

PRAIRIE FLYER



THE MAGAZINE

N° 32. S.F.T.S.

MOOSE JAW.



Oct., '43

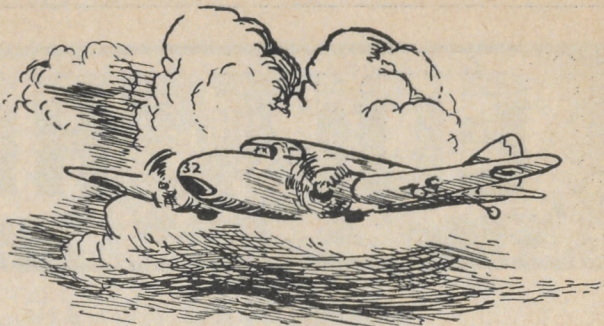
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PRAIRIE FLYER

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

Moose Jaw - Sask.
Canada



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VOL. 3

No. 3

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*Your trade was with sticks and clay,
 You thumbed, thrust, patted and polished,
 We laughed "They will see some day—
 Schmidt made, and Gibson demolished."*

—ROBERT BROWNING.

* * * *

OUR cover photograph this month (the first of a new series) depicts Dam Buster No. 1, Wing Commander Guy P. Gibson, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, and the Commanding Officer on the occasion of the former's visit to this unit.

Wing Commander Gibson is the most decorated member of the R.A.F., and famous throughout the world as the leader of the great raid on the dams at Mohne and Eder. He gave a very interesting account of his exploits to a full house in the Station Cinema, and one which, I am sure, was greatly appreciated by all who were fortunate to be there.

The story of the months of preparation, of collecting all the scientific facts, the constant practices, the devices used, the teamwork, and the enormous success of the enterprise will surely become an outstanding example of how we are beating the Axis at their own game—that of organisation and co-operation. The "degenerate democracies" can still show the Aryan supermen a thing or two! The main lesson to be learned from Wing Commander Gibson's talk is, I think, that it took more than the valour and the teamwork of our airmen to bring about the desired result—it could not have been possible without the teamwork of our scientists and engineers who collected the data and, with painstaking skill, made the exacting tests.

Here in Canada we are apt to lose sight of the fact that *we* are important, that *we* are part of the team. Wing Commander Gibson himself emphasized the importance of our work in the Empire Air Training Scheme, and his words should not be taken lightly. At times our jobs may seem dull and uninteresting, especially when we hear a first-hand account, given with customary British modesty, of an exploit of this nature, but they are still important. Wing Commander Gibson's message from the men in England was a mere "Thank you very much," but it means a lot, and needs no amplification to tell us that we are appreciated. Against our teamwork the Axis will not stand a chance, and we all have the satisfaction of knowing that in a greater or a lesser degree, we are helping to bring about their downfall.

Still, it must be rather nice to have three ha'pennyworth of gun metal and a scarlet ribbon to show for it!

T. S. M. G.



THOUGHT AT RANDOM

The old members of the Station are gone, or will be thinking along that line very soon. Thoughts of England, green grass with no insects, trees and gardens all help to make one wish for home. With this vision coming to so many of us, it is quite a good idea to think back to your visit to Canada.

Has it been a visit beneficial to Canadian relationship with that small home country that means so much? Now, this is, I know, an easy question to ask, and one very easy to answer for the fellow with a quick wit. Remember, though, there is a great deal more to the whole business than a quip about "giving it back to the Indians".

The other day I read two letters—one from a Canadian girl with the Forces in England and the other from an American with his Forces over there. They were just ordinary letters to the folks back home — thousands must have arrived over in this continent just like them—and yet I thought, after reading them both, how much these two representatives of two countries were trying to understand our people at home. They had seen a good part of our island and found there a peacefulness in the midst of historical settings that they had never known before. They found that the people were interested in them and liked to have that interest returned. Their ways, often, were very different, but tol-

erable until understood. Then they found their ways right to the English—just as the American ways are right to the American. Both countries are suited to their ways of living. These two people went over there with the open mind of good troupers. When they got to know things they wrote home, and will eventually, I believe, go home to spread the good news—that England's O.K. A good word in the right place sticks.

How many of us realise that there are generations to come along through the years? They will be guided by our opinions, helped by our suggestions. The Canadians, Americans, Chinese and many other Allied nations whose ancestors have mixed with us during the 1940's—have they a good word to say to their children about us; a word passed on to them by our counterparts? Have we done our stuff to give them that good word to pass along? So much can be done by the odd tour of duty in out of the way places during a war to consolidate friendships that will remain solid amongst peoples, when our complete tour of duty has crumbled into the dust of memory.

It is just a thought and it does not concern the above people only; it concerns the whole world and every traveller.

Without such a basis of understanding there can never be a complete peace for the world at any time.

A heavily sealed document was delivered to the *Prairie Flyer* building (you know that granite edifice with chromium fittings that rises to 22¾ storeys). This document revealed itself to be a poem—and a very good poem, too. It was a bit personal, we admit, but still a good poem. Now that poem was finished not with an *Amen* but with four small letters just the same—they spelled ANON. They are, we agree, simple, straightforward letters in the alphabetical sense, but letters spell words, and these four, we presume, are short for *Anonymous*, and the Oxford English Dictionary says anonymous means "of unknown name; of unknown authorship," derived from the Greek "anonumos," which means "nameless." In other words, some sort of orphan, and an orphan is something "bereaved." Bereaved has to do with being "left desolate." That, of course, is the great point. Would our contributors please assist by putting their names on articles (or poems!). We do not have to publish names, but they're nice to know. We don't want to be "left desolate"—with any cans to carry.

P.S.—If our unknown poet would be kind enough to supply the missing word (on a blank cheque if other paper is scarce), we will publish his work with a blare of trumpets.

not so **WILD** . . .
not so **WOOLLY!**

A WOMAN once remarked to Turner that she accepted the universe. "You better had, ma'am," replied the artist. "You better had."

I suppose that a similar reply is invited by the airman who, having to sojourn in Moose Jaw, admits that he likes it. He better had.

Still, after about eighteen months on this Western plain, I can confess to liking the Friendly City without any suggestion of having to submit philosophically to what I cannot escape. I like Moose Jaw. I like it . . . and yet . . . yet . . . there is something about the place which disappoints me.

IT IS TOO CIVILISED.

Let me hasten to explain. Like most boys, I was brought up on the romantic legend of the Wild West. There was Fenimore Cooper to begin with (Fenimore Cooper who also wrote some very acute social criticism) and after that the exceedingly improbable adventures of Buffalo Bill, Rex Remington, and other stalwart heroes of the wild. You know them; you read them yourself, sometimes under the desk when you should have been struggling with Virgil or the binomial theorem. Boys everywhere—and girls, too—grow up on that type of fiction. In France, Fenimore Cooper (whose great-great-granddaughter, Kathleen, I was with the other day) is a best-seller among the school-children in their progress towards the rich decadences of Baudelaire and Cocteau; and in Germany the Wild Indian, though perhaps not pure Aryan, is admired by the Nazis, whose cult of the pagan warrior spirit strikingly resembles that of the old Plains Indians of Canada.

This vision of a picturesque and adventurous West forms in our minds when we are young, and the enlightenment of later years—the knowledge that North America has progressed from the log-cabin to the skyscraper and from the deadly firewater to the even deadlier highball—fails somehow to dislodge it. Like the young ladies in Peter Warlock's limerick, we cling to our long-standing fallacies.

For me the resulting disillusionment has been even worse than for most of the

English here. My father, whose wanderings over the face of the earth took him to North America some fifty years ago when the West was really wild and woolly, entertained me in childhood with stories no fiction writer could have surpassed. Cowboys . . . Indians . . . shooting the rapids . . . living on pemmican in the wilds—Buffalo Bill was just a hot-house flower compared with my father. And it was all true—allowing, of course, of the colouring necessary to the narrator's art.

When someone said "You are going to Moose Jaw" it all came back with a rush and a thrill. In a place with a name like that, anything could happen. It would be like the copper city of Butte in Montana—a shooting or two most evenings down at the Pick and Shovel or the Alley Cat, fights over Take-Five Annie and Mag the Rag, the sheriff and his posse on the trail of the rustlers, an occasional outlaw riding in from the hills to shoot up the city. My! It was going to be a change from the quiet English town I had left.

I alighted from the train in Moose Jaw, ready to duck instantly if anything whizzed through the air (my father had, in a sense, warned me twenty-five years before). But nothing whizzed . . . and then I saw Main Street.

"*The damn place is civilised!*" I exclaimed; meaning, of course, comparatively civilised, for no place anywhere is quite so civilised as it might be.

Still, it was early to despair. The solid masonry of the banks on Main Street might after all indicate, not progress, but the lawlessness of the local population; one would hardly entrust one's money to a clapboard bank when at any moment Deadwood Dick might ride into town.

I went into the Churchill and *hoped* over a glass of beer. There was no sign of Take-Five Annie or Mag the Rag, or, indeed, of any woman at all, and no sawdust had been spread on the floor to absorb the blood. I stayed all the evening and not a single customer was shot. As for blood—no one even had nose-bleed.

One had only to look at me that night to know that here was a man whose last bright dream had been shattered.

I have been like that ever since. In all those disappointing eighteen months, no-one anywhere around Moose Jaw has shot the rapids or anything much more

exciting than a gopher; no-one has been lynched; and the only rustling has been the rustling of the leaves in the park. I had hoped to be able to tell my father, by way of compensation for those thrilling childhood tales, how, from a desire for poetic justice, we scalped the Indian in the creek; but all that the creek means to me is roast weenies.

Ah, desolation! At moments I have entertained the rather disloyal hope that the Indians would become browned-off

... by J. H. M.

with making all those raffia belts, burst out of their reservations, and come whooping down Main Street with a wild flourish of tomahawks. But it never happens; nothing ever happens here.

The most picturesque Indian I ever saw in Canada was walking down a street in Calgary. I stalked him into a café—and what do you think he did? He took out the Funnies and began to read Superman. After that the Calgary Stampede and Frontier Day were, in my disillusioned eyes, as artificial as a Merrie England pageant on the vicarage lawn.

The only satisfaction I get from it all is that some of the local people themselves seem aware of the gulf between the dream and the reality. Moose Jaw is one of the last places in the world where one would expect to find a big demand for cowboy fiction; yet go into any drug store and you will soon form the impression that half the population of Canada is employed in writing Wild West stories for the other half to read. On the Canadian ranches, as in Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men," these tales form the men's favourite literature. I feel much happier when I think of these cowboys reading about cowboys and wishing that life was like that. Perhaps it is the same with the Indians. "How effeminate we have become!" sighs Little Spitfire (B.Sc., Saskatoon) as he reads how his forefathers wiped out five hundred of the Paleface in Dead Man's Gulch.

