

OCTOBER 1942

TEN CENTS



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

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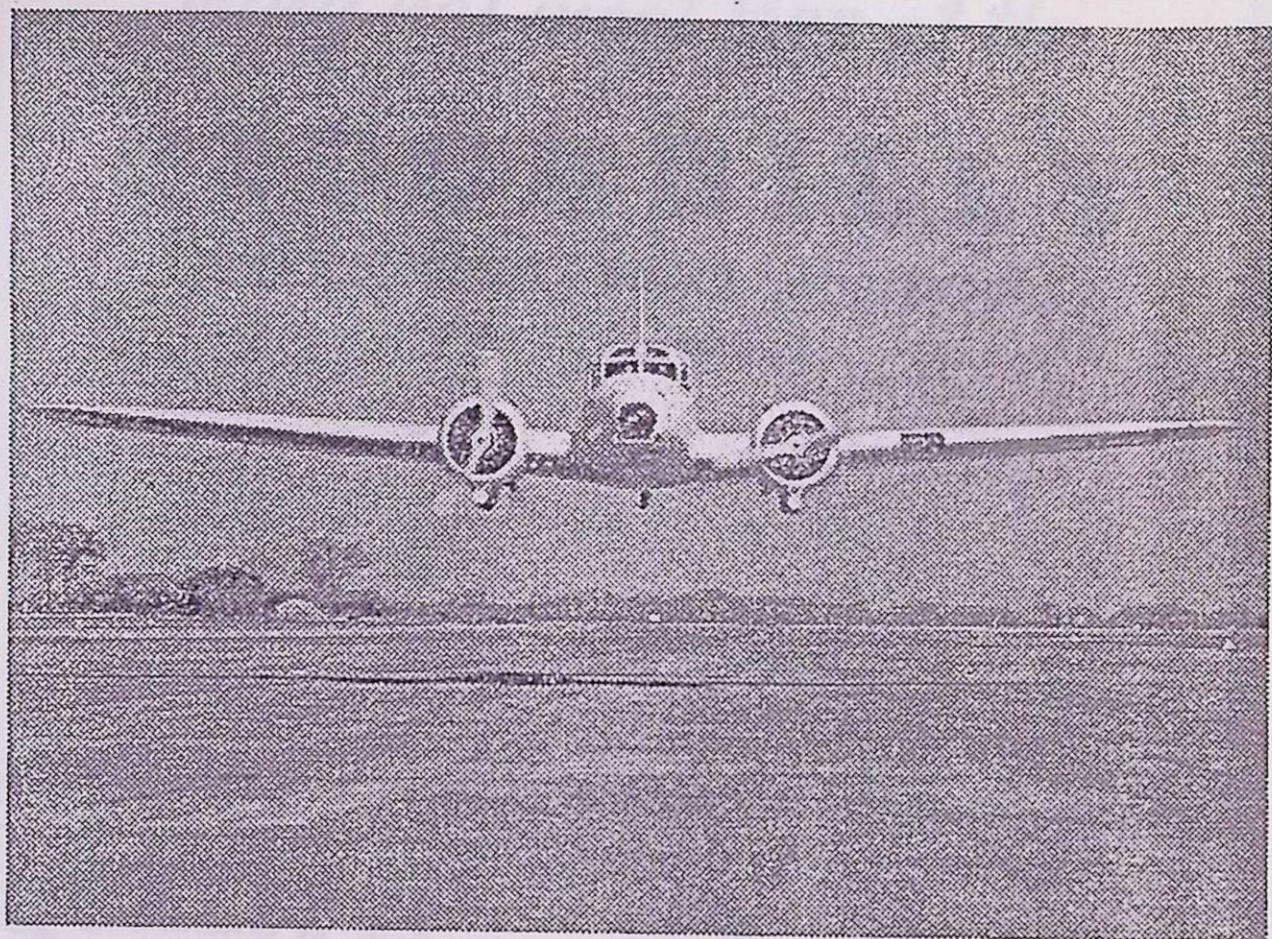
To have been chosen by the editorial committee of No. 39 Service Flying Training School, Royal Air Force, to publish their station magazine.

We placed our modern typographic facilities and experience at their disposal to issue a commendable publication and one that should bring favorable comment.

The same service is available to those desiring commercial printing that is distinctive.

The Sun

The Leading Weekly Newspaper
of Southwestern Saskatchewan



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will blast the enemy into submission . . .

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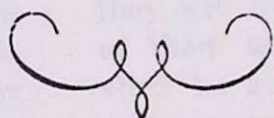
TORONTO

Why not meet Her at the

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SWIFT CURRENT'S SMART RENDEZVOUS

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Dine and Dance

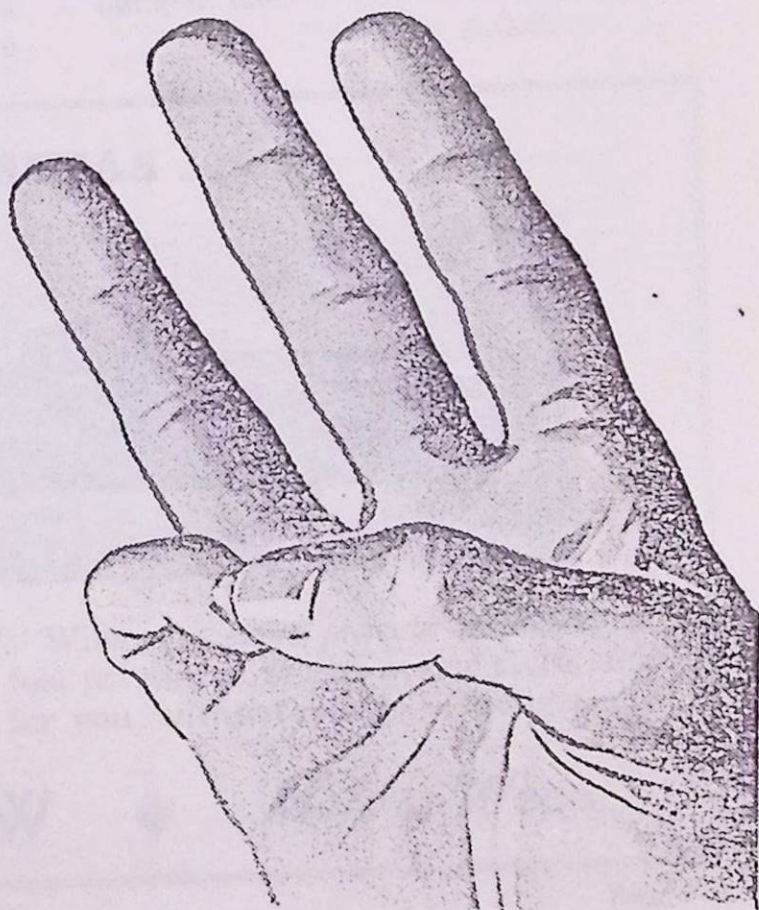
QUALITY!

TASTE!

FLAVOR!

YOU GET
ALL 3 IN

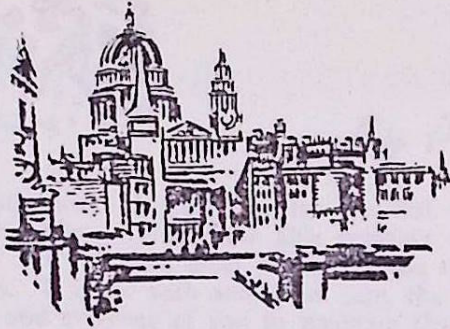
GOOD OLD
Gold Seal
BEER



IN BOTTLES OR ON DRAUGHT

Brewed by

Saskatchewan's BEER SPECIALISTS
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Editorial

It is with mixed feelings that we present our sixth number of "The Swift." We feel regret at the departure for Calgary of so many of our friends, and wish them God Speed and Happy Huntin' in their new surroundings. We thank those loyalists who came across with their articles before shaking the Prairie dust from their shoes, and we hope they will not forget us in their new spheres, but will continue to send along their contributions. It was gratifying to receive so many applications for copies to be sent on, and we have made arrangements to send a batch of them to Calgary each month.

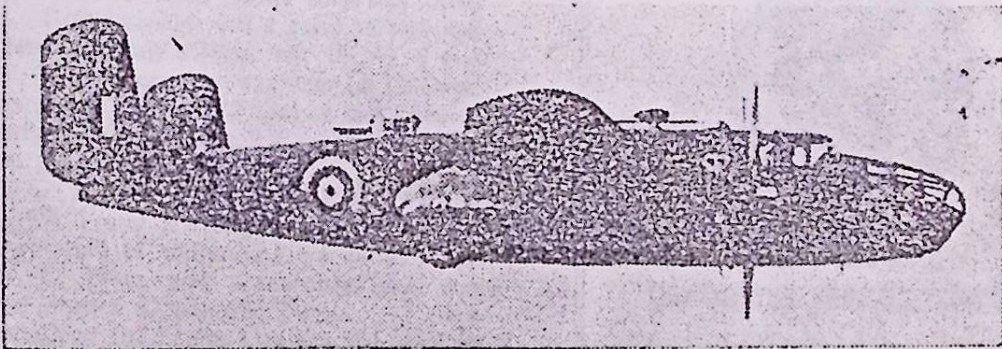
We extend a hearty welcome to all newcomers and hope they will not miss the bright lights of Calgary. They have

the good-will of all the present staff and we are sure they will get a friendly hand from the "locals" in Swift Current, wherever they may go. For the most part, our newcomers will be reading the "Swift" for the first time and we hope they will like it and support it. Many of them will have new ideas, and we shall be glad to receive their articles and suggestions.

This month, for the first time since the "Swift" spread its wings, we have had 100 per cent support. To you newcomers and to all those regular contributors who have kept the "Swift" alive, we say "keep it up blokes, and let's make the November issue a bumper one."

A.G.C.

PARCELS FOR OVERSEAS



WE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP. When you have parcels or packages for overseas shipment please feel privileged to call at our store and we will wrap them securely for you, without charge or obligation.

HARRY SHAW



Men's Wear



Sports

By P/O P.M. Bartlett



This month I greet you for the first time as Sports Officer. Under the able guidance of P/O Petty "39" reached great heights in the realm of sports. It is my wish and, I am sure, the wish of each and everyone of you to maintain that standard.—So! let's go to it lads.

The approach of winter will restrict open air sports—to a certain extent, but as outside sports decrease, so inside sports will increase. Plans are in hand for a proposed extension to the Drill Shed. Changing Rooms, Locker Rooms, showers, etc., will be incorporated and it is hoped to effect the completion of these plans shortly.

It is proposed to have Indoor Tennis, Badminton, Basket Ball, Volley Ball, and Boxing, etc., played throughout the winter months, but additional suggestions for any indoor sports will be greatly appreciated.

Two ice rinks are to be in use this winter, one for practice, the other for matches, so it is to be hoped that many more of you learn how to skate this season.

The sporting event of the month was definitely our Sports Day and fortunately the weather was really fine until the late evening, when tempest decided that the tents and marquees were in the wrong location, but I am glad to say that the boundary fences prevented their complete disappearance.

After a slow start with the 100 yd. heats, the programme settled on its course and finished on schedule. W/O Short won the 100 yds. in fine style and in all collected 16 points for S.H.Q. W/C Slater won the discus, was placed in the 100 yds., Long Jump, Hop, Skip and Jump, and during the day collected more points than any other competitor. F/O Lazenby was a good second and his efforts were certainly a great help to No. 3 and 4 Hangars. The officers race was won by G/Capt. E. C. Bates and it was agreed that at the presentation he certainly was the happiest man of the day.

The team placing was as follows:

Pupils I., 82; S.H.Q., 79½; Pupils II., 75; 3 and 4 Hangars, 59; 1 and 2 Hangars, 47.

The presentation of prizes was graciously made by Mrs. E. C. Bates, and a successful day was capped by a Station Dance and Fete.

An aftermath of the Sports Day was the sending of a Mile Relay Team to Medicine Hat. No. 39 S.F.T.S. was placed second and an excellent effort it was.

The Soccer League have had a difficult time with the fixtures owing to the new Training Programme, but I am pleased to say that the majority of the difficulties have been overcome and most teams have been able to play their fixtures. The Officers' Team will play No. 32 S.F.T.S., Officers' Team on the 24th October.

F/Lt. Franklin arranged a mixed Hockey match between the officers and wives. This was a very enjoyable game, and ended in a win for the Colours 4-0.

Boxing Training has commenced again and our first tournament will be the return bouts with H.M.C.S. Unicorn on the 10th October, at Saskatoon. This will be followed by a Tournament against No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon, away, on the 25th October.

Let us get down to it and make "39" the best of them all. This however, cannot be done without your co-operation. We want suggestions, work and good will, and it will be easy.

