

PRAIRIE FLYER



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The MAGAZINE of
32 S.F.T.S
R.A.F. *Moose Jaw, Sask.*

AUGUST,
1944

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NUMBER 10

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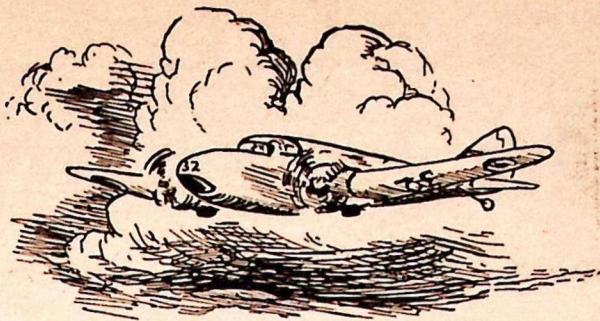
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No. 32 S.F.T.S.
R.A.F.

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Canada



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THE delightful days of a Prairie Summer have given to most of us that slightly sunburned look which, we are assured, is the mark of the handsome man. There are those who have mustered only peeling epidermis and a few mosquito bites, but the general impression gained around the camp has been one of light-heartedness, gayer spirits and more objective thinking.

The efficient way in which the invasion was carried out has released the pressure on minds which had cause to worry—casualties were comparatively light, opposition was only human, and there were fewer secret weapons than were prophesied. The general opinion was that we had done all right for a start and perhaps it would be better to leave it to the Generals for the time being, and not interfere too much, as they had been at the job at least a little longer than ourselves. Not that there wasn't criticism, mind you, from those who had favoured other coasts as more hospitable landing places for our troops, but these critics were remarkable in that, when told to belt up, that's exactly what they did.

The most obvious "tourists", who had been binding us with the duration of their exile, took the news of the invasion very brightly, and are now, more than ever, convinced that they are on their last lap. For them, there's a something in the air, a "whisper up the Creek" as some wag put it, and incidentally, it's said that even the buses are feeling the sway—were you there when Tom hiccupped her up the hill?

We had a letter from a lad just recently repat, after an extended tour. It's strange, at first, so he says, what with the new-fangled money and the amount of beer, but if it's hard to get used to the lack of the one, it's too darned easy to get used to the other. He says that everybody's being remustered to everything, but he's not much bothered—"after being at 32 I can turn my hand to anything". Of course, he wouldn't be shooting a line, would he?

A few days ago, we were passing a tiny farm nestling between two gopher-holes on a certain highway near the city when a somewhat elderly gentleman, suffering from dimness in both his hearing and his eyesight, ran out and gazed intently into the sky;

"My, only nine of 'em; them thar geese be gettin' noisier every day."

Anyway, lads, it's a nice dice.

S.J.A.

* * *

FIRST LOVE

Before my reckless journeying
From innocence began,
I met and wooed a country maid
And worshipped her, and Pan.

She was to me swift years ago
Half-human, half divine;
And now she sleeps in someone's bed
And I sleep warm in mine.

—J.H.M.

• by R.H.P.

Places WE KNOW and LOVE . . .

THE LAKE DISTRICT

IT is the time of the year for lads to reflect upon the grand holidays they have spent back home, by the sea-side, on the moors, in the mountains or by the lakes, and it is for these last that I write, or any who have passed through, by or over the tiny continent of beauty tucked away in a far corner of our island, which is called the Lake District.

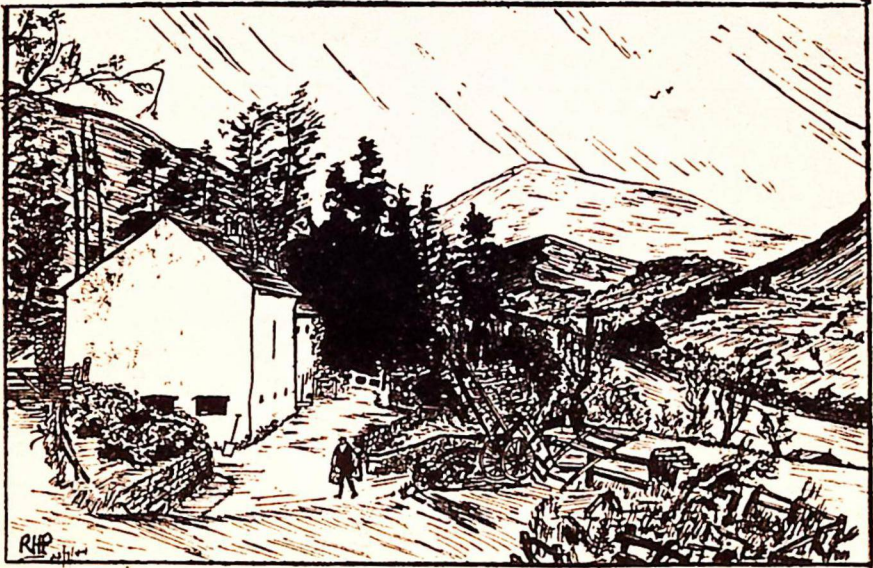
If you have with you your ruck-sack, map and compass, and have remembered to bring your oil-skin, you may look forward to a wonderful vacation as you step off the train onto the platform of Keswick Station, and take your first full glance at the circle of hills that have somehow folded about you, and ringed you about with their grandeur and color. When you leave the station, you'll see a small, clean, country town, green with trees and parks, holding in its narrow streets the impression of an older age—and if you are on foot it will not take you long to discover that here you are king and there is nothing to gainsay you. Thousands of feet have trodden the paths which you are about to traverse, and a little weariness was the price gladly paid by all of them for

the wonder which they found here.

You will eat at Storms', of course, in the Market Place, drink coffee with fresh cream and crisp biscuits (even in war time). The Market Place, with its quaint town hall, has been the starting point for many such expeditions as ours, and is, as usual, overhung with deep grey cloud scored with white rifts through which the sun strives vainly to shine. However, you have your oil skin, so why should you worry?

Tramping along the shore of Lake Derwentwater, with crags towering on our left, brings us to Lodore, where the falls made famous by Southey are but a trickle of fresh spring water, for the summer has been hot. Up and over we pass into Grange, the tiny village guarding the south end of the lake and, having had a nice cup o' tea, we feel fit to go on.

Borrowdale is one of the most beautiful valleys in the world (which includes the United States of America) and the crags close about us as we pass through the Jaws, and round the molar-like Castle-crag into the Vale. So much rain falls here that the road is often flooded, but we are on foot and can make a



A lowering day. Birkrigg Farm, Vale of Newlands, near Keswick

detour as easily as not. Moss covers all the rocks and trees in a rich profusion, and climbs the stone walls which form the boundaries of each field and farm. The cottages are simply made, low roofed with local slate, whitewashed and clean, as dry and neat as you'll see anywhere in England . . . and warm as the hearts of the good folks who live in them. On many an occasion I have been put up for the night, eaten a fine breakfast of ham and eggs and been unable to refuse a parcel of sandwiches to see me on my way. Up through the Searoller we ascend Honister Pass and put everything we have in bottom gear, for this is the scene of many accidents, and at the road side notices say we "have been warned!"

From the top of the pass we can see the slate quarry caves high up in the side of the pass—and there is a farm down there in Crummock where, we have been told, you can get tea with butter and crackers. The crags about us are the haunts of many wild birds and "them sheep thou can see everywhere are Herdwicks, lad, and don't thee forget it, 'cos thou'll never see a better bit of fleece"

We can come back over the hills into Newlands or through many another valley—wild, secret spots are these, with their heather and their tarns and clouds sweeping across the "tops" spilling rain into the streams until the mountain sides re-echo with the sound of running water and the lakes are full.

On tramps along the mountains, my

friend, don't ever forget that their smiling faces may turn very grim with a suddenness that will alarm you—make sure that you have brought your compass and map, and a bar of chocolate isn't a bad idea, either. It would take too long to mention many lakes; each has its own personality, from the scowl of the Wastwater under the trees to the glitter of Grasmere in the sun.

This is where Wordsworth lived and wrote about his daffodils:—

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee.
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company.
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought,
What wealth to me the show had
brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.



Requiem

(With apologies to "The Burial of
Sir John Moore".)

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral
note,
As Joe to the front gate hurried;
He was taking a week-end without any
pass
And looking remarkably flurried.
He'd packed up in silence at dead of
night,
Having no thought of returning;
He'd put up a blanket to keep out the
light
Of the candle in his billet burning.
And just as he reached the guardroom
door
And thru' the front gate was retiring,

He heard an S.P., that son of a gun,
For his 295 enquiring.

Here Joe dropped his bag and stood ill
at ease,
And spoke with a voice full of sorrow,
It wasn't convenient to show it just then,
But he would certainly do so tomorrow.

Then slowly and sadly he was hurried
away,
To a snug little house of one storey,
Where they put him on jankers, out of
harm's way,
And left him alone in his glory.

B.B.

SIMON . . . the Rickshaw-wallah

• by ANDY FROM KANDY

HE must be a very drab man indeed who went out East and did not ride a rickshaw. For of all modes of locomotion nothing could be more exhilarating, nothing more interesting than a journey in one of these Oriental contraptions.

And if any of you have had the privilege of visiting that most fragrant and colourful metropolis of Ceylon—Colombo—you could not have failed to meet Simon the Rickshaw-wallah. He is a short stocky little man with the oiliest of smiles and the fattest of legs, very proud of his hirsute avalanche which every now and then he contrives to keep poised and erect with a dash of saliva! His head is fully shaven but for a small tuft of hair hanging over his forehead like some fungus clinging precariously to a cliff. That little appendage indicates his caste, for even in this lowest of trades there are social barriers, snobs and what not.

Simon tells me that there are three castes—the first the "Aristocracy", those long-standing rickshaw-wallahs who have built up an unenviable and unprofitable reputation for being honest and not attempting to squeeze baksheesh from every customer. The second, those who have inherited their "wallah-dom" from their fathers and forefathers and their rickshaws as dowries from their brides. They are not too scrupulous about honesty. The third are the newcomers, or, in Air Force parlance, the sprogs. Needless to say, only a very few belong to the Aristocracy. But Simon, fraudulent rascal though he is, classes himself as an Aristocrat, and if anyone dare to doubt it is ever willing to back his claims by a resort to arms, or, to put in his own inimitable way, "to thrash the unbeliever."

Simon is always at the harbour. He is well known to the authorities, who give him first-hand information about boat arrivals, in return for which he runs their daily errands or takes them for a Sunday constitutional around the town. When he knows a boat is due he dons a clean sarong and thrusts himself first in the queue. And as the passengers step ashore he approaches them, salaaming profusely and exclaiming: "Me very goot rickshawman; me savvy everything—goot hotel, goot beer, goot girls!"

He likes to pretend he knows the exact destination of his customers. In

general, he divides them into two classes—the men in uniform and the civilians. In peace time, uniformed men, be they "Groupies" or AC. plonks, had gained such a notoriety in the East that even Simon professed to be, if not superior, at least good enough to rub shoulders with them. His generalisations were, of course, very misconceived. Consequently, even the most innocent sailor who stepped into his rickshaw would be whisked away (without any prior questioning) to Slave Island—the local kasbah of dives and jives and girl traffic. There he is directed into a suspicious-looking house supposedly containing women, but actually inhabited by thugs who promptly threaten to beat the life out of the poor sailor if he does not surrender his wallet. Simon meanwhile slinks away and calls later to collect his share of the loot.

Prosperous-looking tourists he conducts to the best hotel, taking them very slowly through the bazaars with the pride of a showman exhibiting some new freak. To make the journey appear longer he winds through interminable lanes, pointing out the houses of vice and virtue and looking back slyly to see in which you betray a particular interest. And woe betide you if, even through mere curiosity, you are caught glancing back at the dives—Simon has no qualms about turning back, and in his stentorian voice summoning the "Madame"—then, brother, you've had it!

In private life Simon is no less interesting. He has a modest seraglio of three wives. Originally he had five but, for reasons best known to himself, he discarded two. Of the present three, two are the mere chattels of their lord and master. They came to him of their own accord, partly because of his money, partly because of his fame, and partly due to some inexplicable reason which I, a misogynist, could never fathom.

The remaining spouse he won through love and labour. She means everything to him. In his own words, she is the "light of his eyes—as lovely as the nelun; as fragrant as the jasmine." And it is with consummate pride that he takes her into town, strutting down Main Street, arm in arm, with the conscious superiority of an S.P. on the Beat.

A DAY ON Mount Victoria

• by J. S. T. GIBSON

A DAY'S climbing which does not go according to schedule is often more amusing in retrospect than one in which everything goes according to plan. This is a record of a day in the former category.

The time was early September last year, and we had one of those rare luxuries, an unexpected and extra "48" thrust upon us. We had had a "48" only the week-end before, and then Ted Marriot had had his first experience of roped mountain climbing on Mt. Hungabee with me. He had enjoyed it and wanted some more. The M.O., Dr. Russell, had come with us too that week-end, but he had stayed at the bottom of the mountain. He, however, had also decided that he wanted to make a climb, and one which had captured his imagination was Mount Victoria, which rises to a height of 11,365 feet behind



On Mt. Victoria above Abbott's Pass

Lake Louise. Rather ambitious for his first, perhaps, but still, it suited us, and in any case, the peak, though high, is not difficult under good conditions.

Accordingly, we set off on the Friday evening for Lake Louise. We called at

Banff to borrow an ice axe, for I only had one and there were three of us. By a stroke of luck we found that John Wheeler, the owner of the ice axe, was at home and free for the week-end, so he and his ice axe both joined the party.

We reached Lake Louise that evening and put up at the inn called Deer Lodge. After dinner we strolled across to the house where the Swiss Guides live, to ask in what condition were the peaks. Our main difficulty, they told us, would be a large crevasse which extended right across the Lefroy Glacier. The route we intended to take passed right up the Lefroy Glacier to Abbott's Pass, which lies on the ridge between Mounts Lefroy and Victoria. From Abbott's Pass we would turn off to the right and gain the ridge of Mount Victoria. Apparently, the last person to pass that way had reported that this crevasse extended to the full width of the glacier, was too wide to jump, and was spanned by no snow bridges. It had once been bridged by a fixed ladder, but the movement of the glacier had caused the crevasse to widen, and the ladder had fallen into the abyss. The two guides each gave different advice about crossing this place: one told us to climb the rocks on the left—Mt. Lefroy—side of the glacier, and the other told us to cut steps up the steep ice slope on the right—Mt. Victoria—side. We decided to make up our minds when we saw the place.

The next morning was a fine one and we were off at 5.15 a.m. It was still dark as we walked along the path beside Lake Louise, but a faint flickering of Aurora Borealis in the Northern sky caused the high snowfields of Mt. Victoria to glow with reflected light. Beyond the lake the trail winds up to the "Plain of the Glaciers", and then disappears in a moraine, the loosely piled rocks carried down by the glacier and deposited around its lower end. Moraine is tedious stuff to walk on; every rock you tread on is loose, and we were glad when the time came to leave it and take to the bare ice of the glacier. There were many narrow transverse crevasses in this part of the glacier, and we threaded our way in and out among them, jumping the narrower ones and going round

the wider ones. A little later we passed through a narrow gap between the tremendous vertical cliffs of Mt. Lefroy and Mt. Victoria. This place is known as the "Death Trap", because later in the day, when the sun has softened the snow above, many avalanches come down from the upper slopes, over the cliffs and onto the glacier below. However, there is no danger early in the day. As we mounted, the bare ice gave place to snow, so we roped, as we could no longer see the crevasses in the underlying ice.

Meanwhile, we studied the rocks on the left, which might be our best route round the big crevasse. They did not look very attractive, being plastered with new snow which had fallen in the last few days. The ice slope on the right looked very steep and no place for a party of four with only two ice axes between them. So we kept straight on until we came to the big crevasse, and there we found to our delight that the snow which had fallen during the last week had blown into the crevasse at one point and had formed a fairly solid drift which bridged it. Cautiously I made my way across the snowbridge, while the Doctor, who was next behind me, paid out the rope. The slope above the upper lip of the crevasse was steep and icy, so it was necessary to cut a commodious platform with my ice axe, in which I could stand, well anchored with the rope belayed around the ice axe, while the others came up. In due course they came up, and the snow bridge held. For some time now the surface was composed alternately, for a few yards at a time, of hard snow and of ice, so we had to cut plenty of steps. John Wheeler and I were on opposite ends of the rope, the two without ice axes being in the middle. Thus we were able, without unroping, to take it in turns cutting steps, by simply reversing the whole order on the rope. At length the slope eased off and we reached Abbott's Pass (9,588 feet) at 09.45, and for twenty minutes or so we rested in the hut on the Pass.

Contrary to expectations, our difficulties really began above the Pass, as the rocks were plastered in snow and ice and the scree patches also were frozen and glazed with ice. We picked a way up, sometimes on rock, sometimes on frozen scree, sometimes step cutting on hard snow or ice slopes. Once, when I happened to be in the lead, the Doctor, who was next behind me, slipped, and the sudden jerk on the rope pulled me



On the ridge of Mt. Victoria near the far south peak.

off my holds. I slid down about five feet, and then my ice axe bit in the mixture of scree and ice and brought me to a halt. At this point the Doctor asked to be left behind, but there was no suitable place for him to rest, so we all carried on until we reached the crest of the ridge and near it we found a snug looking niche sheltered from the wind between a bank of snow and an overhanging rock. We gave him what extra clothes we could spare and left him there to rest until our return. From here a steep little piece of rock climbing, followed by more step cutting in ice, brought us to the far South Peak of Mt. Victoria, at a height of about 10,800 feet. We crossed this point and descended the steep little snow slope on its far side, to the col between it and the central and highest peak. One of the accompanying photographs shows us ascending this piece on the return. Meanwhile, the wind had increased considerably: it was very cold and we were lashed with stinging pellets of blown snow. Here we stopped and reviewed the situation. It was 2.30 p.m., so we would have to hurry if we were to be down by dark. It was two hours since we had left the doctor, and since we were not too warm ourselves it was safe to assume that he would be getting

pretty cold on his ledge. Owing to the conditions on the mountain we were making very slow time and it would probably take us at least another hour to get to the summit. And so we decided, reluctantly, that we must turn back.

