

DECEMBER 1942

10 CENTS

*The*

# SWIFT

*A Review of Current Events*

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



WE MAKE TO YOUR MEASURE  
**ARMY, AIR FORCE AND NAVAL UNIFORMS**

For Real Value we have the goods. See our Clothes, all tailored  
by Fashion-Craft Manufacturing Ltd.

WE GUARANTEE FIT AND SATISFACTION

*Our Stock of Men's Furnishings are complete.*

**Ed. McKenzie Limited**

SWIFT CURRENT

-:-

SASK.

**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS**

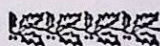
FROM

**WALKINSHAW'S**

(64 Central Avenue)

**TOILETRIES OF ALL KINDS**

*Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas  
and a Happy New Year*



**FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME**

When making up parcels for friends or relatives overseas, be sure to look through EATON'S Mail Order Catalogue. As a source of gift suggestions it can't be beaten.

Send us a list of the goods you wish to order along with remittance and sufficient money to cover postage, and be sure to give complete name and address of consignee. We will do the rest. Your order will be carefully filled, packed, correctly addressed and mailed. An acknowledgement of your order will be sent to you.

PLEASE NOTE: Postal charges on parcels to Civilians in Great Britain, 24c for the first pound and 18c for each pound thereafter. Shipment not to exceed five pounds gross weight. Postal charges on parcels to members of the Armed Forces in Great Britain, 12c a pound. Shipment not to exceed eleven pounds.

Address Your Letters  
to Mail Order Service  
Dept.

THE **T. EATON CO** LIMITED

Swift Current Order  
Office  
106 Central Ave.

It's  
got that  
extra  
something



**Swift Current  
Bottling Works**



# VENICE CAFE

Central  
Avenue



Swift  
Current

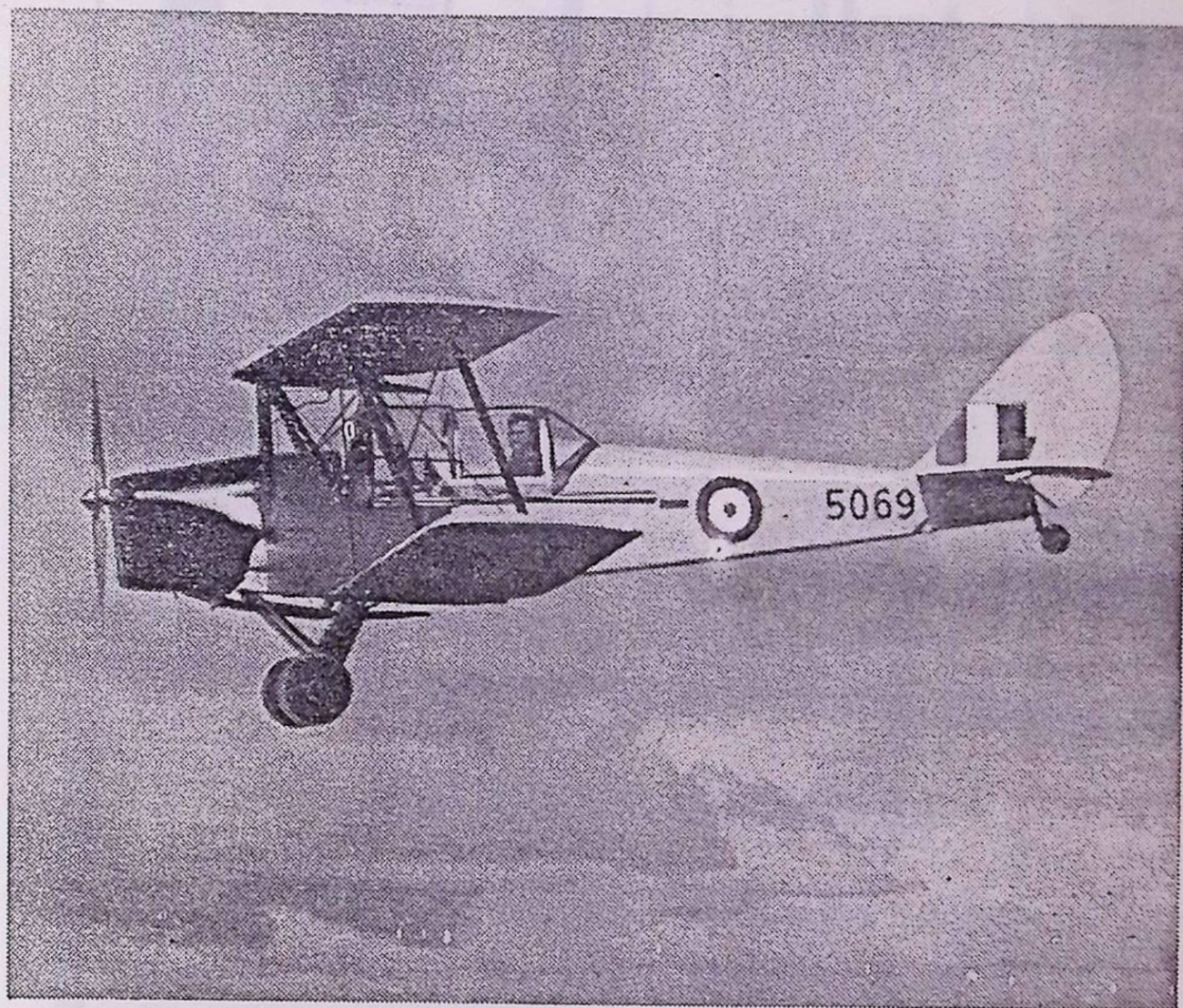
**TO ALL OUR PATRONS WE EXTEND  
HEARTY CHRISTMAS GREETINGS**

and wish them

**A BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR**

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# DE HAVILLAND



## **TIGER MOTHS CHOSEN AS PRIMARY TRAINER IN EMPIRE TRAINING SCHEME**

Quick take-off, manoeuverability and moderate landing speeds make the De Havilland Tiger Moth an ideal trainer to teach unskilled student pilots the art of flying.

**The De Havilland Aircraft of Canada, Limited**

TORONTO

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ONTARIO



# KLING'S Dept. Store



The Popular Priced Store for  
MEN'S, WOMEN'S and  
CHILDREN'S WEAR



*Wishes You All  
A Merry Christmas*

## Christmas Greetings

For gifts to Wife, Hubby, Girl Friend or Boy Friend

*We have them*

# TOYS

SKATES - OUTFITS - SLEIGHS

# THE PARK HARDWARE

PHONE 2647

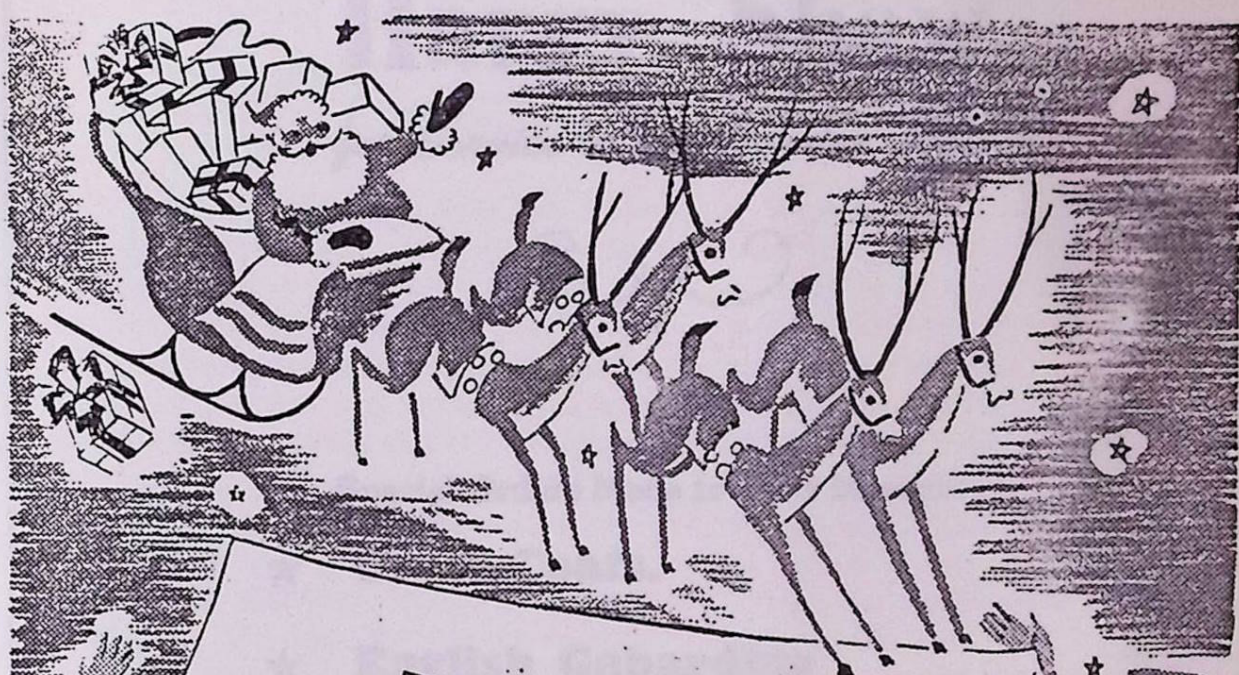


SEEMS LIKE EVERYBODY'S ASKING FOR "SPECIAL EXPORT". WHY? BECAUSE A NEW METHOD OF BREWING GIVES IT FINER FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE. YES, IT'S A NEW FAVORITE — WHY NOT MAKE IT YOUR FAVORITE?

Brewed by  
**SASKATCHEWAN'S BEER SPECIALISTS**  
 BREWERS REGINA LTD. REGINA, SASK.

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# The Swift

*A Review of Current Events*

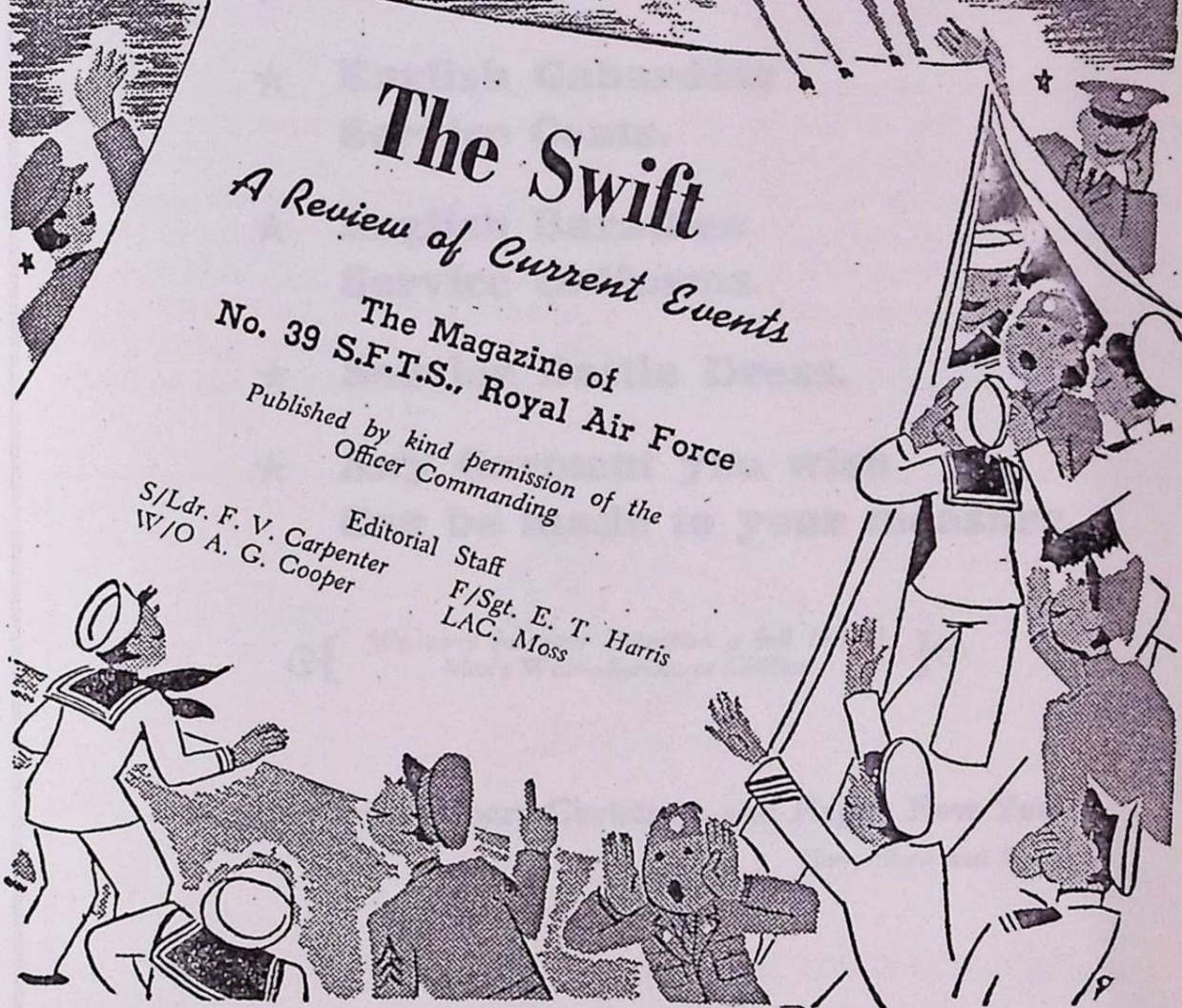
The Magazine of  
No. 39 S.F.T.S., Royal Air Force

Published by kind permission of the  
Officer Commanding

Editorial Staff

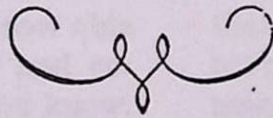
S/Ldr. F. V. Carpenter  
W/O A. G. Cooper

F/Sgt. E. T. Harris  
LAC. Moss



# Harry Shaw

*for Service to the Service Man*



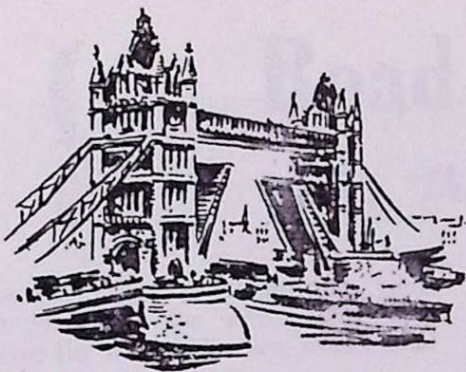
Special Orders Made to Your Measure

- ★ **Great Coats.**
- ★ **English Gabardine Service Coats.**
- ★ **English Barathea Service Uniforms.**
- ★ **Service Battle Dress.**
- ★ **Any Garment you wish Can be made to your measure.**

*We carry for your inspection a full line of*  
*Men's Wear—Service or Civilian*

Wishing You a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

*Harry Shaw and Staff.*



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# Editorial

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In the last issue we told you that The Swift was dying. We are now able to state, that with your help and co-operation, we can save it. As you know, advertising revenue has been the main source of our financial support and has enabled us to produce and sell The Swift for ten cents, when the actual cost of production has been thirty cents.

