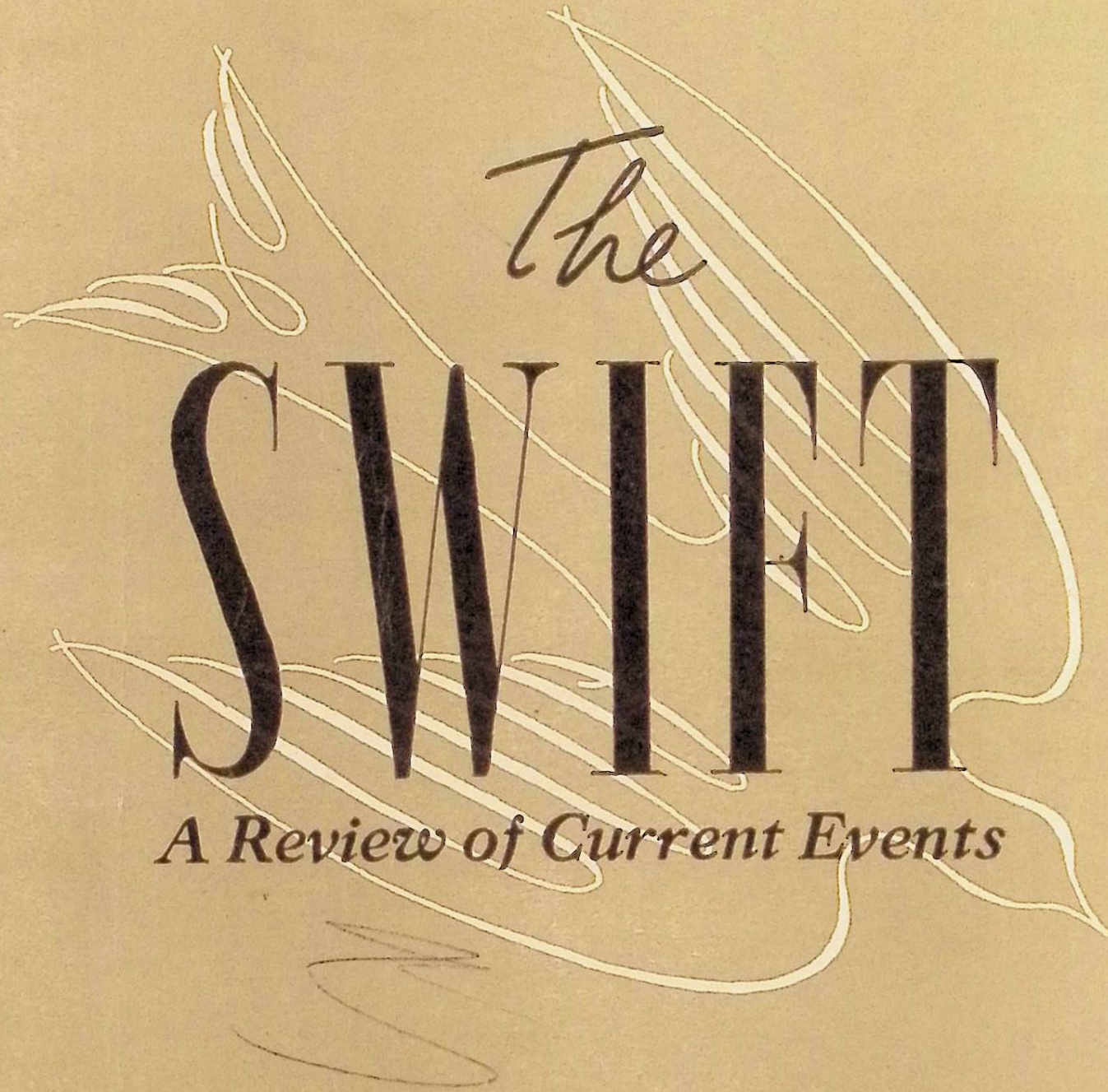


JUNE 1942

10 CENTS



The
SWIFT

A Review of Current Events

THE MAGAZINE OF No. 39 S.F.T.S., ROYAL AIR FORCE, SWIFT CURRENT

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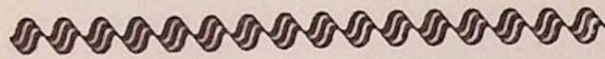
To have been chosen by the editorial committee of No. 39 Service Flying Training School, Royal Air Force, to publish their station magazine.

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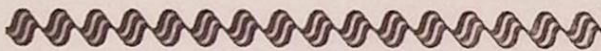


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Number 2

June 1942

The Swift

A Review of Current Events



The Magazine of No. 39 S.F.T.S., Royal Air Force

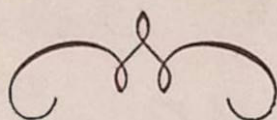
Published by Kind Permission of the Commanding Officer

*Editorial Committee—Squadron Leader F. V. Carpenter (Editor);
Corporal B. Blakeley (Assistant Editor); Flight Sergeant A. G. Cooper
(Advertising and Business Manager)*

Contributions are urgently requested, so that this Magazine may function as a Monthly. Please don't leave it to others, do something yourself.

Why not meet Her at the
PICCADILLY

SWIFT CURRENT'S SMART RENDEZVOUS



Dine and Dance

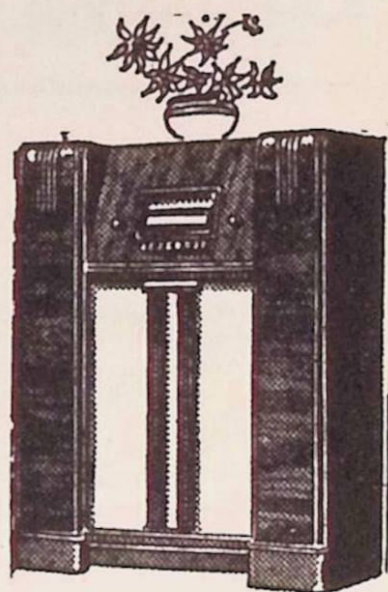
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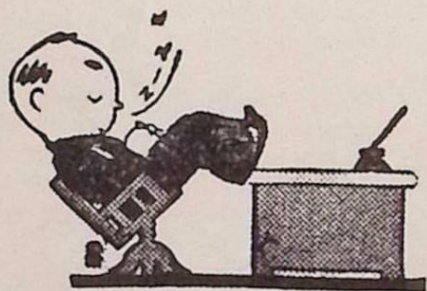
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SWIFT CURRENT





The Swift is taking its second flight. Its wings feel stronger. It has had a little more to feed on this month, and although not yet a Bird to make a song about, we are not too ashamed. To all those contributors who have helped, we are grateful. To those who have sent us material not here published, we council patience. Much is being held over until the July issue. What is wanted is more variety, so that the magazine does not reflect the personalities of but a few members of the Station. Whatever you have of interest, both grave and gay, especially gay, send it along.

Editorial

We want this to become your magazine. Only one person was interested enough to send in a suggestion for the Caption Contest. He, unfortunately, did not realize that the girl in the foreground was the one who was talking. Let us have some suggestions for this issue. The other is now closed and we still hold the prize. Finally, do please support your magazine by buying copies. Send a copy home to your wife or sweetheart. It will save you writing a letter and will be of great interest to you when your prairie days are over and you are leading that normal life which we all now hope is not too far round the corner.

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Sports

By P/O Petty



Since the issue of the first "Swift" three great events have taken place in the field of sport within the camp . . . the Boxing Match with Caron, the commencement of the Soccer Season, and the final of the Inter-Hut Basketball Competition.

The SOCCER Season has now gone into full swing and now that two full sized pitches have been marked out on the station there should be at least two League matches per evening. These pitches have been named Wembley and so as not to offend our Scottish friends, Hampden Park (with profound apologies to both these Meccas of the great game) and it is greatly desired that the acclamation of the spectators will beat that famous Roar. At a meeting of those interested, it was decided to set up a League of Ten Teams from various sections in order that a good standard of soccer be seen and this has materialised up to date. The Committee elected to organise the fixtures and deal with matters were Cpl. McDonald (Workshops & Flights), LAC. Carter (SHQ), F/Sgt. Binning (Sgts. Mess), P/O J. Andrews (u/t Pilots), P/O W. M. Petty and F/O W. Laing, Officer i/c Soccer. Fixtures have been made and several matches have already been played in the league.

In addition there is to be a Knock-out Cup Competition as well. It is said that the W. W. Cooper Cup and Amos Shield is somewhere in the City of Swift Current . . . they were presented to the station from these firms in town for annual competition in the camp and when traced they will once more be used as Trophies for the League and the Cup competition. May the best teams win. There have been some good exhibitions of football and though it is not a good thing to pick out personalities, yet mention must be made of AC. Brown, F/Sgt. Cooper, LAC. More, AC. Smith, Sgt. Walker, for outstanding and consistent performances. And there are so many more that it will be a very difficult task for the selection committee to select the Station team.

During April the Sports Officer attended a meeting at Moose Jaw of the Southern Sask. Service Soccer League and though it was found impossible to enter a team, on account of the large distances to be travelled, yet friendly matches are being fixed up with various RAF Stations, Moose Jaw, Caron, Weyburn, Medicine Hat, both at the station and at Moose Jaw. On June 8th it is hoped that we can assist the town of Aneroid in making their Sports Day a really happy and memorable one by sending there a Station Soccer team, Softball team, and our Boxers to give Exhibition games and an enjoyable time should be had by all.

The Officer's team met the Sergeant's team in a friendly match in Swift Current in aid of the Red

Cross before a fairly large audience. The Sgt.'s managed to win "narrowly" and were presented with a "magnificent" Cup. Nevertheless the Officers intend to have their revenge in the league.

We had great hopes of the Swift Current City team competing in the league but unfortunately, we have been given to understand that the City after all cannot raise a team.

A meeting was held to consider the appointment of Referees and Neutral Linesmen and it would be appreciated if as many airmen and N.C.O.'s as possible would run the "line" during matches, since owing to the difficulty of lining out on this type of soil makes the task for the referee extremely difficult.

So much then for the Soccer and we will now pass on to the BOXING CLUB. Practice has already begun to make the boys fit for their return match with 33 E.F.T.S., Caron, at Caron. The first venture of the Club was a great success, and the details of the Inter Station match with Caron here at Swift Current are given fully elsewhere in the magazine. As we all know the result was a fairly close one and some excellent matches were seen during the course of the evening in a programme of varied weights and nationalities very well M.C.'d by S.W.O. Short, who did a great deal of necessary organisation. The team trained hard every day and evening of the week under the capable directions of Sgt. Bartlett and "Doc" Savage in the Drill Hall, in the ring and on Road Work. To the latter trainer, "Doc" Savage, we owe a large debt for the construction of an excellent pro. ring "the second he has made in Canada", to those airmen who helped him in their spare time, and to F/Lt. J. Garrett of W.B. and his men for the splendid help given in this matter.

All airmen who are interested in Boxing and Wrestling are welcome and are cordially invited to join this club. It is expected that some of our boxers will take part in the Inter-Service Boxing Championships held annually in Canada, as in Great Britain, and Doc whispers to me that we stand a good chance of pulling a pot or two off.

The BASKETBALL Season has now definitely ended and with the lessons learnt by experience there should be a great season next year. The League was won by Hut 12B (Canadian Security Guard) captained by Cpl. Ratkiewz . . . "the terror of Detroit and Jackson, Michigan." Hut 11A were the runners up by entering the final against Hut 12B. The score was 30 pts. to 20 pts. and though it roughed up a little towards the end some excellent team work was seen between Ratkiewz and Bowerman. However, a very fine Basketball Trophy has been acquired for each season and at

present it is to be found on the table of the S. G. Office in Hut 12B suitably inscribed with the first Champions.

Mr. W. B. Scott of the Y.M.C.A. has taken charge of Softball and two diamonds are in the course of preparation on the station. This will be of particular interest to the Canadians on the station and any British airman who is keen to learn. Though the game seems very like Rounders to the uninitiated it is far harder and tougher and the rules are much different. But when one has mastered the intricacies and meaning of Double Play, Bunball, it is truly fascinating. Mr. Scott hopes to form a Station League and also enter two Station Softball teams in the local Swift Current and District League.

(Continued on Page 36)



CURRENT JOTTINGS

There is no truth in the rumour that a certain "red-headed" armorist is now taking second place in the hearts of the Swift Current fillies, to a certain canary yellow sweater.

We are asked to state that the suggestion that the N.C.O. i/c Flying Wing Orderly Room is recommending his staff for remustering en bloc to the new trade of "Horticulturist," is without foundation.

The suggestion that fans are being introduced into Station Headquarters Offices, to counteract the periodically dust storms occasioned by a certain promising officer, is not true.

There is no confirmation to hand that a certain Flying Officer is remustering to Operator-Tractor (Group B).

We are asked to state that the member of No. 5 Hangar, who went to Church one Sunday evening in the early part of May, and returned to Camp

with his knees badly scratched, has no intention of registering a complaint about the condition of the hassocks at the Church.

There is no truth in the malicious suggestion that the recent increase in the numbers of airmen recommended for commissions, has any connection with the Officers' Mess desire to get a football team together.

