



VOL. 1

NO. 35 S.F.T.S., NORTH BATTLEFORD

NO. 1



CAPLAN'S

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T H E

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Published by kind permission of
Group Captain A.P. Bett,
Commanding Officer, No. 35 S.F.T.S.,
North Battleford.

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SECRETARY-TREASURER -
AC1 (Gordon) Smith

I N T R O D U C T I O N

by

Group Captain A.P. Bett

The object of this magazine is mainly to provide a medium through which members of No. 35 S.F.T.S., Royal Air Force, are given an opportunity to exercise their literary or artistic talents for the amusement, and, I hope, the edification of their comrades.

Amongst Britons there is a peculiar aptitude for finding humour in adverse circumstances - a national characteristic which is seldom either appreciated or understood by other nations, least of all by the Hun. A recent story by Gen. Wavell aptly illustrates this point. After the last war the German High Command became convinced that the main cause of their failure to win, was the British staying-power, which, they decided was mainly due to the British sense of humour. So they decided, with Teutonic attention to detail, to "organise" humour in their own forces - with a view, no doubt, of making quite certain of the next war. To achieve this they included in their military manual an edict that humour was to be cultivated, and added a carefully referenced appendix containing various examples of English jokes for their personnel to study. One illustration showed Bruce Bairnsfather's famous picture of Old Bill, sitting gloomily in a building with a large, round hole blown through it, whilst young 'Bert, a newcomer to the trenches, asks "What made that 'ole?" Old Bill testily answers "Mice". To this the German editor had seen fit to append a footnote of explanation: "It was not really mice, it was a shell".

A conclusion which I think we are entitled to draw from this story is that as a nation we don't need our jokes explained to us, nor do we require the seriousness of this war emphasised. In short, we are capable of talking about "mice", but realising "shell fire".

The occasional joke, the occasional use of "unofficial" language never harmed anyone yet, and usually does a power of good, for underneath the outward lightheartedness of all of us in the Royal Air Force today there is the constant realisation of the grim purpose we all have before us.

God speed, therefore, to our Editorial Staff and may their efforts be rewarded with countless literary and artistic gems to brighten our lives through the medium of this magazine.

E D I T O R I A L

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As these lines are being written the first pages of this magazine are rolling off the assembly line, and while the Gestetner King is exercising his arm, the Editorial Staff is relaxing and issuing a few sighs of relief. This is the end of a few weeks of feverish activity in certain sections, more especially S.H.Q., and the few who have been giving a helping hand are now waiting to hear how their first effort is received. Some sections may say, "Where do we come in?" The reply to that is - nothing has been received. Poems (?), and stories on biblical lines, seem to predominate somewhat in this issue, but nevertheless we hope they make good reading. This is intended to be a paper representative of the whole station, and if you think there is something missing, make sure YOU correct it in the February issue, but remember the 7th of the month is the deadline. With the continued support of the first contributors and advertisers, and that of newcomers to the pages, each publication should be an improvement on its predecessor. A suggestions and "copy" box will be placed somewhere in the camp within the next week or so, and if you have any brickbats to throw, bouquets to hand out, or articles to submit, please place them in the box, or hand them to your section representative.

The first thing our readers noticed on receiving their copy was probably that it had no title. True enough - no-one was able to think of a good and original header connected with the R.A.F., so a competition has been instituted. Up to February 5th suggestions for a title will be received by the Editor at S.H.Q. (or through the suggestions box) provided they are accompanied by the entry form at the foot of page 12. The rules are one entry form one suggestion. The entries will be judged by the Editorial Staff and a prize of \$3 awarded for the best entry. If the winning suggestion is submitted by more than one competitor, the one received first will be awarded the prize.

At this juncture the Editorial Staff take their first opportunity to wish their fellow airmen and the citizens of North Battleford and district, a Brighter, Happier and Peaceful New Year. On behalf of the personnel of No. 35 S.F.T.S., they also express to their many friends in Canada, thanks for the kindness which has been extended to them since the opening of this Unit, and especially during the festive season.

To the advertisers our thanks are especially given, for without their co-operation this magazine would not have been possible. We hope our first effort passes scrutiny - and please, if you have any suggestions to make let us have them.

Copies of this magazine are on sale in North Battleford.

EDITOR

STARTLING DISCOVERIES IN WESTERN CANADA
 -o-

Excavations at Transcontinental City No. 505 have revealed that over a thousand years ago that City was known as North Battleford. It appears that this city was inhabited by Ancient Canadians, and probably by a large proportion of the long extinct, original Red Indians. (This is based mostly on supposition, as records so far perused are not sufficiently complete to establish it).

After a serene existence for some years, a strange tribe came to the city from afar - possibly from one of the United States of Europe. These people were known as RAFF, and were a primitive, roving type of people, who preferred to live on the outskirts of the city in an encampment.

Despite the fact that they were rough, they apparently had a passion for uniformity, in that the common tribesmen were all known as either ACS. or N.C.OS. (It is presumed that these suffixes were probably some kind of order).

Another curious feature about these RAFF, is that there is no indication that they had any visible means of support, for it appears that their sole occupation was in operating very primitive flying machines. Actually, present day civilisation may owe something to these people, because they may have been in their primitive way, the pioneers of our Inter Planet Stratoplane.

The RAFF were ruled by their own Gods, the principle being CO. He was apparently held in considerable awe, and was not seen by the tribe, except for the visit he paid their habitations at a set time, every second week.

