

CHRISTMAS NUMBER
1942

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

VOLUME TWO

.. 10^c ..

NUMBER SEVEN

Why not try **BLOGGO?**

THE GREAT HAIR-RESTORER?

Many thousands of people have written to us, praising **BLOGGO**, the Great Hair-Restorer. Read these letters:

"My baby was born entirely without hair. I have used **BLOGGO** on him from the first, and now at the age of nine months he is beginning to sprout a greenish fur behind the ears. I attribute this remarkable success entirely to **BLOGGO**, the Wonder-Worker Hair Restorer."—MRS. GALLOP.

"I used to have thin, dull, unsightly hair. After using **BLOGGO** for three years I now have thin, dull, unsightly hair. Can I have my money back?"—HERBERT PUCE.

"I have worn a toupee ever since I was six years old. After a number of years, I found that it was getting threadbare, and even bald spots began to appear. Three weeks' treatment with **BLOGGO** has now given it a luxuriant crop of ginger hair, and I can again wear my toupee without embarrassment."—GERTRUDE PRUNE.

THE STIFF SAYS: "USE IT!"

Below are actual photographs showing what it did for HIM.
It can do the same for YOU!



BEFORE



AFTER

You don't have to worry about **BLOGGO**! You **KNOW** it's no good!

PRAIRIE FLYER

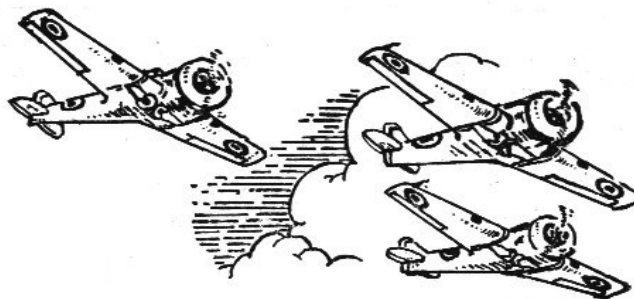
THE MAGAZINE OF
No. 32 S.F.T.S.
R.A.F.

Moose Jaw - - Sask.
Canada

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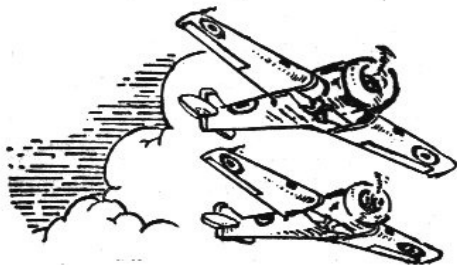


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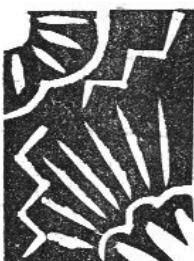


The Prairie Flyer is published on the 15th of each month by and for the entertainment of the personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.) at Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada.

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EDITORIAL



The feast that we celebrate on December 25th has had a somewhat chequered career. It did not figure among the earlier festivals of the church; and in fact, before the fifth century there was no general agreement as to the date or even if there should be a feast held at all. There were three dates in the running, January 6th, March 25th and December 25th. The last named had its first certain mention in A.D. 354; and it was not very popular in some parts, for it was identified with the Birthday of the Unconquered Sun, a pagan feast. Indeed, the Romans, who for some reason unknown preferred this date, were called sun-worshippers and idolators and many other unpleasant names, which seems a little unfair. In Jerusalem,

so antagonistic were they to the idea of December 25th that from A.D. 360 to 440 they held the feast on January 6th, whether anybody else liked it or not; which speaks well for the strong-mindedness of the men of Jerusalem, for whom at this late date I have developed a certain wistful admiration.

A writer in those early days, dealing with the actual birth-date of Christ, pours scorn on two other men who gave it as May 20th and April 19th or 20th, respectively; and then proceeds himself to give the date as November 17th, 3 B.C.! I withhold his name, not wishing that he should be caused embarrassment in whatever regions he now inhabits.

In Britain, the 25th was a festival long before the conversion took place; and the old Druids, whom you, reader, can count among your ancestors, have left us a legacy of mistletoe, which was used in their ceremonies though probably not quite in the same way as we use it in ours.

A later blow was delivered by an Act of Parliament in 1644, when the Puritan government forbade the celebration of the feast altogether. It was, however, revived by Charles II, and England breathed again. You may say what you like about his morals, but for this act Charles deserves to be forgiven much.

For myself, I like these old feasts, which have in their origins a cosmic significance that merits commemoration whatever your beliefs may be; and during this Christmas (which I hope will be an extremely merry one for you all) ponder the vicissitudes through which it went, and congratulate yourself that, despite the men of Jerusalem and the legislators of Cromwell, you enjoy it at the same date as the Druids.

* * * *

Alas, our Christmas Number is not appreciably bigger than any other edition; in fact, since the ban on advertising has been upheld, it is, in the number of pages, smaller. The amount of copy, however, is more by two pages; an arrangement that will stand for future editions, since after dropping the pages previously devoted to advertising it remains more economical to have a thirty-two page magazine. We have tried to make it as bright and entertaining as possible, and hope that it will meet with your approval.

The magazine now depends entirely on sales for its revenue, and I trust that you will all do your utmost to ensure that future editions are sold out completely, when our position will remain on stable ground.

The *Prairie Flyer* has changed its plumage; but it is still the same bird.

—T.M.

Christmas Greetings

From:

GROUP CAPTAIN N. E. MORRISON, A.F.C.,
Commanding Officer.

Another year of progress ends, and I take pleasure in expressing my appreciation of the loyalty and effort displayed by all ranks of No. 32 S.F.T.S. which have made it possible.

I wish all of you a Very Happy Christmas and Good Luck in the New Year; and would express on behalf of all Station personnel sincere Greetings to our friends in the City of Moose Jaw.

From:

WING COMMANDER W. B.
EVERTON, O.P.R.,
*Officer Commanding
Maintenance Wing.*

I wish all ranks in the Maintenance Wing a Happy Christmas and the Best of Luck for the New Year, and would like to express my appreciation of their loyal co-operation during the past year.

From:

SQUADRON LEADER O. R.
ORCHARD,

Chief Ground Instructor.

Many thanks to all members of the Ground Instructional Staff for another year's strenuous and successful work.

To them and to all pupils I wish a very Happy Christmas and the Best of Luck in 1943.

From:

WING COMMANDER
G. F. OVERBURY,
Chief Instructor.

To all ranks in Flying Training Wing, I wish a Merry Christmas and the Best of Luck for the New Year.

I take this opportunity of thanking you all for the co-operative spirit and hard work which have led to the conclusion of another successful year.

From:

SQUADRON LEADER
A. J. S. NEGUS,
*O.C. Headquarters
Squadron.*

My Best Wishes to all personnel for Christmas and the New Year.

Those of you who will be on leave are assured of splendid hospitality from our Canadian hosts. From those who will have to remain on the camp, I would ask for that co-operation which alone can make the celebrations successful; we for our part will do our best to provide the makings of good cheer.



If it's KISSING you're missing . . .

(This article has been compiled after an exhaustive research of American magazine advertisements. The opinions expressed here do not necessarily represent those of the Prairie Flyer or, for that matter, those of the author.)

IF you find your popularity waning, if you want to win femmes and influence people, read the following and gain confidence.

The biggest barrier against social success, which, unless checked, may develop into a major catastrophe, is B.O.* In medical circles in Great Britain this is commonly known as Lever's Disease, and was prevalent in the Middle Ages, when it was the custom of the common folk to sew themselves into their clothes for the winter. This was particularly true of the West Bromwich district of Birmingham, where they also added layers of bacon fat between the folds to gain extra warmth. The discovery of the complaint, however, dates back to the time of the Romans, who built a special resort at Bath, and then constructed roads all over the country so that the Ancient Britons could travel there for cure. Despite these early endeavours, the truth of the matter did not become common knowledge until a comparatively recent date; but today, the public are so conscious of it that a bar of soap can be found in almost every household. For those who have yet to apply the cure, our advice is "Take it easy." Start off with a MILD SOAP DIET, and increase the dose daily. Before long you should GLOW WITH GLAMOUR and have a SCHOOLBOY COMPLEXION ALL OVER. For those in the advanced stage of cure, we would recommend that they become DAILY DIPPERS, and thus STAY DAINTY EACH DAY. Also, change your shirt at least once a month and put on a clean pair of socks each time you have occasion to remove your boots before going to bed. The practice of sleeping in pyjamas instead of clothes should be followed as often as circumstances permit. Confidentially, we are so sure that liberal use of soap and water is a certain cure for this scourge of mankind that we have every



intention of trying it ourselves, some day. And here is a tip—SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY IT.

It should not be assumed that this is the only malady which will detract from your popularity. On the contrary, there are innumerable drawbacks, so American manufacturers assure us; but, if you spend all the money you make on buying the preparations they offer, these maladies should disappear, or at least be kept at bay. For your convenience, the most common of these complaints are listed below under separate headings, and their treatments explained.

ORAL HYGIENE. This is the inability of certain airmen to refrain from using barrack-room language while in polite company, and often leads to their being classed as social outcasts. To rid yourself of this unfortunate habit, use BLISTERINE, and massage the gums with it each evening before proceeding out of camp. In this way you should have no difficulty at all in keeping a curb on your tongue, as your mouth will be so sore that you cannot speak anyway.

FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW. Here we have a common complaint liable to damage your reputation irreparably. It is caused by the lamentable habit of washing with your collar on immediately after duty in your hurry to get out and meet the girl-friend; thus leaving a tide-mark or shadow. (This is also widely known in the U.S.A. as BATHTUB RING.)

We suggest you tuck your towel or handkerchief under your collar before applying a mild dose of soap and water. The shadow, or tide-mark, is then brought below the collar and is not visible. This method has the added advantage of not damping or smearing the collar. At least once every three weeks the collar should be removed altogether and a clean one substituted.

HALITOSIS. This complaint is often overlooked, due to a reticence on the part of even your best friends to tell you about it. It seriously cramps your

*Abbreviation of common expression used by irate females. Means "Scram", "Beat it", "Go away".

• Continued on following page



An American Viewpoint

NOTE:—This has been reprinted in the *Prairie Flyer* because it is felt that it expresses the views of most airmen in the camp.

It is only by studying maps that we realise the importance of size. A map that shows Siberia makes England look insignificant; but think of the comparative contributions of these two countries to history!

England has the same area as the State of Michigan or North Carolina; but this area holds forty-five million people, the largest city in the world, and several other towns of over a million each; it contains an amazing variety of scenery, Roman remains, splendid medieval Gothic Cathedrals, and the loveliest countryside in the world.

I can vaguely imagine the heartrending homesickness that must torture Englishmen under the pitiless glare of the sun in India and in Africa, when they remember the dewy freshness of their native land.

—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, of Yale, in
"Autobiography with Letters" (1939).



IF IT'S KISSING YOU'RE MISSING . . .

• Continued from page 4

style when at last you get her alone on the chesterfield. The solution is proper care of the teeth. Never forget that they are your own **IVORY CASTLES**. (It is said that Bonnie Prince Charlie only refrained from marrying Flora MacDonald because one day, as he stooped to kiss her, he suddenly recoiled and, in a disappointed voice, coined that world-famous expression, "Och, Flora, did you na clean your teeth today?" From then on he openly proclaimed that he preferred the **KISS OF THE HOPS** and went to England to fight in the Wars of the Four Roses.) Here is a letter we received from an airman the other day:—

"I used to be called **ONE-KISS KENNETH**. I was a hitchhiker on the highway of love. I was yesterday's forgotten man. I was the lonely heart with a capital L, until I discovered my smile was not all it should be. I then began to clean my teeth, and they soon became so bright that I was forced to keep my mouth tightly shut in the blackout, for fear of trouble with the wardens. I am now so popular that **F/Sgt. N**—I have asked my advice on how to make friends."

