

PRAIRIE FLYER

The Magazine of

No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.)

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada

VOL. 3 No 2

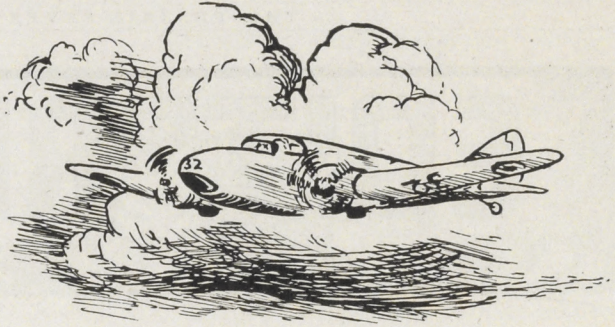
• • • **15^c** • • •

SEPT.- AUGUST, 1943

PRAIRIE FLYER

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

Moose Jaw - Sask.
Canada



CONTENTS for AUG.-SEPT. issue . . 1943

VOL. 3

No. 2

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

Chairman:
F/Lt. J. Whittaker.

Editors:
LAC. T. Melican.
LAC. J. H. Martin.

Assistant Editor:
F/O. T. Ord.

Art Editor:
F/O. C. B. Thomas.

Production Manager:
F/Lt. Fosbery.

Assistant Production
Manager:
LAC. M. G. Haughey.

Photography:
F/O. Rouse.

News:
Cpl. D. A. G. Boag.

Entertainments:
LAC. M. E. Crampon.
LAC. N. Hurst.

Accounts:
Cpl. T. S. M. Gard.

Editorial	2
A Chip Off the Old Broom (<i>poem</i>)	4
<i>Prairie Flyer</i> Quiz	6
The Last Prose of Summer	7
Out of the Mess	7
Afterwards	8
Saved by Napoleon	10
This England (<i>illustration</i>)	11
Thanks for the Memory	12
Potted Personalities Series	13
Solution to Crossword No. 21	14
Potted Personalities Series	15
The Tragical History of J. C. Jones, Airman	16
Potted Personalities Series	18
Corporals' Page	19
Officers' Mess Page	20
Gleanings from the G.I.S.	21
A Queer Do	22
Tribute to an Artist	23
For Aye the Rivers Run (<i>poem</i>)	23
Potted Personalities Series	24
Bits and Pieces	25
News Section	26-29
Can You Solve These?	30
Bird Life at 32—No. 2	30
Entertainments	31
Practical Suggestions	32
Sports Chatter	33
Things We Want to Know	34
Life in the Sickery	35
Heritage of Beauty	36



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.





THE word "Sicily" provokes many memories, even for those who, like myself, have never been there; so inextricably involved it is in the tangled history of Europe. The rumblings and belchings of fire from Mount Ætna are as nothing beside the upheavals that have occurred in the island's human settlements.

What a story it makes! Doubtless our recent invasion has been the most destructive in the history of Sicily; but thinking back to earlier ones, brooding on the constant bloody change that their fortunes have undergone, one is tempted to marvel that the island is still there for us to invade. Mars himself might tire, one feels, of such unending strife, and stamp the offending isle to the bottom of the sea.

First to people Sicily were the Sicani, a stone age tribe; who were followed from North Africa in due time by the Siculi, a more advanced set of gentry who doubtless demonstrated their advancement in the usual manner by killing more and quicker than their opponents. There is a faintly musical-comedy atmosphere about these names—The Sicani and The Siculi—and I find it difficult to take either of them very seriously; especially the Siculi. It is true that they established the ages of bronze and iron in the island, but as far as I am concerned the only really remarkable thing about them was a delightful habit of burying their dead as though they were seated at a great banquet, in circular chambers hewn out of the rock. The best of table-ware was provided. This seems to bespeak a cheerful outlook on things; and the custom is one that might well be revived. (An interesting parallel was the Egyptian usage of providing food and drink in their tombs; however, the motivation appears to be different—the Egyptians did so because they believed that the soul required physical sustenance for its long journey, whereas the Siculi seem merely to have thought along the lines of "Well, you never know . . .")

We commonly think of the Greeks as the first colonizers of Sicily, and in terms of major influences that is correct; but the Phoenicians were before them as they were before the Romans in Britain. Driven back by the Greek settlers, they still retained a hold in the northwest, and Palermo was their city; it is now almost twenty-seven hundred years old. Naxos and Syracuse, the first Greek towns, are about the same age, the former dating from 735 B.C. One is awed by this antiquity; as one is to think that once, under Dionysius, who reigned from 405 B.C. for 38 years, Syracuse was the greatest city in Europe. As a Londoner, I feel a little annoyed, since my city is not even mentioned anywhere until Tacitus wrote of it as existing in A.D. 61, when Boadicea lost it and a lot of other things to the Romans.

Every completely successful invasion of Sicily was carried out from bases in North Africa; yesterday they were called Carthage and Utica, today Tunis and Bizerte, but the principle is the same. I don't know how our troops found them, but Carthage (finally destroyed by the Arabs in the seventh century) was one hell of a city: I recall—accurately, I hope—the words of St. Augustine in his *Confessions*: "To Carthage then I came, where a great cauldron of unholy loves seethed all about mine ears." One could scarcely have a more trustworthy witness than the mighty schoolman.

The greatest attempt among the failures was that of the Athenians in 415 B.C., during the Peloponnesian War; based in far-off Greece they were, I think, certain to fail; and other causes contributed to ensure that they did. Century after century tells its tale of victory and defeat; the island and the seas about it are soaked with the blood of Greeks, of Romans, of Carthaginians, of Normans and Saracens and Spaniards and Goths and Vandals and Frenchmen; Englishmen now, and, strange for its ghosts to consider, men from far across the world, America and Canada. And

EDITORIAL

• *Continued from preceding page*

the paths they followed scarcely differ from their predecessors' paths.

Certain of the invaders and the island's kings and governors are particularly interesting for their relations with affairs external to it. Dionysius of Syracuse had a friend named Plato; his philosophy is behind much of the thought that we hold today. Hannibal, a famous name; though I must confess here that I retain from earliest childhood a picture of him as rather foolishly riding an elephant over an Alp. He took the island with a great fleet (the story has rather belatedly reached our newspapers, I notice); and then slaughtered a great many Sicilians on the spot where his grandfather, Hamilcar, was killed. His grandfather was dead and so, one presumes, were his slayers by that time, and Hannibal must have been of a very mean disposition, a rather Hitlerian type. Belisarius, who conquered the Goths for his master, the Byzantine Emperor Justinian, is a fascinating figure. Not long ago Robert Graves published a novel based on his known career, called *Count Belisarius*, and I think you will find this well worth reading; incidentally to the story it provides an excellent picture of those stirring times. Belisarius, having conquered Sicily, invaded the mainland in a triumphant sweep to Rome, and stormed on to Ravenna—only to be defeated by the jealousy of his own emperor, who recalled him. It was tragic. So was his end, in Graves's novel: he makes use of the popular tale that he died a blind beggar. For artistic purposes, one cannot deny him its use; but in fact, this story does not appear until the tenth century, hundreds of years afterwards. He died, more probably, in

retirement, neither happy nor unhappy.

The Emperor Frederick II, whose amazing career included both a crusade against the infidel and wars with the Pope, began as king of the island. Don John of Austria was its governor once; and when he sailed out, in knightly and almost dandyish splendour, to break the Turkish power at the sea-battle of Lepanto, there was on one of his ships a soldier who lost his left hand in the fighting. His name was Cervantes, and he lived to write one of the enduring masterpieces of European literature, the story of Don Quixote, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. G. K. Chesterton has a fine roaring poem about Don John; it is full of thunder and light and should be shouted at the top of one's voice rather than read!

I feel, rather ruefully, that I have skirted the edges of Sicilian history, with only an occasional plunge into it to pull out a plum; but a dozen *Prairie Flyers* would scarcely provide space to exhaust the subject; and even then one has said nothing of the arts, the architecture, the industries or the topography of this haunted island. Or of the Sicilians; who are an oppressed peasantry for the most part. In 1925, 50% of them could neither read nor write. Silone's novel *Fontamara* (published, I think, in Penguin Books) gives a picture of peasant suffering under the Fascists which should by its artistic verity heighten anyone's resolve to defeat Fascism: it did mine.

We will leave the island, then; with a last inspiring look at Garibaldi, who in 1860 went forth from Sicily to the mainland to overthrow the House of Bourbon and its corrupt, brutal officials, as we have gone forth to overthrow the House of Savoy and the remnants of Fascist power. —T.M.

★ ★

This was Sir James Barrie's favourite story.

A professor of biology was explaining to his class the spawning of fish. "So you see," he concluded, "the female fish deposits her eggs, the male fish comes along and fertilizes them, and later the little fish are hatched."

One of the girls in the class held up her hand. "You mean, Professor, that the father and mother fish—that they—that before that nothing happens?"

"Nothing," said the professor, "which

doubtless explains the expression, 'Poor fish'."

The American army is said to be training dachshunds for counter-espionage.

Many a wife
Begins to scowl
When her homing pigeon
Becomes an owl.

A Chip off the Old Broom

This is the tale of Albert Snitch
 Whose great-grandmother was a witch:
 So when he donned the Air Force blue
 It seemed a natural thing to do,
 And all the neighbours said "Oh my,
 That lad was simply *born* to fly!"—
 They meant, of course, that if there'd been
 Such goings-on at Gooseneck Green
 As legend told; such flights on brooms,
 When Grandma practised dives and zooms
 And barrel rolls and stalling turns,
 And everything a pupil learns,
 ('Twas said she'd cured her Pa's rheumatics
 By giving him some aerobatics)
 If all the tales were *really* true,
 Why, then, to give the boy his due,
 Since her blood flowed inside his veins,
 He should do well with aeroplanes.



So thought his friends, and so did Bert.
 He was a smart lad, most alert—
 And airmanlike, whatever that
 May mean. He also had a cat,
 Who followed him around the house
 As though she thought he was a mouse;
 And this cat was descended from
 Great-grandma's own especial tom
 Who was a witch's cat, and knew
 Exactly what he had to do;
 He used to bite all clergymen
 He met out walking after ten,
 Thus forcing them to go back home;
 Which left Great-grandma free to roam
 About her witch's business and
 Cause consternation in the land.

The first day Albert joined the Force
 He found the sergeants rather coarse.
 For three months then he bashed the square
 And from the sergeants learned to swear
 In languages of every sound
 Within the British Empire found;
 Which seemed a waste of training. Still,
 They also taught him how to drill.
 Then came the day (oh, bless'd release!)
 When he was told that he would cease
 To train, and he (ah, jubilation!)
 Was posted to another station.
 Arriving at this fatal spot
 He noticed that they'd quite a lot
 Of aeroplanes, and felt so glad
 He wrote a letter to his Dad
 Bidding him pass the word to Mater
 Her Bert would be an aviator.



● by PETRONIUS
ARBITER,
Jr.



The new arrivals soon were found—
Within a week, at least—and bound
Quite rigid, by an N.C.O.,
Who quickly told them where to go
To interview the station's nobbs
And be appointed to their jobs:
A P/O, known, it seemed, as "Pranger",
Sent Albert down into a hangar.
And here his troubles started. He
Reported to a Corporal Smee,
Who looked at him and muttered then
"I thought the Air Force needed *men*."
But Albert had not heard this rude
Remark, because his eyes were glued
Upon the 'planes that stood around
And all his thoughts were off the ground.
He cried "O heaven, how I long,
Like happy bird in soaring song,
To cleave the air on shining wings
And do slow rolls and loops and things,
And frolic with the lark on high;
Oh, Corporal, will they let me fly?"
The corporal said, "Without a doubt."
And added, "Sweep the hangar out!"

