

PRAIRIE FLYER



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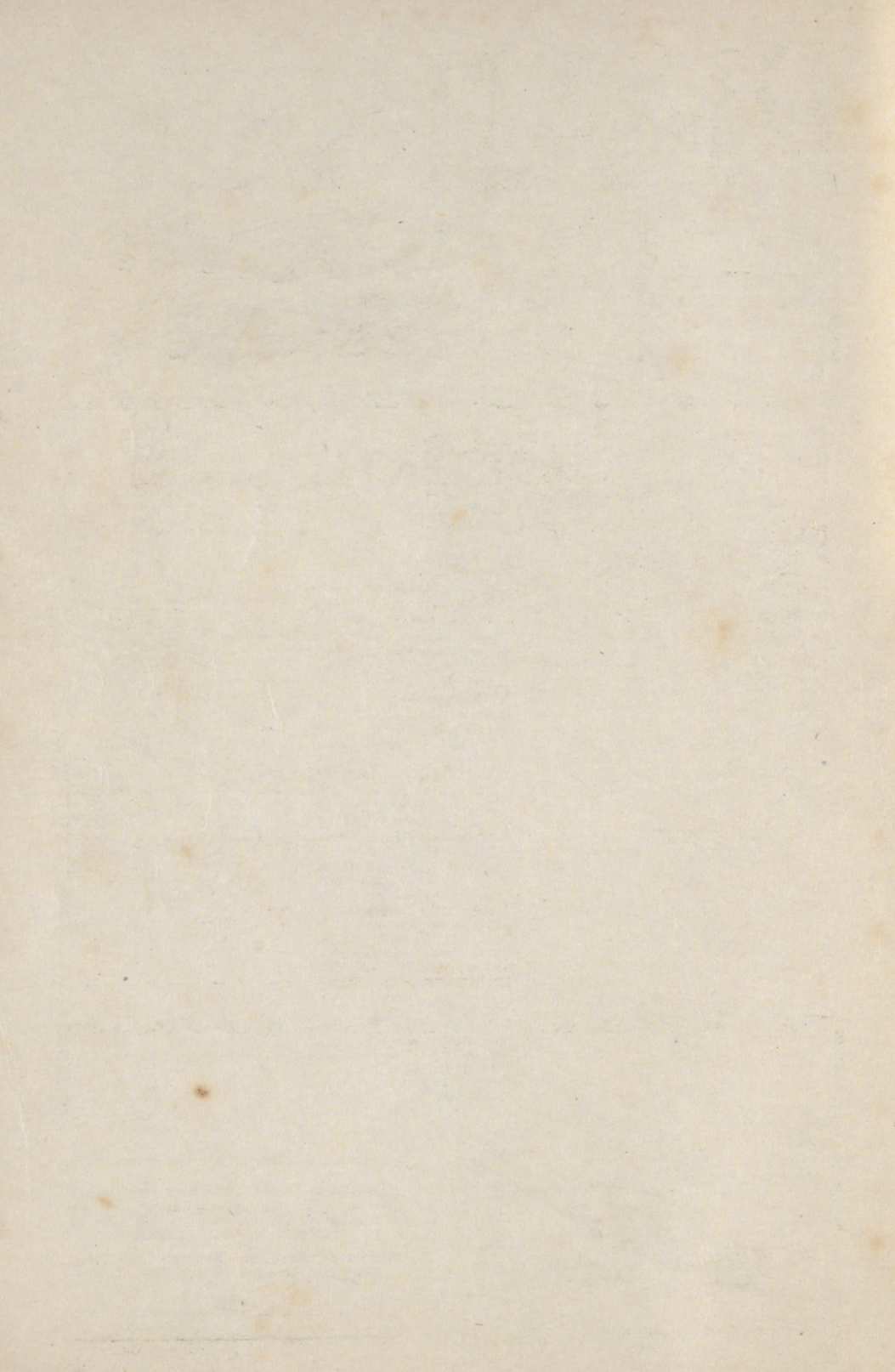
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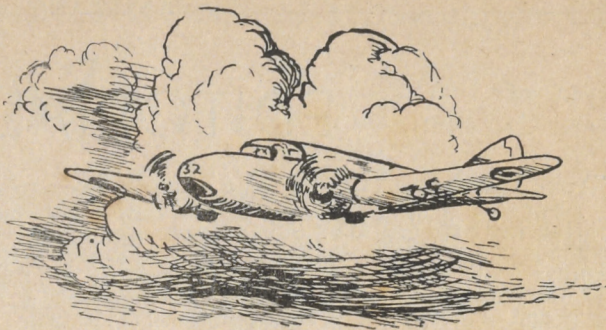
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PRAIRIE FLYER

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

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Canada



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EDITORIAL

TO an Englishman, Canada is a country of surprises. Surprising customs, surprising scenery, and, above all, surprising weather. It is a country of contrasts and extremes to all of us who are used to the moderate climate and deeper traditions of our own land. On our cover this month we are able to illustrate the surprises which the weather can hold in store for us in this part of the country. In 1942, the winter set in early, became extremely cold in November, and came to an abrupt end in the shape of a five-day blizzard in March. This winter, there has been very little bad weather, and November, December and January are already behind us. We experienced a most extraordinary phenomenon—that of a green Christmas in Saskatchewan (a term obviously originating in Britain—it could be better described here as “brown”!), and although it has snowed since, there have been very few cold days. In thinking of the Canadian winter, we are too apt to remember only the temperature, and to forget the fact that there is sunshine for weeks on end. Even at temperatures well below zero, the sun shines brilliantly, and we can imagine that a Canadian in England misses this sunshine just as much as we miss the green freshness of our native land. Many of us have come to dislike the Prairies because we find them dull and uninteresting. It is a bitter sight for us to travel by train; the land is like a vast pancake as we speed across it, and it is especially drab in winter when it is brown and white with no trees to break the monotony. But to the Canadians it is a good land—the best in the world. The lake bottom of the Regina Plains goes down thirty feet in pure black mud, and with not a speck of grit in it. After years without fertilizers, the crops are as big as ever, although there is room for diversification and better use of the land. We all know of the depression and the dust storms which added to the misery of the severe winters without enough food and adequate clothing, and we have seen that the war has given the Prairies even an air of prosperity, with soldiers everywhere, and the flying fields of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan ever active. What will it be like after the war? The extremes in temperatures can be endured easily enough if the country flourishes; we know only too well how our Canadian friends are able to make themselves comfortable under weather conditions such as we had never dreamed of in England. Have you ever paused to think that you can help maintain the present conditions of reasonable prosperity? You may dislike the Prairies, you may detest the weather, you may never want to come back here, but remember that the British Empire will emerge from this war stronger than ever. You will go back to England with a deeper understanding of our Canadian cousins. No longer will Dominion affairs be a mystery and of no interest to you when they are introduced into the House. By an intelligent interest you can help create a better understanding of Canada, even though you remain in England. Canada is a very necessary part of the British Commonwealth. Not only has she proved herself so in this war, but she has also made us realise her potential wealth. So, when you go home, don't bind about the weather being forty below. Remember, that to a Canadian who was born here, the Prairies have a peculiar fascination, and he loves them as much as you love the incredible beauty of Devon, that quiet backwater of the Upper Thames, that lane in Kent, or the grandeur of the Scottish Highlands. You can help improve his lot by an active interest in Empire affairs. If everyone does just that, Canada will have a better opportunity of putting into practice her post-war plans. With proper planning and the right encouragement, no longer will a Prairie poetess (Anne Marriott) be moved to make this dismal observation:

Winter mutters thinly on the sagging wire
 binding the graveyard from the gouged dirt road,
 bends thick-bristled Russian thistle,
 sifts listless dust
 into cracks in hard grey ground.
 Empty prairie slides away
 on all sides, rushes towards a wide,
 expressionless horizon, joined
 to a vast blank sky.

—T.S.M.G.

Meanwhile ♦ ♦ ♦

• by J.H.M.

Who wrote "Afterwards"

When, a few months ago, I wrote an article for these columns entitled "Afterwards", I little knew what the Fates had in store for me. "Afterwards", as you may remember, dealt with the various crises of adjustment which can be expected to confront us after the war when we put off this Service gear and don again the motley of Civvy Street. It portrayed an ex-airman, Willie, who persisted, much to the perturbation of his wife, in continuing to perform what are officially known as domestic duties and more vulgarly known by another and simpler name.

Perhaps I should not have written that article.

For "Afterwards" has caught up with me. I am now, to my own astonishment, a married man and, apart from still being in uniform, there is no large essential difference between myself and Willie. The R.A.F. owns me—all of me, I sometimes solemnly reflect, from my rather frayed necktie to my possibly immortal soul; but beyond that I exist very much as a civilian does.

Getting married is sometimes a matter of form, and always a matter of forms. A ceremony is usually inserted somewhere, but the rest of it consists of answering printed questions, mostly with "N.A.", which probably means "Not Applicable". The minister has to know if you can read and write, so it is as well—ministers being notoriously innocent people—to carry a book under your arm when you go for the interview. Then Accounts ask you if you have married a squaw. They put it more delicately than that. "Has your wife," they enquire, "ever resided on an Indian Reserve?" There are about three hundred of these questions, and you feel much better when they are all answered.

You then buy yourself a little black tin box and try to look aloof when the Wakey-Wakey Man passes. I didn't look aloof myself, for I remembered the old English custom of *reveille matin*, which means that someone would come and wake you on the morning after the wedding. Charles the Second followed this amiable tradition; it is recorded that when one of the Vere family married he "did tickle the bride most merrily." This is one of our ancient customs whose passing I do not mourn—or, to be truth-

ful, I did not mourn it on December 12; it might now please me to see it revived.

For days the thought lurked on the edge of my Unconscious that Corporal Carling might at any moment appear beneath the window with his musical instrument, like Blondel in his search for Richard the Lionheart. Fortunately, he did not materialise; and peace was mine.

At least, I thought it was. But there was a very important factor which had not entered into my anticipations: I was living in a house.

As some of you may have forgotten what living in a house implies, I had better tell the story in some detail. On the first Monday evening, then, I walked through my old hut in a mood of mild sentimental nostalgia for all the abandoned familiar things. Most of my erstwhile fellow-boarders were, in a creditable sense, on their knees. One by one they looked up, scrubbing brush in hand, and said, wistfully, "Lucky blighter—lucky so-and-so! No bull for you." The envy in their faces tugged at my heart-strings, compassion for my unfortunate fellow-erks mingling with an uneasy feeling of guilt that I should thus have abandoned them. Oh, the mute, helpless pathos in those faces! Had it not been for a strong sense of connubial duty, I should have joined them on the floor and scrubbed. The tears were in my eyes as I rushed, chitless and chit-free, for the 'bus.

And when I reached home, my countenance seared with grief, there was my wife waiting for me. She held something in her hand. It was a broom: a new broom capable, as no other brooms are, of sweeping clean.

"A little present," she said.

"It has a nice handle," I replied.

"Yes," she said. "You should find it easy to hold."

I smiled weakly.

"You should be good at that sort of thing," she continued. "I remember an article you wrote called 'Afterwards'."

There was no way of escape. I seized the broom by its pretty red handle and swept out the hall, where much unpacking had been done. And that wasn't all. You would be surprised how many things there are to be done in a house, especially when you are new to it. Pic-

tures and towel rails have to be hung; extraordinary gadgets must be introduced into the kitchen; heavy and cumbersome objects need to be shifted.

That evening, and for several evenings afterwards, I found myself performing tasks compared to which R.A.F. bull was the jolliest fun. Often my thoughts returned to G Block and the happy Monday evenings I had spent there. "Lucky so-and-so," they had said. "No more bull for you." The irony of it bit into my soul.

Meanwhile, my mind employed itself on ingenious ruses. At the beginning I pointed out the damage that would result to my dressing gown, which served as a kind of overall to protect my uniform.

"It will be covered in spots," I said. "Perhaps I should wait and have an inferior gown to cover it."

"That," replied my wife, with a woman's ruthless logic, "would only lead to a vicious circle. You would have an infinite series of dressing-gowns, each protecting the other."

There was no escape that way. But on the third evening I had a better idea. My wife had said to me, "I think that you should learn Greek." The remark can't have been related to anything; it was just one of those casual things which women say. I remember once dancing with a girl, a stranger, who suddenly asked, after a long absorbed silence, "Do you know anything about palaeontology?" I answered "No". She was silent again for a while, and then she said, "Neither do I." It was probably in much the same casual way that my wife suggested my learning Greek.

I thought it reasonable to suppose that if I showed an eagerness to learn it she would do nothing to discourage me; so, one evening when I was trying to force a particularly obstinate screw into a particularly hard piece of wood, I began in an off-hand way to extol the virtues of the Hellenic culture. Euripides, in the translation of Gilbert Murray was, I said, beautiful and wise—but how much better, no doubt, in the original text.

"I think it really would be a good idea for me to learn Greek," I observed in conclusion.

"Yes," agreed my wife. "It would."

So thereafter, whenever anything grimly bull-like appeared on the domestic horizon, I retired to the divan and pretended to study the noble language of Homer, having first made sure that my wife was safely involved in some task which required all her attention elsewhere. It was quite simple. Deep in some interesting book or magazine, I would automatically emit, at intervals, some sound which suggested the study of Greek. Vaguely remembered mathematical formulae came in useful. "Pi Theta Gamma," I would mutter, or "Delta Sigma Beta," and my wife, hearing these mutterings in the kitchen, would refrain from interrupting me with household chores.

But, alas: the success of my scheme was to be short-lived. On the third evening I happened to choose at random the combination "Phi Beta Kappa" which, unfortunately for me, forms the designation of the famous University Honours society in the U.S.A., a society in which my wife has a personal interest. She unexpectedly entered the room and caught me studying something far removed from a Greek primer: to be exact, a pre-war copy of "Razzle."

In desperation I decided upon the one possibility left to me—I asked our friend Duncan to come to dinner whenever he could. You have only to watch Duncan supervising his hut on Monday nights to assume that he likes domestic work; you have only to see him at our flat almost any night to be sure that he loves it.

Sometimes my conscience troubles me. I look at Duncan in his floral apron and remember something I read in Freud or Havelock Ellis about a man who developed an apron fetish and could not be kept away from clothes-lines. You can go wrong that way.

But my conscience was always frail. I lie on the divan and tell Duncan what an excellent wife he would make.

Scene: King's Cross, afternoon. Main departure platform barricaded, a remarkably polished train, officials in their best uniforms, a general air of personages expected. A soldier came behind the knot of people at the barrier, and, in a loud voice, said: "What's all this? Mosley gain' orf for a week-end?"

Sending Robert Thomson, Guthrie Street, Edinburgh, to prison for 30 days for selling a bottle of cold tea for whisky to a Canadian soldier, Sheriff Jameson, in Edinburgh, said: "Such an act is calculated to produce dismay and discouragement among His Majesty's Forces."—*News Chronicle*.

Coffins IN CHELSEA

(A further true story of the Supernatural)

• by "SIMBA"

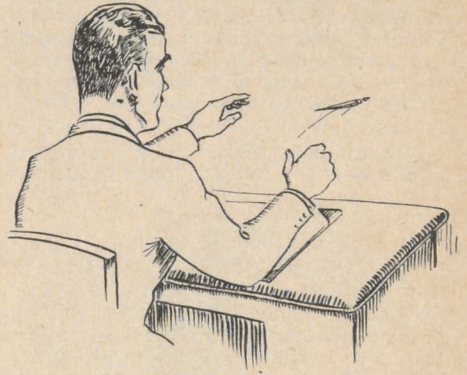
THE day I met Miss Dionne F——, a cultured and skilled student of the occult and well versed in the laws of "black magic", was indeed a fortunate day for me. This lady not only probably saved my life when confronted with highly malicious and malevolent psychic phenomena, but also provided me with a ghostly thrill of an entirely different order I am never likely to forget.

I had but recently returned to England after a lengthy sojourn of ten years spent on the Continent, and was living with friends in a comfortable old mid-Victorian Bayswater house in London, overlooking Hyde Park. My room was on the top floor and had nothing peculiar about it. It was a bed-sitting room fitted with the usual appointments and was plainly but comfortably furnished.

I had not been in my new home very long before I commenced to experience a strangely odd sensation of not being quite alone in that room. This peculiar but persistent feeling always became most manifest during the hours of darkness. Upon making discreet enquiries I learned that this particular house was not haunted and no ghost had been known to frequent it in the past.

