

*The*  
**SWIFT**  
*A Review of Current Events*

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

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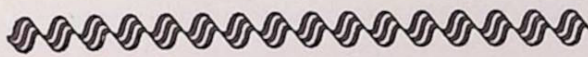
To have been chosen by the editorial committee of No. 39 Service Flying Training School, Royal Air Force, to publish their station magazine.

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Number 3

July 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

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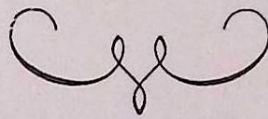
*Editorial Committee—Squadron Leader F. V. Carpenter (Editor and Art Editor); Corporal B. Blakeley (Assistant Editor); Flight Sergeant A. G. Cooper (Advertising and Business Manager and Special Correspondent); LAC E. G. Curphey (Assistant Business Manager).*

Contributions are urgently requested, so that this Magazine may function as a Monthly.

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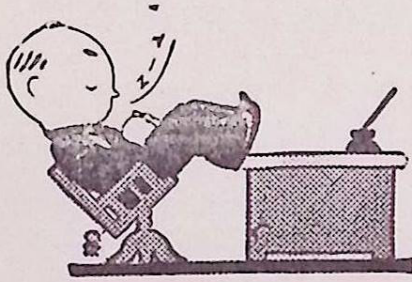
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# Editorial

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We have come up for the third time and it looks as though we may stay up. Our very grateful thanks are extended to all who have helped with contributions and, most particularly, to the advertisers who have made this venture possible. Seven months have we laboured on the prairie and none of the plagues and pestilences that we were promised have come to pass. The winter was mild enough, the spring delightful, and summer has brought, so far, none of the famous dust storms about which we heard so much. The weather, on the contrary, has been most English in its variety. Air Force Headquarters have ruled that Station Magazines are not to be put up for sale at any shop or news-

stand. This not only curtails our sales but gives our friends in town little opportunity to read the "Swift." Therefore, we say, buy two copies—one for yourself and one for the girl friend, unless there should happen to be some particularly coarse jest about yourself in that issue. Sales last month were not too good. It seems strange that there are so many people on the Station who cannot afford a slim dime. Go without a cup of coffee or something and help support your magazine by buying at least one copy a month. We had quite a lot of favourable comment on the last issue—a few knocks as well, of course—and we are of the opinion that this issue is even a little better. "What do you think, chums?"

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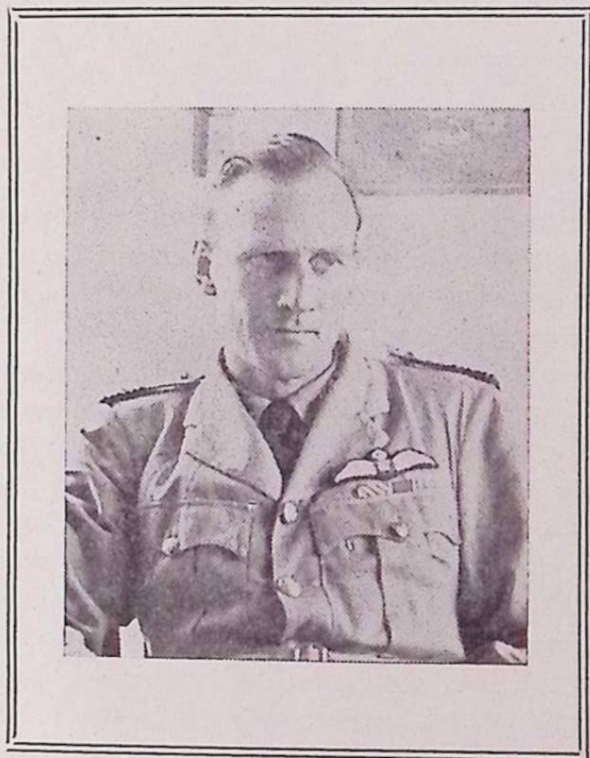
**HARRY SHAW**



***Men's Wear***

# Commanding Officer's Comments

By Group Captain E. C. Bates, A.F.C.



I am proud and honoured to have been appointed to command No. 39 S.F.T.S., the school which, since its inception, has set such a high standard at work and at play.

Our job here is an arduous one. Lacking the excitement of operational stations, apparently out of grips with the enemies we long to contact and destroy, removed in the majority from the homes and the loved ones we hold so dear, we must remember that our task is of vital importance to the successful victory of our cause; and we must remember that our lot is infinitely better than many of our comrades and allies in the war-torn areas of Europe, Russia, Libya, China and the High Seas.

Let us then continue, with a spirit of willing co-operation between all ranks, to perform our task with all our industry and enthusiasm so that, in the shortest possible time, our efforts may be rewarded by a lasting peace in a world of happiness and tolerance and better understanding.



## Sports

By P/O Petty



Since the publication of the last issue of "The Swift", the first half of the soccer league has been well and truly completed. Many really good exhibitions of football have been seen, both on Hampden Park and at Wembley. Competition has been keen, but although every team in the league has tried hard to upset Pupil Pilots No. 2, they have remained unbeaten throughout, and head the Championship with 18 points out of a possible of 18. In congratulating them on this fine piece of team work, may we add a note of praise for the work of their halves, Captain L.A.C. More and Corporals Pitt and Davenport, and for the splendid performances of their goalie, L.A.C. Clarke. May we add our best wishes for the continuance of their success and the upkeep of the reputation they have gained as sportsmen and fighters in the new

Page Six

and more dangerous spheres into which they may go. Our congratulations are also extended to Repair No. 2, the runners up, with 13 points, who have been captained by Cpl. Walker, so ably assisted by his Manager, Doc Savage.

As we go to press with this edition, the knock-out competition is commencing, and already, one or two games have been played. In this competition, each team is scheduled to play a "home" and "away" game against their opponents in the draw, and the team with the greater aggregate of goals passes on to the next round.

At all events, a keen contest is anticipated, and it is hoped the best team will turn out "tops."

When the Cup Competition has been completed, everything is set for the second half of the league championship.

The final League Table for the first half is as below:

	P.	W.	L.	D.	GF.	GA.	Pts.
Pupils No. 2 .....	9	9	0	0	50	8	18
Repair No. 2 .....	9	5	1	3	32	16	13
No. 1 Squadron .....	9	5	3	1	32	21	11
Sgts. Mess .....	9	4	3	2	23	22	10
S.H.Q. B. ....	9	3	3	2	24	21	9
No. 2 Squadron .....	9	3	4	2	19	24	8
S.H.Q. A. ....	9	3	6	0	21	38	6
Pupils No. 1 .....	9	2	5	2	18	33	6
Officers' Mess .....	9	2	6	2	11	31	6
Repair No. 1 .....	9	1	7	1	10	36	3

Leading Goal scorers are as follows:

LAC. Wheatcroft (Pupils 2) .....	15 goals.
Cpl. Longworth (S.H.Q. A.) .....	14 goals.
LAC. McGee (Repair 2) .....	11 goals.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL

Arrangements are in hand for the commencement of a competitive Rugby competition on the same lines as for Soccer. The necessary kit has now arrived, and the pitch has been laid and marked out. A Committee has been formed under the leadership of Flying Officer Forrester-Paton, and comprising Sergt. Bartlett, F/Sgt. Harrison, LAC. King, LAC. Brown, LAC. Vickers and AC. Ashurst. It is hoped all personnel will join in and make the rigger as popular as the soccer has been.

### HOCKEY

An English Hockey Pitch is at present under construction, and it is hoped to get things really moving before the publication of the next "Mag." Flight Lieutenant Franklin has arrangements in hand, and will welcome all suggestions. Players wishing to take part are asked to get in touch with him.

### TENNIS

Last winter's ice rink has been converted into two Hard Tennis Courts, and the ice rink has now been removed to a new spot, near the Recreation Hall. Difficulty is being experienced in obtaining balls, but the Sports Officer is probing all possible sources of supply. The rubber shortage is making

itself felt in this respect, so players are asked to take good care of their tennis balls, whilst the search for more goes on. It is hoped that the tennis will be well supported, and hope is expressed by Flight Lieutenant Garratt of Works & Buildings, who has been extremely helpful, that sanction may later be obtained for the construction of more courts, so fans—it is up to you.

### SOFTBALL

Owing to building operations on the Camp, we have lost our original Diamond, but we are glad to state another one is at present under construction. Our team has built a local reputation for themselves, having played and won four matches in succession. The Swift Current Ladies team have been twice entertained at the Camp, and beaten, and also "duffed" on their own Diamond. The team attended both Gull Lake and Aneroid Sports, and in each case, came home with the "bacon." Much of the team's success has been due to the splendid play of Louis Ratkiewicz (pitcher) and to Cpl. O'Donnell (catcher), and they have been well backed up by the rest of the team in some grand hitting and fielding. The team is entirely composed of the Security Guard, and is anxious to challenge any other Section on the Camp.

### BOXING

During the past month, the team have been ably trained by Sergt. Bartlett and "Doc" Savage, who have put in real donkey work to get the lads fit. An exhibition was put on at Aneroid Sports and was much applauded by the crowd of fans who gathered to see the contests.

Matches have been arranged against 32 EFTS, Bowden and 37 SFTS, Calgary, and it is hoped to arrange contests later against teams from Neepawa and DeWinton.

Much has been done, and much is still left to be done, but it is the aim of the Sports Section to provide as much Sport and games on the Camp and to provide as many pitches as possible, so that all ranks will be able to indulge in their favourite recreation, be it tiddley-winks or cross-country running.

W. M. Petty.



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# The Parish Pump

By The Padre

As a means of becoming acquainted with Canada there is nothing like the local Sports Day. Some of us went south and then east, about 60 miles from here, to a place called Aneroid, and had a tremendous time. There was a Softball League, which we won by the handsome margin of 15 to 1 in the final game. There was a Girl's Softball League, which we can't win until we get those C.W.A.A.F.'s on the Unit. There was a Football Match and some excellent boxing bouts, which we couldn't lose, as we were the only ones competing. The football and boxing were in the nature of demonstrations and seemed to be much appreciated by the onlookers, judging from the hooting of horns which went on when a goal was scored. This appears to be the mechanised version of the good old-fashioned cheer. The Station Dance Band played for the dance at night. They were placed at the target end of the indoor rifle range, but the music they discoursed was so hot and sweet that no one fired at them all evening. The events of the day—or some of them anyway—will be more fully reported in the proper place in this number of *The Swift*. But as a mere spectator one must say that the welcome we were given was very cordial, and the organisation, on the part of both those responsible in our Unit, and of the local Sports Day Committee, was excellent.

Sunday, 14th June, was something of a gala day, as we had our first Christening on the Station. John Henry Warwick, son of F./Lt. and Mrs. R. H. Weston, was christened in the Station Church at 3:30 in the afternoon. The Commanding Officer and Mrs. Bates were present, along with many officers and their wives and guests and others from the Station. The godparents were Wing Commander J. H. Slater, A.F.C., and Flying Officer and Mrs. T. H. Tucker. Guests were entertained afterwards to tea in the Officers' Mess.

We are indebted again to those on the Station who have put so much careful work into the rest of the church furniture. For this occasion a font was cast in concrete and the monogram I.H.S. executed in polished brass on the front. These letters are a very ancient Christian symbol, of which two alternative explanations are usually given. One is that the letters stand for the initials of the Latin words *In Hoc Signo*, ("In This Sign," the sign of the Cross); the other is that they are the Greek letters, Iota, Eta, Sigma, the first three letters of the name Jesus.