Albert could scarce believe his ears;
But manfully he fought the tears
That rose up in him with the thought
It was for *this* he had been brought
So far from home and mother's care:
The thing was getting in his hair
And possibly he would have cried
If he had not, that moment, spied
A form he knew; contented, fat,
Well-groomed, well-mannered, sleek—his cat!
She'd followed him for many a mile
And gave him now a feline smile
And leaped into his arms outstretched;
A sight which very quickly fetched
A phrase from Corporal Smee—quite neat,
But one we'd rather not repeat—
Which when translated seemed to mean
That Bert had better start to clean.
So, dropping puss, with gathering gloom
Our hero went and got a broom.

Now this is where the strangest part
Of this strange tale is seen to start.
No sooner had he seized the brush
Than all his blood began to rush
Like lightning through his veins a-tingle,
And from his lips a witch's jingle
(Which he had never heard before)
In rapid speech began to pour:

"Goblins of the ancient earth
Who watched around me at my birth,
Guardians of the senses' portals,
Gods of understanding mortals,
And ye, oh sprites of fire and air,
Take me in your kindly care,

● Continued on following page

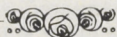


GOBLINS OF THE ANCIENT EARTH.....

PRAIRIE FLYER *Quiz*

Here is a new feature which we are introducing in place of the monthly crossword, as we feel it will be of more interest to the majority of our readers. Score 5 points for each correct answer. Sixty is passing; below 60, apply for promotion immediately—you should be a dead cert. Answers on page 30.

1. Milton wrote "Paradise Lost". Who wrote "Paradise Regained"?
2. Is the Panama Canal (a) 25½ miles long, (b) 50½ miles long, (c) 75½ miles long?
3. Name the three primary colours.
4. What is the principal opera house in London?
5. Who were King George VI's four immediate predecessors?
6. Name in order the three heavy-weight champions previous to Joe Louis.
7. Who was the first man to print a book in England?
8. Was Aircraftman Shaw D. H. or T. E. Lawrence?
9. What is meant by the phrase "hors de combat"?
10. Romance languages are derived from what language?
11. What is the capital of Argentina?
12. Was Jack the Ripper hanged?
13. Give the Arabic equivalent of MDCCC.
14. Dr. Mayer Samuel Weiss, a Jewish rabbi, was the father of what celebrated magician?
15. Is an orthoepist (a) one who specializes in correcting faulty position of the teeth, (b) one who specializes in the straightening of club feet, (c) an authority on pronunciation?
16. When was Christ born?
17. What is the nearest planet to the earth?
18. Who was the wife of Hiawatha?
19. Who was the first to bring jazz to Carnegie Hall?
20. Is roe a name for (a) a streak of mahogany, (b) a female deer, (c) fish eggs?



A CHIP OFF THE OLD BROOM

• Continued from preceding page

*Give to him who this word sings
Power of supernatural wings;
Goblins, from your palace high
Bear me up into the sky."*

And then the hangar seemed to quake
And then the broom began to shake,
And then the air turned rather dark,
And Albert's hair was seen to spark,
And then his cat let out a yell,
And fire and brimstone they could smell
And phantom gongs resounded clear
And everyone was seized with fear
And nobody was heard to scoff
When Smee cried out: "He's taking off!"
For it was true. By goblins raised,
Albert had left them all amazed.
He made one circuit close to ground:
Then with an urgent, tearing sound
Which only added to their fright,
Ascended through the upper right—
Hand corner of the hangar door
And very soon was seen no more.

And he was never seen again,
Though in a special aeroplane
They searched the skies for Albert
Snitch—

(Whose great-grandmother was a witch)
From dawn till dark for several days.
They might as well have searched the
maze
At Hampton Court.

But one thing more
Occurred; and if it was before
A mystery, it then became
Too dark a one for us to name.
A fortnight later, to the hour.
The Duty Pilot from his tower
Looked out and saw, to his surprise,
A broom come crashing from the skies.
The rumour went around that it
Was shot down by a Messerschmitt;
But where was Albert? No one knew;
No one could guess. (The goblin crew
Were laughing loud, but none could
hear . . .)

And that's the end of that, I fear.

The Last Prose of Sumner

S/L NEGUS,
No. 32, S.F.T.S., R.A.F.,
Moose Jaw.

AUGUST 30, 1943.

DEAR SIR,—

On passing from No. 32, I would like to convey a message to all my friends there through the medium of the "P.F."

To all of you I want to say thank you for the great interest and encouragement you have always shown in my work. That interest has been a great stimulus to me, and I have enjoyed my stay on the camp immensely.

To the President, Chairman and members of the Entertainments Committee, and also to the Editor and Committee of the *Prairie Flyer*—many thanks for your interest and co-operation. I, in return, wish you all every success in your future endeavours.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,

GEORGE SUMNER.

○○○(G)○○○

"OUT OF the MESS"

QUOTATION FOR THE MONTH:

He who thinks he can find in himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

In the Service there are all sorts of messes one can get into, many kinds of which have been frequently portrayed in picture and word in past editions of the *Prairie Flyer*. Having turned up many back numbers of this popular camp magazine the mess I find that requires three stripes—or three stripes plus—to get into, seems to have evaded publicity remarkably well. It is to be hoped in future all and sundry will be afforded the opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the tragedies and comedies that befall the unwary that enter the precincts of the "Sergeants' Mess".

It is not fair either that airmen should be left to believe, when a senior N.C.O. has completed his wandering mission from hangar to hangar, and exhausted himself by telling everyone just what they should not do, he becomes an inanimate creature, incapable of taking any intelligent interest in camp welfare other than occupying a seat in the first six rows at a camp concert.

Take our P.T.I. sergeant, for instance, (but don't take him too near the drill hall) I am certain he could write a very interesting item on his version of a "Jam Session", whether this would be appreciated by a sergeant in signals is quite another matter. Good reading undoubtedly could be forwarded by the sergeant in charge of the bar:—"Spirits Past and Present".

September 3rd was not only the anniversary of the out-break of war, but "Gala Night" in the Sergeants' Mess. This, of course, is a calamity that no one would wish to avoid. The variety and colour of the flowers made by LAC. Coane were part of an elaborate setting in the dance room that was admired, and appreciated by all. The attendance of Officers contributed considerably to the success of the evening. Other script in reference to monthly dances could not be accepted by the publishers. (Quite right, too; after all, why should just one or two be picked out?)

Now "Bandy" has gone we cannot handle his "case", which is greatly to be regretted. All the same he has the very best wishes of the mess for his success, and we can assure the R.A.F. at Weyburn they have robbed us of a personality we are not likely to have replaced.

Sergeants are going in for shooting, (not shooting the line—some of them are

• Continued on page 14

Afterwards

Dear Mother—

You will probably be surprised to hear from me so soon before the week-end, when you are expecting us over. Very regretfully I have to tell you that we are not coming. Willie refuses to leave the house; he says that he is not entitled to a forty-eight until next week.

This all seems very odd to me. But then, everything about Willie seems very odd since he left the R.A.F. I don't want to upset you, Mother, but I think you should know the truth: Willie's behaviour is markedly queer. I often wondered what sort of person I should find him to be on his return; I certainly didn't expect him to be like this.

He seems quite unable to abandon the strange habits and practices which he formed in the Air Force. You know how excessively naval old Commander Burington is? He hasn't been in any craft larger than a punt since about 1888, but his speech and manners are still richly, and sometimes alarmingly, nautical. A similar fate appears to be Willie's, with the difference that his ways and customs belong to the R.A.F.

On his first morning home he amazed me by getting up at the indecent hour of six, murmuring some mysterious remarks about a man with a whistle and "being on the pegs" if he didn't. Though I thought this queer, I didn't mind it much as he brought me breakfast in bed, and later I found him clearing up in the kitchen. Well, I said, he's certainly be-

come agreeably domesticated, and if he is going to bring me breakfast in bed every morning and tidy the house, I shan't worry.

Since then, Mother, I have come to wish that he were less domesticated.

After every meal at home he goes into the scullery and washes the cutlery, which he refers to as "irons." I had supposed that irons were things they had on ships to put people into when they mutinied, but apparently in the R.A.F. they are knives, forks and spoons.

This washing-up habit, though odd, was tolerable. But on Saturday night an

... by J.H.M.

awful thing happened. I went to the Bedworths for bridge, arranging that Willie, who had to work late, should join us at dinner. There we were in the drawing room, the two Miss Bedworths, Canon Cruet and his wife, old Mrs. Gamboge, Mrs. Cobbledick, Mr. Slope, the churchwarden, and Emmie Pooter's husband, when in came Willie, carrying in one hand a knife, fork and spoon and in the other a Coronation mug. "I brought these with me," he said, "in case they had different regulations at this station." It was terribly embarrassing. I tried to explain to the elder Miss Bedworthy afterwards, but I fear she is still of the opinion that Willie thought there mightn't be enough china and cutlery in the house.

That was bad enough; but that was the least of it. On Monday afternoon I ran across Prudence Thimblewick and her family and brought them home to tea. When we entered, there was Willie kneeling on the drawing room floor with a bucket and mop beside him. He had taken up the carpet and was scrubbing the woodwork furiously. I asked him what on earth he was doing. "Bull," he said, and went on scrubbing as though we weren't there; though I remember that he paused for an instant to say, with an ominous look at the Thimblewick children, "The first person who treads on this floor goes out of here on his neck."

I later found that he had covered the floor with old newspapers and arranged all our shoes in a neat row by the side of the divan.

When our visitors were leaving, he gave each of them a metal disc, something like a large penny, with a number on it. He asked Florrie Thimblewick if she were over twenty-one, and when she said No, he told her to be in by one



ARRIVES AT PARTY WITH HIS OWN IRONS.

o'clock. I don't think the Thimblewicks liked it very much.

Even that wasn't all. I couldn't persuade him to go for a short stroll until



he had signed a piece of paper certifying that he had completed his domestic duties. He is forever handing me these small slips of paper; he calls them chits. Apparently he can do scarcely anything without one.

Then again he is continually muttering about charges. I suppose he is worried by the high price of everything. The other day I told him not to fret so much about money, but he just looked puzzled and said something about a bull. References to this mysterious creature are continually entering his conversation; so much so that I think he should be psycho-analyzed, as he appears to be in the grip of a fetishism. Was he ever chased by a bull, I wonder? It is obvious that somewhere at some time during his R.A.F. career he was brought into some disturbing association with cattle.

These are only a few of the strange things that have been happening. One night he refused to go out and insisted upon sleeping downstairs. He said it was time for him to be on fire picket, though why he should suddenly fear the house would catch on fire I can't imagine.

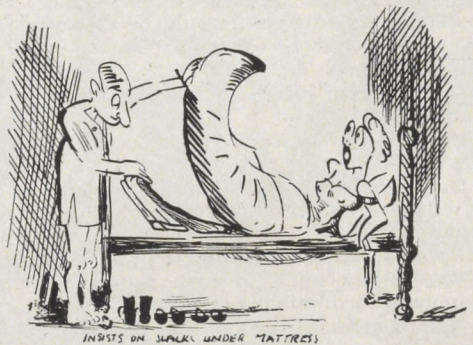
Then there is his mania for issuing typewritten instructions to himself. On the wall of the bathroom, which he now refers to as The Ablutions, I am constantly finding notices ordering him to

do certain things or not to do them. Some of these notices are called "D.R.O.'s", whatever that may mean; he makes them up at work and brings them home every afternoon. I noticed a paragraph in one today: "Brown shoes will not be worn when going to the office." Many of the orders deal with one's personal appearance; it seems that one had to be very sartorially-minded in the R.A.F.—indeed, I sometimes wonder how they managed to do any flying with all these intricacies regarding clothes. When Aunt Gertrude gave Willie some hand-knitted ties, he immediately came out with a prohibitive command: "Knitted ties will not be worn in any circumstances."

