

15 CENTS

CHRISTMAS

NEW YEAR

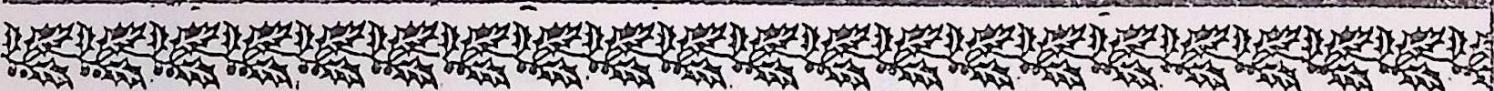
1943-1944

The

SWIFT

A Review of Current Events

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



The Swift

A Review of Current Events



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

Published by Kind Permission of the Commanding Officer

EDITORIAL

The publication of the first number of the new issue of The Swift is an event of some significance. In spite of the severe handicap of not being permitted to include advertisements—they are always lucrative and sometimes decorative—it has been thought fitting, in response to a widespread demand, to have a good try at producing it again. It is felt that it will meet a real need for it will not only provide a record of our life in Canada but it will also give our people in the home country an impression of what goes on here. Every Officer, N.C.O. and Airman should, therefore, buy at least two copies, one for himself and one to send home. The postage to the British Isles is only one cent if posted at the Station P.O. The success of the magazine depends upon a wide circulation and a plentiful supply of contributions of all kinds each month. There is enough happening on this Station to provide material for a magazine a day. If you see or hear anything funny or unusual write it down and let the editors have it. Articles on any interesting topics, together with short stories, travel accounts, descriptions of sporting and entertainment activities, etc., will be welcomed. What about an account of your trip to New York or Hollywood or Vancouver? The Editors must rely upon your full co-operation. Let's have a magazine worth sending home and worth perusing in old age! The next number will be out at the end of January and after that it is hoped to issue it at the end of each month. Stimulate your grey matter and get scratching! There is plenty of paper in the "Y." A Happy New Year to all our contributors and readers and here's wishing for Victory and Home in 1944.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE—S/Ldr. A. J. C. Hoskyns-Abraham, President; S/Ldr. B. H. Sackett and F/Lt. F. A. Richards, Joint Editors; Mr. R. H. Standen, Cpl. Vincent, LAC Winch.



Any Station participating in so many varied interests as this Station does should have a magazine, and I am very pleased to see "The Swift" in action again.

To my mind, the value of such a publication is not confined to the present, but can be continued to later days when many a one may look back on little incidents which happened during his stay at No. 39 S.F.T.S. and which caused him amusement and pleasure at the time; his memory will be more easily kept green if he can place his hand on some record of such incident.

The Editor and Managing Committee have my sincerest good wishes in what I am sure will be their successful effort to get "The Swift" on its feet again.

Chas. R. Kear
Graph Captain

« Old Timers »

I came to Swift Current in the spring of 1912, and three months later a cyclone swept a twisting narrow track through Regina, causing many deaths and untold disaster. One of the many odd things was this: In the path of the cyclone was the Donahue block. A man was working on the top floor: he went to the window to see what the sinister commotion was. The force of the cyclone like a Hoover cleaner sucked him out of the window and down into the street below. He was dumped on the causeway "as gently as a feather", quite fit to help in the rescue work of the day.

One has no reason to disbelieve that story: a prairie man hears too many miracles that can be proved. But such things are not typical. In all these thirty odd years I don't remember another important cyclone. We have had greater disasters, but more pedestrian ones. From 1930 to 1938 we had drought, "dust-bowl" troubles, and world depression—roughly ten straight years of utter failure for wheat farmers and stock farmers alike. Our South became a desert. There was ruin to a high proportion of the people, famine and suffering to a huge majority. Said one of our orators, all too truthfully—"It is still possible in Saskatchewan to live on locusts and wild honey, if you can only find the wild honey." Yet the gallant people, gaunt and hungry, looked at disaster with defiance in their dust-filled eyes. They stood the blast: they wore the storm down.

The measures we have taken since will make that particular kind of calamity much less likely in future. But even yet the West is not a land for soft people: it is extreme, variable, tempestuous. A great place for young people—the boys and girls struggling to school in snowdrifts or through below-zero blizzards don't worry much. Men wrap up and go out to the rescue of horses. Women endure one hundred in the shade in spells in mid-summer, and in the midst of that swelter a hail-storm will kill fowls and smash a square mile of glorious grain into the mud. The prairie is made on that scale, large in measure, large in method, and men who came to conquer it had to be on large scale too.

They were. It was a gift to us young fellows around the 1912s to come into touch with our founders. They were giants. Most of them were kindly giants, honourable and gallant: North West Mounted police, ranchers, settlers, mail-carriers, village merchants, missionaries—the doctors almost above all. What risks they took! Everyone rode horses at first. Later they drove strange light buggies. There were no real roads; there were ranch gates to open and shut at every turn; and on these winding trails in winter Death was no infrequent companion. Nowadays we prairie men don't know we are living, with hard roads, covered cars heated and wirelessed, warmed swimming pools, ten cent stores, private baths in our inspected and bug-free hotel bedrooms, and goals with roomy cells and private farms.

I remember the story of the young remittance Englishman on one of our ranches north of Swift Current. He was a drinker, not of use in a highly civilized land, but a fearless man and a genius with horses. A farmer still with us had to get a wild young horse broken; all but an outlaw. No one could handle him. Then Remittance man came on the scene, liquored and with a round bottle or two bulging from his pockets. In a few minutes, the first of which risked his life and smashed his bottles, he had the horse tamed, and in the afternoon he rode it into Swift Current, up the wooden steps of the old hotel that stood in Central Avenue, and into the bar-room for a victor's mugful.

They were colourful men then. They knew life; they were careless of it, many of them; if death was around they had to beard it, for themselves willingly, for wives and babies less so. Their faces sometimes showed in deep lines and high colours what they went through. But in the end the head was broad-minded, the voice was hearty, the heart was tender, and the average record was clear. (I haven't room to tell about the real-estate men).

Hospitality was universal in the earlies; sobriety less so. Language more picturesque than polished. Their colourfulness was a matter of individuality, of quality, not of mere recklessness or law-defiance. We never had the highwaymen, the gangsters, or the mining-town follies of American flickies. Our settlers might curry their horses more carefully than themselves, but you should have seen them at some real rare social event—barbered ten times o'er (the young men) and glittering in claw-hammer coats and stiff white bosoms. Their women by the 1912s were often Paris models, much more up to date than ours of English counties.

Another thing that made for colour was the European immigrant element. We gained from these plain people, though they weren't plain in some ways, their costumes for instance. The sad thing is they learned too soon to modulate their joyful tones to our Quakerish ones. They were men of sinews and patience and a home-making genius, mostly worthy of a strong and friendly land. But they were not at one with us in all ways, and they had customs—non-stop wedding saturnals for instance—that worked oddly in our quiet communities. Such problems aren't ended all over Saskatchewan yet; but the dear immigrants are mostly loyal, resourceful and stimulating, and Citizens.

As the years passed and railways, new roads and farm machinery opened up our Western spaces, civilization came to greater flower: too soon you might say. From this district men raced to the old War in their thousands. Afterwards there were hectic years mixed with sleepy years until the Great Slump. We had been building things for keeps: cities, schools, hospitals, churches; we ventured through limitless mud into solid sidewalks;

and we were planting—trees! Hardly a one higher than myself existed when I saw Swift Current in 1912. We became snobs too, keener on shaving and shoe-shines. We thought rather less of the handsome and opulent bar-tenders, and began to ape the culture of the Old World. (There was a venomous story, earlier in date I fancy, of the parson's son from the Maritimes who had come West and found a job in a prairie lawyer's office. He had to report to the home parsonage, but in order not to break the hearts of the good old parents, he wrote that he had a job as a Bar-tender. But perhaps, if you are not cynical, it was the other way around.)

We'll we slid into Service clubs; we founded Little Theatres; Clara Butt and Lawrence Irving entertained us here in person. We had a prime minister for our local legislator. Governors-General stopped off and surveyed us; and great orators like Lord Bennett came again and again, to convert farmers to Toryism!

Now we have war again and a drought of young fellows at home. We oldsters are dragged too often from the chimney corner. Still we miss the warmth and thrill of the old days and the smell of our old stable-mates. The comforting element is that we find near us in the Air School "this happy breed of men, this band of brothers." May they use their fill while they can of these robust and rattling winds and stirring days!

G. C. THOMSON.

(Novr. 18, 1943. Swift Current)

(Mr. G. C. Thomson, the author of the above article is the Swift Current District Police Magistrate and a native of Scotland.)



AN ERK POINTS THE MORAL

Once again the Station Magazine is in circulation. This time in the form of a Yuletide number. As this is the season of Good Will towards men and all that sort of thing, I sincerely hope YULE overlook any jokes that may have any suspicion of "corn". WAVE them aside, so to speak.

You are familiar now with that very striking notice which has been appearing on the screen in the cinema for the past two months, THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE! Send in your interesting material to the Education Officer or Padre before Feb. 31st, 1946 or words to this effect! Anyway, this really is your magazine, and if you have anything interesting in the way of stories, etc., don't keep it to yourself. You'll be doing a great service to others in the camp if you let us hear about it. This war is not won yet, but there are hundreds of V.C.'s, D.F.C.'s, D.R.O.'s, S.H.Q.'s, S.S.Q.'s, F.F.I.'s, etc., awarded every month. Names are mentioned daily in despatches. Here is your great opportunity to do something boys. Think how proud you may feel in years to come. Just imagine for a few minutes.

Page Four

You are 85 years of age, sitting by a real fire in your favourite utility armchair, sucking away contentedly at the old corn cob you found in the abultions after lights out. Your little granddaughter NACELLE is sitting on one knee, the other portion of your old undercarriage being PNEUMATIC, owing to the fact that your beloved wife OLEO is continually pulling your leg. Little NACELLE looks up at you enquiringly with her great big "LOCKHEED" blue eyes which she inherited from her father, and says in her sweet "variable Pitched" voice. "Enough of this AIR-SCREW TORQUE Grandprop! Shoot the line to me about 39 S.F.T.S. Tell me more about the INJUNS and how you shot three hundred of them from the front turret of an Oxford. What's this faded volume you are scanning?" With a tear in your eye, you answer — "This, my dear little NACELLE, is a copy of the January 1944 number of the 39 S.F.T.S. magazine. See here," you point, "my name is mentioned several times. There's an article here for instance on how I suggested the disposal of SWILL from the cookhouse. The S.W.O. thought it was a SWILL idea, despite the fact that the Messing Officer refused to co-operate, as he thought SWILL was REFUSE and would REFUSE to be responsible. My suggestion was rubbish and also my knowledge of the English language very vague. Here again is a recipe I sent in to the Messing Officer, partly to regain his good will."

To Make a Plane Cake

Ingredients:

- 1 Doz. GOPHER'S EGGS.
- 1 lb. SWIFT CURRENTS.
- ½ lb. SIMMONDS NUTS (Crushed).
- 1 lb. CORN STARCH.
- 2 BOTTLES BIG CHIEF.

