



The Flying Gopher

SEPTEMBER

1942

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“TARGET *for* TONITE”

GOOD
PLACE
TO EAT



GOOD
PLACE
TO SLEEP

DICKSON HOTEL
and CAFE

He's late
again !

I'll bet he's

at

Rialto ..
Billiards



Officers' Mess Gossip

CENSORED

Space donated by . . .
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We Are Glad to See You

And Glad to Serve You

COMMERCIAL
—CAFE—

Eat

WALKER
FRUIT

For

FITNESS

WALKER FRUIT

Weyburn and Estevan





The Flying Gopher

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

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VOL. 1.

SEPTEMBER, 1942

No. 4



Editorial

There are some changes this month—as doubtless you have noticed. Changes both apparent and inward have affected the production of the fourth edition of your Flying Gopher. Note the cover, for instance, which we hope will have more appeal to the casual eye. It's a plain cover, we admit, but it has caused almost as much headache as all the inside pages put together. We were loath to part

with the vastness, and yet our title required more punch. There you have it, and if, anyone has any further ideas, bring them along.

Turning to the first page, the reader will notice that the seed catalogue which graced that prominent place is conspicuous by its absence. Names are boring at the best of times and we are sure that the contents page was merely a waste of space—you don't pick your articles, you read the lot, don't you, dear readers?

Further along it is to be noticed that more variety is embodied in the make-up of the pages. Like the idea? We do wish you would let us know. There must be a good deal of improvement which can be made if everyone's minds were turned to it instead of just the few who edit the magazine.

Finally it was suggested that while we were making sweeping changes we might as well cut out the editorial. But no, a place to let off a little steam is a good thing to have here, and anyway by omitting the editorial we would be forced to throw away the cut of our Editor-in-Chief, the Gopher, and we think it's such a lervely picture . . . !

THE EDITORS.

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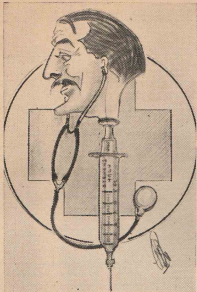
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Duncan & Russell



Doc Vyse Forgets

The title may seem a strange departure from the reminiscences which have appeared opposite the rather compromising cartoons firmly incorporated in recent issues of *The Flying Gopher*, but don't let the title mislead you.

Any man who sits at a service office desk knows that a small oversight may start a long chain of complaints descending upon his head, by telephone and expedite signal until nearly every section at the station is involved. So forgetfulness doesn't pay. My experience has been an exception. I recall with chagrin

the occasion some two years ago when S.M.O. Group visited the Sick Quarters I was nursing. In the excitement of night calls to the Tarmac and ministering to an exceptionally sick padre I forgot the approaching S.M.O.'s visit, and with the result that lamp shades, overhead office shelves and doorway ledges didn't get the extra polish they had the right to expect. After what I thought was a pretty satisfactorily conducted inspection, the S.M.O. planted himself in front of the office fire and summarized, "Well, Vyse, I can't congratulate you . . ." an anticipatory smile must have crept over my face as he continued, "Yes, I must congratulate you on having the Filthiest Sick Quarters I have ever seen." Incidentally I did not forget this incident when I visited this S.M.O. twelve months later when he was a patient in hospital.

However it is generally accepted that one forgets the unpleasant incidents in one's life, which probably explains the delusion under which certain people labour when they assert that their school days were the happiest in their lives. My opinion is that the honest man who is interested in his job will admit that there is no time like the present. Maybe it is difficult to count our blessings until afterwards but I have a shrewd idea that in years to come many of us will be talking as warmly of our visit to Canada, our stay in Weyburn and our weekend visits to Regina or the Lake and certainly our friend, the Gopher, as we now fondly recall the rain of Manchester or the rumble of London. And I don't think the apparent change of heart will be entirely due to the pint of "old and mild" that may accompany the reminiscing.

D. G. Vyse

The R.A.F. Comes to the Wild West

Let us consider Weyburn as it was before the blue of R.A.F. uniforms began dotting the streets of our illustrious city. The burg is bereft of its young men, its old men, its middle-aged men,—in fact of almost anything given to wearing long trousers, excluding masculine-minded females. Our life is a mere existence, and a drab one at that—rising in the morning to do our small and dolorous daily tasks—wandering down to the Inevitable Club for a Coke—trying to lend an appreciative ear to some slapstick comedian on the radio or a jitterbug jive—listening with longing hearts to a broadcast from our boys in the services.

Then came rumours, floating here and there through the district, carried on "I-don't-know-whether-it's-true,-but-that's-what-I-heard" wings, and soon spreading thick and fast in the female-filled city, to the effect that the R.A.F. were soon to fill with their charm the inconspicuous city of Weyburn. Some disbelieved, some elaborated, others patiently waited, until one day all these surmisings were resolved with the arrival of——(number censored) "blokes" to our then under-construction airport.

Weyburn took on a new appearance, and a very distinguished R.A.F. blue one at that.

At first the Old Country brogue was like a Babylonian jargon to us, but as acquaintances grew this obstacle was overcome in face of their charming manner, their story-telling ability, and—a characteristic common to many of them—their wavy, sleekly oiled hair.

At dances, these boys' popularity never wanes. The uniform perhaps, so scarce during the summer months, was a call to arms—the arms of girls, ladies, women, dames, hags, sacks, and what would you. Where such vast numbers of the fairer or not-so-fair sex came from will always remain for us a sixty-four dollar question still unanswered.

However, these jives and jitterbugs, or nervous wrecks set to music, began their task of dancing with gentlemen so cultured, so well taught in the art of ballroom dancing. We found ourselves two beats ahead of our partners in a slow fox-trot, two feet lagging in their slightly quicker style of waltzing, and generally falling over ourselves when our well-meaning assailants tried their feather steps and palais glides. As time wears on, our compromise in styles is markedly successful.

To us, too, the eagle-crested chaps have brought a station band, held in very high esteem, and appreciated especially by those who know that a waltz does have a definite tempo, while a quickened step has another.

A Hostess Club has come into existence to entertain the boys, and it is unnecessary to tell of the pleasure which we derive from providing this home-away-from-home. We have enjoyed many a quiet get-together in these home-like surroundings, helped on by the smiles of the hostesses.

The bowling alleys, the theatre (or cinema), the swimming pool, the football field, each has donned a new atmosphere of bustle, excitement, and a good-time-was-had-by-all air.

For this we can thank our winged service men. They have brought home to us something of how the other half of the world lives, they have given us their companionship, they have brought with them memories of their forefathers, and for all this we salute them.

And without them, too, I know that I, as well as many others in category Female No. 1 Single would now be sitting at home, knitting sweaters for Cecil.

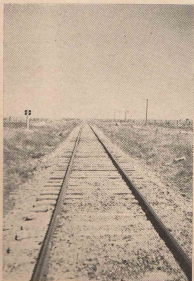
FEMALE CITIZEN.

Prairie Vista



We offered prizes for pictures illustrating Weyburn, and here you see what happened. We point out that Weyburn really is a quiet place at times and that those we have chosen for this issue merely tell one all about the undulations of the scenery round about.

If those fellows laying claim to these photographs will call on the editors, they will hear something to their advantage.



Gremlinology

After a variety of reports from a highly skilled assortment of u/ts now flying with "D" Flight, we record this warning to all pilots and pupes on this station. We have long suspected this, and now it has been definitely established. We can wait no longer. We must give you the terrible news.

The Gremlins are operating here on the Prairie !!!

Wait, reader! Don't dispose of this with an airy shrug and turn over the page. This is pukka gen. Both the long-experienced pilots on this station will already be familiar with the Gremlin, but for the benefit of the uninitiated we may explain that gremlins are the little folks of the air who are responsible for all those minor mishaps which occur while you are airborne. They sit quietly on the mainplane for a while, and then, when you are beginning to feel that you really can fly, they open up. What do you think it is makes for a heavy landing? Your flying? Never! It is the gremlins jumping on the deck, lifting the runway up about ten feet, and then dropping it back while you are holding-off. Decent types, in fact.

We believe this is the first appearance of the gremlins in this country, and at first we thought we had discovered a new species, the Prairie Gremlin, but after careful investigation, we can state with certainty that they are of the British variety, Gremlin Mk II, a very unpleasant species, stowaways on the U.S.S. . . . It may be that the gremlins are only operating on "D" Flight kites, but we give this warning in case they should migrate to lower forms of station life.

Our first experience of the Gremlins came soon after our course had started, when we were smitten with a plague of ground-looping. This was obviously no fault of the pupes, and we realize now that the Gremlins jumped from our kites on to the runway just as we were landing, and pulled down a wing on to the tarmac, then clambering back on to the kite and chuckling with glee at the efforts of the pilot to extricate himself. It is on record that one of our instructors, particularly popular with the Gremlins, booked himself out for "Exercises 8 and 9 and ground-looping."

Only yesterday a certain sergeant from the Nav Flight, distinguished for his frequent reversion to his habits of recent Tiger days in switching off Harvards in fine pitch, was emitting a sigh of relief and surprise at making a reasonable landing when a group of gremlins planted a large area of mud dead in the path of his aircraft . . .

Take heed to our warning, then, you fliers, and profit by our experience.

A word to our instructors. If you have noticed some slight errors on our part, landings with the undercart up, or taking off with full flap, don't blame us. It's those Gremlins at work again. And a last word to fellow pupes. Next time you write off an aircraft, don't let it bother you. Just tell your Flight Commander it was the Gremlins, and he will give you another kite straight away. After all, what's a few aircraft at a time like this? Think of all the Gremlins you may have written off too.

H. W. F.

Wanted

In this edition appear several items of interest from people outside the camp. These missives were received by the staff at various times during the last month and, since they show a remarkable insight into the life and living of No. 41 S.F.T.S., the less libellous paragraphs are littered about our pages.

The Editorial staff makes this public appeal to the writers to come out into the open and reveal their identities. We should like to express our appreciation of these witticisms and establish a closer liaison . . .

