



PRAIRIE FLYER

The Magazine of
No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.)

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada

VOL. 2 No. 5

10^c

NOVEMBER, 1942

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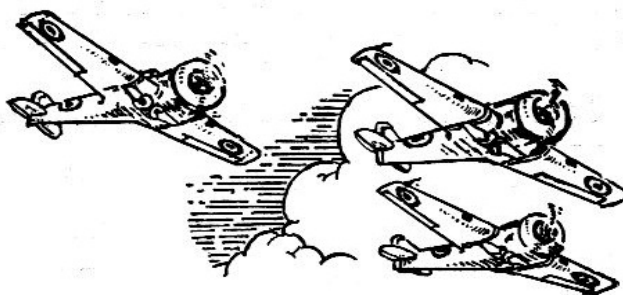
THE MAGAZINE OF
No. 32 S.F.T.S.
R.A.F.

Moose Jaw - - Sask.
Canada

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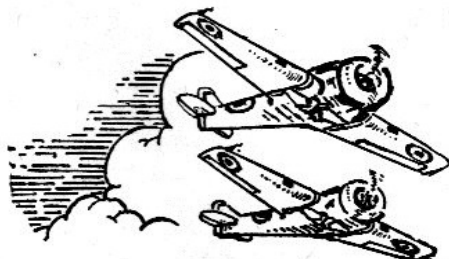


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EDITORIAL

IT has been a source of some pleasure to observe that sales have increased on the last two pay parades. I take this to be an indication that the new arrivals on the station are settling down, developing an interest in camp concerns, and determining to make the best of things whilst they are here; and therefore a good sign for our future welfare. There is no wish in me to moralise or lecture, but it has frequently been forced on my notice that several men are displaying a far from commendable inability to adapt themselves to their new situation. They take no interest in anything on the camp, and generally succeed in making fools, and occasionally very offensive fools, of themselves in town; merely because they are six thousand miles away from home, and not through their own choice.

This is the result of a mental disease known as rigidity of the intellect; it is the equivalent in another sphere of physical paralysis, and no less pitiful. Luckily, the number of sufferers seems to be diminishing; for some are born with no need for cures, some achieve cures, and some have cures thrust upon them. The last alternative is wounding to the pride and far from pleasant; and I would advise anyone who can to avoid it, by the simple means of developing a little elasticity in his viewpoint. After all, nobody above a moronic level *tries* to make things unpleasant for himself.

Some days ago I was approached by S/L Turner, with a suggestion that a section of the magazine be devoted to the use of the G.I.S. section. His summary of the idea appears on Page 27; and it was a proposal in which I was delighted to acquiesce; there is a considerable amount of talent among the pupils which has previously been untouched, and any fresh source of worthwhile copy helps not merely to keep the magazine lively, but also to lessen that perpetual nightmare of not getting any copy at all which haunts my uneasy slumbers. From my own observation, I know that there are very few pupils who do not purchase a copy of the *Flyer*; and I feel therefore a certain confidence that there will be a good response to the C.G.I.'s request.

The heading above, the cartoon on Page 6, and the illustrations to "Samuel Small Joins Up", are lino-cuts; the first use of this medium in our publication. It is in the nature of an experiment, and if it is a successful one we will probably employ the method permanently; previously, our illustrations have been engraved, which is a costly process. For the long and difficult work on these lino-cuts, and the original suggestion that they might be used, we are indebted to LAC. Sumner, our invaluable artist.

Remember that the *Prairie Flyer* is your magazine; support it, criticise it, write for it, and read it; and perhaps a fond dream I have of increasing it to a sixty-four page publication may then be realised. The additional work entailed would be a pleasure, if it were to be rewarded with an enthusiastic response.

—T.M.





"WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?"
 "HE DID TEN YEARS' SERVICE IN THE MIDDLE EAST."



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THE *Padre's* LETTER

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Thank you for another opportunity for a message to you all, through the medium of the pages of the *Prairie Flyer*.

I really wasn't flanneling last month when I said that I hadn't given the necessary time to my article; and now a phone message has just brought to my notice the fact that this effort must be in the hands of the Editor by tomorrow morning—I must get cracking.

Confirmation Classes.—These have been in progress for some weeks now, and a number of men have been attending regularly. I know that quite a large percentage of the personnel of this camp could find these classes useful, and I would reiterate my invitation for any to join during that one hour each week, on Wednesday evening, in my office. Men who have already been confirmed are none the less welcome, and are readily invited to come along too, that they may join in the discussion and lend a helping hand in the meeting. Attendance at such meetings does not imply a promise of confirmation, for as Bishop Taylor would have said, "Those who are conscientious in keeping promises are careful in making them," and thus only when the classes have been fully completed, and there is a desire to confirm a heart-felt conviction, then and only then can a decision be really made.

Padre's Fellowship.—Interest in this fellowship has increased somewhat lately, and some new members have commenced to join us regularly on Wednesday evenings at 18.00 hours in the office. In accordance with a request from a number of men, I am leading a series of discussions and meetings on the subject of Prophecy in the Old and New Testaments. Here again it is hoped that numbers from the camp who have been interested in the past in church activities, Bible Classes, Young People's Groups or such, will come along and give us their support. It is hoped that the time spent together round an open Bible will prove enjoyable and valuable to all.

Local Hospital Scheme.—This scheme is now in full swing and more than 150 men from the camp have become members, while some 10 or 11 families have already received benefits of treatment in the local Hospital under the auspices of this scheme. * * *

One day Bishop Taylor Smith, the late Chaplain General of the Forces, sought to converse with a Major of His Majesty's Army, who was a man of very ugly character. After being studiously avoided for some time, the Bishop at last found his quarry and sat beside him, so the Major opened fire on the Bishop: "If God has given man desires, cravings—physical desires, I mean—I suppose He has given him those desires that he may gratify them?" he said.

"Before I answer that question," said the Bishop, "let me ask you one. Is man composed solely of physical desires? Is man body only, or is he Mind as well as Body?"

The Major, looking a little awkward, replied, "Of course he is Mind as well."

"You grant me that point," said the Bishop. "Now I want to ask you this: If God has given a man mental desires as well as physical desires—desires for knowledge—then He has given him those intellectual desires that he may gratify them?"

"Yes," said the Major.

"Then go a step farther," urged the Bishop. "Is man only Mind and Body? Has he not a Spirit as well? And if a man has spiritual desires that he may gratify them, then"—looking the Major in the face, he added—"if you gratify your spiritual desires and your mental desires, THEN you may gratify your physical desires."

Pointing to a lighted candle in a lantern, the Bishop added: "Look here, Major; here is a candle, composed of three things; FAT, which we will call the body; WICK, the mind; FLAME, the spirit. This candle was made so that it might give a pure light, and so long as it is held in an upright position, it does give that light. The Wick (Mind) out of sight is feeding on the Fat (Body). The little Flame (Spirit) gives out the light. But suppose I turn it over; you see the light begins to flicker, and the candle to stink. If what I hear is true, that is what you are doing—keep the Fat in the proper place!"

Keep the Candle burning brightly, lads.

Your sincere friend and Padre,

MAURICE J. FLINT.

WAR in Spain

[PART TWO]

When the gun ceased firing I wriggled quickly along the ground towards it. It was about thirty feet away from me; the Welshman who had been handling it was lying drenched in his own blood; I concluded that he was dead. The lorries of the food convoy had come upon us almost before we had time to recollect ourselves; by some acoustical freak of the surrounding terrain, the noise of their approach barely preceded the arrival.

And Taffy Jones, who lay beside me now and was probably dead, had opened fire on the first lorry; unavailingly; a bullet had silenced him; and the drivers accelerated speed in their cumbersome charges were at this moment roaring down the road to safety.

I took aim, coldly. The part of my being that was frightened, that lamented the death of a friend, that shrank from the necessities of battle, that even now was forcing me to bite my lip so that a scar would be visible three months afterwards; from this part of me I was coldly detached, as if it were another man. I poured a six-second burst of bullets into the nearest lorry, which was the third of the convoy; the driver was killed by it. With the same separate calm, I watched this vehicle skid crazily into a ditch, the fourth collide with it, and the remaining two draw to a halt.

The lorry at which I had fired was suddenly a furnace of devouring flame, flame that lighted the bare, colourless landscape to a sinister warmth. Through this unreal glow two of our men moved; their intention was to save the driver and guards, if that were possible; but the fascists in the second lorry shot at them, and they returned to cover.

Now there began, after the first shock of battle, a time of nerve-shattering, indecisive action. Often I have had occasion to note that time cannot be reduced and divided in terms of minutes and seconds; a second can be a glimpse into eternity, and an hour pass like a momentary dream; the time-scale of the human mind bears little relation to that of our common usage. So now; many hours passed, while the guards of the lorries and the men on the roadside fought bitterly, exchange-



ing almost continuous fire, and the strange light gave to the scene a more piercing quality of dread. Yet before a white cloth, extended from the win-

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

dow of the third lorry, bespoke our victory, only twenty minutes had been shown on a watch-face.

Silence, even stranger than the noise of battle. Released from the tension, my senses began to operate normally; I became sickeningly conscious of a smell of burnt flesh. There were two bodies, unrecognisable and horribly charred, in the first lorry. Fourteen of our enemies were dead, and seven disabled by shock. One man, from whom I could not keep my fascinated gaze, was insane; it became for me a symbol of our achievement, and even while we performed the details of restoring order I was scarcely aware of what I did, so deeply did his state cut into my mind. Wherever I turned he seemed to be before me: this gibbering thing that had been a human being, and was now less than the apes he resembled. I shall never forget that man.

Death on our side had come to only one; seven were wounded, none seriously but for the Welshman, whose elbow was badly smashed.

We estimated the quantities of food-stuffs in the three lorries that were left to us. A ton of macaroni; some cases of fruits; and a small amount of tinned milk. And for this fifteen men had died, and others endured a bitter experience, acquired a scar on the mind. There are many terrible aspects to war, but of them none more terrible than its seeming futility. A ton of macaroni; some cases of fruits; and a

• *Continued on page 10*

Casual Conversations

by G.C.E.

SCENE: *Office of the Pay Clerks*

"Excuse me, Corporal, can you let me know how much I am in credit?"

"Are you in credit?"

"That actually is what I want to know."

"Oh. Well, wait a minute and we'll see."

He waits.

"Who are you?"

"AC2 Sprogwhistle, Corporal."

"AC2 Sprogwhistle, eh! Let's look in the pay book. Ah, here we are. You were \$22.06 in debt on the 15th of last month."

"The 15th of last month? But how do I stand now?"