Thoroughly mix all the ingredients together, and place in a tin greased with a good lubricant such as D.T.D. 109. Place in oven for three weeks at a temperature of 80°-centigrade. To test cake to see if it is done, stick a knife in it. If the knife comes out clean, stick all the other knives in. If the cake should show any signs of "winterisation" it should be coated with DE-ICING sugar.

Do you get the idea boys? In years to come, this may be you. Unfortunately we can't all win the V.C. because of the metal shortage, but there's lots of little deeds of valour from day to day go unrecorded. Let's all put our shoulders to the grindstone, mainplane or whatever it is, and lend a hand to the chap in the next bed-space, even though he smokes all your cigarettes, uses up your cinema tickets, tooth paste and boot polish. The spirit of Xmas can easily be prevalent all the year round if we "have a go". There's no Mistletoe out here, and no Holly to give the real atmosphere, but despite my cold in the head, I wish all in the camp, a "BERRY XMAS", even the Flight Sergeants.

HAW.

NE'ERDAY

The year 1943 is slowly drawing to a close and soon the festive season will be with us once more. Customs vary in different countries, the Englishman celebrating his Xmas and Boxing Days; the Scotsman Hogmanay and New Year's Day or Ne'erday as it is more commonly called in the North. Perhaps a word about the latter will be of interest to those who have not had the good fortune to be in Scotland at that time.

Long before the great day approaches the lady of the house is preparing the black bun without which no Ne'erday would be complete. This is a very rich and heavy cake composed chiefly of currants and is sometimes called currant bun. The day before New Year's Day the house is given a thorough scrubbing and cleaning for it is considered very bad luck to have any of the Old Year's dirt in the house on New Year's Day. Small boys are likewise given a good scrubbing for the same reason. Before midnight the family all gather in the house and wait for the midnight hour. In some parts of the country there is a gathering of the townspeople at the Market Place or some such centre; in Glasgow, for instance, the traditional meeting place is the Glasgow Cross where wild scenes of enthusiasm are witnessed as the chimes in the Tron Steeple strike the hour ushering in the New Year. Then all join in the singing of "Auld Lang Sync" and a toast is drunk to the New Year wishing good luck to all who are gathered together. It is a peculiar fact but so strong is the Hogmanay feeling that even rabid teetotallers usually break their abstinence and take "a wee drappie." Then comes the most important part of the whole celebration—First Fittin' or First Footing.

Immediately after the bells have tolled from the church steeples sundry dark figures may be seen hurrying along the streets each clutching a small attache case or black bag containing the items necessary for the performance of the rites. The First Foot is a most important person because on him, and it must always be a man, depends all the good luck for the household during the ensuing year. Tradition has it that to ensure good luck the first foot to cross the threshold must be that of a dark haired man, and most important, he must not come empty handed. This is important, otherwise he brings disaster on the household. Any gift, no matter how small or inexpensive will do and a traditional gift is a lump of coal. When the first foot crosses the threshold, he is greeted by the head of the house and there are drinks all round while they toast the New Year. Then the first footers move on to another house and celebrate there and so on far into the night. Open house is the order of the day and parties are being held everywhere, the houses a blaze of light (pre-war days anyhow). In every house in Scotland the same thing is taking place and many a bottle of Scotland's best is emptied and tons of black bun eaten. Then in the wee sma' hours the first

footers wend their way (sometimes a little unsteadily) homewards.

New Year's Day is a day for the family to get together and celebrate. On New Year's morning the family usually go to the church service and the members of the family hanel their new clothes and gifts. It is considered lucky to hanel (wear for the first time) one's new clothes by wearing them to church. When the children come out of the church they are given an apple, an orange and a bright, shining, new penny. In the afternoon after New Year's dinner the males of the family may go to the local football derby or the family may go out to a matinee of a pantomime. Then in the evening there are dances, more celebration and jollification.

The first time a visitor goes to a home after the New Year the head of the family toasts the New Year with him until the year is well started.

CHICK.

THE FIRST LETTER

Dear mum & dad,

At last i have got hear, so you can stop worying now & start getting reddey for when i come home. I didn't write before becose i didnt think it was possible to use a pence hanging over the side of the ship & when i got on the train to cum to this place it went so fast i coodnt keep on the paper. Nothing much happened on the way over, but i lost a lot of wait. I didnt eat much only dinner on the second day out, (& i had that twice). I wore a porthole for a collar for the rest of the trip. We had a nice cabin, only it was a bit crowded, but as we layed down most of the time, it didnt matter much. I didnt like the voyage at all. I think cruses must be all bunk.

It is very cold out hear but you dont have to wory becose theyve given me long pants. They ich a bit but they say ill get use to that. This camp is pretty well the same as England & the boys talk about the same things as they do at home. Even if they dont talk about the same things rite-away, they allways werk up to it.

All you can see around hear is miles & miles of miles & miles, but you can see the lites of the city from the top of the hill. If there are as many howses as there are lites, i shood no evryone by the end of the weak.

Ill rite to you as soon as i can & tell you how i get on hear. I must close now & have sum tee, as they tell me it is Gofer Pye (i wunder if its enything like fride Spam).

Your loving Sun,
George.

P.S. Tell Bill he can ware my blew sewt, but not to smoak the Park Drive i left in the pocket.

It Just Goes to Show

Jack Benson

Those were lovely days during August, 1939. The lull before the storm was never more apparent, the weather never better, and even mankind seemed to sense this last fling of lazy free days. Bill and his side-kick Joe were lying on the bank of the Old Man River, near Lethbridge. Their horses were grazing near by, making contented sounds and the two Mounted Policemen lazily chucked stones into the swift stream and languidly watched them plop to the muddy bottom.

"The way I see it," said Bill, "is when all hell breaks loose none of us will have the right to say what we are going to do about it. It'll be sink or swim, everyone mucking in, and we won't have the right to say whether we choose to fight or not. The guys we will have to fight are not doing it on a voluntary basis."

Joe paused for a moment and pulled a stalk of grass to chew on before he answered.

"Well, here is one lug that isn't going to be forced to do anything. They can't chuck me around. Until I choose to fight I'm protected in this racket. At one time I would have been flat out to go, but look at the kind of world diplomacy they want us to fight for. Hell, since I thought war was glamorous and fun I've done a lot of things and I've been to a lot of places. And I'm sticking to this outfit where I can get along. The rest of you can go. Anyway I'm getting married. Me for a nice quiet, cozy detachment miles away from Staff-Sergeants, until I have done my time."

War did come, and quickly. Bill traded his riding boots and buffalo coat for a flying pair and sidcot. In no time at all he was edging the rail of the ship as she eased into her berth at a "well known east coast port". For long hungry hours he had been gazing at the coastline of Canada, picturing all it had to promise. The years had passed by so swiftly he had not had time to draw any comparison or contemplate the changing values that had twisted his life. He had certainly lived in the interval. He had known the good and the bad side of war. While the crawler twisted through bush country and snaked across the prairie he wondered about the existence of the chaps he had left behind and how the old life would stack up to his present outlook.

It was some months before he located any of his buddies of former years. They had been scattered to the winds, of course. But what about Joe, had he maintained his own way of life in spite of the tempests of war? Word had been received that he was married. Had he managed to get the quiet detachment and would he be as contented as he had imagined that sunny day on the bank of the Old Man River?

Slowly word crept round on the moccasin tele-

graph that Bill had returned from the wars. And Nick finally located him. They sat down over a drink to fill in the timeless gap. Bill finally got around to it.

"I say Nick, how is old Joe—did he get Pinto Butte detachment, and has that wife presented him with a colt?"

Nick took a couple of slow puffs on his pipe before answering.

"Funny case that, I thought you had heard when Bob went over with the tanks—he was going to give you the lowdown. You remember how Joe used to say to hell with the exciting life, he wanted to escape from all that. Well, he did settle and from all accounts made a damn good husband. Got his detachment too. Things seemed to be perfect for him. Then one day he received instructions to pick up an old homesteader who had been reported queer by the neighbours. You know the kind—routine call to serve a summons for violation of some minor provincial statute. Joe called but the old boy waved him away with a very determined rifle. He returned to his detachment, sent off a wire to inform the Staff and returned to the job. Got in the house alright but the old man was up in the loft. It was one thing to serve a summons, another to apprehend a crazy old man with a gun. As he went up the ladder to the loft he was drilled right through the head. I suppose he never knew what hit him. Poor Joe, it just goes to show. . . ."

No. 39 S.F.T.S. Wives Auxiliary

This organisation is now meeting during the winter months at the "Piccadilly" and all wives of personnel attached to the station are invited to join in the activities.

Regular weekly meetings are held on Tuesday afternoons at 2.45 and a meeting once each month for the discussion of general matters. More support is necessary to ensure the continued success of the organisation and all who are interested may be sure of a hearty welcome.

K. M. KNOWLES, President.

Post Office Personalities

Whistling, "the Shiek", Grist.

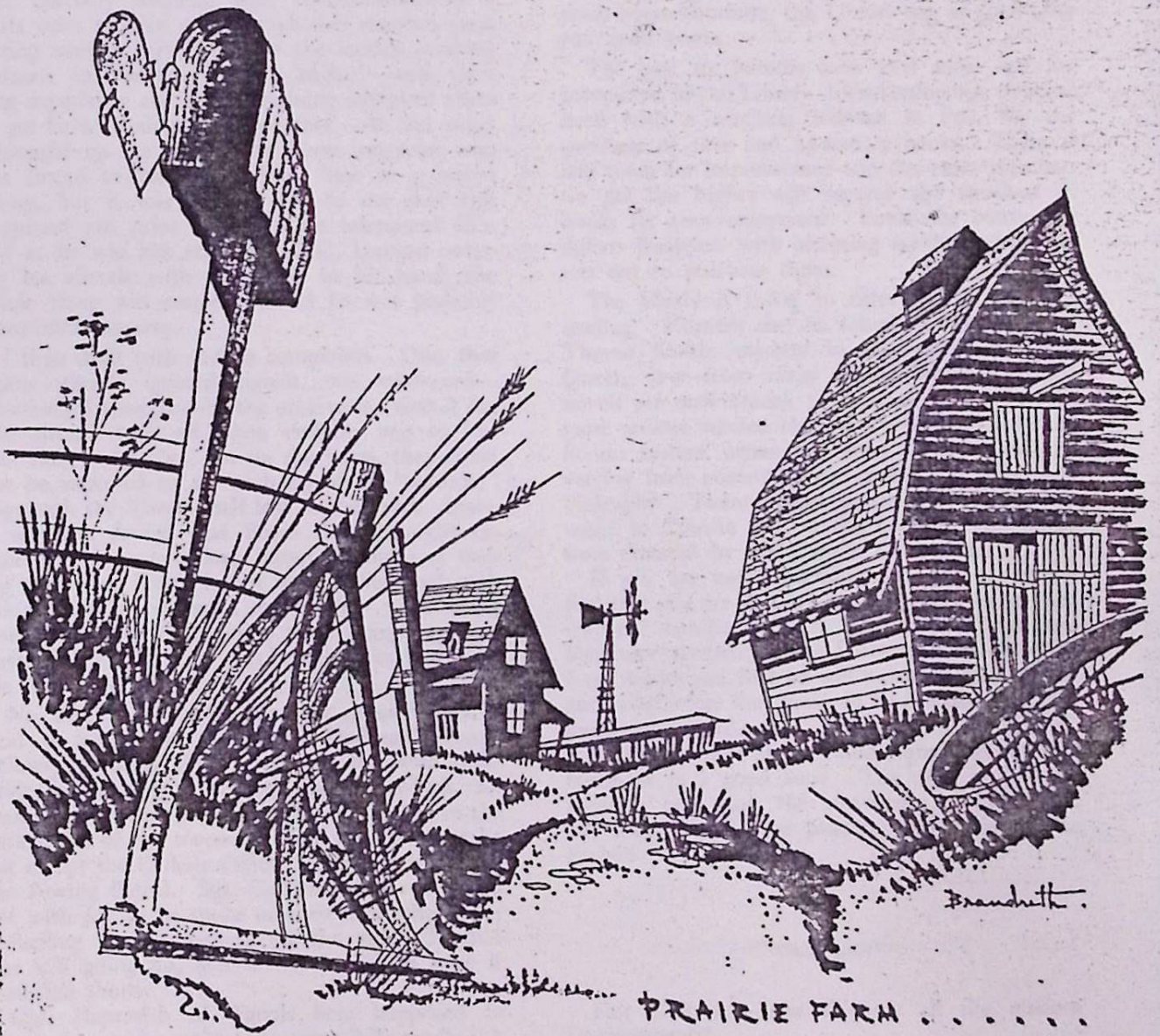
"Curly" Searle; who argues with Grist about his mail.

