

The Flying Gopher

VOL. I. No. 2.
JULY, 1942

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Weyburn, Saskatchewan, Canada

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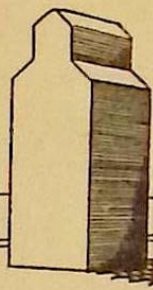
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The Flying Gopher

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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The Flying Gopher is published on the 15th of each month by and for the entertainment of the personnel of No. 41, S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.) at Weyburn, Saskatchewan, Canada. Printed for the Publishers by The Weyburn Review.

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Editorial



With this, the second "Gopher," we feel we are getting into our stride. At least this issue is more of a co-operative effort and less the work of a few than was the first. If you find in this issue any inclusions or omissions to which you take exception, the remedy is an easy one, and lies in your own hands. We occupy the Editorial chair in nothing save a co-ordinating spirit, and we want the "Gopher" to contain the sort of matter which appeals to you. Obviously the most satisfactory way to achieve this is for you to write your magazine yourself. We want your help now in providing material for the next issue, and we should like it soon, for we have to go to press about the 25th of the month.

Our first issue was mailed all over the world—copies are known to have gone to addresses in Malta, South Africa, Australia and South America—and of course scores of copies went home to Britain. We hope they proved of interest, and helped to cast light on some aspects of our life here on the prairie, for that is a large part of the object of this magazine.

To those who have already rallied round and helped us with their contributions, and to the advertisers for their support, our grateful thanks.

STRICTLY FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

(Weyburn readers—and that includes the lads on the Station—need not read beyond the first paragraph.)

As it is known that some copies at least of the first edition of the Station Magazine were sent to the folks at home, the staff of this journal thought it might be a good idea if a little explanation were given why we call ourselves the "Flying Gopher." To those back there it might have seemed a screwy title, as possibly it is, but having depicted the utter flatness of the surrounding country on our cover, we thought that the next most striking thing about our habitation was the lowly gopher.

The gopher, dear parents, wives, brothers, sisters, friends and sweethearts, is an animal, a small inoffensive little beast which abounds on these

prairies of ours. There are some birds, and some other small animals, but the gopher is by far the most prevalent and the most quaint. To us, who until our arrival had never heard the name mentioned, the gopher was a revelation.

We arrived during the winter months, when the beasties were asleep, and for eight or nine weeks the name was—just a name.

One day, however, came bright sunshine; the earth melted. Birds began to sing and frogs to croak, and from the outposts of the aerodrome came news that GOPHERS had been sighted, and that here and there isolated attacks had been made upon them. "Were they fierce?" "Did they attack?" "Did they rely upon fleetness of foot to evade the human monsters who had built large buildings on their former hunting grounds?"

(Continued on page 20.)



SQUADRON-LEADER M. N. HANCOCKS

Squadron-Leader Hancocks Remembers

September 2nd, 1939! I was suddenly confronted by the familiar sight of a telegraph messenger of the G.P.O. I had a good idea of the contents of the missive. "You are to report immediately to —." For the next few hours, life was one mad whirl. Private matters had to be settled, and a hundred and one odd things had to receive my attention. Anyhow, there was no doubt about it, I was back in the Royal Air Force.

As I sat in the train, I was trying to decide of what possible use I could be. Operations? No! Far too antique. Ferrying? Possibly. Perhaps acting as aerial chauffeur to one of the chosen few who have soared to dizzy heights.

As the train journey was only of short duration, I soon discovered that I had been posted to a Service Flying Training School as a Staff Pilot, and was very soon taught to fly twin-engined aircraft, eventually proceeding to that Academy of Flying, the Central Flying School, Upavon. There, after many trials and tribulations, I emerged as a qualified Flying Instructor.

I could not help drawing a comparison between methods of present day flying instruction compared with those in use a quarter of a century ago. Before commencing flying training, I had on one occasion only been nearer an aeroplane than half a mile, and the only occasion I did succeed in getting near enough to touch one (incidentally a Caudron powered with a 45 h.p. Anzani engine) it looked so fragile I was almost afraid to touch it, in case it should fall to bits.

The great day arrived when I was taken up by my instructor for my first flight. How wonderful I thought he was! In my estimation he must have known all there was to be known about flying. He had 50 hours flying to his credit! I had visions of tearing along at 50 to 60 miles per hour, but we did not appear to be moving—it had not occurred to me that speed can only be judged by the speed that objects pass by, and as there were no objects to pass, I had no idea of speed. Followed 3 hours and 10 minutes of "Hold the nose up!" "Watch your airspeed!" "Keep it straight!" each instruction being received from the instructor by shouting, he, of course, having to throttle the engine down first, headphones being entirely unheard of in those days.

That day of days which every pilot must remember duly arrived. "I think you could go solo now," said my instructor. I was keen to have a try! I opened the throttle, the old D.H.6, or "Clutching Hand," as it was affectionately called, moved into life. It decided to turn to the right, and nothing I could do seemed to have any effect. It hit a ridge, decided to become airborne, and, Ye Gods!—I was flying alone, no one save me could bring this aircraft down in one piece! I flew around for a while, decided I had taught myself something about flying and decided to land. The approach was good, I thought, and I was congratulating myself on having made a perfect landing, when I found that I had touched down and floated up again to about 10 or 15 feet; the next was a series of diminishing bumps, followed by a swing to the right, and the "Clutching Hand" finished up facing the direction from which it had come.

On that memorable occasion I made a momentous discovery. I had never landed an aircraft unaided before my first solo. "What happened?" said my Instructor. "Nothing," said I. "It jolly well should have done," said he. "Anyhow, have another try tomorrow. I'm off on leave for two weeks."

M. H. Hancocks

Archaeological Notes

The Klan of Kwip

Consequent upon the publication of our researches in the last issue of the "Flying Gopher" we have had innumerable enquiries from members of the less intelligent strata of society as to the meanings of certain phrases employed by the men of Raf. So numerous are the enquiries that we feel it would be an insult to the intelligence of the majority of our readers if we were to publish explanations in this article. We have therefore decided to publish a Phrase Book, bound in limp cloth, at the moderate price of \$5.37. Readers considering purchase should inform the Editor as soon as possible in order that the difficult work of compilation may be commenced. A deposit of \$1.00 should accompany each order, so that the worthy authors may not find their research in any way restricted by lack of funds.

To continue with our account of that long lost tribe, the men of the Raf. We have generally considered the outlines of their society from the tribal point of view, but we have not, as yet, considered their periods of life and social organization. The purport of this and subsequent articles will be to convince you that even in those dim and distant times some flicker of intelligence was beginning to illuminate the minds of these creatures, the men of Raf. The records available to us today indicate that the tribe of Kwip were perhaps credited with more ingenuity than their fellow men. It should be borne in mind, however, that this intelligence was only to be found in the higher circles, presided over by the High Priest Kvtom. The High Priesthood, it should be remembered was open only to the members of the Klan of Kommish, and so great was the jealousy among those that fought for the honour that the wise old man Ess Tabb did decree that a lesser High Priest should reign in the Halls of Kwip and also take unto himself the care of the Mess of Erk, the Mess of Lak, and the Mess of Korp.

The Hall of Kwip was usually situated on the boundaries of the settlements of the men of Raf, mainly because they

were large Halls and could usefully serve as fortresses in case of siege. In the largest Hall of Hall, sorry, all, 'neath the Inven Trees, was found the Throne of Kwip, underneath which lay the Sak containing the EEwun Hundreds, relics of a long-forgotten habit termed Work. It was the custom of the High Priest in his decrepit old age to hoard Saks of EEwun Hundreds, and then, taking advantage of the situation of the Halls of Kwip, to steal from the Kamp and hie him to the neighbouring tribe of Wey, where he did seek out the elder of that tribe, Sol Vaje, and obtain from him, in exchange for the Saks, the precious coloured Bladders of Ayr, known in later years as Balloons. On occasions of Festivity, it was the custom of the Tribe of Kwip to adorn their Houses with these Bladders of Ayr. Several members of the Klan were also known to attend their Deity Blynd with several of these Bladders attached to long pieces of Timber, which they did wave in the air, meanwhile chanting the Tribal Song of "Hik-hik-hik-uppppppppppp!"

Perhaps the chief festivities were those in honour of the Gods of Defish and Ishoo. In their honour crowds of the Klan of Erk would assemble in the Plain of Wey and file into the entrance of one of the Lesser Halls of Kwip, and receive from the hands of the servants of Kwip, recruited from the Klan of Basher, the sacred garments of Raf. It was on the occasion of these festivities that the mystic Spirits of Too Lon and Too Smoll were accorded due honour. Few were they who were blessed by the Spirit of Gud Fitt. In fact the Klan of Basher were the only Klan who had the right to call upon the Spirit of Gud Fitt as their own Tribal Deity. Only those of the Klan of Erk, the Klan of Lak and the Klan of Korp, who were versed in the art of Bob and had the favour of the Mitey (or, perhaps, the good eye of the servant of the Inner Circle, Choo) were allowed by the Klan of Basher to share their prerogative of communion with the Spirit. Long was

(Continued on page 20.)

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HOME AWAY
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HOTEL



(A tale of the Deep West by
Prairie Oyster)

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 breathtaking escapades are the talk of Regina (Queen of the Prairies).

One spring nite, boldly ignoring the dualheaded horror of expulsion and dishonour, they climb from the sleeping convent, and having experienced thrills and spills and narrowly missing detection they arrive at the Silver Dell, where Mary Anne is immediately conscious of slipping into blissful oblivion in the arms of "White Flash" Leading Air Commodore Patrick Alexander, an aviator-private from the Old Country. Mary Anne, having returned with Penelope to the Convent in time for the before-breakfast sewing class, is later summoned to the presence of the dreaded Sister Immaculata.

Now read on.

"Come in, my dear," called Sister Immaculata in response to Mary Anne's timid knock. With her shapely legs (see previous instalment) trembling, Mary Anne, blushing from the roots of her blonde hair down to her swan-like neck, approached the desk behind

which the dreaded matron sat. Poor Mary Anne—her love-filled heart beat fast and her mind was a torrent of despair. What had been discovered? Had her late beau (an ace Link Instructor in the R.C.A.F.) revealed her glorious secret of the previous nite? How she would hate him if he had! At last, after what seemed hours she heard the question: "What ails you, Mary Anne, for surely you must be unwell?" Mary Anne was about to speak when a powerful roaring noise filled the room and Sister Immaculata, startled from her academic calm, rushed to the window to see what was amiss. Looking up, both matron and pupil saw an aeroplane—an Anson MK 1 Fighter-Bomber—circling the convent at rooftop height. They stood watching breathlessly, and presently a tiny object fell to the ground. Oblivious to the circumstances of Mary Anne's presence and inspired by feminine curiosity, Sister Immaculata made for the convent grounds. Rushing through the stately portals of St. Agatha's, she saw that a large and growing assembly was centred around Gladys Harbottle who was holding a small parcel in her hands.