The anonymous contributors were all ladies of Weyburn and its surrounds . . .

**QUALITY!
TASTE!
FLAVOR!**

**"GOLD SEAL
FOR
GOODNESS"**



**YOU GET
ALL 3 IN
GOOD OLD
Gold
Seal
BEER**

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ENTRANCE

Romance in Regina



(A tale of the wide open spaces)
By "Prairie Oyster"

"She thrilled as she felt a hand on her shoulder."

WHAT'S HAPPENED UP TILL NOW:

Mary Anne Svenson is still a slip of a girl; sweet sixteen and never been kissed. Her faithful chum is Penelope Picklove—a dusky young beauty. In spite of the vivacious zest for life, and all that goes with it, shared by the two girls, they're are closeted in Saint Agatha's Convent for Good Girls Only, in Regina, Queen-of-the-Prairies. This, of course, is the biggest, smartest and best Finishing School north of the American line.

Mary Anne, looking more than ever like a scented rose at dewy dawn, felt cold all over. Creeping from the presence of the terrifying ogre-matron, she sought the faithful Penelope. Finding her peeking thru the keyhole as she left the room, she staggered sobbing on her shoulder. "Worse than death," she whispered hoarsely.

The faithful Penelope soon soothed our crestfallen heroine with a bag of liquorice all-sorts and a story from True Confessions. As there was no school that day owing to all the instructors being on a 48, she persuaded the damp-eyed Mary Anne to take a stroll towards Regina's famed lake. There the pair sat on the grassy sward, gazing thoughtfully into the deep watery stillness.

Meanwhile Patrick had returned to

camp, his hopes of being able to be an ace with the Canadian and British airmen overseas being dashed to the ground. One thought only saved him from immediate suicide—the thought that soon he might see his beloved prairie flower once more. As he fell to pondering over the blissful tryst of the previous nite, he became less browned off and the light shone in his steel-gray eyes once again. That night he was to play center-forward for his team in the Semi-Final of the South Sask. Soccer League. As he thought of the evening soccer game (Old Country fashion), he resolved that he would leave his mark as an ace footballer, even if he was not to be an ace-aviator.

Already Dan Cupid has struck deep at Mary Anne. She is going steady with a handsome Old Country aviator called Patrick Alexander. But, alas, the girls of the Convent are only allowed one late pass each month, and then only till 22.50—so courtships are slow. But not with our heroine, Mary Anne Svenson.

However, nothing daunting, the dashing lovers keep secret trysts. Where there's love there's a way. But now both are in trouble—serious trouble. Patrick is about to be court-martialled for roaring low over the terrified convent-girls, and blowing kisses to his own true-love. And now, horror of horrors. Mary Anne has been summoned by the cruel matron, Sister Immaculata, who caught her behind a bush with her dearest Patrick.

"Tomorrow," roared the dread matron, "you will be publicly expelled. They are in need of a practitioner at the Weyburn Mental."
**NOW READ ON IMMEDIATELY,
DON'T WAIT A MOMENT:**

Mary Anne stared wistfully into the lake; her impending public expulsion

from Saint Agatha's, and the consequent wrath of her stern Puritanical parents, steady farmers at Expanse, Saskatchewan, cast a somber cloud over her usually sunny disposition. Like a flash the one and only solution to her troubles crossed her turbulent mind. She must escape from the toils of the dreaded Immaculata. Escape she must; and escape at once.

By the time the faithful class-chums had returned to the convent at near-dusk, Mary Anne had decided on a plan of action.

At the same time, Patrick had played his last game for his station. It was a ding-dong struggle, and the pent-up spectators held their breath as his station struggled with Medicine Jaw for the lead in the S. Sask. League. The score was 1-1 when the ball came to our hero. (Square 4.) Like a second Babe Ruth he dribbled it up to the field (Old Country style) and scored a magnificent goal a second before the whistle shrilled for the end of the thrilling match. In what had been the greatest game ever seen in the three Prairie Provinces, Patrick had led his station team to victory; repeat, victory. Everyone was happy. Even the S.W.O. smiled. The C.O. personally congratulated Patrick, as he (Patrick) was held shoulder-high by his more-than-delighted team-mates.

That night as the team was celebrating in the Y with milk-shakes and bubble-gum supplied free by the Imperial Daughters of the Empire, a lone figure made its way through the shadows surrounding Saint Agathas.

Patrick, as we already well know, was a man of action. It was only the work of a trice to corner the young sport-loving C.O. after the Celebration Dinner. With the aid of many "Big Chiefs" and the thought of his timid blonde, Mary Anne, he poured out his sorrows to the understanding Group Captain. At first he, the Group Captain, was unimpressed and dwelt at some length on the importance of discipline and Section 7, Para 3, of C.A.P. 100 and the Stockbrokers Gazette. But as the merrie evening wore on he loosened up and at dawn he left Pat-

rick promising to make him acting Pilot Officer unpaid, and furthermore promising that he would instruct his lawyer in Watrous (Prairie Regional) to buy up all the evidence against Patrick.

Meanwhile Mary Anne tramped the streets of Regina, wondering what might befall her. She stopped in at the Dominion Hotel to spend her last nickel on a cup of ersatz coffee. Staring into her coffee cup in a deep reverie, she suddenly noticed out of the corner of her eye a small placard, "Good-looking assistant wanted." Immediately applying to the manager she was given the job at the same pay as an ACH G/D. (K.R. & A.C.I. para. 2295).

By this time the whole convent was in an uproar. Even the calm immaculata was in a flat-spin. Even Penelope Picklove had no idea of the whereabouts of beauteous Mary Anne. All feared the worst.

All the following day Mary Anne toiled in the Drug Store, frying eggs and cutting sandwiches. Late that evening just as she was serving a David Harum to a Lance Corporal in the S.S.R. she felt a hand on her shoulder. Her heart leaped with girlish excitement. Could it be Patrick. She was scared to look round for fear it might be some forward stranger. But it was Patrick; as handsome as ever in sky-blue with glittering brass buttons. Soon he had persuaded her to slip away from her drudgery, and to go dancing with him in the Silver Dell.

The nite, as usual, sped by blissfully for both. Finally as dawn broke over the golden wheat fields outside of the city, Patrick took her home to the Dominion Hotel. As the couple entered thru the swing doors, Mary Anne swooned into her lover's arms; for who should be standing in the foyer waiting for her but her wrathful parents, Mr. and Mrs. Svenson.

* * * *

That's all this issue. Buy the next issue to find out where on earth the faithful Penelope has gotten herself to, and what Mr. and Mrs. Svenson have to say about their daughter's capers.

FILLUP

You've heard of the airmen's canteen,
Where they say the language 's obscene,

You've heard of the Corporals' place
Their dances they say, are "Disgrace"

You've heard of the Sergeants' bar,
Where they drink too much by far.

... BUT! Have you heard of the
Officers' Ball
When it ended up in a "free for all."



Key Men

No. 1

The Adj.

No, this is not the Mental Hospital. You must have the wrong number. . . . What is it? The Royal Air Force, of course . . . No, not the R.C.A.F. That's something different. This is the English one. We're all English here . . . Yes, that's why I talk with a frog in my throat . . . What do we do? Oh, teach people to fly . . . No, we can't give you a joy ride. Certainly not . . . No, it's the first I've heard of it. I must ask the Flight Sergeant . . . Dammit, what else do you want to know? I'm a worried man . . . Do we wear spotted ties? Most certainly not.

Weyburn Newsfront

So many of our readers have written in asking us how The Flying Gopher manages to score its numerous news-beats over its competitors that a word of explanation might be interesting.

Events move so quickly on the camp these days that every available means of communication must be utilized in order to give our readers "stop-press" news. Not trusting the telephone (the enemy has many ears), Flying Officer Rogers, in shorts, may frequently be seen rushing up the road with the latest watch tower reports, followed by a gust of censored weather.

Formerly, news from the remote reaches of the station require several weeks to reach the editors, coming by means of camel train (now discontinued since Flight Sergeant Tillman is unable to supply the beasts with retreads, sampan (requisitioned to ford the floods of last spring), dog team, and finally, pogo stick (to keep the carrier's head above the mud on the main roads).

It is now suspected that Flying Officer Colchester will be using a carrier service to forward his news, since,

whenever sports are mentioned, he invariably replies, "That's my pigeon."

Red-hot news is conveyed by AC. Rowing-Parker on the station fire-tender.

Corporal Rae, our postman, brings highly secretive news, but unfortunately we are unable to use any of it since all his letters are invariably addressed to someone other than the editors. He is apologetic about this, but when the hell is he going to bring something, even if it's just a letter from the girl friend?

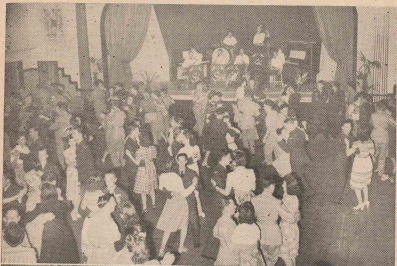
Finally, there is one method of transmission which is faster than Flying Officer Rogers in his shorts, Rowing-Parker on his fire-engine, AC. Harrison with his signals, faster than Aldis lamp, radio or television. The method has been perfected beyond any other system for getting news spread farthest to the mostest, and only one little kink needs to be ironed out—the method is utterly unreliable. We refer, gentlemen, to Rumour.

No, the Flying Gopher does not have to use Rumour to scoop the news-beats of the world!

Society Page

Night Life on a Prairie Airport Can Be Fun

The well-sleeked hair of RAF airmen glistened brightly in the light of the photographer's flash bulb as he took these pictures of dancers enjoying a quiet evening in the Airport "Nightclub." Accounts Section as always appears to be well to the fore—notice "Stinker" Simmons and "Flash" Morgan—while closer scrutiny reveals that the Flights, Maintenance and Equipment Sections have all sent their representatives along.



