



PRAIRIE FLYER

The Magazine of
No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.)
Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada

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Apology . . .

“**H**OW all occasions do conspire against me ———”; Hamlet’s words seemed best to summarise the situation while the battle to get this issue published was going on. First of the difficulties, in order of time, was the Christmas and New Year leave periods; they left the inevitable aftermath of dejection, and nobody appeared to have any literary ambitions at all for about a fortnight after them. Then my regular contributors; they will, I hope, appreciate the jest when I say that they are quite the most irregular bunch of men I have encountered in my life. Several days after publication date their copy was still dribbling in. However, I am always grateful to get it at any time; knowing the difficulties of combining the literary life with the exigencies of the service, I sympathise with them—deeply.

Not only were the contributors on leave, sick, on sick leave, missing, posted, busy, disgusted, unhappy, and generally unfit to contribute, but I fell in for awkward night-shifts, and a fire-party at probably the most inconvenient time in the month. There was one other little incident of which you may have heard. Everything that could go wrong **went** wrong; and as I write these words immediately before going to press, I shall be in hourly expectation of a call from the printers to say that a forme has broken or the office-boy has fallen into the printing press and can we spare the time to stop running and get him out? I am prepared for anything; if an earthquake shattered the printing plant I would be not even faintly surprised.

Well, it is time to stop worrying; and I am a little cheered when I recollect the number of service magazines that I have received in which are expressed apologies for being a month late or more. If this copy reaches you, it will at least do so in January.—Ed.



PRAIRIE FLYER

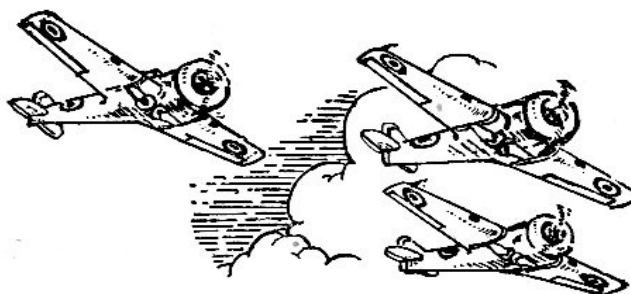
THE MAGAZINE OF
No. 32 S.F.T.S.
R.A.F.

Moose Jaw - - Sask.
Canada

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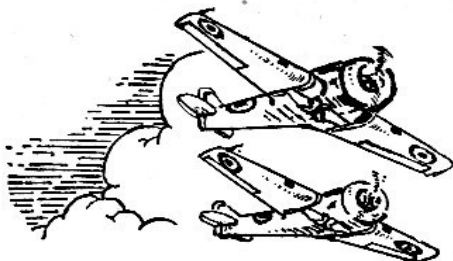


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EDITORIAL

I WAS mildly surprised recently when a sergeant approached me and said (in effect, though his actual language was far ruder) that my Christmas editorial was no good.

What was wrong with it? I asked. The facts were unimpeachable; perhaps some of the comments had upset him?

No; it was the language.

The language! What, then, was wrong with that?

There were too many long words, outlandish words, words that no one had ever heard before. The average airman, he said, wouldn't understand what they meant; he didn't understand them himself.

I cast my thoughts back; there was nothing of the sort that I could recall. However, it was possible that an "ichthyomorphic", or "onomatopoeic", or "œcumenical" or another of those jolly little fellows had slipped in; I asked him to come with me and look at a copy and point out the words he meant.

He added on the way that I must have sat up half the night with a dictionary to find these words.

I assured him that when I was up half the night (or more usually all night; I seldom do things by halves), I had much better occupations than reading dictionaries, which by this time I found a little tiresome, having used them extensively for the past sixteen years or so.

Now my surprise was completed; for on being shown a copy of the editorial, he indicated the words "cosmic", "significance", and "commemoration" as the offending ones.

That anyone should be unaware of the meanings of such commonplace, everyday terms was so incredible to me that I found it extraordinarily difficult to argue about his contention. I could only say that I failed to agree with it; in reply to which he asseverated that he had lived for thirty years and he had never encountered them.

In retrospect, I have come to believe this to be either a rather elaborate leg-pull, the result of a heavy sense of humour, or—well, I shall consider it as a leg-pull; the alternative is not very flattering to someone.

I have no firm belief in this chimera of "the average airman". The airmen I know are an amazingly diverse set of creatures, and that stands for the human race as a whole, too; striking an average among human beings is a difficult and dangerous procedure, for some of them are certain to wobble or bounce (according to temperament) into unforeseen variations of their own, and you are very likely to find yourself in the end with more exceptions than rules; a fact to which many revolutions have testified.

What is more, I do not believe that "the average airman", if he exists, is such a dullard as our friend would have us think. It was a sentimental middle-class view of the private soldier in World War I which saw him as a kindly but rough boor who demanded a literary diet of crude jokes and vulgar appeals to his emotions. The conception even then was largely inaccurate; but now, applied to the Air Force particularly, it is more than faintly ridiculous. I suggest that our friend the sergeant should stop the first fifty airmen he meets on this camp and ask them what they were doing in civilian life; the answers might provide some pleasant shocks, and serve to modify his outlook a little.

I suppose if one is accustomed to speaking in nothing but monosyllables, and habitually denying oneself the great wealth of the English language, it does seem a little odd to find others rejoicing in having such a rich language to use; but for myself, I shall continue not merely to write polysyllabically but also to talk like a book; in the first instance, because one long word used rightly is shorter than half a dozen small ones; in the second, because I have not that contemporary fear of appearing too intellectual which is the most pathetic manifestation of our age's passion for conformity.

We of the *Flyer* believe that the airmen want their magazine to be as well and intelligently written as possible; and since the last two editions were completely sold out, our belief would appear to be justified. So long as sales remain at this most gratifying level, our policy remains, unaltered.

A Happy New Year to you all; and may it bring the peace.

—T. M.



THE *Padre's* LETTER

DEAR FRIENDS:

In commencing this first Padre's Chat of the New Year, I would like to wish all readers and every member of our Camp, a Very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Christmas has gone but I hope it has left in many of our hearts a lasting reminder, so ably expressed in Longfellow's "Christmas Bells":

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And mild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

And in despair I bowed my head
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
God is not dead nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail
With peace on earth, goodwill to men!

These thoughts, thus expressed by Longfellow, have been very forcibly exemplified by those words of Prime Minister Winston Churchill, who on Sunday, November 29 last, when the bells of many churches in England had joyously pealed after the victory of the 8th Army in El Alamein, said:

"Since we rang the bells for Alamein, the good cause has prospered."

A gentle reminder of the existence of our loving Heavenly Father and a simple acknowledgment of His goodness even in the mere pealing of the Bells can give us the courage to face whatever the future may hold with a quiet confidence.

I have been amazed how often, during the past few months, great leaders in our armies and of our nation have referred to a trust in God or revealed by their lives a living faith in Him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we may ask or think.

Lieutenant-General Bernard Law Montgomery, a son of a bishop, who during one period of his life was destined for the Church and who, contrary to the wishes of his father, chose the army during the time of the Boer War. A non-smoking, non-drinking, non-dancing, non-gambling man, whose Puritanical outlook has apparently often caused comment, but a man who is

known to read the Lessons at his Church Parades and has shown a strength of character and a mind worthy of the great leader which he is. Such traits have not belittled him in the eyes of his superiors, and rather he has proved himself to be a Good Soldier.

Lieutenant-General Dobbie, the hero of Malta, once said that "to serve God and to follow Him is a very real and practical thing in the army, the help that He gives is also real and practical as I have proved a number of times. I could not face life without Him."

Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts, who holds honorary degrees from some twenty-one Universities in Great Britain, U.S.A., Canada and South Africa, and who has proved himself to be a great leader of men, said on the 25th of February, 1942:

"I wish to say, fundamentally the world has no need of a new order or a new plan, but only of the honest and courageous application of the historical Christian idea. Our Christian civilization is based on eternal order, and endless plan in the message of Christ. Many new messages and the messengers will appear in these times of great tribulation. Let us hold on to the eternal message. Let us follow the light which once shone before us, the greatest Light that has ever arisen on the human horizon and which can surely lead us to that better world for which we are longing. In the twilight of today I see on the horizon, not the man of Moscow, not the man of Munich, not the man of Rome—but the Man of Galilee—the Man of Galilee is, and remains, our One and Only Leader."

These are men, wise leaders whose faith in a Great Leader holds them in good stead in this our hour of need. They are men who stand out as visionaries, unashamed of their ideals and who have proved themselves worthy and competent heads of our Nations' affairs.

May some of their confidence and trust be ours during the coming days of 1943.

With every good wish,

Your sincere Friend and Padre,

MAURICE S. FLINT.

The Welsh in Heaven

by

J
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H
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M
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"Good Peter," said the Lord,
"I feel extremely bored.
The blessed seraphim
Drive me to melancholy
With 'Holy, Holy, Holy',
Their one incessant hymn.

"In ordering a change
We need not earthwide range
For talent's offering;
For as you know, good Peter,
No earthly songs are sweeter
Than those the Welshmen sing.

"I wish our seraph choir
Had more of Celtic fire
And not so much *finesse*.
Although for many æons
They've practised at their pæans,
They're sadly spiritless.

"So all the Welsh who die
Are welcome here on high
Today and evermore.
Because my heart rejoices
To hear their fervent voices,
Their sins I will ignore."

And now the Welsh folk pass
Through Heaven's gates *en masse*,
Good, bad and all the rest,
To take their proper places—
The trebles, altos, basses—
Among the choral blest.

Who toiled in narrow gloom
All heaven have for room
And the great sky above;
And God's grand empyrean
Thrills with their ceaseless paean
To Him whose name is Love.



A Word on Welfare

*Objects and Achievements of the
Airmen's Welfare Committee.*

I wonder how many airmen on this camp realise that we have a Welfare Committee?

And of those airmen, how many realise what the Welfare Committee means to their everyday lives?

The proportion, I fear, must be a regrettably low percentage. Now it would be hard to believe that there is one man at 32 who would not agree, in principle, that this is a bad thing; but what of practice?

Principles, however rational or good or even exalted, that are not interpreted in action are worse than useless and less than nothing.

There is not, I repeat, an airman on this camp who would not say, if questioned, "Yes, we should certainly have a Welfare Committee, and certainly we should all take an active interest in it." But in practice, what do we find?

Apathy, indifference, leave it to the next man, the keen ones will keep it going.

Well, and so they will while they can; but, however zealous and fair-minded they may be, they cannot be fully representative, because they cannot know the views of everyone; and under Air Force ruling, a committee that is not fully supported by every member may be disbanded as non-effective.

It was decided in committee that an article should appear in the station magazine outlining the past record of the Welfare body, and that decision was given the approval of the Commanding Officer. Here, then, is the history so far.