He says that when he gets his forty-eight he will wear his uniform, as it was his custom to change on free weekends. He has laid out his pants under the mattress between sheets of brown paper.

More recently he has persuaded the milkman to yell "Wakey, Wakey!" when walking up the garden path in the mornings. Several of the neighbours have objected, especially as the milkman, who was also in the R.A.F., sometimes adds some rather colourful remarks which can hardly be considered suitable for a respectable suburb such as this.

On hearing these yells, Willie swears fiercely under the blankets. Some of the expressions he uses are quite obscure to me; I feel sure they are very rude indeed. One morning he sat up and laughed defiantly, declaring that it was his day off and he was going to lie in. This gave him much pleasure, and he began to



shout "Wiz-ard," "Good show" and other things peculiar, no doubt, to the R.A.F. It is hard to understand this new language he has brought home; though I suspect that some of it is better not understood.

• Continued on page 14

Saved by NAPOLEON

by PETRONIUS
ARBITER,
Jr.

I ONCE had a long argument with a man who said that if you dug a hole straight through the earth to Australia (we were in England at the time) and constructed a ladder to go into it and then climbed down the ladder you would arrive in Australia not feet first but head first, contrary to expectations.

Whose? I said.

Whose what?

Expectations, I replied, somewhat scornfully.

Yours, he said.

I don't have any, was what I told him, but I'll think about it and see what they would be if I did.

I'll wait, he said kindly.

I thought about this thing, and it seemed to me that if you got this hole made and then the ladder to go into it and then climbed down, well, if you were standing on your feet when you left England then you'd be standing on your head when you reached Australia. Because you could prove it by sticking a hatpin through an orange.

I told him this.

You are wrong, he said. Consider. When you started you would be climbing down the ladder, would you not?

Of course.

You would continue so for some three thousand miles. Then, after you'd passed the middle, you would be climbing up the ladder. Correct?

I suppose so.

Did you ever climb up a ladder backwards?

No, I said. It would never occur to me.

Did you ever, he pursued remorselessly, climb a ladder backwards for three thousand miles?

I was appalled at the thought.

You would have to turn round, he announced triumphantly.

Here, I thought, I have him floored.

How do you know that there is sufficient room in the hole to do so? I asked.

He was silent.

Then again, I cried, inspiration flooding me, would you not reach a point in the middle where you could neither go nor come?

He paled.

Your argument rests upon the law of gravity, does it not?

Yes, he whispered.

Have you ever seen the centre of gravity, my friend?

No.

Have you ever touched it, tasted it, smelt it, heard it, seen it through a telescope, talked to it on the 'phone, or given your seat to it in a 'bus?

Never, he said. He was obviously shaken.

Of course not, I cried. Because why? Because it is in the middle of the earth. And do you know what would happen to this unfortunate man whom you propose sending on a wild-goose chase to Australia?

Tell me.

In solemn, awful tones I delivered my judgment.

He would become, I said, the centre of gravity. Even if his name were Jones. Inertia, my friend, stable equilibrium, the core of stillness at the centre of the turning wheel.

How would you like it? I added.

No, he said.

You might like to be an archbishop, or a crown prince, or a horse, or a *premiere danseuse*, or a colonel in the Guards, I said, but few of us would wish to be the centre of gravity. Think of the responsibility. Supposing you wanted a night off; you couldn't take one without knowing that everything on the earth would immediately fall away from it. And then again—

But my opponent was beginning to brighten.

We could bypass it, he cried.

We were back where we started.

And certainly, he went on, we must have enough room to turn round in the middle. Or rather, a little away from the exact middle. Three thousand miles backwards up—No. The effect on the natives alone—

What do you mean, I said, effect on the natives?

You are standing beside a hole in Australia, he returned, when suddenly a large pair of feet begin to come up at you out of the hole. Is that a nice thing to have to happen to you? Suppose there were little children around it, innocent, bright-eyed little tots, with a

• Continued on page 14



THIS ENGLAND . . . *Harvest Time*

—Lino engraving by G. Sumner

THANKS for the memory

HAD anyone on the camp taken the trouble to read Part II of D.R.O.'s. for the 10th June, 1943, he would have found a brief official notice to the effect that 55148 Sgt. Angell had been struck off the strength of the station on posting to No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, Alberta. As far as officialdom was concerned, that was that, and yet another airman had departed from our midst. Two nights previously, however, a score or more airmen, together with several citizens of Moose Jaw, had congregated on the platform of the C.P.R. station to give Sgt. Angell a royal farewell. Such an occasion, it seemed, could hardly go by without mention.

Of his time on the camp, it can be said that he was here for some twelve months, during which period he had become increasingly popular. This may have been due to the fact that he rarely

truth than it did to "Old Angell". Like many of the greater masters before him, his interests began in the Church, and by the time he had reached the ripe old age of twelve he was an accomplished organist. So much so, in fact, that when a famous contralto, invited to the church for a recital, was left at the last moment

... by K.I.

without her accompanist, he was asked to fill the vacancy. That her reputation lay, literally, in the hands of a small boy was no comforting thought to the lady. Time, however, was getting short and there was no alternative. A hurried practice on an old harmonium in the back room of the church did little to allay her fears; nevertheless, she confessed that it would "have to do". They



A
GOOD
SEND-
OFF



had a bad word to say against anyone or, alternatively, to his energy, which seemed unlimited. Over and above everything else, it was his ability as a pianist which was most appreciated.

Musicians, it is said, are born, not made; this could not apply with more

returned to the church and the show was on. Our prodigy, heart and soul in the music, excelled himself. The contralto, both relieved and delighted, gave him 10 shillings, which to a small boy in those days represented a fortune.

• Continued on page 36

Potted Personalities Series



CPL. S. G. GIBBONS

M. T. Section

SAVED BY NAPOLEON

• *Continued from page 10*

touching faith in the world's kindness, and then these feet suddenly poke out and scare them out of their wits. Why, you should be ashamed of yourself, frightening little children like that. What sort of a man are you? he said, indignantly.

I wondered.

I used to wonder often after that. We finished the argument several hours later, but then the whole question would return to me, usually in the middle of the night when I would lie awake for hours pondering on this and that aspect of it, and sometimes I would cry myself to sleep, haunted by the thought of those poor little children in Australia and wondering if they could ever forgive me.

Then one day such a nice man came to see me with a little black bag and gave me his card and invited me to stay with him, and described his place in the country and it sounded so nice and I went, and here I've been ever since, beautiful flower gardens and one particularly lovely room where the walls are all soft, which is really convenient

at the times when I become a tennis-ball as I frequently do. And the interesting people here, you'd never believe, the Shah of Persia, Florence Nightingale, Peter the Great, William Shakespeare, and Napoleon, among others. I haven't moved in such distinguished company for a long time, not since I was Marco Polo, in fact. My problem, too, has been solved. I put the whole thing to Napoleon, a very understanding man whatever they say about him, one day, and he said:

The solution to your problem is simple. *The problem does not exist.*

Oh, I said.

You are wondering why, he said, and I will tell you. It does not exist because *the earth is flat.*

So that finished that. Now I don't worry about anything, except that the little children in Australia might fall off the edges, but Napoleon is issuing an edict to have nets provided.

Of course, no place is perfect, and we have a fellow here called Galileo, who insists that the earth is round and moves, but everyone knows him to be a crank and we just let him ramble on. At least he's harmless.

"OUT OF THE MESS"

• *Continued from page 7*

past masters at the art of that already, but shooting with real live rounds. Some of them will at least get a kick out of that, you bet. By the way of a tip, if any airman is heard to suggest a certain Flight Sergeant ought to pull the trigger when looking down the barrel of his

revolver to see if it is loaded, that said airman might become the owner of an honourable discharge.

Time has not permitted a check-up of football casualties yet, but by the smell of lotions, looks and limps, the airmen seem to be winning by a slight margin.

Let you know later.

—HAM.

AFTERWARDS

• *Continued from page 9*

Such, then, is the situation at the time I write. It is distressing, as you can appreciate—especially as we had looked forward to a resumption of our former happiness together. My hope is that Willie will gradually recover as his service career recedes into the past; but I sometimes wonder if he will ever be normal again. The house is being turned into a military camp; will I be given strength to endure?

With my regrets for troubling you,
Your loving daughter;

MARY.

P.S.: The breaking point has arrived. This afternoon Willie acquired a two-tiered bed or bunk. He says I can sleep on the top or bottom, whichever I prefer. Mother, I am coming home.

Solution to Crossword No. 21

T	R	U	S	T		H	I	R	A	M	
H	O		I	L	I	U	M		U	A	
A	B	B	E		I	M	P	O	R	T	
N		O	V	A		P	I	X	I	E	
K	I	T	E						F	O	R
	O	T	S	A		G	A	O	L		
U	N	L						B	R	E	A
L	I	E	G	E		S	O	D		N	
L	A	D	L	E	S		A	S	P	S	
O	N		E	L	G	A	R		R	O	
A	S	S	E	S		O	D	E	O	N	

Potted Personalities Series



LAC. M. ("TOMMY") ROSE (Repairs)

Noted for Welfare and Entertainment work.

THE CHARGE-SCENE FROM

The Tragical History of J. C. Jones, Airman

A Five-Act Play Written in Blank Verse by the Shade of William Shakespeare.

SCENE: *A C.O.'s Office. There are present the C.O. and his Adjutant. A flourish of trumpets without. Enter the accused, J. C. Jones, escorted by a sergeant. The accused is brought to attention before the C.O.'s desk.*

C.O. "Thy name is Jones, thy rank is LAC?"
 Jones. "Ev'n so, sir."
 C.O. "Thy number is One Six One One Six Seven One?"
 Jones. "Thou speakest sooth."
 C.O. "Thou'rt charged With grievous failure in thy bounden duty To God, to king, to country, and to me: For it is here recorded, thou didst walk Upon the verges of a grassy plot Which lay between thy billet and the hangar. A plot on which the tender shoots did spring Like innocent babes upon their mother's lap, All helpless to the tread of such as thee And thy great boots; and this despite a sign Which read, 'Keep Off the Grass.'"
 Jones. "Alack, 'tis true."
 C.O. "In doing so, thou bold, impetuous erk, Thou contravened the Station's Standing Orders, Flouted the will of heaven, earned the wrath Of every righteous man, and brought Thy shrinking head the terrors of the damned. The evidence is written, and provided By one named Brown, a corporal. And, so 'tis said, Him thou didst strike about his ears and jaw, And called him 'Bind,' bade him 'Wrap up' and 'Join.' What sayest thou to this?"
 Jones. "Sir, I am one Whose liege love to our puissant sovereign George Is lesser not than thine or any man's. In all things have I studied still to serve As best I might, though humble in my rank, In this his force that flieth in the air. Upon the morning of the Twenty-sixth I was aroused by one named Carling who Did play upon a whistle, and who bade Me in service parlance, 'Wakey, wakey.' This Rude breaking of my slumbers brassed me off, And as I later progressed to my work I cared not what I did. Yet it is sweet At early morn to greet the golden day, And so at last I felt. Then I espied The grassy plot which thou hast truly mentioned: To me it seemed a playground for the gods To sport upon; there wanton Leda might, Methought, have met great Jove, in likeness of A swan, or Venus sweetly played the game Of love, with Adonis. Fired by such thoughts, And telling o'er the twice-told tales of old, Now was I moved to dance upon the lawn, And rapt in soft imaginings, I seemed To see the goatish satyrs and the nymphs Bidding me join their frolicsome array. Sir, I am an Englishman, to whom the green Is a most noted and familiar sight; Upon the lawns of Oxford I have seen The shades of poets and of many a sprite Footing it gaily in the gladsome birth Of a new day, making the kindly earth A playground for their airy visiting. To me it is a not unusual thing That shadows should seem real, for in the mist Of lovely dawns of English days, I've kissed The lips of fair Titania, and been told The poetry that fairies use for gold; Shelley, and Byron strange, two brilliant ghosts, And mighty Will, and Jonson rare, and hosts Of poets dead who yet will never die Have bid me join their happy company."
 C.O. "Thou speakest strangely."
 Jones. "Sir, is it strange To be a poet? England has bred them As yet no other land was known to do."
 C.O. "This bears not on thy case. Yet ah, 'tis true!"