"Wally Allen"—the one with the tea MUG.

"Sam"—him of the "four-cent" fight.

Cpl. "Peter" Chomoway—the dependable.

Sgt. Bell—"Hell-on-details."



PRAIRIE FARM

"Coming In on a Dot and a Dash"

From the Swift's Special Correspondent.

To give its public news of all that is interesting and new has ever been the Swift's policy, and so for this issue I was sent to get the "gen" on that much talked about unit, the Beam School.

On first looking into No. 1 Hangar, the home of S.B.A., I was surprised to see that the floors were polished. Recovering, I skidded to the inner sanctum, where I was received by the genial C.O., surrounded by his band of keen and enthusiastic instructors. A stray ray of sunshine picked out the new ring on his sleeve and glistened on his pate, while the scent of his cigar mingled with the smell from the wax on the floor.

The reasons for the Unit's efficiency were first discussed, and it was pointed out that the instructors, specially selected, were conscientious—as a Scots voice pointed out (though this sounded stark staring mad to me) "Probably the hardest working jacksons in western Canada to-day"—and their long experience and special training equipped them to get back in almost any weather. At this point I brought up the case of the Beam instructor who was forced to land away from base in a recent clamp, but it was pointed out to me that this happened just prior to one of his infrequent 48's, and as he was last seen by L.A.C. Duncan entering his aircraft with a suitcase in his hand, the whole thing was suspicious, and he was probably stone-blind anyway.

I then dealt with various complaints. One, that Beam aircraft ignored signals, was countered—effectively I thought—by the observation that if the said aircraft took off when visibility was so low that they had to taxi out on the beam, they could not be expected to see such signals as "washout" flags with the Tower itself lost in the murk. Again, it was not denied that Beam aircraft might occasionally be seen making bumpy landings or taxiing with flaps down, but it was implied that such things usually happened when they were being test flown after inspections, these being very frequent due to the large number of hours put in by the Beam people.

No unit being better than its ground crew, I paid a brief visit to F/Sgt. Dudman's room. "Chiefy" himself spoke modestly, but with quiet pride, of his flight's training, part of which, for reasons of secrecy, had had to be carried out in the dark hours of the morning, when no one could be out except the Orderly Officer trying to track down the Roving Patrol. Sgt. Griffiths was beside himself with joy as he spoke of their new scheme for re-fuelling taxiing aircraft on the run. Practice was still going on, and it was hoped to have it perfected shortly.

Cpl. Hepworth of Signals here happened to wander in, and he spoke of amazing R.T. results. A recall signal sent out to night flying Beam aircraft recently had resulted in all crews being in the

cookhouse inside fifteen minutes. Here I happened to notice that the time was nearly 11.45, and not wishing to miss Clair Wallace, I was forced to say adieu and hurry away.

STATION LIBRARY

Some of you probably remember those rather delightful evenings spent at home over a roaring fire in a comfortable easy chair with a mellow pipe and a good book. Well now, although it is not within our power to offer you the majority of these home comforts, the Library can at least offer you good books.

The past six months have seen some real improvement in the Library. Membership has doubled itself with a resulting increase in cash for the purchase of new and up-to-date books. There is still room for improvement and the more members we get the higher will become the standard of books for your enjoyment. Books are costly and dollars disappear with alarming rapidity when one sets out to purchase them.

The library is trying to cater for all tastes in reading. Humour can be found in the novels of Thorne Smith; mystery in the pages of Ellery Queen; love from many writers whose romantic novels are well known to most of you. For the more serious minded there is a well equipped non-fiction section where one may dip into subjects varying from economics and politics to travel and biography. There is also an excellent section devoted to Canada and all the books in this group were donated by the Canada Committee.

If you are not a member and you sometimes find that you are at a loss for something to do then why not wander across to the Old Y.M.C.A. and introduce yourself to the Librarian, AC. Mostyn? I can assure you that he will welcome your appearance and before long you will be in possession of a membership card.

Remember that one can find a great deal of contentment in a good book. The cares of life slip away as one reads the adventures of other folk and indeed it may be possible even to forget the Prairie!

F.A.R.

Fair Customer—Has this car all the modern improvements?

Salesman—Everything, madam, but a beautiful owner.

VALE!
R.F.C.



By the time we go to Press, "Doc" Courtin will have left us. We feel sure he will not regard it as an insult to his medical skill, if we say that we shall remember him more for what he did to our minds than for what he did to our bodies. Lots of us have been healthy enough to resist the necessity of visiting the Station Hospital; none of us has been fool enough to miss the opportunity of visiting the Station Theatre.

In that theatre he built up a standard of entertainment, equipment and comfort, which we are confident is unsurpassed at any similar service unit. He has left it at a time when he has been able to see practically all his plans for improvement materialise and when those who carry on afterwards need only have as their object the maintenance of the tradition which he built up—an object, which, we would add, is likely to keep them very fully employed.

The personnel of this Station owe a very great debt of gratitude to "Doc" Courtin for the time and thought and energy he gave so unsparingly to the organising of Entertainments. We are certain that he considers himself very fully repaid by the enormous popularity those entertainments have achieved.

So Good-bye, "Doc"; Good Luck and Thanks!



"Do you mean to say your husband beat you when you arrived home after midnight?"
"Yes—but only by 20 minutes!"

* * *

If you do not believe in providence, watch the average lady driver, and try to figure out what else saves her.

Things to come . . . ?

I was sitting one day on my hard office chair,
And pondering how I could see my way clear,
To composing a letter to Higher Command
On a subject as thorny as any to hand.

The words began coming: my eloquence grew:
My brain was on fire. Of a sudden I knew
That, as sure as the sun would rise in the morn,
There would be in this hour a masterpiece born.

I stuffed it with phrases of time-honored weight,
Like 'Replying to yours of (some other) date'
And 'It is concurred's and 'Earnest desire's
And Fulfilment's of 'All that the Service requires.'

It teemed with 'Requested's and 'You are referred's
And 'Respectful submission's' and other long words.

Its syllables rolled from the tongue like a dream
And its paragraphs ran like a fast-flowing stream.

Yes, yes! It was surely a letter to end
All letters—A monument—Something to send
To all Air Force Units, at home, overseas,
As the perfect example of true Jargones!

And finally, just as my eloquence rose
To the full of its tide, I directed four blows
On my summoning bell, in a call swift and clear,
To the trusty recorder of words to give ear.

I gazed through the window and then at the floor,
As if the mere boards would inspire me more.
I heard the door open. A figure came in;
There was rustle of paper. About to begin—

'Now take down this letter,' I stopped: the words froze

On my lips; my thoughts raced: I was dazed, as I rose . . .

What is this phantom that came through the door?

Slowly I raised my eyes from the floor . . .

Whose are those ankles and trim little feet?
And Air Force blue skirt?—My heart missed a beat—

And those starry bright eyes and that smile full of grace—

And those sunshiny curls which encircle that face?

Yes—there she was standing: there could be no doubt.

(What's this Prairie madness I've heard things about?)

She spoke—and she said, as her lips drew apart,
'I'm the new Clerk G.D.' . . . and I woke with a start.

Jackson

OFFICERS' MESS

Now that it's getting a little chilly, as they say in Canada, (or, now that it's so and so cold as they say in England) our new Mess is certainly very much appreciated. One may settle down by the fireside, feet stretched out, and gaze contentedly at the new corner seats, the bookcase or the views of Canada on the wall, and listen absently to the radio or maybe "Captain" Kidd or the Padre at the piano, both of whom play so easily and so well. Perhaps Jim Bean'll be tinkering the keys, in which case you'll feel quite romantic and happy for the youth of the Empire for Jim's got that far away look in his eyes these days—ah me, these affairs in the City! What more could you ask of the lonely evenings?—well, if you like that stuff, there's always your two beers each day and if they haven't got that, there's rye and if they—O.K., make mine a Coke! Surprising how many Officers are thinking of playing darts for their Hut, you must admit though that the beer's good in the Wet Canteen! F/L Tony Brandreth's the man who's responsible for planning and reorganizing the Mess and we all owe him a vote of thanks; post war reconstruction should be nothing to Tony after his job here.

There have been plenty of new comers lately and, in fact, anyone with over six months Swift Jackson service is an old Timer in the Mess—pause whilst the writer congratulates himself on getting that line in print! After so long on the prairies it is only natural that a few hearts should be lost from the Camp and, at the time of writing, the Officers' Mess certainly has mislaid its quota. No names, no Jackson but watch this column in the next issue for all the latest gen.

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D.T.W.

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Who is the most revered senior member who insists on commencing his slumbers in the ante-room on the auspicious occasion of a monthly dance? Did he dream of "stove" dancing?

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Lots of members are wondering where the "blue chairs" go in the "concert time."

Who is the most honourable senior disciplinarian member who imperils the lives of his fellow compatriots in his "mechanically propelled vehicle," especially when reversing "down hill"?

We hope the members do not get too inebriated on their new "beverage" rationing plan. I hear tickets are on sale in "down town in Swift Current."

We would appreciate it as a favour if the mess ticket puncher would "go U/T" with Harry's Bus Co. to become "proficient".

Who is the Senior N.C.O. who, after a lively evening, normally goes to bed, and then has a spell on the window sill. Tight-rope artiste, eh?

Who is the very recently married Senior N.C.O. who had two hours sleep in forty-eight—toothache, eh?

"Three Stripes"

SITTING ON THE CORPORALS' CLUB FENCE

The idea of A Corporals' Club was first mooted way back in '41 when some of us sailed the broad Atlantic waters in the good old S.S. "Tamara" (God rest it's creaking timbers) and, in point of fact, such a club was started a few days after arriving in Swift Current. Like most activities it has had its ups and downs until, at the present time, it is functioning with some degree of satisfaction although there is still room for development and improvement which can be obtained with a little more support from the Corporals themselves. The Commanding Officer has shown a particular interest in our activities and has given his active support to various ventures and Flying Officer Pritchard as Officer i/c has even taken time off from playing tennis to give his able assistance in running the Club!