As we made our way back along the ridge, the wind got worse still, and we were momentarily blinded by whirling clouds of furiously blown snow. It took us an hour to get back to the Doctor, and he was somewhat numb with cold when we reached him. He described graphically how long those three hours had seemed, how he had tried to while away the time by repeating Psalms to himself, (somehow, that rather impressed us) and how, picturing us not returning, he had seen himself faced with the alternatives of staying and freezing on his ledge, or trying to get down alone and crashing to his doom. We tied him on and started down. John Wheeler went first and cut the steps, for our ascending ones had been filled and hidden by drifting snow. Ted came second, then the Doctor, and I came last, and supported the still numb Doctor with the rope when he required support. We reached the hut on Abbott's Pass at 5 p.m. and ate some food, wrapped ourselves in blankets and stamped around until we were warm.

Half an hour later we emerged, and, feeling a lot more cheerful, set off down the glacier. We felt that our difficulties were over, the going was easy, and we almost ran down the first part. Before long, however, John, who was still on the rope, struck an icy patch, slipped and began sliding down. He dug his ice axe in and pulled himself up before the slack in the rope was used, so his slip was not transmitted to Ted as a jerk on the rope. A minute or two later Ted went into a crevasse up to his waist, got out, and promptly went in again. Again he got out, and stepped straight onto a piece of hard ice, down which he slid. Having no ice axe, he could not stop himself and in due course the rope tightened and John below him and the Doctor above him were pulled off their holds. So for one moment, before my rope became taut, I saw all three of my companions sliding. Then John dug his axe in and stopped himself and Ted, and at the same moment I dug mine in and clung to it with my right hand, and as soon as I had done that I felt the rope tighten in my left hand. I looked around, expecting to see the Doctor sprawling on the slope below me, but

all I saw was the rope disappearing through a hole in the snow into a hidden crevasse. John came up to me and together we hauled on the rope and in due course a hand came up through the snow, then a head, and then a whole Doctor, complete with graphic description of life in a crevasse, dangling on rope with unfathomable blue depth beneath. After that we realized that we were somewhat tired and it would be wise to proceed with considerable caution. This we did and there were no further incidents. We crossed the crevasse by the same route as we had used on the ascent, then hurried through the "Death Trap" and were off the glacier by 7.30 p.m. As we walked along the trail to Lake Louise it got dark, and we were back at Deer Lodge by half past nine. A grand day in the mountains, in spite of the fact that it did not quite go according to schedule.

Duke Buck likes to tell the story of the first time he rode down Fifth Avenue on a horse-drawn rubberneck wagon. The spieler called attention to the palatial new residences. "There's the Morgan place," he said. "Pierpont?" asked Duke. "No, Junius," said the announcer. "And here the home of the Vanderbilts." "Cornelius?" suggested Duke. "Wrong again," snapped the announcer. "William Henry." A moment later he pointed to a new church. "Christ Church," he announced, and when Buck said nothing, added, "Go on, kid, take a chance!"

A man was sitting in a cafe one day and he noticed, a few tables away, another man. He was eating away with a large piece of celery stuck in his ear. The next day the man went into the same cafe. There, sitting at the table, was the man eating away with a large piece of celery stuck in his ear, just as yesterday. The third day the man went into the cafe. Still sitting there was the other man eating away, but this time, instead of celery, he had a huge carrot in his ear. The first man could stand this no longer. He went up to the man who was eating and asked, "Say, why do you sit there eating with a large carrot in your ear?"

"I couldn't get any celery today," said the other.

CHIT-CHAT FROM CARON

WHAT HO! CHUMS!

Well, once again I shall shake the prairie dust from me and tear the tumble weed from my hair, to bring you "Gen" from "Shangri-la."

Having survived all the "Summer" weather we are now bathed in sunshine and everything has a pleasant look about it.

Life is still carrying on in the same fashion out here, although romance with a capital "R" seems to be running rampant. Medicine Tiffa is apparently a lure to some people, but personally, I'm all at sea about it.

Since the last scrawl I have been bombarded with one question, "Why didn't you say something about our section," so I guess I will mention all the sections and clear myself.

As you enter Caron (Airport), a building of great importance stands on your left, it's the Guardroom — free board and lodgings; hospitality is their second name. The personnel who inhabit this little abode are very pleasant chaps and we all get along with them; they are good crib players and one of them is an exceptionally good "pegger."

As you advance into the depth of the Station you will most likely have to take evasive action from streams of water or strained language, or both. This means you are passing the Fire Section. If you are successful enough to navigate to its portals (without being attacked by their animal) you may be fortunate enough to get a "Brew". (This will most likely cost you a round of fags.)

A hundred yards up on the left is the M.T. Section. Here you can breathe more easily unless any M.T. drivers are about (no offence). It's here that a handful of stout lads uphold the traditions of Station Transport of being jolly good fellows. Incidentally, they can all drive.

Not far from the M.T. is the Sick Bay (just a coincidence, chaps) where a half naked Welsh window-washer, who wanted a haircut, plies his sticking plaster and mosquito repellent. He is ably assisted by a couple of ambulance drivers, both of whom are fairly hefty and are excellent in holding patients down.

Leaving behind us the sickly smell of ("What have you in the Sick Bay?") we enter the doors of the Mess, which is a little farther up on the left. As we

enter, a lush smell assails our nostrils and makes us feel weak at the knees. We know then that Curly, Gibbo, and Butch are whipping us up another of those excellent meals we get three times a day. Our lounge adjoins the Mess Hall and all credit goes to the lads who keep it clean, and the Mess as well.

Tearing ourselves away from the billiard table or the bar, whichever you prefer, we head East en route to the hangar, where we might find the Maintenance crew and, with a bit of luck, the Orderly Room Wallah! (Heaven forbid, he's a binder.) Beside the Maintenance lads, we have the watch tower and crash tender personnel. You can always tell them by looking for the most sunburnt torsos. The Orderly Room King can be picked out by his "little folder" or by his smooth skin; this comes through the operation of pulling his shirt on and off when visitors come and go.

Also manning aircraft on this Unit are some Canadian lads. I haven't seen them playing baseball yet, but one of them turned out at a practice football match and put up a good show.

If you retrace your steps and then turn north by the filled-in gopher hole, you'll come across the billets. I mentioned these last month, but I must mention them again because it is also the abode of the Man of all Men, the Store-basher. Here he dishes out sheets, etc., and takes in boots and all worn-out gen men for repairs.

This pretty well completes the tour except for one thing, "The Room." You'll find it upstairs N.W.; you can't mistake it as outside stands, with all severity, a mat (door type). In this room hangs the fate, good fortune, or whatever it may be, of all Caronites.

Behind the door, the welfare, discipline, and everything that goes with Caron, is organised. Surrounded by K.R.'s, A.C.I.'s, D.R.O.'s, Station Standing Orders, and the Comic Section of local newspapers, crouches the skipper of our gallant crew. Advice is given readily, and taken as well; that's the secret of our success at Caron.

Here finishes your expedition, and, slowly making your way back to the gate, you wave "Goodbye" to Pop, picking the weeds, and Joe, on his tractor.

So, cheerio till next time,

CARON JACK.

Sassenachs Sock Scots

On July 1st soccer teams representing England and Scotland engaged in bitter feud without a decision being gained by either side, the result being a 3-3 draw. It seems logical, therefore, that a further match should be arranged to try to dispel this totally unsatisfactory state of affairs, and again, on July 15th, at the Collegiate Campus before a large crowd of spectators, representative teams battled once more. This time there was no doubt left at all regarding the location of the laurels; England ran out winners 4-1. It is possible that even before this gets into print the gauntlet will have been thrown down again by the Scots and possibly other representative factions, but for the time being the Saxons reign supreme.

Getting off to a rather late start on account of the late arrival of the gear, the teams gave a pleasing exhibition of the national game, and for a time there appeared to be little to choose between the teams. Towards the close of the first half, however, Williams, the English centre-forward, gaining possession from a scrimmage before the Scottish goal, placed a shot well out of reach of "Jock" Clarke, who had proved a safe custodian to this point. Scotland immediately retaliated and Docherty, receiving a pass from J. Dickens directly in front of the English goal, drove in a shot that gave the goal-keeper, T. Dickens, no chance. There was nothing in it until the close of the first half when McLaren, attempting to clear his lines, unfortunately placed the ball in the Scottish goal to give England the lead.

In the second half Scotland attacked strongly but Dickens, in the English goal, kept a clean sheet. England took up the attack again and twice Williams was able to pick up passes from Humphries and Wheatley to score twice in fairly quick succession. The later stages of the game were featured by persistent attacks by the Scottish forwards, McGee and Murray putting in some good work, but all to no avail. A hot shot from McKenzie brought Dickens to his knees, and yet another

shot deserved better fate than to hit the cross-bar.

In spite of the hot weather and hard ground, the teams put up a good show all round, and Williams' goals brought rounds of applause from a crowd which, on account of the closing down or transfer to the R.C.A.F. of so many of the neighbouring stations which formerly provided an almost weekly match, has been robbed of so much of its sport in this sphere.

It is understood that a Welsh team has issued a challenge to the English team, and another good game is expected.

Senior R.A.F. Staff Chaplain Visits 32

Apparently in response to the appeal made in our last issue for visitors to our Station Church, W/Comdr. the Rev. Rossie-Brown, senior staff chaplain to the R.A.F. in Canada, paid us a call on July 23rd. A large congregation was present to welcome this distinguished minister, already known to many of us through his connection with the City of Edinburgh Squadron, and included were several visitors from the city.

LAC. William Poole officiated at the organ and the singing was ably led by members of the Station Male Voice Choir. LAC. Dennis O'Brien gave a neat rendering of "The Rosery" as a solo, and it was pleasing to note that the congregation, in spite of the sultry weather, joined heartily in the singing of the hymns.

W/Comdr. Rossie-Brown gave an appropriate address in discussing the Christian attitude towards "Promotion", inviting those who feel that they have been "passed by on the other side" of the promotion roster to think hard before deciding that they really have had a raw deal or that less worthy men have been moved over them.

The collection on this memorable occasion was on behalf of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and a substantial contribution was made to this most worthy charity, whose benefits have already been felt in our own midst.

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Band Wagon No. 2 Calls at "32"

The second milestone in the series of fast-moving musical productions, under the title "Band Wagon", was reached when a further edition was received at the Station Theatre on Thursday, June 29th, by two packed houses — ample proof of their established popularity.

S/Ldr. McArdle was responsible for the initial "servicing" of this presentation, Sgt. "Ted" Fletcher arranged the details and continuity of the programme, and F/Lt. "Danny" Daniels, recovered from a broken collar bone, made a welcome return to his first love as genial compère.

From their signature tune, "Blue and Sentimental", the Band, led by "Ted", went right into a red-hot rendering of "Johnson Rag", so hot that the already high temperature in the hall was pushed several degrees higher. In quieter mood, this was followed by "I'll Be Seeing You", the "hit" song of the moment, with "Buddy" Logan taking the vocal.

The next passenger on the "wagon", adding his quota of mirth to the show, was George "Ay Ay" Martin, who, with his apparently inexhaustible store of droll anecdotes and sparkling vivacity, added considerably to his already high reputation with the boys on the camp. Evidence of this talented artist's versatility was shown as he concluded a racy routine with a song in more serious vein, "Lady from Armentieres".

The Band boarded the wagon and took it merrily along into "Tuxedo Junction", giving a top rate rendition of this swing opus, after which the first guest artist, Agnes Goetting, was introduced to take over the vocal of "Silver Wings in the Moonlight", and she quickly won over the audience with her singing. Dorothy Wilson's "Dancing Dolls" next appeared with a neat routine of tap-dancing to the strains of "Honey-Suckle Rose".

Again the Band came into their own with "Kansas City Moods", which featured the trumpets, saxes and piano in quick succession. From them "Buddy" and Miss Goetting took over with a combined number, "I Love You", an-

other "hit" given lustre by these two experts. The popular "In the Mood" was next given a polished treatment by the Band, and was followed by the poignant ballad, "How Blue the Night", with "Buddy" again vocalising.

As "The Old Hiker", F/Lt. Daniels next gave an expert impression of that favourite of British Music Hall fans, Frank Randle, and really looked the part!

After a further spell of tap-dancing by the Dolls, this time led by 13-year-old Gerry Wilson, the Band gave the musical cameo "Dark Eyes", followed by Agnes Goetting again in "I'll Get By" from the film "A Guy Named Joe".

George Martin's burlesque sketch, "Seductive Sadie", was next presented, with F/Lt. Daniels making a most seductive Sadie, a wife of doubtful integrity; Buddy Logan as a long-suffering and somewhat gullible husband; Sgt. Dixon as the villainous home-wrecker, and George himself as a most precocious infant with a keen discernment of the ludicrous and a fine appraising of a somewhat complicated domestic situation. This item was a real laughter-getter and went down in a big way.

Teddy Miles, a well-established favourite here, but, unfortunately, not long to stay around, played a series of requests, or rather, at the command of 99 Course, "detailed" items that he had already put over with his xylophone and sax, Reg. Coleman, at the piano, giving his sympathetic support. They were followed by Agnes Goetting and "Buddy" again in "Too Much Love", their last combined effort of the evening, and from there the Band went to town with "Bugle Call Rag", and signed off with "Blue and Sentimental", during the playing of which the several artists were introduced to the audience to receive most deserved rounds of applause for their most acceptable efforts to entertain the boys.

The ladies received bouquets at the hands of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. J. George, who expressed the thanks of the audience and called upon S/Ldr. McArdle to itemise the several parties who, either as actual participants or behind the scenes, had contributed to the success of the show. He paid special tribute to Sgt. Fletcher,

"Bombs Away" Over Moose Jaw

2 B. & G. S. Party Entertains "32"

Being stuck out on the Prairies, you can always enjoy a Musical Revue; staring at a wide expanse of nothing makes it so very easy to look at something more tangible, and when our neighbours from Mossbank visited us on Monday, July 24th, it was with keen anticipation that we looked forward to seeing how their presentation compared with those that we have been receiving recently.

The production was in the able hands of F/Lt. Howarth and LAC. McHeffey, and the one show in the Station Cinema was given a fitting reception. Judging by the applause, the boys went for the items in a really big way.

A featured star was LAC. La Maine, whose "Song of Songs" and "Open Road" were very much appreciated. One of the best acts of the night was the violin playing of Sgt. (R.G.A.) Ed Boyle, billed as the "Soldier Violinist of World War 1". His able rendering of "Ave Maria" and the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" drew rounds of applause. In pleasing contrast, LAC. Tenhurst gave out with some expert

the "Maestro", under whose able guidance the Band gave such a good account of themselves, he himself playing the sax along with Maurice Cook, who also doubled on the clarinet. Bob Wiltshire (clarinet and sax), Cliff Pullen, Ron Cowan and Stan Toyne (trumpets), Ron Wickham (bass), Bob Bell (drums) made up the rest of the efficient combination with Reg. Coleman at the piano, and Ivor Shield assisting variously at the piano, on the sax, and, with George Martin on the piano-accordion, in a most enjoyable two-accordion interlude.

Watch out for the next visit of "The Wagon".

REGGIO.

Boogie-Woogie piano playing and LAC. Lewis "tripped the light fantastic" with "Walaguala".

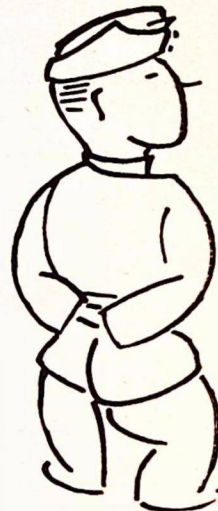
In the comedy roles appeared LAC. Dolman, whose search for lost braces received the apt injunction from a member of the audience to "Belt up". He was "assisted" by Messrs. Shawcross, McDougall and Henderson in other humorous roles.

The vocal duet with a chorus of ladies, (W.D. personnel from the Station), and LAC. McHeffey's "Chalk-Talk" and dancing on roller skates went down well also. The latter completed a full night's work by compering the whole show also.

W/Cdr. Townsend, on behalf of the Commanding Officer, thanked the members of the cast for presenting "something different" in the way of camp entertainment.

R.B.

Said the little boy rabbit to the little girl rabbit,
Flirting with boys is a very bad habit.
Said the little girl rabbit to the little boy rabbit,
"Shoot the habit to me, rabbit".



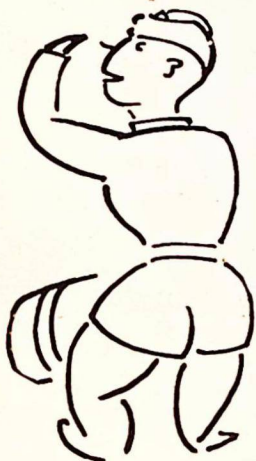
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SPORTS DAY AT THIRTY-TWO

Full Programme of Events Run Off

In almost perfect weather and before a large crowd of Station personnel and visitors from the city, the Station Sports were held on Wednesday, July 5th. A full program of events was completed with the minimum of delay and several fine finishes were witnessed. Weeks of arduous training on the part of the various competitors were evident from the exceptionally good times made in the flat events, and even the tug-of-war team showed some slight semblance of having met each other at some time or other! For the purpose of instilling the competitive spirit, the camp was divided into the four working sections—Flying Training Wing, Station Headquarters, Servicing Squadron and Repair Squadron. Evidence of the more intensive preparation on the part of the flying types and also, it seemed to the writer, the kindlier attentions of Anno Domini, was seen in the final reckoning when F.T.W. came out easy winners with 87 points against Repairs (34), Station Headquarters (30) and Servicing (12).



Neighbouring units and the U.A.T.C. Cadets from Notre Dame College, Wilcox, spending a ten-day camp on the unit, accepted invitations to compete in some of the events with creditable success.

