



# PRAIRIE FLYER

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

*Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada*

VOL. 2 No. 4 . . . **10<sup>c</sup>** . . . OCTOBER, 1942



*for a* **SUIT**

To Fit the Occasion  
And the Man, Visit

*Fairchild Bros.*

DRY CLEANING  
PRESSING  
ALTERATIONS

20 River St. E., Moose Jaw  
Phone 4466

The advertisement for Big Chief Beer features a central illustration of a bottle of beer on the right. The bottle label reads "BIG CHIEF BEER" and "SASKATOON BREWING CO. LIMITED". To the left of the bottle is a stylized landscape illustration. A banner across the top of the landscape reads "SASKATCHEWAN'S FINEST". Below this, the words "BIG CHIEF BEER" are written in large, bold, block letters. To the left of the text is a small illustration of a Native American figure in traditional dress. Below the main text, there is a small code "226-W". At the bottom, a dark banner contains the text "The SASKATOON BREWING COMPANY LIMITED" and "SASKATOON SASKATCHEWAN".

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TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD

*for 2c*

In An Unsealed Envelope

Get that CIVVIE  
OUTFIT at

THE  
**BLUE STORE**

LTD.

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Phone 3228

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Qualities for every  
purse*

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Limited

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**Scott Block**

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**ENGLAND**  
**LEADS . . .**  
**KEEP**  
**SMILING**

MOOSE  
JAW  
LODGE  
No. 7



...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V

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FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY!

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SUITS, COATS, DRESSES, SHOES  
AT POPULAR PRICES

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(Moose Jaw) Limited

MAIN STREET at RIVER STREET

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at

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20c before 9—25c after 9

FRIDAY . . . . .  
Modern Dance  
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SATURDAY . . . . .  
Week End Hop  
40c before 9—50c after 9



# PRAIRIE FLYER

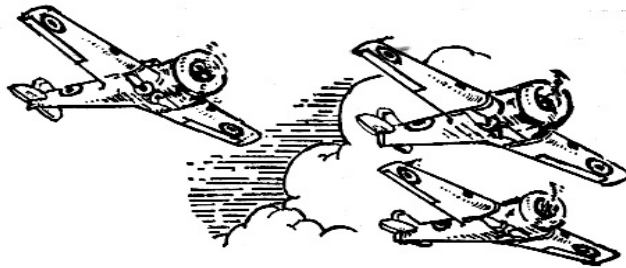
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R.A.F.

Moose Jaw - - Sask.  
Canada

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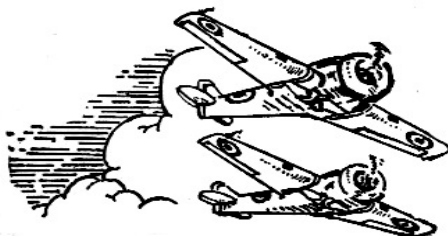
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The Prairie Flyer is published on the 15th of each month by and for the entertainment of the personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.) at Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada. All profits for war charities.

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ARE MORE OF A NECESSITY  
NOW  
THAN EVER BEFORE . . . .

AND IT'S

## JOYNER'S

LIMITED

FOR QUALITY



## EDITORIAL

I WAS sitting in a café, on publication day, discussing with the Assistant Editor the horrible demerits of our first issue. Every so often I would shudder convulsively, as the thought recurred that probably at that very moment hundreds of critical men were scanning its pages, and turning down a mental thumb. A profound gloom settled over us; it is not improbable that, had we been asked to smile, it would have broken our jaws.

Presently, we were joined by two airmen. One of them I knew; the other I did not know, though I do now and we are, I hope, on friendly terms.

Not unnaturally, the conversation turned to the *Prairie Flyer*. And our new acquaintance, a man, evidently, not in the habit of mincing words, uttered that which confirmed all our fears, and darkened our gloom to a point where you couldn't have distinguished it from a room without windows in the basement of a badly lighted house at twelve o'clock on a moonless night in the blackout. If you see what I mean. . . .

"I think," he said, "that this issue is dull."

Resisting an impulse to burst into tears, I thought rapidly. Obviously, it would be good manners to let the reflection on my own humble efforts pass; but what of the contributors whose fond labours had made the magazine possible?

"I find your criticism very interesting," I said. "Tell me, have you read it from cover to cover?"

I waited, anxiously, for a dissertation on our faults; a detailed analysis, perhaps even the apocalyptic word that would reveal the ultimate in station magazines, the apotheosis of what all such publications should be. It was, alas, not forthcoming; and his reply was considerably briefer than anything I had anticipated.

"No," he said. "I just glanced through it."

Resisting another and even stronger impulse to enquire, gently, whether there were not enough pictures in it, I changed the subject of conversation. It seemed, somehow, the only thing to do.

I have related this incident because it provides a springboard from which I can leap into an appeal to our readers, not to judge our production too hastily. After all, carrying our friend's method to its logical conclusion, one would be perfectly entitled to condemn a magazine merely because the cover was not to one's taste. . . . I would ask you to remember that ours is strictly an amateur effort, and additionally that it is *your* magazine, and if there is anything about it that you dislike, you should tell us what it is; if we find a sufficiently strong body of opinion behind your criticism, the thing that you dislike will be altered.

As a fillip to our contributors, and possibly an inducement for them to get their copy in early, I may mention that we have had several not uncomplimentary comments on the magazine, which have restored what heart we lost when he who thought otherwise informed us to that effect.

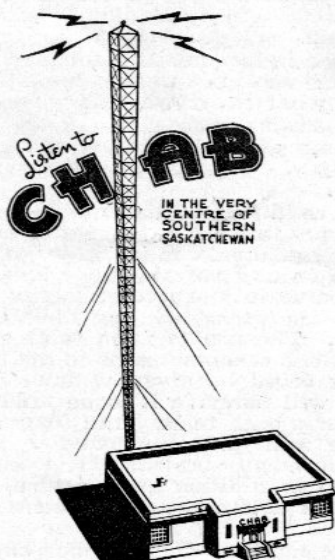
A more serious attack was communicated to me by a man who, so far as I am aware, had never seen a copy of the *Prairie Flyer*. He said that there was a war on, and there were more important things to do.

Whether my reply convinced him that he was in error, I am unable to say; but I think he was. Indeed, I completely fail to see any rational basis for this argument. The station magazine does not interfere with any of the essential duties of its staff, and it is prepared and handled in what would in any case be their leisure time. It has served, and I trust will continue to serve, a useful purpose in helping to bring the personnel of 32 closer together, into that unit which has maintained an excellent record throughout its brief existence. The profits from sales are given to charities for the relief of war victims; and that fact alone seems to me to justify its existence. You might say that the money could be given without having a magazine at all; but on further reflection, you will perceive it to be unlikely that everyone on the station is going to send 10c per month to England for war relief. Nobody would expect them to do so; in fact, it seems probable that they would as much think of sending a cup of water as this small sum. But if it can be so arranged that they do send this remittance, and in addition get a return for their kindness in the form of a booklet devoted to their interests and concerns—is there any valid objection to this?

We of the *Flyer* do not see it; and we shall continue to direct our endeavours towards increasing sales, and giving you as good a magazine as our powers permit in return.

—T.M.

Something NEW Has Been Added!



## Flash!

HERE'S A NEW SHOW  
FOR YOUR LISTENING  
PLEASURE

## "Robin Hood Tele-Quiz"

STARTS THURSDAY,  
SEPTEMBER 17th  
at 9:30 P.M.

Sponsored by  
ROBIN HOOD FLOUR MILLS LTD.





## THE *Padre's* LETTER

DEAR FRIENDS:

Encroaching circumstances are making the composition of this letter rather difficult this month. I do apologise, for I feel that I am unable to give the time required for an article of this nature.

Experiences of the past few weeks have brought to my notice one or two things that I would like to mention here.

### *The Library*

I do wish that this camp facility was being used a little more, by a greater number of men. Would members of the camp care to make suggestions to the librarian concerning ways and means whereby our library can be popularised? A number of new books have been added this month, and the suggestion book is to be followed closely in the future when new books are to be purchased. When a new book is added to the library it will be kept in a separate section for a period of some two months, during which time a small charge of five cents per week will be levied on the borrower. The money collected in this way will be used immediately to procure additional books for the library. Try to make this your library, and one of which every member of the camp is justly proud, and with which we can all be well satisfied.

### *The Welfare Committee*

Ere I arrived in Moose Jaw the fame of this novel camp institution had penetrated the solemn fastnesses of other R.A.F. units in Canada. In the beginning some doubts may have existed, but a hurried perusal of the minutes book of this committee's meetings would show that much has been done to make the lot of the individual members of our camp easier. It would be well, though, if the privilege of being allowed to convey so often to those in authority the small ways in which the personal life of the members of the unit can be ameliorated, the purpose of building up a real spirit of understanding and friendliness in our midst, and the power of the combined effort of all personnel to ensure real success, be continually borne in mind by all. This committee, moreover, will only function satisfactorily and progressively when each and every hut is represented by a keen energetic fellow regularly, and if every member of the camp recognises his responsibility

to avail himself of the privileges granted here.

### *Local Hospital Scheme*

As this is to be publicised in a separate pamphlet I will say very little about it, except to emphasise that I feel we are very fortunate to have found the local hospital authorities so very co-operative, and that no married man on this Station should miss the help that this scheme brings to him and his dependents.