"There was the matter of that great-coat you lost. I fear that will increase your debt. You'll have to pay for it."

"Yes, but there was also the matter of seven days' leave, you know. I am entitled to about \$3.50 ration money on that."

"True. But there was also the matter of that forfeiture of pay, over being two days' late from leave. The C.O. was pretty lenient with you, if you ask me."

"Against that, I may mention the fact, however, that I drew only \$3.00 for two weeks when I was entitled to \$10.00."

"But there is five cents a month for the the barber, don't forget."

"Very probably, but so is there an amount of twelve cents a week for kit allowance."

"Against which you have insurance deducted by the Accountant Officer."

"Oh Lord! I'd forgotten that."

"Not to mention, also, barrack damages of four cents a week."

"But please, Corporal, at what precisely do you make my account stand, after all these additions and deductions?"

"I make you in debt just \$11.74. I shall have to put you on \$3.00 a pay parade for the next three of such parades."

"Six weeks! Ouch!"

"That is if the Accountant Officer doesn't make your debt any larger. Then it may be a dollar each pay parade."

"A dollar a fortnight!"

"Well, I'm sorry, Sprogwhistle, but I'm rather busy just now. Go and bother the Orderly Room clerks. They have more time to waste. . . . Hello! What's this? Oh, I see, D.R.O's. Thank you. . . . Good heavens! AC2 Sprogwhistle promoted to Corporal . . ."

"No! That's fine. Now I'll be able to wipe off my debt in a single fortnight. Tapes at last! I must write and tell the wife at once."

" . . . Acting Unpaid."

"Unpaid. Corporal, could you support me to the Wet Canteen? I think I need a drink!"

SCENE: *The Orderly Room*

"Sorry to bother you, Corporal, but could you tell me how I stand for leave?"

"Certainly. Hang on a minute while I get your documents. What's your name?"

"LAC. Whortleberry - Smythe, Corporal."

"Which course are you on?"

"163 Course."

"Here we have it. Let me see. I'm afraid you are not entitled to any leave at all. In fact, you really owe the Air Force four days."

"Owe four days? That's ridiculous." "I don't agree with you. This is how it is. The leave year commences on April 1st in each year and terminates on March 31st in the following year."

"Hang it all, Corporal. On my two previous units the leave year commenced on September 3rd in each year."

"True. But don't forget that you are in Canada now, my lad. Things are different here."

"All right. I'll take your word for it. That means I get 28 days between April 1st this year and March 31st next year, what?"

"Sorry to disillusion you, but you are entitled to only 14 days a year. Remember, you're in Canada now."

"Pretty poor show, I'd call it. Still, I can have 14 days, I suppose?"

"You've already had 18 days since April 1st against your entitlement."

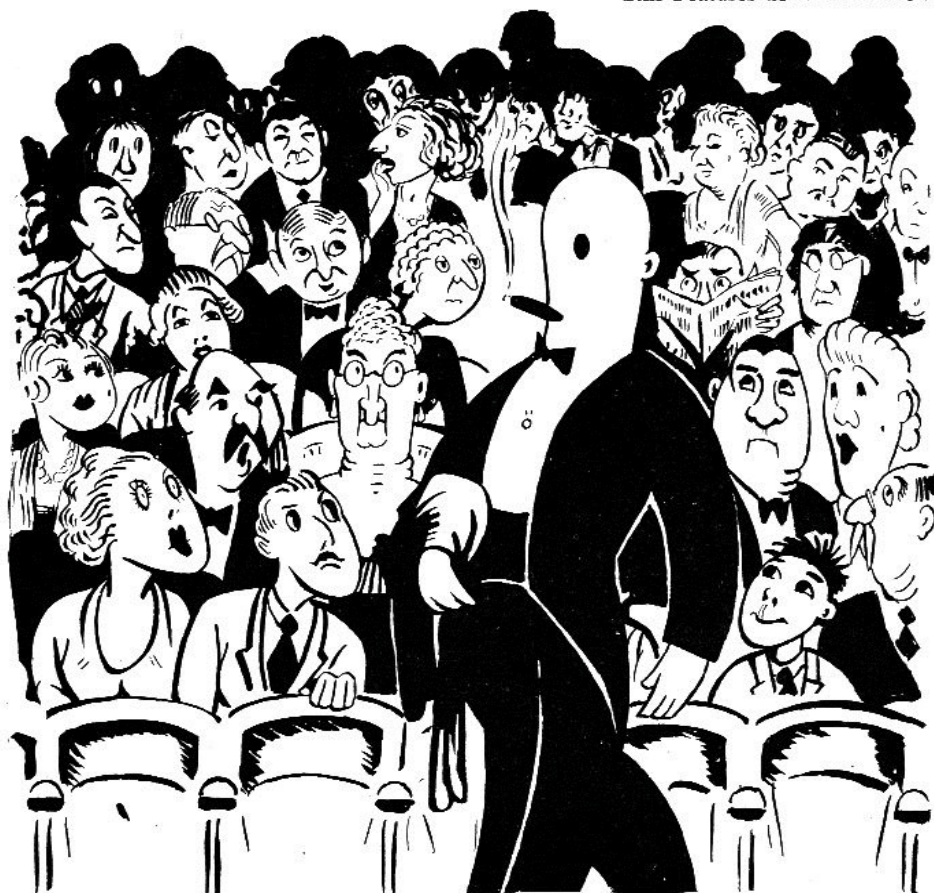
"But if I'm entitled to only 14 days, how can I possibly have had 18?"

"You disembarked in Canada on August 3rd this year. In England and after April 1st you had 18 days annual leave in two periods, 14 days and 4 days. You also had seven days' embarkation leave, not to mention seven days' com-

• Continued on page 16

Introducing The STIFF

Stiff Features Syndicate Inc., M.J.



HE ARRIVES

WAR IN SPAIN

• Continued from page 8

small amount of tinned milk. It is impossible for me to express how darkly ironical that sounded to me; a page of Swift could not be more biting than those words, dully spoken and dully received.

What dire futility; and yet, how inescapable! There are certain necessities; certain things that can be met only by resistance to the death; certain verities which are ours and which we cannot let fall from us, lest we perish in our lifetimes and drag on in a living death. That it should be so is in the highest degree regrettable; as the existence of evil is regrettable; but

what can we do, since the world and its realities will not change for us, since our Utopia is a dream unrealised and we cannot live in a dream, since we are thrown into a striving universe and our strife is the essence of our being; what are we to do?

"Men must endure Their going hence even as their coming hither"; and between those fatal events, endure what courses circumstance may force them to.

Despite my detestation of forceful means, I was ready to take my part in future action; and, indeed, almost longing for it to come, and take away once more the uncertainties of thought.

I was not to be disappointed.

(To be continued)

... Things We Want to Know

What are the five different ways of cooking apples?

Did Archie enjoy having his (trouser) leg pulled at the Lifebuoy Follies?

How is the Officers' Mess roof-garden progressing?

What Senior N.C.O. tells airmen to take their hands out of their pockets, while walking on the camp roads with his hat off?

What an Allied trainee meant when he told an N.C.O. in Stores that he was always being told to "Come back again, sometime, later"?

What tires u/t's so much that they are unable to offer their seats in the 'bus to women passengers?

Have the ration figures balanced yet?

Who is the Corporal in O hut who returns inebriated on week-ends and raves about blondes all night?

Who started out to clean the Squadron Leader's car and finished up minding the baby?

Is a quiz competition considered to be in some way more moral than a cinema show?

Where was the party held, and who paid for the beer?

Where an N.C.O. in Central Registry got his accent?

Who is the blonde-haired M.T. driver, with one G.C., who is known as "Did-dums"?

Why an N.C.O. in S.H.Q. went to Winnipeg instead of Assiniboia, and did anyone go with him?

Who screamed in J hut, and is he still at large?

Did anyone see an S.P. or two GAM-BLING at the Elks Carnival?

Did the Inspector General tell a flight sergeant that he knew less than the airmen?

Who turned the plate-machine on too soon?

Rhyme for Prospective Navigators

The way to get from A to B was beautifully plain,
Until I joined the R.A.F., which sent me quite insane;
For now to get from A to B we have to do a plot,
With bearings, fixes, pinpoints, winds, and all that sort of rot.
Commencing, then, you draw a line and put on arrows three,
Which represents the wind, they say. And why? Well, don't ask me!

And now you draw another line from base to destination;
That should be fairly obvious, and need no explanation.
So far, so good; but here you get your first real complication.
(Simple it really *must* not be; that isn't navigation!)

You have to fly along a course and find your T.A.S.,
And that's where you begin to make a most unlovely mess;
You put your wind reverse way round, or make your course too long,
Or use the vec. scale for your speed, or get your angles wrong—
And these mistakes are just a start; so now you ought to see
Why navigation makes it *hard* to get from A to B!

QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM.



Pilsner

*tops in flavor
tops in popularity*

TO OUTSELL

Pilsner

MUST EXCEL

THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.

178-8

The advertisement is a black and white illustration. At the top, the word 'Pilsner' is written in a large, stylized, cursive font. Below it, on the left, is a profile of a man's head drinking from a glass. In the center is a bottle of Pilsner beer. To the right of the bottle is a winged figure, possibly a cherub or a personification of the wind, holding a banner. Below the bottle and figure, the text 'tops in flavor' and 'tops in popularity' is written in a cursive script. Below this, the words 'TO OUTSELL' are in a bold, sans-serif font inside a rectangular box. Below that, the word 'Pilsner' is written in a large, bold, gothic-style font on a dark, flowing banner. Below the banner, the words 'MUST EXCEL' are in a bold, sans-serif font inside another rectangular box. At the bottom, the text 'THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.' is written in a small, sans-serif font. In the bottom right corner, the number '178-8' is printed.

BITS and PIECES

I know a chap who's an artist, and he's always drawing and painting pictures of people with no clothes on.

So I said to him, "Why do you always draw and paint people in the nude?"

"Oh," he said, "I suppose it's because I was born that way."—Max Miller.

Hitler visited a lunatic asylum.

The lunatics were lined up in the hallway, and told to give the Nazi salute and say "Heil, Hitler" as he came in.

The programme went according to schedule, until he reached a man at the end of the line, who stood silent and did not salute.

Hitler was furious.

"Don't you know that you should salute and say 'Heil, Hitler' when you see me?" he stormed.

"Listen," said the man, "I'm the keeper, not one of the inmates!"

Then there were the two old maids who went for a tramp in the woods—but couldn't find one.

Are you worried or single?