A certain Senior Officer wishes us to state that he did not indent on a Form 600, for a certain "piece of exquisite furniture," with which he has been seen around.

The Same Officer also emphatically denies that he met this exquisite model at a college graduation party.

We are asked to state that the members of the Sergeants Mess, who have enrolled in the "Twinkle-Toes" Coca-Cola League, have only done so as a temporary measure.

We understand there was a short exchange of words at a recent Wings Party.

The M.T. Section are requested to refrain from pushing out the ambulance every time transport is requested for a U.S. Pilot.

There is no truth in the rumour that a certain M.T. wallah takes an anaesthetic before kissing his girl good-night, to help relieve the "payne."

We are asked to state that the recent enormous number of additions to the upper lip in the Sergeants' Mess, have no connection with the price of shaving soap in this Country.

No longer is the smiling face of a certain Squadron Leader "Mac" seen mingling with the crowds in the "Piccadilly," and his cheerful personality is missed around Station Headquarters.



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The Parish Pump



By The Padre

Since the last number of "The Swift" went to press, we have had a visit on this Station from the Assistant Principal Chaplain (RAF) in Canada, W/C the Rev. J. Rossie Brown. Padre Rossie Brown was for twelve years chaplain to No. 602 Edinburgh Squadron, Turnhouse, and in this capacity happened to be the officiating minister at the funeral of the first German airman to be shot down over Britain in this war. He was a combatant in the last war, as Captain in the Royal Scots.

In addition to taking services on the Station and in the town, Padre Rossie Brown was the guest of honor at a Scots Dinner and Concert held in the Healy Hotel for members of the Station and their friends. The piping, singing and speeches on this occasion seemed to be much enjoyed by those present.

* *

Owing to the courtesy and kindness of the Mayor and Council of Swift Current, we are to have the loan for the duration of the war of a large bell to ring us to church. Works and Bricks are putting it up on a special tower for us. Workshops have completed a simple and dignified Cross of beautifully grained oak for the Station Church, and also a lectern.

* *

We have been very glad to welcome to the services the wives of some of the officers. A cordial invitation is extended to the wives and friends of officers and airmen to any of the Station services. As soloists in both Station and Hospital Services we have had the pleasure of having Mr. Herbert Purdy and Mrs. Ashford. All these, by contributing through their work or through their presence have helped to make the church the heart and centre of the Unit which it ought to be.

* *

On Wednesday evenings in the Chaplain's Office the Fellowship has been meeting to discuss some of the practical aspects of Christianity. For the first few meetings "Prayer" was the subject, and at the moment we are engaged in the study of an Outline of the Life of Christ. It may be in this connection that some discussion groups of more general scope would be welcomed on the Station—possibly one religious discussion group and another discussion group or Debating Society on Today's War and Tomorrow's Peace, or political, social or economic questions — or on any subject anyone likes. If so, please let the padre know; and whatever you do, prevent him from becoming like that other Scots minister, who was "invisible on weekdays, and incomprehensible on Sundays."

* *

And, by the way, was it on this Station or somewhere else that the recruit was heard to remark

Page Eight

to his pal that he was so glad to see there was a Chinese laundry on the Unit.

"What? Where did you get that idea?"

"Sure there is—I saw his sign out—'O.C. Wing'."

We have not got a Chinese laundry yet, but we'll soon have nearly everything else, from a church bell to a choir. If the attempt to start a choir is successful, there is no reason why it should not take up different types of music, secular as well as sacred, and work up to a really high standard under the leadership of F/O Dean. A similar venture at No. 37 S.F.T.S., Calgary, has proved very acceptable, not only to those who sing, but even to those who listen.

* *

Henry Luce, Editor of Life and Time, speaking in Toronto recently, said, "What the world needs is a new faith." In this connection it is interesting to note the effects of new faith, or of the old faith held with new intensity, in some of the conquered countries of Europe. Here are quotations from official information dated April 21st:

"Open Protest. Resistance in Europe to Nazidom is necessarily stifled. It works by sabotage, by underground newspapers, by whispers which run from mouth to mouth. There is only one force which is vocal, one force which can open its mouth and publicly denounce the system in plain words. That force is the Church."

"Patriarch Gavidilo, the head of the Church in Yugo-Slavia, was the principal force which led his country to stand up for their freedom. Since the Nazi occupation his fate is not known, but that he is prepared for it and will meet it with courage is implicit in words with which he rallied Yugo-Slavia: 'If God is with us what harm can humans do us? If we are meant to live let us live in unity and freedom. And if we are to die let us die for honour and freedom as our predecessors did'."

It makes you think

. If that is what faith means to men when they are up against it, perhaps we would do well to look into what faith can do for us before we are right up against it. Maybe training is how to live life, how to meet death, how to build freedom and maintain it, is as much a part of our training here as practice in flying or maintaining aircraft.

W.S.M.

* *

We have been sorry to lose the company and the services of our Roman Catholic Padre, H/F/Lt. N. Gallagher, who has been called to go as a full-time padre into the R.C.A.F. He was popular with the men, and an able and helpful colleague in all the work of the Station. We wish him the best of luck in his new sphere.

A TRIP TO SWIFT CURRENT

I didn't hail him—he merely pulled up and pushed the car door wide open. I accepted the hospitality his gesture suggested.

My benefactor was a large man with a growth of fungus adorning not only his upper lip but the greater part of his chubby face. To a stranger, this might have suggested an acute shortage of razor blades but to me heralded the approach of July 1st.

My destination was Swift Current and I considered one hour ample time, even in an old "T" type Ford.

After having travelled approximately 50 yards, my travelling companion suddenly pulled up and reversed furiously. Rather apprehensively "Anything wrong?" I queried. His reply mystified me. "One dead gopher" was all he said. For a time I was rather puzzled, but soon became enlightened as he conjured up a rifle from the intricate depths of his "jalopy" and carefully took aim through a convenient hole in his side window. As he pulled the trigger, I saw a puff of dust in the hedge and assumed another gopher had gone to join his ancestors. My host was jubilant and rightly concluded that such a superb piece of marksmanship merited a reward. It was at this point that his genius as a conjuror impressed itself upon me. His were not the "hammy" efforts of an amateur—there was no waving of hands or muttering of "prestos". But suddenly, in his hand appeared a bottle of Rye. We participated thirstily, and having made a generous inroad into the bottle, we again set off on our journey to town.

As we were approaching the Silver Fox Farm, another gopher appeared on the skyline. A gun appeared in my companion's hands in the twinkling

of an eye, and gopher No. 2 bit the dust. On this occasion, I watched carefully and with pleasure saw the Rye bottle appear from his hip pocket. We again paid tribute to his unerring aim, and once more set off on our journey.

From that point onwards, the same performance was repeated on four occasions, and accordingly, four more gophers were despatched to a better world. There were gophers all around us, some were large, some were small, some of them moored and some barked. One was heard to swear in true Canadian fashion. Towards the end of our journey, we saw an elephant flying and, accordingly, added him to our bag. A little later we saw a pilot, complete with helmet and parachute, walking towards the camp, but did not connect the incidents.

As I write, I am sitting in a little private bunk in the guardroom, and pondering upon the harshness of life and the injustice of the charges preferred against me of wilful damage to property and causing an aircraft to crash.

Of course, the charges are ridiculous and I am not worried. My alibi is cast-iron. I was out shooting gophers.

Moss.

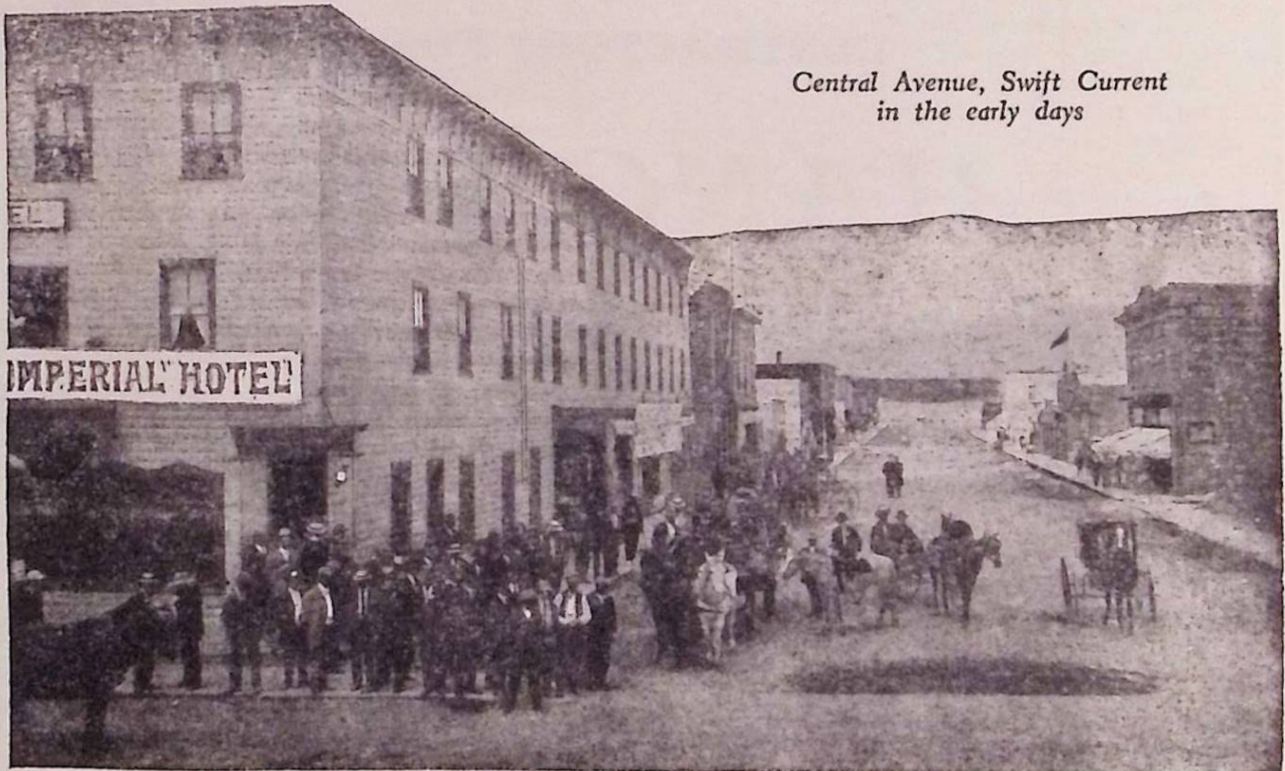
* * *

The other day "A" flight's ground crew were peacefully snoozing in the flight room when the timekeeper turned to one of the students and said: "Who is that girl walking across the tarmac?" And four fellows were hurt in the scramble.

* * *

Smokey (to Fire Fighter coming in late): "Where the h--- have you been?"

Joe: "Oh, I was just down at the canteen putting the fire out."



*Central Avenue, Swift Current
in the early days*

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SWIFT CURRENT, SASKATCHEWAN



EFFORTS AT ENTERTAINMENT

The Station Concert Party has been born, and, one might even say christened, but has, we hope, not yet grown up.

To date, it has produced two shows. The first, in its infancy, the second and very much better show, in its childhood; and, it is hoped that subsequent efforts will show as much improvement as the second Current Review did compared with the first.

Before passing on to the usual bouquets and compliments, which are always features of any article dealing with the realms of the theatre, one point is worthy of mention. The persons responsible cannot get away from the feeling that there is much hidden talent on this station, which, due to modesty, or, "because they have not been asked," has not come forward to help. In fact, one can say that "Never has so much work been done by so few for such a Hell of a lot." It is sincerely hoped, that in future, there will be more enthusiasm for the Concert Party, and, all who are willing to help, are cordially invited to join.

We were lucky, when the Concert Party was first

conceived, to enlist amongst us, Mrs. Verda Town, Mrs. Don Dennis and a covey of beauty, called the "Rainbowettes." Without them, it is doubtful if it would have ever been possible to have produced any form of entertainment, except a hackneyed version of "Journey's End."

Amongst the R.A.F. personnel who deserve special credit for their efforts, are P/O Watson, Stage Manager; AC Jones and Cpl. Williams, Producers of the Second Current Review, and W/O Mash, Producer of the First Current Review. The Station Band have been excellent in their work at the shows, and, it is only a pity that their time is so taken up that they are unable to rehearse more with us.

Finally, it is amusing to note how one's ideas must be altered when one goes Overseas. At home, one's ambition in producing a Concert Party was to get as near to the bone as possible without biting it. In our first Current Review, this technique failed, in that a Member of the Cast was misguided enough to appear in what he considered to be an excellent suggestion for the Local Maiden.

R.F.C.



The Match of the Season

By Onlooker

A feeling of benevolence having stolen over some would be camp mischief maker, the bright idea of the Officers playing the Sergeants at soccer smote this person unknown (who no doubt, thought it a good opportunity to get both parties to kick each other to death).

Accordingly, the match was arranged in aid of the Red Cross, to be played at Swift Current. (The dastardly instigator, no doubt, working on the maxim that "good might as well come out of evil").