Since we are not allowed to accept advertising, although most of the local merchants are only too willing to support us in this way, as witness the number of advertisements appearing in this issue, we have thought up a few schemes for raising funds to carry on, and these we will tell you about later. It is asked that any ideas that may occur to anyone on the Station for the furtherance of this noble experiment may be submitted to our Business Manager.

We want to show the Powers-that-be that these R.A.F. Publications are important to us and that their entertainment value contributes to the general morale of the Station.

Such publications must have individuality and their contents be local and topical. It is difficult to see how a Magazine published from Headquarters can possibly hold any interest or have any bearing on the life of our particular community.

Therefore, we must keep The Swift flying and to this end we propose to publish it as a Quarterly Review of Current Events, so that our next issue will appear on 1st March, 1943.

Save The Swift and save your copies. In future years, you will be able to recapture those gloriously happy days you spent on the Prairies.

F.V.C.

SWIFT



CURRENT

JEWELLERS

GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

R.A.F. Crested Jewellery

***We cordially invite you to visit our store***

# Road Signs

By The Padre

Didn't I warn everybody that the moment "yours truly" was brought on to the writing staff of a paper or magazine the said publication would head up for some difficulty or another?

I must confess that as the months went by and I was able to indulge in paragraphs of heavy and lighter vein the anxiety had given place to relief, and to a feeling all too good to be true, that the hoodoo which had clamped down on all parish magazines in which I had a finger and pen had really evaporated.

You can judge the nature of my consternation when the news came through that all was not well with the advertising world, that envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness had so gravely disturbed the very life of our beloved journal as to make it difficult to continue its publication. If it were not that this threat against the freedom of the press was Dominion wide, I would feel personally responsible for the near calamity. No one hopes more than I do that better times will come. Indirectly, it is a wonderful tribute to the popularity of this type of periodical.

Now with the approach of Christmas and the Season when "goodwill towards men" is most marked, our minds can find better occupation. Instinctively our thoughts speed homewards, to the hedgerows where the holly is bright-scarlet and where the straw is still hanging, brushed from the passing load as the carter takes his heavily laden farm wain to the rickyard—to the brightly lit streets of pre-war English cities. Cities which will grow again to enjoy still greater brilliance. Just think of it, our people have heard the bells ring out again. These bells are part of us after all, and we have been missing them.

How jolly the Saturday evening crowds seemed to us in our London streets, the busy hawker, the coster's stall with the naphtha flares, the child sent out on a last minute errand, the fruit cascading from the barrow of the luckless boy—well these sights and sounds mean something to us. Clerical collar or no, my first jaunt would be to where I could buy a portion of skate or rock salmon, even if it meant eating it from an old copy of John Bull or the Evening News. A pennorth of chips would go right well, right now. There's no knowing, the newspaper packing would add to my enjoyment. Do you remember your favourite coffee stall pulled in against the curb at the station entrance? I pray you, don't be scandalized with this familiarity of a side of life for which I confess a longing to find again.

Your church goer may not be there in any numbers except by accident but there is present a wealth of Christian practice, shrewd thought and a warmth

Page Eight

of charitable talk. It is just at these odd corners of the world where one meets long forgotten faces and where the curtain goes up on bygone scenes. It is pretty certain that in the not too distant future airmen will be meeting in this way, and life on the prairie will be re-lived and the rich hospitality of our Canadian friends will be remembered.

This brings us to this Christmas and to Christmas cheer in Swift Current. As you know there is activity afoot to invite everyone of us out somewhere for Christmas dinner, at least for all those not already booked up. It is going to be very hard to make last minute arrangements and at the same time our friends want to exchange friendliness well ahead so as to make the day perfect. Some of us could make up our minds right away. It will be pretty dull to be stuck with nowhere to go, and the place almost deserted. So please give it a thought and fix up now. Mr. Standen, the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, is sharing the honours with me as co-agents for the people of Swift Current.

Speaking as Educational Officer—it is a pleasure to see how well the new text books for Pre-aircrew Remustering have been made use of, and to know that better preparation is afforded for the quarterly test. The pleasure is that so many have been successful and it is hoped that before long the successful ones will be starting out to qualify for wings and half wings.

A last thought—Christmas will not be Christmas without going to some place of worship. Join in somewhere to say a "Thank You" to the Giver of all good gifts. There will be a Service in the Station Church and notice of this will be made in the usual way.

Yours sincerely,  
J.C.E.R.



## MYSTERY PATTY

Two Australians conferred earnestly about the interior of the patties. "Well, I'll try anything once," said one resignedly. "Did you say *everything*?" asked the other.

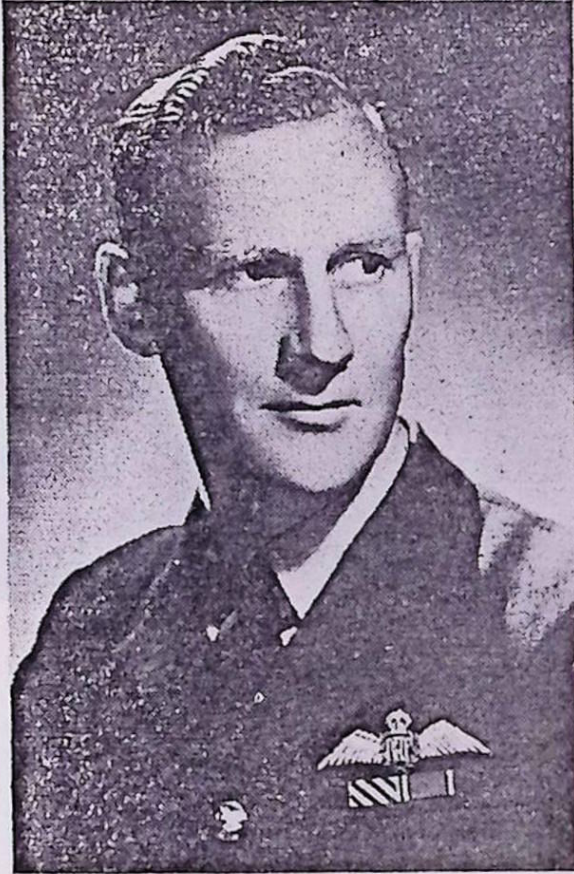
But the look of awful doubt on their faces recalled a Punch cartoon of the last war. A hefty backwoodsman, dining at the Savoy, was gazing horror-struck upon a bisected oyster patty. "Say, bo!" he called to the waiter, "something's died inside my bun."



"Does this package belong to you? The name is obliterated.

"No, that can't be mine. My name is O'Brien.

## LINK JOINS ALLIES



*The Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. C. Bates, A.F.C., wishes you all a Merry Christmas—Thank you Sir, and the same to you.*

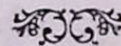
*Group Captain Bates was recently summoned by the Governor General to an Investiture at Ottawa, at which he received his Air Force Cross.*

The Link Trainers feel they should take this final opportunity of acknowledging the assistance they have received from the other departments in the training of R.A.F. pilots. Not to us alone the glory. Indeed there are many others who have done very good work.

It is true of course that the Link has transformed training technique. Even so late as the beginning of this war there were schools still using the old methods. And it is a bias that still lingers—"before-the-war" mentalities. . . . The good old ways are not readily abandoned. But the stern realities of war have, as usual, had their effect and the Link as a matter of course has taken up the burden of creating the needed pilots.

But we are anxious that the minor departments receive the recognition due them. Take Equipment for instance. They do a good job. Well, anyway, as good as can be expected. And Accounts, too . . . they rob us blind, of course, but they usually have a Kopek or two for us on pay day. The messing alas is, well, air force messing, but we are sure there are worse messes—somewhere . . . There is no denying the advantage that S.S.Q. takes of us; after all an order is an order; and you can refuse to be inoculated; yeh, you can . . . And no doubt the Security Guard, and Ground School, Works and Bricks, Repair, Dental, Servicing, M.T., Maintenance, and Army Service Corps are necessary evils. In fact it is really astonishing the number of parasitic growths that have fastened themselves about the Link Trainers. I suppose we should be flattered and they do relieve us of quite a number of the less important duties. Take S.H.Q. for instance, the trivia it saves us. And of course the flying wing, we had almost forgotten them—they also serve who only stand and wait. . . .

C.V.S.



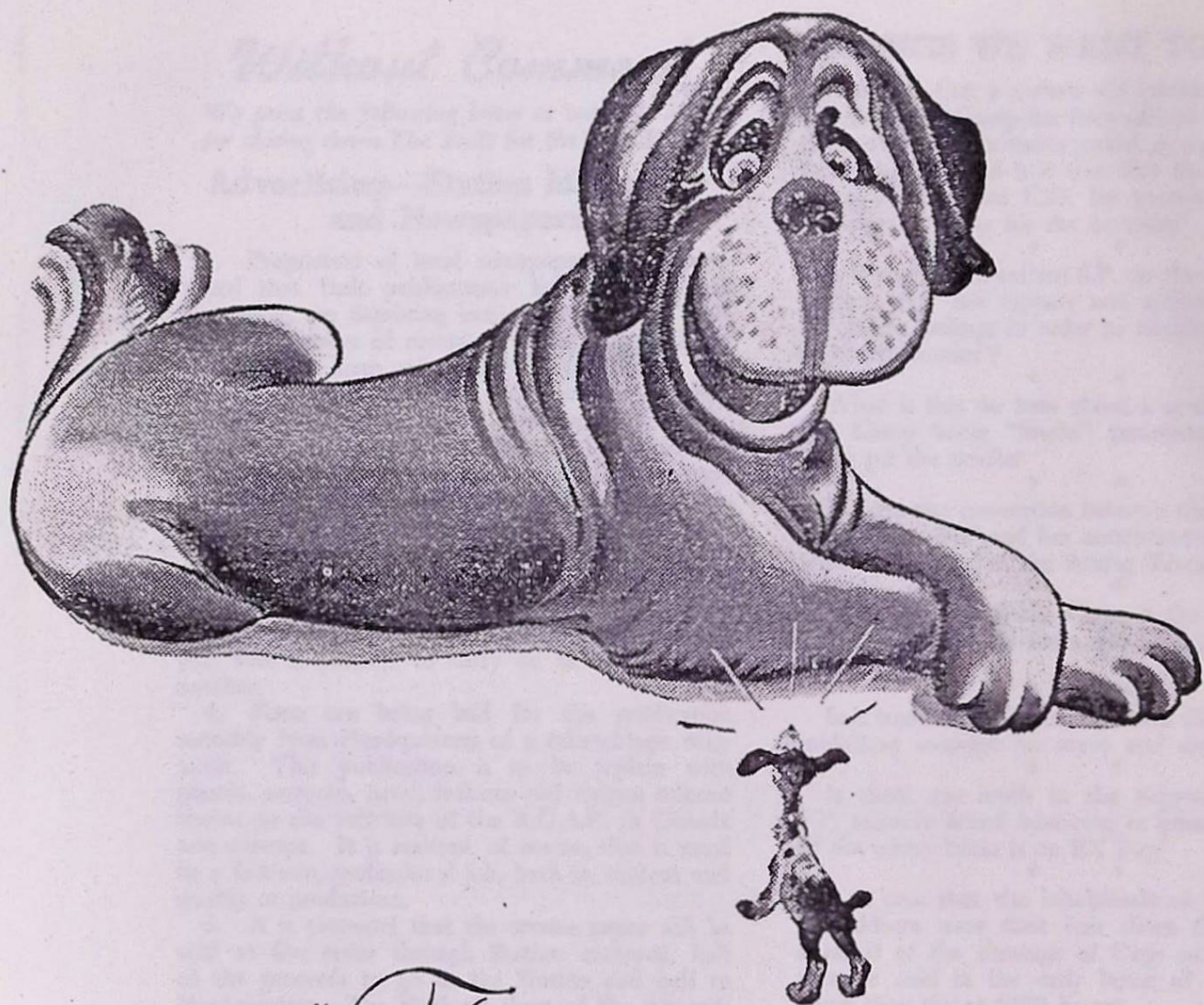
# McBrides Limited

THE GROCERS

**The Stores That Save You Money**

Wishing You and Yours

**A Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year**



*"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.

R58

Jos. E. Seagram & Sons Limited, Waterloo, Ont.

## Without Comment

We print the following letter as our only excuse for closing down *The Swift* for the time being:

### Advertising—Station Magazines and Newspapers

1. Proprietors of local newspapers have represented that Unit publications by soliciting local advertising, are depriving local newspapers of business. A number of complaints have also been received from firms who have been solicited for advertising, indicating that this practice has had an adverse effect on public relations.