Another old lady went to the cinema; and when she came home, she said to her companion, "I sat next to such a nice-looking man, and clever, too; he was a surgeon."

"How do you know he was a surgeon?" asked the other.

"Well, the girl on the other side of him kept saying 'Cut it out!'"

Hobo: Say, Buddy, could you give me a dime for a cup of coffee?

Citizen: A dime? Coffee is only a nickel.

Hobo: Yeah, but I got a date, see?"

Mary had a little fur,
Expensive, new, and rare;
She said she bought it at the sales—
The neighbours said: "Oh, yeah?"

We seem to be running on the theme of old maids, but here's another one, anyway.

Two of them were on a 'bus. It was full, and several people were standing.

One old maid said to the other, "Mary, my dear, we're just by the door, and when we leave the 'bus we'll go out backwards."

"Why?" asked her friend.

"Well, I heard that man say to another, 'When those two old girls get out, we'll

Did You Say
Address,
Mr. Ponsonby?

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

pinch their seats!"

Oscar Wilde was the greatest raconteur and wit of his day. On one occasion, at the height of his fame, he was approached by a gushing lady who said, "Mr. Wilde, I'm sure you remember me. I'm Mrs. Smith."

"Ah, my dear lady," he replied, "the name is familiar, but I can't place the face."

Policeman: What are you doing with that red lantern?

Drunk: Some darned fool left it in front of a hole!

The Poets Had a Verse for It!

THIRD ECHELON, DECEMBER, 1940

*A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.*

—T. S. ELIOT.

* * *

OFFICERS ON P.T.

*They stood in line and waved their arms,
Their whole bodies northward yearning.*

—FRANK KENDRON.

* * *

CAFE BLORE

*Yet, as we crowded through the door,
We only saw a table spread
For dinner, meat and cheese and bread;
But all untouched.*

W. W. GIBSON.

* * *

S.W.O.

*Nor has the world a better thing.
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king
Upon one's own sole ground.*

—WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT.

* * *

MORNING SICK PARADE

*Bring me here life's tired out guest
To the blest
Bed that waits the weary rover.*

—ANDREW LANG.

* * *

TEMPLE GARDENS

*The dance it is a great thing,
A great thing to me,
With candles lit and partners fit
For night long revelry.*

—THOMAS HARDY.

* * *

SONG OF THE ERK

*A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.*

—WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES.

* * *

RIVER PARK

*Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.*

—THOMAS HARDY.

* * *

PAY QUERIES

*Give me the cash
and let the credit go.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

GATHERED BY T.S.M.G.

WET CANTEEN, ANY NIGHT

*The flagon topped with foaming ale
Invokes the song and faery tale,
And he who sings the sweetest song
To him the flagon shall belong.*

—CHARLES DALMON.

* * *

ONE OF THE FIRST TO ARRIVE

*I have forgotten whence I came,
Or what my home might be,—
Or by what strange and savage name
I called that thundering sea.*

—FRANCES CORNFORD.

* * *

A WORD TO THE PADRE

*In a little thought, in a little thought,
We stand and eye thee in grave dismay,
With sad and doubtful questioning, when
first*

Thou speakest to us as—"MEN".

—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

* * *

HE WHO VOLUNTEERED TO STAY

*Wide is the world, to rest or roam,
And early 'tis for turning home;
Plant your heel on earth and stand
And let's forget our native land.*

—A. E. HOUSMAN.

* * *

WELFARE COMMITTEE

*Nothing begins and nothing ends
That is not paid with moan,
For we are born in others' pain
And perish in our own.*

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

* * *

SOAP OPERA

*There comes a day when to endure in
nearness
Can be endured no more.*

—HERBERT TRENCH.

* * *

IN S.H.Q.

*I hear the song
Of cuckoo answering cuckoo all day long.*

—J. S. PHILLIMORE.

* * *

ORDERLY SERGEANT

*No person I know of
Can be much forlorn
Than one who stands waiting
For hours on a corner.*

RICHARD ARMOUR.

Gremlin

NEWS of the Month

Well, the little folk have been having themselves quite a time lately, in one way or another. Nothing serious, you understand; just enough to make their presence felt, things more in the nature of a gentle reminder, here and there, so that the sceptics—of whom there are still far too many—would not be lulled into a false sense of security.

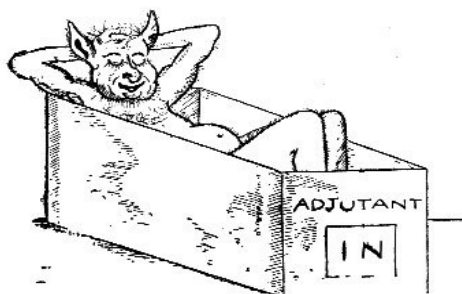
And I do mean *false*.

Their latest trick, and to my mind one of their neatest, was put into practice a few days ago. It seems that a certain instructor, complete with new pupil, was carrying out a quite normal approach on the aerodrome. They touched down very happily on the runway; but after running a few yards, the instructor was horrified to see the runway where the

by **E.H.F.**

sky should have been. Very shortly afterwards there were rending sounds, followed by an embarrassing silence. A quick check confirmed that they were still under the influence of Sir Isaac Newton,—but in the reverse direction. The pupil chocked back a desire to say "Bottoms up!", feeling that it would hardly be received in the right spirit; and finally managed to utter, in a small voice, "I put the brakes on".

Now here is where the gremlins showed their devilish cunning. They saw this aircraft touching down, and knew from experience that the occupants would be sitting back and sighing, "Well, that's *that*"; so quick as a flash they whipped out a huge looking-glass and



Gremlin (A. and S.D. Branch)



Gremlin (G.D. Branch)

held it in front of them. The pupil didn't know, of course, that it was a case of "all done with mirrors"; all he saw was another aircraft rushing towards him on the same runway, and ruddy close at that; so he did the only thing possible. He tried to pull up quickly; and his Bendix proved all too effective.

Naturally, the pupil—or the instructor—won't admit a thing. Who would? Under the circumstances, people would be sure to murmur unkind words like "Hangover" and stuff like that. Incidentally, I think the gremlins boobed badly and it was really a case of mistaken identity. They picked on the wrong bloke for once, showing that even they can make mistakes. They were probably after the chappie who spends his spare time flying Spitfires around Dunkirk. They'll get him sooner or later, though, if he keeps it up; they know what goes on even if it's off the station!

Another playful little gesture of theirs was on Sports Day, when they really went to work. How on earth they arranged the blizzard has everyone baffled, but from their point of view it certainly was effective. Another cute idea of theirs was shifting the high jump pit from its original position in front of the spectators to the other end of the stadium. That didn't quite work out as they planned, however, as the spectators foxed the little men by moving *en masse* across the prairie to the point where the jump was being contested. This move served to warm their frozen limbs, and

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"My! My! All Those Miles?"



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Piskies

Sometimes an honest Cornishman
Will solemnly declare
That he has seen the pisky folk
When walking home from fair.

My friends, if drink be in the talk
Of him who tells that tale,
You can suppose those pisky lads
Are born of Cornish ale.

The piskies are so queerly made
They run from sober men,
And only he who's drunk a sea
Can find them in their glen.

Oh, any man can drink enough
To say that he has seen
The merry piskies frolicking
Upon their secret green,

But he must have a giant's thirst
And giant's share of brew
If he would drink those little men
To life before his view.

If God were good and beer were free
Tonight they'd sit in rows
Upon my shoulders as I walked,
And ride upon my toes.

So shall it be the happy night
When peace is trumpeted;

The little laughing piskies shall
Undo my boots in bed. J. H. M.

CASUAL CONVERSATIONS

• Continued from page 9

passionate leave Therefore, I repeat, you've had four days too many."

"I think I shall apply to see the C.O. about this. I don't consider it fair."

"Well, that's up to you. But I warn you that Canadian regulations for the R.A.F. state that you are entitled to 1½ days per month annual leave in Canada from date of disembarkation up to a total of 14 days in any year. If that is put into effect you will be entitled to only 8½ days up to March 31st next. So if you don't look out you'll get the odd 9½ days stopped out of your entitlement for next year."

"Whew! Chinese labour, that's what it is. All right, Corporal; I won't bother about any more leave at present."

"So sorry I can't do anything for you. However, you'll probably get five days at Christmas, privilege leave, and then you can freeze downtown instead of in the C.G.I.'s block."

"Will I get ration allowance for the Christmas leave?"

"Hanged if I know. Go and see the accounts wallahs. They have far more time to work out difficult problems like that!"

My First Impressions of Canada

For this entry Sgt. Lewis of the Accounts Section receives the prize of \$2.00 announced in the last issue.

* * *

Although at the moment it seems so long ago since I set foot in Canada, my first impressions are still very vivid. I have had cause to change my opinion on certain counts, but some of my first impressions still stand after a stay of twenty-one months.

Naturally, after the boat trip (and what a trip!), the first thing of which I was aware was the quantity and variety of the food; and, although I wince visibly at the sight of corn-on-the-cob, or waffles and syrup, I think that the variety of food on display in Canada is greater than that in pre-war England, and on the whole, cheaper too.

Going from the earthly to the heavenly, my next impression was of the beauty of the dawns and sunsets. A sight I shall carry in my mind's eye to my dying day was the sunset on New Year's Eve, 1940. I was on the train travelling along the north shore of Lake Superior and the sun sank from a cloudless, blue sky into the deeper blue of the lake, surrounded by a number of vivid hues, to form a picture of beauty and magnificence to gladden the heart and uplift the soul.

Before I left England an acquaintance of mine, who had paid a visit to this country, had told me of the size and efficiency of Canadian trains. My first impression of these was, that he may have been correct concerning the former, but as regards the latter he had grossly misinformed me. I found that if I opened the window only half an inch I was frozen stiff within five minutes, whereas if the window was kept shut to keep out the cold, I had to do a fair imitation of Gypsy Rose Lee (with not such a large audience) to keep cool. Also, I definitely do not like the corridor, or aisle, running down the middle of the coach. If I was trying to snooze, someone would come along shouting "Coca-cola and Nutty Crunches" and knock my elbow off the arm-rest, and if I was unfortunate enough to have a seat at the end of the coach the same individual would appear with monotonous regularity and hit me on the head with the swing door as he pushed it open. Furthermore, to close the discussion on Canadian trains, I am NOT enamoured

of being awakened at three in the morning by a raucous cry of "Tickets, please".