Wednesday, 29th April was the date fixed for the big occasion, and although the match was not due to start until 1630 hours, at the crack of dawn, crowds began to queue up outside the popular ten cent entrance. By lunch time, the crowd at all turnstiles was so dense that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, mounted on their fine white chargers, had to be called in to quell rioting.

As the time of the kick-off drew near, the crowd began quickly to pour into the ground, to the musical click of the turnstiles, and when the officers' skipper led his team on to the ground, the place was packed to capacity, and you couldn't see to put your hand in your neighbour's pocket, to as much as borrow his "Sweet Caps."

Being the day before Pay-Day, the referee naturally had no coin to toss with, so he plucked a handful of grass (jokell!) and the Sergeants' Skipper, having as usual, chosen wrongly, kicked off. By this time, feeling was running high in the stands and wagering on the respective teams became brisk. Strictly against Air Force etiquette, one member of the Officers' side, put his shirt on the Officers before the match, and consequently, had to appear in a white one.

The game started briskly, with Ginger, the Sergeants left winger, ploughing heavily through fields of mud and making a bee-line for the Officers' goal. He was quickly trodden on by the Officers' large centre half, who cleared lustily up the field. A ding dong struggle ensued, and the "lively bouncing ball" bothered the Sergeants' goalie, who had difficulty in retrieving a high ball, when he smartly ankle tapped the Officers' centre forward, and bounced the ball on the springy turf. However, the situation was saved, as the Sergeants' players crowded round their goalie and trod smartly on the toes of the opposing forwards. Play swung to the other end of the field, and Brooks, the Sergeants' dark horse, smashed a crashing goal. This was the signal for renewed vigour on the part of the Officers, and a fierce "push and take" encounter ensued on the Officers left flank, between the Officers' fleet footed winger and the Sergeants big footed right back. For a time, the

large feet triumphed, until the winger, diving out of the sun, peppered the Sergeants' goalie with a rasping high shot. Shortly before half time, despite strenuous efforts and "petty" pushing by the Officers' backs, the Sergeants increased their lead to two nil.

Half time came with the score unchanged.

Lemons and glasses of champagne were quickly rushed on to the field to refresh the fatigued players, and the local fillies swarmed around the Sergeants goalie, admiring his canary yellow sweater, and seeking his autograph.

Much too soon for the players, the match was resumed and the Reds (Sergeants) pressed strongly. A timely movement, instigated by the Reds left half, soon brought the play to the Officers' goal, where the forwards came up against "stark" obstruction, in the form of the Officers' goalie, who was playing a death or glory game. By dint of much swallow diving amidst numerous tangles of legs, this superhuman rock maintained the Blues' goal intact, until owing to a misunderstanding between the Reds forwards, the Blues backs were bamboozled, and the ball found itself once again in the Officers' net.

Three down and twenty minutes to go!—The Officers' left winger, now despairing for his shirt, put in some real shovelling work on the left flank, only to see a Court of Inquiry held on each of his centres, as to who should place the ball in the net. Whilst the debate continued, the Sergeants' left back, using his colossal length of leg to nifty advantage, hurtled through space and saved the situation. The ball was swung out to the Reds right winger, on the baby line, and a very pretty touch by the Blues' left back resulted in a much debated penalty being awarded. The penalty was smartly converted by the unfortunate victim of this dastardly piece of work, but anxiety was at this time felt for a certain Flight Lieutenant on the Officers' touch line, who appeared to be having an apoplectic fit, turning a deep bluey red in the face, and mumbling something about "Linesmanoffsidefoulshuntabinapenalty."

However, as time pressed, the referee decided to carry on, and play became fiercer. A forceful movement by Ginger, who was fast recovering from his first half mud immersion, resulted in yet another goal for the Sergeants. The Blues put in some strenuous work, and did everything but score, taking the ball right up to the Reds goalie, and with the maxim "Toujours la politesse" in mind, handed it on a plate to the Canary clad goalie.

The Blues' left winger enraged by the plot to rob him of his shirt, sat on the ground and hungrily devoured handfuls of the fresh green grass.

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For a time, Blues were definitely on top, but a slight disturbance was occasioned when a certain Blue player, attempting to obtain six for a lost ball, trod on it and buried it under the earthy sod.

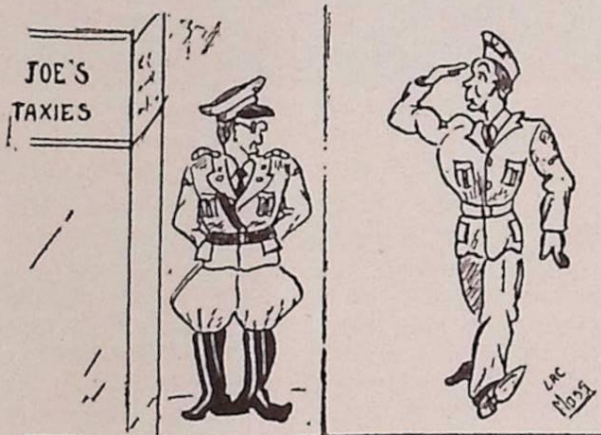
From a breakaway, the ball swung to "Getagrip" Brookes, who rammed the ball home to give the Sergeants a clear six goal lead.

Despite frantic efforts by the Officers, the score remained the same when the eagerly awaited final whistle blew.

At this point, we feel we must congratulate the Sergeants' goalie on keeping his beautiful canary yellow jumper spotlessly clean, but must regretfully decline to allow him to loan it to ALMA, in her quest to become "Swift Current Sweater Girl No.1."

After the match, the magnificent Red Cross Trophy, presented by Workshops, was presented to the winning team, with all due ceremony, and both sides retired (the Sergeants on foot) to the Legion, to quench their thirsts and to prepare themselves for a night of revelry in the Gay City of Swift Current.

ONLOOKER



"Down Periscope—Go Deep"

Have you ever thought what life in a submarine is like?—Here is a description from a BBC talk by Commander Anthony Kimmins:

"At the flick of the captain's fingers, the periscope stops dead with its top lens just clear of the surface. A quick glance round for aircraft and then he searches the horizon. As he concentrates on Green 20 he clasps the two handles just a little tighter. His back suddenly stiffens. Yes, there it is—smoke on the horizon. That's all he wants to know for the moment, and he's not going to stay up a second longer than necessary. 'Down periscope, 50 feet.' For a moment the captain considers his plan, and glances at the compass. His hand reaches out to a buzzer. 'Action stations.'

" . . . The leading destroyers are now drawing near. The captain decides to dive underneath and get a close shot on the important targets—the transports. A distant rumble heralds the approach of the destroyers—it grows louder and louder, until, with a deafening din, like the roar of an express train, their propellers go racing overhead.

"The moment he's clear of the enemy destroyers' screen, the captain gives the familiar sign. Back swings the depth needle 80, 70, 60, 50 . . . His periscope set at the firing angle, he waits for the target to come into view. As it passes the centre wire . . . 'Stand by . . . Fire one.' A fraction's pause, and then a slight joul of recoil as a torpedo leaves the tube. 'Fire two . . . Fire three.' There's no hesitation about his next order . . . Down periscope—go deep'."

* *

Miss Johnson, you are my secretary, and I can't spend all my time adjusting your bloomers.

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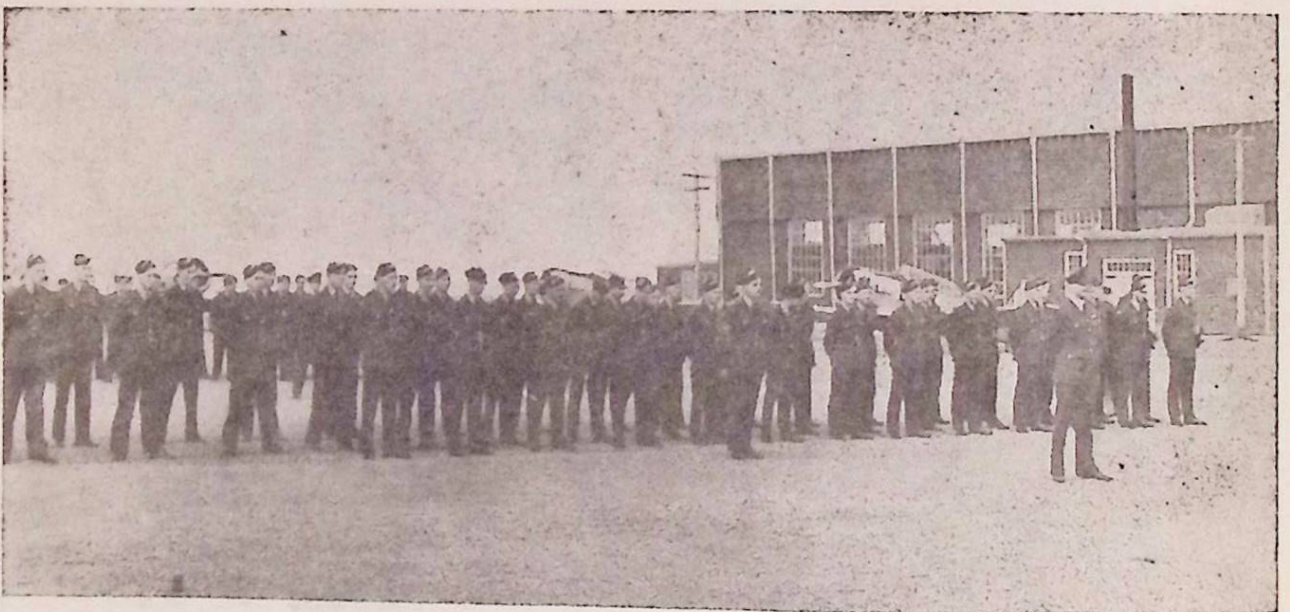
J. M. BELL

P. O. Box 975

Swift Current



The Commanding Officer, Wing Commander J. H. Slater, A.F.C., taking the salute at the Wings Parade of No. 36 Course.



No. 36 Course, Wings Parade

TOPSY TURVY FORCES

Going down to a BBC canteen for a cup of coffee the other day was a man in the smoke-blue uniform of the Royal Air Force—he was a soldier. At the next table when he sat down was another man in the khaki of the Army—he was a flying man. These two men, brought in by producers to talk on the air of their work, are a delightful example of the topsy-turvy results of total war.

Page Fourteen

The man in the Air Force uniform had the shoulder flash "R.A.F. Regiment," meaning that special regiment that has been, so to speak, leased and lent by the Army to the R.A.F. for the purpose of guarding aerodromes. The man in khaki bore on his shoulder a maroon coloured flash with a light blue Pegasus and the words "Airborne." He was a member of the new unit of the Army which has been trained to invade in troop-carrying planes and gliders.

FITTING AN AIRSCREW TO A HARVARD

This is a very precarious operation and may only be indulged in by the cream of hanger dim-wits. To carry this operation through, the following essentials are required:

1. A Harvard aircraft—minus "prop."
2. A "prop"—preferably a good one, but if the person performing operation has not fitted one before, a damaged one should be used until necessary proficiency is attained.
3. A tool box (containing hammer, chisel and screw-driver).
4. Three hefty "hoppoes."
5. One hanger sweeper.

Of all these essentials, No. 5 is probably the most important, as he is the only person fully initiated into this delicate art.

Having obtained all the necessary essentials described above, it is now necessary to procure an N.C.O. "dim" enough to sign for the job and carry any "babies" that may be born as a result of the concerted efforts of the "gang."

Firstly, the shaft must be tested for conforming to regulations. If there is any discrepancy, straighten with hammer and chisel. Next, stand hanger sweeper on tool box, and instruct "hoppoes," three in number, to life "prop." Direct their efforts to put "bung in hole." If, after fifteen minutes, it is found they are not tall enough, instruct "hoppoes" to drop airscrew and fetch a ladder or two. After fetching these items, should hanger sweeper have become entangled with "prop" and pinned to tool box, remove hanger sweeper from prop and stand him on tool box again. At this point, all traces of blood should be wiped from "prop" to avoid upsetting pilot's stomach. Having placed ladders in correct position, "hoppoes" should next be instructed to life airscrew again, climb ladders and hand to hanger sweeper. Should ladders slip during this operation and again place "prop" around hanger sweeper's neck, remove hanger sweeper from "prop" once again and curse hoppoes, at the same time remonstrate with hanger sweeper about moving. Again wipe blood off "prop." Instruct "hoppoes" to pick up airscrew again and proceed up ladders, having placed hanger sweeper on tool box again. If it is thought possible, hanger sweeper not too secure, place a small piece of chewing gum under the sole of each boot to secure him to tool box. If hanger sweeper is fortunate enough to find hole at next attempt, instruct him to tighten airscrew. It is preferable to use a spanner for this, but if no spanner available, hammer and chisel is just as effective, and in addition, makes pretty pattern on airscrew. Next requirements are split pins. Curved split pins are required—straight ones being useless, as holes are not near enough to one another. If curved split pins are not available, two courses are left open:

- (i) Tie "prop" on with string. This is effective, but has the disadvantage of some Flight wallah possibly requiring string for laundry, and thus defeating object.