### *The Difficult Days*

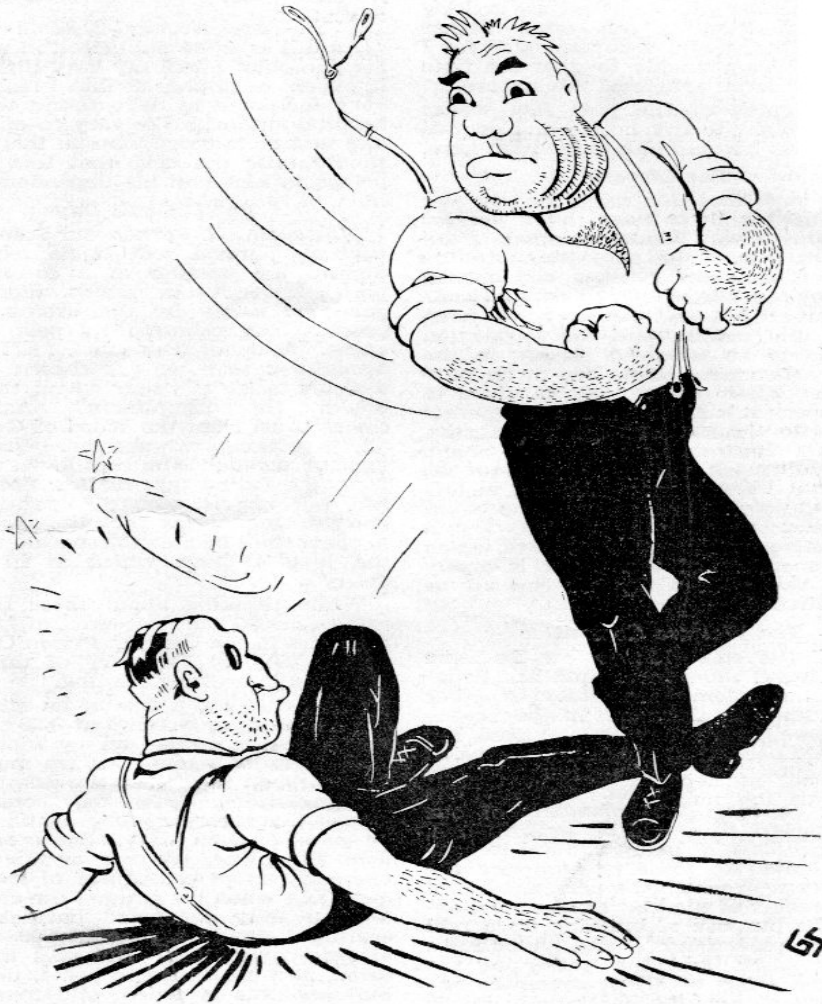
War seems to darken our future, disrupt the natural bent of our lives, and disturb the balance of a co-ordinated past. Let not our minds, though, be governed solely by the events of the present, but coloured by past experiences. Is it not true that . . . "it is the disciplined man who is chosen for the difficult task" . . . and whom the Lord loveth He disciplineth? Assurance comes to us from the Word of God. "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus" . . .

While thinking about these things I came across an account of Sunday activities in the German Prison Camp of Stalag VIII, in February of this year. It makes interesting reading.

"Last Sunday, a few of us set out to attend morning worship at 9.30 a.m. It was a wild morning—an icy wind drifting the fallen snow. As we made our way through the storm, the driven snow stinging in our faces, the thought occurred that surely the congregation would be sparse on such a day. But as we came near the place, we saw arriving from every direction companies of marching men, and when we entered the church—a beautifully converted barrack-room, seating I should say about 600—it was already well filled. But still the men came, and continued to come, until the building was crowded, and men were standing in every available corner, and the last companies failed to get in. The service, conducted by Presbyterian Padre Griffiths from New Zealand, was just such as we have at home. How

• Continued on page 15

## Technical Terms Illustrated



FORCED LANDING



# WAR in Spain



It was cold, that December evening.

All the nights were cold on the Jaroma battlefield that year. You notice these things when you sleep in ditches, with two inadequate blankets for covering; you begin to see the artificial cosiness of civilised existence fall away, and you are left in touch with the hard realities of nature, you see and learn to fear its implacable, unrelenting animosity to man.

During the three hours that we had now lain in wait by the roadside, with the cold, hunger and weariness mounting steadily inside us and the mental effect of the long waiting ever more intolerable, my mind wandered in a sort of cool, purposeful delirium. I travelled far in those hours, far in space and time, I traced the way that led me to this spot in the loneliness of Spain, to the rifle that rested in my numbed fingers, to the event that was impending; and there seemed about it all an inevitability and a rightness, a knowledge that I could not have acted in any other way nor anything have happened other than as it did. It is a feeling I have never lost; nor do I regret that I gave myself to the fight against Fascism, for it is an evil thing and there is enough malignancy in Nature without the aid of men to make it worse.

I had some military experience. There was no choice for me when Spain divided; my services, though doubtless small enough, must be given to the common people who fought, so long, so bitterly, and with such an heroic fortitude even in their failure, against the organised, efficient and well-equipped forces of the totalitarian states and a man of their own blood and race. I went with the first unit of the International Brigade.

There are many memories, many evidences of solidarity; things that give relief to the grim, strained months of battle, a comradeship that lightened the frightful experiences of civil war, a unity of purpose that must one day prevail over the oppressors; the rock on which we will begin to build anew.

1936. A Saturday night in November; we are leaving Dover, a laughing, singing band of men. . . .

Breakfast in Paris next day; and in the evening, to the headquarters of the

Socialist newspaper "Humanité". Did any of us think that the lavish meal we ate at this entertainment would be the last good food we would have for nearly a year? Or still less, foresee that our host, Maurice Thorez, would five years

★ *Story told by J.A.*

*Written by T.M.*

later be organising patriotic French uprisings against the Nazi conquerors? Did anyone see the swastika flags flaunting a barbaric mockery at the most highly civilised and cultured city in the world? I doubt it; for who then would really have believed in the blindness and indecision of the democracies that led at last to these unhappy things?

We lost no time. Monday, November 12; on board the train that took us to Perpignan; a journey completed with no hitch, the Socialist parties everywhere making arrangements for us in their neighborhood; our arrival, the warm greetings from the Loyalists of the Spanish Government, our first billets in an old Moorish castle, my sense of slight surprise at finding Germans and Italians among the twenty-seven nationalities there represented; an illustration of the dictators' boasted national unity.

To Barcelona; our enrolment oath as Fighters for World Freedom; and then to Albacete. From this town came General Franco; a fact sufficiently ironical, under the circumstances. We paraded in a bullring, a vast wood and concrete amphitheatre. Tom Wintringham took the parade; it was for the selection committee of the Spanish Republican Army. There was noticeably an absence of unnecessary discipline.

"All men over the age of 45, fall out."

Not a man moved.

In the days that followed, I began to see good reason for that order, and to wonder if there were some men who wished they had acted on it; for those days were spent in a rigorous, intensive training, a toughening process that even the young and fit could endure only with difficulty. This was in the village of Madrigereaus; a village where the richest man was the head man, where sanitation was unknown, where only the most primitive modes of transport

• *Continued on page 11*

# Those Mosquitoes!



*St. Francis of Assisi*

by  
J.H.M.

St. Francis of Assisi (and may his name  
be praised)  
Told us to love all living things that this  
fair earth had raised.  
For these our brothers are, he said, our  
little sisters these,  
The fishes in the forest pool, the birds upon  
the trees.



*"Afflicted in the Night"*



*"Tormented in the Daytime"*

But did the good St. Francis, who loved  
all living things,  
Fall victim to that Satan's curse which flies  
on midget wings?  
Was he in his Assisi, when the air was  
warm and light,  
Tormented in the daytime and afflicted in  
the night?

I doubt if he would want us affectionate to  
feel  
Towards that insect Dracula who treats us  
as a meal;  
I think indeed that he would say with  
every one of us:  
*The pestilent mosquito is a thing for Man  
to cuss!*



*"A Thing for Man to Cuss!"*



## ... Things ? We Want to Know

Who was the W/O who thought that Nelson and Napoleon were on a recent pay parade?

Who was the AC. who fought the Spanish War in Bill's Cafe?

Was it pure absent-mindedness that made him overlook the fact that he had never been to Spain?

Would he be interested in buying reproduction rights in a series of articles commencing in this issue of the *Prairie Flyer*?

Who is the F/Sgt. who has a coat of arms over his bed?

Is it true that he is going to indent for a four-poster, to create the proper atmosphere?

What other signs of *folie de grandeur* is he showing?

Who is the new Sergeant who absent-mindedly signed himself LAC in the mess?

Was he dreaming of a certain person at Calgary?

Who thought the Met. Office kept bees, and told an officer so?

And which member of the Security Guard insisted it was pigeons?

Who was the F/Sgt. who missed his train, and what happened to him afterwards?

Where did a Corporal in the M.T. Section spend his leave?

And did he go up with the blind?

Who is the LAC who has a fan-club in Washington?

And is it true that they asked him for the original version of "Bless 'em All"?

If so, why wouldn't he tell them?

Who is the F/Sgt. who waited two hours for a girl, and did she ever arrive?

Which Senior N.C.O. asked an erk if he had a set of rear wheel tyre-levers in his tool-box?

Have you heard any good ones lately?

★ ★

### WAR IN SPAIN

• Continued from page 9

were in use, where the inhabitants had never seen so much as a motorcycle, where survived a system of government that was the feudal system in miniature. What irreconcilable opposites were co-existent in Spain! Velasquez' portrait of King Philip's dwarf showed him in juxtaposition to a large dog; but that sharp contrast seems a faint hinting at antithesis in comparison with the lives that followed, at the same moment of time, courses of action divided in their characteristics by centuries of change.

Time. It is an ominous word; and grew ever more so as the war developed. Time to our cause was precious; and always one was conscious of it, a tangible thing, waiting, ready to absorb into itself the record of our defeat, should we fail to keep pace with its irreversible progression. . . . For only seven days, then, we trained, at a heart-breaking speed, with a stern intensity, enduring fatigue and privation without relief, supported at times when the body seemed driven beyond its powers, by the flame in the mind, the knowledge of our duty to something more than ourselves, something which only this hard and perilous way would fashion. It was

not easy, our preparation; it was not easy, but it was necessary. There is nothing more to say.

On December 3rd, less than a month after the date when we sailed from England, we left for the front. We had no knowledge of our destination; indeed, it was a fact of little moment, for wherever in the war-torn land we might be sent, there was no question but that we would be needed. If the whole is served, the fate of the individual parts is not important.

We arrived (the journey was slow and halting) at Chinchon. For us, then, the air-raid that followed was a new experience; but not for the town or its people. There was scarcely a building that did not evidence the constant bombardment to which they were subjected.

We were by now armed, with hand grenades, rifles, and several types of obsolescent machine-guns. The original band of seventy-two was divided into groups, each of ten men; ten men who were thenceforward to rely only on themselves and each other, in the most arduous of all forms of warfare—guerilla fighting.

"Remember, above all, the three major rules of battle; to obey all orders

• Continued on page 16

A vintage advertisement for Pilsner beer. The top half features a large, stylized, glowing 'Pilsner' in a cursive font. Below it, a man in profile is shown holding a bottle of beer. To the right of the bottle is a small illustration of a prairie fly. Below the man, the text 'tops in flavor' and 'tops in popularity' is written in a cursive script. At the bottom, a banner with a flagpole on the left contains the word 'Pilsner' in a gothic font. Above the banner is a box with 'TO OUTSELL' and below it is a box with 'MUST EXCEL'. At the very bottom, the text 'THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.' is printed.

**Pilsner**

*tops in flavor*  
*tops in popularity*

**TO OUTSELL**

**Pilsner**

**MUST EXCEL**

THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.

# BITS and PIECES

The last time I was in Aberdeen they were opening a new cinema.

There were notices outside, enormous notices in large bold type, stating that all old-age pensioners would be admitted free to the opening performance.

I thought that was pretty good for Aberdeen.