So now you know!

UNWANTED HAIR. Nothing annoys a girl more than to have her carefully prepared complexion damaged by bristles on your chin. Several firms today specialise in the production of a handy little gadget known as a "safety-razor", which will remove your beard with ease. After a little practice you soon learn how to shave the beard without taking off the skin as well. Spare blades come in handy little packs, and in order to remain immaculate you should insert a new one in the razor every six months. **AFTER-SHAVE COLOUR HARMONY** should not be overlooked. Use a bright red talc to bring your cheeks and chin to the same hue as your nose.

Last, but by no means least, we have **NIGHT-STARVATION**. Our favourite correspondent, Mrs. Annie Twitcher, told us all about it, so we'll pass it on to you. Her husband used to be a night-watchman, but she took her complaint to his superiors, who were sympathetic and put him on day shift as a time-keeper. "And," says Mrs. Twitcher, "from then on I had nothing to complain about, if you see what I mean." Judging by what she was knitting at the time of the interview, she hadn't either—if you see what she meant.

T.S.M.G.

He was the finest type of Englishman, stood six feet two in his socks, and feared nothing except closing time.

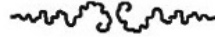


Old Melican's Almanac



[NO OBJECTIONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS]

PROPHETICALL PROGNOSTICATIONS BY NOSTRADAMUS HIS
PUPIL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE
HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE.



GAZING into a glass
marble handed down
to him through many gen-
erations, the Seer has be-
held Visions of the Mystic
Future. These are his
Prophecies:—

JANUARY.—The Beast
of the East will rear up his
awful Head in battle with
the Pest of the West. Don-
ald Duck will star in a film of the
Crusades for Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.
Several people will complain of frostbite;
and several more people will complain.
The empty Bottles from Beer consumed
during this month will be
placed end to end and stretch
from Malta to the Scilly Isles.
A Dog belonging to a Mrs.
Bootle of Weston-Super-Mare
will have fits. Nineteen Japan-
ese will be discovered hiding
in a Hay-loft in Manitoba, and
this will Lead to more Com-
plications.

FEBRUARY.—A Tidal Wave will en-
gulf the village of Nether Wallop and
leave several half-drowned chickens in
its Wake. A Vagrant arrested for being
Without visible means of Support will
plead that his braces were hidden be-
neath his Coat. Governments will fall
with resounding Crashes here and there.
The Trial of one Dreyfus will Amaze and
Appall the populace. Mafeking will be
Relieved. Several people will fall down
wells, while others will fish them out.
A Number of Babies will be Born. The
lucky number for this
Month will be Room
328.



MARCH.—There will
be a War on in Europe.
It will be a good month
for Bears on the Stock
Exchange, and an even
better one for Wolves.
Flood, Famine, and Fire
will visit various Places
and avoid others. A
South American Re-
publique will have two
Revolutions within fif-



teen Minutes, and the same
Men will be in Power all
the time anyway. A Pair
of Socks knitted by a
certain Miss Smith (pro-
nounced Smith) for her
Favourite Nephew will be
Lost in the post. A Huge
outcry in one country will
result in all the Members
of its Cabinet moving round
one Place, odd man out to
be Minister Without Portfolio.

APRIL.—A Flatiron will fall on the
Head of one in High Places, without
making any appreciable difference to
him that anyone can See. There will be
a War on in Africa. The results of sev-
eral Matches of Chesterfield Rugby will
be announced, and cause Consternation.
A man will Faint at finding traces of
Hops in Canadian Beer. 3,178 Umbrellas
will be handed in at the Lost Property
Office. Quetzalcoatl will return to Earth
and be met with Protests from the
Bishop of M'wampogo-
wampogo. Sea-water will
be found to contain Salt.

MAY.—A Car belong-
ing to a Man named
Charlie Brown will be
jacked up, and all the tires
removed. An Elderly Per-
son, giving his name as
Don Quixote, will be Ar-
rested for breaking into
the Windmill Theatre.
There will be a War on in
Australia. A Beautiful Female named
Lucrezia Borgia will figure Prominently
in a Poisoning Case. A leading Psy-
chiatrist will announce that the half of
the Population which is not going Insane
is Insane already. This will call forth a
Protest from the Bishop of M'wampogo-
wampogo. A Hollywood Producer will
buy the Film rights of Homer's *Odyssey*
and put the Author on his Company's
pay-roll. The Sky will be Blue.



JUNE.—Statistics published this
Month will show that the Number of
Infants born without tails is the Same.
Earthquakes in the Outer Hebrides will
Ruin the jellied Eel trade. A well-known



Comedian on the American Radio will tell a new Joke for the first time in Ten Years. Politicians all over the Place will continue not to let their Right ears know what their Left ears are Listening to. A Mob will occupy the Bastille; they will be in search of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and these Ladies, as usual, will be just Around the Corner, with Prosperity. A man will astound Onlookers by falling into a Vat of wine and drinking his Way out.

JULY.—There will be a War on in the Pacific Ocean. A number of Interviews with Oriental Ladies, conducted by Professor J. H. Martin, will establish that it is not True. The Bottom will fall out of the World, which will continue as usual.



AUGUST.—The Inhabitants of New York will cause traffic Jams by their well-known Habit of frying eggs on the pavement during this Month. A three-ring Circus visiting Washington, D.C., will be mistaken for a Government Department. Three men will sing "Sweet Adeline" in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, and the Bishop of M'wampogo-wampogo will Protest. Charlie McCarthy will be made Secretary of State for Secretaries. More Babies will be Born. It will be a good Month for Bulls on the Stock Exchange and in China-shops. The emergency Use of Mrs. Guggenheimer as a Floating Dock will cause comment. A Party led by a man Masquerading under the name of "Dionysius" will be Imprisoned for Drunkenness and Disorderly conduct.



SEPTEMBER.—Leaves will fall. The conjunction of Gemini and the Mark of Beast 666 bodes ill for church-wardens. A Gentleman named de Sade will do a Number of Queer Things, and his practise of Abominations will be Decried by a Body of respectable Persons who only practise them in Private. Another man called William Shakespeare will be placed on bail under Suspicion of Immoral conduct, and certain Sonnets published by him used in Evidence. There



will be a War on in Asia and vast Floods in Barking Creek.

OCTOBER.—A Canary will sing in Rumania. Elsewhere, a King will be assassinated; and so will the assassigators. This will lead, as usual, to more assassinations. A Member of the House will burst into tears on being spoken to rudely by Lady Astor. One half of the World will not know what the other half is Doing. Neither half will care.

NOVEMBER.—Bacchanalian revellers in Wapping High Street will be Suppressed by Officers of the Law. Strange, choking sounds coming from behind a Bush in Hyde Park will Affright innocent Maidens, until they are found to emanate from a little Pink M.P., crying because he has been Whipped. A Lady named Godiva will be Arrested in Coventry High Street for Indecent exposure of her Person to the Public gaze. There will be a War on in the Atlantic. The Road to Alaska will be paved with good Intentions. A Miss Gurgle, stepping out of a Bath at the Y.W.C.A., Kalamazoo, will be confronted by a Masked Bandit, who will surprise her by asking for her Money. The Bishop of M'wampogo-wampogo will Protest.



DECEMBER.—A party of St. Bernard Dogs will be Lost in the Swiss Alps. There will be no War on in America. Italian troops will create Amusement by surrendering to their own vanguard Forces who will be running away from the Enemy. Governments will reshuffle with the Speed of Cardsharps, not inappropriately. A man named Harold will get his Eye knocked out at Hastings. There will be a meeting of Eminent Divines on Brighton Pier. The World will go on being Round. It will be filled with Murders, Suicides, Flood, Fire, Famine, Revolution, Oppression, Injustice, Lunacy, Earthquakes, War, Disease, Heartbreak, Snobbery, and Jobbery, just like the jolly little place it always was. Fun and Games of all Sorts will be enjoyed, and



• Continued on following page



How to Live in the Air Force

[IN ONE EASY LESSON]

ON learning recently that a friend of mine was about to join the Air Force, I decided to send him (together with the usual expression of sympathy) some general advice on conduct, in the hope that it might help to smooth the rocky path ahead of him. It was the most one could in the sad circumstances.

If those of you who have friends or brothers coming into the Service would care to pass on the same advice to them, here it is in tabloid form:

(1) Never wear a trilby hat with your uniform. It is considered bad taste.

(2) Never wear a red tie on parade. It may be thought to have a political significance.

(3) Never walk out of camp without calling at the guardroom first. The guardroom may have an important message for you.

(4) Never forget, if you want your breakfast in bed, to order it the evening before. This saves the cookhouse a lot of trouble.

(5) Never slap an officer on the back with "What-ho, twerp!" "Hallo" is considered much better etiquette.

(6) Never sing on early morning parade. Singing may wake up the others.

(7) Never offer the Accounts Officer a tip when you are paid. An Accounts

Officer can get all the money he wants, without tips.

(8) Never take a week off without first telling Headquarters that you are going. Unreported absences only cause bother in handling the mail.

(9) Never exhibit your girl-friend's photograph too prominently. She may be a girl-friend of one of the officers as well.

(10) Never bring your girl-friend into the billet. It is always possible that someone taking a shower will find he has forgotten the soap.

(11) Never address the C.O. as "Groupie". He may be a Wing-Commander.

(12) Never bring beer or spirits into the billet. You will have none left for yourself.

(13) Never tell the Sergeant Discip. in public what you think of him. Lead him aside and tell him privately.

(14) Never use swear words when talking to the padre. He may not know they are swear words and come to use them himself.

If your friend, or brother, abides by these simple rules, he will have an interesting career in the Air Force and a wealth of memories when war is over.

—J.H.M.

OLD MELICAN'S ALMANAC

• Continued from page 7

a man will fall off a Horse in Peru. Queer goings-on will be reported in the City of Carthage. There will be an explosion in a Munich beer-cellar, and the wrong people will again get hurt. The Year will end with a paean of rejoicing for the Benefits of the past twelve Months. Air will continue to be the only Free commodity.

These Wonders that the Seer has foretold will come to pass as they are here written. Watch!



PROVERBS OF 1942

A friend is one who has the same enemies as you have.

