

PRAIRIE FLYER



MAIN STREET, MOOSE JAW

The **MAGAZINE of**
32 S.F.T.S
R.A.F *Moose Jaw, Sask.*

APRIL-MAY,
1944



VOLUME 3
NUMBER 8

STOP PRESS!

FORE!

The following arrangements have been made with the Moose Jaw Elks Golf Club for golfers of this Unit:

CLUB MEMBERSHIP

All personnel of this Unit are considered members of the Moose Jaw Elks Golf Club, at the time of playing, on production of Membership Cards.

GREEN FEES

Green Fees will not be charged to personnel of this Unit, provided they sign their names in the Club Register and show their Membership Card. The Professional of the Club, Mr. Fletcher, holds the register.

GOLF STICKS

The P.S.I. clubs will be kept in lockers in the Club changing room. The keys for the lockers will be kept at the Guard Room.

Golf sticks can also be hired at the Moose Jaw Elks Golf Club house at the rate of 35c per bag per day.

PROCEDURE FOR OBTAINING MEMBERSHIP CARDS AND LOCKER KEYS

The Guard Room will hold Membership Cards and Locker Keys, and personnel desirous of playing golf at the Moose Jaw Elks Golf Club must apply to the Guard Room. Membership cards and locker keys will be issued on loan for 24 hours and must be signed for.

Personnel who withhold cards and keys longer than the time stated are warned that on further application for cards and keys they will not be considered. Remember, these arrangements are for the benefit of all concerned, so do not deprive the next fellow of his chance to be able to make use of these facilities.

GOLF BALLS

These may be purchased from the Club Professional at 45c. each.

GOLF TUITION

Golf tuition will be given by SGT. HORN and CPL. BURNS (both Golf Professionals in civilian life) in the Drill Hall on MONDAYS AND FRIDAYS, between 1800 and 2000 hours, commencing on Monday, 15th May, 1944.

All who desire to take advantage of this kind offer of tuition are invited to come along.

HANDICAPS

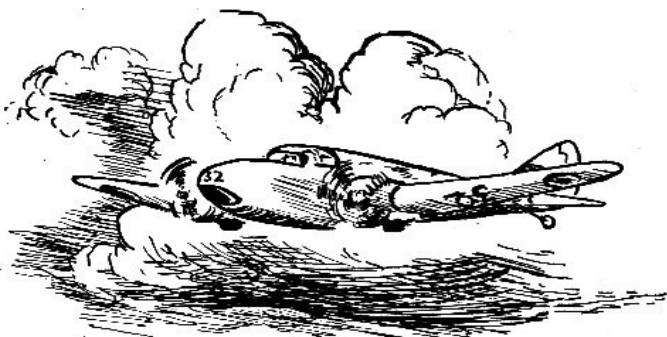
To obtain handicaps, all golfers are requested to return Two (or more) completed score cards, certified by partner, and hand them in to the Guard Room as soon as possible.

—D. M. W.

PRAIRIE FLYER

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

Moose Jaw - Sask.
Canada



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by kind permission of
Group Captain E. J. George

CONTENTS for APRIL-MAY issue, 1944

VOL. 3

No. 8

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Editorial	2
Gleanings from the G.I.S.	3
You Can't Be Too Particular	4
The Kapurula	6
Out of the Mess	7
Officers' Mess Page	8
News Section	9-16
Night (poem)	17
Entertainments	18
Right and Wrong	19
In Working Hours (illustration)	20-21
Corporals' Page	22
Places We Know and Love	23
Evening in Baghdad	24
The Padre's Page	27
Life Among the Artists	28
"Once a Scout"	31
Sports Chatter	32
'A Very Parfit Gentilman'	34
Thought at Random	37
Still But	38
Bits and Pieces	39
Heritage of Beauty	40
Where Can We Find This Man?	40



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EDITORIAL

AT the time of going to press, it seems likely that discussion groups will soon become an organized feature of camp activities. The Station has possessed a discussion group for some months now, but one cannot say, as one would like to have said, that it fulfils a real community function. Some of those who would normally be enthusiastic have much of their spare time taken up by other worthwhile interests, such as entertainments (and it should be added that the station has never been richer in talent than it is at the present time). Of the remainder, many would be interested if they overcame their apathy or diffidence and went along to one of the meetings.

The new official scheme is intended to promote interest by the most direct means. Every Section will have its group, and attendance will be compulsory.

There should be no cause for weeping and gnashing of teeth when this Order becomes effective. It is obviously designed, as a moment's thought will show, in the best interests of the personnel. We parade to exercise our bodies, and it is surely no less reasonable that we should parade to exercise our minds. After all, a mind can be made athletic just as much as a body can, and it is to the athletic minds that we owe most of the progress that we have achieved.

Nothing strengthens and refines our mental muscles more effectively than properly conducted argument. Plato realized this long ago, and in the "Republic" laid down a technique for it, the technique of dialectic, as part of his scheme for the education of those who would rule, and his system has been followed ever since. Many a person prominent in Britain's public life attributes the suppleness of his mind to the debates in the Oxford Union.

All this sounds very solemn, perhaps, but actually the discussion groups to be held at No. 32 S.F.T.S. are likely to provide as much pleasure as profit. The Brains Trust has long been one of the most popular B.B.C. programmes, and Servicemen in many parts of the world have been inspired by it to organize their own discussions. They have found it fun to do so.

Consider, too, the further implications of this new measure. The first casualty of any dictatorship is freedom of thought. In Germany, free discussion incurs the highest penalties, and only those with a taste for martyrdom, such as Pastor Niemöller, dare indulge in it. But we, men in uniform, are being encouraged to think things out and talk them over—which surely proves that we are still a positive democracy.

"These are the times that try men's souls": and, we may add, their minds also. The war, with all that it involves in terms of the peace to follow, has to be fought out—and it has to be thought out as well. When young Jan Masaryk was asked what his war aims were he replied charmingly: "To go home." That is, of course, the primary aim of all of us; but it is not our only aim. We have to consider what kind of a home, what kind of a country, what kind of a life, we want to go back to when Germany and Japan have been defeated. We know that it will be a different world and we want it to be a better one. It will not be a better one if our dream of peace begins and ends in a cosy vision of ourselves sitting before the fire with a glass of beer in one hand and the *News of the World* in the other. It will only be better if we are resolved to play our proper part in making it so.

Therein lies a responsibility for every man of us. It is of the essence of democracy that the decisions of the leaders, in all civil matters at least, should be governed by the will of the people; and the people means you—you multiplied. The thoughts, the opinions, the attitudes of each one of us are part of the public consciousness and hence, in a democratic land, part of national policy.

So let us think, and exchange our thoughts, remembering that we alone among all the creatures of the earth possess the power of sustained reasoning. If all of us do that, and do it well enough, we may look forward to a future more happily in accord with the achieved grandeurs and the high hopes of our race.

—J. H. M.

By D.A.G.B.

GLEANINGS from the G.I.S. ? ?

THE Boat continues to remove from our midst the old familiar faces and we have recently said good-bye to Flying Officer Matthews, Corporal Spurway, LAC Thomason and AC Cochrane.

As Flying Officer Matthews left the unit once before about a year ago only to rebound on us a month later, a certain discretion seems to be called for in commenting on his departure; so if we say that the G.I.S. loses a very able instructor, not only shall we safeguard ourselves from embarrassment in the event of his return but we state an acknowledged fact. He was, moreover, an enthusiastic member of the G.I.S. bowling team who, in spite of a regrettable tendency to impart off-spin to every ball, rarely achieved a score of less than 80 in a single game.

Ben Spurway was the oldest inhabitant of the G.I.S., where for almost two years, with or without moustache (one had to be prepared almost daily for either state), he was an upstairs tenant of whom we, in the lower regions, seldom had cause to complain; the occasion when, through some oversight of his, we arrived one morning to find water dripping steadily through our ceiling was his most notable lapse. To many he was known chiefly as a frequenter of Temple Gardens, the Arena Rink, the Exchange Café, and sundry other idle pleasures of the city, but here in the G.I.S. we like to remember rather his devoted efforts on behalf of our cat Cynthia and her offspring. Often, returning to camp late at night after an energetic and apparently carefree evening in Moose Jaw he would, before going to bed, look in on these children of his adoption to make sure that they were comfortable for the night. In the course of a very moving farewell, Cynthia is understood to have vowed that she intended to have no more kittens now that "Mr. Spurway" would no longer be here to look after them: brave words, and, at the time, doubtless sincere, but we feel that Time will help her to forget and that kittens will continue to arrive!

LAC. Thomason, also of the Photo Section, did much good work as photographer for the *Prairie Flyer*, displaying great interest and enthusiasm for a job which was more or less thrust upon him.

The pictures which appear in this issue represent his last efforts in this respect before the Boat claimed him.

AC. Cochrane, much to his disgust, goes home still AC. Cochrane. He lived almost daily in the hope that tomorrow's D.R.O's. would acknowledge his long and faithful service by announcing his reclassification to LAC. The length of his number was, unfortunately more impressive than his length of service, and AC.1 he remained.

* * *

Wedding Bells again—this time out on the Pacific Coast whence journeyed LAC. Norman Hurst to wed his Moose Jaw bride. We understand that there is no truth in the story that he elected to hold the ceremony a thousand or so miles away in consequence of an offer by the Male Voice Choir to make the affair a musical occasion!

Congratulations to Flight Sergeant Newell on the birth of a child to his wife in England. He has received a letter assuring him that all is well but a cable which might be expected to give the important details of sex has gone astray somewhere between England and Moose Jaw.

* * *

As we go to press we learn of yet another departure, this time of Flight Lieutenant Capell, our Senior Navigation Instructor. He goes to join Flying Officer Matthews on what the latter assures is a particularly binding course; and he should know—he's in the throes of it himself right now. (Did you, by the way, ever hear of a course which wasn't a bind?) Those of us who are left behind are grateful to F/Lt. Capell for the immense amount of work he put into what is now the Intelligence Room but which, when he took it over, was a bare and uninviting lecture room.

There is much of the sadness of farewell to these notes this month, a sadness which, accustomed as we are in these days of transitory acquaintanceship, is none the less genuine. But as, one after another, they leave, we know that they pass on to new and probably greater opportunities, and we wish them luck, with the oft-expressed hope that one day we may meet again.

HIS flight-commander was worried, and only the good results that his particular worry achieved prevented him from reporting the whole matter to his C.O. and letting the S.M.O. loose on "Dreamy". The particular habits of F/O. Domremy immediately before E.T.D. were well known to the squadron, and his nickname of "Dreamy Buggins" was a direct consequence of them. For whilst the rest of the flight were enjoying a last fag in the dispersal huts before

assignment, he saw lots of good types go West, but he was always on hand for his C.O's. "Nice going, kids," the only reward necessary for a successful mission carefully completed. His flying was to him a constant mathematical problem, always awaiting solution. There was the strict procedure for working out the first part, a procedure which could never be checked too often; that was his cockpit drill. If he didn't get the right answer to that part there wasn't much point in solving the rest of the problem. Each landing at home was his complete solution and the way in which he landed, three-point or otherwise, was the

"You can't be TOO PARTICULAR

the final word to scramble, Dreamy was to be seen spending those precious moments bent double into his cockpit, his big head deep down inside and his proportionately large etcetera in splendid elevation outside.

The sight of this unseemly lump protruding like a blue dromedary above the ordered line of his machines made the flight C.O. a little cheesed, but his innate good humour prevented him making more of it. Dreamy would waddle back to the hut about fifteen seconds before the speaker boomed "Scramble—good luck".

It appeared that Domremy had a small brush in the upper left-hand pocket of his war-service dress (good show—Eqpt.) with which he used to dust out his cockpit, before carefully replacing the cockpit cover and returning to his flight. This so amused his ground-crew that they whipped up a neat insignia—zinc bucket with sudded scrubbing brush emergent—and transferred it to his fuselage. In the same strain the Mess, at the time of his appointment as Messing Officer, gave him an honorary presentation of mop and bucket, which were now hung over his hangar-door on the occasion of his safe return from the train-busting operations in which the squadron was engaged.

The dusting business had its points, however; it enabled Buggins to make an additional pre-flight check of the cockpit, which may have been the reason for his particular machine always returning untouched by even the most errant piece of flak. As "busting" became less of a piece of cake and more of a dangerous

degree of approximation to which his solution was correct. Thinking this way amused him and kept his efficiency high. When "they" decided that busting was a worth-while game, the groundcrew were proud to stencil up his score of trains and factories busted wide open. At the bar Dreamy became rather a character, never shooting more than a moderate line and giving worth-while advice only when asked for it. There was the great occasion when the sprog of the flight asked him why the hell he was always almost late for "Scramble"—"always got a spot of cleaning up to do about then, Old Boy," replied Dreamy, blushing somewhat deeper and toddling off where good men go on such occasions. There was a clue in the way he behaved when May-bugs invaded his rooms one night. Buggins nearly went nuts, screaming up and down the Quarters' corridor and batting wildly in all directions with a rolled newspaper.

When he had calmed down, apart from an occasional shudder, he muttered, "Sorry, chaps, always been a bit shy of bugs, y'know."

He didn't fly next day, as the M.O. thought his hand hadn't cut the butter very steadily at breakfast, and though the raid was only a light one it was an end to the worry of the flight commander, whose plane exploded about him six hundred feet above Marquise on the way home. The Squadron Commanding Officer had no hesitation in calling Buggins to his office and giving him the usual "pep-talk" which precedes the award of high responsibilities. Dreamy blushed like a girl and forgot to

salute on being dismissed. He also slammed the door.

That day he didn't go out to his plane because, as a flight commander, he had to stay with his men, and his take-off was not as confident and certain as usual. However, in the heat of the late afternoon's conflict he forgot his trepidation and again brought home an unscratched kite. The yellow flash on his fin and rudder shone very brightly as he made a perfect three-point on the tarmac.

"Nice dice, Sir?"

"Neat beat, George. Slap up another."

It was short-lived. One fitful September evening the Squadron took off into low cumulus for a swift dab at a power-plant well inside France. On these balmy days the heat had brought out every living insect to torment those whose duty gave them the pleasure of working in the sun. Dreamy had become increasingly nervy, slapping wildly at his neck, ears, hair, arms . . . "like a ruddy contortionist, Buggins. Wrap up."

The aircraft took off in a cloud of dust and Dreamy's wings wobbled so much that a tiny puff of dust rose from the ground near his starboard wing-tip. He rocketed into the air and climbed steeply to the set height, setting course according to his instructions at briefing. The formation was supposed to be close, but his flying was so careless that the other pilots kept at a respectable distance.