- (ii) Make fresh holes to take straight split pins. This operation can be performed in two ways, i.e. to use a stock and drill; this being the approved way, or to use a hammer and nail. The latter method is easier and makes a larger hole.

Having overcome this difficulty and locked "prop," dismiss three hefty "hoppoes," and return hanger sweeper to latrines to carry on with his work. Proceed to Office, throw out chest and inform Flight Sergeant that airscrew has been fitted fair and square on Harvard A.P. 797.

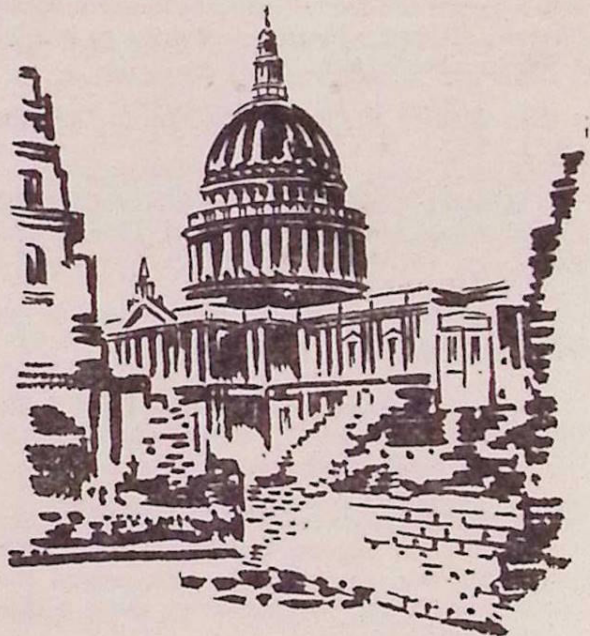
After Flight Sergeant has been carried away in a straight jacket, upon throwing three rapid fits and bites pieces out of office desk, and tearing large handfuls from his hair, you, being somewhat bewildered by this display of emotion, enquire of nearest corporal, reason for this untimely exhibition, and are hereupon informed upon numerous points in your past career which had escaped you, and given a rough summary of your future career in the Royal Air Force. You add several hitherto unheard words to your vocabulary and are finally informed that the something something airscrew should have been fitted to the something something aircraft numbered A.J. 779 not A.J. 797.

H.W.L.

GIVE R.C.A.F. \$50,000

A cheque for \$50,000 was presented to the R.C.A.F. recently as a result of a "gold-digging" campaign unique in the history of Canada. The money will buy two fighters to be flown by Canadian Airmen, and they will be named "Golden Aircraft of Canadian Pacific Employees."

After the launching of the Golden Aircraft Fund by C.P.R. employees, gold watch cases, bracelets, signet rings, locketts and other articles of gold, many valued keepsakes, flowed in to swell the fund. The jewelry was converted into ingots, or sold for its highest value.



THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Who is the Warrant Officer who is under the impression that all dogs arriving on Camp have to report immediately to the Senior Medical Officer for F.F.I. ? ?

Who is the Senior N.C.O. who sits in a certain cafe in Swift Current until 0100 hours daily—and why ? ?

Why do the 'erks cheer when a certain Warrant Officer bites the dust on the Football Field ? ?

Does a certain "airworthy" and his confrere think their exchanges on the stairs of a certain Hotel in Town, really provide an effective "blind"?

Does "Lammie" sleep longer—and better now—and why?

Is there any truth in the murmurings we hear concerning the escapades of a certain Senior Officer at Cadillac—and did the young couples at the supper table have red necks—and why?

Who is the "red-head" who recently returned to Camp at 0500 hours one beautiful morning in May, and after snatching a bare one hour's sleep, dived out of bed in a "flap", thinking he had overslept, and for the first time on record, was first in to breakfast?

Who is the "retiring" Warrant Officer who always retires early from Swift Current Dances—and with whom does he retire—and where?

Who is the Gopher expert who shot a duck by mistake—and who carried it back to Camp?

Has a certain luscious choir girl anything to do with a certain member of the Cook-House suddenly becoming imbued with an ardent desire to become a regular church-goer?

Who allowed the Bread Machine to "get the grip"?

Who is the "Store Basher" who is afraid to let his girl friend out of his sight at Dances—and why?

Who is the optimist who recently put in an application for a posting "overseas"?

Who was the President of a recent Local Trade Test Board, who endorsed a certain airman's Form 167 "Passed—jolly good show"?

Is it true that a certain Football Team on the Station carry out rigorous training in the Legion every night—and can often be seen around the country lanes in the early mornings, doing a spot of "road-work"?

Page Sixteen

Why do the 'erks at soccer matches on the Station always turn out in huge numbers to give the Sergeants' team the bird—and aren't our Sergeants beloved by all?

When are the peas in the Cook-House soup going to be changed.

Is the original "Coca-Cola" thriving on his own medicine—and does his "traynor" think it suits him?

Is the young master of the remarkable male dog—(dam—collic; sire—unknown) to receive any decoration as the owner of the first male dog in Canada to produce a litter?



Ken Goldie Takes a Bride

HOWLERS

The Black Prince was the son of Old King Cole.
A blizzard is the inside of a chicken.

Barbarians are things put in bicycle wheels to make them run smoothly.

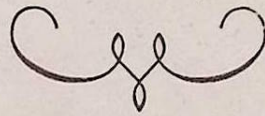
Soviet is a name given to the cloth used by waiters in a hotel.

No, a grass widow is not necessarily green.

P.S.I. stands for Pour and Scatter Indiscriminately.

CHRISTIE GRANTS

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The Station Boxing Team

BOXING NOTES

After much labour and time being spent in advertising the boxing match, 39 S.F.T.S. versus 33 E.F.T.S., was staged on Thursday 23rd April, 1942, it was very gratifying to see such a good attendance.

The citizens of Swift Current, both male and female, were very much in evidence.

I made it my business to ask a number of them their opinion, and in every case, it was unanimous that a very enjoyable evening had been spent and that each fight had been very interesting and entertaining.

The drill shed was transformed from a bare four walled building into something resembling Blackfriars Ring (we hope).

The lights go down, on come the arc lights and into the ring steps our Station Warrant Officer who, in stentorian voice, in that capable way of his, proceeds to announce the first fight.

It would be unfair to pick out any individual, inasmuch as both teams put up a jolly good show at boxing and fighting.

The competitors and organizers are to be heartily congratulated on providing a good night's entertainment. A special mention should be made of the hard work put in by Sgt. Bartlett. May there be many more such fights.

An analysis of the programme was as follows:

Featherweight—Sgt. Hind, 39 S.F.T.S. v Sgt. Dearie, 33 E.F.T.S.—Home win.

A.C. Grey, 39 S.F.T.S. v LAC Trousdale, 32 E.F.T.S.—Visiting win.

Lightweight—AC. Churchill, 39 S.F.T.S. v LAC. Baines, 33 E.F.T.S.—Visiting win.
P/O McCloud, 39 S.F.T.S. v LAC Horrocks, 33 E.F.T.S.—Home win.

Special Contest—AC. Orr, 39 S.F.T.S. (Canada) v AC. Nichol, Moose Jaw. — Win for AC. Nichol.

Bantamweight—AC. Wilkie v AC Hughes, Moose Jaw.—Win for AC. Hughes.

Welterweight—AC. Smith, 39 S.F.T.S. v Cpl. Frankland, 33 E.F.T.S.—Home win.
AC. Cowan, 39 S.F.T.S. v AC. Sparrow, Moose Jaw.—Win for Cowan.

Catchweight—AC. Shields, 39 S.F.T.S., should have fought LAC. Kelly. Kelly did not arrive, 2 points awarded to AC. Shields.

Middleweight—AC. Grant, 39 S.F.T.S. v LAC. Donald, 33 E.F.T.S.—Visiting win.

Light Heavyweight—AC. Webb, 39 S.F.T.S. v LAC. Louch, 39 S.F.T.S.—Win for LAC. Louch.

Special International Contest—LAC. Byrne, Ireland v LAC. Sveceny, Czechoslovakia.—Win for Byrne.

Light Heavyweight—LAC. Dickson, 39 S.F.T.S. v LAC. Foreman, 33 E.F.T.S.—Home win.

Heavyweight—AC. McGranham, 39 S.F.T.S. v LAC. Warburton, 33 E.F.T.S.—Visiting win.

Points were awarded as follows, 2 points for winner, 1 for loser.

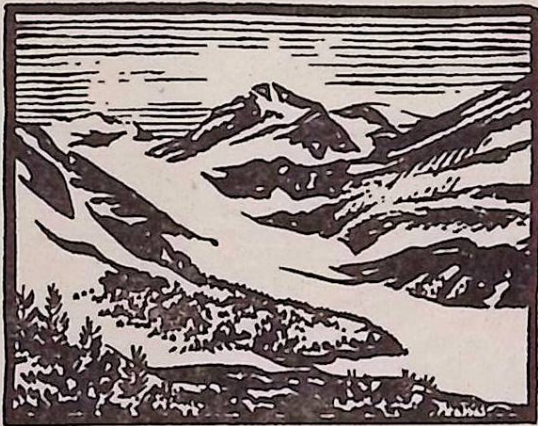
As will be noticed, 39 S.F.T.S. won by 14 points to 12, so carrying off the trophy, a cup given by Messrs. Eilers, Jewelers, Swift Current.

This initial success should be a great encouragement to the competitors of 39 S.F.T.S.

Miniature cups were presented by the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander J. H. Slater, A.F.C., after a short speech to the spectators and congratulatory words to the contestants.

In concluding, I should like to ask all who are interested in boxing to come forward and give their names to the Station Warrant Officer or Sgt. Bartlett, thereby ensuring that 39 S.F.T.S. will have a boxing team to be proud of.

J.G.S.



Cafe ELITE

THE BETTER PLACE

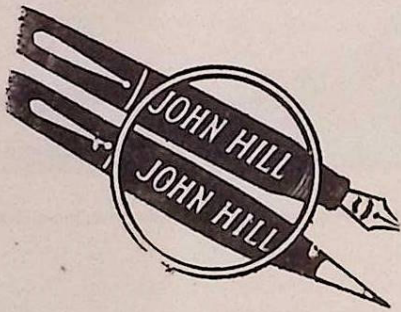
TO EAT

"They're Not Tough Enough"

(From a BBC Talk)

"D'you remember that school teacher in Marseilles who said 'I don't even use the Vichy newspapers to wrap my boots in. They're not tough enough?'"

We wonder if other uses have occurred to her.



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- ★ Pens and Pencils
- ★ Playing Cards
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Or, if you are planning to make a presentation to a member of your squadron, why not personalize the gift with the recipients' name or initials? He'll appreciate it that much more!

Full particulars available in our Advertising Dept. in the Basement Store.



A Most FRIENDLY Shopping Place!

THE GENTLE ART OF GOPHER-SHOOTING

With the advent of longer evenings, the hobby of gopher-shooting has become increasingly popular with the inmates of No. 39, until it can be said, in no spirit of exaggeration, that, apart from the gophers, no airman's life is worth a moment's purchase beyond the gates of the camp.

It must be admitted, however, that this latest craze has much that is commendable, and even the gophers look forward to the evening's entertainment. The latter have quickly realized, by some means of animal intuition, that they are "in baulk" so to speak, within a mile of the camp, and gambol freely within the protected zone with studied insolence. The long tramp over the prairie in search of prey, heroically endured by airmen, who would complain bitterly of a short route-march in ordinary circumstances, only goes to prove the gibe that you can persuade an Englishman into any kind of foolishness, as long as you convince him that it is in the nature of Sport.

There are many points in connection with gopher-shooting which the amateur should bear in mind. Firstly, it is unwise to stalk straight ahead with the eyes fixed to the front. From time to time, a quick "about-face" is recommended, as it is quite frequent for the local gophers, entering into the spirit of the game with commendable zeal, to stalk an unwary marksman for miles, tripping blithely three yards in the rear in the manner of a Disney cartoon.

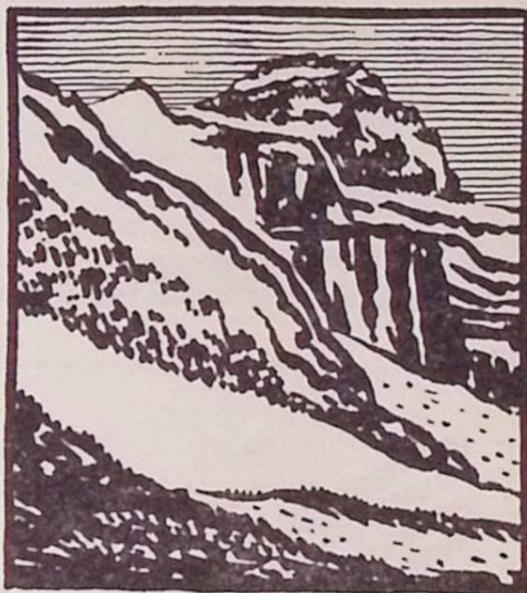
Secondly, never shoot if the gopher is more than ten yards away. In the first place it is a waste of ammunition, and secondly, the gophers think it bad form, as to escape unscathed from shots at a greater distance, gives them no prestige at all amongst their fellows. At the same time, the example of the airman the other evening, who exasperated at his abortive attempts to secure his quarry by means of the gun, was found trying to burrow his way into a gopher-hole in a praiseworthy but misguided attempt to "bring 'em back alive," should not be encouraged. No man can look dignified with his head in the ground and his rear all at sixes and sevens, and the gopher, possessing really fine instincts for the subtleties of the game, is not unnaturally offended by such spectacles.