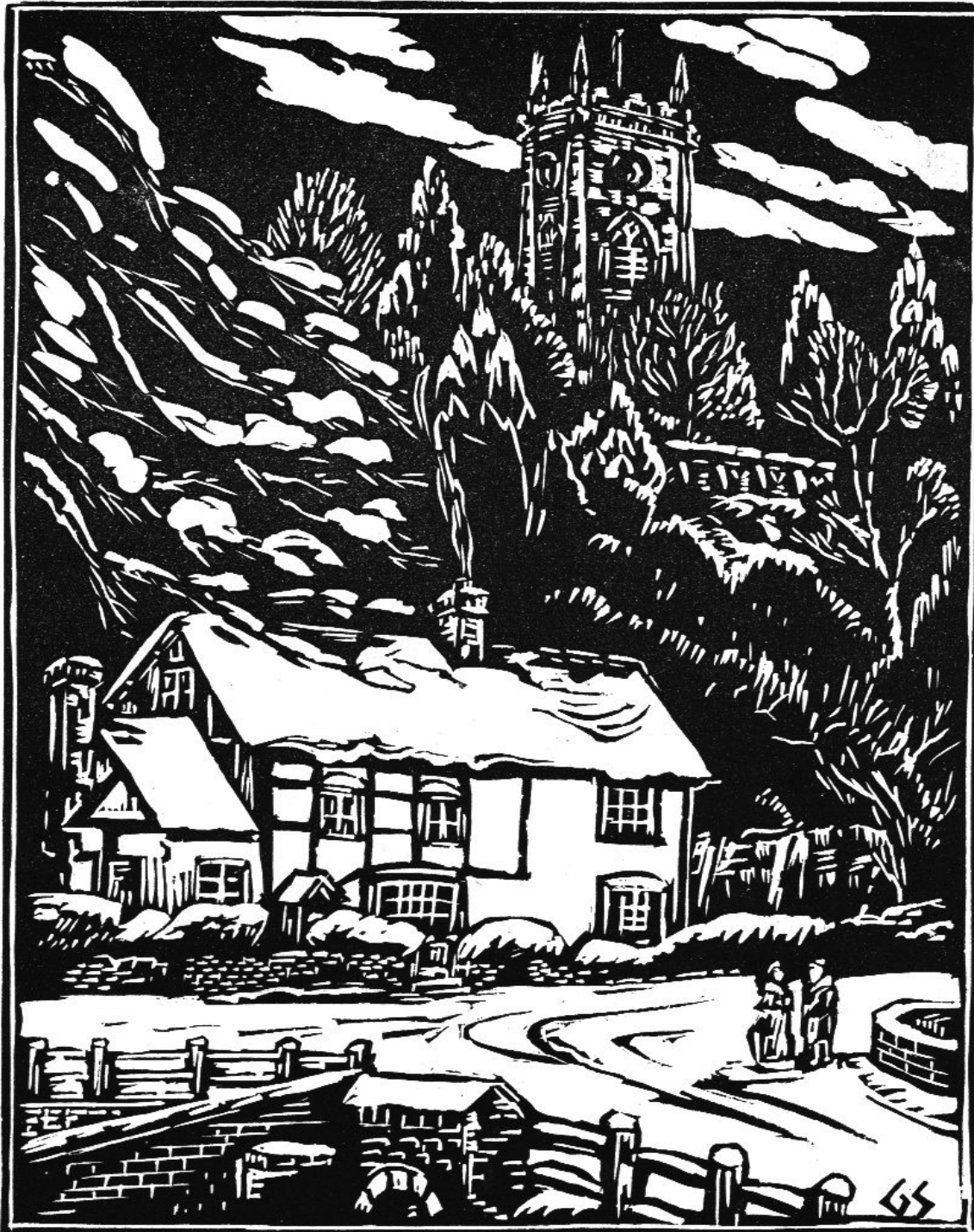
A gossip is a person with a keen sense of rumour.

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing but nobody else does.

The height of wisdom lies in resisting the urge to take a ten-mile walk when you are standing on top of the Empire State Building.

He who hesitates is last.

THIS ENGLAND . . . a new series



—Wood engraving by G. Sumner
A WHITE CHRISTMAS, MARKET-DRAYTON, SALOP



Do we hear wedding-bells from the Sickery, and will it be a double wedding?

What connection with this has a certain sergeant, who hides his light under an appropriate name?

Is there a corporal who is sometimes afraid to enter his own office?

Who are the heroes who brave the storm and the snow to fly model aircraft on the runways?

Is it true that one of their models was designed to run along the ground, and the wings added as an afterthought?

Are gremlins inhabiting the new barrack block?

Or are the lights which gleam mysteriously from it at all hours of the night due to natural causes?

Is it true that the sports store will be open one day?

Who was the man who, when told that some reliefs were coming in, said: "Lovely. When can we leave?"

Is it true that a Junior N.C.O. in the Sickery, whose favourite phrase is "Get some in!", has a number with seven figures?

Who had a doctor's certificate?

Why the butter shortage?

If the noticeable absence of dogs from the station these days has any sinister significance?

Who spread the S.W.O.'s talcum powder all over the floor of the Sergeants' Mess, under the impression that it was powder used for dance-floors?

Did the pig create much work for some men in the M.T. Section?

Do you think it will be a white Christmas?

HERITAGE OF BEAUTY

Christmas

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*



BITS AND PIECES

Erk: I went out with a girl from the schools last night.

Friend: Teacher?

Erk: No, it wasn't necessary.

A cricket-team arrived at the ground where they were to play, and found themselves a man short. There was nobody around on the field, except a horse. So the captain approached him, explained their position, and said:

"Would you mind playing for us?"

"No," said the horse. "I'll be delighted."

They felt that it would be best to put the horse in first, not knowing how he would shape. To their amazement, he scored a century; at the close of play, the horse was still in, and the score was so good that the captain decided to declare the innings.

Afterwards, he approached the horse, and explained that the man he was replacing was also a marvelous bowler. He said:

"I wonder would you mind going in first tomorrow to bowl?"

"No," said the horse. "I wouldn't dream of it."

"Why not?" asked the captain.

"Well," the horse replied, "who ever heard of a horse bowling?"

My brother was a deep-sea diver, and he met a terrible death. One day he was a long way down; a mermaid went by, and he raised his hat.

When the cat's away, she's usually having a hell of a good time.

A diver was working on a wreck. After he had been down some time, he found the air-supply was becoming insufficient, so he tugged on a rope which rang a bell on the deck, to tell the crew of it.

Meanwhile, the boat started to sink.

One of the crew ran to the diving apparatus when the bell rang.

"What's the matter?" he yelled into the diver's speaking tube.

"Pull me up, pull me up! My air supply is giving out."

"Don't worry, old boy. We're coming down."

"Who are you shoving?"

"I don't know. What's your name?"

They gave my mother-in-law a swell funeral. It took five men to carry the beer.

Two drunks were having a conversation.

"When I was very small," said one, "I was terribly, terribly ill."

"Poor li'l chap," said the other. "Did you live?"

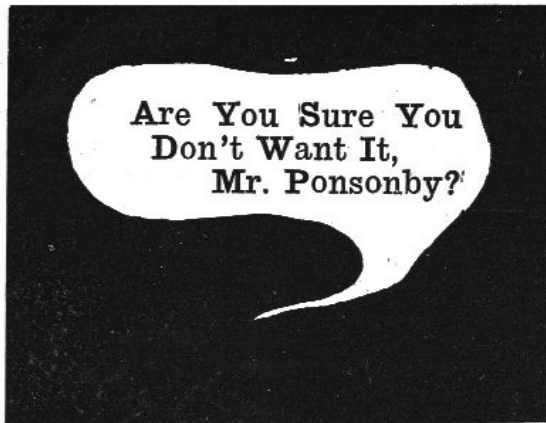
"Live!" was the reply. "You should see me now!"

One of the white-feather distributing ladies was in the country. She went to a farm, and saw a man there milking a cow.

"My man," she said, "you shouldn't be there. You should be at the front."

"Bain't no milk that end."

We knew a man whose studies were pursued, but never effectively overtaken.



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT



WAR in Spain



PART III.

AFTER the food-convoy attack, the guerilla fighting in which we were engaged provided nothing of especial note; a few skirmishes, and the usual privations, that was all. We were not sorry when word came to return to Albacete, to undergo further training and become part of a fighting battalion.

Equipment this time was excellent. Our weapons were of the newest type, and it was not difficult to have confidence in them.

A significant word was spoken to us; next time you fight, it was said, the fighting will take place in a city; and we felt that soon, very soon, we would be in the real battle, the very centres of strife.

We trained in street-fighting, learning how to take advantage of the barest cover; that to get from one house to the next, one did not go outside and knock at the door, but unceremoniously blew down an intervening wall, usually behind a fireplace where it would be thin. The training was thorough; and not unexpectedly so, for of this British Brigade the O.C. was Captain Macartney, and the second in command Tom Wintringham; we were as sure of our leaders as of our new weapons. Lectures were given to us, telling the opposition that would await us; the German heavy guns, and light and medium tanks; and the dreaded Condor Legion, the shock-troops and crack forces of the Nazis. General O'Duffy's Blueshirts were also in opposition on the sector for which we were destined; it was painful to think of Irishmen, the immemorial champions of freedom, fighting to create military dictatorship in unwilling Spain.

The days passed quickly, until one morning we were issued with cigarettes—sure sign of an impending move. And soon we were entrained for an unknown destination; so closely kept had the secret been that even when we had arrived at the city we did not know where we might be.

It was Madrid. Madrid in early March, just before the spring; and bitter it is at a later time to know that a perpetual winter has settled over it, that the grim winter of tyranny set in and does not lift even in the brightest sunshine.



Leaving the train, we were driven to University City, wherein the colleges, hospitals, the cultural buildings of the community were centred; some of them new buildings, defiant proclamations of the republican government, finished while the war was on. It had been shelled and bombed, was shelled and bombed every day; but the anti-breakage furnishings on shop windows were brightly coloured, the civilian morale

★ *Story told by J. A.
Written by T. M.*

high and unquestionably anti-Fascist; and the shelters were good.

We travelled to the outskirts of University City in trams; it seemed a strange way to go to a front line. The landscape was flat, the shattered trees and buildings, the atmosphere of unrelenting destruction, gave a nightmare quality to the scene, a quality that surrealist painting had foreshadowed but scarcely equalled. Nearly every half-broken building was white; and where the external walls had been blown away, the interiors now pathetically exposed were white also; the ravaged houses were like so many broken and splintered bones.

At varying distances from 100 yards to about half a mile away from our forward positions, the enemy forces were waiting.

To the right of us lay in support the German Thaleman Brigade, and on our left, the Italians, the Garibaldi Brigade, every man of them a volunteer in the fight against the form of government which had made their own countries as a foreign land to them. The Abraham Lincoln and the Polish Brigades were near to us; and many hundreds of volunteers from Canada. That for which we

• Continued on page 24





WHAT a Christmas!



WHEN the Editor asked me to write an article on my most memorable Christmas, my thoughts went back to a holiday I spent in London some years before the present war. I had been invited up by Richard who rented a studio in Brightest Bloomsbury. The studio had once been, of all things, a convent. It was a large place, but not large enough. Nothing would have been large enough that was smaller than the Albert Hall; for as soon as Richard took the place all the people who knew him, or thought they knew him, or thought they ought to know him, decided that friendship would be served if they went to live with him. Some stayed for a few days and some for a few weeks, and perhaps some are there still, though Richard has other things to do.

Of all the crowd, I remember a surrealist poet who was rumoured to eat lobster suppers for the sake of his Unconscious; an Italian nobleman who believed that he was a sculptor and was modelling the head of a famous deceased violinist; an intense young man who was working on a history of Renaissance art; an ex-barrister who had written twenty-two plays, none of which was ever produced; a girl who used to bring her 'cello and practise on it, thereby making us regret that the 'cello was a portable instrument; another girl who did nothing at all but smoke a pipe, which God knows was enough; and a picturesque Russian of peculiar habits who talked cheerfully of liquidating us all when the world revolution came—we gathered that it would come in the October of some unspecified year. One also found a few film people there. Among these I recall a script girl called Thelma; I remember her because she had a bicycle which was always going wrong.

I may add that they did not all sleep in the studio; some were supposed to have houses and were wont to disappear at about four in the morning, if able to move.

Each day shortly before lunch they would begin work. The scene was perhaps one of intellectual endeavour; it

was certainly damned noisy. At intervals the surrealist poet would arise from the table and declaim a few lines from his own thaumaturgic compositions. This alone was pretty upsetting. I mean, it shakes you when someone who has been quietly scribbling for half an hour leaps from his chair and shouts: "In Piccadilly I heard the green rain singing. The headless woman burst into flower." One is not used to such things.

And—what is worse—while he is reciting, Ianto the playwright is enacting his latest play, line by line as he composes it. He bounces out from behind an easel and says, in suitably dramatic tones: "Enter Viola, downstage right. 'Take me, take me—I am yours for ever.' Sobs." For effect, he leans against the bust of some provincial mayor and cries hysterically. "No; won't do. Not in character. Too frightfully Pinero." After ten minutes of furious thought he again rushes out; "Enter Viola, downstage right. 'I am a fallen woman, but I am yours for what I am.' Definitely better. More restrained. One has to think of Agate, you know. . . ."