Today the club is reasonably comfortable and the settees and easy chairs with a modern decor in decoration make it an attractive place to drink the cup that cheers (although we regret there is no draft Bass in pint pots on sale), to sit and read the magazines which are supplied, or at least, to gaze in adoration at the pretty Varga blondes, to play cards, table tennis or darts or, when we discover it's present whereabouts, to listen to the

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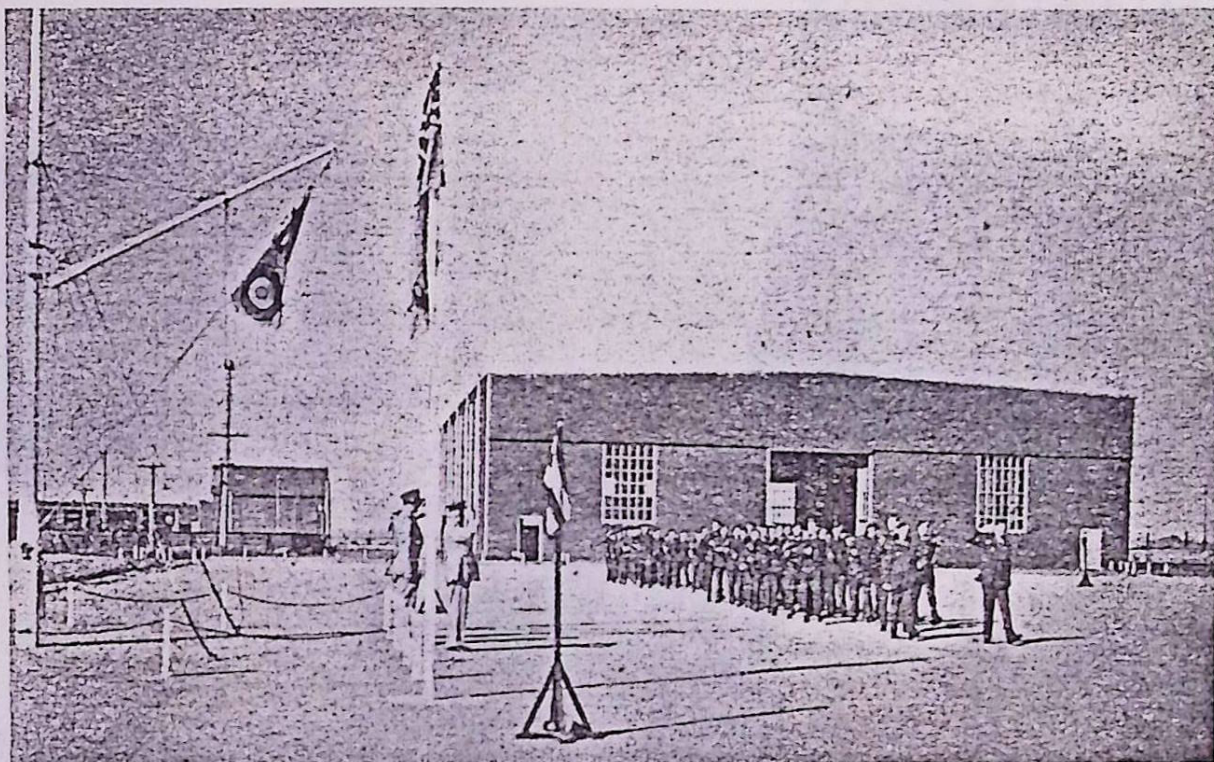
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No. 31 (Swift Current) Air Cadet Squadron passing in review at summer camp 1943.

Joining the Air Cadet League of Canada at its inception in August, 1941, No. 31 (Swift Current) Squadron has increased in strength from forty-three cadets to ninety-three, not counting fifty-three members who have enlisted or moved away.

Cadets receive weekly instruction in signals, aircraft recognition, theory of flight, navigation, drill, meteorology, anti-gas, mathematics, administration, hygiene and first aid.

The squadron ranked third among the Saskatchewan Squadrons for general proficiency throughout the year and for appearance at the annual inspection held in May, 1943.

The cadets and officers acknowledge with thanks and gratitude the assistance so freely and willingly given by the officers and personnel of No. 39 SFTS.

Cadets who have successfully covered the course

of Administration, Aircraft Recognition, Mathematics, Signals, Drill

(OR)

Navigation, Meteorology, Mathematics, Signals, Drill, receive preferred postings when enlisting in the R.C.A.F.

WITH THE R.C.A.F.

- Jerry Smith, No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary.
- Richard Buckland, No. Wireless School, Calgary.
- Dale D'Arcy, No. 2 I.T.S., Regina.
- Jack Freeman, No. 2 I.T.S., Regina.
- Kenneth Metson, No. 2 I.T.S., Regina.
- Frank Kemp, No. 3 Manning Depot, Edmonton.
- Clarence Bleackley, No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary.
- Clinton Winget, Mechanic, Regina.

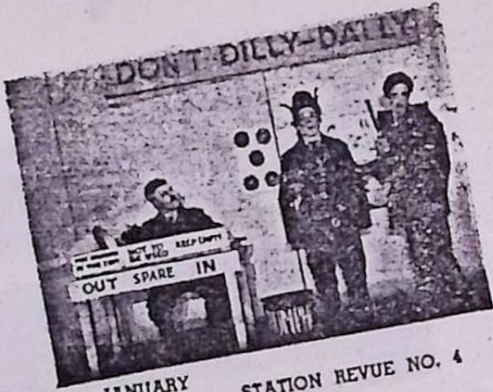
expensive, thirty dollar radio which has mysteriously disappeared within recent weeks — Sergeant Wickett please note. It would appear that someone on the Station is not acquainted with the provisions of A.P. 830 Volume 1. Over and above these facilities, which are available for a modest monthly subscription, particular functions are held from time to time. In recent months there has been a series of dances each of which proved very successful. Indeed, rumour has it that they are the best held on the camp, but how far this is due to a potent brew concocted by Sam Fearnley has never been definitely established.

More recently a Social evening combined with

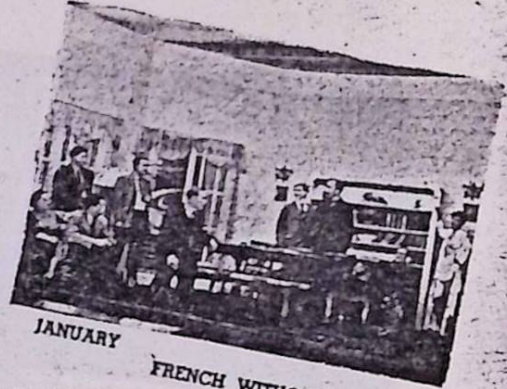
"Bingo" has been held on Sunday when we have entertained as visitors both civilians and other ranks. These have been exceedingly popular and the new Entertainments Committee is doing a fine job of work, and Colin Williams and Frank Esdaile are to be congratulated on the results of their combined efforts. The Committee has further plans in the offing for the near future of which more will, we hope, be heard in the next issue of the Magazine.

All in all the club can be regarded as one of the live wires on the Station but suggestions, helpful criticism and active cooperation from all Corporals will be appreciated by the Committee.
JAY.

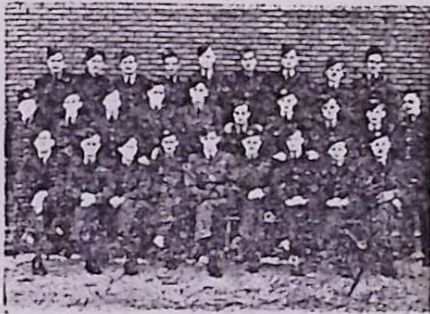
Pictorial Review



JANUARY STATION REVUE NO. 4



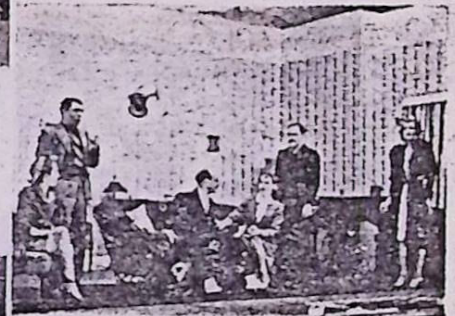
JANUARY FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS



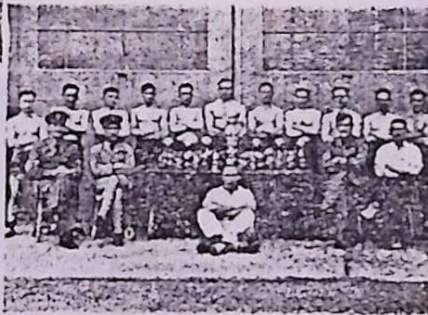
FEBRUARY TYNESIDERS' GROUP



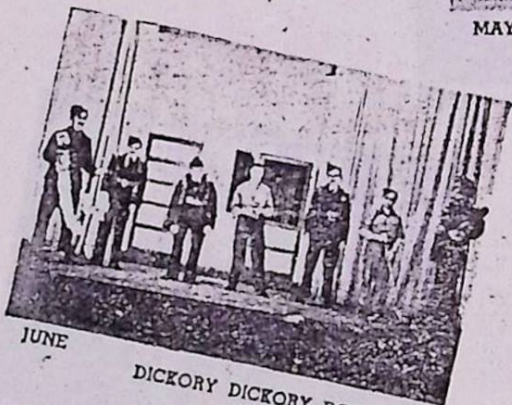
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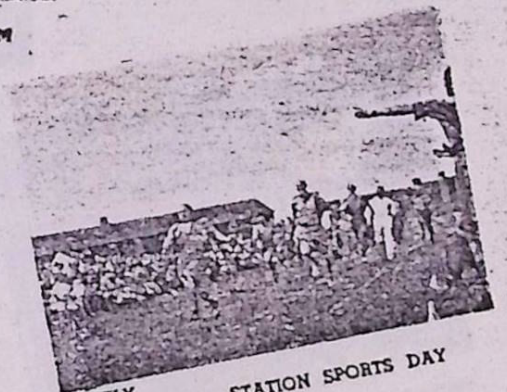
MAY WHILE PARENTS SLEEP



MAY STATION BOXING TEAM

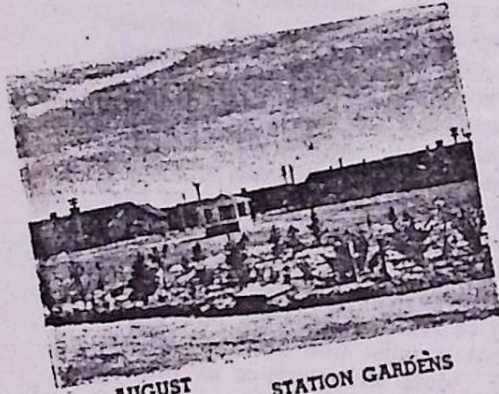


JUNE DICKORY DICKORY DOCK



JULY STATION SPORTS DAY

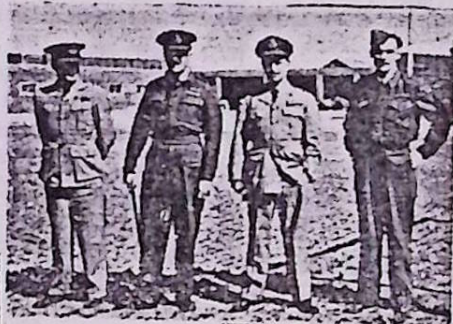
view of 1943



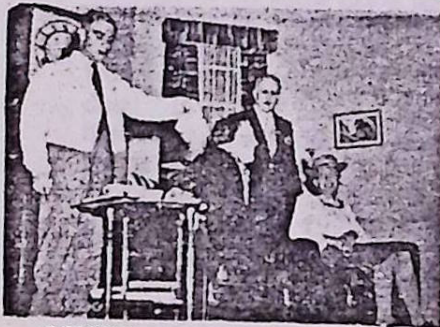
AUGUST STATION GARDENS



SEPTEMBER STATION HOSPITAL STAFF



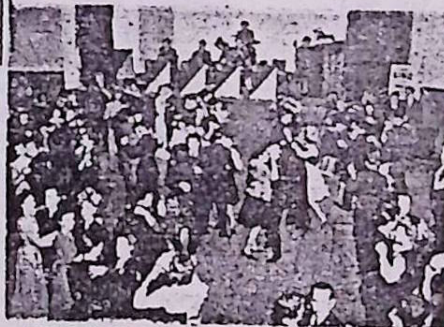
SEPTEMBER VISIT OF W/CMD. GIBSON, V.C.



