

Merry Christmas



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Why?

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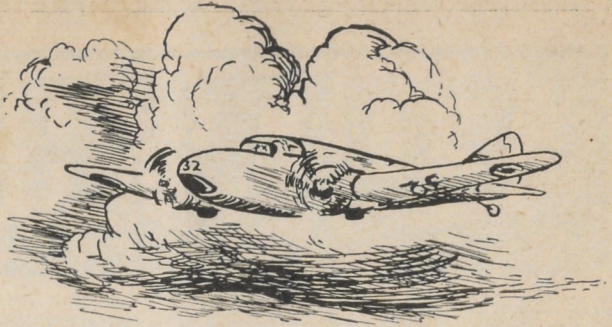
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PRAIRIE FLYER

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

Moose Jaw - Sask.
Canada



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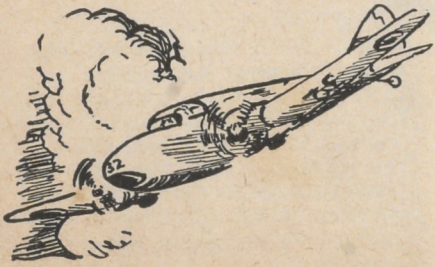
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CHRISTMAS is here once again, and with it comes the spirit of peace and goodwill which we have always associated with this season. Naturally, we are all very sorry that we cannot join the usual family gathering as we did in pre-war years, but the outlook is definitely brighter than it was this time last year, and we can look forward with renewed hope and increasing confidence to the time when we can expect to spend every Christmas at home.

There are many new faces on the camp, so many, in fact, that a friend of mine remarked only the other day that almost everyone he met was a stranger to him. If this is your first Christmas in Canada, do not be dismayed—Canadian hospitality is at its best over this season of the year, and there is little doubt that you will be able to have a pleasant time; almost as pleasant as if you were at home. The kindness shown by the people of Moose Jaw to the personnel of 32 S.F.T.S. has become something of a tra-

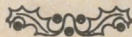
The Committee wishes to thank Margaret Frame, the famous Canadian artist, for designing our special Christmas cover. An appreciation of Miss Frame's work appears on page 53.

dition, and I know that this year will be no exception. During the three years or so that the station has been open, we have found our Canadian friends to be almost embarrassingly kind, and we cannot stress too often how much we appreciate their hospitality.

The Committee has made every endeavour to make this Christmas number a bumper issue, and we hope that you find our efforts enjoyable. We have suffered the loss of no fewer than three of our members this month—LAC. Melican, Cpl. Crampon, and Sgt. Cooper, all of whom we will find difficulty in replacing. They take with them the sincere appreciation and the best wishes of all of us.

A word to our new readers, who must now number among the majority. To you, of course, the *Prairie Flyer* is something new, whereas, in actual fact, it is now well into its third volume. We hope that you will continue to give us the support afforded by our old readers, bearing in mind that your criticisms, suggestions, and especially copy, are always welcome. This is *your* magazine, and you are invited to share in its production.

T.S.M.G.



CHRISTMAS COMMENTARY

Heigho, we've hung the holly up,
As much as we could get,
The girls have gone to dolly up
And now the stage is set,
For Christmas has come round again,
Excitement's in the air,
(Ten shillings in the pound again
Is neither here nor there).

Heigho! We've fixed the mistletoe
At a convenient distance,
Each Miss who'll want a kiss'll toe
The line of least resistance.
Heigho! In fact the Merry-o,
This Christmas fills the bill—
There may not be much Sherry-o,
But there is still Good-will.

—Ralph Wotherspoon.

The DECISION



HE walked over to the table where the decanter lay; he lifted the stopper and poured out more than was necessary. A little doubtfully he grasped the soda syphon and then thrust it away from him, for some reason or other his conscience appeared to be troubling him. In his own mind he was sure that he was right and yet he hesitated; he was torn between the two proverbial fires. It was strange because on other occasions in the past he had gone ahead without any forethought.

The past. What was it the Persian bard had said: Unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday, why fret about them if today be sweet? Yes, the old boy had certainly hit the nail on the head, the present was the only thing that mattered. He swirled the amber liquid in the glass, watching its colour in the light, and then with a dramatic gesture tossed the liquid down his throat. It burnt but was nevertheless warmly comforting, and it gave him that extra courage he thought he needed.

He replaced the glass on the table and turned towards the bedroom. This time he was sure and there would be no going back, after all he had nothing to lose. This was not the first time he reminded himself.

She was lying in much the same position as he had left her and it would have been difficult to say whether or not she had moved. From under long lashes her pale blue eyes gazed at him, widely innocent. Across the Cupid's Bow of her lips a seductive smile taunted him. He crossed over to the bed and leant over her. With a gentility unbecoming to a man, he placed his hands beneath her shoulders and slipped the

straps of her dress and slip away, removing them from her body. She said nothing. His fingers touched the thin material covering her waist. She murmured and closed her eyes. He hesitated and then slipped his hand under the elastic top.

The door in the outer room slammed. He started up with surprise. As he heard footsteps approach the bedroom he rose from the bed, quickly crossing the room to the door; he listened for a moment and then opened it. He stepped through, slamming it shut behind him.

"Hallo dear," greeted his wife.

"Oh, hallo".

"What's the matter with you, John, you look surprised?"

"Er - er, do I? I didn't expect you back quite so soon."

"No, I managed to finish in town sooner than I hoped. Well, let me get out of these things and we can have a quiet evening together."

"No. You can't go in there."

"Don't be silly. Or - - - John you're hiding something from me."

"Darling, I have nothing to hide from you."

"Well, let me pass then"—not waiting for a reply she pushed past him into the bedroom. She took a few steps into the room and then stopped.

"What is the meaning of this?"

"I was afraid you would find out."

"You seriously did not expect to keep something like this a secret?"

"Well, dear, it was supposed to be a surprise. I know how much you like dolls and I bought this one for you. It's Christmas Day tomorrow. Only I knew you would not like the colour of the dress so I was going to change it for you."
—K. I.

THE NAVY TALKS

Some unorthodox signals which have been exchanged in the Mediterranean Fleet have come to light. An Admiral, already a K.B.E., was made K.C.M.G. for his exploits. A friend sent him the following signal: "Fancy, twice a knight at your age. Well done—congratulations!"
—"War in the Sun".

Hitler's fifty-fourth birthday was unobserved by Americans from coast to coast. The general feeling is that there have been far too many of those things already.
—Of All Things.

Overheard in the Padre's Office:

"Did you ever stop to think where I would be if it weren't for evil?"



Christmas Greetings

FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

I wish all ranks a very hearty Christmas and a happy New Year. I have been very much impressed by the efforts made by all personnel during the time I have been in command of the station, and I am sure that we shall all work with continued vigour in the coming year, to ensure that each one of us plays his part in achieving that resounding victory at which we are all so confidently aiming.

GROUP CAPTAIN E. J. GEORGE,
Officer Commanding, No. 32 S.F.T.S.



FROM THE CHIEF INSTRUCTOR

TO ALL personnel of Training Wing I send a message of goodwill for Christmas, 1943, and the hope that 1944 will see most of us in our own homes again.

As we look back upon 1943, I think all ranks can with justice feel that we have run a good course, and can look with confidence to doing even better in 1944. For my own part, I feel that I have been surrounded by a bunch of pretty stout friends to whom I am anxious to send affectionate greetings.

WING COMMANDER D. L. TOWNSEND, A.F.C.,
Chief Instructor.



FROM THE SENIOR ENGINEER OFFICER

MEMORIES of the past year and what it has meant must be many and varied—new friendships, the experiences of visiting a new country, and an appreciation of the unlimited prospects that this country has to offer after the war. Collectively, 1943 has meant the same thing to one and all: the knowledge that by our concerted efforts we have done the part we were asked and expected to do as our necessary contribution to the United Nations' fight for the safety of humanity.

Whilst the better fulfilment of our job necessitates us being far from the active war areas, it is that very remoteness and absence of direct contact with our objective that makes the fulfilment of the job all the more creditable.

What we have done we can do again, and with our greater experience we can do it better still. Let this Christmas then be a time for twofold rejoicing, first in what we have done, and secondly in what we are going to do to ensure that the lights of London really do shine in 1944.

A Merry Christmas and a victorious New Year to you all.

WING COMMANDER A. OVENDEN,
Senior Engineer Officer.





Christmas Greetings

FROM THE SENIOR ACCOUNTANT OFFICER

The Accounts Section takes this opportunity of wishing its extensive clientele at 32 S.F.T.S. sincere seasonable greetings, and of thanking you one and all for the splendid patience displayed at the intermittent prizing open of the Bullion Vault.

If you have extensive credit frozen in Blighty, or perchance, large debts have followed you over from U.K., you have—although you may not believe it—our heartfelt sympathy; and we hope that in the coming year such notifications as arrears of income tax and over-issues of civil pay will be conspicuous by their absence.

Over the holiday period we hope to bring into operation a new system of Pay Accounting which, we expect, will enable us to give you bigger and better service than ever.

S/L. F. S. THOMSON,
Senior Accountant Officer.



TO OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

Heartiest Christmas Greetings are sent by the Staff of the Equipment Section to all at 32.

We are happy to say that the preferential treatment which we have been able to accord to all those who have "been on the scrounge" during 1943 will be continued in the coming year.

S/LDR. A. R. G. WOLFF.
Senior Equipment Officer.



FROM THE STATION ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER

Here's just to say how glad I am
To be at "32",
And wishing Christmas Happiness
To everyone of you!

F/Lt. B. LE B. MUSGRAVE.
Station Admin. Officer.



AND FROM US TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

We are a long way from home, but we think of you always, and more especially over Christmas. Here in Canada we are trying to do our share towards final victory, and we know you are, too. Let us hope that next Christmas will find us among you once again, and that our concerted efforts have met with success.



Little Esme

A Short Story

• by J. H. M.

THE Ransoms lived on the prairie, far away from anywhere. Few people would have chosen to dwell in a spot so remote, but the land was good and the homestead had acquired through the years the friendliness which comes from long usage. They called it, with unconscious affection, "The Old Place". It was home; and if anyone spoke of its remoteness, they would say, smilingly, "It's what one is used to, I guess."

Still, it was lonely there sometimes, and more than once of a winter's night when John was away in the town or searching for stray cattle on the prairie, Mary wished that she had a child to keep her company. What was her joy, then, at an age when hope seemed gone to be delivered of a little girl. God had been good to her, as to Sarah long before, and there was a great thankfulness in her heart.

Little Harriet grew up on the farm, sharing and relieving the loneliness. Her intimates were the cows and horses, calves and colts, cats and kittens, and between them and herself she established a strangely deep, almost queer, understanding. She knew all the fowls by name and would call to them as naturally as she called to Rover, the large black spaniel, who was always at her side.

Sometimes her mother felt perturbed by these peculiar intimacies. She had heard of children who were fey, who had contact with another world; and it was ever in her mind that Harriet's coming suggested the unnatural. Once she spoke of this to John, but he laughed and told her not to hold such foolish thoughts. "The child has nothing else that's alive to play with," he said, and she tried to convince herself that this was the reason.

Mary seldom visited the town. She had grown used to quietness and there was little in the town to attract her, beyond what was to be found in the stores. The rheumatism from which she suffered was, too, not improved by the long journey over the rough dirt roads, and when the attacks became more frequent after the birth of Harriet she stayed away for yet longer periods, leaving John to do the shopping with the help of his sister Kathleen, who lived near the railway station.

So it happened that Harriet passed her early childhood with only a few visits to the town. She was nearly five when she had her first chance of fully apprehending its wonders and of becoming aware of it as a strange and exciting place. But it was not the town which thrilled her then so much as one person who lived in it.

She discovered little Esme. It was a wonderful discovery. Esme was a little girl like herself. She had long fair hair and ribbons, and seven dolls, one of them a gollywog, and she could look over the back gate and watch the great trains come in. It was lovely having Esme to play with, and she wanted to stay there forever.

"But you can't leave the new colt with no-one to look after it," her mother said. "You must come home with us now, and soon you and Esme shall go to the fair together and ride on the roundabouts."

"Daddy can look after the colt," said Harriet. "I want to stay with Esme."

For the first time in her small life she had found a friend to play with, a young human being to replace her dumb associates on the farm; and now she was about to lose her friend again. Tears brimmed in her eyes.

Then her face brightened suddenly with an idea, "I take Esme with me. Please, Mummy. I take Esme home."

"Now, Harriet," her mother pleaded, "you wouldn't like to take Esme away from her mummy, would you? Aunt Kathleen would be lonely without Esme here."

"I wanna come and ride on the horses," piped up Esme. "I wanna go and play with Harriet and ride on the horses."

Finally, the parents separated them as painlessly as possible, whisking Harriet away while Esme was looking in the woodshed for a lost doll which her mother had invented for the occasion.

Harriet cried for a while. She sat in the back of the old car, sobbing and then, quite suddenly, she ceased and was silent. Her mother, turning to look from her seat in front, saw that she had moved some of the packages from beside her and stacked them on the floor. At first she thought the child had wished to recline.

When she looked again a few minutes later she found that Harriet, instead of

having stretched out, was still sitting upright. The child was doing a very strange thing: she was talking to the empty space beside her. What she said was inaudible above the sound of the car, but her lips were quite plainly moving, and now and then she lifted a hand to pat or adjust something—something that was not there.

Knowing by what strange means children can amuse themselves, Mary felt no very great surprise. Leaning back, she called in a calm kindly voice, "What are you doing, my dear?"

"I'm playing with Esme," Harriet answered.

Her mother, after a moment's shock, told herself that children frequently played with imaginary companions. She had known a number of girls who, in early childhood, had enjoyed the company of fictitious friends, real only to themselves. It was by no means uncommon.

So, untroubled, she said with a smile, appealing to the child's native sense of logic, "But you left Esme behind in the town."

"Esme is here," the little girl replied, with the sincerity of complete conviction. "Aren't you, Esme?"

There was nothing Mary could do about it, so she turned and watched the long road unwinding in front. Harriet would soon forget Esme. Once back again with the new colt and the other creatures of the farm her excited mind would grow calm and all would be as it had been.

The invisible Esme was still there when the car pulled up by the farmhouse. Harriet carefully helped her out of the back seat, cautioning her not to make her frock muddy, and while John and Mary unloaded the parcels she escorted her across the yard to the stables. "Come and see the little colt, Esme"; and away she went in the dusk, as happy as she had been at her cousin's home in the town.

In the chair she continued to prattle cheerfully to her imaginary companion. She pulled up a chair for Esme at the supper table.

"Esme's hungry."

"Invisible little girls always eat invisible food," replied Mary. She had decided, with a countrywoman's good sense, to humour her small daughter until her friend was forgotten, like a new toy after a few days' eager use. John looked up from his plate and smiled; and Harriet, after earnest reflection, offered

Esme the empty plate. She had evidently decided that invisible food was indeed the correct food for an invisible guest.

Harriet's bedtime had to be Esme's as well.

"I hope," said Mary to her husband, on coming back from the bedroom, "that the child doesn't keep this pretending up much longer or it will get on my nerves. She pretended Esme was there beside her saying her prayers. It gave me the creeps for the moment."

"Oh, don't let it worry you," said John. "She will have forgotten it by morning."

But when morning came Harriet had not forgotten. Esme was there from the moment of waking. Esme sat at the table and ate an imaginary breakfast. Esme was shown over the farm and introduced to all the animals. All day long Esme was there.

"She hasn't forgotten yet," said Mary. "Still, it keeps her happy. This is a lonely place for a little girl."

Then something happened. At milking time John was crossing the yard with a pail in his hand, when he stopped suddenly. Mary who was close behind him, also halted.

"What is it?" she asked.

He did not reply, but kept his gaze fixed upon a point in the near distance. Under the crest of a grassy slope which rose from the yard to meet a grove of sheltering trees, Harriet was walking with Rover. At first Mary saw nothing unusual and was puzzled. Then, as Harriet turned to come down the slope, she saw what John had seen. Between the girl and the dog was a space of about two feet. Harriet zig-zagged as she ran, but not once did the dog come closer.

"I've never seen that happen before," said John. "Rover usually is touching her skirt. It sure is queer, that."

"I don't like it," said Mary. "I don't like it at all."

As they watched, the child picked up a stick and threw it for the dog to retrieve. He brought it back to her in his mouth and feil into place again, two feet from her side.

"It is just as though someone is walking between them." Mary spoke in a slow quiet voice. "Just as though Esme were really there," she added softly.

John laid a comforting hand upon her shoulder. "Now, don't be scared, lass. Maybe we're imagining things, too. Let's see to the cows."

They went into the byre. A cold fear, the fear of unknown things, was gather-

ing around Mary's heart, and she was very silent. When she entered the house and heard Harriet talking a cold shiver passed through her.

"Harriet," she said, "you must stop talking like that. You know very well that Esme is a long way off, in the town."

"Esme is here," the child calmly replied. "She is, Mummy. She's here." Mary saw that there was nothing she could do. To threaten Harriet would be unjust and useless. She could only wait and hope that soon the delusion would pass. But was it a delusion—or was it something which could not be explained and which belonged to the realm of things better not thought about? Memories came to her of all she had heard concerning ghosts and tokens. Her mother had seen a human head glide along the bedroom walls with its hair touching the ceiling—and the next day word had arrived of Uncle Andrew's death in a sawmill. She shivered again.

"You must go to bed now." Harriet, who was seated on the chesterfield, immediately turned her head and, addressing the space beside her, announced: "Mummy said we must go to bed, Esme."

The space was on Harriet's left. Mary found herself plotting the position and shape of the unseen presence. Was there anything there? As she stared and wondered, the cat uncurled itself from sleep at the far end of the chesterfield. Harriet called to it affectionately and it padded across the cushions towards her. Then Mary saw what an instant's thought had told her to expect—saw what she dreaded to see. Instead of walking straight along to Harriet, the cat stopped about two feet from where she sat, jumped off the settee, moved outwards in a small curve, and jumped up again, landing in Harriet's lap. Something very close to real terror clutched at Mary in those moments. Her fear, her chilling sense of the presence of the unnatural and unknown, was heightened by the child's complete calm.

"Don't be afraid of Esme, puss. Esme won't hurt you. Esme likes cats."

Mary felt like rushing from the room.

After Harriet had been put to bed—Harriet and the ghost child with her—she opened her heart to John. "I can't stand it any longer. It's unnerving me, John. You saw the Space. You saw it before I did. And it's always beside her. Everywhere she goes there is that Space by her side. The cat walks

around it. When she turns a corner the Space is there. I leaned over the bed just now to kiss her good night, and she screamed because I was leaning over the Space. There is something there, John, there must be something there—and the animals know it. Animals know things we don't know, and they know there is something there, by Harriet's side. Another day of it and I shall go crazy."

"What can I do?" he asked quietly.

"There is only one thing that will stop it. You must go into town and bring Esme out here. Then Harriet will have the real Esme to talk to and to play with; an Esme we can see, instead of that awful Space. Tell Kathleen everything. Tell her how scared I am, and she will let the child come with you."

"Very well," said John. "I will go into town tomorrow and bring Esme here."

The next morning he decided to buy, while in town, a few odds and ends for which there had not been room in the car on his previous visit, his wife (as women do) having crammed it with purchases of her own. Among the articles needed was a quantity of felt to fix over a part of the dairy roof where it leaked. Ever since last winter the hole had been covered with pieces of galvanised iron, held firmly down by an old waggon wheel.

To get an idea of how much felt would be required, John climbed on to the roof, using a ladder, and crawled across to where the wheel rested. Harriet watched from below, with Rover beside her and—as John uneasily noticed—the Space between them.

As he approached the covered hole, his right leg happened to slip and knock against the wheel, which moved a few inches with a heavy grating sound. It looked perfectly secure. But heavy objects on a slope when once dislodged are apt to move again at the slightest encouragement. The roof bent a little under John's weight and the wheel found release and slid. It moved quickly, like a boulder sliding down a hill, and there was no chance of grasping it.

John saw the child below and yelled. The wheel careered harshly to the edge of the roof. It swayed for a few moments and then crashed downwards to the yard. An instant before it struck, Harriet sprang to one side and the dog to the other.

Before John had recovered from the shock a shriek came from below. Har-

Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans

• by NOEL COWARD

*Don't let's be beastly to the Germans,
When our Victory is ultimately won,
It was just those nasty Nazis who persuaded them to fight,
And their Beethoven and Bach are really far worse than their bite.
Let's be meek to them and turn the other cheek to them,
And try to bring out their latent sense of fun,
Let's give them full air parity,
And treat the rats with charity,
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.*

*Don't let's be beastly to the Germans,
When we've definitely got them on the run,
Let us treat them very kindly, as we would a valued friend,
We might send them out some bishops as a form of lease and lend.
Let's be sweet to them, and day and night repeat to them,
That sterilization simply isn't done,
Let's help the dirty swine again,
To occupy the Rhine again,
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.*

*Don't let's be beastly to the Germans,
When the age of peace and plenty has begun,
We must send them steel, and oil and coal, and ev'rything they need,
For their peaceable intentions can be always guaranteed,
Let's employ with them, a sort of strength-through-joy with them,
They're better than us at honest manly fun,
Let's let them feel they're swell again,
And bomb us all to Hell again,
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.*

*Don't let's be beastly to the Germans,
For you can't deprive a gangster of his gun,
Tho' they've been a little naughty, to the Czechs and Poles and Dutch,
But I don't suppose those countries really mind it very much.
Let's be free with them, and share the BBC with them,
We mustn't prevent them basking in the sun,
Let's soften their defeat again,
And build their bloody fleet again,
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.*

riety was screaming like one in agony. She had either been hurt or she was suffering from fright.