The flat races, run against a fair breeze, produced some good results, LAC. Russell, of No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, making an excellent 10% secs. for the invitation 100 yards race. Other commendable performances were seen from F/Sgt. Hainsworth, of S.H.Q. (1st in the 880 yds. flat, 2nd in the mile, and 2nd in the Sergeants' race). F. T. W. were well served by LAC. Black (1st in the 100 yds. and in the 440 yds.), F/O. Mullin (3rd in the 100 yds. open, 1st in the 220 yds. open and 2nd in the 220 yds. inter-squadron event), LAC. Bengé (3rd in the 880 yds. flat and 2nd in the long jump), LAC. Ruthven (3rd in the javelin throw and 2nd in the egg and spoon race), and F/O. Vere-Hodge (1st in the long jump and 2nd in the high jump). For Repair Squadron, Cpl. Wilson took 3rd place in the 100 yds. inter-squadron race and in the long jump, LAC. Attack 2nd place in the 220 yds. open and 1st place in the inter-squadron events, and F/Lt. Bullock repeated his last year's success in the one mile open event and came in 2nd in the 3-mile run. Most of these competitors also assisted their respective teams in the relay races, providing some very close finishes.

The tug-of-war competitions provided some excellent sport and in both the two semi-finals and the final match required the full quota of three pulls before F.T.W., anchored, naturally, to F/O. Best and expertly coached by Sgt. Becker, who took them under his wing after their defeat in the first pull against Servicing Squadron, ran out winners, exhausted but satisfied. It was really team work that counted here, otherwise the combined efforts of Sgt. ("Taff") Morgan and Sgt. "Atlas" Evans in the S.H.Q. team must surely have brought about the desired results.

A word of special praise is not amiss,

we hope, to LAC. Jackson, who successfully lasted the gruelling pace and dodged visiting aircraft on the runways to finish first in the 3-mile "jaunt" in the excellent time of 18 mins., 13 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs. F/Lt. Bullock (2nd), LAC. Pickering (3rd) and Sgt. Ricquier (4th) were the only starters to finish the course. (Confidentially, we are not at all surprised!)

It was good to see such a turnout in the Officers' race, though we do not admire the type who mis-read the programme and withdrew when he realised that he would receive no handicap as he had no "years of service over 25"! S/Ldr. Boyce finished in front. (Where does he get his practice in?)

The man behind the day's fun was F/O. Clear, ably assisted by numerous fellow-officers and other willing personnel, notably Sgt. (now F./Sgt. "Good Show") Evans.

F/Lt. Daniels, at the mike, kept up a constant patter of commentary as event followed event, and voice pastilles were in constant demand. His call for volunteers from time to time met with commendable disregard. (Shows the way we've been brought up, doesn't it, chaps?)

During the proceedings the Station Military Band, under the direction of Sgt. Fletcher, played several selections. Guests were entertained to tea at the conclusion of the programme, and, to complete a full day's entertainment, a film show, a soccer match between teams representing Britain and the Allies (won by the former 4-3), and a dance in the Station Drill Hall were available.

A large number gathered at the dance, and during the proceedings Mrs. Townsend, wife of W/Commander D. L. Townsend, A.F.C., presented prizes to the successful competitors at the Sports. Sgt. Fletcher and the Dance Band provided the music and "Buddy" Logan, besides acting in the capacity of M.C., gave several vocal items in his own inimitable way.

The Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. J. George, paid tribute to all who had in any way contributed to a most successful day's events.

"TUG".

"Pretty Rank", said the Squadron Leader reviewing the W.D's.

Another for the Boat

Whilst appreciating that farewells are likely to become more and more prevalent in the near future, and that it may hardly be fair to single out individuals for special mention, I feel that the sentiments of a large number of fellows at "32" are being voiced in putting on record their generous appreciation of the good work done by LAC. William Poole whilst on this Unit.

Bill, to the older sojourners here, will be remembered as an original pianist in the Station Dance Band, accompanist for three full shows and more recently as accompanist to the Station Male Voice Choir, whose faithful servant he had been for several months. His colleagues in Workshops will remember him most as a hard business man, when, as agent for Pork Pies, Jam Tarts, etc., he was their "Break Van" and "Canteen"! Wherever and whenever you may "set up business" again, we wish you "all the best, Bill".

THE MOUNTAIN BOYS

... by Chaff



"I be taking a board tomorrow for my One, Alma."

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From the Band Box

The last few weeks have been quite busy for the Station Dance Band, and the future appears to hold no hope of a respite for the boys. Dances have been held at the local Y.W.C.A., the Aquatic Club, Temple Gardens (the Station Dance), and, more at home, in the Officers' Mess, the Sergeants' Mess, and the Station Drill Hall, this last named event being to round off the Station Sports' Day.

In addition to providing the inspiration for dancing at these various points, the Band also assisted at the Swimming Gala at the Natatorium, while three of its members—Bob Wiltshire (Sax and Clarinet), Reg. Coleman (Piano), and Bob Bell (Drums)—held two spots in the Station Male Voice Choir's "Celebrity Concert". The full Dance Band, with "Buddy" Logan, the Band's popular vocalist; Teddy Miles, with his xylophone and sax, and George Martin travelled out to Assinibola to assist in the grandstand show at the local rodeo, and in spite of various inconveniences resulting from the necessity of having to play in the open air, gave a very good account of themselves before a crowd numbering in the region of 5,000.

On the Station recently, too, was launched what is hoped to be a regular feature of Station Entertainment. To replace the Gramophone recitals of swing recordings, formerly presented by Cpl. Rickman, the Band itself took over to give the real thing. With no guidance beyond the clamourings of the several fans gathered in the Station Theatre, "Buddy" Logan has announced the items in a hectic "Jam" session to most receptive audiences on successive Thursday evenings. The "Jive Five"—Reg. Coleman (Piano), Bob Wiltshire (Clarinet and Sax), Ron Wickham (Bass), Cliff Pullen (Trumpet) and Bob Bell (Drums)—(with Teddy Miles soloing on the Xylophone and Sax), are firm favourites with the crowd and these sessions seem destined for a long run—at least they should go out in a blaze of glory!

More recent activities of the Band included a combined "Musical Variety" and "Band Wagon" under the title "Rafaudeville" presented at the Moose Jaw Technical School, sponsored by local charitable organisations. This

same show, with a few modifications, was also presented at No. 2 B. & G.S., Mossbank, where it was given a tumultuous reception. After the show, the Band provided the music for a dance at the Station.

Future engagements include a further "Musical Variety", a "Band Wagon", and, so rumour hath it, a further production in the city in co-operation with other organizations in the entertainment world, both on and off the camp.

Recent new arrivals in our midst include F/Sgt. Ron Cowan from Greenwood, and we also hope to hear good things from LAC. _____, one of our Allied friends who does useful work on the violin—an instrument which has been peculiarly conspicuous by its absence from camp entertainment.

We sign off with our motto "Ava Tunea et Misere", which, in the vernacular, means "Let's All Play in the Same Key at the Same Time, Chaps".

He's a Man Now!

Yes, he made it! That insignificant little fellow who, for some time, has been wandering about the camp with a broad grin on one side of his face and the outline of a huge camera on the other, attained his majority on July 29, 1944. (We really can't think why that should be allowed!) LAC. Richard (Titch) Ambler is now a man! To celebrate this most memorable occasion, a party of his "oppoes" got together at the Grant Hall Hotel, Moose Jaw, and in no mean fashion voiced their rejoicings that a David had sprung up among the Goliaths. A goodly meal was enjoyed and, with a limited amount of what it takes to loosen the tongue, the assembly were treated to choice tidbits from the book of anecdotes, prepared by F/Sgt. N. _____ and AC. D. _____.

Having focussed his attention on the path of life, not, so far, having been too much exposed to its hardest blows, we can only hope that he will continue to "shoot" high with his ideals, develop into a worthy citizen, leave his (foot) prints cleanly behind him and, when the time comes for him to be called to the "higher state", live to see his offspring enlarged even as his own photographic subjects in this issue have been made to do so.

PIANOFORTE RECITAL A HIT

Ken Cotton, Ray Gould in Classics

Wednesday, July 26th, was a red-letter day in the history of entertainment on this camp. In its four years' history there have been countless productions of a "straight" or comedy nature, but, with the possible exception of the recent "Celebrity Concert", never before had the powers that be had the audacity to present a programme of completely unadulterated classic music to audiences which, if one can judge from their reception of those previous productions, appeared to have no liking for so-called serious music.

The reception accorded the Pianoforte Recital was a pleasing revelation and a complete vindication of the "sponsors" of the idea, for a large audience, including some friends from the city, listened most enthusiastically while P/O. Ken Cotton and LAC. Ray Gould alternately presented piano compositions by the cream of the music world. Each item was received most attentively; at the conclusion of each there followed a second or two's breathless silence only to be broken by generous bursts of applause.

In preparing their programme, the artists had obviously tried, very successfully, too, to present items which best exemplified the various composers at their best. Brahms, the stern Cato of the art of music in his avoidance of anything that tended to detract from its purely physical allurements, was typified in his Rhapsody in B minor. Chopin's harmonious refinements, and complete absence of vulgarity in compositions based so often on peasant tunes and rhythms, was represented by his Nocture in E flat. Valse Triste, by Sibelius, revealed that master's complete oneness with all that one would expect from an artist immersed in nationalistic principles. The C-sharp Minor Prelude of Rachmaninoff, which made its way around the music world with fantastic

rapidity, carrying with it the composer's polysyllabic name, has always been regarded as his masterpiece, though he himself hardly expected to gain the fame it brought him. The mind and temper of a poet or painter, rather than that of a composer, are revealed in Delius' Preludes, which showed his contempt of conventional musical form and tendency towards improvisation. Debussy's Ballade and Danse betrayed his revolutionary sense of harmony, and provided him with the opportunity to explore hitherto unexploited harmonies to give a delightful vagueness to his music. Beethoven, the master of masters, in his Moonlight Sonata took forms handed down to him, purified them of superficialities, filled them with his own fiery spirit, the result being a composition of unsurpassed, even unsurpassable, beauty. Bach's mastery of counterpoint, in Gigue from his French Suite No. 5 as in all his compositions, shows him getting his teeth into a theme and being unwilling to relinquish his grasp until he has sucked it dry to the marrow of its bones, before he has brought to the surface all its latent possibilities, to produce a piece of music that occasionally commands respect rather than engages sympathy. The five pieces from "Kaleidoscope" might have been scraps from the workshop of Eugene Goossens, as he was nothing if not an experimenter until he had satisfied his insatiable thirst for formal perfection along semi-classical lines, garnished with an element of humour. Manual de Falla's Ritual Fire Dance, though completely Spanish in feeling, is not based on actual Spanish folk tunes, as are so many of the works of his compatriots, for he himself preferred to move within a small compass and merely set off one rhythm against another, with most pleasing effect at all times.

The modernists were catered for with a polished rendition of Cole Porter's "Night and Day" and Dave Rose's "Holiday for Strings", the latter item, along with Arthur Benjamin's "Jamaican Rhumba", being given a two-piano

ENTERTAINMENTS

IT may be that this will be the last time that I shall have the doubtful pleasure of being able to summarise the activities in the Entertainment life of the camp and, over the past eighteen months, it has been my privilege to notice the growing interest in this side of the camp's activities. I think it can be justly asserted that the standard of the shows presented recently has been as high as could be wished for on a military camp and many are the remarks "If only this Unit were just opening instead of closing." Couldn't we really go to town. A number of features are starred in the New Section, as usual, so here goes with a summary of what remains.

DANCES.—The advent of the warmer weather and the closing of the Natorium as a possible venue for dancing made the choice of Temple Gardens, with its adequate ventilation system, for the dance on July 14th an admirable one. A large crowd attended and the Band, under the direction of Sgt. Fletcher and a newcomer, F/Sgt. Cowan, assisting, were in exceptionally good form. It may be that the next dance to be held by the Unit may be in the nature of a "Farewell to Moose Jaw" affair, so here we have a good excuse for making a really good show.

RECITALS. — Under this heading, apart from the usual acknowledgement to Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., for his continued presentation of Gramophone recitals of the more serious type, we have to welcome the advent of Piano Recitals by P/O. Ken Cotton and LAC. Ray Gould, whose brilliant efforts are detailed in the News Section. We can only express the wish that another of these gems may come our way again in

treatment, the artists themselves having arranged the themes for the occasion.

Truly a memorable occasion and, with the reservation and promise that the less high-brow enthusiasts should, and shall, be given a similar break in the none too distant future, we crave more gleanings from the tables of the masters by these two accomplished artists before they leave us.

Thanks again to F/O. Kenneth Ashley, who presented the recital, and to those who did the little, but necessary, work behind the scenes.

N.H.

the none too distant future. We hear that the next one may be in lighter vein and offered in deference to the tastes of the lower-browed amongst us.

WHIST DRIVES.—These have been given a well-earned rest for the summer months but will be continued, circumstances permitting, in the early fall.

BANDS.—Constant changes in personnel continue to make it difficult for the Military Band to consolidate itself, but its appearance on the Wednesday morning parade recently leads us to hope that it may be seen, and heard, in less formal setting soon.

FILMS. — The twice-nightly shows continue to draw large crowds and it has been most gratifying to note that films are being received to keep pace with the local theatres.

STATION MALE VOICE CHOIR. — During the past few weeks several valued members of the Choir have been called "back to the land". LAC. Bill Grierson set the pace after a short but valuable sojourn in our midst. He was followed soon afterwards by three of the "Old Contemptibles"—Cpls. "Bob" Cattle and "Duff" Richards, and LAC. (Deputy Conductor) Tarry, one of the original members of the Choir. Last, but by no means least, (Oh, no!), went LAC. Bill Poole, our genial, rotund accompanist, whose long association with the Choir had been a most enjoyable one. To them all we say, "Thanks, chaps, and Good Luck".

But these foul blows by no means damped the ardour of those left to carry on; the gaps have been adequately filled. LAC. Ken Rowland, who has been associated with the Choir for quite a long time as solo Piano Accordionist, has now stepped into the breach as accompanist, and LAC. David George officiates as Deputy Conductor. (Incidentally, our Celtic friends will be interested to know that Conductor, Accompanist and their respective deputies are all Welshmen! How about a few more of you joining us?).

Engagements since the last issue have included a second trip out to St. George's Church, Moose Jaw, and to Stony Beach, Saskatchewan. This latter outing, apart from the shows presented on the Camp, will rank as our best effort in all respects. With "Guest" artists "borrowed" from the Station Dance Band in

the persons of LAC. "Teddy" Miles with his xylophone and sax, and LAC. Reg. Coleman accompanying and combining with him, the Choir, (under LAC. Norman Hurst with LAC. Bill Poole accompanying), in better form than ever, and Cpl. Ron Beach compering in spite of the efforts of LAC. "Bunny" Newton to upset his equilibrium, a full two-hour programme was presented and the packed audience were treated to a night of good solid British entertainment such as they had never heard, or seen, before.

In these latter programmes, as well as in numerous others, the Choir was well served by its regular troupe of soloists, LAC. (At Last!) Dennis O'Brien (Tenor), AC. Clifford Rosser (Bass), LAC. David George (Tenor), The Harmony Rangers (Cpl. Dennis Wiltshire, LAC's. Ray Worton, "Jock" Clarke, "Jock" Davidson—impersonator also!), LAC. Ken Rowland (Piano Accordion), LAC. Ted Carroll (Raconteur) and LAC. Bob Lockhart (Piano).

What of the future? Boat permitting, there should be another "Celebrity Concert" on August 16th—details already on show, and a second trip will be made

to Belbeck. A co-operative effort with other good talent, on the Station and off, is also being mooted, but at the time of going to print no details are available.

GENERAL. — Last month we welcomed "officially" F/O. K. M. Ashley as Officer i/c Entertainments. It also strikes me that such salutations would not have been amiss many moons ago when such key-men back stage, and up aloft, as LAC's. George Long, Arthur Waudby, Tom Wyndham and, more recently, Len Scrase, began to take such a welcome interest in the "mechanics" of putting on shows. You never see them, except, perhaps, in overhauls, but their work is none the less important. Then there is Sgt. Dixon, who is not quite so "insufferable" as one would expect when coping with the duties of Honorary Secretary to the Entertainments Committee. To them all a hearty vote of thanks for their efforts on our behalf.

If this should, perchance, be my last effort in this department, may I say I have lived to see the value of the maxim— "NIL DESPERANDUM".

* * * * *

ENTERTAINMENT PERSONALITIES OF "32"—PAST AND PRESENT

SGT. OWEN COOPER — One of original Tern Hillites and a pioneer in the way of entertainment on this Unit. Assisting in the earliest productions of such shows as "Circuits and Bumps" and "Romany Revels", he made one of his biggest hits in "Black and White" both as an individual artist and as a "Cornerman" in the Minstrel troupe, a memorable feature of that production. He also took more serious roles as the butler in the well-remembered "Thank". His inimitable "Cockney" roles were a feature of many camp entertainments, and he will be remembered for his "Group V—V for Victory" sketch, "Get Of Me Foot", a never-to-be-forgotten night, when, all personnel being forced to remain in camp on account of a severe blizzard, his impromptu production—"For Men Only"; and "There Will Be an Air Force in Moose Jaw After the War".

S/LDR. A. S. NEGUS—The first Administration Officer on the Unit, also an import from Tern Hill. He spent a long time in Moose Jaw and, apart from lending every assistance, (financially as P.S.I.), to entertaining the troops here, had a soft spot for really good music. He was a member of the Boosters' Concert Party and was mainly instrumental

in getting an Organ installed in the Station Church. Though few were "privileged" to listen to him perform, he was a violinist of sorts. Musical organizations in Moose Jaw and district found him a ready sympathiser and willing co-operator in any of their projects.

LAC. GEORGE SLACK—Played the guitar with the Station Dance Band before finding scope to use a rich baritone voice. As a soloist in this sphere he earned deserved approval from countless admirers both on the Station and in Moose Jaw itself. I well remember George telling me on my arrival at "32" that "Although there's not much cash to be made musically in the service, there's plenty of chance to make some good friends"—How right he was!