Another first impression was that the Canadians were intensely proud of their own country, and never let an opportunity pass to tell me how many times England would go into Maple Leaf Gardens or Buffalo Lake or somewhere else, but this cut no ice with me as I retorted that there was more heavy industry in one city (Birmingham) in England than in the whole of this

• Continued on page 20

The Jitterbugs



*A lack of grace, an earnest mien;
The jitterbugs are seldom seen
To show the slightest sign of pleasure,
As they tread out their awkward measure.*

*Their savage teacher, Bongo-Wongo,
Can do far better in the Congo;
He seems at least to gain enjoyment
From his remarkable employment
Of jungle rhythms, and a dance
Unknown to Louis's Court in France.
Civilisation's dying and
We mourn it with a rag-time band;
And from our lives' depressing bungle
Are dancing back into the jungle,
To seek, in place of reason's light,
A warm, unintellectual night.*

PETRONIUS ARBITER, JR.



Samuel Small Joins Up

Now you all 'ave 'eard of Samuel Small,
The Flying Yorkshireman, Mrs. an' all;
But what you've not 'eard, and now I will tell,
Is 'ow Sam joined service when threatened blow
fell.

Sam was workin' and plantin' 'is spuds,
And priding 'imself on 'avin no duds,
When through the field scurried 'is Mrs. in 'aste,
Calling, "Samuel Small! There's no time to waste!"

Then Sam looked up in 'is dour sort of way;
'Is 'ands and 'is boots were all covered in clay;
'E put down 'is shovel, rubbed 'ands down 'is pants,
And took up 'is famous obstinate stance.

"What's ailing thee, lass?" 'e asks with a scowl;
But 'is look turns to query as wife starts to 'owl;
Now Sam softens 'is 'eart, and dries up 'er tears,
The first that 'ave fallen in twenty-five years.

With arm round 'er waist, and last look at 'is spuds,
'E guides 'er past chickens, and cows chewing cud;
Away past the lettuce, the geese and the grouse,
And plonks 'er down gently on steps of the 'ouse.

"Now tell me this trouble that's grieving thee so:
But make it right quick, for I've work on t' go."
So 'is Mrs. starts off, 'er face wet with tears,
"It's 'Itler and Goering 'ave started my fears;

The war's been declared, they're up to their tricks;
They'll be over the moor in a couple of ticks!"
"Now calm thee sel', lass," said Sam with a frown;
"No crisis like this is getting me down.

"I must think what is right and gradely to do,
And go back to the days when in 'cavens I flew.
I shall go right away to Air Marshal Bings,
To see what 'e thinks of my flying, and things."

Then 'e ups with 'is arms and 'e zooms into space,
While a bright sunny smile lights up 'is wife's face;
Away over the 'ills, and fields of wild flowers,
And circled three times round Yorkminster towers.

The people of York, they gazed up in a crowd,
To try and distinguish the thing in the cloud;
Till there cried out one lass 'oo were pushing a pram,
"Is it bird? Is it plane? Nay, nay; 'tis Super Sam!"

Now Sam circled round, 'is bearings to get,
Till 'e spied the blue flag with roundels inset;
And then 'e swooped down, with blue flag in tow,
And flew right into window of Station C.O.



'E stood on the mat and 'e gave a salute,
While Station C.O. knocked 'is pipe on 'is boot,
And deep in 'is desk-chair 'e let 'imself sag,
And politely asked Sam, "What yer doing with flag?"

"I got it from pole," said Sam with a grin,
"And you'll 'ave to excuse me for butting right in;
But I wanted to show you, I mean what I say,
That I want to join Air Force, without no delay."

by J.W.G.

Now C.O.'s, as a rule, do most of the talking;
But Samuel Small started without any balking,
To 'old the man spellbound with tales that 'e told
Of medals, and kings, and 'is prowess of old.

"You're the lad for the job!" cried C.O., "that I'll
vow;
And I'll put you in charge of a squadron right now."
"Squadron be damned!" yelled Sam with a roar,
"I'll go out on my own and I'll finish this war."

"I don't want no telling about what I'm to do,
I've started this job an' I'm seeing it through;
I'll go over there through t' snow and t' rain,
And them Nazis won't know if it's bird or a 'plane."

"It's grand, that it is; you must go right along,
To famed Berchtesgarden and there plant a bomb,
To Unter den Linden, and that beer cellar too,
And show what a brave Yorkshireman 'e can do."

Then straight through the window and into the night
Flew Sam on 'is mission with fiendish delight,
Guided partly by stars, and partly by feel,
'E made straight for the dockyards of 'Amburg and
Kiel.

He appeared like a spectre in vertical dives,
Which frightened the Nazis right out of their lives;
And the panic that reigned there it caused a great
din;
But Sam merely laughed and flew on to Berlin.

The Reichstag in session 'ad terrible fright,
As Samuel Small swooped in from the night;
He grabbed hold of Hitler and Goebbels and Goer-
ing,
And away o'er the roof-tops to England went soar-
ing.

The loss of their leaders was learned by the nation,
And straight away caused a financial deflation.
The 'ardships this started led to wide revolution,
And to sue for a peace was their only solution.

At the end of it all Samuel wanted no glory;
When they offered 'im medal 'is language grew gory;
But 'e did ask for one thing; one thing, that was all;
That the Air Force should buy all its spuds from
Sam Small!



The American thinks . . .

That America is going to win the war.

That American production is the most vital factor in winning the war.

That the American army is the best in the world.

That America will beat the Japs.

That when the war is over, America will make the peace.

That Roosevelt is 100 per cent.

That America is the best country in the world to live in.

That the Atlantic Ocean is enough to stop Hitler.

That the Japs are a dirty lot of heathens.

That American finance will win the war.

That New York is a wonderful city.

That American girls are the best in the world.

The Canadian thinks . . .

That Canada is going to win the war.

That Canadian production is a vital factor in winning the war.

That the Canadian army is the best in the world.

That the British Empire will beat the Germans.

That when the war is over, America will have too much say in the peace.

That Roosevelt is O.K.

That Canada is the best country in the world to live in.

That the Atlantic Ocean is enough to stop Hitler.

That the Japs are contemptible.

That finance will win the war.

That New York is a wonderful city.

That Canadian girls are the best in the world.

The Englishman thinks . . .

That's it about time that *somebody* won this darned war!

That German production is the most startling factor about the war.

That, after all, the British army must be a lot better than it was in the last war.

That the Allies will beat the Axis.

That when the war is over there will be peace.

Just *who* is this man Willkie?

That England used to be the best country in the world to live in.

That the English Channel was enough to stop Hitler.

That the Japs are by no means as yellow as their skins.

That finance started the war.

That New York will be a wonderful city when it is finished.

That English girls are better than any he's seen so far.

—T.S.M.G.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA

• Continued from page 17

country from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. (You see, I even knew a little geography, which surprised them.)

I could go on in this vein for hours, but the length of this little digression

is, alas, limited by the Editor, so I will end by saying that another first impression was of the friendliness of the girls (dare I say that in some cases they were a little too friendly?) and I found them so nice that within three months from now I shall be looking forward to the time when my wife gives me her first impressions of England. R. S. A. L.

Potted Personalities . . . No. 15



F/SGT. G. BLORE
N.C.O. I/C MESSING

FLYER STAFF MEMBER SHOT!

Attacker's Motives Unknown

"They've shot Tommy."

This startling announcement, bald and unqualified, was yelled in our ear by a man as he ran to catch a 'bus. We were at once plunged into a panic, and flattened ourselves into a nearby ditch; where we lay for several hours scanning the horizon anxiously, looking for the would-be assassin; acting on the principle that it might happen to anybody.

Or at least, anybody connected with the *Prairie Flyer*.

Nightfall permitted us to crawl by easy stages to our billet; and it was only when another man asked us what we thought we were doing, hiding under the bed, that we learned the truth of the matter. Cpl. Gard, without whose tireless efforts no account retains its balance, had been the victim of an accident, and added the weight of a .22 slug to one of his feet.

His additions are frequently spectacular, but this is his outstanding effort so far.

A story that the man who fired the gun, when asked for an explanation, said "Well, we were supposed to be gopher-shooting anyway," is denied as a libelous invention.

Interviewed in the sick bay, where he reclined at ease, surrounded by beautiful nurses and various others who wanted him to reduce their income tax, Cpl. Gard said:

"Gug."

The significance of this was not at first appreciated, until we found that he had started to drink a glass of milk, with which beverage he is entirely unfamiliar.

Recovering from this shock, he added: "Why didn't he shoot me in the head? I wouldn't have felt it."

He has now returned to duty, and says that he is glad it happened, really,

Town and Camp Patrol By Super-Snooper

Know the expression "Aw! wrap up!"? Well one u/t was rather upset when he voiced this, *sotto voce*, the other day in the Gosport, and the instructor's hearing was too good!

I'm wondering just how far the Palace dweller in S.H.Q. is aspiring to?

I hear the wedding bells will be chiming shortly for one of the few female personnel on the strength of this Station.

Any suggestions for curing a W.O.P. (tall and thin) of sleeping with his shirt and pullover on? Contributions welcomed, to assist his friend to pay for the laundering of shirts and collars.

I notice a certain store basher (hoity-toity, deah, deah!) and his lady-friend are partial to the food served in the Uptown cafe.

Mac, the E/Asst. must have had rosy dreams of the future when he lined up with the Senior N.C.O's. after Prayers the other morning—but the sudden dash for No. 2 Flight was most undignified.

Corporal Priestman, ex-Central Registry, paid a visit to the Camp the other week. He has successfully passed his I.T.S. Course at Edmonton. Other former members of No. 32 who have passed their first step are F/Sgt. Drake (Accts.) and LAC. Jameson (No. 2 Squadron).

Our former Hello-boy, Jock, has promised to do no more scrounging since he has now been promoted.

Won't it be grand to see Piccadilly its real old self again? In fact a land fit for Eros to live in.

as he can now tell when it's going to rain, by the classic method of feeling a twinge in his toe.

We are happy to report, finally, that no ill effects are noticeable, except that he insists on standing around on one leg. However, you get used to anything in time.

CAN YOU BE CONSTRUCTIVE?

Prizes for Improvement Suggestions

The P.S.I. wants you to suggest ideas for the improvement of this station's amenities and services. And in addition to the opportunity of helping your own welfare thus afforded, you are eligible for the prizes offered for the best entries. You are, therefore, not merely invited to take an active interest in the management of the unit, but also stand a chance of being rewarded in cash for so doing; an arrangement which seems to be more than fair.