So! What about it, fellows?

P.M.B.



British Cows Go to War

In 1939, dairy farmers were providing the people in Great Britain with 750,000,000 gallons of milk. In 1941, in spite of labor shortage and restrictions on imported feeding stuffs, they produced 940,000,000. In May last year, in one month, they provided 103,000,000 gallons and now they've beaten even that high level.

As a result of this record the Ministry of Food has been able to announce recently that, until further notice, there will be no restriction on the sale of milk.



The trademark
guarantees your satisfaction

Player's Please

MILD OR MEDIUM

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
Plain End or Cork Tip

HAIL, FAREWELL AND ORCHIDS

September 1942 has seen a big change in our school. The Harvards—noisily efficient, ruggedly sleek—have left our skies for “points further west” and with them have gone a large number of officers and airmen—all of the instructional wing—including pupils—and some (censored) number of maintenance personnel. We say farewell to them. Their hard work during the past ten months has enabled 39 S.F.T.S. to proudly take an honoured place in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. We wish them continued success at No. 37.

To the newcomers from Calgary we offer a hearty greeting. That they will miss the fleshpots and bright lights we have no doubt, but trust they will be well repaid by the warm hospitality of our prairie city and by the sincere welcome we extend to them.

This column would be incomplete without a word of praise to all those officers and airmen who for the past ten months have made our results possible. To those men of the maintenance wing whose consistently hard efforts have maintained an exceptionally high standard of serviceability and who will be called upon for even greater efforts in the future, we thank you and appreciate your labours. To those of all the other no less important departments of the station whose quiet efficiency and conscientious work is so necessary, we hand you a well deserved bouquet.

We know that, whether with Harvards or Ox-fords, gliders, balloons or paratroops, come what may, 39 will continue to play its part in full to the successful conclusion of the job in hand.

E.C.B.

Heard in the Quarters

Batman: “Flight Lieutenant Blank took one of your towels away with his, Sir.”

Officer: “Oh, never mind Smith. Was it a particularly good one?”

Batman: “It was one of your best ones, Sir. It was the red and blue striped one, with Healy Hotel written across it.”

During the Blitz

William Hickey says: “I claim to be the only person alive who has been blown off a lavatory seat while reading Jane Austin.”



Shooting Gophers—huh?

Better Used Cars

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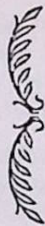
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SWIFT CURRENT

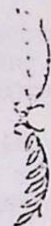
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SASK.



Road Signs



By The Padre

THE MISSING FAITH

The United States Lawyer, Dulles, veteran of almost every important peace parley since the 1907 Hague Conference, in summarizing the underlying causes of the present world conflict, stated:

"The present war is largely due to the fact that during the interval between the two world wars we were people without a faith. The first World War exhausted the spiritual springs within us. We wanted merely to be left alone. 'Security' became our only goal. It is of course impossible to perpetuate a spiritual vacuum throughout the World. Gradually new faiths began to be born. Unhappily they were not born in Britain, France or the United States. We were passive people upon whom operated the dynamic faiths born in Russia, Germany and Japan. And because the faiths of Germany and Japan found expression in the deification of their own nation and race they led inevitably to war. The leaders of America, without regard to party or creed, are determined that this shall not happen again. We recognize that military victory will be hardly won, and if won will prove but illusory unless there is born in ourselves that faith which makes men strong and fills them with a sense of mission in the world. We also realize that that faith will lead only to another war unless it be a righteous faith which seeks, in a spirit of brotherhood, to achieve the general welfare."

This is one of the finest answers to those who say that it does not matter much what we believe as long as we deal squarely and snow a neighbourly spirit in time of need. Nature abhors a vacuum, and in the affairs of men history has proved that man undirected and uninspired by the teaching of Christ, will eventually destroy not only his own happiness, but will involve many others in sorrow.

A mere philosophy will not suffice. Philosophy is uncreative and unredemptive. It was for this reason that Christianity overpowered all pagan superstition, and outmatched Grecian culture, when it first made its impact in the Apostolic days of the Christian church. The need of the teachings of Christ is greater now than ever if we are to survive. The human race is reaching out in a longing to be satisfied spiritually, just as earnestly as progress and ways of scientific advance are being studied. Religion has become "News" in our papers and literature as never before. We are conscious that vital re-adjustments in every sphere of life are being made and will have to be made as never before to catch up with conditions which are even changing as man continues to exploit the wonders and the resources of nature. Who re-

mains untouched in the present conquest of the air, the world being made smaller every day, for better or for worse? Who can remain indifferent to the possibilities of better standards of comfort and reaction as these resources are brought within our reach, and can be put to wider use yet?

If these golden opportunities are not taken up with a Christian Spirit for the balanced good of all and impartially, the disaster we know already will only be repeated at a later date. The whole make up of society needs a change of heart. Many are finding it, but not enough to guarantee any stability for the future. It is a faith of dynamic quality which is essential to this change. We may want to be left alone individually and as a community. This is not possible. It is not peace nor security, it is the frustration of all purpose, for which we have already pledged our lives to defend. Nothing outside the dynamic of Christ can bring this about. This force is ours, limited only by the medium through which it works; the individual human heart. The flow for righteousness and peace is dependent on the surrender of the heart's capacity to Christ's purpose, expressed to some extent by every separate individual but perfected only when dominant in a community. So our Lord taught us to pray, "Thy Kingdom come."

It is no true charge to say that the Religious wars in Europe have buried this notion for good. Many have invoked the name of Christ but too few have lived their faith. "Too few and too late," could well be applied here. Motives unhallowed by the Spirit of Christ worked their way with typical fifth column technique under the cloak of religion. But we don't rule out the use of water if it has been muddied. We filter it to get back to its original purity. And the same must apply to questions of faith.

At present we have but the choice of two evils; to fight with the weapons of destruction, or to be destroyed ourselves. When active hostilities cease we must continue the mission with the weapon of faith made tangible with every material force for good as well. But first it is our task to wrest these weapons of destruction from the hands of the unscrupulous evil thing, the war machine of our foes. The justification for a relentless hammering of the enemy is as clear as the killing of a snake or the man-eating beast of prey. The enemy has thrown away his human birthright.

But here is the point, unless we make good use of our present opportunities to find our spiritual birthright, this living, dynamic faith, we shall be as unprepared as the Allied nations were in 1918, when reaction set in as men returned to their homes and to the competitions of business life.

William Blake wrote:

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

The poetic phrasing of what he felt to be the essential spiritual equipment, by no means masks his thought. They were his weapons of vision, zeal, purity and relentless energy, but he had to reach out for them and to take them from Other Hands. Then he could promise a ceaseless activity culminating in a triumph for good.



THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Who was the officer who was nipping through "The Healy" with a chair under his wing very late on the night of the Officers and Sergeants' "Do" and what was his idea in collecting all the red lights in the place? Was he thinking of starting a "business" or something, or was he planning to redden the Town up a trifle?

Was the officer puffed after his amazing sprint to the Court Martial held recently on the Camp and why was it we didn't see his nomination in the Officers' 100 yards on Sports Day?

Did the RAF "erk" really mean to purloin the RCAF Pay Roll on a recent Pay Parade—and did the Accountant Officer take a poor view?

Who is the Senior N.C.O. Store Basher who has Indian Ancestors, and is that where he learned to get his cars to the ground when there is any "gen" floating around?

Does the date March 10th, 1936 convey anything to this same Storebasher? And is it really true?

Who were the two Warrant Officer Technicians who started out to cure a cold and finished up by getting "blotto" on rum?

Did the Orderly Officer on Sports Day have trouble in locating the local "Lock-up" and did he really think it was situated in the Sergeants' Mess?

Who were the two Senior N.C.O.'s who gate crashed the Airmen's Dance recently and gave an exhibition Jitterbug? Did the Doc appreciate their efforts?

Was it the same two Senior N.C.O.'s who took over the local Dance Band recently at the "Odd-fellows," and did Ginger's head feel sore the next day—and why?

What was LAMMIE'S idea in turning up at the Airmen's Dance after the "DO" in the Officers' Mess recently, clad in an 'erk's tunic? Did his conscience smite him about those stripes, or was he just trying to get down to his proper level?

Who was the high jumper in the S.H.Q. heats who made a forced landing on his back—and did he take his slacks off afterwards?

What was "Coca's" idea of taking a swallow dive through a window at the Sergeant's Dance and did he make a happy landing?



OLD MAN OF THE SEA—"TABS"

One of the Aussies greeting their families from London a short while back, in a BBC "Anzacs Calling Home" programme, was Leo Sayers, a seaman in the Merchant Service. In a cheerful message to his mother, in Wellington, New South Wales, he merely said: "There's a river here called the Thames, but it isn't as good as the Mac! . . . Keep me a piece of Christmas cake . . ." No mention of an ocean here called the Atlantic; and no hint that he'd been torpedoed in it. He'd spent some hours in an open boat before being picked up by a warship.

There were no casualties, luckily "except" he said, "Tabs, the ship's cat." She and her progeny—born during the voyage, were put safely on a float, but despite efforts to hold her, Tabs insisted on jumping back on to the ship.

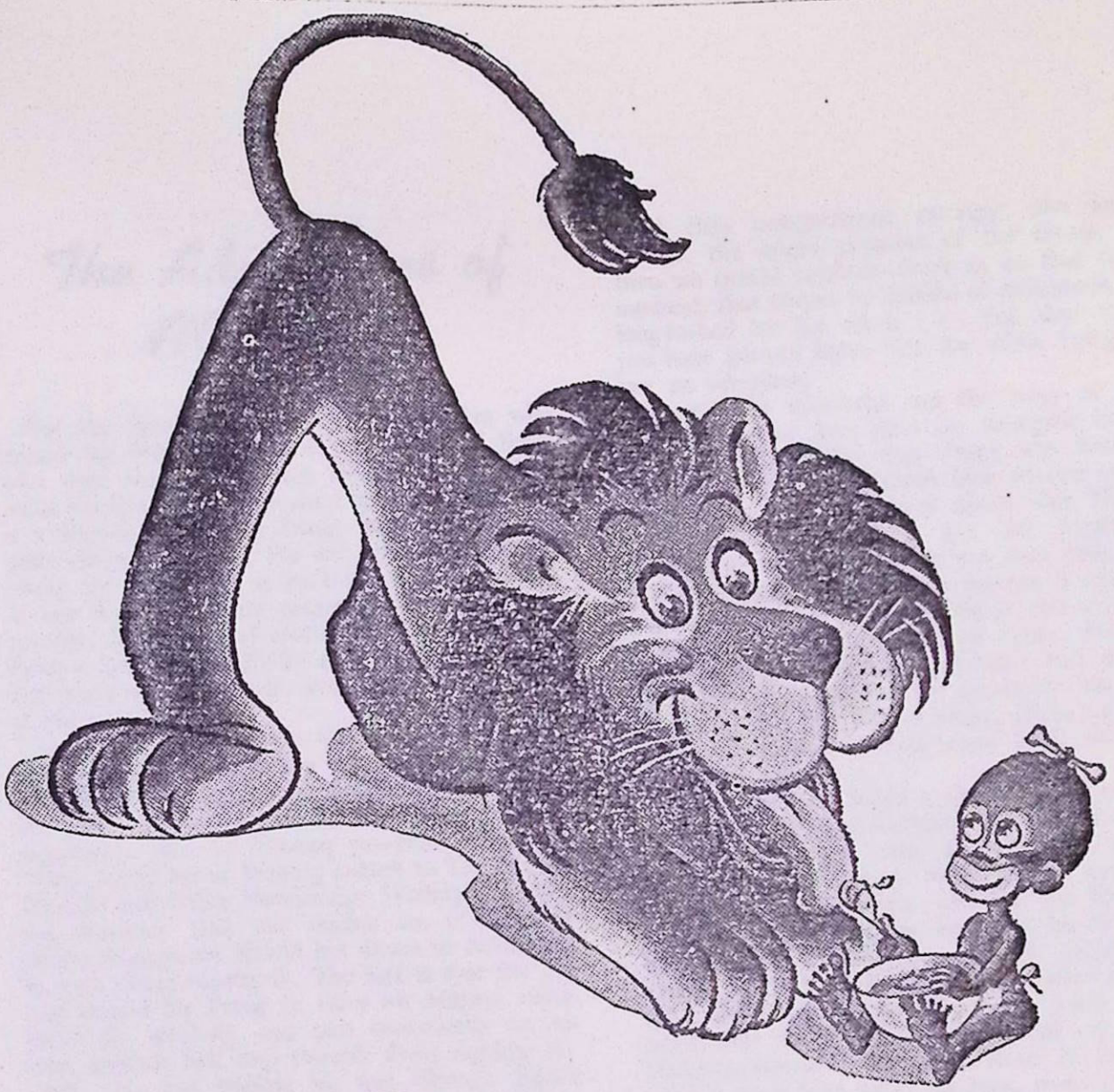
She may have thought a kitten had been left behind, but that is not the opinion of the crew. They believe that the sea tradition was so much in her blood and in her whiskers, that she went back to go down with the ship.