John slid quickly down the roof to the top of the ladder.

"What's the matter, dear?"

Still screaming, Harriet ran across the yard to the foot of the slope and flung herself to the ground. By this time Mary had arrived from the house. She felt sick with dread, but neither she nor John could find anything wrong with Harriet.

The little girl wept bitterly, with her face in the grass, and it was not until the weeping had exhausted her that she spoke. Between sobs they heard her choke out, "The wheel fell on Esme. Esme's hurt. Esme's gone"; and again she turned her face to the ground and

cried as though her tiny heart would break.

John lifted her in his arms and carried her into the house, where he laid her gently upon the chesterfield. "Esme will come back soon," he said. "Lie there quiet and I will bring Esme back to you."

Without bothering further about the roof, he went out to the garage, started up the car, and bumped down the long rough road. He drove fast and, almost before he realised it, was turning the corner by the station. He saw his sister's house and in that moment an icy current swept through his veins.

The blinds were down.

He knew that little Esme was dead.

THOUGHT AT RANDOM

IT is a well-known fact that public opinion is important because no government—not even a dictatorship—can rule without it. It is produced by the consensus of individual opinions, therefore individual opinion is equally important.

Our opinions are moulded by our experiences, that is, things we see (stage, screen, advertisements, etc.), and things we hear (radio, speeches, private conversations, rumours, etc.). In most cases seeing is believing. Being told by a trusted friend is usually believing. But believing when we are told something by a stranger, especially with nothing to corroborate it, is very foolish. It is our duty to ourselves to go around with an open mind, and form a definite opinion. Having done so, we should voice it through the press, at our clubs, and to our friends, to see if it is a good opinion. If it proves to be bad—change it, but if it is acceptable then plug it for all it is worth. Public opinion can be formed by a minority through the usual propaganda sources, i.e., print and radio, if the

majority are passive, but if we do something active, however small, we will find that the good ideas are gradually put into effect. It is the consensus of all these small opinions which go together to form an active public opinion, and with the right of free speech we should never form our opinions and keep them to ourselves.

It is more important now than ever for the reader or the listener to read or listen with intelligence and a sense of discernment. We must not take things at their face value, but probe beneath the surface, analyse what we find there, and draw our own conclusions. We must not be impressed by the great merely on account of their greatness, nor must we consider anyone beneath our notice merely on account of his smallness. In a free country like ours, if we are aiming at something better after the war, we must take the trouble to judge for ourselves, because only by exercising this privilege and our own intelligence can we expect to build a better nation and a better country to live in.

A Genuine Letter

HERE is an Ozark Mountain mother's letter to her son in the U.S. Army. It was first published in the Cuba City, Wis., *News-Herald*:—

Dear Son,—Your pa has a good job now, the first he has had in forty-eight years. We air a grate deal better off now than we wer. Your pa gets 14.95 dollars every Thursday—so we thought we would do a little fixing up. We sent to Monkey Wards for one of them new fangled things they call bath rooms you hear tell about in some homes. It is put in shape by a man called a plumer.

On one side of the room is a big long thing like the pigs drink out of, only you get in that and wash all over. On the other side is a little white thing they call a sink. This is for light washing such as your face and hands.

But over in the corner, now son, I'll tell you we've really got something thar—this little contraption you put one foot in and wash it clean and then you pull a chain and you get fresh water for the other foot.

Two lids came with the dern thing and we ain't had any use for them in the bathroom so I am using one for a bread board and the other had a round hole in it and we took it and framed Grandpa's picture.

They are awful nice folks to deal with, they sent us free a big-roll of writing paper with it.

Take keer of yourself.

MOM.

SONGS THEY SING

The Dental Officer—Change and decay in all around I see.

In the RAF Mess at night—Sweet gen of eve.

After the First Route March—Ah! Sweet blistry of life.

The Black Marketeer—All people that on earth do well.

The Faithful Husband—Take, O take those hips away.

The Land Army—Where are you hoeing, my pretty maid?

The Housewife—Lean Grow the rashers, O!

—F. Murray Milne.



We're Not Kitten

Well, Christmas is with us once again and our thoughts are turning to _____ well, at any rate, they're turning. So many things are associated with the Festive Season that it would be difficult to state with accuracy which is the most predominant. Over and above everything else, birth, we think, is probably uppermost in the majority of minds. Not only do we think so but also it would appear, so does Cynthia. It was not as well timed as it might have been, but her contribution towards the war effort was in keeping with the mass production methods at loose in the world of today. Now don't say you do not know Cynthia. Her pedigree is perhaps a little doubtful but whatever it is, there are signs that she comes from a prolific family.

Her biography is quite varied. Insofar as her life at 32 goes, we can trace it back to the days of 77 or 79 course. We had in our midst at that time a certain Sergeant D** T** B****. One night, while associating with Bacchus in the friendly little city, he became the possessor of a small kitten, which he brought back to camp. Our reporter can think of better things to bring back, but then they would not come within the provisions of K.R. & A.C.I.

For a while our feline friend inhabited the Sergeant's quarter, and after our ally left us the custody of the aforementioned cat was passed on to the paternal patronage of "Judge". (How is it that fello keeps cropping up?) Regrettably, her midnight requests for a 295 were not wholly appreciated by the inhabitants of Block 6 and our "hardy" annual was forced to disown her new found companion.

From then on Cynthia led a nomadic life. She wandered into the Sergeants' Mess but disliked the advanced type of people she met there, so, in search of better things, she advanced to the confines of the airmen's dining hall. Here she dwelt in peace for a little while, but wanderlust was in her blood and she was soon on her way again, and eventually found the haven she had been looking for, to wit, the G.I.S. We always said the best people pass their time away there. At any rate, she liked the environment and settled down. It appears that more things

Notables Leave

During the month that has just passed, another draft has left for home, including such notables as F/O. Hoddy, F/Lt. Rowson, Sgt. Cooper, and LAC. Melican.

F/O. Hoddy will be remembered for his sterling work at the station broadcasts. He pioneered this field before F/O. Daniels took over, and no one can say that he did not make a success out of the experiment. His popularity in other directions was such that we were all sorry to see him go, and all who were fortunate to come in contact with him in the normal course of their duties will join in wishing him Good Luck.

F/Lt. Rowson soon proved himself to be a skillful photographer when he joined the magazine committee. Our last three centre pages were devised by him, and we hope we will be able to keep up the high standard he set without his assistance. From the comments heard around the camp it was apparent that his work was appreciated, and we were all sorry to see him go.

Sgt. Cooper, of course, needs no introduction. He was one of those who became something of an "institution" on the camp during his three years in Moose Jaw. In the entertainment field he knew no equal, and in the camp shows he was always a leading light. His famous remark, "Of course there'll be an Air Force in Moose Jaw after the war—you ask the girls!" has become something of a classic, and his "S.P.'s., Group Five—V for Victory" was probably the biggest mirth-provoker ever put on the camp stage. His idea is to have a reunion in London after the war, and we hope he is able to

develop in the dark room than photographs, and after our little mother had been there for a short space of time she, too, began to develop. As the time went by there were several speculations made concerning the happy day. It is rumoured that sweepstakes were held but had to be cancelled as someone had the inside "gen"—no, junior, we don't know how.

At last the great day arrived and Cynthia became the proud possessor of the loveliest litter we have been privileged to witness. Modern times are hard, however, and mother and children were soon parted. We have not yet found where they have all gone, but we hope they have all found good homes. There is, however, one survivor, that's her above. We think she's cute, don't you?

K.I.

London Playtime



I HAVE been asked to contribute a brief résumé of past radio programmes presented by me over CHAB under the title of "London Playtime".

Way back in December of 1942 a few of us in "A" Billet pricked our ears when we heard announced over the local radio station, CHAB, a programme entitled "London Memories". What followed consisted of recordings of The Queen's Hall Orchestra, London Ballet Music, Poems such as Tennyson's "On London Bridge", and whole chunks from Shakespeare's plays. All very fine in their way, but we waited in vain for a visit to a London Music Hall or Theatre, or even a London Park Bandstand. We all agreed this did not represent London or London Entertainment as a whole, but only a very small section of the London public's idea of entertainment.

So, on behalf of my pals, I took it upon myself to written a letter of criticism to CHAB. I got a reply from Sid Boyling, Programme Manager, asking me to call upon him. I called, with the result—somewhat staggering at the time—that I was invited to put over a programme one Friday in January, 1943. I can assure you what was even more staggering, I was invited to continue and to make it a weekly feature.

So at time of writing this article I find myself preparing No. 44 in the series of "London Playtime". I admit I have at times taken great liberty with the title and strayed from it, preparing such programmes as Doris Arnold did back home for the BBC under the title "These I

organise it, as it promises to be well worth attending.

LAC. Melican was another of those chosen few who can be said to have been something of an institution. It was often said that his writings were above the heads of the average erk, but you must admit it was an education to read them. Undoubtedly his intelligence was above average, and in the years to come—who knows?—maybe we will be proud to admit we knew him.

Have Loved"—classics, but only the very popular ones.

Letters have come to me from Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Wood Mountain, Sask., and several other places even as far afield as Cranbrook, B.C. One realises that one cannot please everyone all the time, so from week to week various programmes have been planned with particular listeners' likes in mind.

One wishes at times that one could lay hands on records of Max Miller, Vic Oliver, Duggy Byng, Oliver Wakefield and Ronnie Frankau. I imagine, however, that were they available, the good people of Moose Jaw would not appreciate their type of humour.

May I say that these programmes would not have been possible without the very kind permission given me by Group Captain Morrison, A.F.C., and our present Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. J. George. May I acknowledge the courtesy always extended to me by the management and entire staff of CHAB.

To the readers of the *Prairie Flyer*, if you like to pass on to me your requests for English Records you would like to hear, I will try and oblige one of these Wednesdays. Please don't ask for anything too up-to-date; remember, war conditions prevail and very few, if any, English recordings are coming through these days to Canada.

As a very frequent theatre-goer back home, I guess I get a greater kick out of preparing "London Playtime" programmes than my followers do in listening to them.

Anyway, if you cannot get anything to suit your taste from U.S.A. stations, tune in one of these Wednesdays—the time, 22.15 hours till Lights Out; the station, 800 on your dial.

E.F.R.

Help Wanted!

Men wanted for sweeping duties at government camps; if otherwise suitable, inexperienced men will be trained; commencing salary £6-5-0 weekly, rising to £8 weekly within three months . . . all fares and expenses paid.

—Advert in British Newspaper.

Yes, but think of all the fun we're having!

Halt!!

With clockwork precision the flight in blue uniforms comes to a standstill. Not a movement. Not a tremble from any one of them. Then you look again and wonder. "They seem very young to be in the services." They are not as yet, but are one day hoping to be. These are the sons of the fighting sons of Canada, the grandsons of democracy, who, in some little time, will be flying side by side with their brothers in the R.C.A.F.; pilots of Spitfires or Mosquitoes, navigators in Lancaster or Stirling heavy bombers, each and every one of them masters of the sky.

How can it be that these young fellows attain such a high honour in such a short space of time? They are the resourceful youths of Canada, whose penetrating foresight tells them that in time their country will need them, and so they join the AIR CADETS, knowing that by doing so they will be fitting themselves to play an important part in the future of their motherland. It makes your heart swell with pride to watch them all so smart and debonair, young fellows mostly between the ages of fifteen and eighteen and some even younger than that.

You saunter over to speak to the warrant officer, a smart, young fellow of no more than eighteen years, and it is with amazement that you learn that he knows all the facts about R.C.A.F. drill, even down to the smallest detail. What a golden opportunity awaits him when he joins the armed forces, for he is already superior to the youths who have not had the special training. He tells you some of the facts about life in the AIR CADETS. Any single one of them can, without the slightest hesitation, identify any aircraft in the incredibly short space of time of one second. This alone gives him a great advantage over the enemy, and your amazement increases when you discover that each squadron is operated on the same principle as the Initial Training Schools of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The cadets, besides aircraft recognition, have lectures on Navigation and Armament given to them by competent instructors from R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. units. They are taught not only how to

handle a rifle, revolver and machine gun, but also have the opportunity of firing them. Their own cadet officers give them instruction in Air Force law and drill and each squadron has its own band to accompany it when on parade. In summer, further interest is added to the joy of being an Air Cadet, for during that time they all have the opportunity of visiting R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. camps in the neighbourhood of their squadron headquarters, and during these visits, which last for a period of ten days, they experience the thrill of life in the armed services.

We of No. 32 view with pride the activities of our local squadron and know that in them the future of the R.C.A.F. is secure and the mastery of the skies will be maintained. To you we would say, "PER ARDUA AD ASTRA"!

Literary Editor Weds!

Will He Always Be Joe?

Some months ago there appeared in this magazine an article by one "J.H.M." entitled "Don't Go to New York—You Have to Come Back." You may have read the article. In which case you may remember that it conveyed the suggestion that New York City has got something which Moose Jaw, notwithstanding its Creek and Churchill Statue, has not.

It was quite a convincing article—as far as it went. But one felt that the fellow was holding something back. All that talk about express elevators and super haircuts and fawning footmen was too superficial. And, quite frankly, we weren't satisfied.

For a week or so we were worried by it and then forgot about it. Until on the 10th December the whole shameful pretence was laid bare when the C.P.R. deposited on a Moose Jaw platform the one little bit of New York which really mattered. And the next day, at St. John's Church, he married her. We ought to have known it. Joe Martin. *Cherchez la femme.*

A lovely little story, really. The brief meeting of two hearts amid all the teem-

Station Choir Still Going Strong

Since the past month has been the busiest in the short history of the Station Male Voice Choir, we are, justifiably, we hope, claiming a separate column in this edition.

The presentation of the first edition of "Choral Capers" at the end of October, described in detail in the last issue, appears to have met with enthusiastic approval all round, and by the time this is in your hands you will have been given fair warning, if not already seen (or heard) our special Christmas edition. We hope that it will be (or was!) just as well received.

There can now be few citizens in Moose Jaw who have not heard us in some way or another, as, during the past few weeks, we have been kept quite busy, either by visits to the local churches or, in lighter mood, attending various social functions in the city.

Grace United Church, Zion United Church and Minto Church have all been the scenes of our activities, and I think we can say that at all three we at least did not damage the reputation we have built for ourselves.

On the less serious side visits to the Canadian Legion, the Y.W.C.A. and the St. George's Masonic Lodge were arranged and at all the places our efforts were most cordially received.

Our biggest effort was the presentation of a slightly abridged edition of "Choral

ing millions of New York City; the sweet sorrow of parting and the eager correspondence which followed; Pennsylvania in September; and in December, Cornwall and New York joined together in a little city in the middle of the Canadian prairies.

We wish good luck and great happiness to one of the best known and best loved amongst us. And we shall always treasure that memory which the wedding day has left us of an almost sartorially perfect Joe Martin, with a knife-edged crease in his trousers and the pockets of his tunic far once not bulging with manuscripts, letters and an odd volume or so of Penguin publications.

Capers" at Zion Church Hall on Wednesday, December 1st, and though counter attractions (we hope!) had a somewhat detrimental effect on the size of the audience, the programme was very well received. Apart from the choral items, under the efficient leadership of LAC. Eric Holden with LAC. Leslie Harris accompanying with his usual skill, items were contributed by AC. Dennis O'Brien (Tenor), LAC. John Snuggs (Bass), LAC. John Nash (Baritone), LAC. Ted Carroll (Humorous Raconteur), the Trio consisting of Cpl. Bob Cattle, LAC. George Wright and AC. "Jock" Davidson (Guitar), AC. Lockhart (Piano), and by the Accompanist, Leslie Harris. LAC. Bert Bratton, with his usual versatility, appeared in two sketches, "The New Arrivals" (assisted by Cpl. Jim Richards and LAC. Ray Worton) and "Spring Madness" (assisted by Cpl. Richards, LAC. Worton, LAC. Snuggs and LAC. Scoffins), and also assisted as Referee, Scorer, Time-keeper and General Factotum in an intriguing Quiz Contest in which a team from the Choir, consisting of AC. Lockhart, AC. McGregor, AC. Elliott and AC. Hull narrowly defeated a team from the audience in providing correct answers to questions on etiquette and table manners. The Question Master for this session was LAC. Norman Hurst, who also compered the whole show. A word of thanks is also due to LAC. Norman Osborne and LAC. George Ryder, who, between them, prepared the stage and lighting effects. After the show the cast were entertained to lunch by the Zion Young People's Union and were thanked for their performance.

We hear that former members of the Choir, now posted to other stations in Canada, have taken with them the enthusiasm they had for the work in our midst, and have already started Choirs in their new domains. If this magazine reaches them we wish them luck in their new sphere and would be glad to hear from them at any time. This also applies to those who had a boat to catch within the last few months!

A final word of thanks to the Section Commanders, Senior N.C.O's. and colleagues of the members of the Choir, who, apart from a little good-natured banter, have placed no obstacles in the way of the members of their sections

The Blackout Is Obsolete

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C.



WE are entering upon the fifth winter of war. Today, with the lengthening of the black-out hours, reminds us of that.

We sorely need more weapons to bring victory soon. Yet the unimaginative and obsolete black-out regulations hinder war production every night.

What the Dorniers and Heinkels cannot do, try as they will, British officialdom is doing all the time.

We began this war almost entirely unprepared in the matter of air defences. It was therefore necessary to rely largely upon the black-out.

Conditions have changed since then. We are well ahead of the Germans in radiolocation. And recently the air-raid warning system has been improved.

These factors, together with the general air situation, make our black-out regulations militarily obsolete.

An airplane can take off near New York, fly straight to St. Paul's Cathedral, circle it, then make for any desired airfield at which to land, without the pilot having seen either sea or land, or a single light, in the course of his journey.

Master Switch

The German bombers can find their way with little or no difficulty to any

required for rehearsing with the Choir. It is such a spirit of friendly co-operation that makes our efforts more worthwhile, and we sincerely hope that our efforts to foster the love of choral music, both within the confines of the camp and aneld in the immediate neighbourhood, will contribute towards maintaining the higher esteem in which the camp is held in Moose Jaw.

To our many friends in Moose Jaw we say, "A Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and thank you." N.H.

target-area they desire to attack. They do not need to see what lies beneath them on the journey.

Even if we abolished the regulations completely there would be nothing like the light which, in normal times, could be seen from the air above our great cities.

Moreover, as soon as warning of the approach of enemy aircraft was given, most lights could be quickly extinguished. The use of the master switch could ensure the immediate blacking-out of whole areas.

On top of dull diet, long hours, and the emotional strains of war, the winter black-out is a big factor in lowering vitality and retarding output.

Heavy Price

What a great relief it would be if the regulations were modified if only sufficiently to ensure that people could get from place to place in tolerable safety and without undue discomfort. The psychological effect would be enormous. It would be the sign, here in our own cities, that the tide had indeed turned.

No one would dispute that the Luftwaffe could, and indeed might, still make a large-scale raid on Britain. But it is very unlikely that the greatly weakened Luftwaffe will attempt anything like a sustained attack on our cities. It now has too much else to do.

If we are to get this war over as quickly as possible, we must take some risks. If an expert committee could examine this problem of the black-out, it ought to include, say, three bomber pilots who had been on 100 operational flights over Germany.

They could explain precisely how much difference a certain amount of light made to their prospects of success. I think there is little doubt that such a committee would report in favour of some modifications in our present regulations.

—From The Daily Express.

No Coupons!

R.A.F. servicemen will now have an M.P. champion, Viscount Hinchinbrooke (Cons., Dorset), who is to ask the Air Minister "whether he will reconsider the question of supplying pyjamas to R.A.F. personnel". —"Sunday Express."

Don't lose hope, chaps!

Secrets of Our War Machine

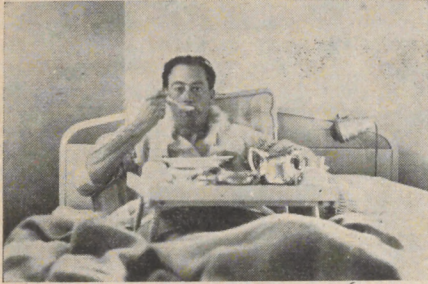
OR,

The Airman's Ideal of Having Served His Breakfast and How a Dutch Airman Got It.

• by LAC. P. VAN HESSEN (91 Course)

MAY I present myself to the natives and passers-by (pupils) of this heavenly spot on earth called 32 S.F.T.S.? I am a Dutch pupil—hence your common sense will find immediately the explanation for the low grammatical standard of this article.

As a matter of fact, I have been too short in England or Canada to distinguish clearly between good and bad (English I mean). Moreover, nobody



asked me to write this article, so why should I bother so much?

But to come to the point; it is not at all my intention to start an autobiography, knowing it would be very boring to any reader but myself (maybe I am showing a rather optimistic feeling about the stuff that follows); nor would I show you how proud I am having got the only once-to-be-expected opportunity of the management of this litteral and so widely spread monthly to show up my deplorable art of writing.

