

NOVEMBER 1942

TEN CENTS

*The*

# SWIFT

*A Review of Current Events*

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

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SWIFT CURRENT

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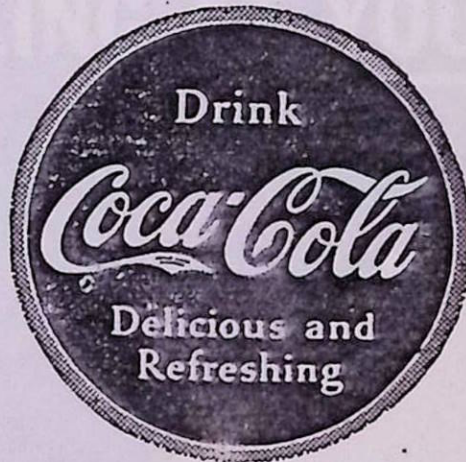
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**THE DE HAVILLAND AIRCRAFT  
OF CANADA LIMITED  
TORONTO**

Number 7

November 1942

# The Swift

*A Review of Current Events*



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

Published by Kind Permission of the Commanding Officer

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*Editorial Committee—Squadron Leader F. V. Carpenter (Editor and Art Editor); Warrant Officer A. G. Cooper (Assistant Editor, Advertising and Business Manager); Sergeant F. T. Harris (Sales); L.A.C. Moss.*



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## Editorial

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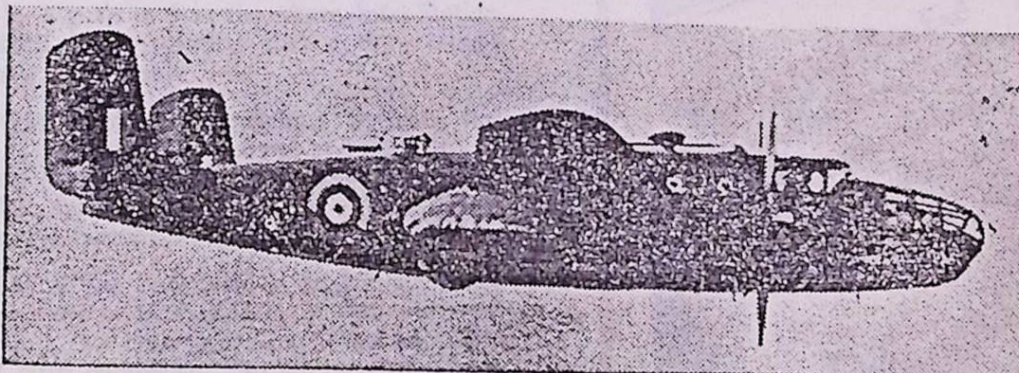
Unhappily, the Swift is nearing its last flight. With the next issue it will fold its wings, and fall into a deep and lasting slumber. Just at a time too when, being six months old, it was about to lay an egg. The truth is the poor bird has been shot at, and, although not killed, so severely wounded as to be unable to fly again. Who shot at the poor bird you ask, and we can only reply—such big guns that we are too small even to criticise, for like Caesar's wife, they are beyond reproach. It is with infinite regret, therefore, that we announce that our next number will be our last. Alas, we are no longer permitted to accept advertisements, and, as you must know, even the Times could not carry on in like circumstances. We

must go forward with the December issue to keep faith with those advertisers who have so willingly helped us, and whose copy is already in for our Christmas number.

It seems there are a few small town newspapers, not, thank God, the Sun, which has been most helpful, who complain of lost advertising revenue because of Station Magazines. If they are as poor as that, they ought to fold up and leave the field more open to those who are so obviously doing a better job than themselves. However, it's been fun while it lasted, so let us make our final number something for them to remember us by. Help the Swift to have a happy ending.

F.V.C.

### PARCELS FOR OVERSEAS . . . .



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*Men's Wear*



# Sports

By P/O P. M. Bartlett



For the second time my pen goes to paper to let you know the "Gen" on the sports life of the Camp.

This last month has been a very active one, with Soccer finals, Station matches, and, of course, boxing, of the latter there has been a separate article written so I won't repeat it.

The first event of interest for the month was the Officers' football match against the officers of No. 32 S.F.T.S., resulting in a win for 39 the result being 1 to nil, the only goal being scored by F/O. Burbridge.

The International Match between England and Scotland was played on Wembley, and the crowd certainly tried to regain the atmosphere that exists at home at such times as these. Scotland won easily by 5 goals to one; four being scored by Duncan, one by Leitch, England's goal being scored by Penbrigh.

Our first Inter-Station Match resulted in a win for Moose Jaw by 5 goals to 2. However, the result was not a true picture of the game as our lads certainly played well, but at the moment the team lacks team co-operation, and this will undoubtedly come with a few more matches.

Repair No. 2 won the Station Cup Final by beating S.H.Q. after a replay by 6 goals to 3. This certainly makes them the best section team of the year as they also won the League competition. It was a grand match and after the game prizes were presented by the C.O. A.C. McGee was presented with a cup for being the first man to score 50 goals this Season—Nice going McGeel

On the 17th October, Moose Jaw again beat us at home by 4 goals to 3 in the return Inter-Station Match, both teams agreeing that a draw would have been a fairer result.

Now that winter is approaching we turn our thoughts to Basketball, Badminton and all that. It is also hoped that we can form a gymnastic team under the capable leadership of W.O. Short (Jackie to his friends).

The floor of the Drill Shed is being marked out and painted and by the beginning of this month we hope to have two Basketball Courts and four Badminton Courts completed. So fellows come along and with your co-operation some excellent nights' sports can be arranged. We intend to enter the Swift Current Basketball League as well as the Ice Hockey League this season. If you have any further ideas let us have them.

Repair No. 2 celebrated their successful season with a dinner and social on the evening of October 19th. This was presided over by Wing Commander

Page Six

Hickman ably assisted by F/Lt. Elworthy, organised by Sgt. Harrison. Now I think this is a grand idea—what do you say to a Smoking Concert to celebrate our first year in Canada, and the close of a successful Soccer Season if it can be arranged?

Before I go, don't forget to let me know what you want in the way of Sports, maybe there are others interested and teams can be formed.

P. M. Bartlett, P/O.

## Bless 'Em All

Hear the one about the Erk who asked his C.O. for compassionate leave? C.O. said "But Jones, you only had leave 2 weeks ago." "Yes, Sir" said Jones "but you see my wife's in the WAAFS and has just been promoted Flight Sergeant and you know what I always wanted to do to a Flight Sergeant."

## Happy Event

New recruit for R.C.A.F.

On 15th October to the great joy of his parents, Sgt. and Mrs. Pangman—Ronald Wallis arrived in the world. Congratulations to all concerned.



## CURRENT JOTTINGS

The peoples of Swift Current are very easy to please. Quite recently, on the occasion of the Local Victory Campaign, the streets were thronged with people awaiting the Victory Convoy. Little Squadron Leader Chick and his Financial wizards appeared on the scene in the Station Wagon, and were cheered lustily by the gratified onlookers, who then retired home and completely missed the pukkah convoy.

Members of Station Headquarters Staff are again reminded that a very serious view will be taken of any person blowing either fruit or smoke rings down the Station Adjutant's newly installed trumpet!

The trumpet, incidentally, has been christened "The Heath Robinson," and is for the exclusive entertainment of the Station Adjutant.

We understand a certain Senior Officer was having trouble with his zipper in the Alex the other evening. Might we suggest that in future he carries a shoe horn with him when out on the binge? If his stomach gets out of hand then he should find no difficulty in getting it back into the top of his slacks.

If the young lady whose unmentionables were recently found fluttering in the breeze, attached to the Group Captain's pennant, would call at the Station Warrant Officer's Office, the item of undress will be returned to her.

Two of our stalwarts recently witnessed a car accident in Moose Jaw, and with customary R.A.F. alertness, at once rang up the local Cop Shop. Upon being told that nobody was killed, the Cops decided not to turn out much to the annoyance of our friends, who had visions of a buck-shee week end in Moose Jaw at witnesses.

With reference to the tit-bit in the October Mag concerning the chappie who claimed to be the only person blown off a lavatory seat during the blitz, we have a record holder of our own on the unit, who claims to be the only person found asleep on a lavatory seat, back to front, during a Party.

We understand that the suggestion that an Orderly 'Erk should visit the Officers' Mess at Meal times to enquire "Any complaints" in reciprocation of the Orderly Officer's visit to the Airmen's Mess, has been frowned upon by the Powers that Be.

CENSORED

The above space was reserved for a "crack" about a certain delicate item of ladies lingerie, which was to have been found in a certain Senior Officer's laundry. Unfortunately, the Censor took a poor view as the item obtained by our Gen Men was not considered up to "Swift" standard.

### The Long and Short Of It

Did you hear the one about the dwarf in the Side Show who married the girl in the next booth? She was billed as the Tallest Woman on Earth. His friends put him up to it.

One of our Canadian officials says "All tax payers should tighten their belts. But will this do any good after the tax payer has already lost his pants."

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# Road Signs

By The Padre

## CELLULOSE FROM SEAWEED OR MAGNESIUM FROM THE SEA

How often are we hearing of new practices such as these in the present day specialised war effort. They represent the enterprise of the nation, and the creative genius of men battling with brain and sinew to see this job through, intent on harnessing the treasure house of nature to meet the emergency.

"The wonderful spirit and enthusiasm that exists" is not wholly newspaper talk either. The fight goes on in the laboratory, the machine-shop, and in the farmer's fields, the battle zones, the air, and on the ocean highways as well as in the shipyards. The majority of us have been stirred to admiration for all that others have done while we have been privileged to take our part here and there. And we have been critical where we have found the standard lower than the best.

It does not take long to discover that amid all such enterprise very often the less obvious things are the more important. The factor almost unnoticed at the beginning will have far-reaching significance and effect. We are seeing for ourselves that the pleasant and the reasonable are often the worst enemy of the good and can definitely hinder a maximum effort. And we are forced to the conclusion that the lessons of life, complete as they may appear at the end of one day must somehow be relearned and added to on the morrow.

Creative discovery goes hand in hand with ever better methods of making use of existing resources, as the title of these notes suggest. We are all familiar with the practice of making modifications in aircraft design and equipment, which are definite improvements, the sharp edge of necessity proving the true mother of invention.

Effort then seems as important as actual achievement. Both exist together or not at all, and both are present through a will to live. For we are determined to live and to provide a measure of security; that is instinctive. All our strivings for survival have their roots in a common conception of life. The main stem of the tree is one of spirit and enterprise. Everything then that can stimulate these faculties is of first importance.

The Christian faith bringing into focus as it does all true moral values, can be a marvellous incentive to our daily life, and the will to live at its best. The unlimited treasure house for good is at our disposal, and can be drawn on as we purpose to know God, particularly through the ways He has revealed Himself. The denomination you belong to is a historic record of the determination of mankind to draw on these resources. But they are untouched as far as we are concerned unless you and

I have made our own personal contact. Otherwise we live in a reflected light. There is a certainty too of creative discovery by way of this personal contact, for ourselves and for others.