Sister Immaculata, now on the scene, quickly assumed control of the unusual situation. Taking the parcel from Gladys she read the label as follows: "To the loveliest beauty at St. Agatha's. You left these in the cab last nite. To-nite—same time—same place." Her nimble fingers, working like spider's feet, quickly had the pink ribbon free and revealed the intriguing package's contents to the curious assembly—a pair of silk gloves. A distinct sigh of relief mingled with girlish giggles was silenced at once. "Who owns these gloves?" Mary Anne, her beautiful body trembling with fear, was about to speak when her bosom-sorority chum, Penelope, caught her by the arm saying: "Keep quiet! I lent those gloves to Rosemary Winter-bott, two weeks ago."

Thus once more, Mary Anne walked slowly back to the convent pondering the while on the gloves and the message which had descended so romantically upon St. Agathas. "To-nite—same time—same place"—the words whirled round in her beautiful blonde head. Her blue eyes filled with tears when she remembered that she and all the other girls would be confined to their rooms that evening.

Romance in Regina—Continued

Seated on their beds, Penelope and Mary Anne were soon discussing the possibilities of the latter being able to keep the tryst with Patrick, the dark and handsome aviator-private from the Old Country, when through the doorway burst Gladys Harbottle. "Matron has gone off for the evening in a Mercury cab," shouted the newcomer. At this news Mary Anne turned to her bosom-sorority chum and nodded.

Soon it was arranged that Mary Anne should venture alone to the scene of her previous nite's happiness, and that on her return Penelope would let her into the convent.

Cautiously making her way through the portals of St. Agatha's, the love stricken Mary was soon speeding towards the Silver Dell where, on payment of \$1.00, she was escorted to the only vacant seat—at the table already occupied by the one and only—Patrick.

The evening flashed by on wings of love. Surely Patrick and Mary Anne were the only people in the world. "There has never been love like this," thought Mary Anne. Patrick thrilled her more and more with his tales and discounted the afternoon's excitement with stories of his early adventures in a Tiger Moth. Soon the happy pair were saying "good-night" for the second time. All was dark at St. Agatha's, and the headlights of the waiting cab pierced the inky blackness like a knife. The moon shone high over Regina (Queen of the Prairies) as, at

last, the two lovers stepped apart. Suddenly Mary Anne let out a little cry. "Look," she whispered — "Matron!" And she swooned in his arms. A man of action, Patrick swept the beautiful girl into the waiting cab and bade the driver "get moving."

What does Patrick do next? Did Sister Immaculata see Mary Anne? You must not miss the next instalment of this thrilling love story in the next issue of "The Flying Gopher."



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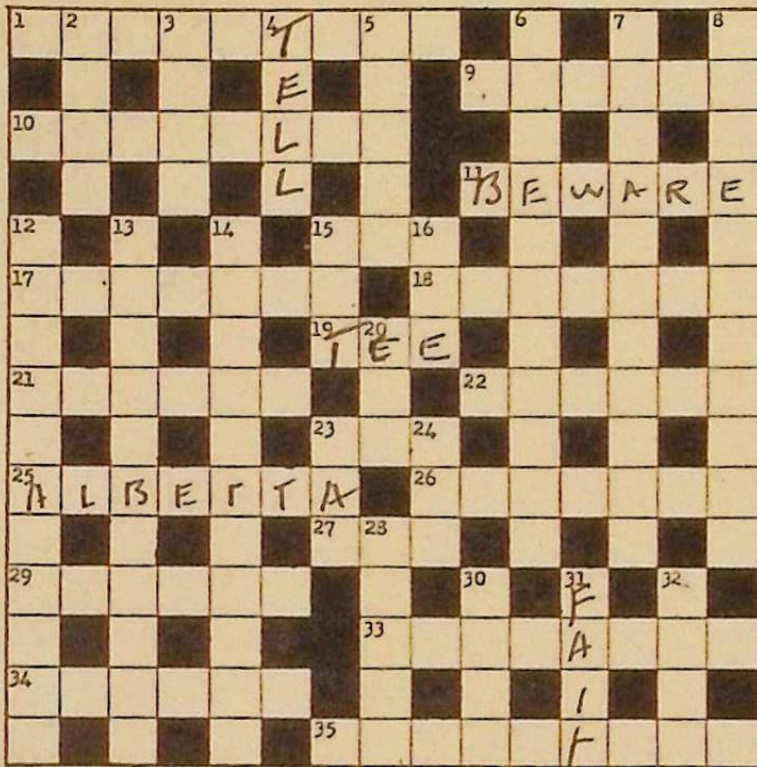
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Crossword Puzzle



(Figures in parenthesis denote number of letters required.)

The Editor offers a prize of \$5.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive before August 1st, 1942, to:

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Clues—Across

1. Do farmers use these as a measure peculiar to themselves? (9)
9. Not so much or a landlord. (6)
10. The art of making a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen? (8)
11. Brings about the sign outside the kennels when the dogs are at home. (6)
16. Fuss, or a Lancashire party. (3)
17. The making of a sail run. (7)
18. Make out. (7)
19. The take-off point of a golf ball. (3)
21. Two wings and does not fly. (6)
22. There are minutes on this. (6)
23. Learn. (3)
25. Province of Canada. (7)
26. Deep made say balm. (7)
27. Longing for a Japanese coin. (3)
29. Exhausts. (6)
33. Told finishing assessed. (8)
34. Reposing like a jump. (6)
35. It sounds as if little Diana's handbags are being scattered.

Clues—Down

2. Dry and desolate. (4)
3. Came to make this. (4)
4. His apple speaks for itself. (4)
5. Little Dorothy this on her little Edward. (5)
6. Crimson posies. (3, 8)
7. A nom de guerre? (7, 4)
8. Fit to be shown. (11)
12. Gale nor Raid (anagram). (7, 4)
15. Imperatively beginning a much bombed German city. (11)
15. Skill of a rat. (3)
16. Making doc. (3)
20. Singular first person. (5)
25. Shy little company. (3)
24. Penang without its peg. (3)
28. Boredom. (5)
30. Does this support an aeroplane. (4)
31. "None but the brave deserve the " (4)
32. Just a lake. (4)

Solutions next issue.

R. W. C.

Prairie Madness

Have you ever been to a two bit hop? Then let me give you the low-down.

This hop is strictly "Prairie Madness," quite unlike your city Palais-de-danse affair. The hall is usually a tin-roofed shack in the middle of the prairie. You can always identify it, for it will be surrounded by a generous litter of relics of some past celebration. However remote it may seem, if you drop in about 9.30 on the night you'll find the place jammed tight with all types of local merrymakers. We'll take it you're a gent. Having deposited your two bits you enter the scene of the festivities. The place is illuminated with a number of oil lamps hung down the centre of the room; the seating accommodation consists of a number of forms placed along the walls. As there is no cloak room, coats are distributed around the place, where the owners can keep a sharp eye on their property.

On the platform at the other end of the hall sit the "musicianers" — the local term for the band. The usual combination consists of an accordion (one finger style), violin and drums. When you arrive, don't be surprised if you hear the boys giving out with "Chatanooga Choo-Choo," for however faulty their execution may be, their intentions are very good indeed. The lad with the squeeze box, now, I know he makes you think of a dog walking along a piano, but his heart is probably away in New York, beating it out with Benny Goodman or some other Swing King.

At this point a few remarks on the technique of grabbing your woman will come in handy.

During the next few dances just hang around and observe the females going through their paces. This is very important. Unless you do this you will almost certainly come to grief. If you rely on the old method of picking the good-looker you're certainly asking for it. The girl has not yet been born who looks like an angel and dances like one—you only read about them. Working on this system you'll probably get someone with as much grace as a sea lion. The golden rule in dancing circles should be "Watch their feet, not their faces."

Anyhow, we'll take it you're a sensible guy—you've lain low and taken notes, and you fancy the blonde. Maybe she doesn't look sensational, but it's dancing you're after. You're no talent scout for Hollywood. Well, when the M.C. shouts "take your partner for a quick-step" walk over, seize her by the arm, and jerk your head in the direction of the floor. That's all, she'll get your meaning. Don't say, "May I have the pleasure of the next dance, please?" or she'll scream for help. So get to it, and don't trip over the knots in the floor.

Since this is your first appearance here, you shouldn't gas too much. Keep the chin-wag vague. Don't try any Bob Hope wise cracks. The girl may have no sense of humour, or maybe she will have seen that picture too. The crack should go like this: you start the parley—"Big crowd here tonight." "Yes, isn't there." "Good band you have here"—it isn't, but be complimentary anyhow. Maybe that's her brother playing the drums. She'll come back at you like this: "Yes, isn't it?" You continue: "Awfully warm for dancing." "Oh, desperate." It sounds pretty second rate, but it'll keep you going for a couple of rounds. By that time you should be able to get her conversational range or else you can stop talking altogether. It won't matter much either way. In fact, the less you say the better. The young lady will imagine you are too well-reared to talk, that you're an "ACH. U/T.," or something of that sort. Before you know where you are your name will be made.

Before long you're sure to notice the different kinds of dancers. You'll likely feel them climbing up your back when you do the Quadrilles. One thing they pride themselves on is "individuality." No mass production. These folks weren't dragooned by some ballroom teacher. No, sir. Every man-jack here is more or less self-taught. Just observe their little tricks. There's a "jitterbug" fan. On all occasions, including waltzes, he stamps on the floor like a cart-horse on a frosty morning, and shakes his finger ceiling-wards. It's pretty idiotic, but he gets a great kick out of it. The trouble is when

(Continued on page 32)

Instrument Section

Readers of last month's issue of this magazine will have noticed that no mention was made of this most important section of the camp. This omission was not due to lack of co-operative spirit or esprit-de-corps on our part, but to that reticence, that restraint and very becoming modesty for which all members of this section are noted.

Therefore this article is intended to impart pukka gen about those much maligned technicians—the Instrument Bashers.