More Archaeology

In our last issue we deserted our serious research into the life and existence of the Men of Raf to enquire into their sports and pastimes. We now return to our examination of their Social Order, and perhaps it is time we paid a little attention to their monetary system.

It seems the Men of Raf had risen, if only a little, above the system of Barter, and each member of the community received reward for his labours. Again the characteristics of tribal life are evident and we find that the task of organizing and carrying through this complicated system of remuneration was the responsibility of the Klan of Akkownt, verily a learned Tribe.

That this was appreciated by the other Men of Raf is borne out by documents recently recovered, in particular a letter from a member of the Klan of Kwip to a brother Kwippite situate in the distant land of Ukay in which he states "verily, the Klan of Akkownt are wonderful men; strange and mystic are their ways. According to the High Chief of the House of Rek I did stand in favour with the God Kred to an amount of Fifteen Bob, but lo, and behold, now I am arrived at the Land of Wey, the High Chief Jaycee doth tell me that the God of Deb does frown on me to the extent of Two Bucks Two Bits!" Reference of this matter to the disciples of Einstein has confirmed that the problem, though abstruse, can be solved by the application of sufficient Relativity; hence the motto of the Klan of Akkownt, "relatively speaking—".

Here it should be mentioned that the Klan of Akkownt was a divided tribe. Years and years ago the Klan of Akkownt did arrive at a strange Land which they found already in the possession of the Tribe of Kwip. Now both being learned Tribes and having great respect for each other's qualities it was natural they should arrive at the conclusion that the life then lived by the Men of Raf was too, too simple to be continued. Hence the Heads of the two Tribes did sit in conclave for many moons, formulating mystic rites and customs to improve the social organization of the Men of Raf.

And that is where the trouble started. The Klan of Kwip were convinced that the system of Barter would prove the best. The greater part of the Klan of Akkownt were in favour of making use of a new element they had just found and which they had christened Munny. Munny's the time they were to regret that decision.

Apparently the idea of the Klan of Kwip was to issue each man with the necessities of life in regular quantities on prescribed dates, thus: "Notice to the Men of Raf—Be it known that on the sixteenth day of the month of February, the amount of labour performed by the members of the community having at last reached that determined by the High Priest of the Klan of Kwip, there shall be issued to each man the following—

Quantity, one: Article, Paste, White, Dental, Effervescing, Airmen for the use of.

Quantity, enough: Article, Liquid, Blue, Copper, Sulphate, Bath, Foot for the filling of, Airmen, for the use of . . . —and so on.

Here the Munnites in the Klan of Akkownt did object that the wants of each and every man did differ, and hence the system of barter would give much encouragement to the underground worshippers of the evil God Aakket, in whose honour Men would perform the rites of Swop and Swipe. But there were several of the Klan of Akkownt who were in favour and to their fellow tribesmen they became known as Kwip Akkownts, or, in times of stress, Twip Akkownts. This section it is which also imbibes vast quantities of the Dish of Vowcher. A nasty habit, and one apparently which stimulates queer dreams and ambitions.

Some members of the Klan have been known to aspire to membership of the Klan of Ayr, in the tribe of Wop, trade of Gunner, and have roamed through the mighty places of the Klan singing "Oh for the wings of . . ." before being brought to account. Yet others of the Klan were taken with a strange sickness and did wander around in a dazed condition continually chanting in the manner of Kroon, which was indeed a bad thing for the men of Raf, but when these

Serve Him
Nourishing
meat
Tonight



Tastes Better from

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IT'S HARDWARE
WE HAVE IT**

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Floor Coverings

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Weyburn Hardware Ltd.

afflicted creatures did encounter the totem pole of the Men of Raf, known as Myke, in the presence of which their voices did acquire greater strength if not sweetness, then was it night unbearable!

May we ask our readers to avoid confusing the insignia Myke with the mystic drink Mikky. Both seem to have had an evil influence on certain sections of the Men of Raf, but I think it can be safely concluded, from the evidence we have, that Mikky had a far wider and much more general effect. (In this connection I refer you to Chapter XXXIXXVII, para 12345 in the "History and General Treatise on the Habits of the Klan of Sarj," which informative volume I regret will not be found in the Station Library).

The crucial point in the history of this Section of the Men of Raf arises as a result of their migration from the Land of Ukay to the province of Wey in the Land of Kan. It was quite natural that they should bring with them their own Gods and Deities, one or two of whom we have mentioned above, and for quite a time they lived a peaceful and undisturbed life. Tribute was regularly paid to the Gods Kred and Deb, and many members of the various Klans had occasion to be honoured with the Noble Order of Ritoff. It was therefore a great shock to them to find that the Land of Kan was ruled by High Authority known as Cas, with its partners Afhq and Rcaf, often called the Terrible Three.

One never-to-be-forgotten day these Three did smite the Klan of Akkownt and shake them from head to foot, abolishing all their old Deities, in particular the Gods of Kred and Deb, and making it a law that all the Men of Raf, on each Festival of Pay should bow their heads to Sine; as a result of which many members of the Klans of Erk, Lak and Korp did discover with amazement that they still had knowledge of the Art of Riting, even if, in many cases, they were not fully conversant with the Art of Spelling. It is noted that rumour indicates that, consequent to the initiation of the tribute to Sine, many of the Klans had to unearth the old tribal records to discover hereby a true knowledge of the Names accorded to each member, in order that he might not commit offence in the eyes of the new Deity.

In closing it should be mentioned that the Klan of Akkownt was one of the few Klans to devote its whole energies to the task allotted to it in the social order of the Men of Raf. Each year they were allowed a period of absence wherein to recuperate from the strain of their labours, but if reports are to be believed they joyfully spurned this chance to rest, and did travel many hours to the West, to the East, to the North and to the South, only to continue the fascinating study of Figgers. There can be no doubt that Figgers are and will continue to be, the beginning and, in many cases, the end of the Klan of Akkownt.

Medical Meanderings

A man goes sick on M two five,
And feels he's only just alive.
The M.O. looks, and hums, and he
Places the man on M. & D.

But some are not so fortunate,
Or so they think, at any rate.
Their troubles here have just begun,
They are put on forty-one.

They saunter in through the office door,
And answer questions, one or more.
The twerp presiding gives a look,
And puts parties in a little book.

And then the fun begins, they say,
If M.O. looks the other way.
The orderly, with eyes agleam,
Makes him happy it may seem.

The patient, he is sore depressed,
His work on others now will rest.

They bring him coffee in a cup,
And send old Bliss to cheer him up.

So Bliss comes in with book in hand,
When patient is in sleepy land.
He wakes him up, says "Hello, mate,
What is your enlistment date?"

He then is placed on two four o,
And written in for a day or so.
But office twerp, he wants some gen,
So wakes the patient up again.

Once more he tries to go to sleep,
But office gen, it will not keep.
The office twerp comes in with mirth,
And wakes him for his date of birth.

And so he asks for his discharge,
He'd rather be with boys at large.
He walks out of the dock with zest,
And goes to billet for a rest.

F. C. B.

Weyburn Has A Library

Certain very puzzling questions keep coming into the mind of the Librarian—questions which she can never answer. She will be most grateful for any assistance in the matter of solving these highly perplexing problems.

It might be only fair to state here that any resemblance to you or anyone else in any of the following remarks is highly coincidental.

Now, as to the questions.

Why do you airmen, or at least some of you, persist in thinking that the library is financed solely by the takings from the R.A.F.? There seems to be a common misapprehension that the Librarian lurks behind the bookshelves waiting to pounce upon innocent airmen victims. If any of you, as yet uninitiated into the solemn rites of membership of the W.P.L., have heard that ugly rumor, please ignore it. It is true that certain of the fellows have been most generous in the extent of their contributions, but this due only to the fact that they will insist on ignoring the Librarian's grim warning that horrible penalties will be exacted from him who fails to return his books on the prescribed date.

Why, again, do some of you insist on making unpleasant insinuations as to the integrity of the staff? "Did you

have a good time at the Fair with my fine money?" That sort of remark is calculated to make a more sensitive person quail.

Then why do you so consistently ignore the polite little reminder cards which are sent out? They should, of course, be regarded as a friendly gesture, for their sole purpose is to prevent the fines from mounting higher and higher. Still, there is always the fear lurking at the back of our minds that someone may try to abscond with a book, which of course would lead to serious repercussions, the extent of which is unpredictable. Certainly it would bring down the wrath of the Librarian on the heads of the offenders, and that wrath is indeed a great wrath.

And this brings us to the ultimate Why, the crux of all our Whying. Why don't you bring your books back on the due date? Life would be so simple if only you would look at the date stamped on your card in the back of the book.

Last of all, why don't more of you use the Weyburn Public Library? If anything you have read in the above tends to frighten you away, please ignore it. We really do like to do business with the R.A.F.

G. N. G.

Archimedes

look forsooth
see a youth
writing a letter to his love

can't find a rime
spent lots of time
can't find a rime
for amelia

goes to bed
with aching head

inspiration
light

see the officer of the law
rat-a-tat at the door

see the judge
we must stop these violations
of the blackout regulations
ten pounds
says the judge

pays the fine
pleasure's mine
because i've found the rime
i wanted all the time
listen

o fair and beautiful amelia
i like you better than celia

eureka
eureka

wedding bells

F. R. S.



"But mother, the Airman here says it's not true about
the gooseberry bushes."

The Padre Ponders

"Padre—you're posted to Weyburn."

Weyburn! For was not Weyburn in the district in which I had ministered as a civilian priest of the Church of England some few years ago; a district with headquarters at Milestone?

I remember arriving in that town, which has shown some excellent hospitality to the men of this Station, and wondering how anyone could exist, let alone live, in such a desolate and flat district. But, as the months passed by, I realized that "man does not live by bread alone." For the prairie, so drought stricken, taught me that common hardship and suffering can bring out the finest qualities in man. The people found great joy in that which is so necessary to-day, e.g., co-operation. Co-operation with God; and co-operation with our fellow-men.

