

The Flying Gopher

VOL. I. No. 1.
JUNE, 1942

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Weyburn, Saskatchewan, Canada

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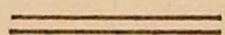
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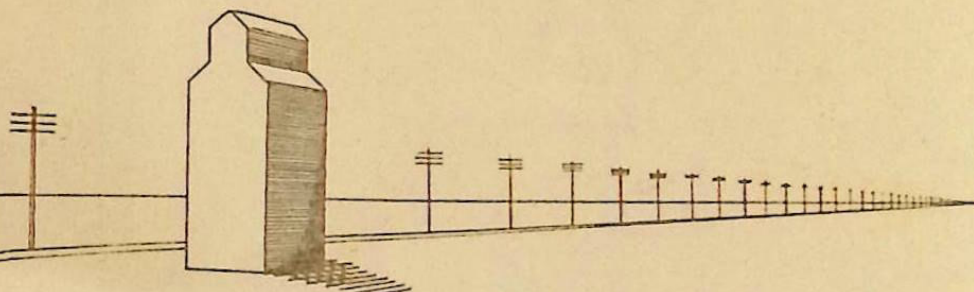
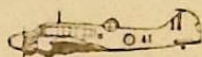
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The Flying Gopher

The Journal of The Royal Air Force, No. 41, Service Flying Training School,
Weyburn, Saskatchewan, Canada.

Published by the Kind Permission of
GROUP CAPTAIN E. C. EMMETT,
M.C., D.F.C.

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VOL. I.

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YOU

*are on the spot
and*

SO AM I

at the

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Cafe

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Entrance

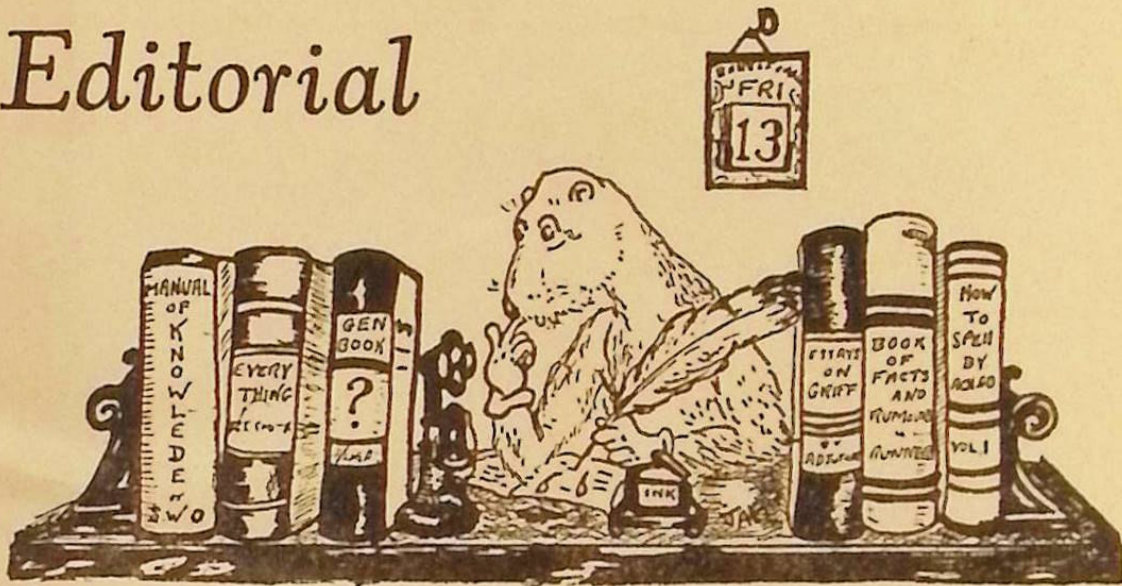
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Editorial



The idea of a Station Magazine came to us first in the far-off Brandon days; with this, the first number of "The Flying Gopher," that idea comes to a sort of fruition. We intend binding you shortly with our ideas of the ways in which this fruition is not all it should be. For the moment, however, we will confine ourselves to expression of the hope that this Magazine, in its monthly appearance, may help to amuse and in a way to co-ordinate the effort of the Unit, and may serve also as a link between us in our exile and our people at home.

There will without doubt be a good deal of comment regarding our choice of title; it has already been suggested that it will have to be altered in the Fall to "The Hibernating Gopher", and there would undoubtedly be a case for doing so if we were referring to a normal gopher. But then "The Flying Gopher" is not the ordinary animal you see dancing about the prairie, and it is our intention that he shall live without sleeping so long as No. 41 exists.

Our thanks are due to the members of the Committee for many valuable suggestions, and particularly to those officers who have given us the benefit of their advice and experience. Our advertising sleuths have toiled long and valiantly in our cause, and we must thank not only them but also those local tradespeople who have responded so readily to their appeals. And we must thank also the Commanding Officer, for his continual interest and encouragement of our efforts.

But many of you who now read this should be deserving of our thanks, but are not. This is YOUR magazine, and YOU must co-operate, if not with tangible contributions, then with constructive criticism.

So remember, when you see certain combinations of initials appearing again and again throughout this issue, that the fault is yours and yours alone. We look to you for masses of material for our subsequent issues, and we look to you, too, to ensure a wide circulation.

—THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

TO THE PEOPLE OF WEYBURN

We came, most of us, several thousand miles at very short notice and under conditions which were by no means ideal, to exchange life in an England we loved with people we loved for life in Weyburn (a place of which we had never heard), in the province of Saskatchewan, a name which conjured up in our minds visions of Red Indians dancing around totem poles and wildly waving their latest acquisitions in the way of scalps while their squaws beat out approving melodies on their tom-toms.

We came, many of us determined that we were not going to think much of life overseas.

We came, and from the first you, the people of Weyburn, welcomed us into your homes and did your magnificent best to cheer our exile.

You did it when we first arrived, and you are doing it still.

Thank you!



GROUP CAPTAIN E. C. EMMETT, M.C., D.F.C.
(Commanding Officer.)

Forward By the Old Man.

The Station Magazine, "The Flying Gopher," is born, gentlemen! A notable feat, for which the Magazine Committee are to be heartily congratulated. The longer we live, the more we learn what can be done if the spirit is present and the urge is applied in the right direction. Let us therefore endeavour to keep going forward, and if possible to improve on our early efforts. I sincerely hope that "The Flying Gopher" will survive the usual trials and tribulations which beset most new undertakings; waning of enthusiasm for the magazine must be guarded against at all times. All ranks, I am sure, will do their best to keep the "Gopher" flying and to try to make its first landing a happy and lasting one.

"The Flying Gopher" will be a means of entertaining our friends and relations in the Old Country, and will let them know how we are faring in Canada. We have gone through the thickest part of the wood, and we must now all combine to make this Unit a happy and efficient one. If the right spirit exists among us, the rights and the wrongs will not be difficult to differentiate. Pride in the Service is most essential if there is to be a happy understanding among us, and if discipline is to be maintained in an enlightened and friendly manner. To have to resort to the Drill Square, except for health and smartness, is not conducive to that happy spirit which is the natural result of the pride one feels in being a member of a fine Service.

We all have our bad moments when things seem to be all wrong, especially when we seem to be out of sorts, or afflicted with what the M.O. would call knobs on the liver. The power of refusing to be influenced by adversity or depression is a very useful one to be blessed with. Try to look on the bright side and make allowances, no matter what the circumstances may be. Listening to the morning radio "ads" I sometimes hear the Eno's Fruit Salts advertisement, and, though I hold no shares in that firm, I am convinced that most things can be ironed out if we can all "wake up bright in the morning"—and the rest of the day is for us to mould.

In conclusion, I wish to thank all concerned for their support in this very important undertaking. Best of luck to the 41st's "Flying Gopher"!