On these visits he was met by the headman of each dwelling place. It is noted that the headmen were all NCO. Present day authorities who have been consulted, suggest that these NCO. were probably a special caste chosen from the rest of the tribe by virtue of their possessing some characteristic which was considered an asset in that dark age. The most feared God of the RAFF was SLA, who apparently sat daily in his own apartment in SHQ. (This was probably the Temple of the tribe, by reason of the fact that nearly all the Gods or dignitaries spent most of their time there). This God was apparently the tribal arbitrator or judge, because records show that each day he sat in judgement of RAFF who had broken rules according to the code as laid down in the tribal Bible. (This Bible, which is known as "King's Rules and Regulations," will be on view to those interested in return for a small charge, proceeds of which are to be devoted to the distressed people of Mars).

This SLA must have been a learned man, because some of our best known dons have spent a considerable time on this ancient tome, so far in vain, in endeavouring to obtain some idea of what it is about.

It was probably rather a cruel code, because the unfortunates who were deemed guilty were sentenced to periods of "Jankers." This is an unrevealed form of punishment; it was probably fearsome, however, for tribal torturers known as SPS were retained especially to see that Jankers were carried out.

Some of the records of this forgotten age, show men to have been "Posted." It is not known whether this was another form of punishment or not - one school of thought suggests that this was so, but that, unfortunately, may never be proved, but will most likely remain one of the mysteries of antiquity.

???



ICE HOCKEY - by PUK

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Ice hockey seems to be making its mark on this camp in more ways than one. A number of bruised arms and legs are apparent, but the mark that is more noticeable is the enthusiasm with which the fellows have entered into this sport. With the temperature at 30 below a number of the more hardy souls could be seen practicing skating on the rinks in the City, and now, with the rinks on the station completed, even though one of them has resembled a cross-country run in the last few days, the more enthusiastic ones make good use of their spare half hours in knocking a puk about. Some of the equipment they use is not exactly up to the standards of hockey regulations, brooms being used in lieu of hockey sticks for instance, but nevertheless it makes good practice.

Now that a league has been formed with P/C. Forster as President and Sgt. Lowes as chairman, even more activity can be expected.

Sgt. Brand, the secretary, gave us all the "ger" on the league, which will consist of two sections - "A" and "B". If two teams are entered, one will play in "A" section and the other in "B".

The teams and their representatives are: Link Trainer (1 team) Sgt. Fenner; M.I. (1) Sgt. Cannon; Cocks (1) F/Sgt. Chapman; No. 2 Squadron (1) F/O. Ross; Hospital (1) AC. Lefebvre; No. 1 Squadron (2) Sgt. Lowes; S.H.Q. (1) Sgt. Brand; Servicing (2) Cpl. Sutherland; Workshops (1) -- ; Maintenance (2) Sgt. Tolerton; Security Guard (1) Sgt. Schanessan.

To start the ball rolling, or the puk sliding as the case may be, the following matches have been arranged:-

		"A"	
No. 1 Squadron	v	Servicing	
Hospital	v	Security Guard	
Maintenance	v	Link Trainer	
M.T.	v	S.H.Q.	
No. 1 Squadron	v	No. 2 Squadron	
Servicing	v	Hospital	
Security Guard	v	Maintenance	
Link Trainer	v	M.T.	
S.H.Q.	v	No. 1 Squadron	
		"B"	
No. 2 Squadron "B"	v	Servicing "B"	
No. 1 Squadron "B"	v	Maintenance "B"	
Cocks	v	No. 1 Squadron "B"	

Up to the time of going to press no official titles have been received other than the section names, but various "monikers" such as "Hyrcaines", "Defiants", "Bombers" etc., have been heard floating around. It is hoped that if these names are adopted, the teams will live up to their names!!!

TRANSCONTINENTAL BULLETIN - CONTINUED

One other dignitary who seems to be mentioned quite often is SWO. He apparently was greatly respected, and was much sought after on Friday of every week by RAFF who were in search of something which was known by the mystic formula of 295. It is not known whether these were a form of money, or whether they were some kind of decoration for services rendered; probably the latter.

Food appears to have figured largely in the RAFF way of life, as the presence of large quantities of fossilized matter in cylindrical containers or bins points to food having been plentiful, though it has been suggested that the enormous quantities found would seem to indicate that the RAFF were not a hungry tribe. (NOTE: These bins bore the marking "SWILL," which was presumably the RAFF word for food).

More interesting revelations in our next issue.

-o-

"THE BLUE ACES"

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

-by J.N.-

The Blue Aces, since they made their debut in September, have devoted a good deal of time in giving their services to the Red Cross and kindred associations, and, at a conservative estimate, the writer would put the figure by which these associations have benefitted at \$900.

By the way, you should know the build-up of the band by now, but for the uninitiated, here it is :- Rythm, Arthur Redway, piano; Pat Harridine, drums; Bill White, guitar; Brass, Freddie Skene and Dickie Marshall, trumpets; Reeds, Bill Henry and "Butch" Webb, saxes; Strings, Charlie Wiltshaw, violin. Have you noted our able and popular leader, Stan. Hughes, "swingin it" on the bass ? If you can get near enough to him, take a look at his second finger, right hand. It has a lovely blister.