Discerning scroungers, fitters in distress, and the personnel who fortnightly or thereabouts rouse themselves from their perpetual lethargy to attend pay parade, will see, in No. 3 Hangar, a door bearing a tablet inscribed "Instrument Section." Upon entering this unimposing portal, the visitor is forcibly struck by our alert attitude as we cheerfully toil at benches strewn with a heterogenous collection of instruments (S. and U.S.) and imposing calibrating apparatus. Seekers of advice and help (not financial) are always assured of a warm welcome, of greetings couched



"DANG OI! SARGE, I BE A-COMIN', I AIN'T AS SPRY AS I WERE!" you gave us—way back.

in unmistakable terms. The uninitiated labour under an entirely erroneous conception of our war effort. We repair clocks, watches, lighters and spectacles—good workmanship and materials at moderate prices,—satisfaction guaranteed. No money returned. As a sideline, we dabble at Instrument Repairing. Our efficiency is unbeatable; watch us in the Hangar, or in the Wet Canteen, or at the Legion! We even have a football team composed of Majors, Wireless Ops and Electricians.

With characteristic consideration we have refrained from giving you a detailed account of the profound technicalities of our trade; you wouldn't understand anyway. That's why we just give you a basinful of flannel, blind you with science, as it were, when you craftily seek some gen. The Instrument Bashers—that's us—eight LAC. gemen and a corporal, under the noble and inspiring leadership of Sgt. Hannis. Come up and see us sometime,—bring your cigarettes, but don't start bleating and binding about that watch you say

L. G. T.

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LEE LANG

LAUNDRY

STAR SOCCER

*Here's to more like this one
Our Best Win to Date*

We are a little late in presenting this item of "news" but we feel sure that our readers will excuse and understand our motives in featuring in this, our second edition, the recently played match between the Station team and No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mossbank.

It was, at time of writing, our greatest victory, the Station team running up a score of five goals to none before the final whistle. It was a hard fought game though and, as those people who saw it realise, one of the best yet from every point of view. Several interesting movements were fea-

tures of the match and we were able

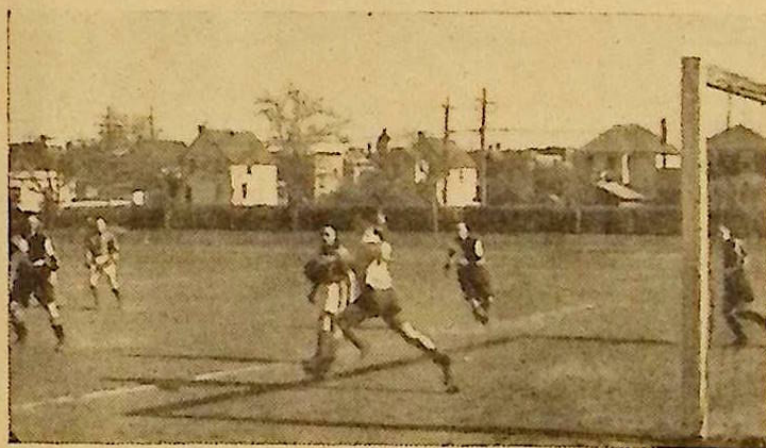


Reading Left to Right:—Back Row: LAC.s Best, Jones, Taylor, Bacon, Morgan., Centre: Sgt. Gee, LAC. Stainsby (Cpt.), LAC. Cook. Front: AC. Vick, Sgt. Rowley, LAC. Brooksbank.

to secure the accompanying picture of at least part of the team at the culmination of one of these.

Our picture shows Taylor, Bacon and Morgan after an assault on the Mossbank goalmouth in which they barely failed to make the score a round half dozen.

We record this match as a dedication and hope that there will be more like it from the lads of the Station Soccer team.



SPORTS NOTES

By the time this is in print, it is hoped to have another Soccer pitch available at the Station. This will make the arrangements for games much more satisfactory, and allow players to get away sooner and possibly allow the time lost through the odd vagaries of the Canadian summer to be made up.

THE ARMIT CUP

The Football Committee would like to take this opportunity of announcing that the Station has been presented with a very fine silver cup for annual competition between the Sections at Soccer by Mr. Armit, of Weyburn. The Committee wish to thank Mr. Armit for this very generous present which will go far to make the competition an even keener one than it already is. As well as the Cup, Mr. Armit has promised us a set of twelve silver medals for the winning team. It is thoughtfulness and generosity of this sort that helps to make our stay in Canada the pleasanter.

ATHLETICS.

As well as a second soccer pitch it is hoped to have a running team ready soon. Here is a form of sport which needs no arranging. Anyone with a pair of straight legs and a stout heart can run. There will be apparatus for jumping and pole vaulting, javelins, Discus and Shot. All these provide healthy and amusing exercise and can be practised at any time. There will later be an Athletic Meeting, and, it is hoped, inter-Station Meetings, so make use of the track to the full.

SOCCER

The past month's games have provided soccer of all types, ranging from hard fought South Saskatchewan Services League games, with those non-malignant "spur of the moment" losses of temper, to the infrequent comical type of game where the honest endeavour of the more ungainly results in those undignified losses of balance.

In the South Saskatchewan Services League, the Station team has played three games. On May 23rd we were

beaten 2-1 by Caron Nomads at Moose Jaw; in this game our boys played the better approach football, and had their finishing been better in the second half we should have shared the points at least. It was not to our advantage either that the referee was refereeing his first match—however, no excuses, and all credit to him for taking on a job where advisors are plentiful, but demonstrators hard to find. On the following Saturday we had Moose Jaw Corinthians as our visitors on the Exhibition Grounds, and we were fortunate to win by the only goal of a vigorously contested game. Caron Wanderers came to Weyburn on June 13th and after a cleanly contested game were beaten 3-0.

Support at our home games is increasing, and from the field of play it was noticeable, particularly against Moose Jaw Corinthians, that vocal support does spur on the team. We've all heard of the Hampden Park roar and the Tottenham roar. What about a Weyburn roar!

It is unfortunate that at this stage we are losing our vice-captain, Trevor Jones, who is considered by many to be the best manipulator of the ball on the Station. His assistance and advice will be missed, and we wish him good luck and hope to see him in action again on the soccer grounds back home in the not too distant future.

On June 3rd at Moose Jaw, our captain, Eric Stainsby, played for England in an R.A.F. England vs. Scotland International, and scored two of the goals in England's 6-0 win. Only the distance from Moose Jaw prevented others of our players from being selected; while the "furriners" Paddy and Trevor wouldn't have played in any case.

More than a third of the matches in the station league programme have been played and, at the time of writing E and F Flights, A and B Flights and H Flights are running neck and neck for the Armit Trophy and the twelve medals. At the other end of the table, the lads of the Working Parties are to be commended for the way they take their

beatings—six in a row to date, but they always come up smiling for the next game. Other tailenders follow suit please!

The following are the results of the Station Team's games in the South Saskatchewan Services League:

V. 38 S.F.T.S., Estevan. Lost 1-4. Scorer: LAC. Best.

V. No. 2 B. & G. School, Mossbank. Won 5-0. Scorers: LAC. Taylor, 3; LAC. Bacon and LAC. Best.

V. 33 E.F.T.S., Caron Nomads. Lost 1-2. Scorer: LAC. Best.

V. 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw Corinthians. Won 1-0. Scorer: LAC. Jones, T.

V. 33 E.F.T.S., Caron Wanderers. Won 3-0. Scorers: Sgt. Gee, LAC. Thompson, 2.

SOFTBALL

'Tis with reticence we rise to proclaim the bitter, bloody, hardswinging, husky battle raging in the Weyburn Softball League between two Station teams—Works and Buildings and Security Guards. You English chaps may think your Soccer is a whopping

good game, but come out to the ball diamond in Weyburn some evening and see a real game—softball played between any of the four teams in the League—Commercials, Civil Service, Guards, and Works. It may outrage your sense of decency to hear the shouts and shrieks and screams, and to see the way the blokes clout the poor pill, but get into a game sometime—like Cpl. Wheel does once in a while—and you'll become as much addicted to it as he has.

Oh, yes, didn't we tell you? That scrap we mentioned is serious. Works and Bricks team came out on top in the scrap Tuesday evening, June 23rd, with the score finishing at 23-14 for the Builders. At the time of writing they are tied for first place in the basement of the League. (I'll get my neck in a sling for this, likely, but let's face facts, fellows). The Commercials and the Civil Service teams are tied for first place, with three wins each. Guards and Works each have won one game each. Come on out and give them a bit of support, eh, Gentlemen?

SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN SERVICES SOCCER LEAGUE TABLE Up-to-date July 3rd

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
CARON NOMADS	5	5	0	0	17	3	10
38 S.F.T.S., ESTEVAN	4	3	1	0	16	6	7
41 S.F.T.S., WEYBURN	5	3	0	2	11	6	6
MOOSE JAW CASUALS	5	2	0	3	13	8	4
MOOSE JAW CORINTHIANS	5	2	0	3	6	11	4
CARON WANDERERS	4	0	1	3	4	19	1
MOSSBANK R.C.A.F.	3	0	0	3	1	13	0

STATION INTER-SECTION SOCCER LEAGUE TABLE Including all matches played up to July 6th

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
H FLIGHT	6	6	0	0	18	5	12
E and F FLIGHTS	7	5	2	0	13	5	12
A and B FLIGHTS	6	5	1	0	34	2	11
REPAIRS	7	5	1	1	28	4	11
GUARD and POLICE	5	4	0	1	15	11	8
D FLIGHT	7	3	2	2	16	12	8
OFFICERS' MESS STAFF	6	3	1	2	13	12	7
S. H. Q.	7	3	1	3	12	22	7
MAJORS	6	2	1	3	7	11	5
ACCOUNTS	5	1	2	2	6	8	4
MINORS	6	1	2	3	8	12	4
M. T.	7	2	0	5	15	25	4
COOKHOUSE	6	2	0	4	8	17	4
C FLIGHT	5	1	1	3	11	16	3
STORES	6	1	0	5	11	18	2
FLYING WING	6	0	2	4	2	11	2
WORKING PARTIES	6	0	0	6	2	28	0

The S.Ps. Speak

A Column from the Cooler



"Shake yourself, man . . . what do you think you're in?"

"So sorry, Corporal, but my bootlace caught my back stud."

Don't be alarmed, dear reader; the above is just one of the many scenes which daily occur in the vicinity of the Guard Room—scenes so numerous that even when trying to write this column I can't help slipping them in somewhere.

"Look here, you, when did you last clean your shoes? Weren't you ever told that polish preserves the leather. Some of you would like to be nursed all through life."