The climax to my feeling of pending evil came one dark and dismal November evening when I was sitting in my room engaged in writing a letter. As in a previous experience many years before, a draught of cold air swept through the room, even though the door and windows were closed and fastened at the time; also a curious pricking of the scalp was distinctly felt. The wrist of my right hand holding the pen became rigid and my stiffening fingers lost all control as if guided by some monstrous power of irresistible strength.

Feeling considerably shaken, I yet managed to get to my feet and made a turn around the room, telling myself the while not to be foolish, that there was nothing wrong, and that I was imagining things. I reeated myself at the table and again took up my pen, determined this time to continue my letter. My efforts to do so were quite useless. The cold draught of air became even more pronounced, and suddenly my pen was snatched roughly from my fingers and flung violently against the



wall. The gold nib was broken beyond repair and ink was spattered in all directions. Now thoroughly alarmed, I rang the bell for the housekeeper—a dear old body named Mrs. L——. It was not until I heard her familiar footsteps coming along the passage towards my room, and heard her friendly voice enquiring if all was well with me, that I began to recover some of my composure.

I wisely told Mrs. L—— all that had happened to me. She did not laugh at me nor ridicule my story, but begged me to let her know immediately should there be a recurrence of this disturbing phenomena. Meanwhile, she insisted on changing my room that very night and made me comfortable in a front room on the first floor. A cup of good hot tea in her cosy sitting room also did much to comfort and reassure me.

Nothing untoward occurred during the next few days until one night about a week later, when the old horrid sensation of not being alone returned stronger than before. Frightened and feeling ill at ease, I climbed into bed towards midnight and fell into a fitful sleep. I awoke some hours later with a startled cry to find myself on the floor with the bedclothes on top of me. The hour, I recall, was just 2.45 a.m. The room was icy cold with the now familiar current of cold air blowing through it. All around me was the pervading feeling of

evil and the powerful but unseen presence of the UNKNOWN.

Two days later, I was about to descend the staircase when leaving my room in the morning to go out, when I experienced a sudden and violent push from behind as if an immense hand had propelled me forward by the small of the back. No living person was near me at the time but I felt really scared as the customary prickling of the scalp made itself felt. I only saved myself from a serious fall and probable injury by hastily grabbing the banisters of the staircase.

Without delay I related this incident to Mrs. L——, who at once contacted



an old friend of hers—a Miss Dionne F——. This lady lived in Chelsea. She was an attractive personage in her early fifties and possessed a strongly aggressive but pleasant personality. Tremendous faith and indomitable will-power seemed to exude from her sturdy frame and, as I got to know her better, my respect and admiration for her increased. Miss F—— had lost her parents in India while herself quite a child, and she had been brought up by an old "Ayah" (Indian nursemaid). She subsequently spent many years of her life in India, Burma and Malaya and studied the "black magic" and "voodooism" of the natives of these countries.

Mrs. L—— explained my troubles to this lady with the result that the latter at once came and spent a night alone in my original room on the top floor. Here she exorcised the evil spirit, or spirits, which had been disturbing me so rudely. She did this by drawing on the floor a white circle in which she drew many strange symbolic signs. One of the maids of the house, a cheerful

little soul called Annie, insisted that she had heard a strange voice deep and guttural reciting incantations worthy of Old Mother Shipton herself, as she (Annie) passed my room on her way to bed.

Every night following the visit of Miss F——, I slept soundly and peacefully, no longer troubled by the unwelcome attentions of evil spirits. The whole atmosphere of my little room on the top floor had changed and there was no longer the slightest sense of the presence of psychic phenomena in any shape or form whatsoever.

Some days later I received an invitation to lunch with Miss F—— at her Chelsea home. She possessed an attractively small house just off the King's Road, full of antiques, period furniture, and a perfectly priceless collection of Indian silks and art treasures.

At the end of our pleasant meal, and following a most absorbing conversation over coffee, my hostess offered to show me over the old house, an invitation I accepted with alacrity. As we wandered from room to room, she had a fascinating story to tell about nearly every "objet d'art" in the house. As we climbed the stairs together towards the top floor, I once again experienced the overwhelming sense of evil gathering remorselessly closer and closer around me. Instinctively and unashamedly, I clasped the hand of my companion as we mounted higher and higher in that old house, as if to give myself such reassurance as might be forthcoming from that dynamic and powerful personality. Miss F—— seemed to understand my distress, for she held my hand fast within her own and fixed her steady grey eyes upon me as if to impart some of her own protective strength.

On reaching the top floor I was conducted to a closed door which Miss F—— unlocked with a key from her pocket. She gently but firmly pushed me across the threshold and I immediately found myself alone in a room I instinctively sensed was impregnated with the evil things of bygone days. I remember how the door closed behind me with a nerve-racking bang as the familiar cold blast of air swept through the room which was windowless, being under the eaves of the roof. Four bare walls done up in a distemper of hideous yellow hue and topped with a border of deep black, greeted my horrified gaze. Slowly, but ever more perceptibly, I was able to discern at the far side of the room the outline of two COFFINS, one in each corner and placed on rough

things WE WANT TO KNOW . . .

Why aren't the airmen supplied with reducing pills along with the issue of new mattresses?

Who is known as the "Menace" in Main Stores?

Did Tooth enjoy his trip to Lethbridge?

Who is the Corporal who likes us so much that he spent his leave on the camp?

And did he appreciate it?

How does "H" billet get the reputation for its high standard of cleanliness?

Who had his jaw broken?

Why is Workshops called "The Bank of England"?

Wouldn't "Kit Bag Manufacturing Co.—Cash Customers Only" be better?

Who are Robin Hood and Little John in H Hut?

Do they both use the same arrows?

Did a certain character in N Hut box kippers before the war?

What does LAC. Melican think of England?

What does England think of LAC. Melican?

Who is the red-haired airman who eats raw carrots in the hope of growing hair on his chest?

Who are the two Scottish Corporals known as Grandma and Granddad?

Where does Windy the Plugger go to in the evenings?

Can Parachute Section carry on without S——y?

Why is everyone so happy, these days?

Whose head was carried round the Airmen's Mess on Christmas Day?

Whose should it have been?

Who is "Trapper"?

How did the Sergeant hurt his hand?

Have you had the stencils yet?

Who is the Wolf Man?

Who stayed sober during Christmas and the New Year?

Have you got your hair net?

Who complained to the Officer that there were no mince pies and found, on rising, that four were sticking to the seat of his trousers?

Which F/Sgt.'s signature tune is "I'll never make the same mistake again"?

Did the stairs really creak when the landlord ejected the curly-haired Sergeant?

And was it a very big bruise his girl friend showed him?

Who shaved off his moustache after his picture had appeared in the *Prairie Flyer*?

Why?

Who fell against the bed post and cut his cheek?

Are you kidding?



trestles. Each coffin was draped in black cloth with a silver crucifix embroidered in the centre and was—without the shadow of a doubt—a coffin. Somehow or other by summoning all my will-power, I was able to get safely out of that dreadful room and found Miss F—— calmly awaiting me on the landing outside. She was smoking a cigarette.

She took one look at my ashen face and said quickly: "So you have seen them both; I thought you would. Now clasp my hand tightly so that when you feel your courage sufficiently returned we may re-enter that room together." Still trembling, I nevertheless contrived to do as Miss F—— suggested. This time there were no coffins to be seen but only the coldly malignant stare of those evil yellow walls. I noticed that the cold wind moaned fretfully all the time we were within the room.

Once more downstairs in Miss F——'s cosy sitting room, I learned

from her the story of the two coffins. The house—a very old one—was originally inhabited by a monk who deserted his Order and lived in sin with a woman of the town for many years, both of them occupying the haunted room on the top floor. Filled with remorse and after a heavy drinking bout, the monk finally murdered his mistress and then cut his own throat. Their bodies were said to be buried under the garden of the house. That room was always kept locked by the present owner, but apparently the coffins could always be plainly seen by anyone possessing clairvoyant psychic powers. Never did the familiar red 'buses of old London Town, pursuing their busy way along King's Road towards Sloane Square and Piccadilly Circus, seem more friendly and welcoming as I boarded a No. 19 westward-bound, leaving that old house and its charming chatelaine, alone with its chilling memories of sudden and awful death.

I WOULD RETURN, *but . . .*

A reply to "Why Not Come Back Here?", the frank article contributed by C.M. to our last issue.

IT seems as though C.M. really asked for it. After all, his was not what one would call a wise invitation, with nearly everyone on the camp requesting the boat to roll on! However, it is more than likely that one or two people, after their return to the Old Country, will be wishing that they were back in Moose Jaw, incredible though that may seem to the present disbelievers. There are several cases on record of actual instances. So from a purely neutral standpoint, let's discuss our friend's offer.

At the present time Canada is better off, both financially and economically, than she had been for years. She is fourth in armament production and third in food production. She has, undoubtedly, made great strides since the outbreak of war. Even so, her maturity is still very distant, and her visage is somewhat blemished by the smaller growths of puberty, while any achievements she may have reached are greatly overshadowed by the exploits of her sister south of the border. It is fairly safe to say that, despite the strides she has made, Canada is still in the pioneer stage of development. The size of the country has admittedly presented a problem of no little immensity; but, notwithstanding this, major steps will have to be taken in order to cope with the very necessary internal alteration.

To Canadians who rightly believe they have achieved something, it seems hard that anyone should point out that the communications, education and adequate sanitation need improving. Inevitably, we Englishmen are apt to set up conditions in England as a yardstick; and since the British Isles are so very small the methods used over there to improve living conditions could not be applied over here.

England has often been criticised for the class system, which, we must admit, still exists, but to a lesser degree than most Canadians imagine; yet even here in Canada we find that your position is judged by which side of the tracks you dwell.

Those are the points which most of us dislike about Canada, but there is a lot to be said for coming back. Life here is very much freer and certainly easier,

and the happy-go-lucky frame of mind of most of the inhabitants undoubtedly appeals to the younger generation, as do the possibilities which development offers to a willing pioneer. During the war Canadian armed forces have increased to limits never before dreamed of by such a sparsely populated country. Resultantly, the civilians have been reduced to a minimum and consist of "essentials or 4-Fers". When the war is over, however, and demobilisation sets in with all its vicissitudes, Canada will once more find herself far from the scene of the crime and will not need to maintain such a large standing Navy, Army or Air Force as at present. Factories will not be turned over to civilian production as easily as some may think, since most of them are built especially for the purpose of building war materials. Women earning more money than marriage can offer will not be eager to leave, and with equal certainty those men occupying wartime positions are not going to relinquish them with alacrity. The Government has issued several promises concerning positions which will be open to her draftees when the war is over, but it is extremely doubtful whether they will be able to abide by them. If that is true in regard to her own sons, what chance is the emigrant going to have?

After the last war, a "job vacant" notice was often coupled with an affidavit to the effect that "No Englishmen need apply". Hardly encouraging is it? The greatest opportunity is, of course, going to present itself in the form of commercial aviation, but that will not be so great that it will employ all the returned forces. Hospitable though Canada is at the present time to English members of the R.A.F., they are not likely to be as friendly when they find themselves vying for a position with the returned traveller.

If Canada cannot vouchsafe for her own mobilized force in England, it is hardly likely that she will do it for emigrants. It is not so much a question of whether you would *like* to come back, but *if* you come back will you be able to *live* as opposed to existing.

K.I.

Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans

TWO VERSES ADDED

When Noel Coward's song, "Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans", was presented to American radio listeners by the War Writers' Board, two verses were added by Mr. Clifton Fadiman, the American Literary Critic, who acted as master of ceremonies for the programme. They were:

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans: among them all I really know of none
Who isn't quite aware that he is quite a special case,
Because he is a member of the German Master Race.
Let's all dance to them,
And give our shorts and pants to them;
Remembering Good Samaritan, let's take them on our laps again,
And be a bunch of saps again—
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans: all attitude of anger let us shun.
It's true their cunning booby traps kill many of our boys,
But what can you expect when they're so famous with their toys?
Let's raise a fund again,
And help them build their Bund again,
And aid them so their next war may be won.
I think we ought to try again and arrange for a Versailles again—
But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.

We Will Remember Them

August 8, 1940, to October 31, 1940, marks a battle that belongs to the history books of tomorrow.

In that period the air armada that was to prepare the way for the troops of the Wehrmacht met with a defeat as conclusive and humiliating as did that other armada which Philip of Spain sent against us long ago. The might of Germany had been halted in its drive towards the shores of England, and we were free to breathe again and to make ready for whatever further assaults might come.

We are too near in time to the events of that September to apprehend them in their true perspective. We were thrilled then, and we are proud now, but not until the strife is over and we can survey the war in calm retrospect shall we fully understand the greatness of those days and their significance for all succeeding ages. Then the historians will tell us that the most critical engagements in arms since the battle of Marathon, which preserved the humanities of the Greek culture from the barbarians, was the Battle of Britain, which in much the same way prevented the current of civilization from being disastrously diverted.

Amazingly, the honour for that achievement belongs, not to the powerful armies, not to invincible navies, not to the captains and the kings, but to a few

young men, a few boys otherwise obscure, who could fly an aircraft and had all the courage in the world.

It was they, the R.A.F. pilots of the Battle of Britain, who stopped Hitler when it seemed that nothing could stop him.

Once a year we pay formal homage to those boys. But that surely is not enough: we need an enduring and visible testimony of the gratitude that we must forever feel.

The desire to show them fitting honour has issued in a proposal to construct a memorial church in London. Other ways of commemoration could be suggested, but none more essentially fitting. The Abbey Chapel will stand, if all be well, for centuries, a dignified memorial unlikely to be vulgarized, misused, or forgotten, a symbol of our homage to those who fought above the blue waters of the Channel and of our gratitude to Eternal Providence.

All who wish to assist in this fine cause should hand in their contributions to P.S.I. before February 10th. The name of every subscriber, however big or small his gift, will be permanently recorded. It is hoped that messes will arrange to collect donations.

Little time remains. So give now—remembering what the Few gave for you, your country, and your loved ones.

J.H.M.

THE Battle

• Another Short Story by K.I.

HE gazed over the battlefield with an air of ill-disguised satisfaction. To think that in the very short space of a few hours he would bring a very happy ending to the campaign, and that he alone would be the instigator! The credit, of course, would go to the general; it was always so. But what did that matter? A successful conclusion to the campaign was all that he wanted. Mind you, a few decorations would not be brusquely declined. The D.S.O., perhaps a V.C.—it didn't matter very much. In his own egotistical manner he imagined himself a modest fellow. Is it not so with all egotists?

His imagination did not stop there. The tales he would be able to spin when all this was over—how he, the insignificant, had beaten the best of the Fuehrer's troops. His troops? Why, that Field Marshal himself! It would mean a speedier end to the war, then he would go back home—and there his wanderings ceased for, vivid as his imagination was, he could not foresee that far ahead.

From his vantage point overlooking the field of operations, his eyes followed every detail of the view before him. His mind traversed even farther. He could see that Field Marshal, probably stationed as he was himself, rubbing his bald head with a fat paw. Some said that he was bald-headed, but if he wasn't he would be after he had finished with him. His smile broadened and the dimples on his face were visible in the half light.

Detail by detail he turned the plan over in his mind. Here in the valley he was, to all intents and purposes, trapped. This rumple of a vale, large for Italy, had a dead end and it was impossible to retreat. But he would fool them—he *would* retreat. He would go

back as far as he dared with the small defensive force he had retained. They were bound to follow. It was only natural.

There was an ace up his sleeve, however; something the Hun knew nothing about. During the last three or four nights he had, with the utmost stealth, moved most of his guns, men and small mechanised units up the slopes of the valley. With careful manœuvring, he had brought them within striking distance of the enemy's lines. But he would not strike—not just yet.

He glanced at a watch. Only a matter of minutes now. He would begin the falling back. The enemy, well-spread out down the valley by then, would think they had an easy victory. When he gave the signal, however, down would come his troops to attack their flanks. Under that onslaught the positions would be reversed. Caught between three lines of fire they were bound to crack.

It was as simple as all that. Why shouldn't it be? The greatest secret of success was simplicity. The plan would be invisible in its obviousness. The Jerries, trained to one line of thought, could not break out into a new and unconventional train.

Another glance at his watch. Everything was set. In eager anticipation he rose to start the operation. He could not conceal his excitement. He lifted his hand. As he did so, however, the sky became dark. A black lumbering shape hovered over the field and with relentless force descended on the scene of the operation. He looked up, but was too late. The whole field, in one single stroke, had been annihilated.