The suggestions which you have in mind may be submitted in the form of an essay, if you wish to elaborate on them; or more simply expressed. It is emphasised, and rightly, that generalisations should as far as possible be avoided; and observations of a purely negative character. Obviously, for instance, it is not of much use to say "I consider this and that to be useless, weird, lousy, unbearable" or any other adjective that may apply; the statement may be interesting to you, but it will have done nothing to make the thing in question less useless, weird, lousy or unbearable. What we do require are specific and constructive suggestions for any or all of the camp buildings intended for your convenience; i.e., Large Canteen, Small Canteen, Supper Room, Cinema, and elsewhere.

Bear in mind the availability of materials (and cash) when you formulate your ideas; "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan A stately pleasure dome decree", but this is Saskatchewan and the P.S.I. not Kubla, so keep *your* decree within reasonable bounds.

The idea of fireplaces for the canteen is already under consideration, and nothing more is required in this connection. There was, incidentally, a re-

• Continued on following page

Letter to the Editor

Sir:

As an Old Updykeian, I feel impelled to express what I am convinced must be the view of your readers, or such of them as may be credited with decent feelings, on the appalling display of sartorial savagery in a cartoon reproduced in your September issue.

It is with the deepest disgust that I place on record the fact that three gentlemen (if I may honour them with that name) are shown, on page 6 of that unhappy publication, wearing, at the races, morning clothes with BOW TIES! I ask you, in all sincerity, is nothing sacred? Is not the flippant tone of this cartoon, which imputes, if I have understood it aright, questionable motives to one whom, since he is devoting his afternoon to the Sport of Kings, we may consider to be a gentleman; is not this sacrilege enough? Must there be added to it a suggestion that any who are sufficiently well-bred to spend their afternoons in this way could be so devoid of human feeling, so steeped in moral turpitude, as to perpetrate a crime of this sort against the conventions of civilised existence, and strike a blow at the very foundations of society? You will pardon the word, my dear sir, but I can only consider this thing as *sinister*.

The Battle of Waterloo may well have been won on the playing-fields of Eton, (though I believe that those of Updyke, too, had something to do with it) and if this is the case, we may say with some justice that the Charge of the Light Brigade was launched at Goodwood. Certainly, we may postulate that neither of these glorious feats was achieved by men who wore BOW TIES with their morning clothes!

I have the doubtful honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

HORATIO J. GADSBY,

P.S.—I am suing you for libel.

It is the cock that croweth, but the hen that delivereth the goods.

"Flyer" Scoops "Time"

One difference between *Time* magazine and the *Prairie Flyer* that you can't very well ignore is that the former has a circulation of over a million. There are other little points, too, on which we do not wish to dwell, because we get discouraged easily enough as it is. However, a little light in that deep purple gloom which is the natural environment of amateur editorial staffs came to us a week or two back; and it shone from the distinguished pages of *Time*, no less.

In our issue for August, published on July 15th, we kicked off with an article on those instruments of elfin justice, the gremlins.

It occurs to us now that this was probably the first news of them to appear in print on the North American continent; and *Time* didn't get around to them before September 14th. So, for the first and quite undoubtedly the last time, the *Prairie Flyer*, humble organ though it is, scooped a very outstanding contemporary.

You'll pardon us this little crow. Or perhaps you'll crow with us . . . ?

Cook's Error?

It is reported that, on September 30th at 1630 hours, a leaf was found in a cup of tea obtained in the Airmen's Mess.

What's more, it was a tea-leaf.
Wonders will never cease. . . .

PRIZES FOR IMPROVEMENT SUGGESTIONS

• Continued from page 23
grettable lack of interest displayed in response to the request for designs; these are matters directly of your concern, and it is to be hoped that no similar apathy restricts the volume of entries for the scheme outlined above.

Prizes will be given for what are adjudged to be the three best entries; the First Prize, \$3.00; the Second, \$2.00; the Third, \$1.00. The closing date for the competition is October 26, 1942. Entries may be addressed to the Editor; or to the S/LA, through the Orderly Room.

Seeds of Controversy

The following suggestions are made in a spirit, not of destructive, but rather of constructive criticism—and where the cap fits, wear it!

It is suggested:—

1. That a certain bobby N.C.O. wear his hat 1" above the right eye—not ON it.
2. That some of the rookies recently arrived here remember they are in the R.A.F. when in town.
3. That a few of the new arrivals need to be reminded that there is no soap-rationing in Canada.
4. That a sightseeing tour be organised for the benefit for some of the new arrivals and the various laundries pointed out to them. Alternative—listen to the "Daily Dipper" programme.
5. That the new S.P. remember their numbers; also that manners maketh the man.
6. That bottles of bismuth and soda be supplied with meals, thus saving long Sick Parades.
7. That the reliefs posted here remember that the privileges extended to this unit were got through the good behaviour of the former personnel, and through their good conduct on and off the camp; and that it is up to them to keep these privileges.

SEEN IN THE AIRMEN'S MESS

A notice saying, "Please close the door after you, please."
We heard you the first time.

An old Scottish woman says: "When the air raid alarm sounds, I take the Bible from the shelf and read the 23rd Psalm. Then I put up a wee bit prayer. Then I take a wee drap o' whisky to steady my nerves. Then I get in bed and pull up the covers. And then I tell Hitler to go to hell."

A woman with her hair combed up always looks as if she were going some place, either to the opera or the shower bath—depending on the woman.

—Orson Welles.

Surprise Visit

I-G at 32

6th Oct., 1942.—The Deputy Inspector General, A/V/M. A. E. Godfrey, M.C., A.F.C., V.D., arrived unexpectedly at the station today. He made an exhaustive tour of inspection, visiting most of the sections and seeing them under their normal working conditions. We have no information of any actual comments he made, though several rumours of compliments and one brickbat, of which you have probably heard, flew around the camp as soon as the wheels of his aircraft touched down... but what we can say with some certainty is that 32 has a pretty good record, and probably as much ability and efficiency were in evidence on Tuesday, as on any other day.

These informal visits would appear to be an excellent thing; and a necessary break with peace-time tradition, which illustrates the adaptability of Air Force administration to war conditions. Thousands of working hours (if we take the aggregate of time spent by all personnel) devoted to preparing for a visit from a highly placed officer are bad arithmetic in wartime; in addition, he does not see the camp at its average, which, after all, is by what it should be judged.

A personal visit from a representative of Headquarters does much to convince us that we are not considered there as a collection of abstract numbers, trades and establishments, but as a group of men who happen to be assembled at one place to work in a common cause.

We notice a good effect already from this inspection; you'll find the crockery considerably cleaner in future.

Thanks.

It's a Pleasure to Use It

A certain room in the Watch Tower, one which we will not specify by name, has been painted in a coo-it-ain't-'arf-luvely shade of pink.

It is understood that the wording on the door is soon to be changed to "Airmen's Boudoir".

Do Things Happen to You?

If something interesting has happened to you recently, (such as marriage or fatherhood or promotion), other people should hear about it.

You would, I am sure, like your friends and old associates at home to know that you had become a corporal or a father (provided, of course, that you had) and they, on their side, would be very glad to hear such interesting news. The best way of telling them is through the columns of your local paper—the thing you used to call a rag at home and are now so pleased to receive.

No; you don't have to send a paragraph to the Editor. You don't have to send anything to anyone. All you need do is to tell me, which means poking your head around the door of G Block and saying a few gentle words to the moronic-looking individual in the first bed on the left (the moronic-looking individual in the second bed is the Editor of this magazine).

Now, that's simple, isn't it?

The R.A.F. is keen on the publication of personal notes and general news concerning its personnel here in Canada and has opened a scheme which operates in conjunction with the press in the Old Country. This is another happy indication of the interest which the authorities in Ottawa and London take in the well-being and progress of R.A.F. personnel and in the human side of their life overseas. It should help to assure you that you are not, as you sometimes feel, an obscure and anonymous unit in a great mass of men, but an individual and a citizen of a democracy. You are not just a number; you are a person. The authorities want you to know that.

So please take advantage of this scheme if you possibly can. YOU, TOO, CAN BE NEWS. J. H. M.

Challenge

We understand that the Griffins want to play a match with the Ionites, winners of the knockout competition.

What about it, lads?

Gum Menace

(Excerpt from speech given at the Canadian Medical Council)

"... I am considering seriously the opening of an Anti-Gum Chewing Campaign. This habit, gentlemen, is fast undermining our nation's morals and constitution. I beg to place before the committee a series of propositions enabling us to call in all supplies of gum in the country, and give them to the Indians, who put it to a more useful purpose—that of soling shoes. In this way we shall not only be helping the war effort, but at the same time helping to make our nation a very paragon of moral virtue, and banishing forever from our midst the bogey—GUM!

Science, gentlemen, has investigated the matter thoroughly, and it has been undeniably determined that Canada is fast becoming a nation of men and women with enlarged Inferior Maxillary bones tending to make the Zygomatic arch look more like the Sydney Harbour Bridge. This, according to Dr. Griddon, whom you know as a world-famous orthopaedic specialist, is caused by the continuous abducting motion of the Inferior Maxillary. I may also add, gentlemen, that chewing gum has a depressing effect on the digestive system. Chewing stimulates the secretions of the mouth and stomach and gives the digestive organs a false sense of anticipation, which is frustrated, as nothing material is forthcoming. This causes the stomach to rumble, which invariably is blamed by the individual concerned on the beer he had the previous night.

Must I go further, gentlemen? As the Emperor Tiberius said, nearly 2,000 years ago, "Nothing I can say will match the depth of my feeling in this matter." I feel that it is useless for me to go on living, if I am to see these fine young lives frittered away on GUM. In concluding these remarks, I beg that you consider the issue from a moral as well as from an hygienic standpoint. The man or woman who cannot resist the dubious fascination of so strange a habit will not, it seems to me, be able to resist anything else.

Thank you for your attention, gentlemen; and I hope that this assembly will

Praise for "Flyer"

Bouquet from Leading Service Magazine

We think you will be pleased to hear an opinion of the *Prairie Flyer*, your magazine, recorded in the *Royal Air Force Journal*, which is by way of being the senior and best of all RAF publications.

It appears in the issue of July 25, 1942, under the heading "Service Magazines from Overseas". The Editor conveys his thanks for "the many magazines sent to him from units overseas"; and the subsequent text mentions four, two from Canada and two from South Africa. Of these, ours is given the most space; and we reprint here the exact words:

"*The Prairie Flyer* is the monthly magazine of No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.) in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Its main object is 'the promotion of good feeling, interest and morale within the camp, and to create an outlet for the literary and artistic talent at present lying dormant within the confines of the school.' It is also endeavouring to provide a historical record of the unit's sojourn in Canada. It is a most entertaining publication, packed with humour."