2. The Air Council has ruled that henceforth no advertising of any kind is to be accepted by service publications. Please take steps to implement this ruling immediately.

3. It is apparent that this ruling will interfere with the publication of many excellent station magazines and it is regretted that this is necessary. It is hoped, however, that all existing Station papers will find it possible to carry on in one form or another.

4. Plans are being laid for the publication monthly from Headquarters of a tabloid-type magazine. This publication is to be replete with photos, cartoons, news, features and human interest stories on the activities of the R.C.A.F. in Canada and overseas. It is realized, of course, that it must be a first-rate, professional job, both in content and quality of production.

5. It is proposed that the service paper will be sold at five cents through Station canteens, half of the proceeds to go to the Station and half to Headquarters. The Station's share of the proceeds from sales could be applied against the cost of the station paper.

6. The development of the service paper is only in the planning stages. Suggestions or recommendations will be welcomed at this Command Headquarters.

Here is one paper that very evidently made no representation to Ottawa.

### STUPIDITY PERSONIFIED

According to reliable reports reaching this writer, it is alleged that some person or persons at Ottawa has issued a regulation forbidding the acceptance of advertising by any service newspaper; such service newspapers are those issued by most of the Air Force schools and Army camps right across Canada; these service newspapers are edited by the men in the schools or camps and contain quite interesting items of the activities and are published under the direction of the Officer Commanding in each school or camp.

How Ottawa, or those responsible for the stupid regulation, expects such publications to exist without advertising, is one thing we would like to find out for it would be a real discovery for all publishers. It's certainly one more exemplification of official stupidity personified and it should be abrogated at once.—*The Despatch*, Alameda, Sask.

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Is it true that a certain old established Warrant Officer on the Camp has been offered a job as Santa Claus over the Christmas period, at a girls' school in Swift Current, and is it true that the same Johnny has applied to the C.O. for permission to allow his beard to grow for the occasion?

Is it true that a certain S.P. on the camp recently made a very fair capture and actually handcuffed her to the railings in order to facilitate the "good-night ceremonies"?

What is this we hear about a certain person on the Camp being "fowlie" persecuted? Has the Sister got the needle?

Is there any connection between the same Sister's nasty right "jab" and her association with a certain Officer interested in the Boxing Team?

Is it true that Santa Claus is the only chappie who can be seen in town with a bag and not get talked about?

Is it true that a Certain Warrant Officer numbers rabbiting amongst his many and varied pastimes?

Is there any truth in the suggestion that the S.P. recently found labouring in great pain in one of the sentry boxes is an EX Boy?

Is it true that the inhabitants of the Camp at St. Aldwyn wear their hair down their backs as a result of the shortage of Caps winter, and the extreme cold in the early hours of the morning, when they rise at 0900 hours?

Who poured the beer down the mike at the Sergeants' Dance—and why?

What did the announcer mean at the Boxing Show at the Camp against 33, when he pointed to the chappies in the respective corners and said "Red"—"Blue" and then made his bow as if he'd really given us the "gen."?

Who is the F.M.A. in No. 2 Hangar who regularly drops into a certain Beer Parlour in Town and emerges some few moments later laden with beer, and immediately proceeds, avec beer, to an unknown destination?

Who was the bright laddie from the Equipment Section who when about to take a shower, paused and nonchalantly lit a cigarette, and then walked under the Shower with it on? We trust the cigarette did not get wet!

A farmer in Swift Current said that he had had many men of different races work for him, viz:  
The Chinaman who was yellow,  
The Indian who was red,  
The Ethiopian who was black,  
The Norwegian who was white,  
And the Englishman who was GREEN.



# The Piccadilly

SWIFT CURRENT



Mrs. Creasey and Staff recall with pleasure the happy associations with the boys of No. 39, during the past year, and extend the most cordial Christmas Greetings and best wishes for 1943.

You are always welcome at the Pic.

*Dine and Dance*

# The Adventures of AC Prang

## Chapter 4

For reasons far beyond our control, as you all know, we must compress the remaining adventures of our great hero into one small instalment. The difficulties presented to us, mere humble historians, in performing this task, are positively unprecedented. What sage sayings of our act pilot are we to include? What hair-raising exploits are we to record? Perhaps some of our readers are of that distasteful ilk that has only ear for facts such as: Prang, 12345678, Sgt. Pilot. No. of hours flown, 500. No. of accidents, major, 2. No. of accidents, minor, 7. No. of accidents, unclassified, 1. (For the benefit of the reader, who may be puzzled at the last category, we add in explanation that when Prang had once miraculously completed a successful forced landing, he left his aircraft unguarded, with the result that a cow digested most of one aileron before his return. But, as our hero pointed out, how can one blame a fellow if they breed cows without manners these days?) Or there may be some readers who prefer the heavy type of literature, well-sprinkled with quotations: if this be the case, we could easily produce some pithy, subtle sayings from the endorsement pages at the back of Prang's Log Book?

However, if we are really to complete our story in logical fashion and without taking up twenty pages of this first-class magazine, we had better pick up the threads where we left off in our last edition. You will no doubt recall that Prang, for reasons or reasons unknown, succeeded in surviving his S.F.T.S. course and when our present instalment begins, we find him stalking proudly through his home town of Shootin-on-the-Lyne, displaying upon his left breast a very virgin pair of wings. Now we have followed our hero's service career from the very day he changed decent clothes for the blue and you may wonder what use the Air Force could find for one whose ability was so insitting (opposite of outstanding).

You, dear readers, have studied Prang's case as closely as the authorities. Therefore, knowing as you do all his faults and virtues, we challenge you to guess our hero's ultimate fate. You can't do it? But it's so obvious. The powers-that-be (this should be spelt with capitals, but we wish to be insulting) decided that he should become an instructor. Imagine it; Prang, kingpin of clots, was to teach others. As if to add insult to injury, he had barely completed his C.F.S. course, when he was sent out to Canada. When Prang heard the news, he remarked, not without point, "I wondered why they issued me with a bow and arrow in my kit; now I know."

From now on, we regret that we have only a heartbreaking series of misfortune, cruel blows and depressing incidents to relate. After he had recovered from his first horror of the prairie, Prang settled down with a degree of happiness. After all, he was alive. But somehow life was no longer

interesting without 'The Lion' around the corner. So it was that Prang began to peak and pine, until we come to the most amazing event that has ever befallen man.

Whether it was that those devils that beset the pilot resented our hero's help in the wrecking of aircraft, or whether it was that they recognized the master's technique and desired his help and advice, the fact remains that one day, Prang disappeared. For a week or so, no one really noticed, until an agitated telephone call from the C.I. drew attention to the fact that the aerodrome had a remarkably tidy appearance. Where had Prang got to? Did anyone know where he was? Immediately, with the superb Service efficiency for the trace of miscreants, a search was begun. After a fortnight nothing had been found. Then one day, there was a timid knock at the door of the Flight Commander's office. Into the office, shuffled a young timekeeper in great trepidation.

For there on, we can only present you with the testimony of this honest youth. They say that truth is stranger than fiction, so because his story is passing strange, we can only believe that the timekeeper was telling the truth. It appears that one bright morning, Prang walked into the office at the crack of noon and sought an aircraft. Of course, he did not get one immediately; in fact, it was quite six in the evening before his request was granted. With that dash, which is so typical of our hero, Prang then walked out to the plane without signing the Authorisation sheet or the 700 and took off unnoticed by all save the timekeeper. And now the strange part of our story arrives. The timekeeper happened to glance out of the window some moments later and idly watched the gyrations of an aircraft that was performing aerobatics about 5000 feet above the aerodrome. From the ropiness of these, he knew that Prang was the pilot. And as he watched, the lad became aware of a haze around the aircraft. A purple haze it was and seemingly thickening every moment. Suddenly, the plane turned into the dying glow of the sun and all at once the haze resolved itself into a multitude of tiny gnomelike figures, who bore the plane aloft, higher and ever higher. Slowly the plane rose out of sight. It seemed to disappear into the sun itself. And on the last dying breeze of evening, the young timekeeper swore that he heard a host of shrill, small voices raised in a long laugh. The gremlins had claimed their own. . . .

P.D.C.

★

"Shall I fix you a Bromo?"

"Ye gods no! I can't stand the noise."

★

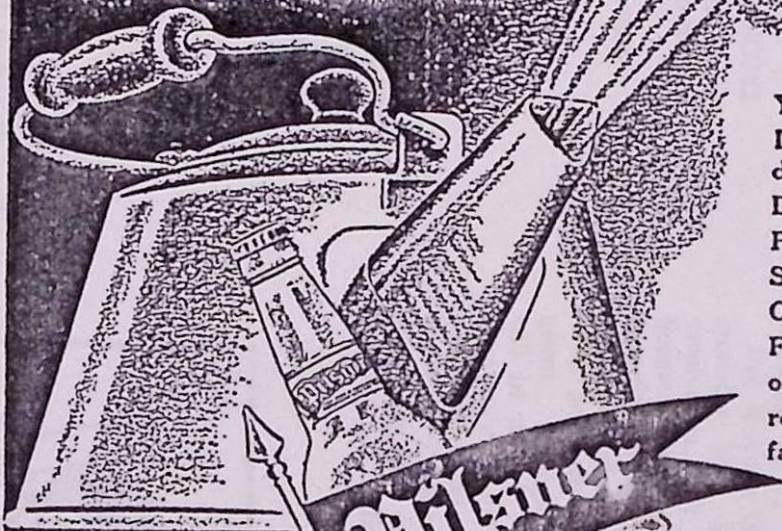
A young man and his fiancee had wed and were spending their honeymoon at a large hotel. When bedtime came the bride went to bed and the groom sat by the window and gazed at the moon and stars. The bride called to him and asked,

"Why don't you come to bed?"

He replied, "My mother told me my wedding night would be the most beautiful night in my life and I'm not going to miss a minute of it."

# 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

IS SASKATCHEWAN'S FASTEST SELLING

# BEER

THE REGINA

BREWING COMPANY LIMITED

# There I Goes Again

## SHRINKAGE

Flight Lieutenant Penny Payne  
Must have gone out in the rain

★

## SERVITUDE

Three years hard  
For this poor bard  
And there's no way back  
But a monstrous black.

★

## TO THE NICEST GIRL IN TOWN (or Regina Calling)

Skippy  
You're dippy  
To stay in this town  
So please to look nippy  
And haul your flag down.

★

## A BOOKER OF ROOMS

Come live with me  
My prices are enormous  
But you must be  
Quiet as a doremouse

If you should go  
Business would be topply  
It can't be so  
I have the monopoly.

★

## THOUGHTS WHILE SITTING IN A BEER-PARLOUR

Shades of the Cumberland  
Shades of the Ritz  
Whoever invented  
A place like Thitz.

Jackson.



Paddy was a Policeman and worked a late shift. He came home one night and undressed in the dark so as not to awaken his wife. Just as he was going to get into bed his wife said to him, Paddy dear I have such an awful headache and we have no aspirin in the house I wish you would go to the drug store and get me some at once. Paddy said alright my love and putting his clothes on hurriedly away he went.

He arrived at the drug store and asked for the aspirin and the drug store man said: "Paddy I thought you were a Policeman." "So I am," said Paddy. "Well, what are you doing in an Airman's uniform?" said the drug store man.

## THE UNHAPPY HUNTING GROUND

This is the hunting season and the beasts and birds are getting their usual dose of thangsiving ammunition. Yeah, there's a lot of fine feathered flyers biting the dust, and big guns and little guns are doing their dangedist. The season comes appropriately just before Christmas when it is better to give than to receive. The Christian spirit . . . .

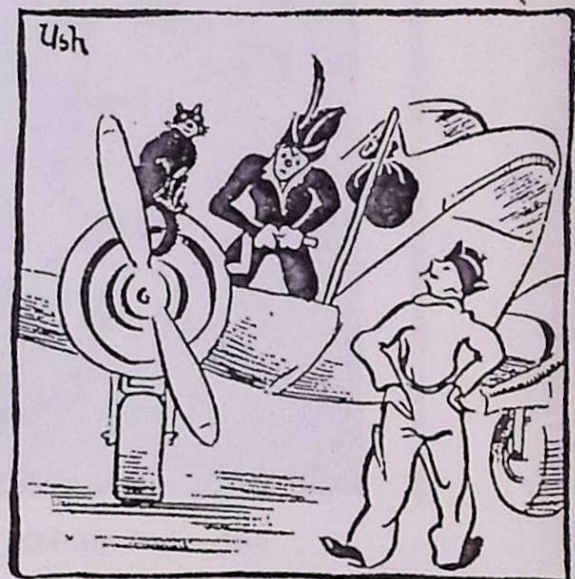
Yeah, hunting season's on and everybody's blazing away at everyone else. For once the season is really open. Its true there are a few backwood regions that have not yet seen the light—no machine guns on Central nor snipers atop the Healy; no craters up where the "best man" stands. But the shooting's getting closer.

Yep it is the season for shooting and birds of all kinds are really getting it in the neck. And for once the right birds are getting it. Usually its the quiet inoffensive birdies that suffer. Ducks, pheasants and prairie chicken are all vegetarians. Yet no one ever shoots an owl. And no one could eat a hawk. And eagles and osprey are safe as a church—a North American church. Well—usually . . . .

But it seems that the birds of prey are at least receiving their just dues—yes, even the most carnivorous. It takes a very special hunting license. Perhaps there is more to this than war hysteria. Maybe its like epsoms—horrible but healthy—and maybe not . . . .

At any rate the shooting has ended one vivid career. And great will be the rejoicing. Yet it will be missed. For some of us it was a target for a rusty musket and after all it was fun knocking a feather off here and there. But no more shall the dark shadow of the winged menace sweep across the great empty spaces. Swift were current of events . . . . But it took a big gun to do it.

C.V.S.



Turn Again Whittington

# Interview

The "Swift" is fortunate in being able to publish an interview by one of its staff with Flying Officer X who is a leading authority on R.A.F. customs and manners of speech.