The original composition of the committee, which it has retained, was: President, Secretary, a corporal representing Junior N.C.O's., an airman from each hut representing the airmen, and one man representing living-out personnel. Each representative was to have a deputy.

The first meeting was held on March 4, 1942, under the presidency of S/L. D. Foster, who was then Station Chaplain. He began by outlining the committee's functions, and then suggested the election of a secretary. Cpl. A. E. Zaminzky was voted in; and he filled the position very capably until his recent posting.

The most important recommendation made at this first meeting was the granting of permanent sleeping out passes. To this the C.O. replied, "Agree in principle for steady men of very good character." He added that the matter would be discussed by the officers commanding various wings before the final decision.

Most of you will have found this courageous experiment an established thing when you arrived at the station; and, quite naturally, taken it for granted; but I would like you to remember that the privilege was earned by the good work and good character of your predecessors, and secured at the instigation of the Welfare Committee.

G/C C. E. H. James, M.C., who thus displayed his trust in the airmen, has returned to the United Kingdom; but our present C.O. was then C.I., and would in his capacity of O.C. Flying Training Wing have been instrumental in giving the scheme authority.

Early in the minutes I find some "Advice for Future Meetings" from G/C James. Here are some quotations from it:

"I realise that the Welfare Committee have a difficult task and that they are conscientiously doing their best in the interests of the Station as a whole. The following advice is given to help in your task and to condense proceedings:

"The object of Committees is laid down in K.R. 1344.

• Continued on following page

by the Secretary

A WORD ON WELFARE

• Continued from page 5

"Boards and Committees will have for their object the ascertainment of facts and their presentation in convenient form. They will not be used if any point of discipline is involved."

This quotation can be used as a general guide and to that I would add that a Committee should make recommendations."

Regarding discipline, the following note was made:

"The word 'discipline' covers a very wide range and although you are not entitled to comment on purely disciplinary matters, other matters may crop up which will affect discipline indirectly, rather than directly, and such matters may well be considered by you. It is really a matter of using your Service knowledge."

It is difficult to make a selection of items from the minutes to illustrate the work of the Committee; so many of the points brought up for consideration would require lengthy explanation at this distance in time, and so many were affairs of the moment which hold little interest now; improvements in arrangements for P.T., enquiries into clothing issue problems, issuing of rations to living-out personnel (a practice supplanted by ration allowances), income tax rates (now considerably lowered, thank heavens!) and like matters have become so many dead horses, which I do not propose to flog.

However, skipping lightly through the pages, I have gathered a few notes of improvements and amenities which will help you to see how the Committee has been able to bring to the attention of the authorities things that would otherwise, in all probability, not have been brought to their notice and hence nothing done about them.

Being permitted to make down one's bed after 12.30 instead of 16.30 hours.

Billiards Room open in the afternoon.

Electric irons in Drying Rooms.

Extension of breakfast time on Sundays.

Canteen and Writing Room open until lights out.

Soap racks in showers.

Hot meals at mid-day in Canteen for living-out personnel.

Blue pilot lights which will soon be installed in billets.

Enquiry into taxi situation.

And so on and so on.

Now there is little doubt that *you*, at one time or another, have had a brilliant idea for some alteration or improvement in camp matters, whatever they may be. What have you done about it? Have you approached your hut representative and asked him to bring it to the Committee's notice? If you haven't, you've no right to grumble about the thing in question not being achieved.

Get to know your representative; get him to tell you about the meetings; and discuss with the other men in your hut what proposals you would like to see brought forward at the next meeting. Make sure, too, that the man you've elected is taking a proper interest in affairs and attending regularly.

Keep the Welfare Committee alive! It is a valuable institution.

They don't have them in Germany.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 17

■	E	X	P	E	N	S	I	V	E	■
A	■	W	A	R	B	L	E	R	■	I
F	L	O	U	R	■	A	R	R	A	S
A	I	R	■	O	O	V	■	A	L	I
R	O	D	■	R	■	E	G	F	B	S
■	N	■	I	■	■	■	N	■	E	■
W	I	T	C	H	■	C	■	T	R	Y
A	S	S	■	A	L	L	■	A	T	E
T	E	E	T	H	■	A	G	I	S	L
T	■	L	I	A	I	S	O	N	■	L
■	D	I	S	S	I	P	A	T	E	■

The prize of \$1.00 has been awarded to:

LAC. H. PADMORE,

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

whose correct solution was the first to be opened.

THIS ENGLAND



THE THAMES EMBANKMENT AT WESTMINSTER

(In the foreground appears the R.A.F. Memorial)

—Lino Engraving by G. Sumner



Is a certain lofty sergeant allergic to the letter "K"?

Do some people at 32 have "strikes" anywhere but in the bowling alleys?

Was a Senior N.C.O. driven out of a High Street apartment by militant cockroaches?



Is it true that a certain officer is going to shave off his moustache in case it frightens the baby?

Who was hissed as he walked out of the Dining Hall?

Why did a little corporal laugh so much when he heard a feminine voice say over the radio at Christmas, "I'm a cook in the Airmen's Mess"?

Could the gentleman named "Sugar" now working in the Airmen's Mess be used to supplement the ration allowance?

Hasn't Joe the Basque got any girlfriends of his own?

And how did he enjoy his dance with the Flight Sergeant?

Is our Security Guard Section feeling lonely these days?

Who towed an aircraft into a ditch?

Has the Entertainments Committee received any resignations lately?

How was Florida looking?

Who is going to preach a sermon on the text "In my father's house there are many igloos"?

Could the training schools be shifted to Pensacola for the winter?

Who turned up again like a bad penny?

Who got pink elephants for a Christmas present?

Who are the celluloid-collar boys in the cookhouse?



Did the Editor enjoy his seven days' rest?

What next?

Words of Wisdom

"Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all."

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Variation on a Familiar Theme--II

To the tune of "*The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*".

He flies through the air with
The greatest of ease,
Does that daring young man
Now consuming the cheese;
A remarkable fellow,
For clearly, it's found
He can fly through the air
Without leaving the ground.
He's been flying now all through his dinner,
In formation, and circuits and bumps,
And stall turns and steep turns and dogfights and rolls.
What, lad! No parachute jumps?

He talks on and on like
A river in spate;
My head's going round;
I've forgotten the date;
He's reached the point now
Where the subject he broaches
Of how he's attempting
Inverted approaches;
And of how he corrects his instructor,
Who quite humbly accepts his advice;
In a minute I'll spoil his self-satisfied smile,
And call him things not very nice.

His accent is Oxford
(Plus a broad hint of Bow).
You could fill a large book with
What he doesn't know;
If he seeks to impress
He is wasting his breath,
For this daring young man
Simply bores us to death.
As I rise up to leave I inform him,
And with relish I watch how he squirms,
"You've convinced me of one thing, old boy, and that is:
How beautiful are the earth-worms!"

Yes, he flies on the ground with
Spectacular ease,
Does that binding pup who
Should be on a trapeze—
But for one thing I thank him;
It's to this I allude;
What a pleasure it is
To be frightfully rude!



BITS AND PIECES

[Collected by M. E. C.]

Did you hear about the chorus-girl who climbed the social ladder, lad by lad?

"Isn't the moon beautiful tonight?"

"I don't know, I'm a stranger around here."

A Jewish merchant was dying and momma, his two daughters and three sons were at his bedside. Finally, momma bent over her departing spouse and sobbed: "Can you hear, poppa? We are all here—all your daughters and sons and dear old momma, praying for you."

"Is Milton here?" whispered the dying man.

"Yes, poppa."

"Is Moe here?"

"Yes, poppa."

"Is Abe here?"

"Yes, poppa."

With a scream of anguish poppa sat up in bed. "Then, who in hell's looking after the store?"

Son: I ran all the way home behind a bus and saved 10 cents.

Father: Silly boy, why not run behind a taxi and save a dollar?

1st Erk: Where have you been?

2nd Erk: I've been in the phone booth talking to my girl, but someone wanted to use the 'phone, so we had to get out.

Wife: Why don't you stop drinking, for my sake?

Husband: Who said I was drinking for your sake?

During the American Civil War a Southern general once promised: "We'll be able to beat the Yankees with cornstalks."

After the war, he was running for office, and was challenged: "I thought you said we'd be able to beat the Yankees with cornstalks."

"So I did," he replied, "but they wouldn't fight with cornstalks."

You Can't Take
It With You,
Mr. Ponsonby . . .

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

A taxi-driver whose fixed fee is 20 cents for the trip from the Mayflower Hotel in Washington to the Navy Building received just that amount from a prosperous-looking customer.

"That's correct, isn't it?" the man asked as the cabby stared at the two dimes.

"It's correct," answered the cabby, cryptically, "but it ain't right."

Three men were sitting in a cafe in Germany. The first was reading a newspaper. Suddenly, he pointed to an article, shook his head, and exclaimed, "Tut, tut!"

The second man looked over his shoulder and exclaimed, "Tut, tut, tut, tut!"

The third man jumped to his feet and said:

"If you fellows are going to talk politics, I'm going home."

Erk: Are those Canadian greatcoats really warm?

Another Erk: They ought to be, they're all Flannel.

Heritage of Beauty

Echo's Song

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:
 Yet slower, yet: O faintly gentle springs:
 List to the heavy part the music bears,
 Woe weeps out her division, when she sings,
 Droop herbs and flowers,
 Fall grief in showers,
 Our beauties are not ours;
 O I could still
 Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
 Drop, drop, drop, drop,
 Since Nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

—BEN JONSON.

Thank You

To the *Prairie Flyer* which so kindly affords me an opportunity to express myself, I am deeply grateful. To the officers and men of No. 32 S.F.T.S. who have extended the hand of welcome and displayed a keen desire to co-operate, I am indebted to an extent which cannot be repaid by an expression of thanks, but must be balanced in terms of Y.M.C.A. service to all. It is my fondest hope that Y.M.C.A. and air force personnel may unite in a common effort to make No. 32

a grand place at which to be stationed and something to be proudly remembered by young men who graduate and go out, well qualified, to protect the principles in which we firmly believe. Y.M.C.A. deem it a privilege to serve you and, through me, their Supervisor on this station, extend the hope that 1943 will be a banner year.

W. AB. COOK,
 Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Happy Event

We are glad to announce the birth of a son to P/O. E. C. G. Collins and Mrs. Collins. P/O. Collins, now of 31 P.D., Moncton, N.B., was formerly LAC. Collins, editor of the *Prairie Flyer*. The baby was born on January 9, 1943, and both mother and child are well.

We take this opportunity of saying "Hello" to the proud parents, and wishing them all good fortune in the coming year; and may we all do our part in building a better world for their boy to live in, and for all the children born in these times of terror.

OR IS THIS FUNNY?

When a salesman in a town in New York State rang a doorbell, the house blew up.

The bell spark had set off accumulated gas in the kitchen.

Don't race trains to level crossings.
 If it's a tie, you lose.