In addition to the Bell, which was mentioned in last month's number, and is now installed, some other additions have been made to the Station Church. Collection plates in light-coloured wood have been purchased out of church funds, a pair

of brass altar-vases have been presented anonymously by one of the officers, and a pair of brass candlesticks are being donated by F./Lt. and Mrs. Weston. The ladies of Swift Current have once more shown us as a Unit their accustomed kindness, this time by executing some very fine embroidery upon a complete set of Communion Linen which they have made for the Station Church. By the time this magazine appears the falls from pulpit reading-board and lectern will also have been completed and fitted. They have been embroidered in colour with a Maltese Cross and R.A.F. Chaplain's badge by the same Swift Current ladies.

The Powers that Be must have seen the last number of *The Swift* about possible discussions on Today's War and Tomorrow's Peace, for they have now included a series of four debates or discussions on the progress and objectives of the war in the regular syllabus of each course of pupils coming on the Station. These so far have proved interesting. Anyone, whether pupil-pilot or not, who has ideas in this direction is asked to see the Education Officer.

Meanwhile a good idea of the foundations on which we rest and the objective at which we aim can be found in these phrases from two books "You Can Defend America," and "Civilization and Liberty," now in the Station Library.

The "three pillars upon which Western civilization rests as: the passion for liberty and the belief in the sovereignty of reason, which were born in Greece; the belief in the sovereignty of a just and rational system of law and in the essential unity of the civilized world, which came from Rome; and the belief in the equal value of all men before God, and therefore in the sanctity of human personality, which came with Christianity."

"Once China built a wall. She lived behind it. She laughed at her enemies. She felt secure. Soon an invader came from the north. Three times China found the enemy inside her gates. They did not storm the wall. They did not go around it. They simply bribed the gatekeepers.

"Yesterday France built a wall, the Maginot Line. Steel and stone. She felt secure behind it. She put her faith in it. Yet France fell. Why? something was missing. There was a gap through which an invader came. The gap was not only in the wall, It was in the spirit of the people.

"Today America builds a wall. A ring of steel. Ships and planes and guns. But is this enough? Does America have what China lacked? What France lacked? Does she have *total* defense? She builds her wall. Does she build character? Spirit? The will to sacrifice? Does she build men? Men who pull together?" We may well ask ourselves the same questions.

W.S.M.

## CURRENT JOTTINGS

For the information of newcomers to Canada, the peculiar looking item of summer wear, of billowy aspect, recently issued from Main Stores, is not a "siren suit" but a suit of summer combinations, and should be worn next to the skin. It is left to the individual's discretion as to whether this item is discarded or not prior to donning the old red flannel nightie.

\* \*

There is no truth in the rumour that a certain "red-head," who recently was seen mounted on a fine old cart-horse, is contemplating taking part in the Rodco on July 1st.

\* \*

Our "gen" man reported a very speedy inter-hanger movement immediately prior to the publication of the last issue of "The Swift," but our roving news getter did not overlook this attempt to sabotage our column, and the "Sin" will be punished elsewhere in this edition.

\* \*

We now know what "The Exchange" has that other cafes haven't.

\* \*

We hear whisperings of a new Church Warden being appointed at a certain Church in Swift Current. We hope this is not just a ruse to keep this Cook-House enthusiast out of the choir, but having heard him sing, we have our doubts.

\* \*

We have finally located the house in Swift Current from where emanates the astounding flow of local "gen"—so lads, be warned, and watch your steps when wandering along Central Avenue with the ladies of your choice.

\* \*

The medal for the pluckiest performance to date goes to the enlarged member of the Cook-House staff, for his fine solo rendering of a very old favourite song at a Social "at home" in the precincts of one of our local churches, during the early part of June.

\* \*

We trust that the Headquarters junior N.C.O., who is in the habit of visiting the local "Doc" in town, does so on a purely platonic basis.

\* \*

We were under the impression that "tall" stories emanated only from fishermen, but the one we heard the other day about the Corporal in Headquarters, who shot a bird at 500 yards, we feel should be framed and forwarded to the Amateur Anglers Association, as an example to their members.

We trust that the precedent set by two Senior N.C.O.'s on the Station, of attempting to break into camp in a semi-nude condition, will be ignored by all lovers of good clean fun. After all, we don't want the Camp looked upon as a nudist colony—we are already overcrowded.

\* \*

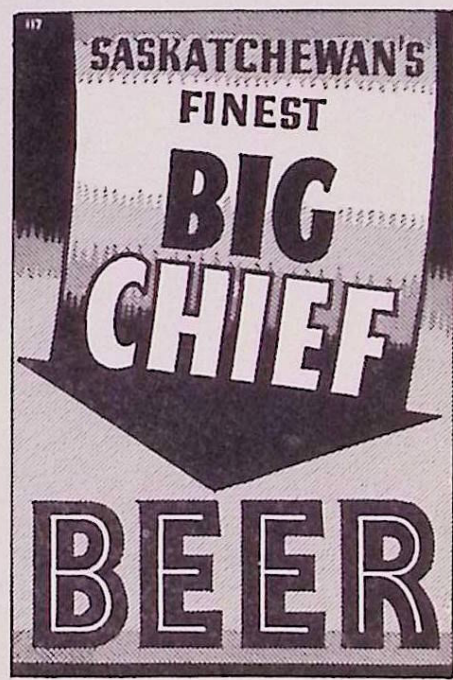
We send our best wishes to the Police N.C.O. who is temporarily relinquishing his position as Chief Binder to become a Trapper.

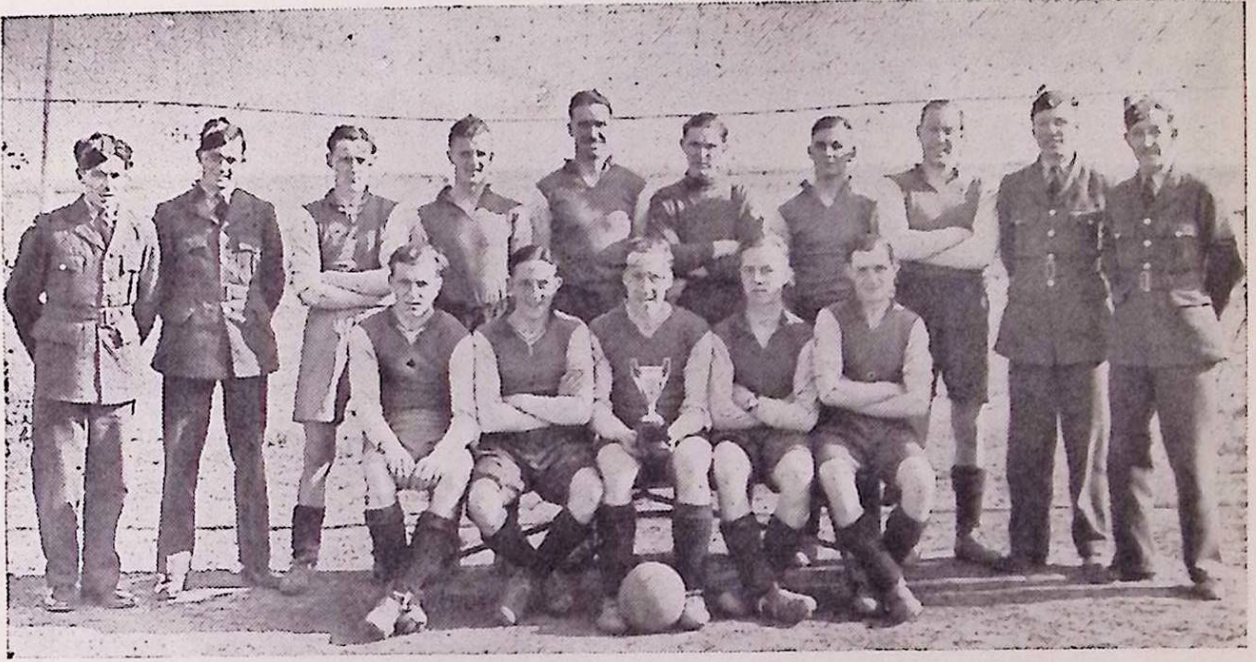
\* \*

We understand on good authority that the rubber shortage will not affect the output of perambulators in any way. There is a suggestion to use synthetic rubber for tyres.



*Domestic Night*





Winners of Inter Section Soccer League—Pupils No. 2



Runners Up Inter Section Soccer Match—Repair No. 2

### A Man, A Maid and a Cloak

A class of school-boys were called upon to write an essay on the following historical mottoes: *Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense* and *Dieu et Mon Droit*.

One potential historian wrote:

"Just before the battle of Hastings a young chivalrous knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, was walking through Coventry, a suburb of Plymouth, when

he espied a lovely lady naked and riding on a white horse—Lady Godiva.

He went up to her, flung off his velvet cloak, and handing it to her said, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*' which being translated into English means 'Thy need is greater than mine,' whereupon Lady Godiva took the cloak, replying, '*Dieu et mon droit*' which being translated into English means, "My God! you're right'."



The Disorderly Room

## Auntie Herte's Corner

Dear "Whitey,"

I quite agree that a waist-line of 42 inches is not helpful to you in your exploits with the opposite sex. I suggest you cut down your meal sittings to 45 minutes per meal instead of the usual one hour, and perhaps if you did away with your fifth snack in bed at 2200 hours daily, and just stuck to the normal four meal per day diet, it might make a difference.

Dear "Saxe,"

I appreciate your difficulties very much. I, myself, have never tried playing a sax, but I feel you should not mix your musical tendencies with your froth blowing activities, or we shall have you blowing bubbles in the Dance Hall.

Dear "Doc,"

It astounds me too how that crack at you in our last issue passed the eagle eyed censor. It certainly is a hard life when a man has to put up with gibes about his own sisters. However, with regard to the last part of your letter, I don't think I should worry too much. I really do not think Air Ministry will take any notice of the suggestion to introduce elderly aunts in place of your present attractive sisters.

Dear "Ralpie,"

It must have been very embarrassing for your

girl friend, when she burst into a certain boudoir in Swift Current the other evening. I hope the vest in question was a long one. I would advise you to have some metal studs put in the soles of her shoes, to warn innocent "early to bed goers" of her approach, or you'll be looking for a new girl friend one of these days.

Dear "Jock,"

It must have been a very keen disappointment to you, after all your really hard work, to see the nasty Works and Buildings man ploughing up your lovely garden with his clumsy old tractor, just as it was coming along so nicely. Never mind, perhaps if you approach the C.I., he will allow you to have a vase of flowers on your desk, to compensate you for the loss of your flower garden.

Dear "Bugler,"

I realise you are young and keen to make a name for yourself in the service. From all accounts, you are making your presence heard, if not felt, but don't you think it unwise to blow your bugle so loudly at reveille? Apart from the danger of you waking some of the airmen up, I heard that the bugler at a certain camp not many miles from here, very mysteriously disappeared a little while ago, and hasn't been seen or heard of since. I think if you reserved your major efforts for "Lights Out," they would be appreciated more, as normally, there are not many people in Camp to hear you at that time—especially during Pay Week.



# The Innkeeper



*A Short Story by Cpl. Blakeley*

The ship called at the little fishing village on the coast of Portugal, and gave me the opportunity for a night ashore. The little town was not a recognized port of call, but the engine trouble which had developed during the voyage had made the captain decide to effect the necessary repairs there before proceeding further. It was nothing serious, he said, and we should be off again next morning.

It was good to stretch my legs again, and the little village was pleasant under the evening sun. Very few people were in the streets, so I turned into an inn on the corner of the village square. It was time for a drink, I decided.