I am once again in the district and I am pleased to be here at such an interesting stage in the development of 41 S.F.T.S. Just as in civilian life, so in Service life there must be that oblation of self to God and to the welfare of our fellow-man if we are to



The New Padre—and Friends.

possess a truly happy Station. Ways and means are daily discussed and are being put into operation to attain this end. The prairie will not look half so grim, especially in the winter, if we each give whatever talents we possess to the Station, both spiritual and social.

I leave with you a thought—"The people who make no roads are ruled out from intelligent participation on the world's brotherhood."

Sincerely,

THE PADRE.

The Padre Acts

A play which has enjoyed a long run at the Old Drury Theatre in London, must possess outstanding qualities of entertainment. Such a play is "French Leave," to be produced in the near future by F/Lt. Clarke (Chaplain).

Casting is not yet completed for this hilarious three-act comedy, but we have a spot of news for you:

Inside Information: **The female parts will NOT be taken by hairy-legged Airmen, but by members of the fairer**

sex from Weyburn. The cast will be announced later. It's anyone's guess.

"French Leave" is a good story, well written in the dramatic sense. Our director has had considerable experience, with the added advantage of having already successfully produced this play at Carberry and Winnipeg.

Here is an opportunity to co-operate in a worth-while venture. The padre is looking for volunteers, for acting parts and to assist in the stage production. Let's make a go of this!

Officers' Uniforms

R.A.F. or R.C.A.F.

THE CORRECT UNIFORM READY-TO-PUT-ON

● COMPLETE WITH ACCESSORIES

- HATS—Regulation, to match Uniform.
- SHIRTS—Attached or Separate Collar Styles. Arrow, Forsyth, Regulation Officers' Type.
- TIES—Silk or Wool. Regulation.
- SOX—Best quality. All Wool. Black or Airforce Blue.

GREATCOATS

RAINCOATS

In Regulation Cut

Government Allowances Accepted

Regina's only Shop with Complete Stock of Uniforms and Accessories
Ready to Put On

Fred Barber's Man Shop

1828 Hamilton Street, Regina



She Met Him At

Anderson's Cafe

Bus Ride

I had just received my ticket from the conductor as the bus stopped at Marble Arch. The usual mixed crowd of London bus passengers jostled each other on. It was then I noticed her . . . she sat directly opposite, just inside the bus where the seats face each other. I couldn't believe it—a glance told me she also recognized, but could no more understand than I. She was exactly the same, tall, fair, with that expression of determination which camouflaged a certain nervousness; the very same expression that had caused me to look twice on the night of March 8th, 1941, when I first met her in a little cafe in Old Compton Street. I had gone to the cafe to rest and regain control of my distressed mind, for I had been dragging people out of the Cafe de Paris, . . . the aftermath of a direct hit.

It all came back to me, as clearly as if it had been yesterday. I had sat smoking in that little cafe, endeavouring to compose myself, for I was badly shaken; blood and dead bodies had no part in my life previously. It was then I saw her for the first time. She was just the same, tall and fair with that same expression which was so attractive and yet pathetic. She brought me a coffee and withdrew quickly behind the counter. I was fascinated, not so much by her beauty, for indeed she was beautiful, but by this unique expression; I was unable to take my eyes off her until forced by the counter which rose some six feet in the air, and I lost sight of her, the counter, and everything, as I sailed

through a plywood window, which would have been glass but for a previous raid.

Slowly human life took shape again, and I realized someone was speaking to me in a strained, pathetic voice . . . no! it wasn't to me for my name is not David. Then full realization came to me, as at the same time a gas main ignited and the whole scene was made visibly clear. There she was, lying on a stretcher not two feet away from me, and as I saw her I was mentally aware that I was only shaken, but she was obviously badly injured. Almost inaudibly she commenced to speak, and then the words became clearer: "David, David, forgive me, kiss me and say you forgive." Some kind of impulse made me, forced me to comply with her wishes . . .

As I drew my face away from her, I was touched on the shoulder by someone standing at my side, and a masculine voice said, "Your wife? I'm sorry." "No," I replied. "Fiancee?" "Yes," I lied, for I then felt guilty of my actions. "Too bad," he said, and then added, as if in consolation, "There's no pain." During this short conversation, my eyes had not left her face, which was now beautiful in the full sense of the word; for her smile was one of supreme happiness. I took her hand in mine to comfort her and as I did so I knew she was no longer with me . . .

. . . And yet here she was in the seat opposite, reading the advertisements above my head.

P. D. C.

The New Arrival

Squadron Leader "A" was browned off. He had waited twenty minutes for a taxi, and he was particularly keen to get back to the mess . . . someone had had a baby or something, and he was licking his lips in anticipation. Eventually the taxi came, and, seated beneath three or four erks, he travelled back to camp. "Never again," he muttered as he extricated himself from the taxi at the camp gates, and fumbled for his share of the dollar. "Never again," he muttered when he hurried into the Mess to find the celebrations at an end. It might be a long time till someone else had a baby, and his throat was very dry. What with the

R.C.A.F. accounting procedure, and the S.A.O. a bit peeved about the tire shortage, you had to go a bit carefully these days.

"And you really do recommend this one?" "Yes, sir, I am sure this specimen will give you every satisfaction." "Right, I'll take it. Wrap it up, will you?"

And, lo and behold a beautiful yellow bus at the camp gates, straight from the Army and Navy Store at Regina, wherein we travel to and from the city at regular hours and in considerable comfort!

Thank you, Squadron Leader "A."

McKINNON'S FEDERATED LIMITED

Men's Wear

Agents for Canada's finest tailoring establishment
—The Lowndes Company.

Ladies' Wear

Dainty Lingerie to send home—gift packed (gratis).

Toiletries--Stationery

Cosmetics for Gifts. R.A.F. Stationery.

Dry Goods Dept.

Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Handbags, Costume
Jewelry, Practical Gift Items.

Groceteria

Good things to eat, packed for shipment overseas,
if requested.

**ALWAYS A WELCOME FOR MEN OF THE R.A.F. AT
McKINNON'S—The Department Store**

Third Street and Souris Avenue

Legal Laugh

Maintains Our Resident Attorney

Everyone loves a legal story. The judge who innocently asks "What is Nagging?" never fails to stimulate us. The smart-tongued witness, standing up to counsel, always gives us joy. The obstinate client, the advice of whose solicitor was taken much too late for it to be of any value, for ever brags about the futility of consulting lawyers on commercial matters. Yet lawyers flourish.

The layman, primed by his daily paper with full details of the latest murder, would feel disillusioned if he knew how little most solicitors know, or even care, about such matters. But the layman listens attentively to all that falls from any lawyer's mouth concerning it, for all men love to see behind the scenes. The trappings of the law can thrill, and they who put them on command respect. So much for lawyers in real life. And when we turn to fiction we still find that, on the whole, a lawyer's ways are stern.

Gray hairs, ill-fitting for a fool, all lawyers long for. Proudly, at thirty, howler-hatted, I had mine. Men thought me forty-five; at least I hoped so. For the lawyer, forty-five seemed to me to be a very desirable age, for

one is then old enough to have experienced everything, but not too old to like to do new things.

Law in the Services usually concerns punishment. But a solicitor in general practice spends his time dealing with problems and people, arising out of every conceivable combination of curious circumstances, and living in almost every class of society. It was only comparatively lately that I began to appreciate the never-ending interest which can, at any moment of the day, be found in simply carrying out one's work as a solicitor.

I took up Law as a sedative, after War Flying. In the whole of my peacetime career, I never handled any case concerned with aviation. The nearest approach was when a lady consulted me about the arrangement for her approaching marriage. She believed that her intended husband had an ample fortune. Ought she to insist that substantial trust funds be settled upon her, prior to surrendering herself?

I promised to look into the matter. It was the Wednesday before Easter.

Late next afternoon I wired to her as follows: "**Your fiance ex-R.A.F. Officer. Exercise extreme caution.**"

P. R.

Ich Dien

This is the tale of AC. Sprog, who sailed the mighty seas.

He slept in ancient blankets which scratched furrows in his knees; His collar was as black as ink, he smelt like ancient cheese—

He was serving his country and his King.

Early in the morning you would find him at the rail,

A-feeding of the fishes, and at evening without fail

You would find him at the rail again, in sunshine, wind, or hail,

Nobly serving his country and his King.

They set him peeling onions, they sent him up to guard

The upper deck, although the wind was blowing very hard,

And Sprog obeyed them gladly, and his chest stuck out a yard,

For he knew he was serving his country and his King.

Sometimes Sprog would peep inside the Sergeants' Mess, and there

He would contemplate the scene of ease, and sigh and tear his hair,

To think how distant was the date when he would take his share.

In such noble, glorious service of his country and his King.

—SIGMA.

True Yarn

As everyone knows, when the Royal Air Force began to expand in earnest in 1958 hundreds of ex-officers were given commissions and posted to ground jobs.

And so, in a burst of zeal, and confident that a large-sized war was in the offing, Peter Robinson, who had served in the 1914-1918 mess as a commissioned officer in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and later in the Royal Flying Corps and Royal Air Force, offered his services, in September, 1958, to the Air Ministry.

In due course, our "hero" was summoned to Adastral House to appear before a Selection Board and about three weeks later he received a short note to the effect that he had "been found fit for employment."

And so, Robinson, who was running quite a tidy business, handed over to his wife and prepared to get back into uniform.

After a lapse of some weeks, he was ordered to report to Cardington for a Balloon Course and so for ten very weary weeks, poor Robinson pulled balloons about, drove lorries and winches, climbed all over balloons, inside and out, and finally passed the examinations with flying colours. In his innocence, Robinson thought he would then be posted as a Balloon Officer, but oh no! He was sent to a brand new Station, not nearly completed, as Adjutant! At least, he did all the work of an Adjutant but was only graded and paid as an Assistant Adjutant, since in those far-off piping times of peace, on a Station which had a Squadron Leader Admin., the establishment allowed an Assistant Adjutant only.

