



PRAIRIE FLYER

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

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada

VOL. 2

No. 9

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FEBRUARY, 1943

PRAIRIE FLYER

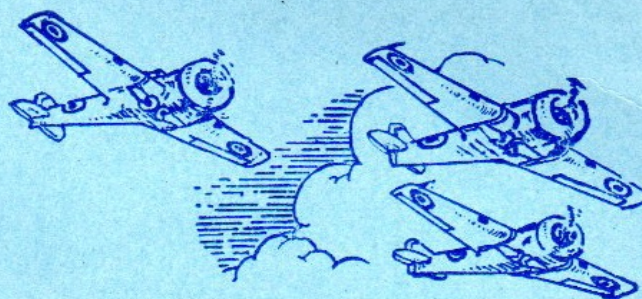
THE MAGAZINE OF
No. 32 S.F.T.S.
R.A.F.

Moose Jaw - Sask.
Canada

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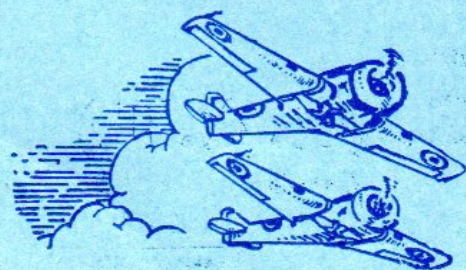


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Editorial

THE last edition of the *Prairie Flyer*, like the preceding two, was completely sold out; and there were so many cries for more that I have had a larger number printed. I hope that no one will be disappointed this time; and I would like to thank you all for this really splendid support, which makes the rather arduous task of getting out a magazine in addition to other duties which entail two weeks out of four on night-work a worthwhile labour.

You will find that this number has fewer pages in it than heretofore. It was found necessary to reduce the amount by a little for this issue in order to get it on sale in reasonable time, and catch up with our publication date again; to offset this reduction we have made full use of the cover, and in point of fact, you have lost very little reading matter. We shall return to normal next time.

I gather that an impression was received in some quarters that my last editorial was the expression of a personal feud. Nothing could be further from the truth; I have, so far as I am aware, no personal feuds, but only some differences of opinion. My relations with the sergeant in question were and are completely amicable, a statement which he, I think, would endorse without question. I made use of the incident merely because it afforded an opportunity to make some observations that I believed to be timely and true.

If two men could not disagree without bringing that disagreement to the point of a feud, it would speak very poorly for the degree of civilisation we have achieved; and that, Lord knows, myself not excepted, is little enough for any of us.

I was greatly amused by the first paragraph of Father Sumner's introductory article, which appears on page 3. I feel very strongly that an editor should be precisely as he describes him; but the service changes marvellously all things, and the editor of a service paper spends his time, on the contrary, chasing reluctant contributors, and begging, bullying, cajoling and shaming them into producing their copy. After my experience with the *Flyer* I am convinced that I shall be able to get blood out of a stone with consummate ease.

I would like to see more contributions from camp members. The talent is there, but it is not being used.

In my own case, I have recently been assayed by dark doubts as to my capabilities, for a lady of Moose Jaw wrote to me in an endearing strain, requesting that "... in your next editorial, you will entirely eliminate the unhappy thought that you are a nauseating form of protoplasm." I have not quite known how to approach this problem; life is a mysterious thing, and I face its manifestations (even to highly insulting letters from people I have never met) with such humility that I am not prepared to say precisely *what* I am. It is a question, indeed, that has baffled the greatest of sages and philosophers, and I am no more prepared than they have been to define the nature of the Me. I must leave it to my fair (though vituperative) correspondent to work out as best she may.

Neither the lowly amoeba nor the most exalted genius could do more.

—T. M.





THE Padre's LETTER

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

If the *Prairie Flyer* is to come out on time this month, I suppose I must do my part and write the Padre's page as soon as possible. There are one or two things I would like to mention in my letter this month, which, I feel, interest quite a number on the camp.

Hospital Scheme

The above scheme has gone ahead with leaps and bounds, and our membership has now topped the 200 mark. This will allow our monthly subscription to go down to the 75c a month agreement. However, there are still a number of men on the camp who have not troubled to join the scheme, and I would recommend it heartily to every married man whose wife and children are living in the vicinity of Moose Jaw. Ten people were admitted to hospital during the month of January, while five dependents of the Mossbank group, which has become affiliated with ours, were also in hospital.

Will married men who are in this scheme try to contact those who, either through forgetfulness or thoughtlessness, failed to join the scheme, and encourage them to become members?

Choir

This camp organisation has been practising regularly lately with some fair amount of success. There are some 20-odd men now who show keen interest in this camp activity, and they are planning to enter, if possible, some musical festival competitions in a month or so. Any members of the camp who are interested in choir work and who have not yet joined should communicate with one of the choir members in the near future.

The Padre's Fellowship

Members of the camp who have been interested in a study of the Bible have been meeting in the Padre's office regularly on Wednesday evenings from 6 to 7 during the past few months. As the Confirmation classes have now ceased, some members of the Confirmation class are joining with us too, and I would be pleased to welcome any members of the camp who would care to come along. The meetings are very informal and time is left for discussion and questions at each meeting. In particular,

I would like to contact any men who, in England, were connected with such organisations as the Crusaders' Union, the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship or any youth organisations connected with the various churches.

Welfare Committee

I was glad to see the renewed interest in the Welfare Committee at the last meeting, and I hope that this will be maintained in the future. It has been suggested, and I think it a very good idea, that the minutes of each meeting with the Commanding Officer's answer and ruling should be published as soon after each meeting as possible and placed on the notice boards throughout the camp. This will enable members of the unit to appreciate all that the Welfare Committee is attempting to do on their behalf, and those who are not familiar with this organisation of the camp will be given some idea of the part that they can play in making it a real success.

I am sorry to have taken up so much space with these mundane matters but I do feel that a general reminder of the activities in which the Padre is especially interested is a useful thing. I would like to remind members of the camp that I am at their disposal for the various services which the Church can render to them, and I would be pleased to arrange or be present at such—baptisms and other services at which members of the camp may need my help or the help of any other clergyman from the town.

In closing, may I mention one of the stories connected with our late Chaplain General of the forces, Bishop Taylor-Smith, who, when on one of his tours of the United States, was sitting in the barber's chair having a shave. He ventured to mention to the barber the subject of his soul's salvation. "I do my best," said the barber, slightly irritated, "and that's enough for me." The bishop lapsed into a silence until the shave was over, but when the next man was seated in the chair he asked, "May I shave this customer?" "No, you mustn't," replied the barber, with a wry grin. "But I would do my best," answered the bishop. "So you might, but your best wouldn't be good enough for this gentleman," came the response. "No—neither is your

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Salvete . . . A First Greeting

THE editor of the *Prairie Flyer* did me the honour of calling on me the other day. There was a fly in the ointment, for he asked me to write something. But what tickled me was to be visited by an editor, a real live editor, and asked to write something for him. Through reading authors' narrations of their attempts to get into print, I got the idea that an editor was a mighty man who sat at a desk all day, enjoying himself by throwing the manuscripts of unfortunate authors into the wastepaper basket. Not so our editor, so I venture to offer the following; and wish his magazine every success.

Having been posted to you at this station, practically with the New Year, I hope I can help you to enjoy it, and to use it to your eternal advantage. It is for you that I have been sent, therefore do not hesitate to come along if it is some spiritual help you require; you have every reason to demand such as a right. You are not receiving a favour; it is your right at least as a member of His Majesty's Forces, and perhaps still more as members of Christ's Church. Perhaps you wish enlightenment on some point of morals or doctrine, or the consolation of a sacrament or sacramental.

I would like to quote from a pamphlet by Fr. Daniel A. Lord, entitled "A Salute to the Men in Service" (published by The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo., 10¢), from a section headed "Your Catholic Chaplain":

"To help you with your problems and to strengthen you against temptation, to keep high the morale and the morals of the men, your country has provided you with a chaplain.

"He is just about the most important man in your outfit.

"Daily he brings Jesus Christ down among you through Mass. He has in his hands the power to bring a dead soul back to spiritual life.

"He knows the answers to your problems and is waiting around for a chance to help you. So the first opportunity you get, meet your chaplain. Nothing pleases a chaplain more than for a man to make that first approach.

"Find out what you can do for him. When does he say Mass and would he

like a server? Would he like someone to help him locate the Catholics in the outfit?

"The chaplain is a man you can help without fear of your seeming to time-serve, bootlick or apple polish. There isn't much he can do for you except in that all important spiritual way. But there is a great deal you can help him to do for yourself and others. Find out what he wants doing and help him to do it. Help him round up the slackers for Mass and the Sacraments. If he wants to have special devotions, be there to swell the crowd. Help him handle his office, arrange his supplies, get scapular medals and pamphlets and rosaries to the men.

"Make him your friend, and be his friend in return.

"A chaplain can do only as much as the men let him.

"And when he has a man like you really helping him, he can do a job that Christ will praise and God will consider mighty important."

Treat him more as a chaplain, less as an officer, c.f. KR&ACI 68. s3.

The above deals with the chaplain's job as such, and I agree with most of it. I would like to add also, especially for us shy English people, not to take too much notice of other people's opinions when they are against our conscientious duty. That is especially where moral courage occurs in the spiritual line. An Englishman who is conscientious in these circumstances can be relied on, in any difficult corners, to do his duty.

Referring to the second last paragraph in the quotation, men can refuse to help themselves, and others can help the chaplain in cases like the following: "Bob" refuses to do his duties to God, just as one can refuse to do one's duties to the state in time of need. Both are wrong, and both ought to be shown their error and directed the right way. In persuading such a one, another airman can often be the necessary support of the chaplain.

I wish you every success in your work; may it be all to the Glory of God.

God bless you all,

FATHER J. SUMNER,
Station Chaplain R.C.

I stand for SWING!

... by O. H.

I FEEL a sustained urge to reply to an article appearing in last month's issue—"A Call to Repentance," an article which I may say was compounded of a series of vile accusations and intolerant views; only capable of being produced by a person of narrow and confined outlook and of a decidedly smug and complacent mentality.

The purpose of this article, as announced by its author, is to "attack vig-

both ancient and modern music is from similar sources; one in the peasants of the New World, and the other in the peasants of the Old. A difference noted and condemned only by those of a snobbish disposition and conscious of the colour-bar.

