

# PRAIRIE FLYER

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

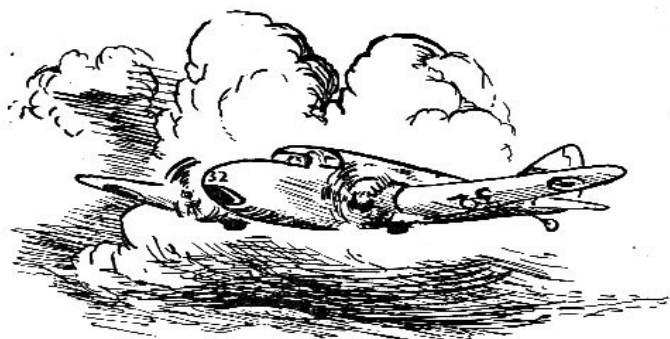
*Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada*

VOL. 3   No. 7   . . .   **15<sup>C</sup>**   . . .   MARCH, 1944

# PRAIRIE FLYER

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

Moose Jaw - Sask.  
Canada



Published  
by kind permission of  
Group Captain E. J. George

Chairman:  
F/L. H. S. Beatty, M.C.

Director of Production:  
P/O. S. J. Askew

Managing Editor:  
LAC. J. H. Martin

Assistant Editor:  
Cpl. D. A. G. Boag.

Art Editor:  
LAC. K. Rowlands

Photography:  
Photographic Section.

News:  
F/Sgt. K. Illingworth.

Entertainments:  
LAC. N. Hurst.

Distribution:  
Cpl. C. C. Carling

## CONTENTS for MARCH issue . 1944

VOL. 3

No. 7

Editorial	2
Prelude to Action	3
Sadie Hawkins	4
Mombasa Bazaar	6
"Footprints" (illustration)	11
News Section	13-17
Entertainments	18
A Frenchman in the R.A.F.	19
Gleanings from the G.I.S.	20
Out of the Mess	21
In Working Hours (illustration)	22-23
Officers' Mess Page	24
Sports Chatter	25
My Last Visit to Germany	26
Musical Notes	29
Explorations into the Unknown	30
Thought at Random	31
Leaders of the Band	32
Corporals' Page	33
Bits and Pieces	34
Just Joe	35
Interval for Nostalgia	36
The Padre's Page	37
A Stranger Here (poem)	38
What Do We Want in the Schools?	38
The Gen on High Finance	39
Heritage of Beauty	40
Tit Bits from Major Section	40
A Letter from Moose Jaw	41
Nuts to You, Chum	42
Prairie Flyer Quiz	43
Things We Want to Know	44
Answers to Quiz	44



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

Printed for the Publishers by The Times  
Company, Limited, Moose Jaw, Sask.



**M**ANY changes have occurred on the camp during the past few months. Those of us who were once greenhorns awed by tales of Arctic cold and tropic heat are now old-timers eager to instruct others in the phenomena of the prairie. With new faces around us, we sometimes feel a little lonely, a little out of place; and remembering our friends of yesteryear, and the good times we had with them, we may be inclined to think of ourselves as survivals from an heroic age. . . .

But these moments of nostalgia do not affect our welcome to the new arrivals. At an R.A.F. station the freshman is not a stranger for long; he wanders in at night, a forlorn figure with a kit-bag, and by the following evening he has collected three staunch comrades and a co-operative blonde.

It is easy to find friends on the camp and in the city; and yet, with all one's contacts, one may remain a stranger to Moose Jaw. Many of us fail to appreciate the place as fully as we might, and to understand it as well as we should, because our activities are limited. By accident or deliberate choice, we have fallen into a routine, and we have not looked beyond it.

On first coming to the Western Prairies, the expatriate from England almost inevitably imagines that he has been planted in a cultural desert. If he fails to enlarge his local horizons he will go away with his original impression unchanged; and in consequence will do the place an injustice whenever he speaks of it.

That Moose Jaw is not intellectually benighted is suggested by its possession of seventeen educational establishments—fifteen schools and two business colleges. Even if the curricula were bad, the teachers hopeless, and the pupils unteachable, we could at least acknowledge the nobility of the intention. The children are kept at school until they reach a required standard. Some go on to the University of Saskatchewan, or to a University farther afield, and take degrees. With four Rhodes Scholars, Moose Jaw holds the record for Saskatchewan.

In addition, Moose Jaw possesses a University Club, an Arts Club, a Literary Club, a Poetry Club, a Music Association, and a library where one can obtain the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle or the latest best-seller.

Eating in the cafés to juke-box jive, we may fail to realise that there are people in the city who care deeply for the best in music. Our friend, Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., with over twelve thousand recordings catalogued, is one of a large circle of Moose Javians who delight in the gramophone. Then we must mention the amateur photographers, led by Mr. Percy Orrell who exhibits at some of the most distinguished galleries on this continent, and the home-movie enthusiasts who can show you of an evening the majesty of the Rocky Mountains or the autumn glory of the Ontario forests.

When I leave Moose Jaw I shall carry with me pleasant memories of something other than coke-and-jive: conversations with Miss Kirk Grayson, a novelist and poetess who knows five continents; with the Fox family in their beautiful home, and with groups of University girls; evenings with Mr. Wickens, his family and his records; Mr. Orrell's exquisite photographs; Mr. Norman Wheatley's library; Mr. C. V. Warner's home-movies; and, not least, the beauty of a park conjured from the prairie waste by a people who know that man cannot live by bread alone.

If you think that you dwell in a wilderness, it may be a wilderness of your own making. Widen the area of your experience and you can be happy here.

J.H.M.

## PRELUDE TO Action . . . • by K.D.M.R.

**B**RIEFING is over; we all have our instructions; each man knows the part he has to play. Ground crews and air crews combine to strike as one Herculean force. Our skipper says as usual: "Do what you like, chaps, relax at all costs—see you at curtain call"—curtain call being the time when we all gather in the crew room, pull on our heavy flying clothing, make last minute checks on equipment, weather, intelligence reports, etc.

But it is only four p.m., and curtain call is not until eight p.m. Four hours, four hours to wait and think of the task ahead—like infantry waiting to go over the top. Yes, the most difficult, the most nerve-racking period in all active combat is undoubtedly the prelude to action. If you ever experienced stage fright, or know what it is like to sit in a dentist's waiting room, you will know in a small way how we feel. Once we have taken off, and each man is engrossed in his job, our fears are gone, nerves steady, brains clear. But there still remains that period of tension day after day before we go on operations.

Let me tell you of the various pursuits that help to divert the attention of my crew from the task that lies ahead.

Bill, our pilot and skipper, quiet, unassuming, revered by us all. Well he realizes the responsibility that is his lot. He knows the best way to relax and rest his mind is to work with his hands. "Skip", as we call him, builds model aircraft, designs with an eye to the future. He hopes to become an aircraft designer when his job of winning the war is completed. Studious, informative George, our navigator, was a law student before joining up. The "Dr. Joad" of the crew spends his time genning up on subjects far above the average mind. He finds this diversion of mental activity keeps his brain alert besides being profitable. Watch out for George Newell after the war; he may well become one of the leaders of our country.

Wireless operator Dave, tail-gunner Chuck and front-gunner Jim, the three musketeers. Full of humour and horse-play. When they are not playing practical jokes on some unfortunate individual they are partaking in an endless game of poker. Fabulous stakes are involved,

wages change hands, but all ends well with the losers borrowing from the winners.

"Tubby" Green, flight engineer, one of the best, relaxes literally. Lying on his bunk alternately gazing into space—a crowded space filled with thoughts of home, his wife and young son, thoughts of the future. A dreamer, but aren't we all? Aren't we fighting to make our dreams become a reality—the reality of once again living a normal life with loved ones?

The bomb-aimer is one of our most colourful members. A Canadian, tall, angular with an undying love for his home land. A farmer before he joined the R.C.A.F., his ambition is, in his own words, to "Give those guys heck and return to the best gosh-darned little country in the whole world." His name is Claude, but he insists at times that he be addressed as "Red." Red's hobby is art. He spends hours sketching, painting and drawing very clever caricatures which keep us in fits of laughter.

That's my crew, an average crew, just like many hundreds who do the same job night after night, month after month. They do not complain, do not make a fuss about the dangers they have to face, the hardships they must endure. Don't call them heroes—they don't like it. They have a job to do, theirs by choice. Their reward? The satisfaction of knowing that they are carrying out their task efficiently, and the eternal gratitude of their countrymen.

Who am I? What part do I play? My name is Fate. There are quite a few of us; we each control so many humans. You have just read about the group that I control—an R.A.F. bomber crew. In a few hours' time my crew and I will be taking off in the gathering dusk for adventures yet untold. Can I protect these men? Can I bring them safely back to their homes and loved ones when their task is completed? I can take them so far and no further. When I have done all in my power some other factor takes over; an inexplicable factor over which I have no control. If you believe in the power of religion I think you will understand what this factor is. If you do not believe in religion, then you must rely entirely upon me. And you know my capabilities.



# Sadie Hawkins

• by J. H. M.

LIFE, even in Moose Jaw, is full of surprises. One afternoon a few weeks ago, looking through the window, I was astonished to see a schoolboy pass with a bow of blue ribbon in his hair. Shortly afterwards another came along with a similar odd adornment, and following him appeared two girls whose attire and hair style looked suspiciously mannish.

As the minutes went by and the children continued to troop down the street from school, it became clear that something astonishingly strange was happening to the young citizenry of Moose Jaw. I had read of juvenile delinquency in the newspapers, but the phenomenon of girls dressed like boys, and boys like girls, suggested a sudden outbreak of juvenile decadence. Even in Bloomsbury and Fitzrovia sexual ambivalence does not manifest itself quite so precociously. I sat and stared and wondered.

It was not until about an hour later that I had an opportunity of mentioning what I had seen to another person. "Oh," said my friend, "It's Sadie Hawkins Week." He offered this as sufficient explanation.

"Who is Sadie Hawkins?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "just Sadie Hawkins, I guess. She lived in the States."

Evidently that was all he knew about it.

Thinking that my wife, as an American and an historian, might be acquainted with Sadie Hawkins' career, I took the first chance of telling her that it was Sadie Hawkins' Week. But instead of saying "Yes, of course," she asked, "Who is Sadie Hawkins?"

"Don't you know? She was an American."

"I have never heard of her. What did she do?"

"She has a Week," I said.

"What sort of a week?"

"The girls dress as boys and the boys as girls."

"Why?"

"Because of Sadie Hawkins?"

"Why because of her? What did she do?"

"I suppose she dressed as a boy. She could hardly do it both ways."

"Why did she dress as a boy?"

"I really don't know. Perhaps she wanted a change."

"And now all the girls dress as boys?"

"Yes; or at least they copy certain masculine details. The boys wear bows in their hair, and lipstick, and earrings. And the girls chase the boys."

"They do that all the year around," said my wife.

We agreed that Sadie had not apparently done anything conspicuously original and it puzzled us why she was so enthusiastically remembered. After all, various women in our own history have worn men's attire, from the Scottish lassie who followed her lover to the wars up to "Colonel Barker," who was God's great gift to the *News of the World* some years ago; and yet, with all our English passion for commemorative festivals, we did not have an equivalent of Sadie Hawkins Week.

During the following few days our interest in Sadie increased. We found two officers—Quiet Types—who were being led to a dance by their wives (almost dragged by the ears, in fact) because of Sadie, and we met a friend who was being taken to a cinema by his blonde companion for the same reason. It seemed a fitting custom for Leap Year.

Then we read of a Sadie Hawkins' Dance which had reference to the celebrated Yokum family. But investigation revealed that Sadie's Week had originated long before the popular comic strip, in days when men drank kickapoo joy juice by the keg and roared lustily through their beards. Obviously, the creator of Li'l Abner had borrowed Sadie for his gallery of hill-billy grotesques, and a generation suckled on Coca-Cola had trivially emphasised the association.

We were no further forward in our quest for the answer to the great question of What Sadie Did.

Impelled by the true spirit of research, we asked everyone who might know; but no one knew more than that Sadie Hawkins had been an American. Some said this from a pure desire to be informative, and others in an attempt to remove the responsibility from Canada. Reading between the lines, as it were, we knew that they were asking us not to suppose that a custom so

frivolous had originated in a country which had been represented from almost prehistoric times by the grave figure of Mr. Mackenzie King. "She was an American," they said; and the implication was that we should blame the Yanks.

By Sunday the mystery of Sadie Hawkins still remained unsolved. An earnest discussion at dinner brought us a clue when someone vaguely remembered having heard Sadie's name associated with the great Californian gold rush. This idea invited attention, for it is a matter of history that "Go West, Young Man" was echoed by "Come West, Young Woman." Big husky men felt the need of something frilly around after a hard day's fossicking in Dead Man's Gulch; and the pay-dirt in their pokes was sufficient lure for the flotsam of a continent.

Sadie may have been the first to go, or she may have possessed outstanding personality, like that *femme fatale* of the North, the immortal Eskimo Nell. It is even possible that she did not exist at all, but that "Sadie Hawkins" was a generic name for all the ladies who came after the men, in much the same way as "Jane" and "Mary" have come to denote "girl" in our own time.

Then someone confused us a little by asking if Sadie Hawkins had not taken part in the founding of Virginia. I had read "The Virginians" and David Garnett's "Pocahontas", but no one with the name of Sadie Hawkins remained in my memory. The frivolous suggestion was then made that she might have been the wife of Sir John Hawkins, the sea-dog.

Of all the suggestions offered to us, the most credible by far was the gold rush theory. But none of those whom we later met were able to confirm it, and so we still don't know for certain What Sadie Did.

In the absence of absolutely reliable evidence, I could not resist weaving my own legend around Sadie. My story, then, is that Sadie was sent out to the Californian diggings to advertise Bloggo Hair Tonic. Her qualifications for the rôle were abundant oomph and a talent for male impersonation. Dressed as a man, she would mingle with the sourdoughs and quietly publicise the use and merits of Bloggo.

"What's that you're rubbing in your hair, pardner?" Skookum Jim would ask, noticing the disguised Sadie with a bottle inverted over her head.

"I'm just putting a drop of Bloggo on, Skookum. Nothing like it for gitting the dames. Knocks 'em flat. Ever tried it, Skookum? Got a few bottles in my kit . . ."

That night Skookum, with his locks saturated in Bloggo, would saunter into Jeff's Place, and there Sadie would be waiting to ogle him, dressed now in her proper clothes. "There's sump'n different 'bout you, Skookum," she would say, after they had had a few glasses of joy juice. "Guess it must be your hair. There's sump'n 'bout your hair that gits me, you great gorgeous thing, you."

And the next night she would work the same deception upon Denver Dave.

Soon all those large innocent men were swamping themselves in hair lotion, not for a moment suspecting that the man who recommended it in the morning was the belle who proved so susceptible to its appeal at night.

Bloggo boomed. Large consignments were sent West in special freight cars, and Timothy J. Blathercole, the head of Bloggo Ltd., bought up nearly all the Rembrandts in Europe. Sadie trekked from camp to camp and did a roaring trade at Skagway in '98. But then, of a sudden, her fortune turned. The story spread abroad of the dreadful fate that had befallen Chewed-Ear Jenkins (later recorded in a ballad by Robert W. Service) and no one would stick his hair down with anything but pure cold water.

Well, that is *my* story of Sadie Hawkins; and as nobody seems to know the truth about her, you might as well believe my story as anything else.



# MOMBASA Bazaar



*Mombasa is the port of Kenya Colony and lies about half way down the east coast of Africa. It is reached from England via Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said, Red Sea, Aden. Total distance from the U.K. is approximately 5,000 miles.*

"WELCOME to Mombasa, Sah! You take Abdulla, he number one porter! Master give Abdulla keys, Abdulla sees Master's baggage through Customs number one style, and bring Master's baggage to Master's room at Manor Hotel. Abdulla very good boy, very nice and very cheap!"

Such was the warm welcome extended to me on stepping off the SS. "Matiana" which had brought me from England onto African soil. These cheery words of greeting to the traveller came from the throat of Abdulla, that prince of hotel porters and most lovable of laudable rogues. I had met many Abdullas at each port of call since leaving Tilbury Docks four weeks previously.