John G. Burnett

Archaeological Notes

EARLY DAYS IN THE NEW WORLD

Many thousand years ago, in the days when men were men and gophers could, across the Sea of Sik in the Land of Can, there dwelt a strange tribe, the Men of Raf. On the vast plain of Wey they dwelt in their wigwams of shingle and wud. Strange were their customs, and passing strange their habits.

The system of Caste was prevalent in this tribe, the lowest form of life being known as Erk or, if his dress were a lighter blue, Sprog. Above them came the Clan of Lac, distinguished by their rolling gait and by the Sign of Prop, the emblem of their god Blynd, which they bore upon their arms. Strange would it seem to us if we could but list to the greetings of the Clan of Erk when encountering the Clan of Lac; "Get summin" was the usual cry.

Gradually approaching the higher conclaves, we come to the Clan of Corp, otherwies known as Bynd. This tribe had for centuries engaged in the peculiar custom of Karrying the Kan, which it is believed was introduced to them by members of the Clan of Sarj, who had long since given up this custom in favour of the much more congenial one of Bukparsing. This clan, on the outskirts of the Inner Circle of mitey minds, had one ambition, to achieve entry into the ranks of the higher and mitier Clan of Krown, whose emblem consisted of shevrons threba on which sat the tribal god Krown. These were mitey men indeed, and to them was paid the homage of Bob, whereby much might be accomp-

lished. Even the lowly ignorant Clan of Erk went in fear of these mitey men, lest they be Matted or Pegged, or worst of all branded with the Sign of Jankah, an evil deity who dwelt in the nether regions of the House of Gard, protected by the Espeas, soulless beings, descended from Toofy Too, a prehistoric monster which, in company with the Toowate Wun, inhabited the Land of Nab.

Strange were the customs of the Men of Raf. All day long did they labour in the Art of Scrounge, seeking relaxation in the Land of Binj, a province over the Burn, where they did imbibe Mikkis or, in moments of extreme despondency, a more potent beverage known as Koke. And there were of them, higher even than the Inner Circle, tall silent men of the Clan of Commish, who, with wings sprouting from their breasts, did worship the god Kite, and in his service did sweep through the air. Yet was their's a hard deity, and those of the Clan who failed to pay due respect to the whims of Kite were banished to the Land of Krash, and branded with the Sign of Ritof. High among their duties was the initiation of members of the Tribe of Yutee, strange creatures with white patches on their foreheads and gravel on their knees, into the rites of Landing and Offtaking, and the mysterious art of Nav. In the pursuit of this knowledge they spent long periods in the temple of Gis, under the watchful eye of their Guardian Angel, Hooray.

L.H.C.—F.R.S.

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FROM HOME

HOTEL

Romance in Regina

(A Tale of the Deep West, by Prairie Oyster)

Reading time, 7½ minutes; twice through, 14 minutes.

The thrilling story so far:

Blonde, blue-eyed, glamorous, eighteen-year-old Mary Anne Svenson, of Expanse, Sask., and her bosom sorority-chum Penelope Picklove, are the dare-devils of Saint Agatha's Convent for the Daughters of Prairie Gentlefolk. Their hair-raising pranks and breath-taking escapades are the talk of Regina (Queen of the Prairies).

One Spring nite, boldly ignoring the dual-headed horror of expulsion and dishonour, they plan to climb from the sleeping Convent, and visit the Silver Dell, of which they have heard much.

Penelope is holding a string of knotted night-dresses from a third story window, and Mary Anne has climbed half way down. Suddenly Penelope hears the Matron at the dormitory door. She just has time to whisper hoarsely to Mary Anne "It's Sister Immaculata," before she drops the rope and leaps fully dressed into bed.

Now Read on At Once:

As Mary Anne felt herself dropping endlessly through space, she frantically thought over her past life, hoping that her beau, an ace Link Instructor in the R.C.A.F., would miss her badly. But before she had decided if he really loved her truly, she found herself immodestly upside-down in a privet hedge. In a trice the faithful Penelope is at her side, having scaled down the ivy of the vertical Convent wall. It had been Gladys Harbottle returning returning from the bathroom, and not Sister Immaculata after all.

Stopping a Mercury cab at the Convent gateway, the lovely girls set out for the Silver Dell. As this pair of beauties were escorted to a secluded table by the head-waiter, many a pair of masculine eyes were turned their way, and the band started to play the strains of a Hawaiian melody.

Scarcely before she had seated herself, Mary Anne found herself fox-trotting in the arms of a dark and handsome aviator-private from the Old Country, with the fine old English



... quite unable to concentrate on her studies.

name of Patrick Alexander. After only three ecstatic dances, Mary Anne, as ever susceptible to male charms, realized she was madly in love.

Her new-found beau kept her wildly happy with his magnificent and finished waltzing, and with death-defying tales of the war over Germany. Patrick was one of those few to whom so much was owed. He had battled fiercely in the sky. During the Battle of Britain he outwitted a Fokker pursuit-ship by flick-rolling his Anson fighter-bomber. Only grazed by a tom-tom, he was decorated by the Mayor of Ramsgate, and the heroic exploit was recounted in detail in the Camberwell Courant. He was back in the front-line within twenty-four hours, promoted to Leading Air Commodore, and with special permission to wear a white peak in front of his cap.

As the evening flashed by, Mary Anne slowly realized that Patrick was the one man in the world for her. The sterling qualities and unassuming manner of this man of the skies, struck her like a bombshell. Her eyes be-

Romance in Regina—Continued

came misty and love-drenched. "It can't be true," she thought to herself.

But as the clock struck five depressing strokes, the faithful Penelope tapped her on the shoulder, waking her



... foxtrotting with an aviator-private from the Old Country.

from her dreams of rosy bliss. On fleeting wings the night had sped by for the happy pair. Donning an Irvin jacket, Patrick kissed her hand and disappeared into the starry night for the Dawn Patrol. "Perhaps for ever" she sighed to herself. The girls rushed back in the nick of time for the before-breakfast sewing class.

All day long Mary Anne's heart throbbed with the realization of the momentousness of her discovery. She was quite unable to concentrate on her studies. At recess the worried sisters discussed the strange change that had taken place—their star pupil had muffed her irregular verbs, only getting six marks.

At five that evening, after the sun had set over the fertile Prairie, Sister Immaculata summoned Mary Anne to her presence. Trembling from head to foot, convinced that her glorious secret was discovered, Mary Anne knocked at the dreaded door.

What did Sister Immaculata say to Mary Anne? Does Patrick love her truly? You'll never guess. Don't miss the next issue of "THE FLYING GOPHER."

"NO FUTURE IN IT"

You have often heard the expression used of a trainee who comes in to land with his undercart up, "There's no future in it!"

For at least 100 men at this Unit at the moment there is very definitely a future in it, and they have it well in hand. Their EDUCATION is to them something vitally important, and they are seeking to



better it by taking up the Free Correspondence Courses offered by the Educational Branch of the Canadian Legion War Services.

Anyone interested in such courses (and they are offered for nearly every subject under the sun) should see the Padre in his office in the Link Trainer building any morning except Sunday.

L. O.-W.

Padgate and the Rest

Remember PADGATE!!!—you pioneers?

Life at Padgate was superb. Food was of excellent quality and so carefully dished. Quantities were enormous. Passes, irrespective of length were granted in bulk, without discretion, to all ranks. Evening and S.O.P.s were in abundance.

Personal convenience was the primary consideration at this 20th century establishment. Kitting, medical fitness exams, muster parades, etc., were undertaken in a most rapid manner or forgotten. Essential was it, the management insisted, that no discomfort should fall upon us. We had a great future. Sleeping and accommodation arrangements were the best ever offered by the Royal Air Force. Even the lowly AC2. Aircrafthands were allowed to sleep in the Sergeants' Mess. In fact everything was magnificently Air Force.

We were sorry to leave. Indeed we pleaded. Then we refused. They offered us a shilling. We went.