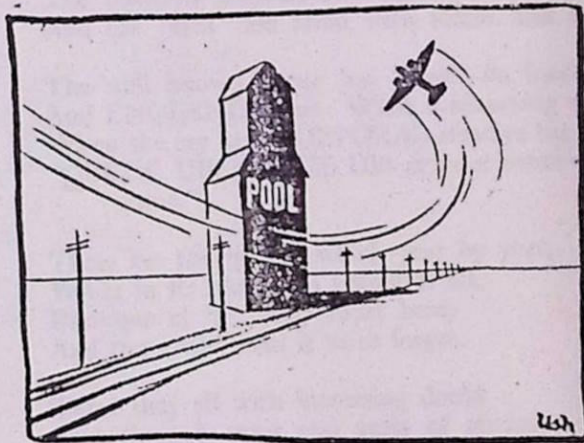
This sort of argument may seem a very long way off from our daily Service life. But some such line is surely necessary if we are going to our work with a will and purpose, and not just drift through the days as they come, hoping that all will turn out all right in the end. One thing a co-ordinated life does not mean, and that is, that we have to be on the stretch all the time. A steel spring is allowed its rest, and provided that the temper of the metal is not interfered with, it is the better for that rest. The all important thing is to produce the steep spring and to get it functioning.

J.C.E.R.

## THE STATION CHURCH

It is a pleasure to record the official opening of the Station Church which took place on Sunday, October 18th.

Bit by bit the furniture has been planned and constructed on the Camp and brought together in the old Y.M.C.A. building and the result has been a place of worship far more in keeping with our ideals of atmosphere and reverence. There are several finishing touches to be made here and there still, but the main addition which made the official opening appropriate was the hanging of the draping and curtains. We would acknowledge with genuine appreciation the hard work undertaken by the wives of the Station personnel under the leadership of Mrs. Bates, in making up the material.



The name's familiar but I don't seem to recognize the place.

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Is there any truth in the rumour we hear concerning the "Doc" and the M.T. Cat? We understand the Cat was having a spot of trouble with its digestive organs and accordingly, went sick. The Doc refused treatment until the Cat was placed on a special Sick Report.

Who was the N.C.O. who was seen climbing through his bedroom window in Swift Current recently, and who was the twerp who called the Police and started a burglar alarm?

When is the Station Wagon going to be serviceable? Is there any truth in the suggestion that the Officer i/c takes it home at nights to let his landlady's son practice on whilst waiting for his Meccano set to arrive from U.K.?

Are things really hotting up in the Fire Section? We learn that three of the fire brigade are about to take the plunge into Wedlock. We trust they will not get burned, but no doubt, should they do so, they will be able to cope—they're trained in putting out fires!

What attraction does Regina hold these days for a certain Warrant Officer, and it is true that whilst on a recent trip there he was saluted no less than three times by Canadian W.O.'s, and numerous times by 'erks? All W.O.'s note Regina has never seen a W.O. before! (Should be bags of scope).

Who was the ex-Calgary-ite who did the dance of the seven veils on a Table in the Elite recently—and why did the girls scam?

Are the boys who went to Calgary happy in their new surroundings or are they finding they have a high reputation to keep up with the local fillies? We understand a certain W.O. who went down with the party was on the hooks on the following day!

Does the Station Adjutant ever get short winded blowing down his newly installed trumpet? Owing to the shortage of rubber in this Country, we trust he will not get all burned up too often. There is no truth in the suggestion that the Adjutant is applying for admission to the Station Dance Band.

Is there any truth in the rumour that Mr. Wintermist is to take the plunge shortly?



If every erk in Swift Current could read every girls mind, the gasoline consumption would drop off 50%.

The reason many girls burn the candle at both ends is because it takes more than one flame to warm them up.

I was out with a drunk last night and he headed straight for a telephone pole.  
"THE DOG."

## THE ALLOWANCE REGULATIONS AND THE BABY

In the old days in India every soldier married "on the strength" was allowed to draw the value of a quarter ration for every child under three years of age. Private Thomas Atkins, having had an increase in his family, put in for the ration allowance from the day of the "Little Stranger's" arrival. The Paymaster (as Accountant Officers are quaintly called in the Army, where they themselves never issue the pay, but meanly leave it to ordinary officers—so different from our galant and generous lads) the Paymaster then, in his infinite meanness, enquired at what time the new arrival had taken place, and was informed that it was at 4 p.m. (16 hrs. had not then been invented.) He replied that the claim was disallowed under para. 12345 of the Allowance Regulations. Pte. T. Atkins then went to his Company Office and asked to be allowed to see the fatal paragraph, and found that it read "Troops disembarking from Transports after the dinner hour will be rationed on board for the day of disembarkation."



## QUEUE FOR TEA

There's a breathless hush in the mess tonight,  
A queue to feed and an empty bin;  
Bedazzled cooks and a blinded "FLIGHT,"  
An hour to go and the last man's thin.

But it's not for the sake of a chevroned coat,  
Or the selfish hope of a Mister's name,  
But an airman's hand on his shoulder smote  
"TEA UP! TEA! and what's the game?"

The plates of the mess are sodden red,  
Red as the bottle of RUDDY "COKE";  
The mincer's jammed and stale's the bread,  
And the "erks" are blind with steam and smoke.

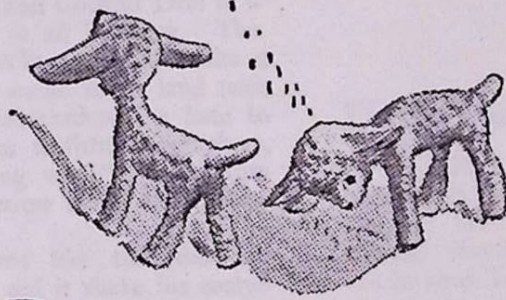
The well known queue has "bust" its banks  
And ENGLAND'S far! What a blooming shame!  
When the cry of a CORPORAL steadies the ranks:  
"QUEUE UP! QUEUE UP! or your number and name."

These are the queues which year by year,  
While in its place this school is set,  
Everyone of its "erks" must bear;  
And those who bear it ne'er forget.

These they all with increasing doubt  
Bear through years and years of strain;  
Then, DISCHARGED, fling to "SPROGS" behind,  
"JOIN UP! JOIN UP! QUEUE UP'S THE GAME!"

With Apologies.

A.N.O.N.



*“The good-natured whisky”*

# King's Plate

CANADIAN RYE WHISKY

*Kind · Gentle · Genial*



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

**13 ozs. 25 ozs. 40 ozs.**

R74

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PLEASE SAVE THE BOTTLE! Your salvage committee will collect.

# The Adventures of AC Prang

## Chapter Three

It was with very great pleasure that we introduce to our many new readers, the hero of one of the greatest serials in history. Indeed, so great is his fame, that many of you will feel as if you know Prang as a brother. Of course, some there will be to whom he is a stranger, and to those we should like to say that Prang is the young cousin of Prune of Pilot Officer fame, and definitely not any relation of Clott, who is a Corporal. In the course of time, it has been our privilege to record for posterity within these pages the remarkable adventures of Prang at his initiation into the Air Force, at his I.T.W., at his E.F.T.S. and at the present moment, when he is to be found lolling in the crew room at the holy of holies, an S.F.T.S.

Although a trifle fatigued after having completed a twenty-five shift on the previous day, Prang was busily explaining the mysteries of Cockpit Drill to his less enlightened brethren. "You ask any instructor on twins whether they use Cockpit Drill on a single-engined aircraft," lorded Prang, "and his moustache will bristle as he tells you that any fool can fly a single. The same thing applies the other way round—an instructor on singles will tell you that a twin will fly itself and Cockpit Drill in a double-breasted Tiger Moth is all bulloney. The whole thing's a racket. Why, it would take a pretty dim sort of goof to come in to land with his undercarriage up." Dear readers, we hate to have to mention it, but, as truthful biographers, we can only say that Prang was "a pretty dim sort of goof," as a large furrow along the runway testifies to this day.

However, trifling incidents like this did not deter our hero one jot, nor did it shake his rooted conviction that the system of pilot training in the Royal Air Force was nine-tenths a waste of time. Instrument Flying was another of his stumbling blocks if we are to judge from the Progress Book so patiently kept by his instructor. This revealing volume tells us that "Instrument Flying is a closed book to him" on one page, but hastens to add on the next (no doubt after Prang had settled down a little more) "The book is not closed, it is wide open—but he reads it upside down." However, we feel that we cannot rely too closely upon the testimony of this document, as it is clear that the writer was not a little unreasonable in his attitude to our hero. On another page we find three successive entries which run, "Trying. Still trying. Very trying."

Prang returned from Flights in angry frame of mind at the period when they were studying the intricacies of formation flying. "Why some people can't keep straight when they are leading a formation, I cannot understand," he exclaimed with disgust. "And when it comes to an experienced pilot diving away from a formation, I give up." By this time, the interest of our hero's less gifted

brethren was aroused. "There I was, formatting on P/O Bynde this afternoon," Prang complained bitterly, "and twice when I banked towards him to get in a bit closer, he dived away. How can a fellow formate on a chap like that?"

Flying regulations, naturally, did not trouble our hero to any great degree, though he did consider it advisable to climb to a fair height before starting his slow roll, as spin recovery was not too quick in a Harvard. However, Prang's method of entering the circuit was nothing if not original; he would take a steady aim on the Control Tower and then, with a firm grip on the controls, dive the aircraft towards his goal, almost forcibly clearing the path in front of him. When gently chided by the Chief Instructor for these misdemeanours, Prang remained unabashed; only on the former's comments on his parentage did he lower his eyes with shame to the spot where a pretty Timekeeper's legs stretched to the floor.

And now we come to the end of another instalment of Prang's biography. Next month, we shall have two surprises for our readers at least, though, as that instalment has not yet been written, Prang may produce plenty more. Who knows, he may even become a pilot? So we bid farewell to our hero, as he lolls still in the Crew Room—this time holding forth on Northerly Turning Error to the everlasting confusion of his listeners. Long may he uphold his family motto of "Digitis Irremovabilis."

P.D.C.

## I wish I could write like that . . .

. . . . . 20 years old, is the fifth of the younger warriors to bivouac on the hill overlooking Swift Current and the vales about the creek until Gabriel sounds "Reveille." The toll of conflict can be read here—here where fighting men are laid. Already new plots have to be prepared for the lads "who wait to pass and now are passing by." The Canadian Legion has spared no pains to prepare and beautify the resting place of those who did not wait to grow old but preferred "one crowded hour." —from the *Leader-Post*.