S.—How do you do Mr. X.

X—Fine, thanks.

S.—Come, come, Mr. X this interview is for publication. Please think before you answer. I will ask you again. How do you do?

X—Cheesed.

S.—Just cheesed.

X—No —ing cheesed.

S.—Why, have you been in his country long?

X—Eighteen months, only eighteen months.

S.—I see and when did you leave the Old Country?

X—I beg your pardon.

S.—I say, when did you leave the Old Country?

X—Where?

S.—The Old— alright skip it. And how do you like the prairie?

X—Fine, fine.

S.—Well perhaps it is not the best part of Canada. Were you here all the time?

X—No, I was in Calgary. And I've been to Banff and I can't think of anything funny for VR to stand for offhand.

S.—Oh, and when do you expect to go back to the—to—home?

X—Well according to what they said when we left—so far as I can see the only way is to put up a black.

S.—What sort of a black?

X—A monstrous black.

S.—I gather you don't like instructing?

X—You are wrong, I like instructing when the pupils are not dim.

S.—And are the pupils dim?

X—The pupils are dim.

S.—What are Oxfords like to fly?

X—Oxfords are easy to fly.

S.—Someone told me they were hard.

X—It's true you have to fly them all the time.

S.—Why?

X—Because every aircraft is different.

S.—I suppose you know all about flying?

X—After two thousand hours I still don't know all about flying.

S.—I would like to ask you some technical questions. What do the mags do?

X—The mags drop.

S.—And the wings?

X—One of them drops.

S.—And the airspeed?

X—That drops if you don't keep it up.

S.—And the nose—does that drop?

X—No, the nose tends to drop.

S.—And landing them?

X—I always try for a three-pointer.

S.—And do you always do a three-pointer?

X—Some of these aircraft are impossible to three-point.

S.—And then what do you do?

X—A wheeler or a horrible wheeler.

S.—Tell me about the weather?

X—It's typical Canadian weather.

S.—What is typical Canadian weather?

X—You don't feel the cold because you see its dry and you don't feel the heat because its not the heat but the humidity.

S.—Briefly discuss night flying.

X—Night flying is a bind.

S.—Tell me now how are they doing in the Old Country?

X—I only know what I read in the papers.

S.—What papers?

X—Yesterday's papers.

S.—Well what did yesterday's paper say?

X—Alley Oop socked Eeny, Popeye socked Whimpy and Superman stopped a train with his left foot.

S.—Where did it say that?

X—In the Funnies. The Funnies bind me rigid.

S.—I can imagine. But what about World War II?

X—It's global.

S.—What's global mean?

X—It means it's all balled up.

S.—How's it all balled up?

X—Well the British shoot Germans in the desert and the Americans shoot Japs in the Pacific and the RCAF shoot railway trains in France and we shoot craps in Swift Current.

S.—Well that doesn't matter, does it?

X—No, nothing matters now, but—

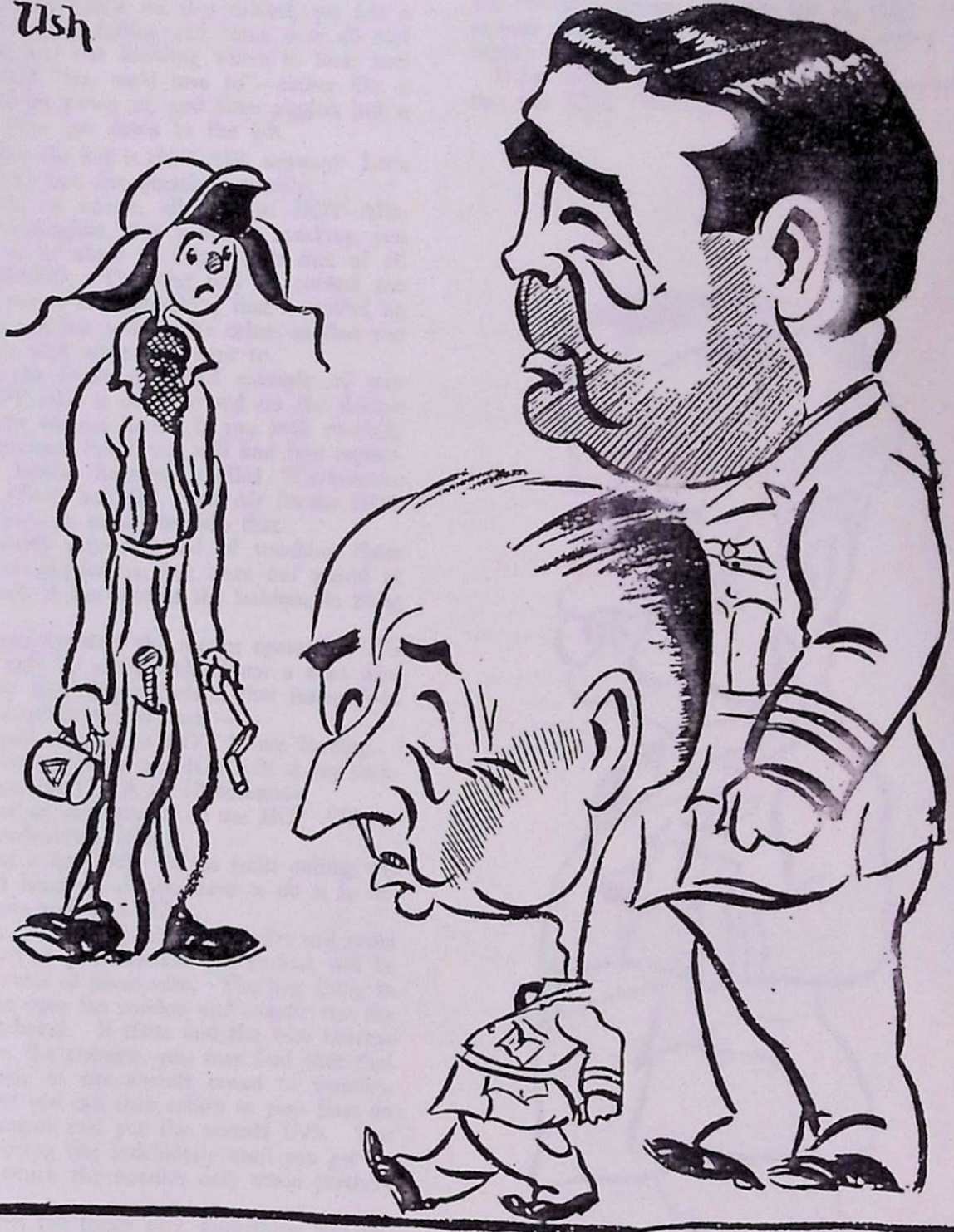
S.—But what?

X—But I want to go home.



On My Right—Jack

Ush



Maintenance Wing Orders. Parts I, II, and III.

---

**THE ELITE CAFE**

WISH YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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## HOT AIR— ITS USES AND ABUSES

When the Editor first approached us and asked us to write an article on this subject, we felt a delightfully girlish feeling and came over all sort of flattered and not knowing where to look; and then we said "yes, we'd love to"—rather like a pair of popsies giving in, and then giggled just a little and then got down to the job.

Well, what the hell is HOT AIR, anyway? Let's be devils and face the question squarely.

There are, of course, all sorts of HOT AIR, but its so intangible, that generally speaking, you can't use it or abuse it unless it is first of all CONTROLLED. The best way to control the stuff is to put it into something that is stuffed up at one end and has a tit at the other, so that you can use the stuff when you want to.

Perhaps the finest controlled example of controlled HOT AIR is to be found on the double breasted jobs we use here. If you look carefully at the Instrument Panel, you will find four mysterious baby bicycle handles, labelled "Carburettor HOT Air (Two) and Oil Duct Air Intake HOT COLD (Two)—or something like that.

Now nobody ever dreamed of touching them until Winter gripped us, but since our arrival at Swift Jackson, it has become the fashionable thing to do.

Let us now consider the modus operandi. We have been told by a type who knew a man who had actually read Flight Orders, that instructions had been issued at various times:—

- (a) to pull the tits to HOT before landing.
- (b) on no account to use HOT AIR at any time.
- (c) to use HOT AIR on all occasions.
- (d) never on any account to use HOT AIR, as it causes carburettor icing.

If you are a type who cannot resist pulling tits to see what happens, all you have to do is to become airborne and then PULL.

Generally, two out of the four handles will come to rest neatly in your lap and the cockpit will be covered in yards of piano wire. The best thing to do then is to open the window and smartly toss the handles overboard. If these and the wire become entangled in the airscrew, you may find that that particular side of the aircraft ceases to function properly, and you can then return to your Base on the other engine and put the aircraft U/S. You can go on doing this indefinitely until you get an aircraft in which the handles only come partially away.

Now comes the tricky part. Everything will immediately become de-synchronised and boost and stuff will be shed in all directions or else you will suddenly get great gusts of surge, which is definitely more alarming of the two. On binding to the Flight Sergeant about this, he will ask cunningly, "Ahr! Did you 'ave the hair in 'ot?" To which you will answer "Har! Har it was in cold." "Ho!" says Chiefy, "That explains it!"

Actually, this is meant to happen, and the expert can then set about permutating and combining by

pushing and pulling the stops like an organist searching for THE LOST CHORD.

Really, there is not much more we can say, except that if you ever become a true connoisseur, you can start playing with the left leg HOT AIR warmer thing and investigating the source of supply.

It has been believed for some time by many that this was XYZ Training Command.

Ennanbee.



The face is familiar

*It's Time Once More for*

## “Father Christmas”

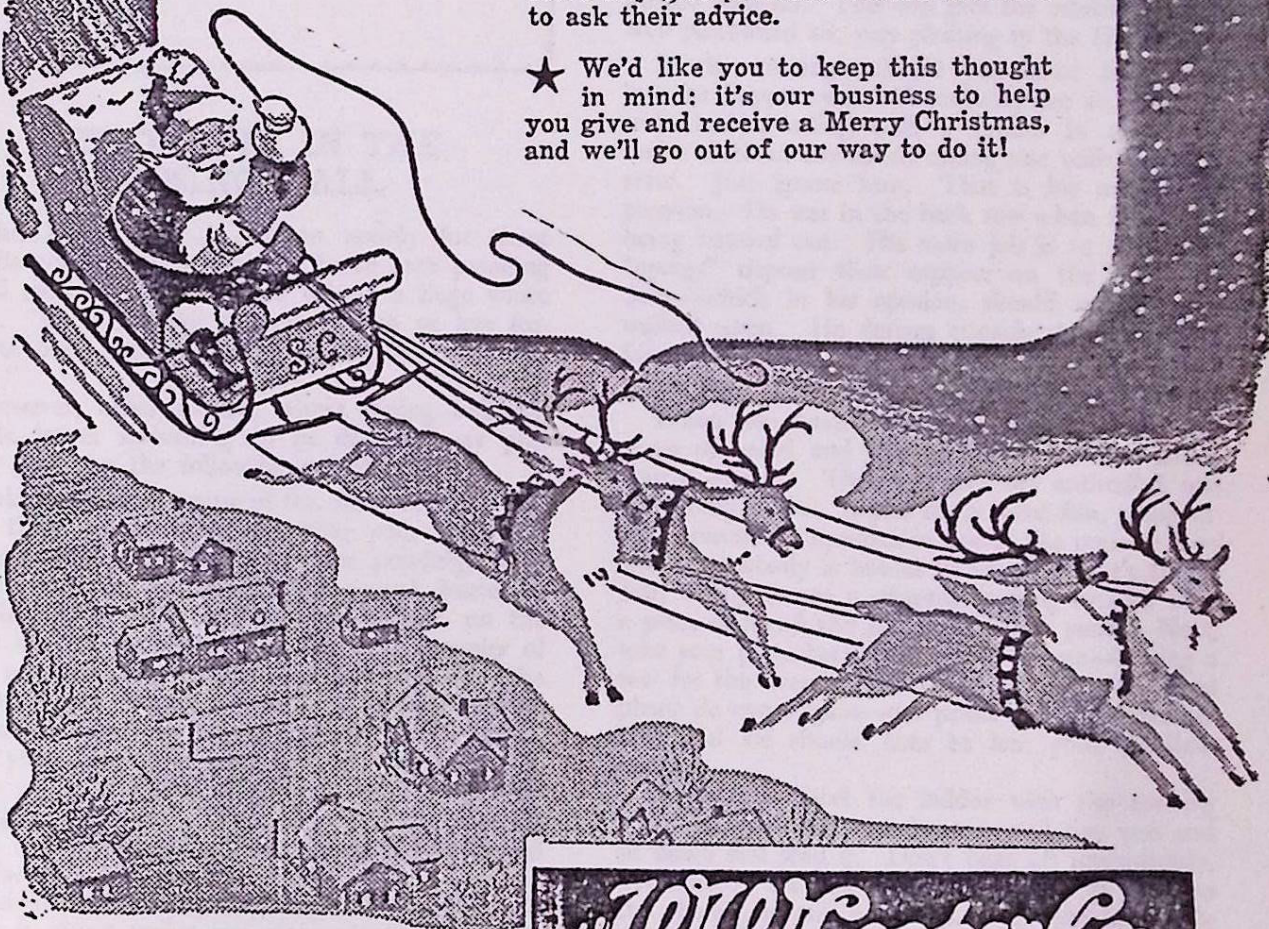
When You Pay “Him” Homage, It's Well to Remember that a Gift from COOPER'S Never Fails to Make the Best Impression!

★ When it's time for Father Christmas it's time to remind you that you're more likely to get the kind of gifts you want at Cooper's.

★ It's time, also, to assure you that Cooper's quality is amazingly high, and prices pleasantly low. That makes it quite a simple matter to gift shop here.

★ Our salesclerks will be delighted to offer any suggestions that may help solve any gift problem. Please feel free to ask their advice.