OCTOBER ARENT MEN BEASTS



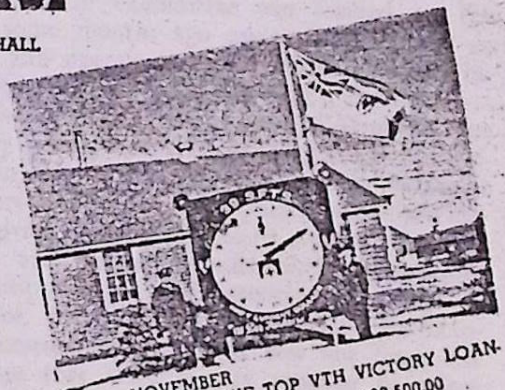
NOVEMBER TALLY HO!



NOVEMBER CARNIVAL DANCE, ELKS' HALL



NOVEMBER ENTERTAINMENT STAFF



NOVEMBER OVER THE TOP VTH VICTORY LOAN - \$23,500.00

With The Padre

The Meaning of Christmas

What is Christmas? It is a great and glorious mixture, like Christmas pudding. It is a conglomeration of parties, dances, meals, crackers, presents, carols, letters, cards and what have you. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas to a Britisher without these things. The climax of the whole mixture to most of us, and certainly to a Yorkshireman or a Lancashireman, is the Christmas dinner. Those who think that way are going to be catered for on this camp. "No expense has been spared," as an inebriated Scotsman once said to his pal, to ensure that everyone will get as good a spread as can be provided and what a treat it is to look forward to a change of grub! In England eggs are scarce and they wish they weren't and over here they are plentiful and we often wish they were rarer. Yes, if you cut out the Christmas dinner you spoil Christmas. I recommend everyone to read again Charles Dickens' description of the serving of the Christmas dinner in Bob Cratchit's house. Here's a bit about the pudding—"Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage." Let us have a thought this Christmas for the men who will do the cooking for us. It's not easy and they'll make a grand job of it.

We shall miss, more than we can say, the joys of home comfort and fellowship and without that Christmas can never be complete. Christmas is a festival of the home. The Canadians, however, with their customary generosity and thoughtfulness, will do all in their power to make up for that loss.

But Christmas is more than good things to eat and good fun with our friends. It means kindness and charity. At Christmas time we think of people we almost forget about during the rest of the year. We send them a card or a letter and maybe, a present and we may even go beyond that and remember some folks we don't know and have never seen. We may put our hands into our pocket and make a donation to some charity. That is Christmas—giving something anonymously to somebody in need without seeking any acknowledgement or any praise.

Page Fourteen

Christmas is something even deeper than that though. At the back of it all and permeating it all there is the celebration of the coming into this world of the Prince of Peace. It is the anniversary of the birthday of Jesus who first taught the world the full meaning of love, goodwill and brotherhood. The meaning of the Christian Christmas is put in incomparable simplicity and loveliness in a couplet from one of our Christmas hymns:

"Love came down at Christmas,
Love all-lovely, love divine."

That is the heart of Christmas.

*A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
to everyone.*

B.H.S.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Every Sunday in the Hospital at 10.00 hours.

Every Sunday at 11.00 hours—Parade Service.
In the Chapel.

Every Sunday at 11.45 hours—Holy Communion.
In the Chapel.

Every Wednesday at 20.00 hours—Bible Class
in the Padre's Office.

THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH:

"And all these things seemed very glad . . .
But gladder than them all was I,
Who, being man, might gather up
The joy of all beneath the sky,
And add their treasures to my cup,
And travel every shining way,
And laugh with God in God's delight,
Create a world for every day,
And store a dream for every night."

—John Drinkwater.

WELFARE COMMITTEE NOTES

The Welfare Committee was formed on this Station some months ago under the terms of an A.M.O. and operates as a co-ordinating body between the personnel and the Unit's executive.


For the past few months the Committee has been very active, deliberating, suggesting and arbitrating on the various proposals brought before it by Officers and Airmen. A Questionnaire was circulated giving a carte blanche to everyone, inviting criticisms and welcoming constructive suggestions for the improvement and extension of sport, entertainment, education, etc. facilities. The number of questionnaires returned was not large but from those that were it was possible to select some sound proposals which were directed through

the correct channels, approved and brought into operation. The Committee have personally met airmen of Dowding, Trenchard and Salmond at meetings held in these Huts in the evenings and the discussions which took place led to corrective action of several complaints.

One duty of the Committee is to serve in an Advisory capacity to the families of personnel who have been repatriated and a great deal of time and energy has been given to these matters. The Committee is always glad to advise on questions connected with repatriation of families and will do all in its power to care for them during the time they are awaiting passages to the United Kingdom.

It is hoped that personnel will exercise their prerogative by submitting their ideas to their Welfare Committee representatives or by attending the Hut meetings to voice their opinions.

T.C.C.



BAND JOTTINGS AND MUSICAL NOTES

On 2nd November the Station Band, together with a number of artists from the Unit, made a Broadcast Recording of orchestrations, interspersed with dialogue, song and verse.

The fourth of November saw the departure of our very able Bandmaster, Sgt. T. Chappell, who had completed a most valuable tour of duty at this Station. His services with the band were very much appreciated.

On the evening of the fourth November, the Station Military Band was billed for a recital in the Station Theatre. At short notice F/Lt. J. Ridley stepped into the breach and wielded a worthy baton. The music was well played, covering a large number of settings, and was enjoyed by a good audience.

The augmented Dance Orchestra made its first public appearance on Nov. 16th at a charity dance in the Elks Hall, Swift Current, in aid of the Airmen's Welfare Fund. This function was a huge success, socially and financially.

This augmented orchestra made its debut on the Unit at the Airmen's Dance in the Station Theatre on 23rd November.

During the period 22nd to 30th November the Station Bands had a full series of engagements on the Station and in the city of Swift Current, culminating with a Station Dance on the 30th.

A large number of personnel constituting the military and dance bands are waiting for the "Boat." Once it pulls in, our numbers will be greatly depleted. There are vacancies for all instruments. Come along all you musicians and lend a hand to entertain your fellow airmen and friends in Swift Current! Rehearsals are held in the Station Theatre each Thursday at 15.00 hours. F/Lt. Ridley will welcome all volunteers in this direction. The more the merrier!

MUSICAL APPRECIATION

It is impossible to sum up in words the aural significance of music. Intangible as the Universe itself, music belongs to the realms of beauty, imagination and fantasy.

Every artist of consequence has left us his spiritual autobiography in his work through the medium of the pictures he painted, the books he wrote or the music he composed. By listening to the musical compositions of the great masters, we are brought into close touch with their types of mind, the kind of sensibilities they possessed and what they saw and felt when they looked at life, translated into melodies and harmonic sequences.

Even as the mind and soul of man is not limited by any worldly bounds, so is the scope of musical composition and interpretation infinite.

Some people listen to music for the sheer delight of listening; others derive pleasure from the study of its composition and form as embodied in the Symphony, Sonata or Fugue and so on. Then there are people who admit to liking a certain type of music and not another, but they cannot explain why. Taken all in all, most people find in music some sympathetic affinity which stimulates the spiritual recesses of their inner being.

Here we have the secret of Musical Appreciation!

The purpose of the Musical Appreciation Group at this Station is to endeavour to present, through the medium of Gramophone Records, programmes incorporating the better known classics and composers such as Tchaikowsky, Brahms, Beethoven, Greig, Chopin, Liszt (only to name a few) presented to us by the world's most famous orchestras and artists. In the Station Theatre we are fortunate to possess an excellent Public Address System by the use of which gramophone records can be played with practically the same effect as though the actual orchestra or artist were in the theatre.

It is also the object in selecting programmes, to cater, as far as possible, for all tastes, and comments and suggestions are always welcomed. It is hoped therefore that many will avail themselves of such a fine opportunity and support the Musical Appreciation Group.

What more refreshing entertainment could be sought after a hard day's work, with the throb of the airscrew continually dinning in our ears, than to relax amidst the glories of melody and harmony, and escape for a little while into realms uncharted, allowing the imagination free rein to wander wherever it will through light and shade under the influence of a tonal stimulus embodying the ideas and reactions of some of the world's greatest thinkers, gifted with a Divine afflatus?

Here are incorporated all the elements of human appeal. What food for human thought, what precious treasures to be sought!

D. Kidd, F/O.

Page Fifteen

EDUCATIONAL ACTIVITIES

There are many people who imagine that they need no longer apply themselves to any kind of learning once they have left the classroom behind them. Nothing could be more fallacious and certainly any airman who takes that point of view reveals a weakness of intellect which, to say the least of it, is distressing. The whole of one's life consists of learning, of drawing forth knowledge from whatever source available. That is the true meaning of the word education.

Some folk acquire this knowledge in a casual way with no set purpose and with no ultimate aim at the betterment of his own position in life. This man gets nowhere slowly and deserves to reach that point, tho' curiously enough he will be quite envious of his neighbour who has reached somewhere quickly through the application of his own labour at self-education.

Fortunately there are men whose minds are active, who may perhaps realize that progress in any sphere of normal working activity depends a great deal of a man's knowledge, and these men come to the realization that knowledge can only be attained through learning.

THE CANADIAN LEGION has made available to Service men a number of quite good courses in many and various subjects, and nearly thirty men on this Station are enrolled as students. These Courses are strongly recommended to personnel who are anxious to keep their minds alive to matters other than those concerned with Service Life.