## LOST IN POLYCLOT LONDON

"Meeting travellers from all over the world is one of the fascinations of London life. Near the Bloomsbury Hotel, where I live, soldiers from most countries seem to congregate. The other night in the blackout J. B. McGeachy's father, who is as Scotch as haggis or a Winnipeg policeman, was stopped in that neighbourhood by a poor lad from Saskatchewan who had lost his way and who asked him, plaintively: 'Excuse me, sir, but do you speak English?' He doesn't, of course, but I think he managed to make his Scots intelligible." (Talk by L. W. Brockington in the BBC series "This Momentous Week")

## RUDDY BAD

Our A.C.H.s are depressed. Sez them: "Ruddy bad show," which in R.C.A.F. means "There ain't no justice!"

Yeh, here they've got the sweetest, neatest, shiniest section on the station and what happens? Well I ask yuh, what happens? Eh? Nothing . . . Just nothin.

So what the hell . . . And you can't blame them either. Everybody in every way, morning, noon and night, they sweep and scrub and dust and shine until you could clean your teeth in the phone booths—and what happens? Again I ask yuh—what happens? Not a louzy thing!

Why they even drag the Section O/C round just to be sure everything's hunkadory—and he meows about this and that, and glares at fly dots and shoe scuffs and is just as dirty as the place is clean—but still nothing of any real importance happens.

Yeh, they've waited every morning of the big show with pride glittering from every button of their jackets; they've sat gnawing their finger nails up to their elbows, restlessly jiggling from one cheek to the other—but still there's nothing doing.

It just ain't human that's all—no wonder we get wars, and stuff . . .

But wait—just let the messy maintenance mugs get hot on a 500 hour inspection—just call a car-

penter in for a minute—just so much as let an Instructor leave an empty "coke" bottle on the sill—and then what happens, oh baby, what happens then . . .

Just let a clutter of cogs and wheels get littered about—just leave a skiff of sawdust lie for a second—just drop a hammer where you'd be sure to trip on it—and then maybe you think something won't happen!

Tropical worsteds never miss a gob of grease and best blues will creep half way across a room to get caught on a jagged bit of metal.

Ah yes my little bed bugs there's plenty can happen. Did you ever see an innocent looking screwdriver lying on the floor just inside the door? Boy does that ever put the skids under dignity!

That's the time when the blind is sure to get ripped off the roller; some ham handed brute will crack the desk glass; the section rat will have pilfered a thumb tack and the wall chart sags dejectedly; in other words "the bleeding digs is a shambles" . . . then—ah then "Ahh-Tench-Hun!"—in strides authority . . .

"Ruddy bad show!" (There ain't no justice).



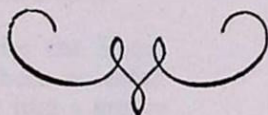
"How much are your rooms?" inquired a certain officer of a Swift Current landlady. "\$5 up" was the reply. "But. I'm only a student at the airport," he protested. "Oh, well then," was the reply, "that'll be \$5 down."

*Why not meet Her at the*

**P I C C A D I L L Y**

SWIFT CURRENT'S SMART RENDEZVOUS

Now Air-Conditioned



*Dine and Dance*

# A Child's Garden of Jacksons

## Hol Garth

They all said 'Yes'  
To J.H.S.  
And now he's gone  
They're all forlorn

★

## The Ladies

Oh, come to Swift Current  
And there you will see  
Where the rayons and nylons  
Roll down to the knee.

★

The girls of Moose-Jackson  
With skirts and not Slackson  
Are fairer to me  
Than the girls of Swift-C.

★

A 'RAY' of Something  
How green was my valley  
When Brownie was there  
But now she has left it  
How barren and bare.

★

## GEOGRAPHY

And what is Sask.  
You ask.  
And I would say  
'Tis but a thousand miles  
Of sweet F.A.

*Chips.*

## ENTERTAINMENTS

Boss and General Disorganiser ..... "Doc".  
Assistant Boss and Chief Scrounger ..... "Monty".  
Chief Flannel and Chucker-Out ..... "Doc".  
(Not the same as above)  
Stooge and Duff Ice Cream Vendor ..... "Frank".  
And several other disreputable characters.

October has been a quiet month for the Entertainment Section, not that there has been no entertainment, but a feeling of having got into a groove has been prevalent.

The constructive era seems to have passed all too soon, and now the routine of three shows each week and a dance in the Station Theatre every fortnight has been in operation long enough already, to spell "monotony" for the organising staff.

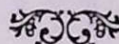
The idea of printing a small monthly programme seems to have been well received, and the November programme will be found loose in this copy of the "Swift".

The dances in the Theatre have been most successful and seems to be enjoyed by most airmen who attend. There are still however one or two airmen who seem to spend the entire dance sitting on their posteriors with a look of complete frustration on their faces. Surely it is not possible that the girls of Swift Current do not inspire these few airmen to dance.

Three shows a week was an experiment which appears by the results to be quite popular.

The Concert Party will in future be in the capable hands of Squadron Leader Strachan and Mr. Standen assisted by Warrant Officer Yardley.

It is with the deepest regret that we heard of the death as a result of a flying accident of Flying Officer "Tony" Phelps. Somehow his musical genius and quiet but charming personality had become so much a part of our entertainments that one always felt that although he was posted he would be back to play for us again.

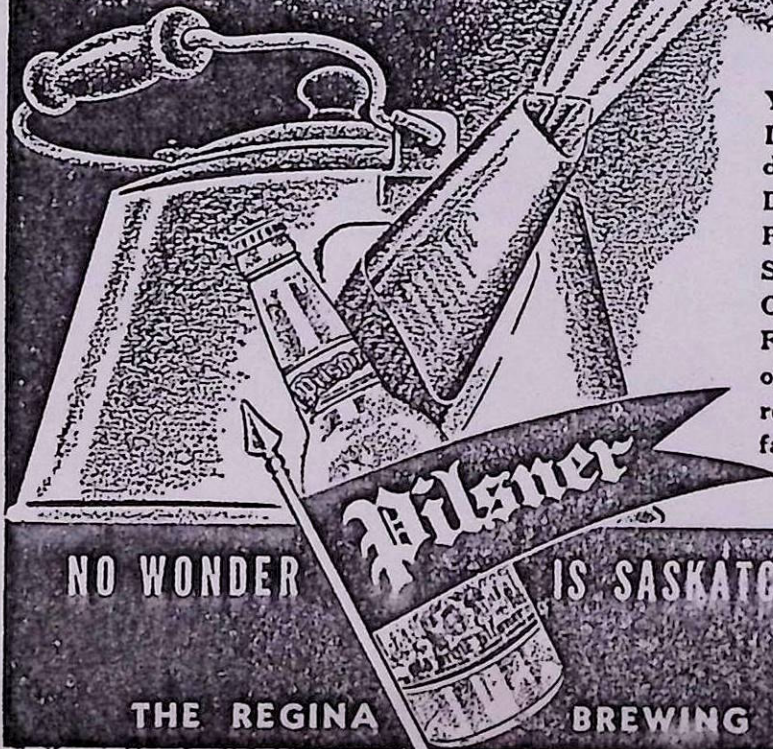


Ush

C. G. I.

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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

IS SASKATCHEWAN'S FASTEST SELLING

# BEER

THE REGINA

BREWING COMPANY LIMITED

## UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

### No. 4

The most unforgettable of all the unforgettable characters I ever came across was an airman who could not possibly lay any genuine claim to sanity at all—still we are all just a wee bit crazy aren't we!

This airman originally enlisted as a u/t aircrew, but the Selection Board (who were for the nonce right) wisely figured how much aircraft cost, and with a view to the hope of Victory as soon as possible and the best way to spend your Victory Loan money, decided he wouldn't be a very good investment, and so he became a ground gunner. He was sent to Blackpool (the Blackpool that's famed for it's tower and pretty women) for his initial training. There his "to the front salute" became the best turn on the promenade, and, after lots of pressure from the proprietor of the Casino, who couldn't keep up with the competition, he was hastily posted.

At his new station he looked as if he might be able to fire a rifle in the general direction of any hostile force, so they issued him with a rifle, complete with 50 rounds of ammunition.

One day, he and several other erks were taken by a F/Sgt. to the Rifle Range with a view to teaching them how to get near the target anyway. He was having a lot of trouble with his rifle so he took it to the Chief, pointed it straight at him and said, "Look Chiefy it won't fire," then he pulled the trigger. The F/Sgt. went pale, "You shouldn't do that, it's dangerous" he said, and then fell back deader than a door nail. As he wasn't very popular, our hero was exonerated at the inquest with a verdict of "Death by Misadventure" as witnesses swore that he stepped in front of the gun. (Other F/Sgts. should make a note of this).

He continued to distinguish himself by his amazing marksmanship, and having brought down a variety of allied aircraft including a "Flying Fortress" or so, it was decided that in order to maintain diplomatic relations with our Allies, he should be persuaded to remuster to any old thing that had nothing to do with guns. Very discreetly he was told that his abilities demanded recognition, and he had now reached the stage where he should advance up the long weary steps to success. The only way they could give him an important job without paying him more money (the Government looking after your Victory Loan again) was to make him a driver. Everybody knows that a driver is in the lowest grouping, yet has to carry valuable lives sometimes, and has to be a mechanical genius, (we notice the C.O. prefers to drive himself), so they sent him on a course. Co-incidentally, as soon as he arrived, vehicles kept on going unserviceable in a alarming fashion, and our hero's fame having preceeded him, he was hastily passed out and posted.

His activities at this new station were too numerous to mention, he was so obviously a handicap and the only way he could really help the war effort would be to post him to the German Army, but

Adolf pointed out that this was contrary to the Versailles Treaty, and even if he didn't keep his promises he expected England to, so it was decided to send him to a place where there were few people and very little property. Well there is only one place in the world that would really suit,—yes, you guessed it, SWIFT CURRENT on the lone prairie, and there he will be found sitting in his bowser. People wonder if there is an engine in it, for it never moves, but the truth is that flight mechanics have been warned to use any other bowser if they want to "keep 'em flying."

And so I leave you to draw your own conclusions in this saga of airmanship, unfortunately he is still living amongst us—but one day . . . . .

*Editor's Note:* It has been decided that in case it is ever found necessary to let him drive a vehicle it is only fair to warn all and sundry of impending danger, and as a humane gesture we'll tell you his name . . . . it's Moss.



Who ever is that?

## Auntie Herte's Corner

Dear DON JUAN:

They tell me you have the nicest hair on the camp, all lovely and soft and wavy, and that you have beautiful teeth. From my own observations, I think your nose is a little large to go with such classical beauty, and I find your hair rather long. Were you not a member of the Sergeants' Mess, I feel you would most certainly be advised to pay your Barber a visit.

However, to get back to the subject of the lovely soft wavy hair. Don't you think that is something more becoming to a girl than to a big strapping young lad like yourself? I think you make rather a big girl, don't you?