For this, too, I have an excuse (I saw C.O.'s of many stations, which gave me the necessary training), because I have never written before except to my folks and similar institutions.

But, as I said already before, to come to the point, I was inspired when sitting here in the so well equipped reading and writing room where I read in some actual papers the four points of the Atlantic Charter. These points are certainly also applicable to me, I thought, and remaining modest, the application

of one of the four freedoms of speech and press won't hurt anybody. And as I thought I did, and hence my review about some search how our war machinery is kept running smoothly, and last, but not least, how a Dutch airman in the R.A.F. is enabled to contribute his share.

Very unfortunately to the readers this article had to pass the censor who found too many hot-spots in my review about the present war machinery that he changed them into black spots.

Having given you this most detailed review you ask me now where does the Dutchman fit into the picture? Dear readers, this is not so simple to explain, but fortunately I am able to give you the answer by an illustration which is very identical, showing me during one of my week-end leaves at Calgary, where I was so very well cared for by a nice English lady with the result that I passed out as No. 2 at E.F.T.S.

Ed. Note:

We do not necessarily uphold the remarks of our contributor (or otherwise) because it is enough difficult for us to read something of what one has no knowledge. However, before we too become involved, we like our Dutch friend's views on free speech as upheld by democracy, so we have published his article.

SING A SONG OF SPITFIRES

Sing a song of Spitfires,
Racing through the air—
Four-and-twenty squadrons
Flying everywhere.

When the Hun comes over,
Each little Spitfire spits.
Now isn't that a dainty way
To mess up Messerschmitts?

—A. McKinnon.

Overcome injustice by disregarding it.
—Joseph Conrad.

Squeers & Others Visit 32

The Unit was honoured by a visit from Capt. Frank Guy Armitage, the renowned Dickens' character actor, on the 10th December, 1943.

Capt. Armitage, Yorkshire born, came to the United States in 1913. He joined the Montreal Engineers in World War I as a private and was later commissioned. He lived in the U.S.A. for 25 years, studied at Harvard (from which he holds a Doctor's degree) and Yale. Both his father and mother were well known on the stage, but it was the great Bransby Williams who influenced him to become a character actor. Capt. Armitage, since the outbreak of World War II, has given over 600 performances touring Canada, U.S.A., Labrador and Newfoundland, covering 4,000 miles. Apart from his genius as a character actor, he is also a competent ventriloquist and magician.

Those of you who were wise enough not to miss Capt. Armitage's performance can hardly have been disappointed by the excellent entertainment. Indeed, we feel sure that admirers of Dickens greatly appreciated the brilliant and superb performance.

Before Capt. Armitage commenced his show, Cpl. Astbury sang two well-known songs, accompanied at the piano by AC. Rosser. Capt. Armitage was then introduced by Mr. Ewing, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

After giving a short account of the life of "The Immortal Charles Dickens", Capt. Armitage portrayed three "bad characters", "Uriah Heep" from "David Copperfield", "Grandfather Smallweed" from "Bleak House", and "Squeers" from "Nicholas Nickleby". These were greeted with great enthusiasm by the crowd present, who co-operated well during the last-named act as the pupils of Schoolmaster Squeers.

The scene changed with a presentation of his favourite character, "Sydney Carton", from "The Tale of Two Cities". The curtain fell with Carton's last words, "It is a far, far better thing that I do now than I have ever done. It is a far,

Presentation of "Dover Road"

On the 29th of October the R.A.F. Dramatic Society from No. 41 S.F.T.S., Weyburn, paid this station a visit, giving a most amusing yet philosophical three-act stage presentation called "The Dover Road".

The play takes place in the country house of Mr. Latimer, an eccentric old gentleman who lives alone, attended by a rather large domestic staff. Two most dignified footmen dressed, at Mr. Latimer's request, in the full regalia of their Georgian counterpart. A butler, Dominic by name, whose punctilious attention and repeatedly inopportune appearances are one of the highlights of the show. The fourth member of this altogether amusing and colourful staff is Stephen the chauffeur, who never actually appears

far better rest I go to than I have ever known."

During the interval LAC. Rowlands played some popular music on the piano accordion, and a warm reception greeted his rendition of the "Holy City".

With remarkable versatility, Capt. Armitage began the second half of his programme by performing two conjuring tricks which were as mysterious as the wonders of Houdini. Then he disclosed his ability as a ventriloquist. This performance was well received, shown by the prolonged handclapping. It was stated by "Charlie McCarthy" fans that Capt. Armitage was quite Bergen's equal.

The finale arrived with a portrayal of "Scrooge" dreaming of the "Christmas Yet to Come". Much laughter prevailed when Capt. Armitage produced a large nightshirt, alleged to have been lent by S/Ldr. McArdle. The scene ended with the appropriate words, "A Merry Christmas to you, one and all."

F/O. Daniels thanked Capt. Armitage for a most enjoyable evening. Before leaving, the audience was informed that Capt. Armitage hoped to revisit the Unit before commencing a tour of England and Italy in the New Year. This, we are sure, will be eagerly awaited.

Things We Want to Know . . .

Who did the Harvard test with his cap, coat and overshoes on, and why?

Did he beat the record because he gets such good exercise running around Buttriss?

During the show "Dover Road", when a name was called out from the door, did someone think that someone wanted to be educated in a hurry?

How much does "Judge" Hardy pay his publicity agent?

What will they do when the shooting season finishes?

What did Mr. Ponsonby get for last Christmas?

Has he got a one track mind?

Who had tapeworms in the Met. Office?

Did the engine really fall out?

Who is the practical joker in Main Stores?

And who is the senior N.C.O. who can't take it?

Who got caught in the draft?

How is Egan II coping?

Has that room in the War Services Club been rented to anyone else yet?

Are there sufficient electric light bulbs in the hospital these days? . . . And is there any hoarding going on?

Who got a silk hankie as a present?

Why wasn't Santa Claus a reserved occupation after all?

Why do the airmen have so many recurring attacks of stomach trouble?

It couldn't be the cooking in the airmen's mess, could it?

Or could it?

Were the new chimneys in the Barrack Blocks really installed for Father Christmas?

Is it true what they say about Dixie?

on the stage, but whose doings are often referred to as paragons of tact.

Mr. Latimer, a rich old bachelor, has a most peculiar hobby. With the assistance of his staff, he spends quite an amount of money, time, and ingenuity, in preventing runaways from carrying out their relevant plans until they are quite sure of themselves. The play opens with a typical couple arriving at the mansion. They are under the impression that it is a hotel, intending to spend the night on their way to Dover, thence France and a "no question" marital union.

The couple is Leonard—a pouting, dissatisfied nobleman seeking to escape from an unsatisfactory marriage—and a young girl who has spent all her life studying and looking after her father, never venturing beyond the seclusion of the home. She is sadly unaware of the important step she is about to take.

To Leonard's annoyance and Ann's consternation, Mr. Latimer informs them that they are virtually prisoners until they have lived together for at least a week. If after that period they are still anxious to carry out their elopement, they will be free to go. Unknown to Leonard and Anne, another couple are staying at the mansion. Eustasia, Leonard's wife, and Nicholas, a handsome young gadabout. We can well understand why Leonard has deserted Eustasia. Over-amorous, attentive to a point where it becomes annoying and

completely lacking in mental equilibrium, Nicholas is a "West End" type, taking elopement as an adventure to relieve the drudgery of every-day life. Nicholas and Eustasia have been living with Mr. Latimer for a week. During the week Nicholas has become tired of Eustasia's over-imposed company, and is not at all anxious to carry out his original intentions. But he feels obliged to go on in order to maintain his status of an honourable gentleman.

The scene where the couples meet is highly amusing. Leonard and Nicholas, enemies at first, finally become good friends on finding that their positions are analagous. Now avowed bachelors, they decide to "elope", leaving their ladies to be disposed of by the ingenious Mr. Latimer. That worthy gentleman handles the situation to the satisfaction of all. The play ends with yet another couple arriving at Mr. Latimer's matrimonial crossroad.

The characters were very well portrayed. Bouquets to "Mr. Latimer" and "Eustasia". Leonard, Anne and Nicholas were all natural. Dominic over-acted many of his scenes, spoiling an otherwise colourful character. W/Cmdr. Ovenden expressed our appreciation, adding that the theatre was missed above all other forms of entertainment and the R.A.F. Dramatic Society of Weyburn ably filled that gap. We hope to see more of their productions in the near future.

OUR "LINK" with the Civvies . . .

• By J. C. W. D.

Our recent Victory Loan Campaign reminded me of a stunt we employed at home in an effort to separate the British Working Man from his wages. This took place during what was known as the "Wings for Victory" campaign. Certain R.A.F. stations were allocated towns or cities in their vicinities and requested—that's a laugh—commanded—to parade on the opening day, and to fill shop windows with aero-engines, propellers, parachutes, machine guns, and any other portable equipment appertaining to the Air Force. It was also customary to persuade, or threaten, some well situated garage proprietor to loan his favourite showroom, which we emptied of all cars and exhibited a 4,000-lb. bomb, specially marked for Berlin. Alongside the bomb was erected a revolving gun turret, but the *piece de resistance*—a term, by the way, which must not be confused with similar expressions used by laxative advertisers—was the Link Trainer, installed in a very prominent position in the window itself. The idea was to allow a ride in the Link for a 15/- certificate—the "pupil", or "what have you", producing his certificate as his passport. A charge of a 5/- savings stamp admitted one to a seat in the gun turret, where he could swivel around, shooting down imaginary ME's and Junkers. The 4,000-lb. bomb was to be covered in Savings Stamps and the public was invited to stick on its share in the devastation. Well, there was the set-up, and the opening day arrived. Believe me, the Piper of Hamelin had nothing on that outfit. Children, small, large, thin, fat, clean, and dirty—mostly dirty—came in droves, clusters, flocks, herds, coveys or whatever one uses to describe lashings of kids. We had placed instructors on the Link and Gun Turret, but reinforcements had to be hurried to the scene of battle. I don't know if anyone ever said, "If one man starts an idea, another man always starts a racket", because in this case, the kids certainly started the racket. First, we found that no matter how many stamps were stuck upon the bomb, it did not become any more "stamped up"—no wonder, whilst the instructors were busy, the kids unstuck the stamps, and having enough between them for a 15/- certificate, presented the certificate for a flip in the Link. After about ten would-be aviators

had been lifted in, rescued from spins, and hauled out of the machine, the suspicion that the same certificate was being passed round surreptitiously crept into the guileless minds of the harassed instructors. Obviously less trusting methods would have to be employed. The stunts those kids thought of to get five minutes in the Link were nothing short of ingenious, accosting people in the streets and borrowing their certificates being the least imaginative. Then we had the bright boy of about nine, who requested that the lovely WAAF M.T. driver should instruct him, and having got the head phones fixed and hood down, started his instruction by calling her and saying, "Has anyone ever told you that you are beautiful?" and carried on by trying to make a date with her. His courage failed, however, when the hood was taken off him, and he literally bolted out of the building.

Our final test, however, came when one B.W.M. (see beginning of article) brought his two-year-old offspring and a £50 certificate so that the "little 'un could 'ave a bit of a do"! He wanted the instructor to sit in the Link and take the youngster on his knee. This was duly dealt with. Now whether due to the close proximity of the 4,000-pounder, the noise of the turret or the gyrations of the Link, we shall never know, but I was afterwards informed that if instructors were expected to undergo these extra hazardous risks, they would have to apply for an issue of rubber over-trousers!

MORE MILNOGRAMS

Dress may be a means to a woman's end, but it's invariably an end to a man's means.

In Grandmother's day a woman tried to shape a man. Now she tries to ape him.

If a man doesn't owe his fame to his wife, he may as well owe his wife to his fame.

I don't mind being sat on by a woman if it's my knee she sits on.

Some women speak emphatically to make themselves plain. Others don't need to. —F. Murray Milne.

Don't Be Scared of TUBERCULOSIS!

(This article has been written with the approval of the Senior Medical Officer)

HOW many times have you heard someone say, "I shouldn't be too friendly with him—his father died of consumption," or, "He was very silly to marry that girl—she spent two years in a sanatorium"?

How many of you would feel you were the unluckiest person in the world if a doctor told you that you had tuberculosis, and had to undergo treatment in an institution?

And how many of you would know precisely what was the matter with you, and what to expect when you were admitted to hospital?

Read this, if you wish to kill idle gossip and set your own mind at rest about the circumstances which would ensue if you ever have the misfortune to become a victim of this disease.

The tuberculosis germ may attack your lungs, your glands, your bones, or such organs as the kidneys and the bladder. It is cylindrical in shape, "and in the body is surrounded by layers of fibrous tissue known as "tubercles"—hence the name, "tuberculosis". It eats, very slowly into the infected part, and, over a long period of time, it may break through into the bloodstream, race all over your body, and cause death. This late stage is popularly known as "galloping consumption", but today, with early detection, modern technique, and a general high standard of health, such cases are comparatively rare. The T.B. germ is, however, no ordinary germ. It is protected by a wax coating which the white corpuscles of the blood are unable to penetrate, and which medical science has not, as yet, been able to penetrate so long as it remains inside the body. Isolated germs can, of course, be killed, but no drug has so far been discovered which will kill the germ and not harm the body. It will be a great day when a quick cure for T.B. is brought to light, but in the meantime the present methods are effective, and it is not very often that, with proper care, the disease proves fatal.

The symptoms of the disease may not, at first, be apparent. If the germ lodges in the lungs there is no pain because there are no pain nerves there, so the early signs are a general feeling of being run-down, tiredness, and loss of appetite. The

• by T. S. M. G.

next stage is when the white corpuscles of the blood begin to fight the germ. They surround it and detach themselves from the lung, come up into the throat, and you cough them out in the form of a white sputum. The sputum is actually dead white blood corpuscles, each enclosing a T.B. germ—that is one way nature has of getting the germ out of your body. It is significant that the T.B. germ is still alive, and this is the stage when you become a danger to others. The next phase is when the germs have eaten a cavity in the lung and cause a bleeding. This collects in the lung, and you have a hæmorrhage. By this time, of course, the disease has reached a serious stage, it will take a long time to cure, and drastic steps may have to be taken to get it under control. If the germ is stored up in a gland, it is slow to form, and there is a gradual swelling, but usually no pain. If it attacks the bone or a joint, there is pain, and it is therefore detected at an early stage. If not properly attended to, a bone infection is often accompanied by a running sore which will not heal.

So much for the disease and its symptoms. Now for the cure. Nature's way of fighting the aggressor is to form a coating of calcium around the germs, thus isolating them, and stopping them doing any further harm. So far, the methods used by medical science are designed to help nature do its work. In the case of pulmonary (i.e., lung) tuberculosis, the treatment is complete rest and proper nourishment. In order to allow your body to fight off the attack successfully, all your energy must be devoted to attacking the germ, so complete rest is prescribed. Artificial rest is also used, if necessary. The lung may be collapsed by the simple method of pumping air between the outer wall of the chest and the lung itself. The lung, being spongy, closes up, and by pumping in more air at regular intervals, the lung is kept down. It is possible to collapse both lungs partially by this method, thus assisting to arrest the spreading of the disease. The patient does not, as a rule feel anything, as the air is pumped in by means of a hollow needle placed between the ribs, which is almost painless, and a local

anaesthetic is not necessary. It may happen that the patient has an adhesion, i.e. that the lung may be stuck to the outer wall; usually the result of a previous attack of pneumonia or pleurisy. It is possible to cut these adhesions, and still use the "air" treatment, which is known as pneumo-thorax. However, there is another method of resting the lung by means of an operation known as a "Phrenic." The two halves of the diaphragm are controlled by two nerves which come down from the brain on either side of the neck. One of these nerves is crushed, with the result that the diaphragm comes up and remains stationary, thus resting the lung. It is usually some six months before the nerve recovers. It may seem that it is impossible to get along on one lung, but people with a lung collapsed look and feel quite normal, except, of course, that they are soon out of breath if they try to exert themselves (strictly against doctor's orders!). In most cases this is the extent of the treatment, which may last from a year to eighteen months, and it is only when the disease is detected at a later stage or the patient proves to have very little resistance that more serious steps have to be taken. If it is found impossible to arrest the spread by either of these methods, it may be necessary for the patient to have one lung permanently collapsed, and this is done by means of an operation known as a thora coplasty. For this, the outer casing of the ribs is removed, and the soft inner part of the bone pressed on the lung. The outer casing grows again, and as it is pressing on the lung, permanently collapses it. This operation is, of course, major surgery, and it is usually done in stages, i.e., so many ribs at a time. A patient who has to undergo a thoracic operation usually makes a comparatively quick recovery, and is able to leave the sanatorium fairly soon.

A tubercular infection of the bone is not primarily a human disease. It is contracted from cows, and is therefore known as bovine tuberculosis. It is usually contracted by drinking milk or eating half-cooked meat of infected animals. It is almost unknown in England today due to the rigid tests which meat and milk must undergo before being put on sale to the public. If, however, bovine tuberculosis is contracted, the treatment is, once again, rest, usually by placing the patient in a cast. If this is not satisfactory, the joint is cleaned out and rendered immovable by grafting a piece of bone from another part of the body—usually

the leg—to attain this result. Amputation may be necessary in more serious cases, but it is always difficult to know where to amputate. For instance, if the infection is in the ankle, and the foot is amputated, symptoms of the disease may later appear in the knee, as the amputation was not made high enough. The infection is in the marrow of the bone, and there is no definite means of telling how far up it may have reached.

For infection of other organs, e.g., the kidneys, if rest is not sufficient, an operation is performed to remove the organ, if this can be done effectively and leave the body in working order. This type of T.B., however, is not common, the big majority of cases being of a pulmonary nature.

We now come to the means by which medical science detects the disease. First of all, there are the X-ray and fluoroscope machines. The X-rays will not penetrate a wet patch on the lung, i.e., a patch infected by T.B., so they show up white on the plate. Another method is to inject a few dead germs into the arm. If you have T.B. or ever had cause to fight it, an immediate excitement is caused, and your arm swells and becomes sore. The excitement, however, soon dies down, and although it may not mean that you have T.B.—it may only mean that some time in your life you contracted a dose of germs and had to fight them,—thus increasing your resistance—the doctor knows it will be advisable to investigate further. If the X-ray shows a suspicion of the disease, the next step is to take a sample of your sputum. This is placed on a microscope slide (after it has been reduced to a concentrated solution and stained with various dyes) and if there are any T.B. germs, they show up red on a green background. A sample of your sputum is also dropped on a mixture of eggs, etc., and placed in an incubator. If there are fourteen to twenty germs present, within ten weeks they will multiply until it is apparent to the naked eye that they are there. The final resort is the guinea pig. It is estimated that seven germs injected into a guinea pig will infect it to such an extent that within six weeks a post-mortem examination will show definite indications of the disease. By these methods, it is possible to follow your progress while in hospital. As you begin to get the upper hand, the spread revealed by your X-ray plate begins to decrease, and your sputum becomes negative.

Finally, after all this you may still feel a little scared. The title of this

GOOD-BYE from Sgt. Cooper

It is with great regret that I say farewell to No. 32, but all good things must come to an end sometime. Above all, I shall miss the time spent on Entertainments by which, I would like to think, I was successful in bringing a small slice of enjoyment to you all.

I saw the Entertainments on this Station grow from infancy, and its steady growth to its present maturity has been due to the fine spirit of co-operation shewn by all ranks. Many of the "originals" have since left the Unit, but I am confident that those who remain will still carry on with that fine spirit to produce bigger and better entertainment, so I shall say "Goodbye and Good Luck".

SGT. O. C. COOPER.

NOTE.—We hope that the grand work he started WILL be kept going in the same grand way. No. 32 will miss this ardent worker. We wish you luck and success, Sergeant Cooper—who's going to be Father Christmas this year?



article bade you not to be scared, and for these reasons:

It is very unlikely that you will contract the disease from an infected person unless he or she is in a late stage and actually coughing up sputum. Even so, you must be in constant contact with the person over a long period of time before the attacks of the germs become a menace. The European races, after generations of T.B., have built up a resistance to it to such an extent that the normal, healthy person is not liable to contract it unless subject to a serious infection over a long period of time. The Indians never had T.B. until the white man came to America, so they contract it easily, and once having done so, it spreads rapidly. Even after the disease has been contracted, the resistance of the body is usually so high that it cannot take hold unless the person suffers from some illness of another sort which temporarily lowers his resistance. It may be safely assumed, therefore, that the odds are against your ever having it, or if you do contract it, and are in good health—not overtired or run down—you will conquer it without medical assistance and never know you had it.

Another point worth noting is that T.B. is not hereditary. No child is born with T.B., although it may readily contract it from an infected person. When a child is young and growing, a good deal of its energy is naturally taken up

with growth, and it has not the resistance of an adult. The fallacy of hereditary T.B. arises because children are more susceptible to the disease than adults, and it very often follows that the disease is handed down from one generation to another shortly after birth. Modern methods of prevention for children are helping to eliminate this risk.

