

# PRAIRIE FLYER



THE MAGAZINE

Nº 32. S.F.T.S.

MOOSE JAW.



Nov., '43

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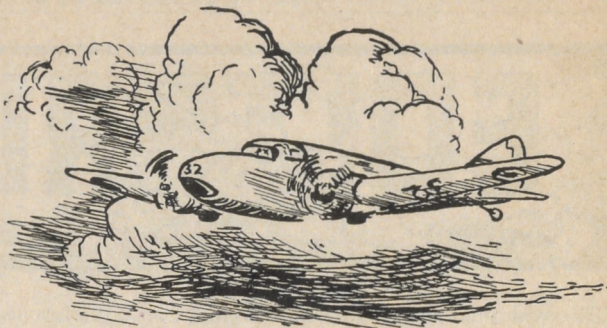
Vol. 3 - No. 4



# PRAIRIE FLYER

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

Moose Jaw - Sask.  
Canada



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Group Captain E. J. George

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OUR cover photograph this month portrays Squadron-Leader A. J. S. Negus, the Station Administrative Officer and President of the Service Institute.

This month marks the third anniversary of the Unit, and we thought it appropriate to choose Squadron-Leader Negus for our cover due to his long association with 32 S.F.T.S. He was a member of the first echelon which arrived in Moose Jaw in November, 1940, and was, in fact, the Station's first commander. As adjutant and later as Squadron-Leader Admin., he saw our Station grow from a few wooden buildings on a sea of mud to the well organised unit we find today, and we have asked him to give us his early impressions, which appear on page 16. Many of the improvements which have been made since those early days are the direct result of his own efforts or the outcome of his prompt action on the suggestions of others. In his capacity as P.S.I. he achieved great popularity, due to his far-seeing policy and sympathetic understanding towards the needs of the men, and we can thank him for so many things that it would be impossible to enumerate all of them here. He has helped make life easier for so many of us in a new environment which we found, at times, a little difficult. We cannot let him go without a sincere "Thank you", and when he leaves he will know that he takes with him the good wishes of all who had the pleasure to work with him.

T.S.M.G.



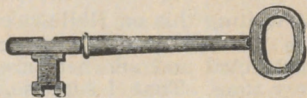
## When I Go Home

When I go home I want it to be Spring;  
 To leave the snow behind  
 And meet the burning urge of life renewed,  
 Showered by the cleanly rains that leap  
 From the large bosomed white sailed voyagers  
 On the blue skies of home.  
 I want to see the regiments of tulips tall,  
 Amid the sleepy perfume of brocaded wallflowers,  
 Nodding stately pleasure to the wild tossing  
 Of sunlit daffodils on blue-laced cloths  
 Of myosotis to crocus footlights.  
 In the damp leaf scented woods, there'll be  
 The violets, pale primroses and golden celandine  
 And budding promise of the briars.  
 I want the silver green of willows bending low,  
 Meeting the Venus-risen spears of the new rushes  
 Midst floating leaves and cups of yellow marigolds.  
 I hope there'll be amidst the foaming hedgerows  
 Of the flowering May, the hidden blue  
 Of throstles' eggs and domed nests of bobolinks.  
 Somewhere on a purpled heath I know, I'll see,  
 The loveliness of the everblooming gorse and hear  
 The music of the winged joy that all birds sing.

# You're TELLING ME . . .

WE first met this saying in the early days of what were known as "All talking, all singing" films, when, clutching our fourpences to our bosoms, we stood in long lines of Jolson fans, to hear and see the ultimate in entertainment. The phrase caught on in England and has remained as a smart remark, expressing superior knowledge or, in some cases, complete agreement. After much research into the writings of the past, I must now shatter for all time the belief that this saying arose in America and came to us by kind permission of Cecil B. de Mille. The following extract from the gossip column of *Ye Dailly Ecsprese*, dated 1303, reveals the fact that it was first uttered on foreign soil, and also by a crowned head of England; I have brought the language up to date, or nearly so.

Now Richard Coeur de Lion was about to depart upon yet one more Crusade and was loth to leave his fair wife, Eleanor, behind him, as well ye know in what sorry times we live, that such is the lust of man that no one may come back from a long journey and find his lady as he left her. Sorely troubled by such danger, and full well knowing that Queen Eleanor had said that she had had Palestine and that it had meet been given back to the Philistines, King Richard did approach his wise councillors and ask what might be done that in his absence she be not submitted to such temptation as mayhap she were lothful to resist. And it was found in a learned book yclept, "Whatte Everye Husbande Shoulde Knowe", that on making a journey of greater length than two hour glasses in length, that that ladye be encompassed with a chastity belte, Mk.



IV., this being a model but lately on the market and being fashioned with a lock.

To all this did Eleanor agree, but quoth she, "I am but young and of tender years to be handicapped if thou shouldst fall on the field of battle, my goode lord. Leave thou the key with thy trustworthy Councillor who mayest then free me if thou shouldst not return." And Richard marvelled much at her forethought and did agree that such matters would be attended to ere he did leave her.

So in the fullness of time Richard went, having said farewell to his queen and locking her securely in her belt of safety and given the key to the safe guard of his trustye Privy Councillor.

And having at length come to the land where the Saracens were gathered in great numbers he did prepare for battle on that place, when upon the horizon there rose a cloud of dust, as from one who travels fast and with strong purpose.

And lo! it was the Privy Councillor, but newly arrived from the Olde Countrye, who throwing himself upon his knees before his king did cry, "My liege, my liege, thou hast given me no key but the wrong one."

And King Richard did make reply, "You're telling me!"

Thus the saying arose, no doubt crossing the Atlantic with the Mayflower to return years later to prove to us that nothing is new under the sun.

OAT.

★ ★

WITH A BOOK TUCKED  
UNDERNEATH HIS ARM. . .

## Flying Officer T. A. Ord

There is just time to catch the press with a farewell note to yet another long standing member of the station. Flying Officer Tom Ord has been posted to eastern Canada to take a short course prior to repatriation. He was well known on the camp by all ranks, and, since February, 1942, has got to know, I believe, more airmen than any other officer. His interest in them was sincere, helpful and friendly. Such a spirit helps a great deal towards better understanding among all ranks.

No one ever saw him around the camp without a book. He is an ardent reader, and, if we may add, an ardent writer. For the past few months he has helped with the production of the PRAIRIE FLYER. The committee will miss him as will many individuals. We wish him the best of luck in the future. So long, Tom, we'll meet again.

—F

# ARE YOU A flat earther?

• by J. H. M.

I AM writing this on Hallowe'en. Outside in the streets the children, curiously clad and adorned, are having a merry time. That, I suppose, is what All Hallows Eve has come to mean, at least secularly: a time of masquerade and merriment for the children. One doubts if there exists anywhere a maiden so innocent as to imagine that by eating an apple in front of a mirror on this night of ancient festival she can view the image of the man she will marry; and one may also doubt if any of the more credulous damsels who tried the experiment in times past ever saw more than the reflection of themselves eating apples. Whether this notion was seriously held we cannot say; but there are other beliefs associated with Hallowe'en which we know to have been entertained with the earnestness proper to a religious creed. The Druids who lived in Britain thought that on the night of October 30th, as we would reckon it, certain of the unrighteous dead were gathered together by Saman, the lord of darkness; and for centuries thereafter it was declared that on this night ghosts walked and witches worked their evil bane. The belief in witches persisted far beyond the seventeenth century, which witnessed the terrible deeds at Salem, into very late times; I have myself known several old folk in a remote corner of England who spoke with awed respect of the witches and their craft, and it is still a common expression in rural Cornwall to say that a person is "bewitched".

What strange beliefs have fascinated the human race in the course of its progress from the crude club to the complicated machine gun! If someone with the genius for research of the late Sir James Frazier were to make a study of the convictions held in all the inhabited lands through all the ages, we should find that everything within the compass of the human imagination had been proclaimed as a truth somewhere at some time. There is nothing so fantastic that no one will believe it.

Beginning at the beginning of things, we discover a variety of curious myths regarding the nature and origin of the earth. There were, and are, those who believe that we live on the back of a huge dragon whose breath is the wind and whose heavings roll the sea. But to millions of Asiatics this idea is patheti-

cally ridiculous; they know beyond doubt that our planet is supported on an elephant which is in turn supported on a tortoise.

We of the enlightened Western world regard these conceptions as utterly fantastic. Yet for people who outnumber by millions both those who believe in the Book of Genesis and those who believe in Evolution they have the unassailable truth of sacred writ.

Equally strange ideas are found among the natives in more obscure parts of the world, such as the South Sea Islands, where anthropologists like Dr. Malinowski have been able to collect a wealth of astonishing data. Some South Sea tribes, for example, believe that children come into being through the agency of ghosts; the notion of fatherhood has never occurred to them. Among other tribes the credit or the blame falls upon one of the child's uncles.

But we do not have to travel as far as the Trobriand Islands to be surprised at the variety and oddity of human beliefs. The civilised white man is capable of believing anything. Some eighty million Germans, for instance, are convinced of being pure Aryans despite the teaching of every reliable ethnologist that there is "no such animal". Schooled by Dr. Rosenberg and his fellow apostles of modern Teutonic culture, they imagine that they look like Scandinavians, whereas in fact they are not predominantly blonde at all, the fair complexions belonging in the main to those who are really Pomeranians and Wends. But the myth of Aryanism invented by Max Muller and developed by Houston Chamberlain holds their minds as a scientific truth; and they even have a pure Aryan cow which gives pure Aryan milk.

The study of religions, and in particular obscure religions, provides a fascinating revelation of human credulity. G. K. Chesterton has recorded how that unusual clergyman, Conrad Noel, made a hobby of visiting the headquarters of strange sects in England; and very strange indeed many of them proved to be.



Some of these peculiar faiths assert the imminent end of the world. This is not surprising, for if one thinks that the world is terribly wicked, as all these prophets do, it follows that one must expect it to be destroyed more or less dramatically before it has become even worse. In the last century an American named Miller succeeded in convincing thousands of people that the Day of Judgment was scheduled for the near future, and the Millerites duly prepared themselves for a sudden transference to the Better Land. And Miller was only one of such. Despite the assurance of astronomers, Halley's Comet signified for many credulous souls the end of all things, and terrified voyagers jumped overboard from ships at sea. Then Judge Rutherford, who was not a judge at all, persuaded millions that the last war was Armageddon and would be followed immediately by the Judgment Day. The war ended and Gabriel's trumpet was unheard, but this accident failed to disturb the faith of the prophet. He proceeded to erect a sumptuous villa for King David, who was due to arrive on earth any day and would hardly be satisfied with a hotel, and meanwhile he occupied the villa himself.

Today there are millions throughout the world who believe that the present war is the Biblical Armageddon. We cannot as yet say that they are wrong, but we shall be mightily surprised if they are right.

Many people find a deep significance in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Daniel, which contains those mysterious words, "a time, a time, and half a time." Some years ago I was at a public meeting when a woman rose in the audience and asked George Lansbury if he had ever read those words, and more recently I met a woman who had converted them into mathematical terms and discovered the exact date when the war would end. But before we smile at these two earnest ladies let us remember that the great Newton, by comparison with whom we are all half-wits, devoted years to a study of this riddle.

One extremely peculiar faith became known to me through one of its prophets, an odd-looking gentleman with a large beard. He explained to my somewhat sceptical self that all the principal events which would befall mankind were recorded in the Bible in verses of whose numbers, counting from the beginning of Genesis, represented the years when these events would occur: that is, verse

1914 mentioned war, verse 1918 peace, and so on. I immediately put the theory to the test, found that it did not work with the examples I had chosen, and said so. "Ah," replied my prophet, shaking his leonine head, "you have not learned the technique of interpretation. There are many hidden subtleties revealed only to those who have seen the Light."

Perhaps he has at times taken his valiant stand beside the Pillar of Fire Lady, the prophets of the Lost Tribes, and the other ardent gossellers who entertain the sinners and scoffers in Hyde Park on Sunday mornings.

That Hyde Park scene, so familiar to Londoners and to every visitor, fills one with something near to awe at the revelation it provides of the readiness of men and women to accept as burning truth the improbable and the impossible, the unproved and the disproved; but I doubt if any of those zealous missionaries hold to a stranger theory than the one which was stated to me by my landlady when I was billeted in an English coastal town. She assured me in solemn tones that there was really no war; we merely imagined it. "In that case, then," I said, "I am really a civilian and you are defrauding the R.A.F. in charging for my keep, and especially for the imaginary food" (it was indeed very near to being imaginary). Locked tight in her faith, she failed to appreciate this reasoning; and I suspect from her manner that thereafter she regarded me as one of the predestined and unredeemable damned.

If Britain is rich in these eccentrics, North America is even richer. The earliest people to settle on this continent were extremely pious folk in search of freedom to practice their doctrines, and in the course of time their religious energy came to express itself in a great variety of forms. We find many interesting examples on the eastern seaboard of the United States. In Pennsylvania, a State I visited recently, dwell the people known as Dunkards, who dress sombrely in black and, like their Quaker neighbours, will not bear arms; and not far away, in Boston, there is, or was, a sect known as the Come-outers, who (I rather regretfully add) do not appear to be as odd as their name.

We have all heard, too, of the Holy Rollers and the Holy Jumpers, and per-

• Continued on Page 35



# The Ships

• by T. M.

Ships that proud  
From Carthage came  
Vanish in  
The evening's flame;



Skies of amber  
Flame and rose  
With their light  
No sails disclose.

The Sultan's fleets—  
Against no foe,  
King or pope,  
Now may they go;

Don John who met  
Mohammed's flail—  
Low lie hulks  
Were once his sail.

Golden galleons  
South from Spain  
Go but not  
Return again.

Awaiting now  
From later wars  
Shipmates, on  
The ocean-floors

In darkness green,  
Quiet, profound,  
With no light  
And with no sound

To harry them,  
No watch to keep,  
Gratefully  
The dead men sleep

And drifting on  
The ocean flow  
What time shall bring  
They nothing know.



## THOUGHT AT RANDOM

THE Joes are the ground crews of the Bomber Command. Those fellows whose work is never done. Without them Bomber Command could not function, so a victory of the air strength is just as much theirs as that of the aircrew.

A highly placed commentator of the R.A.F. has recently paid this high tribute to the personnel, who by nature of their work are kept on the ground. He says: "They are vital. Before any big do, it is their task to put as many planes into the air as possible and until take-off time the fight is theirs. They work against the clock for hours before the aircrew take over. On a big raid that takes approximately five hours—that time is about the only break that the Joes get around the clock. As soon as the raiders return the skeleton crew check the planes for damage and then the full crew are dug out of bed to get weaving. Then come the ground tests—if the damage is great. Days may be spent on the repairs. Fast work is required, too—the next do may be a full out job as well and all available planes must be serviceable.