His first office was a contractor's hut and as the buildings were completed, the Station Headquarters successively occupied an N.C.O.'s bunk in a barrack hut, a portion of the Sergeants' Mess, the Station Sick Quarters and, on a never-to-be-forgotten day in July, 1959, moved into the Station Headquarters building with all his staff, i.e., three clerks, G.D., two civilians and a runner.

During this trekking period, Robinson had been sent to Rolleston to attend the Anti-Gas Course and duly completed a very pleasant three weeks. On his return to his Unit he became the Station Anti-Gas Officer, and by the outbreak of war, he was Adjutant, Assistant Adjutant, Anti-Gas Officer, Officer i/c M.T., Officer i/c Sergeants' Mess, Messing Officer, Fire Officer, and Code and Cypher Officer. Oh, yes, he had done a half hour's course on Codes and Cyphers. On the 3rd September, 1959, he shed most of his jobs and for months he did nothing but test respirators and bob in and out of a gas chamber.

Then, the practical joke department got busy, and he was posted to a Group Headquarters in Scotland as Armament Officer, his sole qualifications being the fact that he knew the difference between a Vickers and a Lewis gun. And so he spent many months in Bonnie Scotland, very happy since he was out of doors most of the time, but scared stiff that his A.O.C. would find out his total lack of knowledge of all the thousand and one gadgets which constitute "Armament."

Our Robinson was then bold enough to apply for an Armament Course—after ten months in Scotland—and the practical joke department at the Air Ministry stirred themselves again and sent him on the Junior Administrative Course at Loughborough! Another happy three weeks followed, with lots of golf and visits to that very nice hostelry at Quoon, and then another branch of the practical joke department woke up and made him a Squadron Leader in command of a Training Wing not a hundred miles from Warrington.

And so we leave him. By this time I expect he is either an Accountant Officer, or perhaps an Equipment Wallah.

E.T.

MORE FILLUPS

A Squadron Leader we've christened
chips,
Spends hours in workshops making
bits,
He built himself a bedside table,

Then found he was so very able,
He started on a set of chairs,
When thro' the window C.O. stares.
He quickly donned an airman's tunic,
And looked just like the Station Eunuch.

BANFF!

When in Banff Visit

FORTEATH CABINS

426 Banff Avenue, on the Main Highway

ROOM AND BREAKFAST 75c PER PERSON

"A Home Away From Home"

Get the Habit and Taxi Cab It!

FOUR STAR TAXI



Phone 96.

Day and Night



If only I had a Bottle of
"MISSION"

Weyburn Bottling
Works

Prop.: T. G. Laing

LEE LANG
LAUNDRY

Wakee Wakee

The gentle click of a switch, then a scream of WAKEE! WAKEE! from an enraged Sergeant. Some of us fall out of bed in surprise, others with lower numbers hardly stir. GETOUT-AVIT! and with a bellow of rage the Sergeant hurls someone out of bed, a top bunk. Then with a crash of the door which knocks half of the clothes off their pegs and breaks two lamp bulbs, he is gone. Muttering curses of "He ought to be shot!" everyone scrambles back to bed, and within five minutes is snoring peacefully. . . . Another day is dawning.

Time sweeps by, and five minutes

before the end of breakfast some early worm yells "EGGS." With a mighty shout and a "Why didn't some fool wake us?" we are up and charging at the door. The last but one slams it. It is anticipated that, on his discharge some months hence, the last one will be repatriated. With mugs flying, we dive into the Cookhouse and race up to the counter. Some little squirt a foot in front of us moves off to a table with the last egg. There is a muttered rumble of "Who said 'EGGS'?" from the corporal i.c., and we followed him back to our sty, hungry, dirty, and discontented, . . . ready for sleep.



Corporals' Club Comments

This month we cannot report the appropriation of animals by club members. The billiard table has not yet arrived and there is really a pronounced lull on the twin striped front. The "last on the right" is a very staid and stolid residence these days. Of course it is summer and apart from fellows going up there to visit the canteen section they appear to be preferring the great open spaces to the confines of a club room. But, in the words of George Formby "winter drawers on" and it is expected that great things will come of our club in the winter months.

There is one feature which is outstanding in its popularity—the fort-

nightly dance. That is by now quite an institution both on the camp and down town—even though we do say it ourselves—and far from the cautious preparations which preceded initial functions they now more or less "run themselves."—We have quite good numbers up there.

It is not the intention of the writer to name the comings and goings of members of the Corporals' Club during the last month, suffice it that we wish departing members luck in their new abodes and extend a welcome to the several who have either been made up" or arrived on the Unit since the last publication.

Of Much Interest

The competition for a station motto has been won by the Padre for the following:

"Gopheres magnopere gopherimus."
("We gopher the gophers in a big way").

Who was the U-T pilot who thought that the so much talked about second front was something out of a Met. report?

Flight Sergeant Snooks, a member of the R.A.F. No. 41 Service Training School at Weyburn, has been transferred to Ottawa. He was a most popular member of the station, and he will be missed by both his friends, who will also have missed their promotion. In anticipation of his posting he has recently been passing babies.



Sergeants' Mess Gen.

Farewell to W. O. (Columbus) Grundy and W. O. (Sebastian) Earp who having been posted left Navigation Flight after a short spell on "binding" Cross Countries. We shall miss these corpulent and genial Pilots.

Surprise item of the month is the excellent piano playing of W.O. Campbell who distinguished himself by joining Sgt. Ryckman in Duets after the Officers v. Sergeants Soccer Match. As regards the latter, the least said is the soonest mended. We are still wondering how the Officers managed to beat us the first time . . .

Sgt. Johnny Love has now settled down in Dauphin, and elsewhere in the "Gopher" you will read of the romance between ex-Sgt. "Jock" Leeming and Sgt. Love's sister. Sort of Love is the sweetest thing.

Back from a hectic leave is Sgt. Hal Jones, who managed to take in New York and Chicago, whilst Sgt. Norman has also returned from a spell in Detroit.

They both say that it is swell to get back to the peaceful life on the prairies. I know that Sgt. Tom Riby definitely booped in Toronto; opinion is, he thought that the parade was in honour of the select company present.

Sir,

I have never been wont to complain, but more silence would drive me insane. I received my last wash looking all clean and posh, but I found to my sorrow when I came on the morrow to undo the package to dig from the wreckage some odourless footwear, the good lady had put there some thick strands of cotton, which I thought was rotten.

Now, dear Mrs. Este, please do not get testy when thus I decry the way that you tie my gent's natty half hose (with holes in the toes) with knottings divine in pieces of twine. I know all

"How are the queer people in Port Hope?" we ask of W. O. Kavanagh.

Sgt. "Torchy" McCartney has resigned his post as frog trainer, and he is still looking for the infant that strayed in the Quarters the other day.

Will someone tell us why Sgt. "Johnnie" Johnson didn't send last month's issue of the "Gopher" home, and who was the Squadron Leader who wrote from Ontario asking awkward questions?

Sgt. Tom Collinson, a stalwart of the Soccer Team, has now passed his course and we lose yet another fine player. We wish Tom good luck.

F/Sgt. Ayres made a fine job of the drumming in the Station Orchestra recently when he walked into the show at the last moment and took over in his usual competent manner.

Surprise for lots of airmen when they saw the S.W.O., W. O. Mallinson, playing soccer. He played a straightforward game and shook the troops with his speed.

Lost . . . Sgt. Richardson.

We would like to see Sgt. Mays dancing the Tango, and Sgt. Collick leading a Male Voice Choir . . . That's all . . .

Correspondence

socks shrink when given a drink (a thing which your daughter blames on Weyburn water), and its quite comme il faut for only one toe to find room to arrive where there used to be five.

But although long cogitation makes this explanation seem fairly near truth, I still hold, forsooth, that to spend hours just sitting and merely unknitting isn't really much fun, and, in fact, isn't Done.

That's all there is to it. Mrs. E, please don't do it.

In deepest distress,
Yours, etc.,
P.

Who's Who?

WHO IS:

The fair corporal who "gives out" in a deep bass voice in accompaniment to a certain group of singers scheduled to meet at regular intervals on the corner of main street? He must have thought they needed some moral support to be so willing to join their throng.

WHO IS:

The party of four that awakened the neighborhood from a very peaceful snore at the unoriginal hour of 1.30 a.m. by kicking cans down one of the main streets of the town. Of course, we don't mind them having their fun but we hope next time they pick a more respectable hour.

WHO IS:

The P.O. now becoming very interested in milking machines. Couldn't be he's taking up farming as a sideline. Oh, no!

WHO IS:

The airmen besides Stinky Miller who believe in sprinkling all the fair roses of the town with Ben Hur or Sweet Pea perfume.

WHO IS:

The airman who refused to pay the charges on the hair restorer that came C.O.D. Better try "Neet," it works much better.

WHO IS:

The Corporal who instead of exiting a taxi via the door, tried "going out" the windshield? Thinks it's not such a good idea after all.

WHO IS:

The LAC. "Bobbie" who for the love of—well not the camp, — goes on Jankers, not once but twice in the past three weeks.

WHO IS:

The R.A.F. chap who might like to submit an ad similar to the one below:

FOR SALE: Lines—fish and otherwise, complete with tackle of pukka gen. Reason: Complications. Explanation given below.

After telling my friend of my prospective marriage to an out of town girl, date, Wed., Sept. 2 this friend promptly sent a telegram of congratulations to the address and on date given, much to the surprise of the addressee who was still to be told of the event.

Moral: No more lines complete with gen to be sold, lent or given.

WHO IS:

The airman who asked a young lady at the dance if she had any spare tires. The fair femme now wonders if he had a car or if he just had a flat tire.

WHO IS:

The fellow who, at the corner of main street, tried to ride a borrowed bike but was unsuccessful. Reason: Only one pedal. We know!

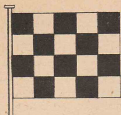
THE EYES AND EARS
OF WEYBURN

The above from a Weyburn Wag.
—Ed.

