

AUGUST 1942

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*The*

**SWIFT**

*A Review of Current Events*

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

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ONTARIO

Number 4

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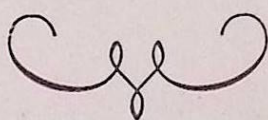
*Editorial Committee—Squadron Leader F. V. Carpenter (Editor and Art Editor); Corporal B. Blakeley (Assistant Editor); Flight Sergeant A. G. Cooper (Advertising and Business Manager and Special Correspondent); LAC E. G. Curphey (Assistant Business Manager).*

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

*Why not meet Her at the*  
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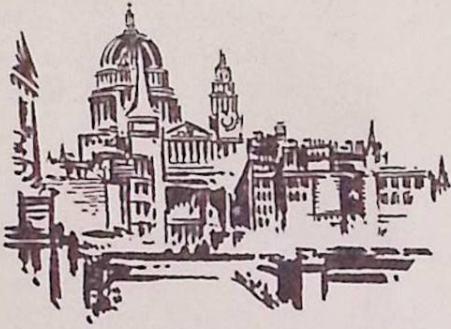
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## Editorial

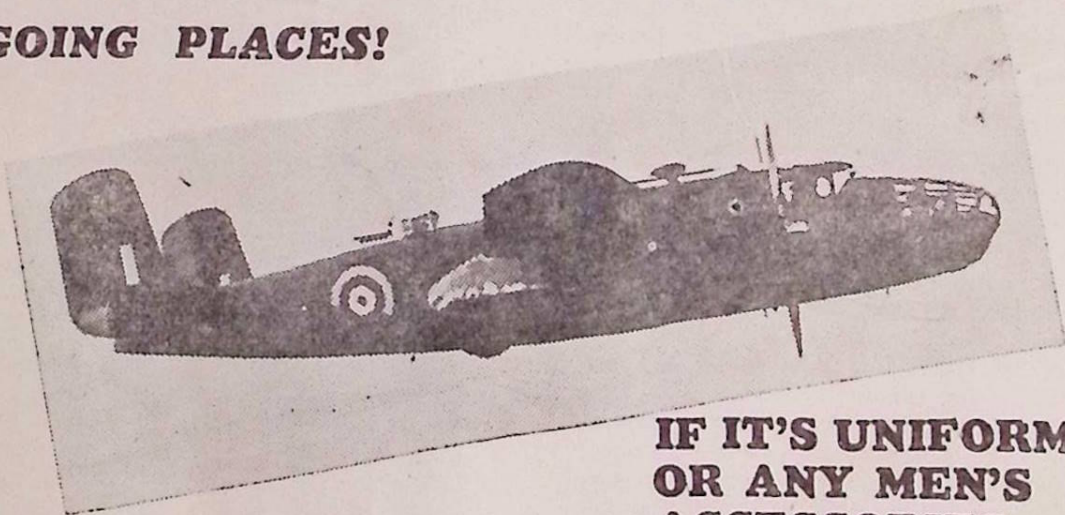
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Here is number four and here are our thanks to those contributors who have been with us from the start and are still going strong and to those few others who have now joined up and are helping us with this issue. It seems certain that there are many more with talent who are still too shy, or even too lazy to come forward. Think of all the amusing things that happened in your section during the month — the first view of your Flight-Sergeant in shorts—what your instructor said when you landed with your undercart up—what you did with your last forty-eight.

These things amused you. Tell us about them so that the whole station may laugh with you. On the other hand, articles of a serious and instructive nature are welcome. Tell us about your work as well as your play. The other man's job is always interesting and you may be able to convince the rest of the unit that yours is the most important job on the Station. Further, any suggestions you may have for the improvement of your magazine will be most carefully considered. 39 has already an enviable record of achievement. For the Best Station let us also have the Best Magazine.

**GOING PLACES!**



**IF IT'S UNIFORMS  
OR ANY MEN'S  
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**You'll be Satisfied by going to**  
**HARRY SHAW** ♦ *Men's Wear*



# Sports

By P/O Petty



Once more my pen goes to paper to give a little more "gen" on the sports activity on the Camp.

Our Soccer is still going strong, and the Cup Knock-out Tournament has now been decided, despite the English Winter weather we had during June. The torrential rain (the most the locals have seen for twenty years) flooded our pitches and held up the progress of the competition.

The Cup Final itself was held on Wembley Stadium on Tuesday, 14th July, between Pupils No. 1 and Repair No. 2, and resulted in a 3-2 victory for Pupils. A good crowd turned out for the match, despite the "mozzies," and witnessed one of the best exhibitions of football seen on the ground so far. After the game, the Commanding Officer presented the Cup and medals to the Winning team. Repair No. 2 are to be congratulated on being not only runners up in the League, therefore, but in the Cup Competition also. Perhaps their turn will come in the second half of the season.

One of the most interesting games of the League, was the winding up match between Officers and Sergeants' Messes. As usual, a good crowd was in attendance, and they really enjoyed themselves. The result was a very fair one, a 2-2 draw being recorded.

The Rugby Football has got well under way and matches have been played almost every evening. Some pleasing exhibitions have been seen. Owing to the heavy state of the grounds at the commencement, most of the play was dominated by the forwards, but as the weather continues to improve, we expect to see much more open play from the "threes." It is hoped to organise a knock-out competition on similar lines to that staged for the soccer, in the near future.

Arrangements are in hand to get our rivals, No. 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw, down here during August, to play inter-station Soccer, Rigger and possibly Hockey matches. In addition, fixtures are being arranged with the Canadian Army Team from Maple Creek at the end of July, and it is hoped that return fixtures can be made.

Tennis is getting into swing, and three open air courts have been opened on the Station. All personnel are invited to play, either during the day, when off duty, or in the evenings. Trouble is still being experienced in getting hold of tennis balls, but diligent search by the Sports Officer has resulted in a fair stock being obtained. These Tennis Balls may be purchased on application to the Sports Store. In order that all personnel may have the same opportunity of using the Courts, a Book has been installed in the Sports Store, where applicants for the Court must apply.

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The Boxing Team is going from victory to victory. This is a source of great gratification, and praise is due to all Boxers, whether or not they competed on Frontier Days, and they are to be congratulated on the splendid way in which they all trained and worked together. The description of the Tournament on 30th June is given elsewhere in this issue. However, at this point, I feel I should like to congratulate Warrant Officer Short on his fine turn-out, and his very able assistants, Sergeant Bartlett and "Doc" Savage for their hard work and co-operation. Arrangements are at present in hand for matches with DeWinton, The Royal Canadian Navy and the Canadian Army, and every endeavour will be made in the future to find opponents worthy of our boys' mettle. Our boxers are a happy crowd, who train together, fight together and win together. If you want to get fit, drop in at the drill shed any evening at 1730 hours.

The Softball Team are sorry to have to report the impending loss of their star pitcher "General Products" Ratkiewez, who is going on an Air Gunner's course. We trust he will knock down Huns as fast as he did opponents on the Diamond. It is hoped that a new Diamond will be found outside the Camp, after the loss of our own, owing to building operations, where we shall be able to entertain Maple Creek.

I once more end this Spotlight on Sport with the wish that very soon everyone on the Camp will have facilities for playing his own particular sport.

W. M. Petty.



More Sports

## "UNDER CURRENTS"

Talk about the Blind leading the Blind—what about the IRISH N.C.O. on the Camp, who is endeavouring to teach a Polish airman to speak English?

\* \*

Economy hint to u/t pilots—Don't land on two wheels—landing on one saves rubber.

\* \*

She was only a Pilot Officer's daughter—but she wouldn't let the Squadron Leader.

\* \*

There is no truth in the suggestion that the elongated member of the Central Registry uses a pair of slacks belonging to a somewhat short member of the Orderly Room Staff as a pair of tennis shorts!

\* \*

We are pleased to note that the Works and Buildings Man with his tractor has not yet discovered the Gestapo Chief's Flower Garden.

\* \*

There is no truth in the rumour that the Senior N.C.O. who recently went car riding in his pyjamas at midnight, is following the example set by a certain "gopher."

\* \*

The Merry-go-round (charaplane variety) seemed to provide an interesting spectacle to the lads on July 1st. Was it merely the thoughts of their childhood that held their attention?

\* \*

July 1st, we observed, was a very "trying" day for lots of the lads.

We were pleased to hear the airman, who spoke on behalf of the R.A.F. at the Rodeo on July 1st, give such a glowing report of the hospitality of the Canadians. We are glad he has now become reconciled to gum chewing.

\* \*

Great Scott! Have you heard the one about the certain Officer on the Camp who rings up the Meteorological Office and obtains a weather report, before he allows his landlady to hang out his washing?

\* \*

We were very sorry to see the Chief of the Ogpu taken so queer one evening in Swift Current, and trust he has now recovered his spirits.

\* \*

With regard to our "crack" about the "Gen House" in our last issue we are glad to state that the penny has dropped.



Ken leads the way

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# Road Signs

By The Padre

You soon get to know the feel of a good unit—the grass gets cut, somebody runs the soccer properly, people sing and whistle, jobs get done, the flying hours are well above the line, the C.T.O. can't get a photo of a crashed kite because Maintenance has already stripped the airplanes off.

Well, I've enjoyed it on this station. The dance band has real pep and go. Some pretty low points were touched early on, but what with the Spring and a lot of hard work and good organization, things are looking up.

Don't let us forget the source from which good clean living, efficiency and cheerfulness come. If you on this Station all back up Padre Reuss as you have backed me up, he will have cause to be very well pleased. He comes straight from a Fighter Station in England, and one also hears that he has considerable experience as an Army Officer in the Wiltshire Regiment behind him. So I'm sure you'll take him to whatever corresponds to your bosom as you did me. Many thanks to all of you for all you've done for me, the best of good wishes and *God Bless You*.

W.S.M.

In the days of long ago my Vicar positively refused me my sacred rights and privileges as his downtrodden curate, and nothing ever appeared over my name in his particular news-sheet, consequently I am somewhat overcome, as this letter will probably show, to find myself on probation as a monthly contributor to *The Swift*.

This early prohibition was doubtless due to a very real fear that my efforts would appeal to the wrong set of people and in consequence lead to a falling off in the certified net sales of a typical bulwark of our English civilization, the Parish Magazine. (It is quite likely that you will have to do the same Mr. Editor when you check up on the results of this effort). For the pleasing of the old and bold and the dichards in parish life is of national importance. Anyhow it was remarkable what a number of free copies I had to dispose of after my first few efforts, leading up to the very wise decision of my senior cleric. In the circumstances I am sure you will pardon me, if in the course of these bursts into print, you will find me addressing the Editor of *The Swift* as our dear Vicar—I promise I will try not to.

Well to continue dear friends (doesn't that sound right and remind you of the Parish Hall), those of you who have made a study of Church History will know what great importance is attached to an orderly succession in the ministry, and I appeal to you that my taking over the office of Padre W. Scott Morton was in line with the highest traditions. My heritage was a crown cork opener and four

mineral-water bottles, only W.S.M. being of Caledonian stock, it was no surprise to me to find these empty. No doubt good use had been made of the ingenious gadget which I now wear on my key chain as a keepsake—of course, and I must have no regrets. It seems though that Padre Scott Morton had the right ideas and was working on the approved lines of friendship. There were four empty bottles mark you!