"The ground crew men are masters of improvisation. At the last minute they

have to think of all sorts of ways to get an aircraft serviceable. Then they are working not against the clock but against the second hand. That is close work. Their esprit de corps is wonderful. In any big attack each bomber's take-off is charted to the minute, and if it does not take off within two minutes of the schedule, it does not take off at all. Very, very few do not take off. The Joes get them there."

Now, we are not in Bomber Command—we are in Training Command. We, too, have Joes. They are the fellows that always seem to look scruffy. (You also would look scruffy if you spent most of your waking hours twisted around an engine or lying on your back cursing a tail oleo that would not fit.) There is an uphill fight, not against flying fatigue but against the physical and mental strain of "keeping 'em flying". They get them ready and some one goes up and breaks them. That must be very disheartening, especially when they must be got ready again.

Remember, the fellow in overalls is just as interested in your plane as you are and—it's just a thought, but—he knows a hell of a lot more about it than you do.

NOVEMBER, 1943

7



## What a Feat!

It was a bright and sunny day when our reporter sallied forth to interview Sergeant Lapidge. He was received with open arms. A Swiss report quoting a Swedish newspaper attributes this to the fact that he tripped on the doormat; this, however, is categorically denied. When he recovered, our reporter found himself gazing at a foot, of all things. Not that this is an uncommon occurrence in the X-ray room, but it is a little disconcerting, to say the least. Actually, a closer investigation proved him to be wrong, since it was not a foot but only eleven inches.

It was a common or garden foot that one might meet at the ordinary Saturday night dance, except that this one was not covered. As everyone knows, there are feet, and then again there are feet; and of course, there are different ways of dealing with each variety. For example, we have it on excellent authority that a Flight Sergeant Pilot keeps his covered for periods varying from three to four weeks, after which he removes

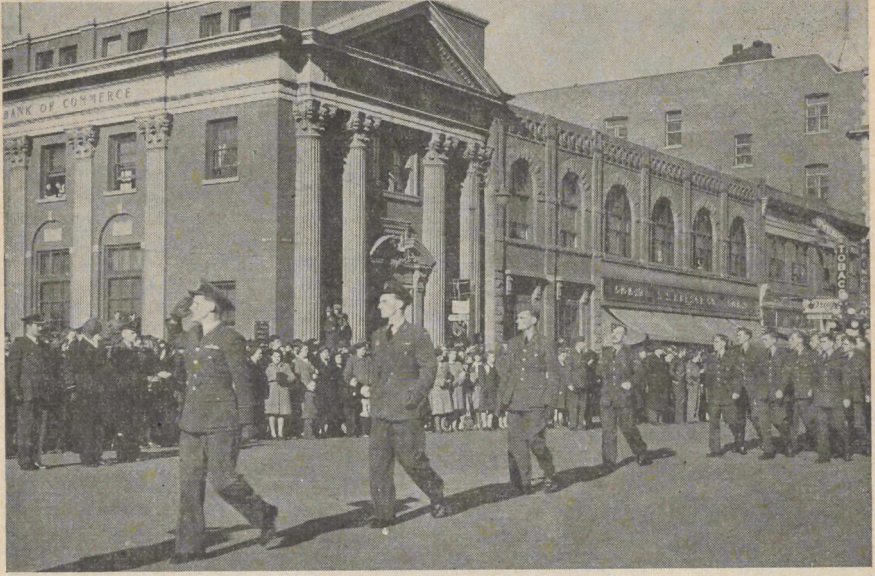
his socks by force with the help of an acetylene blowlamp. He says it cuts down on laundry bills. Must be a Scotsman.

Then there are the situations feet lead people into. The best variety are most unbecoming to one's personality and make one appear so silly when they become muddled up in rudder bars and things. The daintier type, after the Flasher-Etcher standard, are equally disadvantageous, since onlookers are inclined to believe they only operate in permanent holes in the ground. Nevertheless, they get around, and people can do the most amazing things with them. A couple of Corporals—are they twins?—manage extremely well at the local dance rendezvous. They perform twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays. Perhaps a photograph of them would be appropriate.

By now, of course, our reporter knew all about feet, and having duly thanked the Sergeant, went on his way. He felt he had received a most satisfactory interview. He felt it more when he was fired.

—K. I.

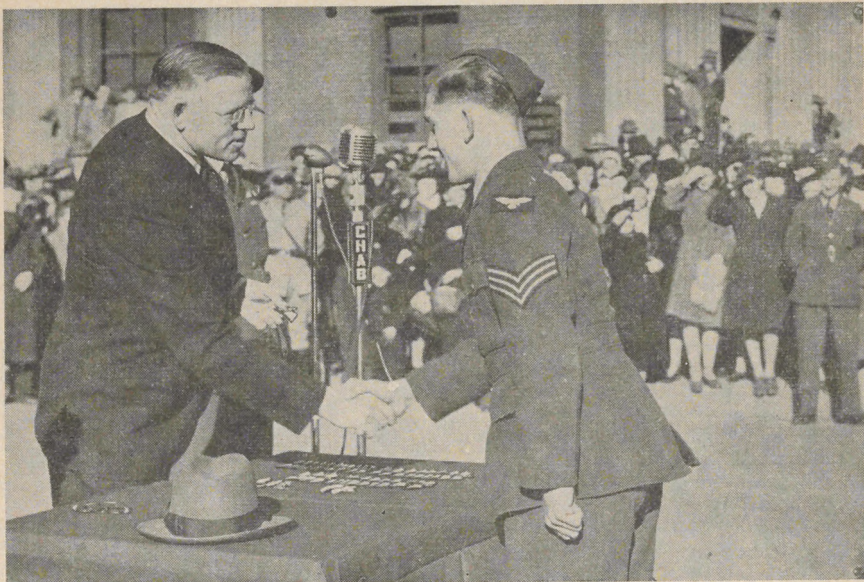
## WINGS PARADE



THE MARCH PAST



Reading left to right: F/Lt. Robertson, Group Captain George, J. Gordon Ross, M.P., Wing Commander Townsend.



J. GORDON ROSS, M.P., PRESENTING WINGS TO GRADUATES

## Wings Parade

Down thro' the bright October sun,  
 Confident, calm, dispassionate they  
 move;  
 Come from the ends of the earth to guard  
 The heritage of the truth they love.

Kin of the men who cleared the English  
 skies  
 Of danger in the days of fate;  
 Ready to face the perils still before,  
 They go to meet the messengers of  
 hate.

Little we said as they marched slowly by;  
 Only we hoped, with feeling dumb,  
 "Back from the battle's wrathful days,  
 To us again on such a day they'll  
 come."  
 —D. G. S.

Moose Jaw Times-Herald,  
 October 29, 1943.

No. 32 has seen 'em come and seen 'em go. There have been many Wings Parades since the school first opened in November, 1941, but never one that caused so much excitement inside or outside the station as that held in Main Street, Moose Jaw, on Friday morning, October 29th, 1943. It was staged on

behalf of the Moose Jaw Fifth Victory Loan Drive and held the honourable place of being the first Wings Parade to be held outside the precinct of the Station bounds.

The pilot wings were presented to the graduating pilots by Mr. J. Gordon Ross, M.P. for Moose Jaw, with a background of music from our own Station band. Mr. Ross, in an opening speech to the course, said that the great crowd had gathered not only to see the presentation but to give a pledge that while the airmen fight it would supply the sinews of war. The pilots thrilled when he said they were made of the right stuff, "the stuff that won the Battle of Britain."

Many let their minds wander ahead when he asked them to come back to Canada after the war. He reminded them that it was a country of great opportunities.

At the end of it all, when the march past was finished and the crowd dispersed, those brand new pilots really felt that they had got somewhere. Their struggles were over; they had worked hard for their wings and a grand crowd had watched them being pinned on their tunics. I tell you after that parade—all those boys felt everything was well worth while.

—F.

## Oh Delilah-lah-lah

Times and fashions do change and if any of our readers are interested in re-incarnation they will probably be pleased to hear about the Delilah of 32. She has somewhat changed since the old days. In fact, she is now a he. And instead of one stripe around the middle she (he, I mean) now wears two stripes on the sleeve.

On this particular morning he arose with an authoritative glint in his eye, his moustache bristled with eager anticipation, and the vigour with which he added to the already mirror-like quality of his buttons boded ill for someone. One final glance at his appearance in his boots and out he sallied.

Although it did not appear on the synoptic chart, the meteorological section were wondering about a general depression centred in the vicinity of the watch tower at 32. In the midst of their ponderings the storm burst open the door and a cumulonimbian countenance framed in the opening glowered upon the scene ominously. The clerk of the weather, a man of no small proportions—a literary Samson, in fact, shrank visibly, but he was unable to escape the vicious fork of finger and thumb which descended upon his right ear.

The depression, by now weakened into an occlusion, shifted slightly. The next place to be visited was the Station barber's shop. At such an early hour business being slack, the door was open and the barber's surprise at what the wind had blown in was no less than amazing. The thundrous visage clapped out in clarion tones:

"One airman. One 'aircut, military. Charge to P.S.I." and, with an additional roll:

"It's an order."

The storm had by now blown itself out, but what a trail of destruction it left in its wake. Gone were the happy smiles, gone were thoughts of work and—what tragedy—gone were the locks of the imperious Samson. The pen, it would appear, had for once become subservient to the scissors.

Why cannot doctors give us an antidote to the East Wind?

—H. G. WELLS.

## Fifth Victory Loan Drive Goes Over the Top!

Maybe you have not realised it (don't get annoyed—we are merely being sarcastic), but from October 18 to November 6th we had a Victory Loan Drive on the camp. Also, and we blush with due modesty when we say it, it went over the top. Our quota was \$20,000, and the Commanding Officer, with undue optimism as it seemed at the time, said we should aim at \$30,000. And we did it! To the tune of \$34,000. It may seem incredible to you AC.2 Group "S" chaps, but that's what we collected on the camp.

The campaign was conducted by F/O. Daniels ably assisted by S./Ldr. Thompson on the "technical" side. The number of ways these two thought of how to extract money from unwary airmen and their equally unsuspecting friends was amazing. Pep-talks, sweepstakes, dances, concerts, in fact, F/O. Daniels showed himself to be a past master of money-making schemes. At times, enthusiasm almost got the better of some of us. We cannot do better than quote the example of our Managing Editor, who took somebody else's girl friend round the dance floor selling sweepstake tickets at a kiss, per person, per ticket. The number of tickets he sold remains a military secret. We mention this only because the young lady's boy friend has been enquiring ever since.

But the strangest part is the unexpected sequel. We don't know through what error of S/Ldr. Thompson's figures, through what lack of mathematical training on the part of his staff the thing turned out as it did. The solid fact is that there were the forms and the vouchers, all signed and regular, totalling \$34,000. There was no doubt about it. The cynics may protest as they like. The straight, plain fact is that here, as elsewhere, we helped "Speed the Victory" to such an extent that there should be no doubts in the minds of our enemies as to the outcome of the present struggle.

Well done, 32!

## Victory Loan Dance

Entering into the spirit of the local drive for Victory Bonds, the personnel of the camp, accompanied by their guests from the city, enjoyed a gala dance on Thursday, October 21st, at which the camp drive for bonds was launched. F/O. Daniels, the Entertainments Officer, was in charge of arrangements and noble assistance was given by Sgt. Cooper, who efficiently controlled the consumption of refreshments; Sgt. Fraser, who held the gates to the fortress; and other members of the Entertainments Committee, who assisted in the serving of lunch to the dancers.

Maybe Christmas shopping had limited the supply of the necessary where-withall for admission; maybe the bonds had already been bought, but whatever the "maybe," there were not so many present as had been hoped. Those who did attend, however, thoroughly enjoyed the evening's recreation. The Dance Band, under the able leadership of Cpl. Eddie Moulton, was in rare form, and their rhythmic and melodious rendering of up-to-date numbers was much appreciated.

All profits derived from the sales of tickets and refreshments were returned to the various fellows on the camp in the form of Victory Bonds, the lucky people being those who submitted what were considered the best slogans to promote the sale of bonds. The prize-winners, with their slogans were as follows:

1st Prize (\$10.00)—Won by LAC. H. Mannis (Works and Buildings). Slogan: "Be Smart, Be Thrifty—Invest in a Fifty."

2nd Prize (\$5.00)—Won by LAC. Hall (L Block). Slogan: "Bonds, Not Bond-age."

3rd Prize (\$2.50)—Won by LAC. Honour (Majors Section). Slogan: "Give him the 'Eggs' and feather **your** nest."

Special 4th Consolation Prize (\$1.00)—Won by LAC. Jenkinson. Slogan: "A Bond in deed is a friend when in need."

The Commanding Officer was present for part of the evening, and another welcome visitor was S/Ldr. Rev. D. Foster, who was at one time the resident chaplain at the unit.

—N. H.

## The Boosters Entertain

The first edition of the Boosters' concert party was presented to enthusiastic audiences in the Station cinema on the evenings of Wednesday, October 13th, and Thursday, October 14th, at 8 o'clock.

The show got away to a good start with the Station Dance Orchestra, ably conducted by Cpl. Eddie Moulton, playing the rousing number "Anchors Aweigh". J. C. W. Daniels did an excellent job as the show's compere, turning up at any odd moment with clever yarns and wisecracks. The Harmony Rangers, which included Cpls. Spry and Cattle, LAC. Wiltshire, AC's Shield, Llewellyn, Wright and Davidson, scored heavily with their selections of Western songs.

No show produced on this station would be complete without Owen and Kathleen Cooper, and once again their bright and breezy style was evident in this show. The monologue "The Golden Sovereign", written by Marriot Edgar and recited by AC. Day, was greatly enjoyed. Shirley Steel, Marguerite Horley, Laura Sadler, Jean Johnstone, Mary Lou Bell and Maxine Sutherland, dancers from the Wynjoy Studios and trained by Miss Joyce Gardner, were delightful in their various numbers. Particularly notable was the Scottish dance performed by Laura Sadler with Piper Cpl. Smith. W. Newbury, tenor, sang two songs in his usual pleasing manner. Theo Le Strange, A. J. S. Negus, C. B. Thomas, J. C. W. Daniels and Cpl. Jack took care of the comedy side of the show and a very good job they made of it, too. Very popular with the audience was "The Stately Homes of England," written and composed by Noel Coward and sung by A. J. S. Negus, C. B. Thomas and J. C. W. Daniels and Cpl. Jack.