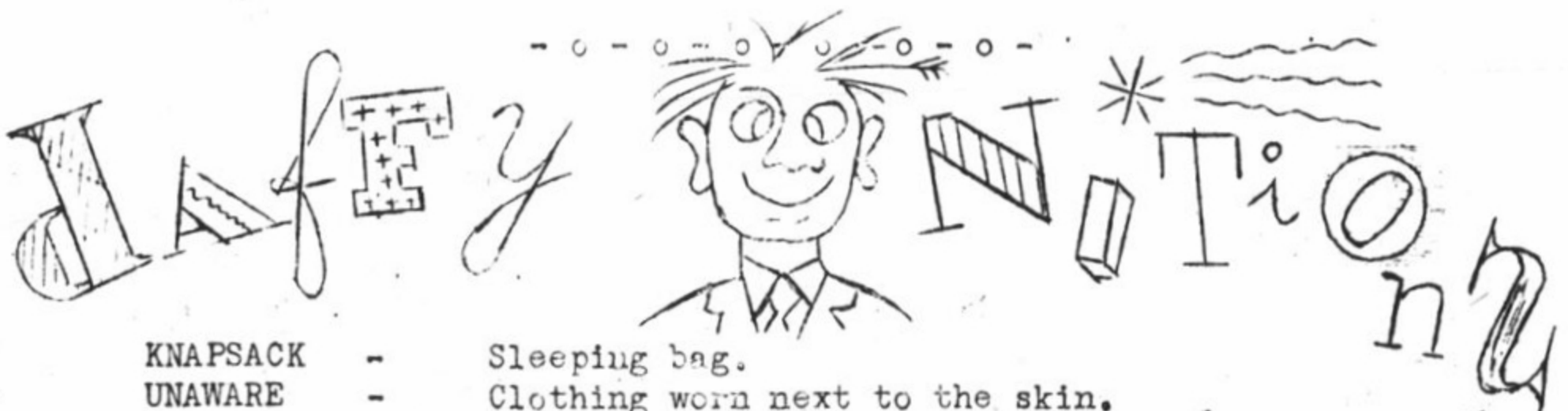
He intends, whenever possible, to put on impromptu concerts at the "Y.M." - probably just before each pay-day, when supplies of cash are at a low level. If, therefore, any readers of this magazine would care to offer their services in any sort of entertainment, preferably something short and snappy, they should give their names to Cpl. Hughes at S.H.Q.

A feature of a grand dance at the Legion Hall on Monday, 2nd February, will be a Dance Competition, which will be judged by LAC. Frank Ford. Frank, by the way, was the winner of the London and Provincial Dance Championship for 1938-1939 - so he should know something about it. Bills on the camp will give you all the "gen."

Q U I Z
- o - o - o -

1. Which of these ex-premiers of England was born in Lancashire, opposed the South African War, was President of the Board of Trade ? - Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Asquith, Baldwin.
2. Maeterlinck, who wrote "The Blue Bird", was born in - Germany, Belgium, France, Norway, Denmark ?
3. Memphremagog refers to - land in "Gulliver's Travels", character in "Alice in Wonderland", North American Lake, famous clock in Cheapside ?
4. To quicken means to animate, revive, hasten, excite ?
5. In Scotland the name of many towns begin with "Inver", e.g. Inverness, Inverary. What does "Inver" imply ?
6. Meg Merrilies is a character from - Eliot, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, Austen ? What is the title of the book ?
7. Eros was the god of purity, war, love, the sea ? Who was his mother ?
8. An English king met a French king on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold". Where ? Who were the kings ?
9. A Chinck refers to a type of monkey, warm wind, bric-a-brac, an Eskimo hat ?
10. Sordine, used by a musician on his violin, is a fine polish, muté, pad for his neck, special string ?

Answers on page nineteen.



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|----------|---|---|
| KNAPSACK | - | Sleeping bag. |
| UNAWARE | - | Clothing worn next to the skin. |
| ENAMEL | - | A four footed creature. |
| HINDER | - | Inside of, like "It's hinder bag". |
| ZOO | - | To demand legal settlement. |
| GRADE | - | Superficial, like "That's a grade idea". |
| MARGIN | - | Moving in a body, like "We're margin to victory". |
| NIECE | - | Joints of the leg. |

MAINTENANCE WING PRESENTS

"REQUIEM FOR A LOST SOUL"

by ANON.

Hark, the hour of ten is sounding,
Hearts with anxious tears are pounding,
Day of wrath and doom abounding,
Judgement day is here !!!

Footsteps in the hangar ringing,
S.P.s. now with joy are singing;
Prisoners to their judgement bringing,
To their fearful fate.



Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from the mess the judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth,
Judge impartial - stern.

Commands are heard and orders shouted,
Heels are clicked, men's courage routed,
They know their story will be doubted;
Accused, despondent, cowed.



Ah! what sound the sergeant flingeth;
Throughout the hangar wide it ringeth,
All to stiff attention bringeth,
Who now await their fate.

See now, they march with arms a'winging,
Within their breasts scant hope is springing,
But to one theory all are clinging -
Say nothing, just agree.



The charge is read, all hope dispelling,
The witnesses conspire in telling
Their story, weak, but still compelling
Attention and belief.

The prisoner now with fear is shaking,
To his judge no answer making,
Merely in his boots a'quaking;
Prisoner, sad, distressed.



The Prisoner speaks - his last petition,
 "See O judge my great contrition,
 Spare me in my last condition,
 Have mercy Sirs, I pray."