I should be careful if I were you. Somebody might make a mistake one night in the dark, and I should hate to see you embarrassed. With a torso like yours, why don't you try and make real use of it instead of tittivating with your hair? It isn't really true, is it, that you put it in curlers before you go to bed? If you would drop the Duffe Genne Agency a line, they will probably fix you up with a hair net.

Dear CURLY:

I really do admire a man that knows what he wants—and gets it, but don't your methods rather come in the "Wolf" class? If I were you, I should trim your finger nails. They do leave tell tale marks, don't they?

Dear DAVE:

Whilst I admire your courage in swimming the famed Saskatchewan River, I rather doubt your wisdom, as I understand several lives have been lost on account of the current. Also, I think you chose an unsuitable spot to divest yourself of your garments. I understand several elderly spinsters were very perturbed at the sight of a full grown lad like yourself endeavouring to emulate the dance of the seven veils on the ferry-side. It was a bit public, wasn't it?

Although, no doubt, you have an excellent torso, after all, there is a time and place for everything. However, the RAF have always had a name for originality, so I suppose we shall have to let it pass.

Dear GINGE:

So you are leaving us! No doubt, several Chinamen in Town will heave deep sighs of relief. I understand certain of these gentry have aged considerably of late.

Is there any truth in the whisper that you number knife throwing amongst your many accomplishments?

Chasing a chink with a butcher knife, whilst being, no doubt, decidedly "good huntin" is apt to have a very demoralising effect on the clientele of an up-to-date cafe.

Perhaps it's as well you are moving on. Swift Current is getting rather warm, isn't it?

Page Sixteen

Dear JACK:

In future, when you go out on the tiddly, why not keep your shoes on? I always think a man without either his shoes or his pants looks and feels undignified.

Whilst I admire your initiative in so quickly obtaining another pair, if I were you, I should try them on first next time. Dave has got big feet, hasn't he?

Dear GOPHER:

Do you really think Ice is a good cure?

I shouldn't depend too much on your trainer's advice if I were you. Swimming is more in his line.

However, no doubt it cooled you down, and possibly acted as a deterrent against repetition, but at the same time, it doesn't do to freeze your only assets.

## Facts About Britain At War

With the enemy only twenty miles away, Britain is producing mighty weapons of war for herself and her Allies. Her production of planes now equals Germany's. She is producing 40,000 big guns a year with 25,000,000 rounds of ammunition; and millions of small arms, with two billion rounds of ammunition. Add to this: ships, locomotives, tanks and a thousand types of military supplies.

\*

The production of British planes has doubled in the last year. Eighty-seven per cent of the R.A.F. planes operating from home bases, and seventy-five per cent at bases abroad are British made.

\*

Everything in Britain is mobilized for the winning of the war. Two out of every three persons between the ages of fourteen and sixty-five are working full-time in the armed forces, civilian defense or war industry. The production of luxuries has ceased. Civilian necessities are severely curtailed.

\*

In Britain today, every fit man between eighteen and one-half and forty-one has already been drafted into the forces, unless irreplaceable in an essential job. The age limit has now been raised to fifty-one.

\*

Seven million women of Britain have already been registered and are being directed into war work. Unmarried women between twenty and thirty can be drafted into the uniformed forces.

\*

While building up her resources at home for a crushing blow at the Axis, Britain has been fighting all over the world. She has liberated Abyssinia and seized strategic territory in East Africa, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Iceland and Madagascar. She has maintained her shipping life-lines over the seas of the world.

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Limited

Swift Current

Saskatchewan

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- ★ Building Materials
- ★ Builders' Supplies
- ★ Fuels
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(Paints & Varnishes)

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All Kinds of

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Swift Current

## THE PENALTY OF FAME

When I first joined the editorial staff of the "Swift", my intentions were merely to show my gratitude by co-operating with a few articles and cartoons, but since my first article, my whole life has changed.

Take for example the gag I put in about a certain medical officer—the day after publication Sick Quarters requested my presence. The Medical Officer told me that I was very ill. Of course I told him I wasn't (pangs of doubt were already gripping me) and anyway I wasn't on the sick report. With that he informed that the following day I was to start being ill and I was to report with my name on the sick list at 0800 hours. By then the aforementioned pangs of doubt had gripped—"What am I suffering from Sir, please?" I asked. "I don't know yet," he said, "but the cure will consist of injections at least three times a day." "How long will it last?" I asked with a sinking feeling in my stomach (I nearly was ill by this time). "Oh," he said "that depends on the next edition of the Station Magazine."

And look at my shoes—they are so worn that if I stand on a nickel I can tell whether its heads or tails uppermost.—And my uniform! When I offered a farmer my assistance in stooking the other day, he looked me up and down and said that he didn't need any more stookers but offered me a dollar a day just to stand in his field! Well, I realised I must be getting very shabby so I approached a very senior N.C.O. in the Stores, but that was as far as I got. Before I could speak he said "Your clothes have got at least 12 months' wear in them yet." I was dumfounded, after all, how did he know that I was after some new blue. "But you haven't even seen them yet" I replied. "Admitted" he said, "But I read that article of yours about the Equipment Section in the Magazine." And so I went away feeling a much sadder but wiser contributor to the "Swift."

And then there was the time that I took a message to the Dental Officer. Before I knew what happened I'd lost my three front teeth in a battle with his forceps, and it wasn't until it was all over that he discovered that the Orderly was only in the middle of cleaning the syringe out and that it was water in it and not anasthaetic.

Then again, there was the time that I went on Pay Parade and found there was no money for me. On enquiry at the Golden Accounts Palace I went right to the head of the company, having had plenty enough experience of this sort of thing by now and told him that I had received no pay adding very quickly "after all Sir, I haven't written anything about you in the Magazine." "That's just it" he replied, "I'm just holding your money as security to make sure that you don't."

So what's a fellow to do—is all this fame worth it, after all my articles are written entirely free and gratis to the "Swift" and I only write the truth most of the time, must I let my conscience be my guide or should I capitulate and give in to the baser art of flannel?

Moss.

The C.O. came puffing along for inspection; he looked at the men on parade and his hair fairly bristled.

"When did your men change their shirts?" he demanded of the Squadron Leader.

"A week ago, Sir," replied the Sqdn. Leader.

"Have them changed again today," cried the C.O.

"They can't, Sir," coolly answered the Sqdn. Leader. "They've no spare shirts."

"No spare shirts?" exploded the C.O. "Hell, it's a Command order: Tell them to change shirts with one another."



"The pupil may have been nervous"

## THE GREAT BOXING TOURNAMENT

On the 10th of this month we fought the combined team of 7 I.T.S. (RCAF) and H.M.C.S. "Unicorn", and for the benefit of those who were unable to attend at Saskatoon, a very brief account of the tournament is given, at which was an audience of some 4,500 people.

TURNBULL opposed McLEOD of No. 7 I.T.S. and showed lots of action with his left. McLeod however showed quite some fight towards the end but left TURNBULL an easy victor.

BYRNS fought WALL of the Navy, but in a fierce exchange after 45 seconds was down for the count.

LOUCH versus BAPTISTE of 7 I.T.S. showed promise of a great fight, but Baptiste was the slower man and he was knocked out in the third round.

SMITH opposed LAVIS of the Navy, and won the bout with some heavy blows to the head and body.

After settling down SCANLON lost on points to McLEAD of the Navy.

GREGGAN met BARABASH of the Navy in the 6th bout, and was down for the count, both men having swung rather wildly at each other.

The score, now being even, the audience were getting very excited when ARMSTRONG took the ring against PRICE of 7 I.T.S. In the first two rounds the fight was pretty even, and in the third round Price was chased the whole time, leaving Armstrong a good winner.

In the eighth bout, SGT. HIND met SMITH of No. 7. Hind was attacking most of the time, but received a little punishment in the third round. Smith fought very gamely but was no match for our fiery "Ginge," and so 39 scored yet another point.

For the final bout we have MacCAUL versus MORRISEY of No. 7. Morrisey started in to the attack on the sound of the gong, but Mac stood up to him and replied with some nice lefts and rights to the head. In the second round Morrisey used his longer reach to advantage but Mac held his own at close range. In the last round Mac recovered and attacked, scoring some excellent rights to the head. It was a good and very close fight resulting in a win for No. 7.

Thus No. 39 won the great tournament by 5 bouts to 4, and great credit is due to P/O Bartlett and "Doc" Savage, for their hard work in organising and keeping the men in shape. Their sound advice and encouragement went a long way to keeping our men on "top line."



By the beginning of 1942 Britain was sending to battlefronts abroad eighty per cent of her total military production, and every soldier for whom shipping space was available.

# ?

May We Help  
You Bring a

# Merry Christmas

to Friends and  
Relatives

# OVERSEAS?

—They'll be thinking of you come Christmas, you can depend upon that! Thinking of you . . . and wishing you were with them.

—You can be—in spirit, and bring them happiness, too, by sending them a parcel. Can't you just see their faces light up with joy . . . and take pride in the fact that you have not forgotten them!

—Cooper's has the kind of things you'll take pride in sending them! The kind of things they'll appreciate receiving! Come a-shopping now, while you've still time to catch the mails.

—We'll help you in selecting gifts, if our experience and advice is needed. And we'll be pleased to pack your parcels, as well . . . Anything we can do we will do, if you'll give us the opportunity.

Last Post is Tuesday, November 11th.

Shop NOW and catch it!



# P. J. Dowling

The Camp Tailor

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**UNIFORMS**  
of all kinds made  
to measure

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Repairs and Alterations  
Speedily Executed.

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219 Second Ave. West  
Swift Current

## "THOSE AWFUL DREAMS

I had left Waterloo on the 12.15 and had studied form the whole way down to Esher. Captain Coe napped "Virgin's Tangle" for the 2.30 in the 4th edition of the "Star" and Ajax napped "Pisaulis" for the 2.30 in the mid-day Standard.

I was allowed to enter Sandown Park by paying three shillings and walking across the course to the stands, my attention was suddenly distracted from reading the race card which cost me sixpence, by a deep voice shouting "I got an 'Orse." The owner of this voice, dressed in his unique and many coloured garments and whose headdress consisted of a bejewelled band in which were stuck a few "Ropey" looking feathers, whispered in my ear that "Pollux" was a certainty for the 2.30.

I thanked him and told him I would see him later and continued my walk to the 3/- enclosure. It was a hot day and by the time I reached the cheapest enclosure, there was only one idea in my mind and it did not take long to hear those words that sound like music to-day "Bottle of Bass, Dearie." The horses were just going down for the two o'clock when a doubtful friend of mine came up to me and said that if I would put 5/- on for him, he would give me the winner of the 2 o'clock. I agreed, and he whispered confidentially that he had it from a friend of his who knew the head groom of the stable, who had told him that that "Rapidly Colt" was passed the post already and would start at a nice price if I got on quickly.