Sorry, I'll try to concentrate now. I'd like to start by telling you that, contrary to public opinion, the Service Policeman's job is not easy. Just look at the names we have to put up with for a start. "Snakes," "Snoops," even the most popular "S.P." may be interpreted in many different ways! Then there is the town patrol and the many duties it entails. You, in your innocence, may think this is easy, but believe you me, you are well out of it—or if you have your hands in your pockets in town, you are well and truly in it.

We see some weird and wonderful things on town patrol, such as the airman who thought he could take

more than one bottle of beer, then found he couldn't; the fellow who tried to walk around town in a trilby hat, and the many other instances we could mention. Yes, we certainly see the R.A.F. from a new angle when on town patrol. There's the fellow who likes to be tough, for instance, and then wonders why he's in trouble.

But, turning to lighter vein, the S.P.s can always be of help to you fellows in other directions. Short of a 'phone number? Give us a ring, we have some interesting ones, I assure you.

Well, that's about all for this month. I'll see you again in next month's "Flying Gopher"—that is, if you are not with us before then!

H. F. J. W.

Strictly For Home Consumption— Cont.

They did none of these things, and as they came from hibernation it became apparent that there was the most perfect fool animal, with the bodily characteristics of a squirrel—tail docked—the burrowing habits of the rat or rabbit, and the outlook on life of an utter fatalist, rarely troubling to evacuate when approached and invariably sitting in an attitude of rapt attention while the gleaming eye of everyone from Group Captain to AC2 focussed upon it down the barrels of sporting rifles.

It is little wonder that the gopher soon became a major institution at Weyburn. And now, dear folks at home, I hope you have some idea just why we call ourselves the "Flying Gopher." You do, of course, know that flying is the reason for our sojourn in this land, and now you know the reason for our including in our title also the peculiar word "gopher."

Archaeological Notes—Cont.

the wait of the Klans, and many were sent away disappointed, bemoaning their fate.

One peculiar custom of the Klan of Kwip should not be overlooked, namely their passionate addiction to the dish of Vow Cherr. If any service was sought of them without the offering of Vow Cherr, refusal was inevitable and the supplicant was often condemned to partake of the dish of Ger Cherr.

In future series an explanation will be given of the mystic connection between the Klan of Kwip and the Klan of Akkownt, two tribes different by far from the ordinary Men of Raf, a fact which posterity appreciates and for which it is duly thankful.

L. H. C.

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Daughters, Sisters
or Girl Friends . . .*

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back home*

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Sergeants' Mess Topics



marked shin. The latter, by the way, had a very successful hunting trip the other Sunday, his morning's bag including the farmer's favourite dog.

Thanks to hard work by Flt./Sgt. Rowlett, and Sgts. Handley and Hartnell, the last dance held in the mess was a great success. The Station Dance Orchestra have never done a better job of work and are to be complimented on their excellent repertoire.

Newcomers to the Mess include Sgt. Rowley (Pay Accounts)—recently promoted. Posted from Port Albert we welcome Sgt. Jackson (Navigation Flight).

It would appear that amongst the

A hearty welcome was extended to members of the Canadian Legion during the past month. Fifty Veterans of the last war made the rafters ring with old army ditties interspersed with "Boat" songs from the Senior Mess members. Star of the evening was Sgt. Riby (The Jeep), who, with his impersonations of a German Flying Instructor, and "The Old Sow," was asked for repeated encores. A grand evening, and a return visit is expected. W.O. Kavanagh is still kicking his way to victory on the Dart Board, and Sgt. Fellows can show the result by lifting a leg of his trousers and showing a well ten Sergeant Pilots posted to us from Moncton are a number of budding Culbertson's, for it is true that never has more Bridge been played than during the past few weeks.

It is an unwritten law that if a member enters the ante-room wearing his cap, he pushes out the boat. Amongst the victims this month were Flight Sergeant Philp, Sgt. Rowley, and Sgt. Andrews. The latter declined his invitation to a launching, on the grounds that he had paid the price only a week previously.

We are waiting to see . . . Sgt. "Jock" Leeming and his moustache, and Flight Sergeant Cooke in his Khaki Drill.

Letters to Editor

Weyburn.

The Editor,
The flying GopHer.

slr,—I am horribly shoked/! at maydens jumping and/or Falling into PRIVet hedges.

i AM told that it MEENS PRIVate, PREEEeevet, or even Privey (Fr.).

I am an old Farmer, and WHAT sortT of a damed Sdge is this ANY way. IF so wher and HOW soon CAN i hAve one in MY edge and if So wherE and How SOON can he COLLECt her.

Yurs lookinG to Your NEXT.

R. A. Z.

PSSSSS.

I Dont THink SisteR Immaculate will NoT BE SO much so if SHE had One to.

BUT what the 'ELL is IT.

Q. What is a bullometer?

A. A machine for measuring red tape.

Shush Dept.

(Exclusive.)

At last the "Flying Gopher" is able to reveal one of Britain's Secret weapons. No longer need returning erks fear the perils of the deep, for the Navy has found a way to obviate the dangers of the Nazi "U" Boat. It's quite simple really . . . An aircraft neatly drops a translucent green sheet over the submarine periscope. When the sub begins to surface, the green sheet makes the crew think they are still submerged and naturally they keep on going up and up. Then it's a piece of cake for any old destroyer to shoot it down with A.A. guns. But don't say we told you.

CROSS-COUNTRY

"Yes," said F/Lt. A—. "I was a bit hazy as to our position once or twice, but the pupe brought me back all right."

Corporal's Club Comments



Things have been moving fast in the Corporals' Club since our first notes appeared in the "Flying Gopher" and . . .

"P.D.C. is open for a draught" . . . "Coming up."

Where were we? Oh yes. We have seen quite a few new faces and interesting things have happened. One of the most notable in our opinion is the formation of the "Corporals' Club Ballet." Sturdy wearers of two stripes have actually in a moment of weakness decided to send a deputation to the Station Concert Party, and, believe it or not, intend to present an excerpt from the sphere of music have apparently affected his hair for it now shows good promise of reaching Beethoven dimensions—but Cpl. Bolt refuses to be shaken. He still shows a good head of skin. Meanwhile, having apparently noticed Churton's hair, envious Cpl. Bradbury has been practising hard under Cpl. Weir's tuition alternately striking the keys and caressing his ever increasing tonsure.

stately ballet. All parts we hasten to add will be played by those Station stalwarts, the Junior N.C.O.s.

"P.D.C. is always open for a draught" . . . "All right, wait a second."

The next most shattering thing within our portals this month was the announcement that we had become god-fathers to a dapple mustang!!! In a moment of bibulous benevolence our jovial steward and his partner in crime, Cpl. Beaney, actually bought a horse. Whether they were aware of this fact until later in the evening is doubtful. Nevertheless at time of writing, the beast, which they have affectionately called "Rita," is residing in a field near here apparently perfectly content with her lot, little realising the plans and schemes that have been hatched for her. It is rumoured that one of our members is now on strict diet in an attempt to get down to 8 stone before the end of the current racing season.

"Another draught wouldn't do P.D.C. any harm." . . . "Here you are and be quiet!"

As we write, in addition to P.D.'s interruptions, plans are being made in a corner for the transportation of a billiards table. We feel sure that the popularity of the club will be enhanced by its introduction and are hoping to raise enough green on the top for "Rita." Perhaps we might even find room for a stable underneath.

"Same again," P.D.C. . . . "What, another!"

Glancing round the room we notice that Corporal Churton's efforts in

"Let's have another one," from P.D.C. . . . Chorus, "We will."

Club dances have been a success this month and apparently they are becoming an institution among members and their friends. We hope they continue to be so. They certainly deserve success as any glance at the hard working band of decorators toiling the night before a dance will indicate.

"Roll out the barrel." . . . "Good Old P. D. C."

In view of our meagre establishment of film stars' photographs it is requested that any photographs of Corporals' discarded Popsies should be submitted to the "hanging committee" any evening around nine. Cpl. Drewery has already obliged with a picture of Dottie Lamour, so bring 'em along, boys.

"That calls for another," rejoices P.D.C., but the writer is by now unconscious.

Flight-Lieutenant B— says he always knows when he is over North Dakota on a cross-country flight, because U.S. cars have different colored number-plates.

Sam The Instructor

You've 'eard many tales of my pal Sam,
But this one is probably new;
It's of Sam when 'e was instructor,
At Weyburn, in year 'forty-two.
Now Sam, 'e was proper brassed-off
like,
For Weyburn was 'orribly dead,
'E either spent all 'is time flying,
Or gazing at wall from t'bed.
Nor did he like bein' instructor,
To ops 'e'd looked forward with
glee,
(Not 'ops that they put in t'beer,
But 'ops against enemy—see?)
But 'ere 'e was stuck out at Weyburn
Just doing his circuits and bumps
With four ruddy dim little pupils,—
No wonder old Sam was in t'dumps.
But that wasn't all of Sam's troubles,
For t'aircraft were always U.S.;
If t'bloomin' things 'adn't got mag.
drop,
The flaps were a bit of a mess.
Then there was t'prairie weather,
In winter t'was terribly cold,
To go out of 'ouse in t'winter,
Brass monkey would 'ave to be bold.
For summer Sam got tropical outfit—
It really suited 'im swell,
But 'e 'ad to wear pullover under it,
Aye, and two pairs of pants as well.
The aerodrome caused 'im some worry,
Runways only were used;
With 'is pupils stuck all round the
edges,
No wonder Sam often got boozed.
Sam stood it bravely as long as 'e
could,
But soon 'is mind started to roam,
'E saw nothing but gophers and grem-
lins,
And ended in t' Mental 'Ome.

—P. G.

AND ALBERT, THE PUPE

The prairie dawn broke, wet and
windy,
The cloud-base—a good fifty feet;
Young Albert a "pupe," struggled out
of 'is bed
And dashed up to t'cookhouse to eat.
'E ate very sparin' of sausage and
mash
As 'e knew 'e was spinnin' that morn,
(There'd be nothin' to 'elp 'im in t'or-
rible spin
If 'e opened 'is big mouth to yawn).
When 'e got up to Flights it was just
six o'clock,
The cloudbase were still pretty low,

Said Albert's instructor, "It's hours wot
counts—

Not weather—you'll still 'ave to go!"
So Albert climbs into the front of the
kite,

Says Instructor, "Hop out o' there
quick

And get in t'back where your sausage
and mash

Won't blow in me face when you're
sick!"