This evening I have been thinking that perhaps I would be happier in Afghanistan. It is (or was) a practice in at least one part of that romantically uncivilised country for the native princesses to buy an occasional airman from the local R.A.F. Camp. No; they do not send around to the guardroom for a nice plump LAC. to be delivered the next

morning in a plain van—they buy him from some band of marauders skilled in kidnapping. Blondes fetch more than brunettes, and red-heads are, for some strange reason, worth a fortune.

I like to dream that we have all been posted there. Think of the possibilities.

One night the S/L. Admin.—hunched over his money bags and now and then glancing furtively over his shoulder in case the Entertainments Officer should creep stealthily into the room—discovers that the funds of the P.S.I. are lamentably low. What does he do? He glances at a chart, notes that a certain section is slightly over strength—and the next day we hear that a Flight Sergeant has been posted.

It occurs to me that we have a red-haired airman on the *Prairie Flyer* committee. In Afghanistan we could use him to aid the finances of the *Flyer*—or, more probably, our own. Hence the following conversation could easily occur:

LAC. T. Melican: I've nine cents left. How much have you?

Corpl. J. Boag: Twenty-two. No chile con carne tonight.

T. M.: Unless . . . unless . . . I don't like to suggest this but . . .

J. B. (eagerly): Yes?

T. M.: We might sell Eddie. To the princesses.

J. B. (who is afflicted with a conscience): Would that be cricket? After all, he's a friend of ours.

T. M.: Do you want chile con carne tonight or don't you?

J. B.: I would love some.

T. M.: That settles it. Besides, it will do Eddie good. Think of the experience. It will broaden his outlook, release unsuspected impulses, and give him something to talk about for the rest of his life. It would really be unfriendly of us *not* to sell him. And presumably the princesses would return him afterwards.

J. B.: They might return him at once.

* * *

Yes, I like Moose Jaw; but I think that the Afghan Frontier must be far more romantic. Anyway, I shall never meet Eddie without thinking wistfully; "Ah, he would be worth a fortune in Afghanistan!"

A Few Lines (or THE PUPIL WHO SAID . . . !)

The pupil who said that he could not take a drift because grasshoppers kept on getting mixed up with the objects he was following with the recorder.

The pupil who said he never got any closer in formation, once he could read—"jack here".

The pupil who said that he did not see the point of booking out with the Duty Pilot for a trip to Regina—because he could get there before the teleprinter.

The pupil who said he did not see the point of single engine landings. He always cut the other one and made a forced landing.

The pupil who said that "Ops" would be a piece of cake, one did not have to worry about essential exercises, I.F. and all that sort of bunk.

The pupil who said that some cars in front were kicking up so much dust that he was flying by instruments.

This, of course, is hardly fair because there was even

The instructor who said, when he brought his pupil back late for Link, that he had left his watch behind and was going by the formation leader's wrist watch. How did he know it was slow!

—RASP.



OFFICERS' MESS BARMEN
who did such valiant work at the last dance.

OCTOBER, 1943

7

The "Lucky" Hurricanes

The Editor of the *Prairie Flyer* having suggested that a few words about the "Hurricanes" would be acceptable, the members of the team turned from their more usual occupation of winning football matches to wracking their brains over getting themselves into print.

Briefly, the Hurricanes achieved football history at 32 this year by winning the Inter-Hut League Competition without losing a match, and followed up this success by winning the Cup Competition in no uncertain manner.

These achievements were, regrettably, not reached without a few casualties; before the season had really started, Eric Eaton and Bert Shaw had become guests of the hospital, not to play again during the remainder of the season. The appearance on the football field of Bill Hunter was also of short duration—less than five minutes from the start of the match against the Ionites he also retired to the hospital. The rot, however, stopped for a while, and a brilliant defence showed itself capable of holding off all attempts to break through. The goal-keeping of Lew Farrant was the despair of many forward lines, and his recall to England half-way through the season seemed likely to prove disastrous, but his successor, Bob Ereira, soon showed that he intended that the Hurricane goal should remain inviolate, and the end of the league season came with an aggregate of only eight goals conceded by the defence.

The regular appearance of Dennis Hillock at centre-half strengthened the defence, allowing the wing halves to give the forward line all the opportunities necessary to get the ball into the opposing net. The difficulties of finding an outside-left were solved by the arrival of George West, who, taking over the centre-forward position, released "Taffy" Howell, who, by the latter half of the season had become a real menace to any right back who opposed him.

The final match of the league season against the Falcons was the only one to cost the Hurricanes a point, but revenge came when the same opponents were en-

• Continued on following page

STOP PRESS NEWS—

Boosters Entertain

The artists of this highly entertaining concert party gave two performances in the Station cinema on the evenings of Wednesday, October 13th, and Thursday, October 14th, at 8:15 o'clock.

The show got off to a good start with the Station Dance Orchestra, under the direction of Cpl. Eddie Moulton, playing the rousing number "Anchors Aweigh." J. C. W. Daniels, besides acting as the show's compere, appeared in various sketches throughout the show to great advantage. Shirley Steel, Marguerite Hawley, Laura Sadler, Jean Johnstone, Mary Lou Bell and Maxine Sutherland, dancers from the Wynjoy School of Dancing, were delightful in numerous production numbers. Owen and Kathleen Cooper, in their usual bright and breezy style, were very funny in a sketch called "Dusty's Dilemma."

Theo Le Strange, A. J. S. Negus, C. B. Thomas and J. C. W. Daniels added to the comedy with two sketches, "Strictly Operational" and "The Eternal Triangle." "The Stately Homes of England," by Noel Coward, was very well done, as was the monologue of AC. Day. The Harmony Rangers, which consisted of Cpls. Spry and Cattle, LAC. Wiltshire, AC's Shield, Llewellyn, Wright and Davidson, were excellent in their numbers. It is hoped that we shall hear more of these boys in the future.

During the intermission the Swing Trio entertained with their own rendition of "La Cumparsita."

The piano solos of Reg. Coleman were greatly enjoyed, especially his arrangement of the "Warsaw Concerto." Noel Coward was again represented in the scene "At the Bar," where his song, "London Pride," was very well sung by Kathleen Cooper.

With the full company, the show finished up on a good note. It is hoped that we may have the pleasure of seeing the second edition in the very near future.

M. E. C.

New Season's Dance at 32

September 16, 1943, was the occasion of another most successful dance held in the Station drill hall. A large crowd of dancers thoroughly enjoyed a grand evening's entertainment and incidentally greatly assisted in swelling the local Anti-Tuberculosis Appeal Fund. The stage presented a most pleasing spectacle in its seasonal rig-out, again the creation of LAC. Coane, while the flags of the Allies draped from the roof of the hall completed a scene of enchanting beauty.

The Dance Band, under the direction of Cpl. Eddie Moulton, with LAC. Reg. Coleman making his first appearance at the piano, were in particularly good form, and several favourable comments were heard on their performance.

Sgt. Fraser was responsible for the preliminary clerical work in connection with the affair and also "held the gateway to the fortress," Sgt. Cooper and LAC. Muns had charge of the more mobile refreshments, and Sgt. Davies and his staff saw to it that none went hungry as the fun progressed. Credit is also due to the several willing helpers who assisted in the arranging of chairs, tables and carpets around the room, so that all was set when the guests arrived. Their names are legion and their service most appreciated.

In addition to the spot dances and other novelty dances, a new feature was introduced on this occasion in the form of a fox-trot competition. Sgt. "Judge" Hardy, assisted by F/O. Daniels, was allotted the task of deciding the winner from a large number of contestants. This was no simple matter, and only after careful discrimination were the eventual winners singled out.

F/O. Thomas, the Entertainments Officer, by cajoling, begging, coaxing and even threatening, eventually succeeded in raising the magnificent sum of \$30 in aid of the Anti-Tuberculosis Appeal Fund from the sale of beautiful paper flowers which LAC. Coane had used in the decorating of the hall.

Another interesting ceremony performed during the evening was the pres-

THE "LUCKY" HURRICANES

• *Continued from preceding page*

countered in the Cup Final, and this time the result was decisive.

The departure of Bob Ereira, Jack Fisher and Paddy Thompson after the Cup semi-final occasioned a few moments of anxiety, but once again fate was kind, and "Tubby" Morgan, making his first appearance at inside-left, made his presence felt in no uncertain manner, while the reputation of Hurricane goalies was enhanced by the newly-arrived George Richards.

The success of the Hurricanes was brought about mainly by a really wonderful team spirit, a spirit emphasized by reserves who were quite content to play an odd game or two without a moan, and by loyal supporters who cheerfully "stood by" so that the team would be the strongest possible. To these, and their unstinted vocal encouragement from the line, and to a very keen committee should go the real praise, a triumph of combined team work.

The team was sometimes described as the "Lucky" Hurricanes, but a team who never defaulted on a match because their strongest team was not always available and went through a season undefeated deserved some luck.

P. J.

entation of silver cups to the members of the Hurricanes football team, their just reward for a season's good work in heading the Inter-Hut league, and losing only one point in the process. (By the way, the Hurricanes have since added to their laurels by carrying off the Cup in the knock-out competition. Is this a good 'excuse for another dance?') The Nomads, as runners-up in the league, were also the recipients of medals to commemorate another commendable performance. Mrs. Negus performed this most pleasing ceremony with her usual charm, and was thanked by F/O. Thomas for her kind co-operation.

Altogether, the evening's entertainment was voted the best yet and augurs well for future similar occasions.

N. H.

“Blackouts of 1943”

Sparkling Revue by Official Party

The visit of the official Air Force show, “Blackouts of 1943”, to the Station on August 24th was one which will most certainly be remembered by the large crowd of airmen who packed the cinema for the two performances as by far the most spectacular show ever presented by a visiting party of entertainers.

Produced and directed by the music and entertainment branch of the R.C.A.F., this was the sixty-second production of the show on its coast-to-coast tour, and at 32, as at all the other points en route, it was a huge success. Lucky indeed are the folks Over There who, it was revealed, will shortly be enjoying this grand fare.

A most versatile troupe included a twelve-piece band, many members of which also participated in other capacities before the footlights, while others lent their talents by writing several of the musical numbers. Members of a R.C.A.F. Women's Division were prominent in several well executed dance routines, solo items, and comedy roles with their male colleagues.

Outstanding performers were LAC. Jerry Shea, LAC. Jack Saul and lovely LAW. Maxwell Taylor, but the real hit of the show was undoubtedly comedian Sgt. Fran Dowie, who appeared in several roles and stole most of the thunder by his comic antics, songs and dances.

Highlights were “A Soap Opera As We See It”, which mimicked the radio soap operas; “Raining”, a silent skit lasting only a few seconds; “Recruiting”, a devastatingly realistic skit on the formalities of “Joining”; “Married Bliss”, which indicated what grave complications may arise as a result of the failure of episcopal bureaucracy; and “Harem Scarem”, which presented the diversions which may come the way of our comrades in arms in the desert oases.