The judge decides - both stories weighing,
 The prisoner for reprieve is praying.
 His "oppos" now their bets are laying,
 Ten days C.C. or clink.



He speaks at last - all doubts dispelling,
 His eye all matiny is quelling,
 His lips co-operation telling
 And how to do ones job.

At last it comes - like whiplash falling,
 Ten days C.C. - pack-drill appalling.
 Out from the room the prisoner's crawling
 On his hands and knees.

Ten days have passed - his feet are aching,
 For his sins their answer making.
 He thinks of ways of sin forsaking -
 And then he thinks again.

The next day dawns, the sun is burning;
 He's free, and for a drink is yearning,
 Towards the Clarendon he's turning,
 His lesson still not learned.



He drinks, sobriety forsaking,
 Once more a fool himself he's making.
 Again with fear he'll soon be quaking
 In the Guardroom cold.

Ah! that day of tears and mourning,
 Late into the camp returning;
 Man for judgement must prepare him,
 Spare O.C., in mercy spare him.



Lord all pitying O.C. Blest,
 Just ten days - forget the rest.

S P E C T R E G E N
-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

And the Prophet spake unto the Chief of ERKS saying "Before many moons are passed, a Great Ruler shall come unto you."

And lo, the words of the prophet came true, for he that is known as the AVM sendeth unto the Chief of ERKS, a messenger, saying, "In a little time I will bring unto you IG, and thou shalt make preparations for his visit. Thy preparations shall be made with great care lest thou incur the wrath of IG and he shall bring down the heavens upon thy head."

At the coming of the messenger, great was the activity in the City, and there was a strange sight in the hovels of the ERKS, as of many arms moving to and fro in the polishing of brass and the cleaning of their moccasins.

And the Erks put together their resources, for the annual festival had much reduced their supply of shekels, and bought for themselves portions of soap from the stall of YMCA, for the washing of necks in the waters of the Saskatchewan, and they annointed their heads with oil.

At the completion of the polishing of buttons and cleaning of moccasins, the ERKS girded up their robes and set themselves to clean their hovels, and there arose in the camp a great noise as many brushes sped across the pinewood floors.

Then it came to pass that when all preparations were made the tom-tom telegraph boomed out that the great IG was detained and would not descend upon the City until the passing of another moon.

And the ERKS heard of this, and great was their wrath, for they had but little desire to mop floors and scrub bedspaces, and make themselves generally respectable.

And on the next day they made further preparations, and the ERKS, and the Higher ERKS, and they that had all varieties of bands on their arms, gathered in the drill shed. And the highest ERKS, and they that had bands on their robes, cried aloud unto the heavens, and from their lips came forth strange noises. And with their feet the ERKS did queer contortions. Many times were they inspected, and the ERKS were cheesed with the whole proceedings.

The cooks also made great preparations. They girded their loins with white aprons, and they washed the cups, and even the plates were washed also, and they served the meals with great reverence, but it tasted the same.

And the following day, lo, IG descended from the sky in his Thunder Bird, and amid much pomp he was brought unto the ERKS, and the Higher ERKS, and they that had bands on their robes, who had again gathered in the drill shed, arrayed in their finest garments.

They with the bands on their arms were greatly moved, and the lowly ERKS were dazzled by his presence.

And with much speed he inspected them, and the lowly ERKS, who had laboured hard on their brasses, were much distressed when he did not look at them.

And there was a great march past; those with the bands on their robes leading, and the lowly ERKS following in their train.

At last they were dismissed, and the work returned to normal; and afterwards the ERKS took themselves to their domiciles, wherein to rest after their labours.

HEADQUARTERS' CHATTER

Congratulations to Central Registry's Gestetner expert, Jack Douglas, who received a cable a short time ago telling him he is the "Pappy" of a bouncing baby boy. Although he feels very proud, Jack must have hoped it would be a girl, for he has been sending "little pink things" across the pond.

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The following is reported by Headquarters' game expert, who paid a visit to the Sergeants' Mess just before Christmas in the hope of getting some information on the art of bird stuffing. "I found AC. Bryan in the middle of mixing a Yorkshire Pudd. 'I hear you are going to get hitched' I said, at the same time deftly avoiding sticky lumps of egg and flour that were whizzing across the room like shrapnel. 'Yes', he replied, 'I'm thinking of taking the plunge about Christmas time'. 'A lot can happen before then', I answered. 'A lot already has', came the quick retort. Pondering this last remark I left the room still under a strong barrage of Y.P."

From a usually reliable source we have been informed that W/O McCartney wishes to learn to play the piano. Whether he aspires to the heights attained by the "Three Bs", or swing, is not known, but it is understood that he practices each morning by tapping his fingers on his desk in the same way he hopes to tickle the ivories. Someone has suggested that duets may result, as it is rumoured that a number of shy young airmen are "fiddling" most evening in the City.

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When two members of the Orderly Room staff paid one of their frequent visits to a house in the town, it was suggested that they should partake of a little of the malted beverage. Much consternation was caused when, upon the opening of the "treasure chest", which, so we understand is always kept up to the scale of individual consumption, the contents of the bottles, which were labelled "Old London Cabby", was found to resemble ice cream, to which a brown colouring had been added. Heat was applied in various forms to try to thaw out the effects of 40 odd below, but with no avail, so glasses were raised, with a sigh by one of our friends of "Oh well, I suppose this is what one calls a good stiff drink".