Advice on security and careless talk was rife. Rumours circulated in thousands. They were accepted. They died. They lived again with new trends. Where were we going? Glasgow? Dover? Scilly Isles? Orkneys? Hamberg? Lamberth. Some even suggested Canada.

Service Police were silent on the whole matter. That was I knew because they knew nothing. My junior companions, however, were deceived. My Flight Sergeant smiled. Orderly Room Clerks G.D. were flooded with questions. They lied to release themselves, then they lied again, when cautioned to cover their indiscretions.

The great line-up came. We were ready. And the word came. Move: Then the great mass of bodies twisted in movement towards a future of mystery. The station was reached. We stopped. Fifty cold minutes passed, while the last rushed, unorthodox dashes to local shops and hurried purchases of English cigarettes were made. The former true symmetrical lines became broken and they were restless.

Trains came and went. Indignant civilians fought a 30-minute passage from the platform to the higher main street, only to meet there a further massive, impassable crowd of local well-wishers waving goodbye to the victimised youth below.

However, the organization was wonderful. Soon now the characteristic whistle of a mighty express indicated its far distant approach. The sheep were now counted and flocks were allowed through the barrier in accordance with the numbers of an unknown mathematical progression. They were similarly lined up on the now historic platform. The train drew in. Mass suicide was attempted in earnest. Many, however, were relieved. Enclosed now as they were in the magnificent First Class sleeping berths of the express, sentimentality and their wish to return to Padgate could never be. Their hearts were rested. And yet they remained worried. Never again would the hospitality of Padgate be known; such great sincerity and consideration for human lives.

And we steamed away—onward—we had left Padgate . . . We had left her forever . . . We had rather chanced the unknown.

W. A. S.

Twin Diary

"Look powerful, don't they", I said, timidly. "Quite a kick to get on something big." My instructor looked thoughtful . . . almost doubtful. We hadn't flown yet.

"No aerobatics . . .?" I suggested. He regarded me sternly at first. Then he said, with a shrug, "You can try. Well, take her up, and see what you can do."

"No preliminary check?" I didn't feel quite my usual confident self. "Not unless you're fussy" he replied, and there was an irritated note in his voice. "I felt awkward, just as I feel when I say "No complaints" to the Orderly Officer.

The cockpit looked a wee bit complicated. My confidence was shrinking. But when I remembered other dark occasions in my life in which a glorious drawling "Needle, ball, air-speed" had raised the old cardiacal organ to greater activity, I forgot my worries. I put on a harness and walked painfully across to the 'plane.

"Don't taxi at more than 30 in front of the Control Tower" was the last warning. In a couple of seconds I had banged my head and was inside my first REAL aeroplane. What a feeling of exultation coursed through my veins! Master of a Twin was I! Oh, happy day!

The engines both started immediately—rather disconcerting. "I suppose I had better take off at about 100. Bit heavier than Tigers", I thought.

There were one or two levers in front of me, and applying the general principles of flying I pushed them smartly forward and then pulled everything back to avoid hitting the bowser. As I soared into the air, all sorts of fruity quotations floated through my mind. "Swifter than an eagle." "Oh for the wings of a dove," "Hitch your wagon to a star," etc. But I dismissed this sternly as being mere sentimentality, and I concentrated on my flying.

The old altimeter was reading 6,000 feet in no time. I was about to try a spin when I remembered, rather proudly, that the number 6,000 had something against that; I tried a loop instead.

And very satisfying, too, at first. The dust in the cabin was just beginning to thicken when there was a clatter behind me, and an axe flew past my head and buried itself in the dashboard. I was indignant at first, and came near to losing my temper. "Darned ground crew," I muttered. (This axe, I should explain for the benefit of the uninitiated, hangs on the rear wall of the cabin, and is used in obtaining firewood when the pilot is forced down in a lonely spot—which just shows how well organized all this flying business is).

However, I mustn't dwell too long on technical details. At this moment, a gaudily painted building on the ground caught my eye. A nice spot for low flying . . . At my first dive, a figure rushed out of the house, waving his arms excitedly. During my second dive, however, I could see that he had become more vexed than excited. "No self-control left in the world" I thought coldly, and I was strangely satisfied when I saw the gesticulations come to a sudden end as the chap sprawled in the mud. And serve him right.

I looked at my watch. If I turned back now, I should be in time for the Y.M. Tally Ho.

"O.K.?" said my instructor as I jumped out.

"Yes, fine."

Just then the timekeeper hove into view, and told me with rather a malicious air that the Duty Pilot would like me to drop along. I raised my eyebrows at my instructor. "Just routine," he observed.

"Had a good trip?" said the D.P. when I arrived, after a cup of tea in the mess.

(Continued on page 15.)

Maintenance Memoirs

Despite the smokey atmosphere of Offices and Hangars, and the unusual (to say the least) temperature in which we were obliged to work, the Maintenance Wing very soon got down to business on the opening of No. 41 S.F.T.S.

Much of this is due to the hard work of Warrant Officer Westcott and his rather larger half-section, who, despite their terrific "relaxation" with our friends at Brandon, and the consequent hang-overs, which were being gently eased off here, did a fine job of work in those days before Christmas.

Squadron Leader C. G. Johnson joined this Station to take command of the Wing in early February, and his knowledge of Canadian routine stood us in good stead, and we were pretty quickly made shipshape, and able to cope, even with the totally inadequate number of personnel held. It is good to remember that about 80 per cent. serviceability was maintained in those very trying days.

Pilot Officer C. S. Ross arrived shortly afterwards to take charge of



Servicing Squadron — not a very enviable position with the tired and ancient "Annies" with which we were being supplied. We wonder how long it will be before we see such a beautiful sea of slush and mush again—it is said that the very cheerful people in Servicing were plowing about humming the tune of "The Volga Boatmen."

Pilot Officer V. J. Hall's headaches increased in trying to keep tag of the large number of new arrivals, especially as he was Officer in charge of Billets, Clothing Parades, Fire Section, Cinema, Investigations, etc. We were always pleased to see him at the table on pay parades, however.

We bear with a grin many a sly dig from the "glamour boys," but if they would realize that Mother Earth is not always quite so solid as she appears, and keep to the straight and narrow, their aeroplanes would be ready for them again next morning. Of course, doing this keep's Curlie's tractors on the move, and helps keep his hair from falling out.

—J. J. A.

Twin Diary—Continued

"Quite fair, thanks."

"Well," he cleared his throat. "We've had a complaint about you."

"About me?" I sighed. I thought I'd made a good start for once. Then I thought of the chap in the mud. "He slipped," I said, as though that fully explained the whole thing.

The old boy looked up sharply, and I told him the whole story. When he'd heard it all he seemed quite genial. "Oh, well, as long as you didn't mean any harm . . ."

"Oh, it won't happen again, I assure you." I was beginning to like the chap.

"O.K. Let's forget all about it," he said.

"Thanks a lot, Sir. Cheerio." I walked blithely out. "Life can be beautiful," I thought, and then stopped short.

Some blighter had pinched my overboots.

H.P.L. (U/T).

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RUNNER !!!

I wonder if anyone, particularly Mr. Hitler, realizes the amazing power in a certain branch of a certain trade in the Royal Air Force. What deeply hidden talent; what restrained fury and tempestuous energy. I refer to the "Runner". For the last few weeks I have lived in a strange world. I have had charge of these amazing men and the sudden revelation of all their mystic ability has left me reeling with stupefaction. To hear them gathered round their table of office sorting their wares and chanting "Calling Equipment, Calling Equipment, haven't you got your ruddy stuff entered yet? Haven't you got your ruddy stuff entered yet? Over to you, Over to you," and to hear the reply from his brother on the other side of the table "Calling W. & B., Calling W. & B., Go chase yourself, Go chase yourself, Nuts to you, Nuts to you," brings home to one how sadly misused are their talents. Think what it would mean to the Empire if these men were only given the chance to make good. Daily they rant and rave at their worldly lot, and when their unceasing labours have reduced them to sweaty heaps of helpless Manhood they mutter in their beards "I'll remuster to aircrew — I'll show the blighters." And yet they stay. The dust streaks that encircle the camp mark the passage of the same bodies. In the minds of these men MUST be

an instinctive sense of duty that helps them reject the promise of leisurely ease, in say the Cookhouse, or the Working Party, and instils in them the loyalty to their calling which surpasses all; even the threat of mosquito bites, the sting of dust or the wilting glare of the summer sun.