For those here who are keen enough to desire a greater knowledge of their Service Trade, who realize that they will give their best effort by reaching the highest rank in their trade group, a series of *Trade Improvement Classes* are in operation. Any airman who is interested can easily gain admittance to such classes by application through his Section Commander.

Every week a *Discussion Group* meets in the Padre's Office where men who are concerned over present day and post war problems meet to put forward their views or listen to the opinions of others. This group is doing a most valuable job of work in so far that it is getting men to think, in order that when the days of re-construction come, they will have some concrete opinions as to the kind of reforms they wish to see established in various branches of civil life. It would be a great thing for this Station if Groups of this kind could be established among the Senior and Junior N.C.O.'s. Are there men keen enough to start such groups? If there are they should contact the Education Officer.

In conclusion may it be urged upon all, and especially upon those younger men on our Station, whose careers are not even yet started, that now is the time for preparing and mapping out a way of life for your future. Don't hesitate to come to the Education Officer for any advice you require and as far as it is possible that advice will be given.

F.A.R.

WHAT'S IN IT?

Yes, despite its prevalence among so many people in the Service, one may well ask "What's in it?"

What I am referring to is the habit (so strongly entrenched) of using bad language. If you are one of the guilty, you will probably immediately turn to the next article. It is unpleasant, isn't it, to be told about it?

I should make it clear that I do not generally "preach" about things, nor am I motivated in writing this short article by anything but a feeling of curiosity as to the whys and wherefores which prompt so many people to use bad language unnecessarily.

Fortunately, in civilian life I rarely came into contact with people who used anything more than a mild "Damn" or "Bloody"—with which I don't think anybody would quibble, except, perhaps when used in the company of the opposite sex. Fortunately, again, these people had other means of expressing themselves adequately. When I enlisted, I must confess that I felt somewhat timid, and rather out of place, because I didn't seem to be one of the boys so far as my language was concerned. I began to ponder on the reasons for the extensive use of bad language in the Services. Was it all part and parcel of being a fighting man? Would it be necessary for me to acquire the habit in order to become a good airman? Or was it just that these people were under the impression that in joining up they had acquired a new form of manliness and this was the best way to let the world know about it? However, I came to the conclusion that there was no virtue in being "one of the boys," when I could express myself quite adequately without following them sheepishly.

I am not convinced in the slightest when I am told that bad language is part and parcel of the Services. I know that in times of anger, frustration, or other stress, some people find common English inadequate to express their feelings and, occasionally, lapse into some other form of expression. Even so, the choice of expression always seems unwarranted because invariably it has some connection with sex—and where sex enters into it is quite beyond my comprehension.

This habit has, unfortunately, grown so strong with many people that even in discussing common, everyday matters, they automatically interject some swearword between almost every other word. This is no exaggeration. It is a pity to think that such people would probably be rendered quite speechless were it not for this saving factor! I'm sorry for them.

Habits, especially bad ones, grow very quickly, and are more difficult to shake off than to acquire. Nobody will deny that to acquire this habit of swearing and take it back to civilian life would be disastrous. It is not a manly habit. It is certainly quite unnecessary. I have yet to learn the virtue of it. Can't we break away from it? After all, what's in it?

Cricket

By F./L D. L. Crimp

Some called us "flannelled fools," though most of us wore drill or cookhouse trousers for the game; others muttered "mad dogs," and retired to the shade of the Mess or Barrack Block.

Summer had followed closely on the winter snows, and a few "mad dogs" started prowling round the Camp to select the site of "Lords." This was to be 39's first Cricket season.

We chose the field next door to "Wembley" and called in F/O Monty Bartlett and F/S Cooper, in the manner common to all who are in need of help, and enquired of them, "Could you arrange to cut our blade of grass and roll out this mud pile so that it looks like 'Lords'?" Monty said "No, but we'll try," and took off his shirt.

The job was fine but now we needed a matting wicket with a concrete base, since a cricket ball refused to bounce on the prairie. "Who'll dig out a piece of prairie and pour in the concrete?" "I", said A.C. Joe Briggs, and took off his shirt and kept it off for a long time. He's thinner now.

With the admirable help of F/Lt. Garrett and Works and Bricks the wicket was laid. Any day then at "Lords" you might have seen the Concrete Mixer, the Fire Tender, a tractor and a pot of tea for Joe. The Fire Tender supplied the water to mix ashes and tennis court material into the dusty runups to the wicket. Without this a bowler would soon dig an enormous hole behind the mat, and eventually retire with a sprained ankle or a very sad analysis. The only serious interference in the proceedings came from gophers who used to burrow through the surroundings, which Joe had rolled, to see how he was doing at the other end of the pitch. There was one bad gopher hole at the top end near first slip, but we stuffed that up with everything we could find, and the gopher family moved off to square leg.

After that came the pavilion from "Wembley" and flags to mark the boundaries. Monty Bartlett got us excellent equipment to play with, though the bats needed a lot of oil and broke very easily, especially when one fearful enthusiast went out to practice and substituted a fair sized stone for a cricket ball. The consignment of elm trees which we ordered from England to plant round the ground did not pass the Board of Wartime Requirements—evidently composed of a bunch of Soccer players. Makes one ask what we're fighting for.

"Lords" was a success. Many inter-lut games were played, mostly in the evening, each side batting about an hour and a quarter. The second side to bat were at a certain disadvantage, since they started by getting the evening sun in their eyes and finished groping about for the ball in the gathering dusk. Nevertheless the play was fast

and furious since that side won, who scored the most runs in their allotted time, regardless of the fall of wickets. A good exponent of the cow shot was a maestro in these contests, for to play the ball along the ground was like throwing a marble across corrugated cardboard.

Let not this contribution resemble a page from a score book, but we should mention that in its first season 39 S.F.T.S. produced an unbeaten team, defeating 37 S.F.T.S., Calgary; 34 S.F.T.S., Medicine Hat, and the R.C.M.P., Regina, and drawing with 37 S.F.T.S., 34 S.F.T.S., and the Calgary All Star side on other occasions.

The most exciting match was that against 37 S.F.T.S., Calgary. 39 batted first and were all out for a score of 223. Our opponents at the fall of their third wicket had put up 181, but they suddenly collapsed and in a most exciting finish were all out for 215.

A.C. Harrison of the Lancashire League was the outstanding allrounder of the team. His left arm medium paced bowling was consistently deadly, since he kept a perfect length and could swing the ball both ways. His batting and fielding were also excellent.

L.A.C. Gamble, a fine bowler from Leicestershire, and L.A.C. Startin took many wickets between them, F/Lt. Gray, who used to play for the Gentlemen of Ireland, was good for a few overs, after which he was apt to complain of old age. Other good players who made up the side were F/O Robertson, Cpls. Reed, Rae, Abson and Shepherd. L.A.C.s Jillot, Smith, Carpenter, and A.C.s Hulton, Richardson, Turnbull and Atkins. F/Lt. Crimp was general bottlewasher and skipper.

A few performances may be of interest:

- v. Calgary away,
Harrison 4 wickets for 38 runs
- v. All Stars, Calgary,
Harrison 4 wickets for 75 runs
Hickman 34 runs.
- v. Medicine Hat, away,
Harrison 76 runs.
- v. Medicine Hat, home,
Lunn 44 runs. Harrison 44 runs.
Startin 36 runs
Startin 2 wickets for 23 runs
Gamble 3 wickets for 6 runs.
- v. Calgary, away,
Crimp 97 runs, and 5 wickets for 22 runs.
- v. R.C.M.P., away, 2 innings,
Startin 32 and 44 runs
Richardson 26 runs
Hulton 22 runs
Harrison 6 wickets for 2 runs
Gamble 3 wickets for 13 runs.



Sports

By F/O P. M. Bartlett



So much has happened since the last publication of the Station Magazine, that I am afraid owing to space, time and poor memory, I will have to give you just the highlights of sports activities during this time.

I think most of you will agree that the sports on this Unit have risen to a degree that should make anybody proud to be stationed at No. 39 S.F.T.S. The most outstanding success of the year was undoubtedly the Station Sports Day and Dance. Fortunately, we were blessed with a perfect day and with the cooperation of F/Lt. Richardson, who not only worked like a trojan but excelled himself in many of the events.

LAC. MacCorquodale; (I beg your pardon, Cpl. MacCorquodale), won the Victor Ludorum, and I think you will agree with me when I say that he is the finest all-round sportsman we have. Congratulations Mac, and here's wishing you every success in your future combats.

The afternoon progressed with many fine and exciting finishes, according to schedule. The evening activities, which included dancing, side shows, a film show and many other activities, were, I think, enjoyed by all. At this point, I would like to thank all helpers for making this day a real success.

Now, for Boxing, the sport which has given No. 39 S.F.T.S. its enviable reputation. The Boxing Season finished triumphantly in June, after many successes, headed by the Alberta Championships, for which we have to thank mainly, LAC "Gopher" Smith, LAC "Jordy" Turnbull, LAC "Haile Selassie" Dove and Cpl. "Mac" MacCorquodale, who managed to collect five championships. We still have an unbeaten record in this, the sport which is considered "No. 1" in Service activities.

The Inter-Station Matches are a great success and with your continued support, it is hoped to have many evenings of enjoyment this Winter. Our Trainer, AC "Joe" Briggs, has asked me to appeal to all newcomers to keep this sport alive, and has assured me that they are welcome to the training classes, which are held three times a week, on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday. On November 23rd and 25th we were due to hold an Inter-Hut Competition in the hope that a hidden World contender might appear, who would carry on the name of the "Fighting 39."

Soccer as usual had its great attraction for the majority of the camp and many fine games were witnessed. Our Station Team had terribly bad luck at the beginning of the season, with injuries; but, managed to finish third in the Saskatchewan League. Many thanks are due to F/Lt. Knox for his consistent captaincy of the Station Team. It is planned to have three Soccer pitches next year, and, as there is plenty of gear, it will be up to you to produce the championship team for next year.

After much scheming, a Cricket Pitch was made and matches were held nightly, and even though conditions did not compare with Lords or the Oval, many great games were played. That master of the shapely willow, and other shapely things, F/Lt. Crimp, has written an article elsewhere in this Magazine, so I will not dwell on this sport any longer.

The local Tennis Club was taken over by the R.A.F. and with the able assistance of the U/T Air Bombers, four courts were available daily; many thanks to them for all their work. It is hoped to construct changing rooms, next year, for the ladies as well as the male members of the club. Further suggestions for improvement will be welcomed by the Secretary, Cpl. Finesilver—S.H.Q. Orderly Room.

Under the able guidance of Mr. Ron Standen, Softball and Baseball became equally as popular as Cricket and Tennis, and he says that if you show the same enthusiasm next year, he is going to enter two teams in the Saskatchewan Softball Tournament, so give him all the support you can and many good trips are assured.

Now the Winter Season has started there will be plenty of scope for everybody to play Basketball, Badminton, and, it is hoped, Bowling.

Badminton is now in full swing, with a league fixture three nights a week, two "Free Play" nights, and a guest night on Thursdays. Birds and Racquets are provided by the Sports Section. As Birds are extremely hard to purchase, please treat them with every respect. (Do not misconstrue my meaning).

I am glad to say that this Unit has entered in the Ice Hockey and Basketball Knock-out Competitions which have been sponsored by No. 4 Training Command, and reports from Mr. Standen assure me that it will take a good team to beat us.