During the intermission, the Orchestra entertained with the very bright number "La Cumarsita." The rich bass voice of LAC. Rosser was heard to great advantage during the second part of the programme. His rendition of "Asleep in the Deep" was undoubtedly one of the hits of the evening. The piano solos of Reg. Coleman were greatly en-

• Continued on following page

## Churchillian Philosophy on Chambers

(From Moose Jaw Times-Herald)

London, October 28.—Prime Minister Churchill, proposing a committee to consider plans for rebuilding the House of Commons, destroyed by a bomb May 10, 1941, delivered today some typical remarks on parliamentary government with the preface, "We shape our buildings and afterwards our buildings shape us."

Addressing the House, he suggested rebuilding on the old foundations with maximum use of its shattered walls, and asked for an oblong, not semi-circular chamber, for "here is a very potent factor in our political life."

*"The semi-circular appeals to political theorists as it enables every group to move around the centre, adopting various shades of pink as the weather changes," he said.*

*"I am a supporter of the party system, having seen many ardent parliaments destroyed by the group system.*

"The party system is much favoured by an oblong chamber. It is easy enough to move through those insensible gradations from left to right but the act of crossing the floor is one which requires serious consideration. Logic is a poor guide compared to custom.

"The logic which created in so many countries semi-circular assemblies which give every member not only a seat but often a desk with a lid to bang has proved fatal to parliamentary government."

The Prime Minister added that "Commons should not be big enough to contain all its members at once without overcrowding" for its hold on the electorate depends "to no small extent upon its episodes, even its scenes and rows which everyone will agree are better conducted at close quarters. . . ."

"One of our war aims is that parliament will be a strong, flexible instrument free of debate. For this purpose a sense of intimacy is indispensable. Harangues from a rostrum would be a bad substitute for our conversational style."

## The Hurricanes' Dinner

To complete a highly successful football season, the Hurricanes decided to celebrate by a "self-congratulatory" dinner at the Grant Hall Hotel. After several attempts at arranging the affair in a convivial manner, it was finally decided that the regulations would not permit a celebration in the style which we would have been able to put over in the Old Country.

However, despite the absence of the cup that cheers, a very enjoyable evening was spent, enlivened by short speeches from Cpl. Jeffrey and LAC. Hansell, who expressed their appreciation of the enthusiasm of both the Hurricane and Havoc teams, the encouragement received from the reserves and supporters, and the general interest which their exploits evoked from both fans and critics. LAC. Hurst replied on behalf of the Havocs, and LAC. Baker had a lot to say as a disinterested member of Hut "H", to the evident amusement of the whole company. The evening concluded with some vocal efforts, for which Cpl. Morgan tickled the ivories, and some photographic works by LAC's. Bilson and Wasson.

P.J.

## THE BOOSTERS ENTERTAIN

• Continued from preceding page

joyed, especially his arrangement of the "Warsaw Concerto". The colourful finale scene, "At the Bar," gave Kathleen Cooper, as a flower-seller, a grand opportunity to sing Noel Coward's beautiful song, "London Pride". Owen Cooper and C. B. Thomas, as the two drunks, were extremely funny and kept the audience in fits of laughter with their antics. To provide the right finish to the show, the whole company joined in singing the riotous song "Knees Up, Mother Brown".

To F/O. Daniels, who produced the show, and to all others who helped to make it the success it was, we say, "Congratulations". It is sincerely hoped that we may have the pleasure of seeing the Boosters' second edition in the very near future.

M.E.C.

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## Choral Capers

To celebrate their first anniversary, the Station Male Voice Choir were featured in a special show under the title of "Choral Capers", which was presented in the Station Cinema on the evening of Thursday, October 28th, at 8.15 o'clock. The whole show was written and produced by LAC. Norman Hurst, who also did a grand job as the show's Comper.

To open the show, the choir, under the capable conductorship of LAC. Eric Holden, sang three songs, namely, "Marching Along Together", "Who Sails With Drake" and "Away to Rio". The choir gave many other selections during the evening, ranging from "Shenandoah" to the very popular "You'll Never Know", featuring G. Wright. All the selections were most enthusiastically received by the audience. The Dance Band—Eddie Moulton, drums, AC. R. Lockhart, piano, AC. R. Wiltshire, clarinet and saxophone, and AC. Llewellyn bass — was featured in "Rhythmic Moods". This smart and hardworking musical combination is fast becoming

one of the most popular features with Station entertainments.

Some really fine singing was heard from LAC. J. Snuggs, bass, who sang two songs, "On the Road to Mandalay", and "My Hero" (from "The Chocolate Soldier"). LAC. G. Wright, Cpl. W. Cattle and LAC. J. Snuggs presented a musical pot pourri. The impersonations by G. Wright were particularly good. Appearing as special guest artists in this show were the Sunshine Trio, of radio fame. The Trio sang a couple of numbers in their own charming manner.

F/O. J. C. W. Daniels took over his duties as Comper for the weekly broadcast presentation of "Radio Revels", which also featured the Dance Band and Choir. The comedy skits were in the capable hands of LAC. B. Bratton and LAC. E. Carroll. Besides acting as accompanist to the choir and various solo artists, LAC. W. Poole gave a beautiful rendition of Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 by Liszt. The piano solos of AC. R. Lockhart were also most enjoyable. A very popular feature with the audience was

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### SERGEANTS' MESS VICTORY LOAN DANCE



Here is the Messing Committee who were responsible for the success of the Sergeants' Mess Victory Loan Dance. Left to right: W/O Fraser (C.M.C.), F/Sgt. Mitchell, F/Sgt. Lincoln, Sgt. Schofield, F/Sgt. Cullen (Mess Treasurer) and W/O. Woods (S.W.O.).

## We Boobed

Yes, we boobed. How it happened no one knew, but there it was in black and white. Hitler invaded Poland. He challenged the supremacy of the R.A.F. He invaded Russia. Just one long series of mistakes, one after the other. Then, if these were not enough, the *Prairie Flyer* added their contribution. We are contrite. We are apologetic. We are prostrated. The staff hung their heads in complete abjection while the producer heaped ashes upon them. Complete gloom overshadowed one and all.

It is incredible that anyone could mistake the son of Richard for the son of Robert, but then misunderstandings are all too rife nowadays. Why, only the other day we heard about the living out member who told his wife that he was going out for a bit, and apparently she got annoyed. Not that that has anything to do with the point at issue, but then we have to fill in this space as best we can. Yes, we still want contributions. (Advt.)

To continue, it appears that in the last issue of our popular magazine the name of the A.M.C. (Aero Modeller in Chief) was misspelt. All of you who are interested—and those of you who are not—do not mention same in the vicinity of the G.I.S.. Make special note, therefore, that the name is F/Lt. A. W. Robertson and not, as formerly stated, F/Lt. Richardson. To that worthy person himself we offer our most humble apologies. Rest assured, it will not happen again—we hope.

## Judge Hardy Turns Tenderfoot

It is learned from authoritative quarters—straight from the horse's mouth, as it were—that Judge Hardy has disposed of his four-legged friends. According to unconfirmed despatches, Hitler has heaved a sigh of relief as his fear that Sgt. Hardy may join the Cossacks has now been removed. Similar relief is felt by the Russians.

The proposal to evacuate the S.W.O. and use his bunk as a stable is now shelved, and the Sergeants' Mess clerk

## Repatriation Dinner

Reminiscences of early days at 32 S.F.T.S. were exchanged at the Repatriation Dinner held on Thursday evening, November 4th, for the ex-Tern Hill personnel still at this station. Following an excellent dinner, described by many of those present as the best meal they had ever had on the camp, S/Ldr. Negus gave a short speech in which he stressed the advantages which they had enjoyed in coming out to Canada as a Unit, instead of being posted here individually. He also thanked those present for extending him the honour of an invitation—characteristically failing to hint that it was he who had organized the party.

Corporal Gibbons, when asked to say a few words, bashfully declined, and suggested that the entertainments begin. Members of the station dance orchestra under the direction of Corporal Eddie Moulton then played a few numbers followed by a song by LAC. Bill Newberry. LAC. Attridge amused the gathering with his impersonations, and Sgt. Owen Cooper kept things lively in the role of compere. Other high spots of the evening were a rendering from Cpl. Gibbons' famous repertoire, recitations by Sgt. Stinton, and popular songs by Sgt. Turner.

A delightful evening ended with "Auld Lang Syne" sung with sincere feeling by friends who had been together for the past three years.

Maisie was in a bar having a beer when a friend from England walked in. "Aye say, Maisie, old deah, are you 'aving one?"

"No, it's just the cut of me coat."

has been instructed to cease further incidents for hay.

Our intrepid equestrian is to devote the winter to the cultivation of more lip-lettuce, and to building a rocking horse, to be painted "flaming" red—hence his appearance twice weekly at the woodwork classes in Moose Jaw.

Anyone wishing to acquire a ten-gallon hat may obtain one at Clothing Store in exchange for a spokeshave and a pot of glue, chippies for the use of.

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The above photograph was taken on the occasion of the visit of Air Chief Commandant B. J. Trefusis-Forbes, D.W.A.A.F., to this Unit. Left to right: Air Chief Commandant B. J. Trefusis-Forbes, D.W.A.A.F., Group-Captain E. J. George, Officer Commanding No. 32 S.F.T.S.; Group Captain E. C. Emmett, M.C., D.F.C., Officer Commanding No. 41 S.F.T.S., Weyburn; Wing Officer Willa Walker, R.C.A.F., W.D., and Group Captain K. Lea-Cox, Officer Commanding No. 38 E.F.T.S., Estevan.

## CHORAL CAPERS

• *Continued from Page 13*

the medley of Negro Spirituals sung by Dennis O'Brian, E. Carroll, J. Snuggs, Cpl. Beach, LAC. Jarvis and A. Tarry. Quite a new and successful innovation to the show was "Share the Smokes". LAC. B. Bratton assisted Norman Hurst with the duties of Master of Ceremonies for this item, during which 300 cigarettes were given away to various members of the audience who supplied the correct answers to the questions asked. For the finale, the choir sang a medley of old favourites, ending up with the audience joining in to sing Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory".

Thanks are due to LAC's. Long, Hawkins and Waudby for the Stage Management; LAC's. Munn and Wyndham for the Lighting Effects, and LAC's. Poole, Bratton and Hurst for sketches, arrangements, etc.

S/Ldr. N. M. Slaughter thanked the whole company on behalf of the Commanding Officer and the audience. He

pointed out that only a few weeks prior to this performance the choir had been so seriously depleted owing to the repatriation of so many of its original members that the complete collapse of the organisation seemed imminent. Instead, thanks to the untiring efforts of Norman Hurst, the choir's secretary, Eric Holden, conductor, and the remaining original members, the choir re-established itself once more and had actually increased in number to the present total of 41 members. This was really a grand piece of work.

In conclusion, may we once again thank Norman Hurst, Eric Holden and all others who helped to make the show such a success.

The little boy was late for school, and as he was running along he closed his eyes and prayed, "Dear God, don't let me be late." Suddenly, he fell into a puddle of mud and, looking upwards, he said, "O.K., I didn't ask you to shove me, did I?"

# And in the Beginning . . .

MY first impression of Canada was very peaceful and spacious as we sailed up the St. Lawrence in bright sunny weather. At Quebec, I was rudely shaken from my reverie by a demand for acquaintance rolls in quintuplicate to cover all Air Force personnel on board—our own draft consisted of some 550 officers and men, and there were other drafts for Kingston and elsewhere.

We eventually docked at Montreal, and having at last a chance to sign an acquaintance roll for an advance of pay on my own behalf, I was very glad to go ashore where a special train was waiting to take us West. The baggage party worked with a will, and, apart from dropping the S.M.O's. (Squadron Leader Peill's) portable gramophone from the top of an overladen trolley to the cobbles beneath, did their work very efficiently.

We awoke next morning to an endless vista of trees and snow. Though boring at the time, this soon gave way to snow only which was, and is, even worse. The train was stopped at various stations en route to give us an opportunity for exercise, our final stop being at Winnipeg, where we received a terrific welcome, although we arrived very bright and early in the morning. We were met by a number of people still in evening dress who insisted on our dancing with them on the station square, and before we left we had many invitations to spend a "48" with them at the first opportunity. Here, too, we had the first real taste of what the weather could be like, for a blizzard was blowing. We eventually arrived in Moose Jaw about seven o'clock in the evening, the temperature being 23 (or was it 26?) below, with a nice fresh breeze. We were all amazed at the lights in Main Street, not realising how great an impression the blackout had made upon us. We were also rather shaken to find that a place called Moose Jaw really was a town and not just a row of wigwams, or tepees, as we soon learned to call them.



• by S/LDR. A. J. S. NEGUS

Members of the "opening-up" party met us with buses, and a large proportion of the population of Moose Jaw was also there with private cars. I myself had a lift from Judge Taylor. On the way out to camp we were all struck with the beauty and power of the Northern Lights, which seemed to be putting on a special show for us. There was a patch in the North East sky as large as the Milky Way, brilliant green in colour. On arrival at the camp, we were dispersed to our various quarters, the officers occupying the Sergeants' Mess quarters, and using what is now the supper room as a Mess. The remainder were crowded in, eighty to a hut, and fed in the airmen's dining hall. At that time, all the buildings had floors of a brilliant yellow hue resplendent with varnish — we soon altered that!

When I arrived at my office next morning, I found that I was the proud possessor of the only telephone on the camp and also of a small boiling ring, such as is now used for tea swindles. This was the only source of heat in Headquarters' building! Some few of us found plenty to do in the ensuing weeks, but most of the remainder were normally out of camp, gradually returning as pay day approached.

About this time many of the knowing ones had their ears frozen, as they did not believe the warnings of the locals concerning the cold. I myself well remember being threatened, "This is cold—(impressive drop of voice) *but wait until it is forty below!*" Actually, I had to wait two years to witness this phenomenon.

The people of Moose Jaw were, from the start, almost embarrassingly hospitable. I remember on Christmas Day several kind people called on the chance of picking up some airmen to entertain, only to find that there were none left to take.

We managed to get most of the sleeping and living quarters of the Station ready by the time the third echelon arrived on January 1st. About this time a reasonable bus service was arranged, though some of us wondered how long the venerable vehicles would last. Our wonder has now turned to amazement.

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## SATIRE

The  
Group Captain  
Thinks . . .

That promotion is slow  
these days.

That home service was  
never like this.

That his quarters are too  
cramped.

That he wishes he was  
back on ops.

That they give commis-  
sions to anyone these days.

That his pay is insuffi-  
cient.

Why should I have a par-  
ade?

I think I need a haircut.