Jones. "So 'twas, sir, at that moment,
 being lost
 In thoughts too deep for telling, the
 accost
 Of the said corporal, Brown, did jar my
 soul,
 And tear away my vision, for the whole
 Of those sweet shapes I had imagined
 fled
 Shrieking away, returning to the dead.
 Then, grievously o'erwrought, I thought
 upon
 Byron's great gesture for the cause of
 Freedom, on
 The shores of Greece; Kit Marlowe's
 gallant fight
 With some rude fellow in a tavern; might
 Ben Jonson in the Lowlands had dis-
 played;
 And gazing upon this corporal, unafraid
 I smote him, thus. And thus."

C.O. (*carried away*). "'Twas bravely
 done!"

Adj. (*coughs*).

C.O. (*looks at him*). "Quite so. Thou
 dost remind me of my duty.

Jones, thou hast made full marvellous
 defence,
 Yet hast thou sinned, according to K.R.'s,
 And A.M.O.'s, and A.C.I.'s, and D.
 R.O.'s, and Station Standing Orders. I
 Must, in my duty to the force that flies
 Upon the business of King George the
 Sixth,
 (Whom all the heavens bless) reward
 thy vile
 Unmannerly attack upon the said man,
 Brown,

With jankers to th' extent of seven days;
 Yea, even to the morn of Friday next.
 Throughout this time thou shalt be
 scorned of men,
 And carry on thy back a heavy load,
 And scrub the floors and polish all the
 brass
 That may be found within the building
 called
 Headquarters. Furthermore, thou shalt
 report
 Within one quarter hour after the bugler
 Has summoned us from sleep, to those
 stern men
 Who guard the outer gate of this our
 barrack;
 And do such other of parades and
 marching
 As sergeants may direct. But for the
 rest,
 I now decree that all the grassy patches
 Within the confines of the camp shall be
 Open to thee both now and evermore,
 That thou may'st dream of rosy nymphs
 and dryads
 All undisturbed by binders such as
 Brown.
 Wherefore I bid all present shout
 'Hooray!'
 Declaring this a general holiday."

(*They go into a grave dance, during
 which Jones executes a pas de deux with
 his escort, and the two at last exit to
 the tune of "How Does Your Garden
 Grow?" The Adjutant bursts into tears.*)

—T.M.



Potted Personalities Series



CPL. K. E. SKINNER

Who, with Cpl. E. Moulton, operates the Cinema projector.

Corporals' PAGE

AS you may have ascertained from the title, this section is henceforth to be devoted to those seemingly singularly fortunate individuals who wear chevrons, two-bar. This ascetic, and, in rare instances, aesthetic, society is at last to arise from the depths of oblivion and take its place in the pages of the *Prairie Flyer*. In order that you may become better acquainted with each and every one of them, our roving reporter has been commissioned to interview one Corporal each month, and give you the result of his researches. By giving a brief account of who and what they are, some of the blame for what they have done may very properly be shifted to the extenuating circumstances of their lives, and to this end we present our first Pen Portrait, the life story (with certain facts carefully omitted) of the N.C.O. who has achieved great success as a confidant and father-confessor to generations of pupil pilots, that terrible engine of retributive justice—none other than the almost human:

Corporal Christopher ("Wakey-Wakey") Carling.

Corporal Carling hails from Harrogate, Yorks, and for the benefit of those who imagine that civilization comes to an abrupt halt in the unknown wastes north of Welwyn Garden City, it is pointed out that this is a fashionable watering place famous for its spa, its scenery, and the fact that it houses rather more invalids than are normally seen on morning sick parade. Also, an inn close by is unique insofar as Queen Elizabeth is reputed to have slept there. He was born on August 26, 1905, not with a ukelele in his hand, but with a silver whistle in his mouth. It is not known if there was any particular conjunction of the planets at the time, but the fact is thought extremely likely. He is of farming stock, and at the age of three he showed signs of the determination which has placed him in the important position he holds today by placing his father on a charge for not

having had a haircut. On leaving school, he spent three years as a bank clerk, but he saw enough of farming to speak exuberantly to our correspondent of the joys of early rising and deep sleep, both of body and intellect, which is induced by honest manual toil. From then on his career was, to say the least, varied. He went abroad in 1923 and did not return to England until 1931, and just how we managed to get along without him remains a mystery to him to this day. He

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Cpl. Hill. He was a very popular figure on the camp, and No. 32 S.F.T.S. is poorer for his passing.

spent two years at sea as purser's assistant, visiting India, Ceylon, New Zealand, Tasmania, and finally settling in Australia. Judging by his remarkable flow of words on the parade ground and in the barrack blocks immediately after reveille, it is apparent that he spent his entire time in the acquisition of languages, both living and dead. He has seen previous military service, spending four summers in the Australian army as a Corporal, and later as a Sergeant, Physical Training Instructor, which no doubt accounts for his meteoric career in the R.A.F. On his return to England, he did not sever his connections with Australia, but worked for the largest Wool and Wheat firm in the world. His position was that of commercial traveller, which vocation is surely proof of his respectability. He very soon obtained the wool contract for the Girls' Friendly Society, and after that the whole world was open to him, so he went into business for himself, not as a barber, but, as he remains today, part owner in a furniture, electrical, and radio concern. He joined the R.A.F. in May, 1940, and when it is recalled that this event was followed almost immediately by the fall of France, the reader can gather some idea of its importance. His R.A.F. career has been as varied as his civilian counterpart, for he served on five stations before arriving at Moose Jaw, where he has been for the last fifteen months. When interviewed, Corporal Carling was seated surrounded by erring pupils, and with his coat off ready to work at any moment. Anyone seeing

• Continued on following page

Officers' Mess PAGE

ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE OTHER END

The Main Event, the Look of the Month, so to speak, is the New Moustache, grown in the gentle heat of the Watch Tower. This gardening craze had to lead somewhere—and with a part added here and there it could denote the runway in use quite as effectively as the black cans. * * *

Rumour hath it that A——r tried to grow one, but being atom-sized it appeared on his forehead. * * *

We hear that sitting in the wrong seat at the Capitol leads to strange events. Ask the Duke of Buttress. And when is his ambition to own a double-barrelled Very pistol to be realised? * * *

To F/O C——s, that well-known early riser, we dedicate the widely read novel, "How Keen At Reveille?" * * *

QUOTE, FROM LOUIS GOLDING:

The vast arch of the sky was stuffed thick with cloud, but a wind was thrusting inland from the sea, and splitting up the soapsud tangle. There were sudden sharp splinters of blue sky, and shoulders of cloud outlined in white flame. Away to the North a great rain-storm emptied itself onto the already soaked earth and in the South a broken rainbow balanced itself on one end of the arch.

Cold Front Occlusion, Mr. Editor? * * *

A passenger to Edmonton, (we are not saying whether animal, vegetable or medicine) told the pilot that it was

rather silly to blow the horn on the circuit as they could not possibly hear it on the ground.

It's really more than one Mist. Expect. * * *

The eye may now be lowered to the next spasm. * * *

WITHOUT COMMENT—Again from Louis Golding:

Sophie got up from the sofa and flung the tears from her face. They landed with a dull thud some feet away on the carpet. * * *

FOR SALE—In local paper:

"100 yr. old laying hens."

For the Chinese trade, we have no doubt. * * *

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME . . .

Or LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL . . .

(Again, with gratitude, from Mr. Golding):

She would make a brusque movement in their direction and the whole frock would come undone, like all the petals of a lovely flower suddenly stripped apart. She would stand there, in the briefest and loveliest of undies, lithe-some, exquisite, self-possessed.

Don't let anyone try to stop you, miss. * * *

NOSTALGIA OR IT'S LOUIS AGAIN:

Frankly, it was nice to be able to switch on the wireless and not be told that your breath smelled, in between Beethoven and Gershwin, and how to remove hair in your armpits.

CORPORALS' PAGE

• *Continued from preceding page*

these pupils standing in awe of him will know that as beside the decisions of Corporal Carling, the opinions of the Court of Criminal Appeal are mere trifles, and many may wonder at the astounding progress he has made to become the pinnacle of public eminence we find him today. In the years to come, whenever we hear the long, booming whistle of a steamboat, the urgent "Peep" of a football referee, or the drawn out note of an ice cream man, we will think of him. And, for his sake,

if you have not by then reached an age of tolerance, we fervently hope your prayers will remain unanswered. * * *

Our congratulations to Cpl. Fotheringham on his recent marriage. The very best of luck to you both.

Congratulations also to Cpl. Jimmy Rae on his recent promotion to our hallowed ranks. * * *

NOTE.—If you have any gen you think will be worthy of publication on this page, please contact Corporal Gard in the Accounts Section. And don't forget!

By D.A.G.B.

GLEANINGS from the G.I.S.

BY the time these notes are in print the Air Cadets will have left us. It has been refreshing once again to be surrounded by the happy, untroubled faces of boys who can accept with enthusiasm the many discomforts and restrictions inseparable from camp life and think it great fun to be eating, sleeping, thinking and working in the mass. And although we can't quite see eye to eye with them in this, we hope they are not disillusioned.

We were particularly impressed by the high standard of their drilling. For those who, like ourselves, find difficulty in carrying out with a minimum of efficiency the elementary requirements of a Wednesday morning parade, it was a humbling sight to witness the easy confidence with which a Flight Sergeant of perhaps 16 years manoeuvred some fifty or sixty cadets all over the parade ground under the eye of the Commanding Officer. This we observed on a Saturday afternoon at the passing-out parade of one of the detachments, and ungrudgingly we record our admiration.

If the boys profited by their brief stay with us and enjoyed themselves sufficiently to say "Thanks for having us," we can most certainly respond "It's been a pleasure."

* * *

Turning unwillingly to things more immediately concerned with the G.I.S., we'd like to say just a word about our weekly Aircraft Recognition Competition which has been running (?) for the past month or so. The response to date has been woeful. There seems to be some queer sort of idea going the rounds that entries will be carefully filed and, somewhere around examination time, dug up and used in evidence against the unfortunate entrant. If our solemn word that there is no ulterior motive behind the contest is considered worthless, it seems that we may have to arrange for the public burning of all unsuccessful entries.

Aircraft recognition these days is important and, heaven knows, it can be the most awful bind; but it seems to us that a little of the competitive spirit and the possibility of a cash prize could do much to make a study of the subject less tedious. We call to mind the remarkable

effect which, in happier days, football pools had in bringing to the notice of countless old ladies the fine shade of difference between, say, Arsenal and Accrington Stanley. We'd like to see our own, admittedly more modest, competition serve a similar purpose; we believe it can.

* * *

We took great pleasure in noting that the first two places in 77 Course Ground Examinations were taken by Canadian pupils.