And now to "technicalities." Mozart, it is said, set a standard of musical composition which has since been regarded as the most technically perfect yet pro-

A REPLY TO THE ARTICLE IN LAST MONTH'S ISSUE, "A CALL TO REPENTANCE."

rously . . . the evil abortion . . . Jazz." He questions "technically" whether Jazz, be it "hot, sweet or swing," could possibly appeal to any person of normal ability and intellect, and goes to the extent of putting all the people who might appreciate Jazz under a general heading of "raucous nincompoops." In that remark alone, I would beg to point out to this misguided enthusiast, he is condemning by far the majority of any civilised population.

However, let us meet him on his own ground—the "technical" ground.

According to him, Jazz (being a generalised term for all forms of modern swing music) is a hybrid concoction—having its origin from several sources. That inevitably lowers the standard of melody, timing and general composition, in this person's eyes. Possibly it may never have occurred to him that each source—however many—may have given of its best. Gershwin, Victor Herbert, Ferdie Grofé, Ellington, to quote a few, found the origin to much of their music in the simple folk tunes of the Negro, Central and South American. And what of Rimsky-Korsakov, Tschai-kowsky, Beethoven and even Bach, who found many a theme in folk and local music? Is there a difference between either—except that of an intolerable snobbery on one side? In fact, which of the older composers did not *filch* melodies for themes to their own "arrangements"? Yet, according to our high-brow friend, a veritable crime has been committed by a modern arrangement of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble-bee." The origin in the case of

duced. By whom? By those select few technical untouchables who refuse to stray from the dim and narrow path of timing and counterpoint. Mozart, in his symphonies, always composed a "trio" as his third movement. Hence, according to the highbrows, for the future a third movement will be a "trio." Why?

In parenthesis, let me point this parallel: A house may be built. According to the time of its construction it is technically perfect. Then forever must we live in a mud and wattle hut?

Can my misguided friend not see that he is binding himself with the chains of convention a hundred and fifty years old? This standard set by Mozart is similar to the standards set in surgery by Paré, who lived roughly about the same time. Should we then set our modern surgical standards by those of Paré? I say no more than we should set our modern musical standards by Mozart!

The greater part of H.P.'s article is composed of violently vulgar condemnations of the sound produced by a



• Continued on page 9

The TRUTH about Gremlins . . .

WE hear a great deal about gremlins nowadays, and in view of the considerable amount of material written about them, it is all the more surprising that writers on the subject have imparted such an erroneous impression to the general public. As a Fellow of the Royal Gremlinological Society (F.R.G.S.), I have conducted a considerable research in the subject, and therefore speak with some authority. It will be seen, however, that there is a certain amount of obscurity in certain parts of the following exposition. This is of necessity, as, at present, so little is known about these strange people.

Nobody can deny the fact that hardly anyone does any work in the R.A.F. Who services the aircraft? Certainly not the mechanics, fitters or riggers, who, as is well known, divide their time between eating, sleeping, cracking jokes and drinking tea. True, they are occasionally to be seen pottering round the 'planes, but this deceives no one. Who straightens out the accounts, and disentangles the administrative documents, etc.? Certainly not the staff of Headquarters. Admittedly, they are past masters in the art of deception, but their interminable rushing about, shouting, gesticulating, and bell-ringing is fairly transparent to a perspicacious observer. All the hubbub resolves itself into an enlarged version of an "Office of Circumlocution." And so it is in all departments. The stores man passes the day playing checkers and sneering at the ACH's, and the ACH's retaliate by playing ludo and abusing the storekeepers. Even on an operational flight, the pilot,

I fancy, is often to be found surreptitiously reading "Purple Passion," with his crew playing penny nap behind.

Notwithstanding all this, it is an equally undeniable fact that the Royal Air Force has built up a world-wide reputation, especially, among other things, as an efficient fighting machine. This is not, as many appear to believe, the result of certain fortuitous and disconnected events. It is, to put the matter briefly, the work of the gremlins.

All we have heard of the gremlins to date is that they are a race of mischievous imps, lazy, malicious, who have always been in existence and done nothing much besides generally worrying the life out of airmen. This is quite untrue; they are merely recruits from those well-known beings, the peace-time bogbarts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Cornish piskies, the Irish leprechauns, the Scottish boggles, etc., and they are just as much brassed off with the war as you or I. Anyone who cares to walk through the hangars in a receptive mood, when there is no flying, can hear high-pitched voices from the crannies in the rafters squeaking "Roll on the Boat!"

It is these little fellows who sort out the documents, service the planes, and generally run the Air Force efficiently. The wonder of it is that they have succeeded, in spite of us all. Merely because they break out occasionally and wreak a certain amount of mischief, we immediately conclude that this is their sole occupation. Nothing could be further from the truth. Let us do all we can to encourage them, and perhaps we shall not have to work at all!

A last word; the gremlins are inordinately fond of Old Original Goosenargh Cakes. If you have any of these Old Original Goosenargh Cakes, it is within your means to make life-long friends of the gremlins, and spend all your time making daisy-chains or reading "Paradise Lost." I envy you. —H.P.



The promotion manager of a radio station addressed a beautifully simple letter to his delinquent clients:

"Dear Mr. —: Will you please send us the name of a good lawyer in your community? We may have to sue you. Yours very truly, —."

DON'T LET YOUR BOY *be a Humourist!*

IF you have ever formed a mental picture of a professional humourist, and especially of the type that writes, my dear, *screamingly* funny articles for the magazines, you will probably have seen a round, red, fat and jolly man, exuberantly well-spirited and bursting into high humour as naturally as a grape into juice; he is happily married or happily unmarried, it makes little difference, drinks and eats enormously, takes size seventeen in collars, and will roar you as gently as any sucking-dove.

It is a delightfully engaging picture, and no doubt satisfies completely your sense of things as they should be; but, alas, nothing could be more remote from the truth.

Join us at a conference of writers who are preparing to issue a magazine outstanding for its brilliant humour.

The room is provided with a sepulchral light from windows high in the walls; the yellowing, dim, uncertain glimmer shines as if through water, seeps hesitantly through the gloomy air, and is absorbed by the dark panelling as though it had never been.

The furniture is heavy, sombre, and the whole chamber leaves the impression that it might have been carved out of a solid block of wood.

Around the table sit six lean, silent men, like so many cadavers.

One of them, quietly, unobtrusively but without a pause, is weeping into his ink-well. This habit leads to the last two pages of any manuscript he pens being completely indecipherable; he is therefore frequently dragged out of bed in the small hours of the morning by indignant compositors, and held over a linotype until he has completed the missing part of the manuscript. He loses a great deal of sleep in this way, which makes him more morose than ever, and being only half awake, he quite often gives this month's article the ending he had in mind for next month's; luckily, this makes both of them funnier.

Next to him sits a very short, skinny little man who married an enormous girl two feet taller than himself and has never recovered from it. He is dominated by his wife's relatives, and is at the moment writing a sarcastic Poem in Praise of Mothers-in-Law, for which he will probably be beaten by his wife. You can't expect him to feel very happy.

Blenkinsop, third down, does the bitter and witty sketches of parliamentary proceedings for which the magazine is famous, but is devoured by a secret ambition to be a politician and have other Blenkinsops write articles about him. He has been heard to laugh only once in the past thirty years, and that was when he saw a Minister for War, attending some manoeuvres, slip on a piece of orange peel and sit down on a bayonet. His sense of humour is, you will gather, somewhat warped.

Opposite him is seated an even stranger character, who never talks, even to himself, and derives inspiration for his richly comic conversational

● By Petronius Arbiter,
Jr.

pieces from the contemplation of a skull which stands always on the table before him. It is said that this object was once removed by a charwoman who didn't 'old with such goings-on, and he produced no copy for a week until a new one was found; whether this means a new skull or a new charwoman is not quite clear, but it may have been both. In any case, the skull is now firmly fixed to the table, and his output is terrific.

The editor is next. He sits on a cushion composed of six-inch nails driven through a plank, and has the wall directly opposite him tastefully decorated with instruments of torture. This is to remind him of his public, with whom in his mind the instruments are directly associated. On the table in front of him is a sheet of white cardboard, on which he has written in his own blood the words: "It is later than you know." This is to remind him that the deadline is next Tuesday morning. He has read everything, been all over the world, crossed the Sahara on a bicycle and Piccadilly Circus on a camel, knows everybody worth knowing, and is afraid of ghosts. Years ago he decided to commit suicide, but has not as yet been able to decide on the best method. He has forgotten what an illusion looks like.

The last man is so thin that even his skeleton seems to be losing weight. He writes articles poking fun at the methods of financiers, but is himself extreme-

● Continued on page 13

BITS AND PIECES

[Collected by M. E. C.]

"There's no need for you to shout," said the dentist, "I haven't touched your tooth yet."

"No," said the patient, "but you're standing on my corn."

"There are two words I never want to hear you use, Junior. One is 'swell' and the other is 'lousy'."

"Okay, Grandma. What are the words?"

The merchant seaman was visiting the home of a very generous and patriotic lady who, despite her eagerness to help the war effort, wasn't too well versed in things naval.

"And there I was on the aft deck," said the seaman, "when suddenly, I saw a torpedo plunging straight for me."

"My goodness," replied the hostess cheerfully, "I hope it was one of ours."

Frantic voice on the 'phone: "Help, a robber just broke into the Old Maids Home!"

Cop: "Who's that calling?"

Voice: "The robber."

First Old Maid: "Do you always look under the bed before you say your prayers?"

Second Old Maid: "No, I always pray first."

"I've stood about enough," said the humourist as they amputated his legs.

From a letter to the War Department: "I have crossed a homing pigeon with a woodpecker. It not only delivers the message, it knocks on the door as well."

To say the least, is not the woman's way of doing it.

He was up before his Commanding Officer, charged with using insulting language to his sergeant.

"Please sir," he protested, "I was only answering a question."

"What question?" snapped the officer.

"Well, sir, the sergeant said 'What do you think I am?' And I told him."

Judge: "The sentence is twenty-five years penal servitude."

Prisoner: "But, your honour, I won't live that long!"

Judge: "Never mind, just do the best you can."

Small Boy: "I want a collar for my Father."

Salesman: "Like the one I'm wearing?"

Small Boy: "No, a clean one."

"Come on, Liz, there's the air raid siren."