"Get under t'hood," came a voice from
the front,

"You can take us right up through
that mess."

But Albert, with one furtive look at
the cloud

Said, "I can't—my horizon's U.S.!"
So Instructor, he climbs through the
muck up above.

Binds poor Albert rigid and swears
That pupes now is dimmer than ever
they was,

While Albert, eyes shut, says 'is
prayers.

At last, they 'ad climbed to ten thou-
sand feet,

The skv was blue and serene,
But Albert hunched up in t'back of
t'kite,

Was coloured all yellow and green.
Instructor, he pulls back the stick with
one hand,

And shuts off the gun with the other,
Pushes hard with one foot—the earth
whirls around

And young Albert screams for 'is
Mother.

"You've got 'er!" Instructor yelled
down inter-comm,

"Come out now, and fly straight,"
he cried,

But young Albert's intercomm plug
had come out

As 'e 'ung 'is 'ead over the side.
Th whole prairie trembled, even Wey-
burn woke up,

At the sound of the heart-rending
crash,

Young Albert passed out with a smile
on 'is face,

And traces of sausage and mash.
His first words when waking at Sta-
tion S.Q.

In the light of a flickering candle,
Were "Next time I spin give me good
inter-comm,

And a stick with an 'orse's 'ead
'andle"

—L.W.

Corporal Bradawl Buys A Horse

"Nice horsh," said Corporal Bradawl, placing his arms affectionately round the neck of a rather superannuated looking specimen of potential cookhouse sausage.

"Nice horsh."

The horse regarded him coldly. "You've been drinking," she said, and there was in her voice that which should have warned Corporal Bradawl of impending danger. But that gentleman was in too happy a state to observe the sign. "Only Mission Ahrange, my dear," he replied, "and, as you know, Mission Ahrange is naturally good."

"Quiet!" ordered the horse. "Here comes Charlie."

This it transpired, was an unfortunate remark, for Corporal Bradawl immediately burst into song.

Charles arrived. "Say," he remarked. "Whaddyer know about that? Say, brother, whaddyer think you're doing with Nellie?"

Corporal Bradawl was momentarily taken aback by this, and ceased for a moment his proclamation of the impending advent of Charles to explain. "Nice horsh," he remarked cheerfully, as though that settled the matter.

"Say, are you getting fresh with Nellie?"

"He certainly is," interposed the horse.

"Nice horsh," repeated Corporal Bradawl.

"Say," said Charles again. "You wouldn't want to buy a real thoroughbred racehorse, would you?"

"Idiot," snapped Nellie. "You haven't got one."

"Aw, shucks," said Charlie, aside. "Say, now, I'll sell you that thoroughbred of mine for \$17.00."

"Nice horsh," remarked Corporal Bradawl.

"Brother, it's a deal," remarked Charles, shaking his hand effusively. "\$17.00, and tax, of course. That'll be fine. \$83.02 altogether, please."

"Nice horsh," said Corporal Bradawl, handing over his wallet. "You can keep the change. Goodnite." And after some minutes spent in vain attempts to mount Nellie, he led her away.

A few yards up the road they came to Charnell's studio. Corporal Brad-

awl had an idea. "Nice horsh," he said. "Come and be photographed." A lengthy passage of arms ensued, for Nellie was camera-shy, and wouldn't have any. At last the roots of Nellie's tail gave up the struggle; Bradawl took the plunge in the gutter in the aftermath of the Canadian summer, and a tailless Nellie sped up the road at full speed, making for home.

* * *

"What's that noise?" asked Corporal Moustache, of the R.A.F. Police. He departed to investigate, and even he, the Weyburn Terror, was taken aback, for never before in the whole of his vast service career, had he beheld a very bedraggled Corporal seated on the Guard Room steps and smoking three cigars simultaneously, while tears sped down his cheeks.

"Nice horsh," remarked Corporal Bradawl to the cell wall.

* * *

Which explains why both Corporal Bradawl's hairs have turned grey . . . And perhaps it explains also that far-away look in his eyes as he lolls in his chair in the Corporals' Club, gazing into space and muttering "Life can be beautiful."

F. R. S.

LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

FOUND without difficulty), FIVE GOOD REASONS FOR GOING ON CHURCH PARADE.

1. It helps us to remember at least once a week what we are fighting this war for.

2. The Service always tries to be imaginative and inspiring—and usually succeeds.

3. If you have a heavy weight of "Brass-off" on your chest, singing helps most surprisingly to lighten it.

4. It is right and proper that the average man should occasionally be lifted above the level to which he is dragged down by the irreligion of Active Service life.

5. Subordinate Commanders take a dim view of THOSE WHO DON'T.

“Sometimes I Sit and Think. Other Times I Just Sit...”

I take up the pen to urge the adoption of a new habit—that of thinking.

There are some who maintain that a Unit magazine is no place for serious writing. It was, however, our intention that “The Flying Gopher” should become not least a co-ordinating influence on the Unit, and there is no more stable unity than unity of purpose.

We live in a world which has passed through an era of nominal peace and embarked on a period of war. In that time of nominal peace men starved in China while thousands of tons of food were burned in the Americas; millions of people in Britain alone were undernourished; thousands more lived in slums in conditions of distressing poverty and wretchedness. And we stood around, smoked our cigarettes, drank our beer, filled in our soccer pool coupons, grumbled at the weather and our income tax, and cared rather less than two hoots for the other fellow, were he British or Chinese.

And now, in this present time of war, in Greece and Yugoslavia and Poland men are dying from starvation, and all over the world men are being blown to pieces and women mourn their loss. That we are not taking a more active part in the war is generally none of our seeking. We still have our jobs to do, and in the intervals of doing them we stand around, grumble at the weather and the prairie, smoke our cigarettes, and now and again present to our friends and benefactors in Weyburn the edifying spectacle of our animal selves rolling around the dance floors and the streets. And while we cry “Roll on the Boat,” we care considerably less than a snap of the fingers for the other fellow.

When the Boat eventually does roll on, what difference will it make? Presumably we shall want to stand around, drink our beer, smoke our cigarettes, fill in our soccer pool coupons, and grumble at the weather and our income tax.

But,—and this is my point—unless we begin to set ourselves to think a little for the other fellow, in a very short space of time we shall be back again in a state of nominal peace or

of open war. I want to grind no axes here save one, and that is to emphasise that unless we, individually, as a nation, and as an Empire, set ourselves seriously to establish a new era, there is but negligible hope for the world. That there is a way out of the present morass, I am convinced, but I have no desire to try to convert you here to any one idea, or to make you Anarchists, or Anabaptists, or Atheists or Plymouth Brethren, or Social Creditists or even Anglicans. There is just this first essential for the new world order—a clear mind and a profound determination. How you would solve the world’s ills is for you alone to decide, but it is for all of us to ask ourselves these three questions:

What is wrong with the world today?

What is the best way to set things right?

How can I help to do it?

And, having found our answers to these questions, we must pursue this vision of a new world with all our energies, and never rest until it is fulfilled.

The world consists of a multitude of people like you and me, and it is you and I who must build the world of tomorrow. To that end the first essential is that we think, and achieve clear vision of the world we want to live in ourselves, and to have men live in hereafter. Without it, the world will pass from one reign of horror to another, for where there is no vision, the people perish.

F. R. S.

IS IT TRUE OR FALSE?

That a Senior N.C.O. pupil has his shirt dry-cleaned twice weekly at the request of his girl-friend?

* * *

That Navigation is more easily taught from a bridge table?

* * *

That all pupils and staff admired the C.G.I.’s car—with the exception of the runner?

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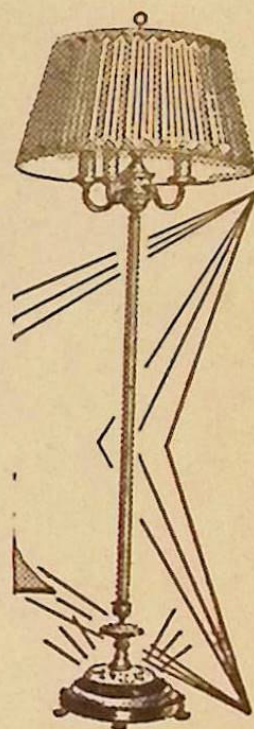
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FLIGHT NOTES

C

We deny emphatically, even vehemently, that we were too lazy to produce Flight Notes in the last issue. The facts are that we are too hard-working and diligent to have time for even so important an undertaking as writing about ourselves. In any case, ours is a strictly specialised job, and none of us can read anything but L.14s and F.17s, except cutting little notes suggesting that formation take-offs are not usually practised on runways, and, of course, night flying programmes. One or two of us do write though, as witness the occasional soft swearing emanating from the Flight Commander's desk, as the great man struggles with night-flying programmes and beautiful charts showing how far we are behind.

He has not only the inherent difficulties of night-flying programmes to contend with, but also the distractions of F/O Greenhalgh crooning more or less softly, and rather less tunefully, the latest doggerel from "Tee Emm," or grunting laboriously in the throes of creation. We suspect more doggerel.

Then again, he will have his concentration impaired by the awful spectacle of Sgt. Tanner and Sgt. Easterman hawling at each other like demented bulls beneath a paper of many colors. F/O Chamberlain and F/O Thomas appear to be sane. They are, anyway, quiet. Sgt. Green, of course, is busy breaking any serviceable aircraft we may have.

In the next office, Sgt. Ebborn waits patiently (and his patience is often, nay, very often rewarded) for news of aeroplanes going U.S. He is, we assure you, a remarkable man. Not only is he efficient, he still looks young. Cpl. Bryan seems to like mending things, so we see nothing of his weight-lifting prowess.

But it is in the Crew Room that the real aristocracy of the flight live. Here it is that the ground-crew and the pupils hold converse on a lofty plane from morn to dusk. Here it is that over a quietly brewed pot of tea you will find flashes of wit and gems of erudition beyond compare. And here it is that the man who is, more than any other, the master of the success

or otherwise of the flight holds his mighty sway. His influence extends from the far corners of the tea-table to the gloomy recesses of the Flight Commander's office. Who else can it be but Lofty, the time-keeper? This is the man upon whom depends the destiny of that ever-swelling document, the Long log-book. Need we say more?

You will gather from all this that "C" Flight runs with a quiet efficiency which is unparalled in the history of No. 41 S.F.T.S. The operative word is "unparalleled."

L. D. E.

P.S.—Tell "E" Flight we want our money back.