* * *

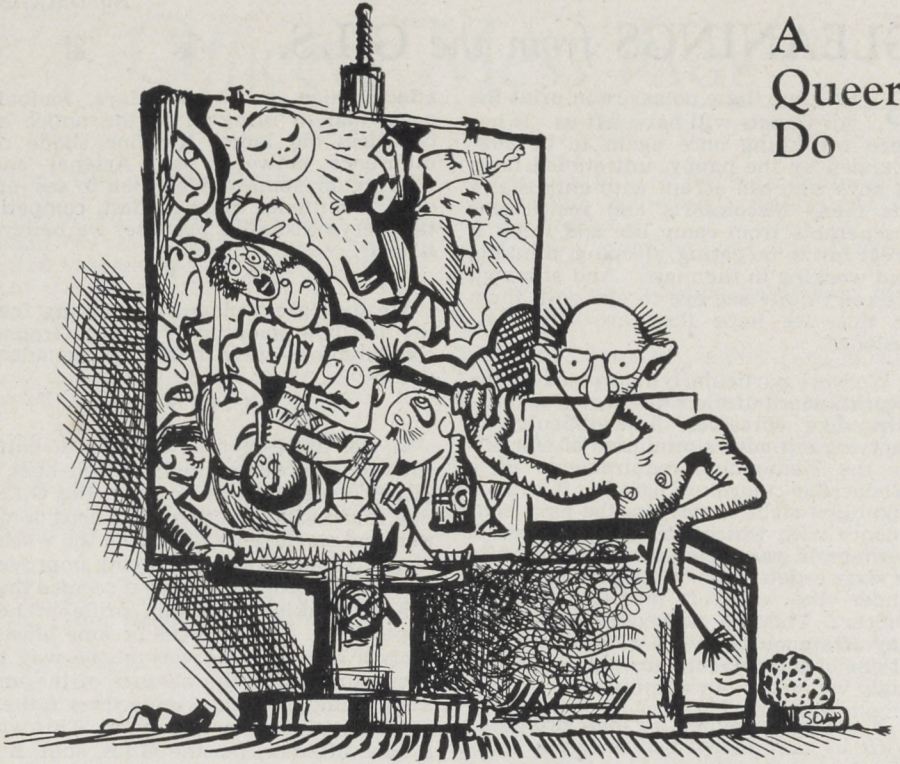
It was some months ago that a half-starved and distressingly knock-knee'd kitten made itself at home in the G.I.S. She found kindness there and consideration and so stayed with us. As the weeks went by there was a gratifying improvement in her condition and it seemed that she was taking a certain pride in her appearance. And then we became blushing aware that she was on the way to presenting us, in the absence of the unknown and probably unheeding father, with what is known as a litter. This was a new situation for the G.I.S. staff, but the photographic people upstairs, acting upon instinct, as, in the absence of knowledge, one does in such crises, provided dark cupboards, comfortable boxes, a suitable diet and whatever else they thought might come in handy. It was all rather touching and evidence of the often unsuspected tenderness which lies beneath the rough exterior of the common airman.

It was all wasted on the cat, of course. No cat ever did, or ever will, make itself comfortable in a properly prepared bed. With feline indifference she took herself off to one of the remoter hangars and there, we are pleased to learn, was safely delivered.

* * *

It's an ill wind that hasn't a silver lining. We're thinking of Mac, in camp at night for 28 days as the result of a little difference of opinion on the questions of early rising and morning parades. He now receives frequent letters, exquisitely scented, bearing the Moose Jaw postmark. Twenty-eight days, we can't help reflecting, is a small price to pay for evidence of such devotion.

A Queer Do



ABOVE you see a self-portrait by Professor Sumnberg (alias George Sumner) which he bequeathed to us before his recent departure. It illustrates him painting his surrealist masterpiece, "Space Is Full of Empty People," which he executed during an attack of the Screaming Heebie-Jeebies (see below) that overcame him while he was taking a bath. This remarkable picture, which is shortly to have a ceremonial unveiling in the local gas-works, has been acclaimed by critics everywhere. Well, almost everywhere. Its spatial rhythm, masterly control of tactile values, infinite subtlety of colour, its verve, its chiaroscuro, are, they say, staggering. There can be few artists of our generation who have equalled this achievement, and there is little doubt that the painting will stand as a stark revelation of whatever it is and so forth. To which Arpeggio Stroboli, well-known Wop aesthete, adds his comment: "Undoubtedly."

The Screaming Heebie-Jeebies is an occupational disease of airmen (better known as The Common Erk). It has been the subject of considerable scientific investigation, with the not un-

usual result that little is known about it. Many alarming manifestations have been observed in Common Erks afflicted by the disease; some have turned a frightful shade of green, others have bitten large pieces out of aircraft tail-planes, yet more have been driven to strange practices, such as living for six weeks on Y.M.C.A. tea, while the majority, of course, have merely been driven.

The weight of informed opinion seems to be behind a theory that the only certain cure for the Screaming Heebie-Jeebies is application of an armistice to the affected parts.

For reading on the subject, we would recommend particularly "Vox Populi, Vox Heebi-Jeebi," by Professor Josef Martini; "Schwarzmontagunderschriemenheebjееbē," Vienna, 1923, by Thomas von Gard; "How to Heeb Your Jeeb," by Druncan Boageyman, D.D., and the chapter headed "Heebski-Jeebski, or They Wake Up Screaming," from the Russian masterpiece, "Tovarich Erk, Your Slip Is Showing," by Alexey Melikov. Send some copies to the kiddies for Christmas.

Tribute to an Artist

THE DEPARTURE of LAC. George Sumner seems to mark almost the end of a cycle at 32 S.F.T.S. George has been so much a part of camp affairs since those far-off days when, having won the final battle with the Indians, we opened the station, that it is difficult to imagine what it will be like without him.

It is not often that a unit is fortunate enough to possess so fine an artist among its members; nor a fine artist who is, in addition, so untiring a worker. His output was tremendous; and I have frequently been baffled to see growing, at the same time, a mural, a stage-setting, quantities of notices, and illustrations for the camp magazine. There were times when one felt that he must be capable of dividing his personality into a number of Sumners who then went to work simultaneously on different jobs in different places. Doubtless the real explanation was simpler, but so remarkable was his capacity for work that I shall never rid myself of a lurking suspicion.

Perhaps the success in his work, which nobody can deny to him, was due above everything to one fact—he loved it. With a pencil or paintbrush in his hand and a bare expanse of paper or canvas before him, he was happy, with that single-mindedness and devotion which distinguishes the artist's calling from less exalted occupations. He was infinitely creative, and seemed never to have to wait for an idea or inspiration; they bubbled up in him from some never-failing spring in his being, and appeared in due course as the brilliant products of his hand which you can still see around you here and there.

Wherever he goes, the good wishes of everyone at 32 go with him. Good luck, George; and keep that pencil flying!

T. M.

For Aye the Rivers Run

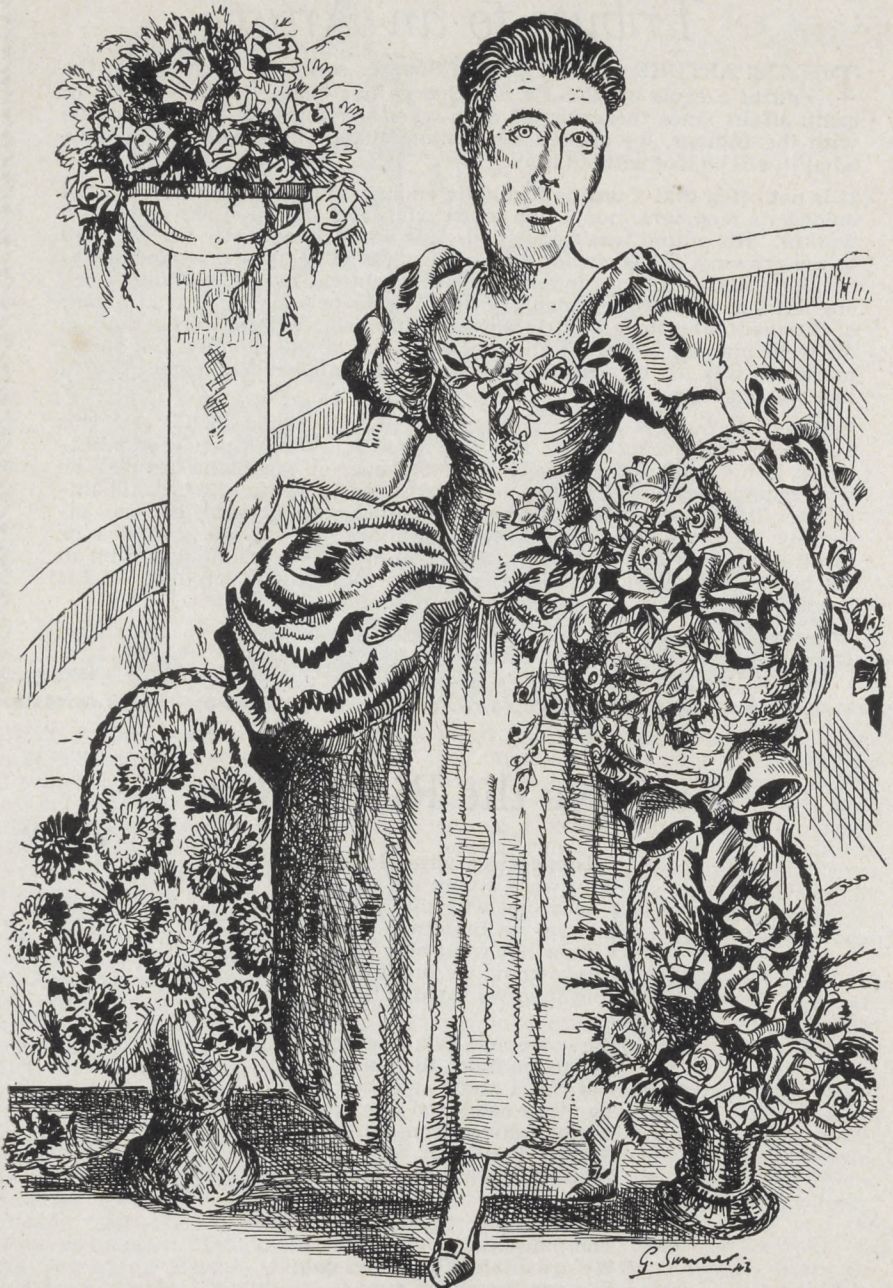
... by J. H. M.

I listened to a wise old man
Who wore a wise old smile:
"I know not why the world began;
I know we breathe a while.
I know not what may be in store;
I only know we breathe a while
And then we breathe no more.

"We come and look and are away—
For us no more the sun.
But this I know and this I say
To every saddened one:
A glory shines from our poor clay,
A glory lights our little day,
When all is said and done."

I made reply: "When we are dead
The pauseless rivers run.
We are a tale without an end;
For aye the rivers run.
And there's the source of glory, friend—
That all is never, never said
And all is never done."

Potted Personalities Series



AC. T. W. COANE as a flower-seller

He is responsible for the floral decorations at all Camp social functions.

BITS AND PIECES

Heard in the Dental Clinic—"Ouch! Sir".

With all the eligible men in the armed forces, the only things a girl can count on now are her fingers.

And then there's the airman whose identity card reads: brown hair, blue eyes, pink toothbrush.

The Sergeant strode into the billet. "All right you blankety-blank dirty skunks—get outa here!" he snarled.

The airmen grabbed their hats and swarmed out—all but one who lay on his bed, blowing smoke rings.

"Well?" roared the Sergeant.

"Well," remarked the erk, "there were a lot of them, weren't there?"