Two or three Portuguese fishermen were sitting on the bench outside, but there was no one in the inn itself except the proprietor, who surprised me by greeting me in English. What was an Englishman doing in this back-water, I wondered?

"Good evening" I said, "I suppose it's too much to expect you to have any English beer?"

"Only bottled beer, I'm afraid" replied the innkeeper. "I have a small stock, chiefly for myself. The natives prefer wine."

"Then you are English?" I exclaimed. "How long have you been out here?"

"Oh, a matter of a couple of years, sir. Left England about four years ago, drifted around for a time, and then dropped in here by chance. And here I've stayed."

"Do you own this inn?" I asked.

"Yes" he replied, "Bought it soon after I arrived. It was going cheap at the time so I snapped it up. It doesn't bring in a fortune by English standards, but more than I need out here."

"What part did you come from in the first place?"

"I'm a Wiltshire man myself, sir. Perhaps you know those parts. I used to live in Harchester."

"In Harchester?" I said, with a start. "Then you must have been there at the time of the murder?"

The corners of his mouth twitched as though he were amused.

"Oh, yes, sir. I was living there when it happened. Quite a hue and cry, wasn't it? Do you remember the case at all, sir?"

Strangely enough, I remembered the case vividly, as it had been a nine day's wonder at the time. Not because of the crime itself, which had been brutal and sordid enough, but because of the miraculous disappearance of the suspected murderer. The facts of the case were simple. A certain Mrs. Wilson, an old widow who had lived in the town for years, had been brutally murdered one night, and the house ransacked. She was known to have considerable means, chiefly derived from house property in the town, and since it was also general

knowledge that she was distrustful of banks, it was popularly supposed that a considerable sum would have been in the house at the time. Suspicion immediately fell on a certain John Fulton, who had for years been casually employed by the widow, chiefly for the collection of rents. A warrant for his arrest was issued when a neighbour of Mrs. Wilson's, a shopkeeper by the name of George Spencer, came forward and testified that, on the night of the crime, he had seen Fulton enter the house at an unusually late hour.

From that moment, Fulton disappeared as though into thin air. This was the surprising aspect of the case, that a man, with no outstanding mental abilities and handicapped by a distinctive physical appearance, should have been able to elude the police force of the whole country. The case gradually became a sensation, and was only pushed from the headlines after months of conjecture, by an embezzlement scandal, in which a famous peer was involved. As far as I knew, nothing had been heard of Fulton from that day to this.

"The thing that has always puzzled me," I said to the innkeeper, "is how Fulton managed to escape."

The innkeeper smiled again, and leaned comfortably on the counter of the bar.

"As a matter of fact, sir" he said at last, "I think the police were wasting their time. I think they were looking for someone who no longer existed."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow," I said.

"Well, sir, it stands to reason. If Fulton had stayed in the country, he was bound to be caught sooner or later. Nobody escapes in the long run, except in novels. And if he had tried to leave the country, he would have been caught just the same. So my theory is that there was no John Fulton to catch. Another bottle, sir?"

"Yes, please," I said. "But if your theory is right, how do you explain the rest of the story?"

Again the innkeeper paused for a moment and seemed to smile at some secret joke.

"Well, sir, look at it like this. You remember that Fulton was last seen going into the widow's house on the night of the murder. That shopkeeper fellow testified to the fact. Well, my theory is that he let himself in—he had his own key remember—he surprised the murderer in the act of ransacking the place. In the struggle, he too was murdered and his body hidden where it has never been found."

I finished my glass and pondered over his story for a moment.

"It's a possible explanation, of course," I said at last, "but a little unlikely, I think, all the same."

And then I had a sudden suspicion and put my glass on the counter. Could it be that . . . "Look

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here," I said, "you're not John Fulton, by any chance?"

"Who, me, sir?" said the innkeeper. "Not on your life," and he laughed openly this time, and seemed to enjoy the joke.

For a moment he said nothing further, but took my glass away and began polishing the counter with his napkin. Then he said "No, sir. My name is George Spencer." B.B.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Reading about the English budget the other week it was only natural that I should think of beer, and thinking of beer always make me feel homesick. You see when I think of home I always think of the village local up the lane and ma who is always ready with a pick-me-up any time you happen to be passing.

Now Eva, that's my wife, is a loveable little thing, but we hadn't been married very long when she said, "Must you go to that miserable old pub every night?" Well I ask you—She wouldn't understand, would she.

Now soon after this, spring came along, and we had a front garden that for years had been growing such a variety of weeds that any botanist could have spent his summer holidays in it and we decided to turn this into a rock garden.

Now don't laugh. I know you have had ideas like that too, but I meant it or at least Eva meant it and I arrived home from the office one night to find the garage way blocked up with two loads of rock and loads of sand.

Well that night we started and night after night we kept it up. Of course gardening is work and I have never done much of that so it was hard going and I found it made me thirsty. I however, with my usual flare for organisation, soon got a system going, I digging the weeds out while Eva took them down to the bottom of the back garden in a barrow. Now I timed her and found it took her exactly five and a half minutes and I could just slip over the wall, have a quick one at

the local, and be back in four and three-quarter minutes, so you see what I mean by system.

I thought it funny that Eva didn't tell me what a fine hard working husband she had. I am not one of those chaps who likes to be flattered, (much) but after all old man, credit to whom credit is due.

And then it happened.

We had been going about a couple of weeks when one night after I had had about three, I noticed Eva wasn't walking very steady and a couple later she was laughing and I realised she was tight.

I took her in the house and lay her on the settee, then I noticed the case of beer, and the number of empty's tallied with the number of times I had slipped over the wall.

But—these were pint bottles and I had only been on gills.

We have a lovely rock garden now, but the bill hasn't arrived yet. Hutch.

\* \*

The collective nouns for certain species of fauna are well known as for example a covey of partridge, a gaggle of geese and a school of porpoises (or poker players) here are some less well known examples:

Air Marshalls .....	A	Muddle of
Air Commodores .....	A	Commotion of
Group Captains .....	A	Gripe of
Wing Commanders .....	A	Wangle of
Squadron Leaders .....	A	Squabble of
Flight Lieutenants .....	A	Folly of
Flying Officers .....	A	Fuddle of
Pilot Officers .....	A	Piffle of
Warrant Officers .....	A	Worry of
Flight Sgts. ....	A	Fruster of
Sergeants .....	A	Surfeit of (even if only one is present)
Corporals .....	A	Collop of
L.A.C.s .....	A	Loiter of
Erks .....	A	Scrounge of
Flight Commanders .....	A	Fret of
Duty Pilots .....	A	Dither of
S.W.O.s .....		Fortunately there is only one.

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 —the same old label—  
 and they've stood the test  
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 IS THE ONLY SASKATCHEWAN BEER  
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203-B

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## THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER I NEVER MET

The most unforgettable character I never met was everything that a Medical Orderly should be. He was a human being—or, at least, he resembled one closely. He was short and stubby and used to beam at his victims from behind a pair of huge horn rimmed spectacles. He had a soothing touch, which left blue marks all over the torso. He could heal anything from galloping consumption to disconnected diaphragms with an aspirin tablet or a No. 9, and the only patients he ever lost, died from the incurable complaint of loss of breath.

I met him by coincidence one evening when I was paying a Social Call at the Legion and made the suddenly disconcerting discovery that I could not stand up straight. The ambulance was called at once and came with such vigour that by the time it arrived at the Legion, it had an additional five patients, run down en route. This necessitated my standing on the running board on my trip to the Hospital.

The most unforgettable character hoisted me gently by the ankles into the waiting room. The Medical Officer came in rapping a pencil on his finger-tips, and with a thermometer gripped tightly between his teeth. He took a look at me and said "Hm-mm" and then "Haaa," then told the Medical Orderly to take my pulse and temperature. The Orderly, thereupon, dexterously snatched the thermometer from between the Medical Officer's teeth, and placed it carefully into my gaping mouth. He then took hold of my wrist and looked at his watch. At the expiration of 5 minutes, he let go of my wrist and went tearing down the hall, yelling "Sir, he's dead." The Medical Officer came in and asked me if I were comfortable. I pointed out that I should be more so if the thermometer were removed from my mouth, so he removed it, remarking "You realise it is a very serious matter if you are dead, and I shall have no alternative other than to place you on a charge?" This caused me no little consternation until I was able to prove that I was not dead, but that the Orderly's watch had stopped.

The Medical Officer then asked me what was wrong, and I told him that I was bent double and could not straighten out. After a thorough examination, it was found I had fastened my trouser buttons to my lapel button holes.

Having successfully unhitched me, the Orderly was told to give me a hot bath and a glass of milk. As I was inclined to be grubby, I accepted the hot bath willingly, but shuddered when he produced the glass of milk. However, after I had assured him that there was a serious shortage of milk in Britain, he consented to add the glass to the "Milk for Britain Fund," and I breathed freely again.

During this period, he told me lots about himself, including his invention of a cure without a disease, and how he had invented a torpedo for sinking floating kidneys.

The time eventually came for me to take my departure, and I left him reluctantly. It was as

I left that he gave me the advice by which I shall always remember him. He said "Son, no matter what part of the world you find yourself in, and no matter what the circumstances may be, to guarantee against all ills, always carry a box of aspirins and a No. 9 in your pocket."

MOSS.

## ODE TO A KITE WATCHER

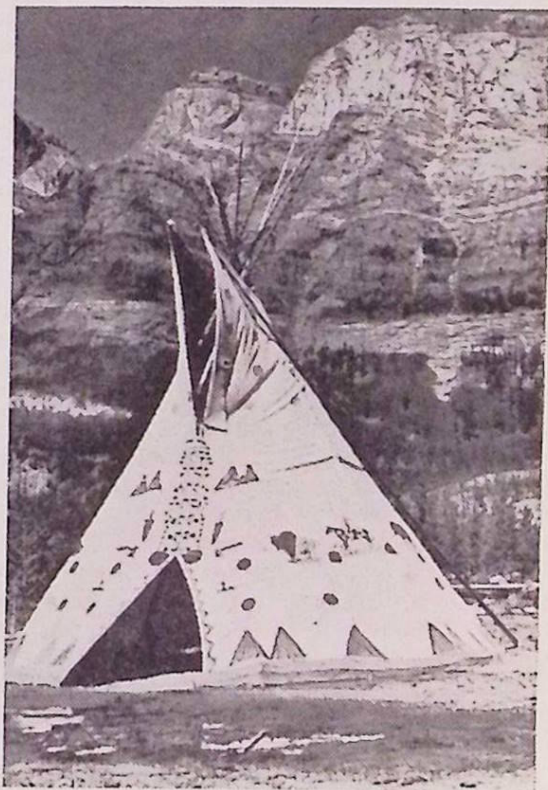
This is the tale of an aircraft hand;  
A spotter of kites in a barren land,  
Who sits and dreams of lovely Esther,  
And lives all day in a dreamy siesta.

The other day, when taking a nap,  
A kite piled up with a thundering rap.  
The D.P. descended with brow so black—  
It boded ill for the twirp who'd been slack.

Twirp had visions of a summer trip  
To a place where he knew he'd get a kip;  
Where he'd work all day and get no rest,  
And never knock off till he'd shown his zest.

When he told his sweetheart of his woe,  
In her heart she hoped he would have to go,  
For the tales of his golf were getting old,  
And her love for him was becoming cold.