E

Since our last contribution, we have started training another course, this time on S.E.s. At first, the pupils took a very jaundiced view of these aircraft, and numerous front cockpit kit inspections found their way into the instructor's cockpit.

Bags, vomiting, pupils for the use of, were introduced, but the spontaneity of the tonsils backfiring precluded the efficient use of these. Suddenly the sickness stopped. One cannot help wondering if a certain letter duly pinned on the pupils' Notice Board had anything to do with this.

The Noble Order of the W.F.J. has been well and truly earned by a pupil of this Course. He landed, and the oleo leg collapsed, thus causing the aircraft to sink into the ground like a tired horse. In spite of the fact that the propellor was smiting the ground with each revolution, thus curling the ends to a shape reminiscent of rose petals, he exercised amazing presence of mind by putting the propellor into coarse pitch and solemnly running up the engine, prior to switching off. We feel that his grasp of the Order is so secure that something really spectacular is needed in order to wrest the trophy from him before the Course passes out.

We are very interested to know how our Sergeant manages to look so fresh and fit every day, especially after his early morning walks. We assume cycling proved too expensive.

Problems which are occupying everyone's attention are the difference between the stalling speeds of the

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Flight Notes—Continued

new types as compared with the older models, and whether there was sufficient height for the victims of a recent mishap (fortunately not fatal) to have used their parachutes.

J. E. S.

F

We have gone over to S.E.s. What a pleasant change! Everybody is happy, and even P/O Ross enters "F" Flight Office with a smiling countenance. I have learnt since the change-over that "The aircraft in Russia have plenty of airscrews," "The aircraft in Peru are not now as serviceable as ours," "Epstein is working wonders with that block of marble and his pen-knife," and "We can now get a gallon out of a quart jug."

It has always been a surprise to me that we, the instructors, are credited with such amazing powers. For example, there is the question of speaking tubes in our two place one fan pursuit ships. They are arranged in such a way that in demonstrating a manoeuvre one is expected to hold the throttle with one's teeth, the speaking tube with one's left hand, and the stick with the other hand. The situation becomes quite desperate when the pupil hands over to Newton at about fifty feet whilst doing an approach.

When an aircraft passes over, don't look up,
Just duck.

In case the bags start dropping, don't look up,
Just duck.

For Yeheudi and the Gremlins
Seem to revel in their pranks,
And they've brought up many meals
From the stomachs of the ranks;
So heed this timely warning and avoid
that bag of muck;

When an aircraft passes over, don't look up.
Just duck.

E. P. H.

G

Owing to the decision to retain S.E.s at the school, we have had both single and twin engined machines in the Flight this month, and have had great fun converting our singles kings to twins and twin kings to singles. When the process of "conversion" has been completed, we hope to start in-

structional flying after doing our I.F. for the month.

The Sunderlands mentioned in last month's Notes unfortunately ran out of gas whilst waiting for the landing "T" to be changed, and through being obliged to glide over Weyburn in an attempt to reach the stretch of water at the C.P.R. dam, have been placed under "open" arrest (no hangar being found large enough to place them under "close" arrest).

F/Lt. Goon is busy working up a new book of Flight Orders calculated to confuse even the most astute pupil, and render him liable to "Voluntary Contribution" for not knowing his gen. (F/Lt. Goon says he must pay his taxi fares somehow).

Sergeants Bobb and Rook and Corporal Creep have been seen at various times treating the timekeeper to beers in the Wet Canteen. They even offer to fill in the F.17's for him. F/Lt. Goon has commended them for their keenness and is delighted with the results of last month's flying.

P/O Pylup says he can't imagine how he collected a duck in his engine cowling last week as he swears he never went below 3,000 feet. He was watching his altimeter all the time.

LAC. Dimwit after forced landing and overshooting his field, says he's sorry he wrote his kite off but he knew he was into wind as the clouds were coming towards him. P/O Pylup, when rebuked by the Flight Commander for sending Dimwit up on such a bad day, said he would have taken him dual only the weather was too risky, and anyway, he never visited the Met. Office. It was "sissy" to do that. "Why, when he was on ops. . . ."

The tea swindle has been a great success. Several of the airmen are going on leave next week and have booked rooms at the Banff Springs Hotel.

We have been very proud of our lack of accidents this month. As Sergeant Rook remarked, "Well, who wants to fly, anyway?"

One of the pupils missing from the last Course has just reappeared—with an American twang, and a blonde in the rear cockpit—and is asking to be booked out on his second Cross Country, so for this month the Notes must end.

L. W.

Flight Notes—Continued

H

Much water has flowed since the birth of "H" Flight which, although the youngest flight has, in our humble opinion, assumed its rightful place as the cream of No. 41!

Our name is known even as far as the fields of North Dakota, and as near home as Yellow Grass. Who else can boast a name of such far-flung fame?

For many weeks now we have been endeavoring to win back our telephone, captured from us after a wholly unprovoked attack, by peaceful negotiation. This project, however, has apparently presented unsurmountable difficulties, and rather than suffer a dishonourable defeat we are now, in desperation, waging total war on the C.T.O. in an attempt to bring about an evacuation of his office, in which there is a telephone, by making his life therein untenable. As strategists, we consider this latter campaign more likely to show results!

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, may we register a protest against the barbaric custom, peculiar to Duty Pilots, of firing Very cartridges at Anson aircraft? While, in normal times, we appreciate that this may be considered good sport and fair game, and may bring about some amazing results, perspex is and serviceable Ansons are so rare a luxury that, at the present time, it hardly seems to be playing the game! Never let it be said that we wish to spoil their fun, since if it was only the small item of pupils to be considered, we would say with the greatest alacrity, "Go right ahead, there's plenty more where they came from!"

R. W. C.

F/LT. McALPINE IS POSTED

"And now I've no one to lias' with," complained the Station Adjutant towards the end of June. He was referring of course to the fact that F/Lt. D. A. McAlpine, Royal Canadian Air Force Liaison Officer to the Unit, had been posted to Ontario.

F/Lt. McAlpine left for his new Unit, No. 31 Bombing and Gunnery School, Jarvis, on June 27th after a stay of seven months on the Station. He was one of the first Officers to enter the Station when it was opened

in those never to be forgotten days of 1941, and during his stay became a popular Officer on the Station.

His duties were to explain the many intricacies of Canadian Administration to a rather bewildered staff of Officers and men used to British methods. He performed this task with efficiency and gradually, with his aid and with constant reference to Canadian publications, the Unit soon became able to post a man, to render a return, or to make a demand without incurring the wrath of our Canadian Command for improper procedure.

In addition to his advisory work, F/Lt. McAlpine was in charge of Canadian personnel on the Station. They, like us, are sorry to see him leave.

PRAIRIE MADNESS—Cont.

a number of these people get together nobody can hear the music, so you just have to sing or whistle till the storm dies down. Then there's the usual gang who can neither walk nor dance. They just bound around like kangaroos at full gallop, and heaven help the unfortunate person who gets in the way.

The dances mostly in demand are foxtrots, old time waltzes, polka and quadrilles. Occasionally some city slicker, fresh from Griffin or Halbrite, has a go at the rhumba, but it hasn't really caught on here. The general verdict is that "it would leave you hipscrewed for life."

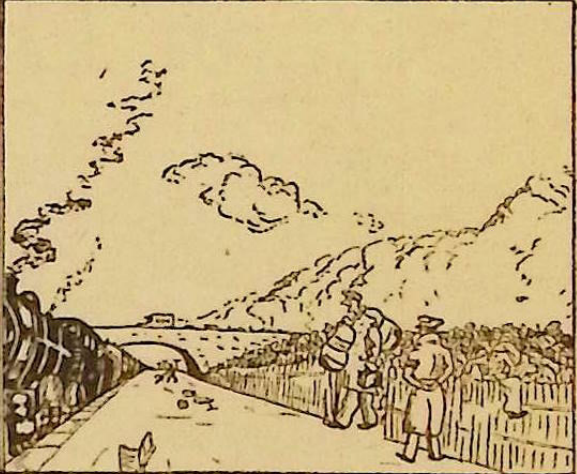
At these affairs the fun and frolic usually last until two o'clock or maybe half past, when the proceedings are terminated by a powerful roar from the M.C. "Take your partners for the last waltz. No tagging allowed." The musicians let go with "When the moon comes over the mountains," and you rush for your coat,

In the words of the local paper, "an enjoyable evening was had by all." I'll say so.

THE WHOLE BUSINESS



1 Priority Movement.



2 The Round Trip.



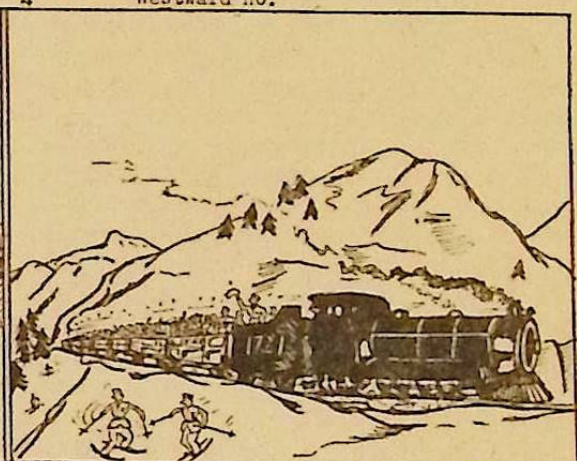
3 Embarkation.



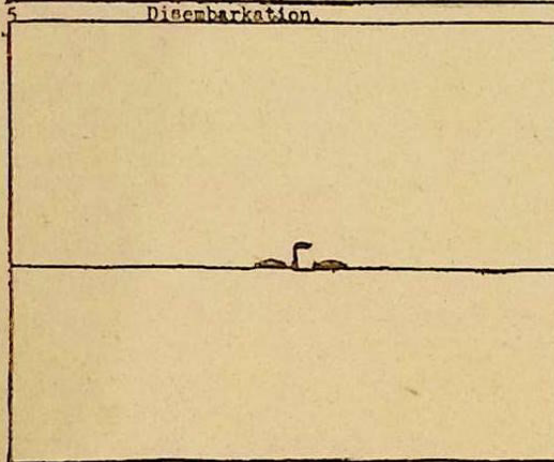
4 Westward Ho!