★ We'd like you to keep this thought in mind: it's our business to help you give and receive a Merry Christmas, and we'll go out of our way to do it!



Merry Christmas and  
Happy Landings!

*The W. W. Cooper Co.*  
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SWIFT CURRENT SASK

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By serving others best

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CHEMISTS

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Mailing.

## ETIQUETTE IN THE DINING HALL

This little article is written mainly for those gentle young laddoes who are to be seen parading in all sorts of places, hidden behind a huge white flash. These are the chappies whom ye less fortunate ones, endeavour "per adua" to assist "ad astra."

However, other airmen, whose dining hall etiquette leaves something to be desired, may possibly profit by the following suggestions:

Take the normal course of tea, shall we say? The first thing to do after obtaining your tea, your sausage, your peas and your date pudding, is to ensure that you help yourself to enough butter to enable you to leave at least one portion on the table in such a position that the next occupier of your seat will place his plate squarely upon it. The result should faintly resemble a prairie sunset. In transit from the serving counter to the table, hold your plate right wing low, or nose heavy, so as to permit a splash of gravy or custard to drop at regular intervals. When dry, a natty, mottled effect is imparted to the floor surface, which should last for days.

Should you find no bread on the table when you reach it, don't under any circumstances, move to another table where there is some, or get some from another table—the bread machine is there for your entire amusement, and actually, the baskets

of bread are only placed on the tables in order to give a "complete" appearance. Should there be a loaf of bread already in the machine—just throw it out and start a fresh one. Remember! the pigs must eat. The present measly wastage of only one loaf in four means that the pigs will be fed one day and starved the next. That means more streaky bacon.

Before you come to clutches with your sausage, take out your chewing gum and don't please place it under the table—spit it on the floor. We must co-operate with the Y.M.C.A. and the Manager is most anxious that chewing gum should get a firm foothold amongst the lads on the Station.

The next little problem is how to get at those peas. By all means, use your knife to scoop them up, if you wish. Some, may of course, roll on the floor, but bags of fun can be had watching them roll. A good pea roller, with constant practice, can roll one a considerable distance with accuracy. I once knew a "sprog" who was a first class roller. He threw a very cunning pea. I have seen him place one right under the foot of a chappie who was having difficulty in balancing three plates on top of his mug. The result was simply uproarious.

After having gluttoned yourself to a standstill, spread a slice of bread thickly with jam and put it on one side. You should now be all set to take off, but don't move for at least thirty minutes after you have gorged your fill. This will give the establishment a well patronised air, very pleasing to the Head Chef.

In the evenings, should you come in a little late for Supper, you will probably see an overalled individual standing with a broom in one hand and a cloth in the other, eyeing you with a baleful stare. Just ignore him. That is his natural expression. He was in the back row when faces were being handed out. His main job is to watch the "sprogs" deposit their suppers on the floor—his floor—which in his opinion, should not even be walked upon. He derives considerable enjoyment from your flying yarns, and it positively enthralled when you discuss your first solo.

When you have eaten your supper, place your piece of bread and jam on the seat—face downwards—is best. That will give the enthralled one something to do. If you really want fun, place another piece face upwards in one of the popular rows where somebody is bound to sit on it. It's frightfully funny to see a chappie trotting around with a piece of bread and jam stuck to his pants. Next, take your plate back (just one of course—leaving a few for the overalled individual to clear away) and please do come again—our prices are so very reasonable and we should hate to lose your excellent custom.

Should you meet the laddoe with the evening paper on your way out, be sure and buy one and sit down and read it. Don't buzz off immediately. We love to see you sit and read, and it gives us the chance, so rare nowadays, of getting in a little much needed overtime.

After all, we're only A.C.H.'s and we've nothing to do but clear up after you little gents.

F.

## New York News Letter

Dear Chips—

All very well for a provincial Shredded Wheat writer to offer an epic for a mag read by furriners—but quite another matter to conjure something that youse guys would consider worth reading. What godam presumption! I'm at a distinct and hysterical loss to find a subject to whip up. Got any ideas, ed? Surely not this—

A Wing Commander  
Took a gander  
At our city—  
Since that riot  
Things are quiet—  
What a pity!

Or perhaps an imaginary conversation between Lord Halifax and the Statue of Liberty! Or a faithful account of the party you threw, years ago at the Park Central with your dividend from the Nursery Gazette! Cripes, I don't know. Let me know.

*Jack de la Chez Lucas.*

P.S.—Did I tell you about the old day nurse on the private case who told the delicious young night nurse when she took over, that the patient, strangely enough, had the word, "Swan" tatoood on a certain part of his anatomy. "Take a look," she said, "When you give him the bedpan, and tell me if I'm right." Next morning she came on duty and asked the pretty night nurse if she had noticed that word, "Swan". "Swan, hell," screamed the night nurse, "It was 'Saskatchewan'!"

## LAKE MINNEWANKA

Fair Minnewanka Empress of the Lakes,  
In natures bosom tranquility you rest  
Sweetly slumbering beneath the rugged peaks,  
By nature adorned, by natures beauty blest.  
Here nimbus and cirrus with each other vie,  
Until the rolling cumulus intervenes.  
Then from the lake the indigo of the sky  
Is reflected, interspersed with varied greens.

The lofty crags so lustreless and grey  
With crevices that hug perpetual snow,  
Inverted are reflected from the bay  
Of placid water lying far below.  
Poplars and willows give a milder tone,  
Moss covered boulders lying here and there,  
An aged tree trunk with most it's branches gone  
Contrast to make the fairest of the fair.

There balmy zephyrs kiss the frowning peaks,  
And hum their sweetest melodies in the glade,  
And dewy mists perform their fairy freaks  
And leaves a jewel on each grassy blade.  
Dark stately pines bedeck your rugged share,  
Like Chieftans in some weird romance or story,  
And yawning gulfs where turbulent waters roar  
The beauty smile of nature's frowning glory.

Where can man find the place of his desire,  
A place so free from anguish, gloom or care,  
A place that sets the latent spirit afire  
On Minnewanka's shore, you'll find it there.  
Though numerous desires my bosom heave,  
Had I but one desire, had I no more  
I'd only ask the privilege to breathe  
The freedom that exists on "Wanka's Shore."

*The Corporal.*



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MILD OR MEDIUM

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES  
Plain End or Cork Tip



# Entertainments

Boss and General Disorganiser ..... "Doc"  
Assistant Boss and Chief Scrounger ..... "Monty"  
Chief Flannel and Chucker-Out - Cpl. U/T "Doc"  
(Not the same as above) "Glory Be, Brother."  
Stooge and Duff Ice Cream Vendor - "Frank"

And several other disreputable characters.

November in the Entertainment Section, has again been comparatively quiet. In fact, I might say, "the lull before the storm."

The attendance at the film shows has been good. One evening of special interest must become the main subject in this article. It was suggested that an Inter-Station Concert Party Competition should be organised, and, Tuesday, 24th November was chosen for this purpose.

The competition was between Flying Wing, Maintenance Wing and Station Headquarters, and, it was judged by the Commanding Officer, Mr. J. Lundholm, Managing Director of the Eagle and Lyric Theatres, and Mr. J. Greenblat, Editor of the "Sun."

It must be said immediately that the evening was a great success, and, the audience of about 500 contributed, in no small way, by their wealth of applause to the enjoyment of watching the three separate shows put on by the sections.

In the next few paragraphs, I intend to give what I hope will only be taken as constructive criticism, and, if at times the remarks I am going to make are a little sarcastic, I do not, in any way, wish them to take away from my first impression, namely, that the evening was a tremendous success, and that each section put up a show far superior to what was honestly anticipated.

Flying Wing opened the programme and their show consisted of four items each of which was good, culminating in an admirable rendering of the Tell Tale Heart by F/O Samuel. The Sketch "A Flight Office" was excellent in its conception, but I think it would have been improved if all the "Pupils" had not overacted. Having the type of mind that I have, the most polished single item of the whole Flying Wing programme was to me, F/O Crimp's telling of the "Dowager Duchess of Darlington." Flying Wing deserves particular credit in that their organiser, F/Lt. Bellingham, fell sick the day before the show and the whole programme had to be revised literally within 24 hours.

Maintenance Wing followed, and it was known, by certain pre-natal activities, that they had taken a lot of trouble and they started by getting a tremendous reception from the audience.

Their first chorus was definitely good, but what a disappointment one felt after one had sat through the next three items. Oh, Maintenance Wing Producer, how criminal to allow your impersonator of George Formby to sing precisely the same song as had been sung by Flying Wing. Was it to be taken that he knew no other George Formby songs, or, was it a crack at George Formby himself in that

his repertoire is "When you have heard one, you have heard the lot." The next item started well with some clever staging of the cookhouse, but, oh Producer, why, in a short 45 minute programme do you have to bore us for at least 5 minutes seeing a piece of dough flung about to the orders of a most unrealistic radio. This sketch could have been a great success, but, it became a miserable failure. Frankly, at this stage in this show, I was extremely disappointed, but what an improvement was forthcoming. To begin with the noble Wing Commander playing the piano. As far as my inexperienced ear could tell, he is a real "jazz king" (I did feel, however, that he would have been an even bigger hit if he had been playing the xylophone, shades of Teddy Brown!)

The Band was followed by AC1 McQuillan on the Mouth Organ. He was not as good as usual and he must get over his stage fright. The juggler was superb. His gesture of throwing the oranges to the audience was clever and his one trick, which is all that was required from a juggler in a 45 minute programme, was, to say the least, excellent. This was followed by, what I think, was the best item in the whole evening's programme, namely four "Ropey-looking Barmen" singing extremely well chosen songs and making me, at all events, intensely homesick for a pint of "Old and Mild." And then, with a good final chorus, the Maintenance show came to an end.

I cannot help feeling that the judges would have had no hesitation in awarding Maintenance Wing the cup if items 2, 3 and 4 had been left out and we had heard a little bit more from the Barmen Four.

And now for Station Headquarters. With the exception of Corporal Esdaile, the capabilities of the performers in this show were known to me, and I have no hesitation in saying, "Dear Chick, you must have read the D.R.O. announcing the Competition, at least 14 days late." Your opening chorus was bad. You, who have trained the "Rainbowettes," are your powers of training confined to the female sex? And, your sketch "SH-SH" was worse. In fact, if it had not been for the delightful singing of Corporal Esdaile, and also that the audience having seen two really good shows were in such a pleasant frame of mind that they would have put up with anything, I suggest Headquarters effort would have got a very poor reception. Bill Rowson is always good in his impersonations, but I feel that a little more practice in front of the "mike" would have been more appreciated by those at the back of the hall.

Who persuaded your pianist, dear Chick, whose reputation is well known in Saskatchewan as an artist who confines his attentions to what I vulgarly will describe as "high brow music," to attempt popular jazz? His short rendering of "Tschaiakowsky's No. 1 Concerto" stood out as a "silver lining in a very dark cloud." "Bird Songs at Eventide" sounded to be more like "Bird Songs at Twilight." This was not your best LAC Ogus.

Well, having finished my rudeness, I consider that a tie between Maintenance Wing and Flying

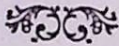
Wing was a very fair result, although, Dear Wing Commander, you obviously do not know the first principles about how to call the toss of a coin (if the coin shows tail before it is spun, you must call heads and vice versa). So Flying Wing were awarded the Cup.

This is definitely an evening that has got to be repeated and the sooner the better, but there are other arrangements for the immediate future. December means Christmas and Christmas means dancing. And so, on the 1st, 15th and 22nd of December, there will be dances in the Theatre. The 22nd of December will be the Airmen's Christmas Dance, and, I hope it will be a really good party.

The Fourth Current Revue, which is being produced by S/Ldr. Strachan and Mr. Standen, will be presented in the Station Theatre on the 11th and 12th of January. The idea of putting on a stage play is being reviewed and I will have more to say about this in my next article.

And finally, since "Your entertainment is our duty," I beg of you to arrange your nocturnal activities in such a way that you make the first week of February, "film week." The week starts with "Mrs. Miniver" which is followed by a double feature programme: "Song of the Islands" with Betty Grable and "Black Limelight" with Raymond Massey, and the week finishes with a double feature programme of "Swamp Water" and "North Sea Patrol."

The immortal "Doc" has been promoted and you are all advised to take notice of this fact.



Apparently the Italians are prepared to take it "sitting down."

Turin is an airplane, motor car and machine producing city on the Po, the chief seat of industry in Italy. It was raided last by the R.A.F. twice in succession, Oct. 22 and 23.—From the Calgary Herald.

## HIGH JINKS WITH THE FIRE SECTION

The bell jangled sharply in the Fire Section. The ever alert N.C.O. i/c, rousing himself from his stupor, answered the call. Within seconds, airmen were swarming down the poles into the Main Fire Hall, donning their Fire Helmets and asbestos suits as they ran to the Tender, which stood champing at the bit, eager to get at it.

With great clanging of bell and belching of smoke, the tender hurtled through the Main Guard Room gates to the scene of the crash, fairly sizzling up the beautiful stretch of main road to Swift Jackson.

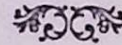
Keen was the disappointment of the crew on arrival at the crash, to find no lurid flames brightening up the country-side. However, not to be outdone, they leaped off the tender and stood at the ready with hoses trained on the crash aircraft.

Suddenly, noses began to wrinkle, and a distinct aroma of smoke could be observed. The aircraft was examined minutely, but there appeared to be no fire.

All at once a voice from the rear exclaimed: "Don't look round now, chums, but I think the fire engine's on fire," and sure enough, large belchings could be seen emanating from the hind-quarters of the beautifully polished tender.

It appeared that the bright laddo who has packed the water pipes to prevent them from freezing up, had made a thorough job of it, and also packed the exhaust pipe with rags.

Ah well! it takes all sorts to make a world.



"Who was that lady I saw you out with last night?"

"I wasn't out, I was just dozing."