To me the crown cork opener is symbolic of a Chaplain's job not to mention the duties of an Education Officer, but let us have a mutual regard in community life please, and if the fierce exchange of ideas leads to a prizing open of old problems, let's remember that we are but carrying on a friendly investigation, or the S.M.O. will want to see us, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, and all that; which is a dark saying referring to stretcher-bearers and sanitary squads, and we don't want that. Besides moderation is the sure way to reward and true tonic effects, even in the drinking of Coke. Ye Gods—four bottles, what a man.

I am not going to promise anything like these gaseous mixtures but you all know where my office happens to be. It is no good trying to borrow the opener, it won't come off the chain ring, so don't let me waste your time. If you think you can use me instead, and your crown has a particular pressure or ache, why let's have a go, I'm your man, and as Padre I can assure you that there is a remedy for most of our troubles, if not all.

There will be sundry notices concerning my work in D.R.O.s which by the way is another very worthy publication though of a somewhat limited appeal and not very widely read, and for this reason especially, I will endeavour from time to time, (as long as I am allowed) to get something under you eye here, even though it may appear all "my eye" to you.

And now my dear Vicar I must close. Most truly yours,  
J.C.E.R.



The Girls come to town

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Has the rubber shortage any connection with the lack of suspender belts in this Country?

\* \*

Why do the girls "roll 'em"?

\* \*

Who was the Senior N.C.O. seen riding in the company of a young lady in an "aeroplane" at the Fair Grounds on July 1st, and did he have a shoe horn to help him squeeze in—and did he have his flaps down when he landed?

\* \*

Is Ralphie off the "danger list"?

\* \*

Has the attachment formed by a certain Mag fiend with a certain school mistress from Gull Lake, any real connection with a desire to improve his education?

\* \*

Did the President of the Rifle Club's canine acquisition feel any after effects after consuming a certain Senior N.C.O.'s vest?

\* \*

We notice that George always goes to "Lyonch" at the same cafe. Is it the quality of the food that attracts him?

\* \*

Has a certain airman found a home for that ring yet?

\* \*

Has the airman with the groggy knees suffered any after effects, mental or otherwise, as a result of his floor scrubbing expedition the other night?

\* \*

What is the bandage we see so often round the arm of a certain bespectacled member of Headquarters Staff—is it "flannel"?

\* \*

Why did the very Senior Officer rush away so quickly when the lights went out at a Saturday night "hop" at the Elks?

\* \*

Is it true that they put the lights out at the Dances at the South Side so frequently, in order to give the "young ladies" an opportunity to procure partners?

\* \*

Who was the Warrant Officer who made a small fortune at the "wheel" on July 1st, and who did he borrow the 25 cents from for his trip back to camp?

\* \*

Who was the other Warrant Officer who kept his spirits up by sinking his spirits when his sweetie left to take up her new appointment?

## The Little Woman

An English M.P. was entertaining three Polish Officers to dinner, and finding it very difficult to make conversation, he thought it safe to speak on purely mundane matters, particularly as their English was difficult to understand.

So he asked one Officer "Are you married?"

Reply: "Yes."

"Have you any children?"

"No," and after hesitating "You see, my wife is unbearable."

At this, the second Officer interposed and said "Excuse my friend. His English is not very good. What he meant to say was that his wife is inconceivable."

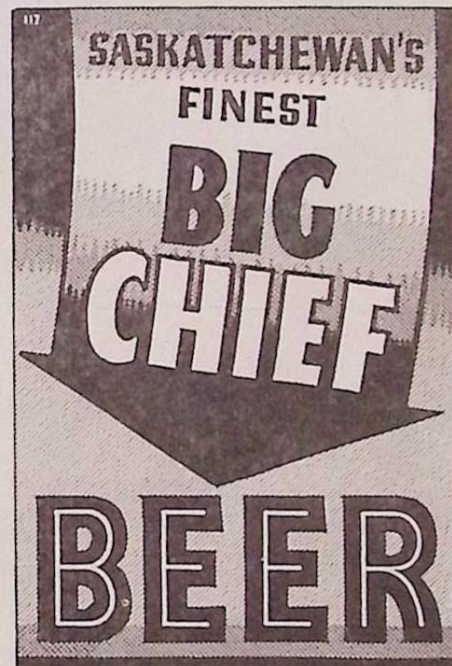
The third Officer, who had been listening carefully, jumped up in indignation and said "Pardon please. Neither of my friends really speak English very good. What he really meant to say was that that his wife is impregnable."

~\*~

## Short Circuit

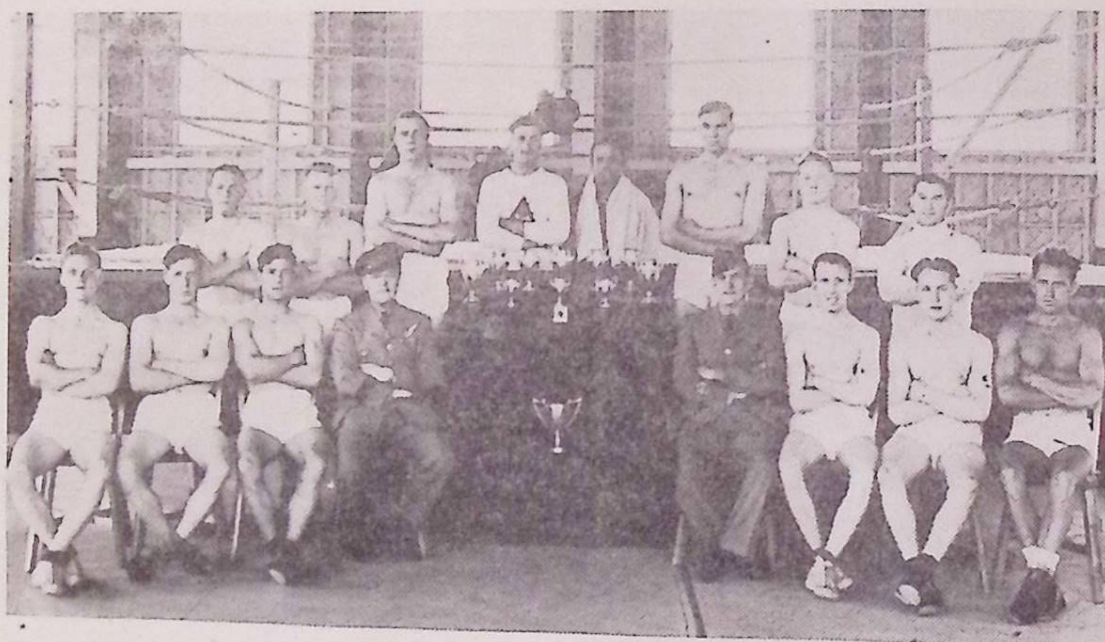
The electric bell system in a famous girls' school on the East Coast of England has been disconnected for the duration. The School has been taken over by an Army Headquarters, and the cause of the trouble is a notice in each bedroom, which reads:

"If you want a mistress in the night, ring twice."





*The Officers Soccer Team*



*The Boxing Team and Trophies*

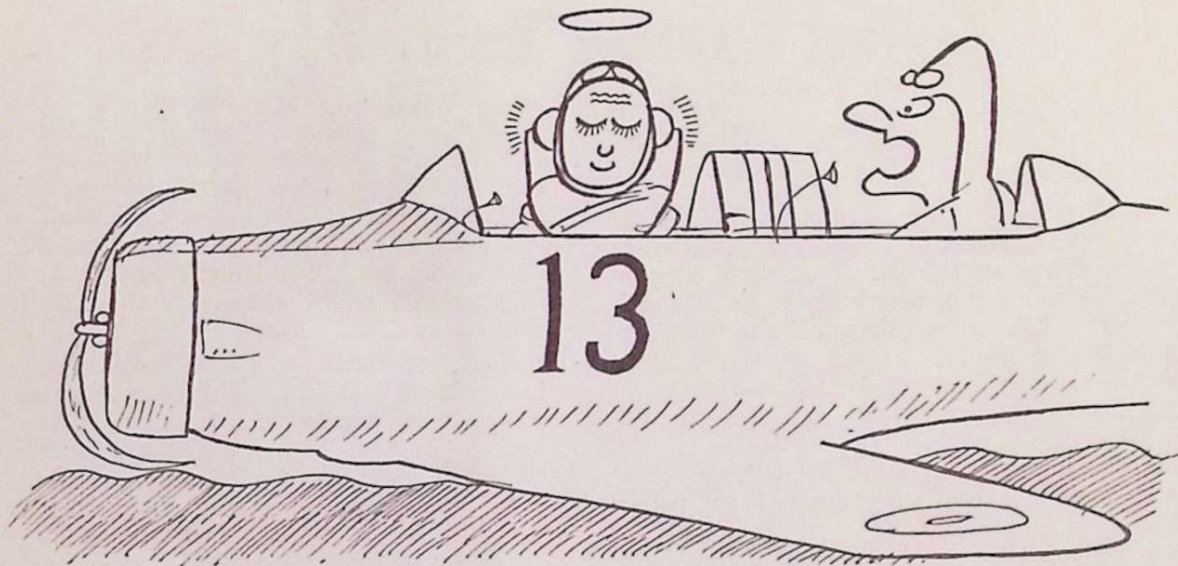
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## *The Shy Wren and the Sea Eagles*

One day last summer, a very shy and modest little Wren was driving two Admirals from London to Bath. On the way, she began to develop physical needs, which eventually became so pressing

*Page Ten*

that as they were passing through Saverack Forest, she suddenly jammed on the brakes, leapt from the driving seat, and covered with confusion, dived behind a bush. Presently, she re-emerged still covered with confusion and not daring to lift her eyes from the ground, leapt back to the driving seat and made for Bath as hard as she could go. Upon arrival there, she found to her consternation there were no Admirals in the back seat—they had been left behind a bush in Saverack Forest.



????????

## Auntie Herte's Corner

Dear "President."

We have been given to understand, quite forcibly, that your ex young lady friend is still very sore about her mud bath. I cannot help sympathising with her, as I never did think a young lady looks her best in an inverted position. I feel that if you really must frolic in the streets of Swift Current, you should choose more suitable weather conditions. No doubt, you were guided by the beneficial results often obtained in some districts in England, where mud baths are popular, but you should remember that a Canadian Girl always likes to be dressed for the occasion.

Dear "Winco,"

It would appear that since your arrival in Canada, you have got your dates mixed. "Pancake" Tuesday, whilst not so rigorously observed in this country, as at home, this year fell on Tuesday, 17th February.

Dear George,

I had no idea you were of a poetic nature, but in view of your apparent interest in "Killarneys Lakes and Dells," it would appear I have grossly misjudged you. By the way, should you pick up any interesting "Gen" during your sojourns with nature, the Orderly Room will be pleased to reimburse you.

Dear Poppy,

I realise your difficulties, and you have my full sympathy in your little troubles. However, do

you think your attitude wholly patriotic in wasting so much paper in applications every time you become "cheeced" ?? I am afraid the Voluntary Salvage Campaign Committee would take a poor view of your contributions to the wasted paper effort, were they to scrutinise your efforts in the Adjutant's W.P.B.

Dear "Gopher,"

I do appreciate your difficulties. However, don't you think it was rather unwise of you to buy the ring before you had a finger to fit it? In my experience, I have always found it advisable to make sure of my "kill" before preparing to cook it. Nevertheless, as an investment, you might have done a lot worse than invest in old gold, as I feel it will at least retain its value after the war, if by then you have still not found a home for it. I do not think there is any cause to be despondent, however, as I feel your perseverance certainly merits success.