The Channel shot by underneath as a boring interlude and the squadron broke to make the attack by flights in different directions. Light coastal batteries shot the usual amount of "flak" up at them, all very hazardous and exciting to the sprogs, merely an incident to the initiated. Then, over Lille, Dreamy's plane whipped up in a steep climbing turn to starboard, snarling into a powered dive that took him down about six thousand feet like a stone gone all gravitational. As he pulled out his engine died on the climb, and his second-in-command zoomed up into the lead position, the other planes regrouping according to the pre-arranged plan. It was assumed that Dreamy had, very definitely, "bought it" and the remainder of the story is according to the underground press and the marks on Dreamy's plane.

His engine having cut at about 9,000 feet, Dreamy tried all he knew to raise her and succeeded in producing a hoarse-voiced ghost of its former healthy tone. Being now alone and operationally unserviceable, he descended to tree-top height and diced off North on a home-made vector. But the eyes of a very efficient observer corps had spotted his plight and made full arrangements to deal with it, and as Dreamy crossed the coast the shadows of more than his own aircraft darkened the smooth surface of the sea beside him.

He swung crazily to port and the attacking pilot, whose intention it had been to swing away in that direction, narrowly missed crashing into the sea. It was at this moment that one of those amazing coincidences happened that make war rather an interesting game, because Dreamy's radio suddenly began to transmit.

"Not an adjectival clue!" Then it went off.

This must have been as his aircraft took violent evasive action and raked an enemy fighter along the length of its engine cowling so that black smoke rippled out of its pepper-potted exhaust-vent and it wailed for home like a dying duck. That was the last that was heard of the action, but the dozing ground crews waiting for E.T. return of the main force were startled when a yellow flashed fighter did a one-legged hop over the beech trees and snored on its belly up the grass near the runway, wheels up but almost everything else down, scattering sun-bathing W.A.A.F.s from their deck chairs near the tower, and bringing hordes of crash-personnel and M.O.s. from their sterilised seats.

But Dreamy had had enough and not even Red Cross blood could stop up the leaks in his flying suit.

When the Squadron C.O. carried out a Court of Inquiry there was an oily little witness who gave the final word on Dreamy's queer behaviour:

"I wos the first bloke wot got to the aircraft, Sir, an' I nips smartly on to the wing, which was nearly all broke off, an' tries to open the 'ood. I 'ad to break it open wiv my spanner in the end, an' there was Mr. Domrummy, Sir, wiv blood orl over 'im an' a big spider wiv a broken leg crowlin' over 'is 'and."

"A spider, eh! Let me see—Domremy was rather allergic to bugs. I wonder . . ."

THE *Kapurala*

• by ANDY FROM KANDY

TO you ultra-modern Westerners the Kapurala would be a very unpopular man. You who meet on a dance floor, fall in love and get married the next day would brook none but Cupid's prying into your love affairs. But in the mysterious East, where children still obey their parents and women their harem instincts, love and life are entirely different propositions.

For instance, the Kapurala will tell you that in the East you do not necessarily have to fall in love. Love is often just acquired by living a number of years with your spouse. Your parents, always having your welfare at heart, believe that the sentimentality of the West is never too exemplary and hardly worthy of being aped by peoples whose culture and civilization date back to the years when the West was just a twinkle in nature's eyes!

Furthermore, marriage out there is still a holy bond, and not the mere nett result of a lightning courtship along a lonely country road.

The Kapurala knows all this and is mighty glad of it, too. It is in his interests that things remain so, for were his clients to imbibe the courtships of the West, it would mean the end of his profession. In short, he is a marriage broker. He is to the Ceylonese what the Evangelista is to the Mexicans. But unlike his prototype he does not have to sit in the piazzas shouting his wares and canvassing his ability. He lives at what he would like you to call "his residence", and people desirous of meeting him must do so strictly by appointment.

However, you must not get the impression that his is a profession akin to the ill-famed marriage-marts of the Continent. He does not have files containing the vivid details of a fiery blonde's pedigree nor the gruesome image of a brunette's nudity—he is just a law-abiding go-between.

For instance, in a certain village is a very rich family. They have a brilliant, handsome son but cannot get him married as they belong to a very low caste. In the neighboring village is a girl—as ugly as sin—but of a very high caste. Now, the low-caste family desires to get absorbed into this purer

strain and the only man who can effect this union is the Kapurala. So a delegation is at once despatched, equipped with cigarettes and tobacco for the old man and candy and toys for his children, and thus drugging him out of refusal they pour forth the details, promising him a handsome reward if successful. After some conjecture, during which his reward is substantially increased, he agrees.

However, even a Kapurala cannot bluntly walk into a Ceylonese home—after all, the untutored East, too, has its ethics and codes of conduct—so he has to devise some means or other to approach his quarry. He may go there either as an itinerant merchant or as the alleged representative of a gansabhowa (village tribunal) or in any such obscure guise. After some introductory "flannelling"—the weather, the market, latest crime—he gradually worms himself into their confidence. He often tries to appear learned and abstruse. He may even offer to read their palms or presage the future (reserving for himself the knowledge that the only palmistry he learnt was from an infernal put-your-penny-in-the-slot contraption at some obscure country fair).

Meanwhile his audience, profoundly impressed by his seemingly endless store of knowledge, are in a state of mind in which they are prepared to accept anything he says. He realizes this and cunningly and gradually, very cunningly and very gradually, introduces the real reason of his visit.

Of course, just as you cannot call a lawyer a liar, you cannot call the Kapurala one. It is in the nature of his profession to lie and to add visionary tints that will eventually win his case. To the high-caste family he spares no details about the untold wealth of the rich family—how the old man has a vast underground pit where he has deposited the greater part of his ancestral money; and to the rich family he extolls the virtues and the extreme purity of the other family's pedigree—and thus by a subtle mixture of truth and falsehood he achieves his purpose.

You never meet a young Kapurala. He is always past middle age and nearly

"OUT OF the MESS"

THE old place doesn't seem the same any more. People come and people go; but the old place still carries on, and nothing ever happens.

Since the last issue the "boat" has certainly "rolled on" for many old faces. Many new ones have, of course, taken their places, and from the appearance of things they're getting well organized. The telephone is gradually regaining its incessant ringing tone for quite a lot of recent arrivals—always female voices, of course.

However, things started with a helter-skelter rush to redecorate the Mess for the Irishman's greatest celebration of the year—St. Patrick's Night on March 17th—and oh! good gracious, the number of Irishmen I met that night; or at least, I thought they were Irish. Dear old Paddy still stands as the "rale oul" Irishman in the Mess. But seriously, W/O. Shanahan and his boys did make a very excellent job of the redecorating for which we all say "Thanks a million." Incidentally, we noticed that very dear fellow, F/Sgt. B. (congratulations, too!) in the midst of the paint tins and brushes. We never really believed that the P.T.I.'s ever did any work.

The intelligentsia of the Mess still continue their Bridge sessions with only very little opposition from the cribbage school, which can't even compete as yet. Another "storebasher" has joined the intelligentsia—surprising that there could possibly be two storebashers on one Unit with sufficient brains to play such games, but seemingly it's true. Old "Botsey" of "horse-sense" fame has a system all his own; he tries to convert us to his crazy ways, but doesn't seem to get any further. Stick it out, old man, if

you like, but seriously do try Culbertson. (See old "Polly"—eh? He's a good type.)

Very quietly we received into our sanctum the renowned Sgt. J. of "voucher binding fame." Congratulations, J.; nice work. Surprisingly enough, we had a visit very recently from our old friend F/Sgt. "Joe" Barker. The night turned out to be a "Barker Special," the piano being brought to the table (and its contents) and not the table taken to the piano. Come and see us again, Joe, won't you?

Among those who departed from our company was the "Telephone Call King," Sgt. Kerry Drewe, and the Chapman-Lincoln-Milne combination. There is every reason to believe that F/Sgt. Coulson will feel much happier now the "Mad Scotsman" has departed from our ranks, and that he will be able to sleep peacefully at night instead of lying awake fearing his ears might be bitten off by the "maniac." Unfortunately, it is noted that his new "bunkie" is heading the "Milne" way. Wonder what causes it?

Our new C.M.C. seems to be pottering around quite a bit these days. I wonder if he will take up gardening and look after our flower beds around the Mess. We could propose it at the next meeting.

The Mess caterer and his trio of "Faith, Hope and Charity," put up a very excellent show at the April dance in the Mess. Old Jock was in good form, and the "Little Prairie Flower," Sgt. C., appeared to be getting along very nicely, too. Incidentally, I wonder where Sgt. C. got his Bond Street greatcoat from; it appears much too smart for a stores issue.

That's all, folks.

—MADCAP.

always cultivates a moustache, the traditional vigorous, soup-strainer type associated with all great men. In gait and bearing he is very General-like, but his conversation never takes on the When-I-was-in-Poona aspect; it is polite and to the uninitiated even learned. He has a great understanding of human nature. No greater psychologist stepped out of Oxford or Cambridge. That is why, they say, a Kapuralla-solemnized marriage never fails, and that, too, is precisely why the East has yet failed to

dabble in the politics of Reno or the chemistry of "one child would suffice."

LANGUAGE

Said Jim to Joe: "You dirty, double-crossing cheat! You chisler, you lousy rat! You low-down lizard! You sniveling hypocrite! I'll beat your ears in, I'll knock your block off, I'll smash you to pieces!"

In the ensuing fracas Joe received a cut lip which stayed swollen for two days.

Officers' Mess PAGE

ODDS and SO - - (sorry) ENDS from the Other End

THIS time again we have to say Cheerio to several old friends. F/Lt's. "Robbie" Williams, Jock Stark, Ted Whitters and Claud Wharton, and F/O. Johnnie Kingdom. We have also lost F/Lt. Huey and F/O. Gessel. Jolly good luck to them all.

* * *

Our best wishes also to S/Ldr. McGowan, whose farewell party we enjoyed so much. The last issue of the *Prairie Flyer* went to press just too early to announce the arrival of his son, G. T. ("Butch"). Belated congratulations are now offered to the parents. Anyone wishing to make a more tangible expression should obtain the address from the Mess Secretary and forward a T-bone steak to the proud mother.

* * *

A hearty welcome to you newly-arrived refugees from Swift Current. If you hardly know a soul in the Mess, never mind: we don't either.

* * *

We understand that a fully-fledged Sorority, the "G.G.L." (Gamma Gamma Lambda to initiates) is about to be formed. The higher offices will be filled by those actually "on the boat", but those who are leaving us in less fortunate circumstances are also to be admitted to full membership. Members of the "Binders' Club" will be especially welcomed. No set times are to be laid down for "sessions" but it is understood that they will be quite frequent. To qualify for admission it will be necessary to saunter about ten times around the Camp with a clearance certificate in the left hand, flinging the right hand over the right shoulder, and snapping the fingers of the right hand. If anyone is within earshot, the words "Couldn't Care Less!" must be called out. Actual admission to the Sorority may be gained

by any qualified person at any session. The small formality of placing a string of initials (of rapidly deteriorating legibility) in the right-hand of a little black book headed with that person's name will be insisted upon.

* * *

Rumour has it that it was only the opposition of local tradesmen which prevented a well-known engineering firm from accepting the designs and specifications recently submitted by a very optimistic F/Lt. for the construction of an ingenious device which, when attached to a Link Trainer, would enable small articles of underclothing to be washed, dried and ironed ready for wear without any personal effort whatever. He wasn't drawing the long bow, either.

* * *

Congratulations, Sir, to you, Mrs. Townsend, and the parents on the third generation. No doubt you will give us due warning when he develops a taste for "Players" so that the "C.I.'s Rules" may be amended to make due provision.

* * *

Who are those two intrepid beam kings we hear about who were mentioned by the C.I. as having "Bags of Guts"?

What did Gertie do in the bathtub in "Pearson's Canyon"?

What is the officer i/c Gramophone going to do about F/O. As—w's entry in the Records Suggestion Book "Somebody Stole My Gal"?

Tiny says he's not his old Sylph any more.

* * *

Seen in the train between Calgary and Medicine Hat recently, with his wife, S/Ldr. Flint sends his regards to his friends at No. 32.

JUST ANOTHER POEM

Of all the things that I might be,
I had to be a lousy tree,
A tree that stands out in the street,
With little doggies at my feet.
I'm nothing else but this, alas,
A comfort station in the grass.

Scores of eighteen-year-olds and under write to us despairingly about their busts. Let's get this straight, immediately; they're fashionable now. So regard yours as an asset and treat it to the finest brassieres you know.—*Sunday Pictorial*.

BOAT DEFIED!

Male Voice Choir Continues

Last month's summary of the activities of the Station Male Voice Choir ended on a rather ominous note; Cpl. "Woofers" Holden had just been caught in the draft and the problem of filling this responsible office of conductor loomed ominously. However, with the appointment of LAC. Norman Hurst, one of the pioneer members and more recently secretary of the Choir, to fill the breach, the Choir has been assured of its continued existence. The knowledge that he has the confidence of the members will make his task so much lighter, and it is hoped that the Choir will have no difficulty in maintaining the high reputation it has gained for itself in the locality.

Thursday, March 9th, was the occasion of a very enjoyable dinner at the Grant Hall Hotel, where the Choir entertained the Commanding Officer and Senior Section Officers. A good meal was served and after the Commanding Officer, G/Capt. E. J. George, as president of the Choir, had proposed the toast of "The King" items were contributed by AC. Dennis O'Brien and AC. Clifford Rosser, both accompanied by LAC. Poole, who also played selections for community singing.

During the proceedings, Cpl. Eric Holden was presented by S/Ldr. Slaughter, vice-president and chairman of the Choir, with a collection of gramophone records given by the members in recognition of his excellent work and unbounded enthusiasm as conductor of the Choir. In accepting this gift, Cpl. Holden acknowledged the fine backing he had had from other officials and all the members, and he appealed for the same loyalty to his successor.

On March 16th the Choir appeared in the show "Musical Revue," presented at the Station Cinema under the direction of F/O. K. M. Ashley, and general comment was highly favourable. The Choir combined with the Band in three numbers which were well received. (By the

way, we have it by grape-vine and from other reliable sources that for subsequent shows we shall be equipped with special dress for the occasions.)

Continuing their role of travelling troubadours, the Choir journeyed to Mortlach on March 29th to present a concert as an initiating effort in our drive to contribute at least fifty dollars to the station Red Cross effort. A well-varied programme was enjoyed by a fairly large audience, and as a result of this effort over thirty dollars were collected. The programme was compered by Cpl. Beach, and included, as well as items by our regular soloists, numbers by a newcomer to the station. LAC. David George, whose rich tenor voice made an immediate good impression on all present. Lunch was served at the conclusion of the show.