He waved at a WAVE
And the Wave waved back,
But his wife had seen
So he got a WAAC.

Have you heard of the Corporal who gained his promotion through the usual flannels?

A man sitting down to breakfast one morning was astounded to see his death announced in the newspaper. He immediately rang up a friend and said, "Hallo, Jones, have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Jones, "where are you speaking from?"

"What we need in this town," said the theatrical producer, "is something to stir up the public."

"Fine, let's have a woman ride down Main Street on a white horse like Lady Godiva did."

"Boy, that's just the thing—I haven't seen a white horse on Main Street for years and years."

The car skidded around the corner, jumped into the air, knocked down a lamp post, smacked three cars, ran against a stone wall, and stopped. A girl climbed out of the wreck. "Darling," she exclaimed, "that's what I call a kiss!"

A Negress, giving particulars to a census official, said, "Ah had five chillun by mah fust husban', and one all by mahsel'."

I WON'T STAND
FOR THAT, MR.
PONSONBY!

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

three by mah second, and one all by mahsel'."

England Today

Baby: "Daddy, what's a car?"

Daddy: "A car? Why a car's a-a-a-Say, darned if I can remember!"

America Today

"My, it's grand to sit in front of a roaring fire like this."

"Yeah, but I'm sure gonna miss the furniture!"

Germany Today

"Now you be a goot poy, or I vill tell der Fuhrer and he vill send you to der Russian Front!"

HI-JINKS IN STATION DRILL HALL

Station Dance Well Received

The spirits of former S.W.O's. and P.T.I's., to say nothing of janker kings, from this Unit may have looked down in shocked amazement on the scene which presented itself in the Drill Hall on the occasion of the Station Dance on July 1st, but those present in the flesh voted it one of the best events ever put over on the Station, and judging from the length of the sick report the following morning, "This was no lie."

What the Drill Hall normally lacks in the way of decoration and in superficial suitability for dancing was nullified, in the first place by the combined artistic genius of our two hardened campaigners, LAC's. Sumner and Coane, who contrived to fashion out of mere paper and spare wood a stage setting worthy of the most exclusive West End haunt, and in the second place by the combined efforts of Sgt. Cooper, LAC's. Baker, Munns, Hawkins, Cunnah, Rose, Johnson, Badger and others who worked under the direction of the Entertainments Officer, F/O. C. B. Thomas (who also officiated later as M.C.), and the "Y" supervisor, Mr. Cook, gave admirable assistance. Full co-operation, too, was forthcoming from other directions; the Guard Room "staff" disposed of tickets with laudable efficiency; Sgt. Evans and his worthy band of helpers acted à la Mr. Drage in massing the furniture required at the right time, and the cookhouse staff, under the direction of Sgts. Davies and Burton, really turned up trumps. From a chaotic mass of seemingly salvaged articles of furniture the hall was transformed into a palais de danse.

With refreshment available in goodly quantities, (one pictured one corporal, who shall be nameless, writhing with envy in his allotted corner of the Club-room!), the atmosphere was very soon in sympathy with the surroundings. There was never the slightest suggestion

that the pace would slacken and as dance followed dance or tinkle followed tinkle, (fire alarms, I assure you, Mrs. Ponsonby—fire alarms) it became obvious that this was the type of evening for which we had been waiting.

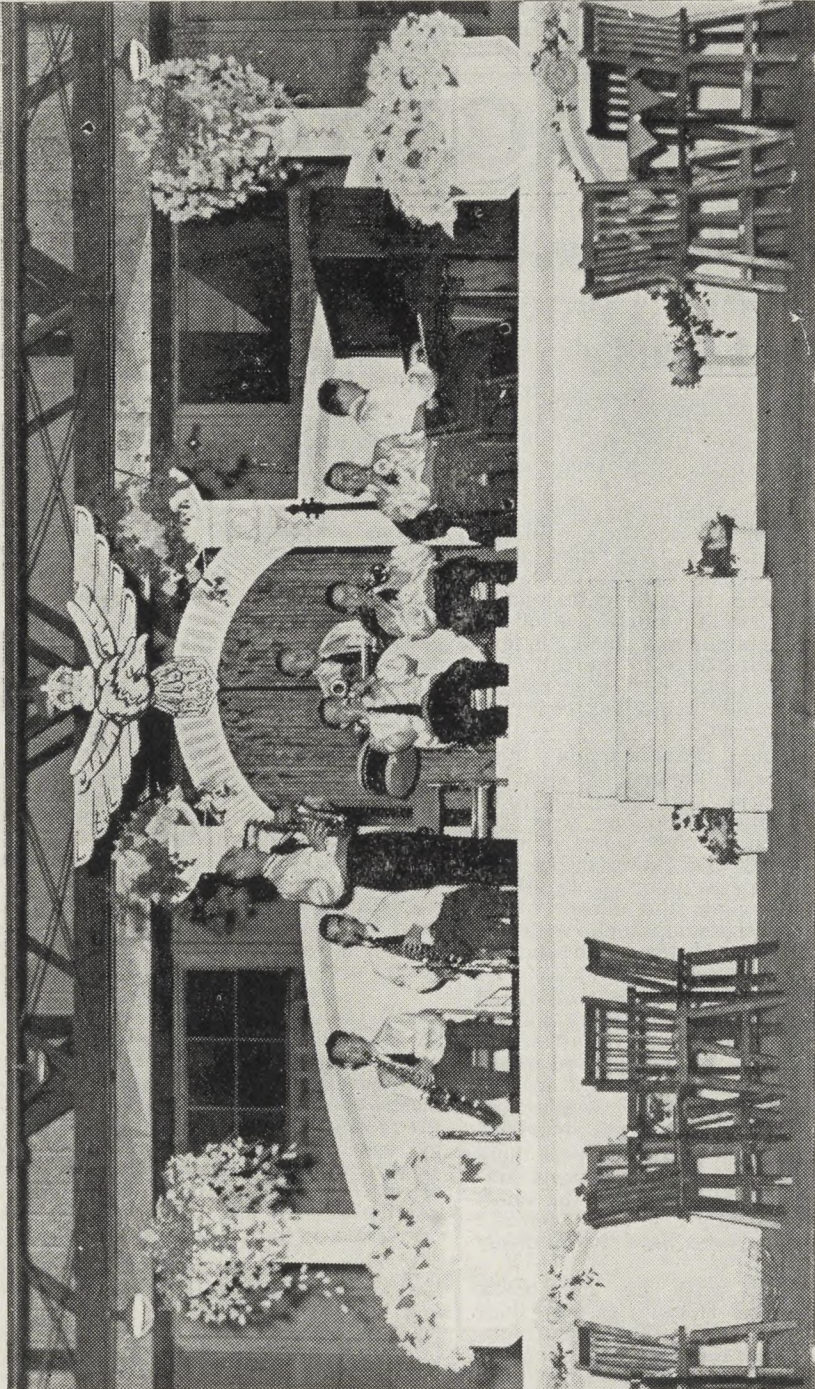
Sgt. Parrish and the Station Dance Band were in really excellent form and, being augmented for the occasion, succeeded in reaching the furthest corners of the large hall with their rhythmic outpourings. Sahib Pariahish and Flight Sahib Mitkahil delighted an admiring crowd with a realistic snake dance, but it is definitely not true that afterwards in the mess they tried the Indian Rope Trick with a couple of sheets.

My own memory of the occasion is somewhat hazy, but I seem to recall a goodly supply of eats vanishing as corn before the locusts; two fellows, one or the other carrying a lethal looking object in a significantly black wooden box, pausing every few minutes, flashing a lamp in an already well-lighted hall, and passing on into the crowd with nothing more than a curt "Thank-you"; and a series of most cordial reunions between mere erks and much-ringed comrades-in-arms!

And so the fun raged fast and furious with only one pause whilst pennants were distributed by the Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. J. George (with us for the first time), to the fellows who had participated earlier in the evening in an International Soccer Match in which England defeated Scotland 7-5. An official of the Saskatchewan Football League was also present, and made a few appropriate remarks.

Needless to say, this will not be the last of such events; watch out for announcements in the not too distant future.

Again our sincere thanks to all who assisted in any way in the preparation of a most successful evening, and in particular to the Entertainments Committee who were responsible in the first place for the conception of the idea.



THE STATION DANCE BAND . . .

looking very happy in a setting designed and executed by L.A.C. George Sumner, with floral decoration by A.C. Coane. See opposite page for description of the event.

'CONTACT' AT 32

Grand Show by Assiniboia Concert Party

Rookie days in Blackpool were vividly recalled for many of us by the recent visit of the concert party from No. 34 E.F.T.S., Assiniboia, with their show "Contact".

A packed house, including many visitors from town, provided a fine incentive to the players, and they gave generously of their best in a well-balanced programme, sufficiently varied in content to maintain interest throughout. The individuals in a small cast exploited their versatility to the full, and in songs, dances, sketches or as instrumentalists proved themselves complete masters of their art.

Thus Cpl. Budd, whilst proving a most genial compère throughout the evening, (and, incidentally, providing the audience with much valuable food for thought!), was at other times a magnanimous hubby to a rather overgenerous wife, a super-aviator in an Allied Air Corps, a singer and dancer of no mean talent, and a sympathetic assistant to the exploiters of the truth and its alarming consequences.

F/Lt. Palmer, too, with well-timed (?) intrusions into Cpl. Budd's sphere, as a very efficient if not too sufficiently dressed adjutant, as a bewildered infant implicated in the breakdown of ecclesiastical bureaucracy, and as a gen man in the "Air Werks" was well received.

F/Lt. Jepps, as a confederate for these two, and especially with his devastatingly realistic impression of the short life of "A Tuppenny Fish and a Penaf," completed a trio who were the mainstay of the show.

F/Sgt. Blake with his harmonica, LAC's. Clark and Humphries with their songs, LAC. Furval with a grand rendering of the "Warsaw Piano Concerto", a new "name" band, "Jankers Waller and His Flat Spots", with valuable

An Account of the Fire

By Our Special Correspondent
SAMUEL PEPYS

July 16, 1943—Was disturbed this day at a little after 11 of the clock by a great wailing of the station whistle, whereat I did remark to one who was shaving his beard near me that doubtless another practice was afoot, in which he agreed and we then busilie to our shaving once more. Then came in a man who cried lustily "The workshoppes are ablaze!" and we ran with all speed to the door and were greeted by a most woeful sight of great cloudes of smoke which did rise from the buildinge, and littel tongues of flame darting merrilie from place to place about it; and much cheered to see our stout firemen struggling bravely with the blaze, they having reached there in a marvellously short space of time. Yet I was saddened indeed to notice the horrid red glowe shining maliciously through the windowes, for it did call to mind the terrible fire which consumed London in 1666, of which I have written elsewhere: pray God we shall never see its like.* And so to the scene of the fire, where we found one travelling through the crowd crying "Is there a man named BROCK among you?", to which we heard no response but for some strange reason much laugh-

• Continued on following page

assistance from P/O Ellis, Evelyn Elton, Mildred Gorda, Doris Keegan and Jean McKie completed the show from behind the footlights. Members of the audience, too, especially S/Ldr. Graydon and F/O Turner, who entered generously into the spirit of "Truth or Consequences," greatly assisted in rounding the show off as one of the best.

W/Cdr. Everton neatly expressed the sentiments of a well-satisfied audience and conveyed thanks to Mr. C. W. Nicholl, the manager, and to the C.O. of No. 34, E.F.T.S., for their presentation and hoped for a similar show in the not too distant future.

