let us kiss and part

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part:
 Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart
 That thus so cleanly we ourselves break free.
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And if we meet at any time again
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes;
 Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him
 over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

—MICHAEL DRAYTON.