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Tommy (Glow-worm) Gilroy is spending a fortnight in Chicago. Before he left on Sunday last, Tommy was asked if, on his return, he would relate his adventures in the underworld for this magazine. Tommy replied "It won't be an adventure, it will be a catastrophe". He would not say who the catastrophe would affect.

S Q U A R E R I N G

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A RESUME OF CAMP BOXING

Distribution and reception of the old "one-two" has always proved popular wherever a body of healthy young fellows are gathered together, and in this Station every effort is being made to encourage it. Through enthusiasm and the help of training facilities it is hoped that No. 35 S.F.T.S. may form a boxing team fit to represent the R.A.F. in any part of Canada. Our branch of the Services has a reputation to uphold in this particular sphere of sport, and it is for the R.A.F. personnel stationed on this side of the Atlantic to enhance that reputation in the Dominions. Why not let No. 35 S.F.T.S. play a leading role ?

During past months the necessary training equipment has gradually been accumulated, but despite some deficiencies the station has managed to acquit itself comparatively well in boxing tournaments. Now the equipment is complete, and further encouragement is afforded by the fact that the ring will be finished in the very near future. Efforts will be made to promote inter-flight tournaments and cup competitions. From these it will be possible to select a team worthy of representing their fellow enthusiasts in a wider field. This really affects the permanent staff to a greater extent, for it can be understood that pupils are only at North Battleford for a short period and cannot afford to give too much attention to anything other than their studies.

In service boxing, ringcraft does not always play a leading part. It is better to see a fighter showing courage and sportsmanship. He will be applauded for those assets even though being out-boxed by a more experienced opponent. However, it's the referee's decision that decides a fight, so why not develop a combination of grit and ringcraft ? Courage is natural to the British boxer - ringcraft can only be acquired from those with the ability to teach. Unfortunately, we have recently lost the services of a former Welsh champion, who was due to be matched with Eric Boon prior to being called up, but there is no reason why this Station should not make itself a force worthy to be reckoned with in Canadian amateur boxing circles. It is entirely up to airmen to come forward and take an active part in the sport, and every encouragement and help will be given them. This is not to say that boxing in this camp has not a large and enthusiastic following; perhaps it is the most popular winter pastime, but we must take steps to discover and forward our **very** best fighters for representative tournaments.

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No.....Rank.....Name.....'
Hut No..... Below is my entry for the '
Title Competition. '

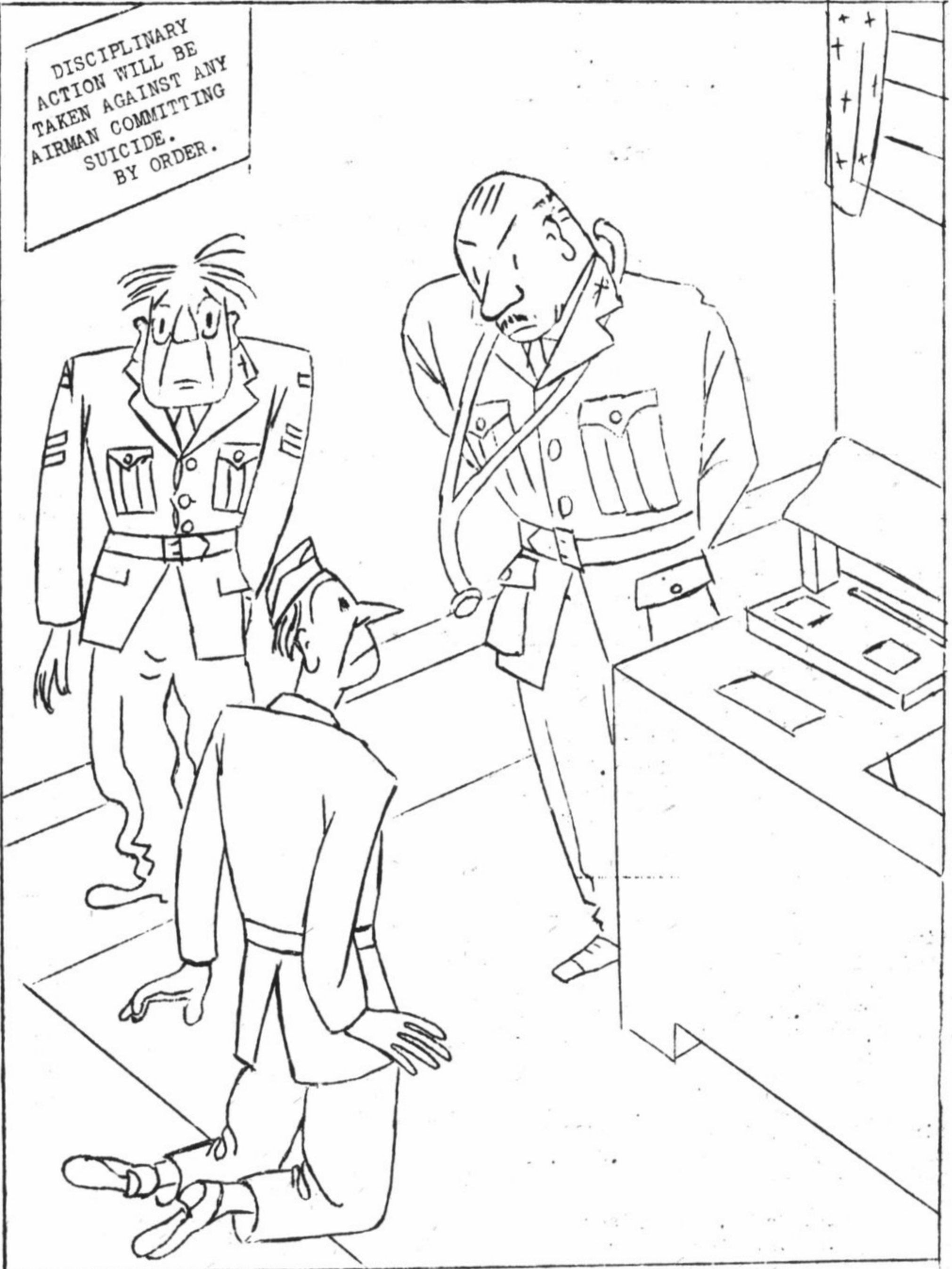
.....'
(Sgd)