This year, three Ice Rinks will be constructed; one for free skating during the day, which will be behind the Drill Hall; the Match Rink which will be next to the Station Theatre, and the new "Free Skating" rink will be around the Bandstand. The latter will be used only at night. You will be able to skate to the subtle strains of "Strauss" Waltzes and to this rink, you may invite your friends.

I now wish to comment on the Inter-Hut Sports Competitions and League which was inaugurated by the Commanding Officer in August. In my opinion, this has done more to awaken interest in sport on this station than any other single factor. I believe it to be unique in Canada, in that instead of Officers, Senior N.C.O.'s and Airmen playing matches against each other, members of all ranks are attached to a hut, for the purpose of inter-hut matches and this has led to a far better understanding between them and also better cooperation.

I will give you a list of the sports which are played in this Competition, and, I am sure everyone will find at least one sport which suits his temperament.

Soccer, Rugby, Cricket, Softball, Baseball, Field Hockey, Ice Hockey, Basketball, Badminton, Boxing, Cross Country, Tennis, Rifle Shooting, Darts, Snooker, Billiards, Table Tennis, Weight Lifting and Athletics.

After you have studied this list, please contact your respective Games Captains and help to assure the success of this excellent idea, and incidentally, endeavour to put your hut at the top of the league.

Before I close, I wish to remind you all that the Sports Section welcomes all criticisms and suggestions, so please do not hesitate to make your contribution to the improvement of sports on this station.

Thank you again, all you who have helped to make this the finest station for sport in Canada.



THE Y.M.C.A. DIGEST

To the Revived "Swift," greetings from Hospitality Headquarters. It is indeed gratifying to know that our Station is again producing a monthly magazine of current events, and we feel that it will not only merit, but warrant continual support and full quota of sales.

This is supposed to be a Christmas and New Year's Number—and it becomes our pleasing privilege to extend to you, one and all, the usual season's greetings. Yet we would like to go further than just that, and mingle with our greetings, a sense of fellowship that has developed through the past months of association with you on this Station. Many are the friends we have made among you—and sincere will be the regrets that some of you may be leaving us to return to your loved ones in your native land. We regret your leaving, but we rejoice with you in the pleasure you will have in once more setting foot on that renowned piece of God's earth called England and Home.

In the many and diversified activities conducted and assisted by the Y.M.C.A., we have tried to serve you to the best of our abilities. Not always is it known what trials confront us—perhaps it were better so—but we believe in the philosophy that trials are stepping stones to greater effort, and resulting greater achievement. How we have measured up, is for you to decide. If we have pleased you, then all we ask is a good word for the "Y" wherever you may go.

For you who are new to our Station, let us assure you that we are ready to assist in any problem, be it recreational, physical, or spiritual. Just make known your wants—we'll do the rest.

Some Chaff from the (Y)ear

Your Canteen staff served, in the eleven months just ended, a total of 520,448 customers, of which some 51,150 were served by the little lady in the "Bun Wagon." Brothers, may we say that that takes some planning, and judicious buying. One item alone, apple pies, over which our "Ma" MacAinsh reigns supreme, required the actual making of some 36,000. You can figure out the number of cups of tea consumed. Can you wonder if some of us are too tired to give you that ready quip? In keeping with our policy of the best service possible to you, we have had to make some changes in our staff. This is always regrettable, but we believe we now have one of the finest Canteen Staffs that can be obtained anywhere.

Exigencies of war have caused a shortage in many of the items usually carried in Service Canteens. Please bear with us in this difficulty. We will get these items when and as we can.

Your Supervisor has enjoyed his other duties to the full. This applies in matters of welfare, entertainment, and sports, not to forget the telegraph and snapshot services. The co-operation given him by the administration and personnel has been all that could be asked for, and altogether has made possible a very satisfactory year.

Oh, yes! That you may better know our staff, here they are, all joining in our Season's Good Wishes to you:

R. (Bob) Leitch, Canteen Manager.
Frank Briggs, Asst. Manager.
Mrs. D. E. (Ma) MacAinsh, Cook.
Mrs. H. T. Olsen, Asst. Cook.
Mrs. A. (Annie) Bumstead.
Miss Winnie Nicklin.
Miss Ruth Reed.
Miss Joanne Torrans.
Miss Emma Wittman.
Miss Agnes Hastie.

There they are, all at your service and all very appreciative of your wants and kind words.

So, gentlemen, in conclusion, may we put it in the words of that very fine little gentleman from "Merrie Englande," Tiny Tim, when he said: "Merry Christmas—and God Bless Us Every One." That boy had somethin'.

R.H.S.



Wife (reading from paper)—Here's an old hen they've found with two hearts.

Husband—Yeah! Well, I played bridge with her the other night.

News from The Huts

"PORTAL"

BOXING

The introduction of Inter-Hut Boxing has created a real stir amongst the members of "Portal." Quite a few promising champions—horizontal and otherwise—have been discovered by a thorough search of the various "pits," and it is evident, judging by the nightly hum of activity, that "Portal" will enter the ring with the will to win, if not with the wherewithall.

Among the discoveries—not "Carrol Lewis"—is "Chick" Brooks, who hails from the "Old Country" Village of London. Popularly known to his hut-mates as the "Hairless Terror" as "Baldy" is more worried about losing a few more hairs during the bouts, than a few teeth, as these can be replaced. In an interview which the writer obtained with "Baldy" in his dressing room—at great personal risk—a few moments before he entered the ring on his first step to the ladder of fame he said, "Give me a call in the morning," which left me rather doubtful as to his intentions. However, it turned out that he was in such good shape after winning his first bout on points, that his doubt was whether his attendance at the following dance would be detrimental to his usual ability to rise early. Good Show "Chick"!

Joe Slater—our "Blonde Bombshell" entered the ring with a distinctly businesslike look on his face—one never before seen on the station—and in a few seconds his arms were being flung through the air like "Cheetah" CON-RODS on the power strokes, but unfortunately, quite a few of the power strokes "misfired"—in the eyes of the referee—and Joe was narrowly beaten on points.

Next comes Alec "Yank" Brockbank, who won his first bout handsomely in a "Hells-a-poppin!" manner with a "knock-out" but was unlucky in having to "go up for seconds" later in the evening and—with apologies to our excellent Messing Officer—he couldn't "take it"! Hard lines Alec, better luck next time! Last, but not least—as there's 170 pounds of him—Ron Harrison (of "Aren't Men Beasts" fame) certainly puts all he's got into whatever he's doing—as the spectators will agree by the weight of the thud when he hit the deck in the 1st round—Ron "Bruiser" (now "Bruised") took quite a lot of punishment—unearned, he assures me—before he took the count,

and he afterwards admitted he would have put on a better performance with "The Admiral's Broom," rather than licking the dust off the canvas! You can take it Ron! (All these Orderly Room guys can—and always do!)

A write-up on the activities of the Portal Boxing Booth Ltd. (very!) would be incomplete without mention of Jack "Don't mind if I do" Bass. Jack, who represented the Station recently and was therefore unable to box for the Hut, taught our lads quite a few of his tricks, and has been untiring in his efforts to get them in the pink of condition, and he was ably assisted in this by Corporals "Andy" Ross, and "Joe" Wilkinson, LAC's Ivor Hoone and "Pinky" (Postings) Dodds. We now await the finals when our "Hairless Terror" "Chick" Brooks enters the ring on our behalf (for which we're thankful) with 4 pints—sorry, points—tucked under his shirt.

BASKETBALL

We are truly proud of our Basketball team which is sitting pretty on top of the league, having lost only one point in all matches played.

"Yank" Brockbank, "Hank" Lord, "Mickey" Blythe, Ron "Bruised" Harrison, Jacklyn, "Morris" Austin, Redgrave occasionally assisted by "Fatso" Alker, are moulded into a workmanlike combination, and will take some shifting from the top of the table—or will they?

BILLIARDS

The introduction of "Enoch" Milne in the side has had surprisingly good results, and—without—"shooting a line" our victory over "Dowding" on Nov. 22 gave satisfaction to all—in "Portal"!

SNOOKER

We are still trying to find a few of Lindrum's offsprings—sorry "equals"—to give strength to the side, but we have as yet been unsuccessful. "Wee Jocky" Forbes holds the captaincy and he is sure to "lustin" to any likely names mentioned.

DARTS

"In the 'Wet,'" we are holding our own with such old hands as Jack Swallow (by name and nature) and George Bargett at the bar. Both have been at '39' since it was customary—so they tell all newcomers—to "chase the Indians off the runways before flying commenced each morning" and neither have any difficulty in finding their way to—or from?—the darts venue ground!

"ELLINGTON"

In writing a resume of our successes and failures in the camp sports competitions to date, I feel very strongly and regretfully, that to many, who have taken part so enthusiastically in our teams in the past, this account of their efforts will be both a prelude and a prologue.

I am referring to the airmen who will soon be repatriated. Most of these men were strong links in the "sports chain" of Ellington, and we note with dismay that when they go there will be very little of the "chain" left.

We look forward to the future with optimism, in the hope that these "links" will be replaced by even stronger ones, or at least with a good "forging" material.

I address myself to you newcomers to "Ellington". We welcome you all to our sports organization, rally round the games captain, F/O Firmin, and his assistant, Sgt. Armstrong, do your part individually and collectively, because we shall never be satisfied—shall we?—until good old Ellington is at the top of the league.

We pay tribute to the snooker team for their undefeated record, and we thank S/Ldr. Woodhead, LAC Edge and LAC Costello for their consistent wins.

The table tennis team has been ably lead by LAC Hulton, and he has been well supported by LAC Macarthur. We congratulate them on toppling over some of the giants of the league.

The Basket Ball team is the "dark horse" of the station. They were the first to defeat Dowding. We must have more basketball players, as we are now losing matches purely through lack of sufficient reserves. "Captain" Rae is to be congratulated on welding his team together to a fine winning combination. We note with pride that LAC Hulton has been chosen for the Station trial match.

The Darts team which has been ably lead by Cpl. Colman and LAC Cowess, well supported by "Double Up" Jackson have an even balance so far. We look forward to the time when the balance will be strong on the credit side.

We have the nucleus of a strong team at billiards. The team had the distinction of beating "Newall" (a strong combination) by a "head."

The Ice Hockey competition will soon start. Our future looks promising with such players as Cpl. Macdonald (ex Maple Leafs—I think!), AC Rae and "Tiger" AC Thomson (of Hamilton, Ont.) to call upon. "Tiger" Thomson should be very good, after the valuable experience he had last year with the "Hamilton Armourers."

Please don't forget the Badminton team, we have a grand captain in Sgt. Cosgriff. I am sure he will only be too glad to help and practise with the airmen who wish to play, but are more or less strange to the game.

In conclusion I should like to congratulate the airmen of 10A and 10B on the fine contribution that they have made to remove "Ellington" from bottom to fifth place in the league table.

Well done Ellington!

"TRENCHARD"

At a meeting held in Trenchard the Hut President, S/Ldr. Courtin, reviewed our position in the Inter-Hut League Competition and suggested there was still room for improvement.