Page Twenty

The head groom was further reported to have said that this Colt had the freest movement of any Colt he had ever trained. I rushed up to a bookmaker and put on 10/- at 100/8 and then realised I just had time for another Bass before the "Off." "Rapidly Colt" was, I noticed, No. 9 on the card. My Bass took rather longer to obtain that I had estimated, but I arrived in front of the stand just in time to see No. 9 lying a good second to a filly whose name, I subsequently found out, was "Keep Off," but I must say my No. 9 was rapidly coming up to the filly who from her appearance would definitely be a spinster all her life. Unfortunately, my eye had not seen the remainder of the field which had passed several seconds beforehand.

I therefore yelled at the top of my voice "Rapidly wins by a neck." "Thousand to one bar Rapidly." The crowd thought I must have gone mad. But, I realised that I had gone mad when I consoled myself by reading the race card and found that Rapidly Colt was by Kruschen out of Miss Eno. I later met my friend who smiling a sickly grin, asked me whether I had not realised it was all a joke.

For the next race I had to choose between "Virgin's Tangle", "Pollux" and "Pisaulis." "Virgins Tangle" was any price you liked. Getting no inspiration from the betting, I looked at the jockeys. Beer was riding "Pollux." Ray was on "Pisaulis" and Dick was on "Virgin's Tangle." I had only £2.00 with me and I had to have some more Bass and also get home, but suddenly I got a hunch after looking at the jockeys and put £1.00 to win and 10/- to place on "Virgin's Tangle" at 33 to 1.

On making careful calculations, I found that if perchance "Virgin's Tangle" were to win, I would be £37-2-6 better off.

It was a mile race which at Sandown Park means that they start down by the station and have two bends to negotiate before reaching the straight. I had another quick bass to strengthen me for the ordeal, and was just in time to see "Virgin's Tangle" canter past looking as if she was ready for anything. At last, they were off. At the first bend, there were two horses ahead of "Pisaulis" who was a length ahead of "Pollux" who appeared to be bumping and boring just in front of "Virgin's Tangle." At the second bend, "Pisaulis" had taken the lead. "Virgin's Tangle" was lying second with "Pollux" close up third. Beer was working hard on "Pollux" who suddenly gave a terrific spurt and passed "Virgin's Tangle," but could not get up to "Pisaulis."

Half way up the straight, "Virgin's Tangle" was balked and could not get a clear run. "Pollux," however, had shot his bolt and faded out of the race. It was now between "Pisaulis" and "Virgin's Tangle" the latter closing the gap at every stride. Amidst terrific cheering, "Virgin's Tangle" won by a short head, at which point my batman, who had turned on the wireless, woke me up and I heard that the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. had again been over Western Germany.

★

Even boys and girls are mobilized in Britain. Seven out of every ten between the ages of fourteen and seventeen are doing war work.

## "SAM SMALL AND LOGIC"

Our Sam was a rect owd "Joe",  
Lambd for every job of work,  
And hadn't t'gumption for say "No!",  
Instead he'd never shirk.

Until one day Owd Chiefy said,  
"Scrub and polish t'hangar floor,"  
Poor Owd Sam, he nearly died,  
And cussed and got quite sore.

Flight produced a 252,  
For Number, Rank and Name,  
Sam thought "Eel What a to do,  
I've just maself to blame."

And so th'lad went afore t'C.O.,  
Standin' there so meek and mild,  
Cap on t'floor, head bent low,  
Owd Groupy's Problem Child.

"Sam, me lad!", the four ring cried,  
"Tha'rt in a proper mess,  
Couldn't be worse if tha trier."  
Sam thought "C.B.—not less."

C.O. told how since last Fall,  
With figures there to show it,  
That Sam had done no work at all,  
Although he did not know it.

"Tha only works 8 hours a day,  
That's one third and no more,  
So you see I'll have to say,  
Days off are two-four-four!"

"14 days leave in every year,  
Plus 5 days Christmas Grant,  
Is 19 days of time off clear."  
Owd Groupy he did rant.

Sam stood there, mouth open wide,  
While Groupy's voice was raised,  
But speech to Sam it was denied,  
He gawked there, looking dazed.

C.O. went on, "A day a week,  
You have off come what may,  
That's 52 in all you seek,  
What's more it's all with pay!"

"And 48's each month you take,  
In a year it's two-four days,  
½ hour in t'"Y" for morning break,  
Mounts up to 7 more days!"

"Then didn't th'M.O. give you five  
Days off when you were bad?  
Why Goodness Gracious Man Alive,  
I'm gonna get rect mad!"

"Before tha came o'er here, my man,  
2 weeks for leave you had,  
Add all that up if you can,  
You'll be surprised, me lad!"

"Tha's never worked here in thy life,"  
Owd Groupy stormed and raved,  
"While t'world is full o' storm and strife,  
Tha scrounged and misbehaved."

Our Sam, respectful to the last,  
Chest out and head now high,  
"Excuse me Sir, but 'not so fast,  
I think my facts don't lie!"

Out of a pocket in his pants,  
He pulled a lengthy list,  
Of jobs he'd done, and then he rants,  
"What's think this is, SCOTCH MIST!"

Cpl. Bold, L.  
Flying Wing Orderly Room.



His partner was on his death bed and had sent for him.

"Joe," he said, "I want to make a confession so I may die peacefully. You see I've been robbing the firm continually for the last five years, it must be around \$50,000 by now. It was me that took your wife away from you, and now—"

"Don't worry, Sam," broke in the partner. "After all, it was me that poisoned you."

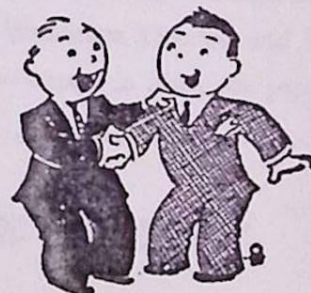
\*

It was the new butler's first reception, and as is usual in the best of circles, he had to announce the names of the guests as they arrived. The first family to arrive was the Robinsons, so he announced in a funeral manner: "Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Robinson and Miss Robinson." "Please be more brief James," said the master.

The next to arrive was the Crown family so James coolly announced "Fifteen Bob, Sir!"

\*

One home out of every five has been destroyed or damaged in air raids over Britain. More than 44,000 civilians have been killed and more than 50,000 injured. One thousand were killed in April of this year.



# Duffe Genne Agency Unlimited

(No connection with Kortin, Frenklen & Grahe—Butchers & Bone Merchants)

---

## SPECIAL THIS MONTH !!!

We are happy to announce we have now come to an amicable agreement with the Sickery, whereby you can be rendered unfit for duty for a period up to 48 hours, at short notice. . . . If you want a short spell in Dock or at Regina—Consult our Hypo Maniac—She will ensure that you don't raise a finger !!!

## TO FILLY HUNTERS !!!

Our GEN MEN are now in possession of a fully docketted list of addresses in Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Saskatoon and Calgary.

There is an acute shortage of Blondes in this Country—so rates are high.

*Brunettes and Mousy Haired Fillies—Introduction Rates 10 cents per leg.*

We regret that we are not yet in possession of details concerning thoroughbred English Fillies—Most of the English girls have their husbands here in Canada and are not yet browned off with them—We expect to have a long list next month.

## CAUTION !!!

## TO TEARERS UP OF MENUS !!!

The Duffe Genne Snoop is on your trail—all personnel caught partaking in this fiendist sport will be handed over to the Chief Chink and dealt with most severely.

All ranks are asked to co-operate in saving paper—the introduction of the English custom of eating Fish and Chips a la newspaper has caused an acute shortage in Canada.

*We don't want to cut off your Fish and Chips!*

## TO PICTURE LOVERS !!!

When in the Flicks, all ranks are requested to co-operate with the Management.

*MUSHERS—Please take the rear pews—it's difficult to see through two thick heads.*

Do your mushing in the Park—There are several cosy seats in well secluded positions—If you cannot get off early enough to grab one—consult our Mush expert—he will reserve one for you at a small cost.

## TO SCROUNGERS !!!

To those of you who like to sneak away and have a crafty drag at a cigarette!

*Have You Tried Our Wizzo Cigarettes—Guaranteed Smokeless, Odorless and Invisible.*

Supremely blended with best Canadian Bulloney—wrapt in black rice paper.

---

**THE DUFFE GENNE AGENCY**

have

A Snoop in Every Corner

## SASKATCHEWAN RIVER CONQUERED

Other people's misfortunes always seem to give us one heck of a kick. No less than usual was this the case occasioned by the following little incident, which occurred during the Boxing Team's return visit to Saskatoon.

The Greyhound Coach carrying the team pulled up at the Ferry Boat Landing at Saskatoon with its usual noiseless approach.

Having, of course, just missed the boat, several of the lads, being of a nosey turn of mind, had to de-bus and inspect the famed Saskatchewan River Currents, about which we have heard so much, but being Englishmen, had put down as Canadian baloney.

A discussion broke out on the bank which resulted in one of the laddies issuing a challenge to the trainer of the boxing team to swim across for five bucks.

This was right up Dave's street, and although strictly against Air Force etiquette, and not at all the sort of thing you would mention to your mother, he without further ado, commenced rapidly to disrobe on the river bank, in full view of the populace. Several fillies, passing at the time, swooned in anticipation of the sight of Dave clad in his birthday suit, and those senior members of the party who knew that this sort of thing really was not done, simply buried their faces in their old school ties and looked out of the opposite window of the bus.

Finally, Dave, having divested himself of all unnecessary garments, stood revealed to the crowd in the cutest little pair of panties ever; reminiscent of Buster Keaton in his earlier days.

He dangled his left toe in the water and remarked "lumme it's cold," but with so much beer at stake, he boldly plunged the other one in. A terrific shudder could be seen running through his sylph like figure, but that was about all that could be seen for a time, as the famed Saskatchewan Current, sensing a mere Englishman was about to take up its challenge, decided to take a hand. Thereupon, Dave was firmly gripped and swirled down the river.

Dave took a poor view of this and thrashed the water as he hoped the boys were going to thrash the Canadian Navy later in the day. The nett result of this was about 20 yards progress across stream with a drift of about 200 yards down the river. Sensing that things were not going according to plan, and having no wish to swim the Atlantic tout seul until he'd seen the results of his training of the laddoes, he yelled to Ginge to bring a boat.

Now there were a couple of dubious looking craft firmly moored to the ferry boat landing, so Ginge and Gopher dived into one, and naturally having failed to observe the anchors and the fact that the boats were tied together, their eyes having been taking in the local fillies, who now seemed to be getting quite a kick out of Dave, commenced to pull like the clappers. After five minutes strenuous exercise, the nett result of which was a

general disturbing of the fish infested waters, some bright laddo suggested it might be an idea to untie the boats and drop the anchor overboard.

Being bright boys, Ginge and Gopher responded nobly to this suggestion, and after much wrestling with ropes, they got the boats separated and clanked the anchor overboard, thereby almost drowning the occupants of the other boat.