From the debris and mangled remains of what had once been a master plan came a plaintive cry of "Oh, daddy, you've twodden on my sojers."

Why should a child be tortured with the imagery of Shakespeare and the rotting facts of text-book geography, and know nothing of the beauty of the workings of his own stomach? — Letter in *News Chronicle*.

★ ★ ★

It was a Scotsman who said:

For when I dinna clearly see,
I always own I dinna ken,
And that's the way with wisest men.

The milk supplied to Lanarkshire schools was excellent. There may be an odd bottle with a beetle or snail in it, "but that won't do you any harm."—*Glasgow Evening News*.

★ ★ ★

Italian 'planes attempting to raid Gibraltar, dropped incendiary bombs into the sea. In Gibraltar, this is considered more efficacious than the stirrup-pump.

Station Choir Presents Xmas Programme

As a fitting send-off to the seasonal festivities on the Station, the Station Male Voice Choir on Thursday, December 16th, presented a special Christmas edition of "Choral Capers". Following on the enthusiastic reception given to their previous edition in October, this programme was equally well received by a large audience which included several visitors from the city.

The Station cinema had been tastefully and artistically decorated by LAC. Coane, and the stage itself looked particularly effective.

Under the able direction of LAC. Eric Holden, and to the skilful accompaniment of LAC. Leslie Harris at the piano, the choir sustained the greater part of a well-varied programme. "Marching Along Together", with appropriately modified words, followed by the inevitable "roll call" (which revealed the presence of some "distinguished" guest artists) provided the opening number, and at various stages during the evening the choir rendered several numbers which included "Song of the Jolly Roger" (an old favourite and always popular); "Passing By", Beethoven's stirring "Creation's Hymn"; Doris Arnold's beautiful arrangement of "The Holy City", with AC. Bob Lockhart taking the solo parts; "When Day Is Done"; "My Hero", from "The Chocolate Soldier"; "The Lost Chord"; and "Without a Song". At the end of each half of the programme specially arranged medleys of Christmas carols were rendered, in which the audience were invited to join.

John Snuggs (bass) gave an effective rendering of "The Trumpeter", and Dennis O'Brien was well received in his singing of "When You're Away". These two artists later joined forces in the duet "Take Thou This Rose". Clifford Rosser (bass) gave an efficient rendering of "Glorious Devon", and also appeared at the piano with Leslie Harris to play "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers". Seven original members of the choir (Cpl. Cattle, LAC's. Tarry, Croft, Carroll and Hurst, and AC's. O'Brien and Ros-

ser, appropriately designated "Pioneers") sang "Flow Gently, Deva", the number with which the choir won the shield at the Saskatchewan Musical Festival last spring. Bob Lockhart, in "Hit Parade of 1943", played a number of popular songs at the piano.

Ted Carroll gave yet another of his popular monologues in Stanley Holloway style, and, assisted by LAC. Jarvis, AC. Kirby, LAC. Collins, LAC. Clarke and AC. Kendall, presented a sketch which, under the title "Smelevision", revealed the startling possibilities of a machine designed to bring, in person, any individual required or demanded by the operator.

Bert Bratton, the popular comedian, (who has generously filled in the gap in the Boosters' Concert Party on the posting of Sgt. Cooper), prepared two sketches, "Professional Amateurs", in which he was assisted by Ray Worton and Bob Richards, and "Enlightening", with the same assistants, augmented by Stan Elliott and Norman Hurst.

Ray Worton, assisted — or was it hampered?—by Norman Hurst, played a very much "Interrupted Intermezzo" at the piano, and the latter also gave an authentic explanation of how an accompanist to the choir was appointed.

A short quiz competition between three members of the choir and three from the audience ended in a narrow victory for the choir. Norman Hurst was the question master and he was assisted by Bert Bratton as counter-upper, but we would state emphatically that this was not the sole reason for the choir's victory.

George Wright and Bob Cattle, with the assistance of "Jock" Davidson on the guitar, came nearest to stopping the show with their tuneful rendering of several popular numbers which included the inevitable "Pistol Packin' Mama". George also gave some of his masterly impersonations.

The show was written and produced by Norman Hurst, with the generous co-operation of all officers and members of the choir. Thanks are due also to the unseen hands behind the scenes, whose conscientious attention to details helped to make the show a success. The Old Firm, AC's. Long and Hawkins, ably assisted by AC. Waudby, looked after the curtains; Cpl. Richards saw to it that all essential properties were to hand as

Airman Meets Pres. Roosevelt

"Wonderful Job—Keep It Up"

Sinclair Lewis wrote "The Man Who
Knew Coolidge".

Perhaps we should call this "The
Man Who Knew Roosevelt."

His name? AC. Kenneth Hoggarth of
32 S.F.T.S.

AC. Hoggarth, combining his Christ-
mas and annual leaves, went home to
his parents in Washington, and while
there was presented, with his mother, to
the President, the British Ambassador
(Lord Halifax), the Australian Minister
and other notables at an official function
in the city.

Mr. Roosevelt shook hands with AC.
Hoggarth and chatted with him in a
pleasantly informal way.

"You are doing a wonderful job," he
said. "Keep it up."

We suppose that he meant this to refer
to the R.A.F. as a whole. AC. Hoggarth's
colleagues in the Met. Office, however,
insist that he was referring to that par-
ticular department.

Ken Hoggarth is a highly intelligent,
well-read airman with a very keen
interest in world affairs, and we are sure
that in his conversation with the Presi-
dent of the U.S.A. he brought credit
upon the Royal Air Force.

The Battle of Woolton was not won
on the recipes of Beeton.

—"Marmaduke".

required; LAC's. Munns and Wyndham
had charge of the lighting effects; AC.
Shields manipulated the "Mike" and also
did an excellent job in ensuring that the
cinema was properly prepared to house
the show, and Ted Carroll was respon-
sible for publicising the event.

S/Ldr. Thompson neatly expressed the
appreciation of the audience for the
efforts of the members of the choir in
presenting another full evening's enter-
tainment for their colleagues on the
camp.

—N.H.

Yeah!

In the *Sunday Express*, Columnist Nat
Gubbins reports this American dia-
logue between two U.S. soldiers in
Britain:

"Yeah."
"No kiddin'?"
"No kiddin'."
"Kinda tough."
"I'll say."
"Swell dame, though."
"Yeah, swell."
"Kinda ritzy."
"Sure."
"How's tricks?"
"Okay."
"Yeah?"
"Yeah."
"Say, sister!"
"What's cookin', sister?"
"Say, sister."
"What's cookin', sister? Say!"
"Kinda snooty."
"Yeah, kinda."
"Any mail?"
"Yeah, plenty mail."
"Folks back home okay?"
"Yeah, okay."
" 'At's swell."
"Yeah, swell."
"Say, sister."
"Where ya goin', sister?"
"Say, sister."
"What's cookin', sister?"
"Say, sister."
"Nothin' doin'."
"Kinda snooty."
"Yeah, kinda."
"It's a crazy country."
"Sure is crazy."
"Snooty dames, snooty as hell."
"Say, sister."
"Where ya goin', sister?"
"Say, sister."
"What's cookin', sister?"

He Who Shoots Down Squadron-Leaders

Darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

—SIR WALTER SCOTT in "Marmion."

"Taking a girl out these days is a
costly job," we read. Another increase
in the cost of loving.

Christmas Day at 32 MERRY SCENES IN THE AIRMEN'S MESS



Why does Christmas come only once a year? Happy scene in the Airmen's Mess on Christmas Day.



The food was so good they ate it themselves. Here we see the heroes of the occasion having their own fun. But surely that isn't Sergt. Burton drinking?

“Flyer” Chairman Posted

Farewell Message to All

The chairman of the *Prairie Flyer*, better known to most of us in his capacity of Station Adjutant, left recently for the United Kingdom, and there was not a member of the magazine committee who was not sorry to see him go. Taking over control in October last, he quickly instituted a number of features which are of general interest, and there is little doubt that he has left his mark on the magazine for as long as it remains in issue. By his splendid co-operation, and genuine delight in seeing a good number go to press, he alleviated many of the worries which beset the committee prior to his joining it. Photographs were his forte, and most of the illustrations were his own suggestions. He also took up his pen on our behalf, and produced the amusing series, “Herbert’s War Review”, so lamentably cut short by his untimely posting. Before leaving, he was asked to write a farewell message, but, unfortunately, pressure of official duties did not permit this. However, he did ask us to impress upon you the continuity of everything in general, and the magazine in particular, despite the comings and goings of personnel which have been so prevalent of late. He pointed out that although he was going, the *Prairie Flyer* would still carry on, being a publication worthy of its existence, and the same applies to other activities on the camp and to the postings of other people who are leading lights in their own field.

To F/Lt. Whittaker, therefore, we wish a pleasant journey and every success in the future. Those of you who find interest in our pages will also join us in a sincere “Thank you very much”.

The “better” a German is, the more likely he is to join in the war. “Better” Germans are no more pro-British than better Englishmen are pro-German.

—Lord Vansittart.

Friday Recitals

Sir,—

In the January issue of the *Prairie Flyer* will you kindly make a slight correction under entertainments?

In the December issue it stated that CHAB kindly loaned me the records for the Friday gramophone recitals. This is not correct; in fact, they politely refused me.

I am indebted to Al Van Iderstine, announcer at CHAB, for the loan of records from his private collection for the Friday recitals on the camp.

Thank you,

CPL. E. F. RICKMAN.

BERLIN GOSSIP

I hear that as Hitler fled from Berlin last week he muttered, “This is indeed Harrising.”

PUNNING WHITEHALL

The wits of Whitehall are saying that Lord Woolton has only ceased to be Minister of Food to become Minister of Beveridge.

WAR-TIME RESTRICTION

Yet another wine story, guaranteed as an “actual incident” of about two years ago, has reached me. A dinner guest asked of the inevitable war-time waitress, “Have you any dry Madeira?”

The answer was: “We don’t supply cake with this meal, Sir.”

NEWS FROM THE BIRCHES

Apparently I was mistaken in thinking that the inhabitants of the Herefordshire village of Much Birch were closely following the Juvenile Court case. Only the inhabitants of the near-by village of Little Birch are really interested.

Meanwhile, candid friends and neighbours of Much Birch are, I hear, suggesting that it should change its name to Over Wallop.

PETERBOROUGH
In *The Daily Telegraph*.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THIS being the first edition of the *Flyer* for 1944, it will most probably contain a certain amount of material concerning resolutions to be made and broken during the next twelve months; just how many of us will remain to see the year through on this Unit is, at the moment, a matter for conjecture, but so long as we are able to enjoy the fare available for our entertainment it would be as well for us to know just what the possibilities are. The usual resumé of what has gone on during the past month or so will, of necessity, be brief as so much of the period was taken up with preparations for, indulgence in, and recovery from the seasonal festivities. From all sides come reports that, apart from the understandable inherent desire to be with one's loved ones, a good time was had by all. To be more specific, the only "starred" events that have to be reported are the Station Male Voice Choir's special Christmas edition of "Choral Capers", the reports from the various messes on their respective Xmas dinners and an account of the invasion of the Station by the children and young friends of camp personnel. These are described in detail elsewhere.

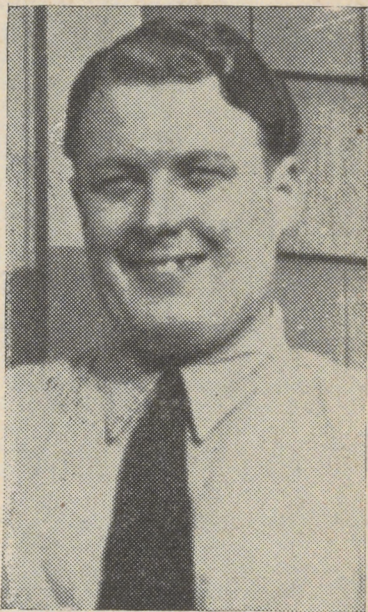
Films. — The outstanding feature in this sphere has been the inauguration of the twice-nightly presentation of the films available—a move which appears to have met with unqualified approval which is in itself an endorsement of the efforts of our "Y" supervisor, Mr. Ewing. Full length films are presented at 1800 and 2000 hours each Sunday, (on which night also you can bring a friend along!) Monday and Friday, whilst on Tuesday films of general interest are presented at 1930 hours. There has been a marked improvement in the general state of the cinema after shows recently; most probably "clients" are making it their duty to make their purchases from the "Y" and consume the more bulky items before entering the cinema.

Dances.—By the time this number gets into your hands a Station Dance will have been held at the Natatorium in Moose Jaw.

Dramatics. — There are mysterious gatherings of bodies as the plot slowly thickens to reach a climax with the presentation of "Rope"—a blood-curd-

ling thriller — by the Station dramatic group. We have no doubt that this presentation will at least equal, if not surpass, the standard set by previous efforts in this art on the Station. Watch out for further details.

Gramophone Recitals.—A fitting entry here would be "See all previous editions", as our good friend, Mr. A. J.



LAC. BILL POOLE
Our popular Pianist

Wickens, K.C., still delights us with his presentation of recitals of music in light and, if requested, heavy vein. Alternating with these are the ultra-modern selections presented by Cpl. Rickman. These recitals are given in the Station Cinema on Thursday evenings.

Whist Drives.—As forecast in previous editions, these events have consolidated themselves once more under the able guidance of LAC. Sensier, assisted by LAC. Broadley and a host of willing assistants, and the attendance each Wednesday evening in the Reading and Writ-

LONDON TOWN

When a man is tired of London he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford.—DR. JOHNSON.

I often dream of London Town,
 Of Frances Day and Teddy Brown,
 Of Sadler's Wells and lovely ballets.
 The Old Kent Road—its slums and alleys,
 A London pub—a glass of beer,
 The company that brings good cheer;
 Of Eros gleaming in the sun,
 The neon lights when day is done.
 The jostling crowds, the happy roar,
 Of London at its best—and more.
 And take me to the West End queues
 With entertainers to amuse.
 Let me see our dirty river,
 The yellow fog that makes me shiver.
 Oh, for the sound of Big Ben's chime
 To put my watch right by his time.
 I like it here in lots of ways,
 But how I dream of other days!

—E. F. R.



ing Room has been maintained at an average of eighteen tables.

Bingo!—A weekly session in this amusing and intriguing pastime has been held in the wet canteen at 1930 hours, with Cpl. Bull in charge of the elusive numbers! It is hoped that on his departure a new enthusiast will have been found to take his place.

Bands (Dance and Military). — The recent spate of postings and repatriations has played havoc with these organisations, but it is hoped that they will be kept alive. Any personnel interested in either should contact F/Lt. Daniels (Link Section).

Station Male Voice Choir.—This thriving organisation could justify a page to itself once again as their activities, past and future, are legion. The Christmas edition of "Choral Capers" is described in detail elsewhere, so we must be satisfied with a few lines here. The first annual general meeting, held in the Reading and Writing Room, was well attended and was, in that respect, indicative of sustained interest in the Choir. The history of the Choir was reviewed, officers for the ensuing session elected and various ideas mooted for the Choir's activities in the immediate and more distant future. One of these, the presentation of a programme to the old folks at St. Anthony's Home, has already been

added to the list of "Jobs Done". A most appreciative audience heard an hour's programme compered by LAC. Clarke, with LAC. Holden and LAC. Poole officiating as conductor and accompanist, respectively. Individual items were contributed by AC. Rosser, AC. O'Brien, LAC. Wright, LAC. Scoffins, LAC. Carroll and LAC. Poole. Future activities include concerts at Drinkwater, St. George's Church and, sponsored by the Westhall Club of St. John's Church, Moose Jaw, a special concert, probably at the Technical Institute, on behalf of local charities, especially the Navy Auxiliary. *Watch out for further details of this event.* We have also entered the Saskatchewan Musical Festival to be held in Regina in April, when we hope to retain the shield won there last year. If possible, it is also hoped to present a concert at the Darke Hall, Regina, on a Sunday night in the not too distant future. This summary of activities should surely arouse the interest of those non-members who are interested in choral music; don't hesitate—there are a few vacancies to make up for postings, etc., and any member of the choir will be glad to bring you along to the cinema at 0730 hours on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Otherwise enquiries should be made to the Chaplain, S/Ldr. Slaughter, or to the Secretary, LAC. Hurst (G.I.S.)

SPORTS *chatter*



With the resumption of the Inter-Section Sports League, after the Xmas and New Year holiday period, it seems a fitting time to print a few statistics.

Indoor Football Highlights

The Mosquitoes held the Hotspurs to a draw!