LAC. TEDDY MILES—A pupil of 99 Course, (seems this is the only course with any talent, or am I mistaken? I hope so!), and the extension of all courses has given him plenty of opportunity to lend a touch of professional musical artistry to several Station productions. He performs with amazing versatility on the xylophone, saxophone and piano, and his winsome personality has placed him a firm favourite with all camp personnel. The thanks and best

on being BROWNE^D OFF

(With Apologies to the Radio Doctor)

GOOD EVENING, fellow airmen. Last week I spoke to you about Jitterbugs; tonight I want to say a few words about Bradolesencitis, or, as it is more commonly known, "Being Browne^D Off".

This insipient malady attacks both sexes, between the ages of 19 and 41 in the case of the males, the female of the species being susceptible accordingly, variously, to her marital, financial and general emotional state. In both cases, the symptoms are almost identical, varying in degree only according to the age of the patient. He (or she) arrives home with a sullen, tired, resentful expression, the eyes possibly bloodshot, squint, the mucous membrane of the nose registers a tickling feeling which gives expression to grunts and sniffles. The sight of food gives rise to a feeling of nausea and the sufferer usually collapses into a chair nearest to the fire. He (or she) adopts a dangerously hostile and provocative attitude to all and sundry, especially indulgent elders and precocious children. Even a polite invitation to "come along and have a nice cup of tea" may send a flood of colour to the face. The more seriously infected types may even take to tearing paper and showing the whites of their teeth. A torrent of incoherent mutterings sometimes follows and is often suc-



ceeded by insistent demands for the wherewithal to go places and do things, even though it may be nothing more than the price of a gill or a cinema seat. A female may become suddenly over-conscious and may even wax hysterical in acute cases, tears, snarlings, and other associated signs of incipient lunacy following in rapid succession.

The disease is aggravated by smoke, dirt, fumes, lack of privacy, work or lack of it, excesses or insufficiencies of food and/or drink, too many or too few dances and/or shows, the hearing of patronising elders recalling what happened "when I was young" or fellow serviceman line-shooting about "when I joined". Indeed, the very fact of being alive at all begets a predisposition towards the disease as offspring at an early age engender a bitter resentment towards their parents for not having asked them whether or not they wanted

wishes of us all go with him when he leaves the Unit for other "operations".

F/LT. J. C. W. DANIELS—"Danny" to his confederates on the stage, brought his wide experience of entertainment to several shows on the Unit, with most pleasing results. His typically English-red face and cheery disposition have made him a firm favourite throughout the camp and his breezy compèring of the series, "Musical Variety" and "Band Wagon" put those productions right on the top line in Station entertainment. As original announcer in the series of weekly broadcasts from CHAB, as a member of the Boosters Concert Party, and more recently for his portrayal of the English music hall favourite, Frank Randle, "J.C.W." will long be remembered.

LAC. NORMAN HURST—One of the best "allrounders" on the Unit. Since

his arrival on the camp over two years ago he has been closely associated with various sports—Basketball, Cricket, and Football, (Up the old Havocs!)—and his interest in the general welfare of the camp, as a member of both the Welfare and P.S.I. committees, and as managing editor of the *Prairie Flyer* has been a genuine and faithful one. Like myself, he is one of the original members of the Station Male Voice Choir and has risen through the ranks as Librarian, Secretary and now Conductor of that most healthy body. His work with two productions of "Choral Capers", a "Celebrity Concert" and several shows at points in and around Moose Jaw will be well remembered. Incidentally, he is now also a fully-fledged member of the "Married and Living-out Association!" Thanks, Good Luck and Carry On, Norman.

C.R.

The Airman's Ten Commandments

- I. Thou shalt not scrounge, neither shalt thou swing the lead, lest thy resting place be the trench out of which the horses and asses quench their thirst.
- II. Thou shalt not take the name of any S.P. in vain, or thou shalt have thy name inscribed on a 252 and undergo a course of jankers.
- III. Honour thy pay bloke, and thy stores' bloke, all the days of thy service, that thy credits may be numbered even as the sands of Egypt.
- IV. Thou shalt not fill thyself to overflowing with beer, or by Royal

to be brought into the world. This resentment may develop into a complex which leads to other complexes and so on, ad infinitum, until a pale fawn shade becomes a dull nigger brown, the most advanced form of Brado-whatever-it-was.

Having summarised the causes and symptoms, we attempt to effect a cure. Do not invite, order, or otherwise inveigle the patient to eat; make some excuse to leave him (or her) alone in the room with a tasty dish set out on the table. On your return you will probably find that the food has disappeared. Make no comment, and, of course, make no attempt to enlist the patient's assistance in any domestic duty such as table-clearing or dish-washing; if you do you will have had your dish and the patient may revert to his former state of melancholia. If he remains in this lethargic or comatose condition, administer a series of hard blows to the sufferer's posterior with a well-shod hoof. In the case of a female patient a little restraint may be necessary if this treatment is resorted to, and though the immediate results may not appear immediately satisfactory, the eventual ones will be surprisingly so. A discreet exit from the room, and even from the house or barrack hut is now advised, having taken the precaution to lock all doors to cupboards, wine cellars and pantries. The patient will fall into a deep sleep and wake up ready to make a fresh start in life—which is just what the doctor ordered, isn't it?

R.B.

Warrant shalt thou lose much pay, and the Flight Sergeant shall number thee amongst his staff, for it is written "He that drinketh shall not lay himself down on his wanker, to rest".

- V. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do, but on the seventh day thou shalt do twice as much.
- VI. If it cometh to pass by zeal, or by the sweat of thy brow, that there is mention of thee in D.R.O's. (Pt. II) as being elevated to the dizzy heights of Acting Unpaid Corporal, lo, thou shalt journey into the place of the big noises which is called the Junior N.C.O's. Club, and there shalt thou crave that they accept liquid refreshment of thee, at thine own expense.
- VII. Thou shalt not covet, nor take unto thyself thy neighbour's kit, nor his blankets. Neither shalt thou borrow anything if the owner thereof be not present, or thou shalt have thy sins visited upon thee by the hand which blacketh the eye.
- VIII. Thou shalt not fritter away thy worldly goods in the pursuit of Nap, Solo or Poker, lest the avenging voice of the Orderly Sergeant be heard in the land, saying, "Render unto me thy names, and let the shekels remain where they lie".
- IX. Thou shalt not kill. If thy cook grieveth thee, thou shalt not hit, or smite him, hip nor thigh, neither shalt thou draw him off one. Thou shalt go to the office of the headman, and crave audience of him with much weeping and gnashing of teeth. He will open forth his mouth, and words of wisdom shall flow forth. And the next time shall it be twice as bad.
- X. And when it cometh to pass that thou art time expired, thou shalt embark upon waters and journey upon them until thou reacheth the promised land which is called Blighty. There shalt thou take unto thyself a strange raiment, and thenceforth thou shalt be known in all the land as a Civvy. There, in the land of plenty, shalt thou study a certain Dole, and the drawing thereof, and lo, for many moons shalt thou retreat from thy labours, and rest thine aching bones.

A.F.C.

First Meeting

WHAT prompted me to look twice at her was a thought which bothered me after our first meeting and then went away never to return. I was so young at the time that I cannot now imagine whence came the insight which led me to say, between soul and heart, that here was someone who could do both only good, here was someone for me alone.

It was not so much her appearance as her presence, and ever after my first knowledge of her charm I had not to turn my head to know that she was there, near me. There was a sixth sense, more delicate than the odour of lilac, more thrilling than the deepest symphony, which made her presence known to me; it infused my imagination with a consciousness of each detail in her movements, made me increasingly sensitive to each of her glances.

She was dressed elfin-like in everything brown, brown sunshine about her eyes, her hair a garment forming a russet aureole in which her face lay planted like a tender flower. I was only slowly aware of this, as my companions talked and I stood mutely, gazing in increasing distraction where my eyes

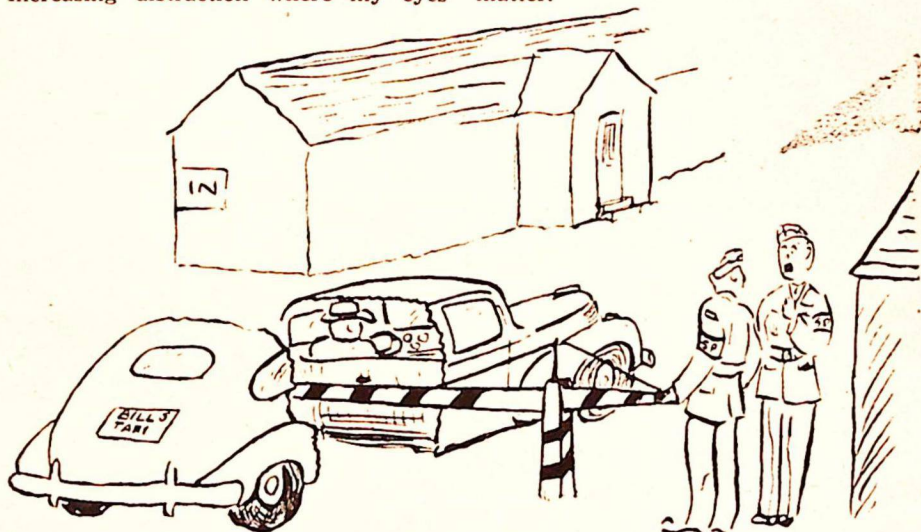
were rooted. She turned towards me and must have seen the involuntary worship in my face, for she smiled, such a little, amused dimple of a smile that could not but be answered.

Hullo was a poem in her voice and I retreated from the beauty of it, blushing confusedly, for such simplicity put me completely off the complicated guard which I had cultivated against the occasion. She must have thought me foolish, gauche, for she did not speak to me again, but soon, smiling, and with a wave of her hand, she walked away from us down the path. On her one side the river thundered over deep rapids, and upon her other side the fields fled in a feature of faeryland towards the bosom of the distant fells, which shone dusky green in the evening sunlight. Out from these fells, and high above them, reared the hoary heads of the crags, whose bush-stained faces were set in reproof, perpetually stern.

She was indeed an elf as she walked away amongst the trees, and the whole natural world about her seemed to rejoice as its arms gently folded her from our sight.

GEN.

We must get out of our heads once and for all the silly notion that the boat will roll on in the particular year 1944—or in any other particular year for that matter.



"I've told you before not to let that thing down so quick!"

CARON Capers

SOMETHING stirred; it was the first sign of life at Caron—The Duty N.C.O. on his morning round—unlucky me this time. I prodded "D" again and one solitary bleary eye, bloodshot as a debauched sun sinking in the West after having played fast and loose with the sylph-like clouds barely visible over the horizon, leered at me. "Time to get up, D," I said. The only answer was an expletive and a prodigious heave of the bed as "D" turned over. I left him to it and proceeded to awaken the other fellows.

A hurried breakfast, and another day's work had begun.

By this time "D" had arrived at the table; late as usual and looking as though all was not well with him. He turned to me. "Doc," he said, "have you anything for a ???? headache?" "You shouldn't drink," I murmured, mildly. He arose slowly, seized my arm with clammy fingers, and groaned. "If you can get this sanguinary woodpecker out of my head, I promise you I will not bother you again." "All right," I said, "come on over and I will fix you up."

Having fixed, for better or worse, that potential casualty, I proceeded to the normal routine of cleaning out the sick quarters.

I teiled, I sweated, I swore, and finally I was finished. Even the most fastidious of M.O.'s. would have been satisfied with the place. At least, I was. I had just lit my third cigarette (they were well pushed this morning) when Corporal "J" walked in.

"Did I say 'walked'?", hiccupped in, rather. "What's to do, chum," says I. With one gnarled, toilworn finger, he pointed to his throat. "Sore throat and these ? ? ? ? hiccupps," he gasped. "Nothing to worry about," I told him, "Merely a temporary oesophageal spasm, probably with oesophagitis as an accompanying complication, after all the gut rot you have poured down your throat."

His mouth fell open and he gazed at me with something like awe in his eyes, and blurted, "Tell me the worst, Doc, am I going to die". I assured him his demise—fortunate or otherwise—was at least 70-odd years away, and, having given him his dope, he left, most considerately leaving the door wide open, with the result that odd scraps of paper,



dead leaves, and so on, blew all over the remarkably clean floor on which I had wasted so many invaluable work hours. I cursed him heartily, cleaned up again, and awaited my next victim.

I had not long to wait. In stamped Sgt. "P", full of exuberance and covered with mud. I stared. "Where the dickens have you been, Sarge?" I asked. He told me in no uncertain manner. Apparently he had slipped into a small ditch on his way down whilst following his usual diversion of gopher hunting, said ditch containing just the requisite amount of mud and slime to cover his shoes up to his ankles.

"Would you mind if I cleaned my shoes up a little?" he said, hopefully.

I was on the point of telling him where he could take his shoes and himself when he walked "G". "Morning, Doc," he beamed, closing the door after him, "Can you fix me up?" I eyed him warily, because when "G" comes in, after having wiped his shoes before entering, and then closing the door behind him, I realised he was going to ask me a favour.

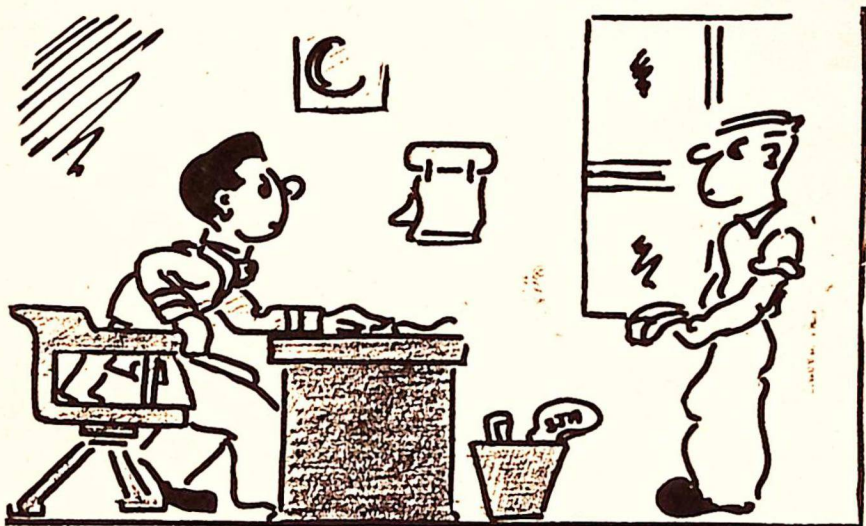
"Come on," I said, "I'll buy it." "Well," he answered, "my feet have been troubling me lately so I was wondering if you could give me some of this (pointing to a bottle in the treatment room) and this." I nodded consent, and Sgt. "P" muttered something under his breath. "G" glared at him and growled, "What was that crack about my best friend not telling me?" The place was becoming somewhat over-populated and

I was just about to remove one or two of the corpses when I suddenly remembered Sgt. "P's" shoes. I whirled round. That individual was seated in my most comfortable chair, a shoe in one hand and a knife in the other, calmly picking off pieces of mud, and flicking them with indifferent accuracy at "G". I sighed, gave it up as a bad job and gave "G" his foot treatment. Now possibly you, too, have suffered from athlete's foot at one time or another. In that case you will know the routine treatment, but to the uninitiated it consists of soaking the feet in a more or less concentrated solution of potassium permanganate, and then dusting with powder. I assure you, the sufferer certainly derives a heap of benefit from the treatment, BUT it does make one ???? of a mess on the floor. I drew "G" aside. "Look!" I pleaded, "you see this place—how clean is it?" "G" thumped me on the back, "Damn good job, old boy, damn good job; get your tapes for this." I smote him back. "Cut the wise cracks," I answered, "and listen to me. All I want you to do is this—put your bowl of water on this paper—so, and when you have finished—PLEASE—by all that's holy DON'T MAKE A MESS." "No

mess at all, old man, no mess at all." I eyed him dubiously. "There had better not be." He picked up the bowl, "O.K.," he said, "where shall I go?" I told him.

I left "G" to the nefarious task of soaking his feet, and returned to the others. For the next few minutes I was relatively busy, endeavouring to keep my end up with the conversation and carry on with the treatments, when there was a metallic thud, followed by a profuse apology. Without turning round, I knew what had happened. That confounded "pot-perman" was spreading in little rivulets all over that waxed floor, looking remarkably like blood. How I wished it was blood — "G's" especially. That particular individual was still apologising, but I cut him short and went to the store cupboard for the necessary implements of work. As usual, they were all inextricably mixed up, and whilst I endeavored to find the top of the mop to fix to the handle of the broom, "G" hailed me. "Awfully sorry, Doc, old boy, and all that, but, say, how about a spot of tea?" I ask you, what would you do, chums?

R. JONES-PUGH.



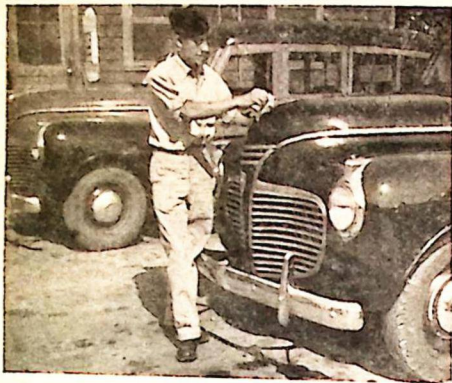
"Mother thinks I'd be a lot better off at home, so if you'll just pop a word in the C.O.'s ear, I'll trot along."

—from the well-known farce "Harvest Leave", or "My Life as Adjutant".



F/Sgt. "Chiefy" Hainsworth examines a faulty clutch plate with Cpl. Adams.