That I must wear my uni-  
forms a little longer.

Good weather for night  
flying.

That his civvies have be-  
come outmoded.

That he wishes he had his  
old boss with him.

That after the war he may  
retire.

That he misses his wife's  
cook.

That when he gets home,  
chocolate pie will be the  
first thing he asks for.

The  
Sergeant  
Thinks . . .

That promotion is slower  
these days.

That the service was never  
like this.

That his bunk is too small.

That he wishes he was  
back on his old unit.

That they give stripes  
away to anyone these  
days.

That his pay is insuffi-  
cient.

Why should I have to go  
on parade?

I need a haircut.

How long have I been  
wearing my uniform?

Tonight, night flying.

That his civvies have be-  
come shabby.

That he wishes he had his  
old boss under him.

That after the war he may  
have to retire.

That he misses his wife's  
cooking.

That when he gets home,  
APPLE pie will be the  
first thing he asks for.

The  
LAC.  
Thinks . . .

One of these days—.

That home was never like  
this.

That his bed is too nar-  
row.

That he wishes he was  
back.

That they are both quite  
right.

That his pay is insuffi-  
cient.

Why?

HAIRCUT, YOU!

Misfit, anyway.

Night flying.

That his civvies may fetch  
a fair price.

That he wishes he had his  
old boss over him.

That after the war he will  
retire.

That he misses his wife.

That when he gets home,  
apple pie will be the SEC-  
OND thing HE asks for!

T.S.M.G.  
NEB.

# “Whither Britain?”



AFTER reading the article, “Whither Canada?” in our last issue, I was tempted to take the question home and ask, “Whither Britain?” I do not wish to appear insular in my outlook, but this is a question which, in these unsettled times, we all stop to ask ourselves because it affects our future careers and our future happiness; and it is also one to which, if we care to take the trouble, we can help provide the answer.

Naturally, before we can come to a logical answer, we must first review the position in Britain immediately prior to the war, and also some of the facts which were instrumental in placing her in that position.

In Britain, freedom of speech and the democratic principle flourish because we have found that democracy is more efficient than despotism. We have fought for freedom—for freedom we have shed the blood of kings—and we believe that the state is the servant of the individual; the reverse of the conception of government in the dictator countries. Also, as most Englishmen prize Britain above party, we have a remarkable capacity for self-government which has persisted for centuries.

We have been aided by the possession of a strong national character. To this, our geographical position has contributed greatly. The accident of living on an island has bred in us certain distinctive characteristics and it may even be said with truth that we have profited by our limitations. Generations of looking out to sea have given us the long view, and the fact that we have been free from intrusion since the time of Queen Elizabeth has allowed us to keep our internal structure intact, to create the greatest Empire in the history of the world, and to concentrate upon building up our overseas trade.

Not least of the factors contributing to our national character is the weather. We, born to a rigorous climate, became a hardy and energetic people; while southerners, with their hot sun, were inclined to take things easy. From birth, we have had a raincoat within easy

reach, and are conditioned to prepare for an emergency—our concept of putting aside for a rainy day is important.

Immediately prior to the outbreak of war, Britain was a wealthy country—have no doubt about that. There was much poverty, but as a nation we were rich. Ours was the only Empire which survived World War I, and despite the difficulties of the years *entre deux guerres* we remained prosperous. In spite of the Cassandras of the middle twenties who said we were “done”, we enjoyed political stability, and even during the period of world depression which created so much havoc in the United States and elsewhere, we avoided industrial catastrophe. It is true that we produced only three-fifths of the food we needed, and about twenty per cent. of the raw materials which we converted into manufactured goods for world markets, but we were rich in the right things—coal, iron and steel. We produced so much wealth that roughly forty per cent. of our trade was in exports, and we were the most highly industrialized state in Europe. We sold the world steel, shoes, cotton goods, locomotives, razor blades, and bridges, as well as providing it with insurance and financial services. Our national income was greater than that of any other European country—roughly £100 per capita as compared with Germany’s £50 and Italy’s £30.

Surely, you will say, with this structure behind us, and with every possibility of its remaining intact, or comparatively so, after the war, we cannot miss. But there are two things we must guard against if we are to build a happier nation and help to create a happier world. They are, first, that we must refrain from an insular outlook, and we must be constantly aware of foreign affairs and how they affect us. We must not consider, as a schoolboy put it, that our island is “a piece of land entirely surrounded by the British Navy”; nor must we allow our insular consciousness to go to the extreme so that, when a few years ago a heavy storm blocked

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# THE INTRUDER

• by K. I.

"That's another Saturday over. Thank heavens I can sleep in tomorrow morning."

She sighed as she climbed the steps leading to her flat.

Why was it that everyone left their shopping until the last minute? Somehow, though, today had been even more trying than usual. Stan's fault, of course; if only he had not been so annoying last night they wouldn't have quarrelled. She shook her head with tired determination, and on reaching her apartment wearily inserted the key in the lock.

As most working girls' apartments go, this was one of the better examples. A little cubby hole over there by the wall masqueraded as a kitchenette, while the living room giving way to the bedroom gave one the impression that the flat was actually larger than it was.

She walked into the bedroom, having thrown her hat, coat and gloves on the chair. She collapsed on the bed and, wriggling lazily, worked one shoe off by rubbing it against the other; then, with soothing satisfaction, she stretched out her feet.

"These shoes are too tight after all."

A few minutes later she rose and, with the air of a martyr, meticulously began her preparations for sleep. Cold cream was studiously applied, and her hair tucked modestly away under a net. The ritual completed, she commenced undressing.

She was half undressed when she had the feeling that someone was watching her. Self-consciously she turned around.

In the aperture between she saw him. How long he had been there it was hard to say. Calmly, almost with an air of indifference, he remained motionless.

"What are you doing here?"

There was no reply. Her question, she felt, was irrelevant.

The steady quizzical gaze from the deep brown eyes was disconcerting to say the least. The situation was ridiculous. Summoning up as much self-control as the circumstances would permit, she said:

"You have no right to be here. Hadn't you better go?"

His eyes fixed firmly on her face journeyed down the slender contours of her figure. Momentarily his glance remained on the floor, then he raised his eyes and looked towards the bed.

"No."

Her ejaculation was forceful.

"I ———", her voice petered out as with slow deliberation he crossed the room to stretch himself out on the bed.

"You've got a nerve."

But her resistance was weakening, and she followed him over. She leaned over the bed, her arms open.

"You darling, I never could resist you," she said, fondling her pet dog.

## How Did It Get *that* Name?

### OGEMA—

This was the name of an Indian chief.

### DAHINDA—

Indian for Bullfrog.

### NOKOMIS—

Hiawatha's nurse.

### ANEROID—

A barometer was left behind at this point by the survey party.

### BUFFALO GAP—

There is a gap in the hills here where the buffalo roamed onto the prairie.

### SCOUT LAKE—

After the Custer Massacre, the In-

dians of Sitting Bull fled into Canada, and scouts were located here to keep watch on them.

### NIPAWIN—

Indian to sit down and rest. There is a portage at this point.

### SASKATOON—

Named after the Saskatoon berries that grew there, Saskatoon being the Indian name for them.

### HOCHELAGA—

The Indian town where Montreal now stands was named Hochelaga.

### BALJENNIE—

Originally Bellejennie, after the two daughters, Belle and Jennie, of an original settler.

# Things We Want to Know . . .

Who is "Mr. Five-by-Five" in Main Stores?

Is it true that he was once called the "Second Front"?

And why has he never lost a game of cribbage?

Did the Nursing Sister enjoy her evening out?

Why are operations so popular these days?

Are you taking your wife with you?

If not, can we?

Who comes from Carberry?

Was the Sergeant's nose bored, pinched, or just gouged out?

Who made a bulldog sick?



Did you buy a Victory Bond?

Why not?

Do shoes put in for repairs ever come back these days?

Or are they always condemned?

Who are the "Brains Trust"?

Who sent a letter to Calgary "Special Delivery" when it should have gone ordinary mail?

When is the Y.M.C.A. Canteen going to open on time?

And when is it going to stop closing before time?

Who wishes he was in Weyburn?

Or does he?

Has the singing cowboy corporal developed a complex?

Posted, chum?

Who is the member of the M.T. Section who spends two hours on his hair each morning?

Was it really a new germ, or merely the reflection of the budding bacteriologist?

Have they got a Model "T" Ford in "H" hut?

Or does he laugh like that all the time?

Why does the Wet Canteen have to close so early?

Did the barrels really spring a leak?

Which Flight Sergeant's middle name is "Organise"?

Should we have Napoleon as our Station mascot?

Who is "Big Chief Sweating Third Tape" in the Accounts Section?

Who writes the "Funnies" for Flying Wing Detail?

Which store-basher, when "spurred" on, sees red?

Why does the Editor go to Regina so often?

Are the Barber and our Literary Editor good friends these days?

Who is the Welshman who dropped out of the Choir because of the coal dust in his throat?

What makes Sammy run?

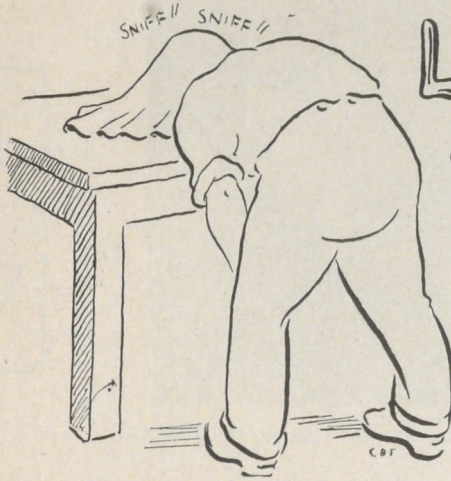
## AND IN THE BEGINNING . . .

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I think the most tiresome feature of those early months was the recurrence of chinooks and the resultant gumbo. There were no roads on the camp at the time, and it was impossible to cross from H.Q. to the C.G.I. block without losing one's overshoes in the mud. This mud spoiled the pristine beauty of our floors. On several occasions the bus service had to be suspended as the road from camp was axle deep in gumbo, and one night several hundred airmen were "mar-

ooned" in town all night.

I have jotted down these memories at random, and I hope I have been able to convey some of the early drawbacks and pleasant surprises we experienced on first arriving at 32 S.F.T.S. We have now conquered the gumbo and overcome many of those early difficulties, but there is still much to be done by way of improvements on the camp. I have no doubt that the present personnel on the unit will go from strength to strength, and retain the high standard which its original members worked so hard to maintain.



# LIFE IN THE SICKERY.

THE past month has been spent in frenzied agitation, during which we have put up storm windows, taken down storm windows and cleaned them after dire threats from Horatius (who is still holding the bridge).

We write this month's literary effusion with the macabre feeling of Fate at our heels. We have competition, the source of which remains a secret—*stat magni nominis umbra*. However, its author's views seem undecided; being, at the moment, balanced precariously between sartorial opinions and the formation of a world-wide organization to Wash Behind the Ears.

Once more we welcome new faces to the Sickery. Nursing Sisters Finlayson and Wilson have taken the places of Sisters Dickson and Baxter. Also, we take

this opportunity to welcome F/Lt. Hill, who has replaced F/Lt. Pace.

For a fine example of a "Rogues' Gallery", please turn to centre pages. The strange thing that strikes us is that we all look so remarkably busy. But then, of course, we were rehearsing for weeks. And talking of rehearsals, the Sickery is open from 10.00 to 12.00 hours daily for free shows. Starring "The Singing Cowboy".

WANTED—Pair of second-hand six-guns in good condition. Apply: Cpl. Spry.

There has been much speculation recently as to whether George swore the other day or not. Of course, we all said such a thing was absurd, and such ugly rumours should be suppressed. But we can't help thinking that where there's smoke, there's flame. George's halo up to now has remained unblemished; we reverently hope it continues to remain so.

Yours . . . three times a day . . .

O.H.

## "WHITHER BRITAIN?"

• Continued from Page 18

Channel traffic, our newspaper headlines read, "Continent Isolated". Secondly, we must never again allow ourselves to become so preoccupied with our personal affairs that we lose interest in domestic politics. Our government, being democratic, is extremely sensitive to public opinion, and we must use that weapon.

We have learned from the war that we, as individuals, are important. We have been told—and quite rightly so—that we are the vital factors in winning the war. When conflict came, we, the ordinary folk, found ourselves important because we were fighting to preserve that which we had. It has now become apparent that we can be fighting for

something better than we have had. We have become alert to the fact that there is much to be done—let us, therefore, finish the job in hand, and return with a determination to become vital factors in post-war reconstruction. T.S.M.G.

## Why Fire Engines Are Always Red

Fire engines have four wheels and eight men. Four and eight are twelve. Twelve inches make a foot. A foot is a ruler. Queen Elizabeth was a ruler. The Queen Elizabeth is the largest ship on the seas. Seas have fish in them. Fish have fins. The Finns fought the Russians. The Russians are red. Fire engines are always rushin'. That's why fire engines are red.



S.M.O., S/LDR. J. C. M. BROWNE



At microscope, LAC. O. HILDEBRAND



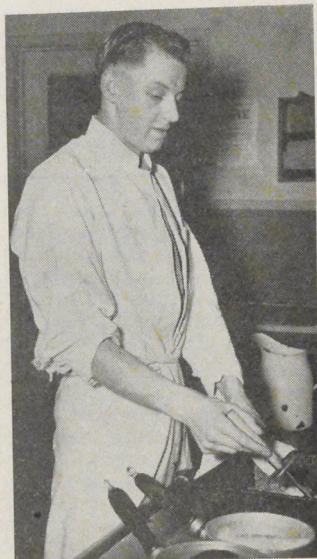
SGT. W. A. DEAN, i/c Orderly Room,  
and AC. G. CULL



AC. W. J. BENNETT, Ambulance  
Driver



CPL. R. P. FARLEY



LAC. J. COOK, "cooking"

ERK  
AT  
WOR

S  
C

RKS  
AT  
ORK



MAJOR W. J. McCAULEY, Senior Dental Officer,  
CPL. C. M. DYNES and PATIENT



F/LT. A. R. LEE and F/LT. J. E. HILL  
and PATIENT



SGT. E. G. LANGLAND, C.D.C.,  
Dental Technician

Station  
Sick  
Quarters



N/S. L. WILSON and N/S. M. FINLAYSON preparing drapes

# On the Trail of the ENTUKU

## PART I.

*(The following story is an account of an actual experience in Central Africa which befell the Author whilst on a business trip through the Dark Continent in 1934.)*

THE scene of the story I am about to relate is in Uganda, one of H.M.'s four East African Dependencies. Uganda has a population of some four million natives and about two thousand whites. The remaining three Dependencies are Kenya, Tanganyika and the Island of Zanzibar. In the course of my journeyings as the Overseas' Representative of an old established Sheffield firm in the Old Country, I had already covered the greater part of the three last-named territories by rail, car and air, and had travelled extensively through the Union of South Africa, Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa.