With perfect co-ordination of items, faultless timing, skilful manipulation of the staging facilities at their disposal,

and a generous devotion to their duty which was so obviously their pleasure also, every performer, from the humblest backstage hand to the stars, helped to maintain an extremely high standard of entertainment for nearly two and a half hours, and the large audiences were not slow to show their appreciation. They will be pleased to hear that a similar production is already being rehearsed at Ottawa and should be on the road soon.

A final word of thanks to those fellows on the Camp who generously assisted into the early hours of the following morning in dismantling, packing, loading, transporting, unloading and reloading at the railway siding all the articles of equipment used in the production of so elaborate a show. Only by such co-operation was it possible for the troupe to be certain of being on time with their next engagement at Mossbank.

Old Station Member Revisits

It was a pleasant sight to see Squadron Leader Donald Foster on the Camp last week. He was our first padre, joining the Station in February, 1941, and staying until June of last year. He left us to go to Hamilton, Ontario, where he remained until, recently, the West called again. He is now stationed at Carberry, Manitoba. The job of finding old friends was quite a business but he managed to get around the Station from section to section, and reported that although many had gone it was still possible to say hello to old faces. Thanks for the visit, padre; we also like to say hello to old friends.

THEY ARE FOREVER TRYING TO CHANGE THINGS

Someone got the idea that if pigeons were crossbred with owls they would be able to fly by night; a hawk was then to be brought into the family breed to give its own fighter protection. Then introduce a parrot strain to assist by delivering verbal messages and then, to put the finishing touch to this amazing masterpiece, a woodpecker was to be added to enable it (it, being the master race) to din the messages into the recipients' heads.

Squadron Leader E. H. Francis

One of the last members of the "Old Brigade", Squadron Leader Francis left Moose Jaw recently to return to England. In November of 1940, he, with the rest of Ternhill, arrived in a complete unit to carry on the good work of training pilots. The Empire Training Plan was under way and the new No. 32 S.F.T.S. started with the right spirit. Squadron Leader Francis was one of the individuals that helped to keep that spirit alive.

In out of the way places far from home, men are needed who have the right perspective and judgment to guide the others. In him we found that perspective and judgment. He worked for the individual to promote the interests of the Air Force.

The pupils were his especial care; no one tried harder to see their viewpoint. I have not seen anyone who can better his easy manner with them, a manner that so put them at ease. They told him exactly what he wanted—their likes and dislikes. Points that can be so helpful to future courses.

His favourite phrase, "Everyone should realise that we are here for one purpose alone, the benefit of the pupils," could well be considered his motto.

The Station and many of its members will miss him. Good luck, "Frankie", from 32.

F.

*

canvassed by word of mouth, the radio and newspapers to "Lend for Victory."

The word "Lend" is significant; we are not asked to give anything without a hope of a return. The Victory Bonds being sold are a grand investment, a fine way of saving. We should all look ahead to the post-war era—the adjustments that must take place to fit so many back into civilian life, new homes to build, luxuries to indulge in again—they cannot be purchased on weekly salaries. They require a nest egg—one that is being offered to every individual in the Dominion. The Accounts Section will be pleased to give you help in the question of payment.

BUY VICTORY BONDS, AND SAVE



Canada's Fifth Victory Loan

In the next few days this campaign will be launched and everyone will be

London Today . . .

"London Today".—It was a big night at the theatre and the queue for the cheapest seats formed at the right hand side of the theatre and the queue for the next cheapest at the left hand side of the theatre. Gradually, the two queues got longer and longer until they extended right along the opposite blocks until they met at the back. Two soldiers were at the end of each respective queue, back to back. One wanted to smoke and required a light. He turned to the other soldier and received the required match. They got into conversation and found that they had served in the same regiment. The girl in front of one turned to see her follower had turned the other way and followed suit, thinking she must have been standing backwards. The movement brought into action the man that was in front of her. He also turned, thus getting a better view of the girl. The whole turning business continued throughout that particular queue. The other queue behind the other soldier had by this time followed suit and eventually the whole queue business had turned about face, one end with their backs to the booking office and the other end meeting at the "no entrance" at the back of the theatre. When several seats became vacant at the box-office, the doorman immediately summoned the nearest "queue-ees" to the window. They with their backs to him took a very dim view of his wanting them to turn around and take seats which quite obviously, in view of their position, they were not entitled to take. They told him in no uncertain words that they considered it most unsporting of him to expect them to take someone else's seats. The manager was at last called, as the operator finally refused to operate to an empty house, and seeing one thousand people with their backs turned to him, immediately became frantic and started to run backwards and forwards along the queues. He eventually became involved with an organ grinder and various other queue artists. He had his hat off by this time and the people thought he was collecting for the artists. By the time he had reached the back of the theatre he had collected four pounds, sixteen shillings and fourpence half-

• *Continued on following page*

This Changing World

There was an indefinable air of mystery around the camp that morning, it could be sensed almost as soon as one arose. Even the Corporal's "wakey-wakey" sounded dulcet for once. The crew rooms presented an amazing spectacle. The parachutes were actually rolled in the proper manner and packed away, while the absence of butt ends and paper on the floors led several instructors to think that they were in the wrong hangar. Couldn't be the C.I.'s. inspection that had been held the day before.

Breakfast produced a general air of expectancy, the tables looked cleaner and the bacon tasted rather like bacon. Among the flying types there appeared a new fashion in silk mufflers, while those who sported moustaches elevated them from the lower lip. The Ronald Coleman effort superseding the tea-strainer type. After-shave powders and lotions cleverly concealed the tell-tale marks of the night before; the non-imbibers held a sparkle in their eyes which hardly indicated a divine vocation in work. Planes were delayed in take-off, a 150 mag drop became too dangerous to fly.

The parachute corporal looked supremely happy; apparently it had been decided that they would need 'chutes and it was up to him to personally superintend the fitting. The only dolorous face was to be found in stores, where the sergeant, worried over the non-arrival of some consignment or other, was vainly experimenting with two paper bags and a piece of string.

The Nut House, that centre of illustrious efficiency whence all flying is ruled, had not escaped the transition. The difference there lay in the smell, not that you will generally find a smell, mark you, but again something distinct. Flowers, of all things. More strange than true, but as the nasal organ became accustomed to the unusual aroma the real source of the trouble was discovered. Underlying the scent of orange blossoms, marigolds and prairie weed there was a trace of feminine perfume. Good Lord, yes; the W.A.A.F's. arrived today.

Valete

SAGES through the years impress on us the quality of silence, which one tells is golden and another that it is virtuous. This wisdom cannot hold more force than it does today. A man who can support it in a world filled with propaganda, violent controversies and other sundry argumentations has more than the normal claim to virtue. Regretfully, it is not a rung of the ladder of fame, and such people rarely achieve notoriety. They are not irreplaceable but theirs is the conspicuity of absence. The ability to get on with the job when it is most needed is only found in an easy conscience.

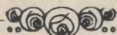
In the general Exodus of the First of October, 1943, there was such a man. WO. Beaumont was one of the old-timers who came to the wastes of 32 some three years ago. He saw its embryonic energies, its perils of puberty, and helped to make its maturity. He was at the time of leaving the Senior Warrant Officer of the Station, but if there should be any importance attached to such a title he did not show it. Reticent and easy-going, he was an example of quiet efficiency. We are sorry to see him go . . . but, *Bon Voyage*, M'sieu, and happy landings. K. I.

LONDON TODAY . . .

• *Continued from preceding page*
penny. The whole thing by this time was too much for him and he went across the street, bought himself a pistol and

shot himself.

The doorman, a resourceful man, thought the thing over, and finally removed the box-office round to the back, sold the tickets and let the people in by the "no entrance" door.



Notes on the Back of an Envelope

In agony dying,
Dark Baudelaire;
Van Gogh crying
By a broken chair.

William Blake who could see,
Frenzied of eye,
God on a tree
In Peckham Rye.

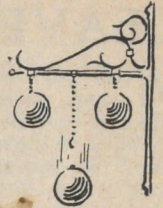
Poe drunk and sleeping
On a sawdust floor,
In dreams still weeping
His lost Lenore.

From madness and pain
And the heart forlorn,
Ever and ever again
Beauty is born.

J. H. M.

Tying a String 'ROUND IT . . .

[or WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED MAN
WILL WEAR THIS WINTER.



A LONG TIME ago the Brass Monkeys decided that so far as they were concerned, the prairies were a bad thing, and beat a strategic withdrawal to prepared positions in a more temperate zone. For us there is no retreat, though what we've got

that the Brass Monkey hasn't, I can't think.

Last winter many people almost suffered the traditional fate of these Darwinian relatives of ours. It was common to see a moustache rampant in a setting of *diamanté* underneath a *nez rouge* (and was it tender!)

But to all this, Science (aided by innumerable cups of tea) has an answer.

What should the bold aviator do to defeat the frost gremlins?

There are three sartorial blacks which should be avoided:

1. Inadequate clothing;
2. Tight clothing;
3. Damp clothing.

P/O. Tuffe likes to fly in his pyjamas (because it's easier to go to bed after night flying), flying boots and kit, helmet, and "that pair of fur gloves I got from my Mother for my fifteenth birthday." Sartorially speaking, he's a black-out; and the only finger that may not be frost-bitten will be the one which he kept in situ.



Let us take him bit by bit.

1. Fingers and feet don't have territorial ambitions, but they do need *lebens-*

raum. So don't wear tight gloves or boots. Wear your three pairs of gloves, silk, wool and feather, but make sure your fingers have plenty of breathing space. Likewise, your feet must have plenty of room; don't wear tight socks—there's no need to emulate the Chinese woman. If they shrink (the socks I mean), exchange them for larger ones. Two pairs of socks are better than one, but make sure the outer sock is a size larger than the inner. Flying boots have thick woolly soles, but these aren't meant to keep your head from being jarred when you've a hangover—they're meant to provide thickness to keep out the cold. If the wool is wet with perspiration, it will freeze, and so will you. So don't wear your boots except for flying, and dry them out daily on a radiator after use. Silk stockings, like silk gloves, help to keep you warm but as to where you get 'em—I leave that to you. Girls are big-hearted—or if not, trick 'em.

2. Your flying suit has an "inner" and an "outer." Wear both, but don't sit around in the crew room wearing them, for perspiration will condense in the material. It freezes, and you're cold.

If you get frostbitten, get into a warm building instanter and thaw out. Then proceed to the M.O. forthwith. If there ain't such a thing near, rub it with snow (the frostbite, I mean), but always go and bother the M.O. as soon as possible.

Finally, when idling across to the flights before morning flying, keep your ears covered—you don't hear so well without them.