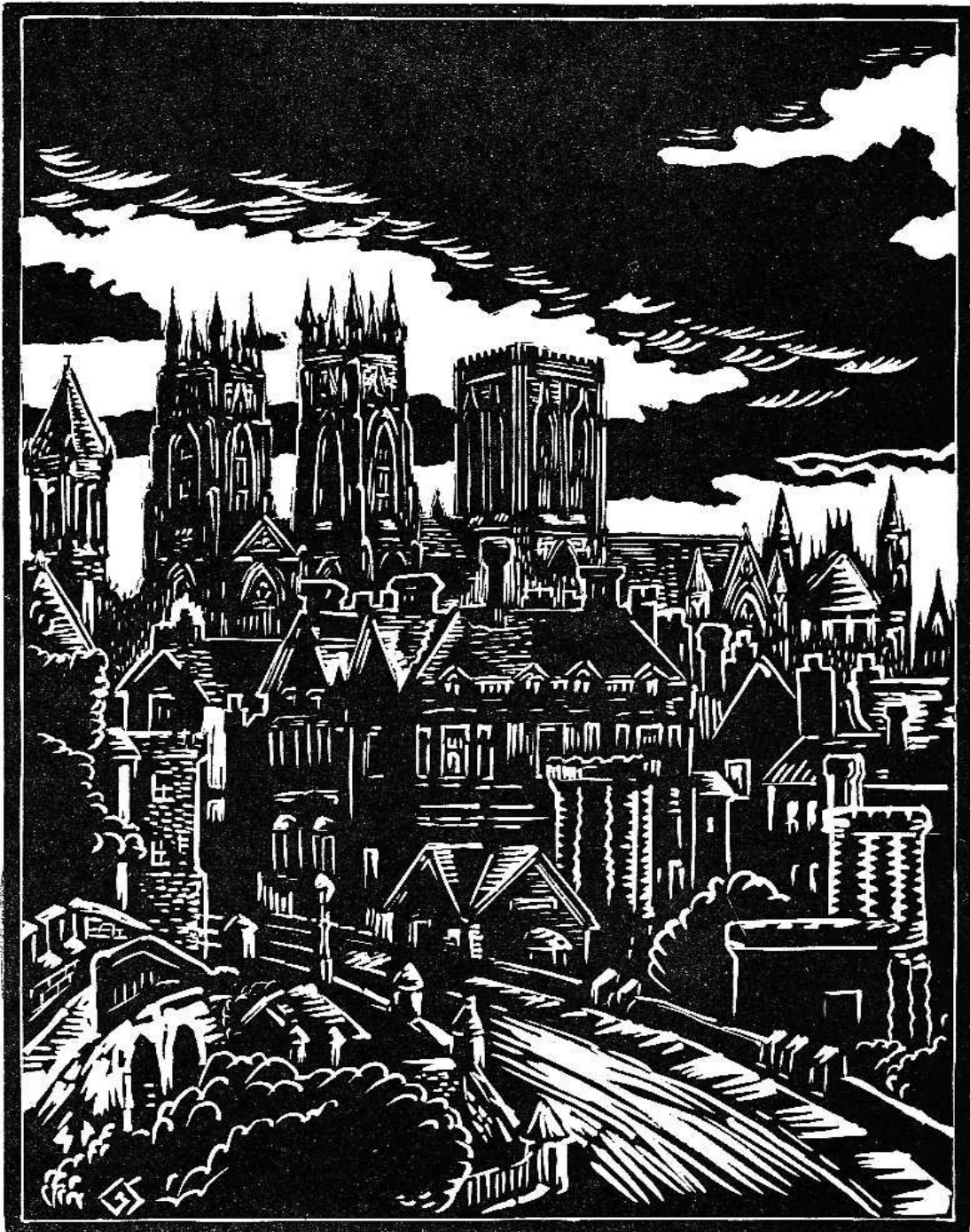
"Wait a second, I'll go back for my false teeth."

"What do you think they're dropping, sandwiches?"

And THAT'S the
Position, Mr.
Ponsonby . . .

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

THIS ENGLAND...



YORK MINSTER TOWERS, FROM THE CITY WALL

—Lino Engraving by G. Sumner

... Things We Want to Know

Who has midnight feasts in the Watch Tower?

What Dickens character in Stores was bewildered when the S.W.O. told him that his head was too big for his cap?

Who is starting all the rumours going the rounds these days?

Which pupil stepped out of a wreck and, when asked if he was all right, said "Yes, but look at the * * * * aircraft!"

If the Duty Pilots like night-flying now?

Was the water shortage the reason for no milk at meal-times?

Why a certain corporal has quietened down?

Who puts screws in with a hammer?

Who had corned beef and carrots for supper several nights?

Is it true that his *nom de plume* is now "Mother-of-Ten"?

What does 8% convey to you?

Who stole the typewriter?

Will the four sergeants who are going through the Golden Gates get back?

Who is the AC. in the Watch Tower who writes letters to Betty Grable?

Who was the ACP. who complained that "Something had floated by him" during night-flying operations recently?

Is he still seeing things?

Does the driver of the snow-plough think that he is helping the war effort?

Couldn't the A.C. who fell downstairs have *flown* down, in view of his name?

I STAND FOR SWING !

• Continued from page 4

swing orchestra. "A meaningless cacophony of sound" . . . "ugly, animal-like sounds" . . . Note well these descriptions. I give but two—although I could practically rewrite H.P.'s offensive article merely by repeating his violent adjectives. But I will leave his mode of expression, on the assumption that he had nothing better with which to back his case.

I have, however, repeated a few; to show how aptly they describe a form of music dear to the highbrow. Have you ever listened to music by Stravinsky? A veritable god among the highbrows; they worship at his shrine. I see of his music — and I mention no particular piece as it is all alike—a perfect description in those pungently descriptive words of H.P.

And also of Bach's endless wailing, Mozart's endless variations around a worn-out and childish theme.

I quote but a few—but there are many. In my opinion, Tchaikowsky is the only composer worthy of recognition, and then again by the true highbrow he is forever condemned as a "romantic"—because he let his heart govern his music instead of the time-honoured Mozartian "technique."

A few more points our highbrow makes. He speaks of an artist (I take it he means a musician, for instance an exponent of the cornet, trombone or clarinet), "showing off his skill in the execution of rapid passages, and that is enough to satisfy their warped little minds." And what of the pure and technical highbrow artists? Menuhin, Heifetz, Rubenstein, Petri . . . I suppose, being highbrow, they substitute "show-off" for "admirably executed"!

Then to get down to a pure case of efficiency. To the highbrow, it would be hopeless to compare Goossens with Benny Goodman. Although their instruments differ slightly, I have no doubt of the ability of Goodman to master a work by Mozart—as he proved not so long ago. But of Goossens to play swing—what a horror! But then I doubt if he could. This is once again an example among many.

The main object of this article is the refutation of groundless condemnations made by H.P. in his article, and not a boost-up for swing music. I need write no glorious saga in praise of swing; the multitudes praise for me. Today, who would create most popularity—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra, or the London Philharmonic? Or should I say: Who has?

A further article appears on page 10.

A Call to Tolerance

To quote an old cliché—Voltaire on one occasion said: "I heartily disagree with what you say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it." So let it be with choleric H.P. He is as zealous as a dog on a flea hunt attacking jazz: he has entered into it with the misguided enthusiasm of the gentleman who blacked himself all over to play Othello; he has left me dizzy (and not a little awestruck) with his musical phraseology (tonal scales, upper partials, et al). He has mouthed cheerful, clear, flat platitudes; he has indulged in the Shavian habit of labouring the obvious, of flogging a dead horse; worse, he has said nothing new.

When I first heard Chopin's Concerto No. 2 in F Minor played by the New York Symphony Orchestra, with Alfred Cortot as soloist, I remember wriggling my toes with sheer ecstasy; when I hear the rusty crowing of a rooster at dawn, or on a drowsy summer afternoon watch the birds swooping in great curves like aerial skaters, making musical bouquets I feel at peace with the world. When I hear the majestic "Fate knocking at the door" movement of Beethoven's Fifth I want to rush out and build empires or bridges or another Boulder Dam, abysmally ignorant though I am of "upper partials" or "dithyrambs". And yet, when I hear this much maligned Harry James pulling notes like taffy into a thin sweet thread of sound, or that virtuoso of the sludge-pump, Glen Miller, perform, I want to chuck the nearest pretty girl under the chin. So, you see, I'm torn between vice and *versa*. I am moved by great music, I am amused by jazz, and liking both, I feel as out of place in this argument as a lady of doubtful virtue at a christening, but one cannot allow the intellectual regurgitations of H.P. to pass unchallenged.

No, H.P., I fear your diatribe is hackneyed to a degree. Occasionally you stumble over the truth, but with commendable presence of mind you pick yourself up and hurry on as if nothing had happened. You make much of the antics of the swingsters. They hang bowler hats over their trumpets. What monumental sacrilege! Did you ever see a great musician perform antics? Did you ever see the great Parkman play Chopin? (And I much doubt if any pianist ever interpreted Chopin more

effectively.) Parkman's eccentricities were famous. He took around with him to his recitals an old-fashioned round-topped stool with a swivel seat. Before playing he would spin himself to the top of the threaded adjustment and down again. He would play just whatever came into his mind. When a few bars particularly pleased him he would go back and play them over again, turn to the audience and say something of the order. "That was a nice piece, wasn't it?" But no swing fiend complained of his antics. Or take Stokowski (real name Leopold Stokes, formerly organist at a church near Temple Bar).

... by Daedalus

He has lights arranged to illuminate his hands when conducting, produces all the effects of a vaudeville artiste, yet Glen Miller doesn't point the finger of scorn and shriek "Charlatan". Or did you never see a great composer playing to the gallery? All those trills and arpeggios which characterise Liszt, for instance. His music would still be great music without this window dressing. Why then do these intricacies appear? (I say intricacies because, while his music is not difficult to a moderate pianist, if you have ever tried a trill on a spinnet or harpsichord, you'll see what I mean.) No, the reason for all the padding in Liszt's music is simply that he himself was such a superb pianist, and while giving recitals of his own compositions, as he frequently did, he was able to astound his audience with his technical perfection. Is there, then, such a world of difference between Liszt's playing and the frenzied contortions of Gene Krupa?

To crystallise, the whole business: Jazz is not music. Nobody ever said it was, nobody who gains a living therefrom ever pretends it is. It is simply a series of rhythmic sensations designed to appeal to our baser natures. You have a baser side to your nature, I presume, H.P. What! You HAVE? Tut, tut!