To conclude, if you do find it necessary some time in your life to enter a sanatorium, do not imagine you will have to undergo a serious operation such as those described. At the outside, pneumo-thorax will be probably all that is necessary, and after you leave, you will have every chance of leading a normal life without fear of a recurrence. And don't imagine because a person has spent a couple of years or so in a sanatorium, he or she was seriously ill. Probably after six months of treatment the disease was cured, but the extra eighteen months were spent making sure that there would be no chance of a breakdown. If you worry while you are in hospital it impairs your progress, because the treatment requires mental as well as physical relaxation. If you are in doubt, have an X-ray and put your mind at rest. Nowadays, we go to the dentist not because we have a toothache, but at regular intervals to ensure that there has been no serious infection in the meantime.

An X-ray for tuberculosis can be looked upon in the same light.

PASSING OUT . . .

• by N. E. B.

(A warning to all airmen who intend to over-indulge at Christmastime.)



CONTRARY to what you may expect from the title of this article, it has nothing to do with graduation, wings parade, re-mustering, or what have you. It merely concerns the good, old-fashioned, evergreen binge.

It all happened this way: In the course of my daily fight for survival, I encountered a member for the enforcement of Law and Order—to wit, a policeman—who after being struck by my amazing and domineering personality, endeavoured to recoup his losses by selling me a ticket to the Policemen's Ball to be held at the local Palais de Dance on the following Wednesday evening.

So, on the evening in question, having washed, shampooed, and clothed myself in fine raiment, I sallied forth to the Palais. I was travelling stag, as it happened, which was, perhaps, very fortunate in view of the events which were to follow. Having only a short distance to go, I proceeded to walk to the place of the terpsichorean art, and nicely timed my approach to arrive at the same time as His Worship the Mayor, who had just had his chain cleaned and now thought it sparkling enough to expose to the public. Bearing in mind this was a Police Ball, I was careful to check my hat and coat, and also recalling that this event was second only to the Licenced Victualers' Annual Foot Slogging, I walked across to the usual pre-war array behind a mahogany counter, availing myself of two fingers of the usual. I left the bar and hied me forth to tread the light fantastic, but before being able to place one foot upon the glazed marquetry, I felt a large, heavy hand placed upon my right shoulder, whereupon the whole of my past flashed vividly before my eyes. Turning quickly, I was relieved to be greeted affably by my friend, the aforementioned policeman. The salutations led up to the proverbial question and affirmative answer, and back we toddled to add more polish to the counter.

The evening proceeded as most of these evenings do, and as time passed by, life gradually took on the rosy hue one associates with such functions, until the time came for us to join the milling herd and retrieve our outer garments pre-

viously placed in safe custody. And so into the night—or early dawn.

Well, I finally made my landlady's most respectable residence, complete with aspidistra and antimacassars, and removing my shoes (and carrying them in my hand) I finally elevated myself one storey to the room containing my underlay of goose feathers. And then I laid me down to sleep.

Then, as most of us have experienced, the rot set in. Never having been biologically inclined, and with but a passing interest in zoology, I was spared the multi-coloured phantasia, but commenced the usual bed-spinning, which, by a fixed focussing of the eyes, I managed to change into picture-crawling. By this, I mean that each picture upon which I fixed my glassy stare started to move in a crab-like motion towards the window but, strangely enough, never arrived. This sensation lasted for quite a time, and then was followed by a slow tilting of the foot of the bed, which, before boredom set in, changed to an upward movement of the bed head. (Are youse guys still with me?) Then came the great sensation. The penultimate to the admittance through the Pearly Gates. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, I felt myself rising as though drawn by the power of Dr. (or is it Professor?) Mesmer. As comfortable as though borne on fleecy clouds, I rose majestically until I panicked. Then I returned earthwards, until I relaxed, and again I became airborne. The old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt," came to my aid, and I found that I could control my movements, or sensation of movement, whichever you prefer. By relaxing, I would slowly rise, and by saying, "You're drunk, pie-eyed, sozzled, high, merry, stewed, or slewed," I could retard the upward trend and descend to make what is now known as a three-pointer.

Finally, summoning all my courage, being one of the explorer type who steps in where angels fear to tread, I determined to follow this levitation through its most fanciful flight, even if I had to touch down for oxygen equipment.

So for the great experiment. I relaxed, took off, and, as before, rose slowly and with grace into the air. Slowly, slowly, I climbed on my way to the stratosphere as I thought, until I came within about four inches of the ceiling, where I came

+ Life in the SICKERY



ONCE more Christmas is looming in the vicinity and the air is big with excitement for the coming festivities. Even as we write these words, more beds are being shifted into the Main Ward so as to enable us to accommodate a lot of extra guests. . . .

On Christmas morn, the Mist. Expect. bottle will be replenished with Scotch (or hooch) and AC. Birmingham will pipe the haggis around the Sickery walls. We might add that the haggis this year will have four wheels instead of the customary six, owing to war-time restrictions. However, to save wear and tear, LAC. Grey (whose native love for this well-known fruit has always been predominant) will wheel it on a pram in the procession led by Piper Birmingham, and followed, in order, by Sister Wilson with a bottle of Coca-Cola under each arm, and a packet of chewing gum behind each ear (symbolising the Youth of Canada); F/Lt. Lee in the Canadian National dress of the hunter and trapper; F/Lt. Hill bearing a large placard stating "Hot Saline Gargles Every Two Hours"; and finally, in all his glory, the Governor borne upon a throne, carrying the Christmas pudding in one hand, and with the other distributing largesse and

aspirins to the camp's personnel. We might add a little something about the Christmas pudding which will be a wonderful affair; it is being secretly concocted in the kitchen under the auspices of the famous catering firm of Booth & Cook (Poisoners to His Excellency the Sulphate of Magnesia). To crown the pudding, several applicators and a lock of McCarthy's hair will be used in lieu of holly, which, Medical Stores inform us, is almost unobtainable.

Reverting back to our forthcoming procession, we have the Governor distributing largesse to the population and giving his blessing in a dignified voice—"Ter die Sumendus . . . ter die Sumendus."

Dancing in the front of the procession and sprinkling incense and hooch in their path will be LAC's. Buller, Foster and Brown, dressed as fairy queens. Sergeants Dean and Dodd, acting as Toastmasters General, will keep order by occasionally biffing the fairy queens with a caduceus.

Dear readers, you must not miss this wonderful show, which puts the Victory Parade in a corner. So *why* go on leave? . . . Just report sick Christmas morning . . . (Just you dare).

Merry Christmas, readers, and a Happy New Year, which, we hope, will bring the Peace.

O.H.

to a stop and hovered, like unto the wildest dream of the inventor of the autogiro. Looking from this elevated position, I saw (Horrific "A" picture from here on) myself lying in bed—yes, I did—I saw myself lying apparently asleep. Vividly this is impressed upon my mind. I could see myself as plainly as though the bedroom was well lit, although, in fact, there was no light apart from the glimmer of a distant street lamp through the window. My head was turned on one side, the creases in the pillow clear and distinct, and I could see the outline of my body beneath the blankets. I could also distinguish the pattern on the overlay and all the furniture, in fact, the whole furnishings of the room were there in the correct perspective from the point I was viewing it.

Now then—if you are still with me—can you explain the foregoing? I agree with you in all your remarks that:

- (a) It was a wonderful evening.
- (b) That I must have been definitely intoxicated.
- (c) That *most* of these sensations have been experienced by conscientious tipplers.

but—can anyone explain to me how I could possibly look down and see myself, asleep? And with my eyes shut, and everything else in its proper perspective?

In closing, may I say that the beverage consumed during this evening was the ordinary 12/6d variety Scotch (with the sealed-in flavour). So now can I have your comments and explanations on and of this psychic *affaire extraordinaire*? They are eagerly awaited—especially by the Editor, who is thirsting to sample some pre-war elixir. N.E.B.

I suggest our contributor was frightened by Superman when in childhood.
—Ed.

THE ENGLISH THEATRE in War Time



THE purpose of this article is to give you some up-to-date gen on the English Theatre at the present time.

Great changes have been taking place in the world of entertainment back home these last two years. Changes I may add for the better. Theatre managers, actors and theatre staffs faced dark days when war broke out. They closed their doors and blotted out their neon signs. It began to look as though they would never open up again.

When they did open their doors, came a spate of old revivals or plays and shows of the light and frothy kind. Managers decided the public did not want any solid fare. The British public decided otherwise. In 1939 we never expected such productions as "Love for Love," "Watch on the Rhine," "Heart-break House," "Blithe Spirit," and "A Month in the Country". Managers realised that star salaries were out of the question, so there has grown up in the theatre today a spirit of co-operation. Plays produced on a co-operative basis, in addition to the five already mentioned in this article, are Priestley's "They Came to a City," and Rattigan's "Flare Path". The co-operative basis is simply this: Artists whose salaries are normally over £20 a week, hold shares in the company, the individual number of shares held by each member being based on his peace-time salary at average business. Each Friday the artist playing on sharing terms receives a guaranteed minimum sum of £10, followed on the subsequent Wednesday by a balance cheque, accompanied by detailed expense sheets. It is like the bonus in a factory. When business is booming the artist's salary touches heights that were rare in the past. When business is not so brisk he takes the more modest sum in good part, knowing that every other member of the cast is in the same boat. With the war has sprung up The Council for Encouragement of Music and the Arts. As Walter Hudd, noted West End actor, puts it, the theatre has passed through three phases: collapse, delirium and rally.

Collapse: when the blitz closed the theatres for a time.

Delirium: when popular demand for entertainment set managers wildly searching for what was thought to be

safe; a plunging into the ragbag of the past and the wholesale revival of last war successes. But these could not last forever.

Rally: when companies like The Old Vic and orchestras like the London Philharmonic, went out into Darkest England, and everywhere they went the response was overwhelming.

Into the foreground of this cultural stirring came C.E.M.A., bringing to the people exhibitions of pictures, famous orchestras, and lastly, the drama.

To war factories, hostels, went well-known actors and actresses presenting plays like Shaw's "A Village Wooing," and "Man of Destiny," and Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler."

Imagine Shaw and Ibsen being played at 11.30 p.m. and again at 10 a.m. so as to fit in with the afternoon and night shifts! Many of these workers in munitions factories had never seen a play before in their lives. Yet the actors testify that they have never before played to such receptive, more lively, and more enthusiastic houses.

After this, who will dare to say the legitimate theatre has anything to fear from the Talkies? Holidays at home meant Opera, Ballet, Musical Comedy being brought to the public at prices from 6d to 3/- in the various public parks and open spaces.

A new audience has been created, an audience that has had its appetite whetted for something a great deal better than the celluloid form of entertainment ever gave them. So the Theatre has become for many a place of cheap escape from the realities of life.

It has become a source of inspiration, of understanding, and of fulfilment. I am indebted to *The London Theatre World* and to "Our Time" for some of the foregoing gen.

Finally—just a personal forecast: You may have missed seeing before you left the Old Country, Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" (London's longest run), Ivor Novello's "The Dancing Years," and Esther McCracken's "Quiet Weekend" (Wyndham's Theatre's longest run).

Don't be disappointed. I predict they will still be running in London when Peace comes again. In case my prediction is wrong, and you are shortly on the boat, then make it a point to see all three immediately you get that looked-for leave on your return. —E. F. R.

THE *haunted* HOUSE

(A True Story of an Encounter with the Supernatural)



IN the early summer of the year 1919, on my return from France, I found myself re-united with my Regiment (37th Foot, i.e., 1st Btn. Hampshire Regiment) at Catterick Camp in Yorkshire. Now Catterick is situated close to the charming little town of Richmond, famous for its old-world houses and cobbled streets. A delightful song has been written about Richmond describing "a quaint old-fashioned pair who lived in an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street."

I was living out in Richmond as no accommodation on the Camp was available.

I well remember that the magnificent new road running from the town to Catterick Camp, some four miles away, was being constructed by gangs of German prisoners awaiting their return to the Fatherland as soon as Armistice arrangements could be completed to this end. After a diligent search for quarters I finally discovered, with the help of a local house agent, what appeared to be the ideal place. This was a small and attractive house more than a century old and standing at the top of Frenchgate—one of the many cobbled streets of the old town.

The house was offered to me at an absurdly low rental even in those days and was furnished complete with linen, silver, napery, etc., also a cook-house-keeper called Muriel, and a parlour-maid called Florence, their wages being included in the rent. Muriel was a good cook and extremely efficient in all that she did, but was definitely of the "superior" type who make you feel you should stand at attention whilst in their presence. Florence was tall and angular. She was quietly efficient but rarely spoke. She smiled but seldom and appeared to be completely under the domination of Muriel. The owner of the house was a Major R— of the Royal Engineers, who was still abroad with his unit in the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. The reason why such a charming house, possessing

a lovely little Italian garden complete with a crazy walk, should be priced at such a low rental, will be learned later.

After a few weeks' residence in my new home, wherein I was extremely happy and content, I went to bed as usual towards 10.30 p.m. I recall that the night was uncomfortably hot and I must have dozed off into uneasy slumber somewhere around midnight. At half-past two o'clock in the morning by my wrist watch I awoke with a start suddenly, very wide awake and with all my senses alert. I sat bolt upright in bed and heard the grandfather clock in the hall chime the hour of half-past two. I suddenly realised that I was sweating with fear of the unknown; also my scalp was prickling — sure sign of the presence of psychic phenomena. Instinct told me that there was something EVIL in that old house that night. Something unspeakably BAD, and whatever IT might prove to be I KNEW I should see it before dawn.

I could feel my heart pounding against my ribs and my hands were hot and clammy with sweat, but move I could not. I remember it was bright moonlight outside and every familiar object in that room was clearly outlined. To the right of the double-bed was a door leading into the bathroom and small dressing room. On the opposite side of the bed was a second door leading out of the bedroom onto the landing and main staircase. Suddenly the blood in my veins seemed to turn to ice as I distinctly heard three muffled knocks on the bathroom door. IT was trying to come in! I vainly tried to call out, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and not a sound could I utter. I suppose that a couple of minutes must have elapsed during which time I remained in a state of inarticulate helplessness. The three knocks were then repeated, but this time they were louder and more insistent. Making a supreme effort I called out in a voice quite unrecognisable as my own and instinctively using part of the old military challenge: "Whoever or whatever you are, advance and be recognized."

The prickling sensation on my scalp had now increased as to be quite pain-

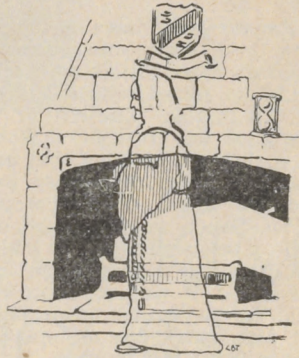
ful. A cold wind blew through the room and touched my face with icy fingers. My eyes were fixed in a horrible sort of fascination on the bathroom door, but that door never opened. Instead appeared slowly, but soon quite distinctly on the panel of the door, the wraithlike form of an old monk, a cowl over his head, bent low and his hands crossed on his breast. In this position the form of my nocturnal visitor moved slowly across the room past the end of my bed and disappeared through the other door on to the landing. Immediately IT had gone the cold wind stopped blowing and everything in the room became normal.

My first and instinctive reaction was to switch on all the lights and pull the old-fashioned bell-rope hanging just over my head. Peal after peal of jangling sound swept through the old house. Florence, the maid, was the first to appear in answer to my summons; she met me on the landing looking white and shaken. "You've seen it, sir, you've seen it?" she gasped.

Before I could reply, Muriel arrived perfectly composed and clad in a dressing gown of many colours, which would have done credit to Joseph himself. She promptly told Florence not to be a fool and soundly rated her. Florence burst into hysterical laughter and ran down the stairs to her own room still laughing; the sound of it made my blood run cold. Muriel now admitted to me that the old house had a ghost and was, indeed haunted by the spirit of an old monk who had been murdered in the house a century before. His body had been buried in the garden, according to the legend. The monk had apparently led an evil life and had been condemned to wander forever over the face of the earth, being accorded no rest after death. I was aware that the inner meaning of the word "ghost" was "a wanderer" and Muriel's explanation of the legend seemed to confirm this view.

There was little sleep for the three of us in that household for the rest of the night, but nothing else happened. Florence served me my breakfast in the dining room as usual in the morning. The bright sunshine streaming in through the quaint mullioned windows of that pleasant room seemed to belie the possibility of the existence of spooks. Before setting out for camp on my motorcycle, I sent for Muriel and questioned her closely. She admitted that

the rent asked for the house was a low one because the place had a sinister reputation among the local inhabitants. Sooner or later the ghost revealed itself to the tenant of the house in exactly the same manner as it had appeared to me. Muriel and Florence had watched a dozen tenants leave the house abruptly after such appearances, preferring to break their lease and be out-of-pocket rather than stay on. It now transpired that the house agent who



had rented the house to me was well aware of the ghost legend, but had preferred to say nothing. I told Muriel that I would "give the ghost another chance to behave itself like a gentleman," but if anything further untoward transpired during my stay in the house I should be forced to take my departure.

Every night thereafter I slept in the same room, but with my Service .45 Colt pistol on the table beside me and both servants knew it was there. About ten nights later my friend the ghost returned to visit me for the second time and under almost identical conditions as before, except that this time there was no knocking on the bathroom door which was securely locked, but a furious and determined rattling of the door handle. Although still extremely frightened, I challenged the ghost with a warning that I was about to shoot. I fired three shots from the magazine of the pistol through the horrible transparent form, which, however, paid not the slightest attention, but slowly passed from my vision through the door at the other side of the room. On the following morning I recovered the three bullets by digging them out of the solid brick wall of the dressing room.

After this second experience I was sensible enough to realise that my nerves

• Continued on page 33

The REASON WHY



IT was two or three days before Christmas and the Mess was exceptionally quiet, the calm before the storm of festivities. We were all seated around the fire talking of nothing in particular, sipping thoughtfully at mugs of beer. Outside, the 'drome lay silent; blanketed with that stillness that follows a heavy snowfall. Then someone mentioned Ransome.

Now, Ransome had been on the station for some time, an ex-operational type who could do more things with a 'plane than could be found within the provisions of C.A.P. 100. The matter would not have gone any further if Robinson had not spoken. The thing that puzzled him was that Ransome never participated in low flying, and he wondered why. The silence was ominous; it was, we all felt, a tactless remark to make, for although Ransome's prowess in the air was undoubted, it was common knowledge that he never ventured below a hundred feet, and with an operational type that in itself was strange.

"Suppose you killed your own son". This remark, startling in its irrelevancy, made us turn towards the speaker. It was Smith, a reticent fellow who had been here longer than most people hoped to be. We must have looked surprised, for he apologised, and said that there was a story behind it. He glanced suggestively at his glass; the hint was well taken, and, duly replenished, he began.

It happened almost a year ago to the very day. The weather was well in keeping with Canadian tradition and the 25th looked like being white. The snow lay as heavily then as it did this very moment, the telegraph wires were bent beneath its weight, the frost sparkled in the sun's rays, and yukons were the order of the day.

Ransome was a living out member and had the prettiest wife one could wish for: they had been married and were apparently expecting a new addition to the family. On this particular trip, the last before Christmas leave, Ransome had taken a pupil up for some essential exercises which were to include low flying. His low flying was, to put it mildly, good, but he had a bad habit of shooting up the house where he lived.

Today was no exception and before returning to base, over he went. He came

in low, wafting the snow from the chimneys with the slipstream. A steep turn and over again. One for luck, and this time lower still. As he passed the house he felt a slight tug on the tail unit but gave it no further thought until he landed and found a yard or so of wire attached to his tail wheel. It had cut into the rubber, but, as he was well liked, the flights managed to fit a new wheel and the whole business was forgotten—forgotten, that is, for a while.

Ransome was late in getting home that night and when he entered the house he found that his wife had been taken to hospital. Their landlady had been out that afternoon and when she returned it was to find his wife in the final pangs of labour. She had phoned for an ambulance but the wires were down. Smith paused and took a sip of beer.

When Ransome reached the hospital he was told that his child had been born dead. His wife was brave about the affair, said that it could not be helped, and attributed it to the workings of fate. She thinks that the snow on the wires caused the break; Ransome never told her the true reason—that is his own secret.

"No," said Smith, "Low flying is really not worth it," and looked again at his glass. KI.

ULTIMATUM

Please don't ask me to marry you now, dear,

My mother would just have a fit, Good heavens, it was only this morning we met,

Can't you be patient a bit?

You know how people would talk, dear, They'd say it was not in good taste, And, besides, I don't think a girl if she's nice

Would marry a man in such haste.

But I'll marry you tomorrow, dear, if you like,

And we'll share the same tooth-brush and comb,

But, if you don't stop pestering me about it tonight,

I'll get up and get dressed and go home.

Haven't I shaved you before, sir?
No, I got that gash in a Commando raid.



W/C. D. L. TOWNSEND, A.F.C.