* * *

A rolling stone gathers no Mrs.

a CALL to Repentance



(We print this because the *Prairie Flyer* is an open forum for discussion. If anyone wishes to reply to it, we will be glad to publish an opposite viewpoint.—Ed.)

It is the purpose of this article to attack, and to attack vigorously, one of the most evil abortions to be found in the world today. I speak of "Jazz". Before proceeding farther, let me make it perfectly clear that, for the purposes of this diatribe, I include, in the word "Jazz", those sad misnomers, crooning, hot, sweet and swing music.

Jazz owes its popularity to several factors; let me enumerate them.

The first, chronologically speaking, is, of course, the importation of Negroes from Africa and Madagascar into America, where they amalgamated our instruments and tonal scale with their own tribal music, thus forming one of the most vile hybrids the world has yet seen.

The most important factor, however, is the depressing state of individual intelligence of many people today, which, being incapable of assimilating solid food, must needs be given stimulants in regular doses—cinema, theatre, radio, sports contests—anything to excite the emotions and relieve boredom. The far more substantial, beneficial, and enjoyable pleasures of the intellect, and the contemplation of beauty, are eschewed.

The third of the more obvious reasons is the inevitable regression of morals, culture, and civilisation generally, in time of war. Thus, the first world war provided a fertile soil for the nurturing of the first spores of this noxious fungus, and the present one is showing us, much to our astonishment, that still worse things are possible.

That Jazz is tolerated by civilised communities is a sign of the times in which we live. Savagery is in the ascendant, intelligence and its use are in an advanced stage of atrophy, all things ugly are idolised, and lying and general insanity constitute the order of the day. That people should like Jazz is not the most dismal aspect of the matter; they are proud of liking it. Their low taste is vaunted, and becomes a kind of snobbery. They are ashamed to admit a liking for anything beautiful. They vehemently assert that they are not

highbrow, and continue to wallow in the putrefaction lying on every hand. We should do well to be proud of being highbrow, if by that we mean that we abhor ugliness, and search after beautiful things.

Let us analyse Jazz technically.

With unerring instinct, Jazz chooses for one of its most popular instruments the saxophone, probably the ugliest in existence with the exception of the electronic organ. Its tone is negative and woolly. We describe the violin as stringy, the clarinet as reedy, the bassoon nasal, and the flute liquid, but what shall we say of the saxophone? Goodness knows what queer shape a graph of its upper partials would make! Granted that when heard playing music, it is somewhat less devilish, what honest person would class its tone with that of the flute, clarinet, or violin?

Moreover, it is clear that nothing of beauty must be heard from a Jazz band. Therefore the trumpet, a noble instrument, is degraded by the use of a mute or tin bowler hat hung over the bell. Any device or piece of clowning will do, as long as the noises produced are not



... by H. P.

too unlike those of animals. Thus we are faced with the half-comic, half-odious spectacle of Rimski-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble-Bee" being "arranged" and executed (in more senses than one) by Harry James on a *cornet*, a vulgar instrument come into its own at last! To the vacuous nincompoops who drink in this effusion open-mouthed, it matters not that some beautiful music has been degraded, deformed, and abridged into a spurious and meaningless cacophony. They know that someone is "showing off" his skill in the execution of rapid passages, and that is enough to satisfy their warped little souls!

Jazz consists, usually, of a wailing melody of the most primitive design imaginable, supported by an equally primitive accompaniment,—a succession of chords! Monotony is avoided by such schoolboyish devices as the sudden substitution of saxophone chords for those of the brass, etc., and also by continuous and entirely unreasonable use of synco-

A CALL TO REPENTANCE

• Continued

pation. The noise droops on as apathetically as a drunkard singing at the street corner. There is no thematic development, and no meaning.

In the matter of rhythm, truth compels me to point out, at the risk of bursting the beloved bubble cherished by our foot-tapping, leg-wagging friends, that the ultimate in retrogression has been reached. What can be more barbarously commonplace than the insistent tapping of the drums, as regular as a clock's tick? A baby beating his spoon on the table has more sense of rhythm. Is this the most intricate rhythmic pattern we are able to appreciate 220 years after Bach produced unsurpassable monuments of complexity and unparalleled beauty? Let us hang our heads in shame, and see what we have been about, to come to such a sorry pass.

To give our Jazz drummer his due, this tribal musician in evening dress is sometimes allowed to break out by himself in dithyrambic ecstasy for a minute or two, when we hear what can only be described as an ugly and utterly meaningless noise. It is, admittedly, an exhibition of skill, but surely there is a time and place for this sort of thing? For my part, an exhibition of skill is not worth stirring ten yards to see, even if any unpleasant pandemonium is eliminated, unless it is accompanied by something a little more worthwhile. Therefore, for the modern young savages who are backward enough to rhapsodise over these drum "orgies", I recommend a short sojourn in a lunatic asylum, where they will be able to witness exhibitions of the same type, only far more interesting. (This is not based on personal experience.)

We now come to the most pathetic, but at the same time, the most contemptible figure—the crooner. A pick-pocket commands more respect than a crooner. For some unknown reason, he is usually a tenor, and a very insipid one at that, who has lost any tonal beauty that he may once have possessed, and has taken on something of the saxophone's *timbre*. He flops along like a belated jellyfish, one or two beats behind his accompaniment, swaying from the hips in the approved effeminate manner, and over his face is spread an expression of vacant and sensual beatitude. To make

matters worse, his words are horribly distinct! We hear about "Moon-love", "Angels of Hell", "Chapels in the Moonlight", "Chattanooga Choo-Choos", and other extraordinary concatenations. A mere inspection of the few quotations above (from thousands of similar ones) should convince any man or woman who aspires to be a member of a rational world, that such songs, for lack of a better word, and those responsible for them, are best allowed to return to the primeval slime whence they came.

The arguments advanced to support this evil growth are familiar, and famous for their naïveté and speciousness. What are the young people to dance to? Perhaps this explains in a nutshell why the young people do not dance nowadays. One can associate, without much difficulty, a stately ballroom, beautiful dresses and beautiful dances with a Strauss waltz played by a fine orchestra. Can anyone, however, reconcile a modern Jazz band with anything much better than the spectacle of a herd of humanity, in all kinds of odd garb, from slacks and sweaters to ski-pants and bobby-socks, suffering, apparently, from some nervous tic, shuffling about in the most ungraceful attitudes?

It ought not to be necessary to demonstrate the utter worthlessness of this maudlin pastime. Its avowed disciples drown it in a sea of chatter when it is being performed. (This, incidentally, is all to the good.) Its songs and "numbers", as they are called, endure for but a little while, before they are consigned to limbo, whence they are seldom, if ever, recalled. Yet real music, of either the folk variety or the larger compositions, survives centuries on its own merit.

What is to be done to improve this state of affairs? Better education in schools, and the inclusion of more of the arts in the curriculum, will help to restore a little beauty to the world, which scientists and capitalists are at present making, quite unnecessarily, ever more hideous day by day. However, the real remedy lies, I fancy, in the provision, government financed, if necessary, of more good music. Are not our radio programmes an outrage to the mentality of any thinking person? A starving man will eat offal. Could anyone, having heard, for instance, the choir at King's College Chapel, Cambridge, singing the Christmas hymn "O Come, All Ye

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WAR in Spain



• Continued

It was desired above all things that we should get Hitler's Condor Legion before the break-through; a victory for them in this sector would have been a victory for the band of criminal lunatics who were in control of the destinies of Germany; Germany, the land of Goethe, of Kant, Schilling, Heine, of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Schubert, of Ehrlich and a host of scientists, of, in our generation, Einstein, Franz Kafka, Bruno Walter and Thomas Mann, and now led by a paranoiac and disciplined by his bullying underlings. A grim thought; how little a nation's men of genius influence its affairs!

There was a certain pleasurable irony, too, in the thought that Karl Marx was a German, who was exiled and wrote his major work in London, where for years he was a familiar figure in that home of respectable learning, the British Museum Reading Room!

But one had little time for thinking in the four days that followed the beginning of the attack. The enemy's tanks were light, ten to fifteen tons, but fast and heavily armoured, and all their equipment was good; but we held our lines, or gave very little. It was difficult in the day-time to judge how the fortunes of battle were going; at night, we were occupied on patrols and in endeavours to re-form into our proper groups from the confusion that arose during the day's operations.

The Nazis opposite us began to use dum-dum and phosphorus bullets, but we did not retaliate in kind; and their methods served only to increase our determination, already strong enough, to resist.

Of the main scope of the battle I can say little, and indeed, there is small need to say anything beyond that it lasted for eleven days and at the end of that time we were in almost our original positions; but incidents of my own experience come back to me. I remember particularly one episode; I fired at one of the enemy with a machine-gun, and thought that with the first bullets I had finished him; but I kept him in view, for a common trick was to sham dead. He moved again; I fired a second burst; and again, after which I saw no further sign of life. Next day, a forward movement brought me past the spot, which I remembered; he was lying there, and dead for sure.

His left leg was almost blasted away by the terrible power of the machine-gun fire. He looked about seventeen.

Many pretty devices were employed by the patrols at night. One man I knew left a red flag stuck in the ground, and a hand-grenade fixed to go off if the flag were lifted; it was, and on the following night he found an Italian soldier dead beside it.

Cunningham, a man strong as an ox, carried a machine-gun away with him when he evacuated a position, but left

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

the tripod behind. Arrived at the point for a fresh stand, he held the gun and fired it, without a tripod, and to good effect.

Another lad, engaged in carrying the wounded back, was wounded three times in the course of his operations, in the leg, shoulder, and cheeks. He later received the personal congratulations of Premier Negrin, and returned to England to raise relief funds.

In England, the *Daily Mail* informed its no doubt anxious readers that Madrid had fallen; the source of information must have been a strange one, for Madrid did not fall while I was there, and in fact was still standing when Barcelona capitulated. Queer things get into the newspapers.

My luck was holding, and if casual sightseers had made their way into the front line I could not have shown them so much as a scratched finger for their pains.

The first onslaught had left both sides weakened by heavy losses. We had held off the Condor Legion, and all along the line the Fascists had failed in their purposes. Both sides settled down to an uneasy time of occasional small feints and comparatively quiet periods; the warfare was continuous but not intense.

Many men had died in those eleven days, some of whom I knew well, most of whom I did not know at all; I was conscious of their doom; but the cold impersonal stars looked down on them all from the night sky with an equal indifference.

• To be continued

Lament for the Sybarites

"The so-called rich after paying their rates and taxes and other inescapable commitments . . . will not have a penny of free income with which to buy a crust of bread."—LORD WARDINGTON, Chairman of Lloyds Bank, in the House of Lords.