And all the while Sonia is industriously fiddling; the Marxian gentleman is arguing with Richard, whom he considers a bourgeois reactionary; the historian of art is singing risqué ballads; and Thelma is hammering at her bicycle. The only quiet person is the Italian sculptor who hasn't enough English to make conversation and is too polite to sing.

Such was the scene that Christmas Eve when, infected by the atmosphere, I sat down to compose a sonnet. I said nothing about it, because like all real sonnets, it had to have rhyme and metre, and the surrealist disapproved of both. Some way on, I found that I would need a word to rhyme with "orange". I pondered deeply but no word came. I soon realised that it would be difficult to find any rhyme at all, much less a suitable one. But I did not despair. Would Wordsworth have abandoned a promising sonnet just because he couldn't easily find a rhyme for "orange"?

In this mood of grim resolve I left the studio on the pretext that I was going to the British Museum to look at the Etruscan pottery. I boarded a 'bus without caring where it took me. Still deep in thought, I alighted somewhere in the Billingsgate district.



While wandering in this odoriferous quarter of London, I suddenly became aware of the Monument. Ah, I thought—the very place in which to ponder. So I entered, climbed the stairs and reached the top. There, leaning over the gallery and idly surveying the scene below, I continued my desperate quest for a rhyme to “orange”.

How long I remained there in my splendid isolation I cannot say. People came and went; of this I was vaguely aware. “Orange—borange—corange”: I went through the alphabet again and yet again without finding anything. The gallery was now deserted, save for myself, and I walked around it many times, racking my brains for a word. But peripatetics availed nothing; the rhyme to “orange” was beyond me.

Glum with a sense of failure, I turned to leave. I pushed against the door. It stayed shut. I pushed again. It obstinately remained as it was. With a shock that brought back reality, I realised that I had been locked in the tower.

But it would be all right. The caretaker would come and let me out if I could make him hear.

I shouted. I shouted louder. I shouted until I was hoarse.

No one came.

I don't know what my feelings would have been if I had known that the caretaker had gone home for Christmas. As it was, I kept on hoping that he or someone would come. My efforts to attract attention by gesticulating from the side were in vain; the tower was high and no one noticed me. Seeing some people pass near the base, I threw down my coat as a signal. They just walked by, deep in conversation, unaware.

It was very cold that night. I huddled up on the floor in my shirt-sleeves and shivered till dawn came. The streets below were empty, as one would expect on Christmas Day. Once I saw some revellers pass and my heart nearly broke; one of them was carrying a large bottle. I thought of turkey and pudding; I thought of my friends at the studio. It was awful.

On Christmas afternoon I began to chew my necktie. It was tough and tasteless but I had to chew something. I wasn't sure whether I would starve to death or freeze.

That night was a dreadful eternity, and it was hardly a consolation when at dawn it occurred to me that the Shakespearean sonnet form demanded two rhymes to “orange,” not one.

I was there till the morning after Boxing Day. By that time I had become almost cannibalistic. It was only fatigue which restrained me from eating the caretaker when he arrived. He was apologetic, of course—but of what use were apologies?

My first impulse on dashing from my prison was to eat. It then occurred to me that all my money had been in the castaway coat, now lost to me for ever. I set out on the long walk to the studio, enquiring the way at intervals and frequently losing it. At last, completely exhausted, I reached the door.

They were all there, happily prostrate amid a chaos of empty bottles. After the noisy enthusiasm of their welcome they stood and stared at me with the enviously appreciative look of rogues admiring a super-rogue. “You old devil,” said Richard. “You slip away early on Christmas Eve on the pretext that you are going to a museum. You go out on the razzle for two or three days and nights, and you come back looking like something the cat's brought in. What a Christmas you must have had to look like that! What a Christmas!”

—J.H.M.

The tallest family tree has its roots in the soil.

**Particulars of Decorations Awarded
to Former Pupils of This Unit
Since It Was Formed as
No. 10 F.T.S. in 1936**

- 1 Victoria Cross.
- 1 George Cross.
- 9 Distinguished Service Orders.
- 1 bar to Distinguished Service Order.
- 129 Distinguished Flying Crosses.
- 14 bars to D.F.C.
- 14 Air Force Crosses.
- 1 Military Medal.
- 42 Distinguished Flying Medals.
- 2 Air Force Medals.
- 1 Member of the British Empire (M.B.E.)
- 1 Polish “Virtuti Militari”.
- Total Decorations.... 216
- 21 of the above decorations were won by pupils trained in Canada.

—Particulars kindly supplied by
S/L O. R. Orchard.



Christmas in Russia

I think it fitting that in the midst of our festivities we should remember others who at this time are less fortunate than ourselves. This poem is an expression of that view.

Under my feet in the forest of fir trees
I trample the marks of blood into the snow.
There has been a battle here. Always the battles;
The year has been one of death and preparation
For death. There is no happiness in the land.
Much that we had built has been destroyed,
Many of the young have died; the old, too, have suffered,
And the hands of war have strangled the little children.
It has been a bitter time; bitter in my recollection
The long days of summer and the curse of spring
Awakening no life and joy but only increasing
The tribute we have paid to the dreadful gods,
And the dark flame of death burning in the wheatfields.

We have not known how to recount our sorrow;
Though every brave man's going from our midst
Has been like a sword thrust in the heart.
It is not easy to speak of it. Some have returned
Who will not walk in the lovely fields again,
And some who will never see the spring break
In a profusion of green and the ice go from the rivers
In the season of rebirth. These are the fortunate ones,
For some will not return.

It is with no feeling of hope that I traverse the forest
From which a battle has moved on. The lives
Of our generation and its purposes are taken
From their proper devotion and given to strange anguish.
We shall never see the shining citadel. A cloud
Has covered the distant mountains. Now at this season,
When with an exultation in the quiet nights
Man has rejoiced at an imminent rebirth of the sun,
■ ■ ■ We cannot rejoice, but look to the dark flame of death
Burning in tribute to the dreadful gods, and know we must endure
To an utter destruction, and again the bitter beginnings.

—T.M.





THE Padre's LETTER

Dear Friends,—As this issue of the *Prairie Flyer* will reach you a few days before Christmas, I would like to wish everybody a Very Happy Christmas and Every Good Wish for a Prosperous and Joyous New Year.

I was interested as I read the other day of a group of R.A.F. personnel visiting the Church of Christ's nativity in Bethlehem and of their standing there in awe to worship. Then, having left the church to be turned back again by an irresistible impulse to worship yet further on that hallowed spot.

No band of religious fanatics were these, but merely a number of men from one of our Camps, who later returned to a celebration of the Holy Communion at an hour well past midnight.

Why is December 25th kept as Christmas Day? Why does it come in the very depths of the Winter Season? The exact date of Christ's birth is not known and December 25th was not fixed as the Birth Festival of Christ until three hundred years after He died. It was then chosen not because it was the true date of His birth, but rather because it was the date of the Mid-Winter heathen festivals of which traces are still with us as we burn the Yuletide log, a custom originating long before the time of Christ. The Christmas Tree, the Holly and the Happy Feast all come to us from the Pagan Days of old.

The Ancient Winter Festivals were planned for the dark, bleak days of Winter darkness when the sun appeared for the shortest time and prevailing fears were that it would really die, sinking for ever in the glory of one last beautiful awe-inspiring setting in the Western sky. As fear clutched the hearts, the ancients piled high the Yule Logs so that the flames roared into the skies to warm the sun, lest its fading light and heat should be lost for ever in Winter's terrifying grip. What more appropriate time then could be chosen for the Christians to keep the Festival of Christ's birth than this day of vivid past experience? His coming is like dawn after the depths of a hard and cruel Wintertime. His Birth brings Hope, Joy and Peace to the world struggling in chaos and depths of deep



despair. If there had been no Christmas, what then? If Jesus Christ had not lived, what would the world be like today? It would not and could not be much worse than now, says the cynic sneeringly—but I wonder; it's common experience to take good things for granted and cry out only against such things as maim and mar our lives. As it has been said,

"We must take the Earth for granted that we may stand and turn our faces to the sky. Is there any use in asking what might have been, if the Earth had not been as it is?"

One Christmas Eve, an old Christian minister fell asleep over his books and sleeping, dreamed that Christ had never been born. As in his slumbers he wandered thoughtfully through the highways and byways of the town and village, no church was ever visible and the steeples marked by their empty crosses were nowhere to be seen. The joyous notes of the church bells, calling people to worship, never reached his ears. Later, while turning the pages of his Bible in the early hours to seek strength and comfort for the ensuing day, great passages were blotted out and the name and life of Jesus were obliterated from history. As he dreamed, a sweet child nervously approached him to beg his assistance as her mother lay dying. Eagerly he hastened to the side of the sick bed to help the ailing one in time of trouble, only to arrive too late. Looking down into the terrified and tear-filled eyes of the trembling, eager child, he sought to comfort her, but no words would come and only that dread sounding thought "She is dead" was expressed. The scene changed, and as he stood by the side of the open grave with the weeping mourners standing by, no church bells knolled, no organ had played, no words of Hope were serenely proclaimed. The old man wept, for he had helped no one at all and there was no Hope. Suddenly, as he awoke with tears yet wet upon his lids, to his wakening senses came the clear notes of ringing bells and in the distance, the carols blended in the midnight air—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing, Glory to the New Born King"—his heart pounded

• Continued on page 28



Potted Personalities . . . No. 17



W/O. C. R. WOODS
Station Warrant Officer

CAMP SHOW A SUCCESS!

Romany Revels Hit the Spot

32 S.F.T.S.—The latest camp entertainment, staged under the direction of F/L Williams, enjoyed an enthusiastic reception on the nights of Nov. 17th, 18th and 19th. It was a bright and diverting little show, well planned and executed, and gave evidence of new talent which promises well for future occasions.

The scenery, designed and painted by LAC. G. Sumner, was, it seems hardly necessary to say, excellent, and provided the right sort of colourful background for light and cheerful songs and sketches such as those presented. The dance orchestra was in good form, and seems to have recovered completely from the blows which a succession of postings among its former members gave it. A minor criticism is that occasionally the brass seems a little too heavy; but this fault will of course disappear, and in any case their performance was more than creditable.

Among the performers, it is difficult to select anyone for special mention, since they all put their best into their turns and succeeded very well in putting the show over. Highspots of the evening, however (purely from this reporter's viewpoint), were Sgt. Cooper's "double-faced" act; LAC. Godfrey's Gremlin, an engagingly wicked little sprite with a sepulchral laugh; some songs in French by Mrs. Williams, and a young man who came in front of the curtain between turns and told some stories which, if not exactly reaching to the knuckle, were certainly well past the finger-tips. His name is LAC. A. W. Frenzel, and he has an air about him which you don't get at your first try on a stage. I imagine he has been there before.

For the rest, the Harmonaires, Mrs. Cooper, LAC. Slack and the others kept things going brightly to provide what was, on the whole, a most enjoyable couple of hours.

Disney Making R.A.F. Film

Walt Disney is to make a new film about the R.A.F. and a new story book family, the "Gremlins".

There will be Papa Gremlin, Mama Fifinella, their son Widget, and their daughter Flibbertygibbet.

The film was suggested by an article written by Flight-Lieutenant R. Dahl, Assistant Air Attache at the British Embassy, which will appear with Disney illustrations in the magazine *Cosmopolitan* on December 1.

The proceeds and Flight-Lieutenant Dahl's share of the film profits will go to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

—From the *Daily Express*.