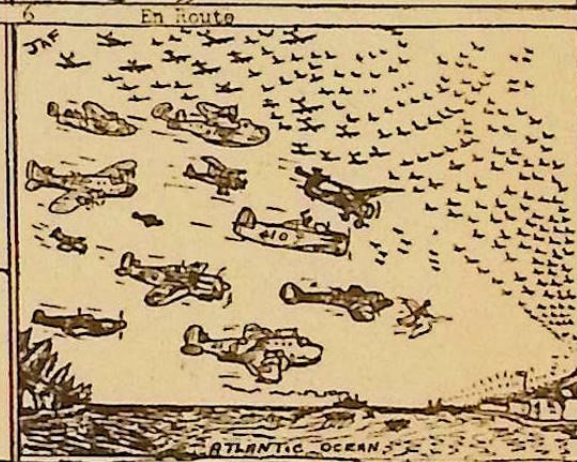
5 Disembarkation.



6 En Route

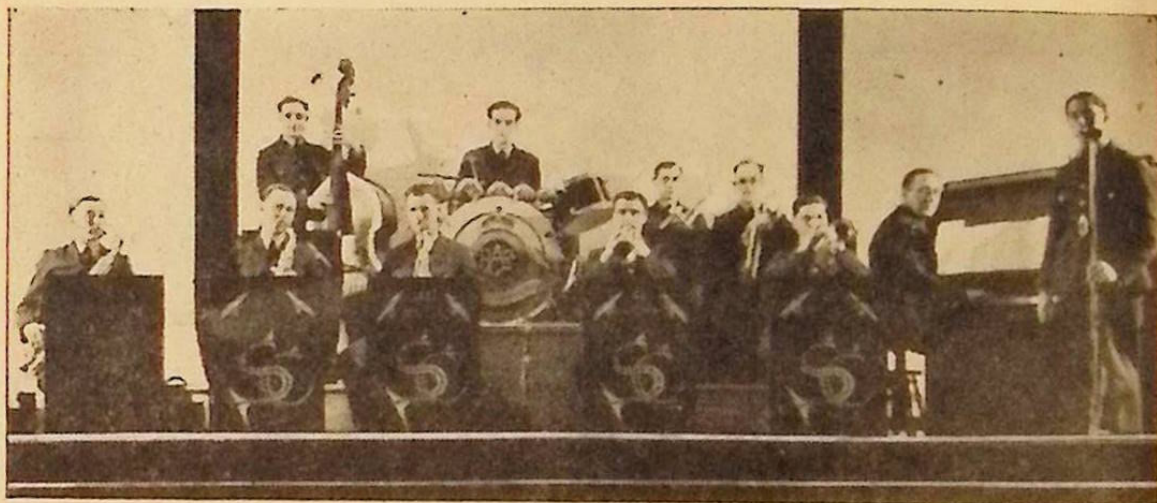


7 Weyburn Ahoyle!



8 Apres le Guerre.

Station Dance Band



Back row—LAC. Martin, LAC. Pirie, LAC. Bamford, Cpl. Churton. Front row—AC. Eveleigh, AC. Shrubsole, LAC. Collier, AC. Jacques, LAC. Wadsworth, Cpl. Longstaffe (piano), AC. Jones.

I suppose quite a few people read the last Band notes. Maybe the word "Appeal" would describe the missive more adequately. I'd like to be able to congratulate myself on the success of the appeal. Yes, I'd like to be able to; it's a great pity I can't.

Still, the Band has more or less successfully made its first public appearance, and has managed to recruit sufficient talent from the staff to give itself a fairly permanent appearance. BUT, we still want someone to offer to play alto saxophone; we shall miss LAC. Collier when his course comes to an end. Our worthy brass men are getting their heads down and working hard, in an endeavor to fill LAC. Howe's position. Yes, things don't look too badly, at all, but that doesn't mean that the Band isn't in need of new talent. It does mean that anyone who wishes to join the Band now will have something to beat. Now we no longer want players, we want "better" players.

The Corporals' Club and the Sergeants' Mess have thoughtfully provided the Band with a little work this month. Looked after us very well, too, although I understand the Committee have in mind the institution of a proviso that Tom Pirie shall confine his gastronomic activities to half a dozen sandwiches. The Band on their part have decided to fetch an extra player along, not to play, but to act

as escort for the conveyor of liquid refreshment. Sabotage is strongly suspected. We had a jolly time at the Sergeants' Mess. Judging from the view we had of their kitchen, they must have eaten very well. We were troubled for a while with what we thought were attacks of blindness, but it seems the Sergeants occasionally have trouble with their lights. Probably dampness in the wiring.

It is hoped that Airmen's Dances will be held in the Recreation Hall as soon as the alterations to the stage have been completed. We shall then be able to use the full Band, and try to make the Dances the best in this District, if not in the province. Then will be a chance for non-players to give their support and show the Band that the work they have put in is appreciated.

L. H. C.

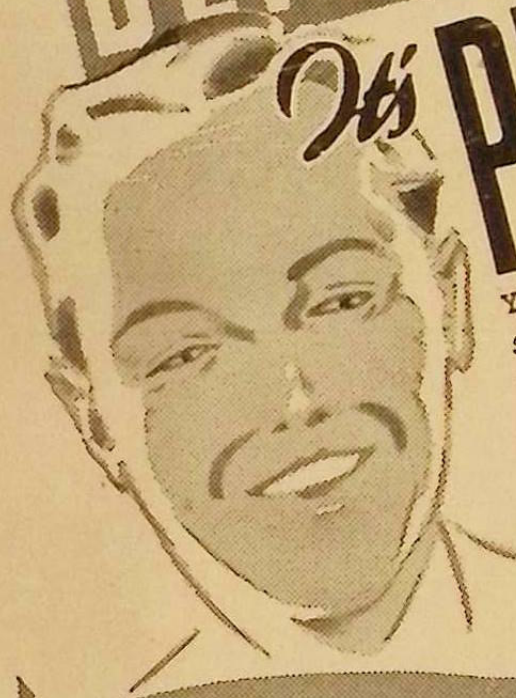
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FOR SALE—Secondhand button stick. Must be quick transaction, to finance trip to Regina this weekend. WEY. 1.

WANTED—Ten good excuses for not going to Church Parade. All different. Ecclesiastical gentleman's offers not entertained.

WANTED — Words and music of "That's My Girl Salome." Must be in time for Sergeants' Mess Concert.

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BETTER BEER



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Yeah man! When I buy
Pilsner I know I'm getting
better beer! It never
changes—the same name—
—the same old label—
and they've stood the test
of time! It's no wonder
Pilsner is Saskatch-
ewan's best-selling
beer! . . .



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IS THE ONLY SASKATCHEWAN BEER
BREWED WITH DISTILLED WATER . . .

203-B

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YOUR CANTEENS SERVE
CO-OP MILK
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GARAGE**

and

**MACHINE
SHOP**

Prop.: Bill Montgomery.

Phone 141

At Your Service—The Y.M.C.A.



ART ETTER
Now in Weyburn

Hello, Fellows! Perhaps this is the quickest way to greet you all. It's good to be here among such a dandy bunch of Airmen and Officers and N.C.O.s. If I have not yet met you personally, then please consider this our introduction, and say "Hello" to me when you next see that Red Triangle on the gray suit. Because we surely want to become friends with every last man on this station.

The Y is here to serve you. Don't, please don't ever forget that fact, will you? Those who have been here some time, or on some other Canadian station already have some idea of what we try to do for you fellows. To newcomers to this station, may we offer our help in an almost boundless field. If you would like to help with your leave problem, where to spend it and how much it will cost; if you are in doubt concerning Canadian customs or people—we are at your service. No matter where you plan to go, don't be backward about asking for information.

In the Y Office we send your laun-

dry out, get it back, sell you stamps, post your parcels, buy articles for you if you can't secure them in our Canteen, loan you a library book, place train information and bus gen at your disposal, send cables and telegraphs, and generally endeavour to be of some assistance to you. Step right in any time and ask our help.

The Canteen we operate is for your benefit. It works like this, fellows. The Y.M.C.A. runs the business, buying the goods, paying for them, paying for the operation—salaries, overhead, taxes, etc., and then, on the 25th of each month, a cheque for the complete net profit comes back to the Commanding Officer, to be used for the good of Airmen through the P.S.I. funds. So, the better support you give the Y Canteen the more good will return to you through P.S.I. Is it clear, now?

The Y.M.C.A. building will very soon be completely decorated, painted from one end to the other, inside. We are flat out to make this a place where you will be not only glad to come, but anxious to spend all your spare time.

It is our aim to make the Y.M.C.A. building a gathering place for Airmen on Sunday evenings particularly. The Commanding Officer has very kindly consented to allow Airmen to bring their girl friends to social hours at the Y on Sunday evenings. This is a privilege to be guarded, fellows. It is up to us, then to make these get-togethers pleasant and successful. Let's have a good attendance and a bit of assistance, in rounding up good programs and a sociable atmosphere (without TOO much sociability along certain lines). All together we CAN and will make these events go over with a bang. If everybody sits back and waits for the other fellow to move, they can't do much else but fall flat.

With regret, we have to tell you that our Y projector must be taken off this station, to another where they have no movies at all. With new stations opening up all the time, and projectors getting more scarce all the time, any station with 35 mm. machines installed has to give up the 16 mm.

(Continued on page 42)



At
Anderson's Cafe

ROAST BEEF OF OLDE ENGLAND



Tastes Better from

Burge's Meat Market

STATION WORKSHOPS

When we were asked to contribute something to the "Flying Gopher," our first impression was one of shock, our next of mistrust, and our third and final impression, one of bewilderment. It was in that frame of mind that we decided to satiate the Editor's apparent thirst for Workshops gen, to let down our hair, and to take him and his readers on a personally conducted tour of our Palace of Industry.

Let us enter the charming portals of the Station Workshops. Having meticulously cleaned our boots on the scraper (one of the many conveniences improvised by our blacksmith), we pass into a smoky atmosphere, witness a shower of sparks and listen to the ringing of steel on steel as hammers strike the mighty anvil. Our metal workers are in the throes of toil. Here we see, in various stages of repair and dismantlement, articles of every description from cookhouse egg turners to windsock structures. Aircraft parts are rendered serviceable again in a twinkling, and from the assortment of junk lying around can clearly be seen evidence of the versatility of these workers.

But let us pass on. Here is the main workshop, decorated with signs calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the unwary, and on the right we see the fitters steadily pursuing their labors. To the left is the fabric department—not a tailor's shop,—and just in case there might be some misunderstanding, the two inhabitants are not Japanese; they look like that merely because of the yellow dope with which they manage to smear everything, including themselves.