St. Michael's Church Hall, Moose Jaw, was the next scene of activities, and there, on April 12th, a concert, compered by LAC George Wright, and consisting of a full programme of choral and solo items, was well received by a large crowd. In the absence of LAC. Hurst "on Temporary Duty" LAC Tarry conducted. The proceeds on this occasion were on behalf of the church itself.

Engagements for the immediate future include participation in a sacred concert to be given at St. Andrew's Church, Moose Jaw, in co-operation with the Moose Jaw Ladies' Philharmonic Choir on Sunday, April 30th, and a journey to Stony Beach, Saskatchewan, to present a concert.

Arrangements are well in hand for the Choir's participation in the Saskatchewan Musical Festival towards the end of May. The test piece is a neat but tricky ballad, "Hey Robin," by Geoffrey Shaw. It is hoped that it will be possible to include all members in the actual competition, but with so much at stake, the present balance of voices may have to be adjusted in order that the best possible team may represent the station. Two or three really good bass or baritone voices from among the recent newcomers to the station would be most acceptable, though that, of course, is by no means a reflection on those faithful members already functioning.

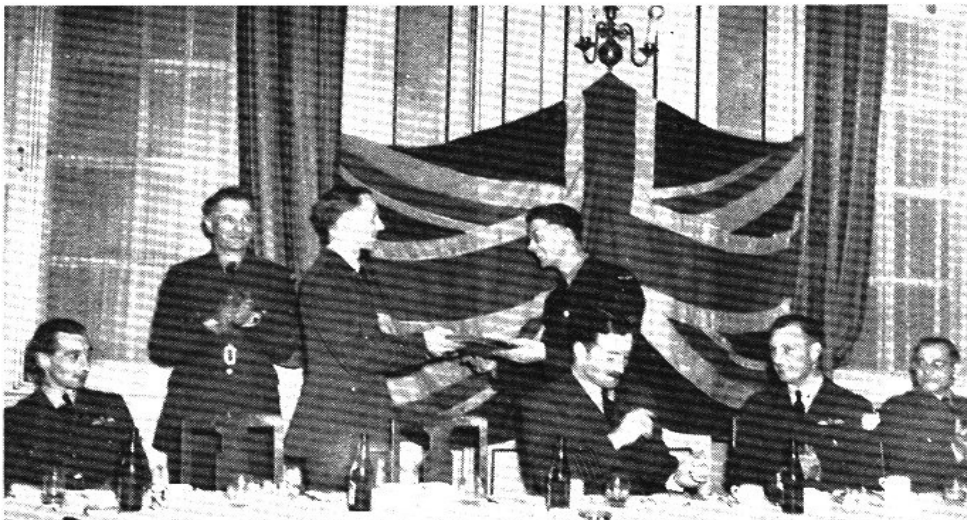
The Choir's repertoire has been considerably widened recently, and now includes Wagner's "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser," the "Chorus of Peers"

THE STATION CHOIR



Members of the Station Male Voice Choir photographed with the President (G/Capt. E. J. George) and other senior officials.

FAREWELL PRESENTATION



S/Ldr. N. M. Slaughter, Vice-President, making farewell presentation to Corpl. Eric Holden, former Conductor of the Station Male Voice Choir, at a dinner in the Grant Hall Hotel.

CAMP SEES MUSICAL REVUE

Sparkling Variety Well Received

Under the title "Musical Revue" a sparkling variety programme was presented in the Station Theatre on Wednesday, March 22nd. Produced by F/O. K. M. Ashley, this show was indicative of the wealth of talent which abounds among the personnel of the camp and, including, as it did, items by artists from the city, reached a new high in the standard attained by non-professional shows on the station.

The show had everything in the way of music, instrumental and vocal, and comedy, and even the most exacting of critics would have been at a loss to find any serious faults in it.

In the instrumental sphere, Sgt. Fletcher and his Dance Band Boys provided a solid foundation for the whole show, and their rhythmic outpourings, in well-varied moods and tempos, were presented with superb skill and nicety of tone and tune to the delight of two large audiences which included many guests from the city. The Band certainly added further to its laurels on this occasion.

LAC. Teddy Miles came nearest to stopping the show with his masterly exploits on the xylophone, and gave ample evidence of his previous professional experience before disguising himself as a

from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe," "Goin' Home," from Dvorak's "New World Symphony," and numbers from "The Desert Song" and "The Student Prince."

Aspiring members will be welcome in the West Wing of the Airmen's Mess on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings at 0730 hours. Ability to read music, though valuable, is not a condition of membership; a love of good music and enthusiasm for a certain amount of hard work are the more essential requirements.

—HI CEE.

student pilot. As evidence of his musical versatility he also doubled on the saxophone with equal finesse. (Those behind the scenes also heard him perform miracles at the ivory keyboard.)

LAC. Ken Rowland, a Welsh accordionist of no mean skill (and a talented portrait artist as well), was enthusiastically received on his two appearances, and displayed expert control of his instrument and a keen perception of what the audience most enjoyed. Moose Jaw's own Jean and Robert Pounder, piano duettists, gave exquisite renderings of well-chosen numbers and completed a veritable galaxy of stars shining with equal brightness in their respective domains.

Providing the vocal foundation at the beginning, and combining with the Band to give a rousing send-off and finale to the show, was the Station Male Voice Choir with LAC. Norman Hurst appearing as conductor for the first time—in fact, for the first time as conductor of any choir! The combined Band and Choir renditions of "Without a Song," "The Lost Chord" and "When Day is Done" were very well received. Margaret and Dan Crone blended their voices superbly in two groups of numbers, with Robert Pounder accompanying them, and drew rounds of applause from the audience.

But undoubtedly the star of the show was Buddy Logan, ex-singer with such famous London bands as Maurice Winnick and Lew Stone. Appearing first as vocalist with the Band in "Besame Mucha" and "I Didn't Sleep a Wink Last Night," presenting skilful imitations of Bing Crosby and Stan Laurel singing "Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day," "assisting" F/Lt. Daniels in his compèring of the show, relating his experiences as Commando McIntyre, appearing in a neat sketch with Ethel Hlady, F/Lt. Daniels and P/O. Polhill, and taking several other vocals with the Band, Buddy showed commendable versatility and displayed expert knowledge of the finer points of

• Continued on following page

Prairie Howler vs. Hairy Prowler

Ring Shambles as Gorilla Men Battle to the Death!

April 1st, 1944—an appropriate date—saw the return match of those two boxers, the Prairie Howler and the Hairy Prowler, at No. 2 I.T.S. boxing tournament.

Their show at Regina was as uproarious as their performance at the station tournament in March. The Prairie Howler was so overcome with his unexpected win in the first fight that he retired to the Sickerie and was unable to return the honor on the first of April. However, the C.G.I. stepped in and played the part well—a wee drappie of Scotsman's blood works wonders—and he succumbed to the requests of the rest of the "cast" — psychological attack at its best!

A copy of the local write-up of the Regina match must be placed on record, and for those who missed it, we reprint it here:

"For the frivolous-minded, high spot of the night came when seven of the better madmen from the R.A.F. station at Moose Jaw cast aside offi-

cial dignity and unfolded a howling farce of a fight.

"Defying the laws of chance, the Prairie Howler, a tremulous and reluctant battler, took a decision from the large and sinister Hairy Prowler—a turn of events which seemed to incense the Prowler's handlers.

"At any rate, they plunged into the fray and the affair ended with two fighters, four seconds and the referee entangled in a writhing mass on the canvas, with some of the more foresighted citizenry pelting them with tomatoes and other items of garden produce.

"The ring was a shambles, and so were some of the ringside spectators.

"Good clean fun it was. Fun, anyway."

In passing a vote of thanks to the officers who are not really "madmen," we hope that they are now mended, and that their bruises and canvas grazes are but past reminders of their amusing antics. Incidentally, the Sports Officer had an unpleasant half-hour apologizing for the tomato episode at Regina, where ringsiders (both sexes!) partook of their tomato juice at a most unusual hour—definitely not part of our show—or was it?

showmanship which stamped him as an artist of outstanding merit.

Controlling this array of talent was F/Lt. Daniels as genial compère, with an unlimited supply of choice anecdotes to maintain interest between numbers. With him, to add a touch of femininity, was Ethel Hlady, who combined in several items and led a spell of community singing along with the compère.

At the conclusion of the show, F/O. Ashley paid signal tribute to the fine way in which his efforts had been received by the audiences and the Commanding Officer, G/Capt. E. J. George, spoke a few words of congratulation to the producer and cast, while presenting floral bouquets to the ladies.

Backstage men who shared the responsibility for the success of the show were F/O. Williams, as stage manager; F/Sgt. Ball in charge of lighting; AC's Long and Higgs and members of the Station Male Voice Choir, who were responsible for the quiet and speedy movement of stage properties from dropped handkerchiefs to grand pianos. Without the generous co-operation of these willing assistants the show would not have achieved the success that its stars made of it.

The secretarial duties in connection with the show were in the capable hands of Sgt. Dixon.

Thanks and encores to F/O. Ashley.

—N. H.

"BAND WAGON" ARRIVES!

New Style Show Makes Big Hit

"Band Wagon," the first in a new series of shows, was presented in the Station Theatre on Wednesday, 26th April. The two performances were very well received by large audiences which included many friends from the city.

The show opened with a darkened stage and to the strains of the Station Dance Band's signature tune "Blue and Sentimental," following which F/Lt. Daniels, as compère, announced their first item, "Swinging the Blues," which consisted of well-executed solo breaks by Cliff Pullen (trumpet) and Bob Wiltshire (tenor sax). This number was followed by "This Is a Lovely Way to Spend an Evening" with Buddy Logan featured as the vocalist. From sweet to swing, there followed "Begin the Beguine" with Bob Wiltshire again featured, this time on the clarinet.

After this rousing send-off, a newcomer on the Station was introduced in the person of George "Ay, Ay" Martin, who soon got the audience in receptive mood with his breezy style of jokes and chatter, and, in a more serious vein, with his rendering of "Making the Best of Each Day." He was a frequent "visitor" on the stage with surprise gags and clowning which were a source of delighted amusement to the audience.

There followed a request item "Every Tub" by the Band, and, in slower tempo, "Little Did I Know" with Buddy Logan again vocalizing.

Another "new face" next appeared, this time Ivor Shield, a "mad" pianist. His interpretation of "Poet and Peasant," accompanied by clever antics, almost brought the house down, and this item, followed by his rendition of "Phooey," (his own music and words by Buddy Logan) stamped him as an artist of no mean ability.

The classic "Indian Love Lyric" from "Rose Marie" was given a new guise when the Band, featuring the clarinet,

gave out with an Artie Shaw arrangement of that number. The popular "I Wish I Could Hide Inside This Letter" with Buddy again soloing, provided a pleasing contrast.

To add a further touch of comedy, the compère and Buddy next combined in burlesquing the popular B.B.C. feature "In Town Tonight," this item including a running commentary and an impression of those talented stars of British Music Hall and radio, Flanagan and Allan.

Fresh from his successful debut in "Musical Revue," Teddy Miles next appeared with further items on the xylophone, Monte's "Czardas" being his choice. After "doubling" with "Whispering" and "Stardust" on the alto sax, he returned to his first love with a medley of favourite hot tunes of the day. Again the audience were most enthusiastic in their appreciation of this polished artist's work.

"Marie" and "Shoo Shoo, Baby," two numbers by the Band, were followed by a combined effort from Reg Coleman, the Station Band's popular pianist, and Teddy Miles, also at the piano this time. (What can't this fellow play?) They gave an exhibition of swing and "boogie-woogie" playing which was in keeping with the high standard of all the previous numbers. In Bolero tempo and singing Bing's latest number, Buddy Logan followed with "Poinciana" and encored with a comedy version of "Loch Lomond" and "Chattanooga Choo Choo." "John's Idea," the next item, was a Band number which prominently featured the pianist, Reg Coleman, and was followed by an orchestral arrangement of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," during the course of which Cliff Pullen (trumpet) soloed and the three saxes, Sgt. Fletcher, Maurice Cooke and Bob Wiltshire, were able to bring out the rich harmonies of their instruments.

More comedy followed when Buddy and George got together in "Just Fooling" which included harmonious (?) renderings of "Mir Bist Du Schoen,"

• Continued on following page

Natatorium Scene of Successful Dances

Red Cross Benefits by Birthday Ball

In continuation of the series of dances already held at the Natatorium during the winter months, two further ones were held during the past month and, according to general comment, were even more successful than their forerunners.

The first was an initiating event in connection with the station Red Cross Drive.

A large crowd of dancers enjoyed the excellent music of the Station Dance Band, under the direction of Sgt. Fletcher, and several favourable comments on their work were heard.

On this occasion the various events in connection with the Red Cross Drive were announced, and the sale of tickets

"Ragtime Cowboy Joe" and "For Me and My Gal."

The Band rounded off an excellent programme with a "hot" rendering of "Caravan," Buddy following with the theme song from the film "The Gang's All Here."

W/Cmdr. Townsend neatly expressed the sentiments of the audience at the second performance and introduced S/Ldr. McArdle who, in the role of Band Officer, was responsible for the presentation.

To Sgt. Fletcher, who arranged the various numbers and led the Band in a full night's work, a special word of thanks, and one also to the rhythm section of the band, Jack Bell (drums), and Ron Wickham (bass), who, though not featured, provided the very necessary basis for so much of the solo work by their colleagues. A final bouquet, too, for the "backstage" boys, who co-operated in making this show such a success, and, we hope, the forerunner of many more.

—"REGGIO."

for some of them was given a good send-off. From this event alone \$150.00 were raised, a sum which augured well for the eventual success of the schemes in hand.

On March 31st the dance took the form of the R.A.F. Birthday Ball, (yes—we were all 26 again!) and the organizing geni behind this event really went to town in celebration of this auspicious occasion. The proceedings commenced at 10 p.m. and continued until 2 o'clock the following morning, (anyone homesick?), a concession which was very much appreciated. A highlight of the evening was the triumphant entry of the monster Birthday Cake, heralded by the martial strains of the re-formed Station Military Band, directed by Sgt. Fletcher and led by our old friend Sgt. Bushell as mace-bearer. The cake itself was a most imposing affair, the work of LAC. Plane, the lowest of the three tiers being four feet long and two feet wide and having a model aircraft lined up by kind permission of S/Ldr. Robertson. (It is not true that they could not take off because F/Lt. Petty had been posted!). LAC. Wright and AC's. Bedford, Bloomfield and Burrows bore their precious burden, "under escort", down the centre of the "Nat" to a place of honour in the body of the hall where, after the formal first cutting by the Commanding Officer, G/Capt. E. J. George, it was offered for sale at 10c. a piece for the Red Cross. Needless to say, not a crumb was left.