The quotation in the above paragraph is from the first editorial of the *Prairie Flyer*.

If we may return the compliment, we think that it would express the feeling of 32's personnel to say that the *Royal Air Force Journal* is read here with great interest and pleasure, and serves admirably to keep us in touch with the other branches of the service.

Perhaps an American phrase would not be inappropriate from this side of the Atlantic; so we'll say, "Thanks a million!"

support my recommendations for immediate action, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!"

(It is understood that the motion was passed, with the single dissentient voice of a certain Dr. Dimwitz, whose mother-in-law, we are informed, chews gum.)
O. H.

Notes by the Way

One of the oddest things I've noticed in this war is the trend of American popular songs since they became a belligerent nation. In boogie-woogie, swing and strict tempo, they exhort the listener to perform his duty; to put a zip on his lip, to pay his income tax, go easy on the gas, step up production, remember Pearl Harbour, and anything else that comes to the strange and unfathomable brains of their composers. It is as if we have jazzed ourselves into a condition of mind where we are chronically incapable of considering even serious matters in a serious manner. As a sidelight on the development of general intelligence, it is fascinating and revealing; and as an indication of probable future trends, it is appalling. There seems to be no logical end to this craze for childish or savage rhythms, rhythms so unsubtle and devoid of interest that it is impossible to understand their appeal to any truly adult mind.

I foresee a time when what might be termed the Golden Age of St. Vitus will come into being. We will jerk and jazz ourselves through a life abbreviated by exhaustion, and a noble funeral elegy will be chanted over our imitation marble tombstone to the tune of "The Flat-foot Floogie With the Floy Floy." Let us bury the great duke, with a swing-band's lamentation; let us shriek and wail and contort our bodies into attitudes and gestures without grace, without meaning; let us howl with the jive-cats on their syncopated tiles; let us forget that we are the highest form of life that has yet appeared on this planet, forget too the heritage of art and culture and philosophy left to us by our men of genius; for we needs must, as Tennyson nearly said, we needs must love the lowest when we see it.

I suggest that if we are going to do this thing we might as well do it properly, and make a flying start now by having all instruction in schools sung to popular rhythms; there's nothing like catching them young.

Anyone who feels like a Bromo-Seltzer after reading the above can charge it up to me.

D. G.

Introduction to a New Feature

By S/L. W. C. TURNER, C.G.I.

IT IS NOTED that pupils take little interest in the station magazine, apart (it is hoped) from reading it month by month. It is conceded that for the duration of their course they must "scorn delights and live laborious days", but they do, nevertheless, have a certain amount of spare time; sufficient, at any rate, to prepare an article or a few stanzas of verse.

The *Prairie Flyer*, after all, is produced by the airmen of 32 for their own information and entertainment, and pupils constitute probably the largest section on the station. Yet there are no pages in the magazine devoted to the Instructional Section, nor do pupils appear to inundate the editor with independent contributions. This is no fault of the Editor; he has been approached regarding the matter and he is willing and eager to reserve a section of the *Flyer* for the efforts of the u/t's.

With a constant influx of new arrivals, it ought not to be difficult for the G.I.S. to provide a very entertaining feature. Most pupils have seen more of Canada than the majority of the permanent staff on the station; a few of them have spent some weeks in the United States; others have come from Continental Europe and the Colonies. There must, therefore, be a practically inexhaustible supply of subject matter.

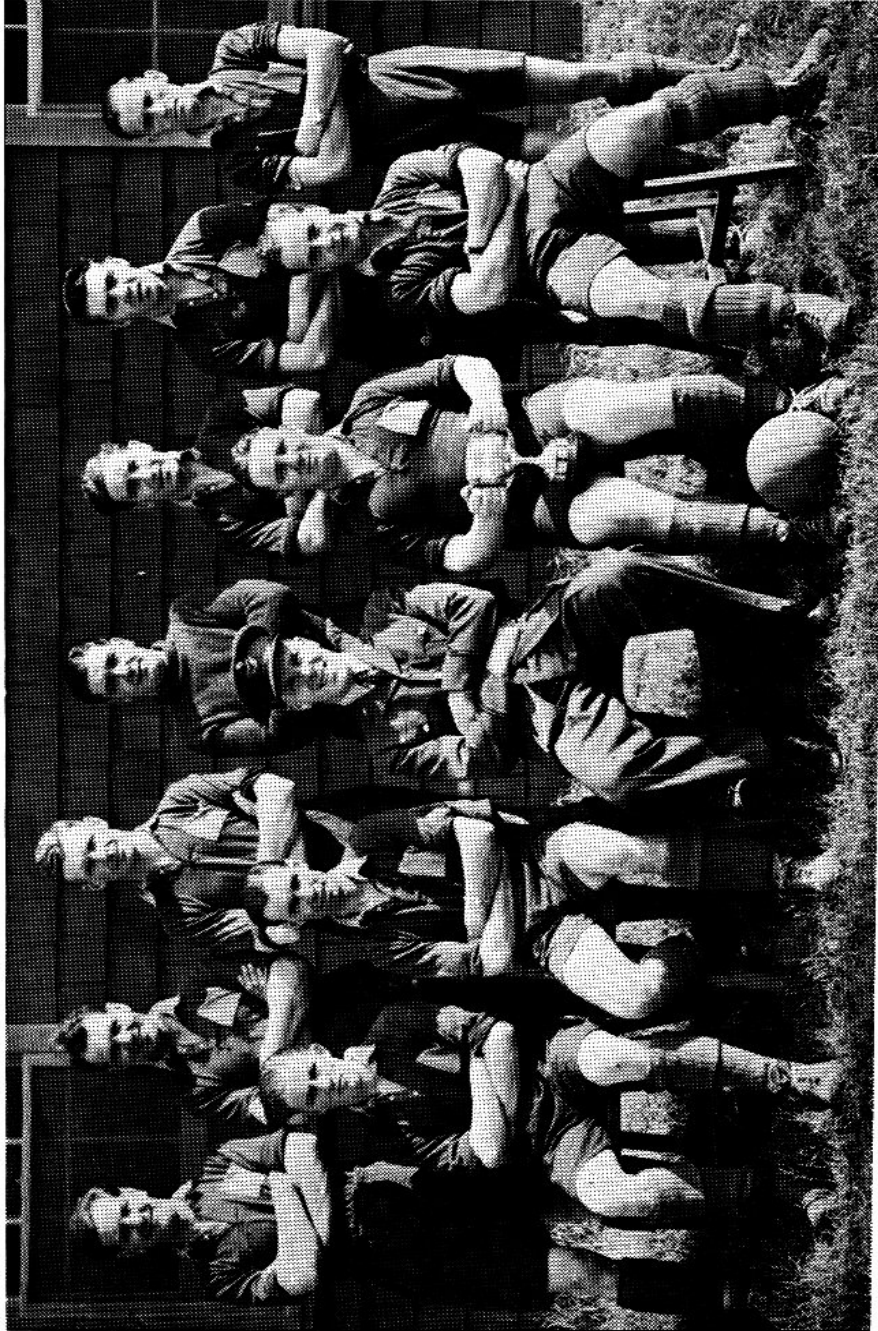
There is, roughly, three weeks to produce something for the next issue; articles of topical interest, short stories, poetry, sketches, caricatures, etc.—all these are required if the G.I.S. is to produce a worthwhile contribution.

Goings-on in Cinema

Strange knockings, lights flashing inexplicably, wails as of a producer in agony, and the beat of tom-toms coming from the Station Cinema o' nights seem to indicate that something is going to happen there soon.

We wonder what it could be?

THE IONITES—WINNERS OF THE STATION KNOCKOUT COMPETITION



NICE WORK . . .

SPORTS

CHATTER by the SPORTS OFFICER



Sports Day, September 23rd.

"Blow, blow, thou wintry wind" —
"The rain it raineth every day."

If you mix these two you get a good idea of what happened on September 21st, 22nd and 23rd. The mixture didn't have very much effect on the cinder track, but on the day before Sports Day the field was becoming a quagmire; so the Sports Committee decided that rather than postpone Sports Day we would have a modified programme, and run off the remainder of the events later.

So on a grey September afternoon at 1400 hours, the programme started with the 100 yards sprint. It was obvious that the cold weather had quite an effect on performances, some of which look very poor on paper but were, considering the circumstances, fairly reasonable.

The remaining events were held on the evenings of September 28th and 29th, in perfect weather; and as on Sports Day, the pupils took most of the points,



**Mrs. N. E. Morrison awarding
a prize**

leaving the other sections to fight for 3rd and 4th place. So the pupils won the Moose Jaw Trophy for the second year in succession.

RESULTS (Sections in brackets)

Event	1st	2nd	3rd	Time or Distance
100 yards	Pte. Sunde (2)	LAC. Seal (4)	LAC. Linscer (3)	11 secs.
220 yards	Pte. Ulstein (2)	LAC. Seal (4)	AC. Sanderson (1)	27 secs.
440 yards	P/O. Knapp (3)	LAC. Hobson (2)	LAC. Wrightman (4)	62 secs.
880 yards	LAC. Hobson (2)	LAC. Harrison (2)	P/O. Brown (3)	2:26
1 mile	LAC. West (1)	LAC. Harrison (2)	LAC. Watson (2)	5:36
3 miles	LAC. Harrison (2)	LAC. West (1)	Cpl. Hill (4)	18:10
3 mile walk	LAC. Raws (1)	LAC. Sanderson (1)	Cpl. Jones (3)	28:40
High Jump	LAC. Dixey (2)	LAC. McKenzie (4)	Pte. Sunde (2)	5' 4"
Long Jump	LAC. Ulstein (2)	LAC. Dixey (2)	F/O. Baker (3)	19' 7"
Shuttle Relay	Pupils	S.H.Q.		
Inter-Station Relay	Caron	Moose Jaw		
Band Race	Cpl. Williams	AC. Windson	Cpl. Turner	
Javelin	Pte. Ulstein (2)	Pte. Gunderson (2)	F/O. Lewis (1)	139' 6"
Cricket Ball	Pte. Ulstein (2)	AC. Jones (4)	AC. Howell (1)	99' 6"
Spot	Pte. Aargenson (2)	Pte. Ulstein (2)	LAC. Linscer (3)	36' 9"
Discus	Pte. Aargenson (2)	Pte. Ulstein (2)	LAC. Linscer (3)	99' 7"
120 yd. Hurdles	LAC. Dixey (2)	LAC. Leve (4)	LAC. Linscer (3)	19 secs.
Tug-of-war	Servicing (3)	Repairs (4)		
Pole Vault	Pte. Aargenson (2)	LAC. Little (4)	LAC. Dixey (2)	8' 6"
Inter-Section Relay	Pupils	S.H.Q. & Repairs dead heat		

• Continued on page 31

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643-42

Sports Chatter

• Continued from page 29

Soccer

September 11th. Final, Knockout Competition. Ionites 2, Pupils 1.