Works and Bricks

If you want a gadget fixed
Just telephone to Works and Bricks.
You'll hear a voice, so gentle fair,
But don't forget what needs repair.

Just exercise your vocal organ,
And ask the girl for FO. Morgan.
Then, if you're lucky and he's out,
To her your soul you may pour out.



Flight Notes

B

Until now, "B" Flight has been inarticulate. The outstanding qualities associated with us have been strength and silence, coupled with an efficiency which has been reflected only in our football, the success of which, we hope, has produced apprehension in "H" Flight. Admittedly we share the personnel of the team with "A" Flight, but they can safely be left to shoot their own lines.

However, we have now swallowed our dislike of the effete practice of literature, and have decided that a certain amount of self-advertisement is necessary, as we have imported at no cost whatever a tame scribe from "C" Flight, who had endured him just as long as was humanly possible. So that until we too get tired of him, the evil chuckles of Sgt. James will echo through the pages of the "Gopher," as well as striking terror into the instructors' hearts, and Cpl. Westwood's pipe will smell foully to a larger audience.

The activities of the permanent members of the flight have included latterly the absorption in a competitive spirit of a certain amount of liquid in connection with the passing of No. 54 Course; a detailed account of the proceedings would be revealing, if not edifying. We are, however, not prepared to go into the matter in detail, but we will add that the occasion was one of celebration, too, for the promotion of "the Boss" to the exalted rank of Flight Lieutenant, and the rapid slide through the ranks of the warrant officers made by P.O. Dixon, and we pause for a moment to wonder if Tubby Dyson's inactivity on the football field was occasioned by his saving himself for the "do."

Life has been made more interesting by the pleasantly cosmopolitan character of No. 62 course, and by the vagaries of the new inter-com. We are looking forward to forced landings, too, for by the time we start teaching them, we should be able to tell the direction of the wind by means of the rippling of the grass in the garden. Unfortunately, Sgt. Dakeynes' hair will not serve to usual purpose in that connection, as it was cut, according to schedule, at the end of the last course.

P.S. We train only Flight Commanders for the U.S. Army Air Corps.

D

Yes, shamefacedly we admit it, we were too lazy before to write in the "Flying Gopher." But now pangs of remorse smite us in the breast, and we borrow a pen and set to work.

Suggestions are pouring in from all sides, but above all the tumultuous shouting, the voice of AC "Taffy" Tomlins bursts upon the ear drums, "Tell 'em about our Soccer team."

At this point a general argument starts, led as usual by "Taffy" and involving "Will" Harris, "Ted" Horrocks and "Sniffy." Eventually we arrive at the conclusion that, up to the time of writing, we have a good and promising team, bolstered up by members of 58 Course (loud cheers from the end bed), and we are expecting some good results. To aid us in our fight we now go about our daily tasks wearing furious scowls and practicing blood curling oaths. We notice that, since his kick on the shin whilst playing against the cookhouse team, Ted Horrocks has acquired strong views on Soccer, and for the next few minutes we are treat-

ed to a general discourse on players, referees, football fields and spectators. The Greeks had no word for it, but Ted has, and we listen admiringly.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Cpl. Ward on his promotion and his wife on her safe crossing. We hope Mrs. Ward's crossing was better than ours.

Since the arrival of the SE.s life has been fairly easy compared to the days of the old Annie and we have even had a bang at gardening. We planned a garden comprising a border of flowers surrounding a swimming pool, to be used as a safe retreat from the "skeeters" in the summer and converted to an ice rink during the winter. After viewing the amount of ground to be dug to a depth of six feet we hastily amended the plans and substituted a goldfish pond. But when the first three spadefulls had been dug up, all ideas of pools were promptly forgotten.

So now we have just a plain garden with plenty of grass seed on it and, we hope, some flowers. The flowers have yet to make their debut and the lawn rather resembles Smiffy's chin . . . but we live in hopes.

F

We welcome Flying Officer Whiteside, who succeeds Ft.-Lt. Henley as Flight Commander, and Flight Sergt Hudson who takes over from Flight Sergt. Brockington, who is sweating (and how!). We wonder whether Brock also handed over his address book together with "all relevant publications."

We are now in the market for a large lawn mower as the lawn is becoming positively jungle-like. For a small fee we may even consider allowing personnel from other Sections to come and sunbathe.

We would like to ask Cpl. Lothario of the Other Flight on this side of the hangar to tell his lady friends his working hours. Of course, we are always willing to lend a helping hand in such a deserving cause, but it becomes rather difficult at times to explain that the Corporal isn't in the hangar and really we don't know WHERE he is.

We have discovered a new type of Gremlin. To the uninitiated we might explain that a Gremlin is a being which haunts the upper reaches of the atmosphere and causes all the little troubles for which pilots are not responsible.

The new branch of the family amuses itself by breaking Harvard windows, and we never can nail the blighters for a report.

—F. T. R.

H

We must apologize for our failure to write any notes last month, but must plead pressure of work in trying to attain the elusive line and get 52 course out on time. The high pressure work necessary is best illustrated by a pupil's remark to the Flight Commander when asked if he was on the night flying programme, "I am never on the ground long enough to read the notices."

Another amusing episode occurred at dawn one morning when the kites were sent for just one more circuit, and the A.C.P. noticed one rush down to the Christmas tree, do a circuit of 800 ft. and come into land before anyone else had taken off. Deciding to teach him a lesson, he was given a red, which was followed by a circuit at 500 ft., so another red. Afterwards the conversation went something like this: "What was the big idea?" "I only had 10 gallons left." "Well, why didn't you blind your rear lights?" "The battery was flat and the nav. lights weren't on." "Anything else wrong?" "The flaps would only come down 20 degrees and there was a mag. drop." Wonderful crates, the old Annies.

Having got them away to time, our instructors had to learn all the vices of the new "buzz-boxes" that were to replace our trusted (?) twins, during which time "G" flight undertook to get our pupils solo. Many thanks to you, as you probably save us a few ground loops.

Don't our pupils appreciate the sterling qualities of our Flight Commander? They make frequent efforts to blow him out of his office in a shower of dirt, and though the voluntary contribution is stepped up each week they still find it worthwhile.



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One day when the "coke" flag was put up, a questionnaire elucidated the statements that extra speed was used on the approach on a windy day so that you got to the aerodrome more quickly, and in a glide approach so that the plane descended at a reasonable angle and didn't just float around.

I wonder of "F" flight are still complacent on the success of their soccer team. They certainly are a lucky side, fancy getting 3 goals against us.

X

What a busy month it has been. Airmen, pupils—even instructors have de-digitised. "We MUST finish before the snow comes." . . . "The Flight will be a credit to the Station." . . . "Do you think HE will notice it?"

are among the many remarks overheard in the crew room. The identity of "HE" can only be surmised from the hushed tones in which the word is uttered. The product of the proverbial bull has been widely sought after to hasten results. F-Lt. Goon gazes from his window between cups of tea and looks for people running up in front of "My Office," his little-tin-box in his hand jingling reminiscently. A certain "Middleton" has been discussed with great reverence, but perusal of nominal rolls has failed to reveal the Section honoured by his presence. You may be under the impression that we are striving to get the course out ahead of time—but have I mentioned flying? A mere detail. We MUST finish the garden first!

—L. W.

G.I.S. Jottings

Amongst one of the periodic showers of paper delivered to the G.I.S. the other day was a memo which commenced with those all too familiar words "Your contribution is now due." This was duly passed to those who sit in judgment and authority and finally found its way back to me endorsed "Pass to Stooze for action." Same old story—voluntary compulsion!

There is, of course, little to report. There never is. Pupils come and P-O's and Sergeants go. I may even make an odious comparison by saying that the G.I.S. may be likened to a sausage machine. True it is that mysterious ingredients are put in! The output in our case consists of a very fine line of Pilots duly burnished by Flying Wing! To a small cog in the machine it is all very inspiring.

Highlight of the month must be the sudden removal of our N.C.O. Discip. Unlike his Irish predecessor he did not return to the Emerald Isle although he is much nearer to it than he was. We regret that we are a little extravagant on Discips and will, in future, try to make them last a little longer at least.

No. 56 Course are in the process of "Passing Out." Many of them passed out quite early on and the remainder are wondering how "So few can repay so many." The passing out celebration

is to be held in the privacy of the telephone pay station in the Y.M.C.A. Our heartiest congratulations go to this course who may consider themselves the most select course we have yet had.

The phrase "What's Cooking" really does mean something to us. One of our busy Navigators now does a little plotting on the Diet Sheet. It is extremely interesting to be right in the "gen" and to know what one HAD for dinner.

One of the Armament Instructors recently returned from an aircraft recognition course. He has since spent hours pinning up posters on the walls of the entire building, missing not even the most unusual places. We hope that these posters will be of great INSTRUCTIONAL value.

The Airframes and Engines instructor recently returned from Detroit. He said that he had had little sleep during his stay. Asked why this was so he replied in his broad Scots accent that he was afraid of missing something.

At time of writing, Sgt. "Hal" Jones is still on his official visit over the border. Someone said that his visit was in connection with lion shooting. We THINK they said "lion."

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Accts. Forwarded --- Transition Period

One fine summer morning, as is not his wont, the writer awoke when the sun's rays were at a slant, and finding the desire for slumber had mysteriously disappeared, he sought to occupy his mind usefully, with what success the read may judge hereafter.

In the August issue, brief reference was made to the far-reaching and paper-consuming changes recently made in Accounts procedure. For example, if AC. 1 Plonk's wife in the far-off Motherland presents his father with a grandson, or LAC. Budd blossoms forth as P/O. Prairie Flower, extra shipping space is needed to convey the required forms so diligently prepared by our now so-bumff-hating stooges.