Dear "Twiss,"

I appreciate your efforts to improve the standard of food in the airmen's mess, but don't you consider it a little too drastic introducing caustic soda in place of custard powder? After all, I cannot help feeling that these changes should be carried out gradually, in order to give the lads an opportunity of adjusting their palates to the new diet. I hope your sojourn in "Dock" had nothing to do with your eagerness to try out the new diet yourself in the first instance.

# Just Another Rainy Day

No 39 Service Flying Training School,  
Swift Current.

Dear Mum,

I am beginning to take a poor view of this weather. Yesterday burst upon us as usual with buckets and buckets of rain. This would happen because my only suit of blue is at the cleaners and my "mac" at the Legion, where I left it one night after a binge. So, of course, coming to work yesterday morning, I just had to brave the storm, sticking my head down, with chin well forward in typical bulldog style.

In the afternoon the sun came out, so everybody got kidded into going down Town minus macs or greatcoats.

Feeling well off just after pay day, I dived into the first local cafe and had a snack. This made me feel lots better. At least, the portion above the waist line felt lighter, although the part below felt somewhat heavy.

On stepping out of the cafe, who should I run into, but this week's sweetie, so I grabbed her and dragged her back into the cafe before my rival could come upon the scene.

By this time, the rain had started again, so we decided to go to the local "hop."

This passed off as usual, with much bumping, sweating, treading on other people's toes and so on, and the real trouble didn't start until we came out to find it had been raining cats and dogs the whole time.

At this point I should mention that this particular sweetie lives about three miles out of town in a sort of mountain retreat, and when it rains, the roads just become mud pools.

We had a lot of trouble finding a taxi driver brave enough to even attempt the trip, but at last we succeeded. It soon became evident, as we slid and skidded all over the road, that the journey back was not going to be unfrought with excitement. However, we made the outgoing trip O.K., and as we skidded to a standstill at my sweetie's hillside retreat. I viewed the road back with concern, and I could see from the expression on the taxi driver's face that he was taking an even poorer view of the whole trip. My sweetie, being of a helpful turn of mind, showed us a better way back, through somebody's farm yard.

We found the farm yard without too much trouble and little did we realise that this was only the beginning of our troubles. For having left the farm about 800 yards behind, we reached an incline, and the car wheels began whizzing round in an alarming fashion. We finally came to a complete halt, so I nipped out smartly and applied my colossal weight to the rear end of the motor, the net result of which was about three hundred weight of prairie mud over my face, tunic and boots, and a further ten inches into the mire. As night was creeping on, or I should say, early morning by this time, we decided to kip down in the car.

Page Twelve

Accordingly, I discarded my tunic, which looked like a mud pie, and the night being fairly warm, I made it into a pillow and tucked myself up in the rear of the car, with my legs wound neatly round my neck. My comrade in distress did likewise in the front, but he was having a spot of bother with his legs, which were about six inches longer than mine.

I woke up about a couple of hours later, frozen to the bone, and having disentangled myself and having made sure my toes hadn't dropped off, I discarded my pillow and pulled my tunic round me. The fact that my companion was snoring like a pig did not help comfort my feelings at all.

I don't know whether anybody else out here has ever tried sleeping out in a "Suit Summer—airmen for the use of," but my advice to them is not to try it. I have a feeling that this suit was designed by some misguided reader of a certain glorified pamphlet on Canada pushed out by some enthusiast, no doubt working on a commission basis, eager to fill these wide open spaces with stupid, gullible Englishmen.

I eventually dozed off again and finally awoke at the unearthly hour of 5 o'clock a.m. I nudged my comrade in the rear, and it appeared he was just as frozen as I was, so we turned on the engine to warm up a bit, and tried to get some news on the radio. After a time, having thawed out a bit, we did a spot of reconnoitring with a view to unbogging. After much frenzied shoving and heaving, in the course of which I added a bit more of Canada to my person, we gave it up as a bad job and decided to look around for an angel in disguise to give us a tow.

After trudging wearily for about half a mile, we came to the farm-house we had passed through the evening before, and were shaken to the core to be greeted "good morning" by the wide awake farmer, we still being under the impression that 5.30 in the morning constituted night.

We were asked into the farm-house and given welcome coffee, refusing food, as we had already breakfasted off a much soiled and crumpled packet of peanuts which I had discovered in one of my many pockets. After this respite, we both removed a layer or two of mud from our faces—we had already removed the mud from our boots on the carpet—and tackled the farmer about the prospects of a tow. It appeared he had a couple of willing "hosses" about two miles away, and Jake, his trusty assistant, having volunteered to go and bring 'em in alive, we took a turn around the farm to await his coming.

Whilst doing so, we were considerably disturbed by the noise of what sounded like half a dozen Harvards in disharmony, and were surprised to see a Tin Lizzie, about 1901 vintage, career through the farm yard like a fire engine and head up the hill towards our bogged car. We were so shocked at seeing this apparition, that we quite overlooked to warn the crew. However, as the driver rounded

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the bend on the hill, he saw our taxi and showers of real prairie mud began to fly in all directions and he became firmly bogged too.

With the maxim "*tojours la politesse*" in mind, we hurried to the spot to give the driver the benefit of our experience, but this was not too well received, judging from the remarks hurled at my unfortunate comrade's head about a ruddy coloured taxi driver who got himself bogged up like a blankety blankety dashed twirp and then allowed somebody else to do the blankety blank same thing.

I applied soothing tactics, but this didn't help a great deal, so we hied ourselves to our car to await the coming of Jake and the two "hosses." After what seemed an eternity, we saw three small dots on the horizon and sighed with relief as we recognized our rescuers approaching.

After another long wait, whilst Jake and "hosses" made the trip down to the farm, Jake led them proudly up the hill, drawing an antiquated cart of prehistoric stock. It appeared the two horses were named "Robin" and "Mollie," as our rescuer could be heard coaxing them up the slope, using endearing terms. I could see from Robin's and Mollie's expressions that they were taking a very poor view of the whole thing, and Jake did not exactly look overjoyed when he espied the second car.

We surveyed the position again, this time with more confidence, and decided it would be useless to try to drag the cars uphill, and that the best plan would be to drag them backwards to the farm, where they could turn round and return by the route we had taken the previous evening. I heard Robin and Mollie heave deep sighs of relief, and the browned off expression on their faces turned to beams of contentment.

To accomplish this, however, it was necessary to turn the cart round again, and as this was impossible in the narrow confines of the mud track, the farmer obligingly cut a large slice out of his fencing, and the now peeved animals were coaxed down into the field, together with cart. Jake then unhitched the "hosses" and led them to the rear of the "tin lizzie."

This did not prove much of an obstacle to Robin and Mollie, who were made of stern stuff, and their faces betrayed large smirks of contentment.

Having got the tin lizzie away, however, the "hosses" were led up the hill once more and hitched to the rear of our car. Mollie and Robin looked indignant at this second job of work, and I think they realised this was going to be a tougher job. Jake had a real man's job in trying to make them pull at all, and Mollie endeavoured to stage a sit down strike. Our rescuer was made of tough stuff too though, and he pulled at the bridles and coaxed the animals until they eventually resigned themselves to it, no doubt thinking that the sooner the job was accomplished, the sooner they would be able to return to their green pastures and frolic on the prairie.

Eventually, with a gigantic heave, the car emerged from what we had begun to look upon as its final resting place. At this point, the taxi driver thought he would give Robin and Mollie a hand, and started his motor. This nearly had a disastrous result, as Mollie and Robin had been brought up in quiet, peaceful surroundings, far from such sordid noises as cars back-firing. However, Jake was a master man with "hosses" and managed to pacify them.

We finally "made" the farm, and having paid the farmer for his assistance and having regretted cutting his road up and tearing down his fence, we thanked him profusely and set off once more for Swift Current, where we eventually turned up, two very scruffy looking individuals, but so very much wiser.

This little episode cost me 5 dollars, plus another one to have my tunic and slacks cleaned, so I am now living a quiet life, and before I venture out to my hillside retreat again, I am going to obtain a weather report from the Met. Office like a certain Officer on the Camp does before he hangs his "smalls" out.

I'll have to close now, Mom, so cheerio until to-morrow.

Your loving Son,  
Boggie.

## JOE'S TAXI

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Swift Current

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**BETTER BEER**  
*It's* **PILSNER**



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 changes—the same name—  
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 and they've stood the test  
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 ewan's best-selling  
 beer! . . .



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**IS THE ONLY SASKATCHEWAN BEER  
 BREWED WITH DISTILLED WATER . . .**

203-B

**THE REGINA BREWING COMPANY LIMITED**

*Brewers of Famous PILSNER • NUT BROWN ALE • ROYAL STOUT*

## THE CHEERFUL C.I.

# Navigation Section

At a recent examination held in the G.I.S. Block, the examiners, much to their disgust discovered that some of the students had failed to absorb the knowledge of navigation that had been so carefully imparted to them.

However, heavy as was the examiners' task, it was made much more enjoyable by the students' unconscious wit. For the guidance of others who come in their stead, the following extractions were made, so take heed, the pitfalls for the unwary are many!

Definition of a nautical mile—"Used by the Fleet."

One pupil described the capsule in the altimeter as vacuum filled.

One knowing individual, in describing the Gyro, gave the definition of rigidity, as "a fixed point in space that moves."

Another bright laddie set his altimeter at 3,000 feet instead of 2,700, and when the instructor, wishing to check both altimeters, asked "what is your height now?" he received the astounding reply "five feet eleven inches, Sir."

One bright student received a severe dressing down for failing to enter sufficient data in the Navigation Log. Bearing in mind the instructions given to him and the wrath of the Chief Navigation Officer, he made entries "passing over various unknown pin-points."

To the bright young lad who reported in his log that he had "touched river," we would mention, "please, if you must put your hands in the water, don't use your navigation log as a towel."

One sergeant pupil, particularly air-sensed, is under the impression that he will be told when his air speed indicator freezes up when on flying operations.

It is felt there must be a very strong attraction in Station Sick Quarters these days, as so many pupils fail to turn up at Navigation Lectures.



Wing Commander J. H. Slater, A.F.C.

July 1st Swift Current

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A MEDICAL OFFICER

*Sick Parade—08.00 Hours.*

A Nightmare during the day.

An airman enters and whispers: "I have come with my eyes, Doctor." The Medical Officer replies: "That's very interesting, what did you expect to do, leave them in the barrack room?" "No Sir, I mean there must be something wrong; when I had breakfast this morning, I could not see anything on the plate; I thought there must be something wrong with my eyes." The Medical Officer turns to the Orderly and silently whispers: "A Number Nine."

AC2 Snooper enters: "Doctor, I do not feel well." "What are you complaining of?" Snooper—"I do not feel well all over." Doctor—"In what way?" Snooper—"I have got a pain; my kit has gone astray on the train and I do not think I should go to work without it; can you give me 48 hours Light Duty?" The Medical Officer turns to the Orderly: "Give him —." Exit the patient.