The splendid playing of the Dance Band under Sgt. Fletcher, with "Buddy" Logan doing the vocals, was again a feature of this event, and with several new numbers provided perfect inspiration for the large crowd of dancers.

From this event the Red Cross fund was bolstered to the tune of \$300.00.

The members of the Entertainment Committee and all others who in any way contributed to the success of these two events are to be heartily congratulated for their generous effort in such a worthy cause, and it is most gratifying to see their work so highly commended from all quarters. Thanks are also due to the members of the Westhall Club of St. John's Church, who had charge of the refreshment stall and expeditiously discharged a most arduous task with the maximum of charm and the minimum of delay!

"NEB".

'The Whole Town's Talking' at 32

On Wednesday, April 19th, "The Whole Town's Talking", a three-act farce by John Emerson and Anita Loos, was presented by the local Y.W.C.A. Health Education Department. This delightful play was produced and directed by Mrs. Trevor Schofield, whose invaluable work among the youth of Moose Jaw is receiving signal notice and most favourable comment. This further effort on her part was in keeping with the high standard of all her previous work in this and other fields.

The subject of the whole town's gossip was the previous *affaires de coeur* of one Chester Binney, a manufacturer, whose partner, Henry Simmons, is anxious that his daughter should marry Binney in order that the business fortunes should remain in the family. Ethel Simmons, the daughter, however, has other ideas and returns to her home in Sandusky, (a small American township), with the flashy and somewhat imperious Roger Shields with whom she is obviously infatuated. The position is still further complicated by arrival of Letty Lythe, a film star and a previous "associate" of Binney's, and her director, Donald Swift, whose name Henry Simmons had used as an alibi in an attempt to hide his somewhat suspicious machinations in the company of his dancing teacher, Sadie Brown. Henry's dangerous insistence that he had been in conference with Swift until the early hours of the morning hardly satisfied the curiosity of his wife, Harriet, and her righteous indignation, when Swift, unsuspectingly asserts that he has not been in the district for some considerable time, can well be imagined. The hilarious attempts of Henry Simmons to save both his own face and that of his partner and at the same time promote the friendship of his daughter with Binney in spite of the factors ranged against him kept a large audience in a permanent chuckle and often brought rounds of "arty lahter".

Discrimination between the members of the cast would be difficult, such was the high standard of performance by all concerned. With Mrs. Schofield herself taking the part of Mrs. Simmons and

giving an expert interpretation of that character, Jeanette Elwood, as Ethel, and Joyce Pedley, as Letty, the female parts were really well acted and revealed latent possibilities from those youthful members of the Y.W.C.A. Clarence Hackman and Beverley Clarke, as Lila Wilson and Sally Otis, respectively, (Ethel's friends and fellow conspirators!), Frances Hanford as Annie, the maid, and Edith Fraser as Sadie Bloom also acquitted themselves most commendably, Miss Hackman especially, with her delightful lisp, making a real hit.

Maurice Jack, changing from his usual comic roles, showed keen discernment in his characterisation of Henry Simmons, and, with Stanley Wooten as Chester Binney, completed a leading team of outstanding merit. Trevor Schofield, (remembered by many "old stagers" on the camp for his work in producing "Black and White" over a year ago), as Donald Swift and Bill MacDonald as Roger Shields gave very pleasing performances. Bernard Smith in the role of taxi driver and M. Davidson and B. Ward took minor parts with appropriate skill and completed a *dramatis personae* such as has seldom been surpassed in skill by dramatic companies of even professional standing.

Stage management was in the hands of John Yates, with P/O. R. T. D. Williams assisting; F/O. K. Ashley had charge of the make-up box, and Isabel Pedley acted as prompter—a sort of silent partner on this occasion! F/Sgt. G. F. H. Ball had charge of the lighting effects, and the furs used in the show were kindly loaned by E. R. Eaton of Moose Jaw.

W/Cmdr. Ovenden expressed the sentiments of the large audience in thanking Mrs. Schofield and all who had assisted her in any way for a really grand night's entertainment. He also presented the ladies of the cast with beautiful spring bouquets.

"Kritik."

"A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."—Ecclesiastes. (Pipe down, pupes—Ed.)

Heard around town: "These performers have appeared at Air Force stations and other charitable institutions."

Red Cross Drive Produces \$4,001

The recent national appeal for funds on behalf of the Canadian Red Cross Society was taken very much to heart by the personnel of the Station and, conscious of the assistance that has been given by the Society to relatives and friends during more than four years of war, either as victims of the grim days of '41 or as prisoners of war, all ranks responded most nobly to such a worthy cause. Last year's total of 4,600 dollars was not reached only because last minute hitches held up certain schemes which would comfortably have taken us past that mark. As it was, the figure actually attained, 4,001 dollars, was the sum total of steady plodding on all sides and detailed effort which necessitated reference to practically every person on the camp.

The correlating of all the various schemes was in the hands of a committee consisting of S/Ldr. (P.S.I.) Musgrave F/Lt. Boyce, F/Lt. Daniels, F/O. Wheeler and F/O. Clear. They would be the first to acknowledge the invaluable assistance they received from all quarters, some idea of which will be given below.

The indicator outside the guard room made its first "climb" when the Officers' Mess voted an initial grant of 1,000 dollars. From then onward the painters were busy each day as the total soared towards the 5,000-dollar goal.

From the Airmen came another 1,000 dollars in actual subscriptions from the various huts and, whilst it is appreciated that the detailed figures from each hut may not be a strictly accurate indication of the extent of the effort made, one cannot help thinking that the pupils of 99 Course in "D" hut (still with us, I hope!) certainly deserve special mention with a contribution of nearly 150 dollars which, though including 22 dollars produced from a raffle, did not take into account the odd dollars paid for raffle tickets, admission to dances and all the other general "temptations" which had something to offer. This was a very noble gesture and the question of our emulating last year's effort would never have been in doubt had all been imbued with the same fine spirit. From the Sergeants' Mess came a grant of 131 dollars, apart

Whist Drives Help Red Cross

The organisers of the weekly Whist Drive on the camp were "right in there pitching" when the Red Cross appeal was launched and two successful drives were instrumental in boosting the total by over forty-five dollars.

LAC. J. McMahon was the energetic organiser of these efforts, assisted by a worthy band of enthusiasts, LAC's. Livermore, Marsh, Thompson, Westoby, Slighton and James, who remustered (temp.) to hewers of wooden chairs and drawers of water (for tea). AC. Coane produced a number of beautiful paper floral bouquets which were presented as prizes to the ladies, whose presence at these and all other drives has been most appreciated.

The first of the drives, held on March 8th, produced thirty dollars, but counter-attractions on March 15th depleted the attendance and another fifteen dollars only were added. One cannot but admire the generous magnanimity of the organizers of these drives, who continue to operate in spite of the apparent ease with which the drives are cancelled if there is any other event on the Station on a Wednesday evening. Nice work, lads, keep it up.

"No TRUMP".

from various schemes and a straight subscription.

Dances at the Natatorium, described in detail elsewhere, were most productive, and swelled the total to the extent of nearly 700 dollars, whilst a dance held at Caron by the "skeleton" staff there added another 100 dollars. (We understand that this was a most enjoyable affair — the forerunner of many, we hope.)

F/O. Wheeler's production of the play "Rope" proved most lucrative; shows on the camp, in town and in Regina produced a total of nearly 250 dollars. (It was hoped to produce the play at Calgary, but last minute difficulties prevented this project from materializing.) The boxing tournament, held in the Drill Hall, resulted in another 90-odd dollars being thrown into the coffers (a high price to pay for a few black eyes and sore ears!). Two whist drives added 50

NIGHT

Lying a long time hushed the while you slept,
 With fancy agile on my mind as light
 On summer waves, I watched the sky; then crept
 Out of my bed's warm hold, and from the sill
 Perused the rich papyrus of the night.
 I saw how each within his private world
 Discovered warmth in living, though unkennd
 The sources of beatitude. But chill,
 Too chill and vast, for human hearts snug-curl'd
 In near known things, was that great loneliness.
 Always I know a jealous God will rend
 The promised vision as my senses press
 For revelation of those ends unseen.
*Dear pillowed shadow, who can comprehend
 Time's legions hurrying, ourselves serene?*

—J. H. M.



dollars, the Station Male Voice Choir collected over 30 dollars at one of their several performances in the district, this one at Mortlach; collections in the Station Church produced 40 dollars, and the 5-pin exponents another 20. A raffle, with war bonds as prizes, was held, and 225 dollars gleaned from this effort.

Various working sections had their own devices for persuading their men to dig deeper and deeper into their working blue with varying degrees of success. Works and Buildings handed over 200 dollars; our erstwhile friends the Service Police, without threats, produced 83 dollars and the Airmen's Mess a further 90 dollars. (Was it at a cent an egg or a dollar a steak?) From the bottom of the old sock ("hose" to you, chum) the Fire Section salvaged 26 of the best. Our friends in the "Y" canteen put together all the nickels from unclaimed milk bottles, etc., and made 23 dollars; collections at the Station Cinema added a further 39 dollars, while the staffs of the Officers' and Airmen's Messes, with 6 dollars, made a welcome contribution.

There appeared to be no limit to the ingenious devices conjured up by various individuals. The occupants of P Hut, probably not alone in their plans, are typical; among the items detailed in the summary of their contributions ap-

peared such delightfully intriguing entries as "Pennies," "Guessing," "Dog's Age," "Bingo" and "Milk Bottles" each having a few dollars to its credit!!! (These fellows are surely not worried about the post-war question of making a living.) Cpl. Wait made and handpainted a cushion cover, raffled it and handed over 5 dollars! Cpl. Rickman, of Station Cinema "Swing" session, and CHAB "London Music Hall" fame, had the courage of his convictions and supreme confidence in the inviolability of the local "fans" by offering his photograph for sale! ! This, and other efforts by him, produced 20 dollars with no complaints about the quality of the goods sold! AC. Cliff Rosser organized a Sunday evening concert at the Moose Jaw Y.M.C.A. and added 18 dollars.

Lack of space forbids reference to more specific efforts, but the foregoing will suffice to emphasize the all-round support given to this appeal and, if it should ever come about that personnel of this station have to receive any of the multitudinous benefits available from the Red Cross Society, they can rest assured that they may do so with a feeling of confidence that they have played their part in ensuring that such good work shall continue.

—"GRATIS."

ENTERTAINMENTS

IN spring the writer's fancy would normally turn to thoughts other than of the summarizing of yet another month's activities in the entertainment life of the camp, but an insistent Director of Production has decreed otherwise.

As usual, the "star" events are reported elsewhere, and it remains only for me to summarize the activities in a general way.

Dances

The two ventures in this sphere are included in the star events of the month, and the outstanding success of both reflects great credit on all the personnel participating. Watch out for further announcements in this direction.

Dramatic Society

This gifted group, under the direction of P/O. Wheeler, after their successful presentation of "Rope" on the camp last month, repeated their performance in Regina on April 4th, 5th and 6th, when they played to three full houses on behalf of the Red Cross Society. Their next venture is to be an Anton Tchekoff one-act comedy, "The Boor", which will be prepared for competition in the Saskatchewan Drama Festival at Regina on April 29th. If fuller details are available before this number goes to print, they will have been reported elsewhere. We wish P/O. Wheeler and his cast every success in their venture, and hope that we, too, may have an opportunity of enjoying the fruits of their handiwork.

Gramophone Recitals

With more intensive advertising there has been a considerable increase in the attendances at both our semi-classical recitals, presented by our good friend, Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., of Moose Jaw, and the lighter presentations by Cpl. (now boated) Rickman. The repatriation of the latter robs the station, and Moose Jaw, too, of one who has taken a sincere interest in entertainment through the medium of the gramophone; his unassuming but quietly effective presentations of typical London Musical Hall programmes over CHAB, and his swing sessions in the station cinema, were very much appreciated by a large section of the civilian and service community. We wish him godspeed with a sincere "Thank you"

for his efforts. What are the chances of someone's coming forward to carry on the good work he started so well?

Whist Drives

The promoters of these weekly efforts rose admirably to the occasion during the recent Red Cross Drive, and as a result of two drives were able to swell the total by almost fifty dollars. LAC. McMahon and LAC. Coane, along with a few other willing assistants, are to be complimented on their efforts. The weekly drive continues to attract an average of some seventy players each Wednesday evening at 20.00 hours in the Reading and Writing Room.

Station Bands

The revival of the Station Military Band, foreshadowed in last month's edition, has been a welcome feature of the month's activities and Sgt. Fletcher has displayed admirable patience with his willing students, many of whom have started from scratch. The appearance of the Band at the Birthday Ball added greatly to the evening's enjoyment. We look forward to hearing more of them in the near future.

The Dance Band continues to uphold the fine reputation it has gained in the district, and its good work has been the outstanding feature of the series of dances at the Natatorium.

Films

A high standard of presentation of up-to-date films has been maintained during the past month, thanks to the good work of our "Y" supervisor, Mr. Ewing. It has also been possible to arrange for occasional presentations to the skeleton staff at Caron.

Bingo

Each Thursday night at 19.30 hours, in the Wet Canteen, free Bingo is played and prizes are given by the Y.M.C.A.

Variety Shows

F/O. Ashley's production of "Musical Variety", reported in detail elsewhere, set a new high in the record of shows consisting mainly of service personnel, and it is hoped that he will be given an opportunity of exercising his talents in this direction again in the near future. At the moment of writing the possibilities of presenting a slightly revised ver-

RIGHT and WRONG

HAVING had their lunch, Peter Trice and William Eavenly retired to the "Gun and Gopher" for the evening and for a chat. They settled down in the strange chairs and lighted their smokes.

Peter began: "Hitler says 'right is that for which the German people wish.' Just what is wrong with this? Some philosophers say right does vary with what people think, with public opinion. I, of course, do not support Hitler, but these two ideas suit one another."

With just a moment's hesitation, William replied: "The root of the trouble is that you cannot measure your cloth except with something that is outside of the cloth; so you cannot measure our moral ideas and say that they are better than the Nazis' except by something outside of both, namely God."

"Hitler's statement is quite a result to be expected if each man makes himself a God, and a law unto himself. If a pianist plays a piece of music its rightness depends on its correspondence with the mind of the composer. Similarly our actions are right if they correspond with the mind of God, the Creator. This is what we mean by the moral law."