Prior to and during the transition stages the contents of Big Chief Two-and-a-half-ringer Culbertson's in-tray tray assumed abnormal proportions. Thereafter it became at times almost the hourly channel of communication of fresh "gen," and amendments are still coming in. How familiar became the words, "Coming over! More Bumff! No Bumff!" accompanied by some expletive suited to the occasion. Little Chief Where's-it-laid-down's desk shuddered at the impact, ink splashing right and left as the tomes landed with a thud—a dull, resounding thud, somehow suggestive of impending overtime. The thud usually caused the lighting system to fail, heralded by wierd and wonderful noises from the Telephone Exchange opposite.

While the Big Chief consumed these bulky products — perhaps indigestion resulted and might explain certain remarks on messing—the dupe and tripe copies were passed by the most direct manner as described above, to Little-Chief-Stooge. Then, unless they had already swiped a copy, to either Chiefie A.M.Os., who, like the mosquitoes, gets results, Uncrowned-Three-Striper Pass-the-Buckman, or Sergeant Acquittance Roll(ey) for information, consumption, necessary action, and onward transmission to the Lesser Stooges, who do the donkey-work.

The "New Order" requires that the Stooge A.O., now keeper of the money-bags, shall be referred to as the "Responsible A.O." Any reflection on the character of previous holders of the money-bags is hereby refuted. The possibility of more time being available for Bridge at first appeared, but such fond hopes have long since been dismissed.

Odd Points

Little-Chief-Stooge Where's-it-Laid-Down's secret desire is to let all personnel on the station help themselves to the money-bags on pay-day. What's his size in bowler hats? They never did suit him, anyway, and it is thought that he would lose his "responsibility," so perhaps he must curb his altruistic desires after all.

After the loss of the Accounts Section's laundry, the idea of having a washing line of our own was mooted. It had, however to be abandoned, because the AC1. Sergeant-Air-Gunner shot a line which was unsuitable for the purpose.

We hear of a certain Corporal who will insist on bursting forth with "Deep in the Heart of Texas" at the slightest provocation. Why don't the Corporals, with their wealth of musical talent, teach him at least one other song?—or perhaps they would prefer him to forget the one he HAS learned? At the time of writing, we await the return of another Corporal from his trek down south. Gosh! Supposing HE returns with a "Deep in the Heart of" complex! 'Orrid thought!

LOST—Ronson Lighter. Engraved, "Bill from Laura, 22-9-41." Valued as a keepsake. Finder please return to Mrs. V. M. Tomlinson, Weyburn. Reward.

Minor Bottlenecks

Having a few spare moments from the onerous task of keeping A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H and Navigation flight aircraft serviceable, (Why the 'ell can't they do it themselves or are they too busy gardening?) we have decided to contribute a few notes to the Station Magazine.

We welcome Sergeant Haskell to our Section; he is being initiated into the skilful art of "Where can I get one" by our inimitable "Sandy."

We have noticed that a certain Senior N.C.O. has been very busy the last few days—they say he has changed his name to "One Splice."

Is it true that a certain red headed

Fitter is going to move his kit into Weyburn?

A few of our personnel spend their weekends on farms in the district—are they getting the harvest in or do they just Mou-land?

Our F-Sgt. has joined the happy band of the Pensioner brigade and, although he despises crutches, he is pretty good on stilts.

Upon reading the August issue of the Flying Gopher, it was noticed that the Minors football team had been omitted from the League table. Why, Ed? We are not as bad as that—or are we? Congratulations to LAC. Williams in making the Station Soccer team—nice work "Ginger."

Ed.—Error regretted.

Maintenance Changes

In the Orderly Room, Sergt. Jack Lloyd has taken over the duties of F-Sgt. "Ginger" Ayres, the latter as Chief Clerk now occupying that worthy seat in the Holiest of Holies—Station Headquarters.

Providing there is an ample supply of "FLYded," the new Sergeant is determined to see that no flies are observed in his Orderly Room.

He wants to know if it is true F-Sgt.

Ayres shouted "Come in," to a knocking on the door last winter, and a bear nosed its way into the office.

The roster for Duty Crash N.C.O. now includes the names of three new arrivals. Also one additional Flight Sergeant who will no longer chuckle gleefully when the list next appears in D.R.O.'s. Allowing for leave and other contingencies, this duty should permit the lady friend to take a night off once in every three weeks.

More Accts. Sec.

Squadron Leader name of Cox
Keeps all our money in a box.
Credits he is loath to pay,
Even on our "Eagle" day.

What's he do with all our dough?
That's what we all want to know.
Says our credits go to blighty,
His girl's got another new Nightie.

Postal Rates

The Flying Gopher can be sent to people in England under present post-

al rates for 2 cents if unsealed, or 7 cents if sealed.

Join !!

We know all these jolly little committees which have been springing up right and left during the past few weeks? Well, someone came from the S.W.O.'s. office the other day binding something awful because he had been

told to warn someone he was on the Sewage committee or the Cat Welfare Committee or something, and he couldn't find him anywhere. And he showed us a list, at the bottom of which was "LAC Artetta" . . .

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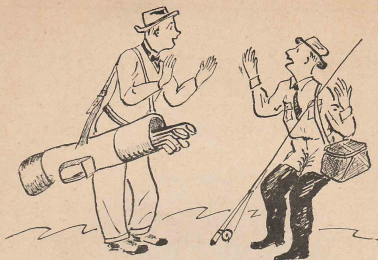
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Fort Qu'Appelle

Fort Qu'Appelle offers many attractions for week-ends or longer leaves. It lies 75 miles north of Weyburn on a chain of lakes in which good fishing may be had. Boats may be hired at 25c per hour. There is an excellent swimming beach and a nine hole Golf Course with grass greens on the outskirts of the town.

The hotel is comfortable and cheap. Fort Qu'Appelle may be reached quite conveniently by train or 'bus.

Small Ads

- WANTED — By Service Police. One pair of thick rubber soled boots; one deer stalker's cap, and a dog called Tinker.
- WANTED — Retired Donkey to eat super-abundance of carrots. Box WEY. 5.
- WANTED—By Cookhouse, Mincing Machine, to replace one written off by VERY fair wear.
- WANTED—Secondhand lift. For use of tired airman occupying top bunk.
- WANTED—By P.T.I. Officer. Two Fitter Britains (or Rigor Mortis) to undergo short course.
- EXCHANGE — Two permanent early dinner chits required. Would exchange for anything useful. Box WEY. 2.
- LOST — Between Padgate and Weyburn, 7 days pay, a lot of kit, and Ring (gold).
- PERSONAL—S.M.O. "What price the Stork?" C.N.I.
- PERSONAL—S.A.I.'s. "Are you Grand Arch-Cardinals yet?" L.T.I.
- FINALLY WANTED—One seaworthy vessel. By one thousand airmen, must have room for at least one hundred. With stationary decks. Price to include delivery to Weyburn.

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Etter Plugs The Jive

The two already run off were surely great successes, weren't they? The committee in charge of the dances is anxious to have you have a good time, fellows, so let's have constructive ideas on the subject. These efforts are carried on each second Wednesday evening in the Recreation Hall. Tickets are on sale the Saturday previous in the Y.M.C.A. Because the capacity of the

Recreation Hall is limited, the number of tickets available is now limited to 150. Come along early and get your tickets. Good prizes are given each time to the winners of novelty dances, the Swing Commanders play for dancing which starts at 9.00 and ends at 12.30. With the bus running regularly, there is no reason why Airmen here can't make these one of the outstanding events of life on 41 S.F.T.S.

Recreation Reviewed

With the Fall, outdoor activities will be curtailed for the personnel of No. 41 S.F.T.S. After an enthusiastic season, soccer is coming to a close, with only a few plaster casts around to remind us of many strongly contested matches. Cricket and swimming have not long to live, and already skating and hockey are waiting for the freeze-up.

Our Flying Gopher has been examining his burrow to see if he will be comfortable for the winter. Unlike his hibernating brothers of the prairie, he refuses to lie dormant—therefore he wants to know "What's cooking?" So, sticking his nose into the lair of the Central Committee, he has unearthed a program of activities on the station which will keep him happily digging until spring.

The editors have sifted the mound of information piled up outside their den and here present an analysis of its contents.

Of interest to every man on the station, this program is designed to provide as much variety as possible. There will be no need for any man to be bored and this winter will be a very different affair from the last.

Certainly no town of similar size

could have shown more hospitality than has Weyburn to the men of No. 41. Weyburnites have taken many men into their homes and entertained them with typical western conviviality, and as for the home cooking, well—we know where we can get apple pie just like mother used to make. The Canadian Legion and the attractive Hostess Club along with other organizations, have made us feel right at home in Weyburn. We are very grateful for all this and wish we could repay some of the hospitality.

But where the number of men on a large military station almost equals half the population of the nearest town, as it does in this case, there will be many men who feel as Tootles when he goes to town, bored and a little disillusioned, unless the men themselves have an organization on the station for providing their own recreation.

We have the organization now, a complete program arranged by the Central Committee for the Fall and Winter. There are activities to satisfy the most varied interests. Through the P.S.I. funds all the necessary sports equipment has been provided and more will be forthcoming as the demand grows. Art Etter's "Y" plays a valuable part in this program.

Romantic Spree

The latest news from the Officers' jigs, Where they stuff lemons in little pigs, Is Flight Lieutenant D.F.C. Embarked upon a romantic spree.

He talked to a maiden fair and twenty,
Of loving cup he had drunk plenty.
He thrilled her with his hectic life,
Then found she was the Padre's wife.

Grand Impending Sports Meet at Weyburn

No. 41 S.F.T.S., August 30th.—Alarm is expressed in Service Police quarters here at the violent partizanship which is developing between different factions which will participate in the Giant Sports Day to be held in the Weyburn Stadium on Wednesday, September 23rd. Corporal Neathway, S.P., usually unmoved by anything short of invasion, warns that delicate women and children should be chaperoned by husky airmen, since it is rumored on good authority that two factions intend to rub each other out with cream puffs at ten paces! The spectacle of members of the fairer sex cheering for their favourite airmen competitors is likewise not calculated to make this a dull affair. A promising feature is the hair-pulling contest between two girls each with an airman in the 440.