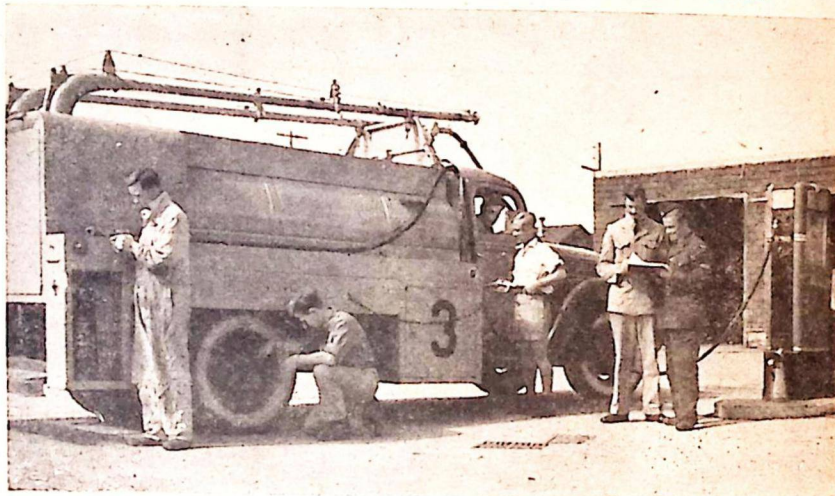
ELBOW GREASE



LAC. Groom goes over her a second time.

"BOWS-A-A-H!"

While LAC. Lawman fits yet another bonding cable and LAC. Barrett checks tire pressure, LAC. Dixey refuels the tender, Sgt. "Jock" Cowden signs the voucher at request of LAC. Aubray, while Driver LAC. Coles patiently keeps a wary eye on the lot of 'em.



IN WORKING HOURS

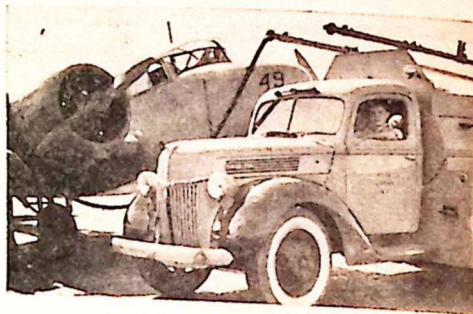
No. 8

Motor Transport

GETTING DOWN TO IT



LAC's. Hughes and Bendorffe "doin' a major"



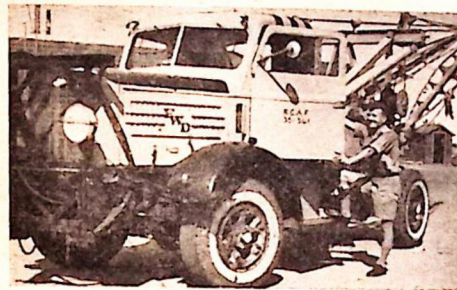
LAC. Scroggins feeds an Oxford

—Photos by Photographic Section.
THOSE PRA'RIE "HIGHWAYS"!



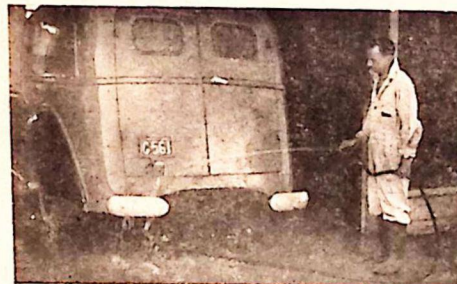
LAC's. Groom and Keach stop a leak or three.

PUPILS, PLEASE NOTE:—



LAC. Andrews takes the crane out to bring in a "prang".

MONDAY NIGHT!



LAC. French washes away a bit of Saskatchewan.

"YES?—WHERE TO?"



Cpl. Thomson, Minister of Transport, and LAC. (Deputy Minister) Rollason check your 658's.

"NO. 658 -- NO GO"

UP SHE GOFS



Cpl. "Smoky" Nelson and LAC. Cranidge with a jack, as usual!

OUR MOTTO: "Any where, Any time".

WHERE'S THE SNAG?



LAC's. Burgess and A. "Nobby" Young relve into the bowels of an obstinate ambulance.

Some Reflections on Drinking

HAVE a cigarette", said William Eavenley to Peter Trice, as they sat talking again.

"The Apostle Paul in his epistle says, 'Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake,'" quoted Peter. "After such an endorsement of the welcome beverage, why any restraint on drinking it? I have also the hoary encouragement—'Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm!'"

William blew out a puff of smoke before replying: "To begin with, you seem to have missed the fact that the two words 'a little' come before 'wine' in your quotation."

"Well!" interrupted Peter, "what is wrong with drinking wine anyway; take, for instance, Sunday dinner or a feast day meal?"

"Oh, nothing, put that way; its use is not bad but its abuse is. This time you could hardly have chosen better examples to illustrate the most harmless use of wine. I mean that to drink at home with the family and at meals is not dangerous at all, except possibly in the most exceptional circumstances. I believe wine should be associated with family feasts and not with brawls, obscene laughter, sickness of the stomach and headaches. Drink is spoiled by taking it too much or too often, or with others who are morally weak. It is dangerous, too, to drink with strangers; and especially to drink alone."

"But," broke in Peter, "drink does brighten us people and makes a party go down better."

"Help yourself to another smoke," said William, nodding towards a case on the table. "It is true, as regards older people whose powers are getting less active that a little stimulant may serve to make them slightly less bored, or dull. It makes them a little less shy and relieves them of some of their years. Notice that your quotation at the beginning is from the epistle to Bishop Timothy, who was by no means young."

However, even at parties drink should not be the first thing of interest; it does not make up for conversation, though it may stimulate it.

A tired business man faced with a social engagement he does not feel equal to, may be better if fortified with a cocktail. I said "older people", for younger ones do not need any such stimulation, bubbling over as they are with life. They no more need liquor than they

need crutches. When they get together song should be easy, jokes should fly fast, their feet should itch to dance.

There are, however, two evils to which drink can, and often does, lead. One is that it strengthens one's passions; inclinations to do wrong. So people under the influence of drink do things for which they are sorry afterwards; things they would not have done if their self-control had not been weakened by the liquor. Such should not drink. The second evil effect is that, when taken in excess, drink removes the difference between men and beasts; that is, it removes the faculty of reason. Thus, to deprive oneself of the possibility of the use of such a noble faculty, which makes man like God, is an insult to the creator of it. Such a man is not capable of behaving as a man.

It would encourage those, especially the young, who know they ought to refrain from drink if they only thought of those two words of the suffering Christ: "I thirst". Even when there is no necessity to refrain, they could still do so as an act of sympathy with Him; or in the spirit of sacrifice offered with His. His thirst was not satisfied except by death, it surely is not too much then to stand a thirst which is not mortal and can be satisfied better with water." God bless you all,

FATHER SUMNER.

WANT ADVERTS.

AIRMAN WISHES TO EXCHANGE set of New Blue for set two sizes smaller with split back and torn sleeves. Apply AC. Splodge (1 Group).

CORPORAL S.P. DESIRES USEFUL employment in "Off duty" hours; any job other than manual, clerical, or mental work considered. Apply Guard Room any time with dress à la picture, identity discs, F. 295 or R.C.A.F. F. 46.

BUTCHER WANTED IN AIRMEN'S Mess. Must be keen equestrian.

STAND-INS REQUIRED FOR FIRE Picquet and Duty Clerk; standard rates paid. Apply to Living-out personnel.

GOOD STAND FOR EAR-PLUG Vendor. Report outside "Y" 07.30 hours, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings.

SPORTS *chatter*



OUTSTANDING highlights of Prairie life are probably visualised by all in the paucity of liquid supplies, and the abundance of gopher life! Whilst the former is beyond our control, gopher life has received little encouragement to flourish on the Sports Field—the stampepe of studded boots upon this part of the Prairie day after day has no doubt impressed the gopher species with the fact that life in this part of the world is not worth living. I feel sure that with all the activity taking place on the Sports Field our friend the gopher would find that the accident rate would be too high to warrant setting up house there!

SOCCER

Soccer still maintains its high popularity—it's difficult to cope with all the requests for games. Most teams have completed the majority of their matches in the Inter-Hut League and, as shown in the League Table, the Nomads in "B" Division are in an unassailable position, whilst the Sergeants and the Eagles are battering for the topmost honour in "A" Division. "The Eagles they fly high", so it's sung!—will they soar to the required altitude and beat the Sergeants to it? Betting is in favour of the Sergeants at the moment, but there's no telling what these u/t's will do!

With the possibilities of numerous postings in the near future, with anti-

ipated attendant disruption of teams, the Sports Committee have decided to suspend the present league in favour of an *Inter-Barrack Block League*. Whilst this reduces the number of teams playing, the Committee also decided to avoid curtailing the volume of soccer matches by introducing a knock-out competition for the Soccer Challenge Cup and a weekly Six-a-side Knockout Competition to be staged each Sunday afternoon. The gen on all these competitions can be found in D.R.O.'s., published on Saturday, 29th July.

Two International Matches have been played, both games being represented by teams from the cream of the English and Scottish talent on the unit. The first match resulted in a draw of three goals each; in the second, the English pushed the Scots back over the border by 4 goals to 1!

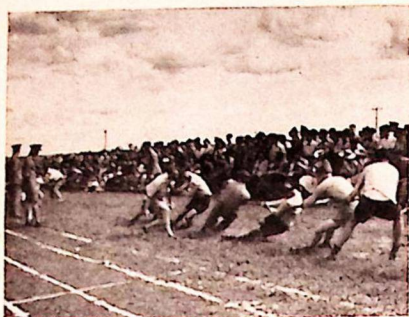
Three Inter-Station matches have been arranged for the near future: Sat., Aug. 5—32 S.F.T.S. vs. 34 S.F.T.S., Medicine Hat (home); Mon. Aug. 7—32 S.F.T.S. vs. 33 S.F.T.S., Carberry

LEAGUE TABLES AT AT JULY 28TH

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					For	Agst.	
"A" Division							
Eagles	8	7	1	0	34	10	14
Sergeants	7	6	0	1	24	8	13
Oxfords	7	4	2	1	19	15	9
Officers	7	3	2	2	20	16	8
Kestrels	6	2	1	3	16	12	7
Gladiators	8	2	6	0	10	27	4
Merlins	6	1	4	1	13	22	3
Catalinas	8	1	6	1	11	22	3
Caron	5	0	4	1	3	18	1
"B" Division							
Nomads	8	6	0	2	34	3	14
Defiants	7	5	2	0	27	12	10
Jupiters	8	4	2	2	18	8	10
Hurricanes	7	4	1	2	17	9	10
Perseus	5	2	1	2	17	11	6
Invaders	6	2	4	0	10	19	4
Fulmars	6	1	4	1	12	16	3
Lancasters	7	1	5	1	7	23	3
Typhoons	6	0	6	0	7	48	0

—SPORTS DAY—

TUG OF WAR



Sgt. Becker coaches F.T.W. to victory

3-LEGGED RACE



A close finish in the three-legged race

POLE VAULT



Up and over in fine style

LONG JUMP



F/O. Jones keeps a technical eye on the long jump pit.

100 YARD DASH



A fine sprint finish; every one a star!
OFFICERS' RACE

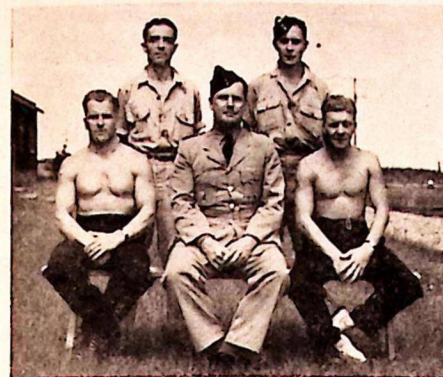


Sqdn. Leader Boyce wins in a canter.

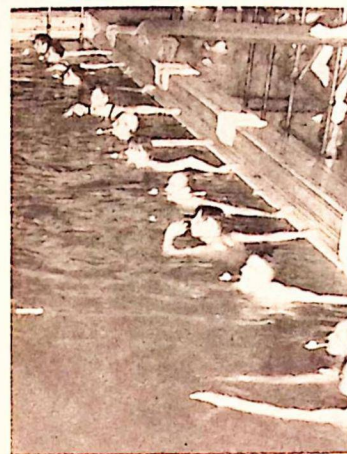
STATION SPORTS

MEET THE STAFF

Here we have the P.T. staff: F/O. Clear, Sports Officer, supported by Sgt. Evans (left) and Sgt. Vickery (right) with AC. "Len" Johnson and LAC. (u/t) Baker bringing up the rear.



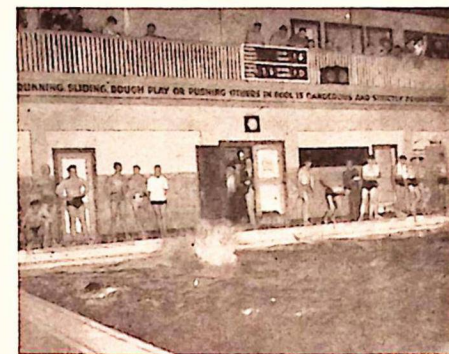
EGG AND SPOON RACE



"On your marks"

SWIMMING GALA

INTER-SQUADRON RELAY



A close finish to one leg.



Mrs. D. L. Townsend, wife of the Chief Instructor, presents Cpl. "Geordie" Wilson with a hard-earned prize while the C/O., G/Capt. E. G. George, and F/O. Clear look on.

(home); Sun., Aug. 13—32 S.F.T.S. vs. 34 S.F.T.S., Medicine Hat (away).

CRICKET

Although the wicket on the Exhibition Grounds leaves much to be desired, Inter-Hut League matches have been played, with some keen games having been contested. The results of these League matches have been tabulated as under, as at July 29, 1944:

"A" Division	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Lancasters	2	2	0	0	4
Defiants	2	1	0	1	3
Officers	2	1	1	0	2
Jupiters	2	1	0	1	2
Hurricanes	3	0	2	1	1
K'strele	1	0	1	0	0
"B" Division					
Nomads	2	2	0	0	4
Perseus	2	2	0	0	4
Merlins	1	0	1	0	0
Oxfords	2	0	2	0	0
Gladiators	1	0	1	0	0

It is hoped to complete the fixtures of this league shortly and to run a knock-out competition, on a basis of overs, sometime in August. Entries for this competition are to be forwarded to F/O. Roberts, Maintenance Wing, by August 20th.

Four matches were played in July by the Station Cricket XI—three against the R.C.M.P. at Regina and one against the Australian and New Zealand element stationed at R.C.A.F., Mossbank. The results of these matches were as follows:

July 1st—32 S.F.T.S. 140 for 7, dec. (LAC. Collins, not out, 74); R.C.M.P. 136 (F/O. Roberts 7 for 31, LAC. Laws 4 for 23). 32 S.F.T.S. won by 3 wickets.

July 9th — 32 S.F.T.S. 172 (P/O. Stephenson 60, F/O. Roberts, not out, 62, LAC. Laws 15); R.C.M.P. 70 (LAC. Laws 2 for 5, F/O. Roberts 4 for 28, P/O. Stephenson 1 for 12, LAC. Moss 2 for 13). 32 S.F.T.S. won by 101 runs.

July 16th—32 S.F.T.S.: 1st innings 48; second innings 64 (LAC. Collins 18, F/O. Roberts, not out, 18). R.C.M.P.: 1st innings 51 (LAC. Laws 4 for 18, F/O. Roberts 7 for 28); 2nd innings 61 (LAC. Laws 2 for 8, F/O. Roberts 4 for 13). Match ended in a tie, 112 runs each.

July 23rd—32 S.F.T.S.: 1st innings 115 (Cpl. Nicholson 27, LAC. Robson 15, LAC. Moss 30); 2nd innings 67 for 6 (LAC. Collins 26). 2 B. & G.S., Mossbank: 1st innings 84 (LAC. Ottley 3 for 8, F/O. Roberts 3 for 11; 2nd innings 88 (LAC. Collins 2 for 1, LAC. Laws 2 for 10). 32 S.F.T.S. won by 4 wickets.

To the Cricket enthusiasts the highlight is the tour to Vancouver, starting 1st August, when we are assisting 39 S.F.T.S., Penhold with 10 players. These players are giving up a week's leave in order to participate in the tour—the best of luck to them all.

TENNIS

We are able to report that an Inter-Hut Tennis League of two divisions is under way—insufficient results do not merit the compiling of a League Table as yet. The interest shown is excellent. It is hoped in the near future to run a Station Singles Championship — watch D.R.O.'s. for details.

GOLF

The Station Golf team have played two Golf matches so far, one against the Moose Jaw Elks Golf Club, which ended in a victory for "32" by 4 matches to 0; the other match, against the Lynbrook Club, resulted in a decisive win for Lynbrook by 5½ matches to ½. The half was obtained by S/Ldr. Samuel and Cpl. Burns. These matches were very much enjoyed, and the return matches are being eagerly looked forward to when they take place in August.

The Station Championship has been concluded, with S/L. Knowles, A.F.C., beating Sgt. Horn in the final by two holes over a 36-hole contest. This was an excellent match to watch. The assiduous practice put in by the winner over the last month has certainly brought him to the top of his form. Did the "Pros" say that they were making you a +4 man now, Sir?

With the completion of the Station Championship, it is proposed to stage another competition, perhaps under Medal Play conditions—if we can get some balls!

Our two pros—Sgt. Horn and Cpl. Burns—wend their way to Chicago in August in order to participate in the All-American Tournament at the Tam o' Shanter Club. We wish them every success in their endeavour and hope to see them amongst the prizewinners. They are the only two "foreigners" entered in this tournament and are worthy representatives not only of the R.A.F. but also of the Old Country.

ATHLETICS

An account of the Station Sports Day held in July will be found elsewhere in this magazine. Some excellent finishes to some of the races were witnessed, and their interest vied with that of the Inter-Squadron Tug-of-War contest. Another Station Sports Day will be run

"On Wings of Song"

• • •

In the cook-house at Moose Jaw, an ACH sat,
Singing "Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow";
Scraping dishes and stew-pans all greasy with fat,
Oh, Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow.
And he moaned as he scraped out remains of the stew
Why the —— can't I fly and draw pay as air-crew.
Sprouting wings on my shoulders as other lads do,
Oh, Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow.