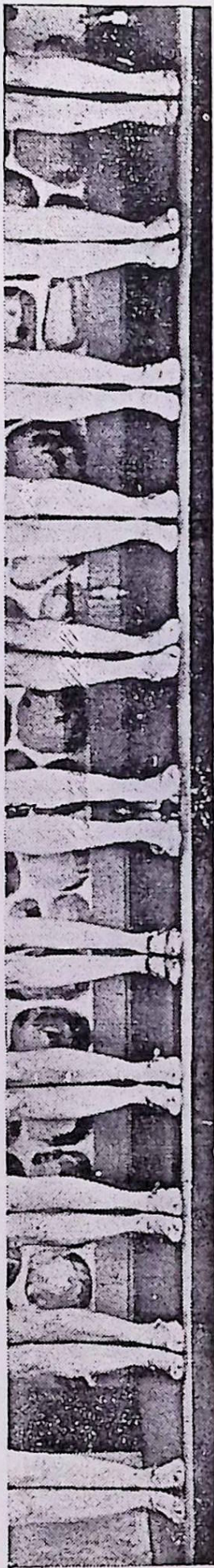


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**A MERRY CHRISTMAS**  
AND  
**A HAPPY NEW YEAR**

Good Luck from

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## Competition.

1. One pair of legs belongs to the S.M.O. Can you guess which?
2. The remainder are local. Can you identify?

## CURRENT JOTTINGS

There is no truth in the rumour that little "Chick" called "Twinge"—"Sawn-off" the other day in the Mess.

\* \*

We are very sorry for the M.T. Driver who went to call on his girl the other night and was left shivering on the doorstep.

\* \*

Airmen are asked to kindly refrain from playing the Jute Box in the Dining Hall whilst soup is being served. Diners have complained that they cannot hear themselves drinking the soup.

\* \*

We are given to understand on good authority that there is no truth in the suggestion that Harry is remustering to Painter W. & B.

\* \*

We understand that the N.C.O. i/c Cook-house is shortly to take the plunge into wedlock, but there is no truth in the suggestion that he is going to stay at home and cook the meals for his wife after the War.

\* \*

We learn that the Messing Officer was taken queer the other day. We trust it had no connection with the fact that he sampled an 'erk's sausages at breakfast a couple of morning before.

\* \*

We notice with regret that a certain officer in Station Headquarters has discarded his battered ceremonial cap. We were beginning to think it was a family heirloom.

\* \*

We understand that the officer who pranged at night about a fortnight ago spent a very enjoyable evening at a certain farm-house, but he assures us that the fact that he dropped down amidst such hospitable company was quite an accident and not a pre-arranged affair. We won't want this sort of thing to become a habit.

\* \*

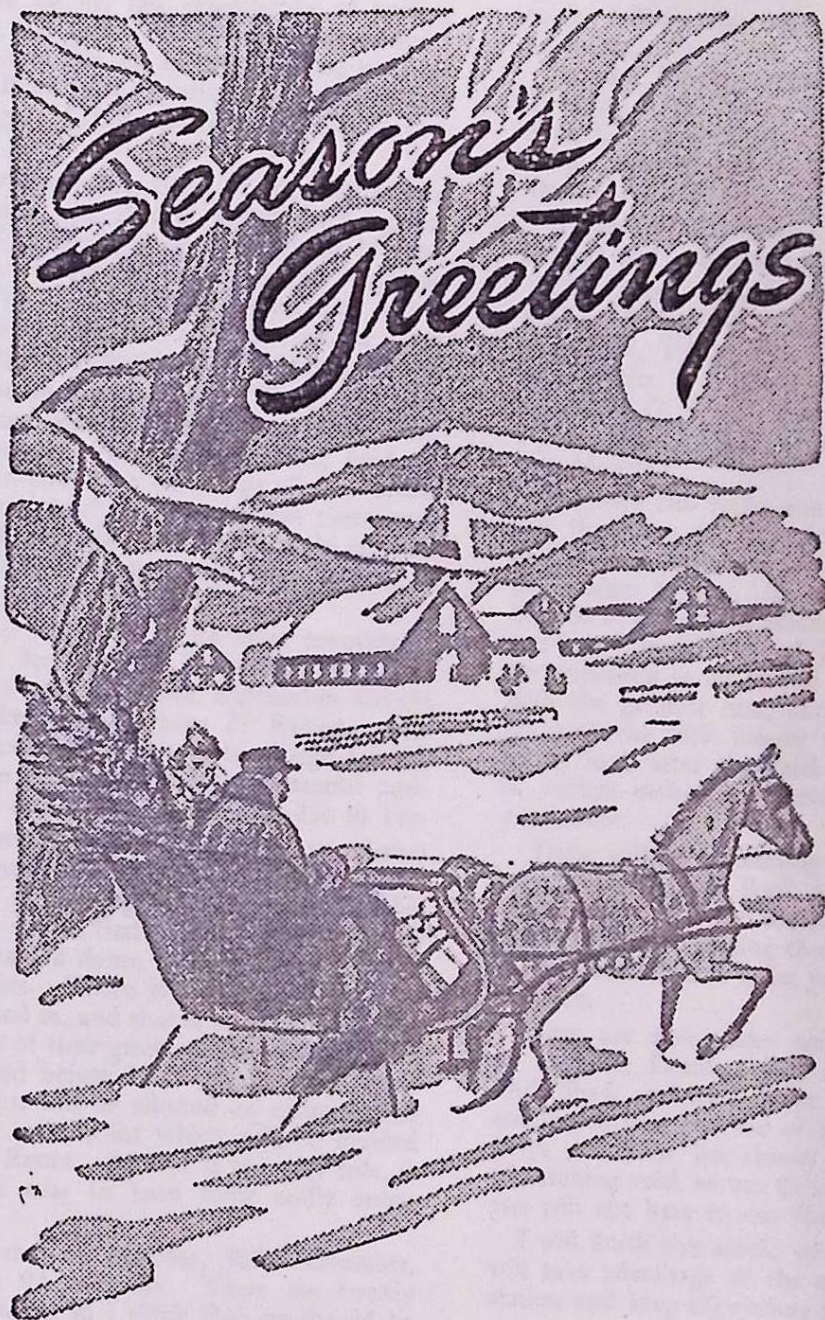
We notice that a certain Corporal Fire Fighter who recently got married, has severed his connection with the Fire Section. We understand that it is now against his principles to stop fires as he has to keep the home fires burning.

\* \*

We were very surprised to see a certain notable from Equipment Section stroll into Camp the other day with something on his head resembling a teacosy. Upon closer scrutiny, it was found that he was wearing a modified type of cap winter, reinforced with a couple of dead gophers. Airmen are requested to refrain from playing the tune "Take it off" on the Wurlitzer when he enters the "Picc."

\* \*

We understand a certain Warrant Officer lost his pants the other evening. We trust it was not the pair he was wearing immediately prior to the loss.



*The Sun*

Printing & Publishing Company, Limited

Swift Current, Sask.



# Sports

By P/O P. M. Bartlett



As this will be my last opportunity of writing to you about the sports activities on this camp, I would like you to join me in thanking one man for his untiring efforts in the sports of this station, and that is "Chips", S/Ldr. Carpenter; "Thank you, sir."

The outstanding sports event of the month was, without a doubt, the Boxing Tournament against No. 33 S.F.T.S., Carberry on the 10th of November. It was a very decided victory for the "Fighting 39", 9 bouts to 2. The fitness of our men was a great credit to our trainer "Doc" Savage, or must I now say, Corporal (Unpaid and Unwanted) Savage.

I would like to say that both "Doc" and also the Boxing Team would welcome new talent, and, it was unanimously agreed at a meeting held on the 17th of November, to encourage all new talent to fight in our "away" matches to give them confidence. So please, fellows of "39", make up and seize his chance of representing your station in the finest sport in the world.

The winter is now here so we must concentrate our efforts on Ice Hockey, Basketball and Badminton. There are now three Badminton Courts in the Drill Shed and we have 27 Rackets ready for play. Unfortunately, I have to charge for the birds, but when P.S.I. is in a better financial position, I hope to reduce the charge from 25c to 10c.

The Commanding Officer has given permission for the Badminton Club to have a "guest night" once a week. A meeting was held on Tuesday was the chosen day so that airmen's guests, if they so desire, can have a dance in the Station Cinema after their games. There is one rule that must be strictly adhered to, and that is all personnel must place the names of their guest on the Notice Board in the Drill Shed before 12.00 Hours every Tuesday. No civilians will be allowed on camp, unless their names are on the list which will be handed into the Guard Room. As that is the only rule, it should be quite easy to have some really entertaining nights.

Basketball started on Monday, 30th November, 1942 with Hut 9A and 9B. There are twenty teams in the League, so I think that we should be able to get two Section teams to compete against other Stations. There should be plenty of competition so let us make the Drill Shed another Indoor Wembley.

Mr. Short and myself will be starting a Gymnastic Club in the near future, so you fellows who sit around all day, will now have an opportunity to use the other parts of your anatomy. Mr. Short hopes to be able to train a few men to give gymnastic displays in other towns while I will be teaching PT and Agilities. I hope the Hospital Staff take advantage of this voluntary class, as well

Page Twenty-six

as the fellows who only get fresh air when they go to meals.

An Ice Hockey general meeting was held on Tuesday, 17th November and a committee was elected, comprised as follows: F/Sgt. Gillinwater, LAC. Stinton, Mr. Standen, Sgt. Gallberg, Sgt. Martin, A.C. Cooper, A.C. Cant.

It was decided to have 9 teams in the Station League, and each team would have its own coach.

The Teams and Coaches are as follows: Link Trainer, F/Sgt. Ross. S.H.Q., Sgt. Gallberg. No. 1 Hangar, F/Sgt. Creed. No. 2 Hangar, Sgt. Bryce. No. 3 Hangar, LAC McLennan. No. 4 Hangar, A.C. Reid. No. 5 Hangar, Mr. Standen. Flying Wing, F/Lt. Campbell. Security Guard, Sgt. Martin.

We have two rinks, one will be the Match Rink and the other for free skating, so, I think all of us should at least be able to stand up on ice before this season is over. A lot of new kit has been ordered in the way of Sticks, Shoulder Pads, Gloves, and two complete sets of Jerseys and Stockings. I am appealing to all of you to treat this equipment with the greatest care, because, it is very hard to get with the little money we have, and above all, please look after the pucks, because the shortage of rubber makes it practically impossible to procure them.

There will be a Dressing Room provided by the side of the Match Rink and therefore, it is not necessary to take the kit back to the billets with you. I do hate chasing through billets and getting black looks when I wake you from those peaceful slumbers.

Plans are now under way for the construction of showers, Dressing and Locker Rooms in the Drill Shed, and when these are completed, I must emphasize that the use of these showers not only keeps you clean, but almost obviates the possibility of catching cold, so use them after your games and you will not have to use "Lifebouy".

I will finish this article by hoping that everybody will take advantage of the sports facilities on this station and keep themselves in good shape.



An application was received at Station Headquarters the other day from an airman, who was applying for a posting to Debert.

The Adjutant, failing to believe that anyone in their senses would ask to be posted to a place like Debert, sent for the airman and asked him his reasons.

The erk replied that his hoppo had been posted there last week and he would like to be near his kit.

# Poet's Corner



We have given over most of the Corner this month to one of our nieces in Swift Current, named, curiously—Nantz. You know, "There was a young lady named Nantz"—you finish it!



Have you never never learned  
If you play with fire you are sure to get burned?

But my soul was so full of hope,  
I couldn't even see the smoke.

But couldn't you tell when you looked in his eyes  
That his heart was full of lies?

His eyes were Irish, and air force blue,  
I thought it was blarney shining through.

Couldn't you tell by his good-night kiss  
That something was lacking and sadly amiss?

Nothing was lacking, his kiss was just right.  
He said he would like to kiss me all night.

Oh, to think of a friend of mine  
Being taken in by that air force line.

But he swore up and down he meant what he said.  
It sounded like romantic books that I've read.

I hope you have learned from this whole sad affair  
That when a man has been around, he is not on  
the square.

At least I have learned this, among other things.  
A man is no angel just because he has wings.  
Nantz.

Since I am just a sweet beginner  
And you a hardened up old sinner,  
You would be the one to tell  
What happens on the road to hell.  
What happens to a gentle maiden  
When with whiskey she is laden.  
Inform me of delightful sins  
Occuring after several gins.  
Tell me of the morning after,  
When in all the world there is no laughter.  
Of dancing and dining and wining and men,  
Oh, tell me that part over again,  
So that I may never stray  
From the straight and narrow way.

\*

Say, I've been thinking this all over,  
You've been living right in clover.  
I don't think I'll be good just now,  
Take me out and show me how  
To do these things of which you tell,  
I think I'd like to go to hell.  
Nantz.



## For Tony

Up in that vast great sky above,  
There's a new star shines to-night.  
For one of our comrades left us,  
"Tony" has made his last flight.

Most of us knew and admired him,  
As we heard him play at his ease.  
For none could compare with Tony,  
When he settled down at the keys.

I'll bet he's up there smiling,  
With another stripe on his sleeve.  
That Flying Officer Tony,  
Who's gone on his final leave.  
Jan.

# Me and Banff

I went to Banff for 192 hours in the Fall. If it could be said that I went there broken-hearted, it could also be said that I returned heartless and broke.

★

I spent 16 hours in the Norquay cafe eating; 80 hours in bed; 6 hours in a cinema; 8 in a Beer Parlor; 2 writing letters; 16 in a car with rain-smearred windows; and three evenings in Hotel rooms—talking. That left me approximately 39 hours in which to see the scenery.

★

I consider that the three days' rain and two days' snow were deliberately arranged by the C.P.R. because the Banff Springs Hotel had just closed. I intend to write to Mr. King about it.