September 12th. Moose Jaw Trades and Labour Cup.

The station team played Caron for the cup on this date. It was one of those

occasions when all team members extracted the digit and went hammer and tongs throughout; with the result that we won 4-1. Bowles, Fisher and Wilson (2) scored for 32. It made me think that if we had played with the same pep in previous games in the league with Estevan and Weyburn, we would have finished somewhere near the top.

Incidentally, we have only one game left in the league, with Estevan.

League Standing at October 3rd

	P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Against	Points
Estevan	7	6	0	1	33	6	13
Weyburn	9	5	3	1	19	12	11
Casuals	10	4	5	1	21	19	9
Corinthians	9	4	4	1	13	17	9
Caron Nomads	9	4	5	0	15	31	8
Mossbank	8	1	7	0	10	25	2

Station Team v. North Battleford, at Saskatoon.

The station team travelled by bus to Saskatoon, to play North Battleford. After a rather tiring journey we were met by members of the Canadian Legion (who sponsored the game) and were whisked off to the ground—and what a ground! It would put many soccer pitches in England to shame. In fact, the team took some considerable time to find their feet, and when they did they could do everything but score; a part of the game which is of course essential for victory! The first half ended in a goal-less draw, but early in the second half the North Battleford inside right unleashed a drive which gave Giles no chance.

After the game we were the guests of the Canadian Legion, who looked after us with true Canadian hospitality.

The team: Giles, Cpl. Spilsbury (Capt.), Rush, Salthouse, Hague, Haughey, Fisher, Cpl. Wilson, Bowles, Humphreys.

Station Team v. Swift Current, on Station Pitch.

This was the first inter-station soccer match to be played on the camp, and the result fitted the occasion in that we won 5-1. It was a result that was never in doubt; the forwards combined really well and early overcame Swift Current's defence. Scorers were Haughey 2, Humphreys 2, and Weir 1.

The team: Giles, Gordon, Newbold, Rush, Salthouse, Hague, Haughey, Bowles, Humphreys, Hancorn, Weir.

Basketball.

An invitation to enter a team in the City League has been received, but we shall have to see what sort of talent we have first. There was not much enthusiasm displayed at the first basketball meeting, and when I asked some of the personnel who were interested last year why they weren't at the meeting, they said naively that they knew nothing about it. "But," I said, "a notice of the meeting appeared on DRO's." "Oh," was the invariable reply, "I didn't see it."—Give me strength!

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MOOSE JAW - - SASK.

GREMLIN NEWS

• Continued from page 15

in fact the whole thing may have been one of the gremlins' rare efforts at helpfulness.

Apparently some of the A. & S.D. gremlins have had their backs put up a little by the chaffing and gibing that the G.D. types indulge in, concerning the easy time enjoyed by those attached to H.Q. They really haven't done much about it as yet apart from hiding a few office door keys and altering one or two signals; and it seems that they will have to do something original and show a bit more initiative before they can prove that they are up to scratch. All in all, they have plenty of scope in H.Q. It's not for me to give them ideas, but—

Probably this will spur them on to even weirder efforts before next month.

Obituary

A/CPL. DORMAN, C., 913173
LAC. SHUTE, V. H., 1338381

Killed as the result of a flying accident, 20/9/42.

+ Life in the SICKERY

Life at the Sickery goes on, but from now, without the energising and cheerful influence of Sgt. Wood. Never again shall his dulcet tones dispute the roar of engines on the other side of the 'drome; never again shall the halls and corridors echo with that gentle coo we of this emporium and the morning sick parade had grown to love. Seriously, we shall miss our Woody, and now that he has left us, we wish him good luck in all that he does, wherever he goes.

We have been nattering seriously at the powers in the Sickery to indent on an E42 for one Swatter, Fly, Gold-mounted. We understand that they are now issued with three gears and an out-board motor. However, all the E42's have been used for playing noughts and crosses, and we are waiting for a fresh consignment. In the meantime, the score at the time of writing is 763 flies, 23 bluebottles, 2 thermometers, Sgt. Carr's head and a rent in the Sister's veil.

Entering the Sickery recently, one was greeted—or shall I be frank and say thrown back?—by an overpowering odour of rank cigar smoke. As the guilty culprit reads these lines, I can see his ears turn red.

I betcha wouldn't arf like ter see a certain sarge I know in footer kit! Blimey! Wot a sight! Alex James ain't in it! (It is rumoured, though, that he goes down to the field to render any necessary First Aid, and the soccer kit is just for atmosphere.)

A world-wide revolution is about to begin in the Sickery, by a man-with-very-violent-ideas. In his own words, "Look here, laddie. WHY should things be tidy? WHY not revolutionise the Air Force instead? WHY not walk around in woad—and use all the cloth material for the war effort?" O.K., Sam, you start!

The gentle patter of our Nursing Sisters' little feet, amidst these walls, brings sunshine to our eyes and a song to our hearts. A woman's touch is needed; gentleness, sympathy. (Could you do treatments for me next Monday night, Sister?)

Cherchez la femme and *Donna e mobile*—but boy! . . . you can't beat our Joe for fickleness. Never mind, son, accept an old greybeard's advice and take it in your stride. And you, gentle reader; write c/o The Sickery, for any heart troubles you may have.

The Sickery would like to announce a small but select amount of inoculations going cheap. Applications should be made between 12.00 hours and noon anyday. If you find no one there (which is more than likely) write your application out in quintuplicate. Note—Please print "WASTEPAPER" on the top right-hand corner, for filing purposes.

From this day forward, we have decided to elect a new Order. The Most Derogatory Order of the Can Carrier will be awarded monthly to the deserving hon. member of our glorious profession, who, in devotion to his duty (or otherwise) has had the misfortune to have his toes trodden upon by the powers above. This month's award goes to an enthusiastic young LAC. who, when answering the Sickery telephone, in the greatest of error asked the caller what the blankety hell did he think Sick Quarters was—a blank druggist? Unfortunately for the LAC., the arm which held the receiver at the other end bore rings. Very sad. His name is withheld for obvious reasons, but he knows our sympathy is with him, deep in our hearts.

At a recent broadcast of a famous ball game, the enthusiasm of certain listeners in the Sickery boiled to fever pitch. Had there been sufficient room, an excellent impromptu game would have developed on the spot. One M.O. already had his shoes with him, and it is rumored that at the zenith of his enthusiasm, the S.M.O. requested a pair of running shoes from an Orderly. On being produced they proved to be too small, and they say one cannot aptly describe the utterly hopeless look in his eye at the disappointment.

Well, victims, that's all for this month. I think I'll just hibernate until the next edition.

O. H.

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Wild Plum

They are unholy who are born
To love wild plum at night,
Who once have passed it on a road
Glimmering and white.

It is as though the darkness had
Speech of silver words,
Or as though a cloud of stars
Perched like ghostly birds.

They are unpitied from their birth
And homeless in men's sight
Who love, better than the earth,
Wild plum at night.

—ORRICK JOHNS.

Revelations From Repairs

We were agreeably surprised at the athletic prowess of our LAC's. Mackenzie and Seal, who were prize-winners on Sports Day. We think they did extremely well; especially when one considers their usual diet, which is made up every morning of Y.M.C.A. meat pies and numerous slices of chocolate cake, washed down with scalding hot tea that stains their mugs a rich mahogany.

Whilst we are on the subject of Y.M.C.A. fare—your reporter fancied he had obtained a bargain, two or three days after Sports Day, when he was offered three portions of sandwich for 5c. Such philanthropic action was bewildering, until he realised that these were the residue of sandwiches made for the occasion of the athletic meeting!

Those who brought guests wish to convey their appreciation to F/Sgt. Blore and staff for the extremely well-prepared tea, and courteous service provided. The impromptu stage show and cinema entertainment were also much appreciated.

We are wondering if it was to atone for stolen hours spent, we hear, at the Churchill, that a certain fitter had the

recording of "My Devotion" played for his wife, on a CHAB programme?

If anyone wishes to spend a very instructive 15 minutes, let him attend the 10.00 a.m. Crew-room Parliament, where, between mouthfuls of pie and sips of tea, controversial topics are debated by our amateur orators.

Are there ponies down t' coal mines? The efforts of a Geordie corporal to convince malicious airmen who expressed disbelief have caused him to lose his voice. As if this were not enough, the sadistic creatures now go around asking people like questions, and expressing seemingly innocent incredulity; they then watch with high glee as the dupe illustrates by action, noise and words. One victim was asked if there were such a thing as a one-man band; he fell for it, too, and provided the monsters with quite a long entertainment. So beware if anyone asks you whether there are such things as pickled walnuts, spiral staircases, etc.

Before we close; a reminder to living-out personnel who have moans which they think should be handled by the Welfare Committee, that their representative is AC. Rose of Repairs.

M. R.

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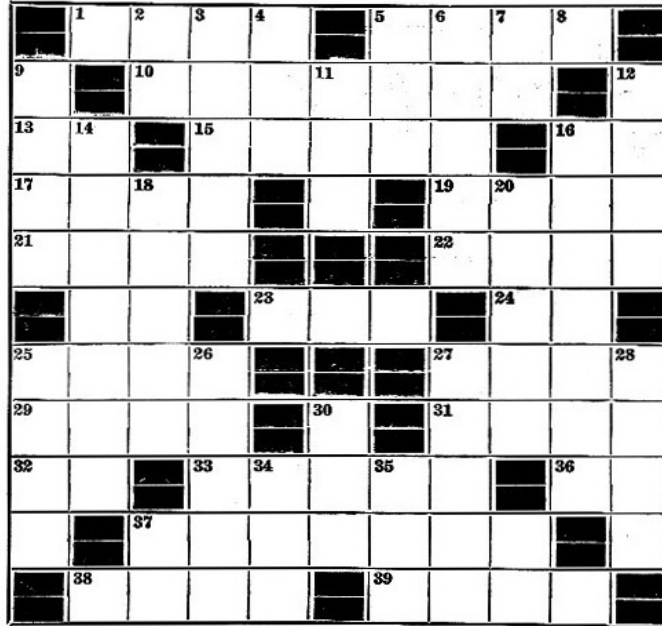
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Crossword Competition—No. 15

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

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

marking the envelope "X-word".