The Sparks—who lost their first two games—have now sprung up to third position in the league. Keep it up!

The leaders, the Penguins, who have had only three goals scored against them, were held to a draw by the runners-up—the Fireites, who lost the services of one of their stalwarts (LAC. "Taff" Howell) after only three minutes' play.

The Rangers were defeated by the Nomads to the tune of 6-0! Watch that red light, Rangers!

The committee wishes to show its appreciation of the keen interest maintained by Officers' "B" team who, although they are at the bottom of the league, have played excellent football, their misfortune being in finishing their constructive play. (Wanted—One sharp-shooting forward!)

is nothing better than to see two boxers, evenly matched, standing up to each other and exchanging blow for blow as these two did.

In the third bout, AC. Friend lost on points to Ord. Seaman O'Gryzle of H.M.C.S. Tecumseh, Calgary. Here, again, the majority thought Friend the winner.

LAC. Shields came out on top fairly easily, giving Ord. Seaman Colley a lot of punishment in the first two rounds. This was Shields' second match only. He has certainly been an attentive pupil of the coaches, and he knows how to use his weight. He puts a terrific amount of weight into his punches with both hands. We expect to hear a lot more of him. A really good show, Shields.

INDOOR FOOTBALL LEAGUE POSITIONS

Teams	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals		Points
					For	Against	
PENGUINS	8	5	0	3	16	3	13
FIREITES	10	5	2	3	16	5	13
SPARKS	10	5	2	3	13	11	13
NOMADS	9	5	2	2	24	7	12
OXFORDS	9	5	2	2	20	9	12
HOTSPURS	10	4	2	4	14	7	12
OFFICERS A	10	5	3	2	13	10	12
HORNETS	10	4	4	2	13	13	10
RANGERS	8	5	3	0	14	14	10
MOHAWKS	10	3	3	4	13	16	10
GUNNERS	10	3	5	2	8	16	8
MOSQUITOES	9	2	4	3	9	14	7
PELICANS	7	1	5	1	16	21	3
HAIRSPRINGS	8	0	6	2	6	21	2
OFFICERS B	10	0	9	1	11	27	1

Boxing

Six boxers from this Unit competed in the Inter-Services Tournament at Regina on January 15th, at No. 2 I.T.S. Drill Hall.

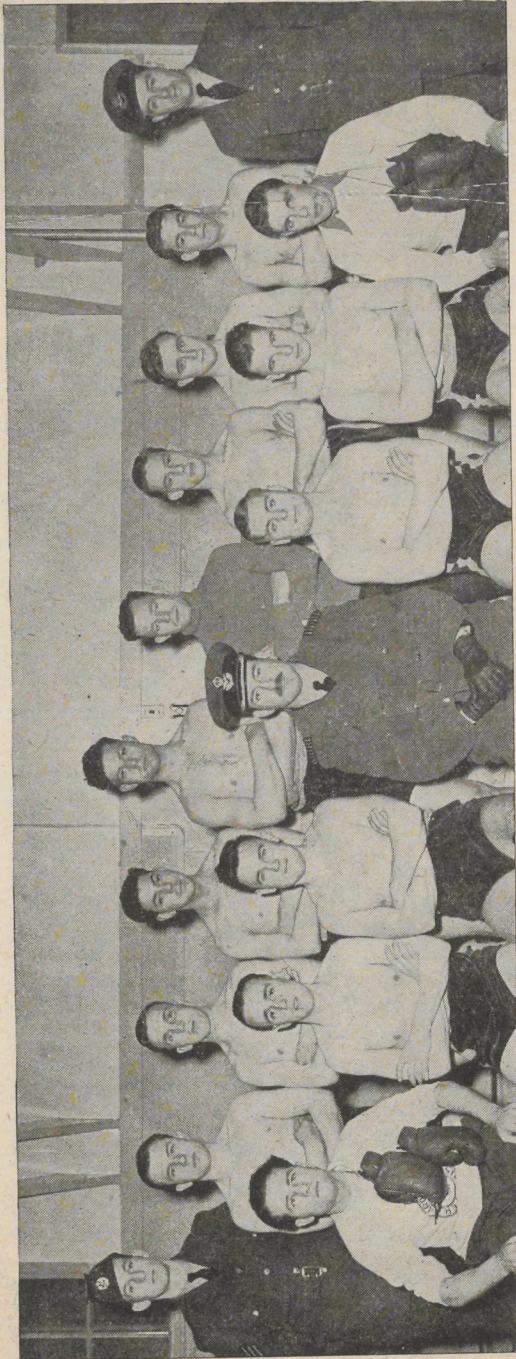
LAC. R. Hall was outpointed by LAC. Wulffe, 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, but the crowd, generally, was very surprised to see Hall get the second-best decision.

LAC. Davies took and gave a lot of punishment with LAC. Keeley, also of Claresholm, who got the decision. This bout went down well all round. There

LAC. Waterworth won his bout against LAC. Bain of No. 25 E.F.T.S., Assiniboia, with a K.O.—a beautiful right hook to the solar-plexus—but credit must be given to Bain, who came back in the second round after taking a lot of punishment in the first.

Last, but not least, of this Unit's team to enter the ring was LAC. Croft, who for the first time in his boxing career was matched against a "south-paw". It

Continued on page 19



So you want to get tough, eh? Members of the station Boxing Team photographed with the Commanding Officer.

AIR and LEOPARDS

• by DON BLANDING

Air and leopards cannot be tamed.
 You may learn their tricks, and teach them tricks,
 The air with wings and the cats with sticks.
 You can ride the air with dives and loops
 And teach the leopards to jump through hoops,
 But a careless moment . . . and you'll be maimed,
 For air and leopards can not be tamed.

Don't be cocky with air or leopards.
 The cats are tricky . . . the air is sly.
 The leopards wait with a watchful eye
 For days and months to get the chance
 To lift the seat right out of your pants.
 In spite of your beams and guiding maps
 The air devises a thousand traps
 For the foolish flyer. This tip's enough;
 With air and leopards . . . you know your stuff!
 They are not sheep that follow their shepherds,
 So don't be cocky with air or leopards.

Air and leopards cannot be tamed.
 The man is wise who learns that rule.
 They lie in wait for the sap or fool
 Who thinks he's wiser than either one.
 When he turns his back . . . the trick is done.
 In the wink of an eye or space of a breath
 They'll turn and strike you like sudden death!
 Air and leopards don't play the game,
 And courage and recklessness aren't the same.
 Wreaths are hung for the men who claimed
 That air or leopards are ever tamed.



was a surprise to him when they both "squared-up", and it took him three rounds to size up his opponent. If he had been more aggressive earlier in the match—especially as he seemed to be fitter than his opponent—he would have taken the verdict without trouble.

There is to be an inter-Station match on the Unit during the first week in February, most probably against No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, Alta. Don't forget to come and support the Station team. They have been training hard in their own time and deserve a big hand; also, those men behind the scenes—AC. McCarthy, the popular captain, and Cpl. Crapper and LAC. Marsh, the trainers. Good wishes for a speedy recovery are due to LAC. Richards, who is the team secretary. All personnel are invited to join in the training periods. We are on the look-out for talent all the time, especially in the heavyweight class.

Ice Hockey

Talent is scarce on the camp in this sphere, but as the inter-zone league is commencing at the end of the month, more players are required immediately. Contact the sports staff for details concerning free practice at the Moose Jaw Arena Rink.

Basketball

To date the Unit team has played six matches in the A.T.C. Inter-Zone League, winning three and losing three—a very creditable result considering that the supply of talent is limited in comparison with Canadian Stations in the league. Special praise is due to two stalwarts of the side, F/O. Burr and Sgt. Bromilow, who with the rest of the team fought back after being behind to take the game against Swift Current last December.

Flotsam . . .

IN the evening mist of a November day, a girl walked down the deserted street of a London suburb. Short hedges flanked the street, behind which houses of the upper middle class loomed ghostly in the failing light. The air was heavy and damp with the growing fog, and no breath of wind stirred to disturb the hollow sound of her footsteps on the pavement.

Presently she came to a white gate which was standing open, and she walked up the curving path to the front door. Groping in her handbag for the key, she let herself in, and with obvious familiarity found the switch and flooded the hall with light. Closing the door behind her, she continued into the drawing room, lighting that also as she entered. After pulling the heavy curtains, and glancing at the fire, she strode through the door into a smaller room, and, in an absent-minded sort of way, turned on the radio.

It was obvious she was nervous, and expecting someone. She kept glancing at her watch, and listening as if waiting for someone to follow her in. The servants had all been given the evening off, and she was alone in the house.

After a short while, a crunching of the gravel outside the window told her that her visitor had arrived. She sped quickly to the door to let him in. He was of medium height, fairly handsome, but with rather shifty eyes. According to some standards he may have been considered well dressed, but beside her, with her air of refinement and quiet good taste, he seemed flashy and out of place.

"You have it?" she asked.

"Yes", he answered, with an obviously assumed accent.

"And the price?"

"One thousand pounds."

"That's more than you said."

"I'm afraid that is what I must ask."

She turned away with an impatient gesture.

"And what if I refuse?"

"The papers will have the full story in the morning. There will be a scandal, and your husband will be forced to resign his post."

For a minute she remained deep in thought.

Why had she written that indiscreet letter in Madrid? Why had she trusted

• A Short Story by T.S.M.G.

this man with information her husband had told her to keep to herself? It had seemed so unimportant to her, but in the light of later developments, a bad blunder. It was not that her husband would not understand. It was his position she was thinking about; his prestige; it would break his heart to be forced to resign from the government just as he was about to realise all for which he had been working. Blackmail was never very simple. She could easily send for the police, but the price of such action was too dear.

"All right," she whispered, "I'll get the money."

Without glancing at him, she entered the smaller room, looking for her handbag which she had left on the shelf beside the radio. As she crossed the floor, she felt a sensation of not being alone. Swinging around, she spied someone sitting in a chair behind the door.

"John!" she cried, "I thought you caught the Paris 'plane this afternoon."

He did not answer. He sat there, his usual immaculate self, but with a look of bitter hatred in his eyes.

Hearing her cry, the man rushed in from the drawing room, and following her gaze, also discovered the presence of her husband. He turned very pale.

"You know all about it," he almost shouted.

Again the husband did not answer, but turned his stare upon him, causing the blackmailer almost to wince beneath the look of hatred in his eyes.

"Then it is no good," continued the blackmailer. "You know this letter is as worthless as the paper it is written on. Please don't be too hard on me, Mr. Leadbitter, I needed the money, that's all." The commanding tone he had used with the wife had now turned into a whine, and he looked about him with the look of a cornered animal.

But Leadbitter's stare held him. At last he tore his eyes away, and with a choking sob, ran from the room, and within a few seconds the front door banged behind him.

All the time the wife said nothing. She seemed unable to grasp the situation.

Her husband sat still for a moment, and wearily arose from his chair. He trudged to the door and made his exit,

A LETTER *from a Sailor to a Lady*

From the Sunday Pictorial

Last night we received the following letter from a sailor. It was not meant for us: it was meant for a lady he had met on a train. But as he did not know her name he asked if we would mind publishing it so that his message would reach her. We are happy to oblige the sailor.

★

Dear Lady,—You are tall, grey-haired and imperious. On the 5.38 p.m. Manchester train at Euston on Friday you brought the attendant to turn out of a first-class carriage six sailors who were obviously going on leave. You were quite right. The sailors should not have been in a first-class carriage.

They had not looked when they sat down. They were tired after three hours of standing on another train journey.

That was no excuse for sitting in a first-class carriage with a third-class travel warrant. And the sailors got up, gathered their kit, and walked the length of a crowded train. As they filed out, you turned the acid on them.

You said (and it is graven on my memory): "You sailors ought to look before you sit down. You would find room in your own part of the train."

Well, lady, we certainly found room. We got a corner of a corridor to ourselves—except when first-class passengers trod on our hands and feet and complained about the people who were blocking the corridors.

They were going to dine, and we were very hungry and thirsty. And the floor

was hard, even with an overcoat, and a respirator was never intended to be a pillow.

Yes, it was part of our own part of the train, but lady, I wish you had listened to the talk that went on in our down-trodden corner of the corridor.

The "Killick" (leading-seaman to you, lady) had been in the drink twice in the Mediterranean and once in the Atlantic. He hadn't been home for ten months.

Phil, the stoker, had been on the War-spite at Narvik. Phil hadn't been home for eighteen months, and there is another younger Phil howling to see him.

Bill and Joe, two more stokers, were in the drink with the sharks off Malaya when the Japs came. Before that they patrolled the Atlantic food-line from America when you, dear lady, were probably grumbling about the shortage of silk stockings.

Charlie didn't say much, but then he hasn't said a lot since his wife and kids were wiped out in the Manchester blitz.

Charlie, Bill and Joe, Phil and the killick are all first-class fellows, lady, even if you didn't think them good enough for your first-class carriage.

Well, I'm glad my old woman's no "lady". And I begin to think that Quality Street is really to be found in the East End.

★

How do we know it's true? Like this: the sailor used to be one of the staff of the "Sunday Pictorial". He often used to treat himself to a first-class ticket, too. But he's only a sailor now.

his shoulders hunched as if he was very tired.

She made to speak to him, but something stopped her. Clutching the edge of the table against which she was standing, she dropped her head in thought. Something prevented her from following him, but she knew not what.

The music on the radio died away, and the clipped accent of a BBC announcer broke her reverie.

"Here is the BBC News.

"This afternoon the Paris 'plane crashed into the Channel, all passengers and crew being killed. Among the victims was John Leadbitter, who has

recently risen to prominence in the House . . ."

Her eyes rivetted on the recently vacated chair. Unbelieving, her gaze followed the line of the sweeping arms and down to the feet. Then she stopped, and with a stifled cry, fell swooning on the carpet.

Beside the leg of the chair was a piece of seaweed.

No more lace curtains are to be made. Excellent substitutes may be provided by sending a pair of sheets to any Moose Jaw laundry.

IN WORKING

No. 4

Ground Instruct



C.G.I. — S/L. A. W. ROBERTSON

In the Ground Instructional Block schooldays come back—with a difference. Here is the Headmaster—the Chief Ground Instructor, we call him.



AC. COCHRANE DELIVERING MAIL
Must be from the Girl Friend in Regina



CPL. D. A. G. BOAG and LAC. MORRIS
C.G.I.'s Office

The blueprints of the Future?—or some kind of new roster, maybe.



SGT. F. RICHARDSON,
Photographic Section, Instructing Pupils
The Camera is a weapon, too.



CPL. B. SPURWAY
Photographic Section
They should look good in the "Flyer"

NG HOURS

No. 4

Instructional Section

—Photos by Photographic Section



F/S. SIMMONS Radio Instruction

Shh! The blank in the centre hides a military secret.



SGT. BARKER

Now, do you quite understand how it works?



CYNTHIA

With that usual expectant look



F/O. MATTHEWS

Giving Instruction in Navigation

It isn't like driving a car, you know



F/L. CAPELL

Navigation Instructor and Pupil

Moose Jaw is just about here



W/O. HARVEY

Armament Officer, Instructing Pupils
You must be able to tell what it is

NOT *bloody* LIKELY!

MANY of us have a certain revulsion or perhaps a peculiar sickly feeling when the subject of blood—the spilling or giving of same—is brought up. Others among us would gladly donate their blood if they could just hand it over to their Flight Sergeant on morning parade. But it is the lack of knowledge of how the service is rendered and the false impression that it may be a physical ordeal which prevents numbers of us from helping in one of the greatest medical miracles of our times.

We will not deal with the technical side of the question here, but it must be obvious to all of us that many thousands of our countrymen and allies are going to be grievously wounded in the coming year of offensive warfare. The ultimate victory will be paid for in casualties, but it is a fact that cannot be contradicted that blood plasma as used in this war will considerably reduce the number of "killed in action" notices in the inevitable casualty lists.

Now let me tell you briefly how I spent one of the most enjoyable hours I can remember in Moose Jaw. Arriving in town on the five p.m. 'bus (if you are lucky, you may get a lift in the Station Ambulance), I proceeded a block and a half to the Hammond Building on Main Street. In fear and trembling I entered the portals of the Red Cross Blood Donors Clinic. My fears were soon pleasantly allayed, for a lovely nurse took me in tow and, with a delicacy which made it a real pleasure, proceeded to take a sample of my sanguinary fluid from the lobe of my right ear. After peering at this minute drop through a peculiar instrument she pronounced the fact that I would live and gave me a slip of paper bearing the strange device "90". I was given to understand, perhaps erroneously, that my blood contained 90 Heamo-goblins. This was satisfactory, and apparently the Gremlins and pink elephants which I had feared might be there due to my Churchillian festivities of the night before, had disappeared.