★

I was in "Sams" drinking wishy-washy coffee with the Potato Peeler and the Incinerator Man from the B.S. Hotel, when I first realised that they didn't know I was an airman in civvies. My brachicephalic index and Mediterranean eyes no doubt kidded them that I was just another Venetian waiter.

★

I had bought a plaid sports shirt (Murray clan); and paid more for an English wool sports coat than I paid for the Burton suit I got married in.

★

Of course, I already had a pair of Bedford cord trousers that I bought from an impoverished Varsity Student I met in B.C. last May. So, you see, I was properly pepsi.

★

I glared at every S.P. I saw—and was sorely disappointed when neither asked to see my leave form.

★

I badly wanted to see some animals, wild. I walked twice down a dark road at the dead of night, with weirdly-bugling Elks all around—but I didn't even see one. The third night, boy, did they chase me!

★

One day I saw a yellowy-brown cat running through the grass some place, which George said was a Lynx. He should know. 'cas he's an accountant for an oil company.

★

Up by the village rubbish dump I saw the back of a black bear, but she, I guess it was a woman bear, was slowly moving away from me.

★

However they've got a museum in Banff, so that you can really see what the wild animals look like. I did see a chip-munk, though, that reminded me somewhat of a P.S.I. I once knew.

★

I went canocing up Echo Lake. Fortunately it rained, or there wouldn't have been enough water to go very far.

Page Twenty-eight

I haven't said much about the beauties of Banff. The guide-books, magazines, and news reels have covered that angle. Undeniably they are beautiful beauties. But I think they'd all gone home before I got there.

★

Certainly I went to the sulphur baths and had a basin-full. I got a lovely B/O. It made my finger nails shine for the rest of the week, and I kept sniffing them to remind myself of the sulphur; just like back home after a sea-side holiday I used to sniff my salty nails to recall sweet memories of the beach.

★

Have you noticed how young policemen are looking these days? I saw some mounties, and they looked just like kids to me. Maybe that's because I'm getting old, but I never believe my girl friends when they say they've pulled a white hair or two from my head.

★

I've always fancied growing old gracefully, and I think Banff is a swell place to grow old in.

★

Coming back in the bus I sleepily produced a yellow ticket.

"How come you get a BX 956?" said the conductor-driver.

"What's the matter with it?" says I.

"They're only for Service-men."

I stared at him. "I'm in the Air Force," I mumbled apologetically. He looked at my natty green coat and mentally called me a liar. So I fumbled for my chit; and then fell asleep until I got to Calgary. I was very glad to get back. Banff is so exhausting. You must try it some time . . . but not in between seasons like I did.

*The Sweet Corporal*

(Note: Mrs. Sanson runs the "Villa Hotel" almost exclusively for airmen and W.A.A.F.'s. She charges 50c a night for a bed. When she knows you're coming, you can drop straight into bed from the 02.00 hours train. She's fully approved by the Y.M.C.A. and all that. Accommodation is also available at the Salvation Army Hostel at 75c for bed and breakfast.)

**Percy Grant, Barber**

Thanks you for your patronage  
and wishes all ranks

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS**

THE  
**Webster Shoe Store**

extends

**Hearty Christmas Greetings**

**TO YOU ALL**

## USEFUL TO KNOW

(Things aren't always what they seem)

A DELICATESSEN is not a frail German city.

A DIME is not a Cockney's girl friend.

A SIDEWALK is not another way of ignoring a person.

THE BLEACHERS aren't a chemist's by-product.

A BLOW-OUT isn't a morning constitutional.

A REST ROOM isn't your favorite quiet den.

THE BLUE LINE isn't a Steamship Company.

PUCK isn't always a Shakespearian character.

NOO YEARS is singularly popular but uncommon singularly.

A HOME RUN isn't a dash from the office to your sweetie-pie.

A STRIKE isn't a belt on the ear with a skittle.

A SPARE isn't another skittle in case the first-mentioned missed.

AN INTERMISSION isn't a cemetery church.

A SERVICE STATION isn't always an RAF camp (or branches).

A HAMBURGER isn't a native of Hamburg.

A HOT DOG isn't a record breaking greyhound.

A CITY isn't always a place with a cathedral.

A BILLFOLD isn't a crease in an invoice.

A TAILOR MADE CIGARETTE isn't made to measure at Burtons.

A MAIN DRAG isn't a ship's anchor.

A BISON isn't an earthenware utensil.

A BEAVER isn't a bewhiskered old gent.

A FANNY isn't a . . . WHY GO ON?

Cpl. Bold, L.

## CONFESSIONS OF A MARRIED AIRMAN

FROM AN EARLY AGE my amours have run the whole gamut of races. There was M, a Scots lassie; Y, from Yorkshire; Lulu from Bruxelles; Sonia—a white Russian refugee; Freda from Berlin University; a little Jewess from Hampstead; a whole bevy of English blends—and of course, my better half, who racially is Welsh.

Thus I'm fully qualified to balance the finer points of girls born and bred on the North American continent. For the last fourteen months I've been marking my card very carefully, and watching some of my friends embarking on voyages a deux with ladies—both young and old—from Canada.

Such a procedure seems to arouse the fanatical derision of large numbers of ill-educated, under-disciplined, over-sexed, and under-satisfied single airmen from the old country who are taken to be representative of the Mother Country by those Canadians unfortunate enough to entertain them.

Many of our airmen have brought the parish pump to Canada, and have been working the handle ever since.

Incidentally, I have always been amused to notice that those who have had least experience of England and Scotland have always been loudest in

their uninformed criticisms about things Canadian. It tempts me to think that freedom of speech is mostly a cloak for misuse of speech.

In general, I have found that the best biological specimens come from the good earth: Daughters and grand-daughters of farmers, living a vigorous, healthy life. Without children, marriage hasn't much point. Mostly anybody can breed, so insist on a good pedigree. The South American tribal system which does not consider marriage to have occurred until the couple have a child—has much to be recommended. . . . This is recommended in thought, but not advocated in deed.

When you've found your cup of tea—add a touch or two of racial mixture if you can. There's plenty here in Canada with mixed racial origin—to give a dash and verve to personality, and high colour and moulding to the features. Crossing the strain in search of finer specimens is the biologist's and horticulturist's pet hobby. (I always tell my Scots friends that they were saved from utter barbarism by mixing with good Teutonic and Latin blood.) I won't describe all the marriagable women I've met in Canada. But you'll probably understand my reticence when I suggest that had I come here in a state of single unblestness I don't think I would have remained in that fidgetty condition for very long.

It seems to be generally agreed among Canadian women I know that Englishmen have a little something the others haven't got. Perhaps this can be analysed into greater politeness, social manners, and a tendency to idolise and worship women. This edge of ours over the local boys—can be, and is spoiled nightly. But it is a point to remember. Our little Romeos should play up their good points.

It seems to me that the Canadian girl loves the quiet—almost shy—good manners of the Englishman; and the English girl (feeling the weight of several generations of prudish repression) approves unconsciously the aggressive directness of the American. (English women please confirm!)

In England the newly married man usually has to buy either a pram or a fur coat. Over here, most girls have fur coats already.

"Figaro"



## Romance

A man driving through the country noticed a farmer with a bull hitched to the plow. Stopping his car, he said to the farmer: "You have a beautiful farm here and everything looks prosperous and I am wondering why you don't have a tractor to do your farm work."

"We have two tractors in the barn."

"Then why in the world have you got your cultivator hitched to a bull?"

"I'm just trying to teach this bull there is something in life besides romance."



# Y.M.C.A.



The Season of Glad Tidings is once more upon us. What we would do without Christmas to remind us of our duty to our fellow men has, at sundry times, been a most controversial topic. Right now, it has become a world conflict—for does not the very essence of Naziism teach that Christ and His Christianity count for nothing?

Opposed to such a belief is the Union of United Nations. Bringing it right down to No. 39 S.F.T.S., that is, in essence, the reason we are all here, doing the job we each have to do.

So, the making to each one of you, a wish for a very Merry Christmas this year of 1942, has a double purpose. Primarily, to actually wish you a joyous Christmas Day and Season, with the most sincere thoughts possible, and then to ask you to remember, when Christmas Day rolls round, just why we are in this war—just why we must continue in it until the day of complete Victory is ours. Perhaps such a realization will spur us on to yet greater endeavour and better results from our work.

\* \* \*

We are very pleased to be able to continue serving you in our Y.M.C.A. Program and Canteen activities this past month. That we have attained a measure of success is evidenced in your friendship, and considerations. We do thank you for your continued co-operation in all our efforts. And promise a continuation of those efforts to a still higher service.

\* \* \*

Particularly pleasing was the reply to "An Erk" who becomes slightly disgruntled at something or other, not specified by him. His remarks in the Canteen Suggestion Book were well taken care of by those Airmen who apparently have no use for such poor taste. If everyone could be pleased 100%, this world would cease to have any attraction for Services such as ours. Christmas may point out to the "Erk" in question that a policy of "give and take" will get him further than continual expectation of "gets".

\* \* \*

We have been able to give those stationed at St. Aldwyn a few of the amenities that are enjoyed by No. 39 Personnel. Included are picture shows. It is expected that more of these will be available in the near future. Many thanks to those up there, who are co-operating so whole heartedly by assisting your Supervisor.

\* \* \*

Within the next day or two, your Canteen will have had its New Christmas Fittings in place. Indirect lighting, and new window curtains will, we hope, be appreciated by all patrons. We ask your help in keeping them neat and clean.

The first Whist Drive held in the Reading Room was a decided success. There will be one as a regular part of "Y" Program, every Monday night. Many thanks to Jack Miller who has taken over the running of these. He is a past master at the game—and all who enter are assured of good entertainment, and pleasant moments.

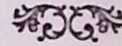
\* \* \*

And a word about your Library. The Committee is hoping to add another 1000 books to the Library Shelves. But this means extra work for the Librarian, and his helper. All Airmen will make this part of your life on the Station much better if they co-operate to the full in returning books when due, keep books in good condition while in their custody, and observe completely the few rules that have been found necessary. We believe you will.

\* \* \*

So we come to the end of 1942—the New Christmas—the start of Next Year that we have been working toward. And all we can say to you all in this best of all languages, is to repeat Tiny Tim's immortal words: "A Merry Christmas, and God Bless Us Everyone." This from the entire Y.M.C.A. Staff and supervisor.

R.H.S.



## TO AIRMEN

and all members of the  
armed services

**Merry Christmas**

and a

**Happy New Year**

from

**CHRISTIE  
GRANTS**

# Laycock Drug Stores Limited

Headquarters for

Kodaks, Films, Developing Work; Toilet Articles, Creams,  
Lotions, Hair Preparations, Brushes.

Magazines, Books, Papers, Stationery; Confectionery,  
Fancy Goods, Tobaccos, Souvenirs.

**FULL LINE OF CHRISTMAS GOODS**

DRUGS—DRUG SUNDRIES

# Laycock Drug Stores Limited

Central Avenue

Swift Current

Phone 2501



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

**SASKATOON BREWING COMPANY**  
SASKATOON SASK.

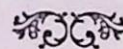
**Christmas  
Greetings**

from

THE

**HEALY  
HOTEL**

(Fully Licensed)



Dining Room catering to  
discerning tastes.



*Season's Greetings*

**"To the Boys"**

**AVENUE  
HOTEL**

TOM PRASSUS, Prop.

**Melhoff Electric Co.**

**RADIO  
SALES  
AND  
SERVICE**

Wish you all

**A Merry Christmas**

and

**A Bright and Prosperous  
New Year.**

Phone 2444

Swift Current

THE

*Kruse Painting  
& Poster Co.*

of

Central Ave., Swift Current

extend

**Hearty Christmas  
Greetings**

and

**Best Wishes  
For The New Year**

to

All Ranks at No. 39

THE

*Season's Greetings*

from

**Tripp Lumber Co.**

Limited

Swift Current

Saskatchewan

Distributors of

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



# The Forum

*Open for Free Discussion*



*This article has been written by "Peggy" a Canadian lady whose family, on the male side, has been in this country for 240 years.*

## ARE YOU A FIFTH COLUMNIST?

"What? A fifth columnist? Why we have bought all the victory bonds we can possibly afford. I knit, sew, and work for the Red Cross, I entertain Service men, save all salvage, work in the Hostess Hut, and have two sons on active service. What do you mean—a fifth columnist? Well I like that!"

Well, Madam, whether you like it or not, you are a fifth columnist—an unwitting one I grant you, but nevertheless a traitor to the very cause to which your sons have so gallantly offered their services, and it may prove—their very lives.

This imaginary conversation might come a severe shock to many well meaning Canadian citizens. In reality it is not as fanciful as it appears, and can be applied equally well to both men and women of this country.

There are a great many people in Canada who do not yet realize that each, and everyone of us is fighting in this war, fighting on that all important invisible first line of defence; the home front. We must guard our tongues and actions, lest our unwitting sabotage undermine morale, and weaken our cause in a more devastating manner than any fifth columnist, or saboteur could do.

We of Canada are in this war, not as some "dim wits" will yet try to tell you—"to help England"—but to help ourselves. We as part of the United Nations are fighting for our very existence, make no mistake about that. If you question that statement; consider the fate of other Nations who were unfortunate enough to be unable to defend themselves, or foolish enough to believe Herr Hitler's promises of reward and protection.

Herr Hitler realizes now—if not before, that the United Nations are tough, resourceful and determined. He realizes, that presenting a United front, they can, and will mean his ultimate defeat. Therefore it is his best interest to see that United front broken; broken through the spreading of propaganda that will cunningly sow the seeds of suspicion and dissension among our allies, and thus definitely cripple our war effort, and retard, if not prevent our ultimate victory.

Let us not encourage the defeatists and rumour mongers by listening to their tales. Do not encourage criticism of our Government's efforts or of our allies by too readily accepting opinions of others as facts.