From behind a mountain of shavings comes the unmistakable Scottish and Yorkshire dialects of our Carpenters, fashioners of wooden articles for every requirement, who are presided over by a long thin man, wearing pencils in his hair, probably due to the fact that he has been so long on the prairies. He was here long before most of us were even twinkles in the eyes of Records Overseas Postings Department.

In a corner is the "Plug Reconditioning Department," home of the slaves of spark plugs. These men bend for long hours, dabbling in hot salts, hissing air, and lulled by the sound of humming motors. All day long they answer with alacrity the

call of "Change these."

Finally there is the inner sanctum of the head of all this apparent disorder, a man oft harrassed by demands to make "a gross of these," and "a part of that." Rarely has he to turn down a request for a job, for he is confident that if he looks hard enough and looks long enough, somewhere, somehow, he will find a body and a machine capable of turning it out.

G.I.S. JOTTINGS

Now that the G.I.S. building has been extended it has been found necessary to alter the times of lectures so that instructors may reach the lectures on time.

* * *

Our runners are to be equipped with roller skates as instructors in the more distant rooms complain of their tea being cold.

* * *

"Chiefy" W/OP. has discovered an amazing phenomenon which must surely be peculiar to the prairie. He says that all other things being equal, a wireless set, be it receiver or transmitter, operates more efficiently if the windows of the building are open.

* * *

This same genius has been having much trouble with the Camp's telephones. In desperation he has indented for "Pigeons, Carrier, Type Prairie, Quantity 2. This should be right in his line as he has already been given the "bird" many times.

* * *

One of our Navigation Instructors recently took over command of a Barrack Block. He was later seen sitting in a quiet corner of the School trying to agree his inventory with the aid of a computer. Can anyone tell him what to do with half a bed?

* * *

By kind permission of the authorities in Ireland we have, after some considerable effort, been able to obtain the services of another N.C.O. Discip. He has already made sweeping (sorry) changes in pupils' routine.

* * *

Ha(i)l to the "Whiskered Wireless Wonder" who told a brother N.C.O. that he was due for progressive pay as a Senior N.C.O. The School's oldest inhabitant denies all knowledge of the possibility.

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HELP US TO HELP YOU



FIT FOR A KING!

Make

The ROYAL HOTEL

Your Week-End Castle

Exhaust Fumes from the M.T. Yard



Who was the driver who explained to his Cpl. that he had been ordered on Parade at 07.30 hundred hours?

Maintenance Section should know that tractors pull Anson Hair Craft.

Which driver inquired for the "gen" on the braking system of Caterpillar tractors?

In a recent Trade Test, an M.T. Driver was asked for the name of the gas given off by an Internal Combustion Engine. He replied that it was very deadly and was called Carbon Peroxide.

We question the statement made by a certain M.T. Sergeant that the young ladies of Canada offer their platonic friendship only.

"A stitch in time . . ." was the motto of a group of fair ladies at Weyburn when, during the intervals of a game of bowls, they repaired, cobble by cobble, an airman's well worn shirt.

"There are four shafts in a gear-box," said the lineshooter. "The main

shaft, the crankshaft, the layshaft, and then there's one other."

"I tied it up with Air Force Tape," said the LAC. who had recently returned from a long night trip, and was reporting rear light trouble.

TILL.

THE HOBBIES CLUB

Every person has a hobby of some sort. One fellow collects birds' eggs; another builds model houses with match sticks; still another, and possibly unique, example is the man who collects and dyes women's tresses.

These, however, are some of the more unusual hobbies. You and I are probably far happier converting a packing case into say, photoframes or a child's toy, cheerfully blistering our hands and shedding honest sweat doing so. Then again you may be one of those camera enthusiasts who heartily relish the idea of hanging by your toe nails over a thousand-foot drop to get a nature study of a bird's nest. Little need be said of that very popular and instructive study of model aircraft building, which probably has the largest following of any of the present day hobbies.

Making, designing, and running model engines of all types is another very intriguing hobby.

Our Commanding Officer had these four particular hobbies in view when he suggested that a hobbies club be formed on this Unit.

Everyone realises, of course, that really to enjoy your hobby, you should have:

1. A convenient place to work. Do the necessary drawings and consult with your fellow hobbyists.

2. A sufficiency of tools and equipment for the hobbies to be catered for, that is:

- (a) Carpentry and Woodworking.
- (b) Model Aircraft Building.
- (c) Mechanical Engineering.
- (d) Photography.

3. A constant supply of new periodicals dealing with the various branches.

Some small difficulties will naturally arise, but then few things are worth having which are obtained without some difficulty.

A place has been found, and (to use a rash phrase), no expense will be spared to get this club going, if it has a reasonable following. It will be arranged with the "drawing office" and reading or reference room combined; a dark room and printing room next; then the portion for model aircraft builders and woodworkers; and lastly, the mechanical engineering shop. (Don't be alarmed, photographers, there will be a passageway past your dark rooms, you won't hav a thoroughfare through them).

It is hoped that by making this a combined hobbies club instead of separate clubs, that a more interesting sphere of social intercourse will be formed, providing of course that we all remember the other chap's hobby is as important to him as ours is to us.

(Continued on page 42)

TRAYS

The significance of the tray in modern warfare has never been given much publicity. It is remarkable that whereas the importance of the tank and aircraft are constantly emphasized, a moment's thought and consideration will show that without the humble tray these machines would be useless.

The tray is a flat-shaped device varying in size, color and texture, with three or four sides as occasion may demand. In appearance the military tray is very much like the civil "basket," although its method of use rather differs. The civil basket is emptied as soon as it is filled, whereas the tray is filled as soon as it is emptied. They differ in quantity also, there being more trays than baskets. Don't for a moment imagine that the tray is less useful than the basket; it simply has a more important part to play. For instance, in the modern well-organised Orderly Room, a single clerk might have up to fifteen trays on his desk, labelled "IN," "ADJUTANT," "C.O.," "PENDING," "STILL PENDING," "UNDER CONSIDERATION," "OUT," "OUT MAIL," "OUT FILE," "OUT STOOGES," "THROW AWAY," etc., etc. The same clerk in civil life would probably work with or without a single basket with obvious loss of efficiency.

Events of this war have shown that speed is the all-important factor, and the introduction of the tray results largely from this. A busy over-worked clerk receives a ponderous file for instance, a glance at which informs his agile brain that the matter is too weighty to be dealt with at once. A rapid movement of the hand will dispose of the offending file immediately into one of the trays provided. In this way, a clerk can deal with an immense volume of work in a very short space of time, allowing the prosecution of the war to proceed with amazing rapidity. It has even been rumoured that in the larger military offices the work of N.C.O.'s has become almost entirely mechanised, the individual sitting at a tray-covered table performing the art of "dealing with the files" with amazing dexterity.

However, as with all new developments, the inevitable snag has made its appearance with the tray. It has been reported that in some cases, files passed "OUT" have reappeared in much the same condition, although a little worse for wear, in the "IN" tray some days later, thereby duplicating work. It is believed, though, that this difficulty will be overcome by the new "One-way-traffic-tray" now in the experimental stages.

J. R. C.

Y.M.C.A.—(Cont.)

machine. So the free shows Wednesdays and the hospital shows on Thursdays and the Corporals' Club shows on Tuesdays have to be called off. As soon as the G.I.S. projector comes, we may be able to continue free shows, but not for a while.

In place of the cinemas, we hope (with all the talent of all sorts abounding here) to put on musical and comedy shows—with straight dramas thrown in for good measure. At a meeting t'other night, enough talent turned up to justify the advance notice that a Station Show will be presented in the Recreation Hall somewhere near the end of July. Anyone else with talent please drop around to the Y office and let me have your name, will you?

ART ETTER.

HOBBIES CLUB—(Cont.)

Competitions will be held, and prizes given for each section, and exhibitions of work will be given (collectively), possibly in Weyburn City and Regina.

So there you have it, men, not exactly in a nutshell, but you have the general idea, we hope, so let's have your support for your club.

URGENTLY WANTED—Two airmen with sufficient service to sing "Bless 'Em All" at the Sergeants' Mess Concert.

FOR SALE BY PUPIL—Affections of Young Weyburn Lady. Nominal Fee for Good Will. Termination due ONLY to conclusion of Training. Box WEY. 3.

WANTED—Two twin engine pilots. For Fatigues, weekends only. Box WEY. 4.

FLASH!!!

LAUNDRY VANISHES

Scavenger Takes Toll of Airmen's Scanties???

(Special Correspondent.)

Alarm was registered in official RAF sources recently when it became known that several bundles of washing (Air Force Issue) had vanished. Rumors circulated, but the "Gopher" refused to lend ear to these (being an ardent admirer of Fugasse) and preferred to hold over the shattering news until full and proper investigation had been made.

This has now been effected and something approaching the true position may be made known. As is well known, laundry is one of the major problems of the Weyburn airman and its means of disposal and recovery has long been discussed and experimented with. Various Weyburn laundries have on the whole been favoured with the bulk of custom, but several were in the habit of having the job done from within the precincts of the camp. Into such latter category fell a dozen or so airmen who would leave varying amounts of personal washing in a sack placed by the guardroom door. This sack would be collected and delivered to the proper person, duly returned when clean, and the airmen would collect same with a minimum of inconvenience.

For some weeks the system worked well, until one evening the catastrophe happened—the sack vanished. Frantic enquiries were made by those who wanted a clean shirt to go out in, but to no avail, until one bright youth remembered seeing the salvage man grab a sack from the vicinity of the Station entrance, sling it on his wagon and drive away. The salvage man well remembered picking up the sack when taxed, but to the best of his knowledge it was now with the rest of the rubbish . . . buried.

No amount of raking and scavenging on the part of the unfortunates whose "undies" were missing brought the clothes to light because, to make matters worse, the local "doers away of rubbish" apparently bury their spoils in various holes, naturally not bothering to plot the various positions of each day's "Take."

. . . So if you see some airmen digging away for dear life in the middle of a field, fear not, they are quite harmless, merely hoping against hope that they might strike underwear.

And, believe it or not, the most amusing thing about this story is that it is perfectly true.

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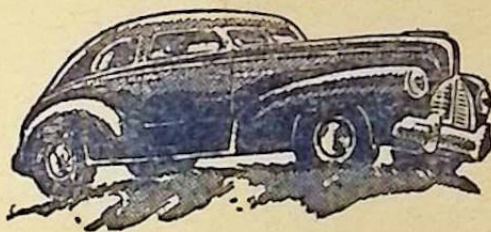
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