Number 3 on sick parade enters. He is an enormous airman from the airman's kitchen, for whom the equipment branch have not got a large enough size in trousers. During the course of the preceding two days, a series of explosions have been heard from the cookhouse, each explosion signifying the demise of a button under tension. A frail piece of string holds a scant garment in place. "Please Sir, the N.C.O. in charge of the Clothing Store says that I cannot have a new pair of trousers without a certificate from the Medical Officer." The Medical Officer turns to the Orderly: "Tell me what on earth has medicine got to do with the elusive fly. Anyway give him a chit addressed to the S.E.O." "Dear HAW: Owing to the wind and the willows, please supply the bearer with a larger pair of trousers, on Medical Grounds." Exit patient.

The fourth named on the sick parade proves to be a rather pale LAC from Accounts, who, in a frail voice, on being asked what is wrong with him, says: "I have got a sore throat and the pain in my tonsils stops me swallowing; please do not admit me to hospital, because I have a date at the Elite to-night." "Where did you say you had a pain?" "In the tonsils." The Medical Officer whispers to the Orderly: "Treatment—A suspensory bandage."

The Medical Officer is called away urgently, because the Sanitary Corporal has reported that the Senior Warrant Officer saw a pink rat in his shower bath. On return to sick parade, the Medical Officer is accosted by Sister Sweetness who seems most annoyed that half the airmen who were to report for "pricks" at 09.00 hours failed to turn up. Sick parade is resumed.

Another airman enters on the summons of the melodious bell, complaining that he has corns. "On which foot," says the Medical Officer. "Not my foot at all, Sir." "Where have you got your corn?" "Well Sir, it may have been one of two

things; either sitting in the C.C. (What does that stand for?) "Courtin's Cinema"—or, it may have been caused by the Western Saddle I was riding last week. Honestly, Sir, it is the first time I wished I was a woman." At which point, the Medical Officer faints, the Orderly is admitted to hospital and Sister Sweetness assumes command.

The remainder of the day consists of all ranks applying to the Hospital Orderly Room for "Aspirins." (It is regretted that since the fall of MALAY, "Aspirins" have been scarce.)

An airman comes special sick, reporting with a pain in his abominable muscle.

### *A Medical Orderly's Visiting Card for His Girl Friend.*

The person who hands you this is a Medical Orderly. Do what he tells you; lie down and relax. Whatever you do, do not stop him doing his duty.

### *The Hospital Signature Tune*

If the cookhouse has poisoned you, tell the Doc  
If Sylvia has bitten you, tell the Doc.  
If you have got a stricken soul or a hole in  
your sock,  
Come and tell your troubles to  
Come and tell your troubles to  
Come and tell your troubles to the Doctor.



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Kit and Fit Experts*

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Limited

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All Kinds of

# « LUGGAGE »

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Swift Current

## MUD IN YOUR EYE

When the A.C.P. and Paraffin Pete go out to do  
their job  
Its the A.C.P. who chews the wick and its Pete  
who shoots the gob.  
In spite of clamps they light their lamps and  
lay the flare path out,  
That its 90 degrees, across the breeze, there is  
never any doubt.

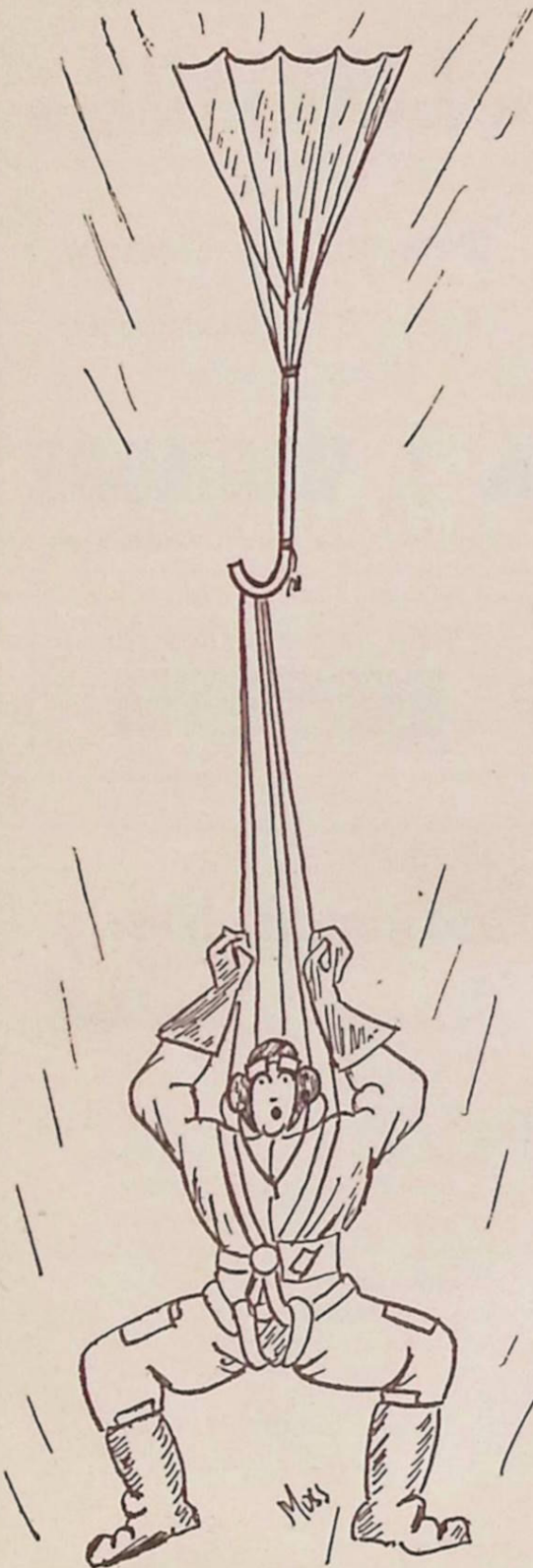
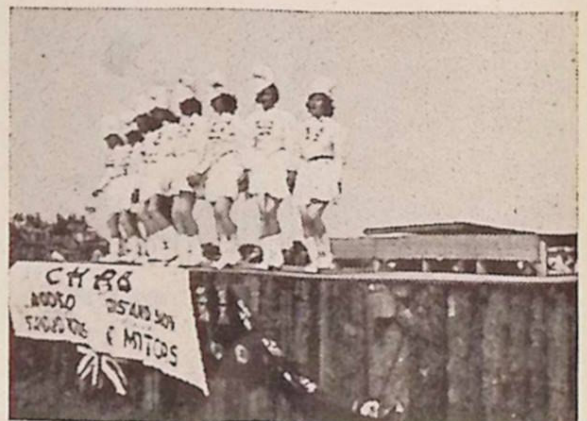
One night when Pete was on his beat and the  
sky was full of kites  
There glided round without a sound, a kite devoid  
of lights.  
Said the A.C.P.: "What's this I see, this shape  
above my head?  
To fix this doubt we'll try it out with a cartridge  
signal red."

As they stood there with upward stare beneath  
the silvery moon,  
It wasn't long they had to wait for the answer  
came quite soon.  
It was just their luck to be looking up and it hit  
them between the eyes,  
As down there came a thing we'll name "a bomb  
of magnificent size."

Said the A.C.P. to Paraffin Pete, "This thing we  
can't permit."  
(As they're both the same in all but name, he  
spoke to himself, I admit.)  
What is this kite that flies by night and bombs  
us where we stand,  
With signal green it shall be seen if he'll come  
in to land."

A signal rocket with stick in socket went up with  
fiery rush,  
It reached its height then on the night there fell  
a sudden hush.  
Then transfixed by the stick and with many a  
squak,  
There fell to the ground a giant *night hawk*.

*Butch.*



*I wish Corporal Grouch wouldn't play jokes*



Hello Joe—what do you know?



### Ha Ha Department

(From the Advocate)

THOMPSON — To Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thompson, Scotsguard, at Mrs. Miller's nursing home, on Saturday, July 5, a laughter.

## SEASONING

Record of conversation between any local inhabitant and any R.A.F. man whom he can get to listen to him.

*After 2 weeks in Canada:*

"How do you like this country?"

"Not too bad."

"Ah, you wait till the cold weather starts, 40° below for days on end."

*In the Spring:*

"What about that cold weather, chum?"

"Well, do you know—That was the mildest winter in living memory that we have had out here. But you wait until the dust-storms start."

*Spring ends:*

"What happened to the dust-storms pal?"

"Well, can you beat that? That was the first Spring that Canada has ever had without dust-storms. But you wait till the summer—you'll sure roast up then, buddy—110° in the shade for weeks on end."

*Winter approaches:*

"When do we get summer, mate?"

"Well, believe it or not, that was the coolest summer ever recorded in the history of the Dominion. But you wait till the winter . . ."

—SCK

**This Picture Depicts**

# PATIENCE

or the Ability to do a Job Well  
in Spite of its Great Magnitude



—It takes Patience (on the parts of instructor and pupil) to make a pilot, a navigator or an air-gunner. But when you've learned your job, you have the satisfaction of knowing there's none better than you in the wide world!

—It takes Patience, too, to do a good job of store-keeping. We've learned our job (serving the public) as carefully as you have yours. We believe no store gives better service, and invite you to sample it when the need arises for you to buy anything.



At Your Service All Ways

# P. J. Dowling

The Camp Tailor

\* \* \*

**UNIFORMS**  
of all kinds made  
to measure

\* \* \*

Repairs and Alterations  
Speedily Executed.

\* \* \*

219 Second Ave. West  
Swift Current

## DEFENSE OF COASTAL SHIPPING

Above the narrow seas around the British Isles, an air battle scarcely less vital than was the Battle of Britain is daily being waged by Fighter Command.

It is the battle of RAF fighters in defense of coastwise shipping against the *Luftwaffe's* convoy raiders. Its front is the whole extent of the British coastline and all that expanse of sea within operational range of the fighters. In the success with which it has been waged for months past is to be found a perfect example of smoothly-working but little heralded inter-service co-operation between the Navy and the Air Force. Every convoy and naval escort that leaves or enters a British port comes under the protection of Fighter Command. Throughout the daylight hours, when weather permits, an escort of fighters operating in relays is in close attendance on a convoy until it is safely in port or has passed out of fighter range into the care of the long-range aircraft of Coastal Command.

The scale of this effort can be gauged by the number of sorties made in the course of convoy escort work—a sortie being a single flight by one aircraft. In the twelve months of last year, these totalled approximately 55,000—an average of 153 sorties a day. In one month alone, over 8,000 sorties were made by fighters in the escort of shipping, and as many as eighteen convoys have come under the protection of Fighter Command in a single day.

Page Twenty

## STATION THEATRE

A unanimous vote for continuing with the 35 mm. Projector has made it possible to look forward to pleasant entertainment during the coming autumn and winter.

It is proposed to arrange the theatre in such a way that there will be accommodation for 350 Corporals and airmen and 50 Officers and Senior N.C.O's. Already, 250 fairly comfortable seats have arrived, and a further 100 are on order, so it is now possible to look forward to the official opening of the Theatre, with re-decoration, new seats and better sound.

On September 2nd and 3rd, the film "*Hellzapoppin*" is due to be shown, and it has been decided to make the night of the 2nd the official opening. Besides "*Hellzapoppin*," there will be a stage show and the Commanding Officer has consented to allow the evening of the 3rd. to be a performance to which airmen may invite their lady friends.

You will find below, the proposed August programme, and it is suggested that on no account should the following films be missed:

49th PARALLEL starring Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey, Laurence Oliver.

GAS BAGS (Bring your McLeans Stomach Powder) starring Nervo & Knox, Flanagan & Allen, Naughton & Gold.