Our government makes mistakes; but they are not unique in that. They are merely human beings from the ordinary walks of life, trying to fulfil a public office to the best of their abilities. If you have a grievance, get in touch with your local member, or the particular department that deals with that subject, and find out what can be done. That is what local members are for! If not see what can be done next time he comes up for election. In other words "Put up or shut up". Remember ere criticising the government in Ottawa, that it was the majority of the people of Canada who put them there!—Remember these are difficult and harassing times for our leaders and many things which appear foolish now, can, and will be explained later on. To do so now would in many cases be giving valuable information to our enemies.

We have to admit that our Government has better coped with War conditions and given us much more satisfactory service than we received in the last war. Remember the ever soaring price of sugar and other staples in World War I, and be grateful for our price ceiling and present rationing system.

Our Selective Service has not proved all that can be desired, but our leaders have been quick to recognize this, and admit it's shortcomings. They are now taking steps to remedy the trouble, and will no doubt arrive at a satisfactory solution of the problem in the near future. The interest evinced by our Government in their post war problems at this early stage, certainly has a heartening sound. Let us all stand behind them in an earnest effort to see that our boys in the Services, get a square deal this time—a deal they have a right to expect from the country they have offered their all to defend.

In the matter of weakening our War effort through the spreading of suspicion and dissension amongst our allies, I think we can safely say that as a general rule the suspicious attitude between peoples of various blood strains, is the result of intolerance and lack of understanding to other fellows problems. We have a case in the attitude of many Canadians towards the R.A.F. personnel belonging to this very Station.

As a Canadian of average intelligence—we hope, who has lived in all parts of Canada, amongst all types of peoples, I feel I can, without fear of censure, offer an opinion upon this matter. I feel

that it is merely a matter of getting acquainted with the English, etc forming a hasty and often unfair opinion. Canadians are not a demonstrative or over enthusiastic people, and are inclined to be somewhat cautious in their approach to anything, or anybody they do not understand or know. However once having decided that you are fundamentally "a pretty good guy" the Canadian will become a tolerant and understanding, if not demonstrative friend. You will find him "right in there punching" for you when the going is tough.

Why should we not be friends? We speak the same language, both believe in representative government, freedom of speech, and freedom of worship. Our very system of government as laid down in the British North American Act is based on old English law, as contained in the English bill of rights. True we gained our National status by the Statute of Westminster of 1926, and its later declaration in 1932. So lightly had the hand of the Mother Parliament been laid upon us, that few, if any Canadians noticed the transition.

Do not get the idea that because the English are soft spoken and polite that they are panty waists. They have and can be plenty tough. They didn't spread the English language over oceans, mountains, and jungles by dropping in for a spot of tea with the bally natives. They may have lost a couple of rounds in this war, but so have others, and don't forget how long the British held Herr Hitler off alone! That they pulled their weight in the last war is proved by the fact that they lost nearly a million of the best of their young manhood.

The British are leisurely—but not slow, their crack trains hold world speed records; a British ship held the Transatlantic record, a British car and a British driver set world speed records.

You will find the English women reserved, that does not mean that they are haughty. Living on a small island containing 45 million people, one learns to guard their privacy, and respect that of others.

We must also bear in mind that "we" belong to a country "at war". England is "in" the war zone. In other words "they have experienced what we can still only imagine."

England is blacked out every night and all night. Highway signs came down and barrage balloons went up, they have been bombed night after night, month after month, losing homes, possessions and families. Food, clothing and fuel are rationed. From their homes every fit man between the ages of 18½ and 41 years has been drafted into the service—unless holding an irreplaceable job in an essential war work. This age I believe has now been raised to 51 years. The younger children in many cases have been evacuated for safety.

With old time social distinctions forgotten, the women of all classes serve side by side in an all out war effort. There are 6,700,000 women of Britain working in industry and essential defence services. Records show these same women have stuck to their posts near burning ammunition dumps, have delivered messages afoot when their motorcycles were blasted from under them. They have died at their gun posts and another girl has stepped into

their place as they fell and "carried on". There is not a single record as yet of any British woman in service, quitting her post or failing in duty under fire—and that my friends to use an English expression "Takes a bit O' doin'!"

Stop to consider that over 60,000 British Civilians, men, women and children have died under bombs, yet their morale is high. Then drop your prejudices and look for the grand, the fine qualities that must exist in such a people.

It is doubly important to bear in mind that the people of Britain have been living under a terrific strain; a strain such as few people in the world have ever known. In all your dealings with them, remember—it is impolite to criticize your allies.

This is neither a racial war, nor a one of color against color. Can you not see that this terrible catastrophe has befallen us because of the belief of some Nations in the idea of "Master Races"? We should be through with racial antipathies, when at long last and great cost in life suffering, we finish this struggle.

Do you realize that in this war for Democracy, that not only men of various blood strains, but various colors; the Chinese and the Negro are standing shoulder to shoulder with one another, and none, regardless of color or race has been found wanting.

Must we not hang out heads in shame here in the security of our own homes, we cannot bury our small differences and adopt a more tolerant, a more Christian attitude toward "not the stranger—but the allies within our gates!"

Let us mend our spiritual fences, and be friendly and understanding, making an honest effort to use our common sense at all times. We have in our power a great chance to bring about a much better understanding between peoples of our Commonwealth of Nations, an understanding which should go a long way in fulfilling that hope of a new and better world for all, when death and destruction come to an end.

P. Garratt.

☞☞☞

## With Apologies to the Padre

A Bus Driver, after driving on one certain route for a period of 34 years, was, owing to War conditions given another route.

The unforeseen consequence was that he went insane. Whilst confined in one of the State Asylums, he was often heard reciting the following:

"Our Farnham which are in Hendon,  
Harrow be thy name;  
Thy Kingston come, thy Wimbledon.  
Give us this day our Leatherhead  
And forgive us our By Passes;  
Lead us on into Thames Ditton,  
But deliver us from Erwell,  
For thine is the Kingston,  
The Purley and Crawley,  
For Esher and Esher,  
Crouch End.

unwise to enter an ally

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To all our Patrons a Great Big THANKS and a Sincere Wish  
that you may have

A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
and  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

### December Attractions at Swift Current Theatres

#### AT THE EAGLE

- Wed.-Thurs., Dec. 9-10, "JACKASS MAIL,"  
Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main.
- Fri.-Sat., Dec. 11-12, "HER CARDBOARD  
LOVER," comedy, Norma Shearer and Robert  
Taylor.
- Mon.-Tues., Dec. 14-15, "WE WERE DAN-  
CING," sophisticated comedy drama, with  
Norma Shearer and Melvyn Douglas.
- Wed.-Thurs., Dec. 16-17 "THREE GIRLS  
ABOUT TOWN," Joan Blondell, Binnie Barn-  
es, John Howard.
- Fri.-Sat., Dec. 18-19, "TARZAN'S NEW YORK  
ADVENTURE," Johnny Weissmuller and  
and Maureen O'Sullivan.
- Mon.-Tues., Dec. 21-22, "THE MAGNIFICENT  
DOPE," a grand comedy drama. with Henry  
Fonda, Don Ameche and Lynn Bari.
- Wed.-Thurs. Dec. 23-24, "RINGS ON HER  
FINGERS," Gene Tierney and Henry Fonda.
- Fri.-Sat., Dec. 25, 26, "SYNCOPIATION," Jackie  
Cooper, Bonita Granville, A. Menjou.
- Mon.-Tues., Dec. 28-29, "SON OF FURY,"  
Tyronne Power and Gene Tierney.
- Wed. to Sat., Dec. 30-Jan. 2, "THE TUTTLES  
OF TAHITI" grand entertainment for the  
whole family, Charles Laughton and John  
Hall.

#### AT THE LYRIC

- Wed. to Sat., Dec. 9 to 12, "MY SISTER  
EILEEN," one of the season's best comedies.  
Rosalind Russell and Brian Ahearne.
- Mon., Tues., Wed. Dec. 14-15-16, Watch the  
Newspapers for Special Announcement for  
this date.
- Thurs. to Sat., Dec. 17, 18, 19, "FOOTLIGHT  
SERENADE," romantic musical comedy with  
Betty Grable, Victor Mature, John Payne.
- Mon.-Tues. (Double Feature), Dec. 21-22, "THE  
GAY FALCON," mystery melodrama with  
Geo. Sanders and Wendy Barrie. "DUDE  
COWBOY," Tim Holt western.
- Wed. to Sat., Dec. 23 to 26, "THE MAJOR  
AND THE MINOR," one swell comedy, with  
Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland.
- Mon.-Tues. (Double Feature), Dec. 28-29, "KID  
GLOVE KILLER" detective, with Marsha  
Hunt, Van Heflin and Lee Bowman. "LADY  
SCARFACE," mystery melodrama with Den-  
nis O'Keefe and Judith Anderson.
- Wed. to Sat., Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1-2, "ICELAND,"  
romance, comedy and music abound. Sonja  
Henie, John Payne and Jack Oakie, with the  
U.S. Marines in Iceland.

### THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

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BOYS OF 39  
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**A Merry Christmas**

and

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Swift Current

**HISTORY IN THE MAKING**

"A few hours ago I was in the War Office, talking to an officer in the Selection Personnel Department. . . . On the wall was a copy of a cartoon by Low, brilliant cartoonist of the London 'Evening Standard.' It showed a fat general standing on a ladder fitting round pegs into square holes. A startled-looking recruit is standing at the foot of the ladder, an N.C.O. beside him. The N.C.O. is

saying to the General: 'An economist reporting for duty, Sir.' The General is replying: 'An economist, hey? Put him on sanitary duties at once.' The Personnel Officer smiled at it fondly, 'A piece of history,' he said." (Lester Powell in a BBC "Guest Night" talk).



One of the local lassies from Swift Current showed one of our fire fighters a bit of hose—he's been playing with fire ever since.

**Empire Hotel**

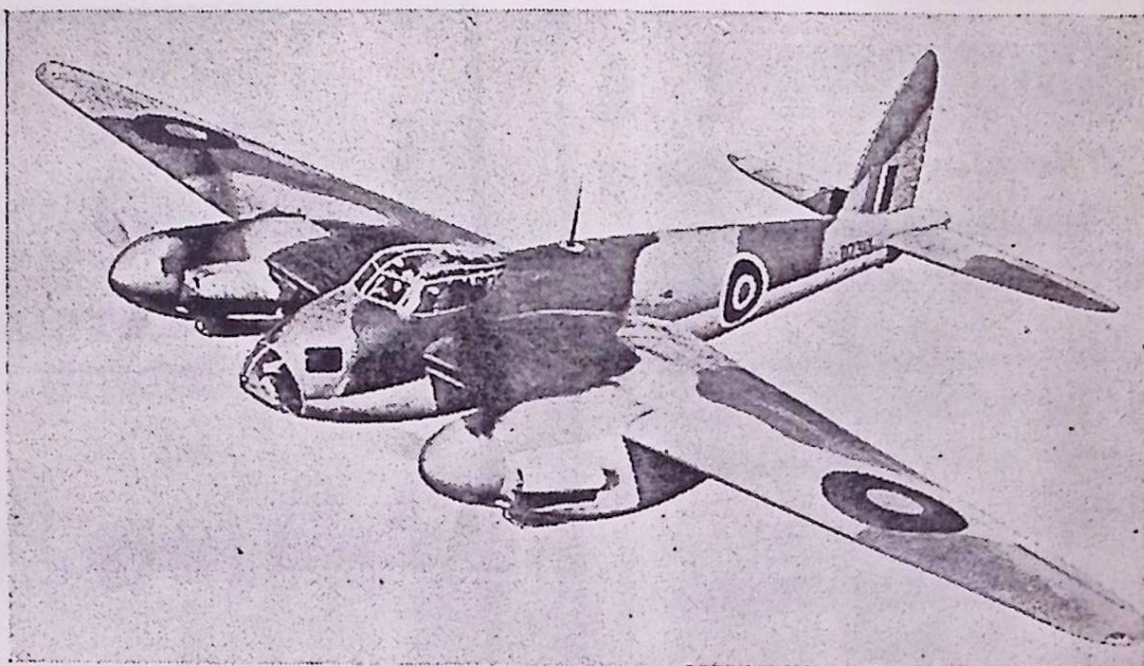
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## **New, Outstanding de Havilland "Mosquito"**

First released picture of sensational new de Havilland "Mosquito" that is in the news right now with its brilliant daylight and nighttime raids over enemy territory. The de Havilland Mosquito is powered with two Rolls Royce engines. Developed by the de Havilland Design Staff, the Mosquito reconnaissance bomber is of simple wooden construction. The dimensions of the Mosquito are: Span 54'2"; Length (Overall) 40'9½"; Height (over propeller tip one blade vertically upward, tail wheel on ground) 15'3"; both the undercarriage and tail wheel units are retractable. It has the de Havilland three-bladed hydro-matic type propeller. Offensive armaments may consist of four 20 mm cannon and four .303 machine guns. The "Mosquito" is also being manufactured by de Havilland in Canada.

The name de Havilland is famous in aviation history. Continuously engaged in the manufacture of aeroplanes since 1908, de Havilland factories span the world. The wide scope of their products and activities is believed unsurpassed in the aviation industry. The de Havilland Mosquito pictured above, is their latest achievement.

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New Year

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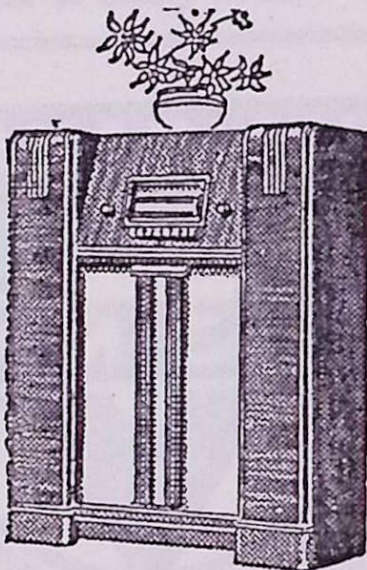
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