Now it appears that Ginge and Gopher were quite unfamiliar with oars, and the boat seemed destined to suffer the same fate as Dave, as the swirling current rapidly propelled them downstream, some distance from the unfortunate Dave, about whose fate the crowd had begun to become apprehensive.

However, fortunately for our worthy acceptor of challenges, a local, seeing Dave's difficulties, had put to sea from the opposite bank and quickly drew alongside, telling him to jump on board.

Having made 50 yards of the 100 odd yards crossing, Dave was not willing to give up his five bucks so easily, so told the boatman to just hang around and endeavour to cut off his retreat to the Atlantic, whilst he set about the Current. He thereupon suited his actions to his words and gave the Current a real flogging, and actually succeeded in making the other side, greatly to the relief of the now much enlarged crowd, who has already begun to feel in their pockets to see if they had enough ackers to contribute towards a wreath.

Dave was jubilantly brought up to the Landing Stage, where by this time, the Ferry Boat had docked, and presented with no little ceremony with the well earned five bucks.

Meanwhile Ginge and Gopher had given up the chase, having realised that if Dave had had to depend upon their joint efforts, he would have been consigned to a very watery grave. After much terrific rowing, they managed to get the boat back to the Stage in time to witness the presentation.

A towel was rapidly produced and many hands dried Dave off and he was planted in the Bus before he could accept any further challenges or swim back to the other side.

*Onlooker.*



Sitting in my car at the Airport No. 39 during the heat yesterday I must have fallen asleep. On awakening in the blurr I saw or rather had visions that I was back in the South of England again. For before my slowly clearing eyes I saw a man with a string of onions. This was a Breton and known in the south of England as a Johnny Onions. He was carrying them on his shoulder.

As my vision cleared I found that my eyes had deceived me for it was the "SANITARY ORDERLY" carrying a back load of "RED LABELLED TOILET PAPER."

## THE COMPLEAT TELEPHONIST OR YOUR TELEPHONE AND ITS USE

All telephone users and prospective customers should read these hints in order to increase their technique in the noble art of telephoning, and annoying people by waking them up with the ring of the telephone bell.

When you want to invite a pal to a tete a tete, never wait until you see him at lunch, just give him a ring on the 'phone, preferably at a time when the exchange is busy. This will considerably annoy the exchange staff and they will take your orders with alacrity.

To use the phone, approach it with the nonchalance of a veteran, grasp the little handle in front and wind it continuously for at least three minutes. When done with vigour and abandon this wringing causes the operator to drop his (her) knitting. Of course some operators don't only knit—they play chess, some fancy themselves at a nice friendly little game of nap (nickel a trick), and the juniors invariably are Ludo enthusiasts. The operator, thinking you are probably a novice, will say very rapidly "Number? Number please?" Now the beginner being easily scared will be frightened into passing the number he requires at once, but that will never do for the old hand. Get him to repeat "Number? Number please?" at least three times before imparting with the number you require. Shout this number at the operator, it is a famed fact that telephone exchange operators are chosen for their deafness, mainly so that they can't hear any complaints.

*Don't Be Sneered At.* Having made sure you are connected to the right number, let the operator know in no uncertain terms that you have been waiting for him to answer for at least half an hour. Make no mistake, otherwise all your previous will have been to no avail, and the operator will sneer at you for being an amateur.

For your future guidance, here are a few times one may expect to wait for a reply from some of the Camp Telephone Exchange operators:

*Maggy:* Never answers in less than ten minutes—belongs to the telephone operators' union—a good union member.

*Penty:* Usually half-an-hour—sometimes longer—never quicker.

*Eato:* (No connection with the Mail Order Stores). Early closing daily at 1300 hours.

You have now arrived at the time to let the operator know what you want. He will try and get a number out of you, thwart him. It is always better to ask for your friend by name, he has to find out what section he's in, and that takes time.

*Bawl Him Out.* The correct way to pass a number is as follows: Take the phone to the nearest radio which should be full on, and whisper the number you want. There is a distinct possibility that you will have to repeat this number owing to the afore-

mentioned deafness of operators, but don't lose heart, just bawl the fellow out, preferably in cockney or broad Lancashire.

A reasonable operator should now try to connect you with the number you are calling. It is here that the good subscriber shines. When the reply comes back that the number is engaged, just tell him that you know it isn't engaged as your call is expected, the operator is only trying to pull a fast one on you. When you are told that there is no reply, don't you believe it, tell the operator that there is always SOMEONE about as the phone is manned all day by some poor erk or other. Tell him to ring again adding "and the correct number this time," and then you will be reasonably sure provided you are determined and ruthless enough of getting a reply from your number.

During the time you are waiting for someone to fetch your pal to the phone, start playing with the handle. After a little while, if you have been playing correctly, the operator will ask you if you have finished. As you haven't finished or even started *Let Him Have It*, he knows perfectly well that he has only just connected you so let him have it again, this time in Welsh or if you aren't good at that in real Scotch. Don't be squeamish, the operator will lean back in his chair and tell his fellow conspirators that here is a subscriber who knows his job and your name will become a byword with the telephone exchange.

When you receive a call, it is very bad form to answer right away and identify yourself—be a man and let it ring, then the Exchange will think you are a terrifically busy fellow, and not to be rung up by just anybody.

*Security.* Never answer the phone by identifying yourself and your job, this gives away vital information. Let them fish for it a bit.

Finally, never ring off, or if you do, just the lightest touch will do—this may mean that if you want to use the phone immediately after you needn't use the hardworked exchange, and you'll be able to add that little tit bit that you forgot to tell your pal when you were speaking to him. Of course this only applies if you have any tit bits to offer for your pal's enjoyment.

By using the above methods, you will find that no one will ever want to telephone you who have had some experience of your technique, and then you can apply to have the phone removed as redundant, and you know that's what you were after in the first place anyway.

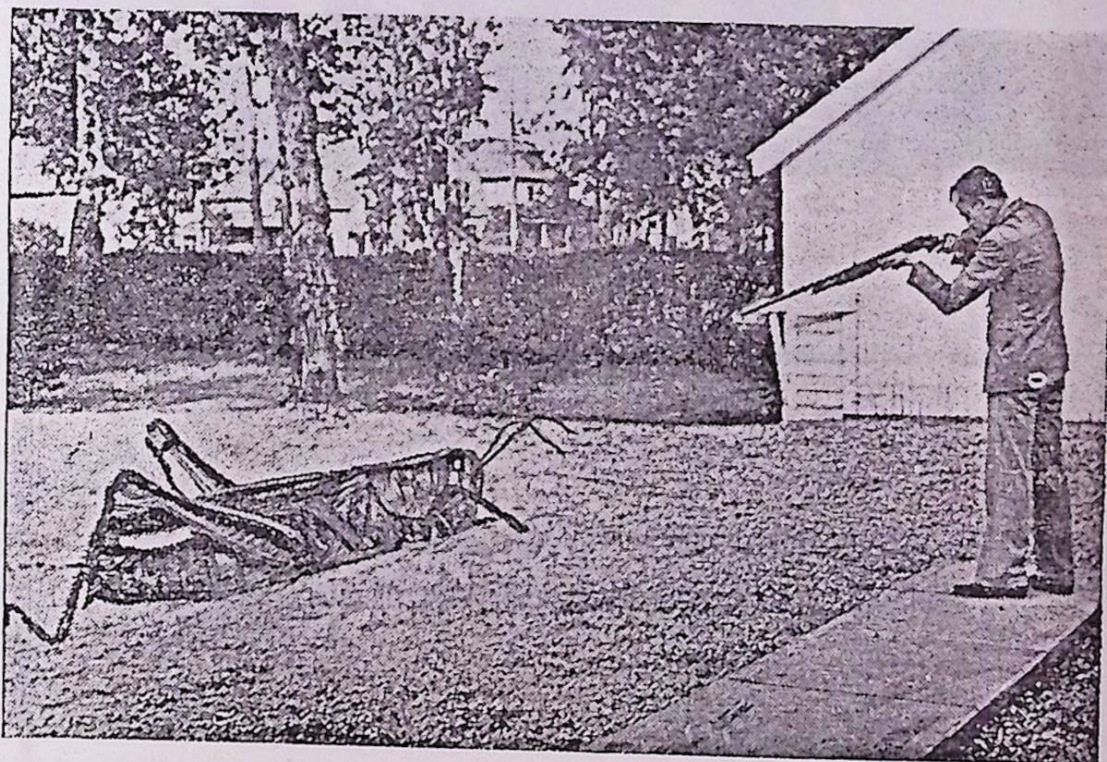
King.

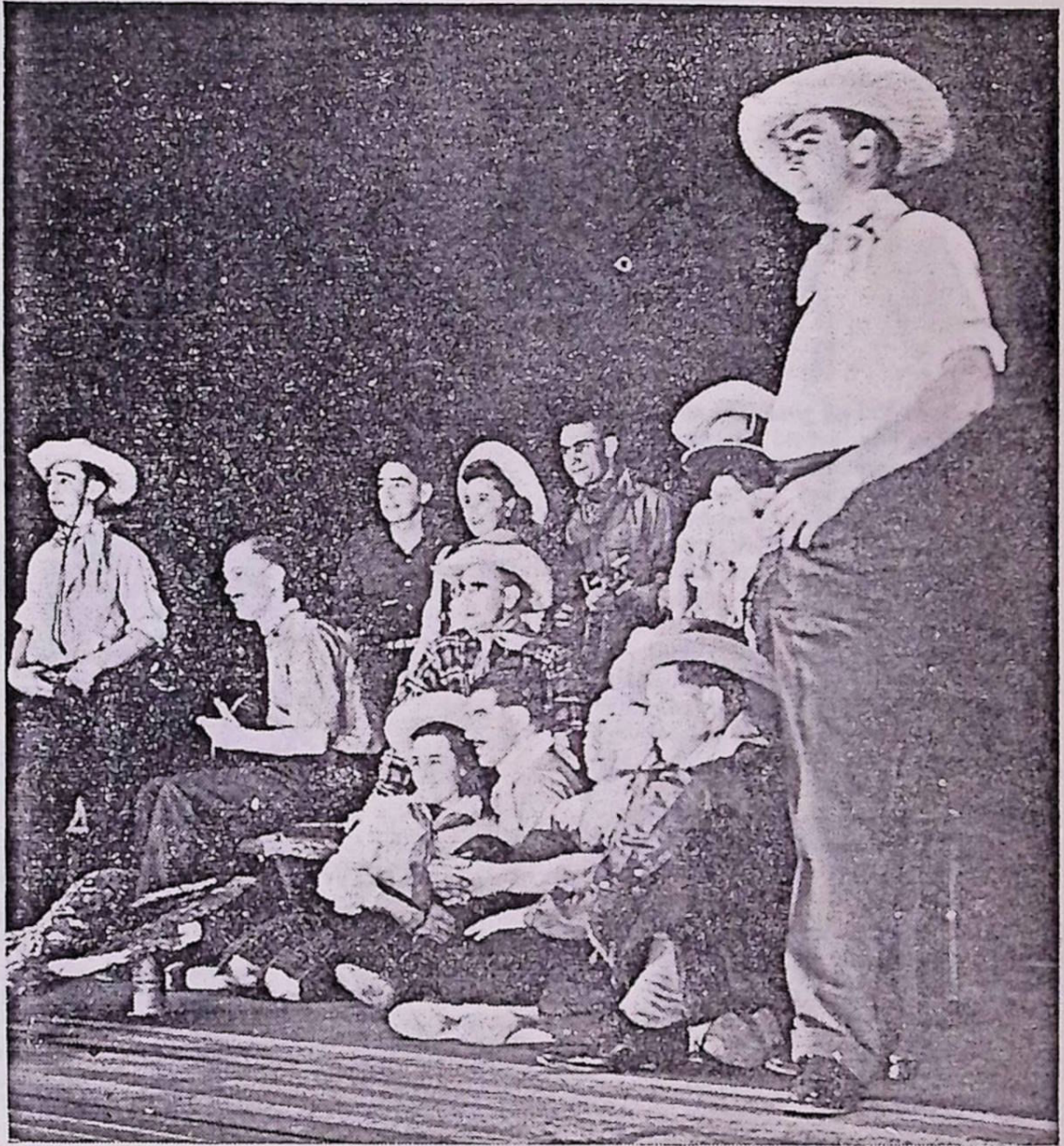


Britain produces today the best all-round fighter aircraft in the world. The Spifire, constantly improved in design, has a record of acknowledged superiority. The Bristol Beau-fighter has no equal in its combination of speed, range and fighting power.