Then I inspected the posters more closely. Underneath the announcement, in the smallest possible type, were these words: "If accompanied by their parents."

Sailor: "How did you like the parrot I sent you?"

Aged Parent: "It was nice and plump, son, but we found it very tough."

"I'm letting you have this article at a sacrifice."

"Really?"

"Yes. Less than it cost me to make."

"You're always telling me that. How do you make a living?"

"I make a small profit on the paper and string on the wrapping."

Best man (nervously): "It is my privilege now to propose the health of the bridesmaids. I can only express the hope that in the near future they will one and all be taking the place of the bride."

## I'LL TAKE VANILLA

Guest: "Give me a cup of coffee, without cream."

Waiter goes away; comes back and says:

"We have no cream, sir. Will you have it without milk?"

The new minister noticed that his oldest parishioner bowed each time the name of Satan was mentioned. After the service, he approached him and asked him for an explanation.

"Well," said the ancient man, "politeness doan't cost 'ee nothin, and 'ee never can tell."

Bride's Mother: "So you are to be my son-in-law!"

Bridegroom: "My God! Why didn't I think of that before?"

"My wife has two ideas."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. The other one is hats."

The newly married couple were at last alone. The bride had been in bed for a quarter of an hour, and her husband was sitting by the window, gazing up at the stars. At last she could withhold her

curiosity no longer. She said:

"Why don't you come to bed?"

"My mother told me," he replied, "that my wedding night would be the most beautiful of my life, and I don't want to miss a minute of it."

"I suppose you have been reading all about those Canadian quintuplets in the papers?"

"I should say so, and it looks to me like it was one five-year-plan that went wrong!"

This year's prize goes to the Scotsman who sent the Surgeon's bill to his father-in-law when he learned that his wife's tonsils should have been taken out when she was a little girl.

**You can't have it both ways, Mr. Ponsonby . . .**

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT



## In Reply to "Evening Scene"

One type of airman, it is said,  
Improves no hours at all;  
His working time is spent in bed,  
His evenings at the ball

In Temple's Palace of the Dance,  
Surrounded by the girls,  
Who all admire, with envious glance,  
His long poetic curls.

This is the reason why, I know,  
Resentment strong he harbours  
When detailed by his W.O.  
To visit at the barber's!

He does not care his shoes to shine  
Or clean his buttons, brass,  
For with the women and the wine  
His nights he longs to pass,

And wasting any time, he claims,  
On cleanliness and care  
Means so much less for drink and dames;  
How horribly unfair!

Now out of camp he goes at six  
P.M., by devious routes,  
In hope no eagle eye will fix  
Upon his tattered boots;

And if he happens, as he may,  
To come in my direction,  
He turns and goes another way  
With haste and circumspection.

I often think the time he takes  
In steering clear of trouble  
And dodging duty, surely makes  
The equal, if not double

What would be needed to preserve  
The smartness of his looks;  
And this small labour also serve  
To keep him off the hooks!

However, I've abandoned hope  
Of getting him to use  
A little Duraglit, and soap,  
And blacking on his shoes;

I think *some* airmen's paradise  
Is probably in places  
Where people never clean their clothes;  
Or even wash their faces!

G. R. B.

# Excerpts from THE BOOK OF THE GEN MEN —

## PART II.

AND behold, at that time a group of wise men and others not so wise sat in council at the place called A-ir-werks in the land of Raf. Each with the other did they confer, and all the while the mantle of authority hung heavily on their shoulders. For they did dispense the laws, saying "This and that shall be promulgated, and evil-doers shall be punished for the greater good of the greater number." Many there were who came before this tribunal with words of flannel and line-shooting vindications, but ever and anon they left by that same door wherein they went, sadly wiser in their generation. And those that had been adrift or had in other wise boobed horribly were branded with the stigma which legend had designated jankers; and they went their laborious way, while the more fortunate Erks did cry at them derisively, "Janker-wallahs!"

And again at A-ir-werks certain young men did foregather in the Halls of Learning, seeking the griff on dicing, Nav, Arm, and the Code which is from of old. And they were called Goons and Pups. And some there were who knew wisdom and did not err, and there were still others who were foolish and did prang a kite or in otherwise incur the Instructor's wrath.

And so it came to pass, ere these young studious men were elevated to the lofty rank of Tapes-with-badge, much cracking, weaving, and binding had to be undergone, and verily, many were cheesed and browned off. And

gathered together in the taverns, at the time called Wee-kend, they were much given to speaking of these things, in which great talking they would say "This and that seemeth all bull to me," and likewise prattle of boost, temperatures, A/S and vital exercises. And to some it was good to hear their garrulous enthusiasm, yet to others not so! For to Those-who-serviced-the-kites, verily I say unto you this shooting of the line was binding in an extreme degree, so that they uttered strange words unto the studious ones, bidding them to "Wrap up" and "Wind in thy neck." Most of all put out was he who rejoiced in the nomenclature of Duty Twitcher, for that he knew intimately of multitudinous Goons who had pulled the wrong lever. Yet after what is called the Parade of Wings all these things were forgotten, and Erks, Sprogs and Goons met on common ground, each careful to see that the cheering glass circulated with all speed. Withal, were they not disciples in a common cause?

Hear ye then the wisdom laid down in the Book of the Gen Men; much there is in the land of Raf that calls for rejoicing. Seek and ye shall find. Yea, I say unto ye, in so doing many shall prosper, and there will be good tidings of former joy when memory wakes in those who have been men of A-ir-werks. For even as the Prophet hath foretold, this, too, shall pass away, and no more throughout the land shall be heard the Goons and Pups, the Wallahs and Bashers, Erks, Mechs and Riggers, yea, even unto Those-who-hold-high-office. Naught but a great silence shall reign...

## THE PADRE'S LETTER

• Continued from page 7

fervent, how moving it was. Seldom have I known such fervour in singing, such earnestness in devotion, such eagerness to hear the preacher's message. *It was indeed good to be there.*

"It was a solemn uplifting hour. And again at the Anglican Evensong, conducted by Padre Robinson, of Nottinghamshire, there was the same full church, the same heartiness in worship, the same Spirit of God manifestly at work in our midst.

"Nor is the church merely an activity of Sunday. Every morning and evening of every day of the week, men gather within it for study and discussion, worship and devotion. It is surely good to know that, amid all the irksomeness of captivity, our men find in the Church sweet hours of refreshing and blessing."

It is not the circumstances that matter, lads, for even in the most difficult places He is there to comfort and cheer.

Your friend and Padre,

MAURICE S. FLINT.

## "My! My! All Those Miles?"



### "CAR CONSERVATION PLAN"

• Don't worry! No matter how many miles on your speedometer—that needn't mean a thing when your car's youth is restored by the General Motors Car Conservation Plan.

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## WAR IN SPAIN

• Continued from page 11

without question; to conserve water; to keep your rifles clean and ready for action at all times. Your bayonets must be kept in the fixed position. Evade capture, at any cost; not by suicide, but by fighting till you drop."

It sounded harsh, that last order; but it contained, we were to discover, a very practical and a very horrible significance.

The details of our dispensations were few. Rations were to be coffee, bread, and unsweetened chocolate—nothing more—collected every two days. We had been issued with field dressings and blankets; to these we now added a steel helmet, of French manufacture, lacking the shock-resisting pad without which they are ineffective.

The weather grew colder. We had no gloves.

Positions were mapped. They told us that there was a battle in the making; and at 2 a.m. we boarded a lorry and started out.

We came to a large, battle-scarred olive grove, nine others and myself; we were informed that from this hour forward, we should consider ourselves as being entirely on our own. Doubts and uncertainties assailed us. We were now only two kilos from the enemy forces.

The five uneventful days that followed, spent mainly in scouting, renewed our assurance; yet they left, too, a certain restlessness. The icy discomfort of sleeping out had no compensatory result in action. We longed to strike our first blow for the common cause.

On the sixth day, word was sent to us of an approaching convoy of lorries carrying food to the Fascists. We were instructed to combine with two other groups and bring about its capture; or, if that should prove impracticable, to prevent it from attaining its objective. There were seven lorries, each having four armed guards.

It was decided to spread our small force over a distance of some one thousand yards, along the road; that the convoy should be allowed to pass between our ranks, to be met with fire from the man who was handling the Maxim gun. With the first lorry crippled, the rest would be forced to halt, and come under the fiercest barrage we could muster.

For four hours we waited in the ditch by the roadside.

(To Be Continued)



## Prairie Postbag



SIR—

I am one who is reluctant to enter into a discussion of personalities in the public print; but there are occasions when such a course is necessary—occasions when the individual, however great his hesitation, must regard it as his duty to speak in the common interest. It is such a feeling which impels me to write to the *Prairie Flyer* concerning the behaviour of a certain airman at No. 32.

This airman, an occupant of "J" Block, is suffering from a peculiar but not uncommon delusion. He claims to be none other than the great Napoleon Bonaparte.

Now, Sir, this claim will no doubt be received by most people with the ridicule it patently deserves; but a large and heterogeneous assemblage of persons such as we find on every Air Force Station must almost necessarily contain a number of highly credulous individuals liable to accept even the most fantastic assertion at its face value. It is to save this minority from the danger of being deceived that I have taken it upon myself to expose this poor fellow's claim, undignified though that course may be for one in my own position.

No one could be better placed than myself to state emphatically that the claim to be Napoleon is baseless and absurd. I would therefore suggest, Sir, that measures be taken as soon as possible to deal with what is obviously a serious psychopathic case; for it need hardly be stressed that a person who imagines that he is the Emperor Napoleon, and tries to convince others that this is his true identity, should be in a place of care.

My primary object in writing this letter is, as I have indicated, to disillusion the more credulous airmen on the camp and to draw official attention to the poor fellow's grave mental state; but I may less detachedly observe that his behaviour is a cause of considerable embarrassment to myself.

Having, Sir, overcome my natural reluctance to becoming involved in a vulgar and undignified issue, I will leave the matter in the hands of authority, with the confidence that the appropriate steps will immediately be taken.

I am, Sir,

Yours, etc.,

NAPOLEON.

"Q" Block.

SIR—

Having heard that constructive suggestions would be welcomed by the *Prairie Flyer* and the camp authorities, I decided to write and tell you of an idea which came to me in the early hours of Saturday morning.

It concerns the inspections on the parade ground. As you know, at present

### Sorted by J.H.M.

it is possible for an officer to examine the heels of an airman's footwear and to ascertain whether or not they are badly worn, but it is not possible to inspect the soles unless every airman on parade is ordered to lift first one foot and then the other, like a horse at the blacksmith's. Yet surely it is as necessary to inspect the bottoms of his shoes as it is to inspect the heels.

This is where my brain-wave comes in. If, I submit, the entire parade ground were dug into for a depth of several feet and the resulting cavity were covered with strong plate glass, it would be possible to walk *underneath* the airmen and look up at their soles.