F/L. M. C. LUCKHAM,
O.C. No. 1 Squadron

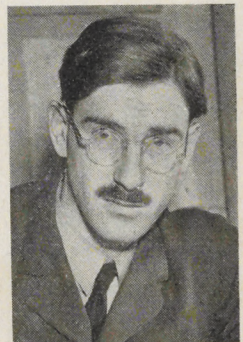
IN WORKING HOURS

No. 3

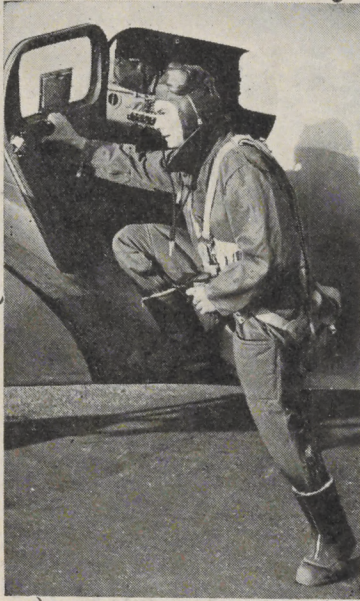
Training Wing



S/L. E. S. HOGG,
O.C. No. 2 Squadron



P/O. H. E. HOWARD,
Wing Adjutant



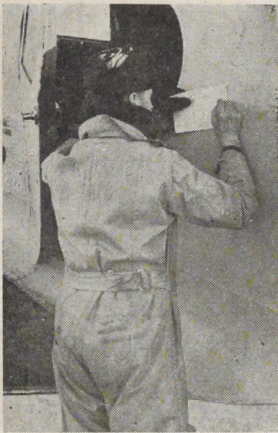
LAC. G. M. BURROWS, 93 Course



F/O. E. A. MORRISH, Watching Pupil's Solo



LAC. L. D. HOWARD and AC. S. LEVY
Parachute Section



LAC. E. BLACKBURN
Timekeeper



F/O. A. W. S. STUCKEY, Demonstrating Formation Flying to
LAC's CLAXTON, FINLAYSON and EMUS



S/L. R. H. McGOWAN (O.C. S.B.A. Squadron),
explaining S.B.A. Indicator to F/L. J. K. ENGEL,
(Czech Pupil), 89 Course



LAC. R. R. HALL, Armourer,
Fitting Flare



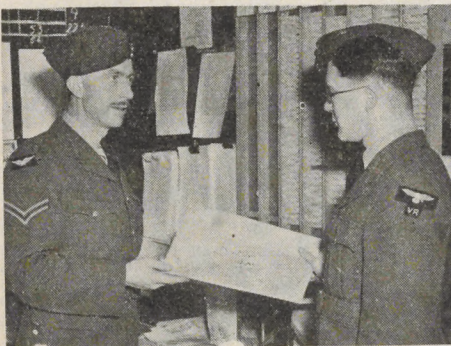
ORDERLY ROOM

Left to Right: SGT. H. B. WOLSTENHOLME, CPL.
J. A. P. CANNON, LAC. N. HURST, LAC. T. MELICAN,
CPL. T. O. BOLT, LAC. H. C. F. SAUNDERS



METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE

CPL. M. E. CRAMPTON, AC. P. O. MCCARTHY,
AC. P. H. LITTLEFAIR



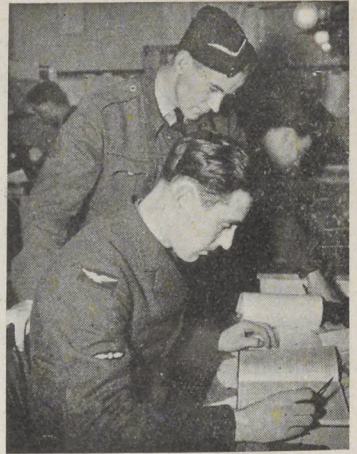
CPL. C. C. CARLING and AC. GROVES



Duty Pilot — P/O. T. MITCHINSON



F/L. D. F. A. L. FOSBERY, O.C. Navigation Group,
and Cpl. H. BRUMWELL, examining Drift Recorder



LAC. H. J. ARNOLD and Pupil



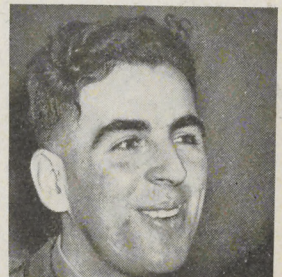
SGT. A. W. DURHAM, Link Trainer Instructor



F/L. S. DAVIDS, O.C. No. 7 Flight, Explaining
"Turning on Sight" to LAC. HOLLEMAN
and LAC. BRAMBLE



SGT. P. GOVETT and Pupil, Map Reading



LAC. W. T. ROUSE



A Christmas Prelude

By T. M.

There was once a young king in the East, whose name was Sintoban.

He was a very young king indeed, and he had everything that a young king could possibly wish for, very marvellous palaces and exceeding fair domains, wonderful ladies, more beautiful than the tails of peacocks, whose one shared desire was to interpret his slightest hint as a command; rare jewels, costly and magnificent brocades and tapestries, works of art of every kind whose price in worldly coin could never be computed, books of extreme wisdom, curiosity and value, a tame monkey who loved him better than did any of his subjects and cried bitterly if they were separated, one wise councillor, and poets to sing his praises. In spite of all this, the young king was sad, for he carried burdens heavier than his years. His father, he knew, had grasped the throne with blood-stained hands; many men and women, and even children, had died that Sintoban might sit where he sat now, and this bore heavily with him, so that his nights were filled with terrifying visions, and there was but little pleasure in his days. For he was cursed with the gift of kindness, and try though he would he found it hard so much as to speak sharply to a living soul.

Lately he had withdrawn more and more from the public life of the court, and there were murmurings among the

courtiers, who loved him only because he provided them with pleasure; some of the more romantic said that he had fallen in love, others that he planned to make war, others again believed that he had read a warning in the stars, and in whispers on back stairs and in remote corridors of the palace it was even said that he was now given over to unnatural and abominable vices, which so absorbed him that he feared to show himself lest all men should note the lines of evil disfiguring his fair young face.

But none of this was true. He would spend whole days reclining on a great couch in his private chambers, doing nothing but sigh and stare out of the window at a grey sky that seemed to reflect his own leaden soul; and if the day were fine he would call a servant to draw the heavy curtains, and lie in the half-gloom until his heart became one with the drear shadows. And when night came he would rise and go out through secret ways into the palace grounds and stand beneath the tall mysterious trees, and listen to the wind sighing through them, like the sighs that afflicted his own breathing. And always he was sad.

Today, however, he had experienced a new restlessness. He paced about the room nervously, and conscious all the time of something astir in his mind, as though a bright, enamelled fly, like those that hovered and darted above the river in the palace gardens, were caught in the misty web of his thinking and was buzzing to be free. But the shape of this creature he could not dis-

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

• Continued from page 27

were going to pieces as I was lying awake half the night on the "qui vive". I accordingly gave the servants their wages and left the house the very same day for a few days' leave of absence.

On my return to Camp a week later I found that I had been fortunate enough to be selected to carry the King's Colour of my Regiment in the Victory Marches in Paris and London, then being organised for representative con-

tingents chosen from the Allied Nations. A few days later I found myself in the train with my Colour party and escort en route for Shorncliffe (near Folkestone), for three weeks' preliminary training in ceremonial drill and the "kickstep" in slow-march time. My subsequent adventures in gay Patee and London drove all thoughts of spooks out of my head, but the remembrance of those two dreadful nights in "that old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street" is as vivid to me today as then —twenty-four years ago. —"SIMBA".

cern. It was, none the less, real to him.

At evening the serving men brought in many pleasant foods and wines, and set them before him, that he might partake of them. This they did on the instructions of the Lord Gilo, the old and wise Chief Minister to the young king; for when before during the day they had spoken to him of food Sintoban had waved them imperiously away. Now, seeing the delicate repast spread out, his hunger rose in him, and he ate.

Gilo stepped softly into the room, smiling softly, and softly he spoke:

"Lord," he said, and his smile was of an infinite subtlety, "there is one waiting who has travelled far to see you."

"Oh dear," said the young king: "must I see him? Who is he? How far has he travelled?"

"Very far, my lord. From beyond the Mountains of the Gloomy Demon."

"It is far indeed. But couldn't he wait—is far till morning?"

"Lord," said Gilo gravely; "it is fitting that you should see him, and at once, for he is a king; even as yourself."

Sintoban flung a leg of chicken that he had been eating into a golden dish.

"Bother!" he said. "I suppose we'll have to give a banquet now and have all those silly courtiers falling over us, and entertainments and hunts and laying foundation-stones, and speeches and such flummery. It is really too bad."

"I think not, sire. He is growing old—as I am—nay, it is twenty years since I last saw him, and he was then of middle age. And he comes secretly, with but few attendants."

"Splendid!" cried Sintoban. "In that case, dear Gilo, send for him at once. But wait—who is he?"

"King Thoth".

The young king shuddered. With King Thoth and his countrymen Sintoban's father had waged a terrible war, and seized from him the rich valleys and plains that lay on this side of the Mountains of the Gloomy Demon, beyond which mighty range the dispossessed had retired, swearing vengeance. Only the velvet diplomacy of the Lord Gilo had averted another outbreak in the young king's lifetime.

"Bid him come in," said Sintoban.

The old man who entered wore none of the accoutrements of kingship. A plain cloak of purple stuff enveloped him. His face was the face of an eagle,

stern and fierce, but the dark melancholy eyes spoke of much thought; and he was very tall.

"You are far from home, King Thoth," said Sintoban, rising.

He did not answer.

"And therefore I wish that here you should find everything that your home might provide."

The old man's features relaxed. "You are gracious," he said. "My vision was not wrong, then."

"Eat of my bread," said Sintoban.

The two kings sat down to sup; the elder ate but sparingly. Presently he began to talk.

"Every night during the passage of three moons the dream returned, and it became more real than anything that happened to me whilst I was awake. In it I stood on a mountain-top in a luminous cloud, and a great wind blew and then grew calm. There was music of no earthly making, and sometimes voices lovely beyond belief sang words that I could not understand; perhaps the very language of eternity, which my poor knowledge will not reach as yet. And all this died away, and as it did so the cloud grew dark, and dark; all but one small glow, a radiance that hung, as I thought, somewhat above me. Out of this a voice spoke. 'The welcome of the young king Sintoban awaits you. Go to his court at the eighth month; and there you will see a sign'. And with that the darkness grew complete, and I stood alone on the mountain. The dream ended."

"It is a marvellous thing that you relate," muttered Sintoban, rapt and staring into the shadows, "yet I cannot choose but believe it. Strange that I should have felt, today, so restless, and a sense of something new astir. . . . Know, O king, it is long since I found pleasure in living. I am oppressed by the weight of death and evil that my father heaped upon this land. My crown I have dreaded to wear, for in the diamond that surmounts it, the largest and most perfect stone in the world, the spirits of a poisoned queen and a young prince tortured to death are imprisoned. This I know. And I have been weary for many days. I am tired of this sycophantic court, and tired of all my beautiful possessions, and tired, yea,"—his voice sank to a whisper—"very tired, of the old gods."

His pet monkey—who was called Sung, for he had been a present to the

We Bow to Public Opinion

You will notice that in this issue we have changed the title of our photographic pages from "Erks at Work" to "In Working Hours". We became so tired of people pointing out that the photographs invariably included officers

who could hardly be classified as erks, that we decided to put the matter right. The average erk, apparently, does not agree that officers should be included in the title pertaining to his particular circle, and by effecting the change we hope to satisfy our readers who were so shocked by the inaccuracy of the heading.

young king from the Emperor of Cathay—had nestled close to his master while he spoke, and looked at him with anxious eyes; and as he finished, whimpered gently and stroked the face of Sintoban. And Sintoban laughed, breaking the tension.

"Sung has been my solace," he said, fondling the little animal, "for he loves me with a single devotion."

King Thoth smiled, as though at a charming and intelligent child, and said, "You have spoken truly"; and there was silence between them for a while. Yet still a communion of thought seemed to draw them close.

Presently Sintoban rose, and struck a golden bell for the table to be cleared, and they withdrew to a wide terrace, which lay high in the palace walls. From here the two kings gazed down on the lights of the gay city around them, and a light murmuring borne at times on a puff of wind spoke of a complex life continuing below.

"There is much that is evil here," sighed the young king; "I have done what I could, but my nobles do not understand and are against me, and the priests side with the nobles. I do not believe in the old gods, and am tired of their domination. But what would you? There are no new ones. . . ."

"Perhaps," said Thoth, and his eyes glowed in the starlight, his regal head was uplifted, "perhaps there will be a—"

He broke off. Someone had joined them on the terrace.

Sintoban peered at the shadowy figure. Gilo? A servant? Or—

"It is a fair night, O kings," said a rich voice, "to look for a sign."

The air seemed suddenly filled with strange forces.

"Who are thou, dark stranger?" called Sintoban.

He was indeed dark; for no whiteness of face or hand stood out from his long dark cloak.

"I am Akhnaton the Silent, a king. Every night, during the passage of three moons, I have dreamed a dream, and it has brought me here."

"Tell us of it."

"In this dream I ascended a great tower, and came at the top to a terrace such as this. And there I was enfolded by a fiery cloud, and a music, most astonishingly fair, ravished my ear. And a voice spoke, saying: 'Go at the time of the eighth month to Sintoban of the Middle Kingdoms; King Thoth will be with him, and they will welcome you. You are the three chosen. Prepare there for a journey; and you will take with you each a gift, one of gold, one of frankincense, and one of myrrh. This you must do for a child who comes to you, and for you, yet you must go to him. And behold, you will see a sign!' And the dream ended."

The dark stranger moved closer.

"It is a thing of great wonder," said Thoth, "yet must we believe it, our own case being much as yours. Your hand, Akhnaton."

And the three exchanged greetings.

"What think you, brother kings?" said Akhnaton; "what new thing comes to the world? Is it—?" He stopped.

"Perhaps—" King Thoth began hesitantly.

"I am very tired," whispered Sintoban, "of the old life, and the old ways, and—" His whisper died.

One thought was with all of them, but it seemed almost that they dared not express it.

"Let us descend into the gardens," said Sintoban.

On the way he called to him four trusted men; and presently they stood, the three kings, each with four attendants, and their trains of camels, in the gardens.

"Look there!" cried one suddenly.

Far in the western summit of night a star had risen. And it began to move! The three kings followed it.

Why not COME BACK HERE?

Ed. Note: Here is a straight-from-the-shoulder-article written by a Canadian who is a great advocate for the colonization of Canada. Your opinions on the subject will be welcome, and letters to the Editor will be published with suitable replies.

DURING your stay here you must have realised that Canada is a vast country with tremendous resources of timber, minerals, and agricultural land; but that a great deal of these resources are as yet undeveloped because it is so thinly populated. The war has shown that we have a huge manufacturing potential, but post-war production will have to depend on overseas trade for support, and, unless a domestic market is created by the time Europe recovers from the war, these industries will be curtailed, and the country once again faced with depression.

There are many odd things about Canada, perhaps the most outstanding being that we have no fewer than ten central governments with a population of only eleven million people. This large number of central governments is probably an efficient set-up for fifty million people, and maybe they are necessary when the extent and varying conditions in the different parts of the country are taken into consideration, but it is a great expense for only eleven million people to bear. Similarly, many other things in Canada, such as transportation, services, and certain products are difficult and expensive to obtain because of this small population in such a large area. If Canada could get forty million people or more of *her own choice* she would become one of the foremost nations in the world, and her inhabitants would share equally in the resultant prosperity.

The kind of people we would choose would have identical qualifications to those possessed by the R.A.F. personnel at present stationed in this country.

What are you going to do when the whistle blows? Some of you have professions to go back to, but the majority of British airmen passing through Canada today are aircrew, many coming straight from school or university, and not being employed before the war.

Most of these men, as yet untrained for post-war positions, will have to go to humdrum jobs commanding salaries a good deal less than their present R.A.F. pay, and it will take years of hard work before they can expect to earn enough to live in comfort. If a man has to take a humdrum job, it is less monotonous five thousand miles away from home than it is five miles away from home, so why not come to Canada where the opportunities will be infinitely greater? Similarly, men skilled in various professions will find they can command higher salaries and more responsible positions in a country which is on the up-and-up. The British Government has, no doubt, plans for post-war employment, and so has Canada. I contend that it will be easier for both countries if Canada has a rapidly expanding population, mostly recruited from the British Isles.

Our big neighbour in the south, the U.S.A., opened her doors during the latter part of last century and the first part of this to all who cared to come across the ocean and become Americans. Her population increased by leaps and bounds up to her present one-hundred-and-thirty-odd millions, creating thereby a standard of living and a prosperity unequalled in any country at any time. I suppose the average boatload of American immigrants would contain a good cross-section of trades, and that these men continued in their trades in their new home. Others would then have to start services, and in no time at all, it seems, most of these people were employed, happy, and healthy. Canada can do the same. The people who went to the U.S.A. were considered pioneers and glamorized by the hard initial living conditions and the crude, crowded, industrial centres. A person can still be a pioneer seeking his eventual home in a modern train or a motor car, and arrive to find it equipped with a radio and an electrical refrigerator. All of these things, of course, give work to those already there, and industry and natural wealth increase until we have prosperity at our doors.

So, if you are planning for after the war, think of this, and—*think of Canada.*

—C.M.

On the Trail of the ENTUKU

PART II



"JAMBO Bwana" (Good day, Master) came the deep-throated greeting from a dozen stalwart native soldiers of the King's Bodyguard as I drove slowly through the dusky throng of

curious natives gathered within the walls of the wooden stockade surrounding the King's palace. Try to imagine the scene: an outer stockade built of sharp-pointed stout wattle wood, encompassing an enormous circle. Within, the Royal Palace and Council Chamber, both built entirely of wood with roofs thatched with dry mud and straw. The Council Chamber, in which I was to address the tribal chieftains, was circular in shape, but had the peculiarity of having no doors, owing to the great heat, but merely wooden pillars evenly interspaced.

Inside the building—let us call it "the House"—there was a wooden throne for the King and specially constructed seats for the Prime Minister and other Court Dignitaries. Row upon row of seats rose in tiers from the well of "the House" to seat the Chiefs of the Uganda tribes. Now I had expected to see perhaps fifty of the latter, but great was my surprise to find myself confronting over five hundred chieftains clad in white, their dark faces sharply accentuated against the gleaming white of their robes.

I took up my position standing on a plain wooden table and arranged my tin containers and drums of disinfectant around me. These tin containers were brightly painted and bore labels in colours inscribed in English and Swahili. The African native is a natural artist and has a great eye for colour. He has the soul of a child and is fond of bright colours and gaudy trappings.

At this moment the King and his Court entered to the roll of native drums (beaten lightly at each end with the finger tips after the manner of tom-toms). I jumped down from my table and went forward to shake hands gravely with each in turn as the introductions were made with the assistance of an English-speaking native interpreter. After gaining the King's permission to commence my performance, I took

a hasty look around that colourful scene set in the heart of Africa. I was amazed to perceive hundreds of black native faces peering in wild-eyed from the outside, curious and not a little fearful to see the white man's magic. As

I began to speak and whilst opening one of the tins of disinfectant, I cut my thumb quite badly, causing the blood to flow freely. I instantly called on the interpreter to command all to watch me carefully, explaining that my magic would cause the bleeding to cease.

Amidst a tense silence I plunged my thumb into the tin of disinfectant (a highly concentrated white coal-oil fluid nearly twenty times stronger than pure carbolic acid). I knew from experience that this disinfectant was a powerful haemastatic or stopper of bleeding, as it proved to be. The "magic" worked and after a few moments the bleeding ceased altogether. Effective magic, but painful. A muttered gasp of incredulity and amazement arose from my audience, but I was happy in the thought that I had gained their confidence and my "magic" had proved to be "good magic".

After concluding my talk on disinfectants with some interesting and convincing demonstrations on the miscibility of certain germicides in pure water, solutions of sodium chloride and blood serum, I crossed over to a second table I had previously prepared and from which I proposed to give my display against the "entuku".

My simple equipment consisted of a powerful syringe about eighteen inches long and chromium-plated as a protection against corrosion; it had a fine nozzle and a filling cap. At a pre-arranged signal I clapped my hands sharply three times and thereupon a native bed was carried solemnly into "the House" by four sturdy natives. Native beds are invariably built of wood; they have four legs and stand low on the ground; sacking stitched roughly across forms a mattress. They make an ideal breeding place for "entuku".

I had the bed turned upside down on the table for all to see. Through the interpreter I called on four chiefs to come down from their seats and stand



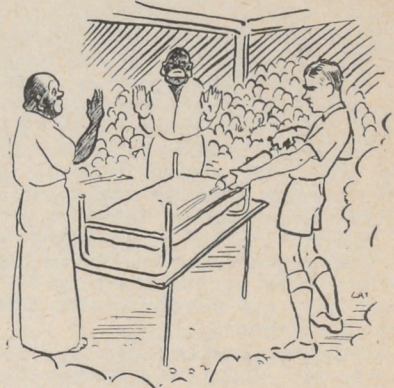
one at each corner of the bed. After a good deal of noisy jabbering and hesitation, four warriors were pushed forward by their fellows and unwillingly joined me on the table, their eyes dilated with fear — possibly they were still thinking of my cut thumb. I shook hands with each of them and bade them have no fear, but just carry out my simple instructions. I then told each man to examine carefully his corner of the bed and tell me if they could see any sign of the "entuku". At this juncture the King had to despatch a squad of police to calm the excitement of the natives pressing in from the outside, the news of my visit having spread rapidly. Calm and order were quickly restored, but only after a few resounding thwacks on woolly heads had been administered by the police with their clubs.