Many wishes have wings—this is true more or less,
Oh, Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow.
Soon his transfer came in to a Flying Fortress,
Oh, Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow.
Promotion came rapid—he's now AC1,
Still he's scraping out dishes and stew-pans like fun,
But he now drops the fat and odd spuds on the Hun,
Oh, Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow.

—R.B.

on Wednesday, 30th August — watch D.R.O's. for announcements.

The Station Relay team has been invited to participate in the R.A.F. Medicine Hat Sports Day—we hope they will win.

SWIMMING

The Station Water Polo team will have their chance to repeat their performance against the Mossbank team on the 9th August, a kind invitation having been extended to this Station to participate in their Swimming Gala.

It is hoped to stage a Swimming Contest against the R.C.M.P., Regina, in the near future—this should prove to be an excellent contest from all accounts heard.

* * *

In closing, the Sports Committee would like to show their appreciation in thanking the following people:

F/Lt. Mathewson and his W. & B. boys for the improvements to our "Bathing Beach" at the Creek.

F/O. Roberts, a recent arrival from R.A.F., Penhold, for his enthusiasm in Cricket affairs—he is the prime mover of the Vancouver Tour.

F/Sgt. Evans, the ever popular muscle man, or "Super-mouse", as one child in Moose Jaw christened him after one of his muscle control displays, for his dis-



play of keenness and enthusiasm with his Body Building Classes. It has been reported that his devotees even perform at night after late duties in a darkened Drill Hall—where the clink of Barbells on the concrete floor is often heard! A powerful testimony to his work.

Sgt. Horn, Cpl. Burns and *Secretary LAC. Wasson* for their hard work and interest in golfing matters.

To all members of *Sports Committees* and *Hut Representatives* the thanks of Sports Section for their continued active co-operation with the organisation of sports.

P.M.W.H.C.

THOUGHT AT RANDOM

THE Home Guard, in the late summer of 1940, was the first form of military service that I experienced, and, having been brought up in the comfort and kindness of a normal British home, I was a little shaken by the attitude of my instructors. To be asked to thrust a bayonet with all due ferocity into a sack of straw and utter at the same time a wild howl of glee was totally unlike anything that my parents had taken care to teach me, and I was, for a long time, uncertain as to the rightness of the whole business.

How could a young lad like me be a sort of knight in shining armour when he was required to know, among other things, the functions of the stop-pawl leaf-spring, and to understand that the groove on the side of a bayonet was for the express purpose of offsetting the delaying action that flesh might have on the withdrawal of that blade?

It was necessary to change one's mode of thinking.

I remember the remark of the old, old sweat who fell out beside me at "knocking-off" time—"Wait until you've been through the mill, lad, then you'll understand. Everybody goes through it, and it's best to stop thinking now as then." Well, he was right, because you do learn to stop thinking. You've got to accept it, take it and love it, with a thick skull and no expression on your face at all; hours on the melting macadam, tramping a groove with new, black boots beating hell and blood out of your feet, hot scorcher of a sun raising dust from the roads, rough denims scraping your neck dry to the bone, and sweat, for Pete's sake, sweat trickling down your spine, itching on your hands. You get used to it, sure you do!

You begin to feel big and invincible as you crash through undergrowth and lay for an eternity in beds of nettle or wild blackberry . . . with a stone under your hip and the rain soaking through, through and through again. Smoky barrack-rooms with the late revelries of other types cease to bother you, and you know that there's a time for everything and that means sleep and eat and work and do it again if it's wrong.

But you live through it, strangely enough; you come through it with a greater carelessness and bags of confi-

dence in your own ability to knock off other blokes . . . and what happens then? They march you off into an office, give you a chair, a pen, some nice, clean paper and . . . Sure, we know, it's tough; as a matter of fact, it's tougher than the other, but if you can stick at that, and do it well, and not forget the other, you'll be all right, only—DON'T forget the other, will you, chum?

DEAR ED.,

Two months ago my sister joined the W.A.A.F's.; last week she had supper with a Squadron Leader (Admin.). Now she's a Corporal.

Did she do wrong?

"WORRIED".

ED.—She didn't do so bad, did she?

DEAR ED.,

In order to bring my nominal rolls up to date, can you please tell me just how many men work in the Flights?

"1/c P3".

ED.—I should say about half of 'em.

THE MOUNTAIN BOYS

. . . by Chaff



"I don't mind wearing boots and socks, but washing twice a day is too much."

MARRIAGE of an Airman . . .

Orderly Corporal: "LAC. Smudge,—
Quick march!

LAC. Smudge,—Halt!

LAC. Smudge,—Left (wait for it)
turn!

LAC. Smudge,—Stand at . . . ease!

Sir, LAC. Smudge, Sir."

Chaplain: "Wilt thou, John have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together in so far as the Director of Airmen, Personnel Service, will allow? Wilt thou love her, comfort, honour and keep her, take her to shows and dances, and come home promptly on all 48's?"

LAC. Smudge: "I will—er—Sir."

Chaplain: "Wilt thou, Mary, take this airman as thy wedded husband, bearing in mind off-duty hours, bus time-tables, train schedules, fire picquets, leave cancellations, uncertain mail conditions, beat "gen", and various other uncertainties of Air Force life? Wilt thou love, honour and obey him, wait for him, press his uniforms and clean his buttons?"

Miss Dalrymple: "I will."

LAC. Smudge: "I, John, take thee, Mary, as my wedded wife from 17.30 hours until 07.30 hours, as far as my Station Commander, Section Officer, Senior N.C.O.'s., Fire Picquet Roster and Special Parades will permit, for better or worse, for earlier or later, and I promise to write at least once a week."

Miss Dalrymple: "I, Mary, take thee, John, as my wedded husband subject to



Daily Routine Orders, Station Standing Orders, Air Force Routine Orders, Command Routine Orders and Air Ministry Orders, changing my address whenever my allotment comes through regularly, and herein I pledge thee my troth."

Chaplain: "Those whom God and D.A.P.S. have joined together, let no man put asunder. By virtue of the authority of King's Regulations and Air Council Instructions, as modified by the Manual of Air Force Law and supplemented by Air Force Administration Orders concerning matrimony, you are now man and wife by the direction of the Commanding Officer."

Orderly Corporal: "Mr. and Mrs. Smudge,—Atten—(come on, now, break it up)—tion! Left turn! Quick march!"

N.H.

Between the Lines

Some of us are letter-writers, some of us are not,

Some can say so very little, others such a lot,

Some can fill whole pages with a speed that would amaze

Those who always struggle with the first or second phrase.

Every single letter is a glimpse into a mind;

It so often leaves a host of unpenned thoughts behind.

Truly, it's quite astonishing how much the readers guess

From the trivialities the written words express.

Courage, pride, or modesty are often to be read

In the discreet silence of the sentences unsaid.

Closely written pages seldom do more than reveal

Superficial samples of real sentiments we feel.

—R.B.

BITS AND PIECES

High on a ladder in the British Admiralty's war room stood a WREN, sticking pins in a map which marked the progress of a North Atlantic convoy. A crusty British sea lord stalked in, glanced upwards at the map, and said: "Captain, that WREN will either have to wear pants or we will have to move the convoy to the South Atlantic."

★

At an American naval training centre, a pharmacist's mate was preparing to fingerprint a recruit. . . "Wash your hands," he instructed. "Both of them?" asked the sailor-to-be. The pharmacist's mate hesitated. "No," he said, grimly, "just one. I want to see how you do it."

★

The inspection was slated to be a tough one, for the C.O. was in no mood to trifle. The boys in "Barrack Block" had things in pretty good shape except for one man, who couldn't seem to get everything right. When the Commanding Officer looked in this airman's locker, everyone trembled for him, but, to their complete amazement, the C.O. just grinned and passed on. After the inspection party had left, the men asked the airman the secret. He opened his locker and there, pasted on the inside of the lid, was an 8"x10" photo of the Commanding Officer.

★

A pilot, flying alone over the Normandy area, radioed, on encountering a flock of enemy planes: "Hurry on up here. I've got twenty 109's cornered."

Heard at a Recent Football Match

A team composed mainly of S.P.'s were playing with A.N. Other team. Advice was being given from the line just before the match started: "If you can't kick the ball, kick the man". Said the Referee: "Where's the ball, let's start the game." "Never mind the ball," said one of the A.N. Others, "let's get on with the game."

★

Why not the following sign on the local bus: "The R. A. F. will go anywhere except to the rear of the bus. . . Let's try that, too."

★

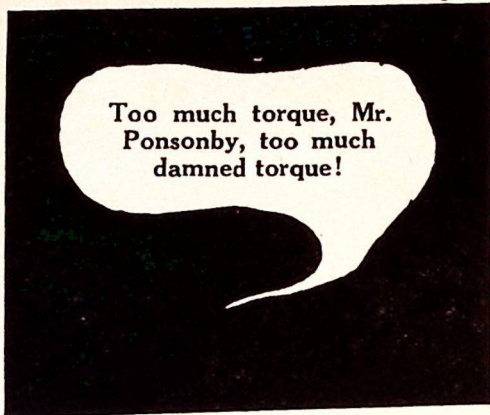
Aboard British naval vessels, instead of hearing reveille the sailors are still wakened by the "immemorial invitation to rise." It comes over the loudspeaker system in words harking back to the days of sail:

"All hands! All hands! Heave ho! Heave ho! Lash

up and stow. Wakey, wakey, rise and shine; the morning's fine; you've had your time and I've had mine. The sun's scorching yer bleedin' eyes out. Beautiful dreamer, lash up and stow. The cooks to the galley have gone long ago. Show a leg! Show a leg! Make a move!"

★

They brushed against each other, the quivering thrill of the contact startled them. They hesitated, remaining motionless; waiting, perhaps? Then a power greater than they had ever known impelled them together again—they met with a whispered sigh, they kissed and parted—each snooker ball dropping into a pocket.



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

Second Instalment of "Some Random Reminiscences"

Life Among the Artists

• by J. H. M.

LOOKING back upon the Cornish Bohemia as I knew it in the easy years before the war, I am confronted with such a large gallery of odd, brilliant and alarming characters that it puzzles me where to begin and where to end. The gaze of memory focuses now upon this one, now upon that, sometimes skipping by, sometimes lingering.

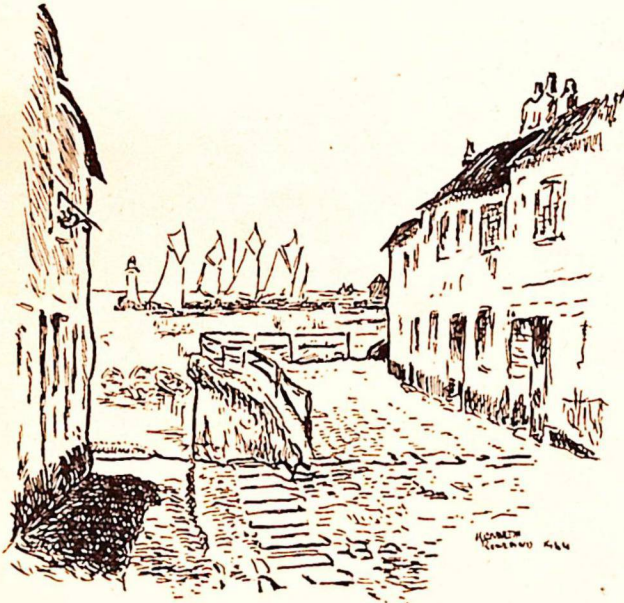
Here, for a moment, it discovers the strange figure of Major X. This gentleman dwelt, like Lucy Gray, alone on a wide moor, and exactly what he did no-one seems to know—at least no-one tells. He confided to me that he was writing a book on the religions of the world. What he did not say was that he was interested in Black Magic.

Satanism, the deliberate cult of evil for evil's sake, has cast its dark spell over many good minds. We find records of its practice from mediaeval times onwards in almost every country. It has been a fashion at royal courts, and there are some who suspect that it is not unknown at Berchtesgaden. In at least one fairly recent period it enjoyed a

vogue at one of the greatest English universities and several men who have since become famous were concerned with its practice. One of them has received a knighthood. Another, a man of genius, is justly celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic.

What impels such eminently sane people to a cult so abhorred is difficult to explain. With some the interest may be objective and scientific, as it is with the American William Seabrook, who has investigated voodooism in Haiti and Yezidee Devil Worship in Arabia. Others may be attracted for much the same reason that many outstanding men have been fascinated by the morbid and abnormal in human experience: as, for example, the Elizabethans who dwelt almost lovingly upon the horrors of death and decay, and the French Decadents who were as excited over the discovery of a new vice as a botanist would be over the cultivation of a new rose. But for most of the practitioners the appeal has probably been the simple age-old urge to experiment with the dangerous and unapproved: in short, the appeal of forbidden fruit.

The archpriest of Black Magic, the vicar of Satan, is Aleister Crowley, who imagines that he is the reincarnation of Beast 666, the mysterious monster mentioned in the Book of Revelation. He came into the headlines some years ago when Nina Hamnet, the sculptress, was accused of having libelled him in her book *Laughing Torso* by stating that he had given a young person cat's blood to drink during a celebration of



the Black Mass at a villa in the south of France.

Well, Beast 666 had more than one disciple in Cornwall, and it is possible that some of the cats wandering in the narrow streets and alleys of the fishing villages were sacrificed to a very sinister purpose. Whether Major X's interest went so far as this, or whether it was confined to a keen intellectual animosity, I cannot say. He was certainly a queer bird. Occasionally a distinguished person came to visit him; and when Lawrence of Arabia drove up on the specially-designed Brough given to him by Bernard Shaw, some of us wondered if his business concerned espionage—for it was the fashion then, as it still is, among the obstinate who refuse to believe that Lawrence is dead, to associate the author of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* with the British Intelligence Service.

If the Major was a puzzle when alive, he became an even greater one after his death. We first knew that he was ill somewhere afar (he often left Cornwall) when the *Daily Herald* described on its front page how a famous woman doctor, a Swiss, had been flown to his sick-bed through a storm. Someone prominently connected with cancer research was quoted as saying that the sick man had given large sums to that worthy cause. Actual figures were mentioned.

This surprised us. But we were not so much surprised as startled when a day or two later the *Daily Express* devoted one of its two main news-stories to telling the world that Major X was a crook. There was a flurry among the County, and certain well-bred ladies discovered that they had been harbouring a viper in their patrician bosoms.

I was on holiday when the Major died, and telegram boys chased me across the countryside with messages from desperate news-editors. One exceptionally reliable paper stated at the head of my article that Scotland Yard could find no record of Major X in the files.

This may have brought comfort to the County; it certainly added to the general mystification. The mystery deepened, as the thriller writers say, when certain persons evinced a strange eagerness to possess some of the papers which the Major had left in his studio. Real melodrama ensued, with a thrilling car drive at night, a man with a revolver, and a bonfire in the cellar of a hotel at Exeter, as the main ingredients—but this is a story which cannot at present be told.

The devotees of Black Magic hope, by performing abominable rites and inducing a special kind of mental flow, to create an atmosphere in which evil forces may be released. They refer to this process as calling up the Devil. I do not know whether they succeeded in calling him up in Cornwall; I should imagine that if they had succeeded they would promptly have abandoned the whole business and turned to some less alarming pursuit, such as bee-keeping.

Anyway, no one ever told me, even in strict confidence, that he had met Old Nick, and I never met him myself. The only time I ever had any close and long acquaintance with the supernatural (there were some brief encounters as well) was when I stayed at times in a house which possessed a poltergeist.

Sacheverell Sitwell has written a book about poltergeist phenomena—not surprisingly, for the subject is eminently Sitwellian. Among spirits and suchlike the poltergeist has a quaint individual charm; he belongs, I think, to the world of Gothic faëry. Your ordinary ghost is more than a trifle crude. He parades the draughtiest corridors he can find in a shameless state of truncation, often carrying his head underneath his arm; his whole behaviour, in fact, marks him as a theatrical exhibitionist. The poltergeist will have none of this vulgarity. Cultivated in his tastes and habits, he prefers comfortable quarters, and instead of clanking chains amuses himself with the furniture and ornaments, shifting a chair here, a plate there. Sometimes he plays the piano: probably, I should imagine, a little Grieg or Mozart. Above all, he keeps strictly invisible.

Such is the poltergeist. If I were required to describe this charming sprite more scientifically I should have to say that he is not a personality at all, so far as we know, but an influence—an invisible influence which causes objects to move. To believe in the existence of such a force is not irrational; the irrationality intrudes when the force is regarded as supernatural in the sense of being associated with the dead. It is supernatural, let us say, only in so far that science cannot as yet explain it.

Before the attack of the mathematicians and physicists, matter is surrendering its supposedly essential identity. It is revealed as being less natural, so to speak, as we had thought it was. What we regard as substance may be an expression of waves, of mind-stuff, or mind and matter may both be expres-

sions of some neutral, basic reality from which everything—the chair you sit on, the thoughts you think, the light from Aldebaran—is wonderfully composed. As the gulf between mind and matter, substance and spirit, is seen to narrow, the mysteries of psychic phenomena come nearer to being explained. The day may arrive when "ghoulies and ghos-ties" (as the Cornish prayer calls them) will seem as natural and unalarming as now do the hobgoblins which terrified our ancestors. The rude forefathers of the hamlet, who saw lights dancing on the bog, knew nothing about marsh gas; we, who must realise our own ignorance when we speak of theirs, know only a little of the forces which make our world; and when we know more, perhaps the poltergeist will be revealed to us as an emanation from human consciousness, a kind of telepathic influence, acting upon inanimate things.