Ever since my arrival on the Dark Continent (by air from London to Nairobi at the end of 1933) I had become quickly fascinated by the country of Rhodes, Stanley and Livingstone. I was vastly intrigued and not a little alarmed by its many unfathomed mysteries, its teeming native life so similar to and yet so different from the many tribes and secret tribal customs, and the ever-present threat of lurking and oft unsuspected dangers.

Word had come to me whilst still far south in Kenya that the Uganda natives were badly infested by the "Entuku" (Swahili word for the "cimex lectularius", which, being interpreted, meaneth the bed-bug.) I also learned that

much disinfectant and insecticide was required for use among the natives.

I arrived at Kampala, the capital of Uganda, one hot and sultry evening, having come by car some 700 miles through the bush from Nairobi. Outside a perimeter of approximately fifty miles from the principal towns, roads are almost non-existent in East Africa. They are just mud tracks and trails and motoring is always a great adventure in these lands,

but is still by far the most economical form of travel to places untouched by the railway.

My first visit—as etiquette and wisdom demanded—was to the Government Provincial Commissioner. This official proved to be an old friend and ex-brother officer of mine, the last time we had met being on the Somme in July, 1916. Having told him of my mission and enterprise, he informed me that I could get in Kampala all the entuku-hunting I needed but I must first pay a formal visit to the King of Boganda (Swahili for Uganda), and enlist his aid and sympathy to guide me to my objective.

Accordingly, Captain T—, as we will call him, promptly got busy with the telephone and next morning at 10 o'clock I found myself once more in the car on the way to visit the Royal Palace, situated on high ground some three miles distant. I carried a letter of introduction to the King's Secretary and also to his Prime Minister.

What my friend, Captain T—, had said over the telephone, I know not, but as I came in sight of the palace and model House of Parliament—both built entirely of wood and surrounded by a spiked wooden stockade—the native sentries, drilled and armed by the British Government, presented arms smartly as I drove through the arched entrance.

I was shown into a quiet room fitted up as an office, complete with blue cloth on the table, correspondence trays and filing cabinets. The heat was now terrific, registering 125 deg. in the shade, but fortunately I was suitably clad in bush-shirt, shorts and stockings and topee. Almost immediately the door opened quietly and an elegant gentleman of coal-black hue entered and greeted me warmly. This was the King's Secretary. He was immaculately clad in grey flannel trousers of impeccable cut and crease, a blue blazer with glittering gold buttons. With a flash of white teeth, he informed me that the "Entuku" were indeed rampant amongst the tribes within the King's domain and asked me if I



## ON THE TRAIL OF THE ENTUKU

• *Continued*

had brought with me any means of dealing effectively with them. On my replying in the affirmative, he said he would make arrangements for me to meet some of the tribal chieftains in the House of Parliament, when I would have the opportunity of addressing them on the subject of Sanitation and Hygiene. He also kindly promised to arrange for me to give a practical demonstration of the powers of my anti-bug insecticide, samples of which I had with me, but always provided the King gave his permission.

The Secretary spoke throughout the interview in faultless English, and told me he had been to Oxford University, where he had taken his B.Sc. I was then introduced to the Prime Minister, who had quietly joined us, and he, too, was a Varsity graduate (Oxford), whilst the King himself, I learned, had been to Cambridge. I was now taken in to see the King, who was a magnificent native, well over six feet in height, black as ebony, but with a dignity and presence I shall never forget. He also was dressed in European style with flannel trousers and blazer.

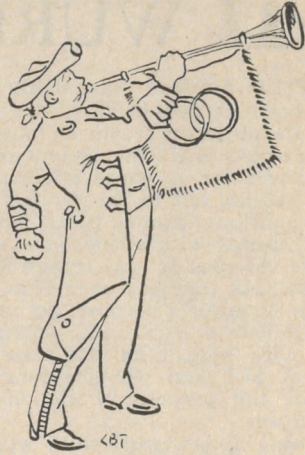
I must admit that I experienced the strangest of sensations whilst conversing in this manner with native royalty, but was careful to treat all with whom I came in contact with the utmost respect.

The King showed a lively interest in all that I had to tell him of the war against disease and dirt which I and my firm in England had been waging constantly in many different parts of the world. It was finally arranged that I should return the following day, when an interpreter would be available to permit me to address the chieftains assembled in the House. The King said he would be there himself with members of his Court, as he was greatly interested in the subject of health. I gave an undertaking to give a practical demonstration in support of my words, but at this juncture I could not possibly foresee the totally unexpected effect on my dusky audience of the demonstration against the "Entuku" I was proposing to carry out on the morrow.

—"SIMBA".

(Part II follows in next month's issue)

WITH A BLARE OF TRUMPETS AS PROMISED. . . .



## Oh! Oh!

The Stevenson clan have a flair:

Mechanics—to make things go.

Stephenson, George, I instance,

Also Stevenson, "Joe".

Stephenson, George, made "The Rocket",  
Truly a marvellous thing.

Stevenson, "Joe", makes an ensign

Run up and down on a string.

This wonderful Stevenson kindred

Fancy themselves with a pen;

Stevenson, Robert Louis,

And Stevenson, "Joe", again.

Stevenson, Robert Louis,

Wrote "Treasure Island", I know,

And rumour has it his namesake

Wrote "Why am I always Joe?"

Inspecting be-webbed defaulters,

Flourishing study room keys,

Prowling the hangars for ashes,

"Any complaints? if you please!"

Silencing canteen revelry,

Collecting the takings from drink.

"Why do you do it?" we ask you,

"Pray, give us the Missing Link."

—ANON.

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**DEFINITION OF Y.M.C.A. TEA: HOT WATER BROWNE**

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# Mi WURD

WINTER drawers on quickly as the W.A.A.F. sed to the Flite sargent and awl interstin creetures have either evacyewated to warmer rejons or taken to grownd for a winter's sleep. The onley objekts left to wevver the wether are hoarses and human beins, exsept for a few insexts with stripes that seam to serve to pester us irrespektiv of climate. As thay say everythin is sent on this earth for a perpose, perhaps wun day sumwun will rite a book and let us know why these things are permitted to exist at awl, and wevver their stripes are for the perpose of camoflargo or protechshun.

Torking abowt protechshun wun wonders if in meny years to cum, the personal at the Sowth Airport Moose Jaw will nead protechshun from Bares that may creap owt of the under growth bi No. 32 Forestree Commishun under the jewrys dickshun of Mister Five-by-Five. That is of course assumin it is still their, and has not bean demolisht by storm, fire or flood, or has becum extinkt threw any climatik fenomenum wich this Prayery may at eny tyme prowdeuce.

The uther day I red in D.R.Os. that I was on the range, so I borrowed a cowbouy owfit and went down to stores to drawer a hoarse. Thay took a very dim vew of this, and sed unkind things abowt mi aspekt and even sujested that I was sufferin from a complaint cawled Prayery Madness. Then I thort how silly it was of me not to reelize wot was ment, so orf I goes to, the cookhowse and saw the sargent cook hoo was very kind and explained just wot I was supposed to do. After I had cleened owt awl the ranges in the cook howse, a bloke cums up to me and sez, "Yew shoold be on the range yew shoold", "Wot the 'ell am I on now" I sez "if I ain't on the range." "No he sez but up on the buts with a gun." I had a good mined to hit him, becawse I new airmen didn't have guns onley for shootin gofers. Anyway I went ware he pointed and the Flite Sargent (very nise fellar) tolled me to fire a gun at a Bullseye "or else", pursonally it seemed rather foolish to me as I cood'nt see no bull in the visinity. Arfter he had cawled me a lot of silly names that yew woodent hear at a Sunday Skool Treat he explained that a lot of sircles rownd a black spot, on a peace of paper was

cawled a bullseye. Then I reelized why it was cawled A Range. Silly ain't it?

A few days ago I herd noises cuming from the jimnasium, (wich yew awl no (sum of yew) is the west side of the dinin hall) sownds similer to thows that emanate from the SARGENTS' MESS wen thay hav a quiet Sunday EVENIN and invite their lady frends. I peeped threw the windows and saw a table that was niseley dekorated with coloured papers, frewts and flowers, by L.A.C. Wyndam, and meny uther things set owt for a good tyme by the usual stalwarts L.A.Cs. Long and Hawkins. It appears a dinner was bein given to thows airmen that are on the boat that caim owt here wen the stashun was in the raw, gofers crept owt of their overshews, and thay had to wend there way threw wavin corn to get at the kites.

I saw a Big Fat (sorry) I shoold say a well proporshund corperal at a microfone entertaining the troops in a manner thay definitely seamed to appreshiate, assisted bi the Stashun Darnce Orkestra, and the regular contributors to Stashun entertainment, and a good tyme was apparently bein had bi awl.

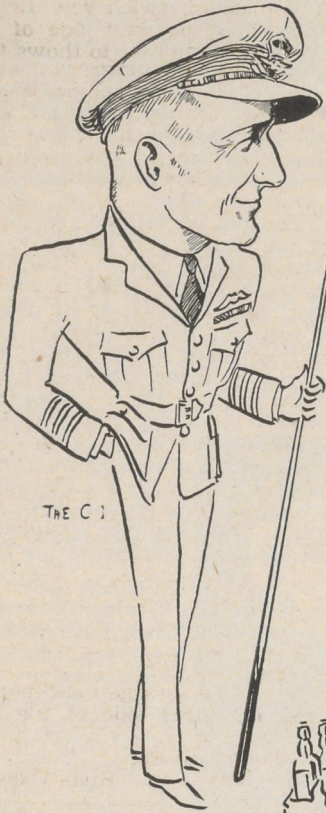
I am now goin to creap into the jimnasium in mi spare tyme, as I sea thay have sum massarge mashines that I wood like to try owt, althow I suppose it will make me feel as thow I have been dragged threw the sosarge mashine that stands just the uther side of the partishun.

But Nevver Mined Eh,

HUGH CARES.

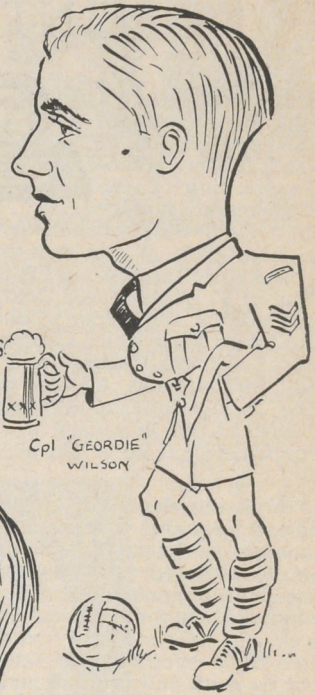


COMING OUT OF A DIVE !

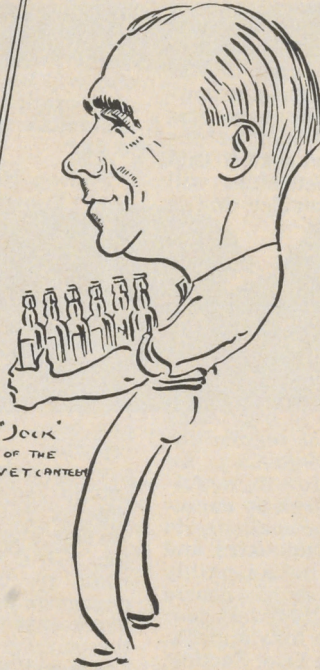


THE C :

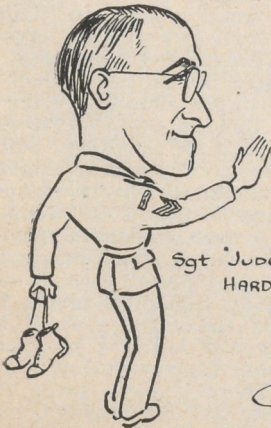
POTTED PERSONALITIES  
No 2.



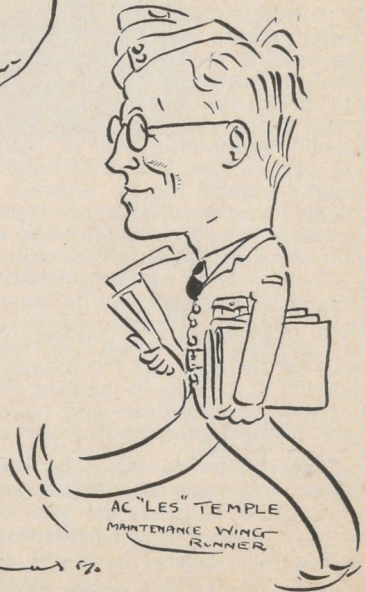
Cpl "GEORDIE"  
WILSON



"Jock"  
OF THE  
WET CATERERS



Sgt "JUDGE"  
HARDY



AC "LES" TEMPLE  
MAINTENANCE WING  
RUNNER

C. Burn Thomas 1943

# ENTERTAINMENTS

**A**N insistent and most exacting Editor has demanded a further summary of "Gen" in the entertainment line on the Unit, hence further copy! As in other editions of the *Flyer*,



the highlights of the month that has elapsed since the last publication will be featured in other pages, and this time will include the Victory Bond Dance, the Station Male Voice Choir's presentation of "Choral Capers" and any other additional starred events which may occur in the interim between the submission of this summary to the sorting department and its actual appearance in print.

**Films**—During the month it was deemed advisable to have the projecting machines completely overhauled, and as this necessitated the complete dismantling of the apparatus, the camp was without films for the best part of one week. It is confidently expected that after their overhaul the machines will give us good and regular service during the coming winter months.

**Dances**—Apart from the periodic gala dances, usually to be held about once per month, the Committee has been endeavouring to devise some scheme by which other dances on a not so elaborate scale might be organised, and it is thought that perhaps individual working sections may be interested in organising their own section dances at regular intervals. Maybe Repair Squadron, for instance, would care to set their colleagues in Servicing Squadron an example in organising ability, the challenge to be taken up later by Headquarters and Training Wing. And why not a monthly Pupils' Dance with the senior course doing the honours during their last four weeks of training? If the idea appeals, contact F/O. Daniels in the Link Section, by 'phone or otherwise, and he will be ready to give any assistance you require.