My four heroes now reported in unison: "Upana entuku Bwana, Upana entuku" ("There are no entuku, Master"). Telling my audience that I was now going to fill my magic wand with magic medicine against which no "entuku" could survive, I carefully filled the syringe with the insecticide and firmly screwed down the cap. Feeling the gaze of the interpreter fixed on me, I looked up to see his eyes bulging and not a little fear depicted on that dusky countenance.

Now be it known that the "entuku" feeds solely on human blood. If, however, the insect can be lured from its hiding place in dark holes and crevices by the anticipation of a human meal, then may the beastie be dealt with more readily. My special "dope" had in it the smell of human blood (result of lengthy laboratory research work), and perceptible only to the "entuku". When ejected through a fine nozzle in the form of a thin jet, the liquid penetrates deeply into cracks and crevices and at once emits a powerful gas, deadly to insects, but quite innocuous to humans.

Muttering fierce words of mumbo-jumbo hastily concocted for the occasion and with a secret prayer in my heart, I took careful aim in turn at each of the corners of the native bed. I could see the visible evidence of the presence of "entuku" inside by the black marks of excreta left on the outside. Calling upon the "entuku" to come forth from their hiding places and surrender, I let fly with my syringe. The immediate result was instantaneous and surprising. Bugs came out in dozens from the corners of the bed where the liquid had penetrated. As the "en-

tuku" advanced further into the ring of gas given off by the rapidly vapourising liquid, they became visibly "groggy" and slowly but surely turned up on their heads and gave up the ghost. Bugs usually turn onto their heads to die, cockroaches onto their backs. My four chiefs on the table beside me let out a yell of excitement. Their cries were at once echoed by their colleagues on the benches and soon by the populace outside. "Entuku! Entuku!! Entuku!!! Louder and louder welled the cry



until with a shout, the chiefs left their seats in a body, dignity forgotten, and made a headlong rush towards my table to see for themselves if the enemy was really dead or only shamming, i.e., stupefied. Over went my drums and tins of disinfectant and the noise was terrific. In the midst of the hulla-baloo I found myself being swept backwards off the table into the arms of the Prime Minister. This gentleman was vainly endeavouring to restore order by rapping furiously on his table with a wooden mallet.

Unable to contain myself any longer I burst into uncontrollable laughter. Feeling the royal eyes turned in my direction I looked up a little dubiously, but was relieved to find from the expression of amusement on the King's features that the humour of the situation was not lost upon him. His Majesty now summoned me to his side and requested me to report to him that the "entuku" were really dead. I was able to confirm this and even brought the King some of the corpses to examine. He did so a little nervously, I thought. The "entuku" were all well and truly "kaput".

Holding his pants high and walking across the battlefield as delicately as

Pagan or Christian Principles?



A MONTH later, Peter Trice again visited "The Gun and Gopher" and saw his friend, Bill Eavenly in his favorite window seat. Peter greeted his acquaintances and asked for his coat to be dried, for it was raining hard as usual. He drew out his cigarette case as he approached and offered it to Bill; who, striking a match, lit both cigarettes.

Peter broke out: "Another sentence read: 'Only by a return to Christian Principles can Society be saved from ruin'. Now a young man the other day was holding forth that the future lay with unlimited State Control. Christianity would not be required, each can recognize how it is better for everybody if he does his part well."

Bill blew out a smoke ring. It melted away, and he replied: "As a system it might work if men acted like angels, that is, in accordance with what their reasons worked out. That they do not, is much too obvious; they prefer to do what suits them at the particular time, hence we get the war and have had other disasters. Christian principles are to help men to live according to their reason, and history shows how much they have. One only needs to

compare Christian countries (even with all their still remaining faults), with pagan countries to see the different values given to human life and other natural rights. Christianity has erected hospitals for the sick and homes for the weak and old; attended by women who willingly receive no wages for their care. In these countries we do not buy women like goods, which is still done in pagan parts of Africa and China even today. You do not now go to see gladiators in the arena, or prisoners fed to the lions. We have accepted the Christian principles, though still falling short in practice, and we have softened the brute side of man's nature with the principles and practice of Christ's lovely law; and by using the gifts He has left for us to use. We profit by nineteen hundred years' of experience with the personality and example of Christ Himself. His earthly mother and the other saints have also had their effect."

"The non-Christian way is leading back to our being slaves of the man who makes himself top-dog, and who has no Christian restraining principles.

"Well, I have an engagement with my sister now, with whom I am going to church, and I will thank God for His benefits, especially in giving these principles. Good-bye."

God bless you all.

FATHER SUMNER.

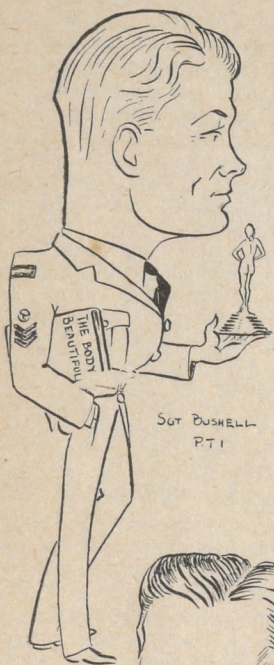
Agag of old ever did, the King now left "the House" with as much dignity as he could muster under the circumstances followed by his Court, many of whom were by now scratching furiously.

I packed up my kit and, after thanking the interpreter for his services and presenting him with three dead "entuku" in a matchbox as a memento of the occasion, I left the Council Chamber to get in my car. Outside I found the Prime Minister awaiting me (still scratching). He conducted me to the King in order to say "Coirhiri" (Swahili for "farewell" and equivalent to our "God be with thee"). The King informed me that I was the first white man ever to be permitted to enter the Council Chamber within his kingdom for

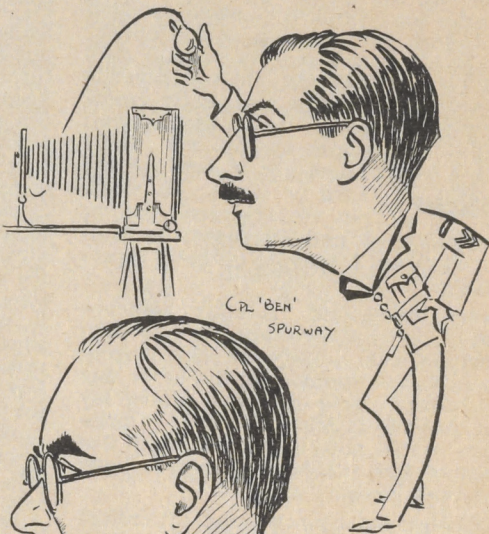
the purpose of addressing the Chiefs on a business matter. He thanked me warmly and told me that I could expect to hear from him on the morrow through his Secretary. That King kept his word, for the very next day at my hotel in Kampala I received an important contract for a quantity of disinfectant and insecticide. The order was paid for in advance in East African shillings, which arrived at my hotel in a large sack. I changed them at the local Bank and despatched a bank-draft for the amount to my firm in England.

—"SIMBA".

Author's note: As a point of interest this same disinfectant is being used today on this Camp and on other R.A.F. Stations in Canada.



SGT BUSHELL
PT1



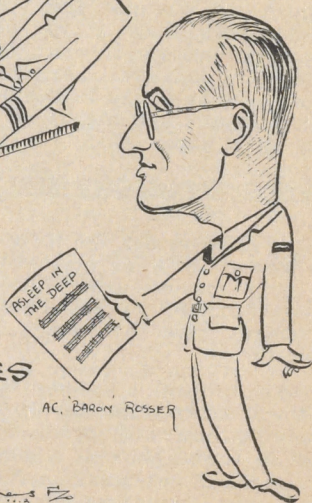
CPL 'BEN'
SPURWAY



"THE ADJ"
F/L WHITTAKER



LAC J. FISHER
of the 'HURRICANES'



AC, BARON ROSSER

POTTED PERSONALITIES

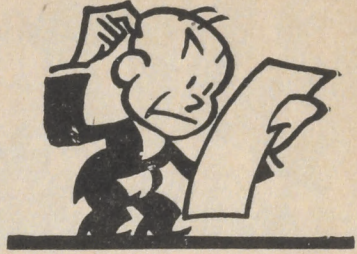
No 3

C. B. Thomas

Mi WURD

A IN'T luv grand, enyway that's ow it seems wen yew see awl the airmen lurking frew thee windows of the shops down in Rams Jaw wif their noses glewed to the glasse lurking for presents to by their lady luvv for Christmas. I 'erd one bloke as ain't bean owt ere long asking for a rewll book for the game of Chesterfield-Rugby, but I told him there wasn't any rewlls, it was like Ju Jitsu—catch as catch can, and that it was like Blind Man's Buff better played in the dark. He loked at me at first wiv a vivashous luk, then he patted me on the sholder, and simpathehtikally sed as ow I wood be better soon, but as I sed before he ain't been owt here long.

Wen I menshun presents it makes me shudder to think abowt my day owt by-ing them. First I had a good luk round Woolwerth's, but there was nuthing that I cud see that was wool werth buying for me (corny that pun ain't it?) The best way to go shoppin there is to take a lad wiv yew, so if yew appen to knock enything orf the counter he can pick it up and elp yew put it back if he doan't forget. Not of coarse as I ave ever knocked enything orf. From there I went into another store (shop in England in case eny of yew ave forgot), and desided to by my sister a pair of wot ever yew mey call em's. I thot I had better ask the man as the gal as was servin loked rather young, but he sent me over to her, and there I stood, till she said, Well? Then I says yes, then she says anything I can do for yew, and cos I told her yes, she sent for the man agen. After a bit of explaining, she went read. I felt white and the manager loked blue. Then it came to size, that was another blow, sew we all wawked to the door and pointed to a lady as was passing and told them she was abowt the size of my sister. Everythin in the garden was luvly so I thort, till the lady I had pointed to come into the store and indignantly demanded to know why I had pointed at er, and it didn't seam to help much when I told her she was wearing a pear of thing a may jigs as wood just about fit my sister because she insisted on cawling the pleece saying as I must be that man as they was trying to catch



who went round snoopin in peoples winders.

I shuverd orf quick and left em to it and desided to purchase sumthin as wood not caws komplikashuns so went into a drug store an bort her a tooth brush. When I got ome (sorry, back to camp), there was a letter from my sister to say as she 'ad just 'ad awl her teeth out so when I go owt agen I think I will get somethin to make her smell for Christmas.

Good job it only cums once a year ain't it? So just go round wish every one a Merry Christmas and

Never Mind Eh!

—HUGH CARES.

Heard in the Observer Corps:
"Approaching from the north, one heavily laden sleigh drawn by four reindeer with fighter escort."

He: "I had a wonderful dream about you last night."

She: "Did you?"

He: "No, you wouldn't let me."



HIS LAST "3"

BITS AND PIECES

He was going to Vancouver on leave and was lucky enough to have a Pullman. He was ready to retire and pulling back the curtains of his berth was surprised to find two luscious blondes reclining there. He carefully checked his ticket, reservations and berth number to make sure that he was not wrong, then said: "I'm deeply sorry, ladies, I'm a married man—a man of respect and standing in my community. I cannot afford to have a breath of scandal touch me — I'm sorry, one of you girls will have to leave."

A new recruit passed an officer without saluting. He was called back by the officer (he happened to be the O.C.), who said, "Do you know who I am?" The new recruit replied: "No, as a matter of fact, I'm new around here." "I am the C.O. of this station —" "Say, that's a hell of a good job, but, don't mess it up . . ."

"That new girl friends of yours is spoiled, isn't she?"

"No, it's just the perfume she uses."

Boy—"I'm not feeling myself this evening."

Girl—"You're telling me!!!"

Pardon me, miss, it's against regulations to swim in the lake.

For heaven sakes why didn't you tell me before I undressed?

It's not against regulations to undress, miss. . . .

A beautiful young lady went for a swim in a secluded spot, but forgot to take a towel along. After her swim she was lying on the shore allowing nature's balmy breezes to dry her when she heard a rustling in some nearby bushes. "Who's there?" she cried in alarm. "It's Willie," came the reply in rather a high-pitched voice. "How old are you, Willie?" asked the girl. "Seventy-nine, darn it," came the quick answer.


A sweet young thing grabbed a taxi the other day and told the driver to take her to the maternity hospital. . . . She added, "And you needn't hurry, I only work there."

Asked to write an essay on the life of Franklin, a little girl wrote that he was born in Boston, went to Philadelphia, met a lady on the street, she laughed at him, he married her

and discovered electricity.

Definition—Neck—That which you get a pain in when the dope who takes you out for the first time wants to.

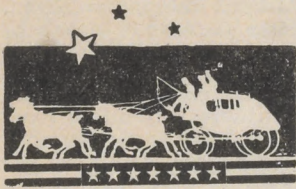
A reporter covering a mid-west flood disaster began his telegraphic story with the dramatic lead: "Today God sits high on the hilltop overlooking the town of" Immediately on reaching this point in the story the editor wired back: "Forget the flood, interview God . . ."



I know what **YOU**
want for Christmas,
Mr. Ponsonby.

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

ENTERTAINMENTS



The demand for this regular summary of activities in the Entertainment sphere on the camp

comes round with such disconcerting regularity that it is sometimes difficult to appreciate that a whole month has elapsed since the last contribution was compiled. During the past month the only "Starred" event has been the visit of the Dramatic Group from the neighbouring camp at Weyburn. Their presentation of "Dover Road" is described in detail in the News Section of this edition. The activities of the Station Male Voice Choir are also the subject of a separate article, and it only remains for me to summarise the general trend of events in other branches of the entertainment world.

Concert Party.—The Boosters concert party have, during the month, been acting in the capacity of ambassadors to other neighbouring stations at Swift Current and Caron, whilst visits to Assiniboia and other camps in the vicinity are also scheduled. By a recent agreement with the "powers that be" of the local camps it was arranged that a reciprocal programme of visits be adhered to and it is hoped that the interchange of shows will ensure regular presentations during the coming winter. The departure of some of the mainstays of the party leave the door wide open for new material and any fellows interested are cordially invited to contact F/O. Daniels, the Entertainments' Officer.

Gramophone Recitals. — Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., still continues a regular visitor to the Station, and his recitals of classical and semi-classical music are much appreciated. We would remind newcomers to the Station that Mr. Wickens is reputed to have one of the largest collections of recordings in existence and a catalogue is available in the Station library from which you are invited to select items which you would like to have included in one of his fortnightly recitals.

In lighter, but none the less enjoyable, vein each Friday evening, immediately

preceding the film show, Cpl. Rickman has presented a short programme of more modern items featuring the "Spotlight" bands and solo artists in the music world. He, too, will be only too willing to include any request items in these programmes. We are indebted to the proprietors of CHAB, Moose Jaw, for their generous co-operation in loaning records for these programmes.

Whist Drives.—At last these have got under way again, and under the watchful eye of LAC. Fred Sensier and his willing colleagues these pleasant interludes promise to be as successful as they were all last winter and early summer. An average of eighteen tables at play has been maintained so far, and the awarding of vouchers instead of prizes appears to have met with general approval. The Reading and Writing Room provides the ideal atmosphere for these events, and those who have not yet sampled the fare are invited to come along any Wednesday evening at 8.

Films. — Mr. Ewing, our new "Y" supervisor, has been most reassuring in his expression of anxiety that the presentation of up-to-date films in a satisfactory and enjoyable manner should be maintained at all costs, and he is exploring all avenues to that end. The results of his efforts on our behalf will already have been noticed when this edition is on sale.

Dances.—The suggestions put forward in the last edition regarding the possibility of sections organising their own dances was not acted upon and it must be assumed that no one is interested in such a project. Dances on the scale of the more recent ones in the Drill Hall will be organised periodically and there should be one in hand for the coming seasonal festivities.

General.—As this will be the last contribution from this pen this year, may I take this opportunity of saying a sincere "Thank You" to all who have in any way contributed anything to the Social life of the Camp during 1943, either by actual participation in events, or merely by patronising the efforts of others. The year has seen many changes both in new faces and form on the Camp, and it may be that among the newcomers in our midst there are some who would be willing to contribute in some way to the entertainment of their colleagues. If

By D.A.G.B.

GLEANINGS from the G.I.S.



THE incredible has happened, and the G.I.S. is now functioning (we hope) without Egan. Thus has the Boat severed an association which had lasted through peace and war for some six or seven years. Egan's position on the Unit, and probably in the whole R.A.F., was unique. Since changing overnight, more than three years ago, from Mr. Egan to AC. 2 Egan, he has refused all promotion and without any advantage of rank, has ruled the G.I.S. with a rod of iron. We have seen Flight Sergeants wilt under his tongue and Junior Officers humbly obey; and there have been times when we have become all hot around the collar as we watched him sublimely wade into Squadron Leaders. To Wing Commanders and above, we have to admit, he was always very decent.

When we think of all the thousands of pupils who have passed through the school since 1936, it occurs to us that his name may well be a sort of link between them as they meet again in all the odd corners of the earth. For there will be few, if any, who will not remember him. And now it is all to be changed and we shall be sending forth from the Unit a generation, as it were, which knew not Egan. *Sic transit*

We sympathise with him in being uprooted from a job which he genuinely loved and, wishing him good luck, we hope that he will settle down quickly in his new Unit.

* * *

In case they should leave us before the next issue of this magazine appears, we take this opportunity of thanking somewhat prematurely the Navigator Bomber types who during the past few weeks have been transforming what was once a very dingy Engines Lecture Room into a thing of blue beauty, henceforth to be

such there be, F/O. Daniels will be glad to know of them. There is still room for new faces to take the place of those who have just left us.

In conclusion, may I also wish all readers a really Merry Christmas and Happier New Year.

"NIL DESPERANDUM".

known as the Aircraft Recognition Room. The R.A.F. seems to have a knack of bringing to the surface whatever latent genius an airman may possess and we can't help thinking that, but for the accident of war, these lads might have gone through life quite unaware that they had it in them to redecorate a large room and to daub its walls with a few decidedly impressionist cloud effects. We applaud the attempt and agree that the general effect is pleasing but, if we may say so, we like our clouds a little more ethereal and would feel rather uneasy to think that such solid looking masses were above our heads "floating on high o'er vales and hills."

* * *

The G.I.S. bowling team was playing against the Plumbers the other night and, thanks to a generous handicap, managed to get away with three out of the four points. It was a close game and in the heat of the battle one of our opponents, witnessing a near miss by the G.I.S., so far forgot himself as to murmur with feeling, "Oh, bad luck!"; he recovered immediately, however, to add with equal feeling, "Thank God!"

* * *

Congratulations to Sergeant Barker, our Engines Instructor, on joining the ranks of sergeants and fathers in rapid succession.

Italy's Seven Phases

Non-belligerent, pre-belligerent, belligerent, unbelligerent, anti-belligerent, ex-belligerent, co-belligerent.

—Peterborough,
in the "Daily Telegraph."



"FLAPS DOWN"

Officers' Mess PAGE

ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE OTHER END

Congratulations to F/O. and Mrs. Whitters on the arrival of their first-born.

To F/O. and Mrs. Thompson, our best wishes for their future happiness.

This month we have said goodbye to the S.M.O., S/Ldr. Browne. We are sorry to see him go, but wish him Good Luck in the future. In his place we welcome F/Lt. Huey.

To the newcomers in the Mess we extend a hearty welcome. Cheer up, chums, it can't last for ever!

There is no truth in the rumour that the black and white chequered flag, flying from the control tower at the commencement of flying, signifies that

the Senior Duty Pilot is taking late breakfast—we hope he's not burned up about this, too.

The P.M.C., we understand, does not confine his activities to cash columns. We admire his roll-off-the-top. His favourite expression seems to be, "Give me a break".

Our oft-mentioned diminutive P/O. has assumed his onerous duties of Officer i/c Parachutes. His special double-decker broly is now in course of preparation. Incidentally, he's recently been elevated to F/O.

Well, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all, and a nice big orange!



CHRISTMAS

Turn home, O weary heart, turn home:
Let Christmas fold you in warm peace tonight.
The way is drear; you need no longer roam.
Turn homeward now, while there is light.

Dark cohorts storm the western gates,
The wind talks loudly of advancing snows,
But for the lonely and the lost there waits
The frail unconquerable Rose.

Creation's glory trembles there
Of heavenly blossom on an earthly stem:
Forever, unimaginably fair,
The hallowed Rose of Bethlehem.

And wanderers who kneel to bless
Hear wondrous-woven in the air above
A counterpoint of time and timelessness,
The splendid orchestras of love

That sound the promise of the day
When God shall greet us on the windy stair,
And we who know the part, released from clay,
Shall view the whole and find it fair.



Heritage of Beauty

The Oxen

Christmas eve, and twelve of the clock,
 "Now they are all on their knees",
 An elder said as we sat in a flock
 By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
 They dwelt in their strawy pen,
 Nor did it occur to one of us there
 To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
 In these years! Yet I feel,
 If someone said on Christmas eve,
 "Come: see the oxen kneel

In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
 Our childhood used to know,"
 I should go with him in the gloom,
 Hoping it might be so.