I was next ushered into an office presided over by two charming ladies, where I filled out a form and was given a booklet (a sort of membership card) and a small mysterious empty bottle. From here I was led into a larger room and placed on a high bed in company with

five or six other "patients" (on separate beds!) A ministering angel of surpassing loveliness then prepared my arm for the slaughter, while others arranged things for my comfort and generally enlivened the atmosphere with pleasant conversation.

And then, in spotless white raiment, entered our respected M.O., F/Lt. Lee, who proceeded to make the microscopic incision necessary. Personally, I never felt it, and, after five minutes of gripping a small wooden block, the deed was done! The removal was also painless, and healing instantaneous.

The next move was to the next room escorted by another angel. (This helping hand, let me tell you, was quite unnecessary, but too delightful!) Here we reclined gracefully for some ten to fifteen minutes, coffee and tea being served by still more charming ladies—unlimited sugar, cakes, biscuits, etc (cookies to you!). When the next batch of donors arrived, we vacated our beds and sat around for another five to ten minutes in comfortable chairs, and woe betide him who refused the third cup of coffee!

Finally—after an extremely pleasant and cheerful hour—I took my leave, genuinely sorry to go, but bearing proudly my booklet showing I was minus 375 cc's of the best. And bear in mind, those of you who feel dizzy and sick at the sight of the red stuff (a lot of us do, and it's nothing to be ashamed of), I DID NOT ONCE CATCH SIGHT OF THE STUFF. Yes, it is quite true, from the time I arrived until I left, I never saw any blood!

I think, perhaps, the ending was a grand climax. At the door of the outer office I was seized by a crowd of kindly male citizens of Moose Jaw with offers of a lift to anywhere in town. My murmurs intimating that I lived only two blocks away were received with shouts of rage, and I was borne away, overcome by such kindness.

So, roll up, chums, and spend a happy hour with the Red Cross ladies in the Hammond Building, and give something of inestimable value to your fellow men, and—who knows? you may need it yourself one day. Make sure there will be enough for all!

—R.W.W.

"OUT OF *the* MESS"

WHAT a month. I am not so sure that several of the inmates are happy that it is all over; at least we shall all be able to get back to the proper sleeping hours, and, since a change is as good as a rest, it should not be long before the morning appearances of the N.C.O.'s. resume a more normal brilliance. Well, with all the news it is difficult to know where to begin, but each in its own order, so here goes.

The night of December 22nd began the season's festivities with the Christmas draw. A true forerunner of things to come, the occasion went off in the best of tradition and, conventionally speaking, "a good time was had by all". Of course, we would like to know what Dead-Loss D—— did with that basket of fruit. Maybe he ate it himself, hence that schoolboy complexion. And what was the secret of Henry's success. Three out of four is really good going and he most certainly should have something to take back with him. Credit goes to the two ladies who braved the rush of lucky winners to carry all before them in the masterly way they handled the draw, so we are saying thank you, Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Townsend.

Then there was the great day, disappointing that it should have turned out green instead of white, but that in no way detracted from the joviality of the celebration. No one seems absolutely sure, but most reliable reports seem to indicate that it really was a "wizard do". The invitation of the C.O. was accepted with alacrity and at 11 o'clock the sacred precincts of the officers' mess were entered. Shortly afterwards the whole assembly reversed the positions and the officers were duly honoured in our mess. Then, with the approach of high noon, the company sallied forth en masse, descending on the airmen's mess, and, in true Air Force tradition, carried out the usual Christmas day serving. It appears that they made a good job of it, since one or two comments were heard to the effect that this officer or that officer ought to remuster — presumably, they would make good waiters. Returning to the mess, the dinner was a great proposition, too, but it was done good justice. Afterwards, Sgt. B—— regaled us with one of his fireplace discussions, while at a somewhat later hour Sgt. S——, together with F/Sgt. W.——, executed the intricate steps of a country dance. There is no doubt at all that

Christmas Day on camp was 100 per cent.

Naturally, it was impossible for the New Year Dance to be held on the eve of 1944 itself, so it was duly postponed to a more convenient date, that before pay day. Subtle, what? If by any extraordinary oversight anyone did not manage to bring in the New Year on the 31st, they had ample opportunity to make up for it on the 14th. The dance exceeded all expectations and great was the surprise when the band was found to be in fine fettle, boots laced, hep to the jive and really in the groove. No less surprising was the fact that the bar withstood the siege with flying colours, and this was probably due to the untiring efforts of "Smudge," who is "Joe" for the month, who was aided and abetted on this particular occasion by Sgt. C——. Incidentally, the former is still anxious to meet the non-drinkers (such things do exist) concerning permits. So, you fellows, how about the digit removing?

Men may come and men may go, but 32 apparently goes on for ever; and as people went, so others took their place. The remnants of the original crowd have duly been whittled. It is to a far better place they go than they have been in for some time, and, methinks, England will look good to them. To those who have just come out here we are hoping you're going to like it. Speculation is rife on whether Sgt. H—— and F-Sgt. Mc—— have gone to a better place but, nevertheless, we offer hearty congratulations on their promotion. It was nice having you with us.

It is impossible to close without mentioning tardy expression of thanks to the Entertainment Committee, the old faithfuls who never miss the mark. Especially, though, are crowns handed to the catering; although some possible shadow of doubt may exist on their daily efforts, whenever parties are going the cooks come through with flying colours, and over the last month they surpassed their former good record. While LAC. C.——, who can always be depended on for an original array of ideas, excelled his own high standard.

To close with, here is the month's mystery question: "Who is the mess baby for 1944?"

—K.I.

THE romance which is usually associated with Medicine, and of wondrous new life-saving drugs, is invariably the subject of many articles in the better known magazines. We therefore hear of great cures made with "atabrine" against malaria; the 'sulpha' drugs against many diseases caused by a specific type of germ; Penicillin, the latest wonder

• by O.H.

What do you know about the Sulpha Drugs?

drug which promises cures of many terrible diseases beyond the greatest flights of imagination.

It is, therefore, proposed to start a series of articles—this being the first—to explain to the layman, with the avoidance of any technical language, just what is known about these drugs and how they work.

We are beginning with what is known as the "Sulpha" group of drugs, because they are, perhaps, the best-known of all wonder drugs to date. Everyone has heard of them, but it is found by general conversation that the average layman knows little about them apart from the fact that they are "marvellous" and that they saved his wife's grandmother's life and cured her of an obscure disease of which he knew equally as little.

Before we go ahead to explain all about the drugs comprising the "Sulpha" group, it is necessary to point out that something must be known of the diseases which it fights and kills so successfully. Most diseases, as we know, are caused by germs, the majority of which are so small that when they are magnified over a thousand times they appear barely larger than pin-pricks . . . many thousands of them would cover the head of a pin. These germs comprise many hundreds of different groups, some very similar in appearance, but very different in deadly action. It is not proposed to give here even a précis of the many different species, as that would involve a volume many times the size of this magazine! However, for convenience sake, we shall divide them into three great groups. First, the *Cocci* group. The word "*coccus*" comes from the Greek, meaning "little berry," and they are so named because they appear as tiny, round berries

when seen through a microscope. The *cocci* group of germs cause such diseases as Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia, Meningitis, Gonorrhœa and the boils you get on your neck! So much for the *cocci* group.

Secondly we have the *Bacilli*—(meaning "little rods"—for the same reason as we gave to little berries—they look like little rods). This group of germs cause such terrible afflictions as Tuberculosis,

Anthrax, Typhoid, Tetanus (Lock-jaw), etc. Thirdly we have the *Spirochete*, which scientists have not yet decided as to whether it is a germ or a parasite, but for the purpose of this article we will regard as a germ. These tiny but deadly bacteria are shaped like little corkscrews or spirals and are capable of amœboid action—which means that they can be seen wiggling about in live material under the microscope. Germs of this group cause Syphilis, Trench-mouth and several Oriental diseases of the blood.

There we have the three main, deadly agents of disease.

However, with regard to the "Sulpha" drugs, we are concerned mainly with the first group, because it is that group—the *cocci* group—on which the wonder-drug acts so well.

We said earlier that the *cocci* group caused many diseases. This does not mean, however, that the *same* germ causes the different diseases mentioned. When we say a "group," it is meant that under that heading we have many different species; different in size, structure, appearance and also reaction to various dyes and stains. They have only one thing in common—they are all *cocci*—they all look like little berries. Some appear in clusters, others in chains, others in pairs, but they have one thing else in common—they are all killed by the "Sulpha" drugs.

Many years ago, a German chemist called Domagk experimented with certain chemicals which he found had amazing results with diseases caused by *cocci* germs. It was eventually manufactured under great secrecy and was named "Prontosil" . . . the original Sulphanilamide drug. The drug came in tablet

form, the size of an aspirin and was a bright yellow. . . . it was the forerunner of a New Age in medicine.

Domagk was offered the Nobel Prize for Medicine, one of the world's greatest honours, but Hitler refused it for him.

"Prontosil" next came to England, where, after long research it was finally analyzed and synthesized from our good old medical friend—coal tar! This was followed almost immediately by the world famous Sulphapyridine, or "M & B 693." There has always been much speculation about the latter, but it is no mystery. "M & B" stands for "May & Baker," a famous English firm of chemists in whose laboratories chemists and bacteriologists pioneered in this particular field until they perfected Sulphapyridine on the 693rd experiment. Therefore, they adopted the well known M & B 693 for their product. Considering the full chemical name is "p-aminobenzenesulphonamido-pyridine," you will agree that it was a lot easier!

We have now reached the stage where the "Sulpha" drugs made their début in the form of Sulphapyridine. Pneumonia, when treated with this wonderful drug, changed the statistics of the death rate of that disease from 68% to 7.5%. Medical science was astounded . . . and gratified! Neither were these wonders confined to Pneumonia. Tonsillitis—usually caused by the *streptococcus* was once a serious illness confining a patient to bed for many weeks; this also showed startling reactions to Sulphapyridine. Meningitis—often fatal, and Scarlet Fever, both showed gratifying and drastic reductions of the mortality rate. Gonorrhoea—once a very obstinate disease involving unpleasant treatment, was cured with a few of these wonder tablets.

This, perhaps, sounds like a Utopia reached in the medical world. Unfortunately such was not the case. There was a snag—and a big one. In spite of many experiments as to the dangers of administering "Sulpha," there were many cases of severe reaction. These were caused either by the patient under treatment having a marked allergy to the drug, just as a person may have an allergy to pollen from a flower or a certain food, which caused severe reactions, or, in many cases, the drug damaged the kidneys, causing a severe Nephritis.

However, these were the minority, and by careful check on all patients under treatment and a routine urinalysis daily, cases were reduced to a minimum. The majority of cases, however, produced a toxic effect characterized by constant vomiting, and it was because of this that scientists again set to work to eliminate this reaction. The outcome was Sulphathiazole, which today has almost completely superseded the original Sulphanilamide and Sulphapyridine. It eliminates the toxic effects of these drugs, and several other dangers, too.

The latest in the "sulpha" family is sulphadiazine — a super sulphathiazole, and sulphaguanidine, which also has effect on certain germs of the *bacilli* group causing dysentery. New and better "sulpha" drugs are also on the way.

A surprising fact about the "sulpha" drugs is that very little is known about the way they work! If you were to put some sulphathiazole in a test-tube with some live germs in a suitable culture medium, the germs would actually thrive! Yet, in action with the body, and in conjunction with the blood, sulphathiazole becomes a deadly and potent weapon against many diseases. There are many theories as to how it works, but, as yet, they remain theories.

One last word about "sulpha" drugs. They work wonders, but are never prescribed unless absolutely necessary. One of the most striking and unhappy facts about them is that people often become immune to the "Sulpha" drugs. If you had a "sore throat" and were treated with sulphathiazole, shall we say, and were cured, and later you were unfortunate enough to contract pneumonia and were treated again with "sulpha", there is a good chance that it would be much less powerful, because having been treated previously with it your body has become accustomed and resistant to it, and does not react as well. This, however, remains in the hands of skilled doctors who are prepared for such emergencies.

We now look to the future. That which is the wonder today is obsolete tomorrow. The world waits with its eyes on the new-born drug—penicillin. Let us hope for its future — a bright one, which promises mankind even greater things.



Hobbies PAGE

CONDUCTED BY THE C.G.I.

A New Feature

No. 2—CAMERA CRUSOE ON BIRD ISLAND

AS my foot smashed through a rotten floorboard in the ruined farmhouse, I thought of how, only three days previously, Saltee Island, off the wild coast of South Ireland, had been the subject of conversation over a cup of coffee.

An uninhabited island! And a bird sanctuary in one of the main migration "fly ways" in Britain! I could hear my camera begging to be packed. Paddington, Fishguard, Rosslare, Kilmore Quay, and there on the horizon lay the small island. All my baggage went into a small handcart and thence to a diminutive fishing boat.

And so, after an hour's sailing, I set foot on my deserted island; not for a fortune, said the boatmen, would they spend a night there, but that might have something to do with local superstition.

So there I was alone, my gear dumped alongside the ruins of an old farmhouse, and the fishing boat back in Kilmore Quay.

Some fifty years ago, I gathered, the inhabitants had given up the unequal struggle against the tearing winds of the Atlantic, and the shell of the farmhouse remained only as a ruin, surrounded by the remains of the labourers' cots and outhouses.

Every other stair had rotted away, but under the few square feet of remaining roof a small area of board remained, and on this I set up house, my possessions consisting of the breeches and jerkin I stood up in, a flea bag, cooking utensils, food for a fortnight in large biscuit tins, field glasses, camera gear and a portable hide.

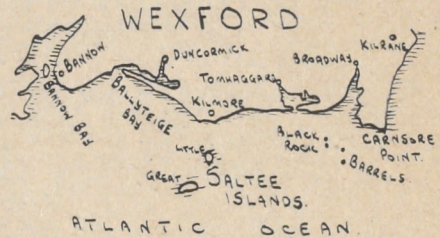
The Saltee Islands (you can see them on the map, just off Co. Wexford, in Southern Ireland) consist of two small islands, the larger some one and a half miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide.

I had landed on the larger island, which is shaped like a wedge, the thick end sheer rocky cliff facing the Atlantic, sloping back to the thin end where the swirling currents had built up a series

of narrow pebble beaches. The slope across the island was grass covered, except where the bracken had grown into large islands of darker green.

The first evening scene, with its glorious sunset, had to be seen to be believed, with the peculiar green of salt-sprayed bracken as a background to the dull pink iridescence of acres of thrift bathed in the after-glow.

Only a short survey was possible in the falling light, but cries of the inde-



scribable multitude of sea-birds made an incredible volume of sound. The hurricane lamp flickered in the sharp gusts of a rising wind, as I ate my first meal cooked in the sweet waters of the spring which ran alongside the farmhouse.

The place was alive with rats of all sizes; they were without fear and inquisitive to a degree, so everything possible was strung up out of their reach, whilst I settled down for the night with them scampering around me.

A shattering crash, as part of the remaining roof collapsed, at two o'clock in the morning, heralded the arrival of what was to be the worst gale in that part within living memory.

The seascape the following morning had changed beyond recognition, and the small beach on which I had landed, was now submerged beneath the breakers (that put paid to my hopes of photographing an oyster-catcher nesting late, whose scrape with three eggs I had almost trodden on when landing).

Spray from the breakers pounding the cliff on the western side was blown right across the island, to hang in a rainbow-girt mist when the sun occasionally

broke through—and was it a roaring sou' wester!

A ridge runs across the entire island, and along this, like outposts, each pair of greater black-backed gulls had staked its territory. To approach the ungainly chicks resulted in direct attacks by the parent birds, and as each nesting territory was left, so the adjoining pair came into action.

The short slope down to the cliff head had once been a populous rabbit warren. (How rabbits ever get to such remote islands in the first place has always intrigued me.) This slope had now been taken over by multitudes of puffins.

Stupid, comical, fascinating little birds whirling back and forth with that peculiar "spread eagle" flight, steering those fantastic little bodies with huge webbed feet. Parliament upon parliament of "clown" birds, pitching straight into their burrows, or just standing around, gaping in that peculiar way which would seem to dislocate every muscle in their heads, scuttling out from under my feet with that stupid look of surprise as they half-cocked that incredible little head around.