Much to my astonishment, Abdulla kept his word and some two hours later presented himself at the door of my room in the Manor Hotel and handed me my keys after two sweating Arab boys had stowed my baggage away. The nature of the unholy "arrangements" Abdulla must have had with the Customs officials I never was able to discover, but he certainly was most efficient in getting incoming baggage cleared within the shortest possible space of time. The Manor Hotel is a good one and stands at the north end of the Kilindini Road. At the time of my visit to Mombasa—July, 1933—the hotel was being run by a friendly Welsh couple called Davies.

Mombasa is the only port to Kenya Colony and is the principal access to the Kenya hinterland and far-off Uganda beyond. It possesses a natural harbour with a beautiful entrance and good deep-water anchorage. Large vessels up to 20,000 tons can tie up alongside its quays and wharves and cargo is dexterously handled and speedily unloaded. Mombasa is one of the harbours on the East African Coastal board, well-

by "SIMBA"

known to and extensively used by our enemies of this war in times of peace, as an important port of call for passenger traffic and trading. It faces the Indian Ocean and must be much coveted in times of war. The approach to the inner harbour is very beautiful and the scenery most entrancing. Wild flowers of many colours and gorgeous hues are to be seen everywhere, adding an exotic note to the darker green of the palm trees fringing the shores. Hibiscus, "Barbados Pride," franseria and bourgenvillea are some of the flowers I remember best.

I had come out from England as the Trade Representative of twenty-two British firms (manufacturers), and had brought with me thirty-seven packing cases containing samples of the merchandise to be displayed in the Indian bazaars of Mombasa (Kenya), Kampala (Uganda) and Dar-es-Salaam (Tanganyika), also Zanzibar. These samples covered a variety of goods including: sports goods, several lines of piece goods from Yorkshire and Lancashire, e.g., cotton prints, tussorees, organ-dies, white and khaki drills, etc., perfumes, liversalts, saline salts, peroxide of hydrogen, disinfectants, insecticides, soaps and washing compounds, portable gramophones (cheap and nasty but entirely suitable for the bazaar trade), stationery, carbon papers and typewriter ribbons, flashlights, unitcells and dry batteries for radio and telephones, baking powder, motor oil and greases for lorries, fountain pens and pencils, etc., etc.

My first visit was to the manager of the Standard Bank of South Africa, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from the Head Office of the Bank of London. Mr. Shaw proved to



be most kind and helpful and I followed his advice to the letter. He quickly introduced me to his Accountant—a genial giant standing six feet three inches in his socks and an International Rugby player (Wales) called “Tiny” Taylor. As “Tiny” was also staying permanently at the Manor Hotel, we soon became fast friends.

Two things are essential when setting up business in an Indian bazaar, viz.:—first, to choose a good showroom where the samples can be displayed to advantage and easily examined, and preferably situated in the bazaar itself, away from the European quarter; secondly, to obtain the services of a reliable Indian “broker”, who “knows the ropes” and can sally forth into the bazaar and bring customers into the showroom to examine the merchandise and place orders.

I spent the first day in Mombasa busily engaged in getting my crates and packing cases of samples cleared through the Customs. As all my invoices were in order and clearly marked “Samples only, not for re-sale”, I did not experience very much difficulty in getting my goods through, and the end of the day found me tired but triumphant. My next step was to explore thoroughly the Indian bazaar in company with the intelligent and well-educated broker of the Standard Bank. This man was a high-caste Brahmin and his advice and services to me were invaluable. In case you may never have seen an Indian bazaar perhaps a brief word of explanation at this juncture may prove helpful. The word “BAZAAR” is quite different in meaning to our English interpretation. It does NOT mean an emporium or large store where various goods are offered for sale, but a whole district or area, often covering several square miles, entirely given over to the native trading element of a city. It consists of several native shops and dwelling houses, the small Indian shop being known as a “duka” and its owner as a “dukawallah”. The Mombasa bazaar is quite extensive and covers perhaps five or six square miles. It consists of narrow and evil-smelling streets with Indian and Arab houses on either side, each house being built in most unhygienic propinquity to its neighbour.

Here and there stands a gilded mosque to which the faithful followers of Mohammed the Prophet flock daily at the sunset call to prayer. Here is the prayer, each line of which is repeated twice by the Muezzin (a priest), who

ascends the tower of the mosque each day at sunset to call the faithful to prayer:—

“Come to prayer.  
“Come to salvation.  
“Prayer is better than sleep,  
“God is great.  
“There is no God but God and  
Mohammed is His Prophet.”

Heavily-laden donkeys amble slowly through the crowded streets to the accompaniment of the shrill cries and hearty curses of their owners, invariably belabouring the poor beasts with a stout stick. Lean and hungry pariah dogs wander at will, nosing their way amongst the reeking refuse of the garbage cans. These dogs are not the friend of man; in fact, no man owns them and no Moslem will touch them. They are unclean and are tolerated merely for scavenging the streets. Rabies is a very real danger and a bite from one of these wretched animals is something to be feared. There are no pavements nor sidewalks in the bazaar, and the narrow streets are common to all. At night the very poor and homeless sleep curled up on the doorsteps, often cheek by jowl with the dogs. Indians from Southern India, from Goa, Bombay and Madras, and Arabs from Zanzibar make up the bazaar community. All are employed in trade or commerce of some description. Many of them—usually the Arab element—eke out a precarious existence by petty pilferings and stealing.

Looking back on my experiences amongst these bazaar “wallahs” in the bazaars of Mombasa, Dar-es-Salaam, Kampala, Zanzibar, Karachi, Bombay, Madras and many others, I think I can safely say that the Indian merchants I had to deal with in the bazaar of Mombasa were about the toughest, shiftiest crowd of robbers I have ever encountered. Abdulla was a saint compared with them. Fortunately, the Indian possesses a sense of humour, which is his saving grace; as, for instance, having placed an order with you for goods to be shipped from England, he will come to you on the day the shipment is expected to arrive at the docks and cheerfully inform you that he is bankrupt, has no money and cannot, therefore, lift the bills of lading in payment for the goods. The latter are invariably left on your hands for disposal by re-sale, and often at a loss as every dealer in the bazaar knows their history. The wily Indian has merely sent all his money



back to India and has staged a fraudulent bankruptcy in which his unfortunate creditors are the sufferers. A few weeks later this same Indian will open up business again in another part of the bazaar and under a borrowed name.

I was fortunate in securing the services of an efficient and honest Indian "broker" called Mr. E. M. Noorbhai. His parents kept a sweetshop in the bazaar and were reputed to be well-to-do. With Mr. Noorbhai's help I was again fortunate in finding excellent showroom premises in the heart of the Indian bazaar and at the junction of two busy main thoroughfares. A "go-down", or small warehouse, at the rear was also included in the moderate rent of 20 rupees a month (approximately 30/-); this was exactly what I required for unpacking and storing my samples. The services of a Sikh carpenter were next engaged to make a few simple tables and trestles on which to place my samples. I found that these tables and trestles, when covered with black sisal silk purchased in the bazaar, made excellent display counters.

Every morning I used to leave the hotel at 8 a.m. and have myself borne by rickshaw (a wise man does not walk where he can ride in the tropics) to my place of business in the bazaar. My two sturdy Arab carriers I named David and Jonathan, much to their amusement. I returned to the Manor Hotel for a light luncheon every day at 12 noon, and after a brief siesta went back to the bazaar at 2 p.m. I used to knock off for the day at 6 p.m. and repair to the Club to join business friends and acquaintances (Europeans) for the pleasant and welcome "sundowner". One dines late in the tropics, usually between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m. It must be remembered that Mombasa is an unpleasantly hot place for most of the year and the heat is damp and humid. I was working in a temperature of 120 degrees in the shade for the whole of the four months I was in Mombasa. The bazaar, with its odours, flies, crawling insects and unwashed humanity, was never a pleasant place in which to work. The heat was such that I found I had to change my white suit of drill at least twice a day and sometimes even three times a day. Little relief from the close humidity was to be obtained at night. Wire netting over the windows and double mosquito netting around the bed were a dire necessity in view of the plagues of mosquitoes which arose in clouds from the hidden

stagnant pools of water at dusk. These insects were the dreaded anophelae mosquitoes which do not buzz to give warning of their approach. Their bite gives malaria if the insect itself is infected.

After 5 p.m. the native cafés open in the bazaar and it is here that a good "broker" can prove himself of real value to his employer. He will go and meet the principal Indian merchants and dealers in their favourite café and over a cup of weak tea, known as "Cha", or



a glass of syrupy sherbet, he will show them prices, discounts and illustrated catalogues of the goods to be examined in the showrooms next day. On reaching my showroom in the morning I would often find a dozen potential buyers being shown round the premises by Mr. Noorbhai.

As all my goods were carefully selected as suitable for the bazaar trade before I left England, business progressed quite satisfactorily and it was soon necessary for me to engage a second "broker". I did this on the advice of Mr. Noorbhai. The new "broker" was Mr. Noorbhai's cousin and was called "Mr. Abtelli". He was a tall and good-looking young Brahmin and had been educated at one of the Mission schools. His intelligence was average though he spoke English quite well, but with a disconcerting impediment in his speech. This handicap always disappeared when he spoke his own language. A stuttering Indian is, however, a little trying at the best of times. I and Mr. Abtelli, however, got along very well together. An Arab called "Abdul" and known to me privately as "Abdul the Damned", made up my staff of three.

I soon began to notice that many of my visitors used to belch violently

whilst being conducted round my showroom or in conversation with me. Even the demure and correct Mr. Noorbhai was not altogether guiltless of this uninspiring habit. As for Mr. Abtelli, his efforts to explain to me just why he had to make such rude noises only caused him to offend still further. In reply to my tactful enquiries, Mr. Noorbhai explained that I had arrived in Mombasa in the middle of the Feast of Ramadan, during which period (six weeks) no true Mohammedan will partake of solid food. Liquid sustenance alone is permitted as a form of nourishment for the body. A fat and fasting Indian would come and see me and in between belchings would endeavour to explain to me what he wanted to buy and the price he was prepared to pay. No apologies were ever offered for such violent emissions of wind, and etiquette demanded that I should make no comment. I well recall being almost overcome with nausea one busy morning after I had received the visit at one sitting of fourteen belching "Sons of the Prophet"!

Some few weeks later I learned that Mombasa was about to hold the first Trade Exhibition ever to be held in the city. I at once arranged with the local Chamber of Commerce to rent a stand at the Exhibition. This was to be held on the racecourse. The stands, or stalls, were flimsy affairs constructed of rough bamboo poles and interlaced banana leaves. I accordingly made ready and hired a truck to transport the necessary samples to the stand.

My greatest difficulty proved to be the safe-custody of my samples by night, for the stalls were open in front and the walls, made of banana leaves, were anything but solid. True, the native police patrolled vigilantly all night, but the racecourse covered a considerable acreage of ground and it was an easy matter for a night prowler (barefooted and absolutely silent) to plunge his hand through the lightly-protected walls of the stand and get away unnoticed in the darkness. The first night I posted my Arab "boy", Abdul, as guardian for the night over my stand. I did not do so without certain misgivings, which I imparted to Mr. Noorbhai. The samples were very attractive and many of them immediately saleable for cash. Sure enough, when I arrived at the stand in the morning I found that "Abdul the Damned" had disappeared and taken a quantity of the samples with him. Every effort to trace the

stolen goods proved unavailing but I was able to make satisfactory arrangements with the native police, to whom I at once reported the matter, and a night watchman, armed by the police, was quickly installed. I had no further trouble.

A few days later the Exhibition was opened by the local Mayor with appropriate speeches and selections played by the band of the Mombasa Police (a magnificent body of natives trained and officered by whites under the auspices of the King's African Rifles—one of the finest corps of native élite troops in the world). My days were now even longer as I had to divide my time between the busy showroom in the bazaar and the stand at the Exhibition. Although exhausted at the end of each long day, I was well pleased with results already obtained at the Exhibition. My stand was decorated with many small and large Union Jacks and local wild flowers which, with the help of black sisal silk, effectively hid the rough bamboo structure and banana leaves. Every effort was made to make the whole thing as colourful and attractive as possible, for the Indians love bright colours.

In the course of each day I was visited by rich merchants (Arabs) from Zanzibar, wealthy Indian dealers from Uganda and Tanganyika and some substantial orders were booked, payment to be made in each case by London shipping houses in exchange for the shipping documents. By this time word had gone through the bazaar that "Beatty Sahib" had some samples of an exotically powerful perfume. These perfumes were the product of a well-known London firm of perfumiers, and they were just the right thing for the bazaar trade. The samples were attractively packed in small brightly coloured bottles holding about one-half ounce each.

One morning my stand was "invaded" by a wild horde of colourful veiled Arab "ladies", all fighting for my perfume bottles. My two Indian brokers were scandalised and called down the heartiest of curses on their veiled heads. I am afraid I was convulsed with laughter as I watched bottle after bottle of perfume disappearing down those buxom Arab bosoms. The delighted shrieks of my female visitors only attracted more and more of the curious to my stand. Fortunately, Mr. Noorbhai and Abtelli got hold of them in time and commenced to negotiate serious business with the

more interested ones. Next morning I learned that my "lady" visitors were a troupe of Arab prostitutes come over from Zanzibar for the ten-day duration of the Exhibition. I gravely informed Mr. Noorbhai that I was quite unaware of this and that "business was business". Being very polite, I think he believed me.

Three days before the end of the Exhibition, I was conscious of a sense of excitement pervading through the Exhibition and emanating principally from the bazaar. I soon learned that the excitement was caused by the announcement that at 2 p.m. that very day the Exhibition would be thrown open to the ladies (Indian and Arab), and no men except the stall-holders (of which I was one) would be admitted to the grounds. In other words, the Mohammedan married women, or "women in purdah or seclusion", would be admitted to see the Exhibition. They would, of course, be heavily veiled but they were to be allowed the full liberty of the Exhibition Grounds for that one afternoon. At 2 p.m. a bell was tolled and all the men, both Europeans and Indians, were ushered from the ground. Mr. Noorbhai had quietly disappeared after lunch, but Abtelli assured me he would be back soon and would have a surprise for me.

A few minutes later some two thousand Moslem women, consisting of Indian and Arab races alike, streamed across the grounds in a never-to-be-forgotten kaleidoscope of fast-moving colours. Each was bedecked in her native finery and the shimmering silken shawls of every colour in the rainbow mingling with the rich "saris" worn by the Indian women caused me to blink my eyes in awed wonder. The "Sari", or Indian female drapery, can be worn very coquettishly. Lightly covering the hair and part of the face it can be made to drape the whole body, only leaving the eyes visible, and in this respect is very similar to the Arab "yashmak", or veil.

I half closed my eyes and through the dancing heat waves I gazed at that colourful and almost mythical spectacle, still some two hundred yards away but advancing steadily in my direction. Foremost in the throng was my Mr. Noorbhai, leading by the hand his little Indian girl-wife of some sixteen summers and already a mother. She was exquisitely dressed and wore wild flowers in her dark hair under her draperies. Mr. Noorbhai, dressed in his best ceremonial suit, gravely made the presentations. Equally gravely I bowed

and took the tiny hand in mine, assuring her of the great honour she was doing me by coming to see my stand. I noticed that as we chatted pleasantly, the little lady's eyes were wandering longingly round my crowded stand until they came to rest at last on the bottles of perfume! I gave her three small bottles of perfume, and the look of childish delight and pleasure in her eyes was something I can never forget and recall today as of yesterday.

My pleasant conversation with Mr. Noorbhai and his charming spouse was quickly interrupted by loud cries from about thirty women, who had crept quietly up to my stand unobserved and made a sudden rush. Apparently they were all fighting to get at the display of perfume. "Shem-El-Nessim, Shem-El-Nessim"! (the name of my most exotic and popular perfume) they cried again and again. Abtelli and I dealt with the horde as expeditiously as possible until I had not one bottle left. No explanation to the effect that the stock was all gone would appear to satisfy my visitors, but I was finally able to make them understand that there really was no more by talking at a furious pace in a mixture of English, French, Arabic, German, Swahili and Hindustani. "All gone, all gone, no more, kaput, vamoosh," seemed to be the most effective speech, made in the above languages.

Two days later, the Mombasa Trade Exhibition came to a close, but only after the judges had made a tour of the stands and had carefully inspected each exhibit. Much to my surprise, I was awarded a first prize for originality of display and design. I remained for some three months longer in that sultry and stifling Mombasa bazaar and then moved up to Nairobi, leaving Mr. Noorbhai in charge of the office and showroom. Nairobi, the capital of Kenya Colony, stands 6,000 feet above sea-level and is a twelve hours' climb by rail from Mombasa.