Well, Mr. Editor, that is my idea, and with the object of trying to be helpful I pass it on to the authorities.

Yours, etc.,

ALBERT ("NUTTY") CRUNCH.

SIR—

Yesterday when i were sweeping under the chesterfield i brushed out a black neckti and has noboddy in this howse as got a ti it must belong to the flite sarjant wot come home with our effie 3 munths ago last saterday so if he will call around sum time in the nere fewcher he can have it back i shud not like him to catch a cold in the neck and besides we shud like 2 see him espeshully fater effie ses she wud take the ti up 2 the camp but she is not very well at present.

yores, etc.,

(Mrs.) ANNIE TWITCHER.

99 gofer st., moose jaw.

SIR—

It has occurred to me that many of the dear boys at your camp, separated as they are from homes and mothers,

• Continued on page 39

## *Après la Guerre . . .*

When the war is done  
I shall buy a gun  
And throw it in the river;  
When the siren's moans  
Sound in seven tones  
I'll laugh instead of shiver.

I shall go in a 'plane  
Over Berlin again  
And, the R.A.F. concurring,  
Drop no H.E's.;  
Just mouldy cheese  
And rotten eggs, on Goering.

I shall stand on top  
Of a traffic cop  
On Armistice night in town,  
And give three loud cheers  
For non-chemical beers,  
And ride the policeman down

To a little spot  
Of which I wot,  
If still it stands unshaken,  
And toast him well  
Our release from hell,  
And feed him eggs and bacon.

I shall probably buy  
A large pork pie  
As on my way I stagger;  
Then swift and true  
I'll run it through  
With an outsize wooden dagger;

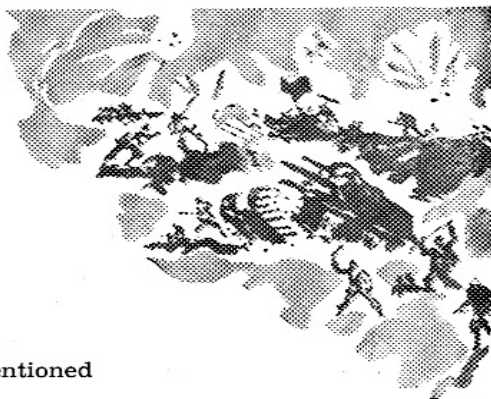
And there it shall stand  
In the roaring Strand,  
A symbol of bygone sorrow,  
And serve as a warning  
In the bright glad morning  
Of our peaceable Tomorrow.

I shall live in the shade  
Of a leafy glade  
And feast on wine and honey,  
And write strange books  
And ignore the looks  
Of those who live for money.

It is also feared  
I shall grow a beard;  
And with Raphael and Mozart,  
And Swift and Dryden,  
And old Papa Haydn  
Devote myself to art.



by  
 Petronius Arbiter,  
 Jr.



I shall run like a deer  
 Fast away, I fear,  
     From the horribly well-intentioned  
 And in Chelsea rooms  
 I shall study the blooms  
     Of things not usually mentioned.

I shall swear, I shall roar;  
 I shall write for the poor;  
     I'll instruct my benighted brothers  
 How to get off their shelves,  
 And think for themselves,  
     And not put the blame on their mothers;

And how they can learn  
 Of the flame that must burn  
     In them, pure and glowing flawless,  
 And the change of heart  
 They'll need, to take part  
     In the world no longer lawless.

From China to Spain  
 To the Andean Chain  
     To the ports of the Southern Seas,  
 I'll see everything done  
 That is under the sun,  
     And walk round the earth at my ease.

The whole of Life  
 I'll take for my wife,  
     And marry it largely and sanely;  
 For to face it with fear,  
 And run on low gear,  
     Is to spend its moments vainly.

Oh the gorgeous delights;  
 And the beautiful nights  
     I shall revel and rant and royster,  
 And expound great thoughts  
 In college courts,  
     And the world be all my oyster.

*This is all very nice—  
 But on thinking twice  
     I strike a reflection weighty:  
 It seems to me  
 By the time I'm free  
     I'll be getting on for eighty!*



## Tributes from Some of Our Readers

"Disgusting! Please send me five more copies."

MRS. AGATHA ALLNOSE,  
President of the Prairie  
Purity League.

"Sure was appreciated by me and my pardner, Eskimo Nell."

DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW,  
President of the Association for Prevention of Purity on the Prairie.

The following extract from a diary has been sent to us:

"... and did goe on this evening to a merrie gatheringe at Mistress Nell's, where I did find the companie greatly diverted at a pamphlet published by a bodie of the Kinge's Men at a place I never before hearde of, and the little booke was fulle of much rudenesse and Satirical wit so that alle who reade therein did laugh hugely, not least my Mistress Nell who bade faire to shake herself out of her clothing. ...."

SAMUEL PEPYS.

"Give it back to the Indians!"

BIG CHIEF SITS-ON-A-ROCK-AND-WATCHES-THE-TRAINS-GO-BY.

We have received a postcard, the signature to which is unfortunately unreadable, apparently through being immersed in sea-water during the crossing. What faint lines can be made out, however, lead us to think that it was originally signed "George Bernard Shaw". We leave it to you to judge whether the style is sufficiently Shavian to establish the truth of the hypothetical signature.

"Some magazines are intended for those who cannot read. Others are intended for those who cannot think. Yours is intended for neither."

G. B. S.?

"Our understanding of the real is conditioned by the partial failures of the sensory apparatus to establish within itself a knowledge of the true nature of phenomena. Nevertheless, the Platonic theory of beauty must always and inevitably be left in question, owing to the impossibility of proving the existence of the ideal in a state peculiar

to itself and unrelated to any allied manifestations of concrete and factual observation.

"I never read magazines."

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

"I woulde rather lose mine heade than lose a copie of the 'Prairie Flyere'!"

KING CHARLES I.

"Sir, if you write in vulgar terms you must expect to be read by the vulgar. Sir, you may wait a thousand years, but you will never be read by me. Sir, you may say what you will, but no good can come of vulgarity, though it be written in the style of Seneca."

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Wizard!"

DONALD DUCK.

"Your staff could probably be best defined as perambulating holes in the wall."

ETHELBERT SWOPE,

Past President of the Oxford Union.

"Although my own dramatic compositions are admitted to be the finest literary works ever written or to be written, I will grant that you have a certain quality. Let me warn you, however, not to become too good, as the Emperor can brook no opposition, and I shall take the most exquisite pleasure in having you all thrown to the lions, if you ever attempt to rival my own incredible masterpieces."

"The Procurator of the Roman Province of Saskatchewan advises me that you have failed to remit the Emperor's dues on the profits from your literary labours. Kindly pay these to your nearest tax collector without delay, otherwise I shall have you thrown to the tigers. The lions are reserved for poets."

THE EMPEROR NERO.

"Since reading your magazine, I have wanted to be alone more than ever."

GRETA GARBO.

We regret that we cannot devote further space to these glowing tributes, which grow more and more with every post.

## Potted Personalities . . . No. 14



**GROUP CAPTAIN N. E. MORRISON, A.F.C.**  
O/C No. 32 S.F.T.S.

# DEPENDENTS' HOSPITALIZATION

## Scheme for 32's Married Men

On August 14th, the Moose Jaw General Hospital Board signed an agreement on terms for hospitalisation of the dependents of R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. personnel. This provides for the care at considerably reduced rates compared with those normally charged, of the wife and also the children, up to the age of 16, of any subscriber.

Clearly, this is going to be very great help to all our married personnel, for one or two of whom at times things have been made a little difficult through the cost of nursing sick wives and children back to health; and bringing a child into the world is going to be a less expensive business for them, too. The whole scheme is an admirable one, and we cannot imagine any married man here failing to take advantage of the excellent terms granted by the agreement.

Membership dues are paid to a group leader, and become smaller as the number of members under one leader grows larger. Thus the monthly payment for each member in a group under 50 strong is \$1.00; in one over 50 but under 100, 85c; over 100, but under 200, 80c; over 200 members, 75c. You will see that the stronger the support, the more advantageous it becomes for all concerned.

The realization of this long-projected scheme is due largely to the efforts of the Station Chaplain, S/L M. S. Flint, to whom the thanks of all who benefit by it will be given.

It is understood that a pamphlet, giving full details of the terms of the scheme and membership agreement, will shortly be available. We urge strongly that every married man on this camp join without delay; particularly as the benefits grow more extensive with length of membership.

## Report for Readers

Perhaps you have not realised that we have a Station Library; or if you have, you may not know that it is quite a good one. Here are reviews of the latest additions to it:

**FALLEN BASTIONS.** G. D. Gedye.

An account by a world-famous eyewitness of the rape of Austria and Czechoslovakia.

"A book of first rate importance"—The Spectator.

**THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.** F. L. Hodson.

The record of a war correspondent's journeys, meetings, and what was said to him, in France, Britain and Flanders during '39 and '40.

**WAR FOR WORLD POWER.** *Strategicus.*

A remarkable book, dealing with the fall of Poland, of France, and with a climax in the Dunkirk evacuation.

**SQUADRONS UP.** Noel Monks.

A story of R.A.F. fighter pilots, by the *Daily Mail* war correspondent in France. It relates the achievements of Britain's first ace, F/O E. J. (Cobber) Kane, D.F.C., and how he met his tragic death. The book is dedicated to him.

**WAR NEWS HAD WINGS.** Narracott.

Another record of the R.A.F. in France, by the air correspondent of "The Times", and his experiences first as an officer in the Advance Air Striking Force, then as air correspondent.

**FAREWELL, LEICESTER SQUARE.** Miller.

This is the account of the progress of a young man from his ambitious obscurity to the heights of his profession.

**THIS ABOVE ALL.** Eric Knight.

The story everyone wants to read, the film the world waits to see.

**THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM.** A. J. Cronin.

More dynamic than *The Citadel*, more dramatic than *Hatters Castle*, and greater than these two by reason of its theme.



# COMEDY OF ERROR . . .

## Or, Whose Face Was Red?

Did you ever lose your cap, field service, airmen for the use of?

We imagine that there are few airmen to whom this particular misfortune has not occurred.

But did you ever lose (we are employing a euphemism, of course) lose a succession of things in a short period of time, and then, unkindest cut of all, your cap, field service, etc., as well?

Someone did; and he was not a little peeved about it, too. In fact, he decided that things had gone away past a joke; it was time to invoke the majesty and the terror of the law. He strode angrily to the Guard Room, unburdened his tale of crime, and came back to his hut with an S.P. in tow, to institute investigations on the spot.