In spite of this, or, perhaps, because of this, we expect that hundreds of the people of Weyburn will attend. By permission of the Commanding Officer, the station will be shut down for the afternoon in order that the R.A.F. may be out en masse.

All Invited

This is an open invitation to the people of Weyburn and the surrounding district to attend.

Proceeds from the small admission charge will be devoted to the purchase of sports equipment for the men of this station.

Teams from other R.A.F. stations and from R.C.A.F. stations have been invited to compete in a program which will last about two hours. All preliminary heats will have been run off previously and only final events will be contested.

Dance At Night

To round out the Sports Day entertainment, a Station Dance will be held in the Drill Hall on the same evening. The hall has been specially decorated and the Station Dance Band will be augmented for the occasion. The Y. M.C.A. is catering for the evening, and this dance should be a highlight in a very full day.

Sports Officer Lets Cat Out of Bag

Browsing through sports equipment the other day, our reporter was startled to discover, framed between a festoon of boxing gloves and tennis racquets, George, The Moustache. Behind whom resided the genial features of Flying Officer Colchester, our Sports Officer.

"Ah, ha," he exclaimed, "just the man I'm looking for. Take a look at that?"

"That" was the sports program for September 23rd, at the Weyburn Stadium. Here, at last, was the long awaited news. We give it to you now—the main events for Sports Day—

SPRINTS: 100 yards, 220 yards and 440 yards.

DISTANCE: 880 yards and one mile run.

FIELD EVENTS: High jump, long jump, pole vault, discus, javelin and shotput, and hurdles (if priority can be obtained for lumber to build them).

OBSTACLE RACE.

LADIES' RACE and comic events.

Well, there it is. The halt, the maimed and even the binders are expected to turn out and practise for these events on order to turn back the invasion from outside stations. Let it never be said that No. 41 could not put up a good effort when its very reputation was at stake.

At Your Service

Sports Department



ED. COLCH.
Now in Weyburn.

Hello, Fellows! Maybe that's the snappiest way to greet youse all. If certainly is the dandiest thing to be allowed to write you a piece in the "Gopher" and to be able to tell you all what a swell bunch of chaps you are, and why I am here at all. Now, don't forget to say "hello" to me on the streets of 41 when you see that

browser mustache and line-shooting tea-cosy with a football badge on the front. As the great bard said, I guess: "A kiss without a mustache is like a hamburger without dills." You see I sure do wanna get together with all you great Old Country boys.

The sports department is for sports. don't please ever forget that fact. Those of you who have been here some time will have some idea of where my office is. Just drop in for a coke with me any time you have some little personal sporting problem you want to thrash out. I'm usually there blowing up footballs in the morning—and always at your service. However tricky your problem don't hesitate to step right in and have a talk with the Sports Supervisor. The name is right there on the door.

It is my aim to give you all a body like mine, and make the square the gathering-place for all you lads, on Wednesday mornings in particular. We are flat out to make the square a reely attractive spot; and I certainly am going to make sure that a first rate decorating job is done there. I guess I'm not speaking out of turn if I tell youse fellows the "Y" is going to lay down some real snappy carpets, and put flags up all around the joint.

Say, bo; let me be you father. I am here to jazz up cricket and drill for you all. Just buy a tiger skin and drop in.

Your one and only,

ED. COLCH.

Tail Piece

From the Diary of an R.A.F. Hurricane Pilot in Malta, April 6, 1942.

"There was a short service for readiness pilots outside the dispersal hut. The hymn was "Fight the Good Fight." This struck a chord in my memory. When I was confirmed, the Bishop of

Kingston gave as his text, "Fight the good fight of faith," and that same evening when I opened a book sent to me by my aunt, the first words I read were identical with the text. And now they recurred again. I mentioned this to the Padre afterwards. The coincidence comforted."

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If a good many RAF chaps at this station are eating off the mantelpiece this winter it will not be from riding horseback but probably from taking the bumps at ice hockey. The enthusiasm with which fellows who had never skated took to the narrow blades last winter augurs well for the sport this season.

A new rink is being built behind the recreation hall, largely for hockey, but another rink will also be constructed for straight and figure skating. Sonja Henie, look out! By the end of the winter No. 41 S.F.T.S. may be touring the country with the Weyburn Ice Follies. At any rate, a public address system will be installed to provide music for the skaters. There will no doubt be Visitors' Nights when AC Tootles will be able to show his colourfully dressed girl friend how well he can waltz with only a few spills for punctuation marks.

As for organized hockey, we are fortunate to have a good coach in Lieut. Bigelow of the Dental Corps. It is hoped to organize a Service League but that depends on how well the players develop. We may not have any Wally Stanowski's from the Maple Leafs but it should be a good effort.

Basketball

We are sorry, but you are wrong. Neither soccer nor horse-racing draw the biggest total number of spectators in sports, but basketball. Started over thirty years ago by a Dr. Niran, who used peach baskets for the first hoops, the game now has the largest fan following of any game in the world. Hundreds of teams compete in national competitions in the States and many thousands of spectators attend games from the high school tournaments to the national finals.

Yes, the game has something. It is very fast—requiring the peak of physical condition in the players in order that they might stand the pace. But, it is a game which can be learned in easy stages. Already at No. 41 S.F. T.S. we have quite a few enthusiasts—it is expected that organized games will take place nearly every night in the Drill Hall. Want a new sport thrill? We can recommend basketball.

"Come on now, keep them up, keep them up! That's better. Don't signal your punches."

Sound of leather on hard chests, the shuffling of feet, quick gasps from straining lungs. It might be Cpl. Wheel or Cpl. Farley or AC Rowing-Parker coaching a lad in the art of self-defense, but whoever is the coach or whoever the pupil, they are having a cracking good time, literally.

The boxing ring is completed in the Drill Hall, with mat and ropes. There are plenty of gloves available. Practises already reveal promise of future promise of future Dempseys to uphold the honor of No. 41 S.F.T.S.

Maybe you are a dark horse, already experienced in the ring, or maybe you have had no experience but would like to cuff AC. Tootles' head up to a peak (probably he feels the same about you). In any case, come out for boxing and have a good work-out.

Badminton

This sort of thing has got to stop. This chap Burkeman (F/Sgt. Burkeman, know him?) is getting to be too much of a good thing. The guy is getting too chesty. What I want to know, is there any game that the bloke can't play and play well? The other night we thought we had him—we would be able to smear him at badminton, anyway, but no, this Joe Burkeman wore us down into a grease spot and he was still smiling at the end as unruffled as you please.

For heaven's sake, won't someone come out and pin Joe's ears back? He tells us he will take on all and sundry. (Joe's a right guy really, but we have to make him the villain of this piece in order to have a story).

Anyway, Flying-Officer Colchester will be only too pleased to supply you with badminton rackets and "birds" whenever you want a go at this fast game. There are four courts in the Drill Hall—you can easily arrange a game, with any type of player.

A Wing Commander very fly, is sometimes called the C.F.I. His Flight Commanders hover round, With useless pupils they have found He interviews them one by one, A second glance he gives to some, But see him at a graduation, This really is a revelation.

"A and B" Flights Win Armit Trophy In Hard Fought Final

When the soccer team from "A and B" Flights met "H" Flight on Wednesday evening, it appeared that half the Station had turned out to watch the game—the other half learned of the score before the evening was out. The occasion was a momentous one in Station Soccer for it was the final of the League Championship, the winners being the first to hold the Armit trophy. Both teams have been hot contenders for the title and truly the game was a battle royal. It had all the ingredients of an English cup-tie game—the highly partisan crowd, grand football, with first class tackling and heading, an eventful penalty, a last minute goal, and, finally, the players being carried from the field shoulder high.

Excitement ran at high pitch throughout the whole game. It was clean and openly played, "A and B" truly deserving their victory of 2-0 by reason of the fine show put up by their forwards. Thompson at centre was a constant menace with his clever rushes down the centre of the field and his accurate distribution of the ball.

After a very even first half, in which neither side scored, "A and B" forwards, aided by their half-backs, dominated the play from the restart and it appeared obvious that a goal was soon forthcoming. "H" Flight made a quick reverse, however, and for a while it seemed that they would be the first to open the scoring. Charles, however, was unfortunate in shooting over an open goal.

First blood was drawn when, during pressure by "A and B" forwards, Corporal Wallace, "H", handled the

ball in the penalty area and gave Molloy a chance to score the opening goal of the match from the kick. This unexpected point caused excitement to rise to high pitch and fast and furious play ensued as "H" tried hard to wipe off the setback with an equalizer, but their forward line could not get going against the close play of their opponents and in the last quarter minute of play, LAC. Lord, a pupil, clinched the issue with a smashing goal from the inside right position.

The team was fully deserving of the applause it gained for a brilliant game. As for the losers, they were a plucky side, hindered by the injury, early in the game of LAC. Cook and this loss undoubtedly was responsible in some measure for their lack of smoothness. Their forwards were too often off side and it was unfortunate for them that they could not find the smooth team work which enthused their opponents from start to finish of the match.

Last Month's Crossword

Across		Down	
1. Thorough	20. Code	2. Hurried	9. Assurances
6. Rider	22. Adorn	3. Keeper	15. Displeased
10. Ere	23. Opal	4. Understudy	17. Ape
11. Surrender	27. Savings	Stars	19. Boo
12. Jetty	28. Arena	5. Hereditary	21. Deviate
13. Unite	29. Clang	Creed	24. Preston
14. Decided	30. An Easy Tee	6. Reject	25. Enigma
16. Aida	31. Mar	7. Dotedly	26. Hansom
18. Stots	32. Opera	8. Ray	29. Coo
19. Byes	33. Sediment		

The first correct solution opened was sent by Miss D. Bakstad, 405 Government Road, Weyburn, to whom a cheque for \$5.00 will be forwarded

as soon as the Editor returns from leave . . . or it may have to be deferred until the following pay day. Anyway, Miss Bakstad, you shall have your \$5.00.

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