But sad to relate, he got away  
And lived to bind Esther another day.  
She now is living in constant prayer  
That he'll boob again and be sent on there.  
"Wellwisher"



Indian Barrack Block

## EMERGENCIES AND HOW TO EMERGE

Who has not had his emergency? The garter that breaks on the C.O.'s inspection, the steno one meets while out with the wife; the hiccough that strangles the parson. . . .

Oh, it's easy to laugh—in retrospection . . . or at the time, if it's the other chap's grief. But let us not be unseemly. These are portentous days and we must conduct ourselves becomingly. We have an emergency . . . .

Yes, indeed—sh—there is talk of war! Hadn't you heard? Or, quite a nasty business, they say . . . And even if you don' believe everything you hear it really wouldn't hurt to go through the emotions. . . . After all an emergency doesn't come along every day. Let us face our emergencies!

Ah yes, my little cabbages, the season for playing marbles has passed, and now we must fly our kites. The lazy spring days are past and hot times be ahead.

But we need not wax hysterical. The hue and cry and much ado does not remove the fish bone from Willie's throat. Life can be beautiful. Serenity is a chaste and lovely time—even though Willie may have his doubts. . . .

Of course there are the imperative moments; baling-out at eight hundred feet; or the midnight fog that ignited the sheets. . . . Action can be inevitable. But shooting too soon is just as futile as shooting too late. Retain your shirts, please.

It has been said that when you don't know what to do—do nothing. Well we need hardly be told that. . . For twenty careless years we did just that. Surely now, after all these ages, and eons and crossword eras we should be like Solomon and put away childish things. Let us arise to our full five foot five and three-quarter inches, nor permit our tonsils to become sunburned gaping stupidly up as the noisy little Harvards. Let us deal with our blooming emergencies.

"What to do?" That's the question. Whether it is better to do those things which we ought not to do, or not to do those things which we ought to do—whether it is better to take the bull by the horns, or be cowed by the heifer dust—Let's have the gen. . . .

After all are we not the Air Force? Think of the immensity of our heritage . . . from here to the moon—and all points west! It is indeed "vaster empire than has been"—a short life and a merry one. . . . But we have never swung into our stride. Those little fly-by-night rails on Berlin and Tokyo are merely preliminaries. How about a carom off Mars or Uranus? Talk about billiards on the grand scale. What we need is bigger and better Corrigans, gay young wrong-way gallants gasconading up and down the Milky Way. . . . Or do we?

Well hardly. The Martians have so far remained neutral and we really don't hate Uranus. And anyway it's not fair to the Links to go barging off into space like that. No, if we must have a war,

Page Sixteen

let's keep it to ourselves. That's a selfish attitude perhaps but to put the battlefield half way across the solar system is going a bit too far. Why dammit, many of us would never live to get there.

No it's chummier to have a nice little family war where we will all know each other and have a decent reason for killing each other. And for goodness sake let's not forget the amenities. If we must have war please be as civilized as possible. Let it be subtle. Let it be sophisticated. Let us kill each other with kindness. Remember it is better to give than to receive. Think how grateful the good burghers of Cologne must feel.

"Per arda ad astra"—when we bump our heads we see stars. . . .

C.V.S.



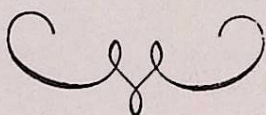
Get That Gopher

## THE FREEDOM PRESS

"In these occupied countries there are scores, even hundreds of news sheets, varying from the single page copies turned out by hand to the well-printed newspapers turned out by a press that must constantly be moved from place to place to avoid discovery by the Secret Police. The editors and reporters receive no payment, and if they are caught their punishment is death. But they carry on. In caves and cellars, on lonely mountains and in deep forests they hide the wireless sets with the help of which they can listen to the news from the free countries. They scrawl down the news in their notebooks by the light of a small torch, and these words of hope are passed from hand to hand, from mouth to mouth, throughout the land."—(Vernon Bartlette in a BBC talk on news from Occupied Europe.)

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## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Why do the Swift Current Farmers go to earth when the lads go out gopher shooting?

What did the Duty Pilot say when the M.T. wallah took over a jug of tea in response to his request for the "T" to be brought in?

Is it true that the POWERS THAT BE are contemplating extending the ban on shooting one mile from camp, to five miles, now that the Rifle Club has become an established fact?

It is true that a certain Warrant Officer now feels much better and is at last free from "payne."?

Who is the binder who shoots a line about his former activities as a GOLFER and is he confusing the word with GOPHER?

Is it true that the same merchant has been seen on the South Side, golfing in his pyjamas, and do all Englishmen really parade around until mid-day, clad in that scanty attire?

Are we to publish the whereabouts of a certain officer's winter head-dress, or does he consider its recovery worthwhile in view of the rather confusing circumstances under which it was lost?

Why have a certain red headed sergeant's temporary duty flips to Regina, suddenly ceased? Has her husband returned?

Who is the Flight Commander who dislikes wearing an oxygen mask on account of the wear and tear on his moustache?

Who was the accounting wizard who asked the Police to give him an early call when was on "jankers"? And did he get it?

Who was the Financier who lost his girl at a recent Sergeants' Mess Dance? Did somebody else get a grip?

Who is the red-headed Corporal so dear in the heart of a certain damsel in Swift Current, who, when recovering from a recent operation, cried "Oh Ginger, oh Ginger, I'm dying, where are you my dear?" when coming round from the anaesthetic?

Would it be tactless to ask of a certain Senior N.C.O. whether LAURA has yet recovered from her mud immersion?

Is the bottle opener on the key ring of a certain reverend gentleman really for the use of those members of his flock who occasionally require to open a bottle of ginger pop?

Is the Sergeant still chewing gum?

Does an "M.T. BESSEL" make most sound?

Page Eighteen

## OF THE PEOPLE

There's a Gremlin in the Kremlin  
Looking after Uncle Joe,  
He can see as far as Wall Street  
And Threadneedle Street you know.  
There's a Tory in our country  
Who decides the way we fight,  
Assisted by the Gremlin,  
For Uncle Joe's all right.

Now the Gremlin's name in Plebis  
And he used to feel quite ill  
When the Czar ruled in the Kremlin  
And Rasputin filled the bill,  
But now he's fine and dandy  
And happy in Moscow  
As the Gremlin of the Kremlin  
Looking after Uncle Joe.

When our Uncle Joe first started,  
We did not know him well;  
Not a hit along 5th Avenue,  
Nor yet upon Pall Mall.  
And we told the world in general  
That we did not mind his aid,  
As long as he'd remember,  
Not to know us "off parade."

We have lost a war in Asia,  
We have lost a war in France,  
We've had a heavy struggle  
Where on the map you glance.  
But it won't require a savant  
To realise the way  
Whereby we'll win this bloody war,  
As we won them in past day.

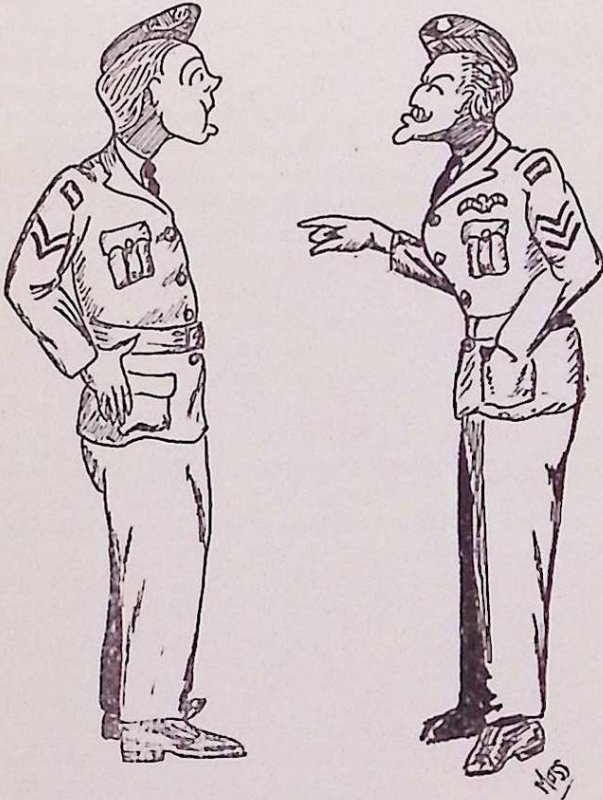
For lastly in this sermon,  
It is plain to you and me,  
That all may be repeated  
In nineteen ninety-three.  
If our offspring in their wisdom,  
Forget the way to go  
With the Gremlin in the Kremlin  
Who looked after Uncle Joe.

Mish.



Little Sir Echo and Co

AFTER THE WINGS PARADE



Aren't you the Corporal who pegged me last week?

*Cafe*  
**ELITE**  
 THE BETTER PLACE  
 TO EAT

Our readers may have noticed a strange vehicle going round the camp lately and performing a shuttle service between the Sergeant's Mess and No. 5 Hangar between 1000 and 1100 hours. It is painted in a disharmony of yellows (the colour of jealousy) on a background of slate, and has a festoon of triangular girders projecting from the rear. In short it suggests the Eternal Triangle in its every aspect, which is perhaps why it is called "The Holmes Wrecker."



**We'll do  
 What we  
 Determine  
 We'll do!**

**T**HESE are days for determination. Civilization has been threatened before. Men like Tamerlane, Genghis Khan and Alexander strove with mighty legions to bind free men. They are dust—and most men are still free.

While civilization is again threatened, men with determination, joined together by the great desire of Freedom, will banish the shadow of the yoke forever from the earth. We can do what we determine to do!

—Cooper's, too, is determined to be of service when you want it, or need it. If there's anything we can do to make your shopping here more enjoyable, please let us know.



# P. J. Dowling

The Camp Tailor

\* \* \*

**UNIFORMS**  
of all kinds made  
to measure

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Repairs and Alterations  
Speedily Executed.

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Central Ave      Swift Current

## SPIRITS AND GUM

Squadron Leader Gum was a tough. This is an under-statement; any erk would tell you that. They would tell you that he was a B. . . . . tough, a C . . . . tough, or even a D . . . . tough, but definitely more than a mere tough.

To begin with there was his name. Of course he couldn't be blamed for that. He had it from his godfathers and godmothers in his baptism. But none the less it suited him. It expressed his essential nature . . sticky, hard-boiled and TOUGH.

Then there was his face. To be strictly fair, in the first instance he was probably not to blame for that either. Its main contours were framed on those of his father's and mother's (at least, we hope so). But for its present configuration he was certainly to blame. No one can run into a flaring rage every ten minutes of every day, get drunk every night, and live from one week's end to another at variance with the whole world around him (except a handful of sycophants and suckers), without it affecting the geography of his lineaments. So no wonder that his nose was large and red, his moustache bristled like the vertical cross-section of a "Broom, Sweeping, Hangar, Bristle, One"; and that his eyes were pale blue, watery, and protruding.

And last of all there was his voice. At its sweetest it was a rasping, searing, sizzle. At its loudest and most terrifying he could shout down a Harvard; and yet, for all its volume, there was a timbre and a cut about it that could turn the

heart of the stoutest erk to water, and make even the redoubtable flight-sergeants shake in their regulation shoes.

Now one night he lay asleep in bed. There was nothing unusual about this, for the hour was late. He lay flat on his back, mouth wide open, snoring loudly, the bed vibrating in sympathetic resonance to the cadence of these snores. This too was not unusual. But what was unusual was a sudden stream of water that descended un-announced from the ceiling overhead, right into the gaping cavity that was his mouth. At the touch of this unaccustomed fluid, Squadron Leader Gum immediately awoke, outraged beyond expression; and lo, above him shone a golden light, and into his befuddled mind there swam a heavenly vision, while on his ears fell accents such as mortals never hear, saying sweetly "William, William!"