The S.P.'s (we understand that more than one got in on it eventually) were baffled. They felt it to be a case for drastic action, and sent for the Orderly Sergeant. He came, he saw, but he did not conquer the mystery of the missing cap.

It was time, clearly, that all possible aid should be called. The Orderly Sergeant decided to have the Orderly Officer brought in, Sherlock Holmes being out of town . . .

The Orderly Officer rode down like a wolf on the hut; the action grew even more intense, but still no solution appeared.

At this point, one of those awkward people with logical minds who *will* keep cropping up at the most inopportune moments, turned his powers in full measure on this strange case. Gently, before the horrified gazes of the S.P.'s, the Orderly Sergeant, the Orderly Officer, a number of assorted erks, and Someone, he lifted the pillow on Someone's bed. There, coily, reposed a cap,

## Flyer Far Afield

Our underground gen service, or Gestapo (no connection with any other firm of the same name) brings word to us of keen interest in this magazine being displayed in Washington, D.C., of all places . . .

Jumping to conclusions, you already see Mr. Roosevelt whiling away his leisure hours (if any) with the *Prairie Flyer*; but we must regretfully place this vision in the realm of extreme improbabilities. However, we can call into play the exalted name of the R.A.F. Delegation, for it is to three members of this that the "Flyer" goes regularly, providing two of them with a monthly moment of nostalgia and, we hope, all three with pleasure.

It is to the daughter of S/L Orchard that the magazine is sent, and the two others concerned are S/L Goldsmith, former accountant officer at this station, and F/O Baker, formerly W/O Baker and editor of the *Prairie Flyer*. The whole thing sounds like a large-sized coincidence to us.

Maybe this item will call forth some news from Washington . . . ?

## For Your Information

*Standards of Efficiency for Reclassification to AC 1 for Gunners, Group V:*

Field Works—An airman must (1) be able to carry and use a pick and shovel correctly . . .

field service, airmen for the use of, property of Someone . . .

Last thing we saw, Someone was being escorted to the Guard Room, and looking not at all happy about it.

We suppose there is a moral to this story; the only one we can think of, though, is: Any time you have a cap taken from you, make sure you didn't take it yourself!

# YES, NO 'BUS!

## Sardine Cannery Praise M.J.T.C.

It is understood that a noted sardine canner has offered the Moose Jaw Transportation Company a handsome fee to explain by what secret process they can get any given quantity of airmen into a space far too small to hold them. They feel that this information would give them a lead over all their competitors.

From our point of view, we would prefer that the company go into the sardine business altogether, while we are still alive and breathing; we don't expect to live forever, but an early end by suffocation has, although we do not wish to appear unreasonable, no appeal whatsoever.

Worse tragedy befell our little friend Herbert. He was the last man to get on the 'bus; and although he was seen to board it, nobody saw him get off. He was, alas, only a little chap; it is not known whether he was squeezed out through a crack in the door, or flattened so completely against it that only chemical analysis could have shown if his remains were spread evenly all over the woodwork. In any case, he is no longer with us.

## Book Review

### R.A.F.: The Second Year

*Published by the Macmillan Company of Canada. Price \$2.50.*

You are in the Royal Air Force, but it is not always easy to get that fact in its proper perspective, to see yourself as part of a tremendous organisation with, as it were, branches everywhere. And offhand, we don't know of any books that are better fitted to impress you with this idea than the series, of which this book is the second, that began with *The R.A.F. in Action*.

Under the headings of Bomber, Fighter, Coastal, Middle East, Maintenance,

## Town and Camp Patrol By Super-Snooper

I see that a certain Sergeant is sprouting a beauty these days. Wonder what the S.A.O. will say when he returns from leave and finds such rivalry?

\* \* \*

The wedding bells will be ringing soon for a certain Store Basher. Does she care for haggis, Flight?

\* \* \*

I'm wondering if it is true that George is aspiring to greater heights these days?

\* \* \*

No. 32's bad boy has been posted back here. It didn't take him long to become acquainted with Temple Gardens again.

\* \* \*

I hear a certain quiet F/M.A. has armed himself with a net for bug hunting. But maybe he is after bigger game?

\* \* \*

The call of Assiniboia seems to be too strong for a certain Corporal in S.H.Q.—although he says he does not wish he were back there again.

\* \* \*

The C.G.I.'s clerk actually ate in the cookhouse the other day—or did my eyes deceive me?

\* \* \*

One teleprinter is certainly happy about his lady friend's new job at Prairie Airways Ltd.

\* \* \*

And I am wondering where Eddie got that wizard snapshot of a bathing belle which was on his desk the other day?

\* \* \*

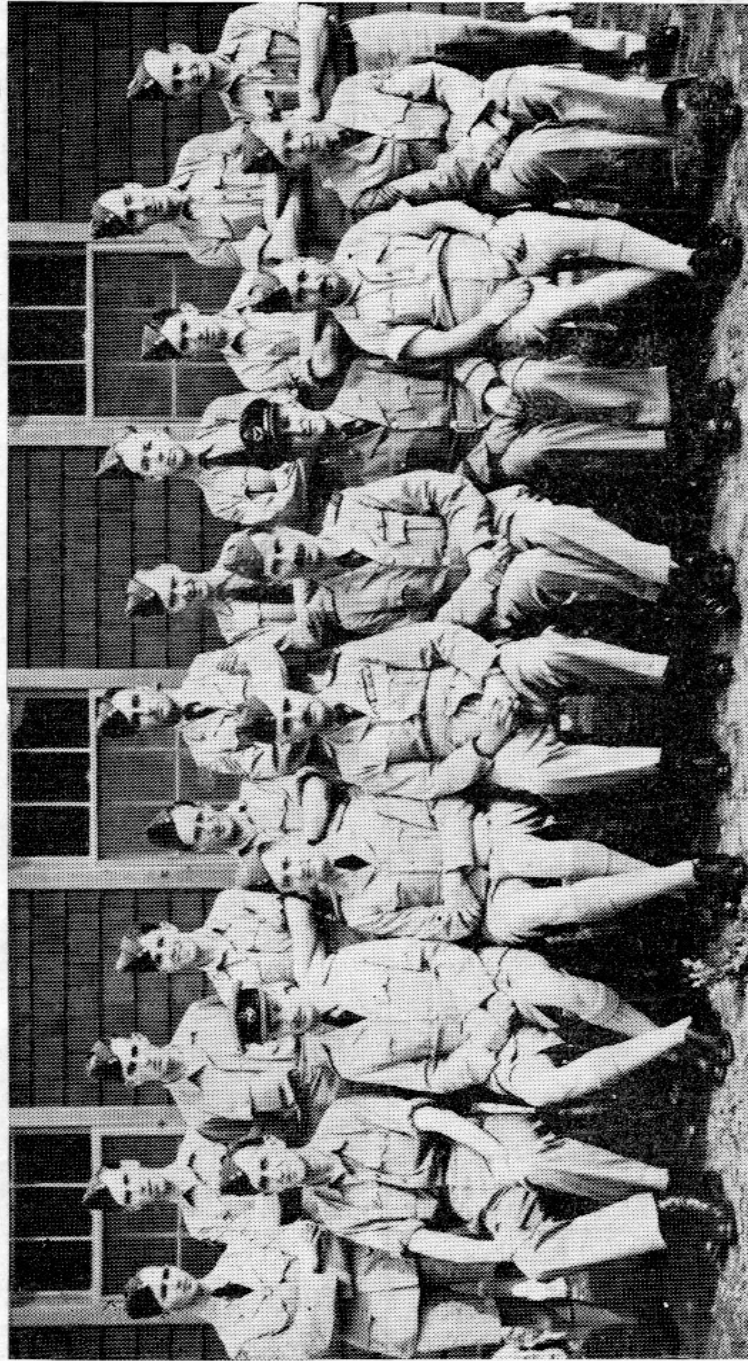
And lastly, I'm wondering how many flies a tall, moustached senior N.C.O. swallows in a day.

and Training Commands, the introductory survey gives a comprehensive report and analysis of the work of the Royal Air Force during the year 1941. This section is followed by 111 photographs, which, as a historical record of the part this Service played in the fateful and uneasy twelve months, is of equal importance with the introduction.

We think it worth your while to get this book, since it outlines the general aspects of the Service in which you are playing a particular part.

Incidentally, a royalty is paid to the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund on every copy sold.

Group Captain C. E. H. James and Some of the Headquarters Personnel of 32 S.F.T.S.



Space was left here for the names of the personnel in the above photograph, but we regret that Air Force regulations now make it impossible to insert them.



# SENIOR N.C.O. BAWLED OUT

By Senior N.C.O.

There has been a noticeable tendency of late towards the hair style favoured by Hannen Swaffer, artists, and Greta Garbo. Section Commanders and disciplinarians have been clamping down on this practice; and thereby hangs this tale.

A Senior N.C.O. of the S.P. was attending to some business in the Orderly Room, when an airman walked in with a query. He turned his back on the N.C.O. in question, and the latter's eye lit up, with that happy look born of a sadistic delight in binding the lower orders, so well known among the Service-minded. He informed the laddie that he was badly in need of the barber's aid, caressed the straggling locks, and added that, though not quite up to the standard of Garbo's hairdresser, the barber was quite efficient.

The airman laughed, and appeared not in the least perturbed. It turned out that he was a sergeant, enquiring if his flight had come through—but he was not wearing his stripes on his shirt-sleeve . . .

There's an old proverb, something about sauce and the goose and the gander; we don't quite remember how it goes.

## Non Sequitur Dept.

"The famous Windsor deer herd has been reduced from 1,000 to a breeding nucleus just under 100 animals. With food, manpower continued Britain's biggest problem."

*Paragraph from Regina Leader-Post, August 10, 1942.*

If there's a connection, we don't get it.

## Palace at 32

In the heart of an every-day business building, where in other offices there is nought but the scantiest of furnishings, just the main essentials to make for more efficient working (we hope), where the Gremlins mix up pay ledgers, cross telephone wires, and jam typewriters, where tea-jugs are tucked away behind fire-extinguishers, and where the scratching of the pen signifies yet another entry on F.121, a palace has come into being.

In this spacious sanctuary, where in days gone by, three officers and a clerk mused the hours away, a sole occupant sits on his throne, monarch of all he surveys, which includes a thick pile rug, bookcases that would do credit to a prosperous business man's study, as would the table-desk and other furnishings . . . truly a sight to gladden the heart of the lover of luxurious surroundings.

But where is this darned war!

## Disappointment

It's an amazing thing to us, but there were no entries for the competition in last month's issue (an article on "How I Joined the R.A.F."). There was a dollar prize offered for the best effort, and if someone offered us a dollar we'd write an article on anything from Sanskrit to boogie-woogie; but possibly the subject proposed did not appeal to you. So we are changing it this month to "My First Impressions of Canada"; and, as \$1.00 carries over, the prize will be \$2.00. Write not less than 250, not more than 750 words; and send it to the Editor before October 5th.