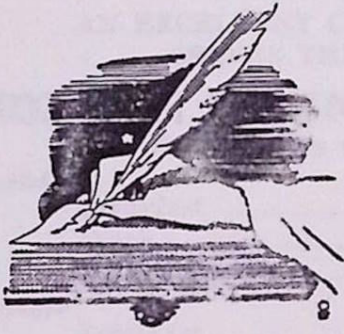
*The Erk and the Store-basker go on leave.*





***Let us have your contribution  
for the Christmas number now.***

# Poet's Corner



## SYLVAN CITY OF THE WEST

Basking in the sunshine,  
In the valley of the hills,  
Beneath the lofty cascade  
With its sparkling falls and rills.  
Lies Banff; the Sylvan City,  
In a dreamy sweet repose  
Enfolded in the bosom  
Of "the Lady of the snows."

With her glens and yawning canyons,  
Her smiling hills and dales,  
Sparkling fountains, crystal rivers,  
Flowing through her shady vales,  
And the mountains towering skywards  
With a wild majestic pose,  
Adding lustre to the beauty  
Of "the Lady of the snows."

When breaks the summer morn,  
And nature's all astir.  
And the squirrels are swinging, springing,  
From the balsam to the fir.  
Or sporting with their playmates  
O'er rocky crag and fell,  
And playing peck-a-boo among  
The bushes in the dell.

When Sol shines in all his glory,  
And the summer breeze blows mild,  
And the shimmering trees are whispering  
The sweet language of the wild,  
There embraced in sylvan beauty,  
Love and liberty entwines,  
While bathing in the shadows,  
And the fragrance of the pines.

When the glistening rays of sunshine  
Tint in mellow bronze, and gold,  
The beauty of the landscape,  
And the bursting buds unfold  
Their blossoms, and the zephyrs  
Waft the perfume from the rose,  
We behold in all her loveliness,  
"The Lady of the snows."

Yet, there's a weird-like fascination  
In the wild and rugged scene,  
With the sombre coloured mountains,  
Embroidered here and there with green,  
And there's a mellow, sweet sensation  
Of calm and peaceful rest,  
Where Banff revels in her glory.  
Sylvan City of the West.

*The Corporal.*

*Rudyard Kipling, when on a visit to this country,  
gave to the Dominion of Canada the name of  
"The Lady Of the Snows."*



## WINTER

In winter there is calm  
And peace of death  
While frozen winds embalm  
With icy breath.

For nature then is still  
And all that grows  
Is held invisible  
Beneath her snows

Happy we may not see  
Beneath the earth  
And note the agony  
Of her re-birth.

---

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Lunch ----- 12.30 to 2.00  
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of Southwestern Saskatchewan*



# Y.M.C.A.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we once more greet you from this page of your top place Magazine. And that we can report to you most satisfactory results of and from our activities of the past month. While there is the inevitable tendency for activities such as ours to become mere routine, yet there are always sufficient of the unforeseen to make life interesting, and give scope for innovations and necessity for initiative.

★

As the Canteen is one of the major factors in our "Y" program on this Station, it is gratifying to record a continued increase in patronage, with resulting increases in volume of sales. More and more we are brought face to face with the fact of Canada's All Out War Effort in respect to the increasing difficulty being experienced in the procuring of various items of Canteen Merchandise and we are often put to it to get adequate supplies. Suppliers are being curtailed in essential ingredients, and as a consequence, we have to find suitable substitutes. But we do appreciate your ready understanding and acceptance of the inevitable.

★

The first Airmen's concert on October 13th, was, according to all reports, well taken, and appreciated. Your Supervisor is indeed indebted to all those who so ably came forward and contributed, as also to those who assisted in this evening's fun. The next one will be held on November 10th, and will, we hope, be still better. It is pleasing to note the number of those with talent who have come forward and offered their services. We urge you to continue to do this, as only by co-operative effort can there Impromptu affairs be wholly satisfactory.

★

The Station Glee Club was organized October 14th, and twenty-two good men and true were out for rehearsal last Thursday. A Choir of at least forty voices should be available on this Station, and plenty of entertainment for those taking part will be found in this activity. In corporation of this group in the Station Concert Party will mean bags of singing opportunity for members.

Now for some news of the "Y" in the Home Land. Just come to hand is a report of the Scope of Work being carried on by the Y.M.C.A. in Great Britain which contains the following figures:

Supervisors .....	48
Civilian Helpers .....	34
Service Helpers .....	140

In addition to these, 1500 voluntary workers, mostly women, were helping in canteens and centres. The "Y" is serving in 1203 centres or locations, with an approximate total participation in all program activities for the first six months of this year of 6,500,000.

Page Thirty

It may be interesting to learn that, probably no army in History ever wrote so many letters as the men of the three services being raised or trained in Canada. Free writing materials for these men are supplied by the Canadian Legion, Salvation Army, Knights of Columbus and the Y.M.C.A. Some conception of the amount of letter writing done by the armed forces of Canada, and in Canada, may be obtained from the following figures of the Y.M.C.A.'s activities in this one branch of their service. Since the beginning of the war in 1939, a total of sixty-six million sheets of writing paper has been given free of cost to the troops by the Y. If this quantity of paper was piled sheet upon sheet, it would form a column of paper sixteen thousand, five hundred feet in height—or more than half as high as Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain.

R.H.S.



## « BOXING »

To the boys of 39 S.F.T.S. and those late of 37 S.F.T.S., now serving on this station.

This is my first opportunity of being able to write about the Boxing on this Station, which has been hard work but perhaps after reading this article readers will agree it has been worth it.

Up to now there has been enough talent on the Station to enable the picking of a fairly good team, who have upheld 39 S.F.T.S. and won every Tournament. As a reminder here is a list of our victories— 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw; Army Basic Training School, Maple Creek; H.M.C.S. Unicorn and 7 I.T.S., Saskatoon, and 32 E.F.T.S., Bowden.

The Eilers Trophy was competed for every time and is now our own after winning it for the third consecutive time.

Now lads what I really want to point out is that "39" wants to keep on winning until we have the finest team in Canada, but this cannot be done unless new talent is coming forward all the time, because as you know the R.A.F. has a nasty habit of posting people. It must be said at this stage that the backbone of the boxing team is and always has been Maintenance Section and the Flights, but there must be quite a lot of hidden talent, so come along to the Drill Shed. Neither the Sports Officer or myself, as trainer, object to any of the boxers playing other sports so don't let this deter you. Although at times when boxers have played football I get a sick feeling owing to the fact that I visualise a casualty and a last minute substitution.

Owing to the fact that we have lost three boxers it is very difficult to always find substitutes, so would the lads of S.H.Q. and other sections please try and replace such fellows as Don Shields and Winnie Churchill, who helped so much to form the Boxing Team.

(Continued on Page 32)



*This Magazine*

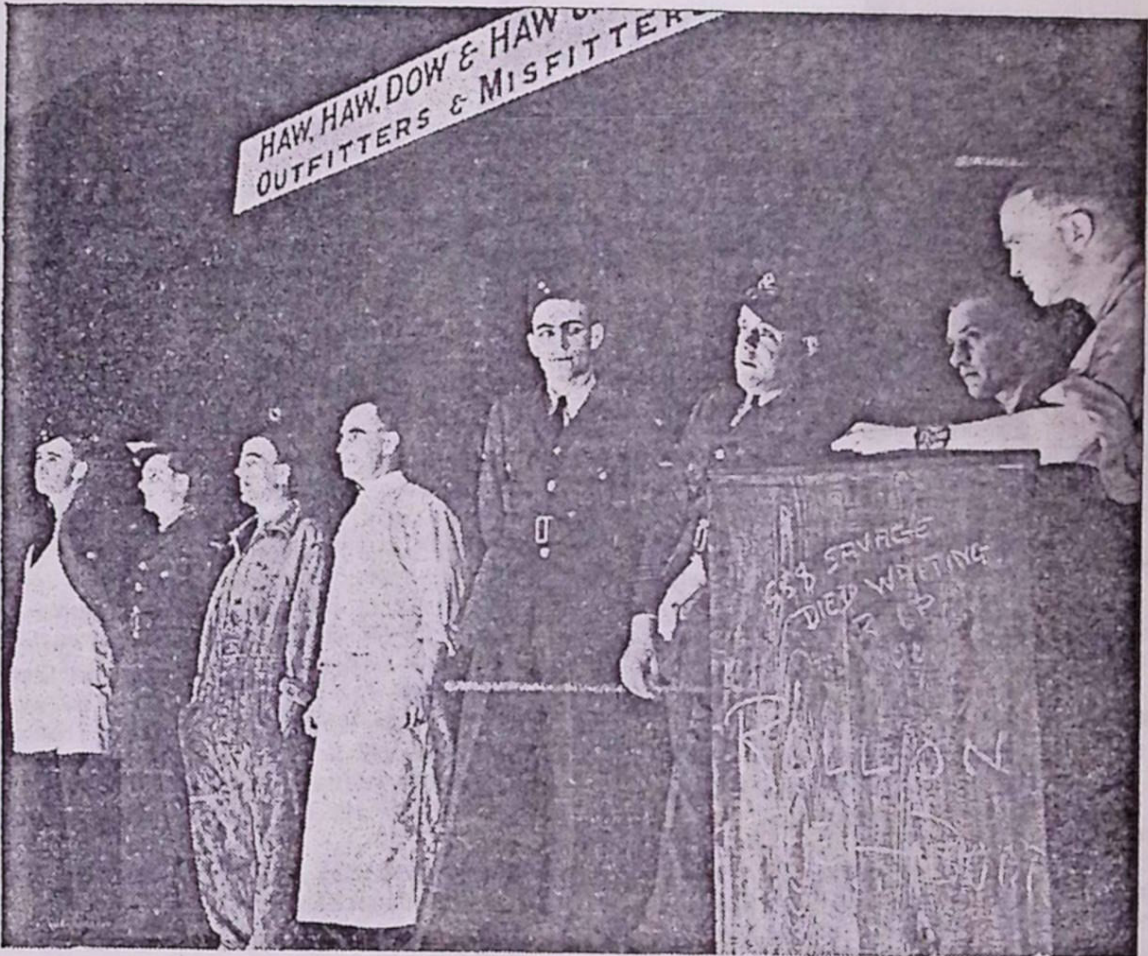
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## BOXING

(Continued from Page 30)

Training commences every night at 17.00 so come along and see what you can do, after all, you only have one body and surely should try and look after it. The Sports Officer has arranged for a fine fixture list for the coming winter and so with your co-operation we will have some fine tournaments on the Etation. I will not tell you what a fine time we have when we go away as a team. I will leave the boxing team to enlighten you on what some of you are missing.