THOMAS HARDY.
 (From *Moments of Vision.*)



Ye Greate Astonishment

Whosoever on ye night of ye nativity of ye young Lord Jesus, in ye greate snows, shall fare forth bearing a succulent bone for ye lost and lamenting hounde, a wispe of hay for ye stranded wayfarer, a bundle of fagots for ye twittering crone, a flagon of red wine for him whose marrow withers, a garland of bright berries for one who has worn chains, gay arias of lute and harp for all huddled birds who thought that song was dead, and divers lush sweetmeats for such babes' faces as peer from lonely windows—

To him shall be proffered and returned gifts of such astonishment as will rival the hues of the peacock and harmonies of heaven, so that though he live to ye greate age when man goes stooping and querulous because of the nothing that is left in him, yet shall he walk upright and remembering, as one whose heart shines like a greate star in his breaste.

From an old book called "*Ye Miracles of Ye Seasons*".



THE Padre's PAGE

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

May the Spirit of the Child Jesus Christ be born in our hearts this Christmas-time. May joy and happiness be the experience of all, on this Unit, and may it be the beginning of Peace and Good-will among men.

* * *



ONE of the features of war-time living is the difficulty of finding somewhere to live. The absence of building operations in war-time has resulted in an acute shortage of accommodation, both in England and in this vast Dominion, too. To be sent to a strange city and to try to find there somewhere to live has become, for those who experience it, a positive nightmare. "I am sorry, but we have no room" has been heard by vast numbers of workers and Servicemen alike. To have children has added to the difficulties of the seeker after somewhere to live, for even those places which are available invariably add a "No Children" clause to their advertisements. The unfortunate seeker thus finds himself reduced to inserting advertisements like this—"Will anyone help to find a home for little Johnny (aged two) and his parents? I promise not to make any noise or scratch the hardwood floors or pull the cat's tail, and my Daddy will give \$50.00 to anyone who helps us find a home." There is something pathetic about a notice like that.

But shortage of accommodation is nothing new in the history of the world. Our yearly celebration of Christmas is a reminder that when Jesus was born no room could be found for Joseph and Mary in the Inn. It was only to be expected for, after all, they were late in arriving since their speed had been so much reduced by Mary's condition, and even in those days the policy of "First come, first served" applied. And since every man had to be in his native town for the Census, the crowds looking for accommodation were large and the facilities in a small town were small; it was hardly to be expected that those who had been fortunate enough to find room would see any need to give up their beds for late arrivals, though I doubt if even today, with the present shortage, a woman would be required to give birth

to a child in a garage, surrounded by oil-cans and petrol tins; there would surely be some kind soul willing to give up a room for such an emergency, but in the East an indifferent shrug of the shoulders would be the only response to an appeal for help.

Human nature does not change much. Even at so hospitable a time as Christmas we still find it difficult to welcome an unexpected guest. But if we can say "Come in" to Jesus Christ, then we shall have a real reason for our celebrations and festivities, and a joy worth having will be ours; may that joy be yours this Christmas-time.

Thou didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest
And the bird its nest
In the shade of the forest tree,
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

NORMAN M. SLAUGHTER.



Corporals' PAGE

PEN PORTRAIT No. 4.

CORPORAL BOB CATTLE

(Minors Section)

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl in Columbus, Ohio, who used to sit reading a book on the verandah of her home, half hidden by the Virginia Creepers. At times the book would fall upon her lap and there was such a look of unstilled yearning in her beautiful eyes that it did not entirely disappear even when she picked up the apple that lay beside her and took a bite out of it.

With hands clasped, she would sit there, dreaming all the beautiful dreams of girlhood. When you saw that far-away look in her eyes, it meant that she was dreaming of a plumed and armoured knight who was rescuing her from the embattled keep of a castle beside the Danube. At other times she was being borne away by an Algerian corsair over the blue waters of the Mediterranean and was reaching out her arms towards France to say farewell to it.

She was always being rescued, and borne away. Not that she was the least exceptional or romantic, because all the girls in Columbus, Ohio, are just like that.

Naturally, then, she sat on the verandah, dreaming of bandits and wounded officers and of knights errant on foam-flecked chargers. But that she ever dreamed of a junior N.C.O. from 32 S.F.T.S. coming there on leave is pretty hard to imagine. So, when Corporal Bob Cattle hit town with his dazzling smile and his blonde, curly hair, I don't suppose that she was aware of his existence.

That may be a slight exaggeration. She knew, perhaps, that he was a Corporal in the Royal Air Force; a fitter by trade; stationed at Moose Jaw, in Saskatchewan, Canada; that his home was in Hornsea, Yorks; that he joined the regular Air Force in 1936; that he has five other brothers in the services, two in the Army in Africa, one in the Army at Gibraltar, and two in the R.A.F. in England; that he came to Canada in May, 1942; and that he sings in the



Boosters' Concert Party, with the Harmony Rangers, and in the station choir. Beyond that, she didn't know a thing about him.

I do not know how Corporal Cattle and she came to know one another, but I expect, like everything else, it was a sheer matter of coincidence, quite inexplicable unless you understand that these things are foreordained.

The facts are there for us to see. On his first leave he met her, on his next he became engaged, and now he is going to marry her at Christmas. You must admit that these certain things seem to indicate progress. According to Bob, when we reckoned it out together, all it cost him was two buckets of ice cream and perhaps half a bushel of chocolate. That is, apart from his train fare (twice), the engagement ring, the wedding ring, and various other sundries. We marvel at the economy of it all!

And I don't know whether you know it, but you can rent an enchanted apartment in Moose Jaw for thirty-five dollars a month, and some of the most enchanted are the cheapest. As for enchanted princes, you find them in the strangest places, where you would never expect to see them, working—under a spell, you understand—in drug stores and banks, and even walking down the street in best blue. But if you are to find them you must first read ever so many novels about Sir Galahad and the Errant Quest and that sort of thing.

So, with a knighthood bestowed upon him, Corporal Cattle is going to live with his enchanted princess from Columbus, Ohio, in an enchanted house on First Avenue North West. And his friends everywhere wish them well and that they live happily ever after.

—T.S.M.G.

Hobbies PAGE

CONDUCTED BY THE C.G.I.

A New Feature

No. 1—MODEL AIRCRAFT BUILDING

A few days ago the Editor was in my office looking at one or two of the small-scale models of aircraft I had made. He listened patiently whilst the line was shot, and then suggested that I tell some of the fellows on the station something about this, as he was sure they would be interested. At first the inclination was to question the general interest value of such an article, but so many people have expressed their keenness on the subject that perhaps I may be able to persuade some of you that it is really worth having a crack at. The question is often asked how I became interested in this modelling business. Well, in early 1940 I was in contact with the very early attempts to put over aircraft recognition training, and, as one of the earliest and then quite untrained (spare time) Aircraft Rec. instructors, I found my ignorance on the subject to be altogether abysmal. So, in the evenings after duty, I started genning up. In those days I was with the Poles who had just come over from France, and several of them had that inherent ability in handicraft which they expressed in model aeroplane building. I had a wager with a Polish Flight Lieutenant that I could build a model to match the one he showed me, so that was the beginning. The first effort was a shocker! It was promptly given away with head hanging low, but I felt that I had learned a few points, so I started off on another; a short nose Blenheim to be exact. Everything went fine on that until I came to the painting—this time I threw the result away in disgust. But I found that half the battle of a good model was the finish, so when the next attempt was ready for painting (a Ly-sander, where the struts and spats and balance of the wings proved a real teaser), I made my own paint up and the result was a worthy one. Since then I have built many, and last week finished the seventy-eighth different type. If I were to analyse the reasons for my interest I think I should note them as follows:

(a) The recreation and relaxation in turning one's mind to the control of

one's fingers and to create something in fine detail.

(b) By far the best way to memorise aircraft recognition is to build a scale model. One finds oneself recognising not from pictures or silhouettes, but the shape of a tail unit, etc., as they are carved out.

(c) The improvement of one's knowledge of aeroplane construction and types.

(d) The pride of possession of something one has built oneself.

I have no pretensions at being a master craftsman, but have learned much about this hobby the "hard way", and if the following suggestions are of use to those contemplating solid scale model-building, here they are for what they are worth:

1. If you don't buy a simple kit of good quality and prefer to carve out from the block, then choose your wood with care and see that the grain is close. In cutting out the fuselage see that the grain runs "fore and aft".

2. If you are just beginning, start off with a small, single engine job, as you will find the most difficult constructional problem is the fitting of the nacelles in a multi-engine model.

3. Carve with a margin to spare; it is easier to sand down than to build up with plastic wood where you have over-cut.

4. Sandpaper constantly and carefully with very fine grain sandpaper.

5. Use a good basic paint as a "filler" for the graining.

6. Be meticulous as regards dihedral set of wings and tail units, etc.

7. Remember that the making of the job is the paintwork and finish. (That is the most exacting and difficult part of all, but with a little practice can soon be mastered).

8. Put on at least half a dozen thin coats of paint, and sandpaper after each coat has dried thoroughly.

9. Choose your paints with care; I have found the best method is to use a basic flat paint, strain off some of the oil and add a further small quantity

Tit Bits from MAJOR SECTION

TIT bits from the section will appear from now on in each issue of the *Prairie Flyer*. Lacking the usual large office, editors, and shapely secretaries, our first effort of bringing you the GEN is rather hampered.

As this little effort will concern only those labouring in the Section, it is requested that all concerned will co-operate and subscribe any TIT BITS of conversation which should appear amusing, and thus endeavour to make our page a success. Of course the more personal the material, the easier will be our task. Swear words will be definitely excluded. So all you poets and wags, let us have your wise cracks and sayings for our next effort.

By the time this should be in print the festive season should be in full swing, so by wishing all officers, senior N.C.O.'s, junior N.C.O.'s and erks, a very Merry Christmas and all the best for the New Year, we feel we are echoing the sentiments of all in the section.

Lest we forget: Our congratulations and best wishes go to J. N. Hewitt and J. W. Green on being promoted from the ranks of humble LAC's. to that of Corporals—keep bobbing, lads. Also our congratulations go to LAC. Quinn on becoming a "BENEDICT". Best of luck, Quinn, old boy; here's wishing you the luck of the Dionnes.

Our sympathy goes out to a certain senior N.C.O. whose experience on the Ice Rink was not an enviable one, but never the less it was a hard NUT to CRACK. Talking about enviable predicaments, did you know that a certain Corporal was kissed in daylight by a blonde on Main Street? And was his face red!

It is not well known, but it is a fact that one of the lads had word from his fiancée to the effect that she has married another man,—eventually not a case of Sunday, Monday, or Always. Chin up, chum, plenty more pebbles on the beach.

We are wondering if Minor's Section would like us to come across during our break period to give a helping hand? Esprit de corps, that's us! An' did they appreciate our little effort in keeping them out of the MIRE?

May 1944 bring us a happy return to Blighty and the Peace for which we are all waiting.

J.H.G.B.

An American ornithologist is said to be breeding a stork with a short bill. Doctors are said to be against the idea.

An airman protests that his Unit is 20 miles from the nearest beer parlour. Distant Pint?

of good turpentine. It is essential that the finish should be dull and matt.

10. Add as many "trimmings" as you can, exhaust stacks, pitot heads, D.F. loops, correctly proportioned fairings, correct roundels and squadron letterings, etc. These DO make an extraordinary difference in the final appearance.

11. And, above all, don't imagine that you can finish the job in a day or so; patience is amply repaid in the pride of results. (I was estimating that I must have spent a minimum of fifty man hours per model and that is after considerable practice.)

All the above may sound complicated and deterring, but it isn't really, and if you set out to make a real first-class job and have the interest, it is surprising how quickly one can get the hang of things.

Many of you are already building solid scale models on the station. (We now have sixty-eight members in the model club and some lovely models are in the course of construction)—but what about those of you who have not yet started and would like to? The club is open each evening, Tuesdays to Thursday inclusive, in the Aircraft Recognition Room in the G.I.S., commencing at seven o'clock. All the tools required are available; blueprints, paints, etc., are supplied, and we shall be soon having a competition with useful cash prizes.

If I can be of any help to those interested in the way of advice, then don't hesitate to come and ask me. And what about all those *master* craftsmen around the camp? - - - How about coming round and giving me a few new tips and wrinkles on the subject??

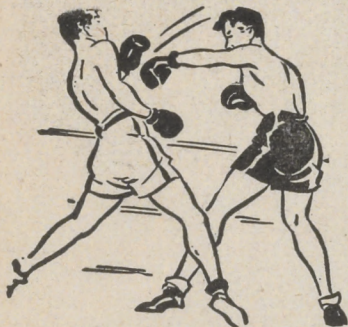
—A.W.R.

SPORTS *chatter*



Boxing.—At last there seems to be an interest in Boxing on the Unit. It has been very discouraging in the past for four or five enthusiasts who have trained diligently to find out that they could not be matched.

It will be the policy in future, however, with the co-operation of Officers and N.C.O's. i/c Huts, to stimulate interest in novice competitions between Huts. These bouts will be staged between absolute novices and each round will be of one minute's duration only. The Service Institute is putting up a Challenge Cup for these monthly competitions, the Hut scoring the most points will retain the



Cup until the next meeting. Mr. Ewing, the new Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, has also promised prizes to be donated by the Y.M.C.A. for all finalists.

THINKING

Gleaned from the wall of a pub in Derby.

If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win but you think you can't,

It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost.

For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself, before
You can win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But, sooner or later, the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

The station boxing team has got into swing, and at the time of going to press, they are visiting Weyburn on Wednesday, Dec. 15, 1943, for an inter-station contest. We wish them the best of luck.

Indoor Football.—It is good to see the popularity of this game which is keeping all soccer enthusiasts in good practice throughout the winter months. The first four Hut teams in the League are, to date, The Penguins (9), The Fireites (9), The Nomads (8), and a close fourth—The Oxfords (8). Keep up the interest, and perhaps we will be in better form next Soccer season to take both Cup and League titles in the Saskatchewan Services Soccer League.

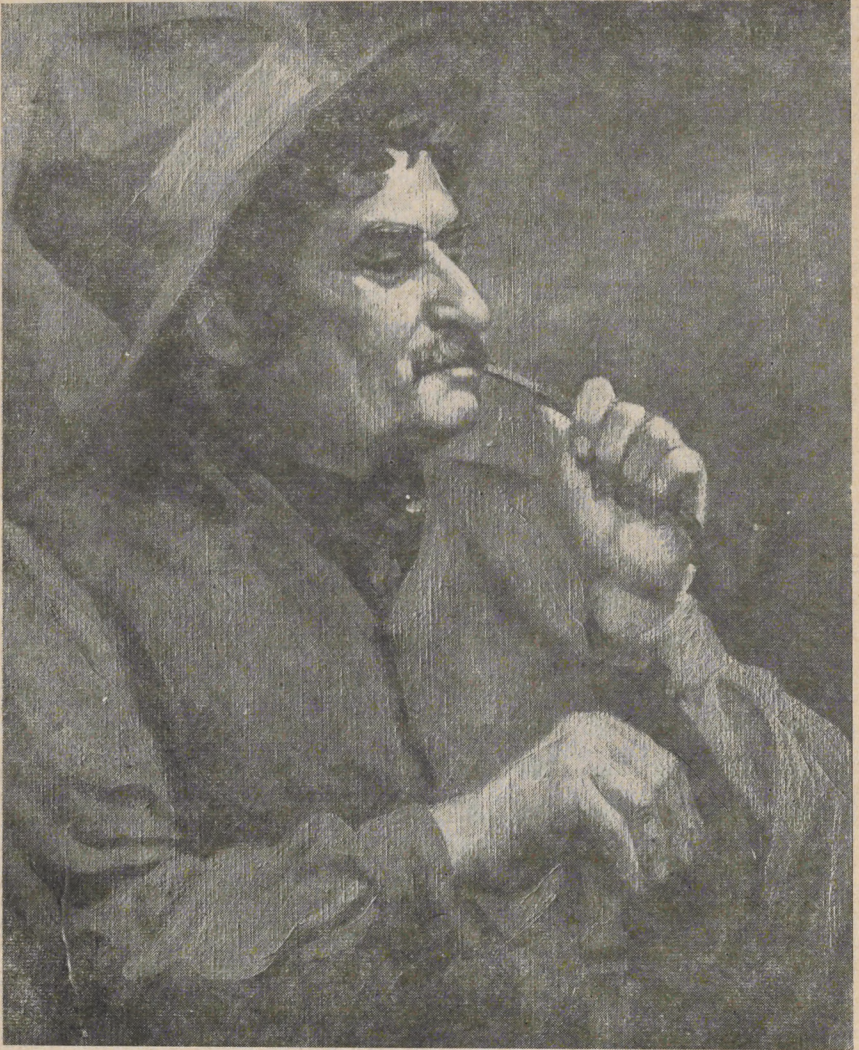
Bowling.—The other popular code on camp at the present time is Bowling, the teams competing each week with personnel practically clamouring to gain representation on the Section V's.

Skiing.—For those who are about to experience their first Canadian winter, the Golf Links north of Moose Jaw offer very favourable conditions for skiing practice. All the necessary equipment is waiting for you in the Sports Store when the snow comes, and if you want any gen, you raw recruits, that will be supplied, too. There is a ski-chart in the Sports Office which will give all the rudiments of this exhilarating pastime in a very clear form. You are invited to come and see it at any time.

In conclusion, if there are some of you who feel a "little out in the cold" because you are not particularly expert in any sport, please come to see the members of the Sports Section so that we can organise extra matches for you, and don't forget that there are badminton racquets and shuttlecocks for loan and courts marked out in the Drill Hall. In short, if you want anything in the line of sport, come and see us.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the Sports Officer and Staff.

C.B.T.



L'Homme à la Pipe

By MARGARET FRAME

See Opposite Page

MARGARET FRAME

IT was an agreeable surprise to visit the exhibition of paintings by Margaret Frame held at the Grant Hall on November 19th and 20th in aid of the Red Cross Society. Let me confess that I went to it prepared to be condescending to the work of an amateur, having heard only vaguely of a woman who painted pictures "and they tell me they're really *beautifully* done". One has encountered this before. My pleasure was therefore doubled when I found myself confronted by paintings, not merely of great technical competence, but possessing additional values of finer significance than virtuosity in itself.

It is only when an artist has conquered his medium that he begins to create. A painter who is not quite deftly certain of where his brush-strokes are going can never hope to begin the search within himself for that something more than technique, by which what the eye sees is enriched by what the mind and spirit perceive. One thinks of Benjamin Haydon, an abominable painter technically, who attempted subjects of vast importance in the tragic conviction that his talent was of the first order—and ended, almost inevitably since he was an extremely sensitive man, by committing suicide.

Margaret Frame has attained a high level of achievement in her technical accomplishment. Obviously, the sheer *feel* of paint on canvas is much to her, and she uses it with a certainty that it is a pleasure to observe in close study. That this unity with her medium in a physical sense is important to her is well illustrated in her employment of water-colour, which, as in the charming, well-balanced little sketch of Crescent Park, she mixes heavily with Chinese white so that the feeling of water-colour on paper is almost that of oils on canvas.

Her portraits are especially effective. Likenesses, as one sees in those faces that are familiar, are excellent, and she seems in most cases to establish a sympathy with her sitter that allows convincing interpretation of character. In landscape she is a little less sure, but there is nevertheless a strong and frequently finely-realised reaction to the external beauties of nature evident in her scenes, particularly in more recent work, and one confidently expects a firm development of her powers in this connection.

Undoubtedly, the signs of development are present in all her work. Margaret Frame has not stood still or repeated herself, and one could trace the lines of change running through the exhibition, an increase in vigour and boldness.

I would select particularly for praise these canvases: *L'Homme à la Pipe* (reproduced on opposite page), a monumental, solid study of an Italian peasant; *Autumn Treetops*, Ottawa, a palette-knife sketch, of rich sensitive colouring; the portrait of Lieut.-General McNaughton, in which free and rhythmic brushwork and a courageous use of unusual colour combine to present us with a convincing insight into character; and the *Flower Study*, a decorative panel which, one feels, deserves to have a room designed around it! Of the pastel drawings—and in this difficult medium her assurance is superb—I found especially notable: *Old Kelly*; *Nude*, a calm and lovely figure; *Self-Portrait*; *Mrs. Townsend* (the wife of W/C Townsend, A.F.C.); and *Mother at Home*, which has a remarkable three-dimensional effect and a well-related design.

In private life, Margaret Frame is the wife of F/L. Beatty, Assistant Administrative Officer at 32 S.F.T.S. A Canadian by birth, she spent eleven years in Europe, studying in London, Paris, and in Italy, having previously commenced her student days in Boston and San Francisco. Her work has earned praise in Paris, where it was not easy to get praise. She has painted portraits of a good many notables, including the Crown Prince Michael of Rumania, King George V, the present King and Queen, and Archbishop Germanos of Greece, who officiated at the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. While these society commissions are remarkably successful, especially the last-mentioned, one feels that the painter was limiting her talent to the sitters' probable expectations; a view which, I think, she herself shares.

Turner, after a life-time spent in producing masterpieces, was asked to give his views on the painter's art. After long reflection, he said: "Well, painting's a very rum thing"; and lapsed again into silence. Fortunately, Mrs. Beatty is more articulate, and has undertaken to give a series of lectures to local art clubs. I feel that her influence on Saskatchewan talent will be a good one.

T.M.