THE over-privileged are underfed:

Lord Wardington is begging for his bread;
In starving hordes, the rich, from door to door,
Beg stale crusts from the gourmandising poor.
What ho! ye brokers, and ye bankers stout;
The poor are in, the rich are going out,
Classes have vanished, all are in the mill—
(Though, thank the Lord, the Dorchester's there still).
Now one may see the landlords, growing thin,
Fighting with rats inside a granary bin;
And great industrialists are said to make
Profound obeisance for a piece of cake.
Many a duke, 'tis whispered, we can mark
Cropping the grass with sheep in Windsor Park;
All the fine lords, the princes and the peers,
Finding their super-tax was in arrears,
Have rallied round the flag in Freedom's name,
And put the bloated poor to lasting shame,
The poor, who manage, though the land is lean,
To live on fat—or bread and margarine.
Oh, ye plebeians, feel ye not the weight
Of guilt that stamps your crime against the State;
For you have dared to eat. You say you must?
But Wardington can live without a crust!
Yet, it may be, Jehovah, ancient God,
Awakened from his customary nod,
Has pitied him, and pitied all his friends,
(He works by wondrous means to wondrous ends)
And even now they greet with loud hosannah
Their vested interests in His gift of manna.
It may be so; but He has been asleep
For centuries, although His children weep,
And will not waken now; for, so it's said,
Were He awake, no priest could go to bed.
So, we must face the problem quite unaided;
Quickly; Lord Wardington is looking faded;
Form the long breadlines, marshal all the rich,
Before they die of hunger in the ditch,
Return their charity, return their dole,
Before the flesh grows meagre as the soul,
Give them a crust, give Wardington a penny;
The few must live as fatly as the many.
We are not fighting to remove these people;
Proclaim the *status quo* from every steeple;
How could you all find work, O lowly mob,
Did not the rich provide you with a job?
Dives and Lazarus are in reverse;
Though things are bad, they're likely to be worse,
But we must let the rich, while they are able,
Gather stale bread-crumbs from the poor man's table.

—PERIWINKLE

The Gossipers

The gossipers, the whisperers,
Were given to delight.
With head to head inclined
And fingers on the blind,
They watched her out of sight.

Behind her stood the warm lit world
That long had been her own,
As past the watermill
And up the rocky hill
She hurried on, alone.

*The misty shadow fainter grew
In the evening rain;
She is gone, they said. She is gone away;
She will never come back again.*

—J. H. M.

A CALL TO REPENTANCE

• Continued from page 13

Faithful", listen to Bing Crosby mouth-
ing it with his inimitably mawkish sen-
timentality, without a feeling of pro-
found disgust?

Before it is too late, let us realise that
we are travelling back along the road to
dancing stark naked with bones through
our noses to the accompaniment of gut-
teral grunts and the beating of tom-toms.
Let us throw off this slimy incubus of
spinelessness and effeminacy, and let us
cultivate the tastes of reasonable human
beings who aspire to make their small
contribution to the grand scheme of
evolution. "*Meliora Sequamur*".

VOTE OF THANKS

LAC. Hancorn has taken over the
Prairie Flyer's accounts during Cpl.
Gard's absence, and we would like to
express our appreciation of his efforts.

Parting of the Clouds

What will the New Year bring for us?

It will bring some of the most tre-
mendous events in the history of the
war and, probably, in the history of the
world. It will bring us surprises and
shocks, disappointments and rejoicings.
That is all we know, and no man can
tell us more.

This, however, we may add: Never,
since the war began, have we been able
to greet a New Year with a more
rationally justified hope than that which
inspires us now. The opening of a front
in North Africa has thrilled us all and
given a new thrust to our endeavour.
It is the parting of the clouds above a
countryside that had grown cold and
grey.

Whatever may happen, we at least
know that the United Nations are
capable of action on a grand scale and
ready to take that action. No longer
need we ask, impatiently: *When? When?
When?*

The British and Americans have swept
into battle together and the enemy has
been discomfited.

North of us the people of Russia,
united by love of their country and by
selfless devotion to a creed, are adding
another epic to the story of mankind.

South of us, the Americans are fight-
ing and toiling with a superb faith in

their democracy. On cannibal islands,
and in steaming forests, they are making
the name of America terrible in the
ears of the foe.

Still further away, the Chinese are
fighting with the valour of a nation that
has never known conquest in all its
ages of civilised life.

In Europe the enslaved peoples stir
eagerly as they glimpse the first light
of the awaited sunrise. From France
comes a murmur that will grow, slowly
and steadily as time goes on, into a
mighty roar.

And in our own land, in the Old Coun-
try, a new spirit infuses the people as
they listen to the sound of their 'planes
in the night carrying the blockbusters
to the cities of the Reich. Do you hear
in that sound, Herr Hitler, the rumble
of the chariot-wheels of Doom?

Surveying, then, the entire warscape,
we can find there more to hearten us
than we have found since the defeat of
our armies on the Continent. We have
the right spirit and the right ideas, and
we are not hesitant to express them:
that is the great encouraging fact for
those of us who had bided in impatience
for the opening of a major offensive.
Its tonic effect will remain to drive us
into fresh successes and to strengthen us
in our dark hours.

—J. H. M.

Potted Personalities . . . No. 18



LAC. E. MOLTON

Formerly Drummer in Station Dance Band

CHRISTMAS IN CANADA

Holiday Spirits at 32

Christmasses in war-time; with what emotions will we look back on them in after years? We will remember one we spent at home, when by rare good fortune we managed to get leave and be near enough to make the journey; and perhaps the next spent in the wilds of Scotland, when what threatened to be a very gloomy Yuletide was saved by the determination of everyone on a camp to make it gay; another will recall a Christmas when even the thought of snow was laughable, for it was spent on the sands of the Libyan desert; Christmas, when war is over, will bring memories of a strange variety of places, Iceland, Malta, Norway, America, Tunisia, even the Outer Hebrides, and Germany and Italy too, very likely, before we've finished!

Not least memorable, for the enjoyment at least, will be the ones that Englishmen spent in Canada. Here at 32 S.F.T.S. and in the City of Moose Jaw we seem, looking back, to have had a very happy one indeed; I saw no long faces over the holidays, and have heard no complaints from anyone; in fact, in the popular phrase, a good time was had by all.

Children's Party

Camp doings seem to group naturally under the headings of a succession of parties. To begin with, the Children's Party; and what could be more fitting to begin with than that? Christmas is the children's time, and no adults, however fast and furious their fun, can ever hope to get the same magical sense of a tremendous celebration, a mysterious time quite unlike any other in the year, which they probably remember from their own childhood.

The Children's Party was a great success; several dignified gentlemen forgot their dignity to an amazing degree, and

all the children, who never bother much about dignity anyway, bothered about it even less. The role of Father Christmas was played with admirable conviction by Sgt. Cooper; though we do hear that he had a hard time persuading his own youngster that the benevolent Santa Claus who gave him a present was not Daddy in disguise. The party was organized mainly by W/C Everton and the Padre, and decorations were by LAC. Sumner (who, as we shall see, worked like a Trojan to provide settings for the various celebrations), and LAC. Coane.

Christmas Party, Airmen's Mess

Next, and biggest, best, and most uproarious of them all, came the Christmas Party in the Airmen's Mess. F/Sgt. Blore and his merry men really put their hearts into the task of persuading those who had to remain in camp that it was worthwhile doing so; and they succeeded admirably. Group Captain N. E. Morrison, A.F.C., the Commanding Officer, started the proceedings well by remustering temporarily and carving the first turkey; the officers and senior N.C.O's. went cheerfully about the business of keeping so many healthy appetites provided with material to work on; and the food itself was voted superlatively good. "The feast is set, the guests are met; may'st hear the merry din"; and I should think the merry din could be heard for miles. Later, as the beer flowed and cigarettes were lighted, enthusiasm grew even greater and F/Sgt. Blore was lifted shoulder high and carried royally around the hall.

The decorations to the Dining Hall were carried out by Sgt. Burton and staff, and LAC. Sumner provided some bright paintings of a seasonable nature.

One sad little note creeps in here; the cooks, having done so nobly for the men, were left with not so much as a wishbone for themselves. However, they were happy to have made others happy, in the true spirit of the Christmas festi-

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PLEASANT PRODUCTION

Sound Work in "Thark"

On Tuesday, 15th December, F/L. Forbes gave the first showing of his production of "Thark", a three-act farce, in the Station Cinema. The play, an entertaining riot of misunderstandings, is well known to English audiences both on stage and screen.

Against a background of superb scenery by LAC. G. Sumner, the company gave a highly satisfactory performance, to which competent directing added a polish of which one has often had cause to bewail the absence in non-professional work.

Of the scenery in Acts II and III particularly it would be impossible to speak too much praise; it created an atmosphere in which the actors could not fail to get the "feel" of their parts; and I think we are very fortunate to have this fine artist in our midst to grace camp productions with the fruits of his talent and invention.

Acting honours go, in my opinion, to Mrs. N. E. Morrison, Mrs. Diffell, F/L. L. Mills, Sgt. O. Cooper and F/L. R. W. Williams. This is not to say that the rest of the cast didn't put up a good show (F/L. N. Sparks was particularly entertaining) but that, if we are to apportion the outstanding credits, it is to these four players that I think they should be given. Mrs. Morrison remembered to act during every second that she spent on the stage, and made her part tremendously convincing; and her delivery of the words "It's 'aunted!" was a perfect delight. Mrs. Diffell brought to her portrayal of the maid, Warner, a charm especially effective. F/L. Mills, by judicious under-acting, kept a firm grasp on a role which could only too easily run to excessive and unsympathetic mannerism. Sgt. Cooper conveyed the neces-

sary awed obsequiousness, but at the same time managed to leave the impression that, on his return to the kitchen, he would be sampling the best the cellar had to offer. And F/L. Williams sent the authentic shiver up the spine by his beautifully gruesome aspect, and his sinister voice and macabre intonation ensured that it was a long time before the shiver came down again!

The rest of the cast, in order of appearance, follows: Mrs. Diffell, Mrs. Williams, LAC. Wren, Mrs. Kalson, Mrs. Barnes, and LAC. Godfrey. The Producer and Stage Director was F/L. Forbes; Stage Manager, F/L. Lyddiard; Assistant Stage Manager, LAC. Frenzel; Assistant Scenic Painter, AC. Whitehead; Stage Carpenters (under Sgt. Cooper) Cpl. Arthur, LAC. Brett, LAC. Fraser, LAC. Hawkins, LAC. Long; Lighting, LAC. Baker; Floral Decorations were by AC. Coane; General Assistant, Cpl. Skinner. The Station Orchestra, led by Cpl. Turner, kept things going in the entr'actes.

Our thanks are due to all these good people who united to give us what was, I think, one of the best of our camp shows.

—T.M.

Warblers Well Received

The Choir of 32 S.F.T.S. gave a programme of Christmas Carols over radio station CHAB during the holiday. The programme was made possible by the generous co-operation of the station's managers, and announced by the Station Chaplain, S/L M. S. Flint.

A very creditable performance was put up, which has since called forth many verbal congratulations, and some letters of appreciation as well. Nice work, lads.