## Baby Voted Best

First prize in local baby show went to the offspring of F/Lt. and Mrs. W. H. A. Hibberd. Good show, in more ways than one . . .



OCTOBER, 1942

27

## Looking at Life

The news of the death of His Majesty's youngest brother came as a shock to all of us, English and Canadians, here in the Dominion.

Some of the personnel at this camp remember the occasion when the Duke came here on his tour of the Air Training Schools. The interest which he showed in every department of camp activity proved that his rank of Air Commodore meant more to him than just another honorary distinction. He felt himself to be a member of the Royal Air Force, and as such he died.

It was his gift to inspire in the people an affection that outstretched the normal demands of loyalty. He was liked everywhere for his easy charm and informal manner.

Only the day before we heard of the tragedy, I received a letter from an old colleague who had had the privilege of accompanying him on a recent tour in England, and the impression I had from that account conforms with the impression I received from those who saw him or met him in this camp. He had that very human touch which has distinguished every member of the House of Windsor and has made royalty a popular institution in a democratic land. (We may, incidentally, recall that celebrated occasion when he was seen in a London street wearing a shoe on one foot and a sandal on the other.)

Of all the Royal Family he was the most intellectual. He cared for art, admired the music of Sibelius, and preferred the company of gifted people (note his friendship with Noel Coward) to that of titled nonentities.

Our sympathy goes out to the Duchess, of whom we still think as "Marina", to Queen Mary, who must now know the grief that visits a mother in this grim time, and to the King and Duke of Gloucester who will sorely miss their brother's companionship and support. We console also with the Duke of Windsor, for whom the news must have come as a terrible blow, and we may wonder if he will now be asked to return and take his place at the side of the King.

Some of us when we heard the news found our minds going back to that day—how long ago?—when George and Marina were married. None of us knew then that the Duke would be killed in

## "Lines I Have Shot"

Excerpt from the "Belle Fourche Belle", dated 25/6/42:

"Harry Edward Burton of Yorkshire, England, member of the R.A.F., stationed at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada, was a Belle Fourche visitor Monday on his way to Denver. This is Mr. Burton's first visit to the United States. Having two weeks' furlough from his duties in the R.A.F. Service, he decided to visit the U.S. and casting about among the cities of the country selected Denver as his objective. Mr. Burton was a writer of music and songs before entering the service of his country."

### FAMOUS LAST WORDS

The Swan—I think I am going to sing.  
The Flea—This will be the biggest jump of all.

The Phoenix—From these ashes will arise—Dammit, here come the AFS men.  
No, no, do NOT put out the flames.

### PREMONITION

Great-aunt Jennifer, nine years dead,  
Came to tuck me up in bed.  
Before my face, behind my back,  
The night was phantom-grim and black.  
Now dawn is climbing up the skies:  
I know I will not see it rise.

—T. M.

the course of a second great war with Germany.

\* \* \*

There are some airmen on this camp who appear to imagine that loyalty to their native land requires the depreciation of Canada and all things Canadian.

They can't meet a local person without telling him or her that everything is better in the Old Country—or was before the war. This attitude of wilful depreciation often leads them into absurdities.

I am sure that when asked out to dinner they don't say to the host and hostess "This food is terrible" or "What a lousy room!" (though on second thoughts I'm not so sure).

The Canadians, let us remember, are our hosts, and there is such a thing as politeness.

• Continued on following page

## Entertainment

For two or three thousand years there have been swimming pools; then we had grain pools, milk pools, football pools, and pools of other pools; and now we are endeavouring at 32 to build a Talent Pool. Some people dived, others jumped, and several were pushed, but even so, if only a few are as yet in the swim, the ripple of enthusiasm started by these ice-breakers is enough to justify the hope that sufficient material ultimately will be found to form a Talent Pool. This will serve a dual purpose, for in addition to the ready-made talent on tap for the proposed Station Concert Party, the same source will enable us to nominate artists to take part in the Service broadcasts. Plans are now being completed for two National Series, and a number of local programmes over radio stations. In some cases these will be produced and broadcast (or recorded) right in the Station. 32 has already produced the goods; now we're on the set, let's climb on the stage and air our wares. There is a wonderful opportunity for personnel with experience of production, script-writing, direction, announcing; or as artists, actors, singers, instrumentalists, etc. All are urgently required for Talent Pool Unlimited.

Most of the Dance Band and revue artists here last winter are posted, and the projects had to be disbanded. We are starting again. The Dance Band has been re-formed, and we hope to see them take a bow at an early date. The formation of a Male Voice Choir is another project which should be a boon (if not a blessing!) to the Station. If you can offer any service you are urged to join now. Only your wholehearted co-operation will guarantee success; so pull for the pool and ensure your future entertainment.

The first meeting was held in the Station Cinema on August 27th, when a short variety programme was given. The efforts of the artists who took part were enthusiastically received, and the audience clearly demonstrated that there is a definite demand, and a need on the prairies, for the theatre. The artists who took part in this Radio Talent Spotting Contest were LAC. Slack, Vocalist; Cpl. McKay (Gloria, the Glamour Girl), Female Impersonator; LAC. Pass, Song and Patter; AC. Attridge, Monologue and Animal Impersonations. The Two Dolphins and a King Fisher (LAC's. Dolphin and LAC. Fisher) were featured

in a unique number, "My Little Irish Queen," a sentimental piece—the words and music for which were composed by LAC. Burton. Sgt. Wilson, the accomplished accompanist, performed at the piano. We intend to make these contests a regular monthly feature, so "Let's Get Together, Everybody Sing."

The variety turns were followed by a film show, featuring sylvan scenes portraying Canada's natural beauty. Mr. J. S. Mills, M.A., of Moose Jaw, proved himself a master marksman at making camera shots. He gave a well-balanced and colourful exposition of sights worth seeing, covering the Moose Jaw Exhibition of 1941, a tour of the Wild Animal Park and Travels in Canada's National Parks. The lads were enraptured. Mr. Mills has promised to return soon, and we hope he can.

The Military Band, assisted by members of the British Legion Band, under the leadership of Cpl. Turner, journeyed to Fort San on Sunday, August 16th, where they gave several performances at various parts of the grounds to the patients (did someone say they'd need to be patient?), a number of whom are R.A.F. lads, including our own Cpls. Skelding and Jones. LAC. Slack and Sgt. Wood entertained (under supervision) in the women's pavilion.

Indoor entertainment, particularly in the severe Saskatchewan winter, is the surest way to warm the body and the cockles of the heart; so let's lay in our fuel now. We want a song to start with; something to incorporate our motto, "Anywhere, Any Time." There is a prize of \$1.00 for the best lyric. Entries should reach the Editor before September 22nd.

## LOOKING AT LIFE

• Continued from page 27

As we have all of us poked amiable fun at the gardens by the Sergeants' Mess, I think the time has come when we should cast our natural impishness aside and pay a sincere tribute to Mr. Black.

His gardens have brought a note of welcome colour and domestication into rather drably severe surroundings. They are the admiration of every visitor.

We understand that Mr. Black similarly adorned his old camp in England, and we hope that if he returns there he will find it well preserved—and not devoted to the cultivation of potatoes.

J. H. M.

# Sports CHATTER . . .

by the SPORTS OFFICER

## Sports Day

Arrangements for Sports Day are now well under way, and though entries are not quite so high as it was hoped they would be, they are still very encouraging. The question at the moment is, can the pupils win the inter-section trophy for the second year in succession? It is up to the other three sections to do their utmost, and return an answer in the negative.

The track is settling down nicely; it cannot be called a second White City, but it remains a really creditable effort. Incidentally, the more it is used, the more shoes, preferably size 12, that run on it, the more settled it becomes; so what about that training!

As far as S.H.Q. is concerned, the aspirants for field events are a meagre number. LAC. Ereira seems to be the only airman who is interested in throwing things. Equipment and Accounts have supplied most of the S.H.Q. entries; but how is it that the Fire Section and Sick Quarters cannot boast of even one athlete?

## Five Mile Road Race

The Station had four entries for this event, which was run in Moose Jaw on August 26th. It was a gruelling course, and LAC. Harrison did well to finish third out of a field of twelve, seven of whom finished the course. Cpl. Turner was the other Station entrant who made the grade.

## Southern Saskatchewan Service Soccer League

The league fixtures are now rapidly drawing to a close, and it looks a certainty that Estevan will come out on top.

The Corinthians lost against Weyburn 3-1 at Moose Jaw, while the Corinthians and Casuals fought to a draw four days later on August 19th. Then the Casuals once again lost 3-1 to Estevan, who have not yet been beaten in the league. The Casuals, however, avenged the Corinthians' defeat at Weyburn, and this time Weyburn was beaten 2-1, at the Collegiate Campus on September 5th.

There has been some slight criticism of our entering two teams in the league,

while the other stations entered only one; I think a history of the league will help to clarify the situation.

Originally, it was expected that only Moose Jaw, Caron, Mossbank and Assiniboia would enter teams, and in order to make the league more interesting, Moose Jaw and Caron both decided to enter two teams. But Assiniboia dropped out before we started, and we were somewhat surprised to have entries from Weyburn and Estevan; Swift Current felt that they were too far away and could not enter. This left a seven-team league, which meant that there would be forty-two games, to provide plenty of interest.

Then Caron was turned into a civilian school, and as nearly all their players had to be drawn from the pupils, it became necessary for them to drop one

• Continued on page 31

DRINK

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CANTEEN

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REAL  
FRUIT  
DRINK



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by . . .

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BOTTLING  
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Same famous formula, but a **NEW TECHNIQUE** IN BREWING... a special process developed by our brewmaster... now greatly enhances the flavor and smoothness of "SPECIAL EXPORT."

But don't take our word for it... try it... let your own taste tell you!

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**IT WILL PAY YOU TO**

**Switch to**

**Special**  
**EXPORT-NOW GREATLY IMPROVED**



DREWRY'S REGINA LTD., REGINA, SASK.

S50-42



## Sports Chatter

• Continued from page 29

of their teams; and so we were left with only six teams in the league.

Unfortunately, postings had quite an

effect on the strength of the Casuals and Corinthians, and both teams went through a bad spell, from which they are just about recovering now. We still have one game left against Estevan, and if we could win this it would be a good finish to the season.