Further amusement can be obtained by refusing to fire at all if the immediate vicinity is clear. Always delay the shots until several more of your fellow- marksmen are within range. To hear bullets whistling over one's head, what time you are trying to sight a gopher who ducks at the psychological moment to share the joke with his friends, adds considerably to the zest of the evening. In this way, the thrill of the hunter and hunted can be shared simultaneously.

A word of warning should also be issued to the effect that there is other "game" on the prairie which, no matter what the temptation may be, should be left severely alone. This variety of game, consisting of airmen taking sweet counsel with the local damsels, must of necessity increase as the

summer extends, but generally speaking, when this occasion arises, the airman will gaze resolutely away no matter how distracting the view in the opposite direction may be. Exceptional circumstances may, of course, occur where no general rule can apply. For instance, should an airman discover his best girl in the company of another airman, and in circumstances leading him to believe that the plebiscite was not the topic of conversation (if any), he may be permitted to take necessary action and await a jury's decision.

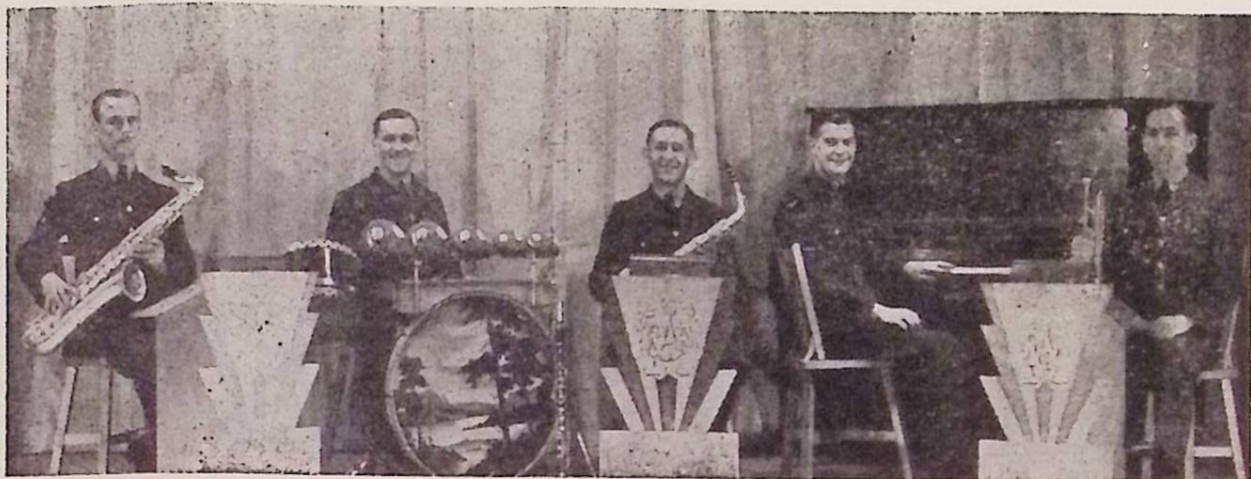
In conclusion, it was pleasant to observe that while official notices stated that all guns and ammunition must be left in the Armoury, this was counter-acted by a notice which is (or was?) displayed in the Armoury itself—"No Ammunition To Be Left Here." This adds that little "Fred Karno" touch without which, life in the R.A.F. would be so barren.
Cpl. B. Blakeley.



SISTERS ROOM

NO PLACE FOR
COURTIN'





STATION DANCE BAND

We must first tender our apologies to the Band for omitting all reference to them in the first edition of this magazine. The cause is still obscure although several excuses have been offered. We are determined that there shall be no repetition in the future and ask that we may be forgiven—Our Humble Apologies, Band.

It is only fair that the good these chaps have done in the past five months should not be forgotten, for without their efforts, coupled with those of the concert party, there would have been little or no entertainment existent on the station. The present members of our somewhat small concern have really done wonders, for besides forming the original dance band, they have established a good name for themselves both in Camp and Swift Current. With continued co-operation and push they can still go ahead and gain further laurels. Our Heartfelt Congratulations to every member—Keep up the good work Boys, your efforts will still bear forth fruit.

Exactly how the band came to be born, the writer has no knowledge, but the desire to form such an organization has always been uppermost in his mind. Nevertheless we were fortunate enough to have at least five energetic and enthusiastic musicians on the strength when the station opened, and after a series of meetings at which a lot was said and little was done, there emerged the nucleus of the Station Dance Band.

Its infancy has been full of "ups and downs" and on more than one occasion, due to things being taken for granted they have felt like "laying down their tools"; but gentle persuasion and grim determination have prevented such a calamity and the Band to-day continues to function as a body.

Results soon appeared, for besides playing at the Officer's, Sergeant's, and Airmen's Mess dances every month, an agreement with "The Oddfellows" was concluded, enabling them to play twice weekly in the City. Weeks passed in this fashion and then by kind permission of the Commanding Officer, the R.A.F. took control of the dances at "the Oddfellows." So far these have proved to be successful, but there is a growing tendency for

attendances to wane on Monday nights. All personnel are reminded that these dances are being organised for the benefit of the station as a whole, and if the attendances increase in the future, there are many suggestions to be put into operation to increase the popularity of these engagements.

The present members of the Band include Cpl. Ratcliffe (Alto Sax and Leader), Flt./Sgt. Donne (Tenor Sax), LAC. Newton (Trumpet), LAC. Carr (Piano), and LAC. MacDonald (Drums). Vacancies are few on account of the limited supply of instruments, but those who are interested and wish to join should contact one of the members or the Officer I/C Band.

Now you chaps—it's up to you. The Band are doing their share, and doing it magnificently too—so don't be slow—come along and support your fellow comrades.

L.W.M.
A.H.



Saluting

A considerable waste of paper takes place nowadays in the newspapers, and even in official Service publications, on the subject of saluting. Few take any note of the historical origin of the practice, which puts it on a very different level from the manner in which it is usually regarded. So note how the practice originated and see if it doesn't, to some extent, change your attitude towards the matter.

In the Middle Ages, Knights, Barons, etc., dressed in chilly looking suits of tin plate, on meeting each other (if they were not intent on adding to the string of notches cut in their lances, etc.) had a standard form of recognizing each other. They would raise the visor which protected the face, with the thumb of the right hand, turning the palm to the front. This enabled them to see the face for recognition purposes, and the open palm was proof that there was no missile in the hand which could be thrown.

Thus the origin of the actual saluting action is one of complete friendliness. Has it ever struck you like that?

The origin of the practice of turning the eyes towards the person saluted; i.e., eyes right and eyes left, comes from the mediæval recognition of fraternity between fighting men. Whilst the ordinary peasant, villian, or serf was compelled to pass any Knight, or other sheet metal suited gentleman, with his eyes on the ground, as a sign of servility, the rank and file of man of arms had the right to look the Knight straight in the eyes, as a form of recognition that both were fighting men.

Thus the salute is a signal of recognition between one Service man and another, and is not so much an imposition as a right, possessed only by serving men. For instance, if a civilian were to salute somebody whom you have to salute, do you think he would waste elbow effort to return the salute? Not very likely! His arm gets tired enough returning salutes of those with whom he serves, without adding anything extra.

And, as a further reminder, there is nobody in the Air Force in this country who does not have to salute somebody. And if you don't believe us, watch the Chief of the Air Staff meeting the Governor General.

Of course, saluting is also a matter of discipline and, frankly, we can't help thinking that if any member of the Service, either Officer or Airman, is incapable of complying with so simple an order as that regarding saluting, he is unlikely to be at all trustworthy where it comes to carrying out a more important or more difficult order. And your friends, particularly your civilian friends, are hardly likely to regard you as a smart member of the Service if you fail to salute or only give a very sloppy one.

Page Twenty-two

Aunt Hertie's Corner

Dear "Embarassed,"

I am sorry to hear of your dilemma, and I'm afraid there is not a great deal you can do about it. Perhaps your best plan would be to ensure that the side window is always left open during your visits, then if hubby pops in unexpectedly, you, being an able sort of chappie, can nip smartly through it. Another point you should watch is hubby's tap at the front door and dash round to the back. This has been effective in some cases, so you are warned. An alternative suggestion, of course, is to choose a single girl.

Dear "Lammie,"

I feel strongly for you on this question of barracking. It is very difficult to prevent this sort of thing, but perhaps if you were to adopt less robust tactics, the crowd might be inclined to treat you more kindly.

Dear "Georgie,"

It certainly is a trying position for you if your girl friend will not allow you to come back to Camp until 0400 hours. Perhaps if you pointed out your difficulty to your Section Officer, he might allow you to snatch a couple of hours' sleep in the afternoon.

In reply to para. 2 of your letter, I am given to understand that "egg-noggs" are very sustaining.

Dear "Grippe,"

I appreciate how embarrassing it must be for you to have your young lady calling for you at the Camp in her car. There would appear to be two courses open to you: (i) To get your girl to sell her car (ii) To arrange to meet her at a more secluded spot. The former suggestion, of course, would entail the forfeiture of certain advantages which a car has, so on the whole perhaps, the second suggestion is the better one.

Dear "Home-Wrecker,"

I feel sympathetically for you on the points mentioned in your letter. Perhaps it would be as well if you got "lit-up" away from your "home" if you have smashing tendencies, and then you would not become an object of criticism by your "brothers."

Dear "Squaddy,"

I agree with you—it was a nasty crack about you in our last issue. However, even the most unblemished lives occasionally come under the focus of our news seeking "gen men."

Auntie Herte regrets, that owing to space limitations, she is unable to publish replies to all this month's letters, but the remainder will be answered privately.



Ur-r-r-r-r

Radio Teams Up With the R.A.F.

The BBC's service for the occupied countries of Europe is constantly developing new angles. Now that the V army has been formed and trained, so to speak, the mysterious radio personality Colonel Britton is already able to use it as a fighting force. For some time past his broadcasts to Europe especially to Western Europe, have been tied up with the plans of the Royal Air Force. Shortly after the bombing of the Renault works in Paris, for instance, Colonel Britton said: "I repeat, don't work in these factories or these mines unless you're given proper protection against bombs. We must attack targets such as these, and the Royal Air Force will be dropping many bombs. Keep out of the way. I mean this most seriously. Don't just put a sandbag in front of your door. The bombs we drop now are really big bombs and home-made shelters won't protect you. Either get right away into the country, or demand proper air raid shelter. In Germany itself the Nazis provide good air raid shelters. They have them in Essen for instance, and you ought to have them too."

"Otherwise," he repeated, "Get away from those factories. Get away into the country."

The effectiveness of this co-operation between the BBC and the R.A.F. is shown by the innumerable little details which somehow succeed in passing the German frontiers and reaching Broadcasting House. A speaker in the BBC Radio News-reel, for instance, was able to say that time and time again the French workers in the factories that are working for Germany have asked why the British do not attack them. When Frenchmen were unfortunately killed in the British rail on Billancourt, the French were not shaken in their attitude, for a few days later the R.A.F. made a daylight raid on Poissy, and the pilots, flying low, could plainly see French people waving them on to their objectives.

One of the secret French newspapers "La Voix du Nord" writes: "The irrefutable fact is that the

English, to win the war, are obliged to bomb all factories working for the Germans. . . . Every factory working for the German war machine is a fair target for English bombs."

But the most telling revelations come from the Germans themselves. The German controlled press in France disclosed that many Frenchmen publicly applauded the raid on the Renault Factory. The "Paris Midi" rebuked the "fanatics who cheered during the raid," while the "Petit Parisienne" reported the statement of a Frenchman who wrote: "I cheered all the explosions as they grew stronger. I wish there had been more. That there are victims cannot be helped."



"UTTER ROTTERS" CRIES LADY BLITZ AIR FORCE BLINKS

Innocent and peaceful as the day is long, and blissfully minding their own business, the flight lieutenant and pilot officer were chatting in the apartment hall outside their respective doors. At home and informal in their shirt sleeves, they discussed the weather, the evils of drink and what-have-you.

Suddenly a female blitzkreig, slightly ancient and sodden, and apparently with two senior army officers who suddenly appeared in the mall, swept in to disrupt the peace and calm. She spotted the two home-loving, shirt-sleeved men and her eyes, slightly bleary, blazed with indignation.

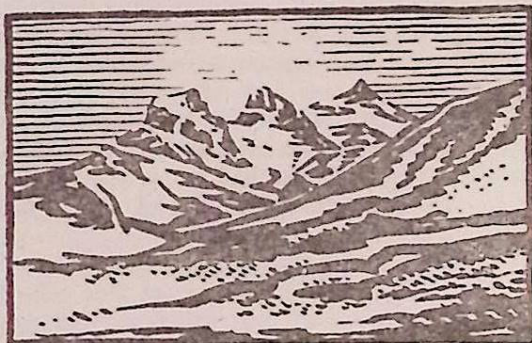
"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," she screamed, enveloping herself closer in a mid-Victorian evening wrap. "Why aren't you in khaki?"