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"BIG CHIEF BEER" . . . the best!

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SASKATOON SASK.



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CANADIAN RYE WHISKY

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KING'S PLATE is born good-natured . . . it's blended from mellowed, good-natured whis-lies drawn from the finest and largest stocks on the continent.

13 ozs. 25 ozs. 40 ozs.

R-57

Jos. E. Seagram & Sons Limited, Waterloo, Ont.
PLEASE SAVE THE BOTTLE! Your salvage committee will collect.

The Adventures of AC Prang

Chapter II

For the benefit of those of our readers who missed the first instalment of this yarn and those who were wise enough not to read it, we shall make our first paragraph a short resume. ("Resume" is a French word, says Prang, meaning a lot of piffle about very little.) We left our hero struggling vainly for recognition at an Initial Training Wing of the Royal Air Force somewhere in God's own country. But, alas and alack, for all his hopes of flying a Spitfire, 123456789 AC2 Prang did nought but scrub and scrub and scrub. And so we arrive at the present time.

Now, the astute reader will have guessed that we have reached one of the crises of our story and according to all the latest authorities at our disposal we should begin to create an atmosphere of tense expectancy. (See Air Ministry pamphlet concerning "The Gentle Art of Writing Letters to The-Powers-That-Be and Other Nondescript Writing".) Realizing, however, that our readers are considerably Above Average, we should not dream of descending to such cheap theatricals. The fact is that the day had arrived for Prang to leave his nursery, metaphorically speaking, and pass majestically on his way, another half step towards flying fighting aircraft. He had blinked his way through Signals examinations, found his way through Navigation and answered fantastic questions upon the construction of outdoor latrines in India for men whose daily permissible consumption of water was twenty gallons. Frankly, Prang had not done brilliantly, but he had managed to conceal himself, disguising his infinitely superior intelligence, amongst the rest of the mob.

And now, the historic moment. No longer the lowest of the low. No longer a mere number. No longer a mere thing in the eyes of authority. May we introduce LAC Prang, P., propped up, to use metaphor once more, in all the glory of his new rank! Great was the pride of our hero as he strode haughtily amongst the envious newcomers to the unit. Yet, let it not be thought that Prang was full of overweening pride: He was only too pleased to pass on his vast experience to a crowd of open-mouthed admirers. "Navigation?" he exclaimed, in answer to one query. "Pooh, easy! It was only invented by some fossil at the Air Ministry to get some of his friends a job. Never use it in actual flying, always use a Compactor." (We can only presume that in the heat of the moment our hero became rather muddled about the Computer, which is scarcely strange, as he had never seen one.)

Unfortunately, we fear that we have constructed our story so badly, that we have already arrived at another great crisis, and this time, the crisis really is something big. To gain the proper effect, we should describe the touching scene of departure from Prang's I.T.W., we should describe the thrill of travelling all night in one of England's quaint,

third class compartment carriages, the joy of change, the bright prospect of the future. And then we should suddenly break in on that crucial moment, that climax to months of endeavour, that long-looked for day when . . . Yes, dear reader, you have guessed right. The day when Prang first saw an aeroplane.

Weird and wonderful are the ways of man! It was but two days after his panegyric on the futility of Navigation that Prang was heard to exclaim, "I can't understand how anyone can be expected to find their way about this blinking countryside. I'm sure I'll get lost sometime." When this remark came to our ears, long after the event itself, we began to wonder if our hero were possessed of prophetic vision and envisaged a wonderful medical future for him. However, Prang assured us that outstandingly bad weather (Visibility 10 miles) was the reason for his losing himself on the first two occasions, while no fellow can expect to find his way about if his map falls out of the kite.

Again, we have made a chronological mess of our story. We have confused our patient readers (mythical personages, who are constantly referred to by inferior writers) with stupid anecdotes, instead of regaling them with all the thrills of Prang's first solo flip, his first spin, his first loop and so on. Thrills there were in plenty, too. Prang's first solo, completed after a mere score of dual hours, was remarkable in its proof of the adage that the age of miracles is not yet passed. Hangars, Bowsers, mechanics, stood in imminent peril of their lives while our hero, cool and confident at the controls, performed his triangular take-off and ten point landing. His first loop was not nearly so spectacular, save that he proved that the Magister's wings did not fall off at 200 m.p.h. Ah, those were trying days indeed! And, of course, there was the celebrated occasion when his instructor called him a clot. But Prang attributed that to jealousy . . . —P.D.C.

WHERE AND OH, WHERE?

The party at the manor was a great success and all were sorry when it ended. The guests of honour, two sailors of the Royal Navy, had eaten and drunk right royally and retired to bed in a happy state of mind. Unfortunately, the result of the evening's feasting was that Mother Nature called to one of the sailors during the night. Now, the manor was old and not equipped with electric light and other modern conveniences. Consequently, when the sailor had spent fifteen minutes and a whole box of matches in his search, he was forced to take a desperate step. On the windowsill of their bedroom grew several aspidistras in pots and it was to these that the sailor repaired. The aspidistra was removed and later replaced.

Early next morning, before the whole household was awake, an urgent telegram arrived for the Navy men. They departed in haste and very soon were sailing the high seas. It was not until three weeks later that they received a cable—O.K. WE'RE BEATEN. WHERE DID YOU PUT IT?

THE TRAVELLER

I want to tell you a story,
Of a fellow in Air Force blue,
His name was Adolphus Tomkins,
His rank—just a plain AC2.
To Canada's shores he was drafted,
Away from his friends back in town,
He'd no great desire to desert them,
But he couldn't let Portal down.

The voyage across was a pleasure,
And not once for home did he yearn,
As he lolled all day in seclusion,
In his private cabin—astern.
With stewards to polish his buttons,
And servants to safeguard his gear,
And officers popping in hourly,
To bring him his smokes and his beer;
And if he was feeling off-colour,
Or suffering from effects of the sea,
The M.O. rushed down with specifics,
And ordered up chicken for tea.

The C.P.R. were most helpful,
And frequently on the way down,
The train would pull up to enable
Him to see all the sights of the town.
His station when at last he arrived there,
Again was the best that he'd seen.—
Private rooms most tastefully furnished
With floors all shining and clean.

The authorities were kind and considerate,
No reasonable request was refused,
P.T. in the mornings was optional,
And no compulsion ever was used;
Reveille was usually ten-thirty,
And on your day off (it was said)
Just mention it to the Orderly Officer,
And he brought along breakfast to bed.

Charges were almost unheard of
For trifles like A.W.L.,
And for striking a superior officer,
You just spent one day in a cell;
For crimes of a more serious nature,
Like smashing the town on a spree,
The C.O. would gently reprove you,
And perhaps award 7 days C.C.;
There were 48's every week-end,
And no one ever complained
If you decided to stay a day over—
Send a wire "So sorry. Detained."

Pay Accounts staff were most helpful,
And nothing you asked was a crime,
With pay-days Tuesdays and Thursdays,
And casuals any old time.
Females were freely admitted,
No attempts were made to repress,
If the barracks became rather crowded,
There was always the Officers Mess.

If you went along to the M.O.
Afflicted with headaches or faints,
He'd grant you 14 days Sick Leave,
And for similar minor complaints
He'd send you along for a rest-cure
To one of the neighboring farms,
And he didn't approve of injections,
And he frowned on jabs in the arms.

There were no such things as inspections,
And it was considered bad form to ask
An airman to scrub or to polish,
Or perform any menial task;
The meals in the mess were delicious.
Free beer—and nothing to pay,
And everything served by the officers,
Just like they did Christmas Day.

The S.P.'s were a nice bunch of fellows,
If they found you dead drunk in the town,
They brought you back in a taxi,
And never dreamt of booking it down;
The pubs in the town were delightful
And open till round about three,
And abounding with wit and good humour,
And naturally, the beer—that was free.

And as for the local females,
They were all like Hollywood stars,
With faces alluring at Dietrich's,
And figures like Hedy Lamarr's;
They came up by car to collect you.
That is, if you just gave a ring,
And in all things were always submissive,
And they never said "No" to a thing.
But why describe the place further,
It's name I'll leave you to guess,
But you can take it from me, all you wallahs,
It WASN'T 39 S.F.T.S.

Anon



TELEPHONE WISE CRACKLES

"Hullo, hullo, hullo, give me the C.I.'s office, please."

Pause for the operator to digest his mid-morning cup of tea.

"Hullo? This is the C.I.'s office. Sleep here."
"Thanks, old boy, I will, but who with?"

* * *

"Operator, will you give me the C.G.I., please?"

Pause for the digestion of mid-afternoon cup of tea.

"Hullo? C.G.I.'s office. Gamble here."

"Rather. Give me ten to one on No. 13 in the St. Aldwyn this afternoon."

* * *

"Give me the Station Sick Quarters and hurry."

Pause again for the operator to consume his evening cup of tea.

"Station Hospital. Courtin here."

"What, during working hours?"

CURRENT JOTTINGS

There is no truth in the suggestion that the Senior N.C.O. whom we often see strolling round the camp wearing a pair of dark glasses, graduated from St. Dunstan's.

* *

There is no truth in the rumour that a certain N.C.O. who recently changed his abode, did so as a result of a certain well respected citizen having trouble with his geraniums.

* *

Has "Poppy" made out his Handing Over Certificate in connection with a certain young lady from Gull Lake—and who is to be the lucky successor?

* *

There is no truth in the suggestion that the radiator at the Pic sustained injuries as a result of a certain Warrant Officer's head inadvertently coming into contact with it one evening during a little social function, held in honour of a certain long legged Corporal's betrothal.

* *

We are given to understand on good authority that there really is no connection between the little parson we saw in the Third Current Revue and a certain little reverend gentleman often seen trotting around Town.

* *

We haven't seen Muriel in the Hostess Club recently. We hope the crack in the Magazine about her cooking abilities has not scared her off. Maybe a certain newly graduated Sergeant Pilot takes up a portion of her time now. I hope Geoff doesn't take a poor view of that.

* *

We understand on very good authority that Mary has no connection whatsoever with a certain red setter often seen rambling round the Town, looking lost. We believe the expression "My Red" has quite another meaning.

* *

We appreciate Ralphie's depth of affection for his sweetie-pie, but think it's going a bit too far when he hangs around the corner prior to embarking on the Bus to Camp each morning in case his sweetie-pie looks out of the window, especially in view of the fact that he sees her each and every night for quite long spells.

* *

We are given to understand that there is no truth in the suggestion that Wedding Bells will shortly be heard in the Airmen's Mess.

* *

A certain quite well known Station Boxer wishes us to state that the small boy he was seen nursing at a recent Wings Parade was not acquired by him since coming to Canada, but was the property of two very good friends.

* *

The Chief of the Ogpu may be a very good Policeman, but we understand from the Mess Caterer that he makes a pretty poor Barman.

"Harricot" tells us that she enjoyed the last Sergeants' Dance immensely. We didn't see her on the floor at all, but in view of Ginger's very doubtful dancing ability, perhaps it was as well. We noticed that her shoes looked nice and clean and wonder if "Red" knows anything about that.



Canadian Terms Illustrated



"Two Bits"



NO LILY-WHITE HANDS NOW

'At the station I visited the ground staff were entirely girls. They looked exactly, as you can imagine, like—pygmies—in their blue battle dress and berets, lying over the tail of the 'planes, turning the heavy starting handles as they shouted "contact", running alongside to guide the huge machines as they landed. And most of them were scarcely out of their teens. One little girl told me, as she fitted on her parachute and climbed into the cockpit ready to take off, that she had come over here from Canada on a visit shortly before the war and married the boy next door from back home when he arrived with the first batch of Canadian Air Force.'

'And you know, there was a wedding over here a couple of weeks ago that sums up the women's war effort pretty well. The bride had a dress made with special lace cuffs to drape over her hands. Why? Because her hands were so scarred with war work she didn't want them to be seen when the ring was slipped on.'—Marjorie Hird in a BBC North American 'Guest Night' talk.

WHY DO WE DISTIL OUR WATER ?

YOUR KETTLE TELLS THE STORY!



You know what happens to your tea kettle. It becomes encrusted with scaly mineral deposits from the water. That's why we DISTIL every drop of water used in brewing PILSNER, NUT BROWN ALE and ROYAL STOUT. And remember, PILSNER IS THE ONLY SASKATCHEWAN BEER BREWED FROM DISTILLED WATER. That's just one of the reasons why, year after year, PILSNER remains Saskatchewan's most popular and fastest selling beer.