No. 32 WELCOMES THE STARS

E.N.S.A. Concert Success

The E.N.S.A. show "B for Bertie", which gave two performances in the Station Cinema on Tuesday, July 27th, paid a return visit on Tuesday, August 19th. On each occasion the artists of this fine show were greeted by large and appreciative audiences. The artists included: Ernest Cossart, who may be remembered for his fine performances in many films. Amongst the most recent have been "Skylark", "King's Row" and "Kitty Foyle". Doris Patston, well-known on the Musical Comedy stage of both London and New York. Mary Kendel, Mezzo-Soprano. Eric Tredwell, Baritone. Tony Romaine, Violinist. Carol Burke and Rosemary Sankey, dancers from the New York stage hit "By Jupiter". Mr. Ernest Schlusell, well-known pianist, acted as accompanist throughout the show.

Anthony Jochim, who produced the show, was also the producer of "A for Aces", the first E.N.S.A. show to visit this station a few months ago. —M.E.C.

Whimsy-Whamsy Corner

I spent a Sunday in Dawson Creek and went to hear a service preached by a young American officer in the little Anglican church. He stood straight in his soldier dress, tall, upright, and a bit shy. His text was out of the film "Mrs. Miniver"—"There'll always be roses."

He illustrated his message from things on The Road. Up north at Fort St. John the week before, he'd seen two bulldozers ripping the earth apart, but in a little strip between the turns was a patch of unplowed land about a foot square in which a purple crocus was blooming undisturbed, gay and staunch, proclaiming to the world "there'll always be crocuses."

From an article on the Alaskan Highway, by EDNA JAQUES.

Blimey, What a Boner!

On a blazing hot day recently the Duty Twitcher's van came gladly away at lunch-time from its exposed position on the field. It undoubtedly was a hot day, because the pupil who was Twitching had taken off his shirt.

The van arrived at the Airmen's Mess, and here the driver, hot, tired and hungry, called to the pupil in the back:

"Bail out, and don't come out of the front door, go out by the other * * * * door!"

There was a momentary pause. Then a voice replied:

"I think you'd better take me to the Officers' Mess, if you don't mind."

The pupil was a Flight Lieutenant.

Over the cups of fragrant brew
A reputation's all askew,
A lady's felled without a blow
As socks and sweaters slowly grow.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRE

• *Continued from preceding page*

ter; and then did look once more to the fire, and the great jets of water which they did play on it, and so in due time it went out and the crowd dispersed, and we to our billet, there to discourse on the fire which was all we could hear spoken of on all sides . . .

July 17, 1943—Did go this day to the workshoppes and found them a most miserable shell of a building, with blackened walls and rafters and charred debris lying about the floors and a sinister, desolate aire about the whole place; yet much marvelling to note one room with no trace of the fire to be found in it. Great jubilation, I hear, from many who speake of write-offs, though I do not well understand what this may meane . . .

* Mr. Pepys appears to have overlooked the blitz; but we hesitate to correct the copy of so illustrious a contributor.

CAN YOU SOLVE THESE?

1. Goats are tethered at two adjacent corners of a field 56 yards square. Each has sufficient rope to enable it to reach the centre of the field. How much of the field is shared by the goats?
2. A boy's model boat sails forty yards in a straight line across a circular pond before reaching the bank. If the pond is 70 yards in diameter, how far must the boy walk to reach his boat?
3. Jones and Robinson, out walking, saw a column of troops approaching them. Jones stopped to watch it go by, but Robinson went on ahead at 3 m.p.h., and passed the column in 5 minutes. The column was 12 minutes passing Jones. How long was the column?
4. Smith has decided to reduce his cigarette bill by using up the cigarette ends. Each end is on an average a quarter of a whole cigarette. How many cigarettes must he buy to provide him with 18 per day?
—C.M.S. AND E.S.

BIRD LIFE AT 32—No. 2



ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 6

1. Milton.
2. 50½ miles long.
3. Red, Yellow, Blue.
4. Covent Garden.
5. Edward VIII, George V, Edward VII, Queen Victoria.
6. Primo Carnera, Max Baer, James J. Braddock.
7. William Caxton.
8. T. E. Lawrence ("Lawrence of Arabia").
9. Out of the fight; disabled.
10. Latin.
11. Buenos Aires.
12. No. He was never caught.
13. 1800.
14. Harry Houdini.
15. (c) an authority on pronunciation.
16. Actually in 4 B.C.
17. Venus.
18. Minnehaha.
19. Paul Whiteman.
20. All three.

The Bishop of Buttress bird, they say,
Flies in his own episcopal way
By taking off in manner grand—
And quite forgetting how to land.

Entertainments

As in the Airmen's Mess, so in the realm of entertainment on the camp, an attempt has been made during the past month to cater for all tastes. Which department has been more successful, it is not for me to decide. However, as my invitation last month for fellows to offer practical suggestions for the extension or improvement of the fare already available, brought no definite response, not even from a few barrack-room George Blacks and Cecil B. De Milles. I venture to assume that everyone is satisfied.

"Doc" Skinner is back with LAC. . . . sorry . . . Corporal Moulton in the projection room, and the film shows have been presented efficiently and regularly. An attempt has been made to provide more seating accommodation, and it is hoped that before long an improvement in the ventilation of the cinema will be effected. The "Y" supervisor, Mr. Cook, is always thinking out ideas for improvement on his side of the fence, and you can back him up in at least two ways. You are used to cinemas which are healthy and comfortable and you dislike anything which savours of un-English conduct whilst in the pursuit of your entertainment. Therefore, I would appeal to the few for the well-being of the majority: if you must bring into the show the varied fare from the canteen, from popcorn to popsicles, from Digests to Bromos, please carry the inedible parts out with you! Or, after the show, put them in the bins provided. Secondly, if you must come in to the cinema after the show has started, use the double doors to their fullest advantage; close the outer door before opening the inner—the reason is obvious.

Thanks to the exertions of LAC. Jerry Haughey, two of the Friday evening performances have been preceded by a session of the Gramophone Club.

The weekly Whist Drives remain as popular as ever, with the average number of tables about twenty per week. Delivery of several new card tables has simplified the running of these functions considerably. To LAC's McMahon (M.C.), Livermore and Sensier, (three of the pioneers), has been delegated the organisation of the more recent drives and right well have they acquitted themselves. To them we say thank you; and they, in turn, do likewise to those who have assisted them in any way.

Since our last issue two dances have been held, the normal monthly one on June 3rd and a far more hectic one on July 1st, which is reported in detail elsewhere. The June affair, apart from the usual half-hour or so thawing-out period at the beginning, appeared to be much enjoyed by a fairly large crowd. The dance band under the directorship of Sgt. Parrish, and led on this occasion by F/Sgt. Barker, was in better form than ever, and complimentary remarks were heard from all sides. LAC. Norman Hurst again officiated as M.C. and a number of novelty dances was included in the evening's programme. Mrs. Edwards and Sgt. Parrish himself were successful in the Musical Chairs competition. (Was it musical instinct or actual skill that found the maestro and his partner in the right seat at the right time?) Miss McLean and LAC. Quinn were spotted in the limelight and also carried off prizes.

Mr. Wickens, K.C., is still a regular visitor to the Station and his request programmes of gramophone records remain as popular as ever.

Each Thursday during the month has been the occasion of a half-hour radio session, made available for us through the kind co-operation of the directors of CHAB. The broadcasts have originated alternately from the cinema and the studio in town. The former have been sustained by the Station Band, and the latter, with one exception, by the Station Male Voice Choir, all programmes, of course, being supplemented by soloists, some old favourites, others new voices. Comment on the whole has been favourable so far, but we are anxious that the appeal of this feature shall not diminish on account of lack of new talent, and anyone who has any ideas, or who knows of anyone who has, is invited to contact the usual gentlemen at once.

Apart from the Station Dance, the other 4-star event of the month was the visit of our neighbours from Assiniboia with their show, "Contact" (memories of footslogging or dot-dash-dot days in Blackpool?). This is also reported in detail elsewhere.

And so another month passes by. Our sincere wish is that you have been satisfied with some, if not all of the fare we have offered you. If you have not, we respectfully remind you that Drury Lane or Broadway are not just around the corner, nor, incidentally, are they much nearer a dugout in the Western desert or a jungle in New Guinea.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

Practical Suggestions . . .

THE MINIMUM WHICH CHRISTIANS SHOULD ACCEPT

1. A living wage. Wages should be sufficient not only for a moderately comfortable life but sufficient for saving as well. Less than this is unjust.

2. The payment of this wage should be the first charge on every industry.

3. The chief factors that should determine the amount of a man's wage are (a) an agreed standard of work, (b) the capacity of the industry to pay, (c) an agreed minimum average family, *e.g.*, father, mother and three or four children.

4. When an employer cannot pay this minimum living wage the difference should be made up. This could be done either by industry pooling a percentage of all wages paid and sharing the proceeds according to needs; or, in default of this, by the State.

Employers and employed should be regarded as partners not as rivals; they should unite to secure the best conditions for work, the fairest division of output and the maximum of harmony. Cut-throat competition which leads to low prices and sweated labour should give place to the co-ordination of each trade or industry within itself, and to co-operation with other trades and industries in organization for the common good.

5. A wife ought not to be obliged to go out to work in order to make up the wages of the family to a minimum living wage.

6. The minimum living accommodation for a family should be such that no one has to sleep in the living-room; that there be satisfactory sanitation; that there be a bathroom for each family. Slums should be abolished; there is no excuse for slums.

7. There should be a ban on the manufacture and sale of birth prevention appliances.

8. There should be a ban on the manufacture and sale of obscene books and there should be a board set up by the publishing associations to regulate this.

9. Religious education, to meet the wishes of the parents, should be available to all school children, and on such conditions that the general education of the child should not suffer in any way from its parents' insistence on religious education.

9. The enormous inequality in the distribution of wealth in this country, and the consequent control of the lives of the masses by a comparatively few rich people, is against social justice. We have seen in our own days the growth of large and powerful groups, industrial and financial, sometimes competing, sometimes co-operating, but pursuing always their own interests at the expense of the common welfare. Under the strong pressure of war much of this evil has been checked by the authority of the State. Both profits and prices are now controlled in the national interest. The war, in fact, has clearly shown that there is no practical difficulty in solving the main problems of economics. All that is needed is a sufficiently compelling motive, a common purpose. But is that common purpose only to be found in war? The national interest in matters of profits and prices does not differ in peace time from what it is in war time. The same men and materials are available in peace no less than in war. It is the purpose only that is wanting, the common force of minds and will that is lacking.

The laws of God are not arbitrary commands devised to make life more difficult; they correspond to something which God has already placed in our nature. God made man, and He knows what man is made for; and His laws are a precise statement of how human beings may avoid destruction and may reach the particular object for which they are created. If human society persists in breaking God's laws it cannot avoid suffering, because God's laws correspond to the human nature which He has given to men. There is only one way to recover social health, and that is to return as quickly as we may to the laws which God has laid down for the good of human society.

The freedom which we enjoy in this our country enables us to work together to secure for every man and for every family freedom from want and insecurity. Let us join with all men of good will in this grand crusade. For unless we carry into our work as Christian reformers the fellowship we have found in common suffering in the war, all thoughts

• Continued on page 34

SPORTS *chatter*



TENNIS

With the addition of two Tennis Courts to the Sports facilities of the Unit, Tennis has become quite a popular game amongst the officers and airmen alike. An effort has been made by the Tennis Committee to stimulate and hold this keenness on the game. So far we have had two tournament matches—one home game and one away game with Swift Current. The teams picked on both occasions were necessarily players of "convenience", but a good show was put up on both occasions although we lost each time.

More games with neighbouring stations have been arranged for the near future and it is hoped that more personnel interested and keen on Tennis will come forward or, I should say, come up to the Camp Courts, and "do their stuff" in an effort to put out a stronger team to represent No. 32 S.F.T.S.