The two air force officers choked, then the flight lieutenant decided he'd spike that howitzer then and there, and retired to his apartment. He returned with his tunic, wings and bands clearly visible. Without a word, he showed her the tunic in all its glory.

"Ah," she cried, undismayed, "the air force—the drunken rotters."

The officers chuckled as the army led her away. But even at the door, she turned around again, and screamed at the top of her voice, "utter rotters."

The air force officers returned to their ovaltine.





Atlantic Crossing

HIGH JINKS AT NIGHT

By Keepum Appy

"Brr-brr-brr" went the telephone.

L.A.C. Slowcoach the duty operator turned wearily on one side, noticed that the clock said 01.30, and climbed out of bed to the switchboard "Airport", said he, yawning lazily. "I've been calling for ten minutes," said a voice, "Give me the guard room." "Very good, Sir, hold the line please."

"Brr. . .brr. . .brr. . ." Corporal Hitemard stirred uneasily in his sleep, and nearly rolled off his stool; his head slid off his arms, where it was snugly pillowed and hit the desk, bruising both. "Main guard room; Corporal Hitemard speaking." "There's an outside call for you, Corporal, hold the line a minute please. You're through. Go ahead."

"Is that the main guard room?" "Yes speaking." "I want the Sergeant in charge, and get him quickly." The voice was imperious, not to be denied.

Sgt. Wideawake was fast asleep; his feet were hanging out of one side of the bed, his head was hanging out of the other his breathing was laboured and stertorous. He had had a few, and was having a few more in retrospect. It took a little time to wake him.

"Sgt. Wideawake speaking. Who is it please?" "Are you the sergeant in charge of the police?" "YES, SIR." (The voice was imperious and commanded respect). "Then get me the orderly officer at once." "But, Sir, he's in the Officer's Mess,

not in the guard room. You could have had him much sooner if you had asked for him at first." "Get him at once and don't argue." There was a snap in the voice and Sgt. Wideawake obeyed.

Brr. . .brr. . .brr. . . "Exchange, put this call through to the orderly officer please." "Very good Sergeant."

"Brr. . .brr. . .brr. . ." The orderly officer stirred sleepily, reached out a grabbing hand, seized first an empty beer bottle, then an alarm clock which promptly started going off, then a photograph of a girl in Swift Current, then a photograph of a girl in Aberdeen, and at last the telephone. "Orderly Officer speaking. Who the hell wants me this time of night?" "Sorry Sir; it's the exchange calling; it's an outside call, and he seems to be having a grand time going all round the station; hold the line please you're through; go ahead please Sir!"

"Hallo, Orderly Officer speaking. Who is it?" "Is that the orderly officer. Oh, put me through at once to the Commanding Officer." "Well, why didn't you ask at once for him instead of bothering the guard room and then me? What's the idea at this time of night, and who are you?" "Now then young fellow, put me through at once and don't start getting cheeky." The voice was curt and angry, full of power; it must surely be a Wing Commander or a Group Captain or some bird of rarer plumage. The orderly officer obeyed.

"Brr. . .brr. . .brr. . ." It is the privilege of Commanding Officers to sleep, and forsooth to

sleep right soundly. And verily and in truth this here commanding officer was sleeping exceedingly sound and very deep. And so it befell on this wise, that as he slept and dreamt that he wandered pleasantly and at will along the lovely lanes of B . . . hand linked pleasantly in hand with a fayre ladye he heard the ringing of a bell. And ever and anon the bell rang again and yet again, and waxed louder and more insistent, until the pleasant vision faded from his eyes, and he was in B . . . no more, but was in his bed in the Group Captain's quarters and the telephone was ringing furiously.

So anon, and with dire grief of spirit and body alike, he hied him out of this same soft, warm, service bed and gat him to the telephone, whispering "A murrain be on the head of him who ventures to disturb a Group Captain at 02.00."

"Commanding Officer speaking. Who is it? "Is that the Group Captain himself?" "Yes. Who is it? What do you want?" "I've just called up your telephone exchange, then your service police, including the sergeant in charge, then the orderly officer, and finally you. I should like to tell you that they were all fast asleep and it took a long while to wake each one of them up. but they were all on the job and I consider it very creditable. Now you can sleep in peace again."

"Well I'll be d . . . d" thought the Group Captain. "Who are you?" said he. The voice was austere and stern. "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Question me no more." The receiver was clamped down and the mysterious caller was gone.

* * *

A.C.2 Snooks had fallen asleep outside the telephone booth waiting for A.C.2 Longnose who was inside. At last he came out. "My, you had a long talk with her didn't you." "Not arf, I didn't. She was in a good mood tonight, and boy did we have fun. Ain't it late. Good job we've got a sleeping out pass for tonight. Lets hit the trail for bed." No one would have recognized the voice. He had lapsed into the vernacular again.

BOSTON CAFE

**The best
Steaks in town**

TEN LITTLE MESSERSCHMITTS

Ten little Messerschmitts flying in a line:
Swooped on a convoy; and then there were nine.
Nine little Messerschmitts with pilots full of hate:
Machine-gunned a battleship, and then there were eight.

Eight little Messerschmitts diving from heaven:
Ran into Ack-Ack, and then there were seven.
Seven little Messerschmitts got up to some tricks:
One met a Spitfire and then there were six.
Six little Messerschmitts went into a dive:
Down through balloon barrage, and then there were five.

Five little Messerschmitts feeling rather sore:
Up popped a Hurricane and then there were four.
Four little Messerschmitts out on a spree:
Didn't see the Hudson, and then there were three.
Three little Messerschmitts feeling very blue:
Found Radio Location; and then there were two.
Two little Messerschmitts diving from the sun:
Met a Defiant; then there was one.
One little Messerschmitt, looking rather sad:
Tried to cross the Channel, then the one was nabbed.

No little Messerschmitts, Dr. Goebbels learned:
Out went the bulletin: "All of Ours Returned!"



THE JITTER BUG

This particular species is very commonly found in this part of Canada. Although capable of causing a great deal of irritation, it is not closely connected to the smaller, brown species found in hot climates.

It lives mostly in crowded Dance Halls and usually selects a quiet corner in which to operate.

The best and most expedient method of dealing with this virile specimen is to tread on it. The jitter bug is apt to breed very quickly once it gets a firm foot-hold, and consequently, should be exterminated at birth.

In cases where it has been allowed to spread, the most noticeable effects have been a reddening of the ankle joints and shin bones of it's victims. At a recent Sergeant's Mess Dance, a particularly virile specimen was noticed in the centre of the Dance Floor, but fortunately, it was effectively dealt with before a great deal of irritation had been caused.

A.G.C.

Page Twenty-five

UN-NATURAL SCIENCE

Jottings from our note book by Professors Dilly and Dash

1. NORTHERN LIGHTS. . . Aurora Borealis

A radiation phenomenon. . . northern latitudes. . . streams of cosmic dust of electronic magnitude impinge on terrestrial magnetic S. Pole (geographical North Pole) incandescing during oblique transit through polar atmospheric layer.

(Note. . . genus homo sapiens (masc) customarily observes phenomenon by reflection in eyes of genus homo vapiens (fem). . . curious physiological state of exhilaration produced. . . must try it.)

2. BOILED EGGS. . . (Ova ardboylenda)

Ebullition temperature lowered due to excessive altitude (3000 feet) . . . resultant retarding of coagulation of albumen and dislocation of sol-gel balance. . . equilibrium of four-phase system could be restored by slight increment in time or pressure factor. . . .

(Practical note. . . tell Jane to cook 'em longer or to buy a superheater.)

(Further note. . . amend Mrs. Beaton, page 1042, line 7, delete "3" add "5".)

3. WOOD. . . (Arbor arboris cellulosium)

Prodigal national expenditure of this commodity. . . rapid attenuation of forests. . . reafforestation schemes inadequate. . . timber famine imminent. . . small specimens of this commodity in a specially treated form being far-sightedly preserved for future generations in government archives (e.g. Form 78A in sextuplicate).

4. IRON. . . (Ferrum Ferrous, mailed fist)

Develops unusual properties in this extreme climate. . . high conductivity causes rapid reaction to temperature changes. . . summer and winter, liable to sear at touch. . . must be handled carefully by the unprotected. . . useful, however, and strong.

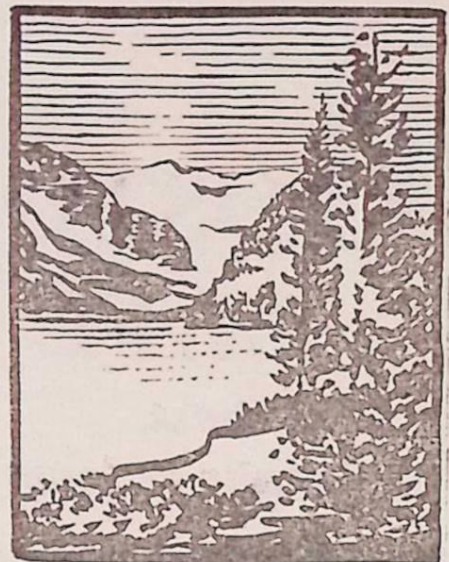
WITHOUT COMMENT

The following is a short quotation from one of the many German (Zeesen) broadcasts to foreign countries, this one being to Latin America during last September. Contrasted with the present situation in Russia and the tenor of German broadcasts today.

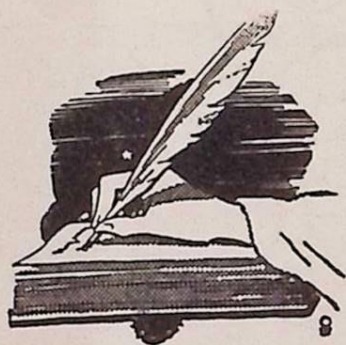
"Obsessed with Napoleon's fate, London fails to perceive that the Russian steppes present no obstacle to the German Army, equipped with the latest and best that modern science can provide. Actually, they present an advantage to a mobile and fast-moving army, possessing full freedom of movement. On the other hand, the vast Russian spaces are disastrous for the Soviets, for the simple reason that they have been deprived of freedom of movement. Moreover, the German Air Force took over control of the air space from the first day of operations, paralysing the Bolshevik armies and foiling all attempts at concentration of fresh forces. In short, the Soviet Central Command has been reduced to a state of chaos and is absolutely ignorant as to what is happening on the fighting front."

Even greater is the contrast with what the Axis were saying a year ago. Italy, for instance, when broadcasting to the Near and Middle East, said, "The present war cannot be compared with the 1914-1918 war because this time Japan and Italy

are allied with Germany, and Russia, by her neutrality, is of help to the Axis. Britain has remained alone." While to Russia herself Rome had these consoling words to say: "Moscow is determined to preserve peace and will not participate in the conflict. Berlin has decided to maintain peace along the frontiers of the U.S.S.R."



Poet's Corner



THE GROUND STAFF

You have heard of our Pilots and Spitfires
And all the brave deeds they do.
Of Air Gunners with nerves of cast iron
And the steadfast undaunted air crew.

But what of the bold Fitter 2E
Who works in the cold, night and day,
Tuning up Spitfires and Bombers
To keep Adolf's Angels away?

We are up in the morning early,
If we do get an hour in bed.
Still weary from greasing and oiling
And feeling like some one half dead.

Sometimes we do come off Duty
And six miles to Swift Current go.
To find a fair maid for the evening,
And tell her our sad tale of woe.

Then its back to the Kites in the Hanger,
In overalls rigid with grease.
To patch up some pilots poor motor,
That he'd managed to get down in one piece.

So the next time you hear of our fighters,
Just think of us lads on the ground.
It is us that the pilot depends on
And we carry his life in our hands.

For his Kite is the best in the Squadron,
And that is the best we can do.
That's why they can shoot down the Heinkels
Because we are steadfast and true.

Hats off to the skilled Fitter 2E,
It's on him that the air war depends.
It's his work and devotion to others,
That will make everything right in the end.

W.H.R. "Champ"

THE FALLEN

The flowers of the forest, gloriously fine
The young flower, the full flower, beauteous, divine,
Dashed by the storm on the cold earth they lie
Yet glory like theirs was not made to die.

He sees how they pass, the bravest and best,
His grief stricken heart is sadly opprest.
All the proud glory of their fleeting hour
Was born in the strife against evil power.

O come then the day when evil is down
O come then the time that right wears the crown.
Sheathe in its scabbard the sundering blade
That never in blood the price may be paid.

C.R.D.



SPRING

I saw a petal fall
Light as the air
It fell beside a wall
To wither there.

Symbol of new-born Spring
So young and brave
Already journeying
Toward the grave.

Since life is but a day
And death tomorrow
Take of it while you may
Even its Sorrow.

F.V.C.



Mac and Mish.
Mish and Mac.
How we wish
You were back.

One went East,
One went West.
God knows why,
But God knows best.

CAPTION CONTEST

For the best suggestion for a caption to go with this drawing, two dollars will be paid.