Child Care

We have been requested to include this announcement in our News Section, and do so gladly, for there must be many of the living-out personnel who would like to employ the services here offered:

War Emergency Rangers—Child Care Service—Booking Bureau: Phone 5463, Mrs. R. A. Gretton, between 9 a.m. and 12 noon.

High School girls, 15 and older, will look after children between 4 p.m. and not later than midnight at a rate of ten cents per hour. Rangers are affiliated with the Girl Guides' Association and for the most part have training in elementary home nursing and first aid. Their behaviour is vouched for by the organisation and the proceeds go towards uniforms.

Motto for a movie star—Marry in haste and repeat at leisure.

* * *

An airman is an animal that walks on two legs—except on Saturday night.

PIG VISITS 32

Looking for Someone?

The facts of this unusual case have not been fully substantiated. What is known for certain is that a handsome, nicely-spoken and well-dressed porker in the prime of life was seen at several points on the camp on a day in November. He made his first appearance, we are informed, on the runways, where he spent an amusing and instructive half-hour or so watching the aircraft land and take off; the intrepid visitor seemed to show little concern at the danger to which he exposed himself, and is even said to have dismissed the question with a light laugh when it was put to him. Other reports of a rather more sinister cast speak of his taking notes in a little black book as he went from point to point on the camp, and the query has been raised whether he may not have been Mussolini, not particularly well disguised. We are preserving an open mind on this, though the resemblance from some angles was startling. . . .

The pig finished his informal tour of inspection in No. 1 Hangar, where he was accosted and questioned in the ablutions on the north side. The party of scouts who conducted this cross-examination were, it seems, not fully satisfied with his answers, which were to say the least of it evasive; and in the end, as his arrest was carried out by a better man than we are, Gunga Din, his language became positively revolting, and a little pink-cheeked P/O., who came straight out of kindergarten into the Air Force and was unused to profane language, fainted.

News of the affair leaked out, and it hit the radio headlines over CHAB; but since then, an ominous silence which surrounds the subsequent happenings seems to show that there was more in it than met the eye; or should we say, nose?

Whenever we think of this dangerous character now we see him sitting in a

Sauce for a Goose

It is said that a corporal, not unconnected with Flying Wing, approached an airman in one of the crew-rooms, and bade him sweep the floor.

The airman objected.

The corporal repeated his commands.

The airman said he had more important things to do, and it wasn't his turn.

The corporal repeated.

And the airman, to clinch the argument, said:

"Listen, laddie, I'm a u/t pilot, not a u/t housewife!"

There the matter rested, somewhat uncomfortably.

Flash!

A last-minute flash reaches us of an airman who, standing with his cap off, his tunic off, and, incidentally, his trousers off as well, saluted the M.O.!

It's odd the way some people behave.

In China, a man shakes hands with himself when he meets a creditor, but in Canada, according to some reports, he shakes hands with himself when he doesn't.

Thanks . . .

We have received a letter from Miss Emily Golding of Moose Jaw in which she says: "Please don't ever let the *Flyer* fade into the dim realms of obscurity. It's tops!"

Thank you very much.

prison cell, gloomy and despondent and probably writing rude words on the wall to cheer himself up.

If it **was** Mussolini, we hope they're keeping him well supplied with monkey-nuts, which are, we understand, his favourite food.

Notes by the Way

"Out here," I remarked, "one has no sense of history."

And having made the remark, I began almost immediately to see that it was not true. The error was an obvious and natural one to make; bred in England and in an European tradition, one had been accustomed to having history in mute evidence on every side; buildings whose walls spoke of dead centuries, that had witnessed the procession of human life in one generation after another; an old window designed by Inigo Jones, from which great name in inevitable association one pictured the courts of the last James and the first Charles, the masques, stately, architectural, the riot of poetical invention, the scenes of dignified beauty engraved even now on our imaginations; a castle where Milton first produced his *Comus*; a little cottage, in which, four centuries back, a squawling baby destined to become one of the world's great poets drew his first breath; a mound of broken, crumbling masonry, wherein the Norman knights had feasted and fought and loved and died, cursing this foreign land and these strange stubborn men, who, although defeated, would not speak the French of their conquerors or do anything more than they were forced to do; a massive cathedral that told of the self-forgetful love of God of a community, for not a stone, not a statue in it could tell now the name of one man who helped to build it; these things and a myriad others surrounded one from childhood in an atmosphere where the past seemed very near.

Not surprising, then, to find that in Canada one should feel divorced from this river of life flowing out of the dark centuries, into the light of what little civilization we have achieved.

Yet, looking around the cafe in which I was, after I had made that remark and the conversation had dropped for a moment, I saw that the viewpoint was erroneous. The way in which that plaster there, for instance, curved down between the ceiling and the wall; that curve had its origins in Egypt, four thousand years

Tragedy in Stores

N.C.O. Demoted

Zeal for duty is an excellent thing, but there are times when it goes too far.

An N.C.O. in Clothing Stores had been working very hard during a parade, and removed his coat to cool off. One of his helpers was tidying the counter.

This helper came upon a coat, bearing on its arm a number of stripes. Anxious to get everything as straight as possible in every detail, he seized the tunic, and with a masterly flick of the wrist, he tore the stripes off. The other arm suffered in a like manner.

Yes, you're right; the coat had *not* been handed in on the clothing parade; it belonged to the N.C.O.

We are giving this story as it was told to us, and cannot vouch for its accuracy; but if it is correct, we wonder if a reconciliation has taken place?

A woman's promise to be on time carries a lot of weight.

* * *

A bald headed man has less hair to comb, but more face to wash.

or so before the birth of Christ; the pattern on the ceiling was, unless I was much mistaken, taken almost directly from a design of the Brothers Adam; the wooden panelling recalled, although it was a much simplified pattern, the masterpieces of Grinling Gibbons, who decorated so many of Wren's glorious buildings and could do in wood things that others found difficult in more durable stone; the man who waited on us was Chinese, and seemed in his strong impassive face and quick, stylised gestures to personify the art and civilization that his people had created, while our ancestors were running wild in the woods with blue-painted skins.

History is a living thing, it is around us and we are part of it, and perhaps to the enquiring mind it can speak as loudly from a tea-cup as it can from a cathedral.

D. G.

Cook and Canine

In the Officers' Mess one day this week, loud barks were heard, resounding all over the mess, and awakening one officer who was later said to have been asleep in a corner ever since the last Guest Night.irate voices arose, saying "Find that animal and throw it away", "Is there a Bob Martin in the house?" and many other more lurid comments.

A waiter hurriedly went in search of the offending dog; he searched the place thoroughly, and there was no dog to be found. He returned; and, as he was saying, "I think it must have been let out", the barks sounded again, even louder and more ferocious.

This time he got straight on the beam, and zoomed into the kitchen; where he found one of the cooks, sitting calmly on a table and producing the wild yelps of a mongrel hound who had been shut out of a dog-show.

No explanation has so far been received; but it is generally thought that the attack came on after the cook had eaten some of his own sausages.

Are You Cadet Conscious?

The Air Cadets in Moose Jaw have been supplied with their new uniforms; they are proud of them, and they are proud of their affiliation with the Air Force. So next time you're going out, and you have a feeling that your appearance isn't everything it might be, remember these youngsters, the Air Force of tomorrow, and remember that when one of them sees an airman with dirty buttons or a tie half way round his collar, enthusiasm drops by just that much.

We hear that a certain love-sick swain in the Watch Tower was offered a penny for his thoughts.

The road to hell is paved.

Agony Column

WANTED: An out-of-work poltergeist, to haunt the Watch Tower at night and thus hinder and finally prevent night-flying, which is becoming rather a nuisance.

* * *

If ACH's with experience of tying knots in string and playing pianolas will communicate with Box 92a, they will hear of something.

* * *

A line was shot and killed in Crescent Park last Tuesday. Information leading to the whereabouts of the slayer will be rewarded by a hefty kick in the pants.

* * *

ARE YOU TIRED OF LIFE?—Read this amazing testimonial:

Mrs. Boosingheimer writes: "My husband often complained that he was tired of life, until he tried BLOGGO. He is now dead."

* * *

Do your best friends refuse to tell you? We can arrange to have you disinfected at small cost. Strict privacy. Private booths for sewer inspectors. Come as you are. Apply CARBOLIC CLEANING CORPORATION OF CANADA, The Fumigators With The Human Touch.

* * *

Man with insomnia would be willing to exchange for copy of "Gone With the Wind."

* * *

Don't miss Wetrot-Hatpin-Nitemare's new epic, "Dustmen Dauntless". Cast of millions. Exciting story of the Spanish-American War, showing Napoleon's amazing charge at the Battle of Hastings, gives a striking historical background to the tender love-story of Mary Queen of Scots and Karl Marx. Children under the age of 3 not admitted. It's colossal, tremendous, gigantic, enormous, terrific, preternatural, it's even big. Sammy Schlemiel, hindmost New York critic, says: "I say!"

Conventions make strange bed partners.

Have You Joined?

Here are a few facts and figures concerning the hospitalization scheme at present in existence between the members of No. 32 S.F.T.S. and their dependents and the General Hospital, Moose Jaw.

STATEMENT UP TO AND INCLUDING NOVEMBER 30TH, 1942

Hospital Receipts

Subscriptions paid into Scheme from Sept. 1 to Nov. 30, 1942.....	\$408.00
Deposits paid to Hospital on admission of patients, from Sept. 1 to Nov. 30, 1942.....	78.00
	<u>\$486.00</u>

Hospital Payments

Patients' a/c from Sept. 1 to Nov. 30, 1942

Membership No.	Deposit Paid	*Hospital Charges
1	\$	\$ 39.00
8	5.00	3.00
8	5.00	4.00
9	5.00	64.60
9	5.00	62.60
10	10.00	25.00
114	5.00	19.70
117	5.00	57.15
34	5.00	33.10
116	5.00	65.25
159	8.00	13.50
42	5.00	6.00
168	5.00	20.70
119	5.00	15.00
500	5.00	55.50

\$484.10

Hospital Balance for the three months during which the Scheme has been in existence

1.90

\$486.00

*Borne by scheme, which would normally have been paid by non-members.

It should be noted that whereas the above detailed members have received these benefits, not one has paid more

It's the Law!

In Mohave County, Arizona, any man who steals a cake of soap is obliged by law to wash with it until it is all used up.

* * *

The following rules were in force at Mt. Holyoke College in 1837:

No young lady shall become a member of Mt. Holyoke Seminary who cannot kindle a fire, wash potatoes, repeat the multiplication table and at least two-thirds of the Shorter Catechism.

Every member of the school shall walk a mile a day unless a freshet, earthquake, or some other calamity prevent.

No young lady shall devote more than one hour a day to miscellaneous reading.

No young lady is expected to have gentlemen acquaintances unless they are returned missionaries, or agents of benevolent societies.

After listening to the usual damaging comparisons between the girls of today and the girls of years ago, Little Audrey said, "Well, if they were so darned innocent, how did they know when to blush?"

OUR WANDERING BOY

Tommy Gard writes to say that he's as fit as a (Stradivarius) fiddle and expects to be back before Christmas.

than \$2.40 in subscriptions at the time of admission to hospital.

While it is not intended that a statement of this kind be published regularly, now at the commencement of this Scheme, when doubts apparently are still in the minds of a number of men who as yet have failed to join, it is felt that the figures given above would promote a greater interest and prove to even a casual observer how well worth while this Scheme has been.

—MAURICE S. FLINT, S/L.



Gleanings From the G.I.S.

We are glad to welcome Squadron Leader Orchard back as C.G.I. after a few months' exile in Ottawa. In view of his long association with the unit, it is not surprising that he has automatically dropped back into place. He hopes that his brief contact with what we imagine to be the gay life of the capital will not have left him dissatisfied with the less hectic attractions of the prairies. We rather think not.