For heaven's sake let's have no more of this absurd argument of music versus jazz. It is no more reasonable to compare the two than to compare the delicate flying technique of a sail plane

• Continued on page 14

Heritage of Beauty

An Extract From

The Old Vicarage, Grantchester

Ah God! to see the branches stir
 Across the moon at Grantchester;
 To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
 Unforgettable, unforgotten
 River-smell, and hear the breeze
 Sobbing in the little trees.
 Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
 Still guardians of that holy land?
 The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
 The yet unacademic stream?
 Is dawn a secret shy and cold
 Anadyomene, silver-gold?
 And sunset still a golden sea
 From Haslingfield to Madingley?
 And after, ere the night is born,
 Do hares come out about the corn?
 Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
 Gentle and brown, above the pool?
 And laughs the immortal river still
 Under the mill, under the mill?
 Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
 And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
 Deep meadows yet, for to forget
 The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . Oh yet
 Stands the church clock at ten to three?
 And is there honey still for tea?

RUPERT BROOKE

These lines were suggested by Mrs. H. Smith, sister of Cpl. E. F. Rickman.

It is interesting to recall that they were written on a holiday in Germany, and expressed the author's longing to return to England.

THE PADRE'S LETTER

• *Continued from page 2*
 best good enough for God," was the apt return.

It is no use our merely thinking that we are right or that we did our best and that should be enough. It is our respon-

sibility to be sure that our best is His best. Let us seek in all our ways to acknowledge God and, as He has promised, He will direct our paths, for surely that is His best.

Your sincere friend and Padre,

MAURICE S. FLINT.

SEVEN DAYS *as a janker-wallah*

By the Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room"

The axe has fallen.

It has lopped seven days off your social career, seven days which you will spend dreaming of the bright lights, the wine, women, and what-have-you that await you in the city, as compared with the somewhat more stolid attractions that the Y.M.C.A. Canteen can offer during the one hour each day when you are permitted to be in it.

You reflect gloomily on the general bitterness and injustice of life, quote extremely pessimistic poems to yourself, accept the condolences everyone is offering you with the air of one who is about to die the death of a martyr, and wonder how the hell you are going to make up a pack.

This is where your troubles begin. Webbing equipment, as everyone knows, appears to have been designed by a fiendish misanthrope who was a genius at crossword-puzzles. For you, who have as much mechanical ability as the average guinea-pig, it has been the basis of several interesting nightmares ever since your first struggle with it in training days.

You look back with longing to the time when you lived in a billet where it was a tradition always to have somebody on jankers, and where a full pack, the like of which for perfection and symmetry was never before seen, was kept in readiness and considered common property.

You wonder why you moved into another hut.

By this time a fascinated crowd has assembled around you. A voice from the rear says do you intend to walk to the Guard Room on your hands, because that is the only way the harness you are making could be worn effectively?

Your answer is brief, unprintable, but telling.

There is a sort of sympathetic surge among the crowd, and very shortly you are lying on your bed while they conduct a heated argument on how to make a pack, demonstrating particular points with pieces of your equipment.

Eventually, they reach some sort of agreement, and you act as tailor's dummy while they make adjustments.

You are five minutes late for the first parade.

The Guard Room send you on to the Drill Hall, where the Orderly Sergeant

is amusing himself with the other offenders. You note with relief that there are five more besides yourself, and tell the sergeant that your clock was slow.

He says that he's heard that one before somewhere, and do you mind falling in with the others?

You agree, though not willingly.

The drill is without incident, excepting at one point where the man in front is faced with the problem of leading the squad straight over a boxing ring which is parked in a corner. He is, alas, a timid soul, and compromises by marking time until the sergeant comes out of his day-dream.

From here you go to the Sick Quarters, where you wash crockery and drink tea for a while, and decide at a quarter to eight that it is time to leave. You inform the first man you can find of this decision, and act on it.

Your route back to the Guard Room leads you past the Wet Canteen. You find your footsteps dragging rather remarkably as you approach it, and even more remarkably, stopping altogether as you draw level with the door.

Sounds of convivial merriment float out to you as you stand dejectedly in the roadway. You are only intermittently alcoholic by nature, but it seems at this moment that there is nothing in the world more desirable than a glass of cool, sparkling, golden beer; to be followed by a great many more glasses of cool, sparkling, golden—

It is not difficult to understand why you feel like this about it. You can't have any.

You trudge dolefully on your way, wondering vaguely if Shakespeare's words, "Chief nourisher in life's feast, great Nature's second course . . ." were written about sleep or beer. In any case, since you have to report at six-fifteen in the morning, it seems unlikely that you will get enough of either.

On returning to your billet, you read Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment", and decide after a few pages that, anyway, whatever happens, you're never going to be quite as miserable as that. You reflect with a gloomy joy on the cumulative misfortunes that are going to pile up on Roskolnikov and practically everybody else in the book before it ends with his exile to a prison in

SEVEN DAYS AS A JANKER-WALLAH

• Continued

Siberia, and this gives you all the strength you need to face the staff parade at ten-thirty.

It seems that your decision to re-read this masterpiece while you were on jankers was a sound one.

Next evening, you are five minutes early for the first parade. It seems a wise thing to do, somehow.

The work is uneventful, but you bring away from it one lasting memory; this is of Brian, whom you were delighted to find on jankers with you, standing amid a heap of mops and brooms and buckets and saying in a tone of resigned despair, "The things I've done for England!"

On the following day a parcel arrives for you. It contains a large box of candy, and an equally sweet letter from your girl friend. She says that she went all over town looking for some figs for you, but couldn't find any.

You spend most of the afternoon puzzling over this statement, and decide finally that you must have expressed a liking for figs at some time or other, now forgotten. The alternative is that she wanted to reverse the common expression, "I don't give a fig," which seems a little far-fetched.

Life is full of complications.

After leaving Headquarters this evening you are sent to the Sergeants' Mess. Nobody there had heard you were coming, and nobody wants you now you have arrived. You join the waiter in drinking a cup of coffee and go away.

This is Brian's last night on. You beg him to do something mild and get another three days so that you will have company until the ordeal ends; feeding

him the while with candy as a bribe.

He declines, on the grounds that jankers is an over-rated pastime.

You are the only one on parade next day at five-thirty. However, there are two other men under open arrest. You gaze at them lovingly; they seem to be very nice men indeed; and you hope that they are both guilty and certain of at least three days apiece. You talk with them; so far as you can judge, they are both lucky not to be court-martialled, and your solitary labours are lightened by the thought of many willing hands to aid you on the morrow.

Nevertheless, you had never realised until tonight quite how long the corridor in Headquarters could seem. As a diversion, you spend three-quarters of an hour discussing philosophy with the padre, which breaks the evening up very nicely.

The following two days are uneventful.

On the last night, which is almost a pleasure, you find that the Orderly Corporal is a particular friend of yours. He is extremely embarrassed. You make an impassioned speech, to him, with references to slave-drivers and hidden sides to people's characters, and this ends with his taking over the mop.

You then remind him of the dignity of his position, and take it back again. He is more embarrassed than ever.

The rest of the work goes smoothly, with the two of you whistling in concert as much of Brahms' Second Symphony as you can remember.

At the end of it all, you find that you have saved twenty dollars, which you would otherwise have spent; and the jankeree (a party in celebration of finishing jankers) which you hold during the ensuing week-end almost convinces you that it was worth it.

But not quite.

DON'T LET YOUR BOY BE A HUMOURIST

• Continued from page 6

ly avaricious. There is a secret tragedy in his life. On the day when he first had an article accepted for publication, he was stopped by a small boy who asked him if he had any cigarette cards; he hadn't, and in an amazing outburst of generosity he gave the child what he thought was a penny. Subsequently, he discovered this to have been a half-crown. Ever since then he has been trying to identify this child, making due allowances for alteration with age; he

goes around peering into people's faces, and is eternally tormented by the thought that the boy may have grown a beard later in life and thus ruined what chance there is of recovering the two shillings and fivepence he owes him.

Such, then, are the men whose lives are ruined by the necessity of being funny, once a week, year in, year out, whether they like it or not.

If your son shows signs of wanting to be a professional humourist, try to dissuade him. If he persists, have him painlessly destroyed. It'll be the best thing in the end.

The Comforter

There will be no tomorrows. Only now
 Break not the night's enchantment, speak no word,
 Unmoving lie, and from your quiet brow
 My lips let smooth remembrance of a vow
 By other lips, and other hands, averred.
 Only lie still, lie still, and let time flow
 In the eternal darkness; let this peace,
 But now intangible, take shape in us,
 Pure and compelling as your beauty. Cease,
 Cease all your weary grieving. Nothing is
 But we two in this timeless moment fixed;
 There is no more sorrow, but serene, unmixed
 With care, this peace. Puzzle no more the will,
 Think not of love. Lie still, lie very still.

T. M.



A CALL TO TOLERANCE

• Continued from page 10

pilot with the bludgeoning S.O.B. methods of a powerplane pilot. Then let's bury the hatchet once and for all (albeit in a shallow well-defined grave, in case Ye Ed. finds himself a little short of copy for the P.F. at some future date). Let us remember that the London Philharmonic would have gone out of existence had it not been for the support of a company of leading London jazz band conductors under the chairmanship of Jack Hylton. When a radio announcer says that we are about to hear Elmer Dungspreed and his H.P. Ranch Boys swing the immortal "Song of India", let's not roll on the carpet biting people in the calves; rather, let's

smile good humoredly and tolerantly and reflect that this is the cacaphony best loved by those "vacuous nincompoops" in Tunisia and Guadacanal, and those "belated jellyfish" who will soon be spewing out their guts on the battlefields of Europe and giving us the chance to wallow here in the fleshpots and philosophise.

I think it was Addison, or possibly one of the other great essayists, who said: "He who will not reason is a bigot, he who dares not reason is a slave, he who cannot reason is a fool." To my eternal shame I fall into the last-named category. I cannot reason why I like Duke Ellington's stuff. I can actually bear to sit in a room where a radio is playing his "Mood Indigo." More, I actually enjoy it. Sorry, H.P.!



A man got off a train one day, green in the face. A friend who met him asked what was wrong. "Train sickness," said the traveller. "I'm always deathly sick when I ride backwards on a train."

"Why didn't you ask the man sitting opposite you to change with you?" asked the friend.

"I thought of that," said the traveller, "but there wasn't anybody there."