I took Abtelli with me to Nairobi, and on the arrival of some fresh samples from England I opened up a second showroom in the Nairobi bazaar. Of all that befell me in that tough spot of iniquity, of my battles in the bazaars of Tanga and Das-es-Salaam with German and Japanese "dumping" and cut-throat competition from both, of the delights and beauty of the Arab bazaar in Zanzibar, all these are "another story".



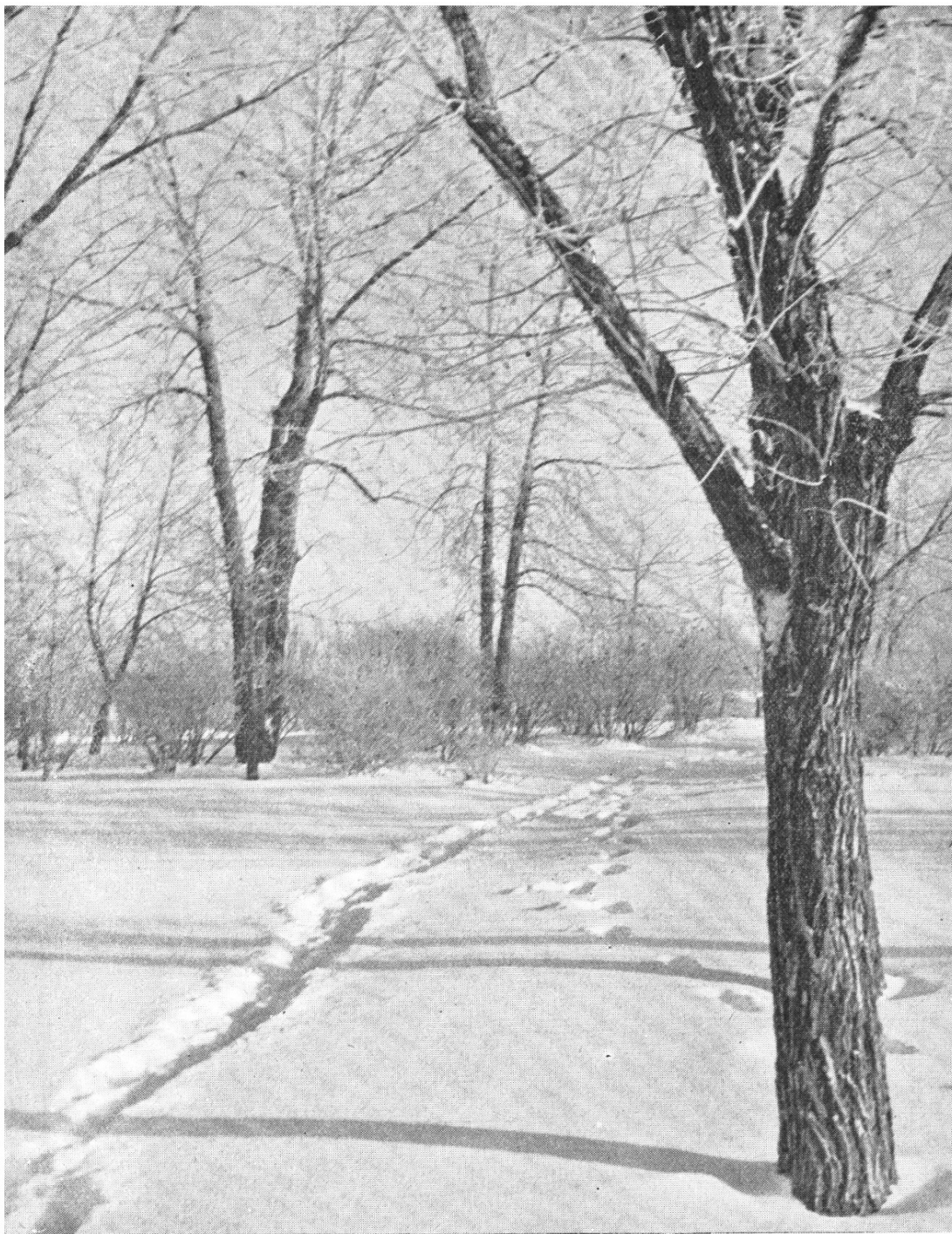


Photo by LAC. H. Padmore

## FOOTPRINTS



Page 12 left blank in original magazine

MARCH, 1944

13

# FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

## Male Voice Choir's Continued Success

Boat lists, postings, etc., leave the Station Male Voice Choir still as numerically strong as ever and the past months have been the busiest in the Choir's existence, both in actual work done and in preparation for future engagements. The several concerts mentioned in the last issue of the Flyer have been presented and this healthy organization has more than consolidated the high reputation that it has gained in the locality.

On Wednesday, January 26th, Drinkwater was the scene of our activities. A large audience was entertained for two hours in a varied programme compered by LAC. "Mick" Clarke, with LAC—sorry, Corporal Eric Holden and LAC Bill (Pork-Pie) Poole officiating as conductor and accompanist, respectively. An interesting ceremony was incorporated in the programme when a tablet showing the names of the young people of Drinkwater and district now serving in the Forces was unveiled by S/L. Slaughter. The local Scout troop added a little military touch to the proceedings. A collection towards the local War Services organization produced over fifty dollars. After the show the Choir was entertained to supper.

Wednesday, February 2nd, saw the Choir out again, this time presenting a concert at St. George's Hall, Moose Jaw. Again a large audience was present and, with LAC Ken Rowlands (with us for the first, but we sincerely hope by no means the last time) gallantly accompanying at a few hours' notice, a full programme was presented, the Choir being entertained afterwards.

Our most successful venture to date was the presentation of "Nautical Nites" at the Technical School, Moose Jaw, on Wednesday, February 16th. The Westhall Girls' Club of St. John's Church, sponsored this effort on behalf of the local

Naval Auxiliaries, and their enthusiastic co-operation was a gratifying feature of the venture. The Sea Cadets from H.M.S. Robin Hood also co-operated by acting as ushers to give a naval touch to the proceedings, and participated in the finale to carry the colours of Canada flanked by those of Great Britain and the United States. The program was written and produced by LAC. Norman Hurst, secretary of the Choir, who also acted as compere.

Cpl. Holden (celebrating his promotion to that exalted rank) wielded the baton proficiently, and Bill Poole was back at the piano. The Choir was featured in several numbers, some of them of a seafaring nature, but also including a few numbers such as "Dear Land of Home" from "Finlandia" by Sibelius, which, by the way, will be our own-choice number for the Festival.

Other items were contributed by Clifford Rosser (bass), Bill Poole (piano), Frank Scoffins (hardworking as ever), Ted Carroll (à la Stanley Holloway and presenting "Smelevision" along with his "Stoodents"), Ken Rowlands (with his piano-accordion and presenting an original novelty item at the piano), the "Gay Nineties Trio" (Cpl. Ronald Beach, AC's Bob Elliott and Stan Elliott, combining for the first time), Denis O'Brien (tenor), Bob Lockhart (piano), George Wright and the Choir in a modern number "My Heart Tells Me," John Snuggs (bass), singing his swan song prior to repatriation, and combining with Dennis O'Brien in the popular "My Hero" from the "Chocolate Soldier," and the "Harmony Rangers."

An impressive finale was reached when ten members of the Westhall Girls' Club joined the Choir personnel in a rousing finale ending with the entry of the three Sea Cadets with the flags.

Mr. H. W. Pope, K.C., spoke a few words of welcome and thanks to both the Choir and the Westhall Club for their efforts on behalf of local boys in the Navy.

Stage management was in the capable hands of AC's Hawkins, Long and

## "C for Yourself" at 32

In alphabetical continuation of the series of shows presented by E.N.S.A. for the R.A.F. bases of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, "C For Yourself" was presented at the Station on January 29th. Two full houses enjoyed a well-varied programme of solo and concerted items from talented artistes.

Claude Horton, as genial compere and singer of humorous numbers, including "When Are You Going to Lead Me to the Altar, Walter," "Eskimo Anne" and

Waudby, lighting and sound effects were controlled by LAC's Osborne, Wyndham and Ryder, and LAC. Carroll and AC. Dolphin had charge of make-up. The T. Eaton Co. Ltd. kindly loaned flags for the occasion, and Mr. Geo. Walker of the Y.M.C.A., graciously allowed use of his premises for rehearsing.

To round off this corporate effort, the Westhall Girls' Club entertained the Choir at a supper and social at the Y.M.C.A. on Tuesday, February 22nd, when a most enjoyable evening was spent.

On Thursday, February 24th, a programme similar to those presented at Drinkwater and Hearne was presented at Rouleau, Sask., and was as well received by a large audience, Cpl. Beach compering.

This latter engagement saw the last appearance of Cpl. Eric Holden as conductor of the Choir, an office that he has held continuously since October, 1942. Under his able guidance the Choir has gone from strength to strength, and his interest and enthusiasm for the job, which was so obviously his pleasure, was an incentive to those who came under his baton. His place will be hard to fill, but we hope to continue as an active body until the inevitable boat does its worst. Eric has already been the recipient of verbal messages of appreciation of his efforts and at a dinner to be held in the Grant Hall Hotel on March 9th some more tangible recognition of our esteem will have been shown.

—N. H.

"Maisie the Queen of the Night Clubs," showed commendable versatility and was well received.

Jean Cameron, with character studies and lighter songs, drew rounds of applause for her good work, and with Marguerite Jackinoff and Leonora Brouner preserved the nicety of balance which features these productions.

Theodore Walstrum, as accompanist for all the numbers, and as a soloist himself, performed brilliantly in everything that was expected of him.

But the stars of the evening were undoubtedly Norma Terris and Rowan Tudor. The former took the audience by storm with her delightful renditions of several numbers which included "Can't Help Loving That Man of Mine," "Make Believe" and "Bill." Her gift as a singer, combined with her flair for impersonation which she exploited to the fullest advantage, brought great distinction to the show. The latter, revisiting the camp after a debut in "A For Aces," also impressed with his warm personality and splendid baritone voice. Numbers such as "Without a Song," a well-worn favourite, were given a new lustre, and lesser known numbers such as "The Day Is Mine," were introduced to attentive listeners in such a way as to make a lasting impression. These two artistes further exploited their talents by combining in "I'll See You Again" and, as an encore, "The Keys of Heaven."

W/Commander Townsend neatly expressed the sentiments of the audience at the later performance in thanking the company, under the management of Robert Fenimore, for their most enjoyable programme, and handed bouquets to the ladies in the cast.

After "A For Aces," "B For Bertie" and "C For Yourself," the question of the moment is "What does D stand for?" Here's to an early answer.

—N. H.

By a majority decision of the Bath Bench today Leslie Alfred Wisken, of Lansdowne, Bath, was fined 5s. for "abandoning a copy of 'Liberty in the War' in a telephone kiosk, the kiosk not being a receptacle provided for the collection of waste paper." The Bench dismissed two similar summonses. —The Star.

## Not So Rokey!

### Drama Society's Success with Famous Thriller

The end of February saw the performance of the play "Rope", by Patrick Hamilton, at our own Station Theatre. This play is already well-known in English dramatic circles and has been acclaimed as one of the best English stage productions of the late twenties. Patrick Hamilton also wrote "Gaslight", which had an exceptional run in the West End and was eventually filmed.

Of the performances in the Station Theatre we can give no lower rating than excellent, and we are severe critics! For a Service show, with an amateur cast, it all had a very professional look, and much of the credit must go to the producer, P/O. Wheeler, who worked unceasingly (and almost sleeplessly).

The cast comprised: Leila, played by Mrs. (F/Sgt.) Bowker; Mrs. Debenham, by Mrs. Robin; Granillo, F/Lt. Williams; Raglan, F/O. Polhill; Rupert, P/O. Ashley; Brandon, Sgt. Dixon; Sir Johnstone Kentley, Sgt. Pratchett; and Sabot, Sgt. Newell. P/O. Ashley was also responsible for the make-up.

The cast had very little time to rehearse, and even between the performances improvement could be noted in the lighting and the general timing, and the news that a third show was to be produced in the Moose Jaw Technical School was received with relief by the cast, who felt that they had not had time to do justice to the play (of course, their modesty was false).

Bouquets to the ladies for their superb and charming interpretations of Leila and Mrs. Debenham, especially to Mrs. Robin, who substituted for Mrs. Cooper, unfortunately unable to take her part because of illness; a big hand to the men, too; and for P/O. Ashley's convincing Rupert, and Sgt. Pratchett's wizard performance as Sir Johnstone, and to F/Lt. Williams a stomach-pump, so sublime was his exhibition of sober drunkenness. To the remainder of the cast, the stage manager, and all the blokes wot

## "The Madcaps" at 32

The headline above is not to be taken as a fatuous statement of a well known fact. In actual reality the "Madcaps" were the members of the Regina War Services Concert Party who visited the Station on 17th February. A well-varied programme, consisting of solo and concerted items was presented and was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience which included many guests from the city.

Whilst the party preferred to remain anonymous as far as actual personalities are concerned, mention may be made of a few of the items which constituted the highlight of the show.

There was the versatile "sailor" who performed with commendable ability on the piano-accordion and the mouth organ at the same time. (The rumor that one very poor type sat right in front of this fellow sucking a lemon in an attempt to put him off is not confirmed by higher authorities.) The electric-guitarist provided a novelty, and the clarity of tone of this instrument was a revelation. Mary, Anne and Pauline, guest artistes for the evening, and better known as "The Sunshine Trio," gave a few excerpts from their extensive repertoire in their own engaging style.

—N. H.

### UNDERSTANDING

Foaming with indignation over Swiss "unneutrality", a German broadcaster reported this overheard radio dialogue between a Swiss anti-aircraft battery and a trespassing formation of U.S. bombers:

Swiss Ground Commander: "You are over Switzerland."

U.S. Air Commander: "We know."

Swiss: "If you don't turn back we will shoot."

U.S.: "We know."

The conversation paused during a furious ack-ack barrage, then resumed:

U.S.: "Your fire is 1,000 feet too low."

Swiss: "We know."

knuckled in, we offer our heartiest congratulations and a loud request for more.



## Station Dance at Natatorium

Seeking fresh fields and pastures new, the Entertainments Committee launched out courageously on the evening of February 3rd by putting on a Station Dance at the local Natatorium in aid of the Prisoners of War Relief Fund and the Red Cross Society. Apart from the fact that these worthy organizations benefited to the extent of 101 dollars each, the dance itself appears to have been an unqualified success from every angle. A large crowd of dancers really got into the groove to the melodic outpourings of the Station Dance Band under the direction of S/Ldr. McArdle with "Buddy" Logan taking the vocal refrains to some of the more popular numbers. The large hall had been tastefully decorated for the occasion by AC. Coane and Sgt. Glanville, and valuable assistance in the general organization of the affair was rendered by all members of the Entertainments Committee.

A word of thanks to the members of the Westhall Girls' Club of St. John's Church who relieved us of the responsibility of providing refreshments for the dancers.

At last it appears that a formula for successful dances has been found, and it is hoped that future dances will confirm this impression. The next one (probably already a thing of the past) will be in the form of an initiating event in our general Red Cross campaign, through which, in conjunction with the national effort, it is hoped to surpass the figures of \$4,600 attained in our last effort.

—N. H.

- (a) Ballotine de jambon Valentinoise.
- (b) Assiette Froide et Salade.

Authorised translation by the management.

- (a) Hot spam.
- (b) Cold spam.

—Menu of the Strand Palace Hotel.

Astrologers who claim to know by star-gazing the date when the Second Front will open will maintain secrecy when they meet next week at Harrogate. —*Sunday Chronicle*.

## Obituary

It is with great regret that we have to record the death in a flying accident of one of our Dutch pupils, LAC. Van Biesen van Barham. Though he had been with us at 32 for a few weeks only, it was long enough for him to have earned the respect of all with whom he came into contact.

It is unlikely that his relatives in Holland will ever read these words, but, unknown to us as they are, our sincere sympathy goes out to them in the loss of one who gave everything he had in order that one day they might know again the liberty which for so long has been denied them. As we pay honour to his sacrifice we are resolved that it shall not have been in vain.