* * *

Unfortunately, there is not room in the G.I.S. for two Squadron Leaders, and we have to say goodbye to Squadron Leader Turner. When we say that we are sorry to lose him we do so not because it is the correct thing to say, but because we genuinely feel that way about it.

To those who had, as it were, grown up with the unit, a change of the C.G.I. was a shattering event, and there were, we have to admit, some anxious moments during the first week or two of the new order, when Squadron Leader Turner seemed inclined to treat lightly those things which had their origin long ago at Tern Hill and which are, therefore, unquestionably right. However, the G.I.S., like the Chinese nation, in time absorbs all invaders and before he left our temporary chief had become one of us.

An enthusiastic man of ideas, he excelled himself when he decided that the

Instructional Section ought to be represented by a place in this magazine: having decided which, he went away and left us. And as we sit far into the night holding this baby, we remember that he was, to use his own phrase, "a good type", and we try to bear no malice.

* * *

Contributions from the pupils have this month been sadly lacking. 65 Course, who provided all the material for our last issue, have lately been troubled by the imminence of examinations and it would have been unfair to have expected much from them. But, somehow, we've got it into our heads that the Instructional Section alone ought to be able to fill the whole of this magazine—a statement which we make purely for purposes of comparison and one not to be taken as an indication that we have monopolistic designs. We refuse to believe that the pupils haven't the ability to write; any man who can pass the R.A.F. education test for aircrew must be gifted with an imagination above the ordinary and must have acquired sufficient learning to turn out that deathless prose and sublime poetry which readers of the *Prairie Flyer* have come to expect.

We hope that the G.I.S. will now awake to the genius that is in it and pour down upon us an absolute deluge of copy for the next issue.

The Battle of the Sea

(This is written by a Dutch pupil now at 32 after a very exciting career in the Mercantile Marine.)

(The Narrator Continues)

"Now suppose the corvettes have found a fix. Three of them go on a sweep immediately. They sail in the form of a triangle, the leader in front. The distances between them are rather large. Now they start to throw the tins. They throw them in squares. First one from the poop of the ship, thirty seconds later one on starboard and one on port side, another thirty seconds later again one from the poop. As you can see for yourself, the depth charges drop in a perfect square. That would not be sufficient, however, as the sub may sit on a different depth. So they time the tins to

explode at different depths by means of a small device in the tin itself. The idea is simply a little tube open on one side and a kind of spring device on the other side. Now you all know that the deeper you descend in water the higher the pressure becomes. So they give the spring a certain loading and a certain pressure is needed to release that loading. For example, if they want the tin

... by S.A.S.

to explode at thirty fathoms (about 160 feet) they give the spring a loading that is just a little bit below the pressure at thirty fathoms. When the tin sinks down and reaches this depth the spring releases and a detonator explodes the charge. The result is terrific. Huge water columns are thrown up and the

• Continued on following page



THE BATTLE OF THE SEA

• Continued from page 23

pressure near the explosions becomes terrific."

"Does a depth-charge have to hit the submarine?" Jack wanted to know.

"Oh, no! That is not necessary at all. As long as it is in a radius of fifty feet it works out all right. The shock will make the rivets break and she will have so many leakages that she has to come up.

"For the rest, the Royal Navy is assisted by the Air Force, the Fleet Air Arm and the Coastal Command patrol, flying all the time a square search. It is said that from about 1,000 to 2,000 feet they can see a sub easier than the seaman on watch in the crow's nest.

"And now the second part. The convoy. This really is the oldest type of self-defence. In 1600 they had convoys. But it proves to be still practicable even in a modern war. The British Admiralty points out a certain assembly harbour where the ships have to assemble for convoy. Let us call the harbour X. Ships from different places come steaming in, go for anchor and start to prepare for the first part of their trip. While everybody is busy taking in supplies, refuelling, cleaning and trying out guns, anti-aircraft, etc., the captains, chief mates and chief engineers of the ships go ashore to a conference. At this conference they meet the commodore, the "big man", who has command over the complete convoy. I do not think, however, that there is anybody who is jealous of that job. I have heard that commodores suffer from a chronic headache and, if it is true, I can understand it. It is not an easy job to try to bring sixty or more ships to a safe harbour through a line of hard-trying Jerries. Anyhow, on this conference, the route is told with the different rendezvous. Each ship is given a number, which indicates in what row and what place it has to sail. Several ships are given special duties; one is the commodore's ship, on which the commodore will sail. (This ship is the only one that will stop and pick up survivors if a ship gets torpedoed. The rest just sail on. The risks of being hit are enormously increased when a ship has stopped.)

"The captains are given secret documents of codes and emergency signals. They are allowed to read them as soon

as they have left the harbour. After everything has been told, the day and hour for departure fixed, and everybody is satisfied with what he wanted to know, the conference splits up and everybody waits for the hour of departure, while flying boats search the sea for subs.

"Well, at last, the time is here. Flag signals go up and down on the ships. Aldis lamps flash their messages over the water, the rattle of anchor-chains comes from everywhere, and there goes the first ship, the commodore's. One by one the ships leave the harbour. As soon as they are on sea, that is, out of the harbour, the convoy starts to form with the commodore's ship as marker. Now a convoy is divided into a port wing and a starboard wing. The wings are again divided into rows. At the head of every row sails a leading ship; after about half an hour everybody has found his place. On the commodore's rises a line of flag-signals. Every ship has to hand up the same signal for the simple reason that the ships in the rear of the convoy cannot read the signal as the distance is too far, so they have to pick it up from others in front of them.

"The signal reads QP10—K232, which means 'Sail with a speed of 10 miles an hour on a course of 232 magnetic.' Or you might read N52—XZ, 'Ship 52 stay in your position.' This signalling goes on every hour of the day until the ships reach a safe harbour.

"Of course, the orders are different for every convoy, and that is why I can tell you these signals without letting any confidential cat out of the secret bag!"

WAR IN SPAIN

• Continued from page 12

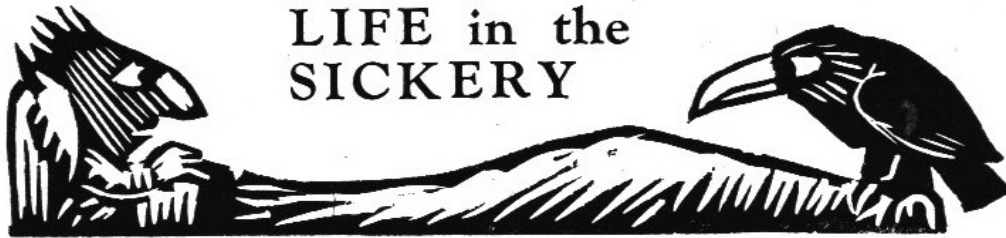
were fighting was something more than the love of land or race, more than the individuals who were giving to it their lives; we were fighting for the people, for the people everywhere, the great oppressed, the silent, watchful, waiting, suffering myriads of men; in that small, isolated spot on the earth's surface we fought a world-wide battle, which has now become an actual thing.

On the morning following our arrival, at dawn, in light rain and mist, Franco launched the anticipated attack.

• To be continued



LIFE in the SICKERY



Well, guinea-pigs, Christmas is here, and to be in line with the usual activities centred around that period, we too, in our medical manner, make merry. Already the Medical Officers are drawing lots as to who will be duty Father Christmas this year, and four of the best, new-laid Orderlies are being fitted to the operating trolley (used in lieu of a sleigh this year, owing to wartime restrictions). Large cardboard boxes of presents have been arriving, and hurriedly placed out of sight by the Dispenser.

Incidentally, for the past few days, the above mentioned gentleman has been living in a world of his own, rushing to and fro mumbling, "I think a 40-ounce of Mist. Expect with Merry Christmas on the label would do for sergeant", and then running his fingers wildly through his dishevelled hair, "pair of hair clippers with a big blue ribbon for corporal" (we never seem to hear the names). After all, readers, you must know what it is like to choose presents at Christmas! And so, the Sickery is pervaded with an air of gaiety and festivity. Large paper chains are being hung in the Treatment Room; tinsel is being wrapped round the gargle bottle; presents will be hung from the radiant heat lamp, and the Treatment Room staff is giving a free bottle of "Basin's 49" to each out-patient on Christmas Day.

There is just a hint of sadness in all our festivities; Corporal Woo, the Laundry Man, seems to be sickening for something. Once such a blithe spirit, full of chaff and fun, he seems to have lost his sense of humour these days. Or maybe he's just fooling.

To our amazement, large slabs of wood are being nailed over skirting boards on which, recently, pronounced activity took place. However, we are comforted by the gen that these are placed there to keep the skirting boards clean! We expect that is why the walls are now going to be painted.

In our enthusiasm, we have to break the golden rule of this monthly article, by advertising. The subject: a revue, *très magnifique* (according to its originator). Written, produced, directed, orchestrated and acted by one of our ACH's, AC. Day. In an interview, he told us, "Expense means nothing. Already I have the controlling interests at 75c." He also stated that he hoped to have the revue well in hand before 1945. We hope so, too.

An obviously well thought out plan to undermine the morale of the medical staff was brought to light the other day, when we were informed that we would receive five days' leave at either Christmas or New Year. This was brought to our notice by a proclamation in four different languages, signed by the Vizier; which was hung in a prominent place. Of course, everyone refused it, and it wasn't before it was explained to us that *No One Would Go Sick at Christmas* (broad hint) that we finally decided, though it might break our hearts, to do as we were told and have the leave. Dear friends, can you imagine a pathetic little band of airmen, leaving the nice, warm Sickery to trudge out in the snow for five whole days; see them, looking back with tear-stained face at the sergeant waving at the window? No? Neither can we.

An enigmatic problem is what will the Sisters do over Christmas? We suggested a party for all airmen in the camp under fifty years of age, but they turned it down on the chance that it might be too dull. However, as a token of their good wishes for Christmas and the New Year, they have decided to distribute oranges to all and sundry at 11.00 a.m. on Christmas morning, from the Sickery steps. A formal announcement will appear in D.R.O's.

Until 1943, then, a very merry Christmas to you all from all of us in the Sickery. Cheerio! O. H.

★ ★

In a really free country the only coercion should be directed against crime.

SPORTS

CHATTER

by the
SPORTS OFFICER



Having been at the Station for only a few days, it was with something like the effect of a thunderbolt that a voice hit me over the telephone this afternoon—it was the voice of the Editor of the Station Magazine, asking me for the monthly article contributed so ably in the past by F/O Lewis, your former Sports Officer.

At the moment it is difficult for me to comment on personalities, but I will try to give you some idea of what I would like to see organised within the next few weeks.

ICE HOCKEY.—Both an Inter-Section League, and one representative Station Team, which will be entered in the Commercial League; and for those who find it only just possible to keep their feet on the ice, a Broomball League. This game is played in rubbers on the ice with broomsticks and a volleyball, using the ice hockey goals, and conforming to N.A.H.A. Rules.

I will do my utmost to see that the ice rinks are kept serviceable, so that facilities for the maximum amount of skating are maintained.

SKIING.—Not knowing the local geography, I cannot forecast with certainty the formation of a Ski Club for airmen, but should there be suitable slopes I can state now that a certain amount of equipment will be available for airmen to pursue this thrilling sport before the New Year. Details will be published later in D.R.O.'s.

BADMINTON.—A Station Championship will be held, beginning as soon as personnel arrive back from New Year's leave.

BOXING.—Matches are to be arranged with other units in Saskatchewan as soon as possible.

BASKETBALL.—There are now 12 teams in the Basketball League and at the conclusion of this schedule it is hoped that *all* sections will be represented in the new league which will then be formed.