### League Standing at September 8, 1942

Team	P.	W.	L.	D.	GOALS		Points
					For	Against	
ESTEVAN (38 S.F.T.S.)	7	6	0	1	33	7	13
WEYBURN (41 S.F.T.S.)	9	5	3	1	19	12	11
CORINTHIANS (32 S.F.T.S.)	9	4	4	1	13	17	9
CARON (33 E.F.T.S.)	9	4	5	0	15	31	8
CASUALS (32 S.F.T.S.)	9	3	5	1	19	19	7
MOSSBANK (2 B. & G.S.)	7	1	6	0	10	23	2

#### Knockout Tournament

At the time of writing, the Ionites and the Pupils have reached the final. This will be a sudden-death game, and will probably be played on the Col-

legiate Campus. The second games of the semi-final were played on September 8th, in which the Ionites defeated the Demons 1-0, and the Pupils beat the Griffons 5-1.

### Words of Wisdom

"I am wise," said a young man boastfully, "for I have talked with many wise men."

"And I with many rich men," replied Epictetus, "but I am not rich."

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## Moose Jaw Times-Herald

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FINANCIAL  
LOCAL

LADIES' PAGES  
SPORTS

WORLD NEWS  
FEATURES

### COMMERCIAL PRINTING

RULING

BOOKBINDING

[This Book is a product of our Plant]

## THE TIMES COMPANY LTD.

MOOSE JAW - - SASK.

## **+** Life in the SICKERY

There's not been so much doing 'round these yer parts lately, so we didn't make the bottom of the page this month. However, our ace reporter has been keeping his eyes peeled, and here are one or two little things we picked up.

We overheard another dialogue in the Sickery one morning; something like this:—

"Mornin', Sarge!"

"Good morning, Sir."

"What have we this morning?"

"Only one patient, Sir."

"Ah! Very good. Let's see him."

(Pause. Enter patient.)

"And what's the matter with you, my lad?"

"Sore throat, Sir."

"Right. Gargle three times a day, M & D."

(Bell rings in outer office.)

"I've seen that man, Sarge; get my hat and let's be having some char!"

Who is the Fairy Godfather of the Sickery, and why does he come around each week with fruit for the patients? . . . We hear on the best of authority that Joe has gone to spend his leave down Georgina way. . . . Why has Jock's wedding been postponed? Has he seen the light, or decided on the ship instead of

the grip? . . . For the information of all enquiring friends, the latest addition to our staff is *not* an ex-Commando; neither is he any relation to the renowned Sam of Dickens's creation. . . . Darts seems to be all the rage here just now. Everyone is busy darting here and there all day; and during a recent inoculation parade, the M.O. was heard to murmur, "Let's see, that's double top I want now." . . . We understand that Lofty likes being out at Buttress so much that he's considering having a house built there, so that he will not need to come back to the hospital every time he finishes his duties. . . . We would be grateful for the words of "Mrs. Brown", which seems to be an especially favoured song with the Sickery staff; can anyone oblige? . . . We have had a letter from Johnnie, telling us that he expects to be posted back here very soon. Is this one of those "Oh Kay" postings? . . . Tubby Smith has left us, and at last we can look through the kitchen windows without any discomfort. . . . And who mended the Doc's lighter? Furthermore, is it true that he tried to sell him a radio into the bargain?

That's all for now. Cheerio until October.

## Revelations From Repairs

Corporal Hughes was married last Saturday week, lucky chap. The Section presented him with a clock as a wedding gift.

We hope that Corporal ("Nobby") Hall enjoys his fortnight's holiday at Banff; it is whispered that he went there with the intention of giving it back to the Indians, but we don't know. . . . Bill Salthouse has broken away from usual practice and is spending his leave in the Waterton portion of the Rockies.

Congratulations are extended to LAC Sinfield of Technical Stores, who became father of a bouncing boy last week.

We understand that sizeable crowds of married blokes can be observed hovering around the environs of the Sergeants' Mess, in the hope of obtaining gifts of sweet-smelling posies, distributed by our Horticultural Warrant Officer. Is it possible that the recipients will shoot the line to their respective spouses, saying that this is a token of

appreciation from grateful Flight-Sergeants for attending the many parades so punctually?

(Personally, every time I see a throng of people these days, I automatically stand in line and shout my name to be on the safe side.)

It is requested that the lucky members of Technical Stores partake of their afternoon cup of tea in private; the sight of this debonair group of airmen guzzling the gladsome brew in full view of toiling, sweating, thirsty fitters, is maddening.

Can it be true that printed statements are to be issued, to answer the complaints of those tape-seekers who form a queue outside the Flight Commander's office, and state their claims to these coveted emblems?

A final vote of thanks must be moved, to those responsible for installing the drinking fountain in our toilet. We can assure them that it is appreciated. M.R.



## THOMSON'S DRUG STORE

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See Our Lines of Toilet Articles—DuBarry, Max Factor, Elizabeth Arden and many others.

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*Modern in Every Way - Our Rates Are Right*

CLIFF ROBB

BOB HINDS



## HERITAGE OF BEAUTY

*Under the above title, it is our intention to publish one poem a month, taken from the great heritage of loveliness that their poets have given to the English-speaking peoples.*

### An Irish Airman Foresees His Death

I know that I shall meet my fate  
Somewhere among the clouds above.  
Those that I fight I do not hate,  
Those that I guard I do not love.  
My country is Kiltartan Cross;  
My countrymen, Kiltartan's poor;  
No likely end can bring them loss,  
Or leave them happier than before.  
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,  
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds;  
A lonely impulse of delight  
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;  
I balanced all, brought all to mind;  
The years to come seemed waste of breath,  
A waste of breath the years behind,  
In balance with this life, this death.

1918.

—WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

## Conversation With a Gremlin

Gremlin: How do you do?

Me: I don't, thanks.

Gremlin: It is laid down in G.R.'s that—

Me: What are G.R.'s?

Gremlin: Gremlin Regulations.

Me: Oh.

Gremlin: As I was saying, that periodical investigations should be carried out as specified.

Me: Yes? And then what have you got?

Gremlin: Flat feet.

Me: Have you interrupted me merely in an attempt to arouse my sympathy for your ailments?

Gremlin: No. There are weightier matters to discuss. It has been brought to my notice that you have on six occasions failed to place the stopper in your hot-water bottle. Things of this nature are not calculated to inspire our friendship.

Me: You are being personal.

Gremlin: Undoubtedly.

Me: Do you deny that you tripped P/O. Drawtwo as he was entering the mess on the night of June 16th, thereby causing him to take a major portion of the skin off his nose and earn a reprimand from the Mess Secretary for dirtying the carpet?

Gremlin: The person in question had previously been observed to state that he could drink any four men under the table, and would do so if he could focus his eyes long enough to see where the table and the four men were. It is clear that his fall was due to over-indulgence, though I may have happened to be passing between his legs as he fell. The person in question is not a good type. He has on occasion flown in a very cocky sort of manner. It is also said that he beats his wife.

Me: And what have I ever done?

Gremlin: If you will allow me to refer to my notebook—

Me: Don't bother.

• Continued on following page

# Attention! Air Force Men

SHOP AND SAVE AT THE  
**Army & Navy Dept. Store**

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TWO FLOORS OF STYLISH QUALITY MERCHANDISE  
FOR YOURSELF, FAMILY OR FRIENDS

**SPECIAL FOR SERVICEMEN: A 10% DISCOUNT ON YOUR  
PURCHASES HERE — BUY AND SAVE**

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DEPARTMENT STORE LTD. MOOSE JAW

Satisfaction Guaranteed — Goods Exchanged — Money Refunded!  
Come Every Day — New Bargains on Sale Daily!

## CONVERSATION WITH A GREMLIN

• Continued from page 35

Gremlin: No bother at all, I assure you. Let me see—ah, yes, here we have it. Quote: this subject is given to a number of discredi —

Me: Please don't bother. Forget I ever mentioned it.

Gremlin: No trouble, really: . . . number of discreditable habits; foremost among which—

Me: DON'T BOTHER!

Gremlin: You are losing your temper.

Me: Will you go away if I give you a jar of honey?

Gremlin: My fatal weakness! No.

Me: Two jars of honey.

Gremlin: Yes.

Me: Thank you. Here you are. Good-bye.

Gremlin: Good-bye. I shall be back. I must go and deal with an airman who has been found guilty at the last Gremlin sessions of flanneling his flight-sergeant.

Me: There will always be a lamp in the window for my wandering Gremlin.

Gremlin goes out, sobbing convulsively.

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 13

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

No correct solutions were received to Crossword No. 13, and the prize therefore goes to

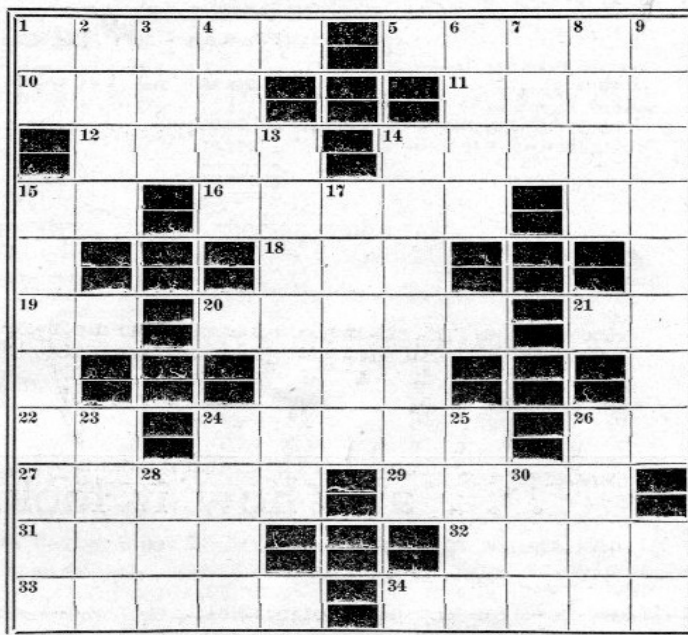
AC. CHURCHILL  
No. 32 S.F.T.S.

whose entry was nearest to being correct.

There is only one success—to be able to spend your life your own way.—Christopher Morley.

## Crossword Competition—No. 14

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive by Sept. 30, 1942, to "The Prairie Flyer", No. 32, S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw, marking the envelope "X-word".



### CLUES ACROSS

1. You probably were this before the war.
5. Tarry for.
10. Always.
11. Him plus r.
12. Another one on Dieppe soon?
14. Musical rhythm.
15. Depart.
16. You'd like more of this.
18. Mother makes water barrier.
19. For instance.
20. Take charge of.
21. Albert.
22. Exclamation of an 18th century coquette.
24. Rose bush.
26. Similarly.
27. Not to state directly.
29. Turf.
31. What's in one?
32. Christian leader.
33. It's cool in this.
34. Elizabeth.