Then up spake Squadron Leader Gum, "I am not William. Whom do you want?" "Are you not Pilot Officer William Bowman?" (Now Pilot Officer Bowman was a very gentle soul, of mild and spectacled appearance, bald, bow-legged and hen-pecked. Therefore the Squadron Leader was greatly enraged). "I am Squadron Leader Gum," he said, with force and vehemence.

Instantly the golden radiance faded, and a lurid crimson glow took its place, while through it scowled a face, terrific and forbidding, while a thunderous voice proclaimed "Your days are numbered. The story of your tyrannies has floated to the very doors of the celestial city, and your hard and cruel nature stinks to Heaven. Before this week is out, you will quit that mortal frame you have so much abused, and be re-incarnated as a gopher. You will be hunted with .22's for fifteen years by many an AC.2, until at last this war shall cease. Then you shall die; yet only to be re-incarnated as a mite that lives in the cork of the whiskey bottle in a miser's cellar. Yet if you reform at once, you shall receive a brief respite, and I will visit you again."

\* \* \*

"Escort and accused . . . . Atten-TION! . . . . Quick march! . . . Halt! . . . Right turn!"

The familiar words rang out with their characteristic gusto through the Squadron Leader's Office. He sat in his usual chair. His face wore its accustomed look of bestial, inhuman ferocity. But the heart of the man was changed. Before him lay a book on Natural History, borrowed that morning from the padre; and already two of its pages were well thumbed,—one, "The Canadian Gopher, its life and habits"—the other, "Anima culae and microscopic organisms."

The charges were read. They were of the usual type . . . one airman had dirty buttons on parade . . . one had dirty boots . . . one had dirty fingernails . . . another had committed the heinous crime of missing the parade altogether. Normally the fullest penalty of the law would have been exacted in every case. Not so today. The first three were merely admonished; the flight sergeant who had marched them in touched his brow suggestively and sook his head, saying "Clean bats."

One airman was argumentative. The Squadron

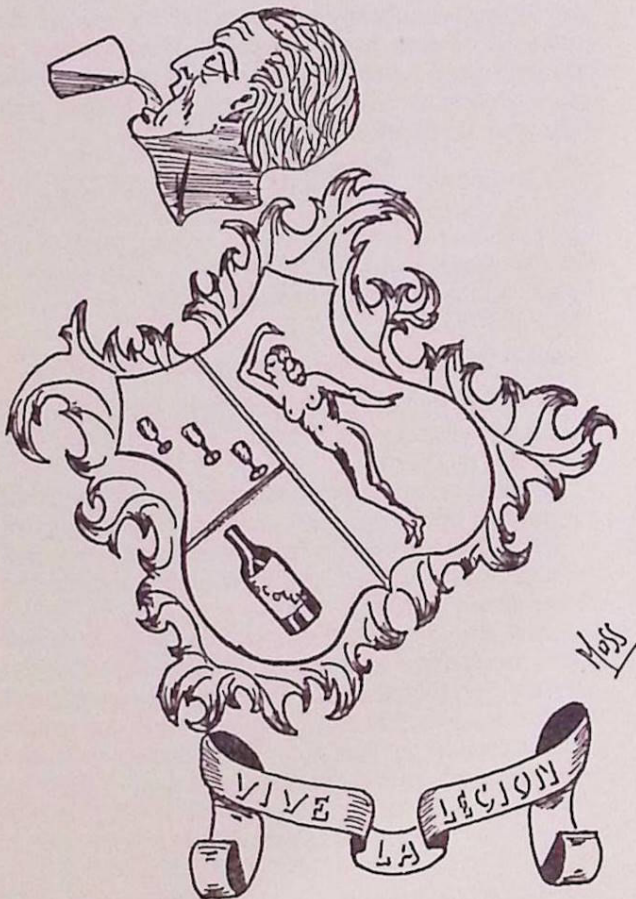
Leader's temper began to rise; his eyes bulged; the veins on his forehead stood out; then suddenly in retrospect, he saw a lurid crimson light, and a gopher popped its head out of its hole just near his window. "Case dismissed" he snapped; then, laying his head on his hands, he groaned aloud at the thought of his coming fate.

The same evening the Commanding Officer was surprised beyond measure to be visited by a chaste and sober Squadron Leader Gum, who requested with touching eloquence that it might be published in Daily Routine Orders that all airmen in possession of .22's should hand them in immediately to the Station Armoury, and that the cruel and inhuman sport of shooting poor, innocent gophers should cease forthwith.

The airmen in the Dining Hall were surprised beyond measure too, at the sight of AC2 Pullitt and AC2 Workitt collapsing every now and then into fit after fit of uncontrollable laughter.

They would, however have understood, had they a few hours earlier, at dead of night, watched these two ex-stars of music-hall fame stealing into the Officers' Quarters, shinning up a ladder into the roof, noiselessly prying off a section of the ceiling of Squadron Leader Gum's room, carefully tapping his electric light, and then making a clean getaway after having put the fear of God into the heart of the old curmudgeon once for all.

Dally.



Suggested Coat of Arms for a certain Senior N.C.O.

This refers to the apparatus at back of mess hall. Overheard at the Airport Friday morning, May 29:

"Hey Yorkie, what are they building at't back of the cook 'ouse?"

"That's to 'ang Bloody cook if he puts up poor grub. Them's Gallows."

"What do they want 'T fence around it for?"

"That's to stop the lads from throwing stones at cook when he's hanging."

\* \*

## COLONEL BRITTON SPEAKS

"When the women of Germany see foreign workers pouring into German industry it means two things to them—one, that for every man who comes into a factory or a mine, a German is put into uniform—to lose his life probably on the Russian front; and two, that there are more mouths to feed.

"And, of course, it's obvious what you, in the Occupied Countries, think of these attempts to get you to work in Germany. You know that it's going to be dangerous as well as uncomfortable."

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**Letters to the C/O, No. 101 S.F.T.S.  
 R.A.F., Backwash, Sask.**

5/5/42. Backwash Police Offices  
 347, 2nd Ave. West  
 Backwash.

Dear Sir,

I wish to bring to your notice a matter which is causing an increasing concern. We have received complaints in the past weeks of damage inflicted by members of your station, armed with a .22 rifle, and ostensibly gopher shooting.

One farmer complains of the loss of one small dog, two pigs, five chickens, and one horse (either killed by automatic rifle fire or fright). The Backwash Railway Track Manager informs us that point lever arms, signals and other railway equipment has been used for target practice, and that more than 200 bullet holes have been found in the aforesaid railway property. The Telephone Superintendent complains of damage to 59 glass insulators on poles.

We beg to suggest that your men, as strangers to the prairies, may not be fully acquainted with the gopher, therefore, we include a description of this animal which, we suggest, you circulate in the station:

"The gopher (*mammalis gopherae*) is a small four-footed animal which grows to 18" in length; it is brown in color and can be considered a mixture of rat, beaver, squirrel, weasel and rabbit. The

Page Twenty-two

gopher lives in holes in the ground, it runs and jumps on four feet, but can also sit upright like a stick balancing on a small tooth-brush like tail. It is surprisingly tame and only escapes underground on close approach."

We request that target practice be limited to the above pest, and that your men should observe great care not to confuse it with other animals or objects.

I remain, yours faithfully,

R. S. MacTaggart, Backwash Police, Supt.

Reply

The C/O R.A.F. Backwash,  
 Referred to Adjutant.

The Adjutant.

Referred to Assistant Adjutant (action here).

The Assistant Adjutant.

Referred to Armament Office.

The Armament Office

Referred to the Secretary, Rifle Club.

16/5/42. F/Lt. Liveshot  
 The Secretary, No. 101 S.F.T.S.  
 Rifle Club

To the Superintendent of Police,  
 Backwash.

Dear Sir,

The C/O has referred your letter to me. I cannot accept any responsibility for the alleged damage caused by .22 rifles, in fact I doubt whether any of our members could actually hit any of the aforesaid targets even at point blank range; or possibly they were aiming at gophers, and the other objects were in the vicinity. We shall publish your description of the gopher.

Yours truly,

T. M. LIVESHOT, F/Lt.

To the C/O R.A.F., Backwash,  
 From A.C.2 Perkins, 7654321,  
 Date 6/5/42.

Subject: Application for Compassionate Posting.

Sir,—I have the honor to apply for posting to an RAF Station in Malta, on Compassionate grounds.

I am not very happy in my work (sweeping dust in and out of the hangers), and my Flight Sergeant is always getting on to me about small personal matters such as the length of my hair, or the color of my buttons.

I feel that I would be more happier in Malta as I was born there and speak the language fluently; also my Aunt Nellie is living there (in caves) and I have not seen her for many years. I am homesick, and consider that I could be more use to the war effort where things are happening.

I have to honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

K. K. PERKINS, A.C.2

P.S.—Sir, I have just had a cable that Auntie has lost her chickens in an air raid.—K.K.P.

Reply: The C/O, RAF, Backwash.  
A.C.2 Perkins recommended for Medical Board.  
Prairie madness suspected.

To the C/O, RAF, Backwash.  
From LAC. Pranger, 1010101,  
Date 7/5/42.

Subject: Report on accident to Harvard aircraft.

Sir,—I have the honor to report that I destroyed one of His Majesty's Aircraft. At 14.00 hours on 6/5/42, having been detailed by my instructor, A/F/O Muddlepatter, to carry out forced landings at St. Aldgates relief landing ground, I was flying at 2,657 ft. when I heard a loud thump behind me, the aircraft lurched violently, and my right wing dropped. Believing that something had given way and that the aircraft was going into a spin, I took the usual recovery action, applying full right rudder, counting ten, and gently easing the stick right back. It then became obvious that the aircraft was out of control, so I prepared to bale out, removing my maps from the locker, caging the gyro, turning the locator off, putting the pitch in coarse, mixture into weak, shutting off the petrol, undoing my safety harness, releasing the quick release on my parachute harness, and opening the canopy. I was just about to step from the cockpit when the aircraft hit the water. I was thrown clear and managed to swim ashore, the aircraft having sunk in Cante-loup lake.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
H. M. PRANGER, L.A.C.

Reply: (After the Court of Enquiry and Court Martial.)

The C/O, RAF, Backwash.

L.A.C. Pranger was unable to control his aircraft in bumpy condition. He has been suspended from flying duties. However, for showing extraordinary calm and initiative in an emergency he will now be employed in the airmen's mess.  
F.P.

## THANK GOD FOR THE TRUTH

This story by an escaped Norwegian is typical of those that reach the BBC almost every day from the Occupied Countries. It shows the value that is set on the BBC's European Service.

"I stood on the storm-swept headland somewhere in Northern Norway with a new found friend, a fisherman. I had been hunted for days and found shelter in his home. It was night. The winds swept through the pines and the stars sparkled out of the blackness. "It is time for the news," the fisherman said quietly. "Come!" He led the way down to his boat, we jumped in and rowed out into the storm. The heavy seas tossed us about and nearly swamped us at times, but we went on and on, seemingly straight into the Atlantic. Nearly an hour later a hump loomed up out of the blackness, a tiny island. There were several boats in the

small cove, and low voices came from a hole in the ground. We crept in through the opening. On a shelf stood a fine radio set, its green eye and lit dial was the only illumination in the silence as the London's announcer's voice was heard. It was the midnight news. It was mostly bad news that night. The pipes were puffed harder, that was the only sign of emotion. They could take it, those men. When it was ended one of the men said quietly: "Thank God for the truth, even if it hurts. It's a real friend who dares to tell you the truth." Then we made for our boats, and rowed off into the storm, to our distant homes."