Widow writing a testimonial for
a life insurance company :

"On August 9th my husband took
out a policy. In less than a
month, he was drowned; I
consider this insurance is a
good investment."

? ? ?

DISCIPLINARY
ACTION WILL BE
TAKEN AGAINST ANY
AIRMAN COMMITTING
SUICIDE.
BY ORDER.



"WELL, A.C. JERKIN, WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE ?"

"Y" FLIGHT SHOOTS A LINE.

"They've sunk a lumber ship."

A.C. Jackman.

"Oh! I didn't know that wood would sink."

Cpl. Fairlie.

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A Parachutists Prayer -

"God bless the Silkworm."

A.C. Lidster.

---ooo000ooo---

"You needn't blot my number -
it's quite dry."

Sgt. Reed.

-----ooo000ooo-----

A pupil pilot newly arrived in this country from England, decided to attend a dance at Meota during his week-end off. Dressing up in his best blue, he went along. This was his introduction. He approached a young lady sitting out, and in his best English accent, said "May I have the pleasure of this dance, please." The young lady eyed him coldly, and replied "I'm sorry, I do not dance with children." "My apologies madam," was the quick retort, "I was not aware of your predicament."

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Calling all Chess players -
Five new sets of Chessmen are now available in the "Y.M." Ask for them in the office.

The "Y.M." office (library, stamps, billiards table booking, etc.) is now open at 12 noon every day instead of 12.30.

It is expected that, beginning this week, cinema shows will be on Fridays and Mondays at 7.30 p.m. Watch for posters.

D.E. Scott, Supervisor
Y.M.C.A., War Services

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

I would like to take the opportunity given me by the Editor of our station magazine to outline the services offered by the Y.M.C.A. to the personnel of this Station. There are two branches of the Y.M. War Services represented here - the Programme Branch and the Canteen Services.

In the Spring of 1941 the Canadian people contributed over \$6,000,000 to a War Services Fund to provide Auxiliary Services to the Canadian Forces. These services, coming under the general name of Programme, include free picture shows (cinema to you), providing of sports equipment, assisting in the organising and supervision of sport and entertainment, running libraries, reading rooms, recreation rooms, securing invitations to homes, and, in general, serving the needs of the men in the forces. With the developing of R.A.F. stations in Canada, it was decided to give these same services to the R.A.F. personnel, and the Y.M.C.A. was asked to do this work.

When the R.A.F. set up training centres in Canada, its representative asked the Y.M.C.A. War Services to operate dry canteens in all these stations. By its arrangement with the R.A.F., the Y.M.C.A. operates the dry canteen, taking out of the proceeds its operating expenses, and turning over the profits to the station, to be used as the P.S.I. administrators see fit. The canteen on this station operates under that agreement, under the managership of Mr. Tony Ryan, and profits are turned over to the Commanding Officer every month.

NOTICES

Two billards tables are now in operation in the Y.M.C.A. These tables are provided by the P.S.I. and are for the free use of airmen for the afternoon and evening, beginning 12.00.



They plough the 'drome and scatter
The Oxfords all around.
"Oh! what the H----'s the matter?"
"Just came too near the ground."

Then comes the Flight Mechanic
Upon the scene to mourn,
And to him says that dimwit,
"I didn't hear the horn".

Tis left to the Can Carriers,
Who hope the damage slight,
For they surmount all barriers,
"D.A." concerns the Flights.

The crash collectors soon appear,
Not just to see the fun.
A bit of ropes those big legs shear,
The job's as good as done.

A spot of work and out she goes,
(I hope we pack up now)
Another blighter on its nose,
"Why did I leave my plough."

Well, out we go with lots more rope,
(We'd like to use it on that dope),
We find him smoking Player Please,
As we wade in up to our knees.

"I'm sorry bloked - the mud was thick.
You think I used my brakes too quick,
But the runway curved, it must have done,
How else could I have off it run.

'Tis nothing much - a new airscrew,
With your deft hands she'll soon be new."
"That's what you think you dopey erk,
I will take a month of real hard work."

If you can read the lines between
I think you'll gather what I mean.

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UNEXPECTED COMPLICATIONS

A young officer returning from leave abroad, was about to take his place in an airliner, when a girl ran up and asked the passengers if one of them would be good enough to sell her a seat as her mother was dangerously ill and the liner was full.

The young officer gave his seat to her, and wired his C.O. thus:
"Given berth to girl. Returning by next plane".

The reply he received ran:

"Congratulations. Your next confinement will be in barracks".