OLYMPIC HANDBALL.—For those who are not too enthusiastic about basketball, this game is to be introduced. An Inter-Section League will be formed, for a Station Championship.

I shall be able to deal with these proposals at greater length next month, and hope to report an enthusiastic response. Meanwhile, if anyone has any suggestions for improvement in any branch of sport, I shall be only too pleased to hear them, and, if possible, act on them. I hope that our association will be a pleasant one; and what I have been able to learn of the past sporting record of 32 S.F.T.S. convinces me that the hope is not ill-founded. C.B.T.

Revelations From Repairs

When this reporter arrived at his place of toil and effort, he was amazed to find himself confronted by a baby's crib, which added a touch of incongruity to the technical array of partly dismantled aircraft and oil-smeared fitters. The crib turned out to be the handiwork of Cpl. Jimmy Lines, who is making preparations for a blessed event (his wife's).

Do you know how to become hatless in two hard stages? A Repairs bloke

made the discovery. He reported to the Clothing Store with a field service cap for exchange. But foolishly, he admitted in an unairmanlike manner (i.e., truthfully) that he had purchased it on repayment. The cap was taken from him forcibly by the store-keeping Moguls; and blow followed cruel blow, for next day his other cap was stolen in the hangar.

• Continued on page 32



Entertainment



There's an old Scottish proverb, "Tak tint o' time ere time be tent" which (and this for the benefit of the more unfortunate races) means grab your opportunity before it's too late. Too often have we heard the disappointed say, "Well, I intended to go, but there were no tickets left." Don't let it happen to you. "Take tickets for 'Thark' ere 'Thark' be shown." And, if perchance this warning reaches you too late, then there's still the Town performances, to be held sometime in January. There will be a penalty in the nature of civilian charges of admission, but should you find yourself in the very unfortunate position of not having seen "Thark" on the Station, you can take consolation in the knowledge that the proceeds are to be earmarked for the Milk for Britain Fund. The anticipated drawings from Station performances, we hope, will cover the expenses. Entertainment on the Station is not being conducted for financial gain,—it's entirely for YOUR ENJOYMENT, but let the public be the Judge and the Jury. The producer, F/O Forbes, and the cast are working hard to obtain a verdict of "Guilty of creating no end of amusement by farcical means", and we feel sure that they will acquit themselves with glory. Be there, and enjoy with them the credit which will accrue to the Station, and don't forget you can bring along your civilian friends on Tuesday and Thursday, December 15th and 17th, respectively. The Wednesday, December 16, show is for Station personnel only.

"Romany Revels," reported on elsewhere, revealed that the Station has talent, but a wider and more exhaustive search is being organised to uncover all available worthwhile turns for the next Concert Party show to be put on sometime in January.

Of all the performances in the Station Cinema, the one which "tops" the lot is "The Ceiling". This masterpiece of work was produced under the joint direction of Sgt. Cooper and Cpl. Arthur with a very small but hard working cast comprised of ACs. Fraser, Long and Hawkins, who devoted much of their leisure time to the effort so that we might have a better and more attractive home for our entertainment. At the

first opportunity, LAC. Sumner and his brush and paint artists will start on the scheme of decorations, with LAC. Coane blooming blossoms at will.

The provision of a catalogue of the Wickens collection of gramophone records is proving a boon, and programmes are being built on the numbers appearing in the Request Book, which is available in the Airmen's Library in conjunction with the Records Catalogue. Recital programmes are now a regular twice monthly feature and by the time these notes appear in print it is hoped that Mr. Wickens, in person, will be giving the griff on records as a prelude to the actual renderings.

Progress in the Discussion Group is being retarded by the many other attractions and the lack of the use of the Cinema during structural alterations, but it is hoped that we will be in a position to resume these early in the New Year. Dr. Powers' talk on "Criminology" has been postponed to a later date, and in his stead we had Mr. S. J. Matte, Commissioner of the Northern Areas Branch of the Department of Municipal Affairs, who gave us an interesting and instructive talk, illustrated with slides, on "Pioneering in Northern Saskatchewan." We are indebted to the Canadian Legion for providing the speakers for our Group.

The Entertainments Committee played a trump card in organising Whist Drives. These have been running for three weeks—each Wednesday evening in the Reading and Writing Room, and on all occasions patrons report that they have enjoyed a "good deal" and more of social service. A cosy room, a hand at cards, a little chat and a wee cup of tea, with the prospect of winning one of the several prizes donated by the Y.M.C.A., on a cold winter's night, is a hard hand to beat. The Drive given to the Whist is such that the Committee had no hesitation in deciding that these should be resumed as soon as possible after the Christmas and New Year shuffle. Due notice of the next Drive will be given through the usual medium.

And now—it's a while since we had a Dance. We haven't forgotten how to,—indeed, the old limbs are itching to jingle jangle. O.K., we'll see you at the Special Christmas Dance in the (New) Station Cinema on Friday, December 18, 1942, at 8.30 p.m. Bring her along. It's gonna be good.
—A.C.



Find the Right Man!

We all have our own ideas about who should hold various jobs on the camp. For instance, many an erk wishes he had his old boss over him. Adversely, many an N.C.O. would give anything to have his old boss *under* him. Be that as it may, here is our idea of a perfect station:—

NO. 99 S.F.T.S., SHANGRI-LA, SASK.

Officer Commanding - - -	Group Captain Voltaire
Adjutant - - -	Flight Lieutenant Bud Abbott
Station Warrant Officer - -	Warrant Officer Lou Costello
President, Service Institute -	Squadron Leader F. Christmas
Chief Flying Instructor - -	Wing Commander Superman
Chief Ground Instructor - -	Squadron Leader Mae West
Accountant Officer - - -	Squadron Leader Montagu Norman
Equipment Officer - - -	Squadron Leader F. W. Woolworth
Padre - - -	Squadron Leader George Bernard Shaw
Medical Officer - - -	Flight Lieutenant Young Dr. Kildare
Messing Officer - - -	Flight Sergeant Billie Bunter
Signals Officer - - -	Pilot Officer Horatio Nelson, R.N.
N.C.O. i/c Fire Section - -	Flight Sergeant Leopold Harris
Sports Officer - - -	Pilot Officer Prunella Stack
Entertainments Officer - -	Flying Officer Florenz Ziegfeld
Officer i/c M.T. Section - -	Pilot Officer Henry Ford
Provost Marshal - - -	Flying Officer Karl Marx
Press Representative - - -	AC2 Walter Winchell
Nursing Sisters - - -	Asst. Section Officer Jinx Falkenberg
	Asst. Section Officer Gypsy Rose Lee
Y.M.C.A. Representative - -	Honorary Flight Lieutenant Oscar Wilde

THE PADRE'S LETTER

• Continued from page 16

with an unspeakable joy—Jesus Christ had come and there was Hope for All.

Yes, if men cast Christ aside and come to believe that the world is a vast soulless, unreasoning machine with nothing behind it but a mechanical fate, it makes these murderous wars unbelievable and real Peace impossible. If they come to believe that there is nothing and no one in the Universe greater and better than man and that man is nothing but an animal with a bigger brain than the others, fears may return and darkness may fall upon all again.

"All poor men and humble,
All lame men who stumble,
Come haste ye, nor feel ye afraid;
For Jesus, our treasure,
With love past all measure
In lowly poor manger was laid."

"Then haste we to show Him
The praises we owe Him;
Our service He ne'er can despise:
Whose love still is able
To show us that stable
Where softly in manger he lies."

"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the Government shall be upon His shoulder, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

"Of the increase of his Government and peace there shall be no end"—and the Blessings of Christmas and all that it means are "Unto us now and always".

With Every Good Wish,

Your sincere Friend and Padre,

MAURICE S. FLINT.

You will notice two new names on the committee if you turn to Page 1. LAC. G. Sumner has consented to join us, and becomes Art Editor; we are glad to welcome him back. Cpl. J. Boag is an entirely new member, and we feel that his co-operation will prove to be valuable.

from the NOTEBOOKS OF AN ANTIQUARY in the Year 20,000 A.D.

¶ This manuscript, coming from the future instead of the past, is even more difficult to find than "The Book of the Gen Men"; but we hope to publish additional extracts from time to time.—Ed.

The certainties of our time, the scope and order of our lives, are such that it is almost impossible for us to envisage with a satisfying realism the social structures of this strange race of beings who were, it must be admitted, our remote progenitors. There is no point at which we can come close to them; the restricted quality of their minds, the pitiful weaknesses of their physical characteristics, the brief span and consequent necessary limitations of their existences, these things mark them as the unfavoured denizens of a disorganised estate. It is difficult for us to penetrate the bewildered gropings of their psychology; or, although our records of their history are fairly complete, to understand why they behaved as they did; one is tempted to assume the existence of some now vanished injunction laid on them to remain in the narrowness of their ways, to follow the courses which previous experience must have shown them to be fatal to their progress. Without such a widely accepted and irrationally pursued dictate, their actions are inexplicable. They were guilty of such reversals of the concept as could be attributed only to deliberate hypocrisy; yet we have much room for doubt that their constant and incredible failure to reconcile beliefs and behaviour was so attributable. (Hypocrisy is a mental disorder, of which rare cases may still be encountered in our psychopathic corrective institutions.) The few good minds among them, voices that the curious student may still find to have some original and valuable communication to impart across the dark gulf of time, were compelled largely to dissipate their abilities in negative criticism, since there were so many evils and so much falsity of thought to be dispelled, before the formulation of constructive proposals could be attempted. In addition, the possessors of such minds were neglected in their lifetimes and misinterpreted after their deaths; a remarkable fact substantiated by contemporary evidence,

and seeming nearly impossible to us, whose endeavour is unceasingly to train and improve the particular mind, and through this the group consciousness of our species. There was for them no unified and unifying culture, they understood only partially and imperfectly the realities of their world, and they seem to have relied on any one of a number of systematised improbabilities in attempting to explain to themselves the nature of phenomena and the philosophical basis of their actions.

Certain members of this aboriginal, savage race displayed a fine inventiveness; but this was more than counterbalanced by their inability to realise, much less encompass, the ends to which their creative genius should be directed; and their peculiar habits of organisation ensured that nobody benefited from such amenities as this non-cooperative world order allowed to come into being.

Possibly the biggest single obstacle to advancement was their use of a commodity known as Money, which was associated with the practice of a sort of mystical cult called Finance. The recorded anomalies, injustices and irrationalities supported or committed by the Financiers, who were the priests of this queer sect, scarcely inspire belief. The purpose of their religion, it would seem, was to substitute for true values others arbitrarily selected and bearing no exact relation to the objects on which they were imposed. From this statement it might be deduced that the substitution was applied only to material things; but this was unfortunately not so, for we read among their writings of "Money-making ideas", which indicates a transference of activity from the thing to the conception. There is no doubt, so great an influence did this creed exert even on those who could not expect to benefit by it, that ideas not calculated to advance the creation of ever greater sums of Money for the monopolised use of ever smaller numbers of people, were scorned, derided, and considered impractical.

Incredible indeed is the behaviour of the chief mystics, or Financiers. These

• Continued on following page



FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF AN ANTIQUARY

• Continued from page 29

remarkable men, eschewing truth, goodness, beauty, love and justice, led lives of unrelieved austerity, and devoted all their waking moments to balancing non-existent properties of matter against inaccurate and intangible suppositions of fact. (The question laid on the completeness of their self-deprivation by contemporary satirists cannot now be proven as a legitimate one, and we therefore give them the charitable doubt of an unreturned verdict.) Their main object was of an extraordinary improbable character. For some reason, unknown to us, and possibly never known even to themselves, they placed a totally disproportionate valuation on a type of metal suitable for expressing some of the less significant art-forms; to which use it is now put. I refer to gold. They commanded huge undertakings and vast amounts of wasted labour to extract the metal from where it lay, deep in the earth, and subject it to a number of creditably executed processes of refinement; and having thus reduced it to its pure state, transported it with additional expenditure of time and trouble from one continent to various places on the other four; where it was immediately

buried again, in vaults, deep in the earth, and never used. It was there heavily guarded, to prevent persons who had some use for it from taking even a small piece away.