A man we know neglected his account with his laundress for months. Finally he found this note among his clean clothes:

"Dear Sir: You have owed me six dollars for four months. If you do not pay the whole by next week, I will put too much starch in your collars.—Cordially, Mrs. Smith."

He paid.

Potted Personalities . . . No. 19



SQUADRON LEADER O. R. ORCHARD
Chief Ground Instructor

FUN FOR "SIXTY-FIVE"

Dine and Depart

On Thursday, 21st January, No. 65 Course held its Graduation Dinner at Blore's Cafe. The menu was planned by F/Sgt. Blore, and the meal prepared by some of our own cooks, who proved, as someone remarked, that "they really can do it when they try." In the soft light of candles, and an atmosphere of good fellowship quite as pleasant, the diners did ample justice to this excellent fare.

Toasts were proposed to the King, by F/L Sparks; to the Instructors, by Sgt. Church; and to the Allies, by F/L R. W. Williams, who remarked in a short introductory speech that one of the difficulties encountered with this course was that the pupils had soloed on Oxfords before most of the instructors! Nevertheless, it had been a highly successful one.

Looking around one as the party got under way and the beer flowed generously, one was impressed by the reflection that in such gatherings as these were the seeds of a true internationalism being sown. Here were Dutch, Fighting French, Czecho-Slovakian, English and Canadian, in one unified body; and in the hope that we could as well co-operate for the things of peace, one found some mitigating circumstances in the horrors of war, to which most of these young men were going, going secure in the knowledge that they fought for a new world.

And Chazara, I recalled, as he looked across at me and smiled, was not only a Frenchman, but came from Morocco; and Spierenburg (who announced that he was now a Flying Dutchman) had been in the Mercantile Marine, which brought in the whole of the Seven Seas; these thoughts set even wider bounds to the small confines of the dining hall that night!

At the piano, LAC. Wells was playing mightily; and soon, almost the whole

Hospital Scheme Hits Headlines!

Write-up in "Wings"

March or April issue of the new service paper, R.C.A.F.'s journal *Wings*, will carry a story about the hospitalisation scheme initiated in the Moose Jaw area by 32 S.F.T.S. and the Moose Jaw General Hospital's Board of Governors. This admirable scheme, relieving many of the financial worries which sickness among their dependents brings to married airmen, is now in full swing and the number of subscribers recently passed the 200 mark necessary to lower the monthly subscription to 75c.

Chief object of *Wings* editor in thus publicising the idea is the hope that it can be introduced into other districts for other camps; it is at present the only scheme of its kind in operation throughout Canada.

If you are married, if your wife (and children, if any) are with you out here, and if you haven't already joined the hospitalisation scheme, get in on a good thing, now. The Station Chaplain will give you all the information you want about it.

party had gathered about him and were singing in several languages. High-spots were their rendering of "L'Allouette," under the able leadership of Lieut. Jaquelin, and a very amusing recitation, the name of which is withheld, by P/O. Turner.

The evening came to an end, as all good evenings must; but everyone as they went their several ways carried with them a happy addition to their store of pleasurable memories.

Good luck, 65; may you all meet again in a future, happier time!

Are You Still Eating?

Cookhouse Capers

We walked into the Airmen's Mess the other afternoon at 1400 hours with the idea of getting some breakfast.

It seemed quite a reasonable thing to do, all things considered.

We stood at the counter, hooting cheerfully, until a cook appeared. He looked at us suspiciously, vanished, and came back bearing a bowl of soup.

We looked at this bowl of soup. We looked at the cook. He looked at us, defiantly.

"That's not much of a breakfast, is it?" we said.

"Breakfast!" cried the cook. "I thought you wanted an early dinner."

"Dinner's over," we observed.

"It hasn't started yet," said he.

"Listen," we said, "what *can* we get?"

"Well," the culinary expert replied reflectively, "you're too late for tea."

Dropping on all fours, we crawled round the counter, flung ourselves at his feet, and cried "A crust and a cup of water!"

"The water's cut off," he said. His tone had become stern and merciless.

At this point we had an inspiration, leaped to an upright position, and announced:

"We'll settle for a night-flying supper."

The cook's face brightened, for he was at heart a kindly man.

"Of course," he breathed. "I should have thought of that before."

We have been living in a dazed condition ever since this happened. And when a man came up to us just a few days ago and said "Reveille is now at midnight; if you don't get to breakfast by 0115 hours, you've had it!" we weren't a bit surprised.

We'd been expecting it.

What we didn't expect was the return to normal. The complications arising out of that defy description.

London Playtime

Under the above title, Cpl. E. F. Rickman of 32 S.F.T.S. is giving a programme of English gramophone recordings over the air from radio station CHAB, Moose Jaw, every Thursday night from 10.20 till 10.45 o'clock.

The second programme was given on February 4th, at the generous invitation of Mr. Sid Boyling, programme manager, and by kind permission of G/C. N. E. Morrison, A.F.C., Commanding Officer.

The programmes, Cpl. Rickman tells us, are intended to be of the light variety type—no opera, nobody's Opus 44 in C Sharp Minor or the like—since he feels that our good friend, Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., caters nobly to the lovers of good music on the camp by his excellent fortnightly recitals.

There is no sponsor for this feature, so you won't hear a voice begging you to take Vile Beans or Garter's Little Shiver Pills in between the items.

There must be many recordings of English comedians, singers, dance bands and so forth that you would like to have played for you; so let Cpl. Rickman have your requests (he lives in Hut A), and the more the merrier. Obviously, there will be some that he cannot get, so don't be disappointed if your first request is not available, but try again.

One point: don't let this interfere with your asking LAC. Desmond, of Signals, for your wants on the Airport Harmonics programme, which is a different concern and still a going one. Your interest will serve to keep them both lively.

Cause and Effect

On the night of January 21st, No. 65 Course held its Wings celebration.

On the night of January 21st, a certain corporal slept out of camp.

Any connection?

Notes by the Way

Without the consolations of art, who could endure the sorrows of our lot?

It is a question that I have often propounded to myself; and yet, looking around me at the vast majority of my fellows, I have been amazed to see that they are, in point of fact, enduring very well indeed and without any consolation from the world's great art at all.

Yet it may be that they are not so deeply conscious of the sorrows that come to us by natural inheritance; and therefore not so much in need of solace, not compelled to seek, always, but vainly, vainly, the perfection that does not exist on earth and by the order of things can never exist there. It may be that the great realities of death and pain and evil move them not, that the eternal bitterness of these three things is perceived by them only dimly through a comforting haze of sentiment and lies; it may be that the story of mankind reads to them like a peaceful pretty picture-book, and not the harrowing tale of bloodshed and destruction, relieved only by an occasional glimpse of greatness and creative worth, that it seems to me.

This may serve as explanation of why the majority of men are notably indifferent to man's finest creations; but one retains some legitimate doubts. Who is there to find so brutish that he has not, at some time, surveyed the woes of humanity and been moved to despair? And who has not consoled himself with some form of art, though it be the most debased? I do not know of anyone; in vulgar song or sentimental painting or cheap fiction or fourth-rate plays, or even, now, in the meretricious products of the modern cinema, all men, be they never so callous and content, at some time pay their tribute to the god-like urge to self-expression, to the creative power that can take them beyond that self, to the striving for perception of some finer reality than our common sensual lives can give us, that are at the base of all art, bad as well as good. Art, I have heard one argue, is an escape from reality; but that is not so; it is an escape *into* reality, a reality more intense, far nobler and more significant than our own. I speak now of great art; but even in its degenerate forms, even when, as in most films, it

Seen Around the Camp

Most ungrammatical notice: "... disciplinary action will be taken against them that don't do it."

Most intelligent notice: One in Station Headquarters ablutions, reading "Please leave this wash basin as you would like to find it."

Most whimsical notice: One signed by Cpl. Cannon, to which was added the words "Bang, Bang!"

Most amazing notice: On the camp calendar board in the Airmen's Mess, for some time, *no notices at all*.

Most questionable notice: On a certain door in No. 1 Hangar, the word "Ladies."

Most unbelievable notice: On the inside of a door through which we had just walked in one of the hangars, a notice "This Door Is Shut."

Most welcome notice: This has not yet appeared. It will read: "An Armistice Was Signed at ..."

provides the wish-fulfilments of the oppressed and the repressed, it remains the expression of something more, and of something that can become great; the seed of genius, a divine discontent with the littleness of our selves and our lives.

Look with tolerance, then, on bad art, even while you decry it for the partial evil that it unquestionably is. Out of it, as honey came from the mouth of the dead lion, nobler things may grow; it is the manifestation of a desire which, properly canalised, and with proper education, may produce in a rationally ordered society greater things than any we have yet dared to dream. —D.G.

Notice to All Pilots

A THREE-POINT
LANDING DOES
NOT MEAN
TWO WHEELS
AND THE
NOSE

GLEANINGS from the G.I.S. ? ?

IN a short time now, the pupils' study room should be ready for use. In the past a lecture room has always been available for those who wished to put in some evening study away from the noise and distractions of billets and canteens; even the reading and writing room, where the atmosphere normally is that of a public library reading room, somehow fails to meet the needs of those who, with examinations fast approaching, in panic realise for the first time how little they know.

The object of the study room is to provide a place where pupils may work in quietness and reasonable comfort, with books and publications available for reference. It has been lavishly re-decorated, the walls in two contrasting shades of green divided by a band of black (highly original this) and the floor stained, but—ominous thought—not yet polished.

The most interesting feature, however, is the north wall which, with its splendid example of a later Sumner mural, is rapidly becoming one of the showpieces of the camp. To the casual observer it depicts a vast expanse of cloud and sky above a rolling English landscape falling away to a bay or river mouth and the sea. Awaiting Mr. Clive Bell's more expert judgment, however, we will merely hint at the intensity of feeling and great technical importance so apparent in this latest of Mr. Sumner's works.

* * *

We've been thinking a lot lately about those people who used to tell us that a United States of Europe was impracticable; that the nations of the continent were mixed and so utterly different from

one another that the plan simply could not work. We would listen to them, wisely nod our heads, and agree.

In those days we had never met a Czech, or a Pole, or a Dutchman. Things are a little changed now, and we see them come and go—Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, French, Poles, Czechs . . . Individually they don't stay with us long, but it's long enough for us to get to know them and to realise that, after all, they aren't so very different, either from us or from one another. They're not difficult to get along with and, in short, we like them.