THE BOOK OF THE TRIVE OF ARMOURERS

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THE FIRST LESSON

And Archer, Great Chief of all Armourers, who had journeyed afar from the land of Moose Jaw, spake unto Miller, Chief of the Tribes of Lesser Armourers, saying "Oh Miller, son of Miller, Chief of the Tribes of Lesser Armourers, how many labourers hast thou in thy vineyards."

And Miller answered, saying "The labourers are but few in number, I have but nine labourers in my vineyards."

Archer spake again saying "Hast thou any LACs. in thy vineyards."

Miller answering, saith "I have but one LAC in my vineyards. He is Harrington, son of Harrington, of the Tribes of Edgeware. For many moons he has been labouring. His bones are weary, and he is sorely in need of rest. LACs. are sorely needed."

And Archer, Great Chief of all Armourers, spake unto Miller, saying, "LACs. are indeed badly needed, but I, Archer, Great Chief of all Armourers, will give thee LACs. I will give unto each man a test, and I will reward him according to his abilities, and whosoever passeth this test, shall be given his LAC., but whosoever faileth this test shall not be given his LAC.

And he sent first for one Gardner, son of Gardner, of the Tribe of Frome, in the Land of Somerset, but when he was brought unto the presence of Archer, Great Chief of all Armourers, he was sore afraid.

Archer spake unto him, saying, "Oh Gardner, son of Gardner, why shiverest thou. Why dost thou tremble when thou are in my sight."

Gardner answered saying, "Oh master, I feel like a weasel that has been brought unto the presence of a lion."

And Archer was much pleased in Gardner, and he spake unto him, saying, "Oh Gardner, I am much pleased with thee, I will give thee thy LAC. which shall be greater unto thee than thirty pieces of silver. And it shall be thine for ever, even during thy stay in the vineyards."

He then sendeth for one Bowman, one of the Bowmen of England, and he gave unto him many questions, of which he knew but little, and he was shot down in a burning conflagration. And Bowman was not given his LAC.

And Archer, Great Chief of all Armourers, then sent for Johnson, son of John, and he gave unto him four questions, and he answered but three.

Archer spake unto him saying, "Oh Johnson, I am disappointed in thee, I cannot give thee thy LAC."

And Johnson was much moved, and he went over to the rifle range and wept. And said "Oh my props, my props, my props, Why has thou deserted me. My props, my props."

Archer, Great Chief of all Armourers, then sent for one Greaves, of the Tribe of Nailmakers, in the land of Belper, and he saith unto him "Art thou an Armourer."

And Greaves answering, saith, "Oh master, for many moons have I loaded up the birds of the Great White Father. If I am not an armourer, I, Greaves, son of Greaves, hath been greatly deceived."

Archer spake unto him, saying, "Oh Greaves, what dost thou know about the bombsight?"

And Greaves, answering, saith "Nothing master."

Archer spake again, saying, "What dost thou know about the camera obscura?"

And Greaves answered likewise.

And Archer spake even a third time, saying "What of the bombing, teacher?"

THE BOOK OF THE TRIBE OF ARMOURERS
(contd)

And of this he knew nothing also.

And Archer spake yet again, saying "Oh Greaves, son of Greaves, what dost thou know?"

And Greaves, answering, saith "I spent but little time training for work in the vineyards, and of these I was told but nothing."

And Archer said unto him "I will give unto thee the keys of the publications. Go ye into it and learn the Armaments, beginning with A.P. 1734, starting at the first verse."

And it came to pass that Ford, son of Ford, who was working on the rifle range, was sore distressed when he was not called before the presence of Archer, Great Chief of all Armourers.

And he approacheth him and said "Oh Master, give me a board."

And Archer gave him a piece of timber, for he thinketh that he wished to make a practice bomb.

But Ford was much puzzled, and he saith "Oh Master, am I not worthy of my L.A.C.?"

Then Archer spake a parable unto him, saying "I am the one Armourer, and Flt. Sgt. Ashby is my husbandman. Every Armourer in my Section that beareth fruit I awarded him, but every man that beareth not fruit, I posteth him."

Thereafter it came to pass, that when the day of thanksgiving drew nigh, there was great rejoicing amongst the Tribe of Armourers -- but Bowman, Johnson, Greaves and Ford were not amongst them.

But it will come to pass more L.A.Cs. will be needed, and Archer, Great Chief of all Armourers, will return again unto Miller, Chief of the Tribes of Lesser Armourers.

Take heed of these words O Children of the Tribe of Armourers, and nourish well the vines with the knowledge of A.P.

Here endeth the first lesson.

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F A S H I O N C O R N E R

In each issue, our fashion expert, Dolly Doxon, will illustrate fashions, past and present, in R.A.F. circles. The first two illustrations are typical types of Air Force headgear.

"I WALK BESIDE THEE"



This fashion disproves absolutely all laws of motion and defies all known facts of gravity.

"COCKER SPANIEL"



This style gives the wearer warm ears and a cold nose, indicating good breeding. "De Rigger" in RAF circles.

LOST, STOLEN or STRAYED.

Aerial Gunners and Orderly Room Runners,
Equipment Assistants too,
Fitters IIE, and Clerks G.D.,
And Aircrafthands a few;
Adjutant's Narks and Accountant Clerks,
And Butchers and Riggers and Cooks,
With hardened Old Sweats and Sick Bay Vets,
And also some poor little Reeks.