206

NO WONDER

Pilsner

IS SASKATCHEWAN'S FASTEST SELLING

BEER

THE REGINA

BREWING COMPANY LIMITED



John (W & B) Garratt
live in a house that Jack built

HOSPITALITY

The other night, finding a couple of lost looking souls wandering round the City, and fearing they might fall amongst people with fell intentions towards them, I offered them the hospitality of my bed.

Now my bed was originally designed to take one normal sized man, and consequently we found it a bit of a tight squeeze. Fearing I might get crushed, I decided, wisely or unwisely to select the outside position. However, after spending three parts of the night picking myself up from the deck, and the other portion of the night endeavouring to snatch a few clothes to wrap around my shivering frame, I decided that after all, maybe the middle berth would at least have been warmer.

Being a working man, I had to go to work early. This was the unkindest cut of all and it nearly broke my heart to rise from my bed at the unearthly hour of 0700 and leave those two poachers of bed space, snugly tucked up in what I had always looked upon as my particular little bed of rest.

Upon my return in the evening, I found the following, somewhat cryptic little note on my dressing table:

"Dear Chiefy,

Your guests of Saturday night have been through your possessions and can find no Brylcreme, hair brushes, shaving gear, boot brushes, or soap. After this, of course, we didn't look any farther, as it is obvious from the colour of your buttons, that brasso is a foreign substance to you. We take a

very poor view of this. Also it is hardly the thing to throw stones through the window at your guests, even if they were non paying guests.

We were going to buy you a present but I fear in view of the very poor services offered, you've had it.

Anyway, next time you invite us to sleep in your abode, see that you have some utensils. We have had to depart for Gull Lake looking like a couple of tramps. Never mind the obvious crack.

Also, tell the two girls who looked in on us whilst we were in bed, that we will be feeling more in the mood for entertaining lady friends of an evening.

Keep 'em flying.

(Signed) SCURPHY POP.
ERNIE STORM'

An Airman Pupil Writes to His Loved One

My Darling Adoration,

After due consideration of the mighty reputation which you hold in our nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. I have made an application to move my habitation to a better situation for a course of conversation with my darling adoration.

Now if this declaration should meet with appreciation I will meet you at the Station, and by a speedy navigation we will be married on speculation.

I remain yours,

Anticipation Sensation.

TENSION!

He was just an ordinary sort of person, but the suspense of waiting had made him a raving maniac. The car had drawn up at the gate at 2.15 p.m. and from that time onward he had chain smoked furiously, pacing up and down with ruffled hair and distorted eyes—ever watching the window.

Ah! there was a movement behind the window—vague and undefined perhaps, but still, a movement. Had anything gone wrong?—No—he cursed himself for being an imaginative fool, and sat down and idly read a magazine, not noticing however that it was upside down.

He jumped up—restless and nervous—walked a few short paces—and sat down his head between his hands thinking.

Ah! The very idea—the phone—but no! it might discurb and even delay them—better wait a little longer!

Ah! what's that! the door is opening. He watches expectantly, hoping to see the glad news written on the face of the person now coming out—but no! he'd probably done this so many times that he was by now used to the turmoil he caused in the minds of the expectant watchers.

Not long now!—what will be the result of this waiting—the suspense is relieved, the person is speaking—What's that! What! no mail again today?

LAC. Duyall.

Duffe Genne Agency Unlimited

(No Connection with Chippes, Dally & Co.—Paper-Hangers & Bellringers)

SPECIAL THIS MONTH!!!

We are happy to announce that we have at last, after much pressure, succeeded in adding to our staff—none other than the inimitable "Plum-Gopher." He is the greatest exponent on the art of writing mushy love letters in Canada. We had the pleasure of reproducing one of his efforts in an earlier edition of the Mag for the guidance of readers. Now is the time for you who have fallen victims to the Canadian love bug to get some real "gen" on how letters should be written. Address all enquiries to "Gopher." c/o The Editor.

TO YOU MARRIED MEN AGAIN!

You chaps who have your wives over here should now be settling down once again to marital bliss!!! Don't forget, if you get brassed off—our offer re postings still stands.

Let us sort out your troubles for you.

We guarantee to turn mole-hills into mountains.

If you have strife in your home—let us place one of our confidential advisers in your house. We will wreck your marriage within 7 days—or refund your money!

Those of you who are expecting your wives and want to nip off to Regina for a last fling—leave things in our hands—we will meet your wives for you and introduce her to all the scaly types you knock around with.

— SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! ! —

Warning !!

TO YOU YOUNG DON JUANS WITH LOCAL SWEETIES.

Guard your loved ones carefully within the next month or so—Lammie is on the prowl again.

TO WOULD BE MUSHERS!!!

Are you finding difficulty in selecting the right type of girl friend? Write in strictest confidence to Auntie Herte enclosing stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

If you are a good looking young fellow, with crinkly hair and curly teeth, enclose a photo with your letter—If you look like LAMMIE—don't trouble about the photograph.

TO JITTERBUGS!!!

Does the Canadian dancing trouble you? Have you mastered the intricacies of the Jitterbug yet?

We have an excellent Gigolo Service anxious to advise you.

Address your enquiries to Lammie, c/o Gigolo Service, Duffe Genne Agency.

TO NEWCOMERS!!!

Do you have trouble with the lingo here? Do you say the wrong thing at the right moment? Drop in and consult our linguist! English-Canadian, Canadian-English dictionary placed at your service.

Consult

The Duffe Genne Agency

We're always on the Spot.

"UNDER-CURRENTS"

We have noticed in a particular hangar on the unit a large notice board, with the words "NEW ORDER" neatly and boldly inscribed on the top . . . ? Fifth columnists on the unit?

There is no truth in the rumour that a certain Warrant Officer, who was seen chasing himself in his bunk the other evening, was suffering from an acute attack of prairie madness. He tells us he was shadow boxing.

With the departure of so many of the boys for Calgary we feel there will be many widows in Swift Current, mourning the loss of their loved ones.

Since the Duffe Genne Agency went to press, we have learned that we are to lose the versatile LAMMIE. This will prove a relief to all those chappies with sweetie-pies. He shouldn't have tried to take a certain Senior N.C.O.'s girl out anyway! "Crime don't Pay!"

We have heard more whisperings of the caperings of our friends Funph and Airworthy on the Fire Escape at The Healy. Will they never learn to keep away from that Fire Escape. They should know by now that I always station one of my Gen men there, when I know they are going out on the tiddly.

We take a very poor view of Muzzy, who, when his friend dived through the window at the Sergeants' Dance, dashed outside in real concern—but came back happily with the window frame, but left his 'oppo stretched out on the deck.

We learn that Ralphie's husband in law has now left for the Coast. We may expect Ralphie now to carry on with his trumpet playing. The local Salvation Army Headquarters have missed his talent, and the standard outside the Paris each Sunday evening has certainly dropped since he left.

There is no truth in the rumour that the Sergeants' Mess have requested living out members to bring their own Cows with them, if they wish to partake of the much debated lunch time glass of milk.

There is also no truth in the rumour that the C.M.C. has ordered a pukkah clock, so that living out members may clock in when they enter the mess, to save members trouble in writing their names down each time they require a glass of water.

Scotch Wit

A Scottish soldier was awarded the D.C.M. for gallantry in the field. A few weeks later, an old friend approached him and congratulated him and asked him what his wife thought about it. "She doesna ken yet," replied Sandy, "it's no ma turnn to write."



Discrimination

Navigation Section

The Recorded Mutterings of the Navigation Section

Is it true that the Stork is joining the ranks of the Navigation Section, or is he just paying a visit?

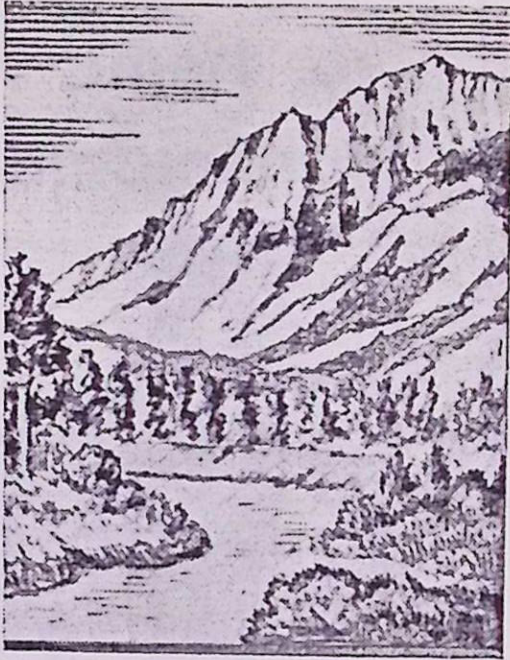
Who is the Instructor who accused the C.O. of pinching his tunic one evening recently in the Mess?

Why does SHAUNAVON figure as a turning point in all Cross Country Flips undertaken by a certain Instructor? Is there any truth in the suggestion that the name of the town is to be shortly changed to "PANTSIE'S PLACE"?

Are we to understand that a certain Navigation Instructor is shortly to be transferred to Operations in England, much to the sorrow of a certain young lady in Minneapolis? We are rather curious concerning the remarks made by the mother of the said young lady.

Who was the Instructor who couldn't remember whether he had taken his young lady home after the Sergeant's Farewell Dance? Is there any connection between this incident and the drink fixed for him by a Senior Instructor in his Flight?

Why is it that a certain Senior N.C.O. in the Navigation Flight who is so very keen on maintaining a high serviceability of aircraft, is equally keen on rendering the Navigation Instructors unserviceable when he gets them in the Sergeants' Mess?



In the Rockies

As surly clouds have oftimes hid
Suns rays from glinting forth,
So walls of poverty oft have hid
The gems of purest worth.

The Corporal.

STATION LIBRARY

The first meeting of the Station Library Committee took place on Monday 1st September. It has much pleasure in announcing considerable progress towards a good general library.

There remains a good deal yet to achieve. The immediate aim is a thousand books with something of general interest for all tastes. A hundred volumes of general reading are on their way from the U.S.A., thanks to kind friends in New York. But this is something all readers of *The Swift* may participate in. The book that seems pretty good to you will be just the sort for the other man if you can spare it.

Have a word with the librarian or the Padre. The Committee will value your help in the selection of new books which are being bought.

QUISLING LAVAL

'Hitler said in "Mein Kampf" that France would cease to exist as an independent unity. We see that France is being starved, her factories closed down or taken over, her workers enslaved. All with the help of the Quisling Laval. And that is a picture of France at the opening of August 1942, that used to be the gay opening of the holiday season.'—A Frenchman speaking on 'French Starvation' in a BBC Radio Newsreel.

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UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER No. 3

In my capacity as a transport driver, it is only natural that I should make the acquaintance of lots of people, some of whose peculiar characteristics impress themselves upon my memory.

In the earlier days of my career, prior to attaining my present lofty position of Leading Aircraftsman, I well recall meeting one such person.

His name was LAC "MAC", commonly referred to as "Haggis," probably because, like a haggis, he was to even his most intimates, what is commonly described as an unknown quantity.

How he achieved the distinction, open to so few, of becoming an LAC, is a mystery. I can only misquote Shakespeare and say, "Some are born LAC's—some achieve LAC's and some have LAC's thrust upon them."

It is said that upon his arrival on this peaceful planet, his father looked at him and turned away with disgust on his face, murmuring "And I always wanted a boy."

At the fair age of 15, his parents decided to send him to school, but Haggis had other aspirations, so he packed his tooth brush and spare shirt and left home.

After wandering through many towns and villages, where strangely enough, nobody appeared to appreciate his sterling qualities, he eventually came to a place called Whitehall, and seeing the large posters displayed, he joined the R.A.F. and eventually became a Flight Mech.

It was whilst I was doing duty on the Bowser that my attention was first drawn by my crew to a Flight Mech, who was cutting peculiar capers on a mainplane. It was Haggis.

The first impression I gathered was that he was trying to emulate Pavlova's "Dying Swan"—then again, his caperings could just as easily have been associated with Nyinski's "Ballet Russe,"—his hands and feet were so expressive.

I was trying to make my mind up, when he suddenly leapt off the mainplane and bounded toward my bowser in a series of leaps. He grabbed the framework of the door, and with a maniacal glare, muttered "Bow-owser—I want ga-as."

I filled his kite, and his face relaxed slightly and he reverted back to normal.

I well recall one occasion when he leapt into a kite and started it and proceeded to rev up like fury. The machine shot away, took a hedge in its stride and landed in a field of wheat. He had forgotten the chocs.

Many were his bloomers and varied his mistakes, but vivid in my memory will remain his last action, as a result of which he so suddenly left us. He came over to my bowser and began to fill his cigarette lighter from the pipe. Having filled it to his satisfaction, he endeavoured to light up—that was the last I saw of him and my bowser.