CLUES ACROSS

1. NCO's are sometimes.
5. You might feel this way after a week-end.
10. Same as 2 down.
13. Not promoted yet.
15. Overseas personnel are fond of them.
16. Exist.
17. Persian cup-bearer sounds cynical.
19. Unit for measuring an area.
21. Chinese name.
22. Not mine.
23. Do it to a drum.
24. Same as 10 across.
25. Russian household shrine.
27. Or you might say it's the tops.
29. Electrical advertising.
31. Another word for 15 across.
32. Doctor of Laws.
33. What some people expect in heaven.
36. That is reversed.
37. You see battleships on them.
38. You might drink it or even be in it.
39. He was a Persian, but he made tents instead of carpets.

CLUES DOWN

2. Early in the day.
3. Bird often associated with hood.

4. You read one every day; or should!
5. Coal in it.
6. Many words you'd like to do this to.
7. No good.
9. Sort of belt.
11. They do this to criminals.
12. You can never get enough of it.
14. Stopped up.
16. He came from Birmingham.
18. South African table-land.
20. Often with four.
25. Inwardly.
26. We're sorry, but it just doesn't make sense.
27. In India.
28. Story of great deeds.
30. Incline.
34. Some people have too much.
35. Don't get this gentleman annoyed.
37. The way it is.

Name

Address

Grouse ♦ ♦ ♦

AND ANTI-GROUSE

DEAR V.R.:—

I never look on any criticism with disfavour, having an extremely critical mind myself; and readers' opinions are the stuff on which magazines thrive or fail, for which reason I am anxious to learn what I can concerning them.

In this connection, may I say how delighted I was to know that you found the magazine "highly entertaining and diverting"?

I liked, too, the charming vagueness of your phrase, "surely there are means". From the meagre results to my constant canvassing of likely people, I conclude that the only sure means of getting articles out of them is to torture them on the rack; whether this expedient is the one you had in mind I am unable to say, but for myself, these are lengths to which I am not prepared to go.

Inasmuch as the same body of contributors tend to write for the same magazine, I doubt if you will find one anywhere in the world, from the *New Statesman* and the *New Yorker* to *La Vie Parisienne*, that does not display what you are pleased to term a "clique complex"; or what others would more kindly call a certain distinctive atmosphere. In a less exalted sphere, that of station magazines, I would mention that I receive, every month, those of all the R.A.F. units in Canada, and they are not essentially dissimilar in this regard.

Your plea for "new blood" seems to my limited discernment a trifle odd, in view of the fact that, only two issues ago, the magazine acquired two new committee members and (I blush to mention it) one new editor. Possibly you have some scheme for changing the entire editorial staff once a fortnight, and if this fascinating possibility is a correct

EDITOR, PRAIRIE FLYER.

SIR:—

In submitting this letter, I hope you do not regard my criticism with disfavour, but rather as a reader's opinion and views on a magazine which, though highly entertaining and diverting, suffers somewhat from a "clique complex".

I'm quite well aware that one great drawback facing the Committee is the reluctance of this Camp's personnel in submitting copy—but surely there are means by which you and the committee can compile a magazine with articles written by various people—and not by the same subscribers, week after week. The magazine should be called "A Modicum of Martin, Melican and Morton—on Gard!"

I suggest, sir, that some new blood be introduced—that, while the articles to date have been quite good, they are not the work of the Camp—but of a small group of people—and after all—is the *Prairie Flyer* not the CAMP MAGAZINE?

Yours, etc.,
"V.R."

surmise, I shall be glad to learn how you propose to achieve it and still publish any sort of magazine at all.

The *Prairie Flyer* is not "written . . . by the same subscribers, week after week", for the very excellent reason that it is published monthly. However, there may be some degree of truth in your statement; but the alternative that has so far faced us (with a sort of idiotic leer) has been to issue a forty-page publication of which say ten pages would be completely blank. I have at times been guilty of irrational actions, but nothing quite to equal that as yet.

Again with a delicious vagueness, you write of the magazine as being "not the work of the Camp". I do not wish to destroy what may be one of your favourite fantasies, but I must point out that "the Camp" is not a kind of alarming monster, belching forth station magazines from an inexhaustible maw. The camp is composed of a number of individuals, some of whom can write well,

• Continued on following page

CAN YOU SOLVE THESE?

1. A train load of wheat was sent from Moose Jaw. The average quantity of wheat per truck was 33 tons. The train stopped at Winnipeg, and thirteen of the trucks containing, altogether, 415 tons were shunted into a siding. The train then continued its journey, but the average quantity of wheat per truck was now 34 tons. How many trucks were there on the train when it left Moose Jaw?

2. This one is going to shake you.

A lawyer, a farmer, a curate and a schoolmaster, living in different places, are respectively engaged to the four ladies mentioned below. Each man plays one of these games: cricket, golf, hockey, billiards.

One man lives at North Battleford. Margaret's fiance is a lawyer. Denham lives south of the South Saskatchewan River. Nora's fiance lives at Swift Current. The Medicine Hat man hates billiards. Laura's fiance plays golf and lives north of the South Saskatchewan River. The curate, writing to Adams, expressed a desire to see Swift Current. Kathleen is Colman's sister and has never met Bunbury. The farmer, who is Denham's cousin, plays hockey. The man bores Colman by talking of his own batting averages. Colman does not know Margaret.

Who lives where, is what, is engaged to whom, and plays what?

3. The diagram shown is to be divided into seven pieces, equal in area but not necessarily of the same shape, so that the totals of the numbers on the pieces agree with the following scheme:—

Calling the total on one piece X, then the other totals must equal 2X, 3X, 4X, 5X, 6X, and 7X—that is, twice X, thrice X, etc.

2	1	2	1	26	19	6
3	1	3	2	5	8	9
4	9	23	6	18	3	7
1	36	11	15	4	27	2
3	2	1	8	31	12	3
1	13	2	6	6	5	6
17	5	3	1	8	1	4

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

- Edward. The fact that the sun moves was disproved well before Tennyson's time.
- 18 days.
- Heather. Maidenhair. Clematis. Freesia. Pheasant's Eye. Gladiolus. Iris. Love-in-the-Mist. Myosotis. Evening Primrose.

GROUSE . . . and Anti-Grouse

• Continued from page 38

some of whom can not write well; of those who can, some evince no inclination to do so; which leaves us with the few of whom you complain, who are nevertheless the only camp members capable and willing to write articles for its magazine. Incidentally, you mention only four names; this is unfair and should be quite considerably extended; they are, mercifully, more than that.

If I may level a little criticism at your own literary labours, I would suggest that you gain access to a good dictionary. The word "modicum" (I quote the Oxford Dictionary) means "what is barely enough; small quantity". I think that this is very far from, is indeed the antithesis of, the meaning you meant to convey.

Perhaps you would care to write an article for us?

Yours very sincerely,
THE EDITOR.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORK No. 14

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

The prize of \$1.00 has been awarded to:
LAC. MACKAY, M. R. S.,
57 Course, "E" Hut, 32 S.F.T.S.
whose correct solution was the first to be opened.



QUIZ

The month of September saw another addition to the field of entertainment on the Station, when a weekly Quiz was introduced. These Quizzes have taken on the nature of an international affair, with such teams as Wales, England, Scotland and Canada taking part.

The opening night saw the writer in the chair as Professor Quiz, and Cpl. McKay as official score keeper. The English team had as its captain LAC. Fisher, while LAC. Hurst led the Welsh team. After a very closely contested Quiz the honours went to the Welsh team, which scored a close decision of 64-57 over their neighbours to the south.

The second Quiz, which took place on the night of September 28, saw Wales matched against a Scottish team with Cpl. Kerr as its leader. After the smoke of battle had cleared away, the formerly victorious Welsh team was again the winner with a score of 32-25.

On the 5th of October the stage was set for another Quiz, with the Canadians matched against the twice successful

Welsh team. The Canadians were led by Cpl. Warner from Works and Buildings. After a very keenly contested bout the awards again went to the Welsh team, with a score of 20-3.

Prizes awarded were twenty-five cigarettes to each member of the winning teams, while the losers were given ten cigarettes each. An "Oscar" prize of fifty cigarettes was put up each night to the winner, but to date no member of any team has won it. At present there are one hundred and fifty cigarettes waiting for the lucky man to take them.

A full program of cultural films was shown after each event, with some two hundred attending. Prizes were provided by the Y.M.C.A.

I learn that my notes of last month gave some of the excellent men who are working to provide the camp with theatrical entertainments an impression that I was disparaging their efforts. I would like to say that this was not my intention; the remarks were intended purely in a general sense.

ERIC WALLING.

Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE

OCTOBER 15 TO NOVEMBER 15

Friday, October 16—"ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE": Starring Cesar Romero and Patricia Morrison.

Sunday, October 18—"LET THEM LIVE": Starring Nan Grey and John Howard.

Tuesday, October 20—"APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE": Starring Margaret Sullivan and Charles Boyer.

Friday, October 23—"RISE AND SHINE": Starring Jack Oakie, Milton Berle, Linda Darnell.

Sunday, October 25—"GIVE US WINGS": Starring Dead End Kids.

Tuesday, October 27—"SING ANOTHER CHORUS": Starring Johnny Downs, Jane Frazer, Mischa Auer.

Friday, October 30—"I WAKE UP SCREAMING": Starring Betty Grable, Victor Mature.

Sunday, November 1—"U-BOAT 29": Starring Conrad Veidt, Valerie Hobson.

Tuesday, November 3—"HERE COMES MR. JORDAN": Starring Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains.

Friday, November 6—"SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN": Starring Preston Foster, Lynn Bari.

Sunday, November 8—To be announced.

Tuesday, November 10—"HER FIRST BEAU": Starring Jane Withers, Jackie Cooper.

Friday, November 13—To be announced.

Sunday, November 15—To be announced.

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Capitol Theatre Schedule

Oct. 12, 13 - - - -	"Flight Lieutenant"	Pat O'Brien, Glen Ford
Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17 - -	"This Above All"	Tyrone Power, Joan Fontaine
Oct. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24	"Eagle Squadron"	Robert Stack, Diana Barrymore
Oct. 26, 27, 28 - - -	"Crossroads"	William Powell, Hedy LaMarr
Oct. 29, 30, 31 - - -	"Footlight Serenade"	Betty Grable, John Payne
Nov. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 - -	"Wake Island"	Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston
Nov. 9, 10 - - - -	"Cardboard Lover"	Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor
Nov. 11, 12, 13, 14 - -	"Major and Minor"	Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland
Nov. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21	"Mrs. Miniver"	Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson

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