Perhaps it is as well they stay, for how could Station Headquarters, or any section manage without them. Who else would wield the Gestetner with such awe-inspiring efficiency? Who else could convey matters of import from section to section with such breathless haste? And, above all, who else could possibly have that sense of meek obedience, that instant response to orders, which cultivates in the breasts of Officers and N.C.O.'s. alike a serene contentment and a vision of wisely administered authority. No, they have no equals, and their existence gives to the Air Force an incalculable reserve, a depth of resistance which can never be measured. Sad will be the day when they will be dragged from their self enforced hardships and turned loose upon the enemy, and we pray that only as a last resort will such a measure be entertained. Meanwhile I only ask that they be treated with the respect they richly deserve and judged not by what they do but what they do not do.

—L. H. C.

METEOROLOGICAL MAKE-UP

Tucked away on the top floor of the Watch Tower there is a very small office, just about large enough to accommodate the proverbial cat. It houses a somewhat ragged and worn Met. Officer, following closely at whose heels come four airmen, u/t weather disher-uppers, who spend most of their time binding away at maps.

There is also a teletype machine, especially useful if you can read a jumble of Canadian, English, and Japanese. Our teletype is held in high esteem by all in the Tower of Wey-

burn, because it brings them all the gen on the weather, including that from the U.S. In point of fact, when the Met Office has finished with it, the machine itself is usually u/s . . .

In the cupboard are found two large cylinders which look rather like Egyptian mummies, and from which we fill those precious balloons. We do have lots of fun with them . . .

An invitation to all pupils: when you are passing, drop in, and we will give you bags of duff gen as to how things stand on the weather capers.

—CLOUDY JOE.

Soccer Notes

To those of us spending our first summer in Canada it seems strange to commence our football season at a time when normally at home our football gear would have been packed away. However our activities so far have proved that Soccer has lost none of its appeal even though it be played on dusty prairie amid attentive mosquitoes.

A Station Inter-Section League competition was started on May 18th with 18 teams competing. This means that 136 games have to be played if each team is to play each other once, and all sections are urged to do their utmost to play their fixtures when arranged, so that the programs may be completed by the end of August. Two fairly good grounds are available—the Exhibition Grounds at Weyburn and the ground on the Station. Inter-Section League games will be played on these grounds on nearly every evening during the coming months, and it is to be hoped that a healthy competitive enthusiasm will make itself felt among both players and spectators.

From the few games played so far it would seem as if the team entered by A and B Flights will be strong challengers for top place in the league; but undoubtedly some teams, so far unseen, will have other ideas. When the league fixtures are completed an Inter-Section Knock-out competition is contemplated as a finale to the season.

The Station team has been entered in the South Saskatchewan Service

League. Home games will be played on the Exhibition Grounds. So far we have played two games, losing 4-1 to No. 38 S.F.T.S., Estevan, at Weyburn on May 9th, and winning 5-1 against No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mossbank, at Moose Jaw on May 16th. Trial games and inter-section games are bringing out potential station team players. The team display against Mossbank augurs well for the future, for the boys had not played together before, but they possess an abundance of keenness and ability and they promise to settle down into a formidable combination.

It is not intended to mention the names of individuals, but it should be noted that the team contains players who have played in professional football, and it is known that most of our opponents will field professional players in their sides as well.

A glance at the fixture list shows that some keenly contested games will be seen on the Exhibition Grounds, so roll up and support the Station team as you did your favourites back home, and bring along your friends in Weyburn and introduce them to the atmosphere of the British Soccer match. Most of our away games will be played in Moose Jaw where your support will be welcomed, and it is almost an order that we have to avenge that 4-1 defeat by Estevan. The boys will appreciate some lusty vociferous support. See that they get it, and they'll supply the football.

CONTROL TOWER CALLING

A quarter of a century ago, when pilots had not attained their present aeronautical skill, it used to be considered essential to fly a wind sock at every aerodrome, however small and unimportant that aerodrome was. Drogues were not then in use and so pilots could not be fobbed off with the insignificant fabric which has for four months hung over our Control Tower

looking like a portion of a woman's undergarment.

Pupils taking their tour of duty in the Watch Tower have been disappointed at not finding it replete with the modern conveniences made familiar by the Flying Film. The Duty Pilot has, however, procured a telephone of an antiquated and inconvenient type, and

(Continued on page 19.)

Control Tower Calling—Cont.

there is a teleprinter which frequently delivers practically correct messages, and these are usually intelligible to the Duty Pilot. But the other day, after broadcasting to neighboring stations the usual details of our aerodrome, we received back the message: "WEY-BURN—WHAT DOES U/S MEAN?"

* * *

A suggestion has been made that elephants be introduced on this Station, but owing to re-fuelling difficulties the E.T.A. cannot yet be given. The establishment would be one per flight and three for S.H.Q. Their training would comprise all the exercises customarily performed with the aid of a tractor, a fire hose or a vacuum cleaner, as well as prop swinging. Tractors and fire-engines would be withdrawn, but Bowsers would be retained, as it has been found that the mucous membrane of elephants is highly sensitive to mineral oil.

—P. R.

NUMBER THIRTY-SIX COURSE

Why should I write about No. 36 Course in preference to writing about any other course which has passed or is passing through No. 41 S.F.T.S.?

Perhaps my memory will serve me better in the case of No. 36 course because it happened to be the first Course to the newly opened but far from completed Station. How well we all remember the incomplete state of affairs and the collection of heating apparatus in the Watch Tower which functioned either so well that one was cooked or else so badly that one was frozen in a temperature of forty below.

The day arrived when No. 36 Course reported for training: not an unusual happening at an S.F.T.S., but as far as No. 41 was concerned a very memorable day. Having given many "pep" talks to new courses in the past, I duly delivered to 36 Course the same old story about Low Flying, etc., but with the additional information that Flying training could not be commenced for another 2 or 3 weeks and I have never before seen as many disappointed faces in one room. But when the great day arrived and flying commenced in earnest, it gave me great pleasure to observe how keen they were to get

on with the job in hand. This enthusiasm was maintained at high level during the whole period of the course, and everyone did his work, for it is well known that 36 Course passed out on time and this would never have been possible without the fullest co-operation of the ground staff, to whom great credit is due.

If 36 Course show as much enthusiasm on operations as they did during their training at this Unit we shall all feel that our work was well and truly done. Good luck to them.

—M. N. H.

HIGH FLIGHT

Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee, an American citizen, was born of missionary parents in Shanghai and educated at Rugby. He came to the United States in 1939, and, at the age of 18 years, won a scholarship to Yale. But he felt he must aid the cause of freedom and instead enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force in September, 1940. He served overseas with an R.C.A.F. Spitfire Squadron until his death on active service on December 11, 1941. This sonnet, composed in September, 1941, was scribbled on the back of a letter to his mother.

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark nor even eagle flew—
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

Accounts' Account

Was it by accident or by design that on arrival at Weyburn we of the Accounts Section were given beds in a room adjoining the Station Sick Quarters? (By accident. The powers that be



should have been aware that the Accounts people can—and do—sleep anywhere.—Ed.). Suffice it to say that in the following weeks many of our number had to be removed to that un-inviting section. S.S.Q. grew like the grain of mustard seed, and soon commandeered other rooms, until only we were left. Grimly we clung to our den, overcoming all opposition, including the ravages of sickness which at times all but exterminated our gallant little band. Few of us escaped the clutches of the department of aspirin, mist-expect, and temperature reading.