"God has given us a guide telling us before we do an action if it is right; and after we have done the action, approving or accusing us. Conscience is reason passing judgments on the goodness or otherwise of our acts."

Peter interrupted with: "But how does it decide, how does it know if an action is good or bad?"

"By my reason enquiring whether I am using things in accord with the purpose for which they were made. Everything has a purpose and reason discovers purposes. For instance, a razor has a

purpose, and to use it to break stones not only fails but even spoils the razor. So man's reason tells him he has a purpose, that is, the attainment of truth for his intellect; goodness for his will and life for his whole being. Actions leading to this are good, those against are bad. By doing the former ones a man reaches the purpose for which God made him: the attainment of Perfect Truth, Goodness and Love, which in the end is God Himself.

"The way that infringements of the moral law often bring their own punishment is a good indication of the necessity of keeping this law. For instance, if all were allowed to kill indiscriminately, there would be no security for anyone; thus can reason see that it would be wrong and thus would infringement punish the infringers. Again, if lies were as allowable as truth, it would not be worth listening to anyone."

"This basic moral law of reason is the one principle upon which we can and should unite. It makes no difference if one be a Jew, a Protestant, or a Catholic; a Hottentot, a Mohammedan, or a Hindu; a German or a Japanese."

"It is of more importance for ourselves, personally and collectively, to ask if we are obeying the moral law than to blame others for not obeying. We can cause ourselves to observe it, we cannot make others do so. Because disorder reigns we feel we must blame someone. We blame Hitler, Hitler blames the Jews and Bolsheviks, the pinks blame the Catholics, and so on. This is not really getting us anywhere; we must ask ourselves, each one, where we fail. Only thus can all be righted."

God bless you all.

FATHER SUMNER.



sion of "Musical Variety" in the city are being explored.

Erratum

The writer regrets that in reporting the visit of the "Regina Madcaps" in last month's edition he was wrongly informed that the close harmony trio were the "Sunshine Trio" from Moose Jaw, appearing as guest artists. In actual

fact, they were none other than Alice, Betty and Goldie, actual members of the Concert Party. Any inconvenience this error may have caused is regretted, and apologies are extended to the parties concerned.

N.H.



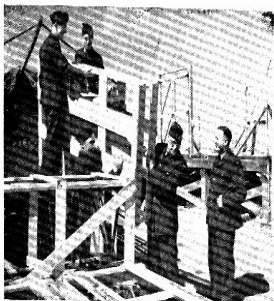
"Get some in, chum. I've had more inoculations than you've had flying hours."

OFFICERS



F/O. C. H. Hunter S/L. A. R. G. Wolff

R. & I. SECTION



LAC. Barrett, LAC. Baker, Cpl. Morgan

PRODUCE SECTION



Cpl. Etchells, LAC. Newton, LAC. Wadcy

IN WORKING HOURS

No. 6

Equipment Section

—Photos by Photographic Section.

STOCK CONTROL



Sgt. Geldard
LAC. Steele. AC. Marmion

BARRACK STORE



Sgt. Cole LAC. Livermore

TECHNICAL STORE



F/S. Roache-Rooke LAC. Goodman

BEDDING STORE



LAC. Lucy, AC. Brown

STATIONERY STORE



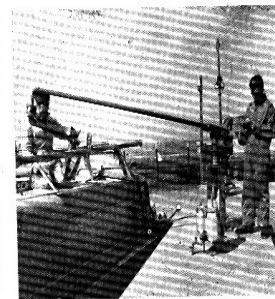
LAC. Slightam

OFFICE



W/O. Mayhew LAC. Biddle

GASOLINE SECTION



AC. Davies LAC. Pittman

CLOTHING PARADE



LAC. Thunder
Sgt. Hardy

Corporals' PAGE

PEN PORTRAIT No. 8
CPL. KEN BATEMAN

ABOUT a year ago, the Instrument Section were gratified to learn that a new colleague had arrived to assist them in their arduous labours — and Cpl. Ken Bateman was welcomed with open arms. In some cases first impressions are not always confirmed by later events, but not in the case of Ken; he soon became popular both with his fellow labourers and with all who had occasion to visit the Instrument Section during the course of their duties.

He is reputed to have spent many hours in the last six months—and may well spend a considerably longer period — in endeavouring to perfect a world-shaking invention that will earn him the plaudits of all members of his Section. This invention-to-be, a calibrating device, operated by remote control, has been the subject of considerable trouble to him, as various parts seem to be "accidentally borrowed", generally never to return, just when he is ready to use them. Despite these many tribulations, he has never been known to lose his temper, or to indulge in the regrettably common R.A.F. form of vocal vituperation.

Prior to joining the Royal Air Force, he spent the major part of his twenty-odd years in Egypt, which may account, in part, for his "tall, dark and handsome" appearance. His ability in the art of fisticuffs is well known, and was ably demonstrated in a recent Boxing Tournament with AC. Kirby.

In his leisure hours he can often be found in the City of Moose Jaw, where his expert dancing and charm of manner have undoubtedly endeared him to the



Cpl. Ken Bateman

hearts of not a few of the fair sex. It has been said of him that he was one of the earlier discoverers of the fact that "Chesterfield" can mean more than an invitation to smoke.

During the time that he has been in the Dominion he has managed to travel considerably, and has a considerable knowledge of the Cities of Western Canada and particularly of Winnipeg, the heart of the Middle West. He has some very interesting experiences to relate. If you could catch him in the right mood, he might be persuaded to tell of the occasion when, not having eaten for many hours, he searched the whole of

• by R. H. P.

Places WE KNOW and LOVE . . .

LLANGOLLEN IN NORTH WALES

IN Georgian days, Llangollen in Denbighshire was considered a somewhat "poor town", but in these days this old-world cluster of buildings, with their steep gables, moss-covered roofs, twisting alleys, and quaint shops, set amongst the tree-covered slopes of the Vale of Llangollen, makes one of the loveliest pictures of a town ever to be seen in North Wales. But alas, like all beauty spots, its serenity has been rudely shattered by trippers from the Northern and Midland towns, who, by their intrusion, have caused the inhabitants to sleep on the floor or walk about all night to make room for them.

In spite of all anti-social invasions, Llangollen has a beauty which will not lie hidden or allow itself to be obscured. The Bridge of Dee was built in the 15th Century by an ancient Bishop of St. Asaph (why don't they send Bishops like him to Canada?), and was the first stone bridge ever to be built in Wales. His fame spread far amongst the farmsteads and hamlets, and traffic through Llangollen owed much to the notoriety attached to any who had crossed the Brig o' Dee.

A later, and equally enlightened gentleman, built that hostel down the street, against the walls of which the Dee plays such a merry tune, but the Royal Hotel has altered a great deal, even since Daniel O'Connell toasted his toes at its cheerful hearth, and wrote verses (over his glass of porter) in the Visitors' Book.

Further down this street is the old Hand hostelry, with its association with General Yorke who, at one time, boarded there. It was this old fire-dog who took over Plas Newydd, the residence of the Two Old Maids of Llangollen, and changed it into a museum. One suspects his war-tales were also as curious as the stories of the guide who makes a goodly business among the relics of old Wales which lie here.

Below the bridge, the Dee is an angry stream, dashing in and about the mossy rocks with a fierce energy which inspired Churchill to write:

"The toun is near the goodly river Dee
That underneath a bridge of stone
doth pass,
And still on rocks the water runs, you
see,
A wondrous way, a thing full rare and
strange.
That rocke cannot the course of water
change,
For in the stream huge stones and
rockes remayne
That backward it might the flood of
force constrayne."

Those of us who knew Llangollen well were always feeling of the changes which took place each year as "civilising influences" crept in, but we could not be too critical, for the way we always chose to leave was the Canal, winding as it does among country to which no pen could ever do justice—we leave it to the artist and his brush.



Banff during the early hours of a cool morning, and finally had to be content with coffee and biscuits. When asked which of the many cities that he had visited he found the most beautiful, he pondered for a while, and finally gave the prize to Saskatoon, saying that he had yet to find anything more delightful than watching the dawn break across the river in that northern city of Saskatchewan.

P.J.

The next eye-witness was an 11-year-old boy whose incoherent, almost inaudible testimony corroborated to a large extent the evidence given by his 1-year-old room-mate.—*Winnipeg Tribune*.

That's one trial we wish we'd attended.

★

Quote — "Nothing ever happens in Moose Jaw", unquote. But what you hear in the Uptown makes up for it.



Evening in BAGHDAD

• By SIMBA

"BON jour, mon ami, soyez le bien-venu à Baghdad" (Greetings, my friend, welcome to Baghdad). So spoke Farouk Bey, Iraqi M.P. and Minister of Agriculture, as he gravely shook hands with me on my arrival by air from England in the late spring of 1934. I had flown with Imperial Airways many miles from London to keep that appointment with Farouk Bey in Baghdad. This dignitary was a Turk, well-educated and of the best family, but he held a studied dislike for all Englishmen, even refusing to talk to them in their native tongue. If they did not speak French or Turkish, it was just too bad for them; fortunately, I spoke French fluently and the situation, therefore, held no embarrassment for me. The Bey had a magnificent military carriage and held himself stiffly erect. I promptly asked him if he had fought against us in the last war in the Gallipoli campaign. His eyes flashed and he replied in the affirmative, but softened to a look of genuine interest when I told him that he and I were former ex-enemies but now, I hoped, to be very good friends. I had spent six unhappy and never-to-be-forgotten months at Suvla Bay on the Gallipoli Peninsula in 1915. There I had quickly learned to respect and admire "Johnny Turk" as the enemy was familiarly known to all members of the M.E.F. The Turkish soldier was then and probably still is today, Europe's finest warrior. A Turk has three loves, i.e., a woman, a horse and a sword.

Farouk Bey embraced me on both cheeks (French fashion) and the greatest cordiality reigned between us.

I was on my way to India (Karachi) by air, but had been asked by the Iraqi Government to break my journey at Baghdad, where I was to spend a fortnight as the guest of the Government in order to assist in investigating the causes of a deadly lung disease which had stricken down vast numbers of the four million sheep to be found in Iraq. An important contract for disinfectant and sheep dip was the prize and primary object of my visit on behalf of my firm in England.

I took leave of Farouk Bey and was joined by my firm's agent—a big, jolly Irishman called Fitzgerald, who had spent several years of his life in Baghdad. He conducted me to Maudes' Hotel, where rooms had been reserved for me. I was tired and dusty, having left Aboukir Bay in Egypt at dawn that morning, breakfasted at Gaza, lunched lightly at Basra and finally reached Baghdad at 4.30 p.m. Maudes' Hotel is one of two good hotels in Baghdad where accommodation is suitable for Europeans and is situated on the main street of the city. I was somewhat abashed to learn from Fitzgerald that my competitor (agent for a well-known British firm) was anxious to meet me and was now awaiting me in the lobby of the hotel.

A few minutes later found the three of us seated on high stools at the cosy bar of the hotel and imbibing a very welcome large Scotch and soda. It was now 6.15 p.m. At 9.45 p.m. we were still there and, believe it or not (with apologies to Ripley), I was still completely sober. It afterwards transpired

that my competitor had done his utmost to prevent my ever coming to Baghdad in the first place, and my decision to make the journey by air from London had taken him by surprise, as I had arrived about a fortnight ahead of my scheduled time. Apparently he had hoped to get me talking in order to learn some facts and figures relating to the Government contract and known only to myself and my firm. I was able to thwart his aims by the simple process of getting the barman to replenish my glass with ginger ale instead of whisky each time a round of drinks was ordered.

Fitzgerald eventually got rid of our well-intentioned (sic) friend who left us in an advanced stage of inebriation after imparting to us much useful information. We went into dinner just before 10 p.m., as in hot countries dinner is usually taken at a late hour. At the next table to ours sat a silent and dignified figure partaking of Arab dishes. He was an Iraqi Arab and member of the local house of parliament. Clad in full native dress and decked in all his regalia and finery, he presented a striking spectacle. He was tall and broad of shoulder and had an aquiline nose with hawk-like features. He wore a short beard and moustache and possessed deep-set smouldering black eyes. A magnificent diamond solitaire sparkled in his turban and he was wearing two more magnificent stones on the little finger of each hand.

It is most unusual for an Arab and a European to find themselves seated in close proximity to each other in a public restaurant or hotel dining room. I must confess that it was only with the greatest difficulty that I was able to refrain from rudely staring.

A few days later I had returned to the hotel tired and exhausted on account of the great heat (daily temperature was never less than 125 degrees in the shade and the nights were stifling). I had had a more than usually busy day among the sheep and badly needed some rest. I found, however, a note from Fitzgerald asking me to take a "sundowner" with him at the bar of the Savoy Palace Hotel which is the second of the two good hotels in Baghdad. This hotel possesses a fair-sized café in the European style, also a well-equipped American bar. Sunset time in Baghdad is an exciting hour of the day, as the native bazaars across the river Tigris can be heard coming to life with the throbbing of countless native drums. Vice and wic-

kedness of every kind reign supreme in the narrow streets of the bazaar during the hours of darkness. Outside in the busy main street powerful American cars of the latest model were being driven along at a great pace, their drivers madly and joyously honking their horns as they vied with each other in turning corners on two wheels. Their efforts in this direction and considerable skill would have called forth the approbation of a Paris taxi driver.

There was a motley crowd of humanity as we pushed our way through the café of the Savoy Palace Hotel towards the American bar. Men and women, indiscriminately mingled together. Arabs, Jews, Bedouins from the desert, Levantines, Greeks, rich French merchants from Damascus and Syria; the noise was deafening and the atmosphere thick and unwholesome with odours more powerful than all the perfumes of Arabia. After ordering drinks from Jean, the affable and dexterous white-coated barman, Fitzgerald turned to greet a distinguished-looking bearded Arab who had just made his entry. The two were business acquaintances and obviously on very cordial terms with each other. Fitzgerald greeted his Arab friend in the vernacular and immediately introduced me in French, which was spoken for my benefit. This Arab was a farmer and he immediately launched into an excited business discussion with Fitzgerald from whom he wished to buy a Diesel engine for his farm. I was quite content to let them talk business (in Arabic) and to take no part in the conversation. I did notice, however, that my new acquaintance was putting down vast quantities of "John Haig" neat, followed by a "chaser" (American fashion), and these libations appeared to have no effect whatsoever on him.