This we have succeeded in doing, for during November until time of forwarding for publication we have won 6, drawn 1, and lost 3 of the 10 games played, thus obtaining a total of 13 points out of a possible 20, and improved our position from 4th to 3rd place in the league.

We sustained a great loss on the posting of Flight Lieutenant W. Richardson who will be remembered by all, especially for his outstanding performances on the track. Sergeant R. Gall was elected to succeed him as Games Captain, and he will be pleased to receive the names of any members who wish to take part in our sporting activities but have not yet done so. Special practice matches have been arranged for all games in order that we may bring to light the hidden talent which we feel sure exists in Trenchard.

On the evening of November 19th, for instance, our Basketball Team was amazed and honoured by the presence of the hitherto unknown sportsman LAC Robson. It is wondered where *this* star has hidden his exceptional abilities during the past.

In conclusion I would like to praise those members who have rallied so well and I hope that their efforts will soon be rewarded by TRENCHARD attaining league supremacy.

"NETTLETON"

The powers that be in the P.T. world (and did ye ever see a finer figure of a man?) consider that the Cadet blokes should top the sports board. This because of our alleged Superior Physical Fitness and greater numbers. But when one contemplates the difficulties under which we labour, what with the necessity for earning one's daily dog license in the early hours of every morning, spending the rest of the morning listening to the maudlin reminiscences of homesick Corporals, contending with the binding of der Noggin all afternoon and chasing the stars or binding about pyrotechnics all night we don't seem to be doing so badly to be hovering between third and fourth place at the time of writing. But it is to be hoped that by the time this appears in print we shall be doing even better.

Since success at billiards, snooker, darts and table tennis are said to be signs of a mispent youth one would imagine u/t aircrew to be quite hopeless at these games (?) But the darts team is doing well indeed and has only lost two matches. However, since the matches are played in the Wef Canteen, nobody seems to be able to remember very much about them afterwards. In the rest of the games we have been breaking about even.

But the great event was the winning of the Cross Country and many thanks are due to Bob

Trucman for his great work in organising the team. We are also very pleased with our achievement in Basketball. Starting with very little knowledge of the game, we are now able to deal with the professionals in the Ground Staff huts on even terms and play a real co-ordinated game. We won the last two matches quite skillfully. The backbone of the team is formed by two natives of this Continent who have played before, Jim Hurrell who can shoot from anywhere, and our Captain Lofty Havell who has to shoot downwards. Malcolm Lea-Wilson, John Williamson, Breckenfield, Arnold Haw, Jock Henry, Pee-wee White and Johnny Johnston have all played a great game and in making up the body of the team have learnt very quickly.

At the time of writing, F/L Ronnie Stewart is working hard to build up a Badminton team to compete in the coming matches. Judging by our first practices we look like having a hard time to reach the standard of some of the teams we shall have to play. But let's hope the story will be the same as with the Basketball team. Ice-hockey will also be starting soon—we have few Canadians in the hut at the moment so everybody will have to have a crack at it and see if we can't show that success at that game is not a North American monopoly.

The Hut's policy is not to stick to one set of players but to let everybody "ave a go". A notice is put up giving the week's fixtures and people may sign their name against the matches in which they wish to play. When the match comes up the necessary volunteers are detailed. We hope to hold a "get together evening" some time soon and no doubt by the time this is read stories of it will already have become legendary.

STOP PRESS

Our smashing victory in the Boxing Competition which gave us a 13 point lead and pushed us up to second place on the board, was a valuable wind-fall for which we must thank the courage and skill of Killer Findlay, WO. Butcher Hunt, Dunc Roberts and Doug. Robertson.

"SALMOND"

The name over the door stands out in bold white letters "Salmond" and many a fishy story is told under the roof of this home from home, despite the miserable offender invariably being told to *can it!* Unfortunately we've not been able to shine so well in outdoor sports, owing to working hours, but we hope to do better later on. However, we feel proud to shelter quite a few interesting personalities. There's Cpl. Jordy Fraser for instance. Throws a pretty dart, and is also an old campaigner of the services. He tells me he was in the R.A.F. as far back as the days when men lived under canvas. Very often it was impossible to obtain heat for cooking, and it's been known for a man to have to make a fire by rubbing two boy scouts together or something of that sort.

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Then there's LAC Rhatigan who comes from Reading. He used to earn his living as a biscuit pricker. You've noticed the little holes in biscuits, haven't you? Nobody knows what they are there for, but he was one of the finest biscuit prickers in the country, and feels proud to tell me that this great responsible job is being kept open for him. I think a man like this is a credit to the nation. What would biscuits be without holes? Ugly indigestible things. Of course we all know Bob McGowan. His great ambition is to become the Golden Voice of Radio in 1963. He tells me he owes his voice to Craven "A" cigarettes. A charming fellow, but a trifle dim at times. Until quite recently he thought that *Anti Freeze* was a distant relation.

Have I mentioned Joe Atkin? No, well I mustn't forget Joe. He's the finest tractor driver I've seen. A very useful chap. He can go to the cookhouse with the tractor for a can of tea quicker than any one I know. The other day he was coming from there with a small can of that famous brew and stuck it under his tunic. The M.O. came round the corner and remarked "What's that sticking out under your tunic Atkin?" Joe replied "*Can Sir*". Needless to say our Joe is in dock under observation.

If ever you should enter our hut to borrow anything, you will at once notice a peculiar smell. It's not fresh air. No, never. It's Bob Sharman lying on his bed puffing away at his briar. He smokes nothing else but Clarke's Blood Mixture. When this is unobtainable from the Y.M.C.A. he falls back on his reserve supply of old aircraft fabric. Hearty greetings to all you other people and we invite you to drop in anytime, but bring your own cigarettes and please shut the door, because you will disturb LAC Carr who is permanently asleep. If you should enter from the North door, try to be as reverent as you can because AC Martin who used to sleep by the stove, passed peacefully away four weeks ago.

Compliments of the Festive Season to all.

Haw.

"GIBSON"

An account of Gibson Hut activities must necessarily concern itself largely with eighty-nine course (U/T pilots) since eighty-five course have now graduated and ninety-three course have been here only a short time.

SPORT

It has been said that the path followed by the New Zealanders across the Libyan Desert could be traced by the chain of rugby goalposts which they left behind them. We found upon our arrival here that you had forestalled us in one respect and that the goalposts were already erected. Thanks to the efforts of Gus Vallance and Don Murdoch a game was soon arranged and we found that we were called upon to oppose a team drawn from the rest of the station.

As a result the rest of the station witnessed some

Entertainments

Two extracts from the July, 1942, edition of the *Swift* are a fitting start to this article on entertainments in this first revival of our Station Magazine.

- (i) "Hard seats, inferior blackout, interruption in the film and curtains sticking, have been a few of the more obvious difficulties during the first month of the running of the 35mm projectors in the gymnasium."
- (ii) Those responsible for the station cinema are not yet satisfied and they have in view the following improvements:
 - (a) More and better seats.
 - (b) All possible action to improve the acoustics of the hall, which are at present bad.
 - (c) Immediately the improvements mentioned above are completed, a reduction in the cost of admission.

(Note: these improvements were carried out!)

This is in contrast with the opinion expressed by a pupil of a course which just recently passed out. When he was asked, "Did you enjoy Station Entertainments?", he answered, "They are excellent, and, if it was not for the cinema shows, half the U/T's would probably be insane!"

A few statistics at this point might not be out of place. In May 1942 the total attendance at the cinema shows was 2,057; in May 1943 it was 6,839. Other comparative figures are, August 1942, 4,370; August 1943, 7,537; October 1942, 5,482; October 1943, 8,713. To use a well worn expression, these figures speak for themselves.

frenzied activity for two or three evenings outside 30+ block, and on the day eighty-nine course emerged with what they considered their best team.

The result of the game (twenty to nil in our favour) was largely due to a grand effort by a pack of light but hardworking forwards who paved the way for most of the tries. Among the backs, Keith Hampton, Gus Vallance, Don Murdoch and Jack Peake played well.

We had hoped for future matches after this game, but the opposition, no doubt remembering the dust storms and prickles of the previous one, declined, and we have since been disappointed.

Shortly afterwards we of eighty-nine course found that we were to combine with eighty-five course in the formation of Gibson Hut for sports purposes.

To date, our participation in station sports has been unspectacular, but this is understandable.

In the field of basketball, Dick Smith has been a stalwart and it has fallen to his lot to get a team together night after night. That we won only two matches during the first round was certainly no fault of his.

It is impossible for those who have been at Swift Current since No. 39 S.F.T.S. opened, to look back without feeling just a little satisfaction at what has been achieved at this station, and this includes the Station Theatre.

There is no doubt that one of the biggest problems that personnel have had to face has been the answer to the question "What can I do in my spare time?" The station cinema has answered that question for the majority, whose support and undoubted appreciation have made it possible for the theatre to achieve the reputation for a standard of entertainment second to none at any service establishment in Canada.

"Your entertainment is our duty" has been the slogan of all those who have given their spare time to provide entertainment, whether it be films, plays, revues or concerts, for the remainder of the personnel on this Camp; it is left to those who have attended the various performances to judge whether or not this duty has been carried out. So much for the past.

More than half the present entertainment staff have been warned that they will be going home in the near future. Many of those who have performed on the stage, in either plays or revues, are also looking forward to "The Boat." It is therefore essential that many new volunteers devote their maximum effort in order to maintain the standard and variety of entertainment hitherto attained. It is hard work, but there is lots of fun and real satisfaction to be obtained from working in the station theatre at R.A.F., Swift Current; "Doc" prescribes it!

The occasion of the cross country race found us once more faced with the necessity of getting a team together. Few of us have time for training, and fewer still seemed to relish the idea of a three mile run, with the result that volunteers were conspicuous by their absence.

However a "press gang" consisting of F/O Bean, and LAC's Farley and Tennent, quickly altered the position, and Gibson Hut found itself at the starting post with the strongest team (numerically) of all. Great hopes were entertained for the success of "Tess" O'Shea, whose long legs were expected to cover the distance in record time, especially as this runner started with a reputation second to none. It was left to Jack Tennent, however, to be the first Gibson man home, and his effort to fill second place was a good one, while the team as a whole did well enough to win third place.

Ninety-three course, our new "partners in crime" bid fair to improve the position of Gibson Hut upon the sports ladder, and have already made their presence felt in basketball, billiards and badminton matches. We feel that they will uphold and improve upon the work we have been doing and that "Gibson" looks forward to a highly successful future.

STATION CINEMA

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

with
A Galaxy of Stars!

★

HERS TO HOLD

starring
Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotton

★

CITY THAT STOPPED HITLER

(Russian Documentary)

★

BEST FOOT FORWARD

starring
Lucille Ball and William Gaxton

★

TRUE TO LIFE

starring
Mary Martin and Franchot Tone

★

ADVENTURES OF TARTU

starring
Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson

Page Twenty-four

HIT THE ICE

starring
Abbott and Costello

★

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

starring
Nelson Eddy and Susanna Foster

★

WATCH ON THE RHINE

starring
Bette Davis and Paul Lukas

★

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS

(Warner Stars Revue)

★

PRINCESS O'ROURKE

starring
Olivia de Havilland and Robert Cummings

★

WINTERTIME

starring
Sonja Henie and Jack Oakie