But at length the Sickery moved to more commodious quarters, and we ourselves departed to 8 M where we fight frequent duels across the wash-basins with our arch-rivals from the hole next door—the Orderly Room stooges.

* * *

Accounts; The Section where you get all the money you could desire!—or is it? We gather from experience with our many visitors that it is common belief that by saying the magic words “forty-eight,” debits are automatically transformed into credits. Many critics call us money-making scroungers, but then they do not realise the sleepless nights suffered by a conscientious pay clerk trying to find a

way to pay that little extra which everyone wants for his “48” or seven days.

Recently the Orderly Room, tiring of our seemingly self-confident ability always to keep our house in order,

held a purge of A.C.1's and A.C.2's throughout the Unit. They thought that the resulting shower of reclassifications would be sufficient to shake any Accounts Section. Results were disappointing for all except the lucky 133 who found themselves the recipients of a welcome increase awaiting them at the next Pay Parade. Incidentally, a late communique refers to the intense activity and long hours of overtime in the department of our rivals, where the resulting entries on documents is proving somewhat of a burden to the staff, unaccustomed as they are to any lengthy toil.

Tuesday afternoon is an “at home” period for Accounts, for it is then that visitors are welcomed. Free advice is given as to how your account is being worked, and if it is in debit, there is always someone present who will gladly find a reason of some sort for it. Recent visitors to our Section will tell you that we invariably make Income Tax our excuse for any debit balance, but believe me, we have spent sleepless nights since then, and have some new ones to spring on you on your next visit.

—L. W. E. M.

MANY WATERS

I have seen the sea off the Devon coast,
A pure translucent blue,
Lazily lapping the red cliffs
With a musical mutter, and overhead
The white gull's mew.

I have seen the sea off the Cornish coast,
A mass of seething whiteness,

Grinding eternal grey granite
With vain violent fury,
Dying in emerald brightness.

I have seen the sea in the mid-Atlantic,
But I cared not its form or hue;
I knew not, I cared not,
Because it was carrying
Me away from you.

—F. R. S.



to the successful
future of the

“Flying Gopher”

The management, staff, and myself, wish to unite in taking this opportunity to wish the men of the R.A.F. stationed in Weyburn a sincere welcome.

We invite the opportunity of serving you to the utmost of our ability, as you have so ably rendered your services in the past and in the present.

NORMAN D. MCKINNON,
President

MCKINNON'S
FEDERATED LIMITED

“Southern Saskatchewan's Finest Store”

Sickery Secrets

The Station Hospital is the place you go for one of two reasons:

1. You are genuinely sick.
2. You have a hard day ahead you wish to avoid, or you had a hard night behind you wish to forget.

If you are on sick parade for the second reason, you are thumped front and back, say "a-a-ah," have your temperature taken and are then put to bed so you have plenty of time to regret the night before or to recall that you will have twice as much work piled up when you get back on the job.

The staff of a station hospital consists largely of Medical Officers who look profound and say "Hmm, an interesting case." and nursing orderlies who looked cheesed with the whole business when you are admitted to hospital, scowling morbidly at you with the remark, "So you are the next victim, eh?" This is known as the psychological approach designed to relax the patient into the proper, cheerful frame of mind.

Treatments consist largely of gargles which smell like a Chinese laundry, and tablets which taste like the rinse water.



Then there's the bloke who slashes at your ear with a carving knife to obtain a few drops of blood which he examines under the microscope. He returns to mutter:

"A clear case of "anaerythrocytosis."

"Who's she?" you ask, interested.

"Not a she. It means all your red blood corpuscles have been replaced with beer corpuscles."

Seriously, though, here are a few services which your station hospital staff performs even if you are not ill: Checks your health on arrival at station; practices preventative medicine by watching your food and water supply, the sanitary conditions of the station, and by inoculating you against infectious diseases. If you become ill, the services of the three medical officers, two nursing sisters and a staff of technicians and orderlies are at your service. With adequate equipment and medical supplies, the hospital is ready for any emergency except major surgical operations performed only by large institutions.

—C.W.A.D.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The Editor:

Sir,

Don't think that I mind making sacrifices in time of war. It is necessary that we should all play our part. When the R.A.F. first came to Weyburn I decided that, although life would probably not be so peaceful as in the past, it would undoubtedly be more interesting. Little did I think that these men with smiling faces and gleaming buttons would seek to endanger the lives of those whose land they had made their temporary home. I had always been led to believe that the Englishman was kind and considerate. Indeed, I once had a cousin

in the Old Country (who lived long and died a peaceful death) who always insisted that she was very well treated.

The trouble started early one spring day. I was seated outside the front door of my house. I hadn't been outdoors for months as the weather had been so bad. I was enjoying the early morning sunshine and felt at peace with all the world (which included the R.A.F.) when I felt something pass close to my ear and I suddenly realized that I had become the victim of what is known as an unprovoked assault. I did not wait to investigate its source but hurriedly went indoors.

(Continued on page 23.)

Corporal's Club Comments

We wish to take this, our first public opportunity, of thanking our Commanding Officer, Group Captain, E. C. Emmett, M.C., and Flight Lieutenant J. Johnson, President of the Service Institute, for having made possible the remarkably fine Club that we are fortunate enough to possess. Several visiting Officers and N.C.O's. have assured us that never have they seen in any other Corporals' Club in Canada such commodious accommodation, comfort, and pleasing interior decoration.

This striving organization has great pleasure in extending a cordial invitation to ALL Corporals on the Station to use the Club. In case it should not be generally known Subscriptions have been abolished, and membership is now free to all who wear the much coveted Two Tapes. (Disillusionment quickly follows).

Our entertainments are for the moment infrequent, but they are unquestionably the most popular on the Station, and our reputation as hosts is of the very best, the Charm and Beauty of our feminine guests being frequently commended.

Everything possible is being done to increase the amenities of the Club, and we expect that very soon we shall be the envy of the Station.

Our genial steward is far renowned for his good cheer and high spirits, and he is ever ready to administer sym-



pathy and comfort when the mail from home seems to have gone astray. His slogan is "Give everything but Credit." BLESS HIM.

We unfortunately have only two of our members in the Station Dance Band and are keen to recruit more of them into this worldly effort. We, of course, have no wish to imply that this might reduce the Fee when the Band plays at the Club, which we expect will happen frequently and regularly in the near future.

Our need for good Table Tennis players has been strongly pointed out to us recently by the Officers and Sergeants. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Club.

Your Commanding Officer has expressed his opinion that a knowledge of Bridge is a social acquisition and gives his whole-hearted approval and support to our efforts to promote Bridge Drives.

By the very kind co-operation of Mr. Jack Purves of the Y.M.C.A. the club now has the use of the 9 m.m. projector every Tuesday evening. This is a golden opportunity to view the films in that degree of comfort and quietude which becomes our exalted rank.

With a White Owl, and a Big Chief by one's side, "Life can be Beautiful" at the Club.

Letter to the Editor—Continued

On a second occasion, I was about to start out on a shopping expedition when suddenly I felt what must have undoubtedly been a missile from some lethal weapon, pass very close by me. I was amazed to say the least. There was I, a defenceless female, being savagely attacked in broad daylight! This time I was determined to identify my would-be assassin. From behind suitable cover nearby I caught sight of a well-built figure. It was as I had

suspected, one of the newcomers to the Prairie.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I must add that this same gentleman (whose name I will not at this time divulge) has since accounted for quite a number of our people. Why is this sort of thing permitted in these enlightened days?

Yours Indignantly,
FANNY SITWELL-GOPHER,
c/o (??) 41 S.F.T.S.
Weyburn.

Doggerel Ditch

ON PASSING OUT

The time is now ripe to eat onions and tripe
Drink bottles of beer, until one feels queer,
"For we're passing out" all the pupils will shout,
As they stick out their chests, displaying the Crests,
Which denote that they've flown for a mile on their own;
They fancy their chance you can tell at a glance.
But who wouldn't—we couldn't—they have.