Don't be a Brass Monkey—you sound so silly.

**About a Thousand Airmen would have read
this . . .**

If You had written it.

LEAVES from a Schoolmaster's Notebook

WHEN old friends of boyhood days meet, opinions are frequently expressed about one's former masters. "What a swine old — was!"—occasionally, "So-and-so was a damned good sort," and similar expressions. The phraseology varies, of course—depending on the "manliness" of the speaker, but there is no need for me to enlarge on that point to members of the R.A.F.

It might not be generally realised that schoolmasters at times return the compliment. Have you ever wondered what kind of impression you left behind?

On digging into my memory, many faces come back, and I wonder just what those lads have made of their lives, and what they are doing. Sometimes one gets to know. For instance, there is "Mac," an incorrigible pest but strangely popular. He lived with zest. A few years before the war, he came and asked for assistance because he wished to join the R.A.F. As he was doing well in his work, which held out good prospects for advancement, I thought he was crazy to discard it for the doubtful privilege of a life of adventure (war seemed so very far off at the time), but he was so insistent that I did all I could. In 1938,

just after Munich, he came to see me again, this time as a WOP/AG, very disgruntled that the war was so slow in coming, but as full of enthusiasm for life as ever. That was the last time I saw him . . . The following year he failed to return from a leaflet raid—"Last contact 70 miles from base." Was his life wasted? Or was it complete? "One crowded hour . . ."

Then there is "Trev." Scholastically he was a trial and a tribulation, but, whether in the class or the sports field, he was full of endeavour. What kind of a soldier he made on the square I cannot say, but I can well believe the report that he was killed, calmly doing his duty, "immobilising vehicles during the retreat to Dunkirk."

Jimmy was extremely nervous at school; intelligent but easily distressed and inclined to stammer. A nervous breakdown interfered with his school career for several weeks at one time. A most unlikely fighting type? The most recent report that I have had is that he has just been commissioned after having received the D.F.M.

• Continued on page 19

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY

At last, it's here. The opportunity for which you — yes, we mean you — have been waiting. Believe it or not, we are offering you something for nothing, no deductions, no allotments, no income tax and no catches. Make your spare time pay. How? By joining the new Aero Modelling Club. Each evening from Monday to Thursday, inclusive, its members will be found in the Engines Lecture Room of the G.I.S. Time? Seven o'clock. You probably don't know the difference between a Lancaster and an Oxford, but who cares; come along, the advice is there for the asking. We will give you the tools and you can finish the job.

The idea has caught on and already complaints are pouring in from the wives of the living out personnel, who claim that they wake up in the middle of the night to find their husbands whittling away at their Beaufighters or nibbling at their tail assembly. It is even rumoured that the Orderly Corporal entered a billet the other morning,

shouting "Macchi-Macchi". Come on, give up your Jankers for a Junkers; you can create Havoc by starting a Whirlwind. Remuster to a Mustang. Whittle a Whitley. Cut a line on a Catalina. Help Breda new fleet of planes.

The venture is off to a good start, but more members are needed, as many as possible. Everyone is eligible and doubly welcome, so why not drop in any evening at the G.I.S. and get your membership card—gilt-edged and suitable for framing—or call personally on the A.M.C. (Aero Modeller in Chief) F/Lt. A. W. Richardson, C.G.I.

You have nothing to lose, and look what you have to gain. Each month cash prizes will be given for the best Bomber and Single Engine Fighter models. And if that is not enough, the *Prairie Flyer* will publish—free of cost—photographs of the winning planes. He who hesitates is lost and, if you stop to think, you've had this month's prize. Come and join us —NOW.

Speaking of MUSIC

by A. J. WICKENS, K.C.

PERHAPS you expect me to attempt to speak with authority on music. This is exactly what I shall not do, for the plain reason that I claim no qualifications so to do.

One of the things all Old Country men miss most when first coming to these distant places, is the choice of entertainment, and particularly musical entertainment. The collection of records from which you are entertained every fortnight has entirely run away with its owner and outstripped the original intention, which was to provide for my own family that which, as a lad, I had had in England, and which otherwise wouldn't have been available here to them.

Music is the only really international language. Music lovers of every race find community of appeal in the great works of all masters. It might be stated, perhaps, to be the one redeeming feature of that creature Hitler, that he loves (or at least professes to love) music.

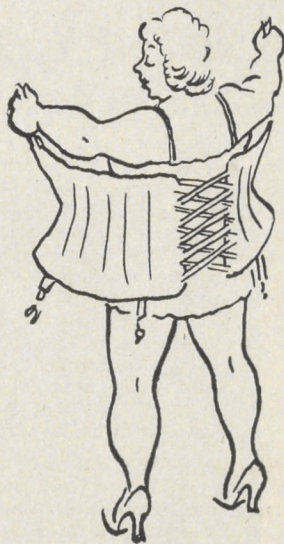
It was with some diffidence that I entered on this work, at the solicitation of a former entertainment committee, one of whose members was a particular visitor at my home. It is with that same diffidence that I continue it. That makes the response which the personnel at No. 32 has extended, the more gratifying. The list of requests following our re-opening this fall is staggering, and would furnish programmes for "the duration", without additions.

The reports of the kindly response from No. 32 have gone abroad, too, and the following stations have joined the group of "listeners": Regina Army, on the first Sunday of each month; Regina Air Forces, on the third Sunday of each month; Davidson R.A.F., on the second Sunday; Mossbank R.C.A.F., on the second and fourth Tuesdays. Weyburn has asked to be included, but at present this hasn't been done. It was suggested that I curtail the programmes to your station in order to extend further. This I positively refuse to do, since you originated the idea and we have been most congenially associated for three years now; so that your prior position of a programme every fortnight still stands.

Those whose requests are not included shortly will appreciate the fact that to include all is impossible and, obviously, someone has to be omitted.

Lovers of good music seem to have a community of interest which opens doors and hearts everywhere. It seems impossible to hear really good music too often, for to one who actually does listen to music, every time it is heard some new beauty is discovered, depending somewhat upon the mood of the listener. Music, too, gives us a refuge from the trials and troubles of personal and international life; opens wells of steadiness and strength denied otherwise; besides providing relaxation and diversion for tired nerves and dispositions.

With your continued co-operation and interest, I hope we shall spend many more enjoyable evenings; and that you may take home with you to England, and leave here with us, many happy memories of your stay in Canada.

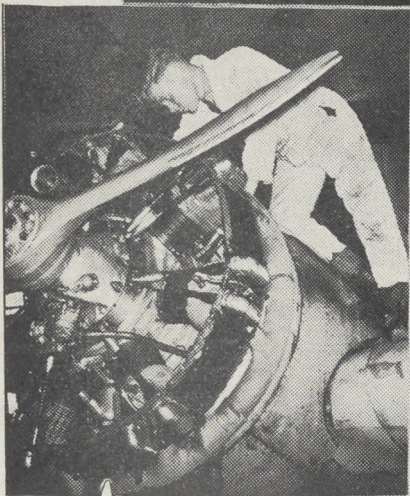


'CIRCUITS & BUMPS'



ERKS
AT
WORK

Nº 1.



SERV
SQUA



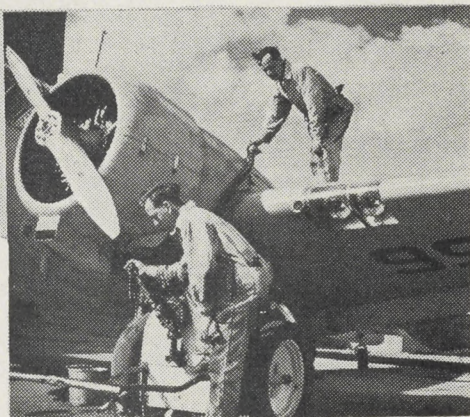
UPPER LEFT—O/C. Servicing, F.
OUTER LEFT—LAC. W. H. Timms
INNER LEFT—LAC. E. T. Parsons
LOWER LEFT—WO. F. B. Beau
F. J. Nicole.

UPPER RIGHT—Cpl. J. Dodd, I.
LAC. F. Waterhouse, AC1.
P. Povey, and the dog "Na

INNER RIGHT—AC. C. Hall, new
OUTER RIGHT—LAC. F. Waterho
Bullen, oiling.

LOWER RIGHT—LAC. Eric Guest.

WORKS
AT
WORK
No. 1.



SERVICING
QUADRON.

Servicing, F/Lt. A. McArdle.
W. H. Timms, daily inspection.
E. T. Parsons, skin repair.
F. B. Beaumont and F/Sgt.

L. J. Dodd, LAC. T. Wallace,
Waterhouse, AC1. C. Pearson, AC1.
the dog "Nap."

C. Hall, new brake cables.
E. F. Waterhouse and LAC. W.

C. Eric Guest, refueling.



Mi WURD

MI WURD wat a ectic tyme we ave been aving laity wiv owdoos, goodbies and ow are yers. and every wun asking are yew on the 'Bote'. It makes yer think, doant it. Espeshally wen yew here them as aint gowing singin "Roll on the Bote" and them as is gowing tryin to Roll off it. I wonder wever it is the lewer of the Prayerys wiv its bewtiful sunsets and its wide open spaices, not forgetting the chearful cherp-in of the crickets, and attractiv opping of the grarseoppers around wuns feat and the simpel frendly goafers that as "got em" and maid them loth to leve? Or is it—well never mind, we'll skip it and leeve the rest to wun's imaginashun and just wish them awl a safe and plesent voyage (if that is possibull on any troopship). At least they will be free from the perpetual bind of over-shews orf every type wun pokes wuns head in a door-way to thawer owt wen its 40 below and a wizerd blizerd blowin outside.

Awl this makes me think of the tyme wen i was wunce poasted. i was sent to the awederly room for mi clearence curtificat and errived abowt 0900 hrs., nocked on the dore and abowt harf an our later thort i had better nock agane. This type i plukked up currage and opened the dore. Seeted at the table were fore erks and wun sargent puttin the "arf nelson" on bottles of milk and nutty crunches. "i want mi clearence curtificat," i says. i doan't no wether yew hav notised it or not, but if yew aska sargent enythin he always starts torking abowt sumthin else that doan't make sence, such as taik yur ands owt of yur pokkets or do that butten up, or else, and as eny of yew no it is a grait mistaik to chewse "OR ELSE". This sargent after gettin the nuts from under his teeth, showted (not so plesent, i thort) "Get owt" so loud it blew the papers orf his desk into the waist-paper barskit, the dust orf the tiperyter down the nekk of the erk in frunt and upset the adjetents cup of tea. Eventuerly i got mi clearence curticat and a chit for late dinner as well.