I can only conclude by saying that I am very happy in my work now that the flying personnel here do not require bowzers.

Yes, "Haggis" must certainly go down as one of my most unforgettable characters. Moss.

A Smart Combination!



Uniform
by
COOK

Oxfords
by
Ritchie

- ★ Styles are Authentic!
 - ★ Prices are Reasonable!
- Your Wishes are Our Commands!



At Your Service All Ways!

LINKS

Them was hard words them was—and lies to boot . . . just low down measly lies . . . Pickin' when a guy aint lookin'—just a crumb in the bed, gluc in yer gloves, half a green worm in the salad, the sort of bird that rides to town with yuh in yer new jallopy and then yips about the hard cases.

Yeh, that's *The Swift* for you . . . You'd never think it wouldja? But that's them. Yea bo! We know! We found out the kinda outfit they are. Always smilin' great gobs of teeth at you but stealin' your beer the minute you run out to relax. Not that they actually done that, mindju, but you get the idear.

Now maybe your a wonderin' what all the stew's about—what's got us all sweaty and spittin' in our beard. Well, it's like this, this here magazine last month has some yahoo' scribble a pleased-to-meet-you-walk-into-my-parlor kind of a squib right at the front of the thing.

Sez he: "Listen folks," well words like that—"Listen folks, we're very special this here time. We got some stuff from this section, and from that section, and so on—and even the Link kicked through for the first time!" Now I ask you! **THE FIRST TIME . . . !** Why the chin whiskered old sizzerbills, they don't even know what's in their own danged paper. **THE FIRST TIME!** By the pidgeon-toed, cussed, cantankerous Nellit

Now for the sake of them that don't know no better, the halt and the haltered, the sick and the sickening, the well and the truly plastered, we'd like to call your attention to the very first time *The Swift* come out—way back a couple of months ago. It was just as crummy then as its been ever since but there was two things in it that sorta saved the day—and if you look hard enough I'll betcha you'll get what we mean

Now don't think we're sore or anything like that. We're not. No sir, we don't git riled over little things nohow. Why if we was really het up we'd a shot the whole shebang up long ago. But no, we know yer new to the country and even if you are kinda tin horn I reckon we can put up with yuh.

But the very idear of sayin' it was the **FIRST TIME**

ANGLO-AMERICAN NEW ORDER

"Today, American and British are wearing the same token, not an old school tie but the open neck collar of the workshop. The only factors we really propose becoming snobbish about are our manufacturing and output statistics, plus our respective ratios of destruction and our capacity to "take it." To us quiet living English speaking folk has fallen the duty of destroying the biggest snobs of all time—the self-rising Eastern sons of Japan, and the Masterfolk of the Nazi legend. Already that joint task has made us better friends. The nature of that friendship will decide the history of our new world. I believe it will be a world in which you will be our mates and we shall be your buddies."—(Sir Harold Bellman, in a BBC series "Britain Speaks").

"I DREAMED I LIVED IN MARBLE HALLS"

One night I had a dream. It was like Mauna in the Wilderness. It restored my soul. It was brought on, I think, by "Cokes" and Dill Pickles. . . . Somewhat reminiscent of the regular Saturday night dreams inspired by Cheddar Cheese with a Mild and Bitter. It occurred but one short month ago and ever since, I have looked like a dream walking, clinging on hopefully to my private piece of heaven. Now at long last, I realise it was but a dream—never to be reality, so I can present it for what it is worth and let you, my fellow? workers share in this delightful fantasy.

I dreamed, and please do not ridicule, that Swift Current, this wonderful City between Waldeck and Webb, was by some miraculous means, transformed into a gay metropolis, reminiscent of Paris, Marseilles, Cairo and Port Said. You well travelled and well informed ones may smile at the prospect, but the incidents with which you may associate these Cities were not in my dream—true, they did occur to me, but they were the products of my virile imagination during the ensuing few weeks.

To continue, the City was teeming with people, buses and street cars, and instead of driving his luxurious limousine, the illustrious "Joe" was driving a 1904 Renault and cursing in fluent French. Local people no longer wore the traditional slacks and emblazoned sweater, but were dappily dressed in morning coats, pearl grey waistcoats and spats and the inspiring stetsons were replaced by top hats and bowlers.

Gone was the "Eagle" and the cool "Lyric" and in their stead you could see the flashing lights of "The Follies Bergere." Oh, how I missed the "stills" in the foyer. Gone was the magnificent "Hop-along-Cassidy" and no more was the handsome Gene Autry, but in their stead were the usual interesting photographs of charming ladies in various states of dishabille. No more would some glorious hero pull off an amazing coup. The hero was replaced by the heroine, but they were still pulling Things off.

Centre Street was a Boulevard lined with trees, and instead of those haunts which bear the name of the Piccadilly, Venice and Elite, stood joints with such unpronounceable names such as only the French can produce. One I do remember that stands out clearly in my mind, where once stood the Pic, was an ultra modern Night Club, called "Le Chat Noir." Although one dined and one danced, gone was the sign from the doorway, and where once stood the mighty Wurlitzer, sat a demure Latin Orchestra, specialising in the exciting rhythms of the South Americas.

Soft lights discreetly cast an amber glow over the centre of the room and there were many shadowy corners, into which I never dared venture. The waitresses were replaced by waiters, but the dancers still clung to the traditional spotted dresses, only they discarded all but the spots. In due consideration, the management, under the excellent supervision of Madame Orege, had condescended to remove the so recently air conditioned plant.

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*Mother. Don't you think it would be best,
if only I took the salute.
from the Evening Standard.*

Instead of closing at twelve, the doors were just opening, and the first Show about to commence.

The Hall was well occupied—the majority of the very appreciative audience, being men of His Majesty's Services. They were mostly A.C.H.'s, which one could easily determine by the enormous amount of beer they quaffed, and the display of gold braid and ribbons on their sleeves. Farther back were the men with golden stripes on their arms, and standing at the rear, near the kitchen were two solitary unfortunates—the officers. They had been allowed to enter only because one was a cousin of the Head Waiter, but they had to leave early, as their passes expired at 0200 hours.

What of the Hotels, you may ask. There, my memory begins to fade. I do recall stepping slowly into the Hotel, D'Hillee, and seeing a Chambermaid who looked suspiciously like Hedy Lamarr. Seeing Betty Grable behind the Receptionist's counter, made me advance farther. She was wearing a dress which enhanced the loveliness of her eyes, and made mine almost pop out. No matter how much wealth I lay at her feet, I could not procure a room, nay, not even the attic. Many were the Notabilities from the local Military Academy strolling up and down those marble halls. The glitter from the crystal chandeliers dazzled my eyes and hypnotised my brain, and as I stood and watched, they all dissolved into utter blackness, save one brilliant light which seemed to pierce my very eyeballs. Gently, there came a soft sound to my ears, increasing in intensity until it was like the rolling of many drums roaring. I stood as though paralysed, and vainly tried to make out the words. Two letters slowly appeared before my fuddled brain. Was it an "S" and then a "B"—no, it was "P" and the words suddenly former themselves "was it chew 'at wanted an early call?" Sadly, I lowered my head on to the pillow and murmured softly, "No, next bed," and lay as though stunned—just thinking.

K.

Auntie Herte's Corner

Dear "LAMMIE,"

I am sorry to hear you are experiencing such difficulty in finding a girl friend of your own, but do you really think it wise to poach on your friends' preserves? Apart from the fact that it is hardly playing the game, there is always the possibility of repercussions. I should have thought that a dashing young chap like you, with such personality and approach, and such charming manners, would have had all the Swift Current fillies hanging round your neck by now. I believe there was one affair, wasn't there? What happened to that? Were you dethroned, Lammie, or did you simply resign???

If you are still experiencing trouble, I am sure if you approached the Duffe Genne Agency, whose advert you will see elsewhere in this issue, they would be only too pleased to help you.

Just drop a line to the Editor, giving type of girl desired, colouring preferred (black, white or Chinese), approximate size and weight, or whether you would like one on the lines of your Regina fancy, and he will forward it through the normal channels for you.

* *

Dear "RED,"

I know you are a lover of flowers, but I really do not think you should pursue your horticultural instincts quite so far into the night. It certainly is a very nice gesture on your part to go to so much trouble to provide your landlady with a bunch of "posies," but I believe you could get a nice bouquet from the local florist at a very small cost.

However, I suppose the fun of the chase has its thrills. Life does get dull at times, doesn't it???

* *

Dear "CLEGGY,"

I have often seen you at Dances, but have rarely had the pleasure of seeing you "foot the light fantastic" on the Dance Floor. Is it your natural shyness that makes you cling to the rails, or is it those rather large sized plates of meat??? After all, you know, you shouldn't worry about your feet. You have a fairly lengthy slice of leg, and you must preserve the balance. If you are in trouble with the Canadian variety of dancing, I am sure Lammie would be only too delighted to instruct you in the "Jitterbug" and all the other quiet types of dancing to be seen at "The Elks" and "Odd-fellows."

* *

Dear "FUNPH,"

I really am surprised at you, Sir. My sleuths, who certainly did miss your caperings on the evening of Tuesday, 8th September, 1942, report to me that you are in the habit of sending hankies, covered with dainty little red smudges, to the laundry. I understand that upon analysis, it has been quite definitely proved that these marks could not be attributed to paint. They certainly were not caused by blood, as there most assuredly would

have been a very generous sprinkling of blue in them in that case, wouldn't there, Sir? Perhaps you are one of those chivalrous chaps who loans his hankies to his girl friends, or perhaps you aren't! She does put it on rather thick, doesn't she???



The Editor

BRITISH COURAGE

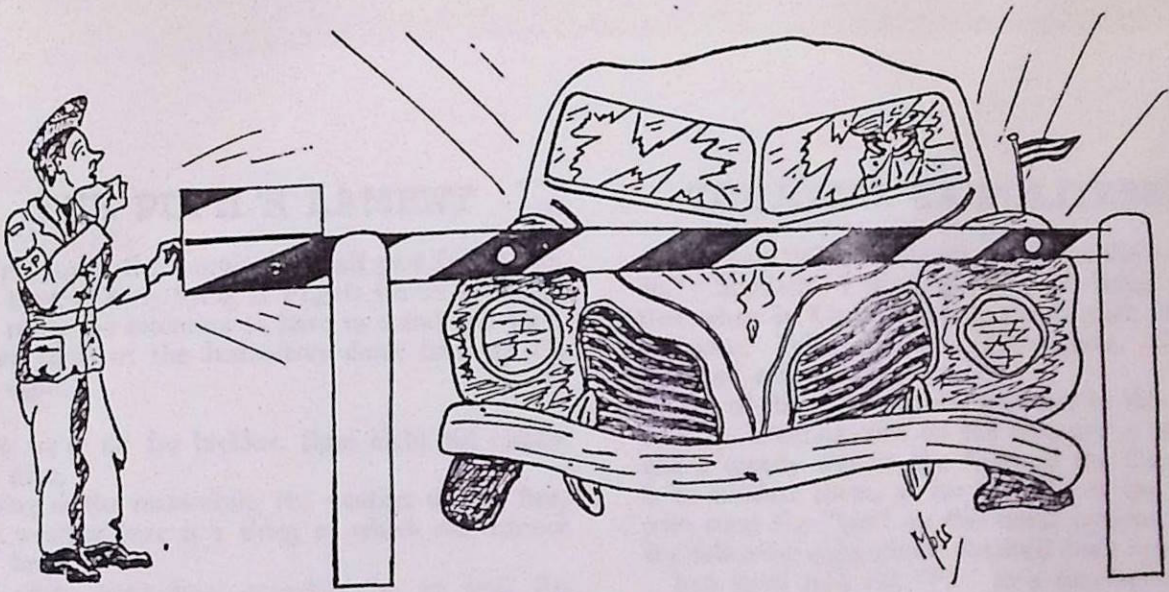
by Wm. Philp Simms in
New York World Telegram

... I would like to add by own faint voice to theirs (i.e., to the statements of Australians who have fought side-by-side with their comrades from the British Isles). I was with the British in France from 1916 to 1918.

I have seen British units, when ordered to hold certain positions at any cost, hold those positions until they were literally exterminated. I have seen individuals volunteer for undertakings when they knew deep in their hearts that their only possible reward might be a posthumous Victoria Cross.

Whatever may be the matter with the British in Egypt, it is not lack of fighting spirit.

... Throughout all this fighting, which I witnessed, (in France) there was nothing laggard about the British Tommy. He did what he was told, or died trying. The Nazi storm trooper of today probably has more brute strength than some of the English boys he goes up against. He is more rugged because Hitler has been toughening him for the purpose since boyhood. And doubtless he is more the "killer" type. But he does not surpass the Briton in courage. When things go badly for him I doubt even if he has as much.