That's the effect they create here and it's only reasonable to suppose that the same thing is happening in other S.F.T.S.'s, E.F.T.S.'s, O.T.U.'s and squadrons in many countries. We hope it will be remembered when the time comes to piece Europe together again.

* * *

This war is certainly moving these days. Inspired, no doubt, by Allied successes in the active theatres of war, Somebody has decided that pupils who lose their "white flashes" may in future simply go along to the Wet Canteen, put down their six cents and obtain a new one. This instead of having to submit a report on the loss, fill in Form E.26 in quintuplicate, circulate it all over the camp for signature, and finally to be debited with \$00.06 in the pay ledger.

* * *

For months the Photo Section carried on desperately understaffed. . . . Then, after much wrangling, came the reliefs . . . Then Moose Jaw ran out of water, without which a Photo Section ceases to function.

—D.A.G.B.



Escape From Holland

- An Amazing Flight to Freedom Through Two Hemispheres.

THIS is the story of a man who, until the invasion of his country by its German neighbours, was living in an inland town of Holland, and who, after the occupation, travelled more than half-

way round the world in order to join the R.A.F. and take his place with those who were still free to continue the struggle against Nazi corruption. If details are lacking, it is due partly to the obvious need for secrecy and partly to the extreme modesty of one who excuses himself on the grounds that it happened about two years ago and that he can remember only the bare outline of his journey. Nevertheless, to those of us to whom enlistment meant

• Continued on following page

ESCAPE FROM HOLLAND

• Continued from page 19

little more than a short railway trip, even so sketchy an account as I am able to give here may not be without interest.

When Holland was forced to capitulate, after a short but always hopeless resistance to one of the most brutish attacks ever conceived in cold blood, *N. determined to find a way out of the country, with the object of crossing to England. He considered two alternatives. Either he could make his way through Belgium and France and thence to England, or he could try to reach the Dutch coast, as so many were doing, and gamble on crossing the North Sea in whatever craft was available. With admiration he told me of his compatriots who were putting out to sea in tiny canoes, often no more than ten feet in length, taking a chance with the North Sea and, if they were lucky, finding the coast of Britain after three, four or five days of constant anxiety.

Those, then, were his alternative plans. In the end he was unable to carry out either of them. After Holland, the German armies crashed their way through Belgium into France, and N. was forced to seek escape to the north. Here again he found the coastline heavily guarded and had to continue eastwards until he was beyond the waters of the North Sea and on the Baltic seaboard.

If he was to get away at all, his only chance now lay in the direction of still neutral Sweden. Fortunately, he could speak German, and by pretending to work for the Nazis he was successful in getting across to Sweden, and thence through Finland into Russia—this, of course, was before Hitler had turned his armies eastwards to finish off the U.S.S.R. prior to a grand assault on Britain. Exactly what N.'s relations with

the Russians were at that time I cannot say, nor can I give any details of the long journey from the Finnish border right down to the Black Sea, but I hope that our current familiarity with the Russian scene will assist the reader to an understanding of the immense distance covered. This part of the journey was made probably in the spring of 1941; the German offensive began in June.

At a Black Sea port he was, with a number of Norwegians, Dutch, Poles and Czechs, taken aboard a ship bound for Turkey. Calling at a Bulgarian port the ship was boarded by Germans who demanded the right to search for refugees, but the Russian skipper was able to convince them that he was above suspicion.

Landing in Turkey, N. was at last clear of a Europe now almost entirely dominated by the Nazis; but England was still his objective. As there was no possibility of making a passage through the Mediterranean he continued south through Syria (before the Allies moved in), Palestine and Egypt, where he at last found a vessel to take him as far as the Cape. Here he had a reasonable hope of being taken aboard a ship bound for England, but, after weeks of disappointment, he decided, when an opportunity offered itself, to accept a position on a Merchant Marine vessel making for South America and manned entirely by volunteers who had taken over at Bombay, where it had been left without a crew.

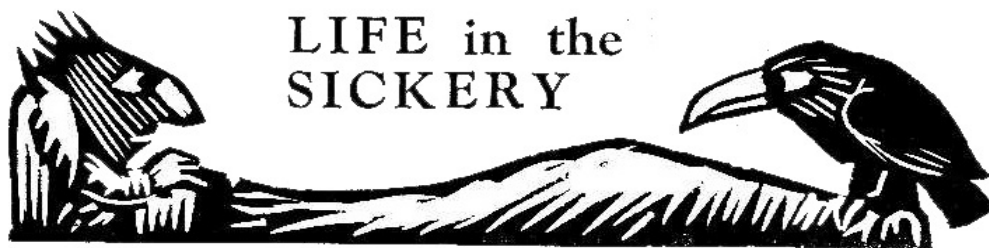
And so across the South Atlantic; then another long sea trip to Canada; and finally to England. He was accepted by the R.A.F. for training as a pilot, came out to Canada again, and told me this story over a glass of beer at the Wings Dinner, on the day when he had been awarded his wings. Below his R.A.F. pilot's insignia he wears the ribbon of a medal, awarded him by a grateful and beloved Queen, in recognition of the courage and determination which took him the long way round to service for her people.

* I have called him "N."; It is the initial of "Netherlands", not of his name.

Words of Wisdom

"Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we wish to be deceived?"

—BISHOP BUTLER.



LIFE in the SICKERY

LIFE in the Sickery has turned a delightful pea green; and naturally we are thrilled beyond description. However, no one has ascertained *why* the Sickery is being painted green. After all, it might have been a beautiful ruby pink with suitable mural decorations, and just a suspicion of yellow to give it that extra touch. Although it is not announced officially, it is generally thought that the decision as to hue arose at a Medical Officers' convention recently held in the drawing-room, when it was decided that there wasn't sufficient chlorophyll in the cabbages after the cooks had been playing about with them in the Mess; and the introduction of necessary colour might lead to a form of sympathetic suggestion.

This is only in the nature of an experiment, we hear, and in a month or so a change to magenta with an alphabetical decoration to provide for vitamin deficiency is likely.

We welcome to our midst LAC. Spry, whose length of service we hold in reverence (?). Resembling a cross between Superman and Charley McCarthy, he attributes his amazing abilities to a beer diet. He also packs a handy appetite; his voraciousness has been compared to that of a vacuum cleaner. However, welcome to the Sickery, LAC. Spry; you are now a martyr to the Cause.

FOR SALE: Would anyone care to purchase, or even take away, an instrument of torture (well known to the Sickery staff; one which several people still seem to believe justifies its existence) in the form of an ear syringe? This diabolical contrivance is guaranteed to empty a bucket of water up (or down) each sleeve at time of operation. A particularly malignant example of the species, it does this only to those below the rank of W/O. Said instrument has already cost one well-meaning person the sum of \$2.00 (charge for scissors broken in an attempt to repair same)

and several one-sided talks with the Powers. War salvage experts are invited to assess aforesaid contraption at their own convenience—and risk.

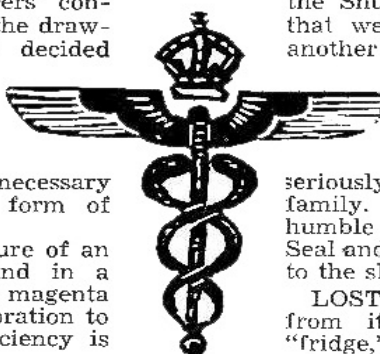
Our golden-headed Orderly was heard to remark recently that he dreamed he won the V.C. after saving someone's life when he was torpedoed in the Atlantic, on his way back from France . . . Secret confabs and marked activity in the Snuggery leads us to believe that we are on the threshold of another big push. I don't know whether it will be the Milk-for-Britain Fund or the Battersea Dogs' Home, but those be-striped merchants are seriously talking of fur coats for the family. Not content with the humble Muskrat, they scorn it for Seal and Mink. Oh, well, like sheep to the slaughter . . .

LOST AND FOUND: Missing from its plate in the Sickery "fridge," since 2-2-43, one Sausage (in slices), answering to the name of "Toots." Anyone found eating same will suffer consequences far worse than he bargained for.

We cannot comprehend why a Junior N.C.O. of whom we wot *persists* in working on his week-ends off. Is it enthusiasm? Or have the Powers found some more dust behind the radiators? This gentleman in the past month or so walks about with the martyred air of "*Je ne sais quoi*," and never fails to emphasize the bearing of his cross. How little he realises our appreciation of his martyrdom! We suggest respectfully that he may find some consolation in Hodgkins' philosophy.

Until the next time . . . Remember, we're always waiting. —O.H.

Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, was found weeping beside his latest statue, and asked if he were not satisfied with it. He replied that he saw no fault in it, and knew therefore that his imagination was in decay.



SPORTS

CHATTER

by the
SPORTS OFFICER



ICE HOCKEY—

The Station team to date have played six matches, winning three and losing three in the Moose Jaw Commercial League.

On February 4th, the team visited Wilcox to play Notre Dame College in the first round of the Saskatchewan Amateur Hockey Association Intermediate play-offs, and although overwhelmed to the tune of 20-2, the Station team put up their best show of the season, Notre Dame being a powerful team with a good chance of reaching the Dominion finals. Incidentally, the puck was *not* in the R.A.F. half as often as the score indicated.

BASKETBALL—

The second basketball league continues quite successfully and should end in good time to hold a knock-out competition before Easter, when outside sports will become possible.

SKI-ING—

Each week more airmen are becoming interested. An endeavour is being made to issue and return the equipment in Moose Jaw for the convenience of personnel who live out in order to save them returning to Camp with the equipment when off duty.

GYMNASTICS—

Good news has come through from Headquarters—that showers, dressing-rooms, squash courts, bowling alleys and a rifle range are to be built on to the Drill Hall. They will naturally take time to construct but it is hoped that all personnel of the unit will be able in the near future to take advantage of all these facilities. At the moment, however, a spring-board and box horse are being constructed on the Camp for immediate use. This, I think, will prove very popular with those who do not like participating in physical exercise unless it is made interesting with the use of apparatus—thereby applying and improving their gymnastic ability, which may some day come in very useful before this war ends.

Gymnastic mats and a horizontal bar have been ordered and should arrive by the time the apparatus has been built on the Camp.

A rowing machine has already been placed in the Drill Hall.

Suggestions from all will be welcomed by the Sports Officer. C. B. T.