Christmas in Canada

• Continued from page 18

val; and later, they received some compensation.

Cook's Party

This was in the form of a Cook's Party, which took place on Friday, January 1st. It was held in the Dining Hall; table decorations were by LAC Paton & Co., and for the occasion, a number of our Allied pupils volunteered to act as waiters, a gesture greatly appreciated. After an excellent dinner, speeches were made by F/Sgt. Blore and the N.C.O.'s., who all expressed their appreciation of the staff's efforts in the past year, and looked forward to a continued pleasant association. With LAC. Wells at the piano and LAC Paton rattling the drums, the party launched into a sing-song, and a good provision of beer ensured the loosening of tongues to such a degree that there were even several soloists. An impromptu performance by LAC. Hems-worth (who is a dancing instructor) and Cpl. Stevens (who dances remarkably well) of a waltz and tango were cheered enthusiastically, and they crowned this with a skit on jitterbugging which accentuated its oddities just sufficiently to make it even more laughable than the actual thing. The evening was a most enjoyable one, a statement I make with certainty because I received an invitation and went myself.

New Year's Party, Officers' Mess

A New Year's Day Party at the Officers' Mess was furnished with some really superb panels, illustrating the departure of the old year and the birth of the new, ballet dancers, a carnival, a ball and other scenes, by LAC. Sumner; while another room was decorated by LAC. Coane, who made the wilderness blossom into a flower garden, in the dining room, and provided floral fripperies for a buffet which was in itself a work of art. Music for the dancers was made by the Station Dance Orchestra.

The Sergeants' Mess also celebrated the festive season happily, with parties at Christmas and New Year, all graced by women, wine and song in judicious quantities.

In Town

Canadian hospitality is notoriously lavish, and those who spent their leave

Wet Canteen Taking Shape

At one time, not very long ago, the Wet Canteen looked as though it had been hit by a hurricane raining bricks; but seeing now the result of this temporarily chaotic aspect, it appears to have been an unusually worthwhile hurricane, for something has come with the wind. Where before stood a blank and uninteresting expanse of wall there has now arisen a very English-looking fireplace, well-designed and well-built.

The fireplace was built by Sgt. Mitchell, N.C.O. i/c Service Police, with the assistance of Cpl. Barnholden of the Works and Buildings Dept., and they are entitled to our warm thanks for this voluntary effort. It seems a particularly decent gesture on the part of Sgt. Mitchell, since he himself will not be making use of the Canteen, and all his work is therefore devoted to the good of the airmen. Police N.C.O.'s., it would seem, are not quite the ogres that some prejudiced souls would make them out to be.

New furniture should soon be installed, and you will, we think, enjoy all the atmosphere of an English pub, one of the world's noblest institutions, once all these alterations are completed. It might be a good idea to name it and even have a sign outside; we suggest *The Gen and Griffin* as an appropriate title.

in Moose Jaw were assured of a good time; I express the feeling of the camp by saying "Thank you" to our hosts. Their generosity and good fellowship, which is, incidentally, perennial and not merely confined to Christmas, although at that time they excel themselves, is something that will always be pleasant in our recollection of the time we passed in Canada.

A special vote of thanks is due to the hostesses of the War Services Club, who organized under the able leadership of Mrs. J. H. Monson and Mrs. T. Lancaster the placing of airmen from 32 with their hosts over the holiday period.

Christmas, 1942, will, I think, be a far from unhappy memory for the personnel of 32 S.F.T.S.

—T.M.

Notes by the Way

"Now the New Year, reviving old desires"—so wrote the Persian many centuries ago; but however long ago the words were penned, they would still seem, to me at least, to be the last word on the subject. We look forward to a new year with great hopes, with countless fine plans, and are perfectly certain that it will be unique, quite unlike any year that was before in our lives, or in history; but looking back on it at the end of another step into the infinite darkness of eternity, it has not been so very different from all the others. We have revived the old desires; and the old desires have produced the same effects. People have behaved (and misbehaved) in the time-honoured ways, there have been wars and rumours of wars, people have been happy or unhappy in about the usual proportions; the emotions which are at the root of human nature serve always to ensure that there is no new thing under the sun, but only a variety in its expressions. We think ourselves very new and marvelous because we can pick up a telephone and talk to a person who is miles away from us; but the motives that lead us to talk to that person are things that we share with millions of human beings who now neither talk nor hear and are dust. Because we can ascend into the air and drop fiendishly intricate contrivances that will kill perhaps a thousand people at a time, we should not assume that we are essentially different in kind from the man who killed only one of his fellows at a time with a spear. There is a man in Europe now who has conquered from the coast of Norway to the Don; but in the twelfth century, Genghis Khan held dominion from the Danube to the far kingdom of China. Napoleon's mad ambition was broken in Russia, as Hitler's is in process of breaking itself now. Even history, it would seem, is remarkably similar not merely in its general trends, as one would expect, but even in its detail.

To wish one's friends a happy new year is a pious hope; to make, for the new year, resolutions, is to ensure disappointment; to think that it will be any

Storm Over Sausage

A man is said to have complained one morning recently that the sausages were tasteless and "uninteresting".

We concede him, and even defend, his right to complain about sausages or any other thing he has on his mind; but as basis for a complaint the adjective "uninteresting" seems a trifle odd to us. We cannot decide if he expected them to stand up on his plate and sing "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow" before he ate them, or to have limericks printed on the skins, or tell him the story of their lives, or what; we never looked at a sausage quite in this light before. It certainly opens the way for delightful possibilities; the well-known *Cambridge* sausage, for instance, might be manufactured in the appropriate light blue colour; *chipolatas* could have colour reproductions of old Italian masterpieces; *wieners* might suitably be decorated with a few bars from Austrian waltzes; the possibilities are limited only by the variety of sausages.

It is to be hoped that the cooks will attempt some innovations of this sort; we look forward anxiously to hearing someone, after receiving his plate, say sweetly to the man who served him, "I think your sausages are fascinating!"

Home News

A/C/M Sir Arthur M. Longmore, G.C.B., D.S.O., visited 32 S.F.T.S. on January 4. He gave an informal talk on present conditions in England, which was listened to with interest by the station personnel assembled in the Cinema.

Sir Arthur is touring all R.A.F. establishments in Canada, and was accompanied on his visit here by A/V/M G. R. Howsam, M.C., Officer Commanding No. 4 Training Command.

different from a thousand that went before it is childish dreaming.

I look upon the new year as I looked upon the old; a necessary, an unavoidable part of the time that is given me to spend in the light, between the two great darknesses of before birth and after death.

—D.G.

Appreciation

As one who helped to run a hospitality scheme for Canadian troops in England, it is peculiarly appropriate that I should now be able to express thanks to the Canadians for their kindness at Christmas and the New Year. They are always good to us; but during the winter holiday they exceeded the supposed limits of generosity by providing us with all the festivity we could reasonably desire in a world at war.

Christmas is, of course, the season of all seasons when the comforts and pleasures associated with home are most appreciated. With the nations embroiled in strife, and with thousands of miles of sea and land sundering us from our hearths, we could not expect a perfect Christmas. For that we should have had to be at home with all the old familiar faces around us and with the world at peace again.

As it was, we had a holiday for which we should all be profoundly thankful. How many of our comrades in dark beleaguered Britain, in the heat and battle-dust of North Africa, and on the perilous seas, can have known a Christmas and New Year as enjoyable as ours? They had no plum pudding in Stalingrad this season. . .

There are some who must always grumble. They grumbled in England; they grumble out here; and we shall find them grumbling in heaven. But even they may grudgingly admit that many thousands of others had a worse Christmas than themselves.

One little Christmas incident deserves especially to be recorded.

Among the applications for airmen, the good ladies of the War Services Club discovered the names of a very old couple, both over eighty. Further investigation revealed that they had spent money they could ill afford on providing fare for an airman as yet unknown to them.

That, I think, is typical of the spirit we found in Moose Jaw, and in such other towns as Regina and Winnipeg, during the Christmas and New Year festivals.

There was no need then for anyone at this camp to be without a home-from-

home. The same applies to all times.

It is the desire of the War Services Club, and indeed of the city in general, to have every airman in a home for his free week-ends (by "home" I mean a house, not an institution). A roster is being prepared for the convenience of those concerned, and any airman may have his name added to it by the ladies of the Club.

As far as possible, Protestants will be accommodated with Protestant families, Catholics with Catholic families, Holy Rollers with Holy Rolling families, and so on.

* * *

Providing hospitality means nowadays a sacrifice in rations. The Moose Javians (as I shall insist on calling them, after the example of Shaw and Shavian) have accepted this without a murmur—but it isn't fair to them. One or two airmen in the house from, say, Friday night to Sunday night, can make an appreciable reduction in the sugar and butter supplies.

In England we could claim ration coupons to take with us wherever we were going to stay. It was my practice when on forty-eights in London to give these coupons to my host. He was the C.O. of a London unit, and although People Like That are notoriously supposed to live on the fat of the land, I can say that he and his household appreciated those tiny bits of paper!

If we had a similar system here, those who provide us with hospitality would not have to bear an unfair burden, and we who receive it would be spared that guilty feeling which overcomes the sensitive soul when offered a second cup of tea.

* * *

In the great movements and minglings of population compelled by the imperatives of war we may find a hope for the future. With the opening of new horizons come the breaking down of old barriers and prejudices and the birth of understanding. For the growth of that understanding nothing is more favourable than a climate of affection; and so it may truly be said that every friendly contact formed between ourselves and the Canadians marks a step forward along the road to human brotherhood.

—J. H. M.

Pane and Woe

Outside the Duty Pilot's office at the top of the Watch Tower the Sign of the Three Black Barrels was swinging merrily in a strong wind. An interesting conversation was in progress within; probably about (a) the arrival or non-arrival of the boat, or (b) the general hopelessness of the Met. Office's handling of flight plans.

(Downstairs in the Met. Office the talk probably centred around the general hopelessness of the Duty Pilot's Office in its handling of flight plans. We know both departments rather well; they love each other, but have a somewhat peculiar way of showing it.)

Suddenly, there was a crash; the barrels had swung a little too merrily, right into a large plate-glass window, which immediately divided itself up into fragments; some of these whizzed into the office with intent to kill. A voice roared happily, "This is just like home!" and then a silence fell.

Wounded were P/O Parker, Duty Pilot, and LAC. Wright, on Fire Party for the day; one with a cut head, the other with a slashed ankle. A facetious remark, "The Medical Orderlies won't know whether they're on your head or your heels", appears to have fallen flat with the two sufferers.

A story that the Airman of the Watch had tied the barrels down with a piece of elastic is denied by everyone but his best friends.

Where Is Our Wandering Walling?

Mr. Eric Walling, for over two years Y.M.C.A. Supervisor at 32, has gone away. He filled a somewhat difficult position with efficiency and tact, and we wish him success in his new post. This, by the way, is Supervisor on troopships making the trans-Atlantic crossing, and we trust the gods of ocean will be kind to him in this rather dangerous work.