**Concert Parties, etc.**—The Boosters' concert party made their first appearance just in time to catch the last edition, and have given a repeat performance in the Technical School in Moose Jaw as part of the Victory Loan campaign. Further performances from the party are to be expected when they have com-

pleted their tour of local Service Units. New talent is always in demand, especially as Sgt. Cooper, a valued worker on behalf of camp entertainments for nearly three years, and one whose cockney humour has pleased so many camp audiences; his wife, who also has been a ready partner in her husband's worthy efforts; Cpl. Eddie Moulton, the idol of the boys with his antics on the drums and leader of the Station Dance Band, and . . . well, one never knows who is "on the b——" these days, does one?—are all due to leave us soon; in fact, these words of thanks to them may be too late to find a place in their kitbags, and their places will be hard to fill. S/Ldr. Negus, too, who blossomed forth with a kind of swan song debut with the Boosters, is probably at the moment tying a Gordian knot in the purse strings of the P.S.I.'s coffers and will be missed for his wholehearted co-operation in everything concerning the amusement and welfare of the boys at 32.

**Station Male Voice Choir**—Those who didn't know that the Choir has now been in existence for a whole year, and more so those who didn't even know there was such an organisation, must have been most surprised (dare we hope pleasantly?) if they were present at the Choir's first birthday presentation of "Choral Capers" on Thursday, October 28th. The Choir undoubtedly made a hit, as none but complimentary criticisms has been heard to date. The show is reported in detail elsewhere. Other presentations from this thriving organisation may be expected from time to time, if not actually on camp, then at various places in the vicinity. Visits to the Y.W.C.A. Sunday evening Fireside Hour are to be made monthly, whilst engagements are also booked for appearances at several churches in the city and the surrounding district. On Sunday, October 17th, a most enjoyable evening was spent at Wesley United Church, the Choir leading the normal evening service, with S/Ldr. Slaughter giving the address during the early part of the evening. This was followed by lunch, and an informal concert "below deck" afterwards. There is room for a few more members at the moment, and application should be made in writing to

• *Continued on Page 41*

# BITS AND PIECES

A beautiful young girl dreamed that a sinister but handsome young man appeared at her bedside. Before she could protest, he yanked her from her satin covers and carried her away to a luxurious limousine waiting at the door. Hurling her into the rear seat, he drove swiftly but skilfully into the country, stopping at last in a secluded, moon flooded lane. He turned and stared menacingly at the girl.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked, quiveringly.

"How should I know?" he retorted. "It's your dream."

The following document was unearthed in an old file the other day: Corporal X . . . Married (one child) . . . Prefers twins.

The inhabitants of Heaven were somewhat worried as to the situation in Germany, and not trusting the German communiques it was decided that Methuselah should pay them a visit, he being a man of age and wisdom.

Hardly had he gone before he was back at the Pearly Gates.

"What did you find out down there?" asked St. Peter.

"Nothing," said Meth. "When I got there they were calling my class up, so I came back in a hurry."

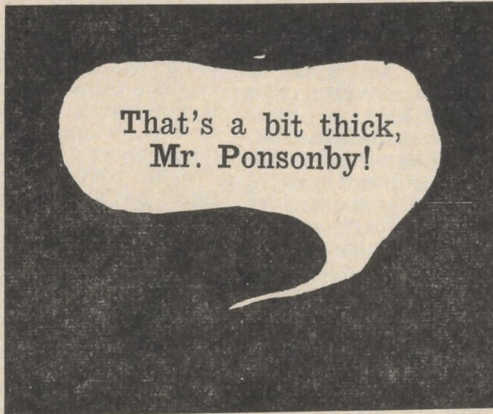
A Bostonian has invented a device for keeping the figure trim.

It is a corset that emits a whistle if the stomach muscles are allowed to sag.

The nursing sister was being ferried from Brandon to Calgary in the Harvard, and they stopped at Moose Jaw for refuelling. The yellow wagon dashed away again. On refuelling at Medicine Hat, again the yellow wagon dashed up, did its job and dashed away. Again at Calgary the yellow wagon was present.

The pilot turned to the sister and observed that it had been quite a fast trip.

"Oh," she said, "it would have been as quick to have taken the yellow truck."



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

A visitor to St. Petersburg in 1914 noticed a dirty bench in the palace grounds with two guards, one at either end. He asked an official why it was guarded and was told that in the days of Peter the

Great, two hundred years before, it had been painted and a guard placed there in case any of the court ladies should soil their dresses.

"But why two guards?" he asked.

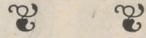
"All guards were doubled in 1907 for fear of revolution," was the reply.

Notice in a war production factory: If your sweater is too big for you, watch out for the machine. If you are too big for the sweater—watch out for the men.

"Sir," said the footman to his master, "Mistress is not expecting you home so soon and, for that matter, neither is a Mr. Jernyngeham, of Kensington."

By D.A.G.B.

## GLEANINGS from the G.I.S.



**D**URING these weeks of the 5th Victory Loan campaign, a number of our Allied pupils are broadcasting over CHAB in a series of lunch-hour interviews, designed to quicken local interest in the Loan by giving to the people of Moose Jaw first-hand accounts of what it meant to the peoples of Europe suddenly to find themselves under Nazi domination.

We were present at the preliminary interviews of the pupils who are taking part, and as, one by one, they told of their experiences since the outbreak of war, we realised more strongly than ever before the fact that we had been apt to accept too casually their presence amongst us in the R.A.F. By which we mean, not that we were unaware that they were from Belgium, Holland and France, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Norway, but rather that we failed to appreciate that they had actually gone through what we, in 1940, so narrowly escaped. Their countries had resisted bravely but despairingly the flood-tide of German military might, which in a matter of days or weeks had overwhelmed them. But their peoples did not go under; and these men are just a few of those many thousands who were determined enough and fortunate enough to escape from Europe at the risk of their lives, in order to win back that freedom and decency scorned and trampled upon by a Germany which for so long had known neither.

We have at the moment one who was an officer in the Belgian Army at the time when the Allies were crumbling onto the beaches of Dunkirk. He was taken prisoner by the Germans and spent some months in prison camps before making what he describes as a surprisingly easy escape, followed by a not so easy journey through occupied Europe and on to England. Then there is an officer who got out of Czechoslovakia before the war officially started because he saw that even the so-called "peaceful occupation" of his country brought with it the same tyrannies and brute-force domination which later were to become so familiar from Poland to France and from Norway to the isles of Greece. He fought with the Czech Air Force in France, falling back as the Germans rolled on towards Paris, and later with the R.A.F. in Britain, surviving a

November day in the North Sea when the majority of his crew perished. And again, from another theatre of war, there is a youth, still in his early twenties, who was ahead of the Japs by a matter of hours in getting away from Java, and who, before reaching England, was twice torpedoed.

These, briefly, are the stories of just three of our Allied pupils, written down as they occur to memory, but almost all of them could tell of similar experiences. We have devoted practically the whole of our space this month to this topic because it seems to us that we need occasionally to take a broader view as to what the end of the war will bring. Apart from an end to the awful toll of human life, we ought to remember that it means also more than an end to the blackout in our cities and the tank-traps which scar the loveliness of the English countryside; more than an end to gas-masks and barrage balloons and, in time, rationing. Above all this, it will mean an end of the Nazis in Paris and Prague, Brussels and Rotterdam and Oslo; so that these fellows whom we meet here for the short period of their training may go back to their homes and their families, and to the task of rebuilding the country which they love best of all.

\* \* \*

Just room now to congratulate AC. McKay, (whose job with us remains secure so long as pupils maintain their fine disregard for any form of tidiness), on his recent marriage. He seems to have settled down rapidly in his new state and goes about his daily tasks in a sort of happy consciousness of being a married man.



# Officers' Mess PAGE

## ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE OTHER END

BY the time this is written and as you will already have seen in other parts of the *Prairie Flyer*, we will have said our farewells to Squadron Leader Negus. We will miss his somewhat august entrances into the Mess and the deep rolling conversational tones that he used. Most of all, we will miss his comments on the menu. Perhaps his most famous remark in this respect was:

"I'll have a modicum of kipper. Curious beast, the kipper."

\* \* \*

The shooting season is nearly over now and perhaps comments on that subject are somewhat out of date, but we liked the story of the type who was aiming at a duck on the ground, and was told that he could not shoot it like that. "I know," he said. "I'm waiting till it stops."

\* \* \*

We know another keen hunter who says he doesn't know much about the game but shoots anything that has no clothes on.

\* \* \*

### *Shakespeare on Mess Matters*

Putting on of storm windows:

Quench the fire;  
the room is too hot.

—Romeo and Juliet.

The shortage of liquor:

I have yet room for six Scotches  
more.

—Antony and Cleopatra.

\* \* \*

And the last is for those whom the cap fits:

Within the temple hall we were too loud.  
This garden here is more convenient.

—Henry VI.

\* \* \*

We notice that P/O F. Ff—h became P/O. F. Fff—h in D.R.O.'s the other day. Congratulations.

\* \* \*

### *Overheard on the Telephone:*

Oh, you want a flying instructor. I'm a beam king now.

### *And Navigation by the same person:*

Fly south for four section lines and follow the C.P.R. into Moose Jaw.

Digitate . . . or even Shakespeare knew the expression.

Here I have a pilot's thumb;

Wrecked as homeward he did come.

—Macbeth.

\* \* \*

For those that find some difficulty in writing letters home, the following tip might be useful. When words come not easily cut a large portion of the paper completely out with a pair of scissors. The person who receives it will blame the censor.

\* \* \*

### *Barn Dancing and Its Pitfalls*

"Having finished the required number of twists and twirls with a rather large hefty girl, I would turn to meet my next partner spread-eagled like an All-American tackle, only to find that I was overpowering some diminutive four-foot-ten slip of a girl. And finishing with her, I would turn and embrace some tall beanstalk of a girl, gathering her up to me just about at the hips, and possibly catching a stinging slap on the face for my error."

—From C/o the Postmaster.

\* \* \*

### *It's the Same in Moose Jaw, Isn't It?*

The civilians round about were never at a loss concerning our plans. "Yes," we told them, "I guess this is the last time I'll ever see this town and maybe this is the last time that I'll see you, honey."

"Shoo," she told us. "You'll be in again. You ain't leaving for a fortnight yet. I know. My old man works for the railway." One young lady gave me this rigmarole three times and accused me the fourth time of being a young man who cried "Wolf".

(She also accused me of being a wolf, but that is another story.)

A very apt description of *Esquire* comes from *Time*. We quote here: "The sort of magazine where the mother says to her daughter, "Go along to the party, dear; be a good girl and have a nice time'. The daughter's reply is, 'Make up your mind'."



## THE *Padres'* PAGE

I borrow my notes for this month from a small leaflet which was sent to me from England; here it is—

It isn't often that a thing is equal to its opposite, but English is a strange language, and rich in contradictions. We call a soldier a private when he is the most public of all people, and we call a school a public school when it is the most exclusive of private ones. Or take the word "cleave". It means to split, cut, and separate. It also means to stick fast, adhere, and not to separate. Isn't it odd?

But we have a still deeper meaning in mind when we say that Indecision is Decision. This is not merely the oddity of language; this is a deep and serious fact of human nature.

Many people respond to the call of opportunity and the cry of duty by saying, "I will attend to it at a more convenient time," but the weeks and months go by and they do nothing. They are always intending and never performing. They think the matter is merely postponed, but it is already decided. Indecision is decision—the wrong way. Doing nothing is doing something—something weak and foolish.

No man ever said "I will be an ignoramus." He just looked at the books he ought to have read and said, "I will read them . . . some other time." No man ever said, "I will drop all my friends." He just looked at their unanswered letters and said, "I will answer those letters . . . some other time." No man ever said, "I will go to the devil and wallow in his filth." He just said, "Church? Preacher? Virtue? . . . Yes! I will attend to them . . . some other time." But books, letters and Church have all been neglected and some day the bill will come in.

Are you a man or a marionette? A person or a puppet? A gymnast or a jelly-fish? Make up your mind. It is the eleventh hour with some who hesitate. Remember what the sundial says, "Traveller, it is later than you think."

SCENE: A Bar Parlour in England.

**I**N the window of the "Gun and Gopher" the other night, on two wonderful seats before a peculiar table, sat AC.2 Peter Trice and LAC. William Eavenly. Peter was saying: "Bill! you know something about these things; I was reading a letter called 'The Social Minimum'. It presumes God to be some person and not just a part or aspect of the Universe. I have read and somewhat understood your reasons for holding there is a God. I mean such as that there must have been one who first started movement, or the order found in the world of living things requires an original planner. But why is he a person?"

Bill pulled out his cigarette case again and offered it to his questioner. They both lit their prizes. "Have you thought of what you mean when you say 'person'?" said Bill. "And have you then tried if the idea of God fitted properly into that picture-frame?"

From their window they saw a number of people moving up and down the road. There was a lady with a shopping basket, and a gentleman in a black suit complete with black gloves and tie. Farther away was a man in old clothes with a dirty black face, carrying a round brush the handle of which was surrounded by rods looking something like the Italian fasces. He was making a cry distantly resembling that of a seagull. Another man was carrying a shiny bag of the shape of a miniature Black-pool tower.

"Isn't it interesting," remarked Peter, "to see these varieties in people and to conjecture on their various characters and interests?"

"Yes," answered Bill. "I do find it interesting to consider the many personalities in the crowd. Which brings us back to your first question. It is men and women only we consider to have personality, to be persons, for animals behave in a too monotonous sameness of manner."

"But," objected Peter, "I think there is plenty of interest in animals and what indicates different species."

"Of course," replied Bill, "but those differences are merely of external inter-

# Corporals' PAGE

PEN PORTRAIT No. 3

## Corporal Maurice Jack

*The Fire Section's Popular Comedian*

**E**IGHT o'clock on an October evening! The Station cinema filled with people, the orchestra ready to play, and Corporal Jack behind the curtains ready to perform!

It's the Boosters' Show. Don't talk to me of Jack Benny, or Bob Hope, or Charlie McCarthy. Take them away. Move them somewhere else. I don't want them.

The Boosters' Show at eight o'clock on an autumn evening! Don't tell me about the Follies and the Vanities. Don't! I wouldn't look at them. I'd shut my eyes! For colour and comedy give me the Boosters' Show every time. Talk of the Windmill and the Palladium! I want to see the Boosters' Show with their band and their costumes and their songs, and Corporal Jack, their comedian.

Eight o'clock in the evening, and the show ready to start at any minute. Notice it!—At any minute. Already the orchestra is tuning up, and any moment now the conductor will step to the front. So keep ready. Don't think of running across to the canteen for an ice cream. Don't be fool enough to run back to the billet for a pillow. You'll be late for sure if you do. Anyone not here now is late for certain, unless he should happen to come down in the next fifteen minutes.