A "Wise-Crack"

THE STATION THEATRE

THE THIRD CURRENT REVUE MAKES A BIG HIT

Squadron Leader "Doc" Courtin and Squadron Leader "Chick" Strachan scored a tremendous success with their Third Current Revue at the Station Theatre, during Sports Week.

The whole programme gave evidence of careful planning and splendid direction and by far overshadowed the two previous Shows.

The "Doc" as an old Norman Castle caused much laughter, and little Squadron Leader "Chick" shook the house with his conjuring feats and impersonation of a parson.

Miss Mary Martin was a splendid and most versatile dancer, and her stair dance and Hornpipe met with great acclamation from the lads.

Another popular couple were Eric Anderson and his versatile wife, Judith Forster, and their sketch "Snaps," went over really big.

Pilot Officer Philip Corlett had the crowd in fits of laughter with his impersonation of Robertson Hare as a u/t pilot.

Sam Ogus' rendering of "Old Man River" met with great approbation. He looked a typical "darkie" and certainly put it over. Doug Sturgeon obliged with a fine repertoire of songs, and was encored time and again.

The ladies of the chorus would have done credit to any West End Show in the Old Country and added a charming feminine touch to the show. They were ably supported by the lads of the chorus, who really had to go it to shine in such colorful company.

The Cricket Sketch was a typical scene from an English Cricket Field and went over really well with the lads. Whether or not the Canadians grasped the humour behind the skit, the house was certainly in roars of laughter.

The 'Erk Ranchers, broadcasting from Station F.F.I. were a great success and caused considerable

amusement. The lay out and rendering of the songs gave a typical Western atmosphere to this part of the Show.

The Station Band gave their usual masterly performance in their own inimitable style.

Tony Phelps and Bob Knowles, as usual at their pianos, did their stuff.

Everybody connected with the Show is to be congratulated upon the excellence of the production. What we want now is more of them and it is to be hoped that the move to Calgary will not rob us of too many of our Star Turns.

However, no doubt there is still plenty of hidden talent on the Station so it's up to all who are interested to come forward now so that we can keep the good work going.

Heard at the Trade Test

Flight Sergeant: "What would you look for if the engine wouldn't start?"

'Erk: "I'd look for the Sergeant Rigger—he's a wizard at starting engines."

"Fire-Works"

On a recent visitors' day, a certain member of the Fire Staff thought he would demonstrate his prowess to his fair visitor, on the Fire Tender. However, he discovered the prairie too narrow for him and inadvertently collided with a stationary truck. It is to be hoped that in future he will restrict his demonstrations to the stirrup pump, since there is a scarcity of Fire Engines on the unit.

THE PUPIL'S LAMENT

We get up in the morning, at half past four or so,
And then to early flying at Flights we all must go.
It is really the intention to have us stand and wait,
When some of the Instructors don't turn up till
eight.

Then we're off for brekker, from eight till almost
nine,
Hoping in the meanwhile, the weather will be fine.
The weather here is a thing of which one cannot
brag,
For when one's least expecting it, up goes the
"P.T." Flag.

Another morning wasted—what a country to be in.
The kites are on the tarmac—go out and push
'em in,
Then all march down to Lectures—held in the
G.I.S.
And after that, one can go back and have some
well earned rest.

And then again, when the weather's good and
clouds are all away,
We are running up the flying hours in no uncertain
way.
Instructors dashing here and there and each of one
demanding
Have you had any I.F. yet or precautionary landings.

We really shouldn't grumble—as things are not
so bad.
Our officers and N.C.O.'s are very decent lads,
And after all our moaning, it certainly is good
To see the M.O. in air airmen's mess, dishing out
the food.

For although he doesn't eat it—he sees that it
is fresh,
And ensures, that if you want it, you can have
a second dish.
We are all much more contented since he took
o'er the reins,
And healthier too, since it keeps us all free from
aches and pains.

No matter what the state of things, our privilege
is to grumble
About the things for which we should be truly
very humble,
And after all, think of the folks that we have
left behind
Who cannot get the things they want, and they,
I'm sure, don't mind.

U/T 58.

Overheard on Parade

Erk late for 0745 hours parade.

Sergt. "Where have you been until now?"

'Erk: "I've been asleep, sergeant. It was no good
coming here asleep."

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE

They say, "when in Rome, do as the 'Romanians'
do." Similarly, I suppose the same thing applies
that when in Canada, do as the English, French,
Germans, Poles, Swedes, Norwegians, Chinese,
Japs and other people do.

One of the most popular pastimes in this prairie
country, is eating corn on the cob, and a sure way
and a speedy way to the heart of the Canadian,
is to emulate them, so for the sake of the airmen
who want the "gen" on this novel pastime, I offer
the following suggestions, obtained from experience.
Just stroll into the "Pic" in a nonchalant man-
ner, wearing an air of confidence. Choose a table
offering plenty of elbow room. As the waitress
approaches, smile at her and order a corn cob, half
a pound of butter, some cotton wool and the use
of the bath-room.

While you are waiting for the dish to be served,
phone Jack's Taxi and give him instructions to
wait outside the "Pic" with engine running in
order to be available to rush you to the Sick Bay
when you are carried out. Arrange with the Sick-
Bay to have the M.O. in attendance with a syringe
ready to give the ear flaps a run-over.

Having completed this, by the time you return
to the table, you should find a steaming object
on it, which upon examination will give you the
impression of a weed with nobs on. Remove the
table-cloth, and don same, as you would a shroud.
Next, carefully place the cotton wool in exposed
organs (nose, ears, etc.), rub the butter all over the
cob, and make a note of the direction of the bath-
room.

You should now be ready to operate. Take it
gradually at first, in the approved English style,
by holding the cob by the sticks running north and
south. If you find you are making little progress,
stand on the table and grasp the elusive object
between the forefinger of the right hand and the
big toe and first toe of the right foot. Pay no
attention to the multitude. If you find that the
crowd has filtered and that what was a noisy and
crowded scene when you arrived is now a deserted
waste, just carry on. If you haven't got the cob
in your eyes, and notice on glancing round, that the
staff have gathered around you with furtive ex-
pressions, and that Mrs. C. is making signs, indicat-
ing get him out at all costs, pay no heed.

Prop the mouth open with a fork and slide the
cob into the exposed cavity. Tie a piece of string
on to the exposed end of the weed, and connect to
the nearest door handle. Give the door a really
good kick in the pants, and presto! the cob will
come out of the mouth, leaving the corn in (as
it should do, we hope).

The rest of the programme follows as a natural
course of events. You awake to a new dawn, in
a delightful room with nice soft, padded walls,
dressed in a close fitting item of apparel, which
will appear to have been given an excess dose of
starch by an over-enthusiastic launderer.

Take no notice. C'est la guerre an' all that.
Why should you worry? We're all mad anyway!

Moss.

St. Paul Dispatch

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 10, 1942

Was His Face
Red—It Was

FROM LIPSTICK

Women Mob
RAF Pilot

"Re-ally, fighting at Le Havre was nothing compared with the women at Coney Island! They tore the buttons off my uniform and got lipstick on my face. Women and war don't mix!"

This is the opinion of Thomas George Wright of Southampton, England, RAF pilot, who spent part of a furlough in St. Paul, leaving Wednesday night for duty in Saskatchewan.

Broke, but enjoying the sights of the "vast and quiet States", Thomas wandered into the Red Cross Canteen at the St. Paul Union depot several days ago for a cup of tea. Although coffee is mainly served, he managed to get his "spot of tea" and was invited to be a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Shaw, 1725 Summit ave., where he spent the remainder of his furlough.

Thomas has been in all of the war, volunteering at the age of 17, when he was a student at the University of Southampton.

He is a member of a military family. Lt. Col. Herbert Charles Wright, his father, who was awarded a medal for bravery by the Queen of England, is now stationed in Cairo, Egypt. His brother is in the RAF "somewhere" in England, and his mother is driving an ambulance in Southampton.

Thomas was sent to Canada six weeks ago from England to

take a special air training course and, pending government orders, he will either ferry bombers back to England or instruct Canadian pilots.

Twelve days ago with \$25, the

maximum amount he was allowed to bring into this country, he came to the States and saw the sights of New York, Coney Island and Washington — and finally landed in St. Paul, broke.

Dunkerque ranks second to the "Battle of Coney Island", where women overpowered him, in this RAF pilot's military life.

After the war, he says, he is coming back to St. Paul, or somewhere in the United States, to take it easy—and to eat ice cream and chocolates.



"But what if I don't get a strike?" asked Thomas George Wright of South Hampton, England, while learning from Mrs. Louis F. Shaw, 1725 Summit ave., how to keep bowling scores. Thomas, who has served in all of World War II as an RAF pilot, spent part of his furlough here, leaving Wednesday night.

Editor's Note:—The above is a reproduction from The St. Paul Dispatch, dated 10th September, 1942. Judging from the context, LAC Wright, who is a Steward in the Y.M.C.A. at this unit, enjoyed to the full the famed American hospitality during his leave in America.

STOREBASHING SECTION



Where's That Man Again?

Facts About Britain at War

Clothing is strictly rationed on a coupon system. If a woman bought two pairs of stockings a month, and one apron a year, she would have no coupons left to buy other clothes.

★

To foil enemy bombers, Britain has dispersed her huge production all over the country. Parts for tanks are made in 6,000 small shops and then assembled. Underground quarries have been converted into factories.

★

Every fit man and woman is trained to play some part during air raids, or in the event of an invasion. About 1,500,000 people are engaged in civilian defense work, and more than 4,500,000 in the Fire Guard. About 2,000,000 men are enrolled in the home Guard, receiving intensive military training in their spare time.

★

In 1941 Britain sent to battlefields abroad 9,781 planes, more than four times the number she imported; and 3,000 tanks, fifteen times the number imported.

★

The British people have gone in for war savings in a big way. More than \$15,000,000,000 have already been raised—an average of \$318 per head. In 1941, national savings covered more than a third of government expenditure.

The Coastal Command of the R.A.F. defending allied shipping flew more than 50,000,000 miles in the first two years of the war; escorted 8,200 convoys; made 760 attacks on enemy vessels and sank 300,000 tons. It attacked 300 U-boats, destroyed 75 aircraft attacking convoys, and drove off 500.

★

The latest British bombers, the Stirling, Halifax and Lancaster, carry heavier loads of bombs than any other bombers in service in the world. The Stirling can carry eight tons of bombs—much more than even the bomb load of the huge American Boeing Flying Fortress.

★

For two years British troops have been fighting on a world-wide front, mostly alongside troops from other parts of the Empire. By September 1941 total Empire casualties were in excess of 183,000. Up to January 1942 seventy-one per cent of all British Empire casualties suffered on land were men from the United Kingdom.

★

Out of the thousands of ships convoyed by the British Navy less than one in 200 has been lost.

★

Britain has sent 3,000,000 pairs of boots to Russia. Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund has raised more than \$8,000,000, by means of which the British Red Cross has already sent 500,000 blankets, 250,000 woolen garments and large quantities of medical supplies. British cotton and woolen mills have been working overtime to produce the clothing needed.



DUFFE GENNE AGENCY Correspondence Corner

Owing to the enormous number of letters received during the past month, it is regretted that due to space limitations, we are unable to answer all enquiries in the Mag. However, in accordance with our usual custom, we placed all the letters in a bag, and picked the following one out to answer:

"The Business Manager,
Messrs. Duffe & Genne,
c/o The Swift.

Dear Sirs,

With reference to your advertisement in the last issue of "The Swift," I wish to apply for your special posting, which you advertise. District required is Calgary or some other such place where there are plenty of "Boozers" and night life.

I do not know what your terms are, but as I am a married man with twenty-five children, I ain't got no money, but I might be able to raise 100 fags. This is not to be taken as a promise, but rather, merely a suggestion.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Ernie Storm."

"Dear Ernie Storm,

Your letter, undated, received and noted.

I have passed your letter to our "Wangles Department," but am informed by the Senior Fixer that the prospects of your posting to a District such as you desire, at the moment, are somewhat remote.

Page Twenty-six

We have received numerous such requests during the past month, and have done our best to cope with these, preference naturally having been given to those applicants who have their wives in Canada, and are again going through that trying period of marital bliss.

I notice you state a preference for a district where there are plenty of Boozers and Night Life.

Judging from the size of your family, might I suggest it might be a good plan if you cut out the night life for the present and approach your Section Officer with a view to being put on regular night duty for a period of a couple of years or so, in order to give your family a chance to grow up. When the War is over, you should then be in a position to sit back and draw dividends from your somewhat speculative investments. z

Yours faithfully,
THE DUFFE GENNE AGENCY"



Après la guerre finie

The English soldier and the German prisoner were sitting side by side in the desert discussing prospects after the War.