They're as pleased with two wings as a dog with two things
For they've driven a kite about in the nite,
They've knocked over flares, received N.C.O's. glares,
They've caused great alarms, shot up several fox-farms.
They know they are good, you can see through a "hood"
But who wouldn't—we couldn't—they have.

They've read all their "gen" and consider they're men,
They've taken a bearing, so now they are wearing
The symbol of flight by a plane day or night.
They know how to force-land on sea or on land,
They're frightfully cock-sure, just look how they jaw,
But who wouldn't—we couldn't—they have.

They've studied their Met, their compass they'll set,
They cross-country with ease, just like shelling peas,
There's no need to broadcast if they've read the forecast;
The landing lights gleam as they land on the Beam,
They tell a good lie about how they can fly.
But who wouldn't—we couldn't—they have.

They've worked out a plot and whether or not
They will get where they are going, if its raining or snowing,
Depends on their bearing and the wings they are wearing,
For they've studied their best to be given this crest,
They drink their own toast and frequently boast,
But who wouldn't—we couldn't—they have.

They've dit-ed and dah-ed and tried awfully hard
To remember the Cone is the one silent zone,
They've tuned in to see and heard B.B.C.
Announcing the name of the next Guessing game,
They've earned all they've got and we wish them a lot,
Of jolly good luck for their fine show of pluck.
BUT WHO WOULDN'T—WE CAN—
SO WOULD YOU.

—G.I.S.

* * *

TELL ME IF YOU'VE HEARD IT

C For Cabbage—it's good for you raw;
O For the 'Orrible mess on the floor;
O For the oranges given away free;
K For the Korfee which tastes just like tea;
H For Hamburger—minced Gopher to you;
O For the onions—they can't be too few;
U For Unconsumed rations in kind;
S For Sausages which contain—never mind;
E—For the End of this curious word.
So line up you blokes till you all get
"YOUR THIRD."

Suggestion For Leave

With the advent of summer, many people from Weyburn will go west for their leave, making for the Rocky Mountains. From experience gained in the course of five days' leave in March of this year, I offer a few suggestions to such people. Calgary, though it shows up on the map in an area of brown heightfulness, is some 60 miles from the mountains, and those who intend to do more than view the mountains from a distance will be well advised to travel still further west. One can always stop off for a day or so at Calgary en route.

From Calgary to Vancouver there are few towns of size, and anyone who may desire to occupy an occasional evening of his leave with such carnal pleasures as a visit to the cinema or a restaurant-crawl, and yet at the same time to live for a few days right in the mountains where the air is a dose of tonic in itself, will be hard put to it to find a better place than Banff.

The journey from Weyburn to Banff takes some 19 hours by C.P.R., leaving on the 4.15 p.m. train, and the fare (with the annual leave warrant) is \$12.60. To this figure must be added the cost of meals, snatched at Moose Jaw and Calgary en route, or eaten on the train by those of means. A sleeper is an added comfort, but an unnecessary one, since it is possible to spend a quite comfortable night on the adjustable seats provided by the railway company.

Accommodation at Banff should not be difficult to find. Those opulent ones among us will of course head straight for the Banff Springs Hotel—a gross erection whose appearance will be familiar to most of us from its ubiquitous advertisements. We poor corporals, however, must content ourselves with cheaper fare. We may take our chance on the limited accommodation offered by the two normal hotels in the town, or we may put up on a bed-and-breakfast basis at one of the many private houses in the town which bear the sign "Approved Accommodation,"

and which appear to be reasonable as regards charges and good as regards service.

A third alternative offers, namely the occupancy, in company with two or three others, of a "cabin," a small building in the garden of one of the residents, equipped with beds and a few primitive amenities. Under this arrangement, of course, all meals have to be taken in restaurants. Information regarding the availability of such accommodation will no doubt be furnished by the Information Bureau at Banff.

Now what to do with yourself in Banff? The answer depends very largely on yourself; you may climb mountains all day, or you may lounge in the baths at the Hot Springs, or bask in the sun. But I should perhaps try to give some idea of the place and its environment.

Banff bridge is some 4,500 feet above sea-level, and the town is set in the valley of the Bow River, which flows for many miles between considerable snow-capped mountains.

At the end of the main street towers Mount Cascade, some 9,700 feet high, looking towards which from the bridge is taken the standard photograph of Banff—a scene, by the way, which figured in "Forty-ninth Parallel." Mount Cascade is at once the most impressive feature of the immediate surroundings of the town and also the highest peak in the immediate vicinity.

But the town is ringed around with mountains equally impressive, notably Mount Rundle, Mount Norquay, where is the principal ski run in the neighbourhood, and Sulphur Mountain. All these peaks are within three miles of the centre of the town. An easy evening walk is up Tunnel Mountain, which, although it is only a few hundred feet higher than the town, affords fine views of the Bow valley, particularly towards sunset.

(Continued on page 26.)

Suggestion For Leave—Continued

In the summer months, the skiing season is over, and you will be spared the exciting but decidedly painful experience of learning to ski. I must write more fully of that art at a later date; for the moment, it will suffice if I urge the beginner to pad himself thoroughly before commencing, not forgetting the end of his nose, on which part of my anatomy I performed many of my longer slidings . . . The walk up Mount Norquay is nevertheless well worth taking, if only for the fine glimpses of the surrounding country to be had through the trees. For those who lack energy, there is a bus. But please walk at least one way. It will take you about two hours going up, and considerably less for the return, the exact time depending on your dignity and the material of your trouser-seat.

Then, one day when the sun is not too hot, you must set off for the day up the Spray Valley; this is reached by the road past the Banff Springs Hotel, and you may take either the path on the north bank, which starts over the golf course, or the lumbering trail on the south bank, which is preferable from the point of view of the scenery available, though rather heavier walking.

You will see some grand glimpses of the Borgeau Range and of Goat Mountain, and, if you have the energy, you may leave the river after some six miles and follow the trail by a pass through the mountains to Canmore, trusting to luck to get a lift back to town from there. The total distance is about 18 miles.

One small tip. When you reach the Upper Spray Bridge, you may come across an Irishman playing about with great heaps of logs. He will offer you a lift back to town in his truck, but if you are wise you will refuse, politely but firmly. You see I, in all the innocence

of ignorance, accepted. The truck was old, but we were making good speed up the first hill, which had a gradient of perhaps 1 in 6, when there was a horrible grinding sound, and the gear-box appeared to have fallen out. I, with what I considered to be great presence of mind, grabbed at the hand-brake, only to discover what I should have known already, that it would not operate in reverse. The driver did not stop to explain, but let out a wild yell and jumped out into a snowdrift. I would have followed suit had not the door on my side been securely fastened with an accumulation of wire and rope. In the circumstances, I could do nothing save turn the wheel in the hope that we might hit something solid. This, to my extreme relief, we did, but not before the truck had got up to a good speed, and we mowed down two fair-sized pine trees before coming to rest against a third.

I got out, and joined the erstwhile driver, who I found pulling large quantities of snow out of his hair, and together we walked the six miles or so back to town, he bemoaning the poor qualities of Canadian trucks.

There are many excursions you may make while you are in Banff, both on foot and by coach. You must on no account miss visiting Lake Louise—one of the grandest spots on earth. Do not forget your camera, or you will regret it ever afterwards. You will find a map useful if you intend walking in the vicinity. There is a very good one inch map of the area which can be obtained for 25 cents from the Director, Hydrographic and Map Service, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa.

And when you take that trip up the Spray Valley, look out for me. For you can be sure that when my turn for leave comes round, I shall be there.

—F.R.S.

GOOD LUCK

To The R.A.F.
and the "FLYING GOPHER"

It's also your good luck to think of us for your requirements in all lines of Shelf and Heavy Hardware.