It seamed mi troubles wer now ended and that i cud nip smartly rownd, get the signachers as layed down, and nip smartly home, but arfter havin tramped

rownd the camp for the 23rd tyme i reelised that the lowcashun of officers as stated on the curtificat must hav bean put their to misleed the enemy shood the paper fall into enemy hands. Even-shully i fownd the offiser i/c and duly sined the E26s (5 copies or 25 sents worth of paper for a 10 sent cap badge that i never had but had not the strength to argew abowt) and trooped orf to accownts. There i was told i wood hav to wate a little wile (wich can be enything from 8 to 24 hrs. "in the service") as an airman brawt bak \$10 wich he had been over-payd and the Accowntin Offiser was bein attended to by the M.O.

Nex day i desided to get mi Kit-bags markt, the civility i got from the people in stashon werk-shops was amazin:—thers the brush, thers the paynt, stik it on yerself and doant muk the plaice up. Me bein in Best Blew appreshiated this frendly spirit very much. Wen i had distinkly markt mi best blew and indistinkly markt mi kit-bag, a runner caim up to me and informed me i had been taken orf the bote for domestik reasons.

Nex tyme i am poasted i am gowin to ajern to the YMCA for a cuple of owers and werk owt a plan for this clearence curtificat bizness, cos' it is a bind, ain't it?

But never mined Eh!

HUGH CARES.

If you see an oasis
Where no such place is
And water
Where you didn't oughter,
That by and large
Is a mirage.

As a nude
The Sphinx is not very good,
The sculptor through shyness
Having finished her off as a lioness.

The Nile is a river
Which runs hither and thither.
It is a source of irrigation
Like a flea on a Dalmatian.

(By Beachcomber of the Daily Express)

A nerve specialist has suggested that concerts of realistic noises over the radio might help people to endure the noises of an air raid.

I would go further and suggest that to accustom people to being wounded they should be shot in the leg every now and again.

Things We Want to Know . . .

Did he really go sick to finish the Stirling?

Who let the flag down?

And why did the Corporal look so perturbed?

Is a certain Flight Lieutenant's throat sore after morning parade?

Or does he speak like that all the time?

Who is the Corporal who is "engaged" down town?

And does his wife know?

Who was the very new instructor that said pupils had no common sense?

What junior N.C.O. liked publicity, and thinks that someone ought to write a book? Would he get a pupil to write it?

Who said, when he was having his picture taken for the *Prairie Flyer*, that he usually charged for that sort of thing?

Is it true that one of the Timekeepers is considering the possibility of growing a Victory Garden in his new surroundings?

Whose idea was it that the W.D.'s should be put into a room with no windows?

Which Flight Lieutenant has now got the Bolingbroke "wrapped up"?

Where *did* that pupil learn to knit—and is he going to really get down to it when his own pupils are doing their I.F.?

What Sergeant's rendezvous in town is fitted with horse-hair settees?

And how did their state of disrepair irritate him?

Has a certain Senior N.C.O. been informed "he's a lovely boy"?

Does his girl friend call him "tease"?

And does he?

Where do flies go in the winter time?

Who should want to know, anyway?

The "cost" price of kit-bag handles.

Why did "The Mystery Singer" miss the Boat?

Who has priority on duck canvas purchases in Moose Jaw?

Is there a "racket" for every tennis player?

Are the S.P.'s in No. 1 Hangar now?

Somebody said something about "One Group."



LEAVES FROM A SCHOOL-MASTER'S NOTEBOOK

• *Continued from page 14*

What about "Victor Ludorum"? Usually the fine athlete shows up splendidly, but at times one gets a strange shock. One of the erstwhile sports heroes met me in 1941, and announced gleefully that he had managed to "dodge it" by getting a job which was reserved! He was even surprised I had "fallen for the sound of guns and trumpets." One of the less pleasant memories!

Harry was a quiet, unassuming, highly intelligent fellow, who was very successful at whatever he undertook, hobbies, sports, or merely collecting certificates. With such a fine character, I haven't the slightest doubt that he gave a good account of himself before being written off in a dog-fight. The world

is poorer for his loss—a cliché but true in this case.

Harry B. was "tough", intellectually dull, but delighting in his strength on the rugger field or in the boxing ring, he gave promise of being "the hefty type." I was not unduly surprised therefore when he told me in 1940 that he was having a grand time. He had just returned from Narvik and was celebrating . . . a rather obvious understatement I thought at the time! His bosom pal, by the way, was serving on the "Hood" when she encountered the Bismarck.

And so it goes on. I wonder how many opinions will have been revised before the next meeting of the "Old Boys"? How many of us will have earned the label "a good type", and how many will have confounded us by their erstwhile hidden spirit of bravery, endeavour and determination? Many, I feel sure.

F/Lt. H. HALE.

How Did It Get *that* Name?

SASKATCHEWAN—

Indian for swift current.

MOOSE JAW—

The spot where, according to an Indian legend, a white man repaired his Red River cart with the jaw bone of a moose. A Red River cart is to Canadian expansion what the covered wagon was to the opening of the American west.

REGINA—

Originally named Pile o' Bones, in all probability buffalo bones left by the Indians after a big hunt. The name was changed by Lt. Gov. Dewdney to Regina, when chosen as the capital of the North West Territories. This refers, of course, to Queen Victoria.

YELLOW GRASS—

Named by the constructional engineers because of the striking appearance of the grass there.

WEYBURN—

Derived from "wee burn", after a small stream crossing the railway there.

PASQUA—

An Indian name meaning prairie.

OAKSHELA—

An Indian word for child. There is a legend attached to this.

INDIAN HEAD—

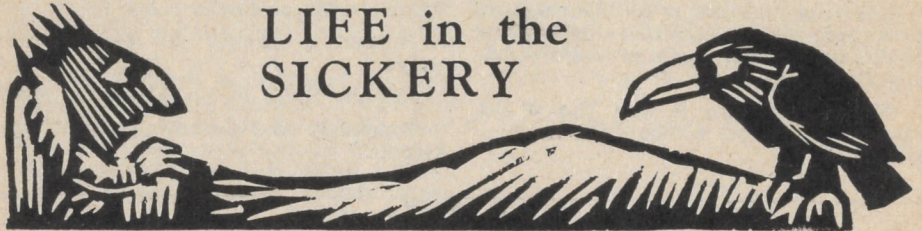
There is an Indian burial ground, south of the town, where the ground was at one time littered with skulls.

QU'APPELLE—

French for, "Who calls?" There is an Indian legend resulted in this name.

ASSINIBOIA—

An Indian word meaning "He who cooks on a hot stone." The town is named after the district of Assiniboia in the North West Territories.



LIFE in the SICKERY

MUCH water has passed beneath the bridge since we last defaced this page with our ramblings. With the water has passed three of the oldest Sickery inmates, leaving the bridge to be held by Horatius Dean and his small but gallant band of Roman Nursing Orderlies. But, let us pause a while to pay our last respects to those who have gone before. We say farewell to Sergeants Carr and Collier, and to LAC. Ferrington. These three formed the very foundations of the Sickery back in the dim days of an early 32. We cannot help but think that it will be somewhat of a wrench to them, who have called this home for nearly three years. But those who come after us will some time be surprised to smell the aroma of a five-cent cigar in the passage as the ghosts of the departed founders look benignly in on the scenes of their former misdeeds. The ghost of Sergeant Carr will, of course, haunt the life of every soul

who dares set his foot in Sick Quarters without first removing his boots. We of the Sickery wish them the very best for the future.

We made some mention in the first few lines of Horatius Dean. This is really not his name. Heaven sent us Sergeant William Dean, and it is he who is now the chief man in the Snuggery—N.C.O. i/c S.S.Q. We welcome him officially within these annals and we think that he will ably fill the gap left by Sergeant Carr's departure.

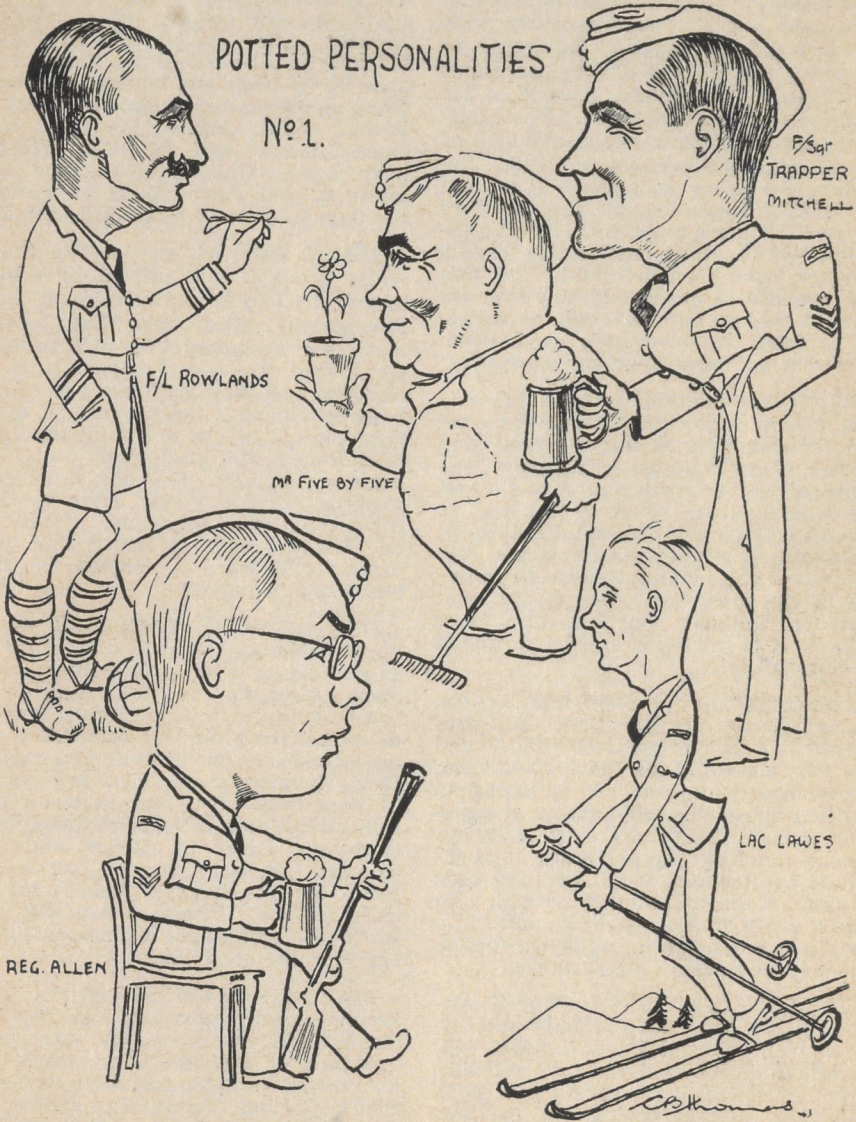
We are wondering how New York received F/Lt. L—. Or better still, how F/Lt. L— received New York. Doubtless he sniffed at the balmy air of Central Park and remarked on the neurotic state of the flowers.