WHAT'S COOKING starring Abbott & Costello. (This has been particularly booked as an advertisement for the Cookhouse.)

IT STARTED WITH EVE starring Deanna Durbin.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES starring Bing Crosby. Aug. 2 and 3—"40,000 Horsemen," Grant Taylor, Betty Bryant, Chips Rafferty. Doing the Town. Pantry Panic. Paramount News.

Aug. 5 and 6—"Kitty Foyle," Ginger Rogers.

Aug. 9 and 10—"It Started With Eve," Deanna Durbin. March of Time. Walt Disney. Paramount News.

Aug. 12 and 13—"Men of Boys Town."

Aug. 16 and 17—"That Night in Rio," Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda. Play Time in Havana. Neck and Neck. Paramount News.

Aug. 19 and 20—"What's Cooking," Abbott and Costello. "Flame of New Orleans," Marlene Dietrich.

Aug. 23 and 24—"49th Parallel," Raymond Massey, Leslie Howard. Paramount News.

Aug. 26 and 27—"South of Tahiti," Charles Laughton. "Gas Bags," Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, Naughton and Gold.

Aug. 30 and 31—"Birth of the Blues," Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Paramount News.

Announcing the Official Opening of the  
"STATION THEATRE"

on September 2nd, at 20.30 Hours  
showing

"HELLZAPOPPIN"

## WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES

By P.S.I.

The Commanding Officer has asked me to give a brief explanation of where all the money goes that is paid into Institute Funds from the profits of the Dry and Wet Canteens.

The way it worked at home, as many of you undoubtedly know, was that the N.A.A.F.I. paid to this Fund a rebate amounting to 6% of the takings. In this Country with new R.A.F. Schools opening up, it was thought expedient by the United Kingdom Air Liaison Mission to enter into a contract with a going concern such as the Y.M.C.A., who understood the local rules and regulations. No doubt, the feeling was that these Units, green to the Country, would have difficulty in getting things started. The Y.M.C.A. operate on a slightly different arrangement to the N.A.A.F.I. in that they retain, after deducting overhead expenses, 2% of the NET profits for themselves, and turn over to the Fund the remainder. With a well run canteen this amount should approximate \$1000 a month or roughly a dollar per month for each airman on the station.

We had a certain amount of difficulty in the early months on this Station, but a normal state seems to exist at present.

One further word before I explain where the money goes. The Canteen has been moved from its former site to its present, so that you may get more for your money in the way of "Supper Snacks" from the kitchen in this building. The former building will be retained as a recreation room and "quiet" room for reading and writing. Now for the money side.

We have tried to encourage every possible sport on this Station to keep you fit and amused and to that end a considerable amount has been spent on Sports Equipment. Further, for your comfort in the Recreation Hall, 350 tip-up Cinema seats have been provided.

The Wet Canteen operates at a profit of approximately \$150.00 a month. One half of this profit is set aside to pay for the draught beer machine installed last May at a cost of \$330.00. The remainder, together with a further \$200.00 is spent each month on Extra Messing, the chief items of which are Sauces, Custard Powder, Seasoning, Cereals, Green Vegetables and other items not within the ration scale.

Here is a brief summary of major expenditures during the past few months.

Sports Equipment for Soccer, Rugger, Hockey, Tennis, Softball, Badminton, Boxing, Etc. (Approx.)	1400.00
Chairs (easy) for Corporals Club and Recreation Room	380.00
Band Instruments (Dance Band)	500.00
Pipe Band	350.00
Miniature Rifle Range	100.00
Stage Equipment and Lighting	1200.00
Lunch Wagon for break period	150.00
Extra Messing	700.00
Chairs for Cinema (this is being paid by instalments)	1000.00

In conclusion the P.S.I. Committee meets at least once a month. Notices appear in D.R.O.'s announcing these meetings and urging Section Commanders to send their representatives. These meetings are for the dual purpose of explaining where the money has been spent and getting suggestions for future expenditure. Too little interest is taken in these meetings, and it is again urged that as full a representation of the Station as possible be present.

It's YOUR MONEY—We want YOU to spend it.

F.V.C.

## BUMPH

Extract from a letter by the Duke of Wellington from Spain in 1810 to Lord Bradford, then Secretary for War.

My Lord,

If I attempted to answer the mass of futile correspondence that surrounds me, I should be debarred from all serious business of campaigning.

I must remind your lordship for the last time that, so long as I retain an independent position, I shall see to it that no officer under my command is debarred by attending to the futile drivelling of mere quill-driving in your lordship's office from attending to his first duty—which is as always, to train the private men under his command.

—Sent by General Auchinleck to all officers in Headquarters in the Middle East Command.

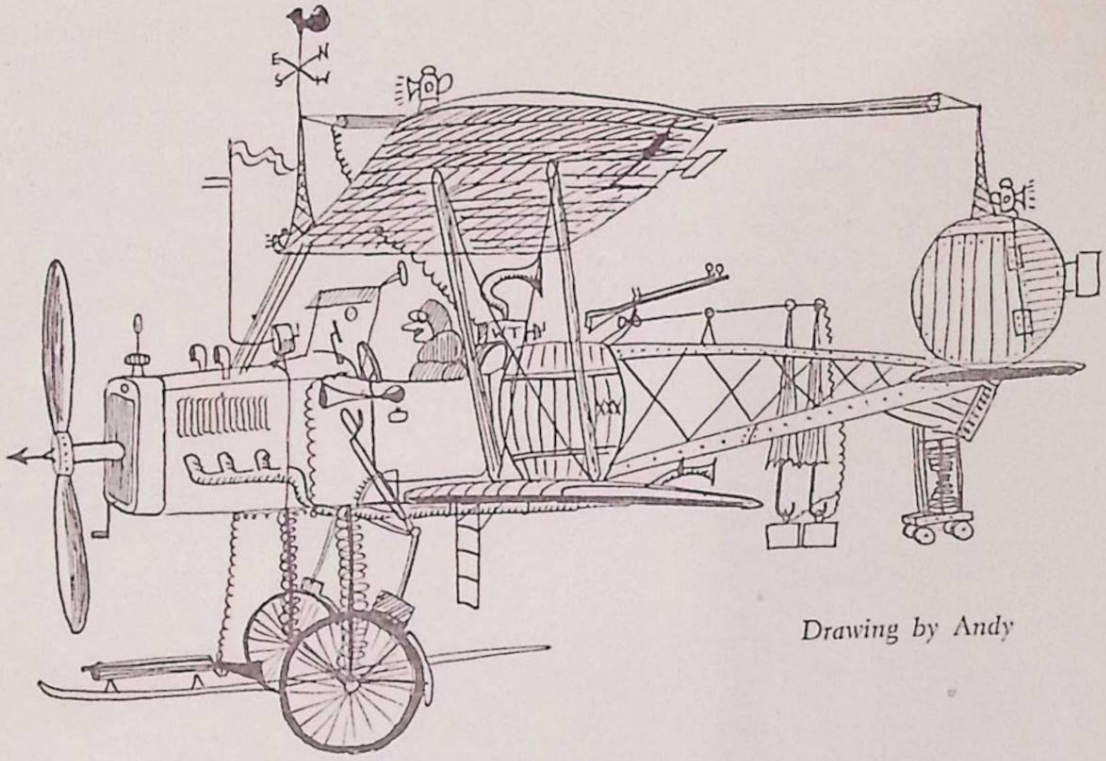
*Why stop at the Middle East Command?*

## FREE FRENCH SPY-HUNT IN PICCADILLY

Ronnie Shiner, who comperes the BBC programme to the British forces in Malta, comes up to London once a week on his motor-cycle for a consultation with Alick Hayes, the producer, about the following Sunday's broadcast.

The other week, Hayes was called out of town shortly before the time fixed for the meeting. Mr. Hayes' secretary was unable to get in touch with Shiner to let him know. On going to lunch, she saw, propped up against the pavement in Piccadilly, the familiar motor-cycle. Hastily she scribbled a few words explaining Mr. Hayes' absence, and ending: "Meet me in the canteen and I will give you the dope about Malta." She tucked the note into the handlebars.

As she moved away, she was horrified to see two Free French sailors take possession of the machine. They read the note with considerable concern. Summoning a policeman, and as many passers-by as they could collect with speed, they set about organising a spy hunt. The secretary decided that discretion was the better part — and made off, registering a vow never again to trust her instinct to know Ronnie Shiner's motor-bike anywhere.



Drawing by Andy

## "O CANADA" OR THE FORTUNES OF AN AIRMAN

Having nothing particular to do one typically rainy Sunday evening, I accepted my friend Twerp's invitation to accompany him to the house of a certain Canadian couple, thinking I might find there, a haven of rest from the Canadian Summer and at the same time scrounge something to eat.

Upon arrival, my unworthy friend Twerp quickly seized a pack of playing cards, much against my principles on the Sabbath, and commenced to demonstrate his ability as a card sharper.

Our Host and Hostess, having been duly impressed, and having made a mental note not to play cards against this "shark" for money, hit upon the bright idea of the lady of the house reading my fortune from the cards.

At first, I was somewhat dubious of their intentions, and thought this a ruse to ferret into my sordid career and expose me and my evil futuristic intentions. However after much pressure I gave in, and cut the cards and made my wish (to be posted back to England's sunny shores).

After what appeared to me to be much jugglery and hanky panky with the cards, my hostess got down to brass tacks.

It transpired that my wish card, whatever that may have been, was conspicuous by its absence. This somewhat dampened me, but I was reassured, and told I had nothing to fear, as the "Joker" figured most prominently, and this conveyed "the height of good fortune and success" in everything I did.

Page Twenty-two

At this news, my spirits rose rapidly and I had visions of a very quick exit from this prairie life. So having swigged a nifty bottle of beer, which the host had produced, and cast a quick glance round to see I had not overlooked any cats, I, together with my friend Twerp, departed and returned to Camp, where I quickly made an inventory of my few belongings, making a mental note of those useless articles which I would bequeath to my less fortunate bunk mate, when I shook the prairie mud from my shoes for ever.

On the following evening, I had a date with my sweetie and feeling light of heart, I hied myself to the taxi rank outside the Guard Room Gates, and with the maxim, "hang the expense," ordered the driver to drive me to my sweetie's country residence, which was many miles from Swift Current.

After a long and arduous journey, I finally arrived there, and bidding the taxi driver wait, I sailed up to the front door and gave the usual da-di-da-da on the knocker. As there was no response, I repeated the performance, thinking my prairie flower was seeking a spot of shut eye. However no reply came to my gentle tapping, so having practically bashed the door down, I returned disconsolately to the taxi and in a somewhat fatigued condition, ordered him to drive me to my other sweetie's house, which was more conveniently situated in Town.

It was here that I first became suspicious of the Fortune Teller's Story, for as I approached, I failed to see any sign of human life. However, I boldly approached the front door and gave the appropriate da-di-di-da-da on the knocker.

No rapid rushing of feet answered my knock, so thinking perhaps I had got my call sign mixed up with the milkman's, I consulted my diary, but found that I had given the correct one.

I tried once more on the back door, with like result, so now, scorning the mocking face of the "Joker," I returned to my taxi, and ordered him to drive me to the nearest Beer Parlour.

It was here that I received my next slice of "the height of good fortune and success," for as I descended from the taxi, the driver said "that will be just two dollars fifty, please."