## So We Wrote a Letter . . .

To:—Moose Jaw Transportation Co.  
Gentlemen,

I have been forced to ride in your buses for these past 18 months. The service seems worse each day. I consider that the transportation you offer is worse than they enjoyed 1,000 years ago.

Yours truly,  
R.A.F. AIRMAN.

To:—R.A.F. Airman.  
Dear Sir,

We are in receipt of your letter of the 1st, and believe that you are somewhat confused in your history. The only transportation 1,000 years ago was on foot.

MOOSE JAW TRANSPORTATION CO.

To:—Moose Jaw Transportation Co.  
Gentlemen,

I am in receipt of your letter of the 7th, and believe that you are the ones confused in your history. If you will read the Bible, in the Book of David, 9th verse, you will find that Aaron rode into the city on his ass, and that is something I have not been able to do on your buses in the last 18 months!

Yours truly,  
R.A.F. AIRMAN.  
K.D.H.

## Moose Jaw Under Snow

We might wish that Canada had a more comfortable climate, but if it were not for the snow the great plain on which we live would look barren and desolate indeed in the interval between the russet Fall and the greening Spring. Nature, giving with one hand as she takes away with the other, provides a mantle of white to hide the harsh outlines.

Our full-page illustration, "Footprints," is from a photograph by LAC. Howard ("Tony") Padmore, formerly of the Met. Office at No. 32, who has made a collection of beautiful Canadian scenes, including many superb studies of the Rocky Mountains. No method of reproduction can do justice to the exquisite detail of "Footprints," but enough of the original loveliness remains to make it a rare souvenir, for the reader, of Moose Jaw in the winter time.

## Cannon Goes Off!

For years—well, for quite a long time—the editorial staff of this magazine have been waiting for a chance to write the above headline.

Almost every morning LAC. Melican, if out of bed, used to call at Flying Wing Orderly Room and enquire of Cpl. Bolt, in a conspiratorial whisper, if Cpl. Cannon were on the boat yet. Finally, in order not to miss a great scoop, he obtained a job in that department. But, alas, he was himself posted before Cpl. Cannon was.

"Never mind," he said, with brave optimism, "sooner or later Cannon will go off, and my successor will be able to print this headline which has haunted me night and day for many moons."

Actually Corporal Cannon has not gone off yet, but he is definitely going off soon, so we thought we would rush in and make sure of our headline.

Dismally conscious that Flying Wing Orderly Room will not be the same without his elfin presence, we wish him well wherever he may find himself.

## It Simply Wasn't Done!

The Englishman can afford to rise above nearly all forms of national weakness, to be his own most severe critic, the most enthusiastic admirer of foreign,

## Farewell to a Friend

To the regret of everyone at No. 32, F/O. C. B. Thomas has departed.

"Tommy", as he was affectionately known, had many friends on the camp and was vastly popular with the airmen as well as with the Officers. His work in the fields of sport and entertainment naturally brought him into close contact with many people from all ranks, and caused his name to be identified with most of the more interesting camp activities. He enthusiastically fostered every kind of athletic sport and was in no small measure responsible for the keen interest being displayed in boxing at the present time. Not less enthusiastic and not less capable, was his participation in less vigorous forms of entertainment.

We of the *Prairie Flyer* view his departure with especial regret, for we have lost, as well as the presence of a friend, the services of a valued Art Editor. By immense good fortune, he happened to arrive on the camp just when our brilliant George Sumner was preparing to leave, and so this magazine continued to be well illustrated. The quality of C.B.T.'s drawing, and his humorous talent, are known to every reader.

We have found an able successor in the person of LAC. Ken Rowlands, a gifted Welshman, whose work appears for the first time in this issue.

even hostile peoples. But at the bottom he knows that being English is something that matters more than anything else. For that reason he was not nearly so frightened in the summer of 1940 as he ought to have been. It was, it is true, very difficult to see how the war was to be carried on. German efficiency, as well as German power, was greatly admired. The guesses at the military weakness of England, though not grim enough, were yet grim. But after all, what did defeat, what did surrender mean? That Germany laid down the law to England? That sort of thing, no matter what experts said, simply wasn't done. And it wasn't.

—From "The English People"  
By Denis W. Brogan.

# ENTERTAINMENTS

How the months fly by! Here we are with February gone and still no sign of the fifty below that we have been promising the newcomers for the last four months. Our integrity is being questioned and only a complete breakdown of the normal climatic conditions at this time of the year can vindicate us. But while the newcomers may have been disappointed on this score I think they may be fairly well satisfied with the fare that has been offered them in the way of entertainment during the past month.

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

**Dances.** The venture at the Natatorium proved to be an unqualified success and reflects great credit on those who have experimented for so long in the hope of finding a setup for a dance which would prove satisfactory to all. By the time this issue is on sale there will have been a similar effort at the same place and in the same worthy cause—the Red Cross. Here's hoping that the customers are just as well satisfied.

**Dramatic Society.** The presentation of "Rope" was very much appreciated by two large audiences and we look forward to further efforts from this gifted group who at least attained the high standard set by previous production in this sphere.

**Gramophone Recitals.** Both Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., and Cpl. Rickman continue to delight their audiences on alternate Thursday nights, the former with his classical or semi-classical recordings, the latter with his programme of records in ultra-modern and lighter vein.

**Whist Drives.** The originators and the present officials responsible in this sphere can claim just praise in that the Whist Drives held each Wednesday in the Reading and Writing Room still remain as popular as ever. LAC. Sensier, AC. Coane and all others who have assisted are proud to report that recent attendances have been higher than ever, an average of twenty tables now being maintained. If it's too cold, why not slip in and enjoy a night's entertainment in one of the most comfortable spots on the Camp?

**Station Bands.** While the Station Dance Band appears to be enjoying a run of success and is adding to its laurels at various points in the district, there is, up to the time of going to press, no sign of a revival of the Military Band, unless Sgt. Fletcher has pulled something out of the bag in the meantime. Any interested instrumentalists, or would-be's, are invited to contact Sgt. Fletcher at the Station Cinema.

**Films.** The inauguration of the twice-nightly presentation of films has proved a very successful venture, and in addition we are pleased to note that the films are more up-to-date than formerly. "Stage Door Canteen" was shown on the Camp before it was available in town—a step in the right direction. On the whole, too, the apparatus has been functioning much better than of yore. Our "Y" supervisor is always ready to act on any suggestions that may add to the comfort and enjoyment of his patrons in this direction.

**Bingo.** The weekly session at 19.30 hours in the wet canteen is still available for those who are interested in this simple but intriguing pastime. The prizes are provided by the "Y" and there is no charge to competitors.

**Personnel.** We are glad to welcome P/O. Wheeler as the new Entertainments Officer in place of F/Lt. Daniels who, in his period of office in this capacity, did much to give the boys on the camp as much varied entertainment as possible. With Sgt. Dixon as secretary and a few keen members on the committee it is hoped to carry on with the same energy as at present.

The Boat again has taken, or is about to take, more valuable workers in this field. Bert Bratton, whose natural flair for the humorous side of life had delighted so many audiences during the past twelve months, has followed Sgt. Cooper "over the briny." AC. Hawkins, an ever-present "behind the scenes" man, has followed. (What is his "oppo" going to do without 'im?) To these two, and to all others who may follow soon, our thanks for your efforts on our behalf.

N. H.

Our excellent coinage is good for trade, especially the printers and stationers, who make and sell ready

reckoners, a thing unknown in countries on the decimal system.—Letter in the *Daily Sketch*.

**B**EING a French trainee in the R.A.F. has its good points—take the Exams, for instance. We are allowed to write our answers in French. If we come up against a question about which we know nothing, and if we are at all imaginative, we do not let the opportunity go by.

in the case of the hostess who poured Scotch in every glass but mine, and said apologetically: "You are accustomed to such marvellous liqueurs, I dare not give you any of this coarse spirit."

The same is true with food. Coming as we did from a half-starved country,

## A Frenchman in the RAF



• by A.M.

What causes precipitation? Why, obviously, "la précipitation est un phénomène naturel dû à des courants atmosphériques ascendants qui, que, par lesquels et grâce auxquels. . ." It matters little if our copy comes back with the comment: "Sheer nonsense—signed: an examiner who spent 10 years in Paris." It does no harm to try and try again. Also, quite definitely, if we fail to complete on paper in the required time, it is not our fault. We had "difficulties with sentence construction." Nor can we really be expected to have a good score in aircraft recognition; is not our memory still stuffed with hundreds of French types which we could identify in a hundredth, perhaps a thousandth, of a second except for the fact that they are not on the syllabus? Similarly, we stand at an advantage in regard to Aldis lamp failures, for unlike our British colleagues we do not need to refer to some mysterious property of our eye which makes it allergic to certain signals. All we do is point out that a French "I" is pronounced as an English "E", French "T" as an English "G" and vice-versa, and that therefore the effort of learning the phonetic alphabet would be stupendous and almost superhuman. The C.G.I., of course, may or may not agree. He generally does not (. . . right! A.W.R.).

In our daily life outside the camp, too, we enjoy undisputed advantages over our fellow-trainees. Take drinks—as Frenchmen we are expected to love wine, to be experts in wine, to be overcome by homesickness and nostalgia at not being able to drink wine with our meals. So, by some unexplained miracle, very often when we are asked out, and be it in Canada or in England, our hosts manage to produce from their cellar their last bottle of Burgundy or the remnants of some absolutely sensational 1865 brandy, or even a bottle of champagne. Even those of us who drank very little wine before the war hesitate in such circumstances to disclaim their reputation as connoisseurs. It can sometimes be carried too far, as

where all the art of cooking now consists in having an old cat taste as a middle-aged hare, British food seemed to us delicious and plentiful. And so it was, and our British friends always made it a point to give us the best. The old snail-frog quarrel still rages, of course—"It is true, I mean, really true that you eat these—these loathesome—these unspeakable . . . ." To which the standard answer is: "Do you mean jellies?"

To Frenchmen, and indeed to all the Allied personnel in the forces, the people in England and Canada have been unbelievably considerate and sympathetic. They never ask questions about the things we have left behind and allow us to feel that they share our grief, although their own experience of war has been hard enough. I have often been made to feel that I had been the victim of monstrous German atrocities, although my personal recollection of them is limited to the fact that when I came back to my small Paris flat after the armistice, my door was opened by a German colonel wearing my pyjamas.

According to a French definition, the Frenchman used to be "un monsieur décoré qui ne sait pas la géographie." This war has thrown us about in such a way that we have learnt geography the hard way. We also have learned to understand the English. De Gaulle, when he came over to London, did not speak a word of English, and his secretary, when asked whether he at least could speak, used to answer, "I does very well," and to introduce his wife as "my woman".

Today, however, when Mr. Churchill and General de Gaulle meet, Mr. Churchill speaks in French and General de Gaulle in English, and, what is more, they understand each other. Considering the tasks that will shortly face us all together, it is not such a bad sign of things to come.



By D.A.G.B.

## GLEANINGS from the G.I.S.      ♪      ♪

IN last month's issue we noticed that our C.G.I. was referred to as the Headmaster of the G.I.S. We raised our eyebrows somewhat at this; we had always looked upon him as a Squadron Leader filling an establishment vacancy in an R.A.F. Station. But we rather liked the idea. If he's a headmaster, we thought with devastating logic, the G.I.S. must be a school. From that moment our entire outlook changed and we put the whole R.A.F. set-up behind us, with its parades and its recurrent duties, its D.R.O's. and its damnable inventories for every article of furniture and equipment which surrounds us. Henceforth we were a school; the C.G.I. was the Headmaster, the instructors were teachers and the pupils (bless 'em)—well, they could remain pupils.

We went for a walk around the place. Yes, it was a school all right. Classrooms and blackboards and chalk, and a thin film of chalk-dust over everything; chairs and tables (we would have preferred desks) and the pupils sitting there soaking up all the wisdom which was being poured forth by unfortunately gownless masters. We supposed that the masters all had nicknames (and knew it), and we spent a pleasant half-hour working out the most appropriate for each of them.

The subjects taught differ slightly from those of our own schooldays, of course, where we don't recall that we ever learned much about Navigation or Signals, or, by some strange oversight, anything at all of the workings of the Browning gun—yet another proof of the failure of the educational system to fit young men for this world. After years and years of hard work we were sent away still ignorant of machine-guns, bombs and bayonet-drill, and with little more than a mention of poison gases.

Examinations in the G.I.S. are serious matters; if a pupil fails his examinations he's "had it". At school we had never heard of the term. If we failed, we failed, and suffered little more than the heavy sarcasm of a disappointed father bemoaning the fact that he had begotten an idiot. And if, by some miracle, we passed, we were handed a sheet of paper certifying that we had reached a certain standard in certain subjects; and that was that. The idea was that we took this along with us

when we applied for a job and could more or less name our own figure. Actually, nobody cared two hoots.

Here in the G.I.S. we do things a little differently. If a pupil passes his examinations they parade him in a new set of blue, the C.O. turns out, the band plays, and they give him "a pair of silver wings"—which mean more to him than the most exquisitely copper-plated certificate.

We wonder how many ex-pupils, back in civvie street after the war, and binding away to a generation as yet unborn, will look back on these schooldays as "the happiest days of my life, my boy?"

... We don't think so either.

\* \* \*

Our war maps, which are the pride and joy of the G.I.S., have in these past two weeks come into their own. The thing started in a modest way many months ago, about the time the 8th Army was starting its long drive westward from Egypt. In those days we had one or two red arrows which we pushed along the North African coastline at a furious rate, accompanied by little slips of paper giving the bare details of British successes.

We took our news from the BBC broadcasts every morning and it was all fairly simple until things started moving in Russia, the Pacific and Burma. Then the fun began. Geography never was our strong point, but we weren't going to give in without a struggle, and so we would listen to the radio with a grim concentration, our eyes frantically scanning maps and atlas, in an endeavour to trace places such as Krasnogvardeisk and Kremenchug, names familiar enough now, but in the early days a little bewildering.

Russia was difficult because we found that quite a few Russian towns are known by two or three different names, or may be spelled in a variety of ways. The Pacific wasn't easy either, because we had only the vaguest ideas as to where the various groups of islands were, and if and when we found them they were so small that few towns were marked. But, if we except China, which we only occasionally pluck up the courage to tackle, Burma is probably the greatest headache. Despite the perfection of BBC diction we listened daily

## "OUT OF the MESS"

**M**OST popular words in the mess nowadays are "posted" and "boat", the old place doesn't seem the same. Gone are the days . . .

On the whole, it's been a quiet sort of month, with little happening to disturb the normal routine. Guest nights and farewell parties were the only outstanding social doings. It has been noticed that several of the newer members are in the groove already. We wonder what the secret of their success is—what toothpaste are you using chaps?

Highlight of the month was the departure of W/O. Woods. If there were any people on the station glad to see him go, they would not be found within the portals of the mess. On the night of his farewell one of the mess members declared that "Woody" was a gentleman, which is probably the highest compliment any S.W.O. could get. Wherever he may be, we wish him the best of everything.

Among ye olde and ancienne order of long habitués was Sgt. Aldrych, who will for ever be enshrined in the hearts of men for the panelling of the mess—built, so we understand, by blood, beer and sweat. The last remaining vestige of New Zealand went with the draft as F/S. Beswick departed this life for a better. Incidentally, we noticed Mrs.

B—— can't say we blame "our Frank". Flying Wing were deprived of three notables as F/Sgts. Coe, Williams and Illingworth left for the East.

It seems that several of the inmates have gone intellectual. At any time of the day a bridge session will be found in some corner of the ante-room. It has been suggested that the "Frisco Kids" originated the idea, but we don't see how anyone in Stores could possibly have the intelligence to play such games. Anyway, it's a good thing, and finds followers among the Allies—even the "foreigners" from Estevan are hep to the "drive".

We find there are lots of things we would like to know, such as who is the firm believer in horse-sense? And who was the Scotsman who had difficulty in coming thro' the rye? Is Sgt. A—— relieved or annoyed at the word Calgary? Why did the Sergeant of "2" group trip the light fantastic after such a long time, and who was the blonde?

At any rate, there is no question about the efforts of W/O. Simpson and W/O. Fraser, who became fathers the other day, both off-spring being boys—bouncing editions. . . . Congratulations to their wives. Good show, chaps; keep it up.

That's all, folks.

---

for weeks before we tracked down Buthidaung and Maungdaw.