R. Lawson Sr

If you want to buy anything in Swift Current, buy from those merchants and friends who have supported us by taking space in this Magazine.



Books

By Peggy



THE TIMELESS LAND

By Eleanor Dark

Here we have a highly entertaining and colorful story of the English Settlement of Australia.

Eleanor Dark gives an interesting treatment of her subject in that she begins her story by going far into the past. She gives us an informative picture of the life and customs of the black people inhabiting the country. We find a race possessed of a well developed moral code with a system of tribal government based on common sense with an eye to the survival and general well being of the tribe at large. One is struck by the thoughtful understanding and tolerant attitude of these natives towards the frailties and weaknesses of their fellow men. Yet when drastic action seemed necessary in the best interests of the community, they could strike, and strike hard against a persistent offender. The decision of the majority in such cases being accepted without question.

Unfortunately, as is usual when European Nations tried to force their supposedly superior "culture" upon native tribes, we find the results of the English contact far from pleasing. The natural gaiety and childlike honesty of these simple natives disappeared. In their place came the cunning, lazy, untruthful nature of the "civilized" black, who adopted the bad traits of the invader's character, whilst absorbing none of the good—if any.

We must realize that the boatloads of convicts who landed in Sydney harbor in 1788 were about as poor pioneer material as could be found. That this gang of petty thieves and murderers, the veritable scum of England, survived at all, was due to the fine courage and wisdom of their leader, Captain Phillip.

A fictional character, Andrew Prentice, a convict deserts the colony, takes a black wife and goes "native." His wisdom in accepting the mode of living natural to the country, rather than trying to introduce English standards, is shown by the fact that he flourished and grew wealthy while his compatriots in the settlement exist on the verge of starvation.

However the courage and vision displayed by the leaders, and the possession of that quality peculiar to each and every Englishman, be he King or convict, to "hang on" in the face of adversity, brought the settlement through.

The life of Bennilong, an historical figure and leader in his tribe, depicts the story of the black man's demoralization. His friendly attitude towards the English, leads to a trip to England which completes his moral downfall and symbolizes the coming degeneration of his race.

In all we find an interesting story with a fresh background which makes for pleasant reading.

Eleanor Dark (wife of Dr. Erick Dark, of Katoomba) is a daughter of Dowell O'Reilly, the well known Australian writer. She was born and educated in Sydney and with this background she therefore speaks with some authority upon the Australian theme.



NATIVE SON

By Richard Wright

This book may stun, disturb and in some places disgust you, but it "will" make you think.

The author, a negro, presents no brief for the colored race. He states his cause in a concise, unbiased manner without the maudlin sentiment we have so often encountered in tales of these under privileged people.

The story depicts the life of a young negro Bogger Thomas, son of a slave who lost his life in a vain attempt to save a fellow negro from a frenzied lynching mob.

The family move north and here the growing lad tries to adjust himself to white man's laws and prejudices. He falls a victim to his environment and finally becomes involved in a accidental murder.

Our readiness to condemn without hearing, our attitude of suspicion towards those who do not conform with our line of thought, is brought home with great force here. The ease with which the negro diverts suspicion of murder to an innocent young man simply because he was known to be friendly with the Social Butterfly "who dabbled in Communism" may well make us wonder if we have come very far from the "Ordeal by Fire" and the "ducking stool" of our ancestors? We can see why "lynch law" exists in a state where mob rule can still rear its ugly head because of the gregarious instincts of man in thought and action.

In the introduction of Paul Max, the Jewish lawyer defending the unfortunate negro in his trial for murder, the author further presses his case against persecution, suspicion and tolerance.

No one can readily forget the indictment against modern society contained in the Jew's final speech: "You can't kill Bigger Thomas. He is already dead. He was born dead. Born dead among the wild forests of our cities, amid the rank choking vegetation of our slums—in the Jim Crow corners of our busses and trains—In our Jim Crow army—Our Jim Crow navy, even in the trenches when we

send them to war, marked off on the fingers of the law as black against white.

"Why does he rebel against this slavery? Because by the very teaching exemplified by the flag that hangs in this court room. He was led to believe in this country that all men are free. Out of this confusion fear was born, fear breeds hate and hate breeds guilt. Guilt in turn breeds the urge to destroy the symbols of that fear and hate. So our social system breeds the very Bigger Thomases who seek to destroy it. Can you not hear the voice of this vast multitude crying 'give us our freedom, our chance, our home to be men.' Can we continue to boast through our radio, newspapers, literature, our pulpits that this is a land of liberty, justice and equal opportunity for all, and in our behavior deny all these precepts of charity and enlightenment."

In the end Bigger is sentenced to die. He goes to the chair calmly realising his has been a useless fight, a fight against something too big for him—the great wall of prejudice and hate and their inevitable companion, persecution.

It may be of further interest to the reader to hear that this great novel has been produced on Broadway by Mr. Wright with the aid of Paul Green—himself a winner of a Prize with a drama dealing with the colored race, "In Abraham's Bosom." The fact that the staking of this drama was placed in the hands of that unpredictable genius Orson Welles has no doubt contributed in no small way to its great success.

Dealing as it does with a racial question of such vital concern to society at large that it definitely requires more than a temporary adjustment, this stark drama gives us all cause to seriously ponder its contents. Read this book by all means. You may not admire it—but I dare you to forget it.

M.G.

May I suggest that you read some or all of the following books, some of which are new—some not so new, but all sure to prove a source of pleasure to the lover of a "really good book."

"For Whom the Bells Toll"—*Hemingway.*

"The Summing Up"—*Somerset Maugham.*

"The Keys of the Kingdom"—*A. J. Cronin.*

"Dragon Seed"—*Pearl Buck.*

"H.M. Pullman, Esquire"—*John P. Marquand.*

"Wickford Point"—*John P. Marquand.*

"Berlin Diary"—*Wm. L. Shirer.*

"Kabloona"—*Gontran de Poncins.*

"Drums Along the Mohawk"—*Walter Edmonds.*

"The Sword in the Stove"—*T. H. White.*

"The Family"—*Nina Fedorova.*

"Tellers of Tales"—*Somerset Maugham.*

"Across the Busy Years"—*Nicholas Murray Butler.*

"I Have Loved England"—*Alice Duer Miller.*

"How Green Was My Valley"—*Richard Llewellyn.*

"The Story of the Pacific"—*H. W. Van Loon.*

Page Thirty

CHURCH SERVICES

39 S.F.T.S., R.A.F.

Sunday:

- 8:30 a.m. Roman Catholic Mass (every Sunday) in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Swift Current.
- 9:00 a.m. Holy Communion—Church of England (second and fourth Sundays in the month) in the recreation Hall, conducted by Canon E. A. C. Hackman.
- 9:30 a.m. Communion — Other Denominations, (first Sunday in the month), in the Chaplain's Office, conducted by the Station Chaplain.
- 10:15 a.m. Hospital Service (every Sunday), in the main ward of the Station Hospital, conducted by the Station Chaplain.
- 11:00 a.m. Station Service (every Sunday), in the Recreation Hall, conducted by the Station Chaplain and visiting ministers.
- 10:00 p.m. Epilogue to the Y.M.C.A. Sing-Song.

Wednesday:

- 7:45 a.m. Prayers at First Working Parade, conducted by the Station Chaplain.
- 7:45 p.m. The Fellowship, in the Chaplain's Office, conducted by various officers and airmen.

Friday:

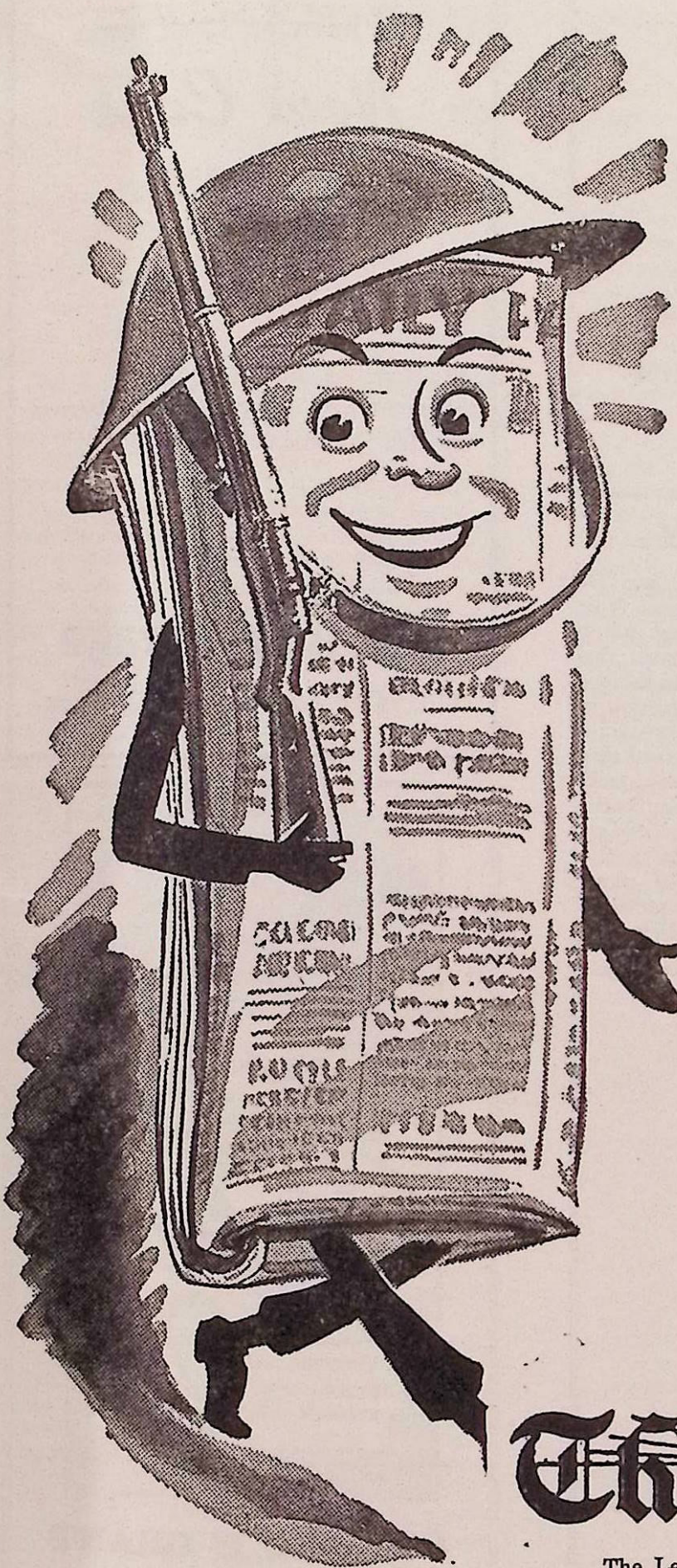
- 6:00 p.m. Choir Practice, in the Recreation Hall, conducted by F/O J. R. Dean.



Even the Germans Made Blunders

"It is a fact that the Germans, despite all their successes, have committed such incredible and quite fundamental mistakes that no commander, no government and no system can at all survive their far-reaching consequences. They believed in the end of the war after the fall of France in summer of 1940, and in the impossibility of defending Britain—and they were wrong. They believed in the possibility of controlling the Atlantic by their submarines and of cutting off Britain from the rest of the world—and they were wrong. For two whole years they explained that America's help would come too late—and they were wrong. Last year they were convinced that by their invasion of Russia they would destroy the Soviet Union in six weeks."—(From a BBC talk by President Benes)

The Commanding Officer deeply regrets to announce the death of No. 1432172 LAC, O'Bryan C. H., a pupil of No. 50 Course, as a result of a flying accident on Friday, 8th May, 1942.



**Send the
Home Town
NEWS**

**to Those
on Active Service**

Do you write to them?
Of course you do! But you
can't write every day.
Here's something else you
can do, though. Send them
a subscription to The Sun
—that's the best way to
keep them in touch
with home. It's a little
thing to do, but think
what it will mean to
them! Act NOW!



Subscription Rate

\$1.50 a year

(Payable in advance)



The Leading Weekly Newspaper
of Southwestern Saskatchewan

Drop in at the

Paris Cafe

When in Swift Current

**For Afternoon Tea, Coffee
Good Meals**

WE AIM TO PLEASE

ATLANTIC CONVOY

"The wind was blowing a moderate gale. The seas were running up to twenty feet high. A destroyer battling through it gave a violent roll to port and a huge wave broke on the upper deck where a gun's crew were clinging on round the gun. That sea got under the heavy metal platform on which the gun stood and bent it upwards till it pinned one of the men between the upturned sheet of metal and the breach of the gun. Heavy tackle had to be rigged with the ship still rolling heavily before the plate could be bent back sufficiently and the injured man released. That is the sort of thing that had been happening to the convoy escorts almost continuously since last September." (From a BBC talk by H. C. Ferraby on Destroyers)

Help

Keep the Swift Alive
with

- ★ Articles
- ★ Poems
- ★ Short Stories
- ★ Anything

We have on hand some

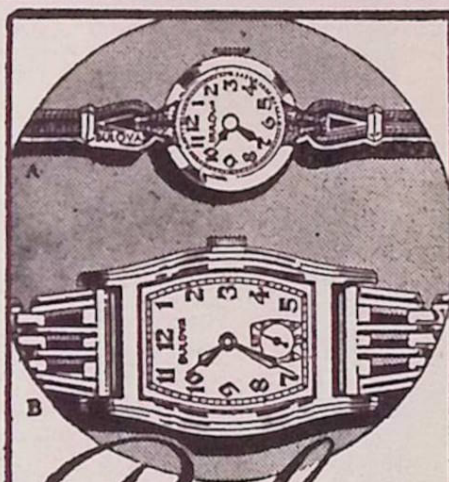
New Cars

and also some
GOOD USED CARS

● See us about getting your present car serviced and tuned up for summer driving.