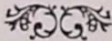
I quickly paid him, and rushed inside to hide my face in a tankard of beer to bury the haunting voice of the fortune teller, and put aside the shuddering thought of how many nice foaming tankards that \$2.50 would have bought me.

Having drowned my sorrows to fairly good effect, I returned some three hours later to my little bunk, to dream again of the Boat, and look forward to the start of my "height of good fortune and success."

Fourteen long days have now passed since the day the lady of the house told me of my good luck, and here I am, still soldiering on on the prairie, despite my frequent visits to the Orderly Room, my name has not yet appeared on the Boat Roll.

I have decided that if it doesn't come through within the next fourteen days, I will return, with my friend Twerp, to the house of the lady in question, and I shan't need any cards to tell her her fortune.

*Optimist.*



## THIS MONTH'S FUNNY STORY

The following letter came into the possession of one of our regular contributors in rather a peculiar manner a short time ago, and in view of its unique style, it is reproduced as an education to would-be mushy letter writers. To save embarrassment to the lady in question, her name has been purposely omitted:—

— my darling,

I love you, each night when the moon is shining brightly in Swift Current and stars look down from above I think of us two locked in each other's arms and I am pressing again'st me the one that I love so much in all the world. I think not of those thousands of passionate kisses that I have showered on your tender and alluring lips but of the thousands that I'm going to give you now my sweetheart.

Signed DON.

If "DON" would call at the Orderly Room, the letter will be returned or forwarded to the lady in question, provided he will supply the address and necessary postage.

## PEOPLE'S CAR OR ARMY VEHICLE?

Every new day new light is thrown on Nazi cunning in making preparations for war and bluffing the German people while they did it.

Broadcasting in English from Calais in "News from the Front" a German speaker who has been visiting the camps in Cyrenaica, has just told his listeners this illuminating fact about the famous Volkswagen (people's car) so much boosted at one time, so rarely referred to now — one of the Fuehrer's many unfulfilled promises. Many of the German people paid instalments towards what was to be the poor man's car, without realising that they were financing war equipment.

"The Fuehrer's idea," this broadcaster said, "is that a good car at a thousand marks, paid in instalments, would have out-Morrised Lord Nuffield, but for the war." Then he goes on to let the cat out of the bag: "The Volkswagen was adapted to military purposes. One could not let the huge factory lie idle." He ended with a statement that "this little car, using less than three gallons of petrol per hundred miles, gives the best performance as a cross-country car." In an earlier part of his talk, the speaker waxed lyrical about the very fine Italian-built roads and about the scenery in Cyrenaica, which he likened to the Malvern Hills in Worcestershire or to parts of Scotland.

No doubt the thousands of instalment-payers who are still without their cars are consoled by the thought of German Army Officers being able to admire the North African scenery in them.

## Sacrifices of Medical Refugees

"One of the most strikingly successful appeals was made directly to the medical profession itself in its journal, the *Lancet*, and in response to its hundreds and hundreds of physicians, surgeons and nurses sent in cases of equipment and instruments, anything useful that they could possibly spare from their professional kit. One rather touching fact here is that many refugee doctors, who are not allowed to practise in Britain because they aren't qualified to do so here, but who had kept their instruments in the hope of using them again somewhere after the war, sent in those instruments as a self-sacrificing tribute to our Russian Allies."— J. B. Priestley in the BBC series, "Britain Speaks."

## Want to Re-Classify?

*Of what is this a classification*

1. Nibbins
2. Nubbins
3. Boopers
4. Droopers
5. Super-droopers
6. Blood-hounds Ears

## CURRENT JOTTINGS

It is to be hoped that the two officers seen crawling down the Fire Escape at The Healy one evening in July, did not sustain any injuries. We are rather curious as to their motives for using this quick exit system, and trust they were law abiding.

\* \*

We trust that the officer who was so anxious about his "appointment" after the Officers' "turn-out" on July 7th, caught up with his sweetie O.K.

\* \*

We find a certain Warrant Officer rather low spirited again. In our last issue we were pleased to be able to state he was getting better, and we are rather concerned to see he has slipped. Can the love bug have got him, and has the departure from Swift Current of a certain lady anything to do with it?

\* \*

We rather wonder at the motives of the red-headed Sergeant seen crawling through a window at The Healy one night recently. We are rather dubious about the story that he was fetching some black coffee.

\* \*

Has our red-head broken out again, and who was the winsome lass he was charging around the Town with on July 1st?—temporary duty—Regina?

\* \*

We quite agree that all's fair in love and war, but we consider the Flight Sergeant seen recently in the "Elite" with his arms round two women rather greedy. We trust the bump on his head had no connection with this little episode.

\* \*

Our sympathies are extended to the N.C.O. living out, who after an evening of revelry, found the right street, the right house, the right room, the right bed and the right pyjamas, but woke up in the morning in the wrong bed in the wrong room, not knowing how he got there.

\* \*

We hear murmurings of sabotage in connection with the "buzzers" in Station Headquarters Building. We wonder why this is?

\* \*

We rather wonder at the repeated visits a certain officer makes to the Golf Course at Swift Current. We shall have to look into this to see if he really is so keen on golf.

Page Twenty-four

# The BAY

## CANADA'S FIRST STORE

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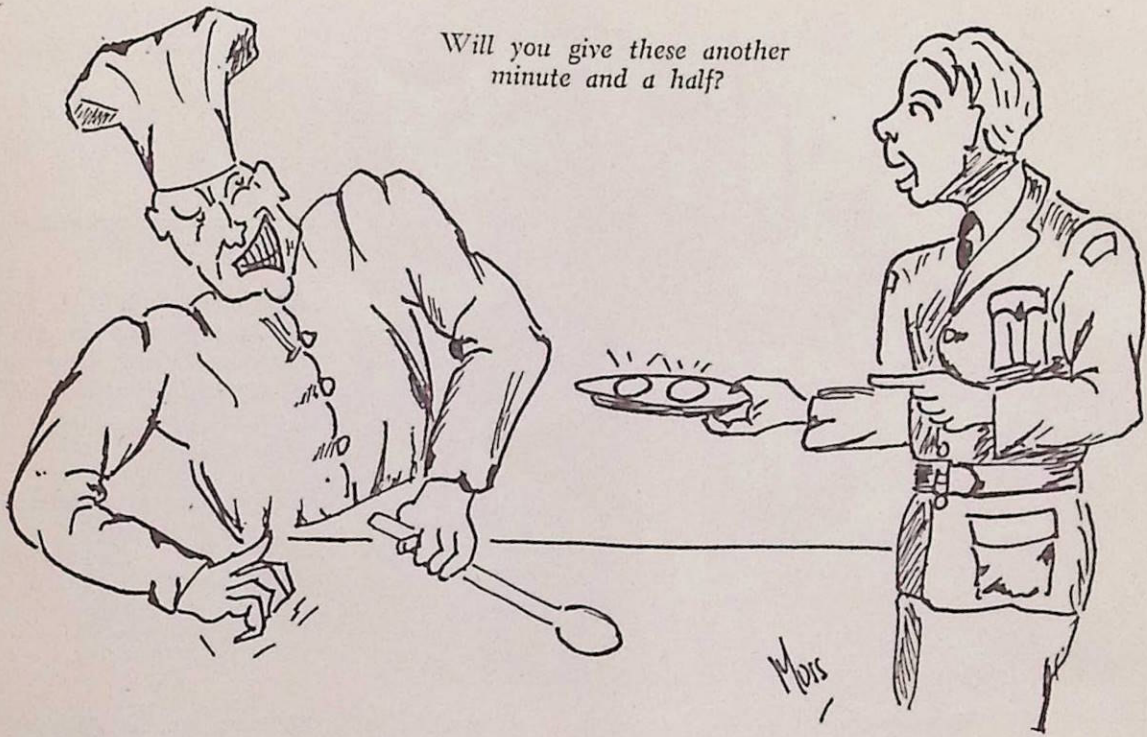
Write our Personal Shopping Service for suggestions on Gifts for Overseas... Hudson's Bay Company, Retail Store, Winnipeg.

*Hudson's Bay Company.*

INCORPORATED 27 MAY 1870.

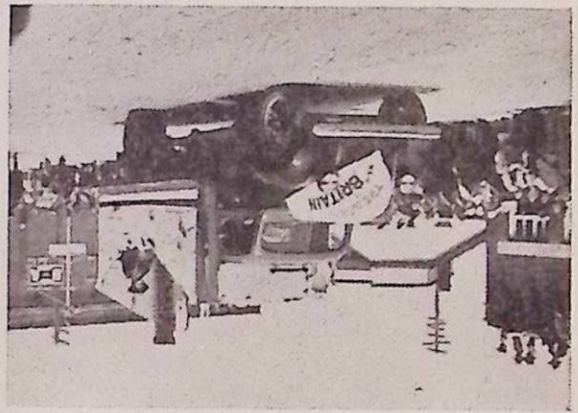
## STEADY THERE

I had 12 bottles of whisky in my cellar and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every one (bottle) down the sink "or else". So I said I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and emptied the good old booze down the sink, except a glass which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and poured the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. I pulled the next cork out of my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the glass. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles and corks and glasses with the other, which were twenty-nine. To be sure, I counted them again when they came by, and I had seventy-four, and as the houses came by I counted them again, and finally I had all the houses and bottles and corks counted except one house and one bottle, which I drank. I have the wifiest little nice in the world.



## The Frenchman Enlightened

A certain well known English Bishop of the last century was celebrating his Silver Wedding. Amongst the guests was a Frenchman who had only recently arrived in England and was rather at a loss to understand the meaning of the ceremony. He approached the Bishop, accordingly, and asked "But zis silvaire Vedding, vot does it mean?" The Bishop laid his hand on his wife's arm and replied "it means that this dear lady and I have lived together in happiness for twenty-five years." At this, the Frenchman's face cleared and he remarked "ah, I see, and now you vill marry 'er."



# BOSTON CAFE

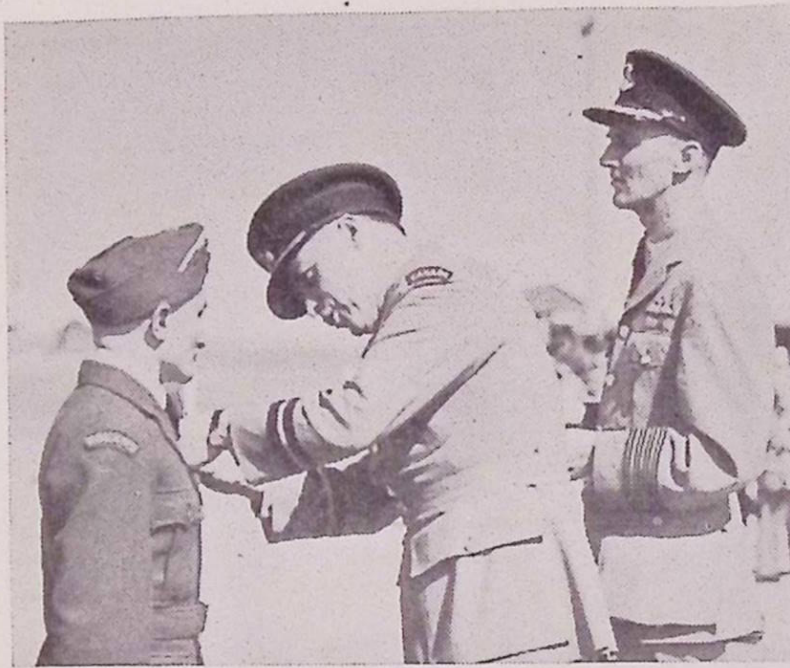
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---

## FAITH

"Faith is substance" wrote the Hebrew prophet, and he meant that when a man has real faith, it is the same as if he had the thing he believes in actually in his grasp.