Fitters M.T. and Commissioned A.G.,
And also some Wireless Ops.
Photography Fans and Passers of Cans,
Wardens, Alsations and Cops;
W.A.A.Fs. in skirts and fancy shirts,
And Gunners for Ground Defence,
With Swill Tub Feeders and Squadron Leaders,
And Adders of Shillings and Pence;



Men who laugh at Intelligence Staff,
And Meteorologists too;
Pigeon Coop Keepers and Daytime Sleepers,
Mixers of Devils Brew;
Instrument Makers and Camera Breakers,
Batmen and Sanitary Squad,
With Pilots u/t and Sergeants S.P.,
And some other Bungers in Quod.

Exchange Operators and Sgts. Mess Waiters
And also the Gasline King,
Bashers of Tin and Bearded of Chin,
All going out for a fling.
All had to wait when they got to the gate,
And no-one could get past the Guard,
Because a Buffoon in an Ancient Salloon
Had lost his Identity Card.

(With apologies to The Detling Bulletin)

S I D E S L I P SARMOURY PIERCERS

After a reward had been posted for information regarding a dark deed that had occurred in an unfrequented part of the town, a coloured man came forward to say he had seen a white youth carrying an unclothed woman down the alley. He had thought nothing of it at the time. - Evidently a man of the world. Ed.

---ooo000ooo---

Overheard at Uncle Tom's last Saturday night. "She can't dance, but eh boy, how she can intermission!"

---ooo000ooo---

A member of the Security Guard interested in dramatic art was discussing the station's new dramatic society. He thought it would turn out to be a great success. Asked why he held this opinion, he replied, "Well, you've got a heck of a lot of 'acting' corporals."

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QUIZ ANSWERS

Did you get 'em all. Of course we could have put the answers at the foot of page 7, but we thought we'd let you exercise your grey matter.

1. Lloyd George.
2. Belgium.
3. North American Lake.
4. All of them.
5. Mouth of a river.
6. Scot - "Gay Mannering."
7. Love - Aphrodite.
8. Near Calais - Henry VIII of England and Francis II of France.
9. Warm "ind."
10. Mute.

P/Lt. Maggerty is, no doubt, worried by the strange, unearthly silence now reigning in the Armoury Section. This is due to the presence of P/O Archer. Things will, however, return to normal in the near future, for it is rumoured that P/O Archer is going on detachment for four days.

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LAC. Harrington states that he is suffering from backache, due to too much sweeping. It is suggested that he takes a stiff dose of "BROOK-O-CELTZER."

---ooo000ooo---

P/O Archer's mania for home-production reached its climax a short time ago. Cpl. Hodi asked him for some red paint for range duties. P/O Archer told him to make some, and having spent a restless night trying to invent a formula, which included the use of chewing gum as a base, our Cpl. gave up the idea and decided to use an Internal Demand Voucher.

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WE SAW THIS WEEK. LAC. Gardner showing off his preps.

ACI. Johnson showing where his preps ought to be.

-----ooo000ooo-----

WE WANT TO KNOW

Is it true that a certain Accounts Corporal paid a visit to town last month, and if it is, why did the Vet Canteen remain open?

Where some officers' fur hats end and their hair begins.

F R O M T H E P A D R E
- - - - -

What a difficult thing the Christian religion is : why can't it be put down in plain language so that plain men like myself can get hold of it ? That's a common question, and with the help of Bishop Carey's recent excellent book, I shall try to set out the few plain things which we must believe, and the few plain things we should do to live a life which squares with that belief.

The first thing to consider about your religion is yourself. What are you ? Some of your chums will say you're good, others will say just the opposite. But both are wrong - you're neither good nor bad. You're a mixture, a contradiction, both bad and good. You're like me and everyone else. Some days we're kind and clean and true, but the next day we're found cruel, and harsh and beastly. This contradiction runs through all life. Nature is kind, but nature can be cruel: democracy is good, but democracy can have glaring faults. The Church is good, but the Church can also be bad. There's contradiction in everything : "So much good in the worst of us, so much bad in the best of us". So we're all good men, and we're also all bad men, and the fight between the two is always going on. Sometimes the good in us is on the up-and-up, but sometimes it is on the down-and-down. But our first problem is to see ourselves as a contradiction, then when we've done that let's see how the good can win and the evil be defeated.

What's the cause of this constant war between good and evil ? Well, we were created by a good and loving God, but something has gone wrong with nature and human nature so that we are living under two sets of influences: the influence of a good God and the influence of evil suggestions and powers.

These two sets of influences are very real and they are constantly fighting for our souls. But we have something to say about who will carry off our soul - we, and we alone, can choose the side which shall win. It's a terrific choice we have to make - with which company shall I walk - with God or with evil ?

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A N G L I C A N P L A Y E R S
- - - - -

About fifteen members of this unit are corroborating with members of the "Anglican Church, North Battleford, in the "Anglican Players" dramatic society for the production of "It happened at Midnight, a.. mystery farce in three acts by James Reach. Most of the R.A.F. players took part in amateur dramatic productions in Great Britain, and when this play is presented in the near future, the audience is promised an evening's entertainment full of mystery, inter-mingled with humour.

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To Men in The R.A.F.

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Gillette Razors	59c
Razor Blades, Strops, Honers	
Shaving Brushes	25c - \$1.50
Westclox Wrist Watches	\$4.95 - \$5.45
Westclox Pocket Watches	\$1.50 - \$1.75
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