Revelations From Repairs

Congratulations are extended to Cpl. Scott and WO. Young who recently joined the ranks of married men, and to LAC. McKenzie, who by the time this article appears in print will also have joined the strap-hangers on the early morning 'bus.

Incidentally, our married fellows living in the "Friendly City" declare that the 7 a.m. 'bus is more crowded than any sardine tin these days, and one member unable to get even strap-hangers' space on most mornings is compelled so often to ride in a following coal wagon that he is beginning to look quite dusky.

Who are the small band of men, seen regularly each morning around 07.35 leaving No. 5 hangar, and braving the

cold icy blast, while lugging a small yellow tool box? They so seldom talk of their arduous tasks (and even attempt to hide from public gaze their weird and wonderful instrument with the yellow light carried in a small red box) that we began to think their duties must be on the secret list. However, it has been discovered that they are only the "prop" gang and that they are to be found any late afternoon in the Major's section—the one department in which they are always happy to be working.

We wonder if our Station Padre would be willing to give crash personnel a few helpful lessons in the use of snowshoes? At a recent wreck a junior N.C.O. tried

Entertainment



As in Flying, so in Entertainment . . . the standard of performance depends primarily on the maintenance and servicing. These are the functions which your Station Entertainment Committee perform. Theirs is the responsibility to originate, administer and control, to listen, adjudicate and obey. These are their Standing Orders. As to the individual members, they are your Representatives, who govern solely by a desire to serve in the best interests of the Service and the Station. It is a form of government by the airmen, for the airmen. It's your Station and Entertainment is your affair. The committee strive hard to keep on the beam, but the varying impulses of public opinion are difficult to cope with. You can help. If you appreciate their efforts, say so. Your Representative will find his self-imposed duty something really worthwhile if you will only tell him what you think (careful, now) and want. The wishes of the majority (subject to inevitable restrictions) will be respected. That's the verse of our Trumpet Solo, and now to the chorus.

What does the Committee do for Entertainment? This can best be illustrated by a review of the various forms of amusement supervised generally by them. Take the standard fare first. There are the free cinema shows run by the Y.M.C.A. on Monday, Tuesday (Selected Shorts), Friday and Sunday (guest night). Then there are the usual weekly dances and whist drives con-

ducted at a nominal admission charge. A little less frequently we have Gramophone Recitals and other shows, but you can best judge of the volume of effort from the camp calendars. These barometers show that the amount of amusement is maintained at a high level.

A new feature is the introduction of the Airmen's Gramophone Club. LAC. Haughey may be said to be the "turn table" and the "tone arm", for he keeps "variety on record" going round by his selections and judgment in arranging programmes. If you have a record which you consider would be suitable for inclusion, contact Haughey or "Doc" Skinner. Help make Variety on Record by contributing to this Communal Club. The programmes already put on have proved very popular. Mr. Wickens supplies the more classical music, and the Airmen's Club miscellaneous incidental (mainly jazz) music. We can claim that democracy holds sway in the field of our music.

Who is "Doc" Skinner? Why, he is the Librarian and Keeper of the Records, Chief Operator and Operator-in-Chief in the Station Cinema—but these are not his only hobbies. He also tends to props, the care of equipment generally and the multifarious details rendered necessary by the continuous changes. He's not the sole worker. It is only by the combined efforts and skill of members of your committee that functions are successful.

It has been the custom in previous notes to publish the names of prize-winners at the whist drives and dances, but this is impracticable now in view of the number of fortunate people. We would refer briefly to the special dance events—the grand New Year and Valentine dances — both of which were

• Continued on page 27

REVELATIONS FROM REPAIRS

• Continued

to impress his gang by donning the "tennis rackets" and was last seen from the hangar doors up to his elbows in a snow drift. A certain diminutive LAC. suffered the same fate when he attempted to wear the shoes on a return journey for spares. It can be stated here that this LAC. does not intend to make a pair of snow shoes a winner's prize in a future whist drive because he declares he would have absolutely no use for them.

Would "Spud" be prepared to take bets on: (1) Will the break wagon show

up for morning recess? (2) When and where? (3) How many casualties in the scrimmage?

We hear a strange but apparently true tale that recently two of our senior N.C.O's. mustered a lively looking bunch of fellows to move a few crated engines around, and found themselves doing 99% pushing and only 1% supervising.

By the way, lads, a reminder to earmark a very small portion of your hard earned pay for two worthy causes—the Station organ which, despite the barrack room oratory against it, is for your own enjoyment and entertainment, and secondly, a small donation for the Aid to Russia Fund.

WAR in Spain



• Continued

LIFE in Madrid battlegrounds settled down to routine patrols and nothing of great event, but I was not to see it for very long.

In the mountains of San Martini la Vega were assembling Mussolini's crack troops, the battalions of the Blue and Purple Flames; they were the pick of his veterans from the war in Abyssinia, and their object was to cut the communications between Madrid and Barcelona, which relied on a solitary road running between the mountains and the valley of Jarama. Madrid was surrounded on three sides; and it might be possible for the Government forces not merely to drive the Italians out of the mountains, but to fold back the defences all the way along the valley and sweep into Madrid, outflanking the enemy forces now lying on the Jarama side of the city.

It was inevitable that for this project the International Brigade should be withdrawn from the Madrid front; they were the only really seasoned and well-trained fighters available, for although the Spanish troops were being trained as rapidly as possible, their experience and equipment were alike inadequate to so vital a move as this.

There had been six or seven hundred men in the British battalion at the opening of the Madrid offensive; two hundred of us were left now. The Abraham Lincoln and the Thaleman Brigades were in like condition. Nevertheless, we were to form the spearhead of the attack. In war, you work with what you must.

A continuous line was impossible. Mountains and swamps restricted the formation of our battle order. It was a country where the unexpected assault was easily prepared and likely to be successful. The visibility was poor at all times, the mists forming in the valleys seldom entirely dispersing, and this added to the natural difficulties of the terrain.

We were joined by the Asturian miners; the first we had seen of these celebrated fighters. Their courage was unbounded, and even the mere method of their attack full of danger. They were dynamiters, but there was little opportunity or occasion for them to tunnel under enemy positions in the way of trench warfare; so they carried sticks

of dynamite, which they used as others would use hand grenades, first lighting a fuse attached to the stick and then throwing it. It was agreed that the miners should be divided and a certain number allotted to each section; they were, if possible, to deal with tanks and armoured cars, leaving the infantry for our attentions.

Now for the first time we saw German aircraft flying low enough to be identified as such; the type, a fighter-bomber, was unknown to us, but the swastikas on the wings were unmistakable.

Before we joined in battle with the enemy we learned that Germans and

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

Moors were supporting the Italian troops. We had heard tales about the Moors; none of them very pleasant; but it must, in spite of that, always give rise to a certain sardonic amusement to think of the blacks fighting for General Franco, who was described (I shall not say by whom) as "a gallant Christian gentleman".

I had been mainly a rifleman till now, but found myself promoted to handling a Colt machine-gun, with two other men; and we were instructed to get into position about a hundred yards in advance of the main forces. We did so; and then waited.

I have an intense aversion to waiting for anything at any time; but to wait for the commencement of a battle in which one is something more than a spectator, not knowing even at what time the battle is due to start, is a test I do not wish to undergo very frequently.

The man in charge of the gun, and of us, was an ex-baker; we believed that he knew the zero hour, but our enquiries could draw nothing out of him; he was as uninformative as one of his loaves.

I found myself wishing that we two were, respectively, a butcher and a candlestick-maker; the thought of "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker", who are immortalised in the old nursery rhyme, manning a machine-gun in the Jarama valley was pleasantly absurd.

WAR IN SPAIN• *Continued*

To fire an occasional burst would have been a relief, but we had strict orders that on no account were we to fire before the battle began, since this would have revealed our position and rendered it ineffective.

If the time fixed for launching the battle was a surprise to us, it was even more so to the Italians. Tom Wintringham, who commanded this operation, had calculated that it would be; the usual thing was to open an attack at dawn, and this one at five in the evening found the enemy quite unprepared.

Our attack was concentrated on presumed weak spots in their defences; they seem to have thought that the whole line was attacked, and in the terrible confusion, intensified by the uneven nature of the country, it is certain that on some sectors they were firing at each other. They were using, too, a system of block firing, and our commanders were quick to realise this; our troops were rushed to non-firing sectors, where they encountered only feeble opposition.

The Thaleman and British battalions, comprising in all about seven hundred men, must have taken on about four thousand Italians; the enemy suffered a complete collapse, we took a great many prisoners, and as the dusk deepened into night and the battle ceased we found that in two and a half hours we had driven them back for a distance of five miles.

Sleep came easily that night; on the next day there was a welcome lull in the fighting, both sides contenting themselves with a few skirmishes and patrols of investigation.

During the afternoon I saw the body of Ralph Fox, the young Communist author, carried back to our lines by some French lads who were bringing in the wounded and the dead.

His death was a tragic one. He had been told that, despite his own wish to engage in the fighting, he would be of more use in administrative work; but he was determined to take his place by the side of the men. There was some question as to how he had managed to join us; and there was mystery, too, in the manner of his death, for he lay quite alone and did not seem to have had anyone with him when he was shot and killed. The Frenchmen had not been able to get his body back at the first attempt; they did not know who he was,

for the papers he carried, and which they brought with them, were not in his name; but one of the brigade commanders knew that he had been issued with false papers (probably to avoid trouble if he were captured) and identified them as belonging to Ralph Fox. The search party went out again and carried him back for burial. He looked serenely at peace, almost as though he had awaited and welcomed the bullet that finished him.

Through the following two days we pressed home our advantage, and reached our main objective, the sunken road which traversed the mountains. It was decided that we should wait here, to gather in the wounded, get fresh supplies of food and ammunition, and reorganise our depleted forces. The Italians had retired to the plateau at the mountain top, about one mile distant, from where they commanded an excellent view of all the surrounding country.

Three more days passed uneventfully before the expected counter-attack took place. It was a bitter struggle, and the Moors, who now joined the Italians, threw the balance on their side. We gave way, retiring slowly, fighting all the way, back over the ground we had gained into the Jarama valley.

The Moors took no prisoners and were themselves never taken prisoner; and they never retreated. They were ferocious fighters, merciless and devoid of fear; in flat terrain their cavalry was amazingly effective, in spite of their preference for the sword over the rifle. We were unused to the tricks they employed, and many fell into their traps before we learned their methods.