Faith is of two kinds, subjective and objective. Subjective faith operates through its effect on the man himself. He believes in a desired end so firmly that this faith enables him to "plug along" tirelessly and courageously, almost insensitive to discouragement and weariness and wounds.

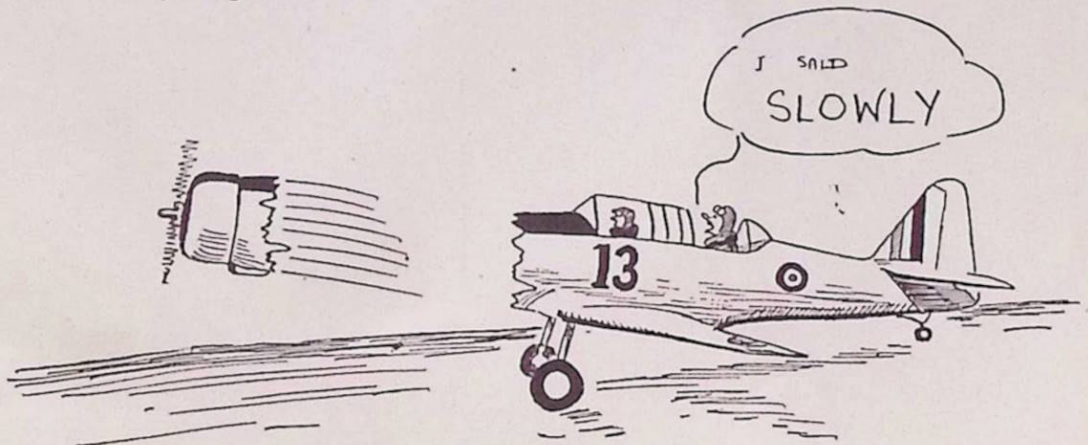
Objective faith is different. It reaches out across the void and operates at a distance and even retrospectively. It is as real a force as magnetic attraction, although as invisible in its intrinsic nature as an electric current. One day we shall calibrate it, and express in it units like the volt, the watt or the ampere.

Such objective faith is purely physical, a force operating in the physical realm through some medium as little understood as ether was a century ago. It is closely allied to telepathy and kindred phenomena, and when better understood will furnish explanation of many things now "occult."

Objective faith, however, can be spiritual. This faith is faith in GOD, a simple child-like belief in a living, almighty spirit. The infinite power of this kind of faith is not inherent in the faith itself, operating as a physical force; but rather the faith is a qualifying factor releasing the infinite power of God. The ancient seer expressed it thus: "The eyes of the Lord run throughout the whole earth . . . trying to find a man that really trusts Him . . . to show Himself strong in His behalf . . ." Viewed as a one-sided history of the world, written simply for the purpose of bringing into clear relief the characters who had this faith the Old Testament becomes a fascinating book. Such faith has been exercised in modern times to varying degree by Booth, and Hudson Taylor, Luther, Wesley, Savonarole, St. Frances and a thousand more.

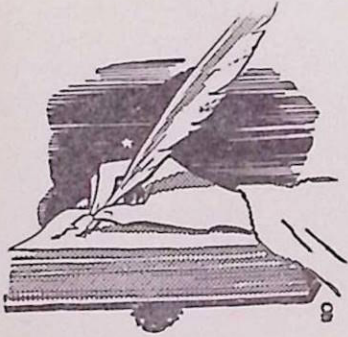
We are engaged in a life and death struggle for freedom. It is our duty to exercise faith . . . subjectively, to help us to steel our hearts against disappointments and reverse and hardship . . . objectively, according to the gift that is given to us, to reach across the void and strengthen the hands of the actual combatants.

Dally.



Drawing by Andy

# Poet's Corner



## THE GOPHER'S PETITION

I'm only a small little fellow  
And I've got four short little legs,  
My tail is a bit like a squirrel's,  
And I too like eating eggs.

I run all over the prairie  
And many's the sandstorm I've seen,  
The cool rain in the evening,  
Making the tall grass green.

I'm despised by nearly all farmers;  
Boys think I'm fine to chase;  
I know I'm not very handsome,  
But I cannot help my face.

They bring out their guns to shoot me,  
For I cannot run very fast;  
Each time I go out playing  
I wonder how long I will last.

I'm really a harmless creature;  
I'm not as bad as a rat;  
I just want to live very happy,  
To play, eat and grow fat.

So when you next see me playing,  
Don't shriek and throw big stones.  
I may not be a human,  
But I too value my bones.

I'm busy from dawn to sunset;  
No one can call me a loafer;  
So leave me at peace, and for ever  
you'll have  
The gratitude of a gopher.

## DEDICATION

He has transcended earth—yet has existence  
In every thing he loved through that brief time,  
And the high calling he so fully answered,  
Through his great sacrifice, becomes sublime.

Wherever there are hearts who fondly hearken  
To hear his firm young footstep at the doors.  
Of old, familiar rooms that slowly darken  
As purple twilight through them softly pours—

Wherever there are wings against the sunrise  
Gilded with glory, soaring free and high—  
Wherever there are long, gray planes, like shadows  
Slanting to earth, from the gray evening sky—

Wherever there are Men to fight for Freedom  
With holy purpose, till the task is done—  
Wherever the new temples are erected  
After the long hard victory is won—

He will be there—and the ideals he cherished  
Will shine supreme beneath a peaceful sky,  
For he is one who gave his All in service,  
And he shall never die!

—Gwen M. Campbell.

Grenfell.



## A PLEA

I have the honour to request  
That certain mods which I suggest  
Embodied be, in the Harvard III.

If the speaking tubes were water-cooled  
A pupil often might be fooled  
Into thinking he was not, a clot.

In case the driver should get mixed  
Let the undercart be firmly fixed  
And spats conceal each wheel.

There is no need to mass-produce  
This model solely for the use  
Of those as high as C.F.I.

Butch.

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# Books

By Peggy



Today I must ask my readers indulgence in that "Books" will not deal with books at all but with Canadian poetry in general.

I throw myself upon the mercy of my readers and ask here and now that "If you can't give appreciation in Heaven's name give sympathy!" I am a lady with a mission—Nay a lady with a grievance! May I state in passing that I fully realise that being a lady with a grievance, merely classes me as one of the common or garden variety of females? Grieved females are as prevalent as prunes in a boarding house diet—but I do hold an unique and enviable position, not accorded every irate woman. Am I not in possession of a free hand to state my grievance through the medium of the printed page? Am I not in sole possession of the floor, and without the necessity of coping with any back talk? Truly a housewife's dream. To get to the matter in hand, I have been repeatedly amazed and, I might add, annoyed at the apparent lack of knowledge of Canadian poetry, and literature displayed by our friends from other parts of the Empire. Whenever the subject is mentioned it is all too often dismissed with an airy wave of the hand, accompanied by muttered unprecations, voiced with the broadest of A's and couched in the deepest of sarcasm.

We Canadians are not as a race given to outward expression of our emotions. But we must not let it be thought we are an inarticulate people incapable of producing a national literature worthy of the name. Poetry at its height, implies beauty and the driving force of passion. At its best it must have the austerity and emotional restraint which mean spiritual strength. Where could a better source of beauty, driving force and emotional restraint be found than in Canada? The pioneer's struggle for existence has produced these very essential qualities and we find that most of the poems are indigenous to the soil, vitality, healthfully Canadian, but surged withal by the legendary and mythical lore of the Mother lands of the various blood strains, that make up Canada. We are a young country and for many years had little time to devote to any media of expression, but it is undeniable that from the earliest settlements there have not been wanting public evidences of the presence of scientific and literary spirit.

A short sixty years ago Canadian educators felt perfectly justified in saying that we possessed no national literature worthy of the name, and never would, until our country became an independent nation—free from shackling colonist ties. How groundless were these prophecies is proved by the fact that at that very time Roberts was beginning his career, Isabelle Valancy Crawford was preparing "Old Spookes' Pass," Malcolm's "Katie" and

other poems for publication, while Charles Mair was planning his drama "Tecumsch" and such artists as Lampman, Campbell, the Scotts and Bliss Carman were fingering the chords of the poetic lyre.

Today we have no doubt of our national independence and are, I believe, prouder than ever of our integral part in the Commonwealth of Nations, but we have kept and developed our school of verse to a state of artistry that would reflect credit on the literary ability of any people, anywhere. World War I. produced a renaissance of poetry, and no doubt World War II. will do the same. It seems significant, of that natural law of balance that the heart turns instinctively from terror, hate and devastating human emotions to the expression of love and beauty through the medium of the written verse. This war must necessarily arouse a more intense interest in human and divine relationships, and as a result we can expect a trend of poetry based upon these themes.

The Canadian school of poetry covers a wide range of theses and Canadian poets are naturally more at home depicting the natural beauties of our scenery. However, the singular loveliness of our evanescent spring, the luxuriant life of our hasting summer, the sensuous glory of Canadian Autumn, and the tingle and frosty cheer of our white winters, present a rare field for poetic description, while great personalities and high achievements have long inspired Canadian song. In all I feel that although a comparative newcomer in the world of literature Canada can offer a representative volume of poetry whose contents will not suffer by comparison with the verse of older countries. May I ask that you read with an open mind, some of our poets, such as Lampman, Carman, Pauline Johnson, Marion Osborne, Norah Holland, Verna Sheard, Father Dollard or Isabel Ecclestone Mackay? If you will but read some of these ere passing judgment, I shall rest happy in the thought that this humble effort has served in some small way as an opening through which the voices of Canadian singers may vibrate yet more widely on sympathetic ears, both at home and abroad.

M.G.

I will now quote a few lines chosen at random from favorite selections. May I hope that these will tempt you to read further?

Quebec, the gray old city on the hill,  
Lies with the golden glory on her head,  
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still,  
Of other days and all her mighty dead.  
The white doves perch upon the cannons grim,  
The flowers bloom where once did run a tide  
Of crimson, when the moon rose pale and dim  
Above the battle fields so grim and wide.

Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow  
 Of pride, of tenderness—her stirring past—  
 The strife, the valour, of the long ago  
 Feels at her heart strings. Strong, and tall, and vast,  
 She lies, touched with the sunsets golden grace,  
 A wondrous softness on her gray old face.

—Jean Blewett.

I took a day to search for God,  
 And found Him not. But as I trod  
 By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,  
 Just where one scarlet lily flamed,  
 I saw His footsteps in the sod.

—Bliss Carman.

August is laughing across the sky,  
 Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,  
 Drift, drift,  
 Where the hills uplift  
 On either side of the current swift, . . .  
 Be strong, oh paddle! be brave, canoe!  
 The reckless waves you must plunge into.  
 Reel, reel,  
 On your trembling keel,—  
 But never a fear my craft will feel.  
 We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead;  
 The river slips through its silent bed.  
 Sway, sway,  
 As the bubbles spray  
 And fall in tinkling tunes away.  
 And up on the hills against the sky,  
 A fir tree rocking its lullaby,  
 Swings, swings,  
 Its emerald wings,  
 Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

—E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake)



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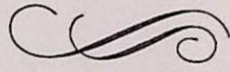
The sum of \$10,000—representing royalties on Hitler's book, "Mein Kampf"—has been sent to swell the funds of the Red Cross by the publisher of the English edition.