Up to the present no talent from those late of 37 S.F.T.S. has come forward, except LAC. Armstrong, this is bad because I feel confident they are hiding some dark horses. Just remember that to see fresh faces is the finest encouragement that a trainer can have. I will help you as much as I possibly can so come along and support the Sports Officer "Monty", the Officer i/c Boxing "Chips" and most of all your Station the "Fighting 39."

Last and not least as the boxing team will always remember that the Sports Officer "Monty", who on his first time as Sports Officer, stood with them in their corner for the whole nine contests at Saskatoon along side myself which it must be admitted is a great piece of sportsmanship for any officer to undertake.

*Dave "Doc" Savage.*

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# The Forum



*Open for Free Discussion*

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

## PRESERVING BRITAIN'S NATURAL HERITAGE

Some time before the war Britain awakened to the fact that if her natural heritage were to be preserved she must follow America's example and create great national parks. Suggestions that the government should plan several of these on the lines of the famous Yellowstone Park in the United States, though naturally on a much smaller scale, roused great interest. These plans had to be laid aside when war broke out, but already fresh ones are in hand for a renewed post-war campaign to establish the first national parks in the Lake District, the Pennines, Snowdonia, Dartmoor and Central Wales, where wild creatures can live in their natural habitat.

Since the war began Britons have seen a good deal of their heritage of common land closed to them in the interests of national safety. A countryman soldier returning to his village on leave often finds it hardly recognizable. Perhaps the path from the station, which used to cross the fields and enter the village street, conveniently near the "Pig and Whistle," has been engulfed by the plough. Or soldiers may now be encamped on the common, and armored cars drawn up on the village green. Perhaps the track to the neighboring town has been closed because it passes too near a new airdrome, or the "big wood" is fenced as War Department property and used as a parking place for tanks and trucks.

In the same way great stretches of magnificent sea coast are now closed to the public in the interests of general safety and to make victory more certain.

Coast and common, footpath and bridle path, however, are part of the heritage of the people of England, and the utmost care is being taken to insure that when the war is over they will be returned to the people. When the young men and women exchange their uniforms for civilian clothes they will be able to range the countryside as freely, perhaps even more freely, than ever they did. When casual visitors come to Britain's shores again they will find that the charm has been completely restored.

Chief guardian of the people's rights in these matters is an influential organization called the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preserva-

tion Society. The Marquess of Crewe is the Society's president, Lord Harmsworth its chairman and Lord Baldwin is among its vice-presidents. It maintains close contact with the Ministry of Agriculture and other Government departments affected. This body has just completed a memorandum on post-war planning which provides not only for the return to the people of all that has been taken away, but also for a wide extension of their rights in many respects.

There are about 2,500 square miles of commons in England and Wales which have belonged to the people from time immemorial. These have not only provided open spaces for the recreation of townspeople since the Middle Ages, but have also provided country folk with free grazing for their animals and with brushwood or peat for fuel.

This land is protected from enclosure by act of Parliament. In the last war a considerable acreage was appropriated for various national purposes under special powers, but was all restored afterward, though in some cases only after a long struggle.

### *Post-War Proposals*

This time, under the Defense Regulations, the process is being repeated on a much greater scale. Large tracts of common land have been taken, among other purposes, for airdromes, ranges, hatted camps, tank training or bombing grounds, hospitals, factory sites and allotments. Smaller pieces have been used for air raid shelters. Watchful members of Parliament have made quite sure, however, that the Government is pledged to return all these to their rightful owners when the time comes.

After the war children will have more playing fields and playgrounds. The general public will enjoy more parks, small ornamental grounds and streamside or riverside walks, if the Society is successful in its efforts.

### *Mountains and Moors*

Just prior to 1939, after a spirited controversy, the public won the right to walk on some hitherto barred mountains and moors, heaths and downlands and cliffs. Then the war broke out and Britain had more important things to attend to. But the Society is acting as the people's watchdog and when peace is proclaimed it proposes to conduct a campaign to gain more rights.

Footpaths have always meant a lot to the British

---

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—they represent many jealously guarded rights-of-way. Then, there is the question of signposts. In days when they were used only by local people, these were not of importance, but when hiking became popular they were a necessity. Since the invasion threat, signposts have disappeared, even from the main roads, lest they be of use to an invader. Their return will be one of the most welcome gifts of peace.

Another lost part of the British heritage is some of the hinterland bordering the coasts. It is now almost impossible to reach the shore because of building. Nothing can be done at present, but after the war the right public access to the coast is one of the things for which the Society will campaign vigorously.

All these amenities will, of course, be subsidiary

---



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to the general planning of town and country now being prepared by Lord Reith, the Minister of Works and Buildings, but they will help to give back the beauty of the English countryside to the English people.



During a Blackout rehearsal in Kent, England in August a "casualty" was labelled "Arterial Bleeding" and was directed to wait on a seat in a country district until picked up by a Stretcher Party. At the end of three hours he was very bored and rather chilly. No one had found him so he left the following note pinned to the seat: "Bled to Death. Gone Home."

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

## November Attractions at Swift Current Theatres

### EAGLE

Mon.-Tues., Nov. 2, 3, "A GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK," mystery melodrama with Brian Donlevy and Miriam Hopkins.

Wed. to Sat., Nov. 4, 5, 6, 7, "TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI," action drama of the Marines, in technicolor, John Payne, Maureen O'Hara and Randolph Scott.

Mon., Tues., Wed., Nov. 9, 10, 11, "THE GAY SISTERS," strong drama with Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent.

Thur., Fri., Sat., Nov. 12, 13, 14, "IN THIS OUR LIFE." Drama with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland and George Brent.

Mon., Tues., Nov. 16, 17, "MEN IN HER LIFE," drama with Loretta Young, Conrad Veidt and Dean Jagger.

Wed., Thurs., Nov. 18, 19, "BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT," grand comedy with Arthur Lake and Penny Singleton.

Fri., Sat., Nov. 20, 21, "THE BUGLE SOUNDS" comedy-melodrama with Wallace Beery, Marjorie Main and Lewis Stone.

Mon., Tues., Nov. 23, 24, "THE GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT," historical melodrama of well known school, with Geo. Montgomery, Maureen O'Hara.

Wed., Thurs., Nov. 25, 26, "THE WIFE TAKES A FLYER," comedy-melodrama with Joan Bennett and Franchot Tone.

Fri., Sat., Nov. 27, 28, "MISS ANNIE ROONEY," comedy with Shirley Temple, Dickie Moore, Guy Kibbee and William Gargan.

Mon., Tues., Nov. 30, Dec. 1, "MAISIE GETS HER MAN," comedy with Ann Sothorn and Red Skelton.

### LYRIC

Mon., Tues., Nov. 2, 3 (Double Feature) "RIDERS OF THE TIMBERLINE," action western, Bill Boyd and Andy Clyde. "NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS," mystery drama with Preston Foster and Albert Dekker.

Wed. to Sat., Nov. 4, 5, 6, 7, "TORTILLA FLAT," grand comedy with Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr and John Garfield.

Mon. to Sat., No. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 (All Week) "REAP THE WILD WIND," one of the best pictures of the year, in beautiful technicolor, great story, action and thrills, Ray Milland, John Wayne and Paulette Goddard.

Mon., Tues., Nov. 16, 17 (Double Feature) "SWEETHEART OF THE FLEET," musical comedy with Joan Davis, Jinx Falkenburg and Joan Woodbury, and "RIDERS OF THE BADLANDS," western with Charles Starrett and Russell Hayden.

Wed. to Sat., Nov. 18, 19, 20, 21, "THE TALK OF THE TOWN," a very good comedy, with Ronald Coleman, Gary Grant and Jean Arthur.

Mon., Tues., Nov. 23, 24 (Double Feature) "THE AFFAIRS OF MARTHA," ribtickling comedy with Marsha Hunt and Richard Carlson. Also "PIERRE OF THE PLAINS," back-woods drama with John Carroll, Ruth Hussey and Bruce Cabot.

Wed. to Sat., Nov. 25, 26, 27, 28, FANTASIA, feature-length Disney cartoon, music, story action and color marvelous, also on this program "MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST," comedy with Lupe Velez and Leon Errol.

Mon. to Sat., Nov. 30, Dec. 5, "MRS. MINIVER," with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, outstanding picture of the season.

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Sixty-eight percent of the population of India are Hindus, twenty-two percent Moslems; though in four of the eleven provinces of British India the Moslems are in the majority. The remaining ten percent, including such important communities as the Sikhs, belong to a wide variety of races and creeds.

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•

Jack Westlake, Prop.

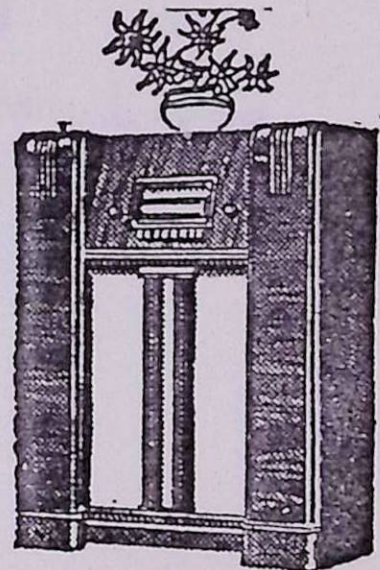
# *RCA Victor* RADIO

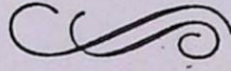
**VICTOR RECORDS  
SHEET MUSIC  
RADIO REPAIRS**

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# Sykes Piano Parlors

SWIFT CURRENT





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