What's a Wing Commander Like?

## Things Aren't Always What They Seem

- A ROLL OFF THE TOP is not the term used to denote an 'erks unexpected descent from a top tier bed.
- A STORE BASHER is not a cracksman who specialises in burgling local Stores.
- A PAY BOB is not a form of military haircut.
- A REMUSTERING is not a gathering of the clans.
- A DRAFT it not a slight breeze.
- A G.G. is not a glamour girl.
- A FLIP is not the toss of a coin.
- A FLAT SPIN is not an aircraft manoeuvre.
- A PROP is not a piece of wood used to hold up a clothes line.
- A SPIN is not the term used to denote a joy ride.
- AN ATTACHMENT is not the feeling an 'erk gets towards one of the opposite sex.

## "UNDER-CURRENTS"

A certain prominent Warrant Officer now having returned from leave, airmen are warned to keep a close eye on their girl friends.

\* \*

We have been asked to state by the President of the Rifle Club, that the loss of his very prominent moustache was not due to a "close shave" at the Rifle Butts. He is happy to announce that it is now coming along nicely and hopes it will have quite recovered its old flourishing style by July 1st.

\* \*

Whilst on the subject of the Rifle Club, we have been asked to state that this is not an institutional composed of amateur crackmen.

\* \*

Similarly, the Small Bore Club, is not composed solely of Binders.

\* \*

In order to allay whisperings about the "Holme Wrecker" in the M.T. Section, the N.C.O. i/c has asked us to make it clear that this is not a gigolo on his staff, but a certain mechanical contrivance.

\* \*

We trust that the airmen, who are to be seen regularly creeping furtively from camp with .22's tucked under their arms, are really going out on the law abiding pursuit of gopher hunting.

\* \*

We have been asked to state that the peculiar looking apparition seen recently at a Farm situated South is not an Indian Snake Charmer, but a charmer of the fairer sex, who is in the habit of pottering around the farm clad in snaky pyjamas, with flowing dressing gown to complete his ensemble.

\* \*

It is hoped to publish a photograph of the above "charmer" in his full array, in our next issue, in order that these disquieting rumours may be quelled. Our roving camera man tells us he has a very nice "exposure."

\* \*

Since a certain lovely lady ceased to work in a certain Cafe in Town, it has been noticed that the staff have been compelled to type their own menus, unaided by any R.A.F. professional assistance.

\* \*

We learn we have a poet and a music composer in our midst at Station Headquarters. Perhaps we may now expect a little more harmony in the musical click of our typewriters.

\* \*

We sympathise with the sergeant member of the Rifle Club, who scored 99 out of a possible of 100 one evening at the Butts, but was "off colour."

\* \*

We do appreciate the efforts of a certain Senior N.C.O. who has established himself in the "Gen" House at Swift Current. We are, however, rather dubious about his motives.

Great concern has been occasioned in the Sergeant's Mess by the insertion of the following order in Daily Routine Orders, serial No. 153:—

"All Binders are to be returned immediately to Main Stores, for despatch to Air Force Headquarters."

It is feared that the sudden loss of almost all the Senior N.C.O.'s will seriously hamper the efficient running of the Station.



## STATION THEATRE

Hard seats, inferior blackout, interruptions in the film and curtains sticking have been a few of the more obvious difficulties that have been encountered during the first month of the running of the 35mm. Moving Picture Projector in the gymnasium.

Good attendances, patient and appreciative audiences, with the inevitable wit producing the obvious remarks at the moment of the most luscious and exquisite kiss have been a little of the welcome encouragement that the personnel of this Station have given to those who undertook to run the Station Cinema.

Particular credit is due to Sgt. Bartlett, F/Sgt. Harrison, LAC. Hives, AC. Savage, AC. Smith, AC. Spain, Cpl. Thomson, Sgt. Thornton and LAC Vincent for their work, which has been largely responsible for the degree of success that has been reached to date.

Those responsible for the Station Cinema are not yet satisfied and they have in view, the following improvements:

- (a) More and better seats.
- (b) All possible action to improve the acoustics of the hall, which are at present, considered bad.
- (c) Immediately the improvements mentioned above are completed, a reduction in cost of admission.

In this Issue will be found the programme which has been arranged for July, but below, will be found a few of the films which have been booked for the remainder of 1942, to give some idea of the type of entertainment that will be available:

"It Started With Eve," Deanna Durbin. "49th Parallel." "Gas Bags," Crazy Gang. "Hellzapoppin." "Feather Your Nest," George Formby. "Louisiana Purchase." "How Green Was My Valley." "Dumbo," Walt Disney. "Kipling's Jungle Book." "Saboteur."

There are just three requests that are made to all who attend the Cinema. Firstly, that they will be in their seats by the published time that the programme is due to start. It should be realized that the hall is not suitable for late comers. The doors make a noise when opened, and let in light which spoils the production. Secondly, that those who attend the first house on Sunday evenings leave their seats reasonably tidy for those who will be present for the second house. And thirdly,

that unless prevented by natural causes, all those present at a performance will join in singing "GOD SAVE THE KING."

July 1, 2—"Mob Town," Dead End Kids. "No, No, Nannette," Anna Neagle, Richard Carlson, Victor Mature.

July 5, 6—"Quiet Wedding," Margaret Lockwood. "Blondie Plays Cupid," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake.

July 8, 9—"Unfinished Business," Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery.

July 12, 13—"Vivacious Lary."

July 15, 16—"The Great Waltz," Luise Rayner, Fernand Gravet, Melitza Korjus.

July 19, 20—"On the Beat," George Formby.

July 22, 23—"Nothing But the Truth," Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard.

July 26, 27—"I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature.

July 29, 30—"The Girl In the News."

Doc.

## A LAY OF ST. ALDWYN'S

*From the Ingoldsby Legends*

My thirst was gone and I lay on my bunk  
I dreamed many dreams of the beer I had sunk.  
I flew through the air in my summer chemise,  
I crawled on the ground and fed gophers with cheese  
These creatures advised me on what I should do  
with my rifle and  
Ram-rod and rounds point two two.

I was one of a crowd of pupils dumb.  
My instructor was following me with a gun.  
As the sun went down we left the town to spend  
the night at St. Aldwyn's fair,  
Across the prairie we journeyed there in a powerful  
12 seater pneumatic Bath Chair  
With the C.O., the M.O., Two Sisters so sweet,  
the duty pilot, A.C.P., myself and a stinker  
named Paraffin Pete.

# BOSTON CAFE

**The best  
Steaks in town**

**Cigarettes and Soft Drinks**

A herd of Harvards were grazing there  
Their lockers were filled with Rye and with Beer.  
We lassoed the nearest, put chocks to its feet  
Then woke up the Erk from the front driver's seat.  
We wound the elastic and took to the sky,  
There was me, and myself, my instructor and I.

We were skyward bound before it was found,  
We could not reach the beer, without coming to  
ground.

And this is the reason for circuits and bumps  
For baggage compartments aren't fitted with pumps.  
And each time we landed, there was rye for the dry,  
That was me and myself, my instructor and I.

Despite my Instructor's admonishing curse,  
I flew the kite backwards, engaging reverse.  
Sitting back-to-the-engine it couldn't be seen  
Where we were going or where we had been.  
So they fired red lights from a small signal  
mortar, just astern of our bows on the port-  
starboard quarter.

And though for a pupil 'tis never allowed  
I landed the kite on a cumulus cloud  
The reason for this will be perfectly clear  
To all who have ever imbibed bottled beer.  
The moon was obscured, she was blushing with  
shame,  
And down in Swift Current the farmers cried 'rain.'

Back to St. Aldwyn's we made a start,  
But landed forgetting the under-cart.  
The Ambulance waggon was dark and dim  
'Cause the M.O. was showing a film within.  
A sister's hand was holding mine and . . .  
Oh my God its HALF PAST NINE!

Butch.



There is only ONE Brand of  
"BIG CHIEF BEER" ...the best!  
27W

THE SASKATOON BREWING COMPANY  
SASKATOON SASK.

# UN-NATURAL SCIENCE

Jottings from our note book by Professors Dilly and Dash

## Methyl-ethyl-propyl-benzyl-alpha-toluol-beta-naphthol-smelly-animide

New synthetic reagent for converting aliphatics into aromatics . . . a ring not a straight chain . . . ethylene linkage between the smelly and the animide . . . possesses a peculiar odour resembling the pos, podos of genus homo aviateur rankorum minororum . . . .

(Note . . . should be of practical value on golf courses, as the smelly-animines are repugnant to the gopher family, who would immediately eject any balls coated with these compounds if they fortuitously entered the gopher's holes.)

## DUST . . . (Pussyhaid . . . magnesium potassium alumino-silicate).

Syenites, diorites, quartzites, cryolites, meenonites, hitlerites and plebiscites in a fine state of subdivision.

Produced by (a) Corealian winds (Buys-Bulhot's law) (b) High temperature (1,000° Abs) (c) Low dew-point (rel humidity .0001) (d) Destructive denudation facilitated by lack of Pinus Californiensis et familias (e) Application of European

agrarian technique to semi-arid tilths (arandis tudeepandis) (f) Corealian winds again.

Distribution . . . prairie, farms, fields, roads, houses, sitting rooms, kitchens, bedrooms, eyes, ears, noses, lungs; also found in Australia.

Effects . . . bronchitis, laryngitis, treacheitis, synovitis (housemaids and A.C.H.'s), probiscisitis, prangkitis and boils.

## Noise produced by Harvards and u/t pilots (Sonor Harvardorum et eutyorum)

Harvards very noisy in flight . . . attributed to resonance in cowling, not to direct acoustic effect of airscrew, whose tip speed is well below the speed of sound.

(Note . . . must attempt to improve aerofail section of airscrew to get better aero-dynamic loading, as the twisting moment is too high, and many pupils are failing their ground exams through using too much flap while doing a slow roll before stalling, forgetting the euty motto "per harvardua ad australasia".)

(Ed's note . . . this seems mixed up, but who am I to censor it ! ! !)



## Sweetness

On my right:

Sister H. M. Browne

On my left:

Sister H. G. Stillborne.



In reply to a query sent out by S/Ldr. Courtin the following enlightening reply was received, and from a Junior Officer at that:

(a) Date of last typhoid inoculation. Ans.: Don't know.

(b) Date of last tetanus inoculation. Ans.: Can't remember.

(c) Date of your last vaccination. Ans.: Last war sometime.

(d) Have you been blood grouped? Ans.: Can't say.

(e) Are you willing to act as a blood donor? Ans.: If you think I have enough.

(f) What is your medical category? Ans.: About A4B I think.

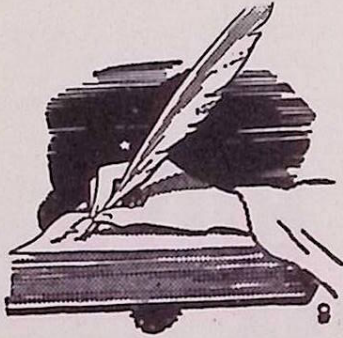
(g) What is the most suitable time and date to have your chest X-ray? Ans.: You tell me, I'll be there.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ F/Lt.

"The last we heard of the Flight Lute he was two hills and one dust storm ahead of the S.M.O. and still going strong."



# Poet's Corner



## DIG FOR VICTORY

(With obvious indebtedness to Lewis Carroll)

The C.O. and the Adjutant  
Were walking side by side;  
They groaned like anything to see  
The prairie far and wide.  
"This blinkin' waste" the C.O. said,  
"I simply can't abide."