Next the razorbills in the larger collapsed burrows at the top of the cliff. How they do argue before quitting that huge single egg, to dive torpedo-like straight into the maelstrom of seething water, ricocheting like a flat "skimmer" pebble.

Countless myriads of guillemots crammed the cliff face ledges to capacity, and the sound of thousands, emitting that nervous "warrk-warrk" rose high above the boom of the smashing waves.

The parents standing along the outer part of the narrow ledges in close packed lines shepherd the youngsters to safety on the inner sides, and *how* an adventurous chick was cuffed back into place!

Bridled guillemots were in greater proportion than I had ever seen before, and I was able to expose several plates successfully. I missed the picture of a lifetime when a black-backed gull swooped down right beside the camera and carried off a young guillemot from underneath its mother. Unfortunately, it came just out of range of the picture I had on the screen.

The sailor's legend of the call of the rock siren has been attributed to the wind-borne call of the kittewake colony. The timed crescendo of "kittewake-kittewake-kittewake" produces an extraordinary sound from afar.

On Saltee, twelve large distinct colonies exist, apart of course from the thousands of odd nests dotted amongst the guillemots.

Four separate colonies of herring gulls, each I estimated at from two to three thousand pairs, were situated on the gentler slopes inland.

The lesser black-backed gull had a larger colony in the centre of the island, and despite the natural shyness of this handsome corsair, plus the difficulty of keeping the hide from blowing away, I felt very pleased with the success of several exposures.

Late nesting shags were still sitting on eggs, whilst some had almost full-grown youngsters.

My most interesting discovery, however, was the presence of some fifty or sixty pairs of fulmars, the single white egg in most cases in the shallow scrape amongst the thrift. I certainly had not expected to find fulmars, nor had I heard of them being reported so far south.

A jackdaw-like call in a higher, quicker note portrayed the presence of several flights of chough, as they wheeled around the highest foreland.

The fury of the gale persisted, and after a week, the local lifeboat came out to enquire if I was all right, standing off from the breakers on the beach.

For nearly three weeks I was storm-bound, until the question of food in hand was becoming a source of anxiety, not that there was any scarcity of rabbit to be snared, but owing to the dampness of tinder and the force of the wind my means of fire-lighting was sorely depleted.

Then, as suddenly as it had risen, the storm abated, giving my boatmen the chance to come across for me.

Getting my kit into a boat with a fourteen knot swell running called for some agility, but finally deposited in a boat full of live lobsters, result of a fortnight's catch in the pots) we battled our way back to the mainland.

In the small local inn there I was able to change out of my soiled field kit (as all those who have ventured amongst sea-birds know) and part with my flourishing beard to the local barber.

Yes! For those bird photographers who like playing at Robinson Crusoe, I commend to them Saltee Island.

A.W.R.

By D.A.G.B.

GLEANINGS from the G.I.S.

ANOTHER year has passed; passed as quickly as all these years of war, the tremendous day-to-day events carrying us through weeks and months which, our thoughts occupied with battles and campaigns and the constant looking-ahead to things which we know must yet be attempted, we scarcely noticed. So that now, as we realise with something of a shock that 1943 has indeed gone by, we pause for a while to consider those things which, in our own experience, marked its passing.

Here, in the G.I.S., we think of all the courses which have come and gone. We look back to last January and are surprised to find that it was 12 months ago that such-and-such a course was here, its members still so fresh in the memory and incidents so clearly recalled.

But that the requirements of security would forbid their publication, it would be interesting to summarise the year's work with a few statistics. We may, however, for our own satisfaction note that 69 Course was the outstanding course of the year—a personal opinion, we hasten to add, and one based on its record in the G.I.S. They were a well-disciplined crowd, who worked hard and with enthusiasm and gave no trouble. We were sorry to see them go. Others, fortunately very few, we watch frantically tearing around the Station on graduation day in a whirl of clearance chits so that when they finally depart, in taxis because they have so little time to catch the train, and trailing oddments of kit, we collapse exhausted in our seat, close our eyes and gasp, "Thank goodness they're gone!" or words to that effect.

The pupil of the year, on purely academic grounds, was undoubtedly Reynolds of 65 Course. He took top place in every subject and finished with the highest average of the year. To his eternal credit, he also wrote for the *Prairie Flyer*.

The unluckiest pupil, we think, was Corporal Jarrett of 67 Course, who only a few days before he was due to graduate made a landing that was not quite out of the book and had to be a spectator at the Wings Parade. We like to remember that he took his disappointment exceedingly well, volunteered immediately for Flight Engineer duties, and

left us, eventually, to return to England to complete his training.

The unluckiest course—89 Course, who had their final examinations postponed on the day before they were due to sit for them. They will have the sympathy of everyone who has ever worked for an examination.

It was during 1943, too, that we trained our last Norwegian pupil, and we would like to pay tribute to these Allies who, absolutely without exception, were a credit to a country as civilised as any in the world—not, in these days, so high a compliment as we would wish. They worked hard and they played hard, they accepted discipline without question and sometimes, it seemed, with joy, and we are the better for having known them.

And then we remember those whose graves here in Moose Jaw will forever be a reminder to its people of these years of war and great sacrifice. They lost their lives in the grinding, unspectacular business of training, but their part in this war has a right to be measured by the size of the job they tackled.

* * *

We take pleasure this month in publishing a photograph of Cynthia, the G.I.S. cat, whose fame (or notoriety) is spreading so rapidly. Since, in our modesty, we assume that on being handed your copy of the *Prairie Flyer* you do not immediately turn to these "Gleanings", but rather to the illustrations, we take it that you have already seen the portrait. We ask you particularly to note the bright-eyed intelligence of the creature. This is a characteristic of the entire G.I.S. staff ("See cut", as they say in "Time") and probably accounts for Cynthia's decision, after many wanderings, to settle down with us to what promises to be a lifetime selflessly devoted to the reproduction of her kind.

* * *

Who told you that? (Being an extract from an official publication on How to Be An Officer.) "Bear in mind that most airmen are inclined to be a little critical, in their own minds, of Officers on parade."

* * *

We heard the other day of a pupil who spent what must have been quite a gay evening in town; and at the end of it he was very, very tired. So tired, in fact, that he ordered a taxi to bring him back

Continued on next page

Tit Bits from MAJOR SECTION

WE wish all our fellow-genmen A Very Happy New Year, and hope that by this time they have recovered from the seasonal festivities.

Amongst the most amusing incidents which occurred during leave was the case of an airman who, after partaking of a well-stuffed goose, proceeded to quench his thirst with the water from his finger bowl. Someone asked if that compared with our mutual friend, Mac., who went to spend his five days with his girl friend and was stranded in the sticks. Is that a case of familiarity breeds contempt, or Beauty and the Beast?

Sgt. Taylor has been missed around the section since he took over his duties as Messing Sergeant. He is lucky in one respect: he ought to have gained much experience at the pump-handle. We might add a word of warning to his successor, Sgt. Smith—the pump-handle usually has quite a kick when it is used a lot in the course of one evening.

Congratulations go to Flight Sergeant Mitchell on his promotion to W/O. Congratulations are also due to the chaps who recently reached the exalted rank of LAC.

It was very unfortunate that Father Christmas did not grant the ardent wish of our Riggers in the form of Selector Boxes. Now their despair is so great that they have not the heart to blow up oleo-legs.

There has been a great deal of speculation over the structure which is being built in No. 6 Hangar. It has been suggested that minors are going to sleep on the job. It has also been suggested that the upper floor be turned into a garret. Do you think that suggestion would be O.K. with the others, Jack?

We are pleased to see the return of the cold weather. It raises the status of the old-timers again, as they have been shooting a horrible line to the sprogs about the Canadian winter. The said sprogs wouldn't believe us on account of the weather being so mild, but now we have the snow on the ground we

to camp. He crawled into the said taxi, said "Home, James!", or something, and promptly fell asleep. He was awakened by the driver demanding a five or six dollar fare, blinked open his eyes and beheld Caron stretched out in front of him. If that fellow ever sets out to bomb Berlin they'd better watch out in Johannesburg.

hear voices saying, "Wait until it gets down to 40 below, chum."

By the way, have you noticed that here is a distinct path being worn in our hangar? It runs from the east side door round the back of the hangar, through Repairs side, and terminates in the office.

Personal

Which erk, when asked why he went to the phone every day, replied "She would be Sher-burn(t) up if I didn't"?

There is no necessity to walk past the office now on tip-toe — you won't get bitten.

Who was jumped on when her Grandpa asked him if he would be going home alone?

As usual, we chopped down the old pine tree over the holidays.

What horrible line does one of our junior N.C.O.'s. shoot to the ladies?

If you aren't organised in town contact Cpl. Howes in Church.

Who is the LAC. who is likely to throw a fit if another certain LAC. gets his tapes first?

We are hearing quite a lot just now about stations closing down, and on all sides we hear shouts of exultation, and lots of speculation about how long we shall be before we are all on the boat. Don't shout so loud, chums, this scribe has it on good authority that some of our late friends from "Majors" have been putting applications in for compassionate postings back to Canada.

Congratulations to our representatives in the novice boxing tournament on coming out on top. We shall look with pride upon the cup which will reside in "N" billet until anybody who is better versed in the art of fisticuffs comes along to take it away from us.

Our Janker King seems to be very unhappy nowadays; perhaps he is looking forward to renewing his acquaintance with those paragons, the Snoopers. Take our advice, Jack, and upset Carling, your feet won't touch the deck.

So many rumours are prevalent just now, that your scribe decided Sherlock Holmes fashion to track down the source of such rumours. We hope it doesn't get too cold for him, for if he had to wear his national costume his knees would freeze up. Probably his hair keeps him warm.

It will be greatly appreciated if you will give us your bits of gen in plenty of time, so until next month, look after the legs.
J.H.G.B.

BITS AND PIECES

Shy young lady (seated next to distinguished bishop at formal dinner): "I beg your pardon, but do you like bananas?"

Bishop (slightly deaf): "Pardon me, what did you say?"

Young lady (blushing furiously): "Are you fond of bananas?"

Bishop: "It is a curious question, but I have always preferred the old-fashioned night shirt."

Do you always sleep tight?

No, the stuff always keeps me wide awake.

Co-ed: "I had a date with an absent-minded professor last night."

Girl Friend: "How did you know he was absent-minded?"

Co-ed: "Well, he must be. He gave me a low mark on my history test this morning."

Sales Manager: "You give me a pain in the neck."

Salesman: "Thanks for the promotion."

Doctor: "I want you to change the death certificate I gave you yesterday."

Coroner: "What is wrong?"

Doctor: "I put my name in the space marked, 'Cause of Death'."

Heard in the Training Wing Discip. Office:

"But, Corporal, how can I be a *shower* when I'm only one man?"

She's a nicely reared girl, isn't she?
Yes, and she looks good from the front, too.

He: "I never knew that love was like this."

She: "Neither did I. I thought there were more chocolates and flowers to it."

One theory is that the woman was nude because she belonged to one of the Services.—*News of the World*.

Look before you Jeep — you might be "yanked" into maternity.

Have you heard of the Little Moron who walked through a screen door and strained himself?

"Make Up for Summer Evenings" is the title of an article in a feminine magazine. Red nails in the sunset.

Don't hold it
against me,
Mr. Ponsonby!

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

PUNNY DEFINITIONS:

INCONGRUOUS: That's where the laws are made—in Congress.

BUCCANEER: What you'll pay for corn if inflation sets in.

Heard in the Accounts Section:

She was as pure as snow, but she drifted.

For wit in a few words, the French are unsurpassed. Here is a conversation overheard in the cafe terrasse:

First man: "Le coeur de la femme est impénétrable."

Second man (with a shrug): "Le coeur, oui! mais le reste!"

The London THEATRE



THIS article is contributed by a very ardent theatre-goer, and lover of anything connected with the legitimate stage.

It is intended to be a brief look back over the past year of some memorable productions and first nights on the London stages. It amazes one to meet people who admit they have never seen a play, or paid a visit to a legitimate theatre, being quite content with whatever Hollywood likes to offer them in the way of film entertainment.

My love for the theatre began, I suppose, from the time during my school-days when I was taken to the pantomime. Then later, when at 14 I started work (and my pocket money at first was very meagre) I devised ways and means to economise on my daily lunches so that the necessary shilling, or one-and-a-tanner, could be raised for a seat in the "gods", as the gallery of a theatre is called. When later on I could raise the price of a seat in the stalls there was not quite the same thrill as in the early days, when I queued up maybe several hours before the gallery doors opened, and sometimes, for a "first night", put a stool down in the line at least twenty-four hours before the opening.

A constant stream of theatre-queue entertainers kept one amused and helped to while away the time.

"Mad," I suppose some folks will say; but until you have experienced a London Theatre "first night", particularly in peace time, you don't know what you have missed.

I recall the first night of Gordon Harker in Edgar Wallace's play "The Frog"; the buzz of excitement when bronzed Douglas Fairbanks with his latest wife, Lady Ashley, made their way to seats in the stalls of the Princes Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue. Then I remember Billy Merson, the musical-comedy star, trying to make a comeback in a play the ever-generous Edgar Wallace had written especially for him, called "The Lad". Unfortunately, Billy Merson was having a great deal of trouble with his throat towards the end of his life, and gallery first nighters, whilst anxious to be kind to this great little comedian, could not help but continue to call down to the stage to ask

him to speak up during the playing of his part. The play was doomed to close up after a very short run.

One is always being reminded by the older generation what a great actor Sir John Martin-Harvey was. Like a lot of the old-timers, he could not bear to retire from the stage and made many so-called farewell tours and final performances. When seeing him for the first time—then close on 70 years of age—in a farewell season at Covent Garden Opera House in the Greek tragedy "Oepidus Rex", I had to agree with my elders—he was a truly great actor.

A play could not survive without the support of patrons in the cheaper parts of the house—the gallery and pit. And many a play has closed up after a short run because support was not forthcoming from the gallery.

There have been exceptions where cries from the "gods" on an opening night have been wrong and the play has had a long run.

I remember Fay Compton and Francis Lederer in "Autumn Crocus". These two stars had to endure many cat-calls from the gallery at the opening of the run of this play. This was due to the fact that for many years Tallulah Bankhead had appeared in a number of plays at the Lyric Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, and a crowd of her fanatical followers could not bear to see any other actress appearing on the stage which their beloved Tallulah had used for a number of years.

Then, as recent as 1941, I was privileged to be at the opening of Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit". Amongst the audience of this wartime first night was Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Commando Chief. In a box with Noel Coward was Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie) and her only son, Lord Peel, in naval uniform—now, alas, reported missing in action.

When Noel Coward was called onto the stage to make a speech at the end of the play, a few women in the gallery called down "Rubbish," referring, one assumed, to the play. I see a newspaper critic mentioned this the following day, and said if it was rubbish, then all he could say was that it was very delightful rubbish. And that is certainly what it has proved to be, as it is still running

THOUGHT AT RANDOM

NOWADAYS there is a good deal of talk on the violent changes which must take place after the war. We must have a higher standard of living, better conditions for all, and there are many who think this cannot be attained without some form of violent reaction. I wonder how many of us have ever cast our eyes towards Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and tried to learn a lesson from them? We are so apt to look towards the bigger countries such as Russia, Germany, and the U.S.A., and determine what is a good post-war policy from the lessons learned there. But, in their own quiet way, the countries which became "The Neutrals" in the last war have reached a social ideal, at least they had reached it until the German penetration of two of them. They have (or had) child welfare, social reform, a high standard of living, curtailment of the privileges of capitalism, education and cultural development, etc. There is no illiteracy in Scandinavia. Infantile mortality rates are the lowest in the world. None of the three has ambitions beyond its own frontiers; there is no instinct for aggression, and no delusion of national grandeur. There are the co-operatives, too. In Sweden, approximately one-third of the retail trade and more than ten per cent. of the wholesale

trade is carried on by co-operatives without profit. The co-operatives have opened the way to cheaper housing (there are no slums in Sweden or Denmark, any more than there are aged poor), and to a raising of living standards.

Denmark and Sweden have the highest standing of living in Europe, yet the essential privileges of capitalism are not abrogated. People may possess private property, they may trade at a profit, they may own production. Here, capitalism is controlled, *but the individual is free*. There are many of us who would willingly tear our present structure down and build one of our own, but if they pause for a moment and consider the conditions prevalent in the Scandinavian countries immediately prior to the war, they will have good cause to change their views. So, why not a middle course for after the war? Not terrific upheavals or drastic change in values. Instead of seeing where other countries went wrong, let us realise why the "neutrals" were successful. With our present framework, a gradual reform towards their conditions would be much easier and much more compatible than any violent changes such as those which some of us have in mind. Why not for us the middle course, with peace, prosperity, and decent living conditions for all?

in London and New York at the time of writing.