As I gazed around that cosy horseshoe bar bright with highly polished glasses and many-coloured bottles. I was reminded of Kipling's famous lines: "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." Yet, here before my very eyes, East and West were indeed meeting and apparently enjoying each other's company. Suddenly, in the midst of the babel of voices a subdued hush came over the assembly and even Jean and his cocktail shaker were awed into silence. Through a door giving onto the street on the far side of the bar, came an Arab, alone. He had an evil look and a most villainous countenance, a deep scar running down the whole of one side of

his face and obviously resulting from a knife wound. He was of medium height and possessed powerful shoulders. His was the cruelest face I had ever imagined, even in fairy tales. To make his countenance even more repulsive, he lacked one eye and wore no shade over the hideous empty staring socket. Such was Sheik Ahmed. Amidst a tense silence he moved majestically across the floor to the bar and disappeared from view into the cafe beyond.

Not a word was spoken during his passage and no sign of recognition nor word of greeting came from Fitzgerald's Arab friend sitting at my side. The furious babel of tongues now burst forth anew and I immediately availed myself of the opportunity to ask Jean the barman for an explanation regarding the latest tough-looking arrival. Jean explained that Sheik Ahmed had only recently aspired to the leadership of his tribe and had been able to do this by the simple process of having the rightful successor (his brother-in-law) murdered in cold blood by stabbing in the stomach and his body, done up in a sack, thrown into the muddy waters of the Tigris. He had then calmly paid over the rightful amount of blood-money to the widow of the murdered man and had at once assumed ascendancy over the tribe. All men feared Sheik Ahmed, for he was rich and powerful, utterly ruthless and quite fearless.

This exciting evening terminated by Fitzgerald's Arab friend inviting us to dine with him in a private room of the hotel. We refused this invitation as politely as we could, but we did accept the immediately proffered further invitation to spend the following week-end with our Arab host at his encampment in the desert. True to his word, our friend sent his brand new and luxurious Packard Eight car to fetch us at the hotel, and we were whirled away at a furious speed, klaxon screaming shrilly, to the edge of the desert proper, a mile

or so outside the city border. Here we were met by an Arab escort of honour and invited to mount a camel. I viewed my kneeling beast in alarm and fancied I caught a malicious gleam from his baleful eyes. I fooled him, however, by electing to mount more modestly on the back of an ass which I joyfully espied in the ranks of the cortège. Fitzgerald elected to ride my camel as he was accustomed to this mode of desert transport.

Our week-end in the desert as the guests of Fitzgerald's friend proved to be most entertaining and diverting. I tasted for the first time a strange and heady Arab wine, ruby red in colour, a little harsh to the palate, perhaps, but possessing a pleasant flavour and a subtle potency. Beautiful Circassian dancing girls performed before us to the accompaniment of native drums and curious instruments shaped like a zither. These dainty little maidens were seemingly tireless and always in readiness to appear, answering the summons given by a sharp clap of the hands. Members of our host's tribe gave exhibitions of horsemanship and shooting with long-barrelled Arab guns (antiquated but deadly in their accuracy).

During every minute of these adventurous hours spent in the desert as honoured guests in an Arab encampment, I was acutely aware of being constantly watched by many pairs of curious eyes from behind the protective "yashmak" or veil of the East. Fitzgerald and I were very careful to observe scrupulously the laws of Arab hospitality, one of which forbids a guest to look at or take the slightest interest in the womenfolk of his host unless invited to do so.

We were both secretly thankful to find ourselves returned safe and sound to Baghdad but rich in the knowledge that we had turned over yet another page of the Book of Life which, perhaps, may be given to but few to read.

* * *

Wide Beach

A U.S. soldier in the middle of the Sahara Desert, who came upon a man in a bathing suit, asked in amazement:

"Where are you going?"

"Swimming", replied the one in the bathing costume.

"But you're a hundred miles from the sea."

"Yes, wide beach isn't it?"

Local line—During the dust storms last year gophers were reported at 300 feet on low level cross-countries, still burrowing.

* * *

The Sergeants' Mess for loungitude and lassitude.—Advert.

* * *

In war, the first casualty is Truth (ref. Accts. Form E. 42).



THE Padre's PAGE

MY letter this month sounds more as though it originated from a Bank Manager than a Padre! One of the first differences I noticed on arrival in North America from England was the coinage. After being brought up on pounds, shillings and pence, the change to dollars and cents seemed strange, and looking back now after two years of dimes and nickels, it is difficult to remember that there was a time when I did not know whether a dime was five cents or ten. And I well remember the first walk down the streets of that "certain Eastern Canadian port", revelling in the well-lit shop windows and looking at the prices of the articles displayed therein, and, it may be that there is a strain of Scotch blood in me, but before making any purchases, I endeavoured to work out as far as my poor arithmetic would allow the comparative cost of the article I wanted to buy in English money. If twenty shillings represents \$4.43, how much does 18c represent? And then, when the answer had been obtained, came the inevitable reaction—"Gosh, that's expensive".

But now we have all been on this continent long enough to be thoroughly accustomed to dollars and cents and we think in them automatically, and no longer have to work out laboriously the English equivalent to discover whether or not we are being "gipped". Which brings me to the point of my letter this month—for which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost whether he have sufficient to finish it? In case, after he has laid the foundation, and then is not able to finish it, everyone who sees it laughs at him and says "This man began to build, and was not able to finish". I remember going on leave in Ontario two summers ago, taking with me what I thought was enough cash to see me back to camp at the end of my leave. Since I was fortunate enough to make my outward trip by air, I didn't get a return railway ticket, but on the way back, got

as far as Montreal, only to discover I hadn't enough money to buy a railway ticket for the rest of my journey! I can tell you what sort of a fool I felt at finding myself in that predicament. I won't tell you how I got back, but I certainly was impressed with the need of counting the cost before I started on any journey or enterprise in the future.

The same thing applies to the whole of life, and not only to the amount of money one has. Lots of men get married without counting the cost (this, by the way, is not a personal reminiscence), and a vast number of unhappy marriages today are the result of taking in hand so important an enterprise lightly and with little thought of the future. If you join a Sports Club, the first thing you ask is "What is the Subscription?", or you find after you have joined that you cannot undertake the responsibility to which you have committed yourself. The "hire purchase" scheme may have its advantages, but it has well been nicknamed the "Glad and Sorry System"—glad you've got the goods, but sorry you have got to pay for them, and it is a temptation to buy articles you cannot afford.

Now just as in the change-over from l. s. d. to dollars and cents, with practice and in time, you reckon the cost automatically, so in the business of life, if your practice of it is right, you can count the cost automatically and be fairly sure of getting the right answer, but the tower of life we are building can only be a complete and finished structure if we realise that to pay for it, we must give up those things which do not assist in completing the project. Let me leave you with the words with which Jesus concluded His story of the man with the unfinished tower—"So likewise, whosoever he be of you that does not forsake all his other enterprises, he cannot be my disciple." Compare the cost with the reward—you'll find it is worth it.

N. M. SLAUGHTER.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

On the grounds that parents had no right to give their children absurd names, Judge Tobal of the Buenos Aires

Criminal Court fined two parents who named theirs Zoroaster and Jupiter, let off two who named theirs Floreal and Oreste.

SOME RANDOM REMINISCENCES

Life Among the Artists

• by J. H. M.

AS Cornwall is always said to be unique, a Cornishman may refer to its distinctiveness with every appearance of honest detachment. It is a place apart, different in its scenery, its climate, its mood, and in some respects its manner of life, from every other region in the British Isles. The visitor notices this difference as soon as he crosses the Tamar, and it becomes increasingly pronounced as he travels further westward, from the sombre moors of the Jamaica Inn country to the blue seas and daffodil fields of the Land's End peninsula. But unless he be extremely lucky, unusually enterprising, or a member of a special kind of society, he will probably miss one of the most distinctive and interesting aspects of local life—the Cornish Bohemia.

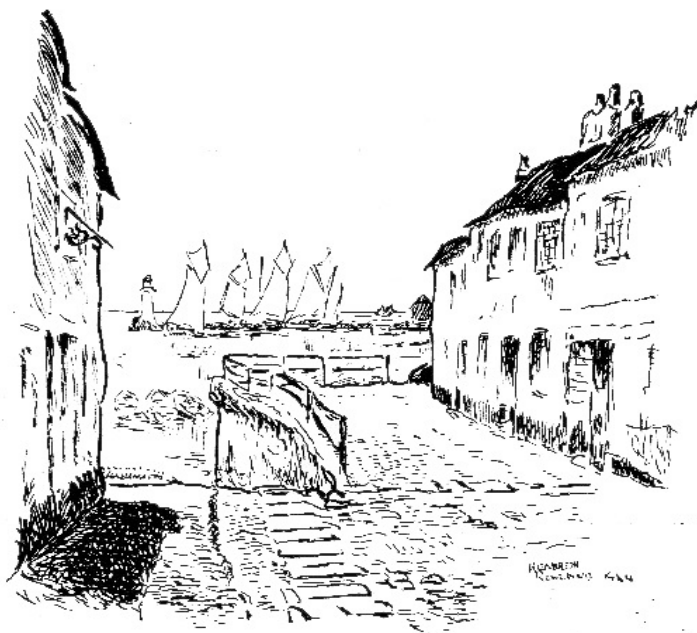
You may read of that life in various books, notably "Oil Paint and Grease Paint," the autobiography of Dame Laura Knight, and "Calico Pie," the reminiscences of C. E. Vulliamy. Yet its true flavor eludes the writer; one can no more convey it to the uninitiated than one can describe the scent of lilac to an Eskimo.

One can only suggest, and not the least effective way of doing that is by reminiscence and anecdote.

As Shakespeare's Bohemia had a sea-coast, it is rather appropriate that the Cornish Bohemia should flourish on what is almost an island. While you will find evidences of it all through the Delectable Duchy, from the northern and middle region, where the famous granddaughter of the most famous of all Bohemians, the immortal George du Maurier, has her home, it exists most intensely and vividly in the far west, around Penzance.

St. Ives, Newlyn and Mousehole have been celebrated since the late nineteenth century for their art colonies. A Royal Academy show that did not possess "Boats at Rest, St. Ives," or "The Harbour, Newlyn," would not be recognizable as a Royal Academy show. When Julius Olsson died some of us wondered how that noble institution would be able to carry on without the usual quota of Olsson moons — quite the roundest orbs that ever shone on land or sea.

It all began with Frank Bramley, who painted "The Hopeless Dawn," a picture which perfectly satisfied the Victorian conception of art, and with Stanhope Forbes, who rebelliously insisted on painting Nature at first-hand, a cranky whim which he had picked up in France and practised at Concarneau. Believing that art should derive from direct experience of Nature, he walked out of his studio and set up his easel in the green fields and by the feet of the waves. Once he was painting a rick, working on it day after day, in meticulous detail, when one morning



he found that it had disappeared. The farmer, oblivious to art, had carted his straw away, leaving Mr. Forbes and the Royal Academy with half a rick. Another occasion provided the artist with an uncomfortably direct experience of Nature. He was painting on Newlyn Pier and hopping backwards now and then to examine his handiwork, when he chanced to hop a little too far and fell into the sea.

But these experiences did not daunt the pioneer. He is happily still with us, a familiar and well-loved figure, and so respectable that no one would blink if he drove up to Burlington House in a landau. In art, as in other spheres of thought, the rebel of today is the reactionary of tomorrow, and the young who regard Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes, R.A., as just - too - appallingly - Alma-Tadema - don't-you-know probably fail to realize that once upon a time he was considered as revolutionary as any neo-post-surrealist of the present.

The Cornish colonies were full of wonderful characters in the old days, men of talent and aspiration who lived with a Renaissance gusto. They did everything on a spacious scale. Their paintings were huge, their capacity for beer was enormous, and their fondness for women was unappeasable outside a well-stocked Oriental harem. Occasionally, one of them was thrown into the sea at St. Ives for painting on the Sabbath, as is described in Guy Thorne's *Portalone*. The people of St. Ives are Sabbatarians, and however much they sin during the week they are always very good on Sundays.

Guy Thorne himself was an interesting person. He wrote two different kinds of thing, one under the pseudonym of Guy Thorne and the other under his real name of Ranger Gull. His idea was that his popular books would get him through the world and his religious books would get him into heaven. Whether he succeeded with the second intention I cannot say. He certainly succeeded with the first, enjoying an immense popularity in his generation. But with changes in taste his books fell from favour and his widow had to be helped with a Civil List pension. For the rest, all I know about him is that he lived for a while with an old friend of mine, a Harvard historian, and that he had a beautiful Polish secretary. I possess one of his books, a copy of *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, which seems to suggest that however pious he might be

in his writing he was broad-minded enough in his reading.

Compton Mackenzie's *West Wind of Love* contains a bibulous Cornish artist who refers to himself cheerfully as "poor bloody old Corfe," and says: "I've been meditating for five years on what I'm going to do, and by God I'm going to surprise them all." To all who know the Cornish colonies "poor bloody old Corfe" represents a recognizable type. There were many like him in the days of *Portalone*.

One who homerically maintains the old tradition in its best aspects is a certain writer of Falstaffian build, who divides his time between producing bad novels and consuming good beer. He writes lushly of romantic love, as conceived by desperate spinsters in Kensington, and hides his identity, even from his publishers, under a suitably romantic name. Overcome by the throbbing passion of his prose, several male readers have from time to time proposed marriage. "Before I had finished the first chapter I recognized you as my inevitable soul-mate. . . ." When I read that sentence in one of his letters I knew what I had always suspected, that the young women who write to Godfrey Winn have their counterparts among the other sex. So there he is, a portly man with a tell-tale nose, roaring over his beer at the innocents who picture him as a blend of Dorothy Lamour and Carmen Miranda.

On reading a few days ago that A. J. Munnings had been elected president of the Royal Academy, I remembered some of the stories which are told of his Cornish period. One of them, related to me by the present Lord-Lieutenant of Cornwall, concerns an occasion when he was painting at Lamorna. His subject was not a horse, as it usually is, but a cow. While he was engaged in immortalizing the hindquarters of this favoured quadruped, a bespectacled and intense-looking female happened to come along. She stopped a few inches behind his left shoulder and began to compare the scene with the picture. This habit is always irritating to an artist. It was too much for Mr. Munnings. He turned and said, in a loud and angry voice, "Haven't you ever seen a cow's — before?" Our readers have pure minds, but a few of them will probably be able to supply the missing word.