"If fifty erks with fifty spades  
Worked it for half a year,  
Do you suppose" the C.O. said,  
"That they would get it clear?"  
"I doubt it" said the Adjutant,  
"There's far too much, I fear."

"At least, we should" the C.O. said,  
"Attempt to change the view,  
And do our best to emulate  
The gardens down at Kew;  
All this would only take at most,  
A year, perhaps—or two."

"The time has come" the C.O. cried,  
"To purchase lots of seed,  
And spades and rakes and garden sprays,  
And anything we need,  
And paint to whiten all the stones,  
And stuff to clear the weed."

"What of the cost?" the other said,  
With apprehension seized,  
"Oh, damn the cost" the C.O. cried,  
"Your fears should be appeased  
By thinking nothing matters if  
The C.I.G. is pleased."

Cpl. Blakeley.

## THE MONARCH OF THE VALE

By the Corporal

Mid fields of waving golden grain  
And hills of Emerald green  
With rugged rocks of russet brown  
And silvery stream be'ween  
Where poplars fringe the river's banks  
And wild flowers deck the dale  
Lies Calgary, fair Calgary  
"The Monarch of the Vale."

Where whispering Elbow's silvery stream  
Blends with the gurgling Bow  
And distant mountains can be seen  
Majestic, crowned with snow.  
Embraced in nature's vernal smiles  
And sheltered from the gale  
Lies Calgary, fair Calgary,  
"The Monarch of the Vale."

Let poets sing of other lands  
With skies of bluer blue  
With orange groves, and stately palms  
And flowers of varied hue  
Of towns and hamlets noted for  
Romance and fairy tale,  
My song will be fair Calgary,  
"The Monarch of the Vale."

## MY BELOVED

Come, my beloved, the heath is in flower,  
And I sigh and I pine and I long for this hour;  
Let us start, let us go, let us fly to the sea,  
And be gay and be free my beloved and me.

I caught her small hand, she fled like the doe,  
In the bright morning sun her gold tresses aglow;  
We paused not, we spoke not, as we ran side by side  
But we laughed in the joy of our youth's matchless  
pride.

See my beloved the boat's in the creek!  
There is wind, there is wave, there is all that  
we seek;

Let the sail be unfurled, to the sea let her go  
With the blue sky above, my beloved below.

The blue of the wave, the white of the skiff,  
With the foam, and the lap in the lea of the cliff!  
She pitches, she dances, to the time of the sea  
With the breakers on shore making sweet melody.

Come my beloved! the sun's in the bay,  
All the hills are outstretched in its glorious ray;  
And the lamp of the moon, her soft beams gaining  
light,

Will entrance my beloved asleep through the night.

C.R.D.



DE HAVILAND  
TIGER MOTH

# HONOUR THE BOYS IN UNIFORM

They're fighting to protect our homes . . . our families . . . our freedom. How can you show your appreciation? Be friendly . . . be hospitable . . . entertain . . . write letters . . . send gifts overseas—they certainly deserve the best we can give them.

## Show Your Appreciation During **ARMY WEEK**

*( June 29<sup>th</sup> to July 5<sup>th</sup> )*

The de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

The de Havilland Aircraft of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont., Makers of Tiger Moth, primary trainer; Avro-Anson, trainer bomber and new twin-engined bomber for active combat.

# Books

By Peggy

## VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER

Author: Major Alexander de Severesky.  
Publishing House: Simon & Schuster, New York.

Ere you begin this fascinating and highly informative book, I must ask that you do these two things—(1) do not become alarmed and (2) read carefully and read thoughtfully. Do this and I will wager that hereafter you will interpret the morning's news with a broader and a clearer understanding.

Major de Severesky sets out to prove that world war 2 is primarily an air war. (2) that air power has been the deciding factor in all military issues to date. (3) to insure our ultimate success we require an air-minded and unified command, under a general war staff.

The first reaction of the reader may be one of alarm when he reads the convincing analysis of mistakes that have been made to date in military aviation on both sides—notably by the Germans. The nervous reader, on digesting this part of the argument, may assume that our strategists have failed to profit by the lessons of the war to date. When the thought flashes across his mind that the enemy "might" have done so he will no doubt have some squeamish moments. This would be a natural reaction and that is why I urge you to "keep your seats." It is not possible that the very type of air strategy suggested by the brilliant major may be already planned and in part executed? Naturally the idea would be given as little publicity as possible until in actual execution. The entire aviation "setup" moves forward with such incredible speed these days, it may well be that some of these ideas set forth by Major Severesky are already out dated.

In considering the second part of Major Severesky's argument—"that air power has been a deciding factor in all military issues to date," I feel that we must cede him that point. Is it not obvious that Germany won Poland, Norway, France and Crete by controlling the air? Though the political collapse of France, the lack of naval support in some instances and the lack of foresight in others, may well have been contributing factors, the fact remains that power in the air did decide the issue here in favor of Germany. The R.A.F. has saved Britain. Aircraft has played a major, if not deciding role on Russian soil. "Remember Pearl Harbor" and you remember that it too was destroyed from the air. We must admit that in the first place it was the air superiority of Japan that enabled her to take Hong Kong, Singapore and Java. We can readily agree with Major Severesky that to win this war we must think and plan in terms of air power.

At this point Major Severesky sounds a challenge to America's mechanical ingenuity and unrivalled power of production. The reader derives some comfort and encouragement when the Major explains how ideally America is equipped to turn the tide in our favour by pouring out bigger and better planes.

Hitler and Goering hoped to defeat the R.A.F. by sheer weight of numbers. We saw how 25 miles edge in speed, plus superior firing power decided the fight in English skies in Britain's favour. In the Pacific also the Japanese fighter planes had a decided advantage in horse power as well as the explosive action of 20 m.m. cannon shells entirely lacking in the P-40 used by the Americans. This story might have had a different ending with America holding the edge on quality, even though outdone in quantity.

Major Severesky does not advocate the elimination of land or sea forces, but feels that they could coordinate with the airforce under a single command. He also feels that the "Brass Hats" and sea power "Die-Hards" have left the offensive to the Axis too long, and failed to release their potential air power to the full.

Among British military and aviation men, Severesky tells us he found a greater consciousness of the destined role of air power than in any country except Germany. The effect of this however, was offset by the stubborn faith of all Englishmen, high or low, in the ability of their glorious navy to rule the seas and to protect her islands. In the abstract, a laudable and touching faith we admit, but it has prevented the proper and necessary development of both army and air forces. As war fears increased so were the navy expenditures, while the airforce was kept on short rations financially.

We are pleased to note that De Severesky considered British planes the best in the world as far as performance was concerned. The workmanship was below German and American levels—the designing inefficient, rendering them costly to build. But in armament, speed, armour, personnel training and morale the R.A.F. was far in the lead. It lacked of course in numbers owing to the grudging appropriations granted it by naval minded administration.

The cooperative and eager attitude of the British factory worker towards stepping up production struck Severesky in sharp contrast to the lackadaisical attitude of the French workers. He did find however, evidence of excessive personnel in all British aviation plants—obviously an attempt to make up by labor power for lack of experience in mass production and inadequate advance planning. But the picture as a whole was pleasing and seemed ear-marked for a good healthy grade of production

in the future. To a thoughtful observer, it would seem however, that vested military interests had to be forced by harsh reality, to admit that aviation was the first line of defence, and not merely an interesting experiment.

No doubt the R.A.F. was hampered to a great extent by the attitude of the manufacturers of aircraft and their political and financial backers. These groups, though forced to admit that domestic production was unable adequately to cope with rapidly growing aviation needs, were nevertheless afraid of "outside" competition, or expanded home plants "After the coming war." In fact it seemed they preferred the idea of buying from America, rather than giving impetus to aircraft industry in Canada, New Zealand or Australia. Probably they thought it would not be difficult to exclude American products at a later date—whereas Dominion competition might become a permanent threat.

We note in passing the high praise that Severesky has for the personnel at the British flight test station. Here, unlike its French counterpart the station was run in a highly efficient manner. The hard working crew showed a marked degree of sportsmanship in their cheerful acceptance of long hours and extreme hardships. All tests were conducted in a fair and thorough manner, and in many cases the British reports exceeded the American claims, whereas the French seemed inclined to discredit foreign models—possibly because they were indubitably better and exposed the shortcomings of the home product. It took months to clear American planes at the French Test Stations due to the constant struggle against political skulduggery, shameless falsification of performance tests, and the ever present desire to make a "Good deal" with certain favoured foreign manufacturers. The aeronautical incompetence of the French has been revealed since the fall of France. This may be partly due to the fact that they too did not recognize air power as their first line of defence, but were lulled into a feeling of false security by the talk of "Impregnable Fortifications."

Major Severesky fought as a pilot in World War I, designed fighting planes and bomb sights, and built up an enviable reputation as a winner of aviation records and honors. In fact his thorough knowledge of military aviation has enabled him to "call the turn" with uncanny accuracy in practically all the major events on our fighting fronts today.

In spite of this it would be advisable to give careful consideration to the third point. Here the author concludes that our present war management should be re-organized, as it is primarily too army and navy minded to permit the airforce enough scope to really prove itself, as the deciding factor in this world issue. The author sets forth his case in a dynamic and persuasive manner but, we must bear in mind that here he treads on controversial ground. We find many leaders in civil and military aviation—men of acknowledged ability and experience who are not yet convinced that this radical re-organization of our war administration is either necessary or advisable. It would not necessarily be a guarantee against unwise strategy, and as all three services must of necessity act as small

cogs in the great wheel of accomplishment, we could quite conceivably fail to find the panacea for our aerial ills in this "swapping of horses in midstream."

Be this as it may, Severesky has given us a great book—a book whose theme is indisputable, even to the average layman: that the war cannot be won until total supremacy in the air is established, and until that same idea gains supremacy in the minds of our war management we will be unable to bring this war to a successful close.

I again urge "you" to read this book—and to read it thoughtfully. It deals with a matter of vital import to the successful prosecution of this war. With so much at stake we can no longer indulge in jumping to quick conclusions. That, my friends is a peace time luxury, and as such must go the way of silk stockings, joy riding and sugar topped buns!

M.G.

I, now am giving a brief biographical sketch of the author of the book I have just reviewed.

In view of his education, training and later accomplishments along naval, military and aeronautical lines, we can but feel that Major de Severesky should speak with some authority upon the subject of "Victory Through the Air."

### Major Alexander de Severesky

Major de Severesky was born in Russia in 1894. At the age of ten he attended Military School and passed on to the Russian Naval Academy. He graduated as a lieutenant in the Russian Navy in 1914. He saw service in the Baltic Sea throughout the winter of 1914-5 with a Russian destroyer flotilla. He was now selected for duty with the naval aviation and sent to the Military School of Aeronautics at Sebastopol, where he graduated as a Military Aviator. He then completed a naval post graduate course in Aeronautics and received his degree as a naval aviator.

During the next 3 years he saw active combat service in bombardment aviation and also in pursuit; in 1917 he became chief of Pursuit Aviation in the Baltic Sea. He lost his right leg in 1915 while on a bombardment mission, but went back to active duty with an artificial limb. This daring chap became the leading Russian ace of the Naval Airforce and received all the honors his country could bestow—including the Gold Sword and the Order of St. George, the highest military award.

In 1918 because of his technical contributions to aviation he was selected as a member of the Russian Naval Aviation Mission to the United States. When Russia dropped out of the war, he offered his services to the United States and was appointed Aeronautical Engineer and test pilot for the Government. In this capacity he served until the Armistice.