But we got along somehow and now the maps are things of rare beauty and originality. The huge Russian front, marked with red pins, winds its way down 1,000 miles of colossal struggle. From Japan a scarlet Rising Sun sends out its beams into China and Burma, Malaya and Singapore, south to Java and New Guinea and in a wide arc round to the Marshall Islands. Red pointers on the maps radiate from Berlin giving the dates of the Nazi conquest of Europe, country by country. And now, from the British Isles, red lines fan out to the major cities and targets in Germany and occupied Europe.

No doubt, when the invasion in the West gets under way, our Navigation types who manoeuvre the armies of pins around with such skill, will rise

to the occasion with their usual brilliance to give us the whole Western Front at a glance. The pins are ready. But heaven forbid that we should be unmindful of the tremendous effort and sacrifice which makes possible for us the moving of these pins and arrows the merest fraction of an inch.

\* \* \*

And, finally, don't forget the Red Cross Drive. Not because some day you may be a prisoner of war yourself, but because today so many are prisoners of war, and have been for so many days past, and desperately need their monthly Red Cross parcels.

---

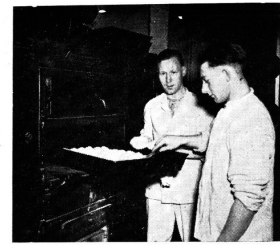
In the Twenties, Berlin  
Was a hotbed of sin;  
If you lay with a skirt you  
Were a model of virtue.



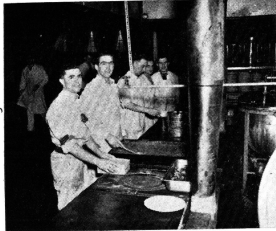
These are the men who take care of the food that goes into the stomach that the Air Force marches on. S/L. A. W. Robertson presiding with Sgt. Burton on his right, LAC. L. Kinsman on his left. Others include LAC. Sedding, LAC. Duthoit and AC. Warren (left), LAC. Heath, LAC. White and Cpl. Green (right).



Airmen like their Little John. . . This is LAC. Acott weighing a sackful.



The boys who make the dough. LAC. Waterworth and LAC. Plane are bakers.



What's cooking? . . . Cpl. Nasmith, AC. Perks, LAC. Barr, LAC. McGinn and LAC. Holman know the answer.

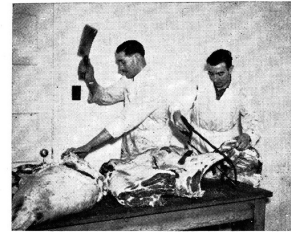
## IN WORKING HOURS

No. 5

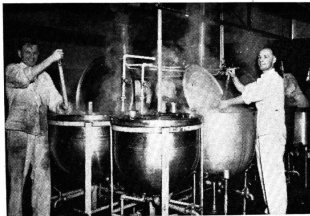
### Airmen's Mess

—Photos by Photographic Section

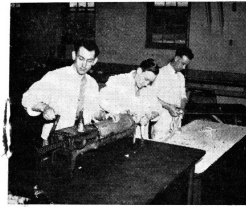
Man wants but little here below.  
He likes it nice and hot—  
But I'm an A.C.H., you know,  
And therefore like a lot.  
—Old Madrigal.



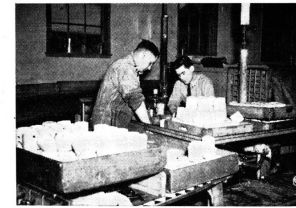
Save me a sirloin, chaps. LAC. Bell and AC. Bloomfield demonstrate that an R.A.F. cook is also a skilled butcher.



These are stirring times for LAC. Burrows and AC. Bedford. Reminds you of the Witches Scene in "Macbeth," doesn't it?



Anyone seen Napoleon lately? But don't make that crack to AC. Taylor, LAC. Greener and LAC. Barr, or they'll strangle you with a yard of that sausage they're making.



AC's Sanderson and Thornton know how to handle china. . . . But perhaps "handle" isn't the best word.

# Officers' Mess PAGE

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

WE extend our best wishes for the future happiness of F/O. and Mrs. Bennett, F/O. and Mrs. Webber and also F/O. and Mrs. Castle. "Mike" was unable to organise a dispatch with his match, but we understand that for his next model aircraft he is toying with the idea of a full-scale job from the blue-prints of the much-advertised post-war "Cessna".

The past month has been one long orgy of parting handshakes and farewell parties. Good luck to F/Lts. Tony Blann, Bill Chivers, "Doc" Lee and Lofly Reid. To F/Lts. Ken Bailey and "Morris" Cowley we wish, in addition, a speedy recovery. Good luck also to F/O. Jack Leask, Jimmy Dearlove and Ernie Morrish.

A curtailment in the supply of C.B.T. masterpieces reminds us that an old friend has "taken the air" to leave us—all the best, Tommy, you can pot something other than personalities, now.

In order to keep up an unbroken chain of appearances on this page, our oft-mentioned diminutive P(arachute)/O. adopted very drastic measures this time. It wasn't necessary, really, we would have pushed "Sandy" to one side to reveal him. Anyway, with F/Os. Hall and F/O. Kearns he carries our best wishes to ——— (whoops—security!). Just one last crack, Johnny. "Fancy sending you to stand at the foot of the Rockies, and they're over 10,000 feet high!"

(Editor.—Any future references to a pocket-sized P/O. Ash will refer to another person altogether.)

Since F/O. Parker took away his cheerful face and what grew thereon from the Control Tower, the Met. Section have had to rely very largely on the anemovanes for their wind observations. We are happy to note, however, that with the advent of F/Lt. W——s (whom we heartily welcome) they will

be able to resume their former practice, after, of course, deducting the necessary corrections for different (h)air density! At the time of writing, the reverend gentleman (late B. of B.) has not departed, but we take this opportunity of wishing F/Lt. Petty all the very best on his new Station—and unite in condolences to F/Lt. D——r, his neighbor in the Quarters, who will miss so much those breezy communications in the still of the night.

We have to record a change of P.M.C. and weep in our already weak beer for S/Ldr. Thompson in that he can't "have one" with us; and have already cause to welcome F/Lt. Watt, his successor. Wasn't it thoughtful of a certain senior officer to express his sentiments so unequivocally to a well-known taxi firm just before he left us? Speaking of taxis, we remind oneself again of a loss, because that amiable organiser, F/Lt. Pat Fosbery, is no more able to make the necessary arrangements with such consummate ease and skill as was his wont. Cheerio, Pat, and by the way, blokes, that "obliging number" is no longer 30 delayed!

Is there any truth in the rumour that the Station is to be renamed Moose Battle Jackson? All these new accents are very confusing, but welcome, chaps, we're still alive, you know—and hope you'll soon get under the crust.

February finished up on a festive note with a wizard Leap Year Dance. It is definitely not true that the decorations were merely an excuse for F/Lt. J——s, F/O. C——r and F/O. (late O/O) B——r to remove their tunics in the Ante-Room. LAC. Coane again deserves congratulations upon his floral masterpieces!

It is noted that the former compiler of these notes wished us a nice big orange for Christmas. He forgot to mention that it must be eaten in the dining room.

★ ★

**THE RED CROSS NEEDS YOUR HELP. . . . SOME DAY YOU  
MAY NEED THE HELP OF THE RED CROSS.**



## SPORTS' chatter



AS the new Sports Officer, this is my first opportunity of meeting you all. Might I ask now for your co-operation in putting over a few ideas in the Sport line on this unit? I propose to hold weekly Sports meetings of Hut representatives and to run competitions, as far as possible, on inter-Hut lines. Last week, for instance, at our first meeting, we decided to organise a Novices' Boxing Show and to use this in selecting candidates for an Inter-Hut Tournament to be held at the end of March.

In order to produce a larger number of teams we thought of running Indoor Soccer as an inter-Hut organization, too. Let us know how you feel about it—in fact, we'd like to know how you feel about the whole thing. We have all that you want for the following sports:—Badminton, Basketball, Indoor Tennis, Hockey, besides the sports which are being played at the moment; we would like to organize these games on a competitive basis, so if you want to practise, don't be satisfied with a glance at our Sports window—come inside and ask us, you'll be surprised at the help we can give you.

**Boxing.** — Last month's sport was varied. In the Novices' Boxing Competition, K Hut were the winners, with N and P Huts as runners-up. We took four of our boxers to Regina, where a boxing tournament was being held in No. 2 I.T.S. Drill Hall on Jan. 29th. One of the highlights of the show was the way LAC. Ken Shields gave away 10 lbs. and pasted his opponent for two rounds, practically defying his opponent to knock him out in the last two minutes. Shields won comfortably, needless to say. LAC. Croft lost a hard and well-fought fight against a more experienced opponent; LAC's. Hall and Friend gave a rousing display in an exhibition bout, amazing the crowd at the way friendship was subjected to the discipline of the ring.

**Bowling.** — The Galleons won the Knock-out competition and the Pen-pushers topped the league. A Station League competition is now in progress. LAC. Laws is to be thanked for his

untiring efforts in organising the Bowling.

**Indoor Football.**—The Penguins (91 Course) not only graduated but succeeded in wiping up the League Championship the night before becoming "air-borne" for home or other units in Canada.

**Ice Hockey.**—In the Eastern Zone Ice Hockey League we have not done so well, losing every game to date, but LAC. Sewell and his lads haven't given up. Their team spirit has been grand, and if the Station personnel were more acquainted with the game, you can be sure that the team would be up among the league leaders.

P.M.W.H.C.



K-R.

"You are going to Regina?  
SO WHAT?"

ENGLAND and the continent were having one of the worst blizzards known for many a year when I finally reached Dover from Tunbridge Wells on the twenty-third of December. All the trains had been late en route; the channel boat had been waiting hours for its complement of passengers. When the boat did pull out in the very still

benefit. The remainder of the day was taken up with a long, slow train journey from Cologne to Hanover. I sat squashed in the corner of a carriage with seven or eight women and two men, who ate out of paper bags and exchanged neighborly words until they decided en masse to probe the Amerikanisher in the corner. Sensitive feel-

## My LAST VISIT to GERMANY

*As an American student in Germany, R.M. learnt something of Hitlerism. On a later visit in 1938-39 she learnt some more. And as a passenger on the ill-fated Athenia she learnt everything . . .*

snow-laden atmosphere, it was crowded with ten-day excursion holidayers, many of whom were shop and industrial workers with skiis and feathered hats bound for a happy frolic in the Bavarian Alps.

The train which met the boat at Ostend in Belgium was four hours late at Cologne, where I spent what was left of the night. Vivid is the impression of this my first visit at two o'clock in the morning to the city of the Kolnisher Wasser, Cologne water, used by almost every woman passenger in my third class carriage journeying through Europe. As I stepped out of the railway station, upon instruction that my little hotel was very close by, I looked up to stare at the massive darkness of the great stone edifice before me — rusty black sandstone (so I thought, though it couldn't be so perishable a stone) reaching in all strength toward the moonlit sky — an ominous threat to whatever one would like to imagine.

However, the nocturnal gloominess of this famous cathedral was quickly forgotten between a feather bed and a feather quilt in a steam-heated room while outside the little windows, which opened outward like shutters, the snow fell out of the stars onto what promised to be an elfin garden, and I remembered again the tales of Hans Andersen, of the Snow Maiden shaking out the pillows from her window in the sky, and so went delightedly to sleep.

The morning brought a fairly large pat of butter with my breakfast, delivered so ceremoniously to my table that I had to be impressed by the exception that was being made for this foreigner's

ings came to the fore almost immediately: "You don't like us, do you?"; "Well, at least, you don't like our government, and our leader?" "Of course, you don't understand us." When I suggested that perhaps there were also some Germans who didn't like "the government", a couple of them shrugged their shoulders and were silent. Their general attitude was friendly and diffident at the same time.

Once in Hanover, again a night arrival, my relatives, so distant though that it required a little of my historical imagination to disentangle the relationship and then retain it for explanation, were anxious to please me in every way. I say anxious for they seemed worried about how they could please an American or Englishman, (it made little difference to them) since he "had everything", and also a little worried lest I wonder at their "hard conditions". I felt this uneasiness during my whole visit. There were two families, the older parents and the married daughter, son-in-law and grandchild. Having previously lived in separate homes, when I visited them a year before, they were now living together in a newly built modern apartment house, part of a long row of them, all alike, just outside the city—cement mixers were still standing in the street. The women confided to me that they had moved together so that, if the men should be called away suddenly, they could help each other and also manage better with the scanty food and fuel allowance.

Christmas Eve was very gay. There was snow and skating outside, while inside a large tree was decorated with



old-fashioned trinkets and lighted with tiny candles. Three large candles, marking the end of Advent, were burning in the window. We held the Bescherrung, or sharing of gifts, according to custom on the Christmas Eve, and then ate Lebkuchen and marzipan with dandelion wine. Much of the food and the tree, I learned, had been sent to the family, for my visit, from relatives in the Thuringian Forest. A fine carp and venison had been sent by them. It seemed that nearly all the food had been stored in the house in preparation for my coming, since we shopped little; but when we did I was much surprised. Long lines were formed outside the meat stores, and grocery stores were surprisingly bare. It was strange, too, to hear my older relative say "Heil, Hitler!" to the other women as she entered a store, for I so well remembered her warm "*Grusse Gott!*", the traditional German greeting, only a year before.

This older member of the family, Tante Lotte I called her, earnestly whispered to me by the window one day that things were very, very serious, how or why she could not tell me, while tears came to her eyes. She mentioned the imprisonment of the great Lutheran leader, Niemöller, in awesome tone; how difficult it was to get coal; and what fears they had for the future.

But her daughter and son-in-law were more bitter. They emphasized how much Germany suffered after the last war, how England and America had all the money, while they had none. I was shown horror pictures of the last war till I thought to myself, "Am I, here in this room, being dared to fight another one?" They expressed their belief in the importance of the leadership principle, as they called it—important to them because all necessary discipline and efficiency were based upon it. The son-in-law, a strong handsome man in his forties, who had fought as a captain all over Europe in the last war, said he did not wish to become a member of the Nazi Party, but expected that he would soon be required to take over the training of groups of young men. Meanwhile, he held a position that employed him only a few days each week. He was president of a club and related that he recently had had to drop a member, who was a Jew and one well-liked, so that he regretted to have to do it. When we went skating on the pond before the great town hall he pointed out to me the Jews, who still

moved about freely among them. I expressed amazement at his consciousness of who was a Jew and who was not, especially if the person was one-third or one-sixth Jewish, but he replied, "*Bestimmt!*" ("Of course!") And I thought again how sad and ugly it was that so many unimportant things had

• by R.M.

become so very important to these anxious people.

The little girl described the youth club she belonged to (for which she wore a uniform) and stated, to my surprise, that she had no use for religion, which belonged to the Jews, forcing her grandmother to say, in pain, "Now, Lise Lotte!"

On Christmas morning, Tante Lotte and myself attended a service in the Lutheran Chapel of what was once the royal palace of the Hanoverian dukes before they became the kings of England. The church was full and the congregation included men in uniform. The large boys' choir noisily sang a Bach chorale. A minister, dressed in the old black gown with stiff white ruffled collar, sixteenth-century style, spoke angrily and defiantly about the one and only great man, Jesus Christ; He alone was worthy of being followed. I wondered at this—but my relative was quiet, except to remark that he, the minister, was not a careful man, and spoke out whatever he thought. Grandmother was looked upon in silent indulgence when she went to church.

One afternoon, when we were out to coffee with friends, the women, who were taking off their wraps in the dressing room, protested to one another about the burdensome taxes in Hanover. "Surely there is a limit," I remember hearing one woman say. Later I was waylaid by some younger members of the family and led into the nursery, which had been made into a library and music room. There I was told clearly and accurately what Americans and Englishmen thought of the German government. (I seldom heard mentioned the word Hitler, except in greeting, or the Nazi Party). Then came the refutation, done with elaborate statistical facts (or as such they were presented) and charts, and maps to illustrate the failure of democracy, the crime of the Jews, the need for living space, the weakness of the Christian religion, etc. Being unable to speak German perfect-



A.D. Friday . . . .



. . . . 2359 Sunday

ly, and not having command of such an array of evidence, there was obviously nothing I could say but to point out that there was another point of view which could be believed in and substantiated as firmly as theirs. Though I never became angry outwardly—I had not reached that point yet—I felt inside me again an awful challenge to strengthen my faith and orientate my action toward what I believed, for here before me were earnest and intelligent youths who showed willingness to make every effort to act upon their beliefs or understanding, whatever they might be to me. This earnestness impressed me more than their beliefs or thinking.