Furniture
Floor Coverings
Sporting Goods
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WE ARE
SPECIALLY
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Phone 29

EAT

Star Bakery

Doughnuts

WORKHOUSE WHISPERS

Someone concluded a telephone conversation with me the other day by saying "I can't conceive what the Orderly Room is for." Lest there be others in a like state of ignorance with regard to the function of this most important section of the Unit I am urged to pen a few lines by way of elucidation, and also to add a few notes on some of the more important functionaries who may be found therein.



Briefly, the Orderly Room exists for the following purposes:—

- (a) To post your best pal to Nova Scotia.
- (b) To fail to post you anywhere.
- (c) To ensure the correct functioning of the Pay Accounts Section.
- (d) To freeze P.S.I. funds.
- (e) To issued D.G.Os' (Duff Gen. Orders).
- (f) To amend previous D.G.Os.
- (g) To discourage applications for leave.
- (h) To transform authorities for promotion into spills for the Adjutant's pipe.

To perform these onerous and multitudinous duties, a large and competent STAFF is of course required. First come the SENIOR N.C.Os., who, ensconced behind a large screen, and protected by a blanket of cigar smoke from the prying eyes of the intruder, snore importantly except when awakened for meals and cups of tea. Their chief duties consist in PASSING BUCKS to the CORPORALS. These indispensable men are for the most part round and rubicund; their duty consists almost entirely in CARRYING CANS in the interval of doing all the WORK of the Unit. (WORK-'striving, application of effort to some purpose'—O.E.D.). It is considered extremely doubtful whether, in the absence of these men, any WORK would be done on the Unit. (Whether this would be a good or a bad thing is a matter for conjecture). There is also on the premises a number of AIRCRAFT-MEN; the duties of these persons are distinctly obscure; the only point on which there is any degree of agreement

by prominent authorities is that these duties are not performed. Several RUNNERS may also be found in obscure corners of the premises. Their main activity is SCROUNGING, at which they are adept, and, despite their nomenclature, they have

never been observed to RUN, except occasionally at the approach of a Corporal desirous of making them WORK, or when ordered by a COMPETENT AUTHORITY to catch gophers. Their rate of progression is, on the other hand, of the order of 0.41 miles per hour; their most important duty is fetching tea at frequent intervals for the OFFICERS. There is also an ADJUTANT.

But we of the Orderly Room are men of no mean ability. Any peculiarity you may have observed in us of late is attributable to the incidence of an epidemic of PRAIRIE SICKNESS, a dreadful scourge which afflicts most of us after a few months in these climes, and the symptoms of which are instability of outlook and a tendency to overwork. The following epic, composed in a moment of aberration resulting from a sharp attack of this dread affliction is placed on record as a warning to those who are considering coming to live on the prairie.

I see a little gopher
Playing merrily
By the C.O.'s window
When I gopher tea.

I wish I were a gopher
On the prairie free,
With pretty corporals seeing me
When they gopher tea.

Perhaps I am a gopher
On the prairie free;
Perhaps another gopher
Is what is biting me,
And not a passing spasm
Of prairie lunacy.

But if I am a gopher,
What is it that I see,—
A corporal or a gopher,
When I gopher tea?

—F.R.S.

CONGRATULATIONS
TO "THE FLYING GOPHER"

Enjoy VI-CO

and

Co-op Milk

at

Your Canteens and Messes

Saskatchewan
Co-operative Creamery

STANDARD
GARAGE

and

MACHINE
SHOP

Prop.: Bill Montgomery.

Phone 141

FLIGHT NOTES

"E" FLIGHT—SECTION NOTES

The dawn patrol proved very popular amongst pupils and instructors alike and it has been refreshing to see twice as many volunteers for this novel innovation as were required.

All the pupils were extremely sorry to hand over the privilege of carrying out control box duty. One of them stayed in it for 5 hours and absolutely refused to leave it. Apparently he still believes in splendid isolation. Praise is due to the pupils who expertly carried out a neat forced landing on the runway. He only suffered minor damage, two bent propellers and a sprained ankle when he jumped from the door of the machine to the ground 2¾ inches below him. He has been awarded the N.O.W.F.J.

Night flying went with a swing, swing mainly off the runways into the mud, but Cpls. Brown and Bodfish and their merry (I hope) men through constant practice reduced the unsticking time to seconds. The idea of firing a red Very light on getting stuck proved very efficient but suspicions are entertained that some pupils deliberately steered into the mud so as to be able to fire a Very pistol.

In conclusion, congratulations are due to pupils and ground crews for the excellent flying returns of recent weeks and, as "F" Flight would have it, we mustn't forget the timekeepers. We are now in a position to loan Ansons to other flights at the following rates:

Definitely serviceable: One dollar an hour.

Shortly serviceable (minor defect): 50 cents an hour.

Just off inspections: 25 cents an hour.

Aircraft used by "E" Flight and supplied by "F" Flight—Free.

Aircraft out of pool—We pay.

J.C.S.

"G" FLIGHT NOTES

We protest, most vehemently!

Everyone receives an invitation to the party except little us. And, why, we ask? Has any other Flight on this Station our enviable record of 100 per cent. serviceability since the formation of the Unit?

And so deeply do we feel this slight that we have bribed the printer to include our notes. And if the Editor, reading this, commits suicide in the depths of his shame, we will shed no tears.

We admit that we are not overworked at present, but according to F/Lt. Goon, our one and only, there will be a considerable pulling-up of socks when our first batch of Sunderlands arrives next week. It appears that we had been promised a flight of Link Trainers, but F/O McKay took such a fancy to the pretty little things that F/Lt. Goon hadn't the heart to disappoint him, and gave him the whole shoot to play with, the result being that we were left rather in the slush. Still, we are keeping in practice with one or two Frauleinschmitts down Weyburn way.

Notabilities in "G" Flight include Sergeant Bobb and Corporal Kleep who, in the intervals of writing sonnets in praise of Poppy, the Flight Commander's latest pash, for subsequent use by that officer, dash up to Headquarters to check up on the establishment vacancies for Senior N.C.Os. in "G" Flight. Latest reports indicate that Corporal Kleep's chances in the promotion racket are very good on the strength of the following Ode:

"I saw you, Pop,
At the passing-out hop
Behind the bar.
I love you far
More than most other folk;
Better even than a bottle of Coke."

Also worthy of mention is P/O Pylup, who, on a recent cross-country flight in a Link, found himself 200 feet
(Continued on page 32.)

Flight Notes—Continued

below sea-level and losing height rapidly. He baled out, and landed safely in the Padre's office, where he quickly came to after imbibing a couple of bottles from the cupboard. ("Mission Ahrange is naturally good").

Sergeant Rook, another Flying Instructor, recently created a fearful disturbance at Headquarters by demanding a revision of Form 295. Poor fellow! He uses a lot of them, but he finds there isn't room for his Service number in the space provided.

Small wonder that, with this immense array of talent to assist us in our toil, our record is such an out-

standing one. And all shame to the Editor for his execrable behaviour towards us!

—L. H. C.
—F. R. S.

FLIGHT NOTES

(Editor's Note: We circularized all Flights for material for the magazine, but only "E" Flight saw fit to rally round.

We hope that for future issues we may be able to count on the support of all Flights, including "G" Flight, when it is formed).

HEARD ON THE AIR

'HELLO, HELLO, HELLO, Gopher Calling, Gopher Calling! Are you receiving me, are you receiving me? If not you'd better sign the Subscription Form below.'

AS MR. CHURCHILL SAID
Heard On Clothing Parade.

"Never before in the field of human conflict have so many waited so long for so little."

Heard in the Officers' Mess.

"Never before in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few."

"THE FLYING GOPHER" SUBSCRIPTION FORM

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The Padre Ponders



The Padre's copy in a magazine such as this is perhaps especially difficult to produce for a variety of reasons, of which the chief is that, if he writes at length about Christianity and the things of the Spirit, his page is in danger of being turned over immediately by the very people to whom he is most anxious to write. So in this number I hope to avoid that danger, but I hope I also manage to avoid the other extreme of giving people nothing to think about at all.