"What do you propose doing after the War?" the Englishman asked.

"Oh," replied the German, "I intend taking a trip all round Germany on my bicycle."

"If that's so," answered the Englishman, "what do you propose to do in the afternoon?"

Poet's Corner

"SALUTE TO GLORY"

Salute to Glory—the glory of your names,
You, who have made the cause of freedom your
just fight.

Who have sacrificed your homes, your lives, your all
That liberty and justice may be a man's birth
right.

We salute you now,—the men in uniform
Who sail the seas, fly the sky, or fight on land,
In Europe, Asia, heat or cold, on guard and ready;
We remember your dead, honour your valiant
stand.

Our Allies, too regardless of colour, race or creed
For in our eyes all men are equal, all are free.
They also served the cause, suffered, died.
They, too, shall share the victory.

And you behind the guns, who forge the tools
we need.

Mothers who gave sons without a cry.
And those heroes of London Town, who nightly
Faced death that came with horror from the sky.

We salute you now, wherever you may be, in
England,
In her vast Empire or in lands prostrate before
the foe.

If your cause is freedom, the forming of that new,
fine world,
Then this salute is yours—your glory's there to
show.

E.G.

SCOTTY'S LAMENT

or

Scotia owre th' Sea

Awa' frae my sicht thou dead dismal mountains
Wi' th' gloom o' despondency aye hangin' owre thee
Gi'e me but ae glimpse o' the' clear fountains
O' Scotia's fair land that lies far owre th' sea
Aft? aft in my fancy tae Scotia I wander
I can see th' sweet heather an' wild mossy fells
An' th' deep shady glens whaur th' streamlets
meander
'Tween their banks a' bespeckled wi' bonnie blue
bells.

I can see Avon's banks an' th' primroses blooming,
Whaur are ever th' haunts o' th' water-hen
An' th' auld windin' lane whaur I roamed i' th'
gloamin'

'Neath th' green leafy trees in Carribbers braw glen.
I can see th' auld mill as I did i' my childhood
Wi' th' big waterwheels splashin' a' th' day lang
I hear th' sweet warblin' notes still resound through
th' wildwood
O' th' gay feathered sangsters as they thrill their
sweet sang.

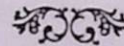
Still dear, dear tae me are th' banks o' th' Avon
Whaur th' wild roses shelter th' big busy bee.
Whaur th' rich cornfields i' th' summer breeze
wavin'

Brings back sweetest memories, dear memories
tae me

So awa' frae my sight thou dead dismal mountains
Wi' th' gloom o' despondency aye hangin' owre thee.
Gi'e me but ae glimpse o' th' clear sparklin'
fountains

For death only can sever auld Scotia an' me.
The Corporal.

*Scotty landed in Michel, B.C., in the winter of
1906 and 1907, stayed three months then went
back to Scotland. A year later he passed on into
that oblivion from whose bourne no traveller returns,
and lies in peace where his heart had ever been.*



WHICH?

The gentle waves caress the silent shore,
Dieppe's pale sands resume their normal hue,
Saskatchewan's sons have kept their rendezvous
With Death. Their hallowed names live evermore
With names of storied heroes, who forbore
A life of ease and luxury that you
And yours may still in happiness pursue
The search for Peace. Could loving sons do more?
They gave their all. Shall we reciprocate
By waving flags and mouthing platitudes?
Or shall we force the pace, accelerate
To utmost pitch our war-time attitudes
And, like our sons, take part in Freedom's fight?
The choice is ours. Pray God we may choose right!

Mr. A. T. McMaster,
Western Field Representative
Educational Services,
Canadian Legion War Services.

Page Twenty-seven

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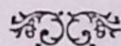
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WHY DILLY-DALLY?

Bzzz! bzzzz!
Oh, blast that buzzer!
Bzzz! bzzzz!
Wait a minute, can't you? I'm just coming!

Yes, sir?
Yes, what do you want?
You rang for me, sir?
I certainly didn't.
You did, sir. Twice.
Don't argue, Corporal.
Very good, sir. (Resigned sigh).

★

Bzzz! bzzzz!
YES, SIR?
Corporal, why don't you answer when I ring for you. I rang five minutes ago.
I answered five minutes ago, sir.
You certainly didn't.
I certainly did, sir.
Don't argue, Corporal.
Very good, sir.

★

"CORPORAL, CORPORAL."
Sir?
Where's that file I asked you for?
In front of you, sir.
It certainly isn't. Ahem, yes, here it is. What the devil made you put it there. Put it where I can see it next time.
YES, Sir!!
Don't shout, Corporal, I'm not deaf.
I'm sorry, sir.
You should be. Get out.

★

"CORPORAL, CORPORAL."
ComING, SIR!!
About time, too. Get this job done, straightaway. Oh, whilst you're at it, phone this Section up and tell them I want to see the N.C.O. in charge, straightaway. Then get these amendments made up to date, take these old envelopes away and distribute these files. Get those cups cleared away, too.
Just look at this desk, it's filthy. Not been touched for weeks.
It was done this morning, Sir. I saw the Runner doing it.
Don't lie, Corporal.
Very good, sir.

★

Bzzz! bzzzz!
Sir?
Done that job I gave you yet?
I've only just had time to start on it, sir.
Should have been finished ages ago. You've had it at least five minutes. Hurry up with it.

Very good.
Very good, what?
VERY GOOD, SIR!!!
Don't shout, Corporal.
I didn't, sir.
Don't be impertinent, Corporal.
Yes, sir.
You mean no, don't you?
Yes, sir.
Get out.

★

CORPORAL, CORPORAL!!
He's not here, sir.
What do you mean he's not here?
He's gone sick, sir.
What do you mean he's gone sick?
He's gone to the Hospital, sir.
What for?
He's ill, sir.
Ill, what with?
I wouldn't know, sir.
Why not?
He didn't tell me, sir.
Why not?
I didn't ask him, sir.
Why not?
I wasn't interested, sir.
Why not . . .

I GIVE UP!



To the Victor





Y.M.C.A.



Another month has rolled around. Another step along the road that we all have to travel through this vale of tears. Whoever called it such couldn't have spent any time on an R.A.F. Station as a Y.M.C.A. Supervisor. We have had a large portion of fun in serving the personnel this last month. True, there have been the headaches that are bound to crop up from time to time, but if this war was all beer and skittles then there would be no incentive to any of us to carry out our various duties to the best of our various abilities.

It has been a pleasure to note the patronage that the Canteen has enjoyed. September is well in the lead over August—the supplies are rolling in, and the Staff, now up to full strength, is happy in the service they are rendering. Your Supervisor's many duties keep him on the double, but anything else would give him the impression that "Y" services were not essential, so keep coming.

* * *

Your Canteen Suggestion Book reveals your interest. But we must ask that you sign your suggestions and complaints. You know, a complaint without a signature simply conveys to us that you are either without the necessary intestinal arrangement, or that the complaint isn't really worth considering. Of course, we must give every item full consideration—we would be remiss in our duty were we to do otherwise—but why not come clean and let us know who you are—you know who we are, or don't you?

In happier vein, we appreciate and thank you sincerely for your many commendations. A little pat on the back makes life much more agreeable when that gesture is sincere and freely given. We don't ask or expect commendation if it is not deserved, but we do appreciate such when we are doing our utmost to make our service the best of its kind. Thank you.

* * *

Numerous amusing incidents occur in our work that heighten and brighten the daily routine. For instance, there is the case of the Airman who, on seeing Cantaloupes on sale at the Canteen Counter, reported to his buddies that "they've got real Antelopes for sale at the 'Y'—little round ones." We got a kick out of that one—just imagine catching an Antelope, cutting it in half, removing the "seeds" and putting that on the counter!

Then, there was the "bloke" who suggested in our "Book" that we close "the D— Place for awhile." Needless to say, he didn't sign it. We are grateful for the comment of a comrade who asked us to ignore the ignorance of this fellow—we did. But you will pardon us being slightly amused.

Your Canteen Staff now numbers ten including Manager Bob Leitch. Ladies number six, new additions since last issue of this Magazine being, Mrs. MacAinsh as head Chef, Miss Jean Young, as her able assistant, and the Misses Dorothy Freeborn and Alma Busse as co-workers with Miss Tor-kelson and Miss Fritsch. Also, we are happy to have Mr. Frank Briggs with us. Frank comes from Pearce E.F.T.S., where he served us with our Jimmy Connell whom you met last month. So there you are—further introductions unnecessary.

* * *

Quite a goodly number of you boys are availing yourselves of the Supervisor's Overseas Parcels Service. A complete list of Canteen Goods available for this purpose is posted on your Bulletin Board in the Canteen. Any other goods that you would like to send in these parcels will be purchased for you in the City. Just hand the Supervisor your list of requirements—prices, etc. The rest is Service. Thank you, please . . .

* * *

It is in plans to hold regular Impromptu Concert Nights as soon as possible. Wherever these have been organised, the enjoyment and fun derived by everyone is ample repayment for the effort involved. Your Supervisor would appreciate your talents, and your coming forward voluntarily so that these Fun Nights may be started right away. We know the ability is here—you can uncover it—and together we'll produce it. Nuff Sed.

* * *

Sufficient unto the day is the Evil thereof. You don't have to look for it. We'll leave you with this for the nonce.

R. H. STANDEN,



Theatre Opening

This Station now possesses a Theatre of which it can be proud.

A few persons, who will be mentioned below, have borne the brunt of the work of altering the theatre into its present form, several have helped with suggestions and a far greater number worked like trojans during those two hectic days before the official opening, but few will ever know what a nightmare it all was.

The last consignment of 100 chairs was delivered in the Theatre nine (9) hours before the time the curtain was due to rise for "HELLZAPOPPIN," and to assemble each chair needed 6 screws and 2 bolts.

The dimmers, all important for the stage lighting effects of the Concert Party, arrived 12 hours before the start of the THIRD CURRENT REVUE. Several sympathising onlookers, visiting the Theatre, anxious to see "How they were getting on" during the afternoon of September 2nd, opening day, saw a state of unparalleled chaos, and went away laying long odds against anything being ready

by the evening. An army of noble riggers knew better and the last screw was fixed in position exactly 20 minutes before "Battle commenced" or rather "HELLZAPOPPIN" started.

"HELLZAPOPPIN" as a film was a dismal disappointment and it can only be said that it must have acquired reflected glory from the show of the same name, which ran on Broadway for 4 years.

The Theatre was ready and a few names come easy to mind to whom the Station should be grateful for the work they have done.

That immortal brace, Sgt. Griffin and Sgt. Bonnick, whose incredible capacity of turning out the goods asked for by an almost inarticulate and highly temperamental producer, cannot be praised too highly. To the former, we owe the delightful concealed lighting surround of the stage.

F/Sgt. Leavesley says very little, due probably to the permanent presence of a pipe in his mouth, but what he lacks verbally he makes up for in the rapidity and efficiency with which he fixes electric lights in place, and to him, we owe all the lighting effects in the Theatre, and then there is the Theatre Staff who have put in such good work during the film shows, but who completely surpassed themselves during that week prior to Sept. 2nd.: Sgt. Baldwin, LAC. Hives, Cpl. Howard, W.O. Mash, AC. Smith, Cpl. Thomson, and last but definitely not least, "Doc" Savage.

The cheerfulness and the amount of work that was put in by these men is astounding.

The variety of the oaths that were to be heard from the latter during that Wednesday afternoon deserves nearly as much praise as his work. The only thing that seemed to stop his verbal diarrhoea was an occasional sip at a Coca cola bottle, and it is doubtful whether anything would have been finished if the inspiration of his "GLORY BE BROTHER," "HALLELUIA" had not spurred the other "Dead B——s" to even greater efforts.

To Sgt. Griffin and AC. Brown helped by those pleasant brush pushers from Works & Buildings we owe the pleasing decoration of the Theatre. Squadron Leader and Sgt. Griffin painted the scenery for the THIRD CURRENT REVUE and it is thought that the really great work they did was due to the fact that one side of the stage was a "pub". One could almost feel their desire to open the "Public Bar" and have a "quicky."

Now although Flight Lieutenant "Jack" Garrett did not actually do any manual work—his marvellous co-operation and help contributed in a large way to the ultimate result. It is indeed pleasant to work with this Lord of the Wangle and Bricks Department.

And so we come to the THIRD CURRENT REVUE whose criticism will be found in another part of this magazine, but, if the show was a success, it was due to the concentrated efforts of numerous people.

Firstly, F/O. Watson, whose stage management is of a very high order and who seems incapable of ever being bad tempered, but has everything ready at the right time. It is impossible to mention all his stage staff individually, but they did a grand job.