During the first day of the renewed fighting all three of our senior commanders were wounded; Wintringham in the leg, Overton in the shoulder, and Cunningham twice in the chest: no rear-line generals, these. There was no panic at the casualties, all the section commanders were well instructed, and our retreat continued in good order.

My first introduction to a favorite trick of the Moors came during this fighting. I saw one crawling towards a position we were defending, and fired a burst and stopped him in his tracks. There was no sign of life elsewhere, and I relaxed; half an hour passed; then, suddenly, fifteen Moors arose, as it seemed, out of the ground just ahead of the first one, and charged towards

• *Continued on page 27*

If Winter Comes . . .

by J.H.M.

The snow is lovely, I admit,
But one can have too much of it;
And we have had too much—O Lord,
To walk the fresh green English sward!

* * *

If Winter comes, the poet says,
Can Spring be far behind?
I find it cheering nowadays
To keep those words in mind.

The Wintertime will surely end
And all the snow be gone,
According to the chap who penned
Epipsychidion.

Ah, you will say, here comes the Spring;
I hear the prairie larks.
Now is the time for frolicking
With pretty girls in parks!

Soon afterwards the Summer gay
Will bring its jolly sports;
Then I shall pack this kit away
And wear my khaki shorts.

But scarcely have you spoken when
The sun begins to burn.
He relishes roast Englishmen—
He cooks them to a turn.

Then myriads of nasty things
Will chew your roasted hide,
And fly away on happy wings
With bits of you inside.

The rest of you may melt away
And trickle down the drains:
This often happens, so they say,
Upon the Western plains.

So you who sigh for Summer's cheer
Amid the glaring snow
Will sigh when Summertime is here
For ten or more below.

* * *

O Fahrenheit, my Fahrenheit,
You rush, like Woman, to extremes;
The both of you I here indict:
There is no reason in your schemes!



WAR IN SPAIN

• Continued from page 25

us, up a steep slope. My gun and another nearby swept them down like so much grass before a scythe; all but one, who came through that first fire and continued his mad rush up the mountainside, yelling the name of Allah at the top of his voice and giving every appearance of enjoying himself immensely. If he was, he made a good end, cut off in the middle of his ecstasy; the other machine-gun echoed among the hills, and his cry ceased suddenly and he spun round and seemed poised for an instant and then fell and rolled down, down, to the foot of the mountain slope and into heaven or hell or whatever other place greeted his spirit.

The trick, we learned from a man who now crawled back from an outlying machine-gun position which these Moors had silenced, was to drag a corpse or a dummy, exposed to the enemy's view, about ten or fifteen yards behind the raiding party; to allow this object to be "killed", disarm suspicion, and then make a sudden assault. I heard often afterwards of this ruse being employed, and saw it again myself. It was undoubtedly effective.

After a few days the remnants of the British battalion were ordered to withdraw. Ninety-two of us returned to Cinchon. The others rested, and still rest, in the valley and among the mountains; but their memory will live while the name of Liberty is still honoured among men. Sleep quietly, my comrades; for you shall be avenged.

• To be continued

ENTERTAINMENT

• Continued from page 23

appropriate to the occasion. The decoration scheme, which is generally attractive, was augmented to make a colorful and fitting atmosphere.

To our new officers—LAC. Hurst (dances) and LAC. Haughey (whist drives and recitals) are due our thanks for the capable and original manner in which they are acting as masters of ceremony.

If you want to be a billiard player, take a cue and a tip from AC. Aves of Workshops. His is the master stroke which won the Station Championship and the Cup presented by the Commanding Officer at the Valentine Day Dance. We hear he is in the "potting" effort, too. Will he be snookered this time, or will he?

Variation on a Familiar Theme-III

To the tune of "Sally in Our Alley."

Of all the erks renowned for scrounging
There's none like AC. Hookey;
Upon his bed he is always lounging,
Enlightening the rookie
With tales of how he told the Air
Officer Commanding
His hours of duty were unfair
And really too demanding.

His Chiefie and the airmen all
Make game of this poor fellow;
They say his tales are very tall
And shakier than Jello;
For to the man who tries to get him
Out of bed on Monday,
He says his creed will only let him
Work every other Sunday!

They tell him, in the future, when
Again he's a civilian,
He'll have to work. His language then
Becomes a rich vermilion.
But when his seven long years are out
He'll still find his enjoyment
In drawing weekly, we've no doubt,
His pay for Unemployment.



Solution to Crossword No. 18

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

The prize of \$1.00 has been awarded to

AC1 J. HUMPHREY DAVIES
Hut A

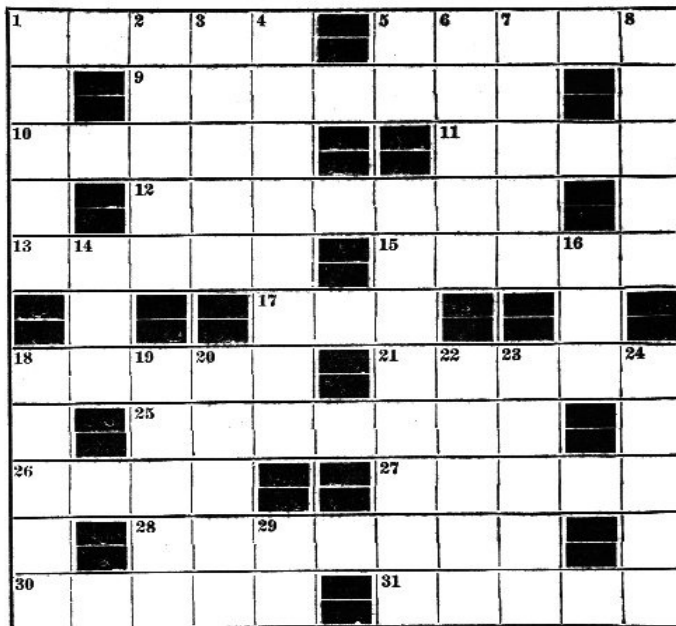
32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw, Sask.

Crossword Competition—No. 19

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive by March 10, 1943, to

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

marking the envelope "X-word".



CLUES ACROSS

1. Cries.
5. A flower.
- 9 Goes beside a river.
10. A famous otter, slightly misspelled.
11. Amateur dramatic society.
12. Religious ceremony at end of after-noon (abb.).
13. Clasps at the bottom of ships.
15. Things you have after a major.
17. Scottish exclamation.
18. A favour (two words).
21. Not likely to be friendly.
25. You can make a goblin out of this.
26. Impatient exclamation.
27. A girl.
28. Addressed to the lady in 22 down.
30. The greatest ballet company.
31. Found in Serbia.
3. Pushed with a finger.
4. No more singing after this.
5. Automobile Association.
6. It's hard.
7. Low types.
8. Flowers.
14. Globe.
16. Thomas.
18. Where to offer a sacrifice.
19. Kentish elevators.
20. First letter of tramps has got in the centre.
22. Shakespeare said she was "all tears".
23. Come in.
24. Playthings.
29. C.O.'s initials.

CLUES DOWN

1. Observe time.
2. Another girl.

Name

Address

.....

CAN *you* SOLVE THESE?

1. A room is 40' long by 30' wide by 20' high. A spider is in one corner, 5 feet from the ceiling. He wishes to reach a point in the diagonally opposite corner, 5 feet up from the floor. How far has he to walk if he takes the shortest path?
2. I spend £10 9s on 23 books on geography, history, and mathematics. The largest number are on geography, and the smallest number are on mathematics. Each book costs as many shillings as there are books on that subject. How many books are bought for each subject?
3. In a field there is an odd number of cows, and a smaller number of ducks. Between them, they have 89 legs and heads. How many cows and ducks are there?
4. Five teams, representing rifle clubs of the Much Missingham district, recently held an Inter-Club War Weapons Sweepstake Competition. Each individual paid an entrance fee of one pound, and after five pounds had been put aside for the good cause, the winning team was to take the remainder. This was to be shared out in sums, all different and all whole numbers of pounds, in order from the top scorer down. No two teams had the same number-scheme for sharing the spoil; this, by the way, was only just possible for the numbers concerned. Shuter was top scorer of the winning team; Goodenough, the runner-up, got half as much again as Fayre, who was third. How much did Shuter get?

E. S.

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. The pyramid is 419' feet high.
 2. The ends of the ladder are either 17.87 feet or 9.03 feet from the floor.
 3. 132. (Square was $11 \times 11 = 121$ bricks).
 4. BROWN (3), BRAID (6), CLOWN (1), BRAIN (5), BRAWN (4), BLOWN (2).
-
-



Y.M.C.A. Film Schedule

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

FEBRUARY 21, 1943 — MARCH 15, 1943

- SUNDAY, FEB. 21—"Sweetheart of the Fleet": Starring Jinx Falkenburg and Joan Davis.
"Yankee Doodle Andy": Starring Andy Clyde.
"Community Sing".
- MONDAY, FEB. 22—"This Gun for Hire": Starring Veronica Lake, Allan Ladd and Laird Creagar.
"Kicking the Conga Round". "Meet the Champs".
- TUESDAY, FEB. 23—Cultural Films.
- FRIDAY, FEB. 26—"How Green Was My Valley": With Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Donald Crisp.
"Heart of Mexico". Travelogue.
- SUNDAY, FEB. 28—"What's Cookin'": Starring Andrews Sisters, Gloria Jean, Woody Herman and His Band.
"Going Places" and "Expectant Father".
- MONDAY, MAR. 1—"Torpedo Boat": With Richard Arlen, Jean Parker, Phillip Terry.
"Nix on Hipnotricks" and "Shooting Mermaids".
- TUESDAY, MAR. 2—Cultural Films.
- FRIDAY, MAR. 5—"Cadet Girl": Starring Carol Landis and George Montgomery.
"Golden California" and "Men for the Fleet".
- SUNDAY, MAR. 7—"Great Man's Lady": With Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrae and Brian Donlevy.
"Carnival in Brazil".
- MONDAY, MAR. 8—"West Point Widow": With Anne Shirley, Richard Carlson.
"Canine Sketches".
- TUESDAY, MAR. 9—"Cultural Films".
- FRIDAY, MAR. 12—This film to be announced.
- SUNDAY, MAR. 14—"True to the Army": With Judy Canova, Allan Jones and Jerry Colona.
"Nothing But Nerves"; "Olive's Birthday Presink" (Popeye); "Feminine Fitness".
- MONDAY, MAR. 15—To be announced later.