In 1921 he acted in an advisory capacity to that far-sighted apostle of true air power—General William Mitchell. During this time Mitchell was engaged in demonstrating the ability of Aircraft to sink battleships. As a result of his work with Mitchell, Severesky was appointed Consulting Engineer to the War Department by the Secretary



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Drop in at the

# Paris Cafe

When in Swift Current

For Afternoon Tea, Coffee  
Good Meals

WE AIM TO PLEASE

of War, a great honor for a young man not yet an American citizen! In 1927 he became an American citizen and was commissioned a Major in the U.S. Air Corps Specialist Reserve the following year.

In spite of Major de Severesky's active life he managed to find time to design the world's first automatic bombsight. In 1931 he founded the Severesky Aircraft Corporation, now called Republic Aviation Corporation, of which he was President and Director for 7 years. His company built some of America's best Pursuit Airplanes. In line with these accomplishments Major de Severesky also designed and built the fastest Amphibian plane in the world, also the first low wing basic training Airplane for the U.S. Army Corps, and is responsible for the development of American Pursuit planes to their present standard. He also built the first Turbo-Super charged, air-cool-engine fighter.

Just for good measure the gallant Major won himself numerous world speed records, and in Dec. 1940, just to show he was still "In there pitching" added the coveted Harmon Trophy (presented by President Roosevelt for outstanding achievement in Aviation) to his collection.

He is regarded as an expert in Tactics, and Strategy of Aerial warfare, and his forecasts on the course of the present war have proved him to be a man of unusual perception—one whose word might well carry some weight with the intelligent reader.

M.G.



This World could yet be an Eden  
And more pleasant for you and me,  
If we would only do what we ought to do  
And see what we ought to see.  
Take our struggling brothers by the hand  
And to them be a guiding star,  
And think we are what we ought to be  
Then be what we think we are.

*The Corporal.*

We have on hand some

## New Cars

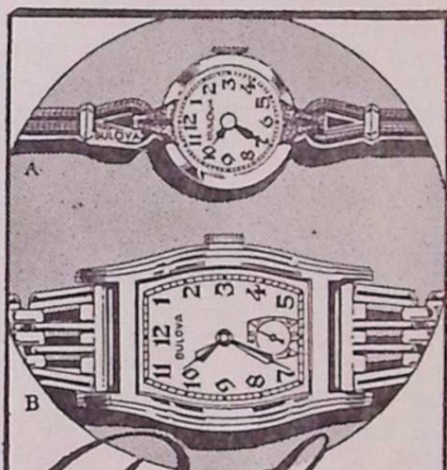
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## Pibroch

A Station Pipe Band has now been formed on this Unit, by kind permission of the Commanding Officer, and pipes and drums acquired from P.S.I. funds. As this is the first R.A.F. Pipe Band in Canada, a few notes on the Highland Bagpipes may be of interest.

The bagpipes, famed in history as the stirring national instrument of Scotland, are unique in construction and musical effect. Many theories are presented as to their origin. The Irish claim to have donated to the Scottish the original pipes as a joke, and believe the Scots have not yet seen the point. The most generally accepted theory, however, is that bagpipes were the invention of some Swiss shepherds. After its introduction into Scotland this ingenious pipe was altered, drones (2 tenor and 1 bass) were added, and the result is the Great Highland Bagpipes, or Pibroch Mohr, as we know them today. Pipes of a simpler kind, without drones, are also found in Italy and Poland.

Tunes for bagpipes are written within a compass of an octave plus one note. As the tunes are written without rests, it is necessary to have the bag through which the supply of wind is maintained by pressure from the arm while the piper takes a breath.

Throughout the pages of Scottish history there is no doubt that the pipes were the inspiring element of many military achievements. The tunes are of a vigorous nature. Various incidents have occurred when soldiers, almost completely exhaust-

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ed after days of marching and little food, on hearing their pipe band strike up, have picked up their step and gone on into the fray with renewed energy. Familiar to everyone is the story of the part played during the relief of Lucknow by the pipes, how the distant strains of "The Campbells Are Coming" encouraged and heartened the beleaguered defenders. Another example of inspiration gained from the pipes was at Quatre Bras, one of the battles preceding Waterloo, when the combined charge of the Black Watch and the Scots Guards swept all before them.

The early tunes accomplished on the Highland Bagpipes, prior to 1745, were mainly Piobaireachd or Laments, the most famous of all these being Cha till Mhic Cruimein, McCrimmon Will Never Return, composed after the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie by Donald Bain MacCrimmon, hereditary piper to the Macleods of Dunvegan Castle, Skye. But after Highland regiments were introduced into the British Army, compositions in quicker time, such as Marches, Strathspeys, Reels, and Country Dances, became more popular. The names of many of these tunes are derived from notable Scottish personalities and various successful battles or episodes in British military history. For example, The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar, The Battle of the Somme, The Heights of Alma, The Marchioness of Tullibardine, Mrs. Macleod of Raasay, Madelina Sinclair, Inverness Rant, Siege of Delhi, Marquis of Huntly, and the Barren Rocks of Aden. These tunes are cherished by Scottish people everywhere—and by not a few Englishmen also—whether in the glens of home or on the Western Prairies.

B. Kelly.

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Page Thirty-three

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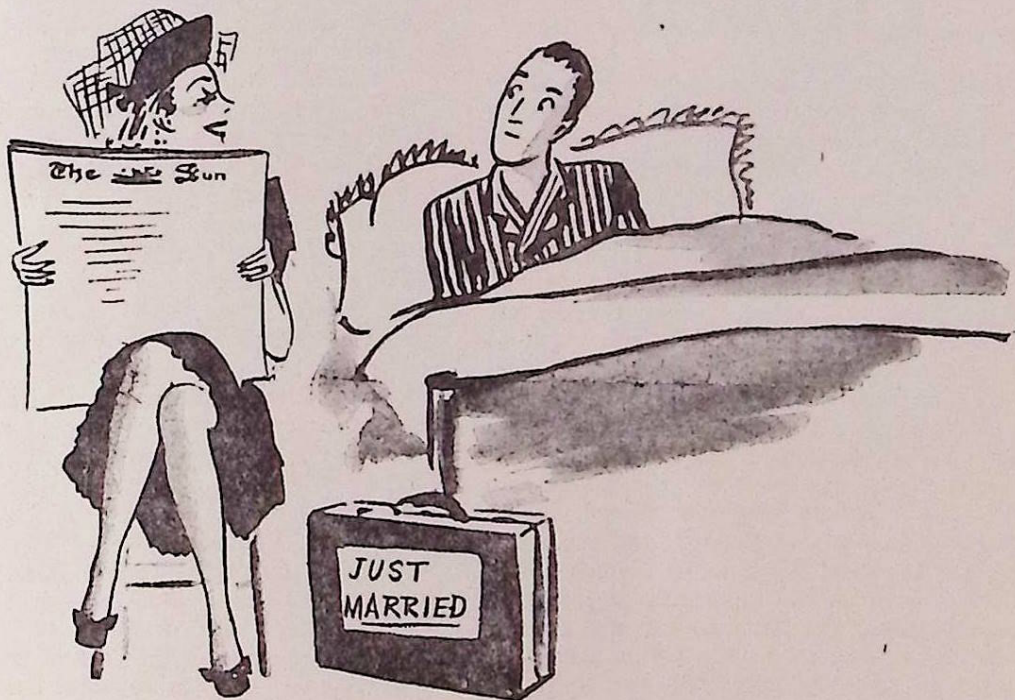
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## July Attractions at the Swift Current Theatres

### EAGLE:

- Fri.-Sat., July 3, 4, "DESIGN FOR SCANDAL" grand comedy with Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Arnold.
- Mon.-Tues., July 6, 7, "WILD BILL HICKOK RIDES" action western drama, Bruce Cabot, Constance Bennett and Warren William.
- Wed.-Thurs., July 8, 9, "LADIES IN RETIREMENT" mystery drama with Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward.
- Fri.-Sat., July 10-11, "SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS" romantic comedy with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.
- Mon.-Tues., July 13, 14, "CALL OUT THE MARINES" swell army-life comedy with Victor McLaglan, Edmund Lowe, Binnie Barnes.
- Wed.-Thurs., July 15, 16, "BEDTIME STORY" a merry marital mixup comedy with Fredric March and Loretta Young.
- Fri.-Sat., July 17, 18, "KATHLEEN" grand human-interest comedy-drama with Shirley Temple, Herbert Marshall and Laraine Day.
- Mon.-Tues., July 20, 21, "HENRY AND DIZZY" another of those entertaining Henry Aldrich stories, Jimmy Lydon, Mary Anderson and Charles Smith.
- Wed.-Thurs., July 22, 23, "TO BE OR NOT TO BE" an absorbing comedy-drama is this, the last picture made by Carole Lombard, Jack Benny and Robert Stack.
- Fri.-Sat., July 24, 25, "MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN" grand technicolor comedy cartoon.
- Mon.-Tues., July 27, 28, "TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE" swift action drama with thrills and chills, Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan.
- Wed.-Thurs., July 29, 30, "GO WEST YOUNG LADY" a musical western drama with Penny Singleton, Glen Ford and Ann Miller.
- Fri.-Sat., July 31, Aug. 1, "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS" strong action drama with Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Akim Tamiroff.

### LYRIC:

- Mon.-Tues., July 6, 7 (double feature) "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE" grand western action drama, Geo. Montgomery and Mary Howard. "THE SMILING GHOST" mystery-drama with Wayne Morris, Brenda Marshall.
- Wed.-Sat., July 8, 9, 10, 11, "LOUISIANA PURCHASE" beautiful technicolor musical-comedy with Bob Hope, Vera Zorina and Victor Moore
- Monday to Saturday, July 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, one week: "CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS" one of the greatest aviation films, the hit of the year, James Cagney, Dennis Morgan and Brenda Marshall.
- Mon.-Tues., July 20, 21 (double feature) "A DATE WITH THE FALCON" comedy mystery drama with George Sanders and Wendy Barrie. "OUTLAWS OF THE DESERT" Hopalong Cassidy western with Wm. Boyd.
- Wed.-Sat., July 22, 23, 24, 25, "THE 49th PARALLEL" action war-drama with scenes from Canada and England, Leslie Howard, Laurence Oliver and Raymond Massey.
- Mon.-Tues., July 27, 28 (double feature) "CHARLIE CHAN AT THE WAX MUSEUM" mystery-drama with Sidney Toler. "JENNIE" drama with Virginia Gilmore and Wm. Henry.
- Wed.-Sat., July 29, 30, 31, Aug. 1, "BABES ON BROADWAY" grand musical comedy with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland.

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## Wanted

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

**KEEP THE SWIFT ALIVE**

# RCA Victor

## RADIOS

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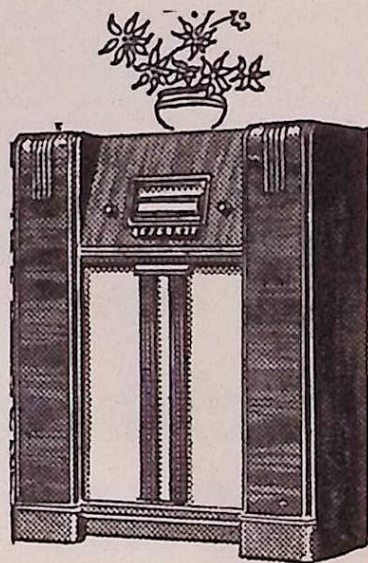
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