The reader who here expresses disbelief has my sympathetic understanding, but is advised to verify this statement for himself.

These high priests lived in temples, or places of worship, called Banks. They seem (the evidence is uncertain) to have worn a special kind of dress, to distinguish them from less exalted beings. We can place with some certainty the year 2,048 as that in which they were first compelled to take a vow of celibacy, before entering the priesthood. Prior to that date, this peculiar determination to commit an outrage on Nature, which was common in several religions of these primitive times, was not essential, though frequently undertaken voluntarily, to the cult of Finance; but as the cult drew further and further away from reality, so did its practitioners.

Quite how far is excellently illustrated by the fact that a man who had no Money was permitted literally to starve, although he might be in a centre where food could be found in tremendous quantities.

PETRONIUS ARBITER, JR.

(To be continued)

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION"

Extract from D.R.O's., 2/11/42

"PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY"

There will be a Pyrotechnic Display for pupils of No. 65 Course at the 25 yards' range on Wednesday, November 4, 1942, at the following times . . ."

Extract from Moose Jaw Times-Herald, 5/11/42

"VEREY LIGHTS" ARE CAUSE OF EXCITEMENT

There was much excitement in various parts of the city Wednesday afternoon, and the Times-Herald received several telephone calls from citizens who believed they had seen planes crash and explode. Investigation disclosed that the firing of "Verrey Lights" at No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.) as guides to student pilots up in the air with machines had been the cause of the excitement.

In Canada you get the pants without cuffs—in Germany you get the cuffs.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 16

B	L	O	W	N		P	R	O	U	D
L	O	S	E		D		N	E	A	R
A	R	T		A	V	E		C	U	E
N		E	E	L		G	N	U		A
K	I	N	G		S		O	M	A	R
	M	T		P	I	G		E	P	
O	P	A	L		T		A	N	O	N
C		T	O	T		I	C	I		O
E	L	I		A	P	E		C	G	I
A	M	O	S		A		T	A	O	S
N	A	N	C	Y		S	A	L	T	Y

No correct solution was received and the prize of \$1.00 goes therefore to

1122720 LAC. HURST, N.
32 S.F.T.S. Moose Jaw

whose entry was nearest to being correct.

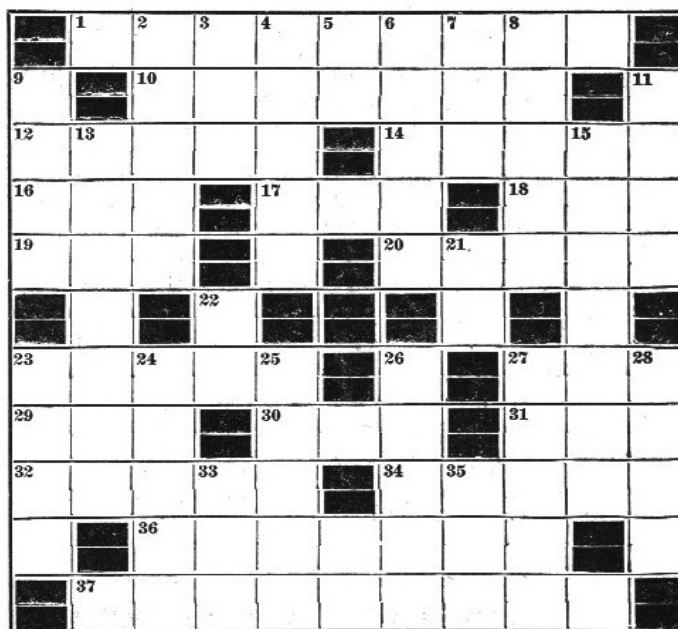


Crossword Competition—No. 17

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive by Dec. 31, 1942, to

The Prairie Flyer
No. 32 S.F.T.S.,
Moose Jaw,

marking the envelope "X-word".



CLUES ACROSS

1. Costs a lot.
10. Songbird.
12. Used in bread.
14. Tapestry hangings where battle was fought.
16. Atmosphere.
17. First part of black magic in reverse.
18. Arab?
19. Aaron had one.
20. Letters could mean, for instance, Fellow of Botanical Society.
23. Hallowe'en favourite.
26. Get hot.
27. Scored in Rugby.
29. R. L. Stevenson travelled with one.
30. **Everything**.
31. Consumed.
32. Can't always tell true from false.
34. First two and last two reversed makes windy weather.
36. Illicit love-affair.
37. And what you might do if you had one.

CLUES DOWN

2. This is one.
3. City in South-west France.

4. "If this be ——— and upon me proved".
5. Please note.
6. Serf.
7. Last two reversed makes anger.
8. Volunteer Reserve of the R.A.F.
9. Long way away.
11. River is a goddess.
13. Make much of.
15. Not Victoria's evidently.
21. Tongue-twisting antelope.
22. In charge.
23. Played with kettles, we hear.
24. Cockney for warm added makes modern poet.
25. Sounds of derision.
26. Brooch.
27. It isn't, introduce corruption.
28. Loud exclamation.
33. It is.
35. Capital of Portuguese India.

Name

Address

.....



CAN *you* SOLVE THESE?

1. P/O Prang and P/O Rolloff (the latter of Russian extraction) were two very keen young fighter pilots. At the end of a busy day, they compared notes, and found that each had made the same number of flights against enemy 'planes; Prang averaging two and a quarter flights to a victim, and Rolloff two and a half.

"I'll catch you up," said the latter, "before either of us has made fifty flights, as sure as my name's Vladimir Vladimirovitch!"—which, for better or worse, it was!

Next day, each made one flight and added to his score, with the result that Rolloff fulfilled his undertaking, each having now accounted for the same number of hostile aircraft. This would be at least how many?

2. A certain number is eighty-one times the sum of its digits, and the number formed by the first two digits is greater by one than the sum of the other two.
3. Here is a "keyword" problem which is much easier than at first sight it may appear to be. The keyword consists of seven letters which, from left to right, have been numbered from 1 to 7, inclusive.

Letters 1 2 3 4 5 6 7	spell a verb.
Letters 4 1 2 3 4 5	spell an adverb.
Letters 1 2 6 4 5	spell a noun.
Letters 5 6 4 2	spell an adjective.
Letters 4 7 5	spell a conjunction.
Letters 3 7	spell a preposition.
Letter 4	is an article.

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. Footle, 35; Wallop, 32; Twirp, 6; Frolic, 56; Cluck, 24; Bother, 32.
2. **B**adger, **J**ackal, **Ra****B**bit, Coy**O**te, Marm**O**t, Racoo**N**. The bold face capitals spell BABOON.

- 3.
- | |
|------|
| 431 |
| 862 |
| 975 |
| — |
| 2268 |

REVELATIONS FROM REPAIRS

• Continued from page 26

This is a fact; when a Senior N.C.O. was told that the tip of a propeller was damaged, he asked:

"Is it the right or left hand blade?"

Is Cafe Blore preparing for Christmas; or doing its own slaughtering? Mysterious things happen there these days.

It is believed that household gremlins are responsible for the holes in the canteen's table-tennis nets. How they must enjoy themselves, hearing the wrangling between players asserting or denying that the ball went through the holes, not over! Could the P.S.I. provide some reinforced nets?

Phrase overheard from a friendly game of solo in the billet: "Give Tubby the lead; he's got the diamonds!" Presumably, the others were busy making signs and passing aces under the table.

A certain ACH in our section spends such a large proportion of his time in a certain section of the hangar that we are wondering if he has read too many adverts. in American magazines about sluggish digestion, and has been trying all the remedies at once?

Will Repairs please turn out and cheer its ice-hockey team when they play the Electricians at the Arena Rink next Tuesday or Thursday?

Happy Christmas.

—M.R.

Do Your Best Friends Bother You?

Are you invited out to parties every night? Do you never get time to stay at home and read good books? (or curious and rare ones? Send for the *Prairie Flyer's* catalogue).

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS SOMETHING TO TELL YOU ABOUT
AND TAKE . . .

BLOGGO

THE PEST-REMOVER.

Guaranteed to give you B.O., Halitosis, Pyorrhea, and many other objectionable complaints, including the Vapours, the Staggering Collywobbles, Busman's Jaw, Tootitis, Schizophrenia, Bromidrosis, Sniffles and Sunken Kidneys.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL—"I used to be the belle of the ball, and had men running after me all the time (but especially at night). It was wearing me down; I never got a moment's peace and quiet. However, since taking **BLOGGO**, I have been left severely alone, and have read the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* from cover to cover."—LITTLE ANNIE, M.J.

KEEP YOUR FRIENDS AWAY WITH **BLOGGO**!

Take **BLOGGO**.. Mind-Restorer

Can you read and write? See what one sufferer said in an interview:

"I could read and write and even count up to 10. I used to worry all the time; often I would cry myself to sleep, thinking of the great American novels that had been published, one every day for the past 15 years, and wondering how I could read them all. Each had 1,700 pages. I lived in fear of becoming a social outcast, dreading that one of my clever friends would ask 'Have you read *Hopped It With the Hurricane*, that supercolossal epic of red-blooded Americanism in the backyards of Minnetonka in 1809 to 1812, December included?', and I would have to say 'No'. Being able to write, I used to worry about answering letters from my creditors; and as I could count, I used to worry about getting the right change.

NOW, THANKS TO **BLOGGO**, I HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW TO READ, WRITE, OR COUNT, and am also rapidly losing the power of speech. I spend my days happily, playing with some fairies I have found at the bottom of my garden."

B	Send now for Free Booklet, "How To Be a Genius	B
L	in Six Easy Lessons."	L
O	REFUSE IMITATIONS !	O
G	Genuine BLOGGO has nothing in the bottle!	G
G		G
O	and BLOGGO has a thousand uses besides!	O



Y.M.C.A. Film Schedule

NO. 32 S.F.T.S., R.A.F.
Moose Jaw, Sask.

DECEMBER 18, 1942 - JANUARY 15, 1943

FRIDAY, DEC. 18—"Forty Thousand Horsemen": Starring Grant Taylor and Betty Bryant.
SUNDAY, DEC. 20—"Mexican Spitfire at Sea": Starring Lupe Velez and Leon Errol.
MONDAY, DEC. 21—"Underground": Starring Jeffrey Lynn and Karen Verne.
TUESDAY, DEC. 22—Selected Films.
FRIDAY, DEC. 25—"You'll Never Get Rich": Starring Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth.
SUNDAY, DEC. 27—"A Date With the Falcon": Starring George Sanders and Wendy Barrie.
MONDAY, DEC. 28—"East of the River": Starring John Garfield and Brenda Marshall.
TUESDAY, DEC. 29—Selected Films.
FRIDAY, JAN. 1—"Swing It, Soldier": Starring Ken Murray and Frances Langford.
SUNDAY, JAN. 3—"Housekeeper's Daughter": Starring Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou.
MONDAY, JAN. 4—"They Died With Their Boots On": Starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland.
TUESDAY, JAN. 5—Selected Films.
FRIDAY, JAN. 8—"Meet Boston Blackie": Starring Chester Morris and Rochelle Hudson.
SUNDAY, JAN. 10—"Suspicion": Starring Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant.
MONDAY, JAN. 11—"Virginia City": Starring Errol Flynn.
TUESDAY, JAN. 12—Selected Films.
FRIDAY, JAN. 15—"Hellzapoppin": Starring Olsen and Johnson, Martha Raye and Hugh Herbert.