Mr. Cook, his successor, introduces himself on Page 11, and we take this opportunity of extending to him a warm welcome and hope that he'll be happy with us here.

Marriages

Cupid seems to have been working overtime of late, at least it appears that way according to the number of marriage ceremonies performed during the "popular month for such occasions". The Editor and Staff of the *Prairie Flyer*, on behalf of the personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S., take this opportunity of wishing the following couples the Best of Happiness, Health, Wealth and Good Fortune for the Future:

POWELL — JACOBSON: At Emmanuel Lutheran Church, Moose Jaw, Dec. 13.

LIVERSUCH — WRIGHT: At Church of St. John, Moose Jaw, Dec. 24.

GILES — GRANTON: At Church of St. John, Moose Jaw, Dec. 24.

CHANNER — FEATHER: At St. Barnabas Church, Moose Jaw, Dec. 26.

PHILLIPS — HABUZA: At St. Andrew's Church, Moose Jaw, Dec. 27.

PRICE — HAMILTON: At St. Andrew's Church, Moose Jaw, Dec. 24.

CHAPPLE — STOKOE: At St. Peter's Church, Edmonton, Dec. 26.

TROLLOPE — HOPALUK: At Knox Church, Winnipeg, Dec. 24.

DORAN — LORE: At St. Mary's Cathedral, Calgary, Dec. 19.

LEWIS — FAIRBAIRN: At Westminster Church, Winnipeg, Dec. 25.

PHILLIPS — STEVENS: At All Saints Church, Winnipeg, Dec. 31.

DRY — PEGGIE: At United Church, Moose Jaw, Dec. 30.

GOSNOLD — PERDUE: At Baptist Church, Moose Jaw, Dec. 29.

SMITH — SORENSON: At Knox United Church, Swift Current, Jan. 3.

CONGRATULATIONS

Births

It also seems Mr. Stork was not lacking in his efforts to keep up with Cupid this month. He introduced five children to the homes of personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S., and we send our heartiest congratulations to:

LINES — On 5th Dec., a daughter, Patricia Ann, at Moose Jaw.

• Continued on following page

Commissioner's Comment

We are indebted to F/O A. Carswell for the opportunity to peruse a letter he received from Mr. G. J. Matte, Commissioner for the Northern Areas Branch of the Province, in which he thanks him for a copy of the *Prairie Flyer* Christmas Number, and adds: "This is a very nice little magazine indeed and I am sure brings joy not only to those boys in the R.A.F. but particularly to their loved ones back home in England."

We would like in turn to thank Mr. Matte for his praise, and to extend to him, though a little belatedly, best wishes for the coming year.

Incidentally, we received an appropriate illustration to his remark, a letter from Mrs. H. Smith, of London, England, who writes:

"Just a few words in praise of *Prairie Flyer*. It's a most entertaining and interesting publication and I look forward every month to my copy sent by my brother, Cpl. E. F. Rickman of 32 S.F.T.S."

"Another brother in the Middle East also receives a copy, so you can see that *Prairie Flyer* certainly 'goes places'."

Mrs. Smith encloses some copy for the Heritage of Beauty section, of which we hope to make use, and adds that her copy eventually goes to a Canadian Legion Club in London.

Marriages — Births

• Continued from page 23

FINLEY—On 25th Dec., a daughter, Beverley Marie, at Moose Jaw.

GARDINER—On 19th Dec., a daughter, Gail Charlotte Helen, at Moose Jaw.

PARSONS—On 17th Dec., a daughter, Doris Judith, at Moose Jaw.

HOPKINS—On 2nd Dec., a daughter, Patricia Edith Ethel, at Moose Jaw.

MORE TO COME!

—J.S.

Medal Award

Miss Elizabeth Mary Jones, daughter of Sgt. Jones, who was until recently at this station and is now at Medicine Hat, received the award of a bronze medal

Officer Does "Stretch" at Moosomin

With our usual over-ripe imagination, we thought that one of our officers had turned States Evidence and gone to prison for protection—for we heard that he had voluntarily entered one.

He made a momentous decision and, at one of the most festive seasons of the year went bravely within the cold grey stone walls. Before his departure, he was seen walking around the Camp with a despairing look on his features (and his stomach tucked in), but his head gallantly held high. He said little regarding his departure—no one suspected his ultimate destination.

But the black book of Officers' Leave told the tale. True to the Service, K.R. & A.C.I., S.S.O., Order of the Boot, and various Regulations, F/O. A. C - - - 1 of Maintenance Wing had signed: "F/O. C - - - 1, c/o Provincial Gaol, Moosomin".

Was this bravery, was this disregard of consequences, was this effrontery,—was it heck! He only spent New Year's Leave with a friend, an official at Moosomin.

Handle With Care

A technical officer was going on a flight, and sent word from the Watch Tower to one of his minions to fetch him a parachute.

The minion dashed away to the parachute section, picked out a nice one, and came at full speed to the Tower.

He arrived trailing clouds, not of glory, but of silk.

Asked for an explanation, he said that he couldn't understand it, because he'd picked the damned thing up by the handle!

A rumour that he has since applied to remuster to the trade of parachute packer is denied.

from the Governor-General of Canada for general proficiency in her work in Grade XII at the Central Collegiate, Moose Jaw. She was one of four in Saskatchewan who received a medal. Congratulations!

Entertainment



As the scene of yesterday passes from our thoughts, it is fitting to record landmarks in our Station entertainments, and to express our appreciation and thanks to those who have contributed towards our social welfare in 1942. Viewed in passing, entertainment seems of little consequence in time of war, but focussed properly this phase in service life is essential to morale. After all many a good joke has broken down the stiffest of defences.

Now what of past performances? Well, there were our own "Ground Loops" and "Romany Revels", the Moose Jaw War Services Concert, Ukrainian Society Concert and "Life-buoy Follies Revue." In addition we experienced the re-introduction of weekly dances, occasional Whist Drives, Sunday Cinema Guest Nights, combined with film shows, Gramophone Recitals, Quiz Contests and Talks, etc.

The main features of our entertainment in the future, as in the year gone by, will be made up of free Cinema Shows four nights per week (Sunday Guest Nights) and weekly Dances. Whist Drives, Quiz Contests, extra Film Shows, and Talks, etc. will be organised at convenient intervals, and it is hoped that we can have periodical shows by our Concert Party.

"What's on in Camp to-night, Jackson?"

"Dunno—but there's almost bound to be something, Joe."

"We'll find out at Dinner Time."

"It's a really good idea this Gen Board."

"Gives all the dope on Entertainment and other outstanding events on the Camp."

"Sort of Camp Calendar, you know—covers 10 days—a good thing, too, Joe—gives the Griff on movies, dances, whist drives, concerts, hockey and basketball matches, etc."

"Must have a look at the Board, Jackson. Where is it?"

"You can't miss it, Joe—it's as plain as the nose on your face, and a big thing, too—there's one in the Guard

Room and the other is in the Dining Room."

Now, we ask you—what better method and sites could you pick to advertise your fare? The Committee have undertaken to keep you posted with all activities through this medium—so keep your eye on the Camp Calendar.

"Off the Record" is the special feature released twice monthly by our constant caterer to the music lovers, Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., of Moose Jaw, who has been putting on these station programmes (built mainly on requests from personnel) for approximately 18 months. Mr. Wickens' library contains so many records that he could play a different one each day for roughly 35 years, without repeating, and he is still adding to his Record of Records.

Now, what did you think of "Thark"? Did you see the show? If so, you must agree that this was one of the best, if not the best, show ever to be produced on the Station. "Thark" was exceptionally well received in the Friendly City at the Technical School. The Milk for Britain Fund benefits by canning the cash from these performances, sponsored by the Princess Pat's Club. The name of F/Lt. Forbes as the producer should be a guarantee of something worthwhile. The artistes say, "He's darned hard to please," but not half so hard as the fickle public, says he, and there we have one of the main qualities necessary for a successful producer. What's next, and when, Mr. Producer? We're waiting.

Amongst the events held since our last issue of the *Flyer*, we would refer briefly to the children's Christmas Party and the Airmen's Dance, both of which were held in the Cinema. "Women and Children first and foremost" was the war-cry of the Children's Party Committee. Once they were all safely landed in the Cinema, there was heaps for everyone. The young chicks and the old ones had a grand time. There were Side-shows, Goodies, Coloured Cartoons, Ventriloquist (LAC. Edwards) and the inevitable Father Christmas. Who was the Unknown Warrior? For warrior he must have been to force his way down the narrow chimney in the bedroom, heavily laden with gifts for all the children. The decorations,

• Continued on page 32

SPORTS

CHATTER

by the
SPORTS OFFICER



BASKETBALL

Inter Section League. — The Pen-pushers' team are the winners of the first Inter Section League 1942-43 season. The team consisted of: Cpl. Morton (capt.), LAC's. R. Laws, T. Evans, N. Hurst, G. Howcutt, D. Gordon, ACs. K. Funge and J. McGiffen.

Cups were presented to the winners at the Airmen's Dance on Thursday, Jan. 21, 1943.

Another league has been in progress since the second week in January and following this league, which will terminate in March, there will be a knock-out competition, thus providing three chances for would-be cup-hunters.



ICE HOCKEY

The Station Ice Hockey team won its first game of the season against No. 33 E.F.T.S., Caron, but lost rather badly against Johnstone Dairies, a team which included several Senior hockey players.

However, due to the keenness since this defeat of such stalwarts as W/O Simonson and LAC. McMillan (coach), the station team promises to uphold the sporting tradition of the unit.

LAC. McMillan, the station team coach, has offered to instruct any of our R.A.F. personnel interested in but not yet expert enough to play ice hockey, on Mondays and Fridays from 17.00-18.00 hours.

SKI-ING—At long last all the Ski Equipment has arrived, after numerous cancellations from warehouses due to lack of ready supply—after all, there is a war on. However, we can really start in earnest when we get more snow.

From those who have been ski-ing on the Golf Club Course I have had good reports. The gen on ski-ing arrangements is here repeated for your information:

1. Parties of at least five and not more than eight, from 09.00-12.30 hours and from 14.00-17.30 hours daily, will leave the Sports Store by taxi; charge, \$1.50 per car each way, i.e., party of five 60c return; private cars may be used if applicable.
2. Bookings for equipment must be made the day prior to requirement, at the Sports Store.
3. Personnel may book individually, and the first eight to enter their names will automatically make up each party.
4. Preliminary instruction regarding straight running, snow ploughing, stem-turning, climbing, and turning can be obtained from the Sports Officer at S.H.Q.
5. A competent instructor will travel with each party.