Everyone keyed up to see Corporal Jack, his own favourite comedian. Concert parties back home, Black and White, the Station Broadcast, Sports Day concert, and now—the Boosters!

The audience is made up of two classes—all of the people in Moose Jaw who know Corporal Jack and all of them who do not. Some come for one reason, and some for the other. There are two Canadians sitting over there, side by side. But one of them—the one with the violent tie and the long face like a horse—knows Corporal Jack, and the other—with the other violent tie and the face like another horse—does not. In the same way, that airman knows him, but his winger beside him does not. Lily Smith does, but her sister can't (Lily won't let her). And so on all through the crowd. But by the time the show

is over, they will all know him; and that, says Corporal Jack, is the secret of his success.

How strange life is! To think of all these people so eager and anxious to see the show, some of them running to be there on time, and so fearful they miss it—the night when Corporal Jack is going to perform. But perhaps life is like that all through. For instance, LAC. Jones escaped from being there merely because he was on temporary duty at Assiniboia. AC.1 Brown only escaped owing to the fact that, being on night duty and staying in bed until eight o'clock, he had not intended to go, and so had not gone. He recalled having wakened up about tea-time, and thinking of the show for some unaccountable reason, had felt glad he was not going. The case of AC.2 Snooks was even more inscrutable. He had been to Station broadcast the week before and the picture show the week before that, and had decided not to go to this concert. In fact, he had not the least intention of going. He narrated afterwards how the night before someone had stopped him on the corner of High and Main (he indicated the very spot) and asked, "Are you going to the Boosters' Show?" and he had said, just as simply as he was talking when he narrated it, "No". And ten minutes afterwards at the corner of 1st N.W. and Oxford (he offered to lead a party of verification to the exact place) someone else had stopped him and asked, "Well, are you going to the Boosters' Show tomorrow?". Again he answered, "No", apparently in the same tone as before. He said afterwards that when he heard the rumour that Corporal Jack was going to perform it seemed like the finger of Providence, and he fell on his knees in thankfulness.

• Continued on following page



## Heritage of Beauty

### The Starling Lake

By SEUMAS SULLIVAN

My sorrow that I am not by the little dun  
 By the lake of the starlings at Rosses under the  
 hill,  
 And the larks there, singing over the fields of  
 dew,  
 Or evenings there and the sedges still.  
 For plain I see now the length of yellow sand,  
 And Lissadel far off and its leafy ways,  
 And the holy mountain whose mighty heart  
 Gathers into it all the coloured days.  
 My sorrow that I am not by the little dun  
 By the lake of the starlings at evening when all  
 is still.  
 And still in whispering sedges the herons stand,  
 'Tis there I would nestle at rest till the quivering  
 moon  
 Uprose in the golden quiet over the hill.

#### THE PADRES' PAGE

• *Continued from Page 32*

est, without indicating personality, which animals have not got at all. A man's dress, on the other hand, can indicate personality; what sort of a personality he has. Persons also excel non-personal animals in the way they have added to their sum of knowledge in the last 2,000 years; the latter having added nothing at all. We would be rather surprised to see Napoleon change to the driver's seat and drive the bus to town, let alone inventing the bus. A person is a living being with the powers of planning and reflecting on his plans, so as to produce a well ordered result."

"You wish me," said Peter, "to say that I consider God as such? But we cannot see Him."

"We judge from His works," replied Bill. "He must have these same powers to plan such well co-ordinated happenings in the universe, like the growth of plants. He worked it all out and put it into effect; only an intelligent person could have done it; so God is a personal God. So long, Peter."

God bless you all,

FATHER SUMNER.

#### CORPORALS' PAGE

• *Continued from preceding page*

Corporal Jack himself was amazed at his own success. He told me you could have knocked him down where he stood. But no one had, not even when he was on his knees at the end of his performance and it would have been easier to knock him down or kick him. People do miss a lot of chances.

But I could go on for ever relating the sensation that Corporal Jack's performance caused on the camp, and still not tell you anything about him. Indeed, I think I have indicated sufficiently that his performance caused a good deal of comment on the camp, and it would probably be advisable to leave it at that. I'm sure Corporal Jack won't mind—we'll all hear of him again just as soon as another concert comes off, and this time I should imagine we'll all go. That is, if we aren't on temporary duty, or don't intend to!

T.S.M.G.

Marriage is the feast where the grace is better than the dinner.

—COLTON.

## ARE YOU A FLAT EARTHER?

• *Continued from Page 5*

haps we have met some of them and found them very worthy people whose manner and appearance does not suggest in the slightest that they are given to ecstatic rollings and leapings. Then we have the Mennonites, who apparently resemble the Dunkards; the Mormons who are so sternly virtuous that they have a Demon Tea as well as the Demon Alcohol; and — strangest of all — the Doukhobors, who left Russia and settled in Canada, some of them on the Western prairies. They believe, or used to believe, in living upon hospitality—taking in one another's washing, as it were. The Reverend Conrad Noel, whom I have mentioned, once arrived home to discover a crowd of bearded strangers stuffing themselves from the family larder. He remembered, with regret, having met one of them some time previously in the course of his search for peculiar sects. This gentleman offered to pay for the food but added, as a footnote, that they, the Doukhobors, did not believe in money. Mrs. Noel finally settled the problem by allowing them to discharge some domestic chores such as taking the grand piano up to the roof and the billiard table to the bottom of the garden.

Since then, I understand, the Doukhobors have added to their disbelief in money an embarrassing disbelief in clothes and are apt to appear on any Main Street in a state of unabashed nudity. I sometimes think that theirs must be a very jolly religion, despite those rather alarming beards.

Yet the beliefs adhered to by all these sects are mild compared to many—mild, for instance, compared to those of the Rev. Joseph Prince, who converted a household of pious ladies into a kind of harem and called it the Abode of Love; and very mild compared to those of a Swiss named Schmidt, who declared that he had been instructed by God to cut his brother's head off—and promptly did so in public.

One could add many more examples of curious religious convictions, and as for the secular world—well, it furnishes an inexhaustible fund of fantastic lore. Most of us would say that the world was round, yet the journalist who says so risks the annoyance of readers and advertisers who are quite certain it is flat. These people call themselves Flat Earthers and belong to an association

known as the Flat Earth Society. It has offices in London and, for all I know, elsewhere on this round or flat earth.

You may think they are daft; but are they any dafter than the many millions who believe in astrology against the advice of commonsense and the Astronomer Royal? Three out of every five people in Britain take an interest in star-gazing, and two of those seriously believe in it.

I happen to know that when a certain Fleet Street astrologer fell ill his column was written by a man who knew no more about astrology than a horse does. I also happen to know that when war broke out a certain astrological magazine which was predicting "No War" scrapped the formes at the last moment and rushed a rewritten issue through the presses. And I may as well reveal that whenever the star-merchants are right on a major event (which is very, very seldom), it is because they have used information which has been made available to the Press but not to the public. A good example of this was the meeting between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt on the Atlantic, when the Charter was signed; the plan was known in Fleet Street, and was hinted at by the astrologers, whose columns consequently displayed a remarkable unanimity.

Then consider the minor fallacies common to almost everyone. Here are some relating to history: That Nelson said "Kiss me, Hardy." That Wellington said "Up, Guards and at 'em" (what he really said is unprintable). That the last words of Goethe were "More light!" That Galileo undoubtedly said "But it moves." That Drake played bowls up to the last moment on Plymouth Hoe. That Lincoln's famous speech was made on the battlefield at Gettysburg. That Washington crossed the Delaware carrying an American flag in the bow of his boat. That Columbus was the first man to discover America. That George Stephenson invented the locomotive. That Newton was inspired by an apple.

• *Continued on Page 41*



# Herbert's WAR REVIEW

HERBERT is a barber in a Yorkshire industrial town. His views and opinions on the war situation are much sought after by all publishers, and the Editors feel justifiably proud of their efforts in securing this exclusive article. Actually, it is an interview rather than an article, because the only way this invaluable information may be secured is to call at Herbert's shop and ask for 4d shave instead of the regular 2d one and listen attentively to the pearls of wisdom falling.

Our readers will note the clever manner in which our reporter gradually works the conversation round until Herbert finally draws from the inner-most chamber of his unique store of political and military secrets. In fact, the magazine management consider that the extra 2d spent on our overseas correspondent's shave was this month's best investment.

Reporter: "Good morning, Herbert".

Herbert: "Eh? Wats guid abaat it?"

Reporter: "I really meant it as a greeting. I suppose it isn't particularly good."

Herbert: "Oh? Owt wrang wi' it, lad? Tha caan't 'spect th' Italian Riveera i' Yorkshire, can tha?"

Reporter: "No, of course not. I suppose the war affects even the weather."

Herbert: "Now seethie here, lad, tha doesn't seam t' know reight whaat tha means. Does tha waant t' shave or t' pawl?"

Reporter: "A shave, please, and make it a 4d one."

Herbert: "Waal, th' year is noan s' bad, maybe tha' c'n put t' pawl off a wharl. Sut th' sen i' t' chair and let's get gooin'."

Reporter: "By the way, how do you think the war's going?"

Herbert: "Gooin', lad, gooin'! It isn't gooin'—it's here. It is at evreebody's door 'ole. I wor weighin' oop noobut this mornin' an' things are vary intrestin' lark. Nah tak Russia. Who'd a thowt a cuple a yers back they'd abin knockin' 'all airta 'Itler naa. An' than that Mussy

chap. Who'd a thowt he'd a gotten soa flaid tu run away?"

Reporter: "No, I agree the position has changed."

Herbert: "Tha's reight lad, it 'as changed. This is t' feight for democracy, an' tha can't feight for that if th' belly's empty. Them Jarmans and Ities doan't get their four meals a day an' tha wants it, lad, whan tha's feightin' i' t' cowl an' muck i' Russia."

Reporter: "So you think this is really a fight for democracy?"

Herbert: "Yes, ah reckon it is. Ah've bin studyin' things oot and t' position seams t' be this. We're feightin' 'Itler an' Mussy and that yellow wizzened little tooth face i' Japan, an' seein' they're dictators we've gotten to be t' other side—soah, we're democrats."

Reporter: "And you think democracy will prevail?"

Herbert: "Yus, it will. Wi' doan't start vary weel, but we can feight whan we get up ageen it, an' we shall lick 'em reight enuff."

Reporter: "When do you estimate the war will be over?"

Herbert: "Now, that's askin' summat, lad. Ah wouldn't lark t' say strait off. Yon 'Itler chap is awkward, an' 'e 'as a few chaps aboot 'im tha' caan't trust s'far. Still, tha can reckon it wean't tak as long as tha thinks. At t' same time tha mussn't reckon it'll be over sooin, 'cos it wean't."

Reporter: "Do yo agree with the way we are attacking the economic life of Germany?"

Herbert: "If tha means bombin', lad, tha reight. Maw view is we shud bomm t' b—— (our reporter did not quite catch the word) neet after neet, until they're flaid t' coom owt a their 'airses."

Reporter: "What is the real crux of the situation, in your opinion?"

Herbert: "That's noan sich an eesy 'un, but ah reckon tha've gotten a wrong click i' Jarmany an' that chap 'Itler is t' ringleader. Get 'im an wi' 'ave 'em. That'll be 4d, lad." —W.



# SPORTS Chatter

THE soccer season finished up very successfully, as usual. The Hurricanes came out on top of the inter-hut league, gaining 19 points out of a possible 20, and the runners-up were the Nomads. The inter-hut Cup Tie was also won by the Hurricanes ("H" Hut), who beat the Falcons 2 goals to nil in the final. Congratulations to the Hurricanes.

*Rugby*—Although there is not the same general interest in this game on the camp, we were very pleased with the turn out for the first trial held in September, bringing to light some excellent talent. A match was played against Estevan, and although our XV had not before played together, a very close game resulted in Estevan winning by 19 points to 11. Unfortunately, the match against North Battleford at Saskatoon had to be cancelled owing to the fact that the University ground was engaged on all convenient dates.

*Indoor Football* — This game, which has proved a very popular sport at one or two Stations, has been introduced for the winter season. Newcomers who are interested can see the rules and conditions on all Barrack Hut notice boards.

*Basketball*—Last season was a very good one, and this winter the League is scheduled to start on Monday, November 8th, and we hope that last season's

interest will be at least maintained.

*Ice Hockey and Skating*—This winter the rink has been removed to the east side of the tennis courts, and further arrangements will be made as soon as the weather is suitable.

*Bowling*—Probably, at the moment, this sport is of outstanding interest to a very large percentage of personnel on the camp. Each Tuesday evening the local bowling alley is completely commandeered from 19.00 hours to 21.00 hours. Credit is due to LAC. Laws (Education Section) for his untiring efforts in keeping handicaps and arranging the weekly schedule.

*Boxing*—At last more interest is being shown in the King of Indoor Sports. There is undoubted talent on the camp, and the first inter-station match has been arranged for November 20th. All interested are asked to come along to the Gym any evening between 18.00 hours and 20.00 hours. It does not matter if you are a beginner or an expert, the training will prove beneficial in any case. Who knows?—You are, maybe, a potential Joe Louis. Beginners will be matched in their own classes only and the more experienced boxers will be only too glad to help in coaching.

A word in conclusion. Everybody is invited to hand in suggestions for improving the sports programme, and any information can be obtained from the Station Sports Officer. Here's looking forward to a good winter season! C.B.T.

★ ★

## HURRICANES IN ACTION!



A thrilling moment in the Cup final between the Hurricanes (League Champions and Cup Winners) and the Falcons.

## Arctic Drama

*From James Bell's Journal of Arctic Bay Post, February 1943.*

Early in the morning of the 10th, Amoagoalik walked into the post with his fingers and his face badly frozen, and it appears possible that he will lose the tips of more than one of his fingers. He and his son, Oolayoo, had been hunting and trapping during the past week between Cape Crawford and Cape York, when on Saturday night their igloo was raided by a bear, who paid no attention to the dogs, and drove them out. Undoubtedly, the bear was starving and was intent on getting at the seals which were in the igloo. As they had to leave the igloo in a hurry, they were only lightly clad. Amoagoalik intended to return to the igloo after daylight, but his son prevailed over his better judgment and convinced his father that the right thing to do was to make the journey to the post on foot. This was a serious undertaking, dressed as they were, to walk approximately seventy miles, with

a temperature ranging between 40 and 60 below zero, and on the Sunday a recorded wind at the post of twenty-five miles an hour. In the open, where they were, the wind must have been much stronger.