The most colourful personality who ever lived in Cornwall was the composer Philip Heseltine, better known as Peter

Warlock. The world owes Peter Warlock a debt not only for his lovely music but also for the work he did in transcribing the compositions of the blind Delius. England has possessed few livelier or more entertaining eccentrics. Like Baudelaire, he had a mania for cats, and was everlastingly in quest of the ideal specimen, the Great Cat, the Cat of Cats, the Cat in the Eye of God, as he expressed it. Another of his ambitions centred in a penny-farthing bicycle which would enable him to see over the hedges. He founded a Society for Better British Beer, and a photograph shows him seated, a neat figure with a trim Elizabethan beard, on top of a beer barrel. One of his favourite pranks was to leap out of a train on to a railway platform, perform a weird dance and elegantly bound back into the carriage. The effect of such an exhibition upon a group of City-bound stockbrokers can well be imagined. He composed light verse in Latin and learnt Cornish in order to have a private language (and it is to this whim that we are indebted for one of his most joyous works, *A Cornish Christmas Carol*). Not the least interesting of his accomplishments, and one remembered by Aldous Huxley when he drew the portrait of Coleman in *Antic Hay*, was the writing of limericks; indeed we might say of all the best limericks that if they were not written by university dons they were written by Peter Warlock. Among the more quotable is this:

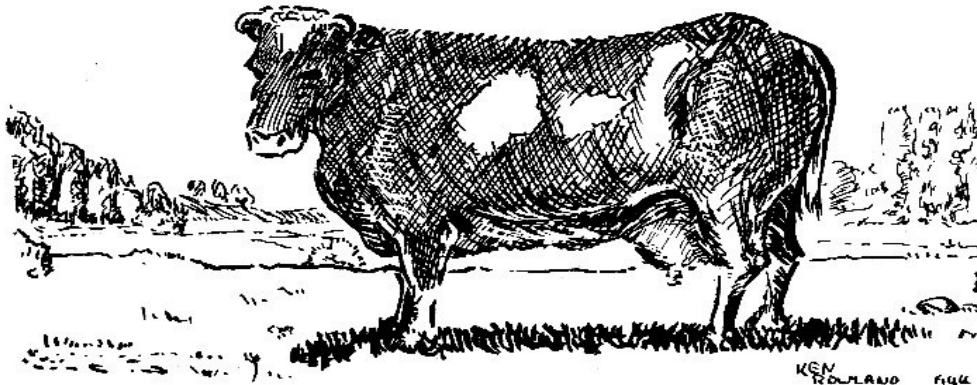
*Young girls who frequent picture palaces
Don't hold with psycho-analysis.
Though Dr. Freud
Is greatly annoyed,
They cling to their long-standing fallacies.*

And then one evening this brilliant young man, who composed some of the

loveliest music ever played in a church, and some of the bawdiest limericks ever told in a smoking-room, carefully put the cat out of the room, left it a saucer of milk, shut the door, and put his head into the gas-oven.

Another who died tragically was Christopher Wood, an artist who was greatly influenced the younger generation of today. His paintings of Cornish fishing-boats and cottages received little attention when he lived, but are now reproduced in a series which includes Botticelli and Van Gogh. Here and there after his death someone disinterred a Christopher Wood from the lumber in the attic and went on a long holiday. This inspired a famous play, *The Late Christopher Bean*. Many of you will remember the film version, with Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore.

These tragedies both occurred outside Cornwall. The lives of the resident artists were, on the whole, singularly unshadowed from the time when poor John Davidson, the poet, cast himself into the waters of Mount's Bay on a winter's evening in 1909. In the peace years life held all the gaiety traditionally associated with *la vie Bohème*. There would be an endless round of parties, some of them based on the Byronic formula of "no rest till dawn when youth and pleasure meet," and many of them quite delightfully mad. It was very much like Capri before the last war—the Capri of Norman Douglas and Compton Mackenzie. As on the Mediterranean island, we always had a generous quota of Queer Types, most of them carried to us in the annual overflow from Bloomsbury. If you have read *Vestal Fire* you will remember Nigel Dawson; we had many Nigels—"pretty boys, witty boys, gifts to a bulldog nation," as Noel Coward calls them in the song. I remember a



FREQUENTLY in the Services we hear an N.C.O. say, "Where do you think you are, in the Boy Scouts?" In saying this the N.C.O. does not realise how near the truth his words actually are. Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of the Boy Scout Movement, wrote a book giving an outline of the principles upon which to work, the book being called "Scouting for Boys", and it was on that framework



"Once a SCOUT..."

• by J.C.H.

that not only the Boy Scouts Association, but also the famous Commando course of the British Army was based, and later the American Rangers unit. The principles of the Scouts and the Services also run parallel—*esprit de corps*, service to God and our Country, and the formation of a better world.

To be called a "Boy Scout" is by no means an insult, and to anyone who has known the joy of Scouting it conjures up happy memories of carefree days camping, hiking, and generally enjoying life. The true Scout never thinks that he finishes his troop life when he passes the age of sixteen years, but is always proud to be able to profess his connection with the movement. It follows, therefore, that he should be proud to proclaim his active association with the Scouts whilst in Service uniform. That is why you see the Scout wristlet badge being worn by some members of the forces. Amongst the wearers is Wing Commander Guy P. Gibson, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and

Bar, the famous R.A.F. pilot who led his squadron to destroy the German dams, and who visited 32 S.F.T.S. a few months ago. Six other Scouts have also received the V.C. in this war.

Let us not forget, then, that we who have known the thrills of Scouting must avail ourselves of all the experience we can whilst serving here in Canada that we may be fit to take part in the resurrection of the movement at home and in the occupied countries. When the roar of battle is but a memory, the desire to wear a war uniform, which at present sways the youth of the country to the cadet organizations, will fade, and unless there is a well organised movement to take the young in hand and mould them into valuable citizens the world will be burdened with millions of uncontrolled children seeking any kind of adventure to satisfy their craze for action.

particularly gorgeous specimen who was much embarrassed when he entered a local bar and the bar-girl innocently said, "Sorry, ladies in the lounge." In the main, these exquisites were talented and charming—after all, they belonged to a category that included many highly gifted men from Michelangelo to Oscar Wilde.

The dramatic and the melodramatic sometimes intruded. I recall an artist, now very famous and rich, who in his needy days married a young woman of considerable wealth and social position. They were hugely in love, but the girl's parents disapproved of the union and would have nothing to do with the husband. At a later date the girl was staying with them when she fell ill and died. Such was their attitude towards the artist that they deliberately refrained

from telling him the news. But he heard of his wife's death from an intermediary, and on the day of the funeral a motorcyclist clad in flaming yellow roared up to the front of the cortege and followed the hearse to the cemetery. The chief mourner attended, after all.

Another dramatic gesture was made by a Cornish artist who suspected his wife of infidelity. One night, at a big private dance, he noticed her retreating to a corner with a certain man when the hall was in semi-darkness for a waltz. Without a word, he rushed up to the gallery, seized the spotlight apparatus, swung it around towards the dark corner, and turned on the light. The beam caught the couple in a tender embrace; there they were, floodlit, in the gaze of the whole startled assembly.

● To be Continued

SPORTS *chatter*



SOCCKER

Now that the snow has disappeared and the time for gopher hunting is upon us again, the pendulum is swinging in favour of outdoor sports. Even so, the appeal of indoor sports still maintains a fair amount of interest. With the formation of a new Indoor Soccer League matches have been played with great enthusiasm and regularity, and thanks are due to Hut Representatives for their co-operation.

Present positions of competing teams in the league are as follows:

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts.
P. HUT	3	3	0	0	6
F. HUT	3	3	0	0	6
OFFICERS "B"	2	2	0	0	4
O. HUT	3	2	1	0	4
SERGEANTS' MESS	3	2	1	0	4
J. HUT	5	2	2	1	4
FIRE HALL	4	1	2	1	3
L. HUT	4	1	2	1	3
E. HUT	1	1	0	0	2
SERVICE POLICE	2	1	1	0	2
D. HUT	3	0	1	2	1
H. HUT	1	0	1	0	0
N. HUT	1	0	1	0	0
M. HUT	2	0	0	2	0
OFFICERS "A"	3	0	0	3	0

Now's the time to begin greasing and restudding (if studding is necessary in this country) your football boots. Your interest and co-operation is required for the running of Soccer; let's have it when it's asked for.

BADMINTON

With the Station Tournament in progress, Badminton is being played with a renewed interest. All personnel are requested to play off their matches as promptly as possible in order that interest in the competition may be maintained.

BOWLING

The devotees of Bowling are still keeping 'em rolling and at the time of going to press Mohawks are leading with 21 points in the 1944 Inter Section League. Ambashas and Bruins share second place with nineteen points each, with Sergeants' Mess Staff and Nomads sharing third place with eighteen points each. There are eight matches to be played, and there is still time for others to oust these teams out of their position.

ARCHERY

For those who wish to emulate the prowess of William Tell, Archery butts

in the Drill Hall provide the chance to twang a nifty bow. This is a sport not indulged in by many, but nevertheless an interesting one and useful. The Commandos now use the cross-bow as a silent means of annihilation. You never

know when the knowledge of this sport may be of use to you! Quite a number of people on the Station have already had a go. With a little more interest we can organise a competition for the "odd pint".

GOLF

The Moose Jaw Elks Club have taken over the Moose Jaw Golf Club this year, and those interested in playing golf will find that the Elks are out to assist the R.A.F. as much as possible. After May 1st a nominal Green Fee will be charged and notification of this will be made in D.R.O.'s at a later date.

RUGBY

"Mad dog Englishman plays in noon day sun." Rugger in this country must surely come under a similar heading! Only madmen would play on grounds such as we experience on the Prairies. However, madmen are turning out to play—the Officers' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, Airmen, and the Pupils are putting out teams, and before the ground becomes too hard we hope to have a few enjoyable games.

• Continued on following page

SPORTS CHATTER

• Continued from preceding page

BOXING

The Ides of March did not mean a thing to the Boxers on this unit. March 15th saw quite a good tournament take place on the Station, and approximately \$100 was raised for the Red Cross. Bouts were staged between representatives of W.E.P.T. and 32 S.F.T.S. with a lone entry from R.C.A.F., Mossbank. All bouts were interesting to watch. Perhaps the Shields vs. Thomas bout provided a little more excitement than most fights, with Shields winning in his usual hard-punching manner. Thomas was by no means easy to defeat.

The results of the fights were:

LAC. Shields (32) beat LAC. Thomas (32).
AC. Pichette (W.E.P.T.) beat LAC. Exley (32).
AC. Wiles (W.E.P.T.) beat AC. Sanderson (32).
AC. Samuelson (W.E.P.T.) beat AC. Blakeley (W.E.P.T.).
LAC. Waterworth (32) beat LAC. McKay (32).
LAC. Prentice (Mossbank) beat AC. Marsh (32).
LAC. Croft (32) beat LAC. Davies (32).
LAC. Beard (32) beat AC. Alfort (32).
Cpl. Bateman (32) beat AC. Kirby (32).
LAC. McGin (32) beat AC. Marshall (32).

Johnnie Kasmyrchuk's Y.M.C.A. boxers gave clever exhibitions, and our thanks are extended to Johnnie for assisting in providing two such excellent bouts.

The Prairie Howler beat the Hairy Prowler in an uproarious "fight" — thanks to those officers who risked life and limb to enliven the intermission. A repeat performance was given at No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, on April 1st and is reported elsewhere in this magazine.

At No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, we assisted by providing seven boxers. Unfortunately, LAC. Shields was posted on March 31st and was unable to fight. Of the six remaining boxers, five were fortunate in being matched.

LAC. Croft was beaten by a boxer whose guard was hard to penetrate. No matter how neatly Croft bored in he failed to land solidly.

LAC. Marshall lost to a boxer who made good use of his reach and experience.

LAC. Waterworth provided one of the best fights of the evening in winning the decision over his opponent. Waterworth is a boxer who boxes very cleverly and does not "let up" when once he secures an advantage over his opponent. He has been selected to fight in May in a tournament in Calgary between the

R.C.A.F. and R.A.F., Canadian Army, R.C.N., and the U.S.A.A.F. Good luck to him.

LAC. Davies was very unfortunate in losing the count from an R.A.A.F. airman, who connected in the right place at the right time. In the short time that the fight was in progress, Thomas roared away in a real tearaway, hard-hitting manner and landed some heavy blows which jarred the Aussie and also split his lip. If Thomas developed his defence a little more he might possibly have carried the decision. As it was, the Aussie left the ring the winner, but quite dazed.

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In conclusion, I would like to thank all Officers and Hut Representatives who have helped to run sports on the Station. I feel sure the Station as a whole would like to congratulate Cpl. Crapper, who has spent all his spare time in training and coaching our boxers. We are fortunate in having him with us.

P.M.W.H.C.



"Posted, Chum?"

"A very parfit gentilman"

—CHAUCER.

NO. 32 S.F.T.S. has never in its three years' history possessed a more popular or more highly respected officer than F/Lt. H. S. Beatty, M.C., who recently left the Station for a new sphere of endeavour.

As Assistant Administration Officer, F/Lt. Beatty worked hard in the interests of the camp, and the humblest airman recognized him as a real friend among the powers-that-be. His kindly, considerate manner won him instant liking, and the lectures which he gave as part of the special N.C.O.'s courses established him as a favourite with the airmen, who enjoyed his pleasant humour and his fascinating reminiscences. Some of these reminiscences reached a wider public through the pages of *Prairie Flyer*. We have learnt from them that "Simba", in the course of his civilian and military duties, has had all sorts of odd experiences in all sorts of odd places. This month, for instance, we find him in Baghdad, mingling happily with characters from the Arabian Nights. Last month, he was superintending a bazaar stall somewhere in Africa. We have grown so used to "Simba's" sudden appearances in unlikely places that it would not surprise us if we found him on a haunted iceberg in the Arctic Ocean, for "Simba", as we all know, has a strange attraction for ghosts, so much so that some of us have given S.H.Q. a wide berth after dark, lest we encounter a hooded monk in the corridor or stumble over a mysterious coffin outside the S.W.O.'s office.

We were all aware, from these articles, that F/Lt. Beatty had had an interesting career, but few of us knew quite how distinguished it had been on the military side. The light of a few biographical facts will bring our subject into sharper focus.

Hazlitt Seymour Beatty had the high privilege of being educated at Harrow and Sandhurst. It was at Harrow that the war found him in 1914, as it found so many of our youth, and in November of that year he was commissioned from Sandhurst, as a Second Lieutenant, to the 1st Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment. At the end of November, the lad who had been a schoolboy not long before was on the way to France and the holo-

caust of the battlefields. He served with the 2nd Battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment at Neuve Chapelle, and with the 1st Battalion of the Hampshires at Ypres, La Bassée, Arras, the Hindenburg Line, Cambrai and Valenciennes; and after that he was with the 2nd Battalion of the Hampshires, 88th Brigade, 29th Division, in the desperate and epic campaign of Suvla Bay. In the war years he was three times wounded; and he was awarded the Military Cross.