It was interesting, then, to live in a house which possessed a poltergeist. We had no exciting experiences such as one might report to Mr. Harry Price. Plates did not fly about the room, as they did in an apartment occupied by William Butler Yeats. But if we were not thrilled or frightened, we were often puzzled. Books appeared to move from their original places, and sounds as of paper being roughly torn could be heard in empty rooms—we once heard it above the roar of a Primus stove. One morning, I remember, the fireplace was found littered with paper pellets—and it is certain that no one in the house had done it or could have thought of doing it. We frequently heard a hair-raising wail at night, and on two occasions people asleep in the house were awakened by a voice calling when no one else could have been near, the house standing in the middle of a lonely moor. The first to have this experience were two girls who were sleeping in separate rooms and were the only people in the building at the time. They were both awakened by the voice, and after thoroughly investigating they telephoned to their friends in the district, including myself, to see if a joke had been played on them. What the voice had called, loudly and distinctly, was a name—the Christian name of one of the girls. They were comparative strangers to the area, on holiday in Cornwall, and their names were known to only a handful of local people. The second occasion was significantly similar. One of the two friends who rented the house, and the poltergeist, was coming down the main

stairs when a voice called his name, very loudly. He was not a simple credulous peasant; he was a Master of Arts and a complete sceptic where poltergeists were concerned.

To these peculiar experiences I can add one of my own. I awoke one night shivering, not with fright but with cold, to find the room full of a shining silver mist which kept swirling in the pattern of a figure 8. The windows, which were of the Continental shutter type, had been tightly closed because they rattled. Outside bright moonlight lay over the moor. It was two o'clock in the morning and high summer. I found later that the temperature dropped suddenly at this hour — and according to thermostatic records this phenomenon is associated with the presence of a poltergeist.

But nothing really spectacular happened: nothing to scare us as a carpenter was once scared—he downed his tools and ran. Unlike our friend, Mrs. Dod Procter, R.A., who refused to come near, we were not left with a sinister impression of the place. Things happened which seemed odd at the time, and most of them still seem odd as one looks back. A poltergeist, unless he be of the more exuberant kind that throws articles about while human beings are present, does its work quietly—apart from shouting or playing instruments—and one therefore has difficulty in noting its activities. One cannot always be sure where one has placed a certain article, and if it is not where one expected it to be one is apt to assume that someone else has moved it or that one's memory is at fault. For this reason one cannot usually be scientifically certain of a poltergeist's operations, without going to the trouble of charting the position of every object, having the house sealed for a while, and afterwards checking the positions. This is the procedure followed by Mr. Price, who sometimes describes his researches over the radio—and I believe that he once visited this particular house.

In the room where I usually slept and where I saw the mist—the so-called haunted room—a man hanged himself during the last war, as may be verified by reading the reminiscences of the late Father Bernard Valke, *Twenty Years at St. Hilary*. But the house had possessed a reputation long before this tragedy occurred. It was built near a large pile of boulders surmounted by a granite slab, and the story was that this slab had been used for Celtic sacrifice in the

Corporals' PAGE

PEN PORTRAIT No. 10

CPL. N. E. BAKER

TED (FULL number, please!) BAKER has been at Moose Jaw for nearly two years, and will not, therefore, require any introduction to most of you, more especially as he is seen (and heard) on that ever-popular function—the Pay Parade.

Born at Barnsley, on March 15, 1912 ("Beware of the Ides of March"), he started pen-pushing at a comparatively early age, first at a local steel works, and later graduating (?) into the insurance business (You know—Tuppence per person per week—perhaps), and after some years in the city, where he reports he saw much of the seamy side of life, he removed himself to the more bucolic surroundings of Atherstone, where the slower tempo of life enabled him to lay the foundations for his present rather rotund appearance.

Ted was called to the R.A.F. in May, 1940, and started his service career in that lowly of low ranks—the backbone of the service—an ACH/GD—his first duty, kitted with a rifle and 50 rounds, being the guarding of a blitzed and battle-scarred camp on the south-east coast of England. After various attempts—frequently frustrated by A.M.O.'s.—he eventually remustered to Clerk/Accounts, and after seeing life in Lincoln-

far past. As a result, the place was dominated by blood lust and those who lived there were affected by it. A kind of bridge had once led from the rocks to one of the bedroom windows, and a woman dwelling in the house had died suddenly after having the bridge torn down: so went the story.

We told all this to Rayner Heppenstall, the poet, when he came to visit us—for it was our custom to give our visitors fair warning, even when we wanted them to stay—and he wove it into a book called *The Blaze of Noon*, a work of deeply serious intent which surprisingly became a best-seller in Britain and America—for much the same reason that *Strange Fruit* is a best-seller at the present time. People bought it because they had heard that it was naughty.

(To be continued)

shire with an Australian Squadron, and a spell in the wilds of Scotland—where he became an authority on Nissen huts and crowded transports—he received the summons to Canada, arriving here in April, 1942. His comments on the crossing—even after two years—are still mostly unprintable, possibly the name "Banfora" will give some of you an inkling of the reason.

His first unit in Canada was Carberry—where he stayed six months, and was able to acquire a good working knowledge of Winnipeg—whence he proceeded to Moose Jaw in September, 1942. Since that time he has become a very familiar figure to all who have occasion to visit the Accounts Section (Pay Queries a speciality).

Among his off-duty activities that could be mentioned are Football, Indoor Football, and Golf. At the first he played at least once for the Hurricane 2nd team, and at the second was first reserve for the 1st team. Despite the fact that he rarely made the team, he was always ready to take part in the weekly "post-mortems" that were a regular feature of "H" Hut during the 1943 season, and made a notable speech at the dinner which climaxed the end of the Football season for the Hurricanes—the only drawback being that he would insist in trying to out-Hope Bob Hope in putting across some of the corniest of corny jokes; in fact, it is surprising that his sense of ancient humour has not resulted in some unfortunate accident happening to him before now. At Golf, however, he seems to have found his metier—witness his performance in the recent Station Golf Championship—and he has just changed both Caps, F/S. for larger sizes. He denies that his success in his match was due to a threat of "No Casuals—or else!"

In March of this year his long-awaited promotion to Corporal came through, and he was duly reported by CHAB, who played a special recording of "At Last" for his benefit. A former colleague in "H" Hut has since written a song especially for him, in true "cheesed-off cowboy style", which places much emphasis on the letter "B"—it occurs at

A Precis on Tea

PERHAPS there could be no more prosaic subject to write upon in our world-famed *Flyer* than tea, but I venture to do so at the polite request, (or should I say "behest"), of my illustrious colleagues in the Met. office. They are somewhat bored with observing the flirtations of Cirrus and Cirrocu, the discrepancies of fronts or with peering out of the door every few minutes and exclaiming, "Oh, it's raining again".

To begin with, Ceylon was a vast coffee plantation only a few years ago, but an indiscreet importer, not complying with Customs' regulations, accidentally introduced a fungus known as Coffee Rust. This spread through the plantations like wildfire, denuding the trees of everything, and in a few years most of them were destroyed. Soon the running of a coffee estate became an extreme liability, and most of them were abandoned with the loss of an investment capital of almost sixty million pounds sterling.

But the undaunted pioneers soon found a substitute—*THEA SINENSIS*, a shrub about twenty feet high growing wild in Southern China. They were quick to realise its value as a beverage, and imported seedlings in vast quantities. Almost overnight large areas of Ceylon

least three times in the first line. The rumour that this ambitious song-writer is now languishing in "durance vile" would appear to be without foundation.

Immediately after the sewing on of his chevrons, two-bar, (name of the sempstress withheld at Ted's request), he became Marker for No. 2 Flight, S.H.Q., a position which he seems likely to hold for some time to come, as his knowledge of the correct procedure is reputed to be of considerable value to a certain Flight Sergeant.

Due perhaps to his departure from camp on the 9.00 p.m. bus, he seldom has time to do much shopping—hence, perhaps, his complicated system of Lease-Lend before preparing for morning parades, but his present associates are considering presenting him with a suitably engraved soap-box, complete with the inevitable bar of "Lifebuoy", for his exclusive use.

P.J.

• by "ANDY" FROM KANDY

were deforested and cultivated with this new and promising shrub.

Labour, too, was imported. Thousands of coolies and their families were brought en masse from India. These coolies were used to a miserable standard of living and accepted wages upon which even a barnyard horse would have frowned disgustedly. Thus, with cheap labour, and plenty of water power easily available, tea cultivation became, next to being a Civil Servant in India, the most profitable occupation in the East. Lords and Peers bought shares and sent their ne'er-do-well sons and nephews to manage an estate in Ceylon, and they soon became wealthy and influential sahibs.

The modern tea estate is as trim and clean as your girl friend's Easter Sunday frock and run more smoothly than you would run your hand through that same delectable person's coiffure. And just as she would use a particular shade of rouge for a particular tone of skin, so a planter uses a different strain of tea for a different type of soil.

The actual planting and manufacture of tea is a very precise science, and relating the details would be more in the nature of a technical treatise—such dear things that come to us, under camouflage, in the form of D.R.O.'s., S.S.O.'s and A.M.O.'s!

An estate comprises two to three thousand acres of tea, a division three or four estates. A company usually owns ten to twelve divisions. Each estate is managed by a superintendent getting a salary of five to six hundred dollars. He is the supreme boss but for an itinerant visiting agent, who gets double the salary plus a bonus for each estate he visits and criticises. Then there are the assistant superintendents, their number depending on the size of the estate. They get salaries of 250 to 300 dollars. Under them are the substrata of conductors, tea-makers, clerks and school teachers, receiving 75 to 100 dollars. Last of the "ruling" class are the Kanganies (Corporals — Temp.!) who, in reality, supervise and really see that the work is done. They get 20 to 30 dollars in addition to "pence-money", i.e., one cent per day per man who

Heritage of Beauty

The Battle

The naked earth is warm with spring
 And with green grass and bursting trees
 Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
 And quivers in the sunny breeze;
 And life is colour and warmth and light,
 And a striving evermore for these;
 And he is dead who will not fight
 And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
 Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
 Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
 And with the trees to newer birth;
 And find, when fighting shall be done,
 Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

—JULIAN GRENFELL.

works under him. Considering the fact that there are often four to five hundred men, he makes an appreciable fortune. (Corporals, Acting, Unpaid — please note!)

Last come the coolies, the "erks" who grind miserably for a mere pittance, and alas! how like their counterparts in the Raf, they bemoan their fate—the fate of having to maintain so many wives on a few cents!

In consideration of his many responsibilities, the superintendent gets additional privileges such as a well-appointed bungalow, three servants to attend to his personal wants, and a free ration of petrol or a horse with which to cover the grounds of the estate. He is virtual Lord and King in his province, and the settling of all problems and disputes comes under his jurisdiction. In all cases of abduction, seduction or adultery complaints first go to him, believing him to be a most impartial judge.

I have often witnessed the proceedings at one of these "courts", the case invariably involving a youthful Romeo and a married woman (sounds familiar, doesn't it?) On my left is the woman standing mutely, half hiding her face, shamed not so much of her "crime" as the discovery of it. On my right

stands the man, unperturbed, arrogant and ready to swear by all the gods conceived by his forefathers that he is innocent, never did a thing, had never even so much as seen that woman before. Meanwhile, the boss looks on benignly, painfully conscious of his own limitations, and pronounces his verdict—"If you want to do such things, get married or DON'T GET CAUGHT!"

Next time you sup a cup of "cha" with your wad, just ponder on these matters, especially the final injunction!

An Epitaph Found in a Churchyard in Essex

(Taken from the Motor Cycle,
February 24, 1944)

When pictures look alive with movement free,
 When ships, like fishes, swim below the sea,
 When men, like birds, can roam the sky,
 Then half the world deep drenched in blood will lie.

Wine, women and song should never be grouped together. Wine improves with age.

Officers' Mess PAGE

ODDMENTS from the (TRANSIENT ?) OFFICERS' MESS

WITH the exception of one hectic spell, the atmosphere in the Mess has been somewhat subdued of date. (It has even been necessary on occasions to detail players for snooker in Flying Training Wing Weekly Detail.) The height of the leave season probably has something to do with this. In the first place, the Dressing Officer's absence seems to have provided the opportunity for some person unknown to perpetrate widespread internal confusion. "It's an ill wind, etc.", as the Batmen all said on finding that no early call was necessary for a large part of the living-in personnel. Anyway, let's hope the sufferers, including, of course, the C.G.I.—Chief Grabber of Insects) have now fully recovered. Secondly, the absence on leave (and honeymoon) of one-half of that keyboard team Smashbits and Slamdowner cut off the supply of Hungarian Raspberries and Invocations to the False.

But the quietude seems to arise from causes more ominous. To a Sherlock the situation is not entirely clueless—quite clear, in fact. Here we can go no further than to pass on a few recurrent scraps of conversation. "But my leg-length is only 34 inches". (F/O. A—ley.) "No, no, old boy, an "ayah" is not that type at all." "I should hate to have to drive a railway engine." Draw your own conclusions.

* * *

To signals-king A—w we all give full marks,
He's happily wed to his "Flyer" and sparks;
No maidenly "Mayday" his conscience will vex—
"Night Error" to him concerns wireless, not sex.

* * *

The hectic occasions referred to were the "farewell" parties of F/Lts. John Pearson and John Midgley and of Ted Jones and F/O. Gordon Thomas. Although the first was graced by a very vigorous dancing exhibition by an august visiting personage, we still think that Polly and Lofty have yet to find their match. It was about this time that "Chuck" introduced his A.H.D.C.,

part of the ritual which appears to be a test of fire appliances. The stag party, too was a great success, and both the "victims" seem to be bearing up well under the strain. This must be a source of much encouragement to you, Alec! . . . Very best wishes to all concerned.



What? No income tax?
You lucky people?

* * *

It happened to P. ("Gremlins") P—hill last week,

A thing that passed all understanding:
It wasn't a spin or a prang in the creek,
But a perfect three-pointer landing.

* * *

No doubt that one day the gophers will again reign supreme over this fair field. But we think the one which walked into No. 3 Hangar crew-room the other day with such a proprietary air was a little previous. Not to say somewhat ungracious in its way of showing resentment of the understandable action on the part of one flying instructor to point out its mistake in a friendly manner. We would offer serious advice to all not to attempt to handle these treacherous animals unless expert medical attention is readily obtainable. On second thoughts, bearing in mind Rawley's famous cold plate suppers, perhaps it was only a case of tit for tat on the part of the gopher—the biter bit, in fact!

* * *

You get, Mr. Met. Man, your clouds from convection,
Your fog forms on calm, damp, clear nights to perfection,
On icing in cold fronts your faith you've oft pinned,
But tell me, good Sir, where you get all your wind.

* * *

We have had one or two old friends

By D.A.G.B.

GLEANINGS from the G.I.S. ☞ ☞

As we write these notes the chances are that 99 Course will graduate in a little over a week's time, the first of the extended courses to pass out. Just now they are keeping their fingers crossed against the possibility of a further extension. They took their disappointment pretty well when told, shortly before the original date for their Wings Parade, that they would have to wait another couple of months, and, apart from a temporary slackening of interest in the customary Monday night activities (which was checked by a repeat performance on the Tuesday night), they got down to the task of making the extra weeks as little irksome as possible. We shall be sorry to see them go, for they were a pleasant crowd and their occasional jam sessions in the billet on saxophone and trumpet we can forgive in view of the compensating gramophone sessions by van der Willigen, who had a taste for Beethoven.

Extraordinary fellow, van der Willigen; his bed was invariably surrounded by innumerable suitcases, boxes, etc.,

drop in recently. Tommy Thompson, now one of the wise men from the East, paid a very brief (albeit perfectly timed!) visit to the northwest corner of the ante-room, where much reminiscing on the good old days was indulged in. Also, the Dean of De Winton (burned up, as usual) paid a flying visit.

We would like to know how much top rudder is used in a slow-rolling canoe.

To F/Lt's. Schofield, Bremner and Castle and F/O's. Carter and Vere Hodge we extend our best wishes for their future success.

* * *

Bomber Command God—ve, the bard did allege,

Charged magazine-gastric with steak and two veg.,

And when on the morrow ejection proved ill

For number two stoppage tried number nine pill.

* * *

Who is this mysterious person "T" who is always being referred to in the Control Tower or No. 1 Hangar?

And by the way;—on whose charge did the painter put the Qtrs. and the Mess?

Who are the markers for the next Mess meeting?

which were very ingeniously shackled to the bed by a formidable length of chain. For some weeks we have been wondering how he will manage to trail it all across continent and ocean when he has to move. We shall soon know.

* * *

It started in a small way with the clearing of ditches in front of the building and the acquisition of a number of pieces of ornamental stonework. The effect, though we say it ourselves, was not unpleasing and, as always, one thing led to another, so that within a matter of days the whole business had gotten out of hand. The gardening bug had at last bitten the G.I.S.

Possibly that is an overstatement; rather had it bitten the C.G.I., for most of the staff have remained stubbornly unbiten, and to date we have been unable to find one amongst them who can advise us on thue climbing tendencies of beans. So we have, or rather the C.G.I. has, planted them liberally around the outer walls and we now await the results with uneasy interest, the question being whether they will quietly follow the guide strings provided or whether they will send out branches all over the place which will hide us completely from the gaze of men.

In memory of one who grew up with the G.I.S. in the old days at Tern Hill (save the mark!) and whose spirit still haunts the offices and corridors of the place, we are tempted to name our flowering surroundings the Garden of Egan. It would be a nice gesture.

* * *

Congratulations this month to P/O. J. A. Harrison on the award of an A.F.C.

LAC. ("Tich") Ambler on his 21st birthday. We hope his memories of the occasion will be as happy as our own of the excellent dinner which he threw in the Grant Hall.

"Mac" on his long-awaited reclassification to LAC. We look forward now to a few weeks' peace before he starts in binding about his tapes.

P/O. Cotton on a very fine pianoforte recital over CHAB and later in the station cinema. Future performances will be billed as "Cotton on the Keys."

And to all those whose efforts on Sports Day enabled Flying Training Wing to run away with the station championship.

"OUT OF THE MESS"

HAVING taken over the job of editor of this page, I feel that my first effort should be prefaced by a word of welcome to W/O. Montgomery, our new Station W/O. He relieved Mr. Mitchell, who returns to Maintenance Wing—driving a car, so we are given to understand!