There is a certain person who perambulates the Sickery in a permanent state of interrogation. Every remark is punctuated with "Is that so?" ... "Well—whadya know!"

O. H.

POTTED PERSONALITIES

No. 1.



ENTERTAINMENTS

"The time has come, the Walrus said, to talk of . . ." Well, at this time of the year, with the first snows nearly with us, it would, perhaps, be advisable to present a résumé and also a forecast of "gen" in the entertainment world as far as the Station is concerned. The highlights of the past few weeks, the visit of the R.C.A.F. "Blackouts of 1943," the Station dance on September 16th, and the first presentation by the Boosters Concert Party are reported in detail elsewhere, while other outstanding events may also have been covered by the time this appears in print. If the avenues covered here do not strike you as sufficient to cater for everyone's needs, then please let us know what you want.

FILMS—The opinion seems to be quite general that the material provided by the "Y" these days is an improvement, and there is every hope that still further advantages will be forthcoming in the not too distant future, when it is hoped to present really up-to-the-minute films, at least as soon as they appear in the city. The wheels have already been set moving in this direction. The educational films on Tuesday evenings also have quite a large following and have proved most beneficial.

DANCES—The idea of holding the Station dances in the Drill Hall has proved one of our greatest "finds" and the two already held there have been outstanding successes. It is hoped to continue these enjoyable affairs at regular intervals; a lot may eventually depend on whether the necessary "bodies" can be got together at the required time to prepare the hall for the affairs. An hour's practical assistance in pushing a few hundred chairs and tables around is worth a whole day's suggestions!

VARIETY SHOWS, etc.—The Boosters Concert Party have already presented their first programme for your approval, and it is hoped that they will soon have another edition ready for you. F/O. Daniels is always crying out for new talent to incorporate in his shows, broadcast or otherwise, and if you have a flare for anything in this line, make yourself known to him by phone or in person.

WEEKLY BROADCAST—This has indeed become a most enjoyable feature, and each Tuesday evening has brought

increasing numbers to the Station Cinema to participate in the programme, which is sent out by the courtesy of CHAB, while the number of regular listeners in all parts of the province has gone up by leaps and bounds, as witness the numbers of suggestions to "Beat the Band." Cpl. Eddie Moulton, LAC. Reg. Coleman, and AC. Bob Wiltshire have proved themselves a grand combination, and their efforts to entertain the boys have been most appreciated.

WHIST DRIVES, etc.—The weekly whist drives which proved so popular last winter had to be discontinued, partly through difficulties regarding catering and accommodation. (You will probably agree that the new furnishings in the Reading and Writing Room are of such high quality that their continual movement should be cut to a minimum), but it is hoped that these will have been overcome shortly. It is also intended to experiment with a solo drive to foster the popularity of this game. Prizes will be offered and it is hoped that these drives will prove as popular as their whist counterparts.

GRAMOPHONE RECITALS—The visits of Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., are still as popular as ever. Newcomers to the Station are reminded that facilities are available in the Station Library for them to submit the names of particular tunes for inclusion in one of these programmes. LAC. Haughey presented a few sessions of recordings of lighter material prior to his departure, the records being kindly loaned by F/Lt. Birley and F/O. Turner. Is there anyone left on the camp to take Gerry's place with this little feature? Those of you who were satisfied may be able to find someone to carry on the good work.

MALE VOICE CHOIR—At one time it seemed hardly possible that the Male Voice Choir would or could survive the epidemic of postings, etc, which took away such valuable members as George Slack, Gordon Morris, Cpl. Arthur and several others, but they will be most relieved to hear that, far from going under, the Choir now remains stronger than ever, with a total membership of nearly fifty and a full programme of engagements for the coming winter. The Choir celebrates its first birthday on October 26th, and will present its first

from Life in a Putty Knife Factory

It may be pure legend, but I have often heard the story of the rich man who has a hangover room in his mansion. In one version, the mansion is located outside Lima, Peru. In another, it is on Long Island.

The hangover room is constructed with every detail upside down. The floor is the ceiling with an elaborate chandelier thrust upwards from the centre. The rugs and furniture are fastened to the ceiling, upside down, of course; pictures are upside down. The fireplace is upside down. The windows with their shades and drapes are upside down.

The proprietor of this remarkable room often entertains at parties at which the wine flows freely. As might be expected, his guests sometimes pass out. What happens then shouldn't happen to a dog. The insensible guest is carried into the trick room and placed on the floor (ceiling) midway between the chandelier and the wall. Put yourself in his place and imagine his sensations when he regains consciousness.

He finds himself lying on the ceiling, looking down at the floor. He sees ash-trays with cigarette butts resting in their bowls. Flowers are in the vases, magazines are scattered on a table, a desk-stand is littered with assorted inkstands, books, papers and pencils.

I have no idea what the victim's thoughts might be. He probably figures at first that the law of gravity has been repealed overnight. Then he must recognise that such reasoning is illogical, since nothing else in the room has risen to the ceiling. He moves his body cautiously and finds that he is neither nailed or glued to the ceiling. What to do? Should he begin crawling across the ceiling to the chandelier and achieve anchorage there until help comes? Or should he creep to the wall and try to crawl down it to the floor?

Personally, I'd rather have midgits.

LIFE IN THE R.A.F.

(With Peterborough of the Daily Telegraph)

Spasm One—An R.A.F. friend of mine, a Spitfire pilot, tells me that, when driving his car, he cannot bring himself to press the button on the steering wheel which sounds the horn. He is convinced that if he presses it, machine-gun bullets will spurt from the wings.

Spasm Two—It is in the tradition of the R.A.F. that it should make fun even of its own motto "Per Ardua Ad Astra." Over the door of a commanding officer's office I have just seen the notice, "Per Flak Ad Nauseam."

ENTERTAINMENTS

• *Continued*

edition of "Choral Capers" on that date. This affair will incorporate the weekly broadcast from the Cinema and will also include items by several new artists as well as a few old favourites. Make a note of the date. The two engagements already fulfilled, at the United Church, South Hill, Moose Jaw, on September 15, and at Hearne on October 11 were most revealing and gave every cause for optimism regarding the Choir's ability to put on a really good show. While the Choir is always ready to welcome new members, it is felt that their present strength justifies them in suggesting that discrimination in favour of personnel who have some knowledge of music or experience in choral work may have to be exercised.

PERSONNEL—With the departure of so many old faces from our midst, it is pointed out that there is an urgent need for personnel to fill in the vacancies so caused. Tommy Rose, Gerry Haughey, Cpl. Arthur, Stan Baker, George Slack and several others have caused gaps that it will be difficult to fill, while the imminent departure of Sgt. Fraser, a most energetic secretary of the Entertainments Committee for nearly two years, more than ever emphasizes the urgency of the need for men of similar calibre to give a hand in the work which, after all, is for their own good as well as for the good of their colleagues. My own personal wish would be that those who have the most disparaging criticism of our efforts to offer should take over the job, which, believe me, is really one of love!

"NIL DESPERANDUM"

Officers' Mess PAGE

ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE OTHER END

CONGRATULATIONS to F/Lt. and Mrs. Falconer on the new model that arrived recently. It is still on the secret list, but we understand that it is an in-line engine, liquid cooled (*frequently*), and that it has a parade ground voice somewhat resembling that of his father. Lots of night circuits and fabric work now, what? * * *

Re The Moustache—Good progress is being made in spite of the difficult terrain, and a horse tried to jump over it the other day. F/O. P——r now has to stand tippy-toe to look over it. He took a poor view of what was said about it in the last issue, and spoke at some length in defence of his hirsute suit, but we must ask him to remember that he should not hide his light under a bushel. * * *

Flying Instructors now are to use a new drill of vital actions. H.T.M.P.F.S., flaps, Sperrys, gills and time card. Will the only Duty Pilot in charge of runway shout "OVER"?

Who suggested fitting the duty runway timekeepers with de-icing equipment in winter? * * *

Who is the P/O. who is the exception to the rule that only the best is to be found in tiny parcels? * * *

To F/O. C——l we quote Keats: "I cannot see what flowers are at my feet." * * *

Does P/O. A——r really stand on the seat and let the pupil do the rudder work for him? And was he seen in New York carrying a soap box? We are told that he tried to gain admission to see the show "Oklahoma", but could not get in as it was standing room only. * * *

Why do so many people go to Saskatoon? . . . and is she really a redhead? * * *

Which Instructor put the machine u/s because the lights were too bright . . . and was he lit up? * * *

To P/O. Y——g: The palm of honour for his epic flight to Caron. If only he had known it was Caron. * * *

To F/O. D——n: A gentle lifting of the hat for his anti-fly precautions.

Quote, "Take off the fly screens and let them fly out" (unquote). * * *

Heard on the way from the Mess to the hangars:

"Lot of clouds in the West."
"Fronts and things, I expect." * * *

We like the spirit of the solo pupil who did his night circuits at Boharm. * * *

Then there is the rather poor type who, pointing to the splash on the perspex, said to his pupil: "I'll bet that grasshopper hasn't the guts to do that again." * * *

Major Mc——y's favourite film, "The Yank in the R.A.F.?" * * *

From the Illustrated London News

"It was thought at one time that lemmings descended from the clouds, but the great English naturalist, Ray, after careful anatomical investigation, decided that Nature was not such a niggard with her gifts as to render such a method of procreation necessary."

To put it nicely, that is.

High Jinks at the Opera, or Wouldn't Beachcomber Like This One?

. . . and the tenor who played Gerald, the British army officer (Armand Tokatyan, according to my programme), sang himself towards the wings, grabbed a score from the prompter, worked his way back to centre-stage, picked up the old score, and put the new score on the organ-stand with a grandiose gesture, all without missing a note. * * *

We Like This, Too

He seemed a manly enough chap, but he cannot live down the fact that, in the big dramatic scene of a play, when he was supposed to rise and hold up a trembling hand as he cried, "I have five children," he rose, held up a trembling hand and cried, "I have five fingers." * * *

And now to end on a classical note. From a Life of John Keats:

"Why kisses four, you will say. Why, four because I wish to restrain the impetuosity of my Muse."

That's one way of putting it, I suppose.

BITS AND PIECES

"I won't offer you a drink," said the hostess, "as you are the secretary of the Temperance League, Mr. Brown."

"Madam, I am the secretary of the Anti-Vice League."

"Oh, yes," said the hostess, "that's right. I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."

The plumber's face flushed but being a good plumber it flushed silently.

Then there is the story of the cannibal chief who captured the chorus girl and had his breakfast in bed.

Officer to Erk:
"Sir is quite sufficient—Big Shot in addition is unnecessary."

Two mosquitoes met in a bugle and went on the toot together.

Dear Sir—Please send me two mongooses . . .