By the time New Year's Eve arrived I had come to a conviction in my mind, as I stood with my relatives looking out at the festive decorations in the lighted windows opposite us, while we toasted the changing year with a glass of champagne, also from the good relatives in the mountains. I was convinced, difficult as it was to face at that time, that there was no logical outcome of the struggle between the irreconcilable views expressed by my younger relatives and those I knew were in me except war. There was no reconciliation machinery in operation then which could cope with such strong opposing views, based as they were upon circumstances long out of control.

My journey back to England was not cheered by the holiday lightheartedness or the sympathetic bond of late trains of the journey out, but rather gave me an acquaintance with circumstances much affecting the future. In my carriage, on the way to the German border, I was accompanied by four very young

Nazi youth leaders who had just graduated from a training camp on the Polish border. They were going home on leave for a few days before scattering to various assignments to train youths throughout Germany. They were full of enthusiasm, their eyes aglow with eagerness to tell this receptive foreigner of their great experience and the future. With them they had a pack of excellent photographs of their camp, which was newly completed amid beautiful mountain scenery. All was done in modern architecture from the large colourfully tiled swimming pool, gymnasium and lecture rooms, to the centrally-heated sleeping quarters. It was not at all surprising that they enjoyed being there and should be anxious to tell others about their training. They explained how they were next to regain that part of Poland which was rightfully theirs. When I questioned their methods and assumptions, they were absolutely definite about their stand. They could not fail to get what they wanted for it had all been planned for; should anyone not co-operate (and co-operation was easy) it would make no difference, for they would take it anyway—reminding me of a line from Goethe's "*Die Erlkonig*" ("The Elfin King"), "*Bist du nicht willig, so bracht ich gewalt*" ("If you are not willing, I will use force.").

I would be glad now to have the photographs which they gave me, but unfortunately they were lost later, owing to the sure aim of one of their countrymen. When we parted I noticed they were not so confident; perhaps my failure to agree with them or respond to their enthusiasm disaffected them. They deposited my luggage in my next



# Musical NOTES



• by C.R.

MY first taste of music out here came a few days after my arrival at the Unit, early last February. It was the occasion of a visit by the Station Choir, frail numerically, to a church in Regina. I well remember the varied comments about the prairie environment by Eric Holden, the conductor, and the informative Ted Carroll, as we travelled eastward to the Queen City. The reception that night was very good indeed and the small Station Choir responded admirably; the rendering of "Cwm Rhondda" in particular surprised my old friend Norman Hurst and myself, who were the only two Welsh representatives of the Choir at that time.

The Unit has possessed loads of musical talent of various kinds. Taking a retrospective view for the last twelve months, I think we have offered a reasonably good amount of entertainment, considering our proximity to the ever-popular city. All the individuals have already received their wartime bouquets and so I shall only venture to mention

one salient point. I really think the Station should possess its own small orchestra. May I suggest something on theatrical lines, which would not only help the Station generally in its musical functions, but would denote a touch of musical culture on the occasion of visits from our guest-artists?

In conclusion, I think it rather appropriate kindly to point out the real significance of music, on this Station especially. We, as chaps from the Old Country, really have a musical heritage, which we are sometimes apt to forget quite unintentionally, and so let's see what we can do in the near future, say, until our respective names appear on the boat list, to show to our hospitable Canadian friends what the Moose Jaw Rafians can put over in the form of thoroughly good entertainment.



train, stood at attention, and uttered a metallic "Heil, Hitler!", and with a click of their heels and a curt turn, they strutted off their own way.

On the last stretch of my travel, from Dover to London, I was in a carriage with eight or more refugee Jews who had just made a hasty exit from Vienna. The stories they told of their own experiences and what they had seen happen to others were overwhelming. As with the losses in manpower and material today, the imagination could not fully comprehend them. Again I felt a challenge. What was to be done with them? Where would they go? And what could be done about such conditions? How well we realise now the meaning behind the title of Marquand's new book, "So Little Time"!

The conviction I had come to in Germany on New Year's Eve was, I confess again, but a mental observation. I had not really accepted or believed the fact. The full realisation only came in the following September, when after two

days at sea a deadening explosion suddenly silenced everything and an angry man's voice behind me said, "They've got us! Those ——— Germans!" Then I knew that fourteen hundred human beings, at least, could be destroyed by other human beings, not in some horrid past known only to the history books, but here and now. This, I am ashamed to confess, was new knowledge to me.

In conclusion, my last visit to Germany and events which have occurred since have now convinced me that it is only by our constant awareness and acceptance of the reality in wartime of brute force and destruction, and its possibility in peacetime should we relax our vigilance, that we can direct our energies in full to constructive measures for attaining or preserving peace. Only constant awareness in peacetime can help to give us that alertness which may detect in the effects of our daily activities the path to another war, and so enable us to act before the cry goes up again of "So Little Time".

**HAVE YOU GIVEN ANY BLOOD YET? IT MAY SAVE A MAN'S LIFE. THAT MAN MAY BE YOU.**

OUR cosmopolitan set-up at No. 32 includes an engaging young man from Ceylon. The Editor asked him for an article on Ceylon, India, or some related subject, such as Buddhism. So he retired to the shade of his bo tree, and after long meditation said that he preferred to write about Low Dives. This is what he wrote:



## EXPLORATIONS • by ANDY FROM KANDY

### *into the Unknown*

AS most Europeans would have it, anyone hailing from the "uncultured, uncivilised" East is essentially low-brow. I therefore pretend to be no exception—in fact, I love creeping into low dives, or getting into "hot-spots" and tight corners. I may not be inherently bad, but, like the kleptomaniac, I love doing things merely for the sake of doing them. Besides, it provides one with a real insight into the cruder aspects of human nature, unhampered and unrestrained by social etiquette, good manners, and such.

I first acquired the art of low-diving from a friend of mine (now a fighter pilot) in the days when we used to represent our school as wing three-quarters in rugger. In fact, we became so adept at this art that we were notoriously dubbed the "Below the Belts". My friend, in his Typhoon, now low-dives from a great height and he avers it's great fun sending Jerries scurrying to their shelters much in the manner of sending café proprietors scurrying behind counters!

Prior to enlistment in the R.A.F. we were u/t pilots attached to the army and I remember the time when, in defiance of regulations, we made a tour of "out-of-bounds". We were curious to know just why brass hats kept us out of these alleged high-spots. In one of these tours we entered a low café. The proprietor was a corpulent Malay seated on a velvet cushion behind the counter, his hands playing with silver coins, his eyes glinting with lust and his mind and thoughts living in an abstract region of sex and immorality. As we sat ourselves behind a heavily draped curtain a geisha girl (dancing girl) came up to serve us, walking with the gait of a tigress certain of a kill—fascinating, I assure you, but nevertheless dangerous (what with enlisting in the Air Force

and all that, one had to be careful!). Noticing a keg of whisky in my friend's hip pocket, she became rather pally and professed to read our fortunes—however, she wanted it to be a private and intimate talk, preferably in the precincts of her unholy sanctum. My friend, being the venturesome type (after all—nothing venture, nothing have) agreed to go first. He had been there some considerable time before I grew anxious. I decided to find out things for myself. Going up to her room, I knocked at the door. Receiving no reply, I forced it open and "jumpin' Jeeves" (pardon the expression) there was my friend tied to a chair divested of practically everything but his pants! To this day he hasn't told me how it all happened—he did advise me, however, "never to trust a woman".

In India we had ample opportunities to practise this subtle art of mistrust. The outskirts of Indian cities teem with shady lanes inhabited by still shadier characters, but at the time of our visit India was in the throes of a bloody riot and the people were in no mood to play hide-and-seek with a couple of foreigners.

We made our debut en route in a restaurant in Mombasa, West Africa—a regular one-horse town. It was the only restaurant open at that time and we were too hungry to observe the propriety of our surroundings. The food served us was putrid and the manner of serving it unthinkable — had it even shown some resemblance to the breath-taking and gratifying "service with a smile" of Air Force messes it would have been compensation. To add to it, the management, realising that here was a windfall, presented us with a colossal bill — of course, no arguments! We paid the bill, but to redress the grievance we quietly relieved them of a few souvenirs in the shape of cutlery.

• Continued on following page

## THOUGHT AT RANDOM

IN recent weeks, as I have walked about the camp, I have been much impressed by that sincere quality which all foreigners remark upon in the Briton—his stolidity. It is not an insulting word, and in situations such as *Nettuno* it shows itself to be a great one. While the Press throughout the whole world has thrown itself into convulsions at our precarious position, the most potent comment which I have encountered amongst you has been, "Aye, it does look a bit of a shaky do!" We are not insensitive to the serious nature of the situation—that is evident from our silent attentiveness whenever news is read over the radio. I think it is more the trust that we have in the fellows who are dealing with the situation, the blokes we know who joined the Army when we joined the Air Force, but who weren't so misguided as we said they were at the time (don't we know it now!). The shades of "Bill" and "Arf a mo', Kaiser" rise again and inhabit a sunburnt skin under rough khaki drill—carrying a pack from which all but the purely essential things have been removed long since. That "Arras" grin returns as the young Atkins remembers with a sense of bitter loss the pair of socks his Sergeant made him throw into a ravine near Catania because they made "too much ruddy noise for night patrol!" He laughs when he tells you about the vest that walked all by itself into the "River Reggi-whatsit"

one hot night in September and located the position of an enemy patrol, who fired on the assumption that it was Bill bathing. "As if I ever bathed," chuckled Bill.

He's a scrounger, too, like his old Dad — his ammunition pouches were picked from a pile outside Messina, being less stiff and more workable than his own—even if they were made in Leipzig. "I ain't fussy," says Bill. He carries grenades and swears when he rolls over them in his sleep, muttering dark threats upon the name of Mills. But his real darling is his rifle, about which his epithets would fill a book! He's cleaned it of Aldershot dust, Salisbury sand, South Down chalk, Cumberland earth, best Biscay salt, Sicilian ashes, and now . . . the worst of the lot is Italian mud — "But it's clean now and ready, you can depend on that," he says with an accurately aimed expectation which neatly bathes the mosquito on his front sight.

He wonders how the folks are at home, but not too often or it interferes with his work, and where he used to have time for gossip on his milk-round he's got more use now for his time. The way he grins and grumbles with equal ease is one mark of his stolidity, the foundation of our trust, and the bloke who thinks that it's misplaced had better get some in!



## EXPLORATIONS INTO THE UNKNOWN

• *Continued from preceding page*

Cape Town tossed us into a real jam, too detailed to explain at length. Eventually, however, it resulted in our being forced to date two very inviting Boer blondes. Knowing that our ship was scheduled to leave at 5 p.m. next day, and from previous experience having resolved never to trust women, we promised to meet them at 6 p.m. I often have a notion they're still waiting for us by that pillar in the colourful Cape Town Station—a long, long wait.

Our final fling prior to enlistment was at a dive in Soho Square. Even in the far-away East we had read of Soho

night clubs. At first we found it quite difficult to locate a certain particularly virulent "hot-spot" until we wormed ourselves into the confidence of a fraternising bootlegger, from whom we promised to purchase barrels of ersatz nail-polish liquor. He took us through devious underground passages into one of the most exclusive night clubs—lavish in its variety of wine, women and song. And boy—was it hot!—and I do mean the temperature. What with clouds of smoke from variegated cigarettes, noxious alcoholic exhalations, vermilion oaths, obscene love-scenes—it made even a hardened veteran like myself swear that that was the end of my explorations into the unhampered, unrestrained, unknown.



*Sgt. Fletcher, Bandmaster, and Sgt. Bushell, Drum Major, look rather lonely standing there. They are waiting for volunteers for the new Station Band which Sgt. Fletcher has come to form. Read all about it below.*

## Leaders of the Band

HAVING arrived on this unit as a representative of the R.A.F. Central Band I find, in the course of my wanderings about the camp, that while many of the personnel regard me with awe, there are just as many who wonder why I am here at all. Well, the object of my brief visit (its brevity being a function of that certain Boat) is to form and instruct in its operations one large-sized Station Military Band, whose job it will be to enliven our future parades with their due ration of cheerful music. It has long been my experience that erks consider a band a better accompaniment to their painful pacings than a corporal bawling his bl-inkin' head off.

There are already a small number of you who are interested in the idea and who play instruments of various kinds, but I require a lot more volunteers to put all these bright an' shinin' blowers to their full use. I am certain that there are some of you now stranded upon this lonely outpost of Empire who have at some time or other, deep down in your enlightened souls, had a secret passion for the double E-flat bass. Maybe some of you played with the village band on Sunday afternoons, and even if it was twenty years ago, the opportunity of fame and fort—well, fame, anyway, is again knocking at your door; we invite you to take up the career which ought



# Corporals' PAGE

PEN PORTRAIT No. 7  
CPL. J. M. HALL

THIS article, at the first attempt, seemed rather difficult to write, as Cpl. Hall is of a reticent nature and not too inclined to open up on his life story; however, a few facts have been gleaned from other, though possibly not so reliable, sources.

Cpl. Hall arrived at Moose Jaw, on October 1st, 1943, from Penhold, and immediately took up residence in H Hut. As at that time the football season was just reaching a climax for the Hurricane side, with a cup final due in a few days and several stalwarts having departed for Moncton, Cpl. Hall was "persuaded" to take part in a trial match. His appearance, from which much had been expected, due to his reputed prowess at Penhold, was cut short early in the second half, and he retired to the Station Hospital. Perhaps the speedy and vigorous play at No. 32 was too much, but it would obviously be unfair to pass judgment on him as a player on so brief a showing. Later in the winter season he appeared at indoor football, and one's impression was of a combination of Nervo & Knox burlesquing Anton Dolin.

At first, Cpl. Hall graced the Clothing Stores with his presence, but his stay there was of brief duration—possibly his "new broom" methods did not coincide with those of a certain equestrian Sergeant—and he moved to Maintenance Wing, where he is now firmly established, and his efficiency and

ability have met with the approval of the powers that be.

During his leisure hours, and when not giving the fair damsels of the city the charm of his company, he can generally be found engrossed in an earnest game of crib, at which game he is either very skilful or very lucky (depending on whether he or his opponent is describing the game, of course). When he recently left Hut H to take charge of Hut M, there was considerable regret at his departure—his snappy notices after weekly inspections were read with considerable interest by the dwellers of Hut H, and his method of appointing Hut orderlies had a novelty which invariably produced strong vocal comment—but he must have found difficulty in finding opponents worthy of his skill at his favourite game in his new abode, as he still returns regularly to his old residence for a few lessons on the finer points of the game.

His genial personality has made him a popular figure on the Unit in the comparatively short time that he has been with us, and this is especially apparent in the "local", where he achieved great success with his fellow Corporals by his willingness to perform regular duties as Orderly Corporal.

As his stay in the Dominion may soon be drawing to a close, may I wish him, at this time, a safe and speedy return to Leicester, and hope that his stay in Moose Jaw has been as enjoyable to him as it has been to those of us who have been associated with him. P.J.

★ ★ ★

to have been yours, and come to be another Harry James! (Well, we can dream, can't we?)

I realise that there are some blokes whose knowledge of music is negligible, but to whom the idea of blowing a trumpet is irresistible—and not a metaphorical trumpet, either! For those men I have started a series of **beginners'** classes each Wednesday evening at 18.00 hours, and although we cannot offer to start at the comb and mouth-organ stage we will definitely do our

best for you. As the Bandmaster, I may be contacted either in the Cinema or the Sergeants' Mess bar, and please don't be shy because you don't have to be all that good.

Wanted urgently — one big, strong, smart airman to clash cymbals sonorously and with poise! We have a very smart Drum Major to lead us, a fine mace for him to swing—now, how about a band?

SGT. FLETCHER (Bandmaster)

# BITS AND PIECES

Joe was blind and waited during the rush hour for the usual offer of some passer-by to help him across the busy street.

A hand touched his arm. "Going across?"

"Sure", said Joe.

The stranger grasped his arm and they started across the street. Joe was puzzled that his friend hadn't waited for a red light. Horns peeped, brakes squealed, cars whizzed past, but they got across safely.

"Thanks," said Joe's companion.

"For what?"