Kirkaldie Garage

Chrysler and Plymouth Cars



Bulova

A—LILLIAN
17 jewels

B—DEAN
15 jewels

\$ 29⁷⁵

FOWNES & GRANT

Jewellers



Your Teeth



By Cheggy

Napoleon is said to have made the statement that an army marches on its stomach. If that is true, and we do not dispute it, it is much more true today one hundred and twenty-five years later and even more so when applied to air crew personnel. Some will no doubt wonder what stomachs have to do with the C.D.C. The answer of course is that the mouth is the gateway to that organ and infection in that region is reflected directly and indirectly to the digestive system and thus to the whole system.

During the Great War it was brought forcibly to the attention of the authorities that the condition of the mouth and teeth of the fighting services was of prime importance. Many highly trained and valuable men became incapacitated from mouth infections. Continual pain can render any man valueless either for mental or physical effort and so the idea of a corps of dental surgeons was born whose duty it would be to prevent such unnecessary casualties.

Based on the experience of the last war a committee of the Canadian Dental Association investigated the whole field of dental service for the armed forces and made its report early in 1939. Logically when war was declared the chairman of the committee was immediately commissioned and asked by the authorities to put the committee's recommendations into practice. The C.D.C. today consists of a number of companies. (a) Some attached to Military Districts. (b) Some to Naval Commands. (c) Others attached to R.C.A.F. training commands and (d) still others are designated as Overseas Companies.

The function of the C.D.C. is twofold—(a) To see that infection and pain are eliminated from the mouths of all service men. (b) To provide restorations of a preventive nature—i.e., fillings and replacements of lost teeth to provide a reasonable masticatory efficiency.

Great stress has been laid on the necessity of maintaining 100% dental conditions for air-crew. Altitude brings out the slightest weakness and conditions which might be tolerated at or near sea level break down very rapidly at altitudes over eight or ten thousand feet. This is brought about by loss of balance as between external and internal pressures particularly cell pressures. Elapsed time is not sufficient for the body to make the necessary adjustments (a matter of weeks or months). A common manifestation of this pressure symptom is bleeding of the gums (gingivitis) and actually is really minute haemorrhages of the end arteries. Treatment of this condition is simple but prolonged, and requires intense co-operation of the

individual affected, some being more susceptible than others.

In the scope of this article it is not possible to cover much technical ground but the illustration above mentioned may serve to indicate one of the problems confronting the operators of the C.D.C. It may not be generally known but considerable research work is under way at the present time in connection with the effects of high altitudes on dental restorations and similar problems.

In any event the C.D.C. is anxious to do its bit to serve the men of all the services. The extra personnel required to undertake the additional work for R.A.F. personnel now temporarily resident in Canada has been a problem and will be, possibly more for the civilian population than anyone else. With the co-operation of all concerned it will be the endeavour of the corps to provide as good a service as possible to as many men of all ranks as possible for the duration and after, if necessary. We conclude this rather dry article with a simple problem in mathematics which you may not desire to solve. If there are 1100 men on the station and each man has his full complement of 32 teeth—25% of which require some attention over a period of let us say 18 months. (1) How long will it take one pair of hands to finish the job? (2) How long for two pair of hands?

Wanted

- ★ Articles
- ★ Poems
- ★ Short Stories
- ★ Anything

KEEP THE SWIFT ALIVE

One-Stop Complete Car Service

Harry's Service Station

East of Healy Hotel, Swift Current

- Expert Mechanics
- Prompt Attention
- Modern Equipment
- 24-Hour Service

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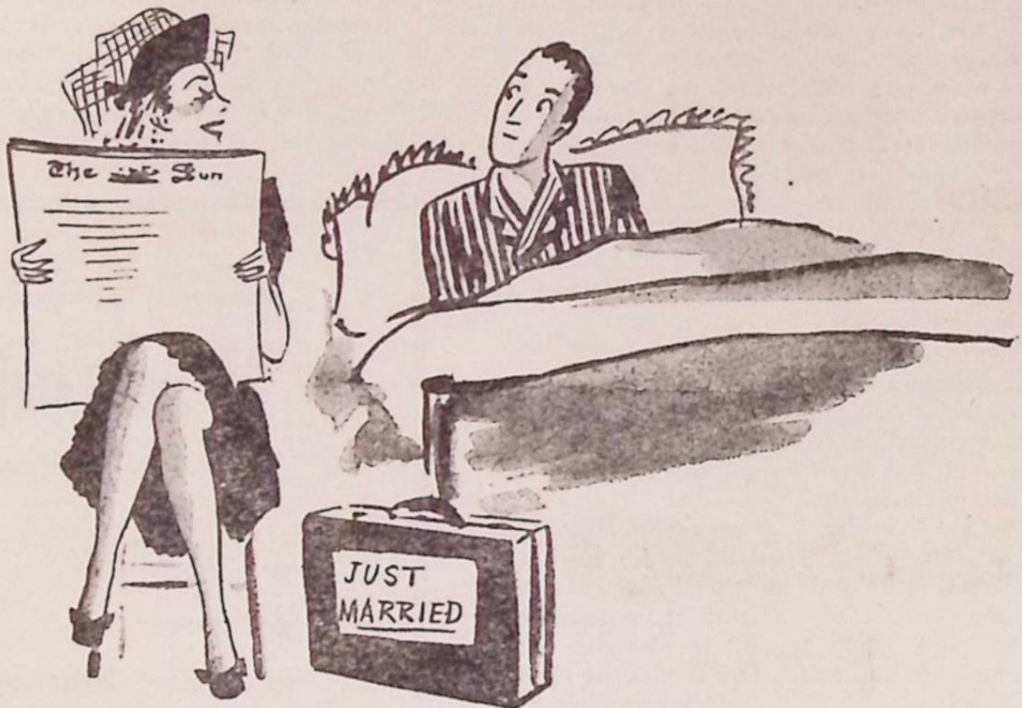
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THE SWIFT CURRENT SUN—The Leading Weekly Newspaper
of Southwestern Saskatchewan

June Attractions at the Swift Current Theatres

EAGLE

- Mon.-Tues., June 1, 2, "THE REMARKABLE ANDREW," swell comedy drama, Brian Donlevy, William Holden and Ellen Drew.
- Wed.-Thurs., June 3, 4, "THE MALE ANIMAL" comedy drama with Henry Fonda and Olivia de Havilland.
- Fri.-Sat., June 5-6, "THE FEMININE TOUCH" grand comedy with Don Ameche, Rosalind Russell and Kay Francis.
- Mon.-Tues., June 8, 9, "LARCENY INCORPORATED" action melodrama with Edward G. Robinson, Broderick Crawford and Jane Wyman.
- Wed.-Thurs., June 10, 11, "THE LADY HAS PLANS" fast action espionage comedy-melodrama with Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland.
- Fri.-Sat., June 12, 13, "LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING" grand entertainment with Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.
- Mon.-Tues., June 15, 16, "THE GREAT MAN'S LADY," drama with Barbara Stanwyck, Brian Donlevy and Joel McCrea.
- Wed.-Thurs., June 17, 18, "LADY BE GOOD," romantic musical comedy with Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern and Robert Young.
- Fri.-Sat., June 19, 20, "MAJOR BARBARA," strong dramatic attraction, Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison and Robert Morley.
- Mon.-Tues., June 22, 23, "BAHAMA PASSAGE" beautiful south-sea island story in technicolor with Madeleine Carroll and Sterling Hayden.
- Wed.-Sat., June 24, 25, 26, 27 (four days) "HOLD THAT GHOST," one swell comedy with action and thrills aplenty, with Abbott and Costello.
- Mon.-Tues., June 29, 30, "DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE," tense espionage melodrama with John Garfield, Nancy Coleman and Raymond Massey.
- Special Attraction for July 1, 2, "TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD," fast action comedy-drama with Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy.

LYRIC

- Monday-Tuesday, June 1-2 (double feature) "MOON OVER HER SHOULDERS" comedy with Lynn Bari and John Sutton, and "THE LAST OF THE DUANES," action western with George Montgomery, Lynne Roberts and Eve Arden.
- Wed.-Sat., June 3, 4, 5, 6, "REMEMBER THE DAY," strong human interest drama, with Claudette Colbert and John Payne.
- Mon.-Tues., June 8, 9, (double feature) "CRACK-NUTS," comedy with Stuart Erwin, Una Merkle and Mischa Auer, and "BACHELOR DADDY," comedy with "Baby" Sandy and Edward Everett Horton.
- Wed.-Sat., June 10, 11, 12, 13, "SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN," grand domestic comedy with William Powell and Myrna Loy.
- Mon.-Tues., June 15-16 (double feature) "DOWN IN SAN DIEGO," action comedy with Leo Gorcey and Bonita Granville, and "BLUE WHITE AND PERFECT," spy mystery drama with Lloyd Nolan and Mary Beth Hughes.
- Wed.-Sat., June 17, 18, 19, 20, "SMILIN' THROUGH," heart-warming musical-comedy drama with Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne and Gene Raymond.
- Mon.-Tues., June 22, 23 (double feature) "RETURN TO YESTERDAY," a poignant drama, and "BADMEN OF DEADWOOD," action western.
- Wed.-Sat., June 24, 25, 26, 27, "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY," grand dramatic attraction with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara and Roddy McDowall.
- Mon.-Tues., June 29-30 (double feature) "PRIVATE NURSE," melodrama with Jane Darwell, Brenda Joyce and Sheldon Leonard, and "SADDLE MATES," action western with the Three Mesquiteers.
- Special attraction for July 1, 2, 3, 4, "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER" grand comedy with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan and Monty Woolley.

Exchange

Cafe

GOOD

EATS

LOVE MAKERS BAD DREAM

Cupid's children in the course of time, visit the Hospital frequently.

Some visit before, some immediately after, some a little later, and, some even call to stay.

Experience has shown that those who visit before may visit immediately after, but never have to visit later, that those who visit immediately after, seldom have to visit later, but that those who have to visit later usually call to stay, which is expensive.

Therefore, be a wise virgin and trim your lamp in time.

R.F.C.

Page Thirty-five

SPORTS (Continued from Page Six)

The Station has been affiliated to the Swift Current Tennis Club and the Sports Officer and F/Sgt. Brooks represent the station on the Committee. Inquiries have been made into the estimate of constructing six Tennis Courts in the station by the side of the Soccer pitch near the Guard Room. If the expense is not too high I think we can look forward to our own courts. Tennis Rackets and Balls could be bought in the Sports Office. On Wednesday, 6th May, prospective members of the Club attended a weiner roast party organised by the Club. Transport was provided and all the members were required to bring with them was a mug, irons and blanket?

To end this report on the sporting activities of the station during the month of April I should like to make a strong appeal to the members of any team which plays either on or off the station, and that is, when you came for your kit or a ball or puck or hockey stick you were never refused and if it was at all possible to fit you up, then you received whatever you wanted. Return your thanks to the Sports Store and the airmen there by returning your kit promptly next day by 10.00 hours. Remember to sign when you return it and that if you lose it then it is your bad luck and you are responsible. When we have, as we fully intend to have, on this station, Two Soccer pitches, Two Softball pitches, a Hockey pitch and Rigger pitch, 6 Tennis Courts and a Drill Shed with a wooden floor for use as a Recreational Hall with Badminton, Basketball, Boxing, Indoor Tennis and Gymnastic Club it will be a full time job to keep them all lined out and looked after, without chasing after kit . . . so play the game and RETURN YOUR KIT EARLY AND BY THE RIGHT TIME.

Thus we conclude this month's Spotlight on Sport with the old proverb that "All work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy."

The Shape of Things to Come

(Don't Forget This)

A Station Sports Day will be held at a future date at the Station. All airmen who are interested in any form of Athletics and Field Events or have had experience in organising or officiating at an Athletic Meet are welcome to bring forward their ideas and suggestions to the Sports Officer or Sgt. Bartlett. There will be 100, 220, 440 and 880 yds., Mile, Hurdles, Long, High Jumps, Relay Races, Javelin and Shot and Discus Events. If you have any suggestions we shall be only too pleased to hear them. W.M.P.

British Railwayman's Week

"What I don't like about the war is that you never know how long you'll be working. In peace time we worked a 48-hour week. Now it's nearer 96 hours. We work Sundays too. That's what I miss—the best dinner of the week. By the time you get home it's as hard as a board. Mind you, I do get a bit of spare time and I spend it digging for victory."

Page Thirty-six



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