“... but One of Our Pilots Is Safe”

IN the heat of the summer afternoon, everything appeared sleepy and drowsy. Even the flies hovering over the stinking pile of shellfish at the end of the jetty seemed less active than usual.

A casual observer looking over the sea-wall would probably have thought the R.A.F. motor boat crew had a pretty soft job, judging by the way they were sunbathing or sleeping on the warm decks.

The coxswain was thinking differently, however. To him, it was an ideal afternoon for a fighter sweep to be going over, and he knew that often meant a prolonged search for some missing fighter-pilot who could be clinging to some piece of wreckage with all the tenacity that had been born in him. He thought of the gratitude of the pilots he had picked up on previous occasions, and he knew that it was worth all the long hours of being cooped up in a small cabin with the heat and the exhaust fumes gradually getting worse as the hours wore on.

Suddenly the hatch clanged over, and the WOP's head appeared.

“Hey, chiefy, message from H.Q. — we're to rendezvous for a sweep coming back!”

In a moment, all was action. Before the head had been withdrawn the sunbathers had shed their holiday pose and were furiously preparing to get under way. The two fitters, who, a minute before, had been hotly contesting the merits and demerits of Scotch ale and English beer, were now working together as one man in an effort to start the engines.

The cracking explosions from the exhausts had the flies buzzing in excited circles, and the peaceful atmosphere had become tense with expectation, as if the muffled throb of the engines was beating out its message of unforeseen things that were to happen.

The deckhands cast off, and the foam swirled round the stern as the speed increased, the bow almost leaping out of the water. This crew had been together for a long time, and it was apparent that their organisation was perfect. The navigator was plotting his course, the deckhand-gunners were fussing round their turrets, and the fitters, in their tiny engine room, were

settling down for their long, weary vigil of heat and noise, and, very probably, sea-sickness.

It was open sea now, and she was pitching as only an R.A.F. launch can pitch. It is not uncommon for members of these crews to go down with spinal trouble from the terrific vibration and jolting.

Now they had reached their rendezvous. No. 1 Coxswain throttled back and signalled the engine room for neutral. Smiles were a bit forced now, for everyone was on the look-out for the newest Jerry E Boats, which had a terrific turn of speed, and a forward gun big enough to blow them out of the water.

The WOP, surrounded by dials and knobs, was hard at work taking bearings on a signal that was threatening to fade out at any moment. The navigator was hurriedly calculating in the hope that they would reach the position and pick up the pilot before Jerry got wind and attempted to beat them to it. Truly, Lady Luck must have been with them, for, after only a few minutes' search, a dinghy was spotted bobbing up and down in the heavy sea.

The pilot, a Flight-Sergeant, was hauled aboard, and after a few swigs of rum, he recovered sufficiently to curse loud and long over the sight of his watch which had been smashed during the ditching.

“Hell!”, he exclaimed, “I'm still paying instalments, and look at the ruddy thing!”

From now on it was a case of “Home, James, and *Don't Spare the Horses*”. The fitters were already beginning to think once more of their beer, when the red warning light glowed, and they heard their gunners open fire above the roar of their engines. Seconds later, the starboard engine had stopped, and water was pouring in from the smashed water-jackets. Up for'ard the coxswain was cleverly swinging the wheel until they lost the aircraft in the summer mist which was to be their godsend.

They laid the WOP and the Navigator on stretchers, but it was plain to see that it was only a matter of time for them. The ambulance was waiting when they reached the jetty, but it was too late.

One of our pilots was safe.

AMUSING PHILOSOPHY FROM

“CANADA... The Foundations of Its Future”

• by **STEPHEN LEACOCK**

Note: This Book May Be Borrowed From the Station Reference Library

IN the year 1513, the aging Ponce de Leon searched the “Land of Flowers” (Florida) looking for the Fountain of Youth, which was not there. Old men still seek it there in vain.

Jacques Cartier’s remark on first sighting Canada (1534)—“I believe that this was the land that God allotted to Cain.”

The origin of the word “Canada” is not known, but there is a fantastic story that a Portuguese or Spaniard, angered at not finding gold, said in disgust, “Acanaada” (“nothing here”). The Indians picked it up as a wording meaning, “That’s us” and repeated it to Jacques Cartier.

The men who came to fish off Newfoundland made no lodgement. They landed to dry and salt their fish, to get wood and such supplies as might be. The winter they never saw. They carried with them their wine from Portugal, and it was found that by a kindly miracle of the sea the wine improved with the journey. Later—ideas came slowly in those days—they carried wine back and forward on purpose and Newfoundland port added its lesser glory to Newfoundland cod.

In 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert made an attempt at British colonization overseas (his second attempt). With five ships and a company of 260 men he headed for the Newfoundland coast. They were a varied lot, carpenters and artisans, to build a settlement, “mineral men and refiners”—in case of gold—and “morriss dancers” (meaning “Moorish Dancers”) “for the solace of our people and the allurement of the savages.” Thus came Vaudeville to America.

Yet here (Port Royal) was made apparent already, as the first scene in the drama of civilisation in America, that problem of want in the midst of plenty; of nature’s bounty and man’s ineptitude, which remains its latest dilemma and its increasing paradox.

It is apparent that gentlemen are born not made, or that they were made so long ago that the pattern is lost and there can be no new ones.

The Indians pursued that senseless intertribal slaughter that spelt the doom

of their race. What they did with limited means on their small scale, Central Europe, with the accumulated resources of centuries, now does at large.

America seems vast even now. In the unexplored world of that day (1763) it must have seemed beyond imagination. Where the map ended poetry began with its “broad savannahs”, reaching into the “airy undulation far away”, its “snow-capped mountains”, and its “hyperboreal regions”. The occupation of such an immensity must have appeared both in space and time distant beyond words. Few could realise that in less than two mere centuries the globe would have shrunk to the stifled world we know, its occupants clamouring for space, clutching for resources, with escape nowhere. Nor did many realise in the union and opportunity thus gained, and presently so carelessly thrown away, was to lie two centuries later the chief, perhaps the sole, hope for the salvation of western civilisation.

Not knowing what to do with Canada in this interim (1763—French Revolution)—the British Government did nothing in particular, and, like the House of Lords in the Gilbert and Sullivan song, did it rather well.

They (the United Empire Loyalists) spoke of their “dooty” and they “reckoned” and “guessed” and “calculated” and used all those “novelties” of American speech which were old in East Anglia when the Pilgrim Fathers left it.

As background spectators to the scene, there were Indians in full war paint and feathers, with scalps of dead enemies hanging in their belts, to show that England still had friends.

The new liberty of people free to starve and others free to let them do it.

The unsolved problem of empty land and willing men—the jigsaw puzzle over which the economists mumble algebra.

In our (Canadians’) eagerness to give too much power to anyone, we have taken it all from everybody. Westminster, Ottawa and Regina must now all act together before a sparrow can light in Saskatchewan. None do.

PRAIRIE FLYER Quiz

After you have recovered from the Christmas revelry and, being broke, have time on your hands, try this to see how good you are at general knowledge. Score five points for each correct answer. 150 is excellent; 100 passing; below that, it is time you genned up on a thing or two. Answers on page 59.

1. Who invented the first successful fountain pen?
2. What is the capital of Nevada?
3. Who wrote the four Gospels?
4. What is an heir apparent?
5. What is a *defeasible* contract?
6. What is Adam's Ale?
7. Do arteries carry blood: (a) to the heart (b) from the heart (c) both?
8. What are improper fractions?
9. Who made the ballet "The Swan" famous?
10. What is a cadaver?
11. Who wrote "Of Mice and Men"?
12. What is the legal definition of infant?
13. Who was the Tudor Wench?
14. What is a chryselephantine statue?
15. Were Charles and Mary Lamb brother and sister or husband and wife?
16. What women's names are missing from the following popular songs:
 - (a) Indian Love Call from
 - (b) Oh, my darling
 - (c) Just and me, and the baby makes three.
17. Who was Queen Elizabeth's mother?
18. What tea merchant wanted the America Cup?
19. In what book is Glubdubdrib an Island?
20. What is a poltergeist?
21. In boxing, what is a "haymaker"?
22. What is an antonym?
23. What vertebrate animal lives longest?
24. Is the Rosetta Stone still in existence?
25. What town was referred to as "Wipers" in World War I?
26. What are comestibles?
27. Who wrote Gray's Elegy?
28. Was the telephone invented by (a) Marconi (b) Thomas (c) Bell?
29. Who was the first Holy Roman Emperor?
30. In what century did Norway become independent?
31. Who was the first occupant of the White House?
32. What is meant by ordering *a la carte*?
33. Why was John the Baptist beheaded?
34. What is the largest bird in the world?
35. Who was weakened by a haircut?
36. What human disease does the African tsetse fly carry?
37. What is the Epiphany, and what is its significance?
38. What has been the motto of the sovereigns of England since the time of Henry VI?
39. Where did port wine get its name?
40. What is oleomargarine?

How Are the Mighty . . .

Had you asked a strange officer, wearing wings, but having other obvious distinguishing regalia indicative of his calling, if he was a new instructor; and you got the reply, "No, only an old M.O.", how would you feel? And what colour would you expect the face of a certain disciplinarian corporal to be, who so accosted an officer in F.T.W. recently?

It was!

FREE FRENCH

- Ci-devant—Eyes front.
 Dernier ressort—Land's End.
 Hors de Combat—A charger.
 Laissez faire—Breakfast cereal.
 Premier pas—Adam.
 Revenons a nos moutons—Cold on Mondays.
 Sang froid—Good King Wenceslas.
 Tour de force—Route march.
 Tout ensemble—Bugler's call.
 Coup d'oeil—One in the eye.
 —Johnston Smith.

HERBERT'S War Review

HERBERT'S Barber Shop was very busy when our overseas reporter called a few days ago. Business was brisk, and there was an air of confidence in the place. Each stroke of the razor was as firm as his opinions, and his deftness with the flashing steel was impaired only when he opined on the counter-attacks the Axis were making in Russia. These counterblows caused a few odd cuts and snicks, but, as Herbert very rightly explained, these were nothing compared with the vicissitudes of actual battle. And, as everyone—apart from the unfortunate customer—agreed, a bit of blood about the place made them realize just what war meant. It was different from when the warriors of old used to take their women-folk into battle with them. There wasn't time these days, Herbert said, and as no one questioned this, our reporter took it as being correct.

By the time it came to his turn, our representative considered it wise to risk his hair to the defending scissor-clips of the Germans in Italy, rather than trust his neck to the attacking razor strokes of the Cossacks in the Crimea.

Herbert: "Get i' chair, lad. If thar wor a Natsi I'd clip 'em off,—th' years I mean,—sit th' sen doan, thar al' reight."

Reporter: "Haircut, please."

Herbert: "I'll pawl thee. Lift th' yead oop an' let's get gooin'. Ah wish it wor 'Itler's year instead o' thine. I'd trim

'im. He'd be lark a bladder o' lard 'fore I'd done.'

Reporter: "You seem to have definite views on the punishment of war criminals."

Herbert: "Yus, lad, I 'ave. They'll a' t' pay if I 'ave owt to vote o'oer."

Reporter: "But you would give them a chance to explain themselves, wouldn't you?"

Herbert: "Sartinly, lad. They'd all get a fair trial 'fore they wor shot."

Reporter: "So you would try them all?"

Herbert: "Yus. Play fair, I say. We'n allus been fair, and it's not reight to shoot a Jarman or wring 'is neck wi'out tryin' 'im fust."

Reporter: "What do you think about the conference between Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin?"

Herbert: "Ah reckon it's a guide job. I'd lark t' a' be in it mi'sen."

Reporter: "And what would your policy be?"

Herbert: "Well, maybe them three be noan s' bad. Ah think they 'ave pretty much similar thowts an' ideas as mi'sen. This unconditional surrender job is guide, but Ah want t' see it done reight. Tha knows—crack 'em da'an an' keep 'em there, an' when thar 'as 'em reel beat, gi' 'em terms—an' make 'em 'ard 'uns."

—W.



(From the Moose Jaw Times-Herald 45 years ago):

In his speech at the Ellwood banquet, Paddy Nolan, replying to the toast of "the bar," said the Calgary bar was not what it used to be. It had degenerated. One of its members was in jail and two others were in the Legislative Assembly.

A woman who recently masqueraded as a man for a practical joke was wearing her nephew's clothes. Aunt's in his pants.

TRAVELOGUE

In seventeen-forty
A sedan chair;
In eighteen-ninety
A carriage and pair;
In nineteen-thirty
A taxi fare.
But in 'forty-three
It's "Shanks' Mare".

—London Opinion.

The German people won't care very much for the look of their U Log this Christmas.

Farewell TO MELICAN

32 LOSES FAMOUS FIGURE

Across the world the music dies; no sound is lovely where a tyrant reigns. But the music will sound again; sound in awful majesty to the listening skies; sound triumphant over the once tortured and blood-soaked earth; sound in the great gales that speed over ocean its message of truth, and mighty reason the conqueror of kings. It will sound again, I tell you, and those who died to make it will be a voice in all its harmonies.

I see a new vision of the earth reborn. I see, as through a veil of time, a happy race for whom the music sounds eternally; I see the shining, splendid cities; I see, borne on the wings of the air, the spirit of Man ascend to new, undreamed-of heights from which not death nor misery shall shake it.

Ascend, O Man, ascend. The gates of time are opening. . . .

From a radio play by Terence Melican, the passage being spoken against a background from Beethoven's Emperor Concerto.



"If you write anything about me," said Melican, "print it under 'Heritage of Beauty.' I like to think of myself as a fragrant memory in your lives, as a beautiful thing which happened to you once and may never happen again."

We cried softly into our handkerchiefs. One by one our old friends had left us, and now at last the bell had tolled for Terence Anthony Melican.

For some of us the camp will never be the same without him. He was probably the most outstanding personality among the airmen of Thirty-two. Melican's editorship of "Prairie Flyer," Melican's broadcasts, Melican's celebrated Jan-kerree at the Grant Hall with the tastefully printed invitation cards, Melican's hair, Melican's differences of opinion with a certain corporal—above all, Melican himself; these became a legend on the camp. We shall never forget Terry Melican.

It was in the early summer of 1942 that LAC. Melican and myself took over this magazine from LAC. Ted Collins, who had been granted a commission. We ran it alone, with the kind support of G/C. N. E. Morrison and S/L. A. J. S. Negus, and with only a few regular contributors, notably artist George Sumner, Cpl. Boag and Cpl. Gard, the present managing editor. Somehow, despite the many difficulties, we managed to carry on, often writing most of the magazine ourselves, and it was soon our pleasure to be told that one of the chiefs at Ottawa considered "Prairie Flyer" to be the best R.A.F. camp magazine in Canada.

Terry Melican's own contributions, under his initials and the pseudonym of Petronius Arbiter Junior, were invari-

ably brilliant. His articles and light verse brought laughter into the lives of many beyond the confines of Thirty-two, while his poetry bore, at its best, the unmistakable signature of genius.

In addition, he wrote, sometimes in collaboration with myself, a number of special broadcasts and a radio play which was distinguished by a keen sense of drama, a fine rhetoric, and an alert awareness of the tragedy of our times. Many listeners wrote or telephoned their appreciation of these broadcasts, and on one occasion CHAB cancelled an important scheduled programme to allow him one of their best periods.

These were not his only activities on the camp. He was for a time secretary of the Welfare Committee and, as such, worked hard in the interests of the airmen. In the early days of Thirty-two he opened the Met. Office and ran it alone before the arrival of Mr. Frank Goodwin, who considered him a brilliant meteorologist.

Although extremely short-sighted, he distinguished himself as one of the best shots on the camp. His friends were not surprised at this, as he specialized, so to speak, in the unexpected. Many mistook him for a Jew, whereas, in fact, he came of a very old aristocratic Irish family, and was (and still is, we hope) a kinsman of the great Douglas Hyde, leader of the Irish revival.

We knew him best in a literary role, but musicians and music lovers, such as his friends, LAC. Tony Padmore and Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., (with whom we spent our farewell evening), admired him for his astonishing knowledge of music. He could quote Shakespeare by the

"OUT OF the MESS"

Quotation for the Month

In life, we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few men that are great and good.—Colton.

* * *

Since we last went to press a great event has taken place in the Mess—a fireplace had been added. It is rumoured that the Sergeant in charge of the bar—with an eye to business—has ordered a gross of periscopes for the use of the more unfortunate members who do not constitute the *Inner Circle*.

Faces come and faces go as the "Boat" collects and delivers. A regular two-way service is now running very smoothly; in fact, it is very unwise these days to read anything longer than Short Stories.

The Christmas Draw forms the chief topic of conversation these days and some members are apt to consider the matter settled so far as they are concerned. They say Christmas comes but once a year, but it seems to keep coming a long time and usually at least a week to depart. Everybody is getting into trim for the festivities and seems to believe that practice does make perfect. The finals are going to be interesting.

A place for the music is exercising a number of minds these days. The member who suggested the Wild Animal Park has been ruled out of order, but some consider that there is certainly something in it. The best way to have the

mile or discourse upon the use of counterpoint in the work of some almost unknown composer; and during our last dinner together he talked easily, apropos of something I had said in regard to Italian art, of an obscure pupil of Cimabue.

Above all, we remember him for his unflinching humour and his delightful wit.

On leaving Thirty-Two for the last time, and at night, his mess-tin began to clash against his water-bottle, and turning to me he said, with his usual gaiety: "In years to come this sound will be heard along Main Street in the deep of the night, and men will draw the blinds lower and say, with a shiver, '*Melican rides again*'."

Which shows that Melican was Melican to the last.

—J. H. M.

question really answered is to ask those who are off the shift early and have their beauty sleep rudely shattered. The answer will, at least, be definite.

Christmas fast approaches and with it the inevitable good cheer. It is to be hoped that there is a large stock of the cheer because food must be washed down with something. Still, those who should know don't seem to be very worried, so we expect everything is all right. Maybe the new arrivals will be too polite to shove us out of the way that day—
HAM.

There is a shortage of boxing gloves. One of our correspondents asserts, however, that the man in the next bed to him still wears them while playing the piano.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. L. E. Waterman.
2. Carson City.
3. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.
4. One who must by course of law become heir if he survives his ancestor.
5. One capable of being rendered void.
6. Water.
7. From the heart.
8. Those in which the numerator is larger than the denominator.
9. Anna Pavlova.
10. A corpse.
11. John Steinbeck.
12. A person under full age; a minor.
13. Queen Elizabeth.
14. One made or covered with gold and ivory.
15. Brother and sister.
16. (a) Rose Marie; (b) Clementine; (c) Molly.
17. Ann Boleyn.
18. Sir Thomas Lipton.
19. In Gulliver's Travels.
20. A spirit which makes its presence known by noises.
21. A wild swing, also a knockout blow.
22. A word directly opposed to another in meaning.
23. A giant tortoise which lives as long as 300 years.
24. Yes, in the British Museum.
25. Ypres.
26. Eatables.
27. Gray.
28. Alexander Graham Bell.
29. Charlemagne.
30. 20th (1905).
31. John Adams in 1800.
32. Ordering dish by dish with a stated price for each.
33. Because Salome chose his head as a gift.
34. The ostrich.
35. Samson.
36. Sleeping sickness.
37. A church feast observed on January 6th to commemorate the manifestation of Christ to the Magi.
38. Dieu et mon droit (God and my right hand).
39. From Oporto in Portugal.
40. Artificial butter (the full name for margarine).

A Letter from a Soldier in the Eighth Army

The following letter was received by an airman on the camp from a friend of his in the Eighth Army. It was written while we were making our victorious advance in Tunisia, and is printed here as it is thought it may be of interest to our readers. No attempt has been made to edit the letter, and we have left it for the soldier to explain in his own words just what it is like to be on the battlefield:

T.269209 Dvr. S. Haddon
No. 1 Platoon,
523 Coy., R.A.S.C.,
M.E.F.

Dear George,

Thanks for your airgraph which I received a couple of days ago. Sorry I am not able to write more often, only out here we have hardly time to breathe at present. We have plenty of work which occupies most of our time day and night. I am writing this now by the light of a primus stove in the wagon and I have to pump it up every five minutes—not so good eh? We have had a rough time of it the last few days, we were shelled by Jerry for two days, then you have a packet from the Stukas when you are out on the road. Your boys have him beat—it is not very often he shows himself in daylight. The sky is thick with our fighters and bombers and believe me they have done a fine job out here—I won't call them brylcreem boys no more. I was in an air-raid last night, and you should have seen the barrage we put up—it was

just like a gigantic firework display with all the tracers. I watched it from under the wagon as there was shrapnel falling all round. For all this I would sooner do my bit here than in Blighty, no B.S. here—every man is the same, officer or N.C.O. I heard the barrage we put up the other morning to get old Jerry out of the hills. I was only a few miles off and the noise was terrific. It seemed like earth was splitting. It did good though as he is once more on the run. By the time this reaches you I am hoping to have a beer or two in Tunisia—here's hoping. Well, pal, you seem to be browned off out there, what are they doing to you? Nothing serious I hope or I will bring the Eighth Army out there. What I want to know is are you getting plenty of beer out there? They have Sweet Fanny Adams in the canteen here. Must close now. Give my regards to all the folks back home next time you write.

Cheerio,
Best of Luck,
Your old pal,
SAMMY.

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