### CLUES DOWN

1. Male.
2. Make Ansons.
3. Out of a pod.

4. Prudish.

6. Miss Muffet had curds as well.

7. Object.

8. Kaffir warriors.

9. Shakespeare said they come in battalions.

13. Unsteady.

14. Part of your head is in places of worship.

15. Sprites recently in the *Prairie Flyer*.

17. Girl's name.

23. Indian nurse.

24. Lost blood.

25. Given enough, they say you'd hang yourself.

26. They bit Cleopatra.

28. Beginning to end is map.

30. Small spot.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

## HOW WE STAND . . .

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Period 1st January - 30th June, 1942.

Cost of Printing Issues Nos. 6-11, inclusive .....	\$ 949.96	Advertisements Booked .....	\$ 759.78
Sundry Expenses—		Sales .....	388.49
Postage, Prizes, Stationery, etc. ....	20.00		
Profit, January 1 to June 30, 1942 ....	178.31		
	<u>\$1,148.27</u>		<u>\$1,148.27</u>

### BALANCE SHEET AS AT JUNE 30, 1942

LIABILITIES		ASSETS	
Sundry Creditors—		Sundry Debtors—	
Times Co., Printing Issue No. 11 .....	\$ 213.39	Advertising .....	\$ 310.15
Profit and Loss Account—		Petty Cash .....	\$ 5.00
Profit at 31/1/42 .....	\$478.82	Cash deposited with P.S.I. ....	567.37
Profit at 30/6/42 .....	178.31		572.37
	657.13		
	<u>\$ 882.52</u>		<u>\$ 882.52</u>

## . . . and how it looks to us

At first glance, it would appear that we are doing quite well. For the five months given above, ended June 30, 1942, we have made a profit of \$178.31, and a gross profit of \$657.13 for the eleven months during which the magazine has been in issue. We are shown as having \$572.37, cash in hand.

If you look at the figures carefully, however, one or two disquieting little facts will peep out at you.

The profit for the first six months was \$478.82; but the profit for the next five months was only \$178.31. This gives us a terrific drop of \$300.51; and in fact, as we sent \$25.00 to charity before February 1st, the difference is actually \$325.51, and the profit for the first six months, \$503.82.

It will simplify things to take some averages. There was an average profit of \$84.00 a month for the first six months, and for the next five months an average of only \$36.00. This means that profits dropped by the alarming figure of \$48.00 a month!

Why?

Our revenue from advertising averaged \$186.00 a month for the first six months, but fell to an average of \$152.00 for the next five months; we are therefore losing \$34.00 a month on that score, which leaves another \$14.00 to be found.

The average sales have dropped from \$102.00 to \$78.00 a month, i.e., a loss of \$24.00 a month. In other words, we are

selling 240 copies a month less.

It seems that we have found \$10.00 too much, but in fact we have cut down our expenses an average of \$9.00 a month for printing and \$1.00 for sundries.

Regarding the advertising, the revenue naturally lessened after sales to civilians were forbidden. Fortunately, our regulars are still with us; and we would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for their support, and to say how much we appreciate it. We are doing our best to boost the advertising, and hope to get it near to the old standard.

NOW REGARDING SALES. THE PERSONNEL OF THIS CAMP ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN HELP US THERE. WE MUST SELL 240 COPIES MORE EACH MONTH TO GET BACK TO THE FORMER FIGURE; SO PLEASE, BUY AS MANY COPIES AS YOU CAN, ON PAY PARADE, IN THE Y.M.C.A., IN THE WET CANTEEN, IN THE BARBER'S SHOP, OR AT THE GUARDROOM. REMEMBER THAT \$250.00 HAS BEEN SENT TO BRITISH WAR CHARITIES SINCE THESE FIGURES WERE TAKEN OUT; AND WE HOPE TO GET ANOTHER CHEQUE OFF BY CHRISTMAS.

Well, you've probably had enough of these figures by now. We propose publishing another set, to the end of September, soon, and we trust that they'll show an improvement.



## Can YOU Solve These?

1. A very literary week-end party was having a guessing game. Someone would read out a verse of poetry, and the others would take it in turn to guess the name of the author, or at least the period in which it was written. The nearest to being correct got a mark, and any palpably ridiculous answer sent the player out of the game. The first verse was:

Doubt that the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar,  
But never doubt I love.

Jessica said Shakespeare; Edward, Tennyson; Marlene, Sir Thomas Wyatt; Timothy, John Donne.

"Well, one of you is certainly out," said the referee.  
Whom, and why?

2. Once upon a time (which is the way all the best stories start) there was a deep well. Well, it was 20 feet deep, anyway; and a poor slug unfortunately got stuck at the foot of the inner well wall. Being a very obstinate and persevering sort of slug, it decided not to cease work until it reached the top of the wall. The poor little thing managed to climb up three feet of the wall every day; but every day it slipped back again two feet.

How long did it take to climb to the top?

3. Mrs. Bootle was famous, not merely for her beautiful garden, but also for her orderly mind. Not only did she grow the best delphiniums in the county, but she had a card index with the name of every plant which she grew. But bombs have no respect for beautiful gardens, and fall alike upon the just and the unjust; Mrs. Bootle was bombed out. Her son, sent to retrieve the card index (for Mrs. Bootle retained her orderly mind, if nothing else), found not a single complete name left, only the beginnings of some and the ends of others. He whiled away a long journey by making this sentence out of them:

HER AIR IS FREE, EYE GLAD; I LOVE MY EVE.

Mrs. Bootle was left to mourn the relics of her . . .

What ten plants?

---

## SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. Eightpence.  
2. 18 years. The tree adds half its original growth each year. Total addition=8 halves, therefore 8 years have passed.  
3. 79.
- 

## PRAIRIE POSTBAG

• Continued from page 17

must feel at times the need for maternal affection.

I therefore deem it my duty, as a Procrustean Sister and a Past President of the Caribou Sunshine Temperance Hour, to make them feel more at home. If I might come up to the camp each evening at about ten o'clock and tuck them into bed I am sure they would feel much happier. It is the little homey touch that makes all the difference.

It distresses me, Mr. Editor, to think of all those dear boys separated from their homes and without a mother's guiding hand to care for them in their exile.

Yours, etc.,

(Miss) ETHELBERTA WORTHINGTON.  
Buffalo Crescent, Moose Jaw.

Oddly enough, we have received a somewhat similar letter from another reader. Here it is:—

Me and some of my girl-friends were talking things over last night and we thought that maybe the fellows at 32 would like us to come up in the nights. Our idea is to act as Big Sisters and bring a touch of home comfort into their lives.

It would improve their morale no end, especially when the cold weather comes.

Yours, etc.,

IDA BOOT.

Water Street East, Moose Jaw.

Women always stick a year or two to other women's ages and subtract from their own to make up for it.—Margaretta Byrde.



### ENTERTAINMENTS

The field of motion pictures provides much good entertainment for its devotees today. It is an easy way to entertain and likely the most popular form; and it seems safe to say that more people go to the movies in Moose Jaw than to any other form of amusement.

Another observation about motion pictures is this, the entertainment is professional. The entertained public is often subjected to the mercies of unprofessional entertainers when they go to concerts, plays, and light opera. But the movies provide professional talent and acting, thus assuring to its followers good entertainment.

It was estimated that over five thousand airmen attended Y.M.C.A.-provided movies on the station during the month of August. Some five hundred men attended the Monday night cultural film programmes. Seven movies were shown in the Station Sick Quarters during the same period. Mr. J. S. Mills provided entertainment for some three hundred men when he gave his very excellent film displaying the beauty of the Western Prairies along with those of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. The latter programme was greatly enjoyed

by those who attended and a hearty welcome is accorded Mr. Mills should he find time to come back again with more of his splendid movies.

It is observed that motion pictures provide most of the entertainment afforded airmen on this station. This is all to the good, because the calibre of the films is better every week, and there is assurance that recent films will continue to be shown at No. 32. The equipment used to show these films is the best and latest. With continued good shows, the latest equipment, and the professional talent displayed in our movies, airmen are assured of continued good times at the Station Cinema.

### SPORTS

Last month a horseshoe pitching competition was held on the Horseshoe Courts south of the Security Guard Hut. Some sixteen entrants were registered. The draw was made by Corporal Jorgenson. After some tightly contested pitches, Corporal Warner and AC1 Richardson battled it out with the latter winning. Fifty cigarettes went to the lucky Richardson, while Warner carried off a package of twenty-five as second prize.

ERIC WALLING.

## Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE

SEPTEMBER 15 TO OCTOBER 13

Tuesday, September 15—"TIGHT SHOES": Starring Broderick Crawford, Leo Carillo, John Howard.  
 Friday, September 18—"SCOTLAND YARD": Starring Nancy Kelly and Henry Wilcoxon.  
 Sunday, September 20—"TOO MANY BLONDES": Starring Rudy Vallee, Helen Parrish, and Lon Chaney, Jr.  
 Tuesday, September 22—"APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE": Starring Margaret Sullivan, Charles Boyer.  
 Friday, September 25—"GREAT GUNS": Starring Laurel and Hardy.  
 Sunday, September 27—"HIS EXCITING NIGHT": Starring Charles Ruggles and Ona Munson.  
 Tuesday, September 29—"MR. DYNAMITE": Starring Lloyd Nolan and Irene Hervey.  
 Friday, October 2—"SLEEPERS WEST": Starring Lloyd Nolan and Lynn Bari.  
 Sunday, October 4—"GOOD FAIRY": Starring Margaret Sullivan, Herbert Marshall, Gene Arthur.  
 Tuesday, October 6—"KEEP 'EM FLYING": Starring Abbott and Costello.  
 Friday, October 9—"WE GO EAST": Starring Lynn Bari, Alen Curtiss.  
 Sunday, October 11—"TRAIL OF VIGILANTES": Starring Franchot Tone and Broderick Crawford.  
 Tuesday, October 13—"I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND": Starring Sally Eilers and Donald Woods.



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## Capitol Theatre Schedule

Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17	- "No Greater Sin" .....	(No children under 16 admitted)
	- "Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost"	
Sept. 18, 19	- "Maisie Gets Her Man" .....	Ann Sothorn, "Red" Skelton
Sept. 21, 22, 23	- "They All Kissed the Bride"	Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas
Sept. 24, 25, 26	- "Mr. V" .....	Leslie Howard
Sept. 28, 29, 30	- "Broadway" .....	George Raft, Pat O'Brien
Oct. 1, 2, 3	- "South American George" .....	George Formby
Oct. 5-10 (all week)	- "Mrs. Minniver" .....	Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson
Oct. 12, 13	- "Flight Lieutenant" .....	Pat O'Brien, Glen Ford
Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17	- "Holiday Inn" .....	Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire

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SPECIAL PRODUCTIONS:

Sept. 30—"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"  
Oct. 2 —"LOUISIANA PURCHASE"

NEW PICTURES COMING:

"Remember the Day" — "The Phantom Plainsman"  
"Lady for a Day" and  
"Remember Pearl Harbor"