About a year ago I had gone over to a Coastal Command station in the North of England to swap yarns and ideas with my opposite number there, and I found myself sitting down to lunch next to a man whose clothes were rather strange for a R.A.F. Officers' Mess, even in wartime—he was wearing khaki shirts and shorts, and a very dilapidated pair of tennis shoes. I could not help wondering exactly what he had been doing during the past few hours, and it was not long before he told me. "Sure," he said. "At four o'clock this morning I was in Canada!" Whereupon I was rather shaken. I had never before realised the "every-day-ness" of these amazing flights.

Now, however, they are a commonplace, these great trans-Atlantic hops. Almost unnoticed in the turmoil of war, the traffic over the ocean grows and quickens. People travel to and fro in no more time than it takes to send a cable across. England is nearer to New York and Montreal than London was to Liverpool a hundred years ago—literally and absolutely nearer, for our real life is in time, and more and more space becomes merely negative. In this new world intercourse between continents is like the intercourse between neighboring towns in the old days.

Such is the picture we see to one side of our island. On the other side,

a man takes a week to row an open boat across from Norway. A letter posted to the South of France is delivered three or four months later. A Swede sets out for England by travelling round the world. It is rather more than a century now since we first learned what it was like when the Continent really shut us out. Napoleon, someone once said, "shewed England that she could do without Europe," which meant that he "inevitably drew her thoughts in the direction of the New World." We owe a great debt to Napoleon for doing that to us, and it is possible we may find one day that Hitler is doing us a greater service still. For the Germans' sacking of Europe is making the old dream of world unity come true very quickly.

The trouble is that, as we are continually being told, we shall have to fix up Europe when the fighting is over. And so terrifying a prospect is that to some people that to them victory looks like being the beginning of our troubles rather than the end. For to do this we shall have to be both politically and economically very clever, and also very strong—as a policeman is strong, and strong ethically and spiritually—armed with the "breastplate of righteousness and the sword of the Spirit."

For the time of wickedness is not the time of war; it is the time of peace immediately following the war. Then we in the Services have no longer the pressure of the special circumstances of war which demand the virtues of war, such virtues as long-suffering, unselfishness, patience, obedience, good comradeship, cheerfulness—all of which you have in abundance. We return to civil life and its peculiar temptations, taking with us the irreligion and peculiar temptations of active service, and we find a vast field of sin is open to us. Those are the days of temptation, the days of the power of the devil, and those days will come, and with them comes the real test.

(Continued on page 34.)

Station Dance Band

After an energetic search for talent and a considerable amount of hard work, the Station has managed to form its own Dance Band, a Band which has managed in the short

time it has been in existence to gain a reasonably high reputation. How long it will maintain this reputation is a matter for conjecture. Anyone who has attended rehearsals in purely spectatorial capacity will have noticed how much the Band depends upon Pupils. These chaps have only a limited stay at this Station and, in addition, have to make considerable sacrifices to attend rehearsals and play at engagements.

Surely members of the permanent Staff who have musical ability are prepared to make the same sacrifices. At present we have only six who have given up their time to establish a Station Band. This is not enough, and unless we can have more support



from the Staff there is little chance of making a success of the venture.

The Commanding Officer, the Entertainments Officer and the P.S.I. have done every-

thing within their power to make a Station Band possible and the purchase of instruments, all of the highest class, has entailed considerable expenditure. That is why I am asking the men of 41 S.F.T.S. to buckle in and make the Band the finest in the province.

Notices of rehearsals have been and will continue to be published in D.R.O.'s. We have many interested spectators. That's fine. But we must have even more interested players. If you can play any instrument—trumpet, saxophone, guitar, double bass, piano, violin or drums, make yourself known either to Cpl. Churton of Central Registry, S.H.Q., or Cpl. Longstaffe of Accounts Section, S.H.Q. You will be more than welcome.

—L. H. C.

The Padre Ponders—Continued

To pass that final test without being "washed out" we shall need, individually and as a people, to be fit and strong. Have you ever thought out seriously how you might be fit and strong in purpose and in spirit? If I may, I should very much like to give you one or two ideas about this in the next number of the Magazine.

Until then and always, God bless you and yours.

L. O.-W.

* * *

From

REV. D. ST, C. CAMPBELL
"Other Denominations" Chaplain

I should like to congratulate those responsible for the publication of this new airforce magazine and I trust it

will serve to foster a spirit which will bring us more closely together in our present common task. Pride of achievement is always a healthy thing and this paper in arousing friendly rivalries between the various station units should contribute to that sense of pride, and step up the efficiency of the station as a whole. As one who is primarily interested in the maintaining of a strong morale among the men in training I welcome "The Flying Gopher" and wish for it continued success. May I take this opportunity, as your visiting O.D. chaplain, to welcome you to Canada and to Weyburn and to express the hope that as chaplain I may be of some service to you while you are in our midst.

—D. St. C. C.

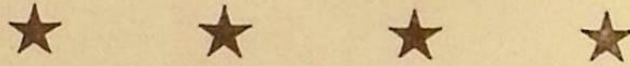
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LEE LANG

LAUNDRY

Y.M.C.A. Highlights

The Y.M.C.A. is happy to be able to contribute to the Station Magazine, and at the outset we wish the staff every success in their efforts to turn out a really first-class magazine. We pledge our whole-hearted co-operation, even to the extent of having our articles ready before the dead-line.

The Y.M. has been on this Station from the beginning—and what a beginning! Snow, wind, no heat, no water, and only Flight Lieutenant Johnson and I to break the ice. Our first recreation room was a corner of the Airmen's Mess, where we set up table tennis and writing tables and installed games. The canteen at that time consisted of a large wooden box in which we stored cigarettes and chocolate. In this room Officers, Sergeants, and Airmen mingled; movies were shown at the other end of the hall. Our shows were graced by the presence of one lady, and were attended by enthusiastic audiences whose ardour was not damped even by break-downs in the films.

It is a far cry from those temporary quarters in the Mess to our present commodious building. In the canteen you can buy everything from soup to nuts. We make a profit on our sales, but every penny of the net profits is paid into P.S.I. funds for your eventual benefit. There is a constant parade of

airmen to the "Y" building to purchase stamps and hair-cut chits, to send cables, to press their trousers, borrow from our library, hunt out travel information, arrange billets for themselves whilst on sick leave, to borrow sports and games equipment, and to collect their laundry.

Ah, yes! The laundry. Stacks of laundry in front of me, at my left hand, at my right hand, and a vast and growing mountain behind me. The laundry . . .! Need I say more?

Then there are the chaps who come to us for advice, and that really is where we shine (although we say it ourselves, who shouldn't). Any questions, from what time of day it is to the eternal problem, shall I marry the girl or not, are sure of solution at the "Y" office. In fact, if any problem is too abstruse for Dorothy Dix and our genial Padre, our expert advice is invariably sought.

We have in operation an extensive Y.M.C.A. sponsored program, including small games tournaments, musicales, sing-songs, a camera club, a softball league, quizz contests, table tennis tournaments, films (both educational and purely entertaining) and a number of other items.

The Y.M.C.A. is at your service.

—J. A. P.

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5. We have a canteen service for your convenience—drop in for a cup of coffee after the show.
6. We have a list of invitations for airmen to spend their 48's in private homes in various towns in the surrounding district. Let us know when and where you would like to go.
7. We also have a list of suitable living quarters in nearby towns. Information will gladly be given.

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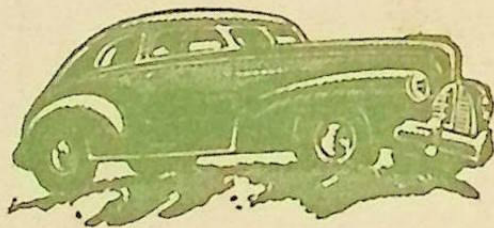
The Lounge

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