F/O. Phelps and P/O. Knowles seemed to put in all their spare time during the last fortnight in practicing and rehearsing with the Party. LAC. Jones, the most modest playwright which the writer of this article has ever met, produced some grand items. ERK RANCHERS and NEVER HAVE SO MANY WAITED SO LONG FOR SO LITTLE will be commented upon elsewhere and it is unfortunate that the subject of the sketch PHARAOH FOOLED, which was shown on the first night of "HELLZAPOPPIN" is so much below the belt that it is impossible to describe it in this article.

S/Ldr. Strachan trained the chorus of the THIRD CURRENT REVUE and it will be agreed that he did his job well. There is absolutely no doubt that he got the "gen" on producing a revue, and what amazed the writer, was that even during rehearsals when the chorus were in their chorus dresses, he never once looked at their legs; to the eternal shame of the writer, it was he who spent his time shouting "Put your legs together," only to find that in the photograph which was taken of the opening chorus, he was the only one who had his feet apart.

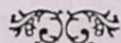
F/Lt. and Mrs. Anderson from R.A.F., Medicine Hat, showed us all how to act and charmed all of us as much behind the scenes as their sketches on the stage did the audience.

And now, a special paragraph must be written about "Mary" (Mary Martin) from Red Deer. Her dancing, on both the opening of the Theatre and during the THIRD CURRENT REVUE was just delightful, but we owe more to her than that. It was the freshness of her personality and her capability of making us laugh that added in no small way to the regret we all felt when she had to return home. She has promised us another visit at Christmas.

This article would not be complete without mentioning the harmony which existed between all members of the Concert Party. The reduction in the number of girls who took part from town, proved a definite improvement, in that the stage is just not big enough to get a pleasant effect with more than twenty (20) people "on" at one time.

When this article is published we will have lost several of those who were responsible for the success of the THIRD CURRENT REVUE, and no doubt the FOURTH CURRENT REVUE, if it is produced, will reveal many new faces.

It is with regret that we lose F/O. Watson, F/O. Phelps, P/O. Knowles and LAC. Jones, and although it is possible that other revues, as shows, may be better than previous efforts, it is doubtful whether there will ever be a happier crowd than the Concert Party who were responsible for the THIRD CURRENT REVUE.



The number of passengers carried by the C.P.R. annually is 78,000,000. The number carried by this Station is incredible.

R.A.F. Produces Slanguage

LONDON, (AP)—“Three ropey types, all sprogs, pranged a cheeseeye on bumps and circuits. One bought it: the other two sent for a burton. The station-master took a dim view and tore them off a strip. They'd taken along a shagbat wofficer, who was browned off. The queen bee was hopping mad.”

Give up?

It's an R.A.F. man speaking. And it is the King's English . . . Well, the R.A.F.'s kind of King's English.

Literally translated, here is what he said:

“Three unpopular individuals, all brand new pilot officers, crashed a worn-out airplane while practising circuits and landings. One was killed; the other two were reprimanded severely. The station commander disapproved strongly and roundly berated them. They had taken along with them a somewhat plain W.A.A.F. officer, who was bored. The station's W.A.A.F. commander was very angry.

Take thousands of eager, imaginative young men from all walks of life, train them to a fine edge and put them hard at work at the job of winning a man-sized air war—and the chances are you'll get something new in verbal expression. The R.A.F. has produced it.

It took some little time to fathom that a rhubarb was a swift sortie by two Spitfires at nought feet over enemy territory, shelling anything military-looking in sight.

And that a gun beat-up was the thrilling operation of diving on a gun post, cannon and machine-guns blazing at the ground gunners; a circus was a big batch of German planes flying in formation; a scramble a low-altitude dogfight involving many planes. A man who was binding was complaining bitterly.

It became apparent before long that the R.A.F.'s slanguage was changing constantly, like any other robust and healthy thing. Some words had a brief period of popularity, then passed into the limbo of such forgotten air expressions as joystick or bus, for plane. Nowadays a plane is always a kite or aircraft.

Other current R.A.F. slanguage:

Duff—Bad, rotten.

Gestapo—Service police or intelligence officer.

Brown job—Army.

Blue job—Navy.

Type—Person (as a good type—a good fellow).

Spit—Spitfire.

Wimpey—Wellington.

Get cracking—Get a move on.

Squirt—Burst of fire.

Gong—Decoration.

Gen means the real, inside information on anything. Thus, duff gen means wrong information.

The chief plumber is chief engineer; quack is

Page Thirty-two

the doctor; second dickey is co-pilot; sticky-back is an R.A.F. photographer.

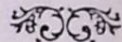
There are three degrees of boredom, brassed off, browned off and cheeseed off. Cheeseed off is the strongest. Browned off is most common.

Pilots who go dicing or on a shaky-do are attacking a difficult and dangerous target. After they drop their bombs they sometimes stooge around to take a beaker, which means flying around to have a good look.

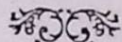
A pilot chased by the enemy goes like the clappers—or full out.

To carry the can is to be the scapegoat type.

Pilots suffering the morning-after feeling are newted.



Did you hear the one about the Erk in Canada who wrote to his girl friend at home and happened to mention the girls of Swift Current. Indignantly she wrote back, saying: “What have the Canadian girls got that I haven't?” Said he: “Nothing—but they've got it here!”



Two palm trees had been sitting next to each other in the desert for thirty-five years. On the 29th of February in the thirty-sixth year, the female palm tree said to the male one: “What a pity we were never introduced. We might have made a date.”



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"LIFEBOUY FOLLIES"

On Thursday, September 24th, we were treated to an evening's entertainment by the "Lifebouy Follies."

For the better part of the programme, which lasted 2 hours, the house was in an uproar at the antics of the entire cast, but especially that diminutive parcel of dynamite, Pat Rafferty, whose hilarious comedy brought forth bursts of laughter every time he appeared on the stage.

Delightful singing by Helen Bruce was a feature of the programme, but there was something even more fascinating about this charming lady than her singing. "Who taught you to use your eyes, Helen?" He did his work mighty well!

The perfection of Mildred Morey's impersonation of Martha Raye can only be appreciated by those who have seen Martha in action. Also, her impersonation of the one and only Gracie Fields was, to say the least, splendid. What tickled the audience were her antics with the Senior Medical Officer, who, as he has shown on numerous occasions, proved to be the man best suited, to put it ruddly, to be Mildred's "Stooge."

The nimble feet of Jimmy Devon and Irene Hughes tapped their way through a few delightful and tricky numbers, and their performance added greatly to the evening's entertainment.

Dorothy Merrall, dark enchantress, drew rounds of applause with her wizardry on the accordion. Her melody of war-time tunes stimulated the airmen to use their voices in no uncertain manner.

The fine tenor voice of Sasha Dener blending with the lovely qualities of Helen Bruce's soprano resulted in some very pleasing songs.

Last, but far from least, was Jack Ayre's lesson on "Kit Inspection" from the "Book of Numbers" which greatly appealed to the airmen.

Truly a great evening enjoyed by an audience of well over five hundred.

We of this Station, who were so spoiled at home by E.N.S.A. are indeed grateful to the President of Lever Brothers, Mr. G. A. S. Nairn and the others responsible for the production of the "Lifebouy Follies" for taking compassion on us and sending us such a galaxy of artists to entertain us.

ONIONS WITHOUT TEARS

V.A.D. Brenda Bell, New Zealander, who took part in a recent BBC "Calling New Zealand" programme, wears her gasmask all day while at work. Not because her war job is especially dangerous, but because it used to reduce her to tears.

When she cancelled her passage home to join up as a British Red Cross cook Miss Bell was posted to a military hospital. The job allocated to her was onion-peeling—sackfuls of onions, and they had to be peeled at speed. But she found most of her time was taken up in drying her eyes. She experimented with several devices. Then she tried her gasmask. Now she doesn't mind how many onions she faces.

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Farewell Swift Current

by P/O W. M. PETTY

It is with a feeling of deep regret and disappointment that I put my pen to paper this month, for I fear it will be my last contribution as a member of No. 39 S.F.T.S., dear to me and to a bunch of airmen who have become a part of my being. However, all good things have to come to an end, and I find myself posted to No. 31 A.N.S.

I shall have many cherished memories to carry with me from "39"—memories of the grand basketball games in the old Recreation Hall, of the Ice Hockey Matches, of airmen's dances, and of the sterling soccer games, which have been keenly, but always cleanly contested on the Camp. I shall



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miss watching them from my grandstand seat in my old room, which faced "Wembley," more than perhaps is realised. Memories of our grand boxing victories against champions from here and there, and in the future, when I am again sat in my armchair at home at Lytham, back from a day's work from my school, names will flash before me—McGee, Jennings, "Tashie" Brown, "Doc" Savage, "Copher" Smith, Startin, Miller, Pendrigh, Strange, Gamble, Churchill, McNamara and hundreds of others whom it has been a pleasure to meet and know.

So ends my epitaph—many thanks to all those at Headquarters for the work which they always carried out for me without an audible moan, particularly to F/Sgt. Cooper and the redoubtable Curphey, and lastly to the airmen of my Section for their grand support at all times.

Farewell Swift Current! You have set yourselves a high standard of sport. Keep it up!

W. M. Petty.

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THE BETTER PLACE

TO EAT

October Attractions at the Eagle and Lyric Theatres

EAGLE

Fri.-Sat., Oct. 2, 3—"THE VANISHING VIRGINIAN," comedy drama with Frank Morgan and Spring Byington.

Mon.-Tues., Oct. 5, 6—"TWIN BEDS," comedy with Joan Bennett and Geo. Brent.

Wed.-Thurs., Oct. 7, 8—"BLONDIE GOES TO COLLEGE," comedy with Arthur Lake and Penny Singleton.

Fri.-Sat., Oct. 9, 10—"JUKE GIRL," grand action melodrama with Ann Sheridan and Ronald Reagan.

Mon.-Tues., Oct. 12, 13—"THIS GUN FOR HIRE," spy melodrama, fast action, Robert Preston, Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd.

Wed.-Thurs.-Fri.-Sat., Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17—"MY GAL SAL," excellent musical comedy in technicolor. Victor Mature and Rita Hayworth.

Mon.-Tues., Oct. 19, 20—"FRIENDLY ENEMIES," comedy-drama with Charles Winninger and Charles Ruggles.

Wed.-Thurs., Oct. 21, 22—"THE PRIME MINISTER," drama based on life of Disraeli, John Gielgud and Diana Wynyard.

Fri.-Sat., Oct. 23-24—"THE BIG SHOT," with Humphrey Bogart, fast action melodrama.

Mon.-Tues.-Wed., Oct. 26, 27, 28—"SHIP AHOY," musical comedy-drama with Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton and Bert Lahr.

Thurs.-Fri.-Sat., Oct. 29, 30, 31—"I MARRIED AN ANGEL," excellent musical-comedy with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald.

LYRIC

Mon.-Tues., Oct. 5, 6—(Double Feature) "TWILIGHT ON THE TRAIL." Hopalong Cassidy, action western with Wm. Boyd. "NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK," mystery drama with Chester Morris and Jean Parker.

Wed. to Sat., Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10—"TAKE A LETTER DARLING," grand comedy-drama with Fred MacMurray, Rosalind Russell and Robert Benchley.

Mon.-Tues., Oct. 12, 13 — (Double Feature) "CANAL ZONE," story of the training of ferry pilots. Chester Morris, John Hubbard and Harriet Hilliard. "PRAIRIE STRANGER," action western melodrama.

Wed. to Sat., Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17 — "THIS ABOVE ALL," excellent, moving war melodrama, with Tyrone Power and Joan Fontaine.

Mon.-Tues., Oct. 19, 20—(Double Feature) "RIDING THE WIND," action western with Charles Starrett. "GALLERY QUEEN AND THE PERFECT CRIME," mystery melodrama with Ralph Bellamy and Margaret Lindsay.

Wed. to Sat., Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24—"THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY," comedy drama with Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Donna Reid, etc.

Mon.-Tues., Oct. 26, 27 — (Double Feature) "TWO IN A TAXI," melodrama with Anita Louise and Russell Hayden. "UNDER AGE," melodrama with Nan Grey and Tom Neal.

Wed. to Sat., Oct. 28, 29, 30, 31—"EAGLE SQUADRON," thrilling air-drama, with the R.A.F. Robert Stack, Diana Barrymore and John Loder.

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And the odd and significant fact is that the stories have been reported at about the same time from so many towns in Great Britain that it's almost impossible to believe they are not being put around by some bunch of Fifth Columnists anxious to cause trouble between Britain and America. I'd venture to suggest that you should be on the lookout for the same kind of stories in your own country."—(Vernon Bartlett, M.P., speaking in the BBC North American Service in the "Current Events" series)

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