It is noticed that a certain Flight Sergeant, famous for his wonderful hair, now walks around rather chastened and, as he says, "Naked at the top". The S.W.O.'s influence?

Recently there has been a shortage of beer in the Mess, but now that Jock has left his "box" maybe there will be some extra.

Bridge is very popular these days and excitement runs very high, especially at lunch time. How is it that some people are able to play *every day* during the afternoon? Have they no work? And surely it should be recorded for posterity that two of our worthy members bid and made a grand slam no trumps! They have certainly told everybody all about it. There is no truth in the rumour that those people are going on a course of "horse sense" in order to play with its leading exponent.

After discussion it has been decided that there will be no subscription for people going on leave unless they happen to be members of the golfing fraternity.

At the time of going to press we learn that Sergeant Orr of the Link Section is being married on August 18th. Best wishes, Clay!

It is with pride that we parade these days. Five of the new members are in the Band!

The fellow who took over F/Sgt. "Steve" Staley's instrument has been sadly misled. He thought he would get off the working parade. He did, but Band practice is at 07.30 hours every morning. We understand that he is getting breakfast every day now, however.

So far our budding violin player has not offered his services, but the Maestro has hopes!

Congratulations to our Soccer team, who have an unbeaten record and finished up league champions. How about it, Cricket team?

It is hoped to form a Miniature Rifle team, to compete in a Station "shoot". Anyone interested should hand his name to WO. Harvey or F/Sgt. Newell.

There are one or two things we would like to know:—

What happened to W/O. C——e?

Who says he's "here for nourishment, not punishment"?

Who is called "Drip"?

Well, gentlemen, in the words of the prophet, "You've had it for this month".

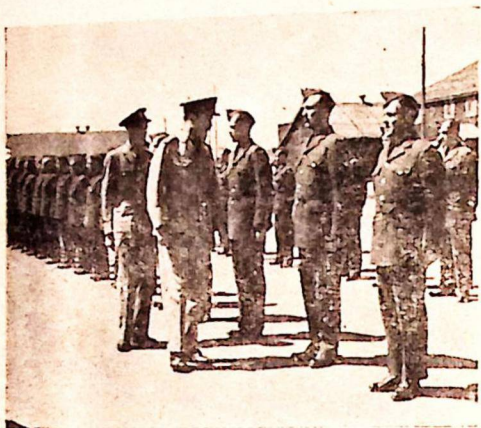
CASSANDRA.



Whose round was this? A happy crowd at the Mess Dance.



F/Egt. Newell demonstrates a point to an attentive crowd.



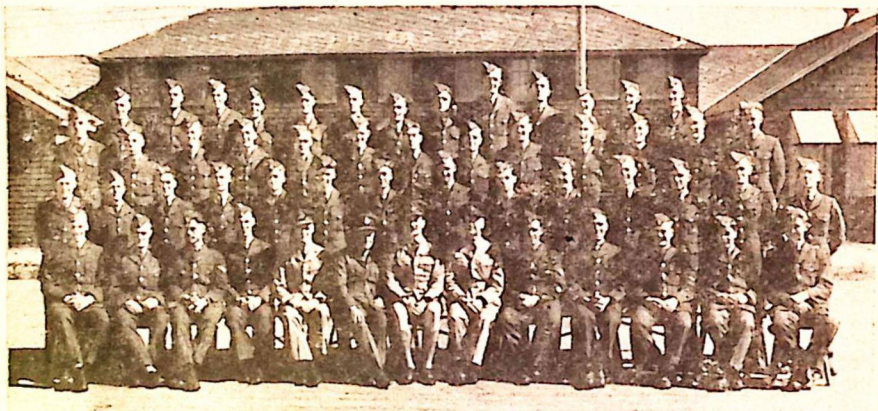
The Commanding Officer inspects the final parade, attended by F/O. Mullin.

University A.T.C. Camp at "32"

For a period of ten days you may have noticed a group of fellows wandering around your section with the insignia "U.A.T.C." on their epaulets. These youthful visitors were members of the Canadian University Air Training Corps, and this contingent consisted of cadets from Notre Dame College, Wilcox, Saskatchewan, from Regina College and from Manitoba University, Winnipeg.

F/Lt. Father Murray, the Officer commanding the Notre Dame group, is regarded as one of the outstanding personalities in the intellectual life of this province, and the following short commentary on the experience of his students whilst with us would, by the nature of its actual content and its profound implications, appear to confirm that regard.

To No. 32 S.F.T.S., R.A.F., Moose Jaw, for U.A.S. summer camp, came in July some sixty "Hounds" of Notre Dame. Notre Dame is a small university college to whose unpretentious prairie shacks in the Soo Line village of Wilcox, the students have come from all over America, from Cape Breton, New York, San Francisco and the Yukon. They call their shacks their "kennels" and their cross-country jaunts in sport have



The whole contingent from Notre Dame College, Wilcox.

earned them the name of "Hounds."

The visit to No. 32 was a great moment. Of rare significance, too.

There had been a lot of previous discussion. Inside information had told 'em to expect the icy stare, the aloof, fastidious "narcissism" of the egocentric English. The Hounds went to Moose Jaw with their eyes open. Despite the unnecessarily outrageous generality, after taking one look around they knew everything was going to be all right.

It was. For two weeks the Hounds had one glorious time. They sniffed the attar of the hangars and took their flips with relish by day and by night. Above all, they were deeply intrigued by the studied casualness of their hosts, and became pleasurable obsessed with their code of unostentatious understanding, kindly altruism, and gentlemanly good-fellowship.

That was the vital thing—the sensing of the spiritual vision; the physical was something secondary to be found at any station. With the R.A.F. there is still a touch beyond. When breaking off their stay, the Hounds felt, figuratively, the trickle of salty tears. They had come to love this breed of men and their jocose gabble. They found them great people.

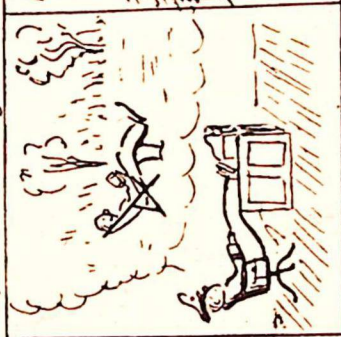
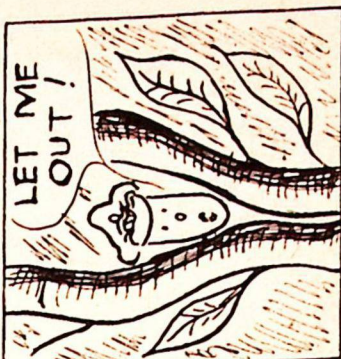
From Ottawa has come intimation that in post-war air activity, Notre Dame may be evolved into a very sizeable project of 'varsity training based on Prince Albert, Mossbank and Wilcox. Thought of its potentialities, its scope in opening the great American north has thrilled the Hounds into rapt contemplation; but it is significant that in all their speculations they invariably presage the names of several R.A.F. men of Moose Jaw they hope to have identified with the undertaking.

The French have a happy expression called "*la memoire du coeur*." Whatever else ensues in these changing years the men of No. 32 S.F.T.S. may rest assured that all down these years the Hounds will cherish the memory of having touched hands with them.

—ATHOL MURRAY.

The absolute end of all old maid jokes is marked by the following:—Two old spinsters sat on the porch knitting, when a hen came around the corner with a rooster not far behind. Around and around they whirled until finally the hen, doing well over the speed limit, dashed in the path of a passing car. Observed one of the old spinsters, "See, she'd rather die".

by BILL



F/LI. flabbe.

"What's home without a mother?"
"Me—tonight," she sighed.

99 COURSE Supplementary Syllabus

With Apologies to 4 T.C.

HAVING received the news that the war was to be continued temporarily without the rather doubtful help from the members of "99", the C.G.I. generously asked us for suggestions to make the eight-week prolongation a little less agonising for all concerned. Suggestions were to be constructive, sensible, relative to flying and for the benefit of the "troops".

The following were the readily submitted suggestions, and we understand that the syllabus will be based on these lines:

NAVIGATION

Four-week navigation cross country (solo). D.R. navigation plus a little guess work.

1st leg—Base-Buttress. Find three 3-drift winds.

2nd leg — Buttress-Shangri-la. D.R. ahead 12 days, using best wind imaginable. At Shangri-la inform Duty Lama, refuel, make stay as brief as possible, maximum 79 years.

3rd leg—Shangri-la-Caron. Height 78 thousand feet. Glide all the way.

ESSENTIAL EXERCISES

1. Practise in recovery from straight and level flight.
2. More practise in above or instructors I.F.
3. Stalling over camera obscura and how to use flap (properly).
4. Take-off conditions practised also over camera obscura.
5. Very advanced formations. Squadron formation—wing tips may be inserted in door of adjacent aircraft. Formation cramp diagnosed by a permanent crick in the neck and shifty appearance of the eye.

S.B.A. (BEAM)

Exercises in duck shooting. Attack on circuit record.

Goggles will not be worn, but free use of chloroform permitted.

LINK

Link syllabus will now include formation flying and single engine work.

Pupils finding difficulty with the latter exercises are to be regarded as "wash-outs".

PHYSICAL TRAINING

Organised games and canters to the creek, paper-chasing, hide and seek.

Dinghy Drill—practise ditchings on or in Big Muddy Lake. Water wings will be worn throughout this exercise.

MISCELLANEOUS

1. Mutual and solo exercises on balloons and blimps (12 hours).
2. Instructions in the "lazy-daisy stitch", or how to knit khaki stockings, by instructors from clothing stores.
3. Specialised instruction by qualified instructors from P.F.S.S.*
4. Lectures on string and its use by N.C.O.'s of maintenance hanger.



THIS IS THE 99 COURSE THEME-SONG

May be chortled merrily to the tune of "Eleven More Months and Ten More Days"

A telegram came from 4 T.C. that makes us all despair

Of ever passing out from here and flying through the air.

They said you'll have to start out on a supplementary course,

We'll keep you working day and night if only with extra Morse.

The C.G.I., he said to us, "I'd like to bring you cheer,

And give you lots of different sports while you are staying here.

Now tell me what you'd like to do just once or twice a week."

We said, "If it's all the same to you we'll canter up the creek."

So eight more weeks and a few more days is really nothing to us,

With Moose Jaw here, there's bags of beer and boy! have we the thirst!

—"99"

Which Only Goes to Show

Ed.—This is a story of a future R.A.F., and the printing of it by this magazine constitutes a direct endorsement of the R.A.F.'s offer to sign you up for the full twenty-four:

LAC. Chumleigh-Farjeon and his wife were entertaining. From the open windows of their tiny bungalow in Hotgen Alley came the polite laughter of the assembled company and an occasional beer-bottle. The host was entertaining his guests by the electric heater by tell-



ing them of how he had resigned his commission on becoming an Air Commodore because the "bull" had become too much for him.

"You know, old man," he was heard to say to binks-bburpington, "I've always held the opinion that the luckiest type in the Service is our LAC. I had a spot of difficulty with by board for my AC.1, but absolutely waltzed through my LAC. It ain't, I mean, it isn't every bloke who can put bungs in knot-holes and do it well, by jove, no!" Mrs. C-F looked across at her husband and smiled affectionately, reminding herself that bb-bb was a store-basher and maybe she could get a couple of chairs, kitchen, on the cuff one of these days.

As she looked away her eyes glazed in horror, for standing with her forehead on the low coffee-table was Sheila, her Persian cat (a near relative to that famous Canadian mother, Cynthia) abstractedly munching a caviare sandwich. Now Mrs. C-F was not usually addicted to quick and violent outbursts of temper, but on seeing such ill-mannered conduct being shown by her hitherto lady-like pet, she grabbed the offending beast firmly by the nape and,

finding it the shortest way out of the room, hurled it through the window to the major discomfort of a couple of Flight Sergeants who were courting C-F's eldest. The good lady was heard to remark, "What the 'ell d'you think I work my blinkin' fingers to the bone for at the NAAFI? It's not to let you fill your little stomach with them caviare sandwiches, anyway, you ungrateful beast. I saves them for chiefies!"

At this last remark LAC C.-F. coughed disparagingly and, with a toss of her head, Mrs. Chumleigh-Farjeon sat down again at the bridge table, where her partner, with a double slam to her dummy, put her entirely at her ease.

A succession of slams and counter-slams, with rare defeat, followed, while the guests made chaff of the C-F's pantry. Very popular, indeed, were the caviare sandwiches and a lady whose christian (?) name appeared to be Maisie was loud in her acclamation, being heard to say as the taste of these here sandwiches always reminded her of the days she had spent as a barmaid near Wigan Pier, from which position her dear husband had rescued her only too soon, God rest his soul, he having been run over by a slow-moving London transport bus on his way to "In Town Tonight". How she wished that there announcer had shouted "Stop" a sight quicker!

At last the guests' cars rolled up, driven by a succession of M.T. skivers who were on jankers for wearing out the C.O.'s rockets on a jaunt to the national park that had been built on the ruins of a number of well-known Aryan cities. Amid expressions of mutual goodwill the visitors departed, frantically trying to conceal the bottles which they had secreted about their persons, and munching heartily on the very last of the caviare sandwiches.

That night, as Mrs. C-F nipped carefully downstairs to check up on her husband and see if he'd locked up all the doors and windows, she was horrified to see, stretched across the threshold, the body of Sheila, who, with clouded eye, raised a pitiful face skywards. Mrs. F., pardon, C-F, was about to raise a mournful wail in prayer for her darl-

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW . . .

How's your tan and what does the M.O. think?

Which Padre's clerk had his shorts returned from the laundry—"bell tents not accepted"?

Did he use a hacksaw on his hair?

Why not a bread-knife? We do!

What "action" is Accounts taking or Nobby's inventory?

What is the feminine of inventory?

Has she been checked by the Auditors?

Which new Sergeant in the Sports Store is taking a course in Chinese now that his clothes-line isn't long enough?

Does the band *work* nowadays, too?

Who said "Roll on the Boat" and didn't mean it?

Is this new thing in Workshops for Mr. Sh—n's "bottom drawer"?

How did the travel warrants behave when "Daddy" Ricquier went South?

Are the short courses in Hollywood open to anyone or do Entertainments personnel only get the chance?

Shall we hope for some super-colossals, Sergeant, or did Hede just teach you how to kiss?

Is it true that they queue *after* films at 32 as well as before?

What's the "gen"?

Playing golf against who, Sir? My, I'll bet you needed your handicap!

Is the C.P.R. giving a short course in engine-driving for graduates and/or instructors, or is it just another rumour?

ing's soul when it dawned upon her that there could only be one reason for her pet's decease—the caviare!

She rushed to the 'phone and dialled her friends' numbers frantically, and the last sounds she heard from each of them were wild gulplings and swallowings, not to mention certain phrases reminiscent of the lower quarters of the garbage heap. Such attempts as were made to recover the noxious food were to no avail and the duty M.O. was summoned simultaneously to all quarters of the Camp. He dashed about in a most conciliatory manner, making rash statements to everyone, saying that what might be fatal to cats was not necessarily so to adult human beings.

Mrs. C-F, in the unexpected turn of both events and stomachs, was somewhat sorry for the poor, distracted M.O.

"Now, don't you bother, my little man. I'll make it all right with the C.O. if anything happens, you see if I don't. Why, I knew his brother at Oxford."

"But your husband, Madame; he's an LAC! We musn't lose him, he is of such value to the country. Why, only the other day I received a letter saying that while the Government was not concerned about the high mortality rate of officers, if any more LAC's. even got colds we would be cashiered!"

Mrs. C-F was most concerned and didn't sleep a wink, and when the C.O. called in the morning she forget to take out her curlers.

"I am *most* sorry, *most* disturbed, Mrs. Chumleigh-Farjeon."

"That won't do much good, I'm afraid; we're all going to die, I'm sure, and all because of that N.A.A.F.I. caviare!"

But in a few days, what with the constant care of the M.O. and the flowers from all the senior officers, LAC. Chumleigh-Farjeon and his friends were well on the road to recovery and were allowed to sit out in the garden.

While he was reclining in the chaise-longue, reading one of his own recent novels, he was hailed by his next-door neighbour.

"I say, old chap, I hear you've been ill."

"S'right," replied C-F.

"As a matter of fact, I've not been too well myself. I had a bit of a shock on the night of your party and had to take a couple of days off. The C.E.O. was nice about it, but he only sent grapes this time; last time he sent peaches—I must really speak to him."

"You'd better watch yourself, laddie, remember you're only an AC.1! Get some in! By the way, what gave you the shock?"

"Well, that's what I wanted to speak to you about, old boy, but didn't like to mention it when you were so ill. On the night of your party, I-er-ran over your cat in my car. I carried it to your doorstep and meant to tell you next day, only you were ill."

From an upstairs room in the C-F household came the sound of breaking crockery —

Property of N.H.
COMOX AIR FORCE
MUSEUM



After

"THE GUN AND GOPHER"

500 YARDS FROM THE GROUND

Dispel Your---

AILS

WHINES

SPIRITS

TRY $\frac{1}{8}$ BEER

Open Daily 6 to 9.30 p.m. (Stocks lasting)

THURSDAY NIGHT IS BINGO NIGHT

Under our management, we offer you a Free House with no
House Fee

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

How's your tan and what does the M.O. think?

Which Padre's clerk had his shorts returned from the laundry—"bell tents not accepted"?

Did he use a hacksaw on his hair?

Why not a bread-knife? We do!

What "action" is Accounts taking on Nobby's inventory?

What is the feminine of inventory?

Has she been checked by the Auditors?

Which new Sergeant in the Sport Store is taking a course in C... that his clothes-line is...

Does the band ...

Who said "Re... didn't mean it?"

Is this new thing Mr. Sh—n's "bott...

How did the t... when "Daddy" ...

Are the sh... open to ar... personnel...

Shall... sals, yo...

... want a to sn...
... but didn't li...
... were so ill...
... party, I-er-ran...
... I carried it t...
... want to tell you...
... ill."

... room in the...
... sound of bre...

... N.H...
... party of
... AIR FORCE
... MUSEUM