On the Monday forenoon, Oolayoo began to fail and by mid-afternoon he was unable to go any farther. His father carried him for three hours. They then sought shelter in an old igloo, when it was found that Oolayoo's feet, hands and stomach were badly frozen. The father tried to impart heat to his son's body by keeping his hands and feet next to his own skin, but with no avail, and the boy died early Tuesday morning. The father then buried his son in the snow and continued to the post. If Amoagoalik did not have excellent stamina neither of them would have remained to tell the sorry tale. Amoagoalik's dogs followed him home, but all his other equipment was left behind, so we will have to send out a team to retrieve it.



TO OUR FRIENDS AND OLD CUSTOMERS

## We Bid Farewell

MANY of the older members of the station will be on their way very shortly. For them the boat seems to be in the bay. . . . In wishing you all the very best of luck for the future, we also thank you for your support to the Prairie Flyer. Naturally without a full station support we just cannot continue. If you wish to have the Flyer sent home to you, please contact one of the committee, and, by leaving behind cost to cover the future publications you require (one hundred beautiful girls comprise the staff of our Postal Department, viewed by permit only), we shall be very pleased to raise the necessary forms to put the job in motion.

Then just a word of advice—the folks back home will flood you with questions about this Canada. They have heard it's a grand country. Some of you have been lucky and seen many parts of it. Some have not. Those of you who have spent a tour in the prairies without a visit to the more scenic parts, don't go back and tell the folks that you think it's all flat bald country of no interest. There are many fine beauty places and also some

pretty large industrial towns. People will be wanting to come over here after the war, so, if you are going to be a guide book—be a fair one or not one at all. The best of luck to you.

### TERMS YOU WILL FIND IN SERVICE LETTERS—And Their Meanings

Under consideration—Never heard of it.

Under active consideration—Will have a shot at finding the file.

Has received careful consideration—A period of activity covering a time lag.

Have you any remarks?—Can you give me any idea as to what it is all about?

In the air—Completely ignorant of the whole subject.

You will remember—You have forgotten or you never knew, as I have done or never did.

Concur generally—Have not read the document and do not want to give the impression that I don't know what you are talking about.

Kindly expedite reply—Find the file.

Passed to higher authority—Have lost your application.

For appropriate action—Do you know what to do with this because I don't?

Transmitted to you—You are now carrying the can. I'm tired of it.

## Slips in the Type

*Mostly from The New Yorker*

Elmer A. Johnson, featured soloist and member of the WTG NBS orchestra, learned the Hawaiian guitar from native Hawaiians . . . and, among other things, was born on a boat in the middle of the Baltic Sea, while his parents were vacationing in Sweden.—(Worcester Telegram.)

*Independent little customer, isn't he?*

\* \* \*

Wearing cowboy boots bought in the U.S.A. he piloted a British Spitfire and did his share to make the air uncomfortable for 123456123456 Nazi fliers.—(Cincinnati Post.)

*I guess the war's about over.*

\* \* \*

Mrs. Lyon is the daughter of Mrs. William John Jones and the late Mr. Jones of Martinsville and of the late Congressman John R. Brown and the late Dr. J. M. Smith. She has spent the last two years in New York City.—(Raleigh News.)

*Let's not get off the subject.*

Mr. K— never married. He was a member of the Church of Christ, but in later years, due to his illness, did not take an active part in church affairs. He is survived by two sons, three grandchildren and one grandchild.—(Nashville Tennessean.)

*A man can't be in church all the time.*

\* \* \*

She started off with an ugly old bed, with a wooden head and footboards. Her husband cut the footboards off, and from then on she was on her own. She padded the headboard with an old quilted bed pan, then drew around it to make the pattern for a slip cover.—(Washington Times-Herald.)

*She should never be on her own.  
Wrong type.*

\* \* \*

What is more beautiful for the blonde to wear for formal dances than white tulle? My answer—and I'm sure you'll agree — is nothing — (Worcester Evening Gazette.)

*Maybe we're kind of old-fashioned.*

## Roll on the Boag! *Or Time Marches On!*

If you wish to return to camp at 0325 hours, due to unforeseen entertainment provided by a Down-Town Mom, Cpl. Boag is now in a position to give all needy airmen a wizard line in glass slippers retrieved from the Demons' Cave, also known as the Guardroom. Actually, we understand that Cpl. Boag, a most respectable airman, spent a most respectable evening in the company of respectable people in a respectable home in a respectable quarter of the respectable

city of Moose Jaw. It is most unfortunate that he failed on that particular evening to take his alarm clock along, but these things will happen even to the most respectable of us. We should all take this unfortunate occurrence to heart and heed the motto which now hangs above poor Duncan's bed:

Early to bed,  
Early to rise,  
Is the advice  
Of C.O.'s and C.I.'s.

### Avowals

I will love you, my love,  
Said she,  
Until Gibraltar float  
In the astonished sea.

I will love you, my love,  
Said I,  
Until red roses fall  
From a tree in the sky.

I wonder where and how  
Fares she,  
And if in her own Now  
She ever thinks of me.

—J. H. M.

### LITTLE MORON

The little moron who took off his kneecap to see if there was any beer in the joint.

The little moron who took his clock to bed with him because it was fast.

The little moron who was dying and had his bed moved into the living room.

The little moron who bought a ladder without any steps to look through cellar windows.

The little moron who saved old electric light bulbs for use in the blackout.

The little moron who took out a lightly clad girl, and the next time he saw her she had a little more on.

# PRAIRIE FLYER *Quiz*

Here is our third Quiz, and it's enough to deflate anyone's ego. Score five points for each answer, and if you realise 150 without any help, don't get down-hearted — that records promotion is bound to come along one of these days. Answers on page 42.

1. What is a *deciduous* tree?
2. Distinguish between a paradox and paragon.
3. In law, what is a legatee?
4. In what city is "The Little Church Around the Corner"?
5. What are the three primary human emotions?
6. What is an alienist?
7. What is meant by the *draft* of a boat?
8. Is lissomeness (a) agility, (b) indifference, (c) coyness?
9. Group in logical pairs: second, minute, hour, day, with: dream, men, rate, glass.
10. What are the three masts of a ship called?
11. What is a germicide?
12. Which Robinson is used in reference to speed?
13. What is popularly called The Dark Continent?
14. What is the biggest bronze statue in the world?
15. What is *chiaroscuro*?
16. When did the Wrights make their first flight?
17. Is it necessary for a gentleman, invariably, to walk on the curb side of a street when with a woman?
18. What is the largest expanse of water in the world?
19. What is the general distinction between manslaughter and murder?
20. What queen did Kipling call "The Widow of Windsor"?
21. What is a *flautist*?
22. Who were the twins who were nursed by a wolf?
23. What is the common name for the *clavicle*?
24. Who was the first King of Israel?
25. In boxing, which is heavier, a bantamweight or a featherweight?
26. What are actors who go from town to town in the summer, using any available buildings as a theatre, called?
27. To what royal family did Prince Albert, Victoria's husband, belong?
28. What countries took part in the Crimean War?
29. Venison is the meat of what animal?
30. To what does "blood and sand" refer?
31. Where in the Bible are found the words: "Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over"?
32. Will whiskey age in a glass container?
33. What product uses the slogan, "The Flavour Lasts"?
34. What is a male seal called?
35. What is the religious faith of ex-King Zog of Albania?
36. Was Disraeli a Jew or a Christian?
37. Which is farther south, Tunis, Africa; or New Orleans, Louisiana?
38. Does nicotine yellow the teeth of smokers?
39. What is the largest desert in the world?
40. When you fire, where does the bullet leave the rifle?

---

A German soldier was returned from the Russian front with a slight wound, and went to hospital for treatment. He found two doors, marked Officers and Privates. He entered the door marked Privates and found two more doors marked Seriously Wounded and Slightly Wounded. He entered the door marked Slightly Wounded and then found two

doors marked Party Members and Non-Party Members. He went through the door marked Non-Party Members and found himself in the street.

When he returned home his wife asked him what the hospital had done for him. He replied, "Nothing, but the organization is wonderful."

## ENTERTAINMENTS

• *Continued from Page 28*

the Secretary, LAC. N. Hurst (Hut "G" or Training Wing). Attention is called to the fact that, as the Choir is now almost at maximum strength of about 50 members, discrimination in favour of applicants who have had some experience of choral or other musical work may be expected. Recent additions to the Choir's repertoire include "The Lost Chord", "Drake's Drum", "My Hero", "Sanctuary of the Heart", "When Day Is Done", "Night and Day", and "Dear Land of Home". Special season numbers will be added in time for the Christmas celebrations.

*Whist Drives, etc.*—As permission has now been granted for the Reading and Writing Room to be utilised as last year for the holding of Whist Drives, it is expected that by the time this appears in print these events which were so popular last winter will again be in full swing. LAC. F. Sensier is the Gen man in this sphere and he would welcome a few assistants, especially from among those who were regular attendants last year. The Solo drive should also be beyond the blueprint stage soon.

*Gramophone Recitals* — Wonder of wonders! An appeal in these columns has brought forth some response; Cpl. Rickman (you've probably heard of him over CHAB with his weekly feature, "London Music Hall") has gallantly

promised to fill the gap caused by the departure of LAC. Gerry Haughey, and take on the weekly Gramophone Club session of records in lighter vein. His first presentation will have been made by now. Let him know what you want and I am sure he will do his best to get the number for you. Mr. A. J. Wickens still honours us with his presence, and his recitals are as enjoyable as ever. We didn't realise until we read his article in last month's edition that his fame was so widespread or that we were the first Unit to be favoured with his attentions.

*General*—Under present conditions, with the continual spate of postings, it is not to be expected that personnel can be spared from their normal service duties to work on projects which are of a less urgent nature. Thus it is that a scheme for the extension and general improvement of the stage in the cinema, and another for improving the presentation of the films are being held up. The obvious solution would appear to be a little voluntary labour by fellows with the necessary skill and enthusiasm after hours. Amateur carpenters are especially invited to offer their services in order that the facilities for entertaining ourselves on the camp may be improved. Already we have a "Little Theatre" which will bear comparison with any on the R.A.F. Stations in Canada and we want to keep that enviable position. Anyone interested is invited to contact F/O. Daniels.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

## ARE YOU A FLAT EARTHER?

• *Continued from Page 35*

And here are some relating to every day life: That if a cat sits with its back to the fire there will be a fall of snow. That you can't have measles more than once. That the mothers of freak children were frightened by some animal, and that birthmarks mean that the mother desired strawberries or whatever the mark may resemble. That blondes are more likely to have twins than brunettes. That carrying a raw potato will cure or prevent rheumatism. That having wet feet always leads to a cold. That fish is brain food. That lightning never strikes twice in the same place. That if a child eats snow he will develop diphtheria. That to eat cucumbers and drink milk at the same meal is sure death.

I have set down these popular beliefs at random, as they have occurred to me,

and I could add many more, including some of larger significance. They are all untrue; yet I wager that most of them have been tacitly accepted as truths by almost everyone who reads these lines. So before we laugh at the Flat Earthers, or the old man with a beard, or the lady who thinks war is imaginary, we had better examine our own convictions and see how much lumber we can cast out of our minds.

## Obviously Not Trained Here

Pittsburgh, Kas., Oct. 30.—Lieut. Ian P. McGreal, soaring around over the Kansas plains, suddenly realised he was lost. He recalled flying instructors had told him to swoop low over the water tower and read the name of the town, if he got lost. He spotted a tower and had to drop to 50 feet before he could read the sign. It said: "Go to church on Sunday."

## "OUT OF the MESS"

QUOTATION FOR THE MONTH:

*He that can enjoy the intimacy of the Great, and on no occasion disgust them by familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a Gentleman by Nature, as his companions by Rank.*

—COULTON.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the dance held in the Sergeants' Mess on the 29th of October was the best we have had for a long time. The decorations and lighting had the desired effect of making the guests feel comfortably at home as soon as they entered the Mess. During the evening we were honoured by a surprise visit by Air Chief Commandant Trefusis Forbes, O.B.E., accompanied by two members of her personal staff, and the Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. J. George.

The Station Dance Orchestra provided that happy rhythm that compelled all those present to get on their feet and whirl away their cares.

An added attraction was a draw for Victory Bonds, tickets being sold by members of the Mess Committee, of which, I think, it would be true to say the Station Warrant Officer was the greatest culprit. As was only to be expected, the first name out of "The Bag"

was Flight Sergeant Bunker, followed by Flight Sergeant Mitchell of Maintenance Wing.

No social function in the Mess can pass without mention of the cooks and waiters, who again excelled themselves in the provision of a smart buffet with ample of everything for everyone.

The shooting contests still seem to be confined to the line, but high hopes are still to be held for the future. Dart champions are to be observed in the making, and table tennis would be in full swing if we could only be fortunate enough to obtain a supply of the elusive celluloids.

It is to be hoped that when the new fireplace is installed all signs of activity in regard to indoor functions will not cease, and that the only energy displayed will be to get one's feet up in true English fashion, and to pollute the atmosphere with horrible cheap cigar smoke, as in manner of the idle rich.

I have heard there are one or two bodies in the mess that try to imagine they are suffering from an invented injustice, and are much too busy to attend a mess meeting. Perhaps we'll get to know Who they are, What they are, and Why?

But, Let You Know Later,

HAM.



### ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. One that sheds its leaves in winter.
2. A paradox is a seemingly contradictory statement; a paragon is a model of excellence.
3. One to whom a legacy is bequeathed.
4. New York.
5. Fear, anger, and love.
6. One who specialises in diseases of the mind.
7. The depth to which it settles into water.
8. Agility.
9. Second rate, minute man, hour glass, day dream.
10. Fore, main and mizzen.
11. A substance used to prevent or hinder the growth of bacteria.
12. Jack Robinson (of course!)
13. Africa.
14. The Statue of Liberty.
15. The distribution of lights and shades in a picture.
16. In 1903.
17. No, he may walk on her left.
18. The Pacific Ocean.
19. Manslaughter is presumed to be killing without malice; murder implies criminal intent.
20. Queen Victoria.
21. A flute player.
22. Romulus and Remus.
23. The collar bone.
24. Saul.
25. A featherweight. A featherweight weighs not more than 126 lbs.—a bantamweight not more than 118 lbs.
26. Barnstormers.
27. Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.
28. Turkey, France, Great Britain and Sardinia versus Russia.
29. Deer.
30. Bull fighting.
31. In the 23rd Psalm.
32. No.
33. Wrigley's Chewing Gum.
34. A bull.
35. Mohammedan.
36. He was a Hebrew who received Christian baptism.
37. New Orleans.
38. No, but tar, etc., do.
39. The Sahara.
40. It leaves the rifle in your hands.

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