Dear Sir—Please send me two monegooses . . .

Dear Sir—Please send me a mongoose. While you're at it, send me another one.

Mary is a simple lamb,
She thought that bottom gear
Was something rather dainty
In the way of underwear.

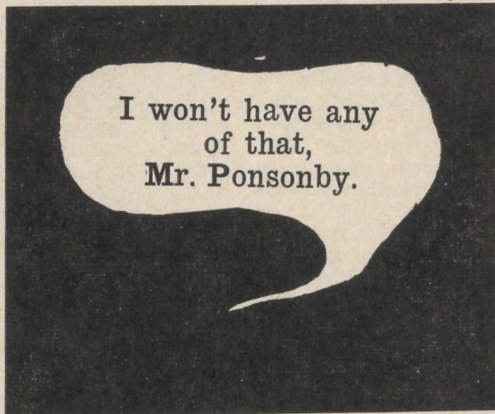
A delicate student of Caius
Was allergic to some kinds of cheese,
His illness was such
That Cheddar or Dutch
Made him hiccup and splutter and snaius.

Heard at a W.A.A.F. Recruiting Depot
Medical Officer (to very new recruit):

"I shall require you to strip to the waist."

"Sir," replied the very new recruit,
"I absolutely refuse."

"Come, come, now," said the M.O.
"Don't make mountains out of mole-hills."



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

Sally was a Wren, and for many months she had carried out her duties with zeal and efficiency. Then came her Waterloo. She was detailed to drive three Admirals from the Admiralty to Bath to have a major done on their gout or something. But, on reaching Savernake Forest, Sally realised that duty is duty but Nature had a stronger and

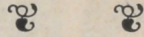
stronger and more pressing call. Stopping the car by a small clump of elderberry bushes, and blushing to the roots of her bell-bottomed trousers, she went to ground.

Returning, still covered with blushes and confusion, and not daring to look at the Admirals in the car, she started up and drove on to Bath, where, alighting with much naval efficiency she opened the door and found that the occupants were no longer with her. She had left them behind in Savernake.

At mother's knee
We learn to be
Sincere and true
In all we do . . .
But O, alackaday, the points
We then pick up at other joints.

By D.A.G.B.

GLEANINGS from the G.I.S.



AFTER nearly four years as C.G.I., Squadron Leader Orchard has left us. In peacetime, as a civilian, he was the Educational Officer at Tern Hill and he took up his new duties as C.G.I. shortly after the outbreak of war. When he left he had been with the unit longer than any other officer, but it was not this alone which made us so keenly regret his going. To those of us who were closely connected with him in his work, he was the very personification of the term "C.G.I.", and we'll shoot any man who suggests that there was a better in all Training Command.

Perhaps his most outstanding quality was his amazing eye for detail. We remember reading some time ago in "Tee Emm" an article on Administration, which pointed out the necessity for realising beforehand just who and what would be affected by any contemplated piece of organization or administration. It was all terribly true, of course, as everything in "Tee Emm" is, and we can't help thinking that Squadron Leader Orchard must have read it; though, on second thoughts, it is more probable that he wrote it, or taught the fellow who did! His interest in his work went far beyond the normal requirements of a C.G.I. and he kept a careful record of all the pupils who passed through the school, a record which, we believe, he is endeavouring to maintain even now when his connection with the unit is, perhaps only temporarily, broken.

We wish good luck to a very greatly respected officer with the hope that he may be as happy and successful in his new post as he undoubtedly was at Tern Hill and Moose Jaw.

* * *

Somewhat belatedly, these being the first "Gleanings" since his arrival two months ago, we welcome Flight Lieutenant Robertson as our new C.G.I. Be warned, those of you who come under his authority, that he is a Drill Enthusiast, lately come out from England, who is eager that we here in Canada, remote from the sterner realities of war, should not remain ignorant of the battle training which in England every airman is required to undergo. He spends what for most of us are sleeping hours making model aircraft and has already formed a Model Aircraft Club, details of which appear elsewhere in this magazine. In-

capable ourselves of modelling anything more complicated than a broom handle (which, being in charge of a billet, we sometimes have to do), we were pop-eyed with admiration the other day when we saw some examples of Flight Lieutenant Robertson's handiwork, and we recommend the hobby to those in whose fingers is the itch to create.

* * *

Cynthia, our cat (see last month's "Gleanings"), has honoured us by having her second litter under our roof. On Tuesday, 5th October, she brought eight (yes, eight!) little ones into the world, and we accord special mention to AC. Cochrane who, we understand, performed very creditably in rather trying circumstances. Mother and kittens are doing better than could ever have been expected — and Cochrane says, "What about my LAC?"

This just about uses up our allotted space for this month. Which is, perhaps, as well, since we have just returned from a most wondrous leave, spent in New York and Montreal, and life in the G.I.S. these days seems to lack something. Maybe it's just the change of air, and we shall get over it.



"ROLL OFF THE TOP"



THE *Padre's* LETTER

AS one who has made frequent appearances in D.R.O.'s., Part 2, since May, I do not feel altogether a stranger to this Station on becoming its Chaplain; but in this first contribution to the *Prairie Flyer*, I would like to express my desire to get to know all the personnel: it is so much easier to help someone whom one already knows, and I hope by visiting hangars, workshops and offices, and by joining in sports and other Station activities, to meet everyone.

I read recently of a man who walked from the Pacific Coast to New York (don't ask me why!); he said that it was not mountain ranges nor difficult country that hindered him most, but "sand in my shoes!" That is true of our journey along the road of life! Trivial seeming things trouble us more than major obstacles. In so doing, they issue a chal-

lenge to us to overcome them: thus can we show our strength and not our weakness.

After the weather, I suppose the favourite topic for most of us is food! Even Winston Churchill has said that one of his chief delights is to discuss an excellent meal. Yet we neglect to see that we get sufficient spiritual food; probably because it seems so intangible. "Man cannot live by bread alone," is profoundly true. Our Lord said: "If a man eat of the food I give him, he will never hunger, and if he drink of the water I give him, he will never thirst!" There is your answer to "sand in your shoes" on the road of life: the complete man is he who has a spiritual strength even when his physical powers are gone.

N. M. SLAUGHTER.



Heritage of Beauty

Absence

By JOHN DRINKWATER

This was a fair land
For the young soul to find,
Whose orchards are renewed
And blossom in the mind.
Far wave, far heaven, far hill,
I dream of England still.

And now this year's primrose
Shines under last year's leaves.
The swallow searches out
Accustomed eaves;
Far wave, far heaven, far hill,
I dream of England still.

Though fresh devices come,
Yet is my custom true;
There my vocation is,
That was my cradle, too.
Far wave, far heaven, far hill,
I dream of England still.

Corporals' PAGE

PEN PORTRAIT No. 2

Corporal "Tommy" Thompson

"The Golden Voice of Signals"

CORPORAL THOMPSON, native of the Emerald Isle, ex-Tern Hill, famous member of the Inner Circle in the Wet Canteen, and equestrian par excellence, has, unfortunately, left us. I write this, therefore, purely on the strength of our acquaintanceship, without any inside information on his life or the vicissitudes which brought him among us, but rather as a tribute to a departed friend. If I fail in my portrayal of his good nature and Celtic generosity, the fault is rather with an art that is deficient than in an affection that is wanting.

I last saw Corporal Thompson on Main Street, walking with the peculiar gait and nonchalant, empty handed air of a man who carries a bottle in each trouser pocket. He was carrying a parcel at the time, and explained he had been to a Y.M.C.A. tea and had been given a few sandwiches which had been left over. I knew they were sandwiches, because I thought I could hear them clinking. We retired, in the company of two others, to his favourite cafe, where he was as popular, apparently, as he was on the camp. He was greeted by the staff, from the proprietor downwards, with cheery messages and good-natured banter, but I noticed, not without regret, that the charges on the check were no less than those shown on the menu. Indeed, for a minute I thought we had been given two checks, but it was with great relief that I learned that the second was merely the address of a waitress who wished him to correspond with her. It was here I learned some of the facts that I am at liberty to repeat in this article, and as you are in no position to deny them, you cannot doubt their veracity. It appears that he is dedicated to temperance, but always carries a flask in his hip pocket as a sort of amendment to the constitution. He told me that before he enlisted he had never entered a bar in his life unless accompanied by a lady or protected by a child, and, no doubt, that is the reason why he has been trying to make up for it ever since. Before he joined the regular Air Force in 1938 he was serving his time in the linen

trade, but finding this dull, he left for a life of excitement and adventure. He found the adventure all right—every time he crossed the Irish Sea. As usual with most airmen, he did not join up in his present trade, enlisting as a Flight Mechanic, going on a course for Wireless Operator, and passing out as a Teletypewriter Operator. Such experience has happened to the best of us, and has led us to believe that the Air Force moves in a mysterious way, but performs no wonders. He came to 10 F.T.S., Tern Hill, before the war, in the heyday of tea swindles and every other form of swindle. He arrived in Canada in November, 1940, and, as I stated previously, has just left for England, home, and—he hopes—more booty. In his slow and careful way he became a figure on the camp, unsung, un-noticed, but part of the furniture, and Signals will seem incomplete without him. His life was one constant round of activity which he himself might deplore, but which he was powerless to prevent. He confided in me that he was so busy he could hardly call his evenings his own. Certainly, he could not. They belonged largely to the Wet Canteen. But no one can blame him for that. After all, if a busy man spends the little bit of leisure that he gets in slaking his thirst, I suppose there is no harm in it. Most emphatically, there is not. Thinking of Tommy has had its psychological effect upon me, and I am leaving now for a cheery fireside and a glass (es) of God's Gift to Airmen. I have only one regret—that he is not here to have one with me, and to explain, in his own inimitable way, that for the first time in his life he finds himself broke again.

* * *

Those of you who knew Corporals Skelding and Trueman will be pleased to know they were paid a visit by three Corporals from this station some weeks ago. They are both eager to talk over old times, and anyone wishing to see them should contact S/Ldr. Negus, who will give them details of the train times, etc., and pay expenses up to \$5.00. Re-

• Continued on page 30

Whither Canada?

BIDDEN by the all-commanding hand of war, we have come to Canada. We have learnt from the train window something of its enormous extent and its great resources. We have settled, as well as any strangers may, into the life of a particular Canadian community. We have come to understand the Canadian people and to know them as friends. We have discovered a part of the British Commonwealth which, until our coming, was hardly more to us than a name on the map.

Having learnt from our experience here the part that Canada plays in our comity of nations, we must ask ourselves what part she will play in the future. Whither Canada? . . .

In attempting an intelligent answer to this question, we have to consider first of all the place that Canada occupies geographically. Here, we see, is a country vast in area and inestimably rich in natural wealth and yet only partly developed and populated. It happens to be geographically, though not politically, joined to one of the ascendant countries, the United States of America. Canada, viewed as a great whole, is backward in development. The U.S.A., on the other hand, is vigorously progressive, standing with Britain and Russia as one of the three dominant nations of the modern world.