Canada is, as we know, very badly served in regard to the legitimate theatre. In fact, the younger generation is growing up to think of the word theatre as referring to the place where Hollywood displays its wares. What an opportunity after this war for our English actors and actresses to tour Canada from East to West and West to East! Old Country people who have settled in Canada would travel miles to visit the city or town where they were performing. They would be able to take their Canadian sons and daughters to see the best that England has to offer in the way of drama, comedy and musical shows. A tour such as this would be expensive, no doubt, but actors and actresses would work as they are doing back home at this time, on a co-operative basis, and would take lower salaries for the privilege of partaking in such a tour.

I have very little time for, or inclination to visit, the cinema. Such, though,

is my enthusiasm for the real live theatre that I say in conclusion: if you want to sleep in public, then choose the cinema, since the performance on the screen will be unaffected by your indifference; but go to the theatre with a keen mind, prepared to give the actor your wholehearted attention and appreciation, and he will reward you as the screen can never do, for he will sense the mood of the particular audience of which you are a member, and play especially for your delight. While on the stage, he rises to inspired heights, and you in the auditorium are drawn towards the edge of your seat, tingling with suppressed excitement. As the curtain falls, hardly able to stifle a hearty cheer, you will leave the theatre with a satisfaction and exhilaration quite foreign to film fans, for both you and the actor will have enjoyed yourselves to the full by playing together in perfect harmony.

The theatre knows no finer teamwork.
E.F.R.

The Erks' BINDERY

• by "JOE"

CALLING all Erks! I don't have to go very far for them to hear me. Yes—we finally have a page all to ourselves in this 'ere rag. Can you imagine—the Officers have a page—the Sergeants have a page, and even those b-nd-ng Corporals have one also. But at last, after many international complications the ERK has come to life. And that means YOU.

The Erk is usually much maligned (mostly by himself), and the air of "Ours not to reason why, ours but to do or die" is consistently apparent. So here's your chance to assert yourself. This is YOUR page; you may be a Fitter Two's daughter, but you know how to go fly a kite (right off the cob). You may be an ACH/GD, a binding Medical Orderly, an S.H.Q. Orderly-Room-Public-School-type, but you have one thing in common—the glorious and deathless tradition of Erkery.

How many people have come to me surreptitiously and said: "You ought to put this in the *Prairie Flyer* about so-and-so." Right! Here's your chance. We Erks have a page and will print anything, ANYTHING—well, almost anything! How a certain Store-basher was seen at Regina—you know. But! We are an exclusive race, we Erks; we do not descend to N.C.O.'s., not even Junior Group 5 types. LAC's. and under catered for only. So, my lucky lads, let's have the dirt. All you have to do is address your slips of paper with anything you would care to write (and no swearing) and address them to "Joe",

c/o *Prairie Flyer*, and leave it with that unmentionable postman who never gives me any mail—in other words, the camp Post Office. Of course, what you write and what I print may differ somewhat, but it must pass the censor (I hope!). So give a hand, and read all about yourself in that world-renowned paper, the *Prairie Flyer*.

Later on, we intend to give a series of short accounts of various Erks on the camp—big and small. "Joe" may pick on YOU! So be ready to give an account of your life. We scorn the well-known ones—every one of them. We want you quiet guys. (They're usually the deep type!) So if a tall, dark man with cross-eyes and camouflaged by a scarlet cloak taps you on the shoulder, you will know you've had it. It may be anyone—it may be YOU!

What's your opinion of those luvverly curtains in the Airmen's Mess? Beautiful design—quite futuristic. I heard one Erk saying: "Looks as though they've been to a Jumble Sale lately". Nuff said! Still, it makes things home-like—almost.

And, by the way, an Erk asked me recently, "When do we have to go down to Stores to draw the handles to fit the mugs in the Cookhouse?"

Well, lads, janker-time approaches for me. Joe again. How about showering me with all the gen? Only a few words necessary—more if you like. Also, beware of the man with the scarlet cloak. Fame may be yours.



Heard Somewhere

Reprinted from a letter received recently from Flying Officer D. J. Johnstone, Navigation Instructor at this School until early last year:

"There were times, of course, when crews made a mess of their trips, including the humiliating one when a crew was lost, running out of petrol and getting anxious. They landed at the first aerodrome they saw, which happened to be a fighter station, and the assembled multitude of fighter boys were duly impressed by the stream of instrument laden aircrew issuing from the large

aircraft, but their respect turned to hints of laughter when the navigator stepped forward, saying, 'Where am I?' . . .

"In due course they took off again to try to get home. It is alleged that on the way the bomb-aimer reported 'a large town coming up'. A quick look out of the window by the navigator led him to the startling conclusion that the town must be, on account of its size, either London, Glasgow or Birmingham. He decided finally it was Birmingham and set course for base. . . .

"Actually the town was Bristol and on E.T.A. Instead of being over base he was in sight of Dublin. . . ."

On Hospitals and Schools

OUR sparring partners are found at it again in the lounge of the Gun and Gopher, not like the philosopher Socrates and Euthyphro with their method in Greek, but in modern, prosaic, straightforward style in English.

Peter Trice was saying, "Why are hospitals and schools started and kept going, especially in the foreign missions?" He blew a cloud of smoke in front of him.

From an opposite cloud, William Eavenly ventured: "Undoubtedly, one reason is the love of one's fellow men, because they are all made by the same God, who wishes to use their freedom to keep His laws as He arranged, and so deserve to stay with Him for ever. It is thus that a Christian realizes the value of the human souls around him and desires to help them for God's sake, and especially to help them to get to God eventually. 'How these Christians love one another' was the observation of the Roman pagans. But this loving help is not restricted to Christians, all others are to be given this help, too, by Christ's orders. The difference between Christians and non-Christians is that we know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, His priest, and plenipotentiary; who was sent to leave us the means of knowing exactly what to do to live our whole lives successfully. A Christian knows where to turn for help when in doubt, and can avail himself of those spiritual strengthenings left by Christ for his followers alone.

"Knowing these advantages, and how God wishes all to be saved, it would be the height of selfishness to keep them to ourselves, instead of trying to spread their use. Hence we have the schools, of which we are so particular, in order

to teach how to live properly; not simply to teach knowledge, though this is also so much to be desired. This is a second reason for our schools and hospitals."

"Can you tell me something of one man engaged in hospital work in this way?" interjected Peter, knocking some ash off his cigarette.

"Well, there is St. Camillus de Lellis, who had been a soldier, was wounded, then worked in a hospital, rising to the post of superintendent. He felt appalled at the slipshod methods there. Considering that standards could only be improved if those running hospitals were prompted by charity, he conceived the idea of a Religious Order to attend the sick in hospitals. Wages, he saw, would never inspire heroic sacrifice, so his Order was to take the three vows to God of poverty, chastity and obedience, with another vow to attend the sick and plague-stricken. The first vow meant that any money coming in went to their Order which supplies them with what they needed (Communitistic, perhaps, you remark; but for religious reasons, which makes all the difference). The members thus received no wages, and worked for love alone. (Of course, there is a test period of a year or two to see if prospective candidates are suitable, in any Religious Order). The special dress of his Order was to be a white cassock and a large red cross on it. It was thus the first Red Cross.

"Another name I might mention at random is that of St. Vincent de Paul, who was so struck with the misery and want of the poor and sick that he formed more than one group to visit these and help them in whatever ways they could."

May 1944 be a happy year for you,
God bless you all, FATHER SUMNER



A MONTH of FAREWELLS

Since the last issue of Prairie Flyer appeared, a general upheaval has occurred in the constitution of the Committee. The posting of F/Lt. John Whittaker, the Chairman, was followed by two further blows in the departure of F/Lt. D. F. A. L. Fosbery, Director of Production, and Corpl. T. S. M. Gard, Managing Editor.

F/Lt. Whittaker, to whom tribute is paid on page 14, took an extremely keen interest in Prairie Flyer and was closely concerned with its publication. By great good fortune we have been provided with an able successor in the person of F/Lt. H. G. Beatty, M.C., one of our principal contributors from the moment that he arrived on the camp.

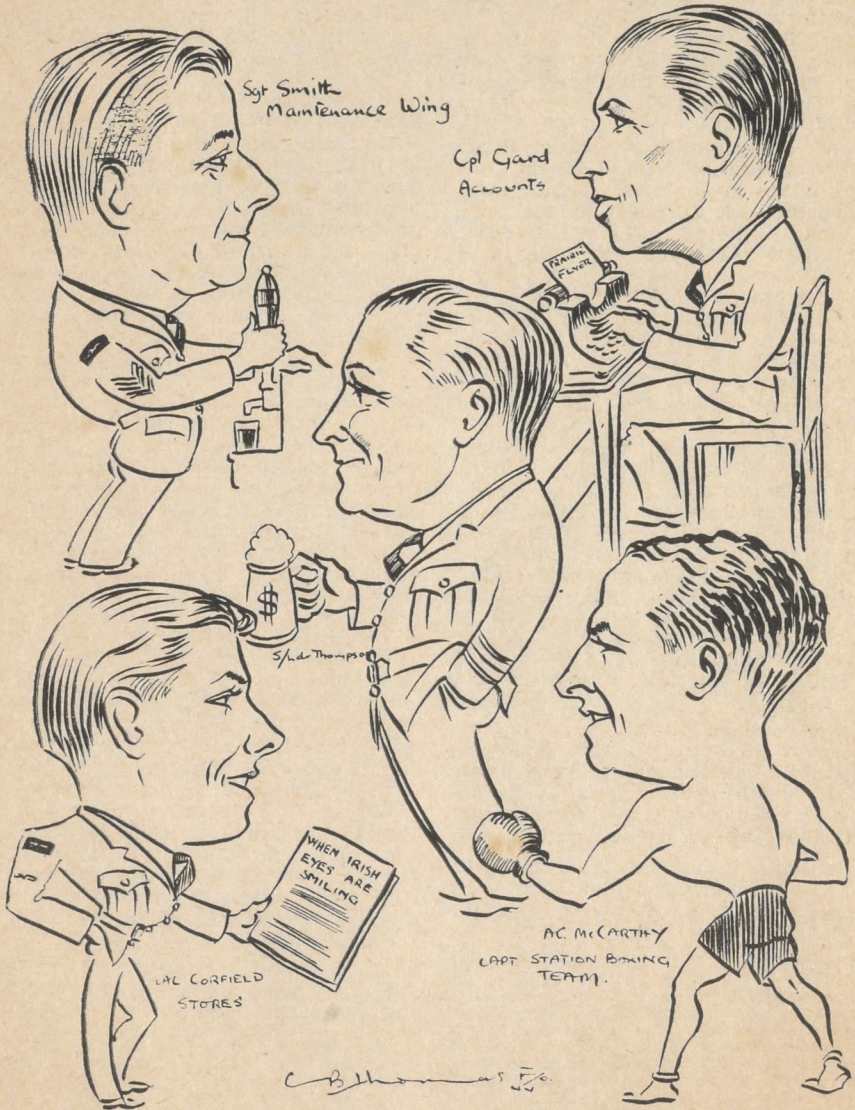
The posting of F/Lt. Fosbery is regretted by all at No. 32. "Pat" Fosbery was one of our most popular officers and he worked hard and well for the continuing success of this magazine. His place on the committee is being taken by PO. Askew.

Corpl. Gard filled the role of Managing Editor with great enthusiasm and ability. It was the general impression that he devoted every spare moment to the Magazine, but he must have taken an hour off occasionally as before leaving he startled his friends by getting married. We wish him and his bride, formerly Miss Margaret Olson, of Regina, a long and happy life together.

This number has been edited by LAC. J. H. Martin, oldest member of the committee. He has the assistance of his wife, who was educated in the U.S.A., France, Germany and England, and is a graduate of Harvard and Oxford.

Corpl. D. A. G. Boag and LAC. O. Hildebrand become Assistant Editors.

Potted Personalities



You'll find it in D.R.O.'s!

PART (I).

DAILY Routine Orders (Part I) shall be read by all, and this includes you, the erk over there, the guy "upstairs" and the writer.

Do you read your D.R.O.'s? Not always? You think they are a so-and-so pain in the neck. You would dearly like to see them abolished?

Well, then, let's see what a Station is like without D.R.O.'s. You simply can't imagine such a proposition.

Frankly now, if there were no Daily Routine Orders, just think of the possible state of affairs. To give a few brief examples:

How would you like the Discip. Sergeant to stop, say four of you, in the Camp any old time, any old place, and order you all to report at once to the Fire Section to undertake duty as Fire Picquet? Or: Stop some of you, as you were on the point of proceeding past the guard-room to keep that "date" down town, and instruct you to go to S.H.Q. and clean out the offices? Or: The same d—— Discip. Sergeant to nip into the Wet Canteen and bag six of you to go forthwith and immediately load a wagon at the "dump"? Meantime, waving a packet of 252's under your nose! Or: The SWO., without warning, to arrive suddenly in the billet after tea-time, any night, and order everybody to stand by their beds while he makes an announcement something like the following:

"The occupants of this Hut are confined to Camp this evening in order that the billet shall be swept, washed and scrubbed; hoppers filled; showers and ablutions washed; etc.

Or: The Hospital N.C.O.'s going the rounds claiming every other man in the camp to call at the Camp Hospital and get inoculated, or else . . . !

A host of other such examples relating to both officers and airmen alike could be quoted—all because of the lack of Daily Routine Orders. Admitted they are a nuisance but without them we would be in rather a chaotic state, especially if there was a fat registered letter awaiting you and no D.R.O.'s. to inform you, alas, of that very important fact!

By this time you will agree that D.R.O.'s. are not only essential but help to make Camp life interesting. To me they are always interesting, provided

my name does not appear in the Duty columns! So let's all appreciate our daily rag—sometimes.

PART (II).

When we talk about Daily Routine Orders they are invariably referred to as Part (I).

But what about Part (II)? Or to give them the more familiar title, P.O.R.'s? Yes, what about them? Do you ever consider their importance? Or even the amount of work involved in their compilation? Or even the excitement, dis-appointments; aye, romances, too?

To the majority of us P.O.R.'s. are exciting to a certain extent, unless you are actively concerned in their production—then they are all the things profane! And that's no lie.

Just glimpse at a few headings found in P.O.R.'s.:—

"Strength Decrease."

"Promotions."

"Temporary Duty."

"Flying Pay."

"Award of Flying Badge."

"Reductions and Punishments."

"Marriages and Allowances."

"Leave."

Each has its interesting story.

"Strength Decrease" gets you posted; that one item alone can be exciting if you are sweating on the Boat or desirous of a change. Look at the fun you have with Clearance Certificates! And also you have to make a sad farewell to that girl you're leaving behind. Of course you'll be back after the War; but honestly, will you?

"Promotions" sets you day-dreaming and speaks for itself. If it is not exciting to get promoted, what is? Just think of being a Corporal and having the authority to put a common airman on a charge; what a joy!

Or just think of being a Sergeant and dining in the Holy of Holies. That would be the Day!

Or even going the whole way and creating a major sensation by obtaining a King's Commission. But let's get down from the dizzy heights, my nose is bleeding away up there!

"Temporary Duty" gets you a "break" by a temporary change to another unit and, afterwards, fun with travelling expense claims in the Accounts Section

A Memory

In childhood's time the Lizard Light
Would leap into my room at night;
From over many miles of sea
In confidence it signalled me.

Our little house above the bay
Had windows looking Lizard-way,
And when the sailors' lantern shone
It lit the bed I lay upon.

A bond we had, the light and I—
Oh, it was blessedness to lie
And plan gay mischief till the beam
Despatched me to the coasts of dream.

*Shall I, within a bed's warm palm,
Some night again enjoy the calm
Of finding sleep, my pillow bright
With gold-gleams of the Lizard Light?*

—J.H.M.

★ ★

with a resultant headache, or three. Note:—In fairness, the headaches are equally distributed amongst the Accounts Section, the Station Orderly Room and the guy that's hoping for a handsome settlement of his claims.

"Flying Pay". This heading often gives more pay to a Ground crew man than to a Flying-man. Ask S/Ldr. _____ (very sorry but names can't be mentioned for reasons of security!) Anyway a little Flying Pay goes a long way to "stimulate" morale.