This is a grand sport which can be enjoyed by beginners (i.e., people who have never been on skis at all) as well as experts. Unlike a lot of other sports, where enjoyment comes only with proficiency, from the word "go"—it's wizard! So when you see that next fall of snow, get along to the Sports Store and book your skis, boots and poles; but one word of advice—although the burying of the head in the snow, ostrich-like, is not an elegant position, it is infinitely better than a "funk-fall" or "seater"! —C.B.T.



GLEANINGS from the G.I.S. ☞ ☞

ONE of our New Year's resolutions was to prepare these notes well ahead of the deadline for copy; a noble resolution and one which we intend still to keep in mind in spite of the fact that it has so far proved totally ineffective. Thus we find ourselves getting down to it on a Monday evening, of all times, spiritually broken after hours of swilling around in a barrack hut in the throes of what is euphemistically called "Domestic Night".

Mention of good resolutions reminds us of something we have been wanting to get off our chests for some time. Without in any way preaching or wishing to damp their justifiably high spirits, may we suggest that it is unnecessary, after a Wings Dinner, for pupils to return and break up the happy home? In the days when we had something to celebrate we seemed to remember having enjoyed some highly satisfactory evenings without occasioning anything more than a few incidental breakages. In wartime, however, merely "paying for what you break" does not make an end of the matter; replacements are hard to get, and, in any case, materials and labour are required for more urgent business than that of supplying deficiencies of chairs, tables and beer glasses, so if it is at all possible to have a good time without wrecking the joint, we'd prefer it that way.

Our congratulations to the G.I.S. Instructor who hit the headlines recently in the Sudbury, Ont., local newspaper. An article of some 500 words referred to him affectionately as "Norman" and, in large, black type, told how he visited Sudbury on the way back to Moose Jaw after spending his leave in New York City. New York, incidentally, will be relieved to hear that Norman thought it O.K. Apparently he got around quite a bit and managed to rub shoulders with boxers, music hall artistes and other minor celebrities. The reporter confessed a little uncertainty as to Norman's rank, but erred generously with "a Sergeant, I think" and added that by the time his words were in print the young English airman would be "back on the job again", a somewhat cryptic statement, which we record without comment.

Congratulations also to LAC. Reynolds of 65 Course who, awarded a few days' jankers during the week before his ground examination, asked to be excused the evening fatigues in order that he might do some last-minute swotting, got away with it and then proceeded to take top place in every subject! He should go far.

We learn that the R.A.F. Regiment now has its own motto—"Per Ardua". Any volunteers? —D.A.G.B.

The Invasion of Holland

This account by a Dutch pupil of his first experience of war has been left as far as possible in its original English, which has a quality of directness and simplicity that would, we feel, be lost in rewriting.

At the Dutch-German border in the little village of W——, at half-past ten at night on the ninth of May, 1940, suddenly the telephone rings in a small Royal Mounted Police post. Very sleepily, due to a hard day, a young member of the post gets out of bed and answers the call.

His sleepiness is quickly forgotten because this call is a very serious one, namely, "One patrol of two men at once

to proceed to the border and report details to the defence-line in the event of trouble," meaning—"Invasion"!

The young policeman warns his Brigade Commander, who tells him to wake a colleague and together they go to do this patrol.

Before going on I had better give you an idea of the situation at this place. In the drawing you see the Village W——, the defence line behind a natural strong point and the undefended area between the river and the German border.

Our duty consisted of patrolling the border from A to B. Along road C a demolition party had orders to uproot the trees by means of explosives in case of "trouble". This was meant to slow down any motorised unit.

To cut a long story short; until about two o'clock in the morning nothing hap-

• Continued on following page

THE INVASION OF HOLLAND

• Continued

pened. Though we could not see anything *then*, we heard waves of aeroplanes coming over. The demolition party did not want to take any risks and started uprooting the trees. When dawn came they were stopped by German sharpshooters.

This demolition party working at the trees did not stand a chance and only two of them (the party was 60 strong) escaped.

The two above mentioned policemen saw all this happen in a short time. Because they knew this part of the border better than anybody else, they succeeded in getting to the village before the Germans got there. They even managed to take the two escaped soldiers with them. When the patrol arrived at the village they found it was completely deserted. Later on they discovered that the other members of the post, as soon as they heard the explosions, had ordered the population to evacuate the village. The old ferry had been sunk, too. Only a little rowing boat was left for the patrol to cross the river. Shortly after crossing, the Germans reached the other side of the river and machine-guns started to rattle on both sides. The casemates (indicated by circles in drawing) started to fire their guns when the Germans tried to drive lorries into the river to make a bridge in this way. Many hundreds of German soldiers were killed in this, or, when injured, drowned in the river. When, however, the German artillery and the German aeroplanes came into action, the casemates fell one by one. It was really hell along this river. A direct hit on a casemate meant for all its occupants being buried alive. And this happened more than once and there was nothing the others could do about it. Parachutists landed behind the river but the majority were dealt

with as soon as they came down. Those who landed close by got a bayonet, those far off, some bullets. But as they came down in hundreds some of them got through and formed a danger in the rear. So the only thing left for the river line was to fall back gradually.

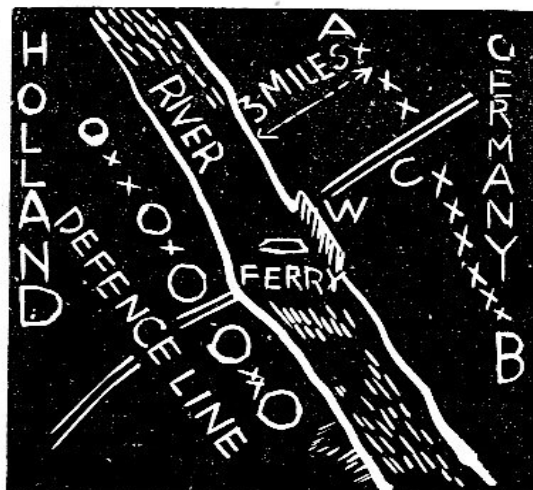
While we were retreating, the enemy air force tried to wreck everything on our way. All roads were bombed. All villages and towns we went through showed signs of bomb damage, either big holes in the streets, wrecked houses, or fires. Many people had been killed, amongst them several children. This retreat went on for three days, during which we received the terrible news about Rotterdam. Many of

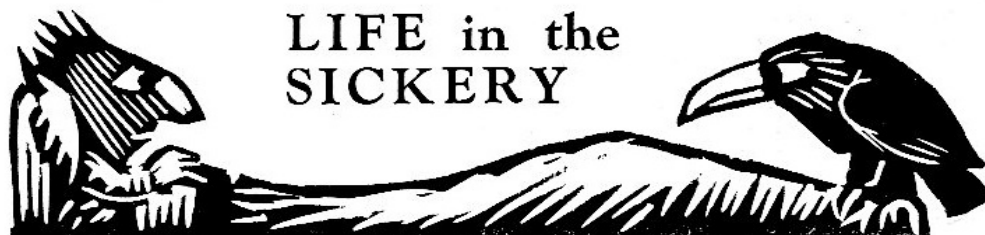
the soldiers at our part of the route had relatives in this town and obviously they suffered most of all through anxiety about their fate.

One fact has to be stated, however. As soon as the Germans invaded our country the French entered Holland from the south. They put up a magnificent show in fighting the parachutists, and if you think they used any pity you are wrong. I saw five parachutists coming down and soon after landing they were captured by a French motor section. The officer in charge lined the captives up against a wall and he himself shot them one by one.

After five days of misery, our country had to surrender. As soon as we heard this we left the country and carried on in Belgium. In the meantime we had spent our money and had either to ask for food or "find" it. It is surprising how good one gets at "finding" if one is hungry. We even "found" a car and plenty of petrol. Soon after the Belgian surrender we were in France. Mind you, this crossing of Belgium was no pleasure. Nothing but bombs and machine-gun bullets. But even this had no longer any effect on us. Here the same misery started all over again. No food, no beds,

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Well, here we are looking forward to another bright and cheerful year in the Sickery. We've started off well, too. Bags of customers rolling in, and are we enjoying it all! I know one gentleman with multiple stripes who, with every eligible victim, beseeches the M.O., with a book under each arm, a cigar behind each ear, three cents in his pocket and a pleading look in his eye—"You're not going to admit him, are you, Sir?"

Of course, in my present capacity as chronicler to this glorious institution, it is naturally demanded of me to give in my best English a true report of such incidents—and perhaps occasional innocent miscalculations—which have been outstandingly apparent since my previous report. To do this, it is naturally expected that one of normal capacity such as I (still doubted by many) should be in a position to observe, digest and commit to memory such sins as I have mentioned. However, much to my surprise, it has apparently been thought by the inmates of the Snuggery that I possess psychic powers; sufficiently so to write this month's masterpiece after an absence from "Active Service" of nearly five weeks, of which half were spent in spotted isolation, and the other half enjoying what I considered a well-earned rest (after a strenuous fortnight in bed) looking for the blue in the Pacific. It is, then, under these circumstances that I attempt to give, devoid of any malice, an unbiased report of what I can *imagine* has been happening in the Sickery.

First and foremost in the new year has been a visit from the stork to Mrs. Farley, wife of our philosophising corporal. Incidentally, this is one part of my monthly report not left to imagination! Naturally, Cpl. Farley is a very proud daddy, and came in (I imagine) giving bags of cigars away, and with bottles of firewater under each arm,

giving five-dollar bills to all the staff. I hear, though, that in the celebrations he got his Freud mixed with his St. Thomas Aquinas, which was very bad for one so Jung. Anyway, congratulations to Cpl. and Mrs. Farley from the staff.

I think two men I know are expecting colds; they've got the handkerchiefs in advance, drat 'em!

Another acquisition for the new year is a reclassification to LAC. for one of our colleagues. (Not imaginary, but barely comprehensible.)

Still, we think he deserves it as he's getting to be a big boy now.

Recently, I witnessed the thrilling scene of Cpl. ("Get some in") Fox being operated on. He was very brave, and as I held his hand he whispered something about "Sorry I posted that letter to you..." He had told me he'd been feeling pretty bad lately and said he was so anaemic that the Medical Officer told him he would have to have a transfusion before they could take a blood test.

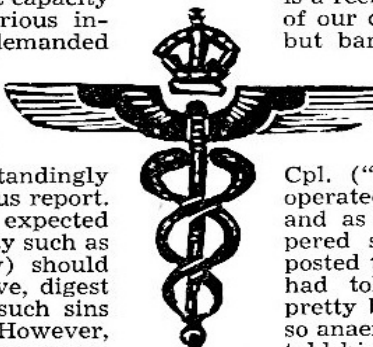
Has anybody noticed how quiet it has been this past fortnight?

A certain distinguished colleague of ours whose amorous conquests are rivaling Don Juan and Casanova had a touch of conscience the other day (it must have been that locket banging against his neck), and stayed in during the evening. Or perhaps that was in December?

General temperature is now recorded by Long Tom's right knee-cap. If he comes in of a morning swearing about it, we can tell by the colour of his language what the temperature is. Sort of Beaufort scale.