For the scrap metal salvage scheme British railway companies have collected several hundred tons of old horseshoes, 1,000 fenders from station waiting-rooms, and thirty tons of iron railings from railway hotels.

A full-time capstan operator in a British war factory is a woman in her seventies, mother of seven sons in the Army and three daughters in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. She went to work because she "wanted to do her part."

Oldest woman in Britain's war factories is eighty-three-year-old Mrs. Mary Ann Cottrel of Warwickshire. She helps to make a vital part in the landing gear of British war planes, and uses a machine that has served in three wars.

A new British warship has been named for the 18,000 women who work for His Majesty's Navy. It is *The Wren*, christened in tribute to the Women's Royal Naval Service whose members are known through the organizations initials as the "Wrens."



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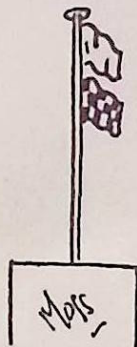
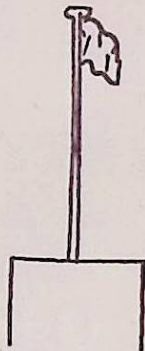
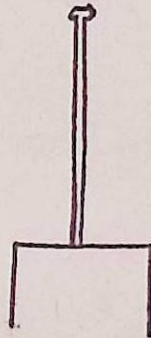
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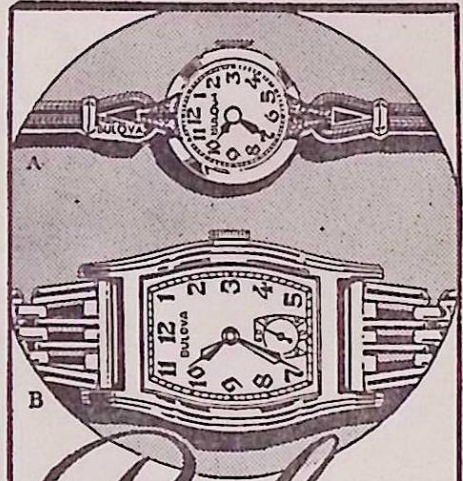
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# The Forum



*Open for Free Discussion*

*Articles on any Subject are welcome in this Section. It is pointed out, however, that the views and opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Editorial Staff.*

## POST-WAR RECONSTRUCTION

It is a peculiar thing that it takes a calamity, such as the war the world is now engaged in, to open the eyes of the community to the shortcomings of national organisation. Instances of public services which could be vastly improved seem to stare us in the face from every direction. It is a source of wonderment to many that no step had before been taken, in the security of peace, to effect essential improvements. Perhaps it was all part of the complacency which (it is admitted) existed in pre-war days. But now that it is the avowed intention of governments to re-organise our national life, it is to be hoped that the sweep, in some directions, will be a clean one.

This short article is intended to deal with but one phase—nevertheless, a most important one, viz., the necessity for nationalising health services. Not everybody will agree with the views expressed. They are bound to conflict with certain elements—as every momentous change is—and there may be many loopholes in the arguments used. Nevertheless, the question is, I think, one well worthy of consideration. If some points are dealt with briefly, this can be solely attributed to lack of space.

Let us first consider the position of hospitals. It would be very interesting to hear any argument that could be raised in favour of the present system under which institutions performing such humane and vital work, should have to make constant appeals to the public in order to keep their doors open and be hampered, in so many cases, through the lack of vital equipment. It is also very doubtful whether the hospitals situated in the poorer localities (where their services are, no doubt, more urgently required) can attract the best men in the profession.

What does the everyday person do in the event of requiring medical attention? The poor person will inevitably call for the services of their "panel" doctor, or the nearest hospital. The middle-class will have their local doctor, and the wealthy will certainly experience no difficulty in receiving the attention they require. Good—everybody does get attention—but with some slight difference. The poor person's doctor will probably be the busiest. The amount of attention he can give to any one patient may depend upon the size of the crowd in his waiting-room, or the number of calls he has to make during the day. The attention he is called upon to give his "panel" patient is unlimited—but not so the pay he receives for it. Not every

doctor is motivated by the financial aspect, but in dealing with the subject as a whole, one can only generalise.

The middle-class person will probably get better attention, because he can afford to pay for the services he receives, and it is important for the doctor to keep his "paying customers". The wealthy class will go to the well-known specialist. Although his services are probably necessary to the million, he need only attend to the few because that is all the "practice" he requires to "keep the wolf from the door."

What happens when an operation is necessary? Whoever can afford to pay the fantastic, fashionable fees for the best surgeons is at liberty to call upon them. What about the others? Well, they have no alternative but to take what is given.

This is not an indictment of the medical profession. The fault does not lie at their door. The medical man is a "professional" man in the full sense of the word. His outlook is somewhat warped, from his student days, by the fact that he knows he will come into a world of competition—not as one whose sole object should be the alleviation of suffering in the community. The medical man to-day is just as much in the thick of competition with his colleagues as are two business houses dealing in the same line of goods. There is no limitation upon those entering the profession, nobody to say in which district a doctor shall open his practice or not. It may take years to build up a practice (unless one can afford to buy a good one ready made). It is a question of livelihood. Get as many patients as you can, but look after those that pay promptly. Not much good having a large practice with a long list of bad debts. The doctor has to live the same as any other man, and it is the present system which is driving him to take the businessman's point of view, instead of the idealistic view in a humane calling—service to the community.

At present, I do not think it would be untrue to say that we are, to some extent, encouraging the neglect of health amongst the poorer classes. Many poor people will not go to a doctor until the danger is acute. They may be afraid of being ordered to stay away from their employment. The economic necessity of not having to rely upon the allowance from health insurance benefit may well be a determining factor. Instead, they resort to the great variety of patent medicines upon the market (each one claimed to be better than the other) stuffing themselves with pills and whatnot

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which may result in after-effects from which they will suffer for life.

In the case of dental treatment, the argument is, perhaps, even stronger. The neglect of teeth amongst the population is best illustrated by enquiring of any dental officer in the services as to the state of the teeth of recruits. It isn't that people instinctively dislike visiting the dentist because of the discomfort that may be caused. People are just not trained to the idea that a regular visit to the dentist from early age will remove the causes of later suffering.

What would be the effect of nationalising health services, and how could it be done? Here are some suggestions—very drastic, no doubt, and, some would say, impossible. Everything is possible with the goodwill and determination of all concerned.

1. Hospitals, clinics, sanitoriums, etc., should all be under state control, erected wherever they are necessary, and provided with adequate equipment.

2. Men and women engaged in any health services should be trained by the state, be solely employed by the state, and placed wherever the state considers their services most essential. The state would regularise the flow of those entering into the various branches. Details of control are not beyond the brains of the Government.

3. This would ensure that those entering into these services would not start out with the view that they would be entering into competition for their livelihood. Their livelihood would be guaranteed, as in the civil service. Scales of pay would be drawn up. The medical man's whole outlook would be that of service, in the best sense, to the community.

4. Abolition of all private enterprise in the supply of patent medicines, etc. Supplies of whatever is necessary would be provided by, and through, government sources.

The population would begin to take a new outlook on health. Every man and woman would

*Page Thirty-four*

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know that they could, at all times, receive the best medical attention available. People would begin to visit their dentists at regular intervals—not when the trouble had started—and train their children the same way. Questions of finance would not arise, both for the public and for the medical man.

The health of the population is a primary government responsibility. I believe it has been stated elsewhere, that the wealth of the nation lies in its health. No more need be added.

F.

*Cafe*

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**THE BETTER PLACE**

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The Victoria Cross—the highest British award for bravery—has been awarded thirty-four times during the present war. Since its institution by Queen Victoria in the year 1856 the Cross has been won 1,194 times.

## August Attractions at Swift Current Theatres

### EAGLE

- Mon.-Tues., Aug. 3-4, "SWEATER GIRL," mystery melodrama, Eddie Bracken, June Priesser.
- Wed.-Thurs., Aug. 5-6, "ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN," fast action drama, with Glen Ford and Claire Trevor.
- Fri.-Sat., Aug. 7-8, "CONFIRM OR DENY," thrilling story of London in wartime, with Don Ameche and Joan Bennett.
- Mon.-Tues., Aug. 10-11, "VALLEY OF THE SUN," fast action western drama with Lucille Ball and James Craig.
- Wed.-Thurs., Aug. 12-13, "THE LADY IS WILLING," comedy, with Marlene Dietrich and Fred McMurray.
- Fri.-Sat., Aug. 14-15, "CHARLEY'S AUNT," comedy scream with Jack Benny.
- Mon.-Tues., Aug. 17-18, "OBLIGING YOUNG LADY," romantic comedy, Joan Carroll, Edmond O'Brien and Ruth Warwick.
- Wed.-Thurs., Aug. 19-20, "TEXAS," action western drama with William Holden, Claire Trevor and Glenn Ford.
- Fri.-Sat., Aug. 21-22, "TOMBSTONE, THE TOWN TOO TOUGH TO DIE," western melodrama with Richard Dix.
- Monday-Wed., Aug. 24-25-26, "SONG OF THE ISLANDS," beautiful technicolor South Sea Islands story with Betty Grable, Victor Mature and Jack Oakie.
- Thurs.-Sat., Aug. 27-28-29, "DUMBO," grand Walt Disney technicolor cartoon, you'll love it.

### LYRIC

- Mon.-Tues., Aug. 3-4, (double feature) "ALIAS BOSTON BLACKIE," detective mystery, with Chester Morris. "LAWLESS PLAINSMEN" action western, Chas. Starrett, Russel Hayden.
- Wed.-Sat., Aug. 1-6-7-8, "JOHNNY EAGER," strong action melodrama with Robert Taylor, Lana Turner and Van Heflin.
- Mon.-Tues., Aug. 10-11 (double feature) "WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT," circus melodrama with Humphrey Bogart and Sylvia Sydney. "ESCAPE FROM CRIME," racketeering melodrama with Richard Travis, Julie Bishop.
- Wed.-Sat., Aug. 12-13-14-15, "JUNGLE BOOK." Gorgeous technicolor jungle fantasy from the well known Rudyard Kipling story, with Sabu, the Indian boy actor.
- Mon.-Tues., Aug. 17-18 (double feature) "A CLOSE CALL FOR ELLERY QUEEN," detective mystery drama with William Gargan and Margaret Lindsay. "WEST OF TOMBSTONE," action western with Chas. Starrett.
- Wed.-Sat., Aug. 19-20-21-22, "WOMAN OF THE YEAR," grand romantic comedy with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn.
- Mon.-Tues., Aug. 24-25 (double feature) "HIGHWAY WEST," exciting action drama with Brenda Marshall and Arthur Kennedy, and "KISSES FOR BREAKFAST," romantic comedy, Dennis Morgan, Jane Wyatt, Shirley Ross.
- Wed.-Sat., August 26-27-28-29, "THE FLEET'S IN," musical comedy with Dorothy Lamour, William Holden and Eddie Bracken.

It is estimated that seventy-five per cent of peacetime private cars are now off Britain's roads. The number of private cars licensed fell from about 2,000,000 at the outbreak of war to 1,170,000 at the end of 1940. No official figures have been issued since.

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