Joe asked.

"I'm blind," said the other.

Erks stick together until debt do them part.

AC.1: "Gee, I feel sick this morning. Small-pox, I reckon."

AC.2: "Me, too, my throat feels just like diphtheria."

Cpl. C.: "Either of you two lepers getting up this morning?"

In the Italian campaign for a higher birthrate, the clothes-ration of sheets for double-beds was 6 sheets, for twin beds—nil!

Lost, Tuesday forenoon, between Cluny Terrace and Morningside Road, via Nile Grove, W.A.A.F. skirt.—Advt. in *Edinburgh Evening News*.

In Sacramento, jail authorities finally discovered how Mrs. Dale Thrapp had got high without leaving her cell: a visitor had funneled drinks into Mrs. Thrapp through a small hole in the door.

"WANTED.— A medium-sized, hand-operated wench!"

"The prairie's like this, Bud. When you're there a few weeks you find yourself talking to yourself. After that, you find yourself talking to the dogies; in another couple of weeks you find the dogies talking to you—then you find yourself listening!"—*Heard at Burdick.*

Absence makes the heart go wander.

## QUIPS

The stork takes a lot of the blame that ought to have gone to the lark.

I don't dance, but if you like I'll hold you while you do.

Pretty as a picture — some frame, too!

Alimony — the high cost of leaving.

She was my flame until she went out with that squirt.

Morale is what makes your legs

do what your head knows isn't possible (—we know one like that, too!).

Women are always Himpartial.

Vitamin B has been found in the Mess-hash. (Query—what hasn't?)

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

I'll take **THAT**  
in hand,  
Mr. Ponsonby.

Well-educated gentleman, age 40, of ultra smart appearance and address, recently returned from abroad, having impaired eyesight and wearing spectacles, wishes to meet lady of similar social qualifications, aged 30-45; also wearing glasses (not horn-rims); companionship and sincere friendship desired. — Advertisement in *West London Observer*.

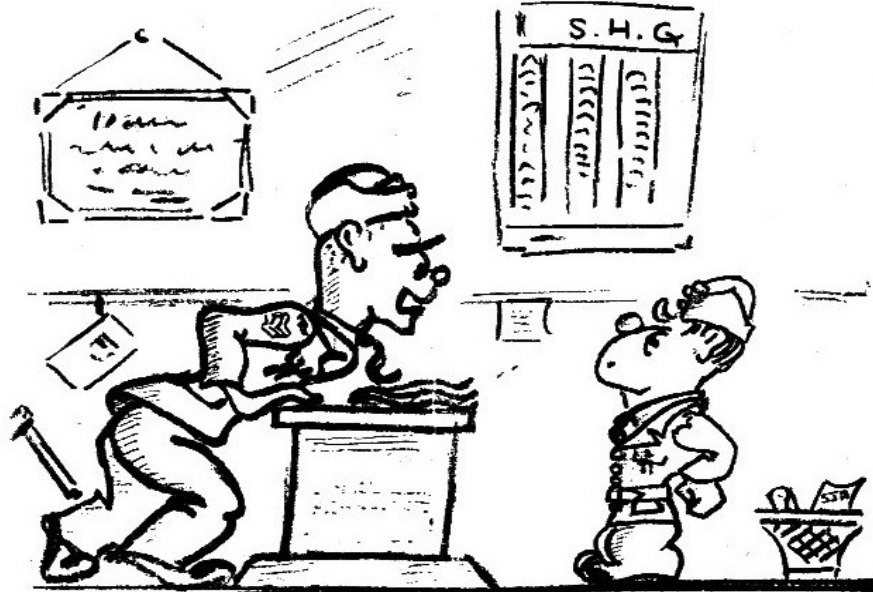
## Just Joe

My name's Joe.  
I'm a low  
Sort of a fellow and I saw  
Near a dive, where the live  
Are the quickest on the draw,  
Quite a popsy,  
Name of Topsy,  
Sweet as ice on sugar-cake—  
Wasn't slim, wasn't dim,  
And she rhumba'd like a snake.  
She said "Hiyah",  
I said "Wotcher,  
You're a tasty sort of dish."  
Replied, "Narkit, mister airman,  
Or I'll beat yer so's you'll wish  
That yer mother had been careful  
'Stead of generous to yer Pa."  
Murmured, "Gently, now, young lady,  
*Please—remember where you are!"*

Bit o' drinkin',  
Started blinkin'—  
Not the booze, you understand,  
Just the feel of her keel  
As it wobbled in my hand.  
But she took  
My blinkin' look

For a winkin' o'er her shoulder  
At a skirt,  
Name of Gert,  
Who was fifty if not older,  
So she turns to me and says,  
With them big green eyes ablaze,  
In a voice as made my moustache droop  
like lilies,  
"You may be 'alf my size  
But I'll black your bl — inkin' eyes,"  
And it ain't a lie that Joe, he got the  
willies!

So I flit  
Like a Spit,  
Or a Mozzy if it's faster,  
With a lack of lookin' back  
Hopin' I had seen the last o'  
My sweet popsy,  
Name of Topsy,  
Hot as furnace coals in Hell,  
Whose slim (!) figure, somewhat bigger  
Than Atlantic Ocean swell,  
With a beam like the dream  
Of a Sultan of Kasbah,  
Like a Vision of Derision  
Comes—but goes, thank God,—  
Ta-ta!



"Afternoon off—AFTERNOON OFF! Who do you think you are—a human being?"

## Interval for Nostalgia

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AFTER AN ABSENCE OF THREE YEARS.

*The article below is formed of extracts from letters written by LAC. Tony Padmore, formerly of No. 32, to Mrs. Gwen Padmore, in Moose Jaw. They were not, of course, intended for publication.*

*LAC. Padmore, whose photograph "Footprints," appears on another page, was known here primarily as a highly accomplished musician—a Mus. Bach. and an A.R.C.O. His diatribes on jazz in these columns produced some entertaining reading and a fierce controversy early last year.*

*We think that these diary notes, spontaneously penned, will bring to many the atmosphere of the England they have left.*

Dec. 22—"The countryside is absolutely delightful; all the meadows, lawns and fields are much greener than at any time in Moose Jaw. It surprised even me. And it is now midwinter. Round this camp is a delightful prospect, rolling small mounds and undulating country, thickly spotted with copses and spinneys, and there is a windmill on the brow of a hill some miles away. Several church spires and towers are visible above clumps of trees. It really is a beautiful sight."

Dec. 27—"Today we walked in the country through Poulton and Hambleton to Preesall. We had a marvellous meal of grilled ham, cakes and mince tart there. No ration coupons required. It was in a cottage. The country looked beautiful. The grass was unbelievably green, and the sun,—an altogether different colour from in Canada,—more orange,—made the whole prospect very mellow and beautiful indeed. It ended with a marvellous sunset,—actually containing bright greens and electric blues.

One of the things which struck me here is the remarkable organization in all things. All the rationing machine is working so smoothly. All the sweet shops are well stocked with a remarkable variety, and each person gets  $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. each month. There is no queueing at all, except in the summer at seaside resorts when crowds of people arrive. Traveling is not difficult, and the 'starlight' system of street-lighting is a wonderful help."

Dec. 30—"The day after the Preesall trip, we bussed to Garstang, and walked a 10-mile circle in the fells. We left all roads and trails and went overland, finally eating a good cold turkey supper at Garstang for 55c. We bussed back, but got off the bus in pitch darkness at Poulton and had a 'shandy' at the inn there. Then home by train. The fells were beautiful, and gorse was still in flower. The grass was brilliant.

"I was really surprised at the amount of stuff in the shops. In Woolworth's I saw rolls of rubber (perhaps synthetic) gas tubing, and rolls of garden hose. All garden tools are available and all plants and shrubs are for sale. The ironmongers' shops are full of tools and you can buy aerial wire, etc. All brands of tobacco are easily bought. They say things have improved in the last two months."

Jan. 8—"During my short stay here, I have been revelling in all sorts of lovely music. Whatever else is scarce, there is plenty of music. Day after day, Mozart, Tchaikowsky, etc., and as I write I am listening to a fine viola concerto of Vaughan Williams. The BBC pays the same attention to acoustics, for although our little table model hasn't so good a tone as a large cabinet model, the microphone end more than makes up for it. The 'Brains Trust' is also well worth listening to, with Joad as chief mischief-maker. Tomorrow, 'In Your Garden,' by Mr. Middleton, and lots more music.

"No advertisements!"

"There has been a fine play on the wireless, 'Interference.' It was a real thriller, with an excellent plot. What a difference when I think of Lux Radio Theatre. No clapping to destroy the effect, and a production that IS a production. Incidentally, in fairness, I would like to say that earlier in the evening we had Saturday evening Music Hall from 8 to 9. It was appalling tripe, and Charlie McCarthy or Jack Benny were kings to this ultra-childishness. Never listen to English music halls! They show us up in our worst light."

Jan. 10—"Since writing last we have been into the country again, this time to Pilling.

"We took the bus to Preesall and walked three and a half miles. It was cloudy with intermittent drizzle. We had





## THE *Padre's* PAGE

I HEARD, the other night, a crowd of Airmen singing a song which has become quite popular during the war and which everyone knows by heart. It is called "Bless 'em All", and on this occasion, at least, was sung with the original words! You know how it goes—"the long and the short and the tall", W/O's, Sergeants and, for some obscure reason, Corporal's offspring, too. I do not know what the origin of that song is, or why the writer of it should be inspired with such concern for the people mentioned in it, but I am quite sure that he did not mean it to be a real prayer. Few of us pray for N.C.O's. anyway, though it might be a good thing for them and for us if we did. But in one thing at least he was on the right track, for he has given us in those words one of the simplest prayers that we can offer—"Bless them all". Leaving out the N.C.O's. for a moment, there is a group of people for whom I am sure each one of us would want to pray those words with the utmost sincerity—your wife, perhaps, or your kiddies, or your parents or girl-friend, or a brother or friend engaged on ops over Germany. That prayer for them is in your hearts I am sure, but do you say it in words every day?

A man once said, "I don't believe in prayer; can't see it does any good." The analogy is not perfect, but he's a bit like the man who doesn't believe in dentists. Prayer is a Divine Gift from God to man, and He gave it only to us: a cow doesn't pray. Man can and should. If you are worried about your folks who may be in a dangerous area, the only thing you can do for them when you are so far away is to pray for them sanely and sincerely every day. And your prayers do something for them, for mysterious forces which we cannot

measure nor perfectly understand are released by the union of man's spirit with God.

But prayer is not simply asking for something you want for yourself and cannot get any other way. To regard God as a kind of celestial Y.M.C.A. or N.A.A.F.I. where you can get all you want is a very common conception, but a totally wrong one. The man who said "God bless me and my wife, our John and his wife, us four and no more," did not know what real prayer was, for it is something much bigger. So surround your loved ones with positive thoughts of how you know God intends them to fare, and keep on praying without being discouraged. Don't offer ultimatums to the Almighty demanding answers within 48 hours, for the answers always come, even though we do not always recognise the form they come in. I know from my own experience that you won't always feel you are succeeding, but never give up, just keep on keeping on.

Lastly, find somewhere where you can say your prayers—a Church or somewhere on your own, or out-of-doors, if you want to and it is warm enough! A friend of mine, who is now a respected parson, told me that in the last war he tried it kneeling up under the blankets in bed at night, until some wag said, "Lumme, look at Ginger, he goes to sleep all hunched up like a bloomin' camel." A barrack block may not be the best place, so try somewhere else. Easter is very near to us now, so make it a time of prayer, and remember that Christianity offers you a God who speaks and to Whom you can speak. Why not start now, even if it is only the humble words, "God bless them all"?

N. M. SLAUGHTER.

lunch at the Golden Ball hotel and then looked over the church. The sexton there took us up the steeple, where we had a marvellous view of the surrounding country, and we inspected the bell-chamber and the room below containing the works of the steeple clock. The sexton let us wind the clock up. A tremendous crank is used, and it takes half an hour to complete the job. It was most interesting. The church is really beautiful, both in and out. More interesting

than anything was the church, fifty yards away, built in 1717. It is used now only for burial services. Alan Clark says of it in 'Windmill Land': "... and one also might moralize about the bridal couples who have knelt before that little altar, and long since gone to dust, while their descendants are going through the same old human tale in the village, or maybe, scattered far and wide over the land, or beyond the seas."



## A Stranger Here

You called yourself, Traherne, a stranger here  
Upon an earth you loved; and not alone  
Were you: for others, and among them I,  
Have in unsummoned moods and moments known  
That once we walked beneath a fairer sky.

*Many a wind from Avalon  
Has told us of a beauty gone,  
And we have heard with secret thrill  
The maidens laugh in Hy-Brasil.*

A music not of earthly violins  
Stirs us to half-lost memories; we yearn  
To be again with those who sweetly sing . . .  
I am a stranger here; I too, Traherne,  
Walk in the wind of a remembered Spring.

—J. H. M.

(Thomas Traherne, English mystic, 1638 circa-1674).

## What Do We Want in the Schools?

HAD you taken a look into the "Gun and Gopher", in an English town, on a certain July evening you would have found Peter Trice and William Eavenly again in earnest talk. Like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, they always seem to be in disagreement; but unlike those two there is a meaning to it all. After puffing out a mouthful of tobacco smoke, Peter spoke to the other cloud: "You were speaking of schools; I do not think it matters what sort of teacher teaches a subject so long as he knows his matter and job. Whether he is a Christian will make no difference."

From the other cloud of smoke came the reply: "You seem to be unaware that all educators admit a teacher has a great influence on his pupils even in things he does not talk about."

"I can't see that. If a child is properly instructed in his religion he will not be affected by coming into contact with someone who believes differently."

To this William answered: "Wrong again. Children are great imitators as are grown-ups, though to a lesser degree. Then again, children cannot be given such instruction as to resist the influence of a bright grown-up atheist, etc. The child has not the capacity nor has there yet been time."

"Still it could be made a regulation that religion be only brought in at the religion period on the time-table."

"That would not be enough. Religion is an all-time subject, affecting all actions in greater or lesser degree. So you cannot disentangle it from the other subjects that are taught in school. You might as well say manners have nothing to do with ordinary life. Take history, for instance. The very tone of voice, in presenting the facts, used by the history master will betray his own beliefs or lack of them, however unwittingly. So his atheism will be communicated to the pupils through his teaching. The children cannot help being affected by his convictions."

"That means," said Peter, "that if I wanted to have a child taught his religion properly I would have to know the religious position of all the teachers in the school was satisfactory."

"Yes," answered William. "That is exactly what you must know. That is one place where the Church comes to the rescue, for you can rely on teachers approved by the Church. So you can trust church-schools which have only teachers approved by them."

"Have a cigarette!" he interrupted himself; offering his case. Peter struck a light, offering it to William and lighting his own. William continued: "Then, as mentioned already, the child cannot yet have a good grasp of religion. It

# The Gen on HIGH FINANCE £

DIGEST from *Winnipeg Free Press*.

TODAY Britain's financial brains are busy planning post-war trade distribution, and astride all their minds is the rule "Britain will buy where her own goods sell." This is the direct result of past experience, for in pre-war years Britain was buying more each year from markets, whose citizens could not, or would not, return her trade, with the result that the Old Country was piling up a nice deficit against itself at the price of the prosperity of foreign markets. By the preferential trade agreements made in Ottawa in 1932, Canada did a neat stroke of business—her especial contribution towards Britain's "pain in the purse" rose from 97 million dollars in 1933 to 176 million dollars in 1937, and by 1939 Canada was shipping three times as much marketable produce to Britain as the Old Country could ship back. This wasn't because Britain couldn't produce the goods, but because Canada was buying her supplies at cut-prices from other countries, notably the United States.

Now, the whole object of the preferential trade agreements was to keep trade within the British Commonwealth—a lousy idea, as we now know, but in those days we were like that! Being the Mother Country, Britain thought she might profit, but when all the other parties to the agreement saw the steps leading up to the stars they said "Nuts to Britain", and took the high road.

But there's a hitch, fellas—here it is! Owing to the closure of European markets and the cost of war, Britain has had to cash in on her international investments, and when peace breaks out, her first Victory Year will leave her with a neat annual deficit of 1,000 million dollars!

Hence the busy attitude of the aforementioned financial brains! If Britain is to maintain a decent standard of living and keep her people employed, she must increase her imports—but this would only make for a worse situation unless she had an assured market for her exported goods.