Came the peace; and July, 1919, found him carrying the King's Colours of the Hampshire Regiment in the Victory Marches held in Paris and London. In Paris, the salute was taken by Clemenceau, "The Tiger," and by President Poincaré. In London, it was taken in the Mall by H.M. King George V, with Haig and Foch by his side.

But the end of war did not mean the end of fighting for Hazlitt Seymour Beatty of the Hampshires. In 1919 to 1920 he served six months in Ireland in the campaign against the Sinn Féiners. Experiences such as we find in the vivid pages of Liam O'Flaherty became his daily bread. There was, for instance, the occasion when a party of Sinn Féiners, disguised as washerwomen, entered the barracks in the night and burnt the place down over the heads of the garrison.

Early in 1920, while still in Ireland, our young soldier resigned his commission and was given a Captain's commission in the Regular Army Reserve of Officers. He left Ireland with a price on his head, having been responsible for the arrest of John Walsh, Michael Collins' chief lieutenant in the South, whom he found dressed as a woman and hiding in the wardrobe of a room on a lonely farm near Cork. After pocketing a receipt for the body, furnished by the governor of Cork gaol, he returned to England and went in search of further adventures.

His life was rich in them during the next twenty years; and then, on a day in March, 1941, we find him again in uniform. England is once again in danger, and for a second time, H. S. Beatty

• Continued on page 36



F/Lt. H. S. BEATTY, M.C.
Former Assistant Administration Officer

This Silly World

Shakespeare's portraits indicated that he suffered from scurvy. This is a deficiency caused by a lack of vitamin C. . . . If only potatoes had formed part of Shakespeare's diet, we might have had works greater even than *The Tempest*.

—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

★ ★ ★

FOR YOUR LIBRARY

George Formby selects these three books:

1. The Holy Bible.
2. Chambers's Dictionary.
3. The Ringer, by Edgar Wallace.

—*Sunday Pictorial*.

★ ★ ★

Bride's Outfit, also Two Bridesmaids, never been used; no coupons required. Please write or call. From the Oldham *Evening Chronicle*.

★ ★ ★

"This is a most unusual letter," said Mr. Justice Pilcher, in the Divorce Court, London. "Here is a wife who writes to her husband trying to instigate him to get on with the divorce proceedings by promising him half-a-dozen eggs.—*Liverpool Echo*."

Wanted—Lambrook School Old Boy's Tie. Advertiser's unavoidably lost.—Advt. in *Times*.

★ ★ ★

My wife is of the opinion that Hitler is a prisoner in Stalin's hands. She has had some half-dozen hunches before about Russia, which have all proved true. So we are putting this one on record.

—Letter in *Sunday Express*.

★ ★ ★

Queen Charlotte's Hospital—one of the most famous in the country—expectant mothers would have to book up eleven months ahead! That, said Miss Dare, the Matron, is the present position.

—*Daily Telegraph*.

★ ★ ★

Ignorance, by Clifford Reans—This is NOT an all V.D. show, but a story of real life, dealing with FACTS. In the telling of the story the SCREAMING COMEDY makes it good entertainment.—*The Stage*.

★ ★ ★

Seventeen of the most famous writers, commentators and military analyzers in the U.S. have selected July 21, 1944, as the date on which Germany will fall.

This was decided by a poll taken by Columbia Pictures in Hollywood.



"A VERY PARFIT GENTILMAN"

• Continued from page 34

has answered the call. . . . It was hard going; the Army would neither release him nor call him up, on account of age, and he was about to enlist as a private in the Pioneer Corps when the Air Ministry accepted him. From March 7 to March 28, 1941, he was an officer pupil at an Officers' Disciplinary School, and from March 28 to March 13 he served as a Staff Officer Instructor before leaving for Canada in April, 1942, as Staff Officer to Air Commodore L. L. MacLean, A.D.C., No. 12 Operational Training Group, Eastern Air Command, and formerly A.O.C., R.A.F. Bomber Group under Gen. Wavell in the Libyan campaign. As Administration Officer to the Group H.Q. and Personnel Liaison Officer between Group H.Q. and Eastern Air Command, he obtained the rank of Acting Squadron Leader on January 1, 1943, and was afterwards posted to A.F.H.Q.

at Ottawa, where he served as Staff Officer in a department mysteriously known as D/DPC/R.A.F. (AMP. Division). He retained the rank of Squadron Leader and was responsible for the repatriation and posting of all G.D. personnel in Canada, with the exception of those at elementary schools, and for all postings in and out of Navigation Schools at Port Albert and Hamilton (Nos. 31 and 33 A.N.S.'s. This office he held from March 15 to September, 1943, when he was posted to No. 32 S.F.T.S. in order to gain as much station experience as possible before being repatriated in April, 1944. In coming to No. 32 he relinquished his acting rank.

While in Canada (and we are glad to end of this romantic note) he married Margaret Frame, the distinguished Canadian artist. To both of them we offer our best wishes for a happy future—free, we hope, from ghosties and ghoulies and things that go bump in the night.

J. H. M.

THOUGHT AT RANDOM

DURING a walk across the open Prairie the other day it occurred to me that this country is not unlike that on which the Russians are now fighting. The song of the meadow-lark and the sight of grey-geese going home for the summer were not much in keeping with the likeness, but the constant drag of the gumbo under my feet rendered realistic the problems of our Allies.

For it is true that only a small percentage of an Army does the killing and that this number is rendered more or less effective according to the efficiency of the administration behind the lines. This organization consists of two great components—Supply and Training. We have heard many criticisms of administration, and yet, taking the average front-line soldier or airman, we find him equipped with the tools for his job, from the buttons in his "house-wife" to the carrots which, 'tis said, improve his sight at night. He is well-trained so that only personal failure will cause him to let down his companions—and while this is the job with which we ourselves are familiar to the point of near-contempt we cannot escape the fact that it is the basic principle in winning wars.

We are all expert critics on the organization and administration of our own forces, and some are rash enough to comment on certain apparent inadequacies in the American get-up, but none of us have heard anything about the Russian system. How can an army maintain advances of hundreds of miles with adequate supplies of equipment and trained personnel and, having exceeded the limit of its planned advance, succeed in continuing its march without apparent concern for distance? Our own ad-

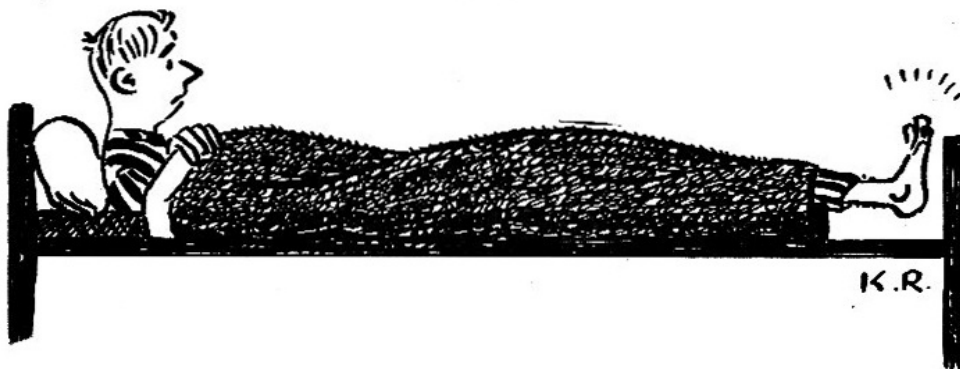
vance through North Africa was limited by the rate at which we could be supplied, and was carried out according to a pre-arranged plan. . . . So sudden has been the Russian drive that it must have exceeded their wildest hope—to what miracle of organization do they owe their present sound position? This is one question that every military expert in the world is asking, and liaison officers are clamouring for appointments whence they can study Russian methods. It may well be that the "handling notes" for Armies are about to undergo as radical a change as they did after German blitzkrieg methods showed them to be outmoded.

For those who think that a corresponding change will take place in Air Force Administration, let me quote from a book I read some time ago on the subject of Russia.

"Along each side of the railroad I noted a large assortment of flying-fields, which were always scenes of constant activity, even at night. The aircraft appeared to be small training-planes, some of them of the twin-engined type, and by this proximity to the airfield I judged that this was the elementary stage of a large air-training programme. The pilots and ground-crews whom I saw about the station seemed very happy and interested, living in brightly coloured huts built to a standard pattern"—Moose Jaw?

There was an additional sentence which I think you ought to hear—"Amongst the people employed here I noticed a high percentage of women and girls who wore the same uniform as the men." Well, we can dream, can't we?

★ ★



STILL *But!*

Sir,—

The glove, it would appear, is now on my side, and since a challenge is something I find irresistible I have little or no hesitation in verbal retaliation to your letter in the *Prairie Flyer*. I left Moose Jaw more than a month ago but a friend at camp posted the last edition of the

England and their respective peoples, and the war has probably made matters better in this regard. This is definitely so when the statistics are viewed, as an analysis of prospective emigrant's war letters reveals. I quote:

"It was found that 70% were under the age of 35, 50% were in the forces, 25% were skilled engineers, 20% were single women, 10% have families and 100% are at present employed."

An impressive survey which shows how the English people regard Canada

In this letter K. I. replies to the London-born resident of Moose Jaw who last month challenged a statement which he had made in an article entitled "I Would Return But—"

magazine to me, here at Port Albert. It may have been more advantageous to reply through the channels of the paper, but, personally, an interchange of ideas through these columns is apt to become tedious to the reader.

While granting the correction to my chronological error in the facts, I, in turn, feel obliged to point out a misunderstanding on your part. It may have been my poor method of expression, but your statement to the effect that "KI evidently does not 'cotton' to the idea" is definitely in error. In this connection I would remind you that the article was headed "I Would Return But —"; it was meant to convey the impression that personally the return would be welcome but that circumstances would not permit such a step. I offered it as a constructive criticism and it was in no way meant to be destructive.

I fully realize the nausea most Canadians feel when they meet the overbearing imperialist who, in ignorance, refers to the Canadians as Colonials and bores all and sundry with such remarks as "Well, we don't do that in England" or "We would not dream of such things." Fortunately, that type is becoming obsolete. The "class system" is dying with the progress of the war and more and more we are becoming aware that we are all members of a society and that as such we are interdependent on one another. At the same time, however, no one person is irreplaceable.

Such notices as were posted related undoubtedly to this type, but notwithstanding, the better fellow was handicapped. Sauce for the goose was still sauce for the gander. Like yourself, I would like to see a more reasonable understanding between the Dominion and

for the future. It even goes further than that. The United Agricultural Services Association says in a letter to Ontario House, London, England:

"The government will supply the land—not derelict but suitable for clearing and farming. They will supply a colony of forty families and set it up in communal arrangement, collectively independent and self-sustaining.

From these official quotations it is self-evident that most Britons are awake to the possibilities and opportunities which Canada offers, and furthermore, would willingly avail themselves of them if a reasonable chance came.

The Agent-General, James S. P. Armstrong, says: "First of all, we must take care of our own people and settle our home employment problems with our unemployed and army before involving British emigrants." And that was a point I mentioned in my article which will temporarily retard any emigration for some while after the war.

At the time of writing the article, the above extracts were not available to me but I have subsequently noted them in the issue of Toronto's "Globe and Mail" dated April 4. They bear out part of my arguments. The question was approached, as stated in the article, from a purely neutral standpoint, and the petty prejudices and idiosyncrasies peculiar to each nation were overlooked as nearly as possible. For myself, I have had a most enjoyable stay over here and have the highest admiration for Canadians, whom I have at all times found hospitable and friendly.

I trust that this letter may have clarified my inadequately worded attempt, and I remain,

Cordially yours,

K.I.

BITS AND PIECES

The Fuehrer, like Napoleon,
Chose Russia for a foe,
But Bonaparte had Josephine
To comfort him in woe.
The Fuehrer, like Napoleon,
Set out to take Moscow,
But Bonaparte had Josephine
And Adolf just had—Joe!

Joe: "ATS. or WAAF's?"
Bert: "just a WOW, chum?"

A wife is what
her husband
makes her.

When a man
beats his mis-
tress he inflicts
a wound; when
he beats his wife
he commits sui-
cide.

Heard in Town:
"Does this bus
stop at the Grant
Hall?"

"Naw, we shove
it in the garage
at night."

Erk's Heaven:
Don't mourn for me now,
Don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing
For ever and ever.

The lonely gal dreamed that a big
brute of a man came to her bedside,
picked her up, carried her down to his
chauffeur-driven car, placed her in the
back seat and got in beside her. They
drove out into the country and on a
dark road the car stopped. Finding her
voice, the gal asked, "And now, what
are you going to do?" The man an-
swered, "It's up to you, lady, it's your
dream."

There was, of course, the barmaid
who yanked the wrong knob and got
stout.

Phone:
"Wot's all this 'Darling' stuff? This
is your husband speaking."

Naval officers are now Wren-pecked.

"532 Salmon, Sir, usually canned!"

A noise, a shot—
A sentry's shout:
"Who went
there?"

O.C.: "Thirty
days."

AC: "Hath Sep-
tember."

A husband
should never be
the first to go to
sleep nor the last
to wake.

New definition
of a gentleman—
a patient wolf.

Virtues are learned at mother's knee;
vices at some other joint.

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike,
Yet different, somehow.
What difference?
Oh, yes, I see it now—
It's the thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

Fellows who drive with one hand are
usually headed for the church aisle.
Some will walk down, some will be
carried.

I'm afraid I can't
see the point,
Mr. Ponsonby

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

Heritage of Beauty

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae, Canadian, 1872-1918.

Where can we find THIS MAN?

WANTED

One ACH/GD for duty in Sports Store.
Must comply with the following:

Appearance:

Excellent; clear, fresh complexion with good colour; alert expression; vigorous manner; striking muscular development; excellent build and carriage; would attract attention for healthy appearance and smartness under any circumstances.

Personnel with hang-dog expressions need not apply.

Stamina:

Never seems to tire during course of strenuous duty such as sweeping Drill Hall floor; must shew remarkable speed of come-back after such strenuous activity.

Application:

Puts "all he's got" into his work; drives hard all through work periods, energetic approach to all forms of work.

Regularity of Attendance:

Attends Working Parades with enthusiasm; must not be absent more than three times each month.

Note—Harvard Test:

"Thrown in" periodically to test whether he can stand the pace and maintain desired efficiency.

(With apologies to R.C.A.F. Physical Fitness Assessment Sheet.)

—P.M.W.H.C.

★ ★ ★

"That's a pretty dress you have on."

"Yes, I only wear it to teas."

"Whom?"

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