Judging by the enthusiasm with which a few senior N.C.O.'s I know put over a recent charitable campaign, we cannot help thinking that it was run on a commission basis. Everyone was chided,

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Revelations From Repairs

With the resumption of fortnightly week-ends in Repairs the boys have gone about their work with smiles and astonishing vigour.

We offer congratulations to Cpl. Lines, Cpl. Finley and LAC. Ralph Dixon, who recently became proud fathers to three beautiful baby daughters (one each). Another batch of congratulations will soon be in order, we understand.

Does the regular appearance of a Flight Sergeant's head popping around our crew-room door at 10 o'clock break indicate a wistful desire to be offered a sip of erk's tea?

Why does a certain corporal (more "power" to his elbow) in Majors always grab the tiller bar for tail-wheel piloting? Is it through a sense of responsibility, or a frustrated desire to be a Driver Aeroplane?

Something mystifying and altogether peculiar occurred a few days ago at the departure of the 16.45 'bus. So amazing and unexpected was the event that the bewildered passengers remained in a state of coma until reaching their destination. Enquiry among them would prove the story to be true—if they haven't since convinced themselves that it was all a beautiful dream.

Here's the mystery, anyway: Tom, the 'bus driver, with a mere dozen or so standing, saw an airman coming through the camp gates, intent on joining the 'bus. But Tom deliberately shut the door and, with awful majesty, drove away. The airman was observed fainting with surprise in the road.

Isn't it strange how many erks are disappointed if it's only twelve or so degrees below zero? Thirty or more makes them feel important, frail creatures enduring under Nature's fury, and gives them a picture of themselves as brave fellows venturing out into a hostile world. A sense of the dramatic is inherent in us all.

Two things our section wants to know: If LAC. Snell were to be repatriated would LAC. Skipper put in an application for compassionate posting to the U.K.? And: Why does a certain little LAC. suffer such hard breaks at the clothing parades; this time, the loss of twenty-five cents?

Do you notice that some blokes, after deriding everything about Canada steadily for two years, are very reluctant to be repatriated?

So long till next month.

—M. R.

THE INVASION OF HOLLAND

• Continued from page 28

a lot of people who did not trust us because we did not wear a French uniform. This was really easy to understand because the German tactics were so low that they dropped parachutists in Dutch, Belgian, and French uniforms. Everybody was relieved when the message came through that we had to fall back on the coast and cross the Channel by means of the available boats.

We were very lucky to get a Dutch boat, which loaded about four times its capacity and started to cross the Channel. As soon as we were on board we tried to find a place to sleep. They woke us up when the English coast was in sight. Plymouth was the place where we landed and we will never forget it. Food and cigarettes, especially the cigarettes, were a treat. After spending four days of peace and rest we started guard-

ing the South Wales coastline. This not being a very active job, we applied for the R.A.F., hoping to be able to lay as many bombs on Germany as we saw falling on the now occupied countries.

LIFE IN THE SICKERY

• Continued from page 29

forced, blackmailed, and various other forms of coercion were attempted. Stump speeches were made in the Snuggery (marked "Office" for camouflage), and a soap-box painted red with a brace of proletarian instruments painted on its front was hired for the occasion. However, we are proud to announce the sum of \$15 collected in the Station Hospital for the Aid-to-Russia Fund, as worthy a cause as any.

And now we arrive at the end of this month's manuscript. By the way, we should be seeing a lot of you soon. We're polishing up the inoculation needles...

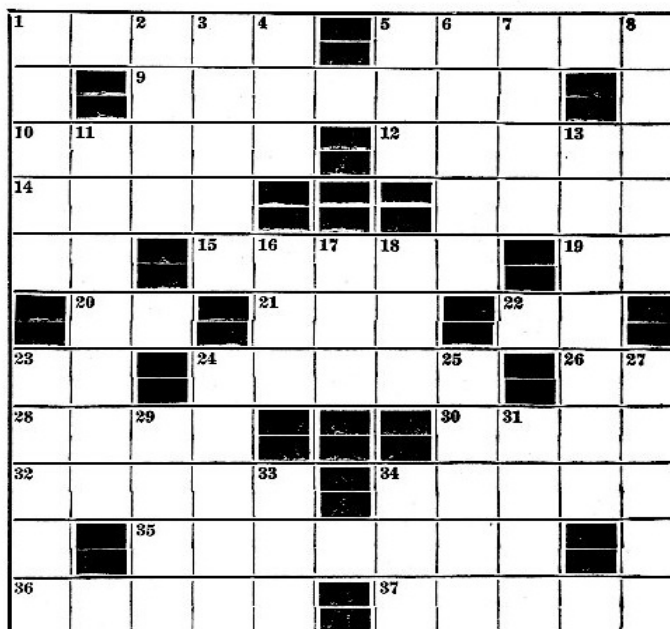
—O.H.

Crossword Competition No. 18

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

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

marking the envelope "X-word".



CLUES ACROSS

1. Some pearls are said to be beyond it.
5. Look for these of trouble especially.
9. A return of money with M in front.
10. Tree has a snaky sound.
12. Domesticated.
14. Very small sum.
15. One was written in a churchyard.
19. Training manual.
20. Royal Navy.
21. Eggs.
22. Alternatively.
23. Tree under which the Buddha sat.
24. Finished.
26. Irish poet.
28. Not at home.
30. Abusive language used on the railway?
32. A father (two words).
34. Wedding announcement.
35. And these frequently follow the wedding.
36. Belongs to Rosa.
37. 10 across with last two in reverse.

2. Those Kaffir warriors again.
3. Island we left.
4. Even (abb.).
5. Didn't stand.
6. Our ally on the other side.
7. Stones.
8. City gave its name to vice.
11. Grievs.
13. Get on a train.
16. Cut off.
17. She started it all.
18. Began (abb.).
23. Bar is extended in the middle.
24. Syrian could come from here.
25. Snares.
27. Girl's name.
29. Intentions.
31. A service policeman.
33. S.
34. Sound of a sheep.

Name

Address

CLUES DOWN

1. Delete victory sign from a Russian newspaper.

CAN *you* SOLVE THESE?

1. A pyramid has stepped sides, each step being 1 foot high. A giant climbs to the top, one step at a time. He then climbs two steps at a time, and has one step left over at the top.

When he climbs three steps at a time he has two steps left over. He then climbs four steps at a time with three left over, five with four left over, six with five left over. Finally, taking seven steps at a time, he finds that his final stride is of only six steps.

How high is the pyramid?

2. A box 6'x6'x6' rests with one side on the floor and one against a wall. A 20' ladder is placed against the wall to touch the side of the box. At what height from the floor does the ladder touch the wall? (This is not a problem in scale drawing!)

3. Father was playing with his son's bricks.

"You've got a lot of bricks there," said his friend, Stouge.

"There used to be four hundred," said Father, "but you know how these things get lost. See what I've done. I've made the largest solid square possible, but one-twelfth of the bricks are left over."

How many bricks were there?

4. Starting, for example, with the word GLASS, and continuing with CLASS, CRASS, CROSS, CROWS, CROWN, we see that in the first case the initial letter is altered, in the second case the second letter is altered, in the third case the third letter is altered, and so on.

The six missing words in the paragraph below form a series similar to that given above, except that *the words are not in the right order*. Each word contains five letters.

"The commissionaire, all dressed in - - - - -, with gold - - - - - on his uniform, challenged the - - - - - to a wrestling match. The latter was a man of - - - - - rather than - - - - -, and was quite - - - - - after the contest."

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. At least 21.
2. The number is 1458.
3. Keyword: BROADEN (BROADEN, ABROAD, BREAD, DEAR, AND, ON, A).

ENTERTAINMENT

• Continued from page 25
which featured familiar figures in fairy tales, Christmas trees gaily bedecked with fairy lights, created a seasonable setting.

The Special Christmas Dance at which LAC. Godfrey acted as M.C., was a merry affair. There were two prize winning novelty numbers: "Hanging the Stocking" was won by Miss Jean Woodward of Moose Jaw and LAC. McMahon; the other, an elimination number, cut out everyone but Miss Annie Bristow of Moose Jaw and LAC. Peisley.

Our notes would be incomplete without some reference to the talk on "Criminology", delivered by Surgeon Maurice Powers of the famed Royal Canadian Mounted Police, to the Discussion Group on 14th January, 1943. This was a most interesting and instructive lecture on Medical Jurisprudence, illustrated very vividly with lantern slides, which he, in his main address, warned us we would never forget. We won't, for some of these are tattooed on our memory. We hope to meet Doctor Powers again—this time in his laboratory at the Home of the Mounties in Regina.
—A. C.

BLOGGOISM!

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Get Matey with the Mahatmas through BLOGGOISM!

★Freely translated, means: "What are you playing at now?"



Y.M.C.A. Film Schedule

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

JANUARY 18, 1943 - FEBRUARY 19, 1943

- MONDAY, JAN. 18—"Roaring Twenties": Starring James Cagney; also a Short with Carl Hoff and Orchestra.
- TUESDAY, JAN. 19—Selected Shorts. (Cultural Films.)
- FRIDAY, JAN. 22—To be selected.
- SUNDAY, JAN. 24—"Flight Lieutenant": Starring Pat O'Brien, Glen Ford, Evelyn Keyes. Added Short, "Community Sing".
- MONDAY, JAN. 25—"One Foot in Heaven," a religious drama: Starring Frederic March and Martha Scott. Short "The Dictator".
- TUESDAY, JAN. 26—Selected Shorts. (Educational.)
- FRIDAY, JAN. 29—To be selected.
- SUNDAY, JAN. 31—"Butch Minds the Baby," a comedy: Starring Broderick Crawford and Virginia Bruce. Two Shorts: "Going Places" and "Winter Serenade".
- MONDAY, FEB. 1—"Remarkable Andrew": Starring Brian Donlevy, Bill Holden and Ellen Drew. "Better Bowling" and "Popeye Cartoon" added.
- TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2—Selected Shorts.
- FRIDAY, FEB. 5—To be selected.
- SUNDAY, FEB. 7—"Lady in a Jam": Starring Irene Dunn, Patric Knowles, and Ralph Bellamy. One Short, one Cartoon added.
- MONDAY, FEB. 8—"Take a Letter, Darling": Starring Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray. Short, "Hedda Hopper in Hollywood".
- TUESDAY, FEB. 9.—Selected Shorts.
- FRIDAY, FEB. 12—To be selected.
- SUNDAY, FEB. 14—"Laburnum Grove", comedy drama: Starring Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Edmund Gwenn and Victoria Hopper. Short, "Gags and Gals".
- MONDAY, FEB. 15—"Sweater Girl", mystery: Starring Eddie Bracken, Nils Asther and June Preisser. Short and cartoon added.
- TUESDAY, FEB. 16—Selected Shorts.
- FRIDAY, FEB. 19—To be selected.