We also recently held an American Style Tennis Tournament on the Camp Courts, when 14 couples turned out and an enjoyable evening was had by all, prizes being awarded to the two winners and two runners-up. It is hoped to hold a similar Tournament very shortly, and all personnel on the Station are invited to participate.

To those who are not aware of the fact—Tennis racquets and balls may be had on signature from the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, and the Wet Canteen. These are excellent racquets and balls and are in good condition—thanks to the generosity and co-operation of the P.S.I. Why not avail yourself of this opportunity to play Tennis before the season closes?

Golf—The green-fees at Moose Golf Club have now been reduced to 25c from 50c for personnel of this Unit. Clubs may be borrowed from the Station Sports Store free of charge.

Riding—For any information regarding horse-riding at the Exhibition Grounds, see Sgt. Hardy (Main Stores).

Moose Jaw versus Moncton

An interesting football game was played at No. 31 P.D., Moncton, N.B., on Saturday, August 28, 1943, between ex-members of No. 32 S.F.T.S. and No. 31 P.D. station team. The 32 S.F.T.S. side was as follows:

	Farrant		
	Cpl. Clay	Keefe	
	Bamber	Pattimore	McLarty
	Mayhew	Potter	
Cpl. Power	Slack		Megson
Linesman—	Cpl. Arthur.		
Trainer—	Cpl. Keeble.		

A large crowd was in attendance, including the C.O., No. 31 P.D. There was only one goal in the first half, being scored for Moncton ten minutes before half-time by Sloane (ex-Tranmere Rovers). In the second half, Moncton added two further goals, making the final score 3-0 for 31 P.D.

No. 32 S.F.T.S. team was picked from twenty-four ex-32 S.F.T.S. personnel at present stationed at Moncton, and they all put up a good show for their old station. In goal, Farrant played the best game of his life. He had full support from Cpl. Clay, Keefe, and Pattimore, while it was generally understood that Bamber was the best player on our side.

To conclude,—any helpful suggestions for improving the sports programme on the Camp will be welcomed by the Sports Officer.
—J.S.

There is only one limit possible to the war preparations of a modern European state; that is, the last man and the last dollar it can control. What will come of the mixture of sentimental social philosophy and warlike policy? There is only one thing rationally to be expected, and that is a frightful effusion of blood in revolution and war during the century now opening.

—William Graham Sumner (in 1903).

Things We Want to Know . . .

Whose signature tune is "Somebody Else Is Taking My Place"?

Who was given a nickel in the Sergeants' Mess to phone his wife, and who was the Good Samaritan who gave him purchase tax?

Why does a certain N.C.O. have to attend so many soccer meetings in Moose Jaw?

If the Station Dance Band will be as good as the jam sessions in "K" Billet, after ten years?

Who is the Senior N.C.O. who takes in washing, and why?

Who wrote, composed, and now sings "Swim, Sam, Swim"?

Who is the Navigation Instructor who put his horse u/s because it insisted on going side-ways?

How did a certain sergeant escape from Weyburn?

Who is Mr. Wu?

Who are the janker corporals?

Who are the airmen who starved for four days?

Are they really disciples of Gandhi; if not, WHY did they starve?

Did General Montgomery really visit 32, or was the Orderly Officer misled?

Who is the postman, where is the postman, and how does he post?

Has a certain Orderly Officer got a twin?

Who is the Daddy in the Airmen's Mess?

Who is Lop?

Are the Junior N.C.O.'s going to sing each other to sleep?

Is it true that one of them has decided to sleep in the Corporals' Club?

Whose motto is "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition"?

Why did Joe deny that he could cook breakfast?

Who is Pious Dustyhorn?

Can that possibly be his real name?

Which pupils parachuted into the Guard Room?

Where has our public gone?

Did anyone see a jockey without a horse on the camp a while back?

Was he the pilot of Pegasus?

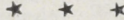
Who got more than a blood test, and what else did he get?

How many entries are there for The Most Popular Janker-Wallah Competition?

How is it that all the nice people go into Navigation Flight?

Was the photographer taking underwater shots when the prizes were distributed at the Swimming Gala?

Where is Mussolini?



PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

• *Continued from page 32*

of happiness at home and peace with other countries are only dreams.

There is only one enduring basis for such a fellowship—full respect for the dignity of each person. And there is only one enduring reason why every human person and every family should be respected—namely, that God (our Father) created every one of us and came Himself (the Son) to redeem us, making Himself one of us. We are all, therefore, children of God and brothers of Christ the Son of God. If God is indeed the Father of us all, our first duty is to pay homage and love to God, and our second duty following from the first is to love one another as brothers. In that love of God and of one another let us close our ranks and stand together and welcome the help of any man who will stand with us.

This ends the letter. Further comments may be expected the next time.

I suggest some form of discussion on such questions or on others of general interest. It might take the form of a kind of brains trust. Are there any suggestions or volunteers to help?

God bless you all.

FATHER SUMNER.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs

By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environ me

Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;

As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs

Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.

But this is got by casting pearls to hogs
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,

And still revolt when Truth would set them free.

Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;

For who loves that must first be wise and good:

But from that mark how far they rove we see,

For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

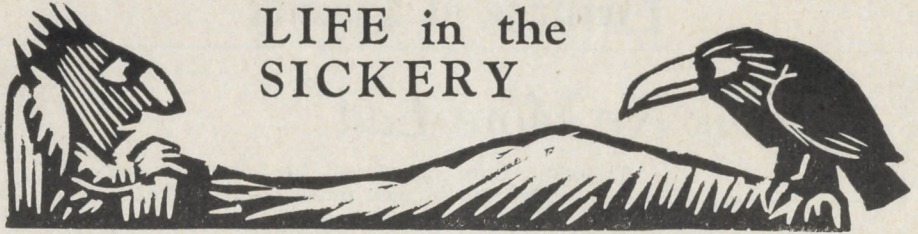
—JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

EXTRACT FROM D.R.O.'S. DATED 7/9/43:
"07.30 hrs—Choir Practice in the Wet Canteen."

"And he who sings the sweetest song
To him the flagon shall belong."

—Charles Dalmon.

LIFE in the SICKERY



RECENTLY, perusing an early report on the Medical Service, we came across a very interesting piece of information which somehow appeared as enigmatical and misconceived. To quote: "It has been decided to adopt the motto 'Nec Ardua Terrent' as appropriate to the Medical Service." After reading this little wonder, we are now beginning to realise why people adopt mottoes conceived in Latin. It is obviously because you aren't meant to understand what they mean, and if you did you would be disappointed anyway. And so, we of the Sickery have been going through life perfectly unaware that we were labelled "Nec Ardua Terrent". Now that we know, we want to find the translation. Of course, some bright soul explained to us that *literally* it meant "they are not afraid to work", but that being so absurd we immediately banished it from our minds. Personally, I think they meant "Nec Aspera Terrent", but that would probably keep the customers away. Anyway, we are still looking for some translation of this appropriate motto. Can anyone oblige? Applications will be duly received in the Sickery office and scrutinised by experts; and please don't forget to take your shoes off before coming through the gates; if you haven't any shoes, remove your socks.

The Snuggery has a new inmate, and before I go any further, let me assure you, gentle readers, that "inmate" is an all too appropriate word. The marked difference between previous newcomers and this latest acquisition of ours is that the others when admitted were quite normal and have since taken their course in lunacy, and eventually joined the ranks of the Mad Medicos. But MacCeoughlenan (we call him that because it's ever so much easier) came to us as a fully graduated member with several degrees in Mental Derangement. An obvious case of schizophrenia, the other half of his split personality assumes a high falsetto which, when it is not picketing for the Salvation Army, remains at a steady pressure requesting Sister Anna to carry the

banner. Sometimes the language is blue, but the falsetto gives it such an air of *naïveté* that one can hardly blame the poor lad, and I think it is a well-established fact that he suffered the misfortune to be dropped on his head by his mother, at an early age. However, he provides a pleasant diversion and, apart from spelling inoculation with two "c's", he's a "good egg".

Reference to advert. in last issue.

WANTED—Two side-cars for two bicycles. Apply Sister's Quarters.

It has come to our notice that a slight misunderstanding recently occurred involving a Prominent Member of the Snuggery. Apparently, an individual travelling about the purlieus of Moose Jaw was suddenly surprised to notice a veritable vision of sartorial elegance approaching him. He remarked afterwards that he noticed the striking resemblance to Robert Taylor immediately. As an afterthought, the narrator stated that it was the *hat* that really caused him to make what was really an easy case of mistaken identity. To quote him: "He wore the *hat* with such an air of careless bonhomie that I was sure that I had been face to face with a great actor. Scorning an angle or tilt, he just wore it plain flat on his head, and I am sure it was only his ears which prevented it falling over his face." This pardonable error of mistaken identity was later straightened out when the Prominent Member was identified by his cigar.

The Sickery in general has settled down a little, for the first time this year, and as a diversion, between treatment times, etc., the life therein is pleasantly spent either mowing the spacious lawns or watering the abundant flowers. And, incidentally, anyone picking the flowers or treading on the rosebuds will have his name taken and will, at some future date, be inoculated with a blunt needle—a favourite Sickery torture, but nothing in comparison to the fiendish things we have in store for future football casualties.

See you in the morgue.

—O.H.

Heritage of Beauty

Think No More, Lad

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
 Why should men make haste to die?
 Empty heads and tongues a-talking
 Make the rough road easy walking,
 And the feather-pate of folly
 Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
 Spins the heavy world around.
 If young hearts were not so clever,
 Oh, they would be young for ever:
 Think no more; 'tis only thinking
 Lays lads underground.

—A. E. HOUSMAN.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

• *Continued from page 12*

Angell had struck the first major chord of his symphony of musical life. He became the main theme in local music. Among other things he gave lessons, became the church organist and produced concerts, recitals and stage presentations with an unflinching regularity in success. His own proudest achievement came in 1922, when with full choir, organ and orchestra he produced Handel's "Messiah". He had spent over two years in booking the leading voices, but its acclaim more than justified the work he had put into constant rehearsal.

The technical side of music intrigued him and he prepared to build an organ for his own private use. Plans were drawn to scale and he duly commenced work on it; no easy job when the only tools he used were his hands. He had completed a half set of pipes, tuning them by piano, when an acquaintance from Birmingham offered to purchase them. They were not for sale, but he was persuaded to part with them. Today they are to be found in one of the churches in Swansea—provided it is still standing.

His life was proceeding "allegro vivace" and he was building up to a fortissimo finale. It came only six years ago in the form of a nervous breakdown and, like everything else he did, it was a thorough job. Specialists were

called in and he was ordered to relinquish all forms of musical interest, otherwise the results would be fatal. It took him more than a year to recover his normal health and from that time until he came to Canada he maintained a strict state of musical sobriety.

It was only by chance, while staying at a friend's house in Moose Jaw, that he was drawn into a demonstration of how a piece of music should be played and his talents rediscovered. It was the first time he had set his hands on the keyboard in six years and he proved that, although his fingers might have lost some of their earlier agility, he could still get more out of a piano than had ever been put into it.

Of the music he played, it is significant that it was always classical, and, furthermore, that he only played when he really felt like playing. It seems strange that the supporters of modern transience found delight in his "recitals". On Sunday nights in the Y.W.C.A. he would be bombarded with: "The Concerto, please," "How about the 'Blue Danube'?" "D'ye know 'Orpheus in the Underworld'?" "Play the Concerto again," and sundry other requests. It may be some time before he plays here again, but:

*"Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory."*

So wherever Sgt. Angell may be, here's wishing him the best of luck always, and—thanks for the memory, Alf.