We cannot consider the future of Canada without taking into account the land across the border.

The time will almost inevitably come when American industry, seeking for new worlds to conquer, will look eagerly to the north. We may find the Americans doing what we, the British, have not done; exploiting the resources of Canada on a scale commensurate with the opportunity. It may surprise readers to know that of all the non-Canadian money invested in this Dominion, less than 15 per cent. belongs to British interests.

With this increasing industrial penetration by the United States will go a strengthening of American influ-

ence on the culture of Canada. Even now this country is markedly American. We have only to walk down any Canadian Main Street with our eyes and ears open—and especially our ears—to realise that the American spirit is permeating Canadian life. The young man of Moose Jaw (so far uncelebrated in a limerick) is nearer in many respects to the young man of Arkansas than he is to his counterpart in Lancashire or Somerset.

If American traits affect England, they are bound to influence far more strongly a people of whom 50 per cent. live within one hundred miles of the American border, and 80 per cent. within two hundred miles.

Note that I speak of the young men. I do so because it is in the younger generations that the closeness to America is most conspicuously evident. The older people of English descent are nearer to England in time and consequently nearer also in habit and outlook. They retain, or have drawn from their parents, many obviously English characteristics. For them, England is the Old Country. Their sons and daughters are less English and more American; and their grandsons and granddaughters will probably be indistinguishable from the children of Uncle Sam. This de-Anglicizing process, if I may use such a dreadful expression, will be further helped by the mingling of different racial strains within the Dominion itself: a trend which alone would be sufficient to produce a people racially akin to the Americans, who themselves represent a mixture of races. It is significant that in the 1921 Canadian census 61%—not much more than half—of the population over ten years of age gave English as their native tongue. Fifty-five per cent. were of British origin.



The inhabitants of Canada, then, are not, as so many English people suppose, almost entirely British by birth or descent. Let us remove another common misconception. Britain does not own Canada in the true sense of the word.

• Continued on page 30

WHITHER CANADA ?

• *Continued from page 29*

Canada is a nation, self-governing and free to secede, and with the right to have a war of her own. She is defined not as a satellite of Britain but as an equal. Moreover, most of her territory and industry belongs to her own people; the British have actually invested more money in the U.S.A. than they have in this part of the British Commonwealth. In the ultimate it is sentiment that holds Canada to the Motherland.

War has strengthened the bond. Thanks to that horrendous creature at Berchtesgaden, Canada and Britain are closer together now than at any time since 1918. But in the course of the years sentiment will weaken, much as molten wire becomes thinner as it is stretched.

The trend is all towards a consolidation of the North American peoples. This would not be so bad within the framework of a permanent union of the U.S.A. and Britain. We could cheerfully say: Let Canada join with America and the whole join



with us. That may happen if our hopes for the peace find complete fulfilment; but whether it happens or not we must include a satisfactory plan for Canada's future in the blueprints of our new world.

Here we have a huge country, bigger than the Continental United States with Alaska, and only a little smaller than the whole continent of Europe; and its population is only ten or eleven millions—two or three millions more than that of London at the last census. Tremendous opportunities of development await us—and in Britain before the war young men stood idle at the street corners. Who can turn from remembrance of the long misery of Merthyr Tydfil to the ungathered riches of this land and not feel that something was acutely wrong with the old world we left behind in September, 1939?

We can do better than that. Given sufficient goodwill and leaders of vision and resolve we can develop Canada to the limit of her enormous resources and offer an assurance of prosperity to the men who must find a place somewhere in the post-war world. We shall have the people—we shall need a plan.

If we intend to hold what we have, then let us use what we hold.

J. H. M.

CORPORALS' PAGE

• *Continued from page 28*

member—a visit means a lot to these chaps, apart from the fact that it makes a very pleasant trip for anyone who cares to go.

* * *

NOTICE

Any Corporal interested in chess should contact Corporal Gard or Corporal Jeffrey in the Accounts Section. The Chess Club meets every Thursday night, and needs new members urgently. You don't have to be a good player—none of us is, but we are keen to try our skill against all comers.

myTYPIST has jo8ned the A%T%S% i Amnot going to replacw her½ iI Consider it hihgly highly un¼atriotci to employ a woman who might be serxing her country more directly than in my office¾ so until the end if Thewar i an going todo

m60qn my own tryp typijg¾ it the, eqsistthing in the world- any onr who isnnt an absolute fool can pickit up in a cery shhort time¾

you YOU have only to get used to the postiom of thekeus jeys keys. is fact¾ I often wonderwhy so mkny men insst on emploi,n g typstss.when as in my own case theycuold ditye doth dothe worl thesenseis just as quikly and m7ch mo\$re effinciently.

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.Of cuores coures when thr wAr Isober in fiarnss be p repareded to g9vr her job baxk, but inthe mean5ime i shall get alobg perfextly well ½ indeed better if anything w9thouter. Thatis p4Ovideed i ever managed to get the hang af this damn%d b;asted tomfool maChine¾

PRAIRIE FLYER *quiz*

Here is another quiz, so "have a do" and see if you can beat the gen man. Score 5 points for each correct answer—150, you should be an LAC.; 100 is fair enough; below that, officer material.

Answers on page 32.

1. What famous actress continued her career, during her old age, with only one leg?
2. Which is the port side of a boat?
3. Who wrote "Excelsior"?
4. What is the greatest meat producing country?
5. What German princess became a Russian empress?
6. In a deck of playing cards, the faces of which Jacks are shown in profile?
7. What is the fourth dimension?
8. Who was known as the Iron Duke?
9. What adulterant is commonly used in coffee?
10. Where is the Atlantic west of the Pacific?
11. Who wrote, "Of Human Bondage"?
12. Where does the "Long, Long Trail" end?
13. During what season of the year is the sun closest to the earth?
14. What is the literal translation of *prima facie*?
15. What historic river did Caesar cross?
16. What is the feminine form of the title Maharaja?
17. What nationality is Fred Perry, the tennis star?
18. Is the Tropic of Cancer north or south of the Equator?
19. If you bought a pound of feathers and a pound of gold, which would weigh more?
20. What is the correct pronunciation of Roosevelt?
21. When was the Channel first crossed by air?
22. Is it a mark of good breeding for a woman to rise whenever introduced?
23. What country is known as the land of a thousand lakes?
24. How hard must you strike a person to constitute an assault?
25. Of what book is "Rupert of Hentzau" the sequel?
26. With what orchestra conductor did Deanna Durbin star in "100 Men and a Girl"?
27. Whose head turned all beholders to stone?
28. Who was the Greek God of War?
29. What are the following: NaCl, CO₂, NH₃?
30. How long did it take Moses to reach the promised land?
31. What is African golf?
32. Who portrayed F. D. Roosevelt in "I'd Rather Be Right"?
33. Where is the Field of the Cloth of Gold?
34. Who wrote: The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table? Jane Eyre? School for Scandal?
35. What is the capital of Finland?
36. What are Majorca and Minorca?
37. Who are Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo?
38. Is Dunkirk in Belgium or France?
39. From where did the dance foxtrot derive its name?
40. In American football, how many points are scored for a touchdown?

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair".
 Also, the names of Emory P. Gray,
 Mr. and Mrs. Dukes and Oscar Baer
 Of 17 West 44th St., Oyster Bay.

"OUT OF the MESS"

QUOTATION FOR THE MONTH:—

There is this difference between Happiness and Wisdom; he that thinks he is the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

—COLTON.

Had a complete stranger, or any person that is likely to become easily perturbed, entered the ante-room of the Sergeants' Mess a short time ago, in all probability he would have called out the fire engine, the four-wheel drive and every other type of emergency equipment available on the Station.

There might have been some justification for this, as on entering this particular room one day one perceived what might be described a replica of a London fog. One's alarm was soon dispelled, however, by the appearance of the smiling face of the S.W.O. emerging through the gloom with shadows mysteriously silhouetted around him. The story goes that at a recent Mess meeting it had been decided that the billiard table should be overhauled. Before the minute was dry, capable hands had the table dismantled, plaster of Paris flying in all directions, and the fog was due to the Station Warrant Officer taking his spot of P.T. with a sanding machine up and down the renovated slates, assisted by eager spectators. Anyway, thanks to the interest and energy of several popular members of the Mess, the table has been re clothed and reassembled and is back in com-

mission again, to the satisfaction of all.

It is an old saying, "It's a sad heart that never rejoices". This phrase was substantiated the last two days in September. There were many sad hearts, it is true, that were loth to leave the Mess at 32, with which they have been associated for so long, but they certainly made them gala-nights with drinks over the farewell handshakes. Those times will be recalled by many when they meet again, as probably some will. A farewell lunch was staged as a token of good-will, and the cooks and waiters deserve credit for their co-operation, which contributed considerably to its success.

Fresh faces are to be seen every day, and it is up to all of us to make them welcome and incite their enthusiasm to make the Mess even more cheerful and sociable.

The next dance should soon be in the offing, so let's all get weaving with ideas. Don't say this should have been done or that should have been done; step up now with suggestions. After all, it's your "Do".

The Table Tennis "Court" is about ready, so we shall soon be seen doing acrobatics with our legs while some genial individual dives under and around them with a pleasant "excuse me" in search of the elusive celluloid, that at present only "Black Magic" can produce.

It is rumoured that a Darts Tournament may form additional interest in the near future.

Will let you know later.

HAM.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. Sarah Bernhardt.
2. The left side, as you face the bow (or "pointed end").
3. Longfellow.
4. Argentina.
5. Catherine the Great.
6. Spades and Hearts.
7. Time.
8. Duke of Wellington.
9. Chicory.
10. At Panama.
11. Somerset Maugham.
12. "In the land of my dreams."
13. Winter.
14. On first appearance.
15. The Rubicon.
16. Maharani.
17. British.
18. North.
19. The feathers, as they weigh 16 ozs. A pound of gold is 12 ozs. troy weight.
20. Rozvelt.

21. 1785, by Dr. Jeffrey and Blanchard in a balloon.
22. No, she usually remains seated.
23. Finland.
24. The slightest touch, as "a man is the sole custodian of his physical person".
25. The Prisoner of Zenda.
26. Leopold Stokowski.
27. Medusa's.
28. Ares.
29. Chemical formulae for salt, carbon dioxide, and ammonia.
30. Forty years.
31. Craps (a dice game).
32. George M. Cohan.
33. In France, near Calais.
34. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charlotte Bronte, and Sheridan.
35. Helsingfors.
36. Balearic Isles off the coast of Spain.
37. The "Three Little Maids from School" in the Mikado.
38. Germany.
39. From its inventor, a man named Fox.
40. Six.