If she can't doctor up her export sales, then her standard of living has definitely had it—she'll have to cut down imports, and whoops goes unemployment, and not only in Britain . . . ! The Old Country has for years been a twin prop with the United States for Canadian export trade — taking the majority of produce in lines of wheat, timber, apples and fish. If she can't buy these products then Canada, from hobnobbing with the stars, will take a steep dive down to the low road, and what have you?

The main cause—preferential trade agreements amongst a Commonwealth which tried to put the "give" out of "give and take"; the effect—a dangerously critical situation in trade relations throughout that Commonwealth. There's a cure, though, which might have much further-reaching results than any small stabilization in a Commonwealth. If Canada opens her market to the flow of British goods which have for so long been refused entrance, not only increasing preference but also reducing tariff, she would save the situation, and furthermore, would, by her open-handed, broad-minded attitude, give a big fillip to those other traders who are only waiting for a lead before swinging the Atlantic Charter into operation and fulfilling the pious promises of their elder statesmen.



takes time to learn how to know, love and serve God so as to be happy with Him for ever. This is an important matter as it concerns the soul and eternal life. So to suggest one or two periods on a time-table in a week is absurd. Especially so when mathematics and literature, which are not used again

by many after leaving school, are given an hour each day. So you'll see that sufficient and suitable times are required for definite religious instruction and the rest of the time it is being put into practice or shown in practice, indirectly."

FATHER SUMNER.

## Heritage of Beauty

### Spring

And all the woods are alive with the murmur and sound of Spring,  
And the rosebud breaks into pink on the climbing briar,  
And the crocus-bed is a quivering moon of fire  
Girdled round with the belt of an amethyst ring.  
And the plane to the pine-tree is whispering some tale of love  
Till it rustles with laughter and tosses its mantle of green,  
And the gloom of the wych-elms hollow is lit with the iris sheen  
Of the burnished rainbow throat and the silver breast of a dove—  
Spring.

OSCAR WILDE.

## Tit Bits from MAJOR SECTION

**F**IRST of all, we wish bon voyage to Sgt. Aldridge, LAC. Bevan and other friends. Oh, to be in England now that Spring is there!

It is with regret that we have to leave No. 7 hangar for No. 6. We especially do not like the constant opening and closing of the hangar doors. Ah, well, think of "Minors"; how we admire that hardy lot! This moving business also affects our Flt. Sergeant. His new abode is lacking the necessary lino.

It is an ill wind that blows no good. LAC. Brown, we understand, is taking over the inventory of No. 7 hangar; such responsibility should be shown by a change of status.

All or nearly all our Section are blood donors. We have never been backward in coming forward in any appeal, and we feel sure that the same spirit is being put into the Red Cross campaign—a worthy cause, indeed. At this juncture we congratulate LAC. McMahan in organizing a whist drive which realized \$30 for the Red Cross.

Jimmy James is on the boat, and we trust his successor will be as patient as he was behind the Stores counter. We in N billet will certainly miss Jim's coming in at night after drowning his sorrows at the wet canteen, uttering his famous word "Wizard." Best of luck, Jim.

This month's clothing parade had its disappointments. Poor old Jock is not

happy with his exchange of blue, and did he see red when Judge Hardy told him that in the R.A.F. the customer is not always right!

We take back all we said last month about a certain erk who telephoned his girl friend every day. Her fancy is now transferred to the Accounts Section. We trust that he is not Sure-Burnt up about it (joke).

Congratulation goes to Sgt. Pratchett, who excellently portrayed Sir Johnstone in "Rope." We are wondering if his lady friends in town think he is really an old man. If so, has he been told to get knotted, and by whom?

Does it pay to be an efficient Orderly Dog? Cpl. Seacome and Hall seem to be very efficient; where are my wandering boys tonight?

### PERSONAL

Who was that sergeant of ours who received a Valentine message complete with phone number on his clean sheets, and was he bucked?

Is Cpl. Carling really 21, or is he fooling us all by sending himself all those birthday cards he received?

Is it true that they are taking in lodgers upstairs in the building in the middle of No. 6 hangar? Why is downstairs known as the Morgue?

To Cpl. Lorimer, best wishes for a speedy recovery, from all the Section

J. H. G. B.

→ LAC. CARLING



## A LETTER from Moose Jaw

Dear Mr. Editor:

I probably would hesitate to pen the following paragraphs if I were not an "original" subscriber. I've read every *Flyer*, including that first issue back in September, 1941, when it was launched with the hope that it would become a permanent and important part of life at No. 32. There were Editors Baker, Collins, Melican, Gard and now Martin. Editor Baker held the reins for only an issue or two and had little opportunity to leave his mark on the *Flyer*, but had the honour of bringing the magazine to life. His followers all contributed something of themselves to the Station Mag. The R.A.F. were new to us then, and I can remember some of those in the first echelon. To one from the Old Land — here at an early age — their speech fell on mighty receptive ears. Believe me, those clear-cut boys and their varied shades of pronunciation "warmed the cockles of my heart".

Mr. Editor, I've wandered somewhat from the subject I had in mind. Thinking of the *Flyer* and friends I've made in Air Force blue started this bit of memory-work. I intended to offer a correction to an article by K.I. you carried last month.

He was answering a writer who had asked, "Why Not Come Back Here?" K.I. evidently does not "cotton" to the idea, and placed on record a pretty fair argument: Competition with demobilized Canucks for the available jobs — and other reasons. And here is the statement that bears correcting:

"After the last war, a 'job vacant' notice was often coupled with an affidavit to the effect that 'No Englishman need apply'."

Allowing that some Englishmen will never take to Canadians, and vice versa, let's give the good relationship that has been growing between the majority of both groups a boost instead of a push backward. The writer has erred and I would like to see the correction made. The events in question took place *before* the 1914-18 do and not after. Do I hear someone say, "What the h—ll's the difference!"?

There's a great deal. Before 1914 many fair-minded Canadians were killing this mean business of "No Englishman need apply," and in this community, at least, it was dead before the war broke out. The fact that the dislike of Englishmen disappeared before 1914 means a lot. If it had happened after 1914 the effect would not have been so great, as the growing respect for those from the Old Country took a sharp upward turn when Englishmen from Canada answered the 1914 call without hesitation and in great numbers. When peace came and they returned to Canada, often bringing friends with them, they were really "one of the family".

Well, that's that, Mr. Editor. My reason for writing is to help make those Englishmen who have developed a liking for us here to feel their respect has not been misplaced. Let's keep a good spirit between us. There are no reasons why a slight difference in our respective use of English and our ways of living should be a barrier between us. We're members of the same family.

K.I.'s argument, though, has good points and it would be commonsense to size up the situation carefully before moving here permanently after the war. The same holds true for Canadian boys who have seen the beauty and enjoyed the hospitality of the Isles. In many cases they'd like to return, to England, Scotland, Wales or Ireland, when the present job is finished. But they, also, should look well before making the move.

These lines, Mr. Editor, were originally planned to be only a few but, evidently following the present trend, reached quantity production. In closing, may I say thanks for the hours of enjoyable reading I've found in the pages of the *Flyer*, and commend particularly the special articles on distant places, and the fine art work. In this regard, I'm thinking of LAC. George Sumner, master of the pen and engraving chisel, and of the more recent artist, F/O. C. B. Thomas, whose caricatures are great.

Thank you, Mr. Editor, for your attention.  
—LONDON.



# NUTS to YOU, Chum

or "WE'RE ON THE BOAT"

• by J.D. and C.N.O.

AS we begin writing this article we fully realise that we are laying ourselves open to criticism from most of the personnel on this unit and, as we expect to be somewhere on the high seas when this appears in print, our one regret is that we will not be here to answer that criticism.

After a stay of two and a half years in Canada, during which time we have seen the country from the Great Lakes to Victoria, we hope that those of you who have recently arrived will not judge Canada as a whole by what little you have seen so far.

When we first arrived in this country our motto, too, was "Roll on the Boat," but in less than three months we began to realize there was much we could do to make the most of our enforced stay. So read on and you will realize why we enjoyed ourselves so much.

In particular we would recommend a visit to the West Coast with stop-overs at Calgary, Banff, and other points of interest in the Rockies. There you will find scenery surpassing even the majestic mountains of Scotland or the gentler beauties of the Lake District. Then on to Vancouver, with all the hustle and bustle of a busy seaport and its gay night life, which you will find a pleasant change from the small cities of the

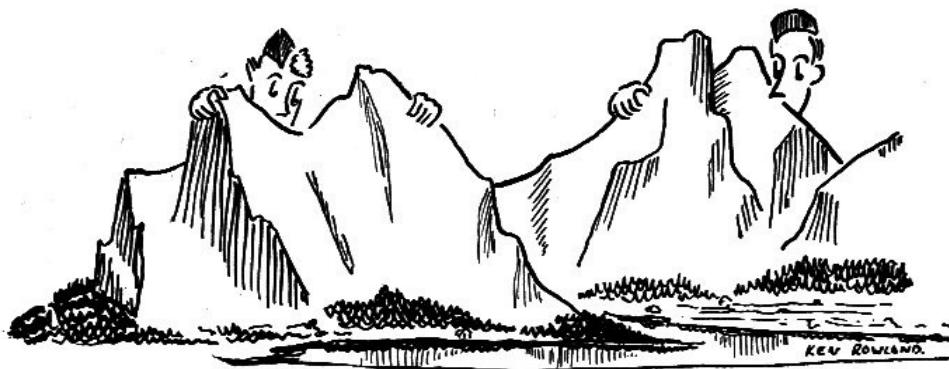
prairie.\* Finally, if you feel you won't be too homesick, pay a visit to Victoria, which, with green lawns and shady trees, is like a bit of old England transplanted. This trip is within the reach of all of you.

For the more ambitious, a visit to the States would be worthwhile. Anyone who has been to the U.S.A. will tell you of the wonderful times he had there, thanks to the generosity and unselfishness of the American people who go out of their way to ensure that all the men in uniform want for nothing.

Do not misunderstand us. We do not mean to convey the idea that it is necessary to travel thousands of miles to enjoy oneself. Some of our happiest hours have been spent right here on the prairies, and we will take home with us many fond memories of happy times spent in Canadian homes.

So to you who are forever crying "Roll on the Boat", we say: Make the most of the time you have here; that boat won't come any sooner for all your wishing and hoping. Do what you can while you have the chance. You probably won't have the same opportunity again.

(\*The prairie is not entirely lacking in night life.—Ed.)



## PRAIRIE FLYER *Quiz*

1. What was each of the following looking for?
  - (a) The White Rabbit, in *Alice in Wonderland*.
  - (b) Henry M. Stanley.
  - (c) Blondel
  - (d) Captain Robert Falcon Scott.
2. What authors created these famous detectives?
  - (a) Sherlock Holmes.
  - (b) Philo Vance.
  - (c) Reggie Fortune.
  - (d) Lord Peter Wimsey.
  - (e) Perry Mason.
  - (f) Arsene Lupin.
3. What do these numbers suggest to you?
  - (a) 7-11.
  - (b) 212.
  - (c) 186,000.
  - (d) 400.
  - (e) 600.
4. If you were walking along each of the following streets, what famous characters of literature would you expect to meet?
  - (a) Baker Street.
  - (b) Wimpole Street.
  - (c) Quality Street.
  - (d) Main Street.
5. What are the occupations of four of the following fictitious persons?
  - (a) Crichton.
  - (b) Lord Peter Wimsey.
  - (c) Mr. Chips.
  - (d) Mr. Tutt.
  - (e) Dodsworth.
6. Associate the following headlines with the proper nursery rhymes:
  - (a) Laundress Sustains Injury.
  - (b) Beauties Grace Garden.
  - (c) Trio Plays for Royalty in Command Performance.
  - (d) One Strike Puts Out Mickey's Kin.
  - (e) Wages Rated by Efficiency.
7. What queens of fact or fiction are supposed to have said or written the following?
  - (a) "Let them eat cake."
  - (b) "We are not amused."
  - (c) "Off with her head."
  - (d) "You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear."
  - (e) "I love you, Joe."
8. Name five famous ghosts of literature.
9. What historic characters are supposedly associated with the following objects?
  - (a) Burnt cakes.
  - (b) A spider.
  - (c) The voice of Archangel Michael.
  - (d) Ocean waves breaking on the shore.
  - (e) Two cavalry sabres and a nine-foot plank.
10. Give the traditional remark or cliché made under the following circumstances: (e.g., after a succession of mishaps you might say, "It never rains but it pours.")
  - (a) By a friend during a summer heat spell.
  - (b) By a father spanking his son.
  - (c) By a skeptical girl in response to a flatterer.
  - (d) By a man warned against drinking too much.
  - (e) By a girl rejecting a suitor.

Answers will be found on page 44

# things WE WANT TO KNOW . . .

Will the Bishop of Buttress now become the Canon of Caron?

Will the Registry Clerk now always keep his finger out—and likewise the Baron?

Whose new watch goes off like a cannon at 0714¾ hours each day?

Who exchanged his suitcase for a pack?

And how many hearts in Moose Jaw missed a beat on his account?

Did the bell-ringing system in G Hut work?

When will Cynthia heed the gypsy's warning?

Who thought of marriage at the last moment?

Who is Windy the Phugger?

Where are you spending Christmas?

Are we really being moved to Brazil?

Who left his cap in New York?

And did he ever see the skyscrapers by daylight?

Can Spring be far behind?



## ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. (a) A pair of white kid gloves and a fan.  
(b) David Livingstone.  
(c) Richard the Lionhearted.  
(d) The South Pole.
2. (a) Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.  
(b) S. S. Van Dine.  
(c) H. M. Bailey.  
(d) Dorothy Sayers.  
(e) Erle Stanley Gardner.  
(f) Maurice Leblanc.
3. (a) Dice.  
(b) Boiling point of water.  
(c) Speed of light or radio waves.  
(d) New York society.  
(e) The Charge of the Light Brigade.
4. (a) Sherlock Holmes.  
(b) The Barretts.  
(c) Phoebe Throssel of Barrie's "Quality Street."  
(d) The Kennicotts of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street."
5. (a) Butler ("The Admirable Crichton," by Sir James Barrie).  
(b) Amateur detective (in Dorothy Sayers' stories).  
(c) Teacher ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips").  
(d) Lawyer ("Tutt and Mr. Tutt," by Arthur Train).  
(e) Automobile manufacturer ("Dodsworth," by Sinclair Lewis).
6. (a) "Along came a blackbird and snapped off her nose." ("Sing a Song of Sixpence.")  
(b) "With silver bells and cockle shells and pretty maids all in a row." ("Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.")
- (c) "He called for his fiddlers three." ("Old King Cole.")  
(d) "The clock struck one and down he ran." ("Hickory, Dickory, Dock.")  
(e) You shall have but a penny a day because you don't work any faster." ("See-Saw, Margery Daw".)
7. (a) Marie Antoinette.  
(b) Queen Victoria.  
(c) The Queen of Hearts in "Alice in Wonderland."  
(d) "The May Queen" by Tennyson.  
(e) My queen in calico, from the song "Schooldays."
8. The Ghost of Banquo ("Macbeth").  
The Ghost of Hamlet's father ("Hamlet").  
The Ghost of Caesar ("Julius Cæsar").  
The Ghosts of Prince Edward and King Henry VI ("Richard III").  
The Ghost of Marley ("A Christmas Carol.")  
The Ghosts of Mr. and Mrs. Kirby ("Topper," by Thorne Smith).
9. (a) King Alfred.  
(b) Robert the Bruce.  
(c) Joan of Arc.  
(d) King Canute.  
(e) Abraham Lincoln (when challenged to a duel).
10. (a) "It isn't the heat; it's the humidity."  
(b) "This hurts me more than it hurts you."  
(c). "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls."  
(d) "I can take it or leave it alone; I always know when I've had enough."  
(e) "Can't we be friends?"  
"I'm not the only girl in the world."  
"I'll be a sister to you."

Hollywood can afford to pay an executive £237,441 a year—16 times the President's salary and roughly 100 times Gen. Eisenhower's. But, of course, his responsibilities are great. — Film notes in *Daily Telegraph*.

Manchester is filled with lovely people living in lovely homes. I cannot stand the things that are being said of this city—that it is a place where whisky is dear and women are cheap.—Report in *Daily Dispatch*.