"Award of Flying Badge" is admittedly the most glamorous heading in P.O.R.'s. Something accomplished—something done—and what a story behind it all. Pages could be eulogized on the subject of "Wings", and what an adventure to follow! We of the permanent staff salute you and await the inevitable report of heroic deeds done, and done well, against the common enemy.

"Reductions and Punishments" constitute your disappointments. This applies only to the naughty ones and those not so clever in their efforts to camouflage unworthy deeds. The outcome of this heading also produces the peculiar phenomena of Janker-Wallahs. And if you don't know what a Janker-Wallah is, do something naughty in the vicinity of the Guard-room. It's a safe bet.

Then we have "Marriages and Allowances." Romance is to be found here.

No doubt about that. When one gets permission to marry, a pro-forma termed "Application to Live Out" is completed and the usual allowance of 50 cents per diem is authorised to be paid. This particular Form must state the reason for the application to live out. The reason, naturally, is always because of getting married. There was one case of an applicant who applied to live out as he was getting married on Week-end Pass! What a romance! What a week-end! There was another case concerning a well-known airman in the Camp who was, more or less, a confirmed bachelor. He went to the States for his annual two weeks' leave and the result was he met "Her". "She" came to town and they both got their names in P.O.R.'s, under the heading of Marriages and Allowances. Yes, it was just like that.

Finally, we come to the last-mentioned entry "Leave". This entry is a thriller and no mistake. What a relief it is when one is beyond the Guard-room with everything in order, including, in most cases, a whole month's wages; a free Railway Warrant and a "fly" 48 up your sleeve as well! I think about every inhabited portion of Canada and the United States has been visited at some time or another by personnel of the unit when on Leave, according to the destination of the Railway Warrants. "Leave" brings more queries and work to the H.Q. Orderly Room Staff than any other

PRAIRIE FLYER Quiz

Score five points for each answer, 150 is excellent, 100 passing.

Answers will be found on page 43.

1. Under what circumstances are the following titles used: (a) Queen Consort, (b) Queen Dowager, (c) Queen Mother?
2. What are the three main racial divisions?
3. What is a dryad?
4. What is marijuana?
5. What is meant by a common carrier?
6. What city claims the two biggest bridges?
7. What country is unique in having paid her war debt?
8. Of what country was Zog I king?
9. What has been the nationality of the Popes for more than three centuries?
10. What two colours combined make purple?
11. What is a *tour de force*?
12. What was the first steamship to cross the Atlantic?
13. What country more than doubled in size and population after World War I?
14. If you are a Thespian, what is your profession?
15. Who wrote the Canterbury Tales?
16. What is the only musical instrument represented on a national flag?
17. Who was the commander of the ship Bounty?
18. What does the abbreviation N.B. stand for?
19. Pygmies are natives of what continent?
20. What is the pronunciation of CHOLMONDELEY?
21. What is the Scottish National Anthem?
22. What is the first day of Lent called?
23. What is the difference between a mosquito and a Mosquito?
24. Why is an English sailor called a "Limey"?
25. What are the two oldest existing legal systems in the world?
26. What English composer is buried beneath the organ in Westminster Abbey?
27. What is meant by *compos mentis*?
28. What is the correct way to carry a rabbit?
29. Who wrote "The Cloister and the Hearth"?
30. What is the plural of oasis?
31. How did bayonets get their name?
32. What was Australia originally called?
33. How far can a dog run into a forest?
34. Which is correct, authoritative or authoritative?
35. How many syllables are there in Niagara?
36. What is a cygnet?
37. Was Julius Caesar assassinated before or after the birth of Christ?
38. What did Abou Ben Adhem see when he awoke one night?
39. What is a subpoena?
40. What is isinglass?

item. Here's a few of the typical questions asked:

- "Has my Leave gone in P.O.R.'s. yet?"
 "Can I alter the dates of my Leave Pass?"
 "I want to alter the Address."
 "How do I get permission to visit the U.S.A. for my Leave?"
 "Is my Railway Warrant ready yet?"
 "I want to cancel my Leave."
 "How much Leave am I due?"
 "How much Pay will I get?"

(The last-named question is usually referred to the Accounts Section.) And so on . . .

"Am I on the Boat?"

This question is the universal one. It is quite a natural inquiry, at least if you've "got some in", but be a pal and don't ask it more than three times in the one day and limit it to Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, please.

Well, if you're still reading this you will now perhaps agree that D.R.O. Parts I and II are the Gen, and, at the same time, often as not are a headache to both the Accounts Section and the Station Headquarters — not forgetting the guy who "rolls" them off the production line.

D.M.W.

Corporals' PAGE

PEN PORTRAIT No. 5

Corporal P. J. Jeffrey

Accounts Section

THE Accounts Section at 32 S.F.T.S. is in the west end of S.H.Q., where all the work is done, and a little up the passage from the Orderly Room.

At the very end of the passage is the Equipment Accounts Section, and it is here that you may find Corporal Jeffrey, practically monarch of all he surveys, sitting at the desk in the centre.

Generally you will find him either reading or using the 'phone, and when I tell you that his desk is littered with every kind of official publication, you will realise that he is always acquiring gen, or imparting it.

For, what better occupation is there than improving one's mind? The light trash of modern romance might put a man to sleep on the spot, but with such food for reflection as King's Regulations, Air Force Routine Orders, and Administrative Orders, a man may safely close his eyes and muse on what he reads without fear of dropping into slumber.

Some men, I suppose, terminate their education when they leave school, but not so Corporal Jeffrey. I have often heard him say that if he couldn't read accounting instructions in a spare half hour, he would feel lost. It's a certain activity of the brain that must be stilled somehow.

He seems to take a peculiar delight in reading instructions for their own sake. Occasionally, members of the staff ask him to translate some of them. But he always refuses. One can't translate them, he says. So much is lost in the translation that it is better not to try. It

is far wiser not to attempt it. I believe that many classical scholars feel that way, and like to read Greek just as it is without the hazard of trying to put it into so poor a medium as English. So, when Corporal Jeffrey says he cannot translate the various accounting instructions, I believe he is perfectly sincere.

I don't want you to suppose that he spends all his time reading instructions. Not at all. He is very much in charge of "H" block, on the Salvate Committee, used to do a good deal of organising for the Sports programme on the station, and was also a member of the Library Committee. I suppose, taken all in all, there is no "busier" man on the station than Corporal Jeffrey. He has a certain instinct for being where the gen is, and always at the right time. To some (I refer to the traditional feud between the Equipment and Accounts Sections), he is considered a menace, quoting chapter and verse to back up each argument. Whenever a problem arises, he leaps to the fore, and brings all the weight of Air Force regulations to bear upon the issue.

Ranking second in popularity only to Corporal Carling, I understand his section is considering giving him a presentation copy of Equipment Accounting Orders as a parting gift when he leaves. They feel he is due to this, if only because his attitude has done so much to further good will between themselves and Stores. There is also a move afoot to have Sergeant Hardy provide him with a new overcoat, but this is conditional upon his telling them why he bothers to take his towel with him to the ablutions each morning.

T.S.M.G.

Mr. H. Clarke, prosecuting, said Bradshaw returned his enrolment notice with the message: "I object to fire-watching as it appears to me to be an attempt to prevent the fulfilment of the Scripture, which says that the world will be destroyed by fire."—*Daily Sketch*.

★ ★ ★

"Job Begun in the Middle Ages is Nearly Finished," says a newspaper headline. Probably a Government Scheme.

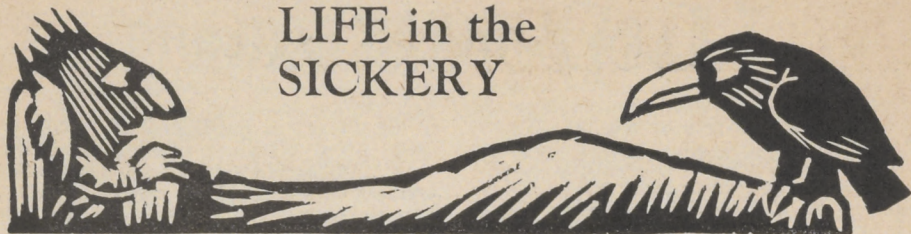
I wish I could take a massage to every woman at home from a particular man she is thinking about.—*Boston Evening American*.

Impractical.

★ ★ ★

In a Midland town a rat crept into the siren and sounded the "All Clear". It was eventually killed by the fans in the mechanism. Normally, of course, that is sounded to denote the departure of another kind of rat.

LIFE in the SICKERY



YE OLDE SICKERIE has observed yet another year move by, and its inmates celebrated its passing in the time honoured manner. The "piece de resistance" was, of course, McCarthy's speech, which floored us all; we understand he will run for Parliament on its strength, with the Sickery as his constituency.

Reverting, for a few moments, to last month's issue, in which we described that amazing and wonderful spectacle of the procession involving the piping of the haggis around the Sickery walls, we were too late to catch the Press in order to announce a change in the arrangements. The Governor, who was to have distributed largesse and aspirin to an adoring crowd, was home, and we take this opportunity to wish S/Ldr. Browne farewell and Godspeed. In his place in the procession, seated in a "droshka" (Irish for horse and cart), sat a new Governor with a shillelagh under his arm and a twinkle in his eye and a large fur hat upon his noble brow.

The staff respectfully wish to welcome F/Lt. Huey as Senior Medical Officer.

We look forward to a happy and cooperative future.

Cpl. Spry has been sleep-walking. We regard this with no little concern; it has crystallised our worst fears. He has been carefully treated with the new "beer-therapy", followed by intravenous injections of anti-freeze. If this fails—Weyburn, we're afraid.

Sgt. Dodd, they tell us, is starting a series of thirst-aid classes. Anyone thirsty, please apply to the Sickery between 10-12 a.m. and contact the above mentioned N.C.O. in his store. Ask to be directed to "The Hell Dive" or "Dirty Dick's".

(Thank goodness I write this. No one can get any dirt on me.)

We forgot to mention "Sandy", a feline acquisition of hitherto undecided gender, and equally doubtful habits. He/she spends the majority of his/her time amusing Sister Wilson. Some maliciously minded person has given its whiskers a military haircut on one side.

O.H.

AFTER YOUR BLOOD!

Apart from the Sickery being a blood-sucking and vampire agency, we are seriously making an appeal for blood donors. Blood will be taken in the camp—at the Station Hospital. No ill-effects guaranteed; in fact, a few fingers of Scotch thrown in, with the compliments of the Staff.

Here is your chance to help save some lives and speed Victory.

REMEMBER—It may be YOU who will need it one day.

Question 166. What official privileges, if any, are extended to an ex-President?

Answer. An ex-President is by law entitled to receive one copy of the Daily Congressional Record, and to the use of the Library of Congress.— *From "Our American Government."*

And, of course, there are movies he can go to, and stuff like that.

In India, two native paratroop students got to worrying on the eve of their first jump, asked an officer: "From what height?" "Five hundred feet?" "Nothing doing," they chorused, tried to bargain for 300, were told the chutes might not have time to open. "Oh, that's different," they sighed, "We get parachutes, do we?"



THE Padre's PAGE

PERHAPS all men who have ever really made much of their lives have often, when they were young, considered their prospects. Many a young fellow who appears to think only of the things of the day is often turning over in his mind what he will do when the war is over, or when his ship comes in. At the present there are plenty who are wondering where they will be and what they will do when they don "civvies" again. It will be to their advantage and to the world's, generally, if, when that day comes, they do *not* take off with their uniform all the customs of service life. I am thinking now of one particular feature of our life, namely, that we are all "under orders".

Do you get up when you like? Or go to bed when you like? Or go on parade when you like? Or pack up when you like? I hardly think so, or, at least, you wouldn't do so for very long! We are, all of us, "under orders" from "reveille" to "lights out". The services don't encourage you to please yourself. Orders is orders! Obey first and grumble afterwards—that's the position of things. And, of course, a unit or a ship in which every man pleased himself would simply be a nuisance. Worse than that, it would be a positive menace. So every unit, and every ship, and every man in them, is under orders. You can't have efficiency without authority.

The world is in its present mess because we haven't learned that lesson. Every nation has tried to please itself. The League of Nations was an attempt to bring us to our senses by establishing orders which every nation would obey. It failed because, even at Geneva, the old game was played. The old saying, "I'm all right, Bill. *Blow* you!" represented much of the spirit of the pre-war world.

We shall build a decent world again when nations are prepared to acknowledge and obey a higher Authority than their own policies and their own interests—when they are under orders which nobody questions, and all men obey. But is there any Authority like that—an Authority supreme, and not to be twisted to serve our own ends? Yes, there is.

Put the world under God's orders and the world will run as God meant it to run. That is why many of us believe that nothing is of more urgent importance than a revival of religion—for religion is really living in obedience to God. As we read in the Bible, "And what doth the Lord require of thee? To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." These are God's orders; you cannot beat them. Are you obeying them?

N. M. SLAUGHTER.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. (a) wife of a reigning king; (b) widow of a deceased king; (c) mother of a reigning sovereign.
2. White, yellow and black.
3. A wood-nymph.
4. A powerful narcotic.
5. One who offers to the public, for a price, transportation of persons or goods, or both.
6. San Francisco (Bay Bridge and Golden Gate Bridge).
7. Finland.
8. Albania.
9. Italian.
10. Red and blue.
11. A feat of strength or skill.
12. The Savannah (1819).
13. Rumania.
14. The theatre.
15. Chaucer.
16. The harp.
17. William Bligh.
18. Nota bene—note well.
19. Africa.
20. CHUMPLY.
21. "The Campbells are Coming."
22. Ash Wednesday.
23. A mosquito is an insect. A Mosquito is a native of the Mosquito coast of South America.
24. Because of the extensive use of lime juice at sea as a prevention against scurvy.
25. Hindu and Jewish.
26. Henry Purcell.
27. Of sound mind.
28. Not by the ears, preferably by the scruff of the neck.
29. Charles Reade.
30. Oases.
31. Because they were first made at Bayonne in France.
32. New Holland.
33. Half way (the other half he is coming out).
34. Authoritative.
35. Four.
36. A young swan.
37. Before (44 B.C.).
38. "An Angel writing in a book of gold."
39. A document ordering the presence of a person in court, under a penalty for non-appearance.
40. Mica.

Heritage of Beauty

The Stars

If the high counsels of the Lord of Thunder
 Seekest thou to know with singleness of heart,
 Look to the highest of the heights of heaven,
 See where the stars still keep their ancient peace.

Never the kindled fiery sun
 Hinders the gliding frozen moon,
 Nor halts on his high way the Bear,
 Nor in the west where waters are,
 And where the other stars go down,
 Seeks he his silver flames to drown.
 With even alternate return
 Still Vesper brings the evening on,
 And Lucifer the tender dawn.
 So Love still guides their deathless ways,
 And ugly Hate that maketh wars
 Is exiled from the shore of stars.

—BOETHIUS, c. 480-524.

Intercomm.

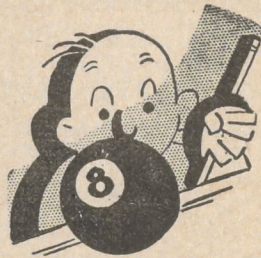
“Hullo, Snooks, can you hear me?”

Snooks turned a faint smile towards his instructor by way of answer. Never had his ears been assaulted so forcibly or by such an uninterpretable cacophony of atmospherically ruptured intelligence. His lips moved forward in a negative grimace.

His instructor was as instructors are; he leaned forward and with a cruel finger turned up the volume. Snooks rammed his fist into his mouth to prevent his head caving in as a result of the pressure of sound bull-doing his eardrums. As he removed the begrimed paw his lips began to writhe in that precise and laudable manner which indicates a perfection of vocabulary achieved only by the most expurgatory treatment and training. As he rendered to the unknowing instructor a vivid and taxless picture of his nethermost mind, it was clear that, having started at alpha, it would take quite a powerful set of circumstances to withhold him from reaching omega.

Knowing full well the sanctified nature of the instructor's mind, we feel

it was an admirable thing that during this repertory accomplishment Snooks forgot to press his mike-tit, and thus failed to allow even the least murmur of his rhapsodical musings to blot the



innocent unsmirchedness of his persecutor's word-log-for-the-day, but—IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IMPORTANT—so how how about it—are you going to waste words? The moral of the story is, lads—press your tit!

The popularity of the Brains Trust is evidence of the English reverence of the intellect.
 —New Statesman.

YE SICKERIE

REST SPA AND CONVALESCENT HOME

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and F/Lt. Petty's tree-top
abode.

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... "The Borgia's have nothing on
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